

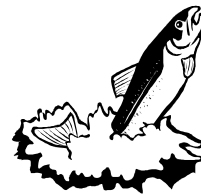
Dh'éirich mi moch madainn Chéitein

**Fail ill é hill ù hill ó
Hiuraibh ó na hó ro éile
Fail ill é hill ù hill ó.**

Dh'éirich mi moch madainn Chéitin,
Mas moch an diugh bu mhuich' an dé e.
'S binn a' chòisir rinn mi éisdeachd.
Smeòraichean air bhàrr nan geugan,
Uiseagan os cionn an t-sléibhe.
'S bòidhche fhiamh 's a' ghrian ag éirigh,
Madainn chiùin fo dhriùchd nan speuran,
Bric air linneachan a'leumraich.
Leanaidh slàinte agus éibhneas
Riù-san a bhios moch ag éirigh.



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*I arose early on a May morning.
If early today it was earlier yesterday.
Sweet was the choir I listened to,
thrushes on the tops of the branches,
larks above the moor.
Beautiful is the prospect, with the sun rising,
a calm morning under the dew of the heavens,
trout leaping in the pools.
There will follow health and happiness
for those who rise early.*

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