

An Archive of the musical compositions by Herb Bielawa

Composition: **Meditations and Prayers** – SATB and organ

Earth Mother
Fire of the Spirit
May I Be
Mind of Quiet
Most Holy One

Date: 2000

Duration: 13:00

Recording:

Program Note:

These pieces were written for Chancel Choir of the Unitarian Universalist Church of Berkeley. They were originally written for Eric Howe, director of the choir at the time. The texts were taken from *Singing the Living Tradition*, the Unitarian Universalist hymnal. In 2010 the set was published by Yelton Music.

Texts:

Earth mother, star mother,
You who are called by
a thousand names,
May all remember
we are cells in your body
and dance together.
You are the grain and the loaf
that sustains us each day,
And as you are patient
with our struggles to learn
So shall we be patient
with ourselves and each other.
We are radiant light
and sacred dark—the balance—
You are the embrace that heartens
And the freedom beyond fear.
Within you we are born,
we grow live, and die—
You bring us around the circle to rebirth,
Within us you dance
Forever.

-Starhawk

Fire of the Spirit,
life of the lives of creatures,
spiral of sanctity,
bond of all natures,
glow of charity,
lights of clarity,
taste of sweetness to the fallen,
be with us and hear us.
Composer of all things,
joy in the glory,
strong honor,
be with us and hear us.

-Hildegarde of Bingen

God, lover of us all, most holy one,
Help us to respond, to create what you
want for us on earth.
Give us today enough for our needs;
Forgive our weak and deliberate offences,
just as we must forgive others when they
hurt us.

Most holy one, endowed with your power
to make the world whole.

-Lala Winkley

May I be no one's enemy and may I be the friend of that which is eternal and abides.

May I wish for every person's happiness and envy none.

May I never rejoice in the ill fortune of one who has wronged me.

May I, to the extent of my power, give needful help to all who are in want.

May I never fail a friend.

May I respect myself.

May I always keep tame that which rages within me.

May I accustom myself to be gentle and never be angry with others because of circumstances.

May I know good people and follow in their footsteps.

-Eusebius

The mind of quiet waits for us to cease our ciphering.

The heart of quiet waits for us to cease our to and fro;

For this sweet slowing the soul of quiet waits.

We are complete nothing else to gain or to bestow.

The quiet body waits to hold us each in our particulars,

all in our common fears and valors.

This is where we breathe our common air, and rest, and know.

The heart of quiet waits.

-Dawn McGuire