

THE THISTLE O' SCOTLAND



GAELIC WORDS BY
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ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY
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ARRANGED
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SUAICHEANTAS NA H-ALBA.

O, the Thistle o' Scotland.

Gaelic Words by EVAN MACCOLL.

Translation by MALCOLM MACFARLANE.

Alla marcia.

CHORUS.

Key A.

'Se Foghn - an na h-Alb - a lus ainm - eil nam buadh; Lus
O, the This - tle o' Scot - land was fa - mous of auld, We' its

grinn nan dos calg-ach thug dearbh air bhi cruaidh; Sean - shuaich-ean-tas mòr - ail tir
too - rie sae snod and its bris - tles sae bauld; 'Tis the badge o' my coun-try it's

bhòidh - ich mo luaidh: 'Stric dh'fhad-aich a dheagh-chliù tein'-èibh - inn 'nam ghruaidh.
aye deartae me; And the thocht o' them baith brings the licht tae my e'e.

SOLO.
 :d...r | m :m .s | m :r .d | l, :l, .d | s, :d...r }

mf
 Lus deas nam meur cròc - ach nach leòn - ar le stoirm; Ged's
Its strength and its beau - ty the storm nev - er harms; It

mf
 m :r .d | s :d .m | r :r .m | r :s, l, | d .r :m .s | m :r .d }

ion - ann teachd gearr air 's laoch dàn - a fo airm, 'Sleis clòimh tha cho maoth - gheal ri
stan's on its guard like a war - rior in arms; Yet its down is as soft as the

sf
 l, .d :l, .d | s, :d...r | m .s :m .s | s, :m .r | d :d .r | d *D.C.*

faoil - eig na tràigh, 'S bàrr - ghuc - an cho ciùin - ghorm ri sùil - ean mo ghràidh.
gull's on the sea, And its tas - sle as bricht as my Jean - ie's blue e'e.

2.

Mo dhùthaich, cha'n iognadh mòr chliù air thigh'n uait,
 'S a liuthad buaidh-làraich's deagh ghnàth tha ris fuaight;
 An cian is le Albainn luchd seanachais no bàrd,
 Bidh meas air an dealbh anns gach gorm-bhonaid àird.

'Sè Foghnan, &c.

3.

Sluagh borb, le droch rùn da, 's tric bhrùchd air a nuas;
 'S tric bhrùchd, ach, gun taing dhoibh, a cheann chum e suas;
 'Nuair shaoil iad bhi buadhach, 's ann fhuair iad fath bròin:
 Feuch! a' cinn thar an uaignean an cluaran gun leòn.

'Sè Foghnan, &c.

4.

Mo bheannachd gu bràth air! cò'n Gaidheal no 'n Gall
 Nach seasadh gu bàs e, g'a thearnadh o chall!
 Co iosal no uasal, bheir clùas do mo dhàn,
 Nach òladh leam "buaidh leis" o chuachana làn!

'Sè Foghnan, &c.

Suaicheantas na h-Alba.

2.

O, my country, what wonder yer fame's gane afar;
 For yer sons ha'e been great baith in peace and in war:
 While the sang and the tale live they'll win respect,
 The lads neath the bonnets wi' thistles bedeckt.

O, the Thistle, &c.

3.

Langsyne the invaders cam owre to our shore,
 And fiercely our thistle they scutched and they tore;
 When they maist thocht it deid, 'twas then it up bore,
 And it bloomed on their graves quite as strong as before.

O, the Thistle, &c.

4.

My blessings be yours! Is there Scotsman ava
 Wad stan' by and see ony harm on ye fa'?
 Is there gentle or semple wha lives in our land
 Wad refuse to drink health to the thistle so grand?

O, the Thistle, &c.

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