

Dominion Of Love

(This single track 10:00 demo was originally uploaded on February 9, 2005)

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DOMINION OF LOVE

High seas claim our hearts tonight
The Crescent Moon is shining bright
White waves crash hard against the bow
We count the stars and feel a city move
I've got no more love to prove
Still I will take this sacred vow

Wave goodbye to Jerusalem
Our future lies over sunset's rim
There can be no turning back now
Cathedral spires will rise up and kiss the sky
For this romance that can never die

So let these wet sheets swaddle our pain
Tomorrow's sun will dry the rain

This Mutiny's between You and I
We'll rewrite the Priesthood's Lie
If we can survive this wine-dark rage
Soon after Solomon's Second Temple falls
Leaving just one Wailing Wall
They'll see that God's Plan has flown their cage
So throw your Seventh Veil to the wind
Wear your Wedding Dress again
Let our Courtship Dance dawn the New Age
All I ask is that you pledge your True Love
Give me your Marriage Hand
Come touch my boyhood face, Twilight Woman
Make me a Many-Coloured Man

Round and round
Feel a blue abyss thrust under me
Bottomless mystery
We could drown
Within this ancient swirling sea
Love-potion misery
Counting down
We'll hold the climax to eternity
For all to see
Steering by the Pole Star
See the Two Wagons turn
Our compass spins wildly through this tempest we churn
Nightwinds cool the northsky
With borealis in flight
We conceive our first born under an enigmatic light

When it began in Galilee
I thought I could set their minds free
Heaven's Light was just around the bend
I wanted to wake them from their sleep
Teach them how to take the leap
Make fresh beginnings from a dying end
"Learn of the past but look ahead," I said
"Leaven your lives with my daily bread
Take eat: these words are your best friend"
But then the Sanhedrin claimed that I was Satan's Tool
A Blasphemer riding Zechariah's Mule
"Woe to the Shepherd who misleads our Flock," they warned
"Beware this Prophet who would Roll the Rock"

Near David's City I recall
The Garden where I took the Fall
Your sad song sang deep inside of me
I walked among the lilies there
Dreaming of your face so fair
Then I sat beneath an olive tree
And that's when I first realized
It was you, not me, the priests despised
For your work was raising women's needs
So when you led me from that Hell-Harrowing Tomb
I knew that *WE* must be the Next Ministry
Someday it will come to pass in our Western Paradise
A place where Truth can reign in peace

When we arrive I'll blow a Ram's Horn to the East
For the Greatest and the Least
A Beacon Call
An invitation for all them all
To come join our New World Feast
We'll resurrect a Heavenly Kingdom with that sound
The Far Country found
Deer will browse through the Garden
Our boy will play on the beach
His mind gently branching from the wisdom that we teach
July's Sun will blaze down till the Spring Corn is sweet
Then we'll harvest Summer's Song in our bleached hair and bare feet

I've followed the Guiding Flight of Three Wild Geese
Sailing Westward in search of God's Peace
I left with the Promise of Returning One Day
But the Love of Freedom got in my way
So in the True Spirit of that Otherworld Call
I'm Bearing New Knowledge for the Progress of All
Opening my Mind with Treasure to Share
Of a Golden Age Coming that's Just and Fair
The Culture I'm Bringing is a World Jubilee
A whole 'nother page of Human History
We'll Rule the Planet with Science and Art
And no World Wars will drive us apart
An End to the Tyranny, an End to the Lies
An End to Illiteracy and Starvation Cries
By Balancing Power between Women and Men
A Mutual Adventure begins again
Carrying our Paradigm to all of the Earth

In Hopes of Inspiring a Creative Rebirth
We'll Christen the Coming
An Aquarian Way
A Dominion of Love that's Here To Stay



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Here, excerpted from a transcript of the *Thurlow Lieurance Musicologist Quarterly's* Spring 2007 Podcast, is my summary of this song's unusual origins: "*Dominion Of Love* is a poem that my great grandfather Japheth "Boston Jack" Kern wrote for his marriage ceremony on July 20, 1851, reciting it for bride-to-be Jenny Fitzgerald, a budding suffragette poet and Wesleyan spiritualist from Seneca Falls, New York (see p. 39 of Veritas Caput's [Book Of Life](#)) on a ridgetop overlooking Lake Superior near the old mining hamlet (and now virtual ghost town) of Copper Falls, Michigan. I suppose there is enough theological heresy in Japheth's poem to offend any number of Christian, Jewish or Muslim sects on the planet then or now, but it was actually a brief provocative procreative "creation myth" verse near the poem's center which brought out an involuntary audience response of gasps, hoots and titters. And Japheth wasn't above adapting his wedding nuptials poem years later as a way to promote passage of what eventually became the [1862 Homestead Act](#) (which President Kennedy called, during a 1962 commemoration of its centennial, "the single greatest stimulus to national development ever enacted"). At some point, he even submitted his poem to New York City's *Democratic Review* (partly in response to a preposterous October 1859 editorial [What Can Be Done With The Mormons?](#)), but by then John L. O'Sullivan's former literary magazine was in the process of folding and *Dominion Of Love* came back to Copper Falls unopened. Japheth wasn't a Mormon though as some of the verses may suggest, but rather a peculiar messianic hybrid of Cornish Methodist, New England Transcendentalist and Stukeleyan Druid. It's possible he may have also been inspired by

the so-called 'Christ Tablets' being unearthed around then by Fathers' Soper and Savage in various lower Michigan locales. Originally placed in storage at Notre Dame, the clay plate 'Soper-Savage Collection' is now warehoused at the Mormon Archives in Salt Lake City. After nearly 50 years of family tranquility, Japheth and Jenny's youngest child, my grandfather Jefferson, inexplicably resurrected *Dominion Of Love* to help lobby for passage of the Forest Homestead Act by placing the poem as an Epilogue to his ill-fated *The Gospel According To Will*. Jefferson Trelore Kern's first and only play, suggested at the time by some to be Shakespeare's lost last tragicomedy, was performed but once to serious audience uproar and subsequent scandal at an April 18th, 1906 Wednesday matinee on the celebrated stage of the Calumet Theatre. Well, now a whole century has since passed and here I am carrying on this controversial family tradition by uploading a musical version of "Boston Jack's" poem, sans Cornish brogue and archaic spellings, all of which gives me an increasing sense of déjà vu vertigo all over again, all over again..."

Christus aeternus verus propheta ab initio mundi per saeculum currens



My Cornish Grandmother Elizabeth with her first “Wheel” in mid-1890s Lake Linden, Michigan, a bicycle which will soon play an important though yet to be revealed role in Japheth Kern’s 1905 construction of “Tintagel”: a Queen Anne mansion his son Jefferson would later call “The House That Jack Built” (see p. 43 of [Book Of Life](#)).