

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 clouds
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
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