

Festival Tales



Anne R and Anne D- The Cheeky Girls party on down

September 26th - 21st October 2009

As we all know by now, our rhythms have been heard far and wide across our land and with the approach of the 2009 Scottish Arts Mental Health Arts & Film Festival the call to arms went out to The Buddy Beat.

It was a very busy time for all of us and here is a reminder of all that happened- all the events, the thrills, the laughs, the things that make Buddy Beat great. With sterling contributions from some of the gang, we hope you enjoy this.

Farmers Market 26th September 2009

The hardy Beaters today were:-

Christine, Hazel, Allan, Lesley, Stephanie, (who made a valiant effort) Eileen, Noreen, Anne D, Jackie, Frances, Jane, Karen, and Jeanette, not forgetting our roadie Ken and me.

It was a warm cloudy morning with no indication as to how the weather would develop but we were very fortunate and although there was little sun, there was no rain.

The Big Day arrived, warm and dry
After lots of summer rain.
No wet drops to dampen spirits
Low sun so we wouldn't fry.



In Paisley's County Square we met
to inform and entertain
The crowd that come twice monthly
For a special shopping spree.



We came we played we conquered
Won hearts and minds and friends.
Brought fun and laughter to Paisley's heart
It beat long and loud and proud.



The Buddy Beat, that's who we are,
The beating heart of Paisley town
Roused the crowd, drumming softly and loud
As our sound wafted off afar



We arranged our circle and sorted some festival books, handing them out as folk stopped to watch what was going on, then we started to rouse Paisley to sway to the rhythm of the drums of The Buddy Beat.

Most of the Beaters were out to play
 On Paisley's, Farmers' Market day.
 Frances and Christine starting them young
 By bringing along a beloved grandson.
 Jeanette and Karen were there from the start
 With boxes of books showing Renfrewshire's arts.
 Eileen and Noreen, Jackie and Jane,
 Played with great gusto,
 They never did wane.
 Stephanie and Lesley grinned ear to ear,
 While Hazel and Allan drummed with real cheer.
 The terrible twosome Anne one and Anne two
 Showed the spectators just what to do.



Some of the visitors took part in last year's Farmers' Market session and we were delighted that they repeated their visit and joining in once again had a memorable morning.

Last time we drummed in town
 Elizabeth was our star.
 A lady life had given nearly eighty years.
 She came and took her seat this morn,
 Her request was what we played.
 We sang a rousing chorus as we beat MoonRiver'
 Her favourite song!
 Leaving us to go and catch her train
 She was humming the happy refrain

As usual at events in town, children bring their special magic and today was no exception. We had many children who brought their parents, smiles and laughter to our drum circle.

Youth and children find a way
 To surprise their parents' every day.
 a bright wee girl came into town,
 Stood a second, sat in our circle and beamed.
 She was given a drum and brought the house down.
 *
 Her sparkling eyes and sunny smile

Brought her joy to this market town,
Easing many a person's stressful frown.....
Tap Tap Taaap, like the guys from Queen,
We Will Rock You
What a scene!



She brightened the square and stirred the crowd,
Called her mum who joined in the team.
Smiling bright, of her child very proud,
Played along side of us for as long as they could
Then waved goodbye with springs on their feet.



The drum circle grew and changed as the marketeers came and went about their business. The Beaters were proud to drum to the town and wow did we play out loud.

Farmer's Market Saturday, audience assured,
Drumming with smiling faces,
All cares flying away with the beat.
We tuned into each other
And Paisley's heart began to beat to our rhythm.



Arms and hands raised to strike,
Hitting each drum with growing enthusiasm
As buddies gathered round to watch.
Listening to the sound of their town
As they stroll and browse the market stalls.



With the stirring beat rousing latent talent,
A Buddy takes a tentative step,
Joins in the circle and finds his way.
His grin widens as he finds his feet,
Feeling the pulse of The Buddy Beat.



Words and Pictures by Anne Ross