



# Montreal Oratorio Society

SEASON 1906

## “ARENA”

Holy Thursday, April 12th, at 8.30 p.m.

Edgar's "DREAM of CERONTIUS" and Miscellaneous.

Good Friday, April 13th, at 8 p.m. sharp.

HADEL'S MESSIAH

SOLOISTS :

Madame Shotwell Piper.

Madame Katherine Fisk,

Dr. Ion Jackson and Mr. Julian Walker.

Montreal Symphony Orchestra.

Principal Violin,  
Mons. J. J. Goulet.

Organist,  
Mr. Lynwood Farnham,  
A. R. C. O.

CONDUCTOR :

HORACE W. REYNER, Mus. Bac., A.R.C.O.

Hon. Treas.

GEO. H. FINDLAY.

Hon. Secretary,

F. H. RICHAN.





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# First Oratorio Concert

*Holy Thursday, April 12th, . . . . . at 8.30 p. m.*

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## Programme

God save the King. (National Anthem) - - - - - *air by Sir Edward Elgar.*  
For Soprano. Full Chorus and Orchestra.

Chanson de Nuit, Op. 15 No. 1

Chanson de Matin, Op. 15 No. 2 - - - - - *Sir Edward Elgar*

Montreal Symphony Orchestra.

Three Songs with Piano Accompaniment,

Meine Liebe ist Grün, - - - - - *Brahms.*

Songs my mother taught me. - - - - - *Dvorak.*

Pastorale; - - - - - *Old English.*

Madame Shotwell Piper.

“The Dream of Gerontius” Words by Cardinal Newman.  
Music by Sir Edward Elgar.

For Mezzo-Soprano, Tenor, and Bass Solo, Chorus and Orchestra.

### PART I

Gerontins, Tenor.

Assistants, Chorus.

The Priest, Bass.

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# The Dream of Gerontius.

## Part I

### GERONTIUS.

JESU, MARIA—I am near to death,  
And Thou art calling me; I know it now.  
Not by the token of this faltering breath,  
This chill at heart, this dampness on my  
brow,—

(Jesu, have mercy! Mary, pray for me!)  
'Tis this new feeling, never felt before,  
(Be with me, Lord, in my extremity!)  
That I am going, that I am no more.  
'Tis this strange innermost abandonment,  
(Lover of souls! great God! I look to  
Thee,)

This emptying out of each constituent  
And natural force, by which I come to be.  
Pray for me, O my friends; a visitant  
Is knocking his dire summons at my door,  
The like of whom, to scare me and to daunt,  
Has never, never come to me before;

So pray for me, my friends, who have not  
strength to pray.

### ASSISTANTS.

Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison, Kyrie eleison.  
Holy Mary, pray for him.  
All holy Angels, pray for him.  
Choirs of the righteous, pray for him.

All Apostles, all Evangelists, pray for him.  
All holy Disciples of the Lord, pray for him.  
All holy Innocents, pray for him.  
All holy Martyrs, all holy Confessors,  
All holy Hermits, all holy Virgins,  
All ye Saints of God, pray for him.

### GERONTIUS.

Rouse thee, my fainting soul, and play the  
man;  
And through such waning span  
Of life and thought as still has to be trod,  
Prepare to meet thy God.  
And while the storm of that bewilderment  
Is for a season spent,  
And, ere afresh the ruin on me fall,  
Use well the interval.

### ASSISTANTS.

Be merciful, be gracious; spare him, Lord.  
Be merciful, be gracious; Lord, deliver him.  
From the sins that are past;  
From Thy frown and Thine ire;  
From the perils of dying;  
From any complying  
With sin, or denying  
His God, or relying  
On self, at the last;  
From the nethermost fire;  
From all that is evil;  
From power of the devil;  
Thy servant deliver,  
For oncë and for ever.  
By Thy birth, and by Thy Cross,  
Rescue him from endless loss;  
By Thy death and burial,  
Save him from a final fall;  
By Thy rising from the tomb,  
By Thy mounting up above,  
By the Spirit's gracious love,  
Save him in the day of doom.

### GERONTIUS.

Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,  
De profundis oro te,  
Miserere, Judex meus,  
Parce mihi, Domine.  
Firmly I believe and truly  
God is Three, and God is One;  
And I next acknowledge duly  
Manhood taken by the Son.  
And I trust and hope most fully  
In that Manhood crucified;  
And each thought and deed unruly  
Do to death, as He has died.  
Simply to His grace and wholly  
Light and life and strength belong,  
And I love, supremely, solely,  
Him the holy, Him the strong.  
Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,  
De profundis oro te,  
Miserere, Judex meus,  
Parce mihi, Domine.

"I always try to secure a Knabe Piano for my professional work."

*Fredrick H. Blair*

And I hold in veneration,  
 For the love of Him alone,  
 Holy Church, as His creation,  
 And her teachings, as His own.  
 And I take with joy whatever  
 Now besets me, pain or fear,  
 And with a strong will I sever  
 All the ties which bind me here.  
 Adoration aye be given,  
 With and through the angelic host,  
 To the God of earth and heaven,  
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.  
 Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,  
 De profundis oro te,  
 Miserere, Judex meus,  
 Mortis in discrimine.

I can no more; for now it comes again,  
 That sense of ruin, which is worse than  
 pain,  
 That masterful negation and collapse  
 Of all that makes me man.

And, crueller still,  
 A fierce and restless fright begins to fill  
 The mansion of my soul. And, worse and  
 worse,  
 Some bodily form of ill,  
 Floats on the wind, with many a loath-  
 some curse  
 Tainting the hallowed air, and laughs, and  
 flaps  
 Its hideous wings,  
 And makes me wild with horror and dismay.  
 O Jesu, help! pray for me, Mary, pray!  
 Some Angel, Jesu! such as came to Thee  
 In Thine own agony.  
 Mary, pray for me. Joseph, pray for me.  
 Mary, pray for me.

#### ASSISTANTS.

Rescue him, O Lord, in this his evil hour,  
 As of old so many by Thy gracious power:—  
 Noe from the waters in a saving home;

(Amen.)

Job from all his multiform and fell distress;  
 (Amen.)

Moses from the land of bondage and despair;  
 (Amen.)

David from Golia and the wrath of Saul;  
 (Amen.)

—So, to show Thy power,  
 Rescue this Thy servant in his evil hour.

#### GERONTIUS.

Novissima hora est; and I fain would sleep,  
 The pain has wearied me.....Into Thy  
 hands,

O Lord, into Thy hands.

#### THE PRIEST AND ASSISTANTS.

Proficiscere, anima Christiana, de hoc  
 mundo!

Go forth upon thy journey, Christian soul!  
 Go from this world! Go, in the Name of  
 God

The Omnipotent Father, who created thee!  
 Go, in the Name of Jesus Christ, our Lord,  
 Son of the living God, who bled for thee!  
 Go, in the Name of the Holy Spirit, who  
 Hath been poured out on thee! Go, in the  
 name

Of Angels and Archangels; in the name  
 Of Thrones and Dominations; in the name  
 Of Princedoms and of Powers; and in the  
 name

Of Cherubim and Seraphim, go forth!  
 Go, in the name of Patriarchs and Prophets;  
 And of Apostles and Evangelists,  
 Of Martyrs and Confessors; in the name  
 Of holy Monks and Hermits; in the name  
 Of holy Virgins; and all Saints of God,  
 Both men and women, go! Go on thy course;  
 And may thy place to-day be found in peace,  
 And may thy dwelling be the Holy Mount  
 Of Sion:—through the Same, through Christ  
 our Lord.

"The sweet toned Knabe Piano is most satisfactory and a helpful support to the voice."

**Rollie Borden, Low.**

## Part 11

|                               |   |   |   |               |
|-------------------------------|---|---|---|---------------|
| SOUL OF GERONTIUS             | - | - | - | Tenor         |
| ANGEL                         | - | - | - | Mezzo-Soprano |
| ANGEL                         | - | - | - | Bass          |
| DEMONS, ANGELICALS, AND SOULS | - | - | - | Chorus        |

### SOUL OF GERONTIUS.

I went to sleep ; and now I am refreshed.  
A strange refreshment: for I feel in me  
An inexpressive lightness, and a sense  
Of freedom, as I were at length myself,  
And ne'er had been before. How still it is!  
I hear no more the busy beat of time,  
No, nor my fluttering breath, nor struggling  
pulse ;  
Nor does one moment differ from the next.

This silence pours a solitariness  
Into the very essence of my soul ;  
And the deep rest, so soothing and so sweet,  
Hath something too of sternness and of pain.

Another marvel: someone has me fast  
Within his ample palm ; . . . .  
. . . . . A uniform  
And gentle pressure tells me I am not  
Self-moving, but borne forward on my way.  
And hark! I hear a singing: yet in sooth  
I cannot of that music rightly say  
Whether I hear, or touch, or taste the tones.  
Oh, what a heart-subduing melody!

### ANGEL.

My work is done,  
My task is o'er,  
And so I come,  
Taking it home,  
For the crown is won,  
Alleluia,  
For evermore.  
My Father gave  
In charge to me  
This child of earth  
E'en from its birth,  
To serve and save,  
Alleluia,  
And saved is he.  
This child of clay  
To me was given,  
To rear and train  
By sorrow and pain  
In the narrow way,  
Alleluia,  
From earth to heaven.

### SOUL.

It is a member of that family  
Of wondrous beings, who, ere the worlds  
were made,  
Millions of ages back, have stood around  
The throne of God.

I will address him. Mighty one, my Lord;  
My Guardian Spirit, all hail!

### ANGEL.

All hail, my child!  
My child and brother, hail! what wouldest  
thou?

### SOUL.

I would have nothing but to speak with thee  
For speaking's sake. I wish to hold with  
thee  
Conscious communion ; though I fain would  
know  
A maze of things, were it but meet to ask,  
And not a curiousness.

### ANGEL.

You cannot now  
Cherish a wish which ouhlt not to be  
wished.

### SOUL.

Then I will speak. I ever had believed  
That on the moment when the struggling  
soul  
Quitted its mortal case, forwith it fell  
Under the awful Presence of its God,  
There to be judged and sent to its own place.  
What lets me now from going to my Lord?

### ANGEL.

Thou art not let; but with extremest speed  
Art hurrying to the Just and Holy Judge.

### SOUL.

Dear Angel, say,  
Why have I now no fear at-meeting Him?  
Along my earthly life, the thought of death  
And judgment was to me most terrible.

### ANGEL.

It is because  
Then thou didst fear, that now thou dost  
not fear.

Thou hast forestalled the agony, and so  
 For thee the bitterness of death is passed.  
 Also, because already in thy soul  
 The judgment is begun.

ANGEL.

A presage falls upon thee, as a ray  
 Straight from the Judge, expressive of thy  
 lot.

That calm and joy uprising in thy soul  
 Is first-fruit to thee of thy recompense,  
 And heaven begun.

SOUL.

Now that the hour is come, my fear is fled;  
 And at this balance of my destiny,  
 Now close upon me, I can forward look  
 With a serenest joy.

But hark! upon my sense  
 Comes a fierce hubbub, which would make  
 me fear

Could I be frightened.

ANGEL.

We are now arrived  
 Close on the judgment-court; that sullen howl  
 Is from the demons who assemble there,

Hungry and wild, to claim their property,  
 And gather souls for hell. Hark to their cry.

SOUL.

How sour and how uncouth a dissonance!

DEMONS.

Low-born clods

Of brute earth,

They aspire

To become gods,

By a new birth,

And an extra grace,

And a score of merits,

As if aught

Could stand in place

Of the high thought,

And the glance of fire

Of the great spirits,

The powers blest,

The lords by right,

The primal owners,

Of the proud dwelling

And realm of light,—

Dispossessed,

Aside thrust,

Chucked down,

By the sheer might  
 Of a despot's will,  
 Of a tyrant's frown,  
 Who after expelling

Their hosts, gave,

Triumphant still,

And still unjust,

Each forfeit crown

To psalm-droners,

And canting groaners,

To every slave,

And pious cheat,

And crawling knave,

Who licked the dust

Under his feet.

ANGEL.

It is the restless panting of their being;  
 Like beasts of prey, who, caged within their  
 bars,

In a deep hideous purring have their life,  
 And an incessant pacing to and fro.

DEMONS.

The mind bold

And independent,

The purpose free,

So we are told,

Must not think

To have the ascendant.

What's a saint?

One whose breath

Doth the air taint

Before his death;

A bundle of bones,

Which fools adore,

Ha! ha!

When life is o'er.

Virtue and vice,

A knave's pretence.

'Tis all the same;

Ha! ha!

Dread of hell-fire,

Of the venomous flame,

A coward's plea.

Give him his price,

Saint though he be,

Ha! ha!

From shrewd good sense

He'll slave for hire;

Ha! ha!

And does but aspire

To the heaven above

With sordid arm,

And not from love.

"The Newcombe Piano is worthy of all praise for its beautiful tone and regular scale."

*C. Bernthaler, Accompanist Pittsburg Orchestra,*

Ha! ha!

SOUL.

I see not those false spirits, shall I see  
My dearest Master, when I reach His  
throne?

ANGEL.

Yes,—for one moment thou shalt see Thy  
Lord.

One moment; but thou knowest not, my  
child,

What thou dost ask: that sight of the Most  
Fair

Will gladden thee, but it will pierce thee too.

SOUL.

Thou speakest darkly, Angel! and an awe  
Falls on me, and a fear lest I be rash.

ANGEL.

There was a mortal, who is now above  
In the mid glory: he, when near to die,  
Was given communion with the Crucified,—  
Such, that the Master's very wounds were  
stamped

Upon his flesh; and, from the agony  
Which thrilled through body and soul in  
that embrace,

Learn that the flame of the Everlasting Love  
Doth burn ere it transform. . . .

CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,  
And in the depth be praise:

ANGEL.

. . . Hark to those sounds!

They come of tender beings angelical,  
Least and most childlike of the sons of God.

CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,  
And in the depth be praise:

In all His words most wonderful;  
Most sure in all His ways!

To us His elder race He gave  
To battle and to win,

Without the chastisement of pain,  
Without the soil of sin.

The younger son He willed to be  
A marvel in His birth:

Spirit and flesh His parents were;  
His home was heaven and earth.

This live is misplaced,

And sent Him hence afar,

The Eternal blessed His child, and armed,  
To serve as champion in the field  
Of elemental war.

To be His Viceroy in the world  
Of matter, and of sense;

Upon the frontier, towards the foe,  
A resolute defence.

ANGEL.

We now have passed the gate, and are  
within

The House of Judgment. . . .

SOUL.

The sound is like the rushing of the wind—  
The summer wind—among the lofty pines.

CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.

Glory to Him, who evermore  
By truth and justice reigns;  
Who tears the soul from out its case,  
And burns away its stains!

ANGEL.

They sing of thy approaching agony,  
Which thou so gerly didst question of.

SOUL.

My soul is in my hand: I have no fear,—

But hark! a grand mysterious harmony:  
It floods me, like the deep and solemn  
sound  
Of many waters.

ANGEL.

And now the threshold, as we traverse it,  
Utters aloud its glad responsive chant.

CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,  
And in the depth be praise:

In all His words most wonderful;  
Most sure in all His ways!

O loving wisdom of our God!  
When all was sin and shame,

A second Adam to the fight  
And to the rescue came.

O wisest love! that flesh and blood  
Which did in Adam fail,

Should strive afresh against the foe,  
Should strive and should prevail;

And that a higher gift than grace  
Should flesh and blood refine,

God's Presence and His very Self,  
And Essence all divine.

O generous love! that He who smote  
In man for man the foe,

"The singing qualities of the Bell piano are all an artist cap desire."

R. Watkin Mills.

The double agony in man  
 For man should undergo ;  
 And in the garden secretly,  
 And on the cross on high,  
 Should teach His brethren and inspire  
 To suffer and to die.  
 Praise to the Holiest in the height,  
 And in the depth be praise:  
 In all His words most wonderful ;  
 Most sure in all His ways

## ANGEL.

Thy judgment now is near, for we are come  
 Into the veiled presence of our God.

## SOUL.

I hear the voices that I left on earth.

## ANGEL.

It is the voice of friends around thy bed,  
 Who say the "Subvenite" with the priest.  
 Hither the echoes come; before the Throne  
 Stands the great Angel of the Agony,  
 The same who strengthened Him, what time  
 He knelt

Lone in the garden shade, bedewed with  
 blood.

That Angel best can plead with Him for all  
 Tormented souls, the dying and the dead.

## ANGEL OF THE AGONY.

Jesu! by that shuddering dread which fell  
 on Thee ;

Jesu! by that cold dismay which sickened  
 Thee ;

Jesu! by that pang of heart which thrilled  
 in Thee ;

Jesu! by that mount of sins which crippled  
 Thee ;

Jesu! by that sense of guilt which stifled  
 Thee ;

Jesu! by that innocence which girdled Thee!  
 Jesu! by that sanctity which reigned in  
 Thee ;

Jesu! by that Godhead which was one with  
 Thee ;

Jesu! spare these souls which are so dear  
 to Thee,

Souls, who in prison, calm and patient,  
 wait for Thee ;

Hasten, Lord, their hour, and bid them  
 come to Thee,

To that glorious Home, where they shall  
 ever gaze on Thee.

## SOUL.

I go before my Judge. . . .

## VOICES ON EARTH.

Be merciful, be gracious; spare him, Lord.

Be merciful, be gracious; Lord, deliver him.

## ANGEL.

. . . . Praise to His Name!

O happy, suffering soul! for it is safe,  
 Consumed, yet quickened, by the glance of  
 God.

## SOUL.

Take me away, and in the lowest deep  
 There let me be,

And there in hope the lone night-watches  
 keep,

Told out for me.

There, motionless and happy in my pain,  
 Lone, not forlorn,—

There will I sing my sad perpetual strain,  
 Until the morn,

There will I sing, and soothe my stricken  
 breast,

Which ne'er can cease

To throb, and pine, and languish, till  
 possess

Of its Sole Peace.

There will I sing my absent Lord: and Love:—  
 Take me away,

That sooner I may rise, and go above,

And see Him in the truth of everlasting day.

## SOULS IN PURGATORY.

Lord, Thou hast been our refuge: in every  
 generation ;

Before the hills were born, and the world  
 was: from age to age Thou art God.

Bring us not, Lord, very low: for Thou hast  
 said, Come back again, ye sons of Adam.

Come back, O Lord! how long: and be  
 entreated for Thy servants.

## ANGEL.

Softly and gently, dearly-ransomed soul,

In my most loving arms I now enfold thee,  
 And, o'er the penal waters, as they roll,

I poise thee, and I lower thee, and hold  
 thee.

And carefully I dip thee in the lake,

And thou, without a sob or a resistance,  
 Dost through the flood thy rapid passage  
 take,

Sinking deep, deeper, into the dim distance.

Angels; to whom the willing task is given,  
 Shall tend, and nurse, and lull thee, as  
 thou liest ;

And Masses on the earth, and prayers in  
 heaven,

Shall aid thee at the Throne of the Most  
Highest.

Farewell, but not for ever! brother dear,  
Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow;  
Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here,  
And I will come and wake thee on the

morrow.

SOULS.

Lord, Thou hast been our refuge, &c. Amen.

CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.

Praise to the Holiest, &c. Amen.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

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