

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

~ University Choir ~

Geistliches Lied

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

SUNG IN GERMAN

Laß dich nur nichts nicht dauren mit Trauren,

Do not be sorrowful or regretful;

sei stille, wie Gott es fügt,

Be calm, as God has ordained,

so sei vergnügt mein Wille!

and thus my will shall be content.

Was willst du heute sorgen auf morgen?

What do you want to worry about from day to day?

Der Eine steht allem für,

There is One who stands above all

der gibt auch dir das Deine.

who gives you, too, what is yours.

Sei nur in allem Handel ohn Wandel,

Only be steadfast in all you do,

steh feste, was Gott beschleußt,

stand firm; what God has decided,

das ist und heißt das Beste.

that is and must be the best.

Amen.

— Paul Flemming

Exultate Justi

Lodovico Viadana (1560-1627)

SUNG IN LATIN

Exultate, justi, in Domino;

Rejoice in the Lord, O ye just;

rectos decet collaudatio.

praise befits the upright.

Confitemini Domino in cithara;

Give praise to the Lord on the harp;

in psalterio decem chordarum psallite illi.

sing to him with the psaltery, the instrument of ten strings.

Cantate ei canticum novum;
Sing to him a new canticle,
bene psallite ei in vociferatione.
sing well unto him with a loud noise.
— *Psalm 33: 1-3*

Down by the sally gardens

Irish traditional melody
arr. John Rutter

Down by the sally gardens my love and I did meet;
She passed the sally gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree;
But I, being young and foolish, with her would not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs;
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.
— *William Butler Yeats*

Wedding Qawwali

A.R. Rahman (born 1967)
arr. Ethan Sperry

SUNG IN PUNJABI

Mubaraqa!
Congratulations!

Sohna mera sohna, maahi sohna
My darling is like gold

Mera rang de lalaariya
Color me red

Rang de dupatta mera, rang de lalaariya
Color my veil in red

Mere hathon me laga de rang mehendi
Apply red henna to my palms lalaariya

Mil gaya, mujhe mil gaya
I have found

Rahmaton ka rang khil gaya
All my prayers are blooming in color

Sab gale mile shagun manye e
Let's all embrace and follow the rituals

Sajna ke geet sunaye e
Let's sing songs for my beloved

Paraji Pera Liya

With our scarves flowing under our legs

— A.R. Rahman

Love: Then and Still

Susan LaBarr (born 1981)

We were married in late September,
Among the changing leaves:
Crimson banners in the courtyard
Heralding our union.
We were so happy, then.

The music we shared brought us together,
A duet most unlikely.
Work and home and son and daughter,
Busy in joy and love.
How simple it seemed, then.

But who could have known what fate awaited
Our little family of four?
A spectre came and dwelt among us,
And robbed us of our joy.
And then, we were only three.

But time has passed, and wounds have healed,
Leaving scars behind;
But scars, like talismans, remind us
What was, and what yet may be,
That we loved, and love you, still.

— Charles Anthony Silvestri

Sing Me to Heaven

Daniel Ganthrop (born 1949)

In my heart's sequestered chambers lie truths stripped of poet's gloss.
Words alone are vain and vacant, and my heart is mute.
In response to aching silence, memory summons half-heard voices,
and my soul finds primal eloquence, and wraps me in song.

If you would comfort me, sing me a lullaby.
If you would win my heart, sing me a love song.
If you would mourn me and bring me to God,
sing me a requiem, sing me to Heaven.

Touch in me all love and passion, pain and pleasure.
Touch in me grief and comfort, love and passion, pain and pleasure.
Sing me a lullaby, a love song, a requiem.

Love me, comfort me, bring me to God:

Sing me a love song, sing me to heaven.

— *Jane Griner*

Walk in Jerusalem

African American Spiritual

arr. Rollo Dilworth

I want to be ready to walk in Jerusalem jus' like John.

Are you ready to walk in Jerusalem jus' like John?

John said the city was jus' four square.

And he declared he'd meet me there.

O John, O John, what do you say?

That I'll be there in the comin' day.

— *African American Spiritual*

~ Concert Choir ~

We Are

Ysajje Barnwell (born 1946)

For each child that's born, a morning star rises
and sings to the universe who we are.

We are our grandmothers' prayers
and we are our grandfathers' dreamings,
we are the breath of our ancestors,
we are the spirit of God.

We are mothers of courage and fathers of time,
we are daughters of dust and the sons of great visions,
we're sisters of mercy and brothers of love,
we are lovers of life and the builders of nations,
we're seekers of truth and keepers of faith,
we are makers of peace and the wisdom of ages.

— *Ysajje Barnwell*

Lobet den Herrn, alle Heiden (BWV 230)

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

SUNG IN GERMAN

Lobet den Herrn, alle Heiden,

Praise the Lord, all nations,

und preiset ihn, alle Völker!

and praise him, all peoples!

Denn seine Gnade und Wahrheit

For his grace and truth

waltet über uns in Ewigkeit.

rules over us for eternity.

Alleluia

— *Psalm 117*

When David Heard

Eric Whitacre (born 1970)

When David heard that Absalom was slain he went up into his chamber over the gate and wept, and thus he said: “My son, my son, O Absalom my son, would God I had died for thee!”

— *2 Samuel 18:33*

Schaffe in mir, Gott, Op. 29

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

SUNG IN GERMAN

Schaffe in mir, Gott, ein rein Herz,

Create a pure heart within me, O God,

und gib mir einen neuen, gewissen Geist.

and grant me a new and sure spirit.

Verwirf mich nicht von deinem Angesicht

Do not drive me away from your presence,

und nimm deinen heiligen Geist nicht von mir.

and do not take your Holy Spirit from me.

Tröste mich wieder mit deiner Hülfe,

Comfort me once again with your assistance,

und der freudige Geist erhalte mich.

and sustain me with your joyful spirit.

— *Psalm 51:10-12*

Christus factus est

Anton Bruckner (1824-1896)

SUNG IN LATIN

Christus factus est pro nobis obediens

Christ became obedient for us unto death,

usque ad mortem, mortem autem crucis.

even to the death, death on the cross.

Propter quod et Deus exaltavit illum

Therefore God exalted him

et dedit illi nomen,

and gave him a name

quod est super omne nomen.
which is above all names.
— *Philippians 2:8-9*

It's You I Like

Fred Rogers (1928-2003)
arr. David von Kampen

It's you I like,
It's not the things you wear,
It's not the way you do your hair
But it's you I like
The way you are right now,
The way down deep inside you
Not the things that hide you,
Not your toys
They're just beside you.

But it's you I like
Every part of you.
Your skin, your eyes, your feelings
Whether old or new.
I hope that you'll remember
Even when you're feeling blue
That it's you I like,
It's you yourself
It's you.
It's you I like.
— *Fred Rogers*

Rosas Pandan

Visayan Folksong
arr. George Hernandez

SUNG IN VISAYAN

A-ni-a si Ro-sas Pan-dan
Here I am Rosas Pandan,
gi-kan pa in-ta-wou sa ka-bu-ki-ran
coming from the mountains,
ka-nin-yo ma-kig u-ban-u-ban
to be with all of you
sa gi-sa-u-log uga ka-li-llga-wan.
to celebrate this festivity.
Ba-li-taw day a-kong pu-hu-nan
This song is my only possession,
ma-oy ka-bi-lin sa a-kong gi-ni-ka-nu.
the only legacy from my forefathers.

A-wit uga la-bing ka-ra-an uga
A song that is ancient,
gar-bo sa a-tong ka-bung-fu-ran.
the pride of our mountains.
Ti-gi-ding, ti-gi-ding, ti-gi-ding,
(referring to racing steps or heart beating with excitement)

A-yay sa a-kong ba-li-taw.
here is my song.
Ma-nin-dot pang mo-sa-yaw
(as) I dance beautifully to it,
Daw ya-mog ang ka-bug-naw
It's as cool as the morning dew.
In-ta-won u-sab si Do-dong
Oh, poor young man
Nag-tan-aw kang In-day
as he watches the young lady
nag-ta-bi-say ang la-way.
he's drooling with excitement!
— *Visayan folksong*