From The Song of Songs

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-Williamson

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From the Song of Songs

12
cur - tains, of So - lo - mon.

14
I have stripped off my dress; Must I put it on again?

16
I have washed my feet; Must I soil them again?

18
Who am I, rising as the
dawn? Fair as the moon?

Clear as the sun? Terrible as an army with

Tell me, whom my soul loves.

tell me, where will you lead your flock?


28

Where will you rest at noon?

30

meno mosos e quasi improviso, con rubato a piacere

32

I am black, but comely, daughters of Jerusalem.

35

ritardando e diminuendo al fine

circa 3' 00“
My Love

From the Song of Songs

1. My love, my love, you are wholly beautiful.
2. My love, my love, you are wholly beautiful, love.
3. My love, my love, you are wholly beautiful, love.
4. My love, my love, you are wholly beautiful, love.
5. My love, my love, you are wholly beautiful, love.
6. My love, my love, you are wholly beautiful, love.
7. My love, my love, you are wholly beautiful, love.
8. My love, my love, you are wholly beautiful, love.
9. My love, my love, you are wholly beautiful, love.
10. My love, my love, you are wholly beautiful, love.
From the Song of Songs

13

heart with a single one of your glances.

16

molti ritardando \( \cdot \cdot \cdot \cdot \cdot \cdot \cdot \)

Your lips are as a

19

thread of scarlet, scarlet, a thread of scarlet,

22

Honey and milk are under your tongue, honey and milk.
From the Song of Songs

25

The scent of your garments is the scent of Lebanon and of cedar.

28

molti ritardando

Wholly beautiful, my love.

31

= 50

My love, my love, you are wholly beautiful, my love.

34

simile

beautiful, my love.
Love, my love.

My love, my love.

circa 2'15"
I am sick with love

While I slept by night on my bed,

my heart was a-wake.

dreamed that my love had turned a-way and gone by.

I rose and went through the city among the streets and through the broad
ways. I rose and went through the city, among the streets.

I sought him, whom my soul loves;

I sought him but did not find him.

I called to him, but he gave no answer.
To the watch-men, 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 Jea-
From the Song of Songs

36

ru-sa-lem, if you should see my love, tell him that I am sick with love.

39

ritardando

While I slept by night on my bed, my heart was a__

42

come prima

While I slept by night on my bed, my heart was a__

45

w​ake. I dreamed that my love__
had turned a-way, and gone by.

I found him, I held him and would not let him go.

While I slept...
From the Song of Songs

Return!

My love is mine, and I am his; he delights in the delights.

Before the dawn wind rises, before the shadows flee, return!

Return!
From the Song of Songs

14

turn, and be my love, ______ as the gazelle, the young stag ______ on the

17

hills of Bet-ter, ______ where the cin-na-mon grows.

20

My love is mine, and I am

24

poco ritardando

his; I am his, I am his.

c. 1’40”
A Seal Upon Your Heart

\[ q = 84 \]

From the Song of Songs

\[ \frac{d}{4} = 84 \text{ con rubato a piacere} \]

5. "ritardando espressivo a tempo"

Set me as a seal upon your heart;

Close your heart to ev'ry love but

mine. Set me as a seal upon your arms;
From the Song of Songs

17

— hold no one in your arms,— hold no one in your arms—

21

— but me.— Hold no one in your arms

25

ritardando

arms but me.— For

30

a tempo

love is as strong as death:— for
love is as strong as death;

passion relentless as the grave.

Passion, relentless as the grave.

It bursts into flames, and burns...
bursts. It burns and burns——

as the raging fire—— For

many waters cannot quench love——

Neither can the floods drown it——
Many waters cannot quench love.

Neither can the floods drown it.

Love is strong as death.

ritardando espressivo
Set me as a seal up on your heart; Close your heart_

_ to ev'-ry love_ but mine. Set me as a

seal up on your arms; hold no one in your arms,

_ hold no one in your arms_ but me.

From the Song of Songs
From the Song of Songs

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 soil them again?
Who am I, rising as the dawn?
I have washed my feet;
Must I put it on again?
I rose and went through the city,
Tell me, you whom my soul loves,
To the watchmen, I said,
"Have you seen him, whom my soul loves?"
They smote me; they wounded me.
I dreamed that my love had turned away,
"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,
"Have you seen him, whom my soul loves?"
They smote me; they wounded me.
I dreamed that my love had turned away,
And gone by.
I found him; I held him and
Would not let him go.

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,
"Have you seen him, whom my soul loves?"
They smote me; they wounded me.
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;
It bursts into flames, and burns
As the raging fire.
For many waters cannot quench love.
Neither can the floods drown it.

The young stag
On the hills of Beter,
Where the cinnamon grows.

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circa 4'00"