

Were I offered all the wealth that Albion yields,
All her lofty mountains and her fruitful fields,
With the countless riches of her subject seas,
I would scorn the change for billes such as these!
Scorn the rising mountains, &c.

CUIR A CHINN DILEIS.

(ORIGINAL SET.)

LUINNEAG.

*Cuir a chinn dileis,
Dileis, dileis,
Cuir a chinn dileis,
Tharum do lamh,
Do ghorm-shuil thairis,
A mhealladh na mìltean,
'S duine gun chli,
Nach tugadh dhut gradh.*

Cha thinneas na feachda,
'S a mhadaimn so bhual mi:
Ach acaid ro buan
Nach leigheis gu brach.
Le sealladh air faiche.
De shìait on taigh unsail,
Moch-thra di-luain,
'S mi 'g amharc an la.

Rinn deiseid a pearsa,
Nach facas a thuarnas;
'G inneachd fo'n chuach-chul,
Chamagach, thla.
Rinn dealaradh a mais,
Agus lasadh a gruaidhean,
Mis' a ghrad bhualadh,
Tharais gu lar.
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Ach dh' eirich mi rithist,
Le cridhe lan uabhair;
A's dh' imich mi ruathar,
Ruighinn na dail.
G'a h-iathadh na m' ghlacailh,
Ach smachdaich i bhuam sin
Ochan! is truagh!
A mheath i mo ehal.
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Do dheare-shuilean glana,
Fo mballa gun ghruidhean;
'S daigheann a bhual iad,
Mise le d' ghradh.
Do ros bhilean tana,
Seamh, farasda, suairec,
Cladhaichear m' uaigh
Mar glac thu mo lamh.
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Tar fuasgail air m' anam
On cheanghal is cruaidhe;
Cuimhnich air t-uaisle,
'S cobhair mo chas.

Na bodham-s' am thraill d'at
Gu' brach, on non uair-s';
Ach tiomaich chruas,
Do chridhe gu tlas.
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Cha'n fhaodar lean cadal,
Air leabaidh an uaigneas:
'S m' aigne ga bhuaire',
Dh' oidhche 's a la,
Ach ainneir is binne,
'S a's grinne, 's a's suairec;
Gabh-sa dhìom truas,
'S bithidh mi slau!
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

CUIR A CHINN DILEIS.

(MODERN SET.)

'S mi 'm shuidh' air an uilinn
A tuireadh sa caoine;
Bhuail saighead a ghaoil mi,
Dìreach gu'm shail.
Dh' fhas mi cho lag,
'S nach b' urra' mi dìreadh;
Le goirteas mo chinn,
'S cha d' shin i dhomh lamh.
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

'S mi 'm shuidh' air an tulaich,
An ionad na cuirte;
A' g amharc mo ruin,
'S i 'n ionad ro ard.
Thug i le fionnaireachd,
Sealladh de suil domh,
'S thinndaidh i eul-thaobh,
Seachad air barr.
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Sheall mi am dheighidh,
Gu fradharc dh'i fhaotainn;
'S chuna' mi h-aodann,
Farasda, tla.
Chuna' mi sealladh,
A mhealladh na mìltean,
'S amaidheach mi,
'S nach faigh mi na pairt.
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Tha mais' ann ad bhilean
Cha 'n aithris luchd-ciùil e,
Togaidh tu sunnt,
An tallaichan ard.
Leagair leat seachad,
Sar ghaisgich na dutch';
Le sealladh do shul,
'S le giulan do ghnais.
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.