

*Between Your Love and Mine*  
*A Requiem*

*Words and music by Leonard Cohen*

**Cast:**

**Musicians:**

**Keyboard/Musical Director – Aisling Carter**

**Violin: Annie Rose Deegan**

**Cello: Lucy Deegan; Medbh Farrell**

**Percussion: David Day**

**Singers:**

**Celebrant: Eric Butler**

**Mother: Katie Jacques**

**Father: Shane Sullivan**

**Readers:**

**Woman: Angela Keogh**

**Man: John MacKenna**

**Directed by John MacKenna**

### 1. Overture – *String Reprise – Treaty* - Band

### 2. Opening Hymn – *Come healing* – Mother/Celebrant/Father

**Mother:**

O gather up the brokenness  
And bring it to me now  
The fragrance of those promises  
You never dared to vow  
The splinters that you carry  
The cross you left behind  
Come healing of the body  
Come healing of the mind

**Celebrant:**

And let the heavens hear it  
The penitential hymn  
Come healing of the spirit  
Come healing of the limb  
Behold the gates of mercy  
In arbitrary space  
And none of us deserving  
The cruelty or the grace  
O solitude of longing  
Where love has been confined  
Come healing of the body  
Come healing of the mind

**Father:**

O see the darkness yielding  
That tore the light apart  
Come healing of the reason  
Come healing of the heart  
O troubled dust concealing  
An undivided love  
The heart beneath is teaching  
To the broken heart above  
Let the heavens falter  
Let the earth proclaim  
Come healing...

### 3. Introit – Man

Blessed are you who has given each man a shield of loneliness so that he cannot forget you. You are the truth of loneliness, and only your name addresses it. Strengthen my loneliness that I may be healed in your name, which is beyond all consolations that are uttered on this earth. Only in your name can I stand in the rush of time, only when this loneliness is yours can I lift my sins toward your mercy.

#### **4. Penitential Act/Confiteor – *The Faith- Mother***

The sea so deep and blind  
The sun, the wild regret  
The club, the wheel, the mind,  
O love, aren't you tired yet?  
The club, the wheel, the mind  
O love, aren't you tired yet?  
The blood, the soil, the faith  
These words you can't forget  
Your vow, your holy place  
O love, aren't you tired yet?  
The blood, the soil, the faith  
O love, aren't you tired yet?  
A cross on every hill

A star, a minaret  
So many graves to fill  
O love, aren't you tired yet?  
So many graves to fill  
O love, aren't you tired yet?  
The sea so deep and blind  
Where still the sun must set  
And time itself unwind  
O love, aren't you tired yet?  
And time itself unwind  
O love, aren't you tired yet?

#### **5. Prayer – Woman**

Children show scars like medals. Lovers use them as secrets to reveal. A scar is what happens when the word is made flesh.

#### **6. Kyrie Eleison – *Heart with no companion* – Celebrant**

Now I greet you from the other side of sorrow and despair, with a love so vast and so shattered, it will reach you everywhere.  
And I sing this for the captain whose ship has not been built, for the mother in confusion, her cradle still unfilled.  
For the heart with no companion, for the soul without a king. for the prima ballerina who cannot dance to anything.  
Through the days of shame that are coming, through the nights of wild distress, though your promise count for nothing, you must keep it nonetheless.  
You must keep it for the captain whose ship has not been built. for the mother in confusion her cradle still unfilled.  
For the heart with no companion, for the soul without a king, for the prima ballerina who cannot dance to anything.

## 7. Prayer - Man

Jesus was a sailor when he walked upon the water and he spent a long time watching from his lonely wooden tower and when he knew for certain only drowning men could see him, He said all men will be sailors then until the sea shall free them.

But he himself was broken, long before the sky would open, forsaken, almost human, he sank beneath your wisdom like a stone

## 8. Gloria – *Nightingale* – Mother

I built my house beside the wood  
So I could hear you singing  
And it was sweet and it was good  
And love was all beginning  
Fare thee well my nightingale  
'Twas long ago I found you  
Now all your songs of beauty fail  
The forest closes 'round you  
The sun goes down behind a veil  
'Tis now that you would call me  
So rest in peace my nightingale  
Beneath your branch of holly  
Fare thee well my nightingale  
I lived but to be near you  
Tho' you are singing somewhere still  
I can no longer hear you

## 9. First Reading – Man - *Poem*

My time is running out  
and still  
I have not sung  
the true song  
the great song  
  
I admit  
that I seem  
to have lost my courage  
  
a glance in the mirror  
and glimpse into my heart  
makes me want to shut up forever  
  
so why do you lean me here  
Lord of my life  
lean me at this table  
in the middle of the night wondering  
how to be beautiful.

### **10. Psalm – *Whither thou goest* – Father & Mother**

Whither thou goest, I will go;  
Wherever thou lodgest, I will lodge:  
Thy people shall be my people, my love  
Whither thou goest, I will go.  
As in that story long ago  
That same sweet love story now is so,  
Thy people shall be my people my love,  
Whither thou goest I will go.

### **11. Second Reading – Woman**

From you alone to you alone, everlasting to everlasting, all that is not you is suffering, all that is not you is solitude rehearsing the arguments of loss. All that is not you is the man collapsing against his own forehead, and the forehead crushes him. All that is not you goes out and out, gathering the voices of revenge, harvesting lost triumphs far from the real and necessary defeat. It is to you I speak, solitude to unity, failure to mercy and loss to light. It is you I welcome here, coming through to coarse glory of your imagination, to this very night, to this very couch, to this very darkness. Grant me a forgiving sleep and rest my enemy.

### **12. Alleluia – *Treaty*- Celebrant**

I've seen you change the water into wine  
I've seen you change it back to water too  
I sit at your table every night  
I try but I just don't get high with you  
I wish there was a treaty we could sign  
I do not care who takes this bloody hill  
I'm angry and I'm tired all the time  
I wish there was a treaty  
I wish there was a treaty  
Between your love and mine  
They're dancing in the street, it's Jubilee  
We sold ourselves for love but now we're free  
I'm sorry for the ghost I made you be  
Only one of us was real and that was me  
I haven't said a word since you've been gone  
That any liar couldn't say as well  
I just can't believe the static coming on  
You were my ground, my safe and sound  
You were my aerial  
The fields are crying out, it's Jubilee  
We sold ourselves for love but now we're free  
I'm sorry for the ghost I made you be  
Only one of us was real and that was me  
I heard the snake was baffled by his sin  
He shed his scales to find the snake within

But born again is born without a skin  
The poison enters into everything.  
And I wish there was a treaty we could sign  
It's over now the water and the wine  
We were broken then but now we're borderline  
And I wish there was a treaty  
I wish there was a treaty  
Between your love and mine

### **13. Third Reading – Man**

It is all around me, the darkness. You are my only shield. Your name is my only light. What love I have, your law is the source, this dead love that remembers only its name, yet the name is enough to open itself like a mouth, to call down the dew and drink. O dead name that through your mercy speaks to the living name, mercy harkening to the will that is bent toward it, the will whose strength is its pledge to you – O name of love, draw down the blessings of completion on the man you have cut in half to know you.

### **14. Sung Response – *Going home (chorus only)*- Father**

Going home without my sorry  
Going home sometime tomorrow  
Going home to where it's better than before  
Going home without my burden  
Going home behind the curtain  
Going home without the costume that I wore

### **15. Homily – Woman**

My sister and I being estranged, I parked my trailer at the furthest limit of her fields, the corner that is left, by law, to the poor. Her hundreds of cherry trees were blossoming and on the road to the great stone house that they lined, a lacework of petals. It was a Saturday. I reclined against a little hill, a shoot of wheat between my teeth, looked at the blue sky, a bird, three threads of luminous cloud, and my heart would not rejoice. I entered the hour of self accusation. A strange sound trembled in the air. It was caused by the north wind on the electric lines, a sustained chord of surprising harmonies, power and duration, greatly pleasing, a singing of breath and steel, a huge string instrument of masts and fields, complex tensions. Suddenly the judgement was clear. Let your sister, with her towers and gardens, praise the incomparable handiwork of the Lord, but you are pledged to the breath of the name. Each of you in your proper place. The cherry trees are hers, the grapes and the olives, the thick walled house; and to you the unimaginable charities of accident in the Corner of the Poor.

**16. Creed Sung – *If I didn't have your love* –Man**

If the sun would lose its light  
And we lived an endless night  
And there was nothing left that you could feel  
That's how it would be  
What my life would seem to me  
If I didn't have your love to make it real

If the stars were all unpinned  
And a cold and bitter wind  
Swallowed up the world without a trace  
Ah, well that's where I would be  
What my life would seem to me  
If I couldn't lift the veil and see your face  
And if no leaves were on the tree  
And no water in the sea  
And the break of day had nothing to reveal  
That's how broken I would be  
What my life would seem to me  
If I didn't have your love to make it real  
If the sun would lose its light  
And we lived in an endless night  
And there was nothing left that you could feel  
If the sea were sand alone  
And the flowers made of stone  
And no one that you hurt could ever heal  
Well that's how broken I would be  
What my life would seem to me

**17. Prayers of the Faithful – Woman and Man**

Man: Holy is your name, holy is your work, holy are the days that you uncover

Woman: Holy are the hands that are raised to you, and the weeping that is wept to you.

Man: Holy is the fire between your will and ours, in which we are refined.

Woman: Holy is that which is unredeemed, covered with your patience.

Man: Holy are the souls lost in your unnamings

Woman: Holy, and shining with a great light, is every living thing, established in this world and covered with time, until your name is praised forever.

### **18. Holy, Holy, Holy – Anthem- Celebrant**

The birds they sang  
at the break of day  
Start again  
I heard them say.  
Don't dwell on what  
has passed away  
or what is yet to be.  
Ah the wars they will  
be fought again.  
The holy dove  
She will be caught again,  
bought and sold  
and bought again  
the dove is never free.  
Ring the bells that still can ring  
Forget your perfect offering  
There is a crack in everything  
That's how the light gets in.  
You can add up the parts  
but you won't have the sum  
You can strike up the march,  
there is no drum  
Every heart, every heart  
to love will come  
but like a refugee.  
Ring the bells that still can ring  
Forget your perfect offering  
There is a crack, a crack in everything  
That's how the light gets in.  
Ring the bells that still can ring  
Forget your perfect offering  
There is a crack, a crack in everything  
That's how the light gets in.  
That's how the light gets in.  
That's how the light gets in.

### **19. Memorial Acclamation – Woman**

This is the way we summon one another, but it is not the way we call upon the Name. We stand in rags, we beg for tears to dissolve the immovable landmarks of hatred. How beautiful our heritage, to have this way of speaking to eternity, how bountiful this solitude, surrounded, filled, and mastered by the Name, from which all things arise in splendour, depending one upon the other.

## 20. Great Amen – *Amen* – Mother/Father/Celebrant

### **Father:**

Tell me again when I've been to the river  
And I've taken the edge off my thirst  
Tell me again we're alone and I'm listening,  
I'm listening so hard that it hurts  
Tell me again when I'm clean and I'm sober  
Tell me again when I've been through the horror  
Tell me again, tell me over and over  
Tell me you want me then  
Amen

### **Celebrant:**

Tell me again  
When the victims are singing  
And the Laws of Remorse are restored  
Tell me again  
That you know what I'm thinking  
But vengeance belongs to the Lord  
Tell me again  
When I'm clean and I'm sober  
Tell me again  
When I've seen through the horror  
Tell me again  
Tell me over and over  
Tell me that you love me then  
Amen...

### **Mother:**

Tell me again  
When the day has been ransomed  
And the night has no right to begin  
Try me again  
When the angels are panting  
And scratching at the door to come in  
Tell me again  
When I'm clean and I'm sober  
Tell me again  
When I've seen through the horror  
Tell me again  
Tell me over and over  
Tell me that you need me then  
Amen...

**Celebrant:**

Tell me again  
When the filth of the butcher  
Is washed in the blood of the lamb  
Tell me again  
When the rest of the culture  
Has passed through the Eye of the Camp  
Tell me again  
When I'm clean and I'm sober  
Tell me again  
When I've seen through the horror  
Tell me again  
Tell me over and over  
Tell me that you love me then  
Amen...

**21. The Lord's Prayer – Man**

Not knowing where to go, I go to you. Not knowing where to turn, I turn to you. Not knowing how to speak, I speak to you. Not knowing what to hold, I bind myself to you. Having soiled my heart, I lift my heart to you. Having wasted my days, I bring the heap to you. The great highway covered with debris, I travel on a hair to you. The wall smeared with filth, I go through a pinhole of light. Blocked by every thought, I fly on the wisp of a remembrance. Defeated by silence, here is a place where the silence is more subtle. And here is the opening in defeat. And here is the clasp of the will. And here is the fear of you, in this man's moment. Blessed are you whose presence illuminates outrageous evil. Blessed are you who brings chains from the darkness. Blessed are you who waits in the world. Blessed are you whose name is in the world.

**22. Sign of Peace – *If it be your will* - Father**

If it be your will that I speak no more  
And my voice be still as it was before  
I will speak no more  
I shall abide until  
I am spoken for  
If it be your will  
If it be your will  
That a voice be true  
From this broken hill  
I will sing to you  
From this broken hill  
All your praises they shall ring

If it be your will  
To let me sing  
From this broken hill  
All your praises they shall ring  
If it be your will  
To let me sing  
If it be your will  
If there is a choice  
Let the rivers fill  
Let the hills rejoice  
Let your mercy spill  
On all these burning hearts in hell  
If it be your will  
To make us well  
And draw us near  
And bind us tight  
All your children here  
In their rags of light  
In our rags of light  
All dressed to kill  
And end this night  
If it be your will

### **23. Breaking of Bread – Woman**

In the eyes of men he falls, and in his own eyes too. He falls from his high place, he trips on his achievement. He falls to you, he falls to know you. It is sad, they say. See his disgrace, say the ones at his heel. But he falls radiantly toward the light to which he falls. They cannot see who lifts him as he falls, or how his falling changes, and he himself bewildered till his heart cries out to bless the one who holds him in his falling. And in his fall he hears his heart cry out, his heart explains why he is falling, why he had to fall, and he gives over to the fall. Blessed are you, clasp of the falling. He falls into the sky, he falls into the light, none can hurt him as he falls. Blessed are you, shield of the falling. Wrapped in his fall, concealed within his fall, he finds the place, he is gathered in. While his hair streams back and his clothes tear in the wind, he is held up, comforted, he enters into the place of his fall. Blessed are you, embrace of the falling, foundation of the light, master of the human accident.

### **24. Communion Hymn – *Love itself* - Celebrant**

The light came through the window  
straight from the sun above  
and so inside my little room  
there plunged the rays of love.  
In streams of light I clearly saw  
the dust you seldom see,  
out of which the nameless makes  
a name for one like me

I'll try to say a little more  
love went on and on  
until it reached an open door  
then love itself  
love itself was gone  
All busy in the sunlight  
the flecks did float and dance  
and I was tumbled up with them  
in formless circumstance  
I'll try to say a little more.  
Love went on and on  
until it reached an open door  
then love itself  
love itself was gone  
Then I came back from where I'd been  
my room, it looked the same  
but there was nothing left between  
the nameless and the name  
All busy in the sunlight  
the flecks did float and dance  
and I was tumbled up with them  
in formless circumstance  
I'll try to say a little more.  
Love went on and on  
until it reached an open door  
then love itself  
love itself was gone.  
Love itself,  
Love itself was gone

### **25. Reflection – Man**

I look far, I forget you and I'm lost. I lift my hands to you. I kneel toward my heart. I have no other home. My love is here. I end the day in mercy that I wasted in despair. Bind me to you. I fall away. Bind me, ease my heart, bind me to your love. Gentle things you return to me, and duties that are sweet. And you say, I am in this heart, I and my name are here. Everywhere the blades turn, in every thought the butchery, and it is raw where I wander; but you hide me in the shelter of your name, and you open my hardness to tears. The drifting is to you, and the swell of suffering breaks towards you. You draw me back to close my eyes, to bless your name in speechlessness. Blessed are you in the smallness of your whispering. Blessed are you who speaks to the unworthy.

## **26. Song of Reflection – *Song of Bernadette*- Mother**

There was a child named Bernadette  
I heard the story long ago  
She saw the Queen of Heaven once  
And kept the vision in her soul  
No one believed what she had seen  
No one believed what she heard  
But there were sorrows to be here  
And mercy, mercy in this world  
So many hearts I find, broke like yours and mine  
Torn by what we've done and can't undo  
I just want to hold you, come on let me hold you  
Like Bernadette would do  
We've been around, we fall, we fly  
We mostly fall, we mostly run  
And every now and then we try  
To mend the damage that we've done  
Tonight, tonight I just can't rest  
I've got this joy inside my breast  
To think that I did not forget that child  
That song of Bernadette  
So many hearts I find, broke like yours and mine  
Torn by what we've done and can't undo  
I just want to hold you, won't let me hold you  
Like Bernadette would do  
I just want to hold you, come on let me hold you  
Like Bernadette would do

## **27. Blessing – Woman**

I lost my way. I forgot to call on your name. The raw heart beat against the world, and the tears were for my lost victory. But you are here. You have always been here. The world is all forgetting, and the heart is a rage of directions, but your name unifies the heart, and the world is lifted into its place. Blessed is the one who waits in the traveller's heart for his turning.

## **28. Closing Hymn – *You got me singing*- Mother/Father/Celebrant**

### **Mother:**

You got me singing  
Even tho' the news is bad  
You got me singing  
The only song I ever had

### **Father:**

You got me singing  
Ever since the river died  
You got me thinking  
Of the places we could hide

**Celebrant:**

You got me singing  
Even though the world is gone  
You got me thinking  
I'd like to carry on

**All:**

You got me singing  
Even tho' it all looks grim  
You got me singing  
The Hallelujah hymn

**Father:**

You got me singing  
Like a prisoner in a jail  
You got me singing  
Like my pardon's in the mail

**Mother:**

You got me wishing  
Our little love would last  
You got me thinking  
Like those people of the past

**Celebrant:**

You got me singing  
Even though the world is gone  
You got me thinking  
I'd like to carry on

**All:**

You got me singing  
Even tho' it all went wrong  
You got me singing  
The Hallelujah song