

Lyrics and Translations

WERE I WITH THEE

English and Spanish words from the album by Michelle Areyzaga & Dana Brown



Spanish-language translations interpreted by Michelle Areyzaga

1) HOW DO I LOVE THEE?

Music by Edoaurd Lippé 1884-1956

Text by Elizabeth Barrett Browning 1806-1861

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of being and ideal grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
I love thee freely, as men strive for right.
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life; and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

2) TO MY DEAR AND LOVING HUSBAND

Music by Wayland Rogers 1941-2020

Text by Anne Bradstreet 1612-1672

From I-Thou

If ever two were one, then surely we.
If ever man were loved by wife, then thee;
If ever wife was happy in a man,
Compare with me ye women if you can.
I prize thy love more than whole mines of gold,
Or all the riches that the East doth hold.
My love is such that rivers cannot quench,
Nor ought but love from thee give recompense.
Thy love is such I can no way repay;
The heavens reward thee manifold, I pray.
Then while we live, in love let's so persevere,
That when we live no more we may live ever.

3) WILD NIGHTS – WILD NIGHTS!

Music by Richard Pearson Thomas b.1957

Texts by Emily Dickinson 1830-1886

From From At Last, To Be Identified!

Wild nights – Wild nights!
Were I with thee
Wild nights should be
Our luxury!

Futile – the winds –
To a Heart in port –
Done with the Compass –
Done with the Chart!

Rowing in Eden –
Ah – the Sea!
Might I but moor – tonight –
In thee!

4) I NEVER SAW A MOOR

I never saw a moor,
I never saw the sea;
Yet know I how the heather looks
And what a wave must be.

I never spoke with God,
Nor visited in heaven;
Yet certain am I of the spot
As if the chart were given.

5) AT LAST, TO BE IDENTIFIED!

At last, to be identified!
At last, the lamps upon thy side
The rest of Life to see!

Past Midnight! Past the Morning Star!
Past Sunrise!
Ah, What leagues there are
Between our feet, and Day!

6. EL AIRE

Music by Wayland Rogers 1941-2020 • Text by Gabriela Mistral 1889-195

From Tres Poemas de Gabriela Mistral

Esto que pasa y que se queda,
esto es el Aire, esto es el Aire,
y sin boca que tú le veas
te toma y besa, padre amante.
¡Ay, le rompemos sin romperle;
herido vuela sin quejarse,
y parece que a todos lleva
y a todos deja, por bueno, el Aire...

*This which passes and which remains,
this is the Air, this is the Air,
and without a mouth that you can see,
it takes you and kisses you, a loving father.
Ah, we break it without breaking it;
wounded, it flies without complaint,
and it seems to take everyone
and leave everyone, for the good, the Air...*

7) EL ÁNGEL GUARDIÁN

Es verdad, no es un cuento;
hay un Ángel Guardián
que te toma y te lleva como el viento
y con los niños va por donde van.
Tiene cabellos suaves
que van en la venteada,
ojos dulces y graves
que te sosiegan con una mirada
y matan miedos dando claridad.
(No es un cuento, es verdad.)
El tiene cuerpo, manos y pies de alas
y las seis alas vuelan o resbalan,
las seis te llevan de su aire batido
y los mismo te llevan de dormido.
Es verdad, no es un cuento.

*It is true, it isn't a story;
there is a Guardian Angel
who takes you and carries you like the wind
and goes with children wherever they go.
He has soft hair
that blows in the wind,
eyes sweet and profound
that calm you with a look
and destroy fears, giving clarity.
(It isn't a story, it is true.)
He has a body, hands and winged feet,
and the six wings soar or glide,
the six carry you from their wing-beaten air
and the same six carry you in slumber.
It is true, it isn't a story*

8) APEGADO A MÍ

Velloncito de mi carne,
que en mi entraña yo tejí,
velloncito friolento,
¡duérmete apegado a mí!

La perdiz duerme en el trébol
escuchándole latir:
no te turben mis alientos,
¡duérmete apegado a mí!

Hierbecita temblorosa
asombrada de vivir,
no te sueltes de mi pecho:
¡duérmete apegado a mí!

Yo que todo lo he perdido
ahora tiemblo de dormir.
No resbales de mi brazo:
¡duérmete apegado a mí!

*Little fleece of my flesh
that I wove in my womb,
little shivering fleece,
Sleep close to me!*

*The partridge sleeps in the clover
listening to its heart beat:
may you not be disturbed by my breathing,
Sleep close to me!*

*Little trembling blade of grass
amazed to be alive,
Don't let go of my breast:
Sleep close to me!*

*I who have lost everything
now tremble to sleep.
Don't slip out of my arm:
Sleep close to me!*

9) LA LUZ

Music by Gwyneth Walker b.1947 • Text by Gabriela Mistral 1889-195

From *La Ternura* (Tenderness)

Por los aires anda la Luz
que para verte, hijo, me vale.
Si no estuviese, todas las cosas
que te aman no te mirasen;
en la noche te buscarían,
todas gimiendo y sin hallarte.

Ella se cambia, ella se trueca
y nunca es cosa de saciarse.
Amar el mundo nos creemos,
pero amamos la Luz que cae.

La Bendita, cuando nacías,
tomó tu cuerpo para llevarte.
Cuando yo muera y que te deje,
¡síguela, hijo, como a tu madre!

*The Light moves through the breezes
and so I am able to see you, my son.
If there was no Light, all the things
that love you would not be able to see you;
in the night they would search for you,
All of them crying and not able to find you.*

*The Light shifts and changes
and never is at rest.
We think that we love this world
but what we love is the Light that shines down.*

*The Blessed One, when you were born,
took you in her arms and carried you.
When I die and have to leave you,
Follow the Light, son, as you did your mother!*

10) THE SHINING PLACE

Music by Lee Hoiby 1926-2011

Texts by Emily Dickinson 1830-1886

Me! Come! My dazzled face
In such a shining place!

Me! Hear! My foreign ear
The sounds of welcome near!

The saints shall meet
Our bashful feet.

My holiday shall be
That they remember me;

My paradise, the fame
That they pronounce my name.

11) A LETTER

You ask of my companions.
Hills, sir, and the sundown,
and a dog large as myself,
that my father bought me.
They are better than beings
because they know, but do not tell;
and the noise in the pool
at noon excels my piano.

I have a brother and a sister;
my mother does not care for thought,
and father, too busy with his briefs
to notice what we do.

He buys me many books,
but begs me not to read them,
because he fears they joggle the mind.

They are religious, except me,
and address an eclipse ev'ry morning,
whom they call their "Father."
But I fear my story fatigues you.

I would like to learn.
Could you tell me how to grow,
or is it unconveyed,
like melody or witchcraft?

12) HOW THE WATERS CLOSED

How the Waters closed above Him
We shall never know—
How He stretched His Anguish to us
That—is covered too—

Spreads the Pond Her Base of Lilies
Bold above the Boy
Whose unclaimed Hat and Jacket
Sum the History—

13) WILD NIGHTS

Wild nights – Wild nights!
Were I with thee
Wild nights should be
Our luxury!

Futile – the winds –
To a Heart in port –
Done with the Compass—
Done with the Chart!

Rowing in Eden –
Ah – the Sea!
Might I but moor – tonight –
In thee!

14) THERE CAME A WIND LIKE A BUGLE

There came a Wind like a Bugle -
It quivered through the Grass
And a Green Chill upon the Heat
So ominous did pass
We barred the Windows
and the Doors
As from an Emerald Ghost –
The Doom's electric Moccasin
The very instant passed –
On a strange Mob of panting Trees
And Fences fled away
And Rivers where the Houses ran
Those looked that lived – that Day –
The Bell within the steeple wild
The flying tidings told –
How much can come
And much can go,
And yet abide the World!

15) THE WALTZ

Music by Lee Hoiby 1926-2011 • Adapted Text by Dorothy Parker 1893-1967

From *Three Women*

Why, thank you so much. I'd adore to.

Why, I think it's more of a waltz, really. Isn't it? We might just listen to the music a second. Shall we? Oh, yes, it's a waltz. Mind? Why, I'm simply thrilled. I'd love to waltz with you.

I'd love to waltz with you. I'd love to have my tonsils out, I'd love to be in a midnight fire at sea. Well, it's too late now.

Oh. *Oh, dear.* Ow! No, no, no. Goodness, no. It didn't hurt the least little bit. And anyway it was my fault. Really it was. Truly. Well, you're just being sweet, to say that.

Maybe he didn't do it maliciously. Maybe it's just his way of showing high spirits.

Yes, it's lovely, isn't it? It's simply lovely. But you see, that little step of yours -- it's just a tiny bit tricky to follow at first.

And he made up his little step himself. Now I think I've got it. Two stumbles, slip, and a twenty-yard dash.

It's the loveliest waltz, isn't it?

I suppose I ought to be glad that one of us is having such a good time. After all, the poor boy's doing the best he can. I suppose I ought to think myself lucky if he brings me back alive.

Ah! Easy Now! Oh, it's the loveliest waltz! Oh, I could just go on waltzing!
Tired? I should say I'm not tired. I could go on like this forever.

16) WHAT LIPS MY LIPS HAVE KISSED

Music by John Duke 1899-1984 • Text by Edna St. Vincent Millay 1892-1950

What lips my lips have kissed, and where, and why,
I have forgotten, and what arms have lain
Under my head till morning; but the rain
Is full of ghosts tonight, that tap and sigh
Upon the glass and listen for reply,
And in my heart there stirs a quiet pain
For unremembered lads that not again
Will turn to me at midnight with a cry.

Thus in the winter stands the lonely tree,
Nor knows what birds have vanished one by one,
Yet knows its boughs more silent than before:
I cannot say what loves have come and gone,
I only know that summer sang in me
A little while, that in me sings no more.

17) ANITA'S STORY

Music by Patrice Michaels b. 1956 • Text by Anita Escudero, 1983

From The Long View: A Portrait of Ruth Bader Ginsburg in Nine Songs

I had been in New York only a very short time. I got a job in a law firm typing in the steno pool. One morning, one hundred pages of hand written material from some lady lawyer. And her method of delivery? Her own husband – in his shirt sleeves! The way she used words – I had never seen or heard, I had never even thought. “Sexual,” “female,” “male,” “Gender Based Discrimination...” I started typing...

A few months later, again this shirt-sleeved lawyer husband, again the yellow pad of notes, again this horrifying, nonsensical subject of sex discrimination. I kept typing...

One morning the shirt-sleeved lawyer husband announced, “My wife is coming in.” I thought “Good God, here she comes: La Estraña.” In walked this little woman with a soft-spoken voice, wearing a green dashiki. “She’s not supposed to be like this. She’s supposed to look like George Sand. Where’s the cigar? The fly on her pants?” I...kept...typing...

Back in Sevilla we went to a party. The host presented my husband, Don Mario Escudero, who announced in his turn, “Esta es mi mujer.” “Yo no soy *tu mujer*! Soy una *persona*. Mi nombre es Anita L’Oise Ramos Mosteiro de Escudero.”

From the back of the room boomed the host’s eight-year-old grandmother, “VIVA AMERICA.”

RBG converted me...through typing.

18) EPILOGUE — THE LONG VIEW, QUESTIONS ANSWERED

Music by Patrice Michaels b. 1956 • Text by Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg 1933-2020

From The Long View: A Portrait of Ruth Bader Ginsburg in Nine Songs

What qualities should a President seek
In a Supreme Court Justice?

Someone who thrives in the study of law.
Someone able to read and absorb quickly massive amounts of material.
Someone who likes the life of thinking, speaking and writing.
I think these are the qualities a President should seek.

It is the best and the hardest job I have ever had.
As I grow older, it is harder for me to do the job.
At least until age seventy, I could extend my hours
So the day could last until I finished whatever I was doing.

Well, now I have to leave off every now and then, and sleep for hours, as I did this morning.
I slept through three alarms. Finally, a U.S. Marshall opened my door, and, ever so gently, woke me up.

And the second part of the question was about polarization....

19) A JULIA DE BURGOS

Music by Leonard Bernstein 1918 – 1990 • Text by Julia de Burgos 1914-1953

From *Songfest*

Ya las gentes murmuran que yo soy tu enemiga
porque dicen que en verso doy al mundo tu yo.

Mienten, Julia de Burgos. Mienten, Julia de Burgos.
La que se alza en mis versos no es tu voz: es mi voz
porque tú eres ropaje y la esencia soy yo; y el más
profundo abismo se tiende entre las dos.

Tú eres fría muñeca de mentira social,
y yo, viril destello de la humana verdad.
Tú, miel de cortesanas hipocresías; yo no;
que en todos mis poemas desnudo el corazón.

Tú eres como tu mundo, egoísta; yo no;
que en todo me lo juego a ser lo que soy yo.

Tú eres sólo la grave señora señorona; yo no,
yo soy la vida, la fuerza, la mujer.

Tú eres de tu marido, de tu amo; yo no;
yo de nadie, o de todos, porque a todos, a todos,
en mi limpio sentir y en mi pensar me doy.

Tú te rizas el pelo y te pintas; yo no;
a mí me riza el viento, a mí me pinta el sol.

Tú eres dama casera, resignada, sumisa,
atada a los prejuicios de los hombres; yo no;
que yo soy Rocinante corriendo desbocado
olfateando horizontes de justicia de Dios.

*Already people are murmuring that I am your enemy
because they say that in verse I am giving the world yourself.*

*They lie, Julia de Burgos. They lie, Julia de Burgos.
That which rises in my verses is not your voice: it is my voice
because you are clothing and the essence is me; and the most
deep chasm stretches between the two.*

*You are the cold doll of social deceit,
and I, the virile spark of human truth.
You, honey of courteous hypocrisies; Not I;
for in all my poems I bare my heart.*

*You are like your world, self-seeking; Not I;
for in everything I dare to be what I truly am.*

*You are only the all-important lordly lady; Not I;
I am life, strength, woman.*

*You belong to your husband, to your master; Not I;
I belong to no one, or to everyone, because to everyone, to everyone,
in my clear senses and in my thinking I give myself.*

*You curl your hair and paint yourself; Not I;
The wind curls my hair, the sun paints me.*

*You are a domestic lady, resigned, submissive,
tied to the prejudices of men; Not I;
for I am Rocinante running wild
sniffing out horizons of God's justice.*

20) MY LETTER TO THE WORLD

Music by Gwyneth Walker b.1947
Texts by Emily Dickinson 1830-1886
From Emily! (from New England)

This is my letter to the world,
That never wrote to me,--
The simple news that Nature told,
With tender majesty.

Her message is committed
To hands I cannot see;
For love of her, sweet countrymen,
Judge tenderly of me!

21) THE MOON AND THE SEA

The Moon is distant from the Sea -
And yet, with Amber Hands -
She leads Him - docile as a Boy -
Along appointed Sands -

He never misses a Degree -
Obedient to Her eye -
He comes just so far - toward the Town -
Just so far - goes away -

Oh, Signor, Thine, the Amber Hand -
And mine - the distant Sea -
Obedient to the least command
Thine eye impose on me -

22) THE FROG IN THE BOG

I'm Nobody! Who are you?
Are you - Nobody - too?
Then there's a pair of us!
Don't tell! they'd advertise - you know!

How dreary - to be - Somebody!
How public - like a Frog -
To tell one's name - the livelong June -
To an admiring Bog!

23) HOPE (WITH FEATHERS)

"Hope" is the thing with feathers -
That perches in the soul -
And sings the tune without the words -
And never stops - at all -

And sweetest - in the Gale - is heard -
And sore must be the storm -
That could abash the little Bird
That kept so many warm -

I've heard it in the chilliest land -
And on the strangest Sea -
Yet - never - in Extremity,
It asked a crumb - of me.

24) PASSION

Wild nights - Wild nights!
Were I with thee
Wild nights should be
Our luxury!

Futile - the winds -
To a Heart in port -
Done with the Compass -
Done with the Chart!

Rowing in Eden -
Ah - but the Sea!
Might I but moor - tonight -
In thee!

25) JOY

'Tis so much joy! 'Tis so much joy!
If I should fail, what poverty!
And yet, as poor as I,
Have ventured all upon a throw!
Have gained! Yes! Hesitated so –
This side the Victory!

Life is but Life! And Death, but Death!
Bliss is but Bliss, and Breath but Breath!
And if indeed I fail,
At least, to know the worst, is sweet!
Defeat means nothing but Defeat,
No drearier, can befall!

And if I gain! Oh Gun at Sea!
Oh Bells, that in the Steeples be!
At first, repeat it slow!
For Heaven is a different thing,
Conjectured, and waked sudden in –
And might extinguish me!

26) ALL I HAVE TO BRING

It's all I have to bring today–
This, and my heart beside–
This, and my heart, and all the fields–
And all the meadows wide–
Be sure you count–should I forget
Some one the sum could tell–
This, and my heart, and all the Bees
Which in the Clover dwell.