

PROGRAMME II

William Byrd (1539/40-1623): Mass for All Saints

Gaudeamus omnes in Domino, diem festum celebrantes, sub honore Sanctorum omnium, de quorum solemnitate, gaudent angeli, et collaudant, Filium Dei.

Exultate justi in Domino: rectos decet collaudatio.

Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto: Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in secula seculorum. Amen

Let us all rejoice in the Lord, celebrating a feast day in honour of all the saints: for whose holiness in the Angels rejoice and give high praise to the Son of God.

Rejoice in the Lord all ye righteous: for praise is comely for the upright.

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

Timete Dominum omnes sancti eius, quoniam nihil deest timentibus eum.

Inquirentes autem Dominum, non deficient omni bono. Alleluia.

Venite ad me, omnes qui laboratis, et onerati estis, et ego reficiam vos. Alleluia.

O fear the Lord all ye Saints: for there is no want in them that fear him.

They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing. Alleluia.

Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

Alleluia.

Justorum animae in manu Dei sunt, et non tanget illos, tormentum mortis visi sunt oculis: insipientium mori, illi autem sunt, in pace.

The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God and the torment of death shall not touch them: in the sight of the foolish they seem to die but they are in peace.

Beati mundo corde, quoniam ipsi Deum videbunt. Beati pacifici, quoniam filii Dei, vocabuntur. Beati qui persecutionem patiuntur, propter justiam, quoniam ipsorum est regnum caelorum.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are those which are persecuted for their righteousness: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625): O Lord, in thy wrath rebuke me not

O Lord, in thy wrath rebuke me not: neither chasten me in thy displeasure. Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am weak: O Lord, heal me, for my bones are vexed.

My soul is also sore troubled: but, Lord, how long wilt thou punish me? O save me, for thy mercy's sake.

Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625): Lift up your heads

Lift up your heads, O ye gates and be ye lift up ye everlasting doors and the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory? It is the Lord strong and mighty, e'en the Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625): O clap your hands

O clap your hands together, all ye people: O sing unto God with the voice of melody. For the Lord is high, and to be feared: he is the great King of all the earth. He shall subdue the people under us, and the nations under our feet. He shall choose out an heritage for us, even the worship of Jacob, whom he loved. God is gone up with a merry noise: and the Lord with the sound of the trumpet. O sing praises, sing praises unto our God: O sing praises, sing praises unto the Lord our King. For God is the King of all the earth: sing ye praises with understanding. God reigneth over the heathen: God sitteth upon his holy seat. For God, which is highly exalted, doth defend the earth, as it were with a shield. 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.

Sir William Harris (1883-1973): Faire is the heaven

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?

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958): Three Shakespeare Songs

Full Fathom Five (The Tempest, Act I, Scene 2)

Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change

Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Ding-dong.
Hark! now I hear them, - ding-dong bell.

The Cloud-Capp'd Towers (The Tempset, Act IV, Scene 1)

The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind: We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

Over Hill, Over Dale (A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act II, Scene 1)

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough briar,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire
I do wander everywhere.
Swifter than the moonè's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.