

PROGRAM & TRANSLATIONS

Bach Magnificat BWV 243: Quia fecit Mihi Magna

Text from the Gospel of Luke

For the Mighty One has done
great things for me, and holy is His name

Francis Poulenc: Le Bestiaire (ou, Cortège d'Orphée)

Text by Guillaume Apollinaire

1. The Dromedary (or one-humped camel)

With his four dromedaries,
Don Pedro d'Alfaroubeira
Wandered and wondered at the world.
I'd like to do just the same
If I had four dromedaries.

2. The Tibetan Goat

The fleece of this goat, and even that
Of gold for which Jason took such pains,
Are worthless compared to
The locks that I yearn for.

3. The Locust

Behold the fine locust,
The nourishment of St. John.
Would that I could be like her,
A feast for the very best folk.

Margaret Bonds: Three Dream Portraits

Text by Langston Hughes

1. Minstrel Man

Because my mouth
Is wide with laughter
And my throat
Is deep with song,
You do not think
I suffer after
I have held my pain
So long?

Because my mouth
Is wide with laughter,
You do not hear
My inner cry?
Because my feet

4. The Dolphin

Dolphins, you play in the sea,
But the tide is still bitter.
Sometimes does my joy break out?
Life is still cruel.

5. The Crawfish

Uncertainty, oh my delight.
You and I, we go onward
Just like the crawfish,
Backwards, always backwards.

6. The Carp

In your tanks, in your ponds,
Carp, you live for a long time!
Has Death forgotten you,
Fish of woe?

Are gay with dancing,
You do not know
I die?

2. Dream Variations

To fling my arms wide
In some place of the sun,
To whirl and to dance
Till the white day is done.
Then rest at cool evening
Beneath a tall tree
While night comes on gently,
Dark like me-
That is my dream!



FINGER LAKES OPERA

PRESENTS BARITONE JORELL WILLIAMS
& PINAIST RACHAEL KERR IN RECITAL

February 22, 2021 * 7:30 p.m.
filmed at First Baptist Church in Toronto

To fling my arms wide
In the face of the sun,
Dance! Whirl! Whirl!
Till the quick day is done.
Rest at pale evening...
A tall, slim tree...
Night coming tenderly
Black like me.

3. I, too

I, too, sing America.
I am the darker brother.

They send me to eat in the kitchen
When company comes,
But I laugh,
And eat well,
And grow strong.
Tomorrow,
I'll be at the table
When company comes.
Nobody'll dare
Say to me,
"Eat in the kitchen,"
Then.
Besides,
They'll see how beautiful I am
And be ashamed—

Timothy Amukele: Stand the Storm

African American Spiritual

Stand the storm it won't be long
You will anchor by and by,
Stand the storm it won't be long
There'll be anchor by and by
Stand the storm it won't be long
You'll find anchor by and by

Your ship is on the ocean
You will anchor by and by
You're heading for the kingdom
Where you'll anchor by and by
Your mother's in the kingdom
You will anchor by and by

Stand the storm it won't be long
You'll anchor by and by
Stand, there'll be anchor by and by
Stand the storm it won't be long
You will anchor by and by,
Hold on it won't be long
You will anchor by and by.