

Cha Tig Mòr, Mo Bhean, Dhachaidh

Marion, my wife, will not come home

Chorus

Cha tig Mòr, mo bhean, dhachaidh

Marion, my wife, will not come home

Cha tig Mòr, mo bhean ghaoil

Marion, my beloved wife will not come

Cha tig màthair mo leanabh

The mother of my child will not come

Nochd a laighe ri'm thaobh

Tonight to lie by my side

Verse 1

Tha an crodh anns an eadraidh

The cattle are in the cattlefold

Agus iad ri freagairt nan laogh

And they are answering their young

Cha tig Mòr à Dunbheagan

Marion from Dunvegan will not come

Agus cha fhreagair i'n glaodh

And she won't answer their cries

Verse 2

Thig barr air an iubhair

The cream will come on the milk

Thig duilleag air charoibh

The leaves will come on the trees

Thig fràs air an luachair

The showers will come on the rushes

Ach cha ghluais mo bhean ghaoil

But my beloved wife will not move

Verse 3

Ged a dheanainn-sa pòsadh

Though I should marry

Mar bu chòir dhomh nad dheidh

as I should after your

Cha togadh mo chrìdhe

My heart would not lift

ri fìdhill nan teud

to the strings of fiddles

Verse 4

Ged a gheobhainn bean uasal

Though I get a noble woman

Agus daoine' uaisl' air gach taobh

with nobles on each side

Is mór gum b'fhearr leam Mòr agam

How greatly I would prefer my own Marion

'Nochd a laighe ri'm thaobh

Tonight to lie by my side.