

## **A Song for Haddo (A House of Song)**

Words and music by Moira Morrison

Away up North where few folk go,  
There stands a house that few folk know.  
North of Hadrian's Wall, north of the capital,  
Over the Queensferry Crossing,  
North of Aberdeen is a house you should see  
A house with a song worth singing.

Haddo is a house, a house is Haddo,  
Haddo is a house of song.  
Haddo is a house, a house is Haddo,  
Haddo is a house of song.

Around the house stand ancient trees,  
And on the wind hang melodies,  
Of days gone by when folk sang all the time:  
At work, before bed, for their supper.  
Songs are still used today in so many ways,  
Hear us all sing together.

Haddo is a house, a house is Haddo,  
Haddo is a house of song.  
Haddo is a house, a house is Haddo,  
Haddo is a house of song.

Most folk you know can sing a song,  
Or whistle a tune like birds of the dawn.  
When the rain pours down and the skies are grey,  
A song can take you away,  
To a faraway place, or a familiar face.  
A song can chase clouds away.

So sing a song for Haddo,  
Then sing a song for ev'ry house you live in,  
And no matter where you go or what you do,  
Just keep on singing.

Haddo is a house, a house is Haddo,  
Haddo is a house of song.  
Haddo is a house, a house is Haddo,  
Haddo is a house of song.