

*HOLIDAY CHORAL CONCERT
TEXT/TRANSLATIONS/PROGRAM NOTES
Thursday, December 4, 2003 • 8 p.m., Beall Hall*

Little Birds

Eric Whitacre

The key phrase to remember here is little birds; the effect should be mysterious and magical, and the bird sounds should always be delicate and beautiful. I imagine that the birds are no larger than a finch, and I would encourage the singers to research real bird calls and whistles. — *Eric Whitacre*

La luz no parpadea,

The light does not pulse (the light is still)

El tiempo se vacía de minutos,

Time empties itself of minutes,

Se ha detenido un pájaro en el aire.

A bird has stopped in the air.

Se despena la luz,

The light,

Despiertan las columnas y,

The columns wake and,

Sin moverse bailan.

without moving they dance.

La hora es transparente: vemos,

The hour is transparent:

Si es invisible el pájaro,

We see, yes the bird is invisible,

El color de su canto.

the colour of its song.

Tres Cantos Nativos Dos Indios Kraó

Brazilian Folk Tune

arr. Marcos Leite

This song is based on melodies sung by Kraó tribe – a group of native Brazilian Indians who live in the Xingú river area of the Amazônia forest of northwestern Brazil. The meaning of the text is not known; it was treated by the composer as a group of phonemes.

Ram Dekekeke korirare hê

Jaramutum korirare

Patchô iuenerê djô sirê

Patchô parrare adjôsirê

Iuenerê kaporra djô sirê

Kamerrêra kidéri kema

Tiôiremô uaritetê ahâm

If Music Be the Food of Love

David C. Dickau

If music be the food of love,

Sing on till I am filled with joy;

For then my list'ning soul you move

To pleasures that can never cloy.

Your eyes, your mien, your tongue declare

That you are music ev'rywhere.

Pleasures invade both eye and ear,

So fierce the transports are, they wound,

And all my senses feasted are,

Tho' yet the treat is only sound,

Sure I must perish by your charms,

Unless you save me in your arms.

Keep Your Lamps

Traditional Spiritual

arr. Andre Thomas

As with many of the slave songs, this song's impetus came from hearing a sermon based upon the parable found in the book of Matthew, Chapter 25, verses 1-13.

In this passage of scripture, Jesus tells the story of the wise and foolish virgins. They had been told that the bridegroom would be coming, thus they got their lamps, trimmed them, and set them burning and went to the appointed place. However, the bridegroom did not arrive at the appointed time and the foolish only brought enough oil for one night. They then returned to get more oil and of course the bridegroom came while they were away. Jesus then says to his disciples, "you know not the day nor the hour of my return. Be ye ready!" As a response to this, one can only imagine the song stirring from the soul of one slave listener. Jesus was indeed a deliverer and a hope for the slave. One can only speculate that this song was sung often, when there was a possibility of deliverance.

— *Andre Thomas (April, 2003)*

Walk Together, Children

Traditional Spiritual

arr. Moses Hogan

Walk together children

Don' you get weary

Walk together children

Don't you get weary

Oh, talk together children

Don't you get weary

There's a great camp meeting in the Promised Land

Sing together children

Don' you get weary

Sing together children

Don't you get weary

Oh, shout together children

Don't you get weary

There's a great camp meeting in the Promised Land

Gonna mourn and never tire

Mourn and never tire

Mourn and never tire

There's a great camp meeting in the Promised Land

**El Cielo Canta Alegría
(Latin American Christmas Chant)**

Pablo Sosa

arr. Ed Henderson

El cielo canta alegría, Aleluya!
Heaven is singing for joy, Alleluia!
Porque en tu vida y la mía
Because in your life and mine
Brilla la gloria de Dios. Aleluya!
Shines the glory of God. Alleluia!

El cielo canta alegría, Aleluya!
Heaven is singing for joy, Alleluia!
Porque a tu vida y la mía
Because our life and mine
Nos une el amor de Dios Aleluya!
Are one in the love of God. Alleluia!

El cielo canta alegría, Aleluya!
Heaven is singing for joy, Alleluia!
Porque en tu vida y la mía
For your life and mine
Proclamarán al Señor. Aleluya!
Will always proclaim the Lord. Alleluia!

Warum (Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832))

Johannes Brahms

Why then do songs
Resound heavenwards?
They would fain draw down the stars
That twinkle and sparkle above;
They would draw to themselves
The moon's lovely embrace;
They would fain draw the warm, blissful days
Of the blessed gods down upon us.

Nächtens (Franz Kugler (1808-1858))

Johannes Brahms

At night the deranged,
Deceitful specters awake
And perplex your mind.

At night in the flower garden
Hoarfrost has fallen; in vain
You would wait for the blossoms.

At night grief and sorrow
Entrenched themselves in your heart,
And the morning looks upon tears.

El Grito (Frederico García Lorca (1898-1936))

Carmen Cavallaro/Einojuhani Rautavaara

The ellipse of a cry
Sighs from hill to hill.
Rising from the olive trees,
It appears as a black rainbow
Upon the azure night. Ay!
Like the bow of a viol,
The cry causes the long strings
Of the wind to vibrate. Ay!
(The people of the caves
hold out their oil lamps.) Ay!

David's Lamentation

Joshua Shank

II Samuel 18:33

When David heard that Absalom was slain,
He went to his chamber and wept;
And as he went, he wept and said,
O my son!
Would God I had died for thee,
O Absalom, my son!

Gartan Mother's Lullaby

Irish Folksong

arr. Neil Ginsberg

Sleep, my child, for the red bee hums
The silent twilight falls.
The Banshee from the grey rock comes,
To wrap the world in thrall.

A lyanvan, O my child, my joy,
My love, my heart's desire,
The cricket sings you a lullaby,
Beside the dyin' fire.

Dusk is drawn and the Green Man's thorn
Is wreathed in rings of fog.
Sheevra sails his boat 'til morn
Upon the starry bog.

A lyanvan, O the pale half-moon,
Hath brimmed her cusp in dew,
And weeps to hear this sad, sleep tune,
I sing, my love, to you.

Gartan - an area and a lake in County Donegal

Banshee - a ghost-like fairy woman

lyanvan - child

Green Man - a medieval face with

leaves growing out of it

Sheevra - a particularly mischievous

type of little fairy people

Personent Hodie

Let youthful voices resound today, joyfully praising
Him who is born for us, who is given unto us by the
most high God, and brought forth from a virgin.

He is born in the world, is wrapped in swaddling
cloths and placed in a manger in a stable of beasts. He
is ruler over all things. (The prince of darkness has
lost his prey!)

Three wise men come, bearing gifts. They have found
the Child by following a little star. Adoring the Lord,
they offer Him gold, incense and myrrh.

Let all young choristers now sing as did the angels,
praising Him who has come into all the world: "Glory
to God in the highest!"