

Fear / Allabain

Capercaillie

'Stric tha thu 'g radh nach fhaigh thu cadal
E hoireann o ro, a bhi e ho
Mucht' mat a tha thu a' tamh a's a bhaile
Hao ribhi eile, o hi a bho
'Smor tha an iondrainn a tha bhuat-sa
E hoireann o ro, a bhi e ho
Dhol leis a; ghaoith ghlan mar bu dual dhut
hao ribhi eile, o hi a bho
Dean eirigh, eirigh faramach
'S e do chridhe as fhearr a dh'aithnicheas
Dean eirigh, eirigh faramach
Cur an rathad mor fo d' chasan-sa
The Wanderer
You often say you can't get sleep
Suffocating as you are in the city
Much you long for what you lack
To go with the cleansing wind as heredity dictates
Arise, arise and go with a shout of gladness
Your heart it is that knows best
Arise, arise and go with a shout of gladness
Set your feet on the highway