



Program Texts and Translations

(translations by New York Polyphony unless otherwise indicated)

Anton Bruckner: Trösterin Musik

Text: August Seuffert (1844-1904)

*Music! Du himmlisches Gebilde,
Voll hoher Macht, voll süßer Milde.
Wir fühlen doppelt tief dein Walten
Wenn uns ein Leid das Herz gespalten.*

*Der Schmerzenswogen wirres Drängen,
Es glättet sich vor deinen Klängen,
Besänftigt all die Fluten ziehen
Ins weite Meer der Harmonien.*

*Wie Orgelton, wie Meereswogen
Kommt dann der Trost ins Herz gezogen
Und stillt der Seele wildes Sehnen
Und löst das Weh in milden Tränen.*

Music, the Comforter

Music! You heavenly creation,
Full of high power and sweet mildness,
We feel your rule, twice as deeply,
When suffering splits our hearts.

The surging waves of pain
Are softened by your sounds,
The floods are soothed
Into a vast sea of harmonies.

Like the organ's tone and the sea's waves,
The consolation draws then into the heart,
And satisfies the soul's longing,
And dissolves the pain in soft tears.



Bruckner: Der Abendhimmel (No. 2)

Text: Joseph Christian von Zedlitz (1790-1862)

*Wenn ich an deiner Seite
Im Abenddunkel geh',
Den Mond und sein Geleite,*

*Die tausend Sterne seh',
Dann möchte ich den Mond umfassen*

*Und drücken an meine Brust,
Die Sterne herunter langem
In voller, sel'ger Lust,*

*Mit ihnen die Locken dir schmücken,
Und schmücken die schöne Brust,
Ich möcht' dich schmücken und drücken
Und sterben von Wonn' und Lust.*

The Evening Sky

When I walk by your side
In the evening darkness,
And see the moon and its escort
Of a thousand stars,

Then I want to embrace the moon
And press her to my breast,
Pull down the stars
In full blissful delight,

Decorate your locks with them
And adorn your beautiful bosom,
I want to adorn and hold you,
And die from delight and pleasure.



Bruckner: Am Grabe

Text: Ernst von Marinelli (1824-1887)

*Brüder, trocknet eure Zähnen,
Stillt der Schmerzen herbes Leid,
Liebe kann sich auch bewähren
Durch Ergebungssinnigkeit.*

*Wohl ist dies das letzte Schauen
Auf die Leiche und den Sarg,
Doch die Seele, die sie barg,
Triumphiert durch Gottvertrau'n.*

*Drum lasst uns den Herren preisen,
Der die Edelsten erwählt,
Und für uns, die armen Waisen,
Auch den Himmel offen hält!*

At the Grave

Brothers, dry your tears,
Soothe your bitter pain and suffering,
Love can prove itself as well
Through sincere devotion.

Indeed this is the last viewing
Of the body and casket,
But the soul, which was hidden,
Triumphs through trust in God.

So let us praise the Lord,
Who chooses the noblest,
And for us, the lowly orphans,
Also keeps the heavens open.



William Byrd: Agnus Dei from Mass for Four Voices

*Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, dona nobis
pacem.*

Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world,
have mercy on us.

Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world,
have mercy on us.

Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world,
grant us peace.

Paul Moravec: The Last Invocation

Text: Walt Whitman (1819-1892)

At the last, tenderly,
From the walls of the powerful fortress'd house,
From the clasp of the knitted locks, from the keep of
the well-closed doors,
Let me be wafted.

Let me glide noiselessly forth;
With the key of softness unlock the locks—with a
whisper,
Set ope the doors O soul.

Tenderly – be not impatient,
(Strong is your hold, O mortal flesh,
Strong is your hold O love.)

Moravec: Darest Thou Now, O Soul

Text: Whitman

Darest thou now, O soul,
Walk out with me toward the unknown region,
Where neither ground is for the feet nor any path to
follow?

No map there, nor guide,
Nor voice sounding, nor touch of human hand,
Nor face with blooming flesh, nor lips, nor eyes, are in
that land.

I know it not O soul,
Nor dost thou, all is a blank before us,
All waits undream'd of in that region, that inaccessible
land.

Till when the ties loosen,
*[All but the ties eternal, Time and Space,
Nor darkness, gravitation, sense, nor any bounds
bounding us.]*

Then we burst forth, we float,
In Time and Space O soul, prepared for them,
[Equal,] equipt at last, (O joy! O fruit of all!) them to
fulfil, O soul.

Cyrillus Kreek: Taaveti laul, Nr. 22

Psalm 22: 1, 2, 7, 12, 15, 19, 20

*Mu Jumal! Jumal! Mikspärast oled sa mind maha
jätnud?*

Mu Jumal! Päeval hüüan mina, aga sa ei vasta!

Ja öösegi ei ole mina mitte wait...

Kõik kes mind näevad, hirvitad mind,

Nemad ajavad suu ammuli ja vangutavad pead.

Palju värsa on mu ümber tulnud,

Paasani sõnnid on mu ümber piiranud.

Mu rammu on kui potitükk ära kuivanud,

Ja minu keel on mu suulae küljes kinni,

Ja sa paned mind surma põrmu.

Aga sina Jehoova, Jehoova, mu Jumal,

Päästa mu hing, Jehoova, mu Jumal,

Ära ole mitte kaugel, päästa mu hing!

Päästa mu hing, Jehoova, mu Jumal,

Ära ole mitte kaugel, päästa mu hing mis üksikon.

My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?

O my God, I cry by day, but you do not answer;

And by night, but find no rest...

All who see me mock me;

They hurl insults at me, and shake their heads;

Many bulls encircle me,

Strong bulls of Bashan surround me;

My strength is dried up like a potsherd,

And my tongue sticks to the roof of my mouth;
You lay me in the dust of death.
But you, Jehova, my God,
Save my soul, Jehova, my God,
Be not far from me, save my soul!
Save my soul, Jehova, my God,
Be not far from me, save my lonely soul!

Andrew Smith: *Katarsis*

Text: Lamentations of Jeremiah, Part 1

*Incipit lamentatione Ieremiae prophetae:
Quomodo sedet sola civitas plena populo!
Facta est quasi vidua domina gentium,
Princeps provinciarum facta est sub tributo.*

*Plorans ploravit, plorans in nocte
Et lacrimae eius in maxillis eius:
Non est qui consoletur eam, ex omnibus caris eius,
Omnes amici eius spreverunt eam
Et facti sunt ei inimici.
Plorans ploravit in nocte.*

*Viae Sion lugent eo quod non sint qui veniant ad
solemnitatem:*

*Omnes portae eius destructae, sacerdotes eius
gementes:
Virgines squalidae, et ipsa oppressa amaritudine.*

*O vos omnes qui transitis per viam, attendite, et videte
Si est dolor sicut dolor meus!
Quoniam vindemiavit me,
ut locutus est Dominus in die irae furoris sui.*

*De excelso misit ignem in ossibus meis,
Et erudit me: expandit rete pedibus meis:
Convertit me retrorsum: posuit me desolatum,
Tota die maerore confectam.*

*Ierusalem, Ierusalem, convertere ad Dominum Deum
tuum.*

Here begins the lamentation of the prophet,
Jeremiah:
How lonely sits the city that was full of people!
She has become like a widow, she who was great
among the nations,
She who was a ruler among the cities has become a
subject.

She weeps and weeps in the night,
Tears on her cheeks:
She has none to console her among all those who
loved her;
All her friends despise her,
And they have become her enemies.
She weeps and weeps in the night.

The streets of Zion mourn, for none come to the
feasts;
All her gates are destroyed, her priests groan;
Her maidens are in squalor, and she herself is
oppressed and bitter.

O all you who pass by the way, behold, and see
If there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow!
He has punished me,
As the Lord said he would on the day of his fierce
wrath.

From up above he has sent fire into my bones,
And as chastised me: he spread a net for my feet,
He turned me back; he made me desolate
And faint all day long.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, turn to the Lord, your God.

**Ivan Moody: *Canticum Canticorum I: Three Motets
from the Song of Songs***

**I. *Surge propera amica mea, columba mea, formosa
mea, et veni.***

Jam enim iems transiit, imber abiit, et recessit.

*Flores apparuerunt in terra nostra; tempus putationis
advenit;*

Vox turturis audita est in terra nostra;

*Ficus protulit grossos suos; vine florentes dederunt
odorem suum. Alleluia.*

Arise, my love, my dove, my fair one, and come away.
For now the winter is past, the rain is over and gone.
The flowers appear on the earth; the time of pruning
has come,
And the voice of the turtle-dove is heard in our land.
The fig tree puts forth its figs, and the vines are in
blossom; they give forth fragrance. Alleluia.

**II. *Descendi in hortum meum, ut viderem poma
convallium,***

*et inspicerem si floruisset vinea, et germinassent mala
punica.*

Revertere, revertere, Sulamitis, ut intueamur te. Alleluia.

I went down into the garden to see the fruits of the
valley,
And to see if the vines had flourished, and the
pomegranates had bloomed.
Return, return, O Shulamite, that we might look upon
you. Alleluia.

III. *Ego dilecto meo, et ad me conversio eius.*

*Veni, dilecte mi, egrediamur in agrum, commoremur in
villis.*

Mane surgamus ad vineas: videamus si floruit vineas.

I am my beloved's, and his desire is for me.
Come, my beloved, let us go to the fields; let us dwell
in the villages.
Let us rise early and go to the vineyards; let us see if
the vines flourish.

12th-Century English Songs

Text: Anon.

Magno gaudens gaudio

*Magno gaudens gaudio nostra puericia
Sallat cum tripudio propter hec natalia.
Ad onorem innocentum sonent lire timpana.
Lete mentis argumentum cantus sit et organa.
Iure festi cum celesti curia, gratulemur et letemur, eya.*

*Nostra sint familia, iocus et leticia,
Risus pax et gracia, cum perenni gloria.*

*Gaudeamus, pueri, Herodes defunctus est.
Facti sumus superi hostis noster victus est.
Penam ferens infernalem surgere non poterit,
Et nos agnum immortalem sequimur quo ierit.*

Iure festi...

Let our children, rejoicing with great joy,
Dance in celebration of this anniversary feast!
In honor of the innocents, sound the harps and
drums!
Let us witness songs and organ!

Rightly festive, let us rejoice with the heavenly court,
yes!

Let our family, in fun and games,
Have laughter, peace, and grace with everlasting
glory!

Let us rejoice, children! Herod is no more.
We are victorious, our enemy is overtaken.
In infernal eternity, he will no longer be a threat,
And we will follow the immortal lamb wherever He
goes.

Rightly festive...

Ad cantus letitie

*Ad cantus letite
Nos invitant hodie
Spes et amor patrie celestis.*

*Natus est Emanuel
Quem predixit Gabriel
Unde sanctus Michael est testis.*

*Ergo nostra concio
Psallens cum tripudio
Benedicat Domino his festis.*

To sing songs of happiness,
We've been invited,
With hope and love, by our heavenly country.

Emmanuel is born,
Whom Gabriel foretold;
Saint Michael is witness of this.

Therefore our message,
Celebrating with dance,
Is to bless the Lord on this feast day!

In natali novi regis

*In natali novi regis
Quisquis cantas sive legis
Omni gaude gaudio,
Castitatis nam de domo
Prodit Deus factus hom
Mundi pro remedio.*

*Casta natum de puella
Novum regem nova stella
Novo monstrat radio.
Vindicati qua Caldei
Cunas querunt nati Dei
Magno desiderio.*

*Profecia Danielis
Promissumque Gabrielis
Complentur in virgine.
Lapis ille preelectus
Monte sine manu sectus
Mons crevit in homine.*

*Ad hunc ergo montem magnum
Detrectando mundi stagnum,
Mortisque periculum
Velum mentis transportemus
Et securi navigemus
Lenitum naviculum.*

*Sed lecturus de hoc monte
Leto corde, leta fronte,
Librum, lector, accipe.
Mentis cum devotione,
Data benedictione
Lectionem incipe.*

On the new king's birthday,
Whoever can sing or read,
Rejoice with full joy!
For from the pur house,

God comes forth as man,
To be the remedy of the world.

A new star shines a ray
To signal that a new king
Has been born of the virgin maiden.
Converted by this, the Chaldeans
Eagerly seek
The cradle of the son of God.

The prophecy of Daniel
And the promise of Gabriel
Are fulfilled in the Virgin.
The stone was chosen,
Cut from the mountain without a hand,
And grew to be a mountain itself in human form.

Therefore, to this great mountain,
Rejecting the stagnant waters of the world,
And the danger of death,
Lifting the veil from the mind,
Let us sail safely on our gentle ship.

But you who are about to anchor to this mountain,
With a happy heart and mind,
Take the book, dear reader.
Now given this blessing,
Begin the lesson.

Akemi Naito: Tsuki no Waka—Six Poems for the Moon by Saigyō

Text: Saigyō (1118-1190)

1. さやかなる 鷲の高嶺の 雲居より 影やはらぐる 月読
みの杜

*sayaka naru
washi-no-takane no
kumoi yori
kage yawaraguru
tsukiyomi-no-mori*

Shining clear and pure
Over Spirit-Eagle-Peak
From the distant sky
A gentle glow illumines
The grove of Tsukiyomi.

(御裳濯河歌合/Mimosusogawautaawase 4) (新古今和歌集/SKKS XIX: 1879)

2. なにごとも 変はりのみゆく 世の中に 同じ影にて すめる
月かな

*nanigoto mo
kawari nomiyuku
yononaka ni*

*onaji kage nite
sumeru tsuki kana*

Even as all things
Inevitably change
In this fleeting world,
The same clear moonlight
Shines from the moon.

(山家集/SKS 350)

3. 影冴えてまことに月の あかき夜は 心も空に 浮かれて
ぞすむ

*kage saete
makoto ni tsuki no
akaki yo wa
kokoro mo sora ni
ukarete zo sumu*

Whilst so clearly
The moon truly
Brightens the night
My spirit also rises
Transported into serenity.

(山家集/SKS 365)

4. ともすれば 月見る空に あくがるる 心の果てを 知るよ
しもがな

*tomo sureba
tsuki sumu sora ni
akuga ruru
kokoro no hate o
shiru yoshi mogana*

My mind is prone
When the moonlit sky is clear
To wander;
If only there were a way
To finally know my heart.

(山家集/SKS 647)

5. alyononaka no
uki o mo shirade
sumu tsuki no
kage wa wagami no
kokochi koso sure

The clear moon shining,
Oblivious to the suffering
Of the world,
It is my lot
To long to be like it.

(山家集/SKS 401)

6. 闇晴れて心の空に 澄む月は 西の山辺や 近くなるらん

yami harete
kokoro no sora ni
sumu tsuki wa
nishi no yamabe ya
chikaku naru ran

Darkness lifts
In the sky of my heart
The radiant moon
Seems to be drawing near now
To the Western hills.

(山家集/SKS 876) (新古今和歌集/SKKS XX: 1978) 西行 Saigyō

Translated by Akemi Naito with assistance by Helen Nagata

Maddalena Casulana: Vagh'amorosi augelli

Text: Jacobo Sannazaro (1458-1530)

Vagh'amorosi augelli
Che, sopra gli arbuscelli,
Rinovate gl'antichi vostri amori,
Cantate tra bei fiori,
Gl'occhi e le bionde chiome
Che fur si dolce nod'a le mie some,
E di mia Clori a l'onde,
In quest'amate sponde,
Udite l'armonia
Che può sol'a dolcir la pena mia.

Fair, Lovely Birds

Fair, lovely birds,
Who, above the shrubs,
Renew the ancient loves,
Sing among the beautiful flowers
Of the eyes and golden hair
That so sweetly bind my burdens,
And of my Chloris on the waves;
On these beloved shores,
Listen to the harmony
That can alone sweeten my pain.



Casulana: Amor per qual cagion mi mandi a terra

Text: Francesco Petrarca (1304-1373)

Amor per qual cagion mi mandi a terra,
Se sai te son fedele,
E bramo pace e mi ritrov'in guerra,
Di te che sei crudele?

Ne voi sia per me pace,
Ma che sempr'arda con tua viva face.

Love, Why Did You Put Me on This Earth

Love, why did you put me on this earth
If you know I am faithful to you,
And that I long for peace yet find myself at war,
Because of you, who are so cruel?
I will never find peace in you,
But will forever burn fervently from your vivid face.



Casulana: Morir non può il mio cuore

Text: Sannazaro

Morir non può il mio cuore,
Ucciderlo vorrei, poi che vi piace;
Ma trar non si può fuore
Dal petto vostr'ove gran tempo giace.
Ed uccidendol'io, come desio,
So che morreste voi morend'anch'io.

My Heart Cannot Die

My heart cannot die,
I want to kill it to please you
But I cannot draw it out
From your breast where it's lived for so long.
For in killing it as I desire to,
I know your death would also be mine.



Franz Schubert: Liebe

Text: Friedrich Schiller (1759-1805)

Liebe rauscht der Silberbach,
Liebe lehrt ihn sanfter wallen,
Seele haucht sie in das Ach
Klagenreicher Nachtigallen;
Liebe, Liebe lispelt nur
Auf der Laute der Natur.

Weisheit mit dem Sonnenblick,
Große Göttin tritt zurück,
Weiche vor der Liebe.
Nie, erob'rern, Fürsten nie,
Beugtest du ein Sklavenknie,
Beug' es jetzt der Liebe!

Love

Love rustles the silver stream,
Love teaches it to flow more gently,

It breathes soul into the "Ah"
Of the mournful nightingales;
Love, love alone whispers
In the sounds of nature.

The sun's gaze imparts wisdom:
Great goddess, step back,
Yield to love.
Never to conquerors, never to princes
Should you bend a knee;
Kneel now to love!



Schubert: Nächtliches Ständchen

Text: Schubert only set the third verse (by an unknown author, possibly the composer himself). Anton Weiss (1869-1940?) authored the first two verses at a later time.

*Leise, leise laßt uns singen,
Still schon zieht der Mond die Bahn.
Sternlein süßen Gruß dir bringen,
Mög' auch unser zu dir dringen;
Stimmet d'rum ein Liedchen an:
Holde, erwache! Holde, erwache!*

*Höre, höre uns're Weise,
Die der Zephir zu dir weht,
Die der Minne klingt zum Preise!
Öffne doch dein Fenster leise,
Unser zartes Liedchen fleht:
Holde, erwache! Holde, erwache!*

*Leise, leise laßt uns singen,
Schlumm're sanft, wer schlummern will.
Möcht es unser'm Spiel gelingen,
Nur in ihren Traum zu klingen.
Laßt uns rufen, aber still:
Holde, erwache! Holde, erwache!*

Evening Serenade

Softly, softly let us sing,
The moon is already quietly making its way.
Little stars bring you sweet greetings,
May ours also reach you;
Therefore, let's sing a little song:
Dear one, wake up! Dear one, wake up!

Hear, hear our tune
That the zephyr blows your way,
that rings out praising love!
Open your window quietly,
Our tender little song pleads:
Dear one, wake up! Dear one, wake up!
Softly, softly let us sing,
Slumber gently, whoever wishes to slumber.
If we want our game to succeed,
Resound only in her dream.
Let us call, but quietly:
Dear one, wake up! Dear one, wake up!

Irving Berlin: Don't Wait Too Long

Text: Berlin

Bluebird of happiness, tell me that I'm not waiting in vain.
You may have a certain someone in mind.
Someone that someday you're hoping to find;
The one that you'll adore is worthwhile waiting for,
But the rest of the world is mating
While you sit there waiting!
So, don't wait too long with your castles in the sky.
Stop dreaming!
Don't wait too long. While you're waiting, time will fly!
Love songs are best when they're sung
In the springtime when everything's young!
So, don't wait too long. Happiness may pass you by.

Ted Fio Rito: I Never Knew

Text: Gus Kahn (1886-1941)

I never knew what love could do until I met you.
I never knew that roses grew, or if skies were blue or gray.
I never knew when breezes blew what a summer breeze could say.
I never knew that dreams came true and took your cares away.
I never knew what love could do until I met you today.
Maybe there were stars before I found you,
Maybe there were silver moonbeams, too.
But until I saw them all around you, I was blind because I never knew.
I never knew that roses grew...