

FLIUCH AN OIDHCHE

O hì ibh o
Fliuch an oidhche
is gum b' fhuar i

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A thug Clann Néill
druim a' chuain oirr'

Luchd nan seòl àrd
's nan long luatha

Nam brataichean
dearg is uaine

'S iomadh bàirneach
ghlas a ghluais iad

Agus duileasg
donn a bhuaib iad.

O hi ibh o
Coisich, a rùin,
cùm do ghealladh rium.

Beir soraidh bhuan
dha na Hearadh

Gu Sean Caimbeul
donn mo leannan.

'S tric a laigh
mi fo 'earradh.

Ma laigh cha b' ann
aig a' bhaile

'N leabaidh uaine
'n cluain a' bharrach

A làmh fo m' cheann,
'aodach faram

Sinn beul ri beul,
breug cha chanainn,

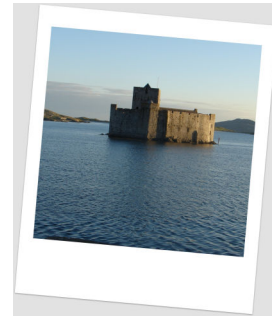
A bheul cùbhraidh
sùghadh m'anail,

Is mi fo chirb
bhreacain bhallaich.

O HI IBHO
HU ILL ORO
BOCH OIRINN O

HU ILL ORO
O HI IBH O
HU ILL ORO
BOCH OIRINN O

O HI IBH O



*Wet was the night
and cold
when Clan Neill took
to the open sea*

*People of high sails
and swift ships*

*of banners
red and green*

*many a grey
limpet they moved*

*and brown seaweed
they cut.*

*Walk, darling,
keep your promise to me.*

*Take a greeting from me
to Harris*

*to John Campbell
my brown-haired lover*

*Often I lay
under his covering*

*If I did
it was not at home*

*(but) on a green bed
sheltered by birch trees*

*His hand under my head
his garment around me*

*We were mouth to mouth -
I wouldn't tell a lie -*

*With his fragrant mouth
sucking my breath*

*I was under the fold
of his tartan plaid*