

CERDDORION

VOCAL ENSEMBLE

KRISTINA BOERGER
Artistic Director

presents

Im Herbst



Tuesday, November 12, 2002 - 8:00 p.m.
St. John's Episcopal Church
139 St. John's Place
Brooklyn, New York

Saturday, November 16, 2002 - 8:00 p.m.
Church of St. Luke in the Fields
487 Hudson Street
New York, New York

CERDDORION

SOPRANOS

Prentice Clark
Marilyn Lenat
Eva Lund
Wendy Reitmeier
Jeanette Rodriguez
Ellen Schorr

ALTOS

Judith Cobb
Susan Glass
Kate Kurz
Cathy Markoff
Myrna Nachman
Gretta M. Wren

TENORS

David Deschamps
Philip Gallo
Steve Parkey
Dale Rejtmar
Eddie Rubeiz
Tom-Jim Solon

BASSES

Peter Cobb
Louis Flaim
Peter Kurz
Jerry Nussenblatt
Togu Oppusunggu
Alan Reinhardt

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Upcoming Concerts

Tuesday, February 18 and Sunday, February 23, 2003

Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco: *Seven Poems of Federico García Lorca*
Einojuhani Rautavaara: *Suite de Lorca*



Folk song arrangements by Ralph Vaughan Williams, Gustav Holst
and Yumiko Matsuoka

Tuesday, May 13 and Saturday, May 17, 2003

Robert Dennis: *The Golden Peacock*



Baroque compositions and contemporary recompositions by
Henry Purcell, J.S. Bach, Edwin London, and Paul Ayres

For details, please watch your mail or visit us at www.cerddorion.org.

Program

Fünf Gesänge, Opus 104

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Nachtwache I
Nachtwache II
Letztes Glück
Verlorene Jugend
Im Herbst

Seven Poems of Robert Bridges

Gerald Finzi (1901-1956)

Clear and Gentle Stream
Nightingales
I Praise the Tender Flower
My Spirit Sang All Day
I Have Loved Flowers That Fade
Haste on, My Joys!
Wherefore To-Night So Full of Care

Mass For Men's Voices

Peter Schickele (b.1935)

Togu Oppusunggu, Alan Reinhardt, Eddie Rubeiz, Tom-Jim Solon, soloists

Kyrie
Gloria
Credo
Sanctus
Agnus Dei

Lauluja Mereltä

Aulis Sallinen (b.1935)

Marilyn Lenat, soloist

Älä tuule tyttö tuuli
Sympaatti
En minä meryttä kiitä
Hyvästi kultaseni

Drei Volksliedsätze

Arnold Schönberg (1874-1951)

Es gingen zwei Gespielen gut
Herzlieblich Lieb, durch Scheiden
Schein uns, du liebe Sonne

The program will be performed without intermission

Program Notes

1950 premiere of which had drawn criticism charging that Wordsworth's ode was unsuitable to musical setting. As

Tonight's program moves in an arc through three of the *a cappella* choral repertoire's most standard genres: the poetically-inspired part-song, the unified Mass Ordinary, and the arranged folk-song. We begin in late nineteenth-century Germany, with Johannes Brahms's *Fünf Gesänge*, Opus 104, composed between 1886 and 1888.

The divided alto and bass textures of Op. 104 have their precedent in Brahms's Op. 42 of 1860. The inventive contrapuntal textures made possible with these six voices reflect Brahms's studies of the great Renaissance and Baroque polyphonists. As a young choral conductor in Detmold and his native Hamburg, Brahms had prepared performing manuscripts of works by Palestrina, Gabrieli, and Schütz, among others, and he owned copies of the emerging volumes in the Handel edition and the *Bach Collected Works*. The influence of these latter on his choral work is especially apparent in the towering fugues of the magnificent *Ein deutsches Requiem* of 1868. Many of Brahms's subsequent works evince his preoccupation with the specter of the grave—and, concomitantly, his attempts to extract meaning from a life he feared would end before he could hope to emerge from his deep sense of emotional isolation. By the writing of Op. 104, Brahms had stopped touring as a performer and was soon to proclaim the cessation of his compositional output. One feels here that he has compressed all the dread, the faith, and the craft of the *Requiem* into poetic miniatures. It was nine years after this set's completion that he died of cancer at age 63 and was buried in Vienna.

Represented in Op. 104 are two poems from Friedrich Rückert, one of the most oft-set poets of the German Romanticists, and Max Kalbeck, Brahms's first biographer. Also featured is Klaus Groth, famous for writing in his "Modersprak," *Plattdeutsch* (though his offering here is in *Hochdeutsch*). "Verlorene Jugend" is a free translation from the Czech made by Josef Wenzig, whose original poetry is featured elsewhere in Brahms's opus and who is also known as the librettist of Smetana's opera *Dalibor*. As assembled here, these poems suggest a narrative outline: a protagonist prepares to spend another night alone; as night falls, watchmen and angels proclaim an ultimate peace; to one who yet despairs below, the coming of autumn at once mocks and rewards unfulfilled hopes; after a last fit of regret over wasted youth, a mournful soul feels the end of life in the close of the year and weeps for sorrow—and for bliss.

In his settings of verse by the English Poet Laureate Robert Bridges, Gerald Finzi, too—albeit more cheerfully—wrestles with the brevity of life and with our fleeting grasp on happiness. Although Finzi grappled early with death—losing his father and three brothers, as well as his first teacher, Ernest Farrar—he, unlike Brahms, was successful as an adult in creating and maintaining a family life. Finzi was born in London, where as a young man he circulated among a group of musicians including Holst and Vaughan Williams, avidly attending concerts, exhibitions, and the theater, as well as teaching for three years at the Royal Academy of Music. Marrying Joyce Black in 1933, he eventually retreated with her to a country home built on sixteen acres, where he assembled a library and tended an orchard of rare apple trees. His Newbury String Players, a predominantly amateur group concertizing in local schools, churches, and town halls, served as the vehicle for the premiere of several of his works, as for those of many contemporaries. Finzi died of Hodgkin's Disease at the age of 55, leaving behind not only his own compositional oeuvre, but also a set of performing editions of 18-century English music and his Creech Lectures on the aesthetics of English song. These last had been stimulated by a controversy surrounding his *Intimations of Immortality*, the

Kristina Boerger

An accomplished conductor, singer, and choral arranger, Kristina Boerger is now in her third season as Cerddorion's Artistic Director. She comes from Champaign-Urbana, where she earned a D.M.A. in choral conducting and literature from the University of Illinois. She received her formative music training from pianist Annie Sherter.

Currently a professor of music history at Barnard College, Dr. Boerger has also served on the faculties of Lake Forest College and Millikin University. She has been a guest conductor, adjudicator, and ensemble clinician in several U.S. cities, in Quebec City, and in Mar del Plata, Argentina.

As Founding Director of AMASONG, an ensemble for 60 women's voices, Dr. Boerger has conducted and produced two award-winning compact discs, appeared in several national venues, and toured the Czech Republic. Her work with AMASONG is the subject of a documentary currently in production for broadcast on public television. Ensembles throughout the country sing her choral arrangements and compositions. In 2000, her work *Draum om nedsnodde bruer*, for treble chorus and double bass, won the GLAMA for Best Composition.

As a singer in a variety of styles, Dr. Boerger has appeared on stage and on disc with The King's Noyse, Rocky Maffit, Pan Morigan, and Urban Bush Women, as well as in oratorio and Baroque opera roles with B.A.Ch. and Concerto Urbano. She currently performs as a soprano with the acclaimed early music ensemble Pomerium and with the Western Wind Vocal Ensemble, a sextet renowned for its performing, recording, and educational activities.

a great lover of English literature, Finzi maintained that no words, however erudite or common, were unfit for setting by the composer who had sympathy for their meaning.

Finished in 1937, the *Unaccompanied Part Songs on Poems of Robert Bridges* reflect Finzi's love for the countryside, his early acceptance of the impermanence of life, and his attention to the poet's word. Finzi characteristically treats his texts syllabically, choosing rhythms that might imitate the prosody of a spontaneous recitation. By offsetting polyphonic entrances of particular lines, Finzi creates an imitative counterpoint that is both melodic and extremely rhythmic. These instances recall the language-sensitive melodies generated by the late Italian madrigalists, particularly Monteverdi. What Finzi does not share with the Renaissance masters of part-song is a reflexive penchant for word-painting, though one stunning example is heard in "Clear and Gentle Stream" at the words: "First the deep bell hums from the minster tower." Flowers appear in four poems as metaphors for passing loves and other joys, where, indeed, it is their ephemeral nature that makes them so precious. Sorrows, too, are fleeting, a reflection that provides solace in the most troubled poem of the set, "Wherefore To-Night So Full of Care." Throughout the set, Finzi reinforces Bridges' continual affirmation of the positive by allowing diatonicism and major triads to prevail in his harmonic language.

Peter Schickele was born in Ames, Iowa, and currently resides with his wife, poet Susan Sindall, in the New York City area. Also famous for his satirical alter ego P.D.Q. Bach, he is the composer of over 100 serious works for symphony, chorus, chamber ensemble, voice, movies, and television. Such notable artists and ensembles as Yo-Yo Ma and Emmanuel Ax, the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, the National Symphony under Leonard Slatkin, the Minnesota Opera, and the Lark Quartet have performed his works. Schickele earned a master's degree from the Juilliard School and has studied with William Bergsma, Roy Harris, Darius Milhaud, and Vincent Persichetti. In addition to composing, he is active as a performer in the persona of P.D.Q. Bach, as a bassoonist and conductor in recordings of his serious works, and as host of the PRI radio show, *Schickele Mix*.

Schickele originally composed his 1957 Mass for three solo male voices—specifically, his own voice and the voices of his two best friends at Swarthmore College. His first opportunity for publication of the Mass came in 1960, by which time the only copy of it had been destroyed in a fire. It was in 1991, having scheduled performances of the work for BargeMusic in Brooklyn and Merkin Concert Hall in Manhattan, that he finally produced a new copy of the piece, working from a tape that had been made of the 1957 performance. Interestingly, one of the singers in those first professional performances of the Mass was composer, Western Wind co-founder, and friend of Cerddorion, Elliot Z. Levine.

Though this Mass is short, it includes all five sections of the Mass Ordinary; therefore, it cannot properly be called a *missa brevis*, as this latter form omits the wordy Credo and sometimes also the Gloria. Here, with the exception of chant-like solos framing the Credo, Schickele dispatches these lengthy texts syllabically, without repetitions, and with a rhythmic and harmonic sensibility inflected by American vernacular styles. The opening movement, Kyrie, offers one luscious melisma, on the word "Christe," and is characterized by strict alternation between winding, non-tonal melodies and repeated chords in triads or open octaves and fifths. Triads suffuse all subsequent movements, often shifting from one to another by pivot tones. The Agnus Dei opens with a startling, ornamental figure reminiscent of the solos in the Stravinsky Mass. This figure alternates with arching melodies in mixed mode, which, treated canonically, produce exquisite cross-relations. The concluding chord on the word "pacem" resolves the piece in the tonality outlined by the final chords of all previous movements.

To showcase the women’s sections of Cerddorion, we turn to Finnish composer Aulis Sallinen. Born in Salmi in 1935, Sallinen studied at the Sibelius Academy with Aarre Merikanto, Finland’s first Modernist composer. He went on to manage the Finnish Radio Symphony Orchestra and then to teach composition at the Academy. Like most serious composers of his generation, he produced works in neo-classical forms using serial technique, but by the time his own style had matured, it had become solidly tonal. His essentially triadic harmony is typically colored by clusters, and his forms are heavily driven by simple, clear themes and motivic repetition and development. Though he has composed in all the standard forms, including symphony and concerto, he is primarily known as an opera composer. His first opera, *Ratsumies* (“The Horseman”), which won the Savonlinna Opera Festival competition in 1974, treated the historical subject of Finland’s compromised position between the two political powers Russia and Sweden. His 1992 opera, *Kullervo*, is based on a hero of the Finnish epic poem, the *Kalevala*, a source text from which virtually every Finnish composer of note has borrowed.

The set for treble chorus, *Lauluja Mereltä* (“Songs of the Sea”), communicates a similar sense of place. Receiving a commission from the outstanding Tapiola Choir, Sallinen wrote the set in 1974 while summering at his cottage on the south coast of Finland. Three of its four texts come from folk sources and address—in pleading, angry, or resigned tones—the sea’s power to claim human life. By contrast, the poem in the second movement was written by the composer’s sons Markus and Taneli. In its childlike innocence, it shares with folk poetry a characteristic directness, but its message provides a cheery antidote to the more adult broodings of the other three selections. The separate movements are tightly unified: all four utilize repetition at the levels of note, motif, phrase, and strophe; each movement, in its own way, outlines the same progression of ascending intervals, from the fourth through the fifth to the sixth; and the first and third movements share a phrase shape of identical and notable rhythm that in both cases employs a tone cluster at its apex.

We close with another set of folk-song arrangements, this one from the hand of Arnold Schönberg. Schönberg’s life and work bear testimony to his principled pursuit and support of true, personal expression. Born to a poor family of Austro-Hungarian, Orthodox Jews and living much of his life in economic instability, Schönberg became an autodidact at a young age. From his first works onward, his highly original compositions drew public criticism and protest. Undeterred in his own creativity, he dedicated himself also to mentoring younger composers, giving free lessons to those without money (including Alban Berg), and arranging for concert series of their premieres from which he barred the ever-damaging press.

Like his compositional output, Schönberg’s spiritual life was characterized by exploration and integrity. In 1898 he converted to Lutheranism. In 1933, while he was teaching at the Akademie der Künste in Berlin, an announcement was made to the faculty of plans to purge the school of Jewish instructors over the coming years. Although he still had 23 months left in his contract, he stood up, announced his resignation, and walked out. By that time, his Lutheran convictions had been fading, and he felt compelled by the political climate to proudly reclaim his religious origins. He celebrated his re-conversion in an official ceremony in Paris before accepting his first teaching position in the United States, where he spent the rest of his life.

Schönberg’s compositional style periods loosely parallel his spiritual conversions. He was the first composer to abandon tonality, which he did in 1908. Though critics accused him of making a radical break with Germanic compositional tradition, his study of that tradition told him that this was the next, inevitable step in its continuity. Even so, he took the step reluctantly. He coined the term ‘pantonality’ to describe the freely

Herzlieblich Lieb, durch Scheiden

Herzlieblich Lieb, durch Scheiden
Hat sich mien Herz verkehrt,
Als wärs gen einen Heiden,
Es wärs doch viel zu hart.
Damit es mir entfremdet ist;
Recht war es nimmer mein,
Und blieb doch stete dein.

Ja, bringt mir das nicht Schmerzen,
So kann ich Leid verstahn,
Ich scheid ohn Trost vom Herzen
Und muss doch Liebes lan,
Das ich nicht mag begeben
Durch Lust, Freud oder Not,
Ohn End bin ich in dem Tod.

Schein uns, du liebe Sonne

Schein uns, du liebe Sonne,
Gib uns ein hellen Schein,
Schein uns zwei Lieb zusammen,
Die gern beinander sein!

Dort fern auf jenem Berge
Leit sich ein kalter Schnee.
Der Schnee kann nicht zerschmelzen,
Denn Gotts Will muß ergehn.

Gotts Will, der ist ergangen,
Zerschmolzen ist der Schnee,
Gott g’seg’n euch, Vater und Mutter,
Ich seh euch nimmermehr.

My Dearest Love, In Parting

My dearest love, in parting
My heart has turned against itself,
As if against a heathen,
Though that be much too hard.
It has become a stranger to me;
It was truly never mine,
But remained ever with you.

Therefore, I can feel no pain,
And thus I withstand the shame;
Faithless, I abandon my heart,
And must leave love behind,
To which I may not again resort,
In pleasure, joy, or need;
I live ever in death.

Shine Upon Us, You Dear Sun

Shine upon us, you dear sun,
give us your brightest light.
Melt us in love together
who so wish to be with each other!

There, far away on those mountains
lies a cold snow.
The snow cannot melt,
for God’s will must be done.

God’s will, it has been done,
The snow has melted,
God bless you, Father and Mother,
I shall not see you again.

Schönberg Drei Volksliedsätze

Es gingen zwei Gespielen gut

Es gingen zwei Gespielen gut
wohl üb'r ein Au, war grüne;
die eine führt ein frischen Mut,
die andre trauret sehre.

“Gespiele, liebste G'spiele mein,
was trauest du so sehre?”
“Wir zwei, wir han ein Knaben lieb,
draus könn wir uns nit teilen.”

“Und han wir zwei ein Knaben lieb,
hilf Gott, was soll draus werden?”
“So nimm du meines Vaters Gut,
dazu mein Bruder zu eilen.”

Der Knabe unt'r einer Linden stund,
er hört der Red ein Ende.
“Hilf, reicher Christ im Himmel hoch!
zu welcher soll ich mich wenden?”

“Ich will die Reiche fahren lan;
b'halten die Säuberliche.
Wir zwei, wir sind noch jung und stark,
groß Gut wolln wir erwerben.”

Gab ihr von Gold ein Ringelein
an ihr schneeweißen Hände:
“Sieh da, du feines braun Mägdelein,
von dir will ich nit wenden.”

Two Childhood Friends Went Out

Two childhood friends went out
over a green meadow.
One was in cheerful spirits;
the other was deeply troubled.

“My dear companion,
why are you so troubled?”
“We two, we love one boy
and cannot split him between us.

And if we love the same boy,
God help us, what is to come of it?”
“Claim as yours my father's wealth
and take up with my brother.”

The boy stood under a linden tree,
and heard the whole exchange.
“Help, good Christ, from heaven on high!
Which one shall I pursue?

I'll let the rich one go
and take the humble one.
The two of us are still young and strong.
We will create our own good fortune.”

He gave her a little ring of gold
for her snow-white hand.
“See there, you fine, brown-haired maiden,
I shall never stray from you.”

non-tonal works of this period, now called ‘Expressionism’ by historians. It was in 1920 that he developed his system of twelve-tone serialism, and almost all his works between 1920 and 1936 are dodecaphonic. It is no surprise that one of the exceptions should be found in a work for a *cappella* chorus; indeed, the 1907 premiere of his still loosely-tonal *Friede auf Erden* had necessitated the last-minute concession of instrumental doubling. The *Drei Volksliedsätze* (“Three Folk-Song Movements”) of 1929 were composed on commission, something a dodecaphonic work would have been unlikely to fulfill. Still, Schönberg may have had another impetus to write in a tonal language; applying hindsight, one can see this set among a few other examples from the period as a harbinger of his return in 1936 to tonal harmony, which in his latter years he employed as often as serialism.

All three movements in the set are based on traditional German melodies published in *Liederbücher* of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and each one invokes the legacies of Germanic composers whom Schönberg named as his influences. “Es gingen zwei Gespielen gut,” which Schönberg set again in 1948, appears here as a set of canonic variations, with the melody migrating among different voices. The sweep of the phrases in its relentlessly unrolling polyphony is particularly Brahmsian. The melody of “Herzlieblich Lieb, durch Scheiden” is placed in the soprano voice and receives a strictly strophic setting that in texture and harmony unmistakably recalls the Bach chorale. “Schein uns, du liebe Sonne” features several moments of tonal instability that are the heirs to Wagner’s chromaticism.

This last piece’s central symbol is the spring melting of mountaintop snows. Having opened the program in the gloom of Brahms’s autumn, we close with a composer who began his life where Brahms ended his, and with a piece that owes its poignancy to the promise and challenge of the new year, of a new life. Thank you for being here to listen.

—Kristina Boerger

Texts & Translations

Brahms Fünf Gesänge, Opus 104

Nachtwache I

Text: Friedrich Rückert

Leise Töne der Brust,
Geweckt vom Odem der Liebe,
Hauchet zitternd hinaus,
Ob sich euch öffn' ein Ohr,
Öffn' ein liebendes Herz,
Und wenn sich keines euch öffnet,
Trag' ein Nachtwind euch
Seufzend in meines zurück.

Nachtwache II

Text: Friedrich Rückert

Ruhn sie? Rufet das Horn
Des Wächters drüben aus Westen,
Und aus Osten das horn
Rufet entgegen: Sie ruhn!
Hörst du, zagendes Herz,
Die flüsternden Stimmen der Engel?
Lösche die Lampe getrost,
Hülle in Frieden dich ein.

Letztes Glück

Text: Max Kalbeck

Leblos gleitet Blatt um Blatt
Still und traurig von den Bäumen;
Seines Hoffens nimmer satt,
Lebt das Herz in Frühlingsträumen.

Noch verweilt ein Sonnenblick
Bei den späten Hagerosen—
Wie bei einem letzten Glück,
Einem süßen, hoffnungslosen.

Night Watch I

Soft tones of the heart,
stirred by the breath of love,
whisper hesitantly forth,
if an ear be open to you,
if a loving heart should open;
and should none open,
let a night wind carry you back
sighing into mine own.

Night Watch II

Do they rest? calls the horn
of the watchman out from the west.
And from the east, the horn
calls back: They rest!
Do you hear, o timorous heart,
the whispering voices of the angels?
Put out your lamp confidently
and enfold yourself in peace.

Last Happiness

Lifeless, leaf upon leaf glides down
silent and sorrowful from the trees;
Its hope never fulfilled,
the heart lives in dreams of spring.

A glance of sunlight lingers yet
on the late wild rose—
as on a last happiness,
sweet, emptied of hope

Sympaatti

Text: Markus & Taneli Sallinen

Oli sym, sym, sym sympaattinen paatti,
ja sen nimeksi tuli sympaatti.
Kun me nostetiin purjeet
unohtuivat heti murheet.
Niin sympaattinen paatti: Sympaatti.
Oli kompassi ja vantit,
oli staakit, sekstantit,
oli meri, oli horisontti,
sitä horisonttia vasten
minä elämäni näin
aina oikein päin.

En minä meryttä kiitä

En minä meryttä kiitä
enkä rantoja rakasta.
Meri on niellyt monta miestä.
Meri on monta last lainaellut.

Mitä on meren kiviä?
Ne on kaikki miehen päitä.
Mitä on meressä vettä?
Se on kaikki miehen verta.

Hyvästi kultaseni

Hyvästi kultaseni!
Mun lähteä nyt täytyy pois kotimaaltani
mun täytyy mennä merille kulkemaan
ja sinua, en tieä, jos näen milloinkaan.

Van ellös mua surko, jos ehkä kuolisin,
sä suotta kaottaisit ikäsi kaunihiin.
Kun kuulet kuolleheksi te risti rantahan
ja aallon luomat luuni ne peitä santahan.

Ja ota pieni ruusu ja laita kasvamaan,
käy sitte kesäilloin välistäkatsomaan.
Kun ruusu kaunihisti kesällä kukoistaa,
se rakkauteni kuvan eteesi muodostaa.

The Shipshape

There was a ship, a ship, a shipshape boat,
And it was called The Shipshape.
When we hoisted the sails,
woes bade their farewells.
Such a shipshape boat, The Shipshape!
The compass, the shrouds
took us far from the crowds,
over the sea to the skyline,
and there I saw
that my life's boat
was always afloat.

I Don't Praise the Sea

I don't praise the sea,
neither do I love the shores.
The sea's swallowed many a man.
The sea's borrowed many a child.

All the stones in the sea?
Human heads, every one.
All the water in the sea?
It is but human blood.

Fare Thee Well, My Darling

Fare thee well, my darling!
It's far from my homeland I must go roving.
I must travel over the main
and know not when I will see you more.

If I should die, do not mourn me
and spoil your lovely face for all to see.
If you hear I'm dead, set a cross on the shore
and bury my bones borne you on the tide.

Take a small rose and make it grow,
passing near it of a summer's eve.
And when in its season it blooms so fine,
it will bear the image of my love for you.

Sanctus

Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus
Dominus Deus Sabaoth.
Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua.
Hosanna in excelsis.
Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini.
Hosanna in excelsis.

Agnus Dei

Agnus Dei,
qui tollis peccata mundi,
miserere nobis.
Dona nobis pacem.

Holy, holy, holy
Is the Lord God of Hosts.
Heaven and earth are full of thy glory.
Hosanna in the highest.
Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.
Hosanna in the highest.

Lamb of God,
who takest away the sins of the world,
have mercy on us.
Grant us peace.

Sallinen Lauluja Mereltä

Älä tuule tyttö tuuli

Älä tuule tyttö tuuli,
älä sada sateluneito,
melua meren isäntä,
tanssi taivahan emäntä.
Minun on veljeni vesillä,
emon lapsi lainehilla.

Kun sa tuulet tyttö tuuli,
kun sa sadat sateluneito,
meluat meren isäntä
tanssit taivahan emäntä
langetat emoni lapsen,
kaadat kantajani.

Tuule toiste tyttö tuuli,
sada toiste sateluneito,
melua meren isäntä,
tanssi taivahan emäntä.

Wind Girl, Do Not Blow

Wind Girl, do not blow,
Rain Maid, do not rain,
O Sea Master, do not roar,
O Sky Mistress, do not dance.
My brother's on the waters.
My mother's child's on the waves.

Wind Girl, if you blow,
Rain Maid, if you rain,
O Sea Master, if you roar,
O Sky Mistress, if you dance,
you'll strike down my mother's babe,
waste the child of the one who bore us both.

Wind Girl, blow some other time.
Rain Maid, rain some other time.
O Sea Master, do not roar.
O Sky Mistress, do not dance.

Verlorene Jugend

Text: from the Czech by Josef Wenzig

Brausten alle Berge,
Sauste rings der Wald—
Meine jungen Tage,
Wo sind sie so bald?

Jugend, teure Jugend,
Flohest mir dahin;
O, du holde Jugend,
Achtlos war mein Sinn!

Ich verlor dich leider,
Wie wenn einen Stein
Jemand von sich schleudert
In die Flut hinein.

Wendet sich der Stein auch
Um in tiefer Flut,
Weiß ich, dass die Jugend
Doch kein Gleiches tut.

Im Herbst

Text: Klaus Groth

Ernst ist der Herbst
Und wenn die Blätter fallen,
Sinkt auch das Herz zu trübem Weh herab.
Still ist die Flur,
Und nach dem Süden wallen
Die Säng' er stumm, wie nach dem Grab.

Bleich ist der Tag,
Und blasse Nebel schleiern
Die Sonne wie die Herzen ein.
Früh kommt die Nacht:
Denn alle Kräfte feiern,
Und tief verschlossen ruht das Sein.

Sanft wird der Mensch.
Er sieht die Sonne sinken,
Er ahnt des Lebens wie des Jahres Schluss
Feucht wird das Aug',
Doch in der Träne Blinken
Erströmt des Herzens seligster Erguß.

Lost Youth

All the mountains boomed aloud,
the forest made a rushing sound all around.
O, the days of my youth,
Where have you gone so soon?

Youth, precious youth,
you fled from me;
o, you lovely youth,
careless was my mind!

I lost you, regrettably,
as a stone
one flings away
into the tide.

Though the stone may wend its way back
even from the deepest waters,
I know that youth
does no such thing.

In Autumn

Gloomy is autumn,
and as the leaves fall,
the heart too sinks into doleful pain.
Silent is the pasture,
and southwards travel
the songsters, mute as if to the grave.

Wan is the day,
and pallid mists veil
the sun and the heart too.
Night comes early:
then all strength fails,
and life itself withdraws into deepest rest.

Man mellow.
He sees the sun sink,
and senses the end of life, as of the year.
His eyes grow moist,
but in the shine of his tears
flows the most blessed outpouring of his heart.

Finzi Seven Poems of Robert Bridges

Clear and Gentle Stream

Clear and gentle stream!
Known and loved so long,
That hast heard the song,
And the idle dream
Of my boyish day;
While I once again
Down thy margin stray,
In the selfsame strain
Still my voice is spent,
With my old lament
And my idle dream,
Clear and gentle stream!

Where my old seat was
Here again I sit,
Where the long boughs knit
Over stream and grass
A translucent eaves:
Where back eddies play
Shipwreck with the leaves,
And the proud swans stray,
Sailing one by one
Out of stream and sun,
And the fish lie cool
In their chosen pool.

Many an afternoon
Of the summer day
Dreaming here I lay;
And I know how soon,
Idly at its hour,
First thee deep bell hums
From the minster tower
And then evening comes,
Creeping up the glade,
With her lengthening shade,
And the tardy boon
Of her brightening moon.

Clear and gentle stream!
Ere again I go
Where thou dost not flow,
Well does it beseem
Thee to hear again
Once my youthful song,
That familiar strain
Silent now so long:
Be as I content
With my old lament!
And my idle dream,
Clear and gentle stream.

Credo

Credo in unum Deum
Patrem omnipotentem, factorem coeli et terrae
visibilium omnium et invisibilium.

Et in unum Dominum Jesum Christum,
Filium Dei unigenitum.
Et ex Patre natum ante omnia saecula.
Deum de Deo, Lumen de lumine,
Deum verum de Deo vero.
Genitum, non factum,
consubstantialem Patri,
per quem omnia facta sunt:
Qui propter nos homines
et propter nostram salutem
descendit de coelis.

Et incarnatus est de Spiritu Sancto
ex Maria Virgine:
Et homo factus est.
Crucifixus etiam pro nobis:
Sub Pontio Pilato
passus et sepultus est.
Et resurrexit tertia die
secundum scripturas,
Et ascendit in coelum:
Sedet ad dexteram Patris.
Et iterum venturus est cum gloria
judicare vivos et mortuos
cujus regni non erit finis.

Et in Spiritum Sanctum
Dominum et vivificantem,
qui ex patre filioque Procedit.
Qui cum patre et Filio simul adoratur et
conglorificatur;
qui locutus est per Prophetas;
et in unam sanctuam catholicam et
apostolicam
Ecclesiam.
Confiteor unum baptisma in remissionem
peccatorum.
Et expecto resurrectionem mortuorum.
Et vitam venturi saeculi. Amen.

I believe in one God
the almighty Father, maker of heaven and
earth, of all that is seen and unseen.

And in one Lord Jesus Christ,
Only-begotten Son of the Father,
Born of the Father before all ages.
God from God, light from light,
true God from true God.
Begotten, not made,
of one being with the Father,
by whom all things were made:
Who for all people
and for our salvation
came down from heaven.

And of the Holy Ghost
was made flesh from the Virgin Mary:
And was made man.
He was crucified for us:
Under Pontius Pilate,
He suffered, died and was buried.
And He rose again on the third day,
according to the Scriptures,
And ascended into heaven:
He is seated at the right hand of the Father.
And He will come again in glory
to judge the living and the dead
whose kingdom shall have no end.

And I believe in the Holy Ghost,
The Lord and giver of life,
Who proceedeth from the Father and the Son.
Who with the Father and the Son together is
worshipped and glorified,
Who spake by the Prophets.
And I believe in one holy catholic
and apostolic Church.
I acknowledge one Baptism
for the remission of sins.
And I await the resurrection of the dead,
and the life of the world to come. Amen.

Schickele

Mass For Men's Voices

Kyrie

Kyrie eleison.
Christe eleison.
Kyrie eleison.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.
Lord, have mercy.

Gloria

Gloria in excelsis Deo;
et in terra pax hominibus bonae
voluntatis. Laudamus te; benedicimus te;
Adoramus te; glorificamus te.
Gratias agimus tibi propter magnam gloriam tuam,
Domine Deus, Rex caelestis,
Deus Pater omnipotens.

Glory to God in the highest and on earth
peace to people of good will.
We praise thee, we bless thee,
we adore thee, we glorify thee.
We give thanks to thee for thy great glory.
Lord God, heavenly King,
God the Father almighty.

Domine Fili unigenite Jesu Christe;
Domine Deus, Agnus Dei,
Filius Patris, qui tollis peccata mundi,
miserere nobis;
qui tollis peccata mundi,
suscipe deprecationem nostram;
qui sedes ad dexteram Patris,
miserere nobis.

Lord Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son of
the Father. Lord God, Lamb of God, Son
of the Father: Thou who takest away the
sins of the world, have mercy on us.
Thou who takest away the sins of the
world, receive our prayer.
Thou who sittest at the right hand of the
Father, have mercy on us.

Quoniam tu solus sanctus:
tu solus Dominus:
tu solus altissimus,
Jesu Christe: cum Santo Spiritu,
in gloria Dei Patris. Amen.

For Thou alone art holy,
Thou alone art the Lord,
Thou alone art the most high,
Jesus Christ: with the Holy Spirit
in the Glory of God the Father. Amen.

Nightingales

Beautiful must be the mountains whence ye come,
And bright in the fruitful valleys the streams wherefrom
Ye learn your song:
Where are those starry woods? O might I wander there,
Among the flowers, which in that heavenly air
Bloom the year long!

Nay, barren are those mountains and spent the streams:
Our song is the voice of desire, that haunts our dreams,
A throe of the heart,
Whose pining visions dim, forbidden hopes profound,
No dying cadence, nor long sigh can sound,
For all our art.

Alone, aloud in the raptured ear of men
We pour our dark nocturnal secret; and then,
As night is withdrawn
From these sweet-springing meads and bursting boughs of May,
Dream, while the innumerable choir of day
Welcome the dawn.

I Praise the Tender Flower

I praise the tender flower,
That on a mournful day
Bloomed in my garden bower
And made the winter gay.
Its loveliness contented
My heart tormented.

I praise the gentle maid
Whose happy voice and smile
To confidence betrayed
My doleful heart awhile:
And gave my spirit deploring
Fresh wings for soaring.

The maid for very fear
Of love I durst not tell:
The rose could never hear,
Though I bespake her well:
So in my song I bind them
For all to find them.

My Spirit Sang All Day

My spirit sang all day
O my joy.
Nothing my tongue could say,
Only My Joy!

My heart an echo caught—
Oh my joy—
And spake, Tell me thy thought,
Hide not thy joy.

My eyes gan peer around,—
O my joy—
What beauty hast thou found?
Shew us thy joy.

My jealous ears grew whist; —
O my joy—
Music from heaven is 't,
Sent for our joy?

She also came and heard;
O my joy,
What, said she, is this word?
What is thy joy?

And I replied, O see,
O my joy,
-Tis thee, I cried, -tis thee:
Thou art my joy.

I Have Loved Flowers That Fade

I have loved flowers that fade,
Within whose magic tents
Rich hues have marriage made
With sweet unmemoried scents:
A honeymoon delight—
A joy of love at sight,
That ages in an hour—
My song be like a flower!

I have loved airs that die
Before their charm is writ
Along a liquid sky
Trembling to welcome it.
Notes, that with pulse of fire
Proclaim the spirit's desire,
Then die, and are nowhere—
My song be like an air!

Die, song, die like a breath,
And wither as a bloom;
Fear not a flowery death,
Dread not an airy tomb!
Fly with delight, fly hence!
'Twas thine love's tender sense
To feast; now on thy bier
Beauty shall shed a tear.

Haste On, My Joys!

Haste on, my joys! Your treasure lies
In swift, unceasing flight.
O haste: for while your beauty flies
I seize your full delight:
Lo! I have seen the scented flower,
Whose tender stems I cull,
For her brief date and meted hour
Appear more beautiful.

O youth, O strength, O most divine
For that so short ye prove;
Were but your rare gifts longer mine,
Ye scarce would win my love.
Nay, life itself the heart would spurn,
Did once the days restore
The days, that once enjoyed return,
Return—ah! nevermore.

Wherefore To-Night So Full of Care

Wherefore to-night so full of care,
My soul, revolving hopeless strife,
Pointing at hindrance, and the bare
Painful escapes of fitful life?

Shaping the doom that may befall
By precedent of terror past:
By love dishonoured, and the call
Of friendship slighted at the last?

By treasured names, the little store
That memory out of wreck could save
Of loving hearts, that gone before
Call their old comrade to the grave?

O soul, be patient: thou shalt find
A little matter mend all this;
Some strain of music to thy mind,
Some praise for skill not spent amiss.

Again shall pleasure overflow
Thy cup with sweetness, thou shalt taste
Nothing but sweetness, and shalt grow
Half sad for sweetness run to waste.

O happy life! I hear thee sing,
O rare delight of mortal stuff!
I praise my days for all they bring,
Yet are they only not enough.