



PENTATONE

TRACK
INFORMATION

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ROSTER

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STATEMENT

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LYRICS

ACKNOWLEDGE-
MENTS

Igor Stravinsky Late Works
Cappella Amsterdam
Noord Nederlands Orkest

DANIEL REUSS

Igor Stravinsky (1882-1971)

1 **Chorale** 2. 15

Dirk Luijmes & Martin Logar, harmonium

In Memoriam Dylan Thomas

2 I. Dirge-Canons (Prelude) 1. 34
 3 II. Do not go gentle into that good night 4. 08
 4 III. Dirge-Canons (Postlude) 1. 36

Guy Cutting, tenor

5 **Otche Nash** 1. 39

Threni

6 Incipit 0. 52
 7 De Elegia Prima 7. 06
 8 De Elegia Tertia: I. Querimonia 6. 46
 9 De Elegia Tertia: II. Sensus spei 6. 32
 10 De Elegia Tertia: III. Solacium 3. 30
 11 De Elegia Quinta: Oratio Jeremiae Prophetæ 2. 56

Berit Norbakken, soprano **Marianne Beate Kielland**, mezzo-soprano

Guy Cutting, tenor **Thomas Walker**, tenor

Tobias Berndt, bass **Stephan MacLeod**, bass

12 **Double Canon** 1. 28

13 **Anthem** 2. 21

14 **Elegy for J.F.K.** 2. 01

Berit Norbakken, soprano

15 **Epitaphium** 1. 18

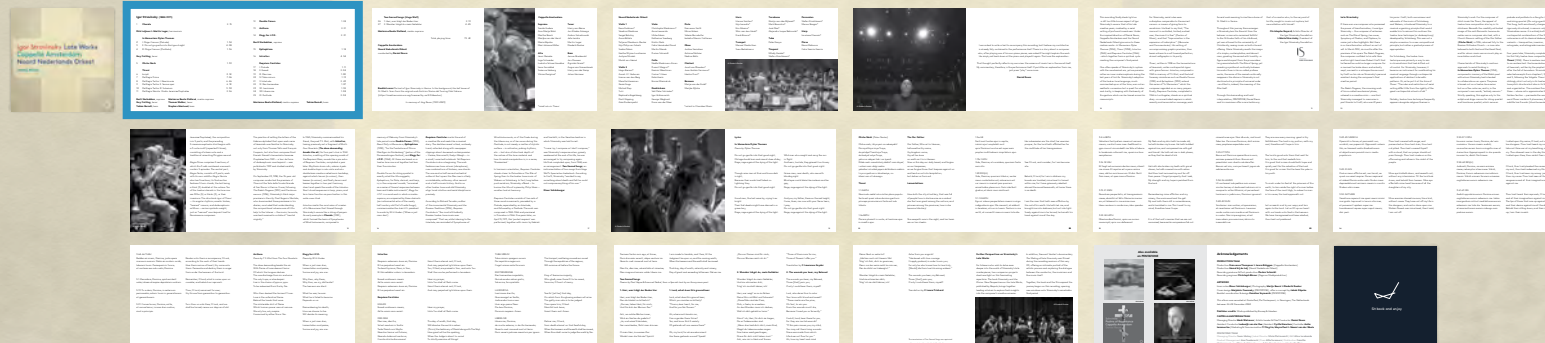
16 **Introitus** 4. 54

Requiem Canticles

17 I. Prelude 1. 11
 18 II. Exaudi 2. 04
 19 III. Dies iræ 1. 00
 20 IV. Tuba mirum 1. 13
 21 V. Interlude 2. 43
 22 VI. Rex tremendæ 1. 07
 23 VII. Lacrimosa 1. 55
 24 VIII. Libera me 1. 08
 25 IX. Postlude 2. 04

Marianne Beate Kielland, mezzo-soprano

Tobias Berndt, bass



Two Sacred Songs (Hugo Wolf)

26	1. Herr, was trägt der Boden hier	2. 19
27	2. Wunden trägst du mein Geliebter	4. 45

Marianne Beate Kielland, mezzo-soprano

Total playing time: 72. 42

Cappella Amsterdam
Noord Nederlands Orkest
 conducted by **Daniel Reuss**
Booklet cover *Portrait of Igor Stravinsky in Venice. In the background, the bell tower of St. Mark's. Scan from the original work Archivio Storico del Touring Club Italiano (<https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-sa/4.0/deed.en>)*
In memory of Jörg Reuss (1929-2023)


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Cappella Amsterdam
Soprano

 Sanda Audere
 Ana-Marija Brkić
 Martha Bosch
 Marijke van der Harst
 Maria Köpcke
 Mari Johanne Müller

Tenor

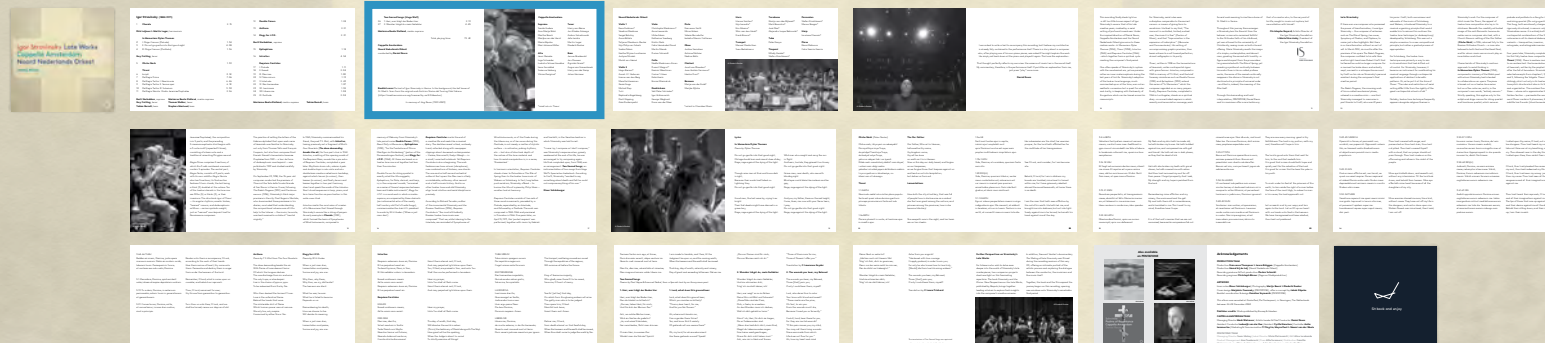
 Harry van Berne
 Jon Etxabe Arzuaga
 Ambro Golachowski
 Jelle Leistra
 Martin Logar
 Diederik Rooker

Alto

 Jenni Reineke
 Inga Schneider
 Ludmila Schwartzwalder
 Irene Sorozábal
 Suzanne Verburg
 Vizma Zvaigzne*

Bass

 Jeroen Bredewold
 Jan Douwes
 Zigmārs Grasis*
 Angus van Grevenbroek
 Harry van der Kamp
 Johan Vermeer

 *small solo in *Threni*


Noord Nederlands Orkest
Violin 1

Eeva Koskinen*
Veselina Manikova
Sergei Bolotny
Anna Britala
Tatjana Oterdoom-Reuter
Gijs Philip van Schaik
Saskia Peters
Grethe Wijma-Luurtsema
Justyna Mrozek
Muriël van Hemel

Violin 2

Hugo Berreni*
Annet J.C. Verboom
Lianne van den Berg
Marette Haaxman
Xenia Gogu
Michiel Klep
Yu Li
Raphaella Engelsberg
Dorit Köpping
Azra Rustempašić

Viola

Christophe Weidmann*
Anne Leonardo
Ulrike Adam
Katharina Saerberg
Kristin Stets
Celia Hernández Doval
Martin Manak
Florian Schneidt

Cello

Noëlle Weidmann-Ercan
Florent Maigrot*
Kasimir Weertman
Corine 't Hoen
Kate Harris
Emma Warmelink

Double bass

Veit Peter Schüssler*
Igor Arzhanovich
George Weghorst
Finne van der Maar

Flute

Francesco Gatti
Mirna Ackers
Valerie Burndorfer
Isabella Mancin Cattaneo

Oboe

Justine Gerretsen
Antoine Metivier
Nadine Bults

Clarinet

Joost van Rheeden*
Juan Andrés Carmona*
Hanka Clout*

Bassoon

Marije van der Ende*
Marijke Zijlstra

*soloist in Chamber Music

Horn

Hanna Guirten*
Gijs Laceulle*
Eric Aikema*
Wim van den Haak*
Frank Brouns*

Trumpet

Manuel Davila Ares
Sven Berkelmans

Trombone

Quirijn van den Bijlaard*
Mark Boonstra*
José Dias*
Alejandro Luque Belmonte*

Tuba

Péter Kanya

Timpani

Mihály Kaszás*
Stefan Kirschbaum*

Percussion

Stefan Kirschbaum*
Menno Bosgra*

Harp

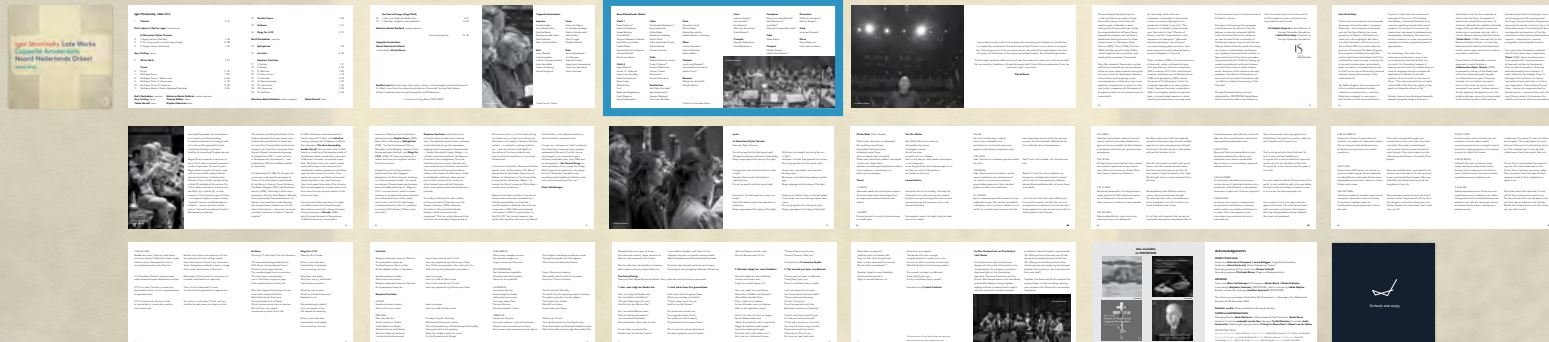
Lauriane Chenais*

Piano

Elena Malinova
Celia García-García



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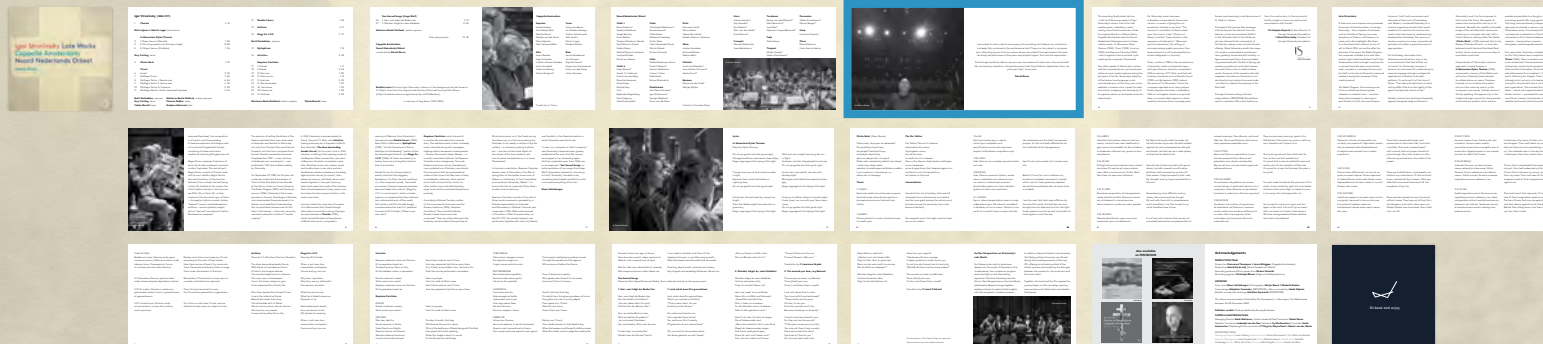




I was asked to write a text to accompany this recording, but I believe my contribution is already fully contained in the performance itself. There is a story about a composer who, after playing one of his own piano pieces, was asked if he might explain the work. He simply sat back down at the piano and played it again. That was the explanation.

That thought perfectly reflects my own view: the essence of music lies in the sound itself. My commentary, therefore, is the performance itself. If you'd like an explanation from me, just press "play" once more.

Daniel Reuss





This recording finally sheds light on a still too little known aspect of Igor Stravinsky's oeuvre: that of his late creative years, marked by a serial writing of profound inwardness. Under the inspired direction of Daniel Reuss, Cappella Amsterdam and the Noord Nederlands Orkest give voice to these mature works – *In Memoriam Dylan Thomas* (1954), *Threni* (1958), *Introitus* (1965) and *Requiem Canticles* (1966) – which together form a spiritual cycle marking the composer's final period.

One often speaks of Stravinsky's rupture with the neoclassical era, yet we perceive rather an inner metamorphosis during the last years of his life. Stravinsky's adoption of the twelve-tone language, much commented upon at the time, was not an aesthetic conversion but a quest for order and clarity, in keeping with the beauty of the gesture which can be traced across his manuscripts.

For Stravinsky, serial rules were a discipline comparable to the ancient canons – a means of giving form to asceticism. He liked to say that, "The more art is controlled, limited, worked over, the more it is free" (*Poetics of Music*), and that "Improvisation is the expression of indiscipline." (*Memories and Commentaries*). His writing, of uncompromising graphic precision, thus bears witness to a will toward perfection, almost calligraphic in its purity.

Threni, written in 1958 on the *Lamentations of Jeremiah*, unites contrapuntal rigour with grave fervour. *Introitus*, composed in 1965 in memory of T.S. Eliot, and the brief funerary miniatures such as *Double Canon* (1959) and *Epitaphium* (1959) extend this series of "In Memoriam" which the composer regarded as so many prayers. Finally, *Requiem Canticles*, completed in 1966 in Los Angeles, stands as a spiritual diary – a concentrated requiem in which serenity and renunciation converge, each

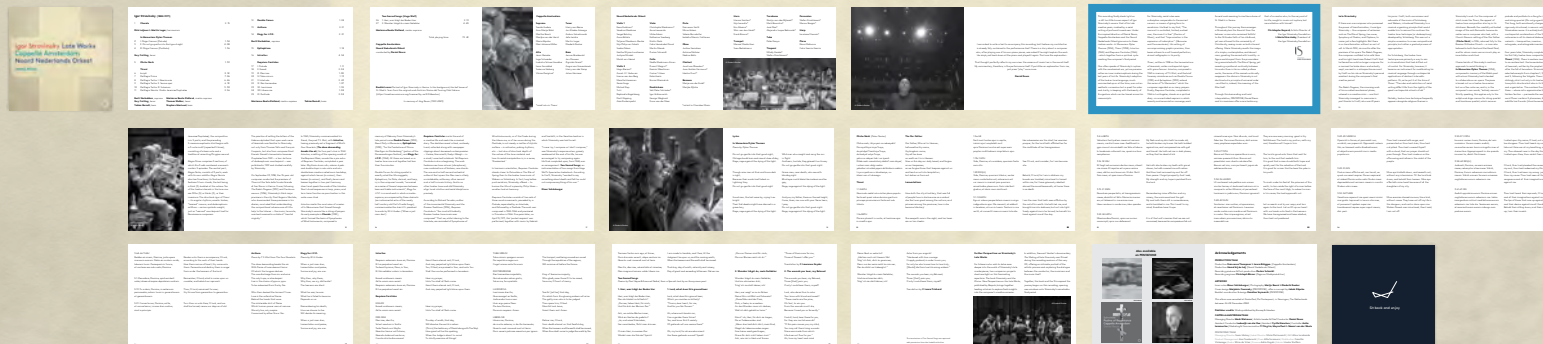
funeral work seeming to rise like a dome of St. Mark's in Venice.

Throughout this journey there emerges a Stravinsky less the theorist than the believer: a man who remained faithful to the Orthodox faith of his childhood, yet was attuned to the universality of Christianity, seeing music as both rite and offering. Marie Stravinsky recalls the image of a simple, contemplative, and devout man, greeting the sacred with humility – a figure worlds apart from the provocateur long associated with *The Rite of Spring*, yet revealing a profound continuity between his works. Even in his so-called profane works, the sense of the sacred continually reappears: the divine in Stravinsky is not doctrine but a principle of universal order – and that is, indeed, the meaning of the *Rite* itself.

Through this demanding and lucid interpretation, PENTATONE, Daniel Reuss and his musicians offer a rare testimony:

that of a creator who, to the very end of his life, sought in music not rupture, but reconciliation with himself.

Christophe Guyard, Artistic Director of the Igor Stravinsky Foundation & **Marie Stravinsky**, President of the Igor Stravinsky Foundation



Late Stravinsky

If there was one composer who possessed the power of transformation, it was Igor Stravinsky — the composer of extremes such as *The Rite of Spring*, *Les noces*, *Symphony of Psalms*, and *Orpheus*, to name just a few highlights. But there is no transformation without an act of will. In March 1952, six months after the premiere of his opera *The Rake's Progress*, the composer confided to his wife Vera and his right-hand man Robert Craft that he feared he could no longer compose. For a moment he broke down and actually wept, we read in a retrospective account by Craft on his role as Stravinsky's personal assistant during the composer's final creative period.

The Rake's Progress, the crowning work of his so-called neoclassical phase, ushered in a creative crisis — one that Stravinsky managed to overcome in part thanks to Craft, who was 41 years

his junior. Craft, both connoisseur and advocate of the music of Schönberg and Webern, introduced Stravinsky to a musical organizing principle that would enable him to reinvent his routines: the twelve-tone technique (or dodecaphony) developed by Schönberg. This was not a simple conversion to a new compositional principle, but rather a gradual process of appropriation.

For Schönberg, the twelve-tone technique was primarily a way to rein in chromaticism that had drifted out of control. For Stravinsky, however, it became an instrument for recalibrating his musical language through contrapuntal applications of abstract intervallic patterns. Or, as he put it at the time of *Threni*: "The rules and restrictions of serial writing differ little from the rigidity of the great contrapuntal schools of old."

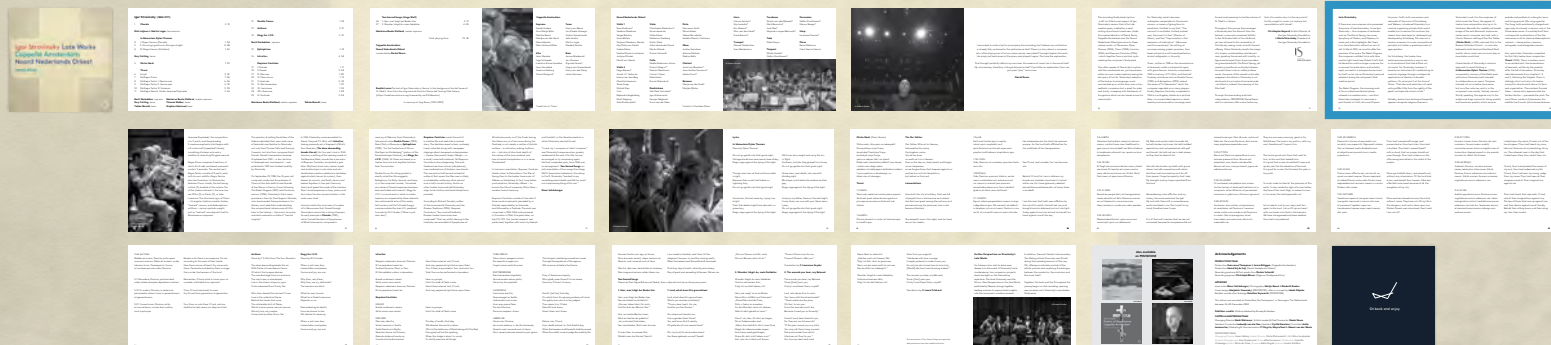
Notably, twelve-tone technique frequently appears alongside religious themes in

Stravinsky's work. For the composer of strict music like *Threni*, the appeal of twelve-tone composition also lay in its strictness. Beneath the carefully cultivated image of the anti-Romantic *homme de métier* was a composer who had, with a Church Slavonic setting of the Our Father (**Otche Nash**) in 1926, returned fully to the Russian Orthodox Church — a man who believed in both God and the literal Devil, and for whom music was as much play as incantation and ritual.

Characteristic of Stravinsky's cautious approach to serial thinking is **In Memoriam Dylan Thomas** (1954), composed in memory of the Welsh poet with whom Stravinsky had intended to collaborate on an opera. The piece is based not on a twelve-tone series but on a five-note row, and is, in the composer's own words, "entirely canonic." Strictly speaking, this applies only to the antiphonal dirge-canon for string quartet and trombone quartet, which serve as

prelude and postlude to a *Song for tenor and string quartet* (*Do not go gentle*). This *Song*, both emotionally charged and rigorously structured, is canonic only in the Stravinskian sense: it is entirely built from contrapuntal combinations of the five-note series in all its classical dodecaphonic variants — transposition, inversion, retrograde, and retrograde inversion.

Four years later, Stravinsky completed his first fully twelve-tone composition: **Threni** (1958). *Threni* is austere music to an austere text: the *Lamentations of Jeremiah*, written by the prophet after the fall of Jerusalem. Stravinsky selected excerpts from chapters 1, 3, and 5, following the Vulgate. *Threni* is strikingly strict not only in its twelve-tone pitch structure but also in its form and organization. The numbers five and three — whose ratio approximates the Golden Section — permeate the work. The word *Threni* contains 5 phonemes; the subtitle has 5 words (*Id est Lamentationes*





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Jeremiae Prophetæ); the composition is in 5 parts; and the preceding 5-measure *explicatio tituli* begins with a 3-note motif (repeated 5 times), consisting of a bass note and a traditional lamenting Phrygian second.

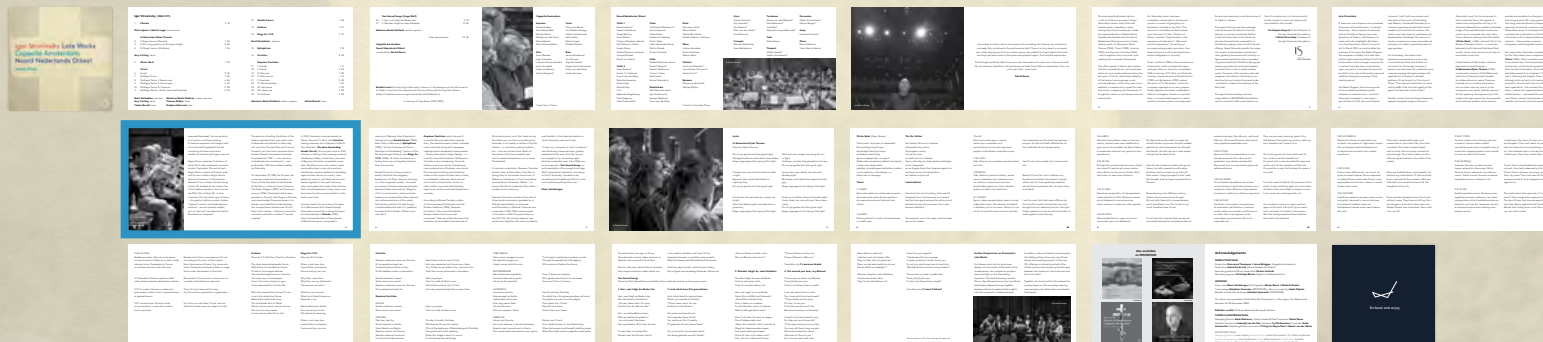
Elegia Prima comprises 5 sections, of which the 3 odd-numbered ones each contain 5 episodes. The central part, *Elegia Tertia*, consists of 3 parts, each with its own subtitle. *Elegia Quinta* also has 5 sections; its final section features 5 horn chords, the last being a third (3) doubled at the octave. Ten of the twelve intervals in the tone row are fifths (5) or thirds (3), or their inversions. The structural rigor of *Threni* — its angular rhythms, ascetic timbre, “learned” canons, and dodecaphonic artifices — carries symbolic weight, just as “learned” counterpoint had for Renaissance composers.

The practice of setting the letters of the Hebrew alphabet that open each verse of Jeremiah was familiar to Stravinsky not only from Thomas Tallis and François Couperin, but also from composer Ernst Krenek. Krenek’s *Lamentatio Jeremiae Prophetæ* from 1941 — a tour de force of dodecaphonic counterpoint — was published in 1957 and studied carefully by Stravinsky.

On September 23, 1958, the 76-year-old composer conducted the premiere of *Threni* at the Sala della Scuola Grande di San Rocco in Venice. It was, following *The Rake’s Progress* (1951) and *Canticum sacrum* (1956), Stravinsky’s third major premiere in the city. Poet Eugenio Montale, who documented these premieres in his diaries, concluded that understanding the compositional scheme was of little help to the listener — the music, he wrote, was best received in a state of “mental virginity.”

In 1965, Stravinsky commemorated his friend, the poet T.S. Eliot, with *Introitus*, having previously set a fragment of Eliot’s *Four Quartets* (*The dove descending breaks the air*) for four-part choir in 1962. *Introitus*, a setting of the opening words of the Requiem Mass, sounds like a pre-echo of *Requiem Canticles*, completed a year later. Rhythmic drum rolls, solemn dyads and double stops in solo viola and solo double bass create a veiled sonic backdrop, against which tenors (in unison), then basses (in unison), and finally tenors and basses together in two-part harmony chant and speak the words of the *Introitus*. Short chord sequences in harp, piano, and tam-tams function as punctuation in this *sotto voce* ritual.

Introitus marks the conclusion of a series of *In Memoriam*s that thread through Stravinsky’s oeuvre like a string of prayers. An early example is *Chorale* (1920), which formed the basis of *Symphonies of Wind Instruments*, composed in



memory of Debussy. From Stravinsky's late period come **Double Canon** (1959), *Raoul Dufy in Memoriam*, **Epitaphium** (1959), "for the Tombstone of Prince Max Egon zu Fürstenberg" (patron of the Donaueschingen Festival), and **Elegy for J.F.K.** (1964). All three are based on a twelve-tone row and together last less than five minutes.

Double Canon for string quartet is exactly what the title suggests; *Epitaphium*, for flute, clarinet, and harp, is, in the composer's words, "conceived as a series of funeral responses between bass and treble instruments"; *Elegy for J.F.K.* is a vocal work in which a mezzo-soprano, accompanied by three clarinets (an instrumental echo of the nearly half-century-old *Cat's Cradle Songs*), commemorates the slain U.S. president to words by W.H. Auden ("When a just man dies").

Requiem Canticles marks the end of a creative life and reads like a musical diary. The sketches reveal a tired, unsteady hand, collected along with newspaper clippings about deceased contemporaries — Varèse, Giacometti, Evelyn Waugh — in a small, loose-leaf notebook. Yet *Requiem Canticles* is also a beginning. The work features new tone colours (vibraphone), new combinations of timbres, new chords. The one-and-a-half-second orchestral outburst that opens the *Dies irae* is utterly unmistakable, unlike any other second and a half in music history. And in no other twelve-tone work did Stravinsky align tonal intuition and serial discipline so precisely.

According to Richard Taruskin, author of the monumental *Stravinsky and the Russian Traditions* (1996), *Requiem Canticles* is "the most attitudinally Russian twelve-tone music ever composed." That we, while listening to the *Interlude*, are reminded of *Symphonies of*

Wind Instruments, or of the *Credo* during the *Libera me*, or of *Les noces* during the *Postlude*, is not merely a matter of stylistic surface — in ostinatos, pulsing rhythms, etc. — but also of structural depth: of the nature of the tone material and how its serial manipulation is, in a sense, 'Russianized.'

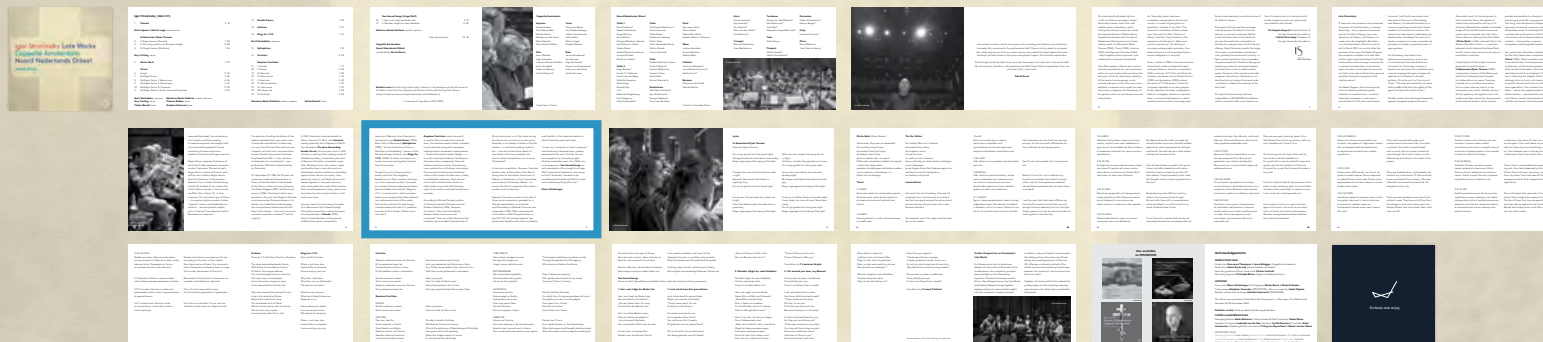
In harmonic orientation, *Requiem Canticles* stands closer to *Petrushka* or *The Rite of Spring* than to the twelve-tone music of Webern or Schönberg. In fact, long before post-serialism, Stravinsky offered — to borrow the title of a piece by Philip Glass — *another look at harmony*.

Requiem Canticles consists of two sets of three vocal movements, preceded by a *Prelude*, separated by an *Interlude*, and followed by a *Postlude*. The work was composed in 1965–1966 and premiered in Princeton in 1966. Five years later, on April 15, 1971, this 'pocket requiem' was performed, together with music by Gabrieli

and Scarlatti, in the Venetian basilica in which Stravinsky was laid to rest.

"I never try, I compose or I don't compose," was Stravinsky's response when, gravely weakened at the end of his life, he was encouraged to try composing again. His final completed opus, from 1968, was an arrangement: **Two Sacred Songs**, an instrumentation of two songs from Hugo Wolf's *Spanisches Liederbuch*. According to Craft, Stravinsky "wanted to say something about death and felt he could not compose anything of his own."

Elmer Schönberger





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Lyrics

In Memoriam Dylan Thomas

Poem by Dylan Thomas

Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

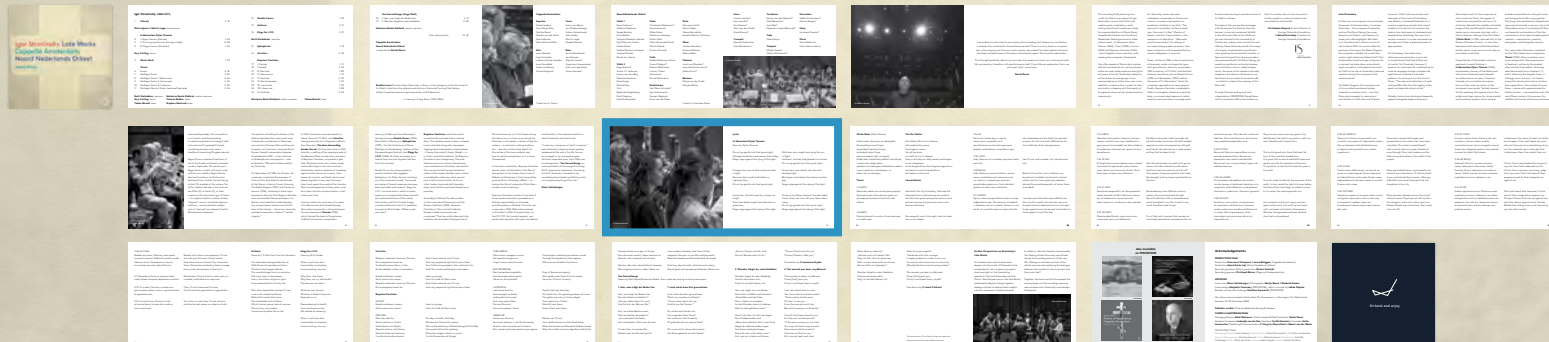
Though wise men at their end know dark
is right,
Because their words had forked no
lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night

Good men, the last wave by, crying how
bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a
green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun
in flight
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with
blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be
gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears,
I pray.
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.





Otche Nash (Pater Noster)

Otche nash, izhye yesi na nebesyekh!
Da svyatitsya imya Tvoye,
da priidyet Tsarstviye Tvoye,
da budyet volya Tvoya,
yako na nebyesi tak i na zyemli.
Khleb nash nasushchniy dazhd' nam dnyes',
i ostavi nam dolgi nasha
yakozhe i mi ostavlyayem dolzhnikom nashim.
I nye vvyedi nas v iskusheniye, no
izbavi nas ot lukavago.

Threni

1:1 ALEPH
Quomodo sedet sola civitas plena populo:
facta est quasi vidua domina gentium:
princeps provinciarum facta est sub
tributo.

1:2a BETH
Plorans ploravit in nocte, et lacrimae ejus
in maxillis ejus.

The Our Father

Our Father, Who art in Heaven,
hallowed be thy name,
thy kingdom come,
thy will be done
on earth as it is in Heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive
us our trespasses,
as we forgive those that trespass against us:
and lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil.

Lamentations

How doth the city sit solitary, that was full
of people! how is she become as a widow!
she that was great among the nations, and
princess among the provinces, how is she
become tributary!

She weepeth sore in the night, and her tears
are on her cheeks.

1:5a HE
Facti sunt hostes ejus in capite,
inimici ejus locupletati sunt
quia Dominus locutus est super eam
propter multitudinem iniquitatum ejus.

1:11b CAPH
Vide, Domine, et considera, quoniam facta
sum vilis.

1:20 RES(H)
Vide, Domine, quoniam tribulor, venter
meus conturbatus est, subversum est
cor meum in memet ipsa quoniam
amaritudine plena sum. Foris interfecit
gladius, et domi mors similis est.

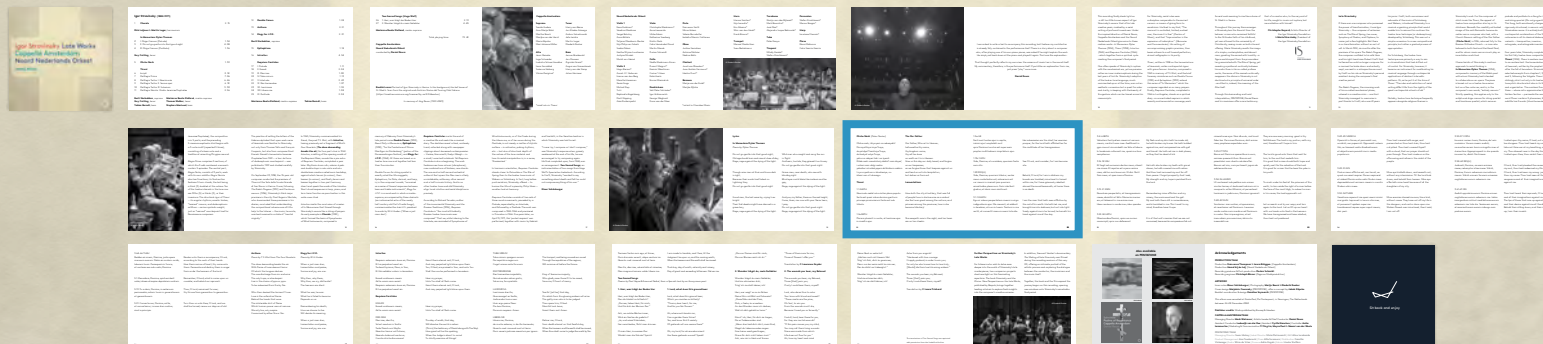
3:1-3 ALEPH
Ego vir videns paupertatem meam in virga
indignationis ejus. Me menavit; et adduxit
in tenebras, et non in lucem. Tantum in me
vertit, et convertit manum suam tota die.

Her adversaries are the chief, her enemies
prosper; for the Lord hath afflicted her for
the multitude of her transgressions.

See O Lord, and consider; for I am become
vile.

Behold, O Lord; for I am in distress: my
bowels are troubled; mine heart is turned
within me; for I have grievously rebelled:
abroad the sword bereaveth, at home there
is as death.

I am the man that hath seen affliction by
the rod of his wrath. He hath led me, and
brought me into darkness, but not into light.
Surely against me is he turned; he turneth his
hand against me all the day.





3:4-6 BETH

Vetustam fecit pellem meam et carnem meum, contrivit ossa mea. Aedificavit in gyro meo et circumdedit me felle et labore. In tenebrosis collocavit me, quasi mortuos sempiternos.

My flesh and my skin hath he made old; he hath broken my bones. He hath builded against me, and compassed me with gall and travail. He hath set me in dark places, as they that be dead of old.

3:16-18 VAU

Et fregit ad numerum dentes meos, cibavit me cinere. Et repulsa est a pace anima mea, oblitus sum bonorum. Et dixi: Periit finis meus, et spes mea a Domino.

He hath also broken my teeth with gravel stones, he hath covered me with ashes. And thou hast removed my soul far off from peace: I forgot prosperity. And I said, My strength and my hope is perished from the Lord.

3:19-21 ZAIN

Recordare paupertatis, et transgressionis meae, absinthii et fellis. Memoria memor ero, et tabescet in me anima mea. Haec recolens in corde meo, ideo sperabo.

Remembering mine affliction and my misery, the wormwood and the gall. My soul hath them still in remembrance, and is humbled in me. This I recall to my mind, therefore have I hope.

3:22-24 HETH

Misericordiae Domini, quia non sumus consumpti; quia non defecerunt

It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not.

miserationes ejus. Novi diluculo, multa est fides tua. Pars mea Dominus, dixit anima mea; propterea expectabo eum.

They are new every morning: great is thy faithfulness. The Lord is my portion, saith my soul; therefore will I hope in him.

3:25-27 TETH

Bonus est Dominus sperantibus in eum, animae quaerenti illum. Bonum est praestolari cum silentio salutare Dei. Bonum est viro, cum portaverit jugum ab adulescentia sua.

The Lord is good unto them that wait for him, to the soul that seeketh him. It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord. It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth.

3:34-36 LAMED

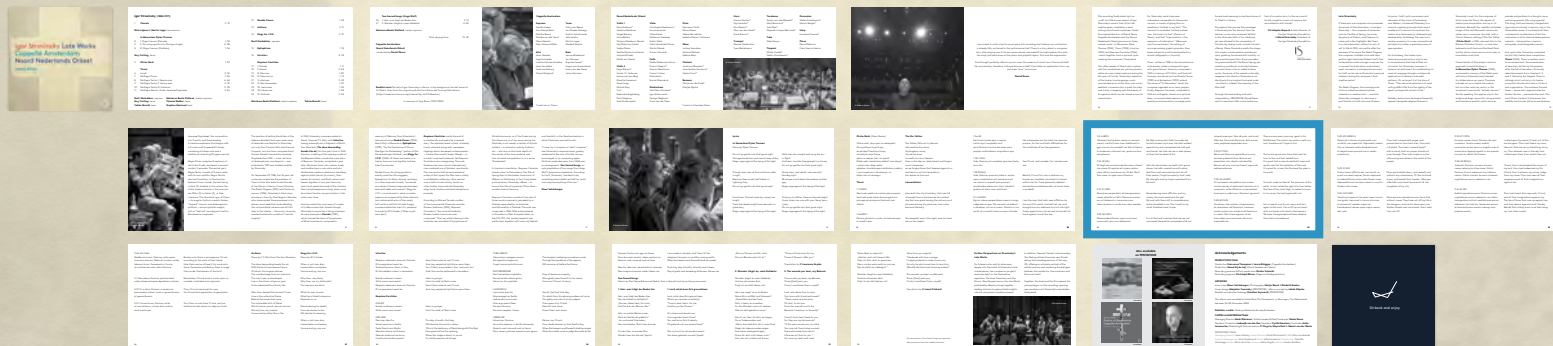
Ut contereret sub pedibus suis omnes victos terrae; ut declinaret iudicium viri in conspectu vultus Altissimi; ut perverteret hominem in iudicio suo, Dominus ignoravit.

To crush under his feet all the prisoners of the earth; to turn aside the right of a man before the face of the most High; to subvert a man in his cause, the Lord approveth not.

3:40-42 NUN

Scrutemur vias nostras, et quaeramus, et revertamur ad Dominum. Levemus corda nostra cum manibus ad Dominum in coelos. Nos inique egimus, et ad iracundiam provocavimus; idcirco tu inexorabilis es.

Let us search and try our ways, and turn again to the Lord. Let us lift up our heart with our hands unto God in the heavens. We have transgressed and have rebelled; thou hast not pardoned.





3:43-45 SAMECH

Operuisti in furore, et percussisti nos, occidisti, nec pepercisti. Opposuisti nubem tibi, ne transeat oratio Eradicationem et abjectionem posuisti me in medio populorum.

Thou hast covered with anger, and persecuted us: thou hast slain, thou hast not pitied. Thou hast covered thyself with a cloud, that our prayer should not pass through. Thou hast made us as the offscouring and refuse in the midst of the people.

3:49-51 AIN

Oculus meus afflictus est, nec tacuit, eo quod non esset requies. Donec respiceret et videret Dominus de coelis Oculus meus depraedatus est animam meam in cunctis filiabus urbis meae.

Mine eye trickleth down, and ceaseth not, without any intermission. Till the Lord look down, and behold from heaven. Mine eye affecteth mine heart because of all the daughters of my city.

3:52-54 TSADE

Venatione ceperunt me quasi avem inimici mei gratis. Lapsa est in lacum vita mea, et posuerunt lapidem super me. Inundaverunt aquae super caput meum; dixi: perii.

Mine enemies chased me sore, like a bird, without cause. They have cut off my life in the dungeon, and cast a stone upon me. Waters flowed over mine head; then I said, I am cut off.

3:55-57 COPH

Invocavi nomen tuum, Domine, de lacis novissimo. Vocem meam audisti; ne avertas aurem tuam a singultu meo et clamoribus. Appropinquasti in die quando invocavi te; dixisti: Ne timeas.

I called upon thy name, O Lord, out of the low dungeon. Thou hast heard my voice; hide not thine ear at my breathing, at my cry. Thou drewest near in the day that I called upon thee; thou saidst: Fear not.

3:58-60 RES(H)

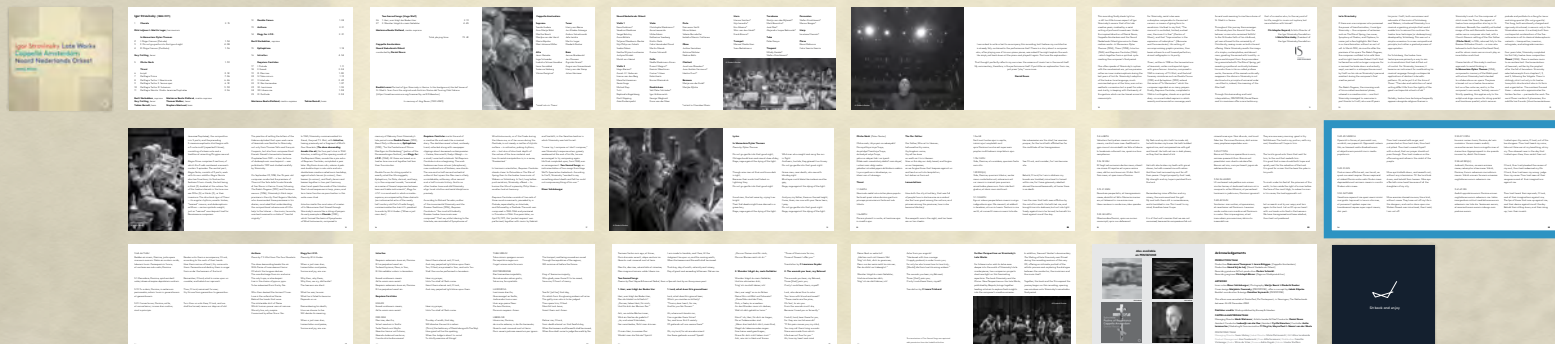
Judicasti, Domine, causam animae meae, redemptor vitae meae. Vidisti, Domine, illorum adversum me iudicium meum. Vidisti omnem furorem universas cogitationes eorum adversum me.

O Lord, thou hast pleaded the causes of my soul; thou hast redeemed my life. O Lord, thou hast seen my wrong: judge thou my cause. Thou hast seen all their vengeance and all their imaginations against me.

3:61-63 SIN

Audisti opprobria eorum Domine omnes cogitationes eorum adversum me. Labia insurgentium mihi et meditationes eorum adversum me tota die. Sessionem eorum, et resurrectionem eorum vide ego sum psalmus eorum.

Thou hast heard their reproach, O Lord, and all their imaginations against me; The lips of those that rose up against me, and their device against me all the day. Behold their sitting down, and their rising up; I am their musick.



3:64-66 THAU

Reddes eis vicem, Domine, juxta opera
manuum suarum. Dabis eis scutum cordis,
laborem tuum. Persequeris in furore,
et conteres eos sub coelis, Domine.

Render unto them a recompence, O Lord,
according to the work of their hands.
Give them sorrow of heart, thy curse unto
them. Persecute and destroy them in anger
from under the heavens of the Lord.

5:1: Recordare, Domine, quid acciderit
nobis; intuere et respice obprobrium nostrum.

Remember, O Lord, what is come upon us:
consider, and behold our reproach.

5:19: Tu autem, Domine, in aeternum
permanebis, solium tuum in generationem
et generationem.

Thou, O Lord, remainest for ever;
thy throne from generation to generation.

5:21: Converte nos, Domine, ad te,
et convertemur; innova dies nostros,
sicut a principio.

Turn thou us unto thee, O Lord, and we
shall be turned; renew our days as of old.

Anthem

Poem by T.S. Eliot from *The Four Quartets*

The dove descending breaks the air
With flame of incandescent terror
Of which the tongues declare
The one discharge from sin and error.
The only hope, or else despair
Lies in the choice of pyre or pyre-
To be redeemed from fire by fire.

Who then devised the torment? Love.
Love is the unfamiliar Name
Behind the hands that wove
The intolerable shirt of flame
Which human power cannot remove.
We only live, only suspire
Consumed by either fire or fire.

Elegy for J.F.K.

Poem by W.H. Auden

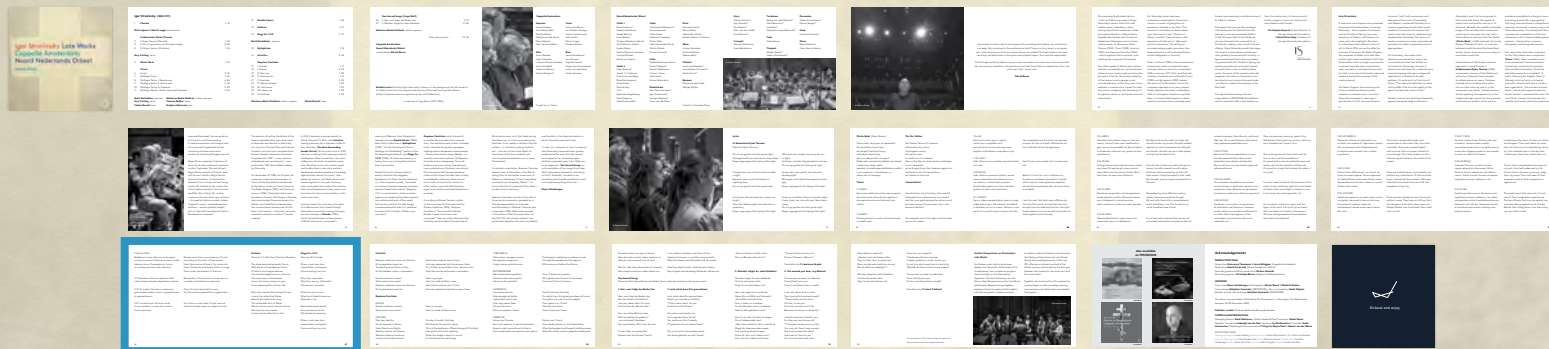
When a just man dies,
Lamentation and praise,
Sorrow and joy, are one.

Why then, why there,
Why thus, we cry, did he die?
The heavens are silent.

What he was, he was:
What he is fated to become
Depends on us

Remembering his death,
How we choose to live
Will decide its meaning.

When a just man dies,
Lamentation and praise,
Sorrow and joy, are one.



Introitus

Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine.
Et lux perpetua luceat eis.
Te decet hymnus, Deus, in Sion,
Et tibi reddetur votum in Jerusalem.

Exaudi orationem meam
Ad te omnis caro veniet.
Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine.
Et lux perpetua luceat eis.

Grant them eternal rest, O Lord,
And may perpetual light shine upon them.
You, O God, are praised in Sion, and unto You
Shall the vow be performed in Jerusalem.

Hear my prayer,
Unto You shall all flesh come.
Grant them eternal rest, O Lord,
And may perpetual light shine upon them.


Requiem Canticles

EXAUDI
Exaudi orationem meam,
Ad te omnis caro veniet.

DIES IRAE
Dies irae, dies illa,
Solvat saeculum in favilla:
Teste David cum Sibylla.
Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus!

Hear my prayer,
Unto You shall all flesh come.

The day of wrath, that day,
Will dissolve the world in ashes:
(This is) the testimony of David along with The Sibyl.
How great will be the quaking,
When the Judge is about to come!
To strictly examine all things!

TUBA MIRUM

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum
Coget omnes ante thronum

REX TREMENDAE
Rex tremendae majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis.

LACRIMOSA
Lacrimosa dies illa,
Qua resurget ex favilla,
Judicandus homo reus:
Huic ergo parce Deus:
Pie Jesu Domine,
Dona eis requiem. Amen.

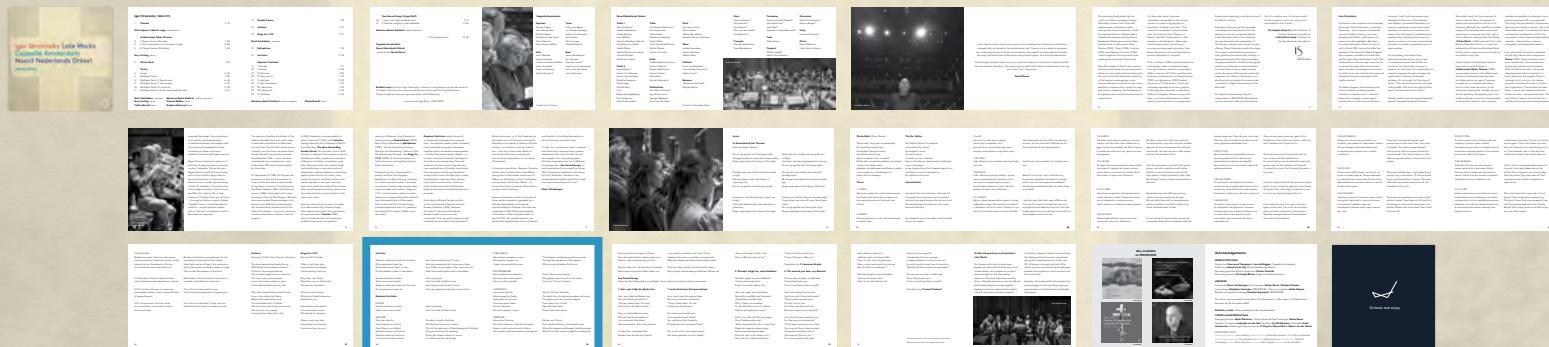
LIBERA ME
Libera me, Domine,
de morte aeterna, in die illa tremenda;
Quanto coeli movendi sunt et terra:
Dum veneris judicare saeculum per ignem.

The trumpet, scattering a wondrous sound
Through the sepulchres of the regions,
Will summon all before the throne.

King of fearsome majesty,
Who gladly save those fit to be saved,
Save me, O fount of mercy.

Tearful [will be] that day,
On which from the glowing embers will arise
The guilty man who is to be judged:
Then spare him, O God.
Merciful Lord Jesus,
Grant them rest. Amen.

Deliver me, O Lord,
from death eternal on that fearful day,
When the heavens and the earth shall be moved,
When thou shalt come to judge the world by fire.



Tremens factus sum ego, et timeo,
Dum discussio venerit, atque ventura ira.
Quanto coeli movendi sunt et terra.

Dies illa, dies irae, calamitatis et miseriae,
Dies magna et amara valde. Libera me.

Two Sacred Songs

Poems by Paul Heyse & Emanuel Geibel, from a Spanish text by an Anonymous poet

1. Herr, was trägt der Boden hier

Herr, was trägt der Boden hier,
Den du tränkst so bitterlich?
„Dornen, liebes Herz, für mich,
Und für dich der Blumen Zier.“

Ach, wo solche Bäche rinnen,
Wird ein Garten da gedeihn?
„Ja, und wisse! Kränzelein,
Gar verschiedene, flicht man drinnen.“

O mein Herr, zu wessen Zier
Windet man die Kränze? Sprich!

I am made to tremble, and I fear, till the
Judgment be upon us, and the coming wrath,
When the heavens and the earth shall be moved.

That day, day of wrath, calamity and misery,
Day of great and exceeding bitterness. Deliver me.

1. Lord, what does this ground bear

Lord, what does this ground bear,
Which you moisten so bitterly?
“Thorns, dear heart, for me,
And for you fair flowers.”

Ah, where such brooks run,
Can a garden there thrive?
Yes, and know this! A variety
Of garlands will one weave there!”

Oh, my Lord, for whose adornment
Are these garlands wound? Speak!

„Die von Dornen sind für mich,
Die von Blumen reich ich dir.“

2. Wunden trägst du, mein Geliebter

Wunden trägst du mein Geliebter,
Und sie schmerzen dich;
Trüg' ich sie statt deiner, ich!

Herr, wer wagt' es so zu färben
Deine Stirn mit Blut und Schweiß?
„Diese Male sind der Preis,
Dich, o Seele, zu erwerben.
An den Wunden muss ich sterben,
Weil ich dich geliebt so heiss.“

Könnst' ich, Herr, für dich sie tragen,
Da es Todeswunden sind.
„Wenn dies Leid dich rührt, mein Kind,
Magst du Lebenswunden sagen:
Ihrer keine ward geschlagen,
Draus für dich nicht Leben rinnt.“
Ach, wie mir in Herz und Sinnen

“Those of thorns are for me,
Those of flowers I offer you.”

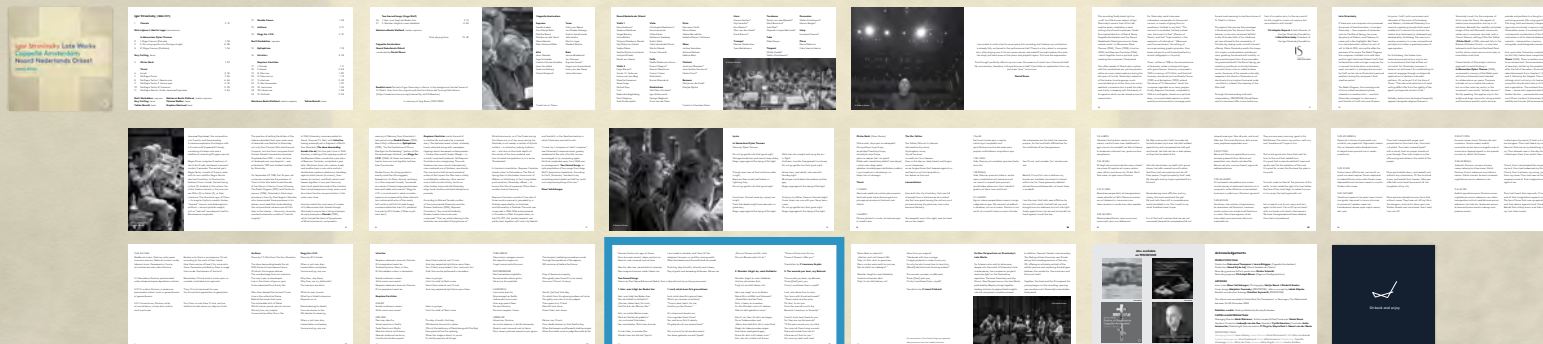
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2. The wounds you bear, my Beloved

The wounds you bear, my Beloved,
Those [that] pain you;
If only I could bear them, myself!

Lord, who dares thus to color
Your brow with blood and sweat?
“These marks are the price,
Oh Soul, to win you.
From the wounds must I die,
Because I loved you so fervently.”

Could I, Lord, bear these for you,
For they are mortal wounds?
“If this pain moves you, my child,
You may call them living wounds:
None was made from which
Life does not flow for you.”
Ah, how my heart and mind





Deine Qual so wehe tut!
 „Härtres noch mit treuem Mut
 Trüg' ich froh, dich zu gewinnen;
 Denn nur der weiss recht zu minnen,
 Der da stirbt vor Liebesglut.“

Wunden trägst du mein Geliebter,
 Und sie schmerzen dich;
 Trüg' ich sie statt deiner, ich!

Ache from you anguish!
 “Hardened with true courage
 I happily pretend, in order to win you;
 For only he who knows how to love truly,
 [Would] die from love’s burning embers.”

The wounds you bear, my Beloved,
 Those [that] pain you;
 If only I could bear them, myself!

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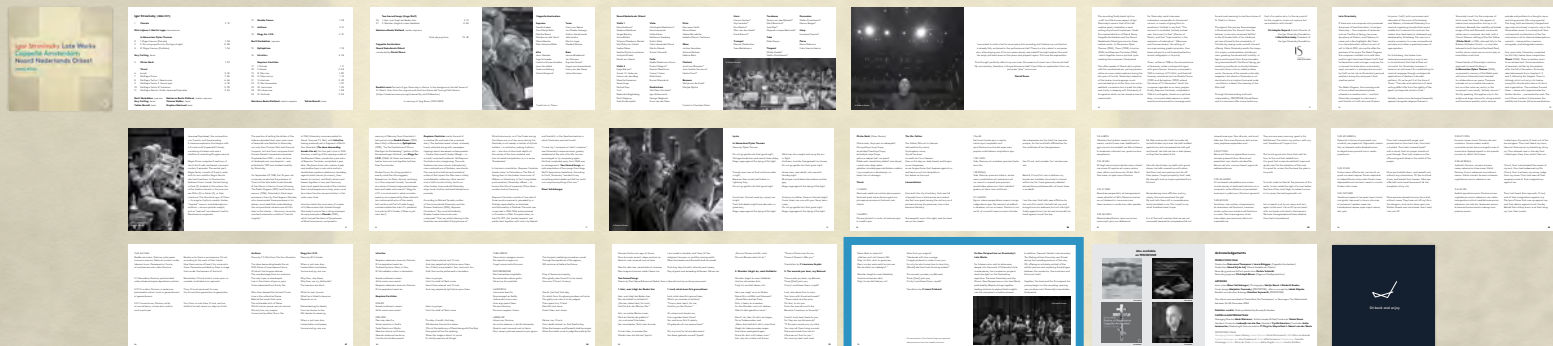
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Further Perspectives on Stravinsky's Late Works

For listeners who wish to delve even deeper into the world of Stravinsky's late masterpieces, two companion projects shed new light on this fascinating repertoire. The book *Stravinsky and the Divine: New Perspectives on the Late Works*, published by Brepols, brings together leading scholars to explore fresh insights into the composer's creative universe.

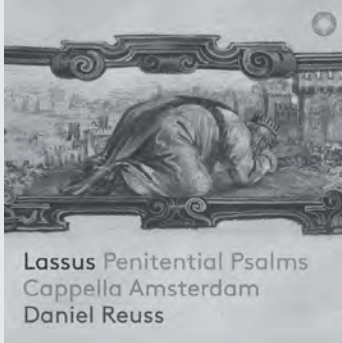
In addition, Sieuwert Verster's documentary *The Making of Late Stravinsky* was filmed during the recording sessions of this very CD, offering an intimate portrait of the artistic process and capturing the dialogue between the conductor, the musicians and the music itself.

Together, the book and the film expand the journey begun on this recording, opening new windows onto Stravinsky's remarkable final period.





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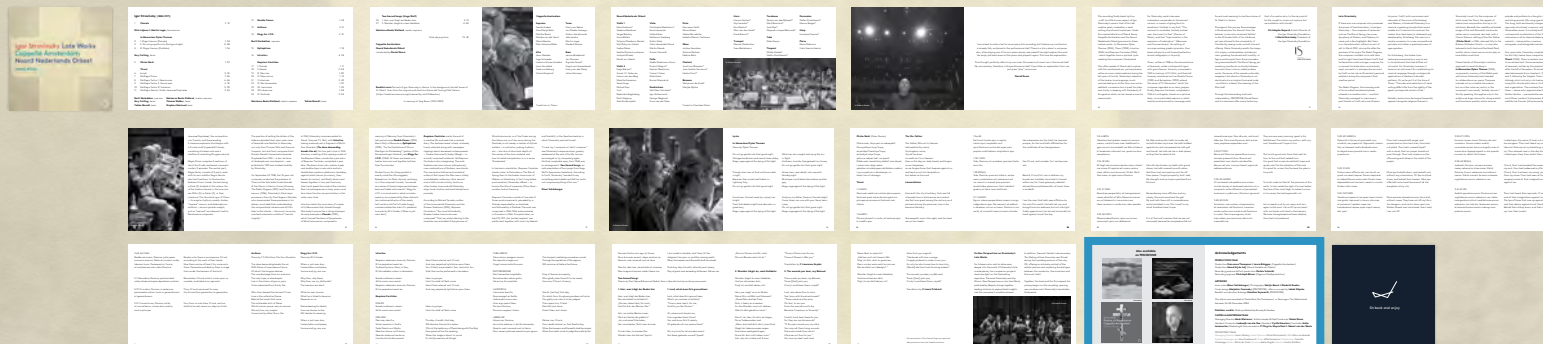
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