



Festival Singers

Director: Jonathan Berkahn

A Sound came from Heaven

Programme

Rabanus Maurus (c.780 – 856)
Veni Creator Spiritus

Douglas K. Mews (1918 –93)
A sound came from heaven

Clarke Kimberling (b.1942)
Pentecost II

Jonathan Berkahn
Hark the glad sound

Rosemary Russell
Magnificat

Chris Artley
O magnum mysterium

Ferdinand Hiller (1811 –85)
Pentecost from *Holy Days*, op.191 no.3

William Billings (1746 – 1800)
O praise the Lord of Heaven

INTERVAL

Otto Malling (1848 – 1915)
Postlude for Pentecost from *The Holy-Days
of the Church's Year*: op.66 no.11

John Stainer (1840 – 1901)
Grieve not the Holy Spirit

Two settings of
Nun bitten wir den Heiligen Giest
Dietrich Buxtehude (c.1638 – 1707)
Johann Gottfried Walther (1684 – 1748)

Thomas Tallis (c.1505 – 85)
• ***If ye love me*** anon. (16th century)
• ***Rejoice in the Lord always***

Giovanni Legrenzi (1626 –90)
Sonata da chiesa in C, op.8 no.2
Largo; Adagio – [untitled] – Presto; Adagio

Jonathan Berkahn
Two Songs: • ***Paraclete***
(Alfred Noyes, 1880 – 1958)
• ***Song to the Holy Spirit***
(James K. Baxter, 1926 – 72)

About this Concert

Having survived the rigours of Lent and the excitement of Easter, we are now in the season of Pentecost. Last Sunday was Pentecost itself. Casting through various things we might sing, I came across Douglas Mews' anthem *A Sound came from Heaven* and decided that, as both a title and a theme for the concert, we could hardly do better.

We begin with one of the most ancient of Pentecost hymns, dating at least from the 9th century. We finish with the words of James K. Baxter, set by the composer two months ago. In between we have music from the 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, and 21st centuries. Much of the music in this concert was written in celebration of the time of Pentecost; not all, perhaps: *Hark the glad sound* and the *Magnificat* suggest Advent, and *O magnum mysterium* is quite specifically for Christmas. But most represent the coming of Christ in one form or another.

My own association with the Festival Singers goes back over two decades. I sang in the bass section under Guy Jansen in the early 1990s, and have served as accompanist under Mark Leicester and Rosemary Russell since 2001.

When I agreed to be acting musical director at the end of last year, I decided to see if we could do without an accompanist for a while. One change at a time, perhaps (and think of the savings!) But also I wanted to see what the Festival Singers sounded like without being led around by their accompanist – I wanted to give them a chance to get used to the sound of their own voices. This is why so much of this concert is unaccompanied. I hope you like the result.

Jonathan Berkahn
Musical Director (acting)

Veni Creator Spiritus

Come, Creator Spirit,
visit the hearts of your people.
Fill with supernal grace
the hearts you have made.

You who are the comforter,
gift of the highest God,
living fount, fire,
love, and balm for the spirit:

Bestow the sevenfold gifts,
finger of the hand of God the Father,
fulfill the Father's promise,
enriching us with holy speech.

Kindle light in our senses,
pour love into our hearts,
strengthen our weak bodies
with abiding courage.

Drive the foe far off,
and grant us lasting peace;
thus with you leading us,
may we avoid all harm.

Through you may we know the Father
and come to know also the Son,
and you, the Spirit of both,
may we believe for all time. Amen.

O magnum mysterium

O great mystery,
and wonderful sacrament,
that animals should see
the new-born Lord,
lying in a manger!
Blessed is the Virgin whose womb
was worthy to bear
Christ the Lord. Alleluia!

Anthem (Billings)

O praise the Lord of heaven;
Praise him in the heights,
Praise him in the Depth,
Praise him all ye Angels,
Praise Jehovah!

Praise him Sun and Moon and blazing
Comets, Praise the Lord!
Let them praise the name of the Lord
For he spake the Word and all were made;
He commanded and they were created:
admire, adore.

Ye Dragons whose contagious Breath
People the dark Abodes of Death
Change your dire Hissings into heavenly songs,
And praise your Maker with your forked
Tongues.

Fire, Hail and Snow, Wind and Storms,
Beast and Cattle, creeping Insects, flying Fowl,
Kings and Princes, Men and Angels,
praise the Lord,
Jew and Gentile, Male and Female,
Bond and Free,
Earth and Heaven, Land and Water,
praise the Lord;
Young men and Maids, old Men and Babes,
praise the Lord.

Join Creation, Preservation, and Redemption,
join in one;
No Exemption, nor Dissension,
one Invention, and Intention
reigns through the Whole, to praise the Lord.
Hallelujah, praise the Lord!

Nun bitten wir

We now implore the Holy Ghost
For the true faith, which we need the most,
That in our last moments he may watch over us
When we journey home from this
world of sorrow
Lord have mercy!

Paraclete

Tongue hath not told it,
Heart hath not known;
Yet shall the bough swing
When it hath flown.

Dreams have denied it,
Fools forsworn:
Yet it hath comforted
Each man born.

Once and again it is
Blown to me,
Sweet from the wild thyme,
Salt from the sea;

Blown thro' the ferns
Faint from the sky;
Shadowed in water,
Yet clear as a cry.

Light on a face,
Or touch of a hand,
Making my still heart
Understand.

Earth hath not seen it.
Nor heaven above,
Yet shall the wild bough
Bend with the Dove.

Yea, tho' the bloom fall
Under Thy feet,
Veni, Creator,
Paraclete!

Song to the Holy Spirit

Lord, Holy Spirit,
You blow like the wind in a thousand
paddocks,
Inside and outside the fences,
You blow where you wish to blow.

Lord, Holy Spirit,
You are the sun who shines on the little plant,
You warm him gently, you give him life,
You raise him up to become
a tree with many leaves.

Lord, Holy Spirit,
You are as the mother eagle with her young,
Holding them in peace under your feathers.
On the highest mountain
you have built your nest,
Above the valley,
above the storms of the world,
Where no hunter ever comes.

Lord, Holy Spirit,
You are the bright cloud in whom we hide,
In whom we know already
that the battle has been won.
You bring us to our Brother Jesus
To rest our heads upon his shoulder.

Lord, Holy Spirit,
You are the kind fire
who does not cease to burn,
Consuming us with flames of love and peace,
Driving us out like sparks
to set the world on fire.

Lord, Holy Spirit,
In the love of friends
you are building a new house,
Heaven is with us when you are with us.
You are singing your song
in the hearts of the poor.
Guide us, wound us, heal us.
Bring us to the Father.

Festival Singers

Sopranos

Elisabeth Auchinvole
Christine Austin*
Janie Elrick*
Heather Garside
Sylvie Gentry
Barbara Gillon*
Diana Helen
Carol Inge
Anne Keen
Pam Southey
Judith Urry
Brenda Vale
Pauline Woolley

Altos

Rosemary Biss
Heather Collins
Adrienne Leuchars
Margaret Pearson*
Wendy Nelson
Shelley Richardson
Margaret Seconi
Irene Swadling
Rita Urry

* On leave

Tenors

Evan Dumbleton
Joe Fecteau
Alan Spinks
Robin Willink

Basses

Philip Garside
Bill Gebbie*
Ian Livingstone
Tom Lumb
Brian Patchett

Visit

www.festival-singers.org.nz

for details of our next concerts and more
about the choir.

Special Guests

Bernard Wells - recorders and guitar

Elisabeth Auchinvole - violin

Special Thanks to

Alexander Garside Photographer

The Big Picture (printing)