

Folklore

Big Big Train

Let us begin where it all began
Fireside flickering flames
Make the shadows dance

[Chorus]
Heigh-ho so we go we pass it on
We hand it down-o

We tell our tales, we sing our songs
While we have breath left in our lungs

[Chorus]

We pass it down
To the young from the old
We feel it deep down in the soul

[Chorus]

Sometimes truth hides beside the lies
Grist to the mill, fuel to our fire

[Chorus]

[Chorus 2]
For it is said, so it lives on
We pass it down, it carries on
Oh, down we go into folklore

The pen is mightier than the sword
The music of the word is scored

[Chorus]

Our satellites they span the globe
Lo our stories shall be told

[Chorus]

[Chorus 2]

I am a messenger: I speak
With integrity, truth, love and light

[Chorus 2]