

## The Stamping Ground

Runrig

April comes to the new grass on the hills of gold  
Tha feur ur air bar an tallamh, bar an tallamh, horribh  
o  
Where winter falls in the long cold north  
Black waters wait in the Ice and snow  
Tha feur ur air bar an tallamh, bar an tallamh, horribh  
o  
Black waters wait in the Ice and sun  
Through the glens where your great rivers run  
Back on the stamping ground  
to where it all began  
Back on the stamping ground  
We come again  
So we tend and we nurtur all the seeds we've sown  
Tha feur ur air bar an tallamh, bar an tallamh, horribh  
o  
Through all the frosts and rains the west winds blow  
till the fields turn ripe and a harvest stored  
Tha feur ur air bar an tallamh, bar an tallamh, horribh  
o  
Through all the frosts and rains the west winds blow  
We will wait here till the winter's end  
Back on the stamping ground  
to where it all began  
Back on the stamping ground  
We come again  
So it's blood on blood, our bond, our word  
Tha feur ur air bar an tallamh, bar an tallamh, horribh  
o  
For the strength and weakness of our days  
is to take you there on a journey shared  
Tha feur ur air bar an tallamh, bar an tallamh, horribh  
o  
So take this thing, make it sparkle and glow  
it's much greater than we may ever know  
Back on the stamping ground  
to where it all began  
Back on the stamping ground  
We come again  
Back on the stamping ground  
to where it all began  
Back on the stamping ground  
We come again