

## **Runrig**

# **"Transl Of Siol Ghoraidh (the Geneology Of Goraidh)"**

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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

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