

Warren

Prairie Unitarian-Universalist Society

May 11, 1997

Piano Prelude: Frederic Chopin, "Waltz in A Minor"

---Emma Giorgi

Chalice Lighting

Joys and Sorrows

Children's Service: A story and a song about motherhood....

"St. Ita's Vision," attributed to St. Ita, 8th century, trans. Chester Kallman, set to music by Samuel Barber, sung by Kay Frazier accompanied by Doleta Chapru

**HOW THE IRISH SAVED CIVILIZATION,  
FEATURING MUSIC BY SAMUEL BARBER**

Coordinated by Warren Hagstrom

*- Hermit Songs 1953  
Leontype Press*

About Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

About Irish Monasticism, ca. 432-1167

Manuscript art, **The Book of Kells**

*Pause* → "The Crucifixion" <sup>religious</sup> Barbara Park, accompanied by Doleta Chapru  
*In addition to serious words, the notes wrote about their own feelings & experiences*

"Church Bell at Night"

Paula Pachciarz, accompanied by Karl Wacker

"Promiscuity"

Doleta Chapru, accompanied by Aileen Nettleton

1922

"Pussy Cat" (music by Barber, age 12, words by the family cook, an Irishwoman) sung by the congregated, accompanied by Doleta Chapru

"The Monk and His Cat"

Warren Hagstrom, accompanied by Doleta Chapru

*"The Desire for Hermitage" - Michael Sheehy, accompanied by Linda Sheehy*

"The Cooling" (words by the Irish poet James Stephens, 1882-1950 (1917))

1940

The Prairie Choir, directed by Barbara Park

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Introduction of guests and visitors

Prairie announcements

*Closing words - Congregation repeat Stephens*

# Hermit Songs

## III. ST. ITA'S VISION

*Attributed to Saint Ita, 8th century  
Translated by Chester Kallman \**

"I will take nothing from my Lord," said she,  
"unless He gives me His Son from Heaven  
in the form of a Baby that I may nurse Him."  
So that Christ came down to her  
in the form of a Baby and then she said:  
"Infant Jesus, at my breast,  
Nothing in this world is true  
Save, O tiny nursling, You.  
Infant Jesus, at my breast,  
By my heart every night,  
You I nurse are not  
A churl but were begot  
On Mary the Jewess by Heaven's Light.  
Infant Jesus, at my breast,  
what King is there but You who could

*\*Loch Derg (Red Lake) in County Donegal has been a place of pilgrimage from very early times.*

## VIII. THE MONK AND HIS CAT

*8th or 9th century  
Translated by W. H. Auden \**

Pangur, white Pangur,  
How happy we are  
Alone together,  
Scholar and cat.  
Each has his own work to do daily;  
For you it is hunting, for me study.  
Your shining eye watches the wall;  
my feeble eye is fixed on a book.  
You rejoice when your claws  
Entrap a mouse;  
I rejoice when my mind  
Fathoms a problem.  
Pleased with his own art,  
Neither hinders the other;  
Thus we live ever  
Without tedium and envy.  
Pangur, white Pangur,  
How happy we are  
Alone together,  
Scholar and cat.

## V. THE CRUCIFIXION

*From The Speckled Book, 12th century  
Translated by Howard Mumford Jones*

At the cry of the first bird  
They began to crucify Thee, O Swan!  
Never shall lament cease because of that.  
It was like the parting of day from night.  
Ah, sore was the suffering borne  
By the body of Mary's Son,  
But sorer still to Him was the grief  
Which for His sake  
Came upon His Mother. -

## II. CHURCH BELL AT NIGHT

*12th century  
Translated by Howard Mumford Jones*

Sweet little bell, struck on a windy night,  
I would liefer keep tryst with thee  
Than be  
With a light and foolish woman.

## VII. PROMISCUITY

*9th century*

I do not know with whom Edan will sleep,  
but I do know that fair Edan will not sleep alone.

## X. THE DESIRE FOR HERMITAGE

*8th-9th century  
Based on a translation by Sean O'Faolain*

Ah! To be all alone in a little cell with nobody near me;  
beloved that pilgrimage before the last pilgrimage to Death,  
Singing the passing hours to cloudy Heaven;  
feeding upon dry bread and water from the cold spring.  
That will be an end to evil when I am alone  
in a lovely little corner among tombs  
far from the houses of the great.  
Ah! to be all alone in a little cell,  
to be alone, all alone:  
Alone I came into the world,  
alone I shall go from it.

## 3. THE COOLING

*Come with me, under my coat,  
And we will drink our fill  
Of the milk of the white goat,  
Or wine if it be thy will.  
And we will talk, until Talk is a trouble, too  
Out on the side of the hill;  
And nothing is left to do,  
But an eye to look into an eye  
And a hand in a hand to slip;  
And a sigh to answer a sigh,  
And a lip to find out a lip!  
What if the night be black!  
And the air on the mountain chill!  
Where the goat lies down in her track,  
And all but the fern is still,  
Stay with me, under my coat!  
And we will drink our fill  
Of the milk of the white goat  
Out on the side of the hill.*

*- James Stephens*

*\* translation commissioned by Samuel Barber*