

Hi horò 's na horò eile

Hi horò, 's na horò eile,
Hi horò, 's na horò eile,
Hi horò, 's na horò eile;
Gur tu mo luaidh rim bheò
cha cheil mi.

Nuair a bha mim chaileig
ghòraich,
Thug mi gaol is gràdh don
òigear.
Aig a bheil a' phearsa
bhòidheach;
'S cha ghràdhaich mi ri 'm
bheò fear eile.

Do chùl dualach, cuachach,
bòidheach;
Falt do chinn mar ite 'n lòn-
duibh;
Do dhà ghruaidh air dhreach
nan ròsan,
Is iad fo dhealta ceò na
maidne.

Meur as grinn air peann a
sgrìobhas,
'S a chuir gleus air teudan
fidhle;
'S e do cheòl a thogadh m'
inntinn
Nuair a bhithinn sgìth fo
smàlan.

Ach tha mise 'n dùil 's an
dòchas
'S gun tig an latha 's am bi
sinn còmhla;
'S ma bhios tusa dìleas
dhomh-sa,
Cha ghràdhaich mi ri 'm bheò
fear eile

*Hi horò, 's na horò eile,
Hi horò, 's na horò eile,
Hi horò, 's na horò eile;
I will never conceal the fact
that you are my love*

*When I was a foolish young
girl,
I gave my love to the youth.
Of the most beautiful
appearance;
And I will never love another
man.*

*Your beautiful ringletted
curly mane;
Your head of hair like the
blackbird's wing.
Your two cheeks the hue of
roses,
Beneath the misty dew of the
morning.*

*The most handsome finger
which writes with a pen
And brings forth music from
fiddle strings
It is your music that lifts my
spirit
When I am tired and
sorrowful*

*But it is my fervent hope
The day will come when we
will be together;
And if you are faithful to me
I will give my love to no other
man*