

# Great Sacred Music

## Sunday, February 5, 2023

### **John Hughes: *Guide me, O thou Great Redeemer***

Choir of Westminster Abbey, Martin Neary  
Martin Baker, organ

Guide me, O my great Redeemer,  
pilgrim through this barren land;  
I am weak, but you are mighty;  
hold me with your powerful hand.  
Bread of heaven, bread of heaven,  
feed me now and evermore,  
feed me now and evermore.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,  
where the healing waters flow.  
Let the fire and cloudy pillar  
lead me all my journey through.

Strong Deliverer, strong Deliverer,  
ever be my strength and shield,  
ever be my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
bid my anxious fears subside.  
Death of death, and hell's Destruction,  
land me safe on Canaan's side.  
Songs of praises, songs of praises  
I will ever sing to you,  
I will ever sing to you.

### **Giovanni Gabrieli: *Sanctus a 12***

The King's Consort & Choir, Robert King

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts, heaven and earth are full of thy glory.  
Glory be to thee, O Lord most high. Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.

### **Franz Schubert: *Sanctus from German Mass, D. 872***

Baverian Radio Choir and Symphony Orchestra, Wolfgang Sawallisch

### **Anonymous: *Sanctus***

Hilliard Ensemble  
Jan Garbarek, saxophone

### **Josef Haydn: *Sanctus from Mass for Wind Band***

Monteverdi Choir; English Baroque Soloists, Sir John Eliot Gardiner

### **William Grant Still: *Reverie***

Philip Brunnelle, organ  
1981 Holtkamp organ in Plymouth Congregational Church, Minneapolis, Minnesota

Commentary: The Rev. Jane Florence

### **William Grant Still: *Lift Every Voice and Sing***

Videmus  
Robert Honeysucker, baritone

1 Lift ev'ry voice and sing,  
till earth and heaven ring,  
ring with the harmonies of liberty.  
Let our rejoicing rise  
high as the list'ning skies,  
let it resound loud as the rolling sea.

Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past has taught us.  
Sing a song full of the hope that the present has brought us.  
Facing the rising sun  
of our new day begun,  
let us march on till victory is won.

2 Stony the road we trod,  
bitter the chast'ning rod,  
felt in the days when hope unborn had died;  
yet with a steady beat,  
have not our weary feet  
come to the place for which our people sighed?  
We have come over a way that with tears has been watered.  
We have come, treading our path thro' the blood of the  
slaughtered,  
out from the gloomy past,  
till now we stand at last  
where the bright gleam of our bright star is cast.

3 God of our weary years,  
God of our silent tears,  
thou who hast brought us thus far on the way,  
thou who hast by thy might  
led us into the light,  
keep us forever in the path, we pray.  
Lest our feet stray from the places, our God, where we met  
thee;  
lest our hearts, drunk with the wine of the world, we forget  
thee;  
shadowed beneath thy hand,  
may we forever stand,  
true to our God, true to our native land.

**Gabriel Faure: *Sanctus from Requiem, Op. 48***

Oxford Camerata; Schola Cantorum of Oxford, Jeremy Summerly

**J.S. Bach: *Sanctus and Benedictus from Mass in B minor, BWV 232***

Monteverdi Choir; English Baroque Soloists, Sir John Eliot Gardiner

**Alexandre Guilmant: *Caprice in B flat, Op. 20 No. 3***

Jan Kraybill, organ

**J.S. Bach: *Cantata 144, "Nimm, was dein ist, und gehe hin"***

Holland Boys' Choir; Netherlands Bach Collegium, Pieter Jan Leusink

Ruth Holton, soprano; Sytse Buwalde, alto

Knut Schoch, tenor; Bas Ramselaar, bass

1. Chorus [Dictum] (S, A, T, B)

Take what is thine and go away.

2. Aria (A)

Murmur not,  
Man of Christ,

When thy wish is not fulfilled;  
Rather be with that contented  
Which thee thy God hath allotted;  
He knows what thou hast need of.

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

What God doth, that is rightly done,  
His will is just forever;  
Whatever course he sets my life,  
I will trust him with calmness.  
He is my God,  
Who in distress  
Knows well how to support me;  
So I yield him all power.

4. Recit. (T)

Wherever moderation rules  
And ev'rywhere the helm doth tend,  
There is mankind content

With that which God ordains.

However, where immoderation doth its judgment speak,  
There shall both grief and woe ensue,  
The heart shall not  
Be satisfied,  
And unremembered shall be this:  
What God doth, that is rightly done.

5. Aria (S)

Contentedness,  
In this life it is a treasure  
Which is able to bring pleasure  
In the greatest time of stress,  
Contentedness.  
For it lets itself in all things  
Satisfied be in what God brings,  
Contentedness.

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

What my God will, let be alway,  
His will, it is the best will.  
To help all those he is prepared  
Who in him faith keep steadfast.  
He frees from want, this faithful God,  
And punisheth with measure.  
Who God doth trust, firm on him builds,  
Him shall he not abandon.

## **Felix Mendelssohn: Psalm 42, "Wie der Hirsch schreit"**

Chamber Choir of Europe; Wurttemberg Philharmonic, Nicol Matt

Isabel Muller-Cant, soprano; Daniel Sans, tenor I; Gerhard Nennemann, tenor II; Manfred Bittner, bass I; Christof Fischesser, bass II

### **1. Chor**

Wie der Hirsch schreit nach frischem Wasser,  
So schreit meine Seele, Gott, zu dir.

### **2. Arie S**

Meine Seele dürstet nach Gott  
nach dem lebendigen Gotte.  
Wann werde ich dahin kommen  
dass ich Gottes Angesicht schaue?

### **3. Rezitativ und Arie S**

Meine Tränen sind meine Speise Tag und Nacht,  
weil man täglich zu mir sagt:  
"Wo ist nun dein Gott?"  
Wenn ich dess' innewerde  
So schütte ich mein Herz aus bei mir selbst;  
Denn ich wollte gerne hingehen  
Mit dem Haufen und mit ihnen wallen  
zum Hause Gottes,  
Mit Frohlocken und mit Danken  
unter dem Haufen die da feiern.

### **4. Chor**

Was betrübst du dich, meine Seele,  
Und bist so unruhig in mir?  
Harre auf Gott!  
Denn ich werde ihm noch danken  
dass er mir hilft mit seinem Angesicht.

### **5. Rezitativ S**

Mein Gott, betrübt ist meine Seele in mir.  
Darum gedenke ich an dich!  
Deine Fluten rauschen daher  
Dass hier eine Tiefe,  
Und dort eine Tiefe brausen;  
Alle Deine Wasserwogen  
Und Wellen gehn über mich.  
Mein Gott, betrübt ist meine Seele in mir.

### **6. Quintett**

Der Herr hat des Tages  
verheißen seine Güte,  
Und des Nachts singe ich zu ihm.  
Und bete zu dem Gotte meines Lebens.  
Mein Gott, betrübt ist meine Seele in mir. Warum  
hast du meiner vergessen?  
Warum muss ich so traurig gehn,  
wenn mein Feind mich drängt?

### **7. Chor**

Was betrübst du dich, meine Seele,  
Und bist so unruhig in mir?  
Harre auf Gott!  
Denn ich werde ihm noch danken

### **1. Chorus**

As the hart cries out for fresh water,  
so my soul cries, o God, to you.

### **2. Aria S**

My soul thirsts for God,  
for the living God.  
When will I reach the place  
where I will behold God's countenance?

### **3. Recitative and Aria S**

My tears are my meal, day and night,  
since daily they say to me:  
"Where, now, is your God?"  
When I look inward  
I pour out my heart in solitude;  
For I would gladly go  
with the crowd and make pilgrimage  
to the House of God,  
with rejoicing and thanksgiving among  
the crowd who celebrate there.

### **4. Chorus**

Why do you trouble yourself, my soul,  
and are so restless in me?  
Wait for God!  
for I will yet thank him,  
since he brings me aid with his countenance.

### **5. Recitative S**

My God, my soul is troubled within me.  
Therefore I remember you!  
Your streams rush forth,  
so here a deep,  
and there a deep roar;  
all the surges and waves  
of your waters flood over me.  
My God, my soul is troubled within me.

### **6. Quintet**

By day the Lord has  
promised his mercy,  
and by night I sing to him,  
and I pray to the God of my life.  
My God, my soul is troubled within me.  
Why have you forgotten me?  
Why must I go about so sorrowfully,  
when my enemy oppress me?

### **7. Chorus**

Why do you trouble yourself, my soul,  
and are so restless in me?  
Wait for God!  
for I will yet thank him,

dass er meines Angesichtes Hilfe  
und mein Gott ist.  
Preis sei dem Herrn, dem Gott Israëls  
Von nun an bis in Ewigkeit.

since he is the help of my countenance  
and my God.  
Praise be to the Lord, the God of Israel,  
from now on until eternity.

**Thomas Tallis: *Gaude gloriosa Dei mater***  
The Cardinall's Musick, Andrew Carwood

**Latin text**

Gaude gloriosa Dei Mater, Virgo Maria vere honorificanda,  
quae a Domino in gloria super caelos exaltata adepta es  
thronum.

Gaude Virgo Maria, cui angelicae turmae dulces in caelis  
resonant laudes:  
iam enim laetaris visione Regis cui omnia servantur.

Gaude concivis in caelis sanctorum, quae Christum in utero  
illaesa portasti:  
igitur Dei Mater digne appellaris.

Gaude flos florum speciosissima, virga iuris, formae  
fessis cura, pes labentis, mundi lux, et peccatorum refugium.

Gaude Virgo Maria quam dignam laude celebrat ecclesia,  
quae Christi doctrinis illustrata te Matrem glorificat.

Gaude Virgo Maria, quae corpore et anima ad summum  
profecta es palacium:  
et, ut auxiliatrix et interventrix pro nobis miseris  
peccatoribus, supplicamus.

Gaude Maria intercessorum adiutrix et damnatorum  
salvatrice celebranda.

Gaude sancta Virgo Maria cuius prole omnes salvamur  
a perpetuis inferorum suppliciis et a potestate diabolica  
liberati.

Gaude Virgo Maria Christi benedicta Mater, vena  
misericordiae et gratiae:  
cui supplicamus ut nobis pie clamantibus attendas,  
itaque tuo in nomine mereamur adesse caelorum regnum.  
Amen.

**English translation**

Rejoice, O glorious Mother of God, Virgin Mary truly  
worthy of honor,  
who, exalted by the Lord in glory above the heavens, hast  
gained a throne.

Rejoice, O Virgin Mary, to whom the hosts of angels in  
heaven sweetly sing praises:  
for now thou doest enjoy the sight of the King whom all  
things serve.

Rejoice, fellow citizen of the heavenly saints, thou who  
without blemish bore Christ in thy womb:  
wherefore thou art justly called the Mother of God.

Rejoice, most beautiful flower of flowers, rod of justice,  
mould of virtues,  
succour of the weary, a firm foothold for those who fall,  
light of the world, and refuge of sinners.

Rejoice, O Virgin Mary, who art worthy of the praise the  
Church celebrates,  
which, enlightened by the teachings of Christ, glorifies thee  
as Mother.

Rejoice, O Virgin Mary, who in body and soul are borne to  
the highest palace:  
and to whom, as Strength and Advocate for us miserable  
sinners, we make our supplication.

Rejoice, O Mary, celebrated as help of those who intercede  
and savior of the damned.

Rejoice, holy Virgin Mary, by whose offspring all are saved  
from the perpetual torments of Hell and freed from the  
power of the devil.

Rejoice, Virgin Mary, blessed Mother of Christ, channel of  
mercy and grace:  
to whom we pray that thou wouldst give ear to our devout  
cry  
so that in thy name we may deserve to enter the kingdom of  
heaven. Amen.

**Josef Haydn: Missa Brevis Sancti Joannis de Deo**

Vancouver Chamber Choir; CBC Vancouver Orchestra, Jon Washburn  
Henriette Schellenberg, soprano; Laverne G'Froerer, mezzo-soprano  
Keith Boldt, tenor; George Roberts, baritone

**Josef Haydn: *Mass in Honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary***

Choir of Christ Church Cathedral Oxford; Academy of Ancient Music, Simon Preston  
Judith Nelson, soprano; Carolyn Watkinson, contralto  
Martyn Hill, tenor; David Thomas, bass

**Frank Martin: *Mass for two unaccompanied choirs***

Robert Shaw Festival Singers, Robert Shaw

**John Rutter: *The Falcon***

Choristers of St. Paul's Cathedral; Cambridge Singers; City of London Sinfonia, John Rutter  
Andrew Lucas, organ

Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men.  
He will dwell with them, and they shall be his people,  
and God himself shall be with them (21:3, KJV).

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more;  
the sun shall not strike them, nor any scorching heat;  
for the Lamb in the midst of the throne will be their shepherd,  
and he will lead them to springs of living water (7:16-17, RSV).

Urbs Jerusalem beata,  
Dicta pacis visio,  
Quae construitur in caelis,  
Vivis ex lapidibus,  
Et angelis coronata,  
Ut sponsata comite. (c. 7th century)

Blessed city Jerusalem,  
vision of peace,  
built in heaven from living stones,  
and crowned by the angels  
like a bride for her consort

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes,  
and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying,  
Neither shall there be any more pain,  
for the former things are passed away (21:4, KJV).

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi;  
Dona nobis pacem. (from the Ordinary of the Mass)

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,  
grant us peace.