

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Tuesday, March 14 * 8 p.m., Beall Hall – University Singers & Chamber Choir

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 corneae,
 exultate Deo adiutori 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 deveros;
 Por vos nací, 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

*Blow the trumpet in the new moon
 on the occasion of our solemn feast.
 Alleluia.*

*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.*

*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.*

*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'élançe! 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!*

Toreador, on guard! etc.

*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.*

Toreador, on guard! Etc.

Love!

Love!

Love!

Love!

Toreador! Toreador! Love awaits you!