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76TH SEASON OF CONCERTS

MAY 6, 2018 / NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART



Program

Julia Bullock, soprano
John Arida, piano

MAY 6, 2018 / 3:30
WEST BUILDING, WEST GARDEN COURT

Franz Schubert (1797–1828)

“Suleika I,” D. 720, 1821, from a poem by Marianne von Willemer (1784–1860), titled “Suleika”

“Lachen und Weinen,” D. 777, from a poem by Friedrich Rückert (1788–1866), titled “Lachen und Weinens Grund”

“Wandrer's Nachtlid II,” D. 768, c. 1823, from a poem by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832), titled “Wandrer's Nachtlid: Ein gleiches”

“Seligkeit,” D. 433, from a poem by Ludwig Heinrich Christoph Hölty (1748–1776), and reworked by Johann Heinrich Voß (1751–1826), titled “Minnelied”

Translations by Julia Bullock, edited by Christian Reif

Samuel Barber (1910–1981)

Hermit Songs

“At St. Patrick's Purgatory,” 13th-century anonymous Irish text. Translated by Seán Ó Faoláin (1900–1991)

“Church Bell at Night,” 12th-century anonymous Irish text. Translated by Howard Mumford Jones (1892–1980)

“St. Ita's Vision,” attributed to St. Ita, 8th century. Translated by Chester Kallman (1921–1975)

“The Heavenly Banquet,” attributed to St. Brigid, 10th century. Translated by Seán Ó Faoláin

“The Crucifixion,” from *The Speckled Book*, 12th century. Translated by Howard Mumford Jones

“Sea Snatch,” c. 9th-century anonymous Irish text. Translated by Kenneth H. Jackson (1909–1991)

“Promiscuity,” 9th-century anonymous Irish text. Translated by Kenneth H. Jackson

“The Monk and His Cat,” c. 9th-century anonymous Irish text. Translated by W.H. Auden (1907–1973)

“The Praises of God,” 11th-century anonymous Irish text. Translated by W.H. Auden

“The Desire for Hermitage,” c. 9th-century anonymous Irish text. Based on a translation by Seán Ó Faoláin

Intermission

Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)

From *La chanson d'Ève*. Poems by Charles Van Lerberghe (1861–1907). Translations by Julia Bullock

“Prima verba”

“Roses ardentes”

“Comme Dieu rayonne...”

“Veilles-tu, ma senteur de soleil...”

“Crépuscule”

“O mort, poussière d'étoile”

Spencer Williams (1889–1965)

“Driftin' Tide”

Maceo Pinkard (1897–1962)

“You Can't Tell the Difference after Dark”

Cora “Lovie” Austin (1887–1972) and

Alberta Hunter (1895–1984)

“Downhearted Blues”

Jeremy Siskind (b. 1986)

“Frog Tongue Stomp: A Lovie Austin Tribute,” instrumental

Billie Holiday (1915–1959),

R. Conway (20th century),

Basil G. Alba (20th century), and

Sonny White (1917–1971)

“Our Love is Different”*

Nina Simone (1933–2003) and

Weldon Jonathan Irvine Jr.

(1943–2002)

“Revolution”

Nina Simone

“Four Women”

*Arranged by Jeremy Siskind

The Musicians

JULIA BULLOCK

Equally at home with opera and concert repertoire, soprano Julia Bullock has captivated audiences with her versatile artistry and commanding stage presence. In the 2017–2018 season, Bullock has performed with the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the baton of Andris Nelsons in its Leonard Bernstein Gala; sung Pamina in concert performances of *Die Zauberflöte* with Gustavo Dudamel and the Los Angeles Philharmonic; and made her San Francisco Opera debut in the world premiere of *Girls of the Golden West*, composed by John Adams to a libretto by Peter Sellars.

Bullock has also performed as Clara in *Porgy and Bess* with the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, with the Los Angeles Philharmonic in John Adams's *El Niño*, in *West Side Story* at the Hollywood Bowl, and as soloist with various orchestras, including the London Symphony Orchestra with Simon Rattle.

Bullock participated in the artists-in-training program with the Opera Theater of St. Louis. Her accolades include a 2016 Sphinx Foundation Medal of Excellence, Lincoln Center's 2015 Martin E. Segal Award, First Prize at the 2014 Naumburg International Vocal Competition, and First Prize at the 2012 Young Concert Artists International Auditions. She holds degrees from the Eastman School of Music and the Bard Graduate Vocal Arts Program, as well as an artist's diploma from the Juilliard School.

Originally from St. Louis, Bullock integrates her musical life with community activism. She has organized and participated in benefit concerts in support of the Music and Medicine Initiative for New York's Weill Medical Center, and the Shropshire Music Foundation, a nonprofit that serves war-affected children and adolescents through music education and performances in Kosovo, Northern Ireland, and Uganda.

JOHN ARIDA

John Arida is a pianist and vocal coach based in New York City who specializes in both opera and art song. In 2017, his performance in Amy Beach's *Cabildo* at the Central City Opera in Colorado was critically acclaimed. Arida's 2017–2018 season includes recital tours with mezzo-soprano Isabel Leonard and with soprano Julia Bullock. He holds staff positions at the Juilliard School and the Central City Opera and is on the panel for the Denver Lyric Opera Guild competition. He has served as staff pianist at the Juilliard School, the Virginia Opera, the Central City Opera, Virginia's Castleton Festival, and the Prototype Festival, where he prepared the New York premiere of *anatomy theater* by Pulitzer Prize–winner David Lang.

Other notable engagements include a performance at Carnegie Hall and recital debuts with Isabel Leonard in Mexico and soprano Simone Osborne in Toronto. Arida performed with Sir James Galway in the memorial tribute to Maestro Lorin Maazel and has worked with Peter Sellars on Kaija Saariaho's *La Passion de Simone* for the orchestral academy of the Berliner Philharmoniker and the Ojai Festival. Arida holds a master's degree in collaborative piano from Juilliard, as well as a bachelor's degree in vocal performance from SUNY Purchase.

Text and Translations

FRANZ SCHUBERT

“Suleika I,” D. 720

Was bedeutet die Bewegung?
Bringt der Ost mir frohe Kunde?
Seiner Schwingen frische Regung
Kühlt des Herzens tiefe Wunde.

Kosend spielt er mit dem Staube,
Jagt ihn auf in leichten Wölkchen,
Treibt zur sichern Rebenlaube
Der Insekten frohes Völkchen.

Lindert sanft der Sonne Glühen,
Kühlt auch mir die heißen Wangen,
Küßt die Reben noch im Fliehen,
Die auf Feld und Hügel prangen.

Und mir bringt sein leises Flüstern
Von dem Freunde tausend Grüße;
Eh' noch diese Hügel düstern,
Grüßen mich wohl tausend Küsse.

Und so kannst du weiter ziehen!
Deine Freunde und Betrübten.
Dort wo hohe Mauern glühen,
Dort find' ich bald den Vielgeliebten.

Ach, die wahre Herzenskunde,
Liebeshauch, erfrischtes Leben
Wird mir nur aus seinem Munde,
Kann mir nur sein Athem geben.

“Suleika I,” D. 720

*What does the motion mean?
Does the East bring me glad tidings?
The refreshing and stirring of its oscillation
Chills the deep wound of my heart.*

*It gently plays with the dust,
Chasing it into light clouds,
And drives the cheerful insect-folk
Into the security of the arbor vines.*

*It softly relieves the sun's glow,
It also cools my hot cheeks,
It kisses the vines as it flees,
Which are emblazoned on the fields and hills.*

*And its soft whispering brings me
A thousand greetings from my beloved;
Before these hills dim,
I am greeted by a thousand kisses.*

*And so, you can go on your way!
Your friends and the dejected ones.
There, where high walls glow,
There, I shall soon find my dearly beloved.*

*Oh, the true tidings of his heart,
Love's breath, and refreshing life
Come to me only from his mouth,
And can be given to me only by his breath.*

“Lachen und Weinen,” D. 777

Lachen und Weinen zu jeglicher Stunde
Ruht bei der Lieb auf so mancherlei Grunde.
Morgens lacht' ich vor Lust,
Und warum ich nun weine
Bei des Abendes Scheine,
Ist mir selb' nicht bewußt.

Weinen und Lachen zu jeglicher Stunde
Ruht bei der Lieb' auf so mancherlei Grunde.
Abends weint' ich vor Schmerz;
Und warum du erwachen
Kannst am Morgen mit Lachen,
Muß ich dich fragen, O Herz.

“Wandrer's Nachtlied II,” D. 768

Über allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh,
In allen Wipfeln
Spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch;
Die vöglein schweigen im Walde.
Warte nur, balde
Ruhest du auch.

“Laughing and Weeping,” D. 777

*Laughing and weeping at any hour
Rest on so many reasons when it comes to love.
In the morning I laugh for joy,
And why I now weep
In the evening glow,
Is something unknown to me.*

*Weeping and laughing at any hour
Rest on so many reasons when it comes to Love.
In the evening I weep for sorrow;
And why can you awaken
In the morning with laughter,
Must I ask you, O heart.*

Wayfarer's Evening Song II, D. 768

*Over all the summits
Is peace,
In all the treetops
You feel
Hardly a breath;
The birds fall silent in the forest.
Only wait, soon
You too shall rest.*

“Seligkeit,” D. 433

Freuden sonder Zahl
Blühn im Himmelsaal
Engeln und Verklärten,
Wie die Väter lehrten.
O da möcht ich sein,
Und mich ewig freun!

Jedem lächelt traut
Eine Himmelsbraut;
Harf und Psalter klinget,
Und man tanzt und singet.
O da möcht' ich sein,
Und mich ewig freun!

Lieber bleib' ich hier,
Lächelt Laura mir
Einen Blick, der saget,
Daß ich angeklaget.
Selig dann mit ihr,
Bleib' ich ewig hier!

“Bliss,” D. 433

*Joys without number
Bloom in heaven's hall
For angels and transfigured beings,
As our fathers taught us.
O, there I would like to be
And forever rejoice!*

*Upon everyone dearly smiles
A heavenly bride;
Harp and psalter resound,
And one dances and sings.
O, there I would like to be
And rejoice forever!*

*I'd rather stay here,
Smiling, Laura sends me
A look that says,
I was accused.
Blissfully then with her,
I will stay here forever!*

SAMUEL BARBER, HERMIT SONGS

“At St. Patrick's Purgatory”

Pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg! *
O King of the churches and the bells
bemoaning your sores and your wounds,
But not a tear can I squeeze from my eyes!
Not moisten an eye after so much sin!
Pity me, O King!
What shall I do with a heart that seeks only its own ease?
O only begotten Son by whom all men were made,
who shunned not the death by three wounds,
pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg
and I with a heart not softer than a stone!

“Church Bell at Night”

Sweet little bell, struck on a windy night,
I would liefer keep tryst with thee
Than be
With a light and foolish woman.

“St. Ita's Vision”

“I will take nothing from my Lord,” said she,
“unless He gives me His Son from Heaven
In the form of a Baby that I may nurse Him.”
So that Christ came down to her
in the form of a Baby and then she said:
“Infant Jesus, at my breast,
Nothing in this world is true
Save, O tiny nursling, You.
Infant Jesus at my breast,
By my heart every night,
You I nurse are not a churl
But were begot on Mary the Jewess
By Heaven's light.
Infant Jesus at my breast,
What King is there but You who could
Give everlasting Good?
wherefore I give my food.
Sing to Him, maidens, sing your best!

* Loch Derg (Red Lake) in County Donegal,
a pilgrimage site from early times

There is none that has such right
To your song as Heaven's King
Who every night
Is Infant Jesus at my breast."

"The Heavenly Banquet"

I would like to have the men of Heaven in my own house;
with vats of good cheer laid out for them.
I would like to have the three Marys,
their fame is so great.
I would like people from every corner of Heaven.
I would like them to be cheerful in their drinking.
I would like to have Jesus sitting here among them.
I would like a great lake of beer for the King of Kings.
I would like to be watching Heaven's family
Drinking it through all eternity.

"The Crucifixion"

At the cry of the first bird
They began to crucify Thee, O Swan!
Never shall lament cease because of that.
It was like the parting of day from night.
Ah, sore was the suffering borne
By the body of Mary's Son,
But sorer still to Him was the grief
Which for His sake
Came upon His Mother.

"Sea-Snatch"

It has broken us, it has crushed us, it has drowned us,
O King of the starbright Kingdom of Heaven!
The wind has consumed us, swallowed us,
as timber is devoured by crimson fire from Heaven.
It has broken us, it has crushed us, it has drowned us,
O King of the starbright Kingdom of Heaven!

"Promiscuity"

I do not know with whom Edan will sleep,
but I do know that fair Edan will not sleep alone.

"The Monk and His Cat"

Pangur, white Pangur,
How happy we are

Alone together,
Scholar and cat.
Each has his own work to do daily;
For you it is hunting, for me study.
Your shining eye watches the wall;
my feeble eye is fixed on a book.
You rejoice when your claws,
Entrap a mouse;
I rejoice when my mind
Fathoms a problem.
Pleased with his own art
Neither hinders the other;
Thus we live ever
Without tedium and envy.
Pangur, white Pangur,
How happy we are
Alone together,
Scholar and cat.

"The Praises of God"

How foolish the man
Who does not raise
His voice and praise
With joyful words,
As he alone can,
Heaven's High King.
To whom the light birds
With no soul but air,
All day, everywhere
Laudation sing.

"The Desire for Hermitage"

Ah! To be all alone in a little cell with nobody near me;
beloved that pilgrimage before the last pilgrimage to death.
Singing the passing hours to cloudy Heaven;
feeding upon dry bread and water from the cold spring.
That will be an end to evil when I am alone
in a lovely little corner among tombs
far from the houses of the great.
Ah! To be all alone in a little cell, to be alone, all alone:
Alone I came into the world
alone I shall go from it.

GABRIEL FAURÉ, FROM LA CHANSON D'ÈVE

“Prima Verba”

Comme elle chante
Dans ma voix
L'âme longtemps murmurante
Des fontaines et des bois!

Air limpide du paradis,
Avec tes grappes de rubis,
Avec tes gerbes de lumière,
Avec tes roses et tes fruits,

Quelle merveille en nous à cette heure!
Des paroles depuis des âges endormies,
En des sons, en des fleurs
Sur mes lèvres enfin prennent vie.

Depuis que mon souffle a dit leur chanson,
Depuis que ma voix les a créées,
Quel silence heureux et profond
Naît de leurs âmes allégées!

“Roses ardentes”

Roses ardentes
Dans l'immobile nuit,
C'est en vous que je chante
Et que je suis.

En vous, étincelles,
À la cime des bois,
Que je suis éternelle,
Et que je vois.

Ô mer profonde,
C'est en toi que mon sang
Renaît vague blonde,
Et flot dansant.

Et c'est en toi, force suprême,
Soleil radieux,
Que mon âme elle-même
Atteint son dieu!

“First Word”

*How it sings
In my voice,
The long-murmuring soul
Of the fountains and the woods.*

*Limpid air of paradise,
With your clusters of rubies,
With your bouquets of light,
With your roses and your fruits,*

*What marvels within us at this hour!
Some words that have slumbered for ages,
In sounds, in flowers,
On my lips at last, take life.*

*Since my breath has said their song,
Since my voice created them,
What joyous and profound silence,
Is born of their souls made light.*

“Ardent Roses”

Ardent roses
In the motionless night,
It is in you that I sing
And that I am.

It is in you, sparkling,
At the summit of the forests
That I am eternal
And that I see.

O profound sea,
It is in you that my blood,
Is reborn in white wave,
And dancing tide.

It is in you, supreme force,
Radiant sun,
That my soul itself,
Attains its god!

“Comme Dieu rayonne...”

Comme Dieu rayonne aujourd'hui,
Comme il exulte, comme il fleurit
Parmi ces roses et ces fruits!

Comme il murmure en cette fontaine!
Ah! comme il chante en ces oiseaux...
Qu'elle est suave son haleine
Dans l'odorant printemps nouveau!

Comme il se baigne dans la lumière
Avec amour, mon jeune dieu!
Toutes les choses de la terre
Sont ses vêtements radieux.

“Veilles-tu, ma senteur de soleil”

Veilles-tu, ma senteur de soleil,
Mon arôme d'abeilles blondes,
Flottes-tu sur le monde,
Mon doux parfum de miel?

La nuit, lorsque mes pas
Dans le silence rôdent,
M'annonces-tu, senteur de mes lilas,
Et de mes roses chaudes?

Suis-je comme une grappe de fruits
Cachés dans les feuilles,
Et que rien ne décèle,
Mais qu'on odore dans la nuit?

Sait-il à cette heure,
Que j'entr'ouvre ma chevelure,
Et qu'elle respire?
Le sent-il sur la terre?

Sent-il que j'étends les bras
Et que des lys de mes vallées,
Ma voix qu'il n'entend pas
Est embaumée?

“How God Radiates...”

*How God radiates today,
How he exults, how he flourishes
Amongst these roses and fruits!*

*How he murmurs in this fountain!
Ah! how he sings in these birds...
How sweet his breath is
In the fragrant new spring!*

*How he bathes himself in the light
With love, my young god!
All things of the earth
Are his radiant garments.*

“Are You Watching, My Scent of Sun”

*Are you watching, my scent of sun,
My aroma of blonde bees,
Do you float above the world,
My sweet perfume of honey?*

*At night, while my steps
roam in silence,
Do you announce me, scent of my lilacs,
And my warm roses?*

*Am I like a cluster of fruit
Hidden in the leaves,
That reveals nothing,
But that one can smell in the night?*

*Is it known at this hour,
That I let loose my hair,
And that it breathes?
Does one sense it above the earth?*

*Is it sensed that I extend arms
And that from the lilies of my valleys
My voice, which cannot be heard,
Is perfumed with balm?*

“Crépuscule”

Ce soir, à travers le bonheur,
Qui donc soupire, qu'est-ce qui pleure?
Qu'est-ce qui vient palpiter sur mon cœur,
Comme un oiseau blessé?

Est-ce que une voix future?
Une voix du passé?
J'écoute, jusqu'à la souffrance,
Ce son dans le silence.

Île d'oubli, Ô Paradis!
Quel cri déchire, dans la nuit,
Ta voix qui me berce?
Quel cri traverse
Ta ceinture de fleurs,
Et ton beau voile d'allégresse?

“O mort, poussière d'étoile”

Ô mort, poussière d'étoiles,
Lève-toi sous mes pas!

Viens, Ô douce vague qui brilles
Dans les ténèbres;
Emporte-moi dans ton néant.

Viens, souffle sombre où je vacille,
Comme une flamme ivre de vent!

C'est en toi que je veux m'étendre,
M'éteindre et me dissoudre,
Mort où mon âme aspire!

Viens, brise-moi comme une fleur d'écume,
Une fleur de soleil à la cime des eaux,

Et comme d'une amphore d'or
Un vin de flamme et d'arome divin,
Épanche mon âme
En ton abîme, pour qu'elle embaume
La terre sombre et le souffle des morts.

“Twilight”

*This evening, amidst the happiness,
Who then sighs, what is this that cries?
What is this which comes beating on my heart,
Like a wounded bird?*

*Is it a future voice,
A voice from the past?
I listen, until it hurts,
To this sound in the silence.*

*Isle of oblivion, O Paradise!
What cry in the night tears apart
your voice which rocks me?
What cry cuts
Your belt of flowers,
And your beautiful veil of joy?*

“O Death, Dust of Stars”

*O death, dust of stars
Rise up beneath my steps!*

*Come, O sweet wave which gleams
In the darkness;
Carry me in your nothingness.*

*Come, somber breath where I flicker
Like a flame intoxicated by the wind!*

*It is in you that I wish myself to expand
To extinguish and to dissolve,
Death, where my soul aspires!*

*Come, break me like a flower of foam
A bloom of sun at the crest of the waters!*

*And like a golden amphora
A wine of flame and divine aroma,
Pour out my soul
Into your abyss, so that it perfumes
The dark earth and the breath of the dead.*

SPENCER WILLIAMS

“Driftn’ Tide”

All alone, I stand and watch the ocean roll
To bemoan, because the blues have got control
All alone, I stand with misery in my soul
Driftn’ Tide, till my man comes back to me.

All the night, I want the shore to ease my mind
What a plight to be the one who’s left behind
It’s not right, because no piece at all I’ll find,
Driftn’ tide, I’m as blue as I can be.

He went away without a warning
And now my heart’s in pain,
I wonder with each day that’s dawning
Will I get him back again?

I just cry whenever morning comes around
Heave a sigh whenever evenin’ sun goes down,
That is why close by the ocean, I’ll be found
Driftn’ tide.

I don’t know where he went to
That’s why I moaned and sighed,
And still I know he meant to
Leave me dissatisfied.

The ocean drives me crazy
Ever since we’ve been apart,
What a splashin’, crashin’, dashin’
Cuttin’ me to my heart.

Driftn’ tide, hear my plea
Send my sweet man, driftn’ back to me.

I just cry whenever morning comes around,
Heave a sigh whenever evenin’ sun goes down,
That is why, close by the ocean I’ll be found
Driftn’ tide, till my man comes back to me.

MACEO PINKARD

“You Can’t Tell the Difference after Dark”

Look what the sun has done to me,
It seems there’s no more fun for me,
Why must all the boys act so shy?
I have guessed the reason why.

I may be as brown as a berry,
But that’s only secondary,
And you can’t tell the difference after dark.

I may not be so appealin’,
But I’ve got that certain feelin’,
That you can’t tell the difference after dark

They say that gentlemen prefer the blonde haired ladies,
Tell me am I out of style just because I’m slightly shady.

Wait until I’ve won you,
And my love drops down upon you,
You can’t tell the difference after dark.

**CORA “LOVIE” AUSTIN AND
ALBERTA HUNTER**

“Downhearted Blues”

Gee, but it’s hard to love someone
When that someone don’t love you.
I’m so disgusted, heartbroken, too
I’ve got those down-hearted blues.

Once I was crazy about a man,
He mistreated me all the time.
The next man I get has got to promise me
To be mine, all mine.

My man mistreated me, and he drove me from his door,
But the good book says, you reap just what you sow.

I ain’t never loved but three men in my life,
My Father, my brother and the man who wrecked my life.

I walked the floor, wrung my hands and cried,
Had the downhearted blues, and I couldn’t be satisfied.

Trouble, trouble I’ve had it all my days,
It seems that trouble’s gonna follow me to my grave.

It may be a week, it may be a month or two,
But all the dirt you did to me, it’s sure coming home to you.

I got the world in a jug, the stopper, here in my hand,
And the next man that gets me, has got to come under my command.

BILLIE HOLIDAY, R. CONWAY, BASIL G. ALBA, AND SONNY WHITE

“Our Love is Different”

Our love is different, dear,
It’s like a mighty symphony,
I can feel its silver harmony,
Oh so tenderly, day by day.

Our love is different dear,
To me it’s almost heavenly,
Let us guard it ever preciously,
Even jealously, while we may.

A love like ours, dear heart,
The angels send,
And so I know, dear heart,
That it won’t ever end.

For as the years roll by,
You’ll learn my love for you is true,
And I’m sure I’ll learn the same from you,
For our love is different dear.

**NINA SIMONE AND
WELDON JONATHAN IRVINE JR.**

“Revolution”

And now we got a revolution,
Cause I see the face of things to come.
Yeah, our Constitution
Well, my friends, its gonna have to bend.
I'm here to tell you about destruction
Of all the evil that will have to end.

Some folks are gonna get the notion,
I know they'll say I'm preachin' hate.
But if I have to swim the ocean,
Well, I would just communicate.
It's not as simple as talkin' jive,
The daily struggle just to stay alive.

Singin' about a revolution,
Because we're talkin' about a change.
It's more than just evolution
Well, you know we've got to clean our brains.
The only way that we can stand in fact
Is when you get your foot off my back.

NINA SIMONE

“Four Women”

My skin is black
My arms are long
My hair is wooly
My back is strong
Strong enough to take the pain
Inflicted again and again
What do they call me
My name is AUNT SARAH
My name is Aunt Sarah.

My skin is yellow
My hair is long
Between two worlds
I do belong
My father was rich and white

He forced my mother late one night
What do they call me
My name is SAFFRONIA
My name is Saffronia.

My skin is tan
My hair is fine
My hips invite you
My mouth like wine
Whose little girl am I
Anyone who has money to buy
What do they call me
My name is SWEET THING
My name is Sweet Thing.

My skin is brown
My manner is tough
I'll kill the first mother I see
my life has been too rough
I'm awfully bitter these days
Because my parents were slaves
What do they call me
My name is ...