

Anneli Drecker, Song Of The Sky Loom

O, our mother the earth
O, our father the sky
your children are we /
And we bring you gifts you love
Then leave us a garment of brightness
May the warp be the white light of morning
May the weft be the red light of evening
May the fringes be the falling rain
May the border be the standing rainbow
Thus weave for us a garment of brightness
That we may walk fittingly where birds sing
That we may walk fittingly where grass is green
O, our mother the earth
O, our father the sky