UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON
SCHOOL OF MUSIC

presents

THE UNIVERSITY CHORUS
THE A CAPPELLA CHOIR
THE MEN'S GLEE CLUB
Charles Wilson Lawrence
Director

and

THE UNIVERSITY ORCHESTRA
George C. Kirchner
Director

SOLOISTS
Marjorie Glen Douglass, Soprano
Gertrude Werner, Contralto
Charles Stay, Tenor
August Werner, Baritone

MEANY HALL  SUNDAY, MAY 21, 1939  3:30 P.M.
PROGRAM

I
Overture, Oberon .................................. Weber
University Orchestra

II
Stabat Mater ..................................... Martin Dumler

1. Chorus
At the Cross her station keeping,
Stood the mournful Mother weeping.
Close to Jesus to the last:
Through her heart, His sorrow sharing,
All His bitter anguish bearing.
Now at length the sword has passed.

2. Chorus
Oh, how sad and sore distressed
Was that Mother highly blest
Of the sole-begotten One!
Christ above in torment hangs;
She beneath beholds the pangs
Of her dying glorious Son.

3. Soprano
Is there one who would not weep.
Whelmed in miseries so deep
Christ's dear Mother to behold?
Can the human heart refrain
From partaking in her pain.
In that Mother's pain untold?

4. Chorus
Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,
She beheld her tender Child.
All with bloody scourges rent;
For the sins of His own nation,
Saw Him hang in desolation,
Till His Spirit forth He sent.

5. Tenor
O thou Mother! fount of love!
Touch my spirit from above.
Make my heart with thine accord:
Make me feel as thou hast felt;
Make my soul to glow and melt
With the love of Christ my Lord.
6. Chorus
Sancta Mater, istud agas,
Crucifixi fige plagas
Cordi meo valide.
Tui nati vulnerati,
Tam dignati pro me pati,
Poenas mecum divide.

Holy Mother! pierce me through;
In my heart each wound renew
Of my Saviour crucified:
Let me share with thee His pain,
Who for all my sins was slain,
Who for me in torments died.

7. Baritone
Crucifixo condolere,
Donec ego vixero.
Justa crucem tecom stare,
Et me tibi sociare
In planctu desidero.

Mourning Him who mourned for me,
All the days that I may live:
By the Cross with thee to stay;
There with thee to weep and pray;
Is all I ask of thee to give.

8. Chorus
Virgo virginum praeclara,
Mibili non sis amara:
Fac me tecum plangere.
Fac ut portem Christi mortem,
Passionis fac consors,
Et plagas recolere.

Virgin of all virgins blest!
Listen to my fond request:
Let me share thy grief divine:
Let me, to my latest breath,
In my body bear the death
Of that dying Son of thine.

9. Contralto
Fac me plagis vulnerari
Fac me cruce inebriari,
Et cruore Filii.
Plamnis ne urar successus
Per te, Virgo, sim defensus
In die judicii.

Wounded with His every wound,
Steep my soul till it hath swooned
In His very blood away:
Be to me, O Virgin, nigh,
Lest in flames I burn and die,
In the awful Judgment day.

10. Quartet and Chorus
Christe, cum sit hinc exire,
Da per Matrem me venire
Ad palmam victoriae.
Quando corpus mortetur,
Fac us animas donetur
Paradisi gloria. Amen.

Christ, when Thou shalt call me hence,
Be Thy Mother my defence,
Be Thy Cross my victory:
While my body here decays,
May my soul Thy goodness praise,
Safe in Paradise with Thee. Amen.

Jacopone da Todi †1306
6. Chorus
Sancta Mater, istud agas,
Crucifixi fige plagas
Cordi meo valide
Tui nati vulnerati,
Tam dignati pro me pati,
Poenas mecum divide.

Holy Mother! pierce me through;
In my heart each wound renew
Of my Saviour crucified;
Let me share with thee His pain,
Who for all my sins was slain,
Who for me in torments died.

7. Baritone
Crucifixo condolere,
Donec ego vixero.
Juxta cruceum tecum stare,
Et me tibi soliare
In planctu desidero.

Mourning Him who mourned for me,
All the days that I may live:
By the Cross with thee to stay;
There with thee to weep and pray;
Is all I ask of thee to give.

8. Chorus
Virgo virginum præclara,
Mibi jam non sis amara:
Fac me tecum plangere,
Fac ut portem Christi mortem,
Passionis fac consortem,
Et plagas recolere.

Virgin of all virgins blest!
Listen to my fond request:
Let me share thy grief divine:
Let me, to my latest breath,
In my body bear the death
Of that dying Son of thine.

9. Contralto
Fac me plagis vulnerari
Fac me cruce inebriari,
Et cruo Filii,
Flammis me orar successus
Par te, Virgo, sim defensus
In die judicii.

Wounded with His every wound,
Steep my soul till it hath swooned
In His very blood away:
Be to me, O Virgin, nigh,
Lest in flames I burn and die,
In the awful Judgment day.

10. Quartet and Chorus
Christe, cum sit hinc exire,
Da per Matrem me venire
Ad palmam victoriae.
Quando corpus motetur,
Fac us animae donetur
Paradisi gloria. Amen.

Christ, when Thou shalt call me hence,
Be Thy Mother my defence,
Be Thy Cross my victory;
While my body here decays,
May my soul Thy goodness praise,
Safe in Paradise with Thee. Amen.

Jacopone da Todi † 1306