THE WILLIAM NELSON CROMWELL CONCERTS

National Gallery of Art

1724th Concert

AMERICAN VOCAL ENSEMBLE
DOUGLAS MAJOR, DIRECTOR

Sunday Evening, January 22, 1984 at Seven
West Building, East Garden Court
PROGRAM

John Taverner ........................ Missa “Gloria tibi Trinitas”
(1495-1545)

..................................... Missa “Gloria tibi Trinitas”

Gloria in excelsis
Credo
Sanctus
Benedictus
Agnus Dei

INTERMISSION

Leo Sowerby ............................ Tu es vas electionis (1933)
(1895-1968)

Aaron Copland ....................... Have mercy on us, O my Lord (1923)
(b. 1900)

Ned Rorem .............................. Ecce Deus (1977)
(b. 1923)

When David heard (1970)

Norman Dinerstein .................... When David heard (1970)

Six Choral Exercises (1983)

Richard Dirksen ..................... Six Choral Exercises (1983)
(b. 1921)

Composed for this concert and dedicated to
my friends Douglas Major, Richard Bales and
the members of the AVE chorus. RWD.

First Performance

THE AMERICAN VOCAL ENSEMBLE
Douglas Major, Director

Soprano: Gisele Becker, Pamela Berkeley, Lisa Shumate,
Jeanne Smith

Counter-tenor: Robert Betts, Richard Falk, Barbara Hollinshead,
John Uhrig

Tenor: Michael Henry, Randy Nelson, Robert Petillo, Gene Tucker

Bass: Charles Baker, John Becker, Thaddeus Cavuoti, Richard S.
Dirksen

This concert is broadcast by Station WGMS 570 AM and 103.5 FM.
A Poem of Gerard Manley Hopkins

I repent of what I did.

As acknowledging thy stress
Bound on what thou hast forbid;
Once I turned horn thee and hid,
On my being and as seeing
What I know of thee I bless,
Thee, God I come from, to thee go,
Sow the wind I would; I sinned:
Something of thy holiness.

All day long I like fountain flow
Twelve times in the steeple?

From thy hand out, swayed about
Mote-like in thy mighty glow.

Why do they ring that bell
Nor sleepers fast asleep.

Houses and hill don't care
Tilts to its iron tongue
Again says the bell, again . . .
We go by you again says the bell,
Here we go by again says the bell,
To this place in time where the bell
to say the hill has swung —
Twelve times in the steeple.

Orion's distant flare,
Andromeda's shivering light,
Here in the night we are,
All of them fast asleep —
But the steeple says to the star:
Here we go by again.

Towards my brother, every other
Yea a debt to pay thee yet:
And thy purpose to fulfill;
I have life before me still
But thou bidst, and just thou art,
With thy might that thou art mild.

Bad I am, but yet thy child.
Father, he then rescinded.
Spares thee me, since I see
With thy might that this art solid.
I have life before me still
And thy purpose to fulfill,
You a debt to pay thee yet:
Help me, sir, and so I will.
But thou hastid, and just thou art,
Me chew mercy from my heart
Towards my brother, every other
Man my mate and counterpart.

The Performers
The American Vocal Ensemble, founded by Douglas Major in 1982, exists to perform unaccompanied choral masterworks from the Renaissance and the present century. AVE, which is supported primarily by private individuals in the Washington area, is composed of sixteen singers, all professional musicians, who create a unique non-vibrato sound which is especially effective in resonant spaces. Their ensemble work has been hailed as masterful and their straight-toned style as innovative. This is the American Vocal Ensemble's first appearance at the National Gallery of Art.

Minnes "Gloria Tibi Trinitas"

Gloria
Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra
pas hominibus bonae voluntatis.

Laudamus te, benedictum te,
adoramus te, glorificamus te.

we worship thee, we glorify thee.
I believe in one God
The Father Almighty, Maker

of heavens and earth, And of all things
visible and invisible:
And in one Lord Jesus Christ,
the only-begotten Son of God,
Begotten of his Father before all worlds,
O Jesus Christ, with the Holy Ghost in
the glory of God the Father.

Theo, God I come from, to thee go.
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Sanctus
Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus,
Dominus Deus Sabaoth. Pleni
sunt coeli et terra gloria tua.
Osanna in excelsis.

Benedictus
Benedictus qui venit in nomine
Domini. Osanna in excelsis.

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

Tu es vas electionis
Leo Sowerby
(1895-1968)
Tu es vas electionis, sancte Paule Apostole,
praedicator veritatis. Intercede pro nobis ad
Deum, qui te eligit, ut digni efficiamur gratia Dei.

Ecce Deus (Behold, God is our salvation)
Ned Rorem
(b. 1923)
Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid: for
the Lord is my strength and my song: he is also become my
salvation. Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the
wells of salvation. And in that day shall ye say, Praise the Lord,
call upon his Name, declare his deeds among the people, make
mention that his Name is exalted. Sing unto the Lord, for he
hath done excellent things: this is known in all the earth. Cry
out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion: for great is the Holy One
of Israel in the midst of thee. Amen.
(Isaiah 12:2-6)

When David heard
Norman Dinerstein
(1921)
When David heard that Absalom was slain,
he went up to his chamber over the gate, and wept
and thus he said:
Oh my son Absalom, my son, my son, Absalom!
would God I had died for thee,
Oh Absalom, my son, my son.

Words in Time
Bewildered with the broken tongue
Of wakened angels in our sleep —
Then, lost the music that was sung
And lost the light time cannot keep!
There is a moment when we lie:
Behold, wakened out of sleep,
When light and sound and all reply:
That moment time must take and keep.
That moment, like a flight of birds
Flung from the branches where thy sleep,
The poet with a beat of words
Flung into time for time to keep.

Crossing
At five precisely in the afternoon
The dining car cook on the Boston and Albany
Through trains to somewhere leaned and waved
At the little girl on the crossing at Ghent, New York —
The one with the doll carriage.
Who understood it best?
She, going home to her supper, telling her Pa?
The Negro cook, shutting the vestibule window,
Thinking: She waved right back she did? Or I,
Writing it down and wondering as I write it
Why a forgotten touch of human grace
is more alive forgotten than its memory
Pressed between two pages in this place?

The Linden Branch
Strophe of green leaves
Is the inevitable spiral,
Versical of God,
Of what green sound the body?
Silence of what lyre?
O linden bough, O leaves,
Teach us your intervals:
Our strings are strung so false
We make no music be.
Could we as you be strung
For wind to blow on, we
Might be that song.