

### **Ribhin a' Chiul Bhain**

Ribhinn bhlàth shùil a chùil bhàin  
Trath a thuit sinn ann an gràdh  
S tus an te is bòidhche dh'fhas  
O'n latha thug mi mo speis dhuit

S tus an oigh a dhuaisg mo dhan  
Anns an airidh aillidh àird  
Aoidheil càirdeil ciallach bàidh  
S gur tu mo ghràdh is m'eudail

Gruiadhean mar chrann-ubhail aill'  
Fiamh an ailleachd air gu bhàrr  
Faile cùbhraidh fallain tlàth  
A'snamh bho bhlàth air gheugan

Nuair sheolas mi air cuantan ard  
Chi mi t-iomhaidh air an t-sail  
Ach nuair shineas mi dhuit làmh  
Gum falbh do dhealbh o m'leirsinn

Ach tillidh mi gu Cala bhaigh  
S chi mi solus an taigh bhàin  
S tus a luaidh cur fàilte bhlàth  
Le caidreah gràdhach èibhinn

Chluich sinn aighearach gle og  
S bidh sinn dileas fad ar lo  
Lamh ri Laimh bheir sinne bòid  
Bhi sòlasach le chèile

*The warm eyed, fair haired maiden*

*Early, we fell in love*

*You were the one who grew most beautiful*

*Since the day I gave you my love*

*You are the maiden who awoke the muse  
in me*

*In the beautiful , high shelling*

*Pretty, friendly, sensible, kind*

*You are my love and my treasure*

*Your cheeks are like a beautiful apple tree*

*The sight of beauty on it right up to the  
highest branches*

*A healthy, perfumed, sweet smell*

*Floating down from the blossoms on the  
branches*

*When I sail on the open seas*

*I see your likeness on the beam*

*But when I reach out to you*

*Your visage disappears from my sight*

*But I will come back to the port of my  
affection*

*And I will see a light in the white house*

*And you, my dear, showing a warm  
welcome*

*With loving, happy, fellowship.*

*We played joyfully when we were young*

*And we will be faithful all our days*

*Hand in hand, we make our promises*

*To be happy together.*

### **Ailean Dubh a Lochaidh**

'S toigh leam Ailean Dubh a Lòchaidh

Mo ghaol Ailean donn a chòta

'S toigh leam Ailean Dubh a Lòchaidh

Ailean Ailean 's ait leam beò thu

Sguab thu mo sprèidh bhàrr na mòintich

Loisg thu m'iodhlann choirce is eòrna

Mharbh thu mo thriùir bhràithrean òga

Mharbh thu m'athair is m'fhear pòsta

'S ged rinn thu siud 's ait leam beò thu

*I like dark Alan from Lochy*

*My love Alan with the brown coat*

*I like dark Alan from Lochy*

*Alan Alan I am pleased you're living*

*You swept my cattle from the moorland*

*You burnt my stackyard of oats and barley*

*You killed my 3 youthful brothers*

*You killed my father and husband*

*Though you did that I'm pleased you're living*

### **Am Banais Achiltibuie)**

An cuala sibh mu'n arabhaig bh'aig Mairead  
Nighean Thomais

Eadar I's Alasdair is gille dubh na Coigich

Am fear a ghabhadh fansaidh dhith cha  
b'urraing da a shoineadh

Cha'n fhaigheadh e cho faguig air 's gun  
gabhadh e a comhradh

S nuair a bhitheas a bhanais ann sin far  
am bi an roice

Coilich air am prighigeadh 's air am pruigh  
an eòrna

Faochagan air treidheachan is àidseantan  
fo fheòil ann

Se mnathan a chinn shios ud a lionas am  
pòcaid

*Uraidh uraidh uraidhean uraidh uraidh o an*

*Falda radaidh falda radaidh falda radaid o  
an*

*Douril ouril ouril ouril ouril ouril ann*

*S gur leoir dhomh na fhuair mi'n te ruadh  
sa cuid storas*

*Did you hear about the 'to-do' between  
Margaret, Toms daughter*

*And Iain Alasdair, the dark haired lad from  
Coigach?*

*The lad who admires her will not get close  
to her*

*Not even to converse with her.*

*And when the wedding happens, that's  
where the feast will be*

*Cockerels fried and boiled in barley*

*Whelks on trays and ashets piled with  
meats*

*The women from the far end will have a  
grand time filling their pockets*

## **Gur Gile Mo Leannan**

Air faillirinn illirinn uillirinn O x3

Gur boidheach an comunnTh'aig coinnimh  
'n t-Srathmhoir

Gur gile mo leannan na'n eal' air an t-  
snamh

Na cobhar na tuinne, 's e tilleadh gu traigh

Na'm blath-bhainne buaile, 's a chuach leis  
fo bharr

No sneachd nan gleann dosrach 'ga  
fhroiseadh mu'n bhlar.

Bidh uiseag 's an smeorach feadh lointean  
na driuchd

Toirt failte le'n orain do'n og-mhadainn  
chiuin

Ach tha'n uiseag neo-sheolta 's an  
smeorach gun sunnt'

Nuair thoisichas m'eudail air gleusadh a  
ciuil

Nuair thig samhradh nan noinean a  
comhdach nan bruach

'S gach eoinean 'sa chroc choill' a ceol leis  
a chuaich

Bidh mise gu h-eibhinn a leumnaich 's a  
ruaig

Fo dhlu-mheuraibh sgaileach a maran ri  
m'luaidh

*There is pleasure and friendship in bonnie  
Strathmore*

*Neither the white swan nor the sea  
foam can compare with the maid I love*

*Not even the white milk that flows into  
the milking pail*

*Or the snow on the tree boughsCan  
compare with her*

*The mavis and lark, when they  
welcome the dawn*

*Make a chorus of joy to resound  
through the lawn*

*But the mavis is tuneless – the lark  
strives in vain*

*When my love starts her sweet refrain*

*When summer bestows the landscape  
with flowers*

*While the thrush and the cuckoo sing  
soft from the bowers*

*I shall wander and rove through the  
wood-shaded walks*

*And delight in the smiles of my love*

## Madainn Earraich

Tha ceo geal na maidne a'togail a cheann

Is sgailean na h-oidhche a triall far nam beann

Is an uiseag ag iomairt sior suas anns an speur

S a h-oran cur failt' oirnn uile gu leir

Tha aileadh nan lusan 's na paircean mun cuairt

Gu cubhraidh nam chuinnean an drasd' cho suairc

Is math a bhi beo ann an duthaich mo ghaoil

Ann an earraich na bliadhna le side cho ciuin

Tha mullach nan sgoran a nochdadh bho'n cheo

Is am faileas an sgathan na mara gun sgleo

Is dathan na sleibhtean 's nan reidhlean cho brigh'

Ann an gathan na greine ag eiridh an sionn

Tha eithraichean siubhlach a fagail a bhaigh

Is clan-oga a cluich anns a ghainneamh air traigh

Laoigh-bailceach a geumnacih ri cheile 's an lon

S an crodh-bainne gam freagairt le rolacih bhon chro

Nach boidheach na seallaidhean uile mun cuairt

Is nach math a bhi beo 's abhi taingeil 'g an luach

Is cliu dhan an Ti a thug dhuinne gach ni

Tha a bheannachd ans eo ann, an ailleachd ar tir?

*The white mist of morning raises its head*

*And the shadows of night leave the bens*

*The lark spirals upwards in the heavens*

*Hailing us with all her song*

*The scent of the flowers in the fields around*

*Is sweet in my nostrils at this gentle time*

*It is good to be alive in my beloved country*

*In the spring of the year with such balmy weather*

*The tops of the peaks are appearing above the mist*

*Their clear reflections seen in the mirror of the sea*

*And the colours of the hill slopes and fields so lovely*

*In the rays of the sun, rising in brightness*

*Swift skiffs are sailing from the bay*

*And young children play on the sands of the beach*

*Strong calves call to one another in the marsh*

*And the milk cows answer, bellowing from the fold*

*Aren't the surrounding sights lovely*

*And isn't it good to be alive and thankful to treasure them*

*With honour to the One who has given us all this*

*That is a blessing here in the beauty of our land.*

**Am Bata Uaine © Roddy Macleod**

*Tha m'g ràdh 's bidh m'g ràdh  
Th mi'g ràdh bho chin fhada  
Gum bheil m Bat uaine luath  
'S I mar mhial-chu ar astar*

Nuair a dh'fheuch sinn ris a Rubh Mhor  
Bha sruth gu lios air a h-amhaich  
Ruith seachd mìle san uair  
Cheart cho luath ro caol-reithir

Bha sligean a chuain  
A dol suas m'a cuid shlaitean  
Bha na tonnan liobach gorm  
Cnocach, orb, gan cuir seachadh

Nuair shuidh mi air an stiùir  
Bha a cùrsa air a bhanca  
Gaoth'n iar-dheas bha I ro mhòr  
Fear roimh'n t-seol 's aig a thailard

Cuiridh mise I mun cuairt  
Nuair a bhuannaicheas u'm Meallan  
Bith a' clihaich eile foipe  
Agus cronan fo h-aisne

Seo am bata gleusda  
Ni I feum anns a chathadh  
Theid I choinnich nan tonn  
Cheart cho sunndach ri eala

Tha mi dol dh'Ameiriga an drasd'  
Dh'fheuchainn ris a Yankee  
Gus an toir mi bhuaithe a'chup  
Nach do bhuannaich ant-Shamrock

S'ann n sin a bhios an uair  
Nuair a bhuannaicheas Ali  
Bi tein'athar air an cur suas  
Ann an Albainn, Eirinn, Sasuinn.

**The Green Boat**

*I do say and I shall say  
I have said so long ago  
That the Green boat is speedy  
Like a greyhound at full tilt*

*When we set sail for the Rhu Mor  
The tide was hard at her bow  
Dong 7 miles an hour  
Just as fast as a greyhound*

*The spray from the ocean  
Arose through her spars  
The waves were blue and pursing  
Rugged fierce and crashing by*

*When I sat beside the tiller  
Her course was for the Bank  
A gale from the south west  
A man at the sail and halyard*

*I shall bring her around  
When she reaches the Meallan  
Her other side will go down  
With a roar from her ribs*

*This is a well fund boat  
She'll do well in the sea drift  
She will win through the rollers  
Just as smoothly as the swan*

*Now I'll away to America  
To take on the Yankee  
To relieve her of the cup  
Which the Shamrock failed to win*

*That will be the day  
When Ali prevails  
Fireworks will go up  
In Scotland Ireland and England.*

## Ri Taobh Cladaich Loch Iu

Ri taobh cladaich Loch Iù, leag dhomh  
siubhal gun èis

Am miosg mo luchd-dàimhe 's mo  
chàirdean gu lèir

Ann an dùthaich mo shinnsear, miosg  
dhilsean cho dlùth

Nach tlachdmhor an tìr seo, mu Chladaich  
Loch Iù.

Bho àm sith-thàimh na maidne, aig  
bristeadh an là

Gu uair laighe na grèine, le flatheileachd  
àrd

Tha a' Chruithneachd a' dòrtadh òirnn  
seoladh as ùr

Gach latha agus oidhche, mu chladaich  
Loch Iù.

Far bheil eunlaith na mara, le  
cainntearachd cuain

Agus eòin bheag a bhaile, le caithream nar  
cluais

Tha n t-àile ghlan chùbhraidh, an ionad cho  
ciùin,

Toirt cuireadh as ùr dhuinn, gu cladaich  
Loch Iù.

Tha na beanntaichean àrda cuir dìon air an  
t-sliabh

Gu cruinn, corrach, sgorrach s iad dùbh-  
ghorm is liath

Tha dubhan sgòthach, s na neòil, os ar  
cionn

A' roghnachadh dreach dhuinn, mu  
chladaich Loch Iù.

Fhad' s bhuaileas na tuinn, air muir-làn no  
muir-tràigh

Air na cladaich as fheàrr leam, ann an  
dùthaich mo ghràidh

Tha sior mhàisleachd nadir gach là mu ar  
gnùis

Toirt ùrachadh làitheil mu chladaich Loch  
Iù.

*By the shores of Loch Ewe let me wander  
and roam*

*Beside my own dear ones my croft and my  
home*

*In my own native Country where friends  
are still true*

*How peaceful to walk by the shores of Loch  
Ewe*

*From the still of the morning at break of  
the day*

*Till the sun goes to rest with its glorious  
display*

*There nature presents her adorable view*

*Each day and each night by the shores of  
Loch Ewe*

*Where the seabirds cry out and the song  
birds are sweet*

*And the sea breezes mix with the tang of  
the peats*

*The atmosphere pure will prove rightly to  
you*

*That life is still sweet by the shores of Loch  
Ewe*

*The high peaked mountains stand guard  
o'er the scene*

*Serrated and rounded all blue grey and  
green*

*The heavenly shadows determine the hue*

*Which waters reflect by the shores of Loch  
Ewe*

*While the sound of the waves beats an  
endless encore*

*On the shores that I love and the land I  
adore*

*The creation has something to offer anew*

*To charm and delight by the shores of Loch  
Ewe*

## Theid mi Dhachaidh

Theid mi dh'Urraigh , bhuain a mhurain  
Theid mi dh'Urraigh leat a ghraidh bhig  
Theid mi dh'Urraigh bhuain a mhurain

Theid mi fhin le mo run a Ghearrloch

Theid mi fhin ann, fhin ann , fhin ann

Theid mi fhin ann , theid mi maireach

Theid mi fhin ann , fhin ann, fhin ann

Theid mi fhin le mo run a Ghearrloch

Bi mi nochd am buaile Phearsain

Bi mi'n a chuid mhart am màireach

Bi mi nochd am buile Phearsain

Bi mi'n a chuid mhart am màireach

Theid mi dhachaidh ho ro dhachaidh

Theid mi dhachaidh Chro Chinn t-Saile

Theid mi dhachaidh ho ro dhachaidh

Theid mi fhin le mo run a Ghearrloch

Leig a staigh mi ghaoil a Pheigi

Leig a staigh mi ghaoil a Mhairi

Leig a staigh mi Ghaoil a Pheigi

S mi dol dhachaidh chrodh Chinn t-Saile

*I will go to Urray to reap the sea bent*

*I will go to Urray with you my dear*

*I will go to Urray to reap the sea bent*

*I will go to Urray with you, my love*

*I will go myself, by myself there*

*I will go myself, by myself to Gairloch*

*I will go myself, by myself there*

*I will take the high road to Kintail*

*Tonight I'll be in the parsons cattlefold*

*Tomorrow I'll be with the cattle going to the slaughter*

*Tonight I'll be in the parsons cattlefold*

*Tomorrow I'll be with the cattle going to slaughter*

*I will go home to the cattlefold of Kintail*

*I will go home*

*I will go home to the cattlefold of Kintail*

*I will go home with my love to Gairloch*

*Let me in Peggy*

*Let mi in mairi*

*Let me in Peggy*

*And I am going home to Kintail*

## Loch Maruibhe

Tiugainn leam-sa gu tir nam beannaibh  
'N teid thu leam far am b'og bha mi  
Se mo mhiann bhith san iar le'm leannan  
Ciaradh feasgar taobh Loch Maruibh  
Guilbneach shuas ud ard anns an speur  
Sruthan fuar uisg' is gair nan ceum  
'Cur failte bhilath, chridheach oirnn don gleannan  
'S ni sinn dachaidh taobh Loch Maruibh  
  
Gu la Luain bi mi luaidh a mhaise  
'N Tir mo ghraidh far am b'aill leam bhith  
Fuaim nam piob thar an fhrith le caithream  
'Dusgadh smuaintean tha dluth d'ar cridh  
Solas buileach bhith ri do thaobh  
Storas dhuinne am meud ar gaoil  
Is comhnaidh leat far bheil fraoch a bhearraidh  
Boidheach maiseach taobh Loch Maruibh  
  
C'ait' bheil ait' cho aill' an sealladh  
Bho Charn a Ghlinne a coimhead Siar  
Le uisg' na locha a dearrsadh romhad  
A tearnadh bhruthach 's am feasgar ciar  
Cul- an Eilean is Slioch mu d'choinneabh  
'S Meall a Ghiuthais 's a laimh-chli  
Co a chunnaic loch cho breagha ris  
Dol air chuairt taobh Loch Maruibhe  
  
Bi mo smuaintean gu tric a tionndadh  
Gu laithean m'oise mar bha mi  
Subhach coiseachd mu na bruachan  
Ris an loch ud tha teann do m'chridh

Is ma thig thu leam gu toileach  
Bi sinn coirdte le gradh is sith  
'Na ar dachaidh bhoidheach mhaiseach  
Seasgar shios ud taobh Loch Maruibh  
  
*Come with me to the land of the bens,  
Will you come with me to where I was young?  
It is my desire to be in the West with my  
sweetheart  
In the twilight beside Loch Maree.  
A curlew up there high in the skies  
Stream of cold-water and the laugh in the step,  
Welcoming us warmly to the glens  
And we will make a home by Loch Maree.  
  
Till the end of time I will extol its beauty,  
In the land of my love, where I would wish to be  
The sound of the pipes marching across the  
moor  
Wakening thoughts close to our hearts  
Total happiness to be by your side  
With the breadth of our love our store  
And settling with you where the heather of the  
tops  
Grows beautifully lovely by Loch Maree.  
  
Where is there another place so lovely to see  
From Glencairn looking West  
With the waters of the loch shining before you  
Going downhill in the evening light?  
Culaneilean and Slioch ahead of you  
With Meall a'Ghiuthas to your left----  
Who has ever seen a bonnier loch*



*Travelling around by Loch Maree ?*

*My thoughts often turn*

*To the days of my youth, as I was*

*Happy walking by the braes*

*By that loch that is so close to my heart.*

*And if you come willingly with me*

*We will be together in love and peace*

*In our beautiful lovely home*

*snug down there by Loch Maree.*

### **Taladh Choinnich Oig**

Fail iu fail eo hi u ho ro

Fail iu fail eo hi illinn o ho

Ho hi ho ro o hi i bho

A MhacCoinnich na biodh gruaim ort

Cha do ghlac do mhathair buarach

No plaide bhan air a h-uachdar

Ach sioda dearg is srol uaine

Se MacCoinnich fhuair an t-urram

A miosg nam mor-bhairean uile

Cheannaicheadh e fion Baile Lunnainn

Each is diollaid fo chuid ghillean

A MhacCoinnich mhoir a Brathann

Mhic an t-Seoid nach fhuiligeadh masladh

Cheannaicheadh tu fion dha t-eachaibh

'S cruidhean dha'n ora a chur fo'n chasan

Chan eil ach Coinneach og ach leanabh

Cha do rainig e aois a sheanair

Marbhaiche'n fheidh air na beannaibh

Is coilich dhuibh air barr nam meangan

O son of Kenneth do not be sad

Your mother was never bound to do  
housework

Or have a white plaid around her shoulder  
But red silk and green satin.

It is Mackenzie who commands respect  
The best of all the lairds

He would buy wine from London City  
A horse and saddle for every servant

O son of Kenneth, Laird of Brahan

Son of the hero who never had to suffer  
shame

You would buy wine for your horses

And you would put shoes of gold on their  
feet

Young Kenneth is still a baby

He has not reached the age of his  
grandfather

Who was a killer of deer out on the bens

And of the black cocks at the tops of the  
branches

## Cuachag nan Craobh

Cuachag nan craobh nach truagh leat mo  
chaoi

'G osnaich rioidhch' cheothar

shiubhlainn le m'ghaol fo dhubhar nan  
craobh

Gu'n duin' air an t-saohgal fheoraich

Thogainn ri gaoith am monadh ri fraoich

Mo leabaidh ri taobh dorain

Do chrutha geal caomh sinte ri'm thaobh

'S mise gad chaoin phogadh

Chunna mi fein aisling 's cha bhreug

Dh'fhag sin mo chre bronach

Fera mar ri te a pogadh a beul;

A briodal an deigh posaidh

Dh'uraich mo mhiann, dh'aithrich mo chiall

Ghul mi gu dian doimeach

Gach cuisle agus feidh o iochdar mo  
chleibh

Thug iad gu leum co-lath'

Thuit mi le d'ghath mhill thu ro rath

Striochd mi le neart dorainn

Saighdean do ghaoil aitht' anns gach taobh

Thug dhiom gach caoin comhla

Mhill thu mo mhais ghoid thu mo dhrach

S mheudaich thu gal broin dhomh

S mur fuasgail thu trath le 'd'fhuran's le  
d'fhailt'

S cuideachd am bas dhomhsa.

Cuckoo of the trees, do you have no pity  
for my condition

Gasping on a misty evening?

I would go with my love under the cover of  
the trees

Where none else would look for us,

In the wind up on the heather moor, I  
would make up my bed in a rough place

Your dear white body stretched beside me

And myself kissing you eternally.

I saw a vision, with no lie,

That left my body sad

A man with his wife, kissing her lips

Caressing, and only newly married

My desire reawakens, my sanity left me

I wept sorely

Every sinew and vein left together from my  
body.

I was felled by your arrow, you spoiled my  
luck, I gave in to a fierce torment

The arrows of you love embedded in my  
side giving me pain at once

You spoiled my visage, you stole my looks

Your sorrow growing and weeping for me

If you do not let me go soon, be welcoming  
me

I will be keeping only the company of  
Death.

## Mo Run Geal Òg

Och a Theàrlaich òig Stiùbhairt, 's e do  
chùis rinn mo làireadh;  
thug thu uam gach nì bh' agam ann an  
cogadh nad adhbhar;  
cha chrodh is cha chaoraich tha mi caoidh  
ach mo chèile,  
ged a dh'fhàgte mi 'm aonar gun sian san  
t-saoghal ach làine,  
Mo rùn geal òg.

Bu tu 'm fear mòr bu mhath cumadh od  
mhullach gud bhrògan  
bha do shlios mar an eala 's blas na meal'  
air do phògan,  
d' fhalt dualach, donn, lurach mu do  
mhuineal an òrdugh,  
's e gu cam-lubach, cuimir, 's gach aon  
toirt urraim da bhòidhchead,  
Mo rùn geal òg.

Bu tu 'm fear slinneanach letheann, bu  
chaoile meadhan 's bu dealbhaich;  
cha bu tàillear gun eòlas dhèanadh còta  
math geàrr dhut,  
no dhèanadh dhut triubhais gun bhith  
cumhang no gann dhut:  
mar gheala-bhradain do chasan led gheàrr-  
osan mud chalpa,  
Mo rùn geal òg.

Gura mise th' air mo sgaradh, is ge do  
chanam, cha bhreug e,  
is iomadh tè bha na banntaich nach d'  
fhuair samhlaidh dem chèile,  
fear do chèille 's do thuigse cha robh  
furasta ri fhaotainn;  
's cha do sheas air Cùil Lodair fear do  
choltais bu trèine,  
Mo rùn geal òg.

Och nan och, gur mi bochdag, 's mi làn  
osnaich an-còmhnaidh  
chaill mi dùil ri thu thighinn, thuit mo  
chridhe gu dòrtadh;  
cha tog fidheall no clàrsach, piob no  
tàileasg no ceòl e -  
nis o chuir iad thu 'n tasgadh, cha dùisg  
caidreabh duin' òg mi.  
Mo rùn geal òg.

## Cumha Do Dh'Uilleam Siosal

O young Charles Stuart  
'Twas your cause that made me suffer  
You took from me all that I had  
In was for your cause  
'Tis not cattle or sheep  
Which grieves me, but my husband  
Since the day I was left alone  
With nothing in the world but a shirt  
My dear young beloved

You were the big man of good shape  
From your crown to your boots  
Your skin was like the swan  
And your kisses tasted like honey  
Your plaited brown beautiful hair  
Lying properly around your neck  
Curly and handsome  
And everybody acknowledged your beauty  
My dear young beloved

You were the man of good shoulders  
Of slim waist and proportionate  
No tailor without knowledge  
Could make a good short coat for you  
Or who would not make trows for you  
Not too slender or short  
Like salmon your feet  
With short hose on your calves  
My dear young beloved

How distraught I am  
And though I say it, it is no lie  
There is many a widow  
Who did not get the equal of my spouse  
A man of your good sense and understanding  
Was not easy to find  
And there stood not on Culloden's field  
A more valiant man of your mien  
My fair young love

Alas I am the wretched one  
Sighing always  
I lost hope that you would return  
My heart sank with grief  
Neither fiddle or harp  
Pipes nor chess nor music  
Will cheer me  
Since the day you were laid to rest  
The friendship of a young man will not awaken  
My dear young beloved

### **Frith nan Damh Ruadh**

Air mo hiùraibh a gheallaidh,  
Tha mi 'n dùil ri dhol thairis  
Gu tìr a' chruidh-bhainne 's an fheòir;  
Gu frith nan damh ruadha  
'S nan aighean gun bhuachail'  
Far an tric thug mi ruaig air 'n tòir.

-

Cha b' e iasgach na h-aibhne  
Air ìosal nan srathan  
An nì sin a chleachd mi 's mi òg,  
Ach bhith dìreadh nan stùc  
Le mo ghunna nach diùltadh  
Far an goir an t-eun fionn anns a' cheò.

-

"S a "Mhòrach nighean 'Fhionnlaigh"  
'S beag an t-iongnadh dhomh t' ionndrain,  
'S tric a dh'fhalbh mi leat sunndach gu  
leòr,  
'S a rinn thu dhomh an t-eallach  
Gu moch-thràth sa mhadainn;  
'S b' e an t-àm dhomh bhith cadal - tràth-  
neòin.

-Ged thigeadh an gailleann  
Le sìon agus frasan,  
Gheibhinn dìon agus fasnadh gu leòr  
Ann an uaimheagan loinneil,  
Ann am fàsach is doire  
Far an tric chuir mi ruaig air fear-cròic.