

Cliff Richard, Wild Geese

Look at the golden dawn
See the sunset
On the silver thorn
Just remember
It was all for you and me
High on the ragged hill
He was dying
And he's dying still
Oh my lord
You were born to set men free

And the mission bells are ringing
As the prisoner finds release
And the love we knew is returning
Like wild geese

And the signal fires are burning
For the everlasting peace
And the love we knew is returning
Like wild geese

Only the closest heart
Could believe that love's
A dying art
After all the
Hungry mouths he fed
Eyes on the gentle one
Looked for the kindness
But they gave him none
Not a sip of wine
Or a crust of bread