

Shape in the Sky

Donovan

There's a shape in the sky beckoning me
There's a sound in the wild wind calling
There's a song to be sung for glory
And I feel that it's coming our way

There's a pain on the land weakening me
There's a sigh in the city of sorrow
There's a shadow of darkness accumulating
And I feel that it's coming my way

Father of all things, Mother of light
Soothe and ease our human plight
Mary in mercy, Jesus in joy
Please, won't you help us win the fight?

There's a love for all men sleeping within
There's a friend of a friend awakening
There's a jubilant joy bursting to be
And I feel that it's coming our way

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And I feel, yes, I feel, yes, I feel
That it's coming our way