

Alleluia! Amen

Hearts and voices heav'n-ward raise,
Sing to God a song of gladness,
Sing to God a hymn of praise.

The Hymn

All seeing and all hearing God, great
heav'nly voice, divine; we pray our voices,
raised as one, may be attuned to thine.
As we sing out a century of song with joyful
air, and sing another cent'ry in, this is
our humble prayer: Dear Father, bless
America, oh keep her strong and good. May
her brave song fly 'round the world on
wings of brotherhood. Inspire our song of
loyalty, and may thy blessing be on Michigan
dear Michigan, our University.

I am dust of men

I am here when the cities are gone, I am
here before the cities come. I nourished
the lonely men on horses. I will keep the
laughing men who ride iron. I am dust of
men. You came in wagons, making streets
and schools, kin of the ax and rifle, kin
of the plow and horse, you in the coonskin
cap. You at a sod house door, I am dust of
your dust, as I am brother and mother to
the copper faces, the worker in flint and
clay. Have you heard my threshing crews
yelling in the chaff of a strawpile and the
running wheat of the wagon boards? I hold
the dust of these, I last while old wars
are fought, I who have seen the births and
deaths, I take peace or war.

In Ecclesiis

In the congregation, bless ye the Lord.
In all places of His dominion: bless the
Lord, O my soul. In God is my salvation
and my glory: O God, my help and my hope is
in God. Deliver us, save us, quicken us.
O God, our refuge in all eternity.
Alleluia!

Thirty-two sights in seventeen days

Wasn't that a wonderful sight, a piece of
joy, a slice of delight. Wasn't that a thing
to behold, we're so overcome we can't be
controlled. Now hurry up, we're behind by
an hour. Number ten on your map. A great
mighty tow'r. Tall isn't it. Hold it, but
you just got here, but we must go. You see,
we're seeing 32 sights... Our feet have
got to be stout. Seeing 32 sights... is
running into a place on the way out! We're
preoccupied with scheduling so we can't
spare the time to see everything with
32 sights... a sight can fly by so you
better not blink. We tried to leave trouble
at home on the shelf. But God, it's hard
work enjoying yourself with 32 sights...
But the trip was such a good deal. A guide
book and a hot meal and we can tell our
friends, "we saw more than you did. With
tax, tips, taxis all included." We've
learn'd to sleep on the run with 32 sights...
When a day is over that means it's begun.
You've slept through the mountains (a won-
derful sight) and grop'd the black forest
in the dead of the night. With 32 sights...
it's all a blur anyway, and won't it be
grand when it's over.

By the waters of Babylon

By the waters of Babylon there we sat down.
Yea, we wept when we remember'd Zion. There
on the willow trees we hung up our harps for
those who carried us off, demanded music and
singing, and our captors called on us to be
merry, saying: Sing us one of the songs of
Zion. How could we sing the Lord's song in
a foreign land? If I forget you, O Jerusa-
lem, let my right hand wither away, let my
tongue cling to the roof of my mouth, if
I do not remember you, if I do not set
Jerusalem above my highest joy.

Oneness with God

We all live under one sky, a sky that's
liv'd much longer than I. It's watched in
silence as we've turn'd our heads away from
all it's learn'd. For the sky has many
colors, many moods, many changes. But it
never re-arranges its oneness with God.
We all live upon one earth, an earth that's
lived before man's birth. It spins in
silence 'round the sun, no war existing to
be won. And the earth has many colors,
many moods, many changes. But it never
re-arranges its oneness with God. So here
we live between the two -- two endless
miracles green and blue. Between these
miracles we can find the perfect balance
for mankind. If we learn to live with
color, live with mood, live with change.
But it never re-arranges our oneness with
God.

Through Fire and Fury

Through fire and fury the masses storm,
the seas a-flame, the heavens torn.
Through veins of lightning with sword and
shield, all nations cry -- to no man yield.
Peace, peace, a child is born, peace,
peace, on this winter-blown morn. Let
the nations peace begin, none but ashes
will you win. Peace, peace, a child shall
lead them. Peace to a glorious field,
where gentle streams of kindness flow and
roses thru the ashes grow.

Carmina Burana

Veris leta facies: The bright face of
spring shows itself to the world, driving
away the cold of winter. Flora reigns in
her colorful robes, praised in the canticle
of sweet-sounding woods.

Phoebus laughs in Flora's lap again.
Surrounded by flowers, Zephyrus breathes
the fragrance of their nectar. Let us
compete for the prize of love.

Stetit puella: There stood a maid in a
red tunic; when it was touched the tunic
rustled. Eia! There stood a girl, like
a rose; her face was radiant, her mouth
bloomed. Eia!

In trutinina: I am suspended between love
and chastity, but I choose what is before
me and take upon myself the sweet yoke.

Texts (continued)

Nachtelle

The night is pure and radiant, the houses are bathed in light. My heart, too, is filled with a wonderful brightness, the light within it cannot be contained, and must break out.

Gebet (Prayer)

You fount of all goodness
You fount of all might
Softly breathing out of the blossom,
Deeply thundering out of battle.
Everywhere are prepared for you
A temple and a feast;
Everywhere guided by you
Whoever likes to be guided.

You look into this heart of mine,
Know its joys and pains.
Gently beckons the candle of home,
Boldly summons a glorious death.

Into a single one with me here
merges the child's love,
and outside flames are shining,
burning off shame and guild.

Prepared I am to die
in battle worthy of my forefathers,
as long as safe from perils are
my wife and child at the hearth.

Yours is that love in me
which flows for these two,
yours also are the courageous urges
which swell my breast.

If a gentle fate is in store for me,
let it happen, Lord;
let peace reign from now on,
let virtue and order be secure.

If nor, give us for our work,
light in the stormy night;
You, eternal love and strength,
your will be done.

Wherever you want me to go,
my Lord, I stand ready,
for pious tokens of love
as for hard, honest fighting.

Your messenger in battle and in travel
your messenger in the quiet home --
In any event, I will rest
in heaven some day.

Chor der Engel (Choir of Angels)

Christ is risen.
Joy to the mortal
Whom the noxious,
Insidious, inheritable
Deficiencies were enveloping.

Gloria all' Egitto

Glory to Egypt's sacred land, Isis hath
aye protected, with laurel and with lotus
entwine proudly the victor's head.
Praise be to Isis, goddess bland, who
hath our land protected, and pray that
the favors granted us ever be o'er us
shed. Take heart: there yet some hope
is left, Thy country's fate amending;
Soon shalt thou see with pleasure revenge
light from above. Glory to Egypt's
gracious land, who hath revenge rejected,
and liberty and freedom hath granted us
once more our native soil to tread.
Glory to Egypt! Praise be to Isis!

The Peaceable Kingdom

Say ye to the righteous, it shall be well with
him: for they shall eat the fruit of their
doings. Woe unto the wicked! It shall be ill
with him: for the reward of his hands shall be
given him. Behold, my servants shall sing for
joy of heart, but ye shall cry for sorrow of
heart and shall howl for vexation of spirit.

Woe unto them that draw iniquity with cords of
vanity, and sin as it were with a cart of rope!
Woe unto them that call evil good, and good
evil; that put darkness for light, and light
for darkness; that put bitter for sweet, and
sweet for bitter! Woe unto them that are wise
in their own eyes, and prudent in their own
sight! Woe unto them that are might to drink
wine, and men of strength to mingle strong
drink! Woe unto them that rise up early in
the morning, that they may follow strong
drink; that continue till night, till wine
inflammeth them! And the harp, and the viol, the
tabret, and pipe, and wine, are in their
feats: but they regard not the work of the
Lord, neither consider the operations of his
hands. Woe to the multitude of many people,
which make a noise like the noise of the seas!
Woe unto them that join house to house, that
lay field to field, till there be no place,
that they may be placed alone in the midst of
the earth.

The noise of a multitude in the mountains,
like as a great people; a tumultuous noise of
the kingdoms of nations gathered together; the
Lord of hosts mustereth the host of the battle.
They come from a far country, from the end of
heaven, even the Lord, and the weapons of his
indignation, to destroy the whole land. Their
bows also shall dash the young men to pieces;
and they shall have no pity on the fruit of
the womb; their eye shall not spare children.
Every one that is found shall be thrust through;
and every one that is joined unto them shall
fall by the sword. Their children also shall
be dashed to pieces before their eyes; their
houses shall be spoiled, and their wives
ravished. Therefore shall all hands be faint,
and every man's heart shall melt. They shall
be afraid: pangs and sorrow shall take hold of
them; they shall be in pain as a woman that
travaileth: they shall be amazed at one
another; their faces shall be as flames.

Howl ye; for the day of the Lord is at hand.
Howl, O gate; cry, O city; thou art dissolved.

The paper reeds by the brooks, by the mouth of
the brooks, and everything sown by the brooks,
shall wither, be driven away, and be no more.

But these are they that forsake the Lord,
that forget my holy mountain. For ye shall
go out with joy, and be led forth with peace:
the mountains and the hills shall break forth
before you into singing, and all the trees
of the fields shall clap their hands.

Have ye not known? Have ye not heard? Hath
it not been told you from the beginning?
Have ye not understood from the foundations
of the earth?

Ye shall have a song, as in the night when a
holy solemnity is kept; and gladness of heart,
as when one goeth with a pipe to come into
the mountain of the Lord.