

Alas! how I am
Here on my own,
As I remember
The days of my youth,
Because I cannot find a situation
Today in my country,
Unless take care
Of the antlered stag.

What a change
Has come over my country,
It is little wonder
That I should be sad,
Since the sheep have gone
The tenantry have left,
That is what moved me
To compose a song.

Since the sheep have gone
We are in a sorry state,
That is what troubled me
And left me grieved,
That we are being scattered
All over the world,
Without cattle or family
Without spending money.

Though I go to the Brae
It will do me no good,
I cannot see the brood
On which the wool grew,
My fond farewell to them
Though they have left me,
It would be much better to be separating them
Than to be expelling them.

Now that my flock
Are being divided,
It is a great pity
In every way,
It is a great pity
But one must submit to it,
Since he has lost regard for them
Has Sir Andrew Noble.

But one must arise
And gather them to together,
And put each one of them
In proper order,
After we had got them together
We counted them,

And then to Stirling
We were ordered to go.

Off to Stirling
We took them with us,
After I had obtained
All that remained alive of them,
With my lively dog
Keeping them together for me,
And I spent the night with them
On the height of Glen Crow.

I took them to the fair
Without trouble or difficultly skilful lads,
Were keeping them in order
Paton himself was there,
Who is so good at shouting,
And every one of them
Came readily under the hammer.

And my flock
Is beautiful and well-behaved,
That is what pained me
As today they are being scattered,
My own blessing is with them
To every place where they go,
Since I gave them love
That few realise.

When I had got rid of them
With everything in order,
Fraser's boys
Wanted a drink,
As far as I could see
They were in need of it,
And we went off together
And we shared a refreshment.

Then every shepherd
Came near them,
And everyone who bought them
Said that they were beautiful.
And without a there
When I left them there,
At MacDonald's fair.

I have little desire
To be now in this glen
With every house and fank
Going completely into disrepair.
And each green meadow

Where often I reaped,
Has nothing but thistles
Instead of barley.

It is not now as it was
When I was a child
There was sowing and tilling
Among kind people
It is now a desert
With numberless deer
Giving sport to rough fellows
And strange men.

The deer of the cold bens
Are now moving
With a rabble of aristocrats
Going to meet them
A lame major
Shoots lead at them
And he is sullen and gloomy
Unless he wounds them.

If the enemy comes
Now to this place
The deer of the high bens
Will start roaming
Good now in their place
Would be the Gaels
Who would fight our battles
With manliness and good order.

A shameful gamekeeper
Has left me distressed
Since he has scattered
My drove today
If I get health
And remain in my usual condition
I shall become a prophet
As sure as I am alive.