



THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY GHOST

**SACRED CHORAL MUSIC FOR
REFLECTION AND PRAYER**

**MUSICA PER VENERDI SANTO
GRUPPO GENOVESE DI
MUSICA ANTICA**



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PROGRAMME

1.
DE LA CRUDEL MORTE DEL CRISTO - LAUDE 24 LAUDARIO
DI CORTONA XIII SECOLO
 2.
STABAT MATER - JACOPONE DA TODI
 3.
CUJUS ANIMAM - G. B. PERGOLESI
 4.
AL SANTO SEPOLCRO ALLEGRO MA POCO - A. VIVALDI
 5. POESIA EDEN ROCK - CHARLES CAUSLEY
 6.
DE PROFUNDIS - C. W. GLUCK
 7.
O HAUPT VOLL BLUT UND WUNDEN - J. S. BACH
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1. DE LA CRUDEL MORTE DEL CRISTO Laude 24 - Laudario di Cortona XIII secolo

De la crudel morte del Cristo ogn' hom pianga amaramente

Tutti gridaro alta voce moia il falso moia il veloce
Sbrigatamente sia posto en croce che non turbi tutta la gente
Nel suo volto li sputaro e la sua barba si la pelaro
Facendo beffe l'imputaro che Dio s'è facto falsamente.

De la crudel morte del Cristo ogn' hom pianga amaramente

Poiché 'n croce fo flagellato da li Juderi fo designato
Se tu se' 'l Cristo da Dio mandato descende giu sicuramente
Lo santo lato sangue menao et tutti noi recomparao
Da lo nemico che 'ngannaio per uno pomo si vilemente

De la crudel morte del Cristo ogn' hom pianga amaramente

San Giuovanni lu Vangelista quando guardava suo maestro
Vediolo 'n croce molto era tristo et doloroso de la mente
Li soi compagni l'abandonaro tutti fugiero e lui lasciaro
Stando tormento forte et amaro de lo suo corpo per la gente

De la crudel morte del Cristo ogn' hom pianga amaramente

Molt'era triste Sancta Maria quando suo figlio en croce vedea
Cun gran dolore forte piangea dicendo: triste, lassa dolente
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Cun gran dolore forte piangea dicendo: triste, lassa dolente

2. STABAT MATER

Stabat mater dolorosa iuxta crucem lacrimosa dum pendebat Filius
Cujus animam gementem contristatam et dolentem pertransivit gladius

O quam tristis et afflicta fuit illa benedicta Mater Unigeniti
Quae moerebat et dolebat pia Mater dum videbat Nati poenas inclyti

Quis est homo qui non fleret Matrem Christi si videret in tanto supplicio
Quis non posset contristari Christi Matrem contemplari dolentem cum Filio

Pro peccatis suae gentis vidit Jesum in tormentis et flagellis subditum
Vidit suum dulcem natum moriendo desolatum dum emisit spiritum

Eia Mater fons amoris me sentire vim doloris fac ut tecum lugeam
Fac ut ardeat cor meum in amando Christum Deum ut sibi complaceam

Sancta Mater istud agas crucifixi fige plagas cordi meo valide
Tui nati vulnerati tam dignati pro me pati poenas mecum divide

Fac me tecum pie flere Crucifixio condolere donec ego vixero
Iuxta crucem tecum stare et me tibi sociare in planctu desidero

Virgo Virginum praeclara mihi jam non sis amara fac me tecum plangere
Fac ut portem Christi mortem passionis fac consortem et plagas recolere

Fac me plagis vulnerari fac me cruce inebriari et cruore Filii
Flammis ne urar succensus per te Virgo sim defensus in die Iudicii

Christe cum sit hinc exire da per Matrem me venire ad palmam victoriae
Quando corpus morietur fac ut animae donetur Paradisi gloria
Amen

3. CUJUS ANIMAM GEMENTEM

Cuius animam gementem,
contristatam et dolentem
pertransivit gladius.

*E il suo animo gemente,
contristato e dolente
era trafitto da una spada*

*Through her heart, His
sorrow sharing, all His bitter
anguish bearing, now at
length the sword has passed.*

Stabat Mater

*At the Cross her station keeping, stood the mournful
Mother weeping, close to her Son to the last.
Through her heart, His sorrow sharing, all His bitter
anguish bearing, now at length the sword has passed.
O how sad and sore distressed was that Mother, highly
blest, of the sole-begotten One.
Christ above in torment hangs, she beneath beholds the
pangs of her dying glorious Son.
Is there one who would not weep, whelmed in miseries
so deep, Christ's dear Mother to behold?
Can the human heart refrain from partaking in her
pain, in that Mother's pain untold?
Bruis'd, derided, curs'd, defiled, She beheld her tender
child All with bloody scourges rent.
For the love of His own nation, Saw Him hang in
desolation, Till His spirit forth He sent.
O thou Mother! fount of love! Touch my spirit from
above, make my heart with thine accord:
Make me feel as thou hast felt; make my soul to glow
and melt with the love of Christ my Lord.
Holy Mother! pierce me through, in my heart each
wound renew of my Savior crucified:
Let me share with thee His pain, who for all my sins
was slain, who for me in torments died.
Let me mingle tears with thee, mourning Him who
mourned for me, all the days that I may live:
By the Cross with thee to stay, there with thee to
weep and pray, is all I ask of thee to give.
Virgin of all virgins blest!, Listen to my fond request:
let me share thy grief divine;
Let me, to my latest breath, in my body bear the
death of that dying Son of thine.
Wounded with His every wound, steep my soul till it
hath swooned, in His very Blood away;
Be to me, O Virgin, nigh, lest in flames I burn and
die, in His awful Judgment Day.
Christ, when Thou shalt call me hence, be Thy
Mother my defense, be Thy Cross my victory;
While my body here decays, may my soul Thy
goodness praise, Safe in Paradise with Thee. Amen*

5. EDEN ROCK, POEM

They are waiting for me somewhere beyond Eden Rock:
My father, twenty-five, in the same suit
Of Genuine Irish Tweed, his terrier Jack
Still two years old and trembling at his feet.

My mother, twenty-three, in a sprigged dress
Drawn at the waist, ribbon in her straw hat,
Has spread the stiff white cloth over the grass.
Her hair, the colour of wheat, takes on the light.

She pours tea from a Thermos, the milk straight
From an old H.P. sauce-bottle, a screw
Of paper for a cork; slowly sets out
The same three plates, the tin cups painted blue.

The sky whitens as if lit by three suns.
My mother shades her eyes and looks my way
Over the drifted stream. My father spins
A stone along the water. Leisurely,

They beckon to me from the other bank.
I hear them call, 'See where the stream-path is!
Crossing is not as hard as you might think.'

I had not thought that it would be like this.

6. DE PROFUNDIS

De profundis clamavi ad te Domine,
Domine exaudi vocem meam
fiant aures tua intendentes
in vocem deprecationis meae
et ipse redimet Israel
ex omnibus iniquitatibus ejus.

*Dal profondo a te grido, o Signore;
Signore, ascolta la mia voce.
Siano i tuoi orecchi attenti
alla voce della mia supplica.
Egli redimerà Israele
da tutte le sue colpe.*

*Out of the depths I have cried unto Thee,
O Lord; Lord, hear my voice.
Let Thine ears be attentive to the voice of
my supplication.
And He shall redeem Israel from all his
iniquities.*

7. O Haupt

O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden,
Voll Schmerz und voller Hohn,
O Haupt, zum Spott gebunden
Mit einer Dornenkron',
O Haupt, sonst schön gezieret
Mit höchster Ehr' und Zier,
Jetzt aber hoch schimpfieret:
Gegrüßet sei'st du mir!

*O capo pieno di sangue e di ferite,
pieno di dolore e di dileggio!
O capo cinto per scherno
da una corona di spine!
O capo già tanto bello
e onorato,
ma ora tanto vilipeso,
noi ti salutiamo!*

*O head, full of blood and wounds,
Full of sorrow and full of scoffing!
O head, wreathed for mockery
With a crown of thorns!
O head, once beautifully adorned
With highest honour and reknown,
But now highly abused:
Let me hail thee!*

Du edles Angesichte,
Dafür sonst schrickt und scheut
Das große Weltgerichte,
Wie bist du so bespeit!
Wie bist du so erleichtet!
Wer hat dein Augenlicht,
Dem sonst kein Licht nicht gleichet,
So schändlich zugericht'?

*O nobile volto
davanti al quale teme e trema
il grande tribunale del mondo,
come hanno sputato su di te!
Come sei divenuto pallido!
Chi ha vilipeso così iniquamente
la luce dei tuoi occhi,
che nessuna luce uguaglia?*

*Thou noble countenance,
Before which shrinks and cowers
The great weight of the world,
How art thou spat upon!
How pallid art thou!
Who has treated the light of thine eyes,
Light that no light else can equal,
So shamefully amiss?*