

## Texts & Translations

### **For the Beauty of the Earth**      text: Folliot Sandford Pierpont (1835-1917)

For the beauty of the earth, for the splendor of the skies,  
for the love which from our birth over and around us lies:  
Source of all, to thee we raise this, our hymn of grateful praise.

### **Eagle Song**      text: Joy Harjo (b.1951)

To pray you open your whole self	Like eagle that Sunday morning
To sky, to earth, to sun, to moon	over Salt River. Circled in blue sky
To one whole voice that is you.	In wind, swept our hearts clean
And know there is more	With sacred wings.
That you can't see, can't hear	Like eagle roundin' out the mornin'
Can't know except in moments	Inside us.
Steadily growing, and in languages	We pray that it will be done
That aren't always sound but other	In beauty.
Circles of motion.	In beauty.

Like eagle that Sunday morning  
over Salt River. Circled in blue sky  
In wind, swept our hearts clean  
With sacred wings.  
We see you, see ourselves and know  
That we must take the utmost care  
And kindness in all things.  
Breathe in, knowing we are made of  
All this, and breathe, knowing  
We are truly blessed because we  
Were born, and die soon within a  
True circle of motion,

### **Proud Songster**      text: Thomas Hardy (1840-1928)

The thrushes sing as the sun is going  
and the finches whistle in ones and pairs  
and as it gets dark loud nightengales in bushes pipe,  
as they can when April wears as if all Time were theirs.

These are the brand new birds of twelve months' growing  
which a year ago or less than twain  
no finches were, nor nightingales, nor thrushes,  
But only particles of grain, and earth, and air, and rain.

## **Great Trees**

text: Wendell Berry (b.1934)

Slowly, slowly, they return,  
to the small woodland let alone.  
Great trees, outspreading and upright,  
apostles of the living light.  
Patient as stars, they build in air  
Tier after tier a timbered choir,  
Stout beams upholding weightless grace of song,  
a blessing on this place.  
They stand in waiting all around,  
Uprisings of their native ground,  
Down-comings of the distant light;  
They are the advent they await.  
Receiving sun and giving shade,  
Their life's a benefaction made,  
And is a benediction said  
Over the living and the dead.  
In fall their brightened leaves, released,  
Fly down the wind, and we are pleased  
To walk on radiance, amazed.  
Oh light come down to earth, be praised!

## **Cry**

text: Glenn McClure (b.1964)

The ice is crying.  
The waters will rise with every tear.

## **Spell To Bring Lost Creatures Home**

text: Kathleen Raines (1908-2003)

Home, home, wild birds home,  
Lark to the grass, wren to the hedge,  
Rooks to the treetops,  
swallow to the eaves,  
Eagle to its crag and raven to its stone.  
All birds home!

Home, home, strayed ones home,  
Rabbit to burrow, fox to earth,  
Mouse to the wainscot, rat to the barn,  
Cattle to the byre, dog to the hearth  
All beasts home!

Home, home, wanderers home,  
Cormorant to rock, gulls from the storm,  
Boat to the harbor,  
Safe sail home!

Children home, at evening home,  
Boys and girls,  
from the roads come home,  
Out of the rain, sons come home,  
From the gathering dusk,  
Young ones home!

Home, home, all souls home  
Dead to the graveyard,  
living to the lamplight,  
Old to the fireside,  
girls from the twilight,  
Babe to the breast, heart to its haven.  
Lost ones home!

### **Gentle Warrior**

text: Greg Artzner

The wonder of their winged journey northward every year  
Bringing back their music to the birth of springtime here.  
For thousands of miles over land and over sea  
The circle is unbroken, forever wild and free.  
Just one part of its tapestry that we stand to lose,  
Sacrifice for our comfort: it's up to us to choose.  
One woman stood before the world with chilling words to say  
A gentle urgent warning to find another way.

*Refrain:* O gentle warrior, gentle warrior for the earth,  
Walk beside me.

She stood with quiet dignity as a firestorm swirled around,  
Facing the accusers who tried to bring her down,  
Soon her words of prophecy were known the whole world wide,  
Her vision for the earth would cause the turning of the tide. *Refrain.*

And did they try to silence her? They tried to smear her name  
Scientists of industry had to cover up their shame.  
Now down on the rocky coastline where the soft winds damp and cool,  
Where there's a miracle of the web of life in every tidal pool,  
Whenever you hear a virie or a thrush sing out his song,  
The soul of Rachel Carson is there singing along. *Refrain.*

**Cloudburst**

text adapted from: The Broken Water-Jar  
Octavio Paz (1914-1998)

The rain...

Eyes of shadow-water,  
Eyes of well-water,  
Eyes of dream-water.

Blue suns, green whirlwinds,  
Birdbeaks of light pecking open  
Pomegranate stars.

But tell me, burnt earth, is there no water?  
Only blood, only dust,  
Only naked footsteps on the thorns?

The rain awakens...

We must sleep with open eyes,  
We must dream with our hands,  
We must dream the dreams of a river seeking its course,  
Of the sun dreaming its worlds,  
We must dream aloud,  
We must sing 'til the song puts forth roots,  
Trunk, branches, birds, stars,  
We must find the lost word,  
And remember what the blood,  
The tides, the earth, and the body say,  
And return to the point of departure...

**Blue Boat Home**

text: Peter Mayer

Sun, my sail, and moon my rudder  
As I ply the starry sea  
Leaning over the edge in wonder  
Casting questions into the deep  
Drifting here with my ship's companions  
All we kindred pilgrim souls  
Making our way by the lights of the heavens  
In our beautiful blue boat home

## Before the Deluge

text: Jackson Browne (b.1948)

Some of them were dreamers,  
Some of them were fools who were making plans and thinking of the future.  
With the energy of the innocent they were gathering the tools  
They would need to make their journey back to nature.  
While the sands slipped through the opening,  
And their hands reached for the golden ring,  
With their hearts they turned to each other's hearts for refuge,  
In the troubled years that came before the deluge.  
Some of them knew pleasure,  
Some of them knew pain  
And for some of them it was only the moment that mattered.  
And on the brave and crazy wings of youth  
They went flyin' around in the rain  
And their feathers, once so fine, grew torn and tattered.  
And in the end they traded their tired wings  
For the resignation that living brings  
And exchanged love's bright and fragile glow  
For the glitter and the rouge.  
And in a moment they were swept before the deluge.  
Now let the music keep our spirits high  
And let the buildings keep our children dry.  
Let creation reveal its secrets by and by, by and by.  
When the light that's lost within us reaches the sky.  
Some of them were angry  
At the way the earth was abused  
By the men who learned how to forge her beauty into power.  
And they struggled to protect her from them  
Only to be confused  
By the magnitude of her fury in the final hour.  
And when the sand was gone and the time arrived  
In the naked dawn only a few survived  
And in attempts to understand a thing so simple and so huge  
Believed that they were meant to live after the deluge.  
Now let the music keep our spirits high,  
Let the buildings keep our children dry.  
Let creation reveal its secrets by and by, by and by.  
When the light that's lost within us reaches the sky.

## **The Peace of Wild Things**

text: Wendell Berry

When despair for the world grows in me  
and I wake in the night at the least sound  
in fear of what my life and my children's lives may be,  
I go and lie down where the wood drake  
rests in his beauty on the water, and the great heron feeds.  
I come into the peace of wild things  
who do not tax their lives with forethought  
of grief. I come into the presence of still water.  
And I feel above me the day-blind stars  
waiting with their light. For a time  
I rest in the grace of the world, and am free.

## **Evergreen, Everblue**

text: Raffi

Evergreen, everblue  
As it was in the beginning  
We've got to see it through.  
Evergreen, everblue,  
At this point in time  
It's up to me, it's up to you.

Amazon is calling, "Help this planet earth,"  
With voices from the jungle "Help this planet earth,"  
Hear the tree that's falling "Help this planet earth,"  
Rainforests are crying, help this planet earth to stay:  
*Evergreen, everblue...*

Ocean's wave is rumbling, "Help this planet earth,"  
With voices from the seaway, "Help this planet earth,"  
Water's for the drinking, "Help this planet earth,"  
Beluga whales are singing, help this planet earth to stay:  
*Evergreen, everblue...*