

Bringing the News

Words/Tune: Leon Rosselson
Arrangement: John & David Hamilton

In my mind's eye I can see him still stand- ing: his grey beard wav- ing like the fo- am of the sea. His

shag- gy hair shak- ing his clear eyes shin- ing as he tells all who lis- ten how diff- 'rent life could be. How

diff- 'rent life could be And he ra- ges at the weal- thy with mu- ti- la- ted vis- ion mak- ing mo- ney the mea- sure of
diff- 'rent life could be And he ra- ges at the weal- thy with mu- ti- la- ted vis- ion mak- ing mo- ney the mea- sure of

ev- ry thing they do The ug- li- ness that kills, the lives that are bro- ken on the wheels that turn for the
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pro- fits of a few. pro- fits of a few. So he turned from his class and made the lone- ly jour- ney through the

ri- ver of fire and when he reached the eth- er side joined those who had no- thing, the poor and the hun- gry and

their cause was his til the day that he died.

When de- si- res are freed there'll be no schools or pri- sons no parl- ia- ments or lea- ders co-

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er- cing with their laws. No pro- per- ty, no mo- ney to ra- ise false di- vis- ions, and there can be an end to the

er- cing with their laws. No pro- per- ty, no mo- ney to raise false di- vis- ions, and there can be an end to the

end- less- ness of wars. The end- less- ness of war. And work will be a shar- ing and work will be a plea- sure when the

end- less- ness of wars.

things we make are born of beau- ty and of need. In a world made whole we all can be cre- a- tors, Not

win- ners and los- ers in a game of grab and greed.

He took de- light and he looked with eyes of won- der at the skin and bo- dy and the beau- ty of the earth We must

che- rish the fields and the woods and the ri- vers - if we de- file our home what then will life be worth? What

then will life be worth? And some there were who said he was just an- oth- er drea- mer but his dream danced on though the

ye- ars turned to stone, his dream shim- mers still like sun- light in win- ter for a dream is the door to a

world u- n- known Wo- rld u- n- known So hon- our to the man and hon- our to the drea- mer. to

all the men and wom- en the his- tory books ig- nore who would not turn a- side for the

bri- bes and the clam- our But held to the hope in the vis- ion that they saw.