

Seo mo Làmh

Written by Norrie MacIver

VERSE 1

Choinnich sinn aig fèis ri oir na mara
Fo speuran liath le gàire fann
Do shùilean soilleir mar ghealach làn na h-oidhche
Ag innse dhomh: fuirich ann
Bha an saoghal beag, ach làn de chothrom
Eilean ciùin, le dà chridhe òg
Cha robh fios againn dè bha romhainn
Ach bha'n gaol againn air tòiseachadh as ùr

CHORUS

Seo mo làmh, seo mo chridhe
Seo an sgeul a sgrìobh sinn fhèin
Fo speur nan eilean, dannsaidh sinn còmhla
An seo, an dachaigh ar cridh'

VERSE 2

Dh'fhàs na bliadhnaichean mar thonnann mall
A' tighinn sa falbh air cladach an Tràigh Mhòir
Làmh nad làimh choisich sinn sa mhachair
Le guthan binn nan eun os ar ceann
Bha a' bheath' againn cho dòigheil anns an àm sin
Cho fìor, làidir, is làn blàiths
Air taobh eile an t-saoghail air aon ghlùn,
dh'fhaighnich mi, am pòs thu mi

VERSE 3

A-nis tha gàire chloinne anns an taigh seo
Ceuman beaga bìodach air an làr
An guth ag'd fhathast cho socair agus daingeann
Mar do sheanair, làn neart
Thog sinn balaich còir tro ghaol is creideamh
Tro chànan, sgeul agus ceòl
Anns an aon dòigh san deach ar togail
bho na guthan nach eil còmhla rinn an-diugh

BRIDGE

Nuair a thig an oidhche, 's an taigh againn cho sàmhach,
bidh mo shùil ort dìreach mar a bha sinn òg
chan eil feum againn air briathran mòr nan òran
Tha 'n uair air tighinn son sìth agus fois

Poetic Translation

VERSE 1

We met at a festival beside the sea,
Beneath grey skies, with a quiet smile.
Your eyes shone bright as the full moon at midnight,
As if they were telling me, stay here awhile.
Our world was small, yet filled with promise,
A peaceful island and two hearts young.
We could not know what lay before us,
Only that something called love had begun.

CHORUS

Here is my hand, here is my heart,
Here is the story that we wrote ourselves.
Beneath island skies, we'll dance together,
Here, in the home where our hearts belong.

VERSE 2

The years rolled on like slow-moving waves,
Coming and going on the shore of Tràigh Mhòr.
Hand in hand we walked through the machair,
With the sweet song of birds in the air.
Life felt so gentle to us in those days,
So true, so strong, and filled with warmth.
On the far side of the world, down on one knee,
I asked you softly, will you marry me?

VERSE 3

Now children's laughter fills this house,
Little footsteps crossing the floor.
Your voice is still as calm and steady,
Strong like your grandfather's was before.
We raised our boys through love and faith,
Through language, story, music and song,
In the same way that we ourselves were raised,
By voices we still carry, though they're gone.

BRIDGE

When night comes down and our house grows quiet,
I'll look at you just as I did when we were young.
We have no need for grand words from a song now;
The time has come for peace, and rest, together.

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