



in the
Atrium

June 14, 2021

Emily Smith, Soprano Julia Brown, Piano

L'Heure Exquise
Exquisite Hour

Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)
Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)

The forest glows with silver moon.
From each branch soft voices whisper
beneath the leaves - Oh my love...

The pool reflects like a deep mirror the silhouette
of a black willow where the wind weeps.

Let us dream! It is time...



For just over a year now, we have now been separated from each other and from enjoying so much of the beauty and blessing of our created world. Spring is arriving soon, promising new births where life's lavish beauty will be on full display, waiting for us to take the time to stop and simply breath it in.

Not long after, summer will follow with its extended dusks and lingering twilights eventually yielding to the night sky. Paul Verlaine's poem *L'Heure Exquise* reminds us of these things and listening to Reynaldo Hahn's musical setting of Verlaine's poem we feel as though on summer nights, time does actually seem to stop. Enjoy the warming days and nights which lie just ahead of us. May they be full of beautiful music, and countless extraordinary, exquisite moments.

"For ever since the world was created, people have seen the earth and sky. Through everything God made, they can clearly see his invisible qualities--his eternal power and divine nature. So, they have no excuse for not knowing God."

-- Romans 1:20

God Whispers

Dave Ursillo (b. 1986)

Taste the air so dewy sweet,
glazed with the scents of raw earth
and sun-crisped leaf.

Have you ever heard The Wind gather its breath
from countless miles away?

Our song lives like this breeze.

This wind, she carries prayers on her noble back
for eons and ages, to and from
the source from which everything derives.

Listen closely!
What do you hear upon this wind;
our world's One Whisper?

I hear Divine Tongues!
Wild, billowing blessings;
raw gusts, that rambunctious rejuvenation.
How strong and steady her roar!

Oh, dear friends, of the little I know,
One thing seems certain:
God whispers on the wind.



Small Song

Luci Shaw (b.1928)

God of sky, God of sea,
God of rock and bird and tree,
You are also the God of me.
The pebble fell.

The water stirred and stilled again.

The hidden bird made a song for you. His praise you heard.

You heard him sing from in the tree. And searching still I know you'll see

The love that wings to You from me.



MAYFLOWER Congregational Church

ART SONG IN THE ATRIUM is a virtual series, designed to offer music and poetry, images and scripture readings as aids to personal devotions and a time of meditation.

The series features singers from Mayflower's Chancel Choir and, beginning February 22, will also feature the beautiful Bösendorfer piano acquired in the fall of 2020, housed in the warm, vibrant acoustics of our Atrium.

We are grateful to the many generous donors who contributed to the purchase of our new piano, which allows for projects such as this one to come to life.

MayflowerChurch.org

2345 Robinson Road, S.E. Grand Rapids, Michigan 49506
616-459-6255 office@mayflowerchurch.org