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Come sit down beside me...

Hal Cunningham
St. John Fisher College

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Come sit down beside me...

Cover Page Footnote

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Come sit down beside me
Where the fire's burnin' softly
And its warm,
The night she's cold, the wind's shut out
It sounds your only knowledge
of the storm.

But I'll take that too, you'll soon forget
Your troubles rest, they'll sleep
in peace tonight,
And we'll laugh and love, forget the world
And all its people 'til the break
of morning light.

Yes, we'll settle back and talk of things
and watch the fire burning
in our eyes,
The relief from life, the warmth
And strength will gently make our
spirits rise.

For the merriment of smiling, going
round the world while still
a'sitting here,
Will make us dance and sing go up and down
forget the sources of
our worldly fear.

I'll tell you things you can't believe
t'will make those eyes a'sparkle
like the fire,
As a whole new world unfolds for you
A place with so much beauty with which you'll
never tire.

The magic of my words will send you
tripping through its gates you'll
never see,
And the only thing you'll know is
this overwhelming funny feeling
That you're free. . .

Come sit down beside me.

—HAL CUNNINGHAM



*But the fountain sprang up and the bird sang down
Redeem the time, redeem the dream
The token of the word unheard, unspoken . . .*

—ASH-WEDNESDAY

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Cunningham: Come sit down beside me...



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*Virtues
Are forced upon us by our impudent crimes.
These tears are shaken from the wrath-bearing tree.*

—GERONTION



Cunningham: Come sit down beside me...



A horse! A horse! My springdom for a horse!

(Editors . . . are like the people who bought and sold in the book of Revelation; there is not one but has the mark of the beast upon him. —SAMUEL BUTLER)



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