

Translations

Ma Navu

music by Yossi Spivak, arr. Shira Cion

text: Isaiah 52:7

How pleasant on the mountains are the feet of the messenger of good tidings, proclaiming salvation, proclaiming peace.

Dirait-on* from **Les chansons des roses*

music by Morton Lauridsen

poem by Rainer Maria Rilke, English translation by Barbara and Erica Muhl

Abandon surrounding abandon, tenderness touching tenderness... Your oneness endlessly caresses itself, so they say: self-caressing through its own clear reflection. Thus you invent the theme of Narcissus fulfilled.

Moni kakku päältä kaunis...

music by Pekka Kostiainen

text from the Kanteletar

I. Armahan kulku

This way my treasure has walked here my beloved has been
this way my dear one has stepped and my fair one has wandered here she has sat on a rock. The rock is much brighter, the boulder better than the next the heath twice as fair and the grove five times more flowery all the forest more pleasant because that treasure of mine walked, that dear one of mine stepped.

II. Onpa tietty tietyssäni

His image is fastened in my mind

My sweet one in my memory,

My little bird flies along with me

My dear one under my wing.

medley: *Sicut rosa inter spinas* / *In pace in idipsum*

music by Orlande de Lassus, arr. Level IV

Sicut rosa inter spinas

*Sicut rosa inter spinas illis addit speciem,
sic vernustat suam Virgo Maria progeniem:
germinavit enim florem,
qui vitalem dat odorem.*

As the rose amongst thorns adds beauty,
so the Virgin Mary adorns her offspring,
for she brings forth a flower,
who gives sweet life.

***In pace in idipsum* text: Psalm 4: 9-10**

*In pace in idipsum dormiam et requiescam:
quoniam tu Domine singulariter in spe
constituisti me.*

In peace I shall sleep and rest:
for you, O Lord, alone, has settled me in hope.

Cúnnla

music by Michael McGlynn

Traditional Irish text

"Who is that down there knocking the (stone) walls?" "Me, myself" says Cúnnla.

"Who is that down there pulling the blanket off me?" "Me, myself" says Cúnnla.

"Who is that down there tickling the soles of my feet?" "Me, myself" says Cúnnla.

"Cúnnla dear don't come any nearer to me!" "My soul I will!" says Cúnnla.

from **Dixit Dominus**

music by George Frideric Handel

text: Psalm 110

Movement 1: Chorus

The Lord said unto my Lord: Sit thou on my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy foot-stool.

Movement IV: Chorus

The Lord has sworn, and will not repent.

Movement VI: Chorus (excerpt)

The Lord upon thy right hand, shall wound even kings in the day of his wrath.

Wand'ich in dem Wald des Abends

music by Fanny Mendelssohn

poem by Heinrich Heine

When I wander in the evening woods,

In the dream-like woods,

Ever at my side wanders

Your tender form.

Is this not your white veil?

Is this not your mild face?

Or is it only moonlight

Breaking through the darkness of the firs?

Is it my own tears

That I hear softly running?

Or are you, beloved, truly walking here,

Weeping close beside me?

Esto Les Digo

music by Kinley Lange

text: Matthew: 18

Where two or three are gathered in my name, there will I be also.