

Fhir lurach 's fhir àlainn

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Thug thu dàin gu mo bhilean.

Tobar uisge ghil chraobhaich
A' taomadh thar nan creagan,

Feur caoin agus rainneach
A' glasadh mo shliosan;

Tha do leabaidh sa chanach
Gairm ghnìlbheach air iteig.

Tha ceòban cùbhraidh na Màighe
A' teàrnadh mu mo thimcheall,

'S e a' toirt suilt agus gutha
dham fhuinn fada dìomhain.

Fhir lurach 's fhir àlainn,
Thug thu dàin gu mo bhilean.

O bonnie man, lovely man,
you've brought a song to my lips.

A spring of clear gushing water
spilling over the rocks,

Soft grasses and bracken
covering my slopes with green;

Your bed is in cotton-grass
With curlews calling in flight.

Maytime's sweet drizzle
is settling about me,

Giving mirth and voice
to my soil's long barren.

O bonnie man, lovely man,
you've brought a song to my lips.

Words – Meg Bateman
Music – Joy Dunlop