

Dolina

Dougie MacLean

They came down to the merchant city
Where the privileged lie and poverty kills
They came a long road of pain and pity
Where's the sense for the Highland girls?

CHORUS

Dolina like a little child
Dolina with these dreams to fill
Dolina hill-run and wild
Where's the sense for the Highland girl?

The factory's hard it takes more and more
It's no exchange for the curlew's song
Or the buzzard's cry as it soars and soars
Or your family's arms when it all feels wrong

CHORUS

She could have met a fine young soldier
She could have taken the rich man's hand
She could have let the devil hold her
She could have left for some distant land
But she came down to a garden valley
To tend the earth with a country man
They never held more than they could carry
And their children grew, grew to understand

CHORUS