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## The Dream of Herod

**Nigel Short**

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<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Composer/Arranger</th>
<th>Duration</th>
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<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td>Alleluya</td>
<td>Peter Wishart</td>
<td>1.55</td>
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<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td>O radix Jesse</td>
<td>Plainsong</td>
<td>1.02</td>
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<td>3.</td>
<td>A spotless rose</td>
<td>Herbert Howells</td>
<td>3.38</td>
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<td>4.</td>
<td>Rorate coeli</td>
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<td>Of the Father's heart begotten</td>
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<td>Ave Maria</td>
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<td>I sing of a maiden</td>
<td>Patrick Hadley</td>
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<td>8.</td>
<td>Puer natus est nobis</td>
<td>Plainsong</td>
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<td>A flower given to my daughter</td>
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<td>Silent night, holy night</td>
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<tr>
<td>20.</td>
<td>Jesus appears to Herod</td>
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**Total Timings**

60.16

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**Tenbrae**

**Directed by Nigel Short**

**Jeremy Filsell - Organ**

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**www.signumrecords.com**

**www.tenebrae-choir.com**
1. **Alleluya**

Alleluya, a new work is come on hand through might and grace of God's son, to save the lost of every land. Alleluya. For now is free that erst was bound we may well sing. Alleluya. Now is fulfilled the prophecy of David and of Jeremy, and also of Isaiah. Alleluya. Sing we therefore both loud and high Alleluya. Alleluya, this sweete song, out of a green branch it sprung, God send us the life that lasteth long. Alleluya. Now joy and bliss be him among, that thus can sing. Alleluya.

2. **O Radix Jesse**

O radix Jesse, qui stas in signum populorum, super quem continebunt reges os suum, quem gentes deprecabitur, veni ad liberandum nos, Iam noli tardare.

3. **A spotless rose**

A spotless rose is blowing, sprung from a tender root, of ancient seers' foreshowing, of Jesse promised fruit; its fairest bud unfolds to light amid the cold, cold winter, and in the dark midnight.

The Rose which I am singing, whereof Isaiah said, is from its sweet root springing in Mary, purest Maid; for through our God's great love and might, the Blessed Babe she bare us in a cold, cold winter's night.

4. **Rorate coeli**

Rorate coeli de super et nubes pluant justum, ne irascaris Domine, ne ultra memineris iniquitatis, ecce civitas sancti facta est deserta, Sion deserta facta est. Jerusalem desolata est, domus sanctificationis tuae et gloriae tuae, ubi laudaverunt te patres nostri.

Consolamini, consolamini, popule meas, cito veniet salus tua: quare moerore consumeris, quia innovavit te dolor? Salvabote, noli timere, ego enim sum Dominus Deus tuus, sanctis Israel redemptor.

Peccavimus, et facti sumus tamquam immundus nos, et cecidimus quasi folium universi, et iniquitates nostrae quasi ventus abstulerunt nos, drop down dew, ye heavens, from above, and let the clouds rain justice; be not angry, O Lord, and remember no longer our iniquity; behold, the city of thy sanctuary is become a desert. Zion is made a desert, Jerusalem is desolate, the house of thy holiness and thy glory, where our fathers praised thee.

Be comforted, be comforted, my people; swiftly shall thy salvation come; why art thou consumed with grief, because pain hath renewed you? I will save thee, fear not, for I am the Lord thy God, who redeemeth the holy ones of Israel.

We have sinned, and are become as one unclean, and have all fallen like a leaf, and our iniquities have carried us off like the wind.
abscondisti faciem tuam a nobis, et allisti nos in manu iniquitatis nostrae.

Vide Domine afflictionem populi tu, et mitte quem missurus es, emitte Agnum dominatorum terrae, de petra deserti ad montem filiae Sion, ut auferat ipse jugum captivitatis nostrae.

thou hast hid thy face from us and crushed us in the hand of our iniquity.

Behold, O Lord, the affliction of thy people, and send Him whom thou meanest to send, send forth the Lamb that shall rule the earth, from the rock of the desert to the mountain of the daughter of Zion, that he may take away the yoke of our captivity.

5 Of the Father’s heart begotten
Of the Father’s heart begotten, ere the world from chaos rose, he is Alpha: from that fountain all that is and hath been flows. He is Omega, of all things yet to come the mystic close, evermore and evermore.

By his word was all created; he commanded and ‘twas done, earth and sky and boundless ocean, universe of three in one. All that sees the moon’s soft radiance, all that breathes beneath the sun, evermore and evermore.

He assumed this mortal body, frail and feeble doomed to die, that the race from dust created might not perish utterly, which the dreadful Law had sentenced in the depths of hell to lie, evermore and evermore.

Sing, ye heights of heav’n his praises; angels and archangels, sing! Where so e’er ye be, ye faithful, let your joyous anthems ring, ev’ry tongue his name confessing, countless voices answering, evermore and evermore.

8 Puer natus est nobis

A child is born for us, a son is given to us. The power shall rest on his shoulders, and his name shall be angel of great counsel.

Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women.

6 Ave Maria
Ave Maria
gratia plena, Dominus tecum.
Benedicta tu in mulieribus.

7 I sing of a maiden
I sing of a maiden that is makeless; king of all kings to her son she ches. He came all so still where his mother was, as dew in April that falleth on the grass. He came all so still to his mother’s bower, as dew in April that falleth on the flower. He came all so still where his mother lay, as dew in April that falleth on the spray. Mother and maiden was never none but she: well may such a lady God’s mother be.

9 A flower given to my daughter
Frail the white rose and frail are her hands that gave, whose soul is sere and paler than time’s wan wave. Rose, frail and fair yet the frailest a wonder wild in gentle eyes thou veilest, my blue veined child.
Silent night, holy night
Silent night, holy night,
all is calm, all is bright,
round yon virgin mother and child,
holy infant so tender and mild,
sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night, holy night,
shepherds quake at the sight,
glory streams from heaven afar,
heavenly host sing Alleluya,
Christ the saviour is born.

On Christmas night all Christians sing,
to hear the news the angels bring,
news of our merciful King’s birth.

Then why should men on earth be so sad,
since our redeemer made us glad,
when from our sin he set us free,
all for to gain our liberty?

When sin departs before his grace,
then life and health come in its place;
angels and men with joy may sing,
all for to see the new-born king.

All out of darkness we have light,
which made the angels sing this night:
glory to God and peace to men,
now and for evermore. Amen.

Away in Manger
Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head,
The stars in the bright sky looked down where he lay,
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes,
The little Lord Jesus no crying he makes.
I love thee, Lord Jesus, look down from the sky,
And stay by my side until morning is nigh.

Be near me Lord Jesus, I ask thee to stay
Close by me for ever, and love me, I pray.
Bless all the dear children in thy tender care,
And fit us for heaven, to live with thee there.

Adeste fideles
Adeste fideles, laeti triumphantes,
venite in Bethlehem.
Natum videte, regem angelorum,
venite adoremus Dominum.

O come all ye faithful
O come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold him born the king of angels:
O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord!

God of God, light of light,
Lo! He abhors not the virgin’s womb;
very God, begotten not created:
O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord!

Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation,
sing, all ye citizens of heav’n above;
glory to God in the highest:
O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord!

Yea, Lord we greet thee, born this happy morning,
Jesu to thee be glory giv’n,
word of the Father, now in flesh appearing:
O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord!
THE DREAM OF HEROD

The Dream of Herod traces an evolution from dark, brooding introspection to dawning effulgence. Torment and inner violence make way for the mystery of forgiveness and hope in a succession of six brief scenes. Herod, a ruthless, blood-stained king is condemned to restless reflection on the genocide he has inflicted on his own people. Uncertain whether he is lost in sleep or wakefulness, he witnesses a procession of figures that distil the essence of his branded conscience. Imprisoned by the horror of his deeds, he sees his pathway to release, illuminated by the very voices of those he most feared.

Nigel Short

15 Scene 1: Herod’s despair
Herod
My world is one of glory, darkened.
All kneel, save I.
My gaze is ever downward,
And my path is eternally crimsoned.
A king may master, and know not mastery.
A ruler orders, and forfeits order.
A leader lives, but borrows life from souls not his.
Sleep, I know not now;
For this is wrest from me by endless apparitions.

I turn, I turn, eternally.
And who are these visitors?
First-born, like me, or voiceless infants,
Or parents, a whole people in lament;
Or those who saw the object of my quest,
And knew too well how fear reaps innocence
In sheaves too broad to embrace.
Dark or light, I know no rest from nocturnal vision.
And all these voices, so gentle, so gentle.

Melchior
Great Herod, glory to you.

Balthasar
Great Herod, may every subject know your worth.

Caspar
Great Herod, may your name resonate for ever.

Herod
How could I know that these men had come to curse me?

Melchior
We come in search of light, and that light will be a man.
A child unimagined, inconceivable;
His infancy a miracle, his adulthood supreme;
His death? Wise Herod can, perhaps divine.

Balthasar
We come in search of hope, and that hope will be a man.
A teacher, healer, shepherd,
Raising those that others lower.
Knowing, giving, loving.
Know you Herod, such a one?

Caspar
We come in search of peace, and that peace shall be a man.
Born in your land, but heir to kingdoms greater,
Monarch to the children we must all become
To know eternity.

Herod
Were these seers, even then,
Prescient of my people’s woes to come,
Of a carnage, mine to start or stay?

Caspar
We come in search of peace, and that peace shall be a man.
Born in your land, but heir to kingdoms greater,
Monarch to the children we must all become
To know eternity.

Herod
Were these seers, even then,
Prescient of my people’s woes to come,
Of a carnage, mine to start or stay?

Caspar
We come in search of peace, and that peace shall be a man.
Born in your land, but heir to kingdoms greater,
Monarch to the children we must all become
To know eternity.

Herod
Were these seers, even then,
Prescient of my people’s woes to come,
Of a carnage, mine to start or stay?
Below the rising sun of daybreak
All generations will shed their hatred
And enfold you in their open arms!
Herod! Herod!

Scene 5: Mary and Joseph appear to Herod
Mary
I kneel before you, Herod.
My gaze is ever upward,
My world is one of humility, brightened
By an unchosen path of light.
I knelt before my son, and not alone.
Others knelt, and knew.

Joseph
A monarch you were, a ruler over death and life.
A king you were not.
Dominion you would not truly know,
Save in darkness.
I knelt before my son, and not alone.
Others knelt, and knew.

Herod
And I, who never knelt,
How could I know?
How can I now?

Mary & Joseph
Herod, dream
A thousand nights or one,
But dream in hope to find,
The child you never found.
Kneel before our son, and be no more alone.

Scene 6: Jesus appears to Herod
Jesus
Here I am among you, and not alone.

Herod
Eternal rest is mine to give,
But not to take.
My crown of searing shame
I would surrender in an instant
For a crown of thorns,
If thus I could sleep;
With blood, not tears, in streams upon my face.

Jesus
Herod!

Herod
I hear a voice of stillness,
And fear that only in a dream
Could such a voice address me thus.

Jesus
Herod! You beg to rest, yet till now
You have known none other than sleep.
Your wakening will be one of wonder.
I pass the last through your unwakened world;
I enter first in your temple of redemption.

Rise, shed your images of the night.
Close your eyes and find unhindered sight.

Chorus
Herod’s body lies, his spirit free to fly.
Rise, shed your images of the night.
Rise, live in rekindled light!
Rise, live in rekindled light!

BIOGRAPHIES

TENEBRAE
Tenebrae is a professional chamber choir, founded and directed by Nigel Short. Performing by candlelight, the choir creates an atmosphere of spiritual and musical reflection, where medieval chant and renaissance works are interspersed with contemporary compositions to create an ethereal mood of contemplation. The beautiful acoustics and lighting effects of a Tenebrae concert are further enhanced by the choir’s dramatic use of movement around the performing space. As singers move around their surroundings to explore all possible sound perspectives, each member of the audience is able to experience the power and intimacy of the human voice.

PASSION & PRECISION
Passion and Precision is the motto of Tenebrae and its members are drawn from musical backgrounds reflecting these qualities, such as the Monteverdi Choir, the choirs of Westminster Abbey and Cathedral and King’s College, Cambridge. Many of Tenebrae’s singers have worked with the leading specialist vocal groups including I Fagiolini, The Tallis Scholars, The Swingle Singers and The King’s Singers. Contributing to the dramatic qualities of Tenebrae’s performing style are singers from Britain’s two major opera houses, Covent Garden and English National Opera. This combination weaves together a huge variety of choral
experience, giving the choir an exceptional range of vocal power and colour.

NIGEL SHORT

Nigel began his musical life as a chorister at Solihull Parish Church going on to study singing and piano at the Royal College of Music. He began his career as a soloist in opera and oratorio and as a member of specialist vocal ensembles such as The Tallis Scholars whilst maintaining a regular involvement in church music, firstly as a member of Westminster Abbey Choir then Westminster Cathedral. He joined the King’s Singers when he was 27 and stayed with them for seven years.

After a short break of about one ski season in the Swiss Alps he set about founding his own group, Tenebrae, aiming to bring together what he loved best as a singer – namely the more passionate sounds of large Cathedral choirs and the precision of ensembles like The King’s Singers - to create a new kind of choral group. Whilst embracing an eclectic repertoire he wanted to have some ‘signature’ works that would make Tenebrae different, adding a theatrical element that would involve singers moving around as if on stage. To that end he wrote The Dream of Herod, with a central role for baritone Colin Campbell, and commissioned Joby Talbot to write Path of Miracles, premiered in July 2005. Since its debut performance in 2001 Tenebrae has given concerts in Spain, Italy, Germany, France, Switzerland, UK, USA and Bermuda.

Nigel and the group have performed and recorded live with The Chamber Orchestra of Europe for Warner Classics and have given several performances with The English Concert. They record regularly with Signum Classics.

Nigel divides his time between directing Tenebrae and giving an ever increasing number of masterclasses and workshops for both professional and amateur vocal groups and choirs throughout Europe.

Soloist: Natalie Clifton-Griffith, Elizabeth Cragg, Anna Crookes, Joanna Forbes, Carys Lane

Counter-tenors
Stephen Carter, Jeremy Filsell, Peter Grinnon, Alexander L’Estrange

Tenors
Paul Badley, John Bowley, Andrew Busher, Gerry O’Bierne, Chris Watson

Basses
Matthew Brook, Colin Campbell, Simon Grant, Adrian Peacock, David Porter-Thomas, Giles Underwood

Organ Jeremy Filsell
Timpani Steve Long
Herod Colin Campbell
Jesus Peter Grinnon
Mary Anna Crookes
Joseph Paul Badley
Melchior Stephen Carter
Balthasar Andrew Busher
Caspar David Porter-Thomas

© Eric Richmond

Recorded at the Church of St Bartholomew the Great, 27 - 28 August 2001

Producer - Adrian Peacock
Engineer - Linus Hoam
Editor - Ken Blair
Design and Artwork - Woven Design

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11. Sussex carol (trad., arr. Willcocks) [1.44]
12. Away in a manger (Kirkpatrick, arr. Short) [4.17]
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International Record Review

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