

How Can I Keep from Singing? (Quaker Hymn)

My life flows on in endless song
above earth's lamentation.
I hear the real though distant song
that hails a new creation.

Through all the tumult and the strife
I hear the music ringing.
It sounds an echo in my soul,
how can I keep from singing?

What though the tempest loudly roars,
I hear the truth, it's living!
What though the darkness round me close,
songs in the night it's giving!

No storm can shake my inmost calm
while to that rock I'm clinging.
Since I believe that love abides,
how can I keep from singing?

When tyrants tremble when they hear
the bells of freedom ringing.
When friends rejoice both far and near,
how can I keep from singing?

In prison cell, in dungeon dark,
our thoughts to them are winging.
When friends hold courage in their heart,
how can I keep from singing?

No storm can shake my inmost calm
while to that rock I'm clinging.
Since I believe that love abides,
how can I keep from singing?

Sherry Blevins, A Tapestry of Music

Text: Sherry Blevins

When I can't find my voice will you help me
reveal the words I'm longing to say?
Tear my threads of doubt, unravel them
away.

When I'm enveloped in silence will you
break it?
Find my shattered pieces on the ground?
Gather up the shards then scatter light all
around,
all around me.

Then my life will weave a tapestry of music;
all my tattered threads now redeemed,
and in the cloth I'll find a world that I design
with patterns more colorful than I dreamed.

When I can't find my path will you show
me?
Light a torch so I can finally see,
That the course is clear; there's nothing to
fear;
Take my hand and walk with me.

Then my life will weave a tapestry of
music...

I will let my voice break the silence.
When I speak I will not be afraid.
Step by step I am moving on.
I will not stand in my way!

I will clear the course set before me,
When I speak they will hear what I say;
Step by step I am moving on.
Nothing can stand in my way!

Sing my song to me!

Then my life will weave a tapestry of
music...

Take my hand; walk with me.
Nothing stands in our way!

I will sing!

Chen Yi, The Bronze Taotie

This is the first movement of *From the Path of Beauty*, a seven-movement song cycle for mixed choir and string quartet. This song cycle brings us through the history of beauty in Chinese arts. In ancient Chinese mythology, the Taotie was a rogue wild animal with a greedy appetite. Bronze carvings of a Taotie were symbols of protection or luck, yielded through its metaphysical powers. The text in this movement is all words borrowed from Chinese folk songs, but they don't have direct meaning.

A Ma Lie Huo Wu Li Ya Ha La Li Ye
Ya A Ma Lie Huo Wu Li Ya Ha La Li Lai Si
Ba La Na Ni Song ... Ya La
A Ma Lie Huo Wu Li Ya Ha La Li Lai Si Ba
La Na Ni Song
Song A Lai Si Ba La Song
Ya A Ma Lie Huo Wu Li Ya Ha La Li Ye
Ya A Ma Lie Huo Wu Li Ya Ha La Li Lai Si
Ba La Na Ni Song Ya La
La Ya Song ... Lai Si Ba La Na Ni Ye ... Ya
La
Na Ni Ye ... Ye ...
Ya A Ma Lie Huo Wu Li Ya Ha La Li Lai Si
Ba La Na Ni Song
Ya A Ma Lie Huo Wu Li Ya Ha La Li Ye Ya
La

Elaine Hagenberg, Tyger

Text: William Blake , “The Tyger”

[] = not set by the composer

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night;
What immortal hand or eye,
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies.
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand, dare seize the fire?

[And what shoulder, & what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? & what dread feet?]

What the hammer? what the chain,
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp,
Dare its deadly terrors clasp!

When the stars threw down their spears
And water'd heaven with their tears:
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger Tyger burning bright,
In the forests of the night:
What immortal hand or eye,
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

Stephen Chatman, Remember

Text: Christina Rossetti (1830–1894),
“Remember”

Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the
hand.

Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day by day
You tell me of our future that you plann'd:
Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.

Ain't a That Good News (Spiritual)

I've got a crown up in-a that Kingdom,
Ain't-a that good news.
I've got a crown up in-a that Kingdom,
Ain't-a that good news.
I'm gonna lay down this world.
I'm gonna shoulder up-a my cross.
I'm gonna take it home-a to my Jesus,
Ain't-a that good news.

I've got a robe up in-a that Kingdom,
Ain't-a that good news...

I've got a home up in-a that Kingdom,
Ain't-a that good news...

Matthew Emery, Sing Your Song

Text: Katharine Tynan (1859–1931), “The
Wind That Shakes the Barley”

There's music in my heart all day,
I hear it late and early,
It comes from fields are far away,
The wind that shakes the barley.

Above the uplands drenched with dew
The sky hangs soft and pearly,
An emerald world is listening to
The wind that shakes the barley.

Above the bluest mountain crest
The lark is singing rarely,
It rocks the singer into rest,
The wind that shakes the barley.

Oh, still through summers and through
springs
It calls me late and early.
Come home, come home, come home, it
sings,
The wind that shakes the barley.

**Tiyinoluwa Olushola-Alao, Ring in the
Sky**

Text: Tiyinoluwa Olushola-Alao

ring in the sky,
as the trees brush by,
ring in the sky makes my heart think of you.
as nigh becomes the night,
as darkness sweeps the sky,
tears, they fill my eyes.
i try to hold with all my might,
unto you, my light.

hold my hand,
i won't rest til' you hold my hand,
let this be my sweet release.

John Muehleisen, Eat Your Vegetables!

Text: Joanne Gunnerson

II. Aversion to Carrots

Chopped, sliced, julienne, diced,
They glisten in honeyed sauce,
They're beautiful on the plate,
But eating them makes me cross.
I don't like cooked carrots!

III. RAH!

Let's give a cheer for the lowly rutabaga,
Down on the vegetable chain,
Eat them with vigor, out in Winnipeg-a
On the Canadian plain

Chorus: R_U_T_A_B_A_G_A
That sturdy root of mine,
R_U_T_A_B_A_G_A
Exceptional food divine.

AGAIN! R_U_T_A_B_A_G_A
Tonight on these we'll dine,
R_U_T_A_B_A_G_A
Makes dinner mighty fine.