

**WIENER SÄNGERKNABEN – VIENNA BOYS CHOIR**  
**Conductor: Manuel Huber**

**2023 Fall Tour of the USA**

## **A NIGHT AT THE THEATRE**

Giacomo Puccini (1858–1924)

**Là sui monti del est** (Over the hills, far away)  
from the opera "Turandot" (1924)

Puccini's last opera tells the story of cruel Princess Turandot who likes to behead her suitors; the plot is based on an 18<sup>th</sup> century play which in turn has its roots in an ancient Persian tale. Puccini's opera is set in an imaginary version of ancient China. To her people, Turandot commands unimaginable power, and as she is getting ready for yet another execution, the boys sing of her splendor. The melody is an 18<sup>th</sup> century folk song, Mo li hua (Jasmin flower) – one of the most iconic Chinese songs and still hugely popular.

Puccini was just about able to finish the opera before his death. Turandot was first performed in 1926, with Arturo Toscanini conducting.

Lyrics:

Là sui monti dell'Est la cicogna cantò.  
Ma l'april non rifiorì, ma la neve non sgelò.  
Dal deserto al mar non odi tu mille voci sospirar:  
"Principessa, scendi a me!  
Tutto fiorirà, tutto splenderà!" Ah!

There in the Eastern mountains, a stork sings.  
But April has not yet brought flowers, the snow has not melted.  
From the desert to the sea, you hear a thousand voices sighing,  
"Princess, come down to me,  
Everything will bloom, everything will shine!" Ah!

Claude Debussy (1862–1918)

Excerpt from the cantata

**"La Damoiselle élue"** (The Blessed Damozel), L. 62 (1887-88)

Words: Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828–1882),

French translation: Gabriel Sarrazin (1853–1935)

Claude Debussy's cantata "La Damoiselle élue" is based on the poem "The Blessed Damozel" by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Rossetti in turn took his inspiration from Edgar Allan Poe's The Raven, where a lover mourns the death of his beloved. Rossetti looks at the situation from the other side: He has the dear departed damozel in heaven, longing for her lover, who is still alive and earthbound. She manages to make her presence felt by leaning on Heaven's golden barrier and speaking with a voice "like that of the stars".

Lyrics

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La damoiselle élue s'appuyait  
Sur la barrière d'or du ciel.  
Ses yeux étaient plus profonds  
Que l'abîme des eaux calmes au soir.  
Elle avait trois lys à la main  
Et sept étoiles dans les cheveux.

Sa robe flottante  
n'était point ornée de fleurs brodées,  
Mais d'une rosé blanche, présent de Marie,  
Pour le divin service justement portée;  
Ses cheveux qui tombaient le long de ses épaules  
Étaient jaunes comme le blé mûr.

Autour d'elle des amants,  
Nouvellement réunis,  
Répétaient pour toujours, entre eux,  
Leurs nouveaux noms d'extase;  
Et les âmes, qui montaient à Dieu,  
Passaient près d'elle comme de fines flammes.

Alors, elle s'inclina de nouveau et se pencha  
En dehors du charme encerclant,  
Jusqu'à ce que son sein eut échauffé  
La barrière sur laquelle elle s'appuyait,  
Et que les lys gisent comme endormis  
Le long de son bras courbé.

Le soleil avait disparu, la lune annelée  
Était comme une petite plume  
Flottant au loin dans l'espace; et voilà  
Qu'elle parla à travers l'air calme,  
Sa voix était pareille à celle des étoiles  
Lorsqu'elles chantent en chœur.

English Original  
The blessed damozel leaned out  
From the gold bar of Heaven;  
Her eyes were deeper than the depth  
Of waters stilled at even;  
She had three lilies in her hand,  
And the stars in her hair were seven

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,  
No wrought flowers did adorn,  
But a white rose of Mary's gift,  
For service meetly worn;

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Her hair that lay along her back  
Was yellow like ripe corn.

(Literal translation)  
All around her, lovers,  
newly reunited,  
forever repeating to each other  
their new-found terms of endearment  
and the souls who ascended to God  
passed by her like fine flames.

And so, she leaned forward once more and  
Out of the encircling magic,  
Until her breast had warmed  
The golden bar upon which she leant  
Until the lilies rested as if in sleep  
Along her curved arms.

As the sun disappeared, the ringed moon  
Appeared like a small feather,  
Floating in space; and - voilà,  
She spoke through the quiet air,  
Her voice like that of the stars,  
When they sing in choirs.

Maurice Duruflé (1902 - 1986)

**Tota pulchra es Maria** (You are wholly beautiful, Mary)

from: Quatre motets sur des themes grégoriens, opus 10 (1960)

Maurice 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 metre results in an ethereal, suspended

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quality. The original prayer dates to the fourth century. It is an antiphon for the Feast of the Immaculate Conception on 8 December, 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.  
You are the glory of Jerusalem, you are the delight of Israel, you are the  
honoured of our people.  
You are wholly beautiful, Mary

Hans Leo Hassler (1564 – 1612)

**Cantate Domino** (Sing to the lord)  
for four-part choir a cappella

Hans Leo Hassler was born in Nuremberg, the son of composer Isaak Hassler. He started his musical training with his father. In 1584, Hassler went to Venice to study with Andrea Gabrieli; he was among the first German musicians to do so.

In 1586, Hassler returned to Germany. He became chamber organist to the wealthy and hugely influential Fugger Family in Augsburg. In 1600, he became director of music of the city of Nuremberg, and in 1608, he was appointed chamber organist of the Prince Elector of Saxony in Dresden.

Hassler's music reflects his travels; it shows Venetian and German influences. Contemporaries especially liked Hassler's cheerful madrigals and songs.

The text of "Cantate Domino" is based on Psalm 96, which would have been sung at the New Year festival in Antiquity.

Text

Cantate Domino canticum novum, cantate Domino omnis terra.  
Cantate Domino, et benedicite nomini eius:  
annuntiate de die in diem salutare eius  
annuntiate inter gentes gloriam eius  
in omnibus populis mirabilia eius

Translation

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Sing to the Lord a new song,  
Sing to the Lord all the world.  
Sing and bless his name,  
Tell aloud of his salvation, day by day.  
Tell the nations of his glory  
and all peoples of his miracles.

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685–1750)

**Bourrée II**

From: English Suite Nr. 2 in a minor, BWV 807

Arr. Manuel Huber

Bach wrote his "English" suites – a set of six suites for a keyboard instrument – in Weimar around 1715. Their composition may have been influenced by the keyboard suites of François "Charles" Dieupart (1676–1751), a famous contemporary harpsichord virtuoso.

Bach's instrumental music, never predictable, but always to the point, always in control, and always highly enjoyable, lends itself to be arranged for a-cappella choir. Manuel Huber arranged the Bourrée II for his choir, following a tradition started by the Swingle singers in the 1960s. There are no words, simply syllables chose for musical effect.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791)

**Eine kleine Nachtmusik** (A little night music), K. 525

Arr. for a cappella choir: Gerald Wirth

As "Hofcompositeur", composer to the Imperial Court, Mozart is one of the musicians linked to the Vienna Boys Choir's history. For our 525<sup>th</sup> anniversary, the Choir decided to do its own version of Mozarts "K. 525" - one of the most famous and best-loved pieces in Classical music, the "Little night music".

Mozart wrote his serenade in G major in August of 1787, while he was working on his opera Don Giovanni. A serenade is a musical tribute, usually played in the evening or at night, and Mozart scored this piece for a string ensemble. Gerald Wirth, the artistic director of the Vienna Boys Choir, adapted the first movement for the boys, with the sopranos singing the part of first and second violins, and the altos covering the lower parts of viola, cello, and bass. There is no text; the voices imitate the instruments.

Maurice Ravel (1875–1937)

**Ronde** (Roundelay)

From: Trois chansons no. 3 (1916)

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Ravel wrote his *Trois chansons* in the months immediately following World War I; they were pure escapism into a fairy world, with lyrics by the composer himself. No. 3 is a roundelay, which has different groups singing at each other. The old women and old men address a group of young people, warning them to stay away from the dangerous Woods, teeming with all manner of magical creatures, some alluring, others mysterious, and not all of them altogether pleasant – precisely why the young people would want to go.

Ravel had asked his friends Georges Jean-Aubry and Alexis Roland-Manuel, both music critics, to collect all the names of forest creatures and demons that they could find. It is of course both a musical joke and a tongue-twisting play on words; in the very best tradition of French Renaissance chansons.

Words

[Les vieilles]

N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde,  
Jeunes filles, n'allez pas au bois:  
Il y a plein de satyres, de centaures, de malins sorciers,  
Des farfadets et des incubes,  
Des ogres, des lutins,  
Des faunes, des follets, des lamies,  
Diables, diablots, diabolins,  
Des chèvre-pieds, des gnomes, des démons,  
Des loups-garous, des elfes, des myrmidons,  
Des enchanteurs et des mages,  
Des stryges, des sylphes, des moines-bourrus,  
Des cyclopes, des djinns, gobelins,  
Korrigans, nécromants, kobolds...

[Les vieux]

N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde,  
Jeunes garçons, n'allez pas au bois:  
Il y a plein de faunesses, de bacchantes et de males fées,  
Des satyresses, des ogresses et des babaiagas,  
Des centaures et des diablasses,  
Goules sortant du sabbat,  
Des farfadettes et des démons,  
Des larves, des nymphes, des myrmidones,  
Hamadryades, dryades, naïades, ménades, thyades,  
Follettes, lémures, gnomides,  
Succubes, gorgones, gobelines...  
N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde.

[Filles et garçons]

N'irons plus au bois d'Ormonde,  
Hélas! plus jamais n'irons au bois.  
Il n'y a plus de satyres, plus de nymphes ni de males fées.

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Plus de farfadets, plus d'incubes,  
Plus d'ogres, de lutins,  
De faunes, de follets, de lamies,  
Diables, diablots, diabolins,  
De chèvre-pieds, de gnomes, de démons,  
De loups-garous, ni d'elfes, de myrmidons,  
Plus d'enchanteurs ni de mages, de stryges, de sylphes,  
De moines-bourrus, de cyclopes, de djinns,  
De diabloteaux, d'éfrits, d'aegyptans, de sylvains, gobelins,  
Korrigans, nécromans, kobolds...  
N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde,  
Les malavisées vieilles,  
Les malavisés vieux  
Les ont effarouchés. Ah!

Translation:

[The old women]

Don't go into Ormonde Woods,  
Young girls, don't go into the woods.  
It is full of satyrs, centaurs, evil wizards,  
Imps and incubi,  
Ogres, goblins,  
Fauns, sprites, lamias (child eating monsters),  
Devils, small and tiny devils,  
Goat-footed demons, gnomes, demons,  
Werewolves, elves, myrmidons,  
Enchanters and magi,  
Witches, sylphs, cantankerous monks,  
Cyclops, djinns, goblins,  
Korrigans, necromancers, leprechauns ...

[The old men]

Don't go into Ormonde Woods,  
Young lads, don't go into the woods:  
It is full of female fauns, Bacchae and evil fairies,  
female satyrs, ogresses, Baba Yagas,  
female centaurs and devils,  
ghouls coming directly from a witches' Sabbath,  
impettes and demonesses,  
nymphs, myrmidons,  
hamadryads, dryads, nayads, menads, thyades,  
crazies, lemurs, female gnomes,  
succubi, gorgons, female goblins ...  
Do not go into Ormonde Woods.

[Lasses and lads]

We will not venture into Ormonde Woods anymore,  
We will never again go into the woods.

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There are no satyrs anymore, no nymphs, nor male fairies.  
No more Imps and incubi,  
No more ogres, goblins,  
Fauns, sprites, lamias,  
Goat-footed demons, gnomes, demons,  
Werewolves, elves, myrmidons,  
No more enchanters or magi, witches or sylphs,  
Cantankerous monks, cyclops, or djinns,  
Devils, ifrits, Aegipans, forest ghosts, hobgoblins,  
Korrigans, necromancers, leprechauns ...  
Don't go into Ormonde Woods.  
The ill-advised old women,  
The ill-advised old men,  
They have scared them off. Ah!

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy (1809 - 1847)

**Bunte Schlangen, zweigezüngt!** (You spotted snakes, with double tongues)  
Elves' chorus, from: Ein Sommernachtstraum (A Midsummer Night's Dream),  
opus 61/4 (1842)

Text: August Wilhelm Schlegel (1767 – 1845), after William Shakespeare

In 1826, 17-year-old Mendelssohn read the Schlegel's translation of Shakespeare's famous play; this prompted him to compose an overture for the piece. The other ten movements of incidental music for the play (including the famous "Wedding March") were written in 1842, commissioned by King Frederick William IV of Prussia.

Text

Erste Elfe  
Bunte Schlangen, zweigezüngt,  
Igel, Molche, fort von hier!  
Dass ihr euren Gift nicht bringt  
In der Königin Revier!

Chor

Nachtigall, mit Melodei  
Sing in unser Eiapopei!  
Eiapopeia! Eiapopei!  
Dass kein Spruch,  
Kein Zauberfluch  
Der holden Herrin schädlich sei.  
Nun gute Nacht mit Eiapopei!

Zweite Elfe

Schwarze Käfer, uns umgibt  
Nicht mit Summen! Macht euch fort!



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Spinnen, die ihr künstlich webt,  
Webt an einem andern Ort!

Chor

Erste Elfe  
Alles gut, nun auf und fort!  
Einer halte Wache dort!

Translation / Shakespeare's English Original  
First elf  
You spotted snakes with double tongue,  
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;  
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong;  
Come not near our fairy queen.

Chorus  
Philomel, with melody,  
Sing in our sweet lullaby;  
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby!  
Never harm,  
Nor spell nor charm,  
Come our lovely lady nigh;  
So, good night, with lullaby.

Second elf  
Weaving spiders, come not here;  
Hence, you long-legg`d spinners, hence!  
Beetles black, approach not near;  
Worm nor snail, do no offence.

Chorus

Second elf  
Hence, away! now all is well:  
One aloof stand sentinel.

Stephen Sondheim (1930–2021)  
**No One Is Alone | Children Will Listen**  
from the musical "Into the Woods" (1986)

"Into the Woods" tells the story of a baker and his wife who, while trying to start a family, get drawn into several fairy tales of the Brothers Grimm and meet, among others, characters from Cinderella, Jack and the Beanstalk, and Little Red Riding Hood. The musical won three Tony Awards (Best Score, Best Book, and Best Actress in a musical).

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On their 2023 tour of the USA, the Vienna Boys Choir performs the two final songs from Sondheim's musical. "No One Is Alone" has the four lead characters pondering the consequences of their wishes, only to discover that no one is truly alone, and that people are there to help each other "through the woods".

Lyrics

No One Is Alone

CINDERELLA

Mother cannot guide you.  
Now you're on you're own.  
Only me beside you.  
Still, you're not alone.  
No one is alone, truly.  
No one is alone.

Sometimes people leave you  
halfway through the wood.  
Others may deceive you.  
You decide what's good.  
You decide alone.  
But no one is alone.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

I wish...

CINDERELLA

I know...

Mother isn't here now.

BAKER

Wrong things, right things...  
Who knows what she'd say?  
Who can say what's true?  
Nothing's quite so clear now-  
Do things, fight things...  
Feel you've lost your way?  
You decide, but  
You are not alone, You are not alone.  
Believe me.  
No one is alone.  
No one is alone,  
Believe me.  
Truly...

BOTH

You move just a finger,

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Say the slightest word,  
Something's bound to linger,  
Be heard.  
No one acts alone.  
Careful, no one is alone.

CINDERELLA  
People make mistakes. People make mistakes.  
Fathers,  
Mothers,

BOTH  
People make mistakes,  
Holding their own,  
Thinking they're alone.

CINDERELLA  
Honor their mistakes...  
Fight for their mistakes-  
Everybody makes-

BOTH  
One another's  
Terrible mistakes.  
Witches can be right,  
Giants can be good.  
You decide what's right,  
You decide what's good.

CINDERELLA  
Just remember:

BAKER  
Just remember:

BOTH  
Someone is on your side.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD & JACK  
Our side.

CINDERELLA & BAKER  
Our side-  
Someone else is not.  
While we're seeing our side-

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD & JACK  
Our side....

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CINDERELLA & BAKER  
Our side-

ALL  
Maybe we forgot:  
They are not alone.  
No one is alone.

CINDERELLA  
Hard to see the light now.

BAKER  
Just don't let it go.

BOTH  
Things will come out tight now.  
We can make it so.  
Someone is on you side,  
No one is alone.

**CHILDREN WILL LISTEN**

Careful the things you say  
Children will listen  
Careful the things you do  
Children will see and learn  
Children may not obey, but children will listen  
Children will look to you for which way to turn  
Co learn what to be  
Careful before you say 'Listen to me'  
Children will listen

Careful the wish you make  
Wishes are children  
Careful the path they take  
Wishes come true, not free  
Careful the spell you cast  
Not just on children  
Sometimes the spell may last  
Past what you can see  
And turn against you  
Careful the tale you tell  
That is the spell  
Children will listen ...

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Giacomo Puccini

**La sui monti del est (Over the hills, far away)**

From: Turandot

\* \* \* INTERMISSION \* \* \*

Sir Karl Jenkins (\*1944)

**Adiemus** (1994)

From: "Songs of Sanctuary"

Sir Karl Jenkins is a Welsh composer; for most of his professional life, Jenkins was known as a jazz and rock performer who played in several different bands.

Adiemus - the title song of Jenkins' s "Songs of Sanctuary" album - is the composer' s most famous work, instantly recognizable. The music is a rousing blend of African and Celtic elements; the lyrics are in an invented language, meant to sound like Latin - perhaps with the idea of creating an almost magical sound, like a prayer or an incantation, and to be felt rather than understood. The word itself is close to Latin "adimus", which means "we go". The song topped the European Classical charts in 1995; it has been used in commercials and in films.

Willie Nelson (\*1933)

**On the Road Again**

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No song fits better with the Choir's life on the road than Willie Nelson's famous country hit "On the Road Again". Nelson jotted down his Grammy-winning hit during a flight on an airsickness bag - for want of writing paper. - The Choir's version is classical a cappella, with voice percussion provided by the boys themselves.

Lyrics:

On the road again

Just can't wait to get on the road again

The life I love is making music with my friends

And I can't wait to get on the road again

On the road again

Goin' places that I've never been

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Seein' things that I may never see again  
And I can't wait to get on the road again

On the road again  
Like a band of gypsies we go down the highway  
We're the best of friends  
Insisting that the world keep turning our way  
And our way  
Is on the road again

Joe Hisaishi (b. 1950) – Wakako Kaku (b. 1961)

**Jinseino Merry-Go-Round**

From the movie "Howl's Moving Castle"

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GEMA Nr. 8630427-001

Jinseino Merry-Go-Round is the main theme of Hayao Miyazaki's 2004 animated film, "Howl's Moving Castle". The hugely successful movie, based on Diana Wynne Jones's book of the same name, was nominated for an Academy Award in 2006. The story is set in a fictional kingdom, where magic and technology operate alongside each other; allowing the castle to move on chicken feet, rather like a giant version of a Baba Yaga hut.

Lyrics

Nagare-boshino youni  
maware tsuki no youni  
mukaikaze nimo tome-rare-nai meri gorando  
Yozora o miwataseru yaneura no doa wa ki-shi-masena ide shimekiru  
kotsu ga aruno.  
Kowarekaketa koto kogoenai youni  
haotte nobashita yubisaki no sora ni wa  
Nagareboshi naga rete sora ni wa amanogawa  
Yumekara, yumekara sameta boku sora o miagete mireba sokoniwa kumohitutsu  
mo nai seiten no sora  
Taiyo ga kagayaku utsukushii  
kono hoshi wa itsumo boku no kokoro  
yawaragetekureru kono sora / hoshi.

Translation

Falling star encircles the moon  
Against the winds, but there is no stopping  
The night sky seen from the attic  
Take care, don't let the door creak as you close it  
There is a knack

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His coat is half torn, (make sure) that he is not cold  
I put it on and extend my finger to the sky  
Falling stars cross the sky, the milky way  
(It is but) a dream, a dream, awake, I look at the sky.  
Blue sky without clouds.  
The sun is shining,  
This planet (Earth) will stay in my heart,  
And my heart grows happy.

Marc Shaiman (\*1959)  
**Hail, Holy Queen**  
from the movie „Sister Act“ (1992)  
Arr. Roger Emerson

Hail, Holy Queen from the movie Sister Act is a choral favourite, bound to make the audience smile. Starting as a demure chant, it soon explodes into a jubilant choir with rhythmic clapping.

In the film, a group of nuns performs them under the direction of Whoopi Goldberg, who plays a Las Vegas singer hiding from organised crime. She manages to transform the languishing nunnery choir into a spectacular ensemble singing with such pizzazz they manage to fill the hitherto empty church.

The solo interjections, “Mater ad mater inter marata” and “Virgo respice” are not Classical Latin, and somewhat lacking in grammar, but then so are quite a few medieval texts. The first line might be rendered “Mother among mothers” (which should really be “Mater inter matres”; if “ad” is correct, it would require the accusative matrem). However, perhaps it should just be understood as an exclamation, “ah”, Mother, oh, Mother. “marata” is not a word at all; it may be a typo for either merata/meraca “pure”, or murata “walled” - inter murata might then mean “surrounded by walls”, as in a nunnery perhaps. As the words were written for the movie, and the character who comes up with them is a Las Vegas singer, they were perhaps not meant too seriously.

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,

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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 adspice  
Sanctus sanctus dominus

**Juchhe, Tirolerbua** (Hey, Tyrolean lad)  
Cattle Driving Song from the Tyrol  
Arr. Gerald Wirth

The spectacular Alpine Cattle Drives have given rise to numerous songs. The oldest reference with this text is found in a hand-written song book dating to 1820. The oldest printed appearance seems to be in 1863, in a book on Alpine Folk Music: H. Pröhle, *Weltliche und geistliche Volkslieder* (1863). By folk songs' standards, this is a fairly long written tradition, and there is, accordingly, an abundance of references. Parodies like "Hey, Tyrolean lad/tie my bodice/but not too tight/or there'll be a lawsuit", written in 1896, prove that the cheerful, bouncy song was extremely popular. The chorus, "Hollaradio, dio", is simply a typical yodel, a shout of joy.

Text  
Juchhe, Tirolerbua,  
Hollaradio,  
Jauchaz i der Alma zua,  
Hollaradio, dio.  
Die Madalan, die Buabn,  
Wachsn her wia die Ruabn  
Springen beim Tanzn in d'Höh'  
Hollaradio,  
Hupfn auf als wia die Flöh'.  
Hollaradio, dio.

Z'morgetz in aller Fruah  
Hollaradio,  
Fahrn mir der Alma zua,  
Hollaradio, dio.  
Die Küahlan tun grasn,  
der Küahbuah tut blasn,  
der Stier, der brüllt den Bass dazua,  
Hollaradio,



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Z'morgetz in aller Fruah  
Hollaradio, dio.

Wann i zua der Hüttn kimm,  
Hollaradio,  
kimmt aft glei die Sennerin,  
Hollaradio, dio.  
Sie bringt in a Schüssl  
Die herrlichsten Bissl,  
Rahmmuas und a Weinbeern drein,  
Hollaradio,  
werd wohl a guats Essn sein,  
Hollaradio, dio.

Translation  
Hey, Tyrolean lad,  
Hollaradio,  
I am singing cheerfully towards the meadow,  
Hollaradio, dio.  
Girls and boys  
Grow like turnips,  
hollaradio,  
Jump high when they dance,  
hollaradio,  
jump like fleas,  
Hollaradio, dio.

Early in the morning,  
Hollaradio,  
We drive [the cattle] up to the pastures,  
Hollaradio, dio.  
The cows graze,  
the cowboy blows [a horn].  
The bull lows the bass line,  
Hollaradio,  
early in the morning,  
hollaradio, dio.

As soon as I arrive at the chalet,  
Hollaradio,  
the dairymaid comes,  
Hollaradio, dio.  
She brings a bowl  
With the choicest morsels  
Of cream custard with grapes,  
Hollaradio,  
A fine meal indeed,  
Hollaradio, dio.

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Johann Strauss II (1825–1899)

**Wo die Citronen blüh'n** (Where the lemons blossom)

Waltz, opus 364 (1874)

Arr. Uwe Theimer

Johann Strauss II, the „waltz king“, 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 Josef (1827–1870) and Eduard (1835–1916). When Johann was ten years old, his father became Hofball-Musikdirektor (Music Director at the Court Balls). A high honour, but Strauss's Père 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 nineteen, 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.

*Wo die Zitronen blüh'n* consists of a slow introduction, three two-part waltz sections, and a coda. The name refers to a poem by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, „Mignon“, one of the most famous German poems, written in 1782 and often quoted or parodied. Goethe's text is considered the epitome of German poetry; it has been set to music over 100 times, by composers like Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, and Tchaikovsky.

On 27 June 1874, the waltz was performed publicly by the famous soprano Marie Geistinger, who had the text written for the occasion.

Text

Du wonniges Land, vom Zauber umhüllt,  
du glücklicher Strand, mit Wundern erfüllt,  
ihr Düfte so reich, ihr Düfte so süß,  
Italien, du Paradies.

Du lachende Au im sonnigen Schein,  
du Himmel so blau, du schattiger Hain,  
wie freudig, wie gern gedenke ich dein,  
nah dir oder fern.

Deinen Klang, deinen Sang  
glaub' ich immer zu hören  
bald hinaus, jubelnd laut,

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lieblich kosend, süß und traut.

Woge des Meeres küsst den Strand,  
kühlend den heißen Sand,  
dort schirmt ein Hain vor Sonnenglühen  
wo die Zitronen blüh'n.

Translation

You fortunate country, shrouded in magic,  
you happy beach, full of wonders,  
you rich scents, you sweet scents,  
Italy, you are paradise.

You cheerful green land basking in sunshine,  
you blue sky, you shady grove,  
how happily, gladly I think of you,  
no matter where I am.

Your sound, your song,  
I always think I hear it,  
sometimes loudly, full of joy,  
lovely and soothing, sweet and dear.

The wave from the sea comes to kiss the beach,  
cools the hot sand,  
and a grove shelters  
the lemon blossoms from the sun.

Josef Strauss (1827–1870)

**Matrosenpolka** (Sailors' polka), opus 52  
Words: Tina Breckwoldt; Arr. Gerald Wirth

Josef Strauss was the younger brother of the famous waltz king. He did not see himself as a musician: Josef was an engineer, and quite happy in his profession. Among other useful items, he invented a street cleaning machine for the Viennese magistrate. In 1853, his brother Johann suffered a nervous breakdown, and the entire family begged Josef to step in for his brother: the family depended on the concerts for their livelihood. Josef, who hated being the centre of attention, finally gave in and conducted the Strauss Kapelle whenever his brother was unable to do so.

The text for "Matrosenpolka" was written for the Vienna Boys Choir; it is a fragmentary radio call from a square rigger named "Delfin" (dolphin). The expression "pan-pan" begins an urgent call, which tells anyone listening there

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may be a problem aboard a ship; "da" and "dit" represent short and long tones in Morse code.

Text

Pan, pan, ein Funkspruch  
Auszug aus dem Logbuch  
vom Gespräch nur Fetzen,  
da - Segel setzen  
da - Nebelschwaden  
dit - Maschinenschaden  
Eine neue Mannschaft segelt diesmal die Delfin

daher wäre wichtig,  
man verstünde richtig:  
pan - sei versandet  
und sie sind gestrandet  
da - auf der Brücke  
dit - mit Mut zur Lücke  
pan, um Haaresbreite schrammen sie am Kai vorbei.

Ho, pan pan, ho, ho, pan pan, ho, pan, zieht fest an.  
Yo heave ho, yo heave ho.

Segel voller Löcher  
dit - an Deck die Brecher  
da - Schoten fieren,  
Pan - reparieren,  
Wund an den Händen:  
wie soll das nur enden?  
Das vermaledaite Tauwerk will nicht, wie ich will.

Das Schiff zieht schnell, da kommt ein Wind,  
Drängt jäh heran, türmt sich auf zum Sturm.

Nunmehr muss man Schotten dichten,  
neben allen andern Pflichten  
klappt man auch die Luken zu.

Die Matrosen müssen laufen,  
und aus einem wilden Haufen  
wird auf einmal eine Crew.

Pan, pan, ein Funkspruch  
Auszug aus dem Logbuch  
vom Gespräch nur Fetzen,  
da - Segel setzen  
da - Nebelschwaden  
dit - Maschinenschaden

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Was ist denn nur los an Bord der Viermastbark "Delfin"?

Ho, pan pan, ho, ho, pan pan, ho, pan, zieht fest an.  
Yo heave ho, yo heave ho.

Pan, wir fahren wieder  
singen Seemannslieder  
Mit geflickten Segeln  
gelten neue Regeln  
da, es kommt Wind auf,  
dit, wir nehmen Fahrt auf  
Und wir segeln schnurstracks auf den sichern Hafen zu.

In Sicherheit, in Sicherheit, ist die ganze Crew.

Translation

Pan, pan, a radio call,  
taken from the ship's log,  
merely snippets of speech,  
da – hoist sails,  
da – dense fog  
dit – engine trouble  
New seamen are sailing the ship "Delfin".

It would therefore be important  
to understand correctly:  
pan – something is sandlogged  
and they are stranded  
da – on the bridge  
dit – not afraid of narrow straits  
pan – they manage only just to scrape past the quai.

Ho, pan pan, ho, ho, pan pan, ho, pan, pull on the ropes.  
Yo heave ho, yo heave ho.

Sails riddled with holes  
dit – waves crashing on deck  
da – slacken the sheet ropes  
pan – necessary repairs  
how will this end?  
The godawful hawsers keep getting tangled up.

The ship flies fast, wind springs up,  
a sudden gust turns into storm.  
Now we have to batten hatches  
besides all other duties  
we must close the port holes.  
The sailors have to hurry,

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and a crazy mob  
turns suddenly into a proper crew.

Pan, pan, a radio call,  
part of the ship's log,  
merely snippets,  
da – hoist sails,  
da – dense fog  
dit – engine trouble  
What is going on aboard the square rigger “Delfin”?

Ho, pan pan, ho, ho, pan pan, ho, pan, pull on the ropes.  
Yo heave ho, yo heave ho.

Pan – we are sailing,  
singing shanties  
with freshly patched sails  
new rules apply  
da – wind springs up,  
dit – we are gaining speed,  
making straight for safe harbour.

Safe, the entire crew is safe.

**J’entends le moulin** (I hear the mill)  
French-Canadian folk song  
Arr. Donald Patriquin

This popular folk song from the Canadian province of Québec was originally known in France as *Mon père a fait bâtir maison*. The quickly moving French text matches the sounds the mill makes; while the text is rather suggestive, the rhythm of the singing resembles a quick dance.

Text  
J’entends le moulin, tique, tique, taque,  
J’entends le moulin, taque.  
Mon père a fait bâtir maison,  
J’entends le moulin, taque.  
L’a fait bâtir à trois pignons.  
Tique, taque, tique, taque.

J’entends le moulin, tique, tique, taque,  
J’entends le moulin, taque.  
Sont trois charpentiers qui la font,

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J'entends le moulin, taque.  
Le plus jeune c'est mon mignon.  
Tique, taque, tique, taque.

J'entends le moulin, tique, tique, taque,  
J'entends le moulin, taque.  
Qu'apportes-tu, mon p'tit fripon?  
J'entends le moulin, taque.  
C'est un pâté de trois pigeons.  
Tique, taque, tique, taque.

J'entends le moulin, tique, tique, taque,  
J'entends le moulin, taque.  
Asseyons-nous et le mangeons.  
J'entends le moulin, taque  
En s'asseyant il fit un bond.  
Tique, taque, tique, taque.  
J'entends le moulin, tique, tique, taque,  
J'entends le moulin, taque.

Translation

I hear the mill, tick, tick, tock,  
I hear the mill, tock.  
My father has built a house,  
I hear the mill, tock.  
Had it built with three gables.  
Tick, tock, tick, tock.

I hear the mill, tick, tick, tock,  
I hear the mill, tock.  
They were three carpenters who built it,  
I hear the mill, tock.  
The youngest is my cutie.  
Tick, tock, tick, tock.

I hear the mill, tick, tick, tock,  
I hear the mill, tock.  
What are you bringing, my naughty little rogue?  
I hear the mill, tock.  
It's a pie of three pigeons.  
Tick, tock, tick, tock.

I hear the mill, tick, tick, tock,  
I hear the mill, tock.  
Let's sit down and eat it.  
I hear the mill, tock

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As he sat down he jumped up.  
Tick, tock, tick, tock.  
I hear the mill, tick, tick, tock,  
I hear the mill, tock.

Notes compiled by Tina Breckwoldt  
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