

Together they walked from town to town,
Across mountain high and valley down;
Each village had their own kind of people,
With playing harp and many church steeple.

Along the road passing a few lone huts,
Where song and lyre made merry cheer;
They stopped for water and sat in the cool shade,
Against a stone hedge under a tree and on green grass blade.

The people of the mountain walk,
Of highland character and apish talk;
Wish well the travellers in their plight,
From here to there from day to night.

And in the meaning of it all,
Where love and romance and fresh air fall;
The mystery of Celtic passion,
Is the jewel and crown and sword unrationed.

Signed

Tasmanians Follow