

The Barclay James Harvest

"Hymn For The Children"

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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

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