

# Eimear Quinn, The Voice

I hear your voice on the wind  
And I hear you call out my name

"Listen my child," You say to me, "I am the voice of your history.  
'Be not afraid come follow me. Answer my call and I'll set you free."

I am the voice in the wind and the pouring rain.  
I am the voice of your hunger and pain  
I am the voice that always is calling you  
I am the voice, I will remain

I am the voice in the fields when the summer's gone;  
The dance of the leaves when the Autumn winds blow.  
Ne'er do I sleep throughout all the cold Winter long.  
I am the force that in Springtime will grow.

I am the voice of the past that will always be;  
Filled with my sorrows and blood in my fields.  
I am the voice of the future.  
Bring me your peace,  
Bring me your peace and my wounds they will heal.

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I am the voice of your hunger and pain.  
I am the voice that always is calling you.  
I am the voice.

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