

THE WAY HOME – MUSIC OF REFUGE

May 21 & 22, 2022, St. James Cathedral, Seattle

Seattle Pro Musica - Karen P. Thomas, conductor

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

Super flumina Babylonis

Super flumina Babylonis illic sedimus et
flevimus, cum recordaremur Sion.

Over the waters of Babylon, there we sat and wept,
as we remembered Sion.

The Wall – Chris Hutchings

They crossed the borders to get here; they crossed the lines they could not see;
They wanted all they could get here, a job, a life, to just breathe free;
A wall, we said, a great big beautiful wall, with cam'ras, concrete, steel and razor wire,
Will keep them out; we'll keep them out; they won't get past our wall.
They crossed the ocean to get here, they fled the bombs that we had sold;
Their craft was toss'd on the tempest, a huddled mass packed in the hold;
Our laws, we said, our shifting complex laws, an order from the President himself, will keep them out;
we'll keep them out; they won't get past our laws.
They passed through horror to get here, fled dangers they could not ignore;
They saw our lights in the distance, a lamp beside a golden door;
Our hearts, we said, our harden'd, thank-less hearts, with kindness and compassion hammer'd out of them,
Will keep them out; we'll keep them out; they won't get to our hearts.

O Virga splendens

O virgo splendens hic in monte celso
miraculis serrato fulgentibus ubique
quem fideles conscendunt universi.
Eya, pietatis oculo placuto
cerne ligatos fune peccatorum;
ne infernorum ictibus graventur
sed cum beatis tua prece vocentur.

O Virgin resplendent here on the lofty mountain,
jagged with its shining miracles about,
which all the faithful climb.
Ah, with an eye of mercy
see those bound by the bonds of sin,
let them not be weighed down by blows of Hell,
but be called by your prayers to be with the blessed.

One not One - Derrick Skye

strong will
one is strong
but many is strength
take a step as a body
take a leap, soul
take fear to be mortal
remember the whole
intellectual we call for mirrors for bodies
intellectual focus on layers of soul
be self, be whole
fearless we walk with many
manifest healing
all is strength

Where are my unnumbered days? - Chris Hutchings

Once, I lived in a beautiful town;
Once, I owned a beautiful house,
with a grand garden full of flowers,
and I was prince of it all. Once,
I lived in a house with a name;
And now, I am just a number.

Nations talked to nations and robbed me of myself.
They made me a number among millions.

But my rights have no number.
My home had no number.
I could not count the petals of the flowers.
My childhood in the garden had no limits on it.

Take me back to my country and I can show you the numbers.
The numbers who suffer.
The quantities of beauty.
The fallen flowers.

Threshold of Night - Tarik O'Regan

Who stands at my door in the storm and rain
On the threshold of being?
One who waits till you call him in
From the empty night.

Are you a stranger, out in the storm,
Or has my enemy found me out | On the edge of being?

I am no stranger who stands at the door
Nor enemy come in the secret night,
I am your child, in darkness and fear | On the verge of being.

Go back, my child, to the rain and storm,
For in this house there is sorrow and pain
In the lonely night.

I will not go back for sorrow or pain,
For my true love weeps within
And waits for my coming.

Go back my babe, to the vacant night
For in this house dwell sin and hate | On the verge of being.

I will not go back for hate or sin,
I will not go back for sorrow or pain,
For my true love mourns within
On the threshold of night.

Welcome Table - Saunder Choi

Am I welcome?

Am I welcome to sit at the table and eat with you,
Drink with you, feast on milk and honey with you?
Am I welcome?

Are they welcome too?
Are we welcome to sit together as all kinds of people do?
The poor, the hungry, the homeless, refugees?
Are they welcome too?

Are you satisfied?
Are you satisfied with the world that you live in?
Are you satisfied with your wealth, money, and power?
That you eat and never get hungry.
Are you satisfied?

Or are you hungry?
Hungry for wealth, money, power?
Hungry for everything your privilege gets you, un giving and unforgiving?
Are you hungry?

Am I worthy?
Am I self-sufficient?
Able to stand on my own two feet, and dream with you, hope with you,
Love with you?

Am I welcome?
Am I welcome to sit at the table and eat with you,
Drink with you, feast on milk and honey with you?
Perhaps one of these days.

To the hands - Caroline Shaw

I. Prelude

II. In medio / in the midst

[text from Buxtehude's *Ad manus* — Zechariah 13:6 — adapted by Caroline Shaw]

quid sunt plagae istae	what are those wounds
quid sunt plagae istae in medio manuum tuarum	what are those wounds in the midst of your hands
in medio	in the midst
quid sunt plagae istae	what are those wounds
quid sunt plagae istae in medio manuumstrarum	what are those wounds in the midst of our hands

III. Her beacon hand beckons

[text by CS, responding to "*The New Colossus*" by Emma Lazarus, which was mounted on the pedestal of the Statue of Liberty in 1903]

Her beacon-hand beckons:

give
give to me
those yearning to breathe free
tempest-tossed they cannot see
what lies beyond the olive tree
whose branch was lost amid the pleas
for mercy, mercy
give
give to me
your tired fighters fleeing flying
from the
let them
i will be your refuge
i will be
we will be
we will
we will be your refuge

IV. ever ever ever

[text by CS — the final line, *in caverna*, is from Buxtehude's *Ad latus* — the line from the Song of Songs, *in foraminibus petrae, in caverna maceriae*, or "in the clefts of the rock, in the hollow of the cliff"]

ever ever ever
in the window sills or the beveled edges of
the aging wooden frames that hold
old photographs
hands folded
folded
gently in her lap
ever ever
in the crevices
the never-ending efforts of
the grandmother's tendons tending
to her bread and empty chairs
left for Elijah
where are they now?
in caverna
in caverna

V. Litany of the Displaced

The choir speaks global figures of internal displacement, sourced from the Internal Displacement Monitoring Centre (<http://www.internal-displacement.org/global-figures> —accessed 01/03/2016). The numbers spoken are the numbers of internally displaced persons by country, in ascending order. These are people, some of whom may have legal refugee status, who have been displaced within their own country due to armed conflict, situations of generalized violence or violations of human rights.

VI. i will hold you

[text by CS — The final line is a reprise from the Zechariah text.]

i would hold you
i would hold you
ever ever will i hold you
ever ever will i enfold you
in medio in the midst
in medio manuum tuarum in the midst of your hands

The Road Home - Stephen Paulus

Tell me, where is the road I can call my own
That I left, that I lost so long ago.
All these years I have wandered, oh, when will I know
There's a way, there's a road that will lead me home.

After wind, after rain, when the dark is done,
As I wake from a dream in the gold of day.
Through the air there's a calling from far away.
There's a voice I can hear that will lead me home.

Rise up, follow me, come away, is the call.
With the love in your heart as the only song.
There is no such beauty as where you belong.
Rise up, follow me; I will lead you home.

The Steady Light - Reginald Unterseher

Let my footfall on this blessed earth tread lightly as a falling leaf.
Let my shadow from this blessed sun shut no one from the light.
Let my dance beneath these holy stars grow stronger with the years.
Let my heart expand with sky-wide love.
Those who go before hold high the steady light
that shows me where I am.

#UnitedWeDream (from American DREAMers) - Melissa Dunphy

Aquí estamos.
This is where we found our home away from home.
This is where we belong.
Mother Earth, who feeds us all,
takes our roots, their roots,
no matter how long, how short—
she's whispering: this is where you belong.
Resist! Pelea con diente y madre!
This is where you belong, Dreamer!

For our full electronic program,
visit seattlepromusica.org/the-way-home-program

For more information about Seattle Pro Musica,
visit seattlepromusica.org



Seattle Pro Musica acknowledges that our performances take place on Indigenous land: the traditional territory of Coast Salish peoples, specifically the Dkhw'Duw'Absh, or Duwamish, "The People of the Inside." Learn more about the tribe at duwamishtribe.org.

Welcome to St. James Cathedral

St. James is the Cathedral Church for the Catholic Archdiocese of Seattle and its Archbishop, the Most Reverend Paul D. Etienne. We are also a parish church for a vibrant faith community of 2,500 households, with a long history that reaches back to Seattle's early days. We are an inner-city parish with an extensive social outreach to the homeless and disadvantaged of our city. We are a diverse community that welcomes, accepts, and celebrates the differences we all bring.

The Cathedral is also a center for many musical, cultural, and ecumenical events, and a crossroads where ideas and challenges both old and new are explored in the light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The Cathedral is a place where the rich and ongoing tradition of sacred music and art is treasured and expanded.

Above all, St. James Cathedral is a community of prayer.

We welcome you to St. James Cathedral. Find out more at www.stjames-cathedral.org.

St. James Cathedral:

The Most Reverend Paul D. Etienne, Archbishop of Seattle
The Very Reverend Michael G. Ryan, Pastor of St. James Cathedral
Joseph Adam, Director of Music and Cathedral Organist
Christopher Stroh, Assistant Director of Music and Organist
Stacey Sunde, Director of Youth Music
Marjorie Bunday, Administrative Assistant for Music and Concert Manager
Corinna Laughlin, Director of Liturgy