

# Amahoro

Jinny Batterson, lyrics  
Mary Grigolia, melody



I greet you, a - ma - ho - ro, I've now four chil - dren grown. A plea - sant life, a  
I com - ple - ted ly - cée, our coun - try new - ly formed, drowned in a sea of  
skep - ti - cal of la - bels for of - ten they di - vide, To mask our hu - man



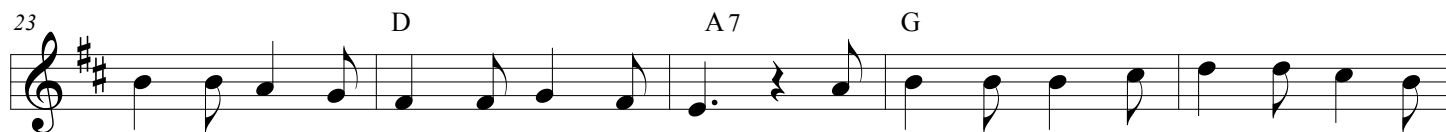
lo - ving spouse, grand - chil - dren of my own, yet al - ways there's a part of me that  
vi - o - lence, death came to seem the norm. My fa - ther was a Hu - tu, and my  
fai - lings and to feed our hu - man pride. I've long since left my coun - try, and life



finds this world dis - joint. With help from friends and men - tors, I have fin'l - ly reached this  
mom, a Tut - si proud. It took a lot of cou - rage just to say their love out  
there for most is grim, where lots of blame and figh - ting mar the beau - ty born with -



point. The cul - ture that I come from () re - veres calm and re - serve. My hus - band paid three  
loud. We had a fam - 'ly com - pound in the ca - pi - tal's green hills. My fa - ther was a  
in. My sto - ry's one of ma - ny, still it's hard to find the tone to share this tra - gi -



cows for me, a bride he well de - served. We've tra - veled wide and deep - ly, glo - bal  
doc - tor, and a - mong the high - est skilled. He left for work one mor - ning, well be -  
co - me - dy with those who can't have known the hole from lo - sing dad, for all he



ser - vice was our choice. Though years have passed, that world col - lapsed, this sto - ry finds its  
 fore the dawn's first light. The streets were filled with sol - diers, he did not come home that  
 knew and all he loved. We ga - ther strength in what re - mains to con - quer hate with



voice. As  
 night. I'm  
 love. I greet you, a - ma - ho - ro, a - ma - ho - ro, peace to you. The strength of a - m -



ho - ro is the force that pulls us through. The grace of a - mo - ho - ro is a bles-sing from a - bove. I



greet you, a - ma - ho - ro, — may we con - quer hate with love.