

A PSALM FOR MIDWIVES

Choir 1 You will know
when it is time
to bring to birth
the new creation.

Choir 2 The signs
will be all around you,
urging, insisting:
now is the time.

Choir 1 You have to know
just when to bear down
and concentrate
on one thing only.

Choir 2 It takes labor,
hard, hard labor
to bring forth something new.

All Be Midwife to our dreams, Shaddai.
Make midwives of us all.

Choir 1 You have to know
just when to push
for something that is
worth fighting for.

Choir 2 If you push too soon,
the dream,
so close to fulfillment,
may be stillborn.



Choir 1 You have to know
how hard to push
when something new
is about to happen.

Choir 2 If you push too hard,
you may be too exhausted
or too discouraged
to continue on,
or someone may step in
to stop you,
causing you to abort,

All Be Midwife to our hopes, Shaddai.
Make midwives of us all.

Choir 1 You have to know
how to cut the cord
and how to let go
of what has been;

Choir 2 for what will be
will be different
and it will take some time
to adjust.

Choir 1 You have to know
how to wait
for things to settle
after the dream is born,

Choir 2 and how to handle
the consequences –
clean up the mess
and then move on.

Remembering Exodus

Chapters 3 and 4

All Be Midwife to our freedom, Shaddai.
Make midwives of us all.

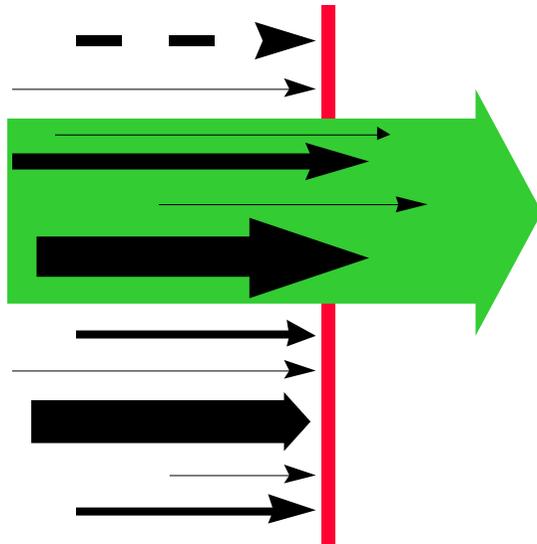
Choir 1 How good it is
to bring to birth,

Choir 2 or to help another
bring to birth.

Choir 1 How good it is
to deliver the dream.

Choir 2 Let us nurture it
to fulfillment.

All Be Midwife to the future, Shaddai.
Make midwives of us all.



SONG: WALK THE EDGES

1. It's lonely on the fringes
No one wants to hear your voice
And no one sees the pain you hold inside
And no one wants to stay around
In case they catch your eye
And see the world that's captured your own fire.

*So who will walk the edges
Push the boundaries all aside?
And who will ask the questions: What? and Why?
Who will dare to cast aside
The sanity of what we hide
And push the edges through the other side?*

2. It's taken years to build up
All the walls that hold us in
The doors and windows hide our feeble pride.
So many inside passages
No time to go outside
No need to know the changes in the tide.
3. But someone keeps on calling
'Can't you hear us when we cry?'
What have we to do to make you see?
We've nothing left to carry on
It's you who have the voice that's strong
If you don't speak then half of us will die.