***SONGS FOR THE EARTH***

(**PASSING A GLOBE FROM HAND TO HAND)**
We have the whole world in our hands,
We have the rain and the forests in our hands,
We  have the wind and the walrus in our hands,
WE HAVE THE WHOLE WORLD IN OUR HANDS!

We have the rivers and the mountains in our hands,
We have the lakes and the oceans in our hands
We have you and me in our hands,
We have the whole world in our hands.

We have trees and tigers in our hands,
We have our sisters and our brothers in our hands,
We have our children and ***their*** children in our hands,
WE HAVE THE WHOLE WORLD IN OUR HANDS!

“**We are Building Up a New World”
(Words by Vincent Harding; music as in “Climbing Jacob’s Ladder”)**
We are building up a new world (3x)
Builders must be strong.

Courage sisters don’t be weary,
Courage brothers don’t be weary,
Courage people don’t be weary,
Though the road be long.

 Rise and shine and give God glory (3x),
Lift every soul in song!

**My Rainbow Race  (By Pete Seeger)**(The chorus is more easily sung, and could be used by itself)
[Chorus:]
One blue sky above us
 One ocean lapping all our shore
One earth so green and round
Who could ask for more?
And because I love you
I'll give it one more try
To show my rainbow race
It's too soon to die.

Some folks want to be like an ostrich,
Bury their heads in the sand.
Some hope that plastic dreams
Can unclench all those greedy hands.
Some hope to take the easy way: Poisons, bombs. They think we need 'em.
Don't you know you can't kill all the unbelievers? There's no shortcut to freedom.

[Chorus]

Go tell, go tell all the little children.
Tell all the mothers and fathers too.
Now's our last chance to learn to share
What's been given to me and you.

[Chorus]

**“Circle Round for Freedom” (by Linda Hirschhorn)**
Circle round for freedom,
circle round for peace.
For all of us imprisoned,
circle for release.
Circle for the planet,
circle for each soul.
For the children of our children,
keep the circle whole.
 **Morning Has Broken  (Words by Eleanor Farjeon)**
Morning has broken, like the first morning
Blackbird has spoken, like the first bird
Praise for the singing, praise for the morning
Praise for them springing fresh from the Word.

Sweet the rain's new fall, sunlit from heaven
Like the first dewfall, on the first grass
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden
Sprung in completeness where God’s feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight, mine is the morning
Born of the one light, Eden saw play
Praise with elation, praise every morning
God's recreation of the new day.

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