This Our Life Finds Tongues in Trees

F.D. Hole '85

1. This our life in trees; books in that read with ease; finds tongues brooks.
2. One great good is wondrous beneath our feet earth: clay sand and peat;
3. In myself are intertwined: flesh and spirit well inclined;

1. Sermons in soils that Something stone and sing; good in every thing.
2. With roots firm embrace; the soil human of plants in supports the race.
3. Dust I am with gift of breath; I feel safe in life and death.

You Are My Soil, My Only Soil

F.D. Hole '85

You are my soil... my only soil; you keep me vital night and day. This much I know, friend you do support me; please life's soil a-

way!