

Songs for a Living Earth

presented by the Gilded Echo ensemble and James Maddox Moorehead

Concento di voci.....Carl Orff (1895-1982)

ii. Laudes creaturarum

(quas fecit Beatus Franciscus ad Laudem et Honorem Dei)

Earth Song.....Frank Ticheli (b. 1958)

Im Himmelreich ein Haus steht.....Max Reger (1873-1916)

Terre-Neuve.....Marie-Claire Saindon (Composed 2018)

When the Earth Stands Still.....Don Macdonald (b. 1966)

Gilded Echo

Jen Meister, Director & Co-Founder

Rebecca Andrews-Craven, Founder & Co-Director

Shaun Patrick Adams

Luke Clayborn Hopper

Christina Kaczmarek

Martha Gerding

Eric Jordan-Mobley

Katie Kenyon Sherer



A Simple Song (from *Mass*).....Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)

Minnelied.....Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Les berceaux.....Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Grief.....William Grant Still (1895-1978)

Litany.....John Musto (b. 1954)

James Maddox Moorehead, Baritone

Tim Tuller, Accompanist

*Thank you for joining us this evening. We invite you to enjoy a reception
under the Globe, accompanied by the Belle Fleur String Quartet.*

Texts and Translations

Concento di Voci

II. Laudes creaturarum (quas fecit Beatus Franciscus ad Laudem et Honorem Dei)

Altissimu, onnipotente, bon Signore, Tue so le laude la gloria e l'honore et onne benedictione. Ad Te solo, Altissimu, se konfanno, et nullu homo ene dignu Te mentovare.

Laudatu si, mi Signore, cum tucte le Tue creature, spetialmente messor lo frate sole, lo quale lo iorno, et allumeni per nui; et ellu è bellu e radiante cum grande splendore: de Te, Altissimu, porta significatione.

Laudatu si, mi Signore, per sora luna e le stelle; in celu l'ài formate clarite et pretiose et belle.

Laudatu si, mi Signore, per frate ventu et per aere e nubilo et sereno e onne tempu, per le quale a le Tue creature dà sustentamentu.

Laudatu si, mi Signore, per sor aqua, la quale è multo utile et humele e pretiosa e casta.

Laudatu si, mi Signore, per frate focu, per lu quale n'allumeni la nocte; e ellu è bellu et iocondo e robustoso e forte.

Laudatu si, mi Signore, per sora nostra matre terra, la quale ne sustenta e governa, e produce diversi fructi e colorati flori e herba.

Laudatu si, mi Signore, per quilli ke perdonano per lo Tuo amore et sostengo infirmitate e tribulatione. Beati quilli ke 'l sosterano in pace, ka da Te, Altissimu, sirano incoronati.

Laudatu si, mi Signore, per sora nostra morte corporale, da la quale nullu homo vivente po skampare: guai a quilli ke morrano in peccato mortale; beati quilli ke se troverà ne le Tue sanctissime voluntati, ka la morte secunda non li potrà far male.

Laudate et benedicete lu mi Signore e rengratiate e servite a Lui cum grande humilitate. Amen.

Harmony of Voices

II. Praises of Creation (written by Saint Frances for the praise and honor of God)

Most high, all powerful, all good Lord! All praise is Yours, all glory, all honor, and all blessing. To You, alone, Most High, do they belong. No mortal lips are worthy to pronounce Your name.

Be praised, my Lord, through all Your creatures, especially through my lord Brother Sun, who brings the day; and You give light through him. And he is beautiful and radiant in all his splendor! Of You, Most High, he bears the likeness.

Be praised, my Lord, through Sister Moon and the stars; in the heavens You have made them bright, precious and beautiful.

Be praised, my Lord, through Brothers Wind and Air, and clouds and storms, and all the weather, through which You give Your creatures sustenance.

Be praised, my Lord, through Sister Water; she is very useful, and humble, and precious, and pure.

Be praised, my Lord, through Brother Fire, through whom You brighten the night. He is beautiful and cheerful, and powerful and strong.

Be praised, my Lord, through our sister Mother Earth, who feeds us and rules us, and produces various fruits with colored flowers and herbs.

Be praised, my Lord, through those who forgive for love of You; through those who endure sickness and trial. Happy those who endure in peace, for by You, Most High, they will be crowned.

Be praised, my Lord, through our sister Bodily Death, from whose embrace no living person can escape. Woe to those who die in mortal sin! Happy those she finds doing Your most holy will. The second death can do no harm to them.

Praise and bless my Lord, and give thanks, and serve Him with great humility. Amen.

Earth Song

Sing, Be, Live, See...

This dark story hour,
The wind, it stirs.
The scorched earth cries out in vain:

O war and power,
You blind and blur.
The torn heart cries out in pain.

But music and singing
Have been my refuge.
And music and singing
Shall be my light.

A light of song
Shining strong: Alleluia!
Through darkness, pain, and strife,
I'll Sing, Be, Live, See...Peace.

Im Himmelreich ein Haus steht

Im Himmelreich ein haus steht,
da hin ein goldener weg geht.
Die säulen die sind von marmorstein,
da legte unser Herr hinein die edelsten Gesteine.
In dieses Haus geht niemand ein,
der nicht von allen Sünden reine.

In Heaven there stands a House

In Heaven there stands a house,
to which a golden road leads.
The columns are of marble stone,
there our Lord has set within the noblest gemstones.
Into this house no one enters
who is not pure of all sins.

Terre-Neuve (text: Annick Perrot-Bishop)

Terre
éclaboussée du cri d'un soleil
aux couleurs d'océan de roc
fauve la falaise se brise
craquements de glace
goût frais de neige qui fait trembler
la mémoire ensevelie
se mêle de vent
s'enroule au sel d'une joie
Neuve

Newfoundland (translation: Neil B. Bishop)

Land
splattered with shrieks of sun
with colours of ocean and rock
rust-red the cliff splits
crackling ice
a fresh taste of shivering snow
stirs a shrouded memory
mingles with the wind
spirals vibrant with the salt of a joy
New found

When the Earth Stands Still

Come listen
in the silence of the moment
before rain comes down.

There's a deep sigh
in the quiet of the forest
and the tall tree's crown.

Now hold me.
Will you take the time to hold me
and embrace the chill?

Or miss me,
will you take the time to miss me
when the earth stands still?

'Cause there's no use running
'cause the storm's still coming
and you've been running for so many years.

Come listen
in the silence of the moment
before shadows fall.

Feel the tremor
of your heartbeat matching heartbeat
as we both dissolve.

So stay with me, held in my arms
like branches of a tree
they'll shelter you for many years.
Stay with me.

A Simple Song

Sing God a simple song: Lauda, Laude...
Make it up as you go along: Lauda, Laude...
Sing like you like to sing. God loves all simple things,
For God is the simplest of all.

I will sing the Lord a new song
To praise Him, to bless Him, to bless the Lord.
I will sing His praises while I live. All of my days.

Blessed is the man who loves the Lord,
Blessed is the man who praises Him.
Lauda, Lauda, Laude...And walks His ways.

I will lift up my eyes
To the hills from whence comes my help.
I will lift up my voice to the Lord, singing Lauda, Laude.

For the Lord is my shade, is the shade up on my right hand,
And the sun shall not smite me by day
Nor the moon by night.

Blessed is the man who loves the Lord
Lauda, Lauda, Laude...And walks His ways.
Lauda, Lauda, Laude, Lauda, Lauda, di da di day...
All of my days.

Minnelied

Holder klingt der Vogelsang,
Wenn die Engelreine,
Die mein Jünglingsherz bezwang,
Wandelt durch die Haine.

Röter blühen Tal und Au,
Grüner wird der Wasen,
Wo die Finger meiner Frau
Maienblumen lasen.

Ohne sie ist Alles tot,
Welk sind Blüt und Kräuter,
Und kein Frühlingsabendrot
Dünkt mir schön und heiter.

Traute, minnigliche Frau,
Wollest nimmer fliehen;
Daß mein Herz, gleich dieser Au,
Mög' in Wonne blühen!

Love Song

Birdsong sounds more beautiful
When the pure angel
Who has won my young heart
Wanders through the woods.

Valley and meadow bloom redder,
The grass grows greener,
Where my lady's fingers
Gathered Maytime flowers.

Without her all is dead,
Flowers and herbs are withered,
And the spring sunset
Seems neither radiant nor fair.

Gentle, charming lady,
Do not ever leave me;
That my heart, like this meadow,
Might bloom in bliss!

Les berceaux

Le long du quai les grands vaisseaux,
Que la houle incline en silence,
Ne prennent pas garde aux berceaux
Que la main des femmes balance.

Mais viendra le jour des adieux,
Car il faut que les femmes pleurent,
Et que les hommes curieux
Tentent les horizons qui leurrent.

Et ce jour-là les grands vaisseaux,
Fuyant le port qui diminue,
Sentent leur masse retenue
Par l'âme des lointains berceaux.

The cradles

Along the quay the great ships,
Listing silently with the surge,
Pay no heed to the cradles
Rocked by women's hands.

But the day of parting will come,
For it is decreed that women shall weep,
And that men with questing spirits
Shall seek enticing horizons.

And on that day the great ships,
Leaving the dwindling harbour behind,
Shall feel their hulls held back
By the soul of the distant cradles.

Grief (text: LeRoy V. Brant)

Weeping angel with pinions trailing
And head bowed low in your hands.
Mourning angel with heart-strings wailing,
For one who in death's hall stands.

Mourning angel silence your wailing,
And raise your head from your hands.
Weeping angel on your pinions trailing
The white dove, promise, stands.

Litany (text: Langston Hughes)

Gather up in the arms of your pity
The sick, the depraved, the desperate, the tired,
All the scum of our weary city.

Gather up in the arms of your pity.
Gather up in the arms of your love—
Those who expect no love from above.