



## NEW YEAR CELEBRATION CONCERT 2 January 2022

7-pm (UK time) by Zoom.  
(Room opens at 6.50)

### Programme

Jenny Vickers:

*We do not own the world — Advice 42*

Tony Biggin & Alec Davison: *Truth's a Seed*

Majk Stokes: *The bear of bad news*

Stephanie Irvine: *Storytellers*

Susan Hope: *fiddle solo.*

Susan Stark: *Live up to the Light*

*Interval: QAN film*

John Lampen: *The beauty that you love*

Rick Jerram: *Put me on the train to Slowville*

Mig Kerr: *I breathe in and A Rumi song*

Eden Thomas: *A Quaker Song*

Sally Beamish: *In the stillness*

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We do not own the world, and its riches are not ours to dispose of at will. Show a loving consideration for all creatures, and seek to maintain the beauty and variety of the world. Work to ensure that our increasing power over nature is used responsibly, with reverence for life. Rejoice in the splendour of God's continuing creation.

*Words: Advices & Queries 42*

*Music: Jenny Vickers ©*

#### TRUTH'S A SEED

Truth's a seed but not a pearl,  
Truth is a way, not destination;  
Longs to be free, to grow, unfurl,  
Breaking from creed to new creation.  
Truth is a seed — Speaks to our need.

Truth's in leaven not in laws,  
Truth is the change to new perceiving —  
Journey through seven secret doors,  
Found in the strange and pain of grieving.  
Truth is a seed — Speaks to our need.

Truth's awakening from sleep,  
Freed from the fact of seeing blindness;  
Truth's when we take the hidden leap  
Found in the act of love and kindness.  
Truth is a seed — Speaks to our need.

*Words: Alec Davison Music: Tony Biggin*

#### THE BEAR OF BAD NEWS

Winnie-the-Pooh  
Has got some bad news  
About the situation  
He fears for the bees  
And all the old trees  
With all the deforestation  
He says it's all pretty strange

What with climate change  
And environmental degradation  
So listen to him  
He says it's all getting grim  
And it's causing him constipation

He says,  
When will you learn that you can't eat money?  
Without all the bees we won't have any honey  
I've really got to tell you that it doesn't look good  
And where can a bear shit if there aren't any woods?

Paddington Bear  
Has a message to share  
From his family in darkest Peru  
We've not left them much room  
Now it's all doom and gloom  
When you hear what they're all going through  
There's hardly any trees left  
Now he's feeling bereft  
And he doesn't know what to do  
He says he would if he could  
Go and shit in the woods  
But now he needs to find a public loo

He says,  
What'll you do with all the mess that you've made?  
Without all the trees we won't have marmalade  
I've really got to tell you that it doesn't look good  
And where can a bear shit if there aren't any woods?

You're churning out pollution and all sorts of crap  
You're warming up the oceans and melting polar ice caps  
I've really got to tell you that it doesn't look nice  
And where can a polar bear go when there isn't any ice?

So have a care  
When you see a bear  
Don't just walk past him in the zoo  
He says it might well be  
Too late for me  
Don't let it get too late for you  
Now I've got the blues  
And I hate to be the bear of bad news

And what'll you do about all the pollution?  
Think about your planet and find a solution  
I've really got to tell you that it doesn't look good  
And where can a bear shit if there aren't any woods?

*Lyrics and music: Majk Stokes ©*

## **STORYTELLERS**

Something's going on  
The wind sounds foreign and strange  
It greets the wide empty morning  
With the voice of a thousand lands  
And it's the job of the storytellers  
To wake and examine the day  
And the songs they'll shake  
Through the walls as we wake  
And we'll catch them on the way

I've been watching the birds  
Now summer's here they collect on our doorstep  
There's dust on their feet  
They bring soil from the west and sand from the east  
And it's the job of the storytellers  
To wake and examine the day  
And the songs they'll shake  
Through the walls as we wake  
And we'll catch them on the way

Come and look at the stars  
How ambivalent and oblivious they are  
That we've drawn these lines between them  
And we've echoed their shapes beneath them  
And it's the job of the storytellers  
To wake and examine the day  
And the songs they'll shake  
Through the walls as we wake  
And we'll catch them on the way

There'll be days when words seem frozen  
And notes are stuck in the ground like bulbs  
But we'll paint with winter's colours  
And we'll try to shed light on each other  
It's the job of the storytellers  
To wake and examine the day  
And the songs they'll shake  
Through the walls as we wake  
And we'll catch them on the way

*Lyrics and music by Stephanie Irvine ©*

## LIVE UP TO THE LIGHT

The first gleam of light, the cold light of morning,  
Held a promise of day with its noontide glory;  
It dawned on me as I mused on my state in great sadness.  
The words that came to my spirit,  
How true and how clearly they rang:

“Live up to the Light, the Light that thou hast;  
Live up to the Truth, and remember my child  
You are never alone, no never;  
O live up to the Light that thou hast  
And more will be granted thee, will be granted thee,  
O live up to the Light that thou hast.”

I do not regret the troubles and doubts  
Which I have journeyed through;  
They keep teaching me patience and humble devotion.  
Forget not in darkness what in the Light  
Ye knew to be the Truth,

“Live up to the Light, the Light that thou hast;  
Live up to the Truth, and remember my child  
You are never alone, no never;  
O live up to the Light that thou hast  
And more will be granted thee, will be granted thee,  
O live up to the Light that thou hast.”

Dear Lord, we pray, “Increase our faith,  
And keep us in your love and light.  
Faith is but our gift from thee—  
O hear our prayer.”  
O Thou who art closer than breath to us,  
Hold us secure lest we fall—

“Live up to the Light, the Light that thou hast;  
Live up to the Truth, and remember my child  
You are never alone, no never;  
O live up to the Light that thou hast  
And more will be granted thee, will be granted thee,  
O live up to the Light that thou hast.”

*Lyrics and music: Susan Stark*

*(This song is based on the words of Caroline Fox, QF&P 26.04.)*

## THE BEAUTY THAT YOU LOVE

When you see the young man begging in the gutter,  
and you find that you condemn him in your mind,  
thinking he could work as well as you or better,  
and there isn't any point in being kind—

*Let the beauty that you love be what you do.*

When your head is crowded with reproachful voices  
that the necessary tasks are not being done,  
since you cannot make the necessary choices  
and you don't remember where your life has gone—

*Let the beauty that you love be what you do.*

When you find the church is full but God is missing,  
and your heart is feeling heavier than lead;  
when you don't believe the words that you are singing  
and you wonder where your hope and faith have fled—

*Let the beauty that you love be what you do.*

When the eyes you love are filled with hate and anger  
and you hear your own replies with guilt and shame;  
when it's far far worse than living with a stranger,  
and you ask how tenderness has turned to blame—

*Let the beauty that you love be what you do.*

*Lyrics and music: John Lampen ©*

*(The refrain is quoted from the 14<sup>th</sup> century Sufi poet Rumi.)*

## **SLOWVILLE**

Put me on the train to Slowville  
I long to go and I know the reason why  
No, I'm not living in the past  
But this world of yours it spins too fast  
And I always seem to come in last  
Except in Slowville

Won't you meet with me in Slowville  
We'll have some conversation, you and I  
We'll sit and watch the river run  
Take things slow and one by one  
And get all we need to done  
When we're in Slowville

Don't drive so fast: you'll miss the turn to Slowville  
See, you've left your spirit way behind  
Driven by the things we lack  
We'll have to stop and face some facts  
We're going to have a long walk back  
To get to Slowville.

The day may come we all must live in Slowville  
When the gas is gone and the oceans on the rise  
Can we show we truly care  
About this earth that we all share  
Or shall we leave it picked quite bare  
This side of Slowville?

So come listen for the train to Slowville  
Let's try to cultivate that state of mind  
If we can learn to live aligned  
With reverent hearts but open minds  
And patience too, we may just find  
Ourselves in Slowville

So I'm listening for the train for Slowville  
I'm trying to cultivate that state of mind  
The train to Slowville is coming down the line  
The train to Slowville will be here by and by

*Lyrics and music: Rick Anthony Jerram ©*

## **NATURAL VOICE NETWORK**

I breathe in and I breathe out, and my breath is life.

*Words and music: Mig Kerr ©*

Out beyond ideas of wrong doing and right doing there is a field. I'll meet you there. When the soul lies down in that grass, the world's too full to talk about.

*Words by Rumi                      Music: Mig Kerr ©*

## **A QUAKER'S SONG**

Are you there in the hand that offers pain or healing  
Are you there in a hot dry wind over sand where once were farms?  
In a tired mother's eyes, a stare that hides all feeling,  
Watching her child grow stronger or dying in her arms?

Let winds of trade blow down the walls,  
And cool rains fall again,  
Each little girl grow proud and tall  
And small boys become men.

Are you there in the heart of the one who pulls a trigger?  
With the generals who always lose no matter how they try?  
Are you there inside the terrorist who shows no fear nor flicker  
Of remorse as he explodes, causing innocents to die.

Lord, let the battlefields grow silent  
And in our foes see you.  
Let our armies all march home again,  
Then let's try – what love can do.

May my confusion become simple words  
As I wait here in the quiet.  
Lead me from my darkness Lord  
And hold me - in your light.

*Lyrics and music by Eden Thomas ©*

## IN THE STILLNESS

In the stillness of a church  
Where candles glow,  
In the softness of a fall  
Of fresh white snow,  
In the brightness of the stars  
That shine this night,  
In the calmness of a pool  
Of healing light,  
In the clearness of a choir  
That softly sings,  
In the oneness of a hush  
Of angels' wings,  
In the mildness of a night  
By stable bare,  
In the quietness of a lull  
Near cradle fair,  
There's a patience as we wait  
For a new morn,  
And the presence of a child  
Soon to be born.

*Poem: Katrina Shepherd ©*

*Music: Sally Beamish ©*

## QUAKER ARTS NETWORK

The Quaker Arts Network is a group of Quakers with interest in the arts (broadly defined), run on a voluntary basis. While many of us are practising artists, musicians, writers etc, others may have interest in the use of the arts for spiritual expression, nurture, healing, Quaker outreach or simply pleasure.

We aim:

\* *To develop and nurture a community of Friends interested in the arts.*

\* *To provide a place for Quakers to share insights about the arts and spirituality.*

\* *To explore the expression of Quakerism through the arts, including visual, musical words- based, performance and other art forms.*

\* *To encourage, publicise and support the use of arts for Quaker outreach, spiritual growth and witness.*

All those in sympathy with our AIMS are welcome to join the network; we have members across the world

To **contact** us or join our mailing list, please email us at : [quakerartsuk@gmail.com](mailto:quakerartsuk@gmail.com)

Please post **events** in keeping with our aims directly on the [EVENTS](#) page of the website, using the *Submit a new event form* and making sure that you include all the information needed by people who might want to attend, including a website and/or contact details. This information will be moderated so there may sometimes be a delay before they appear. <http://quakerarts.net/events/>

**@QuakerArts** Please use our [Facebook page](#) and Facebook group to share pictures and news of relevant arts projects, events, ideas, proposals, publications, and support QAN by liking and sharing the page and particular items.

**VOLUNTEERING** We would welcome offers of to organise future events or to help with administrative tasks.

QAN is run by a small group of volunteers. If you're interested in getting more involved do drop us a line and let us know a bit about yourself and what you'd be interested in. At the moment we are particularly seeking people willing to help organise and run online events, and to help with sales of cards and booklets for the **Loving Earth Project** our main project at the moment. <http://lovingearth-project.uk>

Membership of QAN is free and we'd like to keep it that way, so we welcome donations. Payments can be made by BACS to: HSBC Branch 40 07 30 "Quaker Arts Network" account 42286459. Cheques made out to Quaker Arts Network should be sent to the QAN Treasurer, John Lampen, 21 Heathfield Gardens, Stourbridge, DY83YD . If you make a donation please let us know that you are doing so (eg by email to [quakerartsuk@gmail.com](mailto:quakerartsuk@gmail.com)) .

More information about QAN can be found at <http://quakerarts.net>