

Texts and translations

close[r], now – Ayanna Woods

the point of ease is a window.
dream—fathom—
hone the dexterity of love.
the mask/ a [path] through
come back/ come back to
life.

Lauda Jerusalem, from *Vespro della Beata Vergine* – Claudio Monteverdi

Lauda, Jerusalem, Dominum;	Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem:
lauda Deum tuum, Sion.	praise thy God, O Zion.
Quoniam confortavit seras portarum tuarum;	For he hath made fast the bars of thy gates:
benedixit filiis tuis in te.	and hath blessed thy children within thee.
Qui posuit fines tuos pacem,	He maketh peace in thy borders:
et adipe frumenti satiat te.	and filleth thee with the flour of wheat.
Qui emittit eloquium suum terræ:	He sendeth forth his commandment upon earth:
velociter currit sermo ejus.	and his word runneth very swiftly.
Qui dat nivem sicut lanam;	He giveth snow like wool:
nebulam sicut cinerem spargit.	and scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes.
Mittit crystallum suam sicut buccellas:	He casteth forth his ice like morsels:
ante faciem frigoris ejus quis sustinebit?	who is able to abide his frost?
Emittet verbum suum, et liquefaciet ea;	He sendeth out his word, and melteth them:
flabit spiritus ejus, et fluent aquæ.	he bloweth with his wind, and the waters flow.
Qui annuntiat verbum suum Jacob,	He sheweth his word unto Jacob:
justitias et judicia sua Israel.	his statutes and ordinances unto Israel.
Non fecit taliter omni nationi,	He hath not dealt so with any nation:
et judicia sua non manifestavit eis.	neither have the heathen knowledge of his laws.
Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto.	Glory be to the Father, to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.
Sicut erat in principio et nunc et semper	As it was in the beginning is now and forever,
et in sæcula sæculorum, Amen.	world without end, Amen.

Psalm 147

O Radiant Dawn, from *The Strathclyde Motets* – James MacMillan

O Radiant Dawn!
Splendour of eternal Light,
Sun of Justice:
Come, shine on those who dwell in darkness and the shadow of death
Isaiah had prophesied:
“The people who walked in darkness have seen a great light;
Upon those who dwelt in the land of gloom a light has shone.”
Amen.

Antiphon for December 21

Regina caeli – Resurrexit – Vicente Lusitano

Regina caeli laetare, alleluia!	Queen of heaven, rejoice, alleluia!
Quia quem meruisti portare, alleluia!	The Son you merited to bear, alleluia!
Resurrexit sicut dixit, alleluia!	Has risen as he said, alleluia!

Ora pro nobis Deum, alleluia! Pray to God for us, alleluia!

The Rewaking – Augusta Read Thomas

Sooner or later
we must come to the end
of striving

to re-establish
the image the image of
the rose

but not yet
you say extending the
time indefinitely

by
your love until a whole
spring

rekindle
the violet to the very
lady's-slipper

and so by
your love the very sun
itself is revived

Text by William Carlos Williams

Regina coeli – Alexander Agricola

Regina coeli laetare, alleluia!	Queen of heaven, rejoice, alleluia!
Quia quem meruisti portare, alleluia!	The Son you merited to bear, alleluia!
Resurrexit sicut dixit, alleluia!	Has risen as he said, alleluia!
Ora pro nobis Deum, alleluia!	Pray to God for us, alleluia!

Elmúlt a tél – Lajos Bárdos

Winter Is Gone

Elmúlt már a vad tél, hahó, tilalaj, kivirul a táj, párát hajtó szellő, könnyen szállj!	The wild winter is over, hey, from frozen earth the landscape is blossoming the wind drives away the mist, come away!
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Szívós gally a zöldjét Teregeti már, Nyíló bimbó kelyhét feszegeti már, felhőn pergő napfény, szállj!	A tough twig already spreads its green, already opens its flowering bud, sunlight swirls in a cloud, come away!
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Harmat rengő gyöngye, a fű idevár; bomló tánc a szívben, dalol a madár,	The dew quivers like a pearl, the grass waits, a dance loosens in the heart, the bird sings,
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felhőn pergő napfény,
gyere már
áldott napfényünk, szállj!

the sun shines through the clouds,
come, return, o blessed sunlight,
Come away!

Text by Weöres Sándor

Négy Regi Magyar Népdal (Four Old Hungarian Folksongs) – Béla Bartók

I. Rég megmondtam, bús gerlice

Ne rakj fészket útszéjire!
Mer az úton sokan járnak,
A fészkekből kihajásznak.

I've long told you, sad turtledove,

Do not make a nest by the side of the road!
For many pass along that road,
And will drive you from your nest.

Rakjál fészket a sűrűbe,
Bánatfának tetejibe;
Aki kérdi: ezt ki rakta?
Mondjátok: egy árva rakta,
Kinek sem apja, sem anyja,
Sem egy igaz atyjafia.

Make your nest in the depths of the wood,
Atop the tree of sorrow;
When asked, who made this?
Reply, 'twas an orphan,
Who has neither a father nor a mother,
Nor even a true friend.

II. Jaj istenem, kire várok:

Megyek Budapestre,
Ott sétálok a lányokkal
Minden szombat este.

Oh my Lord, who am I waiting for:

I'm off to Budapest,
To take a stroll with the girls
Every Saturday night.

Kipirosítom az arcom,
magam nagyra tartom;
Úgy szeretnek meg engem a lányok
Ott a Dunaparton.

I'll rouge my cheeks
And think highly of myself
That's how the girls will fall for me
On the banks of the Danube.

III. Ángyomasszony kertje, bertje,

Nem tuom mi van belévetve:
Szederje, bederje,
Kapsom donom donom deszka,
kántormenta fodormenta,
Jaj de furcsa nóta, ugyan cifra nóta.

My sister-in-law's garden,

I've no idea what it's growing
Blackberries, very-berries,
Lollyberries, -erries, -erries, plankies,
Singing-mint and spearmint,
Hey what a weird ditty, a well-twisted ditty!

Csűröm alatt öt rozsasztag,
A kertembe hat rozsasztag,
Szederje, bederje,
Kapsom donom donom deszka,
kántormenta fodormenta,
Jaj de furcsa nóta, ugyan cifra nóta!

In my barn I've five sheaves of oat,
In my garden six sheaves of oat,
Blackberries, very-berries,
Lollyberries, -erries, -erries, plankies,
Singing-mint and spearmint,
Hey what a weird ditty, a well-twisted ditty!

IV. Béreslegény, jól megrakd a szekeret,

Sarjútüske böködjé a tenyered!
Mennél jobban böködi a tenyered,
Annál jobban rakd meg a szekeredet!

Farm laborer lad, load the cart well,

The stubbles prickle your palm!
The more they prickle your palm,
The better you load the cart!

Translation by Nicholas Bodoczky and Anna Süto

Dana-dana – Bárdos

Hej, igazítsad jól a lábod',
Tíz farsangja, hogy már járod,

Hey, pay attention to your feet,
You've been dancing at the carnival since ten,

Hej dana-dana-dana, dana-dana danajdom!	Hey, sing-song, let's dance!
Hej, ez a kislány atyámfia, Szereti az apám fia, Hej dana-dana-dana, dana-dana danajdom!	Hey, this young girl is my wife, She loves my father's son – that's me! Hey, sing-song, let's dance!
Hej, a szívemnek nagy a búja, Te légy rózsám orvoslója, Hej dana-dana-dana, dana-dana danajdom!	Hey, my heart is very sad, Come, sweetheart, nurse it back to health, Hey, sing-song, let's dance!
Hej, nem aludtam csak egy szikrát, Eltáncoltam az éjszakát, Hej dana-dana-dana, dana-dana danajdom!	Hey, I didn't sleep even a little bit, I've been dancing all night, Hey, sing-song, let's dance!
Hej, ne tekintsd, hogy rongyos vagyok, Kilenc gyermek apja vagyok, Hej dana-dana-dana, dana-dana danajdom!	Hey, don't think I'm worn out, I'm the father of nine children! Hey, sing-song, let's dance!
Hej, ne okoskodj, ne halogass, Házasodjál, ne válogass, Hej dana-dana-dana, dana-dana danajdom!	Hey, don't be a smart-aleck, don't procrastinate, Just get married, don't be picky! Hey, sing-song, let's dance!

Music, from *Triumvirate* – Ulysses Kay

Let me go where'er I will,
I hear a sky-born music still:
It sounds from all things old,
It sounds from all things young;
From all that's fair, from all that's foul,
Peals out a cheerful song.

It is not only in the rose,
It is not only in the bird,
Not only where the rainbow glows,
Nor in the song of woman heard,
But in the darkest, meanest things
There always, always something sings.

'Tis not in the high stars alone,
Nor in the cup of budding flowers,
Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,
Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,
But in the mud and scum of things
There always, always something sings!

Text by Ralph Waldo Emerson

On a Clear Day – Burton Lane, arr. Gene Puerling

On a clear day,
Rise and look around you,
and you'll see who you are –
On a clear day,
how it will astound you,
that the glow of your being outshines every star –

You feel part of ev'ry mountain, sea and shore,
You can hear from far and near,
a world you've never heard before,
And on a clear day,
On that clear day,
You can see forever and ever more.

Text by Alan Jay Lerner

SUNRISE – MICHELLE, arr. Tim Keeler

*Couldn't ever be my sunrise, sunrise,
You're just a setting sun, I'd pray and you would pass me by,
You're only looking for a good time, a body you could kiss on,
Turn to you and you've moved on.*

Well there's something about the way you passed me by
I couldn't keep up and now I'm stuck.
And I never forget how carefully you counted it:
Seven twenty-five licks to the center of a tootsie pop,
All the times you laughed it made my heart stop
Get the key, unlocked, no pace, no clock,
Who's there? Knock, knock.

The earth still turns and I believe one day I'll fall into your gravity.
I just took too long to see beyond this predetermined read.
Empty hallways, calendars months behind,
Beds too warm to leave
But I know like the sun I've gotta rise eventually.

Couldn't ever be my sunrise...

It's sour this time
Many times I rode, many times I'd spin and went so far for you,
It's familiar and mild,
You stretch me out, I still can't reach
Don't wanna need your company.

Don't you know that the earth still turns and I believe one day I'll fall into your gravity.
I just took too long to see beyond this predetermined read.
Empty hallways, calendars months behind,
Beds too warm to leave
But I know like the sun I've gotta rise eventually.

Couldn't ever be my sunrise...

Laudibus in sanctis – William Byrd

Laudibus in sanctis Dominum celebrate supremum: firmamenta sonent inclita facta Dei. Inclita facta Dei cantate, sacraque potentis voce potestatem saepe sonate manus.	Praise the Lord most high with holy praise: let the firmament echo God's glorious deeds. Sing his glorious deeds, and with loud voice proclaim the power of his mighty hand.
Magnificum Domini cantet tuba martia nomen: periera Domino concelebrate lira, Laude Dei resonent resonantia tympana summi:	Let the martial trumpet sound the Lord's great name: celebrate the Lord with the Pierian lyre. Let timbrels resound to the praise of the highest God,

alta sacri resonent organa laude Dei.	let lofty organs sound the praise of the holy God.
Hunc arguta canant tenui psalteria corda, hunc agili laudet læta chorea pede.	Let clear harps sing of him with subtle strings, let agile feet praise him in joyful dance.
Concava divinas effundant cymbala laudes, cimbala dulcisona laude repleta Dei.	Let hollow cymbals pour forth divine praises, sweet-sounding cymbals full of the praise of God.
Omne quod æthereis in mundo vescitur auris Halleluya canat tempus in omne Deo.	Let everything on earth fed by the air of heaven sing Alleluia to God, now and forever more.

Based on Psalm 150

Chôros No. 3, “Pica-pau” (“Woodpecker”) – Heitor Villa-Lobos

The text of Choros No. 3 incorporates onomatopoeia and Amerindian chants collected by the anthropologist Edgar Roquette-Pinto.

It is time to drink
It is time to eat
Let us eat kozetoza [a dish made of corn]
Let us drink oloniti [an alcoholic drink made of corn].

Parecis Indian chant

The Bird her punctual music brings, from *Purple Syllables* – Augusta Read Thomas

The Bird her punctual music brings
And lays it in its place –
Its place is in the Human Heart
And in the Heavenly Grace –
What respite from her thrilling toil
Did Beauty ever take –
But Work might be electric Rest
To those that Magic make –

Text by Emily Dickinson

Le chant des oiseaux – Clément Janequin

Réveillez vous, coeurs endormis, Le dieu d’amour vous sonne. A ce premier jour de mai Oiseaux feront merveilles Pour vous mettre hors d’esmay. Détoupez vos oreilles. Et <i>farirariron frereli</i> joli.	Awake, sleepy hearts the God of Love calls you. On this first day of May, the birds will make you marvel, To lift yourself from dismay Unclog your ears, And <i>farirariron ferely</i> prettily.
Vous serez tous en joie mis Car la saison est bonne. Vous orrez à mon avis Une douce musique, Que fera le roy mauvis Le merle aussi L’estournel sera parmi, D’une voix authentique: <i>Ti ti pyti pyti</i>	You will be moved to joy For the season is fair. You will hear, at my behest, A sweet music, That the royal thrush And also the blackbird will sing Together with the starling In a genuine voice: <i>Ti ti pyti pyti</i>

<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Chou Chou Chouti</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">Que dis-tu?</p> <p>Le petit sansonnet de Paris, Le petit mignon, Sainte tête Dieu! Guillemette, Colinette, il est temps d'aller boire! Qu'est là-bas, passe villain Sage, courtois, et bien appris. Au sermon, ma maîtress, Sus, madame, à la messe Sainte Coquette qui caquette. à Saint Trotin voir Saint Robin, montrer le tétin, le doux musequin! Rire et gaudir c'est mon devis, Chacun s'y abandonne. Rossignol du bois joli, A qui la voix résonne, Pour vous mettre hors d'ennui Votre gorge jargonne.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Chou chou chouti</i></p> <p>What are you saying? The little starling of Paris, The little darling, holy head of God! Guillemette and Colinette, it's time to go drinking! Who is there, knave? Wise, courteous, and well-formed. To the sermon, my lady, Get up, madam, To the Mass for St. Clucky, who gossips. To St. Trotin to see St. Robin Show off his chest! To laugh and rejoice is my device, Let everyone give themselves up to them. Nightingale of the pretty woods, Whose voice resounds, To free yourself from boredom Your throat jabbars away.</p>
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<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Frian frian tr tar tar tu</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Veley ticun tu tu</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Qui lara ferely fy fy</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Coqui teo siti oyty tr</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Turri huit huit teo tar</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Quio quio fouquet</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Quibi quibi fi frr</i></p> <p>Fuyez regrets, pleurs et souci, Car la saison l'ordonne,</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Frian frian tr tar tar tu</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Veley ticun tu tu</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Qui lara ferely fy fy</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Coqui teo siti oyty tr</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Turri huit huit teo tar</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Quio quio fouquet</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Quibi quibi fi frr</i></p> <p>Flee, regrets, tears and worries, For the season commands it.</p>
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<p style="text-align: center;">Arrière maître cocu, Sortez de nos chapitre, Chacun vous est mal tenu Car vous n'êtes qu'un traître</p>	<p>Turn around, master cuckoo, Get out of our company, Each of us gives you to the owl, For you are nothing but a traitor.</p>
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<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Coucou coucou</i></p> <p>Par trahison en chacun nid Pondez sans qu'on vous sonne.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Cuckoo, cuckoo</i></p> <p>Treacherously in others' nests, You lay without being called.</p>
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<p>Réveillez vous coeurs endormis, Le dieu d'amour vous sonne.</p>	<p>Awake, sleepy hearts, The god of love is calling you.</p>
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Birds of Paradise – Steven Sametz

Golden-winged, silver-winged,
Winged with flashing flame,
Such a flight of birds I saw,
Birds without a name:
Singing songs in their own tongue
(Song of songs) they came.

One to another calling,
Each answering each,
One to another calling
In their proper speech:
High above my head they wheeled,

Far out of reach.

On wings of flame they went and came
With a cadenced clang,
Their silver wings tinkled,
Their golden wings rang,
The wind it whistled through their wings
Where in Heaven they sang.

*Réveillez vous coeur endormis, [Awake, sleepy hearts,]
Le dieu d'amour vous sonne. [The god of love calls you.]*

They flashed and they darted
Awhile before mine eyes,
Mounting, mounting, mounting still
In haste to scale the skies –
Birds without a nest on earth,
Birds of Paradise.

Where the moon riseth not,
Nor sun seeks the west,
There to sing their glory
Which they sing at rest,
There to sing their love-song
When they sing their best:

Not in any garden
That mortal foot hath trod,
Not in any flow'ring tree
That springs from earthly sod,
But in the garden where they dwell,
The Paradise of God.

Text by Christina Georgina Rossetti (1830–1894), “Paradise: In a Symbol”

Journey to Recife – Richard Evans, arr. Joseph H. Jennings

Take a train, take a plane
And journey to a place
Where you can find joy and release.
Take a holiday, come and stay,
You could be here today,
And I know you would never want
to go back to where you came from.

On the day you arrive
You'll feel the magic fill your soul
And you'll have no regrets.
You will have all you need,
It will be something wonderful,
You better wake up and start that journey to me.