"In loving memory of Miriam B. Primich, a very special lady." Paul Rowley

Commissioned by The Choral Arts Society (Philadelphia, USA)

1. Love is the Master

Love is the One who masters all things;

I am mastered totally by Love.

By my passion of love for Love

I have ground sweet as sugar.

O furious Wind, I am only a straw before you;

How could I know where I will be blown next?

Whoever claims to have made a pact with Destiny

Reveals himself a liar and a fool;

What is any of us but a straw in a storm?

How could anyone make a pact with a hurricane?

God is working everywhere his massive Resurrection;

How can we pretend to act on our own?

In the hand of Love I am like a cat in a sack;

Sometimes Love hoists me into the air,

Sometimes Love flings me into the air,

Love swings me round and round His head;

I have no peace, in this world or any other.

The lovers of God have fallen in a furious river;

They have surrendered themselves to Love's commands.

Like mill wheels they turn, day and night, day and night,

Constantly turning and turning, and crying out.

RUMI trans. Andrew Harvey

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2. Love abide (I CORINTHIANS 13)

If I speak in the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am a noisy gong or clanging cymbal. 2 And if I have prophetic powers, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. 3 If I give away all I have, and I deliver my body to be burned, but have not love, I gain nothing.

4 Love is patient and kind; love is not jealous or boastful; 5 it is not arrogant or rude. Love does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful; 6 it does not rejoice at wrong, but rejoices in the right. 7 Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things.

8 Love never ends; as for prophecies, they will pass away; as for tongues, they will cease; as for knowledge, it will pass away. 9 For our knowledge is imperfect and our prophecy is imperfect; 10 but when the perfect comes, the imperfect will pass away. 11 When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I thought like a child; when I became a man, I gave up childish ways. 12 For now we see in the mirror dimly, but then face to face. Now I know in part; then I shall understand fully, even as I have been fully understood. 13 So faith, hope, love abide, these three; the greatest of these is love.

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Duration c.20 minutes

Love abide

for alto, bass-baritone, choir (SSAATTBB), organ, harp and strings (2006)

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