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**FESTIVAL CHOIR**

**MUNICIPAL ORCHESTRA**

Leader: TATE GILDER

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**Guildford Corporation Concerts**

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC: VERNON HANDLEY

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SATURDAY, 16th MARCH, 1963, at 7.30 p.m.

CIVIC HALL

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**The Dream of Gerontius**

By CARDINAL NEWMAN

Set to Music by EDWARD ELGAR

MONICA SINCLAIR - The Angel

ALFRED HALLETT Gerontius, and Soul of Gerontius

GORDON CLINTON Priest, and The Angel of the Agony

GUEST CONDUCTOR - SIR ADRIAN BOULT

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PROGRAMME - ONE SHILLING

# THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

## I

GERONTIUS	Tenor
ASSISTANTS	Chorus
THE PRIEST	Bass

### 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!)

'This 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, Christe eleison, 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 such 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 multiform 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.**

Profscicere, 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 to-day be found  
 in peace,  
 And may thy dwelling be the Holy  
 Mount  
 Of Zion:—through the Same,  
 through Christ our Lord.

## II

SOUL OF GERONTIUS

Tenor

ANGEL

Mezzo-Soprano

ANGEL OF THE AGONY

Bass

DEMONS, ANGELICALS, AND SOULS Chorus

### 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 ner'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 wondrous beings, who, ere the  
 worlds 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,  
My child and brother, hail! what  
wouldest 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 judgment is begun.

. . . . .

**Angel.**

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 recom-  
pense,  
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 judgment-court; that  
sullen howl  
Is from the demons who assemble  
there,

. . . . .

Hungry and wild, to claim their  
property,  
And gather souls for hell. Hist 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,  
     Ha! ha!  
 When life is o'er.  
 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,  
 Ha! ha!  
     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 Master's 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 Everlast-  
 ing 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 Judgment. . . .

**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:  
It floods me, like the deep and  
solemn sound  
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 judgment 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.

**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, ye sons of Adam.

. . . .  
Come back, 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 thou 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.

**Souls.**

Lord, Thou hast been our refuge, etc. Amen.

**Choir of Angelicals.**

Praise to the Holiest, etc. Amen.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

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THURSDAY, 21st MARCH, at 8 p.m.

MUNICIPAL ORCHESTRA      BELLAIRS BALLET

Viennese Light and Modern Music