

## Hymns

by John Forster & Tom Chapin  
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(ASCAP)

There are songs that come and go.  
There are songs I barely know.  
But the songs I know and love feel like hymns!

A Motown hit, a singalong,  
A lullaby, a Beatles song.  
This is the hymnbook in my head.  
I pick a hymn, SHA-DOO-RUN-RUN,  
And when I'm scared to carry on  
I belt it out to drive away the dread.  
These are my Hymns – Fa la la la la.

Hymns – Sha na na na na  
I sing 'em when I'm happy,  
Sing 'em when I'm blue.  
Relaxing in my living room,  
Or staring down the Face of Doom  
Wop bop-a-loo-bop a-lop bam boom.  
These are my hymns!  
SILENT NIGHT, STORMY WEATHER,  
IN MY LIFE, COME TOGETHER

I know I'm of a certain age  
And though your book may not have this page,  
These are the hymns I carry in my heart.  
SUMMERTIME, MY FUNNY VALENTINE  
I'll sing lead and we won't need a chart  
To sing these...

Hymns – Fa la la la la.  
Hymns – Sha na na na na  
We sing 'em when we're happy,  
Sing 'em when we're blue.  
Messin' round my living room

Or staring down the Face of Doom.  
CATS IN THE CRADLE and the Silver Spoon,  
These are my hymns!

La, la-la, Lah-dah-dah-da...  
Lai, la-lai. Laila-lai lai lai la lah. Ee-i-ee-i-oh.  
HALLELUJAH – Fa la la la la. HALLELUJAH  
– Sha na na na na

We sing 'em when we celebrate,  
Sing 'em when we grieve.  
Songs so right, that ring so true,  
They touch the deepest part of you.  
NA NA NA NA NA NA NA. NA-NA-NA-NA...  
Hey Jude...  
THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND, LIKE A  
ROLLING STONE,  
WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE.  
DEEP IN MY HEART I DO BELIEVE...  
Wop bop al-loo bop a-lop bam boom.  
These are my hymns. These are my hymns.  
AMEN!!!

## Follow The Light

by John McCutcheon, Michael Mark & Tom Chapin  
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Co. (ASCAP)

Seven and eight, my sister and I,  
Lost in the woods as lightning filled the sky.  
We ran through the rain  
And there up ahead was a light on the porch.  
"Come home," like mama said.

*Follow the light when you're lonely and lost.  
When out on the ocean  
You are tumbled and tossed.  
Follow your heart, wherever you may be.  
Follow the light on home to me.*

Out on the sea the waves heave and rise.  
Far from the shoreline  
Storm clouds mount the skies.  
We look for a sign,  
A welcoming sight,  
A beacon that shines  
To guide us home tonight.

*Follow the light when you're lonely and lost.  
When out on the ocean  
You are tumbled and tossed.  
Follow your heart, wherever you may be.  
Follow the light on home to me.*

There's a hole in our skyline.  
There's a hole in our town.  
There's a hole in our hearts  
The whole world around.  
How do we heal?  
Tell me, how do we see  
That mercy that shines in you and me?  
We follow the light!

When the world feels so big  
And we seem so small  
You wonder if life has any meaning left at all.  
When you're losing your heart,  
When you're losing the fight.  
Hold onto my hand  
And we will follow the light.

*Follow the light when you're lonely and lost.  
When out on the ocean  
You are tumbled and tossed.  
Follow your heart, wherever you may be.  
Follow the light on home to me.*

## It Feels Like Home

by John Forster & Tom Chapin  
© 1998 Limousine Music Co. & The Last Music Co.  
(ASCAP)

It's not very spacious  
Or gracious or grand.  
We don't have a lake  
Or an acre of land,  
Just a wide open door  
And a welcoming hand  
And it feels like home.  
*And it feels like home.  
And it feels like home.  
A wide open door,  
And a welcoming hand  
And it feels like home.*

The comfortable places  
And faces we know,  
The hideouts and hangouts  
We've found long ago.  
We put marks on the door frame  
To watch ourselves grow  
And it feels like home.  
*And it feels like home.  
And it feels like home.  
With marks on the door  
To watch ourselves grow  
And it feels like home.*

The place where we gather  
When something goes wrong,  
When the water's too high,  
When the wind is too strong.  
It's where we feel loved,  
It's where we belong  
And it feels like home.  
*And it feels like home.  
And it feels like home.*

*It's where we feel loved,  
It's where we belong  
And it feels like home.  
And it feels like home.  
And it feels like home.  
It's where we feel loved,  
It's where we belong  
And it feels like home.*

### **A Bridge To Somewhere**

by John Forster & Tom Chapin  
© 2009 Limousine Music Co. & The Last Music Co.  
(ASCAP)

Seems like a bubble has been burst,  
Like we're marching in reverse,  
Heading straight from bad to worse,  
Going nowhere  
But though a lotta milk's been spilled,  
A lotta hopes and dreams been killed,  
Instead of tearing down,  
Let's build a bridge to somewhere.  
*Build a bridge to somewhere,  
Somewhere, somehow.  
Build a bridge to somewhere now.*

There is a place in your home town  
All boarded up and tumbledown,  
Where all the folks just hang around,  
Going nowhere.  
The neighborhood with the rundown heart.  
Pick up some wood from the lumber mart.  
Then grab what tools you've got  
And start a bridge to somewhere.  
*Build a bridge to somewhere,  
Somewhere, somehow.  
Build a bridge to somewhere now.*

*Build a bridge (no matter how)  
Build a bridge (no matter where)  
Build a bridge (from any here)  
Build a bridge (to any there)  
Build a bridge to somewhere,  
Somewhere, somehow.  
Build a bridge to somewhere now.*

I got my troubles, just like yours,  
Seems every time it rains it pours,  
And yet we stand on separate shores,  
Going nowhere.  
You know we can't be satisfied  
Until we're working side by side  
And build across the great divide  
A bridge to somewhere.  
*Build a bridge to somewhere,  
Somewhere, somehow.  
Build a bridge to somewhere now.  
Build a bridge (from heart to heart)  
Build a bridge (from creed to creed)  
Build a bridge (that joins us all)  
Build a bridge (it's all we need)  
Build a bridge to somewhere,  
Somewhere, somehow.  
Build a bridge to somewhere now.*

### **Julia Ward Howe (A Mother's Day For Peace)**

by Scott Ainslie, Si Kahn & Tom Chapin  
© Cattail Music, Joe Hill Music & The Last Music Co.  
(ASCAP)

She wrote  
"the bitter vintage of the grapes of wrath"  
She coined  
"the lightning's terrible swift sword"  
Her name was Julia Ward Howe

And the battle hymn she wrote  
Once helped our sons to fight the Civil War

These fighting words that flowed out  
So swiftly from her pen  
Went to the waiting watch fires of Bull Run  
From Shiloh to the Wilderness  
To the fields of Gettysburg  
In every Union camp her song was sung  
*But she looked back in sorrow  
And wished she'd found  
These words before  
May every hymn of battle  
Become a prayer for peace  
That never sends another soul to war*

She had seen too much of killing  
And the toll that war exacts  
And seeking ways to make the carnage cease  
Julia called to every woman  
Across this war-torn earth  
To gather for a Mother's Day for Peace

Arise with me, arise  
All women who have hearts  
Our losses age us far beyond our years  
We can no longer justify  
The cannons' fearsome roar  
Nor use our nation's flag to dry our tears  
*Let us look toward tomorrow  
And work together shore to shore  
'Til every hymn of battle  
Becomes a prayer for peace  
That never sends another soul to war*

For 30 years brave mothers met  
Together every June  
'Til Woodrow Wilson named a holiday

That turned this great assembly  
Of women against war  
Into a card and candy, chocolate-filled cliché

But if we love our Mothers,  
And of course we do,  
When we celebrate them every month of May  
Remember Julia Ward Howe  
And the dream she dreamed  
That Mother's Day might make war go away  
That Mother's Day might make war go away

(Sung to The Battle Hymn Of The Republic)  
Mine eyes have seen the glory  
Of what this world could be  
When the sacred goal we're striving for  
Transfigures you and me  
When the work that women do for peace  
Shall make all people free  
As we go marching on  
*Glory, glory, hallelujah. Glory, glory, hallelujah.  
Glory, glory, hallelujah.  
As we go marching on.*

### **Remember When The Music**

by Harry Chapin  
© Chapin Music (ASCAP)

Remember when the music  
Came from wooden boxes  
Strung with silver wire  
And as we'd sang the words,  
It would set our minds on fire,  
For we believed in things, and so we'd sing.

Remember when the music  
Was the best of what we dreamed of  
For our children's time

And as we sang we worked,  
For we knew time was just a line,  
It was a gift we saved, a gift the future gave.

Remember when the music  
Brought us all together  
To stand inside the rain  
And as we all joined hands,  
We would meet in the refrain,  
*For we had dreams to live,  
We had hopes to give.*

*And all the times I listened,  
And all the times I heard  
All the melodies I'm missing,  
And all the magic words,  
And all those potent voices,  
And the choices we had then,  
How I'd love to find  
We had that kind of choice again.*

*Remember when the music  
Was a glow on the horizon  
Of every newborn day  
And as we'd sang, the sun came up t  
To chase the dark away,  
And life was good, for we knew we could.*

*Do you remember when the music  
Brought the night across the valley  
As the day went down  
And as we'd hum the melody,  
We'd be safe inside the sound,  
And so we'd sleep, we had dreams to keep.*

*And I dream that something's coming,  
And it's not just in the wind.  
And it's not just for tomorrow,*

*And it's more than where we've been,  
It's something like a promise,  
That's telling me "Begin"  
I know we're needing something  
Worth believing in.*

*Remember when the music  
Came from wooden boxes  
Strung with silver wire  
And as we sang the words,  
It would set our minds on fire,  
For we believed in things, and so we'd sing.  
And so we'd sing, and so we'd sing.  
And so we'll sing, and so we'll sing.*

### **Quite Early Morning**

by Pete Seeger  
© 1969 Fall River Music Inc. (BMI)

Don't you know it's darkest before the dawn  
And it's this thought keeps me moving on  
If we could heed these early warnings  
The time is now quite early morning  
If we could heed these early warnings  
The time is now quite early morning

Some say that humankind won't long endure  
But what makes them so doggone sure?  
I know that you who hear my singing  
Could make those freedom bells go ringing  
I know that you who hear my singing  
Could make those freedom bells go ringing

And so keep on while we live  
Until we have no, no more to give  
And when these fingers can strum no longer  
Hand the old banjo to young ones stronger  
And when these fingers can strum no longer

Hand the old banjo to young ones stronger

So though it's darkest before the dawn  
These thoughts keep us moving on  
Through all this world of joy and sorrow  
We still can have singing tomorrows  
Through all this world of joy and sorrow  
We still can have singing tomorrows

### **Woody Guthrie's Dream**

by Si Kahn & Tom Chapin  
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(ASCAP)

I dreamt I was at the crossroad,  
Harsh wind at my back  
Thought I saw the man himself  
Come ramblin' down the track  
Hard times at his shoulders,  
A worn case in his hand  
Woody Guthrie stopped and said to me,  
"I just don't understand."

He said "I have seen the worst of times,  
Folks scratching in the dirt.  
Mile-long unemployment lines,  
Millions out of work.  
All those hungry women,  
All those desperate men  
I guess history runs in circles  
'Cause it's coming 'round again."

In the middle of the night  
I lay there in between  
Half asleep and half awake,  
Caught up in Woody's dream.  
In the middle of the night  
I found out what it means

To hitch a ride on Woody Guthrie's dream.

When I asked him what he dreamed about  
He shook his head and smiled.  
"A decent job for everyone,  
A home for every child  
Food for every family, a roof for every head  
Ain't that what you dream about?"  
He looked at me and said.  
"Go work and march together,  
Demanding what you need  
Speak the truth to power  
And call out corporate greed  
Sing the story of the underdog,  
Over-worked and under-paid  
Stand up proud, shout out loud,  
Clear and unafraid."

In the middle of the night  
I lay there in between  
Half asleep and half awake,  
Caught up in Woody's dream.  
In the middle of the night  
I found out what it means  
To hitch a ride on Woody Guthrie's dream.

"When they're fracking in your backyard  
And poisoning your stream,  
And in some ancient forest  
You can hear a chainsaw scream  
When fire and flood and hurricane  
Are tearing at the seams  
Don't despair," Old Woody said,  
"Get up and live your dreams"

I dreamt I was at the crossroad  
And as Woody turned to go  
He said "I got no place in this old world now,

It's your rodeo  
Go right some wrong, carry on,  
Like a ghost in the machine,  
Good luck, farewell, give 'em hell,  
I'll see you in your dreams."

In the middle of the night  
I lay there in between  
Half asleep and half awake,  
Caught up in Woody's dream.  
In the middle of the night  
I found out what it means  
To hitch a ride on Woody Guthrie's dream.

### Hold Our Ground Forever

by Si Kahn & Tom Chapin  
© Joe Hill Music & The Last Music Co. (ASCAP)

When times grow dark and life grows mean.  
The hardest times we've ever seen.  
When darkness overwhelms the dawn,  
Can we find strength to carry on?

When high winds tear down what we've built,  
Do we give in to blame and guilt?  
Or work and fight as we've done before  
And rise once more and rise once more.  
You are here (hold our ground)  
I am here (hold our ground).  
We are here together  
Through times of strife (hold our ground)  
Through times of fear (hold our ground)  
We will hold our ground forever!

When tempers and the earth grow hot  
We'll trust the goals for which we've fought  
We'll not lose sight of a brighter day.  
Nor lose one friend along the way.

You are here (hold our ground)  
I am here (hold our ground).  
We are here together  
Through times of strife (hold our ground)  
Through times of fear (hold our ground)  
We will hold our ground forever!  
We will hold our ground forever!

The common good is still our creed:  
To each according to their need  
Though oceans rise and high winds wail  
Our quiet courage will prevail.  
You are here (hold our ground)  
I am here (hold our ground).  
We are here together  
Through times of strife (hold our ground)  
Through times of fear (hold our ground)  
We will hold our ground forever!  
Hold our ground forever!

### Sing For Peace

by Jon Cobert & Tom Chapin  
© 2006 Red Wagon Music & The Last Music Co.  
(ASCAP)

I was never one to raise my hand,  
Take a stand, upset the plan.  
But the child has grown into a man,  
Now that times have changed.

I was content to go along,  
Sing the safe, the careful song.  
Trusting right would vanquish wrong,  
Oh but times have changed.  
*I sing for peace now.*  
*I made a vow to reach for higher ground.*  
*I sing for peace now,*  
*Peace is how we'll turn the world around.*

The news gets worse, so do the lies.  
They hide the bodies from our eyes.  
Thinking we won't realize  
We have the power to change.  
*I sing for peace now.*  
*I made a vow to reach for higher ground.*  
*I sing for peace now,*  
*Peace is how we'll turn the world around.*

Children cry, mothers weep.  
Been having trouble going to sleep  
As brave young men lie buried deep,  
Now that times have changed.  
*I sing for peace now.*  
*I made a vow to reach for higher ground.*  
*I sing for peace now,*  
*Peace is how we'll turn the world around.*

Sing for peace. Sing for peace.  
Turn the world around.  
Work... Fight... Vote... Pray...  
Turn the world around.

### Jubilation

by Harry Chapin  
© 1982 Chapin Music (ASCAP)

This is a song that needs no explanation  
This is a song I hoped that time would bring  
This is a song I call my Jubilation  
And it feels so good, all I got to do is sing.  
*Everybody say Oooh-eee (Jubilation)*

Everybody wants to touch his dream  
Just one time  
I know I'll never ever get this close again  
Everybody wants to feel that feeling sometime  
That's why I don't want today

To come to an end.  
*Everybody say Oooh-eee (Jubilation)*

Love the Lord your God,  
With all your heart, soul and mind.  
Love your neighbor as you love yourself.  
*Everybody say Oooh-eee (Jubilation)*

### Home Is The Welcoming Sound

by Jon Cobert & Tom Chapin  
© 2005 Red Wagon Music & the Last Music Co.  
(ASCAP)

When the winter wind's calling,  
When snow is a-falling  
And your cold feet are dragging the ground.  
When you're stuck in the storm, looking for warm,  
Home is the welcoming sound.

When the summer sun's blaze  
Puts your mind in a haze  
And you feel like you're coming unbound,  
When you run helter-skelter, looking for shelter,  
Home is the welcoming sound.  
*Cool in the summer, warm in the winter,*  
*Sheltering all the year 'round.*  
*Wherever I ramble, wherever I roam,*  
*Home is the welcoming sound.*

When your friends are all taken,  
You're feeling forsaken,  
When your smile has turned into a frown.  
When it seems like your poor heart is coming apart,  
Home is the welcoming sound.  
*Cool in the summer, warm in the winter,*  
*Sheltering all the year 'round.*  
*Wherever I ramble, wherever I roam,*  
*Home is the welcoming sound.*

There are family and friends standing by you,  
Though it seems like you're out on your own.  
Whoever you are, wherever you go,  
You are not alone.

I'm a daddy who travels, who works on the road,  
And it seems like I'm always outbound.  
But though we're apart, deep down in my heart,  
Home is the welcoming sound.  
*Cool in the summer, warm in the winter,  
Sheltering all the year 'round.  
Wherever I ramble, wherever I roam,  
Home is the welcoming sound.*

### At The End Of The Day

by Jon Cobert & Tom Chapin  
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(ASCAP)

We sprang from a weed  
In the Garden of Eden  
All scattered by wind and foam.  
So hungry for shelter  
We seek out our true love  
To pick up the pieces and welcome us home.

Through many a storm,  
Though I am no sailor,  
I found myself caught at the wheel.  
But trusting to fortune  
And the help of some true friends  
We somehow survived the ordeal.

*At the end of the day, at the end of the year,  
At the end of the line I'm glad you are here.  
Blessed is the pilgrim who's able to say  
Once I loved you. Once you loved me.  
I still love you at the end of the day.*

So glad to be here, so glad that you're near,  
Glad this year's come to an end.  
We faced our worst fears,  
We shed some real tears,  
As the world chased us 'round once again.

So reach out a hand  
To the ones who you love most  
And mourn for all those gone away.  
We'll count up our losses,  
We'll bind up our wounds  
And tomorrow we'll face the new day.  
*At the end of the day, at the end of the year,  
At the end of the line I'm glad you are here.  
Blessed is the pilgrim who's able to say  
Once I loved you. Once you loved me.  
I still love you at the end of the day.*

So reach out a hand  
To the ones who you love most  
And mourn for all those gone away.  
We'll count up our losses,  
We'll bind up our wounds  
And tomorrow will be a new day.

*At the end of the day, at the end of the year,  
At the end of the line I'm glad you are here.  
Blessed is the pilgrim who's able to say  
Once I loved you. Once you loved me.  
I still love you at the end of the day.  
Once I loved you. Once you loved me.  
I still love you at the end of the day.*

### We Will Not Stop

by The Chapin Sisters  
© Sad Pony Music & Foggy Mountain Music (ASCAP)

We will not stop singing  
We will not stop singing  
We will not stop singing  
'Til the world can sing the song  
'Til the world can sing along

We will not stop marching

We will not stop marching  
We will not stop marching  
'Til the world can hear the song  
'Til the world can sing along

*'Til the world can sing  
'Til the world can sing  
'Til the world can sing along*

We will not stop praying  
We will not stop praying  
We will not stop praying  
'Til we all can get along  
'Til the world can sing the song

We will not stop shouting  
We will not stop shouting  
We will not stop shouting  
Shouting right from wrong  
'Til the world can sing the song

*'Til the world can sing  
'Til the world can sing  
'Til the world can sing along*

We will not stop chanting  
We will not stop chanting  
We will not stop chanting  
Chanting 'til the dawn  
When the world will sing along

*'Til the world can sing  
'Til the world can sing  
'Til the world can sing along*

We will not stop singing  
We will not stop singing  
We will not stop singing

'Til the world can sing the song  
'Til the world can sing along

*'Til the world can sing  
'Til the world can sing  
'Til the world can sing along.*

**Produced by Tom Chapin**  
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My brother Harry Chapin co-founded **WhyHunger** in 1975. I have been a proud board member since the beginning, and have seen how WhyHunger has touched the lives of millions of people as a strong advocate for innovative, community-based solutions to hunger and poverty.



FINDING ANSWERS  
FOR HUNGER  
AND POVERTY  
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