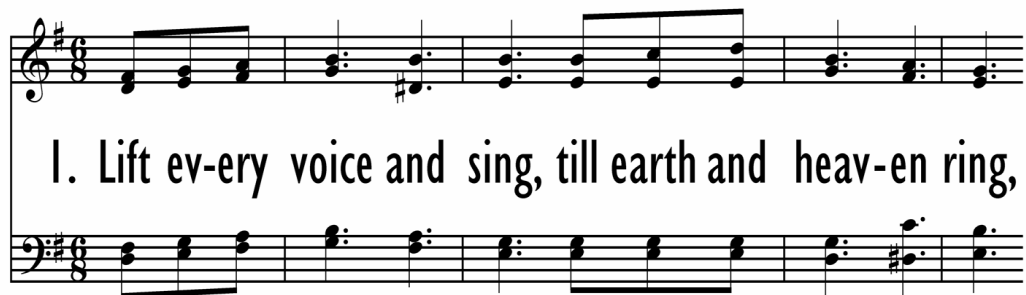


Lift every voice and sing

Lift every voice and sing
Till earth and heaven ring
Ring with the harmonies of Liberty
Let our rejoicing rise
High as the listening skies
Let it resound loud as the rolling sea
Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past has taught us
Sing a song full of the hope that the present has brought us
Facing the rising sun of our new day begun
Let us march on till victory is won



I. Lift ev-ery voice and sing, till earth and heav-en ring,

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff in G major and 6/8 time. The treble staff contains a vocal line with lyrics, and the bass staff contains a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "I. Lift ev-ery voice and sing, till earth and heav-en ring,"



ring with the har-mo - nies of lib - er - ty;

The second system of musical notation continues the melody from the first system. The treble staff contains the vocal line with lyrics, and the bass staff contains the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "ring with the har-mo - nies of lib - er - ty;"



Bats

Flying, flying in the sky
Bats are neat, I'll tell you why.

Flying foxes are the fastest
Bumblebee bats are the smallest

Bats are yellow, red and brown
Bats sleep upside down

Some eat bugs and some eat fruit
Some look mean and some look cute

Flying, flying in the sky
Bats are neat and now you know why



Perhaps the World Ends Here (abridged) by Joy Harjo

The world begins at a kitchen table.
No matter what, we must eat to live.

The gifts of earth are brought and prepared, set on the table.
So it has been since creation, and it will go on.

We chase chickens or dogs away from it.
Babies teethe at the corners. They scrape their knees under it.

It is here that children are given instructions
on what it means to be human.

...

This table has been a house in the rain,
an umbrella in the sun.

At this table we sing with joy, with sorrow.
We think of suffering and remorse. We give thanks.

Perhaps the world will end at the kitchen table,
while we are laughing and crying, eating of the last sweet bite.

With My Own Two Hands

By Ben Harper

I can change the world,
With my own two hands.
Make a better place,
With my own two hands.
Make a kinder place,
With my own two hands.
I can make peace on earth,
With my own two hands.



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About Standing (in Kinship)

BY KIMBERLY BLAESER

We all have the same little bones in our foot
twenty-six with funny names like *navicular*.
Together they build something strong—
our foot arch a pyramid holding us up.
The bones don't get casts when they break.
We tape them—one *phalange* to its neighbor for support.
(Other things like sorrow work that way, too—
find healing in the leaning, the closeness.)
Our feet have one quarter of all the bones in our body.
Maybe we should give more honor to feet
and to all those tiny but blessed cogs in the world—
communities, the forgotten architecture of friendship.



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The Voice

There is a voice inside of you
That whispers all day long,
“I feel that this is right for me,
I know that this is wrong.”

No teacher, preacher, parent, friend,
Or Wise man can decide
What’s right for you – just listen to
The voice that speaks inside.



Peace is this moment
Dorothy Hunt

Peace is this moment without judgment.
That is all. This moment in the Heart-space
where everything that is, is welcome.
Peace is this moment without thinking
that it should be some other way,
that you should feel some other thing,
that your life should unfold according to your plans.

Peace is this moment without judgment,
this moment in the Heart-space where
everything that is, is welcome.



Whenever you see a tree

BY PADMA VENKATRAMAN

Think
how many long years
this tree waited as a seed
for an animal or bird or wind or rain
to maybe carry it to maybe the right spot
where again it waited months for seasons to change
until time and temperature were fine enough to coax it
to swell and burst its hard shell so it could send slender roots
to clutch at grains of soil and let tender shoots reach toward the sun
Think how many decades or centuries it thickened and climbed and grew
taller and deeper never knowing if it would find enough water or light
or when conditions would be right so it could keep on spreading leaves
adding blossoms and dancing

Next time
you see
a tree
think
how
much
hope
it holds



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Earth Day by Jane Yolen

I am the Earth
And the Earth is me.
Each blade of grass,
Each honey tree,
Each bit of mud,
And stick and stone
Is blood and muscle,
Skin and bone.

And just as I
Need every bit
Of me to make
My body fit,
So Earth needs
Grass and stone and tree
And things that grow here
Naturally.

That's why we
Celebrate this day.
That's why across
The world we say:
As long as life,
As dear, as free,
I am the Earth
And the Earth is me.

We Remember Them by Sylvan Kamens and Rabbi Reimer

At the rising sun and at its going down; We remember them.

At the blowing of the wind and in the chill of winter; We remember them.

At the opening of the buds and in the rebirth of spring; We remember them.

At the blueness of the skies and in the warmth of summer; We remember them.

At the rustling of the leaves and in the beauty of the autumn; We remember them.

At the beginning of the year and when it ends; We remember them.

As long as we live, they too will live, for they are now a part of us as
We remember them.



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