

Albany

Roger Whittaker

Albany, that once stood high over Norton Green
Albany, whose mighty walls the people sheltered under
Albany, proud symbol set in the Highlands free

(This is Gordon McKenzie's story)

Just like a song, a song that lasts forever
(And the story of Albany, his family home)

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Gordon was the eldest son, a golden eagle, so the story runs
His brother Charles, dark as the raven
One night in jealous rage and spite, the raven struck with all
his might
The eagle turned as quick as light and slew the raven

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See the king's men come riding through the heather
McKenzie's life they cry and all his land
Silent clansmen stand motionless together
An English king won't have a Highland man

So the king by his decree did raze and fire poor Albany
To let the people see his power the island justice still prevails
And according to the clansman's tales
A golden eagle nests forever in her tower

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