

You'll Never Walk Alone

Celtic Woman

When you walk,
through a storm,
hold your head up high,
and don't be afraid of the dark

At the end of the storm,
there's a golden sky,
and sweet silver songs of the lark.

Walk on through the wind,
walk on through the rain,
through your dreams be tossed and blown,

Walk on, walk on with hope in your heart,
and you'll never walk alone...
You'll never walk alone.

When you walk,
through a storm,
hold your head up high,
and don't be afraid of the dark
(Celtic)

At the end of the storm,
there's a golden sky,
and sweet silver songs of the lark.
(all)

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