

Beir soraidh soraidh bhuam

HI RI RI RI O
O HI O 'S A BHO RO HO
E HO HAO O HO
Beir soraidh soraidh bhuam
NA E HO HAO O HO
gu srath m'eòlais
NA HI RI RI RI O
O HI O 'S A BHO RO HO
E HO HAO O HO

Take a greeting from me

to the strath I know well

'S chon na leitir bheag
bharrach bhòidhich.

*and to the little hillside
high-ridged and beautiful.*

Fàsaidh fochann ann,
coirc' is eòrna.

*Corn grows there,
oats and barley.*

Fàsaidh peasair ann,
fàsaidh pònair.

*Peas grow there,
beans grow there.*

'S binn guth cuthaig ann,
's binn guth smeòraich.

*Sweet is the voice of the cuckoo there,
Sweet is the voice of the thrush.*

'S binn guth na banचाig
's meanbh-chrodh òg roimhp'.

*Sweet is the voice of the milkmaid,
with the young calves in front of her.*

'S binn guth a' bhuachail'
'cuallach bhó ann.

*Sweet is the voice of the herdsman
driving the cattle there.*

'S chì mi am bàta
falbh gu siùbhlach.

*I see the boat
leaving swiftly,*

'S i dol timcheall
Rudh' an Dùnain.

*going around
Rudha 'n Dunain.*

'S e mo leannan-sa
tha 'ga stiùireadh.

*It is my lover
who is steering her,*

Deas-làmh cheangaileas
'm ball 's 'ga lùbadh.

*a skilful hand
tying the rope and coiling it;*

Beul 'ga h-éigheach
air a h-ùrlar.

*his mouth calling
on her deck*

Beul beag cuireadach
cuireadach cùbhraidh.

*(an inviting little mouth,
inviting and fragrant).*

Gheobhainn cadal leat
ann am bùth iùile,

*I would sleep with you
in a July hut (?) (sheiling?),*

Do làmh farasda
's t' anail dlùth dhomh.

*your gentle hand
and your breath close to me.*