Johann C. Bach (1642-1703)
4:44 4:45 Der Gerechte
The righteous man dies before his time, but God is pleased with him and hastens him from the evil world.

Johann S. Bach (1685-1750)
8:38 8:38 Der Geist hilft unserer Schwachheit auf
Motet II
I. The Spirit also helps us, for we know not what to pray for.
II. Therefore the Spirit prays for us with mystic sighing.
III. And He who searches the heart knows what the Spirit's mind is.

CEORALE. O Thou great comfort remain with us. Alleluia
Marlys Erickson, Bass
Diane Scanlan, Harpsichord

Hugo Distler (1908-1942)
8:30 8:30 Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme
Sleepers wake. The watchman cries, "Awake, Jerusalem."
Midnight calls the solemn warning that the morning comes.
Where are you, O wise virgins: Behold the Bridegroom.
Arise and take your lamps, Alleluia
Prepare yourselves, your Lord draws near and bids you to his marriage feast.

Zion hears the watchman and her soul rejoices.
O come, Lord Jesus, Light of Light. Hosanna

Glory to Thee, men and angels sing with harp and cymbals.
Saints and angels stand round Thy throne.
Eyes have not seen, nor ear heard such splendor. Hallelujah

Tonya Clark, Soprano
Judy Kuhn, Soprano

INTERMISSION
Paul Hindemith (1895-1963)

LA BICHE (The Doe)
What beautiful depths of forests abound in your eyes.
How much confidence mixed with how much fear
All carried by your leaping grace
Nothing can ever happen to disturb your serene innocence.

UN CYGNE (A Swan)
A swan comes forward on the water, like a slowly gliding tableau
Thus, at some time or place, a loved one seems to be a moving space
He nears us like this swan which swims on our troubled soul, adding happiness and doubt.

PUISQUE TOUT PASSE (Since All Is Passing)
Since all is passing let us retain the travelling melodies, those that assuage our reason.
Let us sing all that leaves us with love and art
Let us be quick, that must yet more quickly, depart.

PRINTEMPS (Springtime)
A melody of the sap, which awakens in the instruments of all these trees, accompanying our voice's too brief song.
It's only during a few measures that we can follow the multiple figures of your long abandon, abundant nature.
When we must be silent, others will continue, but for now, how can I give you the fullness of my heart?

EN HIVER (In Winter)
With the winter, death, grisly death, steals into the houses looking for sister, father, playing for them his violin
But when the earth is turned by Spring's spade
Death runs down the street, and waves at the passers-by.

VERGER (Orchard)
Never is the earth more real than in your branches, O orchard blond,
Nor more airy than in the lace your shadows make on the pond.
There we encounter that which rests us, that which sustains and nourishes life
With the manifest passage of infinite tenderness.
But at your center the calm fountain nearly sleeping in your ancient heart
Hardly speaks of this contrast, it is so intrinsic to its spirit.

William Schuman (1910- )

9:20 9:23 To Thy Love CH 1-5-75

Choral Fantasy On Old English Rounds

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

2:23 2:23 Wassail Song CH 12-22-74

Encores
"MARY HAD A BABY" 3:04 3:04 CH 12-22-74
"AIN'T GOT TIME TO DIE" 2:19