



Carol Barnett

Longing for Home

*I. Jerusalem

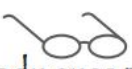
II. Mother

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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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

Baritone

$\text{♩} = 60$; quasi recitative

f

Je - ru - sa - lem, _____

Piano

$\text{♩} = 60$; quasi recitative

f

mp

mp

p

Bar.

4

Ye - ru - sha - la - yim. _____

4

The musical score is written for Baritone and Piano. The Baritone part is in bass clef, 4/4 time, with a tempo of quarter note = 60, marked 'quasi recitative'. The Piano part is in treble and bass clef, 4/4 time, also marked 'quasi recitative'. The score is divided into two systems. The first system shows the Baritone singing 'Je - ru - sa - lem,' with a fermata. The Piano accompaniment features a strong, rhythmic pattern in the right hand and sustained chords in the left hand. The second system shows the Baritone singing 'Ye - ru - sha - la - yim.' with a fermata. The Piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern, marked 'mp' and 'p'.

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

Bar. *mp* *mf*

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

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

mp *mf*

S.P.

8 $\text{♩} = \text{c. } 76$

Bar. *mp*

King, From the west - ern coast my de -

8 $\text{♩} = \text{c. } 76$

mp

11 $\text{♩} = \text{c. } 72$

Bar. *f* *mp*

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

11 $\text{♩} = \text{c. } 72$

f *mp*

Bar. 13 *mp*

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

13 *mf* *mp*

Bar. 16 *♩* = c. 69

brok - en stones.

16 *♩* = c. 69 *p*

Bar. 19 *p*

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

19

I. Jerusalem

Bar. 22

tears _____ 3 with thy dust.

mp

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*

Bar. 26

3 3 3

And in - stead — of Gi - le-ad's balm, snakes and

f

28

Bar. scor - pi - ons. _____

28

ff

30

rit. poco $\text{♩} = c. 63$ *p*

Let me fall _____

30

rit. poco $\text{♩} = c. 63$ *p*

34

mp

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

34

mp

The image shows a musical score for a piece titled 'I. Jerusalem'. It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The first system starts at measure 28 with the vocal line singing 'scor - pi - ons.' and the piano playing a dense, arpeggiated texture marked 'ff'. The second system starts at measure 30 with the vocal line singing 'Let me fall' and the piano playing a more sparse texture marked 'rit. poco' and 'p'. The third system starts at measure 34 with the vocal line singing 'on thy brok - en stones and ten - der - ly kiss them;' and the piano playing a texture marked 'mp'. The piano part features complex arpeggiated figures and chords. The vocal line is in a single melodic line. The score is written in a key with one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). There is a large, faint watermark across the page that reads 'For Beady Eyes Publishing'.

38

Bar.

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

42

Bar.

me. Je - ru - sa - lem.

mp *p*

47

Bar.

Ye - ru - sha - la - yim.

pp



Carol Barnett

Longing for Home

I. Jerusalem

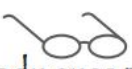
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MOTHER

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 -

mezzo

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

mf *mp*

gain. _____ That's what I thought of _____ when I thought of

mezzo

11 *mp* 2

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

11 *p*

mezzo

16 $\text{♩} = \text{c. } 84$ 3 $(\text{♩} = \text{♩.})$ 2

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

16 $\text{♩} = \text{c. } 84$ *mp* *p* 2

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

26

mezzo

31

sense to me, _____ And she would let me talk, _____

31

mezzo

36

mf

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

36

mp

dim. poco a poco

dim. poco a poco

mezzo

42 *p* ($\text{♩} = \text{♩.}$)

geth - er, _____ to - geth - er. _____

42 ($\text{♩} = \text{♩.}$)

p *mp*

mezzo

48 ($\text{♩.} = \text{♩}$) *mp*

That will nev - er be. _____

48 ($\text{♩.} = \text{♩}$)

p

mezzo

54 *p* *mp*

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

mezzo 59 *cresc.*
now I have come home to emp - ti-ness:

mezzo 63 *p*
No sil-ly wel-come rhyme, no hap-py tears, no ea-ger

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

mezzo

73

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



mezzo

78

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



mezzo

83

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

83

mf

SP



mezzo

87 *p*

ev - er in my heart.

87 *mp dim.*

mezzo

93 *p*

I wan - der through the rooms where she is

93 *p*

mezzo

99 *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

109 *mp*

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

109 *p*

114 *rit.*

out."

114 *mp* *dim.* *p*

rit.

3

3



Carol Barnett

Longing for Home

I. Jerusalem

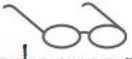
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VOYAGER DUST

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

9

3

mezzo

14

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

19

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

24

stitch-ing of her plack-et. _____ It said: _____ We will

p *lontano*

pp *lontano*

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mezzo

29

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

8^{va}

34

mezzo

meet a - gain. _____ My mo - ther had

pp *mf* *espress.*

34

mf *mp*

39

mezzo

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

39

mezzo

43

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

3

mp

mezzo

48

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

mp

48

p

p

mezzo

52

old coun - try. — On

52

3

mp

mezzo

57 $\text{♩} = 69$
mf playful

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

57 $\text{♩} = 69$
mp

mezzo

61

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

61

mezzo

66 4

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

66

III. Voyager Dust

mezzo

71 *dim.*

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

71 *dim.*

mezzo

75 $\text{♩} = 63$ *p intense* 4

sh sh of de - bris — af - ter the des - truction — of a

75 $\text{♩} = 63$ *p*

mezzo

78 *cresc.* *f* *dim.*

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

78 *cresc.* *mf* *dim.*

mezzo

83 (♩ = ♩)

mp 3

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

83 (♩ = ♩)

p

mezzo

88 *p lontano*

said: _____ We will meet a - gain _____ in Da -

88 *pp lontano*

Rea. *

mezzo

92

mas 3 - cus, _____ in A - lep - po. _____ We will meet a - gain.

92

III. Voyager Dust

mezzo

97

mp

It was Syr - i - a in her scarves. _____

p

mezzo

101

We nev - er knew it. _____

p

Now it is on our shoul - ders

pp

Red.

mezzo

106

too.

pp

3



Carol Barnett

Longing for Home

I. Jerusalem

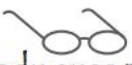
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LETTER TO MARIANNE MOORE

(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

Baritone

♩ = 116, *espressivo*

pp *cresc.*

Ped. ad lib.

Bar.

f

Come, _____ come quick - ly, come quick - ly to your

6

Bar. *cit - y. Come.*

6

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*

The musical score is for a piece titled 'IV. A Letter to Marianne Moore'. It is in 3/4 time and consists of three systems of vocal and piano parts. The vocal part is in bass clef, and the piano part is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The score includes lyrics and musical notation with various dynamics and articulations.

System 1 (Bars 6-8): The vocal part begins with a triplet of eighth notes 'cit - y.' followed by a half note 'Come.' The piano part features a complex texture with triplets and a forte (*ff*) dynamic.

System 2 (Bars 9-11): The vocal part has a half note 'All' followed by a half note 'the'. The piano part includes a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking and a *p* (piano) dynamic.

System 3 (Bars 12-14): The vocal part continues with the lyrics 'boats at the piers are qui-et, wait-ing for you, for you.' The piano part features a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic and a *mp* (mezzo-piano) dynamic.

16 *p*

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

16 *pp*

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

19 *p pp*

22 *p*

Bar. *The*

22 *ff p*

The musical score is 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 16-18) features a vocal line starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic and lyrics 'On - ly their flags and pen-nants — move — and those gent - ly as'. The piano accompaniment starts with a pianissimo (*pp*) dynamic and features triplet patterns in both hands. The second system (measures 19-21) continues the vocal line with 'tongues whis - per - ing you — down from the sky.' and includes piano (*p*) and pianissimo (*pp*) dynamics in the piano part. The third system (measures 22-23) begins with a vocal line 'The' and a piano part featuring a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic followed by a piano (*p*) dynamic. The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, time signatures (3/8 and 4/4), and dynamic markings.

IV. A Letter to Marianne Moore

24

Bar. 

horns and whistles all are silent, — so that you can hear our soft-er

27

Bar. 

call. — The Sta-ten Is-land

31

Bar. 

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

34

Bar.

still mir - rors wait - ing for your face.

34

37

mf

Bar.

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

37

mf

39

Bar.

quick rip - ples and re - gret.

39

dim. poco

mp

The musical score is for a piece titled 'IV. A Letter to Marianne Moore'. It consists of three systems of music, each featuring a vocal line (labeled 'Bar.') and a piano accompaniment. The first system (measures 34-36) is in 5/4 time and features the lyrics 'still mir - rors wait - ing for your face.' The piano part has triplet patterns in the bass line. The second system (measures 37-39) is in 3/4 time and features the lyrics 'If an - oth - er looks, they e - rase with'. It includes a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic marking. The third system (measures 40-42) is in 3/4 time and features the lyrics 'quick rip - ples and re - gret.' It includes a piano (mp) dynamic marking and a 'dim. poco' (diminuendo poco) instruction. The score is watermarked with 'For Beady Eyes Publishing'.

IV. A Letter to Marianne Moore

42 *mp*

Bar. The bridg - 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*

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Bar.

64

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

64

[illegible]

Bar.

70

mf

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

70

cresc.

mf

[illegible]

76 *mp*

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

76 *mp*

79 *rit. poco* $\text{♩} = 112$ *p*

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

79 *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

83

86

Bar. 

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

86 

90

Bar. 

quick-ly to your cit-y. Come.

90 

pp *p* *pp*



Carol Barnett

Longing for Home

I. Jerusalem

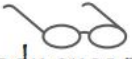
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DANCING TOWARD THE PROMISED LAND

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,
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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

$\text{♩} = \text{c. } 88$

f

light pedal ad lib.

mezzo

f

mf

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. 3 *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*

mezzo

16

mp

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

16

mp

18

mezzo

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

18

20

mezzo

cresc. *mf*

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

20

cresc. *mf*

V. Dancing Toward the Promised Land

mezzo

23 *dim.* 3 *p*

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

23 *dim.* *mp*

mezzo

26 3 *cresc. poco a poco* 3

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

26 *p* *cresc. poco a poco*

mezzo

28 *mf* *poco rit.*

sto - ried mem - 'ry of Home.

28 *poco rit.*

mezzo *a tempo* *p*

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

mezzo *a tempo* *p*

34 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

40 *f*

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

wings. God knows it may

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

45 mezzo

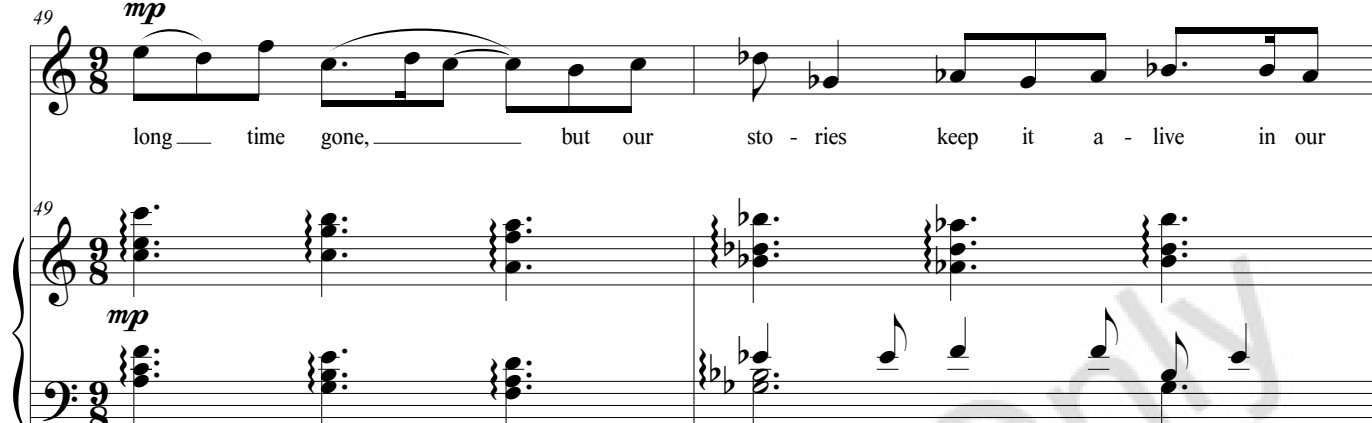
take a long time to re - turn. It's been five hun-dred years, — af - ter all. _____ A

45

mezzo

49 *mp*

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



mezzo

51

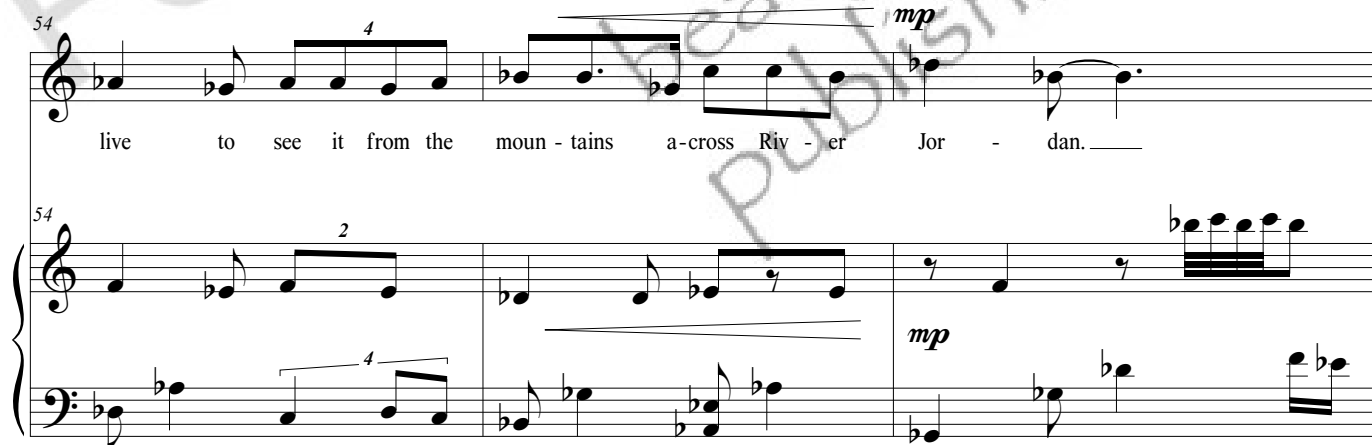
hearts. — I won - der — if I'll



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

57 *p*

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

mezzo

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

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

63 (♩. = c. 82)

mezzo

strong, lead - ing the way with

63 (♩. = c. 82)

mf *cresc.*

mf *cresc.*

mezzo

65

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

$\text{♩} = \text{c. } 88$

ff

67

Land, _____ ah. _____

f

67

f

beady eyes publishing