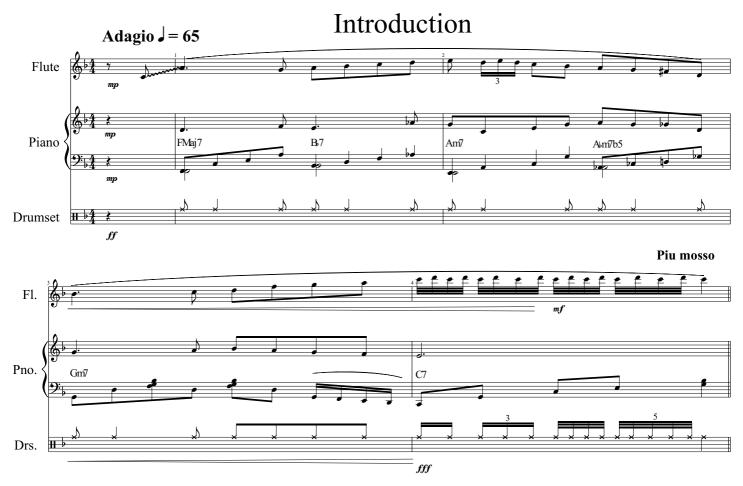
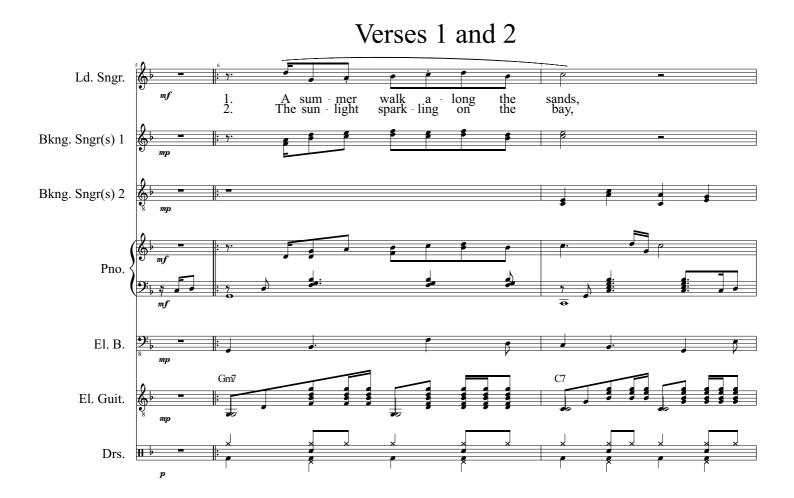
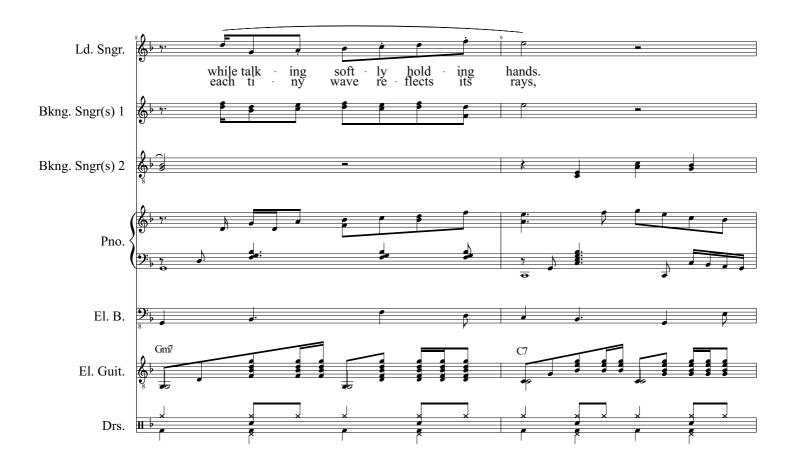


A Stroll Along The Sands

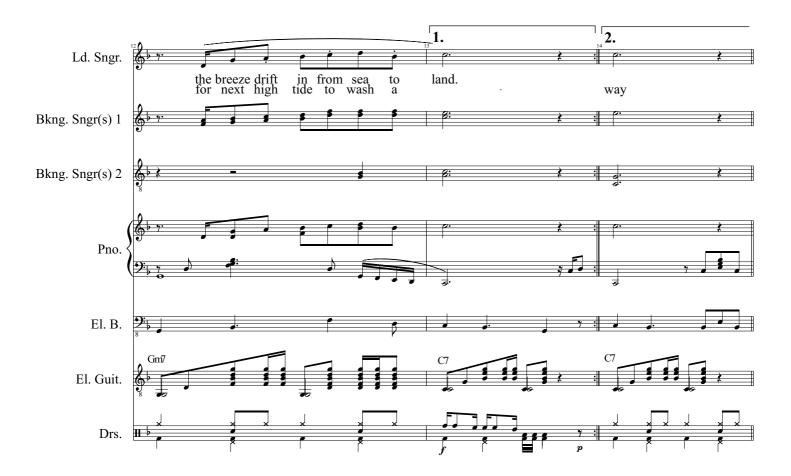
John Bartle















John and Bibi Bartle ©2013

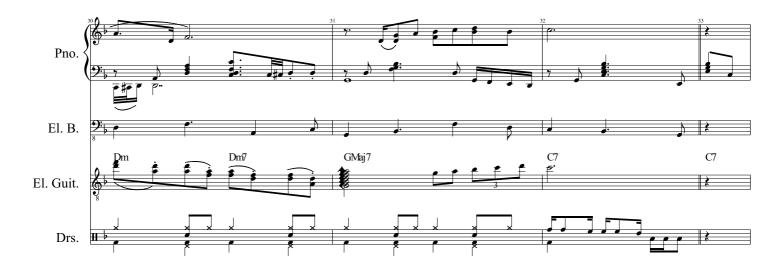


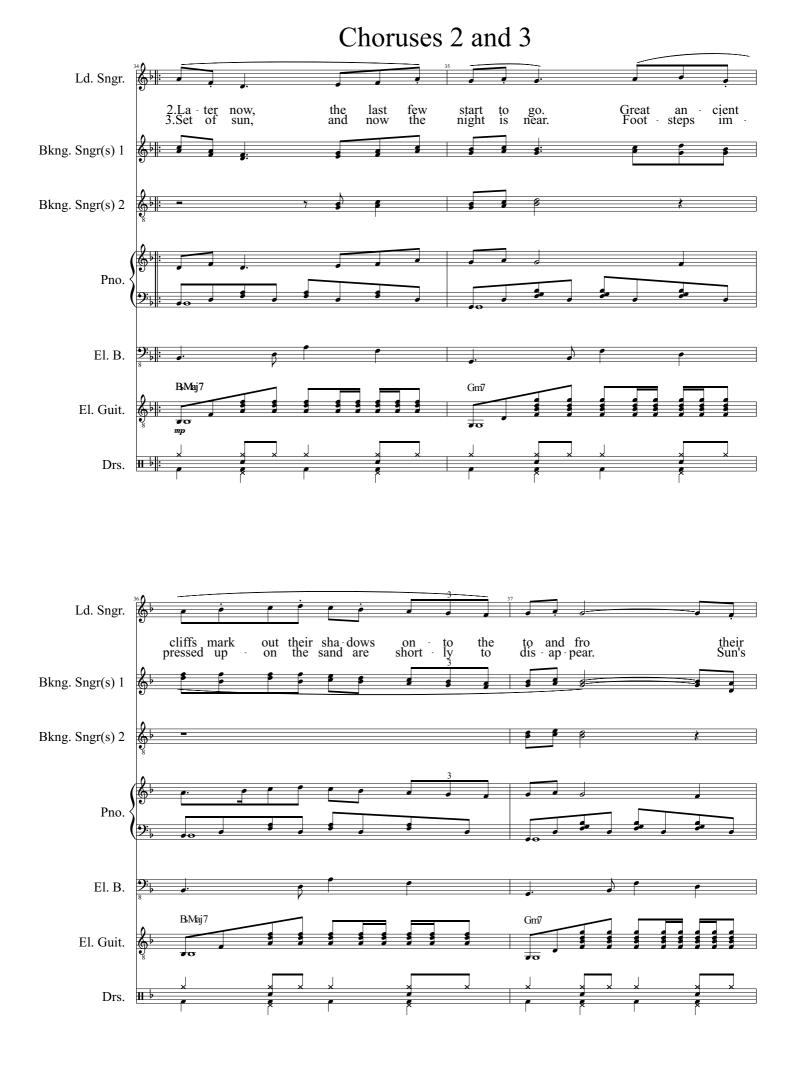




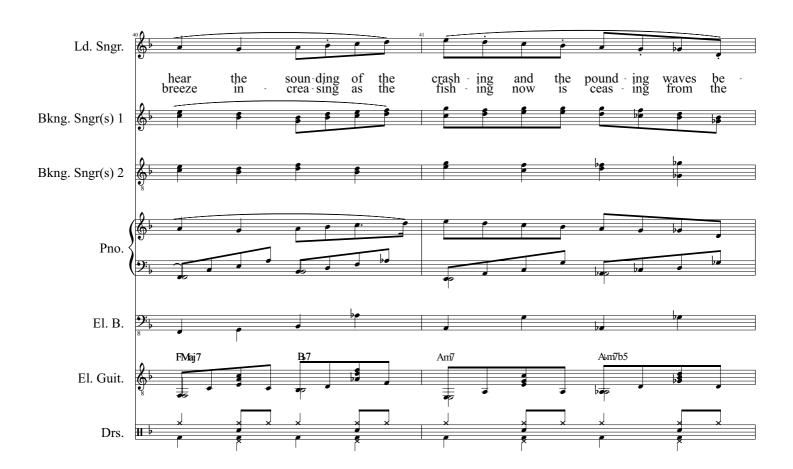
Guitar Solo











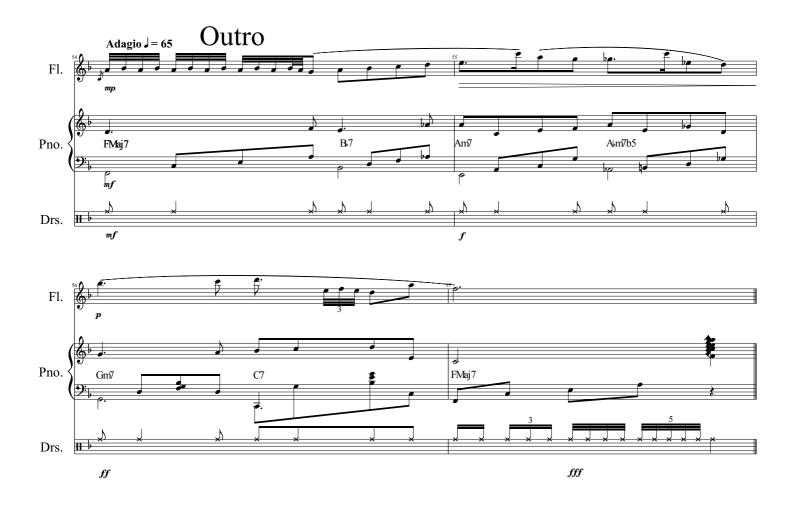












Verse 1	A summer walk along the sands, while talking softly, holding hands. Then watching waves roll inshore, lapping against the feet and the breeze drift in from sea to land.
Verse 2	
	The sunlight sparkling on the bay. Each tiny wave reflects its rays, to leave the flotsam high above on the strand to stay, For next high tide to wash away.
Chorus 1	End of day, the beach the place to be, as people look across to view the sun setting on the sea. The rock pools' glistening seems in harmony with the cries of the seabirds calling out their warning "Night is falling!", plaintively.
Guitar Solo	
Chorus 2 Verse 3	Later now, the last few start to go. Great ancient cliffs mark out their shadows on the to and fro, their timeless shapes created long ago. There was no-one to hear the sounding of the crashing and the pounding waves below.
	The evening indigoes sky's blue, While scattered clouds grow pinkish hues. In failing light some early evening stars in view. Dusk's fading sunshine glimmering through.
Chorus 3	
	Set of sun,and now the night is near. Footsteps impressed upon the sand are shortly to disappear Sun's last rays fading, cooling atmosphere, with the strength of the breeze increasing, as the fishing now is ceasing from the pier.
Verse 4	
	Now dark, it's time to turn from shore. Quite sweetly aching, but ignore the mild fatigue that lingers, sitting at home,once more, but strangely closer than before.
John and Bibi Bartle 2013	