

One For Sorrow, Two For Joy

The Innocence Mission

Today is a winter Sunday
We wear our heavy coats
The soul of my brother
Is pure, though he doesn't think so
Oh one for sorrow
Oh one for sorrow, two for joy

We walk the whole two miles to Holly
I want to hold his hand but I don't
The thoughts of my brother
Where and when they fly I don't know

Oh one for sorrow
Oh one for sorrow, two for joy

Everything is going to be
Much better in the spring

Today is a winter Sunday
We wear our heavy coats
The soul of my brother
Is pure, though he doesn't think so
Oh one for sorrow
Oh one for sorrow
Oh one for sorrow
One for sorrow, two for joy

What is coming down from the north road
What is coming up from the ground?
Going up, going down
Though we don't know much at all
Stand ever firmly, love
We'll stand ever firmly, love