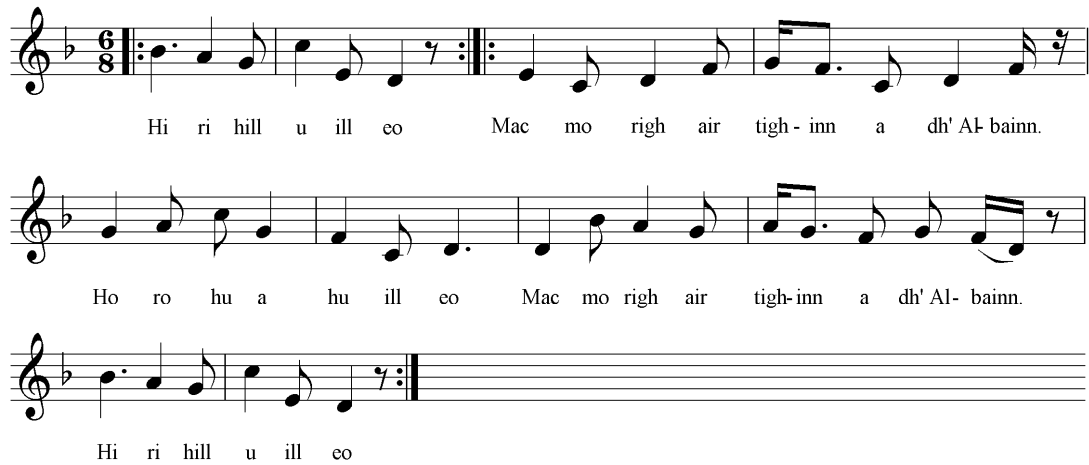


An Fhideag Airgid



Hi ri hill u ill eo Mac mo righ air tigh - inn a dh' Al- bairn.

Ho ro hu a hu ill eo Mac mo righ air tigh- inn a dh' Al- bairn.

Hi ri hill u ill eo

Hì rì hill ù ill ó
Hì rì hill ù ill ó
Mac mo rìgh air tighinn a dh' Albainn
Hó ru hù a hù ill ó

Mac mo rìgh air tighinn a dh' Albainn
Hì rì hill ù ill ó
Air long mhór thar na fairge
Hó ru hù a hù ill ó

Le stiùir òir is dà chrann airgid
Teàrlach òg nan gorm-shùil meallach
Fàilte fàilte, mùirn is cliù dhuit
Fìdhlearachd is rogha ciùil dhuit.
Cò a sheinneas an fhideag airgid?
Cò theireadh nach sheinninn fhìn i?



My king's son has come to Scotland
on a great ship over the sea
with golden rudder and two silver masts:
young Charles with attractive blue eyes.
Welcome, welcome, joy and fame to you;
fiddling and the best of music to you.
Who will sound the silver whistle?
Who could say that I would not sound it myself?