

Mo Rùn Geal Òg
My Fair Young Love

Och a Thearlaich og Stiubhart
'Se do chuis rinn mo leireadh
Thug thu 'uam gach ni bh'agam
Ann an cogadh 'nad aobhar
Cha chrodh is cha chaoraich
Tha mi 'caoidh ach mo cheile
O'n la dh'fhag e mi 'm aonar
Gun sion san t-saoghal ach leine
Mo run geal og

*Alas, young Charles Stewart
It is your cause that has left me desolate
You took from me everything that I had
In war for your sake
It is not sheep or cattle that I mourn
But my husband
From that day when I was left alone
With nothing in the world but a shirt
My fair young love*

Có nis thogas an claidheamh
No nì chathair a lionadh?
'S gann gur h-e tha air m'aire
O nach maireann mo chiadghradh
Ach ciamar gheimhinn o m'nàdur
A bhith 'g àicheadh nas miann leam
Is mo thogradh cho làidir
Bhith cuir an aite mo rìgh mhath
Mo rùn geal òg

*Who will now lift the sword
Or fill the chair?
It scarcely matters to me
Since my first love is dead
But how could I find it in my nature
To deny what I desire
When my wish is strong to take
My good king to his rightful place
My fair young love*

Bu tu 'm fear slinneanach leathainn
Bu chaoile meadhan 's bu dealbhaich
Cha bu tàillear gun eòlas
Dheanadh còta math gearra dhut
No dhèanadh dhut triubhais
Gun bhith cumhang no gann dhut
Mar ghealbhradan do chasan
Le d' gheàrr osan mu d' chalpa
Mo rùn geal òg

*You were broad-shouldered
Slim-waisted, well-formed
It was no unskilled tailor
Who could make you a doublet
Or trows for you
That were not too tight or insufficient for you
Your legs were like the silver salmon
With your short hose about your calf
My fair young love*

Bu tu 'm fear mór bu mhath cumadh
O do mhullach gu d' bhrògan
Bha do shlios mar an eala
'S blas na meal' air do phògan
D'fhalt dualach donn lurach
Mu do mhuineal an òrdugh
'S e gu camalubach cuimir
'S gach aon toirt urram d' a bhòidhchead
Mo rùn geal òg

*You were the tall man, handsome
From the crown of your head to your shoes
Your side was like the swan
Your kisses tasted of honey
Your curled, brown, beautiful hair
Was arranged 'round your neck
Ringletted and elegant
So that all paid tribute to its beauty
My fair young love*

Bu tu iasgair na h-abhann

Fisherman of the river

'S tric a thaghaich thu fein i
Agus sealgair a'mhonaidh
Biodh do ghun' air dheadh ghleusadh
Bu bhinn leam tathunn do chuilein'
Bheireadh fuil air mac eilde
As do laimh bu mhor m' earbsa
Gur tric a mharbh thu le cheil' iad
Mo run geal og

Bha mi greis ann am barail
Gun bu mhaireann mo cheile
Is gun tigeadh tu dhachaidh
Le aithghearr 's le aoibhneis
Ach tha'n t-am dhol thairis
'Is chan fhaic mi fear d'eugais
Gus an teid mi dhan annart
Cha dealaich do speis rium
Mo run geal og

Och nan och, gur mi bochdag
'S mi lan osnaich an comhnaidh
Chaill mi duil ri thu thighinn
Thuit mo chridhe gu dortadh
Cha tog fidheall no clarsach
Piob no taileasg no ceol e
Nis o chuir iad thu'n tasgadh
Cha duisg caidreabh duin' oig mi
Mo run geal og

O gur mise th'air mo sgaradh
'S ged do chanam cha bhreug e
Chaidh mo shugradh gu sileadh
On nach piller o ' n eug thug
Fear do cheile 's do thuigse
Cha robh furasd ri fheudainn
'S cha do sheas an Cul-lodair
Fear do choltais bu treine
Mo run geal og

S ioma bean a tha brònach,
Eadar Troternis, a's Sleibhte,
Agus te tha na bantraich
Nach d'fhuair samhladh de m'cheile.

*Often did you visit it
Hunter of the moor
With your gun always well primed
I loved to hear the baying of your hound
Who could blood a stag or hind
I was confident of the skill of your hand
Often did you kill them both
My fair young love*

*For a while
I imagined my spouse was alive
And that you would come home
With joy and happiness
But the time has gone by
And I shall not see one like you
Until I go under the ground
My love for you will not leave me
My fair young love*

*Alas and alack
What a wretch I am, ceaselessly sighing
I lost hope of your return
My heart sank into despair
Neither fiddle or harp will raise it
Nor pipe, nor gaming, nor music
Since the day they laid you to rest
Young men's advances do not arouse me
My fair young love*

*How distraught I am
And though I say it, it is no lie
My mirth has ebbed away
Since you will not return from death
A man of your good sense & understanding
Was not easy to find
And there stood not on Culloden's field
A more valiant man of your mien
My fair young love*

*Many hearts that grief fills
From Sleat to Torness hills
And many a widow
Like me that's moping in sorrow.*

Bha mise làn sòlais
Fhad's bu bheo sinn le cheile
Ach a nis o na d'fhalbh thu
Cha chuis fharmaid' mi fein doibh
Mo rùn geal òg

*My only solace were
To know that you were there
But since you departed this life
I'm no more an envied wife.
My fair young love.*