The Sound of the Rising Tide

We children of the earth,

scattered far and wide, we heard the call,

the distant call, the mighty call of the rising tide,

and our hearts aflame with remembrance,

a memory beyond recall, we came to build a community of love,

to learn, to train, to serve, to embrace all our pain,

and though we stumble and fall, we vow never to abandon our community,

our path, and you, our teacher, we walk for you, for our forebears and descendants, and

on the long road, each step be comes a legend.

Long did we seek, long did we wander, on lonely paths, and broken roads, until we found you, our

teacher of old, and not in vain our fal len tears, now rain, of new hope, together again, we’ll go on.
Voice

Oh, child of the earth, brothers and sisters, now let us go forth to be there to live the holy life, with the Earth our mother as witness to the strength of our vow. And we'll bring back the refreshing spring to mountains and to rivers, rising thunder cres-tineswaves, we go on, and we will cross the valley of birth and death to find you and look once more in your eyes, in the ancient to rest the old path, white clouds over head, we stand together smiling to the mystery. All sorrows at an end, all fears forsworn, compassion springs anew, great love is in our hearts.

In the vast sky both sun and moon are lighting our way and our hearts a flame with remembrance, a memory beyond recall, the sound of the rising tide, the sound of the rising tide, the sound of the rising tide, the sound of the rising tide.