

# 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.  
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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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