

The Heart of The World

Don't go and swim in the oceans of sadness
Yes they are there, yes they are there
Many's the man who was led to his madness
Swamped in his suffering, found others there

But find out the place that can see the whole circle
Join up your heart with the heart of the world
Hold out your hands to the oceans of swimmers
Draw them out lightly - dry them with care

Till all of the world shall be there in the centre
No one left swimming, none in despair
Not one drop of sadness shall moisten the circle
Then the oceans will sing, the seas will be clear.

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