

The Pipers Path

Christy Moore

Down the Pipers path we followed the Winters sun
On its frosty ride or Autumns frosty pride
And the piper by my side took his tunes from Winters mouth
And played them back to the racing clouds

Through waves of copper trees we followed the purple trees
Past the speckled hen and the seaweed men
On down through the bay of soft weather days
That led us back to the racing ways

Wind and weather they told us all be done
All together they sang us a Winters song
And the piper by my side took his tunes from Winters mouth
And played them back to the racing clouds