

'S mi gun fheum fo na ghrein
Mur a h-eigh mi air cairteal.

Mi gun chosnadh na mo nadar
O 'n la 'chaidh mo bhaisteadh ;
'S mor gum b' fhearr mo chur 'sa chill
Na na mhill mi de thasdain.

'S olc an ceile do mhnaoi oig,
D' am bu choir a bhi maiseach,
Fear nach cumadh rithe riamh,
Bonn a riaricheadh ceart i.

Mharbhainn fiadh is dheaninn iasgach
Le siabadh na slaite,
Is cha robh ort mionchuis riamh
Nach bu mhiann leam a chasgadh.

Mharbhainn breac air linne buirn,
Agus udlich' air Glas-bheinn ;
'S bhiodh coileach-dubh agam air sgeith
'Nam dhuit eirigh 'sa mhaduinn.

'S math a laigheas stocain bhan
Air a chalpa nach faicear ;—
Troigh chruinn chuimir ann am broig
'Dh' fhalbhas comhnard air leacuinn.

'N turas 'thug mi do 'n taobh-tuath,
Chaill mi buannachd a phaca ;
Mun do thill mi dhe na chuairt
Thug iad bhuam e 's b' e chreach e.

The poet addresses his wife in this poem. He represents her as complaining of him. He admits that he had some failings ; but tells her that he could hunt and fish and thus provide for her.