

Hearing of the way
The best of men
Live the word at length
And cherish it

All in time
All of me
All divine
Reverie

When the going looks like returning
The road is mighty dark

Common man
On common ground
Picks it up
And sets it down
Standing like shifting tides
Soon to swell, soon to ride

When the going looks like returning
The road is mighty dark

The great form
Has no shape nor evilness upon its face
The great form
Has no shape nor evilness upon its face

The lowest of them all
Will laugh and laugh
But none will hear the call
Of the ancient breath

All in time
All of me
All divine
Reverie

When the going's like the returning
The road is mighty dark

The great form
Has no shape nor evilness upon its face
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