

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