

The Hurlers

Seth Lakeman

Sunday morning,
In the summer time.
Over worship we hurlers climb,
over mountains and valleys deep.
Those bells are ringing
Around our feet.
Come, take this warning
cried the priest.
All good hurlers
at the devils feast.
He will curse you where you stand
Mark his circle upon our land
Oh hurler boys come on
make your choice.
And he said
Oh you hurlers boys come on
make your choice.
Where you stand
(hey hey)
Where you stand
Bold, brave and strong
we ran the day
Til thunder rolled in with silver rain
There were fingers down our backs
curse is rising
and we were trapped
Oh hurler boys come on
make your choice.
And he said
Oh you hurlers boys come on
make your choice.
Where you stand
(hey hey)
Where you stand
(hey hey)
Tall, straight and stubborn
we face the sky
that lightning pierced us
our voices cried out
bodies silver
our hearts of stone
we make no shadows
we stand alone
Oh hurler boys come on
make your choice.
And he said
Oh you hurlers boys come on
make your choice.
And he said
Oh you hurlers boys come on
make your choice.
And he said
Oh you hurlers boys come on
make your choice.
Where you stand
(hey hey)
(You hurler boys)

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