**Recycle Rap** (2m 18s)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=e5OkB-MxajE>

1-2-3-4 – Now before we were here years ago

This planet was clean as pure as snow.

Now with all our gadgets, toys and junk,

We've turned the world into a rubbish dump.

But it's not too late to set things right if we work together day and night.

Think about the future.

A world clean and safe.

Let's save this land for our children’s sake.

1-2-3-4

There’s pollution in the streets, there's pollution in the rivers, you see it everywhere.

It makes me shiver. We have to make changes.

So people understand. Work together, hand in hand.

Stop the rot before it sets in.

Recycle everything that we can.

Don't cut down trees or use CFC.

Make the world a better place for you and me.

Re-re-re-recycle rap (x 4)

1-2-3-4

Now before you go and throw anything out, think about using it for something else.

Some plastic pipe makes a real guivo

Or fill it with beads and you have a shaker.

An old broom handle can make some claves.

The plastic bucket and you have a drum.

Re-re-re-recycle rap (x 4)

**Make me a channel of your peace.(2m 52s)**

[**https://www.bing.com/videos/riverview/relatedvideo?q=make+me+a+channel+of+your+peace+st+francis+lyrics&mid=1C9FF02549E9E350E5DE1C9FF02549E9E350E5DE&FORM=VIRE**](https://www.bing.com/videos/riverview/relatedvideo?q=make+me+a+channel+of+your+peace+st+francis+lyrics&mid=1C9FF02549E9E350E5DE1C9FF02549E9E350E5DE&FORM=VIRE)

Make me a channel of your peace.

Where there is hatred let me bring your love.

Where there is injury, your pardon, Lord

And where there's doubt, true faith in you.

Make me a channel of your peace

Where there's despair in life, let me bring hope

Where there is darkness, only light

And where there's sadness, ever joy.

Oh, Master grant that I may never seek

So much to be consoled as to console

To be understood, as to understand

To be loved as to love with all my soul.

Make me a channel of your peace

It is in pardoning that we are pardoned

In giving of ourselves that we receive

And in dying that we're born to eternal life.

Oh, Master grant that I may never seek

So much to be consoled as to console

To be understood, as to understand

To be loved as to love with all my soul.

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