

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

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