

## Trying Times

Trying times came to my door  
Go be brave ones, let them in  
All the sorrows we have born  
Will rise and ride on the morning wind  
I'll fill my pockets with grains of gold  
I don't mind the rain and cold

Once the fields were autumn wild  
And the child had only time  
She was given the power of all the gods  
They said, all the world was mine to find  
I'd fill my pockets with grains of gold  
I didn't mind the rain and cold

I sometimes wish that I could make  
The world in orbit cease  
I think, "All these noble powers of thought and reason  
And it all comes down to this?"  
I'll fill my pockets with grains of gold  
I don't mind the rain and cold

I take the view from sun and stars  
But the hopeless seems to blind  
Someday I'll learn to take with grace  
The sweet, the bitter, the light and line  
I'll fill my pockets with grains of gold  
I won't mind the rain and cold

When the winter's deep in ice  
And the ice has numbed the pain  
We'll drive the glaciers down the coast  
They'll scour the mountains, we'll try again  
I'll fill my pockets with grains of gold  
I don't mind the cold