

It's a Wonderful World

[Louis Armstrong: It's a Wonderful World](#)

by Louis Armstrong

Transcript:

Some of you young folks been saying to me,

"Hey, Pops, what you mean, 'What a wonderful world'?"

"How about all them wars all over the place? You call them wonderful?"

"And how about hunger and pollution? That ain't so wonderful either."

Well, how about listening to old Pops for a minute. Seems to me, it ain't the world that's so bad but what we're doin' to it.

And all I'm saying is, see what a wonderful world it would be if only we'd give it a chance.

Love, baby, love. That's the secret.

Yeah.

If lots more of us loved each other we'd solve lots more problems. And then this world would be a gasser.

That's what ol' Pops keeps saying.

What A Wonderful World

*I see trees of green
Red roses too
I see them bloom
For me and you
And I think to myself
What a wonderful world*

*I see skies of blue
And clouds of white
The bright blessed day
The dark sacred night
And I think to myself
What a wonderful world*

*The colors of the rainbow
So pretty in the sky
Are also on the faces
Of people going by
I see friends shaking hands
Saying, "How do you do?"
They're really saying
"I love you"*

*I hear babies cry
I watch them grow
They'll learn much more
Than I'll never know
And I think to myself
What a wonderful world*

*Yes, I think to myself
What a wonderful world*

Live Your Life That the Fear of Death Can Never Enter Your Heart

[Live Your Life That the Fear of Death Can Never Enter Your Heart](#)

by Chief Tecumseh, Shawnee Nation

So live your life that the fear of death can never enter your heart.

Trouble no one about their religion; respect others in their view, and demand that they respect yours.

Love your life, perfect your life, beautify all things in your life.

Seek to make your life long and its purpose in the service of your people.

Prepare a noble death song for the day when you go over the great divide.

Always give a word or a sign of salute when meeting or passing a friend,

even a stranger, when in a lonely place.

Show respect to all people and grovel to none.

When you arise in the morning give thanks for the food and for the joy of living.

If you see no reason for giving thanks, the fault lies only in yourself.

Abuse no one and no thing, for abuse turns the wise ones to fools

and robs the spirit of its vision.

When it comes your time to die, be not like those whose hearts are filled with the fear of death, so that when their time comes they weep

and pray for a little more time to live their lives over again in a different way.

Sing your death song and die like a hero going home.

~ Chief Tecumseh (Crouching Tiger) Shawnee Nation 1768-1813

My Work is Loving the World

My Work is Loving the World

by Mary Oliver

from Thirst, *Poems by Mary Oliver*

My work is loving the world.

Here the sunflowers, there the hummingbird – equal seekers of sweetness.

Here the quickening yeast; there the blue plums.

Here the clam deep in the speckled sand.

Are my boots old? Is my coat torn?

Am I no longer young and still not half-perfect? Let me keep my mind on what matters, which is my work,

which is mostly standing still and learning to be astonished.

The phoebe, the delphinium.

The sheep in the pasture, and the pasture.

Which is mostly rejoicing, since all ingredients are here,

*Which is gratitude, to be given a mind and a heart
and these body-clothes,
a mouth with which to give shouts of joy
to the moth and the wren, to the sleepy dug-up clam,
telling them all, over and over, how it is
that we live forever.*

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Compassionate Water (The Great Bell Chant)

[Compassionate Water \(The Great Bell Chant\)](#)

[The Great Bell Chant](#)

by Thich Nhat Hanh

*May the sound of this bell penetrate deep into the cosmos
Even in the darkest spots living beings are able to hear it
clearly
So that all suffering in them ceases
Understanding comes to their heart
And they transcend the path of sorrow and death.
..*

*The universal dharma door is already open
The sound of the rising tide is heard clearly
The miracle happens: a beautiful child appears in the heart*

of a lotus flower

*One single drop of this compassionate water is enough
To bring back the refreshing spring to our mountains and
rivers.*

..

*Listening to the bell I feel the afflictions in me begin to
dissolve*

My mind calm, my body relaxed

A smile is born on my lips

Following the sound of the bell

My breath brings me back to the safe island of mindfulness

*In the garden of my heart, the flowers of peace bloom
beautifully.*

One hour version for meditation:

Start a Huge, Foolish Project

[Start a Huge, Foolish Project](#)

by Jalāl ad-Dīn Muḥammad Rūmī, 13th century Sufi mystic &
poet

These spiritual window-shoppers,

*who idly ask, 'How much is that?' Oh, I'm just looking.
They handle a hundred items and put them down,
shadows with no capital.*

*What is spent is love and two eyes wet with weeping.
But these walk into a shop,
and their whole lives pass suddenly in that moment,*

in that shop.

Where did you go? "Nowhere."

What did you have to eat? "Nothing much."

*Even if you don't know what you want,
buy something, to be part of the exchanging flow.*

*Start a huge, foolish project,
like Noah.*

*It makes absolutely no difference
what people think of you.*