

Capercaillie, Bonaparte

O gu sunndach mi air m'astar
Falbh gu siubhlach le bheag airtneul
Do a chomhrag ri Bonaparte
'S e bha bagairt air Rìgh deors'
Ilean chridheil, bitheamaid sunndach
Seasaibh onoir ur duthcha
Fhad's a mhaireas luaidh is fudar
De rud chuireadh curam oirnn?
Chan eil gealtachd nan gnuis-san
Cha toir iad grund do luchd a'bhosd

Luchd nan osan gearr 's nam feileadh
Cota sgarlaid orr'mar eideadh
Gum bu ghasd'iad an am eirigh -
'S iad nach geilleadh an deidh an leon

Ann am Bruxelles a chaidh innse
Gun robh Frangaich tigh'nn nam miltean:
'S cha bhreug huam gur h-i an fhirinn
'S iomadh fear bhios sint'gun deo

Nam biodh againn, mar bu dual dhuinn
Lann Chinn-Ilich air ar gualainn
Sgoilteamaid an cinn gun cluasan
Gam bualadh le smuais nan dorn

Bonaparte

I'm happy on my journey
Travelling swiftly without flagging
Heading off to do battle with Bonaparte
He it was who threatened King George

Brave lads, let's be merry
Stand for the honour of your country
As long as lead and powder last
What could worry us?
Cowardice is not in their countenance
They will never give ground to the boasters

Men of the short hose and the kilts
With their uniforms of scarlet coats
Splendid they were in attack -
They would never yield though wounded

In Brussels it was told
That the French were coming in their thousands:
I tell no lie but the truth
Any a man will be stretched out without breath of life

If we only had, as was hereditary to us
The great broadsword with Islay-wrought hilt on our shoulders
We'd split their heads to their ears
Pounding them with the smashing of our fists