

O'er

Jon Anderson

O'er the green mountains
'N o'er the green valleys
The bluebird of faith sails far off to the shore
She sleeps in the breeze of the coming love
The homelands of Eireland
So many times on the clouds of forgiveness
We walk through the country to feel so at ease
A gentle reminder how things really are
In the homelands of love
So the bluebird will fly o'er the world 'n the stars
In the moonlight she prays for forgiveness that's ours
Only now can she rest from the singing of songs and
The freedom of love
We awake from a slumbe, an age to receive
A way of forgiving, a planting of seds
Watching the trees
And the flowering of truth
Spread all over the world
So the bluebird will fly o'er the world 'n the stars
In the moonlight she prays for forgiveness that's ours
Only now can she rest from the singing of songs and
The freedom of love
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'N o'er the green valleys
The bluebird of faith sails far off to the shore
She sleeps on the breeze of the coming of love
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