

Texts and Translations

Women's Chamber Choir

Lao Rahal

Text by Samir Shqer

حَنَاجِرُكُمْ يَتْرُكُنَّ مَا صَوْتِي رَحَلَ لَوْ
læw ra hʔal sʔo ti mæb tɪr hʔæl hʔæ næ ʔɪr
kʊm
مَعَكُمْ وَقَلْبِي بُكَرَا عَلَى عِيُونِي
ʔju ni ʔæ læ buk raw ʔæl bi mɑʔ kʊm
إِلْأَغَانِي بِنُظْلُ الْمَعْتِي رَاخُ لَوْ
læw ra hʔɪl mu ɣæn ni bit dʔalʔ lɪl ʔæ ɣæ ni
وَالْبُتْعَانِي الْمَكْسُورَةَ لِقَلُوبُ تَجْمَعُ
tɪʔ mɑʔ lɪʔ lu bil mæk su ra wɪl bit ʔæ ni

If my voice departs, your voices will not...
I see tomorrow and my heart is with you...
If the singer goes (dies), the songs will
remain...
bringing together the broken and suffering
heart...

How the Blossoms are Falling

Text by Joy Kogawa

The fruit takes from the sun,
The skin swells thin green,
Swells to red, swells to ripeness
Until the time for giving,
When the wind thuds and seeds the earth;
And the rich brown soil receives the flight
down.

And to walk at that moment in the orchard
once again,
When the children are still small;
And to see in the sunlight
How the blossoms are falling.

Birdsong

*Text by an unknown child in the Terezin
Concentration Camp, Czechoslovakia*

He doesn't know the world at all.
Who stays in his nest and doesn't go out.
He doesn't know what birds know best
Nor what I sing about:
That the world is full of loveliness.

When dewdrops sparkle in the grass
And earth is aflood with morning light.
A blackbird sings upon a bush
To greet the dawning after night,
Then I know how fine it is to live.

Hey, try to open your heart to beauty;
Got to the woods someday
And weave a wreath of memory there.
Then if tears obscure your way,
You'll know how wonderful it is to be alive.

Psalm Trilogy

Psalm 92: 1-3

Mizmor shir l'yom hashabat.
Tov l'hodot Ladonai.
Ulzamer et shimcha elyon.
L'hagid boboker chasdecha,
Veemunat'cha baleilot.
Alel asor valei navel,
Alel higayon b'chinor.

A psalm, a song for the Sabbath day.
How good it is to give thanks to You O Lord.
How good it is to sing praises to Your name,
O Most High.
How good it is to sing praises to Your
kindness O Lord,
To sing and play on the ten-stringed lute and
harp.

Psalm 47: 1-3, 7, 8

Lam'natzeiach livnei Korach mizmor.
Kol haumim tiku chaf,
Hariu Leilohim b'kol rina.
Ala Adonai b'kol shofar.
Ki Adonai elyon nora
Melech gadol al kol haaretz.
Zam'ru Leilohim zameiru,
Zam'ru L'Malkeinu zameiru.

All you nations join hands,
Blow the ram's horn
And sing to God with a song of joy.
For the Lord is awesome and supreme,
The great King over all the earth.
Make music for God,
Make music for our King, make music.

Psalm 23:

Mizmor L'David.

A psalm of David

The Lord is my shepherd,
I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul;
He guideth me in straight paths for His name's sake.

Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil,
For Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.
Thou preparast a table before me in the presence of mine enemies;
Thou hast anointed my head with oil;

Surely goodness and mercy
Shall follow me all the days of my life;
And I shall dwell in the house of the Lord
Forever.

Ikan Kekek

Refrain: Iloi, Iloi, Ilai, Ilai

(vocables)

Ikan kekek mak
Ikan gelama mak
Sung cantic sayangku amboi
Tapi ketawa mengilainilai.

Pony-fish,
Croaker Fish
My dear is very beautiful
But her laugh is loud.

Ikan kekek mak iloi, iloi,
Ikan gelama mak ilai, ilai.
Kalau a dik nak jadi pandai
Mari belajar janganlah.

Pony-fish,
Croaker Fish
If you want to be wise
Come study hard, don't be lazy.

Tenang air di laut Sampan
golek mudik ke tanjung
Hati terkenang mulut tersenyum
Budi yang baik ras dijunjung!

The sea is calm
The boat floats toward the bluff
The heart recalls, the mouth smiles
Kindness is always encouraged.

MacMillan Singers

Blanche comme la neige

Text traditional

La belle s'est endormie sur un beau lit de roses,
Blanche comme la neige, belle comme le jour,
Ils sont trois capitaines qui vont lui faire l'amour.

Le plus jeune des trois la prend par sa main
blanche.
Montez, montez, princesse dessus mon cheval gris,
A Paris je vous mène dans un fort beau logis.

Tout aussitôt rendus, l'hôtesse lui demande:
Ah! dites-moi, la belle, dites-moi sans mentir,
Êtes-vous ici par force ou pour vos bons plaisirs?

La belle a répondu: Je suis une fille sage.
Au château de mon père les gens du roi m'ont pris,
M'ont pris, m'ont emmenée à ce fort beau logis.

Finissant ce discours le capitaine rentre:
Mangez, buvez, la belle, selon votre appétit,
Avec un capitaine vous passerez la nuit

Au milieu du repas la belle a tombé morte.
Sonnez, sonnez les cloches, tambours au regiment,
Ma maîtresse elle est morte a l'âge de quinze ans.

Où l'enterrerons-nous, cette aimable princesse?
Au jardin de son père dessous en pommier gris.
Nous prierons Dieu pour elle qu'elle aille en paradis.

Mais au bout de trois jours son père s'y promène:
Ouvrez, ouvrez ma tombe, mon père, si vous
m'aimez;
Trois jours j'ai fait la morte pour mon honneur
garder.

I Sing

*Poetry written by Melissa Lalonde, U of T
Alumnus, Masters in Choral Conducting
and written for Dr. Hilary Apfelstadt.*

I push, I pull, I shape, I mold
the clay of voices, fresh and cold
pulled from the bottom of the lakes
of souls who fear, or long, or wait
to sing.

The beautiful woman is asleep on a lovely bed of
roses,
White as snow, beautiful as the day,
There are three captains who fell in love with her.

The youngest of the three takes her by her white
hand:
Mount, mount, my princess on my gray horse
To Paris I will take you, to a very fine house.

As soon as they got there the hostess asked,
Tell me, my beauty, tell me without lying,
Are you come here against your will or for your own
pleasure?

The beautiful girl answered, I am a good girl;
At my father's house the king's men came
And took and brought me here to your fine house.

After this conversation the captain returns:
Eat, drink, my beauty, as much as you like,
With a captain you will spend the night.

In the middle of the meal the beautiful one fell dead.
Ring, ring the bells, sound the regimental drums.
My mistress has died at the age of fifteen years.

Where shall we bury her, this lovely princess?
In her father's garden beneath a dusky apple tree.
We will pray to God that she may enter paradise.

But after three days her father goes walking there:
Open, open, my grave, my father, if you love me;
Three days I have feigned death to guard my honor.

With care, I gently move the air
to dry the patterns I've prepared,
and in the hearth of each ignite
an inner pulse, a human right
to sing.

And when this work of art by flame
is set, I help to paint its strains
with inspiration, wit, and will,
until there is no need to fill,
I sing.

Psalm 1

Words from the Genevan Psalter, 1542, and the Book of Common Prayer, 1562

Qui au conseil des malins n'a esté
Qui n'est au trac des pécheurs arrêté,
Qui des mocqueurs au banc place n'a prise
Mais nuict et jour la loi contemple et prise
De l'Éternel et en est désireux
Certainement celui-la est heureux.

Blessed is the man that hath not walked in the counsel of the ungodly, nor stood in the way of sinners: and hath not sat in the seat of the scornful.
But his delight is in the law of the Lord: and in His law will he exercise himself day and night.
And he shall be like a tree planted by the water-side: that will bring forth his fruit in due season.
His leaf also shall not wither: and look, whatsoever he doeth, it shall prosper.
As for the ungodly, it is not so with them: but they are like the chaff which the wind scattereth away from the face of the earth.
Therefore the ungodly shall not be able to stand in the judgement: neither the sinners in the congregation of the righteous.
For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: and the way of the ungodly shall perish.

Come lovely and soothing death

Text by Walt Whitman

Come lovely and soothing death,
Undulate around the world, serenely
arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later delicate death.

Prais'd be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for objects and
knowledge curious,
And for love, sweet love—but praise!
Praise! Praise!
For the sure-enwinding arms of
cool-enfolding death.

Over the treetops I float thee a song,
Over the rising and sinking waves, over
the myriad fields and the prairies wide,
Over the dense-pack'd cities and the
teeming wharves and ways,
I float this carol with joy, with joy to
thee O death.

Encroachment

Text by Tristan Zaba and Anna Kavan

The forecast says we're in for a real bad freeze
up.
Fear is the climate I've always resided in.
I hope he'll never find me,
But he somehow thinks he has to.

Everything is on which her she is now.
As the invincible enemy advances,
I hang a scarf on a tree to remind her
That kind people exist who will help and accept
her.

What sort of a man does he think he is?
He doesn't pretend to have any real feelings,
Staring into my dilated eyes and
Forcing into them his icy gaze.

My eyes adjust to the darkness
As teeth sink into my throat.
I prowl with a racquet exterminating the vermin,
But the ice will be here soon, cutting us off.

Reality has always been an unknown quantity.
It is not clear to me which of us is the victim.
Perhaps we're victims of each other,
Or perhaps we're the same person.

Night Music

The Witches' Charm

Text by Ben Jonson

The owl is abroad, the bat and the toad,
And so is the cat-a-mountain;
The ant and the mole sit both in a hole,
And frog peeps out o' the fountain.
The dogs they do bay, and the timbrels play,
The spindle is now a-turning;
The moon it is red, and the stars are fled,
But all the sky is a-burning:
The ditch is made, and our nails the spade:
With pictures full, of wax and of wool,
Their livers I stick with needles quick;
There lacks but the blood to make up the
flood.

Lullaby

Text by Beaumont and Fletcher

Lock me in delight awhile,
Let some pleasing Dreams beguile
All my Fancies, that from thence
I may feel an influence,
All my powers of Care bereaving.

Though but a shadow, but a sliding,
Let me know some little Joy;
We that suffer long Annoy,
Are contented with a thought,
Through an idle Fancie wrought:
O let my Joyes have some abiding.

What hath Night to do with Sleep?

Text by John Milton

The Star that bids the Shepherd-fold,
Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,
And the gilded Car of Day,
His glowing Axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantick stream,
And the slope Sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky Pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his Chamber in the East.
Meanwhile welcome Joy, and Feast,
Midnight shout, and revelry,
Tipsy dance, and Jollity.
Braid your Locks with rosy Twine
Dropping odours, dropping Wine.
Rigour now is gone to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head,
Strict Age, and sour Severity,
With their grave Saws in slumber lie.
We that are of purer fire
Imitate the Starry Quire,
Who in their nightly watchful Spheres,
Lead in swift round the Months and Years.
The Sounds, and Seas with all their finny
drove
Now to the Moon in wavering Morris move,
And on the Tawny Sands and Shelves,
Trip the pert Fairies and the dapper Elves;
By dimpled Brook, and Fountain brim,
The Wood-Nymphs decked with Daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:
What hath night to do with sleep?
Night hath better sweets to prove:
Venus now wakes and wakens love.
Come knit hands and beat the ground
In a light fantastic round.