

A' CHAILIN M'AISEACH DHONN
(Beautiful Brown Haired Maiden)

by John MacLean, Tiree.

1. Maiden of the curly hair,
Young wife that I desire,
Your erect and comely figure,
Caused me to love you:
You are beautiful, modest and of good report,
And very mannerly at all times,
Your appearance is like the dew of heaven,
Like sunshine on the ground.
2. My neat erect and kindly maiden
You have respect in abundance,
You would lift sorrow and discontent from me
When my mind was burdened;
You would often refresh me,
And cheerfully sing
With a voice like fiddle music
Or the sweet thrush of the mountains.
3. A hundred farewells across the seas with you,
Beautiful, brown haired maiden;
In the hope that I shall see you safely
I shall finish my song;
And although you went a distance from me
To Glasgow of the Lowlanders,
ITwas the land of the dark green bent grass
which was your native heath.

native