

## Celtic Folk "Summer Road"

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The Summer Road

Let us leave the city where the black smoke blows

And the winds come calling let us go, go, go!

Its the west wind calling; its the wind that's free!

Come along and wonder down the road with me!

Chorus:

Then you'll pass a road that stretches far,

By the moor of Ranick or by dark loch Nagar.

By the Glens of Angus or by Geeside fair,

On the road to summer you will find us there !

Shoulder up your bundle throw away your care !

There's no place for worry on the highway there !

And the sun is dawning with a promise gay,

And the hills are calling, "Come away ! Come away !"

cho.

There's a thousand roads and we shall walk them all,

Till the song birds leave us and the white snows fall.

Then we'll dream all winter of that of that great spring

day,

When the winds will call us, "Come away! Come away! "

cho.

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