

'S tu nam chuimbne
... and you on my mind

Christine Primrose

MY TREASURE, MY DELIGHT, MY LOVE.

*My treasure, my delight, my love,
Does nothing but drive the cows,
I would ask neither beating nor beating
But, love, to have you by right,
I'll never be well evermore
Till we're tied with a knot that won't loose,
If that old fellow agreed
Who's down in the beathery glen.
For I saw a beauty in you
Seen in no woman alive,
And none on show at the fair
That I'd rather have while you live,
You're the one who was talking with sense
And your words were so peaceful and calm
And before any one of your friends
You've stolen my heart for yourself.
Repeat Verse 1.*

Translation Tom Ross

WHEN THE EVENING MIST COMES SWIRLING NEAR.

*When the evening mist comes swirling near
Hazing over the mountain tops,
And the cattle from grazing in the meadow
Come wearily back to the valley;
When at twilight the dairy-maid
is giving the calf a drink with her finger,
I shall meet in the beathery dale
My love, my darling girl.
When the sun over in the West
Is sinking down at close of day,
Spreading over the moors
Her light like airy gold,
And when the sheep beside their lambs
Are so tranquil in the fold,
I shall meet in the beathery dale
My love, my darling girl.
And though the evening turn surly
And the way be long and hard
And the waves of the lakes coldly lapping
And resounding in the glen
The love that I feel for you
Will put each care to flight
I shall meet in the beathery dale
My love, my darling girl.
The steamship now is nearing home,
Ropes and tiller all well set,
And when she bears me to the land I love
When I first saw the light
In the evening calm when every flower
And the fresh bog-cotton are glorious
I shall meet in the beathery dale
My love, my darling girl.*

Translation Tom Ross

SETTING A COURSE FOR LEWIS

*Come with me and hurry
We'll cross over with joy
To the noble Gaelic island
That nursed us as babes
The land of boldest heroes
Among strangers who won fame
We'll go together, my darling,
To yon land of bracken.
We'll brook no delay
Travelling high land and firths
We'll get a ferry, no problem.
Over to the land of my love
When she touches the bay there,
You'll bear Gaelic all around
We'll find hospitality and welcome
In the kindly beathery isle.*

*You'll see sea
You'll see moorland
You'll see peat-banks around
You'll see verdant hills and slopes
That we once knew so well
You'll see level, sandy plain
There are plenty up North,
In Ness, a lovely spot
Where as I boy I was raised.
You'll see the Tiompan so ancient
Facing the huge waves
Often does its light give deliverance
To the brave lads at sea
Many a boat doomed to founder
But its light safely steered them
To the Loch a Tuath's sheltered nooks.
You'll see skillful fishermen
Not better with tiller or net
Out from Port nan Giuran shore
For which they're long had renown
There's the place you were raised in
Where you found shelter and love
You'll see the home that you left
As it was long ago.*

1. THA M'EU DAIL IS M'AIGHEAR 'S MO GHRADH

*Tha m'eu dail is m'aighear 's mo ghradh
Ag iomain a ghnath nam bo,
Chan iarrainn a dh'icshlaint no shlaint
Ach faighinn, a ghradh, ort coir,
'S cha bhì mise tuilleadh ach tinn
Gu faigh mi ort snaim nach sgaoil
Le aont a' bhodaich bha thall
'Na shuidh' ann an gleann an fhraoich.
Oir chunnaic mi mais' annad fein
Nach fhaca mi'n te ta beo,
'S chan fhaca mi gin air an fheill
A ghabhainn romhad fein 's tu beo,
'S tu fhein a bha labhairt le ciall
'S a labhairt le briathran sìth,
'S roimh aon de do chairdean gu leir,
Gun ghoid thu dhuit fein mo chridh.
'S tha m'eu dail is m'aighear 's mo ghradh
Ag iomain a ghnath nam bo.....*

2. COINNICHIDH MI AN GLEANN AN FHRAOICH

*Nuair dh'iathas ceò an fheasgair dlùth
Cur smùid air bhàrr nam beann,
'S an crodh bhò'n innis cnàmh an cir
Cho sgìth a' tighinn do'n ghleann;
'Nuair bhios a' bhanachaig 'm beul na h-oidhch'
Do'n laoiigh toirt deoch le mèoir,
Coinnichidh mi an gleann an fhraoich
Mo ghaol, mo ribhinn òg.
'Nuair bhios a' ghrian 's an àirde 'n Iar
Dol sìos aig crìoch an Iò,
'S a' cur an soills' air feadh nan sliabh,
'S a' sgiamh air dhreach an òir,
'S nuair bhios na caoraich leis na h-uain
Cho suaimhneach aig a' chrò,
Coinnichidh mi an gleann an fhraoich
Mo ghaol, mo ribhinn òg.
'S ged bhiodh air an fheasgar gruaim
'S an t-slighe buan gu leòr
Is tuinn nan loch a' fiodraich fuar
Le'm fuaim a measg nan còs,
Gu'n dèan na thug mi dhuit de luaidh
An ruaig chur air gach bròn;
Coinnichidh mi an gleann an fhraoich
Mo ghaol, mo ribhinn òg.
Tha bàr na smùid do'n chala dlùth,
'S gach ròp is stiùir air dòigh,
'S nuair ruigeas i leam tìr mo rùn
'S an robh mi 'n tús mo Iò,
'S an amoch chiùin nuair bhios gach fùr
'S an canach ùr 'n an glòir,
Coinnichidh mi an gleann an fhraoich
Mo ghaol, mo ribhinn òg.
Murdo Morrison (Murcbadh a' Bhocs)*

3. TOGAIL CURS AIR LEODHAS

*Tugainn leamsa 's dean cabhaig 's theid sinn thairis a null
Dh'eilean uasal na Gaidhlig rinn ar n-arach 'nar cloinn
Tìr nan treun-fhear is calma choisinn ainm a measg Ghall
'S theid sinn comhla a leannain thir an rainich a null.
Ni sinn gluasad gu dana suas na braighean 's na caoil
Gheibh sinn aiseag gu sabhailt null gu aite mo ghaol
'S nuair a bhuaileas i 'm bagh ann cluinn' tu Ghaidhlig gach taobh
'S gheibh sinn aoigh agus failt 'n eilean baigheil an fhraoich.
Chi thu muir, 's chi thu moineach 's chi thu moine mu'n cuairt
Chi thu cnuic ghlas is leoidéan air am b'eolach mi uair
Chi thu machraichean comhnard 's tha gu leor dhiubh air tuath
Ann an Nis aite 's boidheach thogadh og ann mi suas.
Chi thu 'n t-Siumpán cho aosmhor air aodhann nan stuagh
'S tric tha solus toirt saoirsinn do na laoiich th'air a chuan
'S iomadh bat bh'air a' sgiursadh 's i gun chuir ri droch uair
Rinn an soills' ud a stiùireadh steach an cuiltean Loch-a Tuath.
Chi thu iasgairéan turail 's fhearr air stiùireadh 's cur lion
Mach a cladach Phort-nan-Giuran, b'e sud cliù bh'ac a riamh
Sud am baile rinn d'arach 's fhuair thu gradh ann is dìon
'S chi thu'n dachaidh a dh'fhag thu mar a bha i bho chian.*

ONE DAY ON THE MISTY MOUNTAIN

*One day on the Misty Mountain a
Rounding up the sheep to get them a
Not the pair of the two sisters a
Twas I myself beheld the vision a
Seeing thy galley going past me a
From McNeil of Barra's country a
Out from Ciosamal's joyful castle a
Drinking wine from dawn till nightfall a
When I was a girl 'neath the sheen of my tresses a
I'd prefer a fine man who'd never be churlish a
A handsome man, dark yellow haired, not conceited a
Who'd climb on the moor with his gun on his shoulder a*

THE SAILOR'S LONGING

*I'll sing a verse, since my heart is weary
Yoked here against my will
On board the ship, depressed and sick
The ocean's vales going past me.
Take my greeting over the ocean
And tell the folk who remain there
If peace comes, tell them from us,
We'll not be tired going homeward.
From the sun's rise until it sets
We're apprehensive and frightened
And when night comes, we cannot sleep
I'm on the mast and watching.
The winter's cold and the frost is hard
The ocean's spray is blinding
O, I'd give a reward to be in my love's warmth
She'd take the grim thoughts from my mind.
Alas just now that we're not all together
In the land of the hills as we used to be
Some there are who'll never return, never meet again,
The sea and its waves conceal them.
When I see a bird taking to wing,
I long to fly off with it,
I'd set my course to the land I love
The land my people dwell in.
When we'd all gather in MacKay's
The night wouldn't be long in passing
Past one o'clock we wouldn't worry
About rising in the morning.
I'll bring to an end this verse or two
As I hear the whistle screeching
The order's strict, be up at once,
The ship is leaving the haven.*

Translation Tom Ross

RUAIRIDH MOR'S LAMENT

*Hand me my pipes, I'm beading for bome
I'm distressed and shocked by what has happened
Hand me my pipes, I'm in grief and pain
For Ruairidh Mor, for Ruairidh Mor.
Hand me my pipes, I am weary
And if I don't get them I'll go home without them
Hand me my pipes, I am weary,
I'm in grief and pain for Ruairidh Mor.
Hand me my pipes, I am weary,
And if I don't get them I'll go home without them
Neither harp nor pipes can raise my spirits,
The man I so highly respected, Ruairidh Mor, is dead.*

Translation Tom Ross

4. LA DHOMH 'S M'IM BEINN A'CHEATHAICH

*La dhomh 's m'im Beinn a'Cheathaich a
fair all a' o ro ho bhí o
hoireann is o ho ro bhí o ho
hi ri ho ro ho bha o haodh o ro.
Ruagadh nan caorach 's gam faighinn a
Cha b'e caigeann an da pheathar a
'S ann agam fhin a bha a' sealladh a
Faicinn do bhata dol seachad a
Mach bho dhuthaich Mhic Nill Bharraidh a
Mach bho Chiosamul an aighir a
Nuair bha mi nam nighinn fo lichte mo ghruaige a
B'annsa leam agam fear geal nach biodh gruaim air a
Fear buidhe donn alainn gun ardan gun uabhar a
Dhireadh am monadh 's a ghunna ri ghualainn a*

5. FADACHD AN T-SEÓLADAIR

*Gu'n dean mi rann 's mo chridhe trom,
Is mi fo chuing dha m'aindeoin,
Air bórd an luing, 's mi sgith is tinn,
'S an cuan 'na ghlinn dol seachad.
Thoir soraidh uamsa thar a' chuain,
Is inns do'n t-sluagh a dh'fhuirich,
Ma thig an t-sith, dean dhaibhsan inns,
Nach bi sinn sgith dol dhachaigh.
Bho éirigh gréin gu luighe síos
Bidh sinn fo fhiamh 's fo eagal,
'S nuair thig an oidhch' cha chadail sinn:
Bidh mi sa' chrann ri faire.
Tha 'n geamhradh fuar 's an reothadh cruaidh,
Is smúid a' chuain 'gar dalladh.
O, bheirinn duais bhith 'm bláths mo luaidh—
'S i chuireadh gruaim bho m' fhaire.
Is truagh an drásd' nach robh sinn cruinn
An tír nam beann, mar chleachd sinn:
Tha cuid nach till, nach coinnich ruinn—
Bidh 'n cuan 's na tuinn gam falach.
Nuair chì mi eun a' falbh air sgiath,
Bu mhiann leam bhith 'na chuideachd:
Gu'n deanainn cùrs' air tír mo ruin,
Far bheil an sluagh ri fuireach.
Nuair bhiodh sinn cruinn an taigh MhicAoidh,
Cha b'fhad 'an oidhch' dol seachad:
Ged bhiodh e uair cha bhiodh air gruaim
Ri éirigh suas sa' mhadainn.
Bheir mi gu ceann na beagan rainn,
'S mi cluinntinn fear le feadaig
Toirt órdugh teann bhith suas air ball,
'S an long a' fágail caladh.
Iain Mac Illinnein, Tolastadb*

6. CUMHA RUAIRIDH MHOIR

*Tog orm mo phiob is theid mi dhachaidh
Is truagh leam fhein mo leir mar thachair;
Tog orm mo phiob 's mi air mo chradh,
Mu Ruairidh Mor, mu Ruairidh Mor.
Tog orm mo phiob, tha mi sgith
'S mar faigh mi i theid mi dhachaidh;
Tog orm mo phiob — tha mi sgith
'S mi air mo chradh mu Ruairidh Mor.
Tog orm mo phiob tha mi sgith
'S mar faigh mi i theid mi dhachaidh,
Clarsach no piob cha thog mo chridh,
Cha bheo fear mo ghraidh, Ruairidh Mor.*

THE CLAN McCULLOCH

*The Clan MacCulloch, my lamb, my treasure,
The Clan MacCulloch will be at your wedding,
The Clan MacCulloch, my lamb, my treasure,
Will join the dancing at your wedding.*

*The King's children, the King's children,
The King's children will be at your wedding,
The King's children will be there - the pipes will be played
Wine will be drunk at your wedding.*

*The Clan MacAulay - a merry crowd,
The Clan MacAulay will be at your wedding,
The Clan MacAulay - a merry crowd,
Will join the dancing at your wedding.*

*The King's children, the King's children,
The King's children will be at your wedding,
The King's children will be there - the pipes will be played
Wine will be drunk at your wedding.*

*The Clan Mackenzie, bright in their war-gear
The Clan Mackenzie will be at your wedding,
The Clan Mackenzie, bright in their war-gear
Will join the dancing at your wedding.*

*The King's children, the King's children,
The King's children will be at your wedding,
The King's children will be there - the pipes will be played
Wine will be drunk at your wedding.*

*The Clan MacDonald and it's no wonder
The Clan MacDonald will be at your wedding,
The Clan MacDonald and it's no wonder
Will join the dancing at your wedding.*

*The King's children, the King's children,
The King's children will be at your wedding,
The King's children will be there - the pipes will be played
Wine will be drunk at your wedding.*

Translation Tom Ross

DEARLY HAVE I PAID FOR THE FISHING

*It was dear I bought the fishing
This is the year that destroyed me
I've lost the swimmer of the kyle
Who never called the ferry.*

*By the stack at the ford's mouth
Was the champion drowned
Your handsome new plaid
Spreads on the sea bottom.*

*The rush of the green seas
At the brink of your bedside.*

*Your curled brown hair
Is matted and twisted*

*Your fiddle is untuned
The strings are all slackened.*

*Your sister is brotherless
Your mother without sons.*

*Your young wife has no partner
And I have lost my foster-child.*

Translation Norman M. MacDonald

SINCE YOU'VE LEFT ME, I'M SAD.

*Since you've left me, I'm sad,
Since you gone I'm grieving,
When we thought we'd go on together
A parting came between us.
Since you've left me I'm sad.*

*It's not age that's greying my locks
Not the spray of the wild waves,
Nor the Atlantic with its roaring
Since you've left me I'm sad.*

*Although I could get a girl
As pretty as any in Edinburgh,
I'd prefer Seonaid Alasdair
And I'd not lose on the bargain.
Since you've left me I'm sad.*

*Climbing the stairs at Garrabost
How your clothes became you,
The charm in your dimpled cheeks
Confusing all my senses.
Since you've left me I'm sad.*

*It wasn't your wealth or riches
That made me so adore you
But your lovely pleasant nature
And you're the girl I'd soonest marry.
Since you've left me I'm sad.*

*I was full of vigour as I bundled up the sails,
Till I heard the news from the Captain
as he read it,
Since you've left me I'm sad.*

*How utterly wretched I am now
Walking along Jamaica Street,
I'm thinking of you lying
Under the turf and you'll never rise.
Since you've left me I'm sad.*

Translation Tom Ross

1. TALADH

Bidh Clann Ulaidh, laoigh 's a lurain
Bidh Clann Ulaidh air do bhanais,
Bidh Clann Ulaidh, laoigh 's a lurain
Deanamh an dainns' air do bhanais.

Bidh Clann a'Rìgh, bidh Clann a'Rìgh
Bidh Clann a'Rìgh air do bhanais
Bidh Clann a'Rìgh, seinnear a'phiob,
Olar a'fion air do bhanais.

Bidh Clann Amhlaidh na fir ghreanmhor
Bidh Clann Amhlaidh air do bhanais,
Bidh Clann Amhlaidh na fir ghreanmhor
Deanamh an dainns' air do bhanais.

Bidh Clann a'Rìgh, bidh Clann a'Rìgh
Bidh Clann a'Rìgh air do bhanais
Bidh Clann a'Rìgh, seinnear a'phiob,
Olar a'fion air do bhanais.

Bidh Clann Choinnich nam feachd soilleir
Bidh Clann Choinnich air do bhanais,
Bidh Clann Choinnich nam feachd soilleir
Deanamh an dainns' air do bhanais.

Bidh Clann a'Rìgh, bidh Clann a'Rìgh
Bidh Clann a'Rìgh air do bhanais
Bidh Clann a'Rìgh, seinnear a'phiob,
Olar a'fion air do bhanais.

Bidh Clann Dhomhnaill tha cho neonach
Bidh Clann Dhomhnaill air do bhanais,
Bidh Clann Dhomhnaill tha cho neonach
Deanamh an dainns' air do bhanais.

Bidh Clann a'Rìgh, bidh Clann a'Rìgh
Bidh Clann a'Rìgh air do bhanais
Bidh Clann a'Rìgh, seinnear a'phiob,
Olar a'fion air do bhanais.

2. 'S DAOR A CHEANNAICH M'IN T-IASGACH

'S daor a cheannaich m'in t-iasgach
'S i so bhliadhna chuir as dhomh
Chaill mi snamhaich a'chaolais
Nach do ghlaodh riann an t-aiseag.

'S ann aig stac beul an aha
a bhathadh an gaisgeach.
Tha do bhreacan ur uasal
air uachdar an aigeil.

Tha ruith nan tonn uaine
Mu bhruachaibh do leapa.

Tha r'fhalta donn dualach
Na chuachaibh 's na phreasaibh.

Tha r'fhidheall gun ghleusadh
'S na teudan air lasach.

Tha do phiuthar gun bhrathair
'S tha do mhathair gun mhacan.

Tha do bhean og gun cheile
'S tha mi fhein dheth gun daitan.

3. O'N DH'FHAG THU MI 'S MULAD ORM

O'n dh'fhag thu mi 's mulad orm
'S duilich as do dheidh mi,
An uair bha duil gu leanadh sinn
'S dealachadh a b'fheudar.

O'n dh'fhag thu mi 's mulad orm.
Chan e 'n aois tha liathadh mo chiamhagan cho gle-gheal
No siaban nan tonn fadhaich no'n Cuan-a-Siar le bheucaich.
O'n dh'fhag thu mi 's mulad orm.

Ged a gheibhinn caileag, te cho boidheach 's tha 'n Dun Eideann
Gum b'fhearr leam Seonaid Alasdair, 's cha chaillin air an fheil i
O'n dh'fhag thu mi 's mulad orm.

Direadh staidhre Gharraboist bu shnasail thu 'na d'eideadh
An riobhadh bha 'na d'ghruaidhean a'buairtheadh mo cheille
O'n dh'fhag thu mi 's mulad orm.

Cha b'e meud do stòrais a dh'fhag cho mor nad dheidh mi
Ach thu bhith laghach doigheil is phosainn thu ro' th'ille
O'n dh'fhag thu mi 's mulad orm.

Gur mise bha gu h-aigeannach ri pasgadh a cuid bhreidean
'N uair chuala mi an eachdraidh aig a'Chaithean 'se ga leughadh
O'n dh'fhag thu mi 's mulad orm.

'S mise tha gu craiteach a'falbh air sraid Jamaica,
'S mi smaointinn thu bhith cairte fo na fadan 's nach eirich
O'n dh'fhag thu mi 's mulad orm.

'S duilich as do dheidh mi
An uair bha duil gu leanadh sinn
'S dealachadh a b'fheudar
O'n dh'fhag thu mi 's mulad orm.

MISSING YOU

*O how downcast I am my hair's turning grey
I am broken, I'm sad and I'm lonely,
The mother of my children, the woman I love, my wife,
Lies under the turf in the graveyard.*

*No-one can ever fathom the depth of my anguish and pain,
My children are left unmothered,
Neither morning nor night that I don't weep for her,
For her sake my tears flowed without shame.*

*The warm, comforting wing is folded 'neath boards,
For us your death was the end of the world,
For the bome that was warm with affection and love,
Has been plundered, the bonds have been broken.*

*The minute of your death I'll never forget,
In its throes all you thought of - your children,
How lovely your face as I closed your eyes,
Like a dewy rose on a May morning.*

*I am certain, my love, that you're in Heaven above,
All you suffered already forgotten,
Until I close my eyes in the sleep without rise,
I'll still miss you and always will praise you.*

Translation Tom Ross

THE FOAL'S HILLOCK.

*I went in search of the land of bills,
Many joys have I had there,
When I was over on leave
I went to the Foal's Hillock.*

*I found my beloved white sheiling,
Sheep lying in it with their lambs,
The heath that was so kind and warm,
Was bare 'neath grass and wild-weed.*

*A gloomy, dreary, abandoned mound,
The wall decaying to the ground,
The bandiwork - unsightly now
The lintels all have fallen.*

*No milk, cold nor warm,
No cream, no cheese
The rich milk gone, no yield there now,
In the sheiling where there was plenty.*

*But my wish at the end of my days
Is to sleep beside my first love,
In Lionagaidh at rest
A tranquil grave beside the salt-waves.*

Translation Tom Ross

THE NEXT WEDDING I'M AT

*The next wedding I'm at will be my own,
I'm sick and tired of all this patter about cattle
They interrogate me everthing I do.
Everything I do, they're after me for it.*

*I'm fed up with it, it's rotten work
I'm fed up with it, walking the glens,
I'm fed up with it, I'm sick and tired,
It's done for me, this walking the glens.*

*I'm pretty fed up with the poets and their songs,
Their songs about sheilings and sunrise at dawn,
I'd rather be sleeping till the sun was fully risen,
And spreading its warmth on the hill and the cows.*

*The work is not good it's rotten work,
The work is not good, going up the glens,
The work is not good, going up through the beather,
And rain and wind making you frown.*

*I'll marry soon and them I'll be leaving
Mary's bogs and the louing at the sheiling
I'll marry soon and I'll settle down,
In a quiet little cottage I'll sit down and rest.*

*I'm finished with it, it's ruined me totally,
I'm finished for good with watching the cows,
I'll marry a lassie who'll make me my tea,
And when I feel like it I'll have a wee dram.*

Translation Tom Ross

4. GAD' IONNDRAINN

*Nach mis tha gu trom glas chianag nam cheann
Tha mi brist tha mi aonranach bronach
Or tha mathair mo chloinn bean mo ghaoil is mo mhnaoi
Anns a chladh air an oidh fo na foidean.*

*Cha thuig duine gu brath meud mo mhulaid 's mo chraidh
Tha mo chlann air an fhagail gun mhathair
'S chaneil maduinn na oidhch nach bi mi dha caoidh
Air a son shil mi na deoirean gun naire.*

*Tha an sgiath a bha blath air a caradh 's na clair
Bha do bhas dhuinn mar dheireadh an t-saoghail
Or tha 'n dachaidh bha blath le gaol agus gradh
Air a creachadh 's na bannan air sgaileadh.*

*Cha teid mionaid do bhais as mo chuimhne gu brath
Bha do chlann air do churam nad eiginn
Nuair dhuin mi do shuil gu robh boidheachd do ghnuis
Mar an ros fo'n an druichd anns a'Cheitean.*

*Tha mi cinnteach a luaidh gu bheil thu'm Paras ud shuas
Tha na dh'fhuing thu nis air do chulaibh
'S gus an duin mi mo shuil anns a chadal nach duisg
Dhad ionndrainn bi mi is toirt cliu dhuit.*

5. TOM AN T-SEARRAICH 2.30

*Bha mi 'n toir air tir nam beann
'S iomadh solas fhuair mi ann;
Nuair bha mi air forlath thall
Chaidh mi dh'ionnsaidh Tom an t-searraich.*

*Fhuair mi airigh gheal mo ghraidh
Caoraich laigh innte le'n a;
Chagailt a bha caomh is blath
Bha i ban fo fheur is bharran.*

*Tulach tiamhaidh cianail fas
Am balla crionadh sios gu lar,
Cha robh sgiath air gnìomh nan lamh,
Bha gach ard-dorus ri talamh.*

*Cha robh bainne fuar no blath
Cha robh uachdar cha robh cais
Am bliochd air triall is blian 'na ait
Anns an airigh 's an robh 'm pailteas.*

*Ach 's e mo mhiann aig crìoch mo la
Laighe sios le mo cheud ghradh
Ann an Lionagaidh ri tamh
Leabaidh bhan ri sail na mara.*

6. 'N ATH BHANAIS BHIOS AGAM 2.29

*'N ath bhanais bhios agam 'se 'n te agam fhin
Tha mi seachd sgith de'n aithris dhan spreidh,
Bi iad gam' cheasnachadh h-uile nith ni mi,
H-uile nith ni mi bi iad nam' dheidh*

*Tha mi coma dheth 's truagh an obair e
Tha mi coma dheth siubhail nan gleann
Tha mi coma dheth, tha mi glan sgith
Sud rud a mhìll mi siubhal nan gleann.*

*Tha mi gle choma dh dh'orainn nam bard
'G orain mu'n airigh 's eirigh na grein
B'fhearr leam bhi cadal gus an eirighinn trath
'S sgapadh a bhlas air mullach nan spreidh*

*'S olc obair e 's truagh an obair e
'S olc obair bhi togail ri gleann
'S olc obair bhi togail ri traoch
'S uisg agus gaath a fagail ort greann.*

*Posaidh mi dh'aithghearr 's bithidh mi fagail
Boglaichean Mairi 's airigh nan geum
Posaidh mi dh'aithghearr 's gabhaidh mi tamh
Am boxhan beag samhach 's fois aig mo cheum*

*Tha mi ullamh dheth mhìll e buileach mi
Tha mi ullamh de'n bhuachailleachd th'ann,
Posaidh mi buinneag a ni dhomh an ti
'S nuair thogras mi fhin gun gabh mi mo dhrum.
'N ath bhanais bhios agam 'se 'n te agam fhin*