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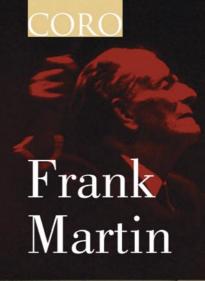
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BBC RADIO 3, CD REVIEW









Frank Martin's Mass for Double Choir is without doubt one of the finest Mass settings of modern times but when I decided to record it, the problem arose as to just what to put with it. Such was the quality of his writing I was sad to see, looking through the catalogue of his works, that he had composed so little for unaccompanied choir. However, I managed to contact Maria Martin to find out more about her late husband's music. Quite by chance, the day before she received my letter she had been in a disc shop and had bought a copy of our recording of

music by John Tavener. It was a "marvellous discovery" for her and she was "most impressed by the superb quality of the singers"; she reminded me of Martin's Five Songs of Ariel and also sent me two sets of Chansons which were unfortunately out of print. Much of her husband's religious work had been written for large choir with full orchestra, but she thought how wonderful it would have been to have had more choral music for smaller forces. Having recorded this disc I think we would all agree.

minner

"Music is a science which makes us laugh and sing and dance" (Ode à la musique)

1 N/L ...

Frank Martin					
CHANSONS (1944) Janeton Petite église SONGS OF ARIEL Come unto these yellow sands Full fathom five Before you can say	1.05 4.10 1.12 1.28 3.39 0.53	CHANSONS (1931) 10 Sonnet 11 Le coucou 12 Ode 13 Le petit village 14 Ode à la Musique Simon Birchall (baritone solo)	2.06 1.35 1.07 2.14 8.40	MASS FOR DOUB CHOIR Solution Gloria Credo Sanctus Benedictus Agnus Dei Total Timing	4.34 5.47 5.29 3.11 1.15 5.48 67.24
You are three men of sin Sally Bruce-Payne (alto solo) Where the bee sucks THE SIXTEEN	4.11	ALTO cont. Philip Newton Valerie Reid Christopher Royall Susanna Spicer TENOR		CELLO Helen Verney BASS Chi-chi Nwanoku HORN	

THE SIXTEEN

SOPRANO Libby Crabtree Ruth Dean Nicola Jenkin Carys Lane Rebecca Outram Carolyn Sampson ALTO Sally Bruce-Payne Andrew Giles Natanya Hadda Michael Lees

ALTO cont. Philip Newton Valerie Reid Christopher Royall Susanna Spicer TENOR Paul Badley Nicolas Robertson
Neil MacKenzie David Roy
BASS Jonathan Arnold Simon Birchall Michael Bundy Charles Gibbs Robert Macdonald Michael McCarthy

Joanna Hensel Richard Kennedy TRUMPET Crispian Steele-Perkins TROMBONE Simon Gunton Paul Nieman Steven Saunders PIANO Catherine Edwards ORGAN Margaret Phillips

Frank Martin (1890-1974)

neva-born in 1890, Frank Martin was, _at the time of his death in 1974, arguably Switzerland's greatest composer. Formative musical influences on him were few and distinct. The musical child who began composing at eight was overwhelmed by hearing the St Matthew Passion at twelve. To his experience of Bach, who remained his own favourite composer, he added Wagner and Franck. From sixteen to twenty-four he studied music with Joseph Lauber in his native Geneva. The early Frank Martin presents a clear picture of a very conservative Swiss musician, the joint product of a rigidly strict musical training and the equally intransigent discipline of a Swiss Protestant background, impervious to the lure of contemporary music, even, on his own confession, to that of Debussy. Yet, as a mutual friend, Ernest Ansermet, pointed out to me half a century ago, it was impossible for anyone attending the concerts of the Orchestre de la Suisse Romande in Geneva, so regularly as Martin in his twenties, not to be conditioned to some degree by its programmes. So the young Frank Martin came to know the work of Debussy and Stravinsky. It was not until 1930. however, at the comparatively advanced age of 40, that he felt impelled to investigate 12-tone music. Here again, it was Ernest Ansermet who

provided the experience, initiating Martin in the elements of serialism. But it was already 1938 before Martin really arrived as a composer and found his true musical self. From then until the time of his death in 1974, he enriched western music with a succession of twentieth-century masterpieces in which the conjunction of a strait-laced Swiss musical conservatism and Schoenbergian serialism resulted, unexpectedly, not in the desiccation of a double discipline, but in the new-found liberty of an emancipated use of tonality.

The present disc of music precedes Martin's early a cappella Mass with smaller occasional pieces for vocal ensemble. Providing a background, sacred and secular, to the music of the mature master, Mass and miniatures reflect the young composer who applied himself assiduously to composition in a pure academic style and in clear-cut classical forms, before establishing the personal voice that took his work beyond the confines of his native Switzerland.

Martin's *Cantate pour le 1* " *Août* □, published in Geneva in 1941, won First Prize in the Pro Helvetia Concours instigated to mark the 650th anniversary of the Swiss Confederation that year. The poem by Charly Clerc is a concise hymn of praise, set here for mixed choir (SATB) and organ. Its bare fifths, seconds and common chords, preponderably minor, are already typical of the individual

tonal language of the emancipated composer.

Several smaller pieces by Marin as well as major scores were intended for Swiss musical organisations, among them groups of partsongs. The tiny settings of Janeton 2 (Roland Stähli), Petite église 3 (Henri Devain) and Si Charlotte avait voulu 4 (Roland Stähli) were written for the Société cantonale des chanteurs bernois shortly before Martin's generally acknowledged masterpiece, the Petite Symphonie concertante (1944).

The instrumental colour of that score already informs that of Martin's Shakespearean opera, *Der Sturm*, completed in 1955, but this was already preceded in 1950 by the five Songs of Ariel [5]—[9] for mixed choir *a cappella*, composed for Felix de Novel and his Nederlands Kamerkoor and first given by them in Amsterdam in 1953. Martin wrote: 'Long before deciding to write an opera on Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, which had been haunting my mind for many years, I chose to set for this choir the *Songs of Ariel*, the fairy incarnating the Spirit of the Air in this play'.

The Chansons (1931) for female voices ①—
③ comprise the Sonnet, a setting for two treble parts and one cello, of Pierre de Ronsard's 'Je vous envoye un bouquet', Le Coucou, a canon for seven voices a cappella on a text taken from the Contrerimes of J. P. Toulet, the Ode, a setting of Ronsard's 'Les épis sont à Cérès', for the same ensemble as the Sonnet, and the

Chanson, a four-part setting of Le petit village by C. F. Ramuz.

Frank Martin contributed his 1961 setting of Guillaume de Machaut's *Ode* à la Musique [44], for baritone solo, mixed choir, brass, double-bass and piano, to that year's XXXe Congrès de la Sociétè Pédagogique de la Suisse Romande. In a note, expressing his attraction to medieval verse, Martin drew attention to its conciseness and direct appeal to music.

FELIX APRAHAMIAN

☐ Cantate pour le 1^{er} Août (Charly Clerc)

Seigneur! ceux qui fondèrent la Patrie, un soir, dans la prairie, au dessus des eaux, n'ont pas douté que Ta main s'étendrait, dès lors et à jamais, sur les vergers et les demeures, sur l'atelier et sur la vigne et la moisson de leurs enfants, qui vivent et qui meurent, fidèles au serment, fait en Ton nom, dans la prairie, au dessus des eaux.

Seigneur! Ta main ne s'est pas fatiguée de secourir au long des temps notre terre agrandie et menacée, notre maison bénie et divisée, la patrie oublieuse de Ta voix follement oubliuse de son âme, et risquant de laisser éteindre la flame allumée en ce jour lointain, devant la croix, dans la prairie, au dessus des eaux.

Seigneur! reste avec nous! Dieu de pitié! reste encore avec nous! Avec ceux qui célèbrent la patrie dans toutes les églises de chez nous. Lord! those who founded the fatherland, one evening in the fields and on the waters, never doubted that Your hand would stretch from that time forward, over the meadows and villages, over the workplace and the vine, and the harvest of their children who live and die faithful to the sacrament made in Your name in the fields and on the waters.

Lord! Your hand never tired of nourishing, through the years, our land expanding yet threatened, our house, blessed yet divided, our country, oblivious of Your voice, wildly oblivious of its soul, and at risk of quenching the flame, lit so long ago before the cross in the fields and on the waters.

Lord be with us! God of pity, remain with us. With those who celebrate the fatherland in every one of our churches.

6

Seigneur! reste avec nous! Dieu de pitié! reste encore avec nous! La ville et la vallée ensemble Te supplient, ceux de l'usine et ceux de la montagne et ceux là qui montent la garde devantle fleuve ou à l'orée du hois.

Seigneur! reste avec nous! Dieu de pitié! reste encore avec nous! Tous aujourd'hui regardent, Dieu des peoples, vers Toi, et main droite levée dans l'angoisse et la foi, Te demandent, Seigneur, de les rendre fidèles, fidèles au serment, fait en Ton nom, dans la prairie au dessus des eaux.

Lord be with us! God of pity, remain with us. Town and valley pray to You together; those in the factory and in the mountains, and those who keep watch at the river or the forest edge.

Lord be with us! God of pity, remain with us. Today we all look to You, O God of the people, and, right hand raised in anguish and faith, we beg You, Lord, to make us true, true to the sacrament made in Your name in the fields and on the waters.

CHANSONS (1944)

2 Janeton (Roland Stähli)

Janeton veut se marier
C'est pour rire, c'est pour rire,
Janeton veut se marier
C'est pour rire, et pour pleurer.

Elle aime un gallant fusilier C'est pour rire, c'est pour rire, Elle aime un gallant fusilier C'est pour rire et s'amuser.

Ce matin se sont fiancés C'est pour rire, c'est pour rire, Ce matin se sont fiancés C'est pour rire et s'embrasser.

Dimanche voudront s'épouser C'est pour rire, c'est pour rire, Dimance voudront s'épouser Pour se battre et pour s'aimer.

Janeton veut se marier C'est pour rire, c'est pour rire, Janeton veut se marier C'est pour rire et s'amuser. Janet wants to get married For a laugh, for a laugh, Janet wants to get married For a laugh, for a tear.

She's in love with a gallant fusilier For a laugh, for a laugh, She's in love with a gallant fusilier For a laugh, for a game.

This morning they got engaged For a laugh, for a laugh, This morning they got engaged For a laugh, for a kiss.

On Sunday they'll want to be married For a laugh, for a laugh, On Sunday they'll want to be married For a quarrel, for love.

Janet wants to get married For a laugh, for a laugh, Janet wants to get married For a laugh, for a game.

3 Petite église (Henri Devain)

 Petite église, petite église,
 Little church, little church,

 Au creux du valon.
 Deep in the valley.

 Tu lances dans la brise
 Your joyful bells

 Ton joli carillon.
 Ring out on the breeze.

 Sonne! Sonne!
 Ring! Ring!

 Cloche légère.
 Gentle bell.

Ton clair appel à la raison! Ring your clear call to reason.

Sonne! Sonne! Ring! Ring!

Notre existence est passagère,

Sonne!

Notre vie est courte saison.

Petite église, petite église, Au creux du valon. Soyons toujours fidèle Au joli carillon. Sonne! Sonne! Cloche légère.

Ton clair appel à la raison!

Sonne! Sonne! Notre existence est passagère,

Sonne!

Notre vie est courte saison.

Ring!
Our life is but a short season.

Little church, little church, Deep in the valley.

Our existence is fleeting,

Let us be forever faithful
To the pretty bell.

Ring! Ring! Gentle bell,

Ring your clear call to reason.

Ring! Ring!

Our existence is fleeting,

Ring!

Our life is but a short season.

Petite église, petite église, Au creux du valon. Il donne l'allégresse Ton joyeux carillon. Sonne! Sonne!

Sonne! Sonne! Cloche légère,

Ton clair appel à la raison!

Sonne! Sonne!

Notre existence est passagère,

Sonne!

Notre vie est courte saison.

Quand sonne l'heure Du dernier pardon Il dit à ceux qui pleurent Ton pieux carillon.

Vole! Vole! Âme légère,

Du père s'ouvre la maison!

Vole!

Notre existence est passagère,

Vole!

Notre vie est courte saison.

Little church, little church,

Deep in the valley. Your joyful ringing Brings happiness. Ring! Ring!

Gentle bell,

Ring your clear call to reason.

Ring! Ring!

Our existence is fleeting,

Ring!

Our life is but a short season.

When you ring out On Judgement Day Your holy bell will say To those who weep:

Fly! Fly!
Gentle soul,

The House of the Lord is open.

Flv! Flv!

Our existence is fleeting,

Fly!

Our life is but a short season.

4 Si Charlotte avait voulu (Roland Stähli)

(Lanturlaire, lanturlu)
Si Charlotte avait voulu
Epouser son militaire
Mirliton mirlitontaire
Il serait heureux sur terre
Et jamaix ne voudrait plus
Disparaître en pleine guerre
Pour tuer son pauvre amour
Et percer son coeur trop lourd

(Lanturlu, lanturlu) coquin d'amour!

coauin d'amour!

(Lanturlaire, lanturlu)
Mais Charlotte avait voulu
N'épouser qu'un capitaine
Capiston, capistontaine
Et pas us galon de laine,
C'est pourquoi ne pourra plus
Retrouver malgré sa peine
Plus ardent, plus bel amour
Que celui trouvé trop lourd
(Lanturlu, lanturlu)

(Lanturlaire, lanturlu) If Charlotte had wished To marry her soldier Mirliton mirlitontaire

He would be happy on this earth,

And would never want
To disappear off to war again,
Killing off his poor love,
Piercing his too heavy heart.

(Lanturlu, lanturlu) Mischievous love!

(Lanturlaire, lanturlu)
But Charlotte had wanted
To marry only a captain
Capiston, capistontaine
And not a low-ranking officer,

Which is why, Despite her efforts, She will never find

A more ardent and beautiful love Than the one she found too dull.

(Lanturlu, lanturlu) Mischievous love!

SONGS OF ARIEL

5 Come unto these yellow sands (Act I, sc.II)

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands;
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd, The wild waves whist Foot it featly here and there,
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark!
(Bow-wow!)
The watch-dogs bark.
(Bow-wow!)
Hark, hark, I hear
The strain of strutting Chanticleer
Cry, 'cock-a-diddle-dow'.

6 Full fathom five (Act I, sc.II)

Full fathom five thy father lies.
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
(Ding-dong).
Hark, now I hear them.
(Ding-dong bell).

☐ Before you can say (Act IV, sc.I)

Before you can say, 'Come' and 'Go', And breathe twice, and cry, 'So, so', Each one tripping on his toe, Will be here with mop and mow. Do you love me, master? No?

You are three men of sin (Act III, sc.III)

13

You are three men of sin, whom Destiny-That hath to instrument this lower world And what is in't, - the never-surfeited sea Hath caused to belch up you, and on this island Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad, And even with suchlike valour men hang and drown

Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows Are ministers of fate. The elements Of whom your swords are tempered may as well Wound the loud winds, or with bemocked-at stabs Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish One dowl that's in my plume. My fellow ministers Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt, Your swords are now too massy for your strengths And will not be uplifted. But remember, For that's my business to you, that you three From Milan did supplant good Prospero; Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it, Him and his innocent child; for which foul deed, The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures, Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso, They have bereft, and do pronounce by me Ling'ring perdition – worse than any death Can be at once – shall step by step attend You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from –

Which here in this most desolate isle else falls Upon your heads – is nothing but heart's sorrow And a clear life ensuing.

Where the bee sucks (Act V, sc.I)

Where the bee sucks, there suck I: In a cowslip's bell I lie; There I couch when owls do cry. On the bat's back I do fly After summer merrily.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bow.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bow.

CHANSONS (1931)

■ Sonnet (P. Ronsard)

Je vous envoye un bouquet que ma main Vient de cueillir de ces fleurs épanies:
Qui ne les eût à ce vêpre cueillies,
Chutes à terre elles fussent demain.
Cela vous soit un exemple certain
Que vos beautés bien qu'elles soient fleuries.
Dans peu de temps seront toutes flétries,
Et, comme fleurs, periront tout soudain.
Le temps s'en va, le temps s'en va, Madame;
Las, le temps non, mais nous nous en allons,
Et tôt serons étendus sous la lame.
Et les amours desquelles nous parlons,
Quand serons morts, n'en sera plus nouvelle.
Pour ce aimez-moi cependant qu'êtes belle.

I am sending you a bouquet just plucked by my own hand from among these blooms. If they had not been picked this evening They would be wilted tomorrow. Let this be proof That your beauty, though in bloom today, Will soon fade away, And, like flowers, will perish suddenly. Time passes, time passes. Alas, lady, it is not time but we who pass on, Soon to be laid out. And the love of which we speak Will no longer be fresh if we are dead. For this reason, love me whilst you are beautiful.

■ Le coucou (J. P. Toulet)

- Le coucou chante au bois qui dort L'aurore est rouge encore
- 2. Et le vieux pâon qu'Iris décore Jette au loin son cri d'or
- 3. Les colombes de ma cousine pleurent comme une enfant
- 4. Le dindon roué en s'esclaffant
- 5. Il court, il court, il court, il court, il court, il court à la cuisine
- 6. Oh!

\square Ode (P. Ronsard)

Les épis sont à Cérès,
Aux dieux bouquins les forêts,
A Chlore l'herbe nouvelle,
A Phébus le vert laurier,
A Minerve l'olivier,
Et le beau pin à Cybèle;
Aux Zéphyres le doux bruit,
A Pomone le doux fruit,
L'onde aux Nymphes est sacrée,
A Flore les belles fleurs;
Mais les soucis et les pleurs
Sont sacrés à Cythèrée.

- The cuckoo sings in the sleeping wood The dawn is still red
- 2. And the old peacock that Iris adorns projects afar his golden cry
- 3. My cousin's doves weep like a girl
- 4. The turkey spreads its tail and cackles with laughter
- 5. He runs, he runs, he runs, he runs, he runs to the kitchen.
- 6. Oh!

The ears of corn belong to Ceres,
To the woodland gods the forests,
To Chloris the new grass,
To Phoebus the green laurel,
To Minerva the olive tree,
And the fine fir to Cybele;
To the Zephyrs the sweet sounds,
To Pomona the sweet fruits;
The waters are entrusted to the Nymphs,
As are the pretty flowers to Flora;
But worry and weeping
Are dedicated to Cythera.

■ Le petit village (C. F. Ramuz)

Les petites filles rondent, robes rouges, jupons blancs, (a...) C'est dimanche, il fait beau temps Laquelle prendrez-vous de ces belles demoiselles? Lequel prendrez-vous de ces beaux petits messieurs?

Les petites filles rondent sur la place du village, (a...)

Robes blanches, jupons bleus. La plus belle du rond qui s'appelle Marion. La plus belle du rond qui s'appelle Marion.

Les petites filles rondent, robes grises, jupons gris, (a...)
Et la lune leur sourit.

Little girls dance in a ring, red dresses, white petticoats, (ah...)

It is Sunday and the weather is fine
Which of these pretty misses would you choose?
Which of these fine young gentlemen?

Little girls dance in a ring in the village square, (ah...)

White dresses, blue petticoats.

The prettiest in the ring whose name is Marion.

The prettiest in the ring whose name is Marion.

The little girls dance in a ring, grey dresses, grey petticoats, (ah...)

And the moon is smiling at them.

16

■ Ode à la Musique (Guillaume de Machaut)

Et Musique est une science Oui veut au'on rie et chante et danse. Cure n'a de mélancolie Ni d'homme qui mélancolie A chose aui ne peut valoir, Ains met tels gens en nonchaloir. Partout où elle est joie y porte, Les déconfortés réconforte Et n'est seulement de l'ouïr. Fait-elle les gens réjouir. N'instrument n'en a tout le monde Que sur musique ne se fonde, Ni qui ait souffle ou touche ou corde Qui par musique ne s'accorde. Tous ses faits plus à point mesure Que ne fait nulle autre mesure. Elle fait toutes les caroles, Par bourgs, par cités, par écoles, Où l'on fait l'office divin, Qui est fait de pain et de vin. Peut-on penser chose plus digne Ni faire plus gracieux signe Com d'exhausser Dieu et sa gloire, Louer, servir, aimer et croire, Et sa douce mère en chantant Qui de grâce et de bien a tant Oue le ciel et toute la terre

And music is a science which makes us laugh and sing and dance. It has no use for melancholy or for anyone who frets over worthless things, but sets such people at naught. Wherever it is it brings joy, consoles the disconsolate. and by the mere hearing of it makes people rejoice. There is no instrument in all the world which is not founded on music. no instrument of wind or key or string which is not made harmonious by music. it measures all its works more precisely than any other science. It moves all the dances in towns, in citadels, in schools where the divine office is celebrated. which is made with bread and wine. Can one imagine a more worthy thing or make a more gracious gesture than to exalt God and his glory, to praise, serve, love, and keep faith with Him and his sweet mother in song, who has such grace and goodness

that the heavens and all the earth

Et quan que les mondes enserrent, Grands, petits, moyens et menus, En sont gardés et soutenus. J'ai ouï dire que les anges, Les saints, les saintes, les archanges De voix d'elie, saine et claire Louent en chantant Dieu le Père Pour ce qu'en gloire les a mis Com justes et parfaits amis, Et pour ç'aussi que de sa grâce Le voient adès face à face. (Gloria!...)
Or ne peuvent les saints chanter

(Gloria!...) Or ne peuvent les saints chanter Qu'il n'ait musique en leur chanter: Donc est Musique en paradis. David, le prophète jadis, Quand il voulait apaiser l'ire de Dieu, Il accordait sa lire Dont il harpait se proprement Et chantait si dévotement Hymnes, psautiers et oraisons Ainsi comme nous le lisons, Que sa harpe à Dieu tant plaisait Et son chant qu'il se rapaisait. Orpheüs mit hors Eurydice D'enfer, la cointe, la faitice, Par sa harpe et par son doux chant. Ce poète dont je vous chant Harpait si très joliement

and whatever is contained within them, great, little, middling, or small, are protected and sustained by Him! I have heard it said that the angels, the saints, male and female, the archangels, with voices refined, bright, and clear, sing the praises of God the Father because He has placed them in glory as his just and perfect friends, and also because by his grace they see Him for ever face to face (Gloria...)

Now the saints cannot sing unless there is music in their singing: therefore there is music in paradise. David, the prophet of long ago, when he wished to appease the wrath of God, tuned his lyre. on which he harped so becomingly and sang so devoutly his hymns, psalms, and prayers, as we read (in the scriptures) that his harp and his voice pleased God so much that he calmed his anger. Orpheus brought Eurydice, the fair and graceful, out of Hell by his harping and his sweet singing. This poet of whom I sing harped so very finely

Et si chantait si doucement Que les grands arbres s'abaissaient Et les rivières retournaient Pour li ouïr et écouter, Si qu'on doit croire sans douter Que ce sont miracles apertes Que musique fait. C'est voir, certes. and sang so sweetly that the great trees bowed down and the rivers turned back to hear and to listen to him, so we must certainly believe that these are proven miracles worked by Music.

This is the truth, for sure.

MASS FOR DOUBLE CHOIR

5 Kyrie

Kyrie eleison. Christe eleison. Kyrie eleison. Lord have mercy. Christ have mercy. Lord have mercy.

Gloria

Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Et in terra pax hominibus
bonae voluntatis.

Laudamus te, benedicimus te,
adoramus te, glorificamus te.

Gratias agimus tibi
propter magnam gloriam tuam.

Glory be to God on high.

And on earth peace
to men of good will.

We praise Thee, we bless Thee,
we worship thee, we glorify Thee.
We give thanks to Thee
for Thy great glory.

Domine Deus, Rex coelestis, Deus Pater omnipotens. Domine Fili unigenite, Iesu Christe. Domine Deus, Agnus Dei, Filius Patris Qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nohis Qui tollis peccata mundi, suscipe deprecationem nostram. Oui sedes ad dexteram Patris. miserere nohis. Ouoniam tu solus Sanctus, tu solus Dominus. tu solus Altissimus Iesu Christe. Cum Sancto Spiritu

12 Credo

in gloria Dei Patris. Amen.

Credo in unum Deum.
Patrem omnipotentem,
factorem coeli et terrae,
visibilium omnium et invisibilium.
Et in unum Dominum, Iesum Christum,
Filium Dei unigenitum,
et ex Patre natum ante omnia saecula.

O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father almighty. O Lord, the only-begotten Son, Iesu Christ. Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer. Thou that sittest at the right hand of the Father, have mercy upon us. For Thou only art holy, Thou only art the Lord, Thou only art the most high. Jesu Christ. With the Holy Spirit

I believe in one God, the Father almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible. And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God, begotten of his Father before all worlds.

in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

Deum de Deo, lumen de lumine, Deum verum de Deo vero. genitum, non factum, consubstantialem Patri. per auem omnia facta sunt. Qui, propter nos homines, et propter nostram salutem, descendit de coelis Et incarnatus est de Spiritu Sancto ex Maria virgine, et homo factus est. Crucifixus etiam pro nobis sub Pontio Pilato: passus et sepultus est. Et resurrexit tertia die. secundum scripturas; et ascendit in coelum. sedet ad dextram Patris Et iterum venturus est cum gloria iudicare vivos et mortuos. cuius regni non erit finis. Et in Spiritum Sanctum Dominum et vivificantem, qui ex Patre Filioque procedit; aui cum Patre et Filio simul adoratur et conglorificatur; qui locutus est per Prophetas. Et unam sanctam catholicam et apostolicam ecclesiam.

God of God, Light of Light, very God of very God, begotten, not made, being of one substance with the Father, by whom all things were made. Who for us men. and for our salvation. came down from heaven. And was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary and was made man. And was crucified also for us under Pontius Pilate. He suffered and was buried. And the third day he rose again according to the scriptures; and ascended into heaven. and sitteth at the right hand of the Father. And he shall come again with glory to judge both the quick and the dead; whose kingdom shall have no end. And I believe in the Holy Ghost the Lord and giver of life, who proceedeth from the Father and the Son; who with the Father and the Son together is worshipped and glorified; who spake by the prophets. And I believe in one holy, Catholic and Apostolic church.

Confiteor unum baptisma in remissionem peccatorum. Et expecto resurrectionem mortuorum et vitam venturi saeculi. Amen.

I acknowledge one Baptism for the remission of sins. And I look for the resurrection of the dead and the life of the world to come. Amen.

Sanctus

Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth. Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua. Osanna in excelsis. Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts. Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory. Hosanna in the highest.

Benedictus

Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini. Osanna in excelsis. Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord.

Hosanna in the highest.

Agnus Dei

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, dona nobis pacem.

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

§ The Sixteen HARRY CHRISTOPHERS

After twenty-five years of world-wide performance and recording, The Sixteen is recognised as one of the world's greatest vocal ensembles. Its special reputation for performing early English polyphony, masterpieces of the Renaissance and a diversity of 20th century music is drawn from the passions of conductor and founder, Harry Christophers. Over eighty recordings, many prize-winning, reflect The Sixteen's quality in a range of work spanning the music of six hundred years.

The Sixteen has toured throughout Europe, Japan, Australia and the Americas and has given regular performances at major concert halls and festivals worldwide, including the Barbican Centre, Sydney Opera House, and Vienna Musikverein; also the BBC Proms, and the festivals of Salzburg, Granada, Lucerne and Istanbul. The vigour and passion of its performance win new fans wherever it performs. At home in the UK, the group promotes A Choral Pilgrimage, a tour of our finest cathedrals bringing music back to the buildings it was written for.

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