***Muusika*** (music: Pärt Uusberg; text: Juhan Liiv; sung in Estonian)

Somewhere the original harmony must exist, hidden somewhere in the vast wilds. In Earth’s mighty firmament, in the far reaches of swirling galaxies, in sunshine, in a little flower, in the song of a forest, in the music of a mother’s voice, or in teardrops. Somewhere, immortality endures, and the original harmony will be found. How else could music have formed in human hearts?

***As pants the hart*** (music: George Frideric Handel; text: Psalm 42; sung in English)

ll. As pants the hart (deer) for cooling streams, so longs my soul for thee, O God. lll. Tears are my daily food: while thus they say, where is now thy God?

IV. Now when I think thereupon, I pour out my heart by myself: for I went with the multitude, and brought them out into the house of God. V. In the voice of praise and thanksgiving: among such as keep holy day. VI. Why so full of grief, O my soul: why so disquiet within me? VII. Put thy trust in God: for I will praise her.

***An die Musik*** (music: Franz Schubert; text: [Franz von Schober](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Franz_von_Schober); sung in German)

You, noble Art, in how many grey hours, when life's mad tumult wraps around me, have you kindled my heart to warm love, have you transported me into a better world, transported into a better world!

Often has a sigh flowing out from your harp, a sweet, divine harmony from you unlocked to me the heaven of better times. You, noble Art, I thank you for it. You, noble Art, I thank you!

***Like as the hart desireth the waterbrooks***(music: Herbert Howells; text: Psalm 42; sung in English)

Like as the hart desireth the waterbrooks, so longeth my soul after thee, O God. My soul is athirst for God, yea, even for the living God. When shall I come to appear before the presence of God? My tears have been my meat day and night, while they daily say unto me, “Where is now thy God?”

***Sicut cervus desiderat*** (music: Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina;text: Psalm 42;

sung in Latin)

As a hart longs for the flowing streams, so longs my soul for thee, O God.