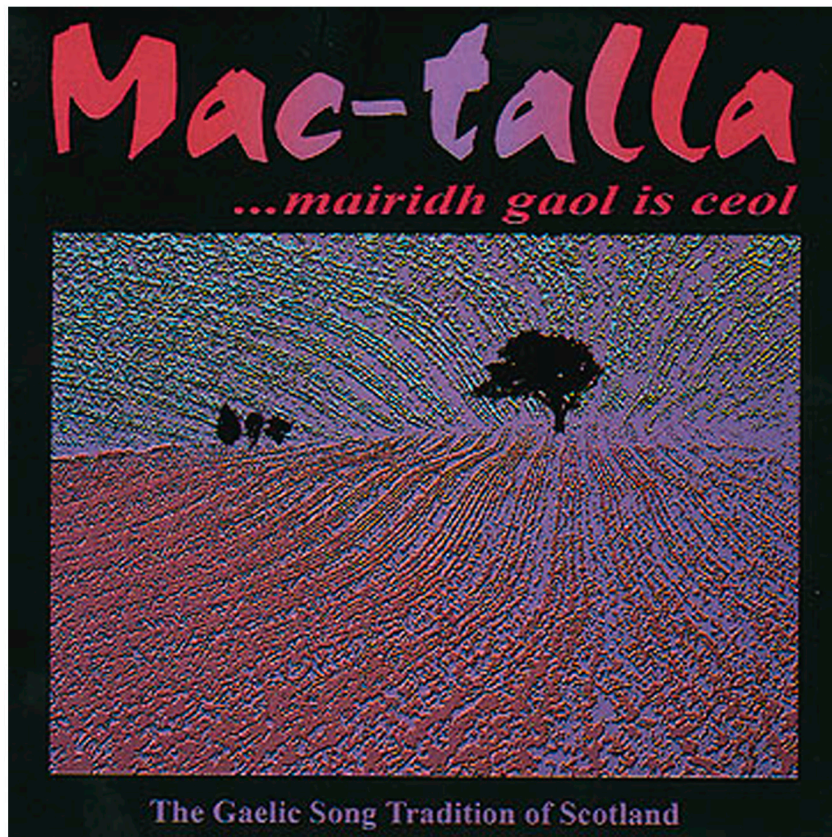
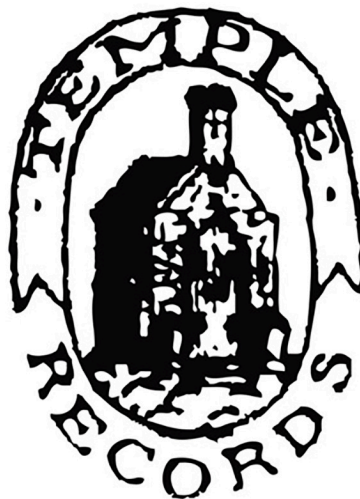


Songwords & translations for:

Mac-talla - Mairidh Gaol Is Ceol



Temple Records COMD2054



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1. **Illean Bithibh Sunnach**

Chorus

Illean bithibh sunndach a-null air a' bhoidse
Fagail ar duthcha gun duil ri tighinn beo ann
Illean bithibh sunndach a-null air a' bhoidse

Illean cridheil gaolach togaibh rithe h-aodach
Tha buidheann mo ghaol-sa Diardaoin' dol a' sheoladh

Gur mise tha gu cianail a' fagail a Chrìanain
A' dol do 'n duthaich fhiadhaich a dh' iarraidh ar loin as

Gur mise that fo ghruaimin a' dol a shiubhal Chuantan
Tha 'n soitheach dubh a' gluasad gu muldach a' seoladh

Tha sinn a' dol dh' Ameireaga far nach bi curam eile oirnn

Cho fad 's mhaireas coille dhuinn an Eilean Nobha Scotia.

Boys Be Happy

Chorus

Boys be happy, going over the ocean
Leaving our country without hope of doing well there
Boys be happy, going over the ocean.

Hearty loving boys, hoist the sails
A group of my dear folk are setting sail on Thursday

I am homesick leaving the Crinan
Going to the wooded country to make our living

I am in despair travelling over the ocean
A black ship is moving, sailing in sadness

We are going to America where we will have no
anxieties

As long as the woods last for us in Nova Scotia

2. **Seann Oran Seilge**

Chorus

Ho ro i a bhi o ho
Chall eileadh a ro ho
Ho ro i a bhi o ho
Chall o ho ro bhi

Ach a Thomais 'ic Uilleim
Bu tu 'n companach munaidh
Anns na coilltichean urrad
Fhuair thu urram na seilg

Gur a buidheach mi m' cheile
Thug an gunn' a Dun-eideann
Dhomh-sa b' aithne do bheusan
'S cha bu leir dhomh do ghiamh

'S toigh leam airidh nam badan
Far am b' eibhinn leam cadal
'S am biodh fasgadh ri gaillionn
Aig aighean 's aig laoigh

Agus frith nan damh donna
's nan ceannardan troma
Leam bu mhiann dol 'n an coinneamh
'N uair a chromadh a' ghrian

Le m' chuilbhir caol cubhraidh
Ann am achlais 'ga giulan
Luaidh ghlas air a h-urlar
Bheir tuill ur air am bian

Spor thana gheur dhu-ghorm
'N deigh a glasadh 's a dluthadh
'Chuireadh sradag ri fudar
'N uair a lubainn mo mhiar

Mharbhainn drachd agus lacha
Agus tarmachan creachainn
'S earbag riabhach nam badan
'Theid roi 'n mhaduinn 'na fiamh

An Old Hunting Song

Chorus

Ho ro i a bhi o ho
Chall eileadh a ro ho
Ho ro i a bhi o ho
Chall o ho ro bhi

O Thomas son of William
You were my moorland companion
In the high forests
You won renown in hunting

I thank my servant
Who brought the gun from Edinburgh
I knew of your excellent quality
And I saw no defect

I like the wooded shieling
Where I was happy to sleep
Where there would be shelter from storms
For heifers and calves

And the forest of the red stags
Of the heavy-antlered heads
How I loved to meet with them
At sunset

With my slender, sweet powdered gun
Carried under my arm
Grey lead on the forest floor
Would produce new holes in their hides

On bending my finger
The thin sharp blue-black gunflint
Having locked and fired
Would enflame the powder

I would kill drake and wild duck
And the ptarmigan of the mountain
And the little roe of the woodland
Will retrace her steps before morning

3. Griogal Cridhe

Moch maduinn air Latha Lunasd'
Mi sugradh mar ri m' ghradh
Ach mu'n tainig meadhon latha
Bha mo chridhe air a chradh

'S iomadh bidhche fhluich is thioram
Side nan seachd sian
Gheibheadh Griogal dhomh-sa creagan
Ris an gabhainn dion
Obhan obhan obhan iri
Obhan iri o
Obhan obhan obhan iri
'S mor mo mhulad 's mor

Nuair bhios mnathan og a' bhaile
Nochd nan cadal seimh
'S ann bhios mis' aig bruaich do lice
Bualadh mo dha laimh

Chaneil ubhlan idir agam
'S ubhlan uil' aig cach
'S ann tha m'ubhal cubhraidh canail
'S cul a chinn ri lar

Beloved Gregor

Early morning on Lammas Day
I sported with my love
But my midday
My heart was wounded

Many nights wet and dry
In the worst of weather
Gregor would find me a rock
Where I could shelter

Obhan obhan obhan iri
Obhan iri o
Obhan obhan obhan iri
Great is my distress

When the young wives of the village
Tonight are sleeping soundly
I'll be at your graveside
Beating my two hands

I have no apples
While all others have
My sweet-spiced apple
Lies with the back of his head to the ground

4. Puirt-a-beul

No translations are given for the puirt-a-beul because the rhythm of the words is more important than their meaning.

Eadaraibh a huinn o

Eadaraibh a h-uinn O! Poca sil an t-sealgair
Eadaraibh a h-uinn O! Poca sil an t-sealgair
Eadaraibh a h-uinn O! Poca sil an t-sealgair
Am poc a bh'air, an sac a bh'air, am poc a bh'air's e falbh leis
Am poc a bh'air, an sac a bh'air, am poc a bh'air's e falbh leis
Am poc a bh'air, an sac a bh'air, am poc a bh'air's e falbh leis
Am poc a bh'air, an sac a bh'air, am poc a bh'air's e falbh leis
H-Eadaraibh a h-uinn O! Poca sil an t-sealgair

Domhnall dubh an Domhnallaich

'S ioma rud tha dhith orm
A dh'fheumainn fhin mu'm deanainn banais
'S ioma rud tha dhith orm
A dh'fheumainn fhin mu'n posainn

Chorus

Ee bhi abhee ubhi abhee
Sin do lamh a Mhor-a-Cheannaich
Ee bhi abhee ubhi abhee
Sin do lamh a Mhorag
Domhnall dubh an Domhnallaich
A nochd an toir air Mor-a-Cheannaich
Domhnall dubh an Domhnallaich
A noch an toir air Moraig
Dh'oladh sinn is dhannsadh sinn
Air oidhche banais Mor-a-Cheannaich
Dh'oladh sinn is dhannsadh sinn
Air oidhche banais Moraig
Dh'aindeoin 's de na chuala mi
Cha toir mi fuath do Mhor-a-Cheannaich
Dh'aindeoin 's de na chuala mi
Cha toir mi fuath do Mhorag

Nighean rudh' bhan

Nighean ru-bhan aig Domhnaill Ru(adh) piobair'
Rachadh i bhal nam faigheadh i fidhleir
Nighean ru-bhan aig Domhnaill Ru-piobair'
Dheanadh i sith nam faigheadh i dram
Dheanadh i cardadh dheanadh i cireadh
Rachadh i bhal nam faigheadh i fidhleir
Dheanadh i cardadh dheanadh i cireadh
Dheanadh i sith nam faigheadh i dram

Meal do bhrogan

Meal do bhrogan caith do bhrogan
Meal do bhrogan dubh a Neill
Meal do bhrogan caith do bhrogan
Meal do bhrogan dubh a Neill
Nuair a rachadh i na siubhal
Meal do bhrogan dubh a Neill
Aon suil, tha da shuil air mathair Neill dhuibh
Da shuil air mathair Neill
Aon suil, tha da shuil air mathair Neill dhuibh
Da shuil air mathair Neill
Aon suil, tha da shuil air mathair Neill dhuibh
Da shuil air mathair Neill
Nuair a rachadh i na siubhal
Meal do bhrogan dubh an Neill

Ciamar a ni mi an dannsa direach

Ciamar a ni mi an dannsa direach?
Ciamar a ni mi an ruidhle bhoideach?
Ciamar a ni mi an dannsa direach?
Dh'fhalbh am prion' a bonn mo chota
Dh'fhalbh am priona chuir e cli mi
Dh'fhalbh am prion' a bonn mo chota
Dh'fhalbh am priona chuir e cli mi
Ciamar a ni mi an ruidhle bhoidheach?

5. Crodh an Tailleir

Chorus

O hi o ho, crodh an tailleir
O hi o ho, crodh an tailleir
O hi o ho, crodh an tailleir
Siosar is miaran is snathad.

Tha mile long air cuan Eirinn
Tha mile long air cuan Eirinn
Tha mile long air cuan Eirinn
'S truagh nach robh mi fhin air te dhiubh

Gur binn guth eoin 'san deagh-mhadainn
Gur binn guth eoin 'san deagh-mhadainn
Gur binn guth eoin 'san deagh-mhadainn
Gu cur a' ghille oig 'na chadal

Tog dhiom do lamh, tha i fuar liom
Tog dhiom do lamh, tha i fuar liom
Tog dhiom do lamh, tha i fuar liom
Righ! gur beag orm fear fuadain

6. Barcelona

Chorus

Chunnaic sinn Barcelona
'S dh'aithnich sinn Barcelona
Da mhile bliadhna air bhur rathad neo-reidh
Thuit sibh le gach slait, ach ghabh sibh 'n dara ceum.

Thainig sinn an diugh nar n'aineolas ruisgt'
Lorg na h-eaglais le na h-aghaidhean neo-chiuin
Priomh-bhreith, a' Ghloir 's am Fulangas - na triuir

'Dha bharrail treun, nur taigh-cogaidh na muirn

Fagaibh e na bhlaigh no togaibh e gu h-ard
Gach barrail buadhach uaibhreach ach cuideachd truagh is caillt'

A' fas ann an eachdraidh ainmeil is ghrannnd
Mar dh'innis am bard na sgeul, na oran 's na dhan.

Dh'eisd sinn a-rithist ri oran mor an t-sluaigh

'S bha sinn eolach air na faclan an Alba, a luaidh,

Bardachd a' gul le faram binn nan cruaidh

The Tailor's Dowry

Chorus

O hi o ho, the tailor's dowry
O hi o ho, the tailor's dowry
O hi o ho, the tailor's dowry
Is scissors, a thimble and a needle.

There are a thousand ships on the Irish Sea
There are a thousand ships on the Irish Sea
There are a thousand ships on the Irish Sea
Pity that I were not on one of them

Sweet is the voice of a bird on a fine morning
Sweet is the voice of a bird on a fine morning
Sweet is the voice of a bird on a fine morning
For putting the little boy to sleep

Lift your hand from me, it is cold to me
Lift your hand from me, it is cold to me
Lift your hand from me, it is cold to me
O King, little I care for a stranger.

Barcelona

Chorus

We saw Barcelona
And we recognised Barcelona
Two thousand years down your uneven road
You feel with every yard but took a second step

We came yesterday, our ignorance exposed
Searching for the Church with the troubled facades,
The Nativity, the Glory and the Passion of Christ - all three

O you two strong opinions in your war-house of hospitality

Leave it unfinished, or build it high
Each opinion the proud victor but each also
the wretched loser
Growing in a famous and ugly history
As the bard told us in his story, song and poem

We listened again to the people's strong
song
And we heard those words in Scotland, my
love
A poetry weeping with the melodic clamour

O dhuthaich threun! – beannachd do ur n'anam is buaidh

of arms

O brave country – a blessing to your soul
and success

7. **Ailein Duinn**

'S gura mise th'air mo sgaradh

Chaneil sugradh nochd air m'aire

Ailein Duinn o hi shiubhlainn leat

Chaneil sugradh nochd air m'air'

Ach fuaim nan siantan 's miad na gaillinn

Ailein Duinn o hi shiubhlainn leat

Ailein Duinn o hi shiubhlainn leat

Ach fuaim nan siantan 's miad na gaillinn

Dh'fhuadaicheadh na fir bho'n chalachd

Ailein Duinn o hi shiubhlainn leat

Ailein Duinn a luaidh nan leannan

Chuala mi gun deach thu thairis

Ailein Duinn o hi shiubhlainn leat

'S chuala mi gun deach thu thairis

Air a' bhata chaol dhubh dharaich

Ailein Duinn o hi shiubhlainn leat

'S gun deach thu air tir am Manainn

Cha b'e siod mo rogha caladh

Ailein Duinn o hi shiubhlainn leat

Hi riri riri ri hu o, horan o o, ho hi le bho

Ailein Duinn o hi shiubhlainn leat

Ailein Duinn a luaidh mo cheile

Gura h-og a thug mi speis dhut

Ailein Duinn o hi shiubhlainn leat

'S ann a nochd as truagh mo sgeula

'S cha n-e bas a' chruidh 'san fheithe

Ailein Duinn o hi shiubhlainn leat

Ach cho fliuch 's a tha do leine

Muca mara bhith 'gad reubadh –

Ailein Duinn o hi shiubhlainn leat

Hi riri riri ri hu o, horan o ho, o hi le bho

Ailein Duinn o hi shiubhlainn leat

Ailein Duinn a chiall 's a naire

Chuala mi gun deach do bhathadh

Ailein Duinn o hi shiubhlainn leat

'S truagh a Rìgh nach mi bha laimh riut

Ge be tiurr an dh'fhag an lan thu

Ailein Duinn o hi shiubhlainn leat

Dh'olainn deoch, ge b'oil le cach e

A dh'fhuil do chuim 's tu 'n deidh do bhathadh

Ailein Duinn o hi shiubhlainn leat

Hi riri riri ri hu o, horan o o, o hi le bho

Ailein Duinn o hi shiubhlainn leat

9. **Puirt-a-beul**

Dh'fhalbhainn sgiobalta

Brown-haired Allan

I am tormented, I have no thought for merriment

tonight

but only for the sound of the elements and the

strength

of the gales which would drive the men from the

harbour.

Brown-haired Allan, my darling sweetheart, I heard you

had gone across the sea on the slender black boat of

oak

and that you have gone ashore on the Isle of Man.

That Hi riri riri ri hu o, horan o o, o hi a bho was

not the harbour I would have chosen. Brown-haired

Allan, darling of my heart, I was young when I fell in

love with you. Tonight my tale is wretched. It is not (a

tale of

the death of cattle in the bog but of the wetness of

your

shirt and of how you are being torn by whales. Brown-

haired Allan, my dear beloved, I heard you had been

drowned, alas, oh God, that I was not beside you. I

would take a drink in spite of everyone, of your heart's

blood, after you had been drowned.

Dh'fhalbhainn sgiobalta, sgiobalta, sgiobalta
Dh'fhalbhainn sgiobalta, 's fheadhainn air doigh
Dh'fhaibhainn sgiobalta, choimhead air Iseabail
Chuirinn mo bhriogais orm gheibhinn air doigh
Sile sile 'si bu docha leam
Sile sile boireannach coir
Sile sile 'si bu docha leam
Peigi nighéan Uilleim cha ghabh mi ri m'bheo

Fhuair mi nead a ghurra-gug
O, fhuair mi nead a ghurra-gug
Ann an cuil na mona
O, fhuair mi nead a ghurra-gug
An an cuil na mona
Gu'n d'fhuair mi nead an fhithich ann

'S a rithist nead na smeoraich
'S gu'n d'fhuair mi nead a' ghurra-gug
Ann an cuil na mona

Fear a bhios fada gun phosadh
Fear a bhios fada gun phosadh
Fasaidh feur is fraoch is fireach air
Fear a bhios fada gun phosadh
Fasaidh feusag mhor air
Fear a bhios fada gun phosadh
Fasaidh feur is fraoch is fireach air
Fear a bhios fada gun phosadh
Fasaidh feusag mhor air

Fasaidh feur air, fasaidh fraoch air
Fasaidh feur is fraoch is fireach air
Fasaidh feur air, fasaidh fraoch air
Fasaidh feusag mhor air
Fasaidh feur air, fasaidh fraoch air
Fasaidh feur is fraoch is fireach air
Fear a bhois fada gun phosadh
Fasaidh feusag mhor air

Ruidhlidh na coillich dhubha

Chorus

Ruidhlidh na coillich dhubha
'S dannsaidh na tunnagan
Ruidhlidh na coillich dhubha
Air a' bhruthach bhoidheach
Gheibh thu aran agus 'im
'S caise na banaraich
Gheibh thu aran agus 'im
Agus bainne bho ann
Ma phosas Annag an diugh
Posaidh gach uile te
Ma phosas Annag an diugh
Sgaradh air an t-seana bhean

10. A chailin aluinn

A chailin aluinn dha'n tug mi'n gradh-sa
's i fhein as aille na blaths' nan ros
Gun i bhith laimh rium 's ann tursach tha mi
A chailin aluinn 's tu fath mo bhroin

An am dhomh dusgadh is mi nam aonar
'S e sin an uair as moth' mo bhron
Bidh mo smuaintean air a' chailin uasail
A dh'imich bhuam-sa 's a rinn mo leon

A chailin aluinn gun tug mi gradh dhut
Thig na mo chomhnaidh mo luaidh 's mo stor
'S abair rium-sa gur tu mo ghradh geal
'S bidh mise aghmhor gun aobhar craidh
Nach tig thu leam-sa a chailin aluinn
Gu siorruidh brath cha bhith ort bron
Sheinninn ceol dhut mar cheol na clarsaich
'S mar ghuth na smeoraich an driuchd an fheoir

O beautiful girl

O beautiful girl to whom I gave my love
She alone has more beauty than the fair roses
Without her with me I am sorrowful
O beautiful girl, you are the cause of my sadness

On waking when I am alone
That is the time I am most sad
My thoughts are with the noble girl
Who went from me and wounded me

Beautiful girl I gave my heart to you
Come to me, my darling and my treasure
Tell me that you are my fair love
And I'll be joyful without reason for torment
Won't you come with me beautiful girl
And forever more you'll know no sorrow
I would sing to you like the music of the clarsach
Like the voice of the song-thrush in the dewy grass.

11. Togail Curs air Leodhas

Tugainn leamsa 's dean cabhaig 's theid sinn thairis a null
Dh'eilean uasal na Gaidhlig rinn ar n-arach 'nar cloinn
Tir nan treun-fhear is calma choisinn ainm a measg Ghall
'S theid sinn comhla a leannainn thir an rainich a null
Ni sinn gluasad gu dana suas na braighean 's na caoil
Gheibh sinn aiseag gu sabhailt null gu aite mo ghaoil
'S nuair a bhuaileas l'm bagh ann cluinn' tu' Ghaidhlig gach taobh
'S gheibh sinn aoigh agus failte 'n eilean baigheil an fhraoich

Setting A Course For Lewis

Come with me and hurry and we'll go across the noble
island of
Gaelic that nursed us as babes. The land of boldest
heroes
among strangers who won fame, we'll go together my
darling to
yon land of bracken.

We'll brook no delay travelling high land and
firths. We'll easily
get a ferry across to the land I love, and when she
touches the
bay there you'll hear Gaelic all around, we'll
find hospitality and
welcome in the kindly heathery isle.

Chi thu muir, chi thu mointeach, chi thu moine mu'n cuairt
Chi thu cnuic ghlas is leoidean air am b'eolach sinn uair
Chi thu machraichean comhnard 's tha gu leor dhiubh air tuath
Ann an Nis, ait' 's boidheach, thogadh og ann mi suas

You'll see sea, you'll see moorland, you'll see
peat-banks all
around. You'll see verdant hills and slopes
that we once know
so well, you'll see level sandy plains – there
re plenty on the
North side. In Ness, a lovely spot, where as a
boy I was raised.

Chi thu Tiumpán tha aosmhor air aodann nan stuagh
'S tric tha sholus toirt saorsainn do na laoich th'air a chuan
'S iomadh bat' th'air a sgiursadh 's i gun churs ri droch uair
Rinn an soills' ud a stiuireadh steach an cuiltean Loch-a-Tuath
Chi thu iasgairean turail 's fhearr air stiuireadh 'cur lion
Mach a cladach Phort-nan-Giuran, b'e sud cliu bh'ac a riamh
Sud am baile rinn d'arach 's fhuair thu gradh ann is dion
'S chi thu 'n dachaidh a dh'fhag thu mar a bha i bho chian

'S nis nach aontaich thu ruin leam 's dean co-dhunadh air ball
Leig do shoraidh gun smuairan le duthaich nan Gall
Dol gu fearann ar sinnsir bha cho stritheil 'na cheann
'S ni sinn tamhachd 's an tir sin gus an sinear sinn ann.

You'll see the Tiompan (lighthouse) so
ancient facing the huge
waves, often does its light give deliverance
to the brave lads at
sea, many a boat doomed to founder but its
light safely steered
them to the Loch a Tuath's sheltered nooks.

You'll see skilled fishermen, none better with
tiller or net, out
from Port nan Giuran shore for which they've
long had renown.
There's the place you were raised in where
you found shelter
and love, you'll see the home that you left as
it was long ago.

Now my sweetheart why don't you agree with
me and decide
right now to bid a happy farewell to the
Lowlands and go to the
land of our ancestors who were such an
emulous race and we'll
settle down there until they lay us to rest.

12. Braigh Uige

Tha mo shealgair na shineadh
Na shineadh, na shineadh
Tha mo shealgair na shineadh
Anns an fhrith gun tigh'nn dhachaidh

Tho mo shealgair gun eirigh
Gun eirigh, gun eirigh
Tha mo shealgair gun eirigh
'S tha na feidh air an leacainn

Tha na feidh am Braigh Uige
'M Braigh Uige, 'm Braigh Uige
Tha na feidh am Braigh Uige
'S e mo dhiubhail mar thachair

Tha mo chrodh air na lointean
Na lointean, na lointean
Tha mo chrodh air na lointean
'S na laoigh oga mu'n casan

The Brae of Uig

The hunter lies stretched
On the moorland without coming home

My hunter lies without rising
And the deer are on the slopes

The deer are on Uig Brae
What happened is my ruin

My cattle are on the meadow
And their young calves at their feet

Without being herded to the hill
Heathery moor and hollow

Cold is the Hollow of the Sheiling
And my love lies beneath the slabs

Hill an o 's na hi ill u o

Iad gun togail ri aonaich
Ri aonaich, Ri aonaich
Iad gun togail ri aonaich
Fireach fraoich agus glacaibh

Gur fuar Lag na h-airidh
Na h-airidh, na h-airidh
Gur fuar Lag na h-airidh
'S tha mo ghradh fo na leacaibh

Hill an o 's na hi ill u o
Hill an o 's na hi ill u o
Hill an o 's na hi ill u o
Hill an o 's na hi ill u o

Hill an o 's na hi ill u o
Hill an o 's na hi ill u o
Hill an o 's na hi ill u o