

PROGRAM

ONE HUNDRED TWENTY-FIRST SEASON

Chicago Symphony Orchestra

Riccardo Muti Music Director

Pierre Boulez Helen Regenstein Conductor Emeritus

Yo-Yo Ma Judson and Joyce Green Creative Consultant

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Thursday, March 15, 2012, at 8:00

Friday, March 16, 2012, at 1:30

Saturday, March 17, 2012, at 8:00

Riccardo Muti Conductor

Alberto Mizrahi Narrator

Chicago Symphony Chorus

Duain Wolfe Director

Brahms

Schicksalslied, Op. 54

CHICAGO SYMPHONY CHORUS

Schoenberg

Kol Nidre, Op. 39

ALBERTO MIZRAHI

CHICAGO SYMPHONY CHORUS

First Chicago Symphony Orchestra performances

INTERMISSION

Cherubini

Requiem in C Minor

Introit and Kyrie

Gradual

Dies irae

Offertory

Sanctus

Pie Jesu

Agnus Dei

CHICAGO SYMPHONY CHORUS

These concerts are dedicated in loving memory to Charlie Manley, son of CSO Trustee John and Mary Manley.

These concerts are generously sponsored by Julie and Roger Baskes, Rhoda Lea and Henry S. Frank, John H. Hart and Carol Prins, and the Zell Family Foundation.

This program is partially supported by grants from the Illinois Arts Council, a state agency, and the National Endowment for the Arts.



Johannes Brahms

Born May 7, 1833, Hamburg, Germany.

Died April 3, 1897, Vienna, Austria.

Schicksalslied, Op. 54

In the summer of 1868, Brahms joined several of his friends on an excursion to view the North Sea naval base at Wilhelmshaven. “Our friend, usually so cheery,” the conductor and composer Albert Dietrich later recalled, “was silent and serious on the journey. He told us how, early that morning, . . . he had found Hölderlin’s poems in the bookcase and been profoundly stirred by *Hyperion’s Song of Destiny*.” Later, as the group rested by the sea, they noticed Brahms sitting at a distance on the beach, writing. “It was the first sketch for the *Schicksalslied*,” Dietrich wrote.

Brahms read Hölderlin for the first time earlier that decade. Born in 1770, the same year as Beethoven, Hölderlin was a contemporary of the philosopher

Hegel, his classmate at the University of Tübingen. Schiller became his friend and published his works—his poetry appeared in print for the first time in 1791—but when Brahms picked up the *Song of Destiny*, Hölderlin was still largely unknown. (His discovery is a twentieth-century phenomenon, largely due to the influence of Stefan George and Rainer Maria Rilke. Decades after Brahms, his poetry inspired several other composers, including Benjamin Britten, Carl Orff, and Kaija Saariaho.) The novel *Hyperion*, the source of the *Schicksalslied*, was published in two parts in 1797 and 1799. Hölderlin’s subject was the contemporary Turkish oppression of the Greeks. The *Song of Destiny* is Hyperion’s despondent reflection on the

COMPOSED

1870–1871

FIRST PERFORMANCE

October 18, 1871,
Karlsruhe, Germany. The
composer conducting

FIRST CSO

PERFORMANCE

February 10, 1953,
Orchestra Hall. Several
collegiate choruses, George
Schick conducting

MOST RECENT

CSO PERFORMANCE

June 26, 1975, Ravinia
Festival. Chicago
Symphony Chorus, James
Levine conducting

INSTRUMENTATION

four-part chorus, two flutes,
two oboes, two clarinets, two
bassoons, two horns, two
trumpets, three trombones,
timpani, strings

APPROXIMATE

PERFORMANCE TIME

15 minutes

disparity between man's troubled life in the present and the ever-glorious image of ancient Greece.

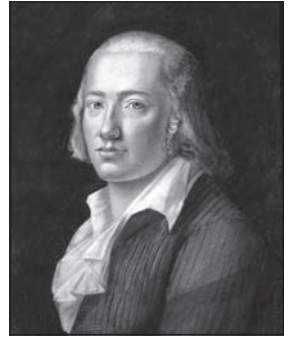
The opening of Brahms's *Schicksalslied* is one of the most inspired passages in all his music—a glorious melody, given to muted violins, unfolds over dark chords and the quiet pounding of the timpani. Brahms marks it “Langsam und sehnsuchtsvoll” (slowly and yearning)—an unusually expressive direction from this most poised of composers. By the time the alto voices of the chorus finally enter, singing the first lines of the poem, we are deep in the heavenly, radiant world that Hölderlin depicts. Brahms sets the first two stanzas of the poem in simple, yet rich, four-part choral harmony—a hymn to celestial wonders. With a single pianissimo chord in the winds, however, the mood changes dramatically. The third stanza shifts from idyll to fury and from E-flat major to C minor. The music rages and plummets into the “vague abyss.”

At first, Brahms didn't know how the *Schicksalslied* should end. Hölderlin leaves us at the abyss. Brahms, sensing that music and literature operate differently, returns to the calm beauty of his orchestral opening—the music is now in C major and reorchestrated (the solo flute has the grand, searching melody), and the original “Langsam und sehnsuchtsvoll” marking has been replaced by the simple Italian “adagio.” That instinct seemed right, but Brahms still wasn't satisfied, and he drafted a new ending that added the chorus, intoning the

first lines of the poem. (He also considered asking the chorus simply to sing “ah”—“something like a drone.”) He quickly gave up that idea, but he worried that audiences wouldn't be prepared for a long instrumental ending to a choral work, and so, for the premiere, he insisted that “orchestral postlude” be printed in the program after the last lines of the

Hölderlin poem. Brahms continued to struggle over his decision to return to the luminous music with which the piece began. “I simply say something the poet doesn't say,” he finally wrote to a conductor friend. But this unexpected touch neither alters nor contradicts Hölderlin's point of view; instead, it simply leaves us with an image of Brahms, sitting alone on the shore at Wilhelmshaven, contemplating the tragic fate of man.

The *Schicksalslied* remains among the least performed of Brahms's major works. Three years after the premiere, Theodore Thomas, who was one of Brahms's greatest champions, gave the first U.S. performance in Boston, but even he never programmed it with the new Chicago Symphony Orchestra he founded in 1891. These are only the Chicago Symphony's third performances in its 121 seasons. ■



**German poet
Friedrich Hölderlin**

SCHICKSALS LIED

Ihr wandelt droben im Licht
Auf weichem Boden, selige Genien!

Glänzende Götterlüfte
Rühren Euch leicht,
Wie die Finger der Künstlerin
Heilige Saiten.

Schicksallos, wie der schlafende
Säugling, atmen die Himmlischen;
Keusch bewahrt
In bescheidener Knospe
Blühet ewig
Ihnen der Geist,
Und die seligen Augen
Blicken in stiller
Ewiger Klarheit.

Doch uns ist gegeben,
Auf keiner Stätte zu ruhn;
Es schwinden, es fallen
Die leidenden Menschen
Blindlings von einer
Stunde zur andern,
Wie Wasser von Klippe
Zu Klippe geworfen,
Jahrlang ins Ungewisse
hinab.

—Friedrich Hölderlin

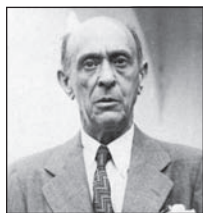
SONG OF DESTINY

You walk above in the light,
Weightless tread a soft floor,
blessed genii!
Radiant the gods' mild breezes
Gently play on you
As the girl artist's fingers
On holy strings.

Fateless the Heavenly breathe
Like an unweaned infant asleep;
Chastely preserved
In modest bud
For ever their minds
Are in flower,
And their blissful eyes
Eternally tranquil gaze,
Eternally clear.

But we are fated
To find no foothold, no rest,
And suffering mortals
Dwindle and fall
Headlong from one
Hour to the next,
Hurled like water
From ledge to ledge
Downward for years
To the vague abyss.

—Michael Hamburger



Arnold Schoenberg

Born September 13, 1874, Vienna, Austria.

Died July 13, 1951, Brentwood, a suburb of Los Angeles, California.

***Kol Nidre*, Op. 39**

For many years, it has been a family Yom Kippur custom in the Los Angeles home of Randol Schoenberg, the composer's grandson, to listen to a recording of his grandfather's *Kol Nidre* before the daylong fasting began. One of the recordings in the family's collection is a tape of the rehearsal conducted by the composer before the premiere in October 1938, at the Ambassador Hotel's Coconut Grove Ballroom, which the liberal Fairfax Temple rented for its Yom Kippur services. (Randol Schoenberg is well known as an attorney who has fought to restore Nazi-confiscated art to its rightful owners; his most celebrated case, settled in 2006, involved the return of five important paintings by Gustav Klimt.)

In the summer of 1938, the Fairfax Temple rabbi, Jakob Sonderling, asked Schoenberg to make an arrangement of the traditional *Kol Nidre* melody to

be used on Yom Kippur—the Day of Atonement, the most solemn of Jewish holidays. The timing couldn't have been more persuasive, for Schoenberg was growing increasingly alarmed by recent reports from Europe, where members of his family still lived. Schoenberg, who was born Jewish in Vienna, converted to Christianity in his twenties and returned to Judaism in 1933, when he emigrated from Nazi-ruled Germany, accepted the project at once. He began work on August 1 and completed the score on September 22, less than two weeks before he conducted the first performance at Yom Kippur services. Little more than a month after the premiere came Kristallnacht, the wave of anti-Jewish pogroms that destroyed synagogues, homes, and businesses throughout Germany and Austria and marked a turning point in Nazi Germany's opposition of Jews.

COMPOSED

1938

FIRST PERFORMANCE

October 4, 1938, Los Angeles, California. The composer conducting

These are the first Chicago Symphony Orchestra performances

INSTRUMENTATION

speaker, mixed chorus, two flutes and piccolo, oboe, clarinet, E-flat clarinet and bass clarinet, bassoon, two horns, two trumpets, two trombones and tuba, timpani, percussion, strings

APPROXIMATE

PERFORMANCE TIME

18 minutes

When Schoenberg began his research for his *Kol Nidre*, he studied the traditional text and took issue with its premise that “all obligations that have been assumed during the year are supposed to be canceled on the Day of Atonement,” as he put it in a letter to Paul Dessau years later, and decided to alter the words. He also dissected the traditional melody with characteristic surgical precision, concluding that it was, in fact, not so much a melody as a “number of melismas which resemble each other up to a point.” As the basis of his composition, Schoenberg “chose the phrases that a number of versions had in common and put them into a reasonable order.”

In composing a new *Kol Nidre*, Schoenberg was particularly eager to “vitriolize out the cello sentimentality of the Bruchs, etc.,” referring to Max Bruch’s popular 1881 *Kol Nidre* and distancing himself from the world of late-nineteenth century romanticism he had already so decisively, even infamously, left behind. Schoenberg’s *Kol Nidre* is largely a tonal work, but it is also a stark, strong modernist statement from the man who gave us the twelve-tone system. It was Sonderling’s idea to begin the work with an introduction based on the oral Jewish tradition of the Kabbalah. The following *Kol Nidre* text itself is set as a formal dialogue between the speaker and the chorus.

Little is known about the 1938 premiere under the composer’s baton. Schoenberg wrote to his music publisher that “the effect was great,” despite the ballroom’s

poor acoustics. The orchestra was made up of players from the music department of Twentieth Century Fox, and Schoenberg wrote a letter to a studio executive thanking him for his help in supporting “this dignified achievement” and asking him to tell the musicians how pleased he was with their performance.

Apostscript on Brahms and Schoenberg. When Brahms died in 1897, Schoenberg was just twenty-two years old. He had only been composing for some five years and had yet to write any of the music we know today. He had once shaken Brahms’s hand at a meeting of the Society of Composers in Vienna. In recent years, he had bought a ticket to hear each of the great man’s new works—the Double Concerto and the Fourth Symphony among them—as they were premiered in Vienna, and he snapped up the scores as soon as they were published.

Two years after Brahms’s death, when Schoenberg introduced *Transfigured Night*, his first important work, he began his own singular journey into a new way of writing music, and he left the world of Brahms behind. Later, he often mentioned his indebtedness to Brahms (along with Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, and Wagner), but the link between Schoenberg’s increasingly advanced, atonal, and ultimately twelve-tone language and the old-world harmonies of Brahms eluded most listeners. Then, in an essay begun in 1933 (five years before he composed *Kol Nidre*) and refined in 1947, Schoenberg

reaffirmed Brahms's influence on his own music, and stated his claim that Brahms was, in fact, more inventive in his use of rhythm and more complex in the way he developed musical ideas than Wagner. "Brahms the Progressive"

caused something of a stir at the time, and although it may not have significantly changed the way musicians viewed Brahms's place in the pantheon of great composers, it did make people listen to Schoenberg's own music differently. ■

KOL NIDRE

Rabbi

The Kabbalah tells a legend:

At the beginning God said: "Let there be light."

Out of space a flame burst out.

God crushed that light to atoms.

Myriads of sparks are hidden in our world,
but not all of us behold them.

The self-glorious, who walks arrogantly upright,
will never perceive one;

but the meek and modest, eyes downcast,
he sees it—

"A light is sown for the pious."

Bischiwo Schel Malo Uwischiwo Schel Mato

In the name of God,

we solemnly proclaim

that every transgressor,

be it that he was unfaithful to Our People because of fear,

or misled by false doctrines of any kind,

out of weakness or greed:

we give him leave

to be one with us in prayer tonight.

A light is sown for the pious,

a light is sown for the repenting sinner.

(Kol Nidre)

All vows, oaths, promises and plights of any kind,
wherewith we pledged ourselves

counter to our inherited faith in God,

Who is One, Everlasting, Unseen, Unfathomable,

we declare these null and void.

We repent that these obligations have estranged us

from the sacred task we were chosen for.

Chorus

We repent.

Rabbi

We repent.

Chorus

We repent.

Rabbi

We shall strive from this day of atonement till the next
to avoid such and similar obligations,
so that the Yom Kippur to follow
may come to us for good.

Chorus

All vows and oaths and promises and plights of any kind
wherewith we pledged ourselves
counter to our inherited faith in God,
Who is One, Everlasting, Unseen, Unfathomable,
we declare these null and void.

We repent that these obligations have estranged
us from the sacred task we were chosen for.

We shall strive from this day of atonement till the next
to avoid such and similar obligations,
so that the Yom Kippur to follow
may come to us for good.

Rabbi and Chorus

Whatever binds us to falsehood
may be absolved, released, annulled, made void
and of no power.

Chorus

Hence all such vows shall be no vows,
and all such bonds shall be no bonds,
all such oaths shall be no oaths.

We repent.

Null and void be our vows.

We repent them.

A light is sown for the sinner.

Rabbi

We give him leave to be one with us in prayer tonight.

Chorus

We repent.



Luigi Cherubini

Born September 14, 1760, Florence, Italy.

Died March 15, 1842, Paris, France.

Requiem in C Minor

In 1841, shortly before Luigi Cherubini died, he had his portrait painted by his close friend, the popular neoclassical artist Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres. (A detail of this painting appears above; a color reproduction appears on page 7; Maestro Muti's comments on the music of Cherubini begin on page 6.) The painting now hangs in the Louvre, where it is admired by millions of visitors each year. It has become the lasting image of a major composer who is regularly overlooked, if not nearly forgotten today. After Ingres had shown the portrait to Cherubini, he added the figure of a muse behind the composer, laying a wreath on his head. Cherubini was furious when he saw the finished painting—according to Ingres, he stared at it for some time and then left without saying a word—claiming that Ingres was out of line deciding who had been blessed by the Muses, and he stopped speaking to him for weeks.

Johannes Brahms, the most historically aware composer of the nineteenth century, revered Cherubini, and he hung a copy of the Ingres painting on the wall of his study in Vienna (Cherubini was in select company: a portrait of Bach and a large white bust of Beethoven were the only other composer likenesses in the room). Brahms, too, thought the muse ridiculous, and he covered her up with a piece of cardboard. Brahms owned and regularly studied scores by composers whose names no longer meant anything to Viennese audiences, but he found Cherubini's neglect particularly deplorable—and he was probably unnerved to think that so impeccably trained and polished an artist could fade from the public eye so quickly.

Born four years after Mozart, and outliving Beethoven by fifteen, Cherubini was a name to be reckoned with for a good half century. Beethoven, remarkably, said that

COMPOSED

1816

FIRST PERFORMANCE

January 21, 1817, Paris. The composer conducting

ONLY PREVIOUS CSO PERFORMANCES

February 23 & 24, 1967, Orchestra Hall. Chicago Symphony Chorus, Carlo Maria Giulini conducting

APPROXIMATE PERFORMANCE TIME

44 minutes

INSTRUMENTATION

four-part mixed chorus, two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, two horns, two trumpets, three trombones, tam-tam, timpani, strings

Cherubini was the greatest composer among his contemporaries. Beethoven had written Cherubini an outright fan letter about the opera *Medea* in the 1790s. The two men met when Cherubini visited Vienna in 1805 and attended the premiere of Beethoven's *Leonore*. (Cherubini privately said he found Beethoven's vocal writing untutored.) When Cherubini's *Faniska* was staged in Vienna in 1806, both Beethoven and Haydn were in the audience and spoke glowingly of the work. Mendelssohn admired Cherubini the opera composer for "his sparkling fire, his clever and unexpected transitions, and the neatness and grace with which he writes." Schumann, possibly anticipating the day when people would no longer know Cherubini's music in any depth, said, "the more we come to understand him the more we come to respect him." Bruckner learned how to write his own sacred music by copying out movements of Cherubini's masses to study. Verdi spoke glowingly of Cherubini's work, and even Wagner, the great challenger of musical tradition, called him "certainly the greatest of musical architects, a kind of Palladio, rather stiffly symmetrical, but so beautiful and so assured." Berlioz, a born rebel, initially locked horns with Cherubini, who was the director of the Paris Conservatory when Berlioz entered—they first came to blows over library rules—but he learned immeasurably from the model of his teacher's music and, in the end, understood Cherubini's true importance. In his *Memoirs*, Berlioz has

a grand time ridiculing Cherubini right down to the coarse Florentine accent with which he always spoke French, but the obituary notice he wrote when the composer died in 1842 is filled with the praise, insight, and astute judgment of one of history's greatest critics acknowledging a fellow giant.

Cherubini was born in Florence, where, as the son of a professional keyboard player, he began lessons at the age of six and started rigorous training in counterpoint two years later. His earliest compositions included masses and other liturgical works, and then, at the age of twenty, his first opera. That form proved to be his calling card, and he enjoyed success with both serious and comic operas in Italy and in London before moving to Paris in 1786, where he lived for much of the rest of his life. In Paris, he had a string of hits, including *Lodoïska* in 1791 and *Medea* in 1797 (decades later, Brahms still singled it out as "the work we musicians recognize among ourselves as the highest peak of dramatic music"). His fame continued to spread. *Les deux journées* was so popular in Vienna that it was staged by two rival theaters on successive nights. His most celebrated works were his so-called rescue operas, which were particularly apt during revolutionary times, when hairbreadth escapes were everyday occurrences. In the first years of the nineteenth century, when Beethoven decided to write an opera, Cherubini's works were the obvious models. In fact, it was Emanuel Schikaneder's

staging of *Lodoïska* in Vienna in 1802 that served as the immediate inspiration for Beethoven's *Fidelio*, the only rescue opera that is still regularly performed today. In the world of opera, Cherubini was eventually overshadowed by a new batch of young composers, but he continued to flourish in other forms (he finished a splendid string quintet, the first in a projected triptych, just before he died). When the sixteen-year-old Mendelssohn went to visit him in 1825, he called Cherubini "an extinct volcano, throwing out occasional sparks and flashes," but he later realized that although Cherubini was no longer the latest name in fashion, he was something more profound—a genuine classic.

The Requiem in C minor, composed in 1816, stands at the very peak of Cherubini's achievement. Beethoven said he found the work more satisfying than Mozart's Requiem. (In fact, Cherubini's Requiem was sung at a memorial service for Beethoven in Vienna shortly after his death.) Berlioz's obituary singled out the work's "wealth of ideas, grandeur of form, nobility of style" and treasured its "immeasurable worth." Schumann said the piece "stands without an equal in the world." Brahms conducted the Requiem on several occasions, and clearly thought of it as a model when he wrote his own *German Requiem* some fifty years later. "Cherubini," he said, referring specifically to the Requiem, "was the great master from whom everything has proceeded."

Cherubini was commissioned to write the C minor Requiem by Louis XVIII—he had reclaimed the throne after Napoleon's defeat in 1814—who wanted to honor the anniversary of the execution of his older brother, Louis XVI, on January 21, 1817. This was Cherubini's first Requiem Mass (he would write just one other, twenty years later). By choosing to write for chorus and orchestra without the added display of vocal soloists, Cherubini proved himself a master of concentrated power and classical poise—the most Palladian of composers, as Wagner noted. This is music of the greatest economy, in which every note and instrumental color is carefully chosen for maximum effect. In its austere grandeur, and with its singular combination of passion and purity, Cherubini's C minor Requiem stands apart, as one of the timeless monuments of sacred art.

Cherubini begins with a masterstroke (and one that would later be attributed to Brahms in his *German Requiem*) by choosing to create a special, dark, veiled sound world for the opening movement. Cherubini completely omits violins, as well as all the high wind instruments. This is music of cello and bassoon melodies, brightened only by the burnished colors of the violas, divided into two parts. The voices never rise into the upper reaches of their registers. Even the timpani, when it enters, is muted with a piece of felt. The effect of beginning in near darkness is so stunning that we cannot blame

Brahms, who greatly admired this score, for wanting to create something similar in his own requiem. Cherubini's short second movement, the Gradual, scored just for chorus and low strings, with no winds at all, restricts our view even farther as the music begins to open up; it is like the drawing of a curtain to prepare for the blast of the *Dies irae*.

For the opening of the *Dies irae*, Cherubini has saved yet another masterstroke—after a fortissimo call to attention from the horns, trumpets, and trombones, he writes a single, isolated crash from the tam-tam. From there, the *Dies irae* movement begins to unfold. The *Dies irae* is a poem of eighteen powerful sentences. Most composers divide it into several separate movements—ten, in the case of Verdi's *Requiem Mass*. But, for Cherubini, it is a single large canvas of masterly overall design and vivid individual details, each an urgent response to the text—a grand brass climax at “*Tuba mirum*,” the sounding of the last trumpet in “*Mors stupebit*.” Everything from the tam-tam crash forward is carefully calculated, brilliantly paced, and dramatically apt. As he moves toward the last lines, Cherubini gradually relaxes the musical tension until he arrives at a magnificent, spacious *adagio* for “*Lacrymosa*.” For a generation of music-lovers who do not know Cherubini's operas, this movement alone gives a sense of his skill in matching drama and music.

Each of the following movements is composed with the same ear

for subtle color, structural clarity, and compositional mastery. The Offertory, another large movement in interwoven chapters, is crowned by a display of contrapuntal writing as impressive as any in the literature, before or since—a triple fugue on three subjects at “*quam olim Abrahæ*.” The *Sanctus* is thrilling, bold, and majestic. The delicate *Pie Jesu*—the dynamic range is piano to triple piano—returns to the opening string sonority, with divided violas and no violins. The final pages of the *Agnus Dei* are among music's most magical: the chorus intones its parting words on a monotone C, over and over, as the orchestra slowly unwinds through its last cadences. The effect is hypnotic and unforgettable. It inspired a number of later composers, including Berlioz, to try something similar, although none ever surpassed Cherubini's chilling combination of simplicity and power.

Apostscript on art and friendship. Ingres sent Cherubini an apology for adding the muse to his portrait. Cherubini, in turn, sent the painter a three-voice canon inscribed to “*Ingres amabile, pittor chiarissimo*.” This tiny piece, dedicated to a dear friend and beloved painter, was his last composition. What Cherubini did not know was that his own tomb, in Paris's Père Lachaise cemetery, would be modeled after the Ingres portrait, complete with the muse. ■

Phillip Huscher is the program annotator for the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
per sepulcra regionum,
coet omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit et natura,
cum resurget creatura,
judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
in quo totum continetur,
unde mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
quidquid latet, apparebit:
nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus
cum vix justus sit securus?

Rex tremendae majestatis,
qui salvandos salvas gratis,
salva me, fons pietatis.

Recordare, Jesu pie,
quod sum causa tuae viae:
ne me perdas illa die.

Quarens me, sedisti lassus:
redemisti crucem passus:
tantus labor non sit cassus.

Juste judex ultionis,
donum fac remissionis,
ante diem rationis.

Ingemisco, tamquam reus:
culpa rubet vultus meus:
supplicanti parce Deus.

Qui Mariam absolvisti,
et latronem exaudisti,
mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Then the trumpet's shrill refrain
piercing tombs by hill and plain,
souls to judgment shall arraign.

Death and nature stand aghast,
as the bodies rising fast,
hie to hear the sentence passed.

Then before Him shall be placed,
that whereon the verdict's based,
book wherein each deed is traced.

When the Judge His seat shall gain,
all that's hidden shall be plain,
nothing shall unjudged remain.

Wretched man, what can I plead,
whom to ask to intercede,
when the just much mercy need?

Thou, O awe-inspiring Lord,
saving e'en when unimplored,
save me, mercy's fount adored.

Ah! Sweet Jesus, mindful be,
that Thou cam'st on earth for me,
cast me not this day from Thee.

Seeking me thy strength was spent,
ransoming Thy limbs were rent,
is this toil to no intent?

Thou, awarding pains condign,
Mercy's ear to me incline,
ere the reckoning Thou assign.

I, felon-like, my lot bewail,
suffused cheeks my shame unveil:
God! O let my prayers prevail.

Mary's soul Thou madest white,
didst to heaven the thief invite;
hope in me these now excite.

Preces meae non sunt dignae:
sed tu bonus fac benigne,
ne perenni cremer igne.

Inter oves locum praesta,
et ab haedis me sequestra,
statuens in parte dextra.

Confutatis maledictis,
flammis acribus addictis,
voca me cum benedictis.

Oro supplex et acclinis,
cor contritum quasi cinis:
gere curam mei finis.

Lacrimosa dies illa,
qua resurget ex favilla
judicandus homo reus:

Huic ergo parce Deus.
Pie Jesu Domine,
dona eis requiem.
Amen.

Prayers o'mine in vain ascend:
Thou art good and wilt forefend
in quenchless fire my life to end.

When the cursed by shame opprest,
enter flames at Thy behest,
call me then to join the blest.

Place amid Thy sheep accord,
keep me from the tainted horde,
set me in Thy sight, O Lord.

Prostrate, suppliant, now no more,
unrepenting, as of yore,
save me, dying, I implore.

Mournful day! That day of sighs,
when from dust shall man arise,
stained with guilt his doom to know.

Mercy, Lord, on him bestow.
Jesus kind! Thy souls release,
lead them thence to realms of peace.
Amen.

OFFERTORY

Domine Jesu Christe, Rex gloriae,
libera animas omnium fidelium
defunctorum de poenis inferni,
et de profundo lacu;
libera eas de ore leonis,
ne absorbeat eas tartarus,
ne cadant in obscurum:
sed signifer sanctus Michael

repraesentet eas in lucem sanctam:
quam olim Abrahae promisisti,
et semini ejus.

Hostias et precis tibi Domine
laudis offerimus:
tu suscipe pro animabus illis,
quarum hodie memoriam facimus:

O Lord Jesus Christ, King of Glory,
deliver the souls of all the faithful
departed from the pains of hell
and from the bottomless pit;
deliver them from the lion's mouth,
that hell engulf them not,
nor they fall into darkness,
but let the holy standard-bearer
Michael

bring them into that holy light which
Thou once didst promise to Abraham
and his seed.

We offer Thee, O Lord, sacrifices and
prayers of praise;
do Thou accept them for those souls
whom we this day commemorate;

fac eas, Domine, de morte transire
ad vitam.
Quam olim Abrahae promisisti,
et semini ejus.

Grant them, O Lord, to pass from
death to that life
which Thou once didst promise to
Abraham and his seed.

SANCTUS

Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus,
Dominus Deus Sabaoth.
Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua.

Holy, holy, holy,
Lord God of Hosts.
The heavens and earth are full of
Thy glory.

Hosanna in excelsis.
Benedictus qui venit in
nomine Domini.
Hosanna in excelsis.

Hosanna in the highest.
Blessed is He who cometh in the name
of the Lord.
Hosanna in the highest.

PIE JESU

Pie Jesu, Domine, dona eis
requiem sempiternam.

Dearest Lord Jesus, give unto them
eternal rest.

AGNUS DEI

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi:
dona eis requiem.

Lamb of God, Who takest away the
sins of the world:
Give unto them rest.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi:
dona eis requiem.

Lamb of God, Who takest away the
sins of the world:
Give unto them rest.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi:
dona eis requiem sempiternam.

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins
of the world:
Give unto them eternal rest.

Lux aeterna luceat eis Domine:
cum sanctis tuis in aeternum, quia
pius es.
Requiem aeternam dona eis Domine:
et lux perpetua luceat eis.

May eternal light shine upon them,
O Lord,
with Thy saints forever, for Thou
art kind.
Grant them everlasting rest, O Lord;
and let perpetual light shine
upon them.