

4-1-2023

John Cage (1912-1992) Some of "The Harmony of Maine"

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“... a time to keep silence, and a time to speak ...” (Ecclesiastes 3:7)

John Cage (1912–1992) Some of “The Harmony of Maine”

Transcription for organ of ten registers by Christopher Anderson

Presented by Codex Fest @Bridwell Library
Perkins Chapel, Southern Methodist University
April 18, 19, and 20, 2023 at 8:30 a.m.

- Alpha C.M. *My soul, repeat his praise, whose mercies are so great;
whose anger is so slow to rise, so ready to abate.*
- Majesty C.M. *Behold the glories of the Lamb, amidst his father's throne!
Prepare new honors for his name, and songs before unknown.*
- Harmony C.M. *Come let us join our cheerful songs, with angels round the throne.
Ten thousand are their tongues, but all their joys are one.*
- Creation L.M. *The spacious firmament on high, with all the blue ethereal sky
and nspire'd heavens a shining frame, their great original proclaim.*
- Hallowell S.M. *O let thy God and King, thy sweetest tho'ts employ;
thy children shall his honours sing in palaces of joy.*
- Advent C.M. *The Lord descended from above, and bow'd the heav'n's most high;
and underneath his feet he cast the darkness of the sky.
On Cherubs and on Cherubims full royally he rode.
And on the wings of mighty wind came flying all abroad.*
- Turner L.M. *Thy mercies, Lord, shall be my song, my song on them shall ever dwell:
To ages yet unborn, my tongue thy never failing truth shall tell.*
- Sunday C.M. *Arise, arise! The Lord arose on this triumphant day;
your souls to piety disclose, arise to bless and pray.*
- St. John's C.M. *With cheerful notes let all the earth to heav'n their voices raise.
Let all nspire'd with godly mirth sing solemn hymns of praise.*
- Invitation L.M. *Child of the summer, charming rose, no longer in confinement lie;
Arise! To light thy form disclose, rival the spangles of the sky.
The rains are gone, the storms are o'er, winter retires to make the way,
come then thou sweetly blushing flow'r, come lovely stranger, come away.
The sun is drest in beaming smiles to give thy beauties to the day,
young zephyrs wait with gentlest gales to fan thy bosom as they play.*
- Transmigration *Come let us renew, our journey pursue, roll round with the year,
and never stand still till our master appear.
His adorable will let us gladly fulfil, and our talents improve,
by the patience of hope and the labour of love.*

