

# 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](http://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 as 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.

## Philippino lullaby: Sa Ugoy ng Duyan

[http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YBvDpg\\_BUS4](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.”