

# Alba

## Runrig

Air sgiath a' seoladh nan neoil  
'S an domhain liath  
Mar dhealbh a' tighinn beo tro na sgothan  
'S mi a' tilleadh gu tir  
Alba nam beanntan ard  
Nan acraichean lom  
Thairis air na lochan mointich  
Nan coilltean 's nan gleann  
Ach 'se sealladh leointe is gann  
Tha an seo aig ceann thall an linn  
Talamh alainn nan daoine  
Fhathast an lamhan duine no dithis  
Cuibhlean stolda mu dheas  
Na fasaichean a tuath  
An taigh-mor falamh an Dun-Eideann  
Gun chumhachd gun ghuth  
\*Sibhse chuir achadh ri achadh  
Taigh ri taigh  
Gus nach bi ait anns an tir  
An gabh sibh comhnaidh air leth  
Ach 's math dhomh bhith seo an drasd  
A cur failt air a' bhlas  
'San tir a tha cho ur dhomh an diugh  
Is a bha i nuair bha mi 'nam phaisd  
\*Bho Isaiah 5-8

Scotland

This flight is sailing through the c  
louds  
And the blue heavens  
The homeland appears like a developing photograph  
Through the mists as I return to land  
I see Scotland of the high mountains  
And the empty acres  
Flying low across the moorland lochs  
The forests and the glens  
But it's  
a wounding and a hollow sight  
Here as we reach the end of the century  
The beautiful soil of the people

Still in the hands of the few  
I see the wheels of industry at a standstill  
And the northern lands wasted  
And the empty house in Edinburgh  
Without  
t authority or voice  
You that have laid field upon field  
House upon house  
Till there be nowhere for you to be placed alone  
In the midst of all the earth  
But it is good for me to be here now  
As I welcome the warmth  
In this land that's as exciting  
for me today  
As it was the day I was born

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>