

From The Summit Of The Bridle Path – Lyrics, Alan Wright, NEW ZEALAND - 1987

The world is silent way up here, and seldom does the bellbird call,
The tufted grass and rocky crags, bear muted witness to us all,
The distant mountains stretch away, like guardians clothed in majesty,
And sacred gems of snow and light, reflect the hopes they longed to see.

They brought to this country the faith of their fathers,
And hopes for a new life across the sea.
They thought we would value that hope of theirs,
“Lest we forget!” - their price to be free!

The Bridle Path has seen it all, the bullock cart, the tragic cold
The bleeding feet, the crying child, the widow now, just twelve years old.
And here they came from worlds away, they left their homes with great relief
They clustered at this rocky crag, and stared in heart-felt disbelief!

Would this be home, the question rose within their hearts, and sank like stone
And loneliness too cruel to feel, would freeze each mortal to the bone.
They were our people, we are them, those first four ships, and many since
With babes in arms our people stood, and from this point was their first glimpse.

A nation built on iron resolve, and breaking backs, maternal pain,
They worked for us, their blood and sweat, and gave their all so we might gain.
They were the bravest of the brave, and we just called them mum and dad,
They drained the swamp, and ploughed the land, and gave us everything they had.

Each passing generation knows, our debt to all who broke this land
Our peace, and all we know is ours, was won by those who made a stand.
For us they slogged, for us they died, they fought on many a foreign shore
The sun sinks low, I stand in awe, to honour those who've gone before.