

LYRICS OF THE ALBUM '*HARD AS NAILS*'

ST VALERY

From the coal mines and the towns of Fife, and the crofts of Sutherland
From Dundee, Perth and Lothian and far Northumberland
From the jewelled islands of the west and the barley fields of Banff
To stem the Nazi tide, we crossed the sea to France
The Camerons and the Seaforths, the Sutherland and Argylls,
The Black Watch and the Gordons, from the lowlands and the isles
We'd always stand together when the worst came to the worst
The Highland Division, the gallant 51st

St Valery St Valery St Valery St Valery

From Dieppe to the Belgian border and on to the Maginot Line
We were under French command and the grand French design
But the grand design was bypassed, as we dreamt of hills and glens
The Germans invaded Belgium and came through the Ardennes
Cut off from the British Army, the 51st was lost,
Our orders to defend the Somme no matter what the cost
The harvest of appeasement was reaped now by all ranks
Our weaponry was useless against Stukas and Panzer tanks

St Valery, St Valery, St Valery, St Valery

Outmoded communication against the radios of the foe
Meant the French command gave orders about things they couldn't know
Rommel's 7th Panzers cut off retreat to the west
The Highlanders for once would come off second best
The Division was surrounded apart from a force called Ark
And from Le Havre some remnants managed to embark
But at St Valery the 51st made their last stand
There they stood their ground, outgunned and outmanned

St Valery, St Valery, St Valery, St Valery

The Royal Navy organised two hundred ships and boats
To rescue the Division with the enemy at our throats
We were running out of ammo and we hadn't any food
But no ship or boat could get near, to reach us where we stood
The enemy's guns on clifftops and their bombers in the air

And finally the fog came down and left us stranded there
Our history and our heritage said the Highlander never runs
But the 12th of June the order came to lay down our guns

St Valery, St Valery, St Valery, St Valery

Marched through France and Belgium to barges on the Rhine
To prison camps in Germany at the end of the railway line
But some would not submit and took every chance to escape
By boats and trains and other means and many a daring scrape
And the 51st was formed again and from Alamein to Berlin
We fought under Monty and we won through thick and thin
But in France he gave the order which no one could foresee
And on 1st September 44, we set St Valery free

St Valery, St Valery, St Valery, St Valery

Now you who guard your rights and love to criticise
To mock, debunk and ridicule all history as lies
Who deny the right to others that you yourselves enjoy
Your freedom of expression – but not for the hoi polloi
You wouldn't have your freedom were it not for men like these
Who fought and died or suffered from torture and disease
In many a foreign field they fell when shells around them burst
The Highland Division, the gallant 51st

St Valery, St Valery, St Valery, St Valery

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I'M STILL WALKING

They said that you'd be happy; they said that you'd be free
They said you could be anything that you wanted to be
They said just play the game; they said just toe the line
There's a wide world out there; everything's gonna be fine
But they didn't tell you about the serpent inside
Or about the battlefield where good and evil collide
And they didn't tell you about the Shepherd who died
And to follow him you've got to swim against the tide

They put me down, but I'm still walking
I'm weary to my bones, but I'm still walking
I'm still walking along this narrow way
No turning back no matter what they say

Some days it's hard, some days it's harder
You've got to protect her; you've got to guard her
You feel so helpless, there's nothing you can do
Everybody's lost hope and you have too
An unseen killer is stalking our town
And everybody's screaming, "Your side's going down"
So many people facing a new reality
So many people facing their own mortality

They put me down, but I'm still walking
I'm weary to my bones, but I'm still walking
I'm still walking along this narrow way
No turning back no matter what they say

No one's listening to your silent scream
You've got a nightmare while they've got a dream
The wise and the powerful are nothing but fools
With their tactics and plans, and political tools
Everyone's progressive, but progressing to what?
On the right side of history—the kind that Hollywood's got
You're fashionably woke, but are you really awake
Are you the only ones who're not making a mistake?

They put me down, but I'm still walking
I'm weary to my bones, but I'm still walking
I'm still walking along this narrow way
No turning back no matter what they say

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DARKNESS COMING DOWN

The light shone on the hillside, and the light shone on the shore
The light shone on the outcast, and the light shone on the whore
On the children and the working men, on the beggar and the thief
On the wealthy and religious, and on those without belief

But in the garden, in the garden
There's a darkness coming down
In the garden, in the garden
There's a darkness coming down

The light shone on the hopeless, and the light shone on the lost
The light shone on the crippled, but no one asked the cost
The light, it was shining in the glowing words of life
And the light, it was shining in the face of hate and strife

But in the garden, in the garden
There's a darkness coming down
In the garden, in the garden
There's a darkness coming down

The light shone on the soldier, the scholar and the priest
The light shone on the cup of wine, the light shone on the feast
The light it was shining in the touch of a loving hand
On the sick and on the stranger in a hidden promised land

But in the garden, in the garden
There's a darkness coming down
In the garden, in the garden
There's a darkness coming down

The light shone in the city but the rulers they were blind
The light exposed their greed and hate, and the secrets of their mind
So the light must be extinguished to let the darkness reign
While east of Eden people strayed in the fruitless paths of Cain

But in the garden, in the garden
There's a darkness coming down
In the garden, in the garden
There's a darkness coming down

In the garden the light was dimmed in sorrow and distress
There was heartbreak and temptation, but courage nonetheless
In the garden there was darkness, it was the devil's hour
When the friends of light and kindness ran from the evil power

In the garden, in the garden
There's a darkness coming down
In the garden, in the garden
There's a darkness coming down

In the courtroom and the palace injustice reigned supreme
But the light burned all the brighter to rescue and redeem
On a hill outside the city was where the darkness fell
And the light went down in darkness to the deepest pit of hell

In the garden, in the garden
There's a darkness coming down
In the garden, in the garden
There's a darkness coming down

The light was shut away in the darkness of the tomb
But the grave could not contain it, in hopelessness and gloom
The stone was rolled, the grave was bare, the light was shining bright
The light of the world was shining and dispelled the darkest night

In the garden, in the garden
There's a darkness coming down
In the garden, in the garden
There's a darkness coming down

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LANDSCAPE OF DREAMS

Sheep and sheepdogs, shepherds and kings
Bows and arrows, and swords and slings
Hills and pine trees, rivers and streams
Just the landscape of childhood dreams

Ninety and nine and one lost sheep
Psalms and hymns, still waters run deep
One who corrupts and One who redeems
Just the landscape of childhood dreams

Bruce and Wallace and stories of clans
Cowboys and Indians, and blood on our hands
Jungle doctors and African schemes
Just the landscape of boyhood dreams

Fields of glory and rivers of song
There's a world out there but you don't belong
Someone you know isn't all that he seems
Just the landscape of boyhood dreams

Songs of wild rovers and patriot games
The times were changing and so were the names
The strength of strings and echo of screams
Just the landscape of teenage dreams

Girls and fast cars and blood on the track
Put your hand to the plough and don't look back
If you're not careful, you'll come apart at the seams
Just the landscape of teenage dreams

It's cold and it's dark on Union Street
Been trying to stand on your own two feet
Serving two masters and going to extremes
Just the landscape of a young man's dreams

But it took a star to open my eyes
Lift up my head and point to the skies
Saw the light dawning, saw the Son's beams
Just the landscape of a young man's dreams

IOLAIR IOLAIRE

To honour and resist so Europe wouldn't fall
The men of the Long Island in their thousands met the call
They fought in France and Flanders and on the restless sea
Bright hope to dark ending that no one could foresee
A thousand men from Lewis had died in earth or foam
But now the war was over and the sailors were coming home
From Devonport and Portsmouth through Inverness to Kyle
Then on the yacht the lolaire they passed the Misty Isle

lolair, lolaire; lolair, lolaire

Happiness and peace that dark Hogmanay
They were all sailing home for a precious New Year's Day
Hundreds crammed together as they neared their journey's end
Some talked and laughed with brother, with neighbour, and with friend
From Shawbost and from Ness, from Point and Carloway
From Harris and from Uig, from Back and Stornoway
Glad to be going home from war and wounds and loss
To Tolsta and to Lochs, to Barvas and to Cross

lolair, lolaire; lolair, lolaire

And over all the island, their homes were being prepared
By sisters, wives and mothers; their clothes were being aired
The peats were in, the fires were bright, the tables richly spread
With neighbours' gifts and hoarded treats, with meat and wheaten bread
Excited children waiting, running out to see them come
Running out and waiting till the cold made them numb
The women all were waiting for the homecoming long desired
And the lads were building bonfires that never would be fired

lolair, lolaire; lolair, lolaire

Out in the stormy Minch the wind began to rise
The sea was dark and sombre as were the starless skies
As she neared the harbour the ship had lost her way
And the fearful Beasts of Holm pounced upon their prey
Rocks tore her with their teeth and pierced her iron side
And in that raging sea two hundred seamen died

Just twenty yards from shore, and the safety of the land
Exactly how it happened, none can understand

lolair, lolaire; lolair, lolaire

But on the ship were brave men who would not give up hope
John Finlay Macleod was one, he swam ashore with a rope
Battered by the crashing waves, the third one took him in
He grasped the solid rock, soaking to the skin
But forty of the eighty saved were rescued by that line
In the midst of all the horror, there still was grace divine
And clinging to the mast, Donald Morrison of Ness
Was assured "the Lord shall help" in the face of his distress

lolair, lolaire; lolair, lolaire

In the still morning air, the sound of wailing crossed the land
The bodies of her fine young men were strewn upon the sand
Every village across the island lost fathers, sons and brothers
Young widows left alone, orphaned children, grieving mothers
Sorrow was heaped on sorrow, for the disillusioned and distressed
And many left the island, sailing to the west
That never to be forgotten day the Eagle sailed the wave,
But the Beasts of Holm tore her down with the good men and the brave

lolair, lolaire; lolair, lolaire

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LONG WAY TO GO

As a child, your world was bounded by trees
Soft needles of pinewoods and moss on your knees
Your horizon was formed by mountain and hill
The Irishman, Morven and the Child's Seat to fill

You're going to go far and there's far to go
Beyond the horizon where the rivers flow
A long way to go, a wide world to roam
A long way to go before you get home

Sheep in the snow fed on hay and on straw
Green smell of the earth just after the thaw
Your father was ploughing with a horse-drawn plough
And cutting the peats way out on the flough

You're going to go far and there's far to go
Beyond the horizon where the rivers flow
A long way to go, a wide world to roam
A long way to go before you get home

The kettle was singing and your mother was too
She welcomed old Ram the pedlar Hindu,
A van-man or a shepherd, a lady or a toff
It would be all the same if it was Khrushchev

You're going to go far and there's far to go
Beyond the horizon where the rivers flow
A long way to go, a wide world to roam
A long way to go before you get home

But the three Rs were calling for you and for me
The railway, the river and the road to the sea
See the steam coming for miles down the track
If you got on that train would you ever come back?

You're going to go far and there's far to go
Beyond the horizon where the rivers flow
A long way to go, a wide world to roam
A long way to go before you get home

Per mare per terras, and labyrinthine ways
You've crossed the lines, caused eyebrows to raise
The light's full of colour, only the dark's monochrome
But there's a far green country that's calling you home

You're going to go far and there's far to go
Beyond the horizon where the rivers flow
A long way to go, a wide world to roam
A long way to go before you get home

THE TATTERED OUTLAW

When fishes flew and forests walked
And figs grew upon thorn,
Some moment when the moon was blood
Then surely I was born.

With monstrous head and sickening cry
And ears like errant wings,
The devil's walking parody
On all four-footed things.

The tattered outlaw of the earth,
Of ancient crooked will;
Starve, scourge, deride me: I am dumb,
I keep my secret still.

Fools! For I also had my hour;
One far fierce hour and sweet:
There was a shout about my ears,
And palms before my feet.

(Lyrics: 'The Donkey' by G. K. Chesterton)

THE OLD VIOLIN

It was battered and scarred and the auctioneer
thought it scarcely worth his while
To waste much time on the old violin
as he held it up with a smile.
"What am I bidden, good folks?" he cried;
"Who'll start the bidding for me?
A dollar? A dollar? Who'll make it two?
Two dollars! Who'll make it three?"

Three dollars once! Three dollars twice!
And going? And gone? But no!
From the room far back came a grey-haired man,
and he picked it up with the bow.

And wiping the dust from the old violin
and tightening up all the strings
He played a melody pure and sweet -
as sweet as an angel sings.

The music ceased and the auctioneer
in a voice that was quiet and low
Said, "What am I bid for the old violin?"
as he held it up with the bow.
"A thousand dollars? Who'll make it two?
Two thousand! Who'll make it three?
Three thousand once! Three thousand twice!
And going, and gone!" said he.

And the people cheered, but some of them said,
"We do not quite understand
What changed its worth." Swift came the reply,
"It was the touch of the master's hand."
And there's many a man with his life out of tune,
that's battered and torn with sin
Is auctioned cheap to the thoughtless crowd,
much like the old violin.

A mess of pottage, a glass of wine,
a game and he travels on;
He's going once, he's going twice,
he's going and almost gone.
But the Master comes, and the foolish crowd
never can quite understand
The worth of a soul or the change that is wrought
by the touch of the Master's hand.

Lyrics: 'The Touch of the Master's Hand' by Myra Brooks Welch

LOVED AND LOST

I love you when I see your face
I love you in my dreams
And in my dreams you love me back
But nothing's what it seems
This love will never give me peace
This pain will never end
Your eyes tell me you love me true
Your lips say "just a friend"

They say it's better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved
But they don't have to count the cost
And learn to be unloved

I wish that I could see you now
And hold you in my arms
And I would show you what I think
Of your beauty and your charms
This longing in my heart's a fire
That burns into my brain
It eats up all my life and soul
And leaves me in the rain

They say it's better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved
But they don't have to count the cost
And learn to be unloved

I guess you'll never know the pain
You've given me tonight
Or the emptiness and loneliness
That darkens all my sight

But I want you to know, my love
You're blameless in my eyes
Your beauty and your loveliness
You never realise

They say it's better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved

But they don't have to count the cost
And learn to be unloved

But is there someone somewhere else
Who loves without reserve,
Accepts me as I am and gives
The love I don't deserve?

I'm holding out for such a love
I'm holding on like death
I'm clinging by my fingertips
Until my final breath

They say it's better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved
But they don't have to count the cost
And learn to be unloved

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HARD AS NAILS

Hard as nails with a heart of gold
When others faltered he was bold - Hard as nails
The world he left seems poor and cold
Now he's gone where he'll never grow old - Hard as nails
A heart of gold and as hard as nails
He believed no fairy-tales - Heart of gold
He held on fast by his fingernails
The morning star for who prevails - Heart of gold

He fought the fight, he ran the race
He got the crown, he kept the faith - Hard as nails

Hard as nails with a heart of gold
Just by One was he controlled - Hard as nails
His love for the lost he'd not withhold
The truth of God he did uphold - Hard as nails
Heart of gold and as hard as nails
Knew the love that never fails - Heart of gold

Up the hills and down the dales
Across the rivers and along the trails - Heart of gold

He fought the fight, he ran the race
He got the crown, he kept the faith - Hard as nails

The bell it rang, the bell it tolled
Tears were shed and the good news told - Hard as nails
What graves were opened and stones were rolled
Only eternity will unfold - Hard as nails
Weighed in the balance, weighed in the scales
Run like the wind and break the jails - Heart of gold
Through the frost and through the gales
For everyone gone off the rails - Heart of gold

He fought the fight, he ran the race
He got the crown, he kept the faith - Hard as nails

Hard as nails with a heart of gold
A word of grace and love untold - Hard as nails
Search for those in sin who're sold
To break the chains and break the hold - Hard as nails
Heart of gold and as hard as nails
We laughed out loud and we laughed in gales – Heart of gold
He pierced the dark, he removed the veils
Till the morning comes and the white dove sails – Heart of gold

He fought the fight, he ran the race
He got the crown, he kept the faith - Hard as nails

Hard as nails with a heart of gold
When he was born they broke the mould - Hard as nails
A father's heart could not grow cold
Till the lost was found and the tales were told - Hard as nails
Heart of gold and as hard as nails
He held to the Rock whose love avails – Heart of gold
It wasn't a matter of heads or tails
It came from the One who was pierced with nails – Heart of gold

He fought the fight, he ran the race
He got the crown, he kept the faith - Hard as nails

THE BAND SONG

Glasgow, Dundee, Gairloch and Kyle
We played them all and we played with style
Helmsdale, Smithton and Aberdeen
When we started out I was just sixteen

In Golspie we played in my old school
Doug and Rob thought it really cool
But we had laid on too much drink
We were drinking Irn Bru for a week I think

Glasgow, Dundee, Gairloch and Kyle
We played them all and we played with style
Helmsdale, Smithton and Aberdeen
Rob plays the drums and the tambourine

When Donald turned fifty we had a do
At Leith Town Hall and Glenrothes too
No sunshine on Leith or coopers in Fife
But Donald Forsyth had the time of his life

Glasgow, Dundee, Gairloch and Kyle
We played them all and we played with style
Helmsdale, Smithton and Aberdeen
Donald on guitar is a mean machine

We played the Picnic at Loch Ness
Down a great big hill our gear was a mess
Our PA grabbed by a motley crew
In the howling wind our lips turned blue

Glasgow, Dundee, Gairloch and Kyle
We played them all and we played with style
Helmsdale, Smithton and Aberdeen
No one blows the horn like Big Jon Green

We played a gig in Kildonan Hall
It's my home turf, so we had a ball
The three stags' heads looked very queer
So the fee for the hall was really deer

Glasgow, Dundee, Gairloch and Kyle
We played them all and we played with style
Helmsdale, Smithton and Aberdeen
Cailean on the keys always looks serene

For a birthday do for my cousin Jake
He wanted a gig in Edinburgh zoo
But the chimp on guitar was a big mistake
And the elephant on the trumpet too

Glasgow, Dundee, Gairloch and Kyle
We played them all and we played with style
Helmsdale, Smithton and Aberdeen
Rebecca's backing vocals are just supreme

Through my friend Bob we got the gig
So in Shotts Prison we had a bash
With disease and drugs, I nearly died
Impersonating Johnny Cash

Glasgow, Dundee, Gairloch and Kyle
We played them all and we played with style
Helmsdale, Smithton and Aberdeen
Doug played the bass - so he was keen!

In Elgin town we put on a show
But before I left it began to snow
All up Strathspey I skidded the van
But on the A9 "I was the man"

Glasgow, Dundee, Gairloch and Kyle
We played them all and we played with style
Helmsdale, Smithton and Aberdeen
Driving hard like Steve MacQueen

In Livingston the band played really hot
The temperature was rising off the scale
So I took off my shirt and I took off my top
The crowd thought this was beyond the pale

Glasgow, Dundee, Gairloch and Kyle
We played them all and we played with style

Helmsdale, Smithton and Aberdeen
And we never did anything remotely obscene

We've played many times in Campbeltown
And every time we brought the house down
But a guy walked out which made us weep
Couldn't stand our singing about all these sheep

Glasgow, Dundee, Gairloch and Kyle
We played them all and we played with style
Helmsdale, Smithton and Aberdeen
Phil on the bass looks moody and mean

We played at bonny Oban bay
Olivia had a puncture on the way
So off to the rescue went Jimmy B
She was so sick she couldn't eat her tea

Glasgow, Dundee, Gairloch and Kyle
We played them all and we played with style
Helmsdale, Smithton and Aberdeen
Olivia on the fiddle should be on the big screen

Then there was the flood in Gardenstown
In stair-rods the rain was coming down
I was in the van so I was fine
But the rest of the band they nearly drowned

Glasgow, Dundee, Gairloch and Kyle
We played them all and we played with style
Helmsdale, Smithton and Aberdeen
You haven't heard us! What do you mean?!

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FAREWELL

Farewell, no tongue can tell
How great I think you are
I know you will excel
Always you've been a star

Farewell, no one can say
How much you mean to us
You'd work and talk and pray
Always without a fuss

Farewell, I wish you well.
Farewell, I wish you well.
Farewell, I wish you well.
Farewell, I wish you well.

Farewell, I know you'll say
How small were all your deeds
But grace showed you the way
You met all kinds of needs
Farewell, but this I'll say
Great help you were to me
And now you're going away
Good friend you'll always be

Farewell, I wish you well.
Farewell, I wish you well.
Farewell, I wish you well.
Farewell, I wish you well.

Farewell, I want to say
So far the Lord has led
For you I'll always pray
I know you'll knock them dead
Farewell, I love your smile
Light up a darkened room
You went the second mile
Burned bright amid the gloom

Farewell, I wish you well.
Farewell, I wish you well.
Farewell, I wish you well.
Farewell, I wish you well.

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