

Weeping No More

Words by Margaret Morgan

This is no weeping time

It is a marriage day with us
And a marriage day with the text,
The desire of the church and her children
Met both so happily together.

Let us bring together the day
And the work of the day and read
Some happy correspondence in our lives
Between Love and its shewing forth.

For this is Epiphany time
When Christ manifested Himself,
Made His glory known to the world
In three great epiphaneia.

We remember the star in the East
And the gentile journey of the Magi.
We remember the Temple and the Boy
Who sat with the Jewish elders.

We salute his new recruits
On a marriage day in Cana
When water turned to wine
And His disciples believed on him.

There was a marriage in Cana.
For albeit the single life
Be a thing more angelical
Yet the goodly complement

Of men on earth and saints above
Rests upon marriage, that knot
Which God alone can tie, the knot
Once tied, insoluble.

There was a marriage in Cana
And came Christ to it, came Christ
To work a miracle, to confirm
What John Baptist had said of Him.

No doubt but the people wondered
What manner of person Jesus should be.
But a wonder lasts not long.
All too soon custom benumbs us,

Lovers turn friend then irritant.
Desire achieved turns to irrelevance
And drives us into deserts of our own
Where demons laugh at us.

But this is no weeping time.
It is a time of joy, a time
For building, for living, a time
For generation and for welcome guests.

Clandestine and stolen marriages
Were ever odious to God and man.
Let there be many see hear pour solemn vows,
To pray, to help, to chide forgetfulness

Here first was the Mother of Jesus,
Honoured by God and angels.
For Venus invite the Virgin,
And for Bacchus invite we Christ.

Or forsooth al our thoughts
Must be taken up with pleasure
And the jollity we come to expect;
And the honour and the worship
And the wallowing in wealth.
A good match commands much respect.

We are like ships, saith Solomon.
Oh, we are ships indeed.
Without gravity to pilot
We fly up and down light-headed.
Now we love, now we hate

We go by tides and all our goodness
Takes us by fits, like a good day
In the middle of recurring fever
Let us bid Mary and Jesus to the match

Or bewail the days of our marriage.
For we are like them that risk themselves at sea,
Venture their estate, venture their peace,
Venture their liberty, venture their very soul.

We leave the comfort of our family home
For a world where danger dogs delight, a world
Where terror lies beneath our feet.
For lovers are afloat in a sea of strangers,

He sweats with weariness abroad and she
Bears children, wears out herself with worry,
Gaining a kind of comfort until age
lodges complaints and children leave the home.

And it is the time for wind
To break the loosened pane
And shake the wainscot
Where the field mouse trots.

So we ask the best guests. There is no
Better company than Christ, no marriage
Longer than our marriage to the Lamb
In a life that never fails.

Ask the right guests that a fruitful vine
Shall grow upon the tops of our house
And our children stand like olive branches
Round about our table. This is happiness,

A happiness we wish from
This day forward shall befall you
As it hath done others
Of your stock before you.