

in the
Atrium

Art Song

MAY 31, 2021

Axelle Pelfrêne, Mezzo Julia Brown, Piano

Les Berceaux *The Cradles*

Sully Prudhomme (1839-1907)
Gabriel Faure (1845-1924)

Along the quay the great ships,
Listing silently with the surge,
Pay no heed to the cradles
Rocked by women's hands.

But the day of parting will come,
For it is decreed that women shall weep,
And that men with questing spirits
Shall seek enticing horizons.

And on that day the great ships,
Leaving the dwindling harbour behind,
Shall feel their hulls held back
By the soul of the distant cradles.

(Note: A ship cradle is a rig designed to hold a ship or boat upright on dry land to allow the vessel to be built or repaired. Here the women rock the empty ship's cradle, waiting for their men to return.)

Mark 4:35-41

Jesus Calms the Storm

That day when evening came, he said to his disciples, *“Let us go over to the other side.”*

Leaving the crowd behind, they took him along, just as he was, in the boat. There were also other boats with him. A furious squall came up, and the waves broke over the boat, so that it was nearly swamped. Jesus was in the stern, sleeping on a cushion.

The disciples woke him and said to him, *“Teacher, don’t you care if we drown?”*

He got up, rebuked the wind and said to the waves, *“Quiet! Be still!”*

Then the wind died down and it was completely calm. He said to his disciples, *“Why are you so afraid? Do you still have no faith?”*

They were terrified and asked each other, *“Who is this? Even the wind and the waves obey him!”*



Psalm 107:29

He maketh the storm
a calm, so that the
waves thereof are still.

The Storm on the Sea of Galilee:
Rembrandt van Rijn



God Calms My Inner Being

Malcolm Guite (b. 1957)

And trusting him until the day I die,
I will not fear the surging of the sea,
Though troubles in a flood-tide rise so high;

Wave after wave of panic surges through me
And other people's fear and rage increase
My own, until the toxic mix is deadly.

But when it seems these troubles never cease
I sense beneath them all some solid ground,
A sure foundation and an inner peace,

And, over-arching them, the starlit round
Of heaven's firmament. Though in between
The storms of life rage on, with all their sound

And fury, I still trust that all unseen,
Founded below and glorious above,
My Saviour stands and keeps my soul serene.



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](https://www.mayflowerchurch.org)

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