

MARQUETTE UNITARIAN UNIVERSALIST CONGREGATION

Sunday, June 22, 2025, 11:00 a.m.

“Quite Early Morning - The Life, Times and Music of Pete Seeger”

Presenters: Phil Cooper & Susan Urban ("February Sky")

*Please feel free to sing at home at any point in the service
where you feel moved to do so!*

Words to all the songs and readings, including congregational songs,
are on the pages following this one.

WELCOME AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

OPENING MUSIC: "Going Across The Mountains," Trad. Arr. (1965)

OPENING WORDS by Pete Seeger

CHALICE LIGHTING (unison) by Sara Eileen LaWall (see below)

OPENING CONGREGATIONAL SONG: “Where Have All the Flowers Gone,” by Pete Seeger & Joe Hickerson (1955-60) (see below)

JOYS AND CONCERNS

TIME FOR THE YOUNG AT HEART: "The Power of Song," by Susan Urban

UNISON OFFERTORY READING (see below)

OFFERTORY MUSIC: "My Lagan Love," Trad. Arr.

INTRODUCTION

Reflection - Susan Urban

SONG: "Keep Your Eyes on the Prize," by Guy Carawan, adapted from Trad. Arr. (1963)

Reflection - Phil Cooper

SONG: "Waist Deep in the Big Muddy," by Pete Seeger (1967)

Reflection - Susan Urban

SONG: "Old Devil Time," by Pete Seeger (1971)

Reflection - Phil Cooper

SONG: "Sailing Down This Golden River," by Pete Seeger (1971)

CLOSING CONGREGATIONAL SONG: "Turn! Turn! Turn!" (To Everything There Is a Season) by Pete Seeger (1959, released by The Byrds 1965) (see below)

EXTINGUISHING THE CHALICE (unison) (see below)

CLOSING WORDS by Bruce Springsteen

POSTLUDE: "Quite Early Morning," by Pete Seeger (1974)

INGATHERING OF NEW MEMBERS (see below)

GOING ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS

Trad. Arr.

I'm goin' across the mountains, oh fare ye well
Goin' 'cross the mountains, you can hear my banjo tell
Got my rations on my back, my powder it is dry
Goin' across the mountains, oh Chrissy don't you cry
Goin' across the mountain, to join the boys in blue
When this fightin's over, I'll come back to you
Goin' across the mountains if I have to crawl
To give old Jeff's men a little o' my rifle ball
'Speck you'll miss me when I'm gone, but I'm goin' through
When this fightin's over, I'll come back to you
Way before it's good daylight, if nothin' happens to me
I'll be way down yonder, in old Tennessee
Goin' across the mountain, oh fare ye well
Goin' 'cross the mountain, you can hear my banjo tell
Goin' across the mountain, oh fare ye well
Goin' 'cross the mountain, Chrissy fare you well
Goin' across the mountain, to join the boys in blue
When this fightin's over, I'll come back to you

CHALICE LIGHTING (unison) by Sara Eileen LaWall

Out of the flames of fear,
We rise with courage of our deepest convictions to stand
For justice, inclusion and peace.
Out of the flames of scrutiny, we rise to proclaim our faith,
With hope to heal a fractured and hurting world.
Out of the flames of doubt, we rise to embrace the mystery, wonder and awe
Of all there is and all that is yet to be.
Out of the flames of hate, we rise with the force of love,
Love that celebrates our shared humanity.

Where Have All the Flowers Gone (1955-60) Pete Seeger & Joe Hickerson

Where have all the flowers gone, long time passing

Where have all the flowers gone, long time ago

Where have all the flowers gone, young girls picked them, every one

When will they ever learn? When will they ever learn?

Where have all the young girls gone, long time passing

Where have all the young girls gone, long time ago

Where have all the young girls gone, gone to young men, every one

When will they ever learn? When will they ever learn?

Where have all the young men gone, long time passing

Where have all the young men gone, long time ago

Where have all the young men gone, gone to soldiers, every one

When will they ever learn? When will they ever learn?

Where have all the soldiers gone, long time passing

Where have all the soldiers gone, long time ago

Where have all the soldiers gone, gone to graveyards, every one

When will they ever learn? When will they ever learn?

Where have all the graveyards gone, long time passing

Where have all the graveyards gone, long time ago

Where have all the graveyards gone, gone to flowers, every one

When will we ever learn? When will we ever learn?

CHORUS:

Now lift up your voices so clear and so strong,
And help us in raising the power of song
Come share in the laughter, the joy and the tears,
And sing with such feeling that everyone hears.

There's power from money and power from guns,
Power for profit and power for fun.

And power's a thing that will often bring pain,
For someone must lose for another to gain.

But good comes to all from the power of song,
It's easy to have it, you just sing along

CHORUS

We know there are many who think they can't sing,
From parents and teachers you've heard the same thing,
"Close your mouth, you sound awful," in chorus they cried,
And you thought that the music inside you had died.
But now is the time when you prove them all wrong,
Re-open your hearts to the power of song!

CHORUS

"There's magic in music," you've often heard said,
And maybe you've smiled and shaken your head.
But music goes further than singer and song,
It lives deep within us long after it's gone.
Each one of us touches on so many lives,
Let's share all the music we're hearing inside.

CHORUS

KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE PRIZE

Pete Seeger

Paul and Silas bound in jail had no money for to go their bail

CHORUS:

Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on, hold on

Hold on, hold on, keep your eyes on the prize, hold on, hold on

The very moment I thought I was lost,

The dungeon shook and the chains fell off

CHORUS

Only thing that we did was wrong was stayin' in the wilderness too long

CHORUS

The only thing that we did was right was the day we begun to fight

CHORUS 2X

WAIST DEEP IN THE BIG MUDDY

Pete Seeger

It was back in nineteen forty-two, I was a member of a good platoon.

We were on maneuvers in Louisiana, one night by the light of the moon.

The captain told us to ford a river, that's how it all begun.

We were -- knee deep in the Big Muddy, the big fool says to push on.

The Sergeant said, "Sir, are you sure this is the best way back to the base?"

"Sergeant, go on! I forded this river 'bout a mile above this place.

It'll be a little soggy but just keep slogging, we'll soon be on dry ground."

We were -- waist deep in the Big Muddy, the big fool says to push on.

Well, the Sergeant said, "Sir, with all this equipment, no man'll will be able to swim."

"Sergeant, don't be a Nervous Nellie," the Captain said to him.

"All we need is a little determination; men, follow me, I'll lead on."

We were -- neck deep in the Big Muddy, the big fool says to push on.

All at once, the moon clouded over, we heard a gurgling cry.

A few seconds later, the captain's helmet was all that floated by.

The Sergeant said, "Turn around men! I'm in charge from now on."

And we just made it out of the Big Muddy with the captain dead and gone.

We stripped and dived and found his body stuck in the old quicksand.

I guess he didn't know that the water was deeper

than the place he'd once before been.

Another stream had joined the Big Muddy 'bout a half mile from where we'd gone.

We were lucky to escape from the Big Muddy when the big fool said to push on.

Well, I'm not going to point any moral, I'll leave that for yourself

Maybe you're still walking, you're still talking, you'd like to keep your health.

But every time I read the paper them old feelings come on;

We're -- waist deep in the Big Muddy, the big fool says to push on.

Waist deep in the Big Muddy, the big fool says to push on.

Waist deep in the Big Muddy, the big fool says to push on.

Waist deep! Neck deep! Soon even a tall man'll be over his head, we're

Waist deep in the Big Muddy! The big fool says to push on!

OLD DEVIL TIME

Pete Seeger

Old devil time, I'm gonna fool you now

Old devil time, you'd like to bring me down

When I'm feeling low, my loved ones gather round

And help me rise to fight you one more time

Old devil pain, you've often pinned me down

You thought I'd cry and beg you for the end

At that very time my loved ones gathered round

And helped me rise to fight you one more time

Old devil fear, you with your icy hands

Old devil fear, you'd like to freeze me cold

When I'm afraid, my loved ones gather round

And help me rise to fight you one more time

Old devil hate, I knew you long ago

Before I learned the poison in your breath

Now when I hear your lies my loved ones gather round

And help me rise to fight you one more time

No storm nor fire can ever beat us down

No wind that blows but carries us further on

And you who fear, oh loved ones gather round

And we will rise to sing it one more time

SAILING DOWN THIS GOLDEN RIVER

Pete Seeger

Sailing down my golden river, sun and water all my own

Yet I was never alone

Sun and water, old life givers, I'll have them where'er I roam

And I was not far from home

Sunlight glancing on the water, life and death are all my own

Yet I was never alone

Life for all my sons and daughters, golden sparkles in the foam

And I was not far from home

Sailing down this winding highway, travelers from near and far

And I was never alone

Exploring all the little byways, sighting all the distant stars

And I was not far from home

Sailing down my golden river, sun and water all my own

Yet I was never alone

Sun and water, old life givers, I'll have them where'er I roam

And I was not far from home

Yet I was never alone

And I was not far from home

TURN! TURN! TURN!

Pete Seeger

To everything turn, turn, turn, there is a season turn, turn, turn

And a time to every purpose under Heaven

A time to be born, a time to die, a time to plant, a time to reap

A time to kill, a time to heal, a time to laugh, a time to weep

To everything turn, turn, turn, there is a season turn, turn, turn

And a time to every purpose under Heaven

A time to build up, a time to break down,

A time to dance, a time to mourn

A time to cast away stones, a time to gather stones together

To everything turn, turn, turn, there is a season turn, turn, turn

And a time to every purpose under Heaven

A time of love, a time of hate, a time of war, a time of peace

A time you may embrace, a time to refrain from embracing

To everything turn, turn, turn, there is a season turn, turn, turn

And a time to every purpose under Heaven

A time to gain, a time to lose, a time to rend, a time to sew

A time for love, a time for hate

A time for peace, I swear it's not too late

EXTINGUISHING THE CHALICE (unison)

We extinguish this flame but not the light of truth,

The warmth of community, or the fire of commitment.

These we carry in our hearts until we are together again.

QUITE EARLY MORNING

Pete Seeger

You know it's darkest before the dawn
This thought keeps me moving on
If we could heed these early warnings
The time is now quite early morning
If we could heed these early warnings
The time is now quite early morning
Some say that humankind won't long endure
But what makes them feel so doggone sure?
I know that you who hear my singing
Could make those freedom bells go ringing
I know that you who hear my singing
Could make those freedom bells go ringing
And so keep on while we live
Until we have no, no more to give
And when these fingers can strum no longer
Hand the old guitar to young ones stronger
And when these fingers can strum no longer
Hand the old guitar to young ones stronger
So though it's darkest before the dawn
This thought keeps us moving on
Through all this world of joy and sorrow
We still can have singing tomorrows
Through all this world of joy and sorrow
We still can have singing tomorrows
Yes, though it's darkest before the dawn
This thought keeps us moving on
If we could heed these early warnings
The time is now quite early morning
If we could heed these early warnings
The time is now quite early morning

INGATHERING OF NEW MEMBERS by Kenneth L. Patton

BOARD CHAIR AND NEW MEMBER(S): This place is for the ingathering of nature and human nature. It is a place of friendships, a haven in trouble, an open room for the encouragement of our struggle.

CONGREGATION: It is a place of freedom, guarding the dignity and worth of every person. It offers a platform for the free voice, for declaring, both in times of security and danger, the full and undivided conflict of opinion.

BOARD CHAIR AND NEW MEMBER(S): It is a place of truth-seeking, where scientists can encourage devotion to their quest, where mystics can abide in a community of searchers.

CONGREGATION: It is a place of art, adorning its celebrations with melodies and handiworks. It is a place of prophecy, outrunning times past and times present in visions of growth and progress.

BOARD CHAIR AND NEW MEMBER(S): This house is a cradle for our dreams, the workshop of our common endeavour.

(Each new member steps forward, says their name, and speaks some words if so moved.)

BOARD CHAIR: Is (are) this (these) new member(s) welcome among us?

CONGREGATION: They are, with great rejoicing!