

Poor Wayfaring Stranger

trad. Religious Folk Balad

I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger a traveling through this world of woe
But there's no sickness, no toil, nor danger in that bright world to which I go
I'm going there to see my loved ones, I'm going there no more to roam.
I'm just going over Jordan, I'm just going over home.

Jazmín del país

Music by Carlos Guastavino Text by Leon Benaros

Jazmín del país: ¡qué lindo tu florecer cuando llueve!
Jasmine of the country, how lovely you flourish when it rains!
Volteas tus blancas flores como estrellitas de nieve.
You turn your white flowers like little snow stars.
Tus flores sencillas tienen de rosa una pincelada:
Your simple flowers have a touch of pink:
carmín del rubor primero de la luz avergonzada.
the first flush crimson light embarrassed.
Jazmín del país, florcita: te hicieron como ninguna;
Jasmine, little flower: you were made unlike any other;
Estrellita de la tarde, gajitos de blanca luna.
star of the evening, branch of the white moon.

Jazmín del país, tu planta, cuando a dar flores empieza,
Jasmine, your plant, when flowering begins,
es dulce y feliz sonrisa de colegiala traviesa.
is sweet and smiles happily, like a playful schoolgirl.
Y cuando va curioseando tu enredadera que asoma
And when curious your vine is peeking,
Volcando va en la vereda delicadísimo aroma.
spreading on the sidewalk your delicate fragrance.
Jazmín del país, florcita . . .

¡Qué linda la madreselva!

Music by Carlos Guastavino Text by Leon Benaros

¡Qué linda la madreselva! Parece un labio que besa
How beautiful is the honeysuckle! It resembles a kissing lip.
Pregona, con sus dulzores, la primavera que empiece,
Proclaiming, with its sweetness, that spring has begun.
¡Ay, Madreselva! No Creas promesas del picaflor,
Oh, Honeysuckle! Don't believe the hummingbird's promises.
Que ya olvidó tus amores, que se llevó tus dulzores.
Already you have forgotten thy love, that was your sweetness
¡Qué lindo cuando en las tardes, difunde tanta dulzura.
How nice, in the afternoons, you spread so much sweetness.
Aroma de verde cerco de la madreselva pura.
Fragrance of honeysuckle from the green fences.
¡Ay, Madreselva! . . .

I never saw a moor

Music by Richard Pearson Thomas Text by Emily Dickinson

I never saw a moor, I never saw the sea;
Yet know I how the heather looks, and what a wave must be.
I never spoke with God, nor visited in heaven;
Yet certain am I of the spot as if the chart were given.

maggie and milly and molly and may

Music by Gwyneth Walker (1947-) Text by e.e. cummings

maggie and milly and molly and may went down to the beach to play one day
and maggie discovered a shell that sang so sweetly she couldn't remember her troubles
and milly befriended a stranded star whose rays five languid fingers were
and molly was chased by a horrible thing which raced sideways while blowing bubbles:
and may came home with a smooth round stone as small as the world and as large as alone.
for whatever we lose like a you or a me it's always ourselves we find in the sea
maggie and milly and molly and may, maggie and milly and molly and may!

No. 5 Arioso "Warrior" («Мне ли, господи...») Andante molto sostenuto

Music by Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky Text by Apollon Maykov

Taken from the six movements of Moscow Cantata,

Arioso number 5 asks God for strength, force and wisdom to complete the journey at hand.

Va! laisse couler mes larmes

Music by Jules Massenet, libretto by Edouard Blau, Paul Milliet, and Georges Hartmann

Va! laisse couler mes larmes; elles font du bien, ma chérie!

Oh, let my tears keep on flowing; they do me good, my dear.

Les larmes qu'on ne pleure pas, dans notre âme retombent toutes,

The tears held back from crying fall down deep inside our being,

et de leurs patientes gouttes martèlent le cœur triste et las!

and their constant water drops make the heart grow sad & weak!

Sa résistance enfin s'épuise; le cœur se creuse et s'affaiblit:

Till finally it can't keep fighting; the heart grows and hollow & weak:

il est trop grand, rien ne l'emplit; et trop fragile, tout le brise!

it's too large, nothing can fill it; and, too fragile, ev'rything breaks it!

Zueignung (Dedication)

Music by Richard Strauss

Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele, Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle, Liebe macht die Herzen krank, Habe Dank.

Yes, you know it, dearest soul, how I suffer far from you, Love makes the heart sick, Have thanks.

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher, Hoch den Amethysten-Becher, Und du segnest den Trank, Habe Dank.

Once I, drinker of freedom, held high the amethyst beaker, And you blessed the drink, Have thanks.

Und beschwörst darin die Bösen, Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen, heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank, Habe Dank.

And you exorcised the evils in it, Until I, as I had never been before, blessed sank upon your heart, Have thanks.

The Eternal One

Music by Elizabeth Alexander Text: Ralph Waldo Emerson, adapted by Elizabeth Alexander

It comes to the lowly, It comes to the simple, It comes to whomever will put off what is foreign or proud.

It comes as insight, It comes as serenity, It comes as grandeur.

Within us the soul of the whole, Within us the wise silence, Within us the universal beauty

To which every part and particle is equally related: The Eternal ONE.

When it breathes through our intellect, it is genius. When it breathes through our will, it is virtue.

When it flows through our affection, it is love.

Forever and ever, forever and ever, There is no ceiling between our heads and the infinite heavens.

Within us the soul of the whole . . .

Nella Fantasia Ennio Morricone (1928-)

Nella fantasia io vedo un mondo giusto lì tutti vivono in pace e in onestà

In my fantasy I see a fair world, everyone lives in peace and in honesty there.

Io sogno d'anime che sono sempre libere come le nuvole che volano pien d'umanità in fondo all'anima

I dream of souls that are always free, like the clouds that fly, full of humanity in the depths of the soul..

Nella fantasia esiste un vento caldo che soffia sulle città, come amico

In my fantasy there exists a warm wind that breathes on the cities, like a friend.

Io sogno d'anime ...