

A' CHOILLE GHRUAMACH
(THE DARK WOOD)

ALONE I AM IN THE DARK WOOD,
MY THOUGHTS ARE RESTLESS, I CANNOT SING;
I'VE FOUND THIS PLACE UNNATURAL,
ALL MY TALENTS HAVE FORSAKEN ME:
I CANNOT COMPOSE A SONG HERE - WHEN I TRY
I FEEL DESPONDENT
MY COMMAND OF GAELIC IS POORER THAN IT USED TO BE
WHEN I WAS IN THE FAR COUNTRY.

I CANNOT TELL YOU IN THIS SONG,
I AM IN NO MOOD TO EXPRESS ALL THE MESSAGES
I'D LIKE TO SEND TO MY FRIENDS IN THE LAND I
LEFT BEHIND,
THE LAND OF MY YOUTH.
LET ALL WHO READ IT SEE REASON AND DO NOT HEED
VAIN PEOPLE,
THE FALSE PROPHETS WHO TEMPT YOU, WITH NO REGARD
FOR YOU,
MERELY A DESIRE FOR YOUR GOLD.

NO MATTER HOW DILIGENTLY I MAY WRITE
IT WOULD TAKE ME A MONTH OR MORE TO PUT MY
THOUGHTS FULLY INTO WORDS
A PRIVATE GRIEF FILLS ME FOR I MUST SUBMIT TO
SPENDING MY LIFE HERE WITH LITTLE PLEASURE
IN THIS DENSE WOOD WHERE
NOONE IS INTERESTED IN MY MUSIC.