

Softly Softly

Tall Heights

Softly, softly through the trees
The leaves come falling down
Colors floating in the air
Colors floating everywhere!
They hardly make a sound
They hardly make a sound

Rolling slowly back to school
We children hear the bell
Teacher says the golden rule:
Kindness given follows you
We children hear the bell
We children hear it louder-

Pop! Pop! In the hall!
We children hit the ground
Evelyn is all in red
Evelyn was my best friend
We children hit the ground
We hardly make a sound

In the steeple, in the town
The people sing their prayers:
Spare our children from such harms
Hold them in our loaded arms
And never put them down
We'll never put them

Softly, softly to the ground
The tears come floating down
What can take a child's place?
What is worth a child placed
So gently in the ground?
It hardly makes a sound