

MUSICAL PRAYER

CHRISTINE FRIDAY

mezzo-soprano

JOSEPH ADAM

organ

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*Les Angélus*, op. 57 (1929)

Au Matin – *In the Morning*

A Midi – *At Midday*

Au Soir – *In the Evening*

Louis Vierne  
(1870–1937)

Though now remembered chiefly for his masterful compositions for organ, Louis Vierne composed in a wide variety of genres and combinations of instruments. Like other Parisian organist-composers of his time, Vierne wrote a considerable number of *chansons* and other vocal works, all of which unfortunately are rarely performed, even in France. *Les Angélus*, a triptych for voice and organ, was composed in 1929. It sets three poems by Jehan le Povre Moyne, and was written for and dedicated to Vierne's close friend Madeleine Richepin, who gave its first performance with the composer at Saint-Sernin, Toulouse, on 2 February 1932. The three songs are settings of devotional poetry that meditate on the religious practice of the "Angelus," which consists of prayers at 6:00am, noon, and 6:00pm, often accompanied by the tolling of church bells.

*Requiem*, op. 9 (1947)

Pie Jesu

Maurice Duruflé  
(1902–1986)

As was true for his teacher Paul Dukas, composition for Maurice Duruflé was a slow, laborious process that involved constant revision and impeccable craftsmanship. Indeed, in a career that spanned nearly sixty years, Duruflé left only about fourteen completed works, mostly either for organ, his own instrument, or for choir. Duruflé was working on a suite of organ pieces based on chants from the Mass for the Dead when the commission for the *Requiem* arrived from his publishers. The sketches provided a worthy starting point for the *Requiem*, and the chant becoming the basis of the whole work, providing a unifying thread, breathing into it the timelessness and meditative spirituality that are its essence.

Schlafendes Jesuskind  
Charwoche  
Gebet

Hugo Wolf  
(1860–1903)  
arranged by Max Reger  
(1873-1916)

Max Reger and Hugo Wolf are generally regarded as representatives of two totally different directions within the conception of romantic music: Wolf as the archetypal representative of the cult of inspiration, and Reger as the “master of the fugue” and “craftsman” in emulation of Bach and Brahms. The truth is that Reger himself had a great admiration for his elder colleague, and arranged a good number of Wolf’s compositions between 1898 and 1914. These arrangements began with four settings of Eduard Mörike’s poetry in 1898, three of which close this evening’s program. The transcription of songs for voice and piano into songs for voice and organ transforms what is originally chamber music – nonetheless of a religious nature – into church music, suitable for both services and church concerts.



**CHRISTINE FRIDAY** has been a cantor at St. James Cathedral for the last 10 years. During that time, she has been a section leader in the Cathedral Choir and the Women of St. James Schola, as well as a member of its professional choir, the Cathedral Cantorei. Christine sings regularly with professional vocal ensembles in the area, including the Byrd Ensemble, Emerald Ensemble, and Corvid Ensemble. She has participated in collaborations with the Byrd Ensemble and the Seattle Baroque Orchestra, including performances of Handel's *Messiah*, conducted by Alexander Weimann. As a soloist, she has performed with the City Cantabile Choir, Ave Renaissance Women's Choir, Seattle Bach Choir, and in Handel's *Dixit Dominus*, under the baton of Karen P. Thomas. Christine has been seen onstage as Alcina in Cornish Opera Theater's production of Caccini's *La*

*Liberazione di Ruggiero dall'isola d'Alcina*, conducted by Stephen Stubbs.

**JOSEPH ADAM** was first appointed Cathedral Organist at St. James Cathedral in 1993, and was named Director of Music in 2018. There he leads a program that includes three adult choirs and three youth choirs that provides music for nearly 600 services annually, as well as an extensive concert series that presents a wide range of choral and organ programs.

A dedicated educator, for twenty years he taught organ and harpsichord as a faculty member at the University of Puget Sound in Tacoma. Continuing this work, he was named Artist-in-Residence in Organ at the University of Washington in the Fall of 2019. As Resident Organist of the Seattle Symphony Orchestra since 2003, he performs regularly as a member of the keyboard section of the orchestra, undertaking organ, harpsichord, piano and celesta parts, as well as annual solo recitals. His playing received international attention when he was awarded the First Prize in the St. Albans International Organ Competition in 1991, one of the most prestigious organ competitions in the world. His subsequent performances have included recitals in notable venues throughout Europe and America. During the coming year, he will be a part of a series of recitals at St. James Cathedral that will present performances of the complete organ works of Louis Vierne in celebration of the 150th anniversary of the composer’s birth. His performances this season include recitals at St. Mark’s Cathedral in Seattle, St. Cecilia Cathedral in Omaha, and Stanford University. He recently gave performances of the Poulenc *Concerto* and Respighi *Suite for Organ and Strings* with the North Carolina Symphony at the new Cathedral of the Holy Name of Jesus in Raleigh.

Joseph Adam holds a BM and MFA in piano performance from The University of Iowa, the Performer's Certificate in Organ from the Eastman School of Music, and is a Candidate for the DMA in Organ Performance at the University of Washington. He concertizes as a member of the Windwerk Artists cooperative.

## Texts and translations

### Les Angélus (Vierne)

#### 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 côteaux  
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.

#### A Midi

Au midi qui flamboie et rutil, voici  
Sur le bruit des cites et des foules, la joie  
D'un clair soleil! Mon Dieu, clament notre merci  
Les cloches d'Angelus au midi qui flamboie.

Au milieu de la route ou nous pèlerions  
Engre l'enfance aimée et la mort qu'on redoute.  
Saint Mère de Dieu, nous nous arrêtons  
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.

#### 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 encore puisque la nuit remonte!

O Vierge, sois clémente au dernier Angélus  
Qui Berce le sommeil de la terre en tourmente  
Qu'aux misères du jour nous ne pensions plus!  
A nos pechés humains, o 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 chantant notre amour dans la vie éternelle.

#### In the Morning

*Above my sleepy town the Angelus has rung –  
the homage of the bell-towers to Mary:  
See how the moon takes flight and how  
joyful is the Archangel's greeting over my sleepy town.*

*Like a hind's fawns, behind the hills,  
the sun leaps up. Houses poor or rich,  
trees and gardens will soon be gilded,  
and the children will play like a hind's fawns.*

*Another day brings happiness  
or torment to the heart. Lord, I adore Thee  
in the sublimity of first light,  
and bless Thee for another day.*

#### At Midday

*At noon, blazing and glittering,  
above the noise of towns and crowds, the joy  
of bright sunlight! Lord God, pealing our thanks,  
the Angelus bells at blazing noon.*

*Along our pilgrim path,  
between loved childhood and dreaded death,  
Holy Mother of God, we will stop  
to implore your help along our pilgrim path.*

*For the task is immense and heavy to our arms.  
Thy maternal hands calm our pains  
From noon 'til nightfall, guide our steps  
To thy Son's harvest, where the task is immense.*

#### In the Evening

*As night reascends the sky and our hearts;  
as the hour is come when everyone takes count  
of one's toil, sorrows, and rancor.  
We beseech Thee again, as night returns.*

*O Blessed Virgin, be merciful at the last Angelus  
That lulls the sleep of a world in torment  
That we may no more think of the day's misery!  
To our human sins be merciful, O Blessed Virgin.*

*In life eternal, where night comes not,  
Carried by the wind made only by the wings  
Of divine cherubs, our Ave Maria  
Sings thee our love in life eternal.*

## “Pie Jesu” from Requiem (Durufé)

Pie Jesu Domine,  
dona eis requiem,  
requiem sempiternam.

*Merciful Lord Jesus,  
grant them rest,  
rest everlasting.*

## Mörike-Lieder (Wolf/Reger)

### Schlafendes Jesuskind

Sohn der Jungfrau, Himmelskind! am Boden,  
Auf dem Holz der Schmerzen eingeschlafen,  
Das der fromme Meister, sinnvoll spielend,  
Deinen leichten Träumen unterlegte;  
Blume du, noch in der Knospe dämmernd  
Eingehüllt die Herrlichkeit des Vaters!  
O wer sehen könnte, welche Bilder  
Hinter dieser Stirne, diesen schwarzen  
Wimpern sich in sanftem Wechsel malen!

### Charwoche

O Woche, Zeugin heiliger Beschwerde!  
Du stimmst so ernst zu dieser Frühlingswonne,  
Du breitest im verjüngten Strahl der Sonne  
Des Kreuzes Schatten auf die lichte Erde

Und senkest schweigend deine Flöre nieder;  
Der Frühling darf indessen immer keimen,  
Das Veilchen duftet unter Blütenbäumen,  
Und alle Vöglein singen Jubellieder.

O schweigt, ihr Vöglein auf den grünen Auen!  
Es hallen rings die dumpfen Glockenklänge,  
Die Engel singen leise Grabgesänge;  
O still, ihr Vöglein hoch im Himmelblauen!

Ihr Veilchen, kränzt heut keine Lockenhaare!  
Euch pflückt mein frommes Kind zum dunkeln Strausse,  
Ihr wandert mit zum Muttergotteshause,  
Da sollt ihr welken auf des Herrn Altare.

Ach dort, von Trauermelodien trunken,  
Und süß betäubt von schweren Weihrauchdüften,  
Sucht sie den Bräutigam in Todesgrüften,  
Und Lieb und Frühling, alles ist versunken.

### Gebet

Herr! schicke, was du wilt,  
Ein Liebes oder Leides;  
Ich bin vergnügt, dass beides  
Aus deinen Händen quillt.

Wollest mit Freuden  
Und wollest mit Leiden  
Mich nicht überschütten!  
Doch in der Mitten  
Liegt holdes Bescheiden.

### The sleeping child Jesus

*Son of the Virgin, Heavenly Child!  
Asleep on the ground, on the wood of suffering,  
Which the pious painter, in meaningful play,  
Has laid beneath Thy gentle dreams;  
O flower, still the Glory of God the Father!  
Though still hidden in the dark bud!  
Ah, if one could see what pictures,  
Behind this brow and these dark  
Lashes, are reflected in gentle succession!*

### Holy Week

*O week, witness of sacred sorrow!  
Your gravity does not become this spring-time rapture,  
In the fresh sunlight you spread  
The cross's shadow on the bright earth*

*And silently you lower your veils;  
Spring meanwhile continues to bloom,  
Violets smell sweet beneath blossoming trees,  
And all the birds sing songs of praise.*

*Oh hush, you birds on the green meadows!  
Muffled bells are tolling all around,  
Angels are singing their soft dirges;  
Oh hush, you birds in the blue skies above!*

*You violets, adorn no maiden's hair today!  
My pious child has picked you for the dark bouquet,  
You shall go with her to the church of the Virgin,  
There you shall wither on the altar of our Lord.*

*Ah, there, drunk with mourning melodies  
And dazed by sweet and heavy incense,  
She seeks the Bridegroom in the tomb,  
And love and spring – all lost together.*

### Prayer

*Lord! send what Thou wilt,  
Pleasure or pain;  
I am content that both  
Flow from Thy hands.*

*Do not, I beseech Thee,  
Overwhelm me  
With joy or suffering!  
But midway between  
Lies blessed moderation.*