

Birth Death Breath
By Diane Christiansen and Jeanne Dunning
with Steve Dawson

Libretto

The Breath Song

Air

Breath

Am I... Where... Am I, Am I here, Was I where, Was I there, Why, Air, Am I, Am I here,

Air, Why, Air, There, Am there, There, Why, You, Where, What am I, How breath, What are you, Why air, Are you me, Where, Are we one, Was I there, Are we where, Am I here, Are you me, What am I, Am I you, What are you, Are we two, Are you me, Why are you, Why are we... Here, Why are we here, Air, Breath,

How can it be, How are we now, What does it mean, Were we before, How are we now, Where were we before, Were we before, Where were we then, What does it mean, Where were we before, Where are we now, We are, Was I... alive, We are...

Air, No air, Are you going, No Breath, Are you leaving, Where are you going, Air are you going, Why are you going, Where will you be, Was I where, Was I alive, Was I, Are you leaving, Will you be alone, Will we be alone, Where is your breath, Where will we be, Where is your air, Where will you go, Where will you be,

He will not survive,

We will not survive,

I will not survive, Where am I going, Where will I be, Air, Where am I, Am I, Where, Air, Breath, Breathe, Air

Music: Steve Dawson. Lyrics: Diane Christiansen and Jeanne Dunning.
Singers: Kara Hetz as the first snowman with Jenny Bienemann, Steve Dawson and Alton Smith.

I Am Alive

I am alive but aching, Why did I survive?
Here. Fragile. Grateful. Impermanent.
The genuine heart of sadness Is hearing all the tides,
The world is breathing me.
Pulsilating light blinks open my soul,
Awake, blinded, flooded, Everything is gratitude
Overtaken and dumbfounded, Ripped open to the world.
Humbled. Here. I am alive

Music: Steve Dawson. Lyrics: Diane Christiansen and Jeanne Dunning.
Singer: Steve Dawson.

Camo Duck's Song

I feel something moving within me
A large yellow nose-like projection
Some alien accessory fixed to my head
A dream it might seem, were I not the dreamer

I'm wondering who I am
And what might be my place here
A duck, with the power of speech and song
And who is dressed in camo.

I wish I knew whose hand
Inflated me from nothing
For he could tell me my purpose here
And why I'm dressed in camo.

Fawns and cubs, kittens and chicks
Here in our nests and dens
In the glow of the evening light
Sweetly caroling through the night

Worry not little duck – you are one of us.

I'm still as in the dark
As when I sang the first verse
Who put me into this outdoor scene?
And why the hell is it Christmas?

I'm wondering who I am
These clothes don't suit my species
Where do I belong?
A hunting cap may be...
Au courant
But what the hell am I hunting?

We're the masters of the woodland
We shoot things, because we can
Thanks to us life's wond'rous pageant
Never gets out of hand
Oh...
Shooting trophies, shooting meat
Sometimes shooting our own feet
Brother birdie, don't be nerdy
Join our predator elite.

A hunter's cap and camo
One who sees and is also seen
A body given breath by an invisible hand
Compelled to yet helpless to understand – Good God –
To coin a phrase –
Good God!

Worry not, little duckling!

To hunt and then to hide
To be both strong and gentle
To feel and to inflict distress
I guess that's why I was put here.

Let's go with that explanation.

Music: Robbie Fulks. Lyrics: Jeanne Dunning and Robbie Fulks. Singers: Robbie Fulks as camo duck. Diane Christiansen, Jeanne Dunning, Robbie Fulks and Alton Smith as the woodland chorus. Bill Brickey, Diane Christiansen, Robbie Fulks and Alton Smith as the hunters chorus.

But I Know

Still I don't know how I'm here but I know

I am the blue owl floating over winter fields
I am the marksman with the owl in my sites
I am the goose winging home to my nest
I am the hunter, my gun towards the sky

Still I don't know why I'm here but I know

I am the snowman who melted in spring
I am the sun who melted the snow
I am the air that becomes the song
I am the singer who sings as I rise

Still I don't know what I am but I know

I am the light that comes from inside
I am one with the breath that I breathe
I am awakened from wherever I was
I am open to all I receive

Music: Diane Christiansen and Steve Dawson. Lyrics: Diane Christiansen and Jeanne Dunning. Singer: Renaldo Domino.

Birth Death Light Self Breath

I see the birth of the breath/Birth
I know that I breathe/Breath

I honor the breath/Breath
I see the death of the breath/Death
I see the light/Light
I honor the light/Light
I see the birthless nature of light/Birth
I see the deathless nature of light/Death
I see my self/Self
I honor my self/Self
I see the birthless nature of my self/Birth
I see the deathless nature of my self/Death

We see now, the world is not solid,
It flows... and vibrates.
Matter is not itself
But a condensation of energy.
All is a mirage on a plain in the heat of summer,
Melting into a limitless ocean of light.

Free from darkness, we are luminosity.
Rays of light radiate from us.
May this light merge with the immortal light.
May this breath merge with the immortal breath.

The lyrics to this song draw from the poetry of Thich Nhat Hanh.
Music: Steve Dawson. Lyrics: Diane Christiansen and Jeanne Dunning.
Singers: Steve Dawson as the blue snowman with Jenny Bienemann, Bill Brickey, Diane Christiansen, Kara Hetz and Alton Smith.