Les Fleurs

Chunking

Will somebody wear me to the fair?
Will a lady pin me in her hair?
Will a child find me by a stream?

Kiss my petals and weave me through a dream. For all of these simple things and much more a flower was born. It blooms to spread love and joy faith and hope to people forlorn. Inside every man lives the seed of a flower. If he looks within he finds beauty and powerRing all the bells, sing and tell the people everywhere that the flower has come

Light up the sky with your prayers of gladness and rejoice for the darkness is gone Throw off your fears let your heart beat freely at the sign that a new time is born

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