

**MARQUETTE UNITARIAN UNIVERSALIST CONGREGATION**

**Sunday, January 23, 2022 - 11:00 A.M.**

**“Reverence and Glory: The Songs of Dave Carter”**

**Presenters: Susan Urban & Phil Cooper ("February Sky")**

*Please feel free to sing at home at any point in the service  
where you feel moved to do so!*

Words to all the songs and readings, including congregational songs,  
are on the pages following this one.

**WELCOME AND ANNOUNCEMENTS**

**OPENING MUSIC:** "When I Go," by Dave Carter

**OPENING WORDS** (excerpted from "Wikipedia")

**CHALICE LIGHTING (unison)** by Rev. Sara Ascher

**OPENING HYMN:** "Gentle Soldier of My Soul," by Dave Carter

**JOYS AND CONCERNS**

**UNISON OFFERTORY READING**

**OFFERTORY MUSIC:** "Hector the Hero," Trad. Arr.

**INTRODUCTION**

**Reflection** - Phil Cooper

**SONG:** "Frank To Valentino," by Dave Carter

**Reflection** - Susan Urban

**SONG:** "The River Where She Sleeps," by Dave Carter

**Reflection** - Phil Cooper

**SONG:** "Lancelot," by Dave Carter

**Reflection** - Susan Urban

**SONG:** "Guenevere," by Susan Urban

**CLOSING HYMN:** "Gentle Arms of Eden" by Dave Carter

**CLOSING WORDS**

**MUSIC FOR CLOSING:** "Kate and the Ghost of Lost Love" by Dave Carter

**EXTINGUISHING THE CHALICE (unison)**

WHEN I GO      Dave Carter

Come, lonely hunter, chieftain and king,

I will fly like the falcon when I go

Bear me my brother under your wing,

I will strike fell like lightning when I go

    I will bellow like the thunder drum, invoke the storm of war

    A twisting pillar spun of dust and blood up from the prairie floor

    I will sweep the foe before me like a gale out on the snow

    And the wind will long recount the story,

    Reverence and glory, when I go

Spring, spirit dancer, nimble and thin,

I will leap like coyote when I go

Tireless entrancer, lend me your skin,

I will run like the gray wolf when I go

    I will climb the rise at daybreak, I will kiss the sky at noon

    Raise my yearning voice at midnight to my mother in the moon

    I will make the lay of long defeat and draw the chorus slow

    I'll send this message down the wire

    And hope that someone wise is listening when I go

And when the sun comes trumpets from his red house in the east

He will find a standing stone where long I chanted my release

He will send his morning messenger to strike the hammer blow

And I will crumble down uncountable

In showers of crimson rubies when I go

    Sigh, mournful sister, whisper and turn,

    I will rattle like dry leaves when I go

    Stand in the mist where my fire used to burn,

    I will camp on the night breeze when I go

And should you glimpse my wandering form out on the borderline

Between death and resurrection and the council of the pines

Do not worry for my comfort, do not sorrow for me so

All your diamond tears will rise up

And adorn the sky beside me when I go

CHALICE LIGHTING (unison) by Rev. Sara Ascher

May the light from this flame be a beacon of our faith,  
In the days that grow dark and dreary.

May the light from this flame be warmth to our spirits,  
During nights of restless searching.

May the light from this flame be a celebration of the truth,  
Meaning and joy we find within these walls and in our dreams.

GENTLE SOLDIER OF MY SOUL Dave Carter

Hey-yah, my love has gone all upon the crimson trail

His drum at dawn beating brimstone through the veil

Clear light through smoke and ash

And balmy seas, where breakers crash and roll

Gentle soldier of my soul

Hey-yah; hey-yah

He lays me down in his garden growin' bed

He weaves a crown, twigs and feathers for my head

He sings the fields awake

And folds me in the love that makes me whole

Gentle soldier of my soul

Hey-yah; hey-yah; hey-yah

Hey-yah; hey-yah; hey-yah

When i have passed through the forest of my trials

And stand at last where the shadows run for miles

We'll ride on ponies fine

With painted shields through fields of shining gold

Gentle soldier of my soul

Hey-yah; hey-yah

## UNISON OFFERTORY READING

This congregation is the community of ourselves

Its energy and resources are our energy and resources.

Its wealth is what we share.

As we contribute to the life of this community,

We affirm our lives within it.

FRANK TO VALENTINO      Dave Carter

They raised him up on the installment plan -- the homely son of a handsome man  
Neither clear-complected nor expected to achieve  
A little bit ragged, a little big rough, a little too rowdy for the summer of love  
Now he's looking for a reason to believe

CHORUS:

    And he's changed his name from Frank to Valentino  
    He's growin' out his sideburns, and he's wearin platform shoes  
    And he's drivin on the midnight road from Medford down to Reno  
    And he thinks he's found a way to cure his workin blues

He got himself married at seventeen; she looked real pretty but she talked kinda mean  
He thought they'd work things out in the fullness of time  
Twenty years later he's headed south, the close-range victim of her sawed-off mouth  
Leavin their salad days behind

CHORUS

Lord have mercy on the workin stiff, pullin graveyards and double-shifts  
Tryin to hold his own beside the pretty and the bright  
Givin up the dream of his own backyard, jugglin taxes and credit cards  
See him rollin like a ghost train through the night

CHORUS

THE RIVER WHERE SHE SLEEPS      Dave Carter

She's a walkin' talkin' breathin' New Age wonder, old time heathens  
Don't know what to make of Mary Jane  
'Cause she ain't tryin to be no swami, she ain't mad at dad and mommy  
She don't curse the storm clouds when it rains  
When the sun refuse to shine she don't mind, she make everything look fine  
She got moon in her eyes, crescent windows on the skies  
And the rain comes down in sheets on the people in the streets  
And it carries all the secrets that they keep to the river where she sleeps  
She comes to me when I'm dejected, leaves her soul out unprotected  
Tells me that the truth can make me free  
And she don't need what she ain't got, she reads me books by Alan Watts  
Speakin' words o' wisdom: let it be  
When the sun refuse to shine she don't mind, she take thunder for a sign  
She got stars in her head, supernovas in her bed  
And it rains most every day, but I like it fine that way  
'Cause the waters run so marvelous and deep in the river where she sleeps  
Mary ain't inclined to drinkin', still she stumbles without thinkin'  
Anywhere she gets the urge to stray  
And everybody knows about her, they don't want to change or doubt her  
They just grin when she comes out to play  
When the sun refuse to shine she don't mind, she be movin' down the line  
She got bells on her toes, generations in her clothes  
And she sings without a sound as the evenin' rolls around  
And she dances as the twilight shadows creep down the river where she sleeps  
Professor come to burst my bubble, says that girl is bound for trouble  
Serves me solace in a paper cup  
But it looks a bit like agent orange and when he leaves he slams the door and  
Just about that time she phones me up  
When the sun refuse to shine she don't mind, she just ain't the worryin' kind  
She got dogs, she got cats, she keeps rabbits in her hats  
And the people that she sees, they're all Buddha's or police  
And the banks rise high and perilous and steep by the river where she sleeps  
Now one dismayed December dawn I wake to find my Mary's gone  
And no one knows when she'll come back again  
And all the silent temple bells from Styx to Glenn to Hazel Dell  
Are mournin' all the nights that might have been  
When the sun refuse to shine she don't mind, she just leave this world behind  
She got wheels in her smile, she can coast along for miles  
Me I'm walkin' all alone, feelin' soulful to the bone  
Till I stop and I hang my head and weep by the river where she sleeps

LANCELOT      Dave Carter

Lancelot rode on a swayback mare

He won in a card game up north somewhere

He was bottom-out lonesome, he was too tired to care,

Keepin one step ahead of the rain

Well, he blew into broken bow late last year,

Talkin up the vision of his lost Guinevere

But he couldn't tell a grail from a glass of beer

So he settled for Lady Elaine

    Singin "Yodelayhee, I ain't no untarnished Galahad

    Down from Arcadia like a dream in your head

    But gentle lady lend me the true heart I never had

    And I'll wash the years from your bed

    With all the salt tears I have shed," Lancelot said

Well, mornin came sleepy and mornin came slow

And the mirror revealed a face she didn't know

And the last autumn robin was packing to go

As another year slipped by the way

So she rose and she dressed and she pushed back the night

She put up her hair by the dawn's early light

And the man in her bed was an eagle in flight

And a crooked old crow in the hay

    Singing "Yodelayhee, I ain't no untarnished Galahad

    Down from Arcadia like a dream in your head

    But gentle lady lend me the true heart I never had

    And I'll stain the lavenders red,

    With all of the good blood I've shed," Lancelot said

Now bugles blow golden and banners fly blue

But these days the castle's just drywall and glue

And tilting at windmills is the best you can do

With the black knight of time on your lawn

So I wouldn't know if he left or he stayed,

Prospered or starved by the promise he made

Or maybe he straggled or maybe he strayed

And the bright world went barrelin on

    Singin "Yodelayhee, I ain't no untarnished Galahad

    Down from Arcadia like a dream in your head

    But gentle lady lend me the true heart I never had

    And I'll bring you roses and bread

    And we'll fashion gold out of lead,

    With all the illusions we shed," Lancelot said



GUENEVERE     S.J. URBAN

Guenevere was the Queen of France's daughter.

Her hair was black as raven's wing, her eyes were lapis blue,  
With skin like iridescent pearl, and lips like blushing roses,  
What was a fair and honest king to do?

    Guenevere was just 16 and I was nine and twenty  
    When she agreed to wed with me and rule as England's queen,  
    Well skilled in all the magic arts as well as fair and lovely,  
    We made a handsome couple when we danced upon the green.

But when the young knight Lancelot became my boon companion,  
My queen became his friend and lover too,  
And by the laws that governed us in those old days in England,  
I could not tell my lady what to do.

Chorus 1:    She gathered her rosebuds while she might, the way the poets urge us all to do.  
              One kiss from that fair lady's lips might well have launched ten thousand ships,  
              But she was mindful of the thorns, and gathered only two.

Mordred was my spawn of indiscretion,  
Sired on a half-sister who'd been unknown to me.  
His mother brought him to my court when he was one and twenty,  
And soon I knew he was my enemy.

    Mordred was not handsome, and he had a crooked shoulder,  
    The ladies did not like him though he was my only son.  
    He spoke of some new order where the men would rule their women,  
    And since my queen loved Lancelot, declared she must be hung.

But I revered the old ways to the marrow of my old bones,  
And I refused to listen to my son.

He came to my Round Table and renounced my right to kingship,  
And then these words came flowing from my tongue:

Chorus 2:    She gathers her rosebuds while she may, the way the poets urge us all to do.  
              One kiss from that fair lady's lips might well have launched ten thousand ships,  
              But she's been mindful of the thorns, and gathered only two.

Bridge:

    Mordred raised an army from the ranks of woman-haters,  
    They struck when all my troops to France with Lancelot were gone,  
    I was wounded mortally, my son proclaimed me dead,  
    My shattered body taken to the Vale at Avalon...

Lancelot returned and murdered Mordred,  
He took his quiet refuge with the Wise Men true to me.  
Likewise my precious Guenevere found haven with Wise Women,  
The healing arts became her specialty.

    And me, I wait in Avalon for times now fast approaching,  
    When women reign o'er all the Earth in peace and dignity.  
    Perhaps when I return I'll find my sweet young queen is waiting,  
    Our eyes will form a bridge across the wasted centuries.

REPEAT FIRST VERSE

GENTLE ARMS OF EDEN Dave Carter

On a sleepy endless ocean when the world lay in a dream

There was rhythm in the splash and roll, but not a voice to sing

So the moon shone on the breakers and the morning warmed the waves

Till a single cell did jump and hum for joy as though to say

CHORUS:

This is my home, this is my only home

This is the only sacred ground that I have ever known

And should I stray in the dark night alone

Rock me Goddess in the gentle arms of Eden

Then the day shone bright and rounder 'til the one turned into two

And the two into ten thousand things, and old things into new

And on some virgin beach head one lonesome critter crawled

And he looked about and shouted out in his most astonished drawl

CHORUS

Then all the sky was buzzin' and the ground was carpet green

And the wary children of the wood went dancin' in between

And the people sang rejoicing when the field was glad with grain

This song of celebration from their cities on the plain

CHORUS

Now there's smoke across the harbor, and there's factories on the shore

And the world is ill with greed and will and enterprise of war

But I will lay my burden in the cradle of your grace

And the shining beaches of your love and the sea of your embrace

CHORUS

## KATE AND THE GHOST OF LOST LOVE Dave Carter

Sweet Kate, open your gate -- here I stand in the wind

Threadbare, snow in my hair, how I need you again

For lone stalks the hunter's moon, time takes her toll

Love, please, mercy on me and my poor wandrin' soul

Love is a star that will not shine till the hour of your return

I count the days in cups of wine and the candles I have burned

And sunrise comes only when i am faraway in dreams

Or when the black thunder rolls

I cannot save my own sad heart nor your poor, poor wandrin' soul

I heard the grey wolf sing her serenade at night

But you never held me by the light of day

I climbed the redwood tree and caught the wren in flight

But her wings were soft as morning and the morning slipped away

(duet)

Open the gate, love - so many candles;

Suddenly morning slips away from me

And the wax heart weeps and blisters

And it's burning where he kissed her

And the ghost of lost love whispers, "Sweet Kate..."

## EXTINGUISHING THE CHALICE (unison)

We extinguish this flame but not the light of truth,

The warmth of community, or the fire of commitment.

These we carry in our hearts until we are together again.