John Webber


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.

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3(53)
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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
six poems from John Butler's Mystic verses, Part I

## A sign, outward and visible

John Webber
Grazioso $=108$

words © John Butler - music © John Webber




71 a tempo



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6 \quad \text { 1.A sign, outward and visible }
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Is Je-sus Christ in Bib-li - cal Ec - cle - si - as - tic terms




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## Hasty living




Gives lit - tle chance to sa - tis - fy





God they dis - ap - pear.






- fer - ring life the "hu-man" way. we weigh The choice, but turn back round, Pre -






## Incomparable happiness






32


Which stir up mis - chief, to dis - tort His na - tu - ral con -




3. Incomparable happiness





Grace pro - vi - ding eve - ry - where._


We saw deer



15


18


dale.




68














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161



## How does one Pray?








