

CAIDIL GU SUNNDACH

(Sleep heartily)

Verse 1

Caidil gu sunndach mo chiochran, caidil gu sunndach mo ghràdh,
Sleep heartily, my baby, sleep heartily my loved one,
Caidil gu madainn le socair, na mosgladh do shùil gu là,
Sleep till morning in comfort, don't waken your eyes till daybreak,
Is mise lem chridh' fo iargain, 's mo smaointean gur trom gach tràth,
And I with my heart grieving, and my thoughts weighty each day,
Mi faighneachd an till, faighneachd an till, 'n till t'athair a rithist bhon bhlàr.
**As I ask will he return, ask will he return, will your father return again
from the battlefield.**

Verse 2

Bidh thusa nad chadal gun smuairein, bidh thusa nad chadal gun phràmh,
You will sleep without anxiety, you will sleep without concern,
Bidh mise le mulad is iomagain, 'gam shàrachadh fèin a gnàth;
I will suffer sorrow and grief, which oppress me constantly;
Cha deanar mo leigheas le h-ìocshlaint, is cungaidh cha dean bonn-stàth:
I cannot be healed with medicine, and no remedy can benefit my condition:
Mi faighneachd an till, faighneachd an till, 'n till t'athair a rithist bhon bhlàr.
**As I ask will he return, ask will he return, will your father return again
from the battlefield.**

Verse 3

Tro chunnartan gàbhaidh is lìonmhor, tro fhàsach is gharbhach is choill,
**Through dangers and hazards in abundance, through desert and rugged
country and forest,**
Le nàimhdean tha fuilteach an tòir air, gu guineach air tì a chlaoidh;
With bloody enemies in pursuit of him, eager to destroy someone;
Ach cridh' a' ghaisgich cha trèig e, is m'ùrnuigh a ghnàth 'dol suas:
But the hero's heart will not desert him and my prayer will constantly rise:
An dòchas gun till, dòchas gun till, gun till t'athair a rithist on bhlàr.
**In the hope that he will return, hope that he will return, that your father
will return again from the battlefield.**

Verse 4/

Verse 4

Tha'n trompaid a-nis air a sèideadh, 's am blàr air a chur a bha dian,

The trumpet has now been sounded, and the battle has now been pressed,

'S tha naidheachd an deidh 'tighinn am ionnsuidh, a dh'ais eigeas dhomh mo chiall;

And news has just come to me now that restores my sanity to me;

Tron chath chaidh t'athair gu treubhach, is nàimhdean cha d'fhuair am miann:

Through the battle your father has behaved heroically, and enemies did not prevail:

'S mi cinnteach gun till, cinnteach gun till, gun till t'athair a rithist on bhlàr.

And I am sure that he will return, sure that he will return, that your father will return again from the battlefield.