

GIOVANNI PERGOLESÌ  
Stabat Mater



MUSICAL DIRECTOR: FIONA THOMPSON  
ACCOMPANIST: JENNY WATTIS  
SOPRANO SOLOIST: KATHRYN MORRIS  
ALTO SOLOISTS: RACHEL BELK  
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FIONA OUTRAM  
ALL HALLOWS, LEEDS, 19<sup>TH</sup> DECEMBER 2010

**Giovanni Pergolesi** was born 300 years ago in Jesi in Italy. During his very short life – he died aged 26 – he produced a staggering corpus of sacred and secular music. His comic operas sit side by side with religious pieces such as his Mass in F, Magnificat and his Stabat Mater.

Originally composed for male soprano and alto voices, it is today, more conventionally, performed by women’s voices and that is how we are performing it tonight.

Without making a virtue out of a necessity – not enough men were available this year for a full SATB piece – it is a grand opportunity to celebrate the 300<sup>th</sup> birthday of a man who produced beautiful music.

### STABAT MATER

Stabat Mater dolorosa  
iuxta crucem lacrimosa,  
dum pendebat Filius.

At the cross her station  
keeping  
stood the mournful Mother  
weeping,  
close to Jesus to the last.

Cuius animam gementem,  
contristatam et dolentem  
pertransiit gladius.

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

O quam tristis et afflicta  
fuit illa benedicta,  
mater Unigeniti!

Oh, how sad and sore  
distressed was that Mother  
highly blessed, of the sole-  
begotten One!

Quæ mærébat et dolébat,  
pia Mater, dum vidébat  
Nati poenas íncliti.

Christ above in torment hangs,  
she beneath beholds the pangs  
of her dying, glorious Son.

Quis est homo qui non fleret,  
Matrem Christi si vidéret  
tanto supplício?

Is there one who would not  
weep, 'whelmed in miseries so  
deep, Christ's dear Mother to  
behold?

Quis non posset contristári,  
píam Matrem contemplári  
doléntem cum Fílio?

Can the human heart refrain  
from partaking in her pain,  
in that Mother's pain untold?

Pro peccátis suæ gentis  
vidit lesum in torméntis,  
et flagéllis súbditum.

Bruised, derided, cursed,  
defiled,  
she beheld her tender Child  
All with scourges rent.

Vidit suum dulcem Natum  
moriéndo desolátum,  
dum emísit spíritum.

For the sins of His own nation,  
saw Him hang in desolation,  
Till His spirit forth He sent.

Eia, Mater, fons amóris  
me sentíre vim dolóris fac,  
ut tecum lúgeam.

O sweet Mother! fount of love!  
Touch my spirit from above,  
make my heart with thine  
accord.

Fac ut árdeat cor meum  
in amándo Christum Deum,  
ut sibi compláceam.

Make me feel as thou hast felt;  
make my soul to glow and melt  
with the love of Christ, my  
Lord.

Sancta Mater, istud agas,  
Crucifíxi fige plagas  
cordi meo válide.

Holy Mother! pierce me  
through,  
in my heart each wound renew  
of my Saviour crucified.

Tui Nati vulneráti,  
tam dignáti pro me pati,  
poenas mecum divide.

Let me share with thee His  
pain, who for all our sins was  
slain, who for me in torments  
died.

Fac me tecum pie flere,  
Crucifíxo condólere,  
donec ego víxero.

Let me mingle tears with thee,  
mourning Him who mourned  
for me,  
all the days that I may live.

luxta crucem tecum stare,  
ac me tibi sociáre  
in planctu desídero.

By the Cross with thee to stay,  
there with thee to weep and  
pray,  
is all I ask of thee to give.

Virgo vírginum præclára,  
mihi iam non sis amára,  
fac me tecum plángere.

Virgin of all virgins blest!  
Listen to my fond request:  
let me share thy grief divine;

Fac ut portem Christi mortem,  
passiónis fac me sortem,  
et plagas recólere.

Let me, to my latest breath,  
in my body bear the death  
of that dying Son of thine.

Fac me plagis vulnerári,  
cruce hac inebriári,  
et cruóre Filii.

Wounded with His every  
wound, steep my soul till it  
hath swooned, in His very  
Blood away;

Flammis urar succénsus,  
per te, Virgo, sim defénsus  
in die iudícii.

Be to me, O Virgin, nigh,  
lest in flames I burn and die,  
in His awful Judgment Day.

Fac me cruce custodíri,  
morte Christi præmuníri,  
confovéri grátia.

Christ, when Thou shalt call me  
hence,  
by Thy Mother my defence,  
by Thy Cross my victory;

Quando corpus moriétur,  
fac ut ánimæ donétur  
Paradísi glória.

While my body here decays,  
may my soul Thy goodness  
praise,  
safe in paradise with Thee.  
Amen.

Translation courtesy of <http://www.wf-f.org/Sorrows.html>



## Carols & Readings

We hope that you will stay for the second part of the evening and join us in what has now become a well-established Sacred Wing tradition.

After mince pies and coffee during the interval, we'll ask you to take your seats again. The lights will be dimmed, and Hazel Gregory will sing the first verse of *Once in Royal David's City* while the choir enters with candles. Please join in with the rest of the carol and feel free to come forward and light your own candle.

We will continue with a sequence of readings and carols. You'll find the words for the more familiar carols in this programme – sing them with us and enjoy the experience of 'making a joyful noise' alongside everybody else.

# Once in Royal David's City

Once in Royal David's city  
Stood a lowly cattle shed,  
Where a mother laid her baby  
In a manger for his bed;  
Mary was that mother mild,  
Jesus Christ her little child.

He came down to earth from Heaven  
Who is God and Lord of all,  
And his shelter was a stable,  
And his cradle was a stall;  
With the poor and mean and lowly  
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

And our eyes at last shall see him,  
Through his own redeeming love,  
For that child so dear and gentle  
Is our Lord in Heaven above;  
And he leads his children on  
To the place where he is gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable,  
With the oxen standing by,  
We shall see him; but in heaven,  
Set at God's right hand on high;  
Where like stars his children crowned  
All in white shall wait around.

**Reading:** The Lighting of Candles: Elizabeth Stuart. From 'Daring to Speak Love's Name'

# O Little Town of Bethlehem

O little town of Bethlehem,  
How still we see thee lie!  
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep  
The silent stars go by.  
Yet in the dark streets shineth  
The everlasting light;  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in thee tonight.

How silently, how silently  
The wondrous gift is giv'n!  
So God imparts to human hearts  
The blessing of his heav'n.  
No ear may hear his coming;  
But in this world of sin,  
Where meek souls will receive him,  
Still the dear Christ enters in.

O holy child of Bethlehem,  
Descend to us we pray;  
Cast out our sin, and enter in,  
Be born in us today.  
We hear the Christmas angels  
The great glad tidings tell:  
O come to us, abide with us,  
Our Lord Emmanuel.

**Reading:** TBA

# Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

Hark! The herald angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King;  
Peace on earth and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled:  
Joyful all ye nations rise,  
Join the triumph of the skies,  
With th'angelic host proclaim,  
Christ is born in Bethlehem.  
Hark! The herald angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King.

Christ, by highest heav'n adored,  
Christ the everlasting Lord,  
Late in time behold him come  
Offspring of a virgin's womb:  
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,  
Hail th'incarnate Deity!  
Pleased as one with us to dwell,  
Jesus, our Emmanuel.  
Hark! The herald angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King.

Hail the heav'n born Prince of Peace!  
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!  
Light and life to all he brings,  
Risen with healing in his wings;  
Mild he lays his glory by,  
Born that we no more may die,  
Born to raise us from the earth,  
Born to give us second birth.  
Hark! The herald angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King.

**Reading:** Jack Parkes and Marlene's Nativity

# God Rest you Merry Gentlefolk

God rest you merry, gentlefolk  
Let nothing you dismay  
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour  
Was born on Christmas day  
To save us all from Satan's power  
When we were gone astray  
O tidings of comfort and joy,  
Comfort and joy  
O tidings of comfort and joy

From God our Heavenly Father  
A blessed Angel came;  
And unto certain Shepherds  
Brought tidings of the same:  
How that in Bethlehem was born  
The Son of God by Name.  
O tidings of comfort and joy,  
Comfort and joy  
O tidings of comfort and joy

And when they came to Bethlehem  
Where our dear Saviour lay,  
They found Him in a manger,  
Where oxen feed on hay;  
His Mother Mary kneeling down,  
Unto the Lord did pray.  
O tidings of comfort and joy,  
Comfort and joy  
O tidings of comfort and joy

Now to the Lord sing praises,  
All you within this place,  
And with true love and harmony  
Each other now embrace;

This holy tide of Christmas  
All other doth deface.  
O tidings of comfort and joy,  
Comfort and joy  
O tidings of comfort and joy

**Choir:** Faure – Cantique de Jean Racine

**Reading:** W H Auden – O Tell me the Truth about Love

## Oh Come All Ye Faithful

Oh come all ye faithful,  
Joyful and triumphant,  
Oh come ye, Oh come ye to Bethlehem;  
Come and behold him  
Born the King of Angels:  
Oh come, let us adore him,  
Oh come, let us adore him,  
Oh come, let us adore him,  
Christ, the Lord!

God of God,  
Light of Light,  
Lo! He abhors not the virgin's womb;  
Very God,  
Begotten, not created:  
Oh come, let us adore him,  
Oh come, let us adore him,  
Oh come, let us adore him,  
Christ, the Lord!

Sing, choirs of angels,  
Sing in exultation,  
Sing, all ye citizens of heav'n above;  
Glory to God  
In the highest:  
Oh come, let us adore him,  
Oh come, let us adore him,  
Oh come, let us adore him,  
Christ, the Lord!

## Sacred Wing

Sacred Wing happens because some members of the lesbian and gay choir Gay Abandon and some members of All Hallows Church like to sing sacred choral music with a few friends. Membership changes from year to year but a core team gives continuity.

We are grateful to be able to rehearse and perform here at All Hallows, which aims to be an open, welcoming and inclusive church. (One year the then vicar, Ray Gaston, introduced us as the 'sacred wing of Gay Abandon'; it's not quite accurate, but we liked the name so much that it stuck.)

We haven't yet decided what we're singing next year, but keep an eye on our website [www.sacredwing.org.uk](http://www.sacredwing.org.uk), our FaceBook group, or the All Hallows announcements to see what we're up to and when.

If you'd like to get involved, just speak to any member of the choir or email [info@sacredwing.org.uk](mailto:info@sacredwing.org.uk).

- 1999 Gabriel Fauré: Requiem
- 2000 Antonio Vivaldi: Gloria
- 2001 George Frideric Handel: Zadok the Priest, highlights from Messiah
- 2002 Gareth Valentine: Requiem for all those who have died with AIDS
- 2003 Wolfgang Mozart: Requiem
- 2004 Gabriel Fauré: Requiem
- 2005 Karl Jenkins: The Armed Man – a Mass for Peace
- 2006 John Rutter: Requiem
- 2007 Antonio Vivaldi: Gloria
- 2008 George Frideric Handel: highlights from Messiah
- 2009 Howard Goodall: Eternal Light – A Requiem

To make our concerts more accessible, they are free. But please give generously on your way out if you can afford to do so – all the profits go to local charities.