



Carol Barnett

# Longing for Home

\*I. Jerusalem

II. Mother

III. Voyager Dust

IV. A Letter to Marianne Moore

V. Dancing Toward the Promised Land

A song cycle for mezzo, baritone, and piano

  
beady eyes publishing

[www.carolbarnett.net](http://www.carolbarnett.net)

## JERUSALEM (after Halevi)

Beautiful heights, city of a great King,  
From the western coast my desire burns towards thee.  
Pity and tenderness burst in me, remembering  
Thy former glories, thy temple now broken stones.  
I wish I could fly to thee on the wings of an eagle  
And mingle my tears with thy dust.  
I have sought thee, love, though the King is not there  
And instead of Gilead's balm, snakes and scorpions.  
Let me fall on thy broken stones and tenderly kiss them—  
The taste of thy dust will be sweeter than honey to me.

Robert Mezey (b. 1935)

duration: c. 2:45

### Composer's note

Physician, poet and philosopher Judah Halevi was born in Spain, in 1075 or 1086, and died in 1141 shortly after arriving in the Holy Land. He is considered one of the greatest Hebrew poets, celebrated both for his religious and his secular works, many of which appear in present-day Jewish liturgy. American poet and academic Robert Mezey is also a noted translator. He was born in Philadelphia and attended Kenyon College, the University of Iowa, and Stanford University. He has held various teaching positions and retired in 1999 after 23 years at Pomona College. He currently resides in Maryland.

*Jerusalem* is the first of five songs comprising *Longing for Home*, a cycle written to celebrate Source Song Festival's fifth season. The texts all reference homecoming in various ways – the enduring wish to return to a place remembered with love and longing, as well as the uncertainty, the impossibility of doing so. The musical influences of *Jerusalem* include Jewish liturgical cantillation, middle-eastern scales with their frequent augmented seconds, and word-painting – the soaring of an eagle, the excruciating sting of a scorpion.

# LONGING FOR HOME

## I. Jerusalem

Judah Halevi  
translated by Robert Mezey

Carol Barnett

**♩ = 60; quasi recitativo**

Baritone

*f*

Je - ru - sa - lem, \_\_\_\_\_

**♩ = 60; quasi recitativo**

*f*

*mp*

4

Bar. *mp* *p*

Ye - ru - sha - la - yim. \_\_\_\_\_

6  $\text{♩} = c. 72; \text{sempre poco rubato}$

Bar. *mp* *mf*

Beau-ti - ful heights, — cit - y — of a great

$\text{♩} = c. 72; \text{sempre poco rubato}$

*mp* *mf*

S.P.

8  $\text{♩} = c. 76$

Bar. *mp*

King, From the west - ern coast my de -

$\text{♩} = c. 76$

*mp*

11 *f*  $\text{♩} = c. 72$

Bar. *mp*

sire burns — to-wards thee. Pit - y and ten - der - ness

$\text{♩} = c. 72$

*f* *mp*

13 *mp*

Bar. *mf* *mp*

burst in me, re - mem - ber - ing thy for - mer glo - ries, thy tem - ple now

This system contains the first two staves of music. The vocal line (bass clef) begins at measure 13 with a melodic line starting on a half note G4, followed by eighth notes. Dynamics include *mp* and *mf*. The piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs) features chords and moving lines. A watermark 'For Preheady Eyes Publishing' is visible across the page.

16 *p*  $\text{♩} = \text{c. } 69$

Bar. brok - en stones.

16 *p*  $\text{♩} = \text{c. } 69$

This system contains the second two staves of music. The vocal line (bass clef) continues at measure 16 with a melodic line starting on a half note G4. Dynamics include *p*. The piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs) features chords and moving lines. A watermark 'For Preheady Eyes Publishing' is visible across the page.

19 *p*

Bar. I wish I could fly to thee on the wings of an ea - gle — And min - gle my

19 *p*

This system contains the third two staves of music. The vocal line (bass clef) continues at measure 19 with a melodic line starting on a half note G4. Dynamics include *p*. The piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs) features chords and moving lines. A watermark 'For Preheady Eyes Publishing' is visible across the page.

I. Jerusalem

Bar. 22

tears \_\_\_\_\_ 3 with thy dust.

*mp*

Detailed description: This system covers bars 22 and 23. The vocal line (bass clef) begins with a long note on 'tears' followed by a triplet of eighth notes on 'with thy dust'. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) features a bass line with a triplet of eighth notes and a treble line with chords. A dynamic marking of *mp* is present in the piano part.

Bar. 24

*p* *cresc. poco a poco*

I have sought thee, love, \_\_\_\_\_ 3 though the King \_\_\_\_\_ 3 is not there

*p* *cresc. poco a poco*

Detailed description: This system covers bars 24 and 25. The vocal line (bass clef) starts with a rest, then a note on 'I', followed by a triplet of eighth notes on 'have sought thee, love,' and another triplet on 'though the King'. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) features a bass line with a triplet of eighth notes and a treble line with chords. Dynamic markings include *p* and *cresc. poco a poco*.

Bar. 26

And in - stead \_\_\_\_\_ 3 of Gi - le-ad's balm, \_\_\_\_\_ 3 snakes \_\_\_\_\_ 3 and

*f*

Detailed description: This system covers bars 26 and 27. The vocal line (bass clef) begins with a triplet of eighth notes on 'And in - stead', followed by a triplet on 'of Gi - le-ad's balm,' and another triplet on 'snakes'. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) features a bass line with a triplet of eighth notes and a treble line with chords. A dynamic marking of *f* is present in the piano part.

28

Bar.

scor - pi - ons. \_\_\_\_\_

30

Bar.

*rit. poco*  $\text{♩} = c. 63$  *p*

Let me fall \_\_\_\_\_

34

Bar.

3 on thy brok - en stones \_\_\_\_\_ and ten - der - ly kiss them; \_\_\_\_\_

*mp*

## I. Jerusalem

38

Bar. 

the taste of thy dust will be sweet-er than hon - ey to

42

Bar. 

me. Je - ru - sa - lem.

47

Bar. 

Ye - ru - sha - la - yim.





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## MOTHER

I wish that I could talk with her again.  
That's what I thought of when I thought of home,  
Always supposing I had a home to come to.  
If she were here, we'd warm the Chinese pot  
To brew a jasmine-scented elixir,  
And I would tell her how my life has been—  
All the parts that don't make sense to me,  
And she would let me talk until the parts  
Fitted together.

That will never be.  
She couldn't wait for me to come to her—  
Ten years away. I couldn't wish for her  
To wait, all blind and helpless as she was.  
So now I have come home to emptiness:  
No silly welcome-rhyme, no happy tears,  
No eager questioning. No way to get  
An answer to my questions. Silence fills  
The rooms that once were vibrant with her song,  
And all the things I wanted to talk out  
With her are locked forever in my heart.

I wander through the rooms where she is not.  
Alone I sit on the hassock by her chair,  
And there, at last, I seem to hear her voice:  
"You're a big girl now. You can work things out."

Bea Exner Liu (1907-1997)

duration: c. 3:45

### Composer's note

**Bea Exner Liu** was born and raised in Northfield, Minnesota, and graduated from Carleton College. She moved to China in 1935 to teach English, since teaching positions were scarce in the United States during the Depression. While there, she married a Chinese classmate from Carleton, and witnessed the Japanese invasion of China during the years 1935 to 1945. The eventuality of a Communist takeover finally brought Liu and her family back to Minnesota. She later published an award-winning children's book as well as her memoir, *Remembering China, 1935-1945*.

*Mother* is the second of five songs comprising *Longing for Home*, a cycle written to celebrate Source Song Festival's fifth season. The texts all reference homecoming in various ways – the enduring wish to return to a place remembered with love and longing, as well as the uncertainty, the impossibility of doing so. The music of *Mother* mirrors the unsettled sadness of a daughter's long-delayed visit home, now bereft of its center of gravity. Memories of beloved rituals, of a sympathetic ear, are brought to life once more by the nearness of familiar objects, and finally, the almost tangible sound of her mother's voice: "You're a big girl now. You can work it out."

# LONGING FOR HOME

## II. Mother

Bea Exner Liu (1907-1997)

Carol Barnett

mezzo-soprano

$\text{♩} = \text{c. } 84; \text{ espressivo}$

*mf*

I wish \_\_\_\_\_ that I could talk with her a -

$\text{♩} = \text{c. } 84; \text{ espressivo}$

*mf* *mp*

mezzo

6

gain. \_\_\_\_\_ That's what I thought of \_\_\_\_\_ when I thought of

6

mezzo

11 *mp*

home, — Al - ways sup - pos - ing I had a home to come to. —

11 *p*

mezzo

16  $\text{♩} = \text{c. } 84$

If she were here, we'd warm the Chi - nese pot To

16  $\text{♩} = \text{c. } 84$  *mp* *p*

mezzo

21 *2*

brew — a jas - mine - scent - ed e - lix - ir, — And

21

mezzo

26

I would tell her \_\_\_\_\_ how my life has been, \_\_\_\_\_ All the parts that don't \_\_\_\_\_ make

mezzo

31

sense to me, \_\_\_\_\_ And she would let me talk, \_\_\_\_\_

mezzo

36

ah, \_\_\_\_\_ un - til the parts \_\_\_\_\_ Fit - ted to - geth - er, \_\_\_\_\_ to -

*mf* *dim. poco a poco*

42 *p* ( $\text{♩} = \text{♩.}$ )

mezzo

geth-er, \_\_\_\_\_ to - geth - er. \_\_\_\_\_

42 ( $\text{♩} = \text{♩.}$ )

*p* *mp*

48 ( $\text{♩.} = \text{♩.}$ )

mezzo

That will nev - er be. \_\_\_\_\_

48 ( $\text{♩.} = \text{♩.}$ )

*p*

54 *p* *mp*

mezzo

She could-n't wait for me to come to her, \_\_\_\_\_ Ten years a - way. \_\_\_\_\_ I could-n't

54

mezzo 59 *mf*  
wish for her to wait, all blind and help-less as she was. So

*cresc.*  
5

mezzo 63 *p*  
now \_\_\_\_\_ I have come home to emp-ti-ness: \_\_\_\_\_

*mf* *p*  
3  
6

mezzo 68 *mp* *mf*  
— No sil-ly wel-come rhyme, no hap-py tears, no ea-ger

73 mezzo

ques - tion - ing. — No way to get an an - swer to my ques - tions. —

78 mezzo

*p* Si - lence fills the rooms that once were vi - brant with her song, — *mf* And

83 mezzo

all — the things I want - ed to talk out with her are locked for -

*mf*

*SP*



87 mezzo *p*  
ev-er in my heart.

87 *mp dim.*

93 mezzo *p*  
I wan - der through the rooms where she is

93 *p*

99 mezzo *mp*  
not. A - lone I sit on the has - sock by her chair,

99 *mp* *cresc. poco a poco*

II. Mother

mezzo

104 *mf* *f* *dim.*

And there, at last, ah I seem to

mezzo

109 *mp*

hear her voice: "You're a big girl now. You can work things

mezzo

114 *rit.*

out."

114 *mp* *dim.* *p*



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## VOYAGER DUST

When they arrive in the new country,  
voyagers carry it on their shoulders,  
the dusting of the sky they left behind.  
The woman on the bus in the downy sweater,  
I could smell it in her clothes.  
It was voyager's dust from China.  
It lay in the foreign stitching of her placket.  
It said: *We will meet again in Beijing,  
in Guangzhou. We will meet again.*  
My mother had voyager's dust in her scarves.  
I imagine her a new student like this woman on the bus,  
getting home, shaking out the clothes from her suitcase,  
hanging up, one by one, the garments from the old country.  
On washing day my mother would unroll her scarves.  
She'd hold one end, my brother or I the other,  
and we'd stretch the wet georgette and shake it out.  
We'd dash, my brother or I, under the canopy,  
its soft spray on our faces like the ash  
of debris after the destruction of a city,  
its citizen driven out across the earth.  
We never knew  
it was voyager dust. It said:  
*We will meet again in Damascus,  
in Aleppo. We will meet again.*  
It was Syria in her scarves.  
We never knew it.  
Now it is on our shoulders too.

Mohja Kahf (b. 1967)

published in Mizna: LITERATURE IN REVOLUTION Summer 2012, Vol 13.1

duration: c. 3:30

### Composer's note

Syrian-American poet, novelist, and professor **Mohja Kahf** emigrated to the United States with her family in 1971. She graduated from Douglass College in 1988, and later received her Ph.D. in comparative literature from Rutgers. Since 1995, she has taught at the University of Arkansas. *Voyager Dust* is the third of five songs comprising *Longing for Home*, a cycle written to celebrate Source Song Festival's fifth season. The texts all reference homecoming in various ways – the enduring wish to return to a place remembered with love and longing, as well as the uncertainty, the impossibility of doing so. In this poem, I was especially intrigued by the chance to evoke the faraway places of Beijing, Guangzhou, Damascus and Aleppo with musical gestures.

# LONGING FOR HOME

## III. Voyager Dust

Mohja Kahf

Carol Barnett

mezzo-soprano

$\text{♩} = 104$

*mf espress.*

When they ar -

*mf playful*

*mp*

mezzo

5

rive in the new coun - try, voy - ag - ers car - ry it on their shoul - ders, the

mezzo

9

dust - ing of the sky they left be - hind. The

## III. Voyager Dust

mezzo

14

wo-man on the bus \_\_\_\_\_ in the down-y sweat-er, \_\_\_\_\_ I could smell it on her clothes.

mezzo

19

\_\_\_\_\_ It was voy-ag-er's dust from Chi - na. It lay in the for - eign

mezzo

24

stitch - ing of her plack - et. \_\_\_\_\_ It said: \_\_\_\_\_ *p* *lontano*  
We will

24

*pp* *lontano*

mezzo

29

meet a - gain in Bei - jing, in Guang - zhou. We will

8<sup>va</sup>

mezzo

34

meet a - gain. My mo - ther had

*pp* *mf espress.*

*mf* *mp*

mezzo

39

voy - ag - er's dust in her scarves. I im - a - gine her a

## III. Voyager Dust

mezzo

43

new stu - dent — like this wo - man — on the bus get - ting home, — shak - ing out the

mezzo

48

clothes from her suit - case, hang - ing up, one by one, the gar - ments from the

*mp*

*p*

mezzo

52

old coun - try. — On

52



mezzo

57  $\text{♩} = 69$   
*mf* playful

wash - ing day — my moth - er — would un - roll — her scarves.

mezzo

61  $\text{♩} = 69$

She'd hold one end, my broth - er or I the oth - er, — and we'd stretch — the wet geor -

mezzo

66  $\text{♩} = 69$

gette — and shake it out. — We'd dash, — my broth - er or I, — un - der the

III. Voyager Dust

mezzo

71

can - o - py, — its soft spray on our fac - es — like the ash — — — — — sh

*dim.*

mezzo

75

sh sh of de - bris — — — — — af - ter the des - truc - tion — — — — — of a

*p* intense 4

*p*

$\text{♩} = 63$

mezzo

78

cit - y, — — — — — its cit - i - zens — — — — — driv - en out — — — — — a - cross the earth. — — — — —

*cresc.* *f* *dim.*

*cresc.* *mf* *dim.*

mezzo

83 (♩ = ♩)

*mp* 3 3

We nev - er knew it was voy - ag - er dust. It

mezzo

88 *p* *lontano*

said: We will meet a - gain in Da -

88 *pp* *lontano*

*Rea.* \*

mezzo

92 3

mas - cus, in A - lep - po. We will meet a - gain.

92 3

III. Voyager Dust

mezzo

97

*mp*

It was Syr - i - a in her scarves. \_\_\_\_\_

*p*

mezzo

101

We nev - er knew it. \_\_\_\_\_

Now it is on our shoul - ders

*p*

mezzo

106

too.

*pp*



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LETTER TO MARIANNE MOORE

(in tribute to Joseph Grucci)

Come quickly to your city.  
All the boats at the piers  
are quiet, waiting for you.  
Only their flags and pennants move  
and those gently as tongues whispering  
you down from the sky.  
The horns and whistles all are silent,  
so that you can hear our softer call.

The Staten Island Ferry leaves no wake.  
All the waters are still  
mirrors waiting for your face.  
If another looks, they erase  
with quick ripples and regret.

The bridges are bowed,  
waiting, and the tunnels call.  
The gargoyles hold their stern faces,  
but like children waiting to open  
presents, threaten to smile.

The lions at the library, one can see  
in peripheral vision, twitch their tails,  
eager to follow you down the street.  
We have promised them your coming  
to quiet them.

Everyone knows that there are brown butter-  
flies in your hair, and agates  
and small mirrors in your purse  
and words.

Come quickly to your city.

Eugene McCarthy (1916-2005)

duration: c. 3:15

Eugene Joseph McCarthy (1916-2005) was an American politician, poet, and long-time Congressman from Minnesota. He took up writing poetry in the 1960s, and his increased political prominence led to increased interest in his published works. "If any of you are secret poets, the best way to break into print is to run for the presidency", he wrote in 1968.

*A Letter to Marianne Moore* is the fourth of five songs comprising *Longing for Home*, a cycle written to celebrate Source Song Festival's fifth season. The texts all reference homecoming in various ways – the enduring wish to return to a place remembered with love and longing, as well as the uncertainty, the impossibility of doing so. Eugene McCarthy's fanciful invitation to Marianne Moore, who died in 1972, mentions several landmarks in the city where she was a long-time resident. The boats, the piers, the ferry, the bridges, the gargoyles and the lions at the library all afford opportunities for sonic pictures – horns, still waters or ripples, and those library lions sashaying down the street.

# LONGING FOR HOME

## IV. A Letter to Marianne Moore

Eugene McCarthy

Carol Barnett

$\text{♩} = 116, \textit{espressivo}$

Baritone

$\text{♩} = 116, \textit{espressivo}$

*pp* *cresc.*

Ped. ad lib.

3 *f*

Come, \_\_\_\_\_

come quick - ly, come quick - ly to your

3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3

IV. A Letter to Marianne Moore

6

Bar. *cit - y. Come.*

6

*ff*

9

Bar. *mp* All the

9

*dim.* *p* *dim.*

12

Bar. boats at the piers are qui-et, wait-ing for you, for you.

12

*pp* *mp* *p*



16 *p*

Bar. *pp*

On - ly their flags and pen - nants — move — — — — — and those gent - ly as

19

Bar. tongues whis - per - ing you — — — — — down from the sky.

22

Bar. *p*

The

## IV. A Letter to Marianne Moore

24

Bar.  horns and whis - tles all are si - lent, — so that you can hear our soft - er

24 

27  call. ————— *mp* The Sta - ten Is - land

27 

31  Fer - ry ————— leaves no wake. *p* All the wa - ters are

31 

34

Bar.

still mir - rors wait - ing for your face.

37

Bar.

*mf*

If an - oth - er looks, they e - rase with

39

Bar.

quick rip - ples and re - gret.

*dim. poco* *mp*

## IV. A Letter to Marianne Moore

42 *mp*

Bar. The brid - es are bowed, wait - ing,

42 *p*

47 *p*

Bar. and the tun - nels call. The gar - goyles —

47 *mp* *p*

51

Bar. — hold their stern fac - es — but like chil - dren wait - ing to o - pen

51 *pp*

The image shows a musical score for a piece titled 'IV. A Letter to Marianne Moore'. It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The first system (measures 42-46) features a vocal line starting with a rest, followed by the lyrics 'The bridges are bowed, waiting,'. The piano accompaniment includes triplets and a dynamic marking of *mp*. The second system (measures 47-50) has a vocal line with lyrics 'and the tunnels call. The gargoyles —'. The piano accompaniment includes triplets and dynamic markings of *mp* and *p*. The third system (measures 51-54) has a vocal line with lyrics '— hold their stern faces — but like children waiting to open'. The piano accompaniment includes a *pp* dynamic marking. A large watermark 'For Perusal Only beady eyes Publishing' is overlaid on the score.

56

Bar. *pre-sents, — threat - en to smile. —*

56

*pp* *mp*

60

Bar. *The li - ons, la - a - a - a - a -*

60

*mf* *mp*

64

Bar. *i - ons at the li - brar - y, — one can see in pe - riph - er - al*

64

*mf* *mp*

67

Bar. *p*

vi - sion, twitch their tails, ea - ger to

70

Bar. *mf*

fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low you da - a - own the street.

*cresc.* *mf*

73

Bar. *f* *mf*

76 *mp*

Bar. *We have pro - mised them your com - ing*

79 *rit. poco*  $\text{♩} = 112$  *p*

Bar. *to qui - et them. Ev - 'ry - one knows that there are*

*rit. poco*  $\text{♩} = 112$  *p (ma una corda)*

83 *mp* *(optional falsetto)* *p*

Bar. *brown but - ter - flies in your hair, and a - gates and small*

86

Bar. 

mir-rors \_\_\_\_\_ in your purse and words. \_\_\_\_\_ Come quick-ly, \_\_\_\_\_ come

90

Bar. 

quick-ly \_\_\_\_\_ to your cit-y. Come. \_\_\_\_\_

*pp* *p* *pp*

For Beardsley Publishing





Carol Barnett

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## DANCING TOWARD THE PROMISED LAND

I, Miriam, took my tambourine  
and finger cymbals with me  
out of the land of slavery  
with its daily insults and petty  
exemptions, and so remain always  
ready to dance on the long, long journey,  
dance at every victory, beginning with  
surviving the Passover, then the strange  
occurrence when the Red Sea dried beneath  
our feet as we ran, safely passing over the narrow  
strip onto the Sinai Peninsula, all the way out  
from the land of longing toward the storied memory of Home.

I danced to the song that spilled out of me,  
loud up to Heaven, rejoicing on hopeful feet,  
rejoicing with arms flying through warm air like wings.

God knows it may take a long time to return.  
It's been five hundred years, after all.  
A long time gone, but our stories keep it alive  
in our hearts. I wonder if I'll live to see it from  
the mountains across River Jordan. I wonder  
if I'll be an old woman, and dance down  
the side of Mt. Nebo with arms wide open,  
heart fluttering strong, leading the way  
with cymbals and songs into the Promised Land.

This poem is in the unpublished book, *My Blessed Misfortunes*, by Alla Renée Bozarth,  
Copyright 2011. All rights reserved.

duration: c. 3:00

### Composer's note

Poet and prose writer **Alla Renée Bozarth** was among the first eleven women ordained as Episcopal priests in 1974. She has over forty years of professional experience as a soul caregiver—soul-mending as a psychotherapist, and soul-tending as a spiritual director.

*Dancing Toward the Promised Land* is the fifth of five songs comprising *Longing for Home*, a cycle written to celebrate Source Song Festival's fifth season. The texts all reference homecoming in various ways – the enduring wish to return to a place remembered with love and longing, as well as the uncertainty, the impossibility of doing so. Ranging freely across the centuries, Miriam, sister of Moses, remembers her younger self leading the way out of Egypt with her dances and songs, and imagining what it will be like to enter the Promised Land. But Miriam never did reach the Promised Land, and the poet is writing many centuries later. How powerfully historical events still influence us, and how strong is the urge to return to the promised land of home.

# LONGING FOR HOME

## V. Dancing Toward the Promised Land

Alla Renée Bozarth

Carol Barnett

mezzo-soprano

$\text{♩} = \text{c. } 88$

$\text{♩} = \text{c. } 88$

*f*

*light pedal ad lib.*

mezzo

*f*

*mf*

4

I, Mi-ri-am, took my tam-bou-rine and

## V. Dancing Toward the Promised Land

mezzo

7

*mf* 3

fin - ger cym - bals with me \_\_\_\_\_ out of the land of slav - 'ry

8<sup>va</sup>

*f* *mf*

mezzo

10

*cresc.* *f*

with its dai - ly in - sults and pet - ty ex - emp - tions, and so \_\_\_ re - main al - ways read - y to

*cresc.*

3

mezzo

13

*p* 3

dance, dance on the long, long jour - ney,

*f* *mf* *p*

V. Dancing Toward the Promised Land

mezzo 16 *mp*

ah, dance at ev - 'ry vic - to-ry, be -

mezzo 18

gin - ning with sur - viv - ing the Pass - o - ver, then the strange oc - cur - rence

mezzo 20 *cresc.* *mf*

when the Red Sea dried be - neath our feet as we ran, safe - ly pass - ing o - ver the

## V. Dancing Toward the Promised Land

mezzo

23 *dim.* *p*

nar - row strip on - to the Si - nai Pen - in - su - la,

mezzo

26 *cresc. poco a poco*

all the way out from the land of long - ing t'ward the

mezzo

28 *mf* *poco rit.*

sto - ried mem - 'ry of Home.

V. Dancing Toward the Promised Land

mezzo *a tempo* *p*

31 I danced to the song, I danced to the song that spilled out of

mezzo *a tempo* *p*

34 *mp* *mf*

me, loud up to Heav'n, re-joic-ing on hope-ful

mezzo *mp* *cresc.*

37 feet, re-joic-ing, re-joic-ing, re-joic-ing with

mezzo *mp* *p* *cresc.*

37

## V. Dancing Toward the Promised Land

mezzo

40 *f*

arms \_\_\_\_\_ fly - ing through warm \_\_\_\_\_ air like

mezzo

42 *mf* *poco rit.*  $\text{♩} = \text{c. } 80$  *p*

wings. God knows it may

mezzo

45

take a long time to re - turn. It's been five hun - dred years, \_\_\_\_\_ af - ter all. \_\_\_\_\_ A



mezzo

49 *mp*

long — time gone, — but our sto - ries keep it a - live in our

mezzo

51 *p*

hearts. — I won - der — if I'll

mezzo

54 *mp*

live to see it from the moun - tains a - cross Riv - er Jor - dan. —

## V. Dancing Toward the Promised Land

mezzo

57 *p*

I won - der if I'll be an old wo - man, and

mezzo

60 *accel. poco a poco*  
*cresc. poco a poco*

dance down the side of Mount Ne - bo with arms wide o - pen, heart flut-ter-ing

mezzo

63 (♩. = c. 82) *mf* *cresc.*

strong, lead - ing the way with

65 *ff* = c. 88

mezzo

cym - bals and songs in - to the Prom - - - - - ised

67 *f*

mezzo

Land, \_\_\_\_\_ ah. \_\_\_\_\_

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