

The Marian Consort

Singing in Secret

Programme

William Byrd *Aspice Domine*

Byrd *Gaudeamus Omnes*

Byrd *Kyrie* and *Gloria* from the Mass for Four Voices

Byrd *Lord, in thy wrath*

Philippe de Monte *Illumina oculos meos*

Byrd *Timete Dominum*

Thomas Morley *Laboravi in gemitu meo*

Byrd *Iustorum Animae*

Byrd *The Nightingale*

Byrd *Sanctus* and *Benedictus* from the Mass for Four Voices

Byrd *Beati Mundo Corde*

Byrd *Agnus Dei* from the Mass for Four Voices

Byrd *Turn our captivity, O Lord*

Artists

Rory McCleery alto, artistic director

Caroline Halls soprano

Alexandra Kidgell soprano

Sarah Anne Champion alto

Will Wright tenor

Jon Stainsby bass

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This concert is supported by Angel Early Music



Texts and Translations

Aspice Domine, quia facta est desolata civitas plena divitiis: sedet in tristitia domina gentium. Non est qui consoletur eam, nisi tu, Deus noster. Plorans ploravit in nocte, et lacrimae eius in maxillis eius.

Behold, O Lord, how the city is laid waste that was full of riches; she that was great among the nations sits in mourning. She has none to comfort her, but only you, O Lord our God. By night she weeps in sorrow, and tears run down her cheeks.

Gaudeamus omnes in Domino, diem festum celebrantes sub honore Sanctorum omnium: de quorum solemnitate gaudent Angeli, et collaudant Filium Dei. Exsultate iusti in Domino: rectos decet collaudatio. Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto. Sicut erat in principio et nunc et semper et in saecula saeculorum. Amen.

Let us all rejoice in the Lord, celebrating a festival day in honour of all the Saints: in whose solemnity the Angels rejoice, and praise the Son of God. Rejoice in the Lord, you righteous: praise is fitting for the just. Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

Kyrie eleison. Christe eleison. Kyrie eleison.

Lord, have mercy. Christ, have mercy. Lord, have mercy.

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. Domine Deus, rex caelestis, Deus Pater omnipotens, Domine Fili unigenite, Jesu Christe, Domine Deus, Agnus Dei, Filius Patris, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis; qui tollis peccata mundi, suscipe deprecationem nostram; qui sedes ad dexteram Patris, miserere nobis. Quoniam tu solus sanctus. Tu solus Dominus. Tu solus altissimus, Jesu Christe. Cum Sancto Spiritu, in gloria Dei Patris. Amen.

Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will. We praise you. We bless you. We adore you. We glorify you. We give you thanks for your great glory. Lord God, king of heaven, God the Father almighty, Lord, only-begotten Son, Jesus Christ, Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, you who take away the sins of the world, have mercy on us; you who take away the sins of the world, receive our prayer; you who sit at the right hand of the Father, have mercy on us. For you only are holy. You only are Lord. You only are most high, Jesus Christ. With the Holy Spirit, in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

Lord in thy wrath correct me not, nor in thy fury vex, give tears, give grace, give penitence, unto my sinful sex, for that the arrows of thy wrath, are fixed in my hart, and thou hast laid thine hand on me, for my most just desert.

Illumina oculos meos, ne unquam obdormiam in morte, Ne quando dicat inimicus meus. Praevalui adversus eum. Qui tribulant me exultabunt si motus fuero. Ego autem in misericordia tua speravi, Exultavit cor meum in salutary tuo. Cantabo Domino qui bona tribuit mihi et psallam nomini Domini altissimi.

Lighten mine eyes, that I sleep not in death. Lest my enemy say "I have prevailed against him." For if I be cast down, they that trouble me will rejoice at it. But my trust is in thy mercy : and my heart is joyful in thy salvation. I will sing of the Lord, because he hath dealt so lovingly with me: yea, I will praise the Name of the Lord most highest.

Timeate Dominum, omnes Sancti eius: quoniam nihil deest timentibus eum. Inquirentes autem Dominum non deficient omni bono. Alleluia. Venite ad me, omnes qui laboratis, et onerati estis: et ego reficiam vos. Alleluia.

Fear the Lord, all you Saints of his: for nothing is lacking to those who fear him. Those who seek the Lord shall want for no good thing. Alleluia. Come to me, all you who labour, and are burdened: and I will refresh you. Alleluia.

*Laboravi in gemitu meo; lavabo per singulas noctes lectum meum:
lacrimis meis stratum meum rigabo.*

I am weary of my groaning; every night wash I my bed: and water my couch with my tears.

*Justorum animae in manu Dei sunt, et non tanget illos tormentum
mortis: visi sunt oculis insipientium mori: illi autem sunt in pace.*

The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and the torment of death shall not touch them: they seemed in the eyes of the unwise to die: but they are in peace.

The Nightingale so pleasant & so gay,
in greenwood groves, delights to make his dwelling,
in fields to fly, chanting his roundelay,
at liberty, against the Cage rebelling.
But my poor heart with sorrows over swelling,
through bondage vile, binding my freedom short,
no pleasure takes in these his sports excelling,
nor in his song receiveth no comfort.

*Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus Dominus Deus Sabaoth.
Pleni sunt caeli et terra gloria tua.
Osanna in excelsis.*

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

*Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini.
Osanna in excelsis.*

Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord.
Hosanna in the highest.

Beati mundo corde, quoniam ipsi Deum videbunt: beati pacifici: quoniam filii Dei vocabuntur: beati qui persecutionem patiuntur propter iustitiam, quoniam ipsorum est regnum caelorum.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they will see God. Blessed are the peacemakers: for they will be called the children of God. Blessed are those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

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

Lamb of God, you who take away the sins of the world, have mercy on us. Lamb of God, you who take away the sins of the world, grant us peace.

Turn our captivity, O Lord, as a brook in the South. They that sow in tears, shall reap in joyfulness. Going they went and wept, casting their seeds. But coming, they shall come with jollity, carrying their sheaves with them.