

The logo for Cantata singers is a black rectangular shape with a white circular cutout on the left side. The word "Cantata" is written in a white, elegant cursive font across the top of the black shape. Below it, the word "singers" is written in a smaller, white, sans-serif font, oriented vertically.

Cantata

singers

Celebrating David Hoose's 30th Anniversary as Music Director

THE ADVENTURE

2012 • 2013 SEASON



SAVE THE DATE

CANTATA SINGERS VALENTINE'S DAY

Dinner Party & Auction

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14TH, 2013
AT THE HARVARD CLUB OF BOSTON

Please join us on Valentine's Day for a special night of dinner, drinks, entertainment and an auction with something for everyone, all to benefit Cantata Singers' concert programming and our education outreach initiative.

Celebrate with us as we honor David Hoose's 30th Anniversary Season, and look ahead to Cantata Singers' 50th Anniversary in 2013-2014. This year's auction catalogue includes tickets for a night on the town to trips around the world and everything in between!

Individual tickets are \$125; table sponsorships start at \$1,000. A portion of all tickets are tax-deductible, and all proceeds benefit Cantata Singers, Inc., a 501(c)(3) charitable organization.

To learn more, call (617) 868-5885,
email donate@cantatasingers.org,
or visit us online at cantatasingers.org



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We gratefully acknowledge our funders and partners for the 2012-2013 season.



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Dear Friends,

Welcome to *The Adventure*, Cantata Singers' 49th season, a season honoring David Hoose's thirtieth anniversary as Music Director. This year is a joyous and pivotal time for us, as we celebrate David this year, look to our fiftieth anniversary in 2013-14, and continue to plan for and dream about the next fifty years of this organization.

This year is also my inaugural season as Executive Director at Cantata Singers. During my first few months at the helm, I had the opportunity to sit down with members of the Cantata Singers family and hear firsthand the stories of our history, impact, and values. The consistent thread through these many conversations was the profound and far-reaching impact that David Hoose has had on this organization, and on the cultural life of this city. A local composer told me how Cantata Singers—through David's work—defined concert culture in our city, and raved that our performance of Stravinsky's *Les Noces* was one of the best concerts he has ever attended. A well-known soloist spoke of our commitment to music and social justice through our *Slavery Documents* commissions, and the electricity that night in a packed Symphony Hall. A longtime concertgoer confided that—to his surprise—through Cantata Singers, he learned to appreciate Schoenberg's music alongside the music of Bach.

I simply cannot think of a better way to be introduced to Cantata Singers than celebrating and remembering the scores of artistic adventures we have had under the baton of David Hoose these past thirty years.

Our 2012-2013 season is yet another example of David's signature approach to programming: bold yet sensitive, and rife with unexpected affinities. I look forward to enjoying yet another year of musical adventures together.

All my best,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Jennifer Ritvo Hughes", written over a light background.

Jennifer Ritvo Hughes



Programming's Potential

I think the heart of any musician's—or any organization's—personality lies in the programming. Not just what music you choose to perform, but how you put those concerts together. Every music director is given the curatorial gift of searching for the threads and sometimes unexpected affinities, of throwing old chestnuts into fresh light, and of exploring music, new and old, not being performed elsewhere. This is a joyful—and necessary—responsibility, perhaps the most important one a music director can perform. I think easy programming isn't necessary, the overture-concerto-symphony program may have exhausted much of its power, and obvious thematic programming is too facile to affect us deeply. But, concerts that risk uncovering intuitive, subtle links (and even rifts) between composers and their music, all within the live concert experience—a lot of people gathered together to take in some of the most beautiful and profound thought—may have real impact.

This Cantata Singers season, my thirtieth with the organization, reflects the possibility of that impact. Adventurous programming that has always been at the heart of Cantata Singers' life, from its earliest days of Bach and all Bach, when the composer was deeply admired and seldom heard. As Cantata Singers' musical horizons have broadened—reaching now from seventeenth century music to the most recent, from iconic masterpieces to music you've likely never heard (and may never get to hear again), the heart of Bach and his own life adventure have remained at the center of our thought. The interaction of the widest array of composers, whether Haydn and Zelenka or Stravinsky and Boulez, with the limitless musical and spiritual vision of Bach—on this concert on the next—inspires unexpected and thrilling possibilities. From Bach and Zelenka to Martin and Merryman, there are only vital voices in this season's offerings. To me, and I hope to you, all of their creations bloom even more fully in the fertile company they keep.

—David Hoose



David Hoose, *Music Director*

This season marks David Hoose's thirtieth year as Music Director of Cantata Singers. At the time he became the ensemble's sixth music director, he had already appeared as its guest conductor three times and, before that, had often performed with the ensemble as a horn player. Under his musical leadership, Cantata Singers has renewed its commitment to the music of J.S. Bach and, at the same time, has broadened its repertoire to embrace music from the seventeenth to the twenty-first century. He has led the ensemble in numerous Boston and world premieres both of older, unknown music and of new music, including twelve choral-orchestral works that Cantata Singers commissioned. During his tenure, Cantata Singers has initiated a separate vocal chamber series, with its own music director, and has developed an innovative public school education program, with its own director, that focuses on the creation of original musical compositions.

With Cantata Singers, Mr. Hoose was recipient of the ASCAP/Chorus America Award for Adventurous Programming, and because of his work with this and other ensembles, he was given both the Choral Arts New England's 2008 Alfred Nash Patterson Lifetime Achievement Award and the 2005 Alice M. Ditson Conductors Award for the Advancement of American Music. He was also a recipient of the Dmitri Mitropoulos Award at the Berkshire (Tanglewood) Music Center, and as a founding member of the Emmanuel Wind Quintet, was co-recipient of the Walter W. Naumburg Chamber Music Award. His recording of John Harbison's *Mottetti di Montale*, with Collage New Music, was a Grammy Nominee for Best Recording with Small Ensemble. His recordings appear on the New World, Koch, Nonesuch, Delos, Composers' Recordings (CRI), GunMar, and Neuma labels.

Mr. Hoose is also Music Director of Collage New Music, a position he has held since 1991, and he served as Music Director of the Tallahassee Symphony Orchestra for eleven seasons. Mr. Hoose is also Professor of Music and Director of Orchestral Activities at the Boston University School of Music, where he has mentored numerous young conductors who have held distinguished professional conducting positions with professional orchestras, college orchestras, youth orchestras, and opera companies. He has conducted the orchestras of the Manhattan School, Shepherd School at Rice University, University of Southern California, and the Eastman School, and has been guest conductor several times at New England Conservatory. From 2006 to 2010, he served on the faculty of the Rose City International Conducting Workshop, in Portland, Oregon.

Mr. Hoose has appeared as guest conductor of the Singapore Symphony Orchestra, Chicago Philharmonic, Saint Louis Symphony, Utah Symphony, Korean Broadcasting Symphony (KBS), Orchestra Regionale Toscana (Italy), Quad Cities Symphony Orchestra, Ann Arbor Symphony, Opera Festival of New Jersey, and at the Warebrook, New Hampshire, Monadnock and Tanglewood music festivals. In Boston he has appeared as guest conductor with the Boston Symphony Chamber Players, Handel & Haydn Society, Back Bay Chorale, Chorus Pro Musica, and many times both with the Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra and with Emmanuel Music. He has also conducted the new music ensembles Auros, Alea III, Dinosaur Annex, and Fromm Chamber Players.

His musical studies were at the Oberlin Conservatory (composition with Walter Aschaffenburg and Richard Hoffmann) and at Brandeis University (composition with Arthur Berger and Harold Shapero). He studied horn with Barry Tuckwell, Robert Fries (Philadelphia Orchestra), Joseph Singer (New York Philharmonic), and Richard Mackey (Boston Symphony Orchestra), and he studied conducting with Gustav Meier at the Berkshire (Tanglewood) Music Center.

OCTOBER 28

INCANDESCENCE AMID SHADOWS

Allison Voth, *Music Director and Pianist*

Sunday • October 28 • 2012 • 3 pm
Pickman Hall at Longy School of Music

Herbert Howells
(1892-1983)

Four Songs, Op. 22

There was a Maiden
A Madrigal
The Widow Bird
Girl's Song

King David

The Mugger's Song

Frank Martin
(1890-1974)

Sechs Monologe aus Jederman

Ist alls zu End das Freudenmahl
Ach Gott, wie graust mir vor dem Tod
Ist, als wenn eins gerufen hatt
So wollt ich ganz zernichtet sein
Ja, ich glaub: solches hater vollbracht
O ewiger Gott! O Gottlicher Gesicht!

James MacMillan
(b. 1959)

Scots Song

intermission

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Spanische Liederspiel, Op. 74

Erste Begegnung (sop/alt)
Intermezzo (ten/bar)
Liebesgram (sop/alt)
In der Nacht (sop/ten)
Es ist verrathen (sop/alt/ten/bar)
Melancholie (sop)
Gestdniss (ten)
Botschaft (sop/alt)
Ich bin geliebt (sop/alt/ten/bar)

Marjorie Merryman
(b. 1951)

Wilde Epigrams

The Nature of Love
Education
Spleen
Scena: Muffins

Howells Four Songs Op. 22
Martin Sechs Monologe aus Jederman
MacMillan Scots Song
Schumann Spanische Liederspiel Op. 74
Merryman Wilde Epigrams

“The basic project of art is always to make the world whole and comprehensible, to restore it to us in all its glory and its occasional nastiness—not through argument but through feeling—and then to close the gap between you and everything that is not you, and in this way to pass from feeling to meaning.”

—Robert Hughes, art critic (1938-2012)
The Shock of the New, PBS, 1980

For a number of years, Cantata Singers concerts revolved around a single composer, but this year, the season offers an eclectic line-up of composers. In this Chamber Series concert, we represent many of those composers whose music will appear later in the Jordan Hall concerts: Herbert Howells, James MacMillan, Frank Martin, Marjorie Merryman, and Robert Schumann. Every work on this program offers a way “to pass from feeling to meaning.”

Because of his versatility as a composer, organist, conductor, lecturer, teacher, writer, and broadcaster, Herbert Howells was a beacon in the British classical music scene for six decades. Although he lived a very public musical life, his life as a composer was quiet and very private. Like Ralph Vaughan Williams, he was a great conveyer of melody and lyricism, and he was a deep thinker.

Among Howells’ many close friends were extraordinary poets, including Ivor Gurney and Walter de la Mare. The *Four Songs*, op. 22 (1915-1916) is one of his earliest published works, each song setting a different poet’s text: *There was a Maiden*, to a text of W.L. Courtney (1915); *A Madrigal*, Austin Dobson (1916); *The Widow Bird*, Percy Bysshe Shelly (1915); and *Girl’s Song*, Wilfrid Wilson Gibson (1916). *There was a Maiden* and *The Widow Bird* exemplify Howells’ strong lyricism, and *A Madrigal* and *Girl’s Song* show his use of jaunty folk rhythms.

The Mugger’s Song (1919) also sets a text of Gibson; it was originally meant to be part of a larger set called *Whin* (meaning gorse or furze), the title for Gibson’s book of poems that included the *The Mugger’s Song*. Walter de la Mare was Howells’ favorite poet, and de la Mare, in turn, wanted only Howells to set to music his very special poem *King David*.¹ Howells accepted this honor and composed a small masterpiece. Both *The Mugger’s Song* and *King David* (1919) show decided maturity in his compositional style, perhaps brought on by the profoundly devastating effect of World War I.

Frank Martin’s *Sechs Monologe aus Jederman* is based on six excerpted monologues from Hugo von Hofmannsthal’s play adaptation of the 1485 English medieval morality play, “*Everyman*.” When Martin first encountered the text, he envisioned setting it as an opera, but in 1943, he decided to excerpt six monologues, which he set as a song cycle for the baritone Max Christmann. Martin orchestrated the cycle in 1949.

To some, *Sechs Monologe* is one of the greatest song cycles of the twentieth century, and for years it became a performance tradition for Fischer Dieskau at the Salzburg Festival—a festival that had been co-founded by Hofmannsthal. (The Hofmannsthal play had already been a performance tradition since the Festival’s inaugural season in 1920.) Martin’s spare, rhythmically incisive and tonally edgy compositional style brings Hofmannsthal’s text to an emotional precipice, the six monologues depicting a rich man alone in the face of death and his Maker. Jederman’s journey begins in defiance, turns to terror, and ends in humble prayer. In Martin’s words from his *A propos de...*, “These six monologues represent a succinct summary of the entire drama. They are free of the dramatic preface and psychological and spiritual development in Jederman’s mind prior to Death’s summoning of him. All that remain are key moments and realizations that seemed compelling to me to try to express through music.”

James MacMillan’s *Scots Song* was commissioned by the Composers Ensemble in 1991. It was originally scored for two clarinets, viola, cello and double bass, and was premiered at Vardean School, in Brighton. Although MacMillan has written extensively for choral ensembles and larger operatic works, his solo vocal repertoire is considerably smaller, and it is written primarily for solo voice and ensemble, rather than voice and piano. Although he is still quite young, MacMillan is one of Scotland’s foremost composers, someone whose prolific output is filled with deep spiritual conviction and is often transporting. It is not surprising that he chose to set his music to the Scottish poet, William Soutar, whose pithy poetry cuts to the core. Soutar led a short life that was fraught with illness. Despite his invalid existence, he held constant court with countless well-known writers. His house, “Inglelowe,” is now known as Soutar House and is used as a writer-in-residence space for readings and community events. *Scots Song*, as well as its placement in the program, acts as a balm and gentle return to earthly reality after the devastating *Jederman* songs.

The *Spanische Liederspiel*, op. 74, a song cycle with a quasi-dramatic through-line, was composed during one of Schumann’s most prolific periods, the years between 1847 and 1849. Despite these years’ extensive output, this period was not one of his happiest times: he had reoccurring bouts of physical illness and mental instability; he endured several deeply personal losses, including his son Emil, brother Carl, and Felix Mendelssohn; and he suffered constant financial worries. During this time, work on his grand opera, *Genoveva*, greatly inspired him and raised his spirits, but the reality of his financial instability continued to haunt him. Schumann eventually found some modest financial success with his smaller work, *Album for the Young*, and he decided to focus on smaller works in hopes that they might hold greater consumer appeal. The *Liederspiel* was one of these smaller works and was, in fact, well received, although not quite as widely as Schumann had hoped.

The *Spanische Liederspiel*, op. 74 was first performed in April 1849, after which Schumann admitted to his friend Friedrich Kistner that the song cycle needed some editing.² He immediately cut two songs, one for alto and one for baritone (originally the fourth and sixth), which he later incorporated in his *Spanische Liebeslieder*, op. 138. A third song for baritone, *Der Contrabandiste*, which Schumann declared “isn’t, strictly speaking, part of the action”³, was a decided crowd-pleaser and difficult to abandon. In the end, he included it as an appendix to the *Liederspiel*, rather than drop it completely. This performance will not include “*Der Contrabandiste*.”

Without *Der Contrabandiste*, the *Liederspiel* is comprised of nine songs for various ensemble combinations drawn from a quartet of singers—soprano, alto, tenor and baritone. It sets Spanish texts translated by Emanuel Geitel, with all but two by anonymous writers. The two known Spanish poets are Gil Vicente (*Intermezzo*) and Christobal de Castillejo (*Liebesgram*). The *Liederspiel* loosely tells the story of two lovers, although each lover has only one solo song: the sixth, “*Melancholie*” and the seventh, “*Gestandniss*.” The other eight songs are written for various voice ensembles, which either portray the lovers or comment as a Greek chorus.

As the title suggests, there is a Spanish influence throughout the cycle, most notably in Schumann’s use of the bolero rhythm. One also hears his trademark lyricism and incisive poetic mood setting. As with many of Schumann’s song cycles, the keys of the songs are sensitively juxtaposed: major to minor, tonic to dominant/subdominant, or in relative thirds.⁴

Erste Begegnung (soprano, mezzo-soprano)—A minor

This breathless and unabashed declaration of a young girl’s discovery of love to her mother is ingeniously depicted with fleeting, ascending thirds. Set in the minor mode, it reflects the excitement, but also the trepidation, of the young girl’s newfound feelings. Throughout are ephemeral moments of suspended delight that quickly give way to the return of the rising triplets.

Intermezzo (tenor, bass)—F major

The young man stands outside his sweetheart’s window. He begs her to escape with him, and daringly states: “and are you without shoes, put nothing on, through the raging water goes our path.” Schumann sets the text to a gentle melody in F major, giving the impression of gentle wooing in some conflict with the daring text.

Liebesgram (soprano, mezzo-soprano)—G minor

The angst of love and separation is aptly reflected in Schumann’s unusual use of wide interval leaps that begin every phrase. In the middle section, the young girl’s thought of death, as an escape from her endless suffering, is heard in the soothing major mode, but the reality of her relentless pain returns with the return of the first section in G minor.

In der Nacht (soprano, tenor)—G minor

This haunting duet is often excerpted from the cycle because of its sheer beauty. It continues in the same plaintive key as the previous song. The long introduction sung by the soprano leads the listener to think that the song is a solo for the young girl’s yearning for her lover, as she lies awake. However, just as she appears to be coming to a final cadence, the young man joins her to continue the duet and weaves his melody in and around hers, expressing the very same yearning.

Es ist verrathen (quartet)—B-flat major

The quartet acts as a Greek chorus, this time with a twinkle in its eye. It almost wags its finger while it states that the signs of love: sighing, pining, insomnia and flushed cheeks, are impossible to hide. This song employs the Spanish bolero rhythm to great effect.

Melancholie (soprano)—D minor

This song is the only solo for the young female lover. It begins with an impassioned treble flourish in the piano, and the first eleven introductory bars are in a quasi-recitative style. Once again, the young woman sees death as her only way escape from her suffering.

Gestandniss (baritone)—G major

This song is the young man’s admission that his love is so great, and perhaps so vulnerable, that he cannot act upon it. Unlike the previous song, which reflects the young girl’s love and suffering in a minor mode, this song’s major mode underscores his deep love, rather than the fact that he dare not wish for it, for fear of losing it. Curiously, the song begins with a bolero rhythm, which is immediately choked within the bar and then gives way to flowing sixteenth notes.

Botschaft (soprano, mezzo-soprano)—D major

This is a song of hope. While picking red carnations and white jasmine, the young girl is reminded of her love and asks the flowers to be her messenger—to greet him and tell him that she yearns for him. The bolero rhythm leaves no doubt that her love remains passionate, despite their separation.

Ich bin geliebt (quartet)—A major

A final and spirited comment by the chorus offers another truism: if one has loved, one will always be surrounded by love; if one has never loved, one will only become bitter and undesirable. The song alternates between *sehr lebhaft* and *langsamer*, with the slower tempo always set to “whoever loves me, I love back, and I love and am loved.” The recurring pick-up triplet figure is reminiscent of the first song—the young girl’s first discovery of love. The stanza that warns that there will be no wooing or desiring of one who has missed out on love makes use of a fast grace note figure, emphatically sweeping into the main beats. At the end of the song, in order to send the message home (“whoever loves me...”), Schumann cleverly changes the meter to a triple meter, lending it a final profundity.

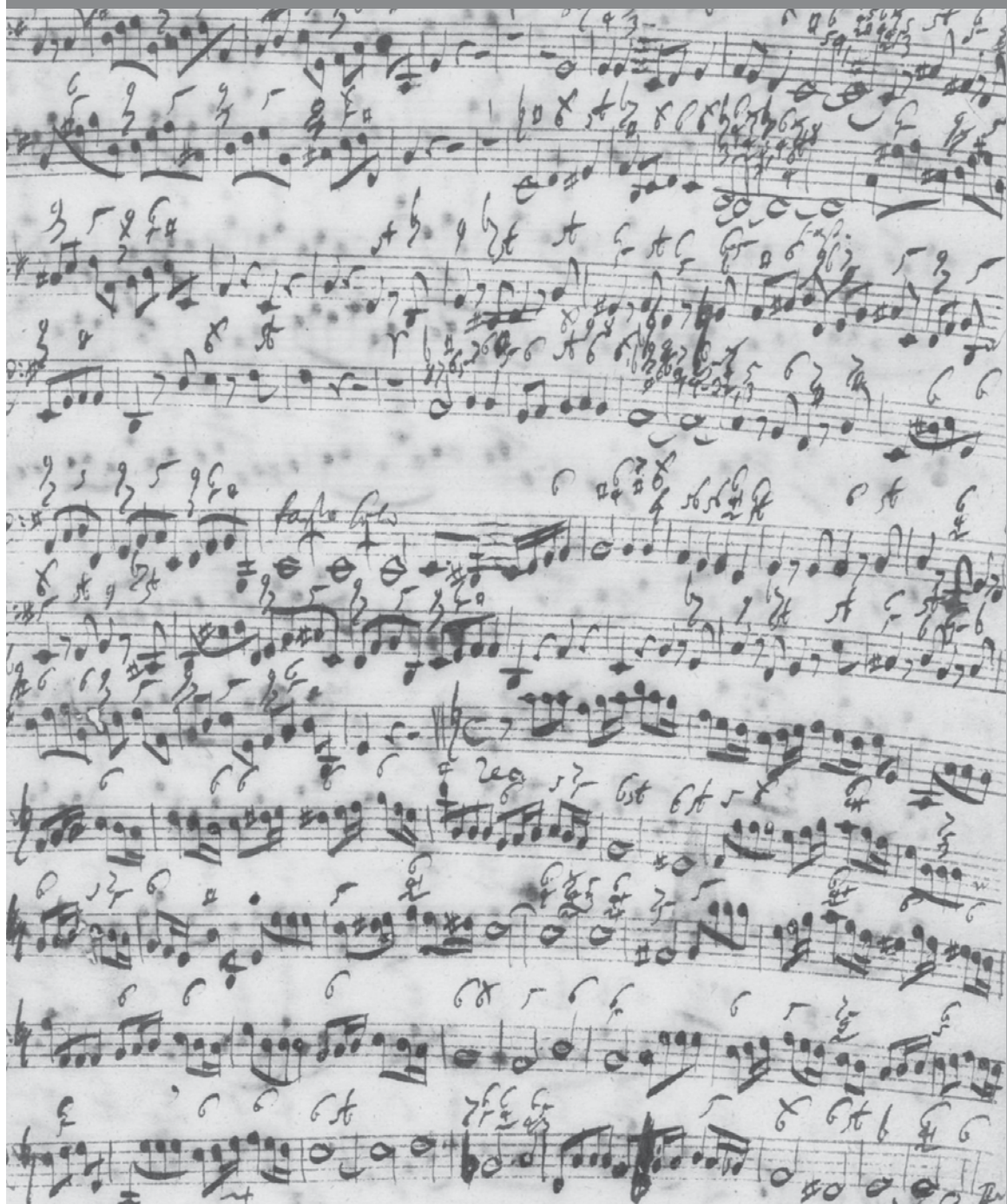
Marjorie Merryman’s music conveys both depth of beauty and unbridled wit. *Wilde Epigrams*, a set of four duets, leans towards the latter sensibility. It was commissioned by Majie Zeller and David Kravitz, husband and wife, and long-time members of Cantata Singers. It was premiered at the Manhattan School of Music in 2012, at a concert honoring celebrating the composer. Although *Wilde Epigrams* was performed in Boston for a fund-raising event in the Fall 2011, this performance today is its formal Boston premiere. Merryman, known for her endless *bon mots*, not surprisingly chose excerpts from Oscar Wilde texts to lob between a couple. She writes: “they (David and Majie) wanted duos that were not ‘goeey’ or sentimental. As a fan of Oscar Wilde, I thought of his many epigrams and witticism, which can be funny, barbed or contrarian, but which rarely stray into sentimentality. To develop the texts I combined some of Wilde’s sayings on a variety of topics, including love, education and the bitter side of romance. Fans of the author will recognize the text of the last song as a chunk lifted from *The Importance of Being Earnest*, in which these bantering lines are traded by the two male leads.”

—Allison Voth

1. *Herbert Howells Songs*, Christopher Palmer, ed., Boosey & Hawkes, 1985
2. Graham Johnson, Hyperion Records
3. *ibid.*
4. *ibid.*

NOVEMBER 9

RAPT IN SHADOWS



Friday • November 9 • 2012 • 8pm
New England Conservatory's Jordan Hall

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)

Cantata BWV 114, "Ach, lieben Christen, seid getrost"

Chorus — Vivace
Aria, for tenor, flute, and continuo
Recitative, for bass and continuo
Chorale, for soprano and continuo
Aria, for alto, oboe, strings and continuo
Recitative, for tenor and continuo
Chorale

Frank Martin
(1890-1974)

Et la vie l'emporta

Imploration — Adagio; Allegro agitato
Combat — Con moto; Modéré comme tempo, mais rageur; Allegro
Offrande — Andante tranquillo; Allegro moderato; Andante tranquillo

intermission

Jan Dismas Zelenka
(1679-1743)

Motets from "Responsorium pro Hebdomada Sancta", ZWV 55

In monte Oliveti
Ecce, vidimus eum
Tristis est anima mea

Johann Sebastian Bach

Cantata BWV 3, "Ach Gott, wie manches Herzeleid"

Chorus — Adagio
Recitative and Chorale, with continuo
Bass aria, with continuo
Tenor recitative, with continuo
Soprano and Alto duet, with oboes d'amore, violins, and continuo
Chorale

Bach	Cantata BWV 114, “Ach, lieben Christen, seid getrost”
Martin	Et la vie l'emporta
Zelenka	Motets from “Responsorium pro Hebdomada Sancta”, ZWV 55
Bach	Cantata BWV 3, “Ach Gott, wie manches Herzeleid”

In May 1982, Craig Smith conducted Cantata Singers in a program that included Bach Cantata BWV 3, as well as music of Schütz, Demantius, Schein, and Reger. The season before, after John Ferris' retirement as music director, John Harbison had returned to lead the organization and, for two years, shared the three-concert seasons with Craig and me. I am pleased to include Craig's notes about Cantatas BWV 114 and BWV 3 that he wrote for Emmanuel Music, both because of his relationship with Cantata Singers and because of his friendship with me. It was he who gave to me my first professional conducting opportunities in Boston (at Emmanuel Church) and chose, wisely, the first cantata I would ever conduct (BWV 42).

—DMH

J.S. Bach: Cantata BWV 114, “Ach, lieben Christen, seid getrost”

Cantata BWV 114 was performed for the first time on 1 October 1724, during Bach's tenure in Leipzig. It is scored for flute, two oboes d'amore, strings and continuo, and it includes arias for alto and tenor.

The Cantata BWV 114 is the second cantata in the *2nd Jahrgang* [Bach's second complete cycle of cantatas] that uses the tune “Wo Gott, der Herr, nicht bei uns hält” as a basis. Here the parable of those who are bidden, ending with the great line “For whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted” is the Gospel reading. The plea for humility is set forcefully, one might say aggressively, in the opening chorale chorus. The chorus is in 6/4 time. In his vocal music, whenever Bach uses a compound triple meter with quarter notes as the unit of measure [such as 6/4], he wants a very fast tempo. Two other chorale choruses, the opening movements of BWV 115 and BWV 62, are also very brisk, and the “Sei gegrüßet” chorus from the *Saint Matthew Passion* has the same striding tempo. These compound triple meter pieces have an unusual variety of pulses available to them; one can hear them in the big dotted half note pulse, or quarter note pulse. What is then available to Bach is both eighths and sixteenths for the figuration that, here, moves along very fast indeed.

The chorale is in bar form [three sections in an AAB design]. We are used to the repeat of the *Stollen* [the first repeated line(s) of the chorale melody] being adjusted in texture and line to fit the declamation and meaning of the words, but here we have something more unusual. The first statement of the A section is solidly in G minor, but on its repetition, it is re-harmonized in B-flat major. Bach obviously feels that we do not need to hear the repeat of the *Stollen* as a significant structural point. One must say, however, that this is an unusually clear chorale tune with a compact and readily discernable *Abgesang* [contrasting third, or B, section]. There is little danger of the listener getting lost.

The opening line of text of the tenor aria, “Wo wird in diesem Jammerthale,” provides the color for the whole aria. The image of a lonely shepherd, whose pipe is echoing around the valley, is powerfully provided by the single flute with minimal support of the *continuo*. The flute part is extravagant and mannered, one of the most expressive of any in all of Bach. It is hard to imagine anything more tortured than the opening line of text, but the penultimate statement takes us into realms that even

Bach rarely goes. This aria is quite long, with an *Allegro* middle section and a full *da capo*, and it is clearly the emotional center of the cantata.

The bass recitative paraphrases most of the important points of the Gospel and brings in the hard-scrabble soprano chorale. The image of the seed falling on dry earth brings out a tough hard-as-nails texture, unforgiving and mean. The little continuo figure rubs abrasively against the chorale.

After this, the spinning out of the opening theme in the alto aria, all warmth and forgiveness, is especially welcome. There is a marvelous spot at the beginning of the middle section, where the music makes an abrupt move from B-flat major to G major, and the *continuo* drops out until the cadence, at the mention of Saint Simeon. After the *secco* tenor recitative, the four-voice chorale that ends the cantata is unusually rich and detailed.

—Craig Smith, edited by David Hoose

Frank Martin: Et la vie l'emporta. *Cantata Singers has performed “Et la vie l'emporta” one other time, in May 2000, when it was framed by Poulenc's Lenten Motets and Bach's Magnificat. We were moved by this music's beauty, and I hoped to revisit it before long. Twelve years later, it is time! The cantata “Et la vie l'emporta” reflects a very different side of Martin than the much warmer Mass for Double Choir, composed nearly fifty years earlier, which Cantata Singers will perform on January 18.*

Frank Martin was born in 1890, in Geneva, but he spent much of his life in the Netherlands. His father was a Calvinist minister, and he counted his early experience singing in a performance of Bach's *Saint Matthew Passion* as having lifelong impact on him. Most of his choral music is religious: *Messe pour double chœur, Cantate pour le temps de Noël, In terra pax, Golgotha, Notre Père, and Requiem*, as well as two oratorios, *Le Mystère de la Nativité* and *Pilate*. *Et la vie l'emporta* opens to a larger spiritual vista, setting three texts: a free-verse poem of the poet and theologian Maurice Zundel; a translation of the fourth strophe of Martin Luther's “Christ lag in Todes Bunden”; and words by an unknown author, wrongly attributed to Fra Angelico. The cantata's three movements travel from human suffering, through a vivid battle between life and death, and into transcendent prayer in which the spirit looks toward paradise.

“*Et la vie l'emporta*” is scored for mezzo-soprano and baritone solos, mixed chorus, and an orchestra of flutes, oboe, oboe d'amore, harp, harpsichord, organ, and strings. Its three-instrument keyboard group and bright woodwinds hint at Bach, but the music is indisputably of today. Martin's early music was emphatically tonal, but in the 1930s he began to explore Arnold Schoenberg's twelve-note ideas, well before many other composers had begun to adopt them. This new approach ended up transforming Martin's music, but it never pushed away his belief in the vitality of tonal centers and even triads.

I truly found myself very late...it was only towards the age of forty-five that I discovered my true language. Before, certainly, I had written some works with definite character...But I had not developed a technique which was my own. For me the solution was to be in a position to become the master of total chromaticism. I had found with Schönberg an iron jacket, from which I took only that which suited me, that which allowed me to fashion my true manner of writing. And I can say that my most personal output begins around the age of fifty. If I had died then, I could never have expressed myself in my true language. *

Martin composed relatively little music, and it doesn't appear in concerts nearly as frequently as it should. But when we have occasion to hear it, we are likely to recognize this very particular voice.

Whether the music comes from early or late in his career, certain qualities hold—beautifully shaped musical lines, characterful bass lines, lucid harmonies, and vital rhythmic energy, all guided by a strong commitment to the large musical design. Some of compositions are dense, such as his Symphony, *Golgotha*, the opera *Der Sturm*, and the Requiem. But *Et la vie l'emporta* is clear and transparent, perhaps determined by the chamber-sized orchestra, perhaps by the texts whose involved ideas did not need additional musical complexity, and probably because Martin, like many artists in their late years, gave voice to his ideas in the simplest possible way. The cantata is very much of the 20th century, but it also suggests an ancient world, like those radical motets of Orlando di Lasso, *Prophetiae syballarum*, whose details of harmony please but disorient, and whose mysterious sense emerges in our memory of the whole. Mostly, however, *Et la vie l'emporta* owes its spirit to Bach.

In 1973, as Martin was about to begin work on his cantata, he fell seriously ill and was bedridden for weeks. When he was strong enough to work again, he fractured his arm and was set back for several more weeks. When he could finally resume work, Martin may have sensed that his cantata's battle between life and death, search for serenity in the face of suffering, and vision of paradise were upon him. He died ten days after finishing *Et la vie l'emporta*, at eighty-three.

Jan Dismas Zelenka: Three motets from “Responsoria pro Hebdomada Sancta”

First, a detour. Some of Western music's languages seem more likely than others to nurture music that is both coherent and personal. For instance, the late nineteenth century was an unusually fertile time, the flexibility of a rich chromatic language opening up to composers many effective ways of expressing their ideas—Mahler, Holst, Wolf, Debussy, Strauss, Nielsen, Sibelius, Busoni, Zemlinsky, Vaughan Williams, Scriabin, Rachmaninoff, Reger, Schoenberg, Ravel, Schreker, and Respighi (in birth order). These tonal chromaticists were only a few of the fine composers born between 1860 and 1880; expand those years slightly and the list swells. Amazingly, an even more impressive list of composers whose music is loved today worked three hundred years earlier, between 1550 and 1600—Gabrieli, Praetorius, Sweelinck, Dowland, Demantius, Monteverdi, Rossi, Frescobaldi, Gibbons, Schütz, Schein, Scheidt, Palestrina, Lassus, Byrd, Victoria, Gesualdo, and Dowland. While these composers did not enjoy the flexible language those 300 years later would, the 16th century rules of polyphony created a springboard for these composers' individual ways of hearing music.

Quite differently, the Classical era, from the birth of Haydn in 1732 to 1800, was a virtual drought. Yes, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven hold iconic status. But after them, the list falls off dramatically—J.C. Bach, Stamitz, Clementi, Hummel, and Boccherini. During these years no wealth of voices comparable to that of the close of the sixteenth century, or that of the nineteenth century, ever developed.

Why such paucity? Were Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven so towering that everyone else paled? Perhaps, but the defining features of this musical language also made the creation of effective and communicative music quite difficult. Everything depended upon all of the music's distinct layers—sharply etched melodies, active inner voices, vigorous bass lines—appearing to work independently even though they were completely interdependent. The strongly directed harmony had its own life, mercurially shifting its allegiance among the fabric's layers and often moving much faster or slower than the tempo would suggest. Every layer needed to interact with each of the others with amazing intricacy and free of any hint of the mechanical. Mistimed or miscalculated events could create confusion, but tight reigns on the material often created square, dull music. Very few composers had the sensitivity and imagination to bring this language to life.

The period roughly between J.S. Bach's birth in 1685, to his death in 1750—the mature Baroque—cultivated many more memorable composers than did Haydn's years. The 17th century's adherence to strict polyphony began to lose its grip, in favor of a clearly defined bass line and melody that, together, guided a clear harmonic design. The increased flexibility introduced its own challenges, but many composers found gratifying solutions. Bach and Handel were peerless, but the last fifty years of the 1600s also brought Corelli, Purcell, Scarlatti (Alessandro and Domenico), Lully, Couperin, Vivaldi, Biber, and Telemann.

One composer from these years whose music I think belongs in this distinguished group was Jan Dismas Zelenka. Until recently, I knew very little of his music, and his name may not be familiar to you, either. The imagination and skill I hear in this music has startled me—bold structures, distinctive harmonies, dramatic gestures, musical ideas that confidently embrace the old and the new, and a deeply searching spirit. But these qualities, in this day, are not as unusual as is its marriage of coherence and freedom. With this, Zelenka's music moves from being a quirky curiosity to being a masterful voice.

Jan Dismas Zelenka was born in Prague in 1679, six years before J.S. Bach, and he died in 1745, five years before Bach. He was born into a musical family, took his formal training at the local Jesuit college, and moved to Dresden in his early thirties to play violone (a precursor to the double bass) in the Royal Orchestra. During his first years there, he also began composing substantive works. But, he came to want to develop his mastery of the older polyphonic way and, in 1715, traveled to Vienna to study with Johann Joseph Fux, a composer whose treatise on counterpoint has influenced virtually every composer's education since. Zelenka returned to Dresden in 1719, and he remained there for the rest of his life, eventually holding the distinguished position of “Composer of the Royal Court Cappelle.”

We know little about Zelenka's personal life, other than that he constantly yearned for more responsibility, greater acknowledgement, and a higher salary. He never married and had no children; no paintings of him exist. He and J.S. Bach knew each other, and Bach (whose music Zelenka's sounds nothing like) admired his music enough to own scores to several of his masses. Among his friends was Telemann (also whose music Zelenka's sounds nothing like), who attempted, but failed, to have the twenty-seven motets of *Hebdomada Responsoria* published when Zelenka died in 1745. Many of his later compositions were never performed during his lifetime, and the *Responsoria pro Hebdomada Sancta*, with much of his other music, were locked away.

In the 1960s, over two hundred years after Zelenka's death, interest in his music began to surface, primarily in the Czech Republic. Most of his compositions are now published, many are recorded, numbers of them several times, and an enthusiastic website devoted to his music now flourishes, administered by Allistair Kidd, a Scot living in Sweden. Although knowledge of Zelenka's music is spreading, the first book in English about him (*Jan Dismas Zelenka—A Bohemian Musician at the Court of Dresden*, by Janice B. Stockigt, Oxford University Press) was published only in 2000. It is scholarly and fascinating, but it focuses as heavily on the intricacies of the Court of Dresden as it does on him and his music. Zelenka is and may remain an enigmatic figure.

But his music rings with authority, invention and radiance that belie his obscurity. His consummate technique often hints at the next generation; the crystalline *Missa votiva* (Cantata Singers, May 10) shows this side of his personality. And it embraces his contrapuntal studies with Fux, though it avoids antiquarian nostalgia; the *Responsoria* in this program show this side. Zelenka's musical range is enormous.

Beginning in 1722, Zelenka worked for a year on the twenty-seven motets of his *Responsoria pro Hebdomada Sancta* (“Responses for Holy Week”), music composed to serve as responses to the lessons of the three prayer days leading to Easter: Maundy Thursday, Good Friday, and Holy Saturday. The structure of the services remained the same for each day: three nocturnes, each followed by a sequence of three lessons and responses. Zelenka also composed music for the first two days’ lessons, though not for the third. The tradition of musical settings of the texts for these days is rich and broad, reaching from Palestrina, Gesualdo and Lassus to Poulenc and Stravinsky.

Like the settings from earlier times, this music is most at home in the Holy Week services. But, separated from their intended function and even from their season, these twenty-seven motets have great impact. As a whole, they stand as an amazing achievement, soaring in scope, rich in their responsiveness to the texts, and ceaselessly fresh. Although each motet is in a four-voice *stile antico*, with *basso continuo* and instrumental doublings, each motet has its own personality, and the variety within the set reaches well outside the uniformly reflective tone of the matins. The motets most clearly demonstrate Zelenka’s mastery of polyphonic techniques, but they also use expressive devices not available to earlier composers—emphatic melodic shapes, chromatic twists (including leaps of the diminished 4th and the diminished 5th—*diabolus in musicus*), and unexpected harmonic turns. This keen, natural and probing music sounds like no one else’s.

Choosing only a few of the twenty-seven motets for this program proved both easy—all of them are wonderful—and a challenge—all of them are great, and their variety keeps a tiny selection from giving a good picture of the whole. The three motets on this program, “*In monte Oliveti*,” “*Ecce, vidimus eum*,” and “*Tristis est anima mea*,” are simply the first three of the entire set, though we have reversed the order of the second and third.

Notice the pleading dissonances, sharp bends, extreme tempos (*Grave* to *Vivace*), slithering chromatic lines (“*Ecce, vidimus, eum*”), and quick shifts between effortless and anguished expression. And, notice music that is both disciplined and immensely free. If these twenty-seven motets were the only music Jan Dismas Zelenka had ever composed, I think they would still place him among those composers who stand with Bach and Handel. But Zelenka was actually a very prolific composer, leaving more than 150 pieces: at least twenty masses, several requiem settings, two *Miserere*, four oratorios, five settings of *Dixit Dominus*, five settings of *Confitebor tibi Domine*, three of *Beatus vir*, six of *Laudate puerii*, two of *Laetatus sum* (one of them over twenty-minutes long), five settings of *Alma Redemptoris Mater*, six of *Regina coeli*, and seven of *Salve Regina*. These represent only a portion of his sacred music, and he also composed marvelous trio sonatas and virtuosic orchestra music. His music is a force to contend with. I am excited to be getting to know some of it.

—David Hoose

J.S. Bach: Cantata BWV 3, “Ach Gott, wie manches Herzeleid”

Cantata BWV 3 was first performed on 14 January 1725, in Leipzig. It is scored for two oboes d’amore, strings and continuo, with horn and trombone to strengthen the chorale tunes.

The wedding at Cana was Christ’s first miracle and is the Gospel reading for the Second Sunday in the Epiphany. All three of the cantatas for that day are concerned less with the miracle than the mysterious line of Jesus answering his mother’s plea for help: “Woman, what have I to do with thee? Mine hour is not yet come” (KJV). All three cantatas associate this day with the beginning of Christ’s difficult journey, and by association our souls’ difficult journey.

The chorale “Ach Gott, wie manches Herzeleid” was a favorite of Bach, but not particularly popular in the canon of Lutheran chorales. We see very few settings of it by other composers. Bach’s versions of the melody cover an enormous range, from the brilliant and vivacious *Allegro* that ends Cantata BWV 58, through the crabbed and knotty continuo-with-soprano setting in Cantata BWV 44. The setting that begins Cantata BWV 3 is the most exotic sounding of all and one of the most ravishing bits of chromaticism in all of Bach.

The chorus begins with a quiet string chord that becomes the accompaniment to an extraordinarily expressive and chromatic oboe d’amore line. Soon the second oboe enters, and the two sing an amazing duet above a string part that includes both sustained chords and an expressive sighing motive that goes through the movement. The entrance of the chorus is magical. The chorale is in the bass, rather than the usual soprano. The sopranos, altos and tenors enter before the bass chorale with the same theme as the oboes. The only accompaniment is a sketchy and barren string part. The most important point about the harmony throughout this movement is that, for all of its chromaticism, it has a kind of warm melancholy glow about it. It is worlds away from the kind of harshness that we see, for instance, in the opening chorus of BWV 101 or, for that matter, in the version of “Ach Gott, wie manches Herzeleid” in Cantata BWV 44. Each line of text is highly characterized. Notice how, in “*Der schmale Weg is trübsal voll*,” the vocal parts include not only the opening theme but also a new trudging countermelody. This rising line will come back in the last phrase in “*Den ich zum Himmel wandern soll*.” The whole color of this movement is bathed in a kind of Romantic glow that is unique in Bach.

The chorale with tropes, the second movement, is like a splash of cold water. Only the continuo accompanies the chorus and soloists. The harmony is hard and brittle instead of warm and rounded. Each phrase is introduced by a tough little reduction of the chorale theme. All of the mysterious cross relations that Bach found in the first movement are gone, replaced by an almost banal diatonicism. The journey has begun.

The chorale with tropes leads directly into a bass aria with continuo. The aria treats “hell and pain” in an almost abstract manner. One could almost call smug the way that the opening line is encapsulated in the texture. The opening jagged line is omnipresent in the aria and undergoes amazing transformations as it underpins what is mostly a joyful and confident text. At first the aria, a full *da capo*, can seem too long, but its secure doctrine is at the spiritual center of this cantata. Its bare-bones quality makes one wish for the richness of the opening chorus.

The soprano-alto duet, which follows a brief *secco* tenor recitative, occupies a halfway ground between the lush opening and the thorny bass aria. For all of its easy melodiousness and childlike quality, it is very complex in phrasing and textual content. The opening tune seems so easy, until one tries to figure out how it really is phrased by Bach’s most artful overlaps. Notice what happens with the connection between the second line of text back to the first. The alto is still firmly in E major while the soprano begins its line in A major. The duet is one of those pieces that is very difficult for performers, but when successfully played will seem completely artless to the listener. The final chorale harmonization is rich without ever reverting to the lushness of the opening.

—Craig Smith, edited by David Hoose

* As quoted in Mervyn Cooke, “Frank Martin, the Later Years,” conclusion. *The Musical Times*, Vol. 134, No. 1802, April 1993.

J.S. Bach: Cantata BWV 114, “Ach, lieben Christen, seid getrost”
Cantata for the Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity

1. Choral

**Ach, lieben Christen, seid getrost,
Wie tut ihr so verzagen!
Weil uns der Herr heimsuchen tut,
Laßt uns von Herzen sagen:
Die Straf wir wohl verdient han,
Solchs muß bekennen jedermann,
Niemand dar sich ausschließen.**
(Ach, lieben Christen, seid getrost, verse 1)

2. Arie T

Wo wird in diesem Jammertale
Vor meinen Geist die Zuflucht sein?
Allein zu Jesu Vaterhänden
Will ich mich in der Schwachheit wenden;
Sonst weiß ich weder aus noch ein.

3. Rezitativ B

O Sünder, trage mit Geduld,
Was du durch deine Schuld
Dir selber zugezogen!
Das Unrecht säufst du ja
Wie Wasser in dich ein,
Und diese Sündenwassersucht
Ist zum Verderben da
Und wird dir tödlich sein.
Der Hochmut aß vordem von der verbotnen
Frucht,
Gott gleich zu werden;
Wie oft erhebst du dich mit schwülstigen
Gebärden,
Daß du erniedrigt werden muß.
Wohlan, bereite deine Brust,
Daß sie den Tod und Grab nicht scheut,
So kömmt du durch ein selig Sterben
Aus deisem sündlichen Verderben
Zur Unschuld und zur Herrlichkeit.

4. Choral S

**Kein Frucht das Weizenkörnlein bringt,
Es fall denn in die Erden;
So muß auch unser irdscher Leib
Zu Staub und Aschen werden,
Eh er kömmt zu der Herrlichkeit,
Die du, Herr Christ, uns hast bereit'
Durch deinen Gang zum Vater.**
(Ach, lieben Christen, seid getrost, verse 3)

1. Chorale

**Ah, dear Christians, be comforted,
how despairing you are!
Since the Lord brings affliction upon us,
let us say from our hearts:
we have truly deserved punishment,
everyone must recognize this,
no one may exempt himself from it.**

2. Arie T

Where, in this valley of suffering,
is the refuge of my spirit?
However, to Jesus' fatherly hands
I will turn in my weakness;
otherwise I know neither out nor in.

3. Recitative B

O sinner, bear with patience
what through your own guilt
you have brought down upon yourself!
You lap up injustice
like water,
and this sinful dropsy
leads to destruction
and will be fatal to you.
Pride first ate the forbidden fruit,
to be like God;
how often do you exalt yourself with boastful
gestures,
so that you must be humbled!
Well then, prepare your heart,
so that it does not fear death or the grave,
then you will come, through a blessed death
out of this sinful corruption
to innocence and to glory.

4. Chorale S

**The grain of wheat bears no fruit,
unless it falls on the ground;
so must also our earthly body
become dust and ashes,
before it comes to the glory
that You, Lord Christ, have prepared for us,
through your journey to the Father.**

5. Arie A

Du machst, o Tod, mir nun nicht ferner bange,
Wenn ich durch dich die Freiheit nur erlange,
Es muß ja so einmal gestorben sein.
Mit Simeon will ich in Friede fahren,
Mein Heiland will mich in der Gruft bewahren
Und ruft mich einst zu sich verklärt und rein.

6. Rezitativ T

Indes bedenke deine Seele
Und stelle sie dem Heiland dar;
Gib deinen Leib und deine Glieder
Gott, der sie dir gegeben, wieder.
Er sorgt und wacht,
Und so wird seiner Liebe Macht
Im Tod und Leben offenbar.

7. Choral

**Wir wachen oder schlafen ein,
So sind wir doch des Herren;
Auf Christum wir getauft sein,
Der kann dem Satan wehren.
Durch Adam auf uns kömmt der Tod,
Christus hilft uns aus aller Not.
Drum loben wir den Herren.**

*(Ach, lieben Christen, seid getrost, verse 6) “Ach, lieben Christen, seid getrost,” Johannes Gigas 1561
(verses 1,3,6 - mov'ts. 1,4,7; source for the other movements)*

Translation by Pamela Dellal

Frank Martin: Et la vie l'emporta

IMPLORATION

Chorus

La santé, c'est la paix du corps, son silence.
Mais ce silence même peut être maladie
et prelude à la mort.
Ah! quels cris dans ma chair qui soffre!
Quel trouble dans mon Coeur, quel chaos,
quelle angoisse!
Que lourde est cette vie qui peine
à se porter!

Alto, Chorus

Entre le monde et moi l'alliance est rompue,
Qui faisait de ma vie une source féconde
Et jaillissante

Chorus

Ah! qu'il est amer ce désaccord
qui la vient tarir!
O Toi, qui tiens ma vie entre tes mains,
ne laisse pas cette souffrance me détruire
jusqu'à ce que tout soit consommé.

5. Arie A

You make me, o death, no longer fearful now,
for if through you alone I shall achieve freedom,
then some day indeed one must be dead.
With Simeon I will depart in peace,
my Savior will guard me in the tomb
and call me one day to Himself pure and radiant.

6. Recitative T

Therefore consider your soul
and open it up to the Savior;
give your body and your limbs
back to God, who gave them first to you.
He cares and watches,
and thus the strength of His love
is manifested in death and in life.

7. Chorale

**Whether we wake or fall asleep,
yet we are the Lord's;
if we are baptised into Christ,
he can guard against Satan.
Through Adam death came upon us,
Christ helps us out of all danger.
Therefore we praise the Lord.**

In health, the body is at peace, in silence.
But that very silence may be sickness
and a prelude to death.
Ah! what cries burst from my suffering flesh!
What torment fills my heart, what chaos,
what anguish!
How leaden is this life which labours
o be bourne!

That union twixt the world and me
which made my life a fertile,
gushing spring is sundered.

How bitter the dissension
which causeth it to run dry!
O Thou, who holdeth my life in Thy hands,
lest not this suffering destroy me
till all be consumed.

Frank Martin: Et la vie l'emporta *continued*

Baritone, Chorus

Toi, dont le silence est créateur,
dans l'excès de mes maux,
ne laisse pas s'éteindre mon esprit.
Apaise mon angoisse par ta présence de lumière.

COMBAT

Baritone, Chorus

Ce fut un merveilleux combat,
Quand Vie et Mort luttèrent.
Par l'esprit la vie l'emporta:
La mort rentra sous terre.
L'Écriture a prédit cela:
Comme une mort l'autre mangea.
En guignol la mort se changea
Et beaucoup s'en moquèrent.

OFFRANDE

Alto

Il n'y a rien de ce que je pourrais vous offrir
que vous ne possédiez déjà.
Mais il y a beaucoup de choses que je ne puis
donner et que vous pouvez prendre.
Le ciel ne peut descendre jusqu'à nous
à moins que notre cœur n'y trouve
aujourd'hui même son repos.
Prenez donc le ciel!

Alto, Chorus

Il n'y pas de paix dans l'avenir, qui ne soit
contenue dans ce court moment présent.
Prenez donc la paix!

Chorus

L'obscurité du monde n'est qu'une ombre.
Derrière elle, à notre portée, se trouve une
clarté, une joie ineffable;
et nous pourrions la voir
si nous savions la regarder.

Alto

Regardez donc! Prenez cette clarté!
La vie est généreuse de ses dons.

Chorus

Mais nous qui n'en voyons que l'apparence,
nous les jugeons pesants, durs et amers.
Arrachons cette écorce!
Nous trouverons sous elle une vivante
splendeur, tissée d'amour par la sagesse.

Thou, whose silence is creation,
in this excess of ill let not my spirit fail.

May the light of Thy presence calm my anguish.

Marvellous indeed the battle was
When Life and Death did clash.
Life, through the spirit the day did win,
Death to its haunts withdrew therein.
The Scripture has foretold:
How one death gorged the other.
A mocking puppet was death to behold
To all a cause for laughter.

Nought there is that I can offer you
that is not already yours.
But countless are the things not mine.
to give but which are yours to take.
Heaven cannot come down to us unless
our hearts ease therein can find
this very day.
Take, then, the heavens!

There is no peace awaiting us
which in this sort moment present may not be found.
Take, then, that peace!

The gloom of this world is but a shadow.
'Hind which, within our grasp, shines a
brightness, a joy unbounded,
which we might well perceive
had we but eyes to see it.

So open your eyes, take that brightness!
Life is generous with its gifts.

However we see but the shape of things
and hold them burdensome, hard and bitter
Let us rip off that shell!
'Neath it we shall find
a living splendour, love-woven by wisdom.

Frank Martin: Et la vie l'emporta *continued*

Alto

Accueillez-la! Saisissez-la! Vous toucherez
alors la main de l'ange qui vous l'apporte.
Dans nos peines, dans nos tristesses,
dans nos souffrances, se trouve,
croyez-moi, la main de l'ange.
Vos joies, eux aussi,
cachent des dans divins.

Chorus

La vie est pleine de sens;
si pleine de sens et de beauté
que vous saurez voir que la terre
ne fait que recouvrir votre ciel

Alto

Souvenez-vous que
nous sommes ensemble des pèlerins
qui, à travers des pays inconnus,
se dirigent vers leur patrie.
Or, en ce jour, pèlerins,
je vous salue.
Je vous salue avec cette prière:

Alto, Chorus

Que pour vous, aujourd'hui, demain,
et à jamais,
Le jour se lève
et tes ombres s'effacent.

Welcome it! Grasp it! Thus shall ye touch
the angel hand that bears it to you.
In our sufferings, sadness, troubles
we can find,
believe me, the angel hand.
Our joys, they too,
hide heavenly gifts.

Life with sense is full abrim,
with sense and beauty overflows
so much that ye shall see this earth
but covers the heaven of yours.

Forget not that we,
together, are pilgrims
who, thro' unknown lands
their homeward way do tread,
and on this day, pilgrims,
My greetings go to you.
I greet you through this prayer:

May for ye this day, the morrow
and forever,
the daybreak come
And the shadows fade away.

Jan Dismas Zelenka: Motets from "Responsoria pro Hebdomada Sancta", ZWV 55

I. In monte Oliveti

In monte Oliveti oravit ad Patrem:
Pater, si fieri potest, transeat a me calix iste:
Spiritus quidem promptus est, caro autem infirma.
Vigilate, et orate, ut non intretis in tentationem.
Spiritus quidem promptus est, caro autem infirma.

On Mount Oliveti he prayed to his father:
Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass away from me:
the spirit indeed is ready, but the flesh is weak.
Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.
The spirit indeed is ready, but the flesh is weak.
*1st Responsory for Maundy Thursday, from Lamentations
and Matthew*

III. Ecce, vidimus eum

Ecce vidimus eum non habentem speciem, neque
decorum:
aspectus eius in eo non est;
hic peccata nostra portavit, et pro nobis dolet:
ipse autem vulneratus est propter iniquitates nostras;
Cuius livore sanati sumus.
Vere languores nostros ipse tulit,
et Dolores nostros ipse portavit.

Lo, we have seen him without comeliness or
beauty:
His look is gone from him:
he hath borne our sins and suffered for us:
He was wounded for our iniquities:
by his stripes are we healed.
Truly he hath borne our infirmities
and carried our sorrows.

Jan Dismas Zelenka: Motets from “Responsorio pro Hebdomada Sancta”, ZWV 55 *continued*

Cuius livore sanati sumus.
Ecce vidimus eum non habentem speciem, neque decorum:
aspectus eius in eo non est.

By his stripes are we healed.
Lo, we have seen him without comeliness or beauty:
His look is gone from him.

3rd Responsoy for Maundy Thursday, from Isaiah

II. Tristis est anima mea

Tristis est anima mea usque ad mortem:
sustinete hic, et vigilate mecum:
nunc videtibus turbam, quae circumdabit me:
Vos fugam capietis, et ego vadam immolari pro vobis.
Ecce, appropinquet hora,
et Filius hominis tradetur in manus peccatorum.
Vos fugam capietis,
et ego vadam immolari pro vobis.

My soul is sorrowful even unto death:
stay you here and watch with me:
now you will see the crowd that will surround me:
You will all flee, and I shall go to be offered up for you.
Behold the time draweth nigh,
and the son of man shall be delivered into the hands of sinners.
You will all flee,
and I shall go to be offered up for you.

2nd Responsoy for Maundy Thursday, from Lamentations and Matthew

J.S. Bach: Cantata BWV 3, “Ach Gott, wie manches Herzeleid”

I. Choral

**Ach Gott, wie manches Herzeleid
Begegnet mir zu dieser Zeit!
Der schmale Weg ist trübsalvoll,
Den ich zum Himmel wandern soll.**

(Ach Gott, wie manches Herzeleid, verse 1)

I. Chorale

**Ah, God, how much heartache
do I encounter at this time!
The narrow path is full of trouble
that I shall follow to heaven.**

2. Recitativ und Choral SATB

**Wie schwerlich läßt sich Fleisch und Blut
So nur nach Irdischem und Eitlem trachtet
Und weder Gott noch Himmel achtet,
Zwingen zu dem ewigen Gut!
Da du, o Jesu, nun mein alles bist,
Und doch mein Fleisch so widerspenstig ist.
Wo soll ich mich denn wenden hin?
Das Fleisch ist schwach, doch will der Geist;
So hilf du mir, der du mein Herze weißt.
Zu dir, o Jesu, steht mein Sinn.**

Wer deinem Rat und deiner Hilfe traut,
Der hat wohl nie auf falschen Grund gebaut,
Da du der ganzen Welt zum Trost gekommen,
Und unser Fleisch an dich genommen,
So rettet uns dein Sterben
Vom endlichen Verderben.

2. Recitative and Chorale SATB

**How difficult it is for flesh and blood,
that deals only with earthly and vain things,
and heeds neither God nor Heaven,
to strive for the eternal Good!
Since You, O Jesus, are now my all,
and yet my flesh is so recalcitrant,
where then shall I turn?
The flesh is weak, although the spirit is willing;
so help me, You who know my heart.
My mind stands with You, O Jesus.
Whoever trusts your counsel and your help
has never built on false ground;
since You came to console the whole world,
and take our flesh upon Yourself,
so Your death redeems us
from final destruction.**

J.S. Bach: Cantata BWV 3, “Ach Gott, wie manches Herzeleid” *continued*

Drum schmecke doch ein gläubiges Gemüte
Des Heilands Freundlichkeit und Güte.
(Ach Gott, wie manches Herzeleid, verse 2)

Therefore a faithful conscience yet enjoys
the goodness and friendship of his Savior.

3. Aria B

Empfind ich Höllenangst und Pein,
Doch muß beständig in dem Herzen
Ein rechter Freudenhimmel sein.
Ich darf nur Jesu Namen nennen,
Der kann auch unermeßne Schmerzen
Als einen leichten Nebel trennen.

3. Aria B

Although I experience the fear and torment of Hell,
Yet continually in my heart
must be a true Heaven of joy.
I need only speak Jesus’ name;
He can part innumerable sufferings
as an insubstantial mist.

4. Recitativ T

Es mag mir Leib und Geist verschmachten,
Bist du, o Jesu, mein
Und ich bin dein,
Will ichs nicht achten.
Dein treuer Mund
Und dein unendlich Lieben,
Das unverändert stets geblieben,
Erhält mir noch den ersten Bund,
Der meine Brust mit Freudigkeit erfüllet
Und auch des Todes Furcht, des Grabes
Schrecken stillet.
Fällt Not und Mangel gleich von allen Seiten ein,
Mein Jesus wird mein Schatz und Reichtum sein.

4. Recitative T

My body and spirit might despair;
If You, O Jesus, are mine
and I am Yours,
I will take no heed.
Your faithful mouth
and Your unending love,
that remains constantly unchanged,
still uphold the first covenant with me;
which fills my breast with happiness
and quiets the fear of death, the horror of the grave.

Though trouble and dread occur on every side,
my Jesus will be my treasure and my kingdom.

5. Aria- Duett SA

Wenn Sorgen auf mich dringen,
Will ich in Freudigkeit
Zu meinem Jesu singen.
Mein Kreuz hilft Jesus tragen,
Drum will ich gläubig sagen:
Es dient zum besten allezeit.
(“Ach Gott, wie manches Herzeleid,” verse 16)

5. Aria-Duet SA

When cares press upon me
I will with joy
sing to my Jesus.
Jesus helps me bear my cross,
therefore I will say with faith:
it always works out for the best.

6. Choral

**Erhalt mein Herz im Glauben rein,
So leb und sterb ich dir allein.
Jesu, mein Trost, hör mein Begier,
O mein Heiland, wär ich bei dir.**

6. Chorale

**If my heart remains pure in faith,
so will I live and die in You alone.
Jesus, my consolation, hear my desire,
O my Savior, if I were only with You!**

(“Ach Gott, wie manches Herzeleid,” verse 18) “Ach Gott, wie manches Herzeleid,” Martin Moller 1587 (verses 1,2,16,18 - mov’ts. 1,2,5,6; source for the other movements)

Translation by Pamela Dellal

Bruckner Pange lingua (1868)
Howells Requiem (1936)
Martin Messe pour double chœur a cappella (1922/1926)

Frank Martin knew that for sacred music to remain relevant in an era of unprecedented catastrophe, the music had to do more than make a cult out of the arts and artists of the past. While World War II raged around him, Martin wrote from Switzerland: “Admiration is passive; it demands from art not to be a fertile principle that puts us in contact with a creative spirit, but satisfaction and repose.” For Martin, a composer of deep faith, contemporary music cannot live, cannot be fertile, when listeners seek merely to admire the beauty of its surfaces from a past golden era.

All of the pieces in tonight’s program owe their undeniable power to that fertile spirit. They bear a common seed, rooted in the archaic, yet all are both ageless and original. Their musical gestures and allusions that express a belief in the power of beauty—sublime beauty—to reconcile us with suffering and death.

This is music in the language of archaic modernism: plainchant and modal harmonies, Renaissance polyphony, the *stile antico* of Bach, and 20th century dissonance and tension. This is Thomas Mann’s Aschenbach, over-ripening in the Venetian sun: “For beauty . . . and beauty alone is at once desirable and visible: it is, mark my words, the only form of the spiritual we can receive through our senses and tolerate thereby. Beauty is the path the man of feeling takes to the spiritual.”¹

Musically, archaic modernism resolves in sensuous tones of luminosity and timelessness. How is this achieved? Within it is a mode—a scale that can be made from all the white notes from E to E—the Phrygian mode. It is unique among scales because of the semitone between the first and second notes; this semitone creates harmonic problems that cannot be resolved with traditional finality in any major or minor key. This gives the mode a character of timelessness, suspension and tension, ambiguity and exotic otherness.

Aristotle associated the Phrygian mode with an unmanly Dionysian excess of emotion. By the Middle Ages, the Phrygian came to represent grief and lamentation. J. S. Bach made unusually expressive use of Luther’s penitentiary chorales set in the Phrygian mode (e.g., *Aus tiefer Not schrei ich zu dir*, BWV 38). Musicologist Susan McClary wryly comments that the Phrygian dilemma forced Bach to “twist his harmonization every which way but loose, often culminating in chromatic meltdowns that simply obscured the fundamental irrationality of the process.” In tonight’s program, Bruckner, Martin, and Howells all use the Phrygian mode as an expression of instability and uncertainty, a musical statement of one of the deepest questions of our time: the problem of suffering.

Anton Bruckner was born in 1824, the son of a rural Austrian schoolteacher and organist. At thirteen, Bruckner became a chorister at the St. Florian Monastery, where he stayed on to teach and to play the organ until 1856. Next he took a post as organist at Linz Cathedral until the Vienna Conservatory hired him in 1868. Bruckner’s life was marked by periods of severe depression, unrequited love, and derision in Viennese musical circles for his love of Wagner and what some saw as naïve parochialism.

Bruckner composed nearly forty motets for choir. They contain the deepest expressions of his

Catholic faith, but also share important elements of style with his symphonies. *Pange lingua* (1843, revised in 1868) is based on the Thomas Aquinas hymn in the Phrygian mode, which Bruckner recalled first hearing when he was eleven or twelve. (His father was ill then and would soon die.) *Pange lingua* moves from tonal uncertainty to a resolute affirmation of faith, a structure that closely resembles the *Symphony No. 6 in A major* (1881). Bruckner’s conservative colleagues disapproved of the work’s unconventional dissonances, and they attempted to “correct” them for publication. *Christus factus est* (1884), written not long after the death of Bruckner’s beloved Wagner, employs even more radical forms of late Romantic chromaticism and movement by semitones to express the suffering of Christ on the cross. In it are contained several examples of the “general pause,” a sort of pregnant pause for breath that are used to great effect in his *Symphony No. 2 in C minor* (1872). The extended harmonic tensions, pauses, and dying away in utter peace give this motet its mystical power.

Frank Martin (1890-1974) was born in Geneva, the youngest son in a family of French Huguenots. After hearing a performance of J. S. Bach’s *Saint Matthew Passion* when he was twelve, he felt he had received a spiritual calling to become a musician and composer. Martin’s father, a Calvinist minister, believed this an inappropriate vocation, and sent him instead to study mathematics and physics at the University of Geneva. However, his musical calling won out, and he pursued private study of composition. Martin’s early austere style owed much to his interest in archaic forms and modal melodies; he slowly developed a uniquely Swiss synthesis of the German rigor of Bach and Schoenberg and the French sensuality of Ravel and Debussy, culminating in the tonal serialism of his maturity.

Martin’s dedication to sacred music found early expression in his *Mass for Double Choir*. Composed in 1922 (the *Agnus Dei* wasn’t added until 1926), Martin withheld it from performance for forty-one years, fearing “it would be judged from a completely aesthetic point of view. I looked at it then as a matter between God and me . . . [T]he expression of religious sentiments, it seemed to me, ought to remain secret and have nothing to do with public opinion.” Unheard for so long, the *Mass* has come to occupy its rightful place as a choral masterwork. The *Kyrie* opens with an intimate Phrygian plainchant sung by the altos, its tonal uncertainty not resolved until the final E major chord; this movement between modes and prolonged resolution marks the entire *Mass*. Martin builds and sustains a layered texture, setting the antiphonal choir against plainchant and pedal tones, rising to ecstatic height in the “Hosanna” and joining in peaceful benediction of “dona nobis pacem.”

Herbert Howells was born in 1892, in rural Gloucestershire, England. He avoided service in the trenches of World War I (not through Swiss nationality like his contemporary, Frank Martin) due to his life-threatening Graves’ disease. Howells’ musical career is haunted by the specter of death: not only the doomed youth of his Lost Generation, but most crucially, the sudden death of his nine-year-old son from polio in 1935. Like Bruckner, Howells was the son of an organist and showed early musical gifts. He was educated as chorister and organist at Gloucester Cathedral and won a scholarship to study at the Royal College of Music, where he remained to teach until 1979. Yet Howells was said to have suffered from insecurity and self-doubt (his was an impoverished, working-class childhood) that left him unusually sensitive to criticism of his work. It was perhaps for this reason that his 1932 *Requiem* remained, like Martin’s *Mass*, put away in a drawer for nearly fifty years until its first performance in 1980. Howells’ masterpiece *Hymnus Paradisi*, composed in 1938, for chorus and orchestra as a memorial to his son, is based on motives worked out in the *Requiem*. Howells similarly withheld it until persuaded by his friends Gerald Finzi and Ralph Vaughan Williams to perform it at the fifteenth anniversary of his son’s death.

¹Thomas Mann, *Death in Venice* (1912). Aschenbach is imaging himself as Socrates instructing young Phaedrus.

The *Requiem* owes its being to the nationalist English revival of music of the Tudor Renaissance. Howells vividly recalled the 1910 premiere of Ralph Vaughan Williams' *Fantasia on a Theme of Thomas Tallis* as one of two "revelatory" experiences of his youth. He felt an especially strong affinity for the use of plainchant and modes; indeed, the Phrygian mode of the Tallis psalm tune inspired the Phrygian colors of his 1917 *Elegy*, dedicated to two fellow Royal College of Music students killed in World War I. The *Requiem* opens with a Phrygian *Salvator mundi*, an anguished petition for God's comfort, which arrives in its D major resolution. This pattern repeats in subsequent Latin Mass and Psalm settings, moving from sumptuous tensions of modal and minor harmonies, coming to rest in *I Heard a Voice from Heaven* with the bright certainty of D major. The two settings of the text "et lux perpetua" are the heart of this work; in the impressionistic word painting of "light" Howells achieves the most astonishing and dramatic harmonies of the *Requiem*.

It is commonplace to compare this cathedral music to the structure of cathedrals themselves. Surely, the works in this program entreat those bowed in sorrow to raise their heads to stained glass and vaulted ceilings. Yet one might see these works best as music of Coventry Cathedral. Next to the shell of the Gothic cathedral destroyed by German bombs in 1940 was raised the new cathedral, a masterpiece of modern architecture completed in 1962. The movement of this music is a gesture of reconciliation and regeneration, as one stands within Coventry Cathedral's ruins and raises one's eyes to the open sky.

— Mary MacDonald

Anton Bruckner: Pange lingua (1868)

Pange lingua gloriosi
 corporis mysterium
 sanguisque pretiosi,
 quem in mundi pretium
 fructus ventris generosi
 Rex effudit Gentium.
 Nobis datus, nobis natus
 ex intacta virgine
 et in mundo conversatus,
 sparso verbi semine,
 sui moras incolatus
 miro clausit ordine.
 In supremæ nocte cenæ
 recumbens cum fratribus
 observata lege plene
 cibus in legalibus,
 cibum turbae duodenæ
 se dat suis manibus.
 Verbum caro, panem verum
 verbo carnem efficit:
 fitque sanguis Christi merum,
 et si sensus deficit,
 ad firmandum cor sincerum
 sola fides sufficit.
 Tantum ergo sacramentum
 veneremur cernui,
 et antiquum documentum
 novo cedat ritui;
 praestet fides supplementum
 sensuum defectui.
 Genitori Genitoque
 laus et iubilatio,
 salus, honor, virtus quoque
 sit et benedictio;
 procedenti ab utroque
 compar sit laudatio.
 Amen.

Sing, my tongue,
 The mystery of the glorious body,
 And of the precious Blood
 That for the world's salvation
 The fruit of a noble womb,
 The king of the nations, shed.
 Given to us, born to us,
 From an unblemished virgin,
 And having lived in the world,
 Scattering the seed of the Word,
 The time of his habitation
 Miraculously He closed in due order.
 In the night of His last supper,
 Resting with His brothers,
 The law being fully observed
 With permitted foods,
 To the group of twelve
 He gave Himself as food with his own hands.
 The Word in flesh true bread
 By a word makes His flesh,
 And also makes true wine the Blood of Christ,
 And if sense is lacking,
 To confirm a true heart
 Faith alone suffices.
 Therefore so great a Sacrament
 Let us fall down and worship,
 And let the old law
 Give way to a new rite,
 And let faith stand forward
 To make good the defects of sense.
 To the Father and the Son
 Be praise and joy,
 Health, honour and virtue
 And blessing,
 And to him proceeding from both
 Be equal praise.
 Amen.

Anton Bruckner: Christus factus est (1884)

Christus factus est pro nobis obediens
 usque ad mortem, mortem autem crucis.

Christ became obedient for us unto death,
 even to the death, death on the cross.

Propter quod et Deus exaltavit illum et dedit
 illi nomen,
 quod est super omne nomen.

Therefore God exalted Him and gave Him a
 name
 which is above all names.

Herbert Howells: Requiem (1936)**Salvator mundi**

O Saviour of the world,
 who by thy cross and thy precious blood
 hast redeemed us,
 save us and help us,
 we humbly beseech thee, O Lord.

Psalm 23

The Lord is my shepherd:
 therefore can I lack nothing.
 He shall feed me in a green pasture:
 and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort.
 He shall convert my soul:
 and bring me forth in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
 Yea, though I walk in the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil:
 thy rod and thy staff comfort me.
 Thou shalt prepare a table before me against them that trouble me:
 thou hast anointed my head with oil, and my cup shall be full.
 But thy loving-kindness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:
 and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Requiem aeternam (I)

Requiem aeternam dona eis.
 Et lux perpetua luceat eis.
 Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine.
 Eternal rest grant unto them.
 And let light perpetual shine upon them.
 Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord.

Psalm 121

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills:
 from whence cometh my help.
 My help cometh even from the Lord:
 who hath made heaven and earth.
 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved:
 and he that keepeth thee will not sleep.
 Behold, he that keepeth Israel:
 shall neither slumber nor sleep.
 The Lord himself is thy keeper:
 he is thy defence upon thy right hand;
 so that the sun shall not burn thee by day,
 neither the moon by night.
 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil:
 yea, it is even he that shall keep thy soul.
 The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in:
 from this time forth and for evermore.

Requiem aeternam (II)

Requiem aeternam dona eis.
 Et lux perpetua luceat eis.
 Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine.
 Eternal rest grant unto them.

Herbert Howells: Requiem (1936) *continued*

And let light perpetual shine upon them.
Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord.

I heard a voice from heaven

I heard a voice from heaven,
saying unto me,
Write,
From henceforth blessed are the dead
which die in the Lord:
even so saith the Spirit,
for they rest from their labours.

Frank Martin: Messe pour double chœur a cappella (1922/1926)**Kyrie**

Kyrie eleison.	Lord, have mercy.
Christe eleison.	Christ, have mercy.
Kyrie eleison.	Lord, have mercy.

Gloria in excelsis

Gloria in excelsis Deo.	Glory be to God on high.
Et in terra pax	And on earth, peace
hominibus bonae voluntatis.	to men of good will.
Laudamus te. Benedicimus te.	We praise Thee. We bless Thee.
Adoramus te. Glorificamus te.	We adore Thee. We glorify Thee.
Gratias agimus tibi	We give thanks to Thee
propter magnam gloriam tuam.	for Thy great glory.
Domine Deus, Rex caelestis,	Lord God, Heavenly King,
Deus pater omnipotens.	God the Father Almighty.
Domine Fili unigenite,	Lord the only-begotten son,
Jesu Christe altissime.	Jesus Christ, high above all.
Domine Deus, Agnus Dei,	Lord God, Lamb of God,
Filius Patris.	Son of the Father.
Qui tollis peccata mundi,	Thou who takest away the sins of the world,
miserere nobis.	have mercy on us.
Qui tollis peccata mundi,	Thou who takest away the sins of the world,
suscipe deprecationem nostram.	receive our prayer.
Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris,	Thou who sittest at the right hand of the Father,
miserere nobis.	have mercy on us.
Quoniam tu solus sanctus.	For thou alone are holy.
Tu solus Dominus.	Thou alone art the Lord.
Tu solus altissimus, Jesu Christe.	Thou alone art the most high, Jesus Christ.
Cum sancto spiritu	With the Holy Ghost
in gloria Dei Patris. Amen.	in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

Credo

Credo in unum Deum,	I believe in one God,
Patrem omnipotentem,	Father Almighty,
factorem caeli et terrae,	maker of heaven and earth,
visibilium omnium,	and of all things visible,
et invisibilium.	and invisible.
Et in unum Dominum, Jesum Christum,	And in one Lord, Jesus Christ,

Filium Dei unigenitum,
et ex Patre natum
ante omnia saecula.
Deum de Deo, lumen de lumine,
Deum verum de Deo vero.
Genitum, non factum,
consubstantialem Patri;
per quem omnia facta sunt.
Qui propter nos homines,
et propter nostram salutem
descendit de caelis.
Et incarnatus est
de Spiritu Sancto
ex Maria Virgine;
et homo factus est.
Crucifixus etiam pro nobis;
sub Pontio Pilato,
passus et sepultus est.
Et resurrexit tertia die,
secundum Scripturas;
et ascendit in caelum;
sedet ad dexteram Dei Patris.
Et iterum venturus est cum gloria,
iudicare vivos et mortuos,
cuius regni non erit finis.
Et in Spiritum Sanctum,
Dominum et vivificantem,
qui ex Patre Filioque procedit,
qui cum Patre et Filio
simul adoratur et conglorificatur;
qui locutus est per Prophetas.
Et unam sanctam catholicam
et apostolicam ecclesiam.
Confiteor unum baptisma
in remissionem peccatorum.
Et expecto resurrectionem mortuorum.
Et vitam venturi saeculi,
Amen.

Sanctus

Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus,
Dominus Deus Sabaoth.
Pleni sunt caeli et terra gloria tua.
Hosanna in excelsis.

Benedictus

Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini.
Hosanna in excelsis.

Agnus Dei

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,
miserere nobis.
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,
Dona nobis pacem.

the only-begotten Son of God,
and born of the Father
before all ages.
God of God, light of light,
True God of true God.
Begotten, not made,
of one substance with the Father;
by whom all things were made.
Who for us all,
and for our salvation,
came down from heaven.
And became 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;
And sitteth on the right hand of the Father.
And he shall come again in glory,
to judge the living and the dead,
Whose kingdom shall have no end.
And in the Holy Ghost
the Lord and life-giver,
who proceedeth from the Father and the Son,
who with the Father and the Son
together is adored and glorified;
Who spake by the prophets.
And in one holy catholic church
And apostolic Church.
I acknowledge one Baptism
for the remission of sins.
And I expect the resurrection of the dead.
And the life of the world to come,
Amen.

Holy, Holy, Holy,
Lord God of hosts.
Heaven and earth are full of thy glory.
Hosanna in the highest.

Blessed is He who comes in the name of the Lord.
Hosanna in the highest.

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,
have mercy upon us.
Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,
Give us peace.

MARCH 17

THE MAGISTERIAL ARDOR

78 Gen-er-a-tions have trad, have trad, - have trad, trad -
Gen-er-a-tions have trad, - trad.
colla voce Cresc

Sunday • March 17 • 2013 • 3pm
New England Conservatory's Jordan Hall

James MacMillan
(b. 1959)

Seven Last Words from the Cross (1993)

Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do
Woman, Behold, Thy Son!...Behold, Thy Mother!
Verily, I say unto you, today, thou shalt be with me
in Paradise
Eli, Eli, lama sabachtani
I thirst
Father, into Thy hands I commend my Spirit

intermission

81 Piu mosso, pesante
Pied Beauty
Spring and Fall
God's Grandeur

Marjorie Merryman
(b. 1951)

Beauty, Grief and Grandeur

Pied Beauty
Spring and Fall
God's Grandeur

First Boston performance

85 1. quasi cadenza
An die Sterne
Ungewisses Licht
Zuversicht
Talismane

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Vier doppelchörige Gesänge, op. 141
orchestration by David Hoose

An die Sterne
Ungewisses Licht
Zuversicht
Talismane

Marjorie Merryman's *Beauty Grief and Grandeur*, manuscript of "God's Grandeur"

MacMillan Seven Last Words from the Cross (1993)

Merryman Beauty, Grief and Grandeur

Schumann Vier doppelchörige Gesänge, op. 141
orchestration by David Hoose

James MacMillan: Seven Last Words from the Cross (1993)

MacMillan's Seven Last Words from the Cross was commissioned by BBC Television and first screened in seven nightly episodes during HolyWeek 1994, performed by Cappella Nova and the BT Scottish Ensemble under Alan Tavener. The traditional text of the Seven Last Words from the Cross is based on a compilation from all four gospels to form a sequential presentation of the last seven sentences uttered by Christ.

Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do (St. Luke)

Hosanna filio David
benedictus qui venit in nomine Domine
Rex Israel, Hosanni in excelsis

Hosanna to the Son of David
blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord,
The King of Israel, Hosanna in the Highest.

The Palm Sunday Exclamation

The life that I held dear I delivered into the hands of the unrighteous
and my inheritance has become for me like a lion in the forest.

My enemy spoke out against me,
'Come gather together and hasten to devour him'.

They placed me in a wasteland of desolation,
and all the earth mourned for me.

For there was no one who would acknowledge me or give me help.

Men rose up against me and spared not my life.

From the Good Friday Responsaries for Tenebrae

The work begins with a cadential figure from the end of the clarinet quintet Tuireadh (lament), repeated over and over, upon which the rest of the music gradually builds. Violin "fanfares" emerge when the men start singing the Palm Sunday Exclamation Hosanna to the Son of David. Finally, another idea unfolds – a plainsong monotone with the words from one of the Good Friday Responsaries for Tenebrae.

Woman, Behold Thy Son!...Behold, Thy Mother! (St. Luke)

Again a repeated cadential figure forms the basis of this movement, this time evoking memories of Bach's Passion chorales. The choir and ensemble operate according to different procedures – the choir repeating the words Woman, Behold Thy Son to a shifting three bar phrase, the strings becoming gradually more frantic as the music evolves. They both give way to an exhausted Behold, Thy Son.

Verily, I say unto thee, today thou shalt be with me in Paradise (St. Luke)

Ecce Lignum Crucis
in quo salus mundi pependit:
Venite adoremus

Behold the Wood of the Cross
on which The Saviour of the world was hung
Come let us adore him

Good Friday Versicle

Christ's words are kept until the very end of the movement when they are sung by two high sopranos, accompanied by high violins. The rest of the piece is a setting of the Good Friday Versicle Ecce Lignum Crucis. During the liturgy this is normally sung three times, each time at a higher pitch as the cross is slowly unveiled and revealed to the people. Here also the music begins with two basses, rises with the tenors and then again with two altos. A high violin solo features throughout.

Eli, Eli, lama sabachtani (St. Matthew and St. Luke)

My God, My God, why have you forsaken me

The music rises tortuously from low to high before the choir deliver an impassioned, full-throated lament above which the strings float and glide. The movement eventually subsides through a downward canonic motion to end as it began.

I thirst (St. John)

Ego te potaviaqua salutis de petra:
et tu me postast felle et aceto

I gave you to drink of life-giving water from the rock:
and you gave me to drink of gall and vinegar

From the Good Friday Reproaches

The two words I thirst are set to a static and slow-moving harmonic procedure which is deliberately bare and desolate. The interpolated text from the Good Friday Reproaches is heard whispered and distantly chanted.

It is finished (St. John)

My eyes were blind with weeping,
For he that consoled me is far from me:
Consider all you people,
is there any sorrow like my sorrow?
All you who pass along this way take heed
and consider if there is any sorrow like mine.

From the Good Friday Responsaries for Tenebrae

The movement begins with hammer-blows which subside and out of which grows quiet choral material which is largely unaccompanied throughout. The three words act as a background for a more prominent text taken from the Good Friday Responsaries.

Father, into Thy hands I commend my Spirit (St. Luke)

The first word is exclaimed in anguish three times before the music descends in resignation. The choir has finished – the work is subsequently completed by strings alone.

On setting such texts it is vital to maintain some emotional objectivity in order to control musical expression in the way that the Good Friday liturgy is a realistic containment of grief. Nevertheless it is inspiring when one witnesses people weep real tears on Good Friday as if the death of Christ was a personal tragedy. In this final movement, with its long instrumental postlude, the liturgical detachment breaks down and gives way to a more personal reflection: hence the resonance here of Scottish traditional lament music.

—James MacMillan

Marjorie Merryman: Beauty, Grief and Grandeur

I have been drawn to the poetry of Gerard Manly Hopkins for the arresting images, tensions and messages of the texts, and for the technical inventiveness of the poetic forms and language. The overtly religious and devotional nature of the poetry, focusing on faith and obedience, balances uneasily with images of great sensual power and direct, lived experience. This duality in viewpoint gives the poetry a searching richness that carries Hopkins' work far beyond his own immediate sphere as an obscure 19th century Jesuit. The writing is famously brilliant, particularly in its invention of "sprung rhythm." This disturbance of rhythmic regularity, achieved through the use of consecutive accented words, single syllables and alliterations, creates striking patterns of momentum that Hopkins uses to arrive at forceful culminations.

In "Pied Beauty," I wanted to convey with music some of the exuberant quality of the text. The alliterations and internal rhymes in the middle of the first verse and the stop-start quality of the middle of the second verse were particularly striking and interesting to work with from a musical standpoint. "Spring and Fall" presents a slower and more lyrical movement, and features a soprano solo. The familiar pattern of couplets is broken by a long sentence starting at the fifth line. This sentence, with both an internal rhyme scheme and an extra rhymed line, creates a wave of energy that carries the poem through the middle and adds emphasis to the final section. In setting the words I reflected this form, building to a climax through this middle sentence that spills over into the phrase "And yet you will weep and know why." A small reprise of opening material coincides with the return of the couplets in the text. "God's Grandeur" is the longest of these three pieces, and I was particularly interested in the very stark division of the text before and after the word "Crushed." The God-glorifying opening crashes suddenly and unexpectedly into a despairing cry of the heart. This contrast is reflected in the music in a number of ways. The idea of humanity plodding in its "bleared, smeared and seared" state is conveyed musically by some of the most sustained singing in the entire work, with dissonant harmonies slowly rising to a climax at the end of the verse. The change of tone in the second verse informs the musical style, and the end, partaking of the steadying image of faith, uses successive consonant major thirds and a strong declamatory style. But the last few bars, while sustaining the consonant atmosphere, introduce a slightly more turbulent fundamental harmony, both connecting to the opening sonorities of the movement and suggesting the more complex layers of meaning that pervade the poetry.

Beauty, Grief and Grandeur was commissioned by the Office of the Executive Director for the Arts, University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, and is dedicated to Susan Klebanow and the Carolina Choir.

—Marjorie Merryman

Robert Schumann: Vier doppelchörige Gesänge für grössere Gesangvereine, op. 141

I think the lasting strength of Cantata Singers is found in the expansive repertoire it brings to our audience. The earliest years (the group is now forty-nine years old), of course, focused almost entirely on the cantatas of J.S. Bach, but the musical diet soon expanded, even as Bach's music stood (and continues to stand) at the heart of all the organization does. During the last three decades, the repertoire has grown even more dramatically, and in ways that I hope that keep our engagement with all music fluid and vital.

Even as we reach further afield, certain iconic works draw us back again and again, rewarding us and, we hope, you with their richness, subtlety and depth. *Saint Matthew Passion*, B minor Mass, the Brahms, Mozart and Fauré requiems, and Haydn's *Die Schöpfung* always have broad appeal, and they always challenge us as if they were new music. But those are pieces that many organizations perform. Other, less celebrated pieces to which we've returned may suggest something of the adventurous personalities of this particular family of musicians and music lovers: Stravinsky's *Les noces*, Schoenberg's *Friede auf Erden* and *De profundis*, Dallapiccola's *Canti di Prigionia*, and Harbison's *The Flight into Egypt*. In this group, we find a surprising entry: Robert Schumann's *Vier doppelchörige Gesänge für grössere Gesangvereine*, op. 141. In 1978, Music Director John Ferris conducted it the first time, and Cantata Singers and I have performed it four times since.

I feel very attached to Schumann's music, and I bristle at the notion that Schumann was a 'miniaturist' not on the par with Brahms, someone who couldn't write a symphony, who didn't understand the chorus, and who couldn't manage large dramatic forms. Listeners' appreciation of Schumann is growing, but condescension inexplicably does remain. However, for me, the music's unimpaired imagination and intensity seldom fail to enthrall, and sometimes I feel taken over by it. Over the years, we have programmed a variety of his music, including *Beim Abschied zu singen*, Five Songs from H. Laubes' *Jagdbrevier* for men's voices and four horns, *Four Studies for Pedal-Piano*, *Nachtlied*, the Requiem in D-flat, the C minor Mass, *Scenes from Goethe's "Faust,"* and these marvelous part songs for double chorus.

Vier doppelchörige Gesänge sprang out of a very fertile year in Schumann's creative life. In this one year, 1849, he composed thirty-three pieces in all—about one every eleven days—numbers of them substantial, complete song cycles, or multiple movement works. Almost every genre is represented, and the year's catalogue includes *Nachtlied*, *Scenes from "Faust,"* *Requiem for Mignon*, *Neujahrslied*, *Wilhelm Meister Lieder*, *Spanisches Liederspiel* (both sets), *Fantasiestücke* for clarinet and piano, *Concertstück* for four horns and orchestra, and the *Introduction and Allegro appassionato* for piano and orchestra. This and more, and during a year that some critics and biographers claim marks the beginning of Schumann's descent into depression, confusion and hopelessness, as well as his loss of creative powers. It is difficult to know what these people are thinking when I hear *Neujahrslied*, for chorus and orchestra, a piece that the late musicologist John Daverio, chief Attorney for the Defense, characterized as "one of his most uplifting and affectively optimistic pieces." Or the amazingly fresh 4-horn *Concertstück*, the sublime *Nachtlied*, and *Scenes from Goethe's "Faust."*

Many of the pieces from this year are ones I love most. Among them, the *Vier doppelchörige Gesänge* quiver between the intimate and impetuous, evanescent and muscular, and elusive and forthright.

Finding varied ways to use the two four-part mixed choruses, Schumann moves effortlessly between antiphonal writing, intertwining the vocal parts like individual instruments of an orchestra, and treating the entire ensemble like an organ. The choruses' moving in and out of dialogue mirrors the permeating tensions and resolutions: light into twilight, sorrow within rapture, love over death, and even the simplest inhaling and exhaling. And, in the impetuous last movement, any line between West and East dissolves. Throughout, the light of autumn—the season when he composed these songs—glows.

In 1848, Schumann founded the *Dresden Verein für Chorgesang*, a 100-plus mixed chorus with which he worked (along with his wife, Clara, as accompanist) every Wednesday night for five years. Their repertoire reached from Palestrina to both Schumanns, and it included many compositions he wrote for the chorus, the *Vier doppelchörige Gesänge* among them. Cantata Singers has performed the pieces in their original unaccompanied form, and it is that sound that first drew me to them. But the music's gestures and opulence (they were written "für grössere Gesangvereine") have also made me imagine the chorus bursting at its seams, perhaps yearning for instrumental companionship. At moments, I also have glimpsed Anton Webern peeking through in the first movement, Hugo Wolf in the second, Claude Debussy in the third and, well, Schumann's orchestra in the last. Perhaps imagining instruments as part of the texture prompted my associations, or the other way round. Regardless, some years ago I created an "orchestration" for chorus, pairs of oboes, clarinets, horns, bassoons, cellos, and one double bass. This performance hears these marvelous pieces in yet a different way, with chorus and string orchestra. I hope Schumann wouldn't mind.

—David Hoose

Marjorie Merryman: Beauty, Grief and Grandeur
Poems by Gerard Manly Hopkins

Pied Beauty

Glory be to God for dappled things –
For skies of couple-colour as a brindled cow;
For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim;
Fresh fire-coal chestnut-falls; finches' wings;
Landscape plotted and pieced – fold, fallow, and plough;
And all trades, their gear and tackle and trim.

All things counter, original, spare, strange;
Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)
With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;
He fathers forth whose beauty is past change:
Praise him.

Spring and Fall

Margaret, are you grieving
Over Goldengrove unleaving?
Leaves, like the things of man, you
With your fresh thoughts care for, can you?
Ah! As the heart grows older
It will come to such sights colder
By and by, nor spare a sigh
Though worlds of wanwood leafmeal lie;
And yet you will weep and know why.
Now, no matter, child, the name:
Sorrow's springs are the same.
Nor mouth had, no nor mind, expressed
What the heart heard of, ghost guessed:
It is the blight man was born for,
It is Margaret you mourn for.

God's Grandeur

The world is charged with the grandeur of God.
It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;
It gathers to a greatness like the ooze of oil
Crushed. Why do men not now then reckon his rod?
Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;
And all is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil;
And wears man's smudge and bears man's smell: the soil
Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.

And for all this, nature is never spent;
There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;
And though the last lights off the black West went
Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs –
Because the Holy Ghost over the bent
World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings

Robert Schumann: Vier doppelchörige Gesänge, op. 141

I. An die Sterne

Sterne in des Himmels Ferne!
die mit Strahlen bessrer Welt
ihr die Erdendämmerung hellt,
schau'n nicht Geisteraugen
von euch erdenwärts,
dass sie Frieden hauchen
ins umwölkte Herz!

Sterne in des Himmels Ferne!
träumt sich auch in jenem Raum
eines Lebens flücht'ger Traum ?
Hebt Entzücken, Wonne,
Trauer, Wehmut, Schmerz,
jenseit unsrer Sonne
auch ein fühlend Herz!

Sterne in des Himmels Ferne!
Winkt ihr nicht schon Himmelsruh'
mir aus euren Fernen zu?
Wird nicht einst dem Müden
auf den goldnen Au'n
ungetrübter Frieden
in die Seele tau'n!

Sterne in des Himmels Ferne,
bis mein Geist den Fittich hebt
und zu eurem Frieden schwebt,
hang' an euch mein Sehnen
hoffend, glaubevoll!
O, ihr holden, schönen,
könnt ihr täuschen wohl?

II. Ungewisses Licht

Bahnlos und pfadlos, Felsen hinan
stürmet der Mensch, ein Wandersmann.
Stürzende Bäche, wogender Fluss,
brausender Wald, nichts hemmet den Fuss!

Dunkel im Kampfe über ihn hin,
jagend im Heere die Wolken zieh'n;
rollender Donner, strömender Guss,
sternlose Nacht, nichts hemmet den Fuss!

I. To the Stars

Stars, hung in the depths of Heaven!
That with radiance of a better world
Brighten twilit Earth,
Surely eyes of angels gaze
Earthward from your spheres,
Breathing their serenity
Into our clouded hearts!

Stars, hung in the depths of Heaven!
In that space does life itself
Dream its fleeting dream?
Surely joy and wonder,
Anguish, grief, and pain
Well up from a living heart
That lies beyond our sun.

Stars, hung in the depths of Heaven!
Do you not glint Heaven's peace
Upon me from your deeps?
Surely soon the weary
Shall, in golden fields,
Feel untroubled peace pour down
Like dew upon their souls.

Stars, oh stars,
'Til the day my soul takes wing
And soars up to your peace,
On you let my longing hang
In hope and in belief!
Fair ones, oh! enticers,
You could not deceive!

II. Uncertain Light

Roadless and pathless, over hard stone,
Onward he storms, a wandering man.
Thundering brooklets, rivers in flood,
Nothing hinders his foot!

Dark in their struggle over his head
Gathered in armies the clouds rush by.
Echoing thunder, downpouring rain,
Starless night, nothing hinders his foot!

Endlich, ha! endlich schimmert's von fern!
Ist es ein Irrlicht, ist es ein Stern?
Ha! wie der Schimmer so freundlich blinkt,
wie er mich locket, wie er mir winkt!

Rascher durchheilet der Wanderer die Nacht,
Hin nach dem Lichte zieht's ihn mit Macht!
Sprecht, wie: sind's Flammen, ist's Morgenrot?
ist es die Liebe, ist es der Tod?

III. Zuversicht

Nach oben musst du blicken,
gedrücktes, wundes Herz,
dann wandelt in Entzücken
sich bald dein tiefster Schmerz.

Froh darfst du Hoffnung fassen,
wie hoch die Flut auch treibt;
Wie wärst du denn verlassen,
wenn dir die Liebe bleibt!

IV. Talismane

Gottes ist der Orient!
Gottes ist der Okzident!
Nord und südliches Gelände
Ruht im Frieden seiner Hände.
Er, der einzige Gerechte,
Will für jedermann das Rechte.
Sei von seinen hundert Namen
Dieser hochgelobet! Amen.
Mich verwirren will das Irren;
Doch du weisst mich zu entwirren,
Wenn ich wandle, wenn ich dichte,
Gib du meinem Weg die Richte!
Gottes ist der Orient!
Gottes ist der Occident!

Finally, ah! finally it shimmers afar,
Is it a will o' the wisp or a star?
Ah! how inviting that shimmering seems,
See how it winks at me, see how it gleams!

Boldly the wanderer strides on through the night,
On towards the shimmer he presses with might!
Speak: is it fire, or the morning's first red?
Does it mean love, or does it mean death?

III. Faith

Towards Heaven you most turn your gaze,
Heart wounded and oppressed,
And soon 'twill be your highest joy
That seemed your deep distress.

In gladness you will grasp new hope,
Though floods of troubles rise;
How can you be forsaken,
If but your love abides!

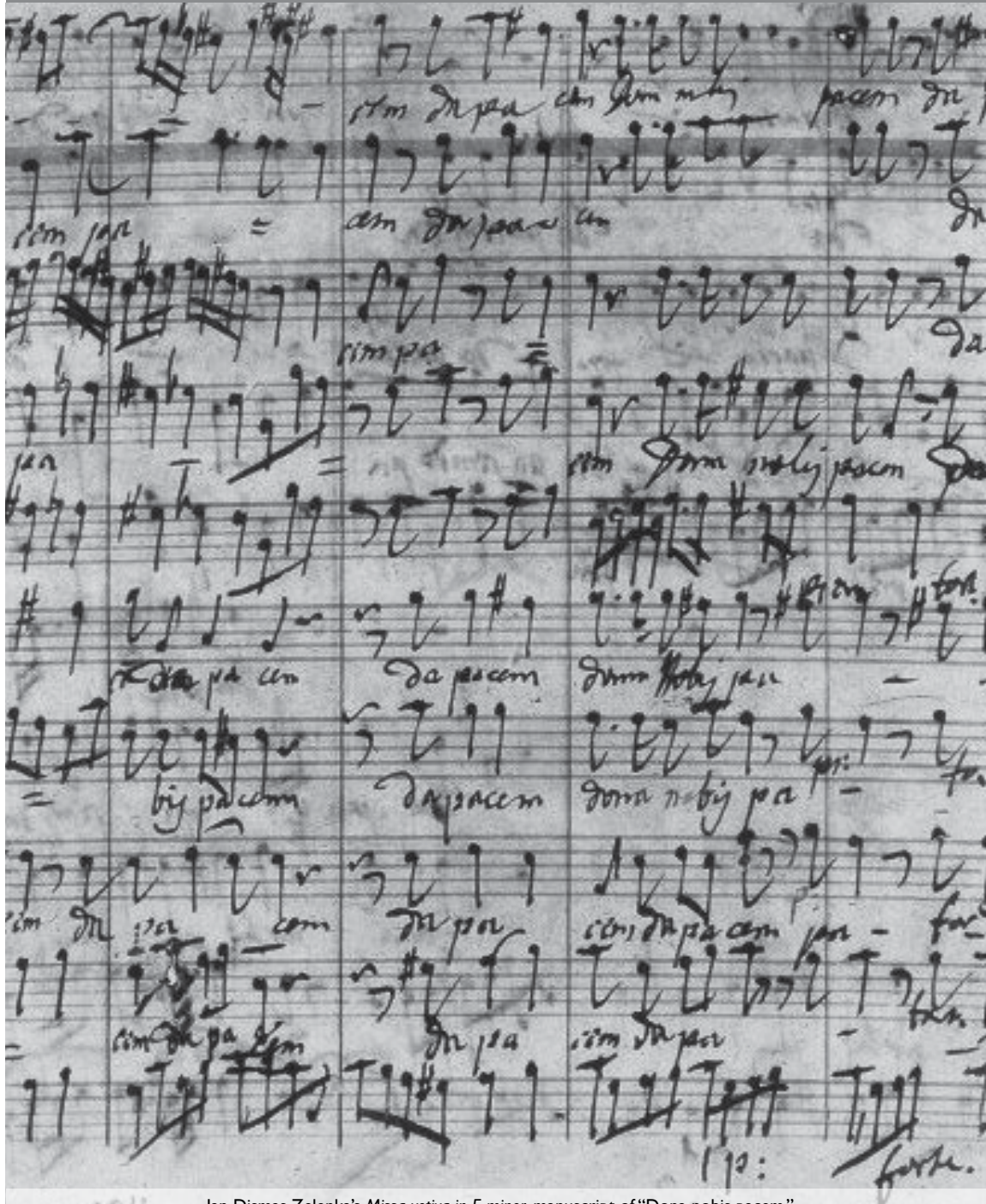
IV. Talismans

To God belongs the Orient!
To God belongs the Occident!
North and south, all lands
Rest in the peace of His hands.
He Who alone is justice
wills justice for all men;
Let this, of all His hundred names.
Have highest praise! Amen.
Many errors have enticed me,
But you know how to release me.
In all I do and all I write,
Be Thou, Lord, my journey's guide.
To God belongs the Orient!
To God belongs the Occident!

MAY

RHETORIC'S REVOLUTION

10



Jan Dismas Zelenka's *Missa votiva in E minor*, manuscript of "Dona nobis pacem."

Friday • May 10 • 2013 • 8pm
New England Conservatory's Jordan Hall

Wolfgang Amadé Mozart Motet: Ave verum corpus, K. 618
(1756-1791)

Franz Joseph Haydn Symphony No. 47 in G
(1732-1809)
[Allegro]
Un poco adagio, cantabile
Menuet al Roverso; Trio al Roverso
Finale — Presto assai

intermission

Jan Dismas Zelenka Missa votiva in E minor, ZWV 18
(1679-1745)

Kyrie
Kyrie eleison I – Vivace
Christe eleison
Kyrie eleison II – Largo
Kyrie eleison III – Vivace

Gloria
Gloria in excelsis Deo – Allegro
Gratias agimus – Andante; Allegro
Qui tollis – Larghetto
Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris – Largo;
Allegro assai; Adagio
Quoniam tu solus Sanctus – Allegro assai e spiritoso
Cum Sancto Spiritu I – Andante
Cum Sancto Spiritu II – Allegro assai

Credo
Credo in unum Deum – Allegro
Et incarnatus est – Larghetto
Crucifixus – Andante
Et resurrexit – Allegro assai e sempre fiero

Sanctus
Sanctus – Grave; Allegro
Benedictus – Larghetto
Osanna – Vivace

Agnus
Agnus Dei – Largo; Larghetto
Dona nobis pacem – [Vivace]

sections, the ideas merely tossed about, and their order not seeming particularly crucial. The development continues the whimsical idea tossing, but the spirit glowers. With startling abandon, the music leaps from idea to idea, as if improvised at the keyboard. Soon the music locates its bearings, and the return of the opening, the recapitulation, becomes inevitable. After a pause, it does happen, but with a jolt—G minor instead of G major—and everything plummets forward, tightening, trapped in the instability of the development. The lurch to the minor mode frees up the sequence of material, and the triplet figure that had been exposition closing material jumps in prematurely. Only then does the music that had previously led to the closing material happen, and it leads to the closing fanfares and final gestures that had closed the recapitulation. The openhearted imitative music in the exposition, music that had seemed so important at the time, never reappears.

As he did all his life, Haydn is experimenting with our expectations. How many unanticipated moves can occur before the music collapses in confusion? Or, how deeply can the musical ideas be imbedded in a suave veneer? With each new symphony, Haydn appears to be trying to figure out the expressive and dramatic limits of a musical language that, in lesser hands, can sound awkward or inconsequential. The 47th Symphony lives somewhere in the middle of his self-taught, life-long composition lesson, suspended somewhere between blatant exposure of the musical ideas and a nesting of complex workings deep beneath a sophisticated surface. Not a '57 Chevy, and not a new Porsche. Perhaps a (well-tuned) Saab.

The second movement, the first known variation movement in a symphony, does have a theme, one so glamorous and eloquent that Mozart drew from it as the inspiration for the theme of own 13-instrument B-flat Serenade variations. In Haydn's music, two irregularly length phrases (each five measures long), the violins and cello/bass in two-part counterpoint, are answered by a ten-bar phrase (now grouped 6+4) that floats by without low instrument foundation. The low instruments then reenter, claiming the music the violins had first played, and the violins take over the cello/bass line. Such invertible counterpoint is a challenge to pull off, but the eloquent beauty of this fifteen-measure theme is amazing.

The variations follow the design of the theme: ten measures of two-part counterpoint, ten measures of contrasting music (bass instruments silent), ten measures of the first phrase, now inverted—high on low, low on high. However, each successive variation brings faster and faster ornamentation of the tune (the other line unchanging), first sixteenths, then sixteenth triplets, and then thirty-seconds that just fly by. When the music is sailing as fast as it could go, everything magically suddenly opens onto a new vista. The opening calm returns, but with the two-part writing fleshed out by six or more deliciously sinewy inner parts. The oboes and horns, who had been silent except for the theme's and variation's middle phrase, join, and the whole sustains like an organ. The bright turns golden, the light turns to prayer. The achingly beautiful music pauses in mid-thought, but then resumes rather cautiously, slowly reopening above an organ-like pedal. The theme returns, now hidden in the warmth of the entwined lines. After a last statement of the tune in the low instruments, the violins float loose, drifting up like smoke, and the movement sighs to its close.

If there ever were an identifiable signature of Haydn, it would be this—the slow movement that grows lighter and lighter, to the point of seeming tossed off, but unexpectedly turns inward. It is as if he were saying, "You might have thought I was joking, but—see?—I was really serious all along." In his later symphonies, this reflection often happens quite close to the end, but in his 47th Symphony, the personal, enveloping the entire last section, becomes the heart of the movement.

As the slow movement had turned toward the serious, the Minuet turns goofy, at least when we realize what's going on. The first section proceeds simply and straightforwardly enough, with abrupt dynamic shifts and peasant-like accents on the downbeats. And the second section brings nothing extraordinary, until we notice that the music is, note-for-note, dynamic-for-dynamic, moving backwards! Because one of the salient features of tonal music is its forward motion, few composers before the 20th century succeeded in writing convincing retrogrades. Haydn's ability to execute this, to let us in on what he's doing (the accents moving from the first to the third quarters are a giveaway), and to make it all sound very natural, is extraordinary. As if that weren't enough, then the Trio does the same thing.

The Finale's mad dash starts off balance and never completely finds its poise. Harmonic jolts, lurches between silken lines and jagged leaps, and violent slashes over scraping dissonances pull this music clearly into that group of pieces, by various composers, that followed the *Sturm und Drang* literary movement (1760s to 1780s) that favored emotionalism over rationalism. Four of Haydn's symphonies (*Lamentatione*, *Trauer*, *Farewell*, and *La Passione*) and one of his string quartets fall easily into this movement, but all of these are in minor keys. Never has G major sounded so stormy and stress-filled as it does in this last movement.

Jan Dismas Zelenka: Missa votiva in E minor, ZWV 18

Zelenka composed twenty-one masses between 1711 and 1741, many of them between sixty and seventy-five minutes long, and for a wide variety of performing forces, variously including flutes, horns, trumpets (as many as four), timpani, and chalumeau, a cross between the recorder and what would become the clarinet. Beginning with his Missa votiva (the eighteenth in chronology), Zelenka consolidated the orchestra to focus on two oboes, violins, violas, bass instruments, and keyboard. All of the masses are for SATB chorus, and most include, as does this, representatives of each voice part in solo roles.

When I first heard Zelenka's *Missa votiva*, about a year ago, I had forgotten when he had lived. Or maybe I never really knew. Sophomore music history happened a long time ago, and I now wonder if his name even came up. From what I heard in *Missa votiva*, I thought he must have lived during the first half of Haydn's life, that he was a kind of transitional figure linking those neat demarcations of the Baroque and Classical eras. Nothing prepared me for just how wrong I was, wrong by about seventy-five years—an entire generation. I wouldn't have guessed that his life almost fully overlapped J.S. Bach's, their birth and death dates, respectively, only about five years apart. And that Zelenka was the older.

As it turns out, Bach met Zelenka and admired his music (he owned scores to two of his masses), but their music doesn't sound much like the other's. In getting to know *Missa votiva*, as well as other pieces of his, I've been reminded of how fallacious is the idea that music (or any art) progresses in a straight line. The early 20th century has always served as a prime reminder of this confusion, since some of the most important and powerful works of Sibelius and Vaughan Williams were composed well after seminal works by Stravinsky, Schoenberg, and even Boulez and Stockhausen. But earlier times are easier to organize if we think of them in some straightforward way, despite the much more interesting evidence.

Other pieces by Zelenka reminded me of many different composers, including Heinrich Schütz (from 100 years *earlier*), G.F. Handel (Zelenka's contemporary), and several who came well after. My overall impression was, however, that Zelenka's music sounded only like Zelenka's and no one else's. Here was a composer whose contrapuntal skills were indisputably fluent, but who was willing to explore melodic and harmonic ideas that Schütz would not have. Here was a composer whose dramatic sense could be as wild and unexpected as C.P.E. Bach's, but whose music never veers into incoherence. Here was a composer whose music was closely married to the texts, both in their musical ideas, declamation and rhetorical gestures. And here was music that seemed timeless, not in the sense of J.S. Bach's timelessness through profound perfection, but through its willingness to reach far and wide for its expression. Zelenka's music, in short, is born of an amazing confluence of skill and originality. Much of it seems to have been composed largely to please himself and God, rather than an employer who may not have wished for something so unconventional. Perhaps Zelenka's unwillingness to be boxed in by the norm contributed to his repeatedly being overlooked for that yearned for higher position, title, or salary. Unlike Johann Adolph Hasse, who always seemed one step ahead, but whose lovely music is forgettable, Zelenka and his impetuous imagination couldn't have pleased everyone.

Like Bach's Mass in B minor, *Missa votiva* is a 'numbers' mass, that is, with the larger sections of the text—*Kyrie*, *Gloria*, *Credo*, etc.—divided into smaller solo and choral movements. The resemblance pretty much stops there, though, both in detail and large design. Whereas Bach's Mass has a *Kyrie II* completely different from the first, the second *Kyrie* in *Missa votiva*, after a brief slower setting of the text, returns to the opening music. This rounded off framing of the *Christe eleison* suggests formal thinking that we associate with a later time.

The solo writing in *Missa votiva* makes it obvious that his singers, both solo and ensemble, were consummately skilled. The florid soprano solos require an operatic virtuosity, and the bass solos expect both that flexibility and a very wide range. The chorus, too, is expected to be in full throttle for most of the mass, vocally agile, musically flexible, and enduringly energetic. And the instrumental writing demands mercurial alertness, its quick shifts and bird-like figurations variously coloring the fabric and propelling the sacred drama.

Zelenka composed his *Missa votiva* in gratitude to God for the gift of recovery from a serious illness, and he takes pains to lend particular focus to the word "*gratias*" in the *Gloria*. Though there is sternness, partly instilled by the home key E minor, this Mass dances with vivacity and joy. When, after the myriad complexities that swirl through the arias and choruses, the *Dona nobis* returns to the very engaging *Kyrie* music, still slippery and jittery, it is extremely satisfying. While the cheerful G major of Haydn's Symphony found agitation in its corners, Zelenka's E minor *Missa*, tied firmly to earth's storms, giddily reaches toward hope.

—David Hoose

W.A. Mozart: Ave verum corpus

Ave, ave verum corpus,
natum de Maria Virgine,
Vere passum, immolatum
in Cruce pro homine.
Cujus latus perforatum
unda fluxit sanguine;
Esto nobis praegustatum
in mortis examine.

Hail, true body
born of the Virgin Mary,
Who truly suffered, sacrificed
on the Cross for man,
Whose pierced side overflowed
with water and blood;
Be for us a foretaste
In the test of death.

Jan Dismas Zelenka: Missa Votiva

Kyrie

Kyrie eleison (I)
(chorus)

Lord, have mercy.
(chorus)

Christe eleison
(soprano)

Christ, have mercy.
(soprano)

Kyrie eleison (II)
(chorus)

Lord, have mercy.
(chorus)

Kyrie eleison (III)
(chorus)

Lord, have mercy.
(chorus)

Gloria

Gloria in excelsis Deo gloria,
et in terra pax
hominibus bonae voluntatis.
Laudamus te. Benedicimus te.
Adoramus te. Glorificamus te.
(chorus and quartet)

Glory be to God on high, glory
and on earth, peace
to men of good will.
We praise Thee. We bless Thee.
We adore Thee. We glorify Thee.
(chorus and quartet)

Gratias agimus tibi:
Domine Deus, Rex caelestis,
Deus Pater omnipotens.
Domine Fili unigenite, Jesu Christe.
Domine Deus, Agnus Dei, Filius Patris.
(chorus and quartet)

We give thanks to Thee
Lord God, Heavenly King,
God the Father Almighty.
Lord the only-begotten son, Jesus Christ,
Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father.
(chorus and quartet)

Qui tollis peccata mundi,
miserere nobis.
Qui tollis peccata mundi,
suscipe deprecationem nostram.
(soprano)

Thou that takest away the sins of the world,
have mercy on us.
Thou that takest away the sins of the world,
receive our prayer.
(soprano)

Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris,
miserere nobis.
(chorus)

Thou that sittest at the right hand of the Father,
have mercy on us.
(chorus)

Quoniam tu solus Sanctus.
tu solus Dominus.
tu solus Altissimus, Jesu Christe.
(bass)

For thou alone are holy.
Thou alone art the Lord.
Thou alone art the most high, Jesus Christ.
(bass)

Jan Dismas Zelenka: Missa Votiva continued

Cum Sancto Spiritu (I)
in gloria Dei Patris.
(chorus)

Cum Sancto Spiritu (II)
in gloria Dei Patris. Amen.
(chorus)

Credo

Credo in unum Deum.
Patrem omnipotentem,
factorem cœli et terrae,
visibilem omnium et invisibilem.
Et in unum Dominum Jesum Christum,
Filius Dei unigenitum.
Et ex Patre natum ante omnia saecula.
Deum de Deo, lumen de lumine,
Deum verum de Deo vero.
Genitum, non factum,
consubstantialem Patri:
per quem omnia facta sunt.
Qui propter nos homines
et propter nostram salutem
descendit de cœlis.
(chorus and quartet)

Et incarnatus est de Spiritu Sancto
ex Maria Virgine: et homo factus est.
(alto)

Crucifixus etiam pro nobis:
sub Pontio Pilato passus et sepultus est.
(chorus)

Et resurrexit tertia die,
secundum Scripturas.
Et ascendit in cœlum:
sedet ad dexteram Patris.
Et iterum venturus est cum gloria
judicare vivos et mortuos:
cujus regni non erit finis.
Et in Spiritum Sanctum,
Dominum et vivificantem,
qui ex Patre Filioque procedit,
qui cum Patre et Filio
simul adoratur et conglorificatur:
qui locutus est per Prophetas.
Et unam sanctam catholicam
et apostolicam ecclesiam.
Confiteor unum baptisma
in remissionem peccatorum.

With the Holy Ghost
in the glory of God the Father.
(chorus)

With the Holy Ghost.
in the glory of God the Father. Amen.
(chorus)

I believe in one God.
Father Almighty,
maker of heaven and earth,
and of all things visible, and invisible.
And in one Lord, Jesus Christ,
the only-begotten Son of God,
and born of the Father before all ages.
God of God, light of light,
True God of true God.
Begotten, not made,
of one substance with the Father:
by whom all things were made.
Who for us all
and for our salvation,
came down from heaven.
(chorus and quartet)

And became incarnate by the Holy Ghost
of the Virgin Mary, and was made man.
(alto)

And was crucified also for us:
under Pontius Pilate suffered and was buried.
(chorus)

And the third day he rose again,
according to the Scriptures.
And ascended into heaven;
And sitteth on the right hand of the Father.
And he shall come again in glory
to judge the living and the dead,
Whose kingdom shall have no end.
And in the Holy Ghost
the Lord and life-giver,
who proceedeth from the Father and the Son,
who with the Father and the Son
together is adored and glorified;
Who spake by the prophets.
And in one holy catholic church
And apostolic Church.
I acknowledge one Baptism
for the remission of sins.

Et expecto resurrectionem mortuorum.
Et vitam venturi saeculi.
(chorus, soprano, tenor, and bass)

Sanctus

Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus,
Dominus Deus Sabaoth.
Pleni sunt cœli et terra gloria tua.
Osanna in excelsis.
(chorus)

Benedictus qui venit
in nomine Domini.
(soprano)

Osanna in excelsis.
(chorus)

Agnus

Agnus Dei,
qui tollis peccata mundi:
miserere nobis.
(chorus)

Dona nobis pacem.
(chorus)

And I expect the resurrection of the dead.
And the life of the world to come,
(chorus, soprano, tenor, and bass)

Holy, Holy, Holy,
Lord God of hosts.
Heaven and earth are full of thy glory.
Hosanna in the highest.
(chorus)

Blessed is He who comes
in the name of the Lord.
(soprano)

Hosanna in the highest.
(chorus)

Lamb of God,
who takest away the sins of the world:
have mercy upon us.
(chorus)

Give us peace.
(chorus)

DAVID HOOSE

CELEBRATING THIRTY YEARS AS MUSIC DIRECTOR OF CANTATA SINGERS & ENSEMBLE



"David is a snob in terms of quality, and an avuncular liberal in terms of style. He has no preconceived notions about ideology except for quality. ... Many of us—myself included—are in his debt. David invests in quality. He will persist, re-program, and see that there are new performances of music that he believes in. His ability to fashion a fascinating series is commendable."

—Composer Yehudi Wyner



"I remember John Harbison saying to us when he left the music directorship, 'David is going to take you places I've never been able to.'"

—Founding member Charles Husbands, to the Boston Globe, 1/19/2003

"Hoose [leads] with decisive precision and heartfelt restraint."
—Lloyd Schwartz, the Boston Phoenix, 3/24/2006

"The kind of performance the Cantata Singers gave is the result of years of work with each other and with Hoose; this kind of tonal blending cannot be achieved in a few weeks of rehearsal."

—Richard Dyer, the Boston Globe, 11/10/90

"Hoose can project a piece's structure without softening the music's rough edges, without taming any episode's character, however extreme."

—Anthony Tommasini, the Boston Globe, 5/15/93



*This season, Cantata Singers celebrates **David Hoose's 30th Anniversary as Music Director**: his iconic programming, innovative presentations, and dynamic leadership both on and off the stage. As we look back on David's time with the chorus and ensemble, we not only thank him for 30 wonderful years, we look forward to more trailblazing in seasons to come under the baton of our **Maestro!***

"From the time of David Hoose's very first appearance with the Cantata Singers two seasons ago (as a guest conductor) it was apparent that this could turn into an extraordinary collaboration: they were good for each other."

—Richard Dyer, the Boston Globe, 11/19/1982.



Cantata Singers

*Through vital performances of works old and new, familiar and unfamiliar,
Cantata Singers engages and shares with the community
the power of music to enrich the human spirit.*

Now in its forty-ninth season, Cantata Singers offers New England audiences a range of musical programming that has consistently been recognized as engaging, nuanced and penetrating by listeners and media alike. Cantata Singers was founded in 1964 to perform and preserve the cantatas of J.S. Bach, and Bach's music continues to be at the heart of all that the organization does. But over the past four decades Cantata Singers' repertoire has expanded to embrace musical offerings from the seventeenth to the twenty-first Century, including performances of semi-staged operas and an acclaimed series of seasons centered on a single composer—Kurt Weill, Benjamin Britten, Heinrich Schütz and Ralph Vaughan Williams. Through all of these explorations, Bach and the thought behind his rich creativity have remained the touchstone of Cantata Singers.

Cantata Singers' chorus comprises forty-four professional volunteer singers; with its orchestra, it presents a season of four main programs in the Boston and Cambridge area, all under the music direction of David Hoose.

Former Cantata Singers music directors have included Leo Collins, John Harbison, Philip Kelsey and John Ferris, and distinguished guest conductors have included Craig Smith, Joseph Silverstein, Blanche Honegger Moyses, Benjamin Zander, and Earl Kim. Under Music Director David Hoose's baton, the organization has given acclaimed performances of Bach's *Saint Matthew Passion*, *Saint John Passion*, *Mass in B minor*, and many cantatas; Haydn's *The Creation* and *The Seasons*, the Brahms, Fauré, Mozart and Verdi requiems; Handel's *Belshazzar*, *Israel in Egypt*, *Messiah* and *Jeptha*; Schumann's *Scenes from Goethe's Faust*, Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress*, *Oedipus Rex*, *Mass*, and *Symphony of Psalms*.

The organization has commissioned twelve choral-orchestral compositions, the first of which, John Harbison's *The Flight Into Egypt*, won the 1987 Pulitzer Prize for Music. Three of these commissions centered on the issue of slavery—Donald Sur's *Slavery Documents*, T.J. Anderson's *Slavery Documents 2*, both based on original writings about American slavery, and Lior Navok's *The Trains Kept Coming...Slavery Documents 3*, based on original documents, official communications and personal letters concerning the Allies' refusal to bomb the railroad tracks that led to the concentration camps. Cantata Singers has recorded the works of Bach, Schütz, Schein, Schoenberg, and Stravinsky, as well as Irving Fine, David Chaitkin, Seymour Shifrin, John Harbison, Peter Child, and Charles Fussell. In 1995, the organization was awarded the ASCAP/Chorus America Award for Adventurous Programming of Contemporary Music.

Cantata Singers also runs a unique music education program in the Boston Public Schools, "Classroom Cantatas," a residency program that introduces students of all ages to the fundamentals of song writing and performance preparation. The teaching artists of Cantata Singers guide the students to work together as a team, nurturing creativity and instilling confidence, discipline and freedom of expression, culminating in a public performance at the end of each school year.

Cantata Singers & Ensemble

Commissioned Works

Yehudi Wyner, *Give Thanks for All Things*, 2010
Andy Vores, *Natural Selection*, 2009
Lior Navok, *Slavery Documents 3: And The Trains Kept Coming...*, 2008
Stephen Hartke, *Precepts* (co-commissioned with Winsor Music), 2007
John Harbison, *But Mary Stood: Sacred Symphonies for Chorus and Instruments*, 2006
James Primrosch, (co-commissioned with Winsor Music), *Matins* 2003
T.J. Anderson, *Slavery Documents 2*, 2002
Andy Vores, *WorldWheel*, 2000
Andrew Imbrie, *Adam*, 1994
Donald Sur, *Slavery Documents*, 1990
Peter Child, *Estrella*, 1988
John Harbison, *The Flight Into Egypt*, (winner, 1987 Pulitzer Prize in Music), 1986

Recordings

John Harbison, *Four Psalms and Emerson*; David Hoose, conductor; New World, 2004
Peter Child, *Estrella*; David Hoose, conductor; New World, 2002
Charles Fussell, *Specimen Days*; David Hoose, conductor; Koch International, 1997
David Chaitkin, *Seasons Such as These*; John Harbison, conductor; CRI, recorded 1976, re-released 1997
J.S. Bach, Cantatas BWV 7, BWV 44, BWV 101 (first recorded performances of 44 and 101);
John Harbison, conductor; recorded 1973, reissued 1993
Igor Stravinsky, *Les Noces*; Arnold Schoenberg, *Friede auf Erden* and *De Profundis*; works of Schütz and Schein; David Hoose, conductor; 1992
John Harbison, *The Flight Into Egypt*; David Hoose, conductor; New World Records, 1990
Irving Fine, *The Hour-Glass*; David Hoose, conductor; Nonesuch, 1988
Seymour Shifrin, *Cantata to the Text of Sophoclean Choruses*; David Hoose; CRI, 1984
John Harbison, Early Works, including *Five Songs of Experience*; John Harbison, conductor; CRI, 1973

Classroom Cantatas

Cantata Singers' 2012-2013 concert season marks the 19th anniversary of Classroom Cantatas, an education outreach initiative that has helped over one thousand of Boston's children find their voices. Through our residencies in underserved schools in Boston, we have been privileged to facilitate the creation and performance of over 300 original songs closely tied to core academic subjects. Our primary objective has always been to share with students the joy and expressive potential that active participation in music-making imparts: the opportunity to connect with individuals and the world around us in new and profound ways.

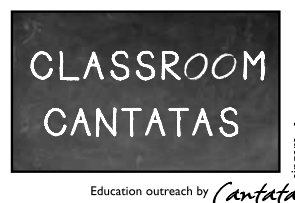
Teaching the tools for creative self-expression is the core mission of Classroom Cantatas. In each residency, students work with Teaching Artists from our acclaimed ensemble. First they explore the fundamentals of music: melody, rhythm and text. With this new knowledge, students break into groups of four or five to begin writing their own songs. For most students, the leap from talking to singing—sharing their voices—is no small feat. Creativity demands courage, and the Classroom Cantatas experience is no exception.

At our May 2012 Classroom Cantatas concert, 120 students premiered 24 original songs on topics ranging from math and the regions and resources of our country to turn-of-the-century immigration to America. Each residency concluded with a performance within the school community, followed by this city-wide performance at the Roland Hayes School of Music. At the end of the term, each participant was presented with a bound copy and professional recording of his or her class' cantatas.

This year will see continued partnerships with Ellis Mendell Elementary in Roxbury, and the Mather and Neighborhood House Charter Schools in Dorchester. In each school, song texts will be drawn directly from the core curricula, so as to support the instruction already underway in these classrooms.

Through Classroom Cantatas, Cantata Singers inspires the next generation of musicians, great thinkers and music enthusiasts. No words can adequately convey the magic that happens when young minds are encouraged and empowered to express their own ideas and come to understand their expressive potential and the impact their voices can have on the world around them.

Warmly,
Josh Taylor, *Cantata Singers Education Coordinator*



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Gifts received after July 31, 2012 will be acknowledged in next season's program.

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Frank Cunningham, recording engineer; Lissa Hodder, consultant to Classroom Cantatas; Pam Igelsrud, office manager, and the entire staff at All Saints Parish in Brookline; Linda Keltner, post-concert reception volunteer; intrepid interns Kenneth Chan (UMass Lowell), Joseph Taff (Amherst College) and Erika Febrini (Boston Conservatory).

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**Cantata Singers encourages all audience members to visit
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2012 - 2013 SEASON



John W. Ehrlich, Music Director

November 17, 2012, 8:00pm

Buon Natale!
An Italian Christmas Prelude

Ottorino Respighi:
*Lauda per la
Natività del Signore*

with Laura Serfino Harbert, soprano
and instrumental ensemble

March 23, 2013, 8:00pm

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Sacred and Secular Vibrant and
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12 13

1 | **midst the twilight path**
Saturday, October 6, 2012, 8 pm
Sunday, October 7, 2012, 4 pm
Brahms • Wagner • Schoenberg • Berg • Kirchner

4 | **a little phrase of eternal song**
Saturday, March 16, 2013, 8 pm
Sunday, March 17, 2013, 4 pm
Schumann • Hindemith • Webern • Grime • Dvořák

2 | **first a childhood, limitless and free**
Saturday, November 3, 2012, 8 pm
Sunday, November 4, 2012, 4 pm
Mendelssohn • Ives • Knussen • Bond • Saint-Saëns

5 | **to answer and resound**
Saturday, April 6, 2013, 8 pm
Sunday, April 7, 2013, 4 pm
Mozart • Zemlinsky • Schoenberg • Cage • Kim • Harrison

"luxury class"
- The Boston Globe

3 | **music such as spirits love**
Saturday, February 2, 2013, 8 pm
Sunday, February 3, 2013, 4 pm
Janáček • Fang • Musgrave • Brahms

6 | **mystic moons and dream music**
Saturday, May 18, 2013, 8 pm
Sunday, May 19, 2013, 4 pm
Debussy • Stravinsky • Schoenberg

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