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IMAGE



Volume II

THE ECUMENICAL INSTITUTE: CHICAGO

THE CHURCH (Exodus)

The Church of God is like the pioneer
The sensitive responsive one,
Who hears the Word of God
And sees his judgments
And has the vision of the resurrection.

The Church of God is like the Israelite,
Whose voice denounced idolatry
And lived in brother-love,
The law responsible,
And thus eventually all nations would be blessed.

The Church of God is like the Nazarene,
First risen in obedience,
Who on behalf of all
Showed what all men might do,
Who in God's mercy lived and gave that gift to man.

The Church of God, the world-society:
To God-in-Christ and Christ-in-God.
Responds in hope and trust,
Repents for all mankind,
And so reduplicates the deed of Jesus Christ.

*Closing song -
send out -*

MEN OF FAITH

Men of Faith create tomorrow,
Men of Faith live the Word,
Men of Faith reduplicate the deed,
Men of Faith proclaim the Word.

*Lord Be With
You -*

CHORUS:

March into the future, March!
Dance over the dark abyss.
March into the future, March!
Men of Faith create the world.

Men of freedom live responsibly,
Men of freedom can decide,
Men of freedom dare obedience,
Men of freedom live their lives.

Men of God are solitary,
Men of God are lucid men,
Men of God are comprehensive,
Dying on behalf of all.

Men of Faith, we start the journey,
Discipline our heart and mind,
When we hear the Cry, we start the March,
Saving God, the Crimson Line.

Comrades now, come join the battle,
See the vision, hear the call,
Men of Faith, pass on your banners,
Leaders of the front ranks, all.

THE PREPARATION AND THE CRY (Parsley, Sage, Rosemary
and Thyme)

Free yourself from the mind
That seeks to order all that is,
And free yourself from the heart's terror,
That seeks essence in all things.

Sail calmly toward the abyss,
Learn to say that nothing exists,
So conquer hope, the greatest temptation,
Find the freedom you have sought.

Then at time of great happiness,
Time of virtue or despair,
Someone within will cry out, "O help me!"
As he struggles to be free.

If you do not hear this voice,
Do not set out on the March;
You must continue to prepare
"Till within you hear this Cry.

I, the Cry, am the Lord your God!
Not a hope or a home,
I am your general, we are not friends;
You are my comrades in arms.

MEN OF THE SPIRIT

Men of the Spirit march on to build a new tomorrow;
Theirs is the will to will one thing and only;
Theirs is the joy, the godly sorrow.

Men of the Spirit are men of flesh and blood and iron;
Theirs is the war that's never won, but winning;
Theirs is the mission never done.

Men of the Spirit are black, tan, brown, white, red,
and yellow;
Theirs is the task to build the earth, the future;
Their lives are given for their fellow.

Men of the spirit fight on and hold the common vision;
Theirs is not wealth nor status nor vain glory;
Theirs is not discord nor division.

Men of the Spirit march on to build tomorrow;
Theirs is the will to will one thing and only;
Theirs is the joy the godly sorrow.

AMAZING GRACE

Amazing grace! How sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grade appear,
The hour I first believed!

When we've been here ten thousand years
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

GOD (Tune: Blowing in the Wind)

It is God that is always driving man
To care about the coming day,
And yet God is the mystery who takes
Each man's security away.

It is God that makes man seek happiness,
But does not allow his joy to stay.
It is God who gives - every man his life,
And God who takes his life away.

It is God that drives man to search for love,
And yet man is constantly pursued
By that force which finally casts each one out
Into loneliness and solitude.

It is God that drives man to knowledge and truth,
But always denies him certitude.

It is God who gives - every man his life,
And God who takes his life away.

It is God that gives the desire to achieve,
And yet death leaves man's work undone.

It is God that summons man to do good,
And neglect his duty to none.

And yet God is the voice that pronounces guilt,
For man's war with self is never won;

It is God who gives - every man his life,
And God who takes his life away.

FOR ALL THE SAINTS

For all the saints, who from their labors rest,
Who Thee, by faith before the world confessed,
Thy Name, O Jesus, be forever blessed,
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victor's crown of gold.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong,
Alleluia! Alleluia!

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Alleluia! Alleluia!

But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day,
The saints triumphant rise in bright array.
The king of glory passes on his way,
Alleluia! Alleluia!

FREEDOM (Greensleeves)

Our freedom lies in obedience,
Of choosing the necessity,
And nothing can deliver us
From dreadful responsibility.

Chorus:

No recourse to the law,
No justification or righteousness,
No way to defend our deeds,
But we offer them up to the Mystery.

Now deed and self stand naked here;
We own whatever we've brought to be,
No rules to rescue, no courses to clear,
From dreadful responsibility.

Chorus

THE LORD'S PRAYER ("Midnight in Moscow")

Our Father who art in heaven
Hallowed be thy name
Thy kingdom come
Thy will be done
On earth as it is in heaven
Give to us this day our daily bread
And forgive us our debts
As we forgive our debtors
Lead us not into temptation
But deliver us from evil
For Thine is the kingdom
The power and the glory
Forever and ever. Amen!

GRACE ("Calypso Christmas")

Where sin abounded, grace did all
the more abound, Paul said.
The state of our whole life is this
that we are separated;
Separated from life's aim
and its origin;
Separated from ourselves
and from other men.

Grace strikes when we are estranged
from life's mystery,
From its greatness and its depth,
its source and destiny.
Grace strikes when we are in great
restlessness and pain,
And when all of life itself
seems meaningless and vain.

Grace strikes when we are estranged
from another life;
When relationships become
filled with human strife.
Grace strikes when we deeply feel
this separation,
Because another life we've harmed
through what we have done.

Grace strikes when in our self-hate
we are in despair;
And the failures of our lives
become too hard to bear.
Grace strikes when, year after year,
the longed-for life does not appear;
And all joy is gone away
and courage turned to fear.

Sometimes at that moment while
separated,
A light breaks through, a word is said,
"You are accepted."
A wave of light sometimes breaks through
in that moment of great dread,
And a voice is heard to say,
"You are accepted."

Grace strikes then, but do not seek
to know or do that day,
Perhaps later you will know
just what to do and say;
As for now simply accept
the fact of what's been said,
By a greater Thou than you,
"You are accepted."

Grace strikes then, but we may not
be better than before;
And believing may not be
increased to any more.
But we are united to
life's aim and origin,
Reunited to ourselves
and to other men.

Where sin abounded, grace did all
the more abound, Paul said.
Now the state of our whole life
is reunited,
Reunited to life's aim
and its origin;
Reunited to ourselves
and to other men.

CONTEMPLATION (Those were the days)

THE OTHER	INNER DEEPS	NEVER AGAIN	NOT YET
When in the Midst of strife The other strikes My life	And deep within I see The fact that I Just Be	And in my past I find The fatefulness Of time	And the Not- Yet I see Is cut from Under me
And that encounter Will not let me Flee	And unrepeatably This one, This self	But then a trans- formation Comes to me	So fast it Comes as pos- sibility
It's then I honor Him, though he Be foe or friend	Free passion then I live My depthless Life I give	I then begin My poem in Mystery alone	Then my reality Is change Eternally
And I become the All that is Not me	I find that I Be Being In Myself	And I am Adam in all History	And I become The all of Yet to Be

Lord bless

HARVEST TIME

The seed I have scattered in springtime with weeping
And watered with tears and with dews from on high;
Another may shout when the harvesters reaping
Shall gather my grain in the sweet by and by.

CHORUS

Another may reap what in springtime I've planted
Another rejoice in the fruit of my pain,
Not knowing my tears when in summer I fainted
While toiling sad-hearted in sunshine and rain.

CHORUS

The thorns will have choked and the summer sun blasted
The most of the seed which in springtime I've sown;
But the Lord who has watched while my weary toil lasted
Will give me a harvest for what I have done.

CHORUS

CHORUS:

Over and over, yes, deeper and deeper
My heart is pierced through with life's sorrowing cry,
But the tears of the sower and the songs of the reaper
Shall mingle together in joy by and by.

By and By, by and by, by and by, by and by,
Yes, the tears of the sower and the songs of
the reaper

Shall mingle together in joy by and by.

VISION (The Sound of Silence)

We heard the cry from the past
We heard the cry set forth at last
our ancestors plead to live our time
the crimson line their only awesome sign
now all the earth cries out within our hearts
agony
comes the dawn of silence

beyond the wanderings of time
beyond the race of all mankind
I see living bodies torn and crushed
life emerging from the arid dust
now the face I see is dark beyond all hope
mystery
comes the dawn of silence

pain and joy and hope unfold
pain and joy and hope untold
we cannot contain ascending life
nor escape the chaos and the strife
now the wonder of our god is struggle and love
eternally
comes the dawn of silence

lightning moment blazing spark
lightning moment in our dark
the birth and death of every star and tree
the dread assault of spirit me
then god confronts me with terror and with love
ecstasy
comes the dawn of silence.

burning flame and life is born
burning flame and all is gone
trembling and afraid above the abyss
grasping now that only nothing exists
then I plumb the abyss now life becomes new birth
ceaselessly
comes the dawn of silence

LORD OF THE DANCE

I danced in the morning when the world was begun,
And I danced in the moon and the stars and the sun,
And I came down from heaven and danced on the earth,
At Bethlehem I had my birth.

Chorus: Dance then wherever you may be;
I am the lord of the dance, said he;
And I'll lead you all wherever you may be,
And I'll lead you all in the dance, said he.

I danced for the scribes and the pharisees,
But they would not dance and they would not follow me,
I danced for the fishermen, for James and John,
They came with me and the dance went on.

I danced on the Sabbath and I cured the lame.
The Holy people said it was a shame.
They whipped and they stripped and they hung me high,
And they left me there on the cross to die.

I danced on a Friday when the sky turned black;
It's hard to dance with the devil on your back;
They buried my body and they thought I'd gone,
But I am the dance and I still go on.

They cut me down and I leapt up high;
I am the life that'll never never die;
I'll live in you if you'll live in me;
I am the lord of the dance, said he.

ALL LIFE IS OPEN (Guantanamo)

Our knowledge falters and crumbles,
Our thoughts turn banal and senseless,
Our feelings flood in to drown us,
Our hearts cry out, "Push no further."
But don't stop now lead us onward
To what we know yet cannot see.

CHORUS:

All Life is open,
Embrace the future with vision,
Die your death for the living,
The mystery has received all.

The real world bursts in upon us,
Our cares are ruthlessly trampled on,
Yet our desires are unceasing,
The power pushes us further.
Is there no end to this chaos?
Must separation be final?

Illusions trap us and bind us,
We can't endure endless struggle,
We need our promise of greatness,
Or must withdraw isolated.
Then life demands we embrace all,
That all is good and accepted.

We see our linkage to history,
We see the duty demanded,
Our cares unite in the power,
All life is served in obedience.
We give our minds, hearts, and spirits
To forge the free deed in history.

But we alone can do nothing,
We stumble on in our weakness,
'Til we unite in the mission
And structure human endeavors.
For we belong to the movement,
That lays its life down for all men.

GLORY BE TO THEE, O GOD (Michael, Row your Boat)

Refrain: Glory be to thee, O God, Hallelujah
Father, Son and Holy Ghost, Hallelujah.

1. Praise the Lord, Christ is risen, Hallelujah.
He is risen indeed, Hallelujah.
2. All the world has been received, Hallelujah;
It has been received indeed, Hallelujah.
3. All of life must be embraced, Hallelujah;
It must be embraced indeed, Hallelujah.
4. Men of faith can live their lives, Hallelujah;
They can live their lives, indeed, Hallelujah.
5. Men of faith have been set free, Hallelujah;
They have been set free indeed, Hallelujah.
6. Men of faith can die their deaths, Hallelujah;
They can die their deaths indeed, Hallelujah.
7. The Church of God has been renewed, Hallelujah;
It has been renewed indeed, Hallelujah.
8. The gates of hell shall not prevail, Hallelujah;
They shall not prevail indeed, Hallelujah.