

A GLOBAL SONGFEST



# Songs of Unity & Hope

JANUARY 31, 2021

*Songfest* 25<sup>TH</sup>  
ANNIVERSARY

# *Schedule of Events*

## The First 25 Years

The Importance of Song in Today's World.....3

EUROPE.....4

On Writing Song.....35

AFRICA.....36

Today's Art Song Organizations.....49

ASIA.....50

The Next Generation of Song.....70

OCEANIA.....71

The SongFest Experience.....90

THE AMERICAS.....91

\*SongFest alumni are listed  
with their SongFest attendance years in brackets.\*

# *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, Graham Johnson sharing his encyclopedic knowledge to friends of friends who have contributed from Indonesia, Brazil, Mozambique, Haiti, Ukraine, 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 & Hope,' which 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 this 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

# *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 involvement in music education at a young age to being an ambassador for your 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: 2 hr

*"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

# Europe

## GERMANY

Alles wird wieder groß sein und gewaltig  
*The 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 Schauen 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*

# Europe

## 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 cœur

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 cœur 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 cœur mon cœur brisé

Pareil au cœur 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

#### 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*

-Guillaume Apollinaire

-Translation © Richard Stokes,

from *A French Song Companion* (Oxford, 2000),

provided courtesy of Oxford Lieder

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



# Europe

## 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*

# Europe

## ITALY

**Porgo umilmente**

*Rime*, no. 138

**Michelangelo Buonarroti**

(1475-1564)

Elvia Puccinelli, reader

**Porgo umilmente**

*I humbly offer*

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?

*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?*

-Michelangelo Buonarroti

-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 Woruski, 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, the sun from the Ganges**

*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

# Europe

## 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.

Rhyme LXXXIX

*Black phantoms,  
shadowy clouds,  
flee before the sparkle  
of 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  
timidly break.*

-Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer

-English Translation by  
Javier Arrebola

*"I hold it true, whate'er befall;  
I feel it, when I sorrow most;  
'Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all."*

*-Alfred, Lord Tennyson,*

In Memoriam A. H. H. OBIT MDCCCXXXIII: 27

# Europe

## SPAIN

A pie van mis suspiros

*Tríptico sobre poemas de Antonio Gala, no. 2*

Antón García Abril

(1933-2021)

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.

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 your soul, too.

I will arrive  
before they arrive.

My heart on wings  
my sighs on foot.

-Antonio Gala

-English Translation by  
Javier Arrebola

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

# Europe

## 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.  
Nascestes 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

Trad., Collected by Thomas Moore  
(1779-1852)  
[arr. Sir John Stevenson]

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

*\*This recording comes from an album of Irish songs  
by Ann Murray & Graham Johnson by Hyperion Records in 1992.\**

### 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.

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 would cease,  
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

-Thomas Moore

*“A good friend is like a four-leaf clover;  
hard to find and lucky to have.”  
-Irish Proverb*

## IRELAND

### An Gloine Slán

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 dhí;  
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;  
So fill to me the parting glass  
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  
They're sorry for my going away  
And all the sweethearts that e'er I had  
They'd wish me one more day to stay  
But since it falls unto my lot  
That I should rise and you should not  
So fill to me the parting glass  
Good night and joy be to you all,  
Good night and joy be to you all.*

# Europe

## WALES

Mae hiraeth yn y môr  
Caneuon y Tri Aderyn

Dilys Elwyn-Edwards  
(1918-2012)

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

Mae hiraeth yn y môr  
(Caneuon y Tri Aderyn)

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.

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.

-Robert Williams Parry

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

*There's longing in the sea and grey mountains,  
There's longing in silence and in song,  
In murmuring waters on their eternal journey,  
At sunset hours and fire's flames,  
But most in the wind as it moans,  
And saddest in the sedge as the wind complains,  
Awaking echo's echo in the rush,  
And in the heart, a memory's memory.*

*As when we listen in the long sunrise  
To the song of the rooster upon the gate nearby,  
Song upon clear song awaken  
From nearby gardens, from the adjacent hillside  
The last of his songs rises  
With distance's sad mildness in his cry.*

-English Translation by Rachel Schutz

*Adfyd a ddwg wybodaeth, a gwybodaeth ddoethineb.  
"Adversity brings knowledge and knowledge wisdom."*

*-Welsh Proverb*

# Europe

## 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.

# Europe

...

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



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*



# Europe

## 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 recording 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

# Europe

## 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 svalar;  
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 grønne 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

*"I took a walk in the woods and came out taller than the trees."*

*-Henry David Thoreau*

## NORWAY

Fyremål

Aasmund Olavsson Vinje  
(1818-1870)

Solmund Nystabakk, reader

### Fyremål

Vegen vita,  
på Villstig venda,  
fram åt fara  
og Færdi 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 Mergj 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

# Europe

## SWEDEN

### Lutad mot gärdet

*Fem visor ur "Idyll och epigram," 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 again, 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

Hell dig, liv!

Ernst Viktor Knape  
(1873-1929)

Gustav Djupsjöbacka, reader

Hell dig, liv!

*Hail to you, life!*

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 sånger segrande stiga  
genom vindarnas dån och den döendes röst.

*Hail to you, life, in your beauty and might!  
You give birth and take life  
proud in your greatness and glorious power.  
You are eternally young in spring as in fall,  
your victorious songs rise  
through the winds' din and the dying voice.*

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

*Hail to you dark, dreary death,  
life's obedient slave,  
silent rejuvenation's mystery,  
dying away, budding life in the grave!*

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

*Other and always changing generations  
rise anew from the old traces.  
The sunset is the morning's dawn.  
Life reaps what death sows.*

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

*Hail to you life, in your beauty and might!  
You take life and give birth  
proud in your greatness and glorious power.*

-Ernst Viktor Knape

-English Translation by Simon Barrad

*\*This text was originally written in Swedish, an official language of Finland.  
However, it is frequently sung in its Finnish adaptation  
by Jussi Snellman, set by Oskar Merikanto.\**

## FINLAND

### Elämälle

Op. 93, no. 4

Oskar Merikanto  
(1868-1924)

Gustav Djupsjöbacka, reader  
Simon Barrad, baritone [SF'17]  
Kseniia Polstiankina Barrad, 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 sånger 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.

#### 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.

#### 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.*

-Ernst Viktor Knape

-Finnish by Jussi Snellman

-English Translation of Finnish  
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!**

*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, & Tony Weinstein

## RUSSIA

пожелания друзьям (Pozhyelaniya druz'yam)

**Самуил Маршак**  
Samuil Marshak  
(1887-1964)

Pauline Woruski, 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!

-Самуил Маршак

### A Wish to Friends

*I wish you to bloom and grow,  
save and strengthen your 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 Woruski

*"There is a magnet in your heart that will attract true friends.  
That magnet is unselfishness, thinking of others first;  
when you learn to live for others, they will live for you."  
-Paramahansa Yogananda*

## RUSSIA

**Весенние воды (Vesenniye vody)**

Op. 14, no. 11

**Сергей Рахманинов**

Sergei Rachmaninoff

(1873-1943)

Irina Medvedeva, reader [SF'19]  
Laura Strickling, soprano [SF'11,'12]  
Liza Stepanova, piano [SF Faculty, SF'09,'10]

*\*Recording from a Guest Artist Recital  
at the University of Georgia in the Spring of 2017.\**

### 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!...»

-Фёдор 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 земля, моя любов** (Moya zemlya, moya lyubov)

**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 земля, моя любов**

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 - зйдуть 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 łudzi  
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*

# Europe

## 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 much strength in a little song,  
Whoever plays it with the heart...  
In it, there's a smile, when joyful.  
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 is 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 calls people before dawn  
For a sunny day.

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

-English Translation by Anna Wojcik  
& SongFest

*"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]

*\*Recording from a live performance at SongFest 2019.\**

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 zaspívat,  
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,  
hogy 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.\**



# Europe

## 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.

### Under the Csitári mountains

Under the Csitári mountains, the snow had fallen long ago.  
I heard, my little angel, the horse fell on you.  
You broke your hand, how will you embrace me?  
So, my dear little angel, I just cannot be yours.

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

-Hungarian Folk Song

-English Translation by Lilla Heinrich Szász & SongFest

*“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*

# *On Writing Song*

*Moderated by Liza Stepanova*

## Part I.

Tom Cipullo

Jake Heggie

Libby Larsen

Three beloved American art song composers share their earliest experiences with composing song. They talk about setting a poem to music and writing for specific performers who can completely inhabit the work. They read some of their favorite poetry by Robert Hayden, Emily Dickinson, and Kathleen Kelly, and reminisce about their time at SongFest. This conversation is 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 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.

# *Africa*

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

Duration: 35 min

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

*-African Proverb*

# Africa

## 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*



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

The 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.\**

# Africa

## GHANA

**Koose duade  
&  
Nyɔntsere ni eje**

**Ghanaian Folk Songs**

**Legon Palmwine Band**  
Eric Sunu Doe  
Edwin Nii Akwei Brown  
Samuel Agyeman Boahen  
Albert Kwame Owusu Brown  
Seth Kpodo

**Koose duade**

koose duade ahuu he  
koose duade ahuu he  
shi ebo 'momo

**Weeds disrupting**

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

**Nyɔntsere ni eje**

Nyɔntsere ni eje  
wɔbaa shwɛ  
wɔbaa jo  
nyɔntsere ni eje  
wɔbaa shwɛ  
wɔbaa jo

**The moon is out**

*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 (an ensemble of the University of Ghana's Department of Music) 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.\**

# Africa

## NIGERIA

Nínú Ọgbà Ayò

Túbòsún Ọládàpọ  
(b. 1943)

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

Nínú Ọgbà Ayò

from *In the Garden of Joy*

Ọgbà àjàrà ayò la wà yí  
Dè mí kí n má lè rónà yí  
Tilèkùn ọgbà àjàrà  
Kí nwọn ó máa gbékùlé wàrà.  
Kàn'lù ifẹ sí mi  
Kí n jó dùndún ifẹ mọjú  
Ràdò ifẹ bò mí  
Má jẹẹ n ké'gbe òtútù.

*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.*

Bẹẹ bá wá'únjẹ wọgbà yí wá  
Afẹfẹ ifẹ leè yó'kùn-un wa  
Bàà wẹ lógún ọdún  
Omi ifẹ le wẹ wá nù  
Bàà kọ yààrà nílá  
Ìfẹ ní ẹ yààrà bò wá  
Kóşùpá ifẹ ó máa ràn lọdọ wa  
Ká pẹjì pọ  
Ká fi fẹná ifẹ jò.

*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.*

-Túbòsún Ọládàpọ

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

Ede ede

Nigerian Folk Song

Shawn Okpebholo, performer

Ede ede

*Every day*

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

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

-Nigerian Folk Song

-English Translation by Shawn Okpebholo

## SÃO TOMÉ & PRÍNCIPE

O Cataclismo e as Canções

Conceição Lima  
(b. 1961)

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 Rachmaninoff*



## SOUTH AFRICA

### Plaashek

*Ek maak 'n hek oop in my hart, no. 5*

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

### Farm Gate

*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

*The burden of life!*

*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 peace.*

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

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

# Africa

## ZIMBABWE

The Blessing

U-Meleni Mhlaba-Adebo  
(b. 1963)

U-Meleni Mhlaba-Adebo, poet & singer  
Scott Quade, videography

### THE BLESSING

Intro: (song in the Shona language from Zimbabwe)

*Mudiwa Wangu (beloved)*  
*Usandisiye (don't leave me)*  
*Mudiwa Wangu (beloved)*  
*Usandisiye (don't leave me)*  
*Usandisiye (don't leave me)*  
*Usandisiye (don't leave me)*

my heart is full  
being able to see you  
grow  
evolve

I was there when you were learning to dream  
a daily meditation of desire  
an inherent burning inside you  
to revolt and give birth to the creative you  
and you were there  
in my beginning  
in the space  
before my beginning  
when I was incoherent  
and had dyslexic ideas in my mind  
and were patient  
and supportive  
and I began to learn how to speak my life into sound  
and you hyphenated the phrases with images

and I was born  
and it was done

our lives became splintered  
but not broken  
the friendship real  
love was honest  
but was preparation for the MORE  
later  
and I thank you  
for that  
for through the broken pieces  
I glued a more interesting landscape  
and found my KING  
you did that for me  
and I will always believe in rainbows  
the way I believe  
in you  
Amen.

Outro:

*Usandisiye (don't leave me)*  
*Usandisiye (don't leave me)*  
*Mudiwa Wangu (beloved)*  
*Usandisiye (don't leave me)*

-U-Meleni Mhlaba-Adebo

# Africa

## 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 wana Adamu  
Hisia za wavuja  
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  
Ukiiandama 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*

# Africa

## 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

*"Maybe you've had skin next to your skin,  
but when was the last time you let yourself be touched?"*

*-Tom Spanbauer,  
In the City of Shy Hunters*

## SUDAN

لهائث

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

Holden Turner, reader [SF'17]

لهائث

*Breathless*

كأنَّها تَقْتَرِبُ من البابِ  
تَسْمَعُ دَقَاتِ قَلْبِكَ  
أو

كأنَّكَ في انتِظارِها  
تَحْضُرُ طَيورُ الضُّحَى  
وتَصْطَفُّ على النافذةِ

.....  
ساعةٌ من الصَّبْرِ  
غابةٌ من الهديلِ والشَّقْشَقَةِ

الصادق الرضي-

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.

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

-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



# Africa

## 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  
كدّبت في عمرك كام صاحب علشان كان نفسك تظمن-وخسرت  
صحابك واظمنت  
طب كام بالون فرقعوا منك وانت بتنفخهم عالاخر-وعرفت آخرهم  
بس ندمت  
دلوقت فهمت أنا عايز إيه - وأنا كنت بافرقع بلالين ليه  
أنا عاوز حاجة بدون آخر- أو حتى بأخر ماوصلوش  
-كام حيلة في ضهري أضرب واهري في بدنهم بس ما يتهدّوش  
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 البلالين  
كلنا كنا في يوم بالونة ووقعتنا تجارب بني آدمين  
بلالين عابشين نفسها تلقى حد يصدق ويقدرها- ويتأكد من إنه  
عاوزها  
من غير مايجرب يخسرها

مصطفى إبراهيم-

To know the strength of things, sometimes we need to  
break them.  
To know we want some things, sometimes we need to  
lose them.  
Craving certainty, how many friends did you call liars?  
Attaining certainty, you lost your friends.  
How many balloons did you burst inflating them  
beyond their limit?  
Discovering that limit, you found regret.  
I now know why I burst balloons:  
I longed for something never-ending -  
or with an end I'd never reach.  
Walls that have my back.  
Walls that will stay standing,  
even when I knock them down.  
Something certain that, when tested, will not break.

-Mostafa Ibrahim

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

"If you're patient in one moment of anger,  
you will escape a hundred days of sorrow."  
-Rainer Maria Rilke

# *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, and SongFest is led by five international performers and experienced administrators. These great minds come together to share their thoughts 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 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 & 24 min



*"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'97,'98,'00,'01,'04]

Samuel Rosner, tenor [SF'19]

Julian Garvue, piano [SF'19]

\*Live performance from SongFest 2019.\*

יש כוכבים There are stars

יש כוכבים There are stars whose light reaches Earth  
שארם מגיע ארצה רק כאשר הם עצמם אבדו ואינם even though they have become extinct.

יש אנשים There are people whose radiant memory lights the  
שזיו זכרם מאיר כאשר הם עצמם אינם יותר בתוכנו world even though they are no longer among the living.

אורות אלה These lights brightly shine in the darkest of nights.  
המבהיקים בחשכת הלילה - הם שמראים לאדם את They lead the way for mankind.  
אורות הדרך

חנה סנש-

-Hannah Szenes

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 kellers, 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

*\*A Russian translation by Semyon Olender was set by Dimitri Shostakovich as no. 9 of his Из Еврейской Народной Поэзии (From Jewish Folk Poetry, Op. 79).\**



## IRAQ

نامۆی

عەبدولپەشیو  
Abdulla Pashew  
(b. 1946)

Sahar Nouri, reader [SF'08]

نامۆی

Exile

که نامۆی وهك رهشەبا هەلدهكات و  
پیدەشتی ئارام دەبری  
، که خەم وهکوو قەله‌ره‌شکه  
، له به‌ده‌رگه‌ی ژووره‌که‌مدا  
:ب‌الله‌کانی ده‌کاته‌وه و له‌نگه‌ر ده‌گرئ  
من چۆله‌که‌ی ب‌الته‌زیوی  
، خه‌مه‌کانی خۆم هه‌لده‌گرم  
، ده‌رۆم، ده‌رۆم  
، تا منالیک ده‌دۆزمه‌وه  
له‌ناو تیشکی چاوی ئه‌ودا  
فرین وه‌بیر چۆله‌که‌ی خەم ده‌هینمه‌وه  
!که‌چی گیانه  
به‌چاوی خۆم زۆر جار دیومه  
که منالان  
، له‌م شاره‌دا خه‌فه‌ت ده‌خۆن  
وه‌کوو بیچوه‌ه‌راوی دین  
له‌زه‌ریاچه‌ی چاوی تۆدا خۆیان ده‌شۆن

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

عەبدولپەشیو-

-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!,  
იცოცხლე, ვბრუნდებოდი სულ რომ.  
ვუყურებ-  
გადამფრენი- მეტობის ნიშნები-ჩიტები-  
ბანალური ქარგა-  
როდესაც მიდიხარ-სამშობლოს იტოვებ,  
როდესაც ბრუნდები-კარგავ.  
გავდივარ ცარიელი, უშენო სახლიდან..  
გასვლისას ოქროს თევზებს ვაქრობ  
ჭერზეც და ზღვის ფსკერზეც-  
მბჟუტავს 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

*"And ever has it been known that love knows not its own depth  
until the hour of separation."*

*-Khalil Gibran*

## 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 գարուն  
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

# Asia

## ARMENIA

Օրո՛ր

Կոմիտաս  
Komitas  
(1869-1935)

Natalie Buickians, reader & 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 տեղըդ 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*

-Traditional  
English Translation by Natalie Buickians

*“When you look into your mother’s eyes,  
you know that is the purest love you can find on this earth.”*

*-Mitch Albom,  
For One More Day*

## 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.*

بوي جنگل مي آمد  
اما تمام راهها را پوشانده بود  
برفي که مي باريد  
...مي بارد، مي 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?*

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

آزیتا قهرمان-

-Azita Ghahreman

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

*"Find yourself and you will find your freedom."*

*-Gillian Duce,*

*Demons and Dangers: Magic and Mayhem - Book 4*



## 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 رنایي په ارمان  
او لکه يو کور  
لکه يو کور چې  
بې له نېخې 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

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

*"Every shadow is also the child of light, and only those who have  
known the light and the dark, have seen war and peace, rise and fall,  
have truly lived their lives."*

*-Stefan Zweig,  
The World of Yesterday*

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

#### অনন্ত প্রেম

তোমাতেই যেন ভালোবাসিয়াছি  
শত রূপে শত বার  
জনমে জনমে, যুগে যুগে অনিবার।  
চিরকাল ধরে মুগ্ধ 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।

-রবীন্দ্রনাথ ঠাকুর

#### 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 alongside 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.*

-Rabindranath Tagore

English Translation by the Poet

### 我住长江头

Chinese Folk Song  
[arr. Qing Zhu]

Helen Zhibing Huang, reader & soprano [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

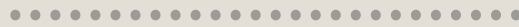
#### *I live at the source of the Yangzi river*

*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.*

-李之仪

-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。

#### *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.*

-龙七

-Long Qi

English Translation by Helen Zhibing Huang

# Asia

## 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

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。

.....

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！

### Under the Silver Moon

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?

.....

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

-Tatar Folk Song

Translation from Tatar by Luobin Wang  
English Translation by Lydia Qiu

*"The moon is a loyal companion. It never leaves.  
It's always there, watching, steadfast, knowing us in our light  
and dark moments, changing forever just as we do.  
Every day it's a different version of itself.  
Sometimes weak and wan, sometimes strong and full of light.  
The moon understands what it means to be human.  
Uncertain. Alone. Cratered by imperfections."*

*-Tahereh Mafi,  
Shatter Me*

## SOUTH KOREA

담쟁이

도종환

Do Jong-Hwan  
(b. 1955)

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

담쟁이

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!

Ivy

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

*"Courage doesn't always roar.*

*Sometimes courage is the quiet voice at the end of the day saying,*

*'I will try again tomorrow.'"*

*-Mary Anne Radmacher*



## 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

YoungSup 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 웃기 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 visit  
Have not 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*

### 花は咲く (Hana wa Saku)

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

菅野 よう子  
Yoko Kanno  
(b. 1964)

#### 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 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.

-岩井俊二

-Shunji Iwai

English Translation by John R. Jorgensen for Songs of Hope,  
a Seattle music organization that has provided annual  
support to victims of the 2011 Japanese Tsunami.

### 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

*Open the window of my mind*

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 springtime.  
Even though the spring won't last long,  
It could relieve my suffering, for now.*

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, spring, where are you now?  
I wish you were always in my heart.  
If I could open the door of my heart,  
I would see the spring in 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.  
Even though everyone is gone and the room is empty,  
It could make me feel better, 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 were 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.  
Even though the way home is so far,  
It could ease my homesickness, for now.*

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

*My home, my home, where are you now?  
I wish you were always in my heart.  
If I could open the door of my heart,  
I would see the landscape of my homeland.*

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

*If I could open the window of my heart,  
I would see my sweet dream of youth.  
Even though the path is full of thorns,  
It could relieve my suffering in 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 were always in my heart.  
If I could open the window of my heart,  
I would see my sweet dream of youth.*

-王昶雄

-Chang-hsiung Wang  
English Translation by Yu-Hsin Teng



# Asia

## 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 Kulkarni-Rankin, piano

*\*Originally titled, "The Butterfly Who Wished to Be a God" from Lanao del Sur, Mindanao, Philippines.  
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 Chanthathip  
(1926-2012)

Scott Johnson, reader [SF'20]

หัวใจห้องที่ห้า

*The Heart's Fifth Chamber*

หุบลึก บ้านเรือน แม่น้ำไหล  
ริ้วขอบฟ้าสูงขึ้นไปหมู่เมฆขาว  
ห่มขุนเขาเหยียดยอดทอดเทือกยาว  
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*

ดวงใจใฝ่ฝันสันติสุข  
ท่ามกลางทุกข์กระพือไฟไม่สุดสิ้น  
ชีวิตหยั่งอยู่และรู้ยิน  
รักและหวังตั้งฝนรินลงดับร้อน

*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  
คืนดวงใจใฝ่ฝันอันเก่าก่อน  
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 Chanthathip

English Translation by Tracey 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 hope and dream

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

Bengawan Solo  
You are my dream and hope  
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*

INDONESIA

Terbangnya Burung

Arya Brahmantya Boga  
(b. 1993)

Arya Brahmantya Boga, reader  
Bandung Philharmonic Orchestra & Chorus  
Joel Navarro, conductor

Terbangnya Burung

The Flight of a Bird

Terbangnya Burung  
Hanya bisa dijelaskan  
Dengen bahasa batu

The flight of a bird  
Can only be explained  
By the language of a rock

Bahkan cericitnya  
Yang rajin memanggil fajar  
Yang suka menyapa hujan  
Yang melukis sayap kupu-kupu  
Yang menaruh embun di daun  
Yang menggoda kelopak bunga  
Yang paham gelagat cuaca

Even the chirps  
That diligently call the dawn  
That like to greet the rain  
That paint the wings of butterfly  
That put the dew on the leaf  
That tease the petal  
That understand the attitude of the weather

hanya bisa disadur  
ke dalam bahasa batu  
yang tak berkosa kata  
dan tak bernabu

Can only be translated  
To the language of a rock  
That is not vocabulary  
And not knowing

lebih luas dari fajar  
lebih dalam dari langit  
lebih pasti dari makna

Wider than the dawn  
Deeper than the sky  
More certain than a meaning

sudah usai sebelum dimulai  
dan sepenuhnya abadi  
tanpa diucapkan sama sekali

Is over before it is started  
And ultimately eternal  
Without being said

-Sapardi Djoko Damono

-English Translation by Sharon Hartanto

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]

These passionate advocates for art song - poet, composer, singer, pianists, and administrators - come together to discuss the future. They cover presenting and performing recitals in the time of Covid-19, the need for building new audiences, systemic change through art, and the challenges of juggling performing and administrating during precarious times.

Duration: 1 hr & 19 min

# *Oceania*

AUSTRALIA  
PAPUA NEW GUINEA  
MARSHALL ISLANDS  
KIRIBATI  
TUVALU  
SAMOA  
NEW ZEALAND

Duration: 1 hr & 9 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.

© 2019 Richard James Allen

*"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*



# Oceania

## AUSTRALIA

### St Cecilia's Day

Roger Heagney  
(b. 1942)

Merlyn Quaife, reader & soprano  
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 unearthy 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

# Oceania

## AUSTRALIA

### The Orange Tree

Margaret Sutherland  
(1897-1984)

Andrea Katz, reader & piano  
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, born 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.

...

# Oceania

...

- Does he, I said, so fear the Spring  
That 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 the 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

# Oceania

## 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 dear  
With the paint of prayer

-Bruce Horick

# Oceania

## PAPUA NEW GUINEA

Sometimes in Relationships

Michael Dom  
(b. 1977)

Victoria Browers, 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.

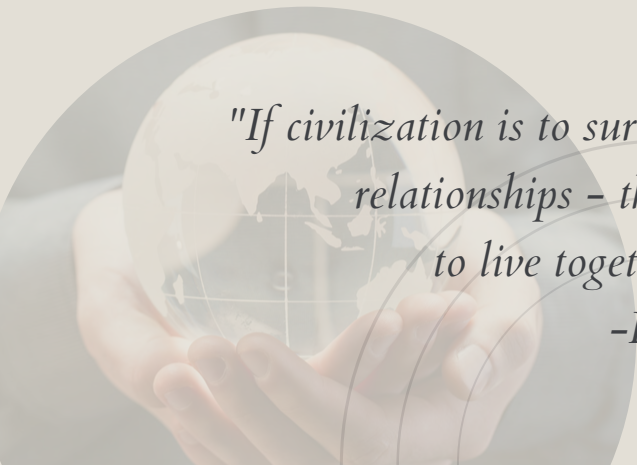
Sometimes in relationships we, each to each, are hurt and held and healed;  
Sometimes in relationships we share our heart and mind, but sometimes not.

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*



# Oceania

## 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?

...

# Oceania

...

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

# Oceania

## 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*

# Oceania

## TUVALU

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 vege 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*



# Oceania

## 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

# Oceania

## 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

# Oceania

## 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

uapūkohukohu  
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's 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 kapa haka rhythms.*

*"A Charm for Rain: He Tua I Te Rangi" was written for Cantare (Westlake Girls' High School) and conductor Fiona Wilson.\**

# Oceania

## 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

Tuirina Wehi & Tuwhiti Happy  
(b. 1985 & 1983)

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, tirotiro 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 tapuwae  
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 tipuna  
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 by Tuirina Wehi

### Composer's 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!\**



# Oceania

## 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

# Oceania

## NEW ZEALAND

Wairua Tapu

Ngapo Wehi  
(1934-2016)

Bernice Austin, reader [SF'15]  
Boston City Singers & New Zealand Youth Choir

Wairua tapu

*Holy Spirit*

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

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

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

*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.*

-Ngapo Wehi

-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

### Maori Waiata

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

*May the sun bring you  
energy every day*

Mā te marama e whakaora ia koe  
i waenga pō.

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

Mā te ua e horoi  
ōu māharahara.

*May the rain wash away  
your worries.*

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

*May the wind blow new strength  
into your being.*

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

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

Āmine

Amen

# *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,'03]

Renate Rohlfing ['11]

Laura Strickling ['11,'12]

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

Join SongFest alumni 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

# *The Americas*

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

Duration: 2 hr & 10 min

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

*-Maya Angelou*

# The Americas

## CHILE

### Gracias a la Vida

Violeta Parra  
(1917-1967)

[arr. Christian Hurtado Carrillo/Javier Arrebola]

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

*\*Live performance from SongFest 2017.\**

#### 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 Díaz-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 aparar,  
quando a força do que é ruim  
consegue lhe derrubar...  
É hora do recomeço.  
Recomece a LEVANTAR.

Quando a falta de esperança  
decidir lhe agoitar,  
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.

-Bráulio Bessa

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.

-English Translation by Rosaliene Bacchus

# The Americas

## PERU

Masa

César Vallejo  
(1892-1938)

Jimmy López, reader

Masa

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.

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

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

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

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

Mass

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.

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

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.

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

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

*"Surely the day will come when color means nothing more than the skin tone, when religion is seen uniquely as a way to speak one's soul, when birth places have the weight of a throw of the dice and all men are born free, when understanding breeds love and brotherhood."*

*-Josephine Baker*

# The Americas

## ECUADOR

Como lava candente

María Clara Sharupi Jua  
(b. 1964)

Carlos Arcos, reader [SF'19]

Como lava candente

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

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

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 Iwia  
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

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

-María Clara Sharupi Jua

*Like Red-Hot Lava*

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

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

*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 Iwia  
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*

*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*

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



# The Americas

## COLOMBIA

### Canción

Valeria Bibliowicz, reader [SF'17,'18]  
Laureano Quant, baritone [SF'17]  
Bronwyn Schuman, piano [SF'19,'20]

Jaime León  
(1921-2015)

### 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 pajarillo 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 extrávalo 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  
(Indigenous lullaby)

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

Arrunango, arrunango...  
Thus sings the mother.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sigiloso en la sombra  
viene a tientas el sueño.

Dreams are stealthily  
coming from the shadows.

Arrunango, arrunango...

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, no. 2*

Roberto Sierra  
(b. 1953)

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

*\*Commissioned for the 25th anniversary of Ravinia's Steans Music Institute.  
Live performance from Ravinia (Aug. 12, 2013).\**

### 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  
[arr. Duo 1717]

### Duo 1717

Jean Bernard Cerin, reader & baritone [SF'10]  
Veena Kulkarni-Rankin, piano  
with John Churchville, percussion

#### 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*

\*Papa Loko is the spirit of wind and healing

\*\*Ague is the Vodou god of the ocean

-English Translation by Jean Bernard Cerin

*"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 quien está y quien se ha ido.

#### Hope

*When the storm passes  
and the roads are calm,  
and 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  
for we will all have 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.

We will miss the old man  
who begged for a coin 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.

-Alexis Valdés

-English Translation by Javier Arrebola



## MEXICO

A una golondrina

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*, no. 2

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.

...

# *The Americas*

...

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

*"Rain is grace; rain is the sky descending to the earth;  
without rain, there would be no life."*

*-John Updike*



# 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 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 rain's a-gonna fall

...

# *The Americas*

...

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 rain's a-gonna fall

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  
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'  
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

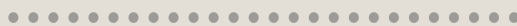
Jake Heggie  
(b. 1961)

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]

*\*Live performance from SongFest 2019.\**

From *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 Tuntland Sánchez, 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.



Every Time I Feel the Spirit

Traditional Negro Spiritual

Southern California Youth Chorale (1969)  
K. Gene Simmonds, director  
John Steele Ritter, piano

### Every Time I Feel the Spirit

Every time I feel the Spirit  
moving in my heart I will pray.  
Yes, every time I feel the Spirit  
moving in my heart I will pray.

Upon the mountain, my Lord spoke,  
out of His mouth came fire and smoke.  
Looked all around me, it looked so fine,  
till I asked my Lord if all were mine.

Jordan's River is chilly and cold,  
it chills the body but not the soul.  
There is but one train upon that track.  
It runs to heaven and right back.



# *The Americas*

## UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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

**William Bolcom**  
(b. 1938)

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

*\*Live performance from SongFest 2012.\**

### **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. . . .

-Jane Kenyon

# 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, baritone (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'ished:  
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

"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]

*\*Live performance from SongFest 2012.\**

### 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

...

# *The Americas*

...

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

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

...

# *The Americas*

...

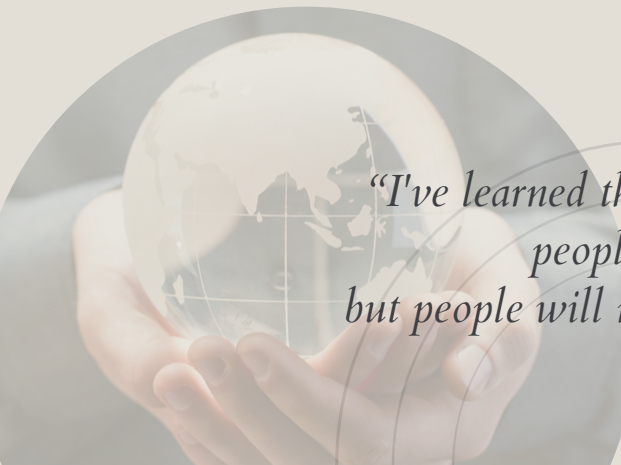
When we come to it  
We, this people, on this minuscule and kithless globe  
Who reach daily for the bomb, the blade and the dagger  
Yet who petition in the dark for tokens of peace  
We, this people on this mote of matter  
In whose mouths abide cankerous words  
Which challenge our very existence  
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



*“I’ve learned that people will forget what you said,  
people will forget what you did,  
but people will never forget how you made them feel.”*  
-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 especially 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 joining us for this special 25th anniversary celebration. 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 gift in honor of the 25 years we have been dedicated to educating the next generation of passionate performers. [www.songfest.us/makeagift](http://www.songfest.us/makeagift)

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, piano

Im Abendrot

*In the glow of evening*

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!

*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.*

Könnt' 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.

*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.*

-Karl Lappe

-English Translation by Richard Wigmore  
first published by Gollancz and reprinted in  
the Hyperion Schubert Song Edition

SongFest is a registered 501(c)(3) non-profit organization.  
If you'd like to get in touch, follow us, or donate to our cause:

Website: [songfest.us](http://songfest.us)

Facebook: [facebook.com/songfestus](https://facebook.com/songfestus)

Email: [songfestus@gmail.com](mailto:songfestus@gmail.com)

Mailing Address:

5671-B Kugler Mill Road  
Cincinnati, Ohio 45236



# Artists in Order of Appearance

Rosemary Ritter  
Javier Arrebola  
James Conlon  
Margo Garrett  
Jake Heggie  
Graham Johnson  
Hartmut Höll  
Samuel Hasselhorn  
Richard Fu  
Eckart Preu  
Sophie Delphis  
François Le Roux  
Sophie Carpenter  
Sophia Hunt  
Nicole Leung  
Olivia Prendergast  
Alexandra Bass  
Dominie Boutin  
Georgia Jacobson  
Erin Wagner  
Caleb Alexander  
Tyrese Byrd  
Mish Eusebio  
Philip Barsky  
Benjamin Howard  
Nathaniel Malkow  
John Potvin  
Elvia Puccinelli  
Laetitia Ruccolo  
Katherine Lerner Lee  
Pauline Worusski  
Paloma Friedhoff Bello  
Kate Johnson  
Sandy Lin  
Nuno Coelho  
Louise Thomas  
Ann Murray  
Adrian Daly  
Maggie Finnegan  
Gareth Lewis

Rachel Schutz  
Mary Holzhauer  
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 Barrad  
Tatiana Lokhina  
Irina Medvedeva  
Laura Strickling  
Liza Stepanova  
Ivanka Karabytz  
Erika Baikoff  
Dimitri Dover  
Tomasz Lis  
Katarzyna Sadej  
Anna Wojcik  
Jennifer Tung  
Timothy Cheek  
Chelsea Melamed Cushman  
Lóránt Najbauer  
Anna Kóvach  
Lilla Heinrich Szász  
Martin Néron  
Michele Patzakis  
Theodosia Roussos  
Athena Tsianos  
Tom Cipullo  
Libby Larsen

William Bolcom  
John Harbison  
John Musto  
Pierre-André Doucet  
Legon Palmwine Band:  
*Eric Sunu Doe*  
*Edwin Nii Akwei Brown,*  
*Samuel Agyeman Boahen,*  
*Albert Kwame Owusu Brown,*  
*Seth Kpodo*  
Abigail Levis  
Shawn Okpebholo  
Estêvão Filipe Chissano  
Bronwen Forbay  
LeOui Rendsburg  
Michael Roshan-Pandya  
Márcia Massicame  
U-Meleni Mhlaba-Adebo  
Loralee Songer  
Pia Davila  
Holden Turner  
Hadia Kamal  
Jeremy Hirsch  
Stephanie Blythe  
Martha Guth  
Sholto Kynoch  
Kevin Murphy  
Alan Louis Smith  
Dawn Upshaw  
Chelsey Forbess Smith  
Samuel Rosner  
Julian Garvue  
Shira Ben David  
Sahar Nouri  
Brent Funderburk  
Armen Guzelimian  
Natalie Buickians  
Layla Dougani  
Steven Eddy  
Caitlin Aloia

# Artists in Order of Appearance

Helen Zhibing Huang

Esme Wong

Shawn Chang

Lydia Qiu

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

**Duo 1717:**

*Jean Bernard Cerin*

*Veena Kulkarni-Rankin*

Scott Johnson

Michael Hall

Regina Handoko

Airin Efferin

*Arya Brahmantya Boga*

*Bandung Philharmonic,*

*Joel Navarro, cond.*

Khori Dastoor

Tsitsi Ella Jaji

Samuel Martin

Clara Osowski

Erika Switzer

Rachel Wood

Emily Albrink

Merlyn Quaife

Andrea Katz

David Griffiths

Jackie Stevens

Kylie Kreucher

Victoria Browsers

Saane Halaholo

Teweariki Teaero

Selina Tusitala Marsh

Bernice Austin

Grace Francis

Erin Wagner

Melody Sparks

Euphony (Kristin School),

*David Squire, director*

Mara Riley

Veronica Pollicino

Bronwyn Schuman

Tuirina Wehi

University of Auckland

Chamber Choir,

*Karen Grylls, Artistic Director*

Bill Manhire

New Zealand Youth Choir

Boston City Singers

Kristina Bachrach

Victoria Browsers

Dimitri Dover

Gloria Engle

Devon Guthrie

Jeremy Hirsch

Daniel Hunter-Holly

Renate Rohlfing

Laura Strickling

María Brea

María Valdés

Jorge Parodi

Mario Díaz-Moresco

Spencer Myer

Stephanie Monteiro

Jimmy López

Carlos Arcos

Valeria Bibliowicz

Laureano Quant

Nathaniel LaNasa

Ricardo Lugo

John Churchville

John Tibbetts

Sonny Yoo

Rachel Wood

Jan Zwicky

Tyler Duncan

John Greer

Anne Jennifer Nash

Stephen Sulich

Celeste Johnson

Martha Guth

Naomi Shihab Nye

Margaret Woods

Devon Guthrie

James Primosch

George Shirley

Will Liverman

Paul Tuntland Sánchez

Sanford Sylvan

David Breitman

Emily Yocum Black

Isabel Breakey

Benjamin Howard

William Sharp

Katherine Jolly

Grant Knox

Alexandra Smither

Daniel McGrew

Leroy Davis

*"Do your little bit of good where you are;  
it's those little bits of good put together that overwhelm the world."*

*-Desmond Tutu*

# Acknowledgments

## Special Thanks

Beth & Greg Arcuino  
Ella Anne & Graeme Arcuino  
Paloma Friedhoff Bello  
Bronwen Forbay  
Beryl Foster  
Michael Hall  
John Hall  
Jeanine Hill Photography  
Jennifer Kallend  
Sel Kardan  
Andrea Katz  
Rosalinda Monroy  
Robert Nordling  
John Steele Ritter  
Tessa Romano  
Eva & Marc 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.

"The Blessing" from Soul Psalms: Poems by U-Meleni Mhlaba-Adebo.  
Copyright ©2016 by U-Meleni Mhlaba-Adebo. Used by permission of She Writes Press.  
The Blessing was presented by Castle of our Skins.  
Ashleigh Gordon, Artistic & Executive Director of 'Castle of our Skins.'

'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 in 2020 (Vancouver, B.C.).  
Audio Recording by Don Harder; Directed by Mike Southworth;  
Filmed by Adam PW Smith, Scot Proudfoot, & Mike Southworth;  
Edited by Doug Fury, Aaron Graham, & Mike Southworth; Produced by Joanna Dundas.

All other video and audio recordings also aired with permission.

## SongFest Board of Directors

Rosemary Hyler Ritter, President  
John D. Forbess, Esq., Vice President  
John Steele Ritter, Treasurer  
Elayne K. Garber, M.D.  
Peter Golub  
Geoffrey H. Moyer, M.D.  
Sarah Stipanowich  
Marcia Brown, Emeritus  
Janet Loranger, Emeritus

## SongFest Administration

Director  
Rosemary Hyler Ritter  
Project Curator/Master Video Editor  
Javier Arrebola  
Publicity/Communications  
Victoria Browsers  
Writer/Editor/Communications  
Martha Guth  
Program/Web Design  
Jackie Stevens

# Songs of Unity & Hope



*Songfest* 25<sup>TH</sup>  
ANNIVERSARY