

BraveSouls & Dreamers

Music by Robert Seeley

Libretto by Robert Espindola inspired by the words of Gandhi, Mother Teresa, Jesus, the Dalai Lama, Isaiah, Jimmy Carter, Confucius, Buddha, and the Qur'an

1. The Great Obscenity: Chorus, Soldiers, Mother

- Chorus: Across the winds of uncertainty that have caught and captured humanity.
Alas, unwittingly, we have given our souls to the gods of avarice and greed.
- Soldier 1: We stand, man and woman, in a foreign land where despair consumes the air
And wonder how our hands could cast such devastation upon the shores of any nation,
Destroying God's creation.
- Chorus: What truth, what noble purpose could ignite such insanity ?
Avarice and greed, are these the seeds of war, the great obscenity? (*layered greats*)
- Soldier 2: Our hearts bleak, we seek the reason why a season of war must keep the peace.
And question our values and beliefs.
- 1 and 2: Hearing the bombs exploding, watching a world eroding before our startled eyes.
- Chorus: Tongues speak the words of freedom. But will orphans ever grasp the reason?
And with them, will we regret the seasons of war so harshly driven?
Was it for peace or self-ambition, to this obscenity lives were given?
- Mother: Who stands? Which man and woman from afar, warm and safely where they are?
Deciding far beyond the bound'ries of our borders the futures of sons and daughters
Who will never, never be born.

2. Somehow: Sage, Mother, Chorus

- Sage: Suffer the little children to come unto me; for such is the kingdom revealed in these.
Seize now as plowshares thy savage swords, that nations shall learn war no more.
Suffer the little children; and forbid them not, for as such is my kingdom now.
- Chorus: Somehow, if now no voices called for war;
could we, would we make plowshares of our swords?
Somehow if now all hearts could beat as one; tell me
could we, would we undo the damage done...
to those so young and innocent who are scattered 'round the earth.
And whose fate and whose fortunes are decided simply by their birth.
Or by the battles lost and won in homelands where they live.
Oh, I remember one who came and claimed all children his.
Somehow, if now we travelled far in time, could we, would we now our kinder spirits find.
Beyond the blind suspicious minds that splinter us apart.
A time when ev'ry word that's heard is written in our heart.
Oh, I remember those who chose to walk the roads of peace.
The bravesouls and the dreamers whose voices echo now in me.
Transcending both time and place, calling to us, still...
Killing each others' children does not bring peace. It never will.
- Mother: Somehow, if now is all that we're allowed.
How then, even more then, can we not seek to find peace somehow?

3. Collateral Damages: All

- Sage: In the morning, hear the way; in the ev'ning die content.
O tranquil Soul, return to your Lord so pleasant and well-pleased.
Enter among my servants and enter my garden. This is peace. Nirvana.
- Soldier 1: Frightened by the noise. I'm not the only one.
Frozen cold and numb. Just another mother's son.
Tortured by visions of faces bursting in flames.
Haunted by the screams of wounded writhing in pain.
- Chorus: Kyrie eleison, Kyrie eleison,
Christe eleison, Christe eleison.
- Soldier 2: Sickened by the stench of burning flesh. Bodies piled high in unconsciousness.
Helpless, naked children desp'rately searching somehow through endless clouds of
smoldering smoke for fam'lies who will never be found.
- Chorus: Kyrie eleison, Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison, Christe eleison.
Kyrie eleison, Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison, Christe eleison.
- Is it truth and noble purpose that can write this insanity?
Or lust for power that sparks the hour of this, this great obscenity?
Ravaged to the bone by untold brutality. Smothering in the ash any hope of peace.
Childhoods left behind, out where this horror is staged.
Far and away from the place where politicians play.
Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison.
- Mother: Acceptable losses...for whose daughter and son?
Collateral damages... who chooses which ones?

4. To Each Other: Sage, Soldiers and Chorus

- Sage: If we have no peace, it is because we have forgotten that we belong to each other.
- Soldier 1: In his eyes I faintly see a vague familiarity.
How can it be? It seems we know each other...
- Soldier 2: Face to face, and fear to fear, like one reflection in a mirror.
Two enemies so strangely near to each other.
- 1 and 2: What circumstance has oddly now caused our paths to cross somehow
beyond the lines where soldiers are estranged?
With nervous brow, and trembling lips, we feel the tight'ning of our fists...
Is this that twist of fate when lives are changed?
- 1: Is there no one watching from afar?
2: With quiv'ring hands, we wipe our tears.
1: Are there no comrades near to where we are?
2: As we raise our weapons, the answer is clear!
1: If we just turned and walked away from this nightmare, no one would ever see.
2: We must remember why it is we're here!
- Chorus: At dawn, upon the bloodstained ground, two young soldiers, fin'ly found.
Broken brothers, joined at last, beyond the hatreds of the past
that kept them from belonging to each other.

5. Epitaph: Mother

Mother: Acceptable losses...for whose daughter and son?
Collateral damages... who chooses which ones?

There is an ache that keeps on waking somewhere deep in my heart.
Reaching from a hollowness I can't describe. A lonely space
That has now replaced the child I knew. Oh, how I wish that I were holding you again.
Here, so near to the heartbreak of a mother's tears that years will never dry.
I lie awake at night and wonder if my soul will ever mend.
For I know that I won't be holding you again.
May forgiveness be the epitaph on ev'ry mother's heart.
With grace to those who have brought these bitter ends... And to the memories and to the
destinies that never will be of ev'ry child we won't be holding again.
Here, so near to the heartbreak that will take my breath away until I die.
Just another mother's son... Who dares to choose which ones?
Oh, how I wish that I could hold you one more time. Ah.

6. Elegy: Chorus (no text)

7. Footprints: Sage

Sage: Far across the empty spaces of time and place and missing faces...
How I wonder where they are.
Those whose footprints were left behind, to guide our course and help us find
Our journeys blessed with gentleness and peace.

Some say that they are angels who walk upon ur streets.
Some say that they are ancient souls in the strangers that we meet.

Somewhere beyond what I can see and all I know,
I must believe that there are those whose spirits go before us, and come after.

8. Angels: Mother and Chorus

Chorus : I've heard that angels walk the streets to lift the fallen, protect the weak,
and keep our children safe when no one is looking.
Invisibly, their footprints lay to guide the souls who have lost their way,
and map the path of peace for all people.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Shanti, Shanti, Shanti, Shanti, Halleluiah!

Moth./choir.: I've heard that angel arms surround the bruised and broken bodies found
on battle grounds where young hearts now quietly lay sleeping.

Amidst the rubble and debris you can hear their prayers above the breeze
for those who kept the peace for all people.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Shalom, Shalom, Shalom, Shalom, sing Halleluiah!

I've heard that angels inspire again the words of prophets and holy men:
"Goodwill to them who chose to be forgiving."
Calling on us to end the strife that lingers across the world divide

that keeps the smile of peace from all people
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Pacem, Pacem, Pacem, Pacem, sing Halleluia!

9. As If: Sage, Mother, Soldiers, Chorus

Sage: Live as if you were to die tomorrow, Learn as if you were to live forever,
Never let ignorance serve as your master, or you shall find no peace, now or hereafter.

Sage/Sold.: Live as if you were to die tomorrow, Learn as if you were to live forever,
Never let ignorance serve as your master, or you shall find no peace, now or hereafter.

Add Chor. Live as if you were to die tomorrow, Learn as if you were to live forever,
Never let ignorance serve as your master, or you shall find no peace, now or hereafter.

All: Live as if you were to die tomorrow, Learn as if you were to live forever,
Never let ignorance serve as your master, or you shall find no peace, now or hereafter.

Live as if you were to die tomorrow, Learn as if you were to live forever,
Never let ignorance serve as your master, or you shall find no peace, now or hereafter.

10. BraveSouls and Dreamers: Chorus

Chorus: So fragile are the contours of the earth; So precious is the gift of every child's birth.
So fleeting are the hearts we dearly hold, So lasting are the outcomes our choices unfold.
So live as if /only today is all that you have, and all that ever remains.
And learn from the faithful whose lives were defined by the spirit of justice and peace.

BraveSouls and dreamers, prophets and teachers, the seekers of wisdom and light.
Down through the ages, these mystics and sages sought to show us the peaceable life.

So vast are the heavens above; So broad is the genius of God's tender love.
So endless are the moments that come when ignorance and fear can both be undone.
So live as if /only today is all that you have and all that ever remains.
And learn from the faithful whose lives were defined by the spirit of justice and peace.

BraveSouls and dreamers, prophets and teachers, the seekers of wisdom and light.
Down through the ages, these mystics and sages sought to show us the peaceable life,
The peaceable life.

BraveSouls and dreamers, prophets and teachers, the seekers of wisdom and light.
Who in the spaces of our time and places will now show us the peaceable life?
the peaceable life? the peaceable life?

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