

# *All shall be well*

## *The song lyrics*

*Simon Parke*

# *This England*

*Sung by Julian and Stan*

I love this England though it hurts me

I love this city though it cries

Cathedral spire it gives us hope beneath the darkening skies

The plague it plagues us, bishops rage

But bluebells grow here, they cheer my day

Apothecary mends us well - and prayer to God, they say

Chorus: I love this England, though it hurts me

I love this city how it shines

The market hums, we're European here, sir

We give them wool, they give us cheese and Flemish wine

That Mr Chaucer, he tells his tales

He writes in English – would you believe!

*Stan:* And excrement flows freely through the streets - it's hard to breathe!

*Stan:* Those kings and lords hold *all* the power

Not so attuned to poor men's cries

*Julian:* The harbour lights they guide us home beneath the darkening skies

That Mr Chaucer tells his tales,

He writes in English, would you believe

*Stan:* And excrement flows right through the streets, it's a mystery how we breathe

# Pardoner/Relic seller face-off

P: This is the pardoner's tale, humbly offered up for you (R: Hugh?)

So tireless in my work, I do what even God can't do

For God he rages daily and hates the human kind

While I seek out the troubled soul and try to ease their mind

The Pardoner brings pardon, you'll find us very nice

I offer sweet forgiveness - but only at a price

I scribble on my vellum and you walk free as air!

Freed also of your money, in which I humbly share

R: Welcome to Rick's relics stall and thank God I'm 'ere

This Norwich boy as welcome as duck-fat, bread and beer

The trouble with the faith thing - and no offence is meant

You can neither see nor touch it - which is why I'm heaven sent

St Agatha's thigh, St Agatha's thigh!

Oh me oh my, St Agatha's thigh!

It's for those who sigh, St Agatha's thigh

You'll want a relic, matey, a relic you can feel

Jacob's sweaty jock-strap, St Peter's holy heel

A thorn from Christ's cruel crown – but no need to feel a P: Rick!..

Begone with you, and take your tat, or feel my whipping R: Stick -

It where the sun don't shine, indulgences don't work!

Trust the thigh of blessed Agatha, don't listen to that P: Jerk -

The sin from your conscience, heave it up into the light

Your guilt is like a ghastly snake – R: The pardoner's full of P: Shite –

Out loud how good you feel! How the pardoner's your best bloke

How the relic seller's breath kills dogs; his prices make you choke

R: St Agatha's thigh, St Agatha's thigh!

Oh me oh my, St Agatha's thigh!

It's for those who sigh, St Agatha's P: Thy -

Way is not easy, Lord, we're screwed at every turn

Without my kind indulgences, I so fear they'll all burn

But the Lord and I forgive! We ease the common pain

And once your coins are in my bag, you can begin R: A gain -

Not loss but gain, my friend, with a relic you can feel

P: This is the pardoner's tale, offered up for you

R: Some wood from Jesus' manger and honest-to-God it's real

P: It's really work that even God can't do

R: And wrapped in a cloth which you could carry on a stick

P: You make me sick you're such .....

R: A thorn from Christ's cruel crown – but no need to feel a

*(Shouted by both, turning to each other) Prick!*

# One Day

*John Ball sings*

Have you heard that one day

Sweet river of justice, she'll flow again

The hungry will never go hungry

There's going to be such laughter down our lanes

Have you heard that one day

The eyes of all the blind shall see the dawn

Plagued bodies healed and whole again

The serfs are free, a new world born

Hook, line and sinker; they'll struggle and fight

They'll make a splash and a rattle will the Council of Fools

But hook, line and sinker, their time has run out

One day we'll have hearts and not rules

Have you heard that one day

The cheats will all be throttled by their lies

The rich lie strangled by their money

There's going to be some cutting down to size

Have you heard that one day

It won't be like it's ever been before

The king will give his throne for fire wood

The lords' fine robes, they warm the poor

## *There's just the kiss*

*Julian sings*

You are surprising revelation, a singing in the rain

A May the 8<sup>th</sup> arrival, the breaking of a chain

You are an overwhelming feeling, a sight of so much more

A longing loved inside me, this sudden open door

Chorus: And my God, you were done to me, no invitation here

A many-coloured telling, every season of the year

My defences torn and crumbled, melting everything I've heard

Such mercy from above, making good this big absurd

Between abandonment and bliss – there's just the kiss

You made your cross the doorway, as my life, it faded fast,

The priest says to my mother, 'She has not long to last'

I remember childhood prayers that I should suffer and I should scream

I knew not what I asked, so fear – when God gives you your dreams.

Chorus: And my God, you were done to me; done, dusted, signed and sealed

A strange disturbing telling of what is, and is not, real

I'm on my knees and begging, so broken yet so pleased

I'm on my knees not knowing, since you were done to me

Between abandonment and bliss – there's just the kiss

# *No wrath*

*Julian sings*

In you, my dear Lord Bishop – I find a sea of rage

A choppy wash in which good people drown

The breaking waves break everything, leave bodies on the shore

Your rage, sir, has an undertow that drags God's children down

Yet I laugh mightily and noisily, my giggle grows and grows

My laughter quells cathedral bell and hurts from head to toe

I roar mightily and merrily, our courteous God quite free

Of all the hate and violence in the hearts of you and me

This prayer of laughter – coming over me

For God, my dear Lord Bishop – she has no rage at all

There is no wrath or judgement to bring shame

If God's a sea, the water's kind, he carries sailors home

No rage, sir, can I find in God, no hint or trace of blame

So I laugh mightily and noisily, my giggle grows and grows

My laughter quells cathedral bell and hurts from head to toe

I roar mightily and merrily, our courteous God quite free

Of all the hate and violence in the hearts of you and me

This prayer of laughter – coming over me

# *My most unlikely throne*

*Julian sings*

Stone by stone, they brick me in; they close me to the sky  
To dewy grass and winter sun and I know you'll ask me why  
Outside they sing a funeral tune, this cell declared my tomb  
My mother weeps, my friends aghast, 'You end your life too soon'

But all I know is 'It must be', though what must be who knows?  
They tell me I must think again, 'It's an awful door you close'  
But here I'm safe, no judging eyes, no angry voice chants blame  
Here I'll write of things untold and bring an end to shame

C: This cell is heaven, though true, it could be hell  
Will I go mad or find that all's quite well?  
I have to be here, sealed in stone by stone  
A place to breathe – my most unlikely throne

So I become an anchoress, one anchored to a place  
And folk can come and see me; but I'll not leave this space  
The world can go but I'll remain, constrained by stone and clay  
But free in God's own joy shown clear to me, the 8<sup>th</sup> of May

## *John Ball's lament*

I stand now before you at the end of the chase

Only noose and rough knife await me

We were promised fair play, we heard the king say

'I will hear you – and change will occur!' *Hah!*

When the peasants cry 'Foul', they don't stand a chance

The king more concerned with his palace

With conquest and tax, with the wine in his racks

We're a long way from Eden today. *Hah!*

For when Adam dug and Eve she span

Who was then a gentleman?

Where in the garden was bishop or king?

God's sweet green Eden knew no such thing

Who then was the serf? Who close to the crown?

Who paraded in fur and soft velvet gown?

For when Adam dug and Eve she span

Who then on earth was a gentleman?

An Englishman I, but I cry for the realm

Grace walks with a limp through our land

We ask for what's fair, this land and wealth shared

We are equal! – yet these words a crime

# *No answer*

*Julian sings*

Well, who am I to question, Lord, but question you I must

I lose my child, I see you not; it quite wears out my trust

'I've made well the greatest harm,' God says, 'tired Adam hugged and held

And what I've done I'll do again - I will make all things well.'

I say to God 'The words are fine, you promise some great deed

But those of us who live here now are near destroyed by need

He smiles at me, so meekly faced, and with the eyes of love

Says 'Know the pain you feel below is also felt above.'

But I can't hear the comfort of these words, they slide away

My mind attacks and chases them, just anger in this day

You say a glorious secret, Lord, will show why all's been done

But I would know the secret now, not all that is to come

I'm here tonight to question God, my loss it leaves me cold

I try to scream, there is no sound - no warmth or hope enfold

I hear no answer in the wind, no answer in these stones

No answer in this careless night, no answer in my bones

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# *The Fiend*

*This song is sung during a physical struggle between Julian and her assailant. It features the voices of Julian, Stan, Pardoner and Relic seller.*

J: No comfort here in sealed cell, I shall be overcome

Torment arrives and where's my God?

S: Your God is on the run

Who knows his whereabouts these days? He leaves you to your fears

Some monster from your past attacks

J: The fiend, he's gross, he leers

*(Unhelpful, from the side lines)*

P: The Pardoner brings pardon, you'll find us very nice

I offer sweet forgiveness - but only at a price

R: St Agatha's thigh, St Agatha's thigh!

Oh me oh my, St Agatha's thigh!

It's for those who sigh, St Agatha's thigh

J: Well, who am I to question, Lord? But question you I must

I lose my sense, I see you not

S: It can wear out the trust

J: But all I know is 'It must be' S: Though what must be who knows?

It may be time to think again

Alone you take these blows

J: So I become an anchoress, one anchored to a place

R: Those pretty days are gone my girl!

I see your haggard face

P: The Pardoner brings pardon, you'll find us very nice

I offer sweet forgiveness - but only at a price

R: St Agatha's thigh, St Agatha's thigh!

Oh me oh my, St Agatha's thigh!

It's for those who sigh, St Agatha's thigh

J: Don't strangle me, you red-skinned rogue

I feel your spit, your phlegm

S: When Adam dug and Eve she span

Who was then the gentleman?

Exchange your dreams for something real

No paradise, no bliss

Between abandonment and death

There's only shit and piss

# *You shall not be overcome*

*God sings*

I hope you find me courteous; I gaze on you with awe  
But you wonder at the suffering that comes knocking on your door  
So hear, my child, what I did not say; what I never claimed for you  
So many things I did not speak - so hear well what is true

I never said that torment would not arrive, loud, at your place  
I neither said you'd weary not, exhausted by the pace  
I never said distress would pass you by, your dear life shun,  
But I did say, please remember well, 'you shall not be overcome'

You imagine woe is punishment, you think I've left your heart  
But in your cold and lonely cell, we have never been apart  
Between us, my dear darling, there is no in-between  
My homely love, no barrier here, I'll mend your broken scream

## *Tread Quietly*

*Julian sings*

Tread quietly on the stairway

The house is still, the hush so cruel to hear

Empty cot, no child's cry – what am I to do?

An awful thief has been here

And now I hardly see you

Time takes away your face; your eyes, I lose their sight

The ache, it stays forever, yes I know

And that hardly makes it easier

The day that you were taken

Everything so smashed and sore

Wandering the streets, I walked them endlessly

Tears reached the farthest star, dear

And so it was a vision came

From body gross, I saw a child, she flew

All lily-white and lovely, how she rose!

She glided swift to heaven

Tread quietly on the stairway

I've had to cry and let you go, my dear

Let you go and love you so, yes I do

And I find it's getting easier...it's somehow getting easier

## *Made, loved, kept*

*Julian sings*

It's night time when I find the nut, this restless city sleeps

The harbour's quiet, the rigging still, for now, the silence deep

I hold the nut in candlelight and see a growing thing

I seem to hold the whole world here, and sense the angels sing

C: 'Three delights we share with you, three joys we now declare to you

The nut you hold has heaven in its form

This world is made, this world is loved, this world securely kept!

I wept the night a nut became the world

The city dreams, the bell strikes two, the witching hour for many

I irritate myself with thoughts; they're not worth a traveller's penny

I hold the nut in candle light, good cheer all packed and gone

But shift inside me, sudden change, when I hear the angel song

# *Love is his meaning*

*Julian sings*

Have you ever wished the meaning to be plain?

Have you ever tried to understand the 'why' of all that is?

I tell you now, sealed in my cell, I oft' desired to know this well

The motion and the meaning of it all

Have you ever wished to understand the times?

Have you ever tried to see the golden thread through life's strange course?

I tell you now, sealed in my cell, I oft' desired to know this well

The motion and the meaning of it all

And there and then, no count to ten, I saw the meaning clear

Ask who showed it? And I say love

Ask what they showed? And I say love

Ask why they showed? For love's sake, yes!

Dear love's the meaning - the meaning of it all

I saw God in a point, all flows from there

He lives in all and does all things, holds everything secure

I know it now, sealed in my cell, I've seen enough to know this well

The meaning of it all is love unknown

# *All shall be well*

*Shortly before her death, Julian offers a final blessing*

And now the day is done, we'll let it be

And if the birds have sung, we'll let them rest

And as darkness draws a veil over all that's been and all we've seen

Let the coverlet of sleep be wrapped around you – all shall be well

And now the day is done, we'll let it be

As the sun sinks low, no need to cry

If your clothes are torn, dust-laden, and the battle scars seem all that are

And the traveller's bag is empty of supplies – all shall be well

All shall be well, and all shall be well

And all manner of things, see this unfolding - they shall be well

As the old day dies, we let it be

If night terrors rise, we'll grin and wink

Like the flower closed at twilight, no shame to spoil you, no fear to foil you

The flower is quite renewed by morning light – all shall be well

And now the day is done, we'll let it be

And if the birds have sung, we'll let them rest

And as darkness draws a veil over all that's been and all we've seen

Let the coverlet of sleep be wrapped around you – all shall be well