

Air a' ghille tha mo rùn

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tha mo rùn air a' ghille.
Bhon a thug thu rium do chùl
b' e mo dhùrachd gun till thu

'S ann a fhuair thu d' àrach òg
'N Apainn bhòidheach nan
gillean
'S beag an t-ioghn' thu
dh'èirigh suas
ann an uaisle 's an grinneas

Falt do chinn tha dualach
dlùth
d' anail chùbhraidh, ro-mhilis
Dà shùil mheallach, chorrach,
chiùin
's tu mo rùn de na gillean

Tha thu ro mhath air an t-
sliabh
thoirt nan eun bhàrr na h-
iteig'
Gunna dubh a leagadh fiadh
's earbag riabhach an fhirich

'S ann am Muile nam beann
fuar
tha mo luaidh de na gillean
Dh' aithnichinn thu measg an
t-sluaigh
leis na h-uaislean a' tighinn

My desire is for the boy

*My desire is for the lad
He is the one I love
Since you turned away from
me
My dearest wish is that you
would return*

*You were raised in
Beautiful Appin of the young
men
Little surprise that you rose
up
In nobility and refinement*

*Your hair is in tight tresses
Your breath fragrant and
sweet
Your eyes alluring,
passionate and calm
You are my choice of the
young men*

*You are the most expert on
the moor
At shooting the birds on the
wing
With a black gun that would
down a stag
Or a young roe on the
moorland*

*It is in Mull of the cool bens
That my sweetheart lives
would recognize you amid the
throng
As you walked with the
nobility*