

**[1] Kyrie**

Kyrie eleison.  
Christe eleison.  
Lord have mercy.

*Lord have mercy.  
Christ have mercy.  
Lord have mercy.*

**[2] Gloria**

Gloria in excelsis Deo.  
Et in terra pax  
hominibus bonae voluntatis.  
Laudamus te. Benedicimus te.  
Adoramus te. Glorificamus te.  
Gratis agimus tibi  
propter magnam gloriam tuam.  
Domine Deus, Rex coelestis,  
Deus Pater omnipotens.  
Domine Fili unigenite, Jesu Christe.  
Domine Deus, Agnus Dei,  
Filius Patris.  
Qui tollis peccata mundi,  
suscipte deprecationem nostram.  
Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris,  
miserere nobis.  
Quoniam tu dolus sanctus.  
Tu solus Dominus.  
Tu solus Altissimus, Jesu Christe.  
Cum Sancto Spiritu  
in gloria Dei Patris.  
Amen.

*Glory to God in the highest.  
And on earth peace  
to all those of good will.  
We praise thee. We bless thee.  
We worship thee. We glorify thee.  
We give thanks to thee  
according to thy great glory.  
Lord God, Heavenly King,  
God the Father almighty.  
Lord Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son.  
Lord God, Lamb of God,  
Son of the Father.  
Thou who takest away the sins of the world,  
receive our prayer.  
Thou who sittest at the right hand of the Father,  
have mercy upon us.  
For Thou alone art holy.  
Thou alone art the Lord.  
Thou alone art the most high, Jesus Christ.  
With the Holy Spirit  
in the glory of God the Father.  
Amen.*

**[3] Credo**

Credo in unum Deum,  
Patrem omnipotentem,  
factorem coeli et terrae  
visibilium omnium, et invisibilium.  
Et in unum Dominum Jesum Christum,  
Filium Dei unigenitum.  
Et ex Patre natum ante omni saecula.  
Deum de Deo, lumen de lumine,  
Deum verum de Deo vero.  
Genitum, non factum,  
consubstantiale Patri  
per quem omnia facta sunt.

Qui propter nos homines et propter nostram salute  
descendit de caelis.  
Et incarnatus est de Spiritu Sancto  
ex Maria Virgine. Et homo factus est.  
Crucifixus etiam pro nobis sub Pontio Pilato:  
passus, et sepultus et.  
Et resurrexit tertia die,  
secundum Scripturas.  
Et ascendit in caelum:  
sedet ad dexteram Patris.  
Et iterum venturus est cum Gloria  
judicare vivos et mortuos:  
cujus regni non erit finis.  
Et in Spiritum Sanctum  
Dominum, et vivificantem:  
qui ex Patre Filioque procedit.  
Qui cum Patre, et Filio  
simul adorature et conglorificatur:  
qui locutus est per Prophetas.  
Et unam, sanctam, catholicam  
et apostolicam Ecclesiam  
Confiteor unum baptismum  
in remissionem peccatorum.  
Et expecto resurrectionem mortuorum.  
Et vitam venturi saeculi.  
Amen.

*I believe in one God,  
The Father Almighty,  
maker of heaven and earth,  
and of all things visible and invisible.  
And I believe in one Lord, Jesus Christ,  
the only begotten Son of God,  
born of the Father before all ages.  
God from God, Light from Light,  
True God from true God.  
Begotten, not made,  
of one substance with the Father  
by whom all things were made.*

*Who for us and for our salvation  
came down from heaven.  
And was incarnate by the Holy Spirit  
of the Virgin Mary. And was made man.  
Crucified also for us under Pontius Pilate,  
he suffered, and was buried.  
And on the third day he rose again,  
according to the Scriptures.  
He ascended into heaven and  
he sits at the right hand of the Father.  
He shall come again with glory,  
to judge the living and the dead;  
and of his kingdom there will be no end.  
And I believe in the Holy Spirit,  
the Lord and Giver of life,  
who proceeds from the Father and the Son  
who together with the Father and the Son  
is adored and glorified,  
who spoke to us through the Prophets.  
And I believe in one, holy, catholic  
and Apostolic Church.  
I confess one baptism  
for the remission of sins.  
I await the resurrection of the dead,  
and the life of the world to come.  
Amen.*

[4] **Sanctus**

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

Benedictus qui venit  
in nomine Domini.  
Osanna in excelsis.

*Holy, Holy, Holy,  
Lord God of Hosts.  
Heaven and earth are full  
of thy glory.  
Hosanna in the highest.*

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

[5] **Agnus Dei**

Agnus Dei  
qui tollis peccata mundi:  
miserere nobis.  
Agnus Dei  
ui tollis peccata mundi  
dona nobis pacem.

*Lamb of God,  
who takest away the sins of the world,  
have mercy upon us.  
Lamb of God,  
who takest away the sins of the world,  
grant us peace.*

**Carols of Death**

*Walt Whitman*

[6] **The Last Invocation**

At the last, tenderly,  
From the walls of the powerful fortress'd house,  
From the clasp of the knitted locks,  
from the keep of the well-closed doors,  
Let me be wafted.

Let me glide noiselessly forth;  
With the key of softness unlock the locks—with a whisper,  
Set ope the doors O soul.

Tenderly—be not impatient,  
(Strong is your hold O mortal flesh,  
Strong is your hold O love).

[7] **The Unknown Region**

Darest thou now O soul,  
Walk out with me toward the unknown region,  
Where neither ground is for the feet nor any path to follow?

No map there, nor guide,  
Nor voice sounding nor touch of human hand,  
Nor face with blooming flesh, nor lips, nor eyes,  
are in that land.

I know it not O soul,  
Nor dost thou, all is a blank before us,  
All waits undream'd of in that region,  
that inaccessible land.

The unknown region.

[8] **To All, To Each**

Come lovely and soothing death,  
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving,  
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,  
Sooner or later delicate death.

**The Mask**

[9] **We Wear the Mask**  
*Paul Laurence Dunbar*

We wear the mask that grins and lies,  
It hides our cheeks and shades our eyes—  
This debt we pay to human guile;  
With torn and bleeding hearts we smile,  
And mouth with myriad subtleties.

Why should the world be over-wise,  
In counting all our tears and sighs?  
Nay, let them see us, while  
We wear the mask.

We smile, but, O great Christ, our cries  
To thee from tortured souls arise.  
We sing, but oh the clay is vile  
Beneath our feet, and long the mile;  
But let the world dream otherwise,  
We wear the mask.

[10] **Heritage**  
*Gwendolyn B. Bennett*

I want to see the slim palm-trees,  
Pulling at the clouds  
With little pointed fingers....

I want to see lithe Negro girls,  
Etched dark against the sky  
While sunset lingers.

I want to hear the silent sands,  
Singing to the moon  
Before the sphinx-still face....

I want to hear the chanting  
Around a heathen fire  
Of a strange black race.

I want to breathe the Lotus flow'r,  
Sighing to the stars  
With tendrils drinking at the Nile....

I want to feel the surging  
Of my sad's people's soul  
Hidden by a minstrel-smile.

[11] **Shadow**  
*Richard Bruce*

Silhouette  
on the face of the moon  
am I.  
A dark shadow in the light.  
A silhouette am I  
on the face of the moon  
lacking colour  
or vivid brightness  
but defined all the clearer  
because  
I am dark,  
black on the face of the moon.  
A shadow am I  
growing in the light,  
not understood as in the day,  
but more easily seen  
because  
I am a shadow in the light.

[12] **Worn Faces**  
*Charles Cyrus Thomas*

Hills about the countryside,  
Cold and bare, dissatisfied.  
From the years of deep regret,  
Loboring, paying on her debt,  
On through life.

Deep the gullies scar her face  
Where the waters run their race;  
Once a smooth and sun-lit hill—  
Now she's ragged, worn and still—  
Dead from strife.

Aged and worn, a human's face  
Where the tears in steady pace  
Cut the youth to ragged forms  
As it faces roughest storms  
Seeking life.

[13] **Interlude for Natalie (instrumental)**

[14] **Portrait**  
*T. J. Anderson III*

When woman picked up first stone,  
made that rhythmic thud called fire,  
Sun shone sheen on mountain.  
The eland rubbed its twisted horns  
against the black scab of a tree.

Fingers dip in an ivory thicket of keys.  
The last ticket holder staggers in.  
Black print programs fade to music.  
Pastel crescent shadow rippling  
on curtain waves of savanna grass.

Sing a song to the rain's cool baptism  
seeping through the flash of ceremonial masks.  
The percussive hammer strikes wire  
—an arpeggio cradled in the arms of silence.

**The Hour-Glass**  
*Ben Jonson, c. 1573-1637*

[15] **O know to end as to begin**  
O know to end as to begin.  
A minute's loss in love is sin.  
You do our rites much wrong  
In seeking to prolong

These outward pleasures.  
The night hath other treasures  
Than these, though long concealed,  
Ere day to be revealed.

[16] **Have you seen the white lily grow**  
Have you seen the white lily grow,  
Before rude hands have touched it?  
Have you seen the fall of the snow,  
Before the soil hath smutched it?  
Have you felt the wool of beaver  
Or swan's down ever?  
Have you tasted the bag of the bee?  
Oh so fair, so soft, so sweet is she!

[17] **O do not wanton with those eyes**  
O do not wanton with those eyes,  
Lest I be sick with seeing;  
Nor cast them down, but let them rise,  
Lest shame destroy their being.

O be not angry with those fires,  
For then their threats will kill me,  
Nor look too kind on my desires,  
For then my hopes will spill me.

O do not steep them in my tears,  
For so will sorrow slay me;  
Nor spread them as distract with fears,  
Mine own enough betray me.

[18] **Against Jealousy**  
Wretched and foolish Jealousy,  
How cam'st thou thus to enter me?  
I ne'er was of thy kind,  
Nor have I yet the narrow mind  
To vent that poor desire,  
That others should not warm them by my fire,  
I wish the sun should shine  
On all men's fruit and flow'r's as well as mine.

But under the disguise of love!  
Thou sayest thou only cam'st to prove  
What my affections were.  
Think'st thou that love is helped by fear?  
Go, get thee quickly forth,  
Love's sickness and his noted want of worth,  
Seek doubting men to please.  
I ne'er will owe my health to a disease.

[19] **Lament**  
Slow, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my salt tears;  
Yet slower, yet, O faintly, gentle springs!  
List to the heavy part the music bears:  
Woe weeps out her division, when she sings.  
Droop herbs and flowers;  
Fall grief in showers;  
Our beauties are not ours.  
O, I could still,  
Like melting snow upon some craggy hill,

Drop, drop, drop, drop,  
Since nature's pride is now a withered daffodil.

**[20] The Hour-Glass**

Do but consider this small dust,  
Here running in the glass by atoms moved;  
Could you believe that this the body ever  
Was one that loved?  
And in his mistress' flame, plain like a fly,  
Burned into cinders by her eye?

Yes, and in death, as life unblest,  
In death, as in life, to have it exprest,  
Even ashes of lovers find no rest.

**Psalms**

**[21] Part I**

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, who made heaven and earth. In His hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is His also.

**[22] Part II**

Sing unto the Lord! Sing a new song unto the Lord; for He hath done marvelous things. Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth: make a loud noise and rejoice and sing praise. With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise unto the Lord.

**[23] Part III**

The Lord is my shepherd. I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul.