

Texts and Translations

Abbie Betinis: Be Like the Bird

Be like the bird that, pausing in her flight awhile on boughs too slight,
feels them give way beneath her -- and sings -- knowing she hath wings.

Victor Hugo

Abbie Betinis: Envoi

Fly, white butterflies, out to sea,
Frail, pale wings for the wind to try,
Small white wings that we scarce can see,
Fly!

Some fly light as a laugh of glee,
Some fly soft as a long, low sigh;
All to the haven where each would be.
Fly!

- Charles Swinburne (1837-1909)

Undine Smith Moore: Love let the wind cry

Love let the wind cry
On the dark mountain,
Bending the ash trees
And the tall hemlocks
With the great voice of
Thunderous legions,
How I adore thee.

Let the hoarse torrent
In the blue canyon,
Murmuring mightily
Out of the gray mist
Of primal chaos
Cease not proclaiming
How I adore thee.

Let the long rhythm
Of crunching rollers,
Breaking and bursting
On the white seaboard
Titan and tireless,
Tell, while the world stands,
How I adore thee.

Love, let the clear call
Of the tree cricket,
Frailest of creatures,
Green as the young grass,
Mark with his trilling
Resonant bell-note,
How I adore thee.

But, more than all sounds,
Surer, serener,
Fuller [with]1 passion
And exultation,
Let the hushed whisper
In thine own heart say,
How I adore thee.

- Bliss Carman

Gwyneth Walker: Every Night (When the Sun Goes Down)

Every night, when the sun goes down, I hang my head and mournful cry.
True love don't weep or mourn for me. The Lord has come to set me free.
I pray the Lord my train would come to take me back where I come from.
True love don't weep or mourn for me. The Lord has come to set me free.
And when I rise up in the sky, if you look up quickly,
you will see me passing by. On wings of silver, I will fly.

Traditional Appalachian

Clara Schumann: *Gondoliera*

*O komm zu mir, wenn durch die Nacht
Wandelt das Sternenheer,
Dann schwebt mit uns in Mondespracht
Die Gondel übers Meer.
Die Luft ist weich wie Liebesscherz,
Sanft spielt der goldne Schein,
Die Zither klingt und zieht dein Herz
Mit in die Lust hinein.*

O komm zu mir. . .

*Das ist für Liebende die Stund',
Liebchen, wie ich und du;
So friedlich blaut des Himmels Rund,
Es schläft das Meer in Ruh.
Und wie es schläft, da sagt der Blick,
Was keine Zunge spricht,
Die Lippe zieht sich nicht zurück,
Und wehrt dem Kusse nicht.*

O komm zu mir. . .

-Emanuel von Geibel (1815 - 1884)

O come to me,
when the legion of stars wanders through the night,
then, in the glory of the moonlight,
our gondola will float over the sea.
The air, soft as love's teasing,
gently plays on the golden glow,
the sound of the zither draws your heart
with it into joy.

O come to me. . .

Now is the blessed hour of love,
my darling, come and see;
so peacefully glows the vault of heaven,
and the sea sleeps in peace.
And as it sleeps, so speak our glances
what our tongues would dare not say,
our lips do not withdraw or resist the kiss.

O come to me. . .

Trans. Lee Wright

Clara Schumann: *Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen*

*Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen,
ihm schlug beklommen mein Herz entgegen.
Wie konnt' ich ahnen, daß seine Bahnen
sich einen sollten meinen Wegen.*

*Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen,
er hat genommen mein Herz verwegen.
Nahm er das meine? Nahm ich das seine?
Die beiden kamen sich entgegen.*

*Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen,
Nun ist gekommen des Frühlings Segen.
Der Freund zieht weiter, ich seh' es heiter,
denn er bleibt mein auf allen Wegen.*

Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)

He came in storm and rain,
my anxious heart beat against his.
how could I have known, that his path
should unite itself with mine?

He came in storm and rain,
he boldly stole my heart.
Did he steal mine? Did I steal his?
Both came together.

He came in storm and rain,
Now has come the blessing of spring.
My love travels abroad, I watch with cheer,
for he remains mine, on any road.

Trans. David Kenneth Smith

Clara Schumann: *Liebst du um Schönheit*

*Liebst du um Schönheit,
o nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne,
sie trägt ein gold'nes Haar!*

If you love for beauty,
oh, do not love me!
Love the sun,
she has golden hair!

*Liebst du um Jugend,
o nicht mich liebe!
Liebe den Frühling,
der jung ist jedes Jahr!*

If you love for youth,
oh, do not love me!
Love the spring,
it is young every year!

*Liebst du um Schätze,
o nicht mich liebe.
Liebe die Meerfrau,
sie hat viel Perlen klar.*

If you love for treasure,
oh, do not love me!
Love the mermaid,
she has many clear pearls!

*Liebst du um Liebe,
o ja, mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer,
dich lieb' ich immerdar.*

If you love for love,
oh yes, do love me!
love me ever,
I'll love you evermore!

Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)

Trans. David Kenneth Smith

Rosephanye Powell: *To Sit and Dream*

To sit and dream. To sit and read. To sit and learn about the world.
Outside our world of here and now. Outside our world, our problem world.
To dream of vast horizons of the soul, of dreams made whole, unfettered, free.
Help me. All you who are dreamers too. Help me make our world anew.
I reach out my hand to you.

Words from "To You," by Langston Hughes

Bernice Johnson Reagon: *Ella's Song*

Refrain: We who believe in freedom cannot rest
We who believe in freedom cannot rest until it comes

Verses: Until the killing of Black men, Black mothers' sons
Is as important as the killing of White men, White mothers' sons

And that which touches we most is that I had a chance to work with people
Passing on to others that which was passed on to me

To me young people come first, they have the courage where we fail
And if I can shed some light as they carry us through the gale

The older I get the better I know that the secret of my going on
Is when the reins are in the hand of the young who dare to run against the storm

Not needing to clutch for power, not needing the light just to shine on me
I need to be just one in the number as we stand against tyranny

Struggling myself don't mean a whole lot I come to realize
That teaching others to stand up and fight is the only way my struggle survive

I'm a woman who speaks in a voice and I must be heard
At time I can be quite difficult, I'll bow to no man's word.

Raphaela Aleotta: Ego flos campi

*Ego flos campi, et liliū convalium.
Sicut liliū inter spinas,
sic amica mea inter filias.
Sicut malus inter ligna silvarum,
sic dilectus meus inter filios.*

I am a field-flower and a lily of the valley.
As the lily among the thorns,
so is my beloved among the daughters.
As the apple tree among the trees of the wood,
so is my beloved among the sons.

Song of Songs 2:1-3

Fanny (Cäcilia) Mendelssohn Hensel: *Zum Fest der heiligen Cäcilia*

*Beati immaculate in via,
Qui ambulat in lege Domini.*

Blessed are they who are unspotted in their ways,
who walk in the law of the Lord.

*Audi et vide et inclina aurem tuam.
Deus, qui nos annua beatae
Caeciliae Virginis et Martyris tuae
Solemnitate laetificas: da, utquam
veneramur officio.*

Hear and see and incline thy ear.
God who dost gladden us
with the annual feast of the blessed
Cecilia Virgin and Martyr thine:
grant that we may venerate thee by our office.

*Veni, electa mea, et ponam
in te thronum meum.
Etiam piae conversationis
sequamur exemplo.
Quia concupivi Rex speciem tuam.*

Come my chosen one and I shall place
my throne in thee.
And let us follow the example
of virtuous conduct.
For I have desired, my King, thy glory.

*Audio et video, inclino aurem meam
Domine Deus, Rex coelestis,
quam admirabile est nomen tuum in Universa terra!
Coeli enarrant gloriam Dei, et opera
manuum ejus annuntiat firmamentum.*

I hear and see, I incline my ear,
Lord God, heavenly King,
How admirable is thy name in the whole earth!
The heavens are telling the glory of God and the works
of his hands are proclaimed by the firmament.

*Alleluja, Gloria in excelsis et
Laudem dicam tibi Domine.*

Alleluia, Glory in the highest and
praise I shall utter to thee O Lord.

Alice Parker, Arr.: I Want Two Wings

O Lord, I want two wings to cover my face,
I want two dancin' shoes to put on my feet,
I want a golden harp, to play by myself,
I want a song to sing in my heart,
when I reach my heavenly home.

Negro Spiritual

Mae Nightingale, Arr.: My Child Is Gone

Hark! from the winds a voice of woe,
The wild Atlantic in its flow,
Bears on its breast the murmur low,
My child is gone!

Like savage tigers o'er their prey,
They tore him from my heart away;
And now I cry, by night by day--
My child is gone!

How many a free-born babe is press'd
With fondness to its mother's breast,
And rocked upon her arms to rest,
While mine is gone!

No longer now, at eve I see,
Beneath the sheltering plantain tree,
My baby cradled on my knee,
For he is gone!

And when I seek my cot at night,
There's not a thing that meets my sight,
But tells me that my soul's delight,
My child, is gone!

I sink to sleep, and then I seem
To hear again his parting scream
I start and wake--'tis but a dream--
My child is gone!

Gone--till my toils and griefs are o'er,
And I shall reach that happy shore,
Where negro mothers cry no more--
My child is gone!

From *The Liberty Minstrel* (1844)
Comp. George W. Clark

Undine Smith Moore, Arr.: Daniel, Daniel, Servant of the Lord

Oh, the king cried, "Oh! Daniel, Daniel! A-that-a Hebrew Daniel, servant of the Lord!"
Among the Hebrew nation, one Hebrew Daniel was found.
They put him in a-the lion's den. He stayed there all night long.
Now the king in his sleep was troubled, and early in the morning he rose,
to find God had sent a-his angel down to lock the lion's jaws!

Negro Spiritual

Mari Esabel Valverde: Prayer of St. Francis

LORD, make me an instrument of your peace;
Where there is hatred, let me sow love,
Where there is injury, pardon,
Where there is doubt, faith,
Where there is despair, hope,
Where there is darkness, light,
And where there is sadness, joy.
Oh, divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek
to be consoled, as to console;
to be understood, as to understand;
to be loved, as to love.
For it is in giving that we receive;
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned;
And it is in dying that we are born to eternal life.

text: Francesco d'Assisi