

..here in hiding...

James MacMillan (*1959)

Adoro te devote, latens Deitas,
Quae sub his figuris vere latitas:
Tibi se cor meum totum subiicit,
Quia te contemplans totum deficit.

Visus, tactus, gustus in te fallitur,
Sed auditu solo tuto creditur:
Credo quidquid dixit Dei Filius:
Nil hoc verbo veritatis verius.

In cruce latebat sola Deitas,
At hic latet simul et humanitas:
Ambo tamen credens atque confitens,
Peto quod petivit latro paenitens.

Plagas, sicut Thomas; non intueor
Deum tamen meum te confiteor:
Fac me tibi semper magis credere,
In te spem habere, te diligere.

O memoriale mortis Domini,
Panis vivus vitam praestans homini,
Praesta meae menti de te vivere,
Et te illi semper dulce sapere.

Pie pellicane Iesu Domine,
Me immundum munda tuo sanguine,
Cujus una stilla salvum facere
Totum mundum quit ab omni scelere.

Iesu, quem velatum nunc aspicio,
Oro fiat illud quod tam sitio:
Ut te revelata cernens facie,
Visu sim beatus tuae gloriae. Amen.

St Thomas Aquinas

Godhead here in hiding, whom I do adore,
Masked by these bare shadows, shape and nothing more,
See, Lord at thy service low lies here at heart
Lost, all lost in wonder at the God thou art.

Seeing, touching, tasting are in thee deceived;
How says trusty hearing that shall he believed;
What God's Son has told me, take for truth I do;
Truth himself speaks truly or there's nothing true.

On the cross thy godhead made no sign to men,
Here thy very manhood steals from human ken:
Both are my confession, both are my belief,
And I pray the prayer of the dying thief.

I am not like Thomas, wounds I cannot see,
But can plainly call thee Lord and God as he:
Let me to deeper faith daily nearer move,
Daily make me harder hope and dearer love.

O thou our reminder of Christ crucified,
Living Bread, the life of us for whom he died.
Lend this life to me then: feed and feast my mind,
There be thou the sweetness man was meant to find.

Bring the tender tale true of the Pelican:
Bathe me Jesu Lord, in what thy bosom ran -
Blood whereof a single drop has power to win
All the world forgiveness of its world of sin.

Jesu whom I look at shrouded here below
I beseech thee send me what I thirst for so,
Some day to gaze on thee face to face in light
And so be blest for ever with thy glory's light. Amen.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

Ote to stauron (O quando in cruce)

Ote to stauron proschiluson paranomi kyriontis dosis evoa pros autus timas elipsas
gem tini parorgersas pro emutis ymas elisato e gliesos che non ti mi antappoditote
pomiram anti agaton anti stilu piros stauro me proschilosate anti tu manna olimin pro
sinegate ante tu idatos oxos meos potisate lipon chalo ta etni chachinna me doxa susi
si sin patri che agyon peunemati.

O when his enemies nailed the Lord of Glory to the cross, he said to them:
"How have I offended you? In what way have I angered you?" Besides me, who has
delivered you from distress? And have you not given me back evil for good? For the
pillar of fire you have nailed me to the cross, for the cloud you have dug a tomb for
me, for manna you have given me gall to drink, for water you have given me vinegar.
I will call upon the nations so that they may glorify me, together with the Father and
the Holy Spirit. Amen."

Ah, gentle Jesu

Sherynham

'Ah, gentle Jesu!'
Who is that, that doth me call?
'I, a sinner, that oft doth fall.'
What would'st thou have?
'Mercy, Lord, of thee I crave.'
Why, lov'st thou me?
'Yea, my Maker I call thee.'
Then leave thy sin, or I nill thee,
And think on this lesson that now I teach thee.
'Ah, I will, I will, gentle Jesu.'

Upon the cross nailed I was for thee,
Suffered death to pay thy ransom;
Forsake thy sin, man, for the love of me
Be repentant, make plain contrition;
To contrite hearts I do remission;
Be not despaired, for I am not vengeable;
Gain' ghostly en'mies think on my passion;
Why are thou forward, sith I am merciable?
'Ah, gentle Jesu!'

I had on Peter and on Mawdlen pity;
Forthi contrite of thy contrition;
Saint Thomas of Indes in crudelity
He put his hands deep in my side a-down.
Roll up this matter; grave it in thy reason!
Sith that I am kind, why art thou unstable?
My blood best treacle for thy transgression;
Be thou not forward, sith I am merciable!
'Ah, gentle Jesu!'

Lord, on all sinful, here kneeling on knee,
The death remembering of humble affection,
O Jesu grant of thy benignity
That thy five wells plenteous offusion,
Called thy five wounds by computation,
May wash us all from surfeits reprobable.
Now for thy mother's meek mediation,
At her request be to us merciable.
'Ah, gentle Jesu!'

Two pieces from The Cloud of Unknowing

Jonathan Wild (1969-)

Jesu, Jesu.

This name is as an honeycomb that giveth us savour and sweetness

Jesu, Jesu.

And it is a seolich (wonderful) name that maketh us wondren his highness

And it is an wholesome name that bringeth us bote (forgiveness) of wikkenness.
(wickedness)

Jesu, Jesu.

And it is a name of life that bringeth us joy and gladness.

Jesu, Jesu, Jesu.

Quomodo se habet homo? (How should Man be considered?)

As the lantern in the wind that soon is a-queynt (snuffed out)

As sparkle in the sea that soon is a-dreynt. (drenched)

Quomodo se habet homo?

As foam in the stream that soon is toth-with. (pulled apart)

As smoke in the lift that passeth our sith.

Quomodo se habet homo?

Sharakans

(Trad. Armenian, arr. Komitas 1869-1935)

Ov zarmanali

O amazing mystery which is revealed to us.

The creator God has come to the Jordan.

River, do not be afraid, I am your creator, I have come to baptize and wash away your sins.

Hays hark nviranc ukhti

This temple, dwelling of the covenant of those dedicated to the Lord

With sweet incense we gather around the altar.

Amen hayr surp

Amen. Holy Father. Holy Son. Holy Spirit. Blessing of the Father and Son
and Holy Spirit, now and always and unto the ages of ages.

Surp, Ter zorutheanc

Holy, Lord of Hosts. The heavens and earth are filled with your glory
Bless all the works of the Lord, Praise the Lord.
Hosanna in the Highest.

Arkhangelos

Ivan Moody

Askopon angheliarkhon, asomaton idhi morphis amegatolmiis, kiros apeplassato.
Emtis ouk akhariston, epi vrotos ikona levsson Thimon apithini kressoni phantasi.
Ouketi alloprosalon ekhi sevas, all'en esito ton tipon engrapsas os pareonta tremi.
Ommata dh'otrinousi vathin noon idhe dhe tekhni khromasi por thmense tin phrenos
ikesiin.

Agathias Scholasticus (c.536-582)

The invisible Archangel, of incomparable form, was shaped by wax of great daring.
Yet this was not a task without reward, for a man, beholding the image, concentrates
on a higher concept. He no longer has a confused reverence, but he inscribes the
image within himself and trembles before his presence. The eyes command deep
thought, for Art may be through colours a channel for the prayer of the heart.

A Maria fonte d'amor

Anon.

A Maria fonte d'amor
vada ogni alma peccatrice,
monderala d'ogni error
et farala alfin felice,
perché è Madre del Signore.

To Mary, the fount of love,
flee all sinful souls,
she will cleanse them of all fault
and will make them blessed
because she is the Mother of our Lord.

Most Holy Mother of God

Arvo Part

Most Holy Mother of God, save us.

Sharakans

(Trad. Armenian, arr. Komitas)

Ayzor dzaynn hayrakan

Today the voice of the Father descended from heaven in delight
as a witness to his beloved Son, flowing down, the river flows, the river Jordan
With an encouraging voice John the forerunner sang in great joy.

Sirt in sasani

My heart trembles, I am terrified, on account of Judah.

Bazmutyunq hreshtakac

Trad. Armenian

The multitude of the angels and heavenly host descended from heaven
with the only King, and they sang, proclaiming him the Son of God
Let us all be happy, the heavens and earth rejoice
for the eternal God has appeared on earth
and lived among mankind for the salvation of our souls.

Praise

Alexander Raskatov

1. Hymn of the Cherubim

We who are the mystical image of the Cherubim
And sing our thrice-holy praises
To the life-creating Trinity
Let us now cast off all earthly sorrows.
Amen
That we may apprehend the king of the universe
Whom the host of angels cremoniously accompanies.
Alleluia

2. The Lord's prayer

Our father
Who art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy name,
Thy kingdom come,
Thy will be done,
On earth as it is in heaven
Give us this day our daily bread,
And forgive us our trespasses
As we forgive them that trespass against us,
And lead us not into temptation
But deliver us from evil.
Amen.

3 Gentle light (an evening hymn)
Gentle light from the holy radiance
Of the immortal father, the divine,
Holy, blessed Jesus Christ
Comes to us at sunset,
Contemplating the evening light,
We praise the father and the son
And the holy ghost.
Thou art worthy at all times
To be praised with holy voices,
O thou son of god who gavest life.
Then let the universe praise thee.

4. Let my prayer ascend (psalm 141)
May my prayer ascend to thee like the smoke of a sacrifice;
When I raise my hands, may it be as an evening sacrifice to thee.
I cry unto thee O Lord, come to my aid;
O lord hear my prayer when I call unto thee.
O lord place a watch before my mouth;
And a guard to the portal of my lips.
Make my heart not to turn to evil discourse;
Let me not commit what is unrighteous.

5. The angel called (Akihostos)
The angel called unto her who was full of grace:
Pure virgin be thou joyful!
And once again I say be thou joyful!
Your son has risen from the grave on the third day
And awakened the dead.
Rejoice O ye peoples of the world!
Let there be light, a new Jerusalem!
For the splendour of the lord has gone forth over thee.
Rejoice now O Zion and exult:
But thou O mother of god be joyful,
For he who was born of thee has awakened.

In November 2004 we were invited to Armenia to record and perform some of the traditional sacred songs (Sharakans) of the Armenian church arranged by the monk, musicologist and composer Komitas (1869-1935).

The recording took place in the 13th century monastery of Saghmosavank which sits dramatically atop the gorge of the Khasakh river which leads the eye in the direction of the distant outline of Mount Aragats.

Alongside the exotic and quasi oriental music of the Sharakans we perform music which has its roots in the Greek, Russian and Roman churches and the church in England.

...*here in hiding*... was given its first performance in Glasgow in August 1993 as part of an SPNM workshop.

“This short motet was written immediately after my trumpet concert *Epiclesis* and both pieces explore similar musical and theological territory. Both are concerned with the mystery of The Eucharist and both incorporate the Gregorian hymn *Adoro te devote*. Instead of being a straightforward setting of the poem by St Thomas Aquinas, ...*here in hiding*... jumbles the Latin original with the English translation by Gerard Manley Hopkins. The different texts are sometimes combined, sometimes fragmented or intercut to form new relationships and a new order of progression.

The piece has an episodic structure based on two contrasting materials. Firstly there is a chromatically rich and ornately embellished music which is juxtaposed with a simpler "folkier" idea based on the plainsong. A third homophonic idea forms the central pivotal point of the piece. Various vocal textures are explored throughout, covering solos, duets, trios and quartet. The final quartet combines Latin and English versions of the first stanza and is a musical synthesis of the two contrasting ideas which have shaped the piece.” James MacMillan

The chant *Ote to stauron*, sung at the Adoration of the Cross during the Holy Week liturgy, is attributed to Sophronios, Patriarch of Jerusalem 634-638 and has its roots in the Byzantine liturgy. but also turns up in an 11th century Graduale from Ravenna and various other manuscript sources. One of these is an 11-12th century manuscript from San Silvestro di Nonantola in which it is followed by an Italian version of the same text “*O quando in cruce*”. It is the Nonantola version which we perform in this programme.

Little is known about the composer Sheryngham (fl. c. 1500) but his *Ah, Gentle Jesu!* is a remarkable and extended work. Its form is that of Verse and Refrain and is a dialogue between a penitent sinner, sung by the upper two voices, and the crucified Christ, the lower two voices.

Jonathan Wild was one of the graduate composers we worked with during our residency at Harvard University in 2001, where we gave the first performance of his *Wreath of Stone*. The following year he was composer-in-residence at the Hilliard Summer School at Schloss Engers. The two short pieces in this programme are the sections he wrote for us in a much longer work for all those at the course. The title of the whole work, *The Cloud of Unknowing*, is that of an English meditational writing

of the C14th. These two excerpts, however, take their texts from other English poems of the same period.

The representative of the Greek Orthodox Church is Ivan Moody, an Englishman living in Portugal. He has composed several pieces for us. Of these *Arkangelos*, written in 1989, is a setting of a poem by Agathius Scholasticus (c.536-582). The text is a meditation on a ikon of the Archangel Michael.

The second representative of the Roman Church in this programme is the Lauda *A Maria fonte d'amore*. It is a descendant of the late-mediaeval monophonic laude composed for the many Italian confraternities devoted to the performance of these vernacular sacred songs. This particular piece is clearly a *contrafactum* - where new words are set to an existing piece of music. There is often a slightly uncomfortable relationship between words and music in such pieces and in the present case we have made several adjustments to the printed underlay to make the words fit more comfortably to the music.

Since their first meeting, at a BBC recording in the autumn of 1985, The Hilliard Ensemble and Arvo Pärt have had a close and fruitful relationship. October of that year saw the first performance of *Stabat Mater* and the following year we gave the first London performance of *Passio*. Since then The Hilliard Ensemble have recorded and given hundreds of performances of many of Arvo's works including *Miserere* and *Litany*, both of which he wrote for us. More recently, in October last year we gave the first performance of *Most Holy Mother of God* at a concert in Durham Cathedral to celebrate the conferment of an Honorary Doctorate on Arvo by the University of Durham.

Byzantium, in the form of the Liturgy of St John Chrysostom, is also the source of the 5 hymns and prayers of Alexander Raskatov's *Praise*. The words this time are in Church Slavonic, the language of the Russian Orthodox Church. *Praise* was written for us in 1998 and received its first performance in Speyer Dom in May 2000.

Gordon Jones