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Jacobus Gallus (c. 1550–1591)
Confirma hoc Deus (Confirm this, oh God)
Words: Psalm 68(67):29

Jacobus Gallus was born Jacob Handl in Reifnitz, Carniola (now Ribnica, Slovenia). His family name means 'rooster'. As he traveled all over the Habsburg Empire, he used the Latin form of the name, sometimes adding the adjective Carniolus, i.e. "from Carniola". Educated in a Cistercian monastery, Gallus arrived in Austria as a teenager, singing first in the Benedictine Abbey at Melk and later working with the Chapel Imperial. Some of his works were intended to be sung the historical Vienna Boys Choir.

From 1586 until his death at age 40, Gallus worked in Prague – Emperor Rudolf II. had moved the imperial court from Vienna to Prague in 1583. The composer's output is considerable: more than 500 sacred and secular works are attributed to Gallus. His music is truly Pan-Euporean, combining elements of the Franco-Flemish, German, and Italian Renaissance styles. He uses word accents to change rhythm, deftly moving between double and triple meter to create emotional drama and suspense. His most notable work is the six-part Opus musicum, a collection of 374 motets that cover the liturgical needs of the entire church year. Contemporaries admired his works for their beautifully woven counterpoint.

Psalm 68 (67) is attributed to King David. It describes Jahweh's triumphal return to the rebuilt temple in Jerusalem. Verse 29, used in this motet, praises God as almighty. The Hebrew original could be translated thus: "Seize your power, God, as befits you – the God-power, which you wield for us from your temple in Jerusalem." The verse goes on to say that foreign kings and dignitaries will bring gifts, to show that Jahweh can turn enemies into friends.

Words
Confirma hoc Deus, quod operatus es in nobis a templo tuo quod est in Jerusalem. Alleluia

Translation
Confirm this, oh God, what you have caused in us from your temple in Jerusalem. Hallelujah

Camille Saint-Saëns (1835–1921)
Ave Maria (Hail Mary) in A (1865)

Camille Saint-Saëns was born in Paris. He received his earliest musical education from his mother and great-aunt. Young Camille turned out to have perfect pitch; he started composing at the age of four. He gave his first public recital at the famous Salle Pleyel in Paris when he was ten; among other pieces, he played a piano concerto by Mozart. As an encore, the ten-year-old offered to play Beethoven's 32 piano sonatas from memory. The curious concert made headlines in Europe and in the USA.

The teenage Saint-Saëns entered the Paris Conservatory, studying organ and composition with Jacques Halévy. He wrote his first symphony at sixteen, his second at 19. His growing reputation won him friendships with famous musicians. Saint-Saëns worked as an organist at various Paris churches. In 1857, he became organist of the Madeleine; he kept that prestigious post until 1877. He was known for his stunning improvisations, and his friend Liszt claimed that Saint-Saëns was the greatest organist in the world. In the 1860s, Saint-Saëns taught piano at the École Niedermeyer, where he raised eyebrows by including contemporary music in the school's otherwise conservative curriculum. His most famous student was Gabriel Fauré.

In 1870, the composer was conscripted to fight in the Franco-Prussian war. Five years later, he married; his two sons tragically died in early childhood. When his own mother died, Saint-Saëns began to travel the world; he published an extremely popular travelogue under the name Sannois. He spent his last years in Algiers, where he died in 1921. His body was brought back to Paris for a state funeral at his old church, the Madeleine.

Saint-Saëns had a broad range of interests; he was well-read and could hold his own in scientific discussions. He wrote about philosophy, astronomy, occult sciences and acoustics, and he even wrote poetry. His general outlook on life was pessimistic. Though a declared atheist, Camille Saint-Saëns wrote six different settings of the Ave Maria; the one sung here was written c. 1865. The Vienna Boys Choir recorded it for Curt Faudon's film, «Songs for Mary». The soundtrack is available on the accompanying CD.

Words
Ave Maria, gratia plena,
Dominus tecum.
Benedicta tu in mulieribus,
et benedictus fructus ventris tui, Iesus.

Sancta Maria, Mater Dei,
ora pro nobis peccatoribus
nunc et in hora mortis nostrae.
Amen.

Translation
Hail Mary, full of grace,
the Lord is with you,
blessed are you among women,
and blessed is the fruit of your womb, Jesus.

Holy Mary, Mother of God,
pray for us sinners,
now and at the hour of our death
Amen.

Solo to be announced from the stage

César Franck (1822–1890)
Panis angelicus (Bread of Angels), FWV 61 (1860)
Words: Thomas Aquinas (c. 1225–1274); Arr. Atanas Atanassov

César Franck was born in Liège in 1822 and discovered his true vocation late in life, writing his first major work at the age of forty. His father had envisaged a career as a piano virtuoso for his son, and Franck dutifully studied at the conservatories of his native Liège (1830-1835) and Paris (1837-1842). However, his first love was the organ; he was an extraordinary organist and held appointments at several churches in Paris. In 1858, he became the organist at Ste. Clothilde. His playing, particularly his skills at improvisation, attracted many admirers and students. In 1871 Franck, who was known around the city as "Pater Seraphicus" on account of his mild seraphic disposition, became professor at the Conservatory. Franck's musical style owes elements to Beethoven, Liszt and Wagner; he in turn had considerable influence on contemporary French music.

Panis angelicus was written in 1871, the year Franck received his professorship; the original version was for tenor, organ, harp, cello and double bass.

Words
Panis angelicus fit panis hominum, dat panis coelicus figuris terminum.
O res mirabilis manducat Dominum pauper, servus et humilis.

Translation
The bread of the angels will become the bread of men,
the heavenly bread sets a goal for the shadows.
O wondrous thing, through which the poor and lowly servant may experience God.

Rudolf Sieczyński (1879–1952)
Wien, du Stadt meiner Träume (Vienna, City of My Dreams), opus 1 (1912)
Arr. Gerald Wirth

Sieczyński, a civil servant born and bred in Vienna, was also active as a writer and composer; he was the president of the Austrian composers' association in the 1920s, 1930s and late 1940s. He only wrote a few pieces, but his opus 1 proved to be an international and enduring hit.

Wien, Wien, nur du allein – a serenade to the city of waltz - is arguably the most famous Wienerlied; it is the epitome of the terms Kitsch, Schmalz and Gemütlichkeit, for which there is no real English translation. It was written with a melancholy eye turned towards the past, indicating the idea that perhaps time stands still in Vienna. Viennese intellectuals, among them Alfred Polgar and Karl Kraus, have all used lines from this song for sarcastic purposes. In 1939, during the Nazi period, composer Arnold Schönberg changed the second line in a letter into "sollst stets von allen verachtet sein" (shall always be despised by all), shattering the dream.

Words
Wien, Wien, nur du allein
sollst stets die Stadt meiner Träume sein,
dort wo die alten Häuser steh'n,
dort wo die lieblichen Mädchen geh'n,
dort wo ich glücklich und selig bin,
ist Wien, mein Wien.

Translation
Vienna, only you
shall be the city of my dreams.
Where the old houses are,
where beautiful girls take walks,
where I am happy and ecstatic:
that is Vienna, my Vienna.

Juchhe, Tiroler Bua (Hey, Tyrolean Lad)
Cattle driving song
Arr. Manuel Lanz

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. Folk songs tend to have a convoluted history. Most times the authors, lyricists as well as composers,

remain anonymous, and there is a feeling that the songs are in some way "generated by the people" and typical of a landscape.

The spectacular Alpine Cattle Drives – cattle are driven to the mountain meadows in the summer, and back into the villages for the winter – are always accompanied by songs. The oldest reference to this song is found in a hand-written private song book dating to 1820. 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 a typical yodel: Yodels are one of the chief elements of Alpine folk music. Initially used as a means of communication across the valleys, they literally reflect the Alps. The echo added by the mountains leads to elaborate variations. Yodelling is an expression of a sentiment done on the spur of a moment. There is no text; instead, singers use various similar sounding syllables, and syllables designed to generate a good echo.

Words
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'morgets 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,
Z'morgets 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.

Ernst Thoma (*1955)
Mei Maadele, mei Tschurele (My girl, my curly-haired girl)
Words: Luis Stefan Stecher (*1937)

Arr. Manuel Lanz

The Yenish were an itinerant minority in the Tyrol between the 18th and early 20th centuries; they were often persecuted. Their origins are a mix of German, Jewish, and Roma people. They made their living as traveling traders, musicians, knife grinders, tinkers, temporary farmhands and sometimes beggars. They were known as "Korrnr", a name derived from the carts they pulled on their travels, which also served as their living quarters and shelter. Traces of their harsh lives and their culture remain in the form of their songs, the "Korrnrliadr". Luis Stefan Stecher, a poet and painter from South Tyrol's Vinschgau Valley, wrote folk song-like poems in the 1970s. They were set to music by Ernst Thoma and have since become established as folk songs. This moving song is a lullaby, sung by a grandmother to her granddaughter, giving the girl sound advice to prepare her for life's ups and downs – especially its downs.

Words:
Mai Maadele, mai Tschuurale,
mai rutschlz Paalapiirl,
ollz, woosdr sui drzeiln wäarn,
hot ollm a Hintrtiirl.

Gäa du lai piineibm af dein Tonz,
unt lossdr nicht drzeiln,
itlai die Räasln plian roat,
roat plian aa di Frseiln.

Woosidr iaz zunn Innschloofn soog,
deis isch a schtuanolz Liad,
du wäarsches schunn amoll frschtian,
poll deis Houlrpaaml pliat.

Di Liaw tuat guat unt tuat aa wäa,
unt schian isches äarschte Schnaibm.
An iade Ruuf hoalt uamoll oo,
oowr di Moosln wäarn plaibm.

Unt plaibm wäartr aa di Noat
unt dai Korrn holwaz hiin,
iaz tutsch lai zui, mai Tschuurale,
unt schloof lai woala inn.

Translation:
My dear girl, my dear curly-haired darling,

My frizzy little pear,
Whatever they tell you,
There is always a hidden meaning.

Just go to the dance,
But do not believe everything they say,
It's not only roses that bloom red,
runner beans bloom red too.

What I am telling you now as you go to sleep,
is an ancient song,
And you will understand it
When the elder tree blooms.

Love feels good, but it also hurts,
And the first snow is beautiful.
Every scab will heal eventually,
But the scars remain.

And the poverty will stay with you,
As will your broken cart,
Now cuddle up, my dear, curly-haired girl,
And sleep tight.

Johann Strauss II (1825–1899)
An der schönen blauen Donau, (Blue Danube), waltz opus 314 (1867)
Words: Franz von Gernerth (1821–1900); Arr. Gerald Wirth

When Johann Strauss was ten years old, his father – Johann senior – became Music Director at the Imperial Court Balls. Despite his exalted position, Johann senior did not want his sons to become musicians; he wanted them to learn a "proper" trade. But young Johann had other ideas; he took music lessons behind his father's back. At the age of nineteen, he founded his own successful orchestra, eventually surpassing his father.

Much of Strauss's music is influenced by gypsy music and Jewish Klezmer music. There is an inherent ambiguity in his work, the bright melodies always have a melancholy undertone: The „waltz king", who made the entire city of Vienna dance, was a nervous, ill-tempered and lonely man, and he could not dance.

Austria's secret national anthem is dedicated to the Vienna Männergesangsverein (Men's Chorus); it was first performed in February of 1867 at the chorus's Carnival

Ball. The composer was absent, as he had a court engagement. The original text was slightly silly; it was meant to poke fun at the fact that many carnival balls had been cancelled that year and it ran, 'Viennese, be joyous! O-ho! Why-o?' This fitted the occasion but did not survive beyond the carnival. There were several attempts at improving the poetry, until Gernerth, a lawyer, wrote his in 1889. His maudlin, flowery, and somewhat patriotic description of the Danube has remained standard until today.

Words
Donau so blau, durch Tal und Au
Wogst ruhig du hin,
Dich grüßt unser Wien,
Dein silbernes Band
Knüpft Land an Land,
Und fröhliche Herzen schlagen
An deinem schönen Strand.

Weit vom Schwarzwald her
eilst du hin zum Meer,
spendest Segen allerwegen,
ostwärts geht dein Lauf,
nimmst viel Brüder auf:
Bild der Einigkeit für alle Zeit.

Alte Burgen seh'n
nieder von den Höh'n,
grüßen gerne dich von ferne,
und der Berge Kranz,
hell vom Morgenglanz
spiegelt sich in deiner Wellen Tanz.

Die Nixen auf dem Grund
Die geben flüsternd kund
Was alles du erschaut
Seitdem über dir der Himmel blaut.

Halt an deine Fluten bei Wien,
es liebt dich ja so sehr,
du findest wohin du magst ziehen
ein zweites Wien nicht mehr.

Du kennst wohl deinen Bruder, den Rhein,
an seinen Ufern wächst herrlicher Wein,
dort auch steht bei Tag und bei Nacht
die feste, treue Wacht.

Das Schifflein fährt auf den Wellen so sacht
Still ist die Nacht, Liebe nur wacht,
der Schiffer flüstert der Liebsten ins Ohr,
dass längst schon sein Herz sie erkor.

Nun singt ein fröhliches, seliges Lied,
das wie Jauchzen die Lüfte durchzieht.
Und zum Schluss bringt noch einen Gruß,
unsrer Donau, dem herrlichen Fluss.

Translation
Danube, so blue,
you meander calmly through vales and meadows,
Our Vienna greets you,
your silver ribbon
links lands
and cheerful hearts beat
on your beautiful shores.

From the Black Forest
you rush towards the Black Sea,
blessing everything
on your way.
You flow east,
taking in many brothers:
An eternal image of harmony.

Old fortresses look down
from their hills,
they like to greet you from afar
and the top of the mountains,
bright in the morning light,
are reflected in the dancing of your waves.

The mermaids in the river bed
whisper about
everything you have seen
since heaven began.

Stop when you reach Vienna,
it really adores you.
Wherever you may wander,
you will not find a second Vienna.

You probably know your brother, the Rhine,
lovely wine grows along its banks,
and night and day it is flanked
by faithful guardians.

The little boat rides on the waves,
the night is quiet, love is in the air,
the skipper tells his beloved
his heart had selected her long since.

Now sing a happy, cheerful song,
filling the air with joy,
and, finally, give a special cheer
for the Danube, our beautiful river.

Johann Strauss II
Tritsch-Tratsch Polka (Chit chat polka), fast polka opus 214 (1858)
Text: Tina Breckwoldt; Arr. Gerald Wirth

Tritschtratsch (meaning Chitchat or Gossip) is the title of a vaudeville by Austrian playwright Johann Nestroy, first performed in 1833. In 1858, Viennese journalists started a satirical magazine by the same name; Tritsch-Tratsch poked fun at the glitterati of the day. On 21 March 1858, the paper printed a humorous portrait of Johann Strauss, the waltz king himself, speculating about his yearly visits to Pawlowsk, a ritzy summer resort in Russia, where Strauss spent the summers, performing for the happy glamorous holidaymakers. The paper obliquely hinted at various possible affairs, and the gossip spread through Vienna like wildfire. Strauss penned his polka by way of 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. Indeed, the polka would go on to become one of Strauss's biggest successes ever. It still is one of the signature tunes for Austrian musicians, and often appears in popular culture. In the 1979 Bond movie "Moonraker", it accompanies 007 alias Roger Moore in Venice, gliding across St Marc's Square in a hovercraft, and in 2022's action thriller "The Gray Man", it takes Ryan Gosling around Vienna.

The Vienna Boys Choir performed the piece three times at the New Year's Concert of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, in 1988, 1998, and again in 2012.
The text sung by the boys deals with gossip mongering and what it can do to people, ending with a tongue-in-cheek bow to Plato.

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 hierhergekommen,
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, frotzeln, 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!

Johann Strauss II
Frühlingsstimmenwalzer (Voices of Spring) opus 410
Words: Richard Genée (1823–1895)

Strauss wrote "Frühlingsstimmen" with the voice of coloratura soprano Bertha Schwarz in mind. Schwarz was a star at the height of her fame; she had just had an asteroid named after her. She was very pleased with the composition and sang it at a charity matinee in Vienna in 1882. The waltz is a firm fixture in the coloratura concert repertoire, and in popular culture. It has been used by The Three Stooges, in a Looney Tunes cartoon called Chariots of Fur, in Tom and Jerry films, and by Disney in a 2002 Mickey Mouse film. It appears on Queen's 1976 album, A Day at the Races. French filmmaker Jean Renoir has it in his 1937 masterpiece, La Grande Illusion. There are two classic Austrian music films by that title: Hans Thimig's 1952 version features – the Vienna Boys Choir.

The boys on this tour, who like to sing coloraturas very much, have asked for this arrangement.

Words
Die Lerche in blaue Höh entschwebt,
der Tauwind weht so lau,
sein wonniger milder Hauch belebt
und küsst das Feld, die Au.
Der Frühling in holder Pracht erwacht,
ah alle Pein zu End mag sein,
alles Leid, entflohn ist es weit!
Schmerz wird milder, frohe Bilder,
Glaub an Glück kehrt zurück;
Sonnenschein, ah dringt nun ein,
ah, alles lacht, ach, ach, erwacht!

Da strömt auch der Liederquell,
der zu lang schon schien zu schweigen;
klingen hört dort wieder rein und hell
süsse Stimmen aus den Zweigen!
Ah, leis' lässt die Nachtigall

schon die ersten Töne hören,
um die Kön'gin nicht zu stören,
schweigt, ihr Sänger all!

Voller schon klingt bald ihr süsser Ton.
Ach ja bald, ah, ah ja bald! Ah!
O Sang der Nachtigall, holder Klang, ah ja!

Liebe durchglüht, ah, ah, ah,
tönet das Lied, ah und der Laut,
süss und traut, scheint auch Klagen zu tragen,
ah, ah, wiegt das Herz in süsse Traumerein,
ah, leise ein!

Sehnsucht und Lust
ah, ah, ah wohnt in der Brust,
ah, wenn ihr Sang lockt so bang,
funkelnd ferne wie Sterne,
ah, ah zauberschimmernd wie des Mondes Strahl,
ah, ah, ah, wallt durchs Tal!
Kaum will entschwinden die Nacht,
Lerchensang frisch erwacht,
ah, Licht kommt sie künden,
Schatten entschwinden! Ah!

Ah des Frühlings Stimmen klingen traut,
ah ja, ah ja, ah, o süsser Laut,
ah, ah, ah, ach ja!

Translation
The lark floats into blue heights,
the wind blows warmly,
its cheering mild breath revives
and kisses the field, the grass.
Spring wakes up in all its glory,
ah, all hardship is past,
all suffering gone.
Pain lessens, happy images,
faith in happiness returns.
Sunshine arrives,
ah, causes everyone to laugh, awake!

Songs emerge
which have been silent for too long,

and you hear clear and bright
sweet voices from the trees.
Ah, softly the nightingale lets
us hear the first notes,
do not disturb the queen,
shush, be quiet, you (other) singers.

The sweet tone becomes more powerful,
oh yes, soon, soon. Ah!
Oh, song of the nightingale, sweet sound, oh yes.

Glowing with love, ah,
sounds the song, ah, and the note,
sweet and dear, seems to contain sorrow.
Ah, rocks the heart to sweet dreams,
ah, ever so gently.

Longing and desire,
ah, ah, ah, live in my heart,
ah, when its song beckons me,
irresistibly twinkling like stars,
ah, like a magical moonbeam,
ah, crossing the valley.
As soon as the night disappears,
the larks start singing,
ah, promising light,
shadows recede. Ah!

Ah, the voices of spring are dear,
oh yes, oh yes, sweet sound,
ah, oh yes!

* * * INTERMISSION * * *

Al maya (To the water)
Jordanian and Syrian traditional; Arr. Manuel Lanz

In 2021, the Vienna Boys Choir joined forces with Caritas Jordan and the Madrasati Initiative to carry out the *Music for Hope* project – a humanitarian music programme funded by the European Union's Asylum, Migration and Integration Fund and the Austrian Federal Ministry of the Interior.

As part of this programme, the Choir held workshops for Jordanian musicians and Syrian refugees in Amman and Vienna. Over the past two years, Syrian teachers have been trained to offer music lessons to children and young people in the Zaatari refugee camp near the Syrian border. More than 400 children, mainly in the camp, have already been given access to music.

On 22 November 2025, Mozartchor sang a joint concert with Syrian and Iraqi children from the programme; "Al maya" – a much-loved Syrian and Jordanian folk song, was one of the pieces they performed together.

Words:
عا لمايا عا لمايا عالعين يا ملايا
يا بنية بالثه اسقيني عطشان اسقيني مايا

Transliteration:
ʿāl–māyā ʿāl–māyā ʿālʿayn yā malāyā
yā bnt qumy asqyny ʿaṭ šān āsqyny māyā

Translation:
To the water, to the water, to the spring, Malaya,
I am thirsty, give me water to drink, I am thirsty.

Waldemar Åhlén (1894–1982)
Sommarpsalm (Summer psalm) 1933
Words: Carl David af Wirsén (1842–1912)

Waldemar Åhlén came from a family of church musicians. His brother David, ten years his senior, taught him to play the organ as a child. Åhlén, who was music director in several of Stockholm's churches, is considered one of the greatest organists of his generation. He taught music and singing in primary schools and in Tomteboda, a school for blind children. He advised organists and music teachers in all of Sweden and published books on organs, organ building, and organ music. His Sommarpsalm is considered one of the most popular pieces of Swedish music; it has been used in countless films.

Words:
En vänlig grönskas rika dräkt
Har smyckat dal och ängar
Nu smeker vindens ljumma fläkt
De fagra örtesängar
Och solens ljus och lundens sus

Och vågens sorl bland viden
Förkunna sommartiden

Sin lycka och sin sommarro
De yra fåglar prisa
Ur skogens snår ur stilla bo
Framklingar deras visa
En hymn går opp med fröjd och hopp
Från deras glada kväden
Från blommorna och träden

Men Du o Gud som gör vår jord
Så skön i sommarens stunder
Giv att jag aktar främst Ditt ord
Och Dina nådesunder
Allt kött är hö och blomstren dö
Och tiden allt fördriver
Blott Herrens ord förbliver

Translation:
A friendly green robe
Has adorned the valley and meadows
Now the warm breeze caresses
The beautiful herb gardens
And the light of the sun and the rustling of the grove
And the murmur of the waves among the willows
Proclaim summertime

Its happiness and summer peace
The birds sing joyfully
From the forest thickets, from their quiet nests
Their song resounds
A hymn rises with joy and hope
From their happy songs
From the flowers and trees

But You, oh God, who make our earth
So beautiful in summertime
Grant that I may cherish above all else Your word
And Your miracles of grace
All flesh is hay, and flowers die
And time passes everything away
Only the word of the Lord remains.

BTS (방탄소년단)
David Stewart and Jessica Agombar
Dynamite (2020)
Arr. Roger Emerson

Dynamite is an upbeat, disco-pop song, written by Stewart and Agombar for Korean boy band BTS. It was intended cheer people up during the Covid pandemic. The lyrics tell us to appreciate the little things. The recording topped the charts in 25 countries and earned BTS their first Grammy nomination. The official video with its slick retro visuals has over two billion views on YouTube.

Words
So watch me bring the fire (everyone knows this song, right?)
And set the night alight (let's go, hey!)
Shoes on, get up in the morn'
Cup of milk, let's rock and roll (uh-huh, whoo)
King Kong, kick the drum
Rolling on like a rolling stone (whoa-whoa-whoa-oh)
Sing-song when I'm walking home
Jump up to the top, LeBron (okay, okay)
Ding-dong, call me on my phone
Ice tea, and a game of ping-pong (let's go, hey, ay)
This is getting heavy, can you hear the bass boom? I'm ready (whoo-hoo)
Life is sweet as honey, yeah, this beat cha-ching like money, huh
Disco overload, I'm into that, I'm good to go
I'm diamond, you know I glow up

Everybody, let's go
'Cause I, I, I'm in the stars tonight
So watch me bring the fire, and set the night alight (hey, set the night alight)
Shining through the city with a little funk and soul
So I'ma light it up like dynamite, whoa-oh-oh (whoo)
Bring a friend, join the crowd, whoever wanna come along (oh)
Word up, talk the talk, just move like we off the wall (wall)
Day or night, the sky's alight, so we dance to the break of dawn (hey)
Ladies and gentlemen, I got the medicine
So you should keep ya eyes on the ball, huh (oh-ay)
This is getting heavy, can you hear the bass boom? I'm ready (whoo-hoo)
Life is sweet as honey, yeah, this beat cha-ching like money, huh
Disco overload, I'm into that, I'm good to go (whoa-whoa-oh)
I'm diamond, you know I glow up
Oh, let's go

'Cause I, I, I'm in the stars tonight (whoo)
So watch me bring the fire, and set the night alight (hey, set the night alight)

Shining through the city with a little funk and soul
So I'ma light it up like dynamite, whoa-oh-oh (whoo)
Dyn-na-na-na, na-na-na-na-na, na-na-na, life is dynamite
Shining through the city with a little funk and soul (ay, whoo)
So I'ma light it up like dynamite, whoa-oh-oh (let's go)
Dyn-na-na-na, na-na, na-na, ay (clap, clap)
Dyn-na-na-na, na-na, na-na, ay (come on)
Dyn-na-na-na, na-na, na-na, yeah
Light it up like dynamite (let me hear you)
Dyn-na-na-na, na-na, na-na, yeah
Dyn-na-na-na, na-na, na-na, ay (okay)
Light it up like dynamite

Hyun-chu Lee (*1973)
San-Yu-Hwa (Flowers on the Hills)
Words: So-wol Kim (1902–1934)

Korean composer Hyun Chul Lee's works are performed internationally and published by major music presses. One of his pieces was commissioned by Oxford University Press for *World Carols for Choirs*.

So-wol Kim, born Kim Jeong-sik, was a renowned poet.He wrote poignant poetry in the style of traditional Korean folk songs. In San-Yu-Hwa, one of his most famous poems, Kim explores solitude, nature's cycle, and loneliness. He describes flowers blooming and fading on a mountain, reflecting the poet's own experience ("Each one as alone as me")

Words:
산에는 꽃 피네
꽃이 피네
갈 봄 여름 없이

산에
산에
피는 꽃은
저만치 혼자서 피어 있네

산에서 우는 작은 새요
꽃이 좋아
산에서
사노라네
산에는 꽃지네

꽃이 지네
갈 봄 여름 없이
꽃이 지네

Translation
On the mountains flowers bloom.
Flowers bloom.
Through autumn, spring, and summer,
flowers bloom.

On the mountains,
On the mountains,
flowers bloom.
Each one as alone as me.

A small bird chirping on the mountains
enjoy flowers.
On the mountains,
they are servants of noble birth.
On the mountains flowers fade.
Flowers fade.
Through autumn, spring, and summer,
flowers fade.

Carl Orff (1895–1982) and Gunild Keetman (1904–1990)
Six Dance Songs from **Musica poetica I** (1964)
Words from the Carmina burana
Tanz, Mädchen, tanz (Dance, Girl, Dance) | **Jungfer in dem roten Rock** (Maiden in the Red Skirt) | **Rundadinella** (Choral Round) |**Tanzlied** (Dance Song) |
Der Wind weht (The Wind Blows) |**Tanzlied** (Dance Song)

Carl Orff was born in Munich. He was a precocious child; he was taught piano, cello, and organ from the age of five, and started composing at the same time. He played in his school's orchestra, sang in a church choir, and learned the music of Wagner's operas. He went on to study music and music pedagogy at the royal conservatory in Munich, and later held posts as Kapellmeister in Munich, Mannheim, and Darmstadt. In 1924, he founded with Dorothee Günther the "Günther School Munich", an academy for gymnastics, rhythmics, music, and dance. Orff headed the music department. His most famous composition is the Carmina burana.

Like Orff, Gunild Keetman began her musical training at an early age. After studying in Bonn and Berlin, she took up a post at the Günther School and started

working with Carl Orff. Together, Orff and Keetman developed the 'Orff Schulwerk', an original method for teaching music and rhythm through movement. The aim was to help children develop their innate musicality and express themselves through music.

In 1964, Orff and Keetman jointly published their groundbreaking “Musica poetica”, a collection of deceptively simple dance songs. The two composers use nonsense rhymes and syllables to create fast-paced, changing rhythmical patterns.

Words:
Tanz, Mädchen, tanz!
Die Schuhe sind noch ganz.
Lass dich nit gereuen,
Der Schuster macht die neue,
Tanz, Mädchen, tanz!
La la la la …

Jungfer in dem roten Rock,
Kommt her zu mir.
Es sind nit hübscher Leute hie
Denn ich und ihr.

Runda, runda, rundadinella …
La la la la …

Der Wind, der weht
Der Hahn, der kräht,
Der Fuchs läuft in dem Kraute,
Ach, Madlin, tu dein Türlin zu,
Der Koch, der bringt die Laute.

Sassa sassa sassa sa

La la la la …

Translation:
Dance, girl, dance!
The shoes are still whole.
Don’t worry,
The cobbler will make you new ones,
Dance, girl, dance for all you are worth!

Young girl in a red skirt,
She comes to me.

There are no beautiful people here
Besides me and her.

Round, and round, and roundinella,
La la la la …

The wind blows
The cock crows
The fox runs through the weeds,
Oh, girlie, shut the door,
The cook will bring his lute.

Sassa sassa sassa sa

La la la la …

Und wanns amal schen aper wird (And when it starts to thaw again)
Cattle driving song from Styria
Arr. Gerald Wirth

This is a cheerful alpine song, which describes the ascent to the alpine pastures in summer and the jolly relations between the herdsmen and women. The Austrian and Bavarian word "aper" literally means "(partly) snowless", from the Latin apertus "open". Cattle driving songs were often combined with dance movements.

The song was used in Curt Faudon's film Silk Road; where the choir boys sing it standing on the Great Wall of China.

Words
Und wanns amal schen aper wird und auf die Almen grean,
wann der Goasser mit die Goasslen geht und Senndrin mit die Kiah.
Jodler

Die Senndrin führt ihr frischer Muat schnurgrad der Alma zua,
sie sagt: „Juchhe, mir geht's schon guat, wann kimmst das erschtmal Bua?"
Jodler

Und wiari auf die Alma kimm, da brummelt schon der Stier,
da siach i schon di Hittn stehn und jauchz vor ihrer Tüa.
Jodler

Translation
And when (the ground) turns nice and snowless and (when) the pastures turn green,
When the goatherd goes with the goats and the dairymaid with the cows.
Yodel

Her good cheer leads the dairymaid directly to the pastures,
She says, "Hello, I feel well, when do you come for the first time, boy?"
Yodel

And as I reach the pasture, the bull bellows,
I see the hut standing and I shout before her door.
Yodel

Die Jagd nach der Fliege (The Hunt for the Fly)
Jocular folk song from Carinthia, Austria

This jocular song comes from Carinthia; its authors are unknown. It was sung by Franz Kuglitsch (1942–2020) and written down for the first time in 2007 by Petra Schnabl-Kuglitsch. The text, sung in German and Slovenian, describes the hunt for a fly, which speeds up as the song goes on. Just as the person thinks they are about to catch the insect; the fly manages to escape. Nature knows how to help itself.

Words:
Es sitzt a Fliagn auf da Wånd, Fliagn auf da Wånd.
Wea ma si köpfn, Fliagn auf da Wånd?
Håt si schon umgedraht, Fliagn auf da Wånd.
Cej je tista muha (Wer ist die Fliege?), Fliagn auf da Wånd?
Jaz sem ja pa vidu (Ich bin das, siehst du?), Fliagn auf da Wånd?
Is si schon gstuabn, Fliagn auf da Wånd?
Aba – di is ja noch gar nicht gstuabn!
Die lebt ja noch!

Translation:
There is a fly on the wall, fly on the wall,
Will we hit it, the fly on the wall?
It has already turned, the fly on the wall.
Who is that fly, fly on the wall?
It is I, do you see, fly on the wall?
Has it already died, fly on the wall?
But – it hasn't died at all!
It's still alive!

Johann Strauss II | Manuel Lanz
Blue Danube Blues

The Blues version of this quintessential of all waltzes was written for the boys of Mozartchor; Lanz's arrangement has them playing various instruments, most notably a musical washboard.

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770–1827)
Ode to Joy (Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee)
English words: Henry van Dyke Jr. (1852–1933)
Arr. Mervyn Warren, from the film Sister Act 2: Back in the Habit

Beethoven's famous „Ode to Joy" is based on a poem penned by Friedrich von Schiller, one of Germany's foremost poets. It is a celebration of the joy of griendship and the brotherhood of man, written by Schiller for a circle of his personal friends in 1785. Almost 40 years later, Beethoven used the poem in his 9th Symphony. Grammy winner Mervyn Warren reworked Beethoven's famous tune into a gospel-inspired celebration of the joy of God and life.

Words
Joyful, Joyful, we adore Thee
God of glory, Lord of love
Hearts unfold like flowers before Thee
Hail Thee as the sun above
Melt the clouds of sin and sadness
Drive the dark of doubt away
Giver of immortal gladness
Fill us with the light of day.

Joyful, Joyful, we adore Thee
in my life I put none before Thee
'Cuz since I was a youngster I came to know
That you was the only way to go
So I had to grow an' come to an understandin'
That I'm down with the King so now I'm demandin';
That you tell me who you down with, see
'Cuz all I know is that I'm down with G-O-D

You down with G-O-D? (Yeah, you know me)
Who's down with G-O-D?

Come and join the chorus
The mighty, mighty chorus
Which the morning stars begun
The Father of love is reigning over us
Right away

What have you done for Him lately?
Ooh, ooh, ooh yeah
He watches over everything
So we sing . . .

Johann Strauss I (1804–1849) | Manuel Lanz
Radetzky Samba
Words: Anonymous

Johann Strauss I – the father of the famous "Waltz King" – came from a poor background. He learned to play the violin as a boy and soon began to write dance music. He was so successful that he was able to establish his own orchestra company. Over time, Strauss became the king of music in Vienna.

To this day, Radetzky March remains hugely popular; the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra plays it traditionally at the end of the New Year's Concert, with the audience clapping along. The choir sings a text about the joys of life as a chorister in the Vienna Boys Choir.

Words:
Ach, wie herrlich ist doch Sängerknabenleben,
kann es denn auf der Welt etwas Schön'res geben?
Ja, darum sind wir hier immer nach Gebühr
recht vergnügt, recht vergnügt -

ach, wie herrlich ist doch Sängerknabenleben,
kann es denn auf der Welt etwas Schön'res geben?
Wer will bei uns sein, komme hinein, singe und sei froh, ja froh.

Einmal geht es uns schlecht, einmal geht es uns gut,
wir verlieren doch nie unseren frohen Mut.
Wie schön ist das Leben und wir sind allezeit zum Singen bereit.
Wir wagen ohn' Zagen in jedem Konzert, bereit zu bestehn, hurra, trallala.

Zum schönen Wien möcht jeder hin, am blauen Donaustrand.
So gut geht es doch nirgends wie im schönen Vaterland.
Und schöne Walzer hier zu singen, das ist unser Plan,

das haben wir mit Freude hier gemacht.

Die Uniform strahlt ganz enorm bei jedem einzeln Ton,
durch die ganze Welt wir reisen gern, Applaus ist unser Lohn.

Translation
Oh, how jolly is a choir boy's life,
Could there be anything better?
So we are as befits us
always merry and chipper.

Oh, how jolly is a choir boy's life,
Could there be anything better?
Who wants to join us should come, sing, and be happy, yes, happy.

Sometimes we are downcast, sometimes glad,
but we never lose our cheerful outlook.
How beautiful is life. And so we are always ready to sing.
We brave without hesitation every concert, ready to succeed, hurray, lalala.

Everyone would like to see beautiful Vienna, on the shores of the blue Danube.
Nowhere are we better off, than in our beautiful homeland.
Here we are singing beautiful waltzes, that's the idea,
that is our pleasure.

Our uniform seems to glow with each individual note,
we travel all over, singing, and are delighted to receive applause.

Jorge Ben Jor (*1939)
Más, que nada! (No way)
Arr. Steve Zegree

Mas que nada was written by Jorge Ben Jor in 1963 and featured on his debut album Samba esquema novo. It has been covered many times, and the Brazilian edition of Rolling Stone considers it to be one of the greatest Brazilian songs of all time. In 2013, it was entered into the Latin Grammy Hall of Fame.

Maracatu, mentioned in the lyrics, is type of performance (a combination of music and dance) associated with carnival traditions in Brazil. The Preto Velho, the „Black Old One" refers to the spirits of black slaves from colonial times, who are venerated in the Umbanda religion of Latin America, a syncretistic blend of Bantu, Christianity, and Buddhism.

Text

Más que nada;
sai da minha frente
eu quero passar
pois o samba está animado
O que eu quero é sambar
este samba
que é misto de maracatu
é samba de Preto Velho
samba de preto tu

Más que nada;
un samba como esse tao legal
você nao vai querer que eu chegue no final

Translation
So what?
Get out of my way,
I want to pass by,
for this samba is lively.
What I want is to dance samba,
this samba,
mixed with maracatú
It is the Samba of the black Old One
and the samba of you, Black One.

So what?
A samba like this one is so cool,
you will not want me to finish.

Notes compiled by Tina Breckwoldt

Subject to change