Karine Polwart, Follow The Heron

The back of the winter is broken And light lingers long by the door And the seeds of the summer have spoken In gowans that bloom on the shore

CHORUS

By night and day we'll sport and we'll play And delight as the dawn dances over the bay Sleep blows the breath of the morning away And we follow the heron home

In darkness we cradled our sorrow And stoked all our fires with fear Now these bones that lie empty and hollow Are ready for gladness to cheer

CHORUS

So long may you sing of the salmon And the snow scented sounds of your home While the north wind delivers its sermon Of ice and salt water and stone

CHORUS X 2