

Texts & Translations

Lumen – Traditional Texts

*Lumen accipe et imperti.
Do ut des.*

Receive light and pass it on.
I give so that you give back.

Sunshine and Cloudless Sky – Anne Frank (1929-1945)

I go to the attic almost every morning... This morning Peter was cleaning up. He finished quickly, and came over to where I was sitting on the floor. The two of us, Peter and I looked out at the blue sky, the bare chestnut tree glistening with dew, the seagulls and other birds glinting with silver; they swooped through the air, and we were so moved and entranced that we could not speak. We breathed in the air and looked outside, and both felt the spell should not be broken... As long as this exists, this sunshine and cloudless sky and as long as I can enjoy it, how can I be sad?

I lie in bed at night after ending my prayers with the words, "Thank you God for all that is good and dear and beautiful," and I'm filled with joy. At such moments I don't think about all the misery, but about the beauty that still remains.

Closer to the Fire – Hâfiz of Shiraz (1315-1390)

Dush ^e didam ke malâyek	Last night I saw the angels
Dare meykhâne za dand;	Beating at the door of the tavern;
Gele âdam bese reshtando	The clay of Adam they shaped,
Be peymâne za dand.	And into the mould they cast it.
Jange haftâdo do melat,	The churches war among themselves,
Hame râ ozr ^e beneh;	Forgive them.
Chon ^e nadidand haqiqat,	When they cannot see the truth,
Rahe afsâne za dand.	The door of fable they beat.
Âtash! Â!	Fire! Oh!
Sho kre izard ke miâne man o u solh ^e oftâd.	Thanks be to God, for between me and Him peace chanced
Sufian raqs ^e ko nân, sâqare shokrâne zadand.	Sufis, dancing, cast their cup of thankfulness!

Where is the Door to the Tavern? – Hâfiz of Shiraz (1315-1390)

Where is the door to the Tavern?	In the sound of the barking dog,
Where is the door to God?	In the ring of the hammer, In the face of everyone I see.

Gravity – Sara Bareilles (b. 1979)

Something always brings me back to you; it never takes too long.
No matter what I say or do, I still feel you here til the moment I'm gone.
You hold me without touch. You keep me without chains.
I never wanted anything so much than to drown in your love and not feel your rain.

Set me free, leave me be. I don't wanna fall another moment into your gravity.
Here I am and I stand so tall, just the way I'm supposed to be.
But you're on to me and all over me.

Oh, you loved me 'cause I'm fragile when I thought that I was strong.
But you touch me for a little while and all my fragile strength is gone.

Set me free...

I live here on my knees as I try to make you see that you're everything I think I need here on the ground.
But you're neither friend nor foe, though I can't seem to let you go.
The one thing that I still know is that you're keeping me down.

Something always brings me back to you; it never takes too long.

Fences – Niel Lorenz

The day the universe was born, mountains rose and stars were torn
From the woven cloth of time, and there were no fences.
Boundaries were not in the plan for sky and ocean, earth and man,
Freedom's only ours to share when there are no fences.
In photographs from far in space, earth and oceans have their place,
And there are no fences.
But man forgot somewhere in time, the earth's not yours, or theirs, or mine,
And for children yet to be, there must be no fences.

Borders, boundaries, walls, and wire, burn a soul with freedom's fire,
Hope is born when we decide there shall be no fences.
Today's the day we can decide to mend the fabric we divide,
A seamless cloth of you and me, without any fences!

I Choose Love – Lindy Thompson

In the midst of pain, I choose love.
In the midst of pain, sorrow falling down like rain
I await the sun again, I choose love.

In the midst of war, I choose peace.
In the midst of war, hate and anger keeping score,
I will seek the good once more, I choose peace.

When my world falls down, I will rise.
When my world falls down, explanations can't be found,
I will climb to holy ground, I will rise.

No Time – Traditional Camp Meeting Text

Rise, oh, fathers (mothers) rise; let's go meet 'em in the skies.
We will hear the angels singing in that morning.
Oh, I really do believe that, just before the end of time,
We will hear the angels singing in that morning.
No time to tarry here, no time to wait for you.
No time to tarry here, for I'm on my journey home.
Brothers (Sisters), oh, fare ye well, brothers, oh, fare ye well.
Brothers, oh, fare ye well, for I'm on my journey home.

Богородице Дево – Russian Orthodox Liturgy

Богородице Дево, радуйся	Rejoice, O Virgin Theotokos,
Благодатная Марие,	Mary full of grace,
Господь с Тобою.	The Lord is with Thee.
Благословенна Ты в женах,	Blessed art Thou among women,
И благословен Плод чрева Твоего,	And blessed is the Fruit of Thy womb,
Яко Spаса родила	For Thou hast borne
еси душ наших	The Savior of our souls.

Loch Lomond – Traditional Scottish

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes, where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond,
Where me and me true love were ever wont to gae, on the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.
O, Ye'll take the high road an' I'll take the low road an' I'll be in Scotland afore ye,
But me and my true love will never meet again, on the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

'Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen, on the steep, steep sides of Ben Lomond,
Where deep in purple hue the Highland hills we view, and the moon coming out in the gloamin'.
Oh, Ye'll take the high road an' I'll take the low road an' I'll be in Scotland afore ye,
But me and me true love will never meet again, on the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

The wee birdies sing and the wild flowers spring, and in sunshine the waters lie sleeping,
But the broken heart will ken nae second spring again, and the world knows not how we are grieving.

At Such a Dizzy Height – Marc Chagall (1887-1985) & Bella Chagall (1895-1944)

We float, we go to the window	The sky sails past on all sides.
We want to fly out	The stars come out, they are my stars.
Bright walls turn around us.	The stars come out, my sweet stars, The stars come out, they are my stars
We fly out over fields full of flowers,	They journey out with me, they wait for me Until I return.
Over rooftops	Poor things, forgive me;
Over tightly shuttered houses.	I've left you alone up there
We dream secret dreams,	At such a dizzy height.
Thirsting for love,	Our dreams, our secret dreams
<i>Soif d'amour.</i>	They thirst for love, Only for love.
Now, the candle flares up to the moon	
Now, the moon flies down to our arms.	
The very road prays,	
The houses weep.	

The Storm is Passing Over – Charles Albert Tindley (1851-1933)

Have courage my soul and let us journey on.
Though the night is dark and I am far from home.
Thanks be to God the morning light appears.
The storm is passing over. Hallelu. Hallelujah.

Fyer, Fyer – Thomas Morley (ca. 1557-1602)

Fyer, fyer! My heart! Fa, la, la, la...	I burn! I burn! Alas! I burn!
O, I burn me! Alas! Fa, la, la, la...	Ay me! Will none come quench me?
O help! O help! Alas! O help!	O cast, cast water on, alas, and drench me.
Ay me! I sit and cry me.	Fa, la, la, la...
And call for help, alas,	
But none comes nigh me! Fa, la, la, la...	

Too Much I Once Lamented – Thomas Tomkins (1572-1656)

Too much I once lamented,	Alas, and ay, me, sat I wringing,
While love my heart tormented.	Now chanting go, and singing.
Fa, la, la, la...	Fa, la, la, la...

Can't Buy Me Love – John Lennon (1940-1980) & Paul McCartney (b. 1942)

I'll buy you a diamond ring, my friend, if it makes you feel alright.
I'll get you anything, my friend, if it makes you feel alright.
I don't care too much for money; money can't buy me love.
Can't buy me love, everybody tells me so. Can't buy me love, no!
I'll give you all I've got to give if you say you love me too.
I may not have a lot to give, but what I've got I'll give to you.
I don't care too much for money; money can't buy me love. Fa, la, la, la...
Say that you need no diamond rings and I'll be satisfied.
Tell me that you want the kind of things that money just can't buy.
I don't care too much for money; money can't buy me love.

Run to You – Olusola, Kaplan, Hoying, Grassi, Maldonado, & Bram (Pentatonix)

A light in the room	How shall I win back your heart which was mine
It was you who was standing there	I have broken bones and tattered clothes
Tried it was true as your glance met my stare	I've run out of time
But your heart drifted off	I'll run to you
Like the land split by sea	I will break down the gates of heaven
I tried to go to follow	A thousand angels stand waiting for me
To kneel down at your feet	Take my heart and I'll lay down my weapons
I'll run to you	Break my shackles to set me free
I've been settling scores	I'll run to you
I've been fighting so long	
But I've lost your war	
And our kingdom is gone	

Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da – John Lennon (1940-1980) & Paul McCartney (b. 1942)

Desmond has a barrow in the market place; Molly is a singer in a band
Desmond says to Molly, "Girl, I like your face." And Molly says this as she takes him by the hand,
"Ob-la-di, ob-la-da, life goes on, bra, La-la, how the life goes on."

Desmond takes a trolley to the jeweler's store, buys a twenty carat golden ring,
Takes it back to Molly waiting at the door, And as he gives it to her she begins to sing,
"Ob-la-di, ob-la-da, life goes on, bra, La-la, how the life goes on."

In a couple of years they have built a home sweet home,
With a couple of kids running in the yard of Desmond and Molly Jones.

Happy ever after in the market place Desmond lets the children lend a hand,
Molly stays at home and does her pretty face, and in the evening she still sings it with the band.
"Ob-la-di, ob-la-da, life goes on, bra, La-la, how the life goes on."

Triptych –

I. THRENODY

When death takes off the mask, [we] will know one another,
Though diverse liveries [we] wear here make [us] strangers.

William Penn (1644-1718); *Some Fruits of Solitude in Reflections and Maxims*

Tremblest thou when my face appears to thee?
Wherefore thy dreadful fears?
Be easy, friend; 'tis thy truest gain
To be far away from the sons of men.
I offer a couch to give thee ease:
Shall dreamless slumber so much displease?

Muhammad Rajab Al-Bayoumi (dates unknown); *Death Speaks*

To see a World in a Grain of Sand,
And a Heaven in a Wild Flower,
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand,
And Eternity in an hour.

William Blake (1757-1827); *Auguries of Innocence*

Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for [people] to dwell together in unity.

Psalms 133; *The Bible* (King James Version)

II. AS WE REMEMBER THEM

In the rising of the sun and at its going down, we remember them.
In the blowing of the wind and in the chill of winter, we remember them.
In the opening buds and in the rebirth of spring, we remember them.
In the blueness of the sky and in the warmth of summer, we remember them.
In the rustling of the leaves and in the beauty of autumn, we remember them.
When [we're] weary and in need of strength, we remember them.
When [we're] lost and sick at heart, we remember them.
So long as we live, they too shall live, for they are part of us,
As we remember them.

Roland B. Gittelsohn (1910-1995); *The Gates of Repentance*

And the Heav'nly Quire stood mute,
And silence was in Heav'n.

John Milton (1608-1674); *Paradise Lost*, Book III

III. FROM HEAVEN DISTILLED A CLEMENCY

Each shall arise in the place where their life [spirit] departs.

Bundahis-Bahman Yast; Indian Bundahishn (9th century); *Sacred Books of the East*, vol. 5

[So] Why then should I be afraid? I shall die once again to rise an angel blest.

Mathwani of Jalalu-'d'Din Rumi (1207-1273); *Masnavi I Ma'navi*, Book III

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting.
And cometh from afar.

William Wordsworth (1770-1850); *Ode: Intimations of Immortality*

Calm fell. From heaven distilled a clemency;
There was peace on earth, and silence in the sky.

Thomas Hardy (1840-1928); *And There Was a Great Calm*,
on the signing of the Armistice (1918)

Blessing in the Leaving – Jan Richardson

In the leaving, in the letting go
Let there be this to hold onto at the last:
The enduring of love,
The persisting of hope,
The remembering of joy,
The offering of gratitude,
The receiving of grace,
The blessing of peace.

La'Christa Cheriese Ruth Knox



La'Christa C. Ruth Knox- (1974-2005) was a jazz vocalist that had a great passion for singing and bringing joy to all the people that had the honor to be graced by her voice. La'Christa known by many as Chris or Chrissy was born in Carson City, Nevada to Mae R. Knox and Carrey A. Knox on March 19, 1974. Chris was born into a Military family that travelled all across the U.S., eventually relocating to Pensacola, FL where she spent most of her life growing up. Chris had deep faith in Christ; and it was in the church where her love for music began.

Chris started singing at the age of 7 in the church choir; it was discovered that she had an unbelievable talent to sing with great passion that would connect with people. Her

vocal training began in grammar school, this is where she began competing in various vocal competitions where she won numerous awards. While in school she met other young women that had the same passion and love for singing, and through their friendship and their love for singing the all-girl group named, Soiree was born. The group Soiree is where Chris really started making an impact with her singing. The group was so popular that many people compared them to the hot girl group of the 90's, "EnVogue." As time went on, Chris began to realize that she wanted to make her passion of singing as a career. She decided to pursue a music degree so she attended the University of West Florida where she obtained her B.A. in Vocal Performance. During her tenure at UWF, Chris sang with the UWF Singers, Gospel Choir, Opera Scenes, Musical Theatre, Jazz Band and other groups.

In the Community, Chris was a sought out singer giving her the opportunity to sing at various Jazz establishments in and around the Emerald Coast, notably Lou Michaels and Perdido Key Resort in Perdido Key, FL. On the national stage, Chris was invited as guest singer with the UWF Jazz Band that opened for artists such as Michael Moore and Gene Bertoncini. The biggest highlight for Chris was singing internationally with Dr. Bozeman & Company in Italy and Spain entertaining our U.S. Troops. Chris battled for much of her life with heart issues, but she would not allow her illness to define who she was and who she wanted to become. Chris often stated that music was therapeutic and that singing uplifted her through her illness in spite of the numerous setbacks. After a long and courageous journey with heart failure Chris passed away, May 17, 2005.

In memory of La'Christa, her family and friends wanted to make sure her legacy lives on and others who had the same passion for music could have the opportunity to pursue their education through a scholarship called the *La'Christa C. Knox Memorial Scholarship Endowment* at the University of West Florida.

Department of Music & Continuing Education

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