

MARQUETTE UNITARIAN UNIVERSALIST CONGREGATION

Sunday, April 17, 2022 - 11:00 A.M.

**"Bunnies, Eggs, Chicks and Flowers -
Easter for Unitarian Universalists"**

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 Spring Comes In," Trad. Arr.

OPENING WORDS: "Report From Grimes Creek After a Long Winter," by Nancy Stringfellow

CHALICE LIGHTING (unison) by Jennifer Gracen

OPENING CONGREGATIONAL SONG: "Easter Parade," by Irving Berlin

JOYS AND CONCERNS

INTERGENERATIONAL MOMENT: "April Song," by Ted Robinson and Jim James

UNISON OFFERTORY READING

OFFERTORY MUSIC: "So Early in the Spring," Trad. Arr.

HOMILY 1: Easter Traditions and Easter History

SONG: "A Week Before Easter," Trad. Arr.

HOMILY 2: The Yin Yang of Spring

SONG: "Jack In The Green," by Martin Graebe

ISHTAR GODDESS MEDITATION by Selena Fox (adapted)

CLOSING CONGREGATIONAL SONG: "Spring Has Now Unwrapped the Flowers"
(Tune of the old English Christmas carol, "Good King Wenceslas")

CLOSING WORDS by Sitting Bull and Robin Williams

MUSIC FOR CLOSING: "Northern Spring," lyrics Susan Urban, tune Trad. Arr.

EXTINGUISHING THE CHALICE (unison)

WHEN SPRING COMES IN

Trad. Arr.

When Spring comes in the birds do sing,
The lambs do skip and the bells do ring
While we enjoy their glorious charm so noble and so gay.

CHORUS:

The primrose blooms and the cowslip too,
The violets in their sweet retire, the roses shining through the briar,
And the daffadown-dillies which we admire will die and fade away.

Young men and maidens will be seen
On mountains high and meadows green,
They will talk of love and sport and play
While these young lambs do skip away,
At night they homeward wend their way
When evening stars appear.

CHORUS

The dairymaid to milking goes her blooming cheeks as red as a rose,
She carries her pail all on her arm so cheerful and so gay,
She milks she sings and the valleys ring,
The small birds on the branches there
Sit listening to this lovely fair, the lads all stop their work to stare,
She is the ploughman's joy.

CHORUS

CHALICE LIGHTING (unison) by Jennifer Gracen

Around us, light is returning.
It rekindles the spirit of life in the skeletons of trees.
It brings forth new shoots from the soil.
It wakes us from our winter slumber and invites us to see what lies beyond.
We light this chalice in the spirit of our Earth's awakening
And to reaffirm our commitment to the value of our home.

EASTER PARADE

Irving Berlin

Judy Garland version:

In your Easter bonnet, with all the frills upon it
You'll be the grandest fella in the Easter parade.
I'll be all in clover, and when they look us over
We'll be the proudest couple in the Easter parade.

On the avenue, Fifth Avenue,
The photographers will snap us
And you'll find that you're in the rotogravure.
Oh, I could write a sonnet, about your Easter bonnet
And of the guy I'm taking to the Easter Parade.

Bing Crosby version:

In your Easter bonnet, with all the frills upon it,
You'll be the grandest lady in the Easter parade.
I'll be all in clover and when they look you over,
I'll be the proudest fellow in the Easter parade.

On the avenue, Fifth Avenue,
The photographers will snap us
And you'll find that you're in the rotogravure.
Oh, I could write a sonnet, about your Easter bonnet
And of the girl I'm taking to the Easter Parade.

APRIL SONG

Ted Robinson/Jim James

So here we are in April, in showy blowy April
In frowzy blowzy April, the rowdy dowdy time
In sippy sloppy April; in wheezy breezy April
In ringing stinging April with a singing swinging rhyme

The smiling sun of April on the violets is focal

The sudden showers for April seek the dandelions out

The tender airs of April make the local yokel vocal

And he raises rustic ditties with a most melodious shout

So here we are in April, in tipsy gypsy April;

In showery flowery April--the twinkly sprinkly days

In tingly jingly April; in highly wiley April--

In mighty flighty April with its highy-tighty ways.

The duck is fond of April (quack) and the clucking chick-a-biddy (squawk)

While other barnyard creatures (grunt) have a try at caroling (moo)

There's something in the air to turn a city kitty giddy (meow!)

And even I am forced to raise my croaking voice and sing!

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.

A WEEK BEFORE EASTER

Trad. Arr.

A week before Easter, the morn bright and clear
The sun it shown brightly and keen blew the air
I went to the forest to gather fine flowers
But the forest would yield me no roses

The roses are red and the leaves they are green
The bushes and briars are a pleasure to be seen
And the small birds are singing and changing their note
Amongst the wild beasts in the forest

The first time I saw my love, she was dressed all in white,
Made my eyes run and water, fair dazzled my sight
And now she has left me and shown me false play,
For she's gone to be wed to another.

The last time I saw my love she did in the church stand,
With a ring on her finger and a glove on her hand
And now she has left me and shown me false play,
For she's gone to be wed to another.

So dig me a grave, dig it long, wide and deep
And cover it over with flowers so sweet,
That I might lie down there and take a long sleep
And that's the best way to forget her.

JACK IN THE GREEN

Martin Graebe

Now winter is over I'm happy to say
And we're all met again in our ribbons so gay
And we're all met again, to rejoice in the spring
And to go about dancing with Jack in the Green

CHORUS:

Jack in the Green, Jack in the Green

And we'll all dance each springtime with Jack in the Green

Now Jack in the Green is a very strange man
Though he dies every autumn, he's born every spring
And each year on his birthday, we will dance through the street
And in return Jacky will ripen our wheat

CHORUS

Now all you young maidens I'd have you beware
Of touching young Jack, for there's strange powers there.
For if you but touch him, there is many will tell
Like the wheat in our fields so your belly will swell.

CHORUS

With his mantle he'll cover the trees that are bare
Our gardens he'll trim with his jacket so fair
But our fields he will sow with the hair on his head
And our grain it will ripen till old Jack is dead

CHORUS

Now the sun is half up and it signals the hour
That the children arrive with their garlands of flowers
So now let the music and dancing begin
And touch the good heart of young Jack in the Green

CHORUS

SPRING HAS NOW UNWRAPPED THE FLOWERS

(Tune of the old English Christmas carol, "Good King Wenceslas")

Spring has now unwrapped the flowers, day is fast reviving;

Life in all her growing powers, towards the light is striving;

Gone the iron touch of cold, Winter time and frost time;

Seedlings working through the mold, now make up for lost time.

All the world with beauty fills, gold the green enhancing;

Flowers merry on the hills set the meadows dancing.

Earth puts on her dress of glee; buds and grasses hide her.

Go we forth most happily, one and all beside her.

NORTHERN SPRING

Lyric S.J. Urban, tune Trad. Arr.

There's a foolhardy robin who sings in the maple
Whose branches are heavy with snow.

And the rivers and streams may be starting to thaw,
But the ice still inhibits their flow.

The calendar says it's supposed to be Spring,
But it's weeks in the future, we fear,
For the land is still held in the cold grip of winter,
Spring will not come early this year.

And I planted some tulips way back in the fall,
They will not show their heads for some time.
But the green leaves of crocus are just poking through,
And the flowers won't be far behind.

We know a Spring blizzard may bury their blooms,
A cold snap could wilt them as well.

We go back in the house, throw a log on the fire,
We'll just have to set for a spell.

There was a wise woman, she wrote in a poem
That hope has got feathers and wings.

And we Northern folk know that the red-breasted bird
Is much wiser than us when he sings.

The Spring may be late, though we know it will come,
For now it would seem it's deferred.

But I think I will go put a tap on that maple,
And whistle along with that bird.

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.