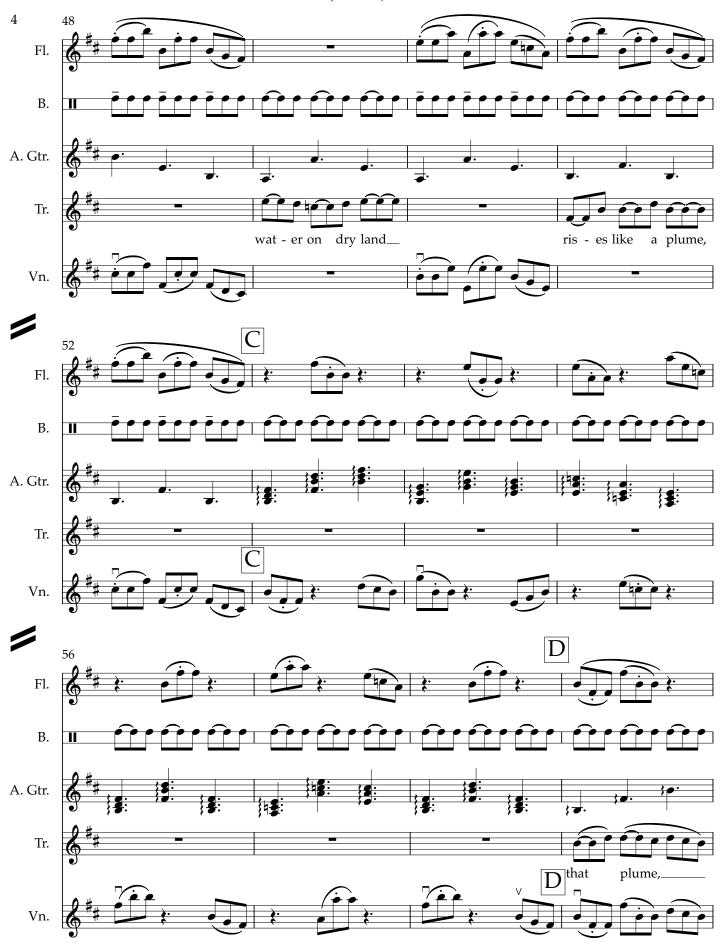
Each golden bit of dust gathered on the roadside
and glimmering on wildflowers
is love, a song of love,
with diamonds hidden within in tiny specks,
loved and loving and filled with love;
and when the fine rain begins
and the healing smell of water on dry land rises like a plume,
that plume, that wonderful, ageless smell, is love.
Everything is love, and loves, and is beloved.



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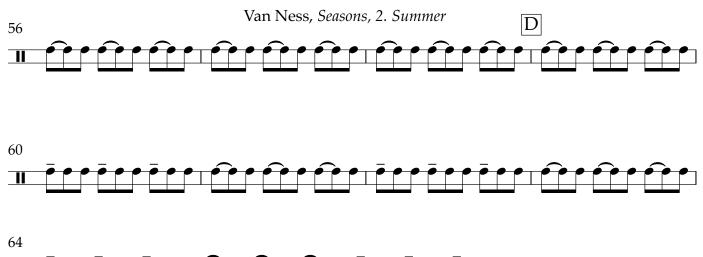
Van Ness, Seasons, 2. Summer



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Text and Music by Patricia Van Ness (1951) Score rev. 27 February 2023 = 90A 12 15 18 J = 8033 p 43 46 48 52

2 Bongo





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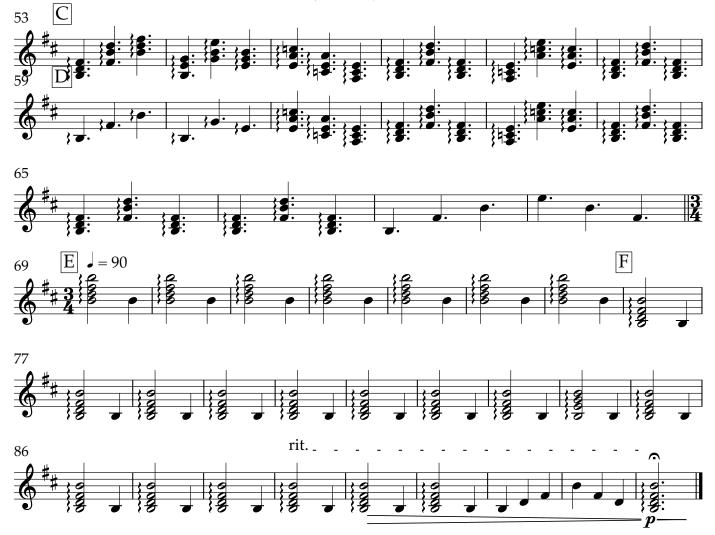


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Acoustic Guitar Van Ness, *Seasons*, 2. *Summer*



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