

MARQUETTE UNITARIAN UNIVERSALIST CONGREGATION

Sunday, March 20, 2022 - 11:00 A.M.

"Bring Back the Snakes! An Alternative Look At St. Patrick's Day"

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 the Moon Howls and the Wolves Are Still," by Michael Hough, David Tamulevich & Heather MacFarland

OPENING WORDS: "Persecution," by Vetch Hoshizora, a young present-day English Druid

CHALICE LIGHTING (unison)

OPENING CONGREGATIONAL SONG: "Bring Back the Snakes," by Isaac Bonewits (adapted), Melody - "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean")

JOYS AND CONCERNS

INTERGENERATIONAL MOMENT: "As Darkness Follows Day," by Padraigin Ni Uallachain

UNISON OFFERTORY READING

OFFERTORY MUSIC: "Roslyn Castle," Trad. Arr.

SONG: "Inishvady's Annie," poem by Helen Cruikshank, music by Padraigin Ni Uallachain

HOMILY 1: Celtic Culture in Ireland Before St. Patrick

SONG: "Woodland Vacation," by Susan Urban

HOMILY 2: Snakes In America???

CLOSING CONGREGATIONAL SONG: "The Willow Tree," by Padraigin Ni Uallachain

CLOSING WORDS by William Butler Yeats, from "The Celtic Twilight"

MUSIC FOR CLOSING: "Circles," by Gwen Zak

EXTINGUISHING THE CHALICE (unison)

WHEN THE MOON HOWLS AND THE WOLVES ARE STILL

Michael Hough/David Tamulevich/Heather MacFarland

There's a knife in the wind tonight and my heart is clean

I awaken at the urging of a long slow dream

And I rise from my bed of ages in the hollow hills

In the time when the moon howls and the wolves are still

Oh the stars are sharp and the clouds fly across the moon

And my heart know where to find you but it must be soon

So I listen for the Owl and the Whippoorwill

In the time when the moon howls and the wolves are still

And there's a balefire leaping high on a peak of stone

There's a rushing stream by the path now overgrown

And the voice on the wind calls out with a sudden chill

In the time when the moon howls and the wolves are still

Listen can you hear her, tides of blood and bone

Calling us together to reclaim what was overthrown

We've abided in the shadows under living stone and moss

And we leap to rekindle the magic that was lost...

We can gather on the trail in the singing pines

So we ride to the place we recall from the ancient times

With your lamp held high in your hand by your heart and will

In the time when the moon howls and the wolves are still

So we ride to the voice and fire and the lantern light

And we meet on the moor in the dark of the deeps of night

And we clasp our hands together by the turning mill

In the time when the moon howls and the wolves are still

Listen can you hear her, tides of blood and bone

Calling us together to reclaim what was overthrown

We've abided in the shadows under living stone and moss

And we leap to rekindle the joy that the world has lost...

CHALICE LIGHTING (unison):

We light this flame as a symbol of the new life enlightening our way,

As a symbol of the warmth in every human heart.

Let the lighting of this flame rekindle in us the inner light of hope,

Of peace, of love; may we share that light with all people.

BRING BACK THE SNAKES words by Isaac Bonewits/adapted by Susan Urban, music trad. ("My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean")

'Twas on a bright Midsummer's evening,
A wise woman came up to me,
She shook both my shoulders and hollered,
"Oh, bring all the snakes back to me!"

CHORUS: Bring back, bring back, bring all the snakes back to me, to me;
Bring back, bring back, O bring all the snakes back to me!

"My land was a jewel most blessed,
My people both happy and free,
But then the priests came with their crosses,
And drove all the snakes out to sea."

CHORUS

"For 'snakes' was the word that they used then,
For the followers of Druidry,
Whom they murdered, converted or banished,
As threats to their authority."

CHORUS

"It's fifteen long centuries later,
It's clear and it's plain now to me,
That Erin was better off Pagan,
So bring all the snakes back to me!"

CHORUS

And then the crone's face started changing,
Each country and race I could see.
She said, "We'd be better off Pagan,
So bring all the snakes back to me!"

CHORUS

AS DARKNESS FOLLOWS DAY

Padraigin Ni Uallachain

The day is disappearing now
The moon is still below
The sound of night is calling out
Be here with me alone

CHORUS: And will there be some light here
Or will I find my way
And will the moon be out there too
As darkness follows day

The old hag on the mountain
With long gray misty hair
Will hold you in her weathered hand
And see you safely there

CHORUS

The wolf who howls at midnight
For hours three and two
Will follow close beside you there
To guard the night with you

CHORUS

The moon will rise up slowly
To pour its magic rays
Along the path of shadows
That leads you into day

REPRISE CHORUS

And will there be some light here
Or will I find my way
The silver moon will guide you through
As darkness follows day

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.

INISHVADY'S ANNIE

Poem by Helen Cruikshank, music by Padraigin Ni Uallachain

Upon the winding river that flow by Inishvady,

Annie's got a baby that doesn't have a daddy.

Some say it's Thomas's and some say it's Shea's,

But nobody expected it with Annie's quiet ways.

Upon the winding river the bonnie little mannie

Is dandled and cuddled close by Inishvady's Annie.

Who the baby's father is, Annie never says,

But some think it's Thomas's and some think it's Shea's.

Upon the winding river the country folk are kind.

Who the baby's father is they don't much mind.

To see the babe at Annie's breast and the love in Annie's eye

Makes me with all my heart that the lucky lad was I.

WOODLAND VACATION

S.J. URBAN

I left Detroit one summer's day, 'twas in the month of June,
The doctor, she had told me that I would be dying soon
Unless I'd take some time off from my hectic pace of life,
No work, no boss, no days filled up with pressure, stress and strife.

300 miles North, a gravel road beside a lake,
A tiny house beside it where my respite I would take.

No neighbors there for miles, and with forest all around -
I thought I'd die of boredom e'er I headed back to town.

No TV and no Internet, just books upon a shelf,
I slept the whole first week away, I couldn't help myself.

But then I got up out of bed and started taking walks,
And soon I learned to listen when the woods began to talk.

They spoke about the old days across the ocean wide
When Celtic Gods and Goddesses were worshiped side by side,
The folk in different places called them up by different names,
No matter what they called them by, the essence was the same.

Angus, Barinthus, Cernunnos, Amaethon, Govannon, Merlin, Dispater
Brigid, Andarta, Cerridwen, Aveta, Cliodna, Morgan, Epona

The last day I went walking, as the sun was going down,
I found that I had lost my way, in circles going round.

And when it was too dark to see, I stopped and laid me down,
Beneath an ancient oak tree with my head upon the ground.

When I awoke, the stars were clear, the full moon shining bright.

There was a couple, young and fair, who faced me in the night.

They turned and they were older, the woman big with child,

They turned again, with hair of gray, their withered faces smiled.

Another turn, and young again, the Lady said to me,

"The Celtic blood within you drew us here across the sea,
O daughter of the woodland, be you healed and be at peace,"

And she lit a forest pathway to my cabin in the East.

I'm living in Detroit again, the same old frantic pace,

The blessing from the Lady keeps a smile on my face.

I'm young and strong and healthy since our meeting in the glen,

Next Summer when the moon is full perhaps we'll meet again.

Angus, Barinthus, Cernunnos, Amaethon, Govannon, Merlin, Dispater
Brigid, Andarta, Cerridwen, Aveta, Cliodna, Morgan, Epona

THE WILLOW TREE

Padraigin Ni Uallachain

Down by the river there's a tall willow tree,
Who weeps all night for you and me.

CHORUS:

And it's lay down low my love,
Lay you down my own true love,
Now the shadows are falling and the night is come
And it's lay down low my love.

Under the branches of the brown thorn tree
The wild bird is watching over Lissnashee.

CHORUS

On Lake Derrevaragh there's a white feathered swan
Who sings in sorrow the whole night long.

CHORUS

The moon is moving over Poulnabrone
Where two lovers are lying on their bed of stone.

CHORUS

CIRCLES

Lyrics: Gwen Zak, Melody: Allen Bell

In days gone by, when the world was much younger,
We marveled at Spring born of Winter's cold night,
Marveled at the games of the moon and the sunlight,
We saw there the Lady and Lord of all life.

CHORUS: And around and around and around turns the good earth,
All things must change as the seasons go by.
We are the children of the Lord and the Lady,
Whose mysteries we know, but may never know why.

In all lands the people were tied to the good Earth,
Plowing and sowing as the seasons declared,
Waiting to reap of the rich golden harvest,
Knowing her laugh in the joys that they shared.

CHORUS

Through Flanders and Wales and the green land of Ireland
In the Kingdoms of England and Scotland and Spain
Circles grew up all along the wild coastline
And worked for the land with the sun and the rain

CHORUS

Circles for healing and working the weather,
Circles for knowing the moon and the sun,
Circles for thanking the Lord and the Lady,
Circles for dancing the dance never done.

CHORUS (2X)

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.