



Take Me To Some High Place

Take me to some high place
Of heather, rock or ling
Scatter my dust and ashes
Feed me to the wind
So that I will be
Part of all you see
The air you are breathing
I'll be part of the curlew's cry
And the soaring hawk
The blue milkwort
And the sundew hung with
diamonds
I'll be riding the gentle wind
That blows through your hair
Reminding you of how we shared
In the joy of living



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