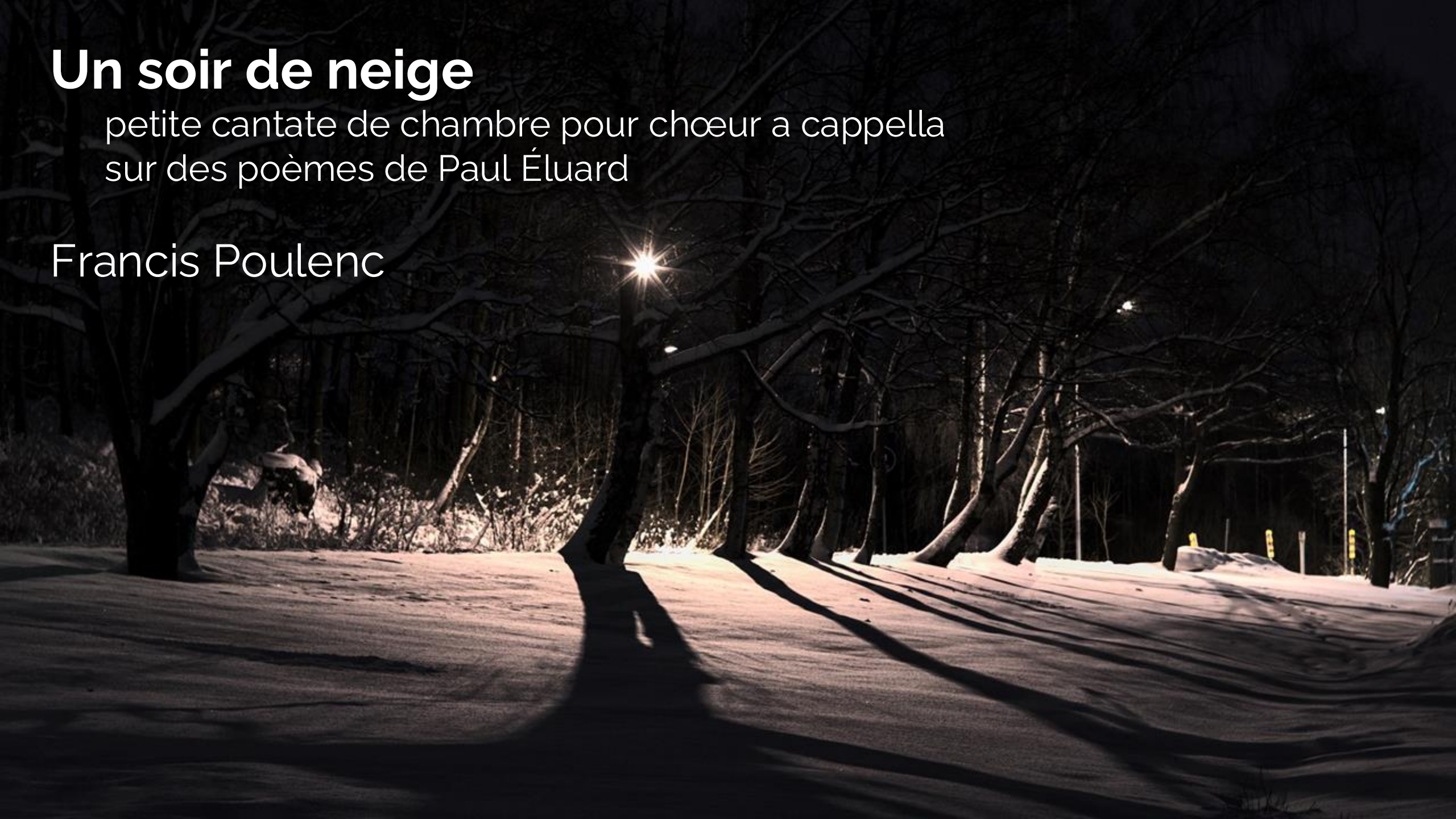




Un soir de neige

petite cantate de chambre pour chœur a cappella
sur des poèmes de Paul Éluard

Francis Poulenc



I. De grandes cuillers de neige

De grandes cuillers de neige
Ramassent nos pieds glacés
Et d'une dure parole
Nous heurtons l'hiver têtu

*Great scoops of snow
Shovel up our frozen feet
And with harsh word
We stumble into stubborn winter*

I. De grandes cuillers de neige

Chaque arbre a sa place en l'air
Chaque roc son poids sur terre
Chaque ruisseau son eau vive
Nous nous n'avons pas de feu

*Each tree has its place in the sky
Each rock its weight on earth
Each stream its spring
We have no fire*

II. La bonne neige

La bonne neige le ciel noir
Les branches mortes la détresse
De la forêt pleine de pièges
Honte à la bête pourchassée
La fuite en flèche dans le coeur

*Fine snow dark sky
Dead branches the torment
From the forest strewn with traps
Shame on the hunted animal
Fleeing swiftly as an arrow through the heart*

II. La bonne neige

Les traces d'une proie atroce
Hardi au loup et c'est toujours
Le plus beau loup et c'est toujours
Le dernier vivant que menace
La masse absolue de la mort

*The tracks of a terrible prey
That fears no wolf
And it is always the most beautiful
And it is always the last left alive
That is stalked by the full weight of death*

II. La bonne neige

La bonne neige le ciel noir
Les branches mortes la détresse
De la forêt pleine de pièges
Honte à la bête pourchassée
La fuite en flèche dans le coeur

Fine snow dark sky

Dead branches the torment

From the forest strewn with traps

Shame on the hunted animal

Fleeing swiftly as an arrow through the heart

III. Bois meurti

Bois meurtri

Bois perdu d'un voyage en hiver

Navire où la neige prend pied

Bois d'asile

Bois mort où sans espoir je rêve

De la mer aux miroirs crevés

The slaughtered wood

The wood lost on a winter voyage

A ship upon which snow takes hold

The wood that is a sanctuary

The dead wood, where with all hope lost

I dream of the sea of splintered mirrors

III. Bois meutri

Un grand moment d'eau froide a saisi les noyés
La foule de mon corps en souffre
Je m'affaiblis je me disperse
J'avoue ma vie j'avoue ma mort j'avoue autrui
Bois meurtri, bois perdu
Bois d'asile, bois mort

*One great moment in the cold water seized the drowned men
My scrambled body is racked with pain
I grow weaker I am fading away
I acknowledge my life my death the rest of the world
The slaughtered wood, the lost wood
The wood that is a sanctuary, the dead wood*

IV. La nuit le froid la solitude

La nuit le froid la solitude

On m'enferma soigneusement

Mais les branches cherchaient leur voie dans la prison

Night, cold, solitude

Closed carefully in upon me

But the branches sought out their path in the prison

IV. La nuit le froid la solitude

Autour de moi l'herbe trouva le ciel
On verrouilla le ciel ma prison s'écroula
Le froid vivant le froid brûlant m'eut bien en main

*Around me the grass found the sky
The sky was bolted shut my prison came tumbling down
The living cold the burning cold holds me firmly in its hand*

O radiant dawn

James Macmillan

O radiant dawn,
splendour of eternal light,
sun of justice:
come,
shine on those who dwell in darkness
and the shadow of death.

O radiant dawn

Isaiah had prophesied:

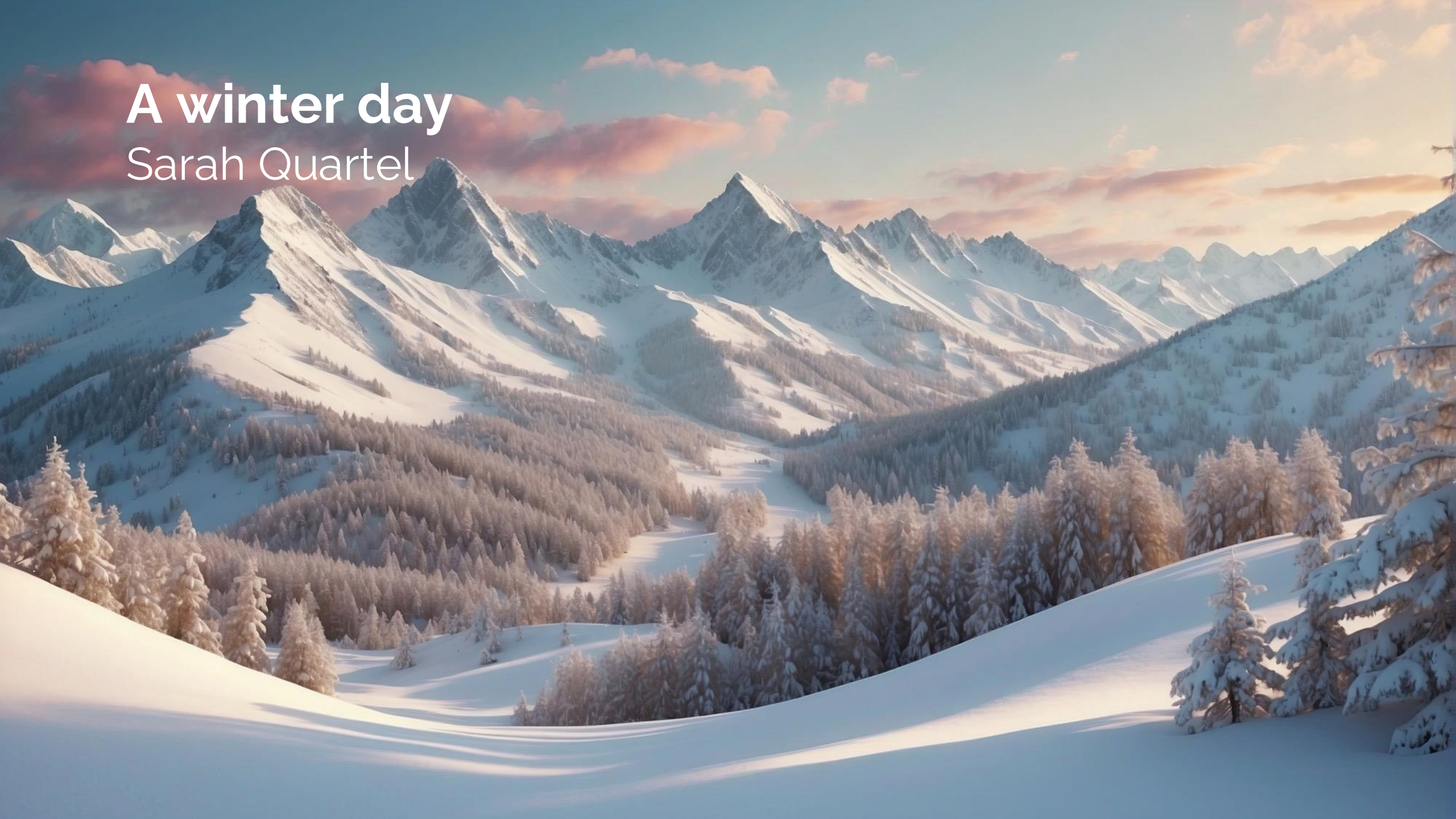
“The people who walked in darkness
have seen a great light;
Upon those who dwelt in the land of gloom
a light has shone.”

O radiant dawn

O radiant dawn,
splendour of eternal light,
sun of justice:
come,
shine on those who dwell in darkness
and the shadow of death.
Amen.

A winter day

Sarah Quartel



I. Timid star

Sara Teasdale

Fields beneath a quilt of snow
From which the rocks and stubble peep,
And in the west a shy white star
That shivers as it wakes from sleep.

II. A winter dawn

Lucy Maud Montgomery

Above the marge of night a star still shines,
And on the frosty hills the sombre pines
Harbour an eerie wind that crooneth low
Over the glimmering wastes of virgin snow.

Through the pale arch of orient the morn
Comes in a milk-white splendour newly-born,
A sword of crimson cuts in twain the gray
Banners of shadow hosts, and lo, the day!

III. Into morning

IV. A winter day

Lucy Maud Montgomery

Wide, sparkling fields snow-vestured lie
Beneath a blue, unshadowed sky.

Life hath a jollity and zest,
A poignancy made manifest;
Laughter and courage have their way
At noontide of a winter's day.

IV. A winter day

Lucy Maud Montgomery

A glistening splendour crowns the woods
And bosky, whistling solitudes;
In hemlock glen and reedy mere
The tang of frost is sharp and clear.

Life hath a jollity and zest,
A poignancy made manifest;
Laughter and courage have their way
At noontide of a winter's day.

IV. A winter day

Lucy Maud Montgomery

Faint music rings in wold and dell,
The tinkling of a distant bell,
Where homestead lights with friendly glow
Glimmer across the drifted snow.

Life hath a jollity and zest,
A poignancy made manifest;
Laughter and courage have their way
At noontide of a winter's day.

Wide, sparkling fields...

V. Snow toward evening

Melville Cane

Suddenly the sky turned grey,
The day,
Which had been bitter and chill,
Grew soft and still.
Quietly
From some invisible blossoming tree
Millions of petals cool and white
Drifted and blew,
Lifted and flew,
Fell with the falling night.



O nata lux de lumine

Thomas Tallis

O nata lux de lumine,
Jesu redemptor saeculi,
Dignare clemens supplicum
Laudes precesque sumere.

*O light born of light,
Jesus, redeemer of the world,
with loving-kindness receive
suppliant praise and prayer.*

O nata lux de lumine

Qui carne quondam contegi
Dignatus es pro perditis,
Nos membra confer effici
Tui beati corporis.

*Thou who once deigned
to be clothed in flesh
for the sake of the lost,
grant us to be members of thy blessed body.*

O nata lux de lumine

Thomas Tallis

Te lucis ante terminum

Thomas Tallis



Te lucis ante terminum

Te lucis ante terminum,
Rerum Creator poscimus,
Ut solita clementia
Sis præsul ad custodiam.

*Thou, light before the end,
Creator of the world, we pray
That you will be our guard and custodian,
With your usual clemency.*

Te lucis ante terminum

Te corda nostra somniant,
te per soporem sentiant,
tuamque semper gloriam
vicina luce concinant.

*Our hearts dream of you,
We sense you in our sleep,
And we always sing your glory
close to the light.*

Te lucis ante terminum

Vitam salubrem tribue,
Nostrum calorem refice,
Tætram noctis caliginem
Tua collustret claritas.

*Let dreams and nightly phantasms
Depart into the distance;
And suppress our enemy
So that our bodies are not polluted.*

Te lucis ante terminum

Præsta, Pater omnipotens,
Per Iesum Christum Dominum,
Qui tecum in perpetuum
Regnat cum Sancto Spiritu.

*Grant this, almighty Father,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord,
who reigns with you forever
with the Holy Spirit.*

Laudibus in sanctis

William Byrd

Laudibus in sanctis Dominum celebrate supremum:
Firmamenta sonent inclita facta Dei.
Inclita facta Dei cantate, sacraque potentis
Voce potestatem sæpe sonate manus.

*Celebrate the Lord most high in holy praises:
Let the firmament echo the glorious deeds of God.
Sing ye the glorious deeds of God, and with holy voice
Sound forth oft the power of his mighty hand.*

Laudibus in sanctis

Magnificum Domini cantet tuba martia nomen:

Pieria Domino concelebrate lira.

Laude Dei resonent resonantia tympana summi:

Alta sacri resonent organa laude Dei.

Let the warlike trumpet sing the great name of the Lord:

Celebrate the Lord with Pierian lyre.

Let resounding timbrels ring to the praises of the most-high God,

Lofty organs peal to the praise of the holy God.

Laudibus in sanctis

Hunc arguta canant tenui psalteria corda,
Hunc agili laudet læta chorea pede.
Concava divinas effundant cymbala laudes,
Cymbala dulcisona laude repleta Dei.
Omne quod æthereis in mundo vescitur auris
Alleluia canat tempus in omne Deo.

*Him let melodious psalteries sing with fine string,
Him let joyful dance praise with nimble foot.
Let hollow cymbals pour forth divine praises,
Cymbals filled with the sweet-sounding praise of God.
Let everything in the world that feeds upon the air of heaven
Sing Alleluia to God for evermore.*

Gøta

Peder Karlsson
The Real Group



The lark in the clear air

Andrew Carter

Dear thoughts are in my mind,
And my soul soars enchanted
As I hear the sweet lark sing
In the clear air of the day.

For a tender beaming smile
To my hope has been granted,
And tomorrow she shall hear
All my fond heart would say.

The lark in the clear air

I shall tell her all my love,
All my soul's adoration,
And I think she will hear me
And will not say me nay.

It is this that gives my soul
All its joyous elation,
As I hear the sweet lark sing
In the clear air of the day.

Let's do it

Cole Porter

arranged by David Blackwell



Let's do it

When the little bluebird,
Who has never said a word,
Starts to sing: 'Spring, Spring';
When the little bluebell,
In the bottom of the dell,
Starts to ring: 'Ding, Ding';
When the little blue clerk,
In the middle of his work,
Starts a tune to the moon up above,
It is nature, that's all,
Simply telling us to fall in love.

Let's do it

And that's why...

Birds do it, bees do it,
Even educated fleas do it;
Let's do it, let's fall in love.

In Spain, the best upper sets do it,
Lithuanians and Letts do it,
Let's do it, let's fall in love.

Let's do it

The Dutch in old Amsterdam do it,
Not to mention the Finns;
Folks in Siam do it:
Think of Siamese twins.

Some Argentines without means do it;
People say in Boston even beans do it.
Let's do it, let's fall in love.

Let's do it

Romantic sponges, they say, do it,
Oysters down in Oyster Bay do it;
Let's do it, let's fall in love.

Cold Cape Cod clams, 'gainst their wish, do it,
Even lazy jellyfish do it;
Let's do it, let's fall in love.

Let's do it

Electric eels, I might add, do it,
Though it shocks 'em, I know.
Why ask if shad do it?
Waiter bring me shad roe.

In shallow shoals English soles do it,
Goldfish in the privacy of bowls do it;
Let's do it, let's fall in love.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind

George Shearing

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

*Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.*

Blow, blow, thou winter wind

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.

*Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.*

