John Webber

MYSTIC SONGS

six poems from John Butler's

DESTINED TO JOY Mystic verses

Part I

For voice and small orchestra



John Butler Destined to joy, Mystic verses, Part I

1 (Mystic verses no 20)
A sign, outward and visible
Of grace, inward and spiritual
So says the catechistic Church
Of sacramental ritual.

Is Jesus Christ in Biblical Ecclesiastic terms thereby A presence more or less with us Than, say, a peaceful hour beside The river watching ducks - a field Of joy, a grateful heart fulfilled, A sudden burst of tears, released To inexplicable, unbounded peace?

2(3)

Hasty living, hastened by
Gives little chance to satisfy
Too much to do. But common sense
To listen, look, here, now, present,
Connects with One holy Presence
Of life complete. Disunity
It's clear to see, is born of absent
Mindedness. An "Outer Dark",
Where restless thought and feeling play
Havoc with imaginary dreams
Of separation, deprivation So it seems, until, once more
In God they disappear.
They are not there. They never were.

Light shines, but darkness turns away. It always has. It must do so To stay - safeguard its works and pay The wages sin has earned, Which death will bring one day. Alarm bells sound, we weigh The choice, but turn back round, Preferring life - the "human" way.

So we are given glimpses and insights of higher, heavenly being until again pulled down to where what's left of life is a long process of trying to live up to it. We cannot do much ourselves but calling on the Lord has power to lift us up. When lifted, close association lifts the world. Such is the work of prayer.

3(53)

Incomparable happiness
Arose when passing by
A dandelion and bumble bee
Beneath an April sky A bird flown past some windblown grass,
A stick, miraculously there
In natural simplicity
Bore witness to Divinity's
Incalculable care.

Beyond this freely granted span Of simple knowing, what profits man To follow foreign news reports Which stir up michief, to distort His natural content and tempt Desire to seek, the mind to roam And take attention far away From understanding what is meant By "Charity begins at Home"?

Charity? Where can it be
More practical than present here?
Is God, most merciful, more actively
Disposed by my desire to share,
Or interfere,
Usurping purpose over there?
Or does self-sacrificial prayer
Remove the block to see and hear
The stones beneath our feet declare
"To serve the whole, be wholly here"?

For charity is ever near
At home whenever heart is
Purified and party to
The undivided holy ground
Of spiritual sight and sound,
Abundantly confirming Scripture's
"Much availeth righteous prayer",
Becoming ever more aware
Of Grace providing - everywhere.

4(19)

We saw deer on our walk today A moment's glimpse - not far away Look, look! Up there. They didn't stay So we stood still, upon trail, Below the bank, beneath the wood That reaches up above the dale.

Beyond a fringe of wall, white flash Of shaken tail against dark trees. One, three, four maybe We saw. Enough. Just quietly thrilled Woodpecker, too. A warm spring day - First one without a hat. Waiting, smiling, Sweetly reminded of wild, Secret, modest contrast while Bright anoraks and talkers passed Before - unhurried on our way To rabbits, squirrels, lambs at play And, we thought, perhaps - a mouse. Thank God, man passes. May the wild Still last.

5 (66)

"Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God,
Have mercy on me, a sinner".
This, my companion mantra, prayer
Becomes so deeply inwardly
Instilled, transcended, to be hardly there
Until remembered,
Subconsciously returning when
Required to be repeated Serving every need, it, undefeated,
Never fails to bring the best of
Influence to bear upon a situation Offering, less obligation,
Spiritual salvation.

Sublimated, nonetheless,
The mental structure of the prayer
Provides a background of belief
To steer mind through to depths beneath

Religious name and form, and there, Behold, fulfillment by -Lost sheep, now reconnected, found In life complete. The world's defeat. God's rediscovered Holy Ground.

Practice perfects.

Moment by moment, hours at a time,
Anyhow, anywhere - God the prime
Mover for taking me over,
Occupies the space vacated,
Divinising, reinstating
One for all, truth resurrected,
Sin's perversity corrected, proved
By other variants removed.

6(30)

How does one pray?
The question makes me smile
How do swimmers speak to water?
River watchers pause a while
To ponder what they ought to do?
How does one stroke a dog, or
Contemplate a well loved view?
Receive a blessing from the sun,
Relax with gratitude - work done?

Why spoil an honest day with doubt When common sense would keep it out? Is God not present, here and now, Accessible to fools and children who Have not begun to question how? Don't try to solve the world, my dear, Stay innocent. Beware Of those who complicate your prayer.

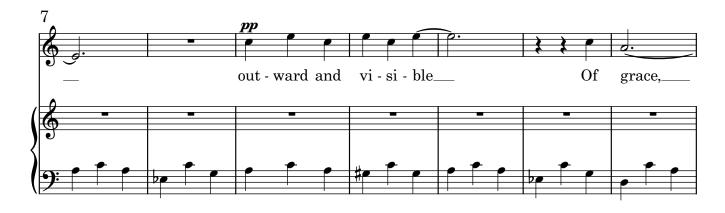
for John Butler with thanks Mystic Songs

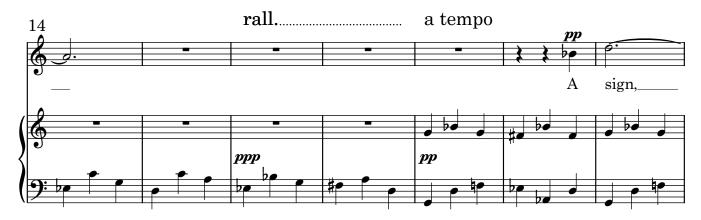
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A sign, outward and visible

John Webber







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Hasty living

























Incomparable happiness

























4. We saw deer



30 4. We saw deer



4. We saw deer



32 4. We saw deer



4. We saw deer







4. We saw deer





















How does one Pray?











