

Some lyrics in Translation

Sei Lob und Preis mit Ehren

Sei Lob und Preis mit Ehren
May there be praise and glory and honour
Gott Vater, Sohn und Heil'gem Geist!
May it be his will to increase in us
Der woll' in uns vermehren,
for God the Father, Son and Holy Spirit!
Was er uns aus Genad' verheißt,
what he promised us through his grace,
Daß wir ihm fest vertrauen,
so that we firmly trust him,
Gänzlich uns laß'n auf ihn,
surrender ourselves wholly to him,
Von Herzen auf ihn bauen,
build on him in our hearts,
Daß uns'r Herz, Mut und Sinn
so that our heart, spirit and mind
Ihm festiglich anhangen.
steadfastly depend on him.
Drauf singen wir zur Stund:
For this reason we sing now:
Amen, wir werd'n's erlangen,
Amen, we shall achieve this,
Glaub'n wir aus Herzensgrund.
we believe from the bottom of our hearts.

Wer nur den lieben Gott läßt walten

**Mein Gott, du weißt am
allerbesten
das, was mir gut und
nützlich sei.**

**Hinweg mit allem
Menschenwesen,
weg mit dem eigenen
Eingebäu.**

**Gib, Herr, das ich auf dich
nur bau,
und dir alleine ganz
vertrau.**

2. Chor

**Wer nur den lieben Gott
läßt walten**

**Und hoffet auf ihn
allezeit,**

**Den wird er wunderbarlich
erhalten**

**In allem Kreuz und
Traurigkeit.**

**Wer Gott, dem
Allerhöchsten, traut,
Der hat auf keinen Sand
gebaut.**

1. Chorale

**My God, You know best of
all
what is good and useful
for me.**

**Away with all human
existence,
away with all that
humanity constructs.**

**Grant, Lord, that I rely on
You alone,
and that I put my trust
entirely in You.**

2. Chorus

**Who only lets dear God
rule**

**and hopes in Him at all
times,**

**God will wondrously
support**

**in every torment and
sorrow.**

**Whoever trusts in God,
the Almighty,
has not built upon sand.**

Adoramus, Te Christe

We adore Thee, O Christ,
And we bless Thee,
Who by Thy Holy Cross
Hast redeemed the world.
Thou, who hast suffered death for us,
O Lord, O Lord,
Have mercy on us.

Tristes Erant Apostoli

While Christ's disciples, grieving, sad,
Their Master's painful death deplore,
Whom faithless servants' cruel hands,
Had bathed in His own crimson gore;

As they with eager steps make haste,
Their joyous message to repeat,
Their Master's glorious form they see,
And falling clasp His sacred feet.

Cheered by this tale, His faithful flock
The Galilean mount ascend,
And there with loving awe behold
Their heart's sole wish, their truest friend.

Veni Creator

Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, come
From thy bright heavenly throne;
Come, take possession of our souls,
And make them all thine own.

Thou who art called the Paraclete,
Best gift of God above,
The living spring, the living fire,
Sweet unction and true love.

Hej Sokoly (Markus Pfandler)

1. Somewhere from beneath that black water
A young uhlan (polish light cavalry armed) mounts his horse
He tenderly bids farewell to his girl
Even more tenderly to the Ukraine

ref.: Hey, hey, hey falcons
Pass the mountains, forests, pits
Ring, ring, ring my little bell
In the steppe - Ring, ring, ring.

2. Wine, wine, wine, wine – give it to me
And when I die bury me
In the green Ukraine
At my beloved girl's place

Zog Nit Keyn Mol

Yiddish transliteration

Never say this is the final road for you, Though leaden skies may cover over days of blue. As the hour that we longed for is so near, Our step beats out the message: we are here!	zog nit keyn mol, az du geyst dem letstn veg, khotsh himlen blayene farshteln bloye teg. kumen vet nokh undzer oysgebenkte sho, s'vet a poyk ton undzer trot: mir zaynen do!
From lands so green with palms to lands all white with snow. We shall be coming with our anguish and our woe, And where a spurt of	fun grinem palmenland biz vaysn land fun shney,

**our blood fell on the
earth,
There our courage and
our spirit have rebirth!**

**This song was written
with our blood and not
with lead,
It's not a little tune
that birds sing
overhead,**

**This song a people
sang amid collapsing
walls,
With pistols in hand
they heeded to the call.**

**Therefore never say
the road now ends for
you,
Though leaden skies
may cover over days of
blue.**

**As the hour that we
longed for is so near,
Our step beats out the
message: we are here!**

**mir kumen on mit
undzer payn, mit
undzer vey,
un vu gefaln iz a
shprits fun undzer
blut,
shprotsn vet dort
undzer gvure,
undzer mut!**

**dos lid geshribn iz
mit blut, un nit mit
blay,
s'iz nit keyn lidl fun
a foygl oyf der fray,
dos hot a folk
tsvishn falndike vent
dos lid gezungen mit
naganes in di hent.**

Riga Dimd

**Riga resounds, Riga resounds
Who made Riga so resound?
Aijaijā Tralalā
Who made Riga so resound?**

**Those forging a dowry for that maiden
The one with three ilk of brothers
Aijaijā Tralalā
The one with three ilk of brothers**

**Brother to her father forged the dowry
Brother to her mother forged the key
Aijaijā Tralalā
Brother to her mother forged the key**

**True brother to herself
Cast its lid of gold
Aijaijā Tralalā
Cast its lid of gold**