

## Capercaillie "Tobermory"

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Bheir mi sgrìob do Thobar Mhoire  
Far a bheil mo ghaol an comann.  
E o hi urabho o hi u  
E o hao ri ri  
E o hao ri sna bho hu o  
E o hi urabho o hi u.

Far a bheil mo ghaol an comann  
Luchd nan leadan 's nan cul donna.  
Luchd nan leadan 's nan cul donna,  
Dh'oladh am fion dearg na thonnan.  
E o hi urabho o hi u, etc.

Bheir mi sgrìob dhan Lochaidh luachrach,  
Far a bheil mo ghaol an t-usal.  
E o hi urabho o hi u, etc.

Far a bheil mo ghaol an t-usal,  
Gheibhinn cadal leat gun chluasag.  
E o hi urabho o hi u, etc.  
Gheibhinn cadal leat gun chluasag,  
'S cul mo chinn am bac do ghuala.

E o hi urabho o hi u  
E o hao ri ri  
E o hao ri sna bho hu o  
E o hi urabho o hi u.

Tobermory  
I'll journey to Tobermory  
Where my love dwells.  
E o hi urabho o hi u  
E o hao ri ri  
E o hao ri sna bho hu o  
E o hi urabho o hi u.

Where my love dwells midst  
Men with pretty locks of brown hair.  
Men with pretty locks of brown hair,  
Who would drink the red wine in waves.  
E o hi urabho o hi u, etc.

I will journey to Lochy of the rushes,  
Where my love the noble one is.  
E o hi urabho o hi u, etc.

Where my love the noble one is,  
I would sleep with you without benefit of pillow,  
I would sleep with you without benefit of pillow,  
With the back of my head cradled in the  
hollow of your shoulder.

E o hi urabho o hi u  
E o hao ri ri  
E o hao ri ri  
E o hi urabho o hi u.

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