



Een Muzikale Reis door Amerika – liedteksten

Billy Holiday

Don't explain

Hush now, don't explain
Just say you'll remain
I'm glad your back
don't explain

Quiet, don't explain
You mix with some name
Skip that lipstick
Don't explain

You know that I love you
And what love endures
All my thoughts of you
For I'm so completely yours

Cry to hear folks chatter
And I know you cheat
Right or wrong, don't matter
When you're with me, sweet

Hush now, don't explain
You're my joy and pain
My life's yours love
Don't explain

Gabriela Lena Frank

Uit *Saints*: Salvé

Bijbelse teksten gearrangeerd en bewerkt door **Jose Tolentino de Mendonça**

(Met verdere aanpassingen door Nilo Cruz en Gabriela Lena Frank)

Salvé, Ishah...

Today is the beginning of our salvation,

and the revelation of the eternal Mystery!

The Son of God becomes the Son of the Virgin,

and the Angel Gabriel announces the coming of Grace.

Together with him, let us cry to the Theotokos:

Salvé, O Full of Grace, the Lord is with you, Salvé!

Cecilia Livingston

Paula Modersohn-Becker

Tekst: **Anne Michaels**

It did not free me to leave him
everyone said I was selfish
fear is selfish

*

the white bedroom of birches, our faces cold,
the warmth of us under clothes – sometimes
chocolate, a blanket – until darkness
rolled on top of the light, leaving only
the small breathing spaces of stars

*

imagining him naked, even as he stood there,
naked

*

The studio smells of wood smoke.
The birds ask their same questions.

My hands are stained with his face.

*

there's failure in every choice

my eyes went black, I held the brush,
choking on a thread of song

*

two white lights:
snow on the birches

*

the source of light
is the painter's body

*

We pulled the table out to the verandah,
set out the blue dishes.
My dress as round as the billowing cloth.
I'm looking for something I can't find.
This makes me strangely satisfied.
It fills me with time.

All my life I've been saying grace
for hunger: invisible, smelling of earth,
heavy as cattle down a darkening field,
their bodies pushing their heads close to
the ground,
their necklaces of bells.

Samuel Barber

Knoxville: Summer of 1915

tekst: **James Agee**

...It has become that time of evening when people sit on their porches, rocking gently and talking gently and watching the street and the standing up into their sphere of possession of the trees, of birds' hung havens, hangars. People go by; things go by. A horse, drawing a buggy, breaking his hollow iron music on the asphalt: a loud auto: a quiet auto: people in pairs, not in a hurry, scuffling, switching their weight of aestival body, talking casually, the taste hovering over them of vanilla, strawberry, pasteboard, and starched milk, the image upon them of lovers and horsemen, squared with clowns in hueless amber. A streetcar raising its iron moan; stopping; belling and starting, stertorous; rousing and raising again its iron increasing moan and swimming its gold windows and straw seats on past and past and past, the bleak spark crackling and cursing above it like a small malignant spirit set to dog its tracks; the iron whine rises on rising speed; still risen, faints; halts; the faint stinging bell; rises again, still fainter; fainting, lifting, lifts, faints forgone: forgotten. Now is the night one blue dew.

Now is the night one blue dew, my father has drained, he has coiled the hose.

Low on the length of lawns, a frailing of fire who breathes...

Parents on porches: rock and rock. From damp strings morning glories hang their ancient faces.

The dry and exalted noise of the locusts from all the air at once enchants my eardrums.

On the rough wet grass of the back yard my father and mother have spread quilts. We all lie there, my mother, my father, my uncle, my aunt, and I too am lying there... They are not talking much, and the talk is quiet, of nothing in particular, of nothing at all in particular, of nothing at all. The stars are wide and alive, they seem each like a smile of great sweetness, and they seem very near. All my people are larger bodies than mine, ... with voices gentle and meaningless like the voices of sleeping birds. One is an artist, he is living at home. One is a musician, she is living at home. One is my mother who is good to me. One is my father who is good to me. By some chance, here they are, all on this earth; and who shall ever tell the sorrow of being on this earth, lying, on quilts, on the grass, in a summer evening, among the sounds of the night. May God bless my people, my uncle, my aunt, my mother, my good father, oh, remember them kindly in their time of trouble; and in the hour of their taking away.

After a little I am taken in and put to bed. Sleep, soft smiling, draws me unto her: and those receive me, who quietly treat me, as one familiar and well-beloved in that home: but will not, oh, will not, not now, not ever; but will not ever tell me who I am.

Billy Holiday

Lady sings the blues

Lady sings the blues
She's got them bad
She feels so sad
Wants the world to know
Just what her blues is all about

Lady sings the blues
She tells her side
Nothing to hide
Now the world will now
Just what her blues is all about

The blues is nothing but a pain in your heart
When you get a bad start
When you and your man have to part
I ain't gonna just sit around and cry
And I now I won't die
Because I love him

Lady sings the blues
She's got them bad
She feels so sad
Now the world will know
She's never gonna sing 'em no more
No more

Aaron Copland

Eight poems of Emily Dickinson

Tekst: **Emily Dickinson**

I

Nature, the gentlest mother,
Impatient of no child,
The feeblest or the waywardest, –
Her admonition mild

In forest and the hill
By traveler is heard,
Restraining rampant squirrel
Or too impetuous bird.

How fair her conversation,
A summer afternoon, –
Her household, her assembly;
And when the sun goes down

Her voice among the aisles
Incites the timid prayer
Of the minutest cricket,
The most unworthy flower.

When all the children sleep
She turns as long away
As will suffice to light her lamps;
Then, bending from the sky,

With infinite affection
And infiniter care,
Her golden finger on her lip,
Wills silence everywhere.

II

There came a wind like a bugle;
It quivered through the grass,
And a green chill upon the heat
So ominous did pass
We barred the windows and the doors
As from an emerald ghost;
The doom's electric moccasin
That very instant passed

On a strange mob of panting trees,
And fences fled away,

And rivers where the houses ran
The living looked that day.
The bell within the steeple wild
The flying tidings whirled.
How much can come
And much can go,
And yet abide the world!

III

The world feels dusty
When we stop to die;
We want the dew then,
Honors taste dry.

Flags vex a dying face,
But the least fan
Stirred by a friend's hand
Cools like the rain.

Mine be the ministry
When thy thirst comes,
Dews of thyself to fetch
And holy balms.

IV

Heart, we will forget him!
You and I, to-night!
You may forget the warmth he gave,
I will forget the light.

When you have done, pray tell me,
That I my thoughts may dim;
Haste! lest while you're lagging,
I may remember him!

V

Dear March, come in!
How glad I am!
I looked for you before.
Put down your hat –
You must have walked –

How out of breath you are!
Dear March, how are you?
And the rest?
Did you leave Nature well?
Oh, March, come right upstairs with me,
I have so much to tell!

I got your letter, and the bird's;
The maples never knew
That you were coming, – I declare,
How red their faces grew!
But, March, forgive me –
And all those hills
You left for me to hue;
There was no purple suitable,
You took it all with you.

Who knocks? That April!
Lock the door!
I will not be pursued!
He stayed away a year, to call
When I am occupied.
But trifles look so trivial
As soon as you have come,
That blame is just as dear as praise
And praise as mere as blame.

VI

Sleep is supposed to be,
By souls of sanity,
The shutting of the eye.

Sleep is the station grand
Down which on either hand
The hosts of witness stand!

Morn is supposed to be,
By people of degree,
The breaking of the day.

Morning has not occurred!
That shall aurora be
East of eternity;

One with the banner gay,

One in the red array, –
That is the break of day.

VII

Going to heaven!
I don't know when,
Pray do not ask me how, –
Indeed, I'm too astonished
To think of answering you!
Going to heaven! –
How dim it sounds!
And yet it will be done
As sure as flocks go home at night
Unto the shepherd's arm!

Perhaps you're going too!
Who knows?
If you should get there first,
Save just a little place for me
Close to the two I lost!
The smallest "robe" will fit me,
And just a bit of "crown";
For you know we do not mind our dress
When we are going home.

I'm glad I don't believe it,
For it would stop my breath,
And I'd like to look a little more
At such a curious earth!
I am glad they did believe it
Whom I have never found
Since the mighty autumn afternoon
I left them in the ground.

VIII

Because I would not stop for Death,
He kindly stopped for me;
The carriage held but just ourselves
And Immortality.

We slowly drove, he knew no haste,
And I had put away
My labour, and my leisure too,
For his civility.

We passed the school where children
played,
Their lessons scarcely done;
We passed the fields of gazing grain,
We passed the setting sun.

We paused before a house that seemed
A swelling of the ground;
The roof was scarcely visible,
The cornice but a mound.

Since then 'tis centuries; but each
Feels shorter than the day
I first surmised the horses' heads
Were toward eternity.