

SISTERS

INVOCATION

(San Jose, California, is represented by the choir of children :)

SAN JOSE, CA: Help me, my sisters, help me;

I am afraid.

An Eastern wind blows fire across my mountains

Day has disappeared

Confused, the birds fly screeching from their nests;

They leave behind their tiny young

With open, gaping mouths

And silent cries of doom.

Help me, my sisters, help me - I am afraid;

Heal me - I am angry;

Comfort me - I am alone.

VERACRUZ, MEXICO

Little one, you are young -

Right now you are afraid,

But you are not alone.

Just look at my people - my land - my home:

Troubles beset us,

But they've come and gone.

The Spanish, the French and Americans, too,

Have occupied Veracruz -

But here's what we do:

DANZÓN!

Let the rhythm take your cares away

DANZÓN!

Feel the beat and let your body sway

DANZÓN!

In the plaza every night and day

DANZÓN! DANZÓN! DANZÓN! DANZÓN!

DANZÓN! (*short instrumental riff*)

Every night Veracruz comes alive with noise.

It's a scandal-dance everyone enjoys.

It may be suggestive, but its found its place in

Every city, every plaza, every person, every race.

DANZÓN!

What the Cubans brought to Veracruz

DANZÓN!

In America it's all the news

DANZÓN!

It's a rhythm that invades your shoes

DANZÓN! DANZÓN! DANZÓN! DANZÓN!
DANZÓN! (*short instrumental riff*)
Let the flutes, let the violins
Lift your spirit like a warm, soft wind.
What began in Cuba, sailed across the sea,
Came to Veracruz where it's wild and free?
DANZÓN!
Sends you strolling down the malecón
DANZÓN!
All Jarochos feel it in their bones
DANZÓN!
Try it, little one, to right your wrongs:
DANZÓN! DANZÓN! DANZÓN! DANZÓN!
DANZÓN!

YEKATERINBERG, RUSSIA

SOLO WOMAN: Enough, sister! Enough cheer!
These are times of sadness -
Times of fear -

I was beautiful and pure -
Rising from the Ural mountains,
Resting on the Iset River.
Jewels glittered
On the cutting tables of my merchants -
My fame, it seemed, would never end...
But then - one moon-dark night
It all began...

MEN'S CHORUS: "It must be done at night"
"Tis midnight, wake them now!
The guns are loaded, soldiers wait,
'Tis midnight, wake them now!"

WOMAN: Daughters followed mother
From the attic prison down.
Father has the little Czar who hardly makes a sound.\

SOLO CHILD: "Father, am I sleeping?
What will happen now?
Mother, are you weeping?
Are those tears on sister's brow?"

MEN'S CHORUS: "'Tis midnight" hurry now!
Musn't wake the town
Musn't cause a row."

SOLO CHILD: "Look at all those soldiers,
Are those weapons in their hands?"

Look at all their faces -
Do they want our royal lands?"
MEN'S CHORUS: " 'Tis midnight, get it done!
'Tis midnight, kill them now!"
(seven gunshots)
SOLO WOMAN: 'Though years have passed, I hear it still -
Children's voices every midnight
Up and down these sullen halls.
ALL WOMEN: 'Tis midnight, now my sleep is gone -
'Tis midnight, pray for dawn -
'Tis midnight in this gloomy place -
'Tis always midnight in my home.

DUBLIN:

War!
Rage!
Anger!
Ale!
(A snappy fiddle tune represents Dublin)
Kill the Danes, the brash invaders!
Kill the men from foreign lands!
Sink their boats, let none go homeward!
Smash their helmets! Crush their hands!
Then drink to the land of the shamrock green,
Drink to the lads and the young colleens,
Drink to the fight that is to be!
Whiskey for you! and Guinness for me! *(Fiddle music)*
Fighting stopped the Act of Union;
Freedom was our fair intent.
We would battle all who'd try
To kill our Irish parliament!
Then drink to the land of the shamrock green,
Drink to the lads and the young colleens,
Drink to the one we love the most -
God save Ireland - that's an Irish toast!

Dear Erin, how gently thy green bosom rises,
An emerald set in the ring of the sea.
Each blade of thy meadows my faithful heart prizes;
Thou Queen of the West, thou "cushla-ma-chree".
So drink to the land of the shamrock green,
Drink to the lads and the young colleens,
Drink to the land that we love the most;
to Erin, our island, we raise our toast!

SAN JOSE, COSTA RICA:

War and rage get you nothing.
Anger and hatred can only bring more.
“Quedando bien” is what we have learned.

SJ, CA: “Quedando bien” - what is that sister?

SAN JOSE, CR: Each man with everyone must get along -
This is the good “Tico” way;
We are a country without any soldiers,
Instead we have teachers and children at play.

SJ, CA: No bombs?

SAN JOSE, CR: No tanks, no troops on display...

SJ, CA: No blood is spilled?

SAN JOSE, CR: No one's killed...

SJ, CA: No sangre?

SAN JOSE, CR: Even our bulls are spared in the fray;
“Convivencia” is what “Ticos” all say.

Our land is a paradise – so much here:
Tropical forests, exotic birds,
Misty mountains, bubbling volcanos,
Wild rushing rivers.
We live with civility, without fear
In the “a la Tica” atmosphere;
Our government is neutral
And keeps us safe
From tyranny, strife,
And though they always are near:
It is peace that we strive for;
Peace we have died for;
May Costa Rica always be free!

SAN JOSE, CA:

The Eastern winds have changed our lives:
The night-sky weeps.
'Tho our land was founded on Jesuits' faith,
Our beliefs are shaken to the core.
Tell me, my sister, tell me
How can we trust again?
How to find peace?
Our technologies are great!
Our wealth and power increase,
But they can't heal our wounds.
Help me, Heal me!

OKAYAMA:

All of us can heal
Hiroshima Prefecture
lies just to our West...

Remember that name?
Today it has recovered
and bustles about.

We have all suffered;
But be comforted and know
Your sisters are near.

We are all alike:
Culture, beauty, commerce, trade
Unite us as one.

Rituals can heal;
Take a new tradition on:
Honor what has passed.

Have a Matsuri
Put your candles into boats;
Float them out to sea.

Though they soon will sink,
They will take this message strong:
We will not forget.

Celebrate your land;
'Though technology is good,
It cannot bring peace.

TAINAN

Tainan began as the ancient ones ran
From repression and hardship for woman and man.
Dreaming of paradise,
Searching for better lives,
Boarding the boats that would sail to Tainan.

Tainan – a city of hard-working people,
A city whose plan for the future is full
Of energy, industry, productivity,
Balanced with careful sensitivity.

Here we've found a future bright-
Where we're free like birds in flight.
Now we work for what is ours:
Highways, mountains, trees and flowers.

Tainan a haven of free enterprise
Marketing skills that we capitalize
Producing machinery, metals and foods,
Most of your now are enjoying our goods.

Tainan's rich with cultural heritage,
To our sisters, we offer to build a bridge
Founded on friendship, sturdy as steel,
Enduring as long as the love we feel.

Our self-government's a right
Needed like the dark needs light;
We respect our island land
Ruled her by our own hands.

PUNE

CHOIR:

Punaka Wadi...
Punaka Desha...
Punak...Punaka...
Punya...Pune...

PUNE(mezzo solo): You have called me
and I am here...

SAN JOSE, CA (*Children's choir*)

Why do you have so many names?

PUNE: Because I am old.
I have existed for
A hundred thousand years;
Millions of footprints
Have worn smooth my stones.
I bear the fingerprints of ancient man.

SAN JOSE, CA: Pune?
Can you help me?
Can you heal my wounds?

CHOIR: Punaka Wadi

PUNE: That is my name

CHOIR: Punaka Desha

PUNE: I am also called

CHOIR: Punak Punaka

PUNE: Yes, that as well

I am the spiritual reward
for those who bring goodness to the world

SAN JOSE, CA: How can I do good
to those who would destroy me?

CHOIR: Punak, Punaka
Punya Pune

PUNE: We have all suffered CHOIR: Punaka wadi
We have all felt joy Punaka desha
Fear and Pain
Joy and sorrow
All are one

CHOIR: It was here in Pune
Our great Shivage
Became a great warrior
It was here in Pune
He found his first fighters
And freed us from three thousand years
Of foreign rule.
Many died, but peace was won.
Pune, Pu-na-ka
Punya, Pune
Punaka Wadi
Punaka Desha

PUNE: Many died, but peace was won
Shivage, the hero,
Your name will live in our hearts.

