

**A' Buain na Rainich Taobh Loch Èite** - *Iain Camshron (Iain Ceallaidh)*

Fire- faire, hò-rò gheallaidh,  
Fire- faire, hò-rò eile,  
Fire- faire, hò-rò gheallaidh,  
' Buain na rainich taobh Loch Èite.

Fire- faire, hò-rò gheallaidh,  
Fire- faire, hò-rò eile,  
Fire- faire, hò-rò gheallaidh,  
Cutting bracken by Loch Etive.

Gum bi cuimhn' agam rim mhaireann  
Mar a thachair mi ri m' eùdail;  
Mar a thachair mi ri Màili  
' Buain na rainich taobh Loch Èite.

I'll remember all my life  
How I met my treasure,  
How I met Màili,  
Cutting bracken by Loch Etive

*Sèist*

Theann mi a-null an taobh a bha i,  
's chuir mi fàilt' oirre sa Bheurla,  
Fhreagair i le gruaim sa Ghàidhlig,  
"Fear do chanain, 's beag mo spèis air!"

I moved towards where she was,  
I greeted her in English,  
She replied with a scowl in Gaelic,  
"I've little respect for a man of your  
language!"

*Sèist*

"A Mhàili, na bi rium cho tàireil,  
Seo mo làmh nach èirich beud dhuit,  
An Latharna bhòidheach fhuair mi m' àrach  
's air a' Ghàidhlig tha mi dèidheil."

"Màili, don't be disparage me so,  
Here's my hand that no harm will come  
to you,  
I was raised in beautiful Lorne,  
And it's Gaelic I'm fond of."

*Sèist*

Bha na h-eòin an dlùths a' bharrach  
' seinn le caithream 's mi gan èisdeachd;  
's ann an sin a fhuair mi gealladh  
Bho mo chaileag taobh Loch Èite.

The birds in the nearby branches  
Were singing with joy and I listening;  
It's there that I gained a promise,  
From my lass beside Loch Etive.