

Texts for Davis Chorale Concert- Sing Out, My Soul!  
April 24, 2022. 3pm. Brunelle Hall, Davis High School, Davis, CA.

How Can I Keep From Singing? arr. Sarah Quartel

My life flows on in endless song;  
Above earth's lamentation,  
I hear the real though far-off hymn  
That hails a new creation;  
Through all the tumult and the strife  
I hear its music ringing.  
It finds an echo in my soul,  
How can I keep from singing?

While though the tempest loudly roars,  
I hear the truth, it liveth.  
And though the darkness round me close,  
Songs in the night, it giveth.  
No storm can shake my in-most calm  
While to that rock I'm clinging.  
Since love is Lord of heav'n and earth,  
How can I keep from singing?

I lift my eyes; the cloud grows thin;  
I see the blue above it;  
And day by day this pathway smooths  
Since first I learned to love it,  
The peace of love makes fresh my heart,  
A fountain ever springing;  
All things are mine in love and joy!  
How can I keep from singing?

- *anonymous text*

Excerpts from *Sing Evermore!* by Gwyneth Walker

4. A Refuge

From my spirit's gray defeat,  
From my pulse's flagging beat,  
From my hopes that turned to sand  
Sifting through my close-clenched hand,  
From my own fault's slavery,  
If I can sing, I still am free.  
For with my singing I can make  
A refuge for my spirit's sake,  
A house of shining words,  
to be My fragile immortality.

If I can sing...  
and when I sing,  
I sing, and I am free.

For in my singing I can hear  
the words of healing, soft and clear,  
the melding of the parts to whole,  
the very language of the soul.

If I can sing...  
and when I sing...  
and then I sing,  
I sing, and I am free.

- Sara Teasdale from "*Love Songs*" (1917)

## 6. The Gift to Sing

Sometimes the mist overhangs my path,  
And blackening clouds about me cling.  
But, oh, I have a magic way  
To turn the gloom to brightest day —  
I softly sing.  
And if the way grows darker still,  
Shadowed beneath a somber wing,  
With glad defiance in my throat,  
I pierce the darkness with a note,  
And sing, and I can sing.

[Sing with joy and with delight.  
Sing with conviction, and sing it right!  
Sing from the heart, and let it soar.  
Sing with passion, evermore!]\*

I brood not over the broken past,  
Nor dread whatever time may bring.  
No nights are dark, no days are long,  
But in my heart there lives a song,  
And I can sing.

- James Weldon Johnson from *"Fifty Years and Other Poems"* (1917)

\* This stanza was added by the composer.

## 8. Sky - Born Music

Let me go where I will,  
I hear a sky-born music still:  
It sounds from all things old,  
It sounds from all things young,  
From all that's fair, from all that's foul,  
rings out a cheerful song.

Let me go, let me go, let me go where I will...

It is not only in the rose,  
It is not only in the bird,  
Not only where the rainbow glows,  
Nor in the song of voices heard,  
But in the darkest, coldest things,  
There always, always, something sings.

It is not in the stars alone,  
Nor in the budding flower,  
Nor in sweet nature's mellow tone,  
Nor in the rainbow shower,  
But in the mud and dirt of things,  
And in the daily flow of things,  
In the deepest, darkest, coldest things,  
There always, always, something sings.

Hour by hour, day by day,  
The stream of life bears me away.  
Though I shall travel where'er I will,  
Yet I will hear this music still.

- *Ralph Waldo Emerson*

from "*The Complete Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson*" (1904)

## 9. Everyone Sang

Ev'ryone suddenly burst out singing,  
And I was filled with such delight  
As prisoned birds must find in freedom  
Winging wildly across the white orchards and dark green fields  
On, on, and out of sight.

Ev'ryone's voice was suddenly lifted,  
And beauty came like the setting sun.  
My heart was shaken with tears  
And horror drifted away.  
O but ev'ryone was a bird  
And the song was wordless,  
The singing will never be done.

- Siegfried Sassoon published in *Picture Show* (1919) and excerpt from "The Windhover": *My heart in hiding stirred for this bird – the achieve of, the mastery of the thing!* by Gerard Manley Hopkins published in *Poems* (1918)

## Elegischer Gesang by Ludwig von Beethoven

Sanft wie du lebtest  
hast du vollendet,  
zu heilig, für den Schmerz!  
Kein Auge wein'  
ob des himmlischen Geistes Heimkehr.

Gently, as you lived,  
have you died,  
too holy for sorrow!  
Let no eye shed tears  
for the spirit's heavenly homecoming.

*-Johann Friedrich Haug (1761-1829)*

## Geistliches Lied by Johannes Brahms

Laß dich nur nichts nicht dauern  
Mit Trauern, Sei stille!  
Wie Gott es fügt,  
So sei vergnügt mein Wille.  
Was willst du heute sorgen  
Auf morgen?  
Der Eine steht allem für;  
Der gibt auch dir das Deine.  
Sei nur in allem Handel  
ohn Wandel, Steh feste!  
Was Gott beschleußt,  
Das ist und heißt das Beste. Amen.

Let nothing indeed make you  
endure grief; Be at peace!  
If God ordains it,  
may my will accept it.  
Why worry today  
about tomorrow?  
God stands for all;  
He also gives you what is yours.  
In all your dealings be without whim -  
stand firmly!  
That which God decides  
is and means the best. Amen

*- Paul Flemming (1609-1640)*

## Earth Song by Frank Ticheli

Sing, Be, Live, See...

This dark stormy hour,  
the wind, it stirs.  
The scorched earth  
cries out in vain:

O war and power,  
You blind and blur.  
The torn heart  
cries out in pain.

But music and singing  
Have been my refuge.  
And music and singing  
shall be my light.

A light of song  
Shining strong: Alleluia!  
Through darkness, pain and strife, I'll  
Sing, Be, Live, See...

Peace.

- *Frank Ticheli*

## My Heart be Brave by Marques L. A. Garrett

My heart be brave, and do not falter so,  
Nor utter more that deep, despairing wail.  
Thy way is very dark and drear I know,  
But do not let thy strength and courage fail;  
For certain as the raven-winged night  
Is followed by the bright and blushing morn,  
Thy coming morrow will be clear and bright;  
'Tis darkest when the night is furthest worn.  
Look up, and out, beyond, surrounding clouds,  
And do not in thine own gross darkness grope,  
Rise up, and casting off thy hind'ring shrouds,  
Cling thou to this, and ever inspiring hope:  
    Tho' thick the battle and tho' fierce the fight,  
    There is a power [in] making for the right.

- *"Sonnet" by James Weldon Johnson*

## Sing Out, My soul by Marques L. A. Garrett

Sing out, my soul, your songs of joy;  
Sing as a happy bird will sing  
Beneath a rainbow's lovely arch  
In early spring.  
Think not of death...  
Strive not for gold...  
Train up your mind to feel content,  
What matters then how low your store?  
What we enjoy, and not possess,  
Makes rich or poor.

- *William Henry Davies (1871-1940)*