

PRAIRIE UNITARIAN UNIVERSALIST SOCIETY

Sunday, January 2, 2004⁵

Welcome

Chalice Lighting - Mary Mullen
Joys and Concerns

SINGING OUR UU HERITAGE
Led by Mary Mullen & Patty Stockdale

Advice to American Soldiers

Remember the Slave

Bid the Din of Battle Cease

Touch Not the Cup

Song for Equal Suffrage

Rise Up! Rise Up! O Woman

The Voice of God is Calling

We Might Come In a Fighting

What Have They Done to the Rain, p. 39, Rise Up Singing

Everything Possible, p. 239, Rise Up Singing

De Colores (Spanish first), p. 305, Singing the Living Tradition

We'll Build a Land, p. 121, Singing the Living Tradition

Offering

Introduction of Guests and Visitors

Prairie Announcements

Announcements

Donations will be collected today for the joint UUSC-UUA Tsunami Relief Fund. Checks may be made out to Robert Park (Chair of the Social Action Committee) who will use his credit card to send in the donations this afternoon via the fund's Web site at http://www.uusc.org/programs/support_tsunami.html.

Book Club Schedule Change: Next meeting will be January 9 instead of January 16 to discuss *The Piano Tuner* by Daniel Mason.

Humanist Discussion Group meets Jan. 16, noon to 1:30 pm. The humanist discussion group will have a lunch and discussion in the main meeting room of Prairie. Rev. Sarah Oelberg is expected to attend. We will be discussing *Humanism and Its Aspirations*, *Humanist Manifesto III*, which is available online at <http://www.americanhumanist.org/3/HumandItsAspirations.htm>. Barbara Park will have a large pot of vegetarian soup ready.

Others are asked to bring platters of sandwiches or other finger food that we can pass around the tables. We plan to sit around a group of tables so that we can have a group discussion as we eat. All members and friends interested in humanism are welcome to attend. For details, see the Events page of the group's Web site at <http://humanist.madisonwi.us>.

Prairie Fire Deadline is today. Send submissions to prouds@tds.net.

Calendar

Sunday, January 9, 9:00 a.m. Choir Rehearsal

Sunday, January 9, 10:00 a.m. "Music, What Soothes the Soul" presented by Sarah Lord.

Sunday, January 9, 11:30 a.m. Prairie Book Club meets.

Sunday, January 16, 9:00 a.m. Choir Rehearsal

Sunday, January 16, 10:00 a.m. "Is Tolerance Always a Virtue?" presented by Rev. Sarah Oelberg.

Sunday, January 16, noon. Humanist discussion and lunch.

Saturday, January 22, 7:00 p.m. Playreaders at Parks' house.

Prelude:

Childsong

Tap Root Manuscript
Neil Diamond

Weeping sky
We bring the sun
To make you glad
And fill you with the day

Quiet tree
We have the wind
To make you dance
And fill you with our play

And you shall be glad
And you shall dance
And you shall come
To hear our song
And learn its tune
Before it fades away....

For Baby (For Bobbie)

By John Denver
Performed by Mary Traverws

I'll walk in the rain by your side,
I'll cling to the warmth of your tiny hand.
I'll do anything to keep you satisfied,
I'll love you more than anybody can.

And the wind will whisper your name to me.
Little birds will sing along in time.
Leaves will bow down when you walk by,
And morning bells will chime.

I'll be there when you're feelin' down,
To kiss away the tears if you cry
I'll share with you all the happiness I've found;
A reflection of the love in your eyes.

And I'll sing you the songs of the rainbow;
A whisper of the joy that is mine.
And leaves will bow down when you walk by,
And morning bells will chime.

I'll walk in the rain by your side.
I'll cling to the warmth your tiny hand.

I'll do anything to help understand.
And I'll love you more than anybody can.

And the wind will whisper your name to me.
Little birds will sing along in time.
Leaves will bow down when you walk by:
And morning bells will chime.

Wild Montana Skies John Denver

He was born in the bitterroot valley in the early morning rain
Wild geese over the water headin' north and home again
Bringin' a warm wind from the south
Bringin' the first taste of the spring
His mother took him to her breast and softly she did sing

Oh Montana, give this child a home
Give him the love of a good family and a woman of his own
Give him a fire in his heart, give him a light in his eyes
Give him the wild wind for a brother and the wild Montana skies

His mother died that summer and he never learned to cry
He never knew his father and he never did ask why
He never knew the answers that would make an easy way
But he learned to know the wilderness and to be a man that way

His mother's brother took him in to family and his home
Gave him a hand that he could lean on and a strength to call his own
And he learned to be a farmer and he learned to love the land
And he learned to read the seasons and he learned to make a stand

Oh montana, give this child a home
Give him the love of a good family and a woman of his own
Give him a fire in his heart, give him a light in his eyes
Give him the wild wind for a brother and the wild montana skies

Hammer And A Nail

by Indigo Girls

Clearing webs from the hovel
a blistered hand on the handle of a shovel
I've been digging too deep, I always do.
I see my face on the surface
I look a lot like narcissus
A dark abyss of an emptiness
Standing on the edge of a drowning blue.
I look behind my ears for the green
Even my sweat smells clean
Glare off the white hurts my eyes
Gotta get out of bed get a hammer and a nail
Learn how to use my hands, not just my head
I think myself into jail
Now I know a refuge never grows
From a chin in a hand in a thoughtful pose
Gotta tend the earth if you want a rose

When You Find the One

Melissa Etheridge

that when you find the one
There's no question in the silence
All is said and done when you find the one
when you find the one

Yeah you could say that I was crazy I was that kinda girl
I had to open up a lot of oysters before I found myself a pearl
I had to kiss a lot of frogs to find my grass was green enough
had to be face down in the gutter to see what is and isn't love

Then I woke from all the dreaming to your taste and to your laughter
I cried till I was dry and now live my ever after
I believe I always knew

When you find the one
There's no question in the silence
All is said and done when you find the one
When you find the one

#1 -ADVICE TO AMERICAN SOLDIERS

Tune may be familiar to some as "O Worship the King."

*1. BRAVE soldiers attend,/To what I shall say,
Your succour now lend,/And make no delay;
Your foes are engaging,/Your blood for to spill,
And raving, and raging,/And seeking your ill.

*2. COME boldly unite,/Americans all,
Your foes you must fight,/Or freedom must fall;
Your cause is most glorious,/Then trust in the Lord,
He'll make you victorious,/And give you reward.

*6. We'll fear not the rage/Of Briton, Nor Hell,
For God doth engage/In Zion to dwell;
He'll save us from strangers,/And keep us from harms,
And shield us from dangers,/And slav'ry's arms.

by Rev. Elhanan Winchester, 1776, Patriot/Preacher
The music for this is Lyons 10.10.11.11, which can be found in the UU hymnal, *Singing the Living Tradition*, p. 285, with words (recast) by Robert Grant, 1779-1834 (or 1838), "We Worship Thee, God." The music comes from William Gardner's *Sacred Melodies*, 1815. In *The Methodist Hymnal*, p. 473, the original words from Robert Grant were called "O Worship the King." Music for video and in SLT is in 1#, but in TMH, it's in 3#.

#2 REMEMBER THE SLAVE

Mother! when-e're around your child/You clasp your arms in love,
And when with grateful joy, you raise/Your eyes to God above
Think of the grieving mother, when/Her child is torn (?) away,
Sold for a little slave, O then/For that poor mother pray.

Father! when-e're your happy boys/You look upon with pride,
And pray to see them when you're old./All blooming (?) by your side
Think of that father's withered heart,/The father of a slave,
Who asks a pitying God to give/His little son a grave.

Ye righteous ministers of God/Who seek to make us free
When at the Almighty Master's throne,/You bend the suppliant's knee,
From the deep frontiers (fountains?) of your soul (?) /Then let your
prayers ascend
For the poor slave who hardly knows/That God is still a friend.

by Eliza Lee Cabot Follen, 1831. Music by William Croft, 1678-1727. Tune is called St. Matthew CMD. Tune is found on p. 457 of *The Methodist Hymnal* along with words by Charles Wesley (1707-1778), "Come, Let Us Rise with Christ." A few of the rhymes echo Wesley's words.

#3 BID THE DIN OF BATTLE CEASE

Bid the din of battle cease!/Bided be the wings of fire!
Let your courage conquer peace--/Every loving heart's desire.

Let war's furies be subdued/All discern their common birth.
God hath made of kindred blood/All the peoples of the earth.

For the glory that we saw,/In the battle flag unfurled.
Let us heed God's larger law/One life, one hope for all the world.

by Julia Ward Howe, 1819-1910, music by Louis M. Gottschalk, 1829-1896
(1869 in TMH). In the metrical index it is MERCY 77.77.
Words to this same music is in *The Methodist Hymnal* on p. 494: "Softly
Now the Light of Day" by George W. Doane, 1799-1859

#4 TOUCH NOT THE CUP

(The author is unknown. The tune, Long, Long Ago, was used for a
temperance song in England, music by T.H. Bayly. Original and attachment
have 4 verses, but only these 2 will be sung. The - - symbol means rest beats
that are NOT in Long, Long Ago.)

Touch not the cup; it is death to thy soul;
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup,
Many I know who have quaff'd from the bowl,
Touch not the cup - - , touch it not.
Little they thought that the demon was there,
Blindly they drank, and were caught in the snare;
Then of that death-dealing bowl, O beware!
Touch not the cup, touch it not.

Touch not the cup when the wine glistens bright;
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup.
Though like the ruby, it shines in the light,

Touch not the cup - - , touch it not.
The fangs of the serpent are hid in the bowl;
Deeply the poison will enter thy soul;
Soon it will plunge thee beyond thy control;
Touch not the cup - - , touch it not.

#5. SONG FOR EQUAL SUFFRAGE

(4 verses are on the attachment, but these are the 3 on the tape)

Day of hope and day of glory! After slavery and woe,
Comes the dawn of woman's freedom, and the light shall grow & grow
Until every man and woman equal liberty shall know,
In Freedom marching on!
Glory, glory, halleluja, Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah, In Freedom marching on!
Not for self but larger service has our cry for freedom grown,
There is crime, disease and warfare in a world of men alone,
In the name of love we're rising now to serve and save our own,
As Peace comes marching on!
Glory, glory...

By every sweet and tender tie around our heartstrings curled,
In the cause of nobler motherhood is woman's flag unfurled,
Till every child shall know the joy and peace of mother's world-
As Love comes marching on!
Glory, glory...

Verse 5

We will help to make a pruning hook of every outgrown sword,
We will help to knit the nations in continuing accord,
In humanity made perfect is the glory of the Lord,
Our world is marching on!
Glory, glory...

"Song For Equal Suffrage." by Charlotte Perkins Gilman, 1910, (1860-1935). From: Suffrage Songs and Verses. by Charlotte Perkins Gilman. New York: The Charlton Company, 1911. pp.22-23. Tune is "Battle Hymn of the Republic," an American Camp Meeting Tune, with original words by Julia Ward Howe, 1819-1910...

<http://digital.library.upenn.edu/women/gilman/suffrage/su-suffrage.html>

#6. RISE UP! RISE UP! O WOMAN

1. Rise up! rise up! O woman/No longer sit at ease,
The banner of thy freedom,/Is lifting to the breeze.

Be ready for the morning/That breaks thy long, dark night.
Shake off the ancient bondage/And hail the coming light.

2. Rise up! the future cometh/In grace and majesty.
Go joyfully to meet it,/Its name is Liberty.

Its face is as the daybreak,/Its heart is true and strong.
Its hand is brave and mighty/Against the honored wrong.

Words by Ada C. Bowles 1846-1928, adapted. Music by George James Webb 1803-1887 (Other words are "Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus" by George Duffield, Jr., 1818-1888, p. 248 in *The Methodist Hymnal*)

#7. THE VOICE OF GOD IS CALLING

1. The voice of God is calling/its summons in our day;
Isaiah heard in Zion,/and we now hear God say:
"Whom shall I send to succor/my people in their need?
Whom shall I send to loosen/the bonds of shame and greed?"

2. "I hear my people crying/in slum and mine and mill;
no field or mart is silent,/no city street is still.
I see my people falling/in darkness and despair.
Whom shall I send to shatter/the fetters which they bear?"

3. We heed, O Lord, your summons,/and answer: Here are we!
Send us upon your errand,/let us your servants be.
Our strength is dust and ashes,/our years a passing hour;
but you can use our weakness/to magnify your power.

4. From ease and plenty save us;/from pride of place absolve;
purge us of low desire;/lift us to high resolve;
take us, and make us holy;/teach us your will and way.
Speak, and behold! we answer;/command, and we obey!

Text: John Haynes Holmes, 1913 Music: William Lloyd, 1786-1852 Tune:
MEIRIONYDD, Meter: 76.76 D
<http://www.hymnsite.com/lyrics/umh436.sht>