**Song Texts**

**Translations**

***Ave Verum Corpus***

**(13th century chant)**

Ave verum corpus, natum Hail, true Body, born  
de Maria Virgine,of the Virgin Mary,  
vere passum, immolatum truly suffered, sacrificed  
in cruce pro homine on the cross for mankind,  
cuius latus perforatum from whose pierced side  
unda fluxit cum sanguine:flowed water and blood:  
esto nobis prægustatum Be for us a foretaste   
in mortis examine.[[c]](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ave_verum_corpus" \l "cite_note-4) in the trial of death!

***Ukuthula***

**(traditional Zulu Gospel)**

**Ukuthula** kulo mhlaba wezono (Aleluya) igazi likaJesu linyenyez’ ukuthula

Peace in this world of sin (Halleluja) the blood of Jesus brings peace

**Usindiso** kulo mhlaba wezono (Aleluya) igazi likaJesu linyenyez’ usindiso

Redemption (salvation) in this world of sin (Halleluja) the blood of Jesus brings

redemption (salvation)

**Ukubonga** kulo mhlaba wezono (Aleluya) igazi likaJesu linyenyez’ ukubonga

Praise (gratefulness) in this world of sin (Halleluja) the blood of Jesus brings praise

(gratefulness)

**Ukukholwa** kulo mhlaba wezono (Aleluya) igazi likaJesu linyenyez’ ukukholwa

Faith in this world of sin (Halleluja) the blood of Jesus brings faith

**Ukunqoba** kulo mhlaba wezono (Aleluya) igazi likaJesu linyenyez’ ukunqoba

Victory in this world of sin (Halleluja) the blood of Jesus brings victory

**Induduzo** kulo mhlaba wezono (Aleluya) igazi likaJesu linyenyez’ induduzo

Comfort in this world of sin (Halleluja) the blood of Jesus brings comfort

**Viktor Ullmann**

***Drei Jiddische Lieder (Brezulinka) (Three Yiddish Songs)***

***Berjoskele (Little Birch Tree)* (words by Dovid Eynhorn)**

Ruig, Softly,

Ruig schockelt ihr gelocktes grines Kepel Softly sways its green little head,

Mein wejssinke Berjoskele, My little white birch tree,

Un davent on a Schir; And prays without end.

Jedes, Bletele ihr’s scheptshet shtil a t’fille. Each leaf whispers a soft prayer

Sej schejn, klein Berjoskele, Be nice, little birch tree,

Mispallel ejch far mir! Say a prayer for me!

Fun weiten Marev From far in the wheat

hot sich trojrig farganvet A slender red ray

in die dine twejgelech a rizer, Slyly slipped between the thin,

zarter Stral. Delicate branches

un a stillen Kush getun And gave a quiet kiss

di Bletelech die Klejne. To the small leaves

Welche hoben dremlendig Which dreamily

Gehorcht dem Nachtigall. Listened to the song of the nightingale.

Fun die weite Felder Over the wide open fields

Is a Wintele gekumen A wind has come

Un dezejlt die Bletelech And told the leaves

Legends on a Schir. Stories without end,

Epes hot in Harzen tief Something deep in my heart

Bei mir genumen benken. Began to yearn,

Sej schejn, Kleijn Berjoskele Be nice, little birch tree,

Mispallel ejch far mir. Say a prayer for me!

***Margarithelech (Daisies)* (words by Shneur Zalman)**

In Weldel In the little woods

Beim Teichel, dort senen gewaksen By the pond there grew

Margarithelech elent un klejn Daisies lonely and small,

Wie klejninke Sunen Like little suns

Mit weissinke Strahlen, With white rays,

Mit wejssinke tra-la-la-la. With white tra-la-la-la!

Gegangen is Chavele Chavele walked

Still un farcholemt, Quietly and dreamy-eyed,

Zu losen die gold-blonde Zep Her gold-blond pigtail loosened,

Dos Helzel entblojst Her neck uncovered,

Un gemurmelt, And she hummed,

Ge Lidele, Tra-la-la-la. Sang a little song. Tra-la-la-la !

Die Sun is forgangen, The sun has set,

Der Bocher verschwunden, The young man has disappeared,

Und Chavele sitzt noch in Wald. And Chavele still sits in the wood.

Sie kukt in der weiten She gazes into the distance

Un murmelt farcholemt And hums dreamy-eyed

Dos Lidele: Tra-la-la-la. The little song: Tra-la-la-la.

***A Mejdel in die Johren (An Unmarried Girl)* (words by an unknown poet)**

Ich bin schejn a Mejdel in die Johren I am an unmarried girl, no longer young,

Wos hos-tu mir den Kopf fordrehht? Why did you steal my heart?

Ich wolt schejn lang a Kale geworen I’ve wanted to be a bride for a long time,

Un efscher take Chassene gehat. And perhaps really have a wedding.

Du host mir zugesogt zu nehmen, You promised to take me,

Un ich hob ejf Dir gewart; And I waited for you;

Far wos sols-tu, Duchen-ju Why should you, sweetheart,

mich farschejmen. Put me to shame,

Zi hos-tu Dich in mir genart? Or did you just want to deceive me?

***Ave Maria***

**(from the Gospel of Luke plus a second part written in the 15th century)**

Ave Maria, gratia plena, Hail Mary, full of grace,

Dominus tecum. The Lord is with you.

Benedicta tu in mulieribus, Blessed are you among women,

Et benedictus fructus ventris tui, and blesse dis the fruit of your womb,

Iesus. Jesus.

Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, Holy Mary, Mother of God,

Ora pro nobis peccatoribus pray for us sinners,

Nunc et in hora mortis nostrae. Now and at the hour of our death.

Amen. Amen.

(“Bogorodyitse,” Rachmaninoff’s original setting, composed in 1915, is in Russian using the version of the text from the Russian Orthodox liturgy.