

Anderson Jon

"True Hands Of Fate"

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There'll be times in my day when I think of the past
How we tend to survive all that comes
How the maker repeats with the sun of each morn
'N the moon 'n the stars at night
Take a meadow of green
'N the gold of the corn
As the flowers decorate by each wall
And the birds sing away as tho' nothing will change
Now that Eireland is Eireland once more

I have travelled so far, to the ends of the world
I have yet to feel all I can feel
Yet the maker redeems a whole country each morn
Bringing light to the hearts of the dawn
Shall we sing to the grandmothers, fathers long gone
Spread the wings of the angels of faith
There's a time to be born
'N to be born again
Now that Eireland is Eireland once more

Make the most of each hour, make the most of each
day
We are blessed to begin a new time
Make our forefathers glad, all was not so in vain
So replenish the land that was given
To your friends both be kind, yes, be gentle as lambs
And as clear as the stars, be as one
So may all of your dreams come to live in your heart
And be seen as a sign of the times

So be true hands of fate
Let the children be free
Let the psirit of goodness prevail
We shall rise to the change
As we rise up every day and survive all that comes our
way

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