

ANNAG A GHAOIL

Songs Remembered in Exile p79

Ann - ag a_ ghaoil hao ill o. Hao ill o ho ro bha ho ho. Ann-ag a_ ghaoil hao ill o.

'N cual - a sibh mar dh'eir - ich dhomh?

ANNAG A GHAOIL, HAO ILL O
HAO ILL O HO RÓ BHA HÓ HO
ANNAG A GHAOIL, HAO ILL O

'N cuala sibh mar dh'éirich dhomh?
Mar a dh'fhalbh iad leis an dròbh.
Bhris an t-acair, shrac an seòl.
Chaill mi m' athair is m' fhear pòsd'.
Chaill mi mo thriùir bhràithrean òg.
Isd, a nighean, sgair dhe d' bhròn.
Fhir an taighe, faigh an stòp.

Anna, love, hao ill o ...

*Did you hear what happened to me?
How they went away with the drove?
The anchor broke, the sail ripped.
I lost my father and my husband.
I lost my three young brothers..
Hush, girl, give over your sorrowing.
Landlord, fetch the flagon!*

*From Cape Breton (Skye tradition)
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cf Heb I pp 154 & 338