

BÙTH DHÒMH'LL 'IC LEÒID

(Donald MacLeod's pub)

Verse 1

E ho-ro, Chaluum mhòir, thugainn còmh' rium gu dram,

Hey there, Big Calum, come with me for a drink,

Nunn a bhùth Dhòmh'll 'ic Leòid 's gheibh sinn stòpan de leann,

Over to Donald MacLeod's pub and we'll get a drink of beer,

'S nuair a bhios sinn ga òl 's math chòrdas sinn ann,

And while we're drinking it we'll have a good time,

Bidh ar n-inntinn air ceòl 's cha bhi òrain oirnn gann

Our minds will be on music and there'll be no shortage of songs

Ann am bùth Dhòmh'll 'ic Leòid.

In Donald MacLeod's pub.

Verse 2

Bidh an seòmar cho blàth, bidh an t-àite cho brèagh',

The room will be so cosy, the place will be so lovely,

Air an ùrlar for bonn dathan donn, dubh is liath.

On the floor below our feet colours of brown, black and grey.

Chì thu putan beag bàn air am fàisg thu do mheur,

You'll see a wee white button on which to press your finger,

Thig fear freasgairt mun cuairt 's na bheil bhuaat a chur sìos

A barman will come round to put down whatever you want

Air do bheulaibh air bòrd.

In front of you on the table.

Verse 3

Dhe gach seòrs' a thèid òl bidh gu leòr fo do shùil,

Of every thing that you could drink there'll be plenty before your eyes,

Fear a lìonadh nan stòp 's a' cur cròic air an liunn,

A man filling the jars and putting a head on the beer,

Chì thu fion thig on Spàinnt oirr' air fhàgail co-dhiù,

You'll see wine that comes from Spain or what's left of it anyway,

'S chì thu eun ann an cèids' shuas gu h-àrd os do chionn,

And you'll see a bird in a cage high up above your head,

Ann am bùth Dhòmh'll 'ic Leòid.

In Donald MacLeod's pub.

Verse 4

Chì thu dìsnean is tàileasg gan càradh air bùird,

You'll see dice and chess laid out on tables,

Bidh gach nì mar is còir eadar Dòmhnall 's a' bhùth,

Everything will be as it should be between Donald and the shop,

Gheibh thu pàipear ri leughadh le speuclair dhad shùil,

You'll get a newspaper to read and spectacles for your eyes,

'S chì thu staidhre dol sìos, àit' bhios riatanach dhuinn

And you'll see a stair going down to a place we all need

Ann am bùth Dhòmh'll 'ic Leòid.

In Donald MacLeod's pub.

Verse 5

Gheibh thu searbhadair shìos, gheibh thu siabann is bùrn,

You'll get a towel down there, you'll get soap and water,

'S los gum falmhaich thu mhias, tog a' chìochag na grunnnd.

And in order to empty the basin, lift the wee nipple at the base.

Chì thu sgàthan is cìr 's rud a shliobas a-nunn

You'll see a mirror and a comb and something to smear across

'S a their loinn air do cheann, ged bhiodh sgall air gu chùl,

To make your hair look smart, even if it's bald around the back,

Ann am bùth Dhòmh'Il 'ic Leòid.

In Donald MacLeod's pub.

Verse 6

"Cuir a-nuas lethtè chruaidh," thuirt fear shuas mun cheann àrd,

"Send across a half of the hard stuff," said a man up at the top of the bar,

"Glainne fìon," thuirt fear shìos air bheil fìor choltas ceàird.

"A glass of wine," said a man at the other end who looked a right tinker.

"Happy day, come away," labhair tè reamhar bhàn

"Happy day, come away," said a big fat blonde

A bha bhlàth air a sròin gun do thòisich i tràth

The colour of whose nose showed that she started young

Dhol a bhùth Dhòmh'Il 'ic Leòid.

Going to Donald MacLeod's pub.

Verse 7

Ach fhuair mi airgead an-dè 's bha e feumail san àm,

But I got money yesterday and it was certainly handy at the time,

Ruith an t-ainmhidh a rèis 's fhuair e 'r èiginn a cheann,

The beast ran its race and got ahead by a whisker,

Chur air thùs air a chòrr: bhuidhinn Dòmhnall an geall,

In front of the rest: Donald won his bet

'S mi cho beartach ri *Lord*; thugainn còmhlà rium teann,

And I'm rich as a Lord; come on with me, come on,

Sguir a chnuasachd do phòc.

Stop turning out your pockets.

Ann am bùth Dhòmh'Il 'ic Leòid.

In Donald MacLeod's pub.

These are little humorous asides, part of the arrangement, but not part of the original poem:

Is aithne dhaibhsan d' ain(ei)m fhèin **They know your name**

Ann am phòc, **In my pocket**

