

Fuirich an diugh gus am màireach

From the singing of Calum Johnston, Barra.

Fuirich an diugh gus am màireach
Gràdh air eiteagan airinn hiù riù
Gus an snìomh mi léine 'n t-snàth dhuit
Bun a' chip, air a' chip, bun a' ruid, air a' ruid
Eun beag air a' nid, seinnidh e làmh riut
Beinn dubh, seinn dubh, ó ho ró lòn dubh
Gràdh air eiteagan airinn hiù riù

Gus an snìomh mi léine 'n t-snàth dhuit

Chuireadh an lìon 's cha do dh'fhàs e

Tha 'bheart-fhigh' an coille Phàdraig

'S a' bhan-fhigheach gun bhreith a màthair

Than t-iteachan 'n àit' na ban-rìgh

bobbin

'S a' chlòimh air caor' an fhàsaich

Tha 'n dealg-spàl aig Rìgh na Frainge

*Wait today until tomorrow
Till I spin a shirt of yarn for you
The flax has been planted but hasn't grown
The loom is in St Patrick's Wood
The weaver hasn't been born from her mother
The queen has the bobbin
The wool is on the sheep of the wilderness
The King of France has the shuttle-pin*