CYAN MAGENTA YELLOW BLACK

THE KING'S SINGERS

Reflections

1.	The Well Is Deep	5.31
2.	O Lovely Name	4.32
3.	Morning Song	3.00
4.	My Spirit Longs	2.02
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8.	The Divine Paradox	3.59
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11.	Lord, Teach Us How To Pray	3.43
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17.	*i. The Christ Child*	1.13
18.	*ii. The Seers*	1.56
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Total CD Playing Time 60.36

All tracks ©SP&S

CHORAL ESSAYS VOL. 2

SPS 244 CD

THE KING'S SINGERS

Reflections

CHORAL ESSAYS VOL. 2

Code No. Booklet-Pgs20&1

CYAN MAGENTA YELLOW BLACK

The King's Singers
Reflections

I'm not generally pre-disposed to bouts of negativity - indeed it would be a fair criticism of my temperament to suggest that I usually see the glass as positively overflowing rather than half full. It seems strange then to have to admit that I was pleasantly shocked at the response to *The Quiet Heart - Choral Essays Vol. 1*.

The King's Singers' first recording production of exclusively Salvation Army material will, for all time, rightly be considered a landmark recording. Response in terms of sales was (by comparison to our normal numbers) staggering. Response in terms of written and anecdotal comment was humbling and at times very moving, and continues to this day. Another response occurred literally throughout the Salvation Army world, as many of the featured songs experienced a 're-birth', 'Gems' books being dusted down for old treasures to be rediscovered.

In spite of my own nervousness about how this album would be received, we had always planned a Volume 2 (the legend, Volume 1 on the first album was a bit of a give-away!), but we had not anticipated such a clamour for its release. Dealing with a group in such demand as The King's Singers (especially in this, their 40th anniversary year) means that sometimes one has to be patient, and it's now two years since the release of *The Quiet Heart - Choral Essays Vol. 1*. Volume 2 was never in doubt, but creating time in the diary for its recording was something of a challenge!

The King's Singers

Counter-tenor: David Hurley & Robin Tyson

Tenor: Paul Phoenix

Baritone: Philip Lawson & Christopher Gabbitas

Bass: Stephen Connolly

Acknowledgements

Executive Producer: Trevor Caffull

Producer: Adrian Peacock

Engineer & Post Production: Adam Goldsmith

Production Manager: Julian Bright

Project Manager: Kevin J Coates MBE

Design & Artwork: Andrew Wainwright

Photography: Marco Borggreve

Arrangements and voicing for The King's Singers
by Philip Lawson, except tracks 8 & 16
by Christopher Gabbitas, and track 10 by Adrian Peacock

Recorded by World of Sound at St Andrew's Church,
Toddington, Gloucestershire during May 2008.

Code No. Booklet-Pgs2&19

CYAN MAGENTA YELLOW BLACK

Inevitably, whilst the content of the original disc was largely planned between myself and the group, response to that recording brought with it many requests for specific songs to be featured on the next volume. In large part the repertoire here moves us on a generation in terms of publication dates (this is not entirely the case, but is broadly true), and whilst listener response accounted for a significant part of the 'master list' presented to the group, once again the final play-list has been entirely the choice of The King's Singers themselves.

'...The King's Singers' first recording production of exclusively Salvation Army material will, for all time, rightly be considered a landmark recording.'

The final track on Volume 1 was Norman Bearcroft's ***Home to Thee***, the last movement in a short, three movement suite entitled ***Reflections***, featuring the poetry of Catherine Baird. Beautiful though that was (and it truly was a wonderful end to the disc), some, myself included, felt it was somehow incomplete without the preceding movements. In response to that sentiment ***Reflections*** is featured here in full and provides an apt title for the recording.

Also of interest to many listeners will be the inclusion of Joy Webb's ***The Candle of the Lord***. Joy of course was catapulted into the 'SA limelight' when she fronted The Joystrings back in the 1960s. A founder member of that group was Pauline Banks, who, after a long period of illness and immense physical and spiritual bravery, passed to her eternal reward during the days of the recording of this disc. The ministry of Commissioners Keith and Pauline Banks has touched thousands of lives all over the Salvation Army world over many years through personal contact, the preaching of God's word and through their own unique output of song composition. It is fitting then that this CD should be dedicated to the memory of a wonderful Christian lady, Commissioner Pauline Banks.

Trevor Caffull

Code No. Booklet-Pgs18&3

CYAN MAGENTA YELLOW BLACK

The King's Singers

Described as possessing an 'impeccably manicured vocal blend, enchanting the ear from first to last note' (Gramophone magazine), The King's Singers maintain the highest calibre of a cappella performance, and continue to be one of the most sought-after vocal ensembles in the world.

Their seasons of 120 performances cross the globe, delighting its fan-base. They have sung from Anchorage to the Azores, Beirut to Beijing, Cape Town to Copenhagen, and so on! Highlights during their 40th anniversary season include performances in London's Royal Albert Hall, at Windsor Castle, The Sage, Gateshead, King's College Chapel, Symphony Hall, Birmingham, the Berlin Philharmonie, Amsterdam Concertgebouw, Salzburg Mozarteum, Paris Salle Gaveau, as well as many cathedrals and historic buildings. In trips to America they visit Cincinnati (with the Cincinnati Pops Orchestra), Dallas, Salt Lake City (with the Utah Symphony), Princeton University, and New York City's Carnegie Hall (with the New York Pops Orchestra).

The breadth of their repertoire in concert and on CD has seen them collaborate with such musical luminaries as the international music ensemble Sarband, viol consort Concordia, the WDR Big Band, the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, the Cincinnati Pops Orchestra, the early music improvisation band L'Arpeggiata, pianist Emanuel Ax, jazz legend George Shearing, soprano Kiri te Kanawa and percussionist Evelyn Glennie. Expanding the scope of their library The King's Singers also commission new works. In the past these have come from György Ligeti, Richard Rodney Bennett, Luciano Berio, Peter Maxwell Davies, Krysztof Penderecki, Eric Whitacre, Toru Takemitsu and John Tavener.

Having received awards and plaudits for its recording, the group is fast approaching its 100th album release. Now recording with Signum Classics, the group has covered music from the renaissance in *The Golden Age: Siglo de Oro* ('unmissable', *Classic FM magazine*), to *Landscape & Time*, a contemporary album ('impeccable singing', *Gramophone magazine*) and a studio album of folk, spiritual and pop *Simple Gifts*, released in the group's 40th anniversary season.

REFLECTIONS

Words: Catherine Baird
Music: Norman Bearcroft

i. The Christ Child

In ev'ry youthful face I see the Christ Child
Smiling down on me;
For once, upon a night of joy,
And clothèd in a little boy,
God, in sweet majesty came near;
His voice was young and passing clear.
Awakening the heart in me, and calling:
I have need of Thee!

ii. The Seers

Only the lowly and the wise
Hear vict'ry songs in infant cries!
Proud eyes may swiftly turn away
From Jesus' manger bed of hay,
Yet do the pure, with perfect sight,
See chariots of Holy light
And heav'nly horse-men, clad in po'wr,
Invading time each day and hour.
In silent pray'r they venture far beyond
This world's most distant star,
Encounter God in ev'ry place
Where saint and sinner need His grace.

iii. Home To Thee

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.

Code No. Booklet-Pgs4&17

CYAN MAGENTA YELLOW BLACK

A CITY PRAYER

Words: Kenneth Tout
Music: Wilfred Heaton

Bestow Thy beauty, blessed Lord,
On us who toil 'mid busy mills;
Give to us faith in Thy strong word,
Safe and secure as ancient hills.

Teach us to know Thy hallowed peace
Where life rolls on in crowded streets;
Deep in the mind let strivings cease
Where fretful soul Thy Spirit meets.

Establish us in holy poise
Undaunted by the tumult fierce,
And grant that through the city noise
Thy kind but kingly voice may pierce.

Release our minds from comfort's chain,
From noisome passions make us free;
Dying with Thee to rise again,
New life and glory may we see.

DESIRE FOR GOD

Words: David Barker
Music: Christopher Priest

As pants the hart for streams when thirst prevails,
I long for Thee;
O God, my God, whose goodness never fails,
Now come to me.
Through Calv'ry's love
I yearn to claim Thee mine,
And know the thrill and joy of peace divine.

O wondrous God, through Thine own
Boundless grace,
I long to see
With mine own eyes the beauty of Thy face
And majesty; O holy God,
Seen by the pure in heart,
Cleanse Thou my soul, the blessing now impart.

No joy can with this highest joy compare:
Of life with Thee
I yearn my life with Thine, O Lord, to share,
Thine own to be;
To daily walk with Thee as friend with friend,
In fellowship of love that will not end.

www.kingssingers.com
www.myspace.com/thekingssingers

'...still unmatched for their musicality and sheer ability to entertain.' *The Times*

The charm, skill and wit of The King's Singers is further enjoyed through workshops and masterclasses across the world. The group is 'Prince Consort Ensemble in Residence' at The Royal College of Music in London, and holds a bi-annual summer course at the Schleswig-Holstein Music Festival.

The group's latest news and blog entries, information on concert dates, shop plus streaming audio and video can be found at **www.kingssingers.com**.

Code No. Booklet-Pgs16&5

CYAN MAGENTA YELLOW BLACK

THE WELL IS DEEP

Words: Albert Orsborn
Music: Harry Woods & Gus Kahn
Arranged: Norman Bearcroft

Life is a journey; long is the road,
And when the noontide is high
Souls that are weary faint 'neath their load,
Long for the waters, and cry:

The well is deep and I require
A draught of the water of life,
But none can quench my soul's desire
For a draught of the water of life;
Till One draws near who the cry will heed,
Helper of men in their time of need;
And I, believing, find indeed
That Christ is the Water of Life.

Life is a seeking, life is a quest,
Eager and longing desire;
Unto the true things, unto the best,
Godward our spirits aspire.

Life is a finding; vain wand'rings cease
When from the Saviour we claim
All we have longed for, solace and peace,
And we have life in His name.

INTROIT

Words: Isaiah 55:6
Music: Kenneth Downie

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found,
Call ye upon him, while he is near.
O seek ye the Lord while he may be found,
Call upon him, call upon him,
Call upon him while he's near,
Call upon him while he's near he's near.

CALM PASTURES

Words: Muriel F Braddick
Music: Maurice Atkin

Lead me, loving Shepherd,
Lead me to the pastures,
Where in sweet calm,
My soul may nourished be;
But, if I stray, O let me hear Thee whisper,
'Be not afraid, for I will gather thee'.

O loving Shepherd, pardon my wand'ring,
Dear Lamb of God, who for my sins wast slain,
Bow down Thine ear to hear a sinner's pleading,
For on Thy nail-pierced hands,
Is written my name.

The daily cares of life so oft distress me,
The noise and tumult of my busy way,
Yet to Thy heart
Thy loving arms would fold me
Closely, protected from the heat of day.

When the soft shades of night, so swiftly falling,
Frighten my spirit, hiding light of day,
Then may I hear Thee,
Loving Shepherd, calling,
'My rod and staff shall gently lead the way.'

Code No. Booklet-Pgs6&15

CYAN MAGENTA YELLOW BLACK

IN THE LOVE OF JESUS

Words: Ivy Mawby
Music: William Hammond

Like to a lamb who from the fold had strayed
Far on the mountain, of the dark afraid,
Seeking a shelter from the night's alarm,
Longing for comfort of the shepherd's arm.
So Jesus found me on sin's mountain drear,
Gathered me close and banished all my fear.

In the love of Jesus there is all I need
While I follow closely where my Lord may lead;
By his grace forgiven, In His presence blest,
In the love of Jesus,
In the love is Jesus is perfect rest.

Like to a pilgrim in an unknown land
Seeking the comfort of a guiding hand,
Fearing the perils of the winding way,
Pleading for strength sufficient ev'ry day,
I met my Lord! And though the path be dim
He knows the way and I will walk with Him.

Like to a child who, when the night may fall,
Out of the darkness hears his father call,
Far and a-weary though his feet may roam
Sees in the distance shining lights of home,
So at the last the music of His voice
Will calm my fears and make my heart rejoice.

O LOVELY NAME

Words: Will J Brand
Music: Ray Steadman-Allen

O Lovely Name!
Calling to sweet remembrance Galilee,
With lowly men who toiled upon the sea;
A Kingdom published, and a hunger born,
Exceeding theirs who pluck'd the ripened corn.
Yet rich beyond their need was One who said,
'Come unto Me, I am the Living Bread'.
And they who came to Thee,
O Jesu, Living Bread to claim,
Learn'd then the wonder of Thy lovely Name.

O Lovely Name!
Coming with living pow'r across the years
To flow around my labours, hopes and fears,
A sea encalmed, a deep where-in shall cease
My few vain strivings 'gainst Thy gift of Peace.
Dear Name to which I cling
Which holds me fast,
And still shall hold me when my hour is past:
E'en as I frame Thy sound,
O Jesu, then I mark with shame
How weakly, still, I trust Thy lovely Name.

O Lovely Name!
Arching all Heav'n,
Its breadth, length, depth and height;
Blest Name where-at the angels pause in flight
To bow themselves in wonder and in awe
To thee, their light, their glory and their law.
Yet not the heavenly-host but these alone
Thy blest redeemed,
Their Lord as Saviour own
With glad acclaim: This is their glory,
That on earth they came
To know the meaning of
Thy Lovely Name.

Code No. Booklet-Pgs14&7

CYAN MAGENTA YELLOW BLACK

MORNING SONG

Words & Music: Eric Ball

You are here, Lord,
And the morning sun shines with promise of
A wonderful day.
I shall walk upright in the pow'r of your love
And your light shall illumine my way.
You are here, Lord Jesus,
Christ of my ev'ry day.

You are here, Lord;
Tho' the clouds are dark and the day may
Bring some burden to share:
I shall walk by faith with my head held high,
Never doubting your love or your care.
You are here, Lord Jesus,
Christ of my ev'ry day.

You are there, Lord,
In the future years,
Love eternal holding all I shall need.
In your likeness growing,
Transformed by your pow'r,
Spirit guided in thought, word and deed.
I shall know your presence,
Christ of my ev'ry hour.

MY SPIRIT LONGS

Words: Percy W Urquhart
Music: Christopher Mowat

For Thee, dear Lord, my spirit longs
With earnest, strong desire;
I seek Thee now with all my heart,
I'm waiting for the fire.
None else my soul can satisfy,
Or give the rest I seek;
Thy voice, O Lord, I wait to hear,
Now to Thy servant speak.
Let grace my longing soul supply;
This hunger, Saviour, meet;
Thy fullness, Lord to me impart
Whilst waiting at Thy feet.
O Lord, in willingness of love
I'll tread the cross-bound way;
'Tis fellowship with Thee I crave,
To serve Thee and obey.

HEAR ME WHEN I PRAY

Words: Peter Cooke
Music: Terry Camsey

Lord, hear me when I pray to Thee,
When unknown fears would conquer me.
O answer my unspoken prayer,
That I may find Thee waiting there.
The tempter seeks to harm my soul,
But Thou, O Christ, wilt keep me whole.

Lord, hear me when I pray to Thee,
As Thy disciples on the sea.
Come, calm the tempest in my breast,
Hallow my thoughts and give me rest.
Oh, may I know that Thou art God,
Thy words of grace my staff and rod!

Lord, hear me when I pray to Thee,
Be Thou my Guide eternally.
No foe shall harm with Thee beside,
So wilt Thou evermore abide.
My spirit shall be blest indeed,
Knowing that Thou dost intercede.

LORD, TEACH US HOW TO PRAY

Words: William Barnes
Music: James Curnow

O Lord, we pray not as we ought;
We pray in word but not in thought.
We pray in word but not in thought,
We pray in word but not in thought.
Our hearts are dull and cold;
We kneel and tell of wants we do not feel,
We pray in word but not in thought.
But warm our chilly hearts of clay,
And teach us how to pray.

We ask for pow'r, we ask for gold,
We ask what mercy must withhold,
We ask for life and earthly bliss,
We ask for life and earthly bliss,
And fail because we ask amiss.
But take our blindness, Lord, away,
And teach us how to pray.

And while we thus in folly lift
Our voice to ask some baneful gift,
How coldly, Father,
Do we call to Thee for grace.
O take our ignorance, Lord, away,
And teach us how to pray;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

Code No. Booklet-Pgs8&13

SHOW ME THY FACE

Words: Anon
Music: Thomas Rive

Show me Thy face,
One transient gleam
Of loveliness divine,
And I shall never think or dream
Of other love save Thine;
All lesser light will darken quite,
All lower glories wane,
The beautiful of earth will scare
Seem beautiful again.

Show me Thy face, I shall forget
The weary days of yore,
The fretting ghosts of vain regret
Shall haunt my soul no more.
All doubts and fears for future years
In quiet trust subside,
And naught but blest content and calm
Within my breast abide.

Show me Thy face, the heaviest cross
Will then seem light to bear,
There will be gain in ev'ry loss,
And peace with every care.
With such light feet the years will fleet,
Life seem as brief as blest,
Till I have laid my burden down,
And entered into rest.

THE HEART'S GRIEF

Words: Henry Hart Milman
Music: Eric Ball

When our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesus, Saviour, draw Thou near.

When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, Saviour, draw Thou near.
Jesus, Saviour, draw Thou near.

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal grief hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesus, Saviour, draw Thou near.
Jesus, Saviour, draw Thou near,

Thou hast bowed the dying head;
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Jesus, Saviour, draw Thou near.

THE CANDLE OF THE LORD

Words & Music: Joy Webb

How great the darkness, how deep the need!
How vast the problems of indiff'rence,
hate and greed.
A world rejecting the truth once known
And slipping down into a nightmare of its own.
Is there a light that's strong enough to go,
And metamorphasise the darkness that we know.
I am the candle of the Lord,
And truth and love more powerful than sword!
O fan the flame, its single gleam diffuse,
And let my spirit be the light that you can use.
I am the candle of the Lord!
Light me!

How bright the light is: From soul to soul
A myriad tiny flames expanding to a whole.
How strong the truth is when joined as one,
And what a miracle this shining could become;
It could transform the darkness that we know,
And clearly light the way mankind must try to go.
I am the candle of the Lord,
And truth and love more powerful than sword!
O fan the flame, its single gleam diffuse,
And let my spirit be the light that you can use.
I am the candle of the Lord!
Light me, O light me!

BREATHE ON ME, BREATH OF GOD

Words: Edwin Hatch
Music: Ronald Foot

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what Thou dost love,
And do what Thou wouldst do.
Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Fill me with life anew.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with thee I will one will
To do and to endure.
Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly Thine,
Until this earthly part of me
Glows with Thy fire divine.
Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly Thine.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die,
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity.
Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die.

THE DIVINE PARADOX

Words: Peter Cooke
Music: Norman Bearcroft

Thou hast no weapons, lowly Christ,
No sword nor buckler dost Thou wield,
And yet my heart, beholding Thee,
Immediately is forced to yield.
The Spirit's sword, my trusty blade,
Will be my weapon for the fight;
And in Thy strength, O Son of God,
Thine enemies I'll put to flight.

Thou hast no beauty in Thy face,
No comeliness Thy form adorns;
Thy visage is with suff'ring marred,
Thy brow is pierced by sin's sharp thorns.
But clad in raiment white as light I see Thee,
And in awe I bow,
For Thou art Sharon's Rose indeed,
The fairest of ten thousand now.

O Christ, can I transformed be
By Thy most wonder-working pow'r?
Then take me as I am, I pray,
The miracle perform this hour.
And shaking off the former man,
On faith's strong pinions I will rise
To greet Thee, who hast set the course
And giv'st the everlasting prize!
The everlasting prize!