

# The Voice

Celtic Woman

I hear your voice on the wind  
And I hear you call out my name

"Listen, my child," you say to me  
"I am the voice of your history  
Be not afraid, come follow me  
Answer my call, and I'll set you free"

I am the voice in the wind and the pouring rain  
I am the voice of your hunger and pain  
I am the voice that always is calling you  
I am the voice, I will remain

I am the voice in the fields when the summer's gone  
The dance of the leaves when the autumn winds blow  
Ne'er do I sleep throughout all the cold winter long  
I am the force that in springtime will grow

I am the voice of the past that will always be  
Filled with my sorrow and blood in my fields  
I am the voice of the future, bring me your peace  
Bring me your peace, and my wounds, they will heal

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I am the voice of your hunger and pain  
I am the voice that always is calling you  
I am the voice

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I am the voice of your hunger and pain  
I am the voice of the future  
I am the voice, I am the voice  
I am the voice, I am the voice