

LET THE DEAD RISE UP

(Neil Murray)

Producer/musician David Bridie gave me his album "take the next illusionary exit" which included this piece of music. ("Crisco" Bridie /Phillips 1994) The arresting, scope and grandeur of the instrumental track induced me to offer these words.

All the whispered voices
Falling on deaf ears
The long gone sad wailing
Of people who once lived here
Be quiet and listen
They are not gone
You can hear them still
Singing their songs

Humming like a choir
insects draw the air
even the trees they listen
when the divine is here

Beyond the flickering fire
from out of the misty glen
over plains and billabongs
they stride chanting hymns
of every special place
the first song there ever was
given from the land
the primal source

Let the dead rise up
Let them speak again
let them tell of this place
on their breath the wind
in every corner of land and sea
Beneath every rock,
in every tree

Let the dead rise up
Let their songs be heard
Ringing in the throat
of a tremulous bird
beating in the rain
on a thirsty earth

Let the dead rise up
Let their clap stick strike
-a lightening flash
and the world was born
command our attention

for we have been warned
let them admonish us now
for having strayed I
let them teach us
to restore our grace,
and dwell deeply in a healing place

Let the dead rise up
and compel us weeping
To behold the blinding beauty
The love that lies sleeping
the fountain of miracles
the holy ghost
the radiant vision
the sacred host
the river of dreams
the loss that bled the most

Let us rejoice
Let us make good our word
Offer ourselves up
To the forgiving earth,
It's not too late
It never is
For the humble soul
To ask for it

Let the dead rise up
Let them lead us on
Let them stride ahead
We'll follow them strong
We'll always follow
To that place
That special place
We hopelessly await
let them lead us
lead us always i
n the firmament above
on the blessed earth below
all creatures attentive
to this we know