

# Fear a' bhàta

Sìne NicFhionnlaigh  
(*The Boatman*)

## Rann 1

'S tric mi sealltainn on chnoc as àirde  
Dh'fheuch am faic mi fear a' bhàta;  
An tig thu 'n diugh no an tig thu màireach,  
'S mur tig thu idir gur truagh a tà mi.

*I'm often looking from the highest hilltop  
Trying always to see the boatman;  
Will you come today or will you come tomorrow,  
And if you don't come at all, I'll be distraught.*

## Sèist

Fhir a' bhàta na hòro èile,  
Fhir a' bhàta na hòro èile,  
Fhir a' bhàta na hòro èile,  
Mo shoraidh slàn leat 's gach àit' dhan tèid thu.

*Oh my boatman na hòro èile  
Oh boatman na hòro èile  
Oh boatman na hòro èile  
My best wishes go with you wherever you may be.*

## Rann 2

Tha mo chridhe-sa briste, brùite,  
'S tric na deòiribh a' ruith om shùilean;  
An tig thu nochd no am bi mo dhùil riut  
No'n dùin mi 'n doras le osna thùrsaich?

*My heart is broken, bruised,  
Often the tears are flowing from my eyes;  
Will you come tonight or should I expect you  
Or will I close the door with a heavy sigh?*

## Rann 3

Gheall mo leannan dhomh gùn dhen t-sìoda,  
Gheall e siud agus breacan rìomhach,  
Fàinne òir anns am faicinn ìomhaigh;  
Ach 's eagal leamsa gun dèan e dìochuimhn'.

*My love promised me a dress of silk,  
He promised me that and a beautiful tartan  
And a golden ring in which I'd see his reflection;  
But I'm afraid he may forget.*

## Rann 4

Bidh mi tuille gu tùrsach, deurach,  
Mar eala bhàn 's i an dèidh a reubadh,  
Guileag bàis aic' air lochan feurach  
's a càirdean uileadh an dèidh a trèigsinn.

*I will be forever mournful, tearful,  
Like a white swan, mortally wounded,  
Whose death-sob wails on some grassy loch  
After all her loved ones have abandoned her.*

Composed in the late 18<sup>th</sup> century by Jane Finlayson of Tong, Island of Lewis, for a young Uig fisherman, Donald MacRae. It seems that the couple were married shortly after her composition of the song.