

It's all there in the gospels, the Magdalene girl
Comes to pay her respects, but her mind is awhirl
When she finds the tomb empty, the stone had been rolled,
Not a sign of a corpse in the dark and the cold
When she reaches the door, sees an unholy sight,
There's this solitair figure in a halo of light
He just carries on floating past Calvary Hill,
In an almighty hurry, but she might catch him still *2l gelijk door*

"Tell me <u>where</u> are you <u>going</u> Lord, and <u>why</u> in such <u>haste</u> ?"	2l
"Now don't <u>hinder</u> me <u>woman</u> , I've <u>no</u> time to <u>waste</u> !"	unisono (<i>zacht</i>)
For they're <u>launching</u> a <u>boat</u> on the <u>morrow</u> at <u>noon</u> ,	
And I <u>have</u> to be there before daybreak.	
(Oh I) <u>can-not</u> be <u>missing</u> , the <u>lads</u> will expect me,	3+2l lead, 2h vanaf cannot
Why <u>else</u> would the <u>good</u> Lord <u>himself</u> <u>resurrect</u> me?	1 erbij
For <u>nothing</u> will <u>stop</u> me, I <u>have</u> to <u>prevail</u> ,	
Through the <u>teeth</u> of this <u>tempest</u> , in the <u>mouth</u> of a <u>gale</u> ,	
May the <u>angels</u> protect me if <u>all</u> else should <u>fail</u> ,	3+2l
When the <u>last ship sails</u> "	unisono (<i>krachtig</i>)

vertragen Woh the <u>roar</u> of the <u>chains</u> and the <u>cracking</u> of <u>tim</u> -ber(s),	1, 2h roar – 2h timbers
The <u>noise</u> at the <u>end</u> of the <u>world</u> in your <u>ears</u> ,	1, 2, 3
As a <u>mountain</u> of <u>steel</u> makes its <u>way</u> to the <u>sea</u> ,	1, 2h moun--tain
And the <u>last ship sails</u>	1, 2, 3

instrumentaal

vertragen It's a strange kind of beauty, it's cold and austere, 21+3
And whatever it was that you've done to be here,
It's the sum of your hopes your despairs and your fears,
When the last ship sails

vertragen Well the first to arrive saw these signs in the east, 2l+3 lead, 1, 2h oo
Like that strange moving finger at Balthazar's Feast

vertragen Where they asked the advice of some wandering pr*i*est,unisono
And the sad ghosts of men whom they'd thought long deceased,
And whatever got said, they'd be counted at least,
When the last ship sails

vertragen 3: Woh the roar of the chains and the cracking of tim-ber(s), 1, 2h roar – 2h timbers
The noise at the end of the world in your ears, 1, 2, 3
As a mountain of steel makes its way to the sea, 1, 2h moun--tain
(And the) last ship sail(s) 1, 2, 3

<p>21+3 <u>And</u> whatever you'd <u>promised</u>, whatever you've <u>done</u>, And whatever the <u>station</u> in <u>life</u> you've <u>become</u> In the <u>name</u> of the <u>Father</u>, in the <u>name</u> of the <u>Son</u>, And whatever the <u>weave</u> of this <u>life</u> that you've <u>spun</u>, On the <u>Earth</u> or in <u>Heaven</u> or <u>under</u> the <u>Sun</u>, (When the) <u>last ship sails</u></p>	<p>1, 2h prom-mised <u>ever</u> the <u>station</u> in <u>life</u> you've <u>become</u> fa-ther <u>ever</u> the <u>weave</u> of this <u>life</u> that you've <u>spun</u>, earth – under the sun <u>last ship sails</u></p>
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