

MARQUETTE UNITARIAN UNIVERSALIST CONGREGATION

Sunday, April 14, 2024 - 11:00 A.M.

Gone, Gonna Rise Again

On the Mythology of Dying and Resurrected Gods

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: "Gone, Gonna Rise Again," by Si Kahn

OPENING WORDS: "The Seasons' Dying," by Samantha Henderson

CHALICE LIGHTING (unison) by Eric A Heller-Wagner

OPENING CONGREGATIONAL SONG: "Gather the Family," by David Tamulevich

JOYS AND CONCERNS

UNISON OFFERTORY READING - #457 by Edward Everett Hale

OFFERTORY MUSIC: "Rowing from Isla to Uist," Trad Arr.

JOHN BARLEYCORN - DEATH AND RESURRECTION

SONG: "John Barleycorn Must Die," Trad. Arr., Martin Carthy

HOMILY 1: Who Is Your Favorite Dying and Resurrected God?

SONG: "Hooking Bull At The Landing," by Guy Davis

HOMILY 2: The Love You Leave Behind When You're Done

SONG: "I Have So Many Children," by Susan Urban

***CLOSING CONGREGATIONAL SONG:** "All My Life's a Circle," by Harry Chapin)

CLOSING WORDS by Joseph Campbell

MUSIC FOR CLOSING: "Caveman," by Chris Smither

EXTINGUISHING THE CHALICE (unison)

Gone, Gonna Rise Again
I remember the year that my granddaddy died

Gone, gonna rise again

And they dug his grave on the mountainside

Gone, gonna rise again

I was too young to understand

The way he felt about the land

But I could read his history in his hands

Gone, gonna rise again

It's corn in the crib and apples in the bin

Gone, gonna rise again

Ham in the smokehouse and cotton in the gin

Gone, gonna rise again

Cows in the barn and hogs in the lot

You know, he never had a lot

But he worked like a devil for the little he got

Gone, gonna rise again

These apple trees on the mountainside

Gone, gonna rise again

He planted the seeds just before he died

Gone, gonna rise again

I guess he knew that he'd never see

The red fruit hanging from the tree

But he planted the seeds for his children and me

Gone, gonna rise again

High on the ridge above the farm

Gone, gonna rise again

I think of my people that have gone on

Gone, gonna rise again

Like a tree that grows in the mountain ground

The storms of life have cut 'em down

But the new wood springs from roots underground

Gone, gonna rise again

Gone, gonna rise again

CHALICE LIGHTING (unison): by Eric A Heller-Wagner

Blessed is the fire that burns deep in the soul.

It is the flame of the human spirit touched

Into being by the mystery of life.

It is the fire of reason; the fire of compassion;

The fire of community; the fire of justice; the fire of faith.

It is the fire of love burning deep in the human heart;

The divine glow in every life.

GATHER THE FAMILY

David Tamulevich

CHORUS:

Gather the family, here we belong,
And welcome, good stranger, come in.
Our voices together all singing one song,
And it's here that the future begins.

Our ancestors came from away, far away,
From a thousand traditions and kin,
What we all share together as we stand here today
With a chance to start over again.

CHORUS

Our measure of worth's not in power or gold,
The greatest truth comes from the heart,
It's how we take care of the weak and the old,
And this is a place we can start.

CHORUS

And so like a forest our roots hold the past,
While our branches reach into the sky,
Let our gift to our children be family that lasts
And a future to which they can fly.

CHORUS 2X

UNISON OFFERTORY READING - #457 by Edward Everett Hale

I am only one, but still I am one.
I cannot do everything, but still I can do something.
And because I cannot do everything,
I will not refuse to do the something that I can do.

JOHN BARLEYCORN MUST DIE

Trad. Arr. Martin Carthy

Oh there were three men came out of the west
Their fortunes for to try,

And these three men made a solemn vow:

John Barleycorn should die.

They ploughed, they sowed, they harrowed him in,
Threw clods all on his head.

Then these three men made a solemn vow:

John Barleycorn was dead.

They let him lie for a very long time

Till the rain from heaven did fall.

Then little Sir John he raised up his head

And he soon amazed them all.

They let him lie till the long midsummer

Till he looked both pale and wan.

Then little Sir John grew a long, long beard

And so became a man.

They hired men with the scythes so sharp

To cut him off down by the knee.

They rolled him and tied him around by the waist,

Served him most barbarously.

They hired men with the sharp pitchforks

Who pierced him to the heart.

But the loader, he served him far worse than that

For he bound him to the cart.

They rode him around and around the field

Till they came into a barn,

And there they made a solemn mow

Of poor John Barleycorn.

They hired men with the crab-tree sticks

Who cut him skin from bone

But the miller, he served him far worse than that

For he ground him between two stones.

Here's little Sir John in the nut-brown bowl

And brandy in a glass.

And little Sir John in the nut-brown bowl

Proved the stronger man at last.

For the hunter, he can't hunt the fox

Nor so loudly blow his horn,

And the tinker, he can't mend his kettles or his pots

Without a little bit of John Barleycorn.

HOOKING BULL AT THE LANDING

Guy Davis

CHORUS 2X:

Hooking bull at the landing, won't let me by,
Hooking bull at the landing, won't let me by.
Me and my father were sitting at the kitchen table,
Eating sweet potato pie,
He said, "Life is full of hard times,
You better keep a little money laid by,
You better keep a little money laid by."

CHORUS

I dreamed I saw my father, we were walking side by side,
We crossed the mighty river, and heaven was so close by,
You know, heaven was so close by.

CHORUS

Then he crossed back over, over to the other side
I asked if I could follow, but the bull wouldn't let me by,
You know the bull wouldn't let me by.

CHORUS

Well he never saw me crying, when he said good-bye,
My daddy never saw me crying when he said good-bye,
When the old man said good-bye.

CHORUS

Now, me and my son are sitting at the kitchen table,
Eating sweet potato pie
I said "Life is full of hard times,
You better keep a little money laid by,
You better keep a little money laid by."

CHORUS 2X

I HAVE SO MANY CHILDREN

Susan Urban ©1984

I have so many children, though I've never borne a child,
Younger ones who have come to me for a place to rest awhile,
And they tell me their stories, I hold out what hope I can;
When they leave, they carry part of me, living always in their hands.

I have so many mothers, although born to only one;

They have found out the worth in me, turned my darkness toward the sun.

They have watered the seeds of time that would otherwise have died,

I have seen all that life contains in the colors of their eyes.

I have so many sisters, though I am an only child.

We have joined hands in sorrow, and returned each other's smiles.

We have shared our deepest secrets without judgment, without blame,

For we know what is given will return to us again.

I have so many children!

ALL MY LIFE'S A CIRCLE

Harry Chapin

CHORUS:

All my life's a circle,

Sunrise and sundown.

The moon rolls thru the nighttime

'Til the daybreak comes around.

All my life's a circle,

But I can't tell you why.

The seasons spinning round again;

The years keep rollin' by.

It seems like I've been here before,

I can't remember when.

But I've got this funny feeling

That we'll all get together again.

There's no straight lines make up my life,

And all my roads have bends.

There's no clear-cut beginnings,

And so far no dead-ends.

CHORUS

I've found you a thousand times,

I guess you've done the same.

But then we lose each other,

It's like a children's game.

But as I find you here again,

The thought runs through my mind,

Our love is like a circle;

Let's go 'round one more time.

CHORUS

CAVEMAN

Chris Smither

When I was a caveman paintin' on the wall
I never had a dollar, man I had it all
And I was very high in the order of things
Just one step and I'd spread my wings to fly, oh I would fly
Oh just one step, one step,
And I could spread my wings to fly

When I was a liar screamin' at the wall
I never heard a whisper, I could not hear at all
And I could only cry for pity of me
Never know the truth might set me free
Might set me free

Oh 'round we go, these faces show
They leave and every one seems ever real
Each one is truly mine
They never last but at the time it's how I feel
Each one is truly mine

They never last but at the time it's how I feel
When I was a dreamer floatin' through the wall
Nothing was forever, I could change it all
And I could live with my heart on my sleeve
I could save your soul I do believe, I do believe
Oh I could save your soul
I could have saved your soul, I do believe
I do believe

Then I'll be an old man starin' at the wall
Looking for an answer to make sense of it all
And I can safely say that if it comes my way it will not stay for long
And I'll be on my way before it's gone, before it's gone

Oh 'round we go, these faces show
They leave and every one seems ever real
Each one is truly mine
They never last but at the time it's how I feel
Each one is truly mine
They never last but at the time it's how I feel
It's how I feel

They never last but at the time it's how I feel

But when I was a caveman
When I was a caveman, I had it all
I had it all

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.