

☞ Camino Songs ☞

✠ 500 Miles *Peter Paul and Mary*

If you miss the train I'm on, you will know that I am gone
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles,
A hundred miles, a hundred miles, a hundred miles, a hundred miles,
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles.

Lord I'm one, Lord I'm two, Lord I'm three, Lord I'm four,
Lord I'm 500 miles from my home.
500 miles, 500 miles, 500 miles, 500 miles
Lord I'm five hundred miles from my home.

Not a shirt on my back, not a penny to my name
Lord I can't go a-home this a-way
This a-away, this a-way, this a-way, this a-way,
Lord I can't go a-home this a-way.

If you miss the train I'm on you will know that I am gone
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles.

† Auld Lange Syne *Robert Burns*

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days o' lang syne?

Chorus:
For auld lang syne, my Dear
For auld lang syne
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp
And surely I'll be mine
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne
(Chorus)

We twa hae run about the braes
And pu'd the gowans fine
But we've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin auld lang syne
(Chorus)

We twa hae paidlet i' the burn
Frae morning sun sill dine
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin auld lang syne
(Chorus)

And there's a hand, my trusty feire
And gie's a hand o' thine
And we'll tak a right gude-willie waught
For auld lang syne
(Chorus)

✠ **Blowin' In The Wind** *Bob Dylan*

How many roads most a man walk down
Before you call him a man ?
How many seas must a white dove sail
Before she sleeps in the sand ?
Yes, how many times must the cannon balls fly
Before they're forever banned ?
The answer my friend is blowin' in the wind
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

Yes, how many years can a mountain exist
Before it's washed to the sea ?
Yes, how many years can some people exist
Before they're allowed to be free ?
Yes, how many times can a man turn his head
Pretending he just doesn't see ?
The answer my friend is blowin' in the wind
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

Yes, how many times must a man look up
Before he can see the sky ?
Yes, how many ears must one man have
Before he can hear people cry ?
Yes, how many deaths will it take till he knows
That too many people have died ?
The answer my friend is blowin' in the wind
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

✠ **Both Sides Now** *Joni Mitchell*

Rows and flows of angel hair
and ice cream castles in the air
and feather canyons everywhere
I've looked at clouds that way.
But now they only block the sun
they rain and snow on everyone
so many things I would have done
but clouds got in my way.

I've looked at clouds from both sides now,
from up and down, and still somehow
it's cloud illusions I recall, I really don't know clouds at all

Moons and Junes and Ferris wheels
the dizzy dancing way you feel
as ev'ry fairy tale comes real
I've looked at love that way.
But now it's just another show
you leave 'em laughing when you go
and if you care, don't let them know
don't give yourself away.

I've looked at love from both sides now,
from give and take, and still somehow,
it's love's illusions I recall, I really don't know love at all

Tears and fears and feeling proud
to say "I love you" right out loud.
Dreams and schemes and circus crowds
I've looked at life that way.
But now old friends are acting strange
they shake their heads, they say I've changed.
Well something's lost, but something's gained
in living every day.

I've looked at life from both sides now,
from win and lose and still somehow,
it's life's illusions I recall, I really don't know life at all

I've looked at life from both sides now,
from up and down, and still somehow,
it's life's illusions I recall, I really don't know life at all

✠ **Brown Eyed Girl** *Van Morrison*

Hey, where did we go?
Days when the rains came
Down in a hollow
Playin' a new game

Laughin' and a runnin'
Skippin' and a jumpin'
In the misty mornin' fog
With our hearts a thumpin'
It was you, my brown eyed girl
You, my brown eyed girl

Now what ever happened
Tuesday is oh so slow
Goin' down the old mine
With a transistor radio

Standin' in a sunlit lane
Hidin' 'hind a rainbow's wall
Slippin' and a slidin'
All along the waterfall
It was you, my brown eyed girl
You, my brown eyed girl

Do you remember when, we used to sing
Sha la la la la la la la la ti da
Sha la la la la la la la la ti da

So hard to find my way
Now that I'm on my own
Thought about it just the other day
My, where's the time all gone

Can't remember back then Lord
Sometimes I'm overcome thinkin' 'bout
Makin' love in the green grass
Behind the stadium
With you, my brown eyed girl
Do you remember when, we used to sing
Sha la la la la la la la la ti da

† Don Quixote *Gordon Lightfoot*

Through the woodland, through the valley, comes a horseman wild and free.
Tilting at the windmills passing, who can the brave young horseman be?
He is wild but he is mellow, he is strong but he is weak.
He is cruel but he is gentle, he is wise but he is meek.
Reaching for his saddlebag, he takes a battered book into his hand.
Standing like a prophet bold, he shouts across the ocean to the shore,
'till he can shout no more.

I have come o'er moor and mountain, like the hawk upon the wing
I was once a shining knight, who was the guardian of a king
I have searched the whole world over, looking for a place to sleep
I have seen the strong survive, and I have seen the lean grown weak

See the children of the earth, who wake to find the table bare.
See the gentry in the country, riding off to take the air.

Reaching for his saddlebag, he takes a rusty sword into his hand.
Then striking up a knightly pose, he shouts across the ocean to the shore,
'till he can shout no more.

See the jailor with his key, who locks away all trace of sin.
See the judge upon the bench, who tries the case as best he can.
See the wise and wicked ones, who feed upon life's sacred fire.
See the soldier with his gun, who must be dead to be admired.

See the man who tips the needle, see the man who buys and sells.
See the man who puts the collar, on the ones who dare not tell.
See the drunkard in the tavern, stemming gold to make ends meet.
See the youth in ghetto black, condemned to life upon the street.

Reaching for his saddlebag, he takes a tarnished cross into his hand.
Then standing like a preacher now, he shouts across the ocean to the shore
Then in a blaze of tangled hooves, he gallops off across the dusty plain,
in vain to search again, where no one will hear.

Through the woodland, through the valley, comes a horseman wild and free.
Tilting at the windmills passing, who can the brave young horseman be?
He is wild but he is mellow, he is strong but he is weak.
He is cruel but he is gentle, he is wise but he is meek.

✠ Dust In The Wind *Kansas*

I close my eyes
Only for a moment, then the moment's gone
All my dreams
Pass before my eyes, a curiosity
Dust in the wind
All they are is dust in the wind

Same old song
Just a drop of water in an endless sea
All we do
Crumbles to the ground, though we refuse to see
Dust in the wind
All we are is dust in the wind, ohh

Now, don't hang on
Nothing lasts forever but the earth and sky
It slips away
And all your money won't another minute buy
Dust in the wind
All we are is dust in the wind
All we are is dust in the wind

Dust in the wind
Everything is dust in the wind
Everything is dust in the wind
The wind

For Baby *John Denver*

I'll walk in the rain by your side,
I'll cling to the warmth of your tiny hand.
I'll do anything to help you understand,
I'll love you more than anybody can.

And the wind will whisper your name to me,
Little birds will sing along in time,
The leaves will bow down when you walk by,
And morning bells will chime.

I'll be there when you're feeling down,
To kiss away the tears if you cry.
I'll share with you all the happiness I've found,
A reflection of the love in your eyes.

And I'll sing you the songs of the rainbow,
Whisper all the joy that is mine.
The leaves will bow down when you walk by,
And morning bells will chime.

I'll walk in the rain by your side,
I'll cling to the warmth of your tiny hand.
I'll do anything to help you understand,
I'll love you more than anybody can.

The leaves will bow down when you walk by,
And morning bells will chime.

✠ **Four Strong Winds** *Ian Tyson*

Chorus:

Four strong winds that blow lonely, seven seas that run high,
All these things that won't change, come what may.
Well our good times are all gone, and I'm bound for moving on.
I'll look for you if I'm ever back this way.

Think I'll go out to Alberta, weather's good there in the fall.
Got some friends that I can go to workin' for.
Yet I wish you'd change your mind, if I asked you one more time
But we've been through this a hundred times or more.
(Chorus)

If I get there before the snow flies, and if things are looking good.
You could meet me if I sent you down the fare,
But by then it would be winter, not much there for you to do.
And the winds can sure blow cold way up there.
(Chorus)

✠ **Good Riddance (Time of Your Life)** *Green Day*

Another turning point, a fork stuck in the road
Time grabs you by the wrist, directs you where to go
So make the best of this test, and don't ask why
It's not a question, but a lesson learned in time

It's something unpredictable, but in the end it's right.
I hope you had the time of your life.

So take the photographs, and still frames in your mind
Hang it on a shelf in good health and good time
Tattoos of memories and dead skin on trial
For what it's worth it was worth all the while

It's something unpredictable, but in the end it's right.
I hope you had the time of your life.

It's something unpredictable, but in the end it's right.
I hope you had the time of your life.

It's something unpredictable, but in the end it's right.
I hope you had the time of your life.

✠ **Hallelujah** *adaptation .. Leonard Cohen*

I heard there was a sacred chord
That David played and it pleased the Lord
But you don't really care for music, do ya?
It goes like this, the fourth the fifth
The minor fall, the major lift -
The baffled king composing Hallelujah.

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah!

I've seen the work of God before
In His world which I adore.
I find there's Love in everything around ya
I see His flag on the marble arch
And join in with His victory march.
We praise Him as we call out Hallelujah.

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah!

There's reasons that we should know
Why praise and love to Him should flow
So join me as I sing and praise Him will ya?
Remember how He's moved in you
The Holy Spirit's moving too
And every breath we draw is Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah!

I've done my best, it wasn't much
Still I feel His love in all I touch
I told the truth, I wouldn't try to fool ya
And even when it all goes wrong;
I'll stand before the Lord of song
With nothing on my tongue but Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah!
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah!

✠ I Am A Pilgrim *Traditional Folksong*

I am a pilgrim and a stranger
Traveling through this wearisome land
And I've got a home in that yonder city, good Lord
And it's not (good Lordy it's not) not made by hand

I got a mother, a sister and a brother
Who have gone to that sweet home
And I am determined to go and see them, good Lord
Over on (good Lordy over on) that distant shore

As I go down to that river Jordan
Just to bathe my weary soul
If I could touch but just the hem of His garment, good Lord
I believe (good Lordy I believe) that it would make me whole

Now when I'm dead, laying in my coffin
All of my friends all gather round
They can say that he's just laying there sleeping, good Lord
Sweet peace (Lordy sweet peace) his soul is found

✠ **I Am A Poor Wayfaring Stranger** *Traditional Folksong*

I am a poor wayfaring stranger,
wandering through this world of woe.
But there's no sorrow, toil or danger,
in that bright land to which I go.

I'm going there to see my father,
I'm going there no more to roam.
I'm just a going over Jordan,
I'm only going over home.

I know dark clouds will gather 'round me,
I know my way is rough and steep.
But golden fields lie out before me,
where all the saints their vigils keep.

I'm going there to see my mother,
I'm going there no more to roam.
I'm just a going over Jordan,
I'm only going over home.

I'll soon be free from every trial,
my body sleep in the churchyard.
I'll drop the cross of self denial,
and enter on my great reward.

I'm going there to see my Savior,
to sing His praise forevermore.
I'm just a going over Jordan,
I'm only going over home.

✠ **If I Had A Hammer** *Peter Paul and Mary*

If I had a hammer, I'd hammer in the morning
I'd hammer in the evening, all over this land.

I'd hammer out danger, I'd hammer out a warning,
I'd hammer out love between my brothers and my sisters,
all over this land.

If I had a bell, I'd ring it in the morning,
I'd ring it in the evening, all over this land.

I'd ring out danger, I'd ring out a warning
I'd ring out love between my brothers and my sisters,
all over this land.

If I had a song, I'd sing it in the morning,
I'd sing it in the evening, All over this land.

I'd sing out danger, I'd sing out a warning
I'd sing out love between my brothers and my sisters,
all over this land.

Well I got a hammer, and I got a bell,
And I got a song to sing, all over this land.

It's the hammer of justice, it's the bell of freedom,
it's the song about love between my brothers and my sisters,
all over this land.

It's the hammer of justice, it's the bell of freedom,
it's the song about love between my brothers and my sisters,
all over this land.

✠ **In The Early Morning Rain** *Gordon Lightfoot*

In the early morning rain, with a dollar in my hand
With an aching in my heart and my pockets full of sand
I'm a long way from home, and I miss my loved one so
In the early morning rain with no place to go

Out on runway number nine, big 707 set to go
But I'm stuck here on the ground where the cold winds blow
Well the liquor tasted good and the women were all fast
There she goes my friend, o she's rolling now at last

Here the mighty engines roar, see the silver bird on high
She's away and westward bound, high above the clouds she'll fly
Where the early rain don't fall and the sun always shines
She'll be flying o'er my home in about three hours time

This old airport's got me down, it's no earthly use to me
Cause I'm stuck here on the ground, cold and drunk as I might be
You can't jump a jet plane like you can a freight train
So I'd best be on my way in the early morning rain

✠ Leavin' On A Jet Plane *John Denver*

All my bags are packed, I'm ready to go
I'm standing here outside your door
I hate to wake you up to say goodbye
But the dawn is breakin', it's early morn
The taxi's waiting, he's blowin' his horn
Already I'm so lonesome I could cry.

Chorus:

So kiss me and smile for me
Tell me that you'll wait for me
Hold me like you'll never let me go.
I'm leavin' on a jet plane
I don't know when I'll be back again
Oh, babe, I hate to go.

There's so many times I've let you down
So many times I've played around
I tell you now, they don't mean a thing
Every place I go, I think of you
Every song I sing, I sing for you
When I come back, I'll wear your wedding ring.
(chorus)

Now the time has come to leave you
One more time let me kiss you
Then close your eyes, I'll be on my way.
Dream about the days to come
When I won't have to leave alone
About the times, I won't have to say,
(chorus)

✠ Northwest Passage *Stan Rogers*

Chorus:

Ah, for just one time I would take the Northwest Passage
To find the hand of Franklin reaching for the Beaufort Sea;
Tracing one warm line through a land so wild and savage
And make a Northwest Passage to the sea.

Westward from the Davis Strait 'tis there 'twas said to lie
The sea route to the Orient for which so many died;
Seeking gold and glory, leaving weathered, broken bones
And a long-forgotten lonely cairn of stones.

Three centuries thereafter, I take passage overland
In the footsteps of brave Kelso, where his "sea of flowers" began
Watching cities rise before me, then behind me sink again
This tardiest explorer, driving hard across the plain.

And through the night, behind the wheel, the mileage clicking west
I think upon Mackenzie, David Thompson and the rest
Who cracked the mountain ramparts and did show a path for me
To race the roaring Fraser to the sea.

How then am I so different from the first men through this way?
Like them, I left a settled life, I threw it all away.
To seek a Northwest Passage at the call of many men
To find there but the road back home again.

Unpublished additional verse:

And if should be I come again to loved ones left at home,
Put the journals on the mantle, shake the frost out of my bones,
Making memories of the passage, only memories after all,
And hardships there the hardest to recall.

✠ **Over The Rainbow** *Judy Garland*

Intro:

When all the world is a hopeless jumble
and the raindrops tumble all around,
Heaven opens a magic lane.
When all the clouds darken up the skyway,
there's a rainbow highway to be found,
Leading from your windowpane.
To a place behind the sun,
Just a step beyond the rain.

Somewhere over the rainbow way up high,
there's a land that I heard of once in a lullaby.
Somewhere over the rainbow skies are blue,
and the dreams that you dare to dream really do come true.

Someday I'll wish upon a star
and wake up where the clouds are far behind me.
Where troubles melt like lemon drops,
away, above the chimney tops, that's where you'll find me.

Somewhere over the rainbow bluebirds fly.
Birds fly over the rainbow, why then, oh why can't I ?
If happy little bluebirds fly beyond the rainbow,
why oh why can't I ?

✠ **Santiago Dreamin'** *adaptation .. The Mamas and the Papas*

All the leaves are brown (All the leaves are brown)
And the sky is grey (And the sky is grey)
I've been for a walk (I've been for a walk)
On a winter's day (On a winters day)
I'd be safe and warm (I'd be safe and warm)
If I was in LA (If I was in LA)
Santiago dreamin' (Santiago dreamin')
On such a winter's day

Stopped into a church
I passed along the Way
Well, I got down on my knees (Got down on my knees)
And I began to pray (I began to pray)
You know the priest he likes the cold (Priest he likes the cold)
He knows I cannot stay (Knows I cannot stay)
Santiago dreamin' (Santiago dreamin')
On such a winters day

All the leaves are brown (All the leaves are brown)
And the sky is grey (And the sky is grey)
I've been for a walk (I've been for a walk)
On a winter's day (On a winters day)
If the Spirit moves me (If the Spirit moves me)
I could leave today (I could leave today)
Santiago dreamin' (Santiago dreamin')
On such a winters day (Santiago dreamin')
On such a winters day (Santiago dreamin')
On such a winters day

✠ Singin' in the Rain *Gene Kelly*

Doo-dloo-doo-doo-doo
Doo-dloo-doo-doo-doo-doo
Doo-dloo-doo-doo-doo-doo
Doo-dloo-doo-doo-doo-doo...

I'm singing in the rain
Just singing in the rain
What a glorious feelin'
I'm happy again
I'm laughing at clouds
So dark up above
The sun's in my heart
And I'm ready for love
Let the stormy clouds chase
Everyone from the place
Come on with the rain
I've a smile on my face
I walk down the lane
With a happy refrain
Just singin',
Singin' in the rain

Dancin' in the rain
Dee-ah dee-ah dee-ah
Dee-ah dee-ah dee-ah
I'm happy again!
I'm singin' and dancin' in the rain!

I'm dancin' and singin' in the rain...

(Additional Verse)

Why am I smiling
And why do I sing?
Why does September
Seem sunny as spring?
Why do I get up
Each morning and start?
Happy and head up
With joy in my heart
Why is each new task
A trifle to do?
Because I am living
A life full of you.

✠ **Sounds Of Silence** *Simon and Garfunkel*

Hello darkness, my old friend
I've come to talk with you again
Because a vision softly creeping
Left its seeds while I was sleeping
And the vision that was planted in my brain
Still remains
Within the sound of silence

In restless dreams I walked alone
Narrow streets of cobblestone
'Neath the halo of a street lamp
I turned my collar to the cold and damp
When my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon light
That split the night
And touched the sound of silence

And in the naked light I saw
Ten thousand people, maybe more
People talking without speaking
People hearing without listening
People writing songs that voices never share
And no one dared
Disturb the sound of silence

"Fools", said I, "You do not know
Silence like a cancer grows
Hear my words that I might teach you
Take my arms that I might reach you"
But my words, like silent raindrops fell
And echoed
In the wells of silence

And the people bowed and prayed
To the neon god they made
And the sign flashed out its warning
In the words that it was forming
And the sign said, "The words of the prophets are written on the subway walls
And tenement halls"
And whispered in the sounds of silence

✠ **The Happy Wanderer** *Traditional Melody*

I love to go a-wandering,
Along the mountain track,
And as I go, I love to sing,
My knapsack on my back.

Chorus:
Val-deri, Val-dera,
Val-deri,
Val-dera-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha
Val-deri, Val-dera.
My knapsack on my back.

I love to wander by the stream
That dances in the sun,
So joyously it calls to me,
"Come! Join my happy song!"
(Chorus)

I wave my hat to all I meet,
And they wave back to me,
And blackbirds call so loud and sweet
From ev'ry green wood tree.
(Chorus)

High overhead, the skylarks wing,
They never rest at home
But just like me, they love to sing,
As o'er the world we roam.
(Chorus)

Oh, may I go a-wandering
Until the day I die!
Oh, may I always laugh and sing,
Beneath God's clear blue sky!
(Chorus)

✠ The Pilgrim *Kris Kristofferson*

See him wasted on the sidewalk in his jacket and his jeans,
Wearin' yesterday's misfortunes like a smile--
Once he had a future full of money, love, and dreams,
Which he spent like they was goin' outa style--
And he keeps right on a'changin' for the better or the worse,
Searchin' for a shrine he's never found--
Never knowin' if believin' is a blessin' or a curse,
Or if the goin' up was worth the comin' down--

Chorus:

He's a poet, he's a picker--
He's a prophet, he's a pusher--
He's a pilgrim and a preacher, and a problem when he's stoned--
He's a walkin' contradiction, partly truth and partly fiction,
Takin' ev'ry wrong direction on his lonely way back home.

He has tasted good and evil in your bedrooms and your bars,
And he's traded in tomorrow for today--
Runnin' from his devils, lord, and reachin' for the stars,
And losin' all he's loved along the way--
But if this world keeps right on turnin' for the better or the worse,
And all he ever gets is older and around--
From the rockin' of the cradle to the rollin' of the hearse,
The goin' up was worth the comin' down--

Chorus:

He's a poet, he's a picker--
He's a prophet, he's a pusher--
He's a pilgrim and a preacher, and a problem when he's stoned--
He's a walkin' contradiction, partly truth and partly fiction,
Takin' ev'ry wrong direction on his lonely way back home.
There's a lotta wrong directions on that lonely way back home.

✠ The Servant Song

Brother, let me be your servant.
Let me be as Christ to you.
Pray that I might have the grace
To let you be my servant, too.

We are pilgrims on a journey.
We are brothers on the road.
We are here to help each other
Walk the mile and bear the load.

I will hold the Christ-light for you
In the night time of your fear.
I will hold my hand out to you;
Speak the peace you long to hear.

I will weep when you are weeping.
When you laugh, I'll laugh with you.
I will share your joy and sorrow
Till we've seen this journey through.

When we sing to God in heaven,
We shall find such harmony
Born of all we've known together
Of Christ's love and agony.

Brother, let me be your servant.
Let me be as Christ to you.
Pray that I might have the grace
To let you be my servant, too.

✠ **The Times They Are A Changin'** *Bob Dylan*

Come gather 'round people where ever you roam
And admit that the waters around you have grown
And accept it that soon you'll be drenched to the bone
If your time to you is worth savin'
Then you better start swimmin' or you'll sink like a stone,
For the times they are a' changin'!

Come writers and critics who prophesy with your pen
And keep your eyes wide the chance won't come again
And don't speak too soon for the wheel's still in spin
And there's no tellin' who that it's namin'
For the loser now will be later to win
For the times they are a' changin'!

Come senators, congressmen please heed the call
Don't stand in the doorway don't block up the hall
For he that gets hurt will be he who has stalled
There's a battle outside and it's ragin'
It'll soon shake your windows and rattle your walls
For the times they are a' changin'!

Come mothers and fathers throughout the land
And don't criticize what you can't understand
Your sons and your daughters are beyond your command
Your old road is rapidly agin'
Please get out of the new one if you can't lend your hand
For the times they are a' changin'!

The line it is drawn the curse it is cast
The slow one now will later be fast
As the present now will later be past
The order is rapidly fadin'
And the first one now will later be last
For the times they are a' changin'!

✠ **This Land Is Your Land** *Woody Guthrie*

Chorus:

This land is your land. This land is my land.
From California to the New York island,
From the red wood forest to the Gulf stream waters.
This land was made for you and me.

As I was walkin'
that ribbon of a highway,
I saw above me that endless skyway.
I saw below me that golden valley.
This land was made for you and me.
(Chorus)

I roamed and rambled
and I followed my footsteps
to the sparklin' sands of her diamond desert
And all around me a voice was sounding,
"This land was made for you and me."
(Chorus)

The sun came shining
and I was strolling and the wheat fields waving
and the dust clouds rolling
As the fog was lifting a voice was calling,
"This land was made for you and me."
(Chorus)

✠ **Wade In The Water** *Traditional Folksong*

Wade in the water, Wade in the water children.
Wade in the water, God's gonna part the water.

Wade in the water, Wade in the water children.
Wade in the water, God's gonna part the water.

Well who those children dressed in red? God's gonna part the water.
Must be the children that Joshua led, God's gonna part the water.

I said wade in the water, Wade in the water children.
Wade in the water, God's gonna part the water.

Now who those children dressed in black? God's gonna part the water.
Goin' to the Promised Land and never comin' back, God's gonna part the water.

Said wade in the water, Wade in the water children.
Wade in the water, God's gonna part the water.

Well who those children dressed in green? God's gonna part the water.
They're marching to a land they never have seen, God's gonna part the water.

Wade in the water, Wade in the water children.
Wade in the water, God's gonna part the water.

Well who those children dressed in white? God's gonna part the water.
They must be the children called Israelites, God's gonna part the water.

I said wade in the water, Wade in the water children.
Wade in the water, God's gonna part the water.

Wade in the water, Wade in the water children.
Wade in the water, God's gonna part the water.
God's gonna part the water.
God's gonna part the water.

✠ Wedding Song *Peter Paul and Mary*

He is now to be among you at the calling of your hearts
Rest assured this troubadour is acting on His part.
The union of your spirits, here, has caused Him to remain
For whenever two or more of you are gathered in His name
There is Love. There is Love.

Well, a man shall leave his mother and a woman leave her home
They shall travel on to where the two should be as one.
As it was in the beginning is now until the end
Woman draws her life from man and gives it back again.
And there is Love. There is Love.

Well, then what's to be the reason for becoming man and wife?
Is it Love that brings you here or Love that brings you life?
Or if loving is the answer, then who's the giving for?
Do you believe in something that you've never seen before?
Oh there's Love, there is Love.

Oh the marriage of your spirits here has caused Him to remain
For whenever two or more of you are gathered in His name
There is Love. Oh there's Love.

