

Gur e Mise a tha Tursach
Gur e mise a tha tursach a caoidh cor a dutcha
'S nan seann daoine cùiseil bha cliùteach is treun
Rinn uachdrain am fuadach gu fada null thar chuantan
Am fearann chaidh thoirt uapa 's thoirt suas do na feidh
Se sud a chulaidh nàire bhi faicinn dhaoine làidir
Gam fuadach thar sàile mar bharalach gun fheum
'S am fonn a bha àluinn chaidh chur fo chaoraich bhana
Tha feanntagach sa ghàradh 's an làrach fo fheur.

Far an robh moran dhaoine le mnathan is le 'n teaghlach
Chan eil ach caoraich mhaola ra fhaotainn nan àit
Chan fhaicear air a bhuaile a bhanarach le buaraich
No idir an crodh guail-fhionn 's am buachaille bàn
Tha'n uiseag anns na speuran a seinn a luinneag ghleusda
'S gun duine ann ga h-eisdeachd nuair dh'eireas i àrd
Cha till, cha till na daoine bha cridheil agus aoidheil
Mar mholl ri latha gaoithe chaidh 'n sgaoileadh gu bràth.

I Am So Sad

I am so sad lamenting the nation's condition
And the old caring generation who were scrupulous, respectable and valiant
Landlords cleared them to far over the oceans
Their lands robbed from them and given over to the deer
That is the covering of shame to see strong men
Being cleared overseas like a worthless opinion
And the lovely soil that were filled with fair sheep
There are nettles in the garden, now the foundations overgrown with grass.

Where there were many with wives and families
There is only bald sheep to be found in their place
No more to be seen the milkmaid with her fetters on the pastures
Or at all the hairy shouldered cows or the fair shepherd
The lark in the heavens sings her sharp ditty
With no soul to listen when she soars up high
No return, no return for these kind-hearted people
Like chaff in the wind they are scattered forever.