

Glasgow 1877

Tuomas Holopainen

"I remember it as if it was yesterday.

My papa took me to see the ancestral home of our clan.

The desolate castle on Dismal Downs, abandoned since the 17th century,

Now inhabited by no-one but golden eagles in its turrets and

Ptarmigan & grouse in the heather o' the clan cemetery.

In this sight of former glory, of ochre grass and bracken,

Sadness and hope, this is where I begin my story.

Rannoch moor, 1877, the eve of my 10th birthday..."Tha 'n sgeul ag aiseig bu brÃ th /

Toirt taic bho tiotain a tha gar deanamh mar a tha sinnHowls on the moors

Dreams of sailing all seas

Call of the hills

And a fiddle of farewell

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