

Teksten CD „25 jaar Koorlink“

Raymond Schroyens - Pentalpha

01 Gedenk an mich

Mir ward gesagt, du reisest in die Ferne.
Ach, wohin gehst du, mein geliebtes Leben?
Den Tag, an dem du scheidest, wüßt' ich gerne;
Mit Tränen will ich das Geleit dir geben.
Mit Tränen will ich deinen Weg befeuchten -
Gedenk an mich, und Hoffnung wird mir leuchten!
Mit Tränen bin ich bei dir allerwärts -
Gedenk an mich, vergiß es nicht, mein Herz!

02 Chanson d'automne

Les sanglots longs
Des violons
De l'automne
Blessent mon cœur
D'une langueur
Monotone.

Tout suffocant
Et blême, quand
Sonne l'heure,
Je me souviens
Des jours anciens
Et je pleure

Et je m'en vais
Au vent mauvais
Qui m'emporte
Deçà, delà,
Pareil à la
Feuille morte.

03 O als ik dood zal zijn

« O, als ik dood zal zijn
kom dan en fluister, fluiter iets liefs,
mijn bleeke oogen zal ik opslaan
en ik zal niet verwonderd zijn.

En ik zal niet verwonderd zijn ;
in deze liefde zal de dood

alleen een slapen, slapen gerust
een wachten op u, een wachten zijn. »

04 Never seek to tell thy love

Love that never told can be ;
For the gentle wind does move
Silently, invisibly.

I told my love, I told my love,
I told her all my heart ;
Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears,
Ah ! she doth depart.

Soon as she was gone from me,
A traveller came by,
Silently, invisibly :

He took her with a sigh.

05 Bayu olyenku mayu

Bai, bai, bai, bai, bayu olyenku mayu. Bai, bai, bai, bai, bayu, olyenku mayu.

Sojo gjorkje na jarje, o visenje, aparje, pti tski bosijepajut, stu nam ljese guasda vjut.

Bai, bai, bai, bai, bayu olyenku mayu. Bai, bai, bai, bai, bayu, olyenku mayu.

Slavijeka salavijei teguis daisi bjenevjei pirljetai tev na sadok, po ve soki tirimok.

Pekustotskam paparxat, spjielexjagest pebaju. Olyenku mayu !

Pekustotskam paparxat, spjielexjagest pekliveat, sontsemkriges, kliviet, sontsemkrogafki prigrjet,
oljapjisinku prapjiet !

Bai, bai, bai, bai, bayu olyenku mayu !

Vic Nees – Passio super Galli cantu

06 Prologus

Vere et tu ex illis es, dixerunt Petro, nam et loquela tua manifestum te facit.
Tunc coepit detestari et jurare, quia non novisset hominem.
Et continuo gallus cantavit.

Passio Domini nostri Jesu Christe secundum Ioannem.

07 Pars I

In illo tempore dixit Jesus discipulis suis: Scitis quia post biduum Pascha fiet et filius hominis tradetur, ut crucifigatur.

Tunc congregati sunt principes sacerdotum et seniores populi in atrium principis sacerdotum qui dicebatur Caiphas et consilium fecerunt ut Jesum dolo tenerent et occiderent.

Dicebant autem: Non in die festo, ne forte tumultus fieret in populo.

Abiit autem Judas ad principes sacerdotum et ait illis: Quid vultis mihi dare, et ego vobis eum tradam?

At illi constituerunt ei triginta argenteos.

Dedit ergo eis signum dicens: Quemcumque osculatus fuero, ipse est, tenete eum.

Et cum venissent ad Jesum, ait illi Judas: Ave Rabbi!

Et osculatus est eum.

Dixitque illi Jesus: O Juda, osculo tradis filium hominis?

Ministri vero duxerunt Jesum ad principem sacerdotum, qui et dixit:

Adiuro te per Deum vivum, ut dicas nobis, si tu es Christus, filius Dei vivi.

Ait illi Jesus: Tu dixisti.

08 Pars II

Apprehendit ergo eum Pilatus et flagellavit eum. Et milites, plectentes coronam spineam, imposuerunt capiti eius. Et veste purpurea circumderunt eum.

Ait Pilatus Iudaeis dicens:

'Ecce rex vester!'

At illi clamabant dicentes: regem non habemus nisi Caesarem.

Et dixit eis Pilatus: Quid ergo vultis faciam ei?

At illi dixerunt ei:

Tolle, tolle crucifige eum!

Pilatus vero dicebat eis: Quid enim mali fecit?

At illi magis clamabant dicentes: Tolle, tolle, crucifige eum.

[Et crucifixerunt eum.] Et cum eo alios duos, hinc et hinc, medium autem Jesum.

Et quidam circumstantes dixerunt: Vah, vah, qui destruis templum Dei, et in triduo reaedificas illud.

09 Pars III

Orabat autem Jesus pro crucifigentibus se, dicens: Pater, dimitte illis, quia nesciunt, quid faciunt.

Ait ad eum latro ad dexterum pendens: Domine, memento mei, dum veneris in regnum tuum.

Respondit ei Jesus: Amen dico tibi hodie mecum eris in paradiso.

Dixit autem matri suae:

Mulier, ecce filius tuus.

Deinde dixit discipulo:

Ecce mater tua.

Et exclamans dixit: Heloi, Heloi, lama sabachthani?

Hoc est: Deus meus, deus meus, quid me dereliquisti?

Clamabant autem Judaei dicentes: Heliam vocat iste; sinite, videamus, an veniat Helias, liberans eum?

Dixit autem Jesus: Sitio, sitio.

Et dederunt ei acetum cum felle mixtum.

Et cum gustasset, noluit bibere, sed dixit: Pater, in manus tuas commendo spiritum meum.

Et iterum dixit:

Consumatum est.

Et inclinato capite emisit spiritum.

Qui passus es pro nobis, Jesu Christe, miserere nobis. Amen.

10 Epilogus

Et recordatus est petrus verbi Jesu, quod dixerat:

priusquam gallus cantat, ter me negabis.

Et egressus foras flevit amare.

Roland Coryn – A tribute to William Blake

11 Piping down

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me:

'Pipe a song about a lamb!'
So I piped with merry cheer.
'Piper, pipe that song again.'
So I piped: he wept to hear.

'Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
Sing thy songs of happy cheer.'
So I sung the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

'Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book, that all may read.'
So he vanished from my sight,
And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

12 The blossom

Merry, merry sparrow!
Under leaves so green
A happy blossom
Sees you, swift as arrow,
Seek your cradle narrow,
Near my bosom.
Pretty, pretty robin!
Under leaves so green
A happy blossom
Hears you sobbing, sobbing,
Pretty, pretty robin,
Near my bosom.



13 A dream

Once a dream did weave a shade
O'er my angel-guarded bed,
That an emmet lost its way
Where on grass methought I lay.

Troubled, wildered, and forlorn,
Dark, benighted, travel-worn,
Over many a tangle spray,
All heart-broke, I heard her say:

'Oh my children! do they cry,
Do they hear their father sigh?
Now they look abroad to see,
Now return and weep for me.'

Pitying, I dropped a tear:

But I saw a glow-worm near,
Who replied, 'What wailing wight
Calls the watchman of the night?

'I am set to light the ground,
While the beetle goes his round:
Follow now the beetle's hum;
Little wanderer, hie thee home!'

14 Hear the voice of the bard

Hear the voice of the Bard,
Who present, past, and future, sees;
Whose ears have heard
The Holy Word
That walk'd among the ancient trees;

Calling the lapsed soul,
And weeping in the evening dew;
That might control
The starry pole,
And fallen, fallen light renew!

'O Earth, O Earth, return!
Arise from out the dewy grass!
Night is worn,
And the morn
Rises from the slumbrous mass.

'Turn away no more;
Why wilt thou turn away?
The starry floor,
The watery shore,
Is given thee till the break of day.'

15 The Sick Rose

O Rose thou art sick.
The invisible worm,
That flies in the night
In the howling storm:

Has found out thy bed
Of crimson joy:
And his dark secret love
Does thy life destroy.

16 The Fly

Little fly,
Thy summer's play
My thoughtless hand
Has brushed away.

Am not I
A fly like thee?
Or art not thou
A man like me?

For I dance
And drink and sing,
Till some blind hand
Shall brush my wing.

If thought is life
And strength and breath,
And the want
Of thought is death,

Then am I
A happy fly,
If I live,
Or if I die.

17 The Tyger (from Songs Of Experience)

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare sieze the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?

What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

18 Ah Sunflower

Ah Sunflower, weary of time,
Who countest the steps of the sun;
Seeking after that sweet golden clime
Where the traveller's journey is done;

Where the Youth pined away with desire,
And the pale virgin shrouded in snow,
Arise from their graves, and aspire
Where my Sunflower wishes to go!