

Strathmore

Dougie MacLean

I took a place in a farm in Strathmore
To bring the harvest home and watch the nature roar
And we'd rise at dawn in the sun's clear light
In the sun's clear light

And we'd start our day with a sleepy head
Sat on the big wood bench in the tractor shed
And the griever would say lads it's time to go
Oh it's time to go

CHORUS

And it turns again endless and slow
It turns again with every breath we blow
For it's the only thing we know

Old Dave was first and we dare not leave
Until his pipe was done and he'd rolled his sleeve
And then we'd all set out to the far top field
To the far top field

Old Dave would bale and Tim and I would lead
And we'd move the hay til our hands would bleed
With a story told to keep our spirits high
To keep our spirits high

CHORUS

I took a place in a farm in Strathmore
To bring the harvest home and watch the nature roar
And we'd rise at dawn in the sun's clear light
In the sun's clear light

We'd work the while we'd sweat our brow
And we'd take our piece on the hazel knove
It would taste so good and Old Dave would smile
Old Dave would smile

CHORUS