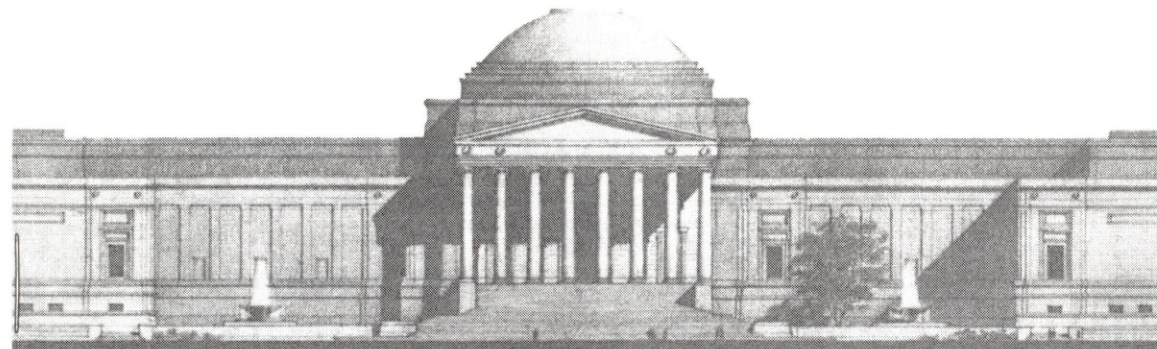


The use of cameras or recording equipment during the performance is not allowed. Please be sure that cell phones, pagers, and other electronic devices are turned off.



The Seventy-second Season of
The William Nelson Cromwell and F. Lamot Belin
Concerts

National Gallery of Art
3,008th Concert

Cathedra
Michael McCarthy, conductor

Presented in collaboration with the
Association of Anglican Musicians

June 19, 2014
Thursday, 12:10 pm
West Building, West Garden Court

Admission free

Music Department
National Gallery of Art
Sixth Street and Constitution Avenue NW
Washington, DC

www.nga.gov

Program

“Lay a Garland”

Robert Lucas de Pearsall (1795–1856)

Lay a Garland

Eric Whitacre (b. 1970)

Three Flower Songs

James MacMillan (b. 1959)

Invocation

Herbert Howells (1892–1983)

Take Him, Earth, for Cherishing

Karen Thomas (b. 1957)

Caritas abundant in omnia

World premiere performance

Commissioned by the 2014 DC Conference of the
Association of Anglican Musicians

Howells

Requiem (1935)

The Musicians

CATHEDRA

Established in 2010 under the auspices of Washington National Cathedral, Cathedra has already achieved high acclaim for its “beautiful, blended sound” (*The Washington Post*). Specializing in Renaissance, baroque, and contemporary choral music, the ensemble consists of professional singers and instrumentalists who are dedicated to bringing the highest form of musical expression to their art. The choir maintains a website at www.singcathedra.org.

MICHAEL MCCARTHY

Prior to his appointment as Washington National Cathedral’s director of music in 2003, Michael McCarthy was the founder and director of the London Oratory School Schola. Under his leadership, Schola became one of London’s premier concert boychoirs, performing regularly in that city’s churches and concert venues and recording CDs and film scores, among them *Sleepy Hollow*, and the *Lord of the Rings* and *Harry Potter* cycles.

A graduate of the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, McCarthy has worked as a singer with numerous professional choirs including the Gabrieli Consort, the Monteverdi Choir under the direction of Sir John Eliot Gardiner, and the Sixteen. As lay clerk at Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford, and Saint Albans Abbey in Hertfordshire, McCarthy trained and supervised young singers as well as adult choirs. As director of music at the Washington National Cathedral, he oversees its expanding music program and serves as principal choirmaster for the Cathedral Choir and Cathedral Voices.

Texts and Translations

Lay a Garland

From The Maid’s Tragedy (1608–1611) by Francis Beaumont (1584–1616) and John Fletcher (1579–1625)

Lay a garland on her hearse of dismal yew.
Maidens, willow branches wear, say she died true.
Her love was false, but she was firm
Upon her buried body lie lightly, thou gentle earth.

Three Flower Songs

1. I Hide Myself

Emily Dickinson (1830–1886)

I hide myself within my flower that wearing on your breast,
You, unsuspecting, wear me too and angels know the rest.
I hide myself within my flower that fading from your vase,
You, unsuspecting feel for me almost a loneliness...

2. With a Lily in Your Hand

Frederico Garcia Lorca (1898–1936)

Translated by Jerome Rothenberg

With a lily in your hand

I leave you,
O my night love!
Little widow of my single star I find you.
Tamer of dark butterflies!
I keep along my way.

After a thousand years are gone

you’ll see me,
O my night love!
By the blue footpath, tamer of dark stars,
I’ll make my way,
Until the universe can fit inside my heart.

3. Go, Lovely Rose

Edmund Waller (1606–1687)

Go, lovely rose
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.
Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.
Then die!
That she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

Invocation

Karol Wojtyła (1920–2005); translated by Jerzy Peterkiewicz

I call you and I seek you, O Man, in whom man's history finds its body.
I go toward you and do not say "come," but simply "be."

Be where there is no record, yet where man was, was with his soul, his heart,
desire, suffering, and will, consumed by feeling, burnt by most holy shame. Be
an eternal seismograph of the invisible but real.

O Man, in whom our lowest depths meet our heights, for whom what is within
is not a dark burden but the heart. Man in whom each man can find his deep
design, and the roots of his deeds: the mirror of life and death eyeing the
human flux.

Through the shallows of history I always reach you walking toward each heart,
walking toward each thought (history—the overcrowding of thoughts, death of
hearts). I seek your body for all history. I seek your depth.

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Take Him, Earth, for Cherishing

Aurelius Clemens Prudentius (348–c. 405); translated by Helen Waddell (1889–1965)

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 to 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.
Grave his name, and pour the fragrant
Balm upon the icy stone.

Caritas abundat in omnia

Hildegard of Bingen (1098–1179)

Caritas abundat in omnia de imis excellentissima super sidera, atque amantissima in omnia, uia summo Regi osculum pacis dedit.	Charity abounds toward all, most exalted from the depths above the stars, and most loving toward all, for she has given the High King the kiss of peace.
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Requiem

I. Salvator mundi

Matins Antiphon for the Feast of the Holy Cross

O Savior 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.

II. 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.

III. Requiem aeternam

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

IV. 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 defense 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.

V. Requiem aeternam

VI. I heard a voice from heaven

The Book of Revelation 14:13

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 labors.”