

An Archive of the musical compositions by Herb Bielawa

Composition:

Simple Songs – S(S)A and guitar or piano

Autumn
Were I the Dew
The Garden
How Beautiful
How Fair the Flower

Date: 1983

Duration: 14:00

Recording: by Bruce, Lisa and Herb Bielawa

Program Note:

Simple Songs was written while on a sabbatical leave from teaching. During the leave I was in Bolinas, California as an artist fellow for a while where I purposely set out to write SIMPLE music to see if I could do it.

Editor's Note: *Autumn* also exists in an SATB version (see SACRED CHORAL FOR SERVICE AND PRAYER)

Texts by Tony Thomas:

Autumn

Are not these days of perfect beauty?
A strand of pearls in dying light,
Strung across the brow of Autumn
Gazing softly toward the night.
Are not these days of ever watching?
two bands of glories streaming light,
lit beneath the brow of Autumn
by that Source of glowing night.
Are not these days of adoration?
A prayer in sighs from lips of song,
Whispered by the breath of Autumn
Walking humbly towards the dawn.
Sing to me of passing Autumn,
Fair as all the youth of Spring;
Lovely in her gentle wisdom
Ever bride of Christ to be.

Were I the Dew

Were I the dew upon thee, rose awaiting
warmth,
I would compose eternal song to melt they
heart
Upon the instant ere we part.

The Garden

I feel as garden in my soul
Where peace may come to make me whole.
When light of sun has passed away,
And clearer rays reveal the way
To silence all unfolding.
Where breath is felt, but not a wind,
And voice behind all voiced heard;
My flame of like burns calm within,
My thought serenely undisturbed;
A swan upon the deepest waters.
Here ever slowly time unfolds,
White evening roses in repose,
Beyond the fret of pleasure – pain,
Eternity the seed they hold.
Come walk within – our garden grows.

How Beautiful

How beautiful it is to be
in love with love in all I see,
To find a pearl in ev'ry heart,
divinity, a meadowlark.

How Fair the Flower

How fair the flower, how fair the rose,
That first I saw across the road;
Upon my route, with heavy load.
And it was Fall in dying time,
When trees were bared in twilight sun,
And gentle haze in pink hues hung.
Then peace came light upon my frame;
With youth my heart seemed young again---
And I the beauty of the rose.
Come swiftly, age, across the bloom;
A week of days near life consumed –
How beauty passed neath waning moon.
Yet deep within, within I soon
Knew deeper love for withered bloom –
A love to reach toward that consumed.
And Hayes the valley where I began,
Where living things twixt man and man
Are lost to all save moment span
Between his flower and passing man.