

Follow The Heron Home

Karine Polwart

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

**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

**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**

Long may we 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

**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**