

Maurice Duruflé (1902-1986) Choral varié sur le ''Veni Creator'' Op. 4

William Byrd (1543-1623) *Mass for 4 voices* Kyrie
Gloria

Henry Purcell (1659-1695) Remember not, Lord our offences
Remember not, Lord our offences
Nor the offences of our forefathers.
Neither take thou vengeance of our sins, good Lord.
Spare us, good Lord.
Spare thy people, whom thou hast redeemed
With thy most precious blood.
And be not angry with us for ever.
But spare us, good Lord

William Byrd Sanctus
Agnus Dei
Ave Verum Corpus

Thomas Weelkes (1576-1623) Gloria in excelsis Deo

Interval

August Gottfried Ritter (1811-1885) Sonate a-moll Op.23

William Walton (1902-1983) Set me as a seal upon thy heart
Set me as a seal upon thy heart
As a seal upon thy arm
For love is strong as death
Many waters cannot quench love
Neither can the floods drown it
Set me as a seal upon thy heart
(*Das Hohenlied Salomos 8:6-7*)

Kenneth Leighton (1929-1988) A Hymn to the Trinity

Let us now laud, and magnify with music of concord,
The Father, the Son, and Holy Ghost, one everlasting Lord.
With tuned notes that sweetly sound to praise our Heavenly King,
With cheerful hearts, with pleasant voice on this wise let us sing:
Glory be to the Trinity, one God and persons three,
As it is now and ever was, and evermore shall be. Amen
(Richard Crashaw)

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976) Flower Songs Op. 49

The Evening Primrose
When once the sun sinks in the west,
And dew-drops pearl the evening's breast;
Almost as pale as moonbeams are,
Or its companionable star,
The evening primrose opens anew
Its delicate blossoms to the dew
And Hermit-like, shunning the light,
Who, blindfold to its fond caresses
Wastes its fair bloom upon the night

Knows not the beauty he possesses
Thus it blooms on while night is by.
When day looks out with open eye,
'Bashed at the gaze it cannot shun,
It faints and withers and is gone
(John Clare)

The Ballad of Green Broom

There was an old man lived out in the wood,
And his trade was a-cutting of broom, green broom
He had but one son without thought without good
Who lay on his bed till 't was noon, bright noon.

The old man awoke one morning and spoke,
He swore he would fire the room, that room
If his John would not rise and open his eyes
And away to the wood to cut broom, green broom.

When Johnny pass'd under a Lady's fine house,
Pass'd under a Lady's fine room, fine room,
She called to her maid: "Go fetch me," she said,
"Go fetch me the boy that sells broom, green broom!"

When Johnny came into the Lady's fine house,
And stood in the Lady's fine room fine room,
"Young Johnny" she said,
"will you give up your trade
And marry a lady in bloom, full bloom?"

Johnny gave his consent, and to church they both went,
And he wedded the Lady in bloom, full bloom.
At market and fair, all folks do declare,
There's none like the boy
that sold broom, green Bloom

Charles Villiers Stanford (1852-1924)

The Bluebird

The lake lay blue beneath the hill.
O'er it, as I looked, there flew
Across the waters, cold and still,
A bird whose wings were palest blue.
The sky above was blue at last,
The sky beneath me blue in blue.
A moment, ere the bird had passed,
It caught his image as he flew
(Mary Coleridge)