Sketches for Carols of the Artist's Embassy

There is a Great Song in the heart of God,

There are constant hallelujahs of a multitude of angels,

Paeans of praise which rock the universe,

And sustain it,

Keeping the planets in motion and directing the courses of stars.

There is a Love as mighty as it is ineffable,

Clothed in that Great Song, pulsating in overtones and undertones.

There are countless creatures in the mansions of the Creator,

Personalized by these overtones and undertones,

So that every man is a copy of the Original—

Though as the flute, though as the clarinet, though as the violin

Are characterized by selected overtones,

So is the individual characterized by his selected notes,

All fitting together in the ultimate symphony,

Though each is marked by the tunings of a seemingly separate heart.

I listened for the Great Song—

Man has invented instruments:

Out of bone, out of reeds, out of wood,

Out of bamboo, out of gut, out of metal,

And the universe tried to fit into these limitations,

And cried.

Man listened for the Great Song—

He produced the harp and the percussion gongs,

The tympanum and the wind organ and the piano,

Organized orchestras and choruses,

Housed them in palaces equal to the ancient sacred temples,

While the universe strove to fit into these limitations,

And cried.

I was time-twin to the radio,

Saw the wonders of Hertz and Marconi and the invention of may tubes,

Witnessed the captivity of light in sound and sound in light,

The construction of modalities of increasing dimensionality,

So all the world seemed united in form and outward being;

Still the universe could not fit into the limitations

And cries.

The devotees: Lord Have Mercy! The prophet: God Is Mercy. The devotees: Lord Have Mercy! The prophet: God Is Mercy. The devotees: Lord Have Mercy! The prophet: God Is Mercy.

The prayers of mercy continue in a world of turmoil, There is shouting on the street-corners, There is a booming of organs in cathedrals, There is the televising of a thousand programs, And on and on in the midst of a world at mental war.

Christ was not crucified on a cross But upon a Christmas tree, The stockpile of gifts we value so much Has atom-bombed Galilee.

O Catfish Row, thou the most benighted of city streets,
Thou least even among the least of the descendents of Africanders,
Out of thy dwellings shall come that which the world cannot deny,
For the Holy Spirit alone is the vehicle of the song of the heart of God,
The Holy spirit which dwells in the human body,
Though the theologians deny it, though the doctors of divinity scoff at it,
Though separation is made between God and His Work,
And between man, and man.

Carolers sang in the city streets
But Christ was not among them;
Choirs were chanting in organ lofts,
But Christ was not among them;
Thousands of programs on the air,
But Christ was not among them,
And in Catfish Row, on Christmas eve,
I heard a wonder and did perceive
Christ singing with the children in the alleys.

They That Have Been Walking In the Deafness Have Heard a Great Light.

What was this experience of St. Paul that it should be precluded from the rest of us? What is the teaching of sacred write that Christ came that **we**, even **we**, might become the children of God?
What is this meaning, **children of God**, that by self-deceptive magic we can preclude and exclude?

There was a commotion in the temple in Johannesburg,
Where the minister lost his voice in the middle of the sermon,
Where the choir was unable to complete their responses,
And the fingers of the organist were stiff—
While in the alleys, in the lanes, in the slums,
The echoes of the angels could be heard,
Along with the moanings, the groanings and petitions of an outcaste multitude.

The outcome of the cold war is uncertain, We win or lose according to the season, The outcome of Christ's cold war we ignore, His **love** is smothered by our **reason**.

There was a rushing of the wind, but the Voice of the Lord was not in the wind; There was a peeling of loud thunder, but the Voice of the Lord was not in the peel; There was the rising of the storm, the falling of many waters, the booming of many drums, Without the Voice of the lord.

Great prophets have arisen among the peoples of Israel
Who have given messages of God from God with God;
Great philosophers have dwelt in Mahabharata,
Who have given the messages of God from God with God,
But who shall give the Great Sound, the Great Tone, the Grand Music,
Bringing the messages of God from God with God?

There was a conclave in a higher heaven,
Where the casting director was looking about for talent,
To choose the proper vehicles for the Holy Spirit,
That the Great Song might be heard again on earth.
"The stone that is rejected shall become the corner stone,"
The Tone That Is Rejected Shall Become The Fitting Tone,
And in the body that ye think least,
The music shall resound.

Let us sing of the Warm Peace which will surely smother the Cold War, Let us chant the Warm Peace which emanates from the heart, Let us dance the Warm Peace even as it is done in Catfish Row.

We can sing our praise of our praise of God to the music of the flute, We can sing our praise of our praise of God to the music of strings, We can sing our praise of our praise of God to the pealing of the organ, But who can sing with God, the song from God?

There was a mighty calling from the pulpit to arouse the multitudes—And the Cold War continued on and on;
There was a stern pronouncement from the academic chair,
And the Cold War continued on and on;
The parliament was producing another program
While the Cold War continued on and on.

Darkies were psalming in the cold waters of the river,
The music and words alike bounced from their throats,
There were no outstanding reporters,
There was no broadcasting to the nations – of the earth,
But the agent of the Casting Director of heaven caught their words,
The heart of the agent picked up their chords,
So that the whole universe was aroused,
And all the unimportant of the cosmos
From the electronic waves to the archangels praised the God
Who had found fitting instruments of salvation—on the earth.

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When shall we cease to send messengers to lands far away

Who have never known the suffering, the crucifixion and the resurrection—of love;

Who have never known the suffering, the crucifixion and the resurrection—of pain.

There are many Dr. Bunche's in the universe of God, There are many rejected people who are close to the heart of Divinity, There are many quite unknown who have heard the Song of God.

On this Christmas even, I heard the Voice of the Voice, And praised my God that the world might be resurrected,

That They Who Have Walked In Deafness Shall Hear A Great Light.