

THE WILLIAM NELSON CROMWELL CONCERTS



National Gallery of Art

WASHINGTON, D. C.

972nd Concert

A CANADIAN TRIBUTE TO THE LATE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY, ON THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF HIS DEATH, SUNG BY THE GENTLEMEN AND BOYS OF THE CHOIR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. GEORGE, KINGSTON, ONTARIO, CANADA.

GEORGE N. MAYBEE, F.R.S.C.M., *Conductor*
GERALD WHEELER, F.R.C.O., *Associate Conductor*

Sunday, November 22, 1964
at Eight O'clock
In the East Garden Court

MR. JOHN WALKER, DIRECTOR OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, WILL INTRODUCE MR. CONYERS MASSEY BAKER OF TORONTO.

O how glorious is the Kingdom HEALEY WILLAN
(1880-)

O how glorious is the Kingdom wherein all the saints rejoice with Christ;
Clothed in white robes, they follow the Lamb, whither-so-ever He goeth.

Kyrie; Missa Aeterna Christi Munera GIOVANNI PALESTRINA
(1525-1594)

Kyrie eleison; Christe eleison: Kyrie eleison.

O Saviour of the World GIOVANNI PALESTRINA
(1525-1594)

(Collect for the Visitation of the Sick)

O Saviour of the world
Who by Thy Cross and precious Blood
Hast redeemed us.
Save us and help us, we humbly beseech Thee, O Lord.

O Lord increase my Faith ORLANDO GIBBONS
(1583-1625)

O Lord increase my faith, strengthen me and confirm me in Thy true faith;
Endue me with wisdom, charity and patience,
In all my adversity, Sweet Jesu say Amen.

Haste Thee, O God to deliver me ADRIAN BATTEN
(1580-1637)

(Text from Psalm 70, vs. 1-4)

Haste Thee, O God, to deliver me, make haste to help me,
Let them be ashamed and confounded that seek after my soul.
Let them, for their reward, be soon brought to shame that cry over me,
There, there, there.
But let all them that seek Thee be joyful and glad in Thee
And let all such as delight in Thy salvation say always,
The Lord be praised. Amen.

O God, Thou art my God HENRY PURCELL
(1658-1695)

(Words from Psalm 63 vs. 1-5, 8)

O God, Thou art my God, early will I seek,
My soul thirsteth for Thee, my flesh also longeth after Thee in a barren and dry land where no water is.

Thus have I look'd for Thee in holiness that I might behold Thy power and glory.

For Thy loving kindness is better than life itself; my lips shall praise Thee.

As long as I live, will I magnify Thee on this manner and lift up my hands in Thy Name.

Because Thou has been my helper, therefore under the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice. Hallelujah.

Lord, let me know mine end MAURICE GREENE
(1695-1755)

(Words from Psalm 39)

Lord, let me know mine end and the number of my days; that I may be certified how long I have to live. Behold Thou hast made my days, as it were a span long; and mine age is ev'n as nothing in respect of Thee; And verily ev'ry man living is altogether vanity. For man walketh in a vain shadow and disquieteth himself in vain; he heapeth up riches and cannot tell who shall gather them. And now, Lord, what is my hope? Truly my hope is ev'n in Thee. Hear my prayer, O Lord, and with Thine ears, consider my calling. Hold not Thy peace at my tears. O spare me a little that I may recover my strength before I go hence and be no more seen.

O Lord, look down from Heaven JONATHAN BATTISHILL
(1738-1801)

(Isaiah LXIII 15)

O Lord, look down from Heaven and behold from the habitation of Thy holiness and of Thy glory; where is Thy zeal and Thy strength? Thy mercies toward me are they restrained?

How blest are they PETER TSCHAIKOWSKY
(1840-1893)

(From the Koinonikon (Communion) of the Greek
Liturgy for the faithful departed)

How blest are they whom Thou has chosen and taken unto Thee.
O Lord, how blest are they whom Thou has taken unto Thee.
O Lord, their memorial is from generation to generation
Alleluia!

My Soul, there is a country HUBERT PARRY
(1848-1918)

(Words by Henry Vaughan for the group called
"Songs of Farewell")

My soul, there is a country far beyond the stars, where stands a winged
sentry, all skilled in the wars:
There above noise and danger, Sweet Peace sits, crowned with smiles.
And One born in a manger commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious friend, and O my soul awake,
Did in pure love descend to die here for thy sake.
If thou canst get but thither, there grows the flower of Peace, the
Rose that cannot wither, thy fortress and thy ease.
Leave then thy foolish ranges, for none can thee secure,
But One who never changes, Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

INTERMISSION

I beheld her beautiful as a dove HEALEY WILLAN
(1880-)

(From Responsaries from an Office of Our Lady)

I beheld her, beautiful as a dove rising above the waterbrooks:
And her raiment was filled with perfume beyond all price.
Even as the springtime was she girded with rosebuds and lilies of
the valley.
Who is this that cometh up from the desert like a wreath of sweet smoke
arising from frankincense and myrrh?
Even as the springtime, was she girded with rosebuds and lilies of
the valley.

Rise up, my love, my fair one HEALEY WILLAN
(1880-)

(Easter or Feast of Our Lady: From the "Song of Solomon")

Rise up, my love, my fair one and come away for lo, the winter is
past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear upon the earth;
the time of the singing of birds is come; arise, my love, my fair one,
and come away.

Behold the Tabernacle of God HEALEY WILLAN
(1880-)

(Words from Antiphons of the Feast of Dedication)

Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and the Spirit of God dwell-
eth within you: for the temple of God is holy, which temple are ye:
for the love of whom ye do this day celebrate the joys of the temple
with a season of festivity. O how dreadful is this place. This is the
house of God, and this is the gate of heav'n.

Hail, Gladdening Light CHARLES WOOD
(1866-1926)

3rd Century Greek translated by the Rev. J. Keble

Hail, gladdening light of His pure glory poured,
Who is th' Immortal Father, Heavenly Blest,
Holiest of Holies, Jesu Christ, our Lord.
Now we are come to the Sun's hour of rest,
The lights of evening round us shine.
We hymn the Father, Son and Holy Spirit Divine.
Worthiest are Thou, at all times to be sung
With undefiled tongue, Son of our God, Giver of life alone;
Therefore in all the world, Thy glories, Lord, they own.

Justorum Animae CHARLES STANFORD
(1852-1924)

Justorum animae in manu Dei sunt.
Et non tanget illos tormentum malitiae.
Visi sunt oculis insipientium mori,
Illi autem sunt in pace.

Beati Quorum Via CHARLES STANFORD
(1852-1924)

Beati quorum via integra est
Qui ambulant in lege Domini

Thy word is a lantern unto my feet LEO SOWERBY
(1895-)

(Psalm CXIX, Verses 105, 114, 120, 125, 135, 144)

Thy word is a lantern unto my feet and a light unto my paths,
Thou art my defence and shield and my trust is in Thy word.

My flesh trembleth for fear of Thee, and I am afraid of Thy judgments.

I am Thy servant; O grant me understanding, that I may know Thy testimonies.

Show the light of Thy countenance upon Thy servant and teach me Thy statutes.

The righteousness of Thy testimonies is everlasting.

O grant me understanding and I shall live.

Take him, earth, for cherishing HERBERT HOWELLS
(1892-)

(Prudentius—translated by Helen Waddell)

Take him, earth for cherishing,
To thy tender breast receive him.
Body of a man I bring thee,
Noble even in its ruin.

Once was this a spirit's dwelling,
By the breath of God created,
High the heart that here was beating,
Christ the prince of all its living.

Guard him well, the dead I give thee,
Not unmindful of His creature
Shall he ask it: he who made it
Symbol of his mystery.

Comes the hour God hath appointed
To fulfill the hope of men,
Then must thou, in very fashion,
What I give, return again.

Not though ancient time decaying
Wear away these bones to sand,

Ashes that a man might measure
In the hollow of his hand:
Not though wandering winds and idle,
Drifting through the empty sky,
Scatter dust was nerve and sinew,
Is it given man to die.

Once again the shining road
Leads to ample Paradise;

Open are the woods again
That the Serpent lost for men.

Take, O take him, mighty Leader,
Take again thy servant's soul,
To the house from which he wandered
Exiled, erring, long ago.

But for us, heap earth about him,
Earth with leaves and violets strewn,
Grave his name and pour the fragrant
Balm upon the icy stone.

In God's Command ne'er ask the reason why .. GRAHAM GEORGE
(1912-)

(Text by Robert Herrick)

In God's commands, ne'er ask the reason why;

Let thine obedience be the best reply.

God is all present to whate'er we do

And as all present so all filling too.

To all our wounds here, whatsoe'er they be

Christ is the one sufficient remedy.

In God's commands, ne'er ask the reason why,

Let thine obedience be the best reply.

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All the music, representing a survey of music of a period of four hundred years, is in a sense memorial or commemorative in text, giving assurance of Life after Death.

The last three works on the program were commissioned for this Memorial Concert and receive their premieres this evening.

Dr. Leo Sowerby, Director of the College of Church Musicians of Washington Cathedral, represents the United States. His text is taken from Psalm 119.

Dr. Herbert Howells, King Edward Professor of Music at the University of London and one of Britain's most eminent composers, has selected a translation of the Prudentius Poem by Helen Waddell, and represents Britain's Musical tribute.

Dr. Graham George is Professor of Music at Queen's University in Kingston, Ontario, and has used a text by Robert Herrick for the final selection "In God's Command," and with Dr. Willan, represents Canadian composers in this tribute.

All three commissioned works are Dedicated to the Memory of President Kennedy.

THIS CONCERT IS BROADCAST BY STATION WGMS 570 AM AND 103.5 FM.