Texts edited and compiled by Julie Dalton Williamson



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1998

Gary Bachlund

From the Song of Songs Five songs for soprano or mezzo soprano and piano

I am black, but comely

Biblical texts edited by Julie Dalton-Willliamson

Gary Bachlund



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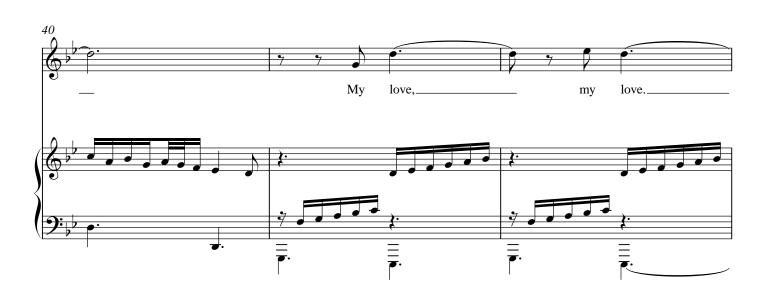


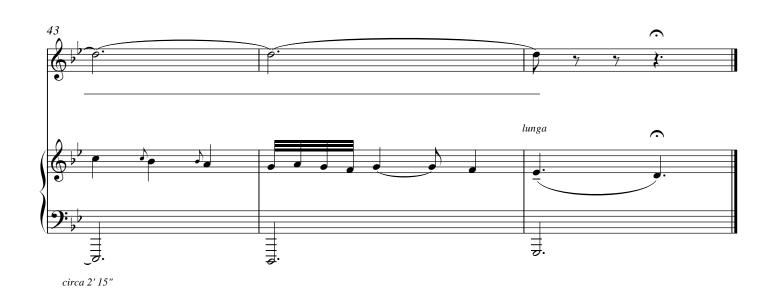












I am sick with love













From the Song of Songs 15 14 as the ga-zelle, and be the young stag___ on the turn, my love, where the cin-na-mon grows. hills of Be - ter,_ 20 My love is mine, and I am 8vb_____| 24 poco ritardando I his, I am his. his; am

circa 1' 40"





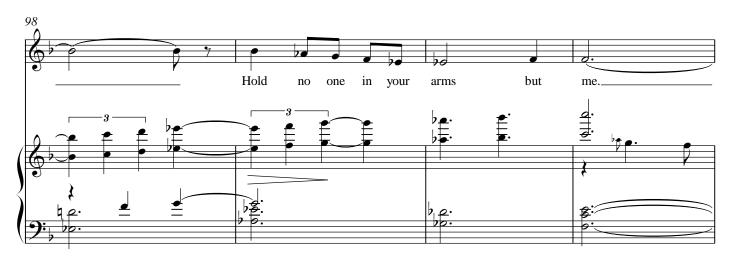


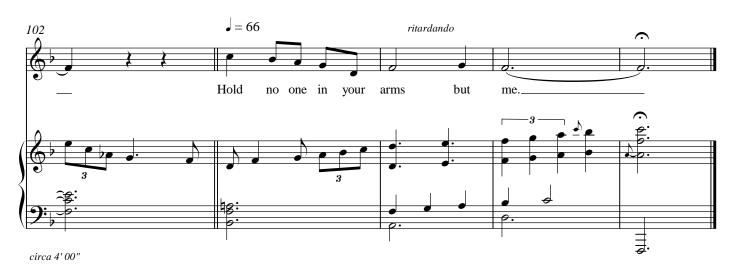












i. I am black but comely

I am black but comely, daughters of Jerusalem; Beautiful as the desert tents of Kedar, Beautiful as the curtains of Solomon. I have stripped of my dress; Must I put it on again? I have washed my feet; Must I soil them again? Who am I, rising as the dawn? Fair as the moon? Clear as the sun? Terrible as an army with banners? Tell me, you whom my soul loves, Where will you lead your flocks to graze?

ii. My Love

You are wholly beautiful, my love, Beautiful and without blemish. You ravish my heart With a single one of your glances. Your lips are as a thread of scarlet, Honey and milk are under your tongue. The scent of your garments Is the scent of Lebanon And of cedar.

iii. I am sick with love

While I slept by night on my bed, My heart was a wake. I dreamed that my love had turned away, And gone by. I rose and went through the city, Among the streets and through the broad ways. I sought him, whom my soul loves; I sought him, but did not find him. I called him, but he gave no answer. To the watchmen, I said, "Have you seen him, whom my soul loves?" They smote me; they wounded me. the keepers of the walls took my veil from me. I charge you, daughters of Jerusalem, If you should see my love, Tell him I am sick with love. While I slept by night on my bed, My heart was awake. I dreamed that my love had turned away, And gone by. I found him; I held him and Would not let him go.

iv. Return!

My love is mine, and I am his; He delights in the lilies. Before the dawn wind rises, Before the shadows flee, return! Return, and be, my love, As the gazelle, The young stag On the hills of Beter, Where the cinnamon grows.

v. A Seal Upon Your Heart

Set me as a seal upon your heart;
Close your heart to every love but mine.
Set me as a seal upon your arms;
Hold no one in your arms but me.
For love is strong as death;
And passion, relentless as the grave.
It bursts into flames, and burns
As the raging fire.
For many waters cannot quench love.
Neither can the floods drown it.
Set me, then, as a seal upon your heart;
Close your heart to every love but mine.
Set me as a seal upon your arms;
Hold no one in your arms but me.