

# Dougie MacLean, Solid Ground

Down the Buckney den the burn crashes brown from the Autumn spate  
The spreading hazels rustle as they bend and sway as they laden wait  
My fathers they have walked this road and now I know  
And yes didn't they know  
There is no great and heavy load  
And now I know  
Yes and didn't they know

Fa la-a la la la-a  
We stand on solid ground, on solid ground  
Fa la-a la la la-a  
We stand on solid ground, on solid ground

Across the Arlick face the amber sun beats down to tint the vivid green  
I hear it wild and loud, feel it wide and proud, the way it's always been  
My fathers they have looked this way and now I know  
Yes didn't they know  
No clever words we have to say  
And now I know  
Yes didn't they know

Fa la-a la la la-a  
We stand on solid ground, on solid ground  
Fa la-a la la la-a  
We stand on solid ground, on solid ground

It's the Land, it is our wisdom  
It's the Land, it shines us through  
It's the Land, it feeds our children  
It's the Land, you cannot own the Land  
The Land owns you

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Where is the honest truth? Where is the open soul? Where is the simple smile?  
A couthie word or two for the passing stranger who may rest a while  
My fathers they have said these things and now I know  
Yes didn't they know  
The joy that shared friendship brings  
And now I know  
Yes didn't they know

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