

Composers' Chorale
Art Songs and Choral Music by Arthur Maud

The Author of Peace

Choir

(Book of Common Prayer)

O God, who art the author of Peace and lover of Concord; in knowledge of whom standeth our eternal Life. Defend us, Thy humble servants, defend us in all assaults of our enemies; that we surely trusting in Thy defence may not fear the pow'r of any adversaries, through the might of Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

Three Sonnets by Jones Very

(Jones Very)

1. The Clouded Morning Jacob Sorrells, tenor and choir

The morning comes, and thickening clouds prevail, Hanging like curtains all the horizon round, Or overhead in heavy stillness sail. So still is day it seems like night profound. Scarse by the city's din the air is stirred. The cock's shrill, piercing voice subdued is heard, by the thick folds of muffling vapors drowned. Dissolved in mists the hills and trees appear, Their outlines lost and blended with the sky; and well-known objects that to all are near No longer seem familiar to the eye; But with fantastic forms they mock the sight, As when we grope amid the gloom of night.

2. The Fair Morning Jodi Rowe, soprano and choir

The clear bright morning with its scented air And gaily waving flowers is here again. Man's heart is lifted with the voice of prayer And peace descends as falls the gentle rain. The tuneful birds that all the night have slept Take up at dawn the evening's dying lay, When sleep upon their eyelids gently crept And stole with stealthy craft their song away. High overhead the forest's swaying boughs Sprinkle with drops the trav'ler on his way. He hears far off the tinkling bells of cows Driven to pasture at the break of day. With vig'rous step he passes swift along Making the woods re-echo with his song.

3. The Fairest Day Kristi Bergland, soprano, and choir

The fairest day that ever yet has shone Will be when thou the day within shall see; The fairest rose that ever yet has blown, When thou the flower thou lookest on shall be. But thou art far away amidst Time's toys; Thyself the day thou lookest for in them, Thyself the flower that now thine eye

enjoys; But wilted now thou hang'st upon the stem. The bird thou hearest
in the budding tree Thou hast made sing with thy forgotten voice; but
when it swells again to melody The song is thine in which thou wilt rejoice;
And thou new risen 'midst these wonders live; That now to them dost
all thy substance give.

In Te Domine speravi

Choir

(Psalm 31, a new translation by Christopher Brunelle and Joyce Sutphen)

Refrain: In te Domine speravi.

Lord God, you are the only one I trust; I know you will never disappoint me.
Since I trust in you I am sure you will save me from troubles gathered all
around. All that I am is in your hand, o Lord. O god of truth you are my
redeemer. My heart aches that people believe in lies; there is nothing to
trust in but the lord. It is a joy to know that you love me, that you know
when I am sunk in grief.

Refrain: In te Domine speravi.

Lord, I am distressed anger has shaken my eye; my body and soul are weary.
It seems my whole life is a long sadness, even my bones feel wasted away.
I am a reproach to my enemies; neighbors and friends are afraid to see me.
I belong now to death and oblivion; I am like a broken jar, a smashed glass.
I hear what people are saying, terror is everywhere because they hate me.

Refrain: In te Domine speravi.

But I have put my trust in you; I say "You are my God." My life is in your
hand. Lord, do not fail me, I am calling you. Let those who hate you be
silent in hell. Make a silence so deep it drowns all lies and washes away all
words against peace. How great is Thy goodness! You store it up for
those who call you in sight of the world. You will give them shelter in your
presence, you will keep them safe from plots and hatred.

Refrain: In te Domine speravi.

O love the Lord all you who trust in Him! Be strong all of you who trust in
the Lord.

Three Medieval songs

Meister Alexander: Hie befor do wir

Krista Palmquist, mezzo

Hie befor do wir Kynder waren,
und die zeit was in den Jahren
das wir liefen uf die wisen.
Von jenen her wider zu disen,
Da wir under stunden viol
wunden,
Da sicht man nu rynder bisen.

Years ago when we were children
and still at the age
that we ran into the meadows
from one to the other
We sometimes made garlands of
volets—
There the cattle now graze.

Ich gedenk wol daz wir sazen
In den blumen unde mazen

I can remember how we sat
among the flowers and looked

Welch diu schoenest mote sin.
Do schein unser kintlich
shin mit dem niuwen kranze zuo
dem tanze,
alsus get diu zit von hin.

for the most beautiful one.
How we smiled as only children
do,
Dancing with our fresh garlands,
and so time passes.

Sephardic: Avrix, mi galanica

Brian and Marita Link, duo

Avrix, mi galanica, que ya va
manacer,
Avrir no vos avro, mi lindo amor

Mi madre 'sta cuziendo y nos oyera.

Pedrelde l'alguijica, asi s'eschera.

Mi padre 'sta meldando y nos oyera.

'matalde la lu' zica, asi s'echera.

"Open the door, my dear, for dawn is
coming." .
"I cannot open the door, my
handsome love
My mother is sewing and will hear
us."
"Lose her needle and she'll fall
asleep."
"My father is reading and surely will
hear us."
"Put out the light and he'll fall
asleep."
(Translation: Ronald Martinez)

English: Worldes blis ne last

Brian Link, baritone

Worldes blis ne last ne throwe
Hit wit and wend away anon.
The lengur that hich hit i knowe,
the lass hic finde pris theron.
For all hit is imeynd wyd kare.
Mid sorrewe ant wid uval fare
And at the laste povre and bare,
Hit let mon wen mit ginnet agon.
Al the blisse this here ant there,
Bilongeth at hende wop and mon.

The World's joys last but a short time
and no one knows when they will be gone.
The longer I know them,
The less I value them.
Life is full of care
amid sorrow and evil,
And at the last, poor and naked,
man is as he began,
True bliss comes at the end
for woman and man.

Vultum tuum (Josquin Desprez)

Choir

Part I

Vultum tuum deprecabuntur omnes
divites plebis, quia in te sola, virgine
Maria, omnes spes posita est.

Part II

Sancta Dei genitrix, Virgo semper
Maria, de cujus utero processit
Salvator noster et redemptio mundi,
deprecare Filium ut exaudire dignetur
deprecationem nostram.

Part III

Intemerata virgo, quae
Redemptorem saeculi peperisti et
post partum virgo inviolate
permansisti Dei genitrix, intercede
pro nobis, et ne despicias preces
nostras, quia ore indigno nomen
sanctum tuum invocavimus, O
gloriosa Domina, et pro nobis
Christum exora.

Part IV

O Maria, nullam tam gravem
possumus habere culpam, pro qua
apud Filium tuum non possis
impetrare veniam, nihilque est tibi
apud Filium tuum quem genuisti de
tuo sacro corpore mater
misericordiae.

Part V

Mente tota tibi supplicamus ut sicut
Filio tuo Domino nostro Jesu Christo
aliquando displicuimus modo vice
versa immutatis moribus per te
usque in finem ei complaceamus.
Preces nostras virgo mirabilis, ideo
ne despicias quia ore indigno nomen
sanctum tuum invocare
praesumimus. Sancta Maria, ora pro
nobis. Sancta Dei genitrix, ora ro
nobis, Sancta virgo virginum,
intercede pro nobis.

Part VI

Ora pro nobis sine termino, de qua
lumen ortum est in tenebris rectis
corde. Exaude nos in tribulatione

The blessed of the people will pray
to your countenance, for in you
alone, O Virgin Mary, all our hope is
placed.

Holy mother of God, Mary ever virgin, from
whose womb came forth our Savior and
redeemer of the world, pray to your Son,
that he would deign to hear our prayer.

Undeclared Virgin, who bore the Savior of the
world and after giving birth remained an
inviolable virgin, Mother of God, intercede for
us, and do not spurn our prayers, although
we have invoked your holy name with an
unworthy mouth, O most glorious Lady,
pray to Christ for us.

O Mary, it cannot be that we have any fault
or blame so great that with your Son you
cannot plead for mercy; it is as nothing for
you to pray to your Son to whom you gave
birth from your most holy body, O mother
of mercy.

With our whole minds we pray to you, that
as we have at some time or other
displeased your Son, Jesus Christ our Lord,
we may in due course (though our ways
have not changed) through you at the end
be pleasing to him. O wondrous Virgin, do
not despise our prayers, since we have
presumed to invoke your holy name with an
unworthy mouth. O Holy Mary, pray for us.
Holy mother of God, pray for us. Holy Virgin
of virgins, intercede for us.

Pray for us without ceasing, for from you
arose the light that enters the darkness of
our hearts. Hear us in our tribulation, and

nostra, et veniam impetra pro
peccatis nostris, a Patre et Filio et
Spiritu Sancto. Amen.

Part VII

Christe, Fili Dei, Salvator noster,
mundi qui crimina tollis, miserere
nobis. Christe, Fili Dei, mundi
verissima salus miserere nobis.
Christe, Fili Dei, precibus
sanctissimae matris adjuva nos, et
tolle tribulationem nostram

beg mercy for our sins from the Father and
the Son and the Holy Ghost. Amen.

Christ, Son of God, our savior, who bears
the sins of the world, have mercy upon us.
Christ, Son of God, truest salvation of the
world, have mercy upon us.

Christ, Son of God, by the prayers of your
Holy Mother, help us, and bear our
tribulation.

(Translation: Thomas Baker)

Interval

By sin we were bounded

Choir

(Ann Chinn Maud)

Alleluia! He is risen! He is risen indeed!

By sin we were bounded, by Satan confounded, by hell's fire surrounded thru
eternity. But God gave His Son, His will to be done, our souls to be won for
eternity. Then sing us well, He died to dispel the powers of Hell in eternity.

Alleluia! He is risen! He is risen indeed!

Prayer for Unity

Jacob Sorrells, tenor and choir

(Bishop of London's Registry, 1838)

O God, we beseech Thee to take from us all pride and prejudice, and whatever
else may hinder us from godly union and concord. That as there is but one
body, and one spirit, and one hope of our calling; one Lord, one faith, one
baptism, one God and Father of us all.

So we may henceforth be all of one heart and of one soul, united in one holy
bond of truth and peace, of faith and charity; and may with one mind and one
mouth glorify Thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen

Requiem: Libera me Domine

John McDaris, baritone and choir

Libera me, Domine, de morte
aeterna, in die illa tremenda:
Refrain: quando caeli movendi
sunt et terra! Dum veneris
judicare saeculum per ignem.

Deliver me, O Lord, from eternal death
in that awful day:

Refrain: when heaven and earth are
shaken, when Thou shalt come to judge
the earth with fire.

Tremens factus sum ego, et
timeo dum discussio venerit,
atque ventura ira.
Refrain: quando caeli . . .

Dies illa, dies irae, calamitatis et
miseriae. Dies illa, dies magna et
amara valde. Calamitatis et
miseriae.
Refrain: quando caeli . . .

Requiem aeternam dona eis,
Domine, et lux perpetua luceat
eis.

I am seized with fear and trembling
when the trial is at hand and the wrath
Deliver me, O Lord, from eternal death
in that awful day:

Refrain: when heaven . . .
The day of wrath, the day of calamity
and misery, that day of awe and
bitterness, of calamity and misery:

Refrain: when heaven . . .

Rest eternal grant them, O Lord, and
perpetual light shine upon them.

Three occasional songs

Elegy

Larry Hill, tenor

(H. K. for John Donne)

Commit we then thee to thyself; nor blame our drooping loves, which thus to
thy own fame leave thee executor.
Since but thine owne; no pen could do thee justice, nor bays crowne thy vast
desert: save that wee, nothing can depute to be thy ashes guardian.
So jewelers no art or metal trust to forme the diamond . . . but the diamond's
dust.

This is what the Lord asks

Kristi Bergland and Krista Palmquist, duo

(Micah 6: 8)

This is what the Lord asks of us, only this: to act justly, to love tenderly, and to
walk humbly with our God.

The Sarcophagus Party

Krista Palmquist, mezzo

(Benjamin Haydon)

The first person I met was Coleridge, then I was pushed up against Turner, the
landscape painter with his red face and white waistcoat. And then I was carried
off my legs and irretrievably hustled to where the sarcophagus lay.

It was the finest fun imaginable to see the people come into the library, after
wandering about below, amidst tombs and capitals and shafts, and nose-less
heads, with a sort of expression of delighted relief at finding themselves among
the living . . . with coffee and cake.

Fancy, delicate ladies of fashion, dipping their pretty heads into an old, mouldy, fusty hieroglyphick'd coffin . . . blessing their stars at its age . . . wandering whom it contained. The Duke of Sussex with a star on his breast (and an asthma inside it), came squeezing and wheezing along the narrow passage, driving all the women before him like a 'bluebeard' . . . and putting his royal head into the coffin . . . added his wonder to the rest.

It was the finest fun imaginable . . . (etc)

From Ann with Love

(Ann Chinn Maud)

Brocéliande

Kristi Bergland, Soprano with choir

Love is a place—a geography—a domain simultaneous and adjacent to our experience. To fall in love is to be allowed access to the borders of that holy place To walk within, is a greater grace than I can bear. And to be a citizen is entirely beyond me. For those who never go beyond these gentle plains, can have no idea of the franchise of the City. Oh! Brocéliande! Oh! Faerie! . . . beginning place without end . . .

How favoured I have been to walk your marches. When I am away there is no longing like the longing for your hills and plains. What lies beyond the hills I know not; I only think the name of the City; the place itself I cannot even imagine . . . Oh! Brocéliande! Oh! Faerie! . . . beginning place without end . . .

The Willow by the Water

Marita Link, alto with choir

In the great and grey time when there is soft pussy willow, by the fast flowing water, I wait for my love. Oh, oh solitary sparrow, take a message to my lover. Tell him time, time flows like water, like the fast, fast flowing water, where I stand by the willow and I wait for my love.

Grey willow by the water, I am a willow by the water where I stand waiting for my love.

In the yeast and yellow time, when there is bright stemmed willow, by the fast flowing water, I wait for my love. Oh, oh bright breasted robin, take a message to my lover, tell him time, time flows like water, like the fast, fast flowing water where I sit by the willow and wait for my love.

Yellow willow by the water, I am a willow by the water where I sit waiting for my love.

In the gracious and green time, when there is pointed-leaf willow, by the fast flowing water, I wait for my love. Oh, oh swift winged swallow, take a message to my lover, tell him time, time flows like water, like the fast, fast flowing water where I lie by the willow and wait for my love.

Green willow by the water, I am a willow by the water where I lie waiting for my love.

In the brusque and brown time, when there is withered stalk willow, by the fast flowing water, I wait for my love. Oh, oh mourning clad raven, take a message to my lover, tell him time, time flows like water, like the fast, fast flowing water where I sleep by the willow and wait for my love.

Brown willow by the water, I am a willow by the water where I sleep waiting for my love.

Christmas is a special time

Larry Hill, tenor with choir

Christmas is a special time for me.

popcorn and cranberry garlands hanging on the wall, pine wreathes and Christmas lights outside, trimming the Christmas tree with strings of coloured lights, with sparkling tinsel and with scores of ornaments. The air is heavy with the smell of pumpkin pie, with cakes and cookies and chocolate fudge. The whole house resounds to the sounds of Christmas, with Christmas songs and carols through the night.

Christmas is a special time for me.

Seated at the table with relatives and friends and neighbours we gather together for the Christmas celebration. Celery hearts and olives, baked squash and sweet corn, Waldorf salad and sweet potatoes, roast turkey and cranberry sauce and mushroom gravy, and here's the plum pudding and the pumpkin pie, almond junket and eggnog and chocolates.

Christmas is a special time for me.

Fortified by Charles Krug and Christian Brothers brandy we all grow very merry while singing Christmas songs. First we sing "Silent night", then comes "Jingle bells, jingle bells jingle all the way", then it's "just like the ones we used to know". Dresses and tricycles, sweaters and handkerchiefs, stuffed animals and pulley toys and ties and socks and mufflers, with cries of surprise we greet the gifts of Christmas.

Christmas is a special time for me.

With One Consent

Kristi Bergland, Soprano with choir and audience.

(psalm 100: Tate and Brady)

With one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before Him songs of praise.

Convinced that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed:
We whom He chooses for his own,
The flock that He vouchsafes to feed.

O enter, then, His temple gate,
Thence to His courts devoutly press,
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still His name with praises bless.

**Audience: All people that on earth do dwell
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.**

Soprano:	Alto:	Tenor:	Bass/baritone
Kristi Bergland	Marita Link	Larry Hill	Brian Link
Jodi Rowe	Krista Palmquist	Jacob Sorrells	John McDaris

Jacob Manier, piano

Arthur Maud, director