

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Ave Maria from *Dialogues of the Carmelites* (1956)

Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee;
blessed art thou among women,
and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.
Holy Mary, Mother of God,
pray for us sinners,
now and at the hour of our death. Amen.

Translation by Ron Jeffers

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Ave Verum Corpus (1952)

Hail the true body of Christ,
Born of the Virgin Mary:
You who truly suffered and were sacrificed
on the cross for the sake of man.

Translation by Ron Jeffers

Georg Benda (1722-1795)

**Cantata: "Herr sende den Schöpfer der Tugend"
(ed. Dr. Eric Esparza) (ca. 1780)**

Mvt. 1: Coro Allegro

Lord! Send the Creator of virtue,
Send Him to the old and the young, the most Holy Spirit!
Ignite in us purer desires,
O flame of divine love, You most Holy Spirit!
Ignite in us a purer soul.
There, the hearts become altars,
There, righteousness is offered:
O Spirit of the Almighty,
Nourish the flame until eternity, until eternity.

Mvt. 2: Recitative

To Him, O Savior, who loves you,
You and also your Father will come!
With both of them, He who gives us peace,
The spirit of salvation in the hearts of your faithful,
will be joyfully received.
How sacred, then, is the site?
No temple of Solomon nor Moses's tabernacle
Can shine like such a heart.
In him dwells God's majesty, united with him.
Fade away, fade away before this light, dim gazes;
Rather, fulfill, O holy desire, for this inestimable happiness,
Fulfill me completely!
May the love of the Redeemer adorn my heart
with the splendor of pure virtue.

Mvt. 3: Duetto

When my heart beats, Jesus, it beats for you.
What we are and think, dearest One.
When my blood stirs, Jesus, it stirs for you.
What we are and think, to you, dearest Savior!

Enter into our souls, great divinity,
So that nothing can torment us;
We are eternally yours.

Mvt. 4: Chorale

Enter into your gates, be my heart's guest,
You, who since my birth have birthed me anew,
O, most beloved Spirit of the Father and the Son,
With both, an equal throne, with both, equally praised.

Mvt. 5: Aria

All at once, a holy shudder shakes my creeping blood,
You, my bones, what trembles within you for heavenly fervor?

Mvt. 6: Rec: Basso

Who am I, that the Lord descends into my breast?
Who am I? What the soul conceives is God, is virtue.
Never did my gaze see the shameful form of sin more
shameful,
Never yet did my heart feel the fiery force of virtue,
Fiery God! You who dwell within me, your spirit has ignited.
What else was I? What am I now?

Translation by Katherine Schober

Georg Benda (1722-1795)

Cantata: "Erwache von dem Sündenschlafe"

(ed. Dr. Eric Esparza) (ca. 1780)

Mvt. 1: Allegro con forza

Awake from the sleep of sin, O secure world!
Before God's wrath, the punishment of wickedness,
Upon your judgment falls.
Awake! For soon it approaches, the hour of vengeance,
Soon it will roar like the sea with deadly terror.

Mvt. 2: Recit

Flee, deceitful delusion,
The judge is still far away.
Soon the earth will behold its Lord God,
Who created it yet can also destroy it.
You, who until now have sinned according to your desires,
Has the Lord proclaimed to you
When He will appear?
Do you know if still today, before the sun's light fades into the sea,
The day of the Lord, the terrifying judgment, will break forth?
Be alarmed! Before we even suspect him, the righteous hero comes:
The floods of his wrath will then rush throughout the world.

Mvt. 3: Aria. Allegro

Suddenly on the wings of the winds
God sets a goal for the growing sin and corruption,
A goal for its destruction.
Beware lest you falter, sinner!
Save your soul; do not risk too much.

Mvt. 4: Chorale

Wake, awake, for night is flying,
The watchmen on the heights are crying;
Awake, Jerusalem, at last!

Midnight hears the welcome voices,
And at the thrilling cry rejoices:
Come forth, ye virgins, night is past!

The Bridegroom comes, awake,
Your lamps with gladness take;
Hallelujah!
And for His marriage feast prepare,
For ye must go to meet Him there.

Mvt. 5: Mezzo Andante

If I prepare myself wisely, The danger yields.
I hasten and improve myself still today
And become more pious than I was.
So come, O Lamb of God!, the Bridegroom of Souls.
And I hasten to the judgment; I am not afraid.
Follow my example, you who still feel captive to the lust of sin,
That the judge does not find you in this bondage.
Curse the sluggish security:
For those who lose the time of grace through it
Curse themselves thereafter throughout all eternity.

Translation by Katherine Schober