

Procol Harum "The Wreck of The Hesperus"

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(fisher / reid)

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

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