

A Mhàiri Bhàin gur barail 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.