

A Recital of French Organ Music

Michael Dulac, organist

Cheryl Cobb, soprano

Sinfonia to Cantata #29 **Bach/DUPRÉ**
We Thank You, Lord, We Thank You (1886-1971)

Suite Française **Jean LANGLAIS**
Nazard (1907-1991)

Les Angélus, op. 57 **Louis VIERNE**
I. Au matin (1870-1937)
II. A midi
III. Au soir

Translations may be found on the back of the program.

Suite, op. 5 **Maurice DURUFLÉ**
Sicilienne (1902-1986)

Chorale #1 in E **César FRANCK**
 (1822-1890)

In the Morning

Upon my sleeping town the Angelus has rung
the call of bells in honor of Mary.
See how the night is gone and how the call
of the archangel is joyous upon my sleeping town.
Like the doe's fawn on the other side of the hill bounding at the sun.
Whether they be rich or poor homes
the trees, the gardens will be gilded soon
and the children will play like the doe's fawn.
Another day brings happiness or a crisis of the heart.
O Lord, I adore you in the sublimity of the early hours
of day as you bless anew another day.

At Noon

At Noon, which is flamboyant and gleaming, behold
Over the noise of cities and crowds, the joy of a clear sunny day.
O my God, crying out our thanks the Angelus bells at noon blaze
In the midst of our pilgrim way
between a beloved childhood and a death which we dread.
Holy Mother of God, we halt to implore your help
amidst our journey
for the sin is immense and heavy for our arms.
Your motherly hands have weighed our suffering.
From noon until the fall of evening, guide our step
at your Son's harvest where the stain of sin is immense.

In the Evening

Since the nights return in the sky and in our hearts,
Since the hour has come when each one accounts
for their work, their sadness and their bitterness,
We pray to you again since the night returns!
O Virgin, be merciful at this last Angelus
which cradles the dreams of the world in torment!
Of the woes of day we will no longer pardon.
With our human sins, be merciful, O Virgin.
In eternal life, when night no longer comes,
brought by the wind made only by the wings
of divine St. Michael (Angelot†), our Ave Maria (Hail Mary)
will sing to you of our love in eternity.

† Angelot is an old French gold coin which was stamped with
St. Michael the Archangel. It is a bookend to the reference to an
archangel in "The Morning"

Poem by Jehan LePovre Moyne (Ernest Eugène Coquin)
English translation by Ray Delisle