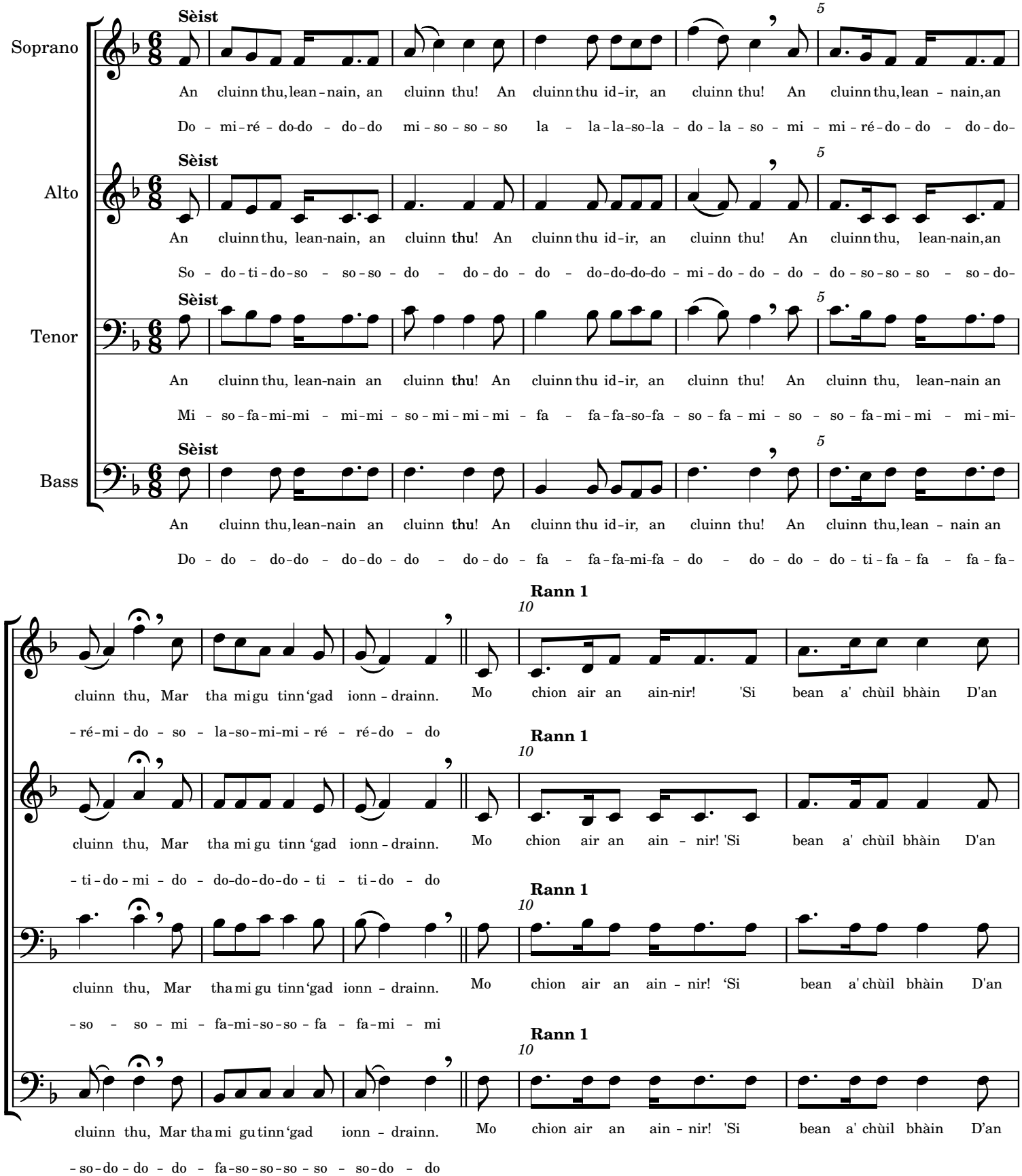
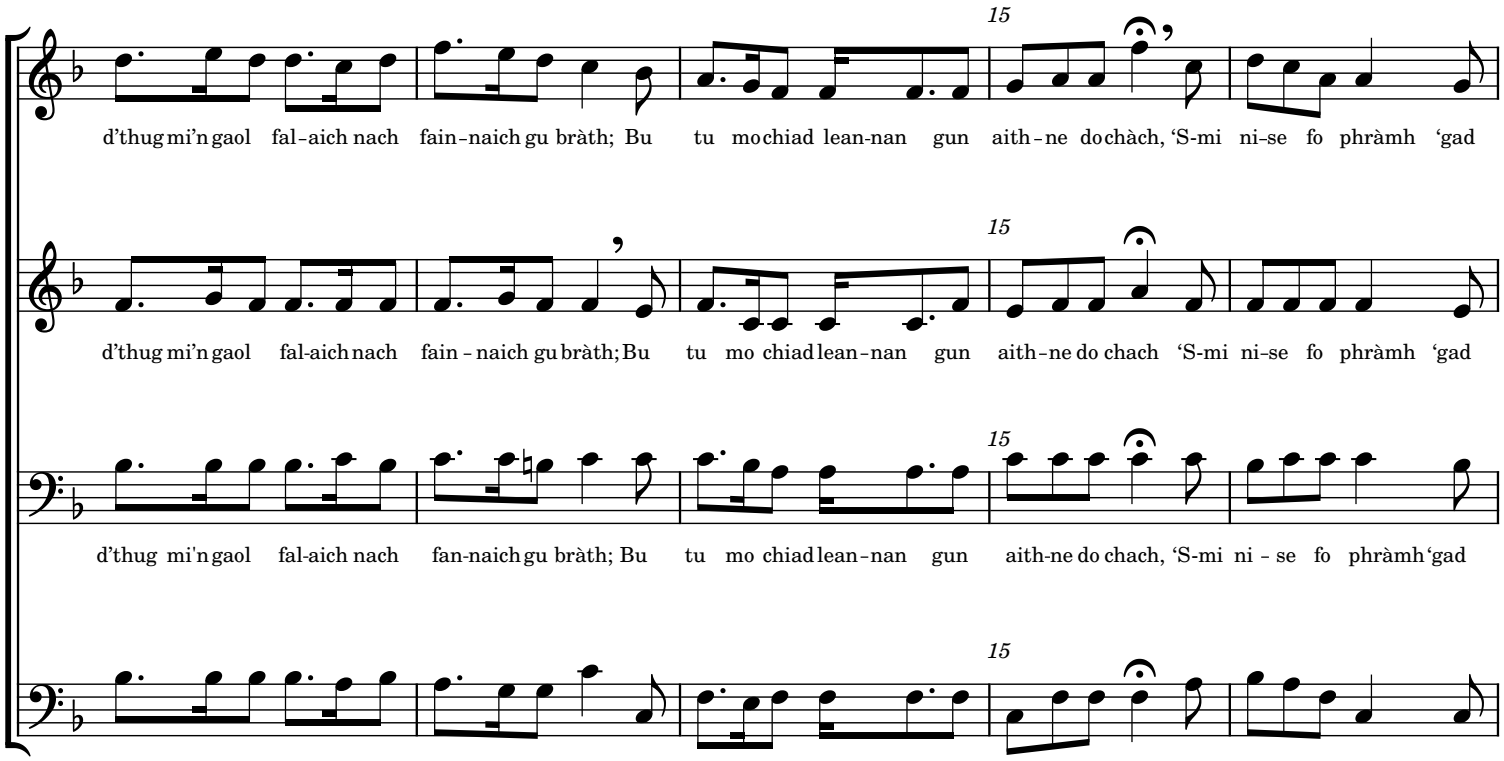
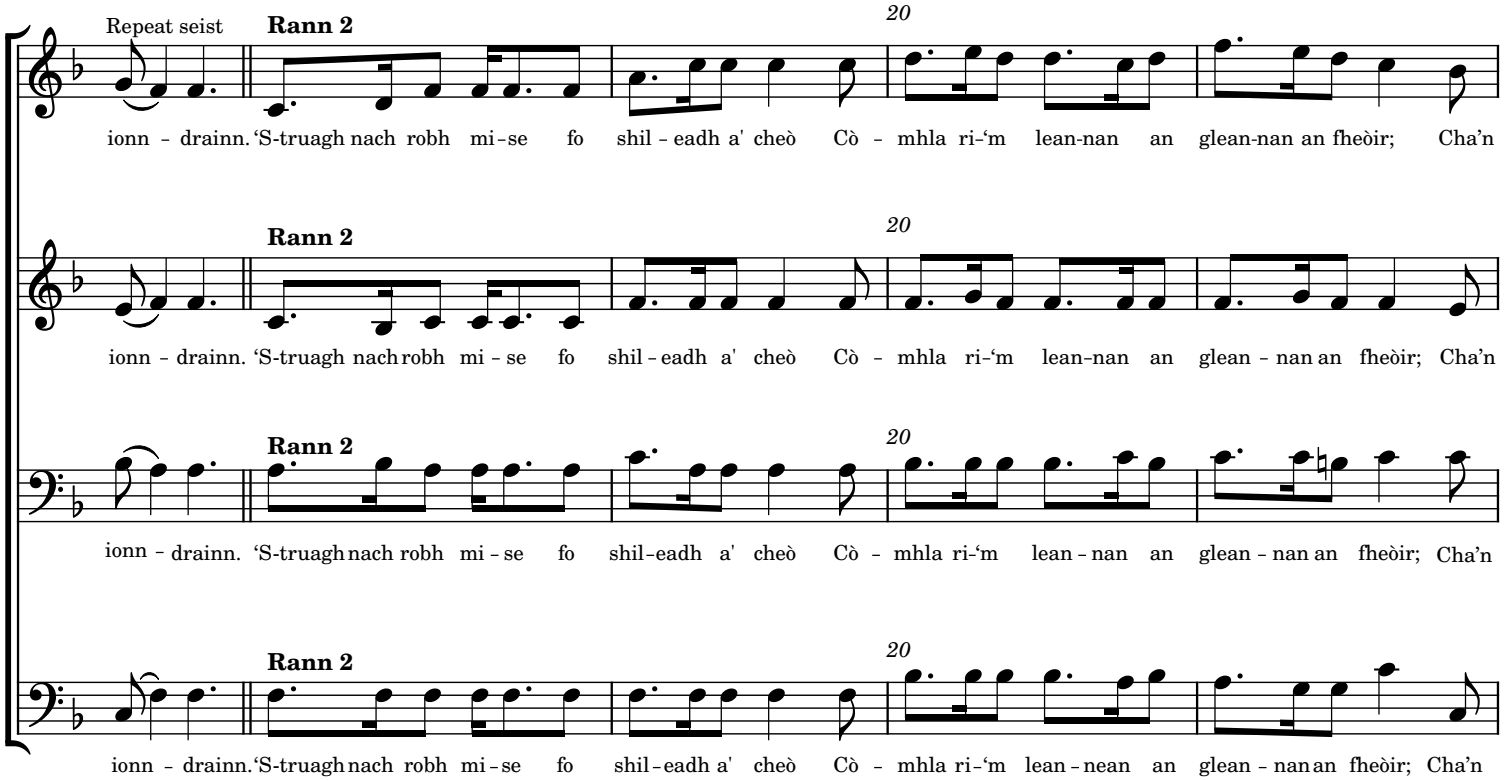
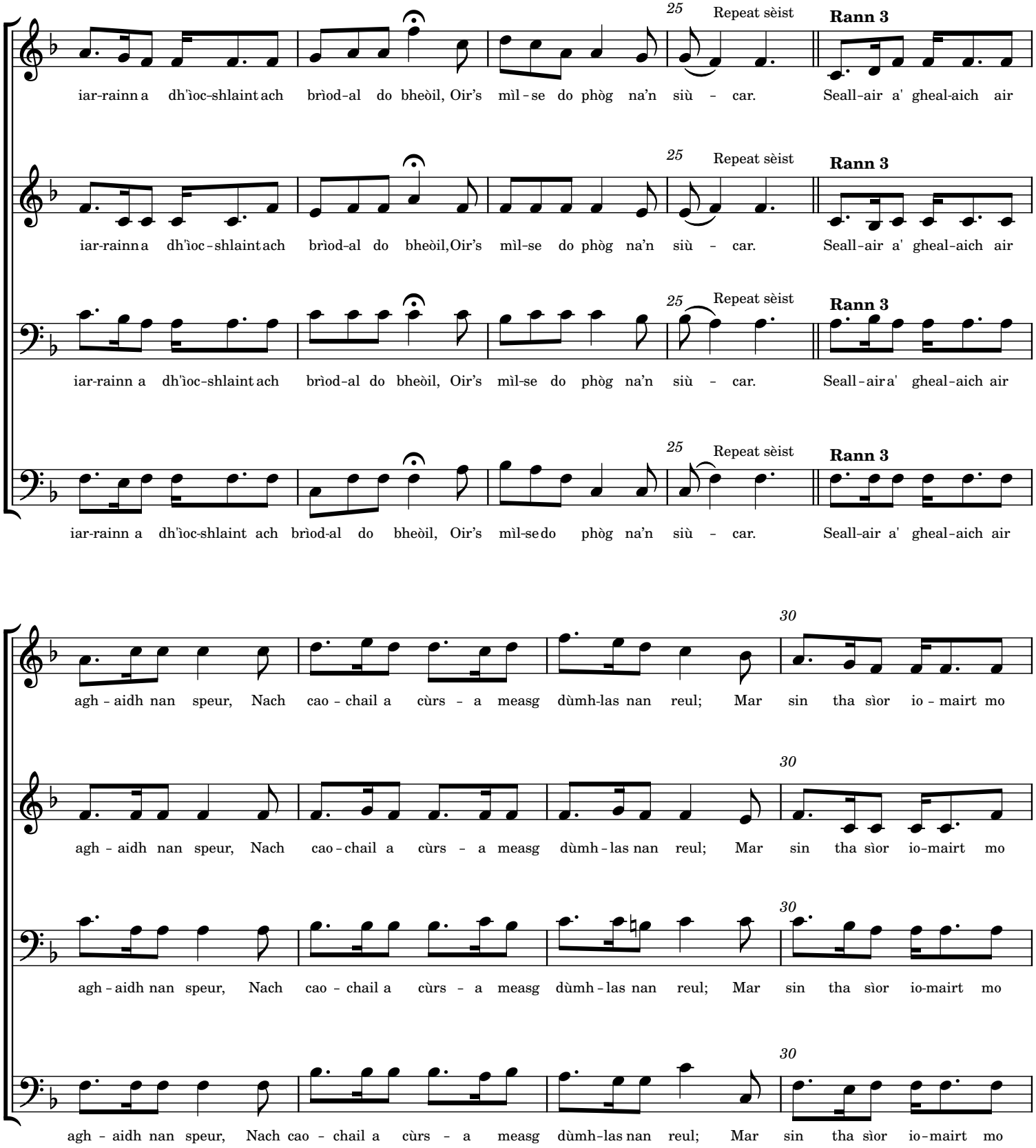
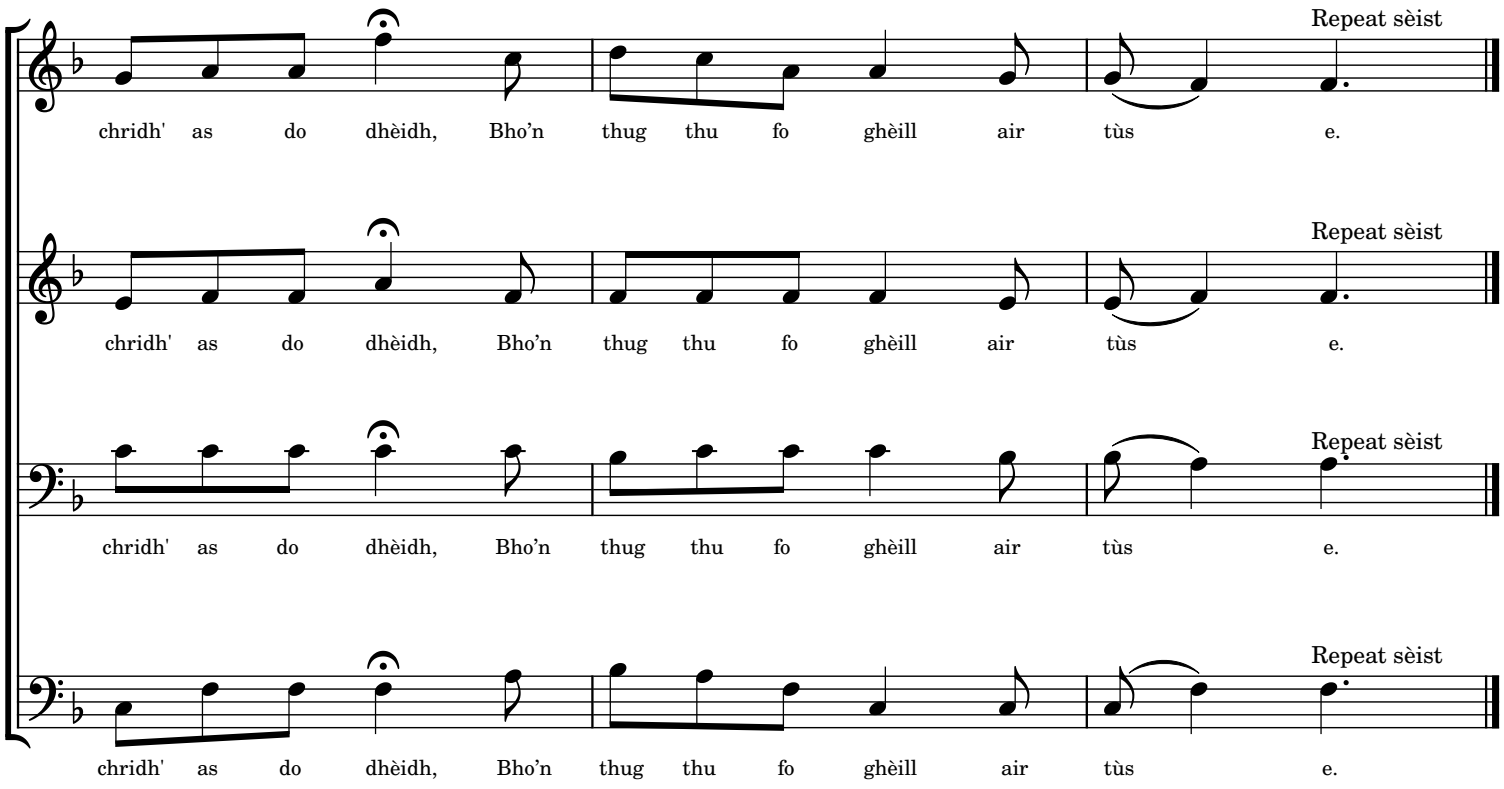
AN CLUINN THU LEANNAIN

O Hear me, Love!

Faclan: Dugald M'Phail

Co-sheirm: Archd Ferguson

15
d'thug mi'n gaol fal-aich nach fain-naich gu bràth; Bu tu mochiad lean-nan gun aith-ne dochàch, 'S-mi ni-se fo phràmh 'gad
d'thug mi'n gaol fal-aich nach fain-naich gu bràth; Bu tu mo chiad lean-nan gun aith-ne do chach 'S-mi ni-se fo phràmh 'gad
d'thug mi'n gaol fal-aich nach fan-naich gu bràth; Bu tu mo chiad lean-nan gun aith-ne do chach, 'S-mi ni-se fo phràmh 'gad
d'thug mi gaol fal-aich nach fan-naich gu bràth; Bu tu mo chiad lean-nan gun aith-ne do chach, 'S-mi ni-se fo phràmh 'gad


Repeat seist
Rann 2
20
ionn - drainn. 'S-truagh nach robh mi-se fo shil-eadh a' cheò Cò - mhla ri-'m lean-nan an glean-nan an fheòir; Cha'n
ionn - drainn. 'S-truagh nach robh mi-se fo shil-eadh a' cheò Cò - mhla ri-'m lean-nan an glean-nan an fheòir; Cha'n
ionn - drainn. 'S-truagh nach robh mi-se fo shil-eadh a' cheò Cò - mhla ri-'m lean-nan an glean-nan an fheòir; Cha'n
ionn - drainn. 'S-truagh nach robh mi-se fo shil-eadh a' cheò Cò - mhla ri-'m lean-nean an glean-nan an fheòir; Cha'n

25
Repeat sèist
Rann 3
iar-rainn a dh'ìoc-shlaint ach brìod-al do bheòil, Oir's mìl-se do phòg na'n siù - car. Seall-air a' gheal-aich air
30
agh - aidh nan speur, Nach cao - chail a cùrs - a measg dùmh-las nan reul; Mar sin tha sìor io - mairt mo

An Cluinn thu, Leannain

An cluinn thu, leannain, an cluinn thu,
An cluinn thu idir, an cluinn thu?
An cluinn thu, leannain, an cluinn thu,
Mar tha mi gu tinn gad ionndrainn.

Mo chion air an ainnir, 's i bean a' chùil bhàin
Don tug mi 'n gaol falaich nach fannaich gu bràth;
Bu tu mo chiad leannan gun aithne do chàch
'S mi nise fo phràmh gad ionndrainn.

'S truagh nach robh mise fo shileadh a' cheò
Còmhla rim leannan an gleannan an fheòir;
Chan iarrainn a dh'ìocshlaint ach brìodal do bheòil
Oir 's mìlse do phòg na siùcar.

Seall air a' ghealaich air aghaidh nan speur,
Nach caochail a cùrsa measg dùmhlas nan reul;
Mar sin tha sìor iomairt mo chrìdh' às do dhèidh
Bhon thug thu fo ghèill air tùs e.

Do you hear, my love

Do you hear, my love, do you hear,
Do you hear at all, do you hear?
Do you hear, my love, do you hear,
How sorely I miss you?

My love for the maiden, the fair-haired woman,
To whom I gave a secret love that will never fade;
You were my first love, unknown to others,
And now I pine, missing you.

Would that I were beneath the falling mist
With my beloved in the grassy glen;
I would ask for no cure but the tenderness of your lips,
For your kiss is sweeter than sugar.

Look at the moon across the face of the heavens,
Whose course does not change amidst the throng of stars;
So too does my heart ceaselessly strive after you,
Ever since you first held it in thrall.