

Capercaillie

"Dean Saor An Spio Rad"

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Day by day the haze of city lingers
burning these hills of stolen liberty
O tir, tir mo run, O tir, tir mo chridhe

One day we'll find a young pretender
Kindle the fire of Gaeldoni's legacy
O tir, tir mo ru
, O tir, tir mo chridhe

Turning a blind eye to the values of home
running the fast lane to belong
we'll see the light when the jewels of the crown they are
gone.

Dean saor, dean saor an spio/rad
Is seinn d'orain beo

The Cuiaba to Nova Scotia Indians
carving their dream of pride and dignity
O tir, tir mo ru
, O tir, tir na'dhaoine

Turning a blind eye to the values of home
running the fast lane to belong
we'll see the light when the jewels of the crown they are
gone

Dean saor, dean saor an spio/rad
Is seinn d'orain beo

Tog do shuil dh'an larmailt
machair dubh nan stoir
faigh reull do'shilagha
lean i gu dan

Lift your eyes to the sky
a dark (fields of jewels)
find the star of your destiny
and dare to follow it

