

# KINGSTON PARISH CHURCH

15th November 2008 7.30pm

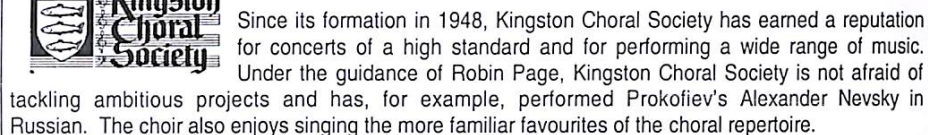
Conductor Robin Page

## ELGAR Dream of Gerontius with Thames Sinfonia

## KINGSTON CHORAL SOCIETY



PROGRAMME £1.00



Kingston Choral Society has around 100 members drawn from a wide area of southwest London and north Surrey. New members are welcome. The choir performs four concerts a year, usually in Kingston Parish Church. Rehearsals are held on Thursday evenings (8pm-10pm) at Hollyfield School, Surbiton, in term time. Kingston Choral Society also holds regular social and fund-raising events and occasional musical workshops.

If you are interested in joining, please talk to any member of the choir during the interval or at the end of the concert. You can also contact the membership secretary on [kcs-enquiries@blueyonder.co.uk](mailto:kcs-enquiries@blueyonder.co.uk) or Denis Down on 020 8949 4961 for more information and arrange to come to a rehearsal.

This concert marks both Robin's return to the choir after a year's sabbatical and his farewell concert. After nearly 28 years as the choir's Musical Director he has moved to his new base in Glasgow.

Robin says "It has been an enormous pleasure working with such a committed and friendly group of singers over the years. We have made music together both in Kingston and much further afield, notably in New York and Venice, and I shall miss the choir greatly, at a personal level as well as musically. I feel most privileged to have overseen the choir's growth from its early days as Surbiton Oratorio Society to its present status as one of the major Choral Societies in the London area"

Robin first conducted the choir for David Fanshawe's *African Sanctus*, taking over rehearsals at short notice. The soprano soloist was Kathryn Harries, right at the start of her career. Robin went on to become our permanent conductor after open recruitment. Under his direction the choir, as well as changing from the Surbiton Oratorio Society to the Kingston Choral Society, has grown in size and quality, exploring both the mainstream choral repertoire and challenging new works. Robin has continued to find top quality soloists and has built up the professional orchestra that is playing at this performance today.

In recent seasons Robin has conducted the ***London Symphony Orchestra*** and the ***Royal Philharmonic Orchestra*** among others. He has close links with the Baltic States and Eastern Europe, conducting many orchestras including the ***Estonian National Symphony Orchestra*** and the ***Polish National Radio Symphony Orchestra***. We wish him all success in the future.

Kathryn Harries studied singing at the Royal Academy of Music with celebrated mezzo and Kingston resident, Constance Shacklock. After obtaining her degrees in music, Kathryn taught privately and at Kingston Polytechnic while establishing a successful career as a concert artist. In 1977 Kathryn became presenter of the award-winning BBC television series, Music Time which was broadcast in the UK, Australia and New Zealand.

In 1983, Kathryn made her operatic debut with Welsh National Opera and since then has been acclaimed as one of the greatest singing actresses in the world. She has sung in many of the major European and American opera houses and future engagements include Poulenc's *Dialogues des Carmelites* in Hamburg, *Katya Kabanova* with the Netherlands Opera and *Die Soldaten* in New York.

Kathryn has raised over a million pounds for a wide variety of charities with concerts and long-distance charity walks during the last thirty years. Her latest album *Can't help loving* is available via her website [www.kathrynharries.co.uk](http://www.kathrynharries.co.uk).

Wynne Evans was born in Carmarthen, South Wales and studied at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, and the National Opera Studio, London.

As a principal tenor with Welsh National Opera, his roles with the company included Duke *Rigoletto*, Rodolfo *La Bohème*, Tamino *Die Zauberflöte*, Alfredo *La Traviata*, Jacques Leenser, Schoolmaster *After Cunningham*, Little Vixen *Salome*, Liberto *L'Other roles* include Alston *Falstaff* and Prunetti *and Italian* Tenor De *ical Opera* Company *Vir's Broken* *Strings* for the BE *so recorded*

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Future plans include *Otello*, *Salome*, *L'elisir d'amore* and *La Bohème* for WNO, *Fanciulla Del West*, *Cunning Little Vixen* and *Love of Three Oranges* for Grange Park Opera and an outdoor concert tour of Sweden and the UK.

Wynne is a trustee for The Elizabeth Evans Trust, an Ambassador for St John Cymru Wales and a Singing Professor at the Royal Welsh College of Music and Drama.

### **MICHAEL PEARCE - Baritone**

Michael Pearce's concert and opera career has encompassed travels to China, Canada, Brazil and the Philippines. He was the winner of the first English Song Award at the Brighton Festival, rewarded with a critically acclaimed debut recital in the Wigmore Hall.

He has given solo performances at most of the major festivals throughout Europe, and his numerous London appearances include Haydn's *Creation* at the Barbican, Verdi's *Requiem* at the Royal Albert Hall and Mahler's *8th Symphony* at the Royal Festival Hall.

Michael's commercial recordings include Handel's *Coronation Anthem* and Bach's *B minor Mass*. He has also recorded the part of Bam in Holliger's short opera *What Where*. He has given numerous radio broadcasts and recitals, both on the BBC and abroad, whilst his TV appearances include Walton's *Belshazzar's Feast* at the RTE Irish proms.

At the Royal Opera House he has given solo performances in *Thérèse*, *Cappriccio*, *Die Meistersinger* (Ortel) and *Salome*. Elsewhere he was Dr P in *The Man who Mistook his Wife for a Hat* (Music Theatre Wales), Herald (*The Burning Fiery Furnace*) and Balstrode (*Peter Grimes*) – both with Kent Opera, Becket (*Assassino nella Cattedrale*) with Oper Bergen in Norway and Tonio in *I Pagliacci* with Pimlico Opera. He sang Malcolm in Andrew Gant's unaccompanied opera for the Lichfield International Festival, *May we borrow your husband*, and in his debut at Scottish Opera he created the role of Dundas (Horne: *Friend of the People*: world premiere 1999).

Michael's recent concert performances included Handel's *Messiah* at the Royal Albert Hall, Mendelssohn's *Elijah* (Snape Maltings), Dvorak's *Stabat Mater* (Canterbury Cathedral), Bach's *St Matthew Passion* (Birmingham Symphony Hall) and Elgar's *The Apostles* (Worcester Three Choirs Festival). Future concerts include Mozart's *Requiem* (Canterbury), Elgar's *The Apostles* (The Barbican) and Verdi's *Requiem* (Snape).

### **AMICI CORO - Semi-chorus**

Amici Coro is a Surrey-based chamber choir. Their repertoire is largely choral music of the Anglican Church and they regularly sing at Cathedrals both here and occasionally abroad. Their musical director is Gareth Hemmings who is Head of Music at Old Palace School in Croydon. They rehearse at Warlingham Parish Church on Tuesday evenings. The singers are:

| <b>Soprano:</b>   | <b>Alto:</b>     | <b>Tenor:</b>    | <b>Bass:</b>     |
|-------------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|
| Anne Fleming      | Sarah Morrow     | Gerry Prickett   | Fr Colin Dickson |
| Denise Clarke     | Linda Prickett   | Jonathan Weller  | Simon Morrow     |
| Elizabeth Hewlett | Jacquelyn Wynter | Christopher Hood | Roderick Prior   |
| Jacquelyn Moore   |                  |                  |                  |
| Fiona Mclean      |                  |                  |                  |
| Margaret Hinder   |                  |                  |                  |
| Laura Bianchini   |                  |                  |                  |

### **Elgar - CIVIC FANFARE**

The *Civic Fanfare* was written in 1927 for the opening of the Three Choirs Festival. It is dedicated to Percy Hull, the mayor of Hereford, and was played to accompany the grand procession of officials as they entered Hereford Cathedral.

In an early example of live recording, the event was recorded using a newly outfitted mobile recording van. Despite this, and Elgar's own fondness for the work, the score was never published during his lifetime, having to wait until as recently as 1991 for the honour.

It is scored for full orchestra, omitting the violins, and shows Elgar's flair for writing for brass; a skill that was honed by his experience as the bandmaster at the *Worcester and County Lunatic Asylum* when he was 22.

### **Elgar - DREAM OF GERONTIUS**

Elgar is known to have been given a copy of Cardinal John Henry Newman's poem "The Dream of Gerontius" as a wedding present in 1889. The poem had been published in 1865, and was very popular, being translated into French and German and reprinted during Newman's lifetime. The poem deals with the death of an old man (Gerontius means "old man" in Greek) and his soul's journey after death.

When Elgar was commissioned to provide a work for the 1900 Birmingham Triennial Festival, his initial thought was to compose something on the subject of Saint Augustine, but this was rejected by the festival's committee as being too controversial. He next considered writing a work based on the Apostles, but finally abandoned this in favour of "The Dream of Gerontius", which he was already working on by 1899.

The first Performance was a failure. The conductor, no less a man than Hans Richter, and the chorus master both failed to understand the work and had not allowed sufficient rehearsal time. Fortunately, there were those in the audience who realised its potential, in particular Julius Butts, the director of the Lower Rhine Festival. Butts made a translation and staged very successful performances in Düsseldorf in 1901, and again in 1902, after which Richard Strauss acclaimed Elgar as a progressive master. Hans Richter gave another performance in Manchester in 1903 with the Halle Orchestra, and went on to promote the work.

From the start Elgar's publisher A J Jaeger was very appreciative and supportive of "The Dream of Gerontius". However, Jaeger also realised that there could be a problem with the wider audience's reaction to the work, and wrote to Elgar as early as May 1900 that "you must not, cannot expect this work of yours to be appreciated by the ordinary amateur after once [sic] hearing". The establishment had problems with the Catholic content of the work, indeed Stanford (a celebrated Anglican) famously said of "The Dream of Gerontius" that it "stank of incense". Notwithstanding this, the work is now justifiably considered to be one of the cornerstones of the choral repertoire.

Part I opens with a prelude introducing some of the main themes that will recur throughout the work. Elgar uses the themes quite fluidly, and so when his publisher and friend Jaeger wrote a detailed analysis of the score and gave the themes labels such as Judgment, Fear, Prayer, Sleep and Pain, Elgar was understandably apprehensive about such a literal interpretation.

As the Prayer theme reaches a climax, we hear a pulsing rhythm in the bass, which suggests the ticking of a clock in the room where Gerontius lies on his deathbed. Gerontius opens with an impassioned monologue in which he says that he is dying and that Jesus is calling him home; "Jesu, Maria - I am near to death". In order to respond to the complex, ever-changing emotional demands of the poem, Elgar created a new vocal style for Gerontius, which moves fluently between recitative and singing.

The chorus, representing Gerontius' friends at his bedside, pray for him with a Kyrie, and beseeches Mary, the angels and the holy martyrs to pray for him. Gerontius prepares to meet his God and sings his impassioned statement of faith "Sanctis fortis". The exertion tires Gerontius and he falls prey to despair. The chorus calls for aid from those that have been saved, Noe, Job, Moses and David, each name followed by an Amen. Gerontius utters his last words on earth with "Novissima hora". The Priest, sung by a bass, sings a benediction over Gerontius' body, and the chorus joins in at the words "Go in the name of Angels and Archangels", taking us to fortissimo before subduing to a single violin line to close.

Part II opens in a completely different mood. Gerontius has left his earthly body and is now referred to as *Soul* in the score. He feels himself being propelled on a journey and is aware that he is surrounded by music. He also becomes aware that he is not alone; the music is being sung by a 'guardian' Angel. As the Soul asks questions of the Angel concerning the coming ordeal, the orchestra expounds the majority of the main themes. This leads to the only duet in the whole work between the Angel and the Soul. The tranquil atmosphere is now interrupted by a chorus of Demons who sing a virtuosic, percussive and violent fugue. The Soul is unable to see the demons, and asks if this means he will not be able to see God. The Angel reassures him that he will, but warns him that the experience will be piercing and will "burn ere it transforms", and goes on to tell the story of St. Francis and Christ's stigmata.

As the Angel finishes speaking, the Soul hears the music of the Angelicals singing "praise to the Holiest in the height". This marks the start of an elaborate choral section that Elgar paces very skilfully. The Angel tells the Soul that they have now entered the gate and are within the House of Judgment. The Soul is now rushing to the threshold to receive his judgment. The chorus returns with "Praise to the Holiest" and works itself into a mighty climax. The Angel tells the Soul that his judgment is near, and that the Angel of Agony will intercede for him before the Lord. The Soul now hears the voices of the people he left on earth praying for him round his bed. In a plaintive bass solo, the Angel of Agony pleads with Jesus for "those souls that are so dear to thee".

The Soul prepares for judgment whilst the voices from earth are heard praying for mercy. The Angel sings a last Alleluia, and the judgment theme builds through the orchestra. The moment of judgment is shown by a huge crescendo, which has come to be known as the "blinding flash". Elgar marks this in the score; "For one moment, must every instrument exert its fullest force". The soul cries to be taken away and to be left in the "lowest deeps" and prepares to go to purgatory. The souls in purgatory sing a psalm and the Angel bids farewell to the Soul, promising to return the next day and wake him. In the closing coda, the Angel's farewell is joined by psalms from the souls in purgatory and the Angelicals which lead to a final solemn Amen.

Con brio

Supported by  The Humphrey Richardson Taylor Charitable Trust

## PROGRAMME

*Civic Fanfare - Elgar*

*Dream of Gerontius - Elgar*  
Part I

~ ~ ~ INTERVAL ~ ~ ~

*Dream of Gerontius - Elgar*  
Part II



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### ~~ NEXT CONCERT ~~

**13<sup>th</sup> December 2008 at 7.30 pm**

**Handel's Messiah (excerpts)  
and Christmas Carols**

**at Kingston Parish Church**

**For further details contact the  
Box Office on 020 8390 5689**

**If you would like to be notified by  
email in advance of future concerts  
please phone 020 8942 2275**

## PART I

### Gerontius

Jesu, Maria - I am near to death,  
And Thou art calling me; I know it now.  
Not by the token of this faltering breath,  
This chill at heart, this dampness on my brow,  
(Jesu have mercy! Mary, pray for me!)  
'Tis this new feeling, never felt before,  
(Be with me, Lord, in my extremity!)  
That I am going, that I am no more,  
'Tis this strange innermost abandonment,  
(Lover of souls! great God! I look to Thee,)  
This emptying out of each constituent  
And natural force, by which I come to be.  
Pray for me, O my friends; a visitant  
Is knocking his dire summons at my door,  
The like of whom, to scare me and to daunt,  
Has never, never come to me before;  
So pray for me, my friends,  
who have not strength to pray.

### Assistants

Kyrie eleison. Holy Mary, pray for him.  
All holy Angels, pray for him.  
Choirs of the righteous, pray for him.  
All Apostles, all Evangelists, pray for him.  
All holy Disciples of the Lord, pray for him.  
All holy Innocents, pray for him.  
All holy Martyrs, all holy Confessors,  
All holy Hermits, all holy Virgins,  
All ye Saints of God, pray for him.

### Gerontius

Rouse thee, my fainting soul, and play the man;  
And through each waning span  
Of life and thought as still has to be trod,  
Prepare to meet thy God.  
And while the storm of that bewilderment  
Is for a season spent,  
And ere afresh the ruin on me fall,  
Use well the interval.

### Assistants

Be merciful, be gracious; spare him, Lord.  
Be merciful, be gracious; Lord, deliver him.  
From the sins that are past;  
From Thy frown and Thine ire;  
From the perils of dying;  
From any complying  
With sin, or denying

His God, or relying  
On self, at the last;  
From the nethermost fire;  
From all that is evil;  
From power of the devil;  
Thy servant deliver,  
For once and for ever.  
By Thy birth, and by Thy Cross,  
Rescue him from endless loss;  
By Thy death and burial,  
Save him from a final fall;  
By Thy rising from the tomb,  
By Thy mounting up above,  
By the Spirit's gracious love  
Save him in the day of doom.

### Gerontius

Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,  
De profundis oro te,  
Miserere, Judex meus,  
Parce mihi, Domine.  
Firmly I believe and truly  
God is Three, and God is One;  
And I next acknowledge duly  
Manhood taken by the Son.  
And I trust and hope most fully  
In that Manhood crucified;  
And each thought and deed unruly  
Do to death, as He has died.  
Simply to His grace and wholly  
Light and life and strength belong.  
And I love, supremely, solely,  
Him the holy, Him the strong.  
Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,  
De profundis oro te,  
Miserere, Judex meus,  
Parce mihi, Domine.  
And I hold in veneration,  
For the love of Him alone,  
Holy Church, as His creation,  
And her teachings, as His own.  
And I take with joy whatever  
Now besets me, pain or fear,  
And with a strong will I sever  
All the ties which bind me here.  
Adoration aye be given,  
With and through the angelic host,  
To the God of earth and heaven,  
Father, Son and Holy Ghost.  
Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,

De profundis, oro te,  
Miserere, Judex meus,  
Mortis in discrimine.  
I can no more; for now it comes again,  
That sense of ruin, which is worse than pain,  
That masterful negation and collapse  
Of all that makes me man.  
... And, crueller still,  
A fierce and restless fright begins to fill  
The mansion of my soul. And worse, and worse,  
Some bodily form of ill  
Floats on the wind, with many a loathsome curse  
Tainting the hallowed air, and laughs, and flaps  
Its hideous wings  
And makes me wild with horror and dismay.  
O Jesu, help! pray for me, Mary, pray!  
Some Angel, Jesu! such as came to Thee  
In Thine own agony ...  
Mary, pray for me. Joseph, pray for me.  
Mary, pray for me.

### Assistants

Rescue him, O Lord, in this his evil hour,  
As of old, so many by Thy gracious power:  
Noe from the waters in a saving home; (Amen.)  
Job from all his multi-form and fell distress; (Amen.)  
Moses from the land of bondage and despair;  
(Amen.)  
David from Golia and the wrath of Saul; (Amen.)  
... So, to show Thy power,  
Rescue this Thy servant in his evil hour.

### Gerontius

Novissima hora est; and I fain would sleep,  
The pain has wearied me. ... Into Thy hands,  
O Lord, into Thy hands. ...

### The Priest and Assistants

Proficiscere, anima Christiana, de hoc mundo!  
Go forth upon thy journey, Christian soul!  
Go from this world! Go, in the Name of God  
The Omnipotent Father, Who created thee!  
Go, in the Name of Jesus Christ, our Lord,  
Son of the Living God, Who bled for thee!  
Go, in the Name of the Holy Spirit,  
Who Hath been poured out on thee!  
Go in the name  
Of Angels and Archangels; in the name  
Of Thrones and Dominations; in the name  
Of Princedoms and of Powers; and in the name  
Of Cherubim and Seraphim, go forth!

Go, in the name of Patriarchs and Prophets;  
And of Apostles and Evangelists,  
Of Martyrs and Confessors, in the name  
Of holy Monks and Hermits; in the name  
Of holy Virgins; and all Saints of God,  
Both men and women, go! Go on thy course;  
And may thy place today be found in peace,  
And may thy dwelling be the Holy Mount  
Of Sion: - through the Same,  
through Christ our Lord.

## PART II

### Soul of Gerontius

I went to sleep; and now I am refreshed  
A strange refreshment: for I feel in me  
An inexpressive lightness, and a sense  
Of freedom, as I were at length myself,  
And ne'er had been before. How still it is!  
I hear no more the busy beat of time,  
No, nor my fluttering breath, nor struggling pulse;  
Nor does one moment differ from the next.  
This silence pours a solitariness  
Into the very essence of my soul;  
And the deep rest, so soothing and so sweet,  
Hath something too of sternness and of pain.  
Another marvel: someone has me fast  
Within his ample palm; ...  
... A uniform  
And gentle pressure tells me I am not  
Self moving, but borne forward on my way.  
And hark! I hear a singing; yet in sooth I  
cannot of that music rightly say  
Whether I hear, or touch, or taste the tones.  
Oh, what a heart-subduing melody!

### Angel

My work is done, My task is o'er,  
And so I come, Taking it home  
For the crown is won, Alleluia,  
For evermore.  
My Father gave In charge to me  
This child of earth E'en from its birth  
To serve and save.  
Alleluia, And saved is he.  
This child of clay To me was given,  
To rear and train By sorrow and pain  
In the narrow way, Alleluia,  
From earth to heaven.

### **Soul**

It is a member of that family  
Of wond'rous beings, who,  
ere the world were made,  
Millions of ages back, have stood around  
The throne of God.  
I will address him. Mighty one, my Lord,  
My Guardian Spirit, all hail!

### **Angel**

All hail!  
My child and brother, hail! what wouldst thou?

### **Soul**

I would have nothing but to speak with thee  
For speaking's sake. I wish to hold with thee  
Conscious communion; though I fain would know  
A maze of things, were it but meet to ask,  
And not a curiousness.

### **Angel**

You cannot now  
Cherish a wish which ought not to be wished.

### **Soul**

Then I will speak: I ever had believed  
That on the moment when the struggling soul  
Quitted its mortal case, forthwith it fell  
Under the awful Presence of its God,  
There to be judged and sent to its own place.  
What lets me now from going to my Lord?

### **Angel**

Thou art not let; but with extremest speed  
Art hurrying to the Just and Holy Judge.

### **Soul**

Dear Angel, say,  
Why have I now no fear of meeting Him?  
Along my earthly life, the thought of death  
And judgment was to me most terrible.

### **Angel**

It is because  
Then thou didst fear; that now thou dost not fear.

Thou hast forestalled the agony, and so  
For thee bitterness of death is passed.  
Also, because already in thy soul  
The judgement is begun.  
A presage falls upon thee, as a ray  
Straight from the Judge, expressive of thy lot.  
That calm and joy uprising in thy soul  
Is first-fruit to thee of thy recompense,  
And heaven begun.

### **Soul**

Now that the hour is come, my fear is fled;  
And at this balance of my destiny,  
Now close upon me, I can forward look  
With a serenest joy.  
But hark! upon my sense  
Comes a fierce hubbub, which would make me fear  
Could I be frightened.

### **Angel**

We are now arrived  
Close on the judgement-court; that sullen howl  
Is from the demons who assemble there,  
Hungry and wild, to claim their property,  
And gather souls for hell. Hark to their cry!

### **Soul**

How sour and how uncouth a dissonance!

### **Demons**

Low born clods Of brute earth,  
They aspire To become gods,  
By a new birth, And an extra grace,  
And a score of merits, As if aught  
Could stand in place Of the high thought,  
And the glance of fire Of the great spirits,  
The powers blest; The lords by right,  
The primal owners, Of the proud dwelling  
And realm of light, Dispossessed,  
Aside thrust, Chucked down,  
By the sheer might Of a despot's will,  
Of a tyrant's frown, Who after expelling  
Their hosts, gave, Triumphant still,  
And still unjust, Each forfeit crown

To psalm-droners, And canting groaners,  
To every slave, And pious cheat,  
And crawling knave, Who licked the dust  
Under his feet.

### **Angel**

It is the restless panting of their being;  
Like beasts of prey, who, caged within their bars,  
In a deep hideous purring have their life,  
And an incessant pacing to and fro.

### **Demons**

The mind bold And independent,  
The purpose free, So we are told,  
Must not think To have the ascendant.  
What's a saint? One whose breath  
Doth the air taint Before his death;  
A bundle of bones, Which fools adore,  
When life is o'er. Ha! Ha!  
Virtue and vice, A knave's pretence.  
'Tis all the same, Ha! Ha!  
Dread of hell-fire, Of the venomous flame,  
A coward's plea. Give him his price,  
Saint though he be, From shrewd good sense  
He'll slave for hire, Ha! Ha!  
And does but aspire To the heaven above  
With sordid aim, And not from love. Ha! Ha!

### **Soul**

I see not those false spirits; shall I see  
My dearest Master, when I reach His throne?

### **Angel**

Yes, - for one moment thou shalt see thy Lord,  
One moment; but thou knowest not, my child,  
What thou dost ask; that sight of the Most Fair  
Will gladden thee, but it will pierce thee too.

### **Soul**

Thou speakest darkly, Angel! and an awe  
Falls on me, and a fear lest I be rash.

### **Angel**

There was a mortal, who is now above  
In the mid-glory: he, when near to die,  
Was given communion with the Crucified,  
Such that the Masters very wounds were stamped  
Upon his flesh; and from the agony  
Which thrilled through body  
and soul in that embrace,  
Learn that the flame of the Everlasting Love  
Doth burn ere it transform. . .

### **Choir of Angelicals**

Praise to the Holiest in the height,  
And in the depth be praise:

### **Angel**

. . . Hark to those sounds!  
They come of tender beings angelical,  
Least and most childlike of the sons of God.

### **Choir of Angelicals**

Praise to the Holiest in the height,  
And in the depth be praise;  
In all His words most wonderful;  
Most sure in all His ways!  
To us His elder race He gave  
To battle and to win,  
Without the chastisement of pain,  
Without the soil of sin.  
The younger son He willed to be  
A marvel in His birth:  
Spirit and flesh His parents were;  
His home was heaven and earth.  
The eternal blessed His child, and armed,  
And sent Him hence afar,  
To serve as champion in the field  
Of elemental war.  
To be His Viceroy in the world  
Of matter, and of sense;  
Upon the frontier, towards the foe,  
A resolute defence.

### **Angel**

We now have passed the gate, and are within  
The House of Judgement. . .

### **Soul**

The sound is like the rushing of the wind -  
The summer wind - among the lofty pines.

### **Choir of Angelicals**

Glory to Him, Who evermore  
By truth and justice reigns;  
Who tears the soul from out its case,  
And burns away its stains!

### **Angel**

They sing of thy approaching agony,  
Which thou so eagerly didst question of.

### **Soul**

My soul is in my hand: I have no fear, -  
But hark! a grand mysterious harmony:

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It floods me, like the deep and solemn souls  
Of many waters.

#### Angel

And now the threshold, as we traverse it,  
Utters aloud its glad responsive chant.

#### Choir of Angelicals

Praise to the Holiest in the height,  
And in the depth be praise:  
In all His words most wonderful;  
Most sure in all His ways!  
O loving wisdom of our God!  
When all was sin and shame,  
A second Adam to the fight  
And to the rescue came.  
O Wisest love! that flesh and blood  
Which did in Adam fail,  
Should strive afresh against the foe,  
Should strive and should prevail.  
And that a higher gift than grace  
Should flesh and blood refine,  
God's Presence and His very Self,  
And Essence all divine.  
O generous love! that He who smote  
In man for man the foe,  
The double agony in man  
For man should undergo;  
And in the garden secretly,  
And on the cross on high,  
Should teach His brethren and inspire  
To suffer and to die.  
Praise to the Holiest in the height,  
And in the depth be praise:  
In all His words most wonderful,  
Most sure in all His ways!

#### Angel

Thy judgement now is near, for we are come  
Into the veiled presence of our God.

#### Soul

I hear the voices that I left on earth.

#### Angel

It is the voice of friends around thy bed,  
Who say the 'Subvenite' with the priest.  
Hither the echoes come; before the Throne  
Stands the great Angel of the Agony,  
The same who strengthened Him,  
What time He knelt  
Lone in the garden shade; bedewed with blood.

That Angel best can plead with Him for all  
Tormented souls, the dying and the dead.

#### Angel of the Agony

Jesu! by that shuddering dread which fell on Thee;  
Jesu! by that cold dismay which sickened Thee;  
Jesu! by that pang of heart which thrilled in Thee;  
Jesu! by that mount of sins which crippled Thee;  
Jesu! by that sense of guilt which stifled Thee;  
Jesu! by that innocence which girdled Thee;  
Jesu! by that sanctity which reigned in Thee;  
Jesu! by that Godhead which was one with Thee;  
Jesu! spare these souls which are so dear to Thee;  
Souls, who in prison, calm and patient,  
wait for Thee; Hasten, Lord, their hour,  
and bid them come to Thee, To that glorious Home,  
where they shall ever gaze on Thee.

#### Soul

I go before my Judge. . .

#### Voices on Earth

Be merciful, be gracious; spare him, Lord  
Be merciful, be gracious; Lord, deliver him.

#### Angel

. . . Praise to His Name!  
O happy, suffering soul! for it is safe,  
Consumed, yet quickened, by the glance of God.

#### Soul

Take me away, and in the lowest deep  
There let me be,  
And there in hope the lone night-watches keep,  
Told out for me.  
There, motionless and happy in my pain  
Lone, not forlorn, -  
There will I sing my sad perpetual strain,  
Until the morn,  
There will I sing, and soothe my stricken breast,  
Which ne'er can cease  
To throb, and pine, and languish, till possess  
Of its Sole Peace.  
There will I sing my absent Lord and Love: -  
Take me away,  
That sooner I may rise, and go above,  
And see Him in the truth of everlasting day.  
Take me away, and in the lowest deep  
There let me be.

#### Souls in Purgatory

Lord, Thou hast been our refuge:

in every generation;  
Before the hills were born, and the world  
was, from age to age Thou art God.  
Bring us not, Lord, very low: for Thou hast  
said, Come back again, O Lord! how long:  
and be entreated for Thy servants.

#### Angel

Softly and gently, dearly-ransomed soul,  
In my most loving arms I now enfold thee,  
And o'er the penal waters, as they roll,  
I poise thee, and I lower thee, and hold thee.  
And carefully I dip thee in the lake,  
And thou, without a sob or a resistance,  
Dost through the flood thy rapid passage take,  
Sinking deep, deeper, into the dim distance.  
Angels to whom the willing task is given,  
Shall tend, and nurse, and lull thee, as liest;  
And Masses on the earth, and prayers in heaven,  
Shall aid thee at the Throne of the Most Highest.  
Farewell, but not for ever! brother dear,  
Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow;

Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here,  
And I will come and wake thee on the morrow.  
Farewell! Farewell!

#### Souls

Lord, Thou hast been our refuge, etc. Amen

#### Choir of Angelicals

Praise to the Holiest, etc. Amen



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