

# Siol Ghoraidh

## Runrig

Here hangs an open landscape  
A wild and huge frontier  
From a harsh and a barren wasteland  
Through the grave to the promised field You came, you trapped, you charted  
You laid the railroads and the schemes  
And you tamed this land by enterprise  
And by the power of your dreams From the olden coasts of Ireland  
From the Hebridean shores  
With the forgotten chosen ones  
Running from Europe in droves There's a town in Manitoba  
They say the windows touch the sky  
But across the brine the shipyards close  
In this garden flowers die Still the homelands divide us  
Like your blood red brothers of the plains  
But where they grieve a candle still burns  
A prayer from a flicker to a flame But you made this Clan great  
And you made this nation bloom  
And you rose  
With your people through the new world  
Like a rocket to the moon

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