

FACLAN NAN ÒRAN/ LYRICS

EP – [Tha Mì'n Dùil](#) (Watercolour Music WCMCD037, 2011)

Kenna Campbell
Seumas Campbell
Mary Ann Kennedy
Wilma Kennedy
Maggie Macdonald

Air a riochdachadh le/ *Produced by* Jerry Boys
Air a chlàradh aig/ *Recorded at* Watercolour Music, Iuchar/ *July* 2011
Air a chlàradh le/ *Recorded by* Nick Turner

Aoighean/ *Guests:*
James Lindsay – dòrd/ *double bass*
Lorne MacDougall – fideag/ *whistle*
Finlay Wells – giotàr/ *guitar*

1. Puirt-à-Beul

- a. Siud mar Chaidh an Càl a Dholaidh
- b. Dhiùlt am Bodach Fodar Dhomh
- c. A' Mhuileann Dubh

Puirt-à-beul bho stòras an teaghlaich, dà shrath spè agus ruidhle. Tha tionndadh an fhuinn air 'A' Mhuileann Dubh' mar a bha aig athair Ceana agus Sheumais – Seumas Caimbeul, *Seumas Chaluim Sheumais*. Cha chualas an dearbh thionndadh seo aig duine sam bith eile.

Mouth music from the family store, two strathspeys- 'How the Kale was Wasted' and 'The Old Man Denied Me Fodder'. The reel is 'The Black Mill' to a unique variation of the tune as sung by James Campbell, Kenna and Seumas's father.

Siud Mar Chaidh an Càl a Dholaidh

Siud mar chaidh an càl a dholaidh,
Laigh a' mhin air màs a' choire,
Siud mar chaidh an càl a dholaidh
Air na bodaich Ghallta.

Siud mar chaidh an càl a dhìth,
Seo mar chaidh an càl a dhìth,
Siud mar chaidh an càl a dhìth
Air ìmpirean na Frainge.

*That's how the kale was spoiled!
The meal settled on the bottom of the kettle,
that's how the kale was spoiled
for the lowland carls.*

*That's how the kale was lost
for the emperors of France.*

Dhiùlt am Bodach Fodar Dhomh

Dhiùlt am bodach fodar dhomh
'S gun d' dhiùlt am bodach feur dhomh;
Gun d' dhiùlt am bodach fodar dhomh
A chuirinn fo mo shliasaid.

Dhiùlt am bodach fodar dhomh
'S gun d' dhiùlt am bodach feur dhomh;
Gun d' dhiùlt am bodach luideach odhar
A's an t-sabhal feur dhomh.

*The old man refused me straw
And he refused me hay;
The old man refused me straw
To put under my thigh.*

*The old man refused me straw
And he refused me hay;
The ragged, sallow old man
Refused me hay in the barn.*

A' Mhuileann Dubh

Tha nead na circe-fraoich
A's a' Mhuilinn Duibh, sa Mhuilinn Duibh;
Tha nead na circe-fraoich
A's a' Mhuilinn Duibh as t-Samhradh.

*Tha Mhuilinn Dubh air thuraman,
Air thuraman, air thuraman,
Tha Mhuilinn Dubh air thuraman
'S i togairt dhol a dhannsa.*

Tha 'n crodh a' breith nan laogh
A's a' Mhuilinn Duibh, 's a' Mhuilinn Duibh;
Tha 'n crodh a' breith na' laogh
A's a' Mhuilinn Duibh as t-Samhradh.

Tha iomadh rud nach saoil sibh
Sa Mhuilinn Duibh, sa Mhuilinn Duibh;
Tha iomadh rud nach saoil sibh
Sa Mhuilinn Duibh, as t-Samhradh.

An cual thu gu robh snaoisein
Sa Mhuilinn Duibh, sa Mhuilinn Duibh?
An cual thu gu robh snaoisein
Sa Mhuilinn Duibh, as t-Samhradh?

*The nest of the grouse
Is in the Black Mill, the Black Mill,
The nest of the grouse
Is in the Black Mill in summer.*

The Black Mill is rocking,
Rocking, rocking,
The Black Mill is rocking,
And wanting to dance.

*There are plenty things you wouldn't expect
In the Black Mill, the Black Mill
There are plenty things you wouldn't expect
In the Black Mill, in Summer.*

*The cattle are calving
In the Black Mill, the Black Mill
The cattle are calving
In the Black Mill in Summer.*

*Did you hear there was snuff
In the Black Mill, the Black Mill?
Did you hear there was snuff
In the Black Mill, in Summer?*

2. Ceud Soraidh, Ceud Slàinte

Tha **Wilma NicUalraig** os cionn an t-seinn san òran seo a dh'ionnsaich i bho sheinn Seonag, piuthar a seanaar.

*Featuring **Wilma Kennedy** on lead vocal, learned from an archive recording of her great-aunt Seonag.*

Ceud soiridh, ceud fàilte,

*Hì hòireann ò roho,
Hì hoireann hì iù o,
Hì hòireann ò roho,*

Bhuamsa, Mhàiri, gus d' fhaicinn;
Gura math a thig gùn dhut
Air tighinn ùr às an fhasan;
Gura math a thig brèid dhut
Latha Fèille sa Chlachan;
Nighean Oighre Shrath Shuardail
Dam bu dual a bhi beairteach,
Gura minig a bha sinn
Mach air àirigh le martaibh.

A hundred greetings, a hundred salutations

Hi Hoireann ò roho,
Hì hoireann hì iù o,
Hì hòireann ò roho,

*From me, Mary, on seeing you
How well you suit a gown
In the height of fashion;
How well you suit your head-dress
On the festival day in Clachan (the church);
Daughter of the heir to Strath Swordale
Whose birthright was wealth
Often you and I were
Out on the sheiling with the cattle.*

3. Dùthaich MhicLeòid (The Land of MacLeod)

Tha dùil gun d' rinneadh an t-òran mu àm Chogaidhean Napòleon aig toiseach na 19mh linn – ma dh'fhaodte aig àm Waterloo no Corunna – le saighdear às an Eilean Sgiathanach. Is i **Ceana Chaimbeul** a tha os cionn an t-seinn.

*Believed to be composed at the time of the Napoleonic wars - possibly Waterloo or Corunna - by a soldier from Skye which would date it roughly at the beginning of the 19th century. The song is led here by **Kenna Campbell**.*

*Tha mi 'n dùil, tha mi 'n dùil,
Tha mi 'n dùil, ri bhi tilleadh,
Dh'ionnsaidh Dùthaich 'icLeòid,
Far am b' òg robh mi mire.*

Nuair a fhuair mi 'n còta dearg,
Fhuair mi fearg nan clann-nighean;
Cha do dh'aidich mi gu bràth
Mar a chràidh e mo chridhe.

Fhuair sinn litrichean bhon rìgh,
Gu sinn fhìn dhèanamh ullamh,
Los a dhol a-null dhan Fhraing
A chur braing san fhear mhillidh.

Fhuair mi claidheamh sgaiteach, cruaidh,
Crios ga chumail suas mum mheadhan,
Deise dhearg de chlò nan Gall,
Cha robh meang anns a' ghille.

Nuair a chaidh sinn uil' air bòrd ,
Anns an òrdan bu ghrinne,
Bha gach fear is fear ag ràdh,
Cha dean pàirt againn tilleadh.

Nuair a chuir iad sinn air tìr,
A-measg cìoban is muran,
Thug sinn batal air an tràigh,
'S gun d' rinn pàirt againn fuireach.

Ghabh na Frangaich an ruaig,
Nuair a chual' iad an druma,
Thug iad a-mach ris a' ghleann,
'S cha do sheall iad ri duine.

Nuair a ràinig sinn an camp,
O, 's ann ann a bha 'n iomairt,
Eadar Sasannaich is Goill,
'S iad an geall bhi nar cuideachd.

Thàinig esan, mac an rìgh,
'S e mar aon anns a' chuideachd:
"Mo cheist Gàidheil an Taoibh Tuath,
Bha sibh bhuam, fhuair mi nis sibh."

I hope
To return
To the land of MacLeod
Where I played happily when young.

*When I got the red coat
I earned the anger of the young girls;
I never admitted
How much it pained my heart.*

*We got letters from the king,
To prepare ourselves
To go to France
To quell the destroyer.*

*I got a sharp, well-tempered sword,
A belt around my waist to keep it up,
A red uniform of Lowland cloth -
There was no fault in the lad.*

*When we all went on board,
In the smartest order,
Each one was saying,
Some of us will not return.*

*When they put us ashore
Amongst moor grass and maram grass,
We gave battle on the beach,
And some of us remained there.*

*The French retreated
When they heard the drum,
They took to the glens
Without a backward look.*

*When we reached the camp,
There was great confusion
Between Englishmen and Lowlanders,
All wanting to be in our company.*

*When the king's son came,
And he as one of the company:
"My favourites, the Highlanders from the north,
You were gone from me, now I have found you."*

4. A' Cheud Ghinealach air Chlàr

Taghadh bho chlàraidhean 1957 de dh'athair nan Caimbeulach, agus a phiuthar 's a bhràthair – le taing do Sgoil Eòlais na h-Alba an Oilthaigh Dhùn Èideann. Gabhaidh na h-òrain slàn fhaighinn 's an leabhar, [‘Fonn’](#).

Extracts from 1957 field recordings of the Campbells' father, aunt and uncle, with thanks to the School of Scottish Studies, University of Edinburgh. The complete songs can be found in our book, [‘Fonn’](#).

- a) **Tha na Gilleann Meallta** - James Campbell, *Seumas Chaluim Sheumais*
- b) **Ceud Soraidh, Ceud Slàinte** - Johann MacLeod, *Seonag Chaluim Sheumais*
- c) **Bha Mi'n Dèidh air M'Annsachd** - Murdo Campbell, *Murchadh Chaluim Sheumais*

CD – [Fonn](#) (Watercolour Music WCMCD045)

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Natalie Haas – cello/ *cello*
James Lindsay – dòrd/ *double bass*
Lorne MacDougall – fideag/ *whistle*
Finlay Wells – giotàr/ *guitar*

1. Ceud Soraidh, Ceud Slàinte (A Hundred Blessings to You)

Òran suirghe an àirigh bhon iar-thuath dhen Eilean Sgiathanach, le **Wilma NicUalraig** ga ghabhail mar a dh'ionnsaich i e bho sheinn Seonag, piuthair a seanar. Bha Wilma air a mealladh leis an an òran seo nuair a thàinig i tarsaing air ann an tasglann Sgoil Eòlais na h-Alba ann an Oilthaigh Dhùn Èideann agus i a' trusadh fiosrachaidh airson an leabhair agus dhan chlàr. Cha robh i, ge-tà, air an òran a chluinntinn riamh air a sheinn beò le Seonag. Cluinnear cuideachd an seo, Lorne MacDhùghaill bho na **Red Hot Chilli Pipers** air an fhìdeig.

*A love song of village life and summer pasture courting from north-west Skye, led by **Wilma Kennedy** and learned from the singing of the family's redoubtable great-aunt, **Seonag Campbell MacLeod**. Wilma was immediately drawn to the song when she found it in the School of Scottish Studies sound archive at the University of Edinburgh during research for the book and album, although she had heard neither the recording nor the song before. The song features the whistle of **Red Hot Chilli Pipers'** Lorne MacDougall.*

Ceud soiridh, ceud fàilte,

*Hì hòireann ò roho,
Hì hoireann hì iù o,
Hì hòireann ò roho,*

Bhuamsa, Mhàiri, gus d' fhaicinn;
Gura math a thig gùn dhut
Air tighinn ùr às an fhasan;
Gura math a thig brèid dhut
Latha Fèille sa Chlachan;
Nighean Oighre Shrath Shuardail
Dam bu dual a bhi beairteach,
Gura minig a bha sinn
Mach air àirigh le martaibh.

A hundred greetings, a hundred salutations

Hi Hoireann ò roho,
Hì hoireann hì iù o,
Hì hòireann ò roho,

*From me, Mary, on seeing you
How well you suit a gown
In the height of fashion;
How well you suit your head-dress
On the festival day in Clachan (the church);
Daughter of the heir to Strath Swordale
Whose birthright was wealth
Often you and I were
Out on the sheiling with the cattle.*

2. Seat nan Gillean (*The Lads' Set – Mouth Music*)

- a. Casag Lachdann Ruairidh Ruaidh**
- b. Calum Tàillear**
- c. Na Trì Aonghais**

Dà srath spè agus ruidhle a' fanaid air na gillean, eadar Ruairidh agus an còta neo-fhasanta, Calum Tàillear air an daorach agus na h-Aonghas a' falbh a shuirghe. Is e measgachadh a tha seo dhe na puirt mar a bha iad aig na Caimbeulaich bho thùs, le rannan èibhinn a' bharrachd bho leabhar iomraiteach nam port-à-beul aig Keith Norman MacDonald, agus bho sheinneadairean an dualchais an Uibhist a Deas. Cluinnear cuideachd an seo **Finlay Wells** às an Òban, agus **Seumas Lindsay** bhon chòmhlán **Breabach**.

*Two strathspeys and a reel making fun of various lads, from Roderick and his untrendy coat, to the tailor Calum and his unfortunate love of the bottle, to a posse of Anguses going out 'on the pull'. The words are a composite of original **Campbell** versions with the addition of some delightful lines from Keith Norman MacDonald's seminal collection of puirt-à-beul and from tradition-bearers from the island of South Uist in the Western Isles. Joined by Oban guitarist, **Finlay Wells**, and **Breabach** bassist, **James Lindsay**.*

Casag Lachdann Ruairidh Ruaidh (*A fragment of a lost song*)

Casag lachann Ruairidh Ruaidh,
'S mor tha dhreach na luathadh oirr';
Casag lachdann Ruairidh Ruaidh,
Gur olc an deis duin' uasail i.

Siud a' chasag a bha daor
Mun do cheannaich Ruairidh I;
Gun d' chosg i còrr is gini an t-slat,
'S gun chosg i mart mun d' fhuairleadh i.

Bha i 'n Eirinn, bha i Sasainn
Mun do thachair Ruairidh oirr';

Bha i 'n Tìr Mhic Ille Chaluim
Mun do thachair Ruairidh oirr';
'S iomadh fear dhan d'rinn i atach*
Mun do thachair Ruairidh oirr';
Gun d'chosg i còrr is gini an t-slat,
'S gun chosg i mart mun d'fhuaighleadh i.

**ath-aodach: second hand clothes*

*Red Rory's dun cassock
Is much the colour of ashes,
Red Rory's dun cassock
Is not suitable garb for a gentleman.*

*It was an expensive cassock
Before Rory bought it,
It cost a guinea a yard,
And cost a cow by the time it was sewn.*

*It was in Ireland and England
Before Rory met with it,
It was in the land of Mac Ille Chaluim
Before Rory met with it,
It was a 'hand-me-down' for many a person
Before Rory met with it;
It cost a guinea a yard,
And cost a cow by the time it was sewn.*

Calum Tàillear, Taigh a' Bhealaich

Calum Tàillear, Taigh a' Bhealaich,
Cha bu ghaisgeach faoin e,
Cha robh air thalamh fear cho ealamh
Ghearradh casag chaol ris;
A-measg nam beannachd a bh' air Calum,
Mearachd bha ri faotainn,
B 'e sin a dh'aindeoin bean no balach,
Ghabhadh Calum daorach.

Thuir a' chailleach 's i ga garadh
Latha gaillinn Faoilich,
"Thig an latha ort, a Chaluim,
Bhios an rabhadh daor dhuit;
Chan fhaic thu falaig anns an Earrach,
Stad ma mhaireas fraoch dhi,
Ach nuair a ruigeas i an abhainn
Thairis oirr' chan fhaod i!"

*Calum the tailor from Tayvallich,
He was no fool,
There was no one world*

*Who could cut a slim well fitting cassock like he could;
Among the blessings on Calum,
There was one flaw:
That was, despite a wife or son,
He would get drunk.*

*The old lady said to him
One stormy day, while warming herself at the fire,
"The day will come, Calum,
when you will buy this warning dearly;
You do not see a heath fire in Springtime
Stop as long as the heather lasts,
But when it reaches the river,
Cross over it cannot!"*

Na Trì Aonghais (*Kenna had these words from the late Jo Neil MacNeil of Cape Breton Island.*)

*Tha na trì Aonghais a' togairt dol a shuirighe,
Tha na trì Aonghais a' togairt dol air sràid,
Tha na trì Aonghais a' togairt dol a shuirighe,
'S mur a faigh iad duin' aig baile, cumaidh iad gu h-àrd.*

*Suirighichean, suirighichean, feadh a' bhaile timcheall,
Suirighichean, suirighichean, timcheall an àit;
Suirighichean, suirighichean, feadh a' bhaile timcheall,
'S mur a faigh iad duin' aig baile, cumaidh iad gu h-àrd.*

*Gur e Tearlach Fìdhlear a dh'innseadh an fhirinn,
Gur e Tearlach Fìdhlear a dh'innseadh mar bha;
Gur e Tearlach Fìdhlear a dh'innseadh an fhirinn,
Gur e suiridhe Mòr a' Ghobhainn, dh'fhodhainn dhan each bhàn.*

*Cò bhiodh saodach air a' ghille ghaolach?
Cò bhiodh saodach air a' ghille bhàn?
Cò bhiodh saodach air a' ghille ghaolach?
O, m' ulaidh agus m' aighear air a' ghille bhàn.*

*The three Anguses are of a mind to go a-courting;
the three Anguses are of a mind to go for a stroll,
and if they find no-one at home, they will keep to the high road.*

*Courting lads all around,
And if they find no-one at home,
they will keep to the high road.*

*Charles Fiddler would tell the truth, warts and all,
That the courting of the blacksmith's Marion
was the end of the white horse.*

*Who would follow the darling boy?
Who would follow the the fair haired lad?*

My treasure, my joy the fair haired lad.

3. Cha Tig Mòr Mo Bhean Dhachaigh

Òran goirt cumhaidh le fear a th' air fhàgail na aonar le leanabh ri thogail, ged a tha e air aithris gun do thiodhlaigeadh a bhean 's i fhathast beò. A-rèir aon dreach dhen sgeulachd, bha an duine a' gabhail an tàlaidh seo dhan chloinn as dèidh tòrradh a bhean. Bha meirleach ann aig a' chladh a mhothaich gu robh fàinne air a meur, agus thill e a-rithis gus an uaigh fhosgladh agus an fhàinne a ghoid. Ach ma rinn, leig an tè 'mharbh' aiste sgiamh cràidhteach. A-rèir eachdraidh, thàinig i thuige agus chaidh aice air tilleadh dhachaigh. Is i **Ceana Chaimbeul** a tha gabhail an òrain, le **Alasdair Friseal** a' cumail taic fìdhle rithe.

*A song of desperate grief by a man left with a child to bring up alone, although legend has it that the woman in question, Marion, was actually buried alive. One common version of the story has it that the man was singing this lullaby to his children, after the funeral of his wife. A thief who had been there had noticed at the time that there was a ring on the woman's finger. He returned later, opened the grave, and tried to remove the ring. As he did so, the 'dead' woman cried out in pain. According to this story she recovered full consciousness and was able to return home. Led by Kenna Campbell with a guest appearance by **Alasdair Fraser** on fiddle.*

*Cha tig Mòr mo bhean dhachaidh,
Cha tig Mòr mo bhean ghaoil,
Cha tig màthair mo leanaibh,
Nochd cha laigh i rim thaobh.*

Èisd, a leanaibh, gu sàmhach,
Cuimhnich thusa mar tha;
Tha do mhàthair fo leacan,
'S tha m' achlais-sa fàs.

Tha an crodh anns an eadradh,
'S iad a' freagairt nan laogh;
Tha mo Mhór-sa 'n Dùn Bheagain
'S cha fhreagair i 'n glaodh.

Ged a gheibhinn-s' air m' òrdugh
Stoc is stòras an rìgh,
B' annsa Mòr a thighinn dhachaidh
Gu laighe ri m' thaobh.

Fàsaidh barr air a' chuileann,
Fàsaidh duilleach air craoibh,
Fàsaidh fras air an luachair,
Ged nach d' fhuair mo bhean-s' aois.

Ged a dhèanainn fhìn pòsadh,
Mar bu choir dhomh nad dhèidh,
O cha togadh mo chridhe
Ri fìdheall nan teud.

My wife Marion will not come home;
My beloved wife will not come;
The mother of my child will not come;
Tonight she will not lie by my side.

*Listen, my child, quietly,
Remember how things are;
Your mother is under slabs,
And my arms are empty.*

*The cattle are at milking,
Calling the calves;
My Marion is in Dunvegan
And will not answer their call.*

*Though I should get at my command
The property and riches of the king,
I would rather Marion came home
To lie by my side.*

*Shoots will grow on the holly,
Foliage will grow on trees,
Seed will grow on rushes,
Though my wife was not long-lived.*

*Though I would marry,
As I should after you,
Oh, my heart will not lift
To the stringed fiddle.*

4. Mùgarradh is Grùlainn (Mouth Music)

Cleas nam pìobairean, tha Caismeachd, Srath Spè is Ruidhle còmhla an seo, le dà ruidhle às an Eilean Sgiathanach nach cualas aig duin' ach na Caimbeulaich, agus tha iad air an clàradh airson a' chiad turas an seo. Tha a' chaismeachd a-mach air fear òg air thòir air an tè a dhiult e, agus 's e bodach neònach eile a tha dèigheil air sealg a tha anns an srath spè – air thòir air na h-igheanan ge-tà, seach na fèidh! Tha **Alasdair Friseal** agus **Natalie Haas** air aoi gheachd an seo.

*A group of puirt arranged in classic March, Strathspey & Reel formation, with two Skye reels unique to the Campbell repertoire and recorded here for the first time. The march concerns a young gentleman, complete with servant, gun and hound in pursuit of the woman who refused him. The strathspey is another dodgy-sounding hillside stalker – of women, not deer! Joined by **Alasdair Fraser** on fiddle, and American cellist, **Natalie Haas**.*

Thoir Gille Leat

Thoir gille leat, thoir gunna leat,
Thoir gille 's gunna 's cù leat;
Thoir gille leat, thoir gunna leat
A shireadh na tè dhiùlt thu.

Thoir gille leat 's thoir gunna leat,
Thoir gille 's gunna 's cù leat;
Thoir dà fhear rèis dheth d' fhine leat
A shireadh na tè dhiùlt thu.

*Take a servant, a gun, and a dog
To seek the one who refused you.*

*Take two runners from your clan
To seek the one who refused you.*

Tha Fear am Beinn an t-Slochdain Duibh

Tha fear am Beinn an t-Slochdain Duibh
A bhios a' ruith nam boireannach;
Tha fear am Beinn an t-Slochdain Duibh,
A bhios a' ruith nan gruagach.

Fireannach is bonaid air
A bhios a' ruith nam boireannach;
Fireannach is bonaid air
A bhios a' ruith nan gruagach.
Fireannach is bonaid air
A bhios a' ruith nam boireannach,
Tha fear am Beinn an t-Slochdain Duibh,
A bhios a' ruith nan gruagach.

*There is a man in the mountain of the black hollow
Who chases women and young girls.
There is a man with a bonnet
Who chases women and young girls.*

Cha tèid mise Mhùgarradh

Cha tèid mise Mhùgarradh,
Mhùgarradh, Mhùgarradh;
Cha tèid mise Mhùgarradh,
Dhrùidh air mo bhrògan.

Cha tèid mise Cheann na Coilleadh,
Cha tèid mise Cheann na Coilleadh,
Cha tèid mise Cheann na Coilleadh,
Far an goir an smeòrach.

*I will not go to Mùgarradh,
My boots were soaked.*

*I will not go to Ceann na Coilleadh (Wood End, near Portree)
Where the mavis sings.*

'S ann a' dol a Ghrùlainn

'S ann a' dol a Ghrùlainn,
A Ghrùlainn, a Ghrùlainn,
'S ann a' dol a Ghrùlainn
Tha cùirtair nan gruagach.

*U bhil, thèid thu leò,
Thèid thu leò, thèid thu leò;
U bhil, thèid thu leò
Rathad Cnoc an Nualain.*

Gabhaidh is' a' fìdhlear,
A' fìdhlear, a' fìdhlear,
Gabhaidh is' a' fìdhlear
Chuir sìoda mu guaillean.

The courtier of the young women is going to Grùlainn.

You will accompany them by way of Cnoc an Nualain.

She will take the fiddler who has put silk around her shoulders.

5. Cnoc nan Craobh

Òran à baile Ròag, air a dhèanamh le Dòmhnall Ruadh Caimbeul, a bha càirdeach dhan teaghlach. Bha a bhàrdachd grinn, geur agus rinn e òran èibhinn air iomadh duine agus tachartas a's a' bhaile. Is e seo an aon òran gaoil a tha air fhàgail againn bhuaithe, òran dùrachdach dha bhean. Tha **Magaidh Dhòmhnallach** a' seinn an seo, is dh'ionnsaich i an t-òran bho a mathair, **Anna Sheumais Chaluim** agus a seanair, **Seumas Chaluim Sheumais**.

A song from the village of Roag, composed by **Dòmhnall Ruadh Campbell**, a cousin of the older generation of the family, who was an elegant and witty songwriter in the 'village bard' tradition. Many local people and events were immortalised in song by Donald, often at the sharper end of his sense of humour, but this is the only love song to have survived from his repertoire, a heartfelt dedication to his wife. Led by **Maggie Macdonald**, and learned from the singing of her mother, **Ann Campbell Michie** and her grandfather **James Campbell**, known by his patronymic, Seumas Chaluim Sheumais.

*O e horò, mo chailin,
O e horò, mo ghaol,
Èirich 's tiugainn leam, a chuachag,
Null air chuairt do Chnoc nan Craobh.*

Mheall is char thu mi led bhriathran
'S thug thu mi led bheul a thaobh,
'S cha mhòr nach deacha mi gad iarraidh
'S gun mi fichead bliadhna dh'aois.

Ged a bhiodh gaoth fhuar a' Mhàrt ann,

Sneachda bàn air bhàrr a' fhraoich,
Shuidhinn greis air Cnoc na h-Àirigh,
'S Mòr Nigh'n Uilleam Bàn ri m' thaobh.

Chì thu bhanarach 's a buachaill,
Buaraidhean aca ri 'n taobh,
'S na laoigh bheaga ruith mun cuairt orr'
Sìos is suas mu Chnoc nan Craobh.

Nuair bu dlùithe 'm fraoch 's am barrach,
'S duilleach a' falach nan craobh,
'S tric a ghabh mi sgrìob lem annsachd,
Null 's a-nall mu Chnoc nan Craobh.

Tha 'n t-Easa Mòr bha 'n Airigh Bhàidein
Tighinn a-mhàin o ghleann a' fhraoich,
'G uisgeachadh na lusan àlainn
Timcheall Gàrradh Chnoc nan Craobh.

'S iomadh dheònaicheadh bhith tàmh ann –
Thig iad on t-sàl is on fhraoch,
Bheachdaireachd air obair nàdair
Timcheall Gàrradh Chnoc nan Craobh.

Ò e horò my darling,
Ò e horò my love,
Rise and come with me my comely one,
We'll take a walk to Cnoc nan Craobh (*The Hill of the Trees*).

*You teased and tempted me with your words
You beguiled me with your speech;
I almost went to ask for your hand
And me not twenty years of age.*

*Though the cold March wind were blowing
And white snow on the tips of the heather,
I would sit for a while at Cnoc na h-Àirigh
With Marion Campbell by my side.*

*You could see the milkmaid and her cowherd
With the cow-fetters by their sides;
The young calves running about them
Up and down about Cnoc nan Craobh.*

*When the heather and the branches are most dense,
And the leaves cover the trees,
I would often walk with my love
Back and forth about Cnoc nan Craobh.*

*The Big Waterfall at Airigh Bhàidean,
Flows down from the heathery glen,*

*Watering the beautiful plants
Around the garden at Cnoc nan Craobh.*

*Many people would wish to stay there,
They come across the sea and the heather;
To observe nature's work
Around the Garden at Cnoc nan Craobh.*

6. Seat nan Nighean (*The Lasses' Set – Mouth Music*)

- a. Tha Baine Chruidh Aig Mòrag Bheag
- b. Mhòrag, an Dèan Thu Tighinn?
- c. Ged Thigeadh Fear Le Buaile Chruidh
- d. Cairistìon' Nigh'n Eòghain

Tha na h-igheanan a' gabhail caismeachd, srath spè is dà ruidhle mun t-suirghe agus deifir bheusan chlann-nighean gam molladh – eadar òige, àilleachd is deagh threud chruidh – ach chan eil an latha a' dol leis a h-uile gille a tha air an tòir. 'S e seo a' chiad turas a chaidh an ruidhle mu dheireadh a chlàradh, agus tha an taic snasail an seo a' tighinn bho **Sheumas Lindsay** bhon chòmhlan iomraiteach **Breabach**.

The girls sing a march, strathspey and two reels, all about courting young girls of various attributes – from youth and physical beauty to a good dairy herd - but the men concerned have various degrees of success. The final reel is a unique recording and the whole set is backed by the funky bass of **James Lindsay**, from award-winning trad band, **Breabach**.

Tha Baine Chruidh Aig Mòrag Bheag

Tha baine chruidh aig Mòrag bheag,
Tha baine chruidh aig Mòrag,
Tha baine chruidh aig Mòrag bheag,
'S tha mis' air uisg' an lònain.

Tha mis' air uisg' an lònain duibh,
Tha mis' air uisg' an lònain,
Tha mis' air uisg' an lònain duibh,
'S tha baine chruidh aig Mòrag.

Morag has cow's milk and I am on pool water.

Mhòrag, an Dèan Thu Tighinn?

*Mhòrag, an dean thu tighinn?
'S neònach do bhruidhinn rium;
'S neònach leam mur a tig thu
'S tù cho tric a' tighinn nam chuimhn'.*

Nìghneagan cho bòidheach
'S iad cho deònach air mo mhealladh,
'N dùil nach eil mi òg,

'S e sin an dòchas tha iad ann.

Tha mise cho bòidheach,
'S nach eil aon leam beò air thalamh
A chreideas gun d' thug mi gealladh
A chur anart air a ceann.

Morag, will you come?
Your speech is strange to me;
Strange if you do not come
Since you are so often on my mind.

*Girls are so pretty
And so keen to deceive you.
They hope that I am not young
It is for that hope they are there.*

*But I am so smart
That no-one on earth
Would believe that I have promised
To marry her.*

Cairistion' Nigh'n Eòghain

'S a hao il a ho il
'Se Cairistion' Nigh'n Eoghain,
A hao-il a hò-il
Cha mhor nach do chailleadh i.

Ù-bhil ù-bhi, seinneadh cas odhar a' phìob,
Ù-bhil ù-bhi nì sinn ruidhl' aighearach.

*Christine, daughter of Ewen was nearly lost.
Drab-foot will play the pipes, we'll dance a merry reel.*

Ged Thigeadh Fear Le Buaile Chruidh

Ged thigeadh fear le buaile chruidh
Chan fhaigh e nigh'n dubh againne.

Chan fhaigh e nighean, nighean dubh,
Chan fhaigh e nigh'n dubh againne.

*Though one should come with a fold of cattle,
He will not get our black-haired girl.*

7. Àirigh Luachrach Ùige (The Rushy Shieling at Uig)

Buinnidh an t-òran seo a tha **Seumas Caimbeul** a' gabhail do Cheann a Tuath an Eilein
Sgiathanaich. 'S e dealbh grinn a th' air a tharraing de bheatha na dùthcha agus a coimhearsnachd le

Iain Dòmhnallach, saighdear is iasgair a bha beò san 19mh linn. Bha Murchadh agus Seumas Chaluim gu h-àraid dèidheil air an òran: tha e follaiseach bho na h-òrain a bhiodh iad a' seinn, gu robh iad miosail air òrain a bha a' bruidhinn air an t-saoghal a's an robh iad fhèin beò – agus air a' choimhearsnachd fhèin - daoine trang, toilichte.

*The song – sung solo by **Seumas Campbell**, comes from the other northern 'wing' of the Isle of Skye. It's a beautifully observed description of rural life and community composed by the 19thC soldier and fisherman, John MacDonald. It was a particular favourite of the elders, brother James and Murdo Campbell, Seumas's father and uncle: looking at the songs they sang, it's apparent that they were drawn to songs that spoke of a world that they loved and were familiar with – happy, busily-occupied rural people and communities.*

Fhir a shiùbhlas dha mo dhùthaich - 's ann à Ùige dh'fhalbh mi,
Thoir soraidh dhùbailt uam gan ionnsaidh chosgais crùn a dh'airgiod,
A dh'ionnsaidh Sheoc a tha san Ùige, ceann cùntaidh mo sheanchais;
Gu bheil min dùil gum faic mi thù mun tig an ùir air Armchaol.

'S gum bu mhath an uairsin a bhi shuas air àirigh luachrach Ùige,
Far bheil na h-uain 's na caoraich bhuidheach ruith mun cuairt gu siùbhlach;
Mi fhìn 's mo chruinneag ri mo ghualainn 's deamhais chruadhach dùint' aic,
Gach fear is tè a ruith mun cuairt, bidh Dòmhnall Ruadh le chù ann.

'S gum be siud an gleann bu bhòidheach sealladh ann a madainn cheòthach,
Le caoraich gheala, dhubh is ghlasa, cuid dhiubh tarrann, brògach;
Bhiodh làir an t-searraich 'n cois gach bealaich muigh ri strath na' lònntean,
'S a dh'aindeoin gaillean na fuachd earraich chan iarr mart ann cròdhadh.

'S gur a h-ìomadh caileag chuimir ghuanach bios ri cuallach sprèidhe,
Le cuman 's buarach dol 'n bhuidheach 's laoidh mun cuairt dhith gèumnaich;
B' è 'n ceòl nach b' fhuathach leam a duanag 's i suidhe luadh air clèithe,
Mi fhìn gu h-uallach 's pìob rim ghualainn cluich na' nuallan èibhinn.

'S gur a lionmhor maighdeann bhanail, bhuidhe bhios na suidh' aig cuibhle,
A' snìomh nan rollag, seinn nan luinneag, bidh gach iorram binn aic';
A' snàthlainn bòidheach, cothrom, còmhnaidh dol tro mèidrean sìnnite,
Bidh falt na dhuail os cionn a cluaise, 'n ceangal suas is cìr ann.

'S nuair a thig an Geamhradh 's am nam bainnsean gheibh sinn dram dhen Tòiseach;
Bidh Nollaig chridheil aig clann-nighinn 's aig na gilleaig òga;
Na mnathan fhèin gu subhach èibhinn 's iad a glèusadh òrain,
'S bidh dram aig bodaich ann am fodar 's sogan orra stòiridh.

Gheibhte sgèulachdan bhiodh grinn aig bodaich liatha cheannaghlas;
B' e siud na seòid nuair bha iad òg gu iomain bhò measg gharbhach;
Gum biodh iad tric san Eaglais Bhric ag iomain chruidh is mheanbh-sprèidh,
'S cha drèidheadh snàithn' a chur mun spòig gu ruigt' an ceò on d' fhalbh iad.

8. Seat Alasdair (Alasdair's Set – Mouth Music)

Air ainmeachadh mar urram air an fhìdhleair, **Alasdair Friseal**, a bha air aoigheachd againn air a' chlàr – taghadh de phuirt an teaghaich air a bheil sinn gu math dèidheil.

*Named in honour of guest fiddler, **Alasdair Fraser**, a set of favourite puirt from the family repertoire.*

Bean an Droch Nàdair

Bean an droch nàdair 's beag orm fhìn i,
Bean an droch nàdair neònaich;
Bean an droch nàdair 's beag orm fhìn i,
Bean an droch nàdair neònaich;
Bean an droch nàdair 's beag orm fhìn i,
Bean an droch nàdair neònaich;
Bean an droch nàdair 's beag orm fhìn i,
Bean an droch nàdair neònaich.

Bidh ri criachdan 's bidh i cràmhan,
Bean an droch nàdair neònaich;
Bidh ri criachdan 's bidh i cràmhan,
Bean an droch nàdair neònaich;
Bidh ri criachdan 's bidh i cràmhan,
Bean an droch nàdair neònaich;
Bean an droch nàdair 's beag orm fhìn i,
Bean an droch nàdair neònaich.

*The bad-tempered old woman,
I dislike her,
Strange, bad-tempered old woman.*

*She girns and complains,
The strange bad-tempered old woman.*

Dh'fhalbhain Sgiobalta

Dh'fhalbhain sgiobalta, sgiobalta, sgiobalta,
Dh'fhalbhain sgiobalta, 's gheibhinn air dòigh;
Dh'fhalbhain sgiobalta, choimhead air Iseabail,
Chuirinn mo bhrìogais orm, gheibhinn air dòigh.

Sìle, Sìle, 's i bu docha leam,
Sìle, Sìle, am boireannach còir,
Sìle, Sìle, 's i bu docha leam,
Peigi nigh'n Uilleim cha ghabh mi rim bheò.

*I would go, smartly dressed, to see Isobel,
I would put my trousers on and get ready.*

*It was Julia I really liked;
Peggy daughter of William I will not take as long as I live.*

A' Mhisg a Chuir An Nollaig Oirnn

A' mhisg a chuir an Nollaig oirnn,
Cha robh dìth dallaidh oirnn;
A' mhisg a chuir an Nollaig oirnn,
Cha chuir i tuilleadh call oirnn.

Shaoghail, a shaoghail duibh,
Cò chuir an dallaidh oirnn?
A shaoghail, a shaoghail duibh,
Cò ghabhadh dall sinn?
A shaoghail, a shaoghail duibh,
Cò chuir an dallaidh oirnn?
A' mhisg a chuir an Nollaig oirnn,
Cha chuir i tuilleadh call oirnn.

*The drunkenness we had at New Year was excessive,
But it will do us no more harm.*

*Who on earth got us blind drunk?
Who on earth would have us blind drunk?*

Seònaid NicGumaraid

Seònaid NicGumaraid,
Gur bòidheach a' chruinneag i;
Seònaid NicGumaraid,
'S a h-uile fear an tòir oirr'.

'S ann a-raoir a chunna mi,
'S a chuala mi sa chunna mi;
'S ann a-raoir a chunna mi
Na cuir a bh' ann a Seònaid.
Sann a-raoir a chunna mi,
'S a chuala mi sa chunna mi;
Gur ann a-raoir a chunna mi,
Na cuir a bh'ann a Seònaid.

*Janet Montgomery
Is a very pretty girl
And every lad is after her.*

*It was last night I saw, and heard,
Of her wiles.*

Chuirinn Air A' Phìob E

Chuirinn air a phìob,
Air a' phìob, air a' phìob e;
Chuirinn air a phìob e
Mu sheann Dòmhnall Dùbhghlas.

Chuirinn air an fhidhill,
Air an fhidhill, air an fhidhill e;
Chuirinn air an fhidhill e
'S a-rithis air an trompaidh.

*I would play on the pipes
About old Donald Douglas;*

*I would play on the fiddle
And then on the trump (jews harp).*

Fonn Air A' Ghille Dhonn

Fonn air a ghille dhonn,
Fonn air a' bhanaraich;
Fonn air a' ghille bhiorach
Mire ris a' bhanaraich.

Far am bi na fìdhleirean
'S ann a bhios na caileagan;
Far am bi na lùba dubha,
'S ann a bhios na maragan.

Làn taigh a dh'fhìdhleirean,
Làn taigh a chaileagan;
Làn taigh a lùba dubha,
Làn taigh a mharagan.

The brown-haired lad and the dairymaid are in fine form.

*Where there are fiddlers, there will be girls;
Where there are black loops there will be puddings.*

*A houseful of fiddlers; a houseful of girls;
A houseful of black loops; a houseful of puddings.*

9. Fhir a' Chinn Duibh (Lament for the Black-Haired One)

B' iad Clann 'ic Cruimein pìobairean MhicLèoid Dhùn Bheagain san 17mh linn. 'S cumha tiamhaidh a tha seo a rinneadh le Pàdraig Mòr MacCruimein, as dèidh dha seachdnar dhe ochdnar chloinne a chall ris a' bhrìc. Rinn e an t-òran as dèidh bas an fhir a b' òige, agus tha dàimh aige ris a' phìobaireachd 'Cumha na Cloinne'. Is e **Lorne MacDhùghaill** a tha cumail taic air a' phìob.

*The dynastic pipers to the MacLeod chiefs of Dunvegan were the MacCrimmons (whose descendant still plays today alongside James Lindsay in Breabach). This is a heartbreaking lament written by Pàdraig Mòr MacCrimmon, who had lost seven of his eight children to an outbreak of smallpox. The song was prompted by the death of his youngest and favourite son, and is directly related to the pibroch, 'Lament for the Children' (Cumha na Cloinne). **Lorne MacDougall** guests on smallpipes.*

Fhir a' chinn duibh, thug mi gaol dhuit,

Fhir a' chinn duibh, thug mi gràdh dhuit,
Thug mi gaol is thug mi gràdh dhuit,
Thug mi gaol nach d'thug mi chàch dhuit,
Fhir a' chinn duibh, thug mi gràdh dhuit.

*Lad of the black hair, I gave you love,
Lad of the black hair, I gave you affection,
I gave you love and I gave you affection,
I gave you love that I did not give the others,
Lad of the black hair, I gave you affection.*

10. Sìos Dhan An Abhainn (*Down In The River To Pray*)

Is i Màiri Anna NicUalraig a tha os cionn an t-seinn san laoidh a chual i an toiseach aig Alison Krauss ann am fiolm nam bràithrean Coen, 'O Brother, Where Art Thou?'. Dh'iarr Màiri Anna air a mathair eadar-theangachadh a dhèanamh, oir gu robh i a' faicinn càirdeas eadar e agus dualchas nan Gàidheal, agus gu dearbh tha e air còrdadh ri mòran, chun na h-ìre gu bheil cuid an dùil gur e òran Gàidhlig a bh' ann bho thùs!

Led by Mary Ann Kennedy, this was inspired by Alison Krauss's performance of the original American hymn on the soundtrack of the Coen Brothers' film, 'O Brother, Where Art Thou?'. Mary Ann asked Kenna to translate the song as it felt so closely connected to Gaelic tradition – it has become one of the most popular songs in the Gaelic community today.

Nuair chaidh mi sìos dhan an abhainn an dè,
'G ùrnaigh 's a' foghlam facal Dhè,
Is cò a dhleasas crùn nan seud,
Mhic Dhè, stiùir mi nad cheum.

*O, bhràithrean, rachamaid sìos,
Rachamaid sìos, o thugnamaid sìos;
O, pheathraichean, rachamaid sìos,
Dh'ùrnaigh san abhainn le cheil'.*

Nuair chaidh mi sìos dhan an abhainn an dè,
'G ùrnaigh 's a' foghlam facal Dhè,
Is cò gheibh an trusgan 's crùn nan seud,
Mhic Dhè, stiùir mi nad cheum.

O, pheathraichean...

O, athraichean...

Mhàthraichean...

As I went down in the river to pray
Studyin' about that good ol' way,
And who shall wear the starry crown?
Good Lord show me the way!

*O brothers, let's go down,
Let's go down, come on down;
O brothers, let's go down,
Down in the river to pray.*

As I went down in the river to pray
Studyin' about that good ol' way,
And who shall wear the robe and crown?
Good Lord show me the way!

O sisters...

O fathers...

Mothers...

11. M' Agh Donn

Tha **Ceana Chaimbeul** a' gabhail an òrain pìobaireachd seo. Is cuimhne le a piuthar Annag (màthair Magaidh) a bhi ga chluinntinn aig a seanmhair fhèin, Anna NicGumaraid, 's i 'cuallach nam bò. Chuir Annag agus a piuthar Màiri seachad deagh ghreis an cuideachd an seanmhar, is iad a' fuireach an ath dhoras rithe ann a Ròag. Cha robh càil ann a b' fheàrr leotha na bhi tilleadh a' chruidh dhachaigh agus a bhi ga coimhead gam bleoghann.

Kenna Campbell sings solo in this song from pibroch tradition. Her sister Ann (Maggie's mother) remembers this song in particular as one that her grandmother, Anna NicGumaraid, sang as she attended to the cows. Ann and her sister, Mary, spent a lot of time with their grandmother when they were little, living next door to her in Roag. Bringing home the cattle and watching her milk them was one of their favourite diversions.

Ged dh'fhanadh crodh chàich a-muigh, thigeadh m' agh donn.

O, dh'fhuiridheadh m' agh, dh'fhanadh m' agh, dh'fhuiridheadh rium;
O, dh'fhuiridheadh m' agh biorach mu leathad nam beann.

Though other folks' cattle would stay away, my brown heifer would come.

My heifer would wait for me on the hillside.

12. Seat na Sprèidhe (The Livestock Set – Mouth Music)

Seat eile phort a' togail air cho riatanach 's bha sprèidh ann am beatha nan daoine.

Another set of puirt celebrating the importance of cattle and sheep and their place in the rural world.

Till an Crodh

Till an crodh, Dhonnchaidh
'S gheibh thu bhean bheadarach;

Till an crodh, Dhonnchaidh
'S gheibh thu bhean bhòidheach.

Seall air gach taobh dhìot,
Crodh agus caoraich;
Seall air gach taobh dhìot,
Maoin Mhic an Tòisich.

Till an crodh, faigh an crodh,
Ruaig an crodh, lean an crodh;
Till an crodh, faigh an crodh,
'S gheibh thu bhean bhòidheach.

Till an crodh, laochain,
'S gheibh thu bhean ghaolach;
Till an crodh, laochain,
'S gheibh thu bhean bhòidheach;
Till an crodh, laochain,
'S gheibh thu bhean ghaolach;
Till an crodh, till an crodh,
'S gheibh thu bhean bhòidheach.

Turn the cattle, Duncan, and you shall have the lovely wife.

Look on all sides, cattle and sheep, wealth of the MacIntoshes.

Turn the cattle, find the cattle, drive the cattle, follow the cattle.

Turn the cattle, my lad, find the cattle and you shall have a beautiful wife.

Mo Gheala-Chasach

Mo gheala-chasach, mo gheala-chasach,
Mo gheala-chasach 's a' fhraoch thu;
Mo gheala-chasach sa mhòintich thu
Air tòir nan caorach mhaola.

Shiùbhlainn iad is dh'fhalbhainn leat
Is shiùbhlainn leat an t-aonach;
Gu siùbhlainn leat na mòintichean
Air tòir nan caorach mhaola.

My white-footed one in the heather
And on the moorland in search of the sheep.

I would search for them
And go with you on the slope;
I would traverse the moors
In search of the hornless sheep.

Brochan Tìoraidh Anna Tholm

Brochan tìoraidh Anna Tholm,
Brochan tìoraidh, tìoraidh, tìoraidh;
Brochan tìoraidh Anna Tholm,
Brochan mòr is greim ann.

Dh'ith thu ìm a' Ghlinne Mhòir,
Dh'ith thu ìm is muc is ìm,
Siud is ìm a' Ghlinne Mhòir;
Dh'ith thu siud mun d'fhalbh thu.

Ann from Holm's rough-ground porridge,
Strong porridge with a bite in it.
You ate butter from Glenmore, butter and pork ;
You ate that before you went away.

Seann Sithionn Caora Duibhe

Seann sithionn caora duibhe,
Snàth ruighinn gormain.

Seann sithionn caorach,
Is snàth ruighinn gormain,
Snàth ruighinn gormain,
Air seann sithionn caora duibhe.

Old meat of a black sheep ,

Tough wool for the weaver's beam.

Cha Tig An Latha

Cha tig an latha thèid mi dhachaigh
Gu faigh mi na caoraich.
Suidhidh mi air cùl na creige
'S teannaidh mi ri caoineadh.

Gus an tig a' chaora dhubh,
Gus an tig a' chaora,
Gus an tig a' chaora dhubh,
'S a h-adharc air a h-aonais.

*I will never go home till I find the sheep,
I'll sit behind the rock and cry.*

*Until the black sheep comes
Minus its horn.*

A' Leannan a Bh' Agam

('S) a' leannan a bh' agam an uiridh,

Sgaradh oirre, dh'fhalbh i.
Tha i 'n diugh an Cille Pheadair
'S i ri obair banchaig.

The sweetheart I had last year,
I've parted with her, she's gone.
She is now in Kilphedder
Working as a milkmaid.

13. Uamh an Òir

Tha grunn thionndaidhean ann air ùirsgeul Uamh an Òir – air mar a tha piobaire a' dol a-steach a dh' uamh 's e air thòir air stòras. Fhad 's a chumas e a' phìob a' dol, tha e sàbhailte, ach tha seo cuideachd a' fàgail nach tèid aige air e fhèin a dhion bhon 'ghala uaine' a tha 'còmhnaidh san uamh. An aon nì beò a tha tilleadh bhon uamh, cù a' phìobaire, 's gun ghaoisnean air fhàgail aig a' bhiast bho chd.

One of many versions of the Cave of Gold legend, which tells of a piper who enters a cave looking for treasure. As long as he is able to keep playing music he can remain alive, but as he does so, he's unable to defend himself from the galla uaine, the 'green bitch' that inhabits the cave. The only survivor to emerge from the cave is the man's hound, now completely hairless.

Chaill mo làmh a lùths,
Chaill mo làmh a lùths,
Chaill mo làmh a lùths,
Thrèig an lùdag mi.

Mo dhìth, mo dhìth gun trì làmhan,
Mo dhìth, mo dhìth gun trì làmhan,
Dà làimh 's a' phìob, dà làimh 's a' phìob,
Dà làimh 's a' phìob, is tè 's a' chladheamh.

'S iomadh maighdean òg fo ciad bharr
Thèid a-null, thèid a-null,
Mus tig mise, mun ruig mise
Uamh an Oir, Uamh an Oir.

*My hand has lost its strength,
The pinky has failed me.*

*My loss, my loss that I have not three hands,
Two hands for the pipes and one for the sword.*

*Many a young maiden will cross over
Before I reach, before I return from The Cave of Gold.*