

Texts and Translations

MacMillan Singers

Rise up, my love

Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come
away.
For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over
and gone.
The flowers appear upon the earth, the time
of the singing of birds is come.

Choose something like a star

O Star (the fairest one in sight),
We grant your loftiness the right
To some obscurity of cloud—
It will not do to say of night,
Since dark is what brings out your light.

Some mystery becomes the proud.
But to the wholly taciturn
In your reserve is not allowed.
Say something to us we can learn
By heart and when alone repeat.

Say something! And it says, 'I burn.'
But say with what degree of heat.
Talk Fahrenheit, talk Centigrade.
Use language we can comprehend.
Tell us what elements you blend.

It gives us strangely little aid,
But does tell something in the end.
And steadfast as Keats' Eremite,
Not even stooping from its sphere,
It asks a little of us here.

It asks of us a certain height,
So when at times the mob is swayed
To carry praise or blame too far,
We may choose something like a star
To stay our minds on and be staid.

Stopping by woods on a snowy evening

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark, and deep.
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

Rise up, my love

Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come
away.
For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over
and gone.
The flowers appear upon the earth, the time
of the singing of birds is come.
Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil
the vine,
for our vines have tender fruit.
My beloved is mine and I am his:
He feedeth upon the lilies until the
daybreak, and the shadows flee:
Turn, my beloved, and when the shadows
flee
Be thou like a deer upon the mountains.

Women's Chorus

Five Hebrew Love Songs

Words by Hila Plitmann, b.1973

I. Temuná (A picture)

Temuná belibí charuntá;
Nodédet beyn ór uveyn ófel:
Min dmamá shekazó et guféch kach otá,
Usaréch al paña'ich kach nófel.

A picture is engraved in my heart;
Moving between light and darkness:
A sort of silence envelopes your body,
And your hair falls upon your face just so.

II. Kalá Kallá (light bride)

Kalá Kallá
Kulá shelí,
U've kalút
Tishákhilí!

Light bride
She is all mine,
And lightly
She will kiss me!

III. Larov (Mostly)

"Laróv," amár gag la'shama'im,
"Hamerchák shebeynéynu hu ad;
Ach lifnéy zman alu lechán shna'im,
Uveynéynu nishár sentiméter echad"

"Mostly," said the roof to the sky,
"the distance between you and I is endlessness;
But a while ago two came up here,
And only one centimeter was left between us."

IV. Éyze shéleg! (What snow!)

Éyze shéleg!
Kmo chalómót ktaníim
Noflíim mehashamá im.

What snow!
Like little dreams
Falling from the sky.

V. Rakút (Tenderness)

Hu hayá malé rakút;
Hi haytá kasha
Vechól káma shenistá lehishaér kach,
Pashút, uvlí sibá tová,
Lakách otá el toch atzmó,
Veheníach Bamakóm hachí rach.

He was full of tenderness;
She was very hard.
And as much as she tried to stay thus,
Simply, and with no good reason,
He took her into himself,
And set her down
In the softest, softest place.

Quant j'ai ouy le tabourin

Words by Charles Duc d' Orleans (1394-1465)

When I heard the tambourine
Sound, calling people to go a-maying,
I made no movement in my bed
Nor even lifted my head from the pillow.
Saying: it's too early;

I'll go back to sleep for a little while.
Let the young people share their spoils:
I shall become acquainted with indifference
And share myself with him;
I have found him to be my closest neighbour.

Hymn to Rig Veda
IV. Hymn of the Travellers

Go thou on before us,
Guide us on our way,
Mighty One.
Make our journey pleasant,
Never let us stray.
Wonder-worker, hearken.
Come in thy splendour; come in thy mighty
pow'r.

Trample on the wicked,
All who would oppose,
Mighty One.
Drive away the robber;
Drive away our foes.
Wonder-worker, hearken.
Come in thy splendour; come in thy mighty
pow'r.

As we journey onward,
Songs to thee we raise,
Mighty One.
Thou didst aid our fathers.
Guard us all our days.
Wonder-worker, hearken.
Come in thy splendour; come in thy mighty
pow'r.

Feed us and inspire us;
Keep us in thy care,
Mighty One.
Lead us past pursuers
Unto meadows fair.
Wonder-worker, hearken.
Come in thy splendour; come in thy mighty
pow'r.

Women's Chamber Choir and Men's Chorus

Magnificat

Magnificat ánima mea Dóminum.

My soul doth magnify the Lord.

Et exultávit spíritus meus: in Deo salutári meo.

And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savior.

Quia respéxit humilitátem ancíllae suae:

Because He hath regarded the humility of His
slave:

Ecce enim ex hoc beátam me dicent omnes
generatiónes.

For behold from henceforth all generations
shall call me blessed.

Quia fécit mihi mágna qui pótens est: et
sánctum nómen eius.

Because He that is mighty hath done great
things to me; and holy is His name.

Et misericórdia eius in progénies et progénies
timéntibus eum.

And His mercy is from generation unto
generations, to them that fear Him.

Fécit poténtiam in bráchio suo: dispérsit
supérbos mente cordis sui.

He hath shewed might in His arm: He hath
scattered the proud in the conceit of their
heart.

Depósuit poténtes de sede: et exaltávit
húmiles.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat,
and hath exalted the humble.

Esuriéntes implévit bonis: et dívites dimísit
inánes.

He hath filled the hungry with good things;
and the rich He hath sent empty away.

Suscépit Ísrael púerum suum: recordátus
misericórdiae suae.

He hath received Israel His servant, being
mindful of His mercy:

Sicut locútus est ad patres nostros: Ábraham,
et sémini eius in saecula.

As He spoke to our fathers, to Abraham and
to his seed for ever.

Glória Patri, et Fílio, et Spirítui Sancto,

Glory be the Father, and to the Son, and to
the Holy Spirit,

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

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever
shall be, forever and ever, Amen.

Stabat Mater

Stabat mater dolorosa
juxta Crucem lacrimosa
dum pendebat Filius.

At the Cross her station keeping,
stood the mournful Mother weeping,
close to Jesus to the last.

Cuius animam gementem,
contristatam et dolentem
pertransivit gladius.

Through her heart, His sorrow sharing,
all His bitter anguish bearing,
now at length the sword has passed.

O quam tristis et afflicta
fuit illa benedicta,
mater Unigeniti!

O how sad and sore distressed
was that Mother, highly blest,
of the sole-begotten One.

Quae maerebat et dolebat,
pia Mater, dum videbat
nati poenas inclyti.

Christ above in torment hangs,
she beneath beholds the pangs
of her dying glorious Son.

Quis est homo qui non fleret,
matrem Christi si videret
in tanto supplicio?

Is there one who would not weep,
whelmed in miseries so deep,
Christ's dear Mother to behold?

Quis non posset contristari
Christi Matrem contemplari
dolentem cum Fílio?

Can the human heart refrain
from partaking in her pain,
in that Mother's pain untold?

Pro peccatis suae gentis
vidit Iesum in tormentis,
et flagellis subditum.

Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,
she beheld her tender Child
All with bloody scourges rent:

Vidit suum dulcem Natum
moriendo desolatum,
dum emisit spiritum.

For the sins of His own nation,
saw Him hang in desolation,
Till His spirit forth He sent.

Eia, Mater, fons amoris
me sentire vim doloris
fac, ut tecum lugeam.

Fac, ut ardeat cor meum
in amando Christum Deum
ut sibi complaceam.

Sancta Mater, istud agas,
crucifixi fige plagas
cordi meo valide.

Tui Nati vulnerati,
tam dignati pro me pati,
poenas mecum divide.

Fac me tecum pie flere,
crucifixo condolere,
donec ego vixero.

Iuxta Crucem tecum stare,
et me tibi sociare
in planctu desidero.

Virgo virginum praeclara,
mihi iam non sis amara,
fac me tecum plangere.

Fac, ut portem Christi mortem,
passionis fac consortem,
et plagas recolere.

Fac me plagis vulnerari,
fac me Cruce inebriari,
et cruore Filii.

Flammis ne urar succensus,
per te, Virgo, sim defensus
in die iudicii.

Christe, cum sit hinc exire,
da per Matrem me venire
ad palmam victoriae.

Quando corpus morietur,
fac, ut animae donetur
paradisi gloria. Amen.

O thou Mother! fount of love!
Touch my spirit from above,
make my heart with thine accord:

Make me feel as thou hast felt;
make my soul to glow and melt
with the love of Christ my Lord.

Holy Mother! pierce me through,
in my heart each wound renew
of my Savior crucified:

Let me share with thee His pain,
who for all my sins was slain,
who for me in torments died.

Let me mingle tears with thee,
mourning Him who mourned for me,
all the days that I may live:

By the Cross with thee to stay,
there with thee to weep and pray,
is all I ask of thee to give.

Virgin of all virgins blest!,
Listen to my fond request:
let me share thy grief divine;

Let me, to my latest breath,
in my body bear the death
of that dying Son of thine.

Wounded with His every wound,
steep my soul till it hath swooned,
in His very Blood away;

Be to me, O Virgin, nigh,
lest in flames I burn and die,
in His awful Judgment Day.

Christ, when Thou shalt call me hence,
by Thy Mother my defense,
by Thy Cross my victory;

While my body here decays,
may my soul Thy goodness praise,
safe in paradise with Thee. Amen.