

Saturday 25 July

4pm–c7pm

THE GLASSHOUSE INTERNATIONAL  
CENTRE FOR MUSIC



## Choirs on the Concourse

4pm–c5pm BBC SINGERS & JESS GILLAM

CHARLES WOOD

### Hail, gladdening light

Hail, gladdening light, of His pure glory poured,  
Who is the immortal Father, heavenly, blest,  
Holiest of Holies, Jesus Christ our Lord!  
Now we are come to the sun's hour of rest,  
The lights of evening round us shine,  
We hymn the Father, Son and Holy Spirit divine.

Worthiest art Thou at all times to be sung with  
undefiled tongue,  
Son of our God, giver of life, alone:  
Therefore in all the world Thy glories,  
Lord, they own.

*Anonymous, translated by John Keble (1792–1866)*

HILDEGARD OF BINGEN

### Spiritus sanctus vivificans

Spiritus sanctus vivificans vita,  
Movens omnia, et radix est in omni creatura,  
Ac omnia de immunditia abluit,  
Tergens crimina ac ungit vulnera.  
Et sic est fulgens ac laudabilis vita,  
Suscitans et resuscitans omnia.

*Hildegard of Bingen (1098–1179)*

The Holy Spirit is a life that gives life,  
moving all things, it is the root of all creation,  
cleansing all of their impurity,  
wiping away sins and anointing wounds.  
Thus is it a radiant life, worthy of praise,  
awakening and resurrecting all.

Scan for  
digital programme



CHRISTIAN FORSHAW

## My soul, there is a country

My soul, there is a country  
Far beyond the stars,  
Where stands a wingèd sentry,  
All skilful in the wars:

There, above noise and danger,  
Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles  
And One born in a manger  
Commands the beauteous files.

He is thy gracious friend,  
And – O my soul awake! –  
Did in pure love descend  
To die here for thy sake.

If thou canst get but thither,  
There grows the flower of Peace,  
The Rose that cannot wither,  
Thy fortress, and thy ease.

Leave then thy foolish ranges,  
For none can thee secure  
But One who never changes,  
Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

*Henry Vaughan (1621–95)*

SHRUTHI RAJASEKAR

## Sat on the shore

Sat on the shore,  
Quiet gathers:  
The peace of roaring things.

Put away your myriad mobile devices  
– You’ll survive –  
They’ll anyway fall victim  
To sand and spray.

Put away everything but this moment.  
Eye the tide, warily or eagerly –  
Will she grace us?  
The blessing of a sprinkling  
Or baptismal dousing.

Sat on the shore,  
We’re on the edge of something new.

*Shruthi Rajasekar (born 1996)*

IAIN FARRINGTON

## Like as the waves

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore  
So do our minutes hasten to their end.

*from Sonnet No. 60 by William Shakespeare (1564–1616)*

Ubi caritas et amor, Deus ibi est.  
Congregavit nos in unum Christi amor.  
Exsultemus et in ipso jucundemur.

Where charity and love are, God is there.  
Love of Christ has gathered us into one.  
Let us rejoice in Him and be glad.

*Paulinus of Aquileia (c726–c802/4)*

CAROLINE SHAW

## and the swallow

How beloved is your dwelling place, O Lord of hosts,  
My soul yearns, faints, my heart and my flesh cry.  
The sparrow found a house and the swallow, her nest,  
Where she may raise her young.  
They pass through the Valley of Bakka,  
They make it a place of springs.  
The autumn rains also cover it with pools.

*from Psalm 84*

CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD

## The Blue Bird

The lake lay blue below the hill,  
O'er it, as I looked, there flew  
Across the waters, cold and still  
A bird whose wings were palest blue.

The sky above was blue at last,  
The sky beneath me blue in blue,  
A moment, ere the bird had passed,  
It caught his image as he flew.

*Mary Coleridge (1861–1907)*

RODERICK WILLIAMS

## Never weather-beaten sail

Never weather-beaten sail,  
Never, *etc.*

*Thomas Campion (1567–1620)*

JOHN TAVENER

## Mother of God, here I stand

Mother of God, here I stand now praying,  
Before this icon of your radiant brightness,  
Not praying to be saved from a battlefield,  
Not giving thanks, nor seeking forgiveness  
For the sins of my soul, nor for all the souls.  
Numb, joyless and desolate on earth,  
But for her alone, whom I wholly give you.

*Mikhail Lermontov (1814–41)*

ALEC ROTH

## Night Prayer

Te lucis ante terminum,  
Rerum creator poscimus,  
Ut solita clementia,  
Sis praesul ad custodiam.  
Amen.

Procul recedant somnia,  
Et noctium fantasmata;  
Hostemque nostrum comprime,  
Ne polluantur corpora.  
Amen.

Praesta, Pater omnipotens,  
Per Jesum Christum Dominum,  
Qui tecum in perpetuum  
Regnat cum Sancto Spiritu.  
Amen.

*Hymn at Compline*

To thee before the end of day,  
Creator of the world we pray,  
that with thy wonted favour, thou  
wouldst be our guard and keeper now.  
Amen.

From all ill dreams defend our sight,  
from fears and terrors of the night;  
withhold from us our ghostly foe,  
that spot of sin we may not know.  
Amen.

O Father, that we ask be done,  
through Jesus Christ thine only Son,  
who, with the Holy Ghost and thee,  
doth live and reign eternally.  
Amen.

*Translation by John Mason Neale (1818–66)*

HUBERT PARRY

# Lord, let me know mine end

Lord, let me know mine end and the number of my days,  
That I may be certified how long I have to live.  
Thou hast made my days as it were a span long;  
And mine age is as nothing in respect of Thee,  
And verily, ev'ry man living is altogether vanity,  
For man walketh in a vain shadow  
And disquieteth himself in vain,  
He heapeth up riches and cannot tell who shall gather  
them.  
And now, Lord, what is my hope?  
Truly my hope is even in Thee.  
Deliver me from all mine offences  
And make me not a rebuke to the foolish.  
I became dumb and opened not my mouth  
For it was Thy doing.  
Take Thy plague away from me,  
I am even consumed by means of Thy heavy hand.  
When Thou with rebukes does chasten man for sin,  
Thou makest his beauty to consume away,  
Like as it were a moth fretting a garment;  
Ev'ry man therefore is but vanity.  
Hear my pray'r, O Lord,  
And with Thine ears consider my calling,  
Hold not Thy peace at my tears!  
For I am a stranger with Thee and a sojourner  
As all my fathers were.  
O spare me a little, that I may recover my strength  
Before I go hence  
And be no more seen.

*Psalms 39: 4–13*

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INTERVAL: 20 MINUTES

5.20pm–c5.50pm VOICES OF THE RIVER’S EDGE &  
BBC SINGERS

SIR JAMES MacMILLAN

## O radiant dawn

O radiant dawn, splendour of eternal light, sun of  
justice:  
Come, shine on those who dwell in darkness and the  
shadow of death.  
Isaiah had prophesied: ‘The people who walked in  
darkness have seen a great light:  
Upon those who dwelt in the land of gloom a light has  
shone.’  
O radiant dawn, splendour of eternal light, sun of  
justice:  
Come, shine on those who dwell in darkness and the  
shadow of death.  
Amen.

*Great antiphon for 21 December*

DAN FORREST

## Good night, dear heart

Warm summer sun,  
Shine kindly here.  
Warm southern wind,  
Blow softly here.  
Green sod above, lie light, lie light,  
Good night, dear heart,  
Good night, good night.

Warm summer sun, *etc.*

Good night, dear heart,  
Good night, good night.

*Robert Richardson (1850–1901), adapted Mark Twain (1835–1910)*

JUSSI CHYDENIUS

## Deep in the night

Deep in the night, deep in the night, *etc.*

Deep in the night the cry of a swallow,  
Under the stars he flew,  
Keen as pain was his call to follow  
Over the world to you.

Love in my heart is a cry forever  
Lost as the swallow's flight,  
Seeking for you and never, never  
Stilled by the stars at night.

Deep in the night, deep in the night, *etc.*

*Sara Teasdale (1884–1933)*

**FRANK TICHELI**

## Earth Song

Sing, Be, Live, See.  
This dark stormy hour,  
The wind, it stirs.  
The scorched earth  
Cries out in vain:  
O war and power,  
You blind and blur.  
The torn heart  
Cries out in pain.

But music and singing  
Have been my refuge,  
And music and singing  
Shall be my light.  
A light of song  
Shining strong:  
Alleluia!  
Through darkness and pain and strife,  
I'll Sing, Be, Live, See ...  
Peace.

*Frank Ticheli (born 1958)*

**ELAINE HAGENBERG**

## Alleluia

Alleluia, Alleluia, *etc.*  
All shall be Amen and Alleluia.

We shall rest and we shall see.  
We shall see and we shall know.  
We shall know and we shall love,  
Behold our end which is no end,  
Our end which is no end.

Alleluia, Alleluia, *etc.*  
All shall be Amen and Alleluia.  
Amen!

*St Augustine (354–430)*

ELIZABETH POSTON

## The Water of Tyne

I cannot get to my love if I would dee,  
The water of Tyne runs between him and me,  
And here I must stand with a tear in my eye,  
Both sighing and sickly my sweetheart to see.

O where is the boatman? My bonny hinny!  
O where is the boatman? Bring him to me,  
To ferry me over the Tyne to my honey,  
And I will remember the boatman and thee.

O bring me the boatman, I'll give any money,  
And you for your trouble rewarded shall be,  
To ferry me over the Tyne to my honey,  
Or scull him across the rough river to me.

I cannot get to my love if I would dee, *etc.*

*Anonymous*

ĒRIKS EŠENVALDS

## Only in sleep

Only in sleep I see their faces,  
Children I played with when I was a child,  
Louise comes back with her brown hair braided,  
Annie with ringlets warm and wild.

Only in sleep Time is forgotten –  
What may have come to them, who can know?  
Yet we played last night as long ago,  
And the dollhouse stood at the turn of the stair.

The years had not sharpened their smooth round faces,  
I met their eyes and found them mild –  
Do they, too, dream of me, I wonder,  
And for them am I too a child?

*Sara Teasdale*

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INTERVAL: 20 MINUTES

6.10pm–c7pm BBC SINGERS &amp; CHORUS OF RNS

ALFRED SCHNITTKE

## Choir Concerto

I  
 O Master of all living,  
 Bestowing priceless gifts upon us,  
 God creating all out of nothing,  
 Mysterious, omniscient, frightening,  
 Merciful and implacable,  
 Ineffable and inscrutable,  
 Invisible, eternal, boundless,  
 Terrifying and beneficent.

You are unfathomable, intangible,  
 Without beginning and without end,  
 You are the only one who is measureless,  
 Who is true and real in the world,  
 It is you who give us blessing,  
 You are a noon without nightfall, light without shadow,  
 Our only fountain of peace  
 That lightens our temporal existence.

You are limitless and omnipresent,  
 Our sweetest honey and daily bread,  
 An inexhaustible treasure, purest rain,  
 Forever plentiful might,  
 You are a guardian and guide to us,  
 A healer knowing our ills,  
 Support to all, an all-seeing eye,  
 A hand of abundant giving,  
 Radiant with greatness, welcome to all,  
 Our tireless shepherd, benevolent tsar,  
 All-seeing, vigilant day and night,  
 A judge dispensing fair judgement,  
 A non-oppressive gaze, a voice of comfort,  
 You are a message bringing peace.  
 Your forbidding hand and all-seeing eye  
 Warn mortals against vice,  
 A judge of what is right and wrong,  
 A glory that inspires no envy,  
 You are a light to us, a greatness without limit,  
 A path, invisible but straight.  
 Your imprint is invisible, we can only see your favour,  
 It descends to us on earth from heaven.

The words that I pronounce glorifying you  
 Are poorer than those you should have heard,  
 O God, by right,  
 Had I not been so poor in speech.  
 God blessed, praised,  
 Glorified by all living in the universe,  
 All we are destined to achieve  
 Is born by your wise inspiration.

O God, show me in my doubts  
 The path of purity  
 And, guiding me to the gates of salvation,  
 Be content and rejoice.  
 The purpose of your slave's paean  
 Is not glorification or eulogy,  
 My worthless words are a supplication  
 By which I long to obtain salvation.

II  
 I, an expert in human passions,  
 Composed this collection of songs, where every verse  
 Is full to the brim with black sorrow,  
 For I detest these passions in myself.  
 I wrote so that my words could reach  
 Christians in all corners of the earth.

I wrote for those who only enter life  
 As well as for those who have lived and matured,  
 For those completing their earthly journey  
 And stepping over the fateful limit.

I wrote for the righteous and for sinners,  
 For the comforting and the inconsolable,  
 For the judging and the convicted,  
 For the penitent and those enslaved by sin,  
 For do-gooders and villains,  
 For virgins and adulterers,  
 For all: the high-born and the godless,  
 Downtrodden slaves and grand princes.  
 I wrote equally for husbands and wives,  
 For the degraded and those risen high,  
 For rulers and for the oppressed,  
 For abusers and for the abused,  
 For those who give comfort and those who are  
 comforted.

I wrote equally for those on horseback and on foot,  
 For the insignificant and for the great,  
 For city-dwellers and half-savage highlanders,  
 And for him who is the supreme ruler,  
 Whose judge is God alone,  
 For people who are vain and those who are pious,  
 For monks and holy hermits.

May these verses, full of my suffering,  
 Become a guidance to someone.  
 May he who repents a black transgression  
 Find comfort in my writings.  
 May someone turn to his good  
 My work, my zeal.  
 May my verse, turning into a prayer and a supplication,  
 Elicit God's mercy.

## III

God, grant deliverance from sin  
 To all who grasp the meaning of these mournful words,  
 All who comprehend the essence of this work.  
 Free them from the baneful fetters  
 Of doubt, which is the same as crime.  
 Give them the absolution they long for,  
 Let their abundant tears flow.

May their supplication, raised in my voice,  
 Please you.  
 May they also raise a prayer  
 For me, your slave,  
 God, may your light and grace descend  
 Upon your obedient slaves,  
 All the repentant who read  
 With sympathy this book of mournful songs!

If you receive all those who in my wake  
 Come to you with my zealous prayer,  
 Open the gates of your holy abode  
 To me too, O merciful God.  
 And if my tearful prayer  
 Falls, like rain, washing away sins,  
 May this water of life  
 Also wash me, your base slave.

O God, if you save all those  
 Agreeing with the thoughts that I express,  
 Forgive my grave sins  
 And save me too, O blessed God.  
 If my song inspires in some soul  
 Thoughts pleasing to you,  
 My heavenly Father,  
 Do not deprive me of your grace.

If those who comprehend my verse  
 Raise their trembling hands –  
 May the pain of my sorrowful moans  
 Join their pure prayer,  
 And if the thoughts expressed in this book  
 Are pleasing to you,  
 Be merciful to my ancestors  
 In your generous grace.

If someone poor in spirit  
 Wavers in the holy faith in a moment of grief,  
 May he find support in this book  
 And, taking heart, put his trust in you.  
 If someone weak in faith begins to fear  
 That the temple of his hope will not hold out,  
 May your hand strengthen that unstable temple  
 With the lines of this mournful book.

When someone cruelly tormented by an illness  
 Almost loses his bond with life,

May he find strength in these lines  
 And rise again, praying to you.  
 If deadly fear or doubt  
 Suddenly seizes someone,  
 May he find solace in this book,  
 May he find peace by your grace.

And if the burden of unredeemed sins  
 Pulls a sinner into the abyss, may he,  
 By the power of the words that you inspired in me,  
 Be saved and pardoned forever.  
 If somewhere there is a sinner  
 Who does not escape the Devil's trap –  
 Allow my work to be his support  
 And set the madman right with your own lights.

And if someone in fatal pride  
 Is ready to forget the words of holy prayers –  
 Allow me to bring him back to the sacred faith  
 By the power of the words that you inspired.  
 Allow my book of sorrowful songs  
 To bring back to the Eucharist and the Cross  
 Those who persist in their contemptible vanity  
 In satanic blindness.

And let my song,  
 Inspired by your divine mercy,  
 Calm the storm of unbelief  
 That rages, as over the water, over people's souls.

## IV

Complete this work  
 Which I began in hope  
 And with your name,  
 So that my singing may become healing,  
 Curing the wounds of body and soul.

If my humble work is finished  
 With your holy blessing –  
 May the divine spirit in it  
 Join with my meagre inspiration.

Do not extinguish  
 The revelation you have granted,  
 Do not abandon my reason,  
 But, again and again, receive praise  
 From your servant.  
 Amen.

*Grigor Narekatsi (951–1003)*

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