

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.*