

## True Hands Of Fate

Jon Anderson

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 spirit of goodness prevail  
We shall rise to the change  
As we rise up every day  
And survive all that comes our way