

[1] Even When He Is Silent

Text: Anonymous 20th century

I believe in the sun even when it's not shining.
I believe in love even when I feel it not.
I believe in God even when He is silent.

[2] Flight Song

Text: Euan Tait (b. 1968)

All we are, we have found in song:
you have drawn this song from us.
Songs of lives unfolding
fly overhead, cry overhead:
longing, rising from the song within.

Moving like the rise and fall of wings,
hands that shape our calling voice
on the edge of answers
you've heard our cry, you've known our cry:
music's fierce compassion flows from you.

The night is restless with the sounds we hear,
is broken, shaken by the cries of pain:
for this is music's inner voice,
saying, yes, we hear you,
all you who cry aloud,
and we will fly, answering you:
so our lives sing, sing,
wild we will fly,
wild in spirit we will fly.

Like a feather falling from the wing,
fragile as a human voice,
afraid, uncertain,
alive to love, we sing as love,
afraid, uncertain,
yet our flight begins as song.

[3] O Sacrum Convivium

Text: Traditional

O sacrum convivium!
in quo Christus sumitur:
recolitur memoria passionis eius:
mens impletur gratia:
et futurae gloriae nobis pignus datur.
Alleluia.

O sacred banquet
in which Christ is received
the memory of his Passion is recalled,
our souls are filled with grace,
and a pledge of future glory is given to us.
Alleluia.

[4] Child of Song

Text: Euan Tait

Child of song, your music
sang from the bone,
the music of a visceral dancer.

The feral tree in full pearl green new leaf,
the squalling water alive around the swimmer,
is touched by your music, will always carry it.

No child of song falls into silence
but into love's rest
seeded with re-awakening.

Your music, child of song.

[5] The gift I'll leave you

Text: Euan Tait

Commissioned by Keith and Sue Ferguson for Kantorei, Denver and artistic director, Joel Rinsema

When you walked in, my friends
did you wonder what love is?
Did you say in your heart
I do not know, I do not know?
Did you call out to love,
not knowing his name,
not knowing her name, cry:
Who are you, who are you?

Let me tell you, friend
what you did not know:
love's a slow discovery,
and we are here, we are here.

Our friendship will tell you
what love is, what love could be.
I did not know too, my friend,
but here I am, here I am.
Remember this gift
when you enter our broken world,
for you are love or injustice:
remember this gift, remember.

[6] Dormi, Jesu

Text: Traditional

Dormi, Jesu! Mater ridet
Quae tam dulcem somnum videt,
Dormi, Jesu! Blandule!
Si non-dormis, Mater plorat,
Inter filat cantans orat,
Blande, veni, somnule.

Sleep, sweet babe! My care beguiling:
Mother sits beside thee smiling;
Sleep, my darling, tenderly!
If thou sleep not, mother mourneth,
Singing as her wheel she turneth:
Come, soft slumber, balmily!

Translation: Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772–1834)

[7] Making or Breaking

Text: David Roberts (b. 1942)

Commissioned by Judith Kay Fredericksen in memory of Jack Fredericksen for Kantorei, Denver and artistic director, Joel Rinsema

We inherit the world,
the whole of history,
our place on earth,
our place in time,
our fortune, good or bad,
pure chance.

Now,
in one picture,
we see our entire planet:
one world,
one race,
one future,
bound together
for the first time.

Ours
for the breaking
or making.

[9] The Lamb

Text: William Blake (1757–1827)

Little Lamb who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life and bid thee feed,

By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, wooly bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little Lamb who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Little Lamb I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb I'll tell thee;
He is called by thy name,
For he calls himself a Lamb.
He is meek and he is mild,
He became a little child:
I a child and thou a lamb,
we are called by his name.
Little Lamb God bless thee.
Little Lamb God bless thee.

[10] Pie Jesu

Text: Traditional

Pie Jesu Domine,
Dona eis requiem sempiternam.

Merciful Lord Jesus,
grant them rest everlasting.

[11] Infinity

Text: David Roberts

Commissioned by Keith and Sue Ferguson for Kantorei, Denver and artistic director, Joel Rinsema

How far, how far
is the furthest star
we can see?
A distance
that's measured
in time.

What there may be
beyond what we see
no one knows,
a vastness
that time
cannot tell.

In all this space
is just a trace
of human race,
whose fortunes
are measured
in dust.

In oceans of time
the story of life
is cast about
in chaos
seeming futile
and blind.

Our moment in time
one human race.
Choose the dark all the light
to rise or to fall,
one chance
for us all.

[12] There We Shall Rest

Text: St Augustine of Hippo (AD 354–AD 430)

Commissioned by Michael Bizzaro in loving memory of Ruby Bizzaro for Kantorei, Denver and artistic director, Joel Rinsema

There we shall rest and see,
we shall see and love and praise.

Behold what will be at the end without end.
For what other
end do we have, if not to reach the kingdom
which has no end?