December

Skipinnish

The coming of the winter snow upon the highland hills
Hits the mind with sorrow blind and numbs the cutting chills
Our morning days in youthful haze we'll never see again
And all the years we thought we had have left our hallowed glen

Oh if the sun comes down in December?
And the snow lies over the green
Iâ€™ll leave the last drop in my glass to remember
The eyes of my highland queen.

That Christmas day so long away when first I saw her eyes
Now every year she reappears in dark December skies
The moon it shone above the Ben as we kissed below the plough
The stars were singing as we lay upon the frosted ground

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And the snow lies over the green
Iâ€™ll leave the last drop in my glass to remember
The eyes of my highland queen.

But maybe we will meet again on the circle of the sea
And in this world or the next Iâ€™ll feel her close to me
And the golden west horizon will be ours for just a while
When the snowflakes of our future will melt upon her smile

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