

Marilou Bourdon**"Prelude"**

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There's no earthly way of knowing
Which direction we are going
There's no knowing where we're going
Or which way the wind is blowing
Is it raining? is it snowing
Is a hurricane a-blowing
Not a speck of light is showing
So the danger must be growing
Oh, the fires of hell are glowing
Is the grisly reaper mowing
Yes! the danger must be growing
For the rowers keep on rowing
And they're certainly not showing
Any signs that they are slowing!
Stop the boat!

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