

O thèid mi fhìn le mo ghaol dhan an t-searmon - *Iain MacLeòid*
(*Seonaidh a' Cheisteir*)

O thèid mi fhìn le mo ghaol dhan an t-searmon
O thèid mi fhìn le mo ghaol dhan an t-searmon
O thèid mi fhìn le mo ghaol dhan an t-searmon
Is chì iad mi falbh le mo Sheònaid.

Chaidh mi oidhch' a Rànais 's cabhadh-làir ri smùideadh,
Stùr a bh' air bàrr an rathaid ri dalladh air mo shùilean,
Nuair a ràna mis' an doras 's ann a bha e dùinte,
Sin mar thug mi ùidh air mo Sheònaid.

Ged a bhiodh an reothadh ann, chùmainn thu air àirigh,
Ged a bhiodh an sneachd ann, chùmainn fhìn blàths,
Chùmainn thu air cùl an dorais far nach fhaiceadh càch thu
Ged gheibh an teine bàs le cion-mòine.

Nuair a thig a' chlann-nighean dhachaigh, teannar orra faighneachd
"Cò a bh' agad ann an Gallaibh, dùil an robh e coibhneil?"
Sgìtheanach, gille Hearach, Barrach agus Caoidheach,
'S a h-uile fear an geall air mo Sheònaid.

'S tha balaich ann an Crosabost cho fada ri slat-chaoiteig,
Ged a tha iad spaideil, chan eil iad idir 'tidy',
'S nan tigeadh fear an rathad dhiubh 's gun cuirinn car na chuinnlean
Mus faigheadh e sgàth-oidhch' bho mo Sheònaid,

O thèid mi fhìn le mo ghaol dhan an èisteachd
O thèid mi fhìn le mo ghaol dhan an èisteachd
O thèid mi fhìn le mo ghaol dhan an èisteachd
Chan fhada gus an èigh iad am pòsadh.

Translation

O I will go myself with my love to the sermon
O I will go myself with my love to the sermon
O I will go myself with my love to the sermon
And they will see me going with my Janet.

I was in Ranish one night and snowdrifts were blowing,
The dust coming off the road was blinding my eyes,
When I reached the door it was shut,
That's how I took an interest in my Janet.

Though there be frost I'd keep you on the sheiling,
Though there be snow I'd keep you warm,
I'd keep you behind the door where the rest couldn't see you,
Though the fire would die from lack of peat.

When the girls come home questions will be pressed on them
"Who was with you in Caithness, was he kindly"?
Skye-man, lad from Harris, Barra-man and Sutherland-man,
They're all longing for my Janet.

There are boys in Crosabost as tall as a fishing-rod,
Although they're well dressed they are not at all tidy,
If one were to come on the road I would put a twist in his nostril,
Before he would get a night's shelter from my Janet.

Oh I will go myself with my love to the hearing, (of the sermon)
Oh I will go myself with my love to the hearing,
Oh I will go myself with my love to the hearing,
It won't be long until they call the marriage.