

Horizons (1995)

Péter Louis van Dijk (b. 1953)

Sleep, my springbok baby,
Sleep for me, my springbok child,
When morning comes I'll go out hunting,
For you are hungry and thirsty.

Small moon, Hai! Young moon,
When the sun rises, you must speak to the Rain,
Charm her with herbs and honeycomb,
O speak to her, that I may drink, this little thing...

She will come across the dark sky:
Mighty Raincow, sing your song for me
That I may find you on the far horizon.

Sleep, my springbok baby,
Sleep for me, my springbok child,
When morning comes I'll go out hunting,
For you are hungry and thirsty.

O Star, Hai! Hunting Star,
When the sun rises you must blind with your light
The Eland's eyes,
O blind his eyes, that I may eat, this little thing...

He will come across the red sands:
Mighty Eland, dance your dance for me
That I may find you on the far horizon.

Sleep, my springbok baby,
Sleep for me, my springbok child,
When morning comes they'll come a-hunting,
For they are hungry and thirsty.

They will come across the waters:
Mighty saviours in their sailing ships,
And they will show us new and far horizons.

And they came across the waters:
Gods in galleons, bearing bows of steel.
Then they killed us on the far horizon.

Weggewerp (2019/2020)

Hans Huyssen (b. 1964), opdragwerk van VOX Cape Town en die SAMRO Musiekstigting

*Opgedra aan Albrecht Hahne (1.8.1948–28.4.2015), 'n leprosyer
wie se hele lewe een groot stuwering was om uitgeworpenes in te
nooi, deel te maak en hulle waardigheid te herstel*

1. Wie sing?

Wie loop? Dis die haas, dis die hond, dis die wind,
dis die water bly en welgesind.
Wie sing? Dis die sysie, die riet, die sleutelgat,
en my hart wat sing en sing soos 'n kind.

W. E. G. Louw (1913–1980)
uit *Bybels en Babels* (1956)

2. Te snel die vlug

O vlugtige lewe, ek gryp na jou,
en wil jou vasvang met my woord,
dat jy vir altyd klink in my
en sing tot aan die slotakkoord.

Maar jy's soos dou, soos sneeukristalle,
soos mis wat sleep oor môrelande;
wanneer ek gryp, dan smelt jy weg,
en staan ek weer met leë hande.

Jy's soos die weerklank in die berge,
soos wind en silwer waterkringe –
te snel, te snel, o woord, o hart,
die vlug van alle skone dinge.

W. E. G. Louw
uit *Bybels en Babels* (1956)

*Dedicated to Albrecht Hahne (1.8.1948–28.4.2015), a leprosy
sufferer, whose whole life was one big surge to welcome and
include the ostracised and to restore their dignity*

1. Who sings?

Who walks? It's the hare, it's the dog, it's the wind,
it's the water joyful and well-natured.
Who sings? It's the waxbill, the reed, the keyhole,
and my heart that sings and sings like a child.

2. Too swift the flight

O fleeting life, I grasp at you,
and want to capture you with my word,
so that you will always sound in me
and sing till the final chord.

But you are like dew, like snow crystals,
like mist that drags over morning lands;
when I reach [for you], then you melt away,
and again I stand with empty hands.

You are like the echo in the mountains,
like wind and silver water ripples –
too quick, too quick, o word, o heart,
the flight of all beautiful things.

3.

Ek is slapeloos

en het geword soos
 'n eensame voël op die dak.
 Die hele dag smaad my vyande my.
 Die wat teen my raas
 gebruik my naam as 'n vloek
 want ek eet as soos brood
 en meng my drank met tranes
 vanwee U grimmigheid en U toorn.
 Want U het weggewerp
 maar U bly dieselfde
 en U jare het geen einde
 tot dood.

Uittreksel van Psalm 102:8–11, 28 (vertaling van 1933)

4.

Gebed

Gee vrede en rus vir ons almal wat lam is van swerwe,
 Moed en geduld vir ons almal wat bang is vir sterwe;
 Gee vir ons hart, soos in somer die sap vir die bome;
 Gee vir ons krag vir die werk en verstand vir die drome;
 Gee dat ons lag as die lewenslas druk op ons harte;
 Gee vir ons hoop in die donkerste nagte en smarte;
 Gee vrede en rus vir ons almal wat lewe en erwe
 Smart en verdriet, met die reg om uiteindelik te sterwe!
 Gee vrede en rus! En ons vra nie iets anders, en luister
 Stil na die wind wat so sag in ons ore kom fluister:

“Moed, mense, hou moed:

Die kwaad sal verander in goed –

Die môrelik kom uit die duister!”

C. Louis Leipoldt (1880–1947)

XCIII from *Slampamperliedjies* (1944)

Die toonsettings van *Wie sing?* en *Te snel die vlug* van W. E. G. Louw geskied met vriendelike toestemming van nb uitgewers

3.

I lie awake

and have become like
 a solitary bird on the roof.
 The whole day my enemies reproach me.
 Those that shout at me
 use my name as a curse
 because I eat ash like bread
 and mix my drink with tears
 because of Your anger and Your wrath.
 Because You have cast me away
 but You do not change
 and Your years have no end
 till death.

Translations: Dirk Binneman

4.

Prayer

Grant solace and rest to us all who are weary of striving,
 Patience and strength to us all who are frightened of dying;
 Nourish our hearts, just as trees are by sap in the summer;
 Grant us the strength for our work, and a mind free to wonder;
 Cause us to laugh when our hearts are oppressed by life's hardships;
 Cause us to hope in our deepest afflictions and darkness;
 Grant solace and rest to the living, to us who inherit
 Sorrow and grief, with the right, after all's done, to perish!
 Grant solace and rest, and we ask nothing further, but listen
 Hushed to the message the murmuring wind seems to whisper:

“Heart, people, keep heart:

The good will make evil depart –

The morning sun banishes darkness!”

Translation: Owen Rogers

Usque ad sidera tellus (2023)

Denise Onen (b. 1995), commissioned by VOX Cape Town especially for this performance

Sidera,
 Usque ad sidera tellus.
 Sidera,
 A terra matre ad astra.
 A patre tempore ad terram matrem
 Usque ad sidera tellus.

Stars,
 Earth rising up to the stars.
 Stars,
 From Mother Earth to the stars.
 From Father Time to Mother Earth
 Earth rising up to the stars.

San Gloria (1992)

Péter Louis van Dijk

I. Gloria in excelsis Deo.
II. Et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis.
III. Laudamus te, benedicimus te, adoramus te,
 glorificamus te.
IV. Domine Deus, Rex caelestis, qui tollis peccata
 mundi, suscipe deprecationem nostram.
V. Quoniam tu solus Sanctus, tu solus Dominus, tu
 solus Altissimus, Jesu Christe. Amen.

I. Glory to God in the highest.
II. And on earth peace to people of good will.
III. We praise you, we bless you, we adore you,
 we glorify you.
IV. Lord God, heavenly King, you take away the sins
 of the world, receive our prayer.
V. For you alone are the Holy One, you alone are the
 Lord, you alone are the Most High, Jesus Christ. Amen.