

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Great White Sheep

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Oh Sutherland is a bonnie land,
Beyond the Moray Firth.
And Rosshire smiles at the Western Isles,
The land of Gaeldom's birth.
From Scrabster Bay to Mingulay,
The mighty mountains weep;
For each sad glen has been cleared of men
To make way for the great white sheep.

Kildonan's ablaze and Langdale's braes
Are burnin' tae the skies.
The Factor's men who raze the glen
Heed not the infant's cries.
The landlord's might denies the right
Of the crofter's crops tae grow.
A laird must keep his great white sheep
So his flesh and blood must go.

A Sutherland maid, her clan betrayed
And wed tae an English lord.
She's driven her men from the neighbor's glen
Wi' musket, ball and sword.
Her land she's sold for English gold
While her clansmen throng the shore;
And the great white sheep walk the mountains steep,
Her men will walk no more.

From every glen the silent men
Have a prayer upon their lips;
As they crouch by the sea in poverty
And wait for the white sailed ships.
The Atlantic roar on the rocky shore
Will lull the bairns tae sleep.
No more they'll stand on their faether's land -
It has gone for the great white sheep.

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