

# Portraits of a Father

Music by Fran Daniel Laucerica | Texts by Kobayashi Issa, Ludvig Holstein, Yehuda Amichai

## TEXT

### *I. With my father . . .*

With my father  
I would watch dawn  
over green fields

### *II. Father, where do the wild swans go?*

Father, where do the wild swans go?  
Far, far. Ceaselessly winging,  
Their necks outstraining, they haste them singing  
Far, far. Whither, none may know.  
Father, where do the cloud-ships go?  
Far, far. The winds pursue them,  
And over the shining heaven strew them  
Far, far. Whither, none may know.  
Father, where do the days all go?  
Far, far. Each runs and races -  
No one can catch them, they leave no traces -  
Far, far. Whither, none may know.  
But father, we - where do we then go?  
Far, far. Our dim eyes veiling,  
With bended head we go sighing, wailing,  
Far, far. Whither, none may know.

### *III. Pater Noster (Our Father)*

Pater noster qui es in coelis:  
sanctificétur nomen tuum:  
Advéniat regnum tuum:  
Fiat volúntas tua, sicut in coelo, et in terra.  
Panem nostram quotidianum da nobis hodie:  
Et dimitte nobis débita nostra,  
sicut et nos dimittimus debitóribus nostris.  
Et ne nos indúcas in tentatiónem.  
Sed libera nos a malo. Amen

### *IV. The memory of my father*

The memory of my father is wrapped up in  
white paper, like sandwiches taken for a day at  
work.

Just as a magician takes towers and rabbits  
out of his hat, he drew love from his small body,

and the rivers of his hands  
overflowed with good deeds.

## NOTES

Portraits of a Father explores different incarnations of the roles of father and child through a combination of clear and obscure connections which serve to express a sense of universality. Fatherhood is a multifaceted role which is not easily shaped into a clear-cut outline, but rather specific to the individual. In this sense, fatherhood is less of a matter of genetics and more of a matter of constancy. Like many, I've had several fathers in my life and I believe that through this piece, I honor all of them.