

The Foxfire Suite

John Denver

Spring is alive in Carolina, deep in the forest where the foxfire glows.
High on a mountain, down in a holler, thunder and lightning, so it goes.
Over a hundred years ago we came to Carolina, far across the water it's a long hard road.
With little more than courage we came seeking independence, a little less than nothing is a heavy load.
From the heather to the highlands we have found the Smokey Mountains,
hard work and simple ways and life is good, life is good.
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You are every morning sunrise, you are every rain.
You are every peal of laughter, you are every cry of pain.
You are all the summer flowers, you are all the falling leaves.
You are everyone rejoicing you are everyone who grieves.
You are all my unknown secrets, you are all my hidden fears.
You are known in lover's kisses, you are seen in childhood tears.
You are where the stars are shining, you are where the rainbow ends.
You are why the war is over, you are how the peace begins.

Whisper the wind over the water. Whisper the wind all through the night.
Whisper the wind along the canyon. Whisper the wind into the light.
Whisper the wind, brothers and sisters. Whisper the wind all the same.
Whisper the wind, love one another. Whisper the wind, your precious name.

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