

# Connie Dover, I Am Going To The West

In this fair land I'll stay no more  
here labor is in vain  
I'll seek the mountains far away  
and leave the fertile plain

Where waves of grass and oceans roam  
into infinity  
I stand ready by the shore  
to cross the inland sea.

I am going to the west  
you say you will not go with me  
you turn your eyes away  
you say you will not follow me  
no matter what I say  
I am going to the west  
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I will journey to the place  
that was shaped by heaven's hand  
I will build for me a bow  
where angel's footprints mark the land  
where castle rocks and towers high  
kneel to valleys wide and green  
all my thoughts are turned to you  
my waking hope, my sleeping dream

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And when sun gives way to moon  
and silver starlight fills the sky  
in the arms of these last hills  
is where I'm bound to lie

wind my blanket earth my bed  
my canopy a tree  
willows by the riverside  
will whisper me to sleep

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