

Cape Consort

‘DE PROFUNDIS CLAMAVI’

Biber, Buxtehude, Bruhns & Bach

SOLOISTS:

Antoinette Lohmann - baroque violin

Charles Ainslie - bass

SUNDAY, 22 MARCH, 16:30

Toring Kerk, Paarl

TUESDAY, 24 MARCH, 19:30

St Andrews Church, Cape Town

Tickets at the door: R 100,- / R 50,-

The Joan St Leger
Lindbergh
Charitable Trust

enquiries: Charles @ 079-1611061



Lent concert

presented by the South African Early Music Trust (SAEMT) and the *Cape Consort*

Sunday, 22nd March, 16h30, Toring Kerk Paarl

Tuesday, 24th March, 19h30, St Andrews Church, Cape Town

'De profundis clamavi'

Psalms and Laments in German Baroque music

Nikolaus Bruhns
(1665-1697)

De profundis clamavi
Psalm setting for bass,
2 violins and basso continuo

Heinrich I.F. Biber
(1644-1704)

Sonata No. 6
from the Mystery Sonatas
for solo violin and continuo

Johann Heinrich Schmelzer
(ca. 1623-1680)

Lamento sopra la morte Ferdinandi III
for strings and basso continuo

Dietrich Buxtehude
(ca. 1637-1707)

Mein Herz ist bereit (BuxWV 73)
Cantata for bass, 3 violins and basso continuo

– *Interval* –

Heinrich I.F. Biber

Nisi Dominus
Psalm setting for bass, violin and basso continuo

Dietrich Buxtehude

Sonata 3 in a-minor
from VII SONATE a doi, op 1

Johann Christoph Bach
(1642-1703)

Wie bist du, O Gott, in Zorn auf mich entbrannt
Lamento for bass, 4 viols and basso continuo

**Cape
Consort**

Charles Ainslie – bass baritone
Antoinette Lohmann – baroque violin
Annie Shaw – baroque violin
Valentina Vorster – baroque violin, viola
Erik Dippenaar – organ, harpsichord
Hans Huyssen – baroque cello

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

De profundis clamavi

De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine;
Domine, exaudi vocem meam. Fiant aures tuæ
intendentes in vocem deprecationis meæ.
Si iniquitates observaveris, Domine, Domine, quis
sustinebit?
Quia apud te propitiatio est; et propter legem tuam
sustinui te, Domine.
Sustinuit anima mea in verbo ejus:
Speravit anima mea in Domino.
A custodia matutina usque ad noctem, speret Israël in
Domino.
Quia apud Dominum misericordia, et copiosa apud
eum redemptio.
Et ipse redimet Israël ex omnibus iniquitatibus ejus.
Amen.

From the depths, I have cried out to you, O Lord;
Lord, hear my voice. Let your ears be attentive
to the voice of my supplication.
If you, Lord, were to mark iniquities, who, O Lord,
shall stand?
For with you is forgiveness; and because of your law,
I stood by you, Lord.
My soul has stood by his word.
My soul has hoped in the Lord.
From the morning watch, even until night, let Israel
hope in the Lord.
For with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is
plenteous redemption.
And he will redeem Israel from all his iniquities.
Amen.

Ps 130, 1-8

Mein Herz ist bereit

Mein Herz ist bereit, Gott,
dass ich singe und lobe.
Wache auf, meine Ehre, wache auf.
Wohlauf, Psalter und Harfen!
Früh will ich aufwachen.
Herr, ich will dir danken unter den Völkern,
ich will dir lobsingen unter den Leuten.
Denn Deine Gute ist so weit der Himmel
ist und Deine Wahrheit, so weit die Wolken gehen.
Erhebe dich, Gott, über den Himmel
und deine Ehre über alle Welt.
Alleluia.

My heart is ready, O God,
So that I sing and give praise.
Awake, my glory, awake.
Awake, psalter and harp
I want to wake up early.
Lord, I will praise you among the nations,
I will sing praises unto thee among the people.
Because your kindness as far as the sky
and your truth goes as far as the clouds.
Be exalted, O God, above the heavens
and thy glory above all the earth.
Alleluia.

Ps 57, 8-12

Nisi Dominus

Nisi Dominus aedificaverit domum, in vanum
laboraverunt qui aedificant eam.
Nisi Dominus custodierit civitatem, frustra vigilat qui
custodit eam.
Vanum est vobis ante lucem surgere: surgite postquam
sederitis, qui manducatis panem
doloris. Cum dederit dilectis suis somnum,
ecce haereditas Domini, filii; merces, fructus ventris.

Sicut sagittae in manu potentis, ita filii excussorum.

Beatus vir qui implevit desiderium suum ex ipsis: non
confundetur cum loquetur
inimicis suis in porta.

Except the Lord build the house: their labour is but
lost that build it.
Except the Lord keep the city: the watchman waketh
but in vain.
It is but lost labour that ye haste to rise up early, and
so late take rest, and eat the bread of carefulness: for
so he giveth his beloved sleep.
Lo, children and the fruit of the womb: are an
heritage and gift that cometh of the Lord.
Like as the arrows in the hand of the giant: even so
are the young children.
Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them:
they shall not be ashamed when they speak
with their enemies in the gate.

Ps 127, 1-6

Wie bist du denn, o Gott

Wie bist du denn, o Gott, in Zorn auf mich entbrannt,
ist deine Güte gar in Eifer umgewandt?

Vor Trauern hab ich fast kein Mark mehr in den Beinen,
die Augen werden Blut und schwellen auf von Weinen.
Des Jammers Unmut hat mir allen Mut genommen,
ich bin vor Kümmeris fast von mir selber kommen.
Wenn alles in der Nacht empfindet seine Ruh,
so wach ich ganz allein und tu kein Auge zu;
dann ist es mir bequem, mich inniglich zu kränken,
dann pfleg ich meiner Not am meisten nachzudenken,
dann überkomm ich Lust, die Unlust nicht zu hemmen,
dann könnte man mich sehn, mein Lager recht
durchschwemmen.

Ach Gott, willst du mit mir nun zürnen ewiglich,
will denn dein Antlitz gar vor mir verbergen sich?
Wie streck ich Tag und Nacht zu dir aus meine Hände!
Du aber fleuchst, je mehr ich, Herr, mich zu dir wende.
Ich dacht, du würdest mich auf einen Fels erhöhen,
so muss ich tief hinab fast in den Abgrund gehen.
Du gibst mir manchen Stoß zu meinem kranken
Herzen;
du schlägst mich, da es mich am meisten pflegt
zu schmerzen.

Warum verfolgst du mich, was willst du von mir haben?

Was hat ein Mensch für dich, was forderst du für
Gaben?
Begehrt du Herzensangst, der hab ich g'nug bei mir.
Vielleicht ist dir gedient mit Tränen, die sind hier.
Mit Demut? Lieg ich doch oft vor dir auf Erden.
Mit Seufzern? Ihrer kann nicht mehr gefunden werden.
Mein Gott, sei länger nicht in Zorn auf mich entbrannt,
lass deinen Eifer sein in Güte umgewandt.

*nach einer aus dem 17. Jahrhundert stammenden
Paraphrase der Bußpsalmen*

Why are you then, o God, inflamed with wrath
against me? Is your lovingkindness quite transformed
into zeal?

I can barely stand for grief, my eyes turn to blood,
and are swollen with weeping.
Vexation at lamenting has taken all my spirit,
I am almost beside myself with sorrow.
When others at night find their repose,
I alone am awake, and do not sleep;
then it is timely for me to grieve most deeply,
then I am most wont to contemplate my anguish,
then desire not to curb my sorrow overtakes me,
then might I be seen, my bed quite soaked with
tears.

Ah God, will you rage against me for ever,
will your countenance be entirely hidden from me?
Day and night I stretch out my hands to you!
But you fly from me, Lord, the more I turn towards
you.
I thought you would set me high upon a rock,
yet I must go deep down all but into the abyss.
Many a stab you give my ailing heart;
you smite me where my grief is most acute.

Why do you persecute me, what would you have
from me?

What can a man give you, what do you ask as
tribute?
If you desire heart's anguish, I have enough.
If tears might be of service, they are here.
Or humility? I lie often before you on the ground.
Or sighs? There are no more to be found.
My God, be no longer inflamed with wrath against
me,
let your zeal be transformed into loving kindness.

*Based on a 17th-century paraphrase of the
Penitential Psalms*

upcoming concerts:



Reinhard Keiser (1674-1739)

St. Mark's Passion (1717)

Friday, 27 March, 19h00, Wynberg Dutch Reformed Church, Durban Rd, Wynberg

Sunday, 29 March, 16h00, Stellenbosch Lutheran Church, 26 Hofmeyr Str, Stellenbosch