

Capercaillie

"An T-Iarla Diurach"

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Ma's ann 'gam mhealladh, a ghaoil, a bha thu,
Ma's ann 'gam mhealladh as deigh do gheallaidh,
'Se luaidh do mholaidh ni mi gu brath,
Ma's ann 'gam mhealladh, a ghaoil, a bha thu.

Rìgh! gur mise tha gu tursach,
Gaoil an iarla 'ga mo chiurradh,
Tha na deoir a'sior-ruith o m' shuilean
'S mo chridhe bruite le guin do ghraidh.

Bha mi raoir leat 'na mo bhruadar
Thall an Diura nam beann fuara,
Bha do phogan mar bhiolair uaine -
Ach dh'fhalbh am bruadar is dh'fhan an cradh.

Thig, a ghaoil, agus duin mo shuilean
'S a' chiste-chaoil far nach dean mi dusgadh,
Cuir a sios mi an duslach Diurach,
Oir 's ann 's an uir a ni mise tamh.

The Bens Of Jura

If deceiving me, o love, thou wert;
If deceiving me despite thy vow;
Yet chant thy praise I ever will,
Tho' deceiving me, o love, thou wert.

O King! I am the sorrowful one,
And the love of the Earl a-hurting me;
The tears are ever running from mine eyes,
And my heart is bruised with the sting of thy love.

Last night I was with thee in my dream,
Across in Jura of the cold bens;
Thy kisses were like the green water-cresses
- Fled the dream - remained the pain.

Come, o love, and close my eyes
In the narrow kirst where I shall never awake;
Lay me down under earth from Jura -
In the grave alone is there rest for me.

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