

[1] The Isle is Full of Noises

William Shakespeare (c.1564-1616): The Tempest: Act 3, Scene 2

Be not afeard. The isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometime voices

[2] The Lily and the Rose

Anonymous. 16th century. English

The maidens came
When I was in my mother's bower;
I had all that I would.
The bailey beareth the bell away;
The lily, the rose, the rose I lay.
The silver is white, red is the gold;
The robes they lay in fold.
The bailey beareth the bell away;
The lily, the rose, the rose I lay.
And through the glass window shines the sun.
How should I love and I so young?
The bailey beareth the bell away;
The lily, the rose, the rose I lay.

[3] Everyone sang

Siegfried Sassoon (1886-1967)

Everyone suddenly burst out singing;
And I was filled with such delight
As prisoned birds must find in freedom,
Winging wildly across the white
Orchards and dark-green fields; on—on—and out of sight.

Everyone's voice was suddenly lifted;
And beauty came like the setting sun:
My heart was shaken with tears; and horror
Drifted away ... O, but Everyone
Was a bird; and the song was wordless; the singing will never be done.

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You and Me

[4] I. Brightness

Denis Glover (1912-1980)

I am bright with the wonder of you
And the faint perfume of your hair

I am bright with the wonder of you
You being far away or near
I am bright with the wonder of you
Warmed by your eyes' blue fire

I am bright with the wonder of you
And your mind's open store

I am bright with the wonder of you
Despite the dark waiting I endure

I am bright with the wonder of you

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[5] II. The Good Side of Me

Elizabeth Jennings (1926-2001)

Tell me where you go
When you look far away.
I find I am too slow

To catch your mood. I hear

The slow and far-off sea
And waves that beat ashore

That could be trying to
Call us toward our end,
Make us hurry through

This little space of dark.
Yet love can stretch it wide.
Each life means so much work.

You are my wealth, my pride.
The good side of me, see
That you stay by my side.

Two roots of one great tree.

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A Little Jazz Mass

[6] I. Kyrie

Kyrie eleison.
Christe eleison.
Kyrie eleison.

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.
Lord, have mercy.

[7] II. Gloria

Gloria in excelsis Deo.
Et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis.
Laudamus te, benedicimus te,
Adoramus te, glorificamus te.
Gratias agimus tibi propter magnam gloriam tuam.
Domine Deus, Rex coelestis, Deus Pater omnipotens.
Domine Fili unigenite, Jesu Christe.
Domine Deus, Agnus Dei, Filius Patris.
Qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.
Qui tollis peccata mundi,
suscipe deprecationem nostram.
Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris,
miserere nobis.
Quoniam tu solus sanctus, tu solus Dominus,
Tu solus altissimus, Jesu Christe,
Cum Sancto Spiritu in gloria Dei Patris, Amen.

II. Gloria

Glory be to God on high.
And in earth peace, good will towards men.
We praise thee, we bless thee,
We worship thee, we glorify thee.
We give thanks to thee for thy great glory.
O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty.
O Lord, the only-begotten Son, Jesu Christ:
O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father.
That takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us.
Thou that takest away the sins of the world,
hear our prayer.
Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father,
have mercy upon us.
For thou only art holy; thou only art the Lord,
thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost,
art most high in the glory of God the Father, Amen.

[8] III. Sanctus

Sanctus Dominus Deus Sabaoth,
Pleni sunt caeli et terra gloria tua.
Hosanna in excelsis.

III. Sanctus

Holy, Lord God of hosts,
Heaven and earth are full of thy glory.
Hosanna in the highest.

[9] IV. Benedictus

Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini.
Hosanna in excelsis.

IV. Benedictus

Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord.
Hosanna in the highest.

[10] V. Agnus Dei

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,
miserere nobis.
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,
miserere nobis.
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,
dona nobis pacem.

V. Agnus Dei

O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world,
have mercy upon us.
O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world,
have mercy upon us.
O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world,
grant us thy peace.

[11] Our Father (The Bread of Life)

Text from Luke 11: vv2-4 and John 6: vv35 and 37

Our Father which art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy name.
Thy kingdom come.
Thy will be done, as in heaven, so in earth.

Give us day by day our daily bread.
And forgive us our sins;
for we also forgive every one
that is indebted to us.
And lead us not into temptation;
but deliver us from evil.

I am the bread of life:
he that cometh to me shall never hunger;
and he that believeth in me shall never thirst.
All that the Father giveth me shall come to me;
and him that cometh to me
I will in no wise cast out.

[12] Mid-winter

Christina Rossetti (1830-1894)

In the bleak midwinter, frosty wind made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow, snow on snow,
In the bleak midwinter, long ago.

Our God, Heav'n cannot hold Him, nor earth sustain;
Heav'n and earth shall flee away when He comes to reign.
In the bleak midwinter a stable place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty, Jesus Christ.

Angels and archangels may have gathered there,
Cherubim and seraphim thronged the air;
But only His mother, in her maiden bliss,
Worshipped the beloved with a kiss.

What can I give Him, poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd, I would bring a lamb;
If I were a Wise Man, I would do my part;
Yet what I can I give Him: give my heart.

[13] For him all stars have shone

Elizabeth Jennings (1926-2001)

He is so small the stars bow down
The fierce winds ease their breath,
And careful shepherds look upon
The one unsullied birth.
They kneel and stare while time seems gone
And goodness rules the earth.

The blight on man is all undone,
And there will be no death,
For though this child will be nailed on
A cross, he'll be so since
He is the jewel of untold worth.
For him all stars have shone.

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[14] The Rose in the Middle of Winter

Charles Bennett (b.1954)

There's a rose in the middle of winter
a rose which has no thorn,
into the garden it comes
like a child who is waiting to be born.

And while he waits for the rose to bloom
the gardener sings –
and the clouds all dance to his tune.

There's a bird in the middle of winter
a bird whose song is a prayer,
into our dreams it comes
like a child who is almost here.

And while he waits for the bird to sound
the gardener sings –
and the stars all dance in a round.

There's a child in the middle of winter
a child like a flower in the snow,
into our days he comes
the child who is with us now.

And while he listens to the song of a rose
the gardener sings –
and the child is a dance in his soul.

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I Share Creation

[15] I. When the Sun Rises

Anon. Chinese (2500 BC)

When the sun rises, I go to work,
When the sun goes down, I take my rest,
I dig the well from which I drink,
I farm the soil that yields my food,
I share creation, Kings can do no more.

[16] II. The Earth

Chief Seattle

The earth does not belong to man;
Man belongs to the earth.

[17] III. The Innermost House

Anon. Aztec

They shall not wither, my flowers,
they shall not cease, my songs,
I, the singer lift them up.
They are scattered, they spread about.
Even though on earth my flowers
may wither and yellow,
they shall be carried there,
to the innermost house
of the bird with the golden feathers.

[18] IV. Come to the Great World

Anon. Arctic Eskimo

There is a joy feeling the warmth, come to the great world.
And seeing the sun, follow its footprints in the summer night.

There is a fear feeling the cold, come to the great world.
And seeing the moon, follow its footprints in the summer night.

There is a joy feeling the warmth, come to the great world.
And seeing the sun, follow its footprints in the summer night.

Aesop's Fables

[19] I. The Hare and the Tortoise

A Hare one day ridiculed the short feet, and slow pace of the Tortoise,
who replied, laughing: 'Though you are swift as the wind, I will beat you in a race'.
The Hare, believing her assertion to be simply impossible, assented to the proposal;
and they agreed that the Fox should choose the course and fix the goal.

On the day appointed for the race the two started together.
The Tortoise never for a moment stopped, but went on with a slow but steady pace straight to the end of the course.
The Hare, lying down by the wayside, fell asleep.
At last waking up, and moving as fast as he could,
he saw that the Tortoise had reached the goal, and was comfortably dozing after her fatigue.

'Slow but steady wins the race'

[20] II. The Mountain in Labour

A Mountain was once greatly agitated.
Loud groans and noises were heard, and crowds of people came,
and people came from all parts to see what was the matter.
While they assembled in anxious expectations of some terrible calamity,
out came a mouse.

'Don't make much ado, about nothing'

[21] III. The Fox and the Grapes

A famished Fox saw some clusters of ripe black Grapes hanging from a trellised vine.
She resorted to all her tricks to get at them,
but wearied herself in vain, for she could not reach them.
At last she turned away, hiding disappointment and saying:
'The Grapes are sour, and not ripe as I thought.'

'Sour Grapes'

[22] IV. The North Wind and the Sun

The North Wind and the Sun disputed as to which was the most powerful,
and agreed that he should be made the victor
who could first strip a wayfaring man of his clothes.

The North Wind first tried his power and blew with all his might,
and the keener his blasts, the closer the Traveler wrapped his cloak around him,
until at last, resigning all hope of victory,
the Wind called upon the Sun to see what he could do.

The Sun suddenly shone out with all his warmth.
The Traveller no sooner felt his genial rays that he took off one garment after another,
and at last, overcome with heat, undressed and bathed in a stream that lay in his path.

'Persuasion is better than Force'

[23] V. The Goose and the Swan

Aesop, 6th century BC
Translated by George Fyler Townsend (1814-1900)

A certain rich man bought in the market a Goose and a Swan.
He fed the one for his table and kept the other for the sake of its song.

When the time came for killing the Goose,
the cook went to get him at night, when it was dark,
and was not able to distinguish one bird from the other.
By mistake he caught the Swan, instead of the Goose.

The Swan threatened with death, burst forth into song
and made himself known by his voice,
and preserved his life by his melody.

'Music can delay death'