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GOTHIC

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WASHINGTON NATIONAL CATHEDRAL
New American Choral Music Series

WILLIAM BRADLEY ROBERTS



CHOIR OF ST. JOHN'S CHURCH
LAFAYETTE SQUARE, WASHINGTON, D.C.
BENJAMIN HUTTO, DIRECTOR

GOTHIC

1. O gracious light (Phos hilaron) ²

O gracious Light,
pure brightness of the ever living Father in heaven,
O Jesus Christ, holy and blessed!

Now as we come to the setting of the sun,
and our eyes behold the vesper light,
we sing your praises, O God: Father, Son,
and Holy Spirit.

You are worthy at all times to be praised
by happy voices,
O Son of God, O Giver of life,
and to be glorified through all the worlds.

—THIRD CENTURY GREEK TEXT
TRANSLATION: BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER

2. Over my head I hear music in the air ²

Brandon Straub, baritone
Crossley Hawn, soprano
Annette Anfinrud, descant

Over my head I hear music in the air;
there must be a God somewhere.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN SPIRITUAL

3. What sweeter musick ²

Joseph Regan, tenor
Ken Stilwell, oboe

What sweeter musick can we bring
than a carol, for to sing
the birth of this our heavenly King?
Awake the voice! Awake the string:

*We see him come and know him ours,
who with his sunshine and his showers
turns all the patient ground to flowers.*

Dark and dull night, fly hence away,
and give the honour to this day,
that sees December turn'd to May,
If we may ask the reason, say:
We see him come. . .

The darling of the world is come,
and fit it is we find a room
to welcome him. The nobler part
of all the house here is the heart:

Which we will give him, and bequeath
this holly and this ivy wreath,
to do him honour who's our King,
and Lord of all this reveling.

We see him come. . .

ROBERT HERRICK (ENGLISH, 1591-1674)



4. Prayer of John Donne ¹

Wilt thou forgive the sin where I begun,
which was my sin though it were done before?
Wilt thou forgive that sin through which I run
and do run still though still I do deplore?
When thou hast done, Thou hast not done
for I have more.

Wilt Thou forgive the sin which I have won
others to sin, and made my sins their door?
Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I did shun
a year or two, but wallowed in a score?
When thou hast done, Thou hast not done
for I have more.

I have a sin of fear, that when I've spun
my last thread, I shall perish on the shore;
swear by Thyself that at my death Thy Sun
shall shine, as it shines now and heretofore;
and having done that, Thou hast done;
I have no more.

A HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER
JOHN DONNE (ENGLISH, 1572-1631)

5. Pie Jesu ¹

Charlotte Woolley, soprano

Pie Jesu Domine, dona eis requiem.
Merciful Lord Jesus, grant them rest.

TEXT FROM *DEUS IRAE* OF THE REQUIEM LITURGY

6. In all these you welcomed me ¹

Matthew Irish, baritone
Ken Stilwell, oboe

Traveler's child laid in a manger,
refugee to Egypt bound,
pilgrim youth, yet not a stranger,
when your Father's house you found:
Christ, who set aside your glory
to reclaim our wayward race,
help us read salvation's story
in each passing heart and face.

Guest who vintaged wine from water,
wandering healer brimmed with balm,
foreigner whose hearer brought her
heart-thirst to your well of calm:
Savior, may we see our neighbor
as an emblem of your care;
in our leisure and our labor
give us grace to find you there.

Homeless squatter in a garden,
feaster in a rented room,
scapegoat for another's pardon,
sleeper in a borrowed tomb:
Jesus, outcast and offender
to those certain of God's will,
rend the veils of race and gender,
wealth and health, that shroud us still.

Strange wayfarer to Emmaus,
vague form on the distant shore,
fright to friends ("Does sense betray us?")
when you stood with them once more:
risen Lord, be there to meet us
when life dawns eternally;
may your promised blessing greet us,
"In all these you welcomed me."

POEM BY CARL P. DAW, JR.
(AMERICAN, B. 1944)

7. South African Gloria ²
Curt Duer, gourd
Benjamin Hutto, cowbell
Tom Maloy, djembe

Gloria in excelsis Deo.
Glory to God in the highest.

TEXT FROM LITURGY

MUSIC: XHOSA SOUTH AFRICAN FOLK SONG

8. Behold, you are beautiful ²
Charlotte Woolley, soprano

Behold, you are beautiful, my love;
your eyes are like doves.
Behold, you are beautiful,
my beloved, truly lovely.

Our couch is green;
the beams of our house are cedar,
our rafters are pine.

SONG OF SOLOMON 1:15-17

9. Gloria Susanni ¹
(from Mass for St. Philip's)
Joan McFarland, soprano

*Glory to God in the highest,
and peace to God's people on earth.*
O God, heavenly One, eternal God and Abba,
we worship you, we give you thanks,
we praise you for your glory.

Christ, our desire, embodying God,
bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh,
greater than human wisdom,
stronger than human pride,

full of our redemption,
bearing away the sin of the world,
have mercy on us;
Beloved one,
bearing away the sin of the world,
receive our prayer.

For you alone are holy,
you alone our desire.
You alone, O Christ with the Holy Spirit
are radiant with the glory of God.

TEXT ADAPTED BY

THE REV. SUSAN ANDERSON-SMITH (B. 1957)
FROM LITURGY (COPYRIGHT BY THE POET)

10. 'Twas in the moon of wintertime ²

'Twas in the moon of wintertime,
when all the birds had fled,
that God the Lord of all the earth
sent angel choirs instead;
before their light the stars grew dim,
and wondering hunters heard the hymn:

Jesus your king is born in excelsis Gloria.

Within a lodge of broken bark
the tender babe was found,
a ragged robe of rabbit skin
enwrapped his beauty round;
but as the hunter braves drew nigh,
the angel song rang loud and high:

Jesus your king is born in excelsis Gloria.

The earliest moon of wintertime
is not so round and fair
as was the ring of glory on
the helpless infant there.
The chiefs from far before him knelt
with gifts of fox and beaver pelt.

O children of the forest free,
the angel song the angel song is true;
the holy child of earth and heaven

is born today for you.
Come kneel before the radiant boy,
who brings you beauty, peace and joy.

Jesus your king is born in excelsis Gloria.

TEXT BY ST. JEAN DE BRÉBEUF
(FRENCH, 1593-1649)

TRANS. BY JESSE EDGAR MIDDLETON
(CANADIAN, 1872-1960)

11. I saw a stranger yestere'en ²
Charlotte Woolley, soprano
Noah Mlotek, tenor

I saw a stranger yestere'en.
I put food in the eating place,
Drink in the drinking place,
Music in the listening place.

And with the sacred name of the triune God
He blessed us and our house,
Our cattle and our dear ones.

As the lark says in her song,
Often, often, often goes the Christ
in the stranger's guise.

TEXT FROM AN ANCIENT GAELIC RUNE



**12. May the angels of God
watch over you** ¹

May the angels of God watch over you;
may the love of God enfold you;
may all the saints in heaven and on earth
pray with you and for you.

Through the grace of Jesus Christ, our Lord:
and the blessing of God Almighty,
the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit
be upon you and remain with you for ever.
Amen.

TEXT FROM SHANNON'S BLESSING
BY SHANNON SHERWOOD JOHNSTON (B. 1958)

13. This little light of mine ¹
Barbara van Woerkom, mezzo-soprano
Christopher Jones, baritone

This little light of mine,
I'm gonna let it shine,
let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.

Oh, everywhere I go
I'm gonna let it shine,
let it shine let it shine, let it shine.

All through the night
I'm gonna let it shine
let it shine let it shine, let it shine.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN SPIRITUAL

14. Savior, like a shepherd lead us ¹
Ken Stilwell, oboe

Savior, like a shepherd lead us;
much we need thy tender care:
in thy pleasant pastures feed us;
for our use thy folds prepare.
Blessed Jesus! Blessed Jesus!
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

Early let us seek thy favor,
early let us learn thy will;
do thou, Lord, our only Savior,
with thy love our bosoms fill.
Blessed Jesus! Blessed Jesus!
Thou hast loved us: love us still.

TEXT BY DOROTHY A. THRUPP
(ENGLISH, 1779-1847)



15. Where your treasure is ²

*Where your treasure is,
there will your heart be also.*

Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth,
where moth and rust doth corrupt,
and where thieves break through and steal.

Where your treasure is. . .

Consider the lilies of the field how they grow;
they toil not, neither do they spin:
and yet Solomon in all his glory
was not arrayed like one of these.

Where your treasure is. . .

Lay up for yourselves treasure in heaven.

Where your treasure is. . .

FROM MATTHEW CHAPTER 6



16. Didn't my Lord delivuh Daniel? ²

*Didn't my Lord delivuh Daniel?
Then why not every man?*

He delivuhd Daniel from de lion's den,
an' Jonah from de belly uh de whale,
de Hebrew chillun from de fiery furnace,
den why not every man?

Didn't my Lord delivuh Daniel? . . .

De moon run down in a purple stream,
de sun forbear to shine,
an' ev'ry star disappear,
King Jesus shall a-be mine.

Didn't my Lord delivuh Daniel? . . .

De win' blows eas' an' de win' blows wes';
it blows like Judgment Day,
an' ev'ry po' sinnuh dat nevuh did pray'll
be glad to pray dat day.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN SPIRITUAL

- 1 Conducted by Benjamin Hutto
- 2 Conducted by William Bradley Roberts

the artists

CHOIR OF ST. JOHN'S, LAFAYETTE SQUARE, WASHINGTON, D.C.
Benjamin Hutto, Director of Music Ministry

ORGANIST: Scott Dettra

SOPRANOS

Annette Anfinrud
Crossley Hawn
Joan McFarland
Charlotte Woolley

ALTOS

Lauren Campbell
Daniel Moody
Kristen Dubenion Smith
Barbara van Woerkom

TENORS

Edward Kerrick
Noah Mlotek
Lawrence Reppert
Joseph Regan

BASSES

Matthew Irish
Christopher Jones
Seth Roberts
Brandon Straub
Thomas Stork





ROBERTS

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Master Chorale. Active in the work of the national Episcopal Church, he has served as Chair of the Standing Commission on Church Music, a member of the Association of Anglican Musicians' Mentoring Task Force and Chair of the Leadership Program for Musicians. His book *Music and Vital Congregations* is published by Church Publishing Inc., New York.

William Bradley Roberts, DMA, FMA, is Professor of Church Music and Director of Chapel Music at Virginia Theological Seminary, Alexandria. Previously he was Director of Music Ministry at St. John's Episcopal Church, Lafayette Square, in Washington, D.C. Prior to this, he was in similar positions in Tucson, Ariz., Newport Beach, Calif., Louisville, Ky., and Houston, Tex. While in California, Roberts sang for seven seasons with the Los Angeles



HUTTO

Benjamin Hutto, DHL, FRSCM, is Director of Music Ministry and Organist at St. John's Episcopal Church, Lafayette Square, Washington, D.C. He has served in similar positions in Charlotte, N.C., and in his hometown Charleston, S.C. Dr. Hutto is also currently Director of Performing Arts at St. Albans School for Boys and the National Cathedral School for Girls in Washington. He has served as president of the Royal School of Church Music in America, and president of the Association of Anglican Musicians. A frequent clinician in RSCM summer courses, he has also prepared choruses for a number of distinguished orchestral conductors and is a published composer of anthems and liturgical music.

NEW AMERICAN CHORAL MUSIC SERIES: WILLIAM BRADLEY ROBERTS

CHOIR OF ST. JOHN'S CHURCH • LAFAYETTE SQUARE, WASHINGTON, D.C.

BENJAMIN HUTTO, DIRECTOR OF MUSIC MINISTRY

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