

The Summer Walkers

Runrig

(Bruce)

Sometimes when you journey
Through the pages of a book
You're taken places beyond words
You let them speak their truths
Today I've opened treasures
That my eyes could scarce believe
They're the words of conformation
Everything that makes me sing(Rory)
Summer comes to Sutherland
And you bend the hazel bow
You harness up the ponies
And you head out on the road
By Kilbreck and Altnaharra
You journey to your rest
With the guidance might of Suliven
The camp site of the westChorus-
And it's up by the shin
And up by the 'Naver
And the long winding road
Of loch Maree
By Ben Hope and Ben Loyal
By Stark and by Arkle
The road reaches long
Now the summer is here(Bruce)
Now your words are not a sediment
Shallow or untrue
But wells of living water
And from their clear deep sides we drew
The songs, the tin, the horses
This country's great and ancient wilds
Your faith in God and man and nature
And the keenness of your guideChorus(Rory)
So you have stood out on Coldbackie
At the time the sun goes down
Or up on the kings of camp-sites
In the hills above Brae Toun
That's when music filled your evenings
It's all so different now, this world

For you were the summer walkers
And the fishers of the pearlChorus(Bruce)
So as we close another chapter
That we label Archive gold
Still the conon flow each morning
And the dew falls from the stove
But today you took me walking
Through a land that we have lost
While our children sit at websites
With no access to the costChorus x2

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