

Larry Nickel's

# Requiem for Peace



Saturday June 6, 2015

Shaughnessy Heights United Church

**TICKETS** TONIGHT

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# **Requiem for Peace**

## **Leaving Russia**

*Instrumental Prelude*

## **Fratres in Unum**

*(Psalm 133) - David (circa 1000 B.C.) Latin translation*

## **Requiem Aeternam**

*Latin liturgy*

## **Long Black Arm**

*Wilfred Owen (1893-1918) British*

## **Bugles Sang**

*Wilfred Owen (1893-1918)*

## **Ahni Shalom**

*(Psalm 120) - David (circa 1000 B.C.) Hebrew*

## **Bani Adam**

*Sa'adi Shirazi (1213-1293) Persian/Farsi*

## **Bani Adam – part 2**

*Ahmad Shawqi (1870-1932) Egyptian/Arabic*

## **Kyrie Eleison**

*Latin and Greek liturgy*

## **Bêtise de la Guerre**

*Victor Hugo - (1802-1885) French*

## **Intermission**

## **Bing Chuh Shing -**

*Dao Fu – (circa 12 AD) Mandarin (trans. David Lunde)*

## **Shtikovich**

*Anna Akhmatova (1889-1966) Russian*

## **Hiroshima Lacrimosa**

*Toge Sankichi (1917-53) Japanese*

## **Håll Facklan Högt**

*poem by Pär Lagerkvist (1891-1974) Swedish*

## **Dulce et Decorum**

*Wilfred Owen (1893-1918) British*

## **Kinderen van de Vrede**

*Menno Simons (1496-1561) Dutch and German*

## **Reconciliation**

*Walt Whitman (1819 - 1892) - American*

## **Agnus Dei**

*Latin liturgy and the Vulgate Bible*

### **1) Fratres in Unum** – (Psalm 133) - *David (circa 1000 B.C.)*

#### *Latin translation*

Quam iucundum  
habitare fratres in unum  
Ecce quam bonum et quam decorum  
habitare fratres in unum,  
Sicut unguentum optimum in capite quod  
descendit in barbam,  
barbam Aaron quod descendit  
super ora vestimenti eius  
Sicut ros Hermon qui descendit  
in montem Sion  
Quoniam illic mandavit Dominus benedictionem  
et vitam usque in saeculum.

### **2) Requiem Aeternam**

Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine.  
Et lux perpetua luceat eis.

### **3) Long Black Arm**

- *Wilfred Owen (1893-1918) British*

Be slowly lifted up, thou long black arm,  
Great gun towering toward Heaven,  
about to curse...

Reach at that arrogance,  
which needs thy harm,  
And beat it down before the sins grow worse...

### **4) Bugles Sang**

- *Wilfred Owen (1893-1918)*

Bugles sang, saddening the evening air,  
And bugles answered, sorrowful to hear.  
Voices of boys were by the riverside.  
Sleep mothered them; and made the twilight sad.  
The shadow of the morrow weighed on men.

### **Brothers in Unity**

How pleasant it is  
when brothers live together in unity  
Behold, how good and honorable it is  
when brothers live together in unity!  
It is like precious oil poured on the head,  
running down on the beard,  
running down on Aaron's beard,  
down upon the collar of his robes.  
It is like the dew of Hermon, which falls  
on Mount Zion.  
For there the Lord has bestowed His blessing,  
even life forevermore.

### **Rest Eternally**

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord,  
and let perpetual light shine upon them

But when thy spell be cast  
complete and whole,  
May God curse thee,  
and cut thee from our soul!

Voices of old despondancy resigned.  
Bowed by the shadow of the morrow, slept  
The dying tone of receding voices that will not return.

The wailing of the high far-travelling shells  
And the deep cursing of the provoking.  
The monstrous anger of our taciturn guns  
The majesty of the insults of their mouths.

**5) Ahni Shalom** – (Psalm 120) - *David*  
(circa 1000 B.C.) *Hebrew*

א שִׁיר, הַמַּעֲלוֹת:  
אֶל־יְהוָה, בַּצָּרָתָהּ לִי--  
קָרָאתִי, וַיַּעֲנֵנִי.  
ב יְהוָה--הִצִּילָה נַפְשִׁי, מִשְׁפַּת-  
שָׁקֶר: מִלִּשׁוֹן רַמְיָה.  
ג מִה־יִּתְּנוּ לִךְ, וּמִה־יִּסִּיף לָךְ--  
לִשׁוֹן רַמְיָה.  
ד חָצִי גִבּוֹר שְׂנוּנִים; עִם,  
גִּחְלִי רִתְמִים.  
ה אוֹיֵה-לִי, כִּי־גִרְתִּי מִשָּׁן;  
שָׁכַנְתִּי, עִם־אֱהֱלֵי קֶדָר.  
ו רַבַּת, שִׁכְנָה-לָהּ נַפְשִׁי-- עִם,  
שׂוֹנֵא שָׁלוֹם.  
ז אֲנִי־שָׁלוֹם, וְכִי אֲדַבֵּר; הַמָּה,  
לְמַלְחָמָה.

**6) Bani Adam**  
- *Sa'adi Shirazi (1213-1293) Persian /Farsi*

بنی آدم اعضاء یکدیگرند  
که در آفرینش یک گوشت و یک استخوانند  
و هر عضو را مانند دست و پا  
تو از زخم دیگری را بی غمی  
نماند که نماند آردی

**Bani Adam – part 2**  
- *Ahmad Shawqi (1870-1932) Egyptian/Arabic*

ولد الترفق يوم مولد عيسى  
و المروءات والهدى والحياء  
وازدهى الكون بالوليد وضائت  
بمناء من الثرى الارحاء  
و سرت آية لمسيح كما  
يسرى من الفجر الوجود الضياء  
تملا الارض والعوالم نورا  
فلثرى مانج بها وضاء  
لا وعيد لا صولة لا انتقام  
لا حمام لا غزوة لا نماء

**I Am a Man of Peace**

I call on the LORD in my distress,  
and He answers me.  
Save me, O LORD , from lying lips  
and from deceitful tongues.  
What will he do to you,  
and what more besides, O deceitful tongue?  
He will punish you with a warrior's sharp arrows,  
with burning coals of the broom tree.  
Woe to me that I dwell in Meshech,  
that I live among the tents of Kedar!  
Too long have I lived  
among those who hate peace.  
I am a man of peace;  
but when I speak, they are for war.

**Children of Adam**

Children of Adam are members of one body  
Who are created from the same origin;  
If one member is in pain,  
the other members cannot be at peace.

Kindness, chivalry, guidance and humility were  
born the day Jesus was born.  
His coming brightened the world,  
His light illumined it.  
Like the light of dawn  
flowing through the universe -  
so did the sign of Jesus (the Messiah) flow.  
He filled the world with light,  
making the earth shine with its brightness.  
No threat, no tyranny, no revenge,  
no sword, no raids, no bloodshed  
(did He use in His call to the new faith.)



### 7) Kyrie Eleison

*Latin and Greek liturgy*

Kyrie, miserere nobis  
Kyrie, dona nobis pacem  
Kyrie eleison  
Dona nobis pacem  
Christe eleison  
Exaudi orationem meam  
Dona nobis pacem

### 8) Bêtise de la Guerre

*-Victor Hugo (1802-1885) French*

Ouvrière sans yeux, Pénélope imbécile,  
Berceuse du chaos où le néant oscille,  
Guerre, ô guerre  
occupée au choc des escadrons,  
Toute pleine du bruit furieux des clairons,  
Ô buveuse de sang, qui, farouche, flétrie,  
Hideuse, entraîne l'homme en cette ivrognerie,  
*[Nuée où le destin se déforme, où Dieu fuit,  
Où flotte une clarté plus noire que la nuit,]*  
Folle immense, de vent et de foudres armée,  
A quoi sers-tu, géante, à quoi sers-tu, fumée,  
Si tes écroulements reconstruisent le mal,  
Si pour le bestial tu chasses l'animal,  
Si tu ne sais, dans l'ombre où ton hasard se vautre,  
Défaire un empereur  
que pour en faire un autre?

### Lord, have Mercy

Lord, have mercy on us  
Lord, grant us peace  
Lord, have mercy  
Grant us peace  
Christ, have mercy  
Hear my prayer  
Grant us peace

### The Stupidity of War

Servant without eyes, childish Penelope,  
Cradle where newborn Chaos rocks,  
War, oh war,  
who busies herself with the clash of troops,  
Filled with the furious blasts of trumpets,  
Oh drinker of blood, who - fierce, shriveled,  
hideous - drags man along in her drunkenness;  
*(Hidden where fate is disfigured, where God flees  
Or where reasoning hovers, darker than the night)*  
Gigantic folly, armed with wind and lightning,  
What use are you, Monster? What use are you, Smoky One?  
What if your destruction reconstructs evil,  
What if in your blood lust, you seek the animal in us all  
What if you don't know, within the shadows  
where your opportunity grovels,  
How to bring down an emperor  
without creating another?

### 9) Bing Chuh Shing - 兵車行 **Ballad of the Army Cart**

- Dao Fu – (circa 12 AD) Mandarin (trans. David Lunde)

車麟麟馬蕭蕭  
行人弓箭各在腰  
爺娘妻子走相送  
塵埃不見咸陽橋  
牽衣頓足攔道哭

哭聲直上干雲霄  
邊亭流血成海水  
武皇開邊意未已  
君不聞

漢家山東二百州  
千村萬落生荊杞  
縱有健婦把鋤犁  
禾生隴畝無東西  
況復秦兵耐苦戰  
被驅不異犬與雞  
信知生男惡

反是生女好  
生女猶得嫁比鄰  
生男埋沒隨百草  
青海頭

古來白骨無人收  
新鬼煩冤舊鬼哭  
陰雨濕聲啾啾

Wagons rattling and banging, horses neighing and snorting,  
The conscripts marching, each with bow and arrows at his hip,  
Fathers and mothers, wives and children, running to see them off—  
So much dust kicked up you can't see Xian-yang Bridge!

And the families pulling at their clothes, stamping feet in anger,  
blocking the way and weeping—

The sound of their wailing rises straight up to assault heaven...

The frontier posts run with blood enough to fill an ocean,  
and the war-loving Emperor's dreams of conquest have still not ended.

Haven't you heard, sir,

In our land of Han, throughout the two hundred prefectures east of the mountains  
thousands of little hamlets; growing nothing but thorns

And even where there is a sturdy wife to handle hoe and plough,  
the poor crops grow raggedly in haphazard fields.

It's even worse for the men of Qin; they're such good fighters  
they're driven from battle to battle like dogs or chickens....

Truly, it is an evil thing to bear a son these days,

it is much better to have daughters;

at least you can marry a daughter to the neighbor,

but a son is born only to die, his body lost in the wild grass...

Has my lord seen the shores of the \*Kokonor?

The white bones lie there in drifts, uncollected.

New ghosts complain and old ghosts weep,

under the lowering sky their voices cry out in the rain."

### 10) Dvatsit Vosyem Shtikovich

- Anna Akhmatova (1889-1966) Russian

Не бывать тебе в живых,  
Со снегу не встать.  
Двадцать восемь штыковых  
Огнестрельных пять.  
Горькую обновушку  
Другу шила я.  
Любит, любит кровушку  
Русская земля.

### Twenty Eight Bayonets

You are no longer among the living,  
You cannot rise from the snow.  
Twenty-eight bayonets,  
Five bullets.  
A bitter new shroud  
for my beloved I sewed.  
The Russian earth loves, loves  
droplets of blood.

### 11) Hiroshima Lacrimosa

- Toge Sankichi (1917-53) Japanese

あの閃光が  
忘れえようか!  
瞬時に街頭の三万は消え  
ちちをかえせ  
ははをかえせ  
としよりをかえせ  
こどもをかえせ  
わたしをかえせ  
わたしにつながる にんげんをかえせ  
にんげんの にんげんのよのあるかぎり  
くずれぬへいわを  
へいわをかえせ

Dies Irae, dies illa  
Solvat saeculum in favilla  
Lacrimosa dies illa  
Lacrimosa, Hiroshima

### 12) Håll Facklan Høgt

Swedish

Tänd hoppets fackla i kvävande kväll,  
blås levande själ i dess låga.  
Än ligger glöden på altarets håll  
och gudarna kan vi fråga.

Håll facklan høgt  
Låt ljuset skina av kärlek och fred,  
få skina av kärlek och fred.

Vår människovärld har mörknat ner,  
men **åter** skall eldarna tändas  
och vigda facklor som klarhet ger  
med budskap kring landen sändas.

### Tears for Hiroshima

That flash of light!  
How could I ever forget!  
In a moment,  
thirty thousand people vanished!

Bring back the fathers  
Bring back the mothers  
Bring back the elderly  
Bring back the children  
Bring me back  
Bring back the human beings I once knew

For as long as there are human beings,  
a world of human beings,  
bring back peace, unbroken peace.

The day of wrath  
shall consume the world in ashes  
That day is one of weeping Tears for Hiroshima.

### Hold the Torch High

Light the torch of hope,  
Blow living soul into its flame.  
Still there is glow on the altar  
Still the gods are there to be asked.

Hold the torch high  
Shine the light of love and peace.  
Our human world is getting darker,

But the fires can still be lit  
And the torches can still give clarity  
With a message sent around the world.



### 13) Dulce et Decorum

- *Wilfred Owen (1893-1918) British*

Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,  
Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through  
sludge,  
Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs,  
And towards our distant rest began to trudge.  
Men marched asleep, many lost their boots,  
But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame, all blind;  
Drunk with fatigue;  
deaf even to the hoots of gas-shells dropping softly behind.

Gas! GAS! Quick, boys!--An ecstasy of fumbling  
Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time,  
But someone still was yelling out and stumbling  
And flound'ring like a man in fire or lime.--  
Dim through the misty panes and thick green light,  
As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.  
In all my dreams before my helpless sight  
He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.  
If in some smothering dreams, you too could pace behind  
the wagon that we flung him in,  
and watch the white eyes writhing in his face...

My friend, you would not tell with such high zest  
To children ardent for some desperate glory, The old Lie:  
Dulce et decorum est Pro patria mori.  
(It is sweet and honorable to die for the father-land)

### 14) Kinderen van de Vrede

- *Menno Simons (1496-1561) Dutch/German*

Wij zijn de kinderen van de Vrede  
die hun zwaarden tot ploegscharen  
en speren tot sikkels hebben gemaakt  
en kennen geen oorlog meer.

### Wehrlos und verlassen

- *Carl Röhl (1810-1883) German*

Wehrlos und verlassen sehnt sich  
oft mein Herz nach stiller Ruh  
doch Du dekkest mit dem Fittich  
Deiner Liebe sanft mich zu

Unter Deinem sanften Fittich  
Find'ich Frieden, Trost und Ruh  
denn Du schirmest mich so freundlich  
schüttest mich und deckst mich zu  
Selig sind die'welche trauen dem Gott



### Children of Peace

We are the children of peace  
who have beaten their swords into plowshares  
and their spears into pruning hooks,  
and know war no more

### Lonely and Defenseless

When I'm lonely and defenseless  
my heart longs for rest and peace  
Then you spread Your wings of caring  
with Your love You cover me

Under Your gentle wing  
I find peace, solace and rest  
For You shield me so kindly  
Protect me and console me.  
Blessed are they who trust in God



## 15) Reconciliation

– *Walt Whitman (1819 - 1892) - American*

Word over all, beautiful as the sky,  
Beautiful that war and all its deeds of carnage must in time be utterly lost,  
That the hands of the sisters,  
Death and Night incessantly softly wash again, and ever again, this soiled world;  
For my enemy is dead, a man divine as myself is dead,  
I look where he lies white-faced and still in the coffin  
I draw near, bend down and touch lightly with my lips  
the white face in the coffin

## 16) Agnus Dei

– *Latin liturgy and the Vulgate Bible*

Scio enim quod Redemptor meus vivit;  
Agnus Dei, Princeps Pacis.

Agnus Dei,  
qui tollis peccata mundi  
Dona eis requiem  
Requiem sempiternam.

Miserere nobis, Deus  
Miserere mei, Deus

Si dixerimus quoniam peccatum non habemus  
ipsi nos seducimus et veritas in nobis non est  
Si confiteamur peccata nostra fidelis est et  
iustus ut remittat nobis peccata  
et emundet nos ab omni iniquitate

et ipse est propitiatio pro peccatis  
Non pro nostris autem tantum  
sed etiam pro totius mundi  
Agnus Dei, Christe Jesu, Princeps Pacis  
Dona nobis Pacem

For I know that my Redeemer lives;  
Lamb of God, Prince of Peace.

O Lamb of God,  
Who takes away the sins of the world,  
Grant them rest,  
Eternal rest.

Have mercy on us, O God.  
Have mercy on me, O God.

If we claim to be without sin,  
we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us.  
If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just  
and will forgive us our sins  
and purify us from all unrighteousness.

He is the atoning sacrifice for our sins,  
not only for ours  
but also for the sins of the whole world.

O Lamb of God, Christ Jesus, Prince of Peace, Grant us  
Peace.

**NELSON  
MANDELA**  
1918-2013





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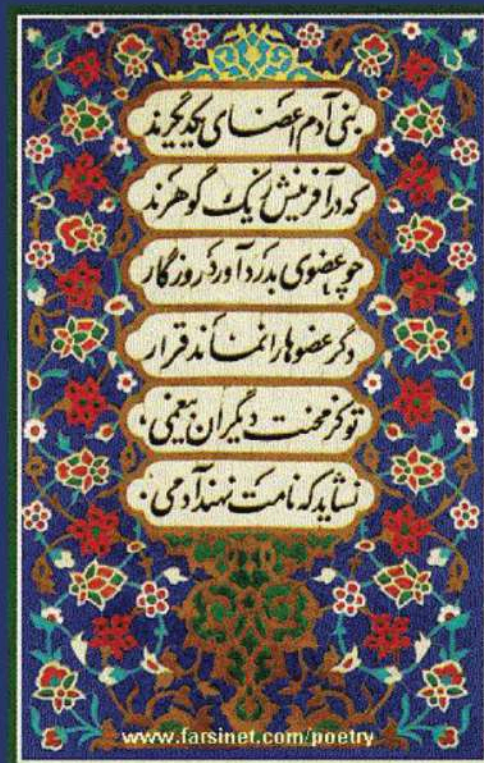
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*The Children of Adam are limbs of each other  
 Having been created of one essence.  
 When the calamity of time afflicts one limb  
 The other limbs cannot remain at rest.  
 If thou hast no sympathy for the troubles of others  
 Thou art unworthy to be called by the name of a man.*

*Sa'adi Shirazi (1213 - 1293)*