

<p>I. Introit/Fear</p> <p>Contextual Note: The contrast between the Pickova text and the Introit text begs us to see the horror of daily life of the Camp (Theresienstadt) while beseeching God to grant those souls eternal rest and perpetual light.</p> <p>Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine; et lux perpetuam luceat eis.</p> <p>[<i>Fear</i> by Eva Pickova]* Today the ghetto knows a different fear, Close in its grip, Death wields an icy scythe. An evil sickness spreads terror in its wake, The victim of its shadow weep and writhe.</p> <p>Te decet hymnus, Deus, in Sion, et tibi reddetur votum in Ierusalem.</p> <p>Today a father's heartbeat tells his fright And mothers bend their heads into their hands, Now children choke and die with typhus here,</p> <p>Exaudi orationem meam; ad te omnis caro veniet.</p> <p>A bitter tax is taken from their bands</p> <p>Requiem aeternam</p> <p>My heart still beats inside my breast While friends depart for other worlds. Perhaps it is better – who can say? Than watching this, to die today?</p> <p>Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine; et lux perpetuam luceat eis.</p>	<p>Rest eternal grant them, O Lord; and let light perpetual shine upon them.</p> <p>A hymn befits Thee, O God, in Zion; and to Thee shall be paid a vow in Jerusalem.</p> <p>Hear my prayer, to Thee all flesh shall come.</p> <p>Rest eternal</p> <p>Rest eternal grant them, O Lord; and let light perpetual shine upon them.</p>
<p>II. Kyrie/The Bear</p> <p>Contextual note: The poem traces the progress of a little one clutching her Steif bear as she is locked in the gas chamber. The text cleverly portrays the innocence of the child by empowering the bear with the ability to seek survival from the gas. In this scenario, the bear, seeking survival claws free from the girl, even as she clutches ever-tighter to the bear for comfort. In the middle of such a tremendously heartbreaking scene, the choir asks for mercy from God and Christ in the face of this.</p> <p>[<i>The Bear</i> by William Heyen] * Was alone, was carrying her bear with her. Was alone, was carrying her bear with her. Was alone, was carrying her bear with her, bear to counsel, comfort, & protect her.</p> <p>Kyrie eleison. Christe eleison.</p> <p>Arrived with a thousand other children given toys to keep them quiet. Was alone, was carrying her bear with her. Was alone, was carrying her bear with her.</p> <p>Kyrie eleison. Christe eleison.</p> <p>In the gas, her bear clawed free of her. In the gas, her bear clawed free of her. She held her bear as tightly as she could, but in the gas the bear clawed free of her.</p> <p>Kyrie eleison.</p> <p>The heart & mind of her bear are wool.</p>	<p>Lord, have mercy upon us. Christ, have mercy upon us.</p> <p>Lord, have mercy upon us. Christ, have mercy upon us.</p> <p>Lord, have mercy upon us.</p>

<p>The heart & mind of her bear are wool. Its eyes black & shiny as tiny mirrors, her bear is stuffed with wool.</p> <p>Christe eleison.</p> <p>Was alone, was carrying her bear with her, its eyes black & shiny as tiny mirrors, its heart wool, its mind wool. Was alone, was carrying her bear with her</p>	<p>Christ, have mercy upon us.</p>
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<p>III. Dies Irae/Blue</p> <p>Contextual note: In Heyen's poem <i>Blue</i>, the word blue connects the several strands of the ugly reality of Auschwitz: that of it's colour name, the colour of the children's dead veins and the colour of the deep blue sky against which the smoke from their burning bodies rises (Heyen visually portrays this in the poem by the ragged margin of the text, evoking smoke billowing to the sky). Against this, the choir invokes the wrath of God, beseeching God to consume the entire world in wrathful flames.</p> <p>Dies irae, dies illa solvet saeculum in favilla, teste David cum Sibylla.</p> <p>[<i>Blue</i> by William Heyen]* To witness, to enter this essence, this silence, this blue color of sky, wreaths of smoke, bodies of children blue in their nets of veins: a lorry draws up at the pit under the blue sky where wreaths rise. These are the children's bodies, this our earth. Blue. A lorry draws up at the pit where children smolder The sky deepens into blue, its meditation, a blue flame, the children smolder.</p> <p>Quantus tremor est futurus, quando iudex est venturus, cuncta stricte discussurus?</p> <p>Lord of blue, blue chest and blue brain, a lorry of murdered children draws up at the pit. This happened, this happens, Your sign, children flaming in their rags, children of bone-smolder, scroll of wreaths on Your blue bottomless sky, children rising wreathed to Your blue lips.</p> <p>Dies irae, dies illa solvet saeculum in favilla, teste David cum Sibylla.</p>	<p>A day of wrath; that day, it will dissolve the world into glowing ashes, as attested by David together with the Sibyl.</p> <p>What trembling will there be, when the Judge shall come to examine everything in strict justice.</p> <p>A day of wrath; that day, it will dissolve the world into glowing ashes, as attested by David together with the Sibyl.</p>
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<p>IV. Liber scriptus</p> <p>Contextual note: The liber scriptus acts as a context for the preceding dies irae/blue in asking God to judge all according to the record of their acts. Thus God judges both perpetrator and victim accordingly.</p> <p>Liber scriptus proferetur in quo totum continetur, unde mundus iudicetur.</p> <p>Iudex ergo cum sedebit, quidquid latet, apparebit; nil inultum remanebit.</p> <p>Mors stupebit et natura, cum resurget creatura, iudicanti responsura.</p>	<p>A written book will be brought forth in which everything is contained from which the world shall be judged.</p> <p>So when the Judge is seated, whatever is hidden will be made known: nothing shall go unpunished.</p> <p>Death and nature shall stand amazed when creation rises again to give answer to its Judge</p>
<p>V. Quid sum miser/The Pond</p> <p>Contextual note: In Heyen's tremendously powerful poem, a pond in which burned bodies were dumped is evoked. The interaction of the Latin text here places a 'frame' of sorts around Heyen's text. Initially, it seems the victims ask 'what shall I, wretch, say at that time?' since one would have to be truly wretched to have deserved such a fate. As the poem further unfolds and the line 'and scarcely the righteous shall be safe from damnation', it becomes clear that the text references not victim, but the plea of the perpetrator who needs an advocate, but will find none.</p> <p>[<i>The Uncertainty Principle IV</i> William Heyen]* of this pond Lord of this pond of all ponds of silence these words from water this mist's gray radiance these first rays of the solar oven's undigested yellow gristle these corridors catching the sunlight these weeds' twist</p> <p>Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?</p> <p> these daily shifts these clouds this smoke drifting waters' surfaces these sounds escape these voices escape I can almost hear I can almost hear I cannot hear these</p> <p>Quem patronum rogaturus,</p> <p>columns of shadows this evening this</p> <p>night now again wind moaning past its pads' curled edges past its lilies' red-black blooms its only tongues</p> <p>cum vix iustus sit securus?</p>	<p>What shall I, wretch, say at that time?</p> <p>What advocate shall I entreat (to plead for me)</p> <p>when scarcely the righteous shall be safe from damnation?</p>

<p>VI. Rex tremendae</p> <p>Contextual note: This is a long movement built around only 3 lines of text. The music underscores the bright power of God in the affirmative outer sections, while a central section penitently repeating ‘salve me, fons pietatis’ portrays a soft, beseeching chant.</p> <p>Rex tremendae maiestatis, qui salvandos salvas gratis, salva me, fons pietatis.</p>	<p>King of awesome majesty, grant salvation to those that are to be saved, save me, o fount of Pity.</p>
<p>VII. Recordare</p> <p>Contextual note: This section is a ‘pure’ setting of simply beseeching God for salvation in the face of everything the Shoah was and continues to be.</p> <p>Recordare, lesu pie, quod sum causa tuae viae: ne me perdas illa die.</p> <p>Quaerens me, sedisti lassus: redemisti crucem passus: tantus lagor non sit cassus.</p> <p>luste Iudex ultionis, donum fac remissionis ante diem rationis.</p>	<p>Remember, dear Jesus, that I am the reason for Thy journey (into this world): do not cast me away on that day.</p> <p>Seeking me, Thou didst sit down weary, Thou didst redeem me, suffering death on the Cross: let not such toil have been in vain.</p> <p>Just Judge of vengeance, grant me the gift of pardon before the day of reckoning.</p>
<p>VIII. Ingemisco</p> <p>Contextual note: The Ingemisco reflects the state of victims as they seek the help of God in granting them a place in everlasting life.</p> <p>Ingemisco tamquam reus: culpa rubet vultus meus: supplicanti parce, Deus.</p> <p>Qui Mariam absolvisti, et latronem exaudisti, mihi quoque spem dedisti.</p> <p>Preces meae non sunt dignae: sed tu bonus fac benigne, ne perenni cremer igne.</p> <p>Inter oves locum praesta, et ab haedis me sequestra, statuens in parte dextra.</p>	<p>I groan like one condemned: my face blushes for my sins: spare a supplicant, o God.</p> <p>Thou who didst absolve Mary (Magdalen), and heard the robber, hast given me hope as well.</p> <p>My prayers are not worthy: but Thou, of Thy goodness, deal generously (with me), that I burn not in the everlasting flame.</p> <p>Give me a place among the sheep, and separate me from the goats, setting me on Thy right hand.</p>
<p>IX. The Garden</p> <p>Contextual note: In the combination of Heyen’s brutally sparse poem and Franta Bass’s <i>The Garden</i>, the texts portray the fate of a young boy both by implication in Bass’s poem and by stark, mechanical observation of the explicit fact in Heyen’s poem.</p> <p>[<i>The Holocaust Poem</i> by William Heyen]*</p> <p>Zyklon-B: bluish pellets</p> <p>dropped into a gas chamber</p> <p>through this hole.</p>	<p>[<i>The Garden</i> by Franta Bass] *</p> <p>A little garden, Fragrant and full of roses. The path is narrow And a little boy walks along it.</p> <p>A little boy, a sweet boy, Like that growing blossom. When the blossom comes to bloom, The little boy will be no more.</p>

<p>X. Confutatis</p> <p>Contextual note: A standard movement of the requiem, the text notes the difference between those condemned to eternal flames and those called to be among the blessed.</p> <p>Confutatis maledictis, flammis acribus addictis: voca me cum benedictis.</p>	<p>When the accursed have been confounded and sentenced to acrid flames, call me along with the blessed.</p>
<p>XI. Lacrymosa</p> <p>Contextual note: This part of the work portrays the weeping of deep tears in the melody opening this section and then brings back music from the Introit to close the first half of the work.</p> <p>Lacrymosa dies illa qua resurget ex favilla iudicantus homo reus. Huic ergo parce, Deus: Pie Iesu Domine, dona eis requiem. Amen.</p>	<p>That day will be one of weeping on which shall rise again from the embers the guilty man, to be judged. Therefore spare him, O God. Merciful Lord Jesus, grant them rest. Amen.</p>

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<p>XII. Offertorium/My Holocaust Songs II</p> <p>Contextual note: In this confrontational section, the fate of perpetrator and victim is again drawn into close attention: first through the Latin text making a distinction between the faithful and the faithless and their respective fates and then, more concretely, the fate of the Jews against the German appropriation/death machine. This German machine being so effective that it can even place ‘dead Jew love in German brain’ (n.b. <i>not</i> heart). As the respective positions of German and Jew are drawn, the soloists, each in turn, ask for the faithful to pass from death into life.</p> <p>Domine Iesu Christe, Rex gloriae, libera animas omnium fidelium defunctorum de poenis infernis et de profundo lacu:</p> <p><i>[My Holocaust Songs II by William Heyen]* Dead Jew goldpiece in German eye, dead Jew shovel in German shed. dead Jew book in German hand,</i></p> <p>libera eas de ore leonis; ne absorbeat eas tartarus, ne cadant in obscurum. Sed signifer sanctus Michael repraesentet eas in lucem sanctam. Quam olim Abrahae promisisti Abrahae et semini eius.</p> <p><i>dead Jew hat on German head, dead Jew violin in German ear, dead Jew linen on German skin,</i></p> <p>Hostias et preces tibi, Domine, laudis offerimus: tu suscipe pro animabus illis, quarum hodie memoriam facimus.</p> <p><i>dead Jew blood in German vein, dead Jew breath in German lung, dead Jew love in German brain.</i></p> <p>Fac eas, Domine, de morte transire ad vitam.</p>	<p>O Lord Jesus Christ, King of Glory, deliver the souls of all the faithful departed from the pains of hell and from the bottomless pit:</p> <p>save them from the lion’s jaws, that hell may not engulf them, that they may not fall into darkness, but let Saint Michael the standard-bearer lead them into the holy light which Thou of old didst promise Abraham and to his seed.</p> <p>Sacrifices and prayers of praise to Thee, O Lord, we offer: do Thou receive them on behalf of those souls whom this day we commemorate.</p> <p>Allow them, O Lord, to pass from death unto life.</p>
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<p>XIII. Agnus Dei/The Legacy Contextual note: In this section the self-consciousness of perpetrator and victim becomes entwined. As with any violent act victim and perpetrator become forever fused in the transgressional act itself. The more the perpetrator thinks about the victim, the more the perpetrator becomes fused with that victim's fate and the more the victim's death becomes the perpetrator's own death, a death of the soul and heart. Against this, the soloist sings in an aggressive, un-consoled way for the granting of rest, since in this victim/perpetrator dialectic no rest is obtainable for either.</p> <p>Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi: dona eis requiem.</p> <p>[<i>The Legacy</i> by William Heyen]* I am alive. Those Jews are dead. I am living. They are dead. I think of them. They are dead. I think of them. They are dead. I think of one. He wants to speak. I think of him. He makes a sound. I hear his sound. He moans. I hear him moan. He is dying. I am alive. He is dying. I am living. They are dying. I think of them. They are dead. I think of one. She is dead. I think of her. She makes a sound. I hear her sound. She makes an <i>r</i> sound I hear her sound. She repeats the <i>r</i>. I remember them. They are dead. I remember his moan. He is dead. I remember her <i>r</i>. She is dead. I remember them. They make sounds. I remember them. They die. I remember them. They are making sounds.</p> <p>Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi: dona eis requiem.</p> <p>I dream of them. They sing. I hear them sing. They sing together. I hear their song. Their song is mine. I smell of almond. They smell of almond. I die with them. They live with me. I leave to meet them. They come to meet me. I am dying. They are living. I am dying. They are singing. I am dead. They are living. I am alive. They are dead. I am dead. They are dead. I am dead. They are dead. I am dead. They are dead.</p> <p>Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi: dona eis requiem sempiternae.</p>	<p>Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world: grant them rest.</p> <p>Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world: grant them rest.</p> <p>Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world: grant them eternal rest.</p>
<p>XIV. Sanctus/Benedictus Contextual note: This section of the work is a simple and beautiful song seeking rest and redemption for the victims.</p> <p>Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus, Domine Deus Sabaoth, pleni sunt caeli et terra gloria tua. Hosanna in excelsis.</p> <p>Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domine. Hosanna in excelsis.</p> <p>Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus, Domine Deus Sabaoth, pleni sunt caeli et terra gloria tua. Hosanna in excelsis.</p>	<p>Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth, heaven and earth are full of Thy glory. Hosanna in the highest.</p> <p>Blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest.</p> <p>Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth, heaven and earth are full of Thy glory. Hosanna in the highest.</p>

<p>XV. Lux Aeterna</p> <p>Contextual note: In this section of the work, the consolation of the victims is sought in a luminous, transcendent setting.</p> <p>Lux aeterna luceat eis, Domine, cum sanctis tuis in aeternam: quia pius es.</p> <p>Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine; et lux perpetua luceat eis.</p>	<p>Let eternal light shine upon them, O Lord, with Thy saints forever, for Thou art merciful.</p> <p>Rest eternal grant them, O Lord; and let light perpetual shine upon them.</p>
<p>XVI. Libera me</p> <p>Contextual note: This section of the work is violent, aggressive, confrontational and unrelenting depicting the cataclysmic destruction of Earth as a consequence of the ungodly and unworldly acts of the Shoah.</p> <p>Libera me, Domine, de morte aeterna in die illa tremenda, quando caeli movendi sunt et terra; dum veneris iudicare saeculum per ignem.</p> <p>Tremens factus sum ego, et timeo, dum discussio venerit atque ventura ira.</p> <p>Dies irae, dies illa, calamitatis et miseriae, dies magna et amara valde.</p> <p>Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine; et lux perpetua luceat eis.</p>	<p>Deliver me, O Lord, from everlasting death on that dread day, when the heavens and earth shall quake; when Thou shalt come to judge the world by fire.</p> <p>I am seized with trembling and I am afraid, until the day of reckoning shall arrive and the wrath to come.</p> <p>That day, a day of wrath, calamity and misery, the great day and most bitter.</p> <p>Rest eternal grant them, O Lord; and let light perpetual shine upon them.</p>
<p>XVII. Break down</p> <p>Contextual note: In this final section of the work, music itself along with history, atoms, wind all break down into pure melody. Music itself bleeds and breaks with aching sadness in the face of the Shoah. This section constitutes a long elegy of great simplicity and expressiveness in memory of the victims, especially the children.</p> <p>[<i>My Holocaust Songs III</i> by William Heyen]* Break down again, songs, break down into pure melody, wind's way history sung in leaves almost lost, atoms of singing darkness, the meanings, the wailing songs of the Shoah, themselves dying, returning with spring, the bleeding notes, break down, break down again, my songs.</p>	

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