Chantez à Dieu (Sing to God)
Jan Pieters Sweelinck
O sing to the Lord a new song;
Sing to the Lord, all the earth!
Sing to the Lord, bless his name;
Tell of his salvation from day to day.

Qual mormorio soave (That soft murmuring)
Luca Marenzio
That soft murmuring
of the breeze between the leaves,
angelic concord of sweet Harmony!
The air and winds become still
so that all is silent and one only
hears resound “Ave,"
the pure maiden alone replies:
“Behold, Lord, your handmaiden, to
whom nothing is too severe for me to obey.”
O what glad tidings,
for at last earth and heaven are equal,
the Virgin Lady conceals God within herself.

Nicolette
Maurice Ravel
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.

El Guayaboso (The Liar)
Guido López-Gavilán
I saw dance a danzón
on the edge of a knife
a mosquito wearing trousers
and a fly dressed in a shirt.

I saw a crab plowing, a pig blowing a whistle,
and an old growling woman
sitting in an armchair.

And a skinny little calf
die laughing
upon seeing a one-eyed goat
mending a sandal.
In Paradisum  (Into Paradise)
Edwin Fissinger
May the angels lead you into paradise,
May the Martyrs welcome you upon your arrival,
And lead you into the holy city of Jerusalem.
May a choir of angels welcome you, and,
With poor Lazarus of old,
May you have eternal rest.

Buccinate in neomenia tuba
Giovanni Croce
Buccinate in neomenia tuba
in insigni die solemnitatis vestrae.
Alleluia.

Alleluia, in voce exultationis.
In voce tubae cornae,
exultate Deo adjutori nostro.
Alleluia.

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

Amor De Mi Alma
Z. Randall Stroope
Yo no nací 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 deberos;
Por vos naci, por vos tengo la vida,
Y por vos é de morir ye por vos muero.

Laudate Dominum
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
Laudate Dominum omnes gentes
Laudate eum, omnes populi
Quoniam confirmata est
Super nos misericordia ejus
Et veritas Domini
Manet in aeternum
Gloria Patri et Filio
Et Spiritui Sancto
Sicut erat in principio
Et nunc, et semper
Et in saecula saeculorum
Amen

O Praise the Lord, all ye nations
praise him, all ye peoples
For his loving kindness
has been bestowed upon us
And the truth of the Lord
endures forever
Glory be to the Father and the Son
And the Holy Spirit
As it was in the beginning
Is now and ever shall be
World without end
Amen
Toreador Song from Carmen
Georges Bizet

ESCAMILLO:

Votre toast, je peux vous le rendre,
Señor, car avec les soldats,
Oui, les toréros peuvent s’entendre,
Pour plaisirs ils ont les combats!
Le cirque est plein, c'est jour de fête,
Le cirque est plein du haut en bas.
Les spectateurs perdant la tête,
Les spectateurs s’interpellent à grand fracas!
Apostrophes, cris et tapage
Poussés jusques à la fureur
Car c'est la fête du courage!
C'est la fête des gens de Coeur!
Allons! En garde! Ah!
Toréador, en garde!
Et songe bien, oui songe en combattant,
Qu’un œil noir te regarde
Et que l’amour t’attend!
Toréador, l’amour t’attend!

CHORUS:

Toréador, en garde! Etc.

ESCAMILLO:

Tout d’un coup, on fait silence,
On fait silence, ah ! que se passe-t-il ?
Plus de cris, c’est l’instant!
Le taureau s’élançe
En bondissant hors du toril!
Il s’élance! Il entre, il frappe!
Un cheval roule, entraînant un picador!
“Ah, bravo Toro!” hurle la foule;
le taureau va, il vient,
il vient et frappe encore!
En secouant ses banderilles,
Plein de fureur, il court!
Le cirque est plein de sang!
On se sauve, on franchit les grilles.
C’est ton tour maintenant!
Allons! En garde! Ah!
Toréador, en garde! Etc.

CHORUS:

Toréador, en garde! Etc.

FRASQUITA:

L’amour!

ESCAMILLO:

L’amour!

MERCEDES:

L’amour!

CARMEN:

L’amour!

ALL:

Toréador! Toréador! L’amour t’attend!

I can return your toast.

gentlemen, for soldiers—

yes—and bullfighters understand each other

Fighting is thier game!

The ring is packed, it’s a holiday,

The ring is full from top to bottom.

The spectators, losing their wits

yell at each other at the tops of their voices!

Exclamations, cries and uproar
carried to the pitch of fury!

For this is the fiesta of courage,

This is the fiesta of the stouthearted!

Let’s go! On guard! Ah!

Toreador, on guard!

And remember, yes, remember as you fight

That two dark eyes are watching you,

That love awaits you!

Toreador, love awaits you!

Suddenly everyone falls silent;

ah—what’s happening?

No more shouts, this is the moment!

The bull comes bounding

Out of the toril!

He charges, comes in, strikes!

A horse rolls over, dragging down a picador!

“Ah! Bravo bull!” roars the crowd;

the bull turns, comes back,
comes back and strikes again!

Shaking his banderillas,
maddened with rage, he runs about!

The ring is covered in blood!

Men jump clear, leap the barriers.

It’s your turn now!

Let’s go! On guard! Ah!

Toreador, on guard! Etc.

Love!

Love!

Love!

Love!

Toreador! Toreador! Love awaits you!