**A concert of Words and Music on the Themes of Reflection, Renewal, and Reconciliation**

**Jordans Meeting House, 3pm: Sunday, 4th September 2022.**

Performed by Jane Faulkner (violin) and Esther Cavett (piano)

With readings by Nina Liebenberg and Bob Hall.

The order of programme is as follows:

**Part one: REFLECTION**

[Beethoven](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ludwig_van_Beethoven): Bagatelle op 119/1, in G minor, for Piano

[T.S. Eliot](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/t-s-eliot): Conclusion to *Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock*

[Philip](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/philip-larkin) Larkin: *Days*

[Corelli:](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Arcangelo_Corelli) *Largo*, from his Sixth Sonata for Violin and Keyboard, op 5, no 9, in A major

**Part two: RENEWAL**

[Langston Hughes](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/langston-hughes): *The Dream Keeper*

(Attributed to) Maria-Theresia von Paradis (1759-1824): *Sicilienne*

[Alberto Rios](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/alberto-rios): *When Giving is All We Have*

[Marianna Martinez](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Maria_Theresia_von_Paradis) (1745-1812): *Allegro*, from Keyboard Sonata in E major no 4.

[Henry Wadsworth Longfellow](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/henry-wadsworth-longfellow): *The Tide Rises, the Tide Falls*

Beethoven: *Andante* in E flat major, from Piano and Violin Sonata op 30, no 3.

Bridgett Devoue: *Haunted*

**Part three: RECONCILIATION**

Mozart: *Largo-Allegro* from Piano and Violin Sonata in B flat major, K454

Alex Elle: *Rebirth*

Mozart: *Andante* from Piano and Violin Sonata in B flat major, K454

[Nikki Giovanni](https://poets.org/poet/nikki-giovanni): *A Journey*

Mozart: *Allegretto* from Piano and Violin Sonata in B flat major, K454

[Kai Carlson-Wee](https://poets.org/poet/kai-carlson-wee): *Bracken*

[Joy Harjo](https://poets.org/poet/joy-harjo): *Remember*

Handel, *Largo and Allegro* from Violin and Keyboard sonata in G major, No 13 of 15 Sonata de Camera

**Biographical information**

[Jane Faulkner](https://www.englishpianotrio.co.uk/jane-faulkner/) and Bob Hall are longstanding attenders at Jordans Meeting; Nina Liebenberg is the Meeting House manager; [Esther Cavett](https://www.music.ox.ac.uk/people/dr-esther-cavett#tab-3684061) has known Jordans all her life and her grandparents and father are memorialised amongst the headstones at the meeting house.

**The concert is in aid of the charity** [***Escaping Victimhood***](https://www.escapingvictimhood.com/)**, and its founder, Tim Newell, will talk about its work briefly after the concert. Donations to the charity will be gratefully accepted.**

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**The Readings – Full Text**

**Part One: REFLECTION**

***Conclusion of Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock;* TS Eliot.**

I grow old… I grow old…

I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.

Shall I part my hair behind? Do I dare to eat a peach?

I shall wear white flannel trousers, and walk upon the beach.

I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each.

I do not think that they will sing to me.

I have seen them riding seaward on the waves

Combing the white hair of the waves blown back

When the wind blows the water white and black.

We have lingered in the chambers of the sea

By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown

Till human voices wake us, and we drown.

***Days;* Philp Larkin**

What are days for?

Days are where we live.

They come, they wake us

Time and time over.

They are to be happy in:

Where can we live but days?

Ah, solving that question

Brings the priest and the doctor

In their long coats

Running over the fields.

***Quaker Faith and Practice 21.45****: As wisdom dawns with age, we begin to measure our experiences not by what life gives to us, not by the things withheld from us, but by their power to help us to grow in spiritual wisdom*.

**Part Two: RENEWAL**

***The* *Dream* *Keeper;* Langston Hughes**

Bring me all of your dreams,

You dreamers.

Bring me all of your

Heart melodies

That I may wrap them

In a blue cloud-cloth

Away from the too rough ﬁngers

Of the world.

***When Giving Is All We Have;* Alberto Rio*s***

*One river gives*
*Its journey to the next.*

We give because someone gave to us.
We give because nobody gave to us.

We give because giving has changed us.
We give because giving could have changed us.

We have been better for it,
We have been wounded by it—

Giving has many faces: It is loud and quiet,
Big, though small, diamond in wood-nails.

Its story is old, the plot worn and the pages too,
But we read this book, anyway, over and again:

Giving is, first and every time, hand to hand,
Mine to yours, yours to mine.

You gave me blue and I gave you yellow.
Together we are simple green. You gave me

What you did not have, and I gave you
What I had to give—together, we made

Something greater from the difference.

***The Tide Rises, the Tide Falls;* Henry Wadsworth Longfellow**

The tide rises, the tide falls,

The twilight darkens, the curlew calls;

Along the sea-sands damp and brown

The traveller hastens toward the town,

And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Darkness settles on roofs and walls,

But the sea, the sea in the darkness calls;

The little waves, with their soft, white hands,

Efface the footprints in the sands,

And the tide rises, the tide falls.

The morning breaks; the steeds in their stalls

Stamp and neigh, as the hostler calls;

The day returns, but nevermore

Returns the traveller to the shore,

 And the tide rises, the tide falls.

***Bridgett Devoue***

we’re only haunted

by the things

we refuse

to accept

***A&Q 28.*** *Every stage of our lives offers fresh opportunities. Try to discern the right time to undertake or relinquish responsibilities without undue pride or guild. Attend to what love requires of you, which may not be great busyness*.

**Part Three: RECONCILIATION**

***Rebirth;* Alex Elle**

There will be moments when

you will bloom fully and then

wilt, only to bloom again.

if we can learn anything from

flowers it is that resilience is born

even when we feel we are

dying.

***A Journey;* Nikki Giovanni**

It’s a journey . . . that I propose . . . I am not the guide . . . nor technical assistant . . . I will be your fellow passenger . . .

Though the rail has been ridden . . . winter clouds cover . . . autumn’s exuberant quilt . . . we must provide our own guide-posts . . .

I have heard . . . from previous visitors . . . the road washes out sometimes . . . and passengers are compelled . . . to continue groping . . . or turn back . . . I am not afraid . . .

I am not afraid . . . of rough spots . . . or lonely times . . . I don’t fear . . . the success of this endeavor . . . I am Ra . . . in a space . . . not to be discovered . . . but invented . . .

I promise you nothing . . . I accept your promise . . . of the same . . . .we are simply riding . . . a wave . . . that may carry . . . or crash . . .

It’s a journey . . . and I want . . . to go . . .

“A Journey” from *The Collected Poetry of Nikki Giovanni: 1968-1998* by Nikki Giovanni. Copyright compilation © 2003 by Nikki Giovanni. Reprinted by permission of HarperCollins Publishers

***Bracken; Kai Carlson-Wee***

Don’t go in search of the perfect word.
Don’t go looking for signs of redemption,
the purified water of gods. The language
will enter your mouth when it needs to.
The beauty will find you. The meaning
will come. Don’t go smiling. Don’t go
certain of one true voice. Go ambiguous,
lonely, disguised in the basic math. Take
nothing for granted. Escape what you are,
what you wish you will one day become.
It doesn’t matter. The skin dies. The worm
lives a whole year in darkness. The clouds
go on rising away from the falling rain.
Even the good love inside you will vanish.
The wheels will seize and the trickling stream
at the top of the mountain will carve out
a valley below. The world will give you
an opening always. The night sky. The moon
lifting over the tall and mysterious pines.
Hold out the feather you found last night
in the bracken. All it can offer is already
there in your hand.

***Remember;* Joy Harjo**

Remember the sky that you were born under,
know each of the star's stories.
Remember the moon, know who she is.
Remember the sun's birth at dawn, that is the
strongest point of time. Remember sundown
and the giving away to night.
Remember your birth, how your mother struggled
to give you form and breath. You are evidence of
her life, and her mother's, and hers.
Remember your father. He is your life, also.
Remember the earth whose skin you are:
red earth, black earth, yellow earth, white earth
brown earth, we are earth.
Remember the plants, trees, animal life who all have their
tribes, their families, their histories, too. Talk to them,
listen to them. They are alive poems.
Remember the wind. Remember her voice. She knows the
origin of this universe.
Remember you are all people and all people
are you.

Remember you are this universe and this
universe is you.
Remember all is in motion, is growing, is you.
Remember language comes from this.
Remember the dance language is, that life is.
Remember.

***A&Q 7****: There is inspiration to be found all around us, in the natural world, in the sciences and arts, in our work and friendships, in our sorrows as well as our joys. Are you open to new light from whatever source it may come?*

***A&Q 27****. Live adventurously. When choices arise, do you take the way that offers the fullest opportunity for the use of your gifts in the service of the community. Let your life speak.*

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