

A GLOBAL SONGFEST



Songs of Unity & Hope

January 31, 2021

10:00 AM EST

www.songfest.us/sf25

Songfest 25TH
ANNIVERSARY

Dearest viewers,

As we conclude our work on a project that spans a day and circumnavigates our globe, our hearts are filled with gratitude. Gratitude to work with a team that cares deeply, gratitude for faculty who give freely, gratitude for SongFest alumni willing to record these cherished pieces, and finally, gratitude to the artists everywhere who are now linked to the SongFest family through their generosity. From the recordings of Ghanaian folk songs by Legon Palmwine Band to Graham Johnson sharing his encyclopedic knowledge, to friends of friends who have contributed from Indonesia, Chile, Haiti, China, and New Zealand, we are privileged by what unites us: Song.

Song is fundamental to communication between cultures. It fills our celebrations and heals us from grief. It deepens emotional connections during our most important moments, and it still has the power to unite us 'Auf den airwaves'. The song of every region contains the pulse and the stories of its people, flowing with rhythms and melodies born of the earth and elevated through the passage of centuries.

It is within this lens that we present our global SongFest, 'Songs of Unity and Hope'. This is dedicated to our family: the alumni, faculty, and song-lovers around the world. This celebration of the human spirit, expressed through the artistry of over 200 musicians and poets, celebrates 25 years of SongFest and everyone who has dedicated their lives to infusing the world with their art, all on Schubert's birthday. At SongFest we create the space to support young artists in their work, and this project is part of that. It is not possible to do without financial support. This event is free for all who need it, but if you, like us, are feeling generous and grateful, please consider donating.

SongFest gratefully acknowledges that this global event has taken place on the unceded territories of indigenous nations. We honor and pay respect to their ancestors, past and present, as well as future generations. We recognize their continuing presence in their homelands.

With love,

The SongFest Team

Javier Arrebola
Victoria Browsers
Martha Guth
Rosemary Ritter
Jackie Stevens

Schedule of Events

all times are in Eastern Standard Time

10:00 a.m. - - - The First 25 Years

10:17 a.m. - - - The Importance of Song in Today's World

11:45 a.m. - - - EUROPE

2:00 p.m. - - - On Writing Songs

4:20 p.m. - - - AFRICA

5:00 p.m. - - - Today's Art Song Organizations

6:00 p.m. - - - ASIA

7:30 p.m. - - - The Next Generation of Song

8:50 p.m. - - - OCEANIA

10:00 p.m. - - - The SongFest Experience

11:00 p.m. - - - THE AMERICAS

SongFest alumni participants are listed with their SongFest attendance years in brackets

PANEL DISCUSSION

A circular inset image showing a person's hands in a dark suit holding a transparent glass globe of the Earth. The globe is held gently, and the person's face is partially visible in the background, looking down at the globe. The background of the entire page is dark grey with faint, concentric circular lines.

The Importance of Song in Today's World

James Conlon

Margo Garrett

Jake Heggie

Graham Johnson

Moderated by Javier Arrebola

In our opening panel, renowned experts and scholars in the field of song discuss a wide variety of topics, ranging from investment in music education at a young age to being an ambassador for someone else's art, to financing the study of music.

Duration: 1 hr. 25 min.

Europe

AUSTRIA
GERMANY
FRANCE
ITALY
SPAIN
PORTUGAL
IRELAND
WALES
ENGLAND
SCOTLAND
NORWAY
SWEDEN
FINLAND
RUSSIA
UKRAINE
POLAND
CZECH REPUBLIC
HUNGARY
GREECE

Duration: 1 hr. 55 min.

*"How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a weary world"*

*-William Shakespeare,
The Merchant of Venice*

A U S T R I A

Der Genesene an die Hoffnung
Mörrike-Lieder, no. 1

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

Hartmut Höll, reader
Samuel Hasselhorn, baritone
Richard Fu, piano [SF'18]

Der Genesene an die Hoffnung

Tödlich graute mir der Morgen:
Doch schon lag mein Haupt, wie süß!
Hoffnung, dir im Schoss verborgen,
Bis der Sieg gewonnen hiess.
Opfer bracht ich allen Göttern,
Doch vergessen warest du;
Seitwärts von den ewgen Rettern
Sahest du dem Feste zu.

O vergib, du Vielgetreue!
Tritt aus deinem Dämmerlicht,
Dass ich dir ins ewig neue,
Mondenhelle Angesicht
Einmal schaue, recht von Herzen,
Wie ein Kind und sonder Harm;
Ach, nur einmal ohne Schmerzen
Schliesse mich in deinen Arm!

-Eduard Mörike

He who has recovered addresses hope

Day dawned deathly grey:
Yet my head lay, how sweetly!
O Hope, hidden in your lap,
Till victory was reckoned won.
I had made sacrifices to all the gods,
But you I had forgotten;
Aside from the eternal saviours
You gazed on at the feast.

Oh forgive, most true one!
Step forth from your twilight
That I, just once, might gaze
From my very heart
At your eternally new and moonbright face,
Like a child and without sorrow;
Ah, just once, without pain,
Enfold me in your arms!

-Translation © Richard Stokes,
author of *The Book of Lieder*,
published by Faber, provided courtesy of
Oxford Lieder

GERMANY

Alles wird wieder groß sein und gewaltig
Book of Hours: Love Poems to God

Rainer Maria Rilke
(1875-1926)

Eckart Preu, reader

Alles wird wieder groß sein und gewaltig

Alles wird wieder groß sein und gewaltig.
Die Lande einfach und die Wasser faltig,
die Bäume riesig und sehr klein die Mauern;
und in den Tälern, stark und vielgestaltig,
ein Volk von Hirten und von Ackerbauern.

Und keine Kirchen, welche Gott umklammern
wie einen Flüchtling und ihn dann bejammern
wie ein gefangenes und wundes Tier, -
die Häuser gastlich allen Einlaßklopfern
und ein Gefühl von unbegrenztem Opfern
in allem Handeln und in dir und mir.

Kein Jenseitswarten und kein Schaun nach drüben,
nur Sehnsucht, auch den Tod nicht zu entweihn
und dienend sich am Irdischen zu üben,
um seinen Händen nicht mehr neu zu sein

-Rainer Maria Rilke

All Will Come Again Into Its Strength

*All will come again into its strength:
the fields undivided, the waters undammed,
the trees towering and the walls built low.
And in the valleys, people as strong
and varied as the land.*

*And no churches
where God is imprisoned and lamented
like a trapped and wounded animal.
The houses welcoming all who knock
and a sense of boundless offering in all
relations, and in you and me.*

*No yearning for an afterlife,
no looking beyond, no belittling of death,
but only longing for what belongs to us
and serving earth, lest we remain unused.*

-English translation by
Anita Barrows & Joanna Macy

*"Tell me, what is it you plan to do
with your one wild and precious life?"*

-Mary Oliver

FRANCE

Sanglots

Il y a, no. 5

Guillaume Apollinaire
(1880-1918)

Sophie Delphis, reader [SF'18,'19]

Sanglots

Notre amour est réglé par les calmes étoiles
Or nous savons qu'en nous beaucoup d'hommes
respirent
Qui vinrent de très loin et sont un sous nos fronts
C'est la chanson des rêveurs
Qui s'étaient arraché le coeur
Et le portaient dans la main droite
Souviens-t'en cher orgueil de tous ces souvenirs

Des marins qui chantaient comme des conquérants
Des gouffres de Thulé des tendres cieux d'Ophir
Des malades maudits de ceux qui fuient leur ombre
Et du retour joyeux des heureux émigrants
De ce coeur il coulait du sang
Et le rêveur allait pensant
A sa blessure délicate
Tu ne briseras pas la chaîne de ces causes
Et douloureuse et nous disait
Qui sont les effets d'autres causes
Mon pauvre coeur mon coeur brisé
Pareil au coeur de tous les hommes
Voici voici nos mains que la vie fit esclaves
Est mort d'amour ou c'est tout comme
Est mort d'amour et le voici
Ainsi vont toutes choses,
Arrachez donc le vôtre aussi
Et rien ne sera libre jusqu'à la fin des temps
Laissons tout aux morts
Et cachons nos sanglots

-Guillaume Apollinaire

*Sanglots was famously set by Francis Poulenc
as the fifth song of his *Banalités*.*

Sobs

*Our love is governed by the calm stars
Now we know that in us many men have their being
Who came from afar and are one beneath our
brows
It is the song of the dreamers
Who tore out their hearts
And carried them in their right hands
Remember dear pride all these memories*

*The sailors who sang like conquerors
The chasms of Thule the gentle Ophir skies
The accursed sick those who flee their shadows
And the joyous return of happy emigrants
This heart ran with blood
And the dreamer kept thinking
Of his delicate wound
You shall not break the chain of these causes
Of his painful wound and said to us
Which are the effects of other causes
My poor heart my broken heart
Like the hearts of all men
Here here are our hands that life enslaved
Has died of love or so it seems
Has died of love and here it is
Such is the fate of all things
So tear out yours too
And nothing will be free till the end of time
Let us leave all to the dead
And conceal our sobs*

Translation © Richard Stokes,
from *A French Song Companion* (Oxford, 2000)
provided courtesy of Oxford Lieder

FRANCE

Priez pour paix

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)
[arr Michael Köhne]

François Le Roux, reader

SongFest@25 Virtual Choir

SOPRANO

Sophie Carpenter ['19]
Sophia Hunt ['16]
Nicole Leung ['16,'19]
Olivia Prendergast ['17]

ALTO

Alexandra Bass ['19]
Dominie Boutin ['19]
Georgia Jacobson ['16]
Erin Wagner ['18]

TENOR

Caleb Alexander ['19]
Tyrese Byrd ['19]
Mish Eusebio ['16,'19]

BASS

Philip Barsky ['19]
Benjamin Howard ['16]
Nathaniel Malkow ['19]
John Potvin ['19,'20]

Javier Arrebola, piano [SF Faculty, SF'12]
Video Editing by Paloma Friedhoff Bello

Priez pour paix

Priez pour paix Douce Vierge Marie
Reyne des cieulx et du monde maîtresse
Faictes prier par vostre courtoisie
Saints et Saintes et prenez vostre adresse
Vers vostre Fils Requerant sa haultesse
Qu'il Lui plaise son peuple regarder
Que de son sang a voulu racheter
En déboutant guerre qui tout desvoye
De prières ne vous vueillez lasser
Priez pour paix, priez pour paix
Le vray trésor de joye.

-Charles, Duc d'Orléans

Pray for peace

Pray for peace, gentle Virgin Mary,
Queen of Heaven and mistress of the world.
Make, through your courtesy,
the saints to pray and address,
your Son, beseeching His High Majesty
to look on His people,
Whom with His blood He redeemed,
By banishing war which destroys all.
Do not tire of praying.
Pray for peace, pray for peace,
the true treasure of joy.

-English translation by SongFest

*“Joy is the holy fire that keeps our purpose warm
and our intelligence aglow.”*

—Helen Keller

ITALY

Porgo umilmente

Rime, no. 138

Michelangelo Buonarroti

(1475-1564)

Elvia Puccinelli, reader

Porgo umilmente

Porgo umilmente all'aspro giogo il collo
il volto lieto a la fortuna ria,
e alla donna mia
nemica il cor di fede e foco pieno;
né dal martir mi crollo,
anz'ogni or temo non venga meno.

Ché se 'l volto sereno
cibo e vita mi fa d'un gran martire,
qual crudel doglia mi può far morire?

-Michelangelo Buonarroti

Porgo umilmente

*I humbly offer my neck to the harsh yoke,
my smiling face before my misfortune,
to her, my beloved foe,
I give this heart full of fire and faith;
I fall not from this martyrdom,
rather, every moment, I fear she will go away.*

*If her serene face
turns my suffering into food and life,
what cruel pain then has the power to kill me?*

-English Translation by SongFest

**The German translation by Sophie Hasenclever
was set by Richard Strauss as "Madrigal,"*



Già il sole dal Gange

From *L'honestà negli amori*

Alessandro Scarlatti

(1660-1725)

Laetitia Ruccolo, reader [SF'11]

Katherine Lerner Lee, soprano [SF'15,'19]

Pauline Worusski, piano [SF'14,'15,'16,'17]

Già il sole dal Gange

Già il sole dal Gange
Più chiaro sfavilla,
E terge ogni stilla
Dell'alba che piange.

Col raggio dorato
Ingemma ogni stelo,
E gli astri del cielo
Dipinge nel prato.

-Anonymous

Already, from over the Ganges, the sun

*Already, the sun from the Ganges
Sparkles more brightly
And dries every drop
of the dawn, which weeps.*

*With golden ray
It decorates each blade of grass;
And the stars of the sky
It paints in the field.*

-English Translation by SongFest

SPAIN

Rima LXXXIX

Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer
(1836-1870)

Javier Arrebola, reader [SF Faculty, SF'12]

Rima LXXXIX

Negros fantasmas,
nubes sombrías,
huyen ante el destello
de luz divina.

Esa luz santa,
niña de los ojos negros,
es la esperanza.

Al calor de sus rayos,
mi fe gigante
contra desdenes lucha
sin amenguarse.

En este empeño
es, si grande el martirio,
mayor el premio.

Y si aún muestras, esquiva,
alma de nieve;
si aún no me quisieras,
yo he de quererte.

Mi amor es roca
donde se estrellan tímidas
del mar las olas.

-Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer

Rhyme LXXXIX

Black phantoms,
shadowy clouds,
flee before the sparkle
of the divine light.

That holy light,
girl with black eyes,
is hope.

In the heat of its rays
my immense faith
fights against disdain
without diminishing.

In this undertaking,
if great is the martyrdom,
greater is the prize.

And if you still shun me,
soul of snow;
if you still don't love me,
I must love you.

My love is a rock
on which the waves of suffering
break timidly.

-English translation by Javier Arrebola

*"Have enough courage to trust love one more time
and always one more time."*

-Maya Angelou

SPAIN

A pié van mis suspiros

Tríptico sobre poemas de Antonio Gala, no. 2

Antón García Abril

(b. 1933)

Paloma Friedhoff Bello, reader
Kate Johnson, soprano [SF'16,'18]
Sandy Lin, piano [SF'19]

A pié van mis suspiros

A pié van mis suspiros
camino de mi bien.

Antes de que ellos lleguen
yo llegaré.

Mi corazón con alas
mis suspiros a pié.

Abierta ten la puerta
y abierta el alma ten.

Antes de que ellos lleguen
yo llegaré.

Mi corazón con alas
mis suspiros a pié.

-Antonio Gala

On foot go my sighs

*On foot go my sighs
on their way to my fortune.*

*I will arrive
before they arrive.*

*My heart on wings
my sighs on foot.*

*Keep your door open
and keep your soul open, too.*

*I will arrive
Before they arrive.*

*My heart on wings
my sighs on foot.*

-English Translation by Javier Arrebola

*"I argue thee that love is life.
And life hath immortality."
-Emily Dickinson*

PORTUGAL

Tu és a madrugada

Eugénio de Andrade
(1923-2005)

Nuno Coelho, reader

Tu és a madrugada

You are the dawn

Tu és a esperança, a madrugada.
Nasceste nas tardes de setembro,
quando a luz é perfeita e mais dourada,
e há uma fonte crescendo no silêncio
da boca mais sombria e mais fechada.

You are the hope, the dawn.
Born in September afternoons,
when the light is perfect and more gilded,
and there is a fountain growing in the silence
of the darkest, sealed lips.

Para ti criei palavras sem sentido,
inventei brumas, lagos densos,
e deixei no ar braços suspensos
ao encontro da luz que anda contigo.

For you, I created meaningless words,
invented mists, dense lakes,
and left my arms suspended in the air
to meet the light that walks with you.

Tu és a esperança onde deponho
meus versos que não podem ser mais nada.
Esperança minha, onde meus olhos bebem,
fundo, como quem bebe a madrugada.

You are the hope where I lay
my verses that are no more.
My hope, where my eyes drink,
deep, as you would drink the dawn.

-Eugénio de Andrade

-English translation by Nuno Coelho

*Hardship may dishearten at first,
but every hardship passes away.
All despair is followed by hope;
all darkness is followed by sunshine.*

-Rumi

IRELAND

The meeting of the waters

Traditional air, collected by Thomas Moore
(1779-1852)
[arr. Sir John Stevenson]

Louise Thomas, reader
Ann Murray, mezzo-soprano [SF Faculty]
Graham Johnson, piano [SF Faculty]

The meeting of the waters

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh! no, – it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

-Thomas Moore

IRELAND

The Parting Glass

Traditional
[arr. Maggie Finnegan from The Wailin' Jennys]

Adrian Daly, reader
Maggie Finnegan, soprano

An Gloine Slán

Bhuel cibe saibhreas a bhí agam,
Tá sé caite ar mo cháirde dhíl;
Agus cibe dochar a rinne mé,
Dom fhéin a rinne mé an dochar sin.
Is na rudai suarach a rinne mé,
Tá siad dearmadta gan mé sa chré.
Só líon go barr an gloine slán;
Oíche mhaith agus aoibhneas daoibh go léir,
Oíche mhaith agus aoibhneas daoibh go léir.

Is iomaí uair i lár an lae, go raibh mé ag ól,
Agus mé ar strae;
Ach fuair mé cabhair, nuair a bhí mé thíos,
Agus fuair mé fáilte arais arís.
Ba bhreá liom seans sula a mbíonn mé réidh,
'bheith le mo ghrá gheal ar Inniskea;
Só líon go barr an gloine slán,
Oíche mhaith agus aoibhneas daoibh go léir,
Oíche mhaith agus aoibhneas daoibh go léir.

Na cairde uilig a bhí agam,
Tá siad brónach go bhfuil mé ag fágáil slán;
Is na cailíní, a bhí i mo chroí,
Bhuel tá mé liom fhéin is mé 'na luí.
Ach tá bóthar fada le taisteal ábó,
Agus tabharfaidh mé an bóthar sin gan stró,
Só líon go barr an gloine slán,
Oíche mhaith agus aoibhneas daoibh go léir;
Oíche mhaith agus aoibhneas daoibh go léir.

The Parting Glass

*Of all the money that e'er I spent
I've spent it in good company
And all the harm that e'er I've done
Alas it was to none but me
And all I've done for want of wit
To memory now I can't recall
So fill to me the parting glass
Good night and joy be with you all
Good night and joy be with you all.*

*Many times in the middle of the day,
I was drinking, And I am lost;
But I got help, when I was down,
And I was welcomed back again.
I'd love a chance before I'm ready,
'to be with my bright love of Inniskea;
Luxury fill to the top of the glass intact,
Good night and good luck to you all,
Good night and good luck to you all.*

*Of all the comrades that e'er I had
Are sorry for my going away
And all the sweethearts that e'er I had
Would wish me one more day to stay
But since it falls unto my lot
That I should rise and you should not
I'll gently rise and I'll softly call
Good night and joy be with you all
Good night and joy be with you all.*

W A L E S

Mae hiraeth yn y môr (Caneuon y Tri Aderyn)

Dilys Elwyn-Edwards
(1918-2012)

Gareth Lewis, reader
Rachel Schutz, soprano [SF'12]
Mary Holzhauer, piano

Mae hiraeth yn y môr
(Caneuon y Tri Aderyn)

*There's longing in the sea
(Songs of the Three birds)*

Mae hiraeth yn y môr a'r mynydd maith,
Mae hireath mewn distawrwydd ac mewn cân,
Mewn murmur dyfroedd ar dragywydd daith,
Yn oriau'r machlud ac yn fflamau'r tân,
Ond mwynaf yn y gwynt y dwed ei gŵyn,
A thristaf yn yr hesg y cwyna'r gwynt,
Gan ddeffro adlais adlais yn y brwyn,
Ac yn y galon, atgof atfot gynt.

*There's longing in the sea and mountains grey,
There's longing too in silence and in song,
In murmuring waters on their endless way,
At sunset hours and firelight's flames,
But fondest in the wind as it moans,
And saddest in the sedge as the wind replies,
Awaking echo's echo in the rush,
And memory's memory in the hearts.*

Fel pan wrandawer yn y cyfddydd hir
Ar gân y ceillioeg yn y glwyd gerllaw
Yn deffro caniad ar ôl caniad clir
O'r gerddi agos, nes o'r llechwedd draw
Y cwyd un olaf ei leferydd ef,
A mwyndder trist y pellter yn ei lef.

*As when one listens in the long dawn
To the song of the rooster upon the nearby gate
Evoking song upon song clear
From nearby gardens, near the hillside
The last songster lifts his voice,
With distance's sad enjoyment in his cry.*

-R. Williams Parry

-English Translation by Rachel Schutz

*Adfyd a ddwg wybodaeth, a gwybodaeth ddoethineb
"Adversity brings knowledge and knowledge wisdom"
-Welsh Proverb*

ENGLAND

The choirmaster's burial - 'The tenor man's story'

Winter Words, no. 5

Benjamin Britten

(1913-1976)

Graham Johnson, reader & piano [SF Faculty]

Anthony Rolfe Johnson, tenor

The choirmaster's burial -
'The tenor man's story'

He often would ask us
That, when he died,
After playing so many
To their last rest,
If out of us any
Should here abide,
And it would not task us,
We would with our lutes
Play over him
By his grave-brim
The psalm he liked best –
The one whose sense suits –
'Mount Ephraim' –
And perhaps we should seem
To him, in Death's dream,
Like the seraphim.

As soon as I knew
That his spirit was gone
I thought this his due,
And spoke thereupon.
"I think," said the vicar,
"A read service quicker
Than viols out-of-doors
In these frosts and hoars.
That old-fashioned way
Requires a fine day,
And it seems to me
It had better not be."
Hence, that afternoon,
Though never knew he
That his wish could not be,
To get through it faster
They buried the master
Without any tune.

But 'twas said that, when
At the dead of next night
The vicar looked out,
There struck on his ken
Thronged roundabout,
Where the frost was graying
The headstoned grass,
A band all in white
Like the saints in church-glass,
Singing and playing
The ancient stave
By the choirmaster's grave.

Such the tenor man told
When he had grown old.

-Thomas Hardy

ENGLAND

Everyone Sang

Siegfried Sassoon
(1886-1967)

Roger Vignoles, reader [SF Faculty]

Everyone Sang

Everyone suddenly burst out singing;
And I was filled with such delight
As prisoned birds must find in freedom,
Winging wildly across the white
Orchards and dark-green fields; on - on - and out of sight.

Everyone's voice was suddenly lifted;
And beauty came like the setting sun:
My heart was shaken with tears; and horror
Drifted away ... O, but Everyone
Was a bird; and the song was wordless; the singing will never be done.

-Siegfried Sassoon

*“Music...gives wings to the mind, a soul to the universe,
flight to the imagination, a charm to sadness,
a life to everything”*

-Plato

ENGLAND

Everything Is Waiting For You

David Whyte
(b. 1955)

Pamela Terry, reader [SF'06]

Everything Is Waiting For You

After Derek Mahon

Your great mistake is to act the drama
as if you were alone. As if life
were a progressive and cunning crime
with no witness to the tiny hidden
transgressions. To feel abandoned is to deny
the intimacy of your surroundings. Surely,
even you, at times, have felt the grand array;
the swelling presence, and the chorus, crowding
out your solo voice. You must note
the way the soap dish enables you,
or the window latch grants you freedom.
Alertness is the hidden discipline of familiarity.
The stairs are your mentor of things
to come, the doors have always been there
to frighten you and invite you,
and the tiny speaker in the phone
is your dream-ladder to divinity.
Put down the weight of your aloneness and ease into the
conversation. The kettle is singing
even as it pours you a drink, the cooking pots
have left their arrogant aloofness and
seen the good in you at last. All the birds
and creatures of the world are unutterably
themselves. Everything is waiting for you.

-David Whyte

SCOTLAND

Ae Fond Kiss

Scottish Folk Song

Katy Thomson, reader
Allyson McHardy, mezzo-soprano
Helen Becqué, piano

**Audio used with permission from the Canadian Art Song Project,
Lawrence Wiliford and Steven Philcox, Co-Artistic Directors**

Ae Fond Kiss

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, and then forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted—
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas, forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!

-Robert Burns

NORWAY

Ved Rondane

Tolv Melodier til Digte af A.O. Vinje, Op. 33, no. 9

Edvard Grieg
(1843-1907)

Wencke Ophaug, reader

Melis Jaatinen, mezzo-soprano [SF'07]

Tuomas Juutilainen, piano [SF'16]

Ved Rondane

No ser eg atter slike Fjell og Dalar,
som deim eg i min fyste Ungdom såg,
og sama Vind den heite Panna svarar;
og Gullet ligg på Snjo som før det låg.
Det er eit Barnemål, som til meg talar,
og gjer meg tankefull, men endå fjåg.
Med Ungdomsminni er den Tala blanda:
Det strøymer på meg, so eg knapt kan anda.

Ja Livet strøymer på meg som det strøymde,
når under Snjo eg såg det grøne Strå.
Eg drøymer no, som før eg alltid drøymde,
når slike Fjell eg såg i Lufti blå.
Eg gløymer Dagsens stri, som før eg gløymde,
når eg mot Kveld af Sol ein Glimt fekk sjå.
Eg finner vel eit Hus, som vil meg hysa,
når Soli heim til Notti vil meg lysa.

-Aasmund Olavsson Vinje

At Rondane

*Now I see again the same mountains and valleys
as those I saw in my earliest childhood,
and the same wind cools my warm brow;
and gold lies on the snow as it lay before.
There is a childhood language that speaks to me,
and makes me thoughtful, but still happy.
The speech is mixed with childhood memories:
it flows over me, so that I can scarcely breathe.*

*Yes, life flows over me, as it used to flow,
when under the snow I saw the green grass.
I dream now as I always used to dream,
when I saw the same mountains against the blue sky.
I forget the daily strife, as I forgot it before,
when towards evening I see a glimpse of the sun.
I will surely find a house that will shelter me,
when the sun at night lights me home.*

English Translation by Beryl Foster



NORWAY

Fyremål

Aasmund Olavsson Vinje
(1818-1870)

Solmund Nystabakk, reader

Fyremål

Vegen vita,
på Villstig venda,
fram åt fara
og Færði enda:
vi mot Målet
må soleis halda
ellers vil vi
på Vegen falla.

Enn eit År
over bratte Bakkar,
Haug og Hamrar
og håge Slakkar,
Fjell og Fjøre
og Fjord som bryter,
Flod som fløymer
og Foss som tyter,
må vi vandre
og Vegen fara,
måtte Magti
og Mergi vara!

Kom då, Snille,
vi slita saman.
For den Gilde
er Gant og Gaman.

Trygt og trofast
vort Norsk vi tala,
med det sama Slags
Mål vi mala.

Stor var skammi
vi skulle bera,
når vi neitta
å Norske vera.

-Aasmund Olavsson Vinje

The Goal

Know the way,
turn from the wrong path,
travel onward
and end the journey:
we must keep on
towards the goal,
otherwise we will
fall from the path.

One more year
over steep hills,
heights and crags
and high terraces,
mountain and shore
and fjords that break,
rivers that flow
and waterfalls that gush,
we must wander
and travel the road,
our power
and vigour must last!

Come then friends,
we will toil together.
For the bold
there is fun and delight.

Safe and true
is the Norwegian we speak;
we will write
in the same language.

Great would be
the shame we bear,
should we refuse
to be Norwegian.

-English Translation by Beryl Foster

SWEDEN

Lutad mot gärdet

Fem visor ur "Idyll och epigramm," Op. 8, no. 1

Wilhelm Stenhammar
(1871-1927)

Max Rydqvist, reader [SF'18]
Harrison Hintzsche, baritone [SF'17]
Mary Trotter, piano [SF'14]

Lutad mot gärdet

Lutad mot gärdet stod gossen vid flickans arm,
såg öfver slagen äng":
"Sommarens tid har flytt, blommorna vissnat re'n;
skön är din kind likväl, rosor och liljor der
blomstra som for ännu."

Våren kom åter, då stod han allena der!
Flickan var borta låg vissnad i jordens famn;
ängen var grön igen, leende, blomsterrik.

-Johan Ludvig Runeberg

Leaning against the fence

Leaning against the fence the boy stood at the girl's arm,
Looking out over a kind of meadow:
"Summer has gone, the flowers are faded;
but your cheek is still fair, there roses
and lilies bloom as before."

Spring returned, then he stood alone there.
The girl was gone, lay faded in the earth's bosom;
The meadow turned green, smiling, rich with flowers.

-English Translation by Javier Arrebola

*"The heart stops briefly when someone dies,
a quick pain as you hear the news,
and someone passes
from your outside life to inside.
Slowly the heart adjusts to its new weight...
- Ted Berrigan, "Things to do in Providence"*

FINLAND

Elämälle

Op. 93, no. 4

Oskar Merikanto
(1868-1924)

Gustav Djupsjöbacka, reader (Finnish & Swedish)

Simon Barrad, baritone [SF'17]

Kseniia Polstiankina, piano [SF'17]

Hell dig, liv!

Hell dig, liv, i din skönhet och prakt!
Du föder och dödar
stolt i din storhet
och härliga makt.

Du evigt unga, i vår som i höst,
dina sänger segrande stiga
genom vindarnas dån
och den döendes röst.

Hell dig, mörka, fruktade död,
livets lydige slav,
stumma föryngrings gåta,
slocknade, spirande liv i grav!

Andra och ständigt skiftande slakten
stiga på nytt ur de gamlas spår.
Aftonrodnan är morgonväkten.
Livet skördar, vad döden sår.

Hell dig, liv, i din skönhet och prakt!
Du dödar och föder,
stolt i din storhet
och härliga makt.

-Ernst Viktor Knape

Elämälle

Terve valtias valon ja yön!
Sä elon ja kuolon
korkea kuningas,
täyttäjä työn.

Ei voittaa voi sua suurinkaan,
sinun virtes valtava kaikuu
yli kuohuvan veen,
yli yöllisen maan.

Terve, kalman kaamea vuo,
täyttymys elämän tään,
mykkä myös tuonelan mahti,
sammunut, syttyvä tuike tuo!

Uus sukukunta, uudempi usko
nousevi nuorena vanhan taa.
Aamun enne on illan rusko.
Kuololta elämä kasvun saa.

Terve, valtias valkeuden, yön!
Sä elon ja kuolon
korkea kuningas,
täyttäjä työn.

-Finnish by Jussi Snellman

To Life

Hail to you, lord of darkness and light!
To you, the high king
Of life and death,
Performer of great deeds.

Even the greatest cannot conquer you,
Your grand hymn echos
Over troubled waters,
Over twilit lands.

Hail to you, ghastly stream of death,
Fulfilment of this life,
Hell's silent power,
Extinguished, yonder twinkling flame!

A new generation, a newer faith
Rises fresh behind the old.
Sunset is the genesis of morning.
From death, life grows again.

Hail to you, lord of brightness and night!
To you, the high king
Of life and death,
Performer of great deeds.

-English by Simon Barrad

Послушайте! (Poslushayte!)

Владимир Маяковский
Vladimir Mayakovsky
(1893-1930)

Tatiana Lokhina, reader [SF'17]

Послушайте!

Послушайте!
Ведь, если звезды зажигают –
значит – это кому-нибудь нужно?
Значит – кто-то хочет, чтобы они были?
Значит – кто-то называет эти плевочки
жемчужиной?

И, надрываясь
в метелях полуденной пыли,
врывается к богу,
боится, что опоздал,
плачет,
целует ему жилистую руку,
просит –
чтоб обязательно была звезда! –
клянется –

не перенесет эту беззвездную муку!
А после
ходит тревожный,
но спокойный наружно.
Говорит кому-то:
«Ведь теперь тебе ничего?
Не страшно?
Да?!»

Послушайте!
Ведь, если звезды зажигают –
значит – это кому-нибудь нужно?
Значит – это необходимо,
чтобы каждый вечер
над крышами
загоралась хоть одна звезда?!

-Владимир Маяковский

Listen!

Listen!
if the stars are lit,
then someone must need them?
then someone must want them to be there,
then someone calls those droplets of spittle
pearls?

And wheezing,
in the blizzards of midday dust,
he rushes to God,
fearing that he's too late,
and sobbing,
he kisses God's sinewy hands,
pleads
that there necessarily must be a star!
swears

that he won't survive this starless torment!
And later,
he wanders, worried,
though outwardly calm,
and tells somebody:
"Now are you all right?
You are no longer afraid, are you?
Yes?"

Listen!

if the stars are lit,
then someone must really need them?
then it is essential
that each night
at least one star
lights up over the rooftops?!

-Vladimir Mayakovsky
English translation by Andrey Kneller, Tatiana
Lokhina, and Tony Weinstein

RUSSIA

пожелания друзьям (Pozhyelaniya druz'yam)

Самуїл Маршák
Samuil Marshak
(1887-1964)

Pauline Worusski, reader [SF'14,'15,'16,'17]

Пожелания друзьям

Желаю вам цвести, расти,
Копить, крепить здоровье.
Оно для дальнего пути –
Главнейшее условие.

Пусть каждый день и каждый час
Вам новое добудет.
Пусть добрым будет ум у вас,
А сердце умным будет.

Вам от души желаю я,
Друзья, всего хорошего.
А всё хорошее, друзья,
Дается нам недешево!

-Самуїл Маршák

A Wish to Friends

*I wish you to bloom, grow,
save, and strengthen health.
It is for the long journey ahead -
the most important condition.*

*May you experience something new
each hour and every day.
May your mind be kind,
and may your heart be smart.*

*I wish you from my soul,
my friends, everything good.
Yet everything good, my friends,
is given to us not easily.*

-Samuil Marshak
English Translation by Pauline Worusski



RUSSIA

Весенние воды (Vesenniye vody)

Op. 14, no. 11

Сергѣй Рахмáнинов

Sergei Rachmaninov

(1887-1964)

Irina Medvedeva, reader [SF'19]

Laura Strickling, soprano [SF'11,'12]

Liza Stepanova, piano [SF Faculty, SF'09,'10]

Весенние воды

Ещё в полях белеет снег,
А воды уж весной шумят --
Бегут и будят сонный брег,
Бегут, и блещут, и гласят...

Они гласят во все концы:
«Весна идёт, весна идёт!
Мы молодой весны гонцы,
Она нас выслала вперёд.

Весна идёт, весна идёт,
И тихих, тёплых майских дней
Румяный, светлый хоровод
Толпится весело за ней!...»

-Фѣдор Иванович Тютчев

Spring Waters

*The fields are still white with snow,
But already there is the sound of spring in the waters
They run along and wake the sleepy banks,
They run, and glitter, and proclaim...*

*They proclaim in every direction:
'Spring is coming, spring is coming!
We are the heralds of youthful spring,
Who sends us on ahead.*

*Spring is coming, spring is coming,
And the quiet, warm days of May,
Like some rosy, radiant round-dance,
Hurry along in its wake.'*

-Fyodor Ivanovich Tyutchev

English Translation by Philip Ross Bullock, provided
courtesy of Oxford Lieder

UKRAINE

Моя любов, моя земля (Moya lyubov, moya zemlya)

Іван Карабиць
Ivan Karabytz
(1945-2002)

Ivanka Karabytz, reader [composer's daughter]

Erika Baikoff, soprano [SF'13,'15]

Dimitri Dover, piano [SF Faculty, SF'12,'13]

Моя любов, моя земля

У мене є моя земля,
Моя від краю і до краю,
Мої криниці і поля,
У мене є моя земля!

Краю мій!
Ти дав мені крилатий шлях.
Краю мій!
Це щастя у твоїх полях.
У ріднім батьківським краю
Зустріну долю я свою,
Зустріну я свою любов,
Свою зорю!

У мене є моя любов,
Посію зерна - зійдуть квіти,
І нагадають знов і знов
Красу весни, красу дібров!

У мене пісня є моя.
Слова її прийшли з любові.
Дала їй музику земля,
У мене пісня є моя!

My land, my love

*I have my land,
It's mine from end to end,
My wells and fields,
I have my land.*

*My land!
You gave me a winged path.
My land!
Your fields are happiness.
In the native land of my forefathers
I will meet my destiny,
I will meet my love,
My star.*

*I have my love,
I will sow grain - flowers will grow,
And will recall again and again
The beauty of spring, the beauty of oak trees.*

*I have my song.
The words came from love.
The land gave the song its music,
I have my song.*

-Юрій Рибчинський

-Jurij Rybtschynskyj
English Translation by Simon Barrad &
Kseniia Polstiankina Barrad

*"Fortunately, something always remains to be harvested.
So let us not be idle."
—Gustav Mahler*

POLAND

Nadzieja

Czesław Miłosz
(1911-2004)

Tomasz Lis, reader [SF'07,'08,'12]

Nadzieja

Nadzieja bywa, jeżeli ktoś wierzy,
Że ziemia nie jest snem, lecz żywym ciałem,
I że wzrok, dotyk ani słuch nie kłamie.
A wszystkie rzeczy, które tutaj znałem,
Są niby ogród, kiedy stoisz w bramie.

Wejść tam nie można. Ale jest na pewno.
Gdybyśmy lepiej i mądrzej patrzyli,
Jeszcze kwiat nowy i gwiazdę niejedną
W ogrodzie świata byśmy zobaczyli.

Niektórzy mówią, że nas oko ludzi
I że nic nie ma, tylko się wydaje,
Ale ci właśnie nie mają nadziei.
Myślą, że kiedy człowiek się odwróci,
Cały świat za nim zaraz być przestaje,
Jakby porwały go ręce złodziei.

-Czesław Miłosz

Hope

Hope is with you when you believe
The earth is not a dream but living flesh,
That sight, touch, and hearing do not lie,
That all things you have ever seen here
Are like a garden looked at from a gate.

You cannot enter. But you're sure it's there.
Could we but look more clearly and wisely
We might discover somewhere in the garden
A strange new flower and an unnamed star.

Some people say we should not trust our eyes,
That there is nothing, just a seeming,
These are the ones who have no hope.
They think that the moment we turn away,
The world, behind our backs, ceases to exist,
As if snatched up by the hands of thieves.

English Translation by Robert Hass

*“Hope begins in the dark, the stubborn hope that if you just show up
and try to do the right thing, the dawn will come.
You wait and watch and work: you don’t give up.”*

–Anne Lamott

POLAND

Pieśń Tęsknoty

Konstanty Górski
(1868-1934)

Katarzyna Sadej, reader [SF'10]
Anna Wojcik, soprano [SF'20]
Jennifer Tung, piano [SF Faculty, SF'07,'09]

Pieśń Tęsknoty

W małej piosnce siły wiele,
Kto ją sercem gra...
W niej jest uśmiech - gdy wesele.
W niej - gdy smutek - łza...

Mała piosnka zapamięta
Każdy polny kwiat,
Czarodziejsko w niej zamknięta
Wiosna dawnych lat.

Piosnka idzie jak sierota,
Jak tęskniący duch,
I kołace w ciche wrota,
Gdzie jest brat, gdzie druh...

Piosnka ze snu serca budzi,
Gdy je drętwi cień,
I przed świtem woła ludzi
Na słoneczny dzień.

Z wiatrem leci echem chyżem
Do rodzonych stron
I nad mogił drogich krzyżem
Bije w srebrny dzwon!

-Maria Konopnicka

A Song of Longing

*There is a lot of strength in a little song,
Whoever plays it with their heart...
In it, there's a smile, when joy.
In it - when sadness - a tear...*

*A little song will remember
Every wild flower,
Magically enclosed in it,
A spring of old years.*

*A song goes like an orphan,
Like a longing spirit,
And knocks on the quiet door,
Where's my brother, where's my friend...*

*A song awakens the heart from sleep,
When it is numbed by shadow,
And before dawn calls people
For a sunny day.*

*It echoes swiftly with the wind,
To the native sides
And over the tombs of dear ones
It rings a silver bell!*

English Translation by Anna Wojcik

*"Music is the heart of life. Without it, there is no possible good.
And with it, everything is beautiful."*

—Franz Liszt

CZECH REPUBLIC

A les je tichý kolem kol
Cigánské Melodie, Op. 55, no. 3

Antonín Dvořák
(1841-1904)

Timothy Cheek, reader
Chelsea Melamed Cushman, mezzo-soprano [SF'19]
Javier Arrebola, piano [SF Faculty, SF'12]

A les je tichý kolem kol

And the woods are silent all around

A les je tichý kolem kol,
jen srdce mír ten ruší,
a černý kouř, jenž spěchá v dol,
mé slze v lících, mé slze suší.

*And the woods are silent all around,
Only my heart disturbs that peace;
And black smoke, which hurries into the valley,
Dries up the tears on my cheek, my tears.*

Však nemusí jich usušit,
necht' v jiné tváře bije.
Kdo v smutku může zazpívat,
ten nezhyne, ten žije, ten žije!

*But it need not dry them up,
Let it blow on another cheek.
He who can sing in sorrow,
He will not die, he lives, he lives!*

-Adolf Heyduk

English Translation by Timothy Cheek

*"When I wished to sing of love, it turned to sorrow.
And when I wished to sing of sorrow,
it was transformed for me into love."
-Franz Schubert*

HUNGARY

Erőltetett menet

Radnóti Miklós
(1909-1944)

Lóránt Najbauer, reader [SF'12]

Erőltetett menet

Bolond, ki földre rogyván fölkél és újra lépked,
s vándorló fájdalomként mozdít bokát és térdet,
de mégis útnak indul, mint akit szárny emel,
s hiába hívja árok, maradni úgyse mer,
s ha kérdezed, miért nem? még visszaszól talán,
hogyan várja őt az asszony s egy bölcsebb, szép halál.
Pedig bolond a jámbor, mert ott az otthonok
fölött régóta már csak a perzselt szél forog,
hanyattfeküdt a házfal, eltört a szilvafa,
és félelemtől bolyhos a honni éjszaka.
Ó, hogyha hinni tudnám: nemcsak szívemben hordom
mindazt, mit érdemes még, s van visszatérni otthon;
ha volna még! s mint egykor a régi hűs verandán
a béke méhe zöngne, míg hűl a szilvalekvár,
s nyárvégi csönd napozna az álmos kerteken,
a lomb között gyümölcsök ringnának meztelen,
és Fanni várna szökén a rőt sövény előtt,
s árnyékot írna lassan a lassú délelőtt, -
de hisz lehet talán még! a hold ma oly kerek!
Ne menj tovább, barátom, kiálts rám! s fölkelek!

Forced march

*Collapsed exhausted, only a fool would rise again
to drag his knees and ankles once more like marching pain
yet press on as though wings were to lift him on his way,
invited by the ditch but in vain, he'd dare not stay...
Ask him, why not? maintaining his pace, he might reply:
he longs to meet the wife and a gentler death. That's why.
But he's insane, that poor man, because above the homes,
since we have left them, only a scorching whirlwind roams.
The walls are laid. The plum tree is broken. And the night
lurks bristling as a frightened, abandoned mongrel might.
Oh, if I could believe that all things for which I yearn
exist beyond my heart, that there's still home and return...
return! the old veranda, the peaceful hum of bees
attracted by the cooling fresh plum jam in the breeze,
the still, late summer sunshine, the garden drowsing mute,
among the leaves the swaying voluptuous naked fruit,
and Fanni waiting for me, blonde by the russet hedge,
while languidly the morning re-draws the shadow's edge...
It may come true again - see, the moon, so round! - be wise...
Don't leave me, friend, shout at me, shout! and I will arise!*

-Radnóti Miklós

English Translation by Thomas Ország-Land

This poem was written on September 15, 1944, while the poet was prisoner in a Hungarian-Jewish labor camp. Two days later, Radnóti was one of 3,600 prisoners forced to inhumanely march from Bor to Szentkirályszabadja, where he wrote his final poem. Just two months later, Radnóti and 20 other prisoners were shot and killed due to their total exhaustion.

HUNGARY

A csitári hegyek alatt

Hungarian Folk Music X, no. 3

Zoltán Kodály
(1882-1967)

Anna Kóvach, reader [SF'15]
Lilla Heinrich Szász, soprano [SF'09]
Martin Néron, piano

A csitári hegyek alatt

A csitári hegyek alatt régen leesett a hó.
Azt hallottam, kisangyalom, véled esett el a ló.
Kitörted a kezedet, mivel ölelsz engemet?
Így hát kedves kisangyalom, nem lehetek a tied.

Amott látok az ég alatt egy madarat repülni,
De szeretnék a rózsámnak egy levelet küldeni,
Repülj madár, ha lehet, vidd el ezt a levelet,
Mondd meg az én galambomnak, ne sirasson engemet.

Amoda le van egy erdő, jajj de nagyon messze van,
közepében, közepében két rozsmaring bokor van,
egyik hajlik vállamra, másik a babáméra
így hát kedves kisangyalom tiéd leszek valaha

-Hungarian Folk Song

Under the Csitári mountains

Under the Csitári mountains the snow has fallen long ago.
I have heard my little angel that horse has fallen with you.
You have broken out your arm, what do you embrace me with?
So that my dear little angel I just cannot become yours.

I can see there a flying bird,
How much I would like to send a letter to my sweet rose,
Fly bird, if you can, take my letter with you,
Tell my love, do not cry for me.

Down there there is a forest, oh, how very far it is.
In its middle, in its middle, there are two rosemary bushes.
One is bending to my shoulder, the other bends to my baby's,
So that my dear little angel I can be yours sometime.

-English Translation by Thomas Ország-Land

*“With music, one's whole future life is brightened.
This is such a treasure in life that it helps us over many troubles and difficulties.
Music is nourishment, a comforting elixir.
Music multiplies all that is beautiful and of value in life.”*
–Zoltán Kodály

GREECE

Άρνηση [Arnisi]

Mikis Theodorakis
(b. 1925)
[arr. Neal Desby]

Michele Patzakis, reader & soprano [SF Faculty]
Theodosia Roussos, soprano & oboe [SF'18,'19]
Athena Tsianos, piano

Άρνηση

Στο περιγιάλι το κρυφό
κι άσπρο σαν περιστέρι
διψάσαμε το μεσημέρι
μα το νερό γλυφό.

Πάνω στην άμμο την ξανθή
γράψαμε τ' όνομά της
ωραία που φύσηξεν ο μπάτης
και σβήστηκε η γραφή.

Με τι καρδιά, με τι πνοή,
τι πόθους και τι πάθος,
πήραμε τη ζωή μας λάθος!
κι αλλάξαμε ζωή.

-Γιώργος Σεφέρης

Denial

On the secret seashore
white like a pigeon
we thirsted at noon;
but the water was brackish.

On the golden sand
we wrote her name;
but the sea-breeze blew
and the writing vanished.

With what spirit, what heart,
what desire and passion
we lived our life; a mistake!
So we changed our life.

-Giorgos Seferis
English Translation by
Edmund Keeley & Phillip Sherrard

*"The changes we dread most, may contain our salvation."
-Barbara Kingsolver*

PANEL DISCUSSION

On Writing Song

Moderated by Liza Stepanova

Part I.

Tom Cipullo
Jake Heggie
Libby Larsen

Three beloved American art song composers, Tom Cipullo, Jake Heggie, and Libby Larsen, share their earliest experiences with composing song. They talk about writing for specific performers, and what it means to set a poem to music and inhabit it as a performer. They read some of their favorite poetry (by Robert Hayden, Emily Dickinson, and Kathleen Kelly), and reminisce about their time at SongFest, illustrated with musical performances of their works taken from the festival archive.

Part II.

William Bolcom
John Harbison
John Musto

Three of America's finest and most decorated song composers, William Bolcom, John Harbison, and John Musto, talk about the experience of being both composers and performers. They speak about their influences, from Bach to William Blake to the American Songbook, and read some of their favorite poetry (by Theodore Roethke and Louise Glück). Musical examples are contextualized by examples from SongFest's vast recorded archive.

Duration: 2 hrs. 20 min.

Africa

MOROCCO
GHANA
NIGERIA
SÃO TOMÉ & PRÍNCIPE
SOUTH AFRICA
MOZAMBIQUE
TANZANIA
KENYA
SUDAN
EGYPT

Duration: 29 min.

"No matter how long the night is, the morning is sure to come."

-African Proverb

MOROCCO

La terre s'ouvre et t'accueille

Abdellatif Laâbi
(b. 1942)

Pierre-André Doucet, reader [SF'13,'17]

La terre s'ouvre et t'accueille

The Earth Opens and Welcomes You

(À la mémoire de Tahar Djaout)

(In Memory of Tahar Djaout)

La terre s'ouvre
et t'accueille
Pourquoi ces cris, ces larmes
ces prières
Qu'ont-ils perdu
Que cherchent-ils
ceux-là qui troublent
ta paix retrouvée?

*The earth opens
and welcomes you
Why these cries, these tears
these prayers
What have they lost
What are they looking for
those who disturb
Your new-found peace?*

La terre s'ouvre
et t'accueille
Maintenant
vous allez vous parler sans témoins
Oh vous en avez des choses à vous raconter
et vous aurez l'éternité pour le faire
Les mots d'hier ternis par le tumulte
vont peu à peu se graver dans le silence

*The earth opens
and welcomes you
Now
you're going to speak without witnesses
Oh, you've plenty to tell
and have all eternity to do so
Yesterday's words tarnished by the tumult
will gradually burn in silence*

La terre s'ouvre
et t'accueille
Elle seule t'a désiré
sans que tu lui fasses des avances
Elle t'a attendu sans ruse de Pénélope
Sa patience ne fut que bonté
et c'est la bonté qui te ramène à elle

*The earth opens
and welcomes you
She alone desired you
without you making a move
She waited for you with none of Penelope's guile
Her patience was nothing but kindness
and it's kindness that brought you back to her*

La terre s'ouvre
et t'accueille
Elle ne te demandera pas des comptes
sur tes amours éphémères
filles de l'errance
étoiles de chair conçues dans les yeux
fruits accordés du vaste verger de la vie
souveraines passions qui font soleil
au creux de la paume
au bout de la langue éperdue

*The earth opens
and welcomes you
She will not ask you to render accounts
of your fleeting affairs
wandering girls
heavenly bodies of flesh conceived in the eyes
fruits gifted by the vast orchards of life
sovereign passions that shine
in your palm's hollow
at the end of an indifferent language*

Africa

La terre s'ouvre
et t'accueille
Tu es nu
Elle est encore plus nue que toi
Et vous êtes beaux
dans cette étreinte muette
où les mains savent se retenir
pour écarter la violence
où le papillon de l'âme
se détourne de ce semblant de lumière
pour aller en quête de sa source

La terre s'ouvre
et t'accueille
Ta bien-aimée retrouvera un jour
ton sourire légendaire
et le deuil prendra fin
Tes enfants grandiront
et liront sans gêne tes poèmes
Ton pays guérira comme par miracle
lorsque les hommes épuisés par l'illusion
iront s'abreuver à la fontaine de ta bonté

Ô mon ami
dors bien
tu en as besoin
car tu as travaillé dur
en honnête homme

Avant de partir
tu as laissé ton bureau propre
bien rangé
Tu as éteint les lumières
et puis en sortant
tu as regardé le ciel
son bleu presque douloureux
Tu as lissé élégamment ta moustache
en te disant :
seuls les lâches
considèrent que la mort est une fin

Dors bien mon ami
Dors du sommeil du juste
Repose-toi
même de tes rêves
Laisse-nous porter un peu le fardeau

-Abdellatif Laâbi

The earth opens
and welcomes you
You're naked
And she's more naked than you
You're both beautiful
in that silent embrace
where hands can restrain themselves
and steer clear of violence
where the butterfly of the soul
avoids this semblance of light
to go in search of its origins

earth opens
and welcomes you
One day, your beloved will rediscover
your legendary smile
and mourning will come to an end
Your children will grow
and read your poems unashamed
Your country will heal, as if by magic
when men consumed by the illusion
will drink from the fountain of your kindness

O my friend
sleep well
you need it
because you worked hard
like an honourable man

Before you left
you left your office in order
neatly arranged
You switched off the lights
and on stepping out
you looked at the sky
which was almost painfully blue
You gracefully smoothed your moustache
and said to yourself:
only cowards
think that death is the end

Sleep well my friend
Sleep the sleep of the righteous
Rest well
from your dreams too
Let us shoulder the burden a little

English Translation by Abdellatif Laâbi with André Naffis-Sahely, taken from *Poems* (Poetry Translation Centre)

*Tahar Djaout was an Algerian writer killed in Algiers in 1993 by fanatics.
The poem was written on the day of his burial.*

GHANA

Koosɛ duade
&
Nyɔntserɛ ni eje

Ghanian Folk Songs

Legon Palmwine Band (University of Ghana)

Edwin Nii Akwei Brown
Samuel Agyeman Boahen
Albert Kwame Owusu Brown
Seth Kpodo
Eric Sunu Doe, reader

Koosɛ duade
koosɛɛ duade ahuu he
koosɛɛ duade ahuu he
shi ebɔ' momo

*Weeds disrupting
Weeds disrupting the growth
of a cassava plantation are not cleared
Yet the crop is always ready for harvesting*

Nyɔntserɛ ni eje
nyɔntserɛ ni eje
wɔbaa shwɛ
wɔbaa jo
nyɔntserɛ ni eje
wɔbaa shwɛ
wɔbaa jo

*The moon is out
The moon is out
We shall play
We shall dance
The moon is out
We shall play
We shall dance*

English Translation by Eric Sunu Doe

**Legon Palmwine Guitar Band is one of the ensembles at the Department of Music, University of Ghana that creates an environment where students experience and share in the performance heritage of Ghana's music traditions.*

*Its main focus is the now extinct palmwine guitar music tradition whose sole performer was legendary Agya Koo Nimo.**

NIGERIA

Nínú Ọgbà Ayò

Túbòsún Ọládàpò

Abigail Levis, reader [SF '06,'08]

Nínú Ọgbà Ayò

Ọgbà àjàrà ayò la wà yíí
Dè mí kí n má lè rọ̀nà yí
Tilẹ̀kùn ọgbà àjàrà
Kí nwọ̀n ó máa gbẹ̀kùlé wàrà.
Kàn'lù ifẹ́ sí mi
Kí n jó dùndún ifẹ́ mọ́jú
Ràdò ifẹ́ bò mí
Má jẹ́ n ké'gbẹ òtútù.

Bẹ̀ẹ́ bá wá'únjẹ wọgbà yíí wá
Afẹ́fẹ́ ifẹ́ leè yó'kùn-un wa
Báà wẹ́ lógún ọdún
Omi ifẹ́ le wẹ́ wá nù
Báà kọ yààrá nílá
Ìfẹ́ n ẹ́ yààrá bò wá
Kósùpá ifẹ́ ó máa ràn lódòdò wa
Ká pèjì pọ̀
Ká fi fẹ́nà ifẹ́ jò.

-Túbòsún Ọládàpò

In the Garden of Eden

*We are in the vineyard of bliss
Hold me here so I can't leave
Close the vineyard gate
So they can marvel from far away
Beat the drum of love for me
Let me dance until light
With the blanket of love cover me
Don't let me suffer the freezing night.*

*If you're not looking for food here
The breeze of love alone will fill you.
If we didn't bathe for twenty years
The water of love would wash us clean.
If we didn't build ourselves a home
Love would come and shelter us
With moonlight all around
Let our bodies entwine
And bring the fire to life.*

English Translation by Kólá Túbòsún
with The Poetry Translation Workshop,
Poetry Translation Centre

Ede ede

Nigerian Folk Song

Shawn Okpebholo, performer

Ede ede

Ede ede i ra bono se
i ha khun gbo - i ra bono se
i ra khic ki - i ra bono se
ejire hakhian - i ra bono se

-Nigerian Folk Song

Every day

*Every day I clap for God
I go to the farm, and I clap for God
Anywhere I go, I clap for God*

English Translation by Shawn Okpebholo

SÃO TOMÉ & PRÍNCIPE

O Cataclismo e as Canções

Conceição Lima

Estêvão Filipe Chissano, reader

O Cataclismo e as Canções

Feliz o que de mim restar, depois de mim
Se uma só das canções cantadas
Viver além daquele que em mim agora canta.
Da hecatombe não salvaria contudo
Uma só das canções que cantei e canto.
Às entranhas do olvido
Antes roubaria o riso das crianças
E a idade do provérbio.

Assim aos vindouros
Intacto ofertaria o enigma da luz.

-Conceição Lima

Cataclysm and Songs

*Happy what's left of me after I'm gone
If only one of the songs sung
Lives beyond the person singing in me now.
Yet I would not save from the slaughter
A single one of the songs I sang and sing.
Instead from the entrails of oblivion
I would steal the laughter of children
And the age of the proverb.*

*And so to those who come
I would offer intact the enigma of light*

English Translation by Stefan Tobler with
The Poetry Translation Workshop,
Poetry Translation Centre

*“Music is enough for a lifetime,
but a lifetime is not enough for music.”
—Sergei Rachmaninov*

SOUTH AFRICA

Plaashek

Ek maak 'n hek oop in my hart

Hendrik Hofmeyr
(b. 1957)

Bronwen Forbay, reader
LeOui Rendsburg, mezzo-soprano [SF '19]
Michael Roshan-Pandya, piano [SF '17]

Plaashek

Bloedrooi die alwyn langs
die slingerpad.
Dis of daar vonke uit
elk vuurpyl spat.
Maar niks, niks roer nie...net
'n luggie wat
skrams aan die ritselende grassate vat.

Daarbo die blou, blou lug,
daaronder die rivier
wat deur die boorde kronkel met
'n groen swier.
Niks stoor die yle swewende
Bergstilte hier.

Na al die jare maak ek weer
'n plaashek oop.
Waar het my paaie
tog nie geloop
Om my hier by 'n hek te bring
van al my waan gestroop,
maar met my denke helder
en in my hart die hoop?

Die hek staan in die skad'wee van
'n kremetart.
Die stilte in my's volkome met
Niks troebels, niks verward.
Ek lig die knop...Ek maak
'n hek oop in my hart.

-Uys Krige

Farmgate

*Blood-red the aloe by
the winding path.
It's as if sparks fly
from each flaming head.
But nothing, nothing stirs . . . only
a breeze that
fleetingly caresses the rustling grasses.*

*Above the blue, blue sky,
below the river
which meanders through the orchards
with a glint of green.
Nothing disturbs the ethereal mountain
stillness here.*

*After all the years I open
the farm gate again.
Where did my path
not wander
to bring me to this gate
stripped of all illusions,
but with my thought clear
and a heart full of hope?*

*The gate stands in the shade
of a baobab.
The stillness in me is complete with
nothing turbid, nothing confused.
I lift the latch ... I open
A door within my heart.*

English Translation by Hendrik Hofmeyr

MOZAMBIQUE

O peso da vida!

Eduardo White
(b. 1963)

Márcia Massicame, reader

O peso da vida!

O peso da vida!
Gostava de senti-lo à tua maneira
e ouvi-la crescer dentro de mim,
em carne viva,

não queria somente
rasgar-te a ferida,
não queria apenas esta vocação paciente
do lavrador,
mas, também, a da terra
e que é a tua

Assume o amor como um ofício
onde tens que te esmerar,

repete-o até à perfeição,
repete-o quantas vezes for preciso
até dentro dele tudo durar
e ter sentido

Deixa nele crescer o sol
até tarde,
deixa-o ser a asa da imaginação,
a casa da concórdia,

só nunca deixes que sobre
para não ser memória.

-Eduardo White

Farmgate

*The burden of life!
I loved bearing it, just like you,
hearing it grow inside me,
in living flesh.*

*I didn't only want
to open your wound,
I didn't only want
the patient vocation of a labourer:
I wanted the earth's vocation too,
which also is yours.*

*Treat love like a profession,
to be practised with great care.*

*Repeat to perfection
as often as necessary,
until it lasts and everything inside
is in the right place.*

*Let the sun rise
into the night.
let it be on the wings of the imagination,
the house of concord,*

*Never let love become a leftover, a
memory.*

English Translation by Stefan Tobler with
The Poetry Translation Workshop,
Poetry Translation Centre

TANZANIA

Uniimbie

Issa G. Shivji
(b. 1946)

Loralee Songer, reader [SF'12,'13]

Uniimbie

Sing for me

Uniimbie
Si wimbo
Si shairi
Si utenzi

*Sing for me
No songs
No poems
No odes*

Uniimbie
Hisia zako na zangu
Hisia za wanaAdamu
Hisia za wawuja
jasho na damu

*Sing for me
Feelings, yours and mine
Feelings of Adam's children
Feelings of those seeping
sweat and blood*

Uniimbie
Ya maisha bora
Yenye ustawi na Utu
Yenye mwanga bila luku

*Sing for me
Of the perfect life
Welfare and Dignity
Of light without feeding the meter*

Langu Dua
Likiwaka jua
Ukiandama mwezi
Giza litakimbia
Mende zitaparaganyika

*My prayer:
When the sun is at its height
Or the moon is full
Darkness will retreat
Cockroaches scatter*

-Issa G. Shivji

English Translation by Ida Hadjivayanis,
with The Poetry Translation Workshop,
Poetry Translation Centre

*"How much has to be explored and discarded
before reaching the naked flesh of feeling."
-Claude Debussy*

KENYA

Niguse

Alamin Mazrui
(b. 1948)

Pia Davila, reader [SF'20]

Niguse

Touch Me

Nitakapo kizuizini

When I'm released

Nitamwomba yoyote mwendani
aniguse

*I will ask anyone
to touch me*

taratibu
polepole
lakini
kwa yakini!

*delicately
sensitively
but
truly!*

Niguse tena
Unijuze tena
Unifunze tena

*Touch me again
Make me know again
Teach me again*

maisha yalivyo
maisha yaonjavyo
ladha yake ilivyo

*how life is
how life tastes
what life tastes like*

Nipo hapa nimekukabili
Niguse tena tafadhali!
Niguse!
Niguse!

*I'm right here in front of you
Touch me again please!
Touch me!
Touch me!*

-Alamin Mazrui

English Translation by Katriina Ranne with
The Poetry Translation Workshop,
Poetry Translation Centre

SUDAN

لهاتُ

الصادق الرضي
Al-Saddiq Al-Raddi
(b. 1969)

Holden Turner, reader [SF'17]

لهاتُ

Breathless

كأنَّها تَقْتَرِبُ من البابِ
تَسْمَعُ دقاتِ قلبِكَ
أو
كأنَّكَ في انتظارها
تَحْضُرُ طيورُ الصُّحَى
وَتَضْطَفُ على النافذةِ

Your heart thumps –
as if she were already
at your door.
Or – as if expecting her –
all the birds in the midday sky
arrive to clamour at your window.

.....
ساعةٌ من الصَّبْرِ
غابةٌ من الهديلِ والشَّقشَقَةِ

.....
An age of patience.
A forest of fluttering.

الصادق الرضي-

-Al-Saddiq Al-Raddi

English Translation by
Hafiz Kheir with Sarah Maguire, taken from
A Monkey at The Window: Selected Poems
(Bloodaxe and Poetry Translation Centre)

"Patience is the key which solves all problems."
-Sudanese proverb

EGYPT

البالونة

مصطفى إبراهيم
Mostafa Ibrahim
(b. 1986)

Hadia Kamal, reader (Arabic)
Jeremy Hirsch, reader (English) [SF '10,'11,'15,'16]

البالونة Balloons

فيه حاجات لازم علشان نعرف درجة قوتها بنكسرها وحاجات لازم علشان نعرف إننا عايزينها بنكسرها كدبت في عمرك كام صاحب علشان كان نفسك تظمن...وخسرت صحابك واظمنت طب كام بالون فرقعوا منك وانت بتنفخهم عاآخر...وعرفت آخرهم بس ندمت دلوقت فهمت أنا عايز إيه ... وأنا كنت بافرقع بلالين ليه أنا عاوز حاجة بدون آخر... أو حتى بآخر ماوصلوش ...كام حيطه في زهري أضرب واهري في بدنهم بس ما يتهدوش شيء مش مغشوش مضمون دايمًا ... من غير ماحتاج إني أتأكد أو حتى أخاف إني أتأكد لا يكون في الآخر برضه فشوش يا بشر عارفاني وعارفة أنا مين ... بلغوا أسفي لكل البلاين كلنا كنا في يوم بالونة ووقعتنا تجارب بني آدمين بلالين عايشين نفسها تلقى حد يصدق ويقدرها... ويتأكد من إنه عاوزها من غير مايجرب يخسرها	<i>To know the strength of things, sometimes we need to break them.</i> <i>To know we want some things, sometimes we need to lose them.</i> <i>Craving certainty, how many friends did you call liars?</i> <i>Attaining certainty, you lost your friends.</i> <i>How many balloons did you burst inflating them beyond their limit?</i> <i>Discovering that limit, you found regret.</i> <i>I now know why I burst balloons:</i> <i>I longed for something never-ending -</i> <i>or with an end I'd never reach.</i> <i>Walls that have my back.</i> <i>Walls that will stay standing, even when I knock them down.</i> <i>Something certain that, when tested, will not break.</i>
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مصطفى إبراهيم-

-Mostafa Ibrahim

English Translation by Nariman Youssef
with The Poetry Translation Workshop,
Poetry Translation Centre

PANEL DISCUSSION

Today's Art Song Organizations

Stephanie Blythe

Sholto Kynoch

Kevin Murphy

Alan Louis Smith

Dawn Upshaw

Moderated by Martha Guth

This panel representing Tanglewood, Ravinia, Oxford Lieder, Fall Island Vocal Arts Seminar, SongFest, and Sparks & Wiry Cries is led by five aficionados, all international performers and experienced administrators. They speak on topics ranging from audience engagement to beginning an art song organization from scratch.

“This often neglected genre of voice and piano song will provide the singers and pianists with a rich view of this world which will nourish them for their entire lives.”

-John Harbison

Duration: 1 hr.

Asia

ISRAEL
IRAQ
GEORGIA
ARMENIA
IRAN
AFGHANISTAN
INDIA
CHINA
SOUTH KOREA
JAPAN
TAIWAN
PHILIPPINES
THAILAND
INDONESIA

Duration: 1 hr.

*"So powerful is the light of unity that it can
illuminate the whole earth."*

-Bahá' u'lláh

ISRAEL

יש כוכבים (Yesh Kochavim)
A Kindling Flame, no. 3

Samuel Rosner
(b. 1998)

Chelsey Forbess Smith, reader [SF '00,'01,'04]

Samuel Rosner, tenor [SF '19]

Julian Garvue, piano [SF '19]

יש כוכבים *There are stars*

יש כוכבים
שאוֹרֵם מְגִיעַ אֶרֶצָה רַק כְּאִשֶׁר הֵם עֲצָמָם אָבְדוּ וְאִינָם
*There are stars whose light reaches Earth
even though they have become extinct.*

יש אֲנָשִׁים
שֶׁזִיּוֹ זְכָרָם מְאִיר כְּאִשֶׁר הֵם עֲצָמָם אִינָם יוֹתֵר בְּתוֹכֵנוּ.
*There are people whose radiant memory lights the
world even though they are no longer among the living.*

אורות אֵלֶּה
הַמְבַּהֲקִים בְּחֹשֶׁכֶת הַלַּיְלָה - הֵם שְׁמֵרָאִים לְאָדָם אֶת
אורות הַדֶּרֶךְ
*These lights brightly shine in the darkest of nights.
They lead the way for mankind.*

-Hannah Szenes
חנה סנש-

English Translation by Samuel Rosner

*"For my part I know nothing with any certainty,
but the sight of the stars makes me dream."*

-Vincent Van Gogh

ISRAEL

Vegn rokhves fun felder

Jewish Folk Poem

Shira Ben David, reader [SF '18]

Vegn rokhves fun felder

Vegn rokhves fun felder, oy, brider getraye,
hob ikh a mol nit lider gezungen,
vayl nit far mir di felder flegn grinen
un nit far mir flegt toy aroprinen.

In enge kelters, in finstere vi nakht,
bin ikh gezesn, gezesn farshmakht,
in keler hot umetik zikh getrogn
mayn nign vegn tsores un laydn un plogn.

Kol virtisher taykhl zolst flisn, zolst flisn,
un gib ale fraynt mayne fraylekhe grusn,
in gliklikhe kolvirt iz itst mayn heym,
bai mayn fenster shteyt a bliyender boym.

Di felder far mir, far mir oikh itst grinen,
fun zey milkh un honig far mir oikh rinen,
kh'bin gliklikh!
Du zolst mayne brider dertseyln,
vegn kolvirtshe felder zing ikh itst mayne lider!

A Good Life

*Of wide fields, dear friends,
I did not sing songs long ago.
Not for me did the fields bloom,
Not for me did dew-drops flow down.*

*In a narrow cellar, in humid darkness,
Lived I once, worn out by misery.
And a sad song ascended from the cellar,
Of grief, of my unparalleled suffering.*

*Kolkhoz river, flow joyfully,
Quickly give my regards to my friends.
Tell them that my home is now in the kolkhoz.
A blossoming tree stands under my window.*

*Now the fields bloom for me,
They feed me with milk and honey.*

*I'm happy, and you tell my brothers:
I'll write songs to the kolkhoz fields.*

-Jewish Folk Poem

IRAQ

نامۆی

عەبدوللا پەشیو
Abdulla Pashew
(b. 1946)

Sahar Nouri, reader [SF'08]

نامۆی Exile

که نامۆی وهك ره شه با هه لده كات و
، پیده شتی ئارام ده بری
، که خه م وه کوو قه له ره شه
، له به ده رگه ی ژووره که مدا
: باله کانی ده کاته وه و له نگه ر ده گری
من چۆله که ی بالته زیوی
، خه مه کانی خۆم هه لده گرم
، ده رۆم، ده رۆم
، تا منالیک ده دۆزمه وه
له ناو تیشکی چاوی ئه ودا
فرین وه بیر چۆله که ی خه م ده هیئمه وه
! که چی گیانه
به چاوی خۆم زۆر جار دیومه
که منالان
، له م شارهدا خه فه ت ده خۆن
وه کوو بیچوه مراوی دین
له زه ریچه ی چاوی تۆدا خویان ده شۆن

When exile breaks like a storm
over the open plain of my calm,
when sadness spreads its wings
and hangs, like a crow,
at my door,
I take up the frozen-winged sparrow
of my grief
I go, I go
till I find a child
and with the light of his eyes
I teach the sparrow to fly again
Yet, my love,
how often have I seen
when children grieve in this city
how, like little ducks,
they come to bathe
in the lake of your eyes

عەبدوللا پەشیو-

-Abdulla Pashew
English Translation by Mahsn Majidy with
The Poetry Translation Workshop,
Poetry Translation Centre

GEORGIA

კავშირი

დიანა ანფიმიადი
Diana Anphimiadi
(b. 1982)

Brent Funderburk, reader [SF'11]

კავშირი

ხმაში თაფლიანი იელი ჩამიხმა
ხორხში-იავნანის სურო,
მივდივარ და სიტყვებს მაყოლებ-ჩემი ხარ!,
იცი, ვბრუნდებოდი სულ რომ.
ვუყურებ-
გადამფრენი- მეთობის ნიშნები-ჩიტები-
ბანალური ქარგა-
როდესაც მიდიხარ-სამშობლოს იტოვებ,
როდესაც ბრუნდები-კარგავ.
გავდივარ ცარიელი, უშენო სახლიდან...
გასვლისას ოქროს თევზებს ვაქრობ
ჭერზეც და ზღვის ფსკერზეც-
მბუჟტავს დავტოვებდი-
შენ დაბრუნდებოდე აქ რომ...

-დიანა ანფიმიადი

Union

*The heather honey dried up in my voice,
the lullaby ivy in my throat.
I am leaving followed by your words - you are mine!
As you know, I would always return.
I watch migrating birds fly in formation.
That old story - when you leave, your motherland
leaves with you,
when you return, it is lost to you.
The house is empty without you.
I extinguish the golden fish when I depart.
I would leave them flickering -
on the ceiling and the ocean floor -
so you would return.*

-Diana Anphimiadi

English Translation by Natalia Bukia-Peters
with The Poetry Translation Workshop,
Poetry Translation Centre

ARMENIA

ԵՂԻՐ ՄԻՇՏ ՏՈԿՈՒՆ

Գրիգոր Թալյան
Grigor Talian (Gusan Sheram)
(1857-1938)

Armen Guzelimian, reader

ԵՂԻՐ ՄԻՇՏ ՏՈԿՈՒՆ

Be Resilient, Always

Թեպետ այսօր մթան խորքում
Տանջվում ես ու տառապում,
Եղիր տոկուն. պայծառ արեւ
Պետք է ծագե՛ առավոտ:

*If tormented and harrowed today
in depths of darkness
be resilient, still,
for morning will be.*

Թեպետ գեհեն հրդեհի մեջ
Այրվում ես ու տապակվում,
Եղիր տոկուն. անուշ ցողեր
Պետք է ցողեն՝ առավոտ:

*If burning and boiling
in abyssal fires
be resilient, still,
for morning dew will be.*

Թեպետ արյան հեղեղն առել
Քեզ խփում են քարեքար,
Եղիր տոկուն. ափ դուրս կուգաս՝
Ծաղկած դաշտին՝ առավոտ:

*If the waves of bloodbaths
are crushing you against the rocks,
be resilient, still,
for flowery fields will be.*

Թեպետ հիվանդ՝ անկողնիդ մեջ,
Տենչում ես ու զառանցում,
Եղիր տոկուն, պետք է բուժվես,
Զովեր կուքան՝ առավոտ:

*If deliriously yearning
bedridden and ill,
be resilient, still,
for the breeze will be.*

Հուսա, Շերամ. կուքա զարուն
Եվ կծաղկի քեզ համար,
Դու չես մեռնի, եւ անպայման
Պետք է հայրիս՝ առավոտ:

*Hope, Sheram, hope,
there will come a spring,
and you will not perish,
and you, the morning will see.*

-Գրիգոր Թալյան

-Grigor Talian (Gusan Sheram)
English Translation by Arpi Movsessian

ARMENIA

Օրո՛ր

Կոմիտաս
Komitas
(1869-1935)

Natalie Buickians, soprano [SF'11,'20]

Օրո՛ր

(Oror) Lullaby

Աղվոր ես, չունիս խալատ,
Երթամ ո՞վ բերիմ բեխալատ.

*You are precious, without fault
Who can I bring that compares to you?*

Օրո՛ր:

Hushabye

Երթամ լուսընկան բերիմ,
Լուսուն աստղերը բեխալատ:

*Let me bring the moon
The faultless moon and stars.*

Օրո՛ր:

Hushabye

Աղվոր ես, չունիս խալատ,
Քու ամեն տեղը է բեխալատ

*You are precious, without fault
Everything about you is without fault*

Օրո՛ր:

Hushabye

Դուն ալ խալատ բան մ'ունիս,
Քուն չունիս՝ արթուն կուկենաս:

*You have, perhaps, one fault,
You are not yet sleepy, you are still awake*

Օրո՛ր

Hushabye

-Կոմիտաս

-Komitas

:

English Translation by Natalie Buickians

IRAN

برف

آزیتا قهرمان
Azita Ghahreman
(b. 1962)

Layla Dougani, reader

برف

When Winter Comes

پهنای این ملافه از چین تا ماچین
و بر تمام آن برف باریده
چرا نمی‌رسیم
جز لنگه گوشواره‌ای
بر این سپیدی ردی نیست
نه درختی هست نه خرگوشی ، ستاره‌ای
کجاییم
گوشواره را که انداختی در کشو
ملافه ها را در سبد
و تاریکی را تکاندی از ایوان
مرده ام کمی کنار دست‌هایت
در انتهای شبی که آمده بودم

When winter comes I will look in the mirror and know myself again. On fire with ideas, my books were burning. My daughter came to me in dreams, a deer running, a deer that had me flee to the mountains. Well, I can hug those mountains, see how they nestle in my arms?

There was nothing to be afraid of after all. The scale of these things is just a matter of perspective, and even when we fall, we rise up again, the sea looks calmer, the fluffy white dog is back on its lead.

So don't berate me, don't blame me, don't beat me up about it, don't make me weep blood. Count the passing years on your fingers, they are galloping by like a wild, dark horse and the only thing at the end of that path is winter.

بوی جنگل می آمد
اما تمام راهها را پوشانده بود
برفی که می بارید
...می بارد، می پوشاند هنوز

When winter comes we can go in one of two directions, we can get lost or we can find ourselves again. I shouldn't have been frightened, I should have said, why torture yourself?

آزیتا قهرمان-

So that those shadows melt away leaving just me in the mirror again.

-Azita Ghahreman

English Translation by Elhum Shakerifar with Maura Dooley, taken from *Negative of a Group Photograph* (Poetry Translation Centre)

AFGHANISTAN

لکه للمي گل

پروين ملال

Parween Faiz Zadah Malaal
(b. 1957)

Steven Eddy, reader [SF'14]

لکه للمي گل

Like a desert flower

پلکه للمي گل د باران په تمه
لکه گودر د منگو لمس ته تږي
لکه سپيدې
د رڼايي په ارمان

*Like a desert flower waiting for rain,
like a river-bank thirsting for the touch of pitchers,
like the dawn
longing for light;*

او لکه يو کور
لکه يو کور چې
بې له ښځې وي
وران
داسې زمونږ د وختو ستړي
انسان
يوه شيبه غواړي چې
ساه وباسي
يوه شيبه غواړي چې
خوب وکي
د آرامي په ليچو
د آرامي په ليچو

*and like a house,
like a house in ruins
for want of a woman -
the exhausted ones of
our times
need a moment to
breathe,
need a moment to
sleep,
in the arms of peace,
in the arms of peace.*

پروين ملال-

-Parween Faiz Zadah Malaal
English Translation by Dawood Azami with
The Poetry Translation Workshop,
Poetry Translation Centre

Caitlin Aloia, reader [SF'17,'19]

অনন্ত প্রেম

তোমারেই যেন ভালোবাসিয়াছি
শত রূপে শত বার
জনমে জনমে, যুগে যুগে অনিবার।
চিরকাল ধরে মুঞ্চ হৃদয়
গাঁথিয়াছে গীতহার,
কত রূপ ধরে পরেছ গলায়,
নিয়েছ সে উপহার
জনমে জনমে যুগে যুগে অনিবার।
যত শুনি সেই অতীত কাহিনী,
প্রাচীন প্রেমের ব্যথা,
অতি পুরাতন বিরহমিলনকথা,
অসীম অতীতে চাহিতে চাহিতে
দেখা দেয় অবশেষে
কালের তিমিররজনী ভেদিয়া
তোমারি মুরতি এসে,
চিরস্মৃতিময়ী ধুবতারকার বেশে।
আমরা দুজনে ভাসিয়া এসেছি
যুগল প্রেমের স্রোতে
অনাদিকালের হৃদয়-উৎস হতে।
আমরা দুজনে করিয়াছি খেলা
কোটি প্রেমিকের মাঝে
বিরহবিধুর নয়নসলিলে,
মিলনমধুর লাজে-
পুরাতন প্রেম নিত্যনূতন সাজে।
আজি সেই চিরদিবসের প্রেম
অবসান লভিয়াছে
রাশি রাশি হয়ে তোমার পায়ের কাছে।
নিখিলের সুখ, নিখিলের দুখ,
নিখিল প্রাণের প্রীতি,
একটি প্রেমের মাঝারে মিশেছে
সকল প্রেমের স্মৃতি-
সকল কালের সকল কবির গীতি।

Everlasting Love

I seem to have loved you in numberless forms,
numberless times...
In life after life, in age after age, forever.
My spellbound heart has made and remade the
necklace of songs,
That you take as a gift, wear round your neck in your
many forms,
In life after life, in age after age, forever.
Whenever I hear old chronicles of love, its age-old pain,
Its ancient tale of being apart or together.
As I stare on and on into the past, in the end you
emerge,
Clad in the light of a pole-star piercing the darkness of
time:
You become an image of what is remembered forever.
You and I have floated here on the stream that brings
from the fount.
At the heart of time, love of one for another.
We have played along side millions of lovers,
shared in the same
Shy sweetness of meeting,
the same distressful tears of farewell-
Old love but in shapes that renew and renew forever.
Today it is heaped at your feet,
it has found its end in you
The love of all man's days both past and forever:
Universal joy, universal sorrow,
universal life.
The memories of all loves
merging with this one love of ours -
And the songs of every poet past and forever.

CHINA

我住长江头

Chinese Folk Song

Helen Zhibing Huang, soprano & reader [SF'17]

Esme Wong, piano [SF'17]

我住长江头

我住长江头，
君住长江尾。
日日思君不见君，
共饮长江水。
此水几时休？
此恨何时已？
只愿君心似我心，
定不负相思意

-李之仪

I live at the source of the Yangzi River

*I live at the source of the Yangzi River.
You live at the tail of the Yangzi River.
Every day I think of you, but I don't see you.
We drink the same Yangzi water.
When will the river stop running?
When will this torture end?
All I want is for you to think of me too,
So I won't love in vain.*

-Li Zhiyi

English Translation by
Helen Zhibing Huang

玫瑰三愿

龙七

Long Qi

(1902-1966)

Shawn Chang, reader [SF'18,'20]

玫瑰三愿

玫瑰花，玫瑰花，
烂开在碧栏杆下，

我愿那妒我的无情风雨莫吹打，
我愿那爱我的多情游客莫攀摘，
我愿那红颜常好不凋谢，
好教我留住芳华。

-龙七

Three Wishes of a Rose

*Rose, Rose,
In full bloom under the green fence.*

*I wish the jealous wind and rain would not hit me.
I wish the admiring travelers would not pick me.
I wish my beauty would never fade,
So that I could stay youthful.*

-Long Qi

English Translation by
Helen Zhibing Huang

CHINA

在银色的月光下

Tatar Folk Song
[arr. Yinghai Li]

Lydia Qiu, reader & piano [SF'00]
Zhengyi Bai, tenor [SF'16]

在银色的月光下

Under the Silver Moon

在那金色的沙滩上，洒着银白的月光，
寻找往事踪影，往事踪影迷茫。
往事踪影已迷茫，犹如幻梦一样，
你在何处躲藏？背弃我的姑娘。

*Silver moonlight shines on the golden beach,
I search for the past, but the past is gone.
The past is like a dream to me now.
Where are you, maiden, who betrayed me?*

.....
我骑在马上箭一样地飞翔，
飞呀飞呀，我的马，朝着她去的方向！

.....
*Now I fly like an arrow on my horse,
Fly and fly, my stallion, toward her path!*

-Tatar Folk Song
English Translation by Luobin Wang

SOUTH KOREA

담쟁이

도종환

Do Jong-Hwan
(b. 1955)

Gloria Engle, reader [SF'14,'15,'17]

담쟁이

Ivy

저것은 벽
어쩔 수 없는 벽이라고 우리가 느낄 때
그때
담쟁이는 말없이 그 벽을 오른다.
물 한 방울 없고 씨앗 한 톨 살아남을 수 없는
저것은 절망의 벽이라고 말할 때
담쟁이는 서두르지 않고 앞으로 나아간다.
한뼘이라도 꼭 여럿이 함께 손을 잡고 올라간다.
푸르게 절망을 다 덮을 때까지
바로 그 절망을 다잡고 놓지 않는다.
저것은 넘을 수 없는 벽이라고
고개를 떨구고 있을 때
담쟁이 잎 하나는 담쟁이 잎 수천 개를 이끌고
결국 그 벽을 넘는다!

*At times when we feel that
it is a wall, unavoidably a wall,
then
without a word ivy goes climbing up the wall.
At times when we say that it is a wall of despair
with no drop of water, where not one seed can survive,
unhurrying, the ivy advances.
Hand in hand, several together, it climbs on, a span's
breadth at a time. It grasps the despair and will not let go
until the despair is all covered in green.
At times when we shake our heads, saying
that wall cannot be climbed,
one ivy leaf leads thousands of other ivy leaves
and finally climbs over that wall.*

-도종환

-Do Jong-Hwan
English Translation by Brother Anthony of Taizé

SOUTH KOREA

강건너 봄이 오듯

임금수

Keungsoo Lim
(b. 1950)

Sohyun Park, reader [SF'19]
So Young Park, soprano [SF'11]
Seonmi Lee, piano [SF'16]

강건너 봄이 오듯

앞 강에 살얼음은 언제나 풀릴꺼나
짐 실은 배가 저만큼 새벽안개 헤쳐왔네
연분홍 꽃다발 한아름 안고서
물 건너 우련한 빛을 우련한 빛을
강마을에 내리누나
앞강에 살얼음은 언제나 풀릴꺼나
짐 실은 배가 저만큼 새벽안개 헤쳐왔네

오늘도 강물따라 뗏목처럼 흐를꺼나
새소리 바람 소리 물 흐르듯 나부끼네
내마음 어둔골에 나의 봄 풀어놓아
화사한 그리움 말없이 그리움
말없이 말없이 흐르는구나
오늘도 강물따라 뗏목처럼 흐를꺼나
새소리 바람 소리 물 흐르듯 나부끼네

-송길자

Like Spring Comes Across The River

*When will the ice on the river melt?
The boat is approaching from far away
In the midst of the morning fog.
The flowers bloom in misty colors
From the other side of the river.
Spring comes to the town.
The boat is approaching from far away
In the midst of the morning fog.*

*Shall I also flow like a raft today?
Birds are singing and winds are blowing
Along the running river.
Spring awakens warm longing in my heart
And it runs silently.
Shall I also flow like a raft today?
Birds are singing and winds are blowing
Along the running river.*

-Gilja Song

English Translation by Sangwon Lee

"If winter comes, can spring be far behind?"

-Percy Bysshe Shelley

SOUTH KOREA

그리운 금강산

최영섭

Young Sup Choi
(b. 1929)

Joseph Han, reader [SF'18]
Yang-Hi Kim, soprano [SF'96]
Nicholas Roehler, piano [SF'15]

그리운 금강산

Our Beloved Mountain Geumgang

누구의 주재런가 맑고 고운 산
그리운 만 이천 봉 말은 없어도
이제야 자유만민 옷깃 여미며
그 이름 다시 부를 우리 금강산

*Who Presided over the creation of
This pure and beautiful mountain?
Even though those 12,000 peaks that we long to go
Not have a word to say
Indeed now we free people of Korea
Respectfully call out the name again
Our beloved Mountain Geumgang*

수수만년 아름다운 산 못 가본지 몇 해
오늘에야 찾을 날 왔나 금강산은 부른다

*Ancient old beautiful Mountain for Ten Thousand years!
How many years has it been since we have visited there?
At last, the time has come to go there today?
Mountain Geumgang is calling us.*

비로봉 그 봉우리 예대로 있나
흰구름 솔바람도 무심히 가나
발 아래 산해만리 보이지 마라
우리 다 맺힌 슬픔 풀릴 때까지

*Birobong, Oh, That peak!
Is it still there as before?
White cloud and Pine fragrance breeze mindless?
Don't show your thousand miles, Oh Mountains under my feet,
Until all our tangled sorrows washed away.*

수수만년 아름다운 산 못 가본지 몇 해
오늘에야 찾을 날 왔나 금강산은 부른다

*Ancient old beautiful Mountain for Ten Thousand years!
How many years has it been since we have visited there?
At last, the time has come to go there today?
Mountain Geumgang is calling us.*

-한상억

-SangUck Han
English Translation by SongFest

*“So this was what a mountain was like, the same as a person:
the more you know, the less you fear.”*

-Wu Ming-Yi

JAPAN

花は咲く (Hana wa Saku)

菅野 よう子
Yoko Kanno
(b. 1964)

Amane Machida, reader & soprano [SF'19]
Hisako Hiratsuka, piano [SF'00,'03,'04,'05,'09]

花は咲く

真っ白な 雪道に 春風香る
わたしは なつかしい あの街を 思い出す

叶えたい 夢もあった
変わりたい 自分もいた
今はただ なつかしい あの人を 思い出す

誰かの歌が聞こえる 誰かを励ましている
誰かの笑顔が見える 悲しみの向こう側に

花は 花は 花は咲く いつか生まれる君に
花は 花は 花は咲く わたしは何を残しただろう

夜空の 向こうの 朝の気配に
わたしは なつかしい あの日々を 思い出す

傷ついて 傷つけて
報われず ないたりして
今はただ 愛おしい あの人を 思い出す

誰かの想いが見える 誰かと結ばれてる
誰かの未来が見える 悲しみの向こう側に

花は 花は 花は咲く いつか生まれる君に
花は 花は 花は咲く わたしは何を残しただろう

花は 花は 花は咲く いつか生まれる君に
花は 花は 花は咲く わたしは何を残しただろう

花は 花は 花は咲く いつか生まれる君に
花は 花は 花は咲く いつか恋する君のために

Flowers Will Bloom

The fresh spring breeze blows fragrantly
O'er the path of pure white driven snow;
And my thoughts are filled nostalgically
With the town that I remember now.
There were dreams for life that we hoped to see;
And a different me that I wanted to be.
Now as I look back I wistfully
See once more the person who lived then.

Someone's song can be heard, calling out to
Someone with strength and encouraging cheer.
Someone's smile can be seen radiating
From the other side of the anguish and grief.

The flowers, the flowers, the flowers bloom again
For you, who will come into the world someday.
The flowers, the flowers, the flowers bloom again.
I wonder what I have left for you who will remain.

Past the darkness of the midnight sky
To the dawning signs of morning light
I'm reminded of the days now past
And I fondly yearn for them again.

We were hurt sometimes; we caused pain sometimes;
And we cried with tears undried sometimes.
Now as I look back, in memory
Lives the person who was dear to me.

Someone's thoughts can be seen reaching out to
Someone with tenderness, binding them strong.
Someone's future is there brightly rising
On the other side of the anguish and grief.

The flowers, the flowers, the flowers bloom again
For you, who will come into the world someday.
The flowers, the flowers, the flowers bloom again.
I wonder what I have left for you who will remain.

The flowers, the flowers, the flowers bloom again
For you, who will come into the world some day.
The flowers, the flowers, the flowers bloom again
For you, who with open hearts will fall in love someday.

TAIWAN

阮若打開心內的門窗

王昶雄

Chang-hsiung Wang
(1916-2000)

Yu-Hsin Teng, reader [SF'19]

阮若打開心內的門窗

Flowers Will Bloom

阮若打開心內的門
就會看見五彩的春光
雖然春天無久長
總會暫時消阮滿腹辛酸

*If I could open the door of my heart,
I would see colorful spring scenery.
Although the spring won't last too long,
But it could relieve my suffering for the present.*

春光春光今何在
望你永遠在阮心內
阮若打開心內的門
就會看見五彩的春光

*Spring scenery, spring scenery, where are you now?
I wish you are always in my heart.
If I could open the door of my heart,
I would see spring scenery with many different colors.*

阮若打開心內的窗
就會看見心愛彼的人
雖然人去樓也空
總會暫時給阮心頭輕鬆

*If I could open the window of my heart,
I would see the one who completed me.
Although people had gone and the building was empty,
But it could make me feel relax for now.*

所愛的人今何在
望你永遠在阮心內
阮若打開心內的窗
就會看見心愛彼的人

*Where is my beloved one now?
I wish you are always in my heart.
If I could open the window of my heart,
I would see the one who completed me.*

阮若打開心內的門
就會看見故鄉的田園
雖然路途千里遠
總會暫時給阮思念想要返

*If I could open the door of my heart,
I would see the landscape of my homeland.
Although the way to home is so far,
But it could ease my homesickness for the present.*

故鄉故鄉今何在
望你永遠在阮心內
阮若打開心內的門
就會看見故鄉的田園
阮若打開心內的窗
就會看見青春的美夢
雖然前途無希望
總會暫時消阮滿腹怨嘆

*My home, my home, where are you now?
I wish you are always in my heart.
If I could open the door of my heart,
I would see the landscape of my homeland.
If I could open the window in my heart,
I would see my sweet dream of youth.
Although the path shall be full of thrones,
But it could relieve my suffering for this moment.*

青春美夢今何在
望你永遠在阮心內
阮若打開心內的窗
就會看見青春的美夢

*My sweet dream of youth, where are you now?
I wish you are always in my heart.
If I could open the window of my heart,
I would catch sight of my sweet dream of youth.*

PHILIPPINES

Allah's Favorite Butterfly

Adapted & Composed by Duo 1717
[Based on a Filipino Folk Story]

Duo 1717

Jean Bernard Cerin, baritone [SF'10]
Veena K. Kulkarni, piano

**Originally titled, "The Butterfly Who Wished to Be a God" from Lanao del Sur, Mindanao, Phillipines.
Story published in "Tales from the 7,000 Isles: Filipino Folk Stories,"
by Dianne de Las Casas and Zarah C. Gagatiga (2011).**

THAILAND

หัวใจห้องที่ห้า

อังคาร กัลยาณพงศ์
Angkarn Kalayanapong
(1926-2012)

Scott Johnson, reader [SF'20]

หัวใจห้องที่ห้า

The Heart's Fifth Chamber

หุบลึก บ้านเรือน แม่น้ำไหล
รั้วขอบฟ้าสูงขึ้นไปหมู่มะฆา
หม่มขุนเขาเหยียดยอดทอดเทือกยาว
พราวพริตพราวโอบอ้อมแขนกอดแผ่นดิน -

Deep valleys houses a river flowing
The rim of the sky above white clouds
blanketing the range of mountains
that stretches out to hug the earth

ดวงใจไฟฝันสันติสุข
ท่ามกลางทุกข์กระพือไฟไม่สุดสิ้น
ชีวิตหยั่งดอยู่และรู้ยิน
รักและหวังดังฝนรินลงดับร้อน

The heart dreams of peace
conquers misfortune, fans a fire that never goes out,
stands firm and knows how to listen
Like rain, love and hope temper heat

พรมหุบลึก บ้านเรือน แม่น้ำไหล
คืนดวงใจไฟฝันอันเก่าก่อน
แผ่นดิน ฝันฟ้า เอื้ออาทร
เป็นบ้านเกิด เรือนนอน นานแสนนาน
เป็นบ้านเกิด เรือนนอน นานแสนนาน...

Lined with valleys houses a river flowing
At night the heart dreams the same dream
solicitous of earth and sky
My birthplace where I sleep forever
My birthplace where I sleep forever

บ่าย แม่ฮ่องสอน / ฤดูเข้าพรรษา 2550
อังคาร จันทาทิพย์

Afternoon, Mae Hong Son, Buddhist Lent 2009

-อังคาร กัลยาณพงศ์

-Angkarn Kalayanapong
English Translation by Tracy Martin with The Poetry
Translation Workshop, Poetry Translation Centre

INDONESIA

Bengawan Solo

Indonesian Folk Song [arr. Fadliansyah]

Michael Hall, reader & viola
Regina Handoko, soprano
Airin Efferin, piano

Bengawan Solo

Bengawan Solo
Riwayatmu ini
Sedari dulu jadi
Perhatian insani

Musim kemarau
Tak seb'rapa airmu
Di musim hujan, air
Meluap sampai jauh

Mata airmu dari Solo
Terkurung Gunung Seribu
Air mengalir sampai jauh
Akhirnya ke laut

Itu perahu
Riwayatmu dulu
Kaum pedagang s'lalu
Naik itu perahu

Bengawan Solo

Bengawan Solo
The river of romance
Sparkling in the golden sun
That leads you into a trance

The wind across the blue,
The music of the stream,
Seems to play a lovely tune
A love song of hopes and dreams

If you're feeling sad and lonely
Come tell your troubles, dry your tears
And should you ever wonder why, dear
You'll find your answer here

Bengawan Solo
You are my dreams and hopes
Always linger in my heart
Forever, I love you so.

English Translation by Michael Hall

*"I would love to live like a river flows,
carried by the surprise of its own unfolding."*

-John O'Donohue

PANEL DISCUSSION

The Next Generation of Song

Khori Dastoor

soprano, *Opera San José*, [SF'97,'98,'04]

Tsitsi Ella Jaji

poet & scholar, *Duke University*

Samuel Martin

pianist, *Cincinnati Song Initiative*, *Rice University*

Shawn Okpebholo

composer & scholar, *Wheaton College*

Clara Osowski

mezzo-soprano, *Source Song Festival*

Erika Switzer

pianist, *Sparks & Wiry Cries*, *Bard College*

Moderated by Rachel Wood

mezzo-soprano, [SF'09,'18]

This panel of passionate advocates for art song - poet, composer, singer, pianists, and administrators - come together to discuss the future of Art song. They cover topics on presenting and performing recitals in the time of Covid, the need for building new audiences, the need for systemic change through art, and juggling the two hats of being a performer and an administrator during precarious times.

Duration: 1 hr. 19 min.

Oceania

AUSTRALIA
PAPUA NEW GUINEA
MARSHALL ISLANDS
KIRIBATI
TUVALUA
SAMOA
NEW ZEALAND

Duration: 1 hr. 2 min.

"May calm be spread around you. May the sea glisten like greenstone and the shimmer of summer dance across your path."

-Maori proverb

Oceania

AUSTRALIA

The ocean's lullaby

Richard James Allen
(b. 1960)

Emily Albrink, reader [SF'03,'08]

The ocean's lullaby

Here's another whole way not to panic.
Despite human beings' natural tendency
to misunderstand one another, especially
in groups, the default position being
less common ground than we think,
the poem starts with music, summer wishes
and soft thoughts. Despite the science of dying,
which opens the drowsy way to sleep,
we all drown together, in the ocean's lullaby,
in the loneliness of the waves. Despite
the artist machine, I can't tell you anything
the silence won't tell you, except that,
if you clamber back on shared land,
all the moments on earth belong to you.

-Richard James Allen

First published by Red Room Company.

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*"We ourselves feel that what we are doing is just a drop in the ocean.
But the ocean would be less because of that missing drop."*

-Mother Teresa

AUSTRALIA

St. Cecilia's Day

Roger Heagney
(b. 1942)

Merlyn Quaife, soprano & reader
Andrea Katz, piano

*Performance used with
permission from Songmakers
Australia.*

St. Cecilia's Day

I.
A windswept graveyard
The dead riverbed
Her belly of dust
Sore bruised by the head
Cursed be the thistle
And thorn of the ground
The tallow of clay
The socket of sound
Broken by pebble
Harrowed and winnowed
Only one footstep
Blackened by shadow
Called to the blessed
Night of the desert
Turned by an order
Older than Herod's

II.
Her music enchanted
An angel descending
An angel who loves me
The words to her husband
And here in his chamber
The angel would stand
Haloed with roses and lilies in crowns.
Come from the garden
Or Paradise flowing unearthly river
where choirs softly whisper
Through winds in their columns
Of reeds by the shore
While cherubim lower
The flaming sword
For twice times ten hundred
We catch of her sound
The barest of rhythm
The figure of grounds
Only for thee
And thy twin crown
Of roses and lilies
Our lives are stillborn
So dear Cecilia
Here on the river
Bruised by the head
Torn from the ground
In sockets of sound

III.
Under Andromeda's Night
Night in the desert
Blackened by starlight
Only one footstep
Stepping Arcadian
Rings from each rock
In hourglass rhythms
Of timbrel and cymbal
Struck from percussion
A lyre and string
Tune to the desert
Act of creation
Lost in the rattle or ancient timbrel
of burnished cymbal
Mercy Cecilia
Come from the garden
Fluted in columns
Where choirs softly whisper
Angelic pinion descended from heaven
Mercy Cecilia
Conjure the union
Twixt Heaven unbound
And earth at the moment
Of concord in sound
Have mercy Cecilia

-Graeme Ellis, poet

AUSTRALIA

The Orange Tree

Margaret Sutherland
(1897-1984)

Andrea Katz, piano & reader
Merlyn Quaife, soprano
David Griffiths, clarinet

**Performance used with permission
from the Port Fairy
Spring Music Festival 2020 and
Songmakers Australia.**

The Orange Tree

The young girl stood beside me. I
Saw not what her young eyes could see:
- A light, she said, not of the sky
Lives somewhere in the Orange Tree.

- Is it, I said, of east or west?
The heart beat of a luminous boy
Who with his faltering flute confessed
Only the edges of his joy?

- Was he, I said, home to the blue
In a mad escapade of Spring
Ere he could make a fond adieu
To his love in the blossoming?

- Listen! The young girl said. There calls
No voice, no music beats on me;
But it is almost sound: it falls
This evening on the Orange Tree.

- Does he, I said, so fear the Spring
Ere the white sap too far can climb?
See in the full gold evening
All happenings of the olden time?

Is he so goaded by the green?
Does the compulsion of the dew
Make him unknowable but keen
Asking with beauty of the blue?

- Listen! The young girl said. For all
Your hapless talk you fail to see
There is a light, a step, a call,
This evening on the Orange Tree.

- Is it, I said, a waste of love
Imperishably old in pain,
Moving as an affrighted dove
Under the sunlight or the rain?

Is it a fluttering heart that gave
Too willingly and was reviled?
Is it the stammering at a grave,
The last word of a little child?

- Silence! The young girl said. Oh why,
Why will you talk to weary me?
Plague me no longer now, for I
Am listening like the Orange Tree.

-John Shaw Neilson

PAPUA NEW GUINEA

Sonnet 13: Poetry's Interstices

Michael Dom
(b. 1977)

Jackie Stevens, reader [SF'14]

Sonnet 13: Poetry's Interstices

These are the spaces I confide
These are the narrow crevices
These are the places I reside
These are the secure refuges.

Upstairs attics with small windows
The quiet corners where I go
The hidden chambers no one knows
Downstairs cellars through secret doors.

There I have my room for dreaming
Room to create and postulate
Pose questions and probe for meaning
Riddles and rhymes to contemplate.

In there the world does not dictate
And there I have less room for hate.

-Michael Dom



Palette of Hope

Bruce Horick

Kylie Kreucher, reader [SF'20]

Palette of Hope

I dub a little bit of colour here
A little bit of sparkle there
Splashing out the fear
Brushing on the care
Colouring over the tears
Painting better years
Drawing blue skies clear
Blotting out the scares
Till a masterpiece appears
A painting so rare
My palette of hope is here
Bring your troubles and cares
We will paint away your drear
With the paint of prayer

-Bruce Horick

PAPUA NEW GUINEA

Sometimes in Relationships

Michael Dom
(b. 1977)

Victoria Browsers, reader [SF Faculty, SF'00,'01,'06,'08,'09,'11,'17]

Sometimes in Relationships

Sometimes in relationships our love defeats our lust, but sometimes not;
Sometimes in relationships our peace is kept by trust, but sometimes not.

Sometimes in relationships we, each to each, are hurt and held and healed;
Sometimes in relationships we share our heart and mind, but sometimes not.

Sometimes we are lost lovers, our lives blaze with brighter bursts of passion;
Sometimes we are best friends, we balance with compassion, but sometimes not.

Sometimes we are up-in-arms night and day, our battles are fought and won;
Sometimes we are at-loose-ends and struggle to be one, but sometimes not.

Sometimes we are with others, together we entertain family;
Sometimes we are you and me; two is good company, but sometimes not.

-Michael Dom

"If civilization is to survive, we must cultivate the science of human relationships - the ability of all peoples, of all kinds, to live together, in the same world at peace."

-Franklin D. Roosevelt

MARSHALL ISLANDS

Of Islands and Elders

Kathy Jetñil-Kijiner
(b. 1989)

Saane Halaholo, reader [SF'18]

Of Islands and Elders

What happens when islands
that nourished us with the wisdom of their bodies
become barren
amputated -
do they mourn the unfurling greenery
of canoes never birthed?

What happens when islands
are massacred
murdered
and no one remembers
their names?
Do we trick ourselves into believing
they never
existed at all?

And how do we mourn elders
who were islands
lush with knowledge and story?
How do we move forward
without their guidance and wisdom
when we feel barren
amputated?

From inside the hulls
I hear this canoe moan
with sorrow
while waves wail all around me
in fury

Up above
the sails
beating against the wind
whisper
But look -
right there

There exists
still
some
green

Even after
a nuclear blast
life
continues to unfurl
its leaves

-Kathy Jetñil-Kijiner

KIRIBATI

Kaleidoscope of Hope

Teweariki Teaero
(b. 1989)

Teweariki Teaero, reader

Kaleidoscope of Hope

We are many yet we are one
We have come together freely
To be one big global family
Of nations bound by common history

This Commonwealth family is an elegant mat
Woven tight and right from many single strands
Many colours creeds histories cultures
A kaleidoscope of hope for a common future

By sharing our path woven from our past
By sharing our hopes wealth and ideas
We carve a route safe into the unknown future
Strong for we are many nations woven into one

From nations in the seven wide oceans
And those in valleys and high mountains
From different islands continents and climates
Is born a wide and wise mat woven into one

From our Kiribati isles in the wide Pacific Ocean
Garlands of the gods bejeweling the deep blue ocean
We say mauri all, we salute our Team Commonwealth
And sing and dance to one bright future for all

Our one family, our one destiny

-Teweariki Teaero

*“Our ability to reach unity in diversity
will be the beauty and the test of our civilization.”*

– Mahatma Gandhi

TUVALUA

Unity

Selina Tusitala Marsh
(b. 1971)

Selina Tusitala Marsh, reader

**Read at The Commonwealth
Service, Westminster Abbey,
March 2016**

Unity

Maluna a'e o n' l'hui apau ke ola ke kanaka
"Above all nations is humanity"
(Hawaiian proverb)

Let's talk about unity
Here in London's Westminster Abbey
did you know there's a London in Kiribati?
Ocean Island: South Pacific Sea.
We're connected by currents of humanity
alliances, allegiances, histories
for the salt in the sea, like the salt in our blood
like the dust of our bones, our final return to mud
means while 53 flags fly for our countries
they're stitched from the fabric of our unity
it's called the Va in Samoan philosophy
what you do, affects me
what we do, affects the sea
land, wildlife - take the honeybee
nature's model of unity
pollinating from flower to seed
bees thrive in hives keeping their queen
unity keeps them alive, keeps them buzzing
they're key to our fruit and veg supplies
but parasitic attacks and pesticides
threaten the bee, then you and me
it's all connected, that's unity.
There's a 'U' and an 'I' in unity
costs the earth and yet it's free.
My grandad's from Tuvalu and to be specific
it's plop bang in the middle of the South Pacific
the smallest of our 53 commonwealth nations
the largest in terms of reading vast constellations
my ancestors were guided by sky and sea trails
way before Columbus even hoisted his sails!
What we leave behind, matters to those who go before
we face the future with our backs, sailing shore to shore
we're earning and saving for our common wealth
a common strong body, a common good health
for the salt in the sea, like the salt in our blood
like the dust of our bones, our return to mud
means saving the ocean, saving the bee
means London's UK seeing London in the South Seas
and sharing our thoughts over a cup of tea
for there's a 'U' and an 'I' in unity
costs the earth and yet it's free.

-Selina Tusitala Marsh

Oceania

SAMOA

Moana Means Home: A Contrapuntal

Terisa Siagatonu

Moana Means Home: A Contrapuntal

someone will
touch the Earth
once, I wanted
my own soil.
tried to drown my ankles
in myself.
again. Daughter of Oceania
wanting me home.
my skin is sacred ground.

always want
to take
a white girl's skin
I cried so hard,
until I became a boat
I never want to be lost
at high tide. Daughter of
Ancestor's language tatted
on my skin

my skin
what's mine
more than
an ocean
floating above myself
at sea
open-mouthed Sun
on my body.
my story will breathe.

-Terisa Siagatonu

*“Stories have to be told or they die,
and when they die,
we can't remember who we are
or why we're here.”*

-Sue Monk Kidd

NEW ZEALAND

Tūtira mai ngā iwi

Canon Wi Huata
(1917-1991)

Bernice Austin, reader [SF'15]

Tūtira mai ngā iwi

Line up together, people

Tūtira mai ngā iwi
Tātou tātou e
Tūtira mai ngā iwi
Tātou tātou e
Whai-a te marama-tanga
me te aroha - e ngā iwi!
Ki-a ko tapa-tahi
Ki-a kotahi rā.
Tātou tātou e.

*Line up together, people
All of us, all of us.
Stand in rows, people
All of us, all of us.
Seek after knowledge
and love of others - everybody!
Be truly virtuous
And stay united.
All of us, all of us.*



He moemoea

Anthony Ritchie
(b. 1960)

Grace Francis, reader & piano [SF'20]
Erin Wagner, mezzo-soprano [SF'18]

He moemoea (A dream)

And alone on the sand, Simon danced
being too full
and the sunlight gleamed in his hair,
sun all bright.
And his hands fling laughter to the winds
for his eyes are closed with the love in his heart,
love in his heart and his heart in his hands
and his feet track love in the sand.

And alone on the sand, Simon danced
And the low pale sun in the Eastern sky
goldens my heart as his hair
and his heart in his hands and his hands to the sea
Simon dances alone
dances for me

There is a small man here and he is weeping
A bead of wine bleeds down
bleeds down my thumb
Light through the glass
stains the floor sanguine
and the small man keeps on weeping
Oh, how can I keep you here?

And alone on the sand, Simon danced

-Keri Hulme

NEW ZEALAND

The Gentle Hope of Autumn

Angela Coleman

Melody Sparks, reader [SF'19]

The Gentle Hope of Autumn

The many-hued leaves that fall
To nurture the life lying below the ground

The songs of birds trilling out
Lifting our spirits

The chill of mornings that lead
To a day of sunny warmth

The final ripening of fruit
Before the winter chill arrives

The light of dawn when I rise (sometimes)
And the early dusk that calls me
To quiet evenings of thought, prayer and words

Be still as all slows down
Be still in this time of quiet gathering
Be still and listen to Earth going to rest
Be still in peace in the hope of new life to come

For from the dying of Autumn
Comes the birthing of Spring

In the passing of the past
Comes the arrival of the future

In the changing of what has been
Comes what will be

In the moving forward of one generation
Comes the moving in of the next

In the silent listening of questions
Comes the answers for our times

-Angela Coleman

NEW ZEALAND

A Charm for Rain: He Tua I Te Rangi

David Hamilton
(b. 1955)

Grace Francis, reader [SF'20]
Euphony (Kristin School), ensemble
David Squire, director

He Tua I Te Rangi

ua pūkohukohu
ua koehuehu
uwhiuwhi taua
tarariki
pūroro
pōua
ua kōpiro

E ua, e te uaua; e mao, e te maomao!
Tihore mai runga, tihore mai i raro,
Koi mate nga tamariki a te ika nui
E kiko! E kiko e.

-Trad. (Tuta Nihoniho)

A Charm for Rain

misty rain
light mist falling in small drops
a shower
persistent showers
driving rain
a rain squall
drenching rain

Rain, O rain, cease raining, fair sky!
Clear away from above, clear away from below,
Lest the offspring of te ika nui be distressed
Bring about a blue, unclouded sky.

-English Translation by Elsdon Best

Composer Note:

**While the word 'charm' is mostly used to mean something pleasing, it can also mean an action thought to have magical power, or the chanting of a magic word or verse - an incantation. It can also be used as a collective noun, usually of birds. This traditional text in Maori is a plea for the rain to depart and blue skies to appear. Preceding this, I have added several Maori terms for different types of rain - from misty rain through to drenching heavy rain. Rhythms in the work are often suggestive of typical Maori chant and kapahaka rhythms. "A Charm for Rain: He Tua I Te Rangi" was written for Cantare (Westlake Girls' High School) and conductor Fiona Wilson.* -David Hamilton*

NEW ZEALAND

Peace Song

Dorothy Buchanan
(b. 1945)

Mara Riley, reader [SF'19]
Veronica Pollicino, mezzo-soprano [SF'19]
Bronwyn Schuman, piano [SF'19,'20]

Peace Song

For you my friend I have one wish
I wish that you will find
The way to know and love your friend
Which comes from peace of mind
No more of warring hate or doubt
No talk or thoughts of pain
Time now for sewing seeds of joy

La paix, la joie, l'amour.

If we would buy with effort peace,
The cost to us would be
Our search for fortune, petty needs,
We'd find tranquility.
To find your true self seek for peace
With head and hand and mind,
With friends and lovers unite for peace,
Peace and joy and love.

Peace, shalom,
Pax, aroha,
La paix, la joie, l'amour.

-Dorothy Buchanan

Oceania

NEW ZEALAND

Āio (Peace)

Tuirina Wehi & Tuwhiti Happy

Tuirina Wehi, reader
University of Auckland Chamber Choir
Karen Grylls, Artistic Director

Āio

E moe whakatorouka ana ki te pēwheatanga rā
e noho āio te ao
Whitirere ki te ao, tiroiro kau
E kimi ana i ngā kāwai i toro ki tawhiti
Whakatoro ana mai ko tō wairua tonu
E te ata-kahurangi, māku koe e whakamiramira
Tō rerehua e te āio
Ka whāmamao atu, ka tawhiti koe
Tēnei te tuatakahi i te hāraunga o ō tapuwaē
Nōhea e tūraha, tē tauwehe anō
Tūramatia au kia kore e ngaro, e
whakatōrekereke
Kei rehurehu tō māramatanga
He mahi nui te tōnga mai ki uta
Whakakahangia au e te āio
(Hoki wairua mai rā e te ata-kahurangi e...hei
tāwharau mai i te ao nei e...hoki wairua mai rā...)
Ka hahana te rongō i ahau, i ahau e tū nei e
He rongō nōhea e mārama
He kura huna
E haku i te tangi o whatumanawa kia rongohia e
whatumanawa
He pūmanawa nōnanahi
He mana atua
E hao nei ki a koe, ki ahau anō
Tuwhirihia mai hei tānga manawa
Te ihi, te wehi, te tapu, te mana nō oku tīpuna
Tōku mana motuhake
Ko ōku tātai whakapapa

-Tuirina Wehi

Peace

*I toss and turn in my sleep troubled with the notion
that you have left this world Āio
Fully awakened
I journey in search of you
And in that desperation you appeared before me
Your magnificence I will hold in deference*

*Distance is of no consequence
I will go to the ends of the universe for you (Āio)
Your spirit will never be neglected or abandoned again
Shine your light on me that I may find the righteous way
For fear that your virtues may be lost
Give me the strength and the courage to awaken the
minds of the world
(Return now and embrace us Āio)*

*What is this light that exudes from within?
It is the intrinsic gifts*

*Let their light shine so that others can do the same
Let the gifts come from ancient times, from the gods*

*And the vision of you will be forever engraved in my heart
For it is inherent
For it is magnificent
For it is ancestry*

-English Translation by Tuirina Wehi

Composer Note:

A young woman believes that Āio (peace) has been lost to the world. She goes spiritually in search of the spirit of Āio, and in her longing Āio returns to her. Āio was disillusioned by the world and only came back because he sensed in her the virtues that Āio thought were lost to the world. A profound realization for her was that those same virtues she sought from Āio were deep within her very own being - they were never lost, it was for her to look within. This song encourages Man to live by those virtues of Āio. We, Te Manu Huia, strive to live by these qualities and in this same vain offer up the challenge to all kapa haka to strive for the very best!

NEW ZEALAND

Indexing Emily

Bill Manhire
(b. 1946)

Bill Manhire, reader

Indexing Emily

The dead gaze back across their special days:
cloud above clover, crisis above the crow . . .
Such new horizons, yet they still approach.
They know how eclipse and ecstasy edge along together:
whisper and wink of wind, but no real weather.

Between practice and prayer there's always praise.
Mist and mistakes are in the text.
And now here's the night—nobody's next—and poetry
falls from the crucifixion like a crumb, and belief
needs bells, needs bereavement. Bothersome.

Now a feather falls towards March
somehow recalling the snake above the snow.
Everything slows. All those ships
anticipating shipwreck: frigate, little boat.
Brain almost touching the bride. Sweet anecdote.

Can the simple be simplified? Our riches
ride on a riddle: rapture and rainbow
and remaining time. And now all the columns
of Love appear. No word of reproof, no sign
of rage. Love is like Death: it needs to turn the page.

-Bill Manhire

from *Some Things to Place in a Coffin*
(Victoria University Press, 2017);
first published in the *Australian Book Review*

NEW ZEALAND

Wairua Tapu

Ngapo Wehi
(1934-2016)

Judy Bellingham, reader
Boston City Singers & New Zealand Youth Choir

Wairua tapu

Wairua tapu tau mai rā
wairua tapu mai runga
uhia mai ngā taonga pai
homai tō aroha.

Wāhia, kia tika
akona mai rā kia ū ki te pai
Horoia, kia mau tonu rā
mōhou te tino kororia.

-Ngapo Wehi

Holy Spirit

Alight, holy spirit, come to rest
Holy spirit from above
cover all we hold dear
give us your love.

Lay us down like wood for a fire,
teaching us to hold firmly to the right.
Wash us, so that we may keep holding
yours is the true glory.

-English Translation by SongFest

This work has come into the choral repertoire through the close working relationship enjoyed by the Wehi Whanau, lead by Ngapo Wehi, and the Tower New Zealand Youth Choir.



A Mother Earth Prayer

Mā te ra e kawē mai
te ngoi ia rā ia rā.

Mā te marama e whakaora ia koe
i waenga pō.

Mā te ua e horoi
ōu māharahara.

Mā te hau e pupuhi te pākahukahu
ki roto i tō tinaha.

I roto i ōu hikoitanga i te ao
kia whakaaro koe
ki te hū marie ataahua
hoki o ōu ra
mō ake tonu atu
Āmine

Maori Waiata

May the sun bring you
energy every day

May the moon softly restore you
in the middle of the night

May the rain wash away
your worries.

May the wind blow new strength
into your being.

During your travels on this earth
may you contemplate
its beautiful peaceful stillness
all of your days
for ever and ever
Amen

PANEL DISCUSSION

The SongFest Experience

Kristina Bachrach ['10, '11, '14, '16]

Dimitri Dover ['12, '13]

Gloria Engle ['14, '15, '17]

Devon Guthrie ['00, '01, '05, '07]

Jeremy Hirsch ['10, '11, '15, '16]

Daniel Hunter-Holly ['01]

Renate Rohlfing ['11]

Laura Strickling ['11, '12]

Moderated by Victoria Browsers ['00, '01, '06, '08, '09, '11, '17]

Join SongFest Alumni singers and pianists from the past 20 years as they recount their program experiences at varying levels within their education. For each of them, SongFest provided a community that shared a love of song, recital work, and helped to create lasting bonds with faculty mentors and colleagues. Learn how this time has inspired them throughout their varied musical careers.

Duration: 1 hr. 1 min.

The Americas

CHILE
ARGENTINA
BRAZIL
PERU
ECUADOR
COLOMBIA
VENEZUELA
PUERTO RICO
HAITI
CUBA
MEXICO
CANADA
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Duration: 2 hrs.

*"Have enough courage to trust love one more
time and always one more time."*

-Maya Angelou



The Americas

CHILE

Gracias a la vida

María Brea, reader [SF'19]
María Valdés, soprano [SF'11]
Javier Arrebola, piano [SF Faculty, SF'12]

Violeta Parra
(1917-1967)

Gracias a la vida

Gracias a la vida, que me ha dado tanto.
Me dio dos luceros que cuando los abro
perfecto distingo lo negro del blanco
y en el alto cielo su fondo estrellado
y en las multitudes el hombre que yo amo.

Gracias a la vida, que me ha dado tanto.
Me ha dado el sonido y el abecedario.
Con él las palabras que pienso y declaro:
madre, amigo, hermano y luz alumbrando
la ruta del alma del que estoy amando.

Gracias a la vida, que me ha dado tanto.
Me ha dado la marcha de mis pies cansados.
Con ellos anduve ciudades y charcos,
playas y desiertos, montañas y llanos,
y la casa tuya, tu calle y tu patio.

Gracias a la vida, que me ha dado tanto.
Me dio el corazón que agita su marco.
Cuando miro el fruto del cerebro humano,
cuando miro el bueno tan lejos del malo,
cuando miro el fondo de tus ojos claros.

Gracias a la vida, que me ha dado tanto.
Me ha dado la risa y me ha dado el llanto.
Así yo distingo dicha de quebranto,
los dos materiales que forman mi canto
y el canto de ustedes que es el mismo canto
y el canto de todos que es mi propio canto.

-Violeta Parra

Thanks to life

*Thanks to life, which has given me so much.
It gave me two guiding stars which
help me to perfectly distinguish black from white,
and the starry backdrop in the sky,
and, within the crowds, the man I love.*

*Thanks to life, which has given me so much.
It gave me sound and the alphabet.
And with it, the words that I think and declare:
mother, friend, brother, and light shining down
on the path of the soul of the man I love.*

*Thanks to life, which has given me so much.
It gave me the steps of my tired feet.
With them I have traversed cities and puddles,
valleys and deserts, mountains and plains,
and your home, your street, and your lawn.*

*Thanks to life, which has given me so much.
It gave me this heart which batters my breast.
When I see the fruits of the human mind,
when I see good so far from evil,
when I look into the depth of your clear eyes.*

*Thanks to life, which has given me so much.
It gave me laughter and it gave me tears.
With them I distinguish happiness from pain-
the two elements that make up my song-
and your song, which is the same song,
and everyone's song, all one and the same.*

English Translation by Javier Arrebola

The Americas

ARGENTINA

Hermano [Canción del sur]

12 canciones populares, no. 11

Carlos Guastavino
(1912-2000)

Jorge Parodi, reader [SF'96]

Mario Diaz-Moresco, baritone [SF'12,'13]

Spencer Myer, piano

Hermano

Fíjate, hermano, cómo vas cantando,
toda la tierra te escucha conmigo.

Del surco hasta el cañadón,
del viento hasta la madera,
del tiempo hasta la ternura
de la vida verdadera.

Porque es preciso tener
un corazón derramado,
jirones de sueños viejos
que van quedando olvidados.

Fíjate, hermano, cómo vas cantando,
toda la tierra te escucha conmigo.

Del grito hasta la oración,
del fuego hasta la memoria,
que el hombre en dolor viviente
cante sangre de su historia.

Y cuando quede al final
tu corazón silencioso,
serás un pueblo sintiendo
por un cantor milagroso.

Fíjate, hermano, cómo vas cantando,
toda la tierra te escucha conmigo.

-Hamlet Lima Quintana

Brother

Look, brother, how the entire Earth
And I are listening to your singing.

From the furrow to the ravine,
From the wind to the wood,
From time to the tenderness
Of a true life.

For it is necessary to have
A drained heart,
Shreds of old dreams
That are being forgotten.

Look, brother, how the entire Earth
And I are listening to your singing.

From the cry to the prayer,
From fire to memory,
May a man in living pain
Sing the blood of his history.

And when, at last,
Your silent heart remains,
You will be a sentient community
Thanks to a miraculous bard.

Look, brother, how the entire Earth
And I are listening to your singing.

English Translation by Javier Arrebola

The Americas

BRAZIL

Recomece

Bráulio Bessa
(b. 1985)

Stephanie Monteiro, reader

Recomece

Quando a vida bater forte
e sua alma sangrar,
quando esse mundo pesado
lhe ferir, lhe esmagar...
É hora do recomeço.
Recomece a LUTAR.

Quando tudo for escuro
e nada iluminar,
quando tudo for incerto
e você só duvidar...
É hora do recomeço.
Recomece a ACREDITAR.

Quando a estrada for longa
e seu corpo fraquejar,
quando não houver caminho
nem um lugar pra chegar...
É hora do recomeço.
Recomece a CAMINHAR.

Quando o mal for evidente
e o amor se ocultar,
quando o peito for vazio,
quando o abraço faltar...
É hora do recomeço.
Recomece a AMAR.

Begin Again

*When life hits hard
and your soul bleeds,
when this overbearing world
hurts you, crushes you...
It is time to start over.
Begin TO FIGHT again.*

*When everything is dark
and nothing illuminates,
when everything is uncertain
and you only have doubts...
It is time to start over.
Begin TO BELIEVE again.*

*When the road is long
and your body weakens,
when there is no path
not even a place to come to...
It is time to start over.
Begin TO JOURNEY again.*

*When evil is evident
and love conceals itself,
when the heart is empty,
when the hug is missing...
It is time to start over.
Begin TO LOVE again.*

The Americas

Quando você cair
e ninguém lhe apara,
quando a força do que é ruim
conseguir lhe derrubar...
É hora do recomeço.
Recomece a LEVANTAR.

Quando a falta de esperança
decidir lhe açoitar,
se tudo que for real
for difícil suportar...
É hora do recomeço.
Recomece a SONHAR.

Enfim,
É preciso de um final
pra poder recomeçar,
como é preciso cair
pra poder se levantar.
Nem sempre engatar a ré
significa voltar.

Remarque aquele encontro,
reconquiste um amor,
reúna quem lhe quer bem,
reconforte um sofredor,
reanime quem tá triste
e reaprenda na dor.

Recomece, se refaça,
relembre o que foi bom,
reconstrua cada sonho,
redescubra algum dom,
reaprenda quando errar,
rebole quando dançar,
e se um dia, lá na frente,
a vida der uma ré,
recupere sua fé
e RECOMECE novamente.

When you fall
and no one catches you,
when the force of what is bad
succeeds in knocking you down...
It is time to start over.
Begin TO RISE again.

When hopelessness
decides to whip you,
if everything that is real
is hard to bear...
It is time to start over.
Begin TO DREAM again.

After all,
You need an ending
to be able to begin again,
as you have to fall
to be able to get up.
To change the stern not always
means a return.

Reschedule that meeting,
regain a love,
bring together those who love you,
comfort a sufferer,
reinvigorate who is sad
and relearn in the pain.

Begin again, redo yourself,
remember what was good,
rebuild each dream,
rediscover some talent,
relearn when you make mistakes,
shake the hips when dancing,
and if one day, way ahead,
life gives a reverse,
recover your faith
and BEGIN AGAIN anew.

The Americas

PERU

Masa

César Vallejo
(1892-1938)

Jimmy López, reader

Masa

Mass

Al fin de la batalla,
y muerto el combatiente, vino hacia él un hombre
y le dijo: «¡No mueras, te amo tanto!»
Pero el cadáver ¡ay! siguió muriendo.

*At the end of the battle,
the combatant dead, a man came unto him
and told him: "Do not die, I love you so much!"
But the corpse, alas! kept on dying.*

Se le acercaron dos y repitiéronle:
«¡No nos dejes! ¡Valor! ¡Vuelve a la vida!»
Pero el cadáver ¡ay! siguió muriendo.

*Two more approached him and echoed:
"Do not leave us! Be brave! Come back to life!"
But the corpse, alas! kept on dying.*

Acudieron a él veinte, cien, mil, quinientos mil,
clamando «¡Tanto amor y no poder nada
contra la muerte!»
Pero el cadáver ¡ay! siguió muriendo.

*Twenty, a hundred, a thousand, five hundred thousand
reached toward him, crying out: "So much love, and yet
so powerless against death!"
But the corpse, alas! kept on dying.*

Le rodearon millones de individuos,
con un ruego común: «¡Quédate hermano!»
Pero el cadáver ¡ay! siguió muriendo.

*Millions of individuals surrounded him,
with one common plea: "Stay here, brother!"
But the corpse, alas! kept on dying.*

Entonces todos los hombres de la tierra
le rodearon; les vio el cadáver triste, emocionado;
incorporóse lentamente,
abrazó al primer hombre; echóse a andar...

*Then, all the men of the Earth
surrounded him; the corpse looked at them, sadly, deeply moved;
rose up slowly,
embraced the first man; began to walk...*

-César Vallejo

English Translation by Jimmy López Bellido

The Americas

ECUADOR

Como lava candente

María Clara Sharupi Jua
(b. 1964)

Carlos Arcos, reader [SF'19]

Como lava candente

Like Red-Hot Lava

El sol viajó desde el Oriente
en sus alas de viento
las semillas brotan
y se hacen palabras
para alumbrar en este día
amado mio

*The sun travelled from the East
on its wings of wind
the seeds sprout
becoming words
to light up this day
my beloved*

bañar tu alma quiero
con el rocío de mis aguas
un abecedario de vocales
donde se entra y no se olvida

*I want to bathe your soul
in the dew of my waters
an alphabet of vowels
where one enters and is never forgotten*

viento quiero ser
para calmar las olas enfurecidas del mar
manos para acariciar al volcán
y apagar el fuego de tus palabras
curare para calmar tus iras de lwia
lágrimas para entrar en tus ojos de niño
destapándome y erupcionando como lava
candente
y rodar como piedra hecha fuego
a tus brazos de sal

*I want to be the wind
to appease the raging waves of the sea
hands that caress the volcano
and douse the fire of your words
Poison to calm the wrath of lwia
the tears that fill your childlike eyes
revealing myself and erupting like
red-hot lava
to roll like a stone turned to fire
into your salty arms*

Ser el tiempo para permanecer y juntos
recorrer un nuevo camino
ser el ojo de agua
para saciar la sed de tu alma
y beber los secretos de Arutam

*I want to be time stood still
to take a new path together
to be the hot spring
that quenches the thirst of your soul
that drinks in the secrets of Arutam*

-María Clara Sharupi Jua

-English Translation by Nataly Kely
with The Poetry Translation Workshop,
Poetry Translation Centre

The Americas

COLOMBIA

Canción

Jaime León
(1921-2015)

Valeria Bibliowicz, reader [SF'17,'18]

Laureano Quant, baritone [SF'17]

Bronwyn Schuman, piano [SF'19,'20]

Canción

Una canción está volando
de flor en rama de rama en flor.
La mece el aire de verano
En olor de flor y de amor.

Hoja de árbol decembrino.
Una canción tiembla en lo azul
y un pajarito picotea
la mano abierta de la luz.

Mi alma sonrío a las cosas
apoyada en un tenue balcón
hecho de aroma y de silencio
en la casa de la ilusión.

Las nubes, las nubes de oro
van por el cielo sin razón,
igual que vaga sin sentido
por la música el corazón.

Andando con pies de suspiro
la tarde escucha esta canción.
Y en la dulce rama de acacia
se posa vaga y ronda flor.

Toma en tu mano celeste
mi corazón, mi corazón,
y extraviálo en la floresta
de la música sin razón
igual que vuela esta canción
de flor en rama de rama en flor.

-Eduardo Carranza

Song

*A song is flying
Through the tree branches.
Cradled by the summer wind
with the fragrance of love and flowers.*

*Leaf of a December tree.
A song is trembling up in the sky
and a little bird is pecking
light's open hand.*

*My soul is smiling
leaning on a dim balcony
made of scent and silence
in the home of hope.*

*Golden clouds are traveling
aimlessly through the sky
As music aimlessly travels
through the heart.*

*Walking with sighing feet,
the evening is listening to this song.
And on the sweet branch of an acacia
A vague and round flower lands.*

*Take my heart
with your heavenly hand
and lose it in the forest
of irrational music
in the same way that this song
flies through the tree branches.*

English Translation by Javier Arrebola

The Americas

VENEZUELA

Arrunango

Antonio Estévez
(1916-1988)

Carlos Arcos, reader [SF'19]
María Brea, soprano [SF'19]
Nathaniel LaNasa, piano [SF'17]

Arrunango
(Canción de cuna indígena)

Arrunango, arrunango...
Así dice la madre cantando.

La palabra de música tiene un sabor indígena
De guarura, de agua de jagüey y de pájaro.

El niño es un ovillo de lana candorosa;
La canción es la rueca que lo hila en la noche.

Arrunango, arrunango...
Que mi niño se duerme;

Sigiloso en la sombra
viene a tientas el sueño.

Arrunango, arrunango...

Arrunango
(Indigenous lullaby)

Arrunango, arrunango...
Thus sings the mother.

The music word possesses an indigenous taste
Of snails, of pond water and of birds.

The child is a ball of candid wool;
The song is the spinning wheel that spins it at night.

Arrunango, arrunango...
My child is falling asleep;

Dreams are stealthily
Coming from the shadows.

Arrunango, arrunango...

-Héctor Guillermo Villalobos

English Translation by Javier Arrebola

*"Let the rain kiss you.
Let the rain beat upon your head with silver liquid drops.
Let the rain sing you a lullaby."*

-Langston Hughes

The Americas

PUERTO RICO

Amanecer
Décimas

Roberto Sierra
(b. 1953)

Ricardo Lugo, reader
Paloma Friedhoff Bello, soprano
Renate Rohlfing, piano [SF'11]

Amanecer

Guíñale el sol la cabaña.
El río es brazo que se pierde
por entre la manga verde
que cuelga de la montaña.
El yerbazal se desbaña.
La luz babea la colina.
Y más que el veloz caballo,
hiere la paz campesina
la puñalada honda y fina
del cantío de mi gallo.

-Luis Lloréns Torres

Dawn

*The sun winks at the cabin.
The river is like an arm lost
within the green sleeve
hanging from the mountain.
The grassy meadow overflows.
The light drools over the hill.
And quicker than a racing horse,
hurting the peaceful rural landscape
is the deep and fine wound
of my rooster's early cry.*

English Translation by Virginia Sierra

*"One day you will wake up and there won't be any more time
to do the things you've always wanted. Do it now."*

-Paulo Coelho

The Americas

HAITI

Papa Loko

Haitian Folk Song

Duo 1717

Veena K. Kulkarni, reader & piano
Jean Bernard Cerin, baritone [SF'10]

Papa Loko

Papa Loko, ou se van
Pouse n'ale,
nou se papiyon n'ap pote nouvel bay Ague

Tou sa ki di byen, j'em la e
Tou sa ki di mal O j'em la e

Papa Loko, ou se van
Pouse n'ale,
nou se papiyon n'ap pote nouvel bay Ague

Papa Loko

*Papa Loko, you are the wind
Blow us away
We are butterflies and will bring news to Ague**

*All good news, my eyes will see
All bad news, my eyes will see*

*Papa Loko, you are the wind
Blow us away
We are butterflies and will bring news to Ague*

**Ague is the Vodou god of the ocean*

*"The wind is like the golden breath of the world;
when it blows, we feel that the world is alive and so are we!"*

-Mehmet Murat İldan

The Americas

CUBA

Esperanza

Alexis Valdés
(b. 1963)

Javier Arrebola, reader [SF Faculty, SF'12]

Esperanza

Cuando la tormenta pase
y se amansen los caminos
y seamos sobrevivientes
de un naufragio colectivo

con el corazón lloroso
y el destino bendecido
nos sentiremos dichosos
tan sólo por estar vivos.

Y le daremos un abrazo
al primer desconocido
y alabaremos la suerte
de conservar un amigo.

Y entonces recordaremos
todo aquello que perdimos
y de una vez aprenderemos
todo lo que no aprendimos.

Ya no tendremos envidia
pues todos habrán sufrido.
Ya no tendremos desidia.
Seremos más compasivos.

Valdrá más lo que es de todos
que lo jamás conseguido.
Seremos más generosos
y mucho más comprometidos.

Entenderemos lo frágil
que significa estar vivos,
sudaremos empatía
por quién está y quién se ha ido.

Hope

*When the storm passes
and the roads are calm,
and when we become survivors
of a collective shipwreck*

*With a weeping heart
and our destiny blessed
we will feel fortunate
just for being alive.*

*And we will embrace
any stranger
and praise the luck
of still having a friend.*

*And then we will remember
all that we lost
and at once we will learn
all that we never learnt.*

*And we will not be envious
since we have all suffered.
We'll no longer be idle.
We'll be more compassionate.*

*Common goods will be more cherished
Than that which we never had.
We will be more generous,
and much more committed.*

*We will understand how fragile
it means to be alive.
We will exude empathy
for those who are still here
and for those who have already left.*

The Americas

Extrañaremos al viejo
que pedía un peso en el mercado,
que no supimos su nombre
y siempre estuvo a tu lado.

Y quizás el viejo pobre
era tu Dios disfrazado.
Nunca preguntaste el nombre
porque estabas apurado.

Y todo será un milagro.
Y todo será un legado.
Y se respetará la vida,
la vida que hemos ganado.

Cuando la tormenta pase
te pido Dios, apenado,
que nos devuelvas mejores,
como nos habías soñado.

-Alexis Valdés

*We will miss the old man
who begged for a peso in the market,
whose name we never knew
and who was always beside you.*

*And perhaps the poor old man
was your God in disguise.
You never asked him for his name
because you were in a hurry.*

*And everything will be a miracle.
And everything will be a legacy.
And life will be respected,
the life we have earned.*

*When the storm passes
I implore you God, sorrowfully,
to return us better creatures,
as You had dreamed us to be.*

English Translation by Javier Arrebola

MEXICO

Esperanza

Antonio Gomezanda
(1894-1961)

Valeria Bibliowicz, reader [SF'17,'18]
John Tibbetts, baritone [SF'13,'17,'19]
Sonny Yoo, piano [SF'19]

A una golondrina

To a swallow

Avecilla encantadora, ¿qué te impulsa?

Enchanting little bird, what propels you?

¿Qué te lleva a volar cuando la aurora sobre el cielo azul se eleva?

What makes you fly when dawn breaks over the blue sky?

¿Qué forja tu fantasía para que vayas cantando?

What forges your dreams so that you can keep singing?

¿Qué te llena de alegría? ¿Qué dicha estarás soñando?

What fills you with joy? What happiness might you be dreaming about?

Quién tener alas pudiera para seguirte en el vuelo y conocer la quimera que te hizo llegar al cielo...

If one could only have wings to follow you in your flight and know the chimera that made you reach heaven...

-Margarita Sánchez Pardo

English translation by Javier Arrebola

The Americas

CANADA

A Prayer

Archibald Lampman
(1861-1899)

Rachel Wood, reader [SF'09,'18]

A Prayer

Oh earth, oh dewy mother, breathe on us
Something of all thy beauty and thy might,
Us that are part of day, but most of night,
Not strong like thee, but ever burdened thus
With glooms and cares, things pale and dolorous
Whose gladest moments are not wholly bright;
Something of all thy freshness and thy light,
Oh earth, oh mighty mother, breathe on us.

Oh mother, who wast long before our day,
And after us full many an age shalt be.
Careworn and blind, we wander from thy way:
Born of thy strength, yet weak and halt are we
Grant us, oh mother, therefore, us who pray,
Some little of thy light and majesty.

-Archibald Lampman

*"All plants are our brothers and sisters.
They talk to us and if we listen, we can hear them."*

-Arapaho Proverb

The Americas

CANADA

Autumn Again

Everything Already Lost

Jeffrey Ryan
(b. 1962)

Jan Zwicky, reader
Tyler Duncan, baritone
Erika Switzer, piano

Autumn Again

Late August at my window: the restlessness
in the dying grass, no longer drawn by light
but only air, the light itself – unflexed,
the fluid stretch of summer done –
moving inside itself, unseeing.

All day

the crickets chanting, bright glitter on the surface
of the ebb. And ravens
talking to themselves, the flocks
of chickadees. What is
human happiness? Last night, the broad leaves
of the grass at dusk fell still, the stillness
falling through them, breathing out
its heft of dew. I stood a long time at the window
listening: crickets in the darkness,
chanting, chanting.

-Jan Zwicky

'Autumn Again' from 'Everything Already Lost' by Jeffrey Ryan was recorded for Music on Main in partnership with the Chan Centre for the Performing Arts, 2020 (Vancouver, B.C.). Audio Recording by Don Harder; Directed by Mike Southworth; Filmed by Adam PW Smith, Scot Proudfoot, and Mike Southworth; Edited by Doug Fury, Aaron Graham, and Mike Southworth; Produced by Joanna Dundas

*"Is not this a true autumn day?
Just the still melancholy that I love—
that makes life and nature harmonize."*

-George Eliot

The Americas

CANADA

After Rain

Archibald Lampman
(1861-1899)

John Greer, reader

After Rain

For three whole days across the sky,
In sullen packs that loomed and broke,
With flying fringes dim as smoke,
The columns of the rain went by;
At every hour the wind awoke;
The darkness passed upon the plain;
The great drops rattled at the pane.

Now piped the wind, or far aloof
Fell to a sough remote and dull;
And all night long with rush and lull
The rain kept drumming on the roof:
I heard till ear and sense were full
The clash or silence of the leaves,
The gurgle in the creaking eaves.

But when the fourth day came - at noon,
The darkness and the rain were by;
The sunward roofs were steaming dry;
And all the world was flecked and strewn
With shadows from a fleecy sky.
The haymakers were forth and gone,
And every rillet laughed and shone.

Then, too, on me that loved so well
The world, despairing in her blight,
Uplifted with her least delight,
On me, as on the earth, there fell
New happiness of mirth and might;
I strode the valleys pied and still;
I climbed upon the breezy hill.

I watched the gray hawk wheel and drop,
Sole shadow on the shining world;
I saw the mountains clothed and curled,
With forest ruffling to the top;
I saw the river's length unfurled,
Pale silver down the fruited plain,
Grown great and stately with the rain.

Through miles of shadow and soft heat,
Where field and fallow, fence and tree,
Were all one world of greenery,
I heard the robin ringing sweet,
The sparrow piping silverly,
The thrushes at the forest's hem;
And as I went I sang with them.

-Archibald Lampman

The Americas

CANADA

Le Cri de Joie

Cantate pour une joie

Pierre Mercure
(1927-1966)

Pierre-André Doucet, reader [SF'13,'17]
Anne Jennifer Nash, soprano [SF'10,'11]
Stephen Sulich, piano

Le Cri de Joie

Le cri de joie est sortie de ma bouche
tout le monde danse sur les places
et les colonnes chavirent
le cri de joie est en avant de moi
je le prends avec moi
il m'illumine de lumière
et ses commandement sont près de moi
le jeune homme est parti
pardessus la mer
emportant avec lui des gerbes de glaïeuls
et son cri est allégresse.

-Gabriel Charpentier

The Cry of Joy

The cry of joy has fled from my mouth -
everyone dances in the courtyards
and the columns capsize
the cry of joy is before me -
I take it with me
it illuminates me with light
and its commandments are close to me
the young man has left
over the sea
carrying with him sheaves of gladioli
and his cry is pure joy.

-English Translation by Martha Guth

*"We are stardust, we are golden, we are billion-year-old carbon,
and we got to get ourselves back to the garden."*

-Joni Mitchell

The Americas

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

A hard rain's a gonna fall

Bob Dylan
(b. 1941)
(arr. Andrew Staniland)

Celeste Johnson, reader [SF'18]
Martha Guth, soprano [SF Faculty]
Erika Switzer, piano

A hard rain's a gonna fall

Oh, where have you been, my blue-eyed son?
Oh, where have you been, my darling young one?
I've stumbled on the side of twelve misty mountains
I've walked and I've crawled on six crooked highways
I've stepped in the middle of seven sad forests
I've been out in front of a dozen dead oceans
I've been ten thousand miles in the mouth of a graveyard
And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, and it's a hard
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall

Oh, what did you see, my blue-eyed son?
Oh, what did you see, my darling young one?
I saw a newborn baby with wild wolves all around it
I saw a highway of diamonds with nobody on it
I saw a black branch with blood that kept drippin'
I saw a room full of men with their hammers a-bleedin'
I saw a white ladder all covered with water
I saw ten thousand talkers whose tongues were all broken
I saw guns and sharp swords in the hands of young children
And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall

And what did you hear, my blue-eyed son?
And what did you hear, my darling young one?
I heard the sound of a thunder, it roared out a warnin'
Heard the roar of a wave that could drown the whole world
Heard one hundred drummers whose hands were a-blazin'
Heard ten thousand whisperin' and nobody listenin'
Heard one person starve, I heard many people laughin'
Heard the song of a poet who died in the gutter
Heard the sound of a clown who cried in the alley
And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall

The Americas

Oh, who did you meet, my blue-eyed son?
Who did you meet, my darling young one?
I met a young child beside a dead pony
I met a white man who walked a black dog
I met a young woman whose body was burning
I met a young girl, she gave me a rainbow
I met one man who was wounded in love
I met another man who was wounded with hatred
And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard
It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall

Oh, what'll you do now, my blue-eyed son?
Oh, what'll you do now, my darling young one?
I'm a-goin' back out 'fore the rain starts a-fallin'
I'll walk to the depths of the deepest black forest
Where the people are many and their hands are all empty
Where the pellets of poison are flooding their waters
Where the home in the valley meets the damp dirty prison
Where the executioner's face is always well hidden
Where hunger is ugly, where souls are forgotten
Where black is the color, where none is the number
And I'll tell it and think it and speak it and breathe it
And reflect it from the mountain so all souls can see it
Then I'll stand on the ocean until I start sinkin'
But I'll know my song well before I start singin'
And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard
It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall

-Bob Dylan



The Americas

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Kindness

Naomi Shihab Nye
(b. 1952)

Naomi Shihab Nye, reader

Kindness

Before you know what kindness really is
you must lose things,
feel the future dissolve in a moment
like salt in a weakened broth.

What you held in your hand,
what you counted and carefully saved,
all this must go so you know
how desolate the landscape can be
between the regions of kindness.
How you ride and ride
thinking the bus will never stop,
the passengers eating maize and chicken
will stare out the window forever.

Before you learn the tender gravity of kindness
you must travel where the Indian in a white poncho
lies dead by the side of the road.
You must see how this could be you,
how he too was someone
who journeyed through the night with plans
and the simple breath that kept him alive.

Before you know kindness as the deepest thing inside,
you must know sorrow as the other deepest thing.
You must wake up with sorrow.
You must speak to it till your voice
catches the thread of all sorrows
and you see the size of the cloth.
Then it is only kindness that makes sense anymore,
only kindness that ties your shoes
and sends you out into the day to gaze at bread,
only kindness that raises its head
from the crowd of the world to say
It is I you have been looking for,
and then goes with you everywhere
like a shadow or a friend.

-Naomi Shihab Nye

The Americas

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

I shall not live in vain

Jake Heggie
(b. 1961)

Margaret Woods, reader [SF'19]
Devon Guthrie, soprano [SF'00,'01,'05,'07]
Nicholas Roehler, piano [SF'15]

I shall not live in vain

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.

-Emily Dickinson



Shadow Memory

James Primosch
(b. 1956)

James Primosch, reader [SF Faculty]
Victoria Browsers, soprano [SF Faculty, SF'00,'01,'06,'08,'09,11,'17]
Javier Arrebola, piano [SF Faculty, SF'12]

Shadow Memory

So this is what's left behind, these things that end up as our real inheritance -- the flotsam and jetsam of life, the stuff that drifts into our hands and into history, the chance impression, the little shadow each of us casts, the fragile thing someone carefully catalogues and cares for and then forgets or maybe doesn't, the image of an image that conjures a memory that is either real or imagined -- these are here, plucked and pressed between the pages, so they will stay fresh forever, or forever slip away.

-Susan Orlean

Shadow Memory was composed in 2014 on a commission from SongFest, and is dedicated to the memory of its beloved patron, Marcia Brown, who passed away in 2014. The text comes from the forward Susan Orlean wrote for a book of photographs by Zeva Oelbaum based on a Victorian botanical journal.

The Americas

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Deep River

Traditional Negro Spiritual
[arr. Shawn Okpebholo]

George Shirley, reader
Will Liverman, baritone
Paul Sanchez, piano

Deep River

Deep river, my home is over Jordan.
Deep river, Lord, I want to cross over into campground.
Oh, don't you want to go to that gospel feast?
That promised land, where all is peace?
Walk into heaven, and take a seat and cast my crown at Jesus feet.
Deep river, my home is over Jordan.
Deep river, Lord, I want to cross over into campground.

*"Lift every voice and sing - Till earth and heaven ring -Ring with
the harmonies of Liberty - Let our rejoicing rise - High as the
listening skies -Let it resound loud as the rolling sea"*

-James Weldon Johnson

The Americas

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Chemin de Fer

Flashes and Illuminations, no. 2

John Harbison

(b. 1938)

Jeremy Hirsch, reader [SF'10,'11,'15,'16]
Sanford Sylvan (1953-2019), [SF Faculty]
David Breitman, piano

Chemin de Fer

Alone on the railroad track
I walked with pounding heart.
The ties were too close together
or maybe too far apart.

The scen'ry was impov'rishd:
scrub pine and oak; beyond
its mingled gray-green foliage
I saw the little pond

where the dirty hermit lives,
lie like an old tear
holding onto its injuries
lucidly year after year.

The hermit shot off his shot-gun
and the tree by his cabin shook.
Over the pond went a ripple.
The pet hen went chook-chook.

"Love should be put into action!"
screamed the old hermit.
Across the pond an echo
tried and tried to confirm it.

-Elizabeth Bishop

Composer's Note

Flashes and Illuminations was commissioned by Reader's Digest/Meet the Composer for baritone Sanford Sylvan and pianist David Breitman. Honoring their long musical partnership, I composed a piece that falls equally to pianist and singer, from poets who invite sustained reflection. The title comes, in part, from the "Flashes and Dedications" section of Eugenio Montale's book La Bufera (The Storm), in which the poem "Sulla Greve" appears (the Greve is a small river near Florence). For Montale, the "flash" is a momentary perception of the natural world or a human interaction that brings sudden insight. Each poem suggested to me a Montalean flash: sudden, muted lightning on the horizon.

The Americas

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Briefly It Enters, and Briefly Speaks
Briefly It Enters, no. 10

William Bolcom
(b. 1938)

Read by: Emily Yocum Black [SF'14,'17]
Rachel Schutz, soprano [SF'12]
Tomasz Lis, piano [SF'07,'08,'12]

Briefly It Enters, and Briefly Speaks

I am the blossom pressed in a book,
found again after two hundred years. . . .

I am the maker, the lover, and the keeper...

When the young girl who starves
sits down to a table
she will sit beside me. . . .

I am food on the prisoner's plate. . . .

I am water rushing to the wellhead,
filling the pitcher until it spills. . . .

I am the patient gardener
of the dry and weedy garden. . . .

I am the stone step,
the latch, and the working hinge. . . .

I am the heart contracted by joy. . . .
the longest hair, white
before the rest. . . .

I am there in the basket of fruit
presented to the widow. . . .

I am the musk rose opening
unattended, the fern on the boggy summit. . . .

I am the one whose love
overcomes you, already with you
when you think to call my name. . . .

-Elizabeth Bishop

The Americas

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

"Hope" is the thing with feathers

Emily Dickinson
(1830-1886)

Isabel Breakey, reader [SF'19]

"Hope" is the thing with feathers

"Hope" is the thing with feathers -
That perches in the soul -
And sings the tune without the words -
And never stops - at all -

And sweetest - in the Gale - is heard -
And sore must be the storm -
That could abash the little Bird
That kept so many warm -

I've heard it in the chillest land -
And on the strangest Sea -
Yet - never - in Extremity,
It asked a crumb - of me.

-Emily Dickinson

*"Hope smiles from the threshold of the year to come,
whispering 'it will be happier'..."*

– Alfred Lord Tennyson

The Americas

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Stay in My Arms

Marc Blitzstein
(1905-1964)

Benjamin Howard, reader [SF'16]
William Sharp, baritone [SF Faculty]
John Musto, piano [SF Faculty]

Stay in My Arms

In this great city where will I find one peaceful, pretty spot where noise is not?
A bit of quiet, untouched by all the hectic riot would help things a lot.
Our temples automatic- science reveals.
Our pace is acrobatic- life moves on wheels
Here's my admission-
I haven't very much ambition for the mad existence of our time.

Let's just be old fashioned.
Let's just be lazy.
The world's gone crazy
so stay in my arms.

My most dear; come close dear.
Don't be afraid to.
My hands were made to shield you from alarm.

What's all the shooting for?
Where are they rushing?
Whom are they rooting for?
Whom are they crushing?
Forget them or let them grow dim and hazy.
The world's gone crazy
so stay in my arms.

Let's lie here
year by year midfield and daisy.
The world's gone crazy
so stay in my arms.

While millions of millions go wildly prancing,
I'll be romancing a song of your charms.
They dance a dance that kills- mad and defenseless.
Such jumping Jacks and Jills.
It's all so senseless.

I love you.
You love me.
That much is plain, dear.
The world's insane, dear:
so stay in my arms.

-Marc Blitzstein

The Americas

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

A Brave and Startling Truth

Maya Angelou
(1928-2014)

Readers:

Katherine Jolly [SF Faculty, SF'16]

Nicole Leung [SF'16,'19]

Jean Bernard Cerin [SF'10]

Grant Knox [SF Faculty, SF'12]

Alexandra Smither [SF'12,'13,'14,'17]

A Brave and Startling Truth

We, this people, on a small and lonely planet
Traveling through casual space
Past aloof stars, across the way of indifferent suns
To a destination where all signs tell us
It is possible and imperative that we learn
A brave and startling truth

And when we come to it
To the day of peacemaking
When we release our fingers
From fists of hostility
And allow the pure air to cool our palms

When we come to it
When the curtain falls on the minstrel show of hate
And faces sooted with scorn are scrubbed clean
When battlefields and coliseum
No longer rake our unique and particular sons and daughters
Up with the bruised and bloody grass
To lie in identical plots in foreign soil

When the rapacious storming of the churches
The screaming racket in the temples have ceased
When the pennants are waving gaily
When the banners of the world tremble
Stoutly in the good, clean breeze

When we come to it
When we let the rifles fall from our shoulders
And children dress their dolls in flags of truce
When land mines of death have been removed
And the aged can walk into evenings of peace
When religious ritual is not perfumed
By the incense of burning flesh
And childhood dreams are not kicked awake
By nightmares of abuse

The Americas

When we come to it
Then we will confess that not the Pyramids
With their stones set in mysterious perfection
Nor the Gardens of Babylon
Hanging as eternal beauty
In our collective memory
Not the Grand Canyon
Kindled into delicious color
By Western sunsets

Nor the Danube, flowing its blue soul into Europe
Not the sacred peak of Mount Fuji
Stretching to the Rising Sun
Neither Father Amazon nor Mother Mississippi who, without favor,
Nurture all creatures in the depths and on the shores
These are not the only wonders of the world

When we come to it
We, this people, on this minuscule and kithless globe
Who reach daily for the bomb, the blade and the dagger
Yet who petition in the dark for tokens of peace
We, this people on this mote of matter
In whose mouths abide cankerous words
Which challenge our very existence
Yet out of those same mouths
Come songs of such exquisite sweetness
That the heart falters in its labor
And the body is quieted into awe

We, this people, on this small and drifting planet
Whose hands can strike with such abandon
That in a twinkling, life is sapped from the living
Yet those same hands can touch with such healing, irresistible tenderness
That the haughty neck is happy to bow
And the proud back is glad to bend
Out of such chaos, of such contradiction
We learn that we are neither devils nor divines

When we come to it
We, this people, on this wayward, floating body
Created on this earth, of this earth
Have the power to fashion for this earth
A climate where every man and every woman
Can live freely without sanctimonious piety
Without crippling fear

When we come to it
We must confess that we are the possible
We are the miraculous, the true wonder of this world
That is when, and only when
We come to it.

-Maya Angelou

The Americas

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Hard Times Come Again No More

Stephen Foster
(1826-1864)
(arr. John Musto)

William Sharp, reader [SF Faculty]
Emily Albrink, soprano [SF'03,'08]
Rachel Wood, mezzo-soprano [SF'09,'18]
Daniel McGrew, tenor [SF'20]
Leroy Davis, baritone [SF'11]
Javier Arrebola, piano [SF Faculty, SF'12]
Video Editing by Paloma Friedhoff Bello

Hard Times Come Again No More

Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears
While we all sup sorrow with the poor
There's a song that will linger forever in our ears
Oh, hard times come again no more.

'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary
Hard times, hard times, come again no more
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door
Oh, hard times come again no more.

While we seek mirth and beauty and music light and gay
There are frail forms fainting at the door
Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say
Oh, hard times come again no more.

There's a pale drooping maiden who toils her life away
With a worn heart whose better days are o'er
Though her voice would be merry, 'tis sighing all the day
Oh, hard times come again no more.

'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave
'Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore
'Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lowly grave
Oh, hard times come again no more.

'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary
Hard times, hard times, come again no more
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door
Oh, hard times come again no more.

Beloved SongFest faculty composer, John Musto, wrote this arrangement specifically for Songs of Unity & Hope. We are forever grateful for his generosity and cannot imagine a more fitting way to end this incredible journey.

Thank You!

Thank you for taking the time to journey with us through this special 25th Anniversary celebration. We hope that you feel as inspired as we do!

\$25 for 25

Songs of Unity & Hope is our gift to you, but if you feel moved by the spirit with which we have put this together, please consider a \$25 gift in honor of the 25 years we have been dedicated to educating the next generation of passionate performers.

[Click here to give!](#)

Please enjoy one of our favorite Schubert songs performed by two of the most beloved song interpreters, in honor of Schubert's birthday, January 31.

Im Abendrot

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone
Gerald Moore, pianist

Im Abendrot

O wie schön ist deine Welt,
Vater, wenn sie golden strahlet!
Wenn dein Glanz herniederfällt,
Und den Staub mit Schimmer malet;
Wenn das Rot, das in der Wolke blinkt,
In mein stilles Fenster sinkt!

Könnst' ich klagen, könnt' ich zagen?
Irre sein an dir und mir?
Nein, ich will im Busen tragen
Deinen Himmel schon allhier.
Und dies Herz, eh' es zusammenbricht,
Trinkt noch Glut und schlürft noch Licht.

-Karl Lappe

In the glow of evening

*How lovely is your world,
Father, in its golden radiance
when your glory descends
and paints the dust with glitter;
when the red light that shines from the clouds
falls silently upon my window.*

*Could I complain? Could I be apprehensive?
Could I lose faith in you and in myself?
No, I already bear your heaven
here within my heart.
And this heart, before it breaks,
still drinks in the fire and savors the light.*

Translations by Richard Wigmore first published
by Gollancz and reprinted in the Hyperion
Schubert Song Edition

Artists in Order of Appearance

Rosemary Ritter

Panel I

Javier Arrebola
James Conlon
Margo Garrett
Jake Heggie
Graham Johnson

Europe

Hartmut Höll
Samuel Hasselhorn
Richard Fu
Eckart Preu
François Le Roux
Javier Arrebola
Sophie Carpenter
Sophia Hunt
Nicole Leung
Olivia Prendergast
Alexandra Bass
Dominie Boutin
Georgia Jacobson
Erin Wagner
Caleb Alexander
Tyrese Byrd
Mish Eusebio
Sam Krausz
Philip Barsky
Benjamin Howard
Nathaniel Malkow
John Potvin
Sophie Delphis
Laetitia Ruccolo
Katherine Lerner Lee
Pauline Woruski
Elvia Puccinelli
Paloma Friedhoff Bello
Kate Johnson
Sandy Lin
Nuno Coelho
Louise Thomas

Ann Murray
Graham Johnson
Adrian Daly

Maggie Finnegan
Gareth Lewis
Rachel Schutz
Mary Holzhauser
Anthony Rolfe Johnson
Roger Vignoles
Pamela Terry
Katy Thomson
Allyson McHardy
Helen Becqué
Wencke Ophaug
Melis Jaatinen
Tuomas Juutilainen
Solmund Nystabakk
Max Rydqvist
Harrison Hintzsche
Mary Trotter
Gustav Djupsjöbacka
Simon Barrad
Kseniia Polstiankina
Tatiana Lokhina
Irina Medvedeva
Laura Strickling
Liza Stepanova
Ivanka Karabytz
Erika Baikoff
Dimitri Dover
Tomasz Lis
Anna Wojcik
Jennifer Tung
Katarzyna Sadej
Timothy Cheek
Chelsea Melamed
Cushman
Lóránt Najbauer
Anna Kóvach
Lilla Heinrich Szász
Martin Néron
Michele Patzakis
Theodosia Roussos
Athena Tsianos

Panel II

Liza Stepanova
Tom Cipullo
Libby Larsen
Jake Heggie
William Bolcom
John Harbison
John Musto

Africa

Pierre-André Doucet
Legon Palmwine Band:
Edwin Nii Akwei Brown,
Samuel Agyeman
Boahen,
Albert Kwame,
Owusu Brown,
Seth Kpodo,
Eric Sunu Doe
Abigail Levis
Shawn Okpebholo
Estêvão Filipe Chissano
Bronwen Forbay
LeOui Rendsburg
Michael Roshan-
Pandya
Márcia Massicame
Loralee Songer
Pia Davila
Holden Turner
Hadia Kamal
Jeremy Hirsch

Panel III

Stephanie Blythe
Martha Guth
Sholto Kynoch
Kevin Murphy
Alan Smith
Dawn Upshaw

Artists in Order of Appearance

Oceania

Asia

Chelsey Forbess Smith
Samuel Rosner
Julian Garvue
Shira Ben David
Sahar Nouri
Brent Funderburk
Armen Guzelimian
Natalie Buickians
Layla Dougani
Steven Eddy
Caitlin Aloia
Helen Zhibing Huang
Esme Wong
Shawn Chang
Lydia Qui
Zhengyi Bai
Gloria Engle
Sohyun Park
So Young Park
Seonmi Lee
Joseph Han
Yang-Hi Kim
Nicholas Roehler
Amane Machida
Hisako Hiratsuka
Yu-Hsin Teng
Jean Bernard Cerin
Veena K. Kulkarni
Scott Johnson
Regina Handoko
Michael Hall
Airin Efferin
Bandung Philharmonic,
Joel Navarro cond.

Panel IV

Khori Dastoor
Tsitsi Ella Jaji
Sam Martin
Shawn Okpebholo
Clara Osowski
Erika Switzer
Rachel Wood

Emily Albrink

Merlyn Quaife

Andrea Katz

David Griffiths

Jackie Stevens

Kylie Kreucher

Victoria Browers

Saane Halaholo

Teweiariki Teaero

Selina Tusitala Marsh

Terisa Siagatonu

Bernice Austin

Grace Francis

Melody Sparks

Euphony (Kristin School),

David Squire, director

Mara Reily

Veronica Pollocino

Bronwyn Schuman

Tuirina Wehi

University of Auckland

Chamber Choir,

Karen Grylls, Artistic Director

Bill Manhire

Judy Bellingham

New Zealand Youth Choir

Boston City Singers

Panel V

Victoria Browers

Kristina Bachrach

Dimitri Dover

Gloria Engle

Devon Guthrie

Jeremy Hirsch

Daniel Hunter-Holly

Renate Rohlfing

Laura Strickling

The Americas

María Brea

María Valdés

Jorge Parodi

Mario Diaz-Moresco

Spencer Myer

Stephanie Monteiro

Jimmy López

Valeria Bibliowicz

Laureano Quant

Bronwyn Schuman

Carlos Arcos

Nathaniel LaNasa

Ricardo Lugo

Renate Rohlfing

John Tibbetts

Sonny Yoo

Rachel Wood

Jan Zwicky

Erika Switzer

Tyler Duncan

John Greer

Anne Jennifer Nash

Stephen Sulich

Celeste Johnson

Naomi Shihab Nye

Margaret Woods

Devon Guthrie

James Primosch

George Shirley

Will Liverman

Paul Sanchez

Sanford Sylvan

David Breitman

Emily Yocum Black

Isabel Breakey

Benjamin Howard

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John Musto

Katherine Jolly

Grant Knox

Alexandra Smither

Daniel McGrew

Leroy Davis

Acknowledgments

Special Thanks

Beth & Greg Arcuino
Ella Anne Arcuino
Paloma Friedhoff Bello (video editing)
Bronwen Forbay
Michael Hall
John Hall
Jeanine Hill (photography)
Jennifer Kallend
Sel Kardan
Andrea Katz
Rosalinda Monroy
Robert Nordling
John Steele Ritter
Tessa Romano
Marc & Eva Stern
Susan Youens
Poetry Translation Centre
Korean Literature Now
The University of Auckland
Oxford Lieder

Pre-recorded Film and Audio Credit:

'Ae Fond Kiss' was recorded for the Canadian Art Song Project (Toronto, Ontario) and released on Centrediscs. Lawrence Wiliford & Steven Philcox, Directors

'St. Cecilia's Day' was Recorded at the Port Fairy Spring Music Festival, 2020 (Victoria, Australia); Artistic Directors: Monica Curro & Stefan Cassominos. Video used with permission from the Port Fairy Music Festival and Songmakers Australia

'Autumn Again' from 'Everything Already Lost' by Jeffrey Ryan was recorded for Music on Main in partnership with the Chan Centre for the Performing Arts, 2020 (Vancouver, B.C.). Audio Recording by Don Harder; Directed by Mike Southworth; Filmed by Adam PW Smith, Scot Proudfoot, and Mike Southworth; Edited by Doug Fury, Aaron Graham, and Mike Southworth; Produced by Joanna Dundas

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