

# Where Ravens Feed

Graeme Miles

I roam and ramble in lonely places, all in the coolness of the rain,  
Over rolling hill and rugged mountains, over sandy heath and grassy plain;  
And should you ask, am I contented? I'd answer, "Yes, oh, yes indeed",  
For my love it is for lonely places, where springs leap down, where ravens feed.

I seek and find these lonely places, where bounds the hare, and deer run  
Over crags of grey and mossy boulders, shaded from the morning sun;  
And should you ask, am I at ease there? I'd answer, "Yes, oh, yes indeed",  
For my heart it dwells in lonely places, where springs leap down, where ravens feed.

I yearn and long for lonely places, where hunts the fox and badgers play,  
Where midnight stars are at their brightest, where snow lies deep where mists hang  
grey;  
And should you ask, am I at home there? I'd answer, "Yes, oh, yes indeed",  
For my desires are for lonely places, where springs leap down, where ravens feed.

I lose myself in lonely places, on heathered moor and bracken fell,  
And with the wind hold conversation. It always has so much to tell;  
And should you ask, am I at ease there? I'd answer, "Yes, oh, yes indeed",  
For I'll always need these lonely places, where springs leap down, where ravens feed.

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bWMrAcpt\\_4M](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bWMrAcpt_4M).