

## Domine ad adjuvandum me festina à 8 - Chiara Cozzolani (1602-1678)

### ***Domine ad adjuvandum me festina***

Domine ad adjuvandum me festina.  
Gloria Patri, et Filio,  
Et Spiritui Sancto.  
Sicut erat in principio,  
Et nunc, et semper,  
Et in saecula saeculorum.  
Amen.  
Alleluia.

### ***Psalm 70:1 Lord make haste to save me***

O Lord, make haste to help me.  
Glory be the the Father, and to the Son,  
And to the Holy Spirit.  
As it was in the beginning,  
And now, and forever,  
And world without end.  
Amen.  
Alleluia.

## Song for Sarajevo - Judy Collins (b. 1939), arr. Russell Walden

Blood in all the streets running like a flood,  
There's nowhere to hide, no where I can go.  
I reach out my hand touching death itself,  
just another holy day in Sarajevo.

I can hear my heart pounding like a clock,  
Hiding from the planes and from the bombing.  
Fire in the sky, burning down my life,  
There is no more love and no more longing.

(Refrain:)

But when I close my eyes  
I dream of peace,  
I dream of flowers on the hill,  
I dream I see my mother smiling.  
When I close my eyes I dream of peace.

Once I had a home,  
Once my life was good,  
Once my mother sang to me and held me.  
Then the fire came, falling from the sky,  
There is no one left who can protect me.

War's a wicked bird  
That never comes to rest,  
Feeding on the dreams of all the children.  
War's an evil bird flying in the dark  
Every holy promise has been broken.

(Refrain)

Can't you stop the war?  
Bring it to a close?  
You are tall and strong and I am just a child.  
Can't we live in a peace,  
Stop the flowing blood,  
Make a blessed world where I can be a child?  
  
When you close your eyes,  
Do you dream of peace?  
Do you dream of flowers on the hill?  
Do you dream you see your mother smiling?  
When you close your eyes do you dream of peace?  
Open up your eyes and  
Give us peace.

## Eternidad - Beatriz Corona (b. 1962)

En mi jardín hay rosas:  
Yo no te quiero dar  
las rosas que mañana...  
Mañana no tendrás.

En mi jardín hay pájaros  
con cantos de cristal:  
No te los doy, que tienen  
alas para volar ...

En mi jardín abejas  
labran fino panal:  
¡Dulzura de un minuto...  
no te la quiero dar!

Para ti lo infinito  
o nada; lo inmortal  
o esta muda tristeza  
que no comprenderás ...

La tristeza sin nombre  
de no tener que dar  
a quien lleva en la frente  
algo de eternidad ...  
Deja, deja el jardín...  
No toques el rosal:  
las cosas que se mueren  
no se deben tocar.

In my garden, roses:  
I don't want to give you  
roses that tomorrow ...  
that tomorrow you won't have.

In my garden, birds  
with crystal song:  
I do not give them to you; they have  
wings to fly.

In my garden, bees  
craft a fine hive:  
A minute's sweetness ...  
I don't want to give you that!

For you, the infinite  
or nothing: what is immortal  
or this mute sadness  
you won't understand...

The unnamable sadness  
of not having something to give  
to someone who carries on the forehead  
a portion of eternity...  
Leave, leave the garden...  
Don't touch the roses:  
things that die  
should not be touched.

## We are... - Ysayé M. Barnwell (b. 1946)

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

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

We are  
Mothers of courage  
Fathers of time  
Daughters of dust  
Sons of great vision.  
We are  
Sisters of mercy  
Brothers of love  
Lovers of life and  
the builders of nations.  
We are  
Seekers of truth  
Keepers of faith  
Makers of peace and  
the wisdom of ages.

WE ARE ONE.

# In dat Great Giddin' Up Mo'nin' - Rosephanye Powell (b. 1962)

## *In Dat Great Giddin' Up Mornin'* Traditional African-American Spiritual

Fare ye well,  
In that mornin',

I got a home up in the kingdom,  
Fare ye well,  
I'm gonna lay down this worl',  
Gonna shoulder up my cross.  
Gonna take it home to my Jesus,  
Fare ye well.

He's gonna call us up to heaven,  
Fare ye well,  
I will hear my Savior callin',  
And I'll hear the trumpet sound,  
Then He's gonna call us up to glory,  
Fare ye well.

In that great gettin' up mornin',  
Fare ye well,  
Fare ye well.

# Mebae (Sprout) - Makiko Kinoshita (b. 1956)

Poem by Kazuyo Mizukami

みごもる  
ははのだいちは  
そこぶかくたいどうをはじめた

いてついた  
かたいつちのおもては  
ねむったままだけれど

きびしいさむさからまもられて  
ふくらみつづけた  
ちいさないのちたち

そこぶかくたい  
どうをはじめた  
ぐいぐいと  
あふれるちからで  
くらやみから  
ひかりへ  
のびあがってくる

つたわる  
つたわる  
ちからづよいこどう

ふるえる  
ふるえる  
ゆるみはじめたいき

はるのめは  
いっせいに  
うるむ

Translation by Mari Toyama

The pregnant  
Mother earth  
Began her movements deep inside.

Freezing,  
Hard ground's surface  
Is all too tired  
And lies fast asleep . . .

Protected from the harsh coldness,  
Continued to grow  
The little lives

Pushing,  
Shoving,  
Hard  
With overflowing power  
From the dark  
To the light  
Growing upward.

Feel  
Feel  
The strong beat

Tremble  
Tremble  
The loosening atmosphere

The spring sprout will, by and by  
All at once  
Moisten.

## Riding on a Mule - arr. Chen Yi (b. 1953)

Shaanxi folk song

走頭頭的那個騾子喲  
三盞盞的那個燈  
哎呀趕牲靈的那人兒 過呀來了

你若是我的哥哥喲哎  
招一招的那個手  
哎呀你不是我的哥哥  
喲哦 走你得的那個路

Translated by Chen Yi

Riding on a mule,  
With three lanterns shining,  
A shepherd is coming near me

If you are my love,  
Please wave me a greeting,  
If you don't know me,  
Please go away.

## Dost Thou Hear the Trees that Rustle from Garden Songs, op. 3 - Fanny Hensel (1805-1847)

Poem by Joseph von Eichendorff, translator unknown

Dost thou hear the trees that rustle  
Through the soft and quiet air?  
Wouldst thou forth, with joy to wander,  
Now that night is still and fair?  
Where the many streamlets round thee  
Wondrous in the moonlight flow,  
While the silent hills look downward  
O'er the gleaming plain below.

Canst thou hear the songs entrancing,  
Known when bygone days were bright?  
Songs that wake once more to music,  
In the lonely woods at night.  
When the trees in slumber hearken,  
And the lilac's scent is full;  
When the water fairies whisper,  
Come to us, where waves are cool.

## When Woods Are Glowing from Garden Songs, op. 3 - Fanny Hensel (1805-1847)

Poem by Emanuel Geibel, translated by William Bartholomew

When woods are glowing sunny bright,  
And buds to bloom are springing;  
O then I would my joy proclaim  
By singing.

And what I feel of woe or weal,  
While waking or in slumbers,  
With gladsome heart I'd chant it forth  
In numbers.

Woods understand my meaning well,  
And first they mark the measure,  
Then they come in at proper time,  
With pleasure.

Then further goes the joyful sound,  
O'er mountain, rock and heather,  
Chimes in the tuneful nightingale  
Together.

The heart then finds sweet sympathy,  
It hears its echoes ringing,  
It hears its joy resound afar,  
While singing.

The joyful sound afar is borne,  
When hearts are singing.  
O joyful sound, When Nature all  
Is singing.

## Resilience - Abbie Betinis (b. 1980)

### **RESILIENCE** Words by Abbie Betinis

Resilience, we are strong;  
Shoulder to shoulder, keep movin' on,  
Resilience, make a new plan;  
Stand up again and say yes we can.

Oh! Oh! We are strong;  
Hold on!  
I wanna make it and I know we will,  
Yes, it's hard to keep goin' but it's worse to stand still!

## March of the Women - Ethel Smyth (1858-1944)

### Text by Cicely Hamilton

Shout, shout, up with your song!  
Cry with the wing, for the dawn is breaking;  
March, march, sing you along,  
Wide blows our banner, and hope is waking.  
Song with its story,  
dreams, with their glory,  
Lo! they call, and glad is their word!  
Loud and louder it swells,  
Thunder of freedom,  
the voice of the Lord.

Long, long, we in the past  
covered in dread from the light of heaven.  
Strong, strong, stand we at last,  
Fearless in faith and with sight new-given.  
Strength with its beauty,  
Life with its duty,  
(Hear the voice, oh hear and obey!)  
These, these beckon us on,  
Open your eyes to the blaze of day.

Comrades, ye who have dared  
First in the battle to strive and sorrow,  
Scorned, spurned, nought have ye cared,  
Raising your eyes to a wider morrow.  
Ways that are weary, days that are dreary,  
Toil and pain by faith ye have borne;  
Hail, hail, victors ye stand,  
Wearing the wreath that the brave have worn.

Life, strife, these two are one,  
Nought can ye win but by faith and daring;  
On, on that ye have done  
But for the work of today preparing.  
Firm in reliance, laugh a defiance,  
(Laugh in hope, for sure is the end.)  
March, march, many as one.  
Shoulder to shoulder and friend to friend.

## Exurgat Deus & Miserere mei, Deus - Raffaella Aleotti (1575-1646)

***Exurgat Deus***  
**Psalm 67: 1-2**

Exurgat Deus,  
Et dissipentur inimici ejus;  
Et fugiant qui oderunt eum a facie ejus.  
Sicut deficit fumus, deficient;  
Sicut fluit cera a facie ignis,  
Sic pereant peccatores a facie Dei.

***Miserere mei, Deus***  
**Psalm 57: 1-2**

Miserere mei, Deus,  
Miserere mei,  
Quoniam in te confidit anima mea,  
Et in umbra alarum tuarum sperabo  
donec transeat iniquitas.

Let God arise,  
And let his enemies be scattered;  
And let them flee who hate him.  
As smoke vanishes, may they vanish;  
As wax melts in the face of fire,  
Let sinners perish before the face of God.

Have mercy on me, God,  
Have mercy on me,  
For my soul trusts in you,  
And I will hope in the shadow of your wings  
until iniquity has passed.

## If Music Be the Food of Love - Jean Belmont Ford (b. 1939)

***If Music Be the Food of Love***  
**by Henry Heveningham, 1651-1700**

If music be the food of love,  
Sing on till I am fill'd with joy;  
For then my list'ning soul you move  
To pleasures that can never cloy.  
Your eyes, your mien, your tongue declare  
That you are music ev'rywhere.

Pleasures invade both eye and ear,  
So fierce the transports are, they wound,  
And all my senses feasted are,  
Tho' yet the treat is only sound,  
Sure I must perish by your charms,  
Unless you save me in your arms.

لَمَّا بَدَا يَتَنَّثَى، لَمَّا بَدَا يَتَنَّثَى

يَا لَيْلِ يَا لَيْلِ يَا لَيْلِ يَا عَيْنِ

حَبِّي جَمَالَهُ فَتَنَّا

يَا لَيْلِ يَا لَيْلِ يَا لَيْلِ يَا عَيْنِ

أَوْمِي بِلِحْظِهِ أُسْرْنَا

يَا لَيْلِ يَا لَيْلِ يَا لَيْلِ يَا عَيْنِ

عُصْنُ ثَنَى حَيْنِ مَالِ

يَا لَيْلِ يَا لَيْلِ يَا لَيْلِ يَا عَيْنِ

وَعَدِي وَيَا حَيْرَتِي مِنْ لِي رَحِيمِ شَكْوَتِي

فِي الْحَبِّ مِنْ لَوْعَتِي إِلَّا مَلِيكَ الْجَمَالِ

يَا لَيْلِ يَا لَيْلِ يَا لَيْلِ يَا عَيْنِ

When whom I love started to sway  
Oh night . . . oh my eye!  
The beauty of my lover attracted me.

Through a wink which captivated me  
When he (she) swayed,  
His (her) body looked like a bent branch

Oh my awful luck, oh my confusion!  
Who will have mercy on my yearnings,  
But the sovereign of beauty.

# Zum Fest der heiligen Cäcilia - Fanny Hensel(née Mendelssohn) (1806-1847)

## **Zum Fest der Heiligen Cäcilia**

*(Chorus)*

Beati immaculati in via  
qui ambulant in lege Domini.

*(Bass solo)*

Audi et vide et inclina aurem tuam.  
Veni, electa mea,  
et ponam in te thronum meum.  
Quia concupivi Rex speciem tuam.

*(Chorus)*

Deus, qui nos annua beatae Caeciliae  
Virginis et martyris tuae solemnitate  
laetificas da utquam veneramur officio.  
Etiam pia conversationis sequamur exemplo.  
Audi.

*(Soprano solo)*

Audio et video, inclino aurem meam.  
Domine Deus, Rex coelestis,  
quam admirabile est nomen tuum in universa terra.  
Coeli enarrant gloriam Dei  
et opera manuum ejus annuntiat firmamentum.

*(Chorus)*

Alleluja,  
Gloria in excelsis,  
et laudem dicam tibi Domine.

## **For the Feast of St. Cecilia**

from the liturgy of St. Cecilia

*(Chorus)*

Blessed are those who are undefiled in their ways,  
who walk in the law of the Lord.

*(Bass solo)*

Hear, see, and incline your ear,  
Come, my chosen one,  
and I shall place my throne in you.  
For I have longed for your presence, my king.

*(Chorus)*

O God, who gladdens us with the annual commemoration  
of blessed Cecilia, your virgin and martyr,  
grant that we may venerate her in this rite  
and follow her example of pious actions.  
Hear us.

*(Soprano solo)*

I hear and I see, I incline my ear.  
Lord God, heavenly king,  
how admirable is your name in all the earth.  
The heavens declare the glory of God,  
and the firmament proclaims the works of his hands.

*(Chorus)*

Alleluia,  
Glory in the highest,  
And I will give praise to thee, O Lord.