

Capercaillie

"Ailein Duinn"

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Ailein Duinn, o ho hi, shiubhlainn leat,
(Ailean Donn, o ho hi, I'd go with thee)

Hi ri ri, ri u o, hi o hug hoireann o, Hi ri ri, etc.

Ailein Duinn, o ho hi, shuibhlainn leat.
(Brown-haired Allan, o ho hi, I'd go with thee)

'S bochd an nochd na bheil air m'aire,
(Tonight sad thoughts my mind are filling,)

Miad na sine, fuachd na gaillinn
(The strength of the storm, the cold of th' tempest)

Miad na sine, fuachd na gaillinn
(The strength of th' storm, the cold of th' tempest)

Dh'fhuadaicheadh na fir o'n charraig,
(That drove the men from the shore's shelter,)

Dh'fhuadaicheadh na fir o'n charraig,
(That drove the men from the shore's shelter,)

Chuireadh iad a' bhoid dha'n aindeoin
(Sent them on a voyage unwilling)

Far an trom an laigh a' ghailleann,
(Where the gale blows so heavy;)

Cha b'e siod leam ar diol caladh,
('Twas not, I think, your choice of harbour,)

Ach Caolas Diadhair anns na Hearadh,
(Rather Diadhair Sound in Harris,)

Far am bi na feidh air bhearradh,
(Where the deer are on the hilltops,)

Dobhran donn is laogh breac ballach.
(Otter brown and fawn all spotted.)

Atharraich

Gura mise th'air mo leireadh
Cha n-e bas a' chruidh 'sa Cheitein,
No tainead mo bhuaile spreidhe,
Ach a fhlichead 's tha do leine,
'S tu bhith 'm barr nan tonn ag eirigh
Mucan mar bhith 'gad reubadh,
Bhith 'gad ghearradh as a cheile;
Ailein Duinn, a laoigh mo cheilleadh,
Gura h-og a thug mi speis dhut,
Nuair a bha thu 'n sgoil na Beurla
Nuair a bha sinn ann le cheile;

Atharraich

Gum paigheadh Dia siod ri t'anam
Mhiad 's a fhuair mi d' chuid gun cheannach,
Piosan caola geal' an anart,
Neapagain do 'n t-sioda bhallach,
Thug thu fhein, a ghaoil, a Manainn.
Ailein Duinn, a mhiann nan leannan,
Chuala mi gun deach thu fairis
Air a' bhata laidir dharaich;
Ma 's fhior siod, cha bhi mi fallain,
Gu la brach cha dian mi bainis.
M'iarrtas air Rìgh na Cathrach
Gun mo chur an uir no 'n gaineamh,
An talamh toll no 'n aite daingeann,
'N seombar cuil no 'n aite daingeann,
Ach 'sa bhall am b thu, Ailein!

Atharraich

'S truagh, a Rìgh ! nach mi bha 'n laimh riut,
Ge be bagh no sgeir an traigh thu,
Ge be tiurr am fag an lan thu,
'S cul do chinn air bhac mo laimhe,
Do chul dualach, cuachach, fainneach.
Dh'olainn deoch, ge b'oil le cach e,
Cha b'ann do bhurn no do shaile,
No do dh'fhion dearg na Spainte,
Ach fuil do chuim 's tu 'n deidh do bhathadh;
Gura buidhe nochd dha d' mhathair,
Bho nach 'eil thu beo 's tu baite.

Ailein Duinn, o ho hi, shiubhlainn leat,
Hi ri ri, ri u o, hi o hug hoir o,
Ailein Duinn, o ho hi shiubhlainn leat.

Change

Truly I am sore tormented,
Not by death of stock in springtime,
Nor by th' fewness of my cattle,
But by thy clothing's dampness,
And that thou art on wavetop floating
While sea monsters rend thy body,
And are tearing thee asunder;
Ailean Donn, king of my senses
Young I was when first I lov'd thee,
When you were getting English schooling
When we were in school together;

Change

May God repay thy soul, I'm praying
What of thy own store thou gav'st me,
Silver shinings, wrapped in linen,
Speckled tablecloths, all silken,
Which you brought from Manann's Island.
Ailean Donn, my chosen sweetheart,
I did hear that you went over
On the vessel, strong and oaken;
If 'tis true, I'll not recover,
Till Doomsday I'll have no wedding.
I pray unto the King of Heaven
In earth or sand I'll not be buried,
Nor in quagmire or place of hiding
Nor in back-room, nor in stronghold,
But the spot where thou art, Ailean!

Change

Alas, O God, I was not beside thee
Whatever bay or rock thou'lt come on
Whatever tide-mark the flood will leave thee
Thy head in my hand-palm cradled
With curling, flowing hair in ringlets
I'd drink, though all abhor it
Not of the sea, nor of fresh water,
Nor of the red Spanish claret But thy heart's blood,
after thy drowning; Thanks tonight unto thy mother
Since thou art drowned and liv'st no longer.

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