

## **THE HOUSE OF ART** Lyrics by Jason Charnesky

### Part One.

The world is a blessing and the blessing falls upon three houses that stand in the center of it all:  
the House of Being, the House of Life, and the House of Art.

The eldest House has room for the stars and harbors all of time on one of its floors.

The House of Life knits all in one growing net that joins the Earth and Sun.

But youngest of all, contained in its cleverest creatures, is the House of Art.

O stars and oceans, protons and birds, be mirrored in the art of the human word!

All love, all passion, all that is wrung from the human heart by the human tongue is given to  
Music to be sung.

Stronger than any spoken thought, striking too deep for words to chart,  
the Blade of Song plows the human heart and plants its seed.

We find here, more than drink or bread, the food we need.

### Part Two.

All houses are a shelter and a goodness,  
but the house built for Art is a temple to the spirit,  
and a home for what has been best thought most perfect  
and most possible of all the noble deeds born in the human heart.

All creatures have their homes,  
but only we goaded by an inborn need must build a  
space where we may greet each other in the grip of Art.

Architect! raise up the House of Song!  
Let its rafters strain to heaven.  
Let its walls encompass all.  
Let its door forever open freely onto truth.  
And let truth be led by beauty.

### Part Three.

Let each singer rejoice in the strength of the voice woven in the vast pattern of Song,  
and let Art acquiesce to the earth's own excess and return thousandfold what was sown.  
That turns sunlight into glistening nectar.  
That perfume tempts the bee into profligacy to spread honeyed abundance about her.  
Let us be generous as the vast breathing earth that gives free what no creature could earn.  
Let our deeds bear more fruit than our selfish pursuit.  
Let us teach. Let us share! Let us learn!  
For none live without grief be it ever so brief.  
Life is hard, we must help where we can.  
Share our blood, staunch the bruise, ease the baffled, and choose to keep open the generous hand.  
The world is a blessing and the blessing falls upon the House of Being, the House of Life, and  
the House of Art.

Let each singer rejoice in the strength of the voice woven in the vast pattern of Song.