- 1. As I went a walking, one morning in spring
 I met with some travellers, on an old country lane
 One was an old man the second a maid
 The third was a young boy, who smiled as he said
 With the wind in the willows, and the birds in the sky
 There's a bright sun to warm, us wherever we lie...
 We have bread and fishes and a jug of red wine
 To share on our journey, with all of mankind.
- 2. So I asked them to tell me, their name and their race So I could remember their kindness and grace "Our name, they mean nothing... They change throughout time So come sit beside us and share in our wine" With the wind in the willows ...
- 3. So I sat down beside them with flowers all around We ate from a mantle, spread out on the ground They told me of prophets, and peoples and kings And all of the good God that knows everything With the wind in the willows ...
- 4. "We're traveling to Glaston, over England's green lanes
 To hear of men's troubles, to hear of their pains
 We travel the wide world, over land and the sea
 To tell all the people, how they can be free..."

 With the wind in the willows ...
- 5. So sadly I left them, on that old country lane
 For I knew that I'd never see them again
 One was an old man, the second a maid
 The third was a young boy who, smiled as he said...
 With the wind in the willows ...