

Runrig, The Stamping Ground

April comes to the new grass on the hills of gold
Tha feur ur air bar an tallamh, bar an tallamh, horribh o

Where winter falls in the long cold north
Black waters wait in the Ice and snow
Tha feur ur air bar an tallamh, bar an tallamh, horribh o

Black waters wait in the Ice and sun
Through the glens where your great rivers run

So we tend and we nurture all the seeds we've sown
Tha feur ur air bar an tallamh, bar an tallamh, horribh o

Through all the frosts and rains the west winds blow
till the fields turn ripe and a harvest stored
Tha feur ur air bar an tallamh, bar an tallamh, horribh o

Through all the frosts and rains the west winds blow
We will wait here till the winter's end

So it's blood on blood, our bond, our word
Tha feur ur air bar an tallamh, bar an tallamh, horribh o

For the strength and weakness of our days
is to take you there on a journey shared
Tha feur ur air bar an tallamh, bar an tallamh, horribh o

So take this ring, make it sparkle and glow
it's much greater than we may ever know

Back on the stamping ground
to where it all began
Back on the stamping ground
We come again

(Translation: There's a new grass growing on the top of the soil)