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### JOHN MASON NEALE

AS A TRANSLATOR OF LATIN HYMNODY

By ARTHUR L. PECK

*A paper read at the Hymn Society's Conference at the premises  
of the Cambridge Union Society, July 12th, 1966, Dr F.  
Brittain in the Chair*

(Concluded from Bulletin 115)

If we may now go back a century or two, we come to another group of sequences, those remarkable compositions by Adam of St Victor. And here again I will begin with one in the normal office-hymn metre, *Supernae matris gaudia*. Neale's translation of it is probably not very well known, as it is not in the hymn-books;



but Robert Bridges' version is now quite well known, and indeed is a beautiful piece. It is not in the original metre, but in the metre of Psalm 42 in the Genevan Psalter, *Ainsi que la biche rée*, or *Ainsi qu'on oit le cerf bruire*, *Pourchassant le frais des eaux*, *Ainsi mon cœur qui sôûpire*, *Seigneur, après tes ruisseaux*:

Joy and triumph everlasting  
Hath the heavenly Church on high;  
For that pure immortal gladness  
All our feast-days mourn and sigh;  
Yet in death's dark desert wild  
Doth the Mother aid her child,  
Guards celestial thence attend us,  
Stand in combat to defend us.

Neale: The Church on earth with answering love  
Echoes her Mother's joys above;  
These yearly feast-days she may keep,  
And yet for endless festals weep.  
In this world's valley, dim and wild,  
That Mother must assist her child,  
And heavenly guards must pitch their tents  
And range their ranks in our defence.

I have time to mention only a few more of the sequences of Adam of St Victor. The first—known, I hope, also from Jackson Mason's translation (into a different metre) in *Hymns A & M*—is *Stola regni laureatus* for feasts of Apostles:

*Stola regni laureatus  
summi Regis est senatus,  
coetus apostolicus;  
cui psallant mens et ora  
mentis munda vox sonora,  
hymnus est angelicus.*

Here is Digby Wrangham's first stanza, and then a few of Neale's:

Decked with robes such state befitting  
As the great King's council sitting  
Is the Apostles' company;  
Hearts and lips to it are singing,  
For a pure heart's accents ringing  
Make Angelic melody.

Neale: Laurelled with the stole victorious  
Is the great King's senate glorious,  
Is the Apostolic choir;  
Heart and lips keep well in chorus,  
While the pure soul's strains sonorous  
To Angelic hymns aspire.

These earth's highest decoration,  
That shall judge each tongue and nation,  
These the rock of newest grace:  
Ere the world was, pre-elected,  
By the Architect erected  
In the Church's highest place.

Nazarites of ancient story,  
They the Cross's wars and glory  
To the listening world relate:  
Thus the Word of God adorning,  
Night to night, to morning morning  
Speech and knowledge indicate.

These, the temple's sure foundations,  
These are they that bind the nations  
Into God's great house above;  
These the city's pearly portal,  
Knitting faith with work immortal,  
Jew and Gentile into love.

There is also the great Easter sequence, *Zyma vetus expurgetur*, appointed in the Sarum missal as the sequence for Easter Monday. Here are one or two stanzas:

This day Egypt's treasures spoiled,  
And the Hebrews freed that toiled  
Pressed with bondage and in chains;  
From the mortar, brick, and stubble,  
Heaviest toil and sorest trouble  
Had they known in Zoan's plains.

Now the voice of exultation,  
Now the triumph of salvation  
Free and wide its tidings flings:  
This is the day the Lord hath made, the day  
That bids our sin and sorrow flee away,  
Life and light and health that brings.



In the Law the types lay shaded,  
 In the promised End they faded,  
 Christ, who all things consummates;  
 Christ, whose Blood aside hath turn'd  
 That devouring sword which burn'd  
 Waving wide, at Eden's gates.

And in similar metre, *Laudes Crucis attollamus*, the pattern for St Thomas Aquinas' Corpus Christi sequence, *Lauda Sion Salvatorem*. *Laudes Crucis attollamus* was the sequence for the feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross in the Sarum missal. I have not time now to quote from it.

In fact, I think we must now leave Neale's translations of liturgical poetry and pass on to the other pieces. And here we find that he does not always preserve the metre of the originals. Personally, I think some of his finest pieces come under this heading. And first among these I will mention the 7th century Irish communion hymn, *Sancti venite, Christi corpus sumite*:

Draw nigh, and take the Body of the Lord,  
 And drink the holy Blood for you outpoured.  
 Saved by that Body, hallowed by that Blood,  
 Whereby refreshed we render thanks to God.

Here for contrast is the bowdlerised *Enlarged Songs of Praise* version:

Draw nigh and take the Body of the Lord,  
 And drink the life of grace for you outpoured.  
 Let us give thanks to him that makes us whole,  
 Preserving us in body and in soul.

Neale concludes:

Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,  
 And take the Safeguard of salvation here.  
 He that in this world rules his saints and shields,  
 To all believers life eternal yields.  
 With heavenly Bread makes them that hunger whole,  
 Gives living waters to the thirsty soul.  
 Alpha and Omega, to whom shall bow  
 All nations at the doom, is with us now.

I need hardly say that the last two couplets are entirely omitted by *Songs of Praise*.

Here is another well-known and magnificent hymn, *Gloriosi Salvatoris*, probably of the 15th century, and possibly from the Low Countries. I think it is so well known that I need only remind you

of it: 'To the Name that brings salvation.' One verse, perhaps.

'Tis the Name for adoration,  
 'Tis the Name of victory,  
 'Tis the Name for meditation  
 In the vale of misery;  
 'Tis the Name for veneration  
 By the citizens on high.

Dr Percy Dearmer excelled himself in dealing with this hymn in *Songs of Praise*, and produced an original composition, in which only the first line coincides appreciably with Neale's original translation. Here is one stanza:

'Tis the Name of mercy, speeding  
 Just and unjust with his ray,  
 Power that rules by patient leading,  
 Not by force, the easier way,  
 So that man, in freedom heeding,  
 May the law of love obey.

Those who have had the privilege of hearing Neale's version sung in Thaxted Church in procession, with orchestra, to the great Purcell tune known as WESTMINSTER ABBEY, with three trumpets at the head of the procession, find it an experience which is not easily forgotten.

Incidentally, another of Neale's hymns has been treated in this way by Dr Dearmer, one of Neale's translations from the Greek: 'Christian, dost thou see them on the holy ground?'. *Songs of Praise* keeps the tune which is set to Neale's hymn in the *EH* (GUTE BÄUME BRINGEN), and Dr Dearmer writes a new set of words:

Christian, do you see him  
 There in Galilee  
 As the people throng him?  
 Healer, prophet he.  
 Christian, up and follow,  
 His the perfect school,  
 Learn to make men happy  
 By the Golden Rule. (And so on.)

I think it might be a valuable practical way of marking Neale's centenary if our Society were to adopt as one of its aims the protection of hymn-writers from this kind of treatment. As Mr J. T. Slater pointed out in his excellent article in the 100th number of the *Bulletin*, it is also unfair on children who are made to sing this sort of stuff in schools in which *Songs of Praise* is used. The situation is made the worse by the fact that these eviscerated versions are set to the same tunes as their originals, and therefore



some degree of deception may be involved. This practice of mutilating literary compositions would not be tolerated in any other field, and on this score, as well as on the others I have mentioned, the Society would do a service all round by lodging a strong and determined protest with the publishers of such disgraceful stuff, and I hope we shall take the decision to do so in this centenary year of John Mason Neale. It would be one way of showing that we honour him, and that we take hymns seriously and really mean business.

This is the right moment to mention Neale's great translation, or rather cento, from Bernard of Cluny's Rhythm, *De contemptu mundi*, of which three or four selections are well known to English congregations. This, perhaps, is a good example of Neale's success in adopting a metre different from that of the original. I need not spend time reading to you 'Jerusalem the golden'; but here are a few passages perhaps not quite so well known:

With jaspers glow thy bulwarks, / thy streets with emeralds blaze,  
The sardius and the topaz / unite in thee their rays;  
Thine ageless walls are bonded / with amethyst unpriced,  
Thy saints built up its fabric / and the corner-stone is Christ.

The Cross is all thy splendour, / the Crucified thy praise,  
His laud and benediction / thy ransomed people raise.  
Jesus the Gem of Beauty, / true God and Man they sing,  
The never-failing Garden, / the ever-golden Ring;

The Door, the Pledge, the Husband, / the Guardian of his court,  
The Daystar of salvation, / the Porter and the Port.  
Thou hast no shore, fair ocean, / thou hast no time, bright day. . . .

Yes, God my King and Portion, / in fulness of his grace  
We then shall see for ever / and worship face to face;  
Then Jacob into Israel / from earthlier self estranged,  
And Leah into Rachel / for ever shall be changed:  
Then all the halls of Syon / for aye shall be complete,  
And in the land of beauty / all things of beauty meet.

And then, further on:

Jerusalem, exulting / on that securest shore,  
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee / and love thee evermore.  
I ask not for my merit; / I seek not to deny  
My merit is destruction; / a child of wrath am I.  
But yet with faith I venture / and hope upon my way;  
For those perennial guerdons / I labour night and day.  
The best and dearest Father / who made me and who saved,  
Bore with me in defilement / and from defilement laved. . . .

(Even finer in the Latin: *In lue pertulit, ex lue sustulit, a lus lavit.*)

When in his strength I struggle, / for very joy I leap;  
When in my sin I totter, / I weep, or try to weep;  
And grace, sweet grace celestial / shall all its love display,  
And David's royal Fountain / purge every sin away.

Mr H. C. Hoskier, who edited Bernard's poem in 1929, is hard on Neale for his shortcomings, but I do not think anyone who reads Neale's selections right through can fail to be touched and inspired and elated—indeed, that is the experience which one gets from many of Neale's translations, and in conclusion I should like to mention two other pieces which have this quality, one well known, the other perhaps not so well known.

The first is his translation of Abelard's great poem, *O quanta qualia sunt illa Sabbata*—into a similar, though not identical, metre. I need read you only one or two snatches from this magnificent piece:

There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er;  
Those Sabbath-keepers have one and no more;  
(*Illic ex Sabbato succedit Sabbatum,  
perpes laetitia sabbatizantium*)

and:

Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,  
"Vision of peace", that brings joy evermore:  
Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,  
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.

Which equals, indeed I think surpasses, the Latin:

*Vere Hierusalem est illa civitas,  
cuius pax jugis est, summa jucunditas,  
ubi non praevenit rem desiderium  
nec desiderio minus est praemium.*

And the second, his version of *In domo Patris summae maiestatis*, sometimes attributed to Thomas à Kempis, probably of the 14th century. It is a fine piece of work, and deserves to be more often sung. It is printed in full in *Songs of Syon*, and an abbreviated version in 5 stanzas is in the *EH* (though with the first person changed to second, as we shall see; in Neale's original version the speaker throughout is Christ himself), and with a similar change, it is in the revised *A & M*, for use in procession, the 12 stanzas reduced to 10. Unfortunately, none of the tunes suggested by these hymnals seems likely to induce congregations to make use of the hymn, and I would therefore like to pass on to you, in case you have not come across it before, a suggestion: I do not know who was the



first to connect this tune with the hymn, but it seems to me a very happy combination. The tune I mean is the traditional tune known as KINGSFOLD, and given at EH 574 for 'I heard the voice of Jesus say.'

As I have spent so much time commending Neale, perhaps I ought to try to justify the title our Secretary originally gave to this paper, and say something a little more critical, in the sense of adverse criticism. I will call these remarks—

"How not to translate hymns in the Sapphic metre."

I must confess that Neale is not a very serious offender on this score, though a severe critic might find fault, and I think not wholly unjustifiably.

I will just remind you of the structure of the Sapphic stanza. There are three long lines, each of 11 syllables, followed by one short line of 5 syllables. In the following notation,

L=long syllable

S=short syllable

O=long or short syllable

#### The Sapphic stanza

L S L L L / S S L S L O (three times)  
L S S L O

Example (1): *Patris aeterni / suboles coeava,  
dum tuae sacros / pia plebs honores  
aedis instaurat, / Deus alme, nostris  
annue votis.*

There was considerable freedom in the early Greek form of this metre as used by Sappho herself and others, but in the hands of Horace the rhythm was standardised, and although in a minority of lines he used a slightly different rhythm, normally the long line has an absolutely definite and clear-cut caesura after the fifth syllable, and this caesura is preceded by three long syllables, as the scheme indicates. This is the form adopted in Latin hymns. A fundamental characteristic is that the caesura should come after the end of a word of 2 or 3 (or more) syllables, as you see in example (1). In no case, if there is a one-syllable word immediately before the caesura (most unusual anyway in Latin)—in no case should a one-syllable word look forward accentually to the following word; if it is there at all, it should be enclitic, not proclitic. Thus

restores them,

would be satisfactory, but not

restores, but

Although some modifications are made in the rhythm in the French church melodies as commonly printed, this feature is never interfered with; and we find two long notes, minims in our notation,

immediately before the caesura. A typical tune of this sort is DIVA SERVATRIX [EH 208].

Example (2): M=minim C=crotchet Q=quaver

| M C C | M M || C· Q C C | M M || (three times)  
| M C C | M M ||

The importance of this structure is emphasized in a remarkable way by some of the late medieval Sapphics, even where *quantity* is not strictly observed, by having an internal rhyme:

Example (3): O salutaris / fulgens stella maris,  
Generans prolem / veritatis solem,  
Mater tuorum / clemens famulorum,  
suscipe votum.

Of course, the quantity in *maris* is wrong; but the writer knows he must have the two long syllables immediately before the caesura, and he has got them.

I can find only four short hymns in the Sapphic metre among Neale's translations, two of them being of the well-known hymns *Ecce iam noctis* and *Iste Confessor*.

Now it is not all that easy to write Sapphics in a language like English, where stress usually counts for more than length of syllable, but it is not wholly impossible, and this is very clearly shown in Canon Lacey's translation of *Quod chorus vatum* [EH 208]. So far as Neale is concerned, you will see from the following lines where he has succeeded and where he has not:

Example (4): He, the Confessor / of the Lord, with triumph,  
Whom through the wide world / celebrate the faithful,  
He on this day through / tribulation entered  
Heavenly mansions.

*Day through* is not very satisfactory. Another poor line, in the same hymn:

Sober he was, and / gentle of behaviour.

Laurence Houseman does better in this respect [EH 188]:

Example (5): He whose confession / God of old accepted,  
Whom through the ages / all now hold in honour,  
Gaining his guerdon / this day came to enter  
Heaven's high portal.

A striking example of how not to translate Sapphics can be found in our Joint Chairman's admirable book on the French Diocesan Hymns. I hasten to say that the translation is not by him, but as he commissioned it specially for that volume he cannot be wholly absolved from guilt. It is a translation of the fine hymn



for a Dedication Festival by Charles Guyet, S.J., first printed in the Paris Breviary of 1680; the first verse of it is quoted above, as Example (1). The best-known translation of this hymn is in an entirely different metre (I referred to it at the beginning of my talk): 'O Word of God above / Who fillest all in all' [EH 171], by I. Williams and others. I have myself translated this hymn into Sapphics, so my criticism is not uninformed. In my opinion, this hymn is an extremely fine piece of Latin verse, and by that I do not mean merely that it observes the classical rules of quantity and prosody, though in fact it does this. I will take the weakest stanza in the translation I referred to, to show how bad an incompetent translator can be at his worst:

The original Latin is:

Example (6):

*Hic salus aegris / animis paratur,  
hic reos iudex / facilis relaxat,  
atque lethalem / rediviva pellit  
gratia culpam.*

Version:

Example (7): No heart so sick but / here is touched with healing,  
No guilt so deep but / mercy tempers justice,  
Deadly our sin but / sin by grace is vanquished,  
Jesus is Risen!

Every one of the three long lines fails miserably, and fails identically, at the vital point, before the caesura. In addition to this, even the fourth line does not come as a grammatical completion and climax, as it should, and as it does in the Latin—a magnificent line—

*gratia culpam.*

It is not easy to get this into English, but the version I have quoted makes a complete failure of it, for the fourth line is no integral part at all of the whole stanza, and sounds like an after-thought; it is in fact what is known in school as padding.

However, I can point to an even worse attempt at Sapphics, which for some reason seems to be unmittable from hymn-books: the translation by Philip Pusey of von Löwenstern's hymn *Christe du Beistand deiner Kreuzgemeine* [EH 435], Lord of our life, etc. Here is one stanza of it:

Example (8): See round thine ark the / hungry billows curling,  
See how thy foes their / banners are unfurling;  
Lord, while their darts en / venomed they are hurling,  
Thou canst preserve us.

The third line of this stanza is the worst we have come across yet. Practically every line of this hymn is wrong, and those which

might perhaps just pass muster were obviously intended by the translator as mistakes.

It would be wrong to leave this subject without saying one or two words more about the finest of all Sapphic translations, which I mentioned a few minutes ago. Those I have just been dealing with are based mainly on the principle of stress, not of quantity, and this is due to the nature of the English language, although there are distinct indications of the observance of quantity in the stanza I quoted from J. M. Neale in Example (5). The one I have in mind is Canon Lacey's translation of *Quod chorus vatum* (EH 208), one of the office hymns for the Purification. His translations generally, and his original hymns, are some of the very best in the *EH*, and this seems to me in many ways the finest of them all. The classical rules of quantity are carefully observed, yet the hymn reads better than most English Sapphics which rely solely or mainly upon stress. It is a most remarkable and most successful piece of work, and I would strongly recommend any who have not studied it, to do so.

## FURTHER THOUGHTS ON 'HYMNS A & M'

By F. C. B. MALDRAM

The article by the Editor in *Bulletin* 112 will have been read with great interest by us all. But one of his statements, "1875 and 1904 were the only dates between 1861 and 1950 when genuine revisions took place," surely neglects the supplement issued in 1916. The present Standard Edition is that of 1916, not that of 1875.

There had already, prior to 1916, been a slight revision. The copy in front of me (dated 1913) contains the following additional tunes:—

Stainer's MATRIMONY for 'The voice that breathed o'er Eden'; Plainsong melodies for 'All glory, laud and honour,' 'The strain upraise of joy and praise,' and 'Day of Wrath, O day of mourning,' and Hulton's and Barnby's tunes for 'For all the Saints'. These were incorporated into the 1916 book. 'For all the Saints' had also, as a fourth tune, Stanford's ENGELBERG, from 1904.

The 1916 book consisted of two parts: alternative tunes, and new hymns (with their tunes). The alternative tunes comprised better versions of plainsong, additional faux-bourbons, repeats (in other keys) of hymns already in the book; and other tunes such as Coombes' OXFORD NEW and Gibbons' Ps. 67. Sixty-five were taken from the 1904 book, out of the total of 142 inclusive.

There were 141 new hymns, of which 74 only had appeared in



1904; the remainder were new to *A & M* congregations. They included such now well-known hymns as:

Come, thou long-expected Jesus  
O little town of Bethlehem  
Brightest and best  
The Lord is King!  
God be in my head  
God the All-terrible  
and Lift high the Cross.

Yet over a half of them (78) failed to gain admission to the book of 1950. Often the percentage of rejections was even higher: of the 16 hymns for 'Mission Services,' for example, only four were included:

Revive Thy work, O Lord  
O my Saviour, lifted  
Come, O Thou Traveller unknown  
and Thou didst leave Thy throne.

A word should perhaps be said about the curious *Shortened Music Edition* of 1939, intended for choirs. It can perhaps best be regarded as 'flying a kite' for 1950: it omitted many of the hymns (so that, in most churches, two hymn-books—instead of one—would be necessary). It, too, included a few tunes from 1904, such as Selby's WISHFORD for 'The King of Love' and several new tunes, amongst them yet another for 'For all the Saints,' WOODCHURCH, by Nicholson. WISHFORD does not appear in the 1950 book—WOODCHURCH is set to other words.

It is interesting that Stanford's ENGELBERG has now won acceptance (and is in recent books being set to various words) whilst his ALVERSTONE for 'Praise to the Holiest' and his admirable JOLDWYNS for 'The day thou gavest' sank without trace.

## REVIEW

*Plainsong for Pleasure*, by Charles Cleall. (Gospel Music Publishers, 10s.6d.)

Mr Cleall is an enthusiastic and prolific writer on various aspects of church music and he has for several years been advocating the use of plainchant outside the Roman Catholic Church. *Si sic omnes!* In this book, which is attractively printed and presented, he has provided some fifty hymns, mostly Office Hymns, based on the texts and melodies in *English Hymnal* and *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. It is with real regret therefore that we have to commend this book with a number of reservations.

The hymnologist will miss the information provided in the

standard hymnals referring to the dating and authorship both of the melodies and the texts. There is a considerable difference between the earlier and authentic plainsong melodies such as *Conditor alme siderum* (No. 1) or *Pange lingua gloriosi* (No. 20) on the one hand, which are strictly modal, and No. 53 *Adoro te devote* on the other, which is entirely in the modern major mode and can be definitively dated as late as 1697 in the *Paris Processional*. Plainsong, like Gothic architecture, did not remain unchanged across the centuries but was subject to various influences.

Mr Cleall in his preface criticizes the accompaniments provided in the standard hymnals for these melodies and provides his own. But he seems to have failed to observe what that most eminent authority, the late J. H. Arnold, pointed out, that *any* form of harmonic and instrumental accompaniment is entirely gratuitous since the melodies were written to be sung without accompaniment. There is another matter in this respect that calls for comment and that is the pitch of the melodies in this book which are excessively low. The writer contends that this is necessary for ordinary voices. This is not borne out by this writer's experience of nearly forty years during which he has taken part and heard plainchant of all kinds sung in large and small parish churches as well as in various Cathedrals including St. Paul's at the pitch provided in *EH* and *AMR*. Melodies sung at Mr Cleall's pitch tend to become lugubrious and to lose their resilience and 'bewitching delight' (Arnold). Let the reader try out *Vexilla regis* (No. 19) and then try it at the pitch in *EH* 94. If we may say so, some of the editor's treatments of these melodies are somewhat doctrinaire. No choir and congregation could possibly sing the first and second lines of No. 3, 'O Come Emmanuel', without any kind of pause. Moreover such a version does not accord with the original adaptation made by Neale and Helmore in *The Hymnal Noted*, 1854, and also of the original melody in the B.N. Paris, a reproduction of which appeared in *The Musical Times* for November, 1966 (p. 968.)

We must also regret that the editor has provided the bowdlerised Mechlin version (1852) of *Veni creator Spiritus* and allied it with the unsatisfactory text of Cosin, which misses much of the original Latin hymn. No one who has experienced the champagne of the original melody allied with an adequate English text (see *Hymns Ancient & Modern*, 181, 1904 ed.), would wish to return to the flat lemonade of Mechlin and Cosin.

Perhaps the chief conclusion to be drawn from Mr Cleall's book is that plainsong cannot be divorced from the liturgical setting for which it was written and that most of these hymns were intended to be sung against a particular background and they cannot be inserted as a kind of purple patch on non-liturgical garments.

C. E. POCKNEE.



## OBITUARY

FREDERICK BRITTAI, LITT.D.

Fellow and Keeper of the Records, Jesus College, Cambridge

When on Saturday, March 15th, 1969, his friends in Cambridge—and during the following days a very much larger circle of friends—heard that Freddie Brittain had died in his rooms in college earlier that day, they realised with a pang that they had lost one whose like they would not see again. It is only when he attempts to write a tribute such as the present one that an old friend sees how much has to be omitted if all is to be contained within reasonable bounds.

Frederick Brittain had so many interests which touch on those of the Hymn Society and its members. As a boy he sang in the choir of the parish church of South Mymms and to the end of his life he loved to take part in the ceremonies of Christmas and Easter there. He was devoted to the Book of Common Prayer and to the hymns of Wesley and Watts. When nearly thirty years ago he and Bernard Manning published an account of a visitation of churches in the style of that of William Dowsing undertaken in 1643 (*Babylon Bruis'd & Mount Moriah Mended*) it is not difficult to discern some antipathy to *Songes of Prayse*! But as a rule Freddie Brittain was a tolerant person. He was a great College man and served a number of offices including those of librarian, steward and praelector and—to the very end—keeper of the records. In the university he was a notably successful proctor—the secret of his success was that he really enjoyed holding this office: he was firm, humorous and kindly but NEVER soft. These qualities were exactly those which appealed to the fine type of undergraduate who returned to the university after the war. At the same time he edited the *Cambridge Review* for no less than six years and under his editorship that journal reached a height which has never been surpassed.

He was an adept at founding societies and one of the most successful was started in 1942 to keep alive the memory and interests of John Mason Neale.

His published work covers a wide field: he published in 1934 a book dealing with the pronunciation of Latin in Church: he wrote a biographical study of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch in 1947: he wrote a delightful memoir of his friend Bernard Lord Manning in 1942. Early in his time at Jesus College, Cambridge, he had published studies of Saint Radegund, Patroness of Jesus College, and of Saint Giles, together with a history of the parish of South Mymms. Intermingled with all this was a history of the Jesus College Boat Club which he wrote in collaboration with another oarsman; a short history of Jesus College; Tales of South Mymms and Elsewhere; Mostly Mymms: tales and sketches of South Mymms;

the Medieval Latin and Romance Lyric to A.D. 1300 which has gone through two editions.

Finally it should be said that in 1959 he made a supremely happy marriage. He was a generous friend, a wise mentor, a great scholar and a splendid wit.

## JOHN HUGHES

The death of John Hughes, of Dolgelley, will be mourned far beyond his native Wales and his own Baptist denomination.

One of a family of nine children, he went to work in the mines on leaving school, but was encouraged to develop the very obvious musical gifts he possessed, and at eighteen years of age became a pupil of Dr J. C. Bridge, organist of Chester Cathedral. In 1921 he entered University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, and studied under Walford Davies, graduating B.Mus. From then on, he spent his life promoting the knowledge and love of music in church, school and state.

His service to the churches lay chiefly in his work in the publication of no fewer than six hymnals, mostly in Welsh. As a member of the Music Advisory Committee for the *Baptist Hymn Book* (1962) he introduced to English congregations, through that book, a wide selection of Welsh tunes hitherto unknown in this country. He had accepted an invitation to speak at the Hymn Society's Conference in 1969 on Welsh hymn melodies. In 1965 he was elected President of the Baptist Union of Wales.

In the educational realm, he served for many years as Music Organiser for the Education Committee of Merioneth, and did much to raise the standard of music in schools.

He was also a prominent figure for many years at the National Eisteddfod, conducting the Eisteddfod choirs on many occasions, and later serving as adjudicator and musical editor for the Eisteddfod Council. He was received into the Gorsedd at the National Eisteddfod at Barry in 1968, a few months before his death.

Warm-hearted and of ready wit, he was a delightful colleague to work with.

E.P.S.



## NEO-MATINS

By DONALD HUGHES

Donald Hughes, who was killed in a motor accident in the summer of 1967, was just emerging as a hymn writer: indeed, the hymns which he has left (of which three are in *Hymns for Church and School*, and one or two others will appear in the forthcoming Supplements to the *Methodist Hymn Book* and to *Hymns Ancient & Modern*) showed unmistakable signs that he would have been one of our great writers in this form; even by what we have of his he must be judged to have made a contribution to hymnody which will be far less transitory than that of many more prolific writers. It is said that he wrote his first hymn, 'Creator of the earth and sky' [HCS 287] chiefly to demonstrate how impossible it was to write a good hymn: in which purpose he triumphantly failed.

Mr Hughes had, as all his friends knew, a profoundly humane and therefore humorous outlook on life; his faith was of the kind that at every turn Bernard Manning would have applauded, as was his hymnic expression of it. Naturally he was impatient of the more superficial aspects of the so-called 'new theology' of the early sixties, and this impatience he expressed, not in testy theological tracts, but in a satire which has recently come into our hands and which, feeling no occasion for apology, we print in this issue. None of us who knew him has the least doubt that he would be glad to be remembered for his gift of loving laughter; and it is not many hymn writers who have mastered the art of gently satirizing their own craft.

The following order of service was recently discovered in the crypt of a college chapel in Cambridge. Scholars think that it has great significance for the liturgy of the emerging Church.

*(The people being assembled the Priest shall enter and address them in the following terms.)*

PRIEST—When Scientific Man turns from Tradition and the Superstition which his forefathers have transmitted to him and comes to Church, he knows not why he comes nor what he will find there, but in the language of Depth Psychology (he is taught) he may preserve his intellectual self-respect, and in affirming his nescience he does that which is lawful and right.

Fellow gropers and worshippers of the Modern Idiom, the Scriptures say many intolerable things to us in out-worn terms, about sins and wickednesses which we ought to confess, but I urge you to turn your back upon such outmoded exhortations, and to join with me in an affirmation which is acceptable to modern thought-forms.

*(Here shall be said the following affirmation, the congregation standing erect to symbolize that Man has come of Age.)*

We proclaim together that we have grown out of grovelling and penitence. We bear no resemblance to lost sheep. We have followed consistently the devices and desires of our own hearts and we know of nothing for which we ought to apologize. We have done those things which seemed good to our enlightened scientific intellects, and we have left undone those things which in our wisdom we chose not to do. And that is how, in the light of modern knowledge, we propose to conduct ourselves in the days to come. We are men. *(And everyone shall repeat devoutly 'Are men' to emphasize the dignity of Adult Humanity.)*

*(Then shall follow Hymn No. 1. Tune 'O worship the King').*

### Hymn No. 1

O worship the Thing	Then give to each priest
Mysterious below;	A scholarly prod;
In what terms to sing	One cleric at least
We don't really know.	Is <i>Honest to God</i> .
The Image of Father	Our creeds may be foolish
Has now been destroyed,	But hope is in sight;
So we will preach rather	The Bishop of Woolwich
The Gospel of Freud.	Is putting it right.
The Church, with too much	What Science may teach
Addiction to prayers,	As currently true
Is quite out of touch	The churches will preach
With modern affairs.	Obediently too.
While tied to a myth it	Hypotheses splendid
Is ancient and square;	We'll gladly adore
The Church must be with it;	Till fashions are ended
The bishop is there.	And fads are no more.

*(Then shall this neo-Psalm be read.)*

### FIRST LESSON.

The Lord (to adopt for convenience a word of doubtful significance) is not a shepherd, nor any such image proper to a pastoral society; I do not want to think of him (to employ for the moment a calculated anthropomorphism) in any such terms. An authentic religious experience, whatever it may be, has nothing to do with green pastures or still waters. Nor is it appropriate to speak of restoring the soul, now that we have grown into a psychosomatic concept of the nature of man. 'The paths of righteousness' convey no picture of an environment into which we need to be led, since worldly holiness is something which we experience wherever we may be: there is clearly no comfort to be derived from such bucolic



emblems as a rod or a staff. Surely German theology (meaningful though unintelligible) shall pursue me all the days of my life and I shall dwell for ever in the satisfaction which comes from a state of enlightened bewilderment.

*(Then shall be sung Hymn No. 2. Tune 'Melita').*

Hymn No. 2

Eternal Ground of Everything  
To which we tentatively sing,  
O Image that has got to go  
(For Dr Bultmann tells us so.)  
Set heirs of modern science free  
From metaphor and simile.

Not supranatural, afar,  
But latent in all things that are:  
Whom we, enlightened in our doubt,  
Can get on very well without;  
We are delighted to be free  
From metaphor and simile.

So at thy non-existent feet  
Thy liberated people meet.  
And in thy temple make it clear  
They do not know why they are here,  
Proclaiming proudly they are free  
From metaphor and simile. Amen.

*(Then shall follow the Second Lesson.)*

PARABLE

A certain man had two sons. The younger said, "Father, give to me the share of your possessions which is ear-marked as my inheritance." And he took the money and went into a far country. And there he gave himself to Worldly Holiness with practitioners of something which was known as the New Morality. But he became a victim of the Capitalist Society, after a time, and had difficulty in securing gainful employment. It is at this point that the story takes a tragic turn. For the youth rejected the privilege of being Man-come-of-age and failed to understand that being utterly fatherless he was, for that very reason, nearer to his father than ever. He weakly returned home and actually apologized for his show of independence. The father, being a product of a pre-scientific, ignorant age, met him half-way and was delighted to have him back. Indeed, he gave way to senile sentimentality and hyperbole, describing the young man as having been dead (in his state of Worldly Holiness) but as now being made alive again, in his condition of abject dependence. The elder brother showed an

equally deplorable failure to understand the situation and actually blamed the younger for ever having left home at all. The whole story is a classic example of the sort of religious teaching which was commonly found in pre-Bonhoeffer documents. Here ends the Second Lesson.

*(Then shall follow a sermon, if possible in German, in which shall be explained, under three headings, that the New Theology is not Humanism, nor is it Pantheism, nor is it Atheism. (And the best of Teutonic luck to the preacher!) And after the sermon the last hymn shall be sung. Tune: 'O God, our help . . .').*

Hymn No. 3

O God, our help in ages past,  
(Or so the Psalmist said)  
We can now face the stormy blast  
Without external aid.

We read upon Tradition's page  
Of deeds that Thou hast done;  
But now that Man has come of Age  
He meets his fate alone.

In ignorance they used to grope  
To find the perfect plan,  
But nothing is beyond the scope  
Of scientific man.

And if to pieces he should blow  
The world he has not made,  
At least he may be proud to know  
He did it without aid.

The ages past proclaim Thy name,  
But not the years to be.  
Hear Thine enlightened child proclaim  
He has no need of Thee.

Of paradox receive the sum  
(Perhaps You'll think it odd)  
That when we've godless quite become  
We shall be nearer God. Amen.

*(Then shall the Priest dismiss the people with the following charge.)*

PRIEST—Go forth into the world, proclaim that the only obstacles to Truth are Religion and the Church; and may the Depth of all Being grant you a modern outlook and a muddled mind, and keep you from coming here again to expose yourselves to this retarded and probably hypocritical congregation. Amen.



## NEW MEMBERS, JUNE 1st, 1968—MAY 31st, 1969

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