

# Nana Mouskouri, The Power And The Glory

Church steeples, songs of a bird  
Soft crying nobody heard  
Lives are passed around,  
Eyes look at the ground  
Wind can whistle cold,  
And rich men don't grow old

## CHORUS

The seed is sown, no harvest to collect  
Just second-class of factory reject  
And four of you, the power and the glory

Hearts breaking, don't make a sound  
Landlord buys ten acres of ground  
Castles in the air, climb them if you dare  
Look, don't try to see me, to be is not to be

Repeat chorus

For some it's cold, for some it's warm  
For some it's sunny  
While men still look in the street outside  
For milk and honey

Repeat chorus ( twice)