

WIGMORE HALL

Tuesday 18 October 2022
7.30pm

Selva Morale e Spirituale - madrigals and motets

La Nuova Musica

David Bates director, harpsichord
Ana Beard Fernandez soprano
Miriam Allan soprano
Hugh Cutting countertenor
Rory Carver tenor
Simon Wall tenor
Edward Grint bass-baritone
Michael Lafferty bass

Jane Gordon violin
Andrej Kapor violin
Joanne Miller viola
Joanna Patrick viola
Kinga Gaborjani gamba
Judith Evans double bass

Inga Maria Klaucke dulcian
Toby Carr theorbo
Kristiina Watt theorbo
Joy Smith harp
Tom Foster harpsichord,
organ

Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)

Beatus vir (Primo) SV268 (1641)

Spuntava il dì SV255 (1641)

Kyrie from *Missa 'In illo tempore'* SV205 (1610)

Salve Regina (Secondo) SV284 (1641)

Pianto della Madonna SV288 (1641)

Confitebor tibi Domine (Terzo) SV267 (1641)

Interval

Prologo from *Orfeo* SV318 (1607)

Laudate Dominum in sanctis eius SV287 (1641)

Ego flos campi SV301 (1624)

From *Missa 'In illo tempore'* SV205 (1610)

Gloria • Sanctus and Benedictus • Agnus Dei I & II

Dixit Dominus (Terzo) SV191 (1650)

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The programme has changed slightly since these programme notes were written.

Dismissed from Mantua's Gonzaga court in 1612, **Monteverdi's** move to Venice marked the start of two very different chapters in his musical life. The late madrigals and commercial operas *Il ritorno d'Ulisse* and *L'incoronazione di Poppea* took him to the heart of a secular world of spectacle and sex, while his position as Maestro di Capella at St Mark's found him composing chaste Masses, motets and psalms for the Doge's chapel. But it's possible to see the dialogue between the two: the newly rhetorical energy that animates the sacred music drawing from the drama of the stage.

Published in 1641, the *Selva morale e spirituale* is to Monteverdi's sacred music what Book VIII of his madrigals is to his secular. Both are retrospective compilations, drawing decades of composition into an anthology of startling stylistic range and variety. The largest sacred collection since the 1610 Vespers, the *Selva morale* would also be the last the now 74-year-old composer would publish – a final epitaph to a lifetime's work.

Divided into two sections, it comprises some 40 works – motets, spiritual madrigals, *canzonette morale*, psalms, hymns, solo songs and a mass. At its centre are the texts used in daily liturgy at St Mark's. Each Vespers service called for five different psalms, and it's no coincidence that these are some of the most often-set texts in the collection.

We open with the most exuberant of all – the six-voice *Beatus vir* with its two solo violins. Its style, which sets full choral forces against soloists, passing the music constantly back and forth between groups, is typical of the '*stile concertato*' that Monteverdi refined from the work of Adrian Willaert and the Gabriellis – one intended to transform the acoustic challenges of Venetian churches, with their wide-spaced galleries, into a virtue. A simple ABA structure is so energetic, so athletic in its working-out, so relentless in its dance-rhythms, that the underlying structural mechanics are all but hidden from the ear. The motet closes with an extended 'Gloria', its sudden solemnity almost an afterthought among so much rejoicing.

Despite being set for just solo tenor and continuo, the *Laudate Dominum in sanctis eius* celebrates the expressive possibilities of its text. Psalm 150 sees God praised in cymbals and dances, strings and organ. Fanfare-like motifs in the voice suggest trumpets, while cymbals fizz in demisemiquavers and drums pound out in emphatically repeated pitches.

The *Dixit Dominus* we hear tonight, while closely related to the first of the *Selva morale's* settings, was actually published posthumously in 1650. Despite this, its shorter length and simpler treatment of its two four-voice choirs have led scholars to suggest that it's the earlier of the two variants – a fascinating

portrait of musical thinking under construction. While constructed as a double-choir motet, the work makes little effort to exploit their opposition, preferring to develop the material in a series of duets, or in exchanges between solo voices and the collective.

Marian antiphon *Salve Regina* provokes three contrasting treatments (of which we hear two tonight) in the collection. The 'Audi coelum' setting, which amplifies the main text with a devotional trope 'Hear, O heaven, my words', brings the theatre into the church with its expressive echo effects: the solo tenor's message is mirrored back as if by the heavens. In the expressive second setting for soprano (or tenor) duet, the two voices imitate and dovetail one another, now two harmonic halves of a whole, now rivals in ever-intensifying debate, climaxing on a musical celebration of the miracle of the incarnation '*ostende*' ('show us').

The third setting of the celebratory Psalm 111 *Confitebor tibi Domine* is marked '*alla Francese*' ('in the French manner'), a description that could refer either to a declamatory, forward style of delivery or to a structure that alternates solo and tutti passages. Bright and simple, this largely syllabic setting captures the urgency of the text's rejoicing in music whose outer sections almost trip over themselves in their eagerness to convey their message, in contrast to the central body of the motet which settles into a more stately, expansive mood.

All of the sacred madrigals in the *Selva morale* are 'vanitas' settings – works that brood on the ephemeral value of earthly things, a none-too-subtle sermon for the composer's wealthy and powerful patrons. The rhetorical, text-driven style of the '*canzonetta morale*' *Spuntava il di* and its episodic structure places it among the more modern works of the collection. Three voices give way in the final verse to a plaintive lament for bass solo – the musical world quite literally fades away, just as the glories of nature that the poet describes.

Pastoral beauty proves more enduring in solo motet *Ego flos campi*. Published in 1624 this *Song of Solomon* setting for solo alto and continuo relishes its sensual, fecund text in long melismas that stretch and bend the vocal lines into gorgeous sonic arabesques.

Sacred and secular meet in solo motet 'Iam moriar, mi fili' (*Pianto della Madonna*) – a striking reimagining of an extended recitative from Monteverdi's otherwise lost Mantua opera *L'Arianna*. Here the composer substitutes the mourning of the Virgin for Christ for the original complaints of Ariadne for her lover Theseus. Keening with emotion, taking advantage of the freedom of recitative to startle us harmonically again and again, the hymn stands apart from the rest of the *Selva morale* for its raw musical directness.

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Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)

Beatus vir (Primo) SV268 (1641)

Liturgical text

Beatus vir qui timet Dominum: In mandatis eius volet nimis.	Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord: he hath great delight in his commandments.
Potens in terra erit semen eius: Generatio rectorum benedicetur.	His seed shall be mighty upon earth: the generation of the faithful shall be blessed.
Gloria et divitiae in domo eius: Et iustitia eius manet in saeculum saeculi.	Riches and plenteousness shall be in his house: and his righteousness endureth for ever.
Exortum est in tenebris lumen rectis: Misericors, et miserator, et iustus.	Unto the godly there ariseth up light in the darkness: he is merciful, loving and righteous.
lucundus homo qui miseretur et commodat, Disponet sermones suos in iudicio: Guia in aeternum non commovebitur.	A good man is merciful, and lendeth, and will guide his words with discretion: for he shall never be moved.
In memoria aeterna erit iustus: Ab auditione mala non timebit.	The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance. He will not be afraid of any evil tidings.
Paratum cor eius, sperare in Domino. Confirmatum est cor eius: non commovebitur Donec despiciat inimicos suos.	For his heart standeth fast, and believeth in the Lord. His heart is established: and will not shrink until he see his desire upon his enemies.
Dispersit, dedit pauperibus: Iustitia eius manet in saeculum saeculi: Cornu eius exaltabitur in gloria.	He hath dispersed abroad, and given to the poor: and his righteousness remaineth for ever; his horn shall be exalted with honour.
Peccator videbit et irascetur, Dentibus suis fremet et tabescet; Desiderium peccatorum peribit.	The ungodly shall see it, and it shall grieve him: he shall gnash with his teeth, and consume away; the desire of the ungodly shall perish.

Gloria Patri, et
Filio,
Et Spiritui Sancto:
Sicut erat in principio, et
nunc, et semper,
Et in saecula saeculorum.
Amen.

Glory be to the Father,
and to the Son,
and to the Holy Ghost:
as it was in the beginning, is
now and ever shall be,
world without end.
Amen.

Spuntava il dì SV255 (1641)

Francesco Balducci

Spuntava il dì
Quando la rosa
Sovra una piaggia herbosa
In ossequio dell' alba un riso
apri;
E rese il prato
Tutto odorato
E i colli e le campagne
innamorò.

Day was breaking

Day was breaking
when a rose
in a grassy meadow
bloomed smilingly in
deference to the dawn;
and she made the field
rich with scent,
beguiling the hills and the
countryside.

Ma che prò?
Chi da l'ira del
Ciel mai
l'assicura?
Cosa bella quà giù passa e
non dura.

But what's the use?
Who could ever protect
her from the wrath of
heaven?
A lovely thing here on earth
dies and does not last.

La più dolce rugiada
Che da ciel cada
Lei di liquide perle
incoronò;
Poi la bella reina
De la sua spina
Se stessa cinse e la sua
reggia armò.

The sweetest dew
that falls from the sky
garlanded her with liquid
pearls;
then the fair queen
with her thorns
girded herself and armed
her palace.

Ma che prò?
Chi da l'ira del
Ciel mai
l'assicura?
Cosa bella quà giù passa e
non dura.

But what's the use?
Who could ever protect
her from the wrath of
heaven?
A lovely thing here on earth
dies and does not last.

La vagheggiano gli alberi,
La vezzegiano
l'aurette,
Le s'inclinano i bei
fiori
E l'adorano
l'herbette.
Fior più bello non riga o
l'Arno o'l Po.

The trees yearn for her,
the lightest breezes
caress her,
the pretty flowers bow
before her,
and the grassy banks
worship her.
Neither Arno nor Po ever
watered a fairer flower.

Ma che prò?
Chi da l'ira del
Ciel mai
l'assicura?
Cosa bella quà giù passa e
non dura.

But what's the use?
Who could ever protect
her from the wrath of
heaven?
A lovely thing here on earth
dies and does not last.

Per valletta o per campagna
 Il piè molle affretta il
 rio
 E con dolce mormorio
 La saluta e il piè le
 bagna
 Riverente quanto può.

Through valley or plain
 the river hastens its
 winding way
 and with sweet murmuring
 greets the rose and
 bathes her roots
 as reverently as it can.

Ma che prò?
 Chi da l'ira del
 Ciel mai
 l'assicura?
 Cosa bella quà giù passa e
 non dura.

But what's the use?
 Who could ever protect
 her from the wrath of
 heaven?
 A lovely thing here on earth
 dies and does not last.

Ah! quel sole che dianzi in su
 l'aurora
 La diede ai colli e ne dipinse i
 campi,
 Rotando accesi in sù'l
 meriggio i lampi
 La distrugge, la
 scolora.
 Restano ignude e senz'honor
 le spine,
 E vanno insieme i doni e le
 rapine.

Alas, the sun, which just
 now at dawn
 gave her to the hills and with
 her coloured the fields,
 turning its burning mid-
 day rays towards her,
 destroys her and withers
 her,
 leaving her thorns bare
 and dishonoured;
 for gifts and robbery go
 hand in hand.

Oh! d'humana
 bellezza,
 Cui tanto il mondo apprezza,
 Cui tanto amor per poco
 spatio ornò,
 Rosa caduca, il superbir che
 prò ?
 Chi da l'ira del
 Ciel mai
 t'assicura?
 Cosa bella quà giù passa e
 non dura.

O fallen rose, what's the
 use of being proud
 of worldly beauty,
 which all the world
 prizes,
 and which Love adorned
 for a brief moment?
 Who could ever protect
 you from the wrath of
 heaven?
 A lovely thing here on earth
 dies and does not last.

Kyrie from Missa 'In illo tempore' SV205

(1610)

Liturgical text

Kyrie eleison,
 Christe eleison,
 Kyrie eleison.

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

Salve Regina (Secondo) SV284 (1641)

Liturgical text

Salve, O Regina, mater
 misericordiae,
 O vita, dulcedo, O spes
 nostra, salve.
 Ad te clamamus exules filii
 Evae,
 Ad te
 suspiramus,

Hail, O Queen, Mother of
 mercy,
 our life, our sweetness
 and hope, hail!
 To thee we cry, the banished
 children of Eve,
 to thee we send up our
 sighs,

Gementes et flentes in hac
 lacrimarum valle.
 Eia ergo, advocata
 nostra,
 Illos tuos misericordes
 oculos ad nos converte,
 Et Jesum, benedictum
 fructum ventris tui,
 Nobis post hoc exilium ostende.
 O clemens, O pia, O dulcis
 Virgo Maria.

mourning and weeping in
 this vale of tears.
 Thou therefore, our
 advocate,
 turn thine eyes of mercy
 towards us,
 and show us Jesus, blessed
 fruit of thy womb,
 after this our exile.
 O kind, O merciful, O
 sweet Virgin Mary.

Pianto della Madonna SV288 (1641)

Anonymous

Iam moriar, mi filli.
 Quis nam poterit mater
 consolari
 In hoc fero dolore
 In hoc tam duro tormento.
 Iam moriar mi filli.
 Mi Jesu, O Jesu mi
 sponse,
 Sponse mi, dilecte mi, mea
 spes, mea vita
 Me deseris; heu vulnus
 cordis mei.
 Respice Jesu mi,
 Respice Jesu precor,
 Respice matrem, matrem
 respice tuam
 Quae gemendo pro te
 pallidas languet
 Atque in morte funesto
 In hac tam dura et tam
 immani cruce
 Tecum petit affigi.
 Mi Jesu, O Jesu mi,
 O potens homo, O Deus,
 En inspectores, heu, tanti
 doloris
 Quo torquetur Maria,
 Miserere gementis
 Tecum quae extincta sit,
 quae per te vixit.
 Sed promptus ex hac vita
 Discedis, O mi filli,
 Et ego hic ploro
 Tu confringes infernum,
 Hoste victo superbo,
 Et ego relinquo praeda
 doloris solitaria et maesta.
 Te Pater almus, te quae fons
 amoris
 Suscipiant laeti et
 ego
 Te non videbo, O Pater, O mi
 sponse.

Plaint of the Madonna

Now I die, my Son,
 for what mother can be
 consoled
 in this wild grief,
 in this so hard torment.
 Now I die, my Son.
 O Jesus, O Jesus my
 bridegroom,
 my bridegroom, my
 beloved, my hope, my life,
 you abandon me; alas, the
 wound of my heart.
 Look, my Jesus,
 look, Jesus, I beg you,
 look at mother, look at
 your mother
 who is faint from sighing
 pale [tears] for you,
 and in mournful death
 on this so harsh and huge
 cross
 seeks to be fixed with you.
 My Jesus, O my Jesus,
 O powerful man, O God,
 behold those gazing, alas,
 on such grief
 by which Mary is tormented,
 have mercy on her grieving
 who would die with you,
 who lived through you.
 But soon from this life,
 you are leaving, O my son,
 and here I beg you
 that you shatter hell,
 the proud enemy defeated,
 and I am left, the spoil of
 grief, solitary and sad.
 You, dear father, the fount
 of life,
 the blessed shall receive
 you and I
 shall not see you, O father, O
 my bridegroom.

Haec sunt, haec sunt promissa Archangeli Gabrielis, Haec illa excelsa sedes Antiqui patris David; Sunt haec regalia serta Quae tibi cingant crines, Haec nae sunt aurea sceptra, Et sine, sine regnum Affigi duro ligno Et clavis lanari atque corona. Ah Jesu, ah Jesu mi, En mihi dulce mori. Ecce plorando ecce clamando rogat Te misera Maria Nam tecum mori est illi gloria et vita.	These, these are the promises of the Archangel Gabriel, this is the exalted seat of the ancient father David, these are the royal garlands which adorn your head, these truly are the golden sceptres, and without, without a kingdom to be fastened to the hard wood, and be torn by nails and a crown [of thorns]. Ah Jesus, ah my Jesus, see how sweet to would be for me to die. Behold with pleading, behold with crying he implores you, wretched Mary, for to die with you is glory for him and life.
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Heu filli, non respondes, Heu surdus es ad fletus atque quaerellas. O mors, o culpa, o inferne, Esse sponsus meus mersus in undis. Velox, o terrae centrum, aperite profundum Et cum dilecto meo me quoque absconde. Quid loquor, heu, quid spero Misera heu iam quid quero? O Jesu, O Jesu mi, Non sit, non sit quid volo, Non sit quid volo sed fiat quod tibi placet. Vivat mestum cor meum pleno dolore Pascere fili mi matris amore.	Alas, my son, you do not answer, alas you are silent to my tears and complaints. O death, O crime. O hell, that my bridegroom be smothered in the waves. Quick, O centre of the earth, open your depth and with my beloved hide me too. What am I saying, alas, what do I hope, wretched, alas, what am I now bewailing? O Jesus, O my Jesus, may not what I want, may not what I want happen, but what pleases you. May my grievous heart live, filled with grief to nourish [you], my son, with a mother's love.
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Confitebor tibi Domine I will praise you Lord
(Terzo) SV267 (1641)
Liturgical text

Confitebor tibi Domine in toto corde meo: In consilio iustorum et congregatione.	I will praise you Lord with my whole heart: in the assembly of the upright, and in the congregation.
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Magna opera Domini: Exquisita in omnes voluntates eius.	The works of the Lord are great: sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.
--	--

Confessio et magnificentia opus eius: Et iustitia eius manet in saeculum saeculi.	His work is honourable and glorious: and his righteousness endureth for ever.
--	--

Memoriam fecit mirabilium suorum, Misericors et miserator Dominus: Escam dedit timentibus se.	He hath made his wonderful works to be remembered, the Lord is gracious and full of compassion: he hath given meat unto those that fear him.
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Memor erit in saeculum testamenti sui: Virtutem operum suorum annuntiabit populo suo:	He will ever be mindful of his covenant: he hath shown his people the power of his works:
--	--

Ut det illis haereditatem gentium: Opera manuum eius veritas et iudicium.	That he may give them the heritage of the heathen: the works of his hands are verity and judgement.
--	--

Fidelia omnia mandata eius: Confirmata in saeculum saeculi: Facta in veritate et aequitate.	All his commands are sure: they stand fast for ever and ever: and are done in truth and uprightness.
--	--

Redemptionem misit populo suo: Mandavit in aeternum testamentum suum.	He sent redemption unto his people: He hath commanded his covenant for ever.
--	---

Sanctum et terribile nomen eius: Initium sapientiae timor Domini.	Holy and revered is his name: the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.
--	---

Intellectus bonus omnibus facientibus eum: Laudatio eius manet in saeculum saeculi.	A good understanding have all that do his commandments: his praise endureth for ever.
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Gloria Patri, et Filio, Et Spiritui Sancto.	Glory be to the Father, and the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.
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Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, Et in saecula saeculorum. Amen.	As it was in the beginning, is now, and always shall be, for ever and ever. Amen.
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Interval

Prologo from Orfeo

SV318 (1607)

Alessandro Striggio

La musica

Dal mio Permesso amato a
voi ne vegno,
Incliti eroi, sangue gentil di
regi,
Di cui narra la fama eccelsi
pregi,
Né giunge al ver perch'è
troppo alto il segno.
Io la Musica son, ch'a i dolci
accenti
So far tranquillo ogni turbato
core,
Ed or di nobil ira, ed or
d'amore
Posso infiammar le più
gelate menti.

Io su cetera
d'or cantando
soglio
Mortal orecchio lusingar
talora,
E in questa guisa all'armonia
sonora
De la lira del ciel più l'alme
invoglio.

Quinci a dirvi d'Orfeo desio
mi sprona,
D'Orfeo che trasse al suo
cantar le fere,
E servo fe' l'inferno a sue
preghiere,
Gloria immortal di Pindo e
d'Elicona.

Or mentre i canti alterno, or
lieti, or mesti,
Non si mova augellin fra
queste piante,
Né s'oda in queste rive onda
sonante,
Ed ogni aurette in suo camin
s'arresti.

Laudate Dominum in sanctis eius SV287

(1641)

Liturgical text

Laudate Dominum in sanctis
eius;
Laudate eum in firmamento
virtutis eius.
Laudate eum in sono
tubae;

Prologue

Music

From my beloved
Permessus I come to you,
glorious heroes, noble
bloodline of kings,
of whom Fame recounts
the highest praise,
yet does not reach the truth,
for it is too high a mark.
I am music, and with my
sweet inflections
I know how to appease
every troubled heart,
and – now with noble
anger, now with love –
I can inflame the coldest
minds.

Singing to the sound of a
golden lyre, I am
accustomed,
at times, to charm mortal
ears,
and in this way, I make
their souls aspire
to the sonorous harmony
of heaven's lyre.

Hence desire spurs me to
tell you of Orpheus:
of Orpheus who tamed wild
beasts with his singing,
and made hell answer his
requests,
to the immortal glory of
Pindus and Helicon.

While I alternate my songs,
by turns happy and sad,
no little bird must move
through these trees,
nor let any loud waves be
heard on these shores,
and let every breeze stop
in its path.

Praise the Lord in his sanctuary

Praise the Lord in his
sanctuary;
praise him in the
firmament of his power.
Praise him in the sound of
the trumpet;

Laudate eum in psalterio et
cithara.

Laudate eum in tympano et
choro.

Laudate eum in cymbalis
bene sonantibus;

Laudate eum in cymbalis
iubilationibus.

Omnis spiritus laudet
Dominum!

Alleluia.

praise him upon the
psaltery and harp.

Praise him in the timbrels
and choir.

Praise him upon the well-
tuned cymbals,
praise him upon the joyful
cymbals.

Let every spirit praise the
Lord!

Alleluia.

Ego flos campi SV301 (1624)

Liturgical text

Ego flos campi et lilium
convallium.

Sicut lilium inter spinas
sic amica mea inter
filias.

Sicut malus inter
ligna silvarum, sic
dilectus meus inter
filios.

Sub umbra illius quem
desideraveram sedi, et
fructus ejus dulcis gutturi
meo.

I am the flower of the field

I am the flower of the field
and the lily of the valleys.

As the lily among thorns,
so is my love among the
daughters.

As the apple tree among
the trees of the wood,
so is my beloved
among the sons.

I sat down under his
shadow, whom I
desired: and his fruit
was sweet to my taste.

From Missa 'In illo tempore' SV205

Liturgical text

Gloria

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, Iesu
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.

Glory be to God on high,
and on earth peace, good
will towards men.

We praise thee, we bless
thee,

we worship thee, we
glorify thee,
we give thanks to thee for
thy great glory,

O Lord God, heavenly King,
God the Father Almighty.

O Lord, the only-begotten
Son, Jesus Christ;

O Lord God, Lamb of God,
Son of the Father,

that takest away the sins
of the world, have
mercy upon us.

Thou that takest away the
sins of the world,
receive our prayer.

Thou that sittest at the right
hand of God the Father,
have mercy upon us.

Quoniam tu solus Sanctus. Tu solus Dominus.	For thou only art holy; thou only art the Lord;
Tu solus Altissimus, Iesu Christe.	thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost,
Cum Sancto Spiritu, in gloria Dei Patris.	art most high in the glory of God the Father.
Amen.	Amen.

Sanctus and Benedictus

Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth.	Holy, holy, holy Lord God of Hosts.
Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua.	Heaven and earth are full of thy glory.
Osanna in excelsis.	Hosanna in the highest.

Benedictus qui venit In nomine Domini.	Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.
Osanna in excelsis.	Hosanna in the highest.

Agnus Dei

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.	Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world, have mercy on us.
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.	Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world, have mercy on us.
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, dona nobis pacem.	Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world, grant us peace.

Dixit Dominus (Terzo) SV191 (1650)

Liturgical text

Dixit Dominus Domino meo: Sede a dextris meis, Donec ponam inimicos tuos, Scabellum pedum tuorum.	The Lord said unto my Lord: sit thou at my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool.
Virgam virtutis tuae emittet Dominus ex Sion:	The Lord shall send the rod of thy strength out of Zion:
Dominare in medio inimicorum tuorum.	rule thou in the midst of thine enemies.
Tecum principium in die virtutis tuae	Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power
In splendoribus sanctorum: Ex utero ante luciferum	in the beauties of holiness: from the womb of the morning
Genui te.	thou hast the dew of thy youth.
Iuravit Dominus, et non paenitebit eum:	The Lord hath sworn, and will not repent:
Tu es sacerdos in aeternum Secundum ordinem Melchisedech.	thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek.
Dominus a dextris tuis, Confregit in die irae suae reges.	The Lord at thy right hand, shall strike through kings in the day of his wrath.

ludicabit in nationibus, Implebit ruinas:	He shall judge among the heathen, he shall fill the places with ruins:
Conquassabit capita in terra multorum.	he shall wound the heads over many countries.
De torrente in via bibet:	He shall drink of the brook in the way:
Propterea exaltabit caput.	therefore shall he lift up the head.
Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto.	Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.
Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper.	As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be.
Et in saecula saeculorum. Amen.	World without end. Amen.

Translations of 'Spuntava il di' and 'Prologo from Orfeo' by James Halliday. 'Salve Regina Audi coelum' by John, Marquess of Bute. 'Pianto della Madonna' by Clifford Bartlett.