



Sarah Joy Polante Sy, soprano
John Cozza, piano

Texts by Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)

this is my letter to the world (*Too Few the Mornings Be*)
Will There Really Be A Morning?
at last, to be identified! (*The Faces of Love*)

Ricky Ian Gordon (b.1956)
Richard Hundley (1931-2018)
Jake Heggie (b.1961)

Texts by Langston Hughes (1902-1967)

Four Songs

1. In time of silver rain 2. Heart 3. Carolina Cabin 4. Lonely People

Jean Berger (1909-2002)

Genius Child - Selections

1. Genius Child 2. Strange Hurt

Ricky Ian Gordon

Heaven (*Finding Home*)

Ricky Ian Gordon

Run Away (*Finding Home*)

Music & Words: Ricky Ian Gordon

Animal Passion (*Natural Selection*)

Music & Words: Jake Heggie

The Girl in 14G

Music: Jeanine Tesori (b.1961); Lyrics: Dick Scanlon (b.1960)

INTERMISSION

FILIPINO COMPOSERS

Francisco Santiago (1889-1947)

Ano Kaya ang Kapalaran
Madaling Araw
Pakiusap

Tagalog

Nicanor Abelardo (1893-1934)

Pahimakas
Naku ... KENKOY!
Himutok

Tagalog

Ryan Cayabyab (b.1954)
Art Songs & Arrangements

Bituing Marikit (*Dakilang Punglo*)
Kundiman ng Luha
Kay Ganda ng Ating Musika

Nicanor Abelardo, arr. Cayabyab
Nicanor Abelardo, arr. Cayabyab
Music & Words: Ryan Cayabyab

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree of Master of Music in Performance.
Sarah Joy Polante Sy is a student of Professor Claudia Kitka.*

Sarah Joy Polante Sy, soprano

Master of Music in Performance Recital

Thursday, April 8, 2021, 7:00 pm

Notes, Texts, and Translations

Texts by Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)

Emily Dickinson wrote succinct inner thoughts within her hymnic style, often writing about daily thoughts and passing emotions. Rather conversational, her poetry holds focus on providing space in metaphysical thought within her word choices. Though most of her poems were published posthumously, her poems freely detailing an intimate view to daily life and feelings became famous. Her style contrasted with other nineteenth century poems for her short-form poems, and her poems became a great source of many musical settings.

this is my letter to the world (Too Few the Mornings Be)

Ricky Ian Gordon set a group of Emily Dickinson poems to create the song cycle that this song is a part of and wrote them for the renowned American soprano Renée Fleming. This is the start of the cycle, and the eerie tone sets both a peculiar uniqueness in portraying Dickinson's prose as well as for this program.

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.

Will There Really Be A Morning?

Will there really be a "Morning"?
Is there such a thing as "Day"?
Could I see it from the mountains
If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like Water lilies?
Has it feathers like a Bird?
Is it brought from famous countries

Of which I have never heard?

Oh some Scholar! Oh some Sailor!
Oh some Wise Men from the skies!
Please to tell a little Pilgrim
Where the place called "Morning" lies!

Will there really be a "Morning"?
Is there such a thing as "Day"?
Could I see it from the mountains
If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like Water lilies?
Has it feathers like a Bird?
Is it brought from famous places
Of which I have never heard?

Oh some Scholar! Oh some Sailor!
Oh some Wise Men from the skies!
Please to tell a little Pilgrim
Where the place called "Morning" lies.

at last, to be identified! (The Faces of Love)

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 were
Between our feet and Day!

Texts by Langston Hughes (1902-1967)

A prolific writer and one of the leading voices of the Harlem Renaissance, Langston Hughes wrote poems showcasing the dignity of ordinary black daily life. Publishing his first publication after high school, his words and their accessibility to the general public gave voice for other Black artists and writers to explore their own creative place within American literature. Greatly influenced by folk songs, fables, spirituals, and jazz, he incorporated rhythmic aspects in his vernacular meter. He combines both formal writing and oral traditions in his poems to create his free, direct style. His lyrically active word choices support the preservation of the ideas as a living entity, providing unique narrative tones in musical settings to them.

Four Songs by Jean Berger (1909-2002)

1. In time of silver rain

In time of silver rain
The earth
Puts forth new life again,
Green grasses grow
And flowers lift their heads,
And over all the plain
The wonder spreads
Of life!

In time of silver rain
The butterflies
Lift silken wings
To catch a rainbow cry,
And trees put forth
New leaves to sing
In joy beneath the sky
As down the roadway
 passing boys
And girls go singing, too,

In time of silver rain
When spring
And life are new.

2. Heart

Pierrot
Took his Heart
And Hung it
On a wayside wall.

He said,
"Look, Passers-by,
Here is my heart!"
But no one was curious.

No one cared at all
That there hung
Pierrot's heart
On the Public wall.

So Pierrot
Took his heart
And hid it
Far Away.

Now people wonder
Where his heart is
Today.

3. Carolina Cabin

There's hanging moss
And holly
And tall straight pine
About this little cabin
In the wood.

Inside
A crackling fire
Warm red wine
And youth and life
And laughter that is good

Outside
The world is gloomy
The winds of winter cold
As down the road
A wand'ring poet
Must roam

But here there's peace
And laughter
And love's old story told
Where two people
Make a home.

4. Lonely People

Lonely People
In the lonely night
Grab a lonely dream
And hold it tight.

Lonely People
In the lonely day
Work to salt
Their dream away.

Three Songs by Ricky Ian Gordon (b. 1956)

Genius Child

This is the song for the genius child.
Sing it softly, for the song is wild.
Sing it softly as ever you can—
Lest the song get out of hand.

Nobody loves a genius child.

Can you love an eagle,
Tame or wild?

Wild or tame,
Can you love a monster
Of frightening name?

Nobody loves a genius child.

Kill him—and let his soul run wild!

Strange Hurt

In times of stormy weather
She felt queer pain
That said,
“You’ll find rain better
Than shelter from the rain.”

Days filled with fiery sunshine
Strange hurt she knew
That made
Her seek the burning sunlight
Rather than the Shade.

In months of snowy winter
Where cozy houses hold,
She’d knock down doors
To wander naked
In the cold.

Heaven (*Finding Home*)

Heaven is the place where
Happiness is ev’rywhere.

Animals and birds sing,
as does ev’rything.

To each stone,
“How-do-you-do?”
Stone answers back,
“Well, and you?”

Heaven is the place where
Happiness is ev’rywhere.

Heaven.

*Composers also often write lyrics to their music. Utilizing repetition, word-painting, and syllabic distributions much like musically setting poems, their lyrics also become poems. The songs below showcase just how deeply, dramatically and emotionally provocative these lyrics can be. Additionally, this section showcases a couple of uniqueness in the development of a piece in recent times. For example, **Run Away**'s concept was conceived due to Ricky Ian Gordon's emotional response to put to words his feelings at the time, eventually debuting it in a pub. **The Girl in 14G** was created for Kristin Chenoweth to highlight both her centers in classical and musical theatre genres. If anything, this section provides an insight into how diverse music and the formation of songs can be.*

Run Away by Ricky Ian Gordon

Somebody just ran away with my heart.
Somebody just ran away.
Somebody took all the roses and tore them apart.
Run away.

Somebody just ran away with my soul.
Somebody just ran away.
Capture him quick, with a heart and a soul that he stole. Run away.

Somebody needed to act like a fool.
Somebody felt they would die.
Somebody wanted to go,
but they couldn't say why.
Somebody had to be careless and cruel.
Somebody else had to cry.
Run away. Somebody please run away.

Somebody just ran away with the moon.
Somebody just ran away.
Somebody ran with the knife,
and the fork, and the spoon. Run away.

Somebody just ran away with the stars.
Somebody just ran away.
Shot them away as if they were
just headlights on cars. Run away.

Somebody left like they'd never been there.
Somebody else stayed behind.
Somebody had to drive somebody
out of their mind.

Somebody dared to pretend that they cared.
Somebody had to be blind. Run away.

Somebody please run away.

Animal Passion (*Natural Selection*) by Jake Heggie

Fierce as a bobcat's spring
with start-up speeds of sixty miles per hour
I want a lover to sweep me off my feet
And slide me into the gutter
Without the niceties of small talk, roses
Or champagne!

I mean business,
I want whiskey,
I want to be swallowed whole.
I want tiles to spring off of walls
When we enter hotel rooms
Or afternoon apartments.
I won't pussyfoot around responsibility
"shoulds" and "oughts" are out for good.

Ah! And I don't want to be
A fat, domestic cat.
I want to be frantic,
Yowls and howls that sound like
The lion house at feeding time.
I don't give a damn who hears,
I don't give a damn!

No discreet eavesdroppers' coughs
Can stop us in our frenzy.
Let the voyeurs voient
And let the great cats(ssss)
Come.

The Girl in 14G by Jeanine Tesori & Dick Scanlon

Just moved in to Fourteen "G,"
So cozy, calm and peaceful.
Heaven for a mouse like me

With quiet by the leaseful.
Pets are banned, parties too,
And no solicitations.
Window seat with garden view—
A perfect nook to read a book.
I'm lost in my Jane Austen when I hear—"AH!"

Say it isn't so
Not the flat below
From an opera wannabe in Thirteen "G,"
A matinee of some cantata,
Wagner's Ring and Traviata.

My first night in Fourteen "G,"
I'll put up with Puccini.
Brew myself a cup of tea,
Crochet until she's *fini**
Half-past eight,
Not a peep except the clock tick tockin'.
Now I lay me down to sleep—
A comfy bed to rest my head
A stretch, a yawn ; I'm almost gone, then:

"Doo wee zwah doo tah dup,
Doo spee-di-lee floy doy bee blip.

Nah-nah-nah-nah-nah,
Nah-nah-nah-nah-nah, wooweeee!"

Now the girl upstairs wakes me unawares.
Blowin' down from Fifteen "G," her reveille
She's scattin' like her name is Ella—
Guess who answers acapella?

Zoot-doo-doot. Floy doy" "Ah!"

I'm not one to raise my voice,
Make a fuss or speak my mind, but...
Might a query—? Would you mind if—
Could you kindly *stop*?*
Oh, that felt good. *STOP!**

Thirteen, Fifteen, Fourteen "G!"
A most unlikely trio!
Not quite three part harmony
All day all night, we're singin':

"Zoot do doot floy doy a zee bop boo doo
boy ta boy"

"Stop!"
"Ahhh!"

Had my fill of peace and quiet,
Shout out loud, I've changed my diet
all because of Fourteen "G!"

INTERMISSION

FILIPINO COMPOSERS

Francisco Santiago (1889-1947)

Francisco Santiago was born in Santa Maria, Bulacan, Philippines to a music-loving family on January 29, 1889. Though not well off, he pursued his studies in piano and became a piano instructor in 1916 when the University of the Philippines Conservatory of Music was established. Though his most notable piece, "Kundiman (Anak-Dalita)" was sung upon request by King Alfonso XIII before the royal court in Spain in 1917, he is widely known for redefining the kundiman¹ song form into its current art-song status in the Philippines with his numerous kundiman compositions. He became director of the U.P. Conservatory of Music from 1930 to 1946, and became U.P Emeritus Professor of Piano in 1946.

Ano Kaya ang Kapalaran

Dito sa mundo'y walang kasing tamis
Gaya ng umawit ng sariling himig.
Bawat taginting ang wika'y pag-ibig
Siyang humahabi ng pusong nagiliw.

Mahirap nga palang umirog.
Sinta'y dalhin-dalhing may lunos
Araw gabi ang puso
Ang tibok ay siphayo,

Ano kaya ang kapalaran
Ng aba't imbing lagay
Asahan mo't di palad
Kakamtan mo'y saklap!

Madaling Araw!!!

Irog ko'y dinggin ang tibok ng puso
Sana'y damdamin hirap ng sumuyo.
Manong itunghay ang matang mapungay;
Na siyang tanging ilaw ng buhay kong papanaw

Sa gitna ng kadimlan magmadaling araw ka
At ako ay lawitan ng habag at pagsinta.
Kung ako'y mamamatay sa lungkot niaring buhay
Lumapit ka lang at mabubuhay.

At kung magkagayon mutya
Mapalad na ang buhay ko
Magdaranas ako ng t'wa ng dahil sa iyo
Madaling araw ka sinta
Liwanag ko't tanglaw
Halina irog ko, At mahalín mo ako.

Mutya'y mapalad na ang buhay ko
Ng dahilan sa ganda mo.
Liwayway ng puso ko't tanglaw
Halina irog ko, At mahalín mo ako.

Manungaw ka liyag ilaw ko't pangarap
At madaling araw na!

What is to be my fate?

There is nothing sweeter in this world
Than to sing one's own melody.
Each resounding word is with love
He weaves a heart so charmed.

How hard it is to love.
Please show compassion soon, darling,
Day and Night, within my heart
It beats in frustration.

What is to be my fate ahead
of my state of humble living? Do not expect luck to fall
into the palm of your hand
For you will only achieve bitterness!

Dawn!!!

Listen, my beloved, to the beating of my heart.
I long for you to feel the hardships of my longing.
Elder brother, look at their tender eyes;
For theirs are the only light in my fading life.

In the heart of darkness, let your dawn rise.
And I will be uplifted in your mercy and passion.
If I were to die of sorrow within this life,
You alone near me will keep me alive.

And should we ever be together, my beloved,
My life will be blessed.
I will be delighted because of you.
You are my dawn, my love;
My light that shines brightly as a torch;
Come now, my beloved, And love me.

I am so lucky and my life is inspired now
For you have graced me with your beauty.
With the dawn of my heart and my torch,
Come now, my love, And love me.

Look, my darling, my light, my reverie,
For the dawn has already risen!

¹ A *kundiman* is a genre of traditional Filipino songs that primarily convey topics of love and its varying degrees. While it is traditionally utilized for serenading and preserving the history of courtship traditions, its emergence as an art song in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries blended both poetry and music in equal parts to broaden the usage of *kundimans* as songs of patriotism and love for one's country.

Pakiusap

Natutulog ka man irog ko matimtiman
Tunghayan mo man lamang ang magpapaalam
Dahan-dahan mutya; buksan mo ang bintana
Tanawin mo't kahaban ang sa iyo'y nagmamahal.

Kung sakalima't salat sa yama't pangarap
May isang sumpang wagas ang aking paglingap
Pakiusap ko sa iyo kaawaan mo ako
Kahit mamatay pagibig ko'y minsan lamang.
Iniibig kita magpakaylan paman.

I beg you

While you are sleeping, my fervent love,
Only look out to one who bids farewell.
Be careful, my muse; open you window.
Look down and have pity on me who loves you.

If you are in need of dreams or wealth,
I swear to faithfully take care of you.
I beg you to have mercy on me.
Even if I die, I will love you alone.
I will love you forever.

Nicanor Abelardo (1893-1934)

Born in San Miguel de Mayumo and into a artistic family, Bulacan, Nicanor Abelardo started learning music on the guitar at the age of six. Well-known as a haranista², he came across a piano and became interested in composing through it. He attended the University of the Philippines Conservatory of Music as a composition major, continued studying in Chicago under Wesley LaViolette, and returned to Manila to teach at the Conservatory of Music as a professor of composition. He, along with Francisco Santiago, are known to be the "Fathers of the Kundiman" as they helped redefine the song form to its current art-song status.

Pahimakas

Umaga na, nag aawitan ang ibon sa parang
Ang kasawian ko'y pinag-uusapan.
Ay! Wala na, Hanggang mag umaga'y
Ayaw kapang manungaw.

Paalam na Irog, Kung di ma iniibig
Ng nabubuhay pa ang bangkay ko man lamang
kaawaan mo na.

Ako'y paalam na,
Hindi ko malaman ang patutunguhan
Ako'y na paalam,
Hindi ko . . . Kung ako ay daratal

Sa luksang libingan kung ako ay daratal
Sa luksang libingan kung di na magbalik
lyong ipalagay na ako'y wala na. Paalam, paalam.

Kung sa tapat ninyo Magdaan ang bangkay
Makipag libing ka Ikaw ay umilaw.

Ako'y ipagdasal
Paalam,
Ay! Paalam.

Testament

Morning has come with birdsongs filling the air.
They sing of my desolation. Ah, you are gone!
As the morning has arrived
So you have not returned.

Farewell, my love! For you do not return my love
Though I live, I am but a corpse;
May you find pity upon my lifelessness.

I bid you farewell, I no longer know where to go
I will take my leave now,
I no longer know where to go
Or if I will survive.

Should I find myself in my grave,
And from my grave, I will not return,
You must know that I am no more. Farewell.

If you are honest, Pass by my corpse,
Hold a funeral And light a candle for me.

I pray for you.
Farewell,
Ah! Farewell.

² A performer who would often help friends in serenading other people to be in their favor. This was mostly for early courtship practices, but *haranas*, serenades, were also sung normally for love songs.

Naku ... KENKOY!

Francisco "Kenkoy" Harabas is the main character of the weekly strip comic Mga Kabalbalan ni Kenkoy (The Misadventures of Kenkoy) by writer Romualdo Ramos and cartoonist illustrator Tony Velasquez in 1929. Known for wearing a baggy pair of pants, suspenders, flattened hair, and his ukulele, he is described as a reckless, funny, and ludicrous portrait of the Filipino trying to adopt more American trends. He quickly became a pop icon for his pidgin speaking and jokester tricks. Nicanor Abelardo felt inclined to create this setting about Kenkoy to further appreciate both the character and the culture around comic strips in the Philippines.

Naku ... KENKOY!

Kahit saan ka naroon
Sa bayan man o nayon
Ang lagi mong kasalubong
Ay ang maharot na Kenkoy.
Hayan siya umuugong
Ang maluung na pantalon
At hayan parang ulol
Habang daa'y umuungol.

Aruy! Naku! Kenkoy!
Hoy! Hey! Sh!

Pati noo'y inahit na
Kilos lakad ay nagiba
Habang daa'y kumakanta
Ng ingles na walang letra
(May ukulele pa)
Batiin mo kumusta ka?
At ang sagot, tingnan mo ba!
"Hey! Tagalog mi no habla"
Ay naku, naku Kenkoy.

At si Kenkoy ay popular
Sa lahat ng handaan
Ukelele'y tangan-tangan
Handa mo'y inaawitan
Hayan siya sumasayaw
Katawa'y anong gaslaw
Sumasabog ang laway
Walang tigil ng pag-ungal.
Hoy! Kenkoy!

Oh dear,...Kenkoy!

Wherever you may be,
Whether in the city or village,
You will always find this rowdy Kenkoy.
There he is, humming along
His ill-fitting pants billowing loosely
and there he is, like a fool
With his footsteps smacking loudly
on the road.

Ouch! Oh dear! Kenkoy!
Hey you! Hey! Sh!

Even with his forehead shaved,
He ambles and gestures
While singing out on the roadside
In English, though foreign with no real words.
(Though he has his ukulele!)
Greet him and ask how he is
And he'll reply—you'll see it for yourself!
"Hey! I speak no Tagalog"
Oh dear, Oh God, Kenkoy.

Kenkoy is also popular
At all the parties
With his ukulele in his hands,
He'll sing amidst the celebration
There he is now dancing,
Making people laugh and flirting around.
His spit flying from his lips
As he endlessly bellows.
Hey! Kenkoy!

Himutok

Dib-dib ko'y tumanggap ng matinding sakit
Sanhi sa pagsinta't wagas na pagibig.
Puso ko'y lunod na sa dagsa ng hapis
Saan kukuha pa ng pagtitiis?

Gayon iyong alam na wala nang lunas
Sa hirap kong ito kung 'di ang iyong habag
Ano't natutuwang iyo pangmamalas
Mga mapapait na luhang nanatak!

Oh giliw ko't aking mutya,
Nasaan ang iyong awa?
Di na makaya pang bathin,
Ang dulot mong hilahil;

Bigyan mo ng pag-asa
Pusong sumisinta!

My heart has been dealt a mighty blow
For I have loved so endlessly, deeply, and freely,
My heart is drowning in the waves of despair.
Where shall I gather my strength to bear it all?

You alone know the only cure
to my suffering, is your clemency.
Yet, you remain the same, even delighted.
Oh, how my tears fall bitterly

Oh, my Beloved, the Muse of my Heart,
Where is your mercy?
I can no longer take it,
The anguish that you put me through;

Console me with hope towards me,
My heart, who only knows to love you.

Ryan Cayabyab (b. 1954)

Born in Santa Cruz, Manila, Philippines on May 4, 1954, Ryan Cayabyab was one of four children . Often accompanying his mother for her work at the University of Philippines College of Music, he was often taught and brought into music rehearsals by his mother. He got involved with the university's Philippine Madrigal Singers and eventually earned a Bachelor of Music, Music Theory in 1983. He immediately became a full-time composition and music theory professor at the University of the Philippines, Diliman for almost twenty years.

As a music director, conductor, and accompanist, he has performed in throughout the United States in places like Carnegie Hall, throughout most of Southeast Asia, Australia, the Netherlands, Germany, France, Spain, Japan—with some as royal command performances. He continues to be an influential figure in television, theater, and cultural achievements such as soundtracks and themes for many variety shows, TV Patrol news, Miss Universe, and the Southeast Asian Games (SEA Games). In 2018, Ryan Cayabyab was given the title of National Artist of the Philippines for his contribution to Filipino music. In 2019, he was presented the Ramon Magsaysay Award for his exemplary representation in unifying people through music.

In Ryan Cayabyab's arrangements, he provides a subtle driving sense of urgency to the more lushly-ornamented arrival to the major key than in the original compositions, illustrating a more modern, romantic sound reminiscent of film scores of the 1950s. Set as piano-vocal songs in their original form, these arrangements differ slightly from their originals as the dynamics shift from accompaniment and singer to a closer two-voice equality as the vocal and piano melodic lines interact more with each other, providing a more intimate feeling of conversation between the two.

Bituing Marikit (Dakilang Punglo)

"Bituin Marikit" was originally composed by Nicanor Abelardo in 1926 within his sarswela³, Dakilang Punglo, with librettist Servando de los Angeles. Written while he was sobering up after a party in a Japanese-run coffee shop on Rizal Avenue, Manila, and meant to be sung the next evening, this kundiman turned into the most memorable song within the three-act sarswela. This kundiman was written in a danza, primarily in a habañera rhythm, and helps in describing the singer's yearning and unrequited love as the song fluctuates between F minor and F major keys. This kundiman spear-headed the sarswela into popularity and eventually became more popular than its associated sarswela to be included within its movie, "Bituin Marikit" in 1937 and part of standard kundiman repertoires today.

Bituing Marikit

Bituing marikit sa gabi ng buhay
Ang bawat kislap mo'y ligaya ang taglay
Yaring aking palad iyong patnubayan
At kahit na sinag, ako'y bahaginan.

Natanim sa puso ko yaong isang pag-ibig
Napinakasamba sa loob ng dibdib
Sa iyong luningning, laging nasasabik
Ikaw ang pangarap, Bituing marikit.

Lapitan mo ako, halina bituin
Ating pag-isahin ang mga damdamin
Ang sabik kong diwa'y huwag mong uhawin
Sa batis na iyong wagas na pag-giliw.

Resplendent Star

Resplendent star, within Life's night,
With each shimmer, you emit great joy
May you guide my humbly offered hands and
grant even the slightest of beams toward me.

Within my heart is a deeply-sowed love,
You are most worshipped within my heart's shrine,
I am filled with joy for a glimpse of your brilliance,
You are my vivid dream, Beautiful Star.

Come to me, please, draw near my Star
And let us unite in holding our love closely
Let my eager soul not thirst
By the everlasting stream of your affection.

¹ A *sarswela* is a play consisting of songs and dances that portray primarily love among characters with that address social, political, economic, or cultural issues in favor of interest. This specific type of play was developed from Spanish influence and is closely related to the Spanish *Zarzuela* in that it also combines dance with both popular vernacular and Western classical music styles.

Kundiman ng Luha

Paraluman sa pinto ng 'yong dibdib
Isang puso ay narito humihibik
Kaluluwang luksang-luksa at may sakit
Pagbuksan mo't damayan kahit saglit.

Tingn'iyaring matang buhay bumubukal
Humihinigi ng awa mo't pagmamaha.
Damhin mo rin ang dibdib kong
namamanglaw,
Yaring puso sa pagsinta'y mamamatay. Ay!

Ilaglag mo ang panyo mong may pabango
Papahiram ko ang luha ng puso ko.
Ah! Pag-ibig kung ang "Oo" mo ay matamo
Hanggang sa hukay magkasama
Ikaw at ako!

Song of Tears

Fairest of Muses, painted upon your breast
A heart that lays here weeping
A soul in the most grievous of mournings,
Open yourself and mourn with me for a while.

Look upon these eyes springing with tears,
Pleading for your mercy and love.
Suffer with me for there is an inner
melancholy,
A heart created from a dying love. Ah!

Please let your perfumed kerchief fall
So that I may use it to wipe my heart's tears.
Ah! Love, if your eyes were only to say, "yes",
'Til I am no more, we shall be together,
You and I!

Kay Ganda ng Ating Musika

Magmula no'ng ako'y natutong umawit
Naging makulay ang aking munting daigdig
Tila ilog pala ang paghimig

Kung malalim, damdami'y pag-ibig
Kung umapaw, ang kaluluwa't tinig
Ay sadyang nanginginig

Magmula no'ng ako'y natutong umawit
Bawat sandali'y aking pilit mabatid
Ang himig na maituturing atin
Mapupuri pagka't bukod-tangi
'Di marami ang 'di magsasabing
Heto na't inyong dinggin

Kay ganda ng ating musika
Ito ay atin, sariling atin
At sa habang-buhay, awitin natin
Kay ganda ng ating musika
Ito ay atin
Sariling atin

Magmula no'ng ako'y natutong umawit
Nagkabuhay muli ang aking paligid
Ngayong batid ko na ang umibig
Sa sariling tugtugin o himig
Sa isang makata'y maririnig
Mga titik, nagsasabing

Kay ganda ng ating musika
Ito ay atin, sariling atin
Kay ganda ng ating musika
Ito ay atin, sariling atin
At sa habang-buhay, awitin natin
Ito ay atin, sariling atin

Kay ganda ng ating musika

How Beautiful , Our Music Translated by Krina Cayabyab

Ever since I learned how to sing
My small world became colorful
Singing a tune seems like a river
As it runs deep, it is like being in love
When it overflows, the soul and the voice

Are meant to resonate
Ever since I learned how to sing
Every moment I yearn to understand
The tune that we can call ours
Praiseworthy for its uniqueness
Only a few would not say
Here it is, listen

How Beautiful, Our Music
How Beautiful, Our Music
This is ours, inherently ours
And for all our life let us sing
How Beautiful, Our Music
How Beautiful, Our Music
This is ours, inherently ours

Ever since I learned how to sing
Everything around became full of life again
Now that I know how to love
What I call my own music or tune
From a poet you will hear
The words saying:

How Beautiful, Our Music
How Beautiful, Our Music
This is ours, inherently ours
And for all our life let us sing
How Beautiful, Our Music
How Beautiful, Our Music
This is ours, inherently ours

How Beautiful is Our Music.