

Runrig, Transl Of Siol Ghoraidh The Geneology C

Eighteen teams of horses
On the field of Aird a Mhorrain
the young men were ploughing
On the day the Sleat people came

Black was the colour of the blood
That flowed like a flood to the land
The arrow, the long sword
Through the generosity of the Udal people

Generation to generation
From one name to another
My time is now
To walk this corner of Uist

The geneology of Goraidh
The sons of Ruairi
The sons of Ranald
The children of Donald
The children of my own family