

Young Rider (Round)

Young rider apple cheeked one, come whither riding
On her steed so proud and prancing, come whither riding
No matter where I ride, Slavic mountains by my side
to Shemora, to Shemora!

Here is my home (Si Kahn)

Good friends from whom we now must part

Where are we bound?

Your hands and voices lift my heart

Here is my home

Come darkness, come light

Where are we bound?

Come morning, come night

Here is my home

For those who work in harmony (***WAWB***)

Can learn to live in unity (***HIMH***)

Come darkness...

If we can join ourselves in song (***WAWB***)

Our hearts will live when we are gone (***HIMH***)

Come darkness...

The spirit that finds music here (***WAWB***)

Will sing forever in the air (***HIMH***)