

**Zigeunerlieder Op. 103**

**Johannes Brahms**

*He, Zigeuner, greife in die Saiten*

He, Zigeuner, greife in die Saiten ein!  
Spiel das Lied vom ungetreuen Mägdelein!  
Laß die Saiten weinen, klagen, traurig bange,  
Bis die heiße Träne netzet diese Wange!

*Hey, Gypsy, strike upon your strings!  
Play the song of the faithless young girl!  
Let the strings weep complain, sadly quiver,  
Until the hot tears flow down this cheek!*

*Hochgetürmte Rimaflut*

Hochgetürmte Rimaflut, wie bist du so trüb,  
An dem Ufer klag' ich laut nach dir, mein Lieb!  
Wellen, fliehen, Wellen Strömen,  
Rauschen an den Strand heran zu mir  
An dem Rimaufer laßt mich ewig weinen nach ihr!

*High-towered raging waters of the Rima, how murky you are,  
On the bank I loudly cry for you, my love!  
The waves fly, storm  
Speed towards me on the shore,  
On Rima's banks let me ever weep for her!*

*Wißt ihr, wann mein Kindchen*

Wißt ihr, wann mein Kindchen am allerschönsten ist?  
Wenn ihr süßes Mündchen scherzt und lacht und küßt  
Mägdelein, du bist mein, inniglich küß ich dich,  
Dich erschuf der liebe Himmel einzig nur für mich!  
Wißt ihr, wann mein Liebster am besten mir gefällt?  
Wenn in seinen Armen er mich umschlungen hält.  
Schäzelein, du bist mein, inniglich küß' ich dich,  
Dich erschuf der liebe Himmel einzig nur für mich!

*Do you know when my darling is most beautiful?  
When her sweet mouth teases and laughs and kisses.  
Maiden, you are mine, I kiss you with all my heart,  
Heaven created you only for me.  
Do you know when I most love my darling?  
When he holds me embraced in his arms.  
Darling, you are mine, I kiss you with all my heart,  
Heaven created you only for me!*

*Lieber Gott, du Weißt*

Lieber Gott, du weißt, wie oft bereut ich hab,  
Daß ich meinem Liebsten einst ein Küßchen gab  
Herz gebot, daß ich ihn küssen muß,  
Denk so lang ich leb' an diesen ersten Kuß  
Lieber Gott, du weißt, wie oft in stiller Nacht  
Ich in Lust und Leid an meinen Schatz gedacht.  
Lieb ist Süß, wenn bitter auch die Reu',  
Armes Herze bleibt ihm ewig treu.

*Dear God, you know how often I have regretted  
That I once gave my darling a little kiss  
My heart commanded that I kiss him  
As long as I live I will think about this first kiss  
Dear God, you know how oft in the still of night  
In desire and pain I have thought of my darling.  
Love is sweet, but bitter is regret  
but my poor heart will remain forever true*

*Brauner Bursche führt zum Tanze*

Brauner Bursche führt zum Tanze  
Sein blauäugig schönes Kind  
Schlägt die Sporren keck zusammen  
Czárdás Melodie beginnt.  
Küßt und hertzt sein süßes Täubchen  
Dreht sie, führt sie, jauchzt und springt  
Wirft drei blanken Silbergulden  
Auf das Zymbal daß es klingt

*The tanned lad leads to the dance  
His blue-eyed, beautiful young girl  
Kicks his spurs together  
A Czárdás melodie begins  
Kisses and snuggles his sweet turtle dove  
Spins her, leads her, shouts and jumps  
Throws three shining silver gulden  
At the cymbal so it rings*

**Vier Gesänge , Op. 17 (1860)**

**Johannes Brahms**

*Es tönt ein voller Harfenklang*

*Text: Friedrich Ruperti (1805 – 1867)*

Es tönt ein voller Harfenklang,  
Den Lieb und Sehnsucht schwellen,  
Er dringt zum Herzen tief und bang,  
Und läßt das Auge quellen.

*It sounds a full Harp-song,  
The love and longing swells,  
It impresses in my heart deep and anxious,  
And let's the eyes flow.*

O rinnet, Tränen nur herab,  
O schlage Herz mit Beben!  
Es sanken Lieb und Glück ins Grab,  
Verloren ist das Leben!

*O flow tears only down,  
O beat heart with quaking!  
Love and happiness sink into the grave,  
Life is lost!*

*Lied von Shakespeare (Song from Twelfth Night)*

*For this song the German is a translation of Shakespeare's original English text.*

*German version by A. W. von Schlegel, 1826.*

Komm herbei, komm herbei, Tod!  
Und versenk in Cypressen den Leib.  
Laß mich frei, laß mich frei, Not!  
Mich erschlägt ein holdseliges Weib.  
Mit Rosmarin mein Leichenhemd,  
O bestellt es!  
Ob Lieb and Herz mir tödlich kommt,  
Treu hält es, Treu hält es.

Keine Blum, Keine Blum süß,  
Sei gestreut auf den schwärzlichen Sarg.  
Keine Seel, keine Seel grüß  
Mein Gebein, wo die Erd es verbarg.

Um Ach und Weh zu wenden ab,  
Bergt alleine mich wo kein Treuer wall ans grab  
Und weine, und weine.

*Der Gärtner (The Gardener)*

*Text: Joseph Freiherr von Eichendorff (1788 – 1857)*

Wohin ich geh und schau,  
In Feld und Wald und Tal,  
Vom Berg hinab in die Aue:  
Veil schöne, horhe Fraue,  
Grüß ich dich tausendmal.

In meinem Garten find ich viel Blumen schön und fein,  
Viel Kränze wohl draus wind ich und tausend Gedanken  
bind ich und Grüße mit darein.

In darf ich keinen reichen,  
Sie ist zu hoch und schön,  
Die müssen alle verbleichen,  
Die Liebe nur ohne Gleichen bleibt ewig im Herzen stehn.

Ich schein wohl froher Dinge,  
Und schaffe auf und ab,  
Und ab das Herz zerspringe,  
Ich grabe fort und singe und grab' mir bald mein Grab.

*Gesang aus Fingal (Song from Fingal)*

*Text: Ossian (MacPherson, 1761)*

Wein' an den Felsen der brausenden Winde,  
Weine, o Mädchen von Inistore!

Beug über die Wogen dein schöne Haupt,  
Lieblicher du als der Geist der Berge,  
Wenn er um Mittage in einem Sonnenstrahl über das  
Schweigen von Morven fährt.  
Er ist gefallen, dein Jüngling liegt darnieder,  
Bleich sank er unter Cuthulins Schwert.  
Nimmer wird Mut deinen Liebbling mehr reizen,  
Das Blut von Königen zu vergießen.

Wein' an den Felsen der brausenden Winde,  
Weine, o Mädchen von Inistore!

Trenar, der liebliche Trenar starb, starb!  
o Mädchen von Inistore!

*Come away, come away, death!  
And in sad cypress let me be laid.  
Fly away, fly away, breath!  
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.  
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew, O prepare it!  
My part of death, no one so true  
Did share it, did share it.*

*Not a flow'r, not a flow'r sweet,  
On my black coffin let there be strewn;*

*Not a friend, not a friend greet  
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.  
A thousand thousand sighs to save,  
Lay me, O, where true lover never finds my grave  
To weep there, to weep there!*

*Wherever I go and look,  
In field and forest and valley,  
From the mountain down to the marshes,  
Many beautiful, high-born women,  
I greet you a thousand times.*

*In my garden are many flowers beautiful and fine,  
Many wreaths out of them I wind and in them a thousand  
thoughts and greetings bind therein.*

*I am not allowed to give her one of these,  
She is too high and beautiful,  
They must all perish,  
But love without comparison remains forever in my heart.*

*I appear like I am happier,  
And I work up and down,  
And even if my heart breaks,  
I keep on digging and singing and soon I will dig my own  
grave.*

*Weep on the rocks where the winds rage,  
Weep, o thou maiden of Inistore!*

*Bend over the waters thy lovely head,  
Fairer art thou than the mountain spirit,  
When he at noon in the  
Sun-ray over the silence of Morven's travels,  
For he is fallen, thy true love lies defeated,  
Slain by the might of Cuthulin's sword. Never will your  
love or your lover again inspire the blood of kings to shed.*

*Weep on the rocks where the winds rage,  
Weep, o thou maiden of Inistore!*

*Trenar, ah, Trenar the fair is dead, dead!*

Seine grauen Hunde heulen daheim;  
Sie sehn seinen Geist vorüber ziehn.

Trenar, der liebliche Trenar starb, starb!  
o Mädchen von Inistore!  
Seine grauen Hunde heulen daheim;  
Sie sehn seinen Geist vorüber ziehn.  
Trenar, der liebliche Trenar starb, starb!  
o Mädchen von Inistore!

Bogen hängt ungespannt in der Halle,  
Nights, nichts regt sich auf der Haide der Rehe.

Wein' an den Felsen der brausenden Winde,  
Weine, o Mädchen von Inistore!  
Wein'!, Wein'!, Wein'!, Wein'!  
Wein' an den Felsen der brausenden Winde,  
Weine, o Mädchen von Inistore!

### **Sicut Locutus Est**

#### **Johann Sebastian Bach**

Sicut Locutus Est ad patres nostros  
Abraham et semini ejus in saecula.

*o thou maiden of Inistore!  
See his grey hounds, they howl at home,  
They see his ghost walk past the door.*

*Trenar, ah, Trenar the fair is dead, dead!  
o thou maiden of Inistore!  
See his grey hounds, they howl at home,  
They see his ghost walk past the door.  
Trenar, ah, Trenar the fair is dead, dead!  
o thou maiden of Inistore*

*His bow hanging unstrung in the hall,  
Nothing, nothing stirs in the meadow of the deep.*

*Weep on the rocks where the winds rage,  
Weep, o thou maiden of Inistore!  
Weep! Weep! Weep! Weep!  
Weep on the rocks where the winds rage,  
Weep, o thou maiden of Inistore!*

*As it was spoken to our fathers,  
to Abraham and his seed forever.*

### **Musica Dei Donum Optimi**

#### **Chris Dobson**

Music, gift of the highest God, attracts mortals, it attracts the gods.  
Music calms angry souls and uplifts sad spirits.  
Music even moves the very trees and the wild beasts.

### **Zigeunerleben (A Gypsy's Life)**

#### **Robert Schumann**

Im Schatten des Waldes, im Buchengeqweig  
da regt's sich und rashelt und flüstert zugleich  
Es flackern die flammen, es gaukelt der Schein  
um bunte Gestalten, um Laub und Gestein.

Das ist der Zigeuner bewegliche Haar mit  
blitzendem Aug' und mit wallendem Haar,  
Gesäugt an des Niles geheiligter Flut,  
gebräunt von Hispaniens südlicher Glut.

Um's lodernde Feuer in schwellendem Gruen,  
da lagern die Männer verwildert und kühn,  
Da kauern de Weiber und rüsten das Mahl,  
und füllen geschäftig den alten Pokal

Und Sagen und Lieder ertönen im Rund,  
wie Spaniens Gärten so blühend und bunt,  
Und magische Sprüche für Noth und Gefahr,  
verkündet die Alte der horchenden Schaar.

Schwartz äugige Mädchen beginnen den Tanz;  
da sprühen die Fackeln in röthlichen Glanz;  
Es lockt dei Guitarre, di Cymbel klingt,  
wie wild und wilder der Reigen sich schlingt.

*A woods filled with shadows of beechtrees and pine,  
with whispering branches and leaves on the vine.  
Where magical flames always flicker and shine,  
while dancing with rainbows of every design.*

*Here gather the gypsies who roam everywhere,  
the dashing yong gypsies with long, silky hair,  
Whose bodies are warmed by the Nile's blessed flow,  
and tanned by the brilliance of Spain's sunny glow.*

*The warm blazing campfire is lighting the trees.  
The men strong and handsome are taking their ease,  
The women assemble preparing the food,  
and all fill their goblets to brighten the mood.*

*Now stories and songs form an unending chain,  
as bright as the colorful gardens of Spain,  
The queen of the gypsies now chants loud and clear,  
her magical words fight off danger and fear.*

*Now dark-eyed ladies begin with their dance,  
while flaming red torches bring sparkling romance,  
With pulsating cymbal and luring guitars,  
the dance grows wilder beneath gypsy stars.*

Dann ruh'n sie ermüdet vom nächtlichen  
Reih'n es rauschen dei Buchen in Schlummer sie ein  
Und die aus der glücklichen Heimat verbrannt,  
sie schauen im Traume das glückliche Land,

Doch wie nun im Osten der Morgen erwacht,  
verlöschen die schönen Gebilde der Nacht;  
Es scharret das Maultier bei Tagesbeginn,  
fort zieh'n dei Gestalten, wer sagt dir wohin?

### **Erev Shel Shoshanim (Evening of Roses)**

**arr. Jack Klebanow**

Erev shel shosanim neytsena el habustan  
Mor besamim ulevona le raglech miftan

Shachar homa yona roshech maley t'lalim  
Pich el haboker shoshana ektefey nu li

Chorus:

Laila yored le'at veruach shoshan noshva  
Hava elchash lach shir balat zemer shel ahava

*The dancers are weary; the campfire dies.  
They sleep while the beech trees hum sweet lullabies  
To visit his homeland a gypsy may yearn,  
and now in his dreams he can swiftly return,*

*But then in the morning the sun shines its light,  
and wipes out the visions and dreams of the night.  
It's time to be moving, the gypsy must go,  
and where are the visions? Does anyone know?*

*Evening of roses let us go out to the grove  
Myrrh, fragrant spices and incense are a  
threshold for your feet  
Dawn, a dove is cooing. Your head is filled with dew  
Your mouth is a rose unto the morning.  
I will pick it for myself*

*Night falls slowly and the wind of roses is blowing  
Let me whisper you a song, secretly. A song of love*

### **Duerme Negrito (Sleep, Little Black One)**

**arr. Emile Solé**

In this lullaby composed by Atahualpa Yupanqui, one of the most popular Latinamerican composers of the 1960's and early 1970's, the little black child is given impossible promises and warned of dire consequences, while the sad plight of the sick, hard-working mother is depicted in word and song. According to a translator Carlos Lopez, *Negrito* literally means, "little black one," or, in modern usage, simply "darling" or "dear little one." But other words in the text leave no doubt about the setting of this "black" lullaby. The omission of the "r" in *trae'* (traer), *ce'do* (cerdo), and *ca'ne* (carne) and the omission of a "si" in *e'ta* (esta) and *fre'ca* (fresca) all reflect the black Spanish pronunciation of the uneducated slave culture. The references to the brutal practice of cutting a person's foot off to prevent escape and to the sick mother working hard in the fields and not getting paid can only be understood in terms of the dehumanizing conditions slaves endured for centuries in many parts of the New World.

Duerme, duerme negrito,  
Que tu mama e'ta en el campo negrito.  
Drume, drume mobila,  
Te va a traé codonise para tí  
Te va a traé fruta fre'ca para tí  
Te va a traé ca'ne de ce'do para tí,  
Te va a traé mucha' cosa' para tí.  
Y si Negro no se duerme,  
Viene e' diablo blanco y zás!  
Le come la patica chica bú,  
Apura chica bú.  
Trabajando duramente, trabajando si,  
Trabajando y no le pagan, trabajando si,  
Trabajando y va tosiendo, trabajando si,  
P'al negrito chiquitito,  
P'al negrito si.

*Sleep, sleep little black one,  
your mother is in the fields, little one.  
Sleep, sleep little one,  
She is going to bring quail for you,  
She is going to bring fruit fresh for you,  
She is going to bring meat of pig for you,  
She is going to bring many things for you.  
And if black one not (himself) sleep,  
Will come the devil white and zap!  
He will eat (the) little foot, chica bú,  
Hurry, chica bú!  
Working hard, working yes,  
Working and not her pay, working yes,  
Working and while coughing, working, yes,  
For her little black small one,  
For her little black one yes.*

### **Jubiabá**

**Carlos Alberto Pinto Fonseca**

*Jubiabá* (1963) is a piece which recreates the dense atmosphere of mystery and magic that occurs during the *macumba* (ritual) ceremony of the Camdomblé people, afrobrazilians who emigrated mostly from the current countries of Nigeria and Benin. The High Priest Father Jubiabá presides over the ceremony at the *terreiros* (town square) where the *feita* (Priestess) and the assembly chant, dance and shout amidst the sounds of drums, cowbells and rattles.

Pai de santo, Ê! Jubiabá, pai de Santo, tem dó de mim!  
Dá-me um quebranto para mal de amô!  
Lá no morro do Cápa Negro mora Jubiabá!  
Pai de Santo, Pai da Bahia, meu Pai Jubiabá!  
Kumba, kumba, makumbá,  
Ô lá no terreiro de Pai Jubiabá,  
Hoje é festa de Oxalá é macumba de Oxalá!

Edurô demin lo nan êyê!  
A umbó kówá Jô! Okê, okê, okê!  
Iya ri dé gbê ô afi dé si ómóm lovô  
Afi lé si ômón lérum.  
Ômirô rón wón rón wón ô-mi-rô.  
Tumbum, tumbum, Tumborumbá,  
Êrô ójá é pará món  
E i nun ójá lia ô lô Êa!  
Xikixikixikixic  
Pai de Santo Jubiabá! Ô!

*High priest, E! Jubiabá., High Priest, have mercy on me.  
Give me an evil eye for lost love!  
There, at the hill of Capa Negro, lives Jubiabá!  
High Priest, Father of Bahia, my father Jubiabá!*

*Oh! There at the square of Father Jubiabá,  
It is the festival of our Lord Oxalá and the  
ritual of our Lord Oxalá!*