Vienna Boys Choir
2013 Tour of the U.S.
PROGRAM NOTES

Cantate Domino (Sing to the Lord)
Dietrich Buxtehude (1637 - 1707)

Dietrich Buxtehude was born in 1637, probably in Oldesloe (Holstein). Around 1639, the family moved to Helsingör, where Buxtehude’s father took up an appointment as organist. It is likely that Dietrich would have received his first musical training from his father. Records are somewhat scarce, possibly due to the waging war between Denmark and Sweden. In 1660, Buxtehude became the organist of the German church in Helsingör. He may have left for Lübeck as early as 1667, and he wrote a number of compositions for the city fathers. In 1668, Buxtehude succeeded the well-known Franz Tunder as organist of Lübeck’s main church, St. Marien. This was an influential and well-endowed post, the equivalent of a “Director of Music” for the city of Lübeck, which Buxtehude held until his death.

One of the organist’s main task was the organisation of the so-called “Abendmusiken”, a series of advent concerts for the city council and the members of Lübeck’s rich guilds. Most of Buxtehude’s compositions appear to have been written for the Abendmusiken, for specific secular occasions, feasts and celebrations. There are surprisingly few church compositions.

Buxtehude had a number of daughters who would appear to have been difficult to marry off, and when he was looking for a successor, he cunningly made the daughters part of the bargain. The limitations of this plan became apparent when the potential successors, all of them very tempted by the post and some of them very famous, fled in droves. The list includes J. Mattheson, Georg Friedrich Händel, and Johann Sebastian Bach.

Bach, who refused the offer in 1705, nonetheless profited from his three-month visit with Buxtehude. He had walked 250 miles to meet the master.

Psalm 96 is quoted in 1Chronicles 16:23-33 together with the first part of Psalm 105, where both are sung in praise of the installation of the ark of the covenant in Jerusalem. Psalm 96 is a liturgy sung at Jahwe’s inthronisation as highest judge during the festivities of the New Year.

Buxtehude uses only the first four verses in Latin, followed by a final doxology (“Gloria Patri’”). Formally his setting is a motet, but it shows some of the characteristic structures of a cantata: there is an opening chorus (Cantate Domino canticum novum, cantate domino omnis terra) followed by short solos from the bass (an alto in the Vienna Choir Boys program). A brief phrase by the choir (in omnibus populis mirabilia eius) ends this section. This is followed by another solo, before the choir sings the final Gloria.

Text:
Cantate Domino canticum novum cantate Domino omnis terra
Cantate Domino et benedicite nomini eius, annuntiate die in diem salutare eius
Annuntiate inter gentes gloriam eius, in omnibus populis mirabilia eius
Quoniam magnus Dominus et laudabilis nimis terribilis est super omnes deos.
Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto.
Sicut erat in principio et nunc et semper et in saecula saeculorum. Amen.

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Translation:
Sing a new song to the Lord: sing to the Lord, all the earth.
Sing to the Lord and bless his name: proclaim his salvation day after day.
Announce his glory among the nations, his wonders among all peoples.
For the Lord is great, and most worthy to be praised: he is to be feared above all gods.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.
As it was in the beginning, and now, and ever shall be. Amen.

Pueri concinite (Boys, begin)
Jacobus Gallus (1550 - 1591)

Jacobus Gallus was born in Reifnitz, Carnolia (now Ribnica, Slovenia). His birth name was probably Petelin, which in Slovenian means ‘rooster’ – gallus is the Latin translation. As he traveled all over the Habsburg Empire, he used either the German - Handl - or the Latin - Gallus - form of his name, sometimes adding the adjective Carniolus, in reference to his home country.

Gallus was educated at the Cistercian monastery at Stična. He arrived in Austria as a teenager, singing first in the Benedictine Abbey at Melk and later with the Chapel Imperial in Vienna. It appears that some of his works were written for the Imperial choristers. Between 1579 and 1585, Gallus was Kapellmeister to the bishop of Olmütz (now Olomouc) in Moravia, before becoming the organist of the church sv. Jan na Zábradlí in Prague. In Prague, Gallus oversaw the systematic publication and printing of his works. His output was huge; more than 500 sacred and secular works are attributed to Gallus. He died in 1591.

Gallus’s music combines ideas and elements of the Franco-Flemish, German, and Italian Renaissance styles. Some of his chromatic transitions in particular hint at much later styles of music. Contemporaries admired his music for its beautifully woven counterpoint and compared him to Palestrina (1525 - 1594). This was high praise indeed, as Palestrina’s music was considered “pure” in the sense of the Platonic ideal of music.

Gallus has a particular 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, effectively painting the words. His most notable work is arguably the Opus musicum, published in 1577, a collection of 374 motets that cover the liturgical needs of the entire ecclesiastical year.

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.
Ego sum panis vivus (I am the living bread)
Antonio Caldara (1670 – 1736)

Antonio Caldara, a Venetian, became Vice-Kapellmeister in the Viennese Chapel Imperial in 1716. His enormous output comprises over 3400 works, among them 100 operas. Ego sum panis vivus (“I am the living bread”) is a motet for Corpus Christi; the text is from the gospel of St. John 6:51-52.

Text:
Ego sum panis vivus
qui de coelo descendi
si quis manducaverit ex hoc pane
vivet in aeternum.
Alleluia

Translation:
I am the living bread
who descended from Heaven
whosoever eats from this bread
shall live forever.
Alleluia.

Simply Classical / Choral Classics

Eja gentes. Graduale pro omne tempore. Hob. XXIIIa: C15
Joseph Haydn (1732 – 1809)

Haydn, who was mentor and friend to Mozart and Beethoven, greatly influenced the music of his time. His substantial output comprises masses, oratorios, symphonies, concerti for solo instruments and orchestra as well as chamber music, such as string quartets, trios and piano sonatas. Already during his lifetime, Haydn was celebrated as a musical genius throughout Europe.

The son of a wheelwright, Haydn grew up in the town of Rohrau. When Haydn was eight years old, Georg Reutter, managing director as it were of both the Imperial Court Music and of the music at St. Stephen’s Cathedral in Vienna, heard Joseph Haydn and his younger brother Michael sing. Reutter took the boys with him to Vienna, to be choristers at the cathedral and at the court. It was the start of Haydn's career in music.

Text:
Eja gentes, eja convolatae, 
Deo laudes dicite 
ipsum semper adorate 
ipsum semper benedicite.
Translation:
Eja, nations, eja, come together,
say God's praises,
always worship him,
always bless him.

Heidenröseln (Little rose on the heath)
Heinrich Werner (1800 - 1833)
Arr. Gerald Wirth (b. 1965)
Text: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749 - 1832)

Goethe’s poem was written in 1771 in Strasbourg; there is a possible connection to his love affair with young Friederike Brion in Sesenheim. Around this time, Johann Gottfried Herder (1744-1803), who was in the process of compiling a collection of German folk songs, went to Alsace where Goethe helped him to collect Alsatian songs. It is not clear whether Goethe gave him the “Heidenröseln” manuscript without telling Herder he was the author, or whether Herder simply forgot. In 1773 and 1779 Herder published two slightly different versions of the poem. He made no reference to Goethe, but called it a “simple children’s song”. This shows a threefold misunderstanding on Herder’s part: first of all, the “simple” song is too artful to be a folk song; secondly, the rose metaphor has nothing childish; and Heidenröseln is not a song about gardening.

Goethe’s poem has older sources: the refrain “Röslein auf der Heiden” appears in a song published in 1602, Sie gleicht wohl einem Rosenstock (She truly resembles a rose bush). The song compares a young girl to a rose, a young man plucks the rose, the “rose that must be mine trod on my foot” (a likely story), but this does not hurt me. Breaking (or plucking) roses is a literary image for the loss of virginity that already occurs in Medieval court poetry. In Greek mythology, the rose is Aphrodite’s attribute.

There are almost 100 musical settings of the poem; among the composers are – in alphabetical order - Beethoven (fragments), Brahms, Mendelssohn, and Schubert, who quotes a passage from Mozart’s The Magic Flute in the opening bars. The most popular one today is the version by Heinrich Werner sung for you today. It is popular around the world; H.I.H. Empress Michiko of Japan played it when she visited the choir in their Viennese residence in July 2002.

Text:
Sah ein Knab ein Röslein stehn,
Röslein auf der Heiden,
War so jung und morgenschön,
Lief er schnell, es nah zu seh’n,
Sah’s mit vielen Freuden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.
Knabe sprach: Ich breche dich,
Röslein auf der Heiden!
Röslein sprach: Ich steche dich,
Dass du ewig denkst an mich,
Und ich will's nicht leiden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Und der wilde Knabe brach
's Röslein auf der Heiden;
Röslein wehrte sich und stach,
Half ihm doch kein Weh und Ach,
Muss es eben leiden,
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Translation:
Boy happened to see a little rose,
Little rose on the heath,
Was so young and pretty like the morning
That he rushed to see it up close,
He looked at it with great pleasure.
Little rose, little rose, little red rose,
Little rose on the heath.

Said the boy, “I will pluck you,
Little rose on the heath!”
Little rose said, “I will prick you,
So you will be reminded of me forever,
And I shan’t suffer.”
Little rose, little rose, little red rose,
Little rose on the heath.

And the wilful boy picked
The little rose on the heath,
Little rose fought back and pricked,
But complaining did not help her,
She had to suffer.
Little rose, little rose, little red rose,
Little rose on the heath.
Ständchen, D. 920  
Franz Schubert (1797 - 1828)  
Text: Fanz Grillparzer (1791 - 1872)

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 boys’ choir and was given one of two places in the choir. Antonio Salieri became his teacher and mentor. Schubert liked his life and in particular the music at the choir school, 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 measly 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 at his father’s school, then 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 six hundred songs on poems by Goethe, Heine, Shakespeare and others. He died at the age of 31.

Ständchen, D. 920 was written in 1827; at Anna Fröhlich’s request (or rather, behest). Ms. Fröhlich was also the driving force behind Grillparzer’s poem, as evinced by a contemporary account. The passages of direct speech are literal quotes.

“Grillparzer, I cannot help you. You were supposed to have written a poem for me, for Miss Gosmar’s birthday.” One can almost see Grillparzer cringing, trying to get out of the assignment with a tentative “Well, if I have an idea”. Ms. Fröhlich, however, wasn’t to be deterred: “Well then, make sure you have an idea.” A few days later Grillparzer brought her Ständchen (serenade), and Fröhlich, who was a pupil of Schubert’s, handed it to the composer, informing him, “You, Schubert, you must put this to music.”

You Schubert, propped on his piano, read the poem, exclaiming several times, “but that is beautiful, that is beautiful”. Three days later, Schubert delivered his composition to Fröhlich. It was scored for mezzo soprano solo and four part men’s chorus. Ms. Fröhlich was not pleased, “No, Schubert, it is no good like that, it has to be an ovation from Ms. Gosmar’s girl friends only. You must make it for women’s chorus”. Schubert obliged; how could he not?

Grillparzer’s poem certainly appealed to Schubert, who was forever wrestling with the romantic topics of unrequited love, both in his work and in real life. Ständchen is a poem about the meaning of friendship; the sage mentioned in the text is Diogenes, who went around the agora in Athens in broad daylight, shining a light into people’s eyes. Most Athenians tended to ignore him, much as modern passers-by would, probably dismissing him as a nutter; but one caring and enlightened fellow finally asked him why he was doing this. “Ah”, cried Diogenes, brandishing his lantern, “I am looking for a human”. He meant a real, caring human. If real humans are rare, real friendly humans are a dying breed; therefore you should not ignore a friendly knock on your door. Grillparzer might as well have saved his breath. His adored prefers to sleep through it all, dead to the world, ostensibly in a coma. He can only turn to sarcasm, like cynic Diogenes. And take the flowers with him. One wonders what Miss Gosmar made of her birthday ovation.
Zögernd leise in des Dunkels nächt’ger Stille sind wir hier;
Und den Finger sanft gekrümmt, leise, leise,
Pochen wir an des Liebchens Kammerthür.
Doch nun steigend, schwellend, hebend
Mit vereinter Stimme, laut
Rufen aus wir hochvertraut:
Schlaf du nicht,
wen der Neigung Stimme spricht!
Sucht’ ein Weiser nah und ferne
Menschen einst mit der Laterne;
Wieviel seltner dann als Gold
Menschen uns geneigt und hold?
Drum wenn Freundschaft, Liebe spricht
Freundin, Liebchen, schlaf du nicht!
Aber was in allen Reichen
Wär’ dem Schlummer zu vergleichen?
Drum statt Worten und statt Gaben
Solst du nun auch Ruhe haben.
Noch ein Grüßchen, noch ein Wort,
Es verstummt die frohe Weise,
Leise, leise schleichen wir uns wieder fort!

Translation:
Softly, quietly in the dark silence of night we approach;
with a gently bent finger, quietly, quietly
we knock on darling’s door.
Presently, rising, swelling, lifting
our voices, loudly
we exclaim, intimately:
Do not sleep,
when love’s voice speaks.
Did not a wise man once look high and low
for humans with a lantern?
How much rarer than gold
are people who like us?
So when friendship, love are speaking,
dearest, darling, don’t you sleep.
But what in all the world
could be compared to slumber?
So instead of words and gifts
you shall have your peace.
One more greeting, one more word,
The cheerful song falls silent,
softly, quietly we slink away.
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 they travelled widely. The Mendelssohns, members of the assimilated German-Jewish aristocracy, converted from Judaism to Christianity in 1816. They 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 nine, he gave his first public recital. At the age of ten, he became a member of the Berliner Singakademie. He was eleven when his own first compositions were publicly performed. A year later, he met Goethe, Carl Maria von Weber and Cherubini.

He churned out sonatas, concertos, string symphonies, piano quartets and Singspiele which 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 event put Bach firmly on the repertoire list for choirs. Mendelssohn was also famous as a festival organiser; he was associated especially with the Lower Rhine and Birmingham music festivals. Mendelssohn’s most significant achievement as a conductor and organiser was in Leipzig (1835-47), where he conducted the Gewandhaus Orchestra to great acclaim. In 1843, he founded the Leipzig Conservatory and managed to recruit Robert Schumann and Moritz Hauptmann as teachers.

His death at the age of 38, after a series of strokes, was mourned internationally.

Mendelssohn’s music shows influences of Bach (fugal technique), Handel (rhythms, harmonic progressions), Mozart (dramatic characterisation, forms, texture) and Beethoven (instrumental technique). He clearly liked to be inspired by his surroundings; his music often has literary, artistic, historical, geographical or emotional connotations and the underlying ideas are easily accessible.

Hebe Deine Augen auf, also known as “angel trio”, is a trio for unaccompanied SSA from Mendelssohn’s oratorio Elijah. In 1846, Mendelssohn was invited to direct the Birmingham Festival. He accepted – and as part of the festival, he conducted a monumental performance of Elijah. The audience and critics were ecstatic. Mendelssohn, always a perfectionist, made extensive revisions for later performances.

The text of this passage is based on Psalm 121, 1-4. The psalm is subtitled, “The guardian of Israel”, and is a song of ascent, to be sung on a pilgrimage. The passage is sung by three angels who watch over Elijah’s journey into the wilderness. Elijah is sent to Mount Horeb where he meets God face to face.

Text:
Hebe deine Augen auf zu den Bergen,
von welchen dir Hilfe kommt.
Deine Hilfe kommt vom Herrn,
der Himmel und Erde gemacht hat.
Er wird deinen Fuß nicht gleiten lassen,
und der dich behütet, schläft nicht.
Translation:
Lift your eyes up to the mountains,
From where your help will come.
Your help comes from the Lord,
Who made heaven and earth.
He will not let your foot stumble,
He who guards you, does not sleep.

_Zigeunerleben (Gypsy Life), Op. 29, No. 3_
_Robert Schumann (1810 - 1856)_
_Text: Emanuel Geibel (1815 - 1884)_

Schumann, a bookseller’s son, showed early ability as a pianist. He tried composing and writing at a young age. In 1821, at the grand old age of 11, he went to Leipzig to study law, but actually spent his time on music and literature (a bit later also on the ladies and on champagne). After a brief intermezzo in Heidelberg (more law), he was finally able to convince his family that he should become a pianist. He moved back to Leipzig, to live with the Wieck family.

In 1834 Schumann founded the Neue Zeitschrift für Musik, a music review. Schumann was a perceptive critic, and his writings helped a number of young composers along in their career. A child of his time and certainly into cloak-and-dagger stuff, he would occasionally write under two noms de plume. When he felt lyrical and thoughtful, he was Eusebius; when he felt fiery urges, he called himself Florestan.

He fell in love with Wieck’s daughter Clara, who was a gifted pianist. Clara’s father, however, objected to their marriage, and it took the couple five years before they were finally able to marry. Schumann continued to compose. He was less successful in other things: he tried teaching at Mendelssohn’s conservatory in Leipzig and tried his hand at conducting, but lacked conviction. He may have also felt insecure with regard to Clara, who had become something of a pop star (the Romantic period basically invented the concept). Depressions followed, possibly worsened by syphilis. From 1854 onwards Schumann suffered hallucinations, which scared him into checking himself into an asylum where he died in 1856.

Schumann’s output includes a piano concerto, a cello concerto, symphonies and large choral works as well as more than 150 lieder; but he is especially known for his introvert piano and chamber music.

_Zigeunerleben (Gypsy Life) _was written in 1840, the year Schumann married Clara Wieck, a year in which he wrote the grand total of 138 lieder. _Zigeunerleben_ is the third of three poems by Emanuel Geibel that make up Schumann’s Opus 29; the others are “Ländliches Lied” (Rural song) and “Lied” (Song). _Zigeunerleben_ is a very lively, dramatic piece of music, with optional parts for tambourine and triangle to create “gypsy” effects.
German Romantic composers and poets had a fascination with the ‘exotic’. Enigmatic gypsies and noble savages inspired countless stories and legends. Zigeunerleben describes a night in a gypsy camp. The gypsies, who are portrayed in fantastic epithets, “suckled by the sacred waters of the Nile” and “bronzed by the southern heat of Spain” gather around the campfire for stories, spells and food, served by an old crone: a witch? They listen, spellbound; they dance, entranced; they sing, probably, and the fire casts a mysterious glow, but the whole is an illusion. In the morning, the magic is gone, it is grey, and cold, and the nightly revellers slink off to an unknown destination and an unknown future: gypsy life wasn’t and isn’t all it is cracked up to be.

Text:

Im Schatten des Waldes, im Buchengezweig,
da regt's sich's und raschelt und flüstert zugleich,
es flackern die Flammen, es gaukelt der Schein
um bunte Gestalten, um Laub und Gestein.

Das ist der Zigeuner bewegliche Schar,
mit blitzendem Aug' und mit wallendem Haar,
gesäugt an des Niles geheiligter Flut,
gebräunt von Spaniens südlicher Glut.

Um's lodernde Feuer da lagern die Männer
Verwildert und kühn,
da kauern die Weiber und rüsten das Mahl
und füllen geschäftig den alten Pokal
und Sagen und Lieder ertönen im Rund
wie Spaniens Gärten so blühend und bunt
und magische Sprüche für Not und Gefahr
verkündet die Alte der horchenden Schar.

Schwarzäugige Mädchen beginnen den Tanz
Da sprühen die Fackeln den rötlichen Glanz.
Es lockt die Gitarre, die Cymbel erklingt,
wie wild und wilder der Reigen sich schlingt.

Dann ruh' n sie er müdet vom nächtlichen Reih' n
Es rauschen die Buchen in Schlummer sie ein,
und die aus der glücklichen Heimat verbannt,
sie schauen im Traume das glückliche Land.

Doch wie nun im Osten der Morgen erwacht
verlöschen die schönen Gebilde der Nacht
es scharret das Maultier bei Tagesbeginn,
fort ziehen die Gestalten: wer sagt dir, wohin?

Translation:

In the shadow of the forest, among branches of beech,
something stirs, and rustles, and whispers all at once,
flames flicker, and their light casts a spell
around colourful figures, foliage and stones.
That is the tribe of agile gypsies:
eyes flashing, hair flowing;
suckled by the sacred waters of the Nile
bronzed by the southern heat of Spain.

The men lie around the fire
Wild and brave,
Where the women squat to prepare the meal.
They fill the old chalice
And legends and songs resound in the circle
Blossoming and colourful like the gardens of Spain
And magic spells against need and danger
The old woman tells the listening group.

Black-eyed girls start the dance
Torches cast the reddish reflection.
The guitar seduces, the cymbals sound,
And the round dance spins wilder and wilder circles.

At last they lie down, tired from the nightly round,
The beeches rustle them to their slumber
And those that are banished from their happy homeland,
May see it in their dreams.

As morning wakes in the east,
The night’s beautiful fancies expire.
The mule paws the ground at daybreak,
The figures drift away: who can tell you where?

Austrian Folksongs

Three folk songs from the Austrian Alps

Folk songs are a tradition. Every country, every nation has it. Everyone who sings, carries the tradition on, spreads it and changes it while doing so. This is an important contribution to one’s own culture.

Folk songs very often have a convoluted history. Most times the authors, lyricists as well as composers, are anonymous, and there is a feeling that the songs are in some way “generated by the people” and typical of a landscape. Usually they were passed on orally. If they were printed, publishers simply printed the words, assuming that the melody was known anyway. Printing musical notes was prohibitively expensive. An important, although rare source are hand-written private song books. They contain the songs a person knew and liked, but also recipes and useful advice about life in general. Sometimes a melody was jotted down as well. These books accompanied their owner through his or her entire life, some were kept over generations in a family. The oldest extant song books date to the 17th century.
Alpine folk songs have certain characteristics that are easy to recognise. Many include yodels or a refrain or shout similar to yodelling. In many cases, the melody is in the middle voice, because that is most people’s natural range, 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 folk 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 flavour.

**Drin im Häslgränb (Deep down in the Haslgrän)**  
Carter’s song from the Mühlviertel (Upper Austria)  
Arr. Gerald Wirth

This slightly nonsensical, joking carter’s song was written down by Hans Commenda. At the outset of the song, the cart is stuck in the “Haslgränb”, a steep valley near Linz which used to be a natural frontier. The joke is in the repetition; one verse makes a statement or a request which is denied by the next (“we’ll need a light to get up”, “no we won’t need a light, we’ll find the way up without”). There is a sense of stoicism and “making do” with the things at hand, improvising under the circumstances that would seem to go with the carter’s trade.

Text:
*Drin im Haslgränb steht a gladner Wagn, holla rediri . . .  
Sitzt a Fuhrmann drobn, mag net auifahrn, holla rediri . . .  
„Miaß ma’r Ross eingschirrn, dass ma’n auifhrrn“, holla rediri . . .  
„Brauchs koa Ross eingschirrn, wern scho auifhrrn“, holla rediri . . .  
„Miaß ma-r-a Liacht anzündn, dass ma auifindn“', holla rediri . . .  
“Brauchs koa Liacht anzündn, wer schon auifindn”, holla rediri . . .*

Translation:
In the Haslgränb, there is a fully loaded cart, holla rediri . . .  
There is a carter on top, does not want to drive up,  
“We’ll have to hitch the horses, so we can drive up,”  
“You don’t have to hitch the horses, we will drive up anyway,”  
“We have to light a candle, to find (the way) up”,  
“You don’t have to light a candle, I’ll find (my way) up”,

**Vom Zillertal aussa (Out of Zillertal)**  
Hunting song with yodels from the Tyrol  
Arr. Gerald Wirth

The oldest oral reference was sung by a certain Hans Köchler in Schwaz in 1906, and recorded by collector Leopold Pirkl (A 10 in the Tiroler Volksliedwerk); the oldest publication is in Tiroler Heimatlieder (Innsbruck, no year) 4.
Waldhansl (John of the Forest)
Clapping song from the Ausseerland (Styria).
Arr. Gerald Wirth

An Austrian clapping song (‘Pascher’) is a dance where the participants slap their thighs, clap into each other’s 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 musicians 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.

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

O Fortuna/Fortuna Imperatrix Mundi (Fortune, Empress of the world) from Carmina burana
Carl Orff (1895 - 1982)

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 Seekau 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. To Orff, the Carmina burana signified his “first real work”; he wrote to his publisher to destroy everything else.
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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,
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,
Power

Melts it 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.

Fate, with regard to health
and virtue
has 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.

--Intermission--

International Folk Songs – Around the World in Seven Songs

Program Notes continued on the next page
Ievan Polkka (Eeva’s polka) 1937
Arr. Andy Icochea Icochea (b. 1973)
Text: Eino Kettunen (1894 – 1964)

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 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.

The Vienna Boys Choir recorded it in 2008 for Curt Faudon’s Silk Road documentary; it is a Schubertchor favourite with fun solos. On the 2013 tour, a choir boy will play the piano accompaniment.

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 täppyt täppyt 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 . . .

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

Siellä oli lystä soiton jälkeen sain minä kerran sytkyytte.
Kottiin ko männä ni ämmä se rietelj ja Leva jo alako nyhkytteek.
Minä sanon levalle mitäpä se haittaa laskemma vielähi laiasta laitaan.
Salivili . . .

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

Sen minä sanon jotta purra pitää 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 neighbour’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 neighbour’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.

**Niška Banja (Niška Spa). Serbian folk song.**
**Arr. Gerald Wirth**

Niška Banja is a jocular song about a spa town in Serbia; some phrases do not mean anything and are made-up nonsense – like ‘trallala’, ‘ladeeda’, ‘doobedoo’, etc. - designed to keep up the fast rhythm of the piece.

**Text:**
*Niška Banja, topla voda za Nišlije ziva zgoda.*
*Em ka lavlam, em kamavla, and’o nisi ka mekav la.*

Jedan, dva, tri, četir, pet, šest, sedam, osam, devet, deset
Deset, devet, osam, sedam, šest, pet,
etir, tri, dva, jedan.
Nulla!
Duj, duj, duj, desudu duj, cumidav le and’o muj.
Deset, devet, osam, sedam, šest, pet,
etir, tri, dva, jedan.
Nulla!
Em ka lavlam, em kamavla, and’o nisi ka mekav la.

Translation:
At Niška Banja's hot spring the water is warm,
Very pleasant for the people from Niš.
I will get her, I will love her,
And in Niš I will leave her.

One, two, three, four, five, six,
Seven, eight, nine, ten.
Ten, nine, eight, seven,
Six, five, four, three, two, zero.
Two, two, twelve,

I'll kiss her on the face.
I will get her, I will love her,
And in Niš I will leave her.

Proljetna pjesma (Song of spring)
Josip Hatze (1879 - 1959)
Text: Rikard Katalinić Jeretov (1869 - 1954)

Josip Hatze was born in Split, and seems to have discovered his musical talent and skills almost accidentally whilst at school. He attended performances in Split's newly founded theatre and found himself fascinated by musical and in particular choral performances. At 16, he started singing in a choir, and wrote his “Misa a capela”, with a Croatian text. He went to study composition with Pietro Mascagni at the conservatory in Pesaro, Italy. After graduating in 1902, Hatze settled in his home town as a music teacher, choral conductor, and composer. He fought in two World Wars; between 1944 and 1946, he was a refugee in the camp at El Shatt, Egypt, where he led a camp choir.

Josip Hatze wrote mainly vocal music. His compositions are melodic; there are elements inspired by Mediterranean folk music, and elements inspired by the Italian verismo. Hatze brought fresh ideas and his own experiences in Italy and Egypt to the conservative music tradition in Croatia, and is considered one of the founders of a modern Croatian style. The first performance of his stage drama The Return – the story of a Croatian peasant - in 1911 was a milestone in the history of Croatian opera.

Text:
Skip, skip, little girl,
And the magic garland don,
Dance, dance in a round
Before the spring is gone.

Program Notes continued on the next page
The sun smiles but once
And once are young the days;
Seize them while they last,
Embrace their carefree ways!

Sing and dance, be a lark,
Or a butterfly so white,
Rejoice: spring is fleeting;
Soon comes the dark, cold night.

Be merry and think not yet
Of the chilly autumn showers;
But once does the month of May
Bring forth spring flowers!

**Luna sije (Under the window)**

*Jurij Flajšman (1818 – 1874)*

*Text: France Prešeren (1800 - 1849)*

Text:

*Luna sije, kladvo bije*
*trudne, pozne ure že.*
*Préj neznané srčne rane*
*meni spati ne pusté.*

*Ti si kriva, ljubezniva*
*deklisa neusmiljena!*
*Ti me raniš, ti mi braniš,*
*da ne morem spat' doma;*
*ti me raniš, ti mi braniš,*
*da ne morem spat' doma.*

Translation:

The moon is shining, bells are chiming,
sleep is already hours late;
Until the break of day, fearing heartache,
I stand sleepless, waiting.

I must say: you are to blame,
you tender merciless maid,
you distract me, deeply hurt me,
So I cannot rest at home.
Haq Ali (Ali the Righteous)
Qawwali from Pakistan
Arr. Gerald Wirth

Qawwali (from Arabic *qaul “word, utterance”) are devotional songs in the Sufi tradition.

Sufism describes a mystic Islamic belief; the movement started in the early Umayyad period (661 – 750). Adherents of sufism (sufis) seek a direct and personal experience of God. They believe that melodies, rhythm and dance lead the soul to a deeper understanding of the divine, and they use music to induce a state of ecstasy. Repetition and chant play an important role. Sufis use two types of text, passages from the Quran and ancient love lyrics: the believer is seen as God’s consort. This is not unique to Islam; the idea can be compared to the Bible’s Song of Songs, as well as medieval European mysticism where Jesus is identified as groom, the soul as bride. The term sufi might be derived from the Arabic word for wool, possibly because early Islamic ascetics wore woollen garments.

Qawwali developed in Persia during the 12th century and spread eastwards. They are very popular in Pakistan. Singers seek a divine experience that can be shared with the audience. Qawwali performances can last for many hours or even days; the singing and chanting is accompanied by drums, harmonium, background choir and rhythmic clapping. The audience is expected to participate; often both performers and audience attain a state of ecstasy.

Haq Ali is an old qawwali, sung from Pakistan to Turkey. The text, in Urdu and Farsi, invokes the Sufi saint Ali. Ali ibn Abu Talib (c. 600 – 663) was the fourth Caliph, Mohammad’s cousin and son-in-law. He has the epithet “lion of God” (Arabic Ali assad Allah, or Asadullah), which is repeatedly used in Haq Ali.

Text:
Kabhi Diwaar Hilti Hai, Kabhi Dar kaanp Jaata Hai
Ali Ka Naam Sunkar Abbhi Khyber Kaanp Jaata Hai
Shah-e Mardaan Ali
La Fatah Illah Ali
Sher-e Yazdaan Ali, Ali
Maula Ali Ali
Haq Haq Haq
Hai Tan Par Ali Ali Ho Zubaan Par Ali Ali
Mar Jaaon To Kafan Pe Bhi Likhana Ali Ali
Bagair Hudde Ali Muda-ha Nahin Milta
Ibaada-ton Kaa Bhi Hargiz Sila Nahin Milta
Khuda Ke Bando Suno Gaur Se Khuda Ki Kasam
Jise Ali Nahin Milte Khuda Nahin Milta

Program Notes continued on the next page
Basat Talash Na Kuch Buus-Hatey Nazar Se Milaa
Nishan-e Manzil Maqsood Rahbar Se Milaa
Ali Mile To Mile Khana-e-Khuda Se Hamein
Kuda Ko Dhoonda To Whoh Bhi Ali Ke Dar Se Milaa
Deed Haider Ki Ibadat Hai Ye Farmaan-e-Nabi
Gul-e Taqheer Ali
Haq ki Shamsheer Ali
Pir-on-ke-Pir Ali Ali Haq
Aye Maula
Ali Maula
Hai Maula Ali Maula Ali Maula Ali Maula
Maula Ali Ali Ali
Ali Ali Ali Haq Haq Haq
Daste Illah-ah Tu Na Ho Sher-e Khuda Ali
Maqsood-e-Hal Atah Sha-he La Fatah Ali
Jis Par Hai Ek Fiza Se Mohammed Hade Nisaan
Paida Hua Hai Na Hoga Koi Dusara Ali
Unki Sayem Hai Vilaadar Ki Jagaz Har Me Kaba
Aankh Kholi To Chehra-e Mohammes Dekha
Noor-e Tanveer Ali
Bdre Munir Ali
Mal Ke Taqdeer Ali Ali Haq

Translation:
Sometimes the wall shakes, sometimes it trembles
when hearing the name of Hazrat Ali, the fort of Khyber quakes.
King of the brave men, Ali
Victory be his,
Lion of Yazdaan, Ali,
The righteous, Maula Ali

Ali’s name be on every tongue, in Ho and everywhere
When I die, write Ali Ali on my coffin
The righteous, Ali,
Without Ali, there is no life after death
He inspires our prayers
All God’s people listen closely, pray with thought
Who doesn’t know Ali, doesn’t know God
The righteous, Maula Ali

Program Notes continued on the next page
You do not have to seek him, he is right before you
Ali will lead us to God
We shall meet God in Ali’s house
The righteous, Maula Ali
That we pray is the Prophet’s will
Ali, soul of the Prophet, body of the Prophet, life of the Prophet
Ali is the pure flower,
Ali is the sword of truth
The saint of saints, Ali the righteous.
You are God’s lion and his fist, Ali
Mohammad’s blessing and his heir
There will be none born like Ali
Protector, who looks after things
When you open the eyes, you will see Mohammad
Light of Tanveer, Ali.
Victorious Ali,
King of Fate, Ali, Ali the Righteous.

Truth!
Ali Ali Ali
Ali, my master Ali

El tren macho (The Macho Train)
Andy Icochea Icochea (b. 1973)

The evocative tune describes the eponymous train hurtling through the Andean landscape; fond locals say the train ‘leaves when it wants and arrives when it can’. Icochea employs the Dorian mode in imitation of the Inka scale, the verses (9-6-9 syllables) are matched by the music to achieve a train rhythm.

The piece is used in Curt Faudon’s ‘Bridging the Gap’, to be released in 2013, and is one of the boys’ firm favourites.

Text:
Corriendo junto al río Mantaro
desde mi Huancayo
se abre paso el tren macho
Mirando llanos y montañas
valles y quebradas
se abre paso el tren macho
¿cuantas historias de amor sabrás
secretos guardarás
en tantos años de madrugar?

Translation:
Running besides the Mantaro river
from my Huancayo
the Macho train carves its path
looking at plains and mountains
Valleys and canyons
the Macho train carves its path
How many love stories do you know,
(how many) secrets do you guard
in so many years of getting up at the crack of dawn?
Quiero escucharte siempre cantar,
ver tu humito llegar
a tu bella Huancavelica.

Por la ventana se ven pasar
llamas y vicuñas
baños termales, ruinas Incas
Pueblos remotos, caceríos
parajes lejanos,
a nadie olvida el tren macho
¿cuantas historias de amor sabrás
secretos guardarás
en tantos años de madrugar?

¡Señor vendedor!
¡Venga Señora!
¿qué ha traído hoy?

"Bizcochuelos, chicha de jora,
cancha serranita."

¡Viva el tren macho, el más bello tren!
¡Desde Huancayo a Huancavelica
Sólo quiero viajar en este tren MACHO!

Alma Ilanera (Soul of the plains)
Joropo from Venezuela
Pedro Elías Gutiérrez (1870 – 1954)
Arr. Andy Icochea Icochea (b. 1973)
Text: Rafael Bolívar Coronado (1884 – 1924)

Alma llanera, Venezuela’s unofficial “national anthem”, is a joropo (a type of Venezuelan dance) from the zarzuela by the same name. It was first performed to great acclaim in Caracas in 1914.

The waltz-like joropo originated in the Venezuelan and Colombian llanos (plains); it shows influences of European and African music. Joropo is usually played as well as sung. The word, which can mean “party”, also denotes a performance of joropo.

Text:
Yo nací en una ribera del Arauca vibrador
Soy hermano de la espuma de las garzas de las rosas y del sol
Me arrulló la viva diana de la brisa en el palmar
Y por eso tengo el alma como el alma primorosa del cristal!
Estribillo:
_Amo, lloro, canto, sueño, con claveles de pasión_
_Amo, lloro, canto, sueño para ornar las rubias crines del potro de mi amador_

Translation:
I was born on a shore of the vibrant Arauca
I am brother to the river foam, to the herons, the roses and to the sun.

I was lulled by the lively reveille of the breeze in the palm trees
And that is why I have a soul like the delicate soul of the crystal

I love, I cry, I sing, I dream with carnations of passion
I love, I cry, I sing, I dream to festoon the fair mane of my lover’s colt

Film Music

_The Bare Necessities from The Jungle Book_
_Terry Gilkyson (1916 – 1999)_
_Arr. Greg Gilpin (b. 1964)_

"The Bare Necessities" was written for the animated Disney film version of Kipling's "The Jungle Book". In the film, Baloo the Bear teaches Mowgli about life’s essentials; at the end of the movie, Baloo and Bagheera sing a reprise to console each other.

It was nominated for an Academy Award for Best Original Song in 1967. In 1969, Louis Armstrong sang a cover.

Text:
Look for the bare necessities
The simple bare necessities
Forget about your worries and your strife
I mean the bare necessities
Old Mother Nature's recipes
That brings the bare necessities of life

Wherever I wander, wherever I roam
I couldn't be fonder of my big home
The bees are buzzin' in the tree
To make some honey just for me
When you look under the rocks and plants
And take a glance at the fancy ants
Then maybe try a few
The bare necessities of life will come to you
They'll come to you!
Look for the bare necessities
The simple bare necessities
Forget about your worries and your strife
I mean the bare necessities
That's why a bear can rest at ease
With just the bare necessities of life

Now when you pick a pawpaw
Or a prickly pear
And you prick a raw paw
Next time beware
Don't pick the prickly pear by the paw
When you pick a pear
Try to use the claw
But you don't need to use the claw
When you pick a pear of the big pawpaw
Have I given you a clue?

The bare necessities of life will come to you
They'll come to you!

So just try and relax, yeah cool it
Fall apart in my backyard
'Cause let me tell you something little britches
If you act like that bee acts, uh uh
You're working too hard

And don't spend your time lookin' around
For something you want that can't be found
When you find out you can live without it
And go along not thinkin' about it
I'll tell you something true

The bare necessities of life will come to you

The Seal Lullaby (2004)
Eric Whitacre (b. 1970)
Text: Rudyard Kipling (1865 - 1936)

The Seal Lullaby is the opening poem in Kipling's story The White Seal; the mother seal sings to her pup. Whitacre originally wrote it for an animated feature, which in the event was never realised. Instead, Whitacre used it to sing his own son to sleep (according to his website, with a success rate of less than 50%). The tune has since become a favourite with choirs.
Text:
Oh! Hush thee, my baby, the night is behind us,
And black are the waters that sparkled so green.
The moon, o’er the combers, looks downward to find us,
At rest in the hollows that rustle between.

Where billow meets billow, then soft be thy pillow,
Oh weary wee flipperling, curl at thy ease!
The storm shall not wake thee, nor shark overtake thee,
Asleep in the arms of the slow swinging seas!

**Hail Holy Queen from Sister Act (1992)**
**Marc Shaiman (b. 1959)**

Text:
Hail holy Queen enthroned above, oh Maria,
Hail mother of Mercy and of Love, oh Maria,

Triumph all ye cherubim!
Sing with us ye seraphim!
Heaven and Earth, resound the hymn!
Salve Regina!

Our life, our sweetness here below, oh Maria,
Our hope in sorrow and woe, oh Maria,

Triumph all ye cherubim!
Sing with us ye seraphim!
Heaven and Earth, resound the hymn!
Salve Regina!

Alleluiah

Mater ad mater inter marata
Sanctus sanctus dominus
Virgo respice mater ad spice
Sanctus sanctus dominus

Alleluiah

Our life, our sweetness here below, oh Maria,
Our hope in sorrow and woe, oh Maria,

Triumph all ye cherubim!
Sing with us ye seraphim!
Heaven and Earth, resound the hymn!
Salve Regina!
Johann Strauss, Jr. - The Waltz King

_Vergnügungszug_ (Pleasure Train), Op. 281
_Johann Strauss, Jr. (1825 - 1899)
Arr. Helmuth Froschauer
Text: Ewald Seifert

‘Vergnügungszug’ is a typical Strauss polka painting a picture of contemporary life: It was a favourite Sunday pastime in the nineteenth century to explore a city’s surroundings by steam train; the ride, not the destination was the point of the exercise. _Vergnügungszug_ (literally ‘pleasure’ or ‘amusement train’), a cheerful polka, tells the story of such an outing, complete with pushing and shoving to get on to the train, sandwiches, rabbits on the tracks, bird-calls and train whistles.

Text:
Bitte Leute eingestiegen
Jeder soll ein‘n Sitzplatz kriegen
Heute geht’s hinaus ins Grüne
Tante, Onkel und Cousine
Vater, Mutter und die Kinder
Alle fahren mit:
Dritte Klass, ist a Spaß,
harte Plätz’, um die geht’s.
Hauptsach’ ist, mir haben an Sitz
Denn um die ist das größte Griss.

Gleich wird’s losgehen,
denn der Schaffner gibt’s Signal
und wir kommen hin auf jeden Fall.
Erst geht’s langsam, aber kurz nur,
dann geht’s an, dann kommt ein kurzer Pfiff,
das ist die Lokomotiv!
Der Dampf wird immer dichter
Und schwarz die Gesichter
Im Vergnügungszug.
Vater, was ist des dort für an Dom,
fragt begierig jetzt der kleine Sohn.
Doch der Vater weiß das nicht so schnell,
gibt dem Bab a Wurstbrot auf der Stell.
Aber damit gibt er noch ka Ruh,
macht das Fenster immer auf und zu.
Das tut den Herrn Vater furchtbar ratzn,
kurzerhand gibt er dem Buben a Watschn.
Die ist gsessen, wie angemessen
Und der Bua reibt sich die Wangen.
Ja, wie kann man denn nur gleich schlagen,
tut die Mutter voll Mitleid sagen.
Wein net, hörst du, gib Ruah,
schau jetzt beim Fenster hinaus.
Jetzt muss der Schaffner blasn
Auf den Schienen, da sitzen Hasen.
Langsam hoppeln die zwei davon
Schaun vom Gebüsch auf den schnellen Überraschungzug.

Bitte Leute eingestiegen . . .

Translation:
Everybody board the train,
Everyone shall have a seat
Today we are headed for the countryside:
Aunty, Uncle, and our cousin,
Father, Mother, and the children
Everyone aboard:
Third class, great fun!
Hard seats, you have to fight for them.
Main thing, we get a seat
They are really in demand.

There! We are about to leave,
The conductor gives the signal,
We’ll arrive anyroad.
First slowly, but only briefly,
Then we pick up speed, a whistle blows,
That is our engine!
The steam thickens
And blackens the faces
Aboard the pleasure train.

Program Notes continued on the next page
Father, what’s that cathedral over there,
The little boy wants to know.
But father doesn’t know this off the top of his head
And gives the boy a sandwich.
But the boy won’t keep still,
He opens and shuts the window.
This annoys his Father,
And he boxes his ears.
That hurts, as intended,
And the boy rubs his cheek.
How can you lash out like that,
Mothers says, with feeling.
Don’t cry, do you hear, be quiet
And look out of the window.
Now the conductor blows his whistle:
There are two rabbits on the tracks.
They hop off eventually
To watch the fast train from the bushes.

Everybody board the train . . .

Kaiserwalzer (Emperor Waltz), Op. 437 (1889)
Johann Strauss, Jr. (1825 – 1899)
Arr. Gerald Wirth (b. 1965)

Strauss composed Kaiserwalzer for the inauguration of the new concert hall in Berlin in 1889.
Emperor Franz Joseph had visited Emperor Wilhelm II that year, and toasted him with the words “hand in hand”, and Strauss had originally intended to use the quote as title. His publisher Fritz Simrock suggested the catchier title “Kaiserwalzer”. It sounded far more imperial, and had the added advantage that it could be taken to refer to either monarch. Kaiserwalzer was first performed in Berlin on 21 October 1889, with Strauss himself conducting.

Right from the beginning, the majestic waltz proved extremely popular with audiences everywhere: It is one of Strauss best known pieces. There are three feature films that make extensive use of the music; they even use its name as their title. Among them is a 1948 film by Billy Wilder starring Bing Crosby.

The Vienna Boys Choir has been singing this particular waltz since the 1920s. In 1953, they recorded it for the soundtrack of Franz Antel’s movie by the same name. In the film, it is sung before Empress Elisabeth (“Sisi”).

Text:
Wenn Wien erwacht in Frühlingspracht
Im Wienerwald Vogelsanghallt,
dann sei bereit, liebe Maid,
denn s’ist jetzt holde Frühlingszeit.
Burschen, Mädel, alt und jung vereint,
freu’n sich alle, Sonne wieder scheint.
Liebe, Küsse, holde Seligkeit,
denn so liebt der Wiener Frühlingszeit.

Klingen Walzer von ferne
Die er tanzt, ach so gerne
Nimmt er’s Mädel gleich fest unter’n Arm
Das macht den beiden warm.

Und mit leichten Schritten
Fast mit Elfeleins Tritten
Dreh’n sich beide im Tanz.

Von dieser Melodei
Wird man ganz verrückt
Eins, zwei, drei, tralalei,
singt das Herz dabei.

Seht, das ist unser Wien
Dort geboren ich bin,
Vater, Mutter sind dort,
s’ist ein himmlischer Ort.

Stephansdom und der Ring,
Preislied darauf nun erkling,
o Wien, Perle von Schönheit,
bleib so in Ewigkeit.

Translation:
When spring begins in Vienna,
You hear birdsong in the woods,
Be ready, dear maiden,
It is spring time!

Lads and lasses, old and young together,
Everyone is cheerful, the sun shines again.
Love and kisses, happiness,
That’s how the Viennese like their spring.

You hear waltz music from afar:
The young man likes to dance
And takes his girl by the arm
Warming both of them equally.

Light-footed,
Almost like elves,
They both waltz away.
This music can make you quite mad,
One, two, three, tralala,
The heart sings along.

Look, this is our city,
Where I was born.
Father and mother are there,
It is an excellent place.

St Stephen’s Cathedral, the Ring Road,
Let’s sing to them,
Beautiful Vienna,
May it stay like this forever.

**Tritsch Tratsch (Chitchat), Op. 214**
Johann Strauss, Jr. (1825 – 1899)
Arr. Gerald Wirth (b. 1965)
Text: Tina Breckwoldt

Tritschtratsch (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 21 March 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, performing for the holidaymakers there. The paper obliquely hinted at an affair with a Russian woman, and the gossip spread through Vienna like wildfire. Strauss penned the polka as an answer.

Tritsch Tratsch was composed between August and November of 1858 and was first performed in a public house called ‘The Great Siskin’ in the Spittelberg area of Vienna on 24 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 short piece of music – nineteenth century hype.

There are a number of texts for Tritsch Tratsch. The text sung by the Vienna Boys Choir deals with gossip mongering and what it can do to people, ending with a tongue-in-cheek bow to Plato.

The cheerful polka has sometimes been put to unexpected use: it features in the James-Bond-movie Moonraker, where it accompanies Bond alias Roger Moore, gliding across St Marc’s Square in a hovercraft.

The Vienna Boys Choir has performed this popular piece – a signature tune for Austrian musicians - twice at the New Year’s Day Concert of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, in 1988 and in 1998, and the boys performed it again on 1 January 2012.
Text:
Er ist – man sagt – (Ach, Klatsch - und Tratsch)
Man hat sich schon beschwert
Er fragt – man klagt (Wir sind - empört)
Das ist doch unerhört.

Er meint – es scheint (Nur Klatsch - und Tratsch)
Er stellt sich gern zur Schau
Man glaubt – man meint (Wie schön - ist das)
Ich weiss es nicht genau.

Gerüchte brodeln ganz ungeniert
raffiniert, kommentiert
auf einmal fühlt man sich exponiert
wie es denn das nur passiert?

Das hat man noch nie vernommen!
Ist das schon mal vorgekommen?
Wie sind wir hierher gekommen,
hier an diesen Punkt?

Das Gehirn geht im Kreis
Der Verstand liegt auf Eis
während sie die Mär verbreiten

Trio
Wenn sie kleine Erbsen zählen
Um die anderen zu quälen
Zwischen Schwert und Worten wählen
wollen sie nur zeigen
dass sie tüchtig sind.

Treiben sie es auf die Spitze,
feixen, frozzeln, reissen Witze,
reden sich in Dauerhitze,
um sich zu beweisen,
dass sie wichtig sind.

Wir kommen jetzt so richtig erst in Fahrt
Inzwischen geht es wirklich hart auf hart
Wir streiten um des alten Kaisers Bart
Ja, um des Kaisers Bart.

Coda
Es ist ein Gerücht.
Was weiss man denn? Man weiss doch nichts.
Das weiss ich!
Translation:
He is – they say (That’s gossip - more gossip)
They have already complained
He asks – they moan (We are - outraged)
This is simply not on!

He says – it seems (Just gossip - more gossip)
He likes to show off and pose
They believe – they surmise (How nice - that is)
I don’t exactly know.

Rumours fly about shamelessly
Tricky, annotated,
And all of a sudden you feel utterly exposed
How did that happen?

This is totally unheard of
Has something like this happened before
How did we get here,
To this point?

The mind walks in circles
Brain totally numb
While they continue to spread tales

Trio
When they get worked up over peanuts,
Just to torture others,
Choose between sword and words,
They only want to show
How efficient they are.

When they carry on
Smirking, taunting, cracking jokes,
Blathering on forever,
They want to prove to themselves
That they are important.

We are just getting started
Now we are really talking
We fight over nothing,
Yes, over nothing.

Coda
It is merely a rumour.
What do you know? We know nothing.
That I do know!