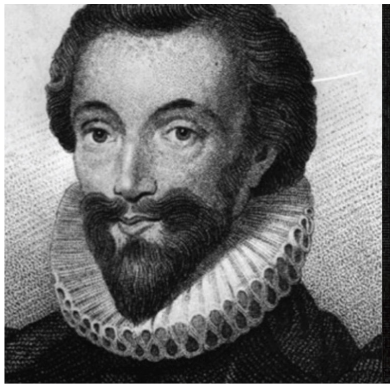
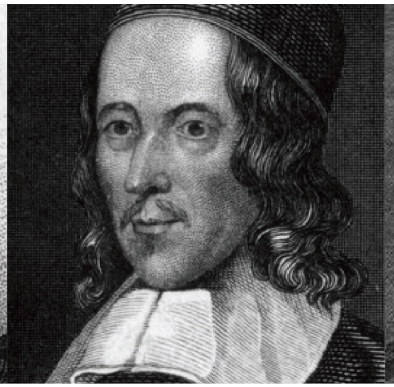
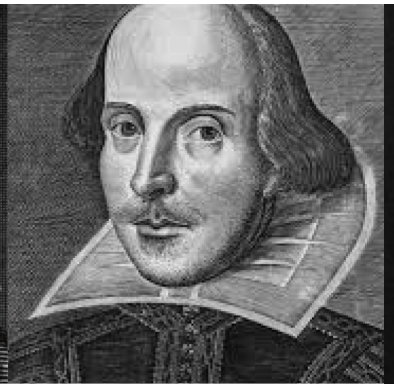
BARDS *of* FAITH & PASSION



George Herbert
1593-1633



John Donne
1572-1631



William Shakespeare
1564-1616



William B Yeats
1865-1939



Lee Tzu Pheng



James Minchin
composer



Wendy Poussard

sweet, serious or sly songs of minds, at play or at odds with eternity: lyrics by soul poets over the centuries; music by Melbourne priest James Minchin with friends

BARDS *of* FAITH & PASSION

1. **O Holy Spirit** *(anon 9th C)* Lyndon Green & Jennifer Bryce ***(6)***
2. **Christus paradox** *(© Sylvia Dunstan)* Karl Dorning & 5+Friends) ***(4)***
3. **Batter my heart** *(John Donne)* Lyndon Green ***(6)***
4. **I got me flowers** *(George Herbert)* Lyndon Green & Jennifer Bryce ***(6)***
5. **Psalm 42: Like the deer that yearns** *(© Grail)* Margaret Haggart ***(1)***
6. **Knowing that time withers** *(© Lee Tzu Pheng)* Fay White ***(2i)***
7. **Marriage song** *(© James Minchin)* Lyndon Green ***(6)***
8. **The stranger** *(© Lee Tzu Pheng)* Lyndon Green ***(6)***
9. **Running to Paradise** *(W B Yeats)* Rose Bharati Vaitinathan & Sidaislers, with flute ***(2i)***
10. **Dance there pts I & II** *(W B Yeats)* Chan Ming Lye & Margaret Haggart ***(1)***
11. **Universe inside me** *(© Wendy Poussard)* Fay White ***(2ii)***
12. **Here hangs a man discarded** *(© Brian Wren)* Lyndon Green ***(6)***
13. **The Seed** *(© Lee Tzu Pheng)* Fay White ***(3)***
14. **A kind of kingdom** *(© Wendy Poussard)* Karl Dorning & 5+Friends ***(4)***
15. **Strangers** *(© Wendy Poussard)* Karl Dorning & 5+Friends ***(4)***
16. **Hymn to God my God in my Sickness** *(John Donne)* Lyndon Green & Jennifer Bryce ***(6)***
17. **Hymn to God the Father** *(John Donne)* Lyndon Green & Jennifer Bryce ***(6)***
18. **Come away, death** *(Wm Shakespeare)* Lyndon Green ***(6)***
19. **Death be not proud** *(John Donne)* Lyndon Green & Jennifer Bryce ***(6)***
20. **King of glory** *(George Herbert)* Margaret Haggart ***(1)***
21. **Rainbow song** *(© Wendy Poussard)* Fay White ***(5)***

Recording sources: ***(1)*** *Seven Whole Days 1969* ***(2i)*** *&* ***(2ii)*** *1971 and 1982*
(3) *Christmas Bowl 1980* ***(4)*** *Time to Live – FivePlusFriends 1993* ***(5)*** *2003* ***(6)*** *2016*

All music composed by James Minchin

move

O HOLY SPIRIT *anon., Latin 9th cent., Eng. para. J.W.Grant*

O Holy Spirit, by whose breath life rises vibrant out of death:
come to create, renew, inspire; come, kindle in our hearts your fire.
You are the seeker's sure resource,
of burning love the living source,
protector in the midst of strife, the giver and the Lord of life.
In you God's energy is shown, to us your varied gifts made known:
teach us to speak; teach us to hear;
yours is the tongue & yours the ear.
Flood our dull senses with your light;
in mutual love our hearts unite.
Your power the whole creation fills; confirm our weak,
uncertain wills.
From inner strife grant us release; turn nations to the ways of peace.
To fuller life your people bring that as one body we may sing:
Praise to the Father, Christ the Word, and to the Spirit:
God the LORD. Amen.

CHRISTUS PARADOX *© Sylvia Dunstan*

You, Lord, are both lamb and shepherd, you, Lord, are both prince and slave,
you peacemaker and sword-bringer of the way you took and gave.
You the everlasting instant, you whom we both scorn and crave.
Clothed in light upon the mountain,
stripped of might upon the cross,
shining in eternal glory, beggared by a soldier's toss.
You the everlasting instant, you who are our gift and loss.
You who walk each day beside us, sit in power [majestic] at God's side,
you who preach a way that's narrow have a love that reaches wide.
You the everlasting instant, you who are our pilgrim guide.
Worthy is our earthly Jesus, worthy is our cosmic Christ,
worthy your defeat and vict'ry,
worthy still your peace and strife.
You the everlasting instant, you who are our death and life.

BATTER MY HEART *John Donne – Holy Sonnets XIV*

Batter my heart, three person'd God; for, you
As yet but knock, breathe, shine, and seek to mend;
That I may rise, and stand, o'erthrow me, and bend
Your force, to break, blow, burn and make me new.
I, like an usurpt town, to another due,
Labour to admit you, but Oh, to no end,
Reason your viceroy in me, me should defend,
But is captiv'd, and proves weak or untrue.
Yet dearly I love you, and would be loved fain,
But am betroth'd unto your enemy:
Divorce me, untie, or break that knot again,
Take me to you, imprison me, for I
Except you enthrall me, never shall be free,
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

I GOT ME FLOWERS – EASTER part II

George Herbert – 'The Temple'

I got me flow'rs to straw thy way,
I got me boughs off many a tree,
but thou wast up by break of day and brought'st thy sweets along with thee. [Alleluia…]
The sun arising in the east,
tho' he give light and th' east perfume,
if they should offer to contest with thy arising,
they presume. [Alleluia...]
Can there be any day like this, tho' many suns to shine endeavour?
We count three hundred but we miss: there is but one,
and that one ever. [Alleluia...]

PSALM 42: LIKE THE DEER THAT YEARNS *© Grail version*

Like the deer that yearns for running streams
so my God is yearning for you my God
Hope in God, I will praise him still, my saviour and my God.
My soul is thirsting for God, the God of my life
when can I enter and see the face of God?
My tears have become my bread by night, by day

as/ hear it said all day long, "where is your God?"
These things will I remember as I pour out my soul
how I would lead the rejoicing crowd into the house of God
Why are you cast down my soul. why groan within me?
hope in God I will praise him still my saviour and my God.

KNOWING THAT TIME WITHERS *© Lee Tzu Pheng*
I want to have this moment to think about you
calmly, wholly, without the memory of last night's rain
now, when I am in the empty spaces of the morning
and the earth is firm and the sky a dry reality
I need to hold you in a rare understanding
even as these seeds in my palm commit me to the unseen flower
knowing that time withers
I yet must plant you gently knowing how the earth in me searches for your roots
vaster than what I cannot see stronger than my dreams
will you grow to that loveliness to which my whole soul turns?
knowing that time withers
I wish not to have to grapple with the shifting wind that death follows
the ancient gestures that time fulfils become only
so many shadows so many fallen leaves bearing your image away over the pool of my longing.
O I would have you as the lotus rising from the heart of my consciousness
around which all my waters gather knowing that time withers
when will you unfurl that my soul may float a quiet while beneath your petals?
knowing that time withers

MARRIAGE SONG *words & music 'Cana Tuesday' © James Minchin*
Take each other's hands, hold them tenderly,
tell with smiling eyes: love can now run free.
Grasp the day and bless the night, sun or moon be your delight.
You have found a world to share, let your faith become your pray'r.
Let your stories blend and your lips express
what you've learned of God – healing, gentleness.
When one's weak, the other strong, join your hearts in mutual song;
you may offer, by your kiss, hope in travail, taste of bliss.
Time will see the fruit of your sweet embrace;
through your marriage bring overflowing grace.
Build your home with open door, light your hearth to warm the poor.
You will face both joy and pain, thus extend true love's domain

THE STRANGER *© Lee Tzu Pheng*
A stranger came to my house one morning when the sun was still low on the hill,
and he asked me what day lay ahead, did I look beyond the hill?
Each day the sunrise fills the sky, each day our work is long;
and I said, "The rim of the world stands high, teach me to look beyond."
At midday he came to the field again
when the shadows were still and small,
and silently tilled the earth with me though he cast no shadow at all;
and I asked, "Is this the way of life that lies beyond hill and sea?
What is the meaning beyond this toil that you would bring to me?"
One day, he says, he will bring the answer and suddenly will he come,
and I will know when I see him there, and we will not be alone;
then he will ask strange questions, and tell me why he came –
the truth will stand between us, and I will know his name.

RUNNING TO PARADISE *W.B.Yeats*
As I came over Windy Gap they threw a halfpenny into my cap,
for I am running to Paradise;
and all that I need do is to wish and somebody puts his hand in the dish
to throw me a bit of salted fish:
and there the king is but as the beggar.
Poor men have grown to be rich men,
and rich men grown to be poor again,
and I am running to Paradise;
and many a darling wit's grown dull that tossed a bare heel when at school,
now it has filled an old sock full:
and there the king is but as the beggar.

The wind is old and still at play while I must hurry upon my way
for I am running to Paradise;
yet never have I lit on a friend to take my fancy like the wind
that nobody can buy or bind:
and there the king is but as the beggar.

DANCE THERE *W.B.Yeats*

To a child dancing in the wind

Dance there upon the shore. What need have you to care for wind or water's roar?
And tumble out your hair that the salt drops have wet.
Being young you have not known the fool's triumph, nor yet
love lost as soon as won, nor the best labourer dead and all the sheaves to bind:
what need have you to dread the monstrous crying of wind?

Two years later

Has no one said those daring kind eyes should be more learn'd
or warned you how despairing the moths are when they are burn'd?
I could have warned you but you are young:
so we speak a different tongue.
0 you will take whatever's offered
and dream that all the world's a friend,
suffer as your mother suffered, be as broken in the end …
but I am old and you are young and I speak a barbarous tongue.

UNIVERSE INSIDE ME *words © Wendy Poussard*

There's a universe inside me where the suns burn and the worlds turn and the moons pull in the tide. But I can never tell you what it's like in the universe inside.
A woman walking in the rain is carrying a bunch of flowers for someone she can't find.
An old man in an army coat jangles a broken story in the pockets of his mind.
No one's laughing. No one's crying in the street.
I hurry on my way and do not stop.
I shelter my reflection under a white umbrella in the windows of the shops. There's…
We send out codes no one can crack.
Our signals go and don't come back.
We hurry on our way but we long to say how we laughed,
how we loved, how we cried, how hard we tried, each in a universe inside. There's…

HERE HANGS A MAN DISCARDED *© Brian Wren*

Here hangs a man discarded, a scarecrow hoisted high,
a nonsense pointing nowhere to all who hurry by.
Can such a clown of sorrows still bring a useful word
where faith and love seem phantoms and every hope absurd?
Can he give help or comfort to lives by comfort bound,
where drums of dazzling progress give strangely hollow sound?
Life emptied of all meaning, drained out in bleak distress,
can share in broken silence my deepest emptiness;
and love that freely entered the pit of life's despair
can name our hidden darkness and suffer with us there.
Christ, in our darkness risen, help all who long for light
to hold the hand of promise and walk into the night.

THE SEED *© Lee Tzu Pheng*

I found a little seed:
so I put it in the field and wondered if it would grow.
It was such a tiny seed I thought it would not yield
but knew not what else to do.
So I watered it for fun, and called upon the sun,
and waited in my heart, and – oh!
One morning it had grown; it had become a tree,
the loveliest of all trees known.
And the birds came from far and near and sang in the tree all year,
and the people all wondered indeed how the tree
came from such a little seed.
I found a little seed:
so I put it in the field and wondered if it would grow.
It was such a tiny seed I thought it would not yield
but knew not what else to do.
So I watered it for fun, and called upon the sun, and waited in my heart,

and – oh!
One morning it had grown; it had become a tree,
the loveliest of all trees known.
And the birds came from far and near and sang in the tree all year...

A KIND OF KINGDOM © *Wendy Poussard*
The hands of the woman in the village are strong
but her eyes are tired,
she holds her grandson and sings him the song of the hillside flowers;
she longs for her man far away in the slums and her daughter on the factory line, their lives for hire.
Her song drifts up through the dark,
disappears like smoke from the evening fire:
A kind of prayer for a family coming home: a kind of kingdom coming.
The face of the soldier in the jungle is young but he's feeling old;
he's looking forward to getting his pay and to seeing his home.
He watches the children who skip in the rain and play in the shadow of war with broken smiles.
His friends don't tell him he cries each night in his sleep
until the day he dies.
A kind of prayer for a world of living peace:
a kind of kingdom coming.
There's grass in the crevices of prison walls growing upside down.
The path that people have built through the hills
is not easily found.
There's a story that's kept in the hearts of the poor
and lives in unremembered things,
a story of power:
of meals where all the hungry ones eat their fill, a desert where peace will flower.
A kind of prayer for a time of justice now:
a kind of kingdom coming.

STRANGERS © *Wendy Poussard*
You wake from a nightmare, your feet on the ground,
your children are laughing in a game they have found.
Are you weeping for something you once longed to have or to be?
Are you listening to someone far away or to the crying of the sea?
You come as a stranger unknown: you come
as a brother coming home.
There's a new way to talk now and to hide in a smile,
too few words for sharing and too many miles.
The night time's so lonely! Tomorrow, will it be the same?
When you walk into tomorrow, maybe people will remember your name.
You come as a stranger unknown:
you come as a sister coming home.
You ask that a miracle break open and flower
from yesterday's sorrow in a place that is ours.
Are you anxiously waiting for life you can hold in your hand?
Is the miracle beginning for us too? We will build it if we can.
You come as a stranger unknown: you come as a people coming home.
{x 2}

HYMN TO GOD MY GOD, IN MY SICKNESS
John Donne – Divine Poems
Since I am coming to that holy room, where,
with thy quire of saints for evermore,
I shall be made thy music;
as I come I tune the instrument here at the door,
and what I must do then, think here before.
While my physicians by their love are grown cosmographers,
and I their map, who lie
flat on this bed, that by them may be shown that this is my
South-west discovery per fretum febris,
by these straights to die,
I joy, that in these straits, I see my West;
for, though their currents yield return to none,
what shall my West hurt me?
As West and East in all flat maps (and I am one) are one,
so death doth touch the Resurrection.
Is the Pacific Sea my home? Or are the Eastern riches?
Is Jerusalem?
Anyan, and Magellan, and Gibraltar, all straits,

and none but straits, are ways to them,
whether where Japhet dwelt, or Cham, or Sem.
We think that Paradise and Calvary, Christ's cross, and Adam's tree, stood in one place;
Look Lord, and find both Adams met in me;
as the first Adam's sweat surrounds my face,
may the last Adam's blood my soul embrace.
So, in his purple wrapp'd receive me Lord,
by these his thorns give me his other crown;
and as to others' souls I preach'd thy word, be this my text,
my sermon to mine own,
ther'fore that he may raise the Lord throws down.

HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER *John Donne – Divine Poems*

Wilt thou forgive that sin where I begun,
which was my sin, though it were done before?
Wilt thou forgive that sin; through which I run,
and do run still: though still I do deplore?
When thou hast done, thou has not done, for, I have more.
Wilt thou forgive that sin which I have won
others to sin? and, made my sin their door?
Wilt thou forgive that sin which I did shun
a year, or two: but wallowed in, a score?
When thou hast done, thou has not done, for I have more.
I have a sin of fear, that when I have spun
my last thread, I shall perish on the shore;
but swear by thyself, that at my death thy son
shall shine as he shines now, and heretofore;
and, having done that, thou hast done, I fear no more.

COME AWAY, DEATH

Wm Shakespeare 'Twelfth Night' Act II Scene 5

Come away, come away, death, and in sad cypress let me be laid;
fly away, fly away, breath; I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew, O! prepare it;
my part of death, no one so true did share it.
Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
on my black coffin let there be strown;
not a friend, not a friend greet
my poor corpse where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save, Lay me, O! where
sad true lover never find my grave, to weep there.

DEATH BE NOT PROUD *John Donne – Holy Sonnets X*

Death be not proud, though some have called thee
mighty and dreadful, for, thou art not so,
For, those, whom thou think'st, thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poor death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow.
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and souls delivery.
Thou art slave to Fate, Chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy, or charms can make us sleep as well
And better then thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And death shall be no more; death, thou shalt die.

KING OF GLORY *George Herbert*
King of glory, King of peace, I will love thee; and, that love may never cease, I will move thee.
Thou hast granted my request, thou hast heard me;
thou didst note my working breast, thou hast spared me.
Wherefore with my utmost art I will sing thee,
and the cream of all my heart I will bring thee.
Though my sins against me cried, thou didst clear me;
and alone, when they replied, thou didst hear me.
Seven whole days, not one in seven, I will praise thee;
in my heart, though not in heaven, I can raise thee,
Small it is in this poor sort to enrol thee: ev'n eternity's too short to extol thee.

RAINBOW SONG © *Wendy Poussard*
Darkness changes to morning light, after sorrow,
happiness will grow;
After winter, springtime comes again; after rain, the rainbow.
Keep hoping for a while, a smile, my friends,
is beginning at the end of the rainbow.
Can it be God smiles at me? I think it's true, I'm smiling too,
here comes the rainbow.
Earth has washed its dusty face,
its clothes are clean and hanging out to dry.
Can't you see the world is new again? There's a promise in the sky. Keep hoping…

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