

Amy Beach (1867-1944)



The summer wind op.14.1

Walter Learned (1847-1915)

Softly the summer wind woos the rose
Like a fickle lover.

He kisses her petals then off he goes
The fair fields over.

Yet since he hath kissed her, forever the rose
Her heart uncloses,
And he breathes thereafter wherever he goes,
The perfume of roses.

2. The Thrush op.14.4

Edward Rowland Sill (1841-1887)

The thrush sings high on the topmost bough;
Low, louder, low again, and now,
He has changed his tree, you know not how,
For you saw no flitting wing.

All the notes of the forest throng,
Flute, reed, and string, are in his song;
Never a fear knows he, nor wrong,
Nor a doubt of anything.

Small room for care in that soft breast;
All weather that comes is to him the best,
While he sees his mate close on her nest,
And the woods are full of spring.

He has lost his last year's love,
I know, He, too, but 'tis little he keeps of woe,
For a bird forgets in a year,
and so no wonder the thrush can sing.

3. Silent love op.51.1

Eduard Wissmann

Englisch text by Mme Isora Martinez

I dared not say "I love but thee,"
I only cull'd a rosebud fair
At thy behest,
To deck thy breast,
And silent gaz'd upon it there!

Thou too, of love, wert silent aye;
But smiling laid'st thy hand in mine;
Then soft a kiss
As pledge of bliss,
A seal set on our joy divine!
Our lips of love ne'er spoke a word,
Yet sang each throbbing pulse the song,
When 'neath the veil
Of moonlight pale,
Our dreamy eyes gaz'd deep and long.

4. Ecstasy op.19.2

Lyrics by Amy Beach

Only to dream among the fading flowers,
Only to glide along the tranquil sea;
Ah dearest, dearest, have we not together
One long, bright day of love, glad and free?

Only to rest through life, in storm and sunshine,
Safe in thy breast, where sorrow dare not fly;
Ah dearest, dearest, thus in sweetest rapture
With thee to live, with thee at last to die!

5. O mistress mine op. 37.1

William Shakespeare (d. 1616)

O Mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear! your true-love's coming
That can sing both high and low;
Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
Journeys end in lovers' meeting—
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty,—
Then come kiss me, Sweet-and-twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

6. Woul'n't that be queer op. 26.4

Elsie J. Cooley

If the trees knew how to run up and down the hill,
If the cats and dogs could talk and we had to keep still,
If the flowers all should try like birds to sing and fly,
and the birds were always found growing up out of the
ground,
Dear, dear, Wouldn't that be queer?

If the babies when they came were very old and tall,
And grew down instead of up to be quite young and
small,
If the sun should come out bright in the middle of the
night,
And the dark should come and stay when we knew that
it was day,
Dear, dear, Wouldn't that be Queer?

Florence Price (1887-1953)



8. An April Day

by Joseph Seamon Cotter, Jr.

On such a day as this I think,
On such a day as this,
When earth and sky and nature's world
Are clad in April's bliss;
And balmy zephyrs gently waft
Upon your cheek a kiss;
Sufficient is it just to live
On such a day as this.

9. Sunset

Odessa P. Elder

When the golden West reflects her beauty,
comes to me a happy duty;
and I must write of that golden town
that beckons me when the sun goes down.

'Tis a story from the golden sky
as the clouds go sailing by.
I sit and watch for that golden town
that beckons me when the sun goes down.

I'll seek this home in the golden West
that lures me on in my joyful quest,
and find new life in that golden town
that beckons me when the sun goes down.

10. The Glory of the Day was in Her Face

James Weldon Johnson (1871-1938)

The glory of the day was in her face,
The beauty of the night was in her eyes.
And over all her loveliness, the grace
Of Morning blushing in the early skies.

And in her voice, the calling of the dove;
Like music of a sweet, melodious part.
And in her smile, the breaking light of love;
And all the gentle virtues in her heart.

And now the glorious day, the beautiful night,
The birds that signal to their mates at dawn,
To my dull ears, to my tear-blinded sight
Are one with all the dead, since she is gone.

11. The moon bridge

Mary Rolofson Gamble

The moon like a big, round ball of flame
Rose out of the silver bay,
And built a bridge of golden beams,
Where the fairies came to play.
I saw them dancing in jewel'd robes
On the wavelet's rhythmic flow,
And I long'd to stand on the magic bridge,
In the moonlight's mystic glow.
But over the sky a veil of mist
Thin, soft as a web of lace,
Was drawn, then parted, then came again,
With easy, coquettish grace.
And the moon put on a somber mask,
And frowned on the rippling wave,
And the beautiful bridge went under the sea,
Nor a beam could the fairies save!

I wonder'd if this would end their play,
And if, as the bridge went down,
They would lose their jewels so frail and fair,
And their queen her diamond crown!
But they glided away in merry mood,
To their home in the rosetree's bowers,
And there they danced on the dewy grass,
Till the "wee sma" morning hours.

12. Out of the south blew a wind

Fanny Carter Woods (1882-1948)

Out of the South blew a soft sweet wind;
And on its breath was a song
Of fields and flowers and leafy bowers,
And bees that hum all day long.
Out of the South blew a soft low wind;
On its wings was a joy of a dream,
And it hovered so near I was sure I could hear
The call of woodland and stream.
Out of the South blew a soft sweet wind;
And on its breath was a song.

13. My soul s been anchored in the lord Traditional

In the Lord, in the Lord,
My soul's been anchored in the Lord.
Before I'd stay in hell one day,
My soul's been anchored in the Lord;
I'd sing and pray myself away,
My soul's been anchored in the Lord.
I'm going to pray and never stop,
My soul's been anchored in the Lord;
Until I've reached the mountain top,
My soul's been anchored in the Lord.