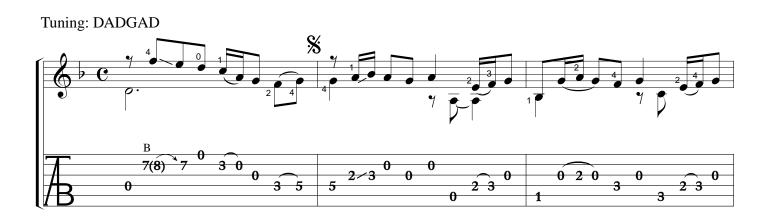
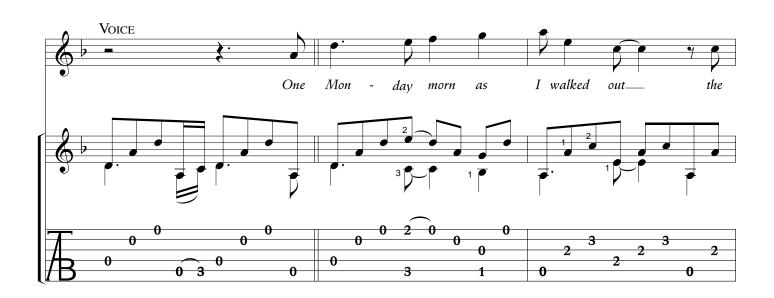
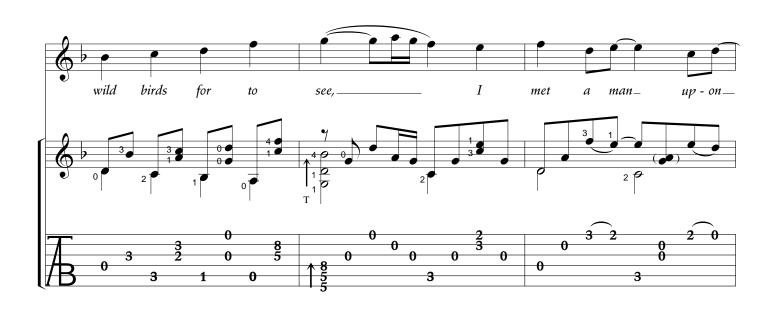
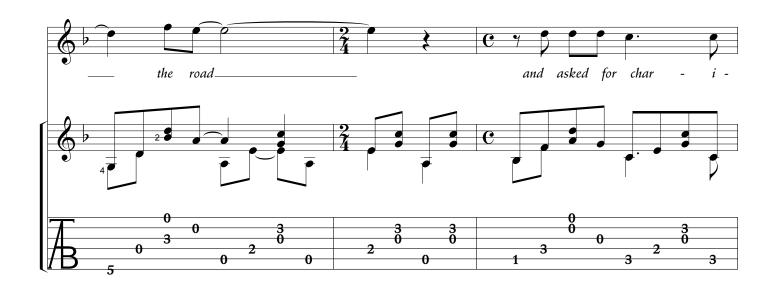
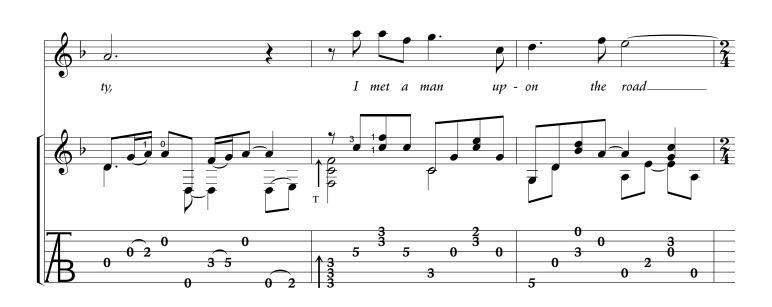
## SANDWOOD DOWN TO KYLE

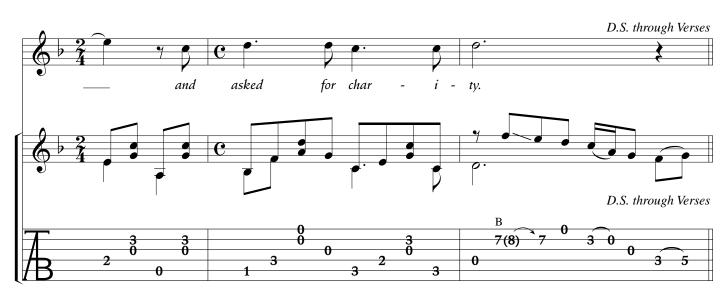


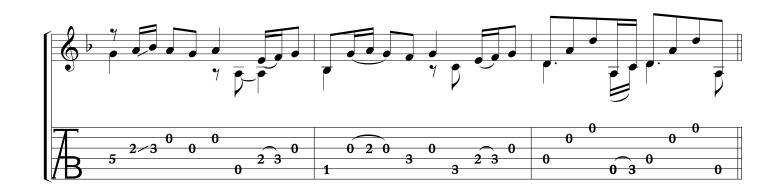


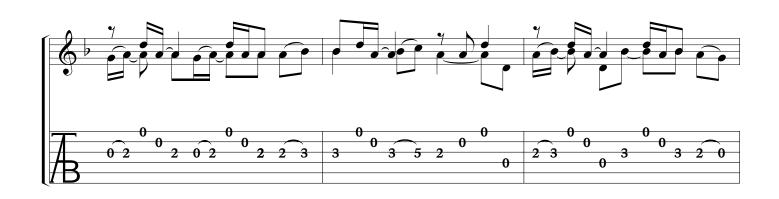


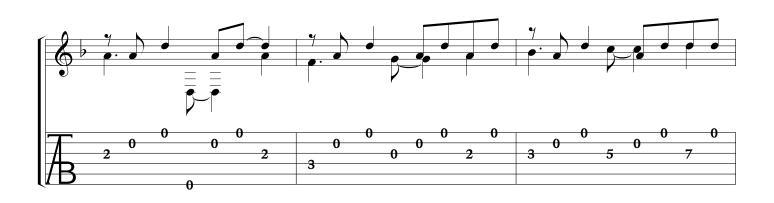


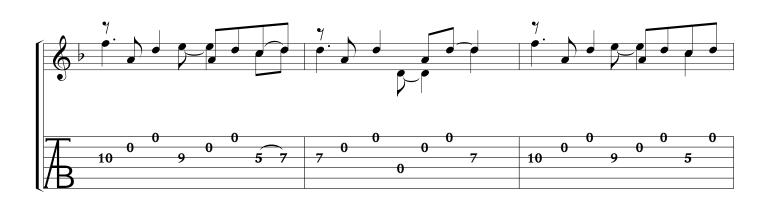


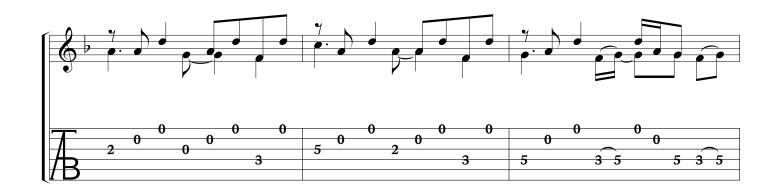


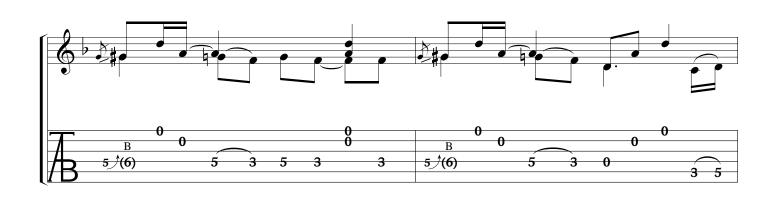


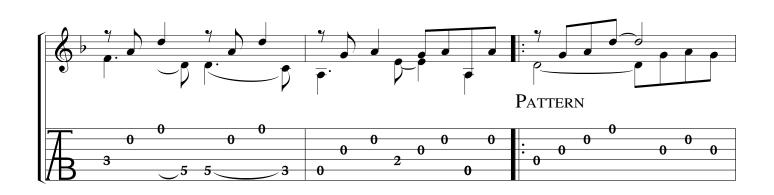


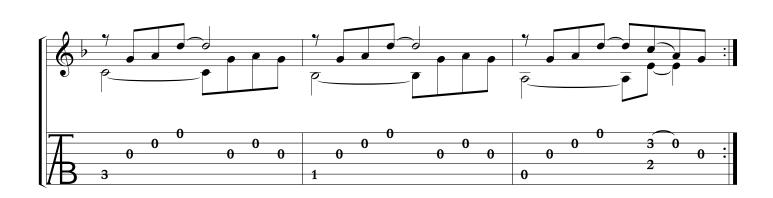


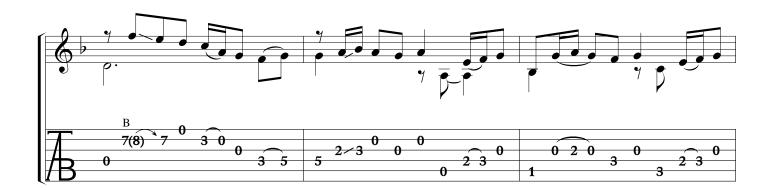


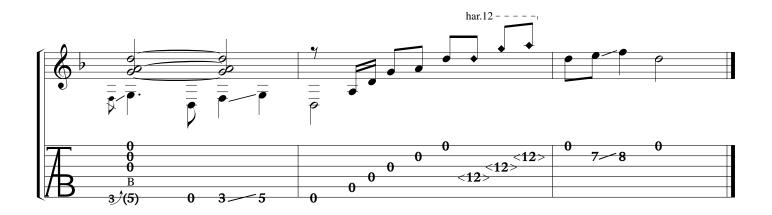












On Monday morn as I walked out, the wild birds for to see, I met a man upon the road and asked for charity. (2x)

Come home with me and drink your fill, and comfort you shall find, And tell me why you walk the road that leaves the hills behind.

For time has spent the summer, sir, and soon the leaves will fall, I hear the sound within the wind that plays around your walls.

The bird must flee the winter, sir, she cannot stay behind, To build her nest upon the snow; nor can I look for mine.

If I had a hundred homes, to live in, each a while, I'd build them all along the coast, from Sandwood down to Kyle.