

**First UU Church of San Diego
Easter Music, April 17, 2022**

De Colores - Hispanic folk song

De colores, de colores se visten los campos en la primavera
De colores, de colores son los pajaritos que vienen de afuera
De colores, de colores es el arcoíris que vemos lucir
Y por eso los grandes amores de muchos colores me gustan a mí
Y por eso los grandes amores de muchos colores me gustan a mí

De colores, de colores brillantes y finos se viste la aurora
De colores, de colores son los mil reflejos que el sol atesora
De colores, de colores se viste el diamante que vemos lucir
Y por eso los grandes amores de muchos colores me gustan a mí
Y por eso los grandes amores de muchos colores me gustan a mí

De colores, sí, de negro y blanco y rojo y azul y castaño
Son colores, son colores de gente que ríe y estrecha la mano
Son colores, son colores de gente que sabe de la libertad
Y por eso los grandes amores de muchos colores me gustan a mí
Y por eso los grandes amores de muchos colores me gustan a mí

In colors, the fields dress in colors in the springtime. Of colors, of colors are the birds that
come from far away. Of colors, of colors is the rainbow that we see shine. And that is why I
love the great love in all the colors

In colors, in fine, bright colors dresses the dawn. Of colors, of colors are the thousand
reflections enriched by the sun. In colors, in colors dresses the diamond that we see shine.
And that is why I love the great love in all the colors

Of colors, yes, of black, white, red, blue, and brown. They are colors, they are colors of
people who laugh and reach out their hand. They are colors, they are colors of people who
know what it means to be free. And that is why I love the great love in all the colors.

Hymn #78 Color and Fragrance

Color and fragrance, magical rhythm
Sweet changing music will change us with them
Life within life, inner light gently glowing
Surely you seem to be God's vision growing.

O starry heavens, worlds of all splendor,
Suns without number, new life engender
Wheel in a wheel with the light brightly glowing,
Moving in harmony, God's vision growing.

Hand full of pebbles, high mountain passes,
Depths of the ocean, dew on the grasses
Great things and small, with the light gently glowing
Word of the wordless song, God's vision growing.

Delicate beings, lacewing and sparrow
In field and forest, clover and yarrow:
Life greeting life with the light brightly glowing,
none are too small to be God's vision growing.

In human eyes burns the soul of living,
Illumines altars of loving giving:
Greeting, we meet, seeing light brightly glowing,
Share in a greater life, God's vision growing.

Shaper of all things, to us you've given
Our chance to keep here on earth, a heaven.
Moving in harmony, light gently glowing,
May we be, gratefully, God's vision growing.

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Hymn #266 Now the Green Blade Riseth

Now the green blade riseth from the buried grain,
wheat that in dark earth many days has lain;
Love lives again, that with the dead has been:
Love is come again like wheat that springeth green.

In the grave they laid him, Love by hatred slain,
thinking that never he would wake again,
laid in the earth, like grain that sleeps unseen:
Love is come again like wheat that springeth green.

When our hearts are wintry, grieving, or in pain,
Love's touch can call us back to life again,
fields of our hearts that dead and bare have been:
Love is come again like wheat that springeth green.

Hallelujah - by MaMuse

Every time I feel this way, this old familiar sinking
I will lay my troubles down by the water
Where the river will never run dry

Hallelujah (I'm gonna let myself be lifted)
Hallelujah (I'm gonna let myself be lifted)
Hallelujah (I'm gonna let myself be lifted)
By and by, I will lay my troubles down by the water
Where the river will never run dry

It's been said and I do believe, as you ask so shall you receive
So take from me these troubles, bring me sweet release
Where the river will never run dry

Hallelujah...

There is a river in this heart of hearts with a knowingness of my highest good
I am willing, I will do my part
Where the river will never run dry

Hallelujah...

I Sound the Song of Spring - text by Robert Louis Stevenson

Music by Mary Donnelly and George L. Strid

Over the land is April, over my heart a rose
Over the mountain the sound of singing goes

Say love, do you hear me? Hear my sonnets ring?
Over the mountain, love, do you hear me sing?

By highway love and byway the snows succeed the rose
Over the mountain the sound of singing goes

Say love, do you hear me? Hear my sonnets ring?
Over the mountain, I sound the song of spring.

Over the mountain, over the hill, over the winter sky
My singing will warm the winter's chill
And spring will come, spring will come, yes, spring will come by and by

Say love, do you hear me? Hear my sonnets ring?
Over the mountain, I sound the song of spring.
Say love, do you hear me? Hear my sonnets ring?
Over the mountain, I sound the song of spring.
Yes, I sound the song of spring.