

"PEACE"

a triptych for
two choirs and orchestra

PART I "Prelude to Spring"

PART II "Once Every Spring"

by Elizabeth Mackay
(poem)

PART III "Allelujah"

by Claudia Jean Headley
(poem)

Music by

H. Klyne Headley

PART I

PRELUDE TO SPRING

Listen!

'Tis the prelude to spring--

All creatures drift into the restful
quietness of waiting.

They prepare for new beginnings.....

Darkness enfolds them as they wait.

It is a time for dreams of newness.

Every living thing rests,

restoring itself for what is to come...

PART II

ONCE EVERY SPRING

Prologue

Once every Spring
He calls the wind to blow through the trees.
Close your eyes and listen, for in the wind
there is a message for you.

Children,
you were happy once
and why?
Were your souls so perfect
that everything shone upon you with wonderful light?

As children we were happy
but easily touched;
good things fell upon us as gifts from heaven.
(Music was ecstasy).

Even now childhood comes back . . .
patches of blue behind the clouds.

I

Sweet smoke, mist at twilight,
Silent Sundown,
(choking feelings, memories
of other twilights),
great, gray trees
blended into one;
a single forest,
one silent thing.
A pale sky . . .
frayed clouds receding below the skyline.
Silent Sundown
cries out a deafening sound--
(a soul is shaken to its very depths
by the greatness of things).

A ship far out at sea
finds charred remnants
of the Great Silent Sundown
floating on the surface of the water.

II

A child was my beginning.

World,
you started with
thunder;
great peals of thunder,
fire,
tongues of flame.
No sweet bells rang
but every creature
roared the mighty Name,
the name of his creator,
'til the heavens vibrated with the echo
and the universe shook!

From the depths of my being
I feel a need,
a longing for the strength,
power,
openness
of childhood.
But from all sides comes the answer:

'Childhood is lost for you;
you must be content
with your quiet death, old man.'

(It is an answer, truly,
but must I listen?)

III

God made the trees
to shade those who walk beneath.
He made the wind
to ruffle children's hair,
to be breathed--for in the wind
lies an elusive fragrance waiting
to entrap the hearts of children.

Epilogue

Once every Spring
He calls the wind to blow through the trees.
Close your eyes and listen, for in the wind
there is a message for you.

PART III

ALLELUJIAH!

The Flower of freedom has blossomed sweetly.

Allelujah!

Praise Him who hath caused this flower to bloom.

Allelujah!

Glory to him who hath set us free!

Freedom is immortal.

Distress may mar its shiny surface,

but the inner brightness shall remain glowing,

radiant; a fragrant flower in the midst of turmoil,

the flower of peace.

Allelujah!

The prayer for freedom has been fulfilled.

Allelujah!

Praise Him who hath answered this plea.

Allelujah!

Glory to Him who hath set us free!

Allelujah!