**O Heiland, reiss die Himmel auf (O Savior, Tear Open the Heavens)**

**Johannes Brahms**

O Savior, tear open the heavens,  
Flow down to us from heaven above;  
Tear off heaven’s gate and door;  
Tear off every lock and bar.

O God, a dew from heaven pour;  
In the dew, O Savior, downward flow.  
Break, you clouds, and rain down  
The king of Jacob’s house.

O earth, burst forth; burst forth, O earth,  
So that mountain and valley all become green;  
O earth, bring forth this little flower;  
O Savior, spring forth out of the earth.

Here we suffer the greatest distress;  
Before our eyes stands bitter death.  
Ah, come lead us with your powerful hand  
From this misery to our Father’s land.

Therefore we all want to thank you,  
Our redeemer, for ever and ever.  
Therefore we also want to praise you  
At all times, always, and forever. Amen.

**Trois Chansons**

**Maurice Ravel**

**Nicolette**

Nicolette, at vespers, went walking through the fields  
Picking daisies, jonquils, and lilies of the valley.  
Skipping merrily, glancing here, there, and everywhere.

She met an old, growling wolf, all bristly with sparkling eyes,  
“Hey there, my Nicolette, would you like to come to Grandmother’s house?”  
Quite breathless, Nicolette ran away, leaving behind her cap and white socks.

She met a handsome page with blue shoes and grey doublet,  
“Hey there, my Nicolette, would you like a boyfriend?”  
Wisely, she turned away, poor Nicolette, very slowly, her heart quite sore.

She met a grey-haired lord, twisted, ugly, arrogant, and potbellied.  
“Hey there, my Nicolette, would you like all of these gold coins?”  
Quickly she ran into his arms, good Nicolette, never to return to the fields again.

**Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis  (Three Beautiful Birds from Paradise)**

Three beautiful birds from Paradise,  
(My beloved is away at war)  
Three beautiful birds from Paradise  
Have passed by here.  
The first was bluer than the sky,  
(My beloved is away at war)  
The second was the color of snow,  
The third a red vermilion.

“Lovely little birds of Paradise,  
(My beloved is away at war)
“Lovely little birds of Paradise,
What brings you here?”
“I bring a look from blue eyes.
(Your beloved is away at war)"
“And I, on your snow-white brow,
Am to lay a kiss, even purer.”

“Red bird of Paradise,
(My beloved is away at war)
Red bird of Paradise,
What do you bring?”
“A dear heart all crimson,
(Your beloved is away at war)"
“Ah! I feel my heart growing cold . . .
Take it with you as well.”

Ronde (Round)
Old Women:
Do not go to the woods of Ormond,
Young girls do not go to the woods.
It is full of satyrs and centaurs, of cunning wizards,
Of hobgoblins and incubus, ogres and imps,
Fauns, will o’ the wisps, roguish lamies,
Flying devils, devilkins, goat-footed folk, gnomes and demons,
Full of werewolves, elves, tiny myrmidons, of enchanters, magicians, sylphs, and sylphs,
Full of outcast monks, of cyclops and djinns,
Goblins, korrigans, necromancers, and kobolds.
Do not go to the woods of Ormond!

Old Men:
Do not go to the woods of Ormond,
Young boys, do not go to the woods.
They are full of fauns, bacchantes, fairy folks,
Satyresses, ogresses, babaïgas,
Centaresses and she-devils, witches out from their Sabbath,
Of she-hobgoblins, female demons, larvae and nymphs, tiny myrmidons,
Of hamadryads, dryads, naiads, menades, thyades,
Will o’ the wisps, lemurs, female gnomes, succubus, gorgons, and she-goblins.
Do not go to the woods of Ormond

Young Women:
We no longer go to the woods of Ormond
Alas! We never go to the woods.
There are no more satyrs, no more nymphs, or fairy folks,
No more hobgoblins and incubus, nor ogres or imps,
Fauns or will o’ the wisps or furies,
Devils, flying devils, or devilkins,
Goat-footed folk, gnomes, demons, werewolves, elves, imps, myrmidons,
No more enchanters, or magicians, sylphs, sylphs,
Or outcast monks nor cyclops,
Djinns, little devils, efrits, aegypans, sylvans, goblins, korrigans, necromancers, kobolds,
Fauns, centaurs, naiads, thyads, menads, hamadryads, dryads, will o’ the wisps, lemurs,
She-gnomes, succubus, no more gorgons, female goblins.
Do not go to the woods of Ormond.
The ill-advised old women and old men have frightened them all away. Ah!

Buccinate in neomenia tuba
Giovanni Croce
Buccinate in neomenia tuba   Blow the trumpet in the new moon
in insigni die solemnitatis vestrae.   on the occasion of our solemn feast.
Alleluia.   Allelulia.
Alleluia, in voce exultationis.  
In voce tubae corneae,  
exultate Deo adjutori nostro.  
Alleluia.

Alleluia, jubilemus Deo,  
in chordis et organo,  
in tympano et choro  
cantate, et exultate et psalite.  
Alleluia.

Amor que une con el amor grandísimo  
Paul Basler (Poem by Gabriel Navar)  
Translation by the poet  
el minuto es una hojíta del pasto  
y en este instante absorbo el bosque  
que se abre y florece  
como una boca salvaje que canta  
versos veredes y al dormir hace  
crecer llantos que  
alimentan bien al jardín  
crecen llantos y gritos  
de alegría  
porque se abre el cielo  
al himno de un calor,  
un calorcito de amor  
que une con el amor grandísimo  
es enorme y especial  
al cantar me empapo  
y florecé en selva  
de sueños verdes  
y versos del pasto  
en este instante  
absorbo el amor que une  
con el grandísimo amor  
prueba mis palabras  
vuela mi canción  
vivo por el fulgor  
crecen llantos y gritos  
de alegría  
porque se abre el cielo  
al himno de un calor,  
un calorcito de amor  
que une con el amor grandísimo  
es enorme y especial  
al cantar me empapo  
y florecé en selva  
de sueños verdes  
y versos del pasto  
en este instante  
absorbo el amor que une  
con el grandísimo amor  
prueba mis palabras  
vuela mi canción  
vivo por el fulgor  

Amor De Mi Alma  
Z. Randall Stroope (Poem by Garcilaso de la Vega (1503-1536))  
Yo no naci sino para quereros;  
Mi alma os ha cortado a su medida;  
Por hábito del alma misma os quiero.  
Escrito está en mi alma vuestro gesto;  
Yo lo leo tan solo que aun de vos  
Me guardo en esto.  
Quanto tengo confieso yo deveros;  
Por vos naci, por vos tengo la vida,  
Y por vos é de morir ye por vos muero.  

When David Heard  
Eric Whitacre (The text for “When David Heard” is taken from II Samuel 18:33:)  
When David heard that Absalom was slain he went up into his chamber over the gate and wept, and thus he said: O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee, O Absolom, my son, my son!  
In II Samuel, despite his orders to the contrary, troops loyal to King David kill his son, Absalom, in the course of a rebellion against his father. Here we hear David’s lament as he learns of the death of his beloved son, whom he clearly still loves despite their tempestuous relationship. Eric Whitacre’s setting of the text provides an illustration of the introspective mourning and unsurpassed grief present in this biblical story.