

Thig am bàta

Thig am bàta, hug o
Moch am màireach, hug o
Bidh m' athair innte, hù ri ho ro
'S mo thriùir bhràithrean, hug o

'S mo chèile donn
Air ràmh braghad.
'S gheibh iad mise
Air mo bhàthadh.

'S togaidh iad mi
Air na ràmhan,
Mo bhreacan donn
Snàmh na fairge.

Fhir ud thall
Falbh na tràghad.
Soraidh bhuamsa
Gu mo mhathair.

Cha b' e 'n t-acras
Chuir don tràigh mi.
Ach miann an duileisg
'S miann nam bàirneach.

O mo mhallachd,
Aig bean eudaich.
Dh' fhàg i mise,
'S an sgeir bhàite.

Thig am bàta
Moch am màireach.
'S gheibh iad mise
Air mo bhàthadh.

The boat will come

*The boat will come
Early tomorrow.
My father will be in her
And my three brothers.*

*And my brown-haired husband
On the breast oar.
And they'll find me
Drowned.*

*They'll lift me up
On the oars.
My brown plaid
Swimming the sea.*

*Man yonder
Walking on the strand.
Bid farewell
To my mother.*

*It wasn't hunger
That sent me to the strand.
But craving for dulse
And limpets.*

*Oh my curses
On the jealous woman.
She left me
On the rock to drown.*

*The boat will come
Early tomorrow.
They'll find me
Drowned.*