

Dùil ri Baile Chaolais Fhaicinn - John Cameron, Taigh-Puirt (Iain Rob)

O, chì, chì mi na mòrbheanna;
O, chì, chì mi na còrrbheanna;
O, chì, chì mi na coireachan,
Chì mi na sgorran fo cheò.

O, I'll see, I'll see the great mountains;
O, I'll see, I'll see the peaked mountains;
O, I'll see, I'll see the corries,
I see the mist-covered peaks.

Chì mi gun dàil an t-àite 'san d' rugadh mi;
Cuirear orm fàilte 'sa chànan a thuigeas mi;
Gheibh mi ann aoidh agus gràdh dar ruigean,
Nach reicinn air thunnachan òir.

I see without delay the land of my birth;
I'll be welcomed in the language I understand;
I'll be shown courtesy & love when I arrive
That I wouldn't sell for tons of gold.

Sèist

Chorus

Chì mi a' ghrian an liath nam flaitheanas,
Chì mi 's an iar a ciar dar laigheas i;
Chan ionnan 's mar tha i ghnàth 's a' bhaile seo
'N deatach a' falach a glòir.

I'll see the sun in the blue of the firmament,
I'll see in the west her dusk when she sets;
It's always very different in this city
With the smoke concealing her glory.

Sèist

Chorus

Gheibh mi ann ceòl bho eòin na Duthaige,
Ged a tha 'n t-àm thar am na cuthaige,
Tha smeòraichean ann is annsa guth leam
Na piob, no fìdheall mar cheòl.

There I'll get music from the birds of Duthag,
Though it's past the time of the cuckoo,
There are mavis there who's voices I prefer
To pipes or fiddle as music.

Sèist

Chorus

Gheibh mi le lìontan iasgach sgadain ann,
Gheibh mi le iarraidh bric is bradain ann;
Nam faighinn mo mhiann 's ann ann a stadainn,
'S ann ann as fhaid' bhithinn beò.

There I'll get herring fishing with nets,
There I'll get trout and salmon on request'
If I would get my desire it's there I'd stop,
There as long as I would live.

Sèist

Chorus

Chì mi ann coilltean; chì mi ann doireachan;
Chì mi ann maghan bàna is torraiche;
Chì mi na fèidh air làr nan coireachan,
Falaicht' an trusgan de cheò.

I'll see there woods; I'll see there thickets,
I'll see there meadows fair and most fertile;
I'll see there the deer at the foot of the corries
Hidden in mantles of mist.

Sèist

Chorus

Beanntaichean àrda is àillidh leacainnean;
Sluagh ann an còmhnaidh is còire chleachdainnean;
'S aotrom mo cheum a' leum 'gam faicinn;
Is fanaidh mi tacan le deòin.

Sèist

Fàgaidh mi ùpraid, sùrd, is glagaraich,
Dh'fhaicinn na tìr an cluinnt' a' chagaraich,
Fàgaidh mi cùirtean dùinte, salach,
A dh'amharc air gleannaibh nam bò.

Sèist

Fàilt' air na gorm-mheallaibh, tholmach,
thulachnach;
Fàilt air na còrr-bheannaibh mòra, mulanach;
Fàilt' air na coilltean, is fàilt' air na h-uile -
O! 's sona bhith fuireach 'nan còir.

Sèist

Lofty mountains and resplendent ledges,
People living there of the kindest ways;
Light is my step leaping to see them;
And willingly I'll stay there a while.

Chorus

I'll leave the uproar, industry & clanging,
To see the land where whisper is audible,
I'll leave the closed, dirty back-courts,
To gaze upon the glens of the cows.

Chorus

Hail to the green rolling, knolly hills;
Hail to the great-peaked, hilly mountains;
Hail to the forests, hail to it all,
Oh! It's bliss to be staying in their midst.

Chorus