

Monica Hatch, soprano, studied voice at the Juilliard School with the celebrated opera diva Eleanor Steber and completed her Bachelor of Music Degree at the Eastman School of Music. Although she was a classical voice major at Eastman, she was often invited to perform with the school's jazz ensembles and won the DownBeat Jazz vocalist award in the College Division. She went on to earn her Masters at New England Conservatory, where she studied with dramatic soprano, Donna Roll. Monica currently studies with *lirico spinto* soprano Margaret Tartaglia, the former artistic director of Salisbury Lyric Opera. Throughout her career, Monica has successfully balanced performing in both jazz and classical genres. With two jazz CDs to her credit, this album highlights Monica's classical technique and some of her favorite classical repertoire.

Ian Watson, conductor, harpsichordist, pianist and prize winning organist, was awarded while at the Royal Academy of Music in London. He completed his organ studies with Flor Peeters in Belgium. He has played with most of the leading British orchestras, including the London Symphony, Royal Philharmonic, English Baroque Soloists, Academy of St. Martin in the Fields, and numerous others. He has recorded and toured worldwide with the Academy, including playing all six Brandenburg Concerti, of which he now has three recordings to his credit, most notably with the Chamber Orchestra of Europe for Deutsche Grammophon. He has appeared on nearly 200 broadcasts and recordings, including as solo pianist on an award-winning CD with Renée Fleming and the English Chamber Orchestra. He inaugurated the highly successful Cathedral of St. Paul Music Festival, Worcester, Mass., where he currently holds the position of music director.

St. John's Schola Cantorum was formed in 2000 under the direction of choirmaster and organist Sean Redrow (MM, candidate DMA). Garnering an ever-increasing reputation for the quality of their performance and the diversity of their repertoire, this group is without equal in Central Massachusetts. They have performed at the request of the American Guild of Organists, churches, and organizations throughout New England and were featured in concert at Mechanics Hall in Worcester, Mass.

Let The Bright Seraphim

Let the Bright Seraphim in burning row, there loud uplifted angel trumpets blow.
Let the cherubic hosts in tuneful choirs touch their immortal harps with golden wires.

Laudate Dominum

Laudate Dominum omnes gentes
Laudate eum omnes populi
Quoniam confirmata est
Super nos misericordia eius
Et veritas Domini manet in aeternum.

Praise the Lord, all ye nations:
Praise Him, all ye people
Because His mercy
Is confirmed upon us
And the truth of the Lord remaineth for ever.

Panis Angelicus

Panis angelicus fit panis hominum;
dat panis caelicus figuris terminum;
O res mirabilis:
manducat Dominum
pauper, servus et humilis.

Bread of Angels, made the bread of men;
The Bread of heaven puts an end to all symbols:
A wonderful thing!
The Lord becomes our food:
poor, a servant, and humble.

With Verdure Clad

With verdure clad, the fields appear delightful to the ravished sense.
By flowers sweet and gay, enhanced is the charming sight.
Here radiant herbs their odors shed. Here shoots the healing plant.
With copious fruit the expanded boughs are hung.
In leafy arches twine the shady groves. O'er lofty hills majestic forests wave.

The Soft Complaining Flute

The Soft complaining flute in dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

Fairest Isle

Fairest isle, all isles excelling. Seat of pleasure and of love,
Venus here will choose her dwelling and forsake her Cyprian grove.
Cupid from his fav'rite nation, care and envy will remove
Jealousy that poisons passion and despair that dies for love.

Gentle murmurs. Sweet complaining. Sighs that blow the fire of love.
Soft repulses, kind disdain shall be all the pains you prove.
Every swain shall pay his duty. Grateful every nymph shall prove,
And as these excel in beauty, those shall be renowned for love.

Bist du bei mir

Bist du bei mir, geh'ich mit Freuden
zum Sterben und zu meiner Ruh.
Ach, wie vergnügt wär so mein Ende,
es drückten deine schönen Hände
mir die getreuen Augen zu!

Pie Jesu

Pie Jesu Domine,
dona eis requiem, requiem sempiternam.

Ach ich fühls

Ach ich fühls, es ist verschwunden,
Ewig hind mein ganzes Glück
Ewig hin der Liebe Glück!
Nimmer kommt ihr, Wonnestunden,
Meinem Herzen mehr zurück.
Sieh Tamino, diese Tränen
Fließen Trauter, dir allein.
Fühlst du nicht der Liebe Sehnen,
So wird Ruh im Tode sein.

Con Te Partiro (Time to Say Goodbye)

Quando sono solo sogno all'orizzonte e mancan le parole
si lo so che non c'è luce in una stanza quando manca il sole
se non ci sei tu con me
Su le finestre mostra a tutti il mio cuore
che hai acceso chiudi dentro me la luce
che hai incontrato per strada

Con te partirò
Paesi che non ho mai veduto e vissuto con te adesso si li vivrò
Con te partirò su navi per mari che io lo so
no, no, non esistono più con te io li vivrò

Quando sei lontana sogno all'orizzonte e mancan le parole
e io sì lo so che sei con me tu mia luna tu sei qui con me
mio sole tu sei qui con me con me con me

Be thou with me, and I'll gladly go
To death and to my repose.
Ah, how my end would bring contentment,
Ah, pressing with thy hands so lovely,
Thou wouldst my faithful eyes then close.

Merciful Lord Jesus,
grant them rest, rest everlasting

Ah, I feel it, it has disappeared.
All my happiness is forever gone.
Love's happiness is forever gone!
Nevermore will the hour of bliss
Come back to my heart.
See, Tamino, these tears flowing,
Beloved, for you alone!
If you don't feel the longing of love
Then there will be peace in death!

I'll Go With You

When I'm alone, I dream of the horizon and words fail me.
There is no light in a room where there is no sun.
And there is no sun if you're not here with me.
From every window, unfurl my heart, the heart that you have won.
Into me you've poured the light that
you've found by the side of the road.

I will go with you. Places I've never seen or
experienced with you, now I shall.
I'll sail with you upon ships across the seas that exist no more.
I will revive them with you. I will go with you.

When you're far away, I dream of the horizon and words fail me.
And of course, I know that you're with me.
You, my moon, you are with me. My sun, you are here with me.



Photo: David Carlson

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Monica
Hatch
soprano

Bright
Seraphim

Cathedral of St. Paul Festival Orchestra
St. John's Schola Cantorum