

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

Scripture quoted by permission. from THE HOLY BIBLE:NEW INTERNATIONAL VERSION (NIV).
Copyright © 1973,1978,1984 by International Bible Society. Used by permission of Zondervan
Publishing House. All rights reserved.

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

Music and Lyrics by Donald K. Howatt

Lyrics © 2012 Earitating Music Publishing

© © 2012 TRI-POWER Records PO Box 1101 Gresham, OR 97080