



SERGEI RACHMANINOFF
Vespers, Op. 37
 Thursday, March 18, 2010 | 7:30pm
 St. Matthew's Cathedral

TRANSLITERATION
 AND
 TRANSLATION

Transliteration and Translation

I. CALL TO WORSHIP

The fourfold call to worship: each invocation begins with the marmoreal sound of full loud Russian chorus and dies away to a reverent hush.

Amin'.
 Priiditye, poklonimsya Tsarevi nashemu Bogu.
 Priiditye, poklonimsya i pripadyom
 Khristu Tsarevi nashemu Bogu.
 Priiditye, poklonimsya i pripadyom
 samomu Khristu Tsarevi i Bogu nashemu.
 Priiditye, poklonimsya i pripadyom Yemu.

Amen.
 O come, let us worship before the Lord our Maker.
 O come, let us worship and fall down
 before the Lord Christ, our God and Maker.
 O come, let us worship and fall down
 and kneel before the Very Christ,
 our God and Maker.
 O come, let us worship and fall down before Him.

II. BLESS THE LORD, O MY SOUL

To the melody of a Greek chant, this movement alternates alto solo (accompanied by low voices) with answering phrases by the upper voices of the chorus.

Amin'.
 Blagoslovi, dushe moya, Gospoda.
 Blagosloven yesi, Gospodi.
 Gospodi Bozhe moy, vozvelichilsya yesi zelo.
 Blagosloven yesi, Gospodi.
 Vo ispovedaniye i v velelepotu obleklsya yesi.
 Blagosloven yesi, Gospodi.
 Na gorakh stanut vody.
 Divna dela Tvoya, Gospodi.
 Posrede gor proyduť vodi.
 Divna dela Tvoya, Gospodi.
 Vsya premudrostiyu sotvoril yesi.
 Slava ti, Gospodi, sotvorivshemu vsya.

Amen.
 Bless thou the Lord, O my soul.
 Blessed art thou, O Lord my God.
 O Lord my God, thou art become exceedingly glorious.
 Blessed art thou, O Lord my God.
 Thou art clothed with majesty and honor.
 Blessed art thou, O Lord my God.
 The waters stood above the mountains.
 Marvelous are thy works, O Lord.
 Among the hills flow the waters.
 Marvelous are thy works, O Lord.
 In wisdom hast thou made them all.
 Glory to thee O Lord, who has made them all.



III. BLESSED IS THE MAN

The middle voices of the chorus altos and tenors have the psalm verses, the full chorus the *Alleluias* and the first of the doxologies which are sprinkled throughout the service.

Blazhen muzh, izhe ne ide
 na sovet nechestivyykh. *Alliluyia.*
 Yako vest' Gospod' put' pravednykh,
 i put' nechestivyykh pogibnet. *Alliluyia.*
 Rabotayte Gospodevi so strakhom,
 i raduytesya Yemu strepetom. *Alliluyia.*
 Blazheni vsi nadeyushchiisya nan'.
Alliluyia.

Voskresni Gospodi, spasi mya, Bozhe moy. *Alliluyia.*
 Gospodne yest spaseniye,
 i na lyudekh Tvoikh blagosloveniye Tvoye.
Alliluyia.

Slava Otsu, i Synu, i Svyatomu Dukhu,
 i nyne i prisno i vo veky vekov, amin'.
Alliluyia.

Slava Tebe, Bozhe. *Alliluyia.*

Blessed is the man that hath not walked
 in the counsel of the ungodly. *Alleluia!*
 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous,
 but the way of the ungodly shall perish. *Alleluia!*
 Serve the Lord with fear,
 and rejoice unto him with reverence. *Alleluia!*
 Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.
Alleluia!

Arise, O Lord; save me, O Lord my God. *Alleluia!*
 Salvation belongeth unto the Lord,
 and thy blessing is upon thy people. *Alleluia!*

Glory be to the Father, Son and Holy Spirit,
 both now and ever and to ages and ages, amen.
Alleluia!

Glory be to thee O God. *Alleluia!*

IV. O GLADSOME LIGHT

One of the oldest hymn-texts of the Christian faith, sung to Kiev melody. The radiant change of harmony just before the tenor solo is perhaps the most radical departure in the *Vespers* from "traditional" sounds. We've used a translation by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow for verses 1 and 2.

Svete tikhi
 Svyatyaya slavy, bessmertnago,
 Otsa nebesnago,
 svyatago blazhennago,
 Iisuse Khriste!
 Prishedshe
 na zapad sontsa,
 videvshe svet vecherni,

Poyem otsa, Syna, i svyatago Dukha, Boga,
 Dostoin yesi vo vsya vremena
 pet byti glasy prepodobnyimi,
 Syne Bozhi, zhivot dayay:
 Temzhe mir Tya slavit.

O gladsome light
 Of the Father Immortal
 And of the celestial
 Sacred and blessed
 Jesus, our Saviour!
 Now to the sunset
 Again hast thou brought us;
 And, seeing the evening twilight,
 [We bless thee, praise thee, adore thee!]
 We hymn the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, God.
 For meet it is that at all times
 thou shouldst be praised by voices undefiled,
 O Son of God, who givest life:
 All the world doth praise thee.



V. NUNC DIMITTIS

Simeon's song sung – in a Kiev melody – by solo tenor: nonetheless this motet ends with the lowest note in the Rachmaninoff *Vespers*: a B flat below low C.

Nyne otpushchayeshi raba Tvoyego Vladyko,
 po glagolu Tvoyemu s mirom;
 Yako videsta ochi moi spaseniye Tvoye,
 yezhe yesi ugotoval
 pred litsem vsekhn lyudey,
 Svet vo otkroveniye yazykov,
 I slavu lyudey Tvoikh Izrailya.

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace,
 according to thy word;
 For mine eyes have seen thy salvation,
 which thou hast prepared
 before the face of all people;
 To be a light to lighten the Gentiles,
 and to be the glory of thy people Israel.

VI. AVE MARIA

The quietest of the five quiet numbers which form the Vespers section of the vigil service, the *Ave Maria* nonetheless builds to a momentary blood-red climax at the final line.

Bogoroditse Devo,
 raduysya, blagodatnaya Mariye,
 Gospod's toboyu:
 Blagoslovenna Ty v zhenakh,
 i blagosloven plod chreva Tvoyego,
 Yako Spasa rodila yesi dush nashikh.

Virgin mother of God,
 hail, Mary, full of grace,
 the Lord is with thee:
 Blessed art thou among women,
 and blessed is the fruit of thy womb,
 For thou hast brought forth the Saviour
 who redeemed our souls.

❖ *End of Vespers* ❖

VII. THE SHORT GLORIA

The *Gloria* appears twice in the Vigil service. Here it is just the words of the angels to the shepherds which are set, rather than the full *Gloria* of the Western liturgies. The piece starts softly, but pealing *Slava's* from the chorus (to harmonies which would have seemed suspiciously modern in 1915) bring it to a glowing climax. Following the words of the angels is a short prayer set as simply as a hymnbook response and as beautifully as a major Rachmaninoff work.

Slava v vyshnikh Bogu, i na zemli mir,
 v chelovetsekh blagovoleniye.
 (Slava!)
 Gospodi, ustne moi otverzeshi,
 i usta moya vozvestyat khvalu Tvoyu.

Glory be to God on high and on earth peace,
 goodwill towards men.
 (Glory!)
 Open thou my lips, O Lord,
 and my mouth shall show forth thy praise.



VIII. INTRODUCTION TO "THE SIX PSALMS"

This is the introduction to the reading of the six psalms proper to the Matins for Easter. (The psalms themselves were not set by Rachmaninoff: they would have been chanted in the service.) Most of the Matins texts focus on the Resurrection. Basses and altos have the tune – Znamenny chant – in bold octaves, while tenors and sopranos accompany.

Khvalite imya, Gospodne. *Alliluyia.*
 Khvalite, rabi, Gospoda. *Alliluyia.*
 Blagosloven Gospod' ot Siona,
 zhivy vo Ierusalime. *Alliluyia.*
 Ispovedaytesya Gospodevi yako blag;
 yako v vek milost' Yego, *Alliluyia.*
 Ispovedaytesya Bogu nebesnomu,
 yako v vek milost' Yego. *Alliluyia.*

Laud ye the name of the Lord. *Alleluia!*
 O praise it, ye servants of the Lord. *Alleluia!*
 Praised be the Lord out of Sion,
 who dwelleth at Jerusalem. *Alleluia!*
 O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is gracious,
 and his mercy endureth forever. *Alleluia!*
 O give thanks unto the God of heaven,
 for his mercy endureth forever. *Alleluia!*

IX. THE STORY OF THE RESURRECTION

The telling of the story of the Resurrection. The narration – employing varying forces from the full chorus and occasional tenor solo – alternates with a refrain (we've put the refrain in *italics*) sung by the lower voices. The basis of the movement is a Znamenny chant.

*(Blagosloven yesi, Gospodi,
 nauchi mya opravdaniyem Tvoim.)*

*(Blessed be thy name, O Lord;
 teach me the way of thy statutes.)*

Angel' ski sobor udivisya,
 zrya Tebe v mertvykh vmenivshasya;
 smertnuyu zhe, Spase, krepost' razorivsha,
 i s Soboyu Adama vozdvigsha,
 i ot ada vsya svobozhdsha.

All the angel host were amazed
 when they beheld thee among the dead;
 yet destroying all the might of death, O Saviour,
 with thyself thou didst deliver Adam,
 and from Hades didst redeem us.

*(Blagosloven yesi, Gospodi,
 nauchi mya opravdaniyem Tvoim.)*

*(Blessed be thy name, O Lord;
 teach me the way of thy statutes.)*

"Pochto mira s milostivnymi slezami,
 "o uchenitsy, rastvoryayete?"
 blistayasya vo grobe Angel
 mironositsam veshchashe:
 "Vidite vy grob, i urazumeyte,
 "Spas bo voskrese ot groba."

"Wherefore mingle ye the sweet smelling ointment,
 O ye disciples, with your pitying tears?"
 shining from the tomb spake the Angel
 to the women bearing spices:
 "Behold ye the tomb, and be of good cheer,
 for he is not here, but is risen."

*(Blagosloven yesi, Gospodi,
 nauchi mya opravdaniyem Tvoim.)*

*(Blessed be thy name, O Lord;
 teach me the way of thy statutes.)*

Zelo rano mironositsy techakhu
 ko grobu Tvoyemu rydayushchyya,

Very early came the myrrh-bearing women,
 lamenting sorely, to the sepulcher:



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no predsta k nim Angel i reche:
"Rydaniya vremya presta,
"ne plachite,
voskreseniye zhe Apostolom rtsyte."

*(Blagosloven yesi, Gospodi,
nauchi mya opravdaniyem Tvoim.)*

Mironositsy zheny , s miry prishedshiya
ko grobu Tvoyemu, Spase, rydakhu,
Angel zhe k nim reche, glagolya:
"Shto s mertvymi zhivago pomyshlyayete?
"Yako Bog bo voskrese ot groba."

Slava Otsu i Synu i Svyatomu Dukhu,
Poklonimsya Otsu, i Yego Synove,
i Svyatomy Dukhu,
Svyatey Troitse vo yedinom sushchestve,
s serafimi zovushche:
Svyat, syvat, syvat, yesi Gospodi.
I nyne, i priso, i vo veki vekov,
Amin'.

Zhiznodavtsa rozhdshi, greka, Devo,
Adama, izbavila yesi,
Radost' zhe Yeve v pechali mesto podala yesi:
Padshiya zhe ot zhizni, k sei napravi,
iz Tebe vplotiviyisya Bog i chelovek.
Alliluyia! Slava Tebe, Bozhe.

but before them stood an Angel and said:
"The time of your mourning is past;
lament no more,
but go and tell the apostles that he is risen."

*(Blessed be thy name, O Lord;
teach me the way of thy statutes.)*

When the myrrh-bearing women
drew nigh thy sepulchre, O Saviour, they mourned:
but an angel spake unto them, saying:
"Why seek ye the living among the dead?
As God he has risen from the grave."

Glory to the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.
Let us worship the Father with the Son
and the Holy Spirit,
The Holy Trinity, three in one and one in three;
let us cry with the angels
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth,
as it is and shall be ever, world without end.
Amen.

Thou, O Holy Virgin, bringing forth the Lord,
ransomedst Adam
and gavest joy for sorrow unto Eve:
they whom from life had fallen are restored
by the Saviour incarnate of thee, both God and man.
Alleluia! Glory be to thee, O God.

X. HYMN OF THE RESURRECTION

The preceding movement told the story of the Resurrection: this movement sings a hymn in its praise. Tenors and Basses (often in octaves) and Sopranos and Altos (in full harmonies) alternate in their praises.

Voskreseniye Khristovo videvshe,
Poklonimsya Svyatomu Gospodu Iisusu,
Yedinomu bezgreshnomu.
Krestu Tvoyemu poklanyayemsya Khriste,
i svyatoye voskreseniye Tvoye
poyem i slavim.

Ty bo yesi Bog nash,
razve Tebe inogo ne znayem
lmya Tvoye imenuyem,

We have seen thy resurrection, O Christ,
and adore thee, O Holy Lord Jesus,
for thou only art sinless.
We venerate thy Cross, O Lord Christ,
and we praise and glorify
thy holy resurrection.

For thou art our God;
we know none other beside thee;
therefore we call upon thy Name.



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Priidite, vsi vernii,
poklonimsya Svyatomu Khristovu voskreseniyu:
Se bo priide Krestom
radost' vsemu miru.
Vsegda blagoslovyashche Gospoda,
Poyem voskreseniye Yego:
raspyatie bo preterpev,
smertiyu smert' razrushi.

O come hither, all ye faithful,
let us magnify Christ's holy resurrection:
For behold, through the Tree
joy hath come to all the world;
wherefore we bless the Lord evermore
and we sing his resurrection with joy
who suffered the shame of the cross,
conquering death by his death.

XI. MAGNIFICAT

The basses have the melody in the *Magnificat* proper, while the scherzo-like refrains (in *italics*) are sung by the upper voices. (The tune of all the refrains is the same; Rachmaninoff carefully harmonizes each refrain differently.)

Velichit dusha moya Gospoda,
i vozradovasya dukh moy o Boze Spase moyem.
(*Chestneyshuyu kheruvim
i slavneyshuyu bez sravneniya serafim,
bez istleniya Boga Slova rozhdshuyu,
sushchuyu Bogoroditsu Tya velichayem.*)
Yako prizre na smireniye raby Svoeyeya,
se bo ot nyne ublazhat mya vsi rodi.

(*Chestneyshuyu kheruvim...
...Tya velichayem.*)

Yako sotvori mne velichiye Sil'ny,
i svyato imya Yego;
I milost' Yego v rody rodov boyashchymysya Yego.

(*Chestneyshuyu kheruvim...
...Tya velichayem.*)

Nizlozhi sil'nyya so prestol,
i vosnese smirennyya;
Alchushchiya ispolni blag,
i bogatyashchiyasya otpusti tshchi.
(*Chestneyshuyu kheruvim...
...Tya velichayem.*)

Vospriyat Izrailiya otroka svoyego,
pomyanuti milosti,
Yakozhe glagola ko otsem nashim, Avraamu
i semeni yego, dazhe do veka.
(*Chestneyshuyu kheruvim...
...Tya velichayem.*)

My soul doth magnify the Lord
and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.
(*O higher than the Cherubim,
more glorious beyond compare than the Seraphim;
thou who undefiled barest God the Word,
Mother of God in very truth, we magnify thee.*)
For he hath regarded the low estate of his
handmaiden:
for behold, from henceforth all generations
shall call me blessed.
(*O higher than the Cherubim...
...we magnify thee.*)
For he that is mighty hath done to me great things,
and holy is his name,
And his mercy is on them that fear him
from generation to generation.
(*O higher than the Cherubim...
...we magnify thee.*)

He hath put down the mighty from their seat,
and hath exalted the humble and meek.
He hath filled the hungry with good things
and the rich he hath sent empty away.
(*O higher than the Cherubim...
...we magnify thee.*)
He hath holpen his servant Israel,
remembering his mercy;
As he promised to our forefather Abraham
and his seed forever.
(*O higher than the Cherubim...
...we magnify thee.*)



XII. THE GREATER GLORIA

This is the longest and most complex movement in the service. The text contains not only the body of the *Gloria* as known in the Western liturgy but also, at the end, a grab-bag of prayers and petitions, many from the Psalms. The section corresponding to the Western *Gloria* is fairly straight-forward – note that while the melody of the opening is the same as that of the seventh movement of the Vigil, the harmonies are different – but the prayers are set in such a way that the words are difficult to follow even for someone who knows the text intimately: each part goes its own way, like a congregation praying multiple prayers. (We’ve tried to sort this out as best we can in the following text.) Everybody does come together for the final burst of Lord-have-mercy.

Slava v vyshnikh Bogu,
 i na zemli mir, v chelovetsekh blagovoleniye.
 Khvalim Tya, blagoslovim Tya,
 klanyayemtsiya, slavoslovim Tya,
 blagodarim Tya velikiya radi slavy Tvoyeya.
 Gospodi Tsaryu nebesny,
 Bozhe Otche, Vsederzhitel'yu,
 Gospodi Syne Yedinorodny, lisuse Khriste,
 i Svyaty Dushe.
 Gospodi Bozhe, Agnche Bozhi, Syne Otech',
 vzemlyai grekh mira,
 pomiluy nas;
 vzemlyai grekhi mira,
 priimi molitvu nashu.
 Sedyai odesnuyu Otsa,
 pomiluy nas.

Yako Ty yesi, yedin svyat,
 Ty yesi yedin Gospod', lisus Khristos
 v slavu Boga Otsa. Amin'.

[Sopranos and Altos:]

Na vsyak den' blagoslovlyu Tya,
 i voskhvalyu imya Tya,
 vo vek i v vek veka.

**[Tenors (while Sopranos and Altos
 repeat previous words):]**

Spodobi, Gospodi, v den' sey
 bez grekha sokhranitsiya nam.

**[Basses (while upper voices
 repeat preceding two lines):]**

Blagosloven yesi, Gospodi,
 Bozhe, Otets nashikh,
 i khval'no i proslavleno imya Tvoye
 vo vek i amin'.

Glory be to God on high,
 and on earth be peace, good will towards men.
 We praise thee, we bless thee,
 we worship thee, we glorify thee,
 we give thanks to thee for thy great glory,
 O Lord God, heavenly king,
 God the Father Almighty.

O Lord, the only begotten Son, Jesus Christ;
 Also the Holy Spirit.

O Lord God, Lamb of God, son of the Father,
 that takest away the sins of the world,
 have mercy upon us;
 that takest away the sins of the world,
 receive our prayer.

Thou that sittest at the right hand
 of the Father,
 have mercy upon us.

For thou only art holy;
 Thou only art the Lord; thou only, Jesus Christ,
 in the glory of god the Father.

[Sopranos and Altos:]

Every day will I give thanks unto thee, O Lord,
 and praise thy Name
 for ever and ever.

**[Tenors (while Sopranos and Altos
 repeat previous words):]**

Vouchsafe, O Lord this day
 to keep us without sin.

**[Basses (while upper voices
 repeat preceding two lines):]**

Blessed art thou, O Lord,
 God of our Fathers,
 praise and glorified be thy holy Name
 for ever, amen.



[Full Choir:]

Budi, Gospodi, milost' Tvoja na nas,
Yakozhe upovakhom na Tya.

[Full Choir:]

Let thy merciful kindness, O Lord, be upon us,
even as our trust is in thee.

[For the next nine lines two texts are being sung simultaneously: the italicized text as the principal line by the altos; the unitalicized text as accompanied by the other voices.]

Pomiluy mya.

Blagosloven yesi, Gospodi,
nauchi mya opravdaniyem Tvoim.

Istseli dushu moyu.

Blagosloven yesi, Gospodi,
nauchi mya opravdaniyem Tvoim.

K Tebe pribegokh.

Blagosloven yesi, Gospodi,
nauchi mya opravdaniyem Tvoim.

[Full Choir:]

Gospodi, pribezhishche byl yesi nam
v rod i v rod.

Az rekh: Gospodi, pomiluy mya,
istseli dushu moyu, yako sogreshikh Tebe,
nauchi mya tvoriti volyu Tvoyu,
yako Ty yesi Bog moy,
yako u Tebe istochnik zhivota,
vo svete Tvoym uzrim svet:

Probavi milost' Tvoyu vedushchim Tya.

Svyaty Bozhe, svyaty krepki,
svyaty bessmertny, pomiluy nas.

Slava Otsu i Synu i Svyatomu Dukhu,
i nyne i prisno, i vo veky vekov, amin'.

Svyaty bessmertny, pomiluy nas;
Svyaty Bozhe, svyaty krepki,
svyaty bessmertny pomiluy nas.

Have mercy upon me.

Blessed art thou, O Lord;
teach me thy statutes.

Heal my soul.

Blessed art thou, O Lord;
teach me thy statutes.

I flee unto thee.

Blessed art thou, O Lord;
teach me thy statutes.

[Full Choir:]

Lord, thou hast been our refuge
from generation to generation.

I said, Lord, be merciful unto me
and heal my soul, for I have sinned against thee.
Teach me to do the thing that pleaseth thee,
for thou art my God,
for with thee is the well of life,
and in thy light shall we see light.

Continue thy loving kindness unto those that know
thee.

Holy God, holy, mighty,
holy, immortal, have mercy upon us.

Glory to the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit,
as it was, is now, and shall be,
world without end, amen.

Holy, immortal, have mercy upon us.

Holy God, holy, mighty,
holy, immortal, have mercy upon us.



XIII. TODAY HATH SALVATION COME

The Vigil ends with three hymns. The first and shortest is a hymn to the Resurrection using, again, a Znamenny chant.

Dnes' spaseniye miru byst',
poyem voskresshemu iz groba,
i nachal'niku zhizni nasheya;
razrushiv bo smertiyu smert',
pobedu dade nam i veliyu milost'.

Today hath salvation come to earth;
let us praise our Saviour, risen from the tomb;
for he is the Author of our life;
for destroying death by death,
he hath given us the victory and great favor.

XIV. WHEN THOU HADST ARISEN

The second hymn, as direct as the first but somewhat longer, is again set to a Znamenny chant.

Voskres iz groba,
i uzy rasterzal yesi ada:
razrushil yesi osuzhdeniye smerti,
Gospodi, vsya ot setey vraga izbavivy.
Yavivy zhe sebe apostolom Tvoim,
poslal yesi na propoved',
i temi mir Tvoy podal yesi vseleney,
Yedine mnogo milostive.

When thou hadst arisen from the tomb,
and burst the bonds of hell,
thou destroyedst the condemnation of death
O Lord, breaking the bonds of the enemy.
Revealing thyself to thine Apostles,
thou didst send them forth to preach thy Word,
granting thy peace through them to all the world,
O thou only all-merciful one.

XV. HYMN TO THE MOTHER OF GOD

The final hymn is a hymn to the Virgin, rounding off the Vigil service with a suggestion of the continuing adoration of the Church. The melody is a Greek chant.

Vzbrannoy voyevode pobeditel'naya,
yako izbavl'shesya ot zlykh,
blagodarstvennaya vospisuyem Ti rabi Tvoi,

bogoroditse!
No yako imushchaya derzhavu nepobedimuyu,
ot vsyakikh nas bed svobodi,
da zovyom Ti:
raduysya nevesto nenevestnaya!

Heaven-elected chieftain of triumphant hosts,
since thou hast saved us from evil,
hymns of glad thanksgiving do thy servants
off unto thee,
thou who bearest God!
Do thou, to whom God hath given might invincible,
deliver us from every ill;
then shall we cry:
hail to thee, O Bride and ever Maiden!