

Runrig, Transl Of Tir A Mhurain

Welcome to my song
To the seed and the fruit of the bards
To the harvest that's been waiting
Since the days of youth

Welcome to my landscape
The pure and unspoilt western island
To the place that will always find
It's meaning and truth
Locked away in my heart

Welcome to my language
The one I learned as a child
The huge dignified language of the Gael
That stands like a banner
For me daily

Although they tried to destroy us
My children will see
The landscape of generations
Although the language
Has been wounded in its struggle
In this land, she will live on

Come and walk with me
By the side of the ocean
Let me show you
The land of the maram grass