

SMMMHDH

*“No matter where you go to Mass on Sunday in the United States, it’s difficult to escape the music of Marty Haugen and David Haas. I for one am sick and tired of hearing their banal ditties everywhere, and in desperation I have founded this **Society for a Moratorium on the Music of Marty Haugen and David Haas, or SMMMHDH for short....”***

The above quote is from the website: “Society for a Moratorium on the Music of Marty Haugen and David Haas.”

Marty Haugen is familiar to many Lutherans. He was Lutheran before he became Catholic, and he has more hymns in the ELCA’s new hymnal, *Evangelical Lutheran Worship*, than any other hymn writer!

Many people have joined the SMMMHDH – not just Catholics but Anglicans and Lutherans. In April 2007, however, the webmaster had to declare a moratorium on the moratorium because it was too much work keeping up with the large membership, many comments, and numerous parodies.

The site is still up, with lots of comments and parodies to cheer the hearts of those who gag and grit their teeth when Marty Haugen hymns are sung. Here are some parodies from the site:

Gather Us In

Gather us in, the rich and the famous,
gather us in, the poor and obscure,
gather us in, the slightly eccentric
and all the late-comers out there by the door.

Gather us in, the handsome and homely,
gather us in from near and from far,
and don’t forget the man in the Buick
who dropped off his wife and is parking the car.

Gather us in, the Packers and Bears fans,
gather us in, who do not like sports,
gather us in from every direction,
but keep out the flip-flops and tank tops and shorts.

Gather Us In

Here in this church the choir is droning;
“Gather Us In” is our entrance song.
Chanted this slow, it sounds more like groaning;
I notice no one is singing along.
“Gather Us In” is sung every Sunday;
“Gather Us In” is sung every Mass.
Give us a break and sing something different,
“Gather Us In” gets old really fast.

Haugen’s “Worship Space” (after *All Are Welcome*)

Let us write a song about ourselves
That makes us feel OK
Let it rattle in our heads as well
The remainder of the day
Built of tuneless, trite confection
On the ashes of good taste
Here it’s spreading like a vile infection
No more organs, no more chanting
Here in Haugen’s “worship space.”

Let us build a plain hall of concrete
Find priests who make us laugh
We will sing a song of wine and wheat
And then disperse like chaff
Let us leave for our descendents
A liturgical disgrace
And ignore our dwindling attendance
No real answers, bring some dancers
Here in Haugen’s “worship space.”

Here I am, Birds (after Dan Shutte’s *Here I Am, Lord*)

I the bird of speech and song,
I have slept the whole night long,
With my piercing voice so strong, your sleep I’ll end.
Bring me seed and pellet now.
If you don’t I’ll have a cow.
Bring it now, I don’t care how.
Whom shall you send?
Here I am, bird, it is I, bird.
I have heard your chirping and your tweet.
When you scream, birds, I will hear you,
And I’ll bring you yummy things to eat.

Gather Us In

Here in this place, a bad song is starting,
Now will the altar turn into a stage
All that is holy is slowly departing,
Making a way for the coming New Age.
Gather us in, though we are like captives.
But to miss Mass on Sunday, that would be wrong.
But Lord hear our plea, regarding M. Haugen;
Give him the courage to put down that bong.
Dear Father Smith make a beeline procession,
Run if you have to, make it real terse.
If you can start this Mass very quickly,
Maybe we’ll only have to sing but one verse.
O Dear Lord Jesus, You are the Savior
We’ve promised to follow, whatever the cost.
But we didn’t know this song had been written:
Would you terribly mind if we came off our cross?