



THE KING'S SINGERS

The Quiet Heart

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Executive Producer: Trevor Caffull
Producer: Adrian Peacock
Engineer: Brian A Hillson
Post Production: James Lawrence
Project Manager: Kevin J Coates MBE
Design & Artwork: Andrew Wainwright

CHORAL ESSAYS VOL. 1

SPS 220 CD



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The Quiet Heart

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The Quiet Heart

Saturday 12 March 2005. Hendon Highlights at the Royal Festival Hall, featuring the host band from Hendon, The International Staff Band and star guests, the King's Singers. Arguably I shouldn't have been there – I had lost a dear friend very suddenly only two days previously, my wife had lost her mum and my three girls had lost their Granny. But I was there – sometimes duty is a powerful thing!

The King's Singers were everything we had hoped they would be, performing witty, entertaining music from their repertoire. In the second half of the programme they surprised us with a brilliantly constructed medley of three Salvation Army songs. We weren't expecting it, and some in the audience stifled a laugh as, in the first instance, **The Christian Mission** was interwoven with **In The Secret Of Thy Presence**. To some it may have seemed incongruous at first, but it worked brilliantly. The medley ended with the final section of **Reflections**, Norman Bearcroft's beautiful setting of Catherine Baird's haunting lyrics.

*I would go silently,
Lord, when I come to thee;
Glide as some gallant barque
Into the mighty dark.
Softly and gently ride
O'er the receding tide;
Steer from the shores of time
T'ward an eternal clime.
Lord, on a quiet sea
Let me sail home to thee.*

It was exquisite on just about every level. The stage of the Royal Festival Hall isn't the place to cry, but I was helpless. The words seemed to describe perfectly how the lady we all called Granny had left us and gone with confidence to be with her Lord.

Immediately after the concert my good friend, and producer of literally hundreds of SP&S recordings over the past 20 years or so, Brian Hillson, saw me and suggested that we should try to engage the King's Singers to record a collection of 'classic' Salvation Army choral repertoire. Not for the first time I tried to quash a good idea

HOME TO THEE from Reflections

Words: Catherine Baird
Music: Norman Bearcroft

*I would go silently,
Lord, when I come to thee;
Glide as some gallant barque
Into the mighty dark.
Softly and gently ride
O'er the receding tide;
Steer from the shores of time
T'ward an eternal clime.
Lord, on a quiet sea*

BY HIS HAND

Words: Joseph H. Gilmore

Music: Thomas Mack

He leadeth me! O, blessèd thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!

*He leadeth me, be leadeth me!
By his own hand be leadeth me;
His faithful follower I will be,
For by his hand be leadeth me.*

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.

He leadeth me, be leadeth me...

Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur or repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

He leadeth me, be leadeth me...

GRANT US THY PEACE

Words: Ivy Mawby

Music: George Marshall

Softly the shadows fall o'er land and sea,
Voices of evening call, speaking to me,
Busy my hands this day,
Small time to think or pray;
Now at the close of day, I come to thee.

*Lord, 'tis thy tender touch now we implore;
Day with its toil is done, labour is o'er;
Now in the evening while shadows fall,
Grant us thy peace, who give to thee our all.*

What can I bring to thee, fruit of today?
Have I walked worthily in work and play?
Lightened my brother's load,
Walking life's toilsome road,
New strength and love bestowed, master, I pray?

Lord, 'tis thy tender touch now we implore...

While the birds homeward wend, seeking their nest,
Thou who has called me friend, knowest me best,
Forgive if I should roam,
And grant that I may come
To find at last my home safe in thy breast.

Lord, 'tis thy tender touch now we implore...

because my vision wasn't as great as the person who had generated that idea. I told Brian I felt it unlikely we would be able to record the King's Singers as they would have their own exclusive recording contract. The following day, I was speaking to Doug Wilson who had been instrumental in bringing the King's Singers to Hendon Highlights. He had the same idea. Because he had established a good relationship with the King's Singers he was determined to follow the idea up. He did, and a while later told me the astonishing news that not only would the King's Singers be prepared to make this

recording, but that they were actually very keen to do so.

Many months later, **The Quiet Heart - Choral Essays Vol. 1** is the result. The King's Singers themselves chose the repertoire from nearly 100 titles we had provided. In doing so they bring to this CD definitive performances of 19 classic Salvation Army songs, many of which are rarely heard these days. Perhaps this is because they do not fit the modern genre of 'worship song', but the quality of both words and music are as timeless as the truths of which they speak.

Trevor Caffull

THE KING'S SINGERS

Countertenor David Hurley & Robin Tyson

Tenor Paul Phoenix

Baritone Philip Lawson & Christopher Gabbitas

Bass Stephen Connolly

Arrangements and voicing for the King's Singers by Philip Lawson.
The King's Singers would like to thank Erika Esslinger for her help
in making this recording possible.

Recorded by B+H Sound Services Ltd.
at St Andrew's Church, Toddington, Gloucestershire
September 2006.

THE KING'S SINGERS

For nearly 40 years the King's Singers have been delighting audiences around the world with their incomparable musicianship combined with charm and wit. Founded in 1968 by six Choral Scholars from King's College Cambridge, they quickly became a prominent musical force in the UK. The rest of the world soon followed, so that today the group's engagements are spread throughout the four corners of the globe.

Right from the start they specialised in 'everything'. From medieval music to masterpieces of the Renaissance, from romantic songs to folk, pop and jazz, their repertoire is all-encompassing. Always on the lookout for new pieces the six could sing together, they have, since their debut concert, commissioned works from many well-known composers including Krystof Penderecki, Luciano Berio, John McCabe, Peter Maxwell Davies, Ned Rorem and Gyorgy Ligeti. This branch of their repertoire now comprises well over 150 pieces.

The list of venues at which they have appeared is equally diverse, including cathedrals and palaces as well as in many of the world's major concert halls. They have joined forces with many famous

orchestras such as the London Symphony Orchestra, the BBC Concert Orchestra, the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, and with chamber ensembles Concordia, Sarband and l'Arpeggiata.

They also team up with distinguished soloists like Kiri te Kanawa, Emanuel Ax, George Shearing, Evelyn Glennie, Dudley Moore and even Bruce Johnston of the Beach Boys. These collaborations have often resulted in recordings to add to the group's discography of over eighty albums.



Renowned for their commitment to blend, balance and intonation in their own performances, they are keen to pass on their knowledge through educational work. They regularly conduct masterclass courses in many countries, and since 1996 have been Prince Consort Ensemble-in-Residence at the Royal College of Music, London.

But above all it is their simple enjoyment of what they do that has captured the imagination of the public all over the world and kept the King's Singers at the top of their game for three and a half decades. As *The Times* put it, they are 'still unmatched for their musicality and sheer ability to entertain.'

www.kingsingers.com

INTERCEDE, O LORD

Words: Kenneth Tout
Music: Wilfred Heaton

O thou, who at the judgement bars
Dost stand with guilty souls
To plead instead thy Calv'ry scars,
Plead my poor name beyond the stars
Where God's deep mercy rolls.

*Lord, wilt thou plead for me?
Lord, intercede for me.
Thy scars my plea shall be,
Thy blood my surety,
O, intercede!*

O God, who learned to wield our tools
And chose the human task,
We looked for wrath who broke thy rules,
But thou didst sup with us, though fools,
'Twas more than we dared ask.

Lord, wilt thou plead for me...

O thou, who having shaped the skies,
Didst fashion yoke and plough,
Who left thy throne to agonise,
Be counsel sure when justice tries;
Be my companion now!

Lord, wilt thou plead for me...

TO THE HILLS

Words & Music: Ernest Rance

To the hills I lift my eyes,
The distant hills before me;
Hills that rise to reach the skies,
And spread their glory o'er me.
Planted by omnipotent hand,
By divine appointment they stand,
To the hills I lift my eyes,
The beckoning hills before me.

Eyes may scan the dizzy height,
And human feet stand on it;
Only faith, in mystic flight,
Can see the realms beyond it.
Steeper than the mountains of time,
Higher than the loftiest climb,
O'er the hills I lift my eyes;
From thence my help is coming.

To the hills I'll turn again,
Away from earthly slumber,
There to gain the topmost plain;
May naught my way encumber.
On the highest summit I'll stand,
There to view the long-promised land;
Though my eyes look to the skies,
I lift my heart to Heaven.

CHRIST'S PART

Words: Robert Herrick
Music: James Curnow

Christ, he requires still,
Whereso'er he comes,
To feed or lodge,
To have the best of rooms:

Give him the choice,
The best of rooms;
Grant him the nobler part
Of all the house;
The best of all's the heart.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

Words: Arch R. Wiggins
Music: George Marshall

Though in declaring Christ to the sinner,
I may all men surpass,
If love impassioned seal not the message,
I am nought but sounding brass.

*Love suffereth patiently;
Love worketh silently;
Love seeketh not her own.
Love never faileth;
Love still prevaieth,
Lord, in me thy love enthroned!*

Though I have wisdom lighting all mysteries;
Though I may all things know;
Though great my faith be, removing mountains,
Without love 'tis empty show.

Love suffereth patiently...

Though I distribute all my possessions;
Though as a martyr die;
My sacrifices profit me nothing,
Unless love doth sanctify.

Love suffereth patiently...

SPIRIT DIVINE

Words & Music: Brindley Boon

Spirit divine, come as of old
With healing in thy train;
Come, as thou did'st, to sanctify;
Let naught of sin remain.

*Come, great Spirit, come,
Make each heart thy home;
Enter every longing soul;
Come, great Spirit, come.*

Spirit divine, purge thou our hearts,
Make us to understand
Thy blessed will concerning us,
And teach us love's command.

*Come, great Spirit, come,
Make each heart thy home;
Enter every longing soul;
Come, great Spirit, come.*

Spirit divine, cleanse thou our souls
With pentecostal flood;
Breathe into us the life that shows
The Father-love of God.

*Come, great Spirit, come,
Make each heart thy home;
Enter every longing soul;
Come, great Spirit, come.*

GOD'S MOMENT

Words: Flora Larsson
Music: John Larsson

This is God's moment, before you Christ pleads,
His blood shed on Calv'ry for you intercedes:
His grace is sufficient to meet all your needs,
For this is God's moment for you.

*This is God's moment, God's moment for you,
A moment so solemn, yet joyous and new,
Forgiven is all sinning,
Real life is beginning,
For this is God's moment for you.*

This is God's moment, his message you've heard,
A long-silent chord in your heart has been stirred,
Within you faith rises, you trust in his word,
For this is God's moment for you.

*This is God's moment, God's moment for you,
A moment so solemn, yet joyous and new,
Forgiven is all sinning,
Real life is beginning,
For this is God's moment for you.*

This is God's moment, a new day now breaks,
Released from sin's bondage your soul-life awakes,
And thrills to the blessing of which it partakes,
For this is God's moment for you.

*This is God's moment, God's moment for you,
A moment so solemn, yet joyous and new,
Forgiven is all sinning,
Real life is beginning,
For this is God's moment for you.*

IN THE STILLNESS

Words: R. Woods

Music: George Marshall

'Tis not with shrill of trumpet,
Nor yet with crash of drums
That each new day awakens
And light of morning comes.
But silently the shadows
Steal one by one away;
The grey light turns to brightness,
And noiselessly 'tis day.

*Come to my heart, Lord, like dew gently falling;
Scatter my darkness like breaking of day.
Now in the stillness I list' for thy calling,
Ready to bear thy small voice as I pray,
Not in the fire, nor yet in the earthquake,
Here do but whisper, and I will obey.*

'Tis not that noise is power,
Nor shouting victory,
And life will always triumph,
Though it be quietly.
The buds have noiseless waking,
Unsoundly tread the years,
And silent is the breaking
Of earth when spring appears.

Come to my heart, Lord, like dew gently falling...

'Tis not with voice of shouting,
Nor with excited din
God's deep, sweet peace enfolds me,
And makes all calm within.
But those who wait upon him
Find love holds fear at bay,
The storms within are silenced
And care is driven away.

Come to my heart, Lord, like dew gently falling...

WHEN WE CANNOT SEE OUR WAY

Words: Thomas Kelly

Music: Stephen Bulla

When we cannot see our way,
Let us trust and still obey;
He who bids us forward go,
Cannot fail the way to show.

Though it be the gloom of night,
Though we see no ray of light,
Since the Lord himself is there,
'Tis not meet that we should fear.

Be it ours, then, while we're here,
Him to follow without fear,
Where he calls us, there to go,
What he bids us, that to do.

ALL FOR THEE

Words: Frances Ridley Havergal

Music: Paul S. Kellner

Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from thee.

Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is thine own,
It shall be thy royal throne.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee.

JESUS ANSWERS PRAYER

Words: Ivy Mawby

Music: Alistair McHarg

Jesus answers when I call,
His sweet presence bringing,
Stoops to lift me when I fall,
Sets the music ringing.

*When I talk with Jesus,
Bring to him my care,
With his own sweet comfort,
Jesus answers prayer.*

When the shadows gather round,
Doubt or fear confessing,
In my heart new strength is found
As I seek his blessing.

*When I talk with Jesus,
Bring to him my care,
With his own sweet comfort,
Jesus answers prayer.*

All my joys he loves to share,
All my sorrows lighten;
I can find him everywhere,
Darkened paths to brighten.

*When I talk with Jesus,
Bring to him my care,
With his own sweet comfort,
Jesus answers prayer.*

EVEN ME

Words: Elizabeth Codner

Music: Hebert Young

Lord, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free,
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some showers fall on me,
Even me.

I have long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving thee,
Long the world my heart's been keeping,
O, forgive and rescue me,
Even me.

Pass me not, O gracious Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me,
Even me.

THE CHRISTIAN MISSION

Words: Anon.

Music: arr. Ray Steadman-Allen

Of the Christian Mission we now will sing,
Glory, Hallelujah!
To the honour of our Lord and King,
Sing Glory, Hallelujah!

In the East of London the work began,
Glory, Hallelujah!
Then far and near like fire it ran,
Sing Glory, Hallelujah!

*Hallelujab, Glory, Hallelujab!
Hallelujab, Glory, Hallelujab!
Hallelujab to the Lamb,
Sing Glory, Hallelujab!*

First in the streets and then in a tent,
Glory, Hallelujah!
With the word of life to the crowds it went,
Sing Glory, Hallelujah!

And then we got a dancing room,
Glory, Hallelujah!
Where hearts soon danced to a heavenly tune,
Sing Glory, Hallelujah!

Hallelujab, Glory, Hallelujab...

We may be rough and speak aloud,
Glory, Hallelujah!
But our words are blessed to the hardened crowd,
Sing Glory, Hallelujah!

And thus the Mission grows apace,
Glory, Hallelujah!
For the Lord has made it a vessel of grace,
Sing Glory, Hallelujah!

Hallelujab, Glory, Hallelujab...

HIS PROVISION

Words: John Gowans

Music: Ivor Bosanko

At the moment of my weakness,
When my need for power is plain,
And my own strength is exhausted once again,
Then my Lord has made provision
For the day of my despair,
And his precious Holy Spirit hears my prayer,
My prayer.
Then my Lord has made provision
For the day of my despair,
And his precious Holy Spirit hears my prayer.

*Holy Spirit! promised presence fall on me.
Holy Spirit! make me all I long to be.
Holy Spirit! Holy Spirit!
Give your power to me, O Holy Spirit.*

When the darkness falls around me,
When bewildered and afraid,
When I feel the most deserted and betrayed,
Then my every need is answered
By God's providential care,
And his precious Holy Spirit hears my prayer,
My prayer.
Then my every need is answered
By God's providential care,
And his precious Holy Spirit hears my prayer.

*Holy Spirit! promised presence fall on me.
Holy Spirit! make me all I long to be.
Holy Spirit! Holy Spirit!
Give your power to me, O Holy Spirit.*

Nothing now can rob God's servant
Of the peace that he bequeaths,
Nothing take away the strength
His presence breathes.
Of the everlasting arms of love
I'm daily made aware,
And his precious Holy Spirit hears my prayer,
My prayer,
Of the everlasting arms of love
I'm daily made aware,
And his precious Holy Spirit hears my prayer.

*Holy Spirit! promised presence fall on me.
Holy Spirit! make me all I long to be.
Holy Spirit! Holy Spirit!
Give your power to me, O Holy Spirit.*

THE QUIET HEART

Words: James Morgan

Music: June Collin

'Twas in the stillness of the night that Jesus came;
 No blare of trumpets heralded his birth
 Nor broke the silence of the earth;
 No clang of bells or blantant hue and cry
 Disturbed the calm beneath the Bethlehem sky.
 When Jesus came 'twas night,
 And the world was still.

'Tis to the quiet heart he loves to come:
 Not often 'midst the tumult of the day,
 When we can find small time to think or pray,
 Or when, confused by agitating care,
 We find no secret place for him to share.
 We must be still if we his voice would hear.
 'Tis to the quiet heart he loves to come.

IN THE SECRET OF THY PRESENCE

Words: Albert Orsborn

Music: Eric Ball

In the secret of thy presence,
 Where the pure in heart may dwell,
 Are the springs of sacred service
 And a power that none can tell.
 There my love must bring its offering,
 There my heart must yield its praise,
 And the Lord will come, revealing
 All the secrets of his ways.

More than all my lips may utter,
 More than all I do or bring,
 Is the depth of my devotion
 To my Saviour, Lord and King.
 Nothing less will keep me tender;
 Nothing less will keep me true;
 Nothing less will keep the fragrance
 And the bloom on all I do!

Blessèd Lord, to see thee truly,
 Then to tell as I have seen,
 This shall rule my love supremely,
 This shall be the sacred gleam.
 Sealed again is all the sealing,
 Pledged again my willing heart,
 First to know thee, then to serve thee,
 Then to see thee as thou art.

IS IT NOTHING TO YOU?

Words: Albert E. Mingay

Music: Charles Skinner

Is it nothing to you that one day Jesus came
 All our sorrow and suffering to share?
 He came as the light of new hope for a world
 In the day of its darkest despair.

*Is it nothing to you that his cross speaks our shame?
 Is it nothing to you, for whose cleansing he came,
 That our guilt made his Calv'ry
 And pierced his hands through?
 Is it nothing to you?
 Is it nothing, nothing to you?*

Is it nothing to you that one day Jesus gave,
 Gave in love of his measureless all?
 So richly he poured out his limitless life
 When he answered our pitiful call.

*Is it nothing to you that his cross speaks our shame?
 Is it nothing to you, for whose cleansing he came,
 That our guilt made his Calv'ry
 And pierced his hands through?
 Is it nothing to you?
 Is it nothing, nothing to you?*

Is it nothing to you that one day Jesus died,
 That men mocked him and, heedless, passed by?
 No sorrow was e're like the sorrow he bore
 When they scorned him and left him to die.

*Is it nothing to you that his cross speaks our shame?
 Is it nothing to you, for whose cleansing he came,
 That our guilt made his Calv'ry
 And pierced his hands through?
 Is it nothing to you?
 Is it nothing, nothing to you?*

Is it nothing to you that today Jesus saves?
 Though we stand all condemned before God
 He carries our sin on his own loving heart,
 And he saves by his pardoning blood.

*Is it nothing to you that his cross speaks our shame?
 Is it nothing to you, for whose cleansing he came,
 That our guilt made his Calv'ry
 And pierced his hands through?
 Is it nothing to you?
 Is it nothing, nothing to you?*