

Harris Tweed

Written by Norrie MacIver

VERSE 1

In the morning light, the shuttle hums,
A rhythm steady as the sea drums.
The loom's my compass, the wool my map,
Hands worn rough, but I don't mind that.

CHORUS

Harris Tweed, oh, it tells the tale,
Of stormy skies and the Hebridean gale.
Every thread's a song, every weave's a prayer,
For the Isle of Lewis, I'll leave it there.

VERSE 2

The sheep roam free on the heathered land,
Each fleece a gift from the Maker's hand.
The peat smoke helps me, dye the wool
And weave a cloth both rich and full

VERSE 3

When my legs are tired and the day moves slow,
The loom still tells me which way to go.
The island colours they form my tweed
Woven from stories my people need.

BRIDGE

There's history here in each warp and weft,
A heritage spun by the hands of the deft.
Generations whisper in the fabric's seams,
Of toil, of craft, and of island dreams.

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