

Eilean a'Cheo

Capercaillie

Ged tha mo cheann air liathadh,
Le deuchainnean is bron,
Is grian mo leth-cheud bliadhna
Air ciaradh fo na neoil;
Tha m' aigne air an lionadh
Le iarrtas tha ro mhor,
A dh'fhaicinn Eilean Sgiathach
Na siantan 's a' cheo.

Tha corr 's da fhichead bliadhna
Bho'n thriall mi uait gam' dheoin.
'S a chuir mi sios mo lion
Ann am meadhon baile mhoir;
Is ged a fhuair mi iasgair
A lion mo thaigh le stor,
Bu chuimhneachail mi riamh ort
'S bu mhiann leam bhi 'nad choir.

Ach co aig a bheil cluasan
No cridh' tha gluasad beo,
Nach seinneadh leam an duan seo
Mu'n truaigh' a thainig oirnn?
Na milltean a chaidh fhuadach
Thar chuain gun chuid, 's gun choir,
Tha miann an cridh' 's an smuaintean
Air Eilean uain' a' Cheo.

Nis, cuimhnichibh ur cruadal,
Is cumaibh suas ur srol;
Gu'n teid an roth mu'n cuairt duibh
Le neart is cruas nan dorn;
Gum bi bhur crodh air buailtean
'S gach tuathanach air doigh;
'S na Sas'nnaich air am fuadach
A Eilean uain' a' Cheo.

The Misty Isle (Skye)

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 "Green 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 "Green Isle of the Mist".