



United We Vote
November 1st, 2020

My Dearest Ruth.....Stacy Garrop (b.1969)
Canticle III.....Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)
"No One Is Alone" from *Into The Woods*.....Stephen Sondheim (b.1930)
March of the Women.....Ethel Smyth (1858-1944)

Amity Trio

Katie Dukes, soprano
Michael Walker, horn
Kimberly Carballo, piano

With special guests

Aram Arakelyan, tech support, streaming, and magician
Trevor Ross, tenor
Christina Dioguardi, musicologist

Amity Trio is a 501c3 and gratefully accepts tax deductible donations.

<https://amitytrio.com/>

MY DEAREST RUTH
Martin Ginsburg

My dearest Ruth, you are the only person I have loved in my life. Setting aside a bit parents and kids, and their kids. I have admired and loved you almost since the day we first met some 56 years ago. What a treat it has been to watch you progress to the very top of the legal world. I will be in the hospital until Friday. Between then and now, I shall think hard on my remaining health and life, and consider on balance if the time has come for me to tough it out or to take leave of life. The loss of quality now simply overwhelms. I hope you will support where I come out, but I understand you may not. I will not love you a jot less.

STILL FALLS THE RAIN
(The Raids, 1940: Night and Dawn)
Edith Sitwell

Still falls the Rain –
Dark as the world of man, black as our loss –
Blind as the nineteen hundred and forty nails upon the Cross.

Still falls the Rain
With a sound like the pulse of the heart that is changed to the hammer beat
In the Potter's Field, and the sound of the impious feet.

On the Tomb:
 Still falls the Rain
In the Field of Blood where the small hopes breed and the human brain
Nurtures its greed, that worm with the brow of Cain.

Still falls the Rain
At the feet of the Starved Man hung upon the Cross,
Christ that each day, each night, nails there, have mercy on us –
On Dives and on Lazarus:
Under the Rain the sore and the gold are as one.

Still falls the Rain –
Still falls the Blood from the Starved Man's wounded Side:

He bears in His Heart all wounds, – those of the light that died,
The last faint spark
In the self-murdered heart, the wounds of the sad uncomprehending dark,
The wounds of the baited bear, –
The blind and weeping bear whom the keepers beat
On his helpless flesh ... the tears of the hunted hare.

Still falls the Rain –
Then – O Ile leape up to my God: who pulles me doune –
See see where Christ's blood streames in the firmament.
It flows from the Brow we nailed upon the tree
Deep to the dying, to the thirsting heart
That holds the fire of the world, – dark-smirched with pain
As Caesar's laurel crown.
Then sounds the voice of One who like the heart of man
Was once a child who among beasts has lain –
"Still do I love, still shed my innocent light, my Blood, for thee."

NO ONE IS ALONE
Stephen Sondheim

No one here beside you.
Now you're on your own.
Only me beside you.
Still, you're not alone.
No one is alone, truly.
No one is alone.

Sometimes people leave you
Halfway through the wood.
Others may deceive you.
You decide what's good.
You decide alone.
But no one is alone.

People make mistakes,
Fathers, mothers,
Holding to their own,
Thinking they're alone.

Honor their mistakes
Everybody makes
One another's terrible mistakes.
Witches can be right,

Giants can be good.
You decide what's right,
You decide what's good.

Just remember: Someone is on your side.
Someone else is not.
While we're seeing our side,
Maybe we forgot: they are not alone.
No one is alone.

Hard to see the light now.
Just don't let it go.
Things will come out right now,
We can make it so.

Someone is on your side.
No one is alone.

THE MARCH OF THE WOMEN Cicely Hamilton

Shout, shout, up with your song!
Cry with the wind, for the dawn is breaking;
March, march, swing you along,
Wide blows our banner, and hope is waking.
Song with its story, dreams with their glory
Lo! they call, and glad is their word!
Loud and louder it swells,
Thunder of freedom, the voice of the Lord!

Life, strife—those two are one,
Naught can ye win but by faith and daring.
On, on—that ye have done
But for the work of today preparing.
Firm in reliance, laugh in defiance
(Laugh in hope, for sure is the end).
March, march—many as one,
Shoulder to shoulder and friend to friend.

The March of the Women

Songs of Sunrise, No. 3

Dedicated to the Women's Social and Political Union

Cecily Hamilton

Ethel Smyth (1858-1944)

ed. Amelia Nagoski

The musical score is written in G minor (three flats) and common time. It features a piano introduction, followed by vocal parts for Soprano 1 (S1), Soprano 2 (S2), and Alto (A), and a piano accompaniment (Pno.). The piano introduction is marked *ff* and ends with a *Fine* marking. The vocal parts begin at measure 4, marked *f*. The lyrics are as follows:

Introduction:
ff [Musical notation]

Measures 4-7:
f
S1: Shout, shout, up with your song! Cry with the wing, for the dawn is break - ing;
S2: Long, long, we in the past, cow - ered in dread from the light of hea - ven.
A: Com - rades, ye who have dared one, First in the bat - tle to strive and sor - row,
Life, strife, these two are one, Nought can ye win but by faith and dar - ing;

Measures 8-11:
S1: March, march, sing you a - long, Wide blows our ban - ner, and hope is wa - king.
S2: Strong, strong, stand we at last, Fear - less in faith and with sight new - gi - ven.
A: Scorned, spurned, nought have ye cared, Rais - ing your eyes to a wi - der mor - row.
On, on that ye have done But for the work of to - day pre - par - ing.

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Produced in honor of the 2016 Women Composers Festival of Hartford