

Vienna Boys Choir
USA Spring 2009: Program Notes, Texts & Translations

Conductor: Andy Icochea Icochea

Alleluia. Video caelos apertos.
Gregorian chant, text from Acts 7:56

This is a communion for the feast of Saint Stephen on December 26. Stephen, the first martyr of Christianity, lived in Jerusalem in the first century. He was tried by the Sanhedrin — the council of judges in early Israel — for blasphemy and stoned to death upon uttering this sentence. The killing was approved by Saul of Tarsus, later to become Saint Paul.

TEXT:

Alleluia. Video caelos apertos et Jesum stantem a dextris virtutis Dei.

TRANSLATION:

Alleluia. I see the skies opening and Jesus standing at the right hand of God.

Carl Orff (1895-1982)

O Fortuna (Fortuna Imperatrix Mundi) from *Carmina burana*

The *carmina burana* is a collection of medieval songs in Latin, Middle High German and Frankish; the collection contains sacred songs possibly for pageants, moral songs, satirical songs, songs about love and drinking. It was compiled around 1230, probably for the abbot of the monastery at Seckau in Austria.

The manuscript was discovered in the 1800s in the monastery at Benediktbeuren in Bavaria; it was edited in 1847 by Johann Andreas Schmeller (1785-1852) under its new title *Carmina burana* (*Songs from Benediktbeuren*).

Orff composed his *Carmina* in 1936. He selected 24 songs to paint a medieval vision of fortune's wheel, and man's life turning with it from love to death, happiness to misery. The work opens (and closes) with a choral address to Fortuna, the fickle Goddess of Luck and Fate, on whose whims man's lot depends. The *Carmina* were first performed in 1937. To Orff, the *Carmina burana* signified his "first real work"; he wrote to his publisher to destroy everything else.

TEXT:

O Fortuna
velut luna
statu variabilis,
semper crescis
aut decrescis;
vita detestabilis
nunc obdurat
et tunc curat
ludo mentis aciem,
egestatem,
potestatem
dissolvit ut glaciem.

Sors immanis
et inanis,

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rota tu volubilis,
status malus
vana salus
semper dissolubilis,
obumbrata
et velata
michi quoque niteris;
nunc per ludum
dorsum nudum
fero tui sceleris.

Sors salutis
et virtutis
michi nunc contraria
est affectus
et defectus
semper in angaria.
Hac in hora
sine mora
corde pulsum tangite;
quod per sortem
sternit fortem
mecum omnes plangite!

TRANSLATION:

O Fortune,
Changeable as the Moon,
You are forever waxing
Or waning.
Detestable life,
Now it thwarts,
And then it takes care
Playfully of the mind's desire,
Poverty,
Power
Are melted like ice.

Fate — oppressive
and inane,
whirling wheel:
you are wicked.
Health is vain and
Always fades,
dark
And veiled
you plague me, too.
Now, through your games,
I carry a bare back
as a result of your malice.

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Fate, with regard to health
and virtue
Is now turned against me,
It is inflated
and deflated,
always under pressure.
And now, this hour,
without hesitation,
pluck the quivering strings.
That through (the vagaries of) fate
the virtuous man falls
you may all bemoan with me.

Maurice Duruflé (1902-1986)

Tota pulchra es, Maria (You Are Wholly Beautiful, Mary) from *Quatre motets sur des thèmes grégoriens*,
Op. 10 (1960)
Three-part motet for high voices

Duruflé was introduced to organ music as a chorister at the cathedral in Rouen. At age 17, he moved to Paris, where he became the organ assistant at the church of Sainte-Clotilde, at the same time pursuing his studies at the Paris Conservatoire. Duruflé left Sainte-Clotilde to become Louis Vierne's assistant at Notre-Dame. In 1929, he became the organist of Saint-Etienne-du-Mont and in 1943, professor at the Conservatoire.

Duruflé was married to his assistant at Saint-Etienne, Marie-Madeleine Chevalier. After a car accident in 1975, Duruflé gave up performing. He died in 1986 near Paris.

Duruflé was a perfectionist. He was highly critical of his own work and published only a handful of compositions. He continued to work on pieces even after publication.

Tota pulchra es Maria is one of four motets on Gregorian themes, written in 1960. Duruflé's setting is in three to four parts, with the voices imitating the Gregorian phrase. A frequent change in meter results in an ethereal, suspended quality. The original prayer dates to the fourth century. It is an antiphon for the Feast of the Immaculate Conception on December 8, inspired by text from the Song of Songs, and the book of Judith.

TEXT:

Tota pulchra es, Maria et macula originalis non est in te.
Vestimentum tuum candidum quasi nix, et facies tua sicut sol.
Tota pulchra es, Maria, et macula originalis non est in te.
Tu gloria Jerusalem, tu laetitia Israel, tu honorificentia populi nostri.
Tota pulchra es, Maria.

TRANSLATION:

You are wholly beautiful, Mary, and the stain of original sin is not on you.
Your clothing is white like snow, and your face is like the sun.
You are wholly beautiful, Mary, and the stain of original sin is not on you.

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You are the glory of Jerusalem, you are the delight of Israel, you are the honoured of our people.
You are wholly beautiful, Mary

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy (1809-1847)

Lobe den Herren, meine Seele (Praise the Lord, My Soul) from Symphony No. 2 in B-flat major, Op. 52 (1840)

Mendelssohn grew up surrounded by culture. His family was wealthy and generous with it: They entertained many prominent visitors, among them Humboldt and Hegel, and travelled widely. The Mendelssohns saw to it that their four children had every possibility to learn.

Felix, the second child, studied piano with Ludwig Berger and theory and composition with Karl Friedrich Zelter. At the age of 9, he gave his first public recital; at the age of 10, he became a member of the Berliner Singakademie. He was 11 when his own first compositions were publicly performed. A year later, he met Goethe, Carl Maria von Weber and Cherubini.

Thereafter, he turned out sonatas, concertos, string symphonies, piano quartets and Singspiele that revealed his increasing mastery of counterpoint and form.

In 1829 he directed a pioneering performance of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* at the Berlin Singakademie (with a reported chorus of 600 singers). This one performance (an "event") put Bach firmly on the repertoire list for choirs. Mendelssohn was also famous as a festival organizer; he was associated especially with the Lower Rhine and Birmingham music festivals.

Mendelssohn's most significant achievement as a conductor and organizer was in Leipzig (1835-47), where he conducted the Gewandhaus Orchestra to great acclaim. He travelled widely to Italy, England, Scotland, France and Switzerland, and lived and worked in a number of German cities, including Berlin, Düsseldorf, Köln and Leipzig. In 1843, he founded the Leipzig conservatory and asked composers Robert Schumann and Moritz Hauptmann to join the teaching staff; Leipzig soon became a center of romantic music.

Mendelssohn, who essentially rediscovered Bach for performers and audiences in Europe (he conducted a choir of 600 in a performance of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*), wrote much sacred music, deeply personal and moving.

The second symphony was composed to mark the 400th anniversary of the invention of printing by Gutenberg. It is a cross between a symphony and a cantata; the texts were culled from the Bible.

TEXT (Psalm 103):

Alles was Odem hat, lobe den Herrn.

Halleluja!

Lobt den Herrn mit Saitenspiel,

lobt ihn mit eurem Liede.

Und alles Fleisch, lobe seinen heiligen Namen!

Lobe den Herrn, meine Seele,

und was in mir ist seinen heiligen Namen!

Lobe den Herrn, meine Seele,

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und vergiß nicht was er dir Gutes getan.

TRANSLATION:

Let everything that has breath praise the Lord,
Halleluia.

Praise the Lord by playing the harp:
praise him with your song.
And let all flesh praise his holy Name.
Praise the Lord, my soul,
and all that is within me praise his Holy Name!
Praise the Lord, my soul,
and forget what good he has done you!

Jacobus Gallus (1550-1591)

Pueri concinite (Boys, Begin)

Motet for four-part boys' chorus

Jacobus Gallus, also known as Jacob Handl, was born in Slovenia. He was educated in the Cistercian monastery in Sittich, and possibly in Fiume or Trieste. For most of his life, he was in the service of the Roman Catholic Church. He arrived in Austria as a teenager, singing first in the Abbey at Melk and then in the Hofmusikkapelle in Vienna. Quite a few of his compositions were written for the boys of the Chapel Imperial, i.e. the predecessors of the Vienna Boys Choir.

Gallus' music combines ideas and elements of the Franco-Flemish, German and Italian Renaissance styles. Contemporaries admired his music for its beautifully woven counterpoint and compared him to Palestrina (1525-94). This was high praise indeed, as Palestrina's music was considered "pure" in the sense of the Platonic ideal of music. Gallus differs from Palestrina in his use of rhythm. He deftly moves between double and triple meter, he uses word accents to change rhythm, and creates moments of emotional drama and suspense.

TEXT:

Pueri concinite nato regi psallite.
Voce pia dicite: Apparuit quem genuit Maria.
Sunt impleta quem predixit Gabriel
Eja! Virgo Deum genuit quem divina voluit clementia.
Hodie apparuit in Israel.
Ex Maria virgine natus est Rex. Alleluia.

TRANSLATION:

Boys, begin to sing of the king's birth,
Say with a pious voice: He has appeared whom Mary conceived.
It has happened what Gabriel has foretold.
Eja. Through the virgin God is born as divine mercy wanted.
Today he has appeared in Israel.
Out of the virgin Mary the King is born. Alleluia.

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

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Ave verum corpus (Hail, True Body), Op. 65, No. 1 (1894)
Motet for two equal voices and organ

Fauré was sent to Paris as a 9-year-old to study music with Camille Saint-Saëns at the Niedermeyer School of religious music. He won the school's composition prize at 19 for *Cantique de Jean Racine*, and later worked as an organist at a number of Paris churches, including the Madeleine. In 1897, he became a professor at the Paris conservatory; his students included Maurice Ravel and Georges Enescu.

Fauré's *Ave verum* is written in a style that recalls his popular *Requiem*, simple and emotional. The text, attributed to Pope Innocent VI (died 1342), is a prayer for the Feast of Corpus Christi which was introduced by Pope Urban IV in 1264. There are a number of slight variants that occurred over time. During the Middle Ages, it would have been sung at the elevation of the Host during its consecration.

In just five lines, it covers the Incarnation, the Passion, the Eucharist and the Last Judgement. Medieval writers were interested in acrostics, and it is no accident that the first letter of the first line, the second letter of the second line, and so on, spell out A-E-I-O-U.

TEXT:

Ave verum corpus natum de Maria Virgine.
vere passum immolatum in cruce pro homine:
cuius latus perforatum fluxit aqua et sanguine:
esto nobis praegustatum mortis in examine.
O Iesu dulcis! O Iesu pie! O Iesu fili Mariae.

TRANSLATION:

Hail, true body, born of the Virgin Mary,
who has truly suffered, defiled on the cross for mankind,
from whose pierced side water flowed and blood.
Be us a foretaste (of heaven) in the agony of death.
O sweet Jesus! O pious Jesus! O Jesus, son of Mary.

Tomás Luis de Victoria (~1548 -1611)

Tenebrae factae sunt (Darkness Fell)

Motet for four part a cappella choir (SSAT)

Victoria was born in Avila (Spain) around 1548. He moved to Rome in 1565 to become a member of the Collegium Germanicum. In 1571 he succeeded Palestrina as music teacher in the Collegium Romanum, and in 1575 he was ordained priest. In 1585, Victoria left Rome and returned to Spain to take up a chaplaincy in the service of empress Maria. It is likely that he wrote only liturgical compositions; no other pieces have survived.

Like the paintings of El Greco (1541-1614), Victoria's music is closely associated with the Counter-Reformation. His style is expressive and captures the emotions conveyed by the words. His music can be described as mystic. It is conceivable that Victoria knew Saint Teresa (1515-1582); as a native of Avila, he certainly would have grown up with stories of her visions. The account of her spiritual life, written by herself, was completed in 1565, the year Victoria left Avila

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for Rome. Victoria saw music as a gift that exists outside of man. To him, music describes the very essence of God; “it can affect the spirit, but also the body.”

Tenebrae factae sunt, a four-part a cappella motet, is part of a cycle of nine lessons and 18 responses written for Holy Week (Thursday to Saturday before Easter), the *Officium hebdomadae sanctae* (1585). The cycle of services held in Holy Week later became called *Tenebrae*, “darkness.” The texts are based on passages from the Lamentations of Jeremiah as well as the gospels and reflect Christ’s feelings before and during Crucifixion, but also the feelings of the disciples and the people. *Tenebrae factae sunt* is an account of Jesus’ death, combining passages from Matthew (27:44f.), Luke (23:46f. “*Jesum voce magna ait, Pater in manus tuas*”) and John (19:30 “*et inclinatio capite tradidit spiritum*”). The only passage that is not biblical is the clause “*dum crucifixissent Jesum Judaei.*”

Tenebrae factae sunt, written in the Doric mode, was meant to be performed during the second Nocturn on Holy Friday. This was very much a funeral service; mourning the death of Christ. The church was only lit by candles. The numbers given in the different Ordines vary, but it is clear that they have a symbolic meaning, whether they represent 12 prophets, 12 apostles, or 11 faithful disciples, the three Marys and Jesus himself. During the service, the candles were extinguished one after the other, until the church was left in darkness (“*tenebrae factae sunt*”), with only one hidden candle burning behind the altar. A priest then began to beat with his hand upon the altar step, and the congregation was expected to make similar noises, copying nature in turmoil at the death of Christ.

TEXT:

Tenebrae factae sunt, dum crucifixissent Jesum Judaei:
Et circa horam nonam exclamavit Jesus voce magna:
Deus meus, ut quid me dereliquisti?
Et inclinatio capite emisit spiritum.
Exclamans Jesus voce magna ait:
Pater, in manus tuas commendo spiritum meum.
Et inclinatio capite emisit spiritum.

TRANSLATION:

Darkness fell when the Jews crucified Jesus:
And around the ninth hour Jesus exclaimed loudly:
My God, why have you forsaken me?
And he bowed his head, and died.
Shouting with a loud voice, Jesus said:
Father, in your hands I commend my spirit.
And he bowed his head, and died.

Zoltán Kodály (1882-1967)

Angyalok es pasztorok (The Angels and the Shepherds)

Kodály, who started composing as a teenager, was a famous Hungarian composer, educator, ethnomusicologist and author. He studied composition at the conservatory in Budapest, and read linguistics and German literature at Budapest University. He befriended composer Béla Bartók, and they started collecting Hungarian folk songs. At the age of 25, Kodály became professor at the conservatory.

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Many of his compositions are based on Hungarian folk tunes. He wrote much choral music, chamber works and orchestral works such as the Háy János Suite as well as a few operas. Melody and rhythm characterize Kodály's music. In 1966, he wrote, "Our age...leads along a road that ends with man himself as a machine," and he added that only singing could save us from this fate.

Angyalok es pasztorok follows the tradition of shepherd carols that not only tell a story, but might even be acted out. The choir is divided into groups; there is a somber and eager flock that begins with an almost liturgical doxology (*Gloria in excelsis Deo*, sung in Latin), then admonishes the sleepy sheepish shepherd boys to get up and going. The two groups sing at each other for a while till the shepherds get the message that they must go to Bethlehem. Toward the end, there is a solo voice, one might think of almost an angel, that sings above all the others and joins them in a choir.

TEXT:

Glory be to God on high.

Rise from sleep, shepherd boys, the Lord is come to Bethlehem today;
he lies in a manger on hay. Glory be to God in the highest.

Choir:

Shepherd boys, rise, you are lazy!

Shepherds:

What?

Choir:

Don't you hear the Angels? They were just here.

Shepherds:

No.

Choir:

They sing and adore him.

Can't you understand what is being said?

Where shall we go? Follow the light?

Let's pack the donkey, let's seek the child together.

But what shall we take the child?

Something of mine I will take him gladly.

Now all is ready, let's go, we need to be in Bethlehem today.

Gloria.

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Die Nacht, Op.17, No. 4, D. 983C (1822)

Text: Friedrich Adolf Krummacher (1767-1845)

Franz Peter Schubert was born in Lichtenthal (now a district of Vienna) in 1797. His father, a teacher, gave him violin and piano lessons. In 1808 Schubert auditioned for the imperial choir

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boys and was given one of two places in the choir. Antonio Salieri became his teacher (“I cannot teach that one anything; he has learnt it from God”). Schubert did well at the choir school and wrote his first compositions there, but he did not like the food. A letter to his brother begs for an apple, because “it is hard to subsist on gruel and to wait for hours from one paltry meal to the next.”

In spite of his enormous talent Schubert was never able to live off his music; he had to eke out a meagre living from teaching. First he worked as an assistant teacher at his father’s school, later he taught music at the Hungarian estate of Count Esterházy.

Schubert wrote eight symphonies, six masses and chamber music. He is most famous for his lieder; he wrote more than 600 on poems by Goethe, Heine, Shakespeare and others. Schubert died at the age of 31, possibly of syphilis, or of the supposed treatment for the illness.

Friedrich Adolph Krummacher was a German theologian who taught in grammar schools and at the University in Duisburg. He published parables, poems, prayers and hymns, some of which can still be found in Protestant hymn books.

TEXT:

Wie schön bist du,
Freundliche Stille, himmlische Ruh’!
Sehet, wie die klaren Sterne
Wandeln in des Himmels Auen
Und auf uns hernieder schauen,
Schweigend aus der blauen Ferne.

Wie schön bist du,
Freundliche Stille, himmlische Ruh’!
Schweigend naht des Lenzes Milde
Sich der Erde weichem Schoß,
Kränzt den Silberquell mit Moos
Und mit Blumen die Gefilde.

TRANSLATION:

How beautiful you are
Friendly quiet, heavenly calm.
See how the clear stars
Wander across the sky
And look down upon us
Silently from afar.

How beautiful you are,
Friendly quiet, heavenly calm.
Silently spring advances
On the soft earth
Decks the silvery spring with moss
And the green with flowers.

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Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Nachthelle (Night Brightness), D. 892, Op. posth. 134

Text: Johann Gabriel Seidl (1804-1875)

Seidl, seven years Schubert's junior, was a prolific writer and man of many trades. He read law, published poems, essays, scientific articles and reviews. Later in life he became a member of the Austrian Academy of Sciences, and keeper of the imperial coin and antiques collection. Seidl and Schubert collaborated on a number of songs.

Nachthelle, originally for solo tenor and male quartet, was written in September of 1826 and published posthumously by Diabelli in 1839. The text is a typical Sturm und Drang poem, using night imagery to reflect personal mood and sentiment. The breaking barrier of the final sentence would be the barrier of convention, broken down by "natural" emotions setting the narrator free. Schubert's soloist is in fact the narrator, the voice of feeling as it were; the choir is an echo, much like the houses surprised by the light of the moon in verse one.

TEXT:

Die Nacht ist heiter und ist rein,
Im allerhellsten Glanz,
Die Häuser schau'n verwundert drein,
Steh'n übersilbert ganz.

In mir ist's hell so wunderbar,
So voll und übertoll,
Und waltet drinnen frei und klar,
Ganz ohne Leid und Groll.

Ich fass' in meinem Herzenshaus
Nicht all' das reiche Licht,
Es will hinaus, es muss hinaus,
Die letzte Schranke bricht.

TRANSLATION:

The night is bright and pure,
with a brilliant shine to it,
the houses look astonished,
they are completely coated in silver.

Inside of me, there is such a miraculous light,
Filling me, overflowing,
It governs me unchecked
Without suffering and ill-will.

I cannot contain with my heart
All this rich light,
It wants out, it must out,
The last barrier breaks.

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Andy Icochea Icochea (*1973)

Et lux in tenebris lucet (And a light shines in the darkness)

Text: biblical

Andy Icochea Icochea's motet is an examination of the beginning of the gospel of St. John, with particular emphasis on the light. He employs a theme vaguely in the Gregorian tradition and juxtaposes this with a modern counterpoint. The light is generated by overtone singing, which increases towards the end of each phrase; the light becomes brighter, as it were.

TEXT:

(5)

Et lux in tenebris lucet

Et tenebrae eam non comprehenderunt.

Spoken:

(1-2)

In principio erat verbum, et verbum erat apud Deum, et Deus erat verbum.

Hoc erat in principio apud Deum.

(3-4)

Omnia per ipsum facta sunt

Et sine ipso factum est nihil, quod factum est.

In ipso vita erat et vita erat lux hominum.

(14)

Et verbum caro factum est

Et habitavit in nobis et vidimus gloriam eius

Gloriam quasi unigeniti a Patre plenum gratiae et veritatis.

Translation:

(5)

And a light shines in the darkness

And darkness could not extinguish it.

Spoken:

(1-2)

In the beginning was the Word, and the word was with God, and the Word was God.

He was with God in the beginning.

(3-4)

Through him all things came into being

And not one thing came into being without him.

In him was life, and the life was the light of men.

(14)

The Word became flesh,

He lived among us and we saw his glory,

The glory that he has as the only son from the Father, full of grace and truth.

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Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Salut printemps (Hello, Spring), for women's voices and orchestra (1882)

Text: Anatole de Ségur (1823-1902)

Debussy, whose father owned a porcelain shop, never had any formal schooling; he was taught at home by his mother. He started playing the piano as a child. His piano teacher, herself a former pupil of Frédéric Chopin, discovered his musical talent.

From 1872 to 1884, Debussy studied at the Paris Conservatoire with the intention of becoming a pianist; in 1880, he switched to composition. In 1884, he won the Prix de Rome for his cantata *L'enfant prodigue* which enabled him to study in Rome for a couple of years; among the jury was Charles Gounod. He travelled to Russia, Switzerland, Southern France and Italy where he might have met Richard Wagner. Two visits to Bayreuth in 1888 and 1889 left a deep impression, as did listening to Javanese music. From 1907, Debussy travelled to England, Belgium, Holland, Austria, Hungary, Italy and Russia to play the piano and conduct his works.

Debussy set poems and texts by Baudelaire, Verlaine, Mallarmé and Maeterlinck; his music is introspective and poetic, with a touch of irony. He wrote much piano music, chamber music, some orchestral works. *Pelléas et Mélisande*, an opera based on the play by Maurice Maeterlinck took him over a decade to complete. Debussy worked on other opera projects based on works by Edgar Allan Poe, but they were never finished.

Salut printemps was written as an entry for the Prix de Rome, two years before Debussy actually won it. It is a Romantic description of feelings and impressions welling up at springtime, aims to evoke images as well as sounds and scents, perhaps in the sense of a Gesamtkunstwerk. It begins in f sharp minor and ends in A major: spring has finally arrived.

TEXT:

Salut printemps, jeune saison
Dieu rend aux plaines leur couronne
La sève ardente qui bouillonne
S'épanche et brise sa prison
Bois et champs sont en floraison.

Un monde invisible bourdonne
L'eau sur le caillou qui résonne
Court et dit sa claire chanson

Salut printemps, jeune saison
Dieu rend aux plaines leur couronne
La sève ardent qui bouillonne
S'épanche et brise sa prison

Le genêt dore la colline
Sur le vert gazon l'aubépine
Verse la neige de ses fleurs
Tout est fraîcheur, Amour, lumière
Et du sein fécond de la terre
Montent des chants et des senteurs.

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Salut printemps, jeune saison
Dieu rend aux plaines leur couronne
La sève ardent qui bouillonne
S'épanche et brise sa prison
Salut printemps

TRANSLATION:

Hello Spring, young season,
God gives the plains their crown back,
Burning sap boils over,
Pours itself out and breaks free from its prison:
Woods and fields are in flower.

An invisible world makes booming (grumbling) noises,
Water runs over the resounding gravel
Runs and tells its clear song.

Hello Spring, young season,
God gives the plains their crown back,
Burning sap boils over,
Pours itself out and breaks free from its prison:

The broom goldens the hill,
Onto the green lawn the hawthorn
Spills the snow of its white flowers
All is freshness, love, light;
And from earth's fertile bosom
Songs and scents rise.

Hello Spring, young season,
God gives the plains their crown back,
Burning sap boils over,
Pours itself out and breaks free from its prison:
Hello Spring.

Andy Icochea Icochea (b. 1973)
Psalm 61 (Hear my prayer) 2006

Psalm 61 is titled "Prayer of an exile;" it is the lament of a Levite in exile from Mount Zion, at the same time it is a prayer for something (the psalmist wants to return to the "rock that is higher than I," i.e. the rock of the temple which for the time being is out of reach), and a vow should the prayer be granted. It probably dates to the first deportation (598 BCE), the text implies that the temple was still standing.

Icochea has made use of verses 1 to 5, and the final verse. The incipit "Hear my cry, o God, listen to my prayer" is used as an incantation, or a mantra.

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TEXT:

Hear my cry, o God! Listen to my prayer.
From the ends of the earth I call to you
I call as my heart grows faint.
Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.
O God, listen to my prayer.

For you have been my refuge here
A strong tower against the foe.
Lead me to the rock that is higher than I
O God, listen to my prayer.

I long to dwell in your tent
Take refuge in the shelter of your wings.
Lead me to the rock that is higher than I
O God, listen to my prayer.

Then will I ever sing, I will sing praise to your holy name.
Hear my cry, o God, listen to my prayer.
I will praise your name!

POPULAR SONGS

Chiqitita (1979)

Text and music: Björn Ulvaeus (b. 1945) and Benny Anderson (b. 1946)

I Have Grown Accustomed to Her Face, from the musical *My Fair Lady*

Music: Frederick Loewe (1901-1988)

Text: Alan Jay Lerner (1918-1986)

Seasons of Love, from the musical *Rent* (1994)

Text and music: Jonathan Larson (1960-1996)

i n t e r m i s s i o n

AROUND THE WORLD IN FIVE SONGS

Austria

Johann Strauss Jr. (1825-1899)

Tritsch Tratsch (Chit Chat), fast polka, Op. 214

Text: Rosl Hujer, arr.: Uwe Theimer

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Conductor: Andy Icochea Icochea

Johann Strauss was the second Strauss with the first name Johann, but he is undoubtedly the most famous. At least four members of the family were active as composers: his father Johann (1804-1849), Johann himself and his brothers Joseph (1827-1870) and Eduard (1835-1916). When Johann was 10 years old, his father became Hofball-Musikdirektor (Music Director at the Court Balls). A high honor, but father Strauss did not want his sons to become musicians (a rather suspect profession) and enrolled his son in a trade academy. Johann (aided and abetted by his mother) had music lessons behind his father's back. At 19, he founded his own very successful orchestra. Much of Strauss's music is influenced by gypsy music and Jewish klezmer music. There is an inherent ambiguity in his music: Strauss, who made the entire city of Vienna dance, was a nervous, ill-tempered and lonely man, and he could not dance.

Tritsch tratsch (Chitchat) is the title of a vaudeville by Johann Nestroy, first performed in 1833. In 1858, Viennese journalists created a satirical newspaper by the same name; Tritsch-Tratsch poked fun at famous people. On March 21, 1858, the paper printed a humorous portrait of Johann Strauss, speculating about his yearly visits to Russia. Strauss spent the summers in Pawlowsk with his orchestra; they performed for the holidaymakers there. The paper obliquely hinted at an affair with a Russian woman, and the gossip spread through Vienna. Strauss penned the polka as an answer.

Tritsch Tratsch was composed in August and September of 1858 and was first performed in a public house in Vienna in November. The Viennese media printed notices about the piece's composition, its first performance and also its publication; a most unusual amount of publicity for a small piece of music.

A singer named Johann Baptist Moser later added a first text, and Rosl Hujer's text for the Vienna Boys' Choir describes a meeting of two acquaintances who have nothing to say to each other and fill the void with polite and meaningless phrases.

The Vienna Boys Choir has performed this popular piece twice at the traditional New Year's Day Concert, in 1988 and in 1998. It is also featured in the James Bond movie *Moonraker*, where it accompanies actor Roger Moore, gliding across Vienna's St. Mark's Square in a hovercraft.

TEXT:

Wie geht's? Wie steht's?
Schon lange nicht geseh'n!
Nicht schlecht! Nicht recht!
Es muss halt weiter geh'n.
Woher? Wohin?
Ich hab' jetzt keine Zeit.
Daher! Dahin!
Es hat mich sehr gefreut.

So rast die Zeit mit Geschwindigkeit
Hier und dort, immerfort,
und keiner hat für den andern Zeit
weil die Hast keine Zeit lasst.

Wetter ziehen, Wolken fliehen,
Blitze brennen, Menschen rennen,
ja, da schlägt das Ungewitter mitten in die Hast hinein.

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Und die Uhr bleibt nicht stehen
Und die Zeit muss vergehen,
weil die andern weiterwandern.

Emsig wie die Bienen, summ summ,
flirren, summ summ,
schwirren, summ, summ,
hin und her im Grünen, summ summ,
muss man muss man fleissig Zeit gewinnen, summ summ summ.

Doch einmal wird es ohne Eile gehen
Dann bleibt die Uhr für jeden einmal stehen
Wird auch die Erde lange sich noch drehen.

Es hat mich sehr gefreut! Gute Nacht!
Die Augen zu, nun gute Ruh', gute Nacht!

TRANSLATION:

How's things? How's tricks?
Haven't seen you in a while!
Not bad! Not good!
Life must go on; there is nothing else for it.
Where are you going? From where are you coming?
I've got no time.
To! And fro!
Very pleased to meet you, I am sure.

So time flies with speed,
Here and there, all the time,
And no one has time for anyone else
As haste leaves no time.

Storms brew, clouds chase,
Lightning strikes, people flee,
And the storm strikes at the heart of all the haste.
And the clock doesn't stop
And time must go on,
Because the others wander on.

Busy as the bees, buzz, buzz,
Fly, buzz, buzz,
buzz, buzz, buzz.
To and fro in nature, buzz, buzz,
You have to gather time, buzz, buzz, buzz.

But eventually all haste must cease
The clock stops for everyone
Even if Earth continues to spin.

Very pleased to have been here, I am sure! Good night!

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Eyes closed, and good rest, good night!

Italy

Gioacchino Rossini (1792-1868)

La passeggiata — Finché sereno è il cielo (The Excursion) from *Péchés de vieillesse*, Volume 1:

Album Italiano, No. 12

Arr.: Andy Icochea Icochea

Gioacchino Rossini, nicknamed the “swan of Pesaro,” was an industrious individual: By the time he was 37, he had written 39 operas, which dominated the operatic scene in Europe for decades. His early success allowed Rossini to retire from composing operas and devote his time to other things, such as organising musical soirées for which he would write short satirical pieces. From 1857 on, he called some of them his “sins of old age,” usually to do with love and lust. They were not to be published during his lifetime. La passeggiata is one of them.

TEXT:

Finché sereno è il cielo,
limpida e cheta l'onda,
vogham di sponda in sponda,
amor ne guiderà.

Al flutto, all'aura, ai fiori,
noi parlerem d'amor
e il palpito del core,
per lor risponderà.

Ma ciel! già fischia il vento,
s'increspa la laguna,
fischia il vento, presto!
rapidi il piè' moviam.

Ah! no, la luna appare,
vano timor fu solo,
in sì ridente suolo
cantiamo, sì cantiam.

TRANSLATION:

As long as the sky is bright,
And clear and calm the wave,
We row from shore to shore:
Love will guide us.

To the wave, to the wind, to the flowers
We talk of love
And the flutter of the heart
Will answer.

But, heaven! The wind blows,

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the lagoon is ruffled.
The wind blows; quickly,
let us move our feet.

Oh! No, the moon appears,
The fear was in vain
In such cheerful surroundings
Let us sing, yes, let's sing.

Bulgaria

Dilmano dilbero (Beautiful Dilmana)
Bulgarian folk song, arr.: Krassimir Kyurkchiyaski

Dilmano dilbero is a well-known Bulgarian folk song written in a distinctive irregular rhythm, changing from 8/8 to 11/8 meter, which generates enormous power and energy.

TEXT:

Dilmano dilbero,
Kazhi mi kak se sadi pipero
Da ts'fti da v'rzhe
Da beresh beresh beresh kak sakash
Pomuni go pobutsni go
Eta kak se sadi sadi pipero
Da ts'fti da v'rzhe
Da beresh beresh beresh kak sakash

TRANSLATION:

“Beautiful Dilmana,
Can you teach me to push the peppers
so that they flower, and bear much fruit,
and I can have as much as I wish?”
“Well, you push the peppers deep into the ground,
and they will flower and bear much fruit,
and you will have as much as you wish.”

Argentina

Astor Piazzolla (1921-1992)
Muerte del Angel (The Death of the Angel) (1962)
Arr.: Andy Icochea Icochea

Muerte del Angel was written in 1962, together with a piece called Resurrección del Angel (Resurrection of the Angel); Piazzolla did a whole series on angels. Muerte del Angel is a tango-inspired instrumental fugue for bandoneon (played by Piazzolla himself), piano, violin, guitar and bass. It is one of Piazzolla's most popular pieces.

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Icochea's choral arrangement has the voices imitating the instruments; he uses onomatopoeic sounds to achieve that.

Korea

Arirang

Korean love song, from the province of Kyonggi Do. Before 1896

Arr.: Gerald Wirth

Arirang is the name of a small hill northeast of Seoul, on the way to a large public cemetery. The melancholy song tells of a departing love, and it is uncertain whether the cemetery context implies in fact a final departure. Some of the text seems slightly spiteful — “may your feet pain you long before you walk one mile.”

The song spread throughout Korea and became so popular that the seven other provinces created their own “Arirang” — the provincial Arirangs always include the province's name in the title.

TEXT:

Arirang arirang arariyo
Arirang ko gae rul nomoganda
Narul borigo gasinun nimun
Siprido mot ga so balbyong nanda

Arirang arirang arariyo
Arirang ko gae rul nomoganda
Chongchon hanule yanbyoldo manko
Urine insengen taldo mata

TRANSLATION:

You are leaving me to go away over Arirang Hill.
O my darling, if you leave me alone,
May your feet pain you long before you walk one mile.

You are leaving me to go away over Arirang Hill.
Many stars sparkle high in the sky above,
Still my heart is heavy with the sorrow your leaving brings.

**SONGS FROM THE CHOIR'S MOTION PICTURE:
*SILK ROAD — SONGS ALONG THE ROAD AND TIME***

Uzbekistan

Sus Xâtin (Lady of Water)

Ancient Uzbek prayer for rain, arr.: Gerald Wirth

Sus Xâtin is a traditional Uzbek song invoking an ancient rain goddess. It is allegedly over 3,000 years old; the imagery is typically oriental (“let there be yoghurt and milk in abundance”). The

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droning chant persistently begs for rain, culminating several times in the outburst Yamghir! (“Rain!”).

The Vienna Boys Choir originally used *Sus Xâtin* in their children’s opera *Silk Road*. It is one of the pivotal scenes in Curt Faudon’s film, where it becomes a rain dance using elements of Pashtu men’s dances and gestures imitating falling rain. The sequence was filmed in a green screen studio, in the choir school and on location in the Kyzylkum desert, Uzbekistan, performed by the choir boys and 11 Kazakh nomads. It worked every time.

TEXT:

Chorus:

Sus Xâtin, suzma xâtin,
Kolankasi maidân xâtin

Soloist:

Yâmghir yaghdir hol bolsin
Eru jahân kol bolsin

Maisalar qulok yaisin
Sutu qatiq mol bolsin

Yamghir yaghdir kok bolsin
Qurghoqchilik yoq bolsin
Arpa-bughdâi bâsh târtsin
Kaivânilar âsh târtsin

Yamghir yaghdir hol bolailik
Bizlar senga jor bolailik
Koklamda oinab kulib
Ham shuxu, ham zor bolailik

All:

Yamghir!

Soloist:

Yamghir yaghdir hol boldi
Eru jahân kol boldi
Shaftâlilar barg yazdi
Dunya tola gul boldi

TRANSLATION:

Chorus:

Lady, lady full of water,
Lady of wide embrace
Soften the ground

Soloist:

Let it rain, let everything get wet
Let the earth become a lake
Let the grass grow in abundance

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Let there be milk and yoghurt

Let it rain, let everything turn green
Let there be no drought
Let oat and wheat thrive
Let the lady of the house serve all the food

Let it rain, let everything become wet
Let us all become wet
Let us be merry in spring
Let us be happy and strong

All:
Rain!

Rain came, everything was wet
The entire land turned into a lake
The peach trees grew leaves
And the world is full of flowers.

Finland

Ievan Polkka (Eva's Polka) (1937)

Text: Eino Kettunen (1894-1964), arr.: Andy Icochea Icochea

Ievan Polkka is an old Finnish song. The text, written to the tune by Kettunen in 1937 and sung in Savo Finnish, tells the story of a young lad who has to smuggle Eva past her grumpy mother to take her out to dance.

The song, performed by Finnish a cappella group Loituma and popular in Finland, achieved international fame after a flash animation appeared on the internet in 2006: It showed the character Orihime Inoue of the Japanese anime Bleach twirling leek, a running gag used in various episodes of Bleach.

Icochea's arrangement became a firm favorite of the boys, and was initially sung as an encore on tour. Curt Faudon used it in his film as in-flight entertainment, with the other passengers humming along.

TEXT:

Nuapurista kuulu se polokan tahti jalakani pohjii kutkutti.
Ievan äiti se tyttöösä vahti vaan kyllähän Ieva sen jutkutti,
sillä ei meitä silloin kiellot haittaa kun myö tanssimme laiasta laitaan.
Salivili hipput tupput täppyt äppyt tipput hilijalleen.

Ievan suu oli vehnäsellä ko immeiset onnee toevotti.
Peä oli märkänä jokaisella ja viulu se vinku ja voevotti.
Ei tätä poikoo märkyys haittaa sillon ko laskoo laiasta laitaan.
Salivili . . .

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Ievan äiti se kammarissa virsiä veisata huijuutti,
kun tämä poika naapurissa ämmän tyttöä nuijuutti.
Eikä tätä poikoo ämmät haittaa sillon ko laskoo laiasta laitaan.
Salivili . . .

Siellä oli lystiä soiton jäläkeen sain minä kerran sytkyyttee.
Kottiin ko mäntii ni ämmä se riitelj ja Ieva jo alako nyyhkyytteek.
Minä sanon Ievalle mitäpä se haittaa laskemma vielähi laiasta laitaa.
Salivili . . .

Muorille sanon jotta tukkee suusi en ruppee sun terveyttäs takkoomaa.
Terveenä peäset ku korjoot luusi ja määät siitä murjuus makkoomaa.
Ei tätä poikoo hellyys haittaa ko akkoja huhkii laiasta laitaan.
Salivili . . .

Sen minä sanon jotta purra pittää ei mua niin voan nielasta.
Suat männä ite vaikka lännestä ittään vaan minä en luovu Ievasta,
sillä ei tätä poikoo kainous haittaa sillon ko tanssii laiasta laitaan.
Salivili . . .

TRANSLATION:

The sound of a polka drifted from my neighbor's and set my feet tapping!
Ieva's mother had her eye on her daughter but Ieva managed to fool her, you know.
Because who's going to listen to mother saying no
when we're all busy dancing to and fro!

Ieva was smiling, the fiddle was wailing as people crowded round to wish her luck.
Everyone was hot but it didn't seem to bother the handsome young man.
Because who's going to mind a drop of sweat
when they're all busy dancing to and fro!

Ieva's mother shut herself away in her own quiet room to hum a hymn.
Leaving our heroine to have a bit of fun in the neighbor's house when the lights are dim.
Because what does it matter what the old folks say
when you're all busy dancing to and fro!

When the music stopped the real fun began and the lad started fooling around.
When he took her home, when the dancing was over they found her mother waiting angrily.
But I said to her, Ieva, now don't you weep
and we'll soon be dancing to and fro!

I said to her mother, "Stop that noise or I shan't be responsible for my actions.
If you stay demurely in your room you won't get hurt while I woo your daughter.
Because this fine lad is a wild sort of guy
when he's busy dancing to and fro!"

One thing I tell you is you won't trap me, no, you won't find me an easy catch.
Travel to the east and travel to the west but Ieva and I are going to make a match.
Because this fine lad isn't the bashful sort
when he's busy dancing to and fro.

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Four Austrian Folksongs

Arr.: Gerald Wirth

Alpine folk songs from Austria have certain characteristics that are easy to recognize. Many include yodels or a refrain or shout similar to yodelling. The melody is usually in the middle voice, because that is a range people can sing without much training. The exposed voices twist around the melody; they are for trained singers. Over the course of time and tradition, different melodies were invented for the same text, and some melodies developed striking variants. The texts of these songs mirror the local customs; they include descriptions of the seasons and of the surrounding nature. They deal with driving cattle to and from the pastures, hunting, poaching, milking, carting, logging, dancing, loving and dying — things that are done everywhere around the world. The Alps and the yodels simply add the local flavor.

Wann du durchgehst durchs Tal (When You Walk Through the Valley)

Love song from Carinthia, arr.: Gerald Wirth

Wann du durchgehst is a well-known Carinthian song in three-four time. We have labeled it as a “love song,” but the pensive, melancholy text deals with the less pleasant aspects of love. The melody is sung by the middle voice. The yodels at the end carry on the melody; the singers continue without words as it were: emotion keeps the song going.

TEXT:

Wann Du durchgehst durchs Tal, Bua, jauchz noch amal,
dass i di no mal hör, vielleicht nacha nia mehr,
Holla rei . . .

Wann i wischpl und schrei, und du hörst mi net gleich,
ja, da muaß i verstehn, dass i weita soll gehen.
Holla rei . . .

Und i hör nix mehr wischpln, i hör nix mehr schrein,
da Bua wird scho längst über d’Granitzn sein.
Holla rei . . .

TRANSLATION:

When you pass through the valley, boy, shout for joy once more,
So I can hear you once more, and maybe afterwards no more.
Yodel

When I whisper and yell, and you don’t hear me immediately,
Well, I must understand that I should go on.
Yodel

And I hear no more whispering, I hear no more yelling,
The boy will have long since crossed the border.
Yodel

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Es gibt schene Wasserl (There Are Beautiful Waters)

Dancing song from the Mühlviertel (Upper Austria), arr.: Gerald Wirth

This song was first written down in Upper Austria's Mühlviertel in the 19th century. The song was for a dance known as "German rotation," which might refer to a dance around a maypole. The adjective "German" serves merely to distinguish the dance from its Bohemian counterparts (Mühlviertel is a border region).

TEXT:

Es gibt schene Wasserl, es gibt kalte Brünn,
es gibt saubre Dianderl in der Steiermark drin.
I pfeif auf die Wasserl, i pfeif auf die Brünn,
ja weil i a Mühlviertler bin.

Geh Dianderl, bist launi? Geh, sei wieder guat,
greif her auf mein Herzerl, wias hammerschlagen tuat.
Es hammert und schlägt ja nur allweil für di,
geh, Diandl, sei gscheit und liab mi.

Draufgsangl:

Drum san ma Landsleut, linzerische Buam:
Kauf ma uns a Sträußerl, steck mas uns auf Hüaterl,
drum san ma Landsleut, linzerische Buam.

TRANSLATION:

There are beautiful waters, there are cold wells,
There are shapely lasses in Styria.
I don't care about the waters, I don't care about the wells,
Since I am from Mühlviertel.

Come on, lass, are you cross? Come on, be good again,
Touch my heart, how it beats like a hammer.
It hammers and beats just for you,
Come on, lass, be clever and love me.

Refrain:

That's why we're countrymen, young men from Linz,
Let's buy a bunch of flowers and attach it to our hats.
That's why we're countrymen, young men from Linz.

Und wanns amal schen aper wird (And When It Starts to Thaw Again)

Alpine song with yodelling from the town of Eisenerz (Styria), arr.: Gerald Wirth

A cheerful alpine song, which describes the ascent to the alpine pastures in summer and the jolly relations between the herdsman and women. The Austrian and Bavarian word "aper" means

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“snowless,” from Latin apertus, “open.” The song was used in Curt Faudon’s film on the choir to symbolize homesickness; the boys sang it on the Great Wall of China.

TEXT:

Und wanns amal schen aper wird und auf die Almen grean,
wann der Goaßer mit die Goäßlen geht und Senndrin mit die Kiah.
Jodler

Die Senndrin führt ihr frischer Muat schnurgrad der Alma zua,
sie sagt: „Juchhe, mir geht’s schon guat, wann kimmst das erschtmal Bua?“
Jodler

Und wiari auf die Alma kimm, da brummelt schon der Stier,
da siach i schon di Hittn stehn und jauchz vor ihrer Tüa.
Jodler

TRANSLATION:

And when (the ground) turns nice and snowless and (when) the pastures turn green,
When the goatherd goes with the goats and the dairymaid with the cows.
Yodel

Her good cheer leads the dairymaid directly to the pastures,
She says, “Hello, I feel well, when do you come for the first time, boy?”
Yodel

And as I reach the pasture, the bull bellows,
I see the hut standing and I shout before her door.
Yodel

Waldhansl (John of the Forest)

“Pascher” (clapping and stamping dance) from the Ausseerland (Upper Austria), arr.: Gerald Wirth

A “Pascher” is a dance for couples in which the dancers slap their thighs, clap into each others’ hands and stamp their feet. It is known around the alpine countries by a number of names and has local variants. It is customary to start slowly and gradually increase the speed during the dance, until either the fiddler or the dancers have to give up.

TEXT:

I geh in Wald eini I geh in Wald zua
Jodler
I bin a Waldhansl sei lustiger Bua,
drai ho li o und schneids o.

Und weil i’n Waldhansl sei lustiga bi,
drai ho li e, hola drai ho li o,
Drum schickt si koa traurigs Mensch a nit für mi,
drai ho li o und schneids o.

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TRANSLATION:

I go into the forest, I go deeply into the forest,
Yodel
I am the cheerful son of a woodcutter
Yodel.

And since I am Waldhansl's cheerful boy,
Yodel
A mournful girl would not be right for me.
Yodel

Robert Ray (b. 1946)

He Never Failed Me Yet
Arr.: Andy Icochea Icochea

Born in St. Louis, composer Robert Ray is currently a professor at the University of Missouri and as director of the University Chorus. He is active as a guest conductor and leads the Saint Louis Symphony in their annual Gospel Christmas Concert.

He Never Failed Me Yet, published by Hal Leonard, is a spiritual expressing profound trust in God and citing as examples for dire hardships the fate of Moses as well as the fate of the Daniel's companions, Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, hostages at the court of Nebuchadnezzar of Babylon. The three young men famously refused to worship a Babylonian statue, relying on God to save them from being burned.

TEXT:

I will sing of God's mercy every day, every hour,
he gives me power.
I will sing and give thanks to Thee
for all the dangers, toils and snares that He has brought me out.
He is my God and I'll serve Him, no matter what the test.
Trust and never doubt, Jesus will surely bring you out,
He never failed me yet.

I know God is able to deliver in time of storm,
I know that he'll keep you safe from all earthly harm.
One day when my weary soul is at rest,
I'm going home to be forever bless'd.

Didn't my God deliver Moses from King Pharaoh?
And didn't he cool the fiery furnace
For Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego?
When I think of what my God can do,
He delivered Daniel,
I know He will deliver you.

Trust and never doubt, Jesus will surely bring you out,

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He never failed me yet.

Johann Strauss Jr. (1825-1899)

Eljen a Magyar (Hail to Hungary), fast polka, Op. 332 (1869)

In March 1869, Strauss went with his brothers and his own orchestra, the Strauss-Kapelle to Pest for two concerts; he wrote “Eljen” for these performances. He based some of the melodies on the well-known Hungarian Rakoczy March (also used by Berlioz in his *Damnation de Faust*). The polka is dedicated to the Hungarian people.

Johann Strauss Jr. (1825-1899)

Kaiserwalzer (Emperor’s Waltz), waltz, Op. 437 (1888)

Text: Viktor Gomboz, arr.: Gerald Wirth

Strauss wrote more than 400 waltzes; Kaiserwalzer is one of the most famous. The Vienna Boys’ Choir have been singing it since the 1920s. The text by Viktor Gomboz, a former choirmaster, dates from the 1930s, and was first performed during the 1932-33 tour of the choir to the United States of America.

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