

UNIVERSITY SINGERS & CHAMBER CHOIR
PROGRAM TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

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, stryges, 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, babaïagas,
Centaureses and she-devils, witches out from their Sabbath,
Of she-hobgoblins, female demons, larves 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, stryges, 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
in insigni die solemnitatis vestrae.
Alleluia.

Blow the trumpet in the new moon
on the occasion of our solemn feast.
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 hojita 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 floreció 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 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 deveros;
Por vos nací, 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 Absalom, 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.

Alleluia, with a sound of exultation.
With the sound of trumpets,
sing praises to God our judge.
Alleluia.

Alleluia, praise God,
with timbrels and organs,
with drums and voices
sing, and praise Him with the harp.
Alleluia.

a minute is a blade of grass
and at this instant I absorb the forest
that opens and flowers
like a wild mouth that sings
green verses and upon sleeping makes the
tears grow
which well nourish the garden

tears and shouts
of joy grow
because the sky opens
at the hymn of a warmth,
a warmth of love
that unites me with the greatest love
it's enormous and special
while singing I am drenched
and flower in a jungle
of green dreams
and verses of pasture

at this instant
I absorb the love that unites me
with the grandest of loves
try my words
fly my song
I live for the glow

I was born to love only you;
My soul has formed you to its measure;
I want you as a garment for my soul.

Your very image is written on my soul;
Such indescribable intimacy
I hide even from you.

All that I have, I owe to you;
For you I was born, for you I live,
For you I must die, and for you I give my last breath.