

MARQUETTE UNITARIAN UNIVERSALIST CONGREGATION

Sunday, July 24, 2022 - 11:00 A.M.

"Written in Their Eyes - Historical Awareness as a Spiritual Path"

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 & ANNOUNCEMENTS

OPENING MUSIC: "The Ballad of Pretty Boy Floyd," by Woody Guthrie - American Dust Bowl Era, 1930's

OPENING WORDS: from "The Year Is 1915"

OPENING CONGREGATIONAL SONG: "Buffalo Gals," minstrel show song by John Hodges, 1844

JOYS AND CONCERNS

INTERGENERATIONAL MOMENT: "Oh! Susanna," minstrel song by Stephen Foster

UNISON OFFERTORY READING

OFFERTORY MUSIC: "Peerie Hoose Ahint the Burn," Trad. Arr.

INTRODUCTION

REFLECTION

SONG: "The Bonnie Bunch of Roses," Trad. Arr.

REFLECTION

SONG: "Will Cunningham," by Rev. Robert B. Jones, Sr.

REFLECTION

SONG: "41 Thunderer," by Dave Carter

REFLECTION

SONG: "Sacagawea," by Susan Urban

CLOSING HYMN: "This Land is Your Land," by Woody Guthrie

CLOSING WORDS

MUSIC FOR CLOSING: "Written In Our Eyes," by Charlie Madigan

EXTINGUISHING THE CHALICE (unison)

THE BALLAD OF PRETTY BOY FLOYD

Woody Guthrie

If you'll gather round me children, a story I will tell
'Bout Pretty Boy Floyd the outlaw, Oklahoma knew him well
 It was in the town of Shawnee, on a Saturday afternoon
 His wife beside him in his wagon as into town they rode
There a deputy sheriff approached them in a manner rather rude
Using vulgar words of language, and his wife she overheard
 Pretty Boy grabbed a log chain, and the deputy grabbed a gun
 And in the fight that followed, he laid that deputy down
You know he took to the trees and the timber, and he lived a life of shame
Every crime in Oklahoma was added to his name
 You know he took to the trees and timbers on the Canadian River shore
 But the outlaw found a welcome at many a farmer's door
You know, there's many a starving farmer, yes, the same old story told
How the outlaw paid their mortgage, and saved that little home
 And others tell you of a stranger who had come to beg a meal
 And underneath his napkin left a thousand dollar bill
It was in Oklahoma City, yes, it was on a Christmas day
Come a whole carload of groceries with a letter that did say
 You say that I'm an outlaw, yes, you say that I'm a thief
 Well, here's a Christmas dinner for the families on relief
You know, as through this world I've rambled, I've seen lots of funny men
Some'll rob you with a sixgun, and some with a fountain pen
 But as through this world you ramble, and as through this world you roam
 You won't ever see an outlaw drive a family from their home

CHALICE LIGHTING: (unison)

Let the chalice be lit in recognition of the great family here on earth with us,
Those who have gone before and left to us the heritage of their life, labor and sacrifice,
And those whose lives will be shaped by what we do or leave undone.

BUFFALO GALS

John Hodges

As I was walking down the street,
Down the street, down the street.
A pretty little girl I chanced to meet
And she was fair to see.

I asked her if she'd stop and talk,
Stop and talk, stop and talk.
Her feet covered up the whole sidewalk,
But she was fair to view.

CHORUS:

Buffalo gals won'tcha come out tonight,
Come out tonight, come out tonight.
Buffalo gals won'tcha come out tonight
And dance by the light of the moon.

I asked her if she'd stop to dance,
Have a dance, care to dance.
I thought that I might get a chance
To shake a foot with her.

I danced with that gal with a hole in her stockin',
Knees kept a-knockin', toes kept a-rockin'.
Danced with a gal with a hole in her stockin',
And we danced by the light of the moon.

CHORUS

I asked her if she'd be my wife,
Be my wife, be my wife.
Then I'd be happy all my life,
If she would marry me.

CHORUS

OH! SUSANNA

Stephen Foster

I come from Alabama with a banjo on my knee

I'm going to Louisiana, my true love for to see.

It rained all night the day I left, the weather it was dry

The sun so hot, I froze to death, Susanna, don't you cry.

CHORUS:

Oh, Susanna, oh don't you cry for me

For I come from Alabama with a banjo on my knee.

I had a dream the other night when everything was still

I dreamed I saw Susanna dear a-coming down the hill.

The buckwheat cake was in her mouth, the tear was in her eye

Says I, "I'm coming from the south, Susanna, don't you cry."

CHORUS

INSTRUMENTAL

CHORUS

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

THE BONNIE BUNCH OF ROSES

Trad. Arr.

By the margin of the ocean, one pleasant evening in the month of June,
The sweet pleasant songsters their liquid notes did sing in tune.

It was there I spied a female seemingly in grief and woe,

Conversing with young Bonaparte concerning the bonny bunch of roses-o

“Oh mother,” cried young Napoleon as he gripped her by the hand,

“Oh mother please be patient until I'm able to command.

I'll raise a mighty army and over the frozen realms I'll go,

And in spite of all of the universe I'll bring back the bonny bunch of roses-o.”

“Oh son don't be so venturesome, Old England she has a heart of oak,

And England, Ireland, and Scotland, their unity can ne'er be broke.

Oh son think of your father, on St Helena his body lies low,

And you may follow after, so forget the bonny bunch of roses-o.

“For he took three hundred thousand men, likewise some kings to join his
throng.

He was so well provided, enough to drive the world along.

But when he came to Moscow he was overcarried by the driving snow

And Moscow was a-blazing, and they lost the bonny bunch of roses-o.“

“Oh mother, adieu for ever, for now I'm on my dying bed.

If I'd lived I might have been clever, but now I droop my youthful head.

And when my bones do moulder and weeping willows above me grow,

The deeds of old Napoleon will sting the bonny bunch of roses-o.”

WILL CUNNINGHAM

Rev. Robert B. Jones, Sr.

Conecuh County, Alabama, 1925,

Will Cunningham rode into town to get his week's supplies.

Will was a black man who fought in World War I,

He faced smoke and powder, but he never chose to run.

He had a favorite scripture whenever times got mean,

It was Second Kings, Chapter 6, around Verse 17.

It had helped him back in France when he was far from home,

It said, "Lord, open up our eyes to see we do not stand alone." 'Cause

CHORUS

He did not pick his battles, and he never chose his friends,

When he got up in the morning, didn't know how the day would end,

But there were angels all around him, and chariots on the way,

And those who stood with him were more than those who rode with them.

Now, Will was my great grandfather, and he never learned to bow,

When other black men stepped aside, Will never figured how.

He worked for Boss MacBinyon, who was a hard and wealthy man,

'Cause everywhere that you was steppin', you was on MacBinyon's land.

Now, MacBinyon was a white man, but all white men ain't the same,

Some will curse you and abuse you, they'll call you out your name.

That's the kind Will met that morning when he stepped into the store,

Just a ball of hate and evil, and very little more. But

CHORUS

Now, when Will Cunningham met Evil, he looked Evil in the face,

Evil said, "This the kinda colored boy you gotta put back in its place."

So he slapped my great grandfather to teach him by degrees,

But Will answered him with a straight right hand and knocked Evil to its knees,

This was still Conecuh County back in 1925,

And you couldn't whoop a white man if you wanted to stay alive,

So Will got back on his wagon and he headed out for home,

Didn't want Henrietta and the babies to meet the storm alone.

CHORUS

Now Evil got its mob together, they passed around the cup,

They said "Long 'bout midnight, we'll go string that black boy up."

Evil had the rifles, Evil had the rope,

Will just had a shotgun, but he didn't have much hope.

Then Boss MacBinyon showed up with his pistol in his hand,

Said, "I heard y'all gonna try to lynch my hardest working man.

Now, I don't know who you worthless trash think you come to kill,

But I'll gladly shoot the filthy scum who lays a hand on Will."

And one by one they dropped their guns and went into the night,

Will lived to see another day, he won a hopeless fight.

And the word of God from World War I saved him once again,

'Cause he did not pick his battles, and he never chose his friends.

Will died in a nursing home at the age of 91,

And standing at the funeral home was the one who wrote this song.

And I tell this old man's story just to pass along

That even when you're by yourself you never stand alone.

REPRISE CHORUS

'Cause you can't always pick your battles, or always chose your friends,

When you get up in the morning, don't know how your day will end,

But there are angels all around us, chariots all the way,

And those who stand with us are more than those who ride with them.

Conecuh County, Alabama, 1925,

Will Cunningham rode into town to get his week's supplies.

41 THUNDERER

Dave Carter

In fair Silver City on the blind side of fate
I grew up to manhood on the narrow and straight
But prideful I stumbled, and foolish I fell
In the silken fine trammels of a cruel Yankee belle
 Slender and wicked, flame in her eyes
 Pearl white and nickel 'round the curve of her thighs
 Smooth as dry whiskey, but cold to caress
 She slid like a viper from her tooled leather dress

CHORUS:

Forty-one Thunderer, Colt repeater
She's a silver-tongued wonder and a mean mistreater
Six-eyed Delilah, brazen and bold
Now it's stand and deliver, and fire in the hole
Forty-one Thunderer, turn loose o' my soul
I feared not the lawman nor the thief in the night
Nor angel nor devil when she went by my side
And her hunger burned blazes till it felt like my own
And her wandering heart drove me wild and alone

CHORUS

We rode out from Canaan in search of our fortune
Or something worth dying for, beauty or evermore
Over the Blackwater flats with her jackrabbits running
 Under a sky burning brimstone and reckoning
 Sweet for the hope of rain
 And the sand in your teeth grinding tiny white diamonds
 To moments of loss that you cannot explain
So come demon lover when the long night is through
And sing me your lullaby, simple and true
For legends will tarnish and the trigger will rust
And the road over glory come to ashes and dust

CHORUS

SACAGAWEA

S.J. Urban

On my desk sits a coin of a bright golden hue,
On its face is a mother and her baby too.
It was issued the year when the century turned,
But nobody uses them now.

Sacagawea guided Lewis and Clark
On the journey on which those two men did embark.
Over three thousand miles she traveled with them,
No white men had been there before.

If it weren't for her they'd have not made it through,
When the natives saw her and her small child too,
Then they knew that the white men had come there in peace,
And never attacked them at all.

Sacagawea, she was owned by brute of a man,
Who had won her at gambling, and so she was his property.
And though she worked so hard on that long journey west,
Just a lazy do-nothing complainer was he.

At the end of the trip, all the men were paid fairly and well,
But Sacagawea for her labors received not one dime,
They rewarded her husband with land and with cash,
For by law, women could not be paid at that time.

It's been only two hundred short years since those days
When this woman was cheated of earnings she made.
Now there's women as scientists, judges and cops,
Their paychecks are made out to them.

Now there's lots of young women who aren't aware
That a short time ago, not one woman would dare
To be doing the work that they're doing today,
Five decades have made a big change.

Yes, we've further to go, we are not finished yet,
But I wish that Sacagawea was here now,
How amazed she would be that we vote and get paid,
And we cannot be owned like a cow.

There's a story that goes that Sacagawea perished young
In an Indian village where she had once lived as a girl.
But another one goes that she fled from that man,
And she built a new life for herself in the world.

And I choose to believe that the happier ending is true,
That Sacagawea found her true love on Comanche land,
And she lived to be nearly one hundred years old,
Now her legend lives on in this coin in the palm of my hand.

THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND

Woody Guthrie

This land is your land, this land is my land
From California to the New York island;
From the red wood forest to the Gulf Stream waters
This land was made for you and me.

As I was walking that ribbon of highway

I saw above me that endless skyway

I saw below me that golden valley

This land was made for you and me

I've roamed and rambled and I followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts
And all around me a voice was sounding

This land was made for you and me

When the sun came shining, and I was strolling

And the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling

As the fog was lifting a voice was chanting

This land was made for you and me

As I went walking I saw a sign there

And on the sign it said "No Trespassing"

But on the other side it didn't say nothing

That side was made for you and me

In the shadow of the steeple I saw my people

By the relief office I seen my people

As they stood there hungry, I stood there asking

Is this land made for you and me?

Nobody living can ever stop me

As I go walking that freedom highway

Nobody living can ever make me turn back

This land was made for you and me

WRITTEN IN OUR EYES

Charlie Madigan

CHORUS:

Did you think our lives were better, did you think we had no pain,
Did you think we came from happy times,
Well, think your thoughts again.

There are myths and there are legends, there are fables, there are lies,
The truest story's written in our eyes.

Have you ever raised a garden of bright flowers in the spring
And watched your roses wither in the heat that summer brings?
Have you ever raised a family, and watched your flowers die?
The truest story's written in our eyes.

CHORUS

Have you ever been left lonely by a lover in the night,
Have you shivered in the darkness while you wait for morning's light,
Have your babies not been hungry, have you never heard them cry,
The truest story's written in our eyes.

CHORUS

Have you ever heard the voices, just to find no one is there?
Have you turned to face a whisper in a room that's cold and bare?
Have you ever longed for family for comfort at your side?
The truest story's written in our eyes.

CHORUS

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.