

Fiddler's Green, Highland Road

Fife was a shadow across the Forth as the Granton boat pulled out
Over the sea and the solid earth the mist lay all about
And a rising wind from the Isle of May o'er the ruffled waters strode
And blew us a clear October day to ride on the Highland Road

There's a winding road from Glenfarg to the mouth of the river Tay
The mountains beckon beyond Dunkeld to lead us on our way
Now Killicrankie's famous Pass, a battle lost and won
From the old enchanted Atholl lands, grim heart of Caledon

The Highland Road's been sung before and will be sung again
As long as singers give thanks for good in the way of honest men
Let him who will be contrary, the wise man will agree
And sing again the Highland Road, the Highland Road for me

Now the Highland Road is a rugged road, from the Tay to the Northern shore
A man may rise in Edinburgh town and rest in Aviemore
Now here's to the railroad running north and the day that gave it due
From the greying spires of the ancient town to the moon of the Lairig Gru