

LATHA SIUBHAL BEINNE DHOMH

A clapping song from Barra.

We like this one! It's a brilliant put-down of a cheeky young man who thinks he's irresistible!

Latha siubhal beinne dhomh Na hill o ró bha ho
HILL O BHOIDHEACH
NA HILL O RO BHA HO



Latha siubhal mòintich Hill o ro bha ho

Thachair orm gruagach

Uallach bhòidheach

Sgian bheag 'na làimh

'S i ri buain neòinean

'S i ri buain biolaire

'N cois gach lònain.

Theann mi null rith'

Dh'iarr mi pòg oirr'

"Hudagara tudagaidh

Bodach ròmach!

'S ann an taigh m' athar fhéin

Gheoibht' an còmhlán:

Fichead fear aideach ann,

Dusan bean cleòca;

Tubhailtean geal' aca

Sgaoilt' air bòrdan,

Cupannan tea aca,

'S gloineachan beòraich."

Na hill o ro bha ho

Hill o ...

Na hill o ...

Hill o ...

Na hill o ...

Hill o ...

Na hill o ...

Hill o ...

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15

/creadh' aca

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One day as I roamed the hills,

as I roamed the moor,

I met a girl,

a high-spirited, pretty girl

with a little knife in her hand,

gathering daisies,

gathering watercress

by the sides of the pools.

I went over to her

and asked her for a kiss.

"Hoots toots!

you shaggy old man!

In my father's house

you'll find grand folk,

a score of men wearing hats,

a dozen women wearing cloaks,

white cloths spread on tables,

cups of tea (china cups)

and glasses of ale."

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