

We all rose when the pouring broke  
I opened my eyes when the stranger spoke  
Slowly stroke through windswept course  
Tempted by the vice on the shore  
Oh now the time has come  
I'm not sure what we have done

Misty moor, mountain path  
We sing the songs they'll never come back  
Golden dream, winter leaves  
We'll never forget a single thing

All aboard and gather round  
Fogs disappear, make no sound  
The Lord tells us no one must stay  
Father threw his friend in the bay  
Big wrong doing's done  
Pray the apostle's speech around

Stolen dream as the land goes down  
We [ ] sit and sing as we gather round