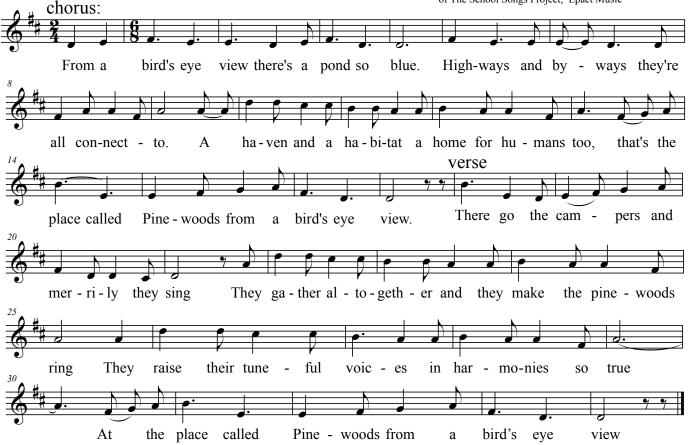
From A Bird's Eye View

text: Mary Alice Amidon, a rewrite of Pete Sutherland's text (his chorus lyrics) music: Pete Sutherland from :Farmland: cd of The School Songs Project, Epact Music



There go the children, taller year by year Running and a jumping their eyes so bright and clear Swimming and a laughing and making friends they do At the place called Pinewoods from a bird's eye view

There go the dancers, they balance and they swing They promenade a two by two as they go round the ring Gypsy and a do si do, they do the right and left through At the place called Pinewoods from bird's eye view

"Now" say the parents, "It's getting kind of late Time for the pied piper to lead us out the gate You're looking pretty tired and yes, I'm coming too." At the place called Pinewoods with the birds eye view

"Hi" says the songbird, "Can you hear that fiddle play?
The banjos and piano play the tunes in their own way
You'll hear them play a waltz at the end of the night
At the place called Pinewoods where we have such delight