

Labyrinths Program: Texts and Translations

I

Virgo Dei throno digna – Johannes Tinctoris

Virgo Dei throno digna spes unica musicorum devotæ plebi cantorum esto clemens et benigna.	O virgin worthy of the throne of God the only hope of singers making music for the faithful masses be merciful and kind.
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In exitu Israel – Josquin des Prez

In exitu Israel de Aegypto, domus Jacob de populo barbaro, facta est Judaea sanctificatio ejus; Israel potestas ejus. Mare vidit, et fugit; Jordanis conversus est retrorsum. Montes exultaverunt ut arietes, et colles sicut agni ovium. Quid est tibi, mare, quod fugisti? et tu, Jordanis, quia conversus es retrorsum? montes, exultastis sicut arietes? et colles, sicut agni ovium? A facie Domini mota est terra, a facie Dei Jacob: qui convertit petram in stagna aquarum, et rupem in fontes aquarum. Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam: super misericordia tua et veritate tua; nequando dicant gentes: Ubi est Deus eorum?	When Israel went out from Egypt, the house of Jacob from a people of strange language, Judah became his sanctuary, Israel his dominion. The sea looked and fled; Jordan turned back. The mountains skipped like rams, the hills like lambs. What ails you, O sea, that you flee? O Jordan, that you turn back? O mountains, that you skip like rams? O hills, like lambs? Tremble, O earth, at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the God of Jacob, who turns the rock into a pool of water, water, the flint into a spring of water. Not to us, O Lord, not to us, but to your name give glory, for your mercy and your truth; Why should the nations say, "Where is their God?"
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Tu pauperum refugium – Anonymous

Tu pauperum refugium, tu languorum remedium, spes exulum, fortitudo laborantium, via errantium, veritas et vita. Et nunc Redemptor, Domine, ad te solum confugio; te verum Deum adoro, in te spero, in te confido, salus mea, Jesu Christe. Adjuva me, ne unquam obdormiat in morte anima mea.	Thou art the refuge of the poor, remedy for afflictions, hope of exiles, strength of those who labor, way for the wandering, truth and life. And now, Redeemer, Lord, in thee alone I take refuge; thee, true God, I adore, in thee I hope, in thee I confide, my salvation, O Jesus Christ. Help me, lest my soul ever sleep in death.
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II

All night from *The Lotus Lovers* – Stephen Paulus

All the sleepless night
In the moon's white light,
Alone,
She listens.
Does his voice call out?
She replies to an empty room.
All the sleepless night,
Alone.

Text by Tzu Yeh (4th century, Jin Dynasty)

Lopin' along through the cosmos – Judee Sill, arr. Adam Ward

Lopin' along through the cosmos,
And sideways I slide through the square,
I'm hopin' so hard for a kiss from God,
I missed the sweet love of the air.

A silver chariot soars
Through Mercury ripples of sky.
I'm lookin' so hard for a place to land,
I almost forgot how to fly.

So keep on movin',
Or stay by my side,
Either way,
I'll tell you a secret
I've never revealed:
However we are is okay.

III. Strange how we can walk (in L.A.) from *Trade Winds* – Zhou Tian

Strange how we can walk
into new light each morning, same
city, same sidewalk, but somehow
this daybreak: downtown L.A., late May,
and you're walking alone,
a white flame, the birds singing
as they mull yesterday's news:
aortic stenosis; *Your heart, Sir, it's
leaking.*

Text by Seth Michelson (b. 1978)

III

Oh Daedalus, fly away home – Trevor Weston

Drifting night in the Georgia pines,
Coonskin drum and jubilee banjo.
Pretty Malinda, dance with me.

Night is juba, night is conjo.
Pretty Malinda, dance with me.

Night is an African juju man
Weaving a wish and a weariness together
To make two wings.

O fly away home fly away

Do you remember Africa?

O cleave the air fly away home

My gran, he flew back to Africa,
Just spread his arms and
Fly away home.

Drifting night in the windy pines;
Night is a laughing, night is a longing.

Pretty Malinda, come to me.
Night is a mourning juju man
Weaving a wish and a weariness together
To make two wings.

O fly away home fly away

Text by Robert Hayden (1913–1980)

God's gonna trouble – Traditional, arr. Jonathan Woody

Follow the drinking gourd!
Follow the drinking gourd!
For the old man is a'waiting
for to carry you to freedom,
if you follow the drinking gourd,
follow the drinking gourd!

God's gonna trouble

The river bank makes a mighty good road,
dead trees to show you the way.
Left foot, peg foot, traveling on,
just follow the drinking gourd.

The river ends between two hills,
follow the drinking gourd,
there's another river on the other side,

God's gonna trouble the water

Wade in the water,
wade in the water children,
wade in the water,
God's gonna trouble the water.

Jordan river is chilly an' cold,
God's gonna trouble the water,
it chills the body but not the soul,
God's gonna trouble the water,

If you don't believe I've been redeemed,
God's gonna trouble the water,
Then follow me down to Jordan's stream,
God's gonna trouble the water.

For the old man is a'waiting
for to carry you to freedom,
if you follow the drinking gourd!

IV

Blow, blow thou winter wind – George Walker

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

*Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:*

*Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.*

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly...

Text by William Shakespeare (ca. 1564–1616), As You Like It, Act II, Sc. 7

Stormy Weather – Harold Arlen, arr. Gene Puerling

Don't know why
There's no sun up in the sky
Stormy weather
Since my man and I ain't together
Keeps raining all the time

Life is bare
Gloom and misery everywhere
Stormy weather,
Just can't get my poor self together,
I'm weary all the time,
so weary all the time.

When he went away
the blues walked in and met me,
if he stays away
ol' rocking chair will get me,
All I do is pray
the Lord above will let me
walk in the sun again.

Can't go on,
Everything I had is gone
Stormy weather,
Since my man and I ain't together
Keeps raining all the time.

Text by Ted Koehler (1894–1973)

Both sides now – Joni Mitchell, arr. Vince Peterson

Rows and flows of angel hair
And ice cream castles in the air
And feather canyons everywhere.
I've looked at clouds that way.
But now they only block the sun.
They rain and they snow on everyone.
So many things I would have done
but clouds got in my way.
I've looked at clouds from both sides now,
from up and down and still somehow
it's cloud illusions I recall.
I really don't know clouds at all.

Moons and Junes and ferris wheels,
the dizzy dancing way that you feel,
as ev'ry fairy tale comes real,
I've looked at love that way.
But now it's just another show.
And you leave 'em laughing when you go.
And if you care, don't let them know.
Don't give yourself away.
I've looked at love from both sides now,
From give and take and still somehow,
It's love's illusions that I recall.
I really don't know love at all.

Tears and fears and feelin' proud,
to say "I love you" right out loud,
dreams and schemes and circus crowds,
I've looked at life that way.
But now old friends are acting strange.
They shake their heads, they say I've changed
somethin's lost, and somethin's gained
in living every day.
I've looked at life from both sides now,
from win and lose and still somehow
it's life's illusions I recall.
I really don't know life,
I really don't know life at all.

V

Her beacon-hand beckons from *To the Hands* – Caroline Shaw

Her beacon-hand beckons:
give
give to me
those yearning to breathe free
tempest-tossed they cannot see
what lies beyond the olive tree
whose branch was lost amid the pleas
for mercy, mercy
give
give to me
your tired fighters fleeing flying
from the
from the
from
let them
i will be your refuge
i will be your refuge
i will be
i will be
we will be
we will

*Text by Caroline Shaw, responding to the 1883 sonnet "The New Colossus" by Emma Lazarus,
which was mounted on the pedestal of the Statue of Liberty in 1903*

Calling my children home – Doyle Lawson, Charles Waller, Robert Yates, arr. Joseph H. Jennings

Those lives were mine to love and cherish,
To guard and guide along life's way.
Oh, God forbid that one should perish,
that one alas should go astray.

Back in the years with all together,
around the place we'd romp and play.
So lonely now, I often wonder,
oh, will they come back home someday?

I'm lonesome for my precious children,
they live so far away.
Oh, may they hear my calling,
and come back home someday.

I gave my all for my dear children,
their problems still with love I share.
I'd brave life's storms, defy the tempest,
to bring them home from anywhere.

I lived my life, my love I gave them,
to guide them through this world of strife.
I hope and pray we'll live together,
in that great glad hereafter life.

I'm lonesome for my precious children,
they live so far away.
Oh, may they hear my calling,
and come back home someday.

VI

The road home – Stephen Paulus

Tell me where is the road
I can call my own,
That I left, that I lost,
So long ago?

All these years I have wandered
Oh, when will I know
There's a way, there's a road
That will lead me home?

After wind, after rain,
When the dark is done
As I wake from a dream
In the gold of day,
Through the air there's a calling
From far away,
There's a voice I can hear
That will lead me home

Rise up, follow me,
Come away is the call,
With love in your heart
As the only song;
There is no such beauty
As where you belong

Rise up, follow me,
I will lead you home.

Text by Michael Dennis Browne (b.1940)

My way home – Christopher H. Harris

I know that sorrow's been here and peace may long be gone,
I know my touch is fading though my memory lingers on.
Still your heart and calm your mind, if tears must flow and pain
must grow, mourn me with grace, I've finished my race.

I know disdain has spoken and heartache's had its say,
In spite of what seems hopeless this is what I must pray.
Still your heart and calm your mind, if tears must flow and pain
must grow, mourn me with grace, I've finished my race.

Weep not for me.
I have seen my struggle cease.
I have seen my fight's end.
I have found my way home.

Text by Christopher H. Harris

Goin' home to God – Traditional Spiritual, arr. Steve Barnett

*Soon I will be done with the troubles of the world,
Goin' home to God.*

I want to meet my mother,
I want to meet my father,
I want to meet my sisters and brothers,
Goin' home to God.

Soon I will be done...

I want to see my Jesus,
I want to see my Jesus,
I want to see my Jesus,
Goin' home to God.

Soon I will done...

No more weepin' and a-wailin'
No more weepin' and a-wailin'
No more weepin' and a-wailin'
Goin' home to God.

Soon I will done...

Rock a my soul – Traditional Spiritual, arr. Joseph H. Jennings

*Rock a my soul in the bosom of Abraham,
Rock a my soul in the bosom of Abraham,
Rock a my soul in the bosom of Abraham,
Oh, rock a my soul!*

My soul is glad,
From sin set free,
I'm going home to live with Thee!

Rock a my soul...

I may be weak,
But Thou are strong,
I'm leaning on His mighty arm!

Rock a my soul...

I'll fly away (to that Old Home Place) – Albert E. Brumley, Dean Webb, Mitch Jayne, arr. Tim Keeler

Some glad morning when this life is o'er
I'll fly away
To a home on God's celestial shore
I'll fly away

I'll fly away, oh, Glory
I'll fly away
When I die, Hallelujah, by and by
I'll fly away

Just a few more weary days and then
I'll fly away
To a land where joy shall never end
I'll fly away

I'll fly away, oh, Glory...

It's been ten long years since I left my home
In the hollow where I was born
Where the cool fall nights make the wood smoke rise
And the foxhunter blows his horn

I fell in love with a girl from the town
I thought that she would be true
I ran away to Charlottesville
And worked in a sawmill or two

What have they done to the old home place
Why did they tear it down
And why did I leave the plow in the field
And look for a job in the town

Well my girl she ran off with somebody else
The taverns took all my pay
And here I stand where the old home stood
Before they took it away

Now the geese fly south and the cold wind blows
As I stand here and hang my head
I've lost my love I've lost my home
And now I wish that I was dead