

# Hymn For The Children

Barclay James Harvest

Their spirits soar on high  
They wing with birds that float on by  
Your love and mine

Their spirits with the breeze  
That gently plays the summer leaves  
Your love and mine

Life is a bird in the sky  
Life is the breeze blowing by  
Time picked the words  
Time picked the songs  
But we sang them wrong

Their spirits with the rain  
That feeds the wheat and weeds the same  
Your love and mine

The sun their spirits light  
That feels and warms both black and white  
Your love and mine

Life is the rain from on high  
Life is the sun in the sky  
Time picked the words  
Time picked the songs  
We were the choir  
But we sang them wrong

Their spirits bless the cruel  
The intellectual, the fool  
Your love and mine

Their spirits point the way  
But who has noticed, who will say  
Your love or mine?

Life is a soft lullaby  
Soothing a child as it cries  
But it cries in pain  
Time wrote the songs  
We hear the cry  
And still we sing wrong