

True Hands Of Fate

Jon Anderson

There'll be times in my day
When I think of the past
How we tend to survive all that comes
How the maker repeats
With the sun of each morn
'n the moon 'n the stars at night
Take a meadow of green
'n the gold of the corn
As the flowers decorate by each wall
And the birds sing away as tho'
Nothing will change
Now that Eireland is Eireland once more
I have travelled so far
To the ends of the world
I have yet to feel all I can feel
Yet the maker redeems
A whole country each morn
Bringing light to the hearts of the dawn
Shall we sing to the grandmothers,
Fathers long gone
Spread the wings of the
Angels of faith
There's a time to be born,
'n to be born again
Now that Eireland is Eireland once more
Make the most of each hour,
Make the most of each day
We are blessed to begin a new time
Make our forefathers glad
All was not so in vain
So replenish the land that was given
To your friends both be kind,
Yes be gentle as lambs
And as clear as the stars, be as one
So may all of your dreams
Come to live in your heart
And be seen as a sign of the times
So be true hands of fate
Let the children be free
Let the spirit of goodness prevail
We shall rise to the change
As we rise up every day
And survive all that comes our way