The Music Of Healing
(Tommy Sands, words of verse 2 by Pete Seeger)

Don't beat the drum that frightens the children, 
don't sing the songs about winning and losing. 
Sit down beside me, the green fields are bleeding, 
sing me the music of healing. 
Sing me a song of a lover returning- 
the darker the night, the nearer the morning- 
bring me the news of a new day that's dawning: 
sing me the music of healing

Ah, the heart's a wonder, 
stronger than the guns of thunder. 
Even when we're torn asunder 
love will come again

Sometimes the truth's like a hare in the cornfield, 
you know that it's there but you can't put your arms around it. 
All we can hope for is follow its footprints, 
sing me the music of healing. 
Who would have thought I could feel so contented 
to learn I was wrong after all of my rambles? 
I've learned to be hard and I've learned how to tremble, 
sing me the music of healing

Ah, the heart's a wonder....

Somehow the cycle of vengeance keeps turning 
till each other's sorrows and songs we start learning. 
Peace is the prize for those who are daring, 
sing me the music of healing. 
Time is your friend, it cures all your sorrows, 
but how can I wait till another tomorrow? 
One step today and a thousand will follow. 
Sing me the music of healing

Ah, the heart's a wonder....
Music of healing

Tommy Sands

Soprano
Alto

Tenor
Bass

Don't beat the drum that fright'en's the child-ren, don't sing the

Drum
Drum
Drum
Drum
Drum
Drum
Drum
Drum

Songs a-bout win-ning and los-ing. Sit down be-side me, the green fields are bleed-ing: sing me the

Drum
Drum
Drum

Music of heal-ing. Sing me a song of a lover re-turn-ing, the dark-er the

Sing me a song of a lover re-turn-ing.

Night, the nearer the morn-ing. Bring me the news of the new day that's dawning: sing me the

Night, the nearer the morn-ing.

Music of heal-ing. Ah— the heart's a won-der, stron-ger than the

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of heal-ing. Ah—

Music of healings

Copyright © Elm Grove Music
Some-times the truth's like a hare in a corn-field, you
know that it's there but you can't put your arms round it, all you can hope for is follow its footprints:

sing me the music of healing. Who would've thought I could feel so contented to
learn I was wrong after all of my rambles? I've learned to be hard, and I've learned how to tremble:
sing me the music of healing. Ah the heart's a wonder, stronger

than the guns of thunder. Even when we're torn asunder love will come again.

Some-how the cycle of vengeance keeps turning till
each other's sorrows and songs we start learner. Peace is the prize for those who are daring:
songs, peace is the prize for those who are daring

S. A.
sing me the music of healing. Time is your friend, it heals all your sorrow, but
T. B.

S. A.
how can I wait for another tomorrow? and a thousand will follow
T. B.

S. A.
Ah - the heart's a wonder, stronger
T. B.

S. A.

than the guns of thunder. Even when we're torn a - sun - der
T. B.

S. A.
love will come again, love will come again, love will come again.
T. B.