

The Rhythm of My Soul

Words and Music by JOHN JACOBSON
and ROLLO DILWORTH

opt. Solo v. 1



1. In a land far a way my
boat came a long that
dreamed of a land where

vil - lage stood. For a
took us far to a
we'd live free. I got

thou - sand years or more my peo - ple
land both strange and new. Our on - ly
on the Free - dom Train and took a

lived and life was good. And the
hope was the North Star. Deep in -
step toward lib - er - ty. And my

sound I heard was the rhy - thm of my soul,
side my heart was the rhy - thm of my soul
feet were match - ing the rhy - thm of my soul

— a pulse of hope and u - ni - ty for
— that helped me o - ver - come my fears, for
— with hon - or to my dis - tant home, I

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