

Las an Teine

Written by Norrie MacIver

VERSE 1

Thàinig ar sinnsearan tro gheamhradh is stoirm,
Le creideamh cho làidir ri clach air a bheinn
Bha 'n guth aca dìon dhuinn mar fhuaim air a' mhuir,
A' gairm o na tràighean gu bruthaichean sìth.

CHORUS

Tog suas a Ghàidhlig, Cùm suas ar guth
'S e ar cànan s ar ceòl a tha beò dhuinn an-duigh,
Cainnt ar cridhe, èirich gu h-àrd
O, las suas an teine le chèile go bràth

VERSE 2

A-nis tha na làithean a faireachdainn beò
le anail ùr a' gluasad tro òigridh na tìr
le ceanglaichean làidir ri cultair is ceòl
Nì sinn slighe shoilleir dhan chànan a-ris'.

VERSE 3

Anns na h-eileanan àlainn, far 'eil ceòl anns gach sgeul,
Tha cuimhne nan daoine mar sholas san oidhch'.
Le na faclan a sheinneadh gach màthair is athair
Tha sinn beò anns an àm sin a' gluasad gu sìth.

VERSE 4

Seo àm ar gluasad, ar ceum air an rathad,
Le làmhan nan òigridh a togail an rèis.
Ma chumas sinn teann ris an fhìrinn a th' againn,
Bidh ar cànan mar fonn a tha seinn anns gach cridhe.

BRIDGE

Èirich, èirich, cluinnear ar n-òran
Thigibh, thigibh, le solas nan linn.
Èirich, èirich, cluinnear ar n-òrain
Seo ar gairm na leig leis a dhol sìos a-rithist

Hì-hò-rò-hi, ò-hi-ò,
Hì-hò-rò-hi, hò-rò ghaoil.
Hì-hò-rò-hi, ò-hi-ò,
Hì-hò-rò, tog suas ar guth!

Poetic Translation

VERSE 1

Our ancestors came through winter and storm,
With faith as enduring as stone on the hill.
Their voices protected us, strong as the sea,
Calling from shoreline to quiet green hills.

CHORUS

Raise up the Gaelic, let our voices rise,
Our language and music are living today.
Tongue of our hearts, lift your voice to the skies,
Come, kindle the fire together always.

VERSE 2

Now the days seem alive with a new breath of hope,
Moving brightly through the youth of the land.
With deep roots in culture, in music and song,
We'll open a clear road for Gaelic again.

VERSE 3

In these beautiful islands, where each story has music,
The memory of our people shines bright through the night.
In the words once sung by our mothers and fathers,
We carry their voices and walk toward the light.

VERSE 4

This is our moment, our step on the journey,
With the hands of the young carrying all that we know.
If we hold to the truth and the heart of our language,
It will sing in our people wherever they go.

BRIDGE

Rise now, rise now, let our song be heard,
Come now, come now, with the light of the years.
Rise now, rise now, let our voices carry—
This is our calling; don't let it fade again.

Hì-hò-rò-hi, ò-hi-ò,
Hì-hò-rò-hi, hò-rò ghaoil.
Hì-hò-rò-hi, ò-hi-ò,
Hì-hò-rò, raise up our voice!

Lyrics © Norrie MacIver. Poetic English translation prepared for the Roots Beneath lyric edition.