

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
I am going to the west

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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you say you will not follow me
no matter what I say
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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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