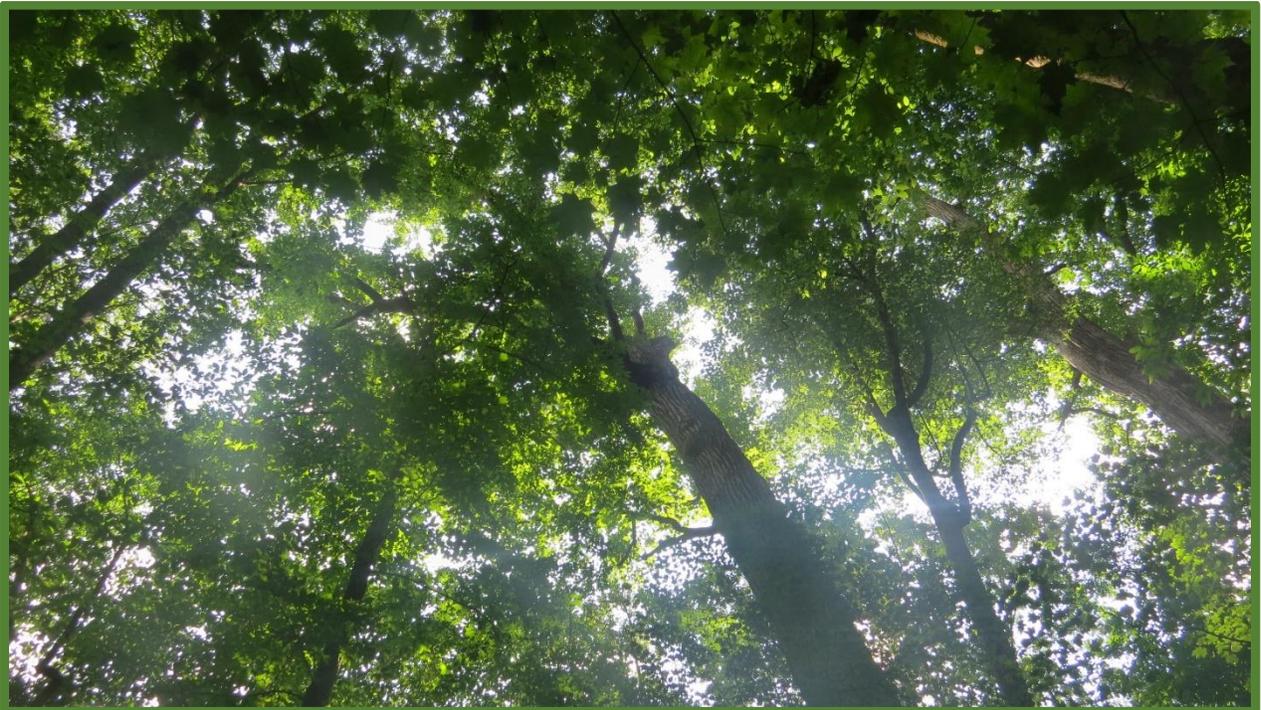


Singing For Mutual Enhancement



*Songs shaping a worldview
supporting mutually enhancing relationships
between the human and non-human realms*

Emerging Ecology
www.EmergingEcology.org

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This songbook has been compiled by Emerging Ecology to promote a worldview based on the understanding that we live an emerging Universe where the major guiding principle of human actions centers on creating a mutually enhancing relationship between the human and non-human realms.

For further information visit the Emerging Ecology website at www.EmergingEcology.org.

Create the New Way

Tune: Round and Round

Winds of change are whirling round and round
And a new world dawns; let everyone take heed.
Winds of change are whirling round and round
And they call for all to risk a deed.

All the past is but a stepping stone on the trek into this present day
But the future cries for something more, cries to all: Create the New Way.
Winds of change are whirling round and round
And I choose with those upon the Way.

What shall be, somehow, depends on me
What I am, have been and now decide to be
And all those of Way become my we
And this we becomes the larger me.

We the Way in time have ever been, with our now we march toward yet to be,
Ever on, to forge the ever-new, building Earth for all history.
What shall be, somehow, depends on me,
And I'm one with those upon the Way.

Winds of change are whirling round and round
And a new world dawns, let everyone take heed.
Winds of change are whirling round and round
And they call for all to risk a deed.

All the past is but a stepping stone on the trek into this present day
But the future cries for something more, cries to all: Create the New Way.
Winds of change are whirling round and round
And I choose with those upon the Way.

Words by the Institute of Cultural Affairs, ca. 1975
Adapted and formatted by F. Nelson Stover, 4/12/2018

We Can All Band Together

Tune: When the Saints Go Marching In

Oh! when we start to see the world
In need of so much care and repair,
We can all band together
To make a diff'rence we can share.

Oh! when we all pick up the sign
To come along and do our share,
We can all work together
To make a mark that shows we care.

The forest stands to greet us all
Majestic poplars, oaks and pine
We can all stand together
To make a diff'rence for all time.

The water falls with giant force
It's clear and cool and feeds us all.
We can all work together;
Let's join as one to heed the call.

(Repeat first verse)

Words by: Elaine K. Stover, 2017

One, Pi, Phi, Me

Tune: Frère Jacques

One, pi, phi, me;
One, pi, phi, me.
Phi and me,
One and pi.

We help shape tomorrow;
We help shape tomorrow.
One and pi,
Phi and me.

Words by Nelson and Perdu Stover, 2010

Universe Song

Tune: Three Blind Mice

We live in the universe,
We live in the universe.

On the planet earth,
On the planet earth.

We look for life in the sky so blue
And down in the ocean for something new,
Look at the world we have on our hands!

What shall we do?
What shall we do?

Words by 5th City Preschool, 1968

Rap On Trouble

Tune: Trouble in River City

Friends, either you're closing your eyes to a situation you do not wish to acknowledge, Or you are not aware of the caliber of disaster that arises when using a Created Reality as the foundation for your Worldview.

Well, 'ya got trouble, my friend, right here, I say, trouble right here in your fine city.

Why sure I'm an ordained minister.
Certainly, mighty proud I say;
I'm always mighty proud to say it.

I consider that the hours I spend
with a holy book in my hand are golden.
Help you cultivate common sense
And a cool head and a patient heart.

J'ever try to build the long-range future for
yourself and the Planet in the context of an
Emerging Universe?

But just as I say, it takes judgement, brains, and
maturity to participate in shaping tomorrow,
I say that any boob, can blindly follow
The conventional wisdom of the crowd.

And they call that Sloth.
The first big step on the road
To the depths of a degraday –

I say, first, its blind acceptance of Facebook
posts, then unquestioningly believing a talk
radio host.

An' the next thing 'ya know, your friend is
shouting out hate speech from a microphone.
And list'nin to some big out-a-town Jasper.
Hearin' him brag about national identity.
Not a fully integral global reality, no!
But a community where everybody just fends
for themselves!

Like to be told you have to fit into some
preordained mold? Make your blood boil?
Well, I should say.

Now, friends, lem'me tell you what I mean. 'Ya
got one, two, three, four, five, six, seven days in
a story. Days that have no correlation with
scientific fact or your daily experience with a
capital "E"; and that rhymes with "C" and that
stands for Created Reality!

And all week long your fine city's
Youth'll be frittern away,
I say your young men'll be frittern!
Frittern away their noontime, suppertime,
chore time too!

Wait for someone to give them a job;
Never mind gittin' a good education
Or protecting the natural resources or
empowering the developing world.

Never mind using renewable resources
'Til your children are caught with an energy
crisis on a cold winter's night and that's trouble,
Oh, yes we got lots and lots a' trouble.

I'm thinkin' of the kids in the hoodies,
Shirt-tail young ones, playin' their video games
for hours after school.

'Ya got trouble, folks, right here in your fine city.
Trouble with a capital "T" and that rhymes with
"C" and that stands for Created Reality!

Now, I know all you folks are the right kinda
parents. I'm gonna be perfectly frank.
Would ya like to know what kinda conversation
goes on while they're loafin' in their living
rooms?

They're posting on Twitter, fussing with
Snapchat, playing video games with fast acting
fingers!

And braggin' all about how they're gonna cover
up their trails with high-level security settings.

One dark night, they leave their bedrooms,
Headin' for the march on Main Street!
Pharisaic men and convention bound women!
And rabble-rousing, shameless music
That'll grab your son and your daughter
With the arms of an ancient tribal instinct!
Mass-staria!

Friends, a Created Reality is a reduced
foundation!

People:

Trouble, oh we got trouble,
Right here in our fine city!
With a capital "T"
That rhymes with "C"
And that stands for Created Reality,
That stands for Created Reality.

We've surely got trouble!
Right here in our fine city, right here!
Gotta figger out a way to give the young ones
possibilities after school!

Trouble, trouble, trouble, trouble, trouble...

Rapper:

Mothers of this great city!
Heed the warning before it's too late!
Watch for the tell-tale signs of corruption!

The moment your son leaves the house,
does he meet up with people who are just like
himself? Is there a vaping device tucked in his
backpack? A sleazy magazine hidden under his
mattress?

Is he starting to repeat phrases from
conservative news channels?

Are certain words creeping into his
conversation? Words like 'I gotta' and 'just tell
me what to do'?

Well, if so my friends,
'Ya got trouble,
Right here in your fine city!
With a capital "T"
And that rhymes with "C"
And that stands for Created Reality.

We've surely got trouble!
Right here in our fine city!

Remember the Maine, Plymouth Rock and the
Golden Rule!

Oh, we've got trouble. We're in terrible,
terrible trouble. That story with the seven
numbered days is a misleading narrative!

Oh yes, we got trouble, trouble, trouble!
With a "T"! Gotta rhyme it with "C"!
And that stands for Created Reality!!!