

## Capercaillie

### "An Rhibhin Donn"

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Ochoin a ri, 'si mo rhibhin donn,  
Dh 'fhag mi fo mhi-ghean 'us m'inntinn trom!  
Gur e a boichead a rinn mo leonadh,  
'S cha bhi bed gun mo rhibhin donn.

Is truagh an drasda nach robh mi 'm bhard  
A ghleusadh clarsach 's a sheinneadh dan  
'S gu 'n innsinn buadhan  
Na maighdinn nasail,  
Mu' bheil mo smuaintean gach oidhehe 's la.

Gur boidheach, dualach an cuailcan min  
A th'air a'ghruagaich a bhuaire mo chridh',  
Gur binne comhradh  
Na guth na smeoraich;  
'S tha mise bronach o'n dh'thag i mu.

Ged tha mo ghrian-sa a'triall fo sgleo,  
Ils mise 'm bhadhna mar ian 'sa deo.  
Togaidh 'n sgaile  
'S ni ise dearsadh  
'S gu 'm faigh mi slainte gach la ri 'm bheo.

The Brown Haired Maiden

Alas and woe is me, my brown haired maiden  
The cause of my discontent and my heavy heart!  
It is her beauty which has left me grieving  
And I cannot survive without her.

Would that I were a bard  
Who could tune a harp and sing a song  
So that I might extol the virtues  
Of that gentle maiden  
Who feels my thoughts both night and day.

Beautiful and luxuriant is the delicate hair  
Of the maiden who has wounded my heart;  
Her conversation is sweeter  
Than the singing of the thrush  
And I am filled with sorrow since she left me.

When the month of May comes to the heathery glen  
And all the plants of the meadow into full bloom  
It reminds me of my loved one,  
The comely little flower which grew so tenderly.

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