

**Fern Hill**, by Dylan Thomas

Now as I was young and easy under the apple boughs  
About the lilting house and happy as the grass was green,  
    The night above the dingle starry,  
    Time let me hail and climb  
    Golden in the heydays of his eyes,  
And honoured among wagons I was prince of the apple  
towns  
And once below a time I lordly had the trees and leaves  
    Trail with daisies and barley  
    Down the rivers of the windfall light.

And as I was green and carefree, famous among the barns  
About the happy yard and singing as the farm was home,  
    In the sun that is young once only,  
    Time let me play and be  
    Golden in the mercy of his means,  
And green and golden I was huntsman and herdsman, the  
calves  
Sang to my horn, the foxes on the hills barked clear and  
cold,  
    And the sabbath rang slowly  
    In the pebbles of the holy streams.

All the sun long it was running, it was lovely, the hay  
Fields high as the house, the tunes from the chimneys, it  
was air  
    And playing, lovely and watery  
    And fire green as grass.  
    And nightly under the simple stars  
As I rode to sleep the owls were bearing the farm away,  
All the moon long I heard, blessed among stables, the  
nightjars  
    Flying with the ricks, and the horses  
    Flashing into the dark.

And then to awake, and the farm, like a wanderer white  
With the dew, come back, the cock on his shoulder: it was  
all  
    Shining, it was Adam and maiden,  
    The sky gathered again  
    And the sun grew round that very day.  
So it must have been after the birth of the simple light  
In the first, spinning place, the spellbound horses walking  
warm  
    Out of the whinnying green stable  
    On to the fields of praise.

And honoured among foxes and pheasants by the gay  
house  
Under the new made clouds and happy as the heart was  
long,  
    In the sun born over and over,  
    I ran my heedless ways,  
    My wishes raced through the house high hay  
And nothing I cared, at my sky blue trades, that time allows

In all his tuneful turning so few and such morning songs  
    Before the children green and golden  
    Follow him out of grace,

Nothing I cared, in the lamb white days, that time would  
take me  
Up to the swallow thronged loft by the shadow of my hand,  
    In the moon that is always rising,  
    Nor that riding to sleep  
    I should hear him fly with the high fields  
And wake to the farm forever fled from the childless land.  
Oh as I was young and easy in the mercy of his means,  
    Time held me green and dying  
    Though I sang in my chains like the sea.

**Hard Times Come Again No More**, by Stephen Foster

Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears  
While we all sup sorrow with the poor:  
There's a song that will linger forever in our ears;  
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.  
    'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary;  
    Hard Times, Hard Times, come again no more:  
    Many days you have lingered around my cabin door;  
    Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

While we seek mirth and beauty and music light and gay  
There are frail forms fainting at the door:  
Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say  
-  
Oh! Hard times, come again no more.  
    'Tis the song, the sigh...

There's a pale drooping maiden who toils her life away  
With a worn heart whose better days are o'er:  
Though her voice would be merry, 'tis sighing all the day -  
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave,  
'Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore,  
'Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lowly grave, -  
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.  
    'Tis the song, the sigh...

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**Requiem**, by Eliza Gilkyson  
mother mary, full of grace, awaken  
All our homes are gone, our loved ones taken  
taken by the sea  
mother mary, calm our fears, have mercy  
drowning in a sea of tears, have mercy  
hear our mournful plea  
our world has been shaken  
we wander our homelands forsaken  
    in the dark night of the soul  
    bring some comfort to us all  
    o mother mary come and carry us in your embrace  
    that our sorrows may be faced  
mary, fill the glass to overflowing  
illuminate the path where we are going  
have mercy on us all  
in funeral fires burning  
each flame to your mystery returning  
    in the dark night of the soul  
    your shattered dreamers, make them whole  
    o mother mary find us where we've fallen out of  
    grace  
    lead us to a higher place  
    in the dark night of the soul  
    our broken hearts you can make whole  
    o mother mary come and carry us in your embrace  
    let us see your gentle face, mary

**Light of the Clear Blue Morning**, by Dolly Parton  
It's been a long dark night  
And I've been a waitin' for the morning  
It's been a long hard fight  
But I see a brand new day a dawning  
I've been looking for the sunshine  
'Cause I ain't seen it in so long  
Everything's gonna work out fine  
Everything's gonna be all right  
It's gonna be okay.  
    I can see the light of a clear blue morning  
    I can see the light of a brand new day  
    I can see the light of a clear blue morning  
    And everything's gonna be all right  
    It's gonna be okay

**I Dream a World**, by Langston Hughes  
I dream a world where man  
No other man will scorn,  
Where love will bless the earth  
And peace its paths adorn  
I dream a world where all  
Will know sweet freedom's way,  
Where greed no longer saps the soul  
Nor avarice blights our day.  
A world I dream where black or white,  
Whatever race you be,  
Will share the bounties of the earth  
And every man is free,

Where wretchedness will hang its head  
And joy, like a pearl,  
Attends the needs of all mankind-  
Of such I dream, my world!

**Flight Song**, by Euan Tait  
All we are, we have found in song:  
You have drawn this song from us.  
Songs of lives unfolding  
Fly overhead, cry overhead:  
Longing, rising from the song within.

Moving like the rise and fall of wings,  
Hands that shape our calling voice  
On the edge of answers  
You've heard our cry, you've known our cry:  
Music's fierce compassion flows from you.

The night is restless with the sounds we hear,  
Is broken, shaken by the cries of pain:  
For this is music's inner voice,  
Saying, yes, we hear you,  
All you who cry aloud,  
And we will fly, answering you:  
So our lives sing, sing,  
Wild we will fly,  
Wild in spirit we will fly.

Like a feather falling from the wing,  
Fragile as a human voice,  
Afraid, uncertain,  
Alive to love, we sing as love,  
Afraid, uncertain,  
Yet our flight begins as song.

**Angel Band**, by Jefferson Hascall  
My latest sun is sinking fast, my race is nearly run  
My strongest trials now are past, my triumph has begun  
    Oh, come angel band, come and around me, stand  
    Oh, bear me away on your snow white wings  
    To my immortal home.  
I know I'm near the holy ranks of friends and kindred dear,  
I've brushed the dew on Jordan's banks, the crossing must  
be near.  
    Oh, come angel band, come and around me, stand  
    Oh, bear me away on your snow white wings  
    To my immortal home.  
I've almost gained my heavenly home, my spirit loudly  
sings  
The Holy Ones, behold, they come, I hear the noise of  
wings.  
    Oh, come angel band, come and around me, stand  
    Oh, bear me away on your snow white wings  
    To my immortal home.

**Unclouded Day**, by J. K. Alwood

Oh, they tell me of a home far beyond the skies  
Oh, they tell me of a home far away  
Oh, they tell me of a home where no storm clouds rise  
Oh, they tell me of an unclouded day  
    Oh, the land of cloudless day  
    Oh, the land of an unclouded sky  
    Oh, they tell me of a home where no storm clouds  
    rise  
    Oh, they tell me of an unclouded day

Oh, they tell me of a home where my friends have gone  
Oh, they tell me of that land far away  
Where the tree of life in eternal bloom  
Sheds its fragrance through the unclouded day  
    Oh, the land of cloudless day...

Oh, they tell me of a King in His beauty there  
And they tell me that mine eyes shall behold  
Where He sits on the throne that is bright as the sun  
In the city that is made of gold  
    Oh, the land of cloudless day...

**The Promise of Living**, by Horace Everett

The promise of living  
With hope and thanksgiving  
Is born of our loving  
Our friends and our labor.  
The promise of growing  
With faith and with knowing  
Is born of our sharing  
Our love with our neighbor.  
The promise of loving  
The promise of growing  
Is born of our singing  
In joy and thanksgiving.

For many a year I've know these field  
And know all the work that makes them yield.  
Are you ready to lend a hand?  
We're ready to work, we're ready to lend a hand.  
By working together we'll bring in the harvest,  
the blessings of harvest.

We plow plant each row with seeds of grain,  
And Providence sends us the sun and the rain.  
By lending a hand, by lending an arm  
Bring out the blessings of harvest.

Give thanks there was sunshine,  
Give thanks there was rain,  
Give thanks e have hands  
To deliver the grain.  
O let us be joyful,  
O let us be grateful to the Lord  
For his blessing.

The promise of ending  
In right understanding  
Is peace in our own hearts  
And peace with our neighbor  
O let us sing our song  
And let our song be heard  
Let's sing our song with our hearts  
And find a promise in that song

The promise of living  
The promise of growing  
The promise of ending  
Is labor and sharing and loving.