

O'er the moor, into the woods

The fog in the morning, the colors of dawning

Gleaming dew, the sunlight through the leaves

Shadows of grand oak trees

Let your arrow fly...

Senses sharp, ready to go

Tension is growing, the face is a-glowing

The mind is clear, all thoughts are one with you

Go, arrow, fly anew

Let your arrow fly...

Take it to the sky

Let your arrow fly

Take aim, keen eye, let your longbow quiver

And bold archer, let your arrow fly

Take aim, keen eye, let your longbow quiver

And bold archer, let your arrow fly

Let your arrow fly...

Bhi an saigid ag scaoileadh

Fríd and air, solas na gréine, solas na hoíche

Let your arrow fly...