

## Hoireann O

Capercaillie

Early I arose  
I went out by the glen of branches  
I came back by the glen of the flocks  
I found the brown-haired girl still in bed  
I folded her in my own plaid  
And vowed that she need fear no harm  
That I would give her to her own mother  
How distressed I was, my love  
But if I come back from Ireland  
What presents you will get.

'S moch an diugh a rinn mi eirigh  
Ghabh mi mach ri gleann na geigeadh  
Thaining mi steach gleann na spreidheadh  
Fhuair mi ghruagach dhonn gun eirigh  
Lub mi 'na mo bhreacan fhein i  
's thug mi boid nach b'eagal beud dhi  
Gun tugainn dha mathair fhein i  
'S mise ghaoil a bha 'nam eiginn  
Ach ma thilleas mis' as Eirinn  
'S tusa ghaoil a gheibh am preusant