

An Ubhal as Airde

Runrig

Comhla rium
A tha thu an drasd
Mo shuilean duinte, mo chuimhne dan
Nam sheasamh a' coimhead
Gach cnoc is gach traigh
Is an siol a dh'fhag thu ann a 'fas
Tha an garradh lan
Le craobhan treun
Le meas a' fas dhuinn ann ri bhuain
Ubhlan abaich
Milis geur
Ach tha aon ubhal nach ruig sinn idir air
Is co 'nar measg
A mhaireas la
Seachad air am is air oidhche fhein
A liuthad uair
A shreap mi suas
Airson an ubhal as airde chur gu beul
Seididh gaoth is dearrsaidh grian
Tro mheas nan craobhan lin gu lin
Ach thig an la is thig an t-am
Airson an ubhal as airde
Air a' chraobh a bhuain
The Highest Apple
At present
All you were is with me
My eyes closed, my memory confident
Standing here watching
Each hill and shoreline
With the seed you left
Still growing
The garden is well stocked
With mighty trees
With fruit growing for the whole world
Ripe, sweet
And bitter apples
And the one apple
That is beyond reach
Who amongst us

Can exist a single day
Beyond our own time and our own limits
Countless and
Futile
Are times I've climbed
To reach and taste
The forbidden fruit
The winds will blow
And the sun will shine
From generation to generation
Through the trees of the garden
But the day and the hour
Will surely come
To take the highest apple
From the knowledge tree

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