

## Cliff Richard "Wild Geese"

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Look at the golden dawn  
See the sunset  
On the silver thorn  
Just remember  
It was all for you and me  
High on the ragged hill  
He was dying  
And he's dying still  
Oh my lord  
You were born to set men free

And the mission bells are ringing  
As the prisoner finds release  
And the love we knew is returning  
Like wild geese

And the signal fires are burning

For the everlasting peace  
And the love we knew is returning  
Like wild geese

Only the closest heart  
Could believe that love's  
A dying art  
After all the  
Hungry mouths he fed  
Eyes on the gentle one  
Looked for the kindness  
But they gave him none  
Not a sip of wine  
Or a crust of bread

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