

Smeòrach Chlann Dòmhnail Translation

Chorus:

Haw liv ek, heel liv ek

Ho ahl leel oh

Haw liv ek, heel liv ek

Hoh roh ee

Haw liv ek, heel liv ek

Ho ahl eel oh

I'm a song thrush belonging to Clann Donald.

Verse 1:

A song thrush I on the floor at Paball,

Shrinking into a sleepy doze,

Unwilling to go any further,

In the depths of my sorrow my spirit made a mighty leap.

[Chorus]

Verse 2:

A song thrush I on the summit of a mountain

Seeing the sun and bright skies;

I'll come calmly close to the grove

And I'll be living on other sustenance.

[Chorus]

Verse 3:

If each bird praises its own land

How then should I not praise

The land of sowings, the land of minstrel bands,

The fruitful, bountiful, well respected land

[Chorus]

Verse 4:

The land that's not narrow beside the sea

the dear, gentle, mild land,

the land abounding in calves, lambs, and goats,

the land of bread, honied and milky.

[Chorus]

[Chorus]