

# Joy Of Living

Ewan MacColl

Farewell you northern hills, you mountains all goodbye  
Moorlands and stony ridges, crags and peaks goodbye  
Glyder Fach farewell, cold big Scafell, cloud bearing Suilven  
Sun warmed rocks and the cold of Bleaklow's frozen sea  
The snow and the wind and the rain of hills and mountains  
Days in the sun and the tempered wind and the air like wine  
And you drink and you drink till you're drunk on the joy of living.

Farewell to you my love, my time is almost done  
Lie in my arms once more until the darkness comes  
You filled all my days, held the night at bay, dearest companion  
Years pass by and they're gone with the speed of birds in flight  
Our lives like the verse of a song heard in the mountains  
Give me your hand and love and join your voice with mine  
And we'll sing of the hurt and the pain and the joy of living.

Farewell to you my chicks, soon you must fly alone  
Flesh of my flesh, my future life, bone of my bone  
May your wings be strong, may your days be long, safe be your journey  
Each of you bears inside of you the gift of love  
May it bring you light and warmth and the pleasure of giving  
Eagerly savour each new day and the taste of its mouth  
Never lose sight of the thrill and the joy of living.

Take me to some high place of heather, rock and ling  
Scatter my dust and ashes, feed me to the wind  
So that I may 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 breeze as it blows through your hair  
Reminding you how we shared in the joy of living.