

We Are the Land We Sing

CAROLYN McDADE

Singers of the Sacred Web

*Words and Music by Carolyn McDade unless noted otherwise,
arranged in collaboration with the musicians of instrument and voice.*

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DISC ONE

Morning

As eastern waters turn
their islands to the sun
the shoreland forest embers

A flow through wooded shield,
to pour a golden yield
the prairie wide with morning

The grasses lift and fill
a message to the hills
the woodlands rise to mountains

Across the ice and ledge
as Earth renews a pledge
to lean these slopes toward morning

Through slow descending green
a fragile wild, serene
to sheen the western waters

To shine through mist and rain
on island seas again
the shore of tall trees standing

A continent in song
a planet spinning on
through waking miles of morning

The darkness follows soon
the reach and yield of moon
as stars reveal our passage

The old night reaching deep
to hold within its sweep
a land of dream and promise

This life, a blessing come
by turning to and from
the star that gives us morning

Were we to love as far
as shines this humble star
that kindles green in passing

Spirit of Earth and Wind
Spirit of Life within
may we be true in passing

We are the land we sing
We are the prayer we bring
to these wide miles of morning

A continent in song,
a planet singing on
the wide, wide miles of morning

We are the land we sing
We are the prayer we bring
to these wide miles of morning

A continent in song,
a planet singing on
the wide, wide miles of morning

loon

Hills of Grass

O Living Land
Spirit who singing sang the hills ~
Breathing the sun and the rain,
spun a sacred Web
The broken and unbroken of the land
The broken and unbroken of my life
The times I reach, the times that I refrain ~
furrow and fallow turning in the rain
Come as the grass comes
Go as grasses go
The shining hills of grass live on
for all that rises from these hills
shall some day there return again

O Blessed land
Hills rising haunted and serene
Long is the witness you've seen ~
fury and grace
All that comes, to fall before its time
All that breaks the sacred web that binds
By all we know, by all that we are known ~
By all that is and none can ever own
Come as the grass comes
Go as grasses go
The shining hills of grass live on
for all that falls into these hills
will some way turn and rise again

We of the land ~
Breathing and breathless of the hills ~
move in the street and the field
hope of the land
The turning of the green through shades of gold
Through all the shades of faith a life can hold
As wings of night unfold the wings of dawn,
within this day tomorrow spirals on

Come as the grass comes
Go as grasses go
The shining hills of grass live on
for all allying with this land
arise and sing tomorrow's hills

Variations on Themes by Carolyn McDade

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Born of a Star

Return
Return to the darkness, return
this longest night of wonder
Return
Return to the dream, return
this holy night to ponder
Deep in the night, listen
listen
Turn to the light
waken, waken
Deep in the night turn to the light
Waken to Sun's ancient summons ~

we who are born of a star
who then are we?
we who are loved by a star
who then love we?

We who are born of a star
who then are we?

Orca

Trilogy – Ancient Seas

On the back of ancient seas I stand
among fallen mountains
The oldest stars within my hand
Long journey travelled

Who goes the way, never to fall away
Who honours faithfulness
more than obedience
Who trusts I make my path
when I know not the way

In the wind the Old One flies
Wing shadow passing
The journey where all longings lie
O long migration

Who goes the way, never to fall away
Who honours faithfulness
more than obedience
Who trusts I make my path
when I know not the way

Still the stars swing, wild with faith,
Long passion burning
Who will come and take my place?
New mountains rising

Who goes the way, never to fall away
Who honours faithfulness
more than obedience
Who trusts I make my path
when I know not the way

DISC TWO

You Ask My Name

You ask my name
which is no name
to you who have no name for who I am

I am survivor beyond survival
who carries on,
who passes on what is my name
which is no name to you who have no name
for who I am

I am lover
She of ten thousand names
who passes bread from hoarded shelves
This is my name
which is no name to you who have no name
for who I am

I am dreamer who dares to dream my name
who carries on,
who passes on what is my name
which is no name to you who have no name
for who I am

wolf

Tell me your name

Tell me your name
The one you call yourself
It can't be given, only claimed
It can't be stolen
or bartered away

The Call of Things

Make not rigid that meant limber
nor give number to the incalculable
Translate not out of meaning
another's reach to freedom
nor feed on another's hunger

Know this time in this place
Know this place as home
Hear one's name spoken lightly
in the call of things

western meadowlark

There Is a Time

There is a time that we must rise
There is a time that we must stand
There is a time that we must come
together

for blessed are our lives
blessed our love
blessed the promise gathered now

There is a time that we must leave
Go from the place where hatreds breed
and, turning, feel the Spirit breathe us
together

There is a time we know the way
There is a time we watch and pray
In living faith we make our way
together

Upon the dry a cloud will rise
and truth will shine among the lies
and wisdom sing
as we arise together

There is a bow within the rain
and it will come and bend again
and colours shine
where we have been together

Blessed are our lives
Blessed our love
Blessed the promise gathered now

Uprising of Hope

O Singing Creation, Ardent arias of grace
Dream swirling in darkness unfurls
a wide embrace
Earth, blueland of waters
Long greening of soul
Love stirring leaven within the whole

O river of waters, O blossoms of field
Deer wander the sumac as cycles
reach and yield
O circle of ancients
Come, gather us in
Losing each other, our fall from dream

Come bend to the river
Stones washing in rain
Love caught in the narrows will seize
the stream again
Come bare to the meadow,
grass lifting the sun
All rise with morning creating dawn

A rising hope, a rising of hope
We as leaven raising
an uprising of hope

Come, friend, I go with you
'yond the road and its end
Turn, soft through the meadow
to round the river's bend
You carry my story
I, your truth and claim
Our lives a leaven to raise again

A rising hope, a rising of hope
We as leaven raising
an uprising of hope

Who goes the journey
Whence cometh our strength
What all abiding is changed forever,
changing
What stirred in our passion
to its witness is true
Where wakens wisdom and
all made new

our lives made new
our love made new
our world new again

*"A song for Leaven honouring
their work in the areas of
spiritual development, feminism,
anti-racism, and sexual justice.
They gather around this commitment:
'If we would be as leaven,
there would be an
uprising of hope.'"*

We Shall Release a New Justice

High on the ledge of the mountain,
limber and tall in the valley below,
firm by the rivers onflowing,
faithful, the trees ever stand

Born through the cycle of seasons,
each generation from those gone before,
deep in awakening seedlings
the essence, the soul of the tree

We, with the trees ever greening,
holding each child, a leaf to the sun,
praising within each emerging
our essence, our soul is one

Chorus:

We, we shall release
We shall release a justice
rooted and deep
a tree spreading branches
green and strong
o'er all the earth,
o'er all the earth