

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH

C H A M B E R M U S I C C O N C E R T S

Season 1951-52

SIXTH CONCERT

Thursday, 28th February, 1952, at 7.30 p.m.

Reid School of Music
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EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY SINGERS

Conductor:

IAN PITT-WATSON
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PROGRAMME

1. Tudor Church Music

Rejoice in the Lord Alway	Redford
Agnus Dei	Morley
Hosanna to the Son of David	Gibbons
Justorum Animae	Byrd

(Words appended - p. 2)

2. Motet: "Jesu, Joy and Treasure" Bach

(Words appended - pp. 3-4)

--- INTERVAL ---

3. Mass in G minor, for Soli and Double Chorus Vaughan Williams

Soloists: Etta Galbraith	James Miller
Evelyn Saren	Stewart Todd

(The words of the Mass will be circulated amongst the audience; it is requested that these be returned at the end of the performance.)

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TUDOR CHURCH MUSIC

Rejoice in the Lord Alway

John Redford

Rejoice in the Lord alway, and again I say rejoice. Let your softness be known unto all men: the Lord is e'en at hand. Be careful for nothing, but in all prayer and supplication, let your petitions be manifest unto God with giving of thanks. And the peace of God which passeth all understanding keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesu. Amen.

Philippians iv. 4-7.

Agnus Dei

Thomas Morley
(1557 - c.1603)

Agnus Dei, qui tollis
peccata mundi,
Miserere nostri.

Lamb of God, that takest away
the sins of the world,
Have mercy upon us.

Hosanna to the Son of David

Orlando Gibbons

Hosanna to the Son of David.
Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord.
Blessed be the King of Israel.
Blessed be the Kingdom that cometh in the name of the Lord.
Peace in earth, and glory in the highest places.
Hosanna in the highest heavens.

Justorum Animae

William Byrd
(1543 - 1623)

Justorum animae in manu
Dei sunt, et non tanget
illos tormentum mortis:
visi sunt oculis incipientium
mori: illi autem sunt in
pace.

The souls of the righteous
are in the hand of God; the
pains of death shall not touch
them: in the eyes of the
foolish they seem to die,
but they are in peace.

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'JESU, MEINE FREUDE'

Motet by J.S. Bach

I.

- i. Jesu, Joy and Treasure,
Solace passing measure,
Precious gift to me!
Long, so long, I languish,
Torn my heart with anguish,
Yearning, Lord, for Thee.
Thine, I am, O spotless Lamb,
In Thine arms I'd ever hide me;
Earth holds nought beside Thee.

II.

'There now is nought of condemnation unto them which
are in Christ Jesus, who yet by the body walk not, but
by the Spirit.'

Romans viii. 1.

III.

- ii. While Thine arms are round me,
Let the foe surround me,
Him I do defy!
Satan's hosts may press me,
Powers of ill distress me,
Still is Jesus nigh.
Hell fires flash, their thunders crash,
Jesus ne'er will fail me.

IV.

'For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus
hath made me free henceforth from the law of sin and death.'

Romans viii. 2.

V.

- iii. Hence! thou noisome serpent!
Hence! I mock death's torment.
Bow in fear thy crest!
Rage ye, World, wild leaping!
I stand here, and singing,
Calm, in peace, at rest.
'Tis God's arm holds me from harm,
Earth and Hades rouse no terror,
'Though in wrath they mutter.

VI.

'Ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit, if God's own spirit in you abideth. If man Christ's Spirit knoweth not, he is not His.'

Romans viii. 9.

VII.

- iv. Nought on earth is lasting,
Thou art Joy surpassing,
Jesu, my Delight!
Hence! vain wealth's deceiving,
Nought for you I'm grieving,
Get thee from my sight!
Death or pain, or cross or shame,
Jesus is beside me ever,
Nought from me can sever.

VIII.

'Though Jesus Christ in you abide, still is the body dead because of sin, but the Spirit is life because of righteousness.'

Romans viii. 10.

IX.

- v. Farewell, all that's mortal;
Gaze I on heaven's portal,
Earth's poor arts are vain!
Fare thee well, temptation,
Sin and condemnation,
Thee I do disdain!
Fare thee well, earth's pomp and spell!
World, thy life and bonds I sever;
Fare thee well for ever!

X.

'But if in you God's Spirit that raised Jesus from the dead doth dwell, He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by His Spirit within you dwelling.'

XI.

- vi. Banish fear and sadness,
Come sweet Lord of Gladness,
Jesu! Master mine!
Who do truly serve Thee,
Joyous bear Thy sign.
Scorn and hate may be man's fate;
Little worth in them I measure,
Jesu, Joy and Treasure!