

ALEC GUINNESS READS SPIRITUAL AND RELIGIOUS POETRY AND PROSE

CONTENTS:

1 LP
1 program notes (4 p.)

ALEC GUINNESS IN THE BRITISH FILM

JULIAN OF NORWICH

EDITH SITWELL

T. S. ELIOT

HILAIRE BELLOC

JOHN BETJEMAN

HENRY VAUGHAN

CHRISTOPHER SMART

THOMAS

ST. FRANCOIS DE SALES

RICHARD CRASHAW

LAST BOOK OF THE APOCRYPHA

PN
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R4
C48
1961
c.1

MUSIC LP

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COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

SIDE 1

- Band 1: **REVELATIONS OF DIVINE LOVE**
(Julian of Norwich)
- Band 2: **HOW MANY HEAVENS**
(Edith Sitwell)
- Band 3: **JOURNEY OF THE MAGI**
(T. S. Eliot)
- Band 4: **NOT ONLY DEATH . . .**
(Hilaire Belloc)
- Band 5: **CHRISTMAS**
(John Betjeman)
- Band 6: **THE NIGHT**
(Henry Vaughan)

SIDE 2

- Band 1: **PARABLES**
(Christopher Smart)
- Band 2: **LINES FROM THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO THOMAS** (Thomas)
- Band 3: **LETTER TO ST. JEANNE FRANCES DE CHANTAL** (St. Francois de Sales)
- Band 4: **TO ST. TERESA**
(Richard Crashaw)
- Band 5: **I SING OF A MAIDEN**
(Anonymous)
- Band 6: **THE CHERRY TREE CAROL**
(Anonymous)
- Band 7: **MACCABEES II, CHAPTER IV**
(From the last book of the Apocrypha)

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SPIRITUAL
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RELEASED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH JUPITER RECORDS LTD., LONDON

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MUSIC LP

CHRISTIAN POETRY and PROSE

selected and read by

ALEC GUINNESS

SIDE I, Band 1:

Juliana of Norwich--Revelations of Divine Love.

In this our Lord showed me a ghostly sight of his homely loving. I saw that He is to us everything that is good and comfortable for us. He is our clothing, that for love wrappeth us, claspeth us, and all becloseth us for tender love that He may never leave us, being to us all Thing that is good as to mine understanding.

Also in this He shewed me a little thing the quantity of an hazel-nut, in the palm of my hand; and it was as round as a ball. I looked thereupon with eye of my understanding, and thought: "What may this be?" And it was answered generally thus: "It is all that is made." I marvelled how it might last, for me thought it might suddenly have fallen to naught for littleness. I was answered in my understanding: "It lasteth, and ever shall last for that God loveth it." And all Thing hath the Being by the love of God.

In this Little Thing I saw three properties. The first is that God made it, the second is that God loveth it, the third, that God Keepeth it. But what is to me soothly the Maker, the Keeper, and the Lover? I cannot tell for till I am substantially one to Him, I may never have full rest or very bliss, that is to say, till I be so fastened to Him, that there is right naught that is made betwixt my God and me.

SIDE I, Band 2:

How Many Heavens (Edith Sitwell)

SIDE I, Band 3:

Journey of the Magi (T. S. Eliot)

SIDE I, Band 4:

Not Only Death. . . (Hilaire Belloc)

A passage from "The Remaining Christmas" in
Conversations With an Angel.

SIDE I, Band 5:

Christmas (John Betjeman)

SIDE I, Band 6:

Henry Vaughan (1621-1695) The Night

Through that pure "Virgin-shrine,"
That sacred vail drawn o'r ghy glorious noon
That men might look and live as Glowworms shine,
And face the Moon:
Wise "Nicodemus" saw such light
As made him know his God by night.

Most blest believer he!
Who in that land of darkness and blinde eyes
Thy long expected healing wings could see,
When thou didst rise,
And what can never more be done,
Did at mid-night speak with the Sun!

O who will tell me, where
He found thee at that dead and silent hour!
What hallow'd solitary ground did bear
So rare a flower,
Within whose sacred leaves did lie
The fulness of the Deity.

No mercy-seat of gold,
No dead and dusty "Cherub," nor carv'd stone,
But his own living works did my Lord hold
And lodge alone;
Where "trees" and "herbs" did watch and peep
And wonder, while the "Jews" did sleep.

Dear night! this worlds defeat;
The stop to busie fools; care check and curb;
The day of Spirits; my souls calm retreat
Which none disturb!
"Christs" progress, and his prayer time;
The hours to which high Heaven doth chime.

Gods silent, searching flight:
When my Lords head is dill'd with dew, and all
His locks are wet with the clear drops of night;
His still, soft call;
His knocking time; The souls dumb watch,
When Spirits their fair kindred catch.

Were all my loud, evil days
Calm and unhaunted as is thy dark Tent,
Whose peace but by some "Angels" wing or voice
Is seldom rent;
Then I in Heaven all the long year
Would keep, and never wander here.

But living where the Sun
Doth all things wake, and where all mix and tyre

Themselves and others, I consent and run
To ev'ry myre,
And by this worlds ill-guiding light,
Erre more then I can do by night.

There is in God (some say)
A deep, but dazling darkness; As men here
Say it is late and dusky, because they
See not all clear;
O for that night! where I in him
Might live invisible and dim.

SIDE II, Band 1:

Christopher Smart (1722-1770) Parables.

The Kingdom of Heaven Compared to a Grain of Mustard Seed:

Then did he to the throng around,
Another parable propound;
So fairs it with the heavenly rain
As mustard seed of which a grain
Was taken in a farmer's hand
And case into a piece of land.

This grain, the least of all that's sown,
When once to full perfection grown
Outstrips all herbs to that degree
Till it at length becomes a tree
And all the songsters of the air
Take up an habitation there.

The Kingdom of Heaven Compared Unto a Treasure Hid in a Field:

Yet a parable declared:
The reign of Christ may be compared
To treasure his within the ground
Which when a certain man had found,
In hasty joy he went by stealth
And selling all his worldly wealth,
With every farthing he had got
He made a purchase of the spot.

The Kingdom of Heaven Compared Unto a Merchantman Seeking Goodly Jewels:

Again, 'tis like a man that made
The search of precious stones his trade
Who when he found a pearl indeed
Of price all others to exceed
He chose from all his wealth to part
And bought the jewel of his heart.

SIDE II, Band 2:

Thomas--Lines from the Gospel According to Thomas:

Let him who seeks not cease seeking until he finds
and when he finds he will be troubled and when he
has been troubled, he will marvel and he will reign
over the All.

Jesus said, "If those who lead you say to you,
'See the Kingdom is in heaven,' then the birds
will proceed you. If they say to you, 'It is
in the sea,' then the fish will proceed you.
But the Kingdom is within you and it is without
you."

Jesus said, "The man old in days will not hesitate

to ask a little child of seven days about the place
of life and he will live."

Jesus said, "I have cast fire upon the world and
see I guard it until the world is afire."

His disciples said, "When wilt thou be revealed to
us? And when will we see thee?"

Jesus said, "When you take off your clothing without
being ashamed and take your clothes and put them
under your feet as the little children do and tread
on them, then you shall behold the Son of the living
one and you shall not fear."

Jesus said, "It is impossible for a man to mount two
horses and stretch two bows and it is impossible for
a servant to serve two masters, otherwise, he will
honor one and offend the other."

Jesus said, "If they ask you, 'What is the sign of
the father in you?' say to them, 'It is a movement
and a rest.'"

SIDE II, Band 3:

St. Francis de Sales--Letter to St. Jeanne Frances
de Chantal.

June 8, 1606.

You want me to ask that I should outlive you? Oh
come now, may God do as he pleases. And that it be
sooner or later this is really not a point I could
accept if I made an act of resignation. But you go
on to say that you're not really detached in this
matter. Dear God what is this you're telling me my
very dear daughter? Is it possible that I, who have
no greater desire than to see you enjoy an entire
and perfect liberty of heart as of the children of
God, should serve as a tie for you?

I approve of your abstinences on Fridays but without
a vow or too much constraint I approve even more that
you should work with your hands as for instance,
spinning and so on at times when you have nothing
more important to keep you busy. And that your handi-
work shall be destined either for the altar or for the
poor but not that you should do it so rigorously and
if you happen to make something for yourself or your
own people that you should tire yourself to giving
the poor the value of it. For the most important
thing is that a holy liberty and freedom should reign
in us and that we should have no other law or con-
straint except that of love. And if love tells us
to do some work for our own people we may not punish
it as though it had done something bad and force it
to make amends as you suggest. For whatever love in-
vites us to do, be it for the poor or for the rich,
it does all things well and is equally agreeable to
our Saviour. I think that if you really understand my
meaning, you will see that what I say is true and that
I am fighting for a good cause in defending a holy and
charitable liberty. You know that I honor it to an
extraordinarily high degree so long as it is genuine
and far-removed from dissolute license which is only
a mask of liberty.

And then I really laughed and a good heart laugh it
was too! When I read that you had planned to give
me some serge for my use and then expected me to
give whatever it was worth to the poor! All the
same I don't mean to make fun of this suggestion be-
cause I see it wells up from a good and clear desire
although the waters of the resulting brook are slight-
ly troubled.

Oh may God make me such: that everything serving for
 my use may be restored to His service and that my
 life may be so much His that everything serving to
 maintain it may be said to serve His divine Majesty!
 I laughed my dear daughter but my laughter was mixed
 with a vivid realization of the difference that
 exists between what I am and what some people think
 I am. But let it be. May your intention stand in
 good account before God. I am happy to accept a
 length of cloth from you. But who is going to price
 it correctly for me? For if I am going to give the
 poor the price which I'd put on it I assure you I
 should not have that sum at my disposal. Never will
 a garment have kept me so warm as this. But its
 warmth will go straight to my heart. And I shall
 not think it purple but rather crimson and scarlet
 because so it seems to me, it will be dyed the color
 of charity.

Well and good then for this once, for let me tell you
 that I do not have clothes made every year but only
 when I need them. And for the other years we shall
 find some way of using your work according to your
 wish.

SIDE II, Band 4:

Richard Crashaw (1622-1649) To St. Teresa

O thou undaunted daughter of desires!
 By all thy dower of LIGHTS and FIRES;
 By all the eagle in thee, all the dove;
 By all thy lives and deaths of love;
 By thy larg draughts of intellectual day,
 And by thy thirsts of love more large than they;
 By all thy brim-fill'd Bowles of fierce desire
 By thy last Morning's draught of liquid fire;
 By the full kingdome of that finall kisse
 That seiz'd thy parting Soul, and seal'd thee his;
 By all the heav'ns thou hast in him
 (Fair sister of the SERAPHIM!)
 By all of HIM we have in THEE;
 Leave nothing of my SELF in me.
 Let me so ready live that I
 Unto all life of mine may dy.

SIDE II, Band 5:

Anon: I Sing of a Maiden.

I sing of a maiden that is Michaelis
 King of all Kings to her son she chests:

He came all so still
 There his mother was
 As dew in April that falletheon 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
 There 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.

SIDE II, Band 6:

Anon: The Cherry Tree Carol

Joseph was an old man
 and an old man was he,
 When he wedded Mary
 in the land of Galillee.

Joseph and Mary
 walked through an orchard good
 Where was cherries and berries
 as red as any blood.

Joseph and Mary
 walked through an orchard green
 Where was cherries and berries
 as thick as might be seen.

Oh then bespoke Mary
 so meek and so mild
 Pluck me one cherry Joseph
 for I am with child.

Oh then bespoke Joseph
 with words most unkind
 Let him pluck thee a cherry
 that brought thee with child.

Oh then bespoke the babe
 within his mother's womb
 Bow down then the tallest tree
 for my mother so have some.

Then bowed down the highest tree
 unto his mother's hand
 Then she cried, "See Joseph,
 I have cherries at command."

Oh eat your cherries Mary
 Oh eat your cherries now
 Oh eat your cherries Mary
 that grow upon the bough.

As Joseph as awalking
 he heard an angel sing,
 "This night shall be born
 our Heavenly King.

He neither shall be born
 in housen nor in hall
 Nor in the place of paradise
 but in an ox's stall.

He neither shall be clothed
 in purple nor in pall,
 But all in fair linen
 as were babies all.

He neither shall be rocked
 in silver nor in gold
 But in a wooden cradle
 that rocks on the mold.

He neither shall be christened
 in white wine nor red
 But with fair spring water
 with which we were christened."

Then Mary took her babe
 and sat him on her knee
 Saying, "My dar son tell me,
 what this world will be?"

"Oh, I shall be as dead, Mother
 as the stones in the wall
 Oh, the stones in the streets, Mother
 shall mourn for me all.

Upon Easter Day, Mother
 my uprising shall be
 Oh, the sun and the moon, Mother
 shall both rise with me.

Here then I will make an end of writing. If it has been done workmanly and in historian's fashion, none better pleased than I. If it is of little merit, I must be humoured nonetheless. Nothing but wine to take. Nothing but water--thy health forbids. Bury

thy drinking and thy shalt find content. So it is with reading: if the book be too nicely polished at every point, it grows wearisome. So here we will have done with it.

JUPITER RECORDINGS LTD.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF CHRISTIAN POETRY AND PROSE

Chosen and Read by

ALEC GUINNESS

Side One.

JULIAN OF NORWICH: Revelations of Divine Love.

Little is known of Julian of Norwich other than can be gleaned from her *Revelations of Divine Love*. Her extraordinary spiritual experiences started in 1373, when she was thirty years old and a recluse. She affirms that she was entirely unlettered.

EDITH SITWELL (1887-): How Many Heavens.

T. S. ELIOT (1888-): Journey of the Magi.

HILAIRE BELLOC (1870-1953): Not only death . . .

A passage from 'The Remaining Christmas' in *Conversations with an Angel*.

JOHN BETJEMAN (1906-): Christmas.

HENRY VAUGHAN (1621-1695): The Night.

Side Two.

CHRISTOPHER SMART (1722-1770): Parables.

THOMAS: Lines from *THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO THOMAS*.

This new Gospel was one of the thirteen volumes which were found by chance near Nag Hamadi in Upper Egypt in 1945. Written in Coptic in the 4th Century, it claims to contain one

hundred and fourteen secret sayings of Jesus, and almost certainly originated from a primitive text in Greek of about 140 A.D.

ST. FRANÇOIS DE SALES: *Letter to St. Jeanne Frances de Chantal*.

Born at the Castle of Thorens, near Annecy in the Haute Savoie on August 21, 1567, François de Sales was of minor nobility. He became Bishop of Geneva, December 8, 1602. His vast correspondence and the distinction and spiritual insight of his two best known works—*Introduction to the Devout Life* and *A Treatise on the Law of God*—have made him the patron saint of writers. His correspondence with Baronne de Chantal (later to become St. Jeanne de Chantal, and a grandmother of Madame de Sevigny) dates from 1604 and was continuous until his death in 1622. With her he founded the Order of the Visitation. He travelled extensively in France but lived at Annecy.

RICHARD CRASHAW (1612-1649): To St. Teresa.

The 'draught of liquid fire' refers to St. Teresa of Avila's spiritual experience when she felt her heart pierced by a Seraph's flaming spear.

ANON: I sing of a maiden.

ANON: The Cherry Tree Carol.

MACCABEES II, Chapter XV.

These are the concluding lines of the last book of the *Apocrypha*.

For permission to record copyright material acknowledgments are made to Burns and Oates Ltd. for the extract from *Revelations of Divine Love*; to Dame Edith Sitwell and David Higham Associates Ltd. for 'How Many Heavens'; to Mr. T. S. Eliot and Faber and Faber Ltd. for 'Journey of the Magi'; to A. D. Peters Ltd. for 'Not only death . . .'; by Hilaire Belloc; to Mr. John Betjeman and John Murray Ltd. for 'Christmas'; to E. J. Brill (Netherlands) for extracts from *The Gospel According to Thomas*, translated by A. Guillaumont, H. Puech, G. Quispel, W. Till, Yassah Abd Al Masih (William Collins); and to Dr. Elisabeth Stopp and Faber and Faber Ltd. for the translation of the letter from St. François de Sales.

ALEC GUINNESS has also recorded A LEADEN TREASURY OF POESIE with incidental music for the harp played by OSIAN ELLIS (jep 0C24).

Other poetry discs made by Jupiter Recordings Ltd. are: THE JUPITER ANTHOLOGY OF 20th CENTURY ENGLISH POETRY, Parts I and II (JUR 00A1 and JUR 00A2); THE JUPITER BOOK OF BALLADS (JUR 00A3); A JUNIOR ANTHOLOGY OF ENGLISH VERSE, Parts I and II (JUR 00B1 and JUR 00B3); POEMS BY W. B. YEATS SPOKEN ACCORDING TO HIS OWN DIRECTIONS, coupled with POEMS FOR SEVERAL VOICES (JUR 00B2); POETS READING—No. 1 EDITH SITWELL and C. DAY LEWIS, No. II ROBERT GRAVES and ELIZABETH JENNINGS, No. III LAURIE LEE and CHRISTOPHER LOGUE (jep 00C1, jep 00C2, and jep 00C16); A POETRY READING by SYBIL THORNDIKE and LEWIS CASSON (jep 00C3); and POEMS by GEORGE HERBERT and JOHN MILTON, read by MARIUS GORING (jep 0C17). 'A' discs are 12-inch, 'B' 10-inch, and 'C' 7-inch.

This record was directed by V. C. CLINTON-BADDELEY and edited by EDGAR A. VETTER, Autumn, 1960.

The sleeve, based on a mosaic at Ravenna, was designed by COLIN SORENSEN.

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This record should be played at 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ r.p.m. with a lightweight pick-up having a sapphire or diamond stylus. Before playing, clean both sides with a slightly damp cloth of fine soft texture. Make sure the turntable surface is clean and free from dust. Store away from dust and heat, standing in an upright position.

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