

The Governor's Dream

Roger Whittaker

Judea lies heavy under the foot of Rome
Was ever a governor as troubled as I
I, Quirinius, governor of the Jews
These troublesome people
And now, I dream
I dream...

I dream a star lights the way
O holy, O holy
Voices sing, voices pray
O holy, O holy
Rise up, for he is come
Rise up, rise up, for he is come
For he is come
Who sings? Who sings?
Who shouts? Who shouts?
Who prays?
Come out! Come out, come out, I say!

Ah...
Ah...I dream
I but dream...

I see a stable, nearly dark
O holy, O holy
An infant sleeps, the watchdogs bark
O holy, O holy
Rise up, for he is come
Rise up, rise up, for he is come
For he is come
Who sings? Who sings?
Who shouts? Who shouts?
Who prays?
Come out! Come out, come out, I say!

Ah...I dream
I but dream...

But this cannot be Rome
O holy, O holy
The Forum's gone, the flesh and bone
O holy, O holy
And what is this within my sight
A temple holy filled with light
A dome across a ringing bell
I hear a million voices swell
And they sing
And they sing:

O holy, O holy
He is come, he is come
O holy, O holy
Rise up, rise up
For he is come, for he is come...

Who prays? Who sings?
Who shouts? Who prays?

Come out! Come out, come out, I say!
Who sings? Who shouts?
Who shouts? Who prays?
Come out! Come out, I say!
Who sings? Who shouts?...

O holy, O holy
He is come, he is come
O holy, O holy
Rise up, rise up
For he is come, for he is come...