Heritage

Freely

Deep in a furrow I found a stone
Gently I buried it there alone

Near to the grave where my father lies,
Sturdy and strong as my father's hand

Clean as his living that I had known
Mem'ries to cherish that are my own

Grey as the grey of my father's eyes.
Deep in the heart of my father's land.
Verse 1 + 2 "Heritage" pg 34

sung freely, without accompaniment,
as in Plainsong

also "Winter Wheat" pg 37
"Musica" pg 43

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