

## Capercaillie

### "Am Buachaile Ban"

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Och, ochan a Rìgh gura timn an galair an gradh!  
Chan eil neach air am bi nach saoil gura seach dainn  
gach la,  
Gunn bhrist e mo chridh 's gun sgaoil e cuislean mo  
shlaint  
Bhith 'g amharc ad dheidh, a gheng a' bhrollaich ghil  
bhdin - ghil bhdin.

A Bhuachaille Bhain, ma 's aill leat labhairt air thuis  
Gura loatsa gun dail, mo lamh, ma thig thu rimm dluth:  
Gur truagh mar ta nach d'tharlaidh mis' agus thu  
An eilein gum traigh, gun ramh, gun choite, gun stinir -  
gun stinir.

Na faiccadh sibh geng, 's i 'g eirigh maduinn chiuin  
cheo.  
Le pearsa dha reiri iu candan mhenlladh 'nan doigh:  
Gur binne do bhen, na reudan thidheall ri ceol,  
'Snach truagh leat mi 'd dheidh leam fhein air cnoam ri  
bron - ri bron.

The Fair Shepherd

Alas and alack, what a deadly sickness is love!  
There is none who suffers it but feels every day is a  
week.  
It has broken my heart and sapped the springs of my  
health  
To keep gazing after you, young of the fair white  
bosom.

Fair-haired lad, if you but care to speak first,  
My hand shall be yours without delay if you come for  
me:  
Play it is true, you and I did not find ourselves  
On an island with no ebb, with no oar, no boat, no  
rudder.

If you could see such a shoot springing up on a calm,  
misty morning,  
With looks to go with it fit to win the hearts of

thousands:

Sweeter is your voice than the strings of violins playing,  
Can you not take pity on me, ? alone without you,  
lamenting on a knoll?

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