

Cantabile Sacra FIFTY-NINE

(for organ)

GR: Flute Celeste 8', Open Flute 4', Tremolo
SW: Rohrflute 8', Viola di Gamba 8', Vox Celeste 8'
(Orchestral Strings 8'), SW to CH
CH: Gedackt 8', Erzähler + Celeste 8'
Ped: Subbass 16', Lieblich Gedackt 16',
Gedackt 8', Violone 8'

*"Like the dawning of the morning on the mountains golden heights...
Like the breaking of the moonbeams on the gloom of cloudy nights..."*

— Fredrick W. Faber, 1814 - 1863

Paul F. Page
ASCAP

Adagio (♩ = c. 66)

The musical score is presented in three systems, each with three staves: Grand Organs (GR), Choir (CH), and Pedal (Ped). The key signature is one flat (B-flat major/D minor) and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is Adagio, with a quarter note equal to approximately 66 beats per minute. The first system (measures 1-5) features a melodic line in the GR staff marked *mf* and a harmonic accompaniment in the CH staff marked *mp*. The second system (measures 6-10) includes triplets in the GR staff and complex chordal textures in the CH staff. The third system (measures 11-15) introduces a new instrument, the Gamba 8', in the GR staff, marked *mp*, and features a *mf* melodic line in the CH staff. A *bring out* instruction is placed below the CH staff in the final measure of the third system.

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17

+ Oboe 8'

f

22

mf *mp* *mf*

bring out

28

- Oboe 8'

mp *p*

CH: *molto rall.*

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1. Like the dawning of the morning
 On the mountains golden heights,
 Like the breaking of the moonbeams
 On the gloom of cloudy nights,
 Like a secret told by angels
 Getting known upon the earth,
 Is the Mother's expectation
 Of Messiah's speedy birth.

2. Thou wert happy, blessed Mother,
 With the very bliss of heaven,
 Since the angel's salutation
 In thy raptured ear was given;
 Since the Ave of that midnight
 When thou wert anointed Queen,
 Like a river over-flowing
 Hath the grace within thee been.

3. Thou hast waited, child of David,
 And thy waiting now is o'er.
 Thou hast seen Him, blessed Mother,
 And wilt see him evermore.
 Oh, his human face and features
 They were passing sweet to see;
 Thou beholdest them this moment;
 Mother show them now to me.

—Fredrick W. Faber, 1814 - 1863