## 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