

Kaleidoscope Vocal Ensemble - January 28, 2022
Texts and Translations

Zefiro torna e di soavi accenti

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l'aer fa grato e' il piè
discioglie a l'onde e, mormorando
tra le verdi fronde, fa danzar al bel
suon su'l prato i fiori.
Inghirlandato il crin
Fillide e Clori note
temprando amor care e gioconde;
e da monti e da valli
ime e profonde raddoppian
l'armonia gli antri canori.
Sorge più vaga in ciel l'aurora,
e'l sole, sparge più luci d'or;
più puro argento fregia di
Teti il bel ceruleo manto.
Sol io, per selve abbandonate
e sole, l'ardor di due
begli occhi e'l mio tormento,
come vuol mia ventura,
hor piango hor canto.

Zephyr returns, and with sweet accents
enchants the air and ruffles the waves, and
murmuring
among the green leaves,
makes the flowers dance to his sweet
sound. With garlanded hair,
Phyllis and Chloris sing love-songs,
dear and joyful to them,
and through the mountains and valleys,
high and low, the echoing caves redouble
their music.
Dawn rises more glorious in the sky, and
the sun pours down the brightest gold,
embellishing with purer silver the sky-blue
mantle of Thetis.
Alone I wander through lonely and
deserted woods;
of the ardour of two lovely eyes, and of my
torment, as my fortune decrees, I by turns
weep and sing.

Pur ti miro

Pur ti miro, pur ti godo,
Pur ti stringo, pur t'annodo ;
Più non peno, più non moro,
O mia vita, o mio tesoro.
Io son tua, tuo son io,
Speme mia, dillo, di.
Tu sei pur l'idolo mio,
Si, mio ben, si, mio cor, mia vita, si

I gaze upon you, I desire you,
I embrace you, I enchain you ;
no more grieving, no more dying,
o my life, o my beloved.
I am yours, yours am I,
my hope, tell it, tell.
You are truly my idol,
yes, my love, yes, my heart, my life, yes.

Lamento della Ninfa

"Amor", dicea, il ciel
mirando, il piè fermo,
"dove, dov'è la fè

- O Love - she said,
Gazing at the sky, as she stood -
Where's the fidelity

ch'el traditor giurò?"

Miserella.

"Fa' che ritorni il mio
amor com'ei pur fu,
o tu m'ancidi, ch'io
non mi tormenti più."

Miserella, ah più no, no,
tanto gel soffrir non può.

"Non vo' più ch'ei sospiri
se non lontan da me,
no, no che i martiri
più non darammi affè.

Perché di lui mi struggo,
tutt'orgoglioso sta,
che sì, che sì se'l fuggo
ancor mi pregherà?

Se ciglio ha più sereno
colei, che'l mio non è,
già non rinchiude in seno,
Amor, sí bella fè.

Ne mai sí dolci baci
da quella bocca havrai,
ne più soavi, ah taci,
taci, che troppo il sai."

Sí tra sdegnosi pianti
spargea le voci al ciel;
cosí ne' cori amanti
mesce amor fiamma, e gel.

That the deceiver promised? -

Poor her!

- Make my love come back
As he used to be
Or kill me, so that
I will not suffer anymore. -

Poor her! She cannot bear
All this coldness!

- I don't want him to sigh any longer
But if he's far from me.
No! He will not make me suffer
Anymore, I swear!

He's proud
Because I languish for him.
Perhaps if I fly away from him
He will come to pray to me again.

If her eyes are more serene
Than mine,
O Love, she does not hold in her heart
A fidelity so pure as mine.

And you will not receive from those lips
Kisses as sweet as mine,
Nor softer. Oh, don't speak!
Don't speak! you know better than that! -

So amidst disdainful tears,
She spread her crying to the sky;
Thus, in the lovers' hearts
Love mixes fire and ice.

Singet dem Herrn, J. S. Bach

1. Chor

Singet dem Herrn ein neues Lied!
Die Gemeinde der Heiligen sollen ihn loben,
Israel freue sich des, der ihn gemacht hat.

1. Chorus

Sing to the Lord a new song!
The congregation of the saints shall praise
Him,
Israel rejoices in Him, who has created it.

Die Kinder Zion sei'n fröhlich über ihrem Könige.
Sie sollen loben seinen Namen im Reihem,
mit Pauken und Harfen sollen sie ihm spielen.

Psalm 149:1-3

2. Aria (Chor I)

Gott, nimm dich ferner unser an!
Denn ohne dich ist nichts getan
mit allen unsern Sachen.
Drum sei du unser Schirm und Licht,
und trügt uns unsre Hoffnung nicht,
so wirst du's ferner machen.
Wohl dem, der sich nur steif und fest
auf dich und deine Huld verläßt!

Chorale (Chor II)

Wie sich ein Vat'r erbarmet
Üb'r seine junge Kindlein klein:
So tut der Herr uns Armen,
So wir ihn kindlich fürchten rein.
Er kennt das arme Gemächte,
Gott weiß, wir sind nur Staub.
Gleichwie das Gras vom Rechen,
Ein Blum und fallendes Laub,
Der Wind nur drüber wehet,
So ist es nimmer da:
Also der Mensch vergehet,
Sein End, das ist ihm nah.

"Nun lob, mein Seel, den Herren," verse 3

3. Chor

Lobet den Herrn in seinen Taten,
lobet ihn in seiner großen Herrlichkeit.
Alles was Odem hat, lobe den Herrn,
Halleluja!

Psalm 150:2, 6

Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.
Let them praise His name in dances,
with drums and harps let them play to Him.

2. Aria (Chorus I)

God, take us to Yourself from now on!
For without You we can accomplish
nothing
with all of our belongings.
Therefore be our protection and light,
and if our hope does not deceive us,
You will make it happen in the future.
Happy is the person who strictly and
tightly abandons himself to You and Your
mercy!

Chorale (Chorus II)

As a father has mercy
upon his young children:
so the Lord does with us poor ones,
when we fear Him with pure and childlike
hearts.
He knows his poor creatures,
God knows we are but dust.
Just as the grass that is mowed,
a flower or a falling leaf,
the wind only blows over it,
and it is no longer there;
So also man passes away,
his end is near to him.

3. Chorus

Praise the Lord in His works,
praise Him in his great glory.
Everything that has breath, praise the Lord,
Hallelujah!

The stranger who resides

The stranger who resides among you shall be to you as one of your citizens.
You shall love him as yourself for you were strangers in the land of Egypt.

-Leviticus 19:34

Li Beirut

A greeting from my heart to Beirut
kisses to the sea and to the houses
to a rock, which is like an old sailor's face
She is made from the people's soul..from wine
She is from his sweat...a bread and Jasmins
So how does her taste become? A taste of fire and smoke

Beirut has a glory of ashes
My city has turned out her lamp
By a child's blood, who was over her hand
She's as shut her door, and became alone in the sky
Alone with the night
You are mine, you are mine
Ah Hug me you are mine
You are my flag, tomorrow stone
And a travel's waves
My people's wounds have flourished
And mothers tear
You are mine, you are mine
Ah Hug me

Lao Rahal Soti

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...

Mo li hua

Beautiful jasmine flower
Beautiful jasmine flower
Sweet-smelling, beautiful, stems full of buds
Fragrant and white, everyone praises
Let me pluck you down to give to someone
Jasmine flower, jasmine flower

When the Violin

“As a companion piece to O Vos Omnes, I chose to set a beautiful text by the 14C Persian poet Hafiz. The text of O Vos Omnes is asking, simply, to be seen in a moment of sorrow -- to be beheld through suffering and darkness. And Hafiz's text responds in such a beautiful way -- it moves through that darkness and begins to let those very first slivers of light in.

This piece is about that first moment of trust, of softening. About the most inward moments of the human experience, of realizing that 'breakthroughs' often don't have the hard edge, the burst of energy that the word implies, but that they can be about finding tender, warm, deeply resonant spaces within ourselves as well.”

-Reena Esmail

When the violin can forgive the past, it starts singing.

When the violin can stop worrying about the future, you will become a drunk laughing nuisance that God will then lean down and start combing you into Her hair.

When the violin can forgive every wound caused by others, the heart starts singing

Nigra sum

“Reggie Mobley came to me with the idea for this piece a couple of years ago to draw attention to the microaggressions that so many of us artists of color have faced in the classical music field. From seemingly innocuous statements after concerts to downright blatant racism, his idea really spoke to me. I’ve experienced these moments myself, but rather than add my words to the piece, I wanted (and he suggested) to use the language of our beloved baroque masters to really draw out the contrast of that beauty with ugliness of the sentiments. The first movement conjures a Renaissance motet, inspired by the transition from stile antico to stile moderno in the Italian early baroque. The second movement is inspired by a north German 17th century sort of rhetoric, with fast-moving cadential material giving urgency to the words “I’d hate to run into you at night,” among others. The final movement is a triple time cascading figuration very much inspired by cantata BWV 21 of Johann Sebastian Bach, weaving the “Nigra Sum” chant in amongst the polyphony. My hope is that the performers and audiences will be reassured by the power of music to create universal community while being perhaps horrified by how far we have yet to go in truly achieving that community.”

-Jonathan Woody

(over)

Nigra sum sed formosa filiae, Jerusalem,
nolite me considerare quod fusca sim,
quia decoloravit me sol.
Sicut tabernacula cedar,
sicut pelles Salomonis.

I am black but beautiful, O daughters of
Jerusalem,
Do not stare at me because I am dark, for
the sun has altered my colour.
(I am black) like the tents of Cedar,
like the curtains of Solomon.

You are so exotic.
I bet you sing spirituals very well.
When you stood, I was shocked,
you should play in the NFL.

I'd hate to run into you at night.
You should smile more.
I thought you were the janitor.
Would you open the hall for me?

When you opened your mouth,
I expected to hear "Ol' Man River."
It's not jungle drumming,
play it like a... Nigra sum sed formosa.