

Epiphany text by Jeffrey Bernstein

I.

I heard as a child
From above, from a loft,
The voice of love
Tender and soft
The voice of God
Stentorian and great,
Omnipotent, irate
Resounding full of
Wrath, full of weight.

II.

I went from the church
And into the silent time,
The ages in between—away
The darkness seemed
To overwhelm the day.
The voice of God
That used to be so clear
Was something now
No ears I knew
Could hear.

III.

And then I sensed a sound begin
Familiar music deep within

I thought it was the voice of God,
This perfect song,
It was my father's music all along.

An organ made creation's song,
My father played it all along

My father is the holy one

His music is the holy one.

Amen.

All-Night Vigil, op. 37 (#s 1,2,3,)

1.

Amen.Come, let us worship God, our King.Come, let us adore and bow down to Christ our God and King.Come, let us adore and bow down to the same Christ the King and our God.Come, let us adore and bow down to Him.

2.

Amen.Bless the Lord, my soul.Blessed are You, Lord.O Lord my God, exceedingly great are You.You are clothed with honor and majesty.On the mountains water stands.Your works are wonderful, Lord.In the midst of the mountains there will be water.In Your wisdom, You have created all.Glory to You, Lord, who created everything.

3.

Blessed is the man who does not walk in the counsel of the wicked.Alleluia.The Lord knows the way of the righteous, and the way of the wicked will perish.Alleluia.Serve the Lord with fear and rejoice in Him with trembling.Alleluia.Blessed is he who puts his trust in Him.Alleluia.Arise, Lord, save me, my God.Alleluia.The Lord is the savior of the people of His blessing.Alleluia.Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit,now and ever and forever more. Amen.Alleluia. Glory to You, God.

Da Pacem Domine

Give peace, O Lord, In our time
Because there is no one else
Who wil fight for us fl not you, our God.

All-Night Vigil, op. 37 (#6)

Rejoice, virgin mother of God, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with you. Blessed are you among women, and blessed is the fruit of your womb, for you have borne the Savior of our souls.

A Thirst for Water text by Rachel Kaufman

A thirst for water, when water, for land, when land, for sky, when sky, for earth, when earth, for cloud, when cloud, for rain, when rain, for cover, when cover, for wind, when wind, for heat, when heat, for spring, when spring, for snow, when snow, for here, where it is dry, wet, dark, bright, and secret from the rest.

All-Night Vigil, op. 37 (#9)

Blessed are You, Lord, teach me Your righteousness. The Angel host was astonished, when they saw you among the dead, yet you destroyed its power, Savior; and you yourself delivered Adam and brought us freedom from hell. Blessed are You, Lord, teach me Your righteousness. Why do you mix sweet-smelling ointment with tears, young women? Shining from the grave, the Angel spoke: you see the tomb and now understand: the Savior is risen from the grave. Blessed are You, Lord, teach me Your righteousness. Very early the women carrying myrrh were met by an angel, who said: your crying is over, tell the apostles what you have seen. Blessed are You, Lord, teach me Your righteousness. When the women with spices came to your tomb, they cried; but the angel said to them, why do you look for the living among the dead? For God has raised Him from the dead. Glory to the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit. Worship the Father and His Son, and the Holy Spirit, Holy Trinity three in one, as proclaimed by the seraphim: Holy, holy, holy Lord, now and forever and ever. Amen. Holy virgin, gave life to the one who saved Adam from sin. You gave joy to Eve instead of sorrow. Those who have fallen from life you showed righteousness, from You, incarnate God and man. Alleluia, Glory to You, God.

My Heart Be Brave text by James Weldon Johnson

My heart be brave, and do not falter so,

Nor utter more that deep, despairing wail.
Thy way is very dark and drear I know,
But do not let thy strength and courage fail;

For certain as the raven-winged night
Is followed by the bright and blushing morn,
Thy coming morrow will be clear and bright;
'Tis darkest when the night is furthest worn.

Look up, and out, beyond, surrounding clouds,
And do not in thine own gross darkness grope,
Rise up, and casting off thy hind'ring shrouds,
Cling thou to this, and ever inspiring hope:

Tho' thick the battle and tho' fierce the fight,
There is a power making for the right.