

## Texts and Translations

### close[r], now

Ayanna Woods (b. 1992)

the point of ease is a window.  
dream—fathom—  
hone the dexterity of love.  
the mask/ a [path] through  
come back/ come back to life.

### Lauda Jerusalem

(from *Vespro della Beata Vergine*)

Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)

Lauda, Jerusalem, Dominum;  
lauda Deum tuum, Sion.  
Quoniam confortavit seras portarum tuarum;  
benedixit filiis tuis in te.  
Qui posuit fines tuos pacem,  
et adipe frumenti satiat te.  
Qui emittit eloquium suum terræ:  
velociter currit sermo ejus.  
Qui dat nivem sicut lanam;  
nebulam sicut cinerem spargit.  
Mittit crystallum suam sicut buccellas:  
ante faciem frigoris ejus quis sustinebit?  
Emittet verbum suum, et liquefaciet ea;  
flabit spiritus ejus, et fluent aquæ.  
Qui annuntiat verbum suum Jacob,  
justitias et judicia sua Israel.  
Non fecit taliter omni nationi,  
et judicia sua non manifestavit eis.  
Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto.

Sicut erat in principio et nunc et semper  
et in sæcula sæculorum, Amen.

Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem:  
praise thy God, O Zion.  
For he hath made fast the bars of thy gates:  
and hath blessed thy children within thee.  
He maketh peace in thy borders:  
and filleth thee with the flour of wheat.  
He sendeth forth his commandment upon earth:  
and his word runneth very swiftly.  
He giveth snow like wool:  
and scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes.  
He casteth forth his ice like morsels:  
who is able to abide his frost?  
He sendeth out his word, and melteth them:  
he bloweth with his wind, and the waters flow.  
He sheweth his word unto Jacob:  
his statutes and ordinances unto Israel.  
He hath not dealt so with any nation:  
neither have the heathen knowledge of his laws.  
Glory be to the Father, to the Son,  
and to the Holy Spirit.  
As it was in the beginning is now and forever,  
world without end, Amen.

*Psalm 147*

### Le Chant des Oiseaux

Clément Janequin (c. 1485-1558)

Réveillez vous, cœurs endormis,  
Le dieu d'amour vous sonne.  
A ce premier jour de mai  
Oiseaux feront merveilles  
Pour vous mettre hors d'esmay.  
Détoupez vos oreilles.  
Et *farirariron frereli* joli.  
Vous serez tous en joie mis  
Car la saison est bonne.

Vous orrez à mon avis  
Une douce musique,  
Que fera le roy mauvais  
Le merle aussi  
L'estournel sera parmi,  
D'une voix authentique:  
*Ti ti pyti pyti, Chou chou chouti.*  
Que dis-tu? Le petit sansonnet de Paris,

Awake, sleepy hearts  
the God of Love calls you.  
On this first day of May,  
the birds will make you marvel,  
To lift yourself from dismay  
Unclog your ears,  
And *farirariron ferely* prettily.  
You will be moved to joy  
For the season is fair.

You will hear, at my behest,  
A sweet music,  
That the royal thrush  
And also the blackbird will sing  
Together with the starling  
In a genuine voice:  
*Ti ti pyti pyti, Chou chou chouti.*  
What are you saying? The little starling of Paris,

Le petit mignon, Sainte tête Dieu!  
 Guillemette, Colinette, il est temps d'aller boire!  
 Qu'est là-bas, passe villain  
 Sage, courtois, et bien appris.  
 Au sermon, ma maîtress,  
 Sus, madame, à la messe Sainte Coquette qui caquette.  
 à Saint Trostin voir Saint Robin,  
 montrer le tétin, le doux musequin!  
 Rire et gaudir c'est mon devis,  
 Chacun s'y abandonne.

Rossignol du bois joli,  
 A qui la voix résonne,  
 Pour vous mettre hors d'ennui  
 Votre gorge jargonne.  
*Frian frian tr tar tar tu, Veley ticun tu tu*  
*Qui lara ferely fy fy, Coqui teo siti oyty tr*  
*Turri huit huit teo tar*  
*Quio quio fouquet, Quibi quibi fi fr*  
 Fuyez regrets, pleurs et souci,  
 Car la saison l'ordonne,

Arrière maître cocu, Sortez de nos chapitre,  
 Chacun vous est mal tenu,  
 Car vous n'êtes qu'un traître.  
*Coucou coucou*  
 Par trahison en chacun nid  
 Pondez sans qu'on vous sonne.  
 Réveillez vous coeurs endormis,  
 Le dieu d'amour vous sonne.

### Birds of Paradise

Golden-winged, silver-winged, winged with flashing flame,  
 Such a flight of birds I saw, birds without a name:  
 Singing songs in their own tongue  
 (Song of songs) they came.  
 One to another calling, each answering each,  
 One to another calling in their proper speech:  
 High above my head they wheeled, far out of reach.  
 On wings of flame they went and came with a cadenced clang,  
 Their silver wings tinkled, their golden wings rang,  
 The wind it whistled through their wings where in Heaven they sang.

*Réveillez vous coeur endormis, [Awake, sleepy hearts,]*  
*Le dieu d'amour vous sonne. [The god of love calls you.]*

They flashed and they darted awhile before mine eyes,  
 Mounting, mounting, mounting still in haste to scale the skies –  
 Birds without a nest on earth, Birds of Paradise.  
 Where the moon riseth not, nor sun seeks the west,  
 There to sing their glory which they sing at rest,  
 There to sing their love-song when they sing their best:  
 Not in any garden that mortal foot hath trod,  
 Not in any flow'ring tree that springs from earthly sod,  
 But in the garden where they dwell, the Paradise of God.

The little darling, holy head of God!  
 Guillemette and Colinette, it's time to go drinking!  
 Who is there, knave?  
 Wise, courteous, and well-formed.  
 To the sermon, my lady,  
 Get up, madam, To the Mass for St. Clucky, who gossips.  
 To St. Trostin to see St. Robin  
 Show off your chest, sweet musician!  
 To laugh and rejoice is my device,  
 Let everyone give themselves up to them.

Nightingale of the pretty woods,  
 Whose voice resounds,  
 To free yourself from boredom  
 Your throat jabbars away.  
*Frian frian tr tar tar tu, Veley ticun tu tu*  
*Qui lara ferely fy fy, Coqui teo siti oyty tr*  
*Turri huit huit teo tar*  
*Quio quio fouquet, Quibi quibi fi fr*  
 Flee, regrets, tears and worries,  
 For the season commands it.

Turn around, master cuckoo, Get out of our company,  
 Each of us gives you to the owl,  
 For you are nothing but a traitor.  
*Cuckoo, cuckoo*  
 Treacherously in others' nests,  
 You lay without being called.  
 Awake, sleepy hearts,  
 The god of love is calling you.

Steven Sametz (b. 1954)

*Christina Georgina Rossetti (1830–1894)*  
*"Paradise: In a Symbol"*

## Journey to Recife

Richard Evans (1932-2014)  
arr. Joseph H. Jennings

Take a train, take a plane and journey to a place  
Where you can find joy and release.  
Take a holiday, come and stay, you could be here today,  
And I know you would never want to go back to where you came from.

On the day you arrive, you'll feel the magic fill your soul  
And you'll have no regrets. You will have all you need,  
It will be something wonderful, You better wake up and start that journey back to me.

## On a Clear Day

Burton Lane (1912-1997)  
arr. Gene Puerling

On a clear day, rise and look around you, and you'll see who you are –  
On a clear day, how it will astound you, that the glow of your being outshines every star –  
You feel part of ev'ry mountain, sea and shore,  
You can hear from far and near, a world you've never heard before,  
And on a clear day, on that clear day,  
You can see forever and ever more.

*Text by Alan Jay Lerner (1918-1986)*

## Shenandoah

Traditional, arranged Erb/Bartholomew

O Shenandoah, I long to see you; And hear your rolling river.  
O Shenandoah, I long to see you,  
'Way, we're bound away across the wide Missouri.  
I long to see your smiling valley, and hear your rolling river.  
I long to see your smiling valley,  
'Way, we're bound away across the wide Missouri.  
'Tis seven years, since last I see you, and hear your rolling river.  
'Tis seven years since last I see you,  
'Way, we're bound away across the wide Missouri.

## Beauty of the Day

Nico Muhly (b. 1981)

### 1. Good & Bad Weather

It irks me not if winter spreads fog, and cloudiness, and cold outside.  
Within me it is springtime, true delight.  
Laughter is a wholly golden ray of sun, there is no garden that compares to love,  
all snows are melted by the warmth of song.  
What use is it if springtime sprouts flowers and sows verdant lawns outside!  
I've winter in me when my heart feels woe.  
The brightest sun is darkened by lamenting, when you're in grief, May is like December,  
tears are colder than the coldest snow.

*C.P. Cavafy (1863-1933)  
Translated by Daniel Mendelsohn*

## 2. Deepest Troubles

In my deepest troubles, I frequently would wrench myself from the persons around me and retire to some secluded part of our noble forests.

Ah! How often when I have been abroad on the mountains has my heart risen in grateful praise to God that it was not my destiny to waste and pine among those noisome congregations of the city. Hunting, fishing, drawing, and music occupied my every moment. Cares I knew not, and cared naught about them.

*John James Audubon (1785-1851)*

## 3. Here Let Me Stop

Here let me stop. Let me too look at Nature for a while.

The morning sea and cloudless sky a brilliant blue, the yellow shore;  
All beautiful and grand in the light. Here let me stop. Let me fool myself:  
that these are what I see (I really saw them for a moment when I first stopped)  
instead of seeing, even here, my fantasies, my recollections, the ikons of pleasure.

*C.P. Cavafy (1863-1933)*

*Translated by Daniel Mendelsohn*

## 4. Fields & Meadows

To note the Beauty of the Day,  
And golden Fields of Corn survey;  
Admire each pretty Flow'r  
With its sweet Smell;  
To praise their Maker, & to tell  
The Marks of His Great Pow'r.  
To fly abroad like active Bees,  
Among the Hedges & the Trees,  
To Cull the Dew that lies  
On ev'ry Blade,  
From ev'ry Blossom; till we lade  
Our Minds, as they their Thighs.  
Observe`` those rich & glorious things,  
The Rivers, Meadows, Woods, & Springs,  
The fructifying Sun;  
To note from far  
The Rising of each Twinkling Star  
For us his Race to run.  
While in those pleasant Paths we talk  
'Tis that towards which at last we walk;  
But For we may by degrees  
Wisely proceed  
Pleasures of Love & Praise to heed,  
From viewing Herbs & Trees.

*Thomas Traherne (1636/7-1674)*