

Capercaillie

"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 truinnsichean
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 bhilath;
Cadail samhach air a chul
Do dhusgadh sunndach slàn
Tha mise 'n seo 's an truinnsidh 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.

