

The Band From Rockall

"Mhairi Bhàn"

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O mo Mhairi bhà n tha na blà than air na gallan
Tha 'n eala bhà n aig tÀ mh air na lochan mar a bha
Is tha na sgÀ²than olc 's dorch air am fuadach, air an
sgaradh
Grian À¹r ag À²irigh suas
Grian tha abaich le gaol mo Mhairi bhà n

Na sheasabh air a' chidhe, gruagach bhÀ²idheach,
À²ighe maise
Cho aotram is cho saor, sÀ¹ilean lasadh blà th le gÀ ire
'S tha aiseag mÀ²r mo chridhe seÀ²ladh bho sgrios gu
sÀ³th 's sonas
'S tus an lus an gÀ rradh marbh
An reul san adhair chiar, mo Mhairi Bhà n

'S daor a cheannaich sinn an saors' a chuir crÀ³och ri
blà r 's ri cÀ²gaidh
Daor na cuimhnichean nach fhÀ g fÀ sach cianail an
Roinn-Eorpa
'S tha gach IÀ a tha nam choinneamh airson nan
gillean nach bi tilleadh
Ar clann gun fhathast ann
'S saoghal loma-IÀ n le gaol mo Mhairi bhà n

Nach toir thu dhomh do IÀ mh, do phog, do gheall, do
ghaol 's do chridhe
'S gun coisich sinn le sunnd tro gharradh À²g na
cruinne
Tha geallach IÀ n ar fiÀ¹ghair a' soillse air a' mhachair
'S air an t-slighe tha feitheamh oirnn
Slighe a mhaireas ri gu brÀ th, mo Mhairi bhà n

Tha 'n eÀ la bhan aig tÀ mh air na lochan mar a bha

Fair Haired Mary

My fair-haired Mary, the blossom is now on the young
branches*
The white swan is at rest on the lochs, as always was
The dark foreboding clouds have now cleared away
and scattered

A new sun is rising
A sun ripe with love, my fair-haired Mary

Standing on the pier, a beautiful young girl, a fair one
Light hearted and free, eyes full of spirit and laughter
And the big ship of my heart is sailing from destruction
to happiness
For you are the flower in a dead garden
The star in the darkest sky, my fair-haired Mary

Heavy was the price we paid for the freedom that put
an end to
conflict and war
Difficult the memories that will never leave the
dreadful
wilderness of Europe
Now I live each day before me for the boys that will not
be returning
For the children still to be born
And for a world overflowing with love, my fair-haired
Mary

So give me your hand, your kiss, your promise, your
love, your heart
And let us walk in joy through the young garden of
creation
For the moon of all our hopes is shining on the machair
And on the path that stretches before us
The path that reaches to eternity, my fair-haired Mary

The white swan is at rest on the lochs, as always was

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