

A Pheigi a ghràidh - *Ruaraidh Caimbeul (Ròidseag)*

A Pheigi a ghràidh 's tu dh'fhàg mi buileach gun sunnd,
'S mi seòladh an-dràst' thar sàil dh'Astràilia null,
Tha 'n oidhche fliuch, fuar, 's mi shuas ga cumail air chùrs,
'S tu daonnan nam smuain, a luaidh, bhon dealaich thu rium.

Bhon dhealaich thu rium neo shunndach m' aigne gach là,
'S mi seòladh a' chuain, gach uair gam sgaradh od' ghràdh,
Ma bheir thu dhomh fuath, 's nach dual dhomh d' fhaighinn gu bràth,
Gum faic thu led shùil, a rùin nach fhad bhios mi slàn.

Cho fad 's thèid mi null bidh dùil am tilleadh a-nall,
Far 'n dh'fhàg mi mo rùn fo thùrs am baile nan Gall,
Is thèid sinn le sunnd a-null a dh'Uibhist nam beann
Far am faigh mi ort còir le pòsadh ceangailte teann.

Nam faighinn ort còir rim bheò chan fhaicear oirnn dìth
Gun dèanainn dhut lòn gu leòr air muir agus tìr;
Ged theireadh an sluagh, a luaidh, nach dèanainn dhut nì,
Gun togainn dhut bàrr a ghràidh ged 's maraiche mi.

Ged 's maraiche mi tha sgìth a' treabhadh a' chuain,
Ann an iomadach àite is ceàrnann, deas agus tuath,
Chan fhaca mi ann tè Ghalld' a sheasas riut suas,
A bhean a' chùil bhàin a chaidh àrach an Uibhist nam buadh.

An Uibhist nam buadh gur truagh nach robh mi leat ann,
's fainne den òr mud mheòir gar ceangal le bann,
Ma thilleas mi a luaidh thar chuain an turas seo nall,
dh'Àird Choinnich thèid sinn le cinnt gar ceangal gu teann.

Gun sguir mi dhen dàn mus fàs sibh uile dheth sgìth,
'S gun tuig sibh mo chàs 's mi 'n-dràst' cho fada bho thìr,
Ach an rud tha mi 'g ràdh, gu bràth gun aidich mi fhìn,
'N taobh tuath Loch a' Chàrnain dh'àraicheadh cailin mo chridh'.

Translation

Peggy, love, you've left me utterly without joy
and now I'm sailing across the sea to Australia.
The night is wet and cold when I'm on up keeping her on course,
with you always in my thoughts, darling, since you parted from me.

Since you parted from me, my spirit is joyless every day,
as I sail the ocean, every hour taking me away from your love;
if you take a dislike to me and if I'm destined never to get you,
you will see with your eye, dearest, that I won't survive for long.

As far away as I go I will expect to return
Where I left my love in sadness in the Lowlanders' city;
and we'll go with joy over to Uist of the mountains,
where I will get you as mine by a tightly bound marriage.

Were I to get you as mine, as long as I live we'll never want,
I would make plenty food for you on sea and land;
and though people might say, darling, that I wouldn't do a thing for you,
I'd raise you crops, love, although I'm a seaman.

Although I'm a seaman who's tired of sailing the sea,
in many places and parts in the South and in the North,
I never saw there any foreign woman who could match up to you,
woman with fair tresses who was brought up in Uist of the virtues.

In Uist of the virtues it's a shame I wasn't with you there,
And a ring of gold around your finger linking us with a bond,
If I return, dear, over the sea this time,
To Ardkenneth we'll go with certainty joining ourselves tightly.

I'll stop this song before you all become tired of it,
May you understand my trouble and me so far from land right now,
but the thing that I'll say for ever is that I myself admit
on the north side of Lochcarnan the girl of my heart was raised.