

Seinn an Duan Seo – An Lighiche MacLachlainn

Sèist: Seinn an duan seo, hug ìri hù o,
Dom chailin duala’*, hug o ro ì,
Is deirge gruaidhean, ‘s is duinne cuaillein,
‘S gur lìonmhor buaidh a th’air luaidh mo chrìdh’.

‘S ann Dimairt bho cheidhe Loch Àlainn,
a dh’fhalbh mo ghràdh-sa le bàt’ na smùid;
Bu luath a ceum a’ dol gu tìr na Beurla,
‘S tha mi fo eislean air bheagan sunnd.

‘S truagh nach robh mi leat thall an Èirinn,
A’s m’ àitreabh fhèin an taobh thall den chuan-
Dh’aithnichinn m’ eudail am measg nan ceudan,
‘S i mar Bhèineas ag èirigh suas.

Tha do chòmhradh gu blasta, binn leam,
‘s do phòg is millse na mil an fhraoich,
‘s d’ anail chùbhraidh tha mar na h-ùbhlan,
Tigh’n rèidh, gun tùchan, o d’ mhuineal caoin.

‘S tric a bha mi fo sgàil nan craobh leat,
‘S lagan fraoich air gach taobh dhinn fhìn,
Bu leam do chòmhradh ‘s le d’ dheòin do phògan,
‘S tha mi fo leòn bhon là dh’fh’ag thu ‘n tìr!

Sing this ode, hug ìri hù o,
To my curly maiden, hug o ro ì,
Of the reddest cheeks and the brownest curls,
My heart’s darling has abundant virtues.

It was on Tuesday from Lochaline quay,
That my love departed on the steamboat;
Swift was her step going to the land of English,
And I’m grief-stricken with little joy.

A pity I wasn’t with you over in Ireland,
And my own abode over the sea-
I’d know my darling amongst the hundreds,
And her like Venus rising.

Your conversation is tasteful & sweet to me,
Your kiss sweeter than heather honey,
And your fragrant breath like the apples,
Coming smoothly, without hoarseness, from
your tender neck.

It’s often I was under the shade of the trees
with you,
And the heather dell on all sides of us,
To me was your dialogue & and willing were
your kisses,
I am greatly afflicted since the day you left the
country.

Bàrdachd taken from *An t-Òranaiche* (Sinclair, 1879) with light modernisation where
deemed appropriate.

Translation by Ewen Henderson.

*Dualaich in *An t-Òranaiche*.