

Composer's note

Harvest season is a special time of the year. Living as I do in quite a rural part of England, each year we become ever more aware of the passing of the seasons, of the weather patterns, and also of the changing colours and textures of the land around us. After the challenges that we have all faced in 2020 and 2021, I wanted to write a simple expression to reflect on some thoughts of how the concept of harvest might relate to us all as we move forward, through sustainability, community, giving, hope, care, and, perhaps most importantly, thankfulness.

I was not specifically looking to write a stand-alone work, but rather a piece that could be equally performed as one or simply delved into and movements or hymns sung separately. It was written for the Royal School of Church Music Celebration Day, held at Durham Cathedral on 9 October 2021, as part of a day to celebrate what it means to sing together. I am grateful to Hugh Morris, Director of the RSCM, to Daniel Cook, Master of the Choristers and Organist of Durham Cathedral, and to my dear friend who supported the creation of this work.

Duration: c.26 minutes

This note may be reproduced as required for programme notes.

Texts

These texts and melodies may be reproduced as required for programme notes and to allow audience/congregation participation in the hymns during a performance of *The Song of Harvest*.

1. Hymn: Come, ye thankful people, come

Music: Bob Chilcott; Words: Henry Alford (1810–71)

MORRIS



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- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home!
All be safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come;
Raise the song of harvest-home! | 2. We ourselves are God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear;
Grant, O harvest Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be. |
| 3. For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home;
From his field shall purge away
All that doth offend, that day;
Give his angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore. | 4. Then, thou Church triumphant, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home;
All be safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
There for ever purified
In God's garner to abide;
Come, ten thousand angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home! |

2. This is the day

Psalm 118: 24, 28–9

This is the day which the Lord hath made: we will rejoice and be glad in it.
Thou art my God, and I will thank thee: thou art my God, and I will praise thee.
O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is gracious: and his mercy endureth for ever.

3. Hymn: For the beauty of the earth

Music: Bob Chilcott; Words: F. S. Pierpoint (1835–1917)

EXON



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- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. For the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies:
<i>Christ our God, to thee we raise</i>
<i>This our sacrifice of praise.</i> [repeat] | 2. For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flow'r,
Sun and moon and stars of light:
<i>Christ our God, to thee we raise</i>
<i>This our sacrifice of praise.</i> [repeat] |
| 3. For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild:
<i>Christ our God, to thee we raise</i>
<i>This our sacrifice of praise.</i> [repeat] | 4. For each perfect gift of thine
To our race so freely giv'n,
Graces human and divine,
Flow'rs of earth and buds of heav'n:
<i>Christ our God, to thee we raise</i>
<i>This our sacrifice of praise.</i> [repeat] |

4. Gratitude

Henry van Dyke (1852–1933)

Whatever gifts and mercies in my lot may fall,
I would not measure
As worth a certain price in praise, or great or small;
But take and use them all with simple pleasure.

For when we gladly eat our daily bread, we bless
The Hand that feeds us;
And when we tread the road of Life in cheerfulness,
Our very heart-beats praise the Love that leads us.

5. Hymn: Pray that Jerusalem may have peace

Music: Bob Chilcott; Words: Scottish Psalter (1650)

PATE



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1. Pray that Jerusalem may have
Peace and felicity:
Let them that love thee and thy peace
Have still prosperity.
2. Therefore I wish that peace may still
Within thy walls remain,
And ever may thy palaces
Prosperity retain.
3. Now, for my friends' and brethren's sake,
Peace be in thee, I'll say;
And for the house of God our Lord
I'll seek thy good alway.

6. King of Glory, King of Peace

George Herbert (1593–1633), from *The Temple* (1633)

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.

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.

Sev'n whole days, not one in sev'n,
I will praise thee.
In my heart, though not in heav'n,
I can raise thee.

7. Hymn: Through all the changing scenes of life

Music: Bob Chilcott; Words: Nahum Tate (1652–1715) and Nicholas Brady (1659–1726), New Version of the Psalms of David (1696)

MANNERS



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1. Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
2. O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name;
When in distress to him I called,
He to my rescue came.
3. The hosts of God encamped around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliv'rance he affords to all
Who on his succour trust.
4. O make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.
5. Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care.
6. To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

8. Consider

Christina Rossetti (1830–94)

Consider

The lilies of the field whose bloom is brief:
We are as they;
Like them we fade away,
As doth a leaf.

Consider

The sparrows of the air of small account:
Our God doth view
Whether they fall or mount,
He guards us too.

Consider
 The lilies that do neither spin nor toil,
 Yet are most fair:
 What profits all this care
 And all this coil?

Consider
 The birds that have no barn nor harvest-weeks;
 God gives them food:
 Much more our Father seeks
 To do us good.

9. Hymn: Now thank we all our God

Music: Bob Chilcott; Words: Martin Rinkart (1586–1649), trans. Catherine Winkworth (1827–78)

PICKER



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1. Now thank we all our God,
 With heart and hands and voices,
 Who wondrous things hath done,
 In whom this world rejoices;
 Who from our mother's arms
 Hath blessed us on our way
 With countless gifts of love,
 And still is ours today.
2. O may this bounteous God
 Through all our life be near us,
 With ever joyful hearts
 And blessed peace to cheer us;
 And keep us in his grace,
 And guide us when perplexed,
 And free us from all ills
 In this world and the next.
3. All praise and thanks to God
 The Father now be given,
 The Son, and him who reigns
 With them in highest heaven,
 The One eternal God,
 Whom earth and heav'n adore;
 For thus it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore. Amen.

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who work so hard to sustain church music now and into the future

The Song of Harvest

1. Hymn: Come, ye thankful people, come

Henry Alford (1810–71)

BOB CHILCOTT

'MORRIS'

Joyful ♩ = c. 100

SOPRANO
ALTO

TENOR
BASS

ORGAN

Joyful ♩ = c. 100

f

Man. Ped.

8 **ALL VOICES** *unis. f*

1. Come, ye thank - ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of

15 har - vest - home! All be safe - ly ga - thered in, Ere the

2. This is the day

Psalms 118: 24, 28-9

BOB CHILCOTT

Bright ♩ = c. 120 *unis. f*

SOPRANO
ALTO

TENOR
BASS

Bright ♩ = c. 120 *f*

Man.

This is the day which the Lord hath made:

6

we will re-joyce and be glad in it. This is the day which the Lord hath made:

unis. f

f

Ped.

11

we will re-joyce and be glad in it, glad in it, glad in

3. Hymn: For the beauty of the earth

F. S. Pierpoint (1835–1917)

BOB CHILCOTT

'EXON'

Warmly ♩ = c.80

ALL VOICES *unis. mp*

1. For the beau - ty of the

mp

Ped.

6

earth, For the beau - ty of the skies, For the love which from our birth O - ver

11

mf

and a - round us — lies: Christ our God, to thee we raise This our sa - cri - fice of —

mf

4. Gratitude

Henry van Dyke (1852–1933)

BOB CHILCOTT

Simple and shaped ♩ = c.48

SOPRANO
ALTO

p

What - ev - er gifts and mer - cies in my lot may fall, I would not

unis.

TENOR
BASS

p

5

mf

mea - sure As worth a cer - tain price in praise, or great or

mp

mf

mp

8

rit.

small; — But take and use them all with sim - ple plea - sure,

11

a tempo

p

with sim - ple plea - sure. For when we glad - ly

mp

p

mp

5. Hymn: Pray that Jerusalem may have peace

Scottish Psalter (1650)

BOB CHILCOTT

'PATE'

Calm but with certainty ♩ = c.84 *unis. mf*

ALL VOICES

1. Pray that Je - ru - sa - lem may_ have

mf

Ped.

5

Peace and fe - li - ci - ty: Let them that love_ thee and thy_ peace Have_

9

still_ pros - pe - ri - ty.

13 *mp*

S. A.
(ORG.)

2. There - fore I wish_ that peace may_ still_ With - in thy walls re - main,

T. B.

mp

6. King of Glory, King of Peace

George Herbert (1593–1633)
from *The Temple* (1633)

BOB CHILCOTT

Elegant and flowing ♩ = c. 60

SOPRANO
ALTO

unis. p

King of Glo - ry, King of Peace, —

p

Man.

7

I will love — thee: And that love — may ne - ver cease, — I will move — thee. —

13 *mp*

Thou hast grant - ed my re - quest, — Thou hast heard — me: — Thou didst note my —

mp

Ped.

18

work-ing breast, — Thou hast spared — me. — King of Glo - ry King of Peace, —

s. mf
A.

mf

8. Consider

Christina Rossetti (1830–94)

BOB CHILCOTT

Expressive ♩ = c.56

SOPRANO
ALTO

TENOR
BASS

p

Con - si - der, _____ con -

p

Man. **Ped.**

6 *mp* *p* The li - lies of the field whose bloom is brief:

- si - der _____ *p* We are as

mp *p*

Man.

9. Hymn: Now thank we all our God

Martin Rinkart (1586–1649)
trans. Catherine Winkworth (1827–78)

BOB CHILCOTT

'PICKER'

Strong ♩ = c. 88

unis. f

ALL VOICES

1. Now_ thank we all_ our God, With_

heart and hands and_ voi - ces, Who_ won - drous things hath done, In_

whom this world_ re - joi - ces; Who_ from our mo - ther's

arms Hath blessed us_ on our way With_ count - less gifts_ of_

f

Ped.