

Texts and Translations

IN THE BEGINNING

Text from Genesis Chapter I: 1-5; King James Version

{1:1} In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. {1:2} And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness [was] upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

{1:3} And God said, Let there be light: and there was light. {1:4} And God saw the light, that [it was] good: and God divided the light from the darkness. {1:5} And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

GOD'S WORLD by Edna St. Vincent Millay

O world, I cannot hold thee close enough!
Thy winds, thy wide grey skies!
Thy mists, that roll and rise!
Thy woods, this autumn day, that ache and sag
And all but cry with colour! That gaunt crag
To crush! To lift the lean of that black bluff!
World, World, I cannot get thee close enough!

Long have I known a glory in it all,
But never knew I this;
Here such a passion is
As stretcheth me apart,—Lord, I do fear
Thou'st made the world too beautiful this year;
My soul is all but out of me,—let fall
No burning leaf; prithee, let no bird call.

Source: *Renascence and Other Poems* (Harper & Brothers, 1917)

ОЙ ТАМ ЗА ГОРОЮ

Ой там за горою, та за камяңсі

Refrain:

Щедрий вечір, ңа добрий вечір

Ой, там виходило та три товаришк

Що лерший товаиш, ясеє соңце:

А другий товариш, ясең місяць:

А третій товариш, лрібең дощик

Шо соңце каже: як я зійду

То эрадується старе й мале

Місяць каже як яйдуду

То эрадується вңсь звір у полі

Ой звір, у полі, щмак у дорозі

Чумақ у дороз. Ҳазаің у домі

Дощик каже: як я зійду

То эрадується Ҷито й пшениця

Ҷито й лшениц і всяқа пашниця

OH, THERE BEYOND THE HILL

Oh, there beyond the rocky hill

For a good and plentiful evening

Oh, there were three comrades coming out

The first was the bright sun

The second, the glowing moon

And the third was the light rain

The sun says: both young and old

Will rejoice when I come up

The moon says: all the beasts of the field

Will rejoice when I come up

Oh, all of the beasts of the field, travellers

on the road and masters in their homes

The rain says: when I come down

Then the rye and the wheat will rejoice

and all manner of growing things will rejoice

WHOSE GARDEN WAS THIS Tom Paxton

Whose garden was this? It must have been lovely
Did it have flowers? I've seen pictures of flowers
And I'd love to have smelled one

Whose river was this? You say it ran freely
Blue was its color, I've seen blue in some pictures
And I'd love to have been there

Tell me again, I need to know
The forests had trees, the meadows were green
The oceans were blue and birds really flew
Can you swear that was true?

Whose gray sky was this? Or was it a blue one?
At night there were breezes, I've heard records of breezes
And I'd love to have felt one

Tell me again, I need to know
The forests had trees, the meadows were green
The oceans were blue, and birds really flew
Can you swear that was true?

GOD BLESS THE GRASS Melvina Reynolds

God bless the grass that grows thru the crack.
They roll the concrete over it to try and keep it back.
The concrete gets tired of what it has to do,
It breaks and it buckles and the grass grows thru,
And God bless the grass.

God bless the truth that fights toward the sun,
They roll the lies over it and think that it is done.
It moves through the ground and reaches for the air,
And after a while it is growing everywhere,
And God bless the grass.

God bless the grass that grows through cement.
It's green and it's tender and it's easily bent.
But after a while it lifts up its head,
For the grass is living and the stone is dead,
And God bless the grass.

God bless the grass that's gentle and low,
Its roots they are deep and its will is to grow.
And God bless the truth, the friend of the poor,
And the wild grass growing at the poor man's door,
And God bless the grass.

BIG YELLOW TAXI

Joni Mitchell

They paved paradise and put up a parking lot
 With a pink hotel, a boutique, and a swinging hot spot

Refrain:

*Don't it always seem to go
 That you don't know what you got 'til it's gone?
 They paved paradise and put up a parking lot*

They took all the trees and put 'em in a tree museum
 And they charged the people a dollar and a half to see them

Refrain:

Hey, farmer, farmer, put away your DDT
 I don't care about spots on my apples
 Leave me the birds and the bees
 Please!

*Refrain:***EMERALD STREAM**

Seth Houston

Come, now, and gather in the glade
 Where the Em'rald Stream and the
 Evening Shade,
 And meditate on the works He's made,
 Great God, our sov'reign Lord.

As God is the shepherd and we are the
 sheep,
 We our mother Earth must keep,
 Maintain the air, protect the deep;
 At Judgment Day He'll come.

Join us, now, the meadow is green
 And the waters pure and the woods
 serene
 And the flowing air is fresh and clean
 Where God his blessings pour'd.

See the Lord come down,
 Hear Him whistle as he goes,
 He bears a thunderbolt and a rose,
 Remember all his pow'r.

Feel the wind come down,
 Hear it whistle as it blows,
 It brings us sun and it brings us snows,
 A blessing from above.

See the Lord come down, face shining
 bright,
 His holy feet are soiled
 But his robe is white;
 You will regret that hour.

And the sun comes up,
 And the sun goes down,
 And the stars and the moon go 'round
 and 'round,
 In witness to His love.

So, now, my people beware,
 You're in charge of the seas and the
 earth and the air,
 You'd better take extr'ordinary care
 Of the Earth, our only home.

Hear, now, ye sons of men,
 For danger lurks in this great garden.
 The Lord will visit once again
 To see what we have done.

All glory be to God on high,
 Shout praises loudly to the sky,
 Listen to the Earth and hear her cry,
 And in Heaven forever roam.

SAILIN' UP, SAILIN' DOWN Jimmy Reed

Sailing up (sailing up), sailing down (sailing down)

Up (down), down (up!) - up and down the river

Sailing on - stopping all along the way

The river may be dirty now but it's getting cleaner every day

Singin' here (singin' here), singin' there (singin' there)

Here (there), there (here) - up and down the river

Sailing on - stopping all along the way

The river may be dirty now but it's getting cleaner every day

People come (people come), people go (people go)

Come (go), go (come) - up and down the river

Sailing on - stopping all along the way

The river may be dirty now but it's getting cleaner every day

Garbage here (garbage here), garbage there (garbage there)

Here (there), there (here) - up and down the river

Sailing on - stopping all along the way

The river may be dirty now but it's getting cleaner every day

Catching fish (catching fish), catching cold (catching cold)

Cold (fish), fish (cold) - up and down the river
Sailing on - stopping all along the way
The river may be dirty now but it's getting
cleaner every day
Sailin' Up, Sailin' Down lyrics © Conrad Music

WE BELONG TO THE EARTH Terry Leonino and Greg Artzner

Refrain:

We belong to the Earth

We all belong to the Earth

It's not that she belongs to us

It's we belong to her.

A strand in the web are we

A strand in the web, I believe

To own it we cannot dare to dream

It's a web that we didn't weave

Refrain

In sun and in wind and in rain

Is a seed of what will be

It awakens a power that grows down below

It courses through you and through me

Refrain

And when our spirits take flight

We lay our bodies down

Our ashes may be carried away on the wind

But return to the birthing ground

Refrain

I FEEL TIRED SOMETIMES Judy A. Rose

I feel tired sometimes when the load is heavy
I feel tired sometimes when the day is long
I feel tired lawd, don't know if I can take no more
Lawd, help me to know help is comin' along

Gotta keep movin' though I know my journey's long
Gotta keep on singin' though it seems I'm far from home
Gotta keep singin' my freedom song
Ain't gonna be on my journey long

Help me with this heavy load, I feel tired, Lawd, I feel so tired.
Help me keep on singin'
Sometimes I feel, I'm travelin' all alone
Sometimes I feel, I can't take it no more

Cum sancto spiritu in Gloria dei patris, amen.

I feel tired lawd, don't know if I can take no more.
Lord help me to know, help is comin' along.
I feel sometimes tired lord.

THE PEACE OF WILD THINGS

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.

from *The Peace of Wild Things And Other Poems* (Penguin, 2018)

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NOW IS THE COOL OF THE DAY

Jean Ritchie

My Lord, He said unto me,
"Do you like My garden so fair?
You may live in this garden if you keep the grasses green
And I'll return in the cool of the day."

Refrain:

*Now is the cool of the day
Now is the cool of the day
O, this earth is a garden; the garden of my Lord
And He walks in His garden in the cool of the day*

My Lord, He said unto me,
"Do you like My pastures so pure?
You may live in this garden if you keep the water clean
And I'll return in the cool of the day."

Refrain:

GIVE US THIS DAY words Tony Vincent Isaacs

Scudding clouds of crimson flush, skim the azure evening sky,
Boding well the morrow's dawn—To a cloudless glowing morn.
Dragon fly, neon's treasure, strafes the pool in summer's hush,
Give us this day that we may see the beauty before our eyes.
Give us this day that we may cherish the earth before it dies.
Curfew closing on the light, pungent wood smoke curling by,
Autumn leeching summer cold, breathing out in red and gold,
Flocking high o'er tall oak, storks migrating full in flight.
Give us this day that we may see the beauty before our eyes.
Give us this day that we may cherish the earth before it dies.
All along the trestle bough, incandescent to the touch,
Icy chandeliers a blaze to the sun's retreating rays.
In the clutch, omnipresent, of the north wind's bitter vow.
Give us this day that we may see the beauty before our eyes.
Give us this day that we may cherish the earth before it dies.
Morning creeps upon the day, stars pay homage to the sun.
Tumult in the swelling bud, ripening with verdant blood,
Surging through the winter's damage, weaving tendrils on its way.
Give us this day that we may see the beauty before our eyes.
Give us this day that we may cherish the earth before it dies.

Wilder Bond Nicolette Sowder

May we raise children who love the unloved things- the dandelion, the worms & spiderlings.
Children who sense the rose needs the thorn & run into rainswept days The same way they turn
towards the sun...
And when they're grown & someone has to speak for those who have no voice
May they draw upon that wilder bond, those days of tending tender things
And be the ones.

CHILDREN WILL LISTEN

Stephen Sondheim

How do you say to your child in the night,
Nothing's all black, but then nothing's all white?
How do you say it will all be all right
When you know that it mightn't be true?
What do you do?
What do you leave to your child when you're dead?
Only whatever you put in its head.
Things that your father and mother had said,
Which were left to them too.
Careful what you say.
Careful the things you say,
Children will listen,
Careful the things you do,
Children will see. And learn.
Children may not obey, but children will listen
Children will look to you for which way to turn
To learn what to be
Careful before you say "Listen to me"
Children will listen
Careful the wish you make
Wishes are children,
Careful the path they take
Wishes come true, not free.
Careful the spell you cast
Not just on children
Sometimes the spell may last
Past what you can see
And turn against you
Careful the tale you tell
That is the spell
Children will listen.

