

## Capercaillie "Oh Mo Dhuthaich"

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O mo dhuthaich' stu th'air m'aire  
Uibhist chumhraidh ur anan gallan,  
Far a faighte na daoine uaisle,  
Far 'm bu dual do Mha 'ic Ailein.

Tir a' mhurain, tir an eorna  
Tir 's am pailt a h-uile seorsa  
Far am bi na gillean oga  
Gabhail oran 's 'g ol an lionna

Thig iad ugainn, carach, seolta  
Gus ar mealladh far ar n-eolais;  
Molaidh iad dhuinn Manitoba,  
Duthaich fhuar gun ghual, gun mhoine.

Cha leig mi leas a bhith 'ga innse,  
Nuair a ruigear, 'sann a chithear,  
Samhradh goirid foghar sitheil,  
Geamhradh fada na droch-shide

Nam biodh agam fhin de storas  
Da dheis aodaich, paidhir bhrogan  
Agus m'fharadh bhith 'nam phoca  
'Sann air Uibhist dheanainn seoladh.

Oh My Country

O my country are on my mind  
Fresh, fragrant Uist of the saplings,  
Where the noble men are found  
Who gave their hereditary allegiance to "Mac ic Ailein".

Land of seabed, land of barley  
Land of abundance of every kind  
Where the young lads will be  
Singing songs and drinking beer

They will come to us cunning and wily  
In order to entice us from our homes  
They will praise Manitoba to us  
A cold country with no coal and no peat!

I don't need to say  
That when we reach it we'll see it  
A short summer and a peaceful autumn  
A long winter of bad weather.

If I had riches  
A change of clothes and a pair of shoes  
And my prayer in my pocket  
It is to Uist that I would be sailing.

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