

Runrig, From The North

From the north came a warrior
Bearing burdens dark and deep
I've a will and I've a wanting
And miles to go before I sleep

I have horses in my stable
I have sons fit to fight
I will bring this to your table
If you ride with me this night

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Blood red wine, a toast for heroes
And harping till the morning light
Come the dawn the road will lead us
If you ride with me this night