

in the  
Atrium

# Art Song

June 28, 2021

Howell R. Petty, Soprano   Julia Brown, Piano

## *Nachtlied* *Night Song*

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

Daylight has departed,  
The sound of bells comes from afar;  
Thus time moves on throughout the night,  
Taking many an unwitting soul.  
Where now is all the garish joy,  
The comforting breast of a faithful friend,  
The sweet light of the loved one's eyes?  
Will no one stay awake with me?  
Strike up then, dear nightingale,  
You cascade of bright sound!  
Together we shall praise God,  
Until the light of morning dawns!

This poem confronts the shortness of our lives as with the passage of day into night which will take the unsuspecting with it. It's imagery also suggests a higher, spiritual meaning, with life on earth as a journey or pilgrimage toward a divine home by making reference to Christ's long night in the garden of Gethsemane as He prepared for His own death: *"Will no one stay awake with me?"*



## *Night: Sleeping In The Forest*

Mary Oliver (1935-2019)

I thought the earth remembered me, she took me back so tenderly,  
Arranging her dark skirts, her pockets full of lichens and seeds.  
I slept as never before, a stone on the riverbed,  
Nothing between me and the white fire of the stars but my thoughts,  
and they floated light as moths among the branches of the perfect trees.  
All night I heard the small kingdoms breathing around me,  
the insects, and the birds who do their work in the darkness.  
All night I rose and fell, as if in water, grappling with a luminous doom.  
By morning I had vanished at least a dozen times into something better.

# *Easter Turns Our Night Into Day*

Malcolm Guite (b.1957)

He blesses every love which weeps and grieves  
And now he blesses hers who stood and wept  
And would not be consoled, or leave her love's  
Last touching place, but watched as low light crept  
Up from the east. A sound behind her stirs  
A scatter of bright birdsong through the air.  
She turns, but cannot focus through her tears,  
Or recognise the Gardener standing there.  
She hardly hears his gentle question 'Why,  
Why are you weeping?', or sees the play of light  
That brightens as she chokes out her reply  
'They took my love away, my day is night'  
And then she hears her name, she hears Love say  
The Word that turns her night, and ours, to Day.





# MAYFLOWER

Congregational Church

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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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