

Rita MacNeil

"The Crossing"

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A generation's come from here
My father told me stories
Of how he would return one day
And in a time of glory
We were distant by a many miles
Made distant by the sailin'
I've come to stand in Father's place
I heard the night winds wailin'

He was haunted by a melody
He heard so long ago
It came from in his mother's heart
And touched his very soul
Oh I've often heard him speak your name
Although we've never met
I've come to see, for Father now
To put his mind to rest

And when the night lies over you
And I lay gently dreamin'
Although the candle burns no more
The journey's now completed

The past is far behind us now
It was buried in the crossin'
We have our place that bears the trace
Of time so long forgotten
We were distant by a broken tides
Made distant by the ocean
I've come to stand in father's place
I heard the night winds callin'

He was haunted by a melody
He heard so long ago
It came from in his mother's heart
And touched his very soul
Oh I've often heard him speak your name
Although we've never met
I've come to see for father now
To put his mind to rest

And when the night lies over you
And I lay gently dreamin'
Although the candle burns no more
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