

Program

Afternoon on A Hill Cynthia Gray

God Is Seen arr. Alice Parker and Robert Shaw

O Virtus Sapientiae Cheryl Lynn Helm



How Do I Love Thee? Eric Nelson

I Am Not Yours Z. Randall Stroope

Maya's Prayer for Peace Tom Trenney



Sing, My Child Sarah Quartel

Things That Never Die Eleanor Daley

The Music of Stillness Elaine Hagenberg

No Time arr. Susan Brumfield

Song Texts

Afternoon on a Hill

Text: Edna St. Vincent Millay

I will be the gladdest thing under the sun!
I will touch a hundred flow'rs and not pick one.
I will look at cliffs and clouds with quiet eyes,
Watch the wind bow down the grass, and the grass rise.
I will be the gladdest thing under the sun!

And when the lights begin to show up from the town,
I will mark which must be mine and then start down.

I will be the gladdest thing under the sun!
I will touch a hundred flow'rs and not pick one.
I will look at cliffs and clouds with quiet eyes,
Watch the wind bow down the grass, and the grass rise.
I will be the gladdest thing under the sun!

God Is Seen

Through all the world below God is seen all around,
Search hills and valleys through, there He's found.
The growing of the corn, the lily and the thorn,
The pleasant and forlorn, all declare, God is there,
In meadows drest in green, God is seen.

See springing waters rise, fountains flow, rivers run,
The mist that veils the sky hides the sun.
Then down the rain doth pour, the ocean it doth roar
And beat upon the shore, and all praise in their ways,
The God who ne'er declines His designs.

The sun with all his rays speaks of God as he flies,
The comet in her blaze "God," she cries;
The shining of the stars, the moon when she appears,
His awful name declares;
See them fly through the sky, and join the solemn sound all around.

O Virtus Sapientiae

Motet based on an antiphon by Hildegard von Bingen

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| O virtus Sapientiae, | O strength of Wisdom, |
| Quae circuiens circuiisti | who, circling, circled |
| Comprehendendo omnia | enclosing all |
| In una via, quae habet vitam, | in one life giving path, |
| Tres ala habens, | three wings you have: |
| Quarum una in altum volat, | one soars to the heights, |
| Et altera de terra sudat, | one distills its essence upon the earth, |
| Et tertia undique volat. | And the third is everywhere. |
| Laus tibi sit, sicut te decet, | Praise to you, as is fitting, |
| O Sapientiae. | O Wisdom. |

How Do I Love Thee?

Text: Elizabeth Barrett Browning

How do I love thee?

I love thee to the depth and breadth and height my soul can reach,
When feeling out of sight for the ends of being and ideal Grace.

I love thee to the level of everyday's most quiet need,
By sun and candlelight. I love thee.

I love thee freely, as men strive for Right; I love thee!
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.

How do I love thee?

I love thee with the passion I put to use in my old griefs,
And with my childhood faith.

I love thee with a love I seemed to lose, with my lost saints.

I love thee with the breath, I love thee with the smiles,
The tears, of all my life! I love thee!

And if God choose, I shall but love thee better after death.
How do I love thee? I love thee.

I Am Not Yours

Text: Sara Teasdale

I am not yours, not lost in you, although I long to be.
Lost as a candle lit at noon, lost as a snowflake in the sea.
You love me, I find you still a spirit beautiful and bright.

I am yet I am, I who long to be lost as a light,
I am a candle lit at noon, lost as a snowflake in the sea.

O plunge me deep in love, put out my senses,
Leave me deaf and leave me blind,

I am but I . . .

Plunge me deep in love, put out my senses
Swept by the tempest of your love, a taper in the rushing wind.

I am not yours, not lost in you, although I long to be
Lost as a candle lit at noon, lost as a snowflake in the sea.

Lost as a candle, lost as a light,
But not lost in you.

Maya's Prayer for Peace

Text: Maya Angelou

Father, Mother, God, thank you for Your presence
During the hard and mean days.

For then, we have You to lean upon. Thank you.

Father, Mother, God, thank you for Your presence
During the bright and sunny days,

For then we can share that which we have with those who have less.

Father, Mother, God, thank you for Your presence during the holy days,

For then we are able to celebrate You and our families and our friends.

Father, Mother, God, thank you, thank you.

For those who have no voice, we ask You to speak.

For those who feel unworthy, we ask You to pour out Your love
In waterfalls of tenderness.

For those who live in pain, we ask You to bathe them
In Your river of healing.

For those who are lonely, we ask You to keep them company.

For those who are depressed, we ask You to shower upon them

The light of hope!

Father, Mother, God, You, the borderless sea of substance,
We ask You to give all the world that which we need the most: Peace.

Sing, My Child

Sing for the promise in each new morning.
Sing for the hope in a new day dawning.
All around is beauty bright!
Wake in the morning and sing, my child, sing, my child.

Sing for the promise in each new morning.
Sing for the hope in a new day dawning.
All around is beauty bright!
Wake in the morning and sing, my child, sing, my child,
Sing, my child, sing, my child, sing, my child.

Dance in the joy of the day unfolding.
Dance as you work, and dance as you're learning.
All around is beauty bright!
Take in the day and dance, my child, dance my child,
Dance, my child, dance, my child.

But when troubles come and worry is all that can be found,
Gather your strength and hear your voice.
Sing, my child.

Laugh in the cool and the fresh of the evening,
Laugh in your triumph, laugh in succeeding.
All around is beauty bright!
Rest in the evening and laugh, my child.

Peace in the stillness and dark of the night.
Peace in the dreams of your silent delights.
All around is beauty bright!
Sleep in the night, and peace, my child, peace, my child,
Peace, my child, peace, my child, peace, my child.

But when troubles come and worry is all that can be found,
Gather your strength and hear your voice.
Sing, my child. Dance, my child. Laugh, my child.
Peace, my child.

Peace, my child, oh, peace, my child.

Things That Never Die

Text: Charles Dickens

The pure, the bright, the beautiful that stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulse of a wordless prayer, the streams of love and truth,
The longing after something lost, the spirit's longing cry,
The striving after better hopes;
These things, these things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid a brother in his need;
A kindly word in grief's dark hour that proves a friend indeed;
The plea for mercy softly breathed, when justice threatens high,
The sorrow of a contrite heart;
These things, these things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand must find some work to do,
Lost not a chance to waken love-
Be firm, and just and true.
So shall a light that cannot fade beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee,
"These things shall never die, never die."

The Music of Stillness

Text: Sara Teasdale

There will be rest, there will be rest, and sure stars shining,
Over rooftops crowned with snow;
A reign of rest, serene forgetting,
The music of stillness,
Holy and low.

I will make this world of my devising,
I'll make this world out of a dream in my lonely mind.
I shall find the crystal of peace, above me,
I shall find stars above me,
I shall find above me, the music of stillness,
Holy, and low.

No Time

Rise, oh, fathers rise; let's go meet 'em in the skies.
We will hear the angels singing in that morning.

Oh, I really do believe that, just before the end of time,
We will hear the angels singing in that morning.

Rise, oh, mothers rise; let's go meet 'em in the skies.
We will hear the angels singing in that morning.

Oh, I really do believe that just before the end of time,
We will hear the angels singing that morning.

No time to tarry here, no time to wait for you.
No time to tarry here, for I'm on my journey home.