

# Runrig, An Sabhal Aig Neill

Craicann searrach agus or  
Thall aig an sabhal, an sabhal aig Neill  
Se suid an sgeul na Ath-mhor  
Thall aig an sabhal, an sabhal aig Neill  
'S iomadh la. 's loniadh la, chaidh sinn suas ga h-iarraidh  
Thall aig an sabhal, an sabhal aig Neill  
Le crap spaid is puchaid iarainn

Tha na gillean ruith gun sguir  
Thal! aig an sabhal, an sabhal aig Neill  
Ginealachan. ginealachan. sniomh ma mo shuilean  
Thall aig an sabhal, an sabhal aig Neill  
Sibhse a sheas aig ceann a bhathalch  
Thall aig an sabhal, an sabhal aig Neill  
Tha sibh air nVinntinn gach la

Innse sinn an sgeul dh\*an chlann  
Thall aig an sabhal, an sabhal aig Neill  
An aite seileach bar a bheann  
Thall aig an sabhal, an sabhal aig Neill  
'S lomadh la, 's lomadh la. 'bhitheas e air n\*intinn  
Thall aig an sabhal, an sabhal aig Neill  
An sgeul a rnhaires ri gu sioraidli

Horo eiribli o  
Horo ro bho. ro ho-ro

--oOo--

The skin of a foal, and gold  
Over by the barn. Neil's barn  
That is the Ahmore story  
Over by the barn. Neil's barn  
Many's a day we went up to search for it  
Over by the barn. Neil's barn  
With a broken spade and an iron bucket

The boys are running without stopping  
Over by the barn. Neil's barn  
The generations weaving away in front of my eyes  
Over by the barn, Neil's barn  
But those that used to stand at the corner of the byre  
Over by the barn, Neil's barn  
They are on my mind each day

We will tell the story to the children  
Over by the barn, Neil's barn  
The place of willows on top of the hill  
Over by the barn, Neil's barn  
Many's a day it will be on their minds  
Over by the barn, Neil's barn  
The story that will go on forever

Horo boys o  
Horo ro bho, ro ho-ro