

Capercaillie, Chisholm Lament (Translation)

O young Charles Stewart, your cause is the reason of my sorrow
You took from me everything I had, in the war on your behalf
I am not mourning cattle and sheep, but my partner
Since I am left alone with nothing but my shroud!
I am torn apart, and although I say it, it is no lie
My joy turned to sorrow, since you will not return from death
One of your wisdom and understanding was not easy to find
And not one stood at Culloden, of your appearance and bravery.