Highland Song

Feel the peace of solitude

along our burns

and on our bens

Pick the fruit of summer

from our meadows

with your friends

Drink the cool fresh bounty

deep beneath our strands

Eat our freshest harvest

reaped by Highland hands

Walk our windswept stretches

where ships have

come to grief

Stroll our heathered hillsides

let them lull you

off to sleep

Lay upon your back

as the stars hang down

on high

Stretch your fingers out

till they touch

our jet black sky

May the peace of Highland living

settle in your bones

May the lightness of your being

stir memories of your home

May you cherish our first greeting

dear as our last song

May you always feel the blessing of the Highlands

all life long

Steve Ewing

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