

Mouth Music **"(translation) Falalalo"**

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O fair-headed lad, if you say the word
Yours is my right hand, right away, if you come with
affection
Isn't it a pity that you and I did not meet
On an island without ebbtide, without oar, without
coracle, without rudder
If you go to sea, love, have a guinea in your pocket
And drink my health in every place that you sit at table
With your bright, light, joyous, high-spirited, young
heart
How I do like the mouth from which music comes most
sweetly!
I love the teeth, and the mouth that would not grumble
How I wish that you would come to me and stretch out
by my side
If it were not for the gossips, my love and I would
surely be
With the blessing of the clergy, together in a firm bond
Oh, if you and I were on a mountain, hill or shady slope
Or on a white beach, in a place where no-one has ever
been
Seven days, seven nights, without rest, without sleep,
without food
But with you, love, your fair arm freely round me
Heard from Penelope Morrison (South Uist); additional
text from the MacDonald Collection
of
Gaelic Poetry (Angus & Archibald MacDonald, ed.
1911)

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