

Great Sacred Music

Sunday, November 13, 2022

Herbert Howells: *All my hope on God is founded*

Choir of King's College, Cambridge; The Wallace Collection, Sir Stephen Cleobury
Benjamin Bayl, organ

1 All my hope on God is founded;
he doth still my trust renew.
Me through change and chance he guideth,
only good and only true.
God unknown,
he alone
calls my heart to be his own.

2 Human pride and earthly glory,
sword and crown betray his trust;
what with care and toil he buildeth,
tower and temple, fall to dust.
But God's power,
hour by hour,
is my temple and my tower.

3 God's great goodness aye endureth,
deep his wisdom, passing thought:
splendour, light, and life attend him,
beauty springeth out of naught.
Evermore from his store
new-born worlds rise and adore.

4 Daily doth th' Almighty giver
bounteous gifts on us bestow;
his desire our soul delighteth,
pleasure leads us where we go.
Love doth stand
at his hand;
joy doth wait on his command.

5 Still from earth to God eternal
sacrifice of praise be done,
high above all praises praising
for the gift of Christ his Son.
Christ doth call
one and all:
ye who follow shall not fall.

Source: [Ancient and Modern: hymns and songs for refreshing worship #584](#)

Thomas Tallis: *In Ieiunio Et Fletu*
Gesualdo Six, Owain Park

In jejunio et fletu orabant sacerdotes:
Parce, Domine, parce populo tuo, et ne des hereditatem
tuam in perditionem.
Inter vestibulum et altare plorabant sacerdotes, dicentes:
Parce populo tuo.

In fasting and weeping the priests prayed:
Spare, O Lord, spare thy people, and give not thine
inheritance to perdition.
Between the porch and the altar the priests wept, saying:
Spare thy people.

First Sunday of Lent, Matins Responsory

Johannes Brahms: *How lovely is thy dwelling place* from *A German Requiem*
Atlanta Symphony Orchestra and Chorus, Robert Shaw

How lovely is thy dwelling place, O Lord of hosts!
For my soul, it longeth, yea fainteth for the courts of the Lord.
My soul and body crieth out, yea for the living God.
O blest are they that dwell in thy house:
they praise thy name evermore.

John Rutter: *Pie Jesu* from *Requiem*
Cambridge Singers; City of London Sinfonia, John Rutter

Caroline Ashton and Donna Deam, soprano

Pie Jesu Domine,
Dona eis requiem.

Merciful Lord Jesus,
Give them rest.

Pie Jesu Domine,
Dona eis requiem sempiternam.

Merciful Lord Jesus,
Give them everlasting rest.

John Tavener: *Funeral Ikos*
Tenebrae Choir, Nigel Short

Why these bitter words of the dying, o brethren,
Which they utter as they go hence?
I am parted from my brethren.
All my friends do i abandon and go hence.
But whither i go, that understand i not,
Neither what shall become of me yonder;
Only God who hath summoned me knoweth.
But make commemoration of me with the song:
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

But whither now go the souls?
How dwell they now together there?
This mystery have i desired to learn; but none can impart
aright.
Do they call to mind their own people, as we do them?
Or have they forgotten all those who mourn them and make
the song:
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

We go forth on the path eternal, and as condemned,
With downcast faces, present ourselves before the only God
eternal.
Where then is comeliness? Where then is wealth?
Where then is the glory of this world?
There shall none of these things aid us, but only to say off the
psalm:
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

If thou hast shown mercy unto man, o man,
That same mercy shall be shown thee there;
And if on an orphan thou hast shown compassion,
The same shall there deliver thee from want.
If in this life the naked thou hast clothed,
The same shall give thee shelter there, and sing the psalm:
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Youth and the beauty of the body fade at the hour of death,
And the tongue then burneth fiercely, and the parched throat
is inflamed.
The beauty of the eyes is quenched then, the comeliness of
the face all altered,
The shapeliness of the neck destroyed; and the other parts
have become numb,
Nor often say: Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

With ecstasy are we inflamed if we but hear that there is light
eternal yonder;
That there is Paradise, wherein every soul of Righteous Ones
rejoiceth.
Let us all, also, enter into Christ, that we may cry aloud thus
unto God: Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Lyrics: John Tavener

Commentary: Rev. Elizabeth Marie Melchionna

William Henry Monk: *Abide with me*
Choir of St. John's, Elora, Noel Edison
Paul Halley, organ

1 Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
the darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.
Change and decay in all around I see.
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

3 I need thy presence every passing hour.
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and strength can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

4 I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless,
ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes.
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies. Heaven's
morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee;
in life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Text: Henry Francis Lyte

George Frideric Handel: *I know that my Redeemer liveth* from *Messiah*
Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Sir Georg Solti
Kiri te Kanawa, soprano

I know that my redeemer liveth
And that he shall stand
At the latter day, upon the earth
I know that my redeemer liveth
And that he shall stand
At the latter day, upon the earth
Upon the earth

I know that my redeemer liveth
And he shall stand
Stand at the latter day, upon the earth
Upon the earth

And though worms destroy this body
Yet in my flesh shall i see God
Yet in my flesh shall i see God

I know that my redeemer liveth
And though worms destroy this body
Yet in my flesh shall i see God
Yet in my flesh shall i see God
Shall i see God

I know that my redeemer liveth
For now is Christ risen from the dead
The first fruits of them that sleep
Of them that sleep

The first fruits of them that sleep
For now is Christ risen
For now is Christ risen from the dead
The first fruits of them that sleep

Tomas Luis de Victoria: *Lux aeterna*
Magnificat, Philip Cave

Lux aeterna luceat eis, Domine,
cum sanctis tuis in aeternum, quia pius es.
Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine,
et lux perpetua luceat eis, quia pius es.
Eternal Light

May eternal light shine on them, Lord,
with your saints for ever, for you are good.
Give them eternal rest, Lord,
and may light perpetual shine upon them, for you are good.

Text: Anonymous

Sir Arnold Bax: *Lord, thou hast told us*
The Rodolfus Choir, Ralph Allwood

Lord! thou hast told us that there be
Two dwellings which belong to Thee;
And those two — that's the wonder —
Are far asunder.

The one the highest heaven is,
The mansions of eternal bliss;
The other's the contrite
And humble sprite.

Though heaven be high, the gate is low,
And he that comes in there must bow;
The lofty looks shall ne'er
Have entrance there.

O God! since Thou delight'st to rest
Within the humble, contrite breast,
First make me so to be;
Then dwell with me.

Text: Thomas Washbourne

Sir Edward Elgar: *Nimrod* from *Enigma Variations*, Op. 36

Peter Richard Conte, organ
The Wanamaker Grand Court Organ, Macy's Philadelphia

J.S. Bach: *Cantata 55, "Ich armer Mensch, ich Sundenknecht"*

Europa Galante, Fabio Biondi

Ian Bostridge, tenor

I, wretched man, I, slave to sin,
I go before God's very presence
With fear and trembling unto judgment.
E'er just is he, unjust am I,
I, wretched man, I, slave to sin.

I have against my God offended
And have upon the path
Which he did once prescribe for me
Not steadfast traveled.
Where now? Should I the rosy morning's pinions
For this my flight elect now,
To take me to the ocean's limits,
Yet would e'en still the hand of God Almighty find me
And with the rods of sin chastise me.(1)

Ah yes!

If even hell a bed could(2)

For me and all my sins make ready,
Yet would indeed the wrath of God be there.
The earth protects me not,
It threatens wicked me to swallow;
And I would lift myself to heaven,
Where God doth dwell, who shall my judgment tell.

Have mercy, Lord!

Let my tears now make thee soften,

Let them reach into thy bosom;

Let for Jesus Christ's dear sake
All thy zealous wrath be quiet!
Have mercy, Lord!

Have mercy, Lord! However,
I now hope
That I'll not stand before his judgment,
But rather to the throne of grace
Of this my righteous Father venture.
I'll offer him his Son,
His passion, his redemption up,
And how he for my sin
Hath all repaid sufficiently,
And beg him to forbear,
Henceforth will I my sin forswear.
Thus take me God into thy grace again.

Though I now from thee have fallen,
I will come again to thee;
Indeed hath thy Son redeemed us
Through his fear and pain of death.
I do not deny my guilt,
But thy mercy and thy grace
Are much greater than my sins are,
Which I ever find within me.

Text: Unknown Poet

Sigurdur Saevarsson: *Requiem*

Choir of Clare College, Cambridge, Graham Ross

Carolyn Sampson, soprano

Sir Charles Villiers Stanford: *Fantasia and Toccata in D minor, Op. 57*

Owain Park, organ

Willis organ in Hereford Cathedral

Janos Boksay: *Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom for Male Choir*

St. Ephraim Byzantine Male Choir, Tamas Bubno

Joseph-Guy Ropartz: *Requiem*

Choeur Regional Vittoria d'Ile de France; Instrumental Ensemble Jean-Walter Audoli, Michel Piquemal

Catherine Dubosc, soprano; Jacqueline Mayeur, mezzo-soprano

Sir William Harris: *Faire is the heaven*

Cambridge Singers, John Rutter

Faire is the heaven where happy soules have place
In full enjoyment of felicitie;
Whence they do still behold the glorious face
Of the Divine, Eternall Majestie;

Yet farre more faire be those bright Cherubins
Which all with golden wings are overdight
And those eternall burning Seraphins
Which from their faces dart out fiery light;

Yet fairer than they both and much more bright
Be the Angels and Archangels

Which attend on God's owne person without rest or end
These then in faire each other farre excelling
As to the Highest they approach more neare
Yet is that Highest farre beyond all telling

Fairer than all the rest which there appeare
Though all their beauties joynd together were;
How then can mortal tongue hope to expresse
The image of such endlesse perfectnesse?

An Hymn of Heavenly Beauty Edmund Spenser