

Texts and Translations

June 1, 2024

"I Am In Need Of Music"..... Elizabeth Bishop

I am in need of music that would flow
Over my fretful, feeling fingertips,
Over my bitter-tainted, trembling lips,
With melody, deep, clear, and liquid-slow.

Oh, for the healing swaying, old and low,
Of some song sung to rest the tired dead,
A song to fall like water on my head,
And over quivering limbs, dream flushed to glow!

There is a magic made by melody:
A spell of rest, and quiet breath, and cool
Heart, that sinks through fading colors deep
To the subaqueous stillness of the sea,
And floats forever in a moon-green pool,
Held in the arms of rhythm and of sleep.

The Music of Living. Music by Dan Forrest

Author of the text is Anonymous

Giver of life, Creator of all that is lovely,
Teach me to sing the words to your song.

I want to feel the music of living;
And not fear the sad songs
But from them make new songs
Composed of both laughter and tears.

Giver of life, Creator of all that is lovely,
Teach me to dance to the sounds of your world.

I want to move in rhythm with your plan.
Help me to follow your leading,
To risk even falling,
To rise and keep trying,
For you are leading the dance.

Giver of life, Creator of all that is lovely,
Teach me to sing the words to your song.

"Touched by An Angel"..... Maya Angelou

We, unaccustomed to courage
exiles from delight
live coiled in shells of loneliness
until love leaves its high holy temple
and comes into our sight
to liberate us into life.

Love arrives
and in its train come ecstasie
sold memories of pleasure
ancient histories of pain.
Yet if we are bold,
love strikes away the chains of fear
from our souls.

We are weaned from our timidity
In the flush of love's light
we dare be brave
And suddenly we see
that love costs all we are
and will ever be.
Yet it is only love
which sets us free.

I Will Be Earth. Music by Gwyneth Walker

Poetry by May Swenson

I will be earth, you be the flower,
You have found my root, you are the rain,
I will be boat, and you the rower.
You rock me and toss me, you are the sea.

How be steady earth that's now a flood.
The root is the oar afloat where has blown our bud.
We will be desert, pure salt the seed.
Burn radiant love, born scorpion need.

"Dreams"..... Langston Hughes

Hold fast to dreams
For if dreams die
Life is a broken-winged bird
That cannot fly.

Hold fast to dreams
For when dreams go
Life is a barren field
Frozen with snow.

The Dreams That Remain. Music by Thomas LaVoy

Poetry by Sarojini Naidu

1. Song of a Dream

Once in the dream of a night I stood
Lone in the light of a magical wood,
Soul-deep in visions that poppy-like sprang;
And spirits of Truth were the birds that sang,
And spirits of Love were the stars that glowed,

And spirits of Peace were the streams that flowed
In that magical wood in the land of sleep.

Lone in the light of that magical grove,
I felt the stars of the spirits of Love
Gather and gleam round my delicate youth,
And I heard the song of the spirits of Truth;
To quench my longing I bent me low
By the streams of the spirits of Peace that flow
In that magical wood in the land of sleep.

2. In the Forest

Here, O my heart, let us burn the dear dreams that are dead,
Here in this wood let us fashion a funeral pyre
Of fallen white petals and leaves that are mellow and red,
Here let us burn them in noon's flaming torches of fire.

We are weary, my heart, we are weary, so long have we borne
The heavy loved burden of dreams that are dead, let us rest,
Let us scatter their ashes away, for a while let us mourn;
We will rest, O my heart, till the shadows are gray in the west.

But soon we must rise, O my heart, we must wander again
Into the war of the world and the strife of the throng;
Let us rise, O my heart, let us gather the dreams that remain,
We will conquer the sorrow of life with the sorrow of song.

3. Transience

Nay, do not grieve tho' life be full of sadness,
Dawn will not veil her splendor for your grief,
Nor spring deny their bright, appointed beauty
To lotus blossom and Ashoka leaf.

Nay, do not pine, tho' life be dark with trouble,
Time will not pause or tarry on his way;
To-day that seems so long, so strange, so bitter,
Will soon be some forgotten yesterday.

Nay, do not weep; new hopes, new dreams, new faces,
The unspent joy of all the unborn years,
Will prove your heart a traitor to its sorrow,
And make your eyes unfaithful to their tears.

Jubilate Deo..... Music by Paul Halley

<p>Jubilate Deo, omnis terra servite Domino in laetitia. Introite in conspectu ejus in exultation Laudate nomen ejus: quoniam suavis est Dominus.</p>	<p>Sing joyfully to God, all the earth; serve the Lord with gladness. Enter into his presence with great joy. Praise his name: for the Lord is gracious.</p>	<p>- Psalm 100 - v. 1 & 2</p>
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<p>Know that the Lord he is God; it is he who has made us, and not we ourselves; for we are his people and the sheep of his pasture. Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and his courts with praise.</p>	<p>- Psalm 100 - v. 3 & 4</p>
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Come, thou fount of every blessing,
 tune my heart to sing thy grace!
 Streams of mercy never ceasing,
 call for songs of loudest praise.

<p>Teach me some melodious sonnet, sung by flaming tongues above. Praise the mount! Oh, fix me on it, mount of God's unchanging love.</p>	<p>- Robert Robinson (1735-1790)</p>
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"There Was No Up There Was No Down There Was No Side To Side". Reina del Cid

Before the Big Bang
 there was no up
 there was no down
 there was no side to side
 there was no light
 there was no dark
 nor shape of any kind

there were no stars or planet Mars
 or protons to collide
 there was no up
 there was no down
 there was no side to side

and furthermore to underscore this total lacking state
 there was no here
 there was no there
 because there was no space

and in this endless void which can't be thought of as a place
there was no time
and so no passing minutes, hours, days

of all the paradoxes
that belabour common sense
I think this one's the greatest
this time before events

because how did we go from nothing
to infinitely dense?
from immeasurably small
to inconceivably immense?

but before we get unmoored from the question at the start
let's take a breath and marvel
at when math becomes an art

because we don't have to understand it
to know there was a time
when there was no up
there was no down
there was no side to side

In Sideribus Domi: At Home In The Stars..... Music by Paul Halley

1. Prelude - The Science of Man

Darkness sat brooding o'er the infant world,
That in chaotic gloom and silence lay,
Till from the throne of Light the sun was hurled;
Then that eternal night was changed to day,
Even thus, oh! Science, hath thy glorious light
Rolled the dark clouds of Ignorance away,
Dispelled the darkness of a deeper night,
Than that which once o'er chaos thickly lay --
The darkness of the mind; and thy mid-day
Is still far distant -- yet nor time nor space
Is unilluminated with thy heavenly ray:
The clouds are rent that shrouded Nature's face,
And now she stands unveiled in all her loveliness.

- Anne C. Lynch (1815-1891); from "To Science"

Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus
Dominus Deus Sabaoth
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God of Hosts

- from The Ordinary of the Mass - Roman Rite

2. The Art of The Divine

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

The unwearied sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth:

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

- Joseph Addison (1672-1719); para. of Psalm 19:1-6

Conditor alme siderum,
Aeterna lux credentium,
Virtus, honor, laus, Gloria,
In saeculorum, saecula.

Founder of the nourishing stars,
Your people's everlasting light,
Virtue, honor, praise and glory
Be yours through all the ages.

- 7th cent. Latin

3. Discovery

Discovery belongs to those who are willing to be lost,
and lost, stumble on the footing of the foundation of the new.
Discovery belongs to those who see the real as it is,
often overlooked, errors and intermittency,
that hold the key to the patterns of the operation as a whole.

Celebrate those who realize they hold the key.
That marvelous error that planted foot
in outsider soil, seeded with a heart unafraid
to reach into the fluid maze.

We who look back can say
"that day a solid discovery was made".
Those certain poles now lit for easy entry,
once hid the spiral equation of dragon's breath.
Step lightly over the fissures God has woven
into the atomic sidewalk; the light
is pouring through the concrete, into the shimmering world.

We are stepping on music, friends,
All our discoveries bring us closer
to the unveiling of this theme.
The turbulence of the heart
A strange attractor.
The goal of the arts and sciences?
To make us better dancers.

- David Denmore from "Text on the Arts and Sciences"

4. Creativity

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act, - act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each tomorrow
Find us farther than today.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

- Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882)

Ah, this universe of light -
such colors, such harmonies
and my mind alive with visions
as I go traveling through all times
past the inscrutable galaxies
floating fire
through the great cities seething with activity
or the dazzling landscapes of summer:
and at my inner ear music
too subtle for air to bear
this life of the mind, mirror of all earth

- Michael Rowan-Robinson from *Our Universe: An Armchair Guide*

5. Finale/Reprise

Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus
Dominus Deus Sabaoth.
Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua.
Hosanna in excelsis.

Holy, Holy, Holy
Lord God of Hosts.
Heaven and earth are full of thy glory.
Hosanna in the highest.

- from The Ordinary of the Mass - Roman Rite

We are stepping on music, friends,
All our discoveries bring us closer
to the unveiling of this theme.
The turbulence of the heart
A strange attractor.
The goal of the arts and sciences?
To make us better dancers.

- David Densmore from "Text on the Arts and Sciences"

*Cantor's Dust (Georg Cantor (1845-1918) Mathematician, born in St. Petersburg. Cantor worked out a highly original arithmetic of the infinite which resulted in a theory of infinite sets of different sizes.)

Voices of Light. Music by Paul Halley

O blest creator source of light,
You gave the day with splendor bright,
When on the new and living earth,
You brought all things to glorious birth.

- 6th century Latin, trans. A.K. LeCroy

Lord of the shining heavens,
Lord of the stars above,
Lighten our eyes to see you,
Radiant with perfect love.

- Paul Halley

God is light and in Him is no darkness.

- I John 1:5