Rocket To the Moon

Runrig

Here hangs an open landscape
A wild and huge frontier
From a harsh and a barren wasteland
Through the grave to the promised field
You came, you trapped, you charted
You laid the railraods and the schemes
And you tamed this land by enterprise
And by the power of your dreams
From the olden coasts of Ireland
From the Hebridean shores
With the forgotten chosen ones
Running from Europe in droves
There's a town in Manitoba
They say the windows touch the sky
But across the brine the shipyards close
In this garden flowers die
Still the homelands divide us
Like your blood red brothers of the plains
But where they grieve a candle still burns
A prayer from a flicker to a flame
But you made this Clan great
And you made this nation bloom
And you rose
With your people through the new world
Like a rocket to the moon

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