

Chì Mi Na Mòrbheanna

The Mist-Covered Mountains



Séist

O chì, chì mi na mòr-bheanna
 O chì, chì mi na còrr-bheanna
 O chì, chì mi na coireachan
 Chì mi na sgoran fo cheò
 Chì mi gun dàil an t-àite san d'rugadh mi
 Cuirear orm fàilte sa chàinain a thuigeas mi
 Gheibh mi ann aoidh agus gràdh nuair a ruigeam
 Nach reicinn air tonnachan òir

Sèist

Chì mi na coilltean, chì mi na doireachan
 Chì mi ann màghan bàna is toraiche
 Chì mi na féidh air làr nan coireachan
 Falaicht' an trusgan de cheò

Séist

Beanntaichean àrda is àillidh leacainnean
 Sluagh ann an còmhnuidh is còire cleachdainnean
 'S aotrom mo cheum a' leum g'am faicinn
 Is fanaidh mi tacan le deòin

Sèist

Chorus

Oh, I see, I see the great mountains
 Oh, I see, I see the lofty mountains
 Oh, I see, I see the corries
 I see the peaks beneath the mist
 I see, straight away, the place of my birth
 I will be welcomed in a language which I understand
 I will receive hospitality and love when I reach there
 That I would not trade for a ton of gold

Chorus

I see woods there, I see thickets there
 I see fair, fertile fields there
 I see the deer on the ground of the corries
 Shrouded in a garment of mist

Chorus

High mountains with lovely slopes
 Folk there who are always kind
 Light is my step when I go bounding to see them
 And I will willingly remain there for a long while

Chorus