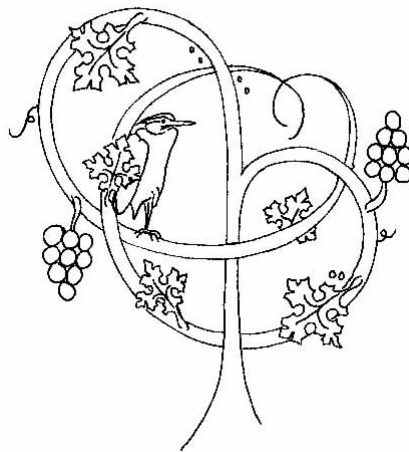


Six Hymn Arrangements

by

Nigel Williams

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Recommended for printing as a booklet scaled to fit on B4-size paper,
but will also scale to fit A4 (study size) or A3 (large print).

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Lux Benigna

Words: J.H. Newman
Music: J.B. Dykes

1 Lead ki-ndly Light, a-mid the e-nci - rling gloom, Lead thou me on;
2 I was not e - verthus, nor prayed that thou Shouldst lead me on;

The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead thou me on...
I loved to choose and see my path; but now, Lead thou me on...

Keep thou my loved feet; I do not ask to see
I loved the ga - rish day, and, spite of fears,

The di - stant scene; one step e - nough for me...
Pride ruled my will: re - me - mber not past years...

Arranged by Nigel Williams,
in memory of Leslie Wilkinson, All Souls' Day, 2009.

3. So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still will lead me on,

mp

o'er moor and fen, o'er crag and to-rrant, till the night is gone,

and with the morn those an-gel fa-ces smile,

cresc.

which I have loved long since and lost a-while.

f *dim* *p*

1. How shall I sing that maj - es - ty Which an - gels do ad - mire?
 2. Thy bright-ness un - to them ap - pears, Whilst I their foot - steps trace;
 3. En - light - en with faith's light my heart, In - flame it with love's fire;

Let dust in dust and sil - ence lie; Sing, sing, ye heaven - ly choir.
 A sound of God comes to my ears, But they be - hold thy face.
 Then shall I sing and bear a part With that cel - est - ial choir.

Thous - ands of thous - ands stand a - round Thy throne, O God most high;
 They sing be - cause thou art their Sun; Lord send a beam on me;
 I shall I fear, be dark and cold, With all my fire and light;

Ten thous - and times ten thous - and sound Thy praise; but who am I?
 For where heaven is but once be - gun There al - le - lu - yas be.
 Yet when thou dost acc - ept their gold, Lord trea - sure up my mite.

Descant

4. How great a be-ing, Lord, Which doth all be-ings

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

Organ

It is the on - ly line To sound so vast a deep.

Thy know-ledge is the on - ly line To sound so vast a deep.

A sea with no shore, A sun with-out a sphere;

Thou art a sea with-out a shore, A sun with-out a sphere;


Now and ev - er - more, Thy place is eve - ry - where.

Thy time is now and ev - er - more, Thy place is eve - ry where.

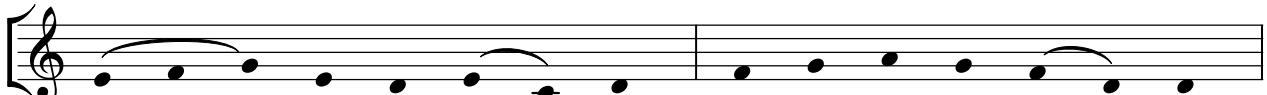
Hymn to St John the Baptist

for the eve of the feast of his birth

Melody written or found by Guido d'Arezzo,
Words, Paul the Deacon,
Arranged and translated by Nigel Williams.




1. Ut que - ant la - xis Re - so - na - re fi - bris
Do let thy ser - vants Re - cre - ate in te - lling



Mi - ra ge - sto - rum Fa - mu - li tu - o - rum,
Mi - ra - cles deeds and Facts of your ad - ven - tures,



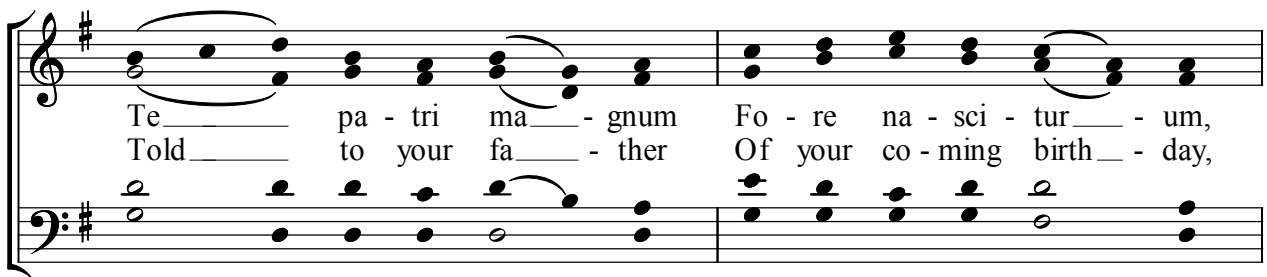
So - lve po - llu - ti La - bi - i re - a - tum,
So set our tongues free, La - ry - nxes un - ta - ngle,



Sa - ncte Jo - ha - nnes.
John Saint and Ba - ptist.



2. Nu - nti - us ce - lso Ve - ni - ens O - ly - mpo
Co - ming from hea - ven, Ga - bri - el the an - gel



Te pa - tri ma - gnum Fo - re na - sci - tur - um,
Told to your fa - ther Of your co - ming birth - day,

No - men, et vi - tae Se - ri - em ge - re - ndae
 Named you and gave him De - tails of your a - ctions,

Or - di - nae pro - mit.
 Fore - te - lling grea - tness.

Upper voices only

3. I - lle pro - mi - ssi Du - bi - us su - per - ni,
 Dou - bting the pro - mise Sent him from the high - est,

Per - di - dit pro - mptae Mo - du - los lo - que - lae:
 Lost he forth - with the Means of co - nver - sa - tion.

Lower voices only

Sed re - for - ma - sti Ge - ni - tus pe - re - mptae
 But you his off - spring Cured him of his dumb - ness,

Or - ga - na vo - cis.
 E - nding his si - lence.

Melody in tenor

4. Ve - ntris o - bstru - so Re - cu - bans cu - bi - li
 You ly - ing co - vered In your li - ving cra - dle

Se - nse - ras re - gem Tha - la - mo ma - ne - ntem:
Felt in like cha - mber Pre - sence of your so - vereign:

Hinc pa - rens na - ti Me - ri - tis u - ter - que
Thus both the wo - men, By their sons' de - ser - ving,

A - bdi - ta pa - ndit.
Sang of things hi - dden.

All voices, in octaves

5. Sic de - cus Pa - tri, Ge - ni - tae - que Pro - li
Ho - nour the Fa - ther And the Son be - go - tten.

Et ti - bi, co - mpar(e) U - tri - u - sque vir - tus,
Ho - nour the Ho - ly Ghost in power co - e - qual.

Spi - ri - tus se - mper, De - us un - us, o - mni
Ho - nour we give Thee Through - out e - ndless a - ges,

Te - mpo - ris ae - vo. A - men.
One God e - ter - nal. A - men.

*for Bill Armstrong to mark
75 years of church singing*

Descant

Fath - er, Son and Ho - ly Ghost, The God whom

1. Through all the chang - ing scenes of life, In trou - ble
 2. O mag - ni - fy the Lord with me, With me ex -
 5. Fear him, ye saints, and you will then Have noth - ing
 6. To Fath - er, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, The God whom

we a - dore, Glo - ry as it was, is

and in joy, The prai - ses of my God shall
 -alt his name; When in dis - tress to him I
 else to fear: Make you his ser - vice your de -
 we ad - ore Be glo - ry as it was dis -

now, And shall be ev - - er - more.

still My heart and tongue em - ploy.
 called, He to my shall res - cue
 -light, Your wants shall be his care.
 now, And shall be ev - er - more. A - men.

Tenors

8

3. The hosts of God en - camp a - round the dwell - ings

Basses

8

of the just. De - liver - ance He aff - ords to

8

all Who on His succ - our trust.

Sopranos

4. O make but tri - al of His love, Ex - per - ience

Altos

will de - cide How blest are they and on - ly

they, Who in His truth con - fide.

CWM RHONDDA

UNISON

When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, bid my an-xious fears sub-side.

Death of death and hell's de - stru-ction, land me safe on Ca-naan's side.

HARMONY

mf Songs and prai - ses, Songs and prai - ses *f* I will e-ver give to

ff Thee (will give to Thee.) *p* I will e - ver give to Thee.

Words W. WILLIAMS, translated P.WILLIAMS and W.WILLIAMS
Melody J.HUGHES, arranged N.G.WILLIAMS

ABERYSTWYTH

Words by Charles Wesley 1707-1788

Tune by Joseph Parry 1841-1903

Descant by Nigel Williams

Descant

4 Plen - teous grace with thee is found, Grace to co - ver all my sin;

Organ

Let the heal - ing streams a - bound, Make and keep me pure with - in.

Thou of life the foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of thee,

Spring thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - - ter - ni - ty.

16 ft.