

Destitution Road
By:Alistair Hulett

In the Year of the Sheep and the Burning Time,
They cut our young men in their prime.
The old Scots' way was a hanging crime
For the Gaels of Caledonia.
There's a den for the fox, a hedge for the hare,
A nest in the tree for the birds of the air.
But in all Scotland, there's no place there
For the Gaels of Caledonia.

But there's no use getting frantic;
It's time to hump your load
Across the wild Atlantic
On the Destitution Road.

The bailiff came with the writ and all
And the gallant lads of the Forty-Twa.
They drove ye out in the sleet and snow:
The Gaels of Caledonia.
When your house was burned and your crops as well,
You stood and wept in the blackened shell,
And the winter moor was a living hell
For the Gaels of Caledonia.

But there's no use getting frantic;
It's time to hump your load
Across the wild Atlantic
On the Destitution Road.

The plague and the famine, they dragged you down
As you made your way to Glesgae town
Where you heard of a ship that was sailing soon
For the shores of Nova Scotia.
And you sold your gear; you paid your fare
With your head held high though your heart was sair,
And you bid farewell forever mair
To the glens of Caledonia.

But there's no use getting frantic;
It's time to hump your load
Across the wild Atlantic
On the Destitution Road.

The land was cleared and the deal was made:
Now an English lord in a tartan plaid.
He struts and stares as the mem'ries fade
Of the Gaels of Caledonia.
And he hunts the deer in the lonely glen
That once was home to a thousand men,
And the wind on the moor sings a sad refrain
For the Gaels of Caledonia.

But there's no use getting frantic;
It's time to hump your load
Across the wild Atlantic
On the Destitution Road.

Well, there's no use getting frantic;
It's time to hump your load
Across the wild Atlantic
On the Destitution Road.