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Schola Cantorum

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UNIVERSITY OF RICHMOND

Schola Cantorum 1989

James Erb, director

Agecroft Hall, Richmond
April 16, 1989, 8 PM

North Court Recital Hall
April 21, 1989, 8:15 PM
A Concert of Unaccompanied European Choral Music

PROGRAM

I. Spain (16th century)

Motet: O magnum mysterium
Missa O magnum mysterium
Kyrie
Gloria
Sanctus - Benedictus
Agnus Dei

Tomás Luis de Victoria
(1548-1611)

II. Germany (20th century)

Two Folksong Settings
Kume, kum Geselle min
Mit Lust tät ich ausreiten

Johann Nepomuk David
(1895-1977)

III. Italy (16th century)

Three Madrigals
Fa una canzone senza note nere
O primavera, gioventù dell’anno
Si, ch’io vorrei morire

Orazio Vecchi
(1550-1605)
Claudio Monteverdi
(1567-1643)

IV. France (20th century)

Motet: O sacrum convivium

Three Chansons
Nicolette à la vespré
Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis
Ronde

Oliver Messiaen
(b. 1908)
Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)
TRANSLATIONS

O magnum mysterium

O great mystery and wondrous sacrament, that the animals behold the newborn Lord lying in a manger. O Blessed Virgin, whose womb was worthy to bear the Lord Jesus Christ. Alleluia.

Missa o magnum mysterium

Kyrie
Lord have mercy. Christ have mercy. Lord have mercy.

Gloria
Glory to God on high. And on earth peace to men of good will. We praise Thee. We bless Thee. We adore Thee. We glorify Thee. We give Thee thanks for Thy great glory. Lord God, King of heaven, God the Father almighty. Lord Jesus Christ, only-begotten Son. Thou who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us. Thou who takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer. Thou who sittest at the right hand of the Father, have mercy on us. For Thou only art holy, thou only art Lord, thou only art most high, Jesus Christ. With the Holy Spirit in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

Sanctus - Benedictus
Holy, holy, holy Lord God of hosts. Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory. Hosanna in the highest. Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest.

Agnus Dei
Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us. Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, grant us peace.

Kume, kum Geselle min
Come, my companion, I entreat you today, come.... Sweet rose-colored mouth, come and make me whole.

Mit Lust tät ich ausreiten
With joy I went out riding, through a green wood. There I heard singing three birds fair to see. And were they not three birds, so were they three maidens; if one of them does not become mine it's worth the life of me. The one is called Ursula, the second Barbara, the third has no name, she shall be the rider's. Who is it that sang our little song so fresh and free? That was done by a rider from Landsberg in the town. Sitting there were three sweet maidens, they have not forgotten it at mead and cool wine.
Fa una canzone
Make a song without black notes, if ever you yearned for my good will. (Refrain) Make it of a tone that invites to slumber, sweetly, sweetly shaping the ending. Spread no harshness there, that my ear likes not; (Refrain) Make it . . . .

O primavera
O Spring, the youth of the year! Fair mother of the flowers, of new foliage and of new loves! Thou returnest indeed, alas; but without the dear days of my hopes. Thou art indeed she who only now wert so comely and beautiful. Thou returnest indeed, alas; but I am not, as once I was, so dear to the eyes of others.

Si, ch’io vorrei morire
Yes, I fain would die now that I lovingly kiss the fair mouth of my beloved heart. Ay, dear sweet tongue, give me such humors as with sweetness in this breast may quench me. Ay, my life, to this white breast, oh, press me until I faint. Ay, mouth, kisses, tongue, return to say yes, I fain would die.

O sacrum convivium
O sacred communion! In which the body of Christ is consumed: the memory of His passion is renewed: the mind is filled with grace. O sacred communion! . . . . and a pledge of glory to come is given us, alleluia.

Nicolette
Nicolette at vesper time went walking in the field to pick daisies, jonquils and lilies-of-the valley, all a-skipping, all sprightly, looking here, there, everywhere.

She met a snarling old wolf, all shaggy, with gleaming eyes: “hey there, my Nicolette! On your way to Grandma’s?” Breathless fled Nicolette away leaving her cap and shoes.

She met a pleasing young page in blue trousers and gray doublet: “Hey there, my Nicolette! Do you want a sweet lover?” Modestly she turned away, poor Nicolette, grieved of heart.

She met a gray-haired lord, misshapen, ugly and fat: “Hey there, my Nicolette! Do you want all this money?” Swiftly she flew to his arms, fair Nicolette, never to return.
Trois beaux oiseaux
Three fair birds of Paradise (My beloved has gone to war) passed by this way.

The first was bluer than the sky (My beloved has gone to war). The second was the color of snow, the third vermilion red.

Fair birds of Paradise (My beloved has gone to war) what do you bring me here?

“I bring a look the color of azure (Your beloved has gone to war).” “And I, on your lovely brow of snow, may place a kiss purer still.”

Red bird of Paradise (My beloved has gone to war) what do you bring?

“A good heart all crimson (Your beloved has gone to war).” Ah! I feel my heart growing cold... Carry it away with you.

Ronde
Go not to the woods of Ormonde,
Young girls, don’t go to the woods. There are many satyrs, centaurs, evil sorcerers, leprechauns, incubi, ogres and imps, fauns and sprites and lamiae, devils, devilkins, monsters, goat-footed folk, gnomes, demons, werewolves, elves, myrmidons, enchanters, magi and witches, sylphs, rowdy monks, cyclopses, djinns, goblins, korrigants, necromancers, kobolds.
Go not to the woods of Ormonde.

Go not to the woods of Ormonde,
Young lads, don’t go to the woods. There are many faunlets, bacchantes and evil fairies, satyresses, ogresses, babayagas, centauresses and she-devils, leprechauns and demons, larvae, nymphs and mymidonnes, hamadryads, naiads, menads, thyads, monstresses, lemurs, gnomides, succubes, gorgons, goblins.
Go not to the woods of Ormonde.

We’ll not go to the woods of Ormonde,
Alas, we’ll go to the woods no more. There are no more satyrs nor nymphs nor evil fairies. No more leprechauns nor incubi, nor ogres nor imps, nor fauns, sprites, lamiae, devils, devilkins, monsters vile, goat-footed folk, gnomes, demons, werewolves, elves, myrmidons, no more enchanters nor magi nor witches, nor sylphs, rowdy monks, cyclopses, djinns, foul devils, evil men, Ægyptans, goblins, korrigants, necromancers nor kobolds.
Go no more to the woods of Ormonde;
The ill-advised old men and women have chased them all away.
The SCHOLA CANTORUM, whose name is derived from the first singing school of the Christian era, is chosen from the entire student body by invitation. Selected for vocal and musical ability as well as for demonstrated reliability and good character, they represent a wide range of academic majors: Religion, Philosophy, Mathematics, Classics, Russian Studies, English, Music, Business. They perform an average of twelve times a semester, on campus, in the city of Richmond and out of town.

JAMES ERB holds a BA degree from Colorado College, the Austrian State Certificate for Teachers of Singing from the State Academy of Music in Vienna, a Master of Music degree in singing from Indiana University, and Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy degrees from Harvard University. Since 1954 he has been choral director and teacher of singing, music history, and music theory at the University of Richmond, where he has also served a term as chairman of the Department of Music.