

Great Sacred Music

Sunday, November 20, 2022

Rowland Huw Prichard, arr. by Stephen Cleobury: *Alleluia, sing to Jesus*
Choir of King's College, Cambridge, Sir Stephen Cleobury
Richard Gowers, organ

1 Alleluia! Sing to Jesus;
his the scepter, his the throne;
Alleluia! his the triumph,
his the victory alone.
Hark! The songs of peaceful Zion
thunder like a mighty flood:
"Jesus, out of ev'ry nation
has redeemed us by his blood."

2 Alleluia! Bread of heaven,
here on earth our food, our stay;
Alleluia! here the sinful
flee to you from day to day.
Intercessor, friend of sinners,
earth's Redeemer, hear our plea
where the songs of all the sinless
sweep across the crystal sea.

3 Alleluia! Not as orphans
are we left in sorrow now;
Alleluia! he is near us;
faith believes, nor questions how.
Though the cloud from sight received
him
when the forty days were o'er,
shall our hearts forget his promise:
"I am with you evermore"?

Michael Praetorius: *Hallelujah: Christ is Risen* from *Hymns of Peace and Praise*
La Capella Ducale; Musica Fiata Koln, Roland Wilson

1.
Christe is now rysen agayne
From his death and all his payne:
Therefore wyll we mery be
And reioyce with Him gladly.
Kirieleyson.

2.
Had he not rysen agayne
We had ben lost this is playne.
But sen he is rysen in dede
Let us loue hym all with spede.
Kirieleyson.

3.
Now is tyme of gladnesse
To synge of the lordes goodnesse:
Therefore glad now wyll we be
And reioyce in hym onely.
Kirieleyson.

Gregorian chant: *Alleluia, Confitemini*
Monks of the Monastery of Christ in the Desert

Alleluia, alleluia!
Have faith in the Lord for He is good, for His mercy is forever; alleluia, alleluia!
O ye children, praise the Lord; blessed be the name of the Lord! Alleluia, alleluia!

Franz Schubert: *Gloria* from *Mass in E flat, D. 950*
Vienna Boys' Choir and Chorus; Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, Bruno Weil
Benjamin Schmidinger, soprano; Albin Lenzer, alto
Jorg Hering, tenor; Kurt Azesberger, tenor; Harry van der Kamp, bass

Glória in excelsis Deo
et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis.
Laudámus te,
benedícimus te,
adorámus te,
glorificámus te,
grátias ágimus tibi propter magnam glóriam
tuam,
Dómine Deus, Rex caeléstis,
Deus Pater omnípotens.

Dómine Deus, Agnus Dei, Filius Patris,
qui tollis peccáta mundi, miserére nobis;
qui tollis peccáta mundi, súscipe
deprecatiónem nostram.
Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris, miserére nobis.

Quóniam tu solus Sanctus, tu solus Dóminus, tu
solus Altíssimus,
Jesu Christe, cum Sancto Spíritu: in glória Dei
Patris. Amen.

Dómine Fili unigénite, Jesu Christe,

Walter Frye: *Gloria* from *Missa Flos regalis*
The Binchois Consort, Andrew Kirkman

John Dunstable: *Gloria in canon*
Tonus Peregrinus

Sir Edward Bairstow: *Let all mortal flesh keep silence*
Guildford Cathedral Choir, Andrew Millington

Let all mortal flesh keep silence and stand with fear and trembling, and lift itself above all earthly thought.	cometh forth to be our oblation, and to be given for Food to the faithful.	wingèd Seraphim, who veil their faces as they shout exultingly the hymn: Alleluia!
For the King of kings and Lord of lords, Christ our God,	Before Him come the choirs of angels with every principality and power; the Cherubim with many eyes, and	Liturgy of St. James

Commentary: William Weisser

Leo Sowerby: *Carillon*
Henry Batten, handbells; William J. Weisser, organ

J.S. Bach: *Cantata 52, "Falsche Welt, Dir Trau ich Nicht"*
Bach Collegium Japan, Masaaki Suzuki
Carolyn Sampson, soprano

Sinfonia	God is e'er true!
Treacherous world, I trust thee not! Here must I in the midst of scorpions And midst deceitful serpents sojourn. Thy countenance, Which, though so friendly is, Now plots in secret a destruction: At Jacob's kiss Must come a righteous Abner's ruin. ⁽¹⁾ Sincerity is from the world now banned, Duplicity hath driv'n it from us, And now hypocrisy Here in its stead abideth. The best of friends is found untrue, O what a wretched state!	He shall, he can me not abandon; E'en though the world and all its raging seek Within its coils to seize me, Yet near to me his help shall stand. Upon his friendship I will build yet And give my spirit, soul and mind And ev'rything I am To him for keeping.
Just the same, just the same, Though I soon an exile am, Though the false world me offend, Oh, yet bideth God my friend, Who doth true for me intend.	I'll side with my dear God above, The world may now alone continue. God with me, and I with God, And I'll myself find scorn For the treacherous tongues about me. In thee I've placed my hope, O Lord, Help me not be to ruin brought, Nor evermore derided! This I pray thee, Uphold thou me In thy true love, Almighty!

Antonio Vivaldi: *Gloria in D, RV 5*
The English Concert Choir and Orchestra, Trevor Pinnock
Nancy Argenta and Ingrid Attrot, sopranos; Catherine Denley, contralto
Ashley Stafford, alto; Stephen Varcoe, bass

Felix Mendelssohn: *Prelude and Fugue in D minor, Op. 37 No. 3*
Peter Hurford, organ
Rieger Organ in Ratzeburg Cathedral, Germany

George Frideric Handel: *Ode for St. Cecilia's Day*
New York Philharmonic; Rutgers University Choir, Leonard Bernstein

1. Overture

Charge, charge! 'Tis too late to retreat."

2. Recitative Tenor

From harmony, from heav'nly harmony,
This universal frame began.

7. March

8. Air Soprano

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

3. Accompagnato Tenor

When nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high:
"Arise! Ye more than dead."
Then cold, and hot, and moist and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And music's pow'r obey.

9. Air Tenor

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs, and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depths of pain, and height of passion,
For the fair disdainful dame.

4. Chorus

From harmony, from heav'nly harmony,
This universal frame began,
From harmony to harmony,
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man.

10. Air Soprano

But oh, what art can teach,
What human voice can reach
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heav'nly ways
To join the choirs above.

5. Air Soprano

What passion cannot music raise and quell!
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His list'ning brethren stood around,
And wond'ring, on their faces fell,
To worship that celestial sound.
Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot music raise and quell!

11. Air Soprano

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
And trees, unrooted, left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre.

6. Air (tenor) and Chorus

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger,
And mortal alarms.
The double, double, double beat
Of the thund'ring drum
Cries: "Hark! the foes come;

2. Accompagnato Soprano

But bright Cecilia raised the wonder high'r:
When to her organ, vocal breath was giv'n,
An angel heard, and straight appear'd,
Mistaking earth for Heav'n.

13. Solo (soprano) and Chorus

As from the pow'r of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise

To all the bless'd above;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,

The dead shall live, the living die,
And music shall untune the sky.

Text: Newburgh Hamilton

Pierre de la Rue: *Missa cum iucunditate*
Henry's 8, Jonathan Brown

Benjamin Britten: : *Hymn to St. Cecilia, Op. 27*
RIAS Chamber Choir, Justin Doyle

Like a black swan as death came on
Poured forth her song in perfect calm:
And by ocean's margin this innocent virgin
Constructed an organ to enlarge her prayer,
And notes tremendous from her great engine
Thundered out on the Roman air.

Blonde Aphrodite rose up excited,
Moved to delight by the melody,
White as an orchid she rode quite naked
In an oyster shell on top of the sea
At sounds so entrancing the angels dancing
Came out of their trance into time again,
And around the wicked in Hell's abysses
The huge flame flickered and eased their pain.

Blessed Cecilia, appear in visions
To all musicians, appear and inspire:
Translated Daughter, come down and startle
Composing mortals with immortal fire.

I cannot grow
I have no shadow
To run away from,
I only play.

I am defeat
When it knows it
Can now do nothing
By suffering.

I shall never be
Different. Love me.

Blessed Cecilia, appear in visions
To all musicians, appear and inspire:
Translated Daughter, come down and startle
Composing mortals with immortal fire.
I cannot err
There is no creature
Whom I belong to,
Whom I could wrong.

All you lived through,
Dancing because you
No longer need it
For any deed.

O ear whose creatures cannot wish to fall,
O calm of spaces unafraid of weight,
Where Sorrow is herself, forgetting all
The gaucheness of her adolescent state,
Where Hope within the altogether strange
From every outworn image is released,
And Dread born whole and normal like a beast
Into a world of truths that never change:
Restore our fallen day O re-arrange.

O dear white children casual as birds,
Playing among the ruined languages,
So small beside their large confusing words,
So gay against the greater silences
Of dreadful things you did: O hang the head,
Impetuous child with the tremendous brain,
O weep, child, weep, O weep away the stain,
Lost innocence who wished your lover dead,
Weep for the lives your wishes never led.

O cry created as the bow of sin
Is drawn across our trembling violin.
O weep, child, weep, O weep away the stain.
O law drummed out by hearts against the still
Long winter of our intellectual will.
That what has been may never be again.
O flute that throbs with the thanksgiving breath
Of convalescents on the shores of death.
O bless the freedom that you never chose.
O trumpets that unguarded children blow
About the fortress of their inner foe.
O wear your tribulation like a rose.
Blessed Cecilia, appear in visions
To all musicians, appear and inspire:
Translated Daughter, come down and startle
Composing mortals with immortal fire.

Text: W. H. Auden