

Peat Fire Flame

The Corries

Far away and o'er the moor,
Morar waits for a boat that saileth,
Far away down Lowland way,
I dream the dream I learned, lad,
By the light o' the peat-fire flame,
Light for love, for lilt o' laughter,
By the light o' the peat-fire flame,
The light the hill-folk yearn for.

Far away, down Lowland way,
Grim's the toil, without tune or dream, lad,
All you need's a creel and love,
For the dream the heart can weave, lad
By the light o' the peat-fire flame,
Light for love, for lilt o' laughter,
By the light o' the peat-fire flame,
The light the hill-folk yearn for.

Far away the tramp and tread,
Tune and laughter of all the heroes,
Pulls me onward o'er the trail
Of the dream my heart may weave, lad,
By the light o' the peat-fire flame,
Light for love, for lilt o' laughter,
By the light o' the peat-fire flame,
The light the hill-folk yearn for.