

My Sunny Sailor Boy (Mo Mharaiche nan Àigh) Mike Scott

On a day of days
I stood and gazed
Over the western sea
Startled and struck,
Frightened to look
When a mermaid called to me

Ooh-wah ooh-wah
Ooh-wah ooh-wah
My sunny sailor boy x2

Like a man in a dream,
For an age it seemed
I stood as still as a stone
While the mermaid sang
And her melody rang
Like a memory calling me home

Then the sea and the wind
And the shores did spin
Though my resistance was strong
All the stars in space
Filled the mermaid's face
She captured my will with her song

Somehow I spoke,
The enchantment broke
I rubbed my eyes open wide
Like a dream she was gone
What remained was a song
Borne on the ebbing tide

Music & Lyrics: Mike Scott

Air latha nan latha,
sheas mi san tràigh
An Cuan Siar sgaoilte fo m' shùil
Agus b'e na bha innt'
a bha clisgeadh mo smuaint
òigh-mhara a' smèideadh rium

Ooh-wah ooh-wah
Ooh-wah ooh-wah ooh ooh,
Mo mharaiche nan aigh x2

Fear am bruadar a bha,
airson ùine gun stàth
Mar chlach a sheas sèimh agus buan
Fhad' 's a sheinn an òigh
is chaidh buaidh a ceòl
Trom chuimhne mar ghairm gu cluain

Chaidh a ghaoth is an cuan
is na tràighean nan tonn
's ged nach robh mo smòr gann
Le lìonmhorachd reul
ann a h-aodann mar speur
's ann a ghlac i mo dheòin anns a rann

Ach lorg mo bheul guth,
chaill an geasan an cruth
Is thill mi air ais dha mo shaoghal
Ach gun tig latha luain,
cha do dh'fhag i ach duan
Chaidh mach air a chontraigh
mhaoth.

*Dreach Gàidhlig: Aonghas Dubh
MacNeacail*