

Voices Of The Land

Moya Brennan

As I journey through this blessed land
The signs and wonders are clear to me
Streams of silver, streams of gold
How much longer will they flow?
Will they flow?

Watch the seasons change with every year
With disappearing skies, the earth will fade
Trees so tall and proud, forest so grand
How much longer will they stand?
Will they stand?

Raindrops falling, everything breathes
Hear the voices of the land
Of the land