

# The APOSTLE Fractal



# The ICHABOD Suite

## Hue and Cry

The sojourn is long  
I never knew how far  
Lost in the back woods  
Up to my eyes in the quagmire.

Deep in the valley  
where the bones are dry,  
all my heart can feel are the echoes—  
of my Hue and Cry.

Lost in my own wilderness  
My resolve a slender reed  
Traveling compass less  
reality I do concede-

Of my own choosing,  
I don't deny.  
all my heart can feel are the echoes—  
of my Hue and Cry.

My Hue and Cry has left me wondering,  
when will I stop this wandering.  
It's a human cry  
Will I ever again hear the thundering.

## If I Forget

By the rivers of Babylon we sat and wept  
when we remembered Zion.

There on the poplars we hung our harps,  
for there our captors asked us for songs,  
our tormentors demanded songs of joy;  
they said, "Sing us one of the songs of Zion!"

How can we sing the songs of the LORD while in a foreign land?  
If I forget you, O Jerusalem, may my right hand forget [its skill].  
May my tongue cling to the roof of my mouth  
if I do not remember you,  
if I do not consider Jerusalem my highest joy.

Remember, O LORD,  
what the Edomites did  
on the day Jerusalem fell.  
"Tear it down," they cried,  
"tear it down to its foundations!"

O Daughter of Babylon, doomed to destruction,  
happy is he who repays you for what you have done to us.

Psalm 137:1-8

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## Ichabod

She's gone  
Yet I can see the siege works still  
That day they took the city...  
Bitter-

Once warriors in a Ivory Tower  
Now with bows unstrung  
Lost in a howling wilderness  
unwept, unhonored, and unsung

*How can we sing in a foreign land  
If I forget you, Jerusalem  
May my right hand forget its skill.  
May my voice remain forever still,  
If I don't consider you my highest joy.*

Amid the ruins they came rolling in  
Now driven before the wind  
Like a viper that cannot be charmed  
They jeer at our defense

Is there no balm in Gilead  
no refuge,  
no strength  
Once held close to the breast  
now held at arms length

Awake the sleeping giant-  
The tumult without warning  
Now harps are tuned for mourning.

*How can we sing in a foreign land  
If I forget you, Jerusalem  
May my right hand forget its skill.  
May my voice remain forever still,  
If I don't consider you my highest joy.*

**Don Howatt:** Guitars, Virtual Instruments, Vocals

**Steve Montague:** Bass Guitars, Virtual Instruments

**Nancy Fisher:** Spoken Word

**Caitlin Lopez:** Vocals

**Bethann Westfall:** Background Vocals

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