

NA CAIMBEULAICH

FACAIL NAN ORAN AGUS NAM PORT

'S GANN GUN DIRICH MI CHAOIDH

Le Tormod Beag Macneacail, à Sgoirebreac san Eilean Sgitheanach, nuair a chaidh a chasg, le brathair a mhàthair, (Pàra Mòr an Ceann Loch Aoineart) bho bhi a' sealg air an oighreachd. Tha am fonn mar a bha e san teaghlach. For more information, see: [IOCHDAR THRODORNAIS; SONGS OF GAELIC SCOTLAND.](#)

'S gann gun dirich mi chaoidh
Dh'ionnsaidh frith àrd a'mhonaiddh,
'S gann gun dirich mi chaoidh.

Thàinig litir a Dùn Eideann
Nach fhaotainn fhèin bhi dol don
mhonadh.

Pàdraig Mòr an Ceann Loch Aoineart,
Rinn e'n fhoill, 's chad rinn e buinnig.

Tha mo ghunna caol air meirgeadh,
Cha tèid mi don t-seilg leis tuilleadh.

Thèid a chrochadh air na tàirngnean,
'S cha b'e sin leam àite fuirich.

'S iomadh latha sgith a bha mi,
'M shuidhe leis, 's e làn, air tulaich.

Gabhail sealladh air na slèibhtean,
Far am bi na fèidh a' fuireach.

Far am bi'n damh 's a chùl brùite,
Nuair rachainn lem rùn air m'uilinn.

Mar a **bitheadh** bràthair mo mhàthair,
Bhitheadh fiadh nan àrdbeann 's fuil
air.

Ach o'n dh'fhàs an lagh cho làidir,
'S fheàrr bhi sàbhailt bho gach cunnart.

Nam biodh mo chrodh-laoigh air buaile,
Dh'fhaotainn luaidh a chur à gunna.

Ach a-nis gur fheudar strìochdadh,
'S fear gun chiall a thèid an cunnart.

Fhuair mi litir bho na h-uaislean,
Nach fhaotainn luaidh a chur à gunna.

Bheir mi sgrìob seo do na h-Innsean,
Feuch an dean mi fhìn ann bunnaig.

Chan fhaic Pàdraig mi air fàireadh,
'S cha chluinn e stàiririch mo ghunna.

*I may never climb again,
to the high deer forests on the moor.
I may never climb again.*

*A letter came from Edinburgh,
forbidding me to go to the hill.*

*Padraig Mor from Ceann Loch Aoineart,
he did wrong, and did not gain by it.*

*My slim bared gun is rusted,
I will not go to hunt with it again.*

*It is hanging on nails,
not to me the best place for it.*

*Many a weary day I was
sitting with it, loaded, on a hill.*

*Viewing the slopes
where the deer lived.*

*Where the stag would be with its back
bruised,
when I'd take aim with my gun.*

*If it was not for my mother's brother,
the mountain deer would have blood on it.*

*But since the law has become so strong,
it is better to be safe from every danger.*

*If I owned cattle on a meadow,
I would be free to go shooting.*

*But now I must comply;
only a fool would court danger.*

*I got a letter from the nobility
that I was not to go shooting.*

*I'll go a journey to the Indies
to see if I will prosper.*

*Padraig will not see sight of me,
nor will he hear the thunder of my gun.*

'S TOIGH LEINN DRAMA

le Uilleam Ros

See "Songs of William Ross" p90

SA1957-66-4

Air a sheinn le Murchadh Chaluim Sheumais à
Ròag
Sung by Murdo Campbell, Roag, Skye.

*'S toigh leinn drama, lion a'ghloinne,
Tràigh an t-searrag seo gu ceann,
Mac na Braiche an gille gasda,
'S lionmhor fear a th'air an geall.*

*'S Mac an Tòisich, 's e gun truailleadh,
Dhe'n fhìor fhuil is uaisle tha ann,
B'fhearr gu leigheas na gach lighich'
Bha no bhitheas a-measg Ghall.*

*'S ciamar a ni sinne banais,
Cùmhnantan le ceangal teann,
Mur bi drama againn don chlàireach
Gur leibideach feum a'pheann.*

*'S ministeirean 's fhada cleòca,
Gum bi 'n sgòrnan air an geall,
Gur tric a ghabh iad an troidhleach
Cho math ri saighdeir an camp.*

WE ENJOY A DRAM

*We enjoy a dram, fill the glass,
Empty the bottle completely;
Malt whisky, that fine fellow,
Many are they who like it.*

*And whisky when unpoluted
Of the finest and noblest kind,
Is better for healing than any doctor
Who was or will be among southerners.*

*And how can we have a wedding
And make the marriage contract secure,
If we do not have a dram for the clerk -
His penmanship will be worthless.*

*And the ministers in their long cloaks
Their throats would be longing for it;
They would often drink it down
As well as any soldier in camp.*

A'BHAL A BH'AIG CALUM GRANNDA

Le Murchadh MacUmaraid as a'Ghnioba agus e
a'deanamh spòrs air a nàbaidh.

*A'bhàl a bh'aig Calum Grannda,
Cha robh sannt a'bhidhidh orra
Leis a'char a bha nan ceann
'Coimhead air an cùlaibh.*

*A'chiad sgàl a thug a'phìob
Dhannas iad gu cridheil rithe,
'S cha robh duine bha 's a'Ghriob'
Nach tug leum a dh'ionnsaidh
A'bhàl etc.*

*MacUmaraid 's a bhean fhéin
B'éibhinn leis a'bhruthaich iad
Nuair a thubhairt a mhàthair chéile,
"Bheir sinn leum a dh'ionnsaidh
A'bhàl etc.*

*Iain mac Thorcail MhacLeòid
Bu mhóralach a'tighinn e,
Màiri Chaluim as a dhéidh
'S i na leum is cù aic'.*

*Curstaidh Roag, ceann gun chéill,
Chan eil feum bhi bruidhinn oirre,
Bha i mar an di-na-dé
'Leumraich air an ùrlar.*

*Bha Iain MacNeill, an duine còir,
A'còicareachd a'bhidhidh dhaibh,
A bhriogais aige na dhòrn
'S gun dòigh aig air a dùnadh.*

*Bha Bean Lachlainn aig a'bhòrd
Far robh gach seòrsa bidhidh ann,
Thuir i nach itheadh i'n fheòil
'S nach òladh i a' sùgh aic'.*

Thuir Anna 's i 'freagairt shuas:
"Guma buan a bhitheas sibh!
'N ath uair a bhios againn luadh
Bidh daoine uaisle 'n Dùin ann".

CALUM GRANT'S "BALL"

*At the "ball" held by Calum Grant,
they were not inclined to eat,
their heads turned aside,
looking over their shoulder.*

*On the first note of the pipes,
they danced heartily,
and everyone in Greepe
came to the ball.*

*Montgomery and his good lady,
happily coming down the hill,
when his mother-in-law said,
"We'll go to Calum Grant's ball".*

*John, son of Torquil MacLeod,
approached haughtily;
Mary, daughter of Calum, in his wake,
skipping along with a dog.*

*Kirsty from Roag, empty head,
there is no point in speaking of her,
she was like a butterfly
hopping on the floor.*

*John MacNeil, kind fellow,
was cooking the food for them,
his trousers held in his fist,
unable to fasten them.*

*Lachlan's good lady was at the table,
where there was every kind of food,
she said that she would not eat the
meat,
nor drink its stock.*

*Ann, answering from further up, said,
"Long life to you!
Next time we have a waulking,
the gentry from the Castle will be there"*

A'CHUACHAG IS BOIDHCHE

Oran a rinn Dòmhnall Ruadh do bhràthair na
mnatha, Dòmhnall, a bha a'suirighe air tè ann an
Orbost.

Tha mionam is mo luaidh
Air a'chuachag is bòidhche,
Cha bhi mi ga do bhuaireadh
A luaidh chun am pòs sinn;
Tha mionam is mo luaidh
Air a'chuachag is bòidhche.

Bidh càirdean air an iarraidh
Airson an taigh a lionadh,
Is feuch ma bhios *'Lochiall' ann
Gun cuir sibh dh'iarraidh sòfa.

Théid fios gu Uilleam Stiùbhart,
O'n tha e snasail, tùrail,
E dheanamh brògan ùra,
Nach drùigh oir' anns a' mhòintich.

Théid fios a null a Heàrrlais
Gu Iain an **Tàilleir,
E dh'fhaighinn deas a shnàthaid
Gu dhol a sàs sa chòta.

Haighdalan gu h-uallach,
Le chabar air a ghualainn,
Cur flag' air Cnoc na Cuagaich,
'S gu faicear shuas an Os e.

Bidh farum air a'chabh-sair
An coinneamh luchd na bainnse,
Bidh 'n t-ùrlar math gu dannsa
'S cha shleamhnaich Dòmhnall mòr air.

**Bidh manaidsear is spàirnn air
A'gearradh dhuinn a'chàise;**
Bidh bhean agus Niall Bàn ann
Ag òl deoch slàinte Dhòmhnail.

* far-ainm a bh'air Murchadh
MacGumairid

**athair Anna an Tàilleir a bha ann an
taigh na h-eaglais aig a'Lonmhor

PRETTY WOMAN

*My darling, my dear,
the shapely pretty young woman,*

*I will not be worrying you
until we are married.
My darling, my dear,
the shapely pretty young woman.*

*Relatives will be **invited**
in order to fill the house,
and if 'Lochiel' is to be there,
be sure to send for a sofa.*

*Word will be sent to William Stewart,
since he is skillful and sensible,
to make new shoes,
that will not leak on the moorland.*

*Word will be sent over to Harlosh,
to John the tailor,
to get his needle ready
to begin to make a coat.*

***Haighdealan** was going jauntily,
with his pole on his shoulder,
to put a flag on Cnoc na Cuagaich;
they 'll see it as far away as Ose.*

*Footsteps will sound on the stone floor,
to meet the bridal group.
The floor will be good for dancing
and big Donald (groom) will not slip on
it.*

***The manager will be striving
to cut the cheese for us.**
Fair Neil and his wife will be there
drinking the health of Donald.*

AIR FAILL ILLO RO FAILL ILL O

SA1957- 67-8
Air a sheinn le Seumas Chaluim Sheumais às
a'Ghnioba
Sung by James Campbell, Greepe, Skye

*Air faill ill ò ro faill ill ò
Air faill ill ò ro èile
Faill i-ill ùthill agus ò
'S na thogaidh òrò èile.*

*Air latha dhomh, sam bàta
Air bharr nan tonn gu h-eutrom,*

*Gun d'thachair gruagach bhòidheach rium
'S bha a gruaidh mar ròs nan geugan.*

*Gun d'fhaighneachd mi à Gàidhlig dhi,
An cànan b'fhearr bh'aig Seumas,
Gu dè an ceàrn 'n Ghàidhealtachd
'S na dh'àraicheadh an èilteag.*

*Gun d'fhreagair i gu sìobhalt' mi,
Ga innse dhomh am Beurla,
Gu robh i gann de Ghàidhlig,
'S gum b'e h-àite tàimh Dùn Eideann.*

*Sann oirre bha cùl snìomhaineach,
Nach dochnadh cìr ga rèiteach,
Le gruaidhean mar na ròsan
Fon t-sùil bu bhòidhche lèirsinn.*

*Gur math thig gùn san fhasan dhi,
Cho math sa tha'n Dùn Eideann,
Ma com caol ga theannachadh,
'S a'chabhanaich ag èirigh.*

AIR FAILL ILLO RO FAILL ILL O

*On a day, when the boat was
moving lightly on the waves,
a pretty girl met me,
and her cheek was like the rose.*

*I asked her, in Gaelic,
the language best known to James,
which part of the Highlands
she was raised in.*

*She answered me, civilly,
telling me in English,
that she had but little Gaelic,
and that Edinburgh was her home.*

*She had ringletted hair
that would not be spoiled by a comb,
with cheeks like roses
under the loveliest eyes.*

*A gown of the latest fashion suits her,
the best available in Edinburgh,
fitted about her slender form,
in the rising dawn.*

AIRIGH LUACHRACH UIGE

Le Iain MacDhòmhnaill, Iain mac Dhomhnaill'ic Alasdair (See MACDONALD BARDS FROM MEDIEVAL TIMES, KNMcD p111; ORAIN AN EILEIN p53)

SA1957-66-3

Air a sheinn le Murchadh Chaluim Sheumais à Ròag
Sung by Murdo Campbell, Roag, Skye.

Fhir a shiùbhlas do mo dhùthaich,
Sann à Uige dh'fhalbh mi,
Thoir beannachd dùbailt null gan ionnsaidh
Chosgais crùn de dh'airgiod,
A dh'ionnsaidh Sheoc a tha san Uige,
Ceann cunntaidh mo sheanchais,
Tha min dùil gu faic mi thu
Man tig an ùir air Armchaol.

'S bu mhath an uairsin a bhi shuas
Air Airigh Luachrach Uige,
Far'm biodh na h-uain 's na caoraich bhuaidheach
Ruith mun cuairt gu siùbhlach,
Mi fhìn 's mo chruinneag air mo ghualainn,
'S deamhais chruadhach duinte aic,
Gach fear is tè dhiubh ruith mun cuairt,
'S bidh Dòmhnall Ruadh le chù ann.

B'e siud an gleann bu bhòidhche sealladh
Anns a'mhadainn cheòthach,
Le caoraich gheala, dhubh is ghlasa,
Cuid dhiubh tarrann, brògach;
Bidh làir an t-searraich 'n cois gach beallaich
Muigh ri strath nan lònatan,
'S a dh'aindeoin gaillinn neo fuachd Earraich,
Chan iarr mart ann cròdhadh.

*S gur h-iomadh caileag chuimir,
ghuanach,
Bhios ri cuallach sprèidhe,
Le cuman 's buarach dol na bhuailidh,
'S laoigh mun cuairt dhi geumnaich;

B'e 'n ceòl nach b' fhuathach leam a duanag
'S i suidhe luadh air clèithe,
Mi fhìn gu h-uallach 's pìob rim ghuallainn
Cluich nan nuallan èibhinn.

Gu faighte sgeulachdan bhiodh breagha
Aig bodaich liatha, cheannaghlais,
B'e siud na seòid nuair bha iad òg,
Gu iomain bhò measg gharbhach;
Bhiodh iad tric san Eaglais Bhric
Ag iomain chruidh is mheanbh-sprèidh-
Cha drèidheadh snàithn' a chur mun spòig
Gu ruigte an ceò bhon d'fhalbh iad.

'S gur lionmhor maighdeann bhanail,
bhuidhe,
Bhios na suidhe aig cuibhle,
A'snìomh nan rollag, seinn nan luinneag,
Bidh gach tuireadh binn aic',
Snàithne bòidheach, cothrom, còmhnard,
Ruith tro meòirean sìnnite,
Falt na dhuail os cionn a cluaiseadh,
Ceangailt suas is cir ann.

*S nuair thig an geamhradh 's àm nam bainnsean,
Gheibh sinn dram dhen Tòiseach;
Bidh Nollaig chridheil aig clann-nighean
'S aig na gilleann òga;
Na mnathan fhèin gu subhach èibhinn,
's iad a' gleusadh òran,
'S bidh dram aig bodaich ann am fodar,
'S sogan orra stòiridh.

* Additional vv not in this recording

THE RUSHY SHEILING AT UIG

*You who journeys to my land -
It was from Uig that I left -
take a two-fold blessing over to them
which will cost a crown(five shillings) in
money, to Jock who lives in Uig -
the subject of my narrative -
I hope that I shall see you
while the goodman of Armchaol is alive.*

*It would be good then to be up
on the rush-strewn sheiling at Uig*

*where the lambs and the handsome
sheep
run about nimbly;
I, with my girl at my shoulder
she, carrying closed steel shears;
each lad and lass cavorting about -
Red-haired Donald will be there with his
dog.*

*That glen is the most beautiful sight
on a misty morning,
with white, black and grey sheep,
white bellied, with strong-hoofed feet;
a mare and foal at the side of the glen,
out beyond the meadow, and despite
snow storms or Spring cold, cattle
would not
require to be gathered in to the fold.*

*Many an active, tidy girl,
will be tending cattle,
with bucket and fetter going to the fold,
while calves call all around her.
I was not averse to the music of her
songs,
sitting at the waulking board,
while I proudly shouldered the pipes,
playing joyful tunes.*

*You would get wonderful tales
from grey-haired old men;
they were the heroes when young
herding cattle on the rough ground;
they would often have been to Falkirk,
driving cattle and sheep,
and they would wear nothing on their
feet
till they returned home.*

*Many a fair comely maid
would be sitting at the wheel,
spinning the wool, singing songs,
she would know every melodious
lament;
with the fine thread running smoothly
through her out-stretched fingers,
her hair, in a plait above her ear,
tied up with a comb.*

When winter comes,

*the time for weddings,
we'll get a dram of whisky,
the girls and boys have a happy festive
time;
the women, also, cheerful and merry,
singing songs;
old men will have a dram amongst the
straw
sharing hilarious tales.*

AN T-EILEAN B`OIDHEACH SGIATHANACH

Le Niall MacNeachdail, Neil Nicolson, Niall
Mhurchaidh Neill à Brògaig.
SA1953 150.7
Air a sheinn le Màiri Sheumais Chaluum,
Sung by Mary Campbell, Greepe, Skye.

'S e 'n t-Eilean Bòidheach Sgiathanach
Is àille tha fo na h-iarmailtean,
Na h-uaislean 's iad ag iathadh ann
Bho chrìochan na Roinn Eòrpa.

Nuair thig àm an t-samhraidh oirnn
'S a' ghrian os cionn nam beanntanan,
Toirt misneach dhan an t-seann duine
'S bidh bantraichean a' pòsadh.

Tha acarsaidean sàbhailt ann,
Do luingis is do bhàtaichean;
Tha h-uile nì cho nàdarrach,
Tha mhill air barr an fheòir ann

'S càite faigh sibh saighdeirean
Cho math ri luchd nan fhèilidhean,
A cheannsaicheadh ar naimhdean dhuinn
'S bha roinn dhiubh ann à Brògaig.

Dh' innsinn iomadh àite dhuibh
'S a' faigheadh sibh na h-àrmainn ud:
Bha fear a mhuinntir Charaboist,
Is maidsear Chlann 'c Leòid ann.

Tha 'n aois a' toirt a dreach orm,
Mo làithean a' tighinn cabhagach,
'S mo dhùrachd nuair a chaidleas mi,
Bhi faisg air Nic an Tòisich.

THE BONNIE ISLE OF SKYE

*The bonnie Isle of Skye
Is the most beautiful under the
firmament,
Tourists gravitate towards it
From all corners of Europe.*

*When summer comes upon us,
And the sun shines above the hills,
Giving confidence to the old,
And widowers will marry.*

*There are safe anchorages
For ships and boats;
Everything is so natural,
The very grass is tipped with honey.*

*Where can you find soldiers
As good as the kilted ones
Who subdued our enemies for us,
And some were from Brògaig.*

*I could tell you many places
Where you find these heroes:
There was one from Carbost,
And Major MacLeod (Waternish?)*

*Age leaves its mark on me,
My days passing quickly,
And my wish is, when I sleep (die)
To be near Nic an Tòisich.*

AN T-EILEAN GRIANACH FALLAIN

*Le Niall Ceannaiche, Niall Mac a'Phearsain, à
Bràighe Phortrìgh.
DISC_LOG_1515 School of Scottish Studies.
Mar a sheinn Anna Sheumais Chaluim e,
Ann Campbell (Michie) from Greepe, Skye,*

*An t-eilean grianach fallain e,
Tha fasgadh air gach taobh dheth,
'S gheibh luingeis bhàn nan crannaibh
àrd
Ann àite tàimh san dùbhlachd.*

*Is nuair thig àm an Earraich oirnn
'S a' chabhanaich 'n àm dùsgadh,
Bidh 'ghrian a' toirt do sheallaidh bhuat
Is d' fhallus tighinn na dhriùchd ort.*

*Is iomadh laoch chaidh àrach ann,
Thug pàrlamaid an cliù dhaibh,
A bhuinnig buaidh dhuinn anns a'chàs
'S thug air a' nàmhaid lùbadh,*

*Is ged is òg a dh' fhàg mi e,
Tha thràigh an diugh cho ùr dhomh;
Saoilidh mi gum faic mi 'm bàgh
'S na bàtaichean san Uige.*

**Be 'n ceòl bu bhinne théid air ghleus
Ri 'n éisdeadh tu car ùine,
Eòin nan speur air bhàrr nan géug
'S a' choill is éibhinn flùrain.*

**Additional v. not on this recording*

*It's a sunny, refreshing island,
there is shelter on all sides of it,
and high masted ships will find
anchorage there in winter.*

*When Spring comes upon us
and we waken at dawn
the sun blinds you
and your perspiration breaks like dew
drops.*

*Many a hero it raised,
whom parliament honoured,
who won victory for us in the wars
and forced the enemy to submit.*

*Tho' young when I left it,
it's shore today is as vivid to me,
I imagine that I can see the bay
and the boats in the Uig.*

*The sweetest music ever created,
to which you could listen a long time:
the birds of the air on the tree tops
in the flower dappled wood.*

ANNA RUADH

*This is a fragment of a song learned in Uist by one
of the Montgomerys, possibly Alasdair - a brother
of Anna NicGumaraid - who was working there.
The rest of the song was lost because they were
forbidden to sing it.*

Thàinig Anna Ruadh dhachaidh às an
uaigh
Thoir comhairl' air an t-sluagh
a chuir ann i,
Nidh' iad i le siabann, is sheat iad air a
h-iallan,
'S thog i a ceann liath, 's chuir i greann
oirr'.

Cha do ghabh iad saothair ri anart na ri
aodach,
Na idir ciste chaol a chur teann oirr',
'Boidsearan'an àite rinn bocsa dhi le
làmhachd,
Air chùmhnanntan gum pàigheadh i thall
iad.

'S thàinig Anna Ruadh dhachaidh às an
uaigh
Thoir mollachd air an t-sluagh
a chuir ann i;
'S ise ghabh an t-uamhas, iadsan
teicheadh uaiphe,
'S ise ruith mu chuairt is i ceann ruisgt.

*Red haired Ann came back from the
grave
to give advice to those she had left
behind;
they washed her with soap,
and danced on her shroud, and she
lifted her grey head and grimaced
horribly.*

*They had not taken the trouble to use
linen or clothing, or even to make a
coffin to hold her securely; local
'botchers' made a box for her with an
axe, on condition that she payed them
on the other side.*

*Red haired Ann came back from the
grave
to curse those she had left behind; what
a fright she got, everyone running from
her, and she running around bare-
headed.*

BHA MIN DEIDH AIR M'ANNSACHD

SA1957-67-2
Air a sheinn le Murchadh Chaluim Sheumais à
Ròag
Sung by Murdo Campbell, Roag, Skye.

*Gu robh min dèigh air m'annsachd,
O'n dh'fhàg min dè sa ghleann thu;
Cha chreidinn sgeula meallta ort,
Cha leiginn bhuam air gheall thu.*

Ged a chithinn còrr is ochdnar
Tighinn gam iarraidh len cuid bhotull,
B'annsa leam an gille socair
Bhiodh air cnoc san t-Samhradh.

Sùil is guirme, deud is bòidhche,
Gruaidh is deirge na na ròsan,
Slios mar chanach geal na mòintich,
Cainnt do bheòil a mheall mi.

Ged a dh'òladh tu do leine,
Ged a dh'òladh agus t-èile;
Dè sin dhòmhsa na do thè-eile,
B'èibhinn a bhi cainnt riut.

*I WAS SEEKING FOR MY LOVE
Murdo Campbell's version*

*I've been longing for my love
Since I left you in the glen yesterday
I would not believe false tales about you
And I pledge not to let you go.*

*Though I would see more than eight
people
Coming to seek me with their bottles;
I would rather be with the gentle lad
Sitting on the hillock in summer.*

*With the bluest eyes and finest teeth,
Cheeks redder than the roses
Skin like the white bog-cotton
Your speech has beguiled me.*

*Though you would drink your shirt's worth
Though you would drink that and another
besides; What is that to me or any other,
It would be delightful to chat to you.*

cf version from Seonag below

BHA MI RAOIR LE M'ANNSACHD

Noted from the singing of Johan Campbell, (MacLeod), Seonag Chaluim Sheumais, Roag, Skye, who learned it from her eldest brother, Murdo, above.

*Bha mi raoir le m'annsachd,
On dh'fhàg mi'n dé sa ghleann thu;
Cha chreidinn sgeula meallt ort,
Cha leiginn uam air gheall thu.*

Ged a chithinn còrr is ochdnar,
'S iad a'tighinn len cuid bhotull,
B'annsa leam an gille socair,
Bhiodh air cnoc as t-samhradh.

Sùil is guirme, deud is bòidhche,
Gruaidh is deirge na na ròsan;
Slios mar chanach geal na mòintich,
Cainnt do bheòil a'mheall mi.

Ged a dh'òladh tu do léine,
Ged a dh'òladh tu gu léir i -
Dé sin dhòmhsa na do thé-eile,
'S éibhinn leam bhi'n cainnt riut.

I WAS LAST NIGHT WITH MY LOVE,
Johan Campbell's version, learned from Murdo.

*I was last night with my love,
Since I left you in the glen yesterday;
I would not believe false tales about
you,
And I pledge not to let you go.*

*Though I would see more than eight
people
Coming with their bottles;
I would rather be with the gentle lad
Sitting on a hillock in summer.*

*With bluest eyes and finest teeth,
Cheeks redder than the roses
Skin like the white bog-cotton
Your speech has beguiled me.*

*Though you would drink your shirt's
worth
Though you would drink it entirely;
What is that to me or another,
It would be delightful to chat with you.*

BOTHAG NA H-AIRIGH

Text and tune from Johan Campbell (MacLeod), Seonag Chaluim Sheumais, Roag who learned it in her youth from Malcolm MacKenzie (Calum Eògain) then living in Roag but who was originally from the other side of the island.

SA1957-094-B4

Air a sheinn le Seonag Chaluim Sheumais à Ròag
Sung by Johan Campbell, Roag, Skye.

séisd:

*Am bothag na h-àirigh hì rì
'N gleannan an fhàsaich o horo éile
'M bothag na h-àirigh hì rì
Chunna mi gràdh mo chridhe 's mi ann.*

esan:

Mi siubhal an fhàsaich pàidhteach,
sgìthteach,
Ràinig mi'n àirigh tràth san oidhche;
Thachair orm a'mhaighdean,
'S gun d'fhaighnichd i 'm bu sgìth mi
tigh'nn
Gu bothag etc.

Gun d'fhaighnichd i 'm bu sgìth mi tighinn,
No'm fanainn-sa réidh na h-oidhche;
Fhreagair mi ì le aoibhneas
Na faighinn bhi'n coibhneas nighneag ann
Am bothag etc.

ise:

Nis chuir mi an òrdagh mo bhòrd dhuit,
Is thug mi le furan mo phòg dhuit,
Ach chunna mi'n diugh gum bu gheòcair
thu,
'S gur e tuille 's do leòr tha dhì ort ann
Am bothag etc.

Am bothag na h-àirigh'm bràigh a' ghlinne,
Cha d'fhuair thu bhuam na bha thu
sireadh;
Gur e dh'fhàg m'inntinn trom fo mhulad
Gun d'rinn thu mo mhireag a mhùchadh
orm
Am bothag etc.

THE SHEILING BOTHY

*In the sheiling hut,
in the lonely glen,
in the sheiling hut
I saw my heart's love while there.*

he:

*Travelling the desolate moor, thirsty
and tired,
I reached the sheiling early in the
evening;
I met the maiden
and she asked if I was tired arriving
at the sheiling etc.*

*She asked if I was tired on arriving,
or would I stay the night;
I replied with pleasure (that I would)
if I could have the company of girls in
the sheiling etc.*

she:

*Now, I set my table for you,
I gave you my welcoming kiss,
but I saw today that you are a glutton
and that what you want is more than
your fill
in the sheiling etc.*

*In the sheiling hut in the upper part of
the glen
you did not get from me what you were
seeking; what has left me so very sad is
that you spoiled my pleasure in the
sheiling etc.*

CAIT' A BHEIL I, CAIT' AN DEACH I

Le Teàrlach a' Phosta, Charles Matheson.
See ORAIN AN EILEIN p35

*Càite a bheil i? Càite an deach i?
Chuala mi gur ann a theich i,
'S ma chaidh i na ghleann, chan eagal
Gun tèid id air chall ann.
'S ò, Càite a bheil i, càite an deach i?*

'Sann a thug min gaol a leòn mi

*Dha 'n tè bhàn a bha 's a' "Royal".
Dh'fhàg i mise 's ghabh i Eòghainn,
Bròinnean, agus sgall air.
'S ò, Càite a bheil i, càite an deach i?*

*Chaidh mi Di-dòmhnach seo chaidh,
'S ghabh mi sgriob leath' sios a' rathad,
'S thuirt i rium mur tillinn dhachaidh,
Gun sgleogadh i 'n ceann dhìom.
'S ò, Càite a bheil i...etc.*

*Chaidh mi dhachaidh 's mi fo mhìghean,
Dol ma seach mu leac-an-teinntin,
S mar nach b' àbhaist, dèidh mi 'thì',
Gun d' shìnn mi air an t-seisich.*

*Thuir mo mhàthair rium, "A chaoimhein,
Tha rud-eiginn cearr air d' inntinn,
Innis dhòmhsa bheil thu tinn, neo
Cò 'n tè ghrinn a mheall thu."*

*Thuirt i rium mi dhol a laighe,
Chuirinn feum air beagan cadail,
Uisge blàth chur air mo chasan,
'S gheibhinn gloinne bhrandaich.*

*Fhuair mi gloinne mhath o Oighrig,
'S chaidh mi sios gu mhòran stroighlich,
'S nuair a dhùisg mi, 's ann a
dh'fhaighnich
Mi 'n e Oidhche Shamhna bh'ann.*

*'S gun d' thuirt m' athair rium an uair sin,
"Seachainn i is gabh bean uasal,
Theàrlach, cumaidh mise suas i
Bhon a fhuair mim paidhnsean."*

*Where is she? Where has she gone?
I heard that she ran away,
but if she has gone to the glen,
she will not get lost there.*

*I fell deeply, and unwisely, in love
with the blond in the "Royal".
She left me and took Ewan,
poor fellow, bald though he was.*

*I went last Sunday,
to walk with her down the road,
and she said that if I did not return home,*

she would nock my head off.

*I went home perplexed,
collapsing by the fireside,
and, unusually for me,
lay down on the bench after tea.*

*My mother said to me, "My dear,
there is something troubling you.
Tell me whether you are ill
or whether some girl has deceived you."*

*She advised me to go to bed,
that I could do with some sleep,
to bathe my feet in warm water
and I would get a glass of brandy.*

*I got a stiff drink from Effie
and went down without much fuss,
and when I woke, I asked
if it was Hallowe'en.*

*Then my father spoke to me saying,
"Give her up and choose a
gentlewoman.
I can support her, Charles,
now that I have the (state) pension."*

CEUD SOIRIDH CEUD FAILTE

SA1957-094-B8

*Air a sheinn le Seonag Chaluim Sheumais à
Ròag
Sung by Johan Campbell, Roag, Skye.*

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 Shraith Shuardail
Dam bu dual a bhi beartach,
Gura minic a bha sinn
Mach air àirigh le martaibh.

A HUNDRED GREETINGS, A HUNDRED WELCOMES

A hundred greetings, a hundred welcomes

*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.*

CHANEIL SOCAIR EALAICH AGAM

*Le Tearlach a' Phost à Bràighe Phortrigh
(Charles Mathieson, Braes, Portree, Skye)
Seinn le Murchadh Chaluim Sheumais/ Murdo Campbell*

*Latha ghabh min "spree" 'm Portrigh
Gun cuala h-uile neach san tìr e,
Gheibhinn thairis air gach nì
Mur h-innste do mo leannan e.*

*Chaneil socair ealaich agam,
Chaidh cha ruig mi cala mar siod;
Tha na botail falamh againn,
Ciamar ni sinn Calainn gun rud.*

**Seachad suas a'Saidhbheir Mòr
'S ann smaoinich mi gun gabhainn òran,
Chumail fadachd dhìom o'n ròd,
Gun duine beò bhi cuide rium.*

*Thàinig am bodach a b'èillteil (oillteil)
Mach fon t'saibheir mhòr is dh'eubh e:
"Mar a stad thu, Mhic na Bèisdeadh,
Cha bhi ceum na's fhaid agad!"*

**Thug e sùrdag thar na bruaicheadh,
'S rinn e nall airson mo bhualadh,
'S thuirt e rium am briathran cruaidhe:
"Lìbhrig bhua na th'agad dhomh!"*

Thug mim botall dha mar bha e,

Fhuair mi sa 'Royal' man d'fhàg mi,
As nach d'fhàinig riamh an àrca-
Stuth a b'fheàrr bha'n Talasgar.

Ràinig mi dhachaidh gu sàbhailt,
Ged a fhuair mi mòran tàire,
'S gura beag a bha ri ràdh
Aig Oighrig bhàn Iain Cheannaiche.

*The day I went on a spree in Portree
Everyone in the land heard of it;
I could have overcome all of that
If my beloved had not been told.*

*I do not have an easy burden,
I'll never reach harbour like that;
Our bottles are empty,
How can we have a dry Hogmanay.*

*Passing the Big Culvert
I decided to sing a song
To pass the time
As I was on my own.*

*The most terrifying apparition appeared
From under the big culvert and shouted:
"If you don't stop, you Son of the Devil,
You will not take another step!"*

*He lept over the bank towards me
And made as if to strike me
And said in harsh tones:
"Hand over all you possess!"*

*I gave him the bottle, as it was,
that I'd bought in the 'Royal' earlier,
It had never been uncorked,
The best of Talisker.*

*I arrived home safely,
Although with much difficulty,
But fair Effie, daughter of John the
merchant, had very little to say!*

CHUIR MI CHAS MHOR A-MACH RIS AN T-SEISICH

Le Domhnall Posta à Minginis a bha na posta
eadar Càrabost agus Sligeachan, san Eilean
Sgitheanach. Tha an t-òran ag innse mu fhear
air an tàinig dileab, ach bha an duine cho

fialaidh na nàdar, "...mun tàinig an fhalaraidh
theirig an dileab...", a' fàgail an duine chòir, "...gun
dad ach buntàt..."

*Chuir mi chas mhòr a mach ris an t-séisich
Mach ris an t-séisich, mach ris an t-
séisich,
Chuir mi chas mhéor a mach ris an t-
séisich,
'S chrom mi mo cheann gu h-ìseal gu làr.*

Chaidh mi a Ghuraig
aig toiseach a'gheamhraidh,
Bhrist mi mo chorrach,
's i bhochdainn thug ann mi;
Tha i nisd' agam agus car cam innt'
's ceann oirr' urad ri plocan buntàt.

Bha mi a'loidseadh aig Cailleach na
smùdan,
Té bha na praban a'dalladh a sùilean;
Dh'fhàg mi aic' air iasad mo thrùsair,
Ràsar ùr is colair na dhà.

Dh'fhàg mi mo sheacaid aig cailleach an
tuairneair,
O'n a bha chlann cho rùisgte mun cuairt
dhi,
'S ged a bha sgallan de pheanta na
gualainn,
'S iomadh là fuar a chùim i iad blàth.

Sin agaibh uile mar chosg mi mo thìde,
Chaith mi na bh'agam air bochdan na tìr'
'S mun tàinig an alaraidh theirig an dileab,
'S dh'fhàg sud mì gun dad ach buntàt'.

*I stretched the big foot out along the
bench,
Out along the bench, out along the bench,
I stretched the big foot out along the
bench,
And bent my head low to the ground.*

*I went to Gourock at the beginning of
winter,
I broke my toe - a pity I ever went -
now it is all twisted
and its head as big as a potato basher.*

I was lodging with Cailleach na Smùdan,

*the woman with the rheumy eyes;
I left her my trousers on loan,
a new razor and a couple of collars.*

*I left my jacket with the wheelright's
wife,
since the children were so ill-clad
around her,
and although it had splashes of paint on
the shoulder, many a day it kept them
warm.*

*That was how I occupied my time,
I squandered all I possessed on the
poor of the land,
and before the wake, the legacy was
spent,
and that left me with nothing but
potatoes.*

COILEACH GALLDA MOIREADH

Le Domhnall Ruadh Caimbeul a Ròag

Cha chùram nach togainn fonn
Ged a bhithinn muladach,
Cha chùram nach togainn fonn
Air coileach gallda Mòireadh.

Sud far bheil an coileach tapaidh,
Nuair a ni e 'sgiathaibh phlapadh;
Dùisgidh e na bhios sa bhaile
Nuair ghlanas e sgòrnan.

Ni e ceangal dhomh as t-fhoghar,
Ni e bualadh dhomh san t-sabhal,
Nuair a théid e dhan a' bhothaig
Togaidh e dhomh mhòine.

Mo mhìle beannachd aig a' chruinneig
Thug an coileach air mo thuras,
Cliathaidh e na cearcan gura
'S na tunnagan còmhla.

Chan eil tè tha bhos a thall,
An uair a chluinneas i mar th' ann,
Nach bi ag iarraidh linn na deann
De choileach gallda Mòireadh.

MARION'S FANCY COCKEREL

*I would certainly sing a song,
Though I were sad,
I would certainly sing a song
To Marion's fancy cockerel.*

*That was some plucky coileach
When he flapped his wings,
He wakens everyone in the township
When he clears his throat.*

*He ties the sheaves for me in the autumn,
He threshes the corn in the barn,
When he goes to the henhouse
He lifts the peats for me.*

*A thousand blessings on the young lady
Who brought the cockerel to my area,
He serves the broody hens
As well as the ducks.*

*There is not a single housewife,
When she hears about his prowess,
But immediately wants
A brood of chicks from him.*

COILEACH PEIGI

le Dòmhnall Ruadh Caimbeul a Ròag
dha'n choileach aig a mhàthair chéile nuair a
thàinig e thar a chòirichean fhèin! Dheanadh
Domhnall Ruadh òran mu rud sam bith, beag na
mór, a ghlacadh aire, a' chuid mhór dhiubh
dibhearsaineach, eirmseach. Bha e fhéin agus a
theaghlach a' fuireach tarsaing an rathaid bho
Pheigi Bhuaile Bheathain aig an àm a bha seo
agus tha e coltach gun tug an coileach aig Peigi
sgriob a-nall agus gun deach e fhèin agus an
coileach aig Dòmhnall a shabaid. Tha cunntas air
mar a thachair anns an òran!

*E horó fàth mo liondubh,
Fàth mo liondubh mar the mì,
'S bochd leam a nochd, 's goirt leam a
nochd,
'S bochd leam a nochd mar tha mì;
Fàth mo chruadail cruaidh ri aithris,
Gum bidh 'n coileach agam sgith,
Chuala mi gun deach a leagail
'S coileach Peigi ris a'strith.*

Siud far an robh 'n naidheachd
aoibhneach

Thogadh fonn orm 's mi sgith,
Mun oifigeach aig a'bhanntraich
Gun do chaill e anns an t-srith;
Thàinig e a thoirt dùbhlain
Chun an dùnain agam fhìn,
Sheas mo choileach beag gu duineil,
'S cuiream urram air a chaoidh.

Nuair a thòisich iad ri batal
Dh'fhàg a'phlapartaich mi tinn,
'S iad coltach ri dithis ghaigeach
Bhiodh ag eathgarsaich a'ring ;
Coileach Peigi 's e na shiubhal
'G iarraidh cumhachan sìth
Nuair a chunnaic e chuid itean
'Falbh na milteagan 's a'ghaoith.

Chì mi null 's a nall na gillean
Le'n cuid gliogadaich gun bhrìgh,
Faodaidh gearrd bhi air am brollach
'S e bhi fosgailt' aig na cinn;
Faodaidh uaireadair bhi cosgail
Agus dosgainn bhi na luib
'S e bhi eòlach air a'phosda
'Falbh a dh'ospadal Phortrigh.

Chan eil Gearmailteach no Frangach
Thàinig riamh a nall dhan tìr,
Dheanadh uaireadair le dial
Nach tig call orra ri tìd;
Saoilidh mi nach eil e furasd
Bhi gan cumail ris an tìm,
Ach 's ann tha'n cleoc nach caill
a'mhionaid
Air a'spiris agam fhìn.

Chaidh mi laighe mu naoidh uairean,
'N dùil gun gluaisean ann an tìm,
'S mas cuireadh an coileach cuairt
Gum bithinn suas aig Meall a'Ghniob;
'S ann a dhùisgear mi le uamhas
Leis an fhuaim a bh'aig a'ghaoith,
Toirt an tughaidh far nan cruachan'
S iad air thuar a dhol a dhìth.

Cuiream urram agus onair
Air a'chloc neach caill an tìm,
Ghearras mo chadal 's mo bhruadar
A cheart cho luath 's a ni e bìog,
Eiridh mi gu luath air m'uilinn,

Ged tha'n druinnein agam sgith,
Chaneil lethsgheul agam fuireach
'S tide Lunnainn os mo chinn.

*E horò, cause of my melancholy,
Cause of my melancholy,
Wretched am I tonight, pained am I
tonight,
Wretched I am tonight at my condition:
The cause of my hardship, sore to relate,
That my cockerel will be weary;
I heard that he had been felled
In battle with Peggy's cockerel.*

*That was indeed a joyful report
that would raise my spirits when tired,
about the widow's officer,
that he lost in the battle;
he came to offer a challenge,
to my very own dung heap;
my own little cockerel stood his ground,
and may I honour him forever.*

*When they began to fight
the flapping made me feel ill,
for they were like two warriors
sparring in the ring:
Peggy's cockerel, taking fright,
was asking for terms of peace
when he saw his feathers
blowing like snow flakes in the wind.*

*I see the boys going backwards and
forwards
with their empty jingling;
they may have a watch chain on their
chest,
hanging loose at both ends;
a watch, however expensive,
may have trouble associated with it,
and be very well acquainted with the
postman,
going to the (watch) hospital in Portree.*

*There is neither German nor Frenchman
has ever come to this land,
can make a watch, with a dial,
that does not fail at some point;
I do not think it an easy business
keeping them to the minute:*

*but, on my roost, there sits a clock,
whose timing is impeccable
(impeckable!).*

*I went to bed about 9pm
intending to rise early,
and to be out at Greepe Point
before the cockerel stirred;
but I awakened in alarm
at the noise of the wind
stripping the thatch from the
(hay/corn)stacks
and they in danger of being lost.*

*May I pay homage and honour
to the clock that does keeps to time,
that cuts across my sleep and dreaming
the instant he utters a squeak;
I rise quickly on my elbow,
although my lower back is tired-
I have no excuse to linger
with Greenwich Time commanding me.*

GAOL AM FEAR DUBH

*Gaol am fear dubh, grinn, grinn,
Luaidh am fear dubh grinn, gasda,
Gaol am fear dubh, grinn, grinn.*

*Chunna mi air fèill Phortrigh thu,
'S b' àilleagan air mìle pears' thu.*

*Fhèileadh ort de bhreacan uaine,
'S leam is buaidhche bhith gad fhaicinn.*

*Fhèileadh ort den tartan riomhach,
'S gur e sìoda bha nad ghartain.*

*Saoil 's gu dè a chùim a raoir thu
'S nach robh 'n oidhche fliuch neo
frasach.*

*Tha fios nach do chùim an sìd' thu
'S nach robh mìle slàn san astar.*

*'S aotrom a ghearradh tù 'n fhèithe
'S bu bheag d' fheum air gunna glaiste.*

'S iomadh tè a thug a luaidh dhuit

Is bean uasal a ghabh tlachd dhìot.

*'S iomadh tè a thug a gràdh dhuit
Nach tug greis ri àrach mac dhuit.*

*Tha thu measail aig do chàirdean,
Guala làidir - 's fheairrd iad ac' thu.*

DARLING THE DARK HAired MAN

*Darling the dark haired man,
most handsome,
Beloved the dark handsome gallant one.*

*I saw you at the Portree Fair,
Most distinguished in a thousand people.*

*Wearing a kilt of green,
To me it was lovely to see you.*

*Wearing a kilt of the beautiful tartan,
And your garters were of silk.*

*I wonder what kept you last night
When the night was not wet or showery.*

*Surely the weather did not keep you
And the distance less than a mile.*

*Lightly would you leap over the bog,
You had no need of a locked gun.*

*Many a woman gave you her affection,
And gentle lady was attracted to you.*

*Many a woman gave you her love,
Who did not raise a son to you.*

*You are beloved of your kinsfolk,
A strong shoulder - they are the better
of your support.*

HO MO MHAIRI LAGHACH

*Le Murchadh Ruadh nam Bò à Loch Braoin;
by Murdoch Mackenzie, a drover from Lochbroom.
See Sàr Obair Nam Bàrd p403*

SA1957- 66- 2

*Air a sheinn le Seumas Chaluim Sheumais às
a'Ghnioba*

Sung by James Campbell, Greepe, Skye

*Hò mo Mhàiri laghach, 's tù mo Mhìrì fhìn,
Hò mo Mhàiri laghach, 's tù mo Mhàiri ghrinn
Hò mo Mhàiri laghach, 's tù mo Mhìrì bhinn,
Màiri bhòidheach lurach, rugadh anns na glinn.*

*'S nuair a thig a'Samhradh (Bhealtainn)
Bidh a'choill fo bhlàth,
Na h-eòin bheaga seinn duinn
a dh'oidhche sa là,
Gobhair agus caoraich, is crodh-laoigh
len àl, 'S bidh Màiri bhàn gan saodach
Mach ri aodann chàrn.*

*Nuair a thig a'Bhealtainn (Samhradh)
B'anns' bhi a's na glinn,
Ged bhiodh 'n t-aran gann oirnn
Bhiodh 'n t-amhlan trì fillt,
Gheibh sinn gruth as uachdar,
'S buannachd a'chruidh-laoigh,
'S bidh Ionaid a'chinn chuachaich
Cur mu chuairt a'mhing.*

*“‘S a Pheigi”, arsa Seònaid,
“‘S neònach leam do chàil,
Nach iarradh tu sòlas ('sheòmar)
Ach Gleann Smeòil gu bràth;
Bidh mise dol na bhualaidh
'S m'fhalt mum chluais a'fàs,
'S bidh na fir a'faighneachd
Maighdeann a chùil bhàin.”*

HO MY WINSOME MARY

*Hò my kind Mary, you are my own Mary,
Hò my kind Mary, you are my elegant Mary
Hò my kind Mary, you are my tuneful Mary,
Lovely, pretty Mary, who was born in the glens.*

*When Mayday comes round,
The woods are covered in blossom,
The songbirds sing to us,
Night and day.*

*There will be goats and sheep
And breeding cattle with their offspring,
With fair-haired Mary herding them,
Up the rough hillside.*

*And when Summer comes round,
It is good to be in the glens.
Although bread was scarce,
Dairy produce would be three-fold.
We will have crowdie and cream,
And the produce of the milk cows,
While the pierced head of the churn-shaft
Stirs the butter-milk.*

*“Now Peggy” said Janet,
“I find your taste strange-
That you want no greater joy
Than Glen Smeoil forever;
I will be going to the enclosure,
My hair growing around my ears,
And the men will be enquiring
About the fair-haired maiden.”*

HO MO NIGH'NN DONN BHÒIDHEACH

*Ho mo nigh'nn donn bhòidheach,
nan gorm-shùil meallach,
'S e bhith riut a' còmhradh
ri m' bheò bu mhath leam;
Ho mo nigh'nn donn bhòidheach
nan gorm-shùil meallach.*

*'S mise ghabh an rùn dhìot,
Airson sealladh sùl dhìot
Ciamar nì mi mhùchadh, '
'S tu cho dlùth air m' aire?*

*Banarach na buaile,
Meur as grinne dh'fhuaigheas
Chunnaic mi Diluain thu,
Cur nan sguab air bhannaibh*

*'S binne leam do chòmhradh
Na lòn-dubh no smeòrach
'S iad a' seinn gu ceòlmhor
Madainn cheòthach earraich*

*'S mise tha gu cianail,
Tha mo cheann air liathadh
'S mi ri caoidh na ciad tè*

Bh' agam riamh mar leannan

HO MY BEAUTIFUL BROWN HAIRE GIRL

*Ho my beautiful brown-haired girl
of the bewitching blue eyes,
To be with you forever is my wish*

*I fell in love with you at first sight.
How can I suppress these feelings
With you so much in my thoughts*

*Dairymaid of the cattle fold,
With daintiest finger at sewing
I saw you on Tuesday,
Tying the sheaves in bands*

*I prefer your conversation
To the blackbird or mavis,
Singing so musically
On a misty spring morning.*

*I am distraught,
My hair has turned grey,
Lamenting the one
Who was my first love.*

HORO PHEIGI CHALUIM

Nuair chaidh sinn don bhàl-dannsa
O bu chridheil ann sinn,
Thug sinn ruidhle thriùir ann
Gun taing thoirt do chàch,
Dhanns sinn, leum sinn,
Sheat sinn ri chèile,
Thug sinn fead air 'Gille Calum',
'S brag air 'Jack-a-tàr'.
Hòrò Pheigi Chaluim, bha thu air a'
bhàl.

'S math a thig an gùn dhuit
San fhasan is ùire,
Pleatan air a chùlabh
'S iad lùbte gu h-àrd,
Pleatan air a chùlabh,
Far am bi e dùnadh,
"Flunsaichean" air an tarsaing,
Airson barrachd stràic.

Hòrò Pheigi Chaluim, bha thu air a' bhàl.

'S ioma rud tha fuaight ris,
Nach fhacas is nach cualas,
Beibeidean a ghuaillleadh
A' sguabadh a' làir;
Deagh phìos aodaich
Aig nighean Bhaile Chaolais,
Hòrò Pheigi Chaluim, bha thu air a' bhàl.
Hòrò Pheigi Chaluim, bha thu air a' bhàl.

Na faca tu cho uallach
'S a thug i car mu chuairt dhith,
Falt a-sios mu guailleann
Na dhualan gu bharr,
Còta goirid dlùth oirr'
'S cha ruigeadh e na glùinnean,
Ghearr i figeirean le casan
'S gaileagan le làimh,
Hòrò Pheigi Chaluim, bha thu air a' bhàl.

Nuair chaidh sinn don bhàl-
dannsa...Reprise

PEGGY DAUGHTER OF CALUM

*When we went to to the ball,
We were very merry,
We did a threesome reel
Irrespective of the others
We danced, we jumped,
We set to each other,
We danced 'Gille Calum' with enthusiasm,
And likewise, 'Jackie Tar'.
Horo, Peggy, you were at the ball.*

*You fairly suit the gown
In the latest fashion,
Pleats at the back
Folded at the top;
Pleats at the back
Where it fastens,
Flounces crosswise
For more freedom of movement..
Horo, Peggy, you were at the ball.*

*There are many things sewn to it
The likes of which have not been seen or
heard of,*

*The train from its shoulder sweeping
the floor
The lass from Baile Chaolais
Has a fine piece of cloth.
Horo, Peggy, you were at the ball.*

*If you had seen her agility
As she birlled around,
Hair down to her shoulders
In ringlets to its tips,
Wearing a tightfitting coat
that barely reached her knees,
She executed steps with her feet
And snapped her fingers in time.
Horo, Peggy, you were at the ball.*

HORO THA MI SMAOINEACHADH TOGAIL ORM GU H-AOTROM

SA1957-094-B1

*Air a sheinn le Seonag Chaluum Sheumais à
Ròag
Sung by Johan Campbell (MacLeod) Roag,
Skye.*

*Horò tha mi smaoineachadh
Togail orm gu h-aotrom,
Gu àite mo ghaoil agus m'eòlais,
Far am biodh mo dhaoine
Ann am bruthaichean an aonaich,
Far an robh mi maoth agus gòrach.*

*Far am biodh na gruagaichean,
Fearail, smearail, guanach,
Nach meataicheadh a'fuachd ri là
reòdhte;
Bheireadh greis air bualadh
'S a chuidicheadh a'buain mi,
A shuidheadh sin a'fuaigheal san
t'seòmar.*

*Ged's lurach air a'chabhsair
Na mnathan òga gallda,
Cha bhiodh an ceum ach mall dol
a'mhònaidh,
'S olc gu gearradh leum iad
Dol seachad air an fhèithidh,
'S cha deanadh iad cus feum sa pholl
mhònadh.*

Nis innsidh mi gun dàil dhuibh

*Far a bheil mo chàirdean
Anns an Aodann Bhàn gabhail
còmhnaidh;
Greis a'gabhail dhuaganan
Leis na mnathan luadha -
'S beag a bhiodh de ghruaimein air
Dòmhnall.*

IN HAPPY MOOD

*Horò, I do intend
to set off, in happy mood,
to the favourite and well-known place,
where my people were wont to be,
on the slopes of the hill,
where I was young and carefree.*

*Where lived the young women,
who were brave, strong, and light-hearted,
and were unafraid of the cold on a frosty
day; who would spend time threshing
corn,
and would help me with the harvesting,
then sit sewing in the chamber.*

*Though the young lowland girls
look pretty on the pavements,
their step would be but feeble going for
peats,
awkward at leaping
over the bogs,
and not much use in the peat-hags.*

*Now I will tell you without delay
where my relatives live.
They live in Edinbane.
A while spent singing songs,
with the waulking women -
Donald would be anything but gloomy.*

MO CHULABH RIS A'BHAILE SEO

*DISC_LOG_1516 School of Scottish Studies.
As sung by Ann Campbell (Michie), Greepe, Skye.*

*Mo chùlabh, mo chùlabh,
Mo chùlabh ris a'bhaile seo,
Is m'aghaidh air an àite
Far an d'àraich òg am leanabh mi.*

'S nuair thèid mi chun na cuibhle,

Bidh smuaircean mòr air m' aire-se,
Gun toir fear eile bhuam thu,
'S gun toir thu fuath don mharaiche.

'S nuair bhios mi dol don mhònaidh,
Bu chaomh leam fhìn bhi tachairt riut,
Ach an fhaigh mi greis de d'
chòmhradh:
Tha fiadh na cròic is cabhag air.

'S gur mise tha gu cianail
Dol seachad sìos aig Barrabhaig,
A' cuimhneachadh air Slèite
'S a liuthad ceum a ghabh mi ann.

*My back, my back,
my back to this town,
and my face towards the place
where I was reared as a child.*

*When I take my turn at the wheel,
my mind will be tortured
lest another steal you from me
and that you learn to hate the sailor.*

*When I go to the peats
I enjoy meeting you
to have some conversation:
the antlered stag is in a hurry.*

*I am homesick
passing by Barravaig,
remembering Sleat,
and the many places I walked there.*

O SANN THA MO GHAOL'S AIR CHALL

"My love is lost"
DISC_LOG_1514. School of Scottish Studies
As sung by Ann Campbell (Michie)

*O, 's ann tha mo ghaol -sa air chall,
Cha till esan tuilleadh rium;
Seòladair air long nan crann,
'S ann tha m'annsachd air a'mharaich.
O, 's ann tha mo ghaol-sa thall.*

*Nuair a sheòl iad mach na caoil,
O, gum b' aighearach na laoich,
Cur an cùrs air tìr a' fhraoich,
Far robh luchd an gaoil a' fuireach.*

*'S tric a ghabh mi sgrìob lem ghaol
Mach ri guala Beinn a' Fhraoich,
Oidhche dhorch a ri droch ghaoth,
'S càch fon aodach 's iad nan cadal.*

*'S iomadh màthair tha fo leòn,
Ann an dùthaich dhorch a' cheò,
Giùlan èideadh dubh a' bhròn,
Is (gach) maighdean òg a tha gun
leannan.*

**Ged nach eil thu Chlann 'c Leòid,
Tha thu foghainteach gu leòr,
'S na faigheadh tu stiùir na d' dhòrn,
Chuireadh tu long mhór gu caladh.*

**Additional verse not on this recording.*

*O, my love is lost,
he will never return to me,
a sailor on the masted ship,
my choice is the seaman.
O, my love is lost.*

*When they sailed out through the narrows,
lighthearted were the lads,
setting a course for the land of the
heather,
where their loved ones lived.*

*Often my love and I walked
out by the shoulder of Beinn a'Fhraoich,
on a dark windy night
when others were asleep under the
bedclothes.*

*Many a mother is sorrowful
in the dark land of the mist,
wearing the black attire of mourning,,
and a young maid who is without her love.*

*Though you are not a MacLeod,
you are brave enough;
as long as you got the rudder in your
hand,
you would bring a big ship to harbour.*

O IDIR AN D'FHAIRICH NA CUALA SIBH

O idir an d' fhairich nan cuala sibh,
Mar dh' fhàg iad mise nam bhuamastair
Nuair dh' fhalbh mi le cabhaig
a dh' iarraidh na caileig,
Ach 's fheudar dhomh aithris
nach d' fhuair mi i.

Ràna' min dorus gu sàbhailte,
Is fhuair mi a-staigh air gu fàbharrach,
Ach thuit mi nam charan a-null mun an
tallan,
'S a-nuas a bhan dreasair 's gach clàr a
bh' ann.

'S a' bhriogais chlò ùr rinn an tàilleir
dhomh,
'S a phàigh mi gini Dimàirt oirre,
Gun d' thug an cù ruadh na stiallan i
nuas,
'S an t-seann chailleach shuas 's i
gàireachdraich.

O idir an d' fhairich nan cuala sibh,
Mar dh' fhàg iad mise nam bhuamastair
Nuair dh' fhalbh mi am chabhaig
A dh' iarraidh na caileig,
Ach 's fheudar dhomh aithris
Nach d' fhuair mi i.

DID YOU HEAR

*Have you heard
what a fool they have made of me,
when I went in haste
to ask for the girl,
but I have to confess
I did not get her.*

*I arrived safely at the door,
and entered it safely,
but fell headlong
against the dividing wall,
and down came the dresser
and every dish it contained.*

*My new tweed tailor made trousers
that I paid a ginea for on Tuesday,
the brown dog ripped them to shreds
while the old lady cackled with laughter.*

*Have you heard
What a fool they have made of me,
When I went in haste
to ask for the girl,
But I have to confess
I did not get her.*

OGANACH DONN NA BAINNSE

SA1957-67-1
Air a sheinn le Murchadh Chaluim Sheumais à
Ròag
Sung by Murdo Campbell, Roag, Skye.

*Hòrì horò gun togainn ort fonn,
Gun togainn, cha cheilinn 's gun seinninn
dhuit rann,
'S chan inns mi rud eile tha'n cleith na mo
chom,
Air òganach donn na bainnse.*

'S ro-cheanalta an duine tha'n Uilleam
nam fiadh,
Cas dhìridh a'mhunaidh le ghunna fo
dhion,
Le ghloinneachan fradhairc ri aghaidh gu
mhiann,
Gu faic e gu crìoch na Frainge.

Nam bithinn nam bhàrd chuirinn dàn dhut
an cèill,
Air cinneadh mo(do) mhàthar o
Bhàideineach threun;
'S tù fleasgach as bòidhche 's as spòrsaile
ceum,
'S cha bhi air fèill ri aimhreit.

Nam pòsadh tu Lìsi na mìog-shùilean
ciùin,
Bu mhòr an toilinntinn bhi sìnnte ri taobh;
Ni bòidhchead na h-nìghneig do lìonadh le
gaol,
'S gun cuir e gach gaoid air chall ort.

Bidh daoine nan cabhaig cur taighe dhut
suas,
Le sheòmraichean soilleir san toilleadh an
sluagh,
Gach fear dhiubh gun deireas le teine
math guail,

'S cha bhi thu ri fuachd sa
Gheamhradh.

*BBC recording of Ann (Campbell) Michie to be
used on CD.

THE HANDSOME YOUNG BRIDEGROOM

*Hori, horò, I would sing you a chorus
I would sing, openly, a song to you,
And I will not reveal something else
which is hidden in my breast,
About the young brown-haired
bridegroom.*

*William, the deerstalker is a most
amiable man,
well able to climb the hills with his gun
secure,
with his binoculars in front of him, in
focus
he can see to the borders of France*

*Were I a poet, I would compose you a
song
in praise, of your mother's people,
from bold Badenoch.
most handsome young man with your
jaunty step
you avoid quarrels at the Fair.*

*If you were to marry Leezie of the calm,
beguiling eyes,
to lie beside her would fill you with
contentment.
the girl's beauty will fill you with love
and she will banish all your ills.*

*People will rush to build you a house,
with bright rooms, to accommodate
many people.
each flawless room will have a good
coal fire;
you will not feel the cold in winter.*

OIDHCHE BANAIS NA H-AIRDEADH

Le Dòmhnall Ruadh Caimbeul a Ròag.
"The night of the Ardroag Wedding)

Bha piuthar do Dh. R. a'dol a phòsadh 's chaidh e
fhèin agus Alasdair Stiùbhartach ga h-iarraidh do
Thalasgar far a'robh i ag obair. Bha banais san
Aird air a'cheart oidhche 's bha flagaichean gan cur
suas agus iurachraichean gan leigeil mar a bha sa
chleachdadh. Bha bodach san àite a fhuair canon
air a chladach 's cha do smaoinich e na b'fheàrr na
ball a chur ann. Loisg e'n canon agus thuit a bhall
beagan shlat bhon bhàta a bha toirt piuthar Dh. R.
dhachaidh a Talasgar 's i dìreach a'tighinn a staigh
a'loch... !

Gu robh buaidh leis na seòid,
Gilleann cruaidha gun ghò,
Fo chomann Chaiptein Stiùbhart
Bu chliùitiche dòigh;
Nuair thigeadh latha an t-soirbheis,
'S an eilm na do dhòrn,
Gu stiùireadh tu'n fhairege
'S cha dearmaid thu sgòd;
Gu robh buaidh leis na seòid.

Oidhche banais na h-Airdeadh
Bha gearrd air an tìr,
Bha cuttair na bànrainn
A'fabhar an rìgh,
Le cuid bhrataichean sgàrlaid
An càradh ri cruinn
Mar urram dha'n a'chàraid
Bha'n dàn a dhol cruinn;
Gu robh buaidh leis na seòid.

Bha sgiobair gu stràiceil
A'mèairsdeadh air deac,
A'cur òrdanan cruaidhe
Ann an cluasan a'mheat,
A cuid canabhasan suas
Ruith gu luath thar na slat,
Gu robh bratach air tìr,
'S cha be sith bha na beachd.
Gu robh buaidh leis na seòid.

Thuit a'meat ris an uairsin,
Mo chruadal 's mo sgailc,
Cha sheas sinn ri buaireas
'S gun luaidh againn pailt;
Tha de dh'armachd air tìr
Aig luchd millidh na yacht,
Na smàladh dhan ghrund thu
Mas cunntadh tu seachd,
Gu robh buaidh leis na seòid.

O's iomadh fear a chuala
Nuair fhuair iad a' seòl,
'S a sheat iad a'cùrsa
Air chùl an Taigh Stòir;
Cha robh port san taobh tuath
Nach do bhuail i a sròn,
Air chùl 's a bhi oidhche
'N taigh seinns Dhonnchaidh Chòir,
Gu robh buaidh leis na seòid.

*May the heroes prevail,
Hardy, honest lads
Under the command of Captain
Stewart,
Of distinguished reputation;
When conditions were favourable,
With the tiller in your hand
You would sail the angry sea
Under full sail;
May the heroes prevail.*

*The night of the Ardroag wedding
There was a guard on land,
The queen's cutter
Favoured the king,
With its scarlet banners,
Attached to her masts,
As a mark of respect to the couple
Who were about to be married;
May the heroes prevail.*

*The skipper purposefully
Strode the deck
Issuing firm orders,
To the mate,
To hoist her sails
As quickly as possible,
As there was a banner ashore
Whose intention did not appear to be
friendly;
May the heroes prevail.*

*The mate then said to him,
My hardship! my quandary!
We cannot continue this fight
As we are short of ammunition;
There are enough armaments on shore,
In the hands of those hostile to the
yacht,
To sink you to the depths*

*Before you could count to seven;
May the heroes prevail.*

*Many people heard (the tale):
Once they got under way,
And set her course,
From near the Store House;
There was not a port in the north
In which she did not call,
Not to mention a night spent
In Good Duncan's public house.
May the heroes prevail!*

ORAN A'CHEANNAICHE

Le Iain Dubh Dhomhnaill nan Oran, John Macleod.
SA1957-066-5

Air a sheinn le Murchadh Chaluim Sheumais à
Ròag
Sung by Murdo Campbell, Roag, Skye.

Am Bàrd:

Chuir mi 'n uiridh fàilt air
an Aigeach 's cha d'aithnich e mi,
'S nì mim bliadhna an dàn seo
le bàigh dhu'-sa, Cheannaiche;
'S òg a bha mi làmh riut
mun d'fhàg mi am fearann-sa,
'S gur tric bha mi nad fhianais
ag iasgach na smalagan.

'S on a dh'fhàg mi thu,
chan eil sruth sa mhuir nach aithnich mi,
Gun d'fhalbh mo chruth,
's mo neart 's mo ghuth,
'S ma tha thu'n diugh gam aithneachadh;
Ach tha thu fhèin a'seasamh treun
ro ghaoth nan speur cha chreathnaich
thu,
'S cha chrith thu orra bhuinn
bho na tuinn a tha stealladh ort.

A'Chreag/ An Ceannaiche:

Saoil an tù MacLeòid
a dh'fhalbh òg na do mharaiche,
Gun cuala sinn gun d'chail iad thu
thall an Astralia,
'S tha mise seo mar bha mi
's cha chnàmh a'chlach-mheallain mi -
Gun teich an Rubha Bàn
às mo nàbachd, cha charaich mi.

*

'S aig àm nam fras fo bhonn mo chas,
bheir Calum Ros na giomaich leis,
Cha d'fhàg iad crùbag na mo chùiltean
nach do spùill iad buileach às;
B'fhearr dhomh mo bhùthachd
a dhùnadh gu buileach orr',
Gu ruige 's mo chuid bhàirneach
chan fhàg iad gun chruinneachadh.

Nuair thig a'ròn gu bonn mo bhròg,
ni e rium còmhradh suil-lionach,
'S an fhaoileag bhàn rium tric
a'seanchas
ged tha'n sgarbh na bhumailair;
A'chorra-ghrithreach, tha i fhèin
's a cliù 's a beusan urramach,
Ged 's tric a rinn mi a'còmhnadh
bho spògan na h-iolaire.

*Ged tha mi làidir, mòr is àrd,
bheir fear neo dhà mo char asam,
is e mo bhathar tha toirt fàs
air a'bhuntàta as t-Earrach ac',
cha tig na mearlaich ga mo
phàigheadh,
ged nach fàg iad stamh orm,
's na faighinn cothrom falbh,
bhiodh crith-thalmhain mun tealaichean.

*Nuair thig an Samhradh blàth orm,
fàgaidh a' mulad mi,
Cha bhi mi mar tha càch,
bidh mi làn den a h-uile rud,
Na h-eòin a thig gum shàilean,
ga sàsachadh uil' agam,
'S ged bhiodh iad ann am fiachan,
chan iarr mi dhaibh sumanadh.

*Bhithinn-sa glè stàiteil
nam fàg-te mo chuid agam,
Chan eil iasg a tha san t-sàl
nach eil pàirt de tighinn ugamsa,
Gach langa thig air snàmh
gu mo thràigh tro na cruinneagan,
Thig Ruairidh Chaluim Bhàin
agus tarraidh e uile iad.

*Additional vv from Johan Campbell
THE SONG OF "AN CEANNAICHE"

The Bard:

*Last year I greeted the Aigeach
but he did not recognise me.
This year I will sing this song,
with affection, to you, Ceannaiche.
I was near you when very young,
before I left this land,
and was often within sight of you,
Fishing for young saithe.*

*And since I left you,
I have got to know every current in the
sea.
My shape, my strength,
my voice have gone,
but you still recognised me today.
But you stand bravely
before the the heavens' winds, unflinching,
Unmoved on your foundations
by the waves that pound you.*

The Rock/ An Ceannaiche:

*I wonder if you are MacLeod
who left as a young man to be a mariner.
We heard that they had lost you
over in Australia.
I am here as ever,
undiminished by the hailstones.
Until the Rubha Bàn deserts
my neighbourhood, I will not move.*

*At the time of showers about my feet,
Calum Ross will take the lobsters.
They have not left a crab in my nooks;
they have plundered them all.
It would be better if I closed
my shops completely.
Even my limpets,
they have gathered them all.*

*When the seal comes about my feet,
he will speak, wet-eyed, to me;
The white gull often speaks to me,
but the cormorant is a simpleton.
The heron's reputation
and manners are respectable,
although I have often helped her escape
the talons of the eagle.*

*Although I am strong, large and tall,
one or two will out wit me;
it is my cargo that fertilises
their potatoes in Spring,
but the thieves do not come to pay me
although they take every bit of tangle
from me,
and were I to go away, it would cause
an earthquake around their firesides.*

*When warm Summer comes
the sadness leaves me.
I will not be as the others,
I will be full of everything,
satisfying all the birds
that come to my seas,
and although they should be in debt,
I will not ask for a summons for them.*

*I would be very stately
if I were left with my possessions,
there is not a fish in the sea
but some of them come to me.
Every ling that comes swimming
to my shore through the eddies,
Ruairidh Chaluim Bhàin comes
and captures them all.*

ORAN A'CHRISTMAS TREE

*Le Domhnull Ruadh Caimbeul a Ròag
(The song of the Christmas Tree)*

*Bha cuim aig Taigh Mòr Orboist 's bha òigridh
a'bhàile uile air an iarraidh ann - ach a-mhàin
am bàrd agus a nàbaidh, Niall Bàn.*

SA1984-001-Side B

*Air a sheinn le Seumas Chaluim Sheumais às
a'Ghnioba*

Sung by James Campbell, Greepe, Skye.

*Gur bochd mar dh'éirich dhuinn a Neill,
Chan fheum sinn bhi ga innse
Nach d'fhuair sinn cuireadh a'dhol suas
A dh'éisdeachd fuaim na pìoba,
Bha dùil ro'n ám gum bith'maid ann
A'dol an ceann a' ruidhle,
Ach dh'fhalbh a'bhliadhna sin co-
dhiùbh,
'S gun toir sinn dùil a chaoidh dhi.*

*Gun d'fhàg iad mì mar fhear gun
mheas,
O, dh'fhàg iad mì mar bhalachan;*

*Gun d'fhàg iad mìs air a' laimh chli,
Cha d'thug iad cuimhn' air m'ainm ann,
'S nan cluinninn pìob ga seinn le spìd,
Na fìdheal ghrinn bhiodh foirmeil,
Gun dannsainn-sa dhuibh "Hielan' Fling"
Na 'Poca sìl an t-Sealgair'.*

*Nìghneagan an Taighe Mhoir,
Chan eil mi eòlach umpa,
Cha toir iad cuireadh dha mo sheòrs'
Far am bi ceòl no sùgradh,
Gur e mo phòsadh ann am òige,
Dh'fhàg cho mór air chùl mi,
Ach dheth gach toileachadh a bh'ann,
'S e'n dannsa bha mi 'g ionndrain.*

**Bha farum chas is bualadh bhas
Is pìob nan dos ga seinn ann,
Gach fear le 'lass' aig air a cois
Ga brosnachadh gu dannsa;
Ach aona 'skemp' a dh'fhàg iad as,
Na peacaich nach tug ann e,
'S e cheart cho grinn air ùrlar bhòrd
Ri seòrsa mhaighstir dannsair.*

**Saoil nach e MacLeoid bha tapaidh,
Thilg e sheacaid ghorm dheth,
Gun d'leum e beò nuair chual e'n ceòl
Aig tòiseachadh na seirbheis,
E air a chois cho luath ri dreag,
A'breabadaich, 's a'stamasan,
Is lias is fallus air a sgall
'S e dannsa Tullach Gorm dhaibh.*

*Bha chraobh a b'àille ann riamh a dh'fhàs,
Air talamh àrd no ìseal,
Le duileach mhaiseach, riamh gun
ghaiseadh,
Le cuid mheangan sìnnte;
Gun chron ri àireamh oirre fàs,
'O bun gu bàrr ri innse,
'S i seasmhmhach, dìreach as a'ghrunnd
'S i giùlan toradh prìseil.*

*Có a phlanntaich i o thùs,
A'chraobh a b'ùire fiamhachd?
Gun dh'fhas i dìreach as a'ghrunnd
Gun lùb innte no fiaradh;
Cha deanadh stoirm a'toirt a mhàinn,
No gaoth a'Mhàrt a crìonadh,*

'S tha lethcheud bliadhna, mar 'eil còrr
O'n ghabh an t-ògan reumhach.

Chan 'eil eun a th'anns a'choillidh
Nach toir mollachd uaithe,
Gach fear is té, nan cànan fhéin,
Toirt beum dha'n fhear a bhuain i,
'S a liuthad àl rinn innte fàs,
Gu sàbhailte nan cuachan,
O, 's math leam fhìn nach i mo làmh,
A thug a mhàinn le tuagh i.

* additional vv not on this recording

THE SONG OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE

What happened to us was so sad, Neil,
We must not dwell on it.
We were not invited to go
To listen to the sound of the pipes.
We hoped before hand that we would
be there
Leading the reel,
But this year has gone, however,
And we will not miss it.

They left me like a man without
esteem,
They left me like a little boy,
They left me on the sidelines,
They did not remember my name there.
But if I was to hear the pipes played
very fast,
Or a lively fiddle,
I would dance the "Highland Fling" for
you,
Or "Poca Sìl an t-Sealgair".

The girls at the Big House,
I do not know them very well.
They do not invite people like me
Where there is music and mirth.
Marrying so young
Has left me so out of touch,
But of all the enjoyments of old,
I missed the dancing most of all.

There were tapping feet and clapping
hands

And the droned pipes were being played
there,
Each man with his lass on her feet
Encouraging her to dance.
But one "likely lad" who was left out.
What sinners, not to invite him,
And he as neat on the floorboards
As a kind of dance master.

Do you not think MacLeod was bold.
He threw off his blue jacket .
He leapt up when he heard the music
At the start of the proceedings.
On his feet with the speed of a shooting
star,
Stamping and prancing,
His head shining and sweating,
As he danced the "Tulloch Gorm" for
them.

They had the most beautiful tree that ever
grew
On high or low ground,
With graceful , unblemished foliage,
Stretching from its branches.
Without a flaw to be seen
From its base to its tip,
It stood steadfast and straight,
Bearing precious produce.

Whoever planted it long ago,
This tree of freshest appearance.
It grew straight from the ground,
Without bend or bow.
The storm will not bring it down,
Nor March winds wither it.
It is fifty years or more
Since the plant took root.

There is not a bird in the wood
That will not condemn this,
Each one, in its own language,
Reproaching the person who felled it.
Considering the many broods that have
grown
Safely in its nests,
I am thankful it was not my hand
That brought it down with an axe.

ORAN AN TAIGH-SHOLAIS

Le Dòmhnall Ruadh Caimbeul à Ròag
The song of the Lighthouse)
SA1984.001.A6 ?

Air a sheinn le Murchadh Chaluim Sheumais à
Ròag
Sung by Murdo Campbell Roag, Skye

Bha Niall Bàn a' fuireach ann am bothan beag
dubh am beul a'chladaich. Bha an teine am
meadhon a' làir agus toll am mullach an taighe
far an drachadh an ceò a-mach. Nuair a
rachadh rud a thilgeil air an teine rachadh na
sradagan a-mach ron toll. Bhiodh na h-
iasgairean, bhiodh iad a-muigh ag iasgach 's
iad a' faicinn nan sradagan, agus se'n Taigh
Solais a thug iad air bothan Neill. Turas, aig àm
reothairt, thàinig a' làn a-staigh dhan taigh agus
b'fheudar do Niall agus dha theaghlach
teicheadh le'm beatha. Tha D. R. ga innse mar
gum b'e, da rìreabh, taigh-soluis, a bha anns a'
bhothan aig Niall bochd.

'S tric mi cuimhneachadh an dràs d'ort,
Ille bhàin is àirde fòghlum,
'S mi dol seachad air an àite,
(fhàrdaich)
Far am b' àbhaist dhomh gun tadhlainn;
Far a faighinn cor na rìoghachd
Air a mìneachadh gu réidh dhomh,
'S i gun chearb oirre ga h-inns',
Ach mar a chìtear i 's a'phàipeir.

Gura tusa ghabh an t-eagal,
Nuair a dh'fhairich thu fuaim an
onfhaidh,
Dh'fhàg thu do lampaichean laiste,
'S dh'fhàg thu meat fo bhinn na fairge,
dh'fhàg thu do leabhraichean cunntais,
Dh'fhàg thu'n trimpaid bha 'rson
seanchais,
Chaidh cha ghearain mi gu bràth ort
On a thàrr thu bhean 's na leanaban.

'S ann ann a bha'n coltas air a'bhàgh
An oidhche chailleadh bàt' a Leòdaich,
'S chaidh a 'damages' ort fhàgail
O nach d'sheas thu t-àite còmhnaidh;
'S mur be 'm 'Morair' a chur litir
As do leth gu daoine móra,
Bha iad air do dhreuchd a bhristeadh,
Chuir air Iseabail do chòta.

Dh'fhalbh 'a' yacht' aig Maighstir
Seonsdan,
Ged bha h-acainn-mara cinnteach,
Air a dearbhadh gus a cumail
Ann an gruinneal ri droch shìde,
'S ann a chìt' i nis na clàran,
Eadar Hearlais 's Meall a'Ghnioba,
'S cuid eile dhith a ghabh mu thàmh
'S nach tig am barr gu là na crìche.

Bha thu measail aig na h-eòlaich,
Dòmhnall mór, bu mhór a spéis dhuit,
'S Aonghas Mac Alasdair còmh' ris,
Bhiodh e leat an còir 's an eucoir,
'S gur e iasgairean na dùthcha
Chuir na cùisean roimhte chéile,
Chuir iad gearan chun a'bhùird ort,
Gus do sgiùrsadh far a'stéisean.

Cha robh cunntas riamh air cànan
A bh'aig nàisean fo na speuran,
Nach fhaight' ann an ceann Neill Bhàin i,
Mar ri Gàidhlig agus Beurla.
Bha e comasach air cainnt
Thoir dha na Frangaich 's dha na
Greugaich;
'S dheth na thachair ris de Spàinnich -
Labhradh e nan cànan fhéin riuth.

Nuair a chruinnicheadh iad cuideachd,
Gus an tuigeadh iad gach nì dheth,
Bha gach iasgair bha mun cuairt ann,
Mar ri tuathanaich a'Ghnioba,
'S chomharraich iad spot a mach dhuit,
'S ri mo bheachd chaidh "engineereadh"
Ann a'fradharc ri Ceann Bharraidh,
'S ann a'level ri Caol Ile.

Fhir a bhios a'siubhal chuantan,
Beatadh cruaidh airson nan òban,
Cùm fear coimhid air a gualainn,
'S cùm an luaidhe mach an còmhnaidh,
'S nuair a bhios tu toirt mun cuairt
Aig fìor cheann shuas na Sgeire Móire,
Tha e dìreach glan an uairsin
An ear thuath ort air a'chòmbaist.

*Tha e furasda ri thuigsinn,
Bidh e briobadh, bidh e boillsgeadh,
Bidh e uairean dearg is uaine*

*'S bidh e uaireannan gun soills ann;
Bheir e sin am plathadh soilleir,
'S chì thu fearann air gach laimh dhìot,
Chì thu blocaichean is ròpan,
'S chì thu chòmbaiste gun lainntir.*

*'S nuair fhuair eadh na cùisean
cuideachd,
'S a bha h-uile rud an òrdan,
Chaidh 'Inspector' thoirt a Lunnainn,
Dh'fheuch 'n do chumadh ris a' chòir thu;
Chaidh fear coimhid air gach uinneig,
Air gach turaid agus còrnair;
Chaidh 'inspection' air a' lampa
Dh'eagal i bhi call an eòlainn.*

*Chaidh 'a'ghoverment' fo ghealladh
Nach cairicheadh iad as am bliadhna
thu,
Ach gun tugadh iad do lòn dhuit,
Mar bha còir aig fear do ghnìomh air;
Cha ghabh onfhaidhean do leth-sgeul
Ma theicheas tu as am bliadhna -
Théid do chur gu roc an Eirinn
'S as a dhéidh gu Sgeir an Iarainn.*

THE SONG OF THE LIGHTHOUSE

*I often think of you at this time,
Fair-haired lad of greatest learning
When I pass the house where I used to
call;
Where the state of the nation
Would be clearly explained to me,
Without a flaw in the telling,
Just as could be seen in the papers.*

*You must have been frightened
When you heard the noise of the
storm.
You left the lamps lit
You left the mate at the mercy of the
storm,
You left your account books,
You left the trumpet which was for
communication. I will never blame you,
Since you saved your wife and the
children.*

The bay was a fearsome sight

*On the night that MacLeod's boat was
lost.*

*You were blamed for her loss
Since you deserted your post.
If the Gentleman had not sent a letter
On your behalf, to important people,
They would have dismissed you from your
post, And promoted Isabel to take your
place.*

*Mr Johnston's yacht was swept away,
Although her sea gear was sound,
Guaranteed to take hold
Of the seabed in bad weather.
It can now be seen as driftwood,
Between Harlosh and Greepe Head.
Some of the rest of her has sunk,
And will not surface till Doomsday.*

*You were respected by your
acquaintances,
Big Donald held you in high esteem,
And Angus, son of Alasdair,
He supported you through thick and thin.
It was the fishermen of the district
Who upset matters:
They sent a complaint to the Board
To have you removed from the station.*

*There was no known language
In any nation under the heavens
That could not be found in Fair Neil's
head,
Along with Gaelic and English;
He was able to converse
With the French and the Greeks,
And of all the Spaniards that he met
He spoke to them in their own tongue.*

*When they were gathered together
So that they could understand everything,
All the fishermen from the area were
there.
As well as the farmers of Greepe.
They agreed a site for you,
And in my opinion it was engineered
To give sight of Barra Head,
And across to the Sound of Islay.*

If you are one who sails the oceans,

*Beating hard to reach the bays,
Put a lookout in the bows,
And take frequent soundings.
When you come about, at the far end of
the Big Reef, it is directly ahead,
To the north-east of you by the
compass.*

*It is easy to understand, sometimes
twinkling, sometimes flashing,
sometimes showing red and green;
sometimes showing no light.
It will then show a bright beam
So that you can see land on either
hand,
You can see blocks and ropes
You can see the compass without a
lantern.*

*When matters had been sorted out
And everything was in order,
An Inspector was brought from London
To determine if you had followed
procedures.
A lookout was posted at each window,
At each turret and corner.
The lamp was inspected
In case it was leaking oil.*

*The government promised
That you would not be moved this year,
And that they would keep you supplied,
As befits a man in your position.
The storms will be no excuse
If you desert your post this year.
You will be sent to a submerged reef off
Ireland, And after that to Sgeir an
Iarainn.*

*You will see no land or heather there,
Unless you happen to be carrying a
telescope.
You will not hear a word about Spring
work
Your life will be a burden to you.
Manuring, cultivation and planting
potatoes will be of little concern to you.
Your supplies will come from the
Queen's store, delivered to you by boat.*

JC: "You did not badly"!

ORAN CHLANN 'IC NEACAIL

SA1957-094-B1

Air a sheinn le Seonag Chaluim Sheumais à Ròag
Sung by Johan Campbell (MacLeod), Roag, Skye.

Seonag learned text & tune from from Mrs Kate
MacKinnon (née Nicolson) from Waternish. Mrs
MacKinnon's father was a Nicolson from Braes. The
sudden ending suggests that this song is a fragment of a
longer song. Author unknown.

*Thogarainn, thogarainn bhi dol dhachaidh,
E horó, e horó,
Gu Sgoireabreac a chruidh chaisfhinn.
E ho hì rì-i iù ó
'S i iù ò
thogarainn falbh.*

*Ceud soiridh bhuam mar bu dual dhomh,
Gu taigh mór Mhic Neacail shuas ud,
Far am bu tric a shuidh na h-uaislean:
Rìgh Seumas a Cói'g 's a shluagh ann;
Na cùirtearean glana suairce.*

THE SONG OF CLAN NICOLSON

*I greatly wish to go home
to Skorrybreck of the white legged cattle.
I wish to go.*

*A hundred greetings from me as was
customary, to the great house of Nicolson
up yonder, where often sat the nobility:
King James V. and his retinue;
the handsome, pleasant courtiers.*

ORAN CHNOC NAN CRAOBH

Le Domhnull Ruadh Caimbeul, do Mhòr Chaimbeul
à Buaile Bheathain, Mòr nigh'n Uilleam Bàin, an tè
phòs e.

SA1957- 66- 6

Air a sheinn le Seumas Chaluim Sheumais às
a'Ghnioba
Sung by James Campbell, Greepe, Skye

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

*Mheall is char thu mi le d'bhriathran,
'S thug thu mi le d'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-Airigh,
'S Mòr Nigh'n Uilleam Bàin ri m' thaobh.

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

Nuair bu dluithe 'm fraoch sam barrach,
'S duileach a'falach nan craobh,
'S tric a ghabh mi sgrìob le m'annsachd,
Null sa 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 àluinn
Timcheall Gàradh Chnoc nan Craobh.

*'S iomadh dheònaicheadh bhi tàmh ann,
Thig iad on t-sàl is on fhraoch,
Bheacaireachd air obair nàduir
Timcheall Gàradh Chnoc nan Craobh

THE SONG OF CNOC 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.*

*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-Airigh
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*

ORAN NA CARNAIG

Le Domhnull Ruadh Caimbeul a Ròag do
Pheigi Bhuaile Bheathain, a mhàthair cèile,
a bha uamhasach measeil air easgann -
agus cha robh i idir toilichte mun òran agus an
dealbh a rinn Dòmhnall Ruadh dhith.
SA1984.001.A7
Air aithris le Murchadh Chaluim S.heumais `a
Roag.
Recited by Murdo Campbell Roag

*Seall thus an duin' ad,
'S mòr na dh'fhuiling e dheachainn,
'S ann a leum e air uilinn,
O là sguir e dheth smeuradh;
Ghabh e fastadh fad geamhraidh,
Aig a'bhanntraich ag iasgach,
A'toirt a'car as a'chàrnaig,
'S e fulang tàire ga biathadh
Ri bun a'staimh.*

*Thug an còrdadh dhuit misneachd,
Fhuair thu litrichean bargain,
Thug i'm bounty dhuit còmhla,
Gu ceannach ròpaichean cainpeadh,*

Agus tomhas dhe'n t-seòrsa
Bhidhte feòrach air margadh:
*Slat Ghallda, gun sòradh,
O bhàrr a sròineadh gu h-earball:
Be siod a faid

A chiad latha tighinn air tìr dhuit
'S ann bha'n aoibh air a'chiùrair,
Bha i null Buaile Ghnioba,
'S gu robh 'n druim aice lùbadh,
'S ged bha spionnadh 's na cnàmhan,
Bha'n t-ealach chàrnag cho brùideil,
Gun àit' analach ann dhi,
'S e'n ceangal teann air a cùlabh,
'S i dol ma seach.

THE SONG OF THE EEL

*Look at that man,
he has suffered much hardship,
he has gone up in the world
since he stopped tarring the sheep.
He took employment for a winter
fishing for the widow,
outwitting the eel,
and having difficulty feeding it
at the root of the tangle.*

*The agreement gave you confidence,
you got a written contract,
she gave you a lump sum
to buy quoir ropes,
and measurement of the kind
used at markets:
a generous lowland yard,
from the tip of its nose to its tail,
that was its length.*

*The first day you came ashore
the curer was delighted,
she was away along Buaile Ghnioba
and her back was bending,
and although there was strength in her
bones,
the load of eel was so immense,
without any resting place for her,
and it (the load) tied tightly on her back,
she was nearly collapsing.*

ORAN NAN STOCAINNEAN

Le Seonaidh Campbell, Lochbbaghasdail, Uibhist
a Deas.

DISC_LOG_1518 School of Scottish Studies

Air a sheinn le Anna Sheumais Chaluim

Sung by Ann Campbell (Michie) Greepe, Skye.

*'S tha tuill air mo chuid stocainnean
A-nochd a' feum an càradh;
Tha tuill air mo chuid stocainnean,
Tha tuill orra 's iad fosgailte
'S cha mhòr nach d' rachainn 'romhpa
Mur b' e socraichead mo nàdair.*

*'S an te nach d' fhalbh an taobh aiste,
Tha pìos a dhìth a' chùl aice,
'S na h-òrdagan 's na lùdagan,
'S gun lùb gu ruig na sàilean.*

*Tha h-uile tè dhem stocainnean
A-nochd a' feum an càradh;
H-uile tè dhem stocainnean,
Is tuill orra 's iad fosgailte,
'S cha mhòr nach d' rachainn 'romhpa
Mur b' e socraichead mo nàdair.*

*'S an tè air nach eil toll agam,
Gu buileach dh' fhalbh an ceann asda
(aiste),
Cha robh iad riamh cho gann agam,
'S e th' ann ach culaidh-nàire.*

*'S nuair bhios daoine faisg orm,
Gur saoil iad gur ann breac tha iad,
'S gun toir iad greis air beachdachadh
'S mo chraiceann-sa thro phàirt dhiubh.*

*'S mo bheanachd aig na h-nighneagan,
A chàradh iad 's a dhèanadh iad,,
'S a bheireadh pàirt do lain dhiubh,
'S a chiall nach robh iad làmh rium.*

THE SONG OF THE STOCKINGS

*Tonight, there are holes on my stockings
needing mended;
there are holes on my stockings,
holes wide open,
I would almost go through them
if I were not so placid by nature.*

*The one that does not have a side missing,
has a piece missing from the back,
big toes and little toes
unravelling to the heels.*

*Every one of my stockings
tonight needs mending;
Every one of my stockings
is full of gaping holes,
And I would almost go through them
if I were not so placid by nature.*

*The one that does not have a hole,
has lost the foot completely,
I've never been so short of them,
It's a perfect disgrace.*

*And when people are near me
they think they are speckled
and gaze at them for some time
and my skin showing through them.*

*My blessing to the girls
who would set them and make them
and give some of them to John,
Ah, that they were near me.*

SALM 66

*vv 1-4 air fonn Bedford
Seumas Chaluim Sheumais an ceann na seinn
anns a' Ghnìoba anns na 70an.*

*Togaibh, gach uile thìr, gu h-àrd
iolach do Dhia nan dùl.
Da ainm ro-ualsal seinneamh glòir,
a' tabhairt dhà-san cliù.*

*Abraibh ri Dia, Cia uamhasach
gach beairt do **nithear** leat!
Oir gèillidh dhuit do naimhdean borb',
airson gur mòr do neart.*

*Sleuchdaidh gach uile thalamh dhuit,
ag iomradh ort gu binn;
Do d' ainm ro-ualsal iongantach
nì 'd moladh mòr a sheinn.*

*All lands to God in joyful sound,
aloft your voices raise.
Sing forth the honour of his name*

and glorious make his name.

*Say unto God, How terrible
in all thy works art thou!
Through thy great power thy foes to thee
shall be constrained to bow.*

*All on the earth shall worship thee,
they shall thy praise proclaim
in songs; they shall sing cheerfully
unto thy holy name.*

SALM 75

*vv 1-3 air fonn St David
Seumas Chaluim Sheumais an ceann na seinn
anns a' Ghnìoba aig Bliadhn' Ur 1974*

*Dhut bheir sinn buidheachas a Dhè,
dhut buidheachas a-ghnàth,
Oir foillsichidh do mhiorbhuilean,
gur fagus d' ainm gach là.*

*Tràth gheibh mi, is a ghlacar leam,
coitheanal mòr na tìr',
Do nì mi dhaibh deagh bhreitheanas,
gu cothromach 's gu fìor.*

*Sgaoilidh an dùthaich, is an sluagh
ga h-àiteachadh a tà.
Ach mise cumaidh suas gu treun
posta na tìr do ghnàth.*

*To thee, O God, do we give thanks,
we do give thanks to thee,
Because thy wondrous works declare
thy great name near to be.*

*I purpose, when I shall receive
the congregation,
That I shall judgement uprightly
render to every one.*

*Dissolved is the land, with all
that in the same do dwell;
But I the pillars thereof do
bear up, and stablish well.*

SEINNEAM CLIU NAM FEAR UR

*Le Iain Dhòmhnaill Bhàin (John MacLeod), à
Torramiochaig faisg air Sgonnsair, Tha an t-òran a'*

moladh nam fear a dh' fhalbh, às an Eilean,
dhan Chogadh Mhòr. Bha Iain fhèin ro-shean
airson falbh còmhla riutha.
Tha Karen Matheson ga ghabhail air a' chlàr
Capercaillie: VERTCD 084
DISC_LOG_1513 School of Scottish Studies
Air a sheinn le Anna Sheumais Chaluim
Sung by Ann Campbell (Michie) Greepe, Skye.

Air a sheinn le
Seinneam cliù nam fear ùr,
Gillean glùn gheal nam breacan,
Fèileadh beag os cionn nan glùn,
Eideadh sunndach nan gaisgeach.

Seinneam cliù na dh'fhàg Port Rìgh,
Fon cuid phìoban is bhreacan;
Leam bu mhiann a bhi nan cul;
Miann mo shùl bhi gam faicinn.

Seinneam cliù na dh'fhalbh à Slèibht',
Gillean treun nach robh meata,
Chaidh a dhion an cliù san tìr
Bhon a'mhillteir gun cheartas.

Bidh an cliù ga sheinn gu bràth,
Fhad's bhios tonn air tràigh no cladach
Fhàd's bhios grian an àird nan speur,
Mairidh spèis do na gaisgich.

I WILL SING IN PRAISE OF THE
HANDSOME ONES

*I will sing in praise of the handsome
ones, white kneed lads in their tartan,
the short kilt above the knee,
brave attire of the heroes.*

*I will sing in praise of all who left
Portree, following their pipes and
colours;
my dearest wish to support them;
my eye's desire to see them.*

*I will sing in praise of all who left Sleat,
brave lads, not faint-hearted, who went
to defend their honour and country,
from the unjust oppressor.*

*Their praise will be sung forever,
while there is wave on strand or shore;
while there is a sun in the firmament,*

*respect and pride for the heroes will
endure.*

SEO MAR RACHAINN FHEIN IS THU

Oran a dh'ionnsaich Seonag bho a màthair, Anna
NicGumaraid, còmhla ri iomadh òran eile.
SA1957-094-B9
Air a sheinn le Seonag Chaluim Sheumais à Ròag
Sung by Johan Campbell, Roag, Skye.

*Seo mar rachainn fhèin is thu
Bhuain a'ghathain ghiuthais ò-ò,
Seo mar rachainn fhèin is thu.*

Siud mar rachainn seo mar thèid sinn,
Siud mar rachainn fhèin is thu.

Cha bhiodh fios aig neach fon ghrèin
An uair a rachainn fhèin is thu.

Bheirinn pòg le deòin dom eudail
Nuair a rachainn fhèin is thu.

THIS IS HOW YOU AND I WOULD GO

*This is how you and I would go
To gather the shoots of fir/ pine;
This is how you and I would go.*

*That's how I'd go, this is how we will go
That's how you and I would go.*

*No-one under the sun would know
When you and I would walk out.*

*I would willingly kiss my darling
When you and I would walk out.*

SLAINTE A' STIUBHARTAICH

Le Dòmhnall Ruadh Caimbeul à Ròag do Alasdair
Stiùbhart à Uibhist a thàinig air tòir, "...sgadan
beag Pholl Ròag..." agus a rinn a dhachaidh anns
an àite.
Tha a shliochd ann fhathast.
SA1984-01-Side B
Air a sheinn le Seumas Chaluim Sheumais às
a'Ghnioba
Sung by James Campbell, Greepe, Skye

*Gun òlainn slàint' a' Stiùbhartaich,
Is phàighinn fhìn le dùrachd i;*

Gun òlainn slàint' a' Stiùbhartaich.

Ma's e sgadan beag Poll Ròag
Thug air d'aineol dhan Lot Mhòr thu,
'S iomadh tè le stoc 's le stòras
Bheireadh còir gun chùmhnannt dhuit.
Gun òlainn slàint' a' Stiùbhartaich etc.

Stiùireadair air deireadh bàt' thu,
Bheireadh diosgail as a clàran,
Chluinnt' a' farum thall a' Hearlais,
Rànaich (gàirich) a cuid ùrlaran.

Ged a shéideadh gaoth na teine
Far a'bhearraidh 's tu sa linnidh,
Stiùireadh tu i air do mhionnan,
Tioram 's mar a dh'ionnsaich thu.

I null sa nall air feadh na linnidh,
Siomanaich mar chliabh gun iris,
Thug thu òrdan dha do gilleam:
Tilleadh cha do dh'ionnsaich thu.
*(Tilleadh cha bu diù leoth' e.)

Fidheadair thu tha ro-ainmeil,
Dh'fhidheadh tu na leinntean searmoin,
Cha chreid mi gu faigh mi dearbhadh
Nach eil d'aineachainn dùbailte.

Tàilleir air shnàthaid air clò thu,
'S caingis leat briogais no còta,
'S dheanadh tu a dheise phòsaidh
Do MhacLeòid, ged's cliùiteach e.

'S beag m'eagal bho luchd nam fiachan,
Ged nach pàighinn bonn-a-sia dhiubh,
'S ann tha m'airgiod-sa cur riadh dheth
Fo riaghladh a' Stiùbhartaich.

*from other recordings

A HEALTH TO STEWART

*I would drink a health to Stewart
and would cheerfully pay for it.
I would drink a health to Stewart.*

*If it was the small herring in Poll Roag
That brought you, a stranger, to the Lot
Mor,*

*Many a woman of substance,
Would give you title without contract.*

*A helmsman at the stern of a boat,
who could make her boards creak,
The sound of her planks complaining,
could be heard in Harlosh.*

*Though the wind should blow fiercely
Off the shore and you in the bay,
You would steer her flawlessly,
Dry, as you were taught.*

*Back and forth in the bay
drifting like a creel without a handle,
you gave an order to the crew -
to turn back was beneath them.*

*A most famous weaver,
you could weave Sunday shirts,
I believe I could get proof
that your brain is double.*

*A skillful tailor with needle and cloth,
whether of trousers or coat,
who could make a suit for Macleod,
famous though he be.*

*I fear not debt collectors,
though I should not pay a ha'penny -
my money is gathering interest
under the management of Stewart.*

TEINE THOBHT' A' CHOCAIRE

Le ? Mac a' Phì

SA1957-067-3

Air a sheinn le Murchadh Chaluim Sheumais à Ròag

Sung by Murdo Campbell, Roag, Skye.

Tha Tobhta 'Chòcaire mu bheagan is leth mhile os cionn Caisteal Dhùn Bheagain.

Chaneil fios le cinnt cuin, neo cò dhà, a dh'èirich an tubaist, ach the Cunntas Sluaigh 1841 a' sealltainn gun robh aon tè air an robh Anna, Ann MacBain 75bl, agus aon fhear air an robh Dòmhnall Stiùbhart, ann an Tobht' a' Chòcaire aig an àm.

Tha bàta, am "Blossom", air a h-ainmeachadh anns an dàrna rann mu dheireadh den òran agus tha cunntas gun do cheannaich an oighreachd dà eathar ann an 1841, tè dhiubh air an robh am "Blossom".

Fàil ill eirill ó, 's na thùgas ó horo éile (x3)

*Gum bu slàn leis na gaisgich
a chùm an “t-sarkin” ri chéile. (na sarkin')*

'S fichead latha ro Bhealltainn
Theab an call a bhi soilleir,
Ann am bràigh Thobhta Chòcaire
Theab am pòr dhol na theine;
Mur b'e neart dhaoine móra
Cha robh dòigh air a thilleadh,
Eadar chruithneachd is eòrna,
Bha gach feòrnach cho tioram.

Seachad taigh Dhòmhnaill Stiùbhairt
Bha sluagh dùmhail gun àireamh
Nuair a chual iad an ùbraid
A bh'air dùsgadh san àite,
Mar gu faiceadh tu fùrnais ann
Is smùid dhith is deàrrsach
Os cionn Ghlaschu nam bùintean
Is iad gun diù ac' dhan t-Sàbaid.

'S thug am bàrd da an t-urram
Far gach teine le dearbhadh
Dhan a'chaisteal aig Anna
'S e na lasair san anmoch,
Mar gu faiceadh tu falaig
Feasgar Earraich air garbh-fhraoch
'Bheat' e smùid *Obair Charrain,
'S fada 's farsaing chaidh iomradh.

'S Iain mac Uilleam 'ic Theàrlaich
'S Dòmhnall Mac Calmain, an curaidh,
'S iad nach tiondaicheadh uaith-ne
Nuair bu chruaidh' bhiodh an cunnart;
Iad a'gladhaich (*ag eubhach*) an còmhnaidh,
“O, Rìgh na glòir, o's Tù 's urrainn,
A chur às, mas a deòn leat,
'S gàirdean feòla chan urrainn.”

'S gun tèid litrichean dùinte
Dh'ionnsaidh Brùnaich Dhùn Eideann
Saoir chur dhachaidh gar 'n ionnsaigh
Agus triùir de luchd 'plèasraidh,'
'S gheibh sinn “lathing” mhath ùr dha

'N coille 'n Dùin a bhios ceutach,
'S bheir am ***Blossom' gar 'n ionnsaigh
Aol math dùbailt' à Eirinn.

'S marcaich grinn nan each luatha,
Calum guanach, an curaidh,
Tha e'n diugh, 's e gu h-uallach,
Na dhuin' uasal a' Lunnain;
Gheibh sinn cuideachadh uaith'-san
Chuireas suas e gun tilleadh
'S bidh e coimhead cho buaidheach
Le ***freestone' suas ri gach uinneig.

** Carron Ironworks in Falkirk founded 1759*

*** A boat belonging to MacLeod of MacLeod*

****Freestone: sedimentary rock, usually sandstone or limestone, which can be cut in any direction, without fear of splitting.*

THE FIRE AT TOBHT' A' CHOCAIRE

*Fàil ill eirill ò, 's na thugas ò horo èile(x3)
Good health to the heroes
Who kept the sarking intact.*

Twenty days before Mayday,
There was near disaster,
In the upper part of Tobht' a' Chòcaire,
The crops were nearly burnt.
But for the strength of big men,
There was no way of stopping it,
Between wheat and barley,
Every blade (wisp) was so dry.

Passing Donald Stewart's house,
There was a host of people without number,
When they heard the turmoil,
Which had wakened the place.
It was like a furnace,
Giving off smoke and glowing,
As can be seen above Glasgow of the shops;
They paid no heed to the Sabbath.

The bard declared it the greatest,
Above all other fires:

Anna's castle,
Ablaze in the night.
It was like muirburn
In rough heather, on a spring afternoon,
It's smoke like the Carron Ironworks.
News of it spread far and wide.

John, son of William, son of Charles
And Donald MacCalman, the hero,
They would not abandon us,
When danger was greatest.
They proclaimed continuously
"O King of glory, You are able
To douse it, if You so wish,
Since human arms are unable to do so"

Sealed letters will be sent
To Brown's of Edinburgh
To send us joiners
And three plasterers.
And we will get good new lathing
From Dunvegan Wood, which will be
suitable. And the 'Blossom' will bring us
Lime of the best quality, from Ireland.

And that fine rider of swift horses,
Blithe Calum, the hero,
He is now a proud
Gentleman in London,
We will receive aid from him,
Which will expedite the rebuilding.
It will look so handsome,
With freestone facings round each
window.

**Carron Iron Works in Falkirk founded
1759*

First smelter in Scotland to use coke.

***A Boat belonging to MacLeod of
MacLeod*

****Freestone: sedimentary rock, usually
sandstone or limestone, which can be
cut in any direction, without fear of
splitting.*

THA NA GILLEAN MEALLTA

Le 'Haighdealan' à Hearrlais
SA1957- 66- 1

Seumas Chaluum Sheumais às a'Ghnioba

James Campbell, Greepe, Skye.

Piseach air an amadan
a th'againne ga phianadh,
Eadar Eilean Bhuidheidh
agus Sgur an Lof ag iasgach,
Na rèiticheadh e rathad
dhan an fhear a thug mo chiall bhuam
'S nach gabhadh tu Nic Dhiarmaid le
stòras.

*Hai hò rò gù, tha na gillean meallta
Hò ill ò gù, tha iad uile meallta
Hai hò rò gù, tha na gillean meallta
'S nuair a thig an geamhradh cha phòs
iad.*

'S ann tha mo mhìle beannachd
aig an fhear nach deanadh briag dhomh,
Gille laghach, soraideach,
Alasdair na Lianaig,
'S tric a thug e leagadh dhomh
aig Creagan na Bà Riabhaich,
Nuair bhithinn le mo chliabh dol
a'mhònaidh.

'S tha fear eile fhathast ann,
mura d'rinn mi diochuimhn,
Bha e greis a'Ratharsair
a'treabhadh le dà phèata,
Bha e cartadh leathrach
agus greis san obair shiabainn,
'S bidh bhrìogais air a fiaradh an
còmhnaidh.

Ailean Dhomhnaill 'ic Alasdair,
chuir e fios gam iarraidh,
'S chuir e litir chabhagach
a choinneachadh an Grianais,
'S nam biodh an aimseir freagarrach
's an latha fàs brèagha,
Gun togamaid ar sgiathan gu pòsadh.

'S Coinneach mòr tha thall-a-siud,
gun d'inns e iomadh briag dhomh,
Bha e ga mo mhealladh-sa
airson iomadh bliadhna,
'S nuair chunnaic mi fo dheireadh e
sann thuirt e rium gu beulach,

*“Feuch nach leig thu biast na do chòir
dhiubh.”*

*Their iad nis gu fanaideach rium,
Mòrag bheag a'Ghreusaiche,
Ged a bha mi leannanachd
ri iomadh gille ciallach,
Leigidh iad a dhollaidh mi
's chan fhaigh mi fear am bliadhna-
Nach seall sibh mo chiachan air
pliùsgadh.*

*Success to the fool
we have torturing himself
fishing between Eilean Bhuidheidh
and Sgur an Lof.
If he would negotiate the way for the
one
who has taken my sense from me,
since you would not take Nic Dhiarmaid
with her wealth.*

*Hai hò rò gù, the lads are deceptive,
Hò ill ò gù, they are all deceptive,
Hai hò rò gù, the lads are deceptive,
and when winter comes they will not
marry.*

*My thousand blessings
on the one who would not lie to me,
a nice, friendly lad,
Alasdair of the Meadow,
often he encountered me at
the Rock of the Brindled Cow,
when I going for peats with my creel.*

*And there is yet another,
if I'm not mistaken,
he was in Raasay ,
ploughing with two ponies.
He was dying leather,
and for a while in the soapworks,
and his trousers are always askew.*

*Alan, son of Donald, son of Alasdair,
he sent for me,
he sent a letter in haste,
to meet him in Greenock:
and if the weather was suitable,
and the day wearing beautiful,*

we would spread our wings to get married.

*Big Kenneth yonder,
he told me many lies,
he was deceiving me
for many years.
When I last saw him,
he said fawningly,
“See that you let none of the brutes near
you.”*

*They now mockingly call me,
the Shoemaker's little Marion,
although I was courted by
many a sensible lad.
They will let me go to waste
and I will not get a husband this year-
just look at my shrivelled breasts.*

'S ANN A 'DOL A GHRULAINN
Ruidhle

*'S ann a 'dol a Ghrùlainn
A Ghrùlainn, a Ghrùlainn,
'S ann a 'dol a Ghrùlainn
Tha cùirteir nan gruagach. x2*

*U bheil, thèid thu leò,
Thèid thu leò, thèid thu leò;
U bheil, thèid thu leò
Rathad Cnoc an Nualain. x2*

*Gabhaidh ise a' fìdhleir,
A' fìdhleir, a' fìdhleir,
Gabhaidh ise fìdhleir
Chuir sìoda mu guaillean. x2*

*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.*

A MHIC IAIN BHAIN
S/spèidh

*A Mhic Iain Bhàin, an ol thu 'n càl,
A Mhic Iain Bhàin, an ith thu e,
A Mhic Iain Bhàin, an ol thu 'n càl,*

Chan eil buntàta bruich againn.

Na caomh'in an càl, a Mhic Iain Bhàin,
Na caomh'in an càl, ach ithibh e.
Na caomh'in an càl, a Mhic Iain Bhàin,
Chan eil buntàta bruich againn.

*Son of Fair John, will you drink kale/
broth, will you eat it, the potatoes are
not yet cooked.*

*Don't spare the kale, Son of Fair John,
but eat it, the potatoes are not yet
cooked.*

A'CHAORA CHROM

S/spèidh

The ewe with the crooked horn
The 'Ewe' was in fact an illicit still!

Tha bainn' aig na caoraich uile,
Tha bainn' aig na caoraich uile,
Tha bainn' aig na caoraich uile,
'S ballan aig a'chaora chruim.

Chaora ruadh a bh'air a'leacainn
Cha do dh'fhuiling i riamh duin' fhaicinn;
Chuireadh i le fead a sròineadh,
madadh ròmach air a'dhruim.

Chuir i'n t-eagal air a'chuilein,
Ghoid i'n t-eòrna bha anns an iodhlainn,
Shlaod i ealach às na mulain,
'S blàth a codach air a druim.

*All the sheep have milk,
and the ewe with the crooked horn
has a full udder.*

*The brown sheep that was on the
hillside,
she never tolerated the sight of anyone;
she could, with the whistle from her
nose,
knock a shaggy dog on his back.*

*She frightened the dog,
She stole the barley that was in the
stackyard,
She pulled a heap out of the
cornstacks,*

Warm is her coat on her back.

A' MHSIG A CHUIR A' NOLLAIG OIRNN

S/spèidh

A' mhisg a chuir a'Nollaig oirnn,
Cha robh dìth dollaidh oirnn;
A mhisg a chuir a'Nollaig oirnn,
Cha chuir i tuilleadh call oirnn. x2

Shaoghail, a shaoghail duibh,
Cò chuir an dollaidh oirnn,
A shoaghail, a shaoghail duibh,
Cò ghabhadh dall sinn.

A shoaghail, a shaoghail duibh,
Cò chuir an dollaidh oirnn,
A' mhisg a chuir a'Nollaig oirnn,
Cha chuir i tuilleadh call oirnn.

*The New Year spree, we were very drunk!
The New Year spree, is over and done
with.*

*Who in the world made us blind drunk;
Who in the world would want us blind
drunk.*

A' MHUILEANN DUBH

Ruidhle

SA1984-02-A3

Air a sheinn le Seumas Chaluim Sheumais às
a'Ghnìoba
Sung by James Campbell, Greepe, Skye

Tha nead na circe fraoich
Anns a'Mhuilinn Duibh, sa Mhuilinn Duibh,

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

Tha nead na circe fraoich
Anns a'Mhuilinn Duibh as t-Samhradh.

Sèisd

Tha Mhuilinn Dubh air thuraman,
Air thuraman, air thuraman,
Tha Mhuilinn Dubh air thuraman,

'S i togairt dhol a dhannsa.
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 na 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. x2

*Tha gobhair agus caoraich
'S a'Mhuilinn Duibh, 's a'Mhuilinn Duibh;
Tha gobhair agus caoraich
'S a'Mhuilinn Duibh, as t-Samhradh. x2

*An cual thu gu robh snaoisein
'S a'Mhuilinn Duibh, 's a'Mhuilinn Duibh;
An cual thu gu robh snaoisein
'S a'Mhuilinn Duibh, as t-Samhradh. x2

*Additional vvs not on this recording

THE BLACK MILL

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

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

*The cattle are calving
In the Black Mill, the Black Mill
The cattle are calving
In the Black Mill in Summer. x2*

*There are goats and sheep
In the Black Mill, the Black Mill,
There are goats and sheep
In the Black Mill in Summer. x2*

*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. x2*

AIR AN FHEILL A-MUIGH

Ruidhle

*Seo am port mu dheireadh a fhuair sinn
bho Sheonag. Chlàr Calum MacCriomain
am port fon ainm, "Murdo Took the Stoup".*

*Air an fhéill a-muigh o hao,
Air an fhéill a-staigh o hó,
Air an fhéill a-muigh o hao,
Rinn na ceannaichean an t-òl.
x2*

*Air an tulachan ud shìos,
Air an tulachan ud shuas,
Air an tulachan ud shìos,
A'ghabh Murchadh an stòp.
x2*

*(It was) at the outside Fair,
(It was) at the inside Fair,
At the outside Fair,
the dealers did the drinking!*

*(It was) on the hillock down yonder,
On the hillock up yonder,
On the hillock down yonder,
That Murdo took the stoup.*

AN CUALA SIBH GUN D' GHOID MACSHIDHICH

S/spèidh

*An cuala sibh gun d' ghoid MacShìdhich
Poca sìl as a' Ghleann Mhór?
An cuala sibh gun d' ghoid MacShìdhich
Poca sìl as a' Ghleann Mhór?
An cuala sibh gun d' ghoid MacShìdhich
Poca sìl as a' Ghleann Mhór?
Poca min' a Peinnifidhleir*

'S poca sìl as a' Ghleann Mhór.

Poca gràin a Peinnifidhleir
'S poca sìl as a' Ghleann Mhór;
Poca gràin a Peinnifidhleir
'S poca sìl as a' Ghleann Mhór;
Poca gràin a Peinnifidhleir
'S poca sìl as a' Ghleann Mhór;
Poca min' a Peinnifidhleir
'S poca sìl as a' Ghleann Mhór.

*Did you hear that MacKee / Shaw stole
a sack of grain from Glenmore?
A sack of meal from Peinnifidhleir,
and a sack of grain from Glenmore!*

AN E MO CHUR FODHAD

Port cruinn

An e mo chur fodhad a lùraich odhair,
An e mo chur fodhad bu mhath leat a
dheanamh?

An e mo chur fodhad a lùraich odhair,
An crò nan gobhar, bu mhath leat a
dheanamh?

Ne mo mhilleadh gun fhios do mo
chinneadh,
An e mo mhilleadh bu mhath leat a
dheanamh?
An e mo mhilleadh gun fhios do mo
chinneadh,
Air mullach an fhirich bu mhath leat a
dheanamh?

*Do you fancy your chances, you sallow,
ragged, coward, up at the goat pen?*

*Would you wish to be the ruin of me,
unknown to my people, up on the
moorland?*

AN GOBHA BHANN A' HOGHAIGEARRAIDH

Ruidhle

An gobha bhann a' Hoghaigearraidh
b'fhoghainteach a'sealgair e,
An gobha bhann a' Hoghaigearraidh
b'fhoghainteach a'sealgair e,

An gobha bhann a' Hoghaigearraidh
b'fhoghainteach a'sealgair e,
An gobha bhann a' Hoghaigearraidh
b'fhoghainteach a'sealgair e.

Mharbhadh e na feadagan
is leagadh e na calmain,
Mharbhadh e na feadagan
is leagadh e na calmain,

Mharbhadh e na feadagan
is leagadh e na calmain,
Mharbhadh e na feadagan
is leagadh e na calmain.

*The smith that was in Hoghaigearraidh,
he was a mighty hunter.*

*He would kill the plovers
and bring down the pigeons.*

AN OIDHCHE BHA NA GOBHAIR ANN

S/spèidh

One of the versions sung by Johan Campbell,
Roag, Skye
Seonag Chaluim Sheumais à Ròag.

'N oidhche bha na gobhair ann,
Bha tè odhar, odhar, ann;
'N oidhche bha na gobhair ann,
Bha tè odhar chòir ann.

Bha tè chaol, àrd, mhaol,
Bha tè chaol, odhar ann;
Bha tè chaol, àrd, mhaol,
Bha tè chaol, chòir ann.
Bha tè chaol, àrd, mhaol,
Bha tè chaol, odhar ann;
'N oidhche bha na gobhair ann,
Bha tè odhar chòir ann.

Bha fear na cromaig sam boc bàn
'S Pàraig is na h-oghaichean;
Bha fear na cromaig sam boc bàn
Is Pàraig ann còmhla.

Bha tè chaol, àrd, mhaol,
Bha tè chaol, odhar ann;
Bha tè chaol, àrd, mhaol,

Bha tè chaol, chòir ann.
Bha tè chaol, àrd, mhaol,
Bha tè chaol, odhar ann;
'N oidhche bha na gobhair ann,
Bha tè odhar chòir ann.

*The night the goats were there,
There was a very dun coloured one,
The night the goats were there,
There was a dun coloured, friendly one.*

*There was a lean, tall, hornless one,
There was a lean, dun coloured one;
There was a lean, tall, hornless one,
There was a lean, friendly one.
There was a lean, tall, hornless one,
There was a lean, dun coloured one;
The night the goats were there,
There was a dun coloured, friendly one.*

*The fellow with the crook and the white buck
And Paraig and the grandchildren,
The fellow with the crook and the white buck
And Paraig were there together.*

*There was a lean, tall, hornless one,
There was a lean, dun coloured one;
There was a lean, tall, hornless one,
There was a lean, friendly one.
There was a lean, tall, hornless one,
There was a lean, dun coloured one;
The night the goats were there,
There was a dun coloured, friendly one.*

B' FHEARR MAR A BHA MI 'N UIRIDH

Ruidhle

B' fheàrr mar a bha mi 'n uraidh
Na mar tha mi 'm bliadhna.
B' fheàrr mar a bha mi 'n uraidh
Fir a'tighinn gam iarraidh. x2

Hóro mo dhuilichinn
Mo dhuilichinn na rinn mi;
Hóro mo dhuilichinn
Nach robh mi na mo mhaighdinn. x2

Tàilleir a bha mi sireadh,
Fidheadair a fhuair mi.
Tàilleir a bha mi sireadh,
Fidheadair a fhuair mi. x2

Hóro mo dhuilichinn
Mo dhuilichinn na rinn mi;
Hóro mo dhuilichinn
Nach robh mi na mo mhaighdinn. x2

*Better as I was last year than as I am this
year; better as I was last year, men
courting me.
My regret at what I did;
my regret that I am not (still) a maiden.
A tailor I was looking for, a weaver I got.*

BAINNE NAN GOBHAR

Port cruinn

Bainne nan gobhar dha'n tàilleir fhìdhleir,
Bainne nan gobhar dha'n fhìdhleir,
thàilleir,
Bainne nan gobhar dha'n tàilleir fhìdhleir,
Bainne chrodh laoigh dha'n fhìdhleir
thàilleir.

'S càirdeach mise dha, 's dileas mise dha,
'S càirdeach mise dha'n fhìdhleir thàilleir,
'S càirdeach mise dha, 's càirdeach mì
dha,
Bainne na laogh dha'n fhìdhleir thàilleir.

*Goats' milk for the tailor, fiddler,
Goats' milk for the fiddler, tailor,
Goats' milk for the tailor, fiddler,
The calves' milk for the fiddler, tailor.*

*I am related to him, I am loyal to him
I am related to the fiddler, tailor,
I am related to him, indeed I am,
The calves' milk for the fiddler, tailor.*

BAT' AN TAILLEIR

S/spèidh

Tha bat' an tàilleir 's cromag air,
Bat' an tàilleir rinn e fhàgail
Aig a mhàthair 's cromag a'

S e fhéin gun chothrom gluasaid.

Chan'eil cù no cat agam;
Chan'eil cù nach teid an cùil
nuair gheibh e smùid de'n bhat' seo,
'S cha charaich e 's cha ghluais e.

*The tailor's stick has a crook,
the tailor's stick that he left
with his mother with a crook on it,
and himself unable to move.*

*I have neither dog nor cat;
there isn't a dog that won't go into a
corner
when he gets a swipe of this stick,
and he will not shift or move.*

BEAN AN DROCH NADAIR

Port cruinn

Bean an droch nàdair 's beag orm fhìn
i,
Bean an droch nàdair neònaich. x4

Bidh ri criachdan 's bidh i cràmhan,
Bean an droch nàdair neònaich; x3
Bean an droch nàdair 's beag orm fhìn
i,
Bean an droch nàdair neònaich.

*I dislike the ill-natured wife,
the strange, ill-natured wife;*

*She moans and complains,
the strange ill-natured wife;
I dislike the ill-natured wife,
the strange, ill-natured wife.*

BHON CHUIR MO LEANNAN CULABH RIUM

Caismeachd

Bhon chuir mo leannan cùlabh rium,
Cha tèid e leam a dhannsa. x4

Cha tèid e leam, chan fhalbh e leam,
Cha tèid e leam a dhannsa. x3
Bhon chuir mo leannan cùlabh rium,
Cha tèid e leam a dhannsa.

*Since my love has left me, he will not
come dancing with me.
He will not come with me, or go with me,
to the dancing.
Since my love has left me, he will not
come dancing with me.*

BODACHAN A'GHARRAIDH

Ruidhle

Bodachan a'Ghàrraidh
Cho frioganta 's cho froganta;
Bodachan a'ghàrraidh
Cho frioganta 's a bha e riamh. x2

Sann an Taigh a'Ghàrraidh
A rugadh mi 's a thogadh mi;
Sann an Taigh a'Ghàrraidh
A rugadh mi 's a bha mi riamh. x2

Hó gu robh nighean aige,
Hé gu robh nighean aige,
Hó gu robh nighean aige,
Air an robh Catriona liath. x2

Ghabhadh i a'snaoisean
Na iteagan 's na oiteagan;
Ghabhadh i a'snaoisean
As a'bhocsachan dhubh chiar. x2

Hó gu robh banais aige,
Hé gu robh banais aige,
Hó gu robh banais aige:
Chan fhacas a leithid riamh.
x2

Bha buntata mór ann,
Bioraichean is langaichean;
Bha buntata mór ann,
'S a' chearc bhreac a bha sa chliabh.
x2

Hó gu robh uibhean aige,
Hé gu robh uibhean aige,
Hó gu robh uibhean aige:
Siud na h-uibhean san ro'm biadh.
x2

The little old man from Garry

Is as cheerful and merry as ever he was.

It was in Garry House that I was born and reared, and where I have always been.

He had a daughter, called grey Catriona.

She would take snuff, in sniffs and snorts from the little black box.

He had a wedding, the like of which was never seen.

There were large potatoes, dog-fish and ling, and the speckled hen that was in the creel.

He had wonderful eggs, full of nourishment.

BUACHAILLE DUBH FIONNAGHAL *Ruidhle*

Tha buachaille dubh Fionnaghal air iorball a' reithhe dhuibh.(x4)

*Air iorball air earball
air iorball a'reithe dhuibh (x3)
Tha buachaille dubh Fionnaghal
air iorball a'reithhe dhuibh.*

*Flora's dark haired shepherd
is on the tail of the black ram.*

*On the tail, on the tail,
on the tail of the black ram
Flora's dark haired shepherd
is on the tail of the black ram.*

CALUM TAILLEIR, TAIGH A'BHEALAICH *S/spèidh*

Not a typical port à beul but a fragment of a lost song which happens to be in good Strathspey time.

Calum tàilleir, 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,
Be 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 Taigh a'Bhealaich,
He was no fool,
There was not on earth a man as skilled
At cutting a slim cassock as he;
Among the blessings on Calum
A blemish was to be found:
That was, despite a wife and son,
Calum would get drunk. (go on a binge)*

*The old lady said, toasting herself by the fire
on a day of tempest in January,
"The day will come upon you, Calum,
that this warning will cost you dear:
You never see a heath fire in Spring
stop while heather lasts for it,
but when it reaches the river/ stream,
cross over, it cannot".*

CASAG LACHDANN RUAIRIDH RUaidh *S/spèidh*

*See "Puirt a Beul" Keith Norman MacDonald
1901p5) Words a composite from
KNM and Campbell tradition.*

*Casag lachdann Ruairidh Ruaidh,
'Smòr tha dhreach na luathadh oirr';
Casag lachdann Ruairidh Ruaidh,
Gur olc an deis duin' uasail i.
x2*

*Casag lachdann Ruairidh Ruaidh,
Saoil sibh càite an d'fhuair eadh i;*

Casag lachdann Ruairidh Ruaidh,
Gur olc an deis duin' uasail i.
x2

Siud a'chasag a bha daor
Mun do cheannaich Ruairidh i. x3
Gun d'chosg i còrr is gini an t-slat,
'S gun chosg i mart mun d'fhuaighleadh 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(ath-
oadach)
Mun do thachair Ruairidh oirr';
Gun d'chosg i còrr is gini an t-slat,
'S gun chosg i mart mun d'fhuaighleadh i.

*Red Rory's dun cassock is the colour of
ashes;
Red Rory's dun cassock is not suitable
attire for a gentleman.*

*Red Rory's dun cassock, I wonder
where it was found;
Red Rory's dun cassock is not suitable
attire for a gentleman.*

*It was a very expensive cassock before
Rory bought it, it cost more than a guinea
per yard, and it cost a cow before it was
tailored/ sewn.*

*It was in Ireland and England before
Rory came across it;
it was in the land of Mac Ille Chaluim
before Rory came across it; it was a
'hand-me-down' garment to many a
person
before Rory came across it; it cost more
than a guinea per yard, and it cost a cow
before it was tailored/ sewn.*

CHA LEIGEADH TU LEAS
Port Cruinn

Cha leigeadh tu leas bhi breabadh do
chas,
Chan fhaigh thu bean òg am bliadhna;
Bean òg, bean òg, chan fhaigh thu nad
chòir,
Ged chuireadh tu 'n t-òr ga h-iarraidh.

Ach nighean dubh chrùbach
Sheumais Chrùbaich,
Nighean dubh chrùbach Sheumais;
Cò 'm fear òg a laigheadh an cùlabh
Nighean dubh chrùbach Sheumais.

*You need not be tapping your foot,
you will not get a young wife this year;
no young wife will come near you,
though you should send gold to fetch her.*

*Except the dark, crippled daughter of
crippled James,
dark, crippled daughter of James;
what young man would lie behind
the dark crippled daughter of James.*

CHA TEID MISE MHUGARRADH
Ruidhle

Cha tèid mise Mhùgarradh,
Mhùgarradh, Mhùgarradh,
Cha tèid mise Mhùgarradh,
Dhrùidh air mo bhròg.

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
leaked. I will not go to Ceann na Coilleadh,
where the mavis sings.*

CHUIRINN AIR A' PHÌOB E
Ruidhle

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

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

*I would play it on the pipes,
On the pipes, on the pipes,
I would play it on the pipes,
About old Donald Douglas.*

*I would play it on the fiddle,
On the fiddle, on the fiddle,
I would play it on the fiddle,
And again on the jews' harp.*

CHUIRINN MO BHALACHAN

Port cruinn

SA1984-02-A3 (contd)

*Air a sheinn le Seumas Chaluim Sheumais às
a'Ghnioba*

Sung by James Campbell, Greepe, Skye

Chuirinn mo bhalachan shiubhal na
garbhlaich,
Chuirinn mo bhalachan dh'fhalbh na
fireachan,
Chuirinn mo bhalachan shiubhal na
garbhlaich,
Chumail an t-sionnaich o'n mheanbh-
spreidh.

Chuirinn mo bhalachan shiubhal na
garbhlaich,
Chuirinn mo bhalachan dh'fhalbh na
fireachan,
Chuirinn mo bhalachan shiubhal na
garbhlaich,
Chumail an t-sionnaich o'n mheanbh-
spreidh.

Chuirinn mo chù 's mo ghunna nach
diùltadh
'S adharc mhath fhùdair dh'fhalbh na
fireachan;
Chuirinn mo chù 's mo ghunna nach
diùltadh,
Chumail an t-sionnaich o'n mheanbh-
spreidh.

Chuirinn mo chù 's mo ghunna nach
diùltadh,

'S adharc mhath fhùdair dh'fhalbh na
fireachan;
Chuirinn mo bhalachan shiubhal na
garbhlaich,
Chumail an t-sionnaich o'n mheanbh-
spreidh.

*I'd send my lad to search the rough
slopes,
I'd send my lad to walk the moorlands.
I'd send my lad to search the rough
slopes,
to keep the fox from the small livestock.*

*I'd send my lad to search the rough
slopes,
I'd send my lad to walk the moorlands.
I'd send my lad to search the rough
slopes,
to keep the fox from the small livestock.*

*I'd send my dog and my gun, that wouldn't
misfire,
and a horn of powder to walk the
moorlands.
I'd send my dog and my gun, that wouldn't
misfire,
to keep the fox from the small livestock.*

*I'd send my dog and my gun, that wouldn't
misfire,
and a horn of powder to walk the
moorlands.
I'd send my lad to search the rough
slopes,
to keep the fox from the small livestock.*

CIAMAR A NÌ MI AN DANNSA DIREACH

S/spèidh/ Port Cruinn

Ciamar a nì mi an dannsa dìreach,
Ciamar a nì mi an ruidhle bòidheach;
Ciamar a nì mi an dannsa dìreach,
Dh'fhalbh om prìon à bann mo chòta.

Dh'fhalbh am prìona 's chuir e clì mi,
Dh'fhalbh am prìon `a bann mo chòta;
Dh'fhalbh am prìona 's chuir e clì mi,
Ciamar a nì mi an ruidhle bòidheach.

*How can I dance the straight (?) dance,
How can I dance the bonnie dance;
How can I dance the straight (?) dance,
The pin has gone from my waist band.*

*The pin has gone and confused me,
The pin has gone from my waist band.
The pin has gone and confused me,
How can I dance the bonnie dance.*

CRATHADH D' AODAICH

Ruidhle

Crathadh d' aodaich a ghaoil
Thig thu 'n taobh-sa mu Shamhainn;
Crathadh d' aodaich a ghaoil,
Thig thu ma bhios gaoth ann. (x2)

Bith thu nad ruith air an rathad,
Bith thu nad ruith air an rathad,
Bith thu nad ruith air an rathad,
Sior chrathadh d' aodaich. (x2)

*With sails unfurled my love,
you will come this way about Hallow
e'en;
with sails unfurled my love,
you will come if there is a (fair) wind.*

*You will make haste on the way
under full sail.*

DA THABH AIR AN FHARAIDH

Ruidhle

SA1957- 67-6

*Air a sheinn le Seumas Chaluim Sheumais às
a'Ghnioba
Sung by James Campbell, Greepe, Skye*

Dà thàbh air an fharaidh,
Tha rud shios a's a'chairidh;
Dà thàbh air an fharaidh,
Tha rud aig an fhaoileig.

Dà thàbh air an fharaidh,
Tha rud shios a's a'chairidh,
Dà thàbh air an fharaidh,
Tha rud aig an fhaoileig.

Ged tha mì gun rud agam,

Tha rud shìos a's a'chairidh;
Ged tha mì gun rud agam,
Tha rud aig an fhaoileig.

Ged tha mì gun rud agam,
Tha rud shìos a's a'chairidh;
Ged tha mì gun rud agam,
Tha rud aig an fhaoileig.

*Two hand-nets on the loft,
There is something down at the weir.
Two hand-nets on the loft,
The seagull has got something.*

*Two hand-nets on the loft,
There is something down at the weir.
Two hand-nets on the loft,
The seagull has got something.*

*Though I have nothing,
There is something down at the weir.
Though I have nothing,
The seagull has got something.*

*Though I have nothing,
There is something down at the weir.
Though I have nothing,
The seagull has got something.*

DH'FHALBHAINN SGIOTALTA

Caismeachd

Dh'Fhalbhainn sgiotalta, sgiotalta,
sgiotalta,
Dh'Fhalbhainn sgiotalta, 's gheibhinn air
dòigh;
Dh'Fhalbhainn sgiotalta, choimhead air
Iseabail,
Chuirinn mo bhriogais orm, gheibhinn air
dòigh.

Sìle, Sìle, 's ì bu docha leam,
Sìle, Sìle, 'm boireannach còir;
Sìle, Sìle, 's ì bu docha leam,
Peigi Nigh'n Uilleam cha ghabh mi rim
bheò.

*I would go smartly and spruce myself up;
I would go smartly to see Isobel,*

I'd put my trousers on and spruce myself.

*Julia was my favourite, nice woman;
I'll never take Peggy daughter of William.*

DHANNSAINN RI DANN

This would appear to be for a dance which is no longer known - it sounds like a strathspey but has only three beats to the bar, apart from bar 7 in part B of the tune. It may have been for a specific dance now lost.

Dhannsainn ri danns,
Dhannsainn ris a'bhuideal;
Dhannsainn ri danns
Na robh rud na bhroinn. (x2)

Dhannsainn ris a'bhuideal (x3)
Na robh rud na bhroinn.

Dhannsainn ris a'bhuideal
Dhannsainn ris a'bhuideal
Dhannsainn, dhannsainn ris a'bhuideal
Na robh rud na bhroinn.

Dhannsainn ri danns,
Dhannsainn ri mo leannan;
Dhannsainn ri danns
Ri mo leannan fhìn. (x2)

Dhannsadh Màiri'n tàileir,
Ruidhleadh Màiri'n tàileir.
Dhannsadh Màiri'n tàileir
Gus an d'fhàs i sgìth.

Dhannsadh Màiri'n tàileir,
Ruidhleadh Màiri'n tàileir.
Ruidhleadh, dhannsadh Màiri'n tàileir
Gus an d'fhàs i sgìth.

*I would dance and dance,
I would dance to the bottle,
I would dance and dance
If there was anything in it.*

*I would dance to the bottle
if there was anything in it.*

*I would dance to the bottle,
I would dance to the bottle,
I would dance, dance to the bottle,
if there was anything in it.*

*I would dance and dance,
I would dance to my sweetheart,
I would dance and dance,
to my own sweetheart.*

*The tailor's Mary would dance,
the tailor's Mary would reel,
the tailor's Mary would dance,
till she grew weary.*

DHIULT AM BODACH FODAR DHOMH

S/spèidh

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. (x2)

Dhiùlt am bodach fodar dhomh
'S gun d' dhiùlt am bodach feur dhomh.
Dhiùlt am bodach fodar dhomh
'S gun d' dhiùlt am bodach feur dhomh.
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. (x2)

*The old man refused me straw;
the old man refused me hay;
the old man refused me straw
to put under my thigh.*

*The old man refused me straw;
the old man refused me hay; (x 3)
the ragged, fallow old man,
refused me hay in the barn.*

FEAR A' CHOIRE

Ruidhle

*Le Gilleasbuig Aotrom do Fhear a' Choire,
Lachlainn MacFhionghainn.*

*Composed by Gilleasbaig Aotrom, an
eccentric Skye character, to MacKinnon
of Corrie, Lord MacDonald's factor, who*

*does not appear to have been
universally loved.*

Tha Fear a'Choire fiadhaich,
Tha Fear a'Choire dannara,
Tha Fear a'Choire fiadhaich,
'S bu riamh dha bhi ann a sin.

lù bhi il, Fear a'Choire,
lù bhi il, coma leam dheth,
lù bhi il, Fear a'Choire,
Bidh na coin an comaidh ris.

Se Fear a'Choire dh'fhaodadh,
Se Fear a'Choire b'urrainn sin,
Se Fear a'Choire dh'fhaodadh,
Bhi'n gaol ris a h-uile te.

Tha Fear a'Choire 's maoil air,
Tha Fear a'Chaoil 's currachd air,
Tha Fear a'Choire 's maoil air,
A'daoradh a h-uile rud.

Thog e taigh a' Laoras,
Thog e taigh an iomadh àit,
Thog e taigh a' Laoras,
Is taigh an Camus Fhionnaraigh.

*The laird of Corrie is barberous,
The laird of Corrie is inflexible,
The laird of Corrie is fierce;
He was always thus.*

*The laird of Corrie, I do not care for him,
The dogs share his food.*

*The laird of Corrie could, and did, love
every woman.*

*The laird of Corrie, bald headed, and
the laird of Kyle, hooded, are raising the
cost of everything.*

*He built a house in Liveras, he built a
house in many a place; he built a house
in Liveras, and a house in Camus
Fhionnaraigh.*

FEAR A'CHUIL BHAIN

Port Cruinn

'S e fear a'chùil bhàin
mo ghradh a dh'fheith rium,
mo ghradh a dh'fheith rium,
mo ghradh a dh'fheith rium;
Se fear a'chùil bhàin
mo ghradh a dh'fheith rium,
S e'm Baile nan Cailleach gu Bealltainn.
x2

'S muladach mi se gun duin' ach mi fhìn
'S muladach mi, 's mi gun duin' agam;
'S muladach mi se gun duin' ach mi fhìn,
'S càch ag iomain nan gamhna. x2

*The fair haired man,
who waited for me, is my love.
and he is in Baile nan Cailleach till
Beltane.*

*I am sad alone
and the others driving the stirks.*

FEAR AN DUIN MHOIR

Port Cruinn

Tha fear an Duin Mhóir a' mire ri Móir;
Tha fear an Duin Mhóir is Mór a' mire ris.
Fear an Duin Mhóir a' mire ri Móir;
Ach có ni mire ri Màiri? x2

Tha Fear an Dùin Bhig a'mire gu tric,
Tha Fear an Dùin Bhig gu tric a'mire rith'
Fear an Dùin Bhig a'mire gu tric,
Gu tric a'mire ri Màiri. x2

Tha fear an Duin Mhóir a' mire ri Móir;
Tha fear an Duin Mhóir is Mór a' mire ris.
Fear an Duin Mhóir a' mire ri Móir;
Ach có ni mire ri Màiri? x2

Tha Fear an Dùin Bhig a'mire gu tric,
Tha Fear an Dùin Bhig gu tric a'mire rith'
Fear an Dùin Bhig a'mire gu tric,
Gu tric a'mire ri Màiri.
Tha Fear an Dùin Bhig a'mire gu tric,
Tha Fear an Dùin Bhig gu tric a'mire rith'
Fear an Duin Mhóir a' mire ri Móir,

'S tha còignear mire ri Màiri

*The laird of Dunmore is courting
Marion,
Marion is courting the laird of Dunmore,
The laird of Dunmore is courting
Marion,
But who will court Mary?*

*The laird of Dunbeg is often courting,
The laird of Dunbeg is often courting
her;
The laird of Dunbeg is often courting,
Often courting Mary.*

*The laird of Dunmore is courting
Marion,
Marion is courting the laird of Dunmore,
The laird of Dunmore is courting
Marion,
But who will court Mary?*

*The laird of Dunbeg is often courting,
The laird of Dunbeg is often courting
her;
The laird of Dunbeg is often courting,
Often courting Mary.
The laird of Dunbeg is often courting,
The laird of Dunbeg is often courting
her;
The laird of Dunbmore is courting
Marion,
And five are courting Mary.*

FHIR A DH'ITH AM BONNACH MOR

S/spèidh : "John Roy Stewart"

*Fhir a dh'ith am bonnach mòr,
Chunna mis' e 's cha bu bheag e,
Fhir a dh'ith am bonnach mòr,
'S a'leth-chairteal annlan*

*Ma bha 's gu robh tuilleadh ann,
Gu robh peice mineadh ann,
'S gur i tè mhuinntir Mhinginnis
A dh'fhuinn gu tioram teann e.*

*Man who ate the big bannock,
I saw it and it was not small;*

*Man who ate the big bannock ,
And the half quarter of butter/ cheese.
There was (at least) a peck of meal,
And it was a woman from Minginish who
kneaded it, dry and smooth.*

FHUAIR MI NEAD

S/spèidh

*Fhuair mi nead na gurragùig
Ann an cùil na mònadh; (x4)*

*Fhuair mi nead a'chlacharain,
S gun d' chreach mi nead na smeòraich
(x3)*

*Fhuair mi nead na gurragùig
Ann an cùil na mònadh.*

*Fhuair mi nead an fhidhich ann
's a rithist nead na smeòraich; (x3)
Fhuair mi nead na gurragùig
Ann an cùil na mònadh.*

*I found the nest of the dove
in the peat corner. (x4)*

*I found the nest of the stonechat
and robbed the nest of the thrush. (x3)
I found the nest of the dove
in the peat corner.*

*I found the nest of the raven
and again the nest of the thrush. (x3)
I found the nest of the dove
in the peat corner.*

FONN AIR A' GHILLE DHONN

Ruidhle

*Fonn air a' ghille dhonn,
Fonn air a' bhanaraich, x3
Fonn air a' ghille bhiorach
Mire ris a' bhanaraich.*

*Far am bi na fìdhleirean,
'S ann a bhios na caileagan, x3
Far am bi na lùba dubha,
'S ann a bhios na maragan.*

Làn taigh a dh'fhidhleirean,

Làn taigh a' chaileagan, x3
Làn taigh a lùba dubha,
Làn taigh a' mharagan.

*The brown haired lad and the dairymaid
are in cheerful mood;
the slim lad is in cheerful form flirting
with the dairymaid.*

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

*A full house of fiddlers, a full house of
girls,
a full house of black loops,
a full house of black puddings.*

GED THIGEADH FEAR LE BUAILE CHRUIDH

Ruidhle.

Ged thigeadh fear le buaile chruidh
Chan fhaigh e nigh'n dubh againne.
x4

Chan fhaigh a nighean, nighean dubh,
x3
Chan fhaigh e nigh'n dubh againne.
Chan fhaigh a nighean, nighean dubh,
x3
Chan fhaigh e nigh'n dubh againne.

*Though a man should come, who owns
a fold of cattle, he will not get our dark
haired girl - at all, at all, at all!*

GHEIBH SINN RIOBAINNEAN MORA *S/spèidh no Port cruinn*

Gheibh sinn riobainnean móra, móra,
Gheibh sinn riobainnean móra, dearga,
Gheibh sinn riobainnean móra, móra,
Nuair thig Eóghainn thar a'mhargaidh.

Dannsa leis a'ghùn ùr, ùr,
Dannsa leis a'ghùn ùr, ùr, 's e brèagha,
Dannsa leis a'ghùn ùr, ùr,

Orra chùlabh, 's orra bheulabh.

Air a dhùnadh air a chùlabh,
Air a'dhùnadh air a bheulabh,
Air a dhùnadh air a chùlabh,
Dannsa leis a'ghùn ùr, 's e brèagha.

*We'll get big ribbons, big red ribbons
when Ewen comes from the fair.
Dancing with the new gown,
the beautiful new gown.
dancing with the beautiful new gown.*

GOBHA DRUIM AN AONAICH

Ruidhle

Gur e'n gobha biorach odhar
Gobha druim an aonaich. (x3)
Gur olc a chàraich e mo chlobha,
Gobha druim an aonaich.

Gur biorach e gur odhar e
Gobha druim an aonaich. (x3)
Gur olc a chàraich e mo chlobha,
Gobha druim an aonaich.

*The smith of Druim an Aonaich is sharp
and sallow, he ill mended my tongs.*

*He is very sharp and very sallow; he ill
mended my tongs.*

HAIGHDEALAN DUBH

S/Spèidh

Haighdealan dubh, Haighdealan dubh,
Haighdealan dubh, iù bhì,
Haighdealan dubh, e horò,
Cha bhi mise fuireach riut. x2

Do chaog shùilean dubha, ciara,
Cha bu tù mo leannan riamh,
Chan eil fear thig às a rian
Nach bi shìos a' bruidhinn riut x2

Gura mise tha gu tinn,
Na mo laighe seo leam fhìn,
'S i mo leannan Nic a Phì,
'S tha i sgith a' fuireach rium. x2

*Haighdelan, I will not wait for you.
With your narrow dark eyes, you were
never my lover; every crazy man that
will be waiting for you.
I am sick, lying here alone; my
sweetheart is
Nic a Phì, and she is tired of waiting for
me.*

M' AGH DONN

Mar a bha e aig Anna NicUmaraid

Ged dh'fhanadh crodh chàich a-muigh
Thigeadh m' agh donn. x4

O, dh'fhuiridheadh m' agh, dh'fhanadh
m' agh, dh'fhuiridheadh rium;
O, dh'fhuiridheadh m' agh biorach
Mu leathad nam beann. x2

*Tho' other folks cattle would stay away,
my brown heifer would come.
My heifer would wait for me on the
hillside.*

***MAIGHDEANNAN A CHOIRE DHUIBH**

S/spèidh

SA1957- 67-5

*Air a sheinn le Seumas Chaluim Sheumais às
a' Ghnìoba*

Sung by James Campbell, Greepe, Skye

A mhaighdeannan a' Choire Dhuibh,
Bu mhath an diugh bhi cuide ribh;
A mhaighdeannan a' Choire Dhuibh,
Bu mhath an diugh bhi làmh ribh.

A mhaighdeannan a' Choire Dhuibh,
Bu mhath an diugh bhi cuide ribh;
A mhaighdeannan a' Choire Dhuibh,
Bu mhath an diugh bhi làmh ribh.

Bu mhath an diugh an dè an diugh,
Bu mhath an diugh bhi cuide ribh,
Bu mhath an diugh, an dè an diugh,
Bu mhath an diugh bhi làmh ribh.

Bu mhath an diugh an dè an diugh,
Bu mhath an diugh bhi cuide ribh,
A mhaighdeannan a' Choire Dhuibh
Bu mhath an diugh bhi làmh ribh.

** The maidens were an illicit still.*

*Maidens of the Black Corrie,
It was good to be with you today,
Maidens of the Black Corrie,
It was good to be near you.*

*Maidens of the Black Corrie,
It was good to be with you today,
Maidens of the Black Corrie,
It was good to be near you.*

*It was good today, yesterday, today,
It was good to be with you today,
It was good today, yesterday, today,
It was good to be near you.*

*It was good today, yesterday, today,
It was good to be with you today,
It was good today, yesterday, today,
It was good to be near you today*

MEAL DO BHRÒGAN

Tim annasach - is dòcha airson dannsa àraid.

Meal do bhrògan, caith do bhrògan,
Meal do bhrògan dubha, Neill; (x3)
Nuair a rachadh i na siubhal,
Meal do bhrògan dubha, Neill.

(Tha) aon suil, tha dà shuil
air màthair Neill Duibh, (tha)
dà shùil air màthair Neill; (x3)
Nuair a rachadh i na siubhal,
Meal do bhrògan dubha, Neill.

Meal do bhrògan, dubha, dubha,
Meal do bhrògan dubha Neill; (x3)
Nuair a rachadh i na siubhal,
Meal do bhrògan dubha, Neill.

*Enjoy your shoes,
wear out your shoes,
When she got on her mettle,
enjoy your black shoes, Neill!*

*One eye, two eyes,
has Black Neil's mother,
two eyes has Neil's mother.
When she got on her mettle,
enjoy your black shoes, Neil!*

*Enjoy your black, black shoes,
enjoy your black shoes, Neil!
When she got on her mettle,
enjoy your black shoes, Neil!*

MO BHO DHUBH MHOR

Port mall

*Mo bhò dhubh mhòr a' siubhal bheann,
Mo bhò dhubh mhòr a'teàrnadh
ghleann,
Mo bhò dhubh mhòr a' siubhal bheann,
'S ann tha i sgìth 's a laogh air chall.*

*Tha i sgìth 's a laogh air chall,
'S ann tha i sgìth 's a laogh air chall,
'S ann tha i sgìth 's a laogh air chall,
Bho ghual a' ghlinn gu bruach nan allt.*

*My big black cow, roams the bens,
my big black cow descends the glens.
She is weary because her calf is lost,
between the shoulder of the glen and
the bank
of the streams.*

MO GHEALA CHASACH

Aka: The Bob of Fettercairn

S/spèidh

*Mo gheala chasach, mo gheala
chasach,
Mo gheala chasach, sa fhraoch thu;
x3*

*Mo gheala chasach sa mhòintich thu
Air tòir nan caorach mhaola.*

*Shiubhlainn iad is dh'fhalbhainn leat
Is shiubhlainn leat an t-aonach; x3
Gu shiubhlainn leat na mòintichean
Air tòir nan caorach mhaola.*

*My white-legged one in the heather ;
my white-legged one on the moor
in search of the hornless sheep.*

*I would search for them and go with you,
and walk the hill with you;
I would walk the moors with you
in search of the hornless sheep.*

NEAD NA LACHA 'S A' LUACHAIR

Port cruinn

Adapted from Irish (See 'Cas Amhrain')

AKA: the "Fox Hunter".

*Nead na lacha 's a' luachair, (x3)
'S cuiridh mi mach air a' chuan thu.*

*Haoi-di didl-di didl-di
Haoi-di dì-dì dero
Haoi-didl dai-didl dai-didl
Dai-dì didl-dì dero*

*The wild duck's nest is in the rushes and I
will put you out to sea.*

NIGHEAN DHOMH'ILL 'C DHONNCHaidh

Quick step

White Cockade (Uist Tradition)

Tune for the dance: 1st of August/ Latha Lùnasdal

*Tha nighean Dhomhn'ill 'c Dhonnchaidh
Gu tromasanach tinn,
'S mór a tha chràdh ann an cnàmhan a
cinn;
Na faighinn an ùir ì 's a mùig os a cinn,
Rachainn fhìn a'phòsadh le m'òg nighinn
duinn.*

*Dh'fhalbhainn fhìn leis an tàilleir mhór,
Shiubhlainn fhìn leis an tàilleir mhór,
Dh'fhalbhainn fhìn leis an tàilleir fhìdhleir,
Rachainn fhìn a'phòsadh le m'òg nighinn
duinn.*

*'S mise bha gòrach a phòsadh ri mnaoidh
Air a modha sòd agus breòite san druim;
Na faighinn air dòigh ì 's a seòl air a'chill,
Rachainn fhìn a'phòsadh le m'òg nighean
duinn.*

*Dh'fhalbhainn fhìn leis an tàilleir mhór,
Shiubhlainn fhìn leis an tàilleir mhór,
Dh'fhalbhainn fhìn leis an tàilleir fhìdhleir,*

Rachainn fhìn a'phòsadh le m'òg
nighean duinn.

*The daughter of Donald son of Duncan
is drowsy and ill, great is the pain in the
bones of her head; if I could get her in
the soil, face upwards, I would go off to
marry my brown haired maid.*

*I would go with the big tailor, I would
travel with the big tailor, I would go with
the tailor fiddler, I would go off to marry
my brown haired maid.*

*I was very foolish to marry a woman,
fat and weak in the back;
if I could get her settled and heading for
the churchyard,
I would off to marry my brown haired
maid.*

NIGHEAN NA CAILLICHE CROTAICHE CRUBAICH

Port cruinn

Nighean na cailliche crotaiiche crubaich,
thionndadh i cùlaibh 's throideadh i
rium;
bhreabadh i casan ma seach air an
ùrlar,
thionndadh i cùlaibh 's throideadh i
rium.

Thionndadh i cùlaibh, thionndadh i
cùlaibh,
thionndadh i cùlaibh 's throideadh i
rium; x3
O, nighean na caillich' is miosa san
dùthaich,
thionndadh i cùlaibh 's throideadh i
rium.

*The daughter of the old hump-backed,
lame old woman would turn her back
and scold me;
she would stamp her feet, one by one,
on the floor, turn her back and scold
me.*

She would turn her back and scold me,

*she would turn her back, stamp on the
floor,
turn her back and scold me. O, the old
woman's daughter is the worst in the land,
she would turn her back and scold me.*

POG O LEANNAN AN FHIDHLEIR

S/spèidh no port cruinn

Pòg o leannan an fhìdhleir,
Pòg o leannan an fhìdhleir,
Pòg o leannan an fhìdhleir,
'S a trì o leannan an tàilleir. x2

Pòg o nighean nan caorach,
Pòg o nighean nan caorach,
Pòg o nighean nan caorach,
'S o nighean nan gobhar nam faodainn.
x2

'S laoch dhi giulan na fìdhle,
'S laoch dhi giulan na fìdhle,
'S laoch dhi giulan na fìdhle,
B'fheàrr leam gum bu leam fhìn i. x2

*A kiss from the fiddler's sweetheart,
and three from the tailor's sweetheart.*

*A kiss from the sheep girl, and from the
goat girl if permitted.*

*Her champion is the lad with the fiddle, I
wish that she was mine.*

RACHAINN A SHUIRIGHE AIR OIGHRIG

Port cruinn

Rachainn a shuirighe air Oighrig,
Shùgradh ris a'mhaighdinn;
Rachainn a shireadh do choibhneis
Ged bhiodh an oidhche reòdht' ann.

'S beag orm rudan a chì mi,
Mnathan a dh'itheas 's a dh'innseas;
'S athaiseach siud air mo mhnaoi-sa -
Thug iad an tim (t-ìm) glè òg dhi.

*I would go courting Effie
even though the night was frosty.*

*I dislike some things I see,
women who gossip; that is true of my
wife,
she learned young.*

RUIDHLEADH CAILLEACH A CHINN MHOIR *S/spèidh*

Ruidhleadh cailleach a chinn mhòir,
Agus sheatadh Seònaid. x4

Cailleach ann am Bruthach an Aonaich
'S naoinear an Tobhtàrdair,
'S na robh cailleach anns a' Chreagan,
Bhiodh an deichnear slàn ann.

*The old crone with the big head would
reel
and Janet would set.*

*A crone in Bruthach an Aonaich, and
nine in Totarder, and if there was one in
Creggan,
there would be ten in total.*

RUIDHLEADH MO NIGHEAN DONN *Ruidhle*

Ruidhleadh mo nighean donn
Bha thu raoir an cùl a' bhearraidh;
Ruidhleadh mo nighean donn,
Bha thu 'n cùl a' ghàraidh.
Ruidhleadh mo nighean donn
Bha thu raoir an cùl a' bhearraidh,;
Faireagan mo nighean donn
Bha thu 'n cùl a' ghàraidh.

Faireagan mo nighean donn,
Bha thu raoir an cùl a' bhearraidh;
Faireagan mo nighean donn,
Bha thu 'n cùl a' ghàraidh.
Faireagan mo nighean donn,
Bha thu raoir an cùl a' bhearraidh
Ruidhleadh mo nighean donn,
Bha thu 'n cùl a' ghàraidh.

A nighean dubh 's a nighean donn,
Bha thu raoir an cùl a' bhearraidh;
'Nighean dubh 's a nighean donn,

Bha thu 'n cùl a' ghàraidh.
A nighean dubh 's a nighean donn,
Bha thu raoir an cùl a' bhearraidh;
Ruidhleadh mo nighean donn,
Bha thu 'n cùl a' ghàraidh.

Faireagan etc.

*My brown haired girl would dance a reel,
you were last night behind the ridge.
My brown haired girl would dance a reel,
you were behind the wall.*

*Well done! my brown haired girl
you were last night behind the ridge.
Well done! my brown haired girl
you were behind the wall.*

*Dark haired girl, brown haired girl ,
you were last night behind the ridge.
Dark haired girl, brown haired girl ,
you were behind the wall.
Dark haired girl, brown haired girl ,
you were last night behind the ridge.
My brown haired girl would dance a reel,
you were behind the wall.*

SABHAL IAIN 'IC UISDEAN *S/pèidh*

I iùrabh à horaibh à,
B' aighearach an uiridh mi.
I iùrabh à horaibh à,
Sabhal Iain 'ic Uisdean. x2

Nuair thòisich ruidhle nam pòg,
Siud far an robh 'n cridhealas,
Chluinnteach farum am bròg
Ann am Bail' an Tùire. x2

Pòg a Chalum a'Rubha,
Pòg dhan a h-uile fear,
Pòg a Chalum a'Rubha,
'S a dh'fhear Rubha 'n Dùine. x2

*O b' i siud a'nigh'n donn,
Nighean Nic a'Chomhairliche,
Oirre dh'èireadh a'fonn
N'ar a reidh an gùn oirre. x2

*I iùrabh à horaibh à,
merry was I last year.
I iùrabh à horaibh à,
in John son of Hugh's barn.*

*When the kissing reel started,
that's when there was hilarity;
the clatter of their boots
could be heard in Bail' an Tùire.*

*A kiss for Calum from the headland,
a kiss for every man;
A kiss for Calum from the headland,
and for the laird of Rubha 'n Dùine.*

*Oh, that was the noble lass, kindred of
the Counsellor. How her spirits would
rise when she donned her gown!*

**We are indebted to Dr John Macinnes for this
verse. Clann a' Chomharlaiche, in North Skye,
were historically connected to Clan Donald,
possibly from the time of the Lordship of The
Isles.*

SEANN SITHEANN CAORA DUIBHE *Ruidhle*

Seann sithionn caora duibhe,
Snàth ruighinn gormainn. x4

Seann sitheann caorach
Is snàth ruighinn gormainn,
Snàth ruighinn gormainn
air seann sitheann caora duibhe. x2

SEOC A' BHAIGH

S/spèidh

Shaoghail - òghail Seoc a' Bhàigh
Air an daoraich, air an daoraich;
Shaoghail - òghail Seoc a' Bhàigh
Air an daoraich shuas ud. x2

E gun aodach leapadh aige
E gun aodach leapadh aige
E gun aodach leapadh aige
Ach plaide ghlas nigh' Ruairidh. x2

Shaoghail - òghail Seoc a' Bhàigh
Air an daoraich, 's e gun aodach;

Shaoghail - òghail Seoc a' Bhàigh
Air an daoraich shuas ud. x2

E gun aodach leapadh aige
E gun aodach leapadh aige
E gun aodach leapadh aige
Ach plaide ghlas nigh' Ruairidh. x2

*Jock of the Bay, always the worse for
drink,
the worse for drink up yonder.*

*Jock of the Bay, the worse for drink and
with no clothing, up yonder.*

*He has no bedclothes except Roderick's
daughter's grey blanket.*

SEONAIÐ NIC GUMARAID

S/spèidh

Seònaid Nic Umaraid,
Gur bòidheach a'chruinneag i;
Seònaid Nic Umaraid,
'S a h-uile fear an tòir oirr'. x2

Sann a-raoir a chunna mi,
'S a chuala mi sa chunna mi;
Sann 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.*

SIUBHAD A BHALACHA'

S/spèidh

Siùbh'd a bhalacha', siùbh'daibh
siubhadaibh,
Siùbh'd a bhalacha' siùbhdaibh. (x3)
O, siùbh'd a bhalacha' togarrach,
Togaibh rithe h-aodach.

Chuala mi e, chuala mi e,
Chuala mi aig triuir e;
Chuala mi e, chuala, chuala,
Chuala mi as ùr e:
Chuala mi e, chuala mi e,
Chuala mi aig triuir e;
Chuala mi aig ceathrar e
Gun d'chuir mo leannan cùl rium.

Pòsaidh mi e, pòsaidh mi e,
Pòsaidh mi ga rìreabh e;
Pòsaidh mi e, pòsaidh, pòsaidh,
Pòsaidh mi ga rìreabh.
Pòsaidh mi e, pòsaidh mi e,
Pòsaidh mi ga rìreabh e;
Pòsaidh mise'n gille donn
Ma tha e 'g ràdh na firinn.

Falbhaidh mi leis, falbhaidh mi leis,
Falbhaidh mi ceum air cheum leis.

Falbhaidh mi leis, falbhaidh, falbhaidh,
Falbhaidh mi ceum air cheum leis.
Falbhaidh mi leis, falbhaidh mi leis,
Falbhaidh mi ceum air cheum leis.
Falbhaidh mi leis gu Lunnainn is gu
Donnybrook an Eirinn.

*Come on lads, come away my brave
lads,
hoist her sails.
I have heard it from three people;
I've heard it again,
that my lover has deserted me.
I'll definitely marry him
if he is telling the truth.
I'll go with him every step to London
and to Donnybrook in Ireland*

SIUD MAR CHAIDH AN CÀL A DHOLLAIDH *S/spèidh*

Siud mar chaidh an càl a dhollaidh,
Laigh a' mhin air màs a' choire;
Siud mar chaidh an Càl a dhollaidh
Air na bodaich Ghallda. (x2)

Siud mar chaidh an càl a dhìth,
Seo mar chaidh an càl a dhìth,

Siud mar chaidh an càl a dhìth
Air impirean 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.*

THA BEAN AGAM, THA TAIGH AGAM *S/spèidh*

Dé ni mì gun léine ghlan,
Gun leine gheal, gun léine ghlan,
Dé ni mì gun léine ghlan
'S mi falbh 'on taigh a-màireach. (x2)

Tha bean agam, tha taigh agam,
Tha allt aig ceann an taigh' agam;
Tha punnd de shiobann geal agam,
'S mo léine salach, grannda. (x2)

*What will I do without a clean shirt,
without a white shirt, without a clean shirt?
What will I do without a clean shirt
and I going away from home tomorrow?*

*I have a wife, I have a house,
I have a burn at the end of my house,
I have a pound of soap,
and my shirt dirty and unpleasant.*

THA FEAR AM BEINN AN T- SLOCHDAIN DUIBH *S/spèidh*

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. x2

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 man, in the mountain of the
black hollow, who chases the women
and girls.*

*A man in a bonnet who chases the
women and the girls. There is man, in
the mountain of the black hollow, who
chases the women and girls.*

THA MIN DUIL GUN DEAN MI BANAIS *S/spèidh*

Tha min dùil gun dean mi banais,
Tha min dùil ri pòsadh;
Tha min dùil gun dean mi banais,
Ris a' chruinneig bhòidhich.

Siud an rud a thogadh fonn,
Ceòl na pìoba 's brochan lom,
Siud an rud a thogadh fonn,
Air Tormod Ruadh an tàillear.

*I intend to get married,
I intend to marry,
I intend to get married
to the pretty young girl.*

*That is what would bring cheer,
the music of the pipes and dry porridge;
That is what would bring cheer
to Red Murdo the tailor.*

THA THUSA LUAIDH BUIDHE- RUADH *Ruidhle*

Tha thusa luaidh buidhe-ruadh
mar a bha do sheanmhair. x4

Tha thusa buidhe, tana, buidhe,
odhar, buidhe, liath-ghlas. x3
Tha thusa luaidh buidhe-ruadh
mar a bha do sheanmhair.

*You, my dear, are red gold like your
grandmother was.*

*Yellow, thin, sallow, grey, you my dear,
are red gold like your grandmother was.*

THEID THU NULL AIR A'BHEINN *Ruidhle*

Theid thu null air a'bheinn,
Thig thu nall air a'bhealach,
Theid thu null air a'bheinn
A th'aig ceann taigh Mhic Calum. x2

On a mharbh thu chearc bhàn
Bha sa ghàrradh an uiridh,
Bha le dà isean dheug
Fon a'chliabh bha i a' fuireach. x2

*You will cross over the ben
and return by the pass.
You will cross over the ben
that is at the end of MacCallum's house.*

*Since you killed the white hen
that was in the garden last year,
that, with a dozen chicks, lived under the
creel.*

THEID THU NULL AIR AN FHADHAIL *Ruidhle*

Thèid thu null air an fhadhail nì thu sin,
Thig thu nall air an fhadhail nì thu sin,
Thèid thu null air an fhadhail,
nì thu ghruagach a thaghadh;
Bhon a dh'fhàg thu do roghainn, nì thu sin.

Tha m' ulaidh air, tha m' ulaidh air,
cha bhi e ris an òl;
Tha m'aighear air, tha m' aighear air,
cha bhi e ris an òl;
M' eudail air an t-sùil,
's air a' mhala os a cionn,
Gaol mo chridhe air a' ghille,
gràdh againn air.

Tha mionam, o tha mionam,
O, tha mion air Seonaidh Earrdsaidh;

Tha m' aighear, o tha m' aighear,
O, tha m' aigh' air Seonaidh Earrdsaidh,
Tha m' eudail air an t-sùil,
's air a' mhala os a cionn,
Gaol mo chridhe air a' ghille,
gràdh againn air.

*You will cross the ford, that you will.
You will return by the ford, that you will.
You will cross the ford, you will seek the
girl. Since you have left your chosen
one, you will do that.*

*I love John Archie. I delight in John
Archie. I love the eye and the brow
above it. I love him with all my heart, we
all adore him.*

THOIR GILLE LEAT

Caismeachd

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.x2

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.x2

*Take a servant, a gun, and a dog to
seek the one who refused you. Take a
servant, a gun, and a dog; take two
runners from your clan
to seek the one who refused you.*

THUG IAD BHUAM-SA MO LUaidh

Ruidhle

Thug iad bhuam-sa mo luaidh,
Thug iad bhuam-sa mo leannan,
Thug iad bhuam-sa mo luaidh,
Nighean ruadh Dho'ill 'c Calum.

Gheibh mi nì, gheibh mi nì
Gheibh mi nì, se mo bharrail,
Gheibh mi nì, tha min dùil,
Agus cùram an fhearainn.

*They took my love from me,
They took my sweetheart from me,
They took my love from me,
Red haired daughter of Donald
MacCallum*

*I'll get the cattle, I'll get the cattle,
I'll get the cattle, I believe,
I'll get the cattle, I think,
And the care of the land.*

TILL AN CRODH

Port mall

Till an crodh Dhonnchaidh
'S gheibh thu bhean bheadarach;
Till an crodh Dhonnchaidh
'S gheibh thu bhean bhòidheach. x2

Seall air gach taobh dhìot,
Crodh agus caoraich;
Seall air gach taobh dhìot,
Maoin Mhic an Tòisich. x2

Till an crodh, faigh an crodh,
Ruaig an crodh, lean an crodh;
Till an crodh, faigh an crodh,
'S gheibh thu bhean bhòidheach. x2

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 charming woman. Turn the
cattle, Duncan, and you shall have the
beautiful woman.*

*See on either side of you, cattle and
sheep,
the wealth of the MacIntoshes.*

Turn the cattle, find the cattle, drive the cattle, follow the cattle, and you shall have the beautiful woman.

Turn the cattle, hero, and you shall have the loving wife. Turn the cattle, hero, and you shall have the beautiful woman.

TIUGAINN LEAM 'ILLE DHUIBH

Caismeachd

Tiugainn leam 'ille dhuibh,
tiugainn na bhuailidh x3
Tiugainn a luaidh a dh'iomain nam bò
x2

Tiugainn leam 'ille dhuibh,
tiugainn 'an aonach x3
Tiugainn a luaidh a dh'iomain nam bò
x2

Come with me black haired lad, come to the cattle fold. Come, my dear, to drive the cows.
Come with me, black haired lad, come to the slope. Come, my dear, to drive the cows.