

# Lyrics for *And All the Marys*

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## The Virgin, Spinning

*The Virgin Mary ponders the Annunciation (Luke 1:26-38) while spinning wool, a detail borrowed from the 2nd century retelling in the Protoevangelium of James, which has also influenced icons and art of the Annunciation ever since.*



I'm spinning the scarlet and purple- woman's work  
But God is spinning the gold, I see  
Weaving a tiny thread like me  
Into the grand design to be  
The saving of the world.  
Chosen as the roving fibre – clean and combed  
Then dropped and spun and quickly wound  
Upon the spindle tightly bound  
To serve the One I'm wound around:  
The Saviour of the world.

**Son of the Most High – let it be, let it be  
Son of God – let it be, let it be to me**

In the hands of the Master I marvel at his ways  
He brings me into his weaving room  
My heart is stretched upon the loom  
The God-Man knitted within my womb  
The Saviour of the World

**First to hear, first to hear and believe  
First to love, first to love and receive  
the Son of God**

Will they believe me? I wonder, who can say?  
But I will always answer 'yes'  
Though a sword may pierce my breast  
The Father of my Son knows best  
The Saviour of the World



## Elizabeth

Words based on Luke 1:39-45

*Perhaps Elizabeth's prophetic vision included a glimpse of the fulfilment of all prophecies of the restored Kingdom and her son's role in it?*

A calling voice, an opened door  
The Good News preached to all the poor  
A heart of flesh from heart of stone  
An exile returning to her home  
And righteousness that blooms within the Garden of the Lord

**Oh, John, my son, you'll see the Kingdom come**

My cousin Mary, full of grace  
A look of wonder on her face  
My child leaps, the Spirit cries  
And I am moved to prophesy:  
Oh, who am I that I should host the mother of my Lord?

**Oh, John, my son you'll see the Kingdom come**

When Mary told us of the way

The Angel Gabriel came that day  
I saw all heaven leaning in, I heard a song of hope begin  
For blessed is the one who trusts the promise of the Lord  
**Oh, John, my son you'll see the Kingdom come**  
A prophet stands on Jordan's edge  
Calling all to Come repent,  
Be baptised, confess your sins  
Clean your heart and soul within.  
Then suddenly the Lord appears; the day is now at hand  
Oh, John, my son you'll see the Kingdom come

## The Prophetess

### Anna

Words: Psalm 84 – English Standard Version (ESV)

*We have no direct words of Anna, yet we know that she was very old and*



*lived continuously in the Temple. She recognized Jesus as the Redeemer, gave thanks to God and spoke about him to all. Perhaps she praised God with this Psalm, seeing Mary and Joseph like the swallows laying their young at God's altar, recognizing that the Anointed One had rightly come into His Temple.*

How lovely is your dwelling place, O LORD of hosts!  
My soul longs, yea, faints for the courts of the LORD;  
my heart and flesh sing for joy to the living God.

Even the sparrow finds a home,  
and the swallow a nest for herself,  
**where she may lay her young at your altars,  
O LORD of hosts, my King and my God.  
Blessed are those who dwell in your house,  
Ever singing your praise!**

Blessed are those whose strength is in you,  
in whose heart are the highways to Zion.  
As they go through the Valley of Baca they make it a place  
of springs;  
the early rain also covers it with pools.  
They go from strength to strength;  
each one appears before God in Zion.  
O LORD God of hosts, hear my prayer;  
give ear, O God of Jacob  
**Behold our shield, O God;  
look on the face of your anointed!  
For a day in your courts is better  
than a thousand elsewhere.**

I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God  
than dwell in the tents of wickedness.  
For the LORD God is a sun and shield;  
the LORD bestows favor and honor.  
No good thing does he withhold  
from those who walk uprightly.  
O LORD of hosts,  
blessed is the one who trusts in you!

## Lullaby for the Flight into Egypt-Instrumental

*After being welcomed into His Temple, our Lord's family flees Herod's wrath by escaping into Egypt (Matthew 2:13-15). Here a lullaby tune is given to the Virgin Mary that is the same as when the women will later prepare the spices for Christ's burial.*



### The Samaritan Woman

Words based on John 4 +  
Psalm 85:13, Isaiah 55:6-7

*It seems highly unlikely  
that a woman with six  
men in her past has had  
trusting relationships.*

*Here, her past is imagined,  
weaving her words in John 4:25 into a song learned from  
her mother. Our Lord's pure gaze convinces her of the  
truth. She is called Photina ("the enlightened one") by  
Eastern Tradition and is celebrated as a missionary from  
Samaria to Carthage where she was martyred.*



Men are confusing, my mother had said  
Their lies will outnumber the hairs on your head.  
They'll love if you're useful, and hit you if they please  
Beware, when they stay or whether they leave.  
But Mother had died when I was thirteen  
I was a widow myself by just seventeen  
With one babe in arms, and one on the way  
All I had left was the old song that she sang  
**When Messiah comes, he will heal all things  
When Messiah comes, he'll explain all things  
And the words will flow from his mouth like a spring in the  
desert**

**Then the Lord will give our land a harvest of peace  
If our goodness lays the path, path for his feet**  
How could I even afford to be good?  
Mourning won't pay but another man would.  
His strong arms around me, his breath on my neck  
Whispering lies that he'll stay, stay for my sake.  
But I've kept all my wits though I'm caught and bound  
To five more men who have come around  
Take a deep breath, cruel words break no bones,  
And I sing as I carry my jar to the well all alone  
**When Messiah comes, he will heal all things  
When Messiah comes, he'll explain all things  
And the words will flow from his mouth like a spring in the  
desert**

**Seek the Lord and call on him while he is near  
And return to the Lord for pardon while he is here**  
So who is this man with the innocent eyes?  
Who asks me for a drink but offers me Living Water?  
Neither here nor there but in Spirit and Truth, he says, the  
Father seeks his sons and daughters.  
**Run, tell. Run, tell.  
He told me everything I've ever done  
Come and see, could he, he be the one?**

### Woman with a Haemorrhage

Words based on Mark  
5:24-34, Luke 8:43-48,  
Psalm 46:4, Psalm  
122:4

*Christ restores both  
this woman's health  
and her connection to  
her community, thus  
her story is imagined in terms of two contrasting forces  
within her: Hope and Shame. Being healed also meant she  
could now enter the women's court of the Temple, thus  
symbolizing her full restoration to God's people.*



I've got two rivers in me:  
One is Hope, like a desert spring,  
but Shame is like the Dead Sea  
Its bitter salt dries out my longing

These two rivers in me  
Mingle with a stream of blood  
That washes out my dignity:  
And keeps me from the House of God  
Hope says keep trying  
One more doctor, one more cure but  
Shame says, give up,  
They'll never find, a way to heal a soul  
damaged like mine.  
And these two rivers in me  
Flow swiftly as I see him come  
Unclean, but hands out-stretched  
Through the crowd I run,  
**If I could just touch the hem of his robe  
If I could just touch it so no one knows  
If I could just touch the hem of his robe  
If I could just touch it so no one knows**  
And I slip in behind him  
Shame says I will fail again, but  
Hope is rewarded when  
I'm healed within. (But He says)  
**Who touched the hem of my robe?  
I felt the touch, I felt the power go.  
Who touched the hem of my robe?  
Speak up, so everybody knows.'**  
And these two rivers in me  
freeze suddenly right there in fear  
I throw myself down at his feet  
And I say through tears:  
**I touched the hem of your robe.  
I hid in shame for fear someone would know  
Yes, I touched the hem of your robe.  
A single touch has stopped the bleeding's flow.**  
He smiles down at me  
and says for everyone to hear  
My Daughter, you are free  
Your faith has healed you, go in peace.  
I look around and  
people stare in disbelief, but  
Then through the crowd my sister comes,  
grabs hold of me, and I weep aloud  
There is a river whose streams  
Make glad the city of our God  
That is where we all go up  
To the temple courts

### The Canaanite Woman and Blind Bartimaeus

Matthew 15:22,28 & Mark 10:47,51-52

In New Testament Greek

*This song began as a comparison of the strikingly similar  
Greek words of The Canaanite Woman and Blind  
Bartimaeus (forgive the inclusion of a man in this series!).  
This woman was Greek (See Mark 7:26) and since Jesus  
undoubtedly spoke Greek as well as Aramaic, I found it  
exciting that their exchange is probably untranslated.  
Kyrie Eleison – Lord, have mercy – is still one of the most  
common Christian prayers and here it is made personal:  
Have mercy on ME, Lord.*

ἐλέησόν με Have mercy on me  
ἐλέησόν με, κύριε Have mercy on me, Lord  
ἐλέησόν με, κύριε Have mercy on me, Lord  
υἱὸς Δαυὶδ Son of David  
υἱὸς Δαυὶδ, κύριε Son of David, Lord  
ἐλέησόν με, κύριε Have mercy on me, Lord  
ἡ θυγάτηρ μου The daughter of me  
κακῶς δαίμονίζεται. Is badly demon-possessed  
ἐλέησόν με, κύριε, Have mercy on me, Lord  
υἱὸς Δαυίδ· Son of David



καὶ ὁ Ἰησοῦς εἶπεν, ὦ γύναι, And Jesus said, Oh Woman,  
 μεγάλη σου ἡ πίστις· Great is your faith  
 γενηθήτω σοι ὡς θέλεις. Let it be done for you as you  
 desire  
 καὶ εὐθὺς ἰάθη ἡ θυγάτηρ αὐτῆς. And immediately her  
 daughter was healed  
 ἐλέησόν με Have mercy on me  
 ἐλέησόν με, Ἰησοῦ Have mercy on me, Jesus  
 ἐλέησόν με, Ἰησοῦ Have mercy on me, Jesus  
 υἱὲ Δαυίδ Son of David  
 υἱὲ Δαυίδ, Ἰησοῦ Son of David, Jesus  
 ἐλέησόν με, Ἰησοῦ Have mercy on me, Jesus  
 Ραββουνι, Rabbi  
 ἵνα ἀναβλέψω. That I might see  
 ἐλέησόν με, Ἰησοῦ, Have mercy on me, Jesus  
 υἱὲ Δαυίδ· Son of David  
 καὶ ὁ Ἰησοῦς εἶπεν, ὦ τύφλε, And Jesus said to him, O  
 blind one,  
 ὕπαγε, ἡ πίστις σου, Go, your faith  
 σέσωκέν σε. Has saved you  
 καὶ εὐθὺς ἀνέβλεψεν. And immediately he saw again.

### Martha Believes and Sees

Words based on John 11:1-3, 17-44

*The opening lines are repeated by both Martha and Mary in John 11 but it is only Martha to whom Our Lord reveals such an amazing truth: that HE is the Resurrection and the Life. Along with the raising of Lazarus, Martha's memory is also*



*healed, by Christ walking her back through the whole experience and bringing about a different ending.*

Oh Lord, if you had been here  
 Oh Lord, if you had been here  
 Oh Lord, then my brother  
 would not have died  
 We sent word to you as soon as we could  
 I know to come was risky  
 But we prayed you'd find a way to come back  
 And do something miraculous  
 And heal my brother, Lazarus  
 But even now I know whatever you ask  
 My God will give you  
 You say to me Your brother will rise  
 I know that he will rise  
 In the resurrection at the end of time  
 I am the Resurrection and the Life  
 He who believes in me,  
 even if he dies, will live  
 And the one who lives and believes in me will never die  
 Martha, do you believe this?

Yes, Lord, you're the Messiah  
 Oh, Lord, you are the Son of God  
 The one, who's coming into the world  
 Come and see the place where he is laid  
 Though the stench is strong  
 You say believe and see the glory of God  
 And your prayer leaves us speechless  
 You call forth my brother, Lazarus

### Mary of Bethany and the Sinful Woman

Words based on: Matthew 26:5-13/Mark 14:3-9/John 12:1-8 & Luke 7:36-50

*The two verses of this song cover what appear to be two separate events. Matthew, Mark and John place Mary of Bethany's anointing of Jesus just before Holy Week, whereas Luke 7's early account gives a*



*completely different moral to the story. Even so, John and Luke share a number of features, including the wiping of his feet with her hair. So, I have focused on Matthew and Mark for verse 1 (but couldn't lose the detail of the smell of perfume!) and Luke for verse 2.*

A woman came to Jesus  
 With an alabaster jar of perfume  
 She broke the seal and opened it  
 The smell of perfume filled the room  
 She poured it out on his head  
 Flowing down his hair and beard  
 She poured her oil on his head  
 Without words, she gave love instead  
 The Disciples were indignant,  
 accusing her of a shameful waste:  
 She could have sold it and given  
 The poor the sum of a whole year's wage  
**But don't bother her, what she's doing is beautiful (Jesus said)**  
**What she's doing now prepares for my burial**  
**Don't bother her, what she's doing is beautiful**  
**When the Gospel is preached, they'll say it's a marvel**  
 Perhaps they all remembered  
 Another woman and other perfume  
 Notorious, a sinner  
 Who came to Simon's dining room  
 She wept and kissed Jesus' feet  
 And wiped them with her long dark hair  
 She poured it out on his feet  
 Where thankfulness and mercy meet  
 And Simon was indignant  
 If you're a prophet, surely you know,  
 This woman here is a sinner;  
 Her evil deeds can't help but show.  
**But she has been forgiven more, so loves more (Jesus said)**  
**With more warmth than you showed me at your door**  
**She has been forgiven more, so loves more**  
**Woman, your faith has saved you, go in peace now**

### Salome's Request

Words based on  
Matthew 20:20-23,  
27:55-56

*Christ's disciples were expecting an earthly, political Kingdom and so I tried to evoke a Medieval courtly dance and used a ballad form where a line gets added every verse. Since Salome was also at the foot of the Cross, I imagined her being bewildered and stretched in her expectations. The poetic turn of the song is borrowed from Dorothy L. Sayers' The Man Born to be King where the request is made by John (see Mark 10:35-40) who later stands at the foot of the Cross and says, "we refused the cup and the baptism, not knowing what we asked, and the places on your right hand and on your left hand have been given to these two thieves."*



On the way to Jerusalem, my Lord,  
On the way to Jerusalem  
When you are King, let me ask one thing  
**When we all see your Kingdom come, my Lord,  
When we all see your Kingdom come.**  
When we get to Jerusalem, my Lord,  
When we get to Jerusalem  
When you are King and you're on your throne  
Promise this to me that my two sons  
**Shall sit on you right and your left, my Lord,  
Shall sit on you right and left.**  
When we get to Jerusalem, said he  
When we get to Jerusalem,  
When I am King and I mount my throne  
I will share my cup with James and John  
But my right and left will only belong  
**To the ones chosen long ago, dear one,  
To the ones chosen long ago.**  
Not a week in Jerusalem, my Lord,  
Not a week in Jerusalem  
Hosanna to King David's Son  
We could feel your Kingdom almost come  
As cheers rang through the city walls  
But the priests and scribes look on, appalled  
**And they scheme to steal your crown, O Lord  
And they scheme to steal your crown**  
Outside of Jerusalem, my Lord,  
Outside of Jerusalem  
The crowd is Shouting Crucify!  
And Your throne is now a cross on high  
Your crown of thorns and wounds that bleed  
How could this be what your Kingdom means,  
With the place of honour given to thieves?  
**Who hang on your right and your left, O Lord  
Who hang on your right and left.**

### The Women Prepare the Spices

Words: Song of  
Songs 8: 6-7, 13-  
14 (adapted)

*I imagined the scene of Luke 23:56 where the women prepare*



*the spices for Christ's burial. I imagined them working together, finding an outlet for their shared grief in a song, accompanied by the scrape and pounding of the mortar and pestle and tearing of the strips of cloth for the grave bands.*

O set me as a seal upon thy heart  
O set me as a seal upon thine arm  
For love is strong, strong as death, my love,  
And jealousy is cruel as the grave.  
Its flashes are the living flame of a blazing fire  
That cannot be drowned out in a flood  
All earthly gold in exchange for love  
Would be utterly contemptible and scorned  
**Come, my Love, let me hear your voice  
My companions and I wait in the garden  
Make haste, my love, and shine out like the rising sun  
Like a stag appearing on the mountain.**

### Mary Magdalene

Words based on:  
Luke 8:2, John  
20:1-18

*Mary Magdalene is called the  
Apostle to the*



*Apostles- she was the first to see the Risen Christ and bring news of the Resurrection to the others. Luke tells us that she was healed of seven demons and one of the women who travelled with Jesus and supported the whole group out of their own means. I try to imagine what that was like – the faithfulness of these women was amazing!*

Through the dark of my mind  
Fettered and bound by seven demons  
Through the dark came His voice  
That cut through my chains by calling my name  
**Mary Magdalene**  
**You are set free, now come follow me  
Mary Magdalene, You are set free-----  
So I joined with the women who followed Him  
Starting in Galilee and on to Jerusalem**  
We cared for His needs  
Saw His great healings, heard His best stories  
Waved palms in Hosanna  
Saw him clear the Temple, cooked His Last Supper  
**Overheard from the stairs 'bout the bread and wine,  
His Body and Blood. His time had come.  
And all the men ran away but, somehow, we remained  
To see Him carry His Cross  
We stood at a distance as they nailed Him up  
We couldn't help in our usual ways  
But at least we made sure He was not alone that day  
We heard his cry, saw His last breath  
Felt the earth shake and the sky turned dark  
And all of creation wept with us as they lowered His Body  
down**  
Our Lord, Our Lord, Our Lord, etc  
In the dark of the garden  
Weeping in fear, my Lord's body gone!  
Unaware of the angels  
Then I hear the voice that healed my soul  
**Mary! Rabboni!**  
**I have risen! Now you're truly free!**  
**Mary Magdalene, tell your brothers go to Galilee  
So I ran to find his disciples  
And even if they doubt me I know it's true  
Our Lord, Our Lord, Our Lord is risen, etc**