

Capercaillie, Oh My Country (Translation)

Oh, my country you are on my mind
fresh, fragrant Uist of the saplings
Where the noble men are found
Who gave their hereditary allegiance to
'Mac ic Ailein'
Land of bent grass, land of barley
Land of abundance of every kind
Where the young lads will be
Singing songs and drinking beer.
They will come to us deceitful and cunning
In order to entice us from our homes
They will praise Manitoba to us
A cold country with no coal and no peat!