

Runrig "The Ship"

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I awoke in the dusts of an autumn morning
Faces oil-lit kneeling round the family chairs
I never knew that a heart could take such filling
Spaces everywhere.

And the ship comes 'round
And she's waiting at the harbour
Be prepared to get on board, be prepared

I never knew that the light of ages
Breaks the way before us
Sail away, sail away

All the front doors opened and the men came walking
Suits and shoes, heads of silver and grey
It's one short road from a darkened cradle
To the endless light of day.

She walked like a bride down the aisle of her childhood
The shops, the schoolyard, the church on the hill
Where she trembled on the day
She was touched and broken
Marie was born again.

And the ship comes 'round
And she's waiting at the harbour
Be prepared to get on board, be prepared

I never knew that the light of ages
Breaks the way before us
Sail away, sail away

All ears to the trawler-band in the evenings
Forty crans and the spirits run wild
The storms, the drownings, the tables, the drinking
The sea had claimed their lives.

There's a peat smoke rising from the village chimneys
You take your chances with the red haired girl
All the boats take their rest in the heart of the harbour
That night in a changing world.

And the ship comes 'round
And she's waiting at the harbour
Be prepared to get on board, be prepared

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