

# Patchwork Quilt

**Chorus** Many, many are the pieces-circles, squares, and octagons of many lovely colors;  
we just have to sew the edges, if we want to make a patchwork quilt.

1. Anywhere we look, in a park or in a book,  
there are folks of every color, shape, and size.  
Wearing clothing bright as birds, speaking funny foreign words,  
the human family is a feast for ears and eyes!

**Chorus** Well, we might be from the Azores, sporting noses sharp as razors,  
or nomads from the sands of Timbuktu!  
We could be tall as trees or afflicted with the sneezes,  
or tattooed from head to toe in green and blue.

2. Now, the question of our quilt is "How can it be built  
when each of us is going our own way?"  
But inside we all long for a chance to sing our song,  
to join hands and sing and dance the night away!

**Chorus** If we scream and stomp and whistle, everyone at once-well, this'll  
make a roar that you can hear up to the sky!  
Or perhaps just three or four-could be fewer, could be more-  
start the music and the magic stitches fly!

3. Oh, the patches sprawl and tilt-that's the beauty of a quilt-  
and a pattern soon appears as if by chance  
What a beautiful surprise when we come to realize  
how the yellows, browns, and reds begin to dance!

**Chorus** So, as patches, let us mingle; let us touch & turn & tingle;  
then with love we'll stitch the edges-each to each-  
of our awesome patchwork clan-it's the family of man-  
joined together just as far as we can reach!