

*Saint Mark's*  
2021–22  
MUSIC  
SERIES



Northwest Art Song:  
*Heaven & Earth*

**Arwen Myers, *soprano***  
**Susan McDaniel, *piano***

with Michael Kleinschmidt, *organ*

Friday, March 11, 2022, 7:30 p.m.

In-person and livestreamed from  
Saint Mark's Episcopal Cathedral, Seattle

## LAND ACKNOWLEDGMENT

*Saint Mark's Cathedral acknowledges that we gather on the traditional land of the first people of Seattle, the Duwamish People, who are still here, and we honor with gratitude the land itself and the life of the Duwamish Tribe.*

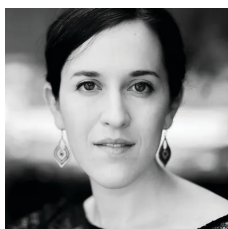
## PROGRAM

- |                                               |                                           |
|-----------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------|
| <i>Four Songs</i> , Op. 22 (1919)             | Herbert Howells (1892–1983)               |
| There was a Maiden                            |                                           |
| A Madrigal                                    |                                           |
| The Widow-Bird                                |                                           |
| Girl's Song                                   |                                           |
| <br>                                          |                                           |
| from <i>Suite of Six Short Pieces</i> (1921)  | Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)        |
| 1. Prelude                                    |                                           |
| 2. Slow Dance                                 |                                           |
| 3. Quick Dance                                |                                           |
| 5. Rondo                                      |                                           |
| <br>                                          |                                           |
| <i>Les Angéelus</i> , Op. 57 (1931)           | Louis Vierne (1870–1937)                  |
| I. Au matin                                   |                                           |
| II. A midi                                    |                                           |
| III. Au soir                                  |                                           |
| <br>                                          |                                           |
| <i>Liebster Jesu, wir sind hier</i> , BWV 731 | J.S. Bach, arr. Harriet Cohen (1895–1967) |
| <br>                                          |                                           |
| <i>Adoration</i> (1951)                       | Florence Price (1887–1953)                |
| <br>                                          |                                           |
| <i>Hermit Songs</i> , Op. 29 (1953)           | Samuel Barber (1910–1981)                 |
| At Saint Patrick's Purgatory                  |                                           |
| Church Bell at Night                          |                                           |
| St. Ita's Vision                              |                                           |
| The Heavenly Banquet                          |                                           |
| The Crucifixion                               |                                           |
| Sea Snatch                                    |                                           |
| Promiscuity                                   |                                           |
| The Monk and his Cat                          |                                           |
| The Praises of God                            |                                           |
| The Desire for Hermitage                      |                                           |
| <br>                                          |                                           |
| <i>Simple Song</i> (from <i>Mass</i> , 1971)  | Leonard Bernstein (1918–1990)             |

## ABOUT SAINT MARK'S MUSIC SERIES

*Music is an integral part of the life of the Cathedral.  
As a ministry of Saint Mark's Cathedral, the mission of The Saint Mark's Music Series is to offer its musical riches to the wider community so that all can experience the unique acoustical environment, superb pipe organs, and talented musicians dedicated to making music in a sacred space.*

*Pandemic-related circumstances necessitated the change from the originally planned program—music by Pacific Northwest composers Emerson Eads and William White, among others—to this new program. Saint Mark's Music Series hopes to offer the formerly planned program in a future season.*



Praised for her “crystalline tone and delicate passagework” (*San Francisco Chronicle*), soprano **Arwen Myers** captivates audiences with her timeless artistry and exquisite interpretations. Transmitting a warmth and “deep poignancy” (*Palm Beach Arts Paper*) onstage, Arwen shines in solo performance across the U.S. and beyond. With outstanding technique and mastery of a wide range of vocal colors, Arwen’s dazzling oratorio and solo appearances feature repertoire from the baroque to modern day, and everything in between.



**Susan McDaniel** has appeared widely as soloist and chamber musician, including recitals in France, Germany, Switzerland, and the Czech Republic. She received a B.A. in music from Linfield College, where she studied with Jill Timmons, and a M.M. in vocal accompanying from Manhattan School of Music, where she was a student of Warren Jones. Susan has been a member of the music staff at Seattle Opera, Portland Opera, and Utah Festival Opera as well as music director and pianist for the San Diego Opera Ensemble, Off-Center Opera (Seattle), and Puget Sound Concert Opera.

## TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

Herbert Howells, *Four Songs*, Op. 22 (1919)

### *There was a Maiden*

There was a kingdom fair to see,  
But pale, so pale, with never a rose:  
The cold wind blows across the lea,  
Westward the pale sun goes.

There was a maiden, soft and dear,  
But pale, so pale, with never a rose:  
Each quiv'ring eyelid holds a tear,  
Seaward her sad heart goes.

—William Leonard Courtney

### *A Madrigal*

Before me, careless, lying,  
Young Love his wares came crying,  
Full soon the elf untreasures  
His pack of pains and pleasures  
With roguish eye,  
He bids me buy  
from out his pack of treasures.

His wallet's stuffed with blisses,  
with true-love knots and kisses,  
With rings and rosy fetters,  
And sugar'd vows and letters.

He holds them out  
with boyish flout,  
And bids me try the fetters.

“Nay, child,” I cry, “I know them;  
There's little need to shew them!

Too well for new believing  
I know their old deceiving,

I am too old,”

I say, “and cold,

Today, for new believing!”

But still the wanton presses,  
With honey-sweet caresses,  
And still, to my undoing,  
He wins me with his wooing,

To buy his ware

With all its care,

It's sorrow and undoing.

—Austin Dobson

### *The Widow-Bird*

A widow bird sat mourning for her love  
Upon a wintry bough,  
The frozen wind crept on above;  
The freezing stream below.

There was no leaf upon the forest bare,  
No flower upon the ground  
And little motion in the air,  
Except the mill-wheel's sound.

—Percy Bysshe Shelley

### *Girl's Song*

I saw three black pigs riding  
In a blue and yellow cart;  
Three black pigs riding to the fair  
Behind the old grey dappled mare,  
But it wasn't black pigs riding  
In a gay and gaudy cart  
That sent me into hiding  
With a flutter in my heart.

I heard the cart returning,  
The jolting jingling cart;  
Returning empty from from the fair  
Behind the old jogtrotting mare  
But it wasn't the returning  
Of a clatt'ring empty cart,  
That sent the hot blood burning  
And throbbing thro' my heart.

—Wilfrid Wilson Gibson



I. *Au matin*

Sur ma ville endormie a sonné l'Angélus,  
L'Angélus des clochers en hommage à Marie:  
Vois comme fuit la nuit et comme le salut  
De l'Archange est joyeux sur ma ville endormie.  
Comme faon de la biche au revers des coteaux  
Va bondir le soleil! La maison pauvre ou riche,  
Les arbres, les jardins seront dorés tantôt,  
Et joueront les enfants comme faon de la biche.  
Une journée encore apporte du bonheur  
Ou du tourment au cœur! Seigneur, je vous adore  
Dans la sublimité des premières lueurs  
Du jour et vous bénis une journée encore.

II. *A midi*

Au midi qui flamboie et rutil, voici  
Sur le bruit des cité et des foules, la joie  
D'un clair soleil! Mon Dieu, clamant notre merci  
Les cloches d'Angélus au midi qui flamboie.  
Au milieu de la route où nous pèlerinons  
Entre l'enfance aimée et la mort qu'on redoute,  
Sainte Mère de Dieu, nous nous arrêterons  
Pour implorer ton aide au milieu de la route.  
Car la tâche est immense et lourde pour nos bras.  
Tes maternelles mains apaisent nos souffrances  
Du midi jusqu'au soir tombant, guide nos pas  
Aux moissons de ton Fils où la tâche est immense.

III. *Au soir*

Puisque la nuit remonte au ciel et dans nos cœurs,  
Puisque l'heure est venue où chacun fait le compte  
De ses travaux, de ses douleurs, de ses rancœurs,  
Nous te prions encor(e) puisque la nuit remonte!  
Ô Vierge, sois clémente au dernier Angélus  
Qui berce le sommeil de la terre en tourmente!  
Qu'aux misères du jour nous ne pensions plus!  
À nos péchés humains, ô Vierge sois clémente!  
Dans la vie éternelle où la nuit ne vient pas,  
Emportés par le vent que seules font les ailes  
Des divins Angelots, nos Ave Maria  
Te chantent notre amour dans la vie éternelle.

—Jehan le Povremoyne

I. In the morning

*Over my sleeping town the Angelus has rung out,  
the Angelus from the steeples in homage to Mary.  
See how night flees away and how the greeting of  
the Archangel is joyous over my sleeping town.  
Like a doe's fawn, on the far side of the hills  
the sun will leap forth! The house, humble or rich,  
the trees, the gardens will soon be gilded  
and the children will play like a doe's fawn.  
A new day brings happiness  
or torment to the heart! Lord, I worship thee  
in the sublimity of the first glimmers  
of dawn, and bless thee for a new day.*

II. At Noon

*At blazing noon that dazzles, behold,  
above the noise of cities and crowds, the joy  
of a bright sun! O God, our thanks peal out  
in the Angelus bells at blazing noon.  
Midway on the path of our pilgrimage  
between loving childhood and the death we dread,  
Holy Mother of God, we will halt  
to implore thine aid midway on the path.  
For the task is immense, and heavy for our arms.  
Thy mothering hands ease our sufferings  
from noon until evening falls, guide our steps  
to thy Son's harvest, where the task is immense.*

III. In the Evening

*Since night draws on in the skies and in our hearts,  
since the hour has come when each man must  
reckon up  
his deeds, his griefs, his resentments,  
we pray thee once more, since night draws on!  
O Virgin, be merciful at the last Angelus  
that lulls the sleep of the tormented earth!  
Let us think no more on the woes of the day!  
To our human sins, O Virgin, be merciful!  
In the life eternal where night never comes,  
borne on the breezes created by the wings  
of the divine Cherubim alone, our Ave Marias  
sing to thee of our love in the life eternal.*

—trans. Barbara Grossman

Samuel Barber, *Hermit Songs*, Op. 29 (1953)

Texts by anonymous Irish monks and scholars, 8th–13th century  
*premiered by Leontyne Price and the composer at the Library of Congress*

*At Saint Patrick's Purgatory*

Pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg!  
O King of the churches and the bells—  
bewailing your sores and your wounds,  
but not a tear can I squeeze from my eyes!  
Not moisten an eye after so much sin!  
Pity me, O King!  
What shall I do with a heart that seeks only its own ease?  
O only begotten Son by whom all men were made,  
who shunned not the death by three wounds,  
pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg  
and I with a heart not softer than a stone!

—translated by Seán Ó Faoláin

*Church Bell at Night*

Sweet little bell, struck on a windy night,  
I would liefer keep tryst with thee  
than be with a light and foolish woman.

—translated by Howard Mumford Jones

*St. Ita's Vision*

"I will take nothing from my Lord," said she,  
"unless He gives me His Son from Heaven  
In the form of a Baby that I may nurse Him."  
So that Christ came down to her  
in the form of a Baby and then she said:  
"Infant Jesus, at my breast,  
Nothing in this world is true  
Save, O tiny nursling, You.  
Infant Jesus at my breast,  
By my heart every night,  
You I nurse are not a churl  
But were begot on Mary the Jewess  
By Heaven's light.  
Infant Jesus at my breast,  
What King is there but You who could  
Give everlasting good?  
Wherefore I give my food.  
Sing to Him, maidens, sing your best!  
There is none that has such right  
To your song as Heaven's King  
Who every night  
Is Infant Jesus at my breast."

—translated by Chester Kallman

*The Heavenly Banquet*

I would like to have the men of Heaven  
in my own house; with vats of good cheer  
laid out for them. I would like to have the  
three Mary's, their fame is so great.  
I would like people from every corner of  
Heaven. I would like them to be cheerful  
in their drinking. I would like to have Jesus  
sitting here among them. I would like a great  
lake of beer for the King of Kings.  
I would like to be watching Heaven's  
family drinking it through all eternity.

—attrib. St. Brigid; translated by Seán Ó Faoláin

*The Crucifixion*

At the cry of the first bird  
They began to crucify Thee, O Swan!  
Never shall lament cease because of that.  
It was like the parting of day from night.  
Ah, sore was the suffering borne  
By the body of Mary's Son,  
But sorer still to Him was the grief  
Which for His sake came upon His Mother.

—translated by Howard Mumford Jones

*Sea Snatch*

It has broken us, it has crushed us, it has drowned us,  
Oh King of the star-bright kingdom of Heaven.  
The wind has consumed us, swallowed us,  
as timbers were devoured by crimson fire from  
Heaven.

—translated by Kenneth H. Jackson

*Promiscuity*

I do not know with whom Edan will sleep,  
but I do know that fair Edan will not sleep alone.

—translated by Kenneth H. Jackson

*The Monk and His Cat*

Pangur, white Pangur,  
How happy we are  
Alone together, Scholar and cat.  
Each has his own work to do daily;  
For you it is hunting, for me, study.  
Your shining eye watches the wall;  
My feeble eye is fixed on a book.  
You rejoice when your claws entrap a mouse;  
I rejoice when my mind fathoms a problem.  
Pleased with his own art  
Neither hinders the other;  
Thus we live ever  
Without tedium and envy.  
Pangur, white Pangur,  
How happy we are,  
Alone together, Scholar and cat.

—translated by W.H. Auden

*The Praises of God*

How foolish the man who does not raise  
His voice and praise with joyful words,  
As he alone can, Heaven's High King.  
To whom the light birds with no soul but air,  
All day, everywhere laudations sing.

—translated by W.H. Auden

*The Desire for Hermitage*

Ah! To be all alone in a little cell  
with nobody near me;  
beloved that pilgrimage before the last  
pilgrimage to death.  
Singing the passing hours to cloudy Heaven;  
Feeding upon dry bread and water  
from the cold spring.  
That will be an end to evil when I am alone  
in a lovely little corner among tombs  
far from the houses of the great.  
Ah! To be all alone in a little cell,  
to be alone, all alone:  
Alone I came into the world  
alone I shall go from it.

—translated by Seán Ó Faoláin

Leonard Bernstein, *Simple Song* (from *Mass*, 1971)

Sing God a simple song:

*Lauda, Laudē...*

Make it up as you go along:

*Lauda, Laudē...*

Sing like you like to sing.

God loves all simple things,  
for God is the simplest of all.

I will sing the Lord a new song

to praise Him, to bless Him, to bless the Lord.

I will sing His praises while I live,

all of my days.

Blessed is the man who loves the Lord.

Blessed is the man who praises Him—

*Lauda, Lauda, Laudē...*

—and walks in His ways.

I will lift up my eyes

to the hills from whence comes my help.

I will lift up my voice to the Lord

singing *Lauda, Laudē...*

For the Lord is my shade,

is the shade upon my right hand.

And the sun shall not smite me by day

nor the moon by night.

Blessed is the man who loves the Lord.

*Lauda, Lauda, Laudē...*

And walks in His ways.

*Lauda, Lauda, Laudē...*

All of my days.

—Stephen Schwartz & Leonard Bernstein

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