

GHR 2013 Typhoon Haiyan Philippines: Music suggested by Master Teacher, Kay Mutert

Requiem by Eliza Gilkyson

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ySmoRzotXdA>

mother mary, full of grace, awaken
all our homes are gone, our loved ones taken
taken by the sea
mother mary, calm our fears, have mercy
drowning in a sea of tears, have mercy
hear our mournful plea
our world has been shaken
we wander our homelands forsaken

in the dark night of the soul
bring some comfort to us all
oh mother mary come and carry us in your embrace
that our sorrows may be faced

mary, fill the glass to overflowing
illuminate the path where we are going
have mercy on us all
in funeral fires burning
each flame to your mystery returning

in the dark night of the soul
your shattered dreamers, make them whole,
oh mother mary find us where we've fallen out of grace
lead us to a higher place

in the dark night of the soul
our broken hearts you can make whole
oh mother mary come and carry us in your embrace
let us see your gentle face, mary
All lyrics are property and copyright of their owners, and
provided for educational purposes only. www.elyrics.net

Please Call Me By My True Names

(Thich Nhat Hanh, Plum Village)

<https://ia600609.us.archive.org/19/items/ABasketOfPlums/12-PleaseCallMeByMyTrueNames1.mp3>

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ley6FLlbcYc>

Don't say that I will depart tomorrow-
even today I am still arriving.
Look deeply: every second I am arriving
to be a bud on a Spring branch,
to be a tiny bird, with still-fragile wings,
learning to sing in my new nest,
to be a caterpillar in the heart of a flower,
to be a jewel hiding itself in a stone.
I still arrive, in order to laugh and to cry,
to fear and to hope.
The rhythm of my heart is the birth and death
of all that is alive.
I am a mayfly metamorphosing
on the surface of the river.
And I am the bird
that swoops down to swallow the mayfly.
I am a frog swimming happily
in the clear water of a pond.
And I am the grass-snake

that silently feeds itself on the frog.
I am the child in Uganda, all skin and bones,
my legs as thin a bamboo sticks.
And I am the arms merchant,
selling deadly weapons to Uganda.
I am the twelve-year-old girl,
refugee on a small boat,
who throws herself into the ocean
after being raped by a sea pirate.
And I am the pirate,
my heart not yet capable
of seeing and loving.
My joy is like Spring, so warm
it makes flowers bloom all over the Earth.
My pain is like a river of tears,
so vast it fills the four oceans.
Please call me by my true names,
so I can hear all my cries and laughter at once,
so I can see that my joy and pain are one.
Please call me by my true names,
so I can wake up
and the door of my heart
could be left open,
the door of compassion.

Philipino lullaby: Sa Ugoy ng Duyan

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YBvDpg_BUS4

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZGeYwR6Vwtg>

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=f6NDVhdP1AY>

Translation from <http://jgiferderizo.wordpress.com/tag/ugoy-ng-duyan/>

The song *Ugoy ng Duyan*, literally translated to “the swaying of the hammock”, was composed by **Lucio San Pedro** and the lyrics were by **Levi Celerio**. Versions have already been recorded in the past by **Lea Salonga**, **Regine Velasquez** and **Aiza Seguerra**.

LULLING CRADLE (Translation)

Those good old days, I pray won't fade When I was young and
in Mother's care
Oh, to hear dear Mother's lullaby again The song of love as she
rocked my cradle.

In my deep and peaceful slumber The stars watch over me in
vigil
Life was like heaven in the arms of Mother Now my heart
longs for the lulling cradle.

Those good old days, I pray won't fade When I was young and
in Mother's care
Oh, to hear dear Mother's lullaby again The song of love as she
rocked my cradle.

Lull me, Mother, in my dear old cradle Oh, Mother.

“PLEASE TAKE NOTE: The translation above should *not*, in any way, be taken as an official translation. It is only a translation I made so that people will understand.”