

## Capdown

### "An Eala Bhan"

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Gur duilich leam mar tha mi  
'S mo chridhe 'n sas aig bron  
Bhon an uair a dh'fhag mi  
Beanntan ard a' cheo  
Gleanntannan a'mhanrain  
Nan loch, nam bagh 's nan srom  
'S an eala bhan tha tamh ann  
Gach la air 'm bheil mi 'n toir.

A Mhagaidh na bi tursach  
A ruin, ged gheibhinn bas-  
Co am fear am measg an t-sluaigh  
A mhaireas buan gu brath?  
Chan eil sinn uile ach air chuairt  
Mar dhithean buaile fas  
Bheir siantannan na blianna sios  
'S nach tog a' ghrian an aird.

Tha 'n talamh leir mun cuairt dhìom  
'Na mheallan suas 's na neoil;  
Aig na 'shells a' bualadh -  
Cha leir dhomh bhuam le ceo:  
Gun chlaisneachd aig mo chluasan  
Le fuaim a' ghunna mhoir;  
Ach ged tha 'n uair seo cruaidh orm  
Tha mo smuaintean air NicLeoid.

Air m' uilinn anns na truinsichean  
Tha m' inntinn ort, a ghraidh;  
Nam chadal bidh mi a' bruidhear ort  
Cha dualach dhomh bhith slàn;  
Tha m' aigne air a lionadh  
Le cianalas cho làn  
'S a'ghruag a dh'fhas cho ruadh orm  
A nis air thuar bhith ban

Oidhche mhath leat fhein, a ruin  
Nad leabaidh chubhraidh bhath;  
Cadal samhach air a chul  
Do dhusgadh sunndach slàn  
Tha mise 'n seo 's an truinsidh fhuar

'S nam chluasan fuaim bhais  
Gun duil ri faighinn as le buaidh -  
Tha 'n cuan cho buan ri shnamh.

### The White Swan

Sad I consider my condition  
With my heart engaged with sorrow  
From the very time that I left  
The high bens of the mist  
The little glens of dallaince  
Of the lochans, the bays and the forelands  
And the white swan dwelling there  
Whom I daily pursue.

Maggie, don't be sad  
Love, if I should die -  
Who among men  
Endures eternally?  
We are all only on a journey  
Like flowers in the deserted cattle fold  
That the year's wind and rain will bring down  
And that the sun cannot raise.

All the ground around me  
Is like hail in the heavens;  
With the shells exploding -  
I am blinded by smoke:  
My ears are deafened  
By the roar of the cannon;  
But despite the savagery of the moment  
My thoughts are on the girl called MacLeod.

Crouched in the trenches  
My mind is fixed on you, love;  
In sleep I dream of you  
I am not fated to survive;  
My spirit is filled  
With a surfeit of longing  
And my hair once so auburn  
Is now almost white.

Goodnight to you, love  
In your warm, sweet-smelling bed;  
May you have peaceful sleep and afterwards  
May you waken healthy and in good spirits  
I am here in the cold trench  
With the clamour of death in my ears  
With no hope of returning victorious-  
The ocean is too wide to swim.

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