

11. Jan. 1961

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Rhodes University Chamber Choir
Grahamstown, South Africa.



Conductor / Dirigent
Georg Gruber

S o u v e n i r P r o g r a m m e



MUSICA SACRA

1

Giovanni Pierluigi Palestrina (1526-1594).

MISSA AETERNA CHRISTI MUNERA

Kyrie-Sanctus-Benedictus-Agnus Dei.

2

Orlandus Lassus (1532-1594).

SURREXIT PASTOR BONUS.

Surrexit pastor bonus qui animam suam posuit pro ovibus suis, et pro grege suo mori dignatus est. Alleluja.

3

William Byrd (1542-1623).

IUSTORUM ANIMAE.

Iustorum animae in manu Dei sunt, et non tanget illos tormentum mortis; Visi sunt oculis insipientium mori; illi autem sunt in pace.

4

Ludovico da Vittoria (1549-1611).

O VOS OMNES.

O vos omnes qui transitis per viam, attendite et videte si est dolor similis sicut dolor meus. Attendite universi populi et videte dolorem meum.

5

Jacobus Gallus (1550-1591).

ASCENDIT DEUS.

Ascendit Deus in jubilatione, Alleluja, et Dominus in voce tubae.

6

Michael Praetorius (1571-1621).

GEBORN IST UNS EMMANUEL.

Geborn ist uns Emmanuel, Christ der Herr,
Wie verkündet Gabriel, Christ der Herr,

Christ der Herr, der unser Heiland ist.

Hier liegt ~~es in~~ dem Krippelein, Gott der Herr,
Doch is Gott dies Kindelein, Christ der Herr,

Es leuchtet uns ein heller Schein, Christ der Herr,
Von Marie der Jungfrau rein, Christ der Herr.

7

Heinrich Schütz (1585-1672).

SELIG SIND DIE TOTEN.

Selig sind die Toten, die in dem Herren sterben von nun an.
Ja! Der Geist spricht: Sie ruhen von ihrer Arbeit und
ihre Werke folgen ihnen nach.



8

Michael Haydn (1737-1806).

TENEBRAE FACTAE SUNT.

Tenebrae factae sunt; dum crucifixissent Jesum Judaei. Et circa horam nonam exclamavit Jesus voce magna : Deus meus, ut quid me dereliquisti? Et inclinato capite emisit spiritum. Exclamans Jesus voce magna ait : Pater, Pater ! In manus tuas commendo spiritum meum.

9

Anton Heiller (1923-).

DREI KLEINE GEISTLICHE CHÖRE.

Schönster Herr Jesus, Herrscher aller Enden,
Gottes und Mariens Sohn.
Dich will ich lieben, Dich will ich ehren,
Meiner Seelen Freud' und Kron'.

Seele Christi heilige mich, Leib Christi erlöse mich,
Blut Christi, tränke mich. Wasser der Seite Christi wasche mich,
Leiden Christi, stärke mich, O gütiger Jesus, erhöere mich.
Verbirg in deine Wunden mich, von dir lass nimmer scheiden
mich,
vor dem Bösen beschütze mich. In meiner Todesstunde rufe
mich
und heisse zu dir kommen mich, damit ich möge loben dich
mit deinen Heiligen ewiglich. Amen.

Dem König aller Zeiten, dem Unsterblichen, Unsichtbaren,
dem alleinigen Gott sei Ehre und Preis in Ewigkeit. Amen.

10

Hubert du Plessis (1922-).

A CAROL OF THE FLEUR-DE-LYS.

For his love that bought us all dear,
Listen lordlings that be here,
And I will tell you infere,*
Whereof came the Fleur-de-lys.

Sing we all, for time it is:
Mary hath borne the Fleur-de-lys.

On Christmas night, when all was cold,
Our Lady lay among beastës bold,
And there she bare Jesu, Joseph told,
And thereof came the Fleur-de-lys.

On Good Friday that Child was slain,
Beaten with scourges and all to flayn,**
That day he suffered mickle pain;
And thereof came the Fleur-de-lys.

* together
** flayed.

John Joubert (1927-).

THERE IS NO ROSE OF SUCH VIRTUE.

There is no rose of such virtue
As is the rose that bare Jesu : Alleluja.
For in this rose contained was
Heav'n and earth in little space: Res miranda.
By that rose we may well see
There be one God in Persons Three : Pares forma.
Then leave we all this worldly mirth
And follow we this joyous birth : Transeamus.

musica profana

12

Giovanni Pierluigi Palestrina (1526-1594).

MORI QUASI IL MIO CORE.

Mori quasi il mio core, quando la bianca mano mi diede ahimè
pian piano, fior ch'invece d'odor spirava ardore, Or' s'un
bel fior m'ha quasi il cor distrutto che faria'l dolce frutto?

13

I VAGHI FIORI.

I vaghi fiori e l'amorose fronde, E l'erba e l'aria altrui diletto
danno. Porgon riposo gli antri e piacer l'onde, Levano
l'arme e gl'archi ogn'aspro affano. L'ombra soave al cor
dolcezz' in fonde: Fugir le gravi angosce, l'aure fanno.
Lasso me! che mia vita non restaura, Fior, frond', erb',
aria, antr', ond', arm', arch', ombr', aura.

14

Orlandus Lassus (1532-1594).

MATONA, MIA CARA.

Matona, mia cara, mi follere canzon cantar sotto finestra,
lantze buon compagnon.
Ti prego m'ascoltare, che mi cantar de bon, e mi ti foller
bene, come greco e capon.
Comandar alle cazze, cazzar con le falcon, mi ti portar
becazze grasse come rognon.
Si mi non saper dire, tante belle razon, Petrarcha mi non
saper, ne fonte d'Herlicon.
Si ti mi foller bene, mi non esser poltron, mi cantar tutte
notte urlar come monton.

15

ICH WAISS MIR EIN MEIDLEIN.

Ich weiss mir ein Meidlein hübsch und fein, hüt du dich,
es kann wohl falsch und freundlich sein. Hüt du dich,
vertrau ihr nicht, sie narret dich.



16

Michael Cavendish (1565—1628).

COME GENTLE SWAINES.

Come gentle swaines and shepherds' dainty daughters,
Adorn'de with courtesie and comely duties.
Come sing and joy and grace with lovely laughters
The birthday of the beauties of beauties.
Then sang the shepherds and Nymphs of Diana:
Long live faire Oriana.

17

Orlando Gibbons (1585—1625).

THE SILVER SWAN.

The silver swan, who living had no note
When death approached unlocked her silent throat,
Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,
Thus sung her first and last, and sung no more:
"Farewell all joys, O death come close mine eyes,
More Geese than Swans now live, more fools than wise."

18

John Benet (1598—?).

ALL CREATURES NOW ARE MERRY.

All creatures now are merry minded; the shepherds' daughters
are playing, the nymphs are fa-la-la-ing. Yon bugle was well
winded, at Oriana's presence, each thing smileth, the flowers
themselves discover, birds overhead do hover. Music the time
beguileth. See where she comes with flowery garlands
crowned. Queen of all Queens renowned. Then sang the
shepherds and nymphs of Diana, "Long live fair Oriana."

19

Claudio Monteverdi (1567—1643).

FU MIA LA PASTORELLA — Tessendo ghirlandetta

Sengia cantando in un prato di fiori
Intorno a quella — Scherzavan per l'herbetta
Ci prigna il figlio e i pargoletti amori
Ella rivolta a sole — Dice a queste parole.

A CHE TORMI IL BEN MIO s'io dico di morire
questo madonna è troppo gran martire
Ahi vita Ahi mio tesoro
E perderò il ben mio con dir ch'io moro?

ALMO DIVINO RAGGIO — Della cui santa luce
Questa lieta stagion s'alluma e'ndora
E'l bel mese di Maggio — Oggi per te conduce
Dal ciel in terra la tua vaga Flora
Deh quel che ci annoia — Cangia in letizia e in gioia.

20

COR MIO MENTRE VI MIRO.

Cor mio, mentre vi miro, visibilmente mi trasform' in voi;
E trasformato poi in un solo sospir l'anima spiro.
O bellezza, bellezza mortale!
O bellezza, bellezza vitale!
Poi ché si tosto un core per te rinasce,
e per te nato more.

21

Béla Bartók (1881—1945).

SPRING.

Soft the swallow twitters, hidden by eaves,
While the morning dew still brightens the leaves.
Lark overhead so high mounts in the empty sky
On her brown wings.
Half hidden out of sight, treading a beam of light,
Sweetly she sings.
The woodland stirs with joyful singing,
Back to earth the voice of springtime bringing.
Early buds are breaking, leaf and grass awaking,
Fields are dew pearled,
And as light is dawning, rush of wings at morning,
Wakens the world.
Now the sudden wind of springtime bloweth,
Now the farmer to his meadow goeth.
Oxen are driven forth, over the wintry earth,
Merry is he.
Gladly he guides the plough, driving his furrow now
Right readily.
Blessed he who to his labour goeth,
Blessed he who reapeth, he who soweth.
In all his labouring, God is beside him,
And strength is given.
God has appointed thus, labour on earth for us,
Joy in heaven.

22

ENCHANTING SONG.

Forth let the cattle roam,
Come, drive them far from home,
Far across the mountains yonder
Oxen, heifer, now shall wander.
Now may this iron chain,
Bring them safely home again,
Weave a spell and so charm them,
Let not wolf or bear harm them.
Grass grow green before them,
Evil things abhor them,
Fat as butter, sweet as honey,
May they be worth a mint of money,
When they go to market.



THE AGED (Oregek).

(Translated by E. M. Lockwood).

A pitiful sight, these aged folk!
 For sometimes I see them pass by my window,
 their weary backs bent 'neath gathered faggots,
 in wind and in rain, as homeward they go.

Or else I see them in summer heat
 as tired they rest in sultry sunshine.
 On winter nights beside the stove
 they lie down weary, and soundly sleep.

Bowed and humble in church they stand
 and stretch out their hands in dull despair,
 Withered and dried as autumn leaves
 they fade, all sere and yellow.

When in the street on crutches
 stumping they go, stumping,
 e'en the sun looks with strangeness on them.
 Carelessly people greet them: "Good morning, gaffer!"

The summer sun, the winter snow,
 autumn leaves and opening flowers
 of spring, all re-echoing in their ears:

"Only dregs of life's plenteous banquet,
 only husks of the once rich harvest,
 from life's candle droppings only.
 All is eaten up,
 All is scattered wide,
 All is burnt out!"

And sometimes when the aged hands
 gently caress the head of a child,
 it hurts, the feeling that these hands with labour roughened,
 outstretched in kindness, by no one are wanted.

Prisoners they are, dull and indiff'rent,
 fast held in bondage.
 And their fetters are the load of bygone years,
 seventy years of sin and bitterness,

And they wait for the merciful hand,
 wait for the dread hand,
 that compelling, terrible hand
 that will bid them:

"Lay down your burden,
 Come, lay your load down."

