

Sanctus

Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus,
Dominus Deus Sabaoth;
pleni sunt caeli et terra gloria tua.
Hosanna in excelsis.

Pie Jesu

Pie Jesu Domine, dona eis requiem.
Dona eis requiem sempiternam.

Agnus Dei

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, dona
eis requiem,
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, dona
eis requiem,
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, dona
eis requiem sempiternam.

Lux aeterna luceat eis, Domine,
cum sanctis tuis in aeternum,
quia pius es.

Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine;
et lux perpetua luceat eis.

Libera me

Libera me, Domine, de morte aeterna, in
die illa tremenda:
Quando caeli movendi sunt et terra.
Dum veneris iudicare saeculum per ignem.

Tremens factus sum ego, et timeo, dum
discussio venerit, atque ventura ira.

Dies illa, dies irae, calamitatis et miseriae,
dies magna et amara valde.

Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine: et
lux perpetua luceat eis.

In Paradisum

In paradisum deducant Angeli:
in tuo adventu suscipiant te Martyres,
et perducant te in civitatem sanctam
Jerusalem.

Chorus Angelorum te suscipiat,
et cum Lazaro quondam paupere
aeternam habeas requiem.

Holy, Holy, Holy,
Lord God of Hosts;
Heaven and earth are full of your glory.
Hosanna in the highest.

Merciful Lord Jesus, give them rest.
Give them everlasting rest.

Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of
the world, grant them rest,
Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of
the world, grant them rest,
Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of
the world, grant them eternal rest.

May everlasting light shine upon them, O
Lord, with your Saints forever,
for you are kind.

Grant them eternal rest, O Lord,
and may everlasting light shine upon
them.

Deliver me, O Lord, from death eternal on
that fearful day,
when the heavens and the earth shall be
moved, when thou shalt come to judge
the world by fire.

I am made to tremble, and I fear, for
when the judgment comes, and for the
coming wrath.

That day, day of wrath, calamity, and
misery, day of great and exceeding
bitterness.

Rest eternal grant unto them, O Lord:
and let light perpetual shine upon them.

May the angels lead you into paradise;
may the martyrs receive you at your
arrival and lead you to the holy city
Jerusalem.

May choirs of angels receive you
and with Lazarus, once poor, may you
have eternal rest.

Faire Melody of Remembrance

A 10TH ANNIVERSARY CONCERT

FEATURING

FAURÉ'S REQUIEM, OP. 48

WITH ORCHESTRA

May 7 2017

7:30pm Brechin United Church

Nanaimo

THE
ISLAND
CONSORT

Nanaimo's Classical Chamber Choir
Directed by Bruce Farquharson



www.islandconsort.ca

Island Consort: Faire Melody of Remembrance

A CELEBRATION OF THE 10TH
ANNIVERSARY OF
THE ISLAND CONSORT

What is our Life? Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625)

**Ein deutsches Requiem
4. Wie lieblich sind deine
Wohnungen** Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Organ: Jenny Vincent

Lay a garland Robert Lucas de Pearsall (1795-1856)

Let My Love Be Heard Jake Runestad (1986-)

Faire is the Heaven William Henry Harris (1883-1973)

When he shall die Stephen Sametz (1954-)

**Songs of Remembrance
2. And if thou wilt, remember** Stephen Chatman (1950-)

Piano: Jenny Vincent

Clarinet: Rob Sinclair

**Old American Songs
At the River** arr. by Aaron Copland (1900-1990)
adapted for chorus by

Piano: Jenny Vincent

R. Wilding White

Old American Songs: At the River

Robert Lowry (1826-1899)

Shall we gather by the river,
Where bright angel's feet have trod,
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God.

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river;
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease,
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river;
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

Requiem, Op. 48

Text from the Tridentine-Rite Catholic
Mass for the Dead and burial liturgy

Introit et Kyrie

Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine,
et lux perpetua luceat eis.

Grant them eternal rest, Lord,
and let perpetual light shine upon them.

Te decet hymnus, Deus in Sion,
et tibi reddetur votum in Jerusalem.
Exaudi orationem meam;
ad te omnis caro veniet.

A hymn becomes you, O God, in Zion,
and to you shall a vow be repaid in
Jerusalem. Hear my prayer; to you shall
all flesh come.

Kyrie eleison;
Christe eleison;
Kyrie eleison.

Lord have mercy;
Christ have mercy;
Lord have mercy.

Offertoire

Domine Jesu Christe, Rex gloriæ,
libera animas defunctorum de pœnis
infernæ et de profundo lacu.

Lord Jesus Christ, King of glory,
free the souls from infernal punishment
and the deep pit.

Domine Jesu Christe, Rex gloriæ,
libera animas defunctorum de ore leonis,
ne absorbeat tartarus,
ne cadant in obscurum;

Lord Jesus Christ, King of glory,
free the souls from the mouth of the lion;
do not let Tartarus swallow them,
nor let them fall into darkness;

Hostias et preces tibi, Domine,
laudis offerimus; tu suscipe pro animabus
illis, quarum hodie memoriam facimus.

Sacrifices and prayers of praise, Lord,
we offer you; accept them on behalf of
those souls whom we remember today.

Fac eas, Domine, de morte transire ad
vitam, quam olim Abrahæ promisisti et
semini eius. Amen.

Let them, O Lord, pass over from death
to life, as you once promised to Abraham
and his seed. Amen.

~INTERMISSION~

Faire is the Heaven

Edmund Spenser (1552-1599)
from *An Hymn of Heavenly Beauty*, 1596

Faire is the heav'n, where happy soules have place
In full enjoyment of felicitie,
Whence they doe still behold the glorious face
Of the Divine Eternall Majestie;
Yet farre more faire be those bright Cherubins,
Which all with golden wings are overdight,
And those etemall burning Seraphins,
Which from their faces dart out fiery light;
Yet fairer than they both, and much more bright,
Be th' Angels and Archangels, which attend
On God's owne Person, without rest or end.
These then in faire each other farre excelling,
As to the Highest they approach more neare,
Yet is that Highest farre beyond all telling,
Fairer than all the rest which there appear,
Though all their beauties joynd together were;
How then can mortall tongue hope to expresse
The image of such endlesse perfectnesse?

When he shall die

William Shakespeare (1564-1619)
from *Romeo and Juliet*, 1597

When he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the garish sun.

Songs of Remembrance

Christina Rossetti (1830-1894)

2. *And if thou wilt, remember* (*"Song"*)

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree:
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain:
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.

Requiem, Op. 48

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Introit et Kyrie

Offertoire

Sanctus

Pie Jesu

Agnus Dei

Libera me

In Paradisum

Baritone Soloist: Jeremy Roszmann

Soprano Soloist: Skye Donald

Organ: Jenny Vincent

Concertmaster & Violin Soloist: Karl Rainer

Violas: Karl Rainer, Sonya Parkin, Ann Smith, Christine LeBlanc,
Jane Wilson, and Carole Pedler

Violincellos: Janis Kerr, Hannah Wilson, Diana Fletcher, and
Claudette Sjerven

Contrabass: Barb Cleary

Harp: Hayley Farenholtz

Horns: Justin Malchow and Mary Mark

THE ISLAND CONSORT

Musical Director: Bruce Farquharson

Sopranos: Mary Butt, Skye Donald, Zinda FitzGerald,
Gigi Obradovic, Rosemarie Sherban, and Sharon Sinclair

Altos: Val Duthie, Solveig Farquharson, Linda Leonard,
Monica Morosan, and Catherine Staples.

Tenors: David Brown, Don Butt, James Duthie, Jason Lee and
Rob Sinclair.

Basses: Randy Donald, Robin FitzGerald, Bruce Hipkin,
Doug Kamp, and Lionel Tanod.

FROM THE DIRECTOR

This program celebrates music that deals with life and death, music that is poignant but also uplifting, music that is both time-honoured and recent. The concert is also a celebration of the 10th Anniversary of the Island Consort which began in 2007 with just 9 singers – and we have marked the occasion with a performance of the Fauré Requiem. Many thanks to the accompanists and, particularly, to the Nanaimo Chamber Orchestra for being such willing partners in music.



JEREMY ROSZMANN



Jeremy is a Nanaimo native and is excited to be performing back in his hometown. Completed his BMus from UVIC (2012) he has sung with several organizations and orchestras on the island, attended Opera NUOVA (*Le Roi – Cendrillion* 2014), and sung for the Pacific Opera Victoria chorus. He has just finished singing *La Jeune Esclave* in Pacific Opera Victoria's commissioned new Canadian opera *Les Feluettes*.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Island Consort would like to extend their appreciation to the many individuals that helped make this concert possible, including:

The Island Consort Society Board of Directors: Don Butt, Robin FitzGerald, Linda Leonard, Randy Donald, and Rob Sinclair

Front of House: Grace Rayson

St. Paul's Anglican Church, A Cappella Plus, and Malaspina Choir.

The Island Consort gratefully acknowledges the City of Nanaimo for its continuing financial support. This concert is sponsored by the Coastal Community Credit Union



LYRICS AND TRANSLATIONS

What is our Life?

Sir Walter Raleigh (1554-1618)

What is our life, our life? A play of passion.
Our mirth the music of division.
Our mother's wombs the 'tiring houses be,
where we are dress'd for this short comedy.
Heav'n the judicious sharp spectator is,
that sits and marks still who doth act amiss.
Our graves, that hide us from the searching sun
are like drawn curtains when the play is done.
Thus march we, playing to our latest rest;
Only we die in earnest, that's no jest.

Lay a garland

Adapted from Francis Beaumont & John Fletcher
from *A Maid's Tragedy*, 1619

Lay a garland on her hearse
of dismal yew.
Maidens, willow branches wear,
say she died true.
Her love was false, but she was firm
Upon her buried body lie
lightly, thou gentle earth.

Ein deutsches Requiem

Psalm 84:1,2,4

4. *Wie lieblich sind deine Wohnungen*

Wie lieblich sind deine Wohnungen, Herr
Zebaoth!

How lovely are your dwellings, Lord
Sabaoth!

Meine Seele verlanget und sehnet sich nach
den Vorhöfen des Herrn; mein Leib und
Seele freuen sich in dem lebendigen Gott.

My soul desires and longs for the
courts of the Lord; my body and soul
rejoice in the living God.

Wohl denen, die in deinem Hause wohnen,
die loben dich immerdar.

Blessed are those who dwell in thy
house, they always praise you.

Let My Love Be Heard ("A Prayer")

Alfred Noyes (1880-1958)

Angels, where you soar
Up to God's own light,
Take my own lost bird
On your hearts tonight;
And as grief once more
Mounts to heaven and sings,
Let my love be heard
Whispering in your wings.