**“The Path that Winds before Us”**

Karine Polwart and Dave Milligan

From: Still as Your Sleeping

The path that winds before us

Is not for us to know.

One step and then another

Is the only place we have to go.

The path that winds before us

Is not for us to see.

One breath and then another

Is all we need.

Don’t worry don’t hurry

The seed will take its time to grow.

Don’t worry don’t hurry

Prepare the earth and sow.

The path that winds before us

Is not for us to know.

One step and then another

Is the only place we have to go.

The path that winds before us

Is not for us to see.

One breath and then another

Is all we need.

Don’t worry don’t hurry

Sit here and rest your mind.

Don’t worry don’t hurry

Be still and find your feet.

(instrumental break)

Don’t worry don’t hurry

The seed will take its time to grow.

Don’t worry don’t hurry

Prepare the earth and sow.

The path that winds before us

Is not for us to know.

One step and then another

Is the only place we have to go.

The path that winds before us

Is not for us to see.

One breath and then another

Is all we need.

“Travel These Ways”

Karine Polwart and Dave Milligan

From: Still as Your Sleeping

Wherever we go, wherever we bide,

Whatever the wind and weather,

Wherever we go, wherever we bide,

We’ll travel these ways together.

When the haar comes rollin’ in

And you can’t see your way into harbor,

I’ll heave the boat to till the sun clears the sky

And it’s safe once again to weigh anchor.

Wherever we go, wherever we bide,

Whatever the wind and weather,

Wherever we go, wherever we bide,

We’ll travel these ways together.

When the snow comes skirlin’ in

And buries the path that you’ve chosen,

I’ll light us a fire to keep us warm

And we’ll wait till the ice is unfrozen.

Wherever we go, wherever we bide,

Whatever the wind and weather,

Wherever we go, wherever we bide,

We’ll travel these ways together.

When the storm has blown away

And the night is as still as your sleeping,

I’ll pluck out the skelf of the moon from the sky

And I’ll give it to you for safekeeping.

Wherever we go, wherever we bide,

Whatever the wind and weather,

Wherever we go, wherever we bide,

We’ll travel these ways together.

**“A Blessing for Those Who Have Far to Travel”**

 (by Jan Richardson, in ***Circle of Grace***)

If you could see

the journey whole,

you might never

undertake it,

might never dare

the first step

that propels you

from the place

you have known

toward the place

you know not.

Call it

one of the mercies

of the road:

that we see it

only by stages

as it opens

before us,

as it comes into

our keeping,

step by

single step.

There is nothing

for it

but to go,

and by our going

take the vows

the pilgrim takes:

to be faithful to

the next step;

to rely on more

than the map;

to heed the signposts

of intuition and dream;

to follow the star

that only you

will recognize;

to keep an open eye

for the wonders that

attend the path;

to press on

beyond distractions,

beyond fatigue,

beyond what would

tempt you

from the way.

There are vows

that only you

will know:

the secret promises

for your particular path

and the new ones

you will need to make

when the road

is revealed

by turns

you could not

have foreseen.

Keep them, break them,

make them again;

each promise becomes

part of the path,

each choice creates

the road

that will take you

to the place

where at last

you will kneel

to offer the gift

most needed—

the gift that only you

can give—

before turning to go

home by

another way.