

EcoCarols by Ann Palmer

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Seeds of Peace

*to the tune of 'O Little Town of Bethlehem'
English traditional carol*

An age-old dream of Peace we seek
within our restless hearts.
Elusive as the quested Grail
Invoke this ancient art.
The seeds of Peace we're planting
in every place we go.
Their touch will heal a war-torn world
Our task to help them grow.

Our very thoughts are seeding life,
the future we all share.
It matters what we tell ourselves
In high hope and despair.
The brightest star-seed rising
invites us all to care.
Show'ring a trillion seeds of Peace
on people everywhere.

The miracle is life itself.
It cannot be denied.
Yet somehow in the darkness still
We lose this greatest guide.
To tend and love your garden
Plant lots of seeds of Peace.
Our greater story will unfold,
a future yet to be.

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Northern Lights

To the tune of 'Silent Night' by Franz Grüber.

Original words by Joseph Mohr.

Northern Lights. Aurora bright.
Here we stand. Wait for night.
Soon those colours go on a roll
flickering now at Earth's poles
in a light embrace.
Inner light embrace.

Northern Lights. Aurora bright.
Awesome love. At its height.
Streams of energy born of our star
Rainbow colours play in my heart
Live its colour and flow
Love its colour and flow.

Northern Lights. Aurora bright.
Kiss of sun. Waves unite.
Soft-hued blues, greens, yellows entwine,
Circle and swirl; sky-pointing, sublime.
Fire-Dance of Sun with Earth
Fire-Dance of Star with Earth.

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Give us the freedom

to the tune of 'O come, all ye faithful'

Original tune by John Francis Wade

Give us the freedom
first to love our planet
Care for its creatures and champion their lives.
Vision a future bright as the sunrise.
In thoughts rooted in wholeness,
in lives inspired by wholeness,
in deeds enacting wholeness,
One with Earth.

O, what will unite us?
Cultures, creeds and colours.
Love speaks. In love, see ways to grow.
Image your life as a star's reflection -
In thoughts rooted in wholeness,
in lives inspired by wholeness,
in deeds enacting wholeness,
One with Earth.

Sing, in your heart of
love beyond all measure.
Create a NatureNet embracing all.
Interconnected as all life on Earth -
In thoughts rooted in wholeness,
in lives inspired by wholeness,
in deeds enacting wholeness,
One with Earth.

Beat, heart with courage
sourced in love and oneness.
Beat to a harmony big as the Earth.
Nothing is stronger, or holds greater power -
In thoughts rooted in wholeness,
in lives inspired by wholeness,
in deeds enacting wholeness,
One with Earth.

When looking at the Earth

*to the tune of 'While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks'
Original tune from Este's Psalter, sixteenth century*

When looking at the Earth we share -
Planet Miraculous,
Diversity in everything.
Diversity in us.

In fractal patterns we discern
creation's mimicry.
A mackerel sky reflects the fish
across all boundaries.

Arch-model and great secret too
of Earth's burgeoning life,
in symbiosis we will find
co-operation's guide.

So Nature red in tooth and claw
is blue in sky and sea.
A rainbow the integral whole.
All colours shine in me.

Earth shows us more about ourselves
than anyone can do.
To follow Nature's guiding hands
aligns us with the truth.

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If there is one great thing

*To the tune of 'In the bleak mid-winter' by Gustav Holst.
Original words by Christina Georgina Rossetti, 1830 – 94*

If there is one great thing
possible to do
It's the growth of love
for Earth we will pursue.
Open hearts to that world
beyond our wildest schemes.
Set the seal to re-weave
all our dreams.

We can only start from
where we are today.
Love it has no price-tag
That is not its way.
Love is still the best thing,
an eternal call.
Giving us the answers
Healing all.

We are of the Earth made,
Earth too reflects us.
Bonded for a lifetime
to the Universe.
Our fates are bound together,
our bodies so designed
Relationship with Earth
deep in mind.

As we take the time
to grow our love and trust
for all creatures now who
share this Earth with us.
For its seas and rivers,
lands, hills, forests, plants.
There we will discover
hearts that dance.

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Christmas celebrations
thrill us to the core.
It's easy now to feel
the awe of Naturelore.
This energy lives on,
by choice and choice alone.
In the act of loving
Earth as home.

I look out my window

To the tune of 'Away in a manger' Anon.

I look out my window
see sun, sky and rain
in patterns of change
no two days are the same.
It all fits together
in one living whole.
Snow glitters and glints
like stars touching my soul.

Even in winter
there's colour enough.
It reminds me to shine
on dark days and tough.
As Solstice approaches
a secret I hear...
Earth is nearer the sun now
than ever all year.

Through Christmas excitement
I still make a space...
For it to all happen
Earth stands in first place.
With love as the lodestar
and Earth as my home.
Our planet so precious
in the goldilocks zone.

The story of Earth
is a true fairy tale.
We all play a part
where we never fail.
To care for the Earth
now we have the power.
Its creatures, its lifeforms,
its future, is ours.

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Gifted to us, for a lifetime

to the tune of 'Once in Royal David's City'

Original tune by Henry J. Gauntlett

Gifted to us for a lifetime
is this planet we call Earth.
Rarely is its bounty honoured,
rarely seen for its true worth.
It is time to celebrate
all it's given free to date.

When we find a symbiosis,
cease to live like parasites.
Respect life in all our actions,
grateful for the air we breathe.
Then we'll find that inner wealth
source of joy, pure living self.

Air and water, food and shelter,
newness in each day we greet.
Sometimes we are struck by wonder
at the miracles we meet.
Glory in diversity,
Fractal patterns, mimicry.

If I never take for granted
Our Earth's beauty of design
Then I'm open to life's essence
and its energy feeds mine.
So much still is yet unknown
Great mystery, our planet home.

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Children of the World

*to the tune of 'Good King Wenceslas'
Tune from the Piaie Cantiones, 1582*

Children of the World be bold,
Take our hands. We're legions.
We are strong and want real gold -
human evolution.

We are one in our great aim
Keep the planet healthy.
When we work in nature's name
we plan a future wealthy.

We are actors on life's stage
trying out a new play.
Where the theme is of our age
devoid of its clichés.

We are on a hero's quest
sourced in history's timeline.
Where we win by serving best
Nature's grand design.

Tales and myths are life in code
for our delectation.
When we want to make inroads
on our situation.

Frodo championed Middle Earth,
broke the Ring of Power.
Sam a friend of highest worth
And so all are ours.

Follow others of renown,
trace the way believed in.
Recreate our own home ground
as an earthly heaven.
Carson, Lovelock, John Muir too,
many more agreeing.
They speak up for what to do
their mindsets so far-seeing.

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Me! I champion Planet Earth

to the tune of 'Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

Tune by Felix Mendelssohn

Me! I champion Planet Earth,
perfected in our star's birth.
We are ready to embrace
all Earth's models with good grace.
Show us, as throughout all-time,
reverence is the art sublime.
Your life-secrets to encode.
Your way of being our own mode.

Chorus:

Me! I champion Planet Earth
perfected in our star's birth.

Greatest teacher, let me feel
deepest meanings you reveal.
Mountain, tree or river shows
qualities of our own souls.
Aspiring, rooted, with flow -
evolution's way to go.
Nature reflected in me.
Oldest guru, blessed, free.

Chorus:

Brave-heart, born of Nature's ways,
courage leads me all my days.
Flowers and birds epitomise
beauty's delight in surprise.
Open-hearted as the sky
our own spirits learn to fly.
Broad as ocean's cleansing flow,
deep as human love to grow.

Chorus:

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O kin of ours, all animals (for Tarja)
to the tune of O come, O come, Emmanuel
Fifteenth century French tune

O kin of ours, all animals
who share this planet as equals.
In symbiosis, celebrate
free spirits of love we create.

Chorus:

Regain. Reclaim all animals
your honoured place as our equals.

O kin of life, dear relatives
made from Earth as does all that lives.
Evolved through you this heritage.
Our bond extends from age to age.

Chorus:

O kin of life, your bright beauty
enriches all who choose to see.
The wonder of your living forms.
Diversity's joy, in rapport.

Chorus:

O dance of life miraculous,
with creatures far ahead of us.
Their senses and lifestyle excel
aligning with Earth's needs so well.

Chorus:

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People of pre-history's lineage

to the tune of 'Angels from the realms of glory' by Henry Smart.

Original words by James Montgomery.

People of pre-history's lineage
Claim your deepest heritage
There is found a primal linkage
to all lifeforms age to age

(Chorus to the original pattern latinized as 'Gloria, In excelsis Deo.)

Unify...
our lifeweb's creation.

Homo sapiens' flights of fancy
elevate our status here.
We can freely choose to be
guardians of the biosphere.

Unify...
our lifeweb's creation.

Early peoples found their story
linked in to the natural world.
Songline taught and Dreamtime glory
Patterned life so richly told.

Storify...
our lifeweb's creation.

Global stories of creation
New inventions so diverse.
Human minds' imagination
Boundless as the universe.

Storify...
our lifeweb's creation

The Mountain and the Ocean

*To the tune of 'The Holly and the Ivy'
English traditional carol.*

The mountain and the ocean
Icons of our great realm
And water-source from glacier melt,
A job they do year-round.
Oh, the rising of the air
The clouding of the sky.
The cleansing of every part of earth
Rain-rivers feeding life.

Streaming water, recycling,
Nature's self-assigned rôle,
and never stop to take a break
from their mountainous goal.
Oh, the rising of the air,
the clouding of the sky.
The cleansing of every part of earth
Rain-rivers feeding life.

The mountain is our challenge,
the river is our flow.
And in great seas, oneness is found
of right action and goals.
Oh, the rising of the air,
the clouding of the sky.
The cleansing of every part of earth
rain-rivers feeding life.

The wisdom of the planet
when seeded in our minds
is a template for a future more
co-operative and kind.
Oh, the rising of the air,
the clouding of the sky.
The cleansing of every part of earth
rain-rivers feeding life.

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Birdsong

to the tune of 'The First Nowell'

English traditional carol

The first birdsong that ever I heard
filled me with more joy than I felt I deserved.
How could it be that, a creature so wee
could fly, sing and be so beautifully free?

Chorus:

Birdsong, birdsong, birdsong, birdsong.
It fills my heart my whole lifelong.

It was through the feelings birds inspired
that I found my way when I was a child.
So brave, so small, in song and in flight.
Their courage in life my own birthright.

Chorus:

And truth to tell, it seems to me
birds lead us to ways we too can be free.
In murmurations, that sky-dance sublime
when thousands of birds move together in time.

Chorus:

As a part of a whole, each tiny yet strong,
their great joy in life a palpable one.
Their chorus at dawn the wake-up to feel
flowing with ecstasy's power to heal.

Chorus:

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The Gardener's EcoCarol

*To the tune of 'It came upon the midnight clear'
Traditional English tune adapted by Sir Arthur Sullivan*

To garden is to love and learn
the way life really works.
Communities of creatures find
their job, nature's network.
Companion plants, in the right soil,
offer an ideal start.
Environments encouraging
great vigour and good heart.

Yet out of sight, beneath the soil
great strength comes from the roots.
The gardener tends so mindfully
the growth of flower and fruit.
This life-pattern's primal design
under our feet and hands.
And we grow best when nurtured by
following such a plan.

To plant a seed or sow a dream
helps weed our minds of dross.
Communication without words
through sense and feel and touch.
An ecosystem colour-rich,
Scents fragrant bring the bees.
The smell of earth an elixir
from garden sanctuary.

The harvest is just one more stage
a maturation peak.
The gardener ripe with bright new schemes
to transform or to tweak.
Compost, greater fertility,
recycling night and day.
Human lives imitate so well
this fractal-patterned way.

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Trees of Earth

*To the tune of 'We three Kings of Orient are'.
Original words and tune by John Henry Hopkins.*

Trees of Earth, we honour your part
Healthy planet, life-giving art.
Pear and pine tree, gum and plum tree
Seeds are your chosen start.
*O, Trees of Wonder, Trees of Earth
Hosting homes for life's new birth.
Ace at sharing, air-repairing
Trees have stratospheric worth.*

Elm, ash, oak, birch, willow and plane
We praise your lovely forms again
Lemon, banyan, rowan, aspen,
Lovers of sun and rain.
*O, Trees of Wonder, Trees of Earth
Hosting homes for life's new birth.
Ace at sharing, air-repairing
Trees have stratospheric worth.*

Copse or wood, rainforest and grove,
Root to crown, in sap-rising grows.
Shading, shelt'ring, filtr'ing, cooling,
Trees are a treasure-trove.
*O Trees of Wonder, Trees of Earth,
Hosting homes for life's new birth.
Ace at sharing, air-repairing,
Trees have stratospheric worth.*

Arms and limbs, your branches long,
Filled with movement and birdsong,
Budding, greening, rustling, breathing,
Beauty in every one.
*O Leaves of Wonder, Leaves of Earth,
Hosting homes for life's new birth
Ace at sharing, air-repairing,
Leaves have stratospheric worth.*

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Sacred trees, you give us the wood
fashioned into millions of goods.

Tables, gables, books of fables,
Leaves are your clothes and food.

*O, Leaves of Wonder, Trees of Earth,
Hosting homes for life's new birth.*

*Ace at sharing, air-repairing,
Trees have stratospheric worth.*

Rationale

I saw the gap. The one I felt as a child. It existed between Sunday school stories and my felt-relationship with nature as a basis for personal spirituality. Over a lifetime this gap, this lack of interconnectedness, the split-apartness went through many metamorphoses. Yet my felt-relationship with nature was so strong I never fell into the agnostic or atheistic trap! Instead I became interested in – and fascinated by – the diversity of formal religious expression in peoples and cultures all-time; indigenous to present day.

So I conceived of PAN – the Personal Associative Network – our individual neural networks *patterning* the way we see stuff. Above all, it forms the basis of our worldview. A kaleidoscope is fine. Fragmented is not. Fragmented means wholeness has gone off the radar.

That's how I came to the point where I knew that for greater personal wholeness, I needed to re-see my childhood through EcoCarols. It acted as a deep self-healing process, taking on and working with the reverential driving all those human expressions of love, joy, awe, respect, passion, compassion, honouring, devotion, wonder, gratitude, thankfulness, celebration, courage, commitment – the full range of positive emotions. Directing them towards the Earth and the future of our own species on this planet.

EcoCarols are a way to honour both – origin and the place I stand today.

To honour the source is important.. For me personally, that was not really the source at all, of course, but a cultural childhood conditioning. Always hard to shift. The embedded partial patriarchal spirituality that weaned women and their place out of the picture. With the single exception of the virgin-mother rôle – that contradiction in terms that double-pleasures a certain type of man. In doing this I gave myself the space to honour what I've always secretly honoured, respected, loved and learnt from – the Earth in all her aspects, lifeforms and processes.

I deeply believe that when people see *energy* and *spirit* as one and the same thing – conflate the two words for themselves, really get into it and what it means, major dualities in our world will come crashing down. Then we may attain a real brotherhood and sisterhood in our world.

It is said that it's bad luck to sing Christmas carols out of season. That being so, we can sing EcoCarols year round and reserve the traditional versions for Christmas.

'Reach deep into the culture. Like plunging your hand into the Lucky Dip Bran Tub. Pull out the tiny remnants of spirituality as yet still living. Hold them up to an

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ecological light. This will result in a transformation before your very eyes, one to celebrate.'

The EcoCarol 'Trees of Earth' has special meaning for me as my native Amerindian name is 'Woman of the Talking Leaves'.

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