

# The Peace of Wild Things

WENDELL BERRY

♩ = 60c. *brooding, dark*

ff      *meno f*      mp      f      p

*mf*

When de - spair for the world grows in me and I wake in the night at the

*mf*

*mp*

least sound— in fear of what my life and my chil - drens' lives may be,

*mp*      *pp*

*p* ┌─── 3 ──┐

I go and lie down where the wood drake rests in his beau-ty on the wa-ter,

*flowing, calm* *p*

and the great he-ron feeds. I come—

*mf*

in-to the peace of—wild things who do not tax their lives with fore-thought of grief.—

*pp* ┌─── 3 ──┐

I come in - to the pre-sence of still

wa — ter. *mp*  
 And I

8<sup>va</sup> ————— loco

feel — a - bove me the day — blind — stars wait - ing with their

light. *p* For a time I rest in the grace of this world, and am *pp*

*mf* *p* *pp*

free. —————

*f* *p* *mp* *ppp*