

## Wreck of the Hesperus

Procol Harum

We'll hoist a hand, becalmed upon a troubled sea  
'Make haste to your funeral,' cries the Valkyrie  
We'll hoist a hand or drown amidst this stormy sea  
'Here lies a coffin,' cries the cemetery, it calls to me  
And all for nothing quite in vain was hope forever tossed  
No thoughts explained, no moments gained, all hope forever lost  
One moment's space, one moment's final fall from grace  
Burnt by fire, blind in sight, lost in ire  
We'll hoist a hand, becalmed upon a troubled sea  
I fear a mighty wave is threatening me  
We'll hoist a hand, or drown amidst this stormy sea  
'Come follow after,' cry the humble, 'You will surely see ...'  
But still for nothing quite in vain was hope forever tossed  
No moments gained, no thoughts explained, all hope forever lost  
One moment's space, one moment's final fall from grace  
Burnt by fire, blind in sight, lost in ire