

Bringing the News

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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
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
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
ev- ry thing they do The ug- li- ness that kills, the lives that are bro- ken on the wheels that turn for the
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
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 oth- er side joined those who had no- thing, the poor and the hun- gry and
ri- ver of fire and when he reached the oth- 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.
their cause was his til the day that he died.

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

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

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?

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

So hon- our to the man and hon- our to the dream- er. to world u- n- known

Wo- rld u- n- known So hon- our to the man and hon- our to the dream- er. to all the men and wom- en the hist- ry books ig- nore who would not turn as- ide for the bribes and the clam- our But held to the hope in the vis- ion that they saw.

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