

## Texts and Translations

### Ave Maria, Virgo Serena Josquin des Prez (c. 1450-1521)

*Motet*  
*Full Vocal Ensemble*

Ave Maria, gratia plena,  
Dominus tecum, Virgo serena.

Hail Mary, full of grace,  
The Lord is with you, serene Virgin.

Ave, cujus conceptio,  
Solemni plena gaudio,  
Caelestia, terrestria,  
Nova replet laetitia.

Hail, whose conception,  
Full of solemn joy  
Fills the heaven, the earth,  
with new rejoicing.

Ave, cujus nativitas,  
Nostra fuit solemnitas,  
Ut lucifer lux oriens,  
Verum solem praeveniens.

Hail, thou whose birth  
Was our festival  
As our luminous rising light,  
Coming before the true sun.

Ave, pia humilitas,  
Sine viro fecunditas,  
Cuius annunciatio,  
Nostra fuit salvatio.

Hail, pious humility,  
Fertility without a man,  
Whose annunciation,  
Was our salvation.

Ave, vera virginitas,  
Immaculata castitas,  
Cuius purificatio  
Nostra fuit purgatio.

Hail, true virginity,  
Unspotted chastity,  
Whose purification  
Was our cleansing.

Ave, praeclara omnibus,  
Angelicis virtutibus,  
Cujus fuit assumptio  
Nostra glorificatio.

Hail, famous with all,  
Angelic virtues,  
Whose assumption  
Was our glorification.

O Mater Dei,  
memento mei.

O Mother of God,  
Remember me.

Amen.

Amen.

### Magnificat Sexti Toni Plainchant/Jean Titelouze (1563-1633)

*Organ with alternatim style chant (sung text in **bold**)*  
*SFC Dan Campolieta, organ*  
*SOG Peter Walker, bass*

**Magnificat** anima mea Dominum;

*Translation from Book of Common Prayer*  
My soul doth magnify the Lord.

**Et exsultavit spiritus meus in Deo salutari meo,**

And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savior.

Quia respexit humilitatem ancillae suae;  
Ecce enim ex hoc beatam me dicent omnes  
generationes.

**Quia fecit mihi magna, qui potens est, et sanctum  
nomen eius,**

Et misericordia eius a progenie in progenies timentibus  
eum.

**Fecit potentiam in brachio suo;  
dispersit superbos mente cordis sui;**

Deposuit potentes de sede, et exaltavit humiles;

**Esurientes implevit bonis et divites dimisit inanes.**

Suscepit Israel puerum suum, recordatus misericordiae  
suae,

**Sicut locutus est ad patres nostros, Abraham et  
semini eius in saecula.**

Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto,  
**Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper: et in  
Saecula saeculorum. Amen**

For he hath regarded: the lowliness of his handmaiden:  
For behold, from henceforth: all generations shall call  
me blessed.

For he that is mighty hath magnified me: and holy is  
his Name.

And his mercy is on them that fear him: throughout all  
generations.

He hath shewed strength with his arm: he hath  
scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath  
exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich  
he hath sent empty away.

He remembering his mercy hath holpen his servant  
Israel:

As he promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his  
seed for ever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy  
Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever  
shall be: world without end. Amen.

## The Blessed Virgin's Expostulation Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

*Sacred solo vocal work  
SSG Kaytlin Withers, soprano*

Tell me, tell me some, some pitying angel,  
Tell quickly, quickly, quickly say,  
Where, where does my soul's sweet darling stray,  
In tyger's or more cruel, more cruel, cruel Herod's way?  
Ah, ah rather, rather let his little, little footsteps press  
Unregarded through the wilderness,  
Where milder, milder, where milder savages resort,  
The desert's safer, the desert's safer than a tyrant's court.  
Why, why, fairest object of my love,  
Why, why dost thou from my longing eyes remove?  
Was it, was it a waking dream that did fortell thy wondrous birth,  
Thy wondrous, wondrous birth?  
No vision, no, no vision from above?  
Where's Gabriel, where's Gabriel now that visited my cell?  
I call, I call, I call: Gabriel! Gabriel!  
He comes not.  
Flatt'ring, flatt'ring hopes, farewell flatt'ring hopes, farewell.  
Me Judah's daughters once caress'd,  
Call'd me of mothers the most, the most bless'd.  
Now fatal change, of mothers most distress'd.  
How, how shall my soul its motions guide?  
How, how shall I stem the various, various tide,

Whilst faith and doubt my lab'ring soul divide?  
For whilst of thy dear, dear sight beguil'd,  
I trust the God, but oh! I fear, but oh! I fear the child.

### So oft ich meine Tobackspfeife, BWV 515 Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

*Secular solo vocal work*  
*SSG Peter Walker, bass, baroque guitar*

So oft ich meine Tobackspfeife,  
Mit gutem Knaster angefüllt,  
Zur Lust und Zeitvertreib ergreife,  
So gibt sie mir ein Trauerbild -  
Und füget diese Lehre bei,  
Dass ich derselben ähnlich sei.

Each time I take my tobacco pipe,  
With goodly wad filled to the brim,  
For fun and passing time with pleasure,  
It brings to me a thought so grim -  
And adds as well this doctrine fair,  
That I'm to it quite similar.

Wenn nun die Pfeife angezündet,  
So sieht man, wie im Augenblick  
Der Rauch in freier Luft verschwindet,  
Nichts als die Asche bleibt zurück.  
So wird des Menschen Ruhm verzehrt  
Und dessen Leib in Staub verkehrt.

When now the pipe is lit and burning,  
We witness how within a trice  
The smoke into thin air doth vanish,  
Nought but the ashes then are left.  
And thus is mankind's fame consumed  
Its body, too, in dust assumed.

Ich kann bei so gestalten Sachen  
Mir bei dem Toback jederzeit  
Erbauliche Gedanken machen.  
Drum schmauch ich voll Zufriedenheit  
Zu Land, zu Wasser und zu Haus  
Mein Pfeifchen stets in Andacht aus.

I can amidst such formulations  
With my tobacco ev'rytime  
Such practical ideas ponder.  
I'll smoke therefore contentedly  
On land, at sea and in my house  
My little pipe adoringly.

### Lamento della Ninfa Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)

*Madrigal*  
*SSG Caroline Nielson, alto*  
*SSG David Szabo, tenor*  
*SSG Ian McEuen, tenor*  
*SSG Peter Walker, bass, baroque guitar*

**I.**  
Non havea Febo ancora  
recato al mondo il di  
ch'una donzella fuora  
del proprio albergo uscì.

**I.**  
Phoebus had not yet brought  
The day to the world,  
When a maiden so angry  
Came out of her house.

Sul pallidetto volto  
scorgease il suo dolor,  
spesso gli veniva sciolto  
un gran sospir dal cor.

On her pale face  
Her pain could be read,  
And every so often  
A heavy sigh came from her heart.

Sì calpestando fiori,  
errava hor qua, hor là,  
i suoi perduti amori  
così piangendo va:

Stepping on flowers,  
She wandered from here to there,  
Bewailing her lost love  
With these words:

**II.**

Amor

*(Dicea)*

Amor

*(il ciel mirando,  
il piè fermo.)*

Amor

Dove, dov'è la fè  
Ch'el traditor giurò?*(Miserella)*

Fa che ritorni il mio

Amor com'ei pur fu,

O tu m'ancidi, ch'io

Non mi tormenti più.

*(Miserella, ah più, no,  
Tanto gel soffrir non può.)*Non vo' più ch'ei sospiri  
se lontan da me,

No, no che i martiri

Più non dirammi affè.

*(Ah miserella, ah più, no, no)*

Perché di lui mi

struggo, Tutt'orgoglioso sta,

Che sí, che sí se'l fuggo

Ancor mi pregherà?

*(Miserella, ah più, no,  
Tanto gel soffrir non può.)*

Se ciglio ha più sereno

Coi, che'l mio non è,

Già non rinchiude in seno

Amor sí bella fè.

*(Miserella, ah più, no,  
Tanto gel soffrir non può.)*

Ne mai sí dolci baci

Da quella bocca havrai,

Ne più soavi, ah taci,

Taci, che troppo il sai.

*(Miserella)***III.**Sì tra sdegnosi pianti  
spargea le voci al ciel;

così ne' cori amanti

mesce Amor fiamma e gel.

**II.**

Love

*(She said)*

Love

*(gazing at the sky,  
Standing still)*

Love

Where is the troth  
that the traitor vowed?*(Poor girl)*

Make him return to my

Love, as he once was,

Or else kill me, so I

Can no longer torment myself.

*(The poor girl, ah no more, no,  
can she suffer so much ice.)*I no longer want him to breathe,  
unless far from meso that he can no longer say the  
things that torture me*(Ah, the poor girl, ah no more, no, no)*

Because I destroy myself for him,

so full of pride as he is;

but if I flee from him,

again he entrains me.

*(The poor girl, ah no more, no, can  
she suffer so much ice)*

A more serene eyebrow

has she than mine,

but love has not planted in his

breast so fair a faith.

*(The poor girl, ah no more, no,  
can she suffer so much ice)*

Not ever such sweet kisses

will he have from that mouth,

not softer, ah quiet,

quiet, he knows it only too well.

*(The poor girl)***III.**Thus with indignant complaints,  
the voice rose up to the sky;

thus, in loving hearts,

love mingles flame and ice.

O Lamm Gottes, unschuldig, BWV 656 (*O Lamb of God, Innocent*)  
Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

*Chorale Prelude*  
*SFC Dan Campolieta, organ*

Jesus nahm zu sich die Zwölfe, BWV 22  
Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

*Cantata*

*Full Ensemble*

*MSG Matthew Heil, tenor*

*SSG Peter Walker, bass*

*SSG Caroline Nielson, alto*

*SFC Brendan Curran, baritone*

**I.**

*Arioso (Tenor, Bass, Chor)*

Jesus nahm zu sich die Zwölfe und sprach:  
Sehet, wir gehn hinauf gen Jerusalem,  
und es wird alles vollendet werden,  
das geschrieben ist von des Menschen Sohn.

Sie aber vernahmen der keines  
und wussten nicht, was das gesaget war.

**II.**

*Arie (Alto)*

Mein Jesu, ziehe mich nach dir,  
ich bin bereit, ich will von hier  
und nach Jerusalem zu deinen Leiden gehn.  
Wohl mir, wenn ich die Wichtigkeit  
von dieser Leid- und Sterbenszeit  
zu meinem Troste kann durchgehends wohl verstehn!

**III.**

*Rezitativ (Bass)*

Mein Jesu, ziehe mich, so werd ich laufen,  
denn Fleisch und Blut  
verstehet ganz und gar, nebst deinen Jüngern nicht,  
was das gesaget war.  
Es sehnt sich nach der Welt  
und nach dem größten Haufen.  
Sie wollen beiderseits, wenn du verkläret bist,  
zwar eine feste Burg auf Tabors Berge bauen  
hingegen Golgotha,  
so voller Leiden ist,  
in deiner Niedrigkeit mit keinem Auge schauen.  
Ach! kreuzige bei mir in der verderbten Brust  
zuvörderst diese Welt und die verbotne Lust,  
so werd ich, was du sagst,  
vollkommen wohl verstehen  
und nach Jerusalem mit tausend Freuden gehen.

**I.**

*Arioso (Tenor, Bass, Chorus)*

Jesus took aside the twelve [disciples] and said:  
See, we are going up to Jerusalem,  
and all will be fulfilled that is written [by the prophets]  
about the son of man.

But they apprehended none of this, and did not  
discern what was said [about Jesus's death].

**II.**

*Aria (Alto)*

My Jesus, draw me after you;  
I am ready; I wish to go from here  
And to Jerusalem for your sufferings.  
Well for me if I can understand the weight [of glory]  
From this time of suffering and death  
Thoroughly well for my consolation.

**III.**

*Recitative (Bass)*

My Jesus, draw me [after you]; so will I run [the race of  
faith]; For flesh and blood  
does not understand well and truly, along with your  
disciples, what was said [about your death].  
It [flesh and blood] craves the world,  
and the greatest throng;  
They [your disciples] wish, when you are transfigured,  
Indeed to build, along either side [of you], a secure  
fortress on Tabor's mountain; Golgotha, on the other  
hand, so full of suffering In your humiliation,  
[they wish] not to see with their eyes.  
Ah, crucify in me, within my corrupted breast,  
Above all, this world and forbidden pleasure;  
Thus will I perfectly well  
understand what you say,  
And go to Jerusalem with a thousand joys.

**IV.***Arie (Tenor)*

Mein alles in allem, mein ewiges Gut,  
verbessere das Herze, verändere den Mut;  
schlag alles darnieder,  
was dieser Entsagung des Fleisches zuwider!  
Doch wenn ich nun geistlich ertötet da bin,  
So ziehe mich nach dir in Friede dahin!

**V.***Choral*

Ertöt uns durch dein Güte,  
erweck uns durch dein Gnad;  
den alten Menschen kränke,  
dass der neu' leben mag.  
Wohl hie auf dieser Erden,  
den Sinn und all Begehren  
Und G'danken hab'n zu dir.

**IV.***Aria (Tenor)*

My all in all things, my eternal good:  
Reform my heart, transform my mettle;  
Strike down all  
That is opposed to this renunciation of the flesh.  
But now when I am spiritually put to death here [on  
earth], Then draw me after you, into peace, there [in  
heaven].

**V.***Chorale*

Put us to death through your goodness;  
Raise us [from the dead] through your grace;  
Mortify the Old Adam [within us],  
That the New [Adam within us] may live  
Here on this earth as well,  
And have his disposition and all desires  
And thoughts be toward you.