

# 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...