

# Tafelmusik

## In Praise of St. Cecilia

March 12 - 15, 2009

Missa Sanctae Caeciliae                      Jan Dismas Zelenka  
(Dresden, 1712)                                      1679-1745

### INTERMISSION

Ode for St. Cecilia's Day                      George Frideric Handel  
(London, 1739)                                      1685-1759

Sophie Daneman *soprano*    Vicki St. Pierre *mezzo-soprano*  
Rufus Müller *tenor*              Peter Harvey *baritone*

Tafelmusik Baroque Orchestra & Chamber Choir

*Directed by Ivars Taurins*

### **A Song for St. Cecilia's Day**

John Dryden, set to music by George Frideric Handel

#### **Overture**

#### **Accompagnato (Tenor)**

From Harmony, from heav'nly Harmony,  
this Universal Frame began.  
When Nature underneath a heap  
of jarring Atoms lay,  
And could not heave her Head,  
The tuneful Voice was heard from high,  
Arise! ye more than dead.  
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,  
In order to their Stations leap,  
And Music's Power obey.

#### **Chorus**

From Harmony, from heav'nly Harmony,  
This Universal Frame began:  
From Harmony to Harmony  
Through all the Compass of the Notes it ran,  
The Diapason closing full in Man.

**Air (Soprano)**

What Passion cannot Music raise and quell!  
When Jubal struck the corded Shell,  
His list'ning Brethren stood around  
And wond'ring, on their Faces fell  
To worship that Celestial Sound.  
Less than a God they thought there could not dwell  
Within the Hollow of that Shell,  
That spoke so sweetly, and so well.  
What Passion cannot Music raise and quell!

**Air (Tenor) and Chorus**

The Trumpet's loud Clangour,  
Excites us to Arms,  
With shrill Notes of Anger,  
And Mortal Alarms.  
The double, double, double Beat  
of the thund'ring Drum  
Cries, Hark! the Foes come;  
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

**March****Air (Soprano)**

The soft complaining Flute  
In dying Notes discovers  
The Woes of hopeless Lovers,  
Whose Dirge is whisper'd by the warbling Lute.

**Air (Tenor)**

Sharp Violins proclaim  
Their jealous Pangs, and Desperation,  
Fury, frantic Indignation,  
Depth of Pains, and height of Passion,  
For the fair, disdainful Dame.

**Air (Soprano)**

But, oh! what Art can teach,  
What human Voice can reach  
The sacred Organ's Praise?  
Notes inspiring holy Love,  
Notes that wing their heav'nly ways  
To join the Choirs above.

**Air (Soprano)**

Orpheus could lead the Savage Race:  
And Trees, unrooted, left their Place;  
Sequacious of the Lyre:

**Recitative (Soprano)**

But bright Cecilia rais'd the Wonder high'r;  
When to her Organ, Vocal Breath was giv'n,  
An Angel heard, and straight appear'd,  
Mistaking Earth for Heav'n.

**Solo (Soprano) and Chorus**

As from the Pow'r of Sacred Lays  
The Spheres began to move,  
And sung the great Creator's Praise  
To all the bless'd above;  
So when the last and dreadful Hour  
This crumbling Pageant shall devour,  
The Trumpet shall be heard on high,  
The Dead shall live, the Living die,  
And Music shall untune the Sky.