

Great Sacred Music

Sunday, December 4, 2022

Anonymous: *O come, O come, Emmanuel*

Choir of King's College, Cambridge, Sir Stephen Cleobury

Tom Etheridge, organ

1 O come, O come, Immanuel,
and ransom captive Israel
that mourns in lonely exile here
until the Son of God appear.

Refrain:

Rejoice! Rejoice! Immanuel
shall come to you, O Israel.

2 O come, O Wisdom from on high,
who ordered all things mightily;
to us the path of knowledge show
and teach us in its ways to go. Refrain

3 O come, O come, great Lord of might,
who to your tribes on Sinai's height
in ancient times did give the law
in cloud and majesty and awe. Refrain

4 O come, O Branch of Jesse's stem,
unto your own and rescue them!

From depths of hell your people save,
and give them victory o'er the grave. Refrain

5 O come, O Key of David, come
and open wide our heavenly home.
Make safe for us the heavenward road
and bar the way to death's abode. Refrain

6 O come, O Bright and Morning Star,
and bring us comfort from afar!
Dispel the shadows of the night
and turn our darkness into light. Refrain

7 O come, O King of nations, bind
in one the hearts of all mankind.
Bid all our sad divisions cease
and be yourself our King of Peace. Refrain

Latin, c. 12th century; Ancient Antiphons (Latin), versified in 18th century

Orlande de Lassus: *Alma redemptoris mater*

Tallis Scholars, Peter Phillips

1 Alma, alma, alma, Redemptoris mater,
Quae pervia coeli,
Porta manes et Stella maris,
Succurre cadenti.

Chorus:

Porta manes et Stella maris,
Succurre cadenti.

2 Surgere qui curat populo tu quae genuisti,
Natura mirante,
Tuum sanctum Genitorem,
Tuum sanctum genitorem.

Chorus:

Tuum sanctum genitorem,
Tuum sanctum genitorem.

3 Virgo prius, ac posterius, Gabrielis ab ore,
Sumens illud Ave,
Peccatorum miserere,
Peccatorum miserere.

Chorus:

Peccatorum miserere,
Peccatorum miserere.

Source: *Laudis Corona*

Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina: *Canite tuba*

Voices of Ascension, Dennis Keene

Canite tuba in Sion,
quia prope est dies Domini.
Ecce veniet ad salvandum nos.
Erunt prava in directa,
et aspera in vias planas:
Veni, Domine, et noli tardare.
Alleluia.

Blow the trumpet in Zion,
for the day of the Lord is nigh.
Lo, He comes to our salvation.
The crooked shall be made straight,
and the rough ways plain.
Come, Lord, and do not delay.
Alleluia.

Francis Jackson: *Blow ye the trumpet in Zion*

Choir of York Minster, Philip Moore

John Scott Whitely, organ

George Frideric Handel, orch. Sir Eugene Goossens: *Every valley shall be exalted* from *Messiah*
Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Sir Thomas Beecham
Jon Vickers, tenor

Every valley shall be exalted,
and every mountain and hill made low,
the crooked straight and the rough places plain. Source: Isaiah 40:4

Louis Marchand: *Fond d'orgue*
Joseph Payne, organ
Fisk organ, Opus 78, University of Vermont, Burlington, Vermont

Commentary: Richard Webster

Richard Webster: *O Thou who camest from above*
Voices of Trinity Church, Boston, Richard Webster

1 O thou who camest from above
the fire celestial to impart,
kindle a flame of sacred love
on the mean altar of my heart!

2 There let it for thy glory burn
with inextinguishable blaze,
and trembling to its source return
in humble prayer and fervent praise.

3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
to work, and speak, and think for thee;
still let me guard the holy fire,
and still stir up the gift in me.

4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
my acts of faith and love repeat;
till death thy endless mercies seal,
and make the sacrifice complete.

Source: Hymns Ancient and Modern

Anthony Piccolo: *I look from afar*
Choir of Bath Abbey, Peter King
Marcus Sealy, organ

I look from afar:
and lo, I see the power of God coming,
and a cloud covering the whole earth.
Go ye out to meet him and say:
Tell us, art thou he that should come
to reign over thy people Israel?
High and low, rich and poor, one with another.
Hear, O thou shepherd of Israel, thou that leadest Joseph like a sheep.
Stir up thy strength, O Lord, and come.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

William Byrd: *Rorate caeli desuper*
The Cardinal's Musick, Andrew Carwood

Rorate caeli desuper, et nubes pluant justum:
aperiatur terra, et germinet salvatorem.
Benedixisti, Domine, terram tuam: avertisti captivitatem Jacob.

Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto.
Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in saecula saeculorum.
Amen.

Drop down ye heavens, from above, and let the skies pour down
righteousness: Let the earth open and bring forth a Saviour.
Lord, thou hast blessed thy land: Thou hast turned away the captivity
of Jacob.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. As it
was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end.
Amen.

Michael Praetorius: *Nun komm der Heiden Heiland*
La Capella Ducale; Musica Fiata Koln, Roland Wilson

Nun komm der Heiden Heiland,
der Jungfrauen Kind erkannt,
daß sich wunder alle Welt,
Gott solch Geburt ihm bestellt.

Now come, Saviour of the heathen,
recognized as the Virgin's Child,
so that the world marvels
that God ordained such a birth for Him

Johannes Brahms: *Es ist ein Rose*
Richard Marlow, organ
1978 Metzler organ in Trinity College, Cambridge

J.S. Bach: *Cantata 70, "Wachet! betet! betet! wachet!"*
Amsterdam Baroque Orchestra and Choir, Ton Koopman
Sibylla Rubens, soprano; Bernhard Landauer, alto
Christoph Pregardien, tenor; Klaus Mertens, bass

1. Chorus (S, A, T, B)

Watch ye, pray ye, pray ye, watch ye!

Keep prepared
For the day
When the Lord of majesty
To this world its ending bringeth!

2. Recit. (B)

Be frightened, O ye stubborn sinners!
A day shall dawn
From which no one can hope to hide:
It speeds thee to a stringent judgment,
O sinful generation,
To lasting lamentation.
But you, God's own elected children,
It brings the onset of true gladness.
The Savior summons you when all else falls and breaks
To his exalted countenance:
So fear ye not!

3. Aria (A)

When comes the day of our withdrawing
From this the Egypt of our world?
Ah, let us soon escape from Sodom,
Ere us the fire overwhelms!
Wake up, ye souls, from your repose,
And trust, this is the final hour!

4. Recit. (T)

In spite of all our heav'nly longing
Our body holds the spirit captive;
The world doth set through all its cunning
For good men traps and meshes.
The soul is willing, but the flesh is weak;⁽¹⁾
This forces out our sorrowful "Alas!"

5. Aria (S)

Leave to mocking tongues their scorning,
For it will and has to happen
That we Jesus shall behold yet
In the clouds, in the heavens.
World and heavens if they perish,

Christ's word must still stand unshaken.
Leave to mocking tongues their scorning,
For it will and has to happen!

6. Recit. (T)

And yet amidst this savage generation
God careth for his servants,
That this most wicked breed
Might cease henceforth to harm them,
For he doth hold them in his hand secure
And to a heav'nly Eden bring them.

7. Chorale (S, A, T, B)

Be thou glad, O thou my spirit,
And forget all woe and fear,
For thee now doth Christ, thy Master,
Summon from this vale of tears!
His great joy and majesty
Shalt thou see eternally,
Join the angels' jubilation
In eternal exultation.

8. Aria (T)

Lift high your heads aloft
And be consoled, ye righteous,
That there your souls may bloom!

Ye shall in Eden flourish
In God's eternal service.

9. Recit. (B) with instr. chorale

Ah, ought not this most awful day,
The world's collapse,
When the trumpets shall sound,
The yet unheard of final stroke,
The sentence which the judge proclaimeth,
The jaws of hell with open portals
Within my heart
Much doubt and fear and terror
In me, the child of sin I am,
Awaken?
And yet, there passeth through my spirit
A glint of joy; a ray of comfort's light.
The Savior can his heart no more keep hidden,

It doth with pity break,
His mercy's arm forsakes me not.
Lead on, thus shall I end with gladness this my course.

10. Aria (B)

O most blest refreshment day,
Lead me now into thy mansions!
Sound and crack, O final stroke,
World and heavens, fall in ruins!

Jesus leadeth me to stillness,
To that place where joy hath fullness.

11. Chorale (S, A, T, B)

Not for world, for heaven not,
Doth my spirit yearn with longing;
Jesus seek I and his light,
Who to God hath reconciled me,
Who from judgment hath set free;
My Lord Jesus I'll not leave.

Claudio Monteverdi: *Magnificat* from *Vespers of the Blessed Virgin*
Apollo's Fire (The Cleveland Baroque Orchestra); with Apollo's Singers, Jeannette Sorrell

Magnificat ánima mea Dóminum.
Et exultávit spíritus meus: in Deo salutári meo.
Quia respéxit humilitátem ancíllae suae:
Ecce enim ex hoc beátam me dicent omnes generatiónes.
Quia fécit mihi mágna qui pótens est: et sánctum nómen eius.
Et misericórdia eius in progénies et progénies tíméntibus eum.
Fécit poténtiam in bráchio suo: dispérsit supérbos mente cordis sui.
Depósuit poténtes de sede: et exaltávit húmiles.
Esuriéntes implévit bonis: et dívites dimísit inánes.
Suscépit Ísrael púerum suum: recordátus misericórdiae suae.
Sicut locútus est ad patres nostros: Ábraham, et sémini eius in saecula.

Glória Patri, et Fílio, et Spirítui Sancto,
Sicut erat in princípío, et nunc, et semper, et in saecula saeculórum.
Amen.

My soul doth magnify the Lord.
And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savior.
Because He hath regarded the humility of His slave:
For behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.
Because He that is mighty hath done great things to me; and holy is His name.
And His mercy is from generation unto generations, to them that fear Him.
He hath shewed might in His arm: He hath scattered the proud in the conceit of their heart.
He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble.
He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich He hath sent empty away.
He hath received Israel His servant, being mindful of His mercy:
As He spoke to our fathers, to Abraham and to his seed for ever.

Glory be the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit,
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, forever and ever, Amen.

Traditional: *1612 Italian Vespers*
I Fagiolini, Robert Hollingworth

Marc-Antoine Charpentier: *Canticum in nativitate Domini, H416*
Les Arts Florissants, William Christie

Salve puerule, salve tenellule,
o nate parvule quam bonus es.
Tu coelum deseris, tu mundo nasceris,
nobis te'ut miseris assimiles.

O summa bonitas! Excelsa deitas
Vilis humanitas fit hodie.
Aeternus nascitur, immensus capitur
et rei tegitur sub specie.

Virgo puerpera, beata viscera
Dei cum opera dent filium.
Gaude, flos virginum, gaude, spes hominum,
fons lavans criminum proluvium.

Hail, little boy, Hail, little tender one,
O little son, how good you are.
You give up the heaven, You are born in the world
So that you may make yourself like us wretched mortals.

O supreme goodness! Today lofty deity
Becomes lowly humanity.
The eternal one is born. The immeasurable one is caught,
And he is concealed beneath the guise of guilt

O virgin who bears a child, May thy blessed womb
produce a son by the help of God.
Rejoice, flower of virgins, Rejoice, hope of mankind
O spring which washes away an abundance of sin.

William, Monk of Stratford: *Magnificat*
The Sixteen, Harry Christophers