

## Tomorrow Noon

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My hills are green beneath the sun and grey beneath the rain;  
My hills will stand for ever, though I'll not stand here again.  
My hills are brown with bracken fronds and purple with the ling:  
Though I may walk a far-off land it's of my hills I'll sing.

*So we'll raise the glass of fellowship and the words of friendship say,  
But tomorrow noon is coming soon, and I am going away -  
Yes tomorrow noon is coming soon and I am going away.*

My streams are white beneath the stars and black upon the stones;  
They run below my fathers' walls and above my fathers' bones.  
Beside my streams my parents worked, my children played their games;  
Though my streams are left so far behind, I'll not forget their names.

*So we'll raise the glass of fellowship and the words of friendship say,  
But tomorrow noon is coming soon, and I am going away -  
Yes tomorrow noon is coming soon and I am going away.*

Yes, I'll leave behind old memories, but also old restraints;  
I'll leave the bones of sinners alongside those of saints.  
I'll face a new tomorrow into which my dreams have flown  
And I will walk a far-off land and call it's plains my own.

*So we'll raise the glass of fellowship and the words of friendship say,  
But tomorrow noon is coming soon, and I am going away -  
Yes tomorrow noon is coming soon and I am going away.*