



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


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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This poem is in the unpublished book, *My Blessed Misfortunes*, by Alla Renée Bozarth, Copyright 2011.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^{va}

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

10

cresc.

3

mezzo

13

p 3

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

13

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.

mezzo

31 *a tempo* *p*

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

31 *a tempo* *p*

mezzo

34 *mp* *mf*

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

34 *mp* *mf*

mezzo

37 *mp* *cresc.*

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

37 *mp* *p* *cresc.*

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

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

mezzo

45

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

49 *mp*

mezzo

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

51

mezzo

hearts. — I won - der — if I'll

54 *mp*

mezzo

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* $\text{♩} = c. 88$

mezzo

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

67 *f*

mezzo

Land, _____ ah. _____

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