

Mp3 Covita - Sofia's Table



[DOWNLOAD HERE](#)

Tracing one woman's rediscovery of her personal, inner connection to the Divine, the songs from Sofia's Table echo experiences of many women on this path. Covita's open-hearted vocals, soaring melodies, and rich instrumentations invite the listener 19 MP3 Songs EASY LISTENING: Mature, NEW AGE: Healing Details: COVITA MORONEY BIOGRAPHY "I feel complete - connected to my deeper self when I'm writing a song," explains Covita Scelsa Moroney in describing her passion for creating original music. "And I've learned that the deeper I dive into the truth of my experience, the more likely it is that the song will tap something universal." Following the example of her three older brothers, Covita began playing guitar very early. In addition, she sang in her school choir from first grade through high school. After graduating from high school in 1974, she landed her first paying gig on Cape Cod, and enrolled as a classical guitar major at Lowell (Massachusetts) State College. Covita transferred to the Berklee College of Music (Boston) as a jazz guitar and arranging/composition student, but eventually dropped out to play professionally. In 1977 Covita Moroney co-wrote a handful of songs that were recorded by her brother Greg Scelsa, for his popular educational music duo, Greg Steve. That same year she used a small inheritance to set up an 8-track recording studio in an apartment shared with her husband, Christopher. In 1980 they moved to Texas. Covita set up a studio, and began recording demos for San Antonio area bands and songwriters. Covita Scelsa Moroney has performed with a diverse range of ensembles, from the San Antonio Symphony to the Smith Brothers blues band and everything in between. During her first years in Texas, she landed gigs with a variety of bands: country, jazz, blues, folk and rock. Covita has performed in Texas Dance Halls, elegant theaters such as San Antonio's Majestic, and major cathedrals across the United States. In 1989, having been active in choral music in school, Covita founded the San Antonio Vocal Arts Ensemble (SAVAE). SAVAЕ has three recordings of early music from Latin America,

one of which appeared on Billboard Magazine's World Music charts. SAVAE tours frequently, and has performed for audiences from New York City to Seattle. As a SAVAE member Covita sings as well as plays a variety of instruments. In the early 1980s Covita recorded an album for singer-songwriter Melissa Javors, the year after Melissa won the top prize at the Kerville (Texas) Folk Festival. "Just Beginning" contained original music written and arranged by Javors. "Working with Melissa showed me what was possible, but I really didn't get serious about songwriting until I hit 40," explains Moroney. "By that time it was something I had to do to realize an important part of myself. I believe that if I left this world without giving songwriting my best shot, I would have blown it." Sofia's Table, Covita's debut recording of original songs, was released in January of 2002. "Moroney's songs are about seeking and discovering, about the spiritual, about renewal. Sofia's Table is peaceful and gentle and well textured. Moroney has a fine voice and an excellent touch on guitar," wrote San Antonio Express-News music writer Jim Beal, Jr. "In the 1960s, when my family still lived in Southern California, we lived around the corner from Johnny Mercer, the legendary lyricist," Moroneys recalls. "We kids used to hang around his house and play with his dachshunds. Once he gave me an autographed copy of a record with his songs. I had no idea how significant that would be to me one day. Now songwriting is my passion, and part of my spiritual journey." Moroney currently lives in San Antonio, Texas. She is a member and founding manager of SAVAE, a peaceCENTER volunteer, retreat facilitator, Dances of Universal Peace leader, member of the American Society of Authors, Composers and Publishers, a Reiki II practitioner, and performs her original music at coffeehouses, retreats and house concerts. Covita follows the Sufi spiritual path, "Toward the One."

LYRICS AND POETRY All lyrics 2001 by Covita Scelsa Moroney (unless otherwise noted) Poems 2001 by Mary Earle

1. We Go On A moment in grace, and the next we're all sinners. One day the world blooms with joy, then it all turns to winter. But a frozen heart will beat again, opening to new life - and we go on. Safe in a world that collapses around you. Like Alice you slipped down a hole and you're free falling right through. But the earth will rise under your feet, grounding you in new life - and we go on. Oh - we go on. Yes - we go on. A deeply felt love - and the bleak separation. You've opened your heart to the width of the sky, feel the pain come. But the wholeness you seek is within, calling you to new life - and we go on. Oh - we go on. Yes - we go on. You stand on the edge overlooking tomorrow. You pray the next moment will lift you above the past sorrow. And your soul spreads its wings with that prayer - to carry you to new life - and we go on.

2. Find Me Now You look into your mirror. See the Self behind your eyes reflecting

back a life that changes with each moment, alive in present time. Breath in the air around you. Feel your heart reach for the sky. Your mind begins to rise beyond the thought of limits. It soars in present time. Find me now, only now. Hear all the noise around you. Yet your Love longs to be heard. Let go the stinging word you utter without thinking, betraying present time. See the clock's hands ticking, separating past from future life. Why we trust our senses, they can only show us what they find. How to live this moment opening your self to me. Find me now, only now. All of your understanding. But your soul longs to reveal the essence that is real beyond the thought or feeling, creating present time. Find me now, only now.

3. Your Light (Jessica's Song) Your Light keeps shining. Nothing you could do would dim it. All the darkness you explored could never keep your brilliance from our eyes. And though you knew pain, in the end you chose to be love. And our hardened hearts all softened when you opened up your life to change. And the gift you gave us was your love of light, and a tender heart inclined to honor life, and an open mind hungry to know the truth, and a deep devotion as our guide. I feel your spirit. And the love you spoke of that night wraps around me now like a cloak to keep me safe and warm from my dark nights. Where are you now? You've been gone a thousand days and we still don't know; where did you go when you opened up that door and walked through? The only clues you left us were your final words: "Have faith in Life, never forget the Truth. Only Love is real - the rest is just nothing. Let your deep devotion be your Guide." Now your reflection rises all around to meet me in the mirror of a life you made for my soul to fill.

4. I Know This One Once upon a time there was a traveler who wandered into these woods in search of her lost, forgotten Lover. And the tale she told was of a longing that drove her soul in its search to find the faceless face, the nameless Other. In a sleepless dream she dreamed one summer, a voice from the underworld arose to haunt her thoughts, to move her feelings. And lo, in dawn's light - I know this voice. I know these eyes. I know this One. So I followed her up to the mountains. We climbed to the sacred well, and in a wordless prayer our hearts drank deeply. In the mirror of the crystal water that springs from deep in the earth we saw the holy face of The Beloved. And lo, with that sight - I know this face. I know this voice. I know these eyes. I know this One

5. Sophia's Table There's a lovely cottage in the woods beyond the north edge of town, and the pathway to its open door is welcoming and wide. La la la . . . it's welcoming and wide. A warming fire and dancing flames are always at the hearth, and a sturdy chair sits waiting for you 'til your next return. La la la ... until your next return. And the crone that tends the mantle wears Sophia's vests of love, and she sets the table with a banquet for the hungry hearts. La la la ... it's

for the hungry hearts. There's a wounded priest, a soldier, and a maiden at this feast, a mother with her crying children - all are welcome here. There's a troubadour, a sailor, and a princess and a thief, and a father with his starving children - all are welcome here. La la la ... all are welcome here.

6. Spirals (poem by Mary Earle) Marking stones heavy with life and death, holding invertebrate creatures sipping the dew eternally etched in fossil remains circling stairways in castles and churches. Spirals of life and death womb and tomb beginning and ending and beginning again. How have we forgotten? How could we have lost this knowing? In the end is my beginning, the tomb is a womb and dying we are born to eternal life.

7. Long Life Assured Long life assured. Hard hearts endured. You rise forever, endlessly. Unending Life assured. Layers unfold. Your story told. Time after time you travel here. Unending Life assured. Seasons and cycles ... and rebirth. Dreamtime revealed. Mind gently healed. Sorrow and fear give way to peace. Unending Life assured.

8. Renewal (poem by Mary Earle) Is this not worship without fear? Standing dripping in this creek, fish stopping awe at the sheer wonder of female flesh. Dancing in the water and not caring who sees. I have this knowing: the emerging of embodied wisdom springing forth from deep waters, bursting to the surface, then striding with sure step while yet dripping with diamond droplets of ancient seas.

9. Salt Doll Salt Doll: for a million years you've searched the distant corners of the Earth to find your home. Salt Doll. Driven by your longing to return. Salt Doll: Can I walk with you as you retrace your steps along steep mountain trails? Salt Doll. Climbing up to reach a wider view. dry thirsty desert / mesa and plain / high endless plateau none of these - none of these Salt Doll: turn your face toward the gentle breezes blowing from the eastern shore. Salt Doll. Follow the grey gull - she knows the way. soft golden foothills / meadow and range / wide shifting sand dunes none of these - nOne of these Salt Doll: now you stand in awe before the crashing waves and endless waters of the sea. Salt Doll. Drawn into a timeless memory.

10. Song for Christopher Dear Love, the kindness you show me when you tenderly hold me soothes this restless heart of mine. Sweet Friend, your endless compassion as you hold out your hand to touch the hidden soul inside. Yet this stubborn girl doubts you, fears you, in a fantasy dream she dreams. Always searching for someone to trust while you open your loving arms to me. True Light, the wisdom that shines from your eyes through mine to join us in this Mystery. Ah Life! All these years I have felt you, seen you through the eyes of a half-blind child. Always reaching for someone to trust, you open your loving arms to me.

11. New Footing (poem by Mary Earle) "Ven aqui, mi hija," she whispers. "Mira, look at these stars between your toes. Stop that whining. No llores, no. Ya, ya. Mira tus deditos, look how

pretty those feet are, covered with petals, covered with estrellitas." Star-toes, feet adorned with the heavens. And me, little-girl proud, seeing my feet as She does, seeing twinkle-toes on this body broken, seeing heaven beneath my feet. 12. Marni Marni remembers all the kindness, all the love. She holds your essence in her feelings, and in her dreams. Now every strand of love is woven into her soul, and so the day has come when Marni will let go. Mother Demeter, working at your ancient loom. The light and dark threads are the sun's rays, they are the moon. Your patient weaving brought forth the woman that we know, and so the day has come when Marni will let go. And looking back we see a lovely pattern there, a lifetime so well worn by Marni. This newborn woman rushes toward life with open arms. Her lessons well learned, they have taught her how she is strong. And with each act of faith her trust in love will grow, and so the day has come when Marni must let go. 13. Constellations (poem by Mary Earle) Prickles of light beneath my skin, little galaxies winking at sister constellations far above in ink blue sky. Within this flesh, star dust eons old, calling in kinship to Andromeda and Orion, wondering where the cousins twice removed have wandered. The inner North Star pointing toward something as real as the cat's whiskers on my cheek, something as close as those blood cells in liver and heart. Little worlds within, moving in their own gyres, listening for echoes for the worlds without - knowing as old as time, older, really, and timeless

14. Your World Touches Mine It's the middle of the night. I can't sleep. I go to the back door porch with my guitar. I can see the sisters of Pleiades and Orion's steady bow. Your world touches mine. And the night wind chills my face. I'm awake. Silvery starlit clouds sweeping the sky. I'm alive out under this starry night, and this song is singing me. And your world touches mine. How these sacred moments bring me close to you. And there never was a time when you weren't here; only a passing dream of loneliness. All I do is search for the road to you, but it's always at my feet. Your world touches mine. 15. Surrender Surrender. It's time to learn another way. Surrender, and live the life that comes today. Surrender. You'll never find your joy alone. Surrender, and trust the Friend you've always known. And all the ways you've tried to answer your own questions - relying on your past to teach you something new. It's never served you, it's never brought you peace. And now your own best thinking's brought you to your knees. Surrender. A loving power does the rest. Surrender, and give a weary mind some rest. 16. Open Hearts and Empty Hands A heart breaks and love makes you the enemy. You rescue a friend you never dreamed you'd make. We walk each other through our darkest nights with open hearts and empty hands toward our light. Your shadow must grow when your flame burns bright. But old friends will pretend they

don't see you shine. So, all alone you walk the hero's walk with open hearts and empty hands towards our light. The ground we live on, the ground we love on, the ground we weep on is sacred, too. The ground we travel to find our Center. I kneel in thanks on the ground I share with you. The heart trusts, but faith must bring you to your knees. We let go when there's no other choice to make. How hard is it to follow like a child with open hearts and empty hands toward our light? 17. Her Holy Voice Her rivering sound speaks, those liquid sibilants mixed with vowels long and open. Flowing language whose inherent syntax names the mercurial light in stone, coaxes us to peer in, to see this green world light charged. Punctuation of bank and tree shape this water tongue - an oral tradition still speaking in my dreams. 18. Santa Rosa Speeding down the highway that runs up the coast. Sun and sand and sea my companions. This unknown road inviting me to follow its course. And every turn in front of me pulls me toward my destiny. Ah, the sacred journey. Santa Cruz lies to the south. I know it well. Learned to ride my fear upon her waves. Wild crashing surf, demanding that I dive in or drown. The undercurrent swallowed me, swept me out, abandoned me deep below the surface. Santa Rosa's to the north. I've never been. Sped right past the signs that lead you there. Her rolling hills are unknown to a slave of this road. So I rush on impatiently, to see what lies ahead of me. There's no turning back now. I travel the same tired route my mother knew. The same one laid before her so long ago. Sad, winding road inevitably turns to the south. But Animas descends on me, lifts me up and carries me north to Santa Rosa. Yes Animas descends on me, lifts me up and carries me north to Santa Rosa. 19. Come Home Open your heart. Wake from this dream. None of your fear is as real as it seems. Accept my love. Come, take my hand. Joining our hearts was a part of the plan we made. Walk in the Light. There's clear skies above. Each step you take brings you closer to Love. Hold to your path. Trust your own Guide. Go where she takes you, sink deep inside. Go on. You're right - you're wrong. You're part of me - you're all alone. Living in paradox has brought you to this choice. It's joy - it's pain. You've found your way - you're lost again. Better not to judge the path, but just let it unfold. Welcome me in. You're not alone. The searching is over and you never left home. Take just one step. Know I am here. Open your heart, there is nothing to fear. Come Home. Back to Top

----- The Story Behind the Songs We Go On "We Go On" was written immediately after I completed therapy. I had a feeling of liberation and empowerment, yet an understanding that possibly deeper challenges were lying ahead. I wondered how I would handle future pain on my own, outside of therapy. I tried to answer that question in this song. It was begun on February

14, 2001, Valentine's Day. Find Me Now "Find Me Now" was inspired by attending a workshop with Carolyn Myss, and hearing her frequent reminders to keep one's attention in the present time. A Course in Miracles is constantly urging us to live in 'The Holy Instant.' Written on November 10, 1998. Your Light (Jessica's Song) Written in commemoration of 1,000 days having passed since my mother, Jessica's, departure from Earth, 'Your Light' was my way of putting the pain and joy of her life into perspective. I also was feeling the need to acknowledge the over-arching love and appreciation she had for her family, and vice-versa. The night before she died, she called me from Hawaii in a very uplifted state. This was the conversation when she said to me, 'Only Love is Real.' What a gift that was. Finished in July, 1997. I Know This One While in the throws of struggling with psychological transference (in therapy), I decided to write a song as if I was the therapist. I wanted to dive into the experience in a different way. What would it be like, if I were the therapist, to have me walk into the office? I worked on this song in May and June of 2000. Sophia's Table One November evening in 2000 I was driving from Houston to San Antonio after visiting with my Dances of Universal Peace mentor, Subhana. I was having trouble staying awake, and so I started singing to myself. I began to think about my experiences in healing, and the text is a simple report on what I perceived a therapist's work is all about. This song was born in a three-hour drive on IH-10. Long Life Assured In January of 1998, I was entertaining some jazz musicians from New York City. Suddenly gripped by an anxiety attack at the restaurant, I believed I was about to die. In a lovely moment of cosmic communication, the fellow across the table from me stood up to fish something out of his blue jeans pocket. He turned around, and I read the words on his back pocket label: 'Long Life Assured.' I took it personally. Salt Doll An acquaintance mentioned a spiritual teaching story she had just seen on a record. It seems there was this doll made of salt, who wanted to return to the place she had come from, but did not know where that was. One day she found the sea. I was very moved by the story and went on a search for a fuller version. Never did find one ... so I created my own! Song for Christopher This song started out as an instrumental. Somewhere along the line I felt it was a love song for my life partner, Christopher. It was written in September of 1998. Marni Joe at Blue Cat Studio was always asking me: "whatever happened to Marni?" When I was 10 years old I had a friend named Marni. But, I admit that this song is a very thinly-veiled expos about the wounded teenager: me, Covey. I really wrote this song as a method for claiming that I had the strength to separate from my need to be mothered. Around this time I met Mary Earle, who is also a weaver among her many talents. So the weaving images came in thanks to

Mary. This song was written in the winter of 99-00. Your World Touches Mine My nephew Hamilton (the wonderful clarinetist playing on this recording) and I decided to take a road trip in June of 1999. We drove from San Antonio to San Diego to go body surfing. When we stopped to rest overnight we had hit Tucson, Arizona. I pulled a chair outside and was inspired by the beautiful light on the mountains, the full moon, the night sky; and there was this longing. I can't explain why the lyrics put the song in winter, but it felt right. Surrender In August of 1998, as I was waiting for the first meeting with my soon-to-be psychiatrist, I wrote this song. This is a prime example of how some part of me knew what to do all along ... and kept telling me what to do in these songs. Open Hearts and Empty Hands It was a revelation to me that for a heart to be broken, it had to be in love - open, vulnerable, tender. Then I began to sense the paradoxical ways of the human heart. Still working on that one. Santa Rosa A therapeutic process known as active imagination is sort of like dreaming when you are awake. I had actually dreamed most of the action in this song, but the dream was left unresolved. So, I used active imagination to finish the dream in a satisfactory way. The creativity of my unconscious - to use the names Santa Rosa (rose) and Santa Cruz (cross) - really amazed me. Come Home This was the first song written in this collection. It was a miraculous gift from my Self. I was awake in the middle of one night in 1997, suffering from acute anxiety. Not knowing how to deal with the mounting terror, my eyes fell upon my guitar, which was across the room. When I picked it up, I had not played in a very long time. Years. It was only out of the case, collecting dust, because I figured the odds were higher that I'd play if it was in plain sight. As I began to strum what became the opening chords of "Come Home" a current of feeling swept through me. The song was completed within a few hours. It marked the beginning of communication with previously alienated parts of myself - and my Self. Back to Top

----- [Home](#) | [Lyrics](#) | [Bio](#) | [Partners](#) | [Wisdom](#) | [Links](#) | [Comments](#) | [Purchase](#) Please contact the webmaster with questions or comments about this site Tags: sister poems, broken heart poems, in loving memory poems, best friend poems, poetry publishers

[DOWNLOAD HERE](#)

Similar manuals: