

# For Grace

VolunteerMusic

*Commemorating Kingston, NY's African-American Burial Grounds*

V.1

The wind still whispers soft upon the grass  
The leafs will turn and fall, for all of us in season  
And some who went before to dust and mist  
Just names on ledger rows, the barest remnants leavin'

Bridge

The past may cloak the deeds of men  
In darkest hues of grey  
But what abides so dimly there  
Draws shadows to this day  
(shadows to this day)

CHORUS

So, speak now place, and tell of those forgotten  
Listen round, what trace and tale may show  
To be found, for grace both yours and ours  
Be at rest, your story may be told

V.2

Was Time the one who cast you into shade?  
Or would men hope neglect, would cause their stain to fade?  
From sale and shackle through to soldiers brave  
They think their wrong allayed, forget even your grave(s)?

Bridge

But now the stillness beckons  
for truth to be revered  
Sojourners all, must listen close  
And call your witness near  
(call your witness near)

CHORUS REPEAT

