Women's Chamber Choir Texts and Translations

The Butterfly

Pavel Friedmann (1921-1944)

The last, the very last, So richly, brightly, dazzlingly yellow. Perhaps if the sun's tears would sing against a white stone...

Such, such a yellow Is carried lightly 'way up high. It went away I'm sure because it wished to kiss the world goodbye.

For seven weeks I've lived in here,
Penned up inside this ghetto
But I have found my people here.
The dandelions call to me
And the white chestnut candles in the court.
Only I never saw another butterfly.

That butterfly was the last one. Butterflies don't live in here, In the ghetto.

Stations of Angels (At the Heart of our Stillness)

Joy Kagawa (b. 1935)

Within the universe of flame
In the time between watching and waiting
Are the fire creatures
Holy and unholy
Hungry for those many coloured parts of us
Which have no name.

Blow out the candle, friends quickly And let us close our eyes While the devouring is at hand.

At the heart of our stillness, In peaceable flames we shall hear Shall we not hear our mothers singing.

The Dawn is Not Distant

Genesis 15:5; Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882)

Suspice caelum et numera stellas (Look at the heavens and count the stars) The dawn is not distant, Nor is the night starless.

Quviasuliqpunga

Iqilaarjuk, Inuit Shaman

Quviasuliqpunga
(I am happy)
Inuunialirama
(that I will be alive)
Ulluq suli tauva
(There will be daylight outside)
I-ja-ja-ja-ja
A-ja, i-ja-ja..

Akuktujuuk

(The Inuit name for the shoulder stars of Orion) Anngutivuuk.
(Have caught up; risen above the horizon)
Ulluq suli tauva.
(There will be daylight outside)
I-ja-ja-ja-ja
A-ja, i-ja-ja.

Alianaittuqaqpuq
(I celebrate)
Inuunialirama
(That I will be alive)
Ulluq suli tauva.
(There will be daylight outside.)
I-ja-ja-ja-ja
A-ja, i-ja-ja.

Da Pacem

(6th or 7th century)

Da Pacem Domine in diebus nostris, Amen. (Give peace in our time, Oh Lord, Amen.)

MacMillan Singers Texts and Translations

How They so Softly Rest

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882)

How they so softly rest,
All, all the holy dead,
Unto whose dwelling place
Now doth my soul draw near!
How they so softly rest,
All in their silent graves,
Deep to corruption
Slowly down sinking!

And they no longer weep, Here, where complaint is still! And they no longer feel, Here, where all gladness flies! And, by the cypresses Softly o'ershadowed, Until the Angel calls them, They slumber.

De tous les printemps du monde

Paul Éluard (1895-1952)

De tous les printemps du monde Celui-ci est le plus laid Entre toutes mes façons d'être La confiante est la meilleure

L'herbe soulève la neige Comme la pierre d'un tombeau Moi je dors dans la tempête Et je m'éveille les yeux clairs

Le lent le petit temps s'achève Par mes plus intimes retraites Où toute rue devait passer Pour que je rencontre quelqu'un

Je n'entends pas parler les monstres Je les connais ils ont tout dit Je ne vois que les beaux visages Les bons visages sûrs d'eux-mêmes

Sûrs de ruiner leurs maîtres

Of all the spring times of the world This is the most vile Of all my ways of being Trusting is the best

The grass lifts the snow As if it were a tombstone I sleep through the storm And awake with clear eyes

Slow moving time comes to an end Crossing all my most secret places Where all streets had to pass So that I could meet someone

I do not hear the monsters talking I know them well and what they say I see only beautiful faces Good faces sure of themselves

Sure to ruin their masters

Aussi bas que le silence

Paul Éluard (1895-1952)

Aussi bas que le silence D'un mort planté dans la terre Rien que ténèbres en tête

Aussi monotone et sourd Que l'automne dans la mare Couverte de hante mate

Le poison veuf de sa fleur Et de ses bêtes dorées Crache sa nuit sur les hommes

Toi ma patiente

Paul Éluard (1895-1952)

Toi ma patiente ma patience ma parente Gorge haut suspendue orgue de la nuit lente Révérence cachant tous les ciels dans sa grâce Prépare à la vengeance un lit d'où je naitrai

Le jour m'étonne Paul Éluard (1895-1952)

Le jour m'étonne et la nuit me fait peur L'été me hante et l'hiver me poursuit Un animal sur la neige a posé Ses pattes sur le sable ou dans la boue Ses pattes venues de plus loin que mes pas Sur une piste où la mort A les empreintes de la vie Le jour...

Chichester Psalms: 1st Movement

Book of Psalms

Urah, hanevel, v'chinor! A-irah shachar.

Hari'u l'Adonai kol ha'arets. Iv'du et Adonai b'simcha Bo'u l'fanav bir'nanah. D'u ki Adonai Hu Elohim. As low as the silence Of a corpse in the earth Its head full of darkness

As monotonous and deaf As autumn in the pond Covered with dull shame

Poison bereft of its flower
And of its golden beasts
Spits out its night over mankind

You patient one, my patience, my parent Throat held high - slow night's great organ Curtsey, hiding all heaven in its grace Prepare for vengeance a bed where I will be born

Day surprises me and night frightens me Summer haunts me and winter pursues me An animal on the snow has placed Its paws upon the sand or in the mud Paws that came further than my steps On a track whereon death Is printed with the marks of life Day surprises me.

Awake, psaltery and harp: I will rouse the dawn!

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord all ye lands. Serve the Lord with gladness. Come before his presence with singing. Know that the Lord, he is God. Hu asanu v'lo anachnu.
Amo v'tson mar'ito.
Bo'u sh'arav b'todah,
atseirotav bit'hilah,
Hodu lo, bar'chu sh'mo.
Ki tov Adonai, l'olam chas'do,
V'ad dor vador emunato.

Chichester Psalms: 2nd Movement

Book of Psalms

Adonai ro-i, lo echsar.
Bin'ot deshe yarbitseini,
Al mei m'nuchot y'nachaleini,
Naf'shi y'shovev,
Yan'cheini b'ma'aglei tsedek,
L'ma'an sh'mo.
Gam ki eilech
B'gei tsalmavet,
Lo ira ra,
Ki Atah imadi.
Shiv't'cha umishan'techa
Hemah y'nachamuni.

Lamah rag'shu goyim
Ul'umim yeh'gu rik?
Yit'yats'vu malchei erets,
V'roznim nos'du yachad
Al Adonai v'al m'shicho.
N'natkah et mos'roteimo,
V'nashlichah mimenu avoteimo.
Yoshev bashamayim
Yis'chak, Adonai
Yil'ag lamo!

Ta'aroch l'fanai shulchan Neged tsor'rai Dishanta vashemen roshi Cosi r'vayah. Ach tov vachesed Yird'funi kol y'mei chayai V'shav'ti b'veit Adonai L'orech yamim. He made us, and we are his.
We are his people and the sheep of his pasture.
Come unto his gates with thanksgiving,
And into his court with praise.
Be thankful unto him and bless his name.
The Lord is good, his mercy everlasting
And his truth endureth to all generations.

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me beside the still waters, He restoreth my soul, He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness, For his name's sake. Yea, though I walk Through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, For thou art with me. Thy rod and thy staff They comfort me.

Why do the nations rage,
And the people imagine a vain thing?
The kings of the earth rise up,
And the rulers take counsel together
Against the Lord and against his anointed,
Saying, let us break their bands asunder,
And cast away their cords from us.
He that sitteth in the heavens
Shall laugh, and the Lord
Shall have them in derision!

Thou preparest a table before me In the presence of my enemies, Thou anointest my head with oil, My cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy Shall follow me all the days of my life, And I will dwell in the house of the Lord Forever.

Chichester Psalms: 3rd Movement

Book of Psalms

Adonai, Adonai,
Lo gavah libi,
V'lo ramu einai,
V'lo hilachti
Big'dolot uv'niflaot
Mimeni.
Im lo shiviti
V'domam'ti,
Naf'shi k'gamul alei imo,
Kagamul alai naf'shi.
Yachel Yis'rael el Adonai
Me'atah v'ad olam.

Hineh mah tov, Umah na'im, Shevet achim Gam yachad. Lord, Lord,
My heart is not haughty,
Nor mine eyes lofty,
Neither do I exercise myself
In great matters or in things
Too wonderful for me to understand.
Surely I have calmed
And quieted myself,
As a child that is weaned of its mother,
My soul is even as a weaned child.
Let Israel hope in the Lord
From henceforth and forever.

Behold how good, And how pleasant it is, For people to dwell Together in unity.