## **Composer's Notes**

Written in honor of the Richmond Singers' 50th anniversary and inspired by the poetry of its choristers, *Our Song* is about the magic and joy of sharing the song within us. Although we must work hard to cultivate and nourish our song, the beauty we create and share with the world in doing so has the power to mend hearts, lift spirits, and inspire hope and change.

## Poet's Notes

*Our Song* is a meditation on the mysterious, ephemeral nature of creativity. So much of the creative life is simple blood, sweat and tears—in this sense, not so far removed from the rituals of a farmer who rises early each morning to work in the fields. And yet, on rare mornings, something unexpected arises from that dogged labor: something living awakens on the page, rustles in the grass.

As the women of *Our Song* intuit, a fledgling voice requires time to ripen, to grow into its eccentricities. The work of a creative life, I find, is to stay present to this process—its griefs, fatigues, and unexpected enchantments.

## Text

There were three women in a field: one song between them, in the grass. It trembled, and one woman kneeled the song recoiled from her grasp.

They knew to wait, these women three, close to the quiet of all things. Dappled by the fruit trees' leaves, these women coaxed the song to sing.

They did not work to name the song, or ask from where the music came. Their only task to raise it strong: the spirit of a new refrain.

The village children had come near, the hour that the song unclasped; the passage of each body's figure long and charcoaled in the grass. They did not work to name the song, or ask from where the music came. Their only task to raise it strong: the wonder of a new refrain.

You've seen these creatures, voices who though shy with contact, need it too they come to meet us and we try to ease their landing, loose their cry.

They did not work to name the song, or ask from where its music came. Their only task to raise it strong: the courage of a new refrain.

And when at last we took our leave, our song returned from whence it came. Its only task to rouse belief in the music that is ours to save.

> ---Lauren Peat www.laurenpeatwrites.com

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## Our Song

for SSA Chorus and Piano, with opt. Percussion and String Bass

Lauren Peat



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