

## Dean SÃ or An SpiÃ³rad

Capercaillie

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