

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Anon.

(Austria, 17th century):

Salve Regina

Salve Regina, Mater Misericordiae,
Vita, dulcedo, et spes nostra, Salve!
Ad te clamamus, exules filii [H]evae,
Ad te suspiramus, gementes et flentes,
In hac lacrimarum valle.
Eja ergo, Advocata nostra,
Illos tuos misericordes oculos ad nos converte
Et Jesum, benedictum fructum ventris tui,
Nobis, post hoc exilium, ostende,
O clemens, O pia, O dulcis Virgo Maria.

Hail, Holy Queen, Mother of mercy,
[Hail] our life, our sweetness and our hope!
To thee do we cry, poor banished children of Eve,
to thee do we send up our sighs,
mourning and weeping in this valley of tears.
Turn, then, most gracious advocate,
thine eyes of mercy toward us,
and after this, our exile,
show unto us the blessed fruit of thy womb, Jesus.
O clement, O loving, O sweet Virgin Mary.

Alessandro Grandi (1586-1630):

O quam tu pulchra es

O quam tu pulchra es,
Amica mea, columba mea,
Formosa mea
Oculi tui columbarum
Capilli tui sicut greges caprarum
Et dentes tui sicut greges tonsarum.
Veni de Libano, veni coronaberis.
Surge propera, surge sponsa mea,
Surge dilecta mea, immaculata mea,
Surge, veni, quia amore languet.

O how beautiful you are,
My girlfriend, my dove,
My beautiful one,
Your eyes are those of doves
Your hair is like flocks of goats,
Your teeth are like rows of oars.
Come from Lebanon, come and you will be crowned.
Arise quickly, arise my bride
Arise my precious, my spotless one,
Arise, come, because I languish in love.

Girolamo Kapsberger (c.1580-1651):

Toccata VI

Giovanni Felice Sances (1600-1679):

Audite me

Audite me, divini fructus, et quasi rosa
plantata super rivus aquarum fructificate.
Quasi Libanus odorem suavitatis habete.
Florete flores quasi liliium, et date odorem,
et frondete in gratium et collaudate canticum,
et benedicite Dominum in operibus suis.
Alleluia.

Hear me, O divine fruit, and as a rose
planted by a stream of water, bud forth.
Produce a fragrance as sweet as frankincense.
Send forth flowers as the lily, and yield an aroma,
and bring forth leaves in grace, and praise the song,
and bless the Lord in his works.
Alleluia.

August Kühnel (1645-c.1700):
Variations on "Herr Jesu Christ, Du höchstes Gut"

Heinrich Schütz (1585-1670):
O süßser, o freundlicher

O süßer, O freundlicher, O gütiger Herr Jesu Christe,
wie hoch hast du uns elende Menschen geliebet,
wie teuer hast du uns erlöst,
wie lieblich hast du uns getröstet,
wie herrlich hast du uns gemacht,
wie gewaltig hast du uns erhoben.

Mein Heiland, wie erfreuet sich mein Herz,
mein Heiland, wenn ich daran gedenke,
denn je mehr ich daran gedenke,
je freundlicher du bist,
je lieber ich dich habe.

Mein Erlöser, wie herrlich sind deine Wohltaten,
die du uns erzeiget hast,
wie groß ist die Herrlichkeit,
die du uns bereitet hast.

O wie verlangst meiner Seelen nach dir,
wie sehne ich mich mit aller Macht aus diesem Elende
nach dem himmlischen Vaterland.

Mein Helfer, du hast mir mein Herz
genommen mit deiner Liebe,
daß ich mich ohn Unterlaß nach dir sekne,
daß ich bald zu dir kommen
und deine Herrlichkeit schauen sollte.

O sweet, o friendly, o kind Jesus Christ,
how great has been your love for us wretched people,
how dearly have you saved us,
how lovingly have you comforted us,
how splendid have you made us,
how powerfully have you exalted us.

My saviour, how my heart rejoices
when I think about it,
for the more I think about it,
the friendlier you are,
the more I like you.

My saviour, how splendid are your good deeds,
that you have revealed to us;
how great is the splendour
that you have prepared for us.

O how my soul longs for you,
in my misery, how I yearn with all my might
for the heavenly fatherland!

My helper, you have taken
my heart with your love,
so that I yearn for you ceaselessly.
Ah, that I soon might come to you
and behold your splendour!

INTERVAL

Anon. (Northern Germany, 17th century):
Christus, der uns selig macht
from "Gamben-Choräle für Lyra Viol solo"

Henry Purcell (1659-1695):
An evening Hymn

Now, now that the sun hath veil'd his light
And bid the world goodnight;
To the soft bed my body I dispose,
But where shall my soul repose?
Dear, dear God, even in Thy arms,
And can there be any so sweet security!
Then to thy rest, O my soul!
And singing, praise the mercy
That prolongs thy days.

Hallelujah!

Barbara Strozzi (1619-1677) — arr. Kirsty Whatley

"Il Romeo" Is this performed instrumentally??

Barbara Strozzi:
In medio Maris

In medio maris contrarius erat ventus.
In imbre, in unda, in fluctibus levis
navicula jactabatur.
Jam quarta vigilia noctis errabant
dolentes, lugentes.
Ecce a longe ambulans super mare
venit ad eos.
Turbati sunt stupore, timore.
Clamabant pavidi: "Fantasma est!"
Locutus est Jesus,
"Ego sum. Veni et tu,
Petrus, super aquas?"
Discessit e navicula, ambulavit.
Tremuit, precatus est Petrus:
"In vento valido, in unda liquida, eu! pes immergitur!
Jam cado, jam pereo, me salvum fac, Jesu!"
Apprehendit, repprehendit eum Dominus:
"Modicae fidei, quare dubitasti?"
Clamabant undique gentes:
Fili Dei, alleluia,
Fili Dei vere tu es, alleluia!

In the midst of the sea the wind was adverse.
In the storm, among the flood and the waves,
the little boat was tossed.
In the fourth hour of the night they were driven
now here, now there, weeping and groaning.
Then behold, from far off He came walking
across the water toward them.
They were much distressed by amazement and fear.
Frightened, they cried out, "It is a ghost!"
Jesus spoke:
"It is I. Will you also come
upon the waters, Peter?"
Peter leapt from the boat and walked.
Then he began to tremble, and prayed, saying,
"In the mighty wind, in the wet waves, alas!
My foot sinks! I fall, I am dying; save me, O Jesus!" Jesus
seized Peter and reproached him:
"O you of little faith, why did you doubt?"
The peoples were crying out everywhere:
"Son of God, alleluia;
truly you are the Son of God, alleluia!"

Translation Michael J. Smith

Dietrich Buxtehude (1637-1707):
Toccata in G BuxWV 165

Pelham Humfrey (1647-1674):
A hymn to God the Father

Wilt Thou forgive that sin where I begun,
Which was my sin, though it were done before?
Wilt Thou forgive that sin, through which I run,
And do run still, though still I do deplore?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,
For I have more.

Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I have won
Others to sin, and made my sin their door?
Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I did shun
A year or two, but wallowed in a score?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,
For I have more.

I have a sin of fear, that when I have spun
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore ;
But swear by Thyself, that at my death Thy Son
Shall shine as he shines now, and heretofore ;
And having done that, Thou hast done ;
I fear no more.

Dietrich Buxtehude:
Jubilate Domino

Jubilate Domino, omnis terra.
Cantate et exultate et psallite,
Psallite Domino in cithara,
Cithara et voci psalmi,
In buccinis et voce tubae.
Jubilate in conspectus
Regis Domini.

Rejoice in the Lord, all the earth!
Sing, exult, and strike up!
Strike up to the Lord with the lyre
The lyre, and the sound of psalms,
With horns and the sound of the trumpet!
Rejoice before
the King, the Lord!