

For the Beauty of the Earth

Folliott S. Pierpoint, (1835-1917)
arr. Paul John Rudoj (b.1984)

For the beauty of the earth,
For the glory of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,

Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

For the wonder of each hour,
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale and tree and flower,
Sun and moon and stars of light,

El Grillo (The Cricket)

Josquin des Prez (ca. 1450-1521)
Anonymous Poet

*El grillo è buon cantore,
Che tienne longo verso,
Dalle beve grillo canta.*

*Ma non fa come gli altri uccelli,
Come li han cantato un poco,
Van' de fatto in altro loco
Sempre el grillo sta pur saldo,*

*Quando la maggior è' caldo
Al' hor canta sol per amore.*

August

Michael McGlynn (b. 1964)
Francis Ledwidge (1887-1917)

She'll come at dusky first of day,
White over yellow harvest's song.
Upon her dewy rainbow way
She shall be beautiful and strong.
The lidless eye of noon shall spray
Tan on her ankles in the hay,
Shall kiss her brown the whole day long.

Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild,

Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

The cricket is a good singer
He can sing very long,
He sings all the time.

But he doesn't act like the birds.
If they've sung a little bit,
They go somewhere else
The cricket remains where he is,

If the month of May is warm
Because he sings out of love.

I'll know her in the windrows, tall
Above the crickets of the hay.
I'll know her when her odd eyes fall,
One May-blue, one November-grey.
I'll watch her from the red barn wall
Take down her rusty scythe, and call,
And I will follow her away.



Cantus

Bad Moon Rising

John Fogerty (b. 1945)

I see a bad moon a-rising
I see trouble on the way
I see earthquakes and lightnin'
I see bad times today

Don't go 'round tonight
It's bound to take your life
There's a bad moon on the rise

I See Fire

Ed Sheeran (b. 1991)

Now I see fire, inside the mountain
I see fire, burning the trees
And I see fire, hollowing souls
And I see fire, blood in the breeze
And I hope that you'll remember me

If this is to end in fire
Then we should all burn together
Watch the flames climb high into the night
Calling out for the rope, sent by and we will
Watch the flames burn on and on the
mountainside

I hear hurricanes a-blowing
I know the end is coming soonwe
I fear rivers overflowing
I hear the voice of rage and ruin

Don't go 'round tonight
It's bound to take your life
There's a bad moon on the rise

And if we should die tonight
Then we should all die together
Raise a glass of wine for the last time
Calling out father hold fast and we will
Watch the flames burn on and on the mountainside
Desolation comes upon the sky

And if the night is burning
I will cover my eyes
For if the dark returns then
My brothers will die
And as the sky's falling down
It crashed into this lonely town
And with that shadow upon the ground
I hear my people screaming out

N'ap Debat (We're Hangin' On)

Sydney Guillaume (b. 1982)
Gabriel Guillaume

Woy! Alon doulè rèd'o!
Alon doulè rèd'o!
Mezanmi, woy!

Twazièm son fenk sonnen nan Legliz Katedral;
Solèy kouche lontan dèyè Mòn Lopital...
Lanati dechennen met tout moun anba kòd.

Gro kolòn, ti poto tounen pousiè ak sann.
Jezi, Mari, Josèf... Gras' a Mizerikòd...

Lanati dechennen met tout moun anba kòd.

Nou wè, nou pa konprann,
Sa rive sanzantann.
Latè tranble!
Latè tranble pi rèd pase fèy nan savann.

Anmwe! Anmwe! Sekou souple!
Nan pwen bouch pou pale...

Dies irae, dies illa;
Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine.

Ayiti! Ayiti! Alon doulè rèd'o,
Mare senti'w sere.
Ayiti! Ayiti! Ou se yon fanm vanyan,
Kenbe la, pa lage...

Legetè toupatou mande: "Kouman ou ye?"

N'ap debat, n'ap debat,
N'ap debat gras' a Die.

Mwen se rozo banbou nan chimen chwal malen;
Ou mèt wè'm plat atè,
Yon lòt moman, m'an lè.

Rete tann zanmi mwen,
M'ap vin pi bèl demen.

Atansyon Legetè!
Pa pran chans Magouyè!
An verite twa fw
Ayiti pap peri!

Oh! What an unbearable pain!
Oh, gracious God!
What an unbearable sorrow!

The third bell of the Cathedral just rang;
The sun set long ago behind Mount Lopital...
Mother Nature derailed, straining everyone to misery.
Large structures and small rafts have turned to dust and ashes.
Jesus, Mary, and Joseph... Grace and Mercy...

Mother Nature derailed, straining everyone to misery.
We see, but we don't understand,
It happened so suddenly.
The earth trembled!
The earth shook harder than a desert's leaf.

Help! Help! Rescue me, I beg you!
I'm at a loss for words...

Day of wrath, day of anger
Grant them eternal rest, Lord.

Haiti! Haiti! What an unbearable pain,
Tighten your belt.
Haiti! Haiti! You are a valiant woman,
Hang in there, don't give up...

Rubbernecker from everywhere ask: "How's it going?"

We're hangin'on, we're hangin'on,
We're hangin'on by the grace of God.

I am a bent reed that does not break;
Things may be awful today,
But tomorrow I will shine.

Wait and see, my friend,
Tomorrow I will shine.

Beware, Rubbernecker!
Don't even try, schemers!
I swear to you,
Haiti will not perish!

Mata Del Anima Sola (Tree of the Lonely Soul)

Antonio Estevez (1916-1988)
Alberto Torrealba (1905-1971)

Mata del ánima sola,
boquerón de banco largo
ya podrás decir ahora
aquí durmió canta claro.

Con el silbo y la picada
de la brisa coledora
la tarde catira y mora
entró al corralón callada.

La noche, yegua cansada,
sobre los bancos tremola
la crin y la negra cola
y en su silencio se pasma
tu corazón de fantasma.

桜 (Cherry Blossoms)

Japanese Traditional
Arr. Ko Matsushita (b. 1962)

桜 桜
弥生の空は
見渡す限り
霞か雲か
匂いぞ 出ずる
いざや いざや
見に行かん

桜 桜
野山も里も
見渡す限り
霞か雲か
朝日に匂う
桜 桜
花ざかり

Tree of the lonely soul,
Wide opening of the riverside-
Now you will be able to say:
Here slept Cantaclaro

With the whistle and the sting,
Of the twisting wind,
The dappled and violet dusk
Quietly entered the corral.

The nigh, tired mare,
Shakes her mane and black tail
Above the riverside;
And, in its silence,
Your ghostly heart is filled with awe.

Cherry blossoms, cherry blossoms,
Across the spring sky,
As far as the eye can see.
Is it mist, or clouds?
Fragrant in the air.
Come now, come now,
Let's go and see them!

Cherry blossoms, cherry blossoms,
In fields, mountains and villages
As far as the eye can see.
Is it mist, or clouds?
Fragrant in the morning sun.
Cherry blossoms, cherry blossoms,
Flowers in full bloom.

Cool Water

Bob Nolan (1908-1980)

Arr. Roy Ringwald (1910-1995)

All day I've faced the barren waste
Without the taste of water, cool water.
Old Dan and I with throats burned dry
And souls that cry for water, cool, clear water.

Keep a-movin', Dan, don't you listen to him, Dan
He's a devil not a man
And he spreads the burning sand with water.
Dan can you see that big green tree
Where the water's runnin' free
And it's waiting there for you and me?

The Living Waters

Aisha Kahlil

Sweet Honey in the Rock

Listen and you will hear my story well,
Listen and you will know my story true,
And you will learn the reason why I sing this song,
And you will know just what you have to do.
We used to drink from waters that were pure
And dance in sparkling waters oh so blue,
Living in this amazing peaceful paradise
Colors of every living kind of hue,
Of every hue.

This Land is Your Land

Woody Guthrie (1912-1967)

This land is your land, this land is my land
From California to the New York island
From the Redwood Forest, to the gulf stream
waters
This land was made for you and me.

As I went walking that ribbon of highway
I saw above me that endless skyway
I saw below me that golden valley
This land was made for you and me.

I roamed and rambled and I followed my
footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts
And all around me, a voice was sounding
This land was made for you and me.

The nights are cool and I'm a fool
Each star's a pool of water, cool water.
But with the dawn I'll wake and yawn
And carry on to water, cool, clear water.

The shadows sway and seem to say
Tonight we pray for water, cool water.
And way up there He'll hear our prayer
And show us where there's water,
Cool, clear, water.

In the three poisoned seas
Oil drills endless spills
Water dies
Nature cries
Why oh why we couldn't see
We killed the living waters?
Where are the living waters?

There was a big high wall there, that tried to stop
me,
A sign was painted, said Private Property,
But on the back side, it didn't say nothing:
This land was made for you and me.

When the sun comes shining, then I was strolling
In the wheat fields waving and dust clouds rolling
The voice was chanting as the fog was lifting
This land was made for you and me.

Water: You Don't Know What You've Got 'Til It's Gone

Joni Mitchell (b. 1943), Merrill Garbus (b. 1979),
and Johnny Cash (1932-2003)

They paved paradise
And put up a parking lot
With a pink hotel, a boutique
And a swinging hot spot
Don't it always seem to go
That you don't know what you've got til its gone
They paved paradise
And put up a parking lot

From the fountains in the mountains
Comes the water running cool and clear and blue
And it comes down from the hills
And it goes down to the towns and passes
through
When it gets down to the cities
Then the water turns into a dirty gray
It's poisoned and polluted
By the people as it goes along its way
Don't go near the water children
See the fish all dead upon the shore
Don't go near the water
'Cause the water isn't water anymore

They took all the trees
And put 'em in a tree museum
And they charged the people
A dollar and a half to seem 'em
Don't it always seem to go,
That you don't know what you've got til its gone
They paved paradise
And put up a parking lot

No water in the water fountain
No side on the sidewalk
If you say Old Molly Hare, whatcha doin' there?
Nothing much to do when you're going nowhere
Woohaw! Woohaw! Gotcha
We're gonna get the water from your house

No water in the water fountain
No wood in the woodstock
And you say old Molly Hare, whatcha doin' there?
Nothing much to do when you're going nowhere
Woohaw! Woohaw! Gotcha
We're gonna get the water from your house

Nothing feels like dying like the drying of my skin
and lawn
Why do we just sit here while they watch us wither
til we're gone?
I can't seem to feel it I can't seem to feel
I'll kneel I'll kneel I'll kneel the cold steel
You will ride the whip
You'll ride the crack
No use in fighting back

You'll sledge the hammer if there's no one else to
take the flak
I can't seem to feel it
I can't seem to find it
Your fist clenched my neck
We're neck and neck and neck...

No water in the water fountain
No phone in the phone booth
And you say old Molly Hare, whatcha doin' there?
Jump back, jump back Daddy shot a bear
Woohaw! Woohaw! Gotcha
We're gonna get the water from your house

I was sittin' on the bank of the lake at home, fishin'
with my little boy I said, "Have you got a bite yet,
son?" He said, "No Sir. Have you, Daddy?" I said, "I
believe I've got a nibble." He said, "Daddy, if we
catch a fish, can we cook 'im and eat 'im?" I said,
"Maybe we better not, Son. They say that it may not
be safe to eat the fish in this water anymore."

Greasy man come and dig my well
Life without your water is a burning hell
Listen to the words I say!
Sound like a floral bouquet
A lyrical round-and-roundandroundandround, Okay
Take a picture it'll last all day, hey
Your fingers through my hair
Do it 'til you disappear
Gimme your head
Gimme your head
Off with his head!