

An Cuibhle Mor
Runrig

Runrig - An cuibhle Mor (The Big Wheel)

Capo on 1st fret

Intro:

C, C, Eb, Eb, C

C

Na cuibhlichean a tionndadh

F

C

An rathad deas agus tuath

C

F

C

Na cuibhlichean a gluasad mar tha saoghal iad a tionndadh mun cuairt

C

Glaschu

C

Dun Eideann

C

Inbhirnis

C

Sruighlea

C

Na cuibhlichean a tionndadh

F

C

gach duthaich muir agus tir

C

F

C

Tro ghleanntan tro bhailtean a dh ionnsaigh an aite agaibh fhein

C

Steornabhagh

C

Obar Dheadhain

C

An Gearasdan

C

Dun Deagh Lunnainn

C

A Ghearmailt

C

Eirinn

C

Ameiriga

F

An cuibhle mor nach stad gu brath

F

Tionndadh oganaich gu aois

F

A nochd tha n rathad mor n ar coinneamh

G

Gun am ann ach an drasda

C

An Cuibhle Mor

C

An Cuibhle Mor

C

An Cuibhle Mor

C

An Cuibhle Mor

Bridge: (Played over radio snippets)

C, C, C, G/C

C

An Cuibhle Mor

C

An Cuibhle Mor

C

An Cuibhle Mor

C

An Cuibhle Mor

C

S ioma la chaidh seachad

C

A ghaoth a sedeadh tro an uir

C

S ioma la bha ghrian ag eirigh oirnn

C

Seasamh anns an eorna nuair a bha sin og

C

Aghmhor. Aghmhor. Aruith tro na raointean s iad a fas

C

Abaich. Orach. Coimhead ri na speuran

C

S ioma la S ioma la. Feitheamh son a chuairt

C

An Cuibhle Mor

C

An Cuibhle Mor

C

An Cuibhle Mor

C

An Cuibhle Mor

Repeat to fade.

Translation:

The wheels keep turning
The road stretches north and south
The wheels keep moving
Like the globe they keep turning around

Glasgow, Edinburgh, Inverness, Stirling

The wheels keep turning
Through each country land and sea
Through the glens and the cities
towards the place that you call your own

Stornoway, Aberdeen, Fortwilliam, Dundee
London, Germany, Ireland, America

This is the big wheel that never stands still
Turning our youth to old age
Tonight the road reaches out before us
And the present is the only time we have

Many are the days that have gone
The wind blowing through the dust of the earth
Many are the days that the sun rose on us
Standing in the barley when we were young
Joyful. Joyful
Running through the fields as they grew
Ripe. Golden
Looking towards the open skies
Many days, many days, many days
Waiting for the journey

The big wheel, The big wheel
The Big Wheel, The big Wheel