

A Kalmus Classic Edition

Horatio

PARKER

HORA NOVISSIMA

Opus 30

for Soli, Chorus and Orchestra
with German and English text

CHORAL SCORE

K 06815



TO THE DEAR MEMORY OF MY FATHER

CHARLES EDWARD PARKER

THIS WORK IS GRATEFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED.

NEW YORK, *December*, 1892.

HORA NOVISSIMA

BEING THE RHYTHM OF BERNARD DE MORLAIX ON
THE CELESTIAL COUNTRY.

The English Translation by ISABELLA G. PARKER.

PART I.

I.—CHORUS.

Hora novissima,
Tempora pessima
Sunt, vigilemus !
Ecce minaciter
Imminet Arbitr
Ille supremus :

Imminet, imminet,
Ut mala terminet,
Æqua coronet,
Recta remuneret,
Anxia liberet,
Æthera donet.

Auferat aspera
Duraque pondera
Mentis onustæ,
Sobria munit,
Improba puniat,
Utraque juste.

PART I.

I.—CHORUS.

Cometh earth's latest hour,
Evil hath mighty power ;
Now watch we ever—
Keep we vigil.
Lo, the great Judge appears !
O'er the unfolding years :
Watching for ever.

Mightiest, mightiest,
He is made manifest
Right ever crowning—
True hearts in mansion fair,
Free from all anxious care,
Ever enthroning.

Bears He the painful goad,
Lightens the heavy load,
Heavy it must be ;
Giveth the rich reward,
Meteth the penance hard,
Each given justly.

II.—QUARTET.

Hic breve vivitur,
Hic breve plangitur,
Hic breve fletur :
Non breve vivere,
Non breve plangere,
Retribuetur.

O retributio !
Stat brevis actio,
Vita perennis ;
O retributio !
Cœlica mansio
Stat lue plenis ;

Quid datur et quibus
Æther ? egentibus,
Et cruce dignis,
Sidera vermibus,
Optima sontibus,
Astra malignis.

Sunt modo prælia,
Postmodo præmia.
Qualia ? plena :
Plena refectio,
Nullaque passio,
Nullaque pœna.

III.—ARIA—BASS.

Spe modo vivitur,
Et Syon angitur
A Babylone ;
Nunc tribulatio ;
Tunc recreatio,
Sceptra, coronæ.

Tunc nova gloria
Pectora sobria
Clarificabit,
Solvēt enigmata,
Veraque Sabbata
Continuabit.

Patria splendida,
Terraque florida,
Libera spinis,
Danda fidelibus
Est ibi civibus,
Hic peregrinis.

IV.—CHORUS—INTRODUCTION AND FUGUE.

Pars mea, Rex meus,
In proprio Deus
Ipse decore
Visus amabitur,
Atque videbitur
Auctor in ore.

II.—QUARTET.

Here life is quickly gone,
Here grief is ended soon,
Here tears are flowing ;
Life ever fresh is there,
Life free from anxious care,
God's hand bestowing.

O blessed Paradise !
Where endless glory lies,
Rapture unending.
O dwelling full of light,
Where Christ's own presence bright
Glory is lending.

Who shall this prize attain,
Who this blest guerdon gain,
Here the cross bearing ?
Crowns for the lowliest,
Thrones for the holiest,
Heaven's honours sharing.

Now is the battle hour,
Then great rewards our dower.
What are they ? blessing—
Blessings unknown before,
Passion shall vex no more,
Peace yet increasing.

III.—ARIA.—BASS.

Zion is captive yet,
Longing for freedom sweet,
In exile mourning ;
Now is the hour of night,
Then, crowned with full delight,
Zion returning.

Ever new glories still
The inmost heart shall fill
With joy supernal.
All doubts shall disappear,
When dawneth, calm and clear,
Sabbath eternal.

O country glorious
Love hath prepared for us,
Thornless thy flowers !
Given to faithful ones,
There to be citizens—
Such joy be ours !

IV.—CHORUS.—INTRODUCTION AND FUGUE

Most Mighty, most Holy,
How great is the glory
Thy throne enfolding !
When shall we see Thy face,
And all Thy wonders trace,
Joyful beholding ?

Tunc Jacob Israel,
Et Lia tunc Rachel
Efficietur,
Tunc Syon atria,
Pulcraque patria
Perficietur.

V.—ARIA.—SOPRANO.

O bona patria,
Lumina sobria
Te speculantur :
Ad tua nomina
Sobria lumina
Collacrymantur :

Est tua mentio
Pectoris unctio,
Cura doloris,
Concipientibus
Æthera mentibus
Ignis amoris.

Tu locus unicus,
Illeque cœlicus
Es paradisus :
Non ibi lacryma,
Sed placidissima
Gaudia, risus.

VI.—CHORUS.

Tu sine littore,
Tu sine tempore,
Fons, modo rivus,
Dulce bonis sapis,
Estque tibi lapis
Undique vivus.

Est tibi laurea,
Dus datur aurea,
Sponsa decora,
Primaque Principis
Oscula suscipis,
Inspicis ora.

Candida lilia,
Vivia monilia,
Sunt tibi, sponsa,
Agnus adest tibi,
Sponsus adest tibi,
Lux speciosa.

Tota negotia,
Cantica dulcia
Dulce tonare,
Tam mala debita,
Quam bona præbita
Conjubilare.

All the long history,
All the deep mystery,
Through ages hidden.
When shall our souls be blest,
To the great marriage feast
Graciously bidden ?

V.—ARIA.—SOPRANO.

O country bright and fair,
What are thy beauties rare ?
What thy rich treasure ?
Thy name brings joyful tears,
Falling upon our ears,
Sweet beyond measure.

Thou art the home of rest,
Thy mention to the breast
Gives bliss unspoken.
Who learn thy blessed ways
Shall have, in songs of praise,
Comfort unbroken.

Thou only mansion bright,
Full of supreme delight,
Thou art preparing.
There shall all tears be dry,
There is serenest joy,
All shall be sharing.

VI.—CHORUS.

Thou ocean without shore,
Where time shall be no more,
Dwelling most gracious.
Fountain of love alone,
Thou hast the living stone,
Elect and precious.

Thou hast the laurel fair,
The heavenly Bride shall wear,
Robed in her splendour.
First shall the Prince confer
All priceless gifts on her,
With glances tender.

There are the lilies white,
In garlands pure and bright,
Her brow adorning.
The Lamb her Spouse shall be,
His light shines gloriously,
Fairer than morning.

There saints find full employ,
Songs of triumphant joy
Ever upraising.
They who are most beloved,
They who were tried and proved,
Together praising.

PART II.

VII.—ARIA.—TENOR.

Urbs Syon aurea,
Patria lactea,
Cive decora,
Omne cor obruis,
Omnibus obstruis
Et cor et ora.

Nescio, nescio,
Quæ jubilatio,
Lux tibi qualis,
Quam socialia
Gaudia, gloria
Quam specialis :

Laude studens ea
Tollere, mens mea
Victa fatiscit ;
O bona gloria,
Vincor ; in omnia
Laus tua vicit.

VIII.—DOUBLE CHORUS.

Stant Syon atria
Conjubilantia,
Martyre plena
Cive micantia,
Principe stantia,
Luce serena ;

Est ibi pascua
Mitibus afflua,
Præstita sanctis ;
Regis ibi thronus,
Agminis et sonus
Est epulantis.

IX.—ARIA.—ALTO.

Gens duce splendida,
Concio candida,
Vestibus albis,
Sunt sine fletibus
In Syon ædibus,
Ædibus almis ;

Sunt sine crimine,
Sunt sine turbine,
Sunt sine lite
In Syon ædibus
Editioribus
Israelitæ.

PART II.

VII.—ARIA.—TENOR.

Golden Jerusalem,
Bride with her diadem,
Radiant and glorious ;
Temple of light thou art,
O'er mind and soul and heart,
Thou art victorious.

Who can tell—who can tell
What noble anthems swell
Through thy bright portal ?
What dear delights are thine,
What glory most divine,
What light immortal !

Longing thy joys to sing,
Worthily offering
Love overflowing ;
Glory most bright and good,
Feed me with heavenly food,
New life bestowing.

VIII.—DOUBLE CHORUS.

There stand those halls on high,
There sound the songs of joy
In noblest measure.
There are the martyrs bright
In heaven's o'erflowing light—
The Lord's own treasure.

In pastures fresh and green
The white-robed saints are seen,
For ever resting ;
The kingly throne is near,
And joyful shouts we hear,
Of many feasting.

IX.—ARIA.—ALTO.

People victorious,
In raiment glorious,
They stand for ever.
God wipes away their tears,
Giving, through endless years,
Peace like a river.

Earth's turmoils ended are,
Strife, and reproach, and war,
No more annoying :
Children of blessedness
Their heritage of peace
Freely enjoying.

X.—CHORUS—A CAPELLA.

Urbs Syon unica,
 Mansio mystica,
 Conditæ cælo,
 Nunc tibi gaudeo,
 Nunc mihi lugeo,
 Tristor, anhelor:
 Te quia corpore
 Non queo, pectore
 Sæpe penetror;
 Sed, caro terrea,
 Terraque carnea,
 Mox cado retro.

XI.—QUARTET AND CHORUS.

Urbs Syon inclyta,
 Turris et edita
 Littore tuto,
 Te peto, te colo,
 Te flagro, te volo,
 Canto, saluto:
 Nec meritis peto;
 Nam meritis meto
 Morte perire:
 Nec reticens te go,
 Quod meritis ego
 Filius iræ.
 Vita quidem mea,
 Vita nimis rea,
 Mortua vita,
 Quippe reatibus
 Exitibus
 Obruta, trita.
 Spe tamen ambulo,
 Præmia postulo
 Speque fideque;
 Illa perennia
 Postulo præmia
 Nocte dieque:
 Me Pater optimus
 Atque piissimus
 Ille creavit,
 In lue pertulit,
 Ex lue sustulit,
 A lue lavit.
 O bona patria,
 Num tua gaudia
 Teque videbo?
 O bona patria,
 Num tua præmia
 Plena tenebo?
 O sacer, O pius,
 O ter et amplius
 Ille beatus,
 Cui sua pars Deus:
 O miser, O reus,
 Hac viduatus.

X.—CHORUS.—A CAPELLA.

City of high renown,
 Home of the saints alone,
 Built in the heaven;
 Now will I sing thy praise,
 Adore the matchless grace
 To mortals given.
 Vainly I strive to tell
 All thy rich glories well,
 Thy beauty singing;
 Still, with the earnest heart,
 Bear I my humble part,
 My tribute bringing.

XI.—QUARTET AND CHORUS.

Thou city great and high,
 Towering beyond the sky,
 Storms reach thee never:
 I seek thee, long for thee;
 I love thee, I sing thee,
 I hail thee ever.
 Though I am unworthy
 Of mercy before Thee,
 Justly I perish;
 My follies confessing,
 Nor claiming Thy blessing,
 No hope I cherish.
 In deepest contrition,
 Owning my condition,
 My life unholy;
 Burdened with guiltiness,
 Weary and comfortless,
 Help, I implore Thee.
 Yet will I faithfully
 Strive those rewards to see,
 Beck'ning so brightly;
 Ask in unworthiness
 Heavenly blessedness,
 Daily and nightly.
 For He, the Father blest,
 Wisest and holiest,
 Of life the Giver,
 Maketh His light to shine
 In this dark soul of mine,
 Dwelling for ever.
 O land of full delight,
 Thy peerless treasures bright,
 May we behold them!
 Thou home of beauty rare,
 May we thy blessings share!
 Priceless we hold them.
 O blessed for ever
 A thousandfold they are
 Who shall inherit
 Thee, their portion unfailing
 And that mercy availing
 Through Thy own merit.