

A Mhàiri Bhàn gur barrail thu - Fair Mary, you are genteel

- Verse 1 Fair Mary, you are genteel,
You are matchless in every way,
Since I fell so deeply in love with you,
Asking for you in every company.
I am confident of your rank,
What I discovered talking to you,
That others cannot take you by guile,
After your promise to me.
- Verse 2 I heard as a proverb
That oak is excellent wood,
And that a wedge of itself to tighten it
Would split it as a hammer;
I expect according to that maxim
That you are pleased I am like you,
That you will not leave, and that I'll have you
With firm bonds of marriage.
- Verse 3 Now if you were with me,
I'd not continue in that way,
I'd cultivate the land,
And put milk-cows in the fold for you,
I'd kill the fish of the sea for you,
And the deer in the misty pass
With a slender unerring gun,
To deceive the antlered one.