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FRANZ SCHUBERT

Mass in G Major, D. 167

1779-1828

Kyrle – Gloria – Credo – Sanctus – Benedictus – Agnus Dei

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**Swanseas Town**

Oh! Sorrow to you my Nancy, ten thousand times adieu, I bound across the ocean, girl, once more to part with you; Once more to part with you, and to leave you in foreign shores, But I still live to hope to see old Swanseas Town once more.

Old Swanseas Town once more, fine girl, you're the girl that I adore, But still I live to hope to see old Swanseas Town once more.

It's now! It's now that I am cut at sea, and you are far behind, Kind sir will you write to me of your secrets of the mind? The secrets of my mind, fine girl, you're the girl that I adore, But still I live to hope to see old Swanseas Town once more.

The way the storm is rising, I see something coming on, The night so dark as anything, we cannot see the moon; Our good ship she's to all's delight, our rigging is but slow, But still I live to hope to see old Swanseas Town once more.

It's now the storm is over and we are safe on shore, We'll drink strong drinks and brandy too, to the girl that we adore. To see old Swanseas Town, it's now I live to hope to see, And when our money is all gone, we'll go to see more for.

Old Swanseas Town once more, fine girl, we'll make that tavern roar; And when our money is all gone we'll go to see more.

**PROGRAM NOTES**

RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

**The Willow Song** from Three Elizabethan Partongs

Ralph (pronounced "Raf") Vaughan Williams was born October 12, 1872, at Down Ampney, Gloucestershire, and died August 26, 1958, in London.

Probably the most distinguished English composer of the 20th century, Vaughan Williams was the quintessential English romantic composer. He was educated at the University of Cambridge and the Royal College of Music in London. His teachers included two British composers who contributed greatly to English music, including John Ireland and Edward Elgar. Vaughan Williams played a significant role in the development of modernist music in Britain, and his works are characterized by a strong sense of national identity and regionalism. He was a member of the English School, a group of composers who sought to create a new, uniquely English musical style.

To commemorate his life and work, the Royal College of Music and the British Council have collaborated on a series of concerts and performances across the UK. This program features some of Vaughan Williams' most celebrated works, including his choral music, orchestral pieces, and chamber works. The performers include renowned British and international musicians, and the event is open to the public. Please join us as we celebrate the legacy of this great composer and explore the richness of his music.

**YOU ARE NOT ALLOWED TO REPRODUCE THIS DOCUMENT OUTSIDE OF THE UNITED STATES WITHOUT THE PREVIOUS PERMISSION OF THE COPYRIGHT OWNER**
John Rutten

"The Girl I Left Behind Me" from Five Traditional Songs

I believe in one God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, of all things visible and invisible; in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only Son of God, who proceeded from the Father before all worlds; God of God, light of light, very God of very God; begotten, not made, of one substance with the Father, by whom all things were made; for us and our salvation came down from heaven. And was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made man. And was crucified also for us under Pontius Pilate, suffered and was buried. And the third day he rose again according to the Scriptures, and ascended into heaven, being on the right hand of the Father, and shall come again with glory to judge the quick and the dead; whose kingdom shall have no end; I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and giver of life, who proceedeth from the Father and the Son; who with the Father and the Son together is worshipped and glorified; who spake by the prophets. I acknowledge one baptism for the remission of sins of (the dead). And I look for the resurrection of the dead and the life of the world to come. Amen.

Our Father who art in heaven, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts. Heaven and earth are full of thy glory. Hosanna in the highest. Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord. O Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Grant us peace.

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Franz Peter Schubert

Mass in G, D. 167

Schubert was born January 31, 1797, in Himmelpfortgondorf, near Vienna, and died November 19, 1828, in Vienna. He composed this work between March 2 and 7, 1819.

The youngest son of a schoolmaster, Franz Schubert displayed as a child an extraordinary talent for music. His family was musical, and Franz, on the piano, joined in the string quartet playing that his father encouraged in their home. The boy received his first musical training from his father and an older brother, later studying piano, violin, organ, and singing and harmony; one of his teachers, Michael Holzer, choirmaster of the parish, told the able young boy that the music was an assignment. "He seems to know the less important perfectly before I begin to explain to him by heart?" By age 17 he had produced piano pieces, string quartets, his first symphony, and a three-act opera. Schubert had been a student at the Vienna conservatory, however, he became a teacher at the Oberarringgymnasium, his uncle's school. He was thoroughly miserable in this position, but found comfort in musical composition: in 1815 alone, he wrote two symphonies, five operas, a few smaller choral works, and over 140 songs!

In 1818 he left school teaching, having received a position as music tutor to the daughters of the Hungarian noblemen, Count Estherhazy, at his estate at Zeller in Hungary. Here, Schubert's only compositions of importance appeared to be one of his attractive pupils, and he stayed only through the summer. The following winter, Schubert roomed with a friend, leading a Bohemian lifestyle. His mornings were devoted to intense compositional work: "He would sit down at the table clad only in his shirt and pants and compose the most beautiful things," wrote another friend. In the afternoons, Schubert and a number of friends would repair to the café-house for relaxation.

In 1820-21 aristocratic patrons and new friendships seemed to point toward a brighter future, but instead, strained relationships, financial hardship, and serious illness (Schubert probably contracted syphilis in late 1822) made the next few years a dark period. Repeated musical failures plunged Schubert into a profound melancholy. "Picture to yourself," he wrote despondently to a friend, "a man whose health can never be restored, who from despair makes matters worse instead of better; picture to yourself, I say, a man whose most brilliant hopes have come to nothing, to whom professed love and friendship are but anguish, and whom the accustomed—inspired feeling, at least at times—tenderness to vanished, and then ask yourself if such a condition does not represent a miserable and unhappy man...Each night, when I go to sleep, I see Schubert again at work, and every morning I see the wounds of yesterday." His feelings of despair and futility did not staunch the flow of his musical creativity, however.

Despite an output of over one thousand compositions and an incredible gift for inspiration, Schubert remained a comparatively unknown composer in his day. One taste of fame was a very successful public concert devoted entirely to his music given on March 26, 1826, by the Musikverein of Vienna. By the fall of 1828, however, more and more symptoms of a grave illness became evident, and in November, at the age of 31, he died, probably of typhoid fever. His monument bears an inscription from a poem by Franz Grillparzer: "Here lies buried a rich treasure, and yet more glorious hopes."

The first of the two Masses which Schubert composed in 1815, the G major (D. 167), was probably performed for the first time in the Vienna parish church of Lichtensteig. The third section Kyrie is warm and intimate. The first part of the Gloria, which also has three sections, is more passionate. In the contrasting middle section, the soprano soloist and chorus join in pleading for the Lord's mercy. The Credo, set for four-part choir, is written in strict counterpoint. The Agnus Dei is set for solo soprano. The concluding section of the Mass, the Dies irae, is characterized by a massive symphony figure that recurs throughout. Schubert used the voice in an expressive way, often with great expressiveness and lyrical qualities.

The Mass is a large-scale work, with a rich choral texture and an expressive and moving organ part. The work is also notable for its vitality and emotional depth, as well as its technical mastery. Schubert's use of the orchestra is particularly striking, with richly orchestrated passages that create a sense of depth and breadth.

The work was dedicated to the composer Anton Diabelli, who was a close friend of Schubert and who helped him in the composition of the work. The dedication reads: "To my dear friend, Anton Diabelli, from Franz Schubert, Vienna, March 2, 1819."
Quite fair and contented
was I previously
with my life and
with my sweethearth
through a wall.
yes, through ten walls,
did my friend's gaze
recognize me.
But now, oh, woe,
if I am this cold boy,
no matter how close
I stand before his eyes,
neither his eyes
nor his heart notices.

When your eyes look at me
so gently and lovingly,
you chase away every last anxiety
that troubles my life.
The lovely glow of this love
do not let it disappear!
No one else will ever love you
as faithfully as I.

On the banks of the Danube,
there stands a house,
and looking out of it
is a pink-cheeked maiden.
The maiden
is very well-protected:
ten iron bolts
have been placed on the door.
But ten iron bolts
are but a joke;
I will snap them
as if they were only glass.

O how gently the stream
winds through the meadow!
O how lovely it is when
Love finds Love!

No, there's just no getting along
with people;
they always make such poisonous interpretations
of everything.
If I'm merry, they say I am scherz loose urges;
if I'm quiet, they say
I am crazed with love.
Locksmith—get up and make your locks,
locks without number;
for I want to lock up
all the evil mouths.

The little bird rushes through the air,
searching for a branch;
and my heart desires a heart,
a heart on which it can biedlessly rest.

See how clear the waves are
when the moon gazes down.
You who are my love,
you love me back!

Quite fair and contented
was I previously
with my life and
with my sweethearth
through a wall.
yes, through ten walls,
did my friend's gaze
recognize me.
But now, oh, woe,
if I am this cold boy,
no matter how close
I stand before his eyes,
neither his eyes
nor his heart notices.

Do not wander, my light, out there in the field
in your feet, your tender feet, would get too soft, too soft.

All flooded are the paths there,
and the bridges,
somewhere there
did they weep.

The bushes are trembling;
they were brushed by a little bird in flight.
In the same way,
your heart trembles,
overcome by love, pleasure and sorrow,
as it thinks of you.

—Georg Friederich Daumer

**Mass in G, D. 167**

**Kyrie**
Kyrie eleison.
Christe eleison.

**Glória**
Glória in excelsis Deo,
Et in terra pax hominibus bona voluntatis.
Laudamus te, benedictus te,
adoramus te, glorificamus te.

**Liberetto**

**Just as the Tide Was Flowing**

One morning in the month of May,
Down by some rolling tide.
A jolly sailor, I did stay,
When I beheld my lady.
She carelessly along did stay,
A-picking of the daisies gay.
And sweetly sang her roundelay,
Just as the tide was flowing.

Oh her dress it was so white as milk,
And jewels did adorn her.
Her shoes were made of the crimson silk,
Just like some lady of honour.
Her cheeks were red, her eyes were brown,
Her hair iningles hanging down;
Sharply she wept without a sound,
Just as the tide was flowing.

I made a bow and said "Fair maid,
How came you here so early?
My heart by you it is betroth'd
For I do love you dearly.
I am a sailor come from sea,
If you will accept of my company
To walk and view the fishes play,
Just as the tide was flowing.

No more we said, but on our way
We gang'd along together;
The small birds sang, and the lambs did play,
And pleasant was the weather.
When we were wearied we did sit down,
Beside a tree with branches round;
For my true love at last I found,
Just as the tide was flowing.

O Lord God, heavenly King,
God the Father Almighty,
O Lord God, the begotten Son,
Jesus Christ, the Most High,
O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father,

Thou that takest away the sins of the world,
have mercy upon us.
Thou that takest away the sins of the world,
receive our prayer.

For thou only holy,
thou only the Lord;
thou only, O Jesus Christ,
thou only.

With the Holy Ghost in the glory of God the Father,
Amen.

**The Dark-eyed Sailor**

It was a comet lady fair,
Wasting work out for to take the air;
She met a sailor on her way.
So I paid attention to what they did say.

Said William, "Lady, why walk stone? The night is coming and the day near gone."
She said, white tears from her eyes did fall,
"It's a dark-eyed sailor that's proving my downfall.
"It's two long years since he left the land;
He took a gold ring from my hand.
We broke the token, here's part with me,
And the other's lying at the bottom of the sea."

Then had the ring did young William show,
She was distracted midly and weep.
"O welcome, William, I've lands and gold;
For my dark-eyed sailor, so many true and bold."

Then in a village down by the sea,
They joined in wedlock and well agree.
So media be true while your love's away,
For a cloudy morning brings forth a shining day.

**I love my love**

Abroad as I was walking, one evening in the spring,
I heard a maid in Bedlam so sweetly to sing;
Her chains she rattled with her hands, and thus replied she:
"I love my love because I know my love loves me!"
O cruel were his parents who sent me to love, and cruel was the ship that bore my love from me;
Yet I love him that bore me to love, for he loved me with a love I never knew.

With straw I'll weave a garland, I'll weave it very fine;
With roses, I'll do, I'll do, I'll make the garlanding;
And I'll present it to my true love when he returns from sea.
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Just as she there sat weeping, her love he came on land,
Then, hearing she was Bedlam, he ran straight out of hand;
He flew into her snow-white arms, and thus replied he:
"I love my love, because I know my love loves me."
She said: "My love, don't frighten me; are you my love or not?"
"O yes, my dearest Nancy, I am your love, also I am returned to make amends for all your injury; I love my love because I know my love loves me."

So now these two are married, and happy may be
Like turtle doves together, in love and unity.
All pretties with pattens with face that have got love at sea;
I love my love because I know my love loves me.
Lamento della Ninfa

Non havea Febo ancora
Recato al mondo il di
Ch'una donzella fuora
Del proprio albergo usci.
Sul pallidetto volto
Scorgea se il suo dolor.
Spesso gli venia sciolto
Un gran sospir dal cor.
Si calpestando fiori
Errava hor qua, hor là,
I suoi perduti amori
Così piangendo va:

Amor, dicea, e'l ciel
Mirando, il pié fermò,
Amor, dov'è la fe' Amor,
Che'l traditor giurò?
Fa che ritorni il mio
Amor com'ei pur fu,
O tu m'ancidi ch'io
Non mi tormenti più.
Misericorda, oh più no, no
Tanto gel soffrir non può.
Non vo' più che i sospiri
Se non lontan da me,
No, no che i martiri
Più non dirammi affè.
Perchè di lui mi struggo
Tut'orgoglioso sta,
Che sì, se'l fuggo
Aocr mi pregherà.
Se ciglio ha più sereno
Coei ch'el mio non è,
Già non richiude in seno
Amor si bella fè.
Ne mai si dolci baci
Da quella boca havrai,
Ne più soavi, ah taci,
Taci, che troppo il sa.

Si tra sdegnsi pianti
Spargea le voci al ciel.
Così ne'cori amanti
Mesce amor fiamma e gel.

Phoebus had not yet given
the day back to the world,
when a damsel came out
of her own house.
On her pale face
her suffering
was plainly to be observed,
a deep sigh often rose from her heart.
Crushing the flowers underfoot,
she strayed back and forth,
bewailing her
lost loves.

Amor! she cried, paused,
looking up to heaven:
Amor, where is the fidelity
that the betrayer swore?
Send back my lover,
as he once was;
or kill me,
that I may no longer torment myself.
Ah, wretch! No, no further!
She cannot bear so much coldness.
No longer will I have
these sighs - unless from afar -
no, no, nor these torments
speak to me.
If I torture myself for his sake
he is unmoved,
but if I flee from him,
he will again bid me.
Even though she who is not mine
has a pleasing smile.
Amor has not endowed her heart
with equal fidelity.
Never again will you receive such sweet kisses
from that mouth,
and none more tender; - ah, say no more,
say no more, you know it only too well.

Thus she raised her voice to heaven
with reproachful laments:
Thus does Amor mingle fire and ice
within lovers' hearts.

Dolci miei sospiri
Dolci miei sospiri
dolci miei martiri
dolci mio desio
e voli dolci cantii
e voli dolci pianiti
rimanet'a Dio.

A la ria partita
vento e mare invita
o volubile hore
ma non più querela
duro Amor crudele.
Ama il mio dolore.

Hora miei sospiri
hora miei martiri
e tu miei desio
e voli dolci cantii
e voli dolci pianiti
rimanet'a Dio.

E se mai soletta
suoi pensier dilettea
per solingo loco
e voli dolci cantii
e voli dolci pianiti
dite del mio foco.

E se tutta adorna
unque mai soggiorna
festeggiano in gioco
dite miei sospiri
dite miei martiri
a lei del mio foco.

Oh rosetta che rosetta
Oh rosetta che rosetta
tral bel verde di tue frondi
vergognosa ti nascondi
come pura donzella
che sposata ancor non è.

Se dal bel crespo natio
ti torro non te ne caglia
ma con te tanto mi vaglia
che ne lo di pensier mio
se servigio ha sua merce.

Caro pregio il tuo colore
tra le man sia di colei
che governa i pensier miei
che mi mira il petto e'l core
ma non mira la mia fe'.

Non mi dir come l'apprezzza
la belta di Citera
io me'l so, ma questa Dea
e di grazia e di bellezza
non ha Dea sembiante a se.

O rose, rose that
through the fair green of your leaves
in modesty lie hid
like a pure maiden
that is still unwed.

If born of a fair cluster
it did not worry or concern you,
but so I esteem you
that in your praise my thoughts
have their reward.

Dear in worth your colour
in the hands of her
who rules my thoughts
who sees my bosom and my heart
but does not see my faith.

I cannot say how much I esteem you
beauty of Cytherea,
I know it, but this Goddess
in grace and in beauty
has no other Goddess like her.
Liebeslieder Waltzes

1 Rede, Mädchen, alzu liebes,
das mir in die Brust, die kühle,
hat geschleudert mit dem Blicke
diese wilden Glutgefühle!
Willst du nicht dein Herz erweichen,
willst du, eine Überfromme,
rasten ohne traute Wonne,
oder willst du, daß ich komme?
Rasten ohne traute Wonne,
nicht so bitter will ich büssen.
Komme nur, du schwarzes Auge.
Komme, wenn die Sterne grüßen.

2 Am Gesteine rauscht die Flut
heftig angetrieben;
wer da nicht zu seufzen weiß,
lernt es unterm Lieben.

3 O die Frauen, o die Frauen,
wie sie Wonne taunen!
Wäre lang ein Mönch geworden,
wären nicht die Frauen!

4 Wie des Abends schöne Röte
möchte ich arme Dime glühn,
Einem, Einem zu gefallen,
sonder Ende Wonne sprühn.

5 Die grüne Hopfenranke,
sie schlängelt auf der Erde hin.
Die junge, schöne Dime,
so traurig ist ihr Sinn!
Du höre, grüne Ranke!
Was hebst du dich nicht himmelwärts?
Du höre, schöne Dime!
Was ist so schwer dein Herz?
Wie höbe sich die Ranke,
der keine Stütze Kraft verleiht?
Wie wäre die Dime fröhlich,
wer ihr das Liebste weit?

6 Ein kleiner, hübscher Vogel
nahm den Flug
zum Garten hin,
da gab es Obst genug.
Wenn ich ein hübscher,
kleiner Vogel war,
ich säumte nicht,
ich täte so wie der.

Leimruten-Arglist
lauert an dem Ort;
der arme Vogel
konnte nicht mehr fort.
Wenn ich ein hübscher,
kleiner Vogel war,
ich säumte doch,
ich täte nicht wie der.

Der Vogel kam
in eine schöne Hand,
da tat es ihm,
dem Glücklichen, nicht and.
Wenn ich ein hübscher,
kleiner Vogel war,
ich säumte nicht,
ich täte doch wie der.

Speak, maiden, whom I love all too much,
who hurled into my once aloof heart,
with only one glance,
these wild, ardent feelings!

Will you not soften your heart?
Do you wish to be chaste
and remain without sweet bliss,
or do you want me to come to you?

To remain without sweet bliss -
I would never make such a bitter penance.
So come, dark-eyes,
come when the stars greet you.

Against the stones the stream rushes,
powerfully driven:
those who do not know to sigh there,
will learn it when they fall in love.

O women, O women,
how they melt one with bliss!
I would have become a monk long ago
if it were not for women!

Like the evening's lovely red,
would I, a poor maiden, like to glow,
to please one, one boy -
and to then radiate bliss forever.

The green hops vine,
it winds along the ground.
The young, fair maiden -
so mournful are her thoughts!

You - listen, green vine!
Why do you not raise yourself heavenwards?
You - listen, fair maiden!
Why is your heart so heavy?

How can the vine raise itself
when no support lends it strength?
How can the maiden be merry
when her sweetheart is far away?

A small, pretty bird
took flight
into the garden -
there was fruit enough there.
If I were a pretty,
small bird,
I would not tarry -
I would do just as he did.

Malicious lime-twig
lurked in that place;
the poor bird
could not escape.
If I were a pretty,
small bird,
I would have hesitated,
I would not have done that.

The bird came
into a pretty girl's hand,
and she did not harm him,
the lucky thing.
If I were a pretty,
small bird,
I would not linger -
I would do just as he did.

7 Wohl schön bewandt
war es vor ehe
mit meinem Leben,
mit meiner Liebe;
durch eine Wand,
ja, durch zehn Wände
erkannte mich
des Freundes Sehe.
Doch jetzt, wehe,
wen ich dem Kalten
auch noch so dicht
vorm Auge stehe,
es merkt sein Auge,
sein Herze nicht.

8 Wenn so lind dein Auge mir
und so lieblich schaudet,
jede letzte Träne flieht
welche mich umgrauet.
Dieser Liebe schöne Glut,
laß sie nicht verstieben!
Nimmer wird, wie ich, so treu
dich ein andrer lieben.

9 Am Donaustrande,
da steht ein Haus,
da schaut ein rosiges
Mädchen aus.
Das Mädchen,
es ist wohl gut gehegt,
zehn eiserne Riegel
sind vor die Türe gelegt.
Zehn eiserne Riegel
das ist ein Spaß;
die spreng ich
als wären sie nur von Glas.

10 O wie sanft die Quelle sich
durch die Wiese windet!
O wie schön, wenn Liebe sich
durch die Liebe findet!

11 Nein, es ist nicht auszukommen
mit den Leuten;
Alles wissen sie so giftig
auszudeuten.
Bin ich heiter, hegen soll ich
lose Triebe;
bin ich still, so heißt's, ich wäre
ir aus Liebe.

12 Schloßers auf, und mache Schlösser,
Schloßers ohne Zahl
denn die bösen Mäuler will ich
schließen allzumal.

13 Vögelein durchrauscht die Luft,
sucht nach einem Aste;
und das Herz, ein Herz, ein Herz begehr'ts,
wo es selig raste.

14 Sieh, wie ist die Welle klar,
blickt der Mond hernieder!
Die du meine Liebe bist,
liebe du mich wieder!
Mass in G, D. 167
Kyrie
Kyrie eleison. 
Christe eleison.
Glória
Glória in excelsis Deo,
Et in terra pax hominibus bona voluntas.
Laudamus te, benedícimus te, 
adorámus te, glorificámus te.
Gratias agimus tibi
propter magnam glóriam tuam.

Domine Deus, Rex coelestis,
Deus Pater omnipotens,
Domínica filigurdi, 
Jesus Christus altissíme, 
Domínus Deus, Agnus Dei, Filíus Patris,

Qui tollis peccata mundi, 
misericóre nobis.

Quoniam tu solus sanctus, 
tu solus Dominus, 
tu solus altissimus Jesus Christus, 
Cum Sancto Spiritu in glória Dei Patris, Amen.

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NANCY LEWIS

Alto
KIMBERLY OBERG LIPPMAN
ADRIENNE MCCOY
SUZI MEANS
LADY MELDI
KRISTIN O'DONNELL
CHRISTINE RICKERT
DEBRA SHALLING
NEDRA SLOANSON
ANNIE THOMPSON

Tenor
ALEX CHUAN
RALPH COBB
ALVIN KROON
JAN LANGE
TIMOTHY LUNDE
THOMAS NEBBIT
JILL ROYER
JERRY SAMS

Bass
ANDREW DANDILICH
STEVE CARR
DOUGLAS DURKOFF
DEANNO MOORE
GARY OULES
JOHN SIEBERT
RICHARD WYCKOFF

* Liebestod chorus

"As Just as the Tide Was Flowing"

One morning in the month of May,
Down by some rolling sea,
I met a pretty lady fair,
And I staid with her for a while.

No one else will ever love you
As faithfully as I love you.

On the banks of the Danube,
There stands a house,
And looking out of it
Is a pink-cheeked maiden.
The maiden is very well-protected,
Ten iron bolts have been placed on the door.
But ten iron bolts are but a joke,
I will snap them as if they were only glass.

How gently the stream winds through the meadow!
Oh how lovely it is when Love finds Love!

No, there's just no getting along with people;
They always make such poisonous interpretations of everything.
If I'm merry, they say I cherish loose urchins;
If I'm quiet, they say I am crazed with love.

Locksmith - get up and make your locks, locks without number;
For I want to lock up all the evil mouths.
The little bird rushes through the air,
Searching for a branch; and
My heart desires a heart, a heart
On which it can blessedly rest.

See how clear the waves are
When the moon gazes down.
Who are you, my love?
You love me back.

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CREDO

Credu in unum Deum, Patrem omnipotentem, factorem coeli et terrae, visibilium omnium et invisibilium;
In unum Dominum Jesum Christum, Fillum Dei unigenitum, et Dominum nostrum Jesum Christum;
Deum Deo, lumen de, et veritatem, homo (his father was very pious),
et omnem sanctitatem patris,
qui per omnia facta sunt;
qui propter nos homines
et nostram salutem descendid de coelis.

Et incarnatus est de Spiritu Sancto ex Maria virginis, et homo factus est.

Crucifixum eum pro nobis sub Pontio Pilato
passus et sepultus est.

Et resurrexit ter tertia die secundum scripturas, et ascendit in coelum, sedecim virum ac et iterum venit
et cum gloria judicature vivos et mortuos,
neque regni non est hodie.

Crede in Spiritum Sanctum Dominum et vivificantem, qui ex Patre Filio procedit;
quicum Patre et Filio simul adoratur et conglorificatur,
quem locutus est per Prophetas.

Confiteor unum baptisma in remissionem peccatorum (mortuorum).

Et expecto resurrectionem mortuorum et vitam venturi saeculi, Amen.

Sanctus
Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth.
Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua.

Ascesis in excelso

Benedictus
Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini.

Agnus Dei
Agnus Dei qui tollis pecunia mundi, miserere nobis.

Dona nobis pacem.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION © 1964 Z. Philip Ambrose

JOHN RUTTER

“The Girl I Left Behind Me” from Five Traditional Songs

John Rutter was born in London in 1943.

John Rutter received his first musical training as a chorister at Highgate School. Later, he studied at Clare College, Cambridge, where he later became Director of Music. He was still an undergraduate when his first compositions were published, and he went on to assist Sir David Willcocks in editing and arranging the popular Carols for Choirs. Rutter has both directed and edited many outstanding recordings with his own choir, the Cambridge Singers, and has composed both large and small-scale choral works, orchestral and instrumental pieces, a piano concerto, two children’s operas, music for television, and special pieces for such groups as the Philip Jones Brass Ensemble and the King’s Singers. He has guest-conducted or lectured worldwide at concert halls, universities, churches, music festivals and conferences.

JOHANNES BRAHMS

Liebeslieder Walzer, Op. 52

Brahms was born in Hamburg on May 7, 1833, and died in Vienna on April 3, 1897.

In addition to small choral, the work is scored for piano four-hands.

Johannes Brahms was one of the major musical figures of the 19th century, and is now ranked among the finest composers of all time. With their clarity of structure and lack of dependence upon extra-musical images or ideas, and their rich harmonies, passion, and lyricism, his works combine the best characteristics of both the Classical and the Romantic styles of musical composition. His four symphonies are considered among the greatest ever written, and his songs are loved throughout the musical world.

He has been a popular figure with the public, with a special appeal for the disenchanted, in his later years. His works have been influential in the development of modern music.

As a young man, Brahms found himself playing the piano in Hamburg's staatsmusik district. He sat in halls to augment his family's income. By the age of 20, his reputation as a pianist enabled him to act as concert soloist, and his early career was marked by his connection with the German virtuoso violinist Max Bruch. At about this time Brahms met the composer, Robert Schumann, who praised him in his musical journal as a genius. Brahms was also among his closest musical friends and admirers was the pianist Clara Schumann (to whom he remained close after Schumann's mental collapse and subsequent death in 1856), and Joseph Joachim, the famous violin virtuo.

After failing to obtain an official position in his native city, Brahms settled in Vienna where he lived for 35 years as a relatively successful bachelor composer of music in almost every genre except opera. "I would be as difficult for me to marry," he said, "as to write an opera. But after the first experience I should probably undertake a second!"

He conducted a Viennese musical society and revived several neglected compositions by Bach, Handel, and Mozart. He was widely acquainted with older music, edited music of the Baroque and Classical era, and collected music manuscripts. The composer succumbed to liver cancer at age 64, ten years after the death of Clara Schumann, his one great love and lifelong friend, and was buried not far from Beethoven and Schubert.

Brahms made arrangements of many German folk songs, and declared that the folk song was his ideal in composing over 200 songs of his own. The 18 love-poem settings that make up his delightful Liebeslieder Walzer ("Love-songs of Happiness") express love's many moods, and feature exhilarating rhythm freedom within the boundaries of the Waltz's triple meter.

FRANZ PETER SCHUBERT

Mass in G, D. 167

Schubert was born January 31, 1797, in Himmelpfortgaden, near Vienna, and died November 19, 1828, in Vienna. He composed this work between March 2 and 17, 1819.

The youngest son of a schoolmaster, Franz Schubert displayed as a child an extraordinary talent for music. His family was musical, and Franz, on the piano, joined in the string quartet playing that his father encouraged in their home. The boy received his first musical training from his father and

an older brother, later studying piano, violin, organ, singing and harmony; one of his teachers, Michael Holzer, chairman of the board, told the able young man that Schubert 'seems perfectly before I begin to explain them to him! By 1817 he had produced piano pieces, string quartets, his first symphony, and a three-act opera. In 1820, however, he became a teacher and a pianist at the Singakademie's school. He was thoroughly miserable in this position, but found comfort in musical composition: in 1815 alone, he wrote two symphonies, five operas, and over 140 songs!

In 1818 he left school teaching, having received a position as music tutor to the daughters of the Hungarian noblemen, Count Estethy, at his estate at Zittha. Here, Schubert's only compositional inspiration appeared to be one of his attractive pupils, and he stayed only through the summer. The following winter, Schubert roomed with a friend, leading a Bohemian lifestyle. His mornings were devoted to intense compositional work: "He would sit down at the table clad only in his shirt and pants and compose the most beautiful things," wrote another friend. In the afternoons, Schubert and a number of friends would repair to the café-house for relaxation.

In 1820-21 aristocratic patronage and new friendships seemed to point toward a brighter future, but instead, strained relationships, financial hardship, and serious illness (Schubert probably contracted syphilis in late 1822) made the next few years a dark period. Repeated musical failures plunged Schubert into a profound melancholy. "Picture yourself," he wrote despondently to a friend, "a man whose health can never be restored, who from despair makes matters worse instead of better; picture yourself, I say, a man whose most brilliant hopes have come to nothing, to whom professed love and friendship are but anguish, who is disillusioned—an inspired feeling, at last, by his work, by his friends. Things threaten to vanish entirely, and then ask yourself if such a condition does not represent a miserable and unhappy mass...Each night, when I go to sleep, I am filled with anxiety again to wake, and every morning, I am filled with the wounds of yesterday." His feelings of despair and futility did not staunch the flow of his musical creativity, however.

Despite an output of over one thousand compositions and an incredible gift for fugal composition, Schubert remained a comparatively unknown composer in his day. One taste of fame was a very successful public concert devoted entirely to his music given on March 26, 1828, by the Musikverein of Vienna. By the fall of 1828, however, more and more symptoms of a grave illness became evident, and in November, at the age of 31, he died, probably of typhoid fever. His monument bears an inscription from a poem by Franz Grillparzer: "Here lies buried a rich treasure, and yet more glorious hopes."

The first of the two Masses which Schubert composed in 1815, the G major (D. 167), was probably performed for the first time in the Vienna parish church of Lichtental. The three-section Kyrie is warm and intimate. The first part of the Gloria, which also has three sections, is more passionate. In the contrasting middle section, the soprano soloist and choir join in pleading for the Lord's mercy. The Credo, set for four-part choir, is written in choral style, with all the parts singing the refrain in the same line (in the same time and in the same rhythm), but Schubert gives the various phrases differing character through dynamic changes and contrasts in orchestral accompaniment. All six of Schubert's Masses omit from the Creed the lines that express belief in the Holy Catholic Church and in the resurrection of the dead. This suggests a resistance to formal religious teachings, whether in the final fugal writing in the entire composition. The orchestra accompanies the beginning of the Sanctus and the end of the Credo with energetic dotted-rhythmic figures. In the commenting Benedicamus the soprano soloist is joined first by the tenor soloist and then by the bass in blessing the One who comes in the Lord's name. The chorus' "fugal" Credo then returns to conclude this portion of the Mass. In the tender Agnus Dei, soprano and bass soloists alternate with the chorus in singing the Lamb of God for mercy and peace. The Mass as a whole has a chamber musical quality and displays the composer's

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