MEN AND ANGELS

A CHORAL SUITE

FOR USE IN CHURCHES

VARIOUS POEMS

SET TO MUSIC

For Chorus, Tenor Solo, Orchestra and Organ

BY

WALFORD DAVIES

Op. 51

Curwen Edition No. 41097

Price 2/6 net

J

London: J. CURWEN & SONS, Ltd., 24. BERNERS STREET, W.1.

Copyright 1925, by Walford Davies,

NOTE.

The words of Nos. 1, 2 and 5 are from George Herbert's *Temple*; those of No. 4 and 6 are from Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, and No. 3 is from "*Gude and Godlie Ballats*."

Any profits from the sale of this work are to be given in perpetuity to the Parry Room and to the Elwes Fund. It may be performed anywhere and the words reprinted in programmes or Service Lists without fee, but when possible those who use it to any profit are asked to send half a guinea (by way of fee) to the Director, Royal College of Music, Kensington, S.W., towards one of the funds named. H. W. D. To HUBERT PARRY and GERVASE ELWES Then said they one to another-

"Let us show to the Pilgrims the Gates of the Celestial City. "if they have skill to look through our Perspective-Glass." So they had them to the top of a high Hill called *Clear*, and gave them their glass to look.

.... but they could not look steadily through the Glass; Yet they thought they saw something like the Gate, and also some of the Glory of the place.

(From Pilgrim's Progress.)

CONTENTS.

C

1.	ANTIPHON	•••		Men and Angels	•••	•••	•••	Page 3
2.	REVERIE			Jesu is in my heart	•••	•••		16
3.	BALLAD	•••		Leave me not	•••	•••		20
4.	DREAM	•••	Chr	ristian reaches the Cro	SS			25
5.	DIALOGUE-A	THE	М	Christian and Death	•••		•••	28
6.	SONG	•••		True Valour	•••	•••	•••	34

1. MEN AND ANGELS. Praised be the God of Love. Men: Here below Angels : And here above : Who hath dealt his mercies so, Angels : To his friend, *Men* : And to his foe; That both grace and glory tend Angels : Us of old, *Men*: And us in the end. The great Shepherd of the fold Angels : Us did make, Men: For us was sold He our foes in pieces brake ; Angels : Him we touch, Men: And him we take. Wherefore since that he is such, .Ingels : We adore, Men : And we do crouch. Lord thy praises should be more. Men: We have none, Angels : And we no store. Praised be the God alone Who hath made of two folds one.

2. JESU IS IN MY HEART.

Jesu is in my heart, his sacred Name Is deeply carved there : but th' other week A great affliction broke the little frame, Ev'n all to pieces : which I went to seek : And first I found the corner where was J, After, where E S, and next where U was graved. When I had got these parcels, instantly I sat me down to spell them, and perceived That to my broken heart he was I ease you.

And to my whole is JESU.

3. LEAVE ME NOT!

All my love, leave me not, Leave me not, leave me not, All my love, leave me not Thus myne alone. With one burden on my back I may not bear it I am so weak; Love, this burden from me take Or else I am gone.

I cry and J call to thee O leave me not, leave me not; I cry and I call to thee To leave me not alone. All they that laden be Thou biddes' them come to thee. Then shall they saved be Through thy mercy alone.

CHRISTIAN REACHES THE CROSS. 4.

- *Recit.*: I saw in my dream that just as *Christian* came up with the Cross, his Burden loosed, and fell, and continued to tumble till it came to the Sepulchre, where it fell in, and I saw it no more.
- Song : Thus far did I come loaden with my sin ; Nor could aught ease the grief that I was in Till it came hither : What a place is this ! Must here be the beginning of my bliss? Must here the Burden fall from off my back? Must here the strings that bound it to me crack ? Blest Cross! blest Sepulchre! blest rather be The Man that there was put to shame for me.

5. A DIALOGUE-ANTHEM.

(Christian. Death).

Christian : Alas, poor Death, where is thy glorie ? Where is thy famous force, thy ancient sting?

Death :

Alas, poor mortal, void of storie, Go spell and read how I have kill'd thy King ! Poor Death! and who was hurt thereby?

Christian :

Death :

Thy curse being laid on him, makes thee accurst.

Let losers talk : yet thou shalt die ; These arms shall crush thee. (Christian :) Spare not, do thy worst.

I shall be one day better than before : Thou so much worse, that thou shalt be no more.

6. TRUE VALOUR.

Who would True valour see, Let him come hither; One here will constant be, Come wind, come weather. There's no discouragement, Shall make him once relent, His first avowed intent To be a Pilgrim.

Whoso beset him round With dismal stories, Do but themselves confound ; His strength the more is, No lion can him fright, He'll with a giant fight, But he will have the right To be a Pilgrim.

Hobgoblin, nor foul Fiend Can daunt his spirit : He knows he at the end Shall Life inherit. Then fancies fly away, He'll fear not what men say, He'll labour night and day To be a Pilgrim.

Now, now, look how the holy Pilgrims ride ! Clouds are their Chariots, Angels are their guide !

THE END.