

*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 trutina:* 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 inflame them! And the harp, and the viol, the tabret, and pipe, and wine, are in their feasts: 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.