

ALLEGRO VIVACE FROM CONCERTO
FOR ORGAN, NO. 9

George Fréderick Handel

A SONG FOR SIMEON (T. S. Eliot)

Richard Dirksen

Musical setting for soprano soloist and piano,
men's singing voices and girls' speaking voices, organ, flute
and bells.

DIANA BEVERIDGE, Soprano

CARL TUCKER, Flute

DAVID KOEHRING, Organ

*Lord, now lettest thou, thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word;
(O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, Grant us thy peace.)*

Lord, the Roman hyacinths are blooming in bowls and
The winter sun creeps by the snow hills;
The stubborn season has made stand.
My life is light, waiting for the death wind,
Like a feather on the back of my hand.
Dust in sunlight and memory in corners
Wait for the wind that chills towards the dead land.

Grant us thy peace.

I have walked many years in this city,
Kept faith and fast, provided for the poor,
Have given and taken honour and ease.
There went never any rejected from my door.
Who shall remember my house, where shall live my children's children
When the time of sorrow is come?
They will take to the goat's path, and the fox's home,
Fleeing from the foreign faces and the foreign swords.

Before the time of cords and scourges and lamentation
Grant us thy peace.

Before the stations of the mountain of desolation,
Before the certain hour of maternal sorrow,
Now at this birth season of decease,
Let the Infant, the still unspeaking and unspoken Word,
Grant Israel's consolation
To one who has eighty years and no to-morrow.

According to thy word.

They shall praise Thee and suffer in every generation
With glory and derision,
Light upon light, mounting the saints' stair.
Not for me the martyrdom, the ecstasy of thought and prayer,
Not for me the ultimate vision.

Grant me thy peace.

(And a sword shall pierce thy heart,
Thine also).

I am tired with my own life and the loves of those after me,
I am tired with my own life and the lives of those after me,
Let thy servant depart,
Having seen thy salvation.

¶ *Here shall sound great trumpets,
A distant flute,*

Some small bells, far away;

And, THE TOLLING OF A LARGE BELL