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Tell the Praise

Five hymns with
descants by Christopher Gower

For Simon Toyne, marking his 50th birthday

The five descants in this collection have been set to his favourite hymns.
Simon is Executive Director of Music for the David Ross Educational Trust.

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No. 1 Music of the hymn tune, *Coe Fen*, by Kenneth Naylor (1931–91) from *Common Praise*, reproduced by permission of Oxford University Press. All rights reserved.

No. 4 Words from verse 3 of the hymn, *Ye that know the Lord is gracious* by C. A. Alington (1872–1955) from *Hymns Ancient and Modern, New Standard*, reproduced by permission of Hymns Ancient and Modern Ltd.

Nos. 1–5 Descants by Christopher Gower, published by Encore Publications

I. How shall I sing the majesty

COE FEN

Kenneth Naylor (1931–91)
 Descant by Christopher Gower

Descant

4. How great a be - ing, Lord, is thine, Which doth all be - ings keep!

8 Thy know-ledge is the on - ly line_ To sound so vast_ a deep.

15 Thou art a sea_ with - out a shore; A sun with - out_ a sphere; Thy time is

23 now and e - ver - more, Thy_ place is ev - 'ry where.

How shall I sing that majesty
 Which angels do admire?
 Let dust in dust and silence lie;
 Sing, sing, ye heavenly choir.
 Thousands of thousands stand around
 Thy throne, O God most high;
 Ten thousand times ten thousand sound
 Thy praise; but who am I?

2 The brightness unto them appears,
 Whilst I thy footsteps trace;
 A sound of God comes to my ears,
 But they behold thy face.
 They sing because thou art their Sun;
 Lord, send a beam on me;
 For where heaven is but once begun
 There alleluyas be.

3 Enlighten with faith's light my heart,
 In flame it with love's fire;
 The shall I sing and bear a part
 With that celestial choir.
 I shall, I fear, be dark and cold,
 With all my fire and light;
 Yet when thou dost accept their gold,
 Lord, treasure up my mite.

4 How great a being, Lord, is thine,
 Which doth all beings keep!
 Thy knowledge is the only line
 To sound so vast a deep.
 Thou art a sea without a shore,
 A sun without a sphere;
 Thy time is now and evermore,
 Thy place is everywhere.

JOHN MASON (c. 1645–94)

2. King of glory, King of peace

GWALCHMAI

John David Jones (1827-70)
Descant by Christopher Gower

Descant

3. Seven whole days, not one in seven, I will praise thee;

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5 In my heart, though not in heaven, I can raise thee. Small it

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9 is, in this poor sort To enroll thee: E'en e -

13 -ter - - - ni - ty's too short To ex - tol thee.

King of glory, King of peace
 I will love thee;
 And that love may never cease,
 I will move thee.
 Thou hast granted my request,
 Thou hast heard me;
 Thou didst note my working breast,
 Thou hast spared me.

2 Wherefore with my utmost art
 I will sing thee,
 And the cream of all my heart
 I will bring thee.
 Though my sins against me cried,
 Thou didst clear me;
 And alone, when they replied,
 Thou didst hear me.

3 Seven whole days, not one in seven,
 I will praise thee;
 In my heart, though not in heaven,
 I can raise thee.
 Small it is, in this poor sort
 To enrol thee:
 E'en eternity's too short
 To extol thee.

GEORGE HERBERT (1593–1632)

3. Lo! he comes with clouds descending

HELMESLEY

Melody noted in T. Olivers (1725–99)
Included in John Wesley's *Select Hymns* 1765
Descant by Christopher Gower

Descant

4. Yea, A - men! let all a - dore thee, High on

6
thine e - - ter - nal throne; Sa - viour, take the

11
po - wer and glo - ry: Claim the king - dom for thine own:

17
O come quick - ly! O come quick - ly! O come

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22

quick - ly! Al - le - lu - ya! Come, Lord, come!

Lo! he comes with clouds descending,
 Once for favoured sinners slain;
 Thousand thousand saints attending
 Swell the triumph of his train:
 Alleluya!
 God appears, on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him
 Robed in dreadful majesty;
 Those who set at nought and sold him,
 Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing
 Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Those dear tokens of his passion
 Still his dazzling body bears,
 Cause of endless exultation
 To his ransomed worshippers;
 With what rapture
 Gaze we on those glorious scars!

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,
 High on thine eternal throne;
 Saviour, take the power and glory:
 Claim the kingdom for thine own:
 O come quickly!
 Alleluya! Come, Lord, come!

CHARLES WESLEY (1707–88)

4. Alleluya, sing to Jesus

HYFRYDOL

Richard Huw Pritchard (1811–87)

Descant by Christopher Gower

Descant

NEH 4. Al - le - lu - ya, King e - ter - nal, Thee the Lord of
A&M 3. Tell the praise of him who called you Out of dark - ness

7

lords we own; Al - le - lu - ya, born of
in - to light, Probe the fetters that en -

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12

Ma - ry, Earth thy foot - stool, hea - ven thy throne:
-thralled you, Gave you free - dom, peace and sight:

17

Thou with - in the veil hast en - tered, Robed in
Tell the tale of sins for - gi - ven, Strength re -

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23

flesh, our great High Priest; Thou on earth both
-newed and hope re - stored, 'Till the earth in

28

Priest and Vic - tim In the Eu - cha - ri - stic Feast.
tune with hea - ven, Praise and mag - ni - fy the Lord.

Alleluya, sing to Jesus
His the sceptre, his the throne;
Alleluya, his the triumph,
His the victory alone:
Hark the songs of peaceful Sion
Thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus, out of every nation,
Hath redeemed us by his blood.

2 Alleluya, not as orphans
Are we left in sorrow now;
Alleluya, he is near us,
Faith believes, nor questions how;
Though the cloud from sight received him
When the forty days were o'er,
Shall our hearts forget his promise,
'I am with you evermore'?

3 Alleluya, Bread of Angels,
Thou on earth our food, our stay;
Alleluya, here the sinful
Flee to thee from day to day;
Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the crystal sea.

4 Alleluya, King eternal,
Thee the Lord of lords we own;
Alleluya, born of Mary,
Earth thy footstool, heaven thy throne:
Thou within the veil hast entered,
Robed in flesh, our great High Priest;
Thou on earth both Priest and Victim
In the Eucharistic Feast.

W. CHATTERTON DIX (1837-98)

Alternative words from A&M by
C. A. ALINGTON (1872-1955)

5. God moves in a mysterious way

LONDON NEW

Melody from the Scottish Psalter 1635
 adapted in Playford's Psalmes 1671
 Descant by Christopher Gower

Descant

Blind un - be - lief is sure to err, And scan his_

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5

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work_ in vain; God is his own, his own in -

9

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-ter - pre - ter, And he will make_ it plain.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain

WILLIAM COWPER (1731–1800)

