

## THAINIG MO BHODACHAN DHACHAIDH

Thàinig mo bhodachan dhachaidh.

**Hóro bhodachain hó ró**

Thuirte e “Furaichdinn fairaichdinn fa-rud.”

**Hù a bhù a bhù a bhù a bhan**

**Hù a bhù a bhan hù a bhì**

**Hìri rìri rìri rì a bhag**

**O hì ohao**

**Hó ro bhodachain hó ró.**

Thuirte e “Furaichdinn fairaichdinn fa-rud!

**Hóro bhodachain hó ró**

“Thoir a nall an cuman brochain.”

**Hù a bhù etc.**

“Thoir a nall an cuman brochain.

‘S am bonnach mór ‘s a robh am peice.”

Siod am bodach, na robh Dia leis!

Bhris e ‘n guit is shrac e ‘n criathar

‘S chagainn e ‘bhrà ghlas fo fhiacalan.

‘S truagh nach robh bodaich an domhain

Air mullach nan tonn ‘s a’ chuan domhain

‘S mo bhodachan fhéin ‘nan teis-miadhoin.



*Home came my wee old man*

*Said he “Fiddle de dee! Fiddle de dee!*

*“Fetch over the pail of porridge*

*and the big bannock with a peck (of meal).”*

*That’s the old man, God be with him!*

*He broke the sieve and tore up the riddle*

*and crunched the grey quern with his teeth.*

*Would that all the old men in the world*

*were tossed on the waves in the deep sea*

*and my wee old man right in the middle of them.*

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\*A peck of oatmeal = 10 lbs (4.5 kg)

From Calum Johnston, Barra