

THE SONG OF ORPHEUS

Music by Howard Goodall

Lyrics by Theo Dorgan

White clouds in a blue sky
Clear to the horizon,
Blackbird on a bare branch
Warmed by the rising sun.

Spring flowers by a clear stream,
Bright gold in the slant rain,
I lift my heart and sing, **sing**
Call up my gift again
Call up my gift again

The leopard sheathes his claws
The eagle leaves her nest
The creatures gather round
I sing them all to rest
I sing them all to rest

Here is the music of what happens,
Running water, crane and swan,
The wind in the green branches,
I lift my voice and sing
Sing, sing, sing

One voice under the heavens
Let all creation sing
One voice under the heavens
Let all creation sing

Dark boat on a green wave,
Fish turning underneath,
Bright gulls flash, lonesome call
Echoes over the sea
Echoes echoes
Echoes echoes
Echoes echoes
Over the sea

Red stag on bare high crest,
While migrant birds take flight,
I weave all these voices
Into garlands of light

By day under the sun
By night under the bright stars
The choir of all that breathes,
The choir of all that breathes,

Here is the music of what happens,
Running water, crane and swan,
The wind in the green branches,
I lift my voice and sing
Sing, sing, sing

One voice under the heavens
Let all creation sing
One voice under the heavens
Let all creation sing
One voice under the heavens
Let all creation sing
One voice under the heavens