

RODERICK WILLIAMS AND VOCALESSENCE



**THREE CHOIRS
FESTIVAL 2025**
HEREFORD 26 JUL – 2 AUG

Moses Hogan

My Soul's Been Anchored in the Lord 3'

Edvard Grieg

Four Psalms 24'

How Fair is Thy Face

God's Son Hath Set Me Free

Jesus Christ, Our Lord, is Risen

In Heav'n Above

Eric Whitacre

Leonardo Dreams of his Flying Machine 8'

Dominick Argento

Easter Day 4'

Alice Parker

Wondrous Love 4'

On the Common Ground 3'

Hark, I Hear the Harps Eternal 3'

My Soul's Been Anchored in the Lord

In the Lord, in the Lord.

My soul's been anchored in the Lord.

Before I'd stay in hell one day,

I'd sing an' pray myself away.

My soul's been anchored in the Lord.

Goin' shout an' pray an' never stop,

Until I reach the mountain top.

My soul's been anchored in the Lord.

Do you love Him?

(Oh yes! Hallelujah!)

Aaron Copland

Lark 5'

Ken Burton

Descend to Earth 3'

Ralph Vaughan Williams

The Turtle Dove 4'

Jester Hairston

Amen 3'

Roderick Williams *baritone*

VocalEssence

Philip Brunelle *conductor*

**Supported by the American Friends of the Three
Choirs Festival**

Roderick Williams supported by Pamela White

God almighty, are you anchored?

Yes, I'm anchored, my soul's been anchored in the Lord.

Will you serve Him?

(Oh yes! Hallelujah!)

God almighty, are you anchored?

Yes, I'm anchored, my soul's been anchored in the Lord.

Will you praise Him?

(Oh yes! Hallelujah!)

God almighty, are you anchored?

Yes, I'm anchored, my soul's been anchored in the Lord.

— *Spiritual*

Four Psalms

I. Hvad est du dog skøn

Hvad est du dog skøn,

Ja skøn, ja skøn,

Du allerlifgste Guds Søn!

Du min Sulamit, Sulamit,

Ja mit, ja mit,

Alt, hvad jeg har er også dit.

Min Ven, du est min,

Ja min, ja min;

Så lad mig altid være din!

Ja vist, evig vist

Du min skal blive her og hist.

I. How Fair is Thy Face

How fair is Thy face,

Yea fair, yea fair,

Thou Son of God, Thou Prince of Grace!

O Thou my Shulamite, sweet and kind,

Yea kind, yea kind,

All that I have is also Thine.

My Friend, Thou art mine,

Yea mine, yea mine;

Forevermore let me be Thine.

Thou canst me save, canst me save,

Yea save, yea save,

Men tænk, jeg er her,
Ja her, ja her,
Iblandt såmange dragne Sværd!
Så kom, Due! Kom Due!
Ja, kom! Ja, kom!
I Klippens Rif er Ro og Rum.

Hans Adolf Brorson

II. Gods Søn har gjort mig fri

Guds Søn har gjort mig fri
Fra Satans Tyranni,
Fra Synde-Stand,
Fra Lovens-Band,
Fra Dødens Skræk og Helved-Brand.
Min Goel lagde sig
Imellem Gud og mig,
Sig undergav
Min Syndestraf,
Til Marter, Død og Grav,
Det var den Kjærlighed til mig,
Som er så ubergribelig;
Så god,
Imod
En Ond fra Top til Rod:
Der ingen Ting var til Behag,
Undtagen den forbudne Smag
Med Mund og Hånd,
Ja Sjæl og Ånd
I Fjendens Lænke-Bånd.

Nu er jeg Gud i Vold,
Trods Slangen tusind-fold!
Lad ham kun stå
Og se mig gå
Med Friheds Purpur-Klædning på
Hvad gør det godt i Bryst,
At følge Jesu Røst
På Sandheds Sti,
Alt Ondt forbi,
Til Himlens Sorgenfri!
Lad Verden sig ei bilde ind
Endnu engang at få mig blind,
Nej, nej,
Den Vej,
Til Pølen går jeg ej,
Nej, je ger kjøbt for dyre til
At prøve Syndens Lykke-Spil;
Jeg blæser ad
Den Lokke-Mad,
Og ser til Himlen glad.

Mit Hjerte I mig ler,
Når jeg min Grav beser,
Ei Blomster-Dal,
Ei Fyrste-Sal
Så try gen Seng mig vise skal.
Min Død er Færgemand
Til Livets faste Land,
Gud Zebaot,
Hans eget Slot,
Ja! Det er evig godt.

Both here on earth and 'yond the grave.

*Remember my plight,
Yea plight, yea plight:
Around me hostile swords flash bright.
Fly hither, Dove of Grace, Dove of Grace,
Apace, apace!
Among the rocks are peace and space.*

Translation by Percy Grainger

II. God's Son Hath Set Me Free

*God's Son hath set me free
From Satan's tyranny,
From base desire,
Enslavement dire,
From fear of death and hell's hot fire.
Lord Christ did intercede
With God for me did plead;
He underwent
My punishment,
To torture, death, was sent.
I cannot fathom love so great
However much I contemplate:
That He
Could be
So merciful to me,
A sinner frail, whom naught could suit
But tasting the forbidden fruit;
By day, by night,
Old Satan's might
My soul had captured quite.*

*But now I'm in God's care,
In spite of Satan's snare;
No longer sad,
I wander glad
In Liberation purple-clad.
How deeply I rejoice
To follow Jesus' voice:
He bids me cleave
To Him and leave
All sin – forget to grieve.
Let Mammon not expect to find
Me e'er again so weak, so blind.
Nay, nay!
I'll stray
No more from off this way.
For my salvation Christ did pay;
I shall not gamble it away.
I do despise
The tempter's lies,
To heaven lift my eyes.*

*My heart laughs blithe and bold
When I my grave behold;
No flow'ry bed,
Nor princely stead,
Can show a couch so free from dread.
To where God's castle stands
In Deathless Life's fair lands
Death pilots me
Across the sea –
Towards Eternity.
Though stormy winds about me still*

Er Vinden her skjønt tidt imod,
At spæge lidt det kåde Blod,
Al Kur
Er sur
For menneskelig Natur;
Den gjør dog let,
Som Rå og Hind,
Det derudi forsøgte Sind,
Ja, Korsets Hegn
Er just det Tegn
Til Friheds rette Egn

*Are blowing contrary and chill
My soul
Is whole
And craves the perfect goal.
My spirit leaps, like deer or hind,
To think of leaving sin behind;
Oh blessed sign!
Christ's Cross doth shine,
Makes bliss eternal mine.*

Translation by Percy Grainger

Hans Adolf Brorson

III. Jesus Kristus er opfaren

Jesus Kristus er opfaren
Over alle Engelskare.
Himlen indgangen
Og tog så Fængslet fangen,
Kyrie eleison!

Herre Jesus, vi takke dig
For dine Velgjerninger slig,
Som du beteede
Os til stor Trøst og Glæde.
Kyrie eleison!

Nu vi prise din Himmelgang
Med idel Englefyr og Sang
Din Lov vi sjunge
Med Hjerter, Mund og Tunge.
Kyrie eleison!

III. Jesus Christ, Our Lord, is Risen

*Jesus Christ, our Lord, is risen
Heavenward from out death's prison.
With angel legions
He captured hell's dread regions.
Kyrie eleison!*

*Saviour Jesus, we thank Thee, Lord,
For Thy great blessings us toward;
Through Thy ascending
Our fears of death found ending.
Kyrie eleison!*

*Thy ascension, in joyous lays,
With heart and mouth and tongue we praise,
And join the chorus
Of angels singing o'er us.
Kyrie eleison!*

Translation by Percy Grainger

Hans Thomissøn

IV. I Himmelen, I Himmelen

I Himmelen, I Himmelen
Hvor Gud, vor Herre bor
Hvor saligt did at komme hen
Hvor er den Glæde stor.
For evig, evig skal vi der
Se Gud i Lyset, som han er
Se Herren Zebaot.

Og Legemet, og Legemet
Som lagdes bort i Muld,
Det vorder alt så skinnende,
Ja, som det skjære Guld.
Og ved af ingen Vunde mer
Mens Åsyn det til Åsyn ser
Gud Herren Zebaot.

Og Sjælen får sin Prydelse
Den Krone, som er sagt,
Retfærdighedens Brudekrans,
Og så den hvide Dragt.
O Gud! Hvad Lyst at være dig nær,
At se I Lyset, som Du er
Dig, Herren Zebaot!

IV. In Heav'n Above

*In heav'n above, in heav'n above,
Where God Almighty dwells;
What bliss to reach that realm of love,
My heart with longing swells;
For there in all eternity
In dazzling radiance we shall see
The Lord of Sabaoth.*

*From darkest night, from darkest night,
Our bodies 'neath the mould,
Shall then become all shining bright –
As bright as purest gold;
Our wounds assuaged by heavenly grace,
We'll see our Maker face to face,
The Lord of Sabaoth.*

*Each soul shall find its comfort there
As promised long ago;
The wreath of righteousness shall wear
A robe as white as snow.
Oh God! What rapture will be mine,
To see Thee in Thy radiance shine,
O Lord of Sabaoth.*

Translation by Percy Grainger

Laurentius Laurenttii Laurinus

Leonardo Dreams of his Flying Machine

Tormented by visions of flight and falling,
More wondrous and terrible each than the last,
Master Leonardo imagines an engine
To carry a man up into the sun...

And as he's dreaming the heavens call him,
Softly whispering their siren-song:
"Leonardo, Leonardo, vieni à volare."
("Leonardo, Leonardo, come fly.")

L'uomo colle sua congegiate e grandi ale,
(A man with wings large enough and duly connected)
Facciendo forza contro alla resistente aria.
(might learn to overcome the resistance of the air.)

As the candles burn low he paces and writes,
Releasing purchased pigeons one by one by one
Into the golden Tuscan sunrise...

And as he dreams, again the calling,
The very air itself gives voice:
"Leonardo, Leonardo, vieni à volare."

("Leonardo, Leonardo, come fly.")

Vicina all' elemento del fuoco...
(Close to the sphere of elemental fire...)
Scratching quill on crumpled paper
Rete, canna, filo, carta.
(Net, cane, thread, paper.)
Images of wing and frame and fabric fastened tightly
... sulla suprema sottile aria.
(... in the highest and rarest atmosphere.)

As the midnight watchtower tolls,
Over rooftop, street and dome,
The triumph of a human being ascending
In the dreaming of a mortal man.

Leonardo steels himself,
Takes one last breath, and leaps...
"Leonardo vieni à volare! Leonardo, sognare!"
("Leonardo, come fly! Leonardo, dream!")

*Charles Anthony Silvestri (b 1965), Italian fragments taken
from the notebooks of Leonardo Da Vinci*



Easter Day

Rise, Heire of fresh Eternity,
From thy Virgin Tombe:
Rise mighty man of wonders! and thy world with thee.
Thy Tombe, the universall East,
Natures new wombe,
Thy Tombe, faire Immortalities perfumed Nest.

Of all the Gloryes Make Noone gay
This is the Morne.
This rocke buds forth the fountaine of the streames of
Day.

In joyes white Annals live this houre,
When life was borne,
No cloud scoule on his radiant lids no tempest lowre.

Life, by this light's Nativity
All creatures have.
Death onely by this Dayes just Doome is forc't to Dye;
Nor is Death forc't; for may hee ly
Thron'd in thy Grave.
Death will on this condition be content to Dy.

Richard Crashaw

Wondrous Love

What wondrous love is this, O my soul, O my soul!
What wondrous love is this, O my soul!
What wondrous love is this, that caused the Lord of bliss
to bear the dreadful curse for my soul, for my soul,
to bear the dreadful curse for my soul.

When I was sinking down, sinking down, sinking down,
when I was sinking down, O my soul!
When I was sinking down beneath God's righteous
frown,
Christ laid aside His crown for my soul, for my soul,
Christ laid aside His crown for my soul.

To God and to the Lamb I will sing, I will sing;
to God and to the Lamb, I will sing.
To God and to the Lamb who is the great 'I AM,'
while millions join the theme, I will sing, I will sing,
while millions join the theme, I will sing.

And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, I'll sing on,
And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on.
And when from death I'm free, I'll sing and joyful be,
And thro' eternity I'll sing on, I'll sing on,
And thro' eternity I'll sing on.

Traditional

On the Common Ground

Help me, Lord, find the common ground
between the high and the low, between the poor and the
rich,

between the old and the young, between the black and
the white.

Help me find the common ground
between the shouting and the silence, between the
bound and the free,
between the brief and the joy, between the heart and the
mind.

Open us, Lord, guide us to that meeting place,
where we can see each other, hear each other,
care for each other.

Where we can sing together, work together,
play together on the common ground.
come, let us meet together on the common ground.

Alice Parker

Hark, I Hear the Harps Eternal

Hark, I hear the harps eternal ringing on the farther
shore.
As I near those swollen waters, with their deep and sol-
emn roar.

Refrain: Hallelujah, praise the Lamb.
Hallelujah, Glory to the Great I AM.

And my soul though stained with sorrow, fading as the
light of day,
Passes swiftly o'er those waters to the city far away.
Refrain

Souls have crossed before me, saintly, to that land of
perfect rest,
And I hear them singing faintly in the mansions of the
blest. *Refrain*

19th-century American melody

Lark

O, Lark, from great dark, arise!
O, lark of light,
O, lightness like a spark,
Shock ears and stun our eyes
Singing the day-rise, the day-rise, the great day-rise.

O Believer, Rejoicer, say
Before Evidence of Day
The Sun is Risen_.

Where
No sun is, come loudly in the air;
Let ear and eye prepare
To see and hear, truly to see and hear;
To hear thy three-fold welcome in the air,
To see all dazzle after long despair,
Toseewhatnonemayseenow,singer,singerfair,sofair.

O, lark alert, O, lark alive,
O lovely, lovely chanting arrow-lark,
Sprung like an arrow from the bow of dark,
O, lark arise
Sing the day-rise,
 The great day-rise.

Genevieve Taggard

Descend to Earth
Descend to earth, there place thy throne;
To succour man's afflicted son
Each human heart inspire:

To act in bounties unconfin'd
Enlarge the close contracted mind,
And fill it with thy fire.
— Phillis Wheatley

The Turtle Dove
Fare you well, my dear, I must be gone,
And leave you for a while;
If I roam away I'll come back again,
Though I roam ten thousand miles, my dear,
Though I roam ten thousand miles.

So fair thou art, my bonny lass,
So deep in love am I;
But I never will prove false to the bonny lass I love,
Till the stars fall from the sky, my dear,
Till the stars fall from the sky.

The sea will never run dry, my dear,
Nor the rocks melt with the sun,
But I never will prove false to the bonny lass I love,
Till all these things be done, my dear,
Till all these things be done.

O yonder doth sit that little turtle dove,
He doth sit on yonder high tree,
A-making a moan for the loss of his love,
As I will do for thee, my dear,
As I will do for thee.
— 18th-century English Folk Tune

Amen
See the baby,
Wrapped in a manger,
On Christmas mornin'.

See him in the temple,
Talkin' with the elders
Who marveled at his wisdom.

See him at the Jordan
Where John was baptizin'
And savin' all the sinners.

See him at the seaside

Talkin' to the fishermen
And makin' them disciples.

Marchin' in Jerusalem
Over palm branches
In pomp and splendor.

See him in the garden
Prayin' to his father
In deepest sorrow.

Led before Pilate
Then they crucified him
But he rose on Easter.

Hallelujah!
He died to save us
And he lives forever.

Amen.



