

IOLAIR NA MARA (The Sea Eagle)

ALAN REID

THE GREAT BEATING WINGS LEAVE THE OCEAN BEHIND
THEY HEAD FOR THE LAND, THE ROCKS AND THE SAND
AND A MAD HOWL OF GULLS RISE TO CRY TO THE WIND
IOLAIR NA MARA IS HOME IN THE ISLANDS AGAIN

THERE'S PUFFIN TO HARRY AND EIDER TO STALK
THERE'S FISH AND THERE'S DEER, THERE'S FULMAR AND AUK
THE EYRIE IS FAR FROM THE PRYING OF MAN
AND IOLAIR NA MARA IS HOME IN THE ISLANDS AGAIN

HOMEWARDS AGAIN, HOMEWARDS AGAIN
IOLAIR NA MARA IS HOME IN THE ISLANDS AGAIN

FOR SIXTY LONG YEARS HE WAS BANISHED AND GONE
THEY PLUNDERED HIS NEST, THEY HUNTED HIM DOWN
BUT NOW FROM THE LAND OF THE FJORDS HE'S RETURNED
AND IOLAIR NA MARA IS HOME IN THE ISLANDS AGAIN

HOMEWARDS AGAIN.....

THE WHITE TAIL FLIES HIGH, THE WHITE TAIL FLIES FREE
HE RIDES WITH THE WIND, OVER LAND, OVER SEA
BUT WHEN THE SUN SETS IN THE WEST ONCE AGAIN
THERE'S A LIGHT IN HIS EYE, IOLAIRA SUIL NA GREINE

HIS FRIENDS ARE THE MOUNTAINS, THE MIST AND THE WIND
HIS KINGDOM THE SKY, THE SEA AND THE LAND
HE WANDERS THE LOCHSIDE, THE HILL AND THE GLEN
HE'S LORD OF THE NORTHLAND
AND IOLAIR NA MARA IS HOME IN THE ISLANDS AGAIN

HOMEWARDS AGAIN, HOMEWARDS AGAIN
WITH A SPREAD OF HIS WINGS AND A TUG OF THE WIND
IOLAIR NA MARA IS HOME IN THE ISLANDS AGAIN

HOMEWARDS AGAIN, HOMEWARDS AGAIN
IOLAIR NA MARA IS HOME IN THE ISLANDS AGAIN