

Wherever I go ill follow the wind, From where God has been and what he's sinned; To see the truth in this life of mine,

Of what is good and nice and kind.

It's an early morning here by waterside,

The sun just starting to rise at near full tide;

And in the beauty of what was missed,

The fog hanging over the city with mountain mist.

And in the brightness of the new burn day,

Ill wonder just what is in store for me in this dark deeming way.

The breeze is pleasant and the wind blows new,

That I might know which way my God will steer;

For in the rising of the sun this morning,

I'll follow the wind to a new place dawning.

The church bells sound and fish swim near,

As I wait to see just what will appear;

As the seagulls search and together build,

The humble city with new truth it instills.

And in this pleasantness of the morn,

As I sit here writing on the wharf at dawn;

As American boat sitting across the harbor,

As the chances draw ill win the lord, now favour.

Well perhaps it's time to start again,
As in following the wind I found a new friend;
With life at briskness of what will be,
The lord my God leads to the ocean sea.

Signed,

To move from here