

**Old First Concerts**

**December 10, 2022 at 8 pm**

**Musae – *Wanting More Memories***

Texts and Translations

Daniel McDavitt

**Locus iste (I feel . . .)**

Locus iste, a Deo factus est, inaestimabile, sacramentum

I feel

I feel peace

I feel love

I feel heaven

I feel eternal

I feel complete

I feel serenity

I feel joy

I feel safe, at home, replenished, tranquil, and  
untouchable

I feel arms wrapped around me

I feel solace for my soul

I feel like my worries and strife disappear

I feel peace for my anxious mind

I feel calm and overwhelmed with love

I feel healing and enduring hope

I feel strengthened and endowed with power

I feel like Heaven and Earth are one in me

I feel like God is one with me

Meredith Monk

**Other Worlds Revealed** from *Atlas*

Shing. Way.

Eric Tuan, text by Tony Robles

**Displacement**

San Francisco, your eyes are empty, your houses are empty, your canvas is bare of poems. Your mirrors and windows are missing reflection. Your flowers are drained of color.

Your eyes hold no murals, your skin is rubbed raw. Your canvas contains no art. Your poems are eviction notices. Your skin is a thin postcard that reads non deliverable. Your tongue is a torn bus transfer out of town.

I don't know you anymore.

Tonia Ko

**Before Color**

Text based on Italo Calvino's *Without Colors*, from *Cosmicomics*

Before the atmosphere:

Without air in the air,

The moon shone grey upon the rocks.

Hidden from sight

Hidden from sounds

Whispers on sighs

For an eternity...

Rocks

to earth

to mud

to liquid mass--

The sun shines color on the ocean blue.

The air fills the air

with atmosphere.

Imogen Heap

### **Hide and Seek**

Where are we?  
What the hell is going on?  
The dust has only just begun to form  
Crop circles in the carpet  
Sinking, feeling  
Spin me around again  
And rub my eyes  
This can't be happening  
When busy streets  
A mess with people  
Would stop to hold their heads heavy  
Hide and seek  
Trains and sewing machines  
All those years  
They were here first

Oily marks appear on walls  
Where pleasure moments hung before  
The takeover  
The sweeping insensitivity of this  
Still life  
Hide and seek  
Trains and sewing machines

Ysaye Barnwell

### **Wanting Memories**

I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me,  
To see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.  
I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me,  
To see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.  
You used to rock me in the cradle of your arms,  
You said you'd hold me till the pains of life were gone.  
You said you'd comfort me in times like these and now I  
need you,  
Now I need you, and you are gone.

I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me,  
To see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.  
Since you've gone and left me, there's been so little  
beauty,  
But I know I saw it clearly through your eyes.  
Now the world outside is such a cold and bitter place,  
Here inside I have few things that will console.  
And when I try to hear your voice above the storms of  
life,  
Then I remember all the things that I was told.

I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me,  
To see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.  
I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me,

Blood and tears  
They were here first

Mm, what'd you say?  
Mm, that you only meant well  
Well of course you did  
Mm, what'd you say?  
Mm, that it's all for the best  
Of course it is  
Mm, what'd you say?  
Mm, that it's just what we need  
You decided this  
Mm, what'd you say?  
Mm, what did she say?

Ransom notes keep falling out your mouth  
Mid-sweet talk, newspaper word cutouts  
Speak no feeling, no, I don't believe you  
You don't care a bit, you don't care a bit  
Ransom notes keep falling out your mouth  
Mid-sweet talk, newspaper word cutouts  
Speak no feeling, no, I don't believe you  
You don't care a bit.

To see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.  
I think on the things that made me feel so wonderful  
when I was young.  
I think on the things that made me laugh, made me  
dance, made me sing.  
I think on the things that made me grow into a being full  
of pride.  
I think on these things, for they are true.

I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me,  
To see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.  
I thought that you were gone, but now I know you're  
with me,  
You are the voice that whispers all I need to hear.  
I know a please a thank you and a smile will take me far,  
I know that I am you and you are me and we are one,  
I know that who I am is numbered in each grain of sand,  
I know that I've been blessed again, and over again.

I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me,  
To see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.  
I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me,  
To see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.

Rosephanye Powell

**Still I Rise**

Though I have been wounded;  
aching heart full of pain.  
Jus' like a budding rose,  
my bloom is nourished by rain.  
Haven't time to wonder why,  
though fearful I strive.  
My pray'r and faith uphold me  
'til my courage arrives.

Still I rise as an eagle,  
soaring above ev'ry fear.  
With each day I succeed,  
I grow strong an' believe  
That it's all within my reach;  
I'm reaching for the skies,  
Bolstered by courage, yes, still I rise  
Yes, it's all within my reach;  
I'm reaching for the skies,  
Yes, still I rise.

As my heart grows heavy and my confidence dies.  
Pure strength is in my tears and healing rains in my  
cries.  
Plunging depths of anguish,  
I determine to strive.  
My pray'r and faith uphold me  
'til my courage arrives.

Though you see me slump with heartache;  
Heart so heavy that it breaks.  
Be not deceived, I fly on bird's wings,  
rising sun its healing rays.  
Look at me, I'm getting stronger.  
I'm determined to survive.  
Though I get tired and I get weary,  
I won't give up. I'm still alive.

Yes, still I rise as an eagle,  
soaring above ev'ry fear.  
With each day I succeed,  
I grow strong an' believe  
That it's all within my reach;  
I'm reaching for the skies,  
Bolstered by courage, yes, still I rise  
Yes, it's all within my reach;  
I'm reaching for the skies,  
Higher and higher, yes, still I rise,  
Yes, it's all within my reach;  
I'm reaching for the skies,  
Yes, still I rise.

Gwyneth Walker

**I Thank You God**

text by e. e. cummings (1894–1962)

i thank You God for most this amazing day: for the leaping greenly spirits of trees and a blue true dream of sky; and for everything which is natural which is infinite, which is yes

(i who have died am alive again today, and this is the sun's birthday; this is the birth day of life and of love and wings: and of the gay great happening ilimitably earth)

how should tasting, touching, hearing, seeing, breathing any—lifted from the no of all nothing—human merely being doubt unimaginable You?

(now the ears of my ears awake and now the eyes of my eyes are opened)

Carly Simon

**Let the River Run**

We're coming to the edge,  
Running on the water,  
Your sons and daughters.  
Let the river run,  
Let all the dreamers  
Wake the nation.  
Come, the New Jerusalem.  
Silver cities rise,  
The morning lights  
The streets that meet them,  
And sirens call them on  
With a song.  
It's asking for the taking.  
Trembling, shaking.  
Oh, my heart is aching.  
We're coming to the edge,  
Running on the water,  
Your sons and daughters.