



Scottish Songs



These Are My Mountains

For fame and for fortune I wandered the earth
And now I've come back to the land of my birth.
I've brought back my treasures but only to find
They're less than the pleasures I first left behind.

For these are my mountains and this is my glen
The braes of my childhood will know me again.

No land's ever claimed me tho' far I did roam
For these are my mountains and I'm going home.

The burn by the road sings at my going by,
The whaup overhead wings with welcoming cry,
The loch where the scart flies at last I can see,
It's here that my heart lies it's here I'll be free.

Kind faces will meet me and welcome me in;
And how they will greet me my ain kith and kin.
The night round the ingle old songs will be sung,
At last I'll be hearing my ain mother tongue.