

‘WAND’RING IN THIS PLACE’: MUSIC & POETRY FOR GOOD FRIDAY

Welcome

Patricia Wright

Organ – *O Sacred Head*

J. S. Bach

Poem – NO LONGER

Patricia Orr

No longer free to meet
we are present only in spirit
searching for safety
burrowing deep into foxholes of dread
till this, all this, is over
The helpers help
Their bravery humbles us
But this is not the clean blue slate,
the bold new decade of our dreaming
This is the nightmare just before arising
Prepare for the first awakening
to a street no longer friendly
and a house no longer a home

Solo – *Wand’ring in this place*

Michael Cavendish (c.1565-1628)

Gisele Kulak, soprano; Benjamin Stein, lute
Wand’ring in this place as in a wilderness. No comfort have I nor yet assurance.
Desolate of joy, repleat with sadness: wherefore I may say,
O Deus, Non est dolor, sicut dolor meus. (O God, *there is no sorrow like my sorrow*).

Poem - EXCEPT FOR YOU

Patricia Orr

Except for you
I would have succumbed,
breathed my last and welcomed
the grim face of death
Except for you
I would have
prodded the great questions
with my mind
as if meaning were made of thought
and thinking would break it open
Except for you
life would lean mostly
toward suffering
But you who have borne all ills,
denial, scorn, abuse,
you remain undaunted
When my knees are weak
and my heart begins to race
I sense your presence
I trust you will uphold me
and know you will always be near
In love, your perfect love,
there is no fear

Solo – from *Messiah*

G. F. Handel (1685-1759)

Charles Davidson, tenor

Thy rebuke hath broken His heart: He is full of heaviness. He looked for some to have pity on Him, but there was no man, neither found He any to comfort him.

Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto His sorrow.

He was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgressions of Thy people was He stricken.

But Thou didst not leave His soul in hell; nor didst Thou suffer Thy Holy One to see corruption.

Poem – COME WITH ME

Patricia Orr

Where do you live?

Come with me and I will show you

and in the process we will move

from bound to free

from unseen to seen

from an unknown name

to a name that could only be yours

You are not a slave to the elemental

spirits of the universe

frail and tired and tossed

You are a child of one

who has always known you

and will not let you fall

Come with me, and I will walk you home

Quartet – *In manus tuas, Domine*

Juan Pujol (1573-1626)

Into your hands, O Lord my God, I commend to you my spirit. You have redeemed us, O Lord, Lord God of truth. I commend to you my spirit.

Poem – LOOK UP

Patricia Orr

When you look up your spirits rise

So lift your eyes, now slowly

lift your eyes

And when you feel a stirring,

a ripple of hope deep inside your chest

and in your throat and on your tongue,

teasing your lips to open,

teasing your heart to sing,

this is your life in spite of it all

pushing its way to safety

beyond the frail body

beyond the anxious mind

into the sacred realm that bore you first

and will forever keep you in its care

Solo – “Pie Jesu” from *Requiem*

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Gisele Kulak, soprano

Merciful Jesus, grant them eternal rest.

Poetry by Patricia Orr read by Alison Lawrence.

Gisele Kulak, soprano; Charles Davidson, tenor; Benjamin Stein, tenor and lute; Dr. Patricia Wright, organ and alto Recorded by Charles Davidson