Margaret Bonds
(1913- )
(Countee Cullen)
With two white roses on her breast, white candles at head and feet.
Dark madonna of the grave she lies, Lord Death has found her sweet.
Her mother pawn'd her wedding ring to lay her out in white.
She'd be so proud she'd dance and sing to see herself tonight.

Margaret Bonds
(1913- )
(Countee Cullen)

To A Brown Girl Dead
(1913- )
(Countee Cullen)

With two white roses on her breast, white candles at head and feet.
Dark madonna of the grave she lies, Lord Death has found her sweet.
Her mother pawn'd her wedding ring to lay her out in white.
She'd be so proud she'd dance and sing to see herself tonight.

Margaret Bonds
(1913- )
(Countee Cullen)

Three Dream Portraits
(Langston Hughes)

1. Minstrel Man
Because my mouth is wide with laughter and my throat is deep with song, you do not
think I suffer after I have held my pain so long.
Because my mouth is wide with laughter you do not hear my inner cry; Because my
feet are gay with dancing you do not know I die, you do not know I die.

2. Dream Variation
To fling my arms wide in some place in the sun, to whirl and to dance till the white
day is done, then rest at cool evening beneath a tall tree while night comes on gently
dark like me.
That is my dream.
To fling my arms wide in the face of the sun, Dance! Whirl!
Whirl till the quick day is done, rest at pale evening a tall slim tree.
Night coming tenderly, black like me.

3. I, Too
I, too, sing America, I am the darker brother,
They send me to eat in the kitchen when company comes;
But I laugh and eat well and grow strong,
to-morrow I'll sit at the table when company comes.
Nobody'll dare say to me "Eat in the kitchen" then,
besides they'll see how beautiful I am and be ashamed.

Arthur Cunningham
(1928- )
(Vocalise on the Antics of a Magician)

*First Performance in the United States.
**World Premiere.

Miss Parker appears through arrangement with Arthur Judson Management, Inc. of
New York City.

This concert is broadcast by Station WGMS 570 AM and 103.5 FM.
My glance will speak. Burning eyes revealing my passion.

Lovely vision, today and always I will never leave the sweet stars. Oh shine eternally for me alone!

How shall I live your call to love, precious eyes, nor your grief, not even in jest can it ever leave me. No, no.

Cruel destiny has changed its aspect and in my breast is reborn complete happiness. I will no longer feel pain and suffering now that my heart has turned to joy.

Look at us well, soon we will be far from you! What in these days you think of as brightness was already preparing to return to its home, the source of all light.

Cruel destiny has changed its aspect and in my breast is reborn complete happiness. I will no longer feel pain and suffering now that my heart has turned to joy.

I will not say it with my lips, which have not that courage; perhaps the sparks of my burning eyes revealing my passion. My glance will speak.

Now I see, O eyes, why you sometimes flashed such dark flames towards me!

I will not say it with my lips, which have not that courage; perhaps the sparks of my burning eyes revealing my passion. My glance will speak.

Gustav Mahler .................. Kindertotenlieder (1902)
(Songs on the Death of Children)

Text by Frederick Rückert

1. Now the sun prepares to rise as brightly as if the night had brought no cause to grieve. The grief was mine alone; the sun shines for all alike. You must not shut the night into yourself but drown it in eternal light. A lamp went out in my tent — I bless the light that gladdens all the world.

2. Now I see, O eyes, why you sometimes flashed such dark flames towards me!

But I could not guess, because deluding Fate had shrouded me in its mists, that your brightness was already preparing to return to its home, the source of all light. With your shining you wanted to tell me: We would gladly stay near you, but fate will not grant our wish. Look at us well, soon we will be far from you! What in these days you think of as only eyes will be only stars to you in nights to come.

3. When your mother comes in the door and I turn my head to look at her, my eyes light first not on her face but on the place nearer the threshold where your dear little face would be if you came, bright-eyed, into the room with her as you used to, my little girl.

When your mother comes in the door holding a flickering candle, I always think you are coming with her, you slipped into the room as you used to do. O, you refuge of your father, light of joy extinguished all too soon!

4. I often think they have only gone out and will soon be coming home again. It is a beautiful day — do not worry, they have only gone for a long walk. Yes, they have only gone out and will presently be home again. Do not worry, they have taken a walk to those hills there. They have only gone before us, and will not be coming home again. We will overtake them on those heights in the sunshine. The day is beautiful on those heights.

5. In such stormy weather I would never have sent the children out. They have been carried out, and I could do nothing about it. In such windy weather I would never have let the children go out. I would have been afraid they might fall ill. Now these are idle thoughts. In this dreadful weather I would never have let the children go out. I was afraid they might die the next day: that fear is now past. In this stormy weather they rest as in their mother’s home. God’s hand covers them.

INTERMISSION

SONGS BY BLACK COMPOSERS

George Walker .................. The Bereaved Maid
(1922- )

Text by Frederick Rückert

1. Now the sun prepares to rise as brightly as if the night had brought no cause to grieve. The grief was mine alone; the sun shines for all alike. You must not shut the night into yourself but drown it in eternal light. A lamp went out in my tent — I bless the light that gladdens all the world.

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