

Capercaillie **"The Misty Isle"**

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Although my head has greyed
With forgetfulness and sadness,
And the sun of my fifty years
Has darkened under the clouds;
My thoughts are filled
With a great desire,
To see the Isle of Skye
The elements and the mist.

It is more than forty years
Since I left you willingly,
And I put down my roots
In the middle of the city;
And although I married a fisherman
Who filled my house with wealth,
You are forever in my mind
And I long to be in your shelter.

But who has ears,
Or a heart which beats with life
Who will not sing this song with me
About the hardship which has befallen us?
The thousands who were cleared
Deprived of their belongings and their rights,
The desires of their hearts and their thoughts
Are on the "Isle of the Mist".

Now remember your hardship,
And keep your banner flying;
For the wheel (of change) will not go round for you
Without strength and hardness of fist;
Your cattle will be in their folds,
And every farmer will be happy -
And the English would be ousted
From the "Isle of the Mist".

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