



Is truagh nach d' rugadh dall mi

Uilleam Ros

Sèist

6 Fil ò ro, fil ò ro, fil ò ro__ hug èil - e; Fil

10 s ò ro, fil ò ro, fil ò ro__ hug èil - e; Air

14 fail èil - e ò ag - us hò ro__ hug èil - e; Chan

m fhaigh mi 'n cad - al sàmh - ach, a ghràidh, 's gun__ thu rèidh rium.

Rann 1

18 m Is truagh nach d' rug - adh dall mi gun chainnt is__ gun lèir - sinn, Mus

23 s fhac' mi d' agh - aidh bhain - tidh rinn aimh - leas__ nan ceud - an, Bhon

27 d chunn - aic mi bho thùs thu bu chliùit - each__ do bheus - an, Gum

m b' fhas - a leam am bàs na bhith làth - air__ às d' eug - mhais.

2 Is truagh nach robh mis' agus tus' far an iarrainn.
Sia là na seachdain is seachd ochd bliadhna,
Na seòmraichean glaiste le claidheamhan iarainn,
Na h-iuchraichean air chall agus dall bhith gan iarraidh.

3 Is truagh nach robh mi fàgail an t-saoghail seo ro chianail,
Bha dòchas faoin gam thàladh 's e 'n gaol rinn mo dhiobhail,
Ge fada bhuam a shiùbhladh tu rim bheò bhithinn riut dileas,
'S nuair thigeadh Là na Cruinne 's i Mòr Ros a dh'iarrainn.



Is truagh nach d' rugadh dall mi

Fil ò ro, fil ò ro, fil ò ro hug eile; Fil ò ro, fil ò ro, fil ò ro hug eile;
Air fail èile ò agus hò ro hug èile;
Chan fhaigh mi 'n cadal sàmhach, a ghràidh, 's gun thu rèidh rium.

Is truagh nach d' rugadh dall mi gun chainnt is gun lèirsinn,
Mus fhac' mi d' aghaidh bhaindidh rinn aimhleas nan ceudan,
Bhon chunnaic mi bho thùs thu bu chliùiteach do bheusan,
Gum b' fhasa leam am bàs na bhith làthair às d' eugmhais.

Is truagh nach robh mis' agus tus' far an iarainn.
Sia là na seachdain is seachd ochd bliadhna,
Na seòmraichean glaiste le claidheamhan iarainn,
Na h-iuchraichean air chall agus dall bhith gan iarraidh.

Is truagh nach robh mi fàgail an t-saoghail seo ro chianail,
Bha dòchas faoin gam thàladh 's e 'n gaol rinn mo dhìobhail,
Ge fada bhuan a shiùbhladh tu rim bheò bhithinn riut dìleas,
'S nuair thigeadh Là na Cruinne 's i Mòr Ros a dh'iarainn.

*Fil ò ro, fil ò ro, fil ò ro hug eile; Fil ò ro, fil ò ro, fil ò ro hug eile;
Air fail èile ò agus hò ro hug èile;
I will not sleep soundly, love, if we are not reconciled.*

*It's a pity I wasn't born blind, without speech and sight,
Before I saw your feminine face which has been the ruin of hundreds,
The beauty spot that was on your radiant face hurried me near to death,
And though easier than death for me would be to be at the place of your espousal.*

*It's a pity that you and I were not at the place that I desire.
Six days of the week and seven, eight years,
In locked rooms with iron bolts,
The keys lost and I blind to look for them.*

*It's a pity that I'm not leaving this too unhappy world,
A vain hope was enticing me, it is love that destroyed me,
However far from me you travel, I will be faithful to you throughout my life,
And when the Day of Judgement should come it will be Mòr Ròs I would ask for.*