

Our names upon the Menin Gate (Tha ar n'ainm ard air Menheim)

Our names upon the Menin Gate, brave heroes who have been lost
With youthful vigour fighting for peace
None of the young brave lads were seeking fame or glory
A calling to Europe taking orders from the regiment
A calling to Europe taking orders from the regiment
Raise our names, Raise our names
Raise our names above the Menin Gate
Facing death and death alone
Hoping to beat the enemy that was their intention
Lying on the fields without worldly goods or title
In the Belgian mud and mire facing the end together
In the Belgian mud and mire facing the end together
Raise our names, Raise our names
Raise our names above the Menin Gate
The warmth and kindness of my people enticing me across the sea
To Uist of the magnificent high hills and of the white shimmering sands
On a bed of fragrant flowers, the poppy is laid to rest
The westerly sunset on the machair my spirit dwells there forever more
The westerly sunset on the machair my spirit dwells there forever more
Raise our names, Raise our names
Raise our names, Raise our names
Raise our names above the Menin Gate
Raise our names above the Menin Gate

The White Swan (An Eala Bhan)

Sad am I, as I consider my plight
With my heart overflowing with sorrow
From the time that I left
The mighty misty mountains
And the glens of dalliance
Of the lochs, the bays and the forelands
The white swan dwelling there
Whom I daily pursue
Maggie don't be mournful
My love, if my life should come to an end
Who amongst men
Endures eternally
We are all on a journey
Like the flowers in the deserted cattle field
Which the elements of wind and rain
Will wash away
And which the sun cannot restore
Travailed in the trenches
My thoughts are dedicated to you my love,
In my sleep my dreams are of you
My life is fated to pass away
My spirit is filled with angst
A longing to be with you,
My auburn locks that once were
Are now as white as the driven snow
My goodnight to you my love
In your warm sweet fragranced bed,
May you have a contented, peaceful rest,
Upon your awakening a wholesome health to you
As I await here in the numbing cold trench
With the clamour of death in my ear
With no hope of returning victorious
The ocean is vast and too wide to swim