

Ariose Presents

Times Best Jewel

Programme Lyrics & Translations

The Garden of Dreams - Timothy Corlis

My heart is a garden of dreams
Where you walk when day is done, Fair as the royal
flowers, Calm as the lingering sun. Never a drouth
comes there, Nor any frost that mars, Only the wind of
love Under the early stars,-
The living breath that moves Whispering to and fro,
Like the voice of God in the dusk
Of the garden long ago.

When the Earth Stands Still - Don Macdonald

Come listen

In the silence of the moment before rain comes down

There's a deep sigh

In the quiet of the forest and the tall tree's crown

Now hold me

Will you take the time to hold me and embrace the
chill?

Or miss me

Will you take the time to miss me when the Earth
stands still?

'Cause there's no use running

'Cause the storm's still coming

And you've been running for so many years

For so many years

Come listen

In the silence of the moment before shadows fall

Feel the tremor

Of your heartbeat matching heartbeat as we both dissolve

Now hold me

Will you take the time to hold me and embrace the chill?

Or miss me

Will you take the time to miss me when the Earth stands still?

'Cause there's no use running

'Cause the storm's still coming

And you've been running for so many years

So stay with me

Held in my arms, like branches of a tree

They'll shelter you for many years

So many years

For so many years (stay with me)

Stay with me

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Where the Light Begins - Susan LaBarr

Perhaps it does not begin.
Perhaps it is always.
Perhaps it takes a lifetime
to open our eyes, to learn to see –
the luminous line of the map in the dark
the vigil flame in the house of the heart
the love so searing we cannot keep from singing, from crying out.
Perhaps this day the light begins in us.
We are where the light begins.
Perhaps it does not begin.
Perhaps it is always.

May it Be - Eithne Ni Bhrasonain, Nicky Ryan, Roma Ryan

May it be an evening star Shine down upon you
May it be when darkness falls Your heart will be true
You walk a lonely road Oh, how far you are from home
Mornië utúlië ((darkness has come))
Believe and you will find your way
Mornië alantië ((darkness has fallen))
A promise lives within you now
May it be the shadows call Will fly away
May it be your journey on To light the day
When the night is overcome You may rise to find the sun
Mornië utúlië ((darkness has come))
Believe and you will find your way
Mornië alantië ((darkness has fallen))
A promise lives within you now A promise lives within you now

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Nothing Gold Can Stay - Stephanie Martin

Nature's first green is gold,
Her hardest hue to hold.
Her early leaf's a flower;
But only so an hour.
Then leaf subsides to leaf.
So Eden sank to grief,
So dawn goes down to day.
Nothing gold can stay.

There was a Time - Elaine Hagenberg

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight, To me did seem Apparell'd in celestial light,
The glory of a dream.
The rainbow comes and goes, And lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go, That there hath pass'd away a glory from the earth.
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find Strength in what remains behind.

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Fire Flowers

Laura Hawley

And only where the forest fires have sped,
Scorching relentlessly the cool north lands,
A sweet wild flower lifts its purple head,
And, like some gentle spirit sorrow-fed,
It hides the scars with almost human hands.
And only to the heart that knows of grief,
Of desolating fire, of human pain,
There comes some purifying sweet belief,
Some fellow-feeling beautiful, if brief.
And life revives, and blossoms once again.

Sunrise Along the Shore

Laura Hawley

Athwart the harbor lingers yet
The ashen gleam of breaking day,
And where the guardian cliffs are set
The noiseless shadows steal away;
But all the winnowed eastern sky
Is flushed with many a tender hue,
And spears of light are shining through
The ranks where huddled sea-mists fly.
Across the ocean, wan and gray,
Gay fleets of golden ripples come,
For at the birth-hour of the day
The roistering, wayward winds are dumb.
The rocks that stretch to meet the tide
Are smitten with a ruddy glow,
And faint reflections come and go
Where fishing boats at anchor ride.

All life leaps out to greet the light –
The shining sea-gulls dive and soar,
The swallows whirl in dizzy flight,
And sandpeeps flit along the shore.
From every purple landward hill
The banners of the morning fly,
But on the headlands, dim and high,
The fishing hamlets slumber still.
One boat alone beyond the bar
Is sailing outward blithe and free,
To carry sturdy hearts afar
Across those wastes of sparkling sea;
Staunchly to seek what may be won
From out the treasures of the deep,
To toil for those at home who sleep
And be the first to greet the sun.

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I'll Fly Away - Albert Brumley

Some glad morning when this life is
o'er,
I'll fly away;
To a home on God's celestial shore,
I'll fly away (I'll fly away).
I'll fly away, Oh Glory
I'll fly away; (in the morning)
When I die, Hallelujah, by and by,
I'll fly away (I'll fly away).
When the shadows of this life have
gone,
I'll fly away;
Like a bird from prison bars has
flown,
I'll fly away (I'll fly away)
Just a few more weary days and then,
I'll fly away;
To a land where joy shall never end,
I'll fly away (I'll fly away)

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1. A Birthday - Chris na Rosse The work begins with a plain ve piano introduc on, passages of which return later in the piece. Rosse wrote frequently about love, usually within the context of loss, so the jubilant an cipa on in this poem is a bit of an outlier in her oeuvre.

My heart is like a singing bird Whose nest is in a watered shoot; My heart is like an apple tree Whose boughs are bent with thickset fruit; My heart is like a rainbow shell That paddles in a halcyon sea. My heart is gladder than all these Because my love is come to me. Raise me a dais of silk and down; Hang it with vair and purple dyes; Carve it in doves and pomegranates, And peacocks with a hundred eyes; Work it in gold and silver grapes, In leaves and silver fleur-de-lys, Because the birthday of my life Is come, my love is come to me. Love is like the wild-rose briar Friendship like the holly tree,

2. Love and Friendship - Emily Brontë The holly is dark when the rose-briar blooms But which will bloom most constantly? The wild rose-briar is sweet in spring, Its summer blossoms scent the air; But wait Il winter comes again, And who will call the rose-briar fair? Then scorn the silly rose-wreath now, And deck thee with the holly's sheen, That when December blights thy brow He s Il may leave your garland green. Raise me a dais of silk and down; Hang it with vair and purple dyes; Carve it in doves and pomegranates, And peacocks with a hundred eyes; My heart is like a singing bird, Because my love is come to me.

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3. O my Luv is like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June; O my Luv
is like the melodie That's sweetly
played in tune. So fair art thou, my
bonnie lass, So deep in luv am I; And I
will luv thee s ll, my dear, Till a' the
seas gang dry! Till a' the seas gang
dry, my dear, And the rocks melt wi'
the sun; And I will luv thee s ll, my
dear, While the sands o' life shall run.
And fare thee weel, my only luv! And
fare thee weel awhile! And I will come
again, my luv, Tho'it 'twere ten
thousand mile.

4. A Red, Red Rose - Robert Burns
Break, Break, Break - Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Break, Break, Break, On thy cold grey stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts
that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy, That he shouts with
his sister at play! O well for the sailor [lad], That he
sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on To their haven under the
hill; But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand, And the
sound of a voice that is still!

Break, Break, Break, At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead Will never
come back to me. I will come again, my Luv, Tho'it
twere ten thousand mile.

My heart is like a singing bird
My heart is like an
apple tree.

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5. My Loves - Langston Hughes

I love to see the big white moon, A-shining in the sky;
I love to see the li le stars, When the shadow clouds go by.
I love the rain drops falling On my roof-top in the night;
I love the so wind's sighing, Before the dawn's gray light.
I love the deepness of the blue, In my Lord's heaven above;
But be er than all these things I think, I love my lady love.

6. My Loves - Langston Hughes When You Are Old and Grey - William Butler Yeats

When you are old and grey and full of sleep, And nodding by the fire, take down this book, And slowly read, and dream of the so look Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep; How many loved your moments of glad grace, And loved your beauty with love false or true, But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you, And loved the sorrows of your changing face; And bending down beside the glowing bars, Murmur, a li le sadly, how Love fled And paced upon the mountains overhead And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

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7. He (Aedh) Wishes for the Cloths of Heaven - William Butler Yeats
(Aedh is a part of Yeats's original title which was changed to the more generic "He" in later publications. Aedh is the ancient Irish god of the underworld.)

Had I the heaven's embroidered cloths, Enwrought with golden and silver light, The blue and the dim and the dark cloths Of night and light and the half light, I would spread [the cloths] under your feet; But I, being poor, have only my dreams; I have spread my dreams under your feet; Tread so lightly because you tread on my dreams. Raise me a dais of silk and down; Hang it with vair and purple dyes; Carve it in doves and pomegranates, And peacocks with a hundred eyes; Work it in gold and silver grapes, In leaves and silver fleur-de-lys, Because the birthday of my life is come, my love is come to me.

"For one human being to love another; that is perhaps the most difficult of all our tasks, the ultimate, the last test and proof, the work for which all other work is but preparation." - Rainer Maria Rilke Allan

Bevan