

## BUAIN A' CHOIRCE

Latha dhomh 's mi buain a' choirce  
Gheàrr mi 'm beum 's cha robh e socair  
    Hó ró 's na ho ro ri ó  
    Hì ri rì ri hó ro eile  
    Hó ró 's na ho ro ri ó



Gheàrr mi 'm beum 's cha robh e socair.  
Gheàrr mi mo ghlùn is leig mi osna

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Shuidh mi air uachdar a' ghoirtein

Shuidh mi air uachdar a' ghoirtein  
Dh'fheuch a faicinn fear do choltais

Dh'fheuch a faicinn fear do choltais  
Fear 'chùil duinn 's nan gruaidhean dosrach

Fear 'chùil duinn 's nan gruaidhean dosrach  
Fhaoilinn bhig a shnàmhas an cala

Fhaoilinn bhig a shnàmhas an cala  
Beir mo shoraidh uam gu m' leannan



*One day I was reaping the corn (oats)  
I cut a sheaf, and it wasn't easy  
I cut my knee, and gave a sigh  
I sat at the top of the field  
to see if I could see a man like you,  
a man with brown hair and bearded cheeks.  
Little seagull swimming in the harbour,  
bring my greeting to my beloved.*