

1. O A LEANNAIN – Traid.

AG AITHRIS: **Dolina NicIIFhinneinn**

Tha Mi Tinn 's Mi ri Caoidh Mo Dhòchais/ O 's Tu, 's Gura Tu Th' air M' Aire - Traid.

“Thug thu 'n ear dhìom 's thug thu 'n iar dhìom
Thug thu ghealach is thug thu ghrian dhìom
Thug thu 'n cridhe a tha nam chliabh dhìom
Cha mhòr a ghaoil nach tug 's mo Dhia dhìom.”

**O a leannain an e mo mhealladh? an e mo mhealladh an dèidh do gheallaidh?
an e mo mhealladh a rinn thu leannain? 's gur e do mholadh nì mi gu bràth.**

**Ciamar a shaoileas tu gun èirich math dhut an dèidh mar rinn thu le foill mo charadh?
Chuir thu eadar mi fhin 's am balach gan tug mi gealladh 's mi nam phàist'.**

**O chan urrainn gun soirbhich Dia leat an dèidh mar mheall thu mi leis na breugan
'S a liuthad oidhche ged bhiodh an sion ann a laigh thu sios ri mo chliathaich bhlàth.**

**Bha mi 'n oidhch' ud is mi nad leasraidh aig bun na craoibhe fo bhonn a' chreagain
Cha do dhiùlt mi san àm mo leas dhut 's cha d' ghabh mi eagal gun d' bhreab am pàist'.**

**Fhuair mi aparàn ùr dhen t-sioda ged a fhuair bha mo chrios a' dìreadh
Thuirt mo mhàthair nach robh sin dileas, gur dè dhomh fhin e ach mar am bàs.**

**Bha mi brùadar a-raoir car ùine, gu robh sinn còmhla gu sona sunndach
Bha do phògan air blas nan ùbhlàn ach nuair a dhùisg mi, 's ann falamh fàs.**

**O a leannain an e mo mhealladh? an e mo mhealladh an dèidh do gheallaidh?
an e mo mhealladh a rinn thu leannain? 's gur e do mholadh nì mi gu bràth.**

1. OH SWEETHEART – Trad.

SPOKEN INTRO: **Dolina MacIannan**

I am Sick and Mourning my Lost Hope/Oh, It's You, It's You That's On My Mind - Traid.

*You took east and you took west from me
You took the moon and you took the sun from me
You took the heart that is in my chest from me
And you nearly, my love, took my God from me.*

***Oh sweetheart, have you deceived me, have you deceived me despite your promise?
Have you deceived me, sweetheart, when it's the case I shall forever praise you?***

***How can you think yours will be good fortune if with falsehood you betrayed me?
You came between me and the young lad to whom I gave my troth when I was a child.***

***It cannot be that God will favour you after how you deceived me with your lies,
How many a night, however stormy, you lay with me by my warm side.***

***On that night I was in your loins, beneath the tree at the foot of the cliff,
I didn't then refuse you my flesh nor did I fear if a child had stirred.***

***I got a new silken apron but though I did my girdle kept rising,
My mother said that wasn't seemly, for me myself it was as death.***

***For a while last night I was dreaming, we were together, blithe and happy.
Your kisses had the taste of apples but when I wakened all was bare and empty.***

***Oh sweetheart, have you deceived me, have you deceived me despite your promise?
Have you deceived me, sweetheart, when it's the case I shall forever praise you?***

2. AM FLEASGACH DUALACH

– le Alasdair M. MacNeacail – Nis, Eilean Leòdhais (1870–1915)

Sèist:

O, nach robh mi thall 's na beannaibh
Far bheil m' annsachd fo na crannaibh,
O, nach robh mi thall 's na beannaibh.

Guma fada buan an t-òigear don tug mise 'n gaol a leòn mi,
'S e dh' fhàg mi dubhach brònach an là sheòl e uam cho fada,
O, nach robh mi thall 's na beannaibh.

Bha mi 'n dùil bhom thaobh nach gluaiseadh am fear grinn a rinn mo bhuaireadh
Ach 's e b' fheàrr leis a bhith cluaineis far an cluinn e fuaim na mara,
O, nach robh mi thall 's na beannaibh.

Ged tha mo chridhe 'n impis sgàineadh 's ged tha falt mo chinn gu bànadh
Nam biodh agam roinn de thàlant chuirinn cainnt nan sàr na h-altaibh,
O, nach robh mi thall 's na beannaibh.

Thug e cuireadh dhomh bha fialaidh nach dìochuimhnich mi gu sìorraidh
A dhol thairis leis gu Lional far an d' fhuair e chìoch na leanabh,
O, nach robh mi thall 's na beannaibh.

Rinn a chòmhradh mi glè luaineach cha laighinn 's chan èirinn suaimhneach
'S o nach d' cheadaicheadh dhomh gluasad dh' fhàs mo chruth 's mo shnuadh cho tana,
O, nach robh mi thall 's na beannaibh.

Nuair a thig an samhradh buadhach bidh gach tè le h-òigear uallach
Ùraichidh sin dhòmhsa gruamachd, O nach truagh gun deach ar sgaradh,
O, nach robh mi thall 's na beannaibh.

O nach mise tha gu tùrsach dh'fhalbh mo threòir mo cheòl 's mo shùgradh
Nuair bu chòir dha tigh'nn don dùthaich dh' fhan e thall air cùlaibh Ghlaschu,
O, nach robh mi thall 's na beannaibh.

'S tric a dh'èist mi 'n duanag bhòidheach chuir e suas mu Eilean Leòdhais
'S iomadh neach don tug e sòlas chaidh an ceòl ud fad' is farsaing,
O, nach robh mi thall 's na beannaibh.

Ged nach eil e 'n dàn dhomh bhuannachd chaoidh cha dèan mi chàineadh suarach
'S cha b' e dhìth bhith riomhach uasal dh' fhàg a-nochd mo chluasag falamh,
O, nach robh mi thall 's na beannaibh
Far bheil m' annsachd fo na crannaibh,
O, nach robh mi thall 's na beannaibh.

2. THE CURLY-HAIRED YOUNG MAN

– Alasdair Nicolson, Ness, Isle of Lewis. (1870-1915).

Chorus

*Oh, that I were over there in the mountains
Where my loved one is beneath the tall trees,
Oh, that I were over there in the mountains.*

*Long live the young man to whom I gave the love that wounded me,
Who left me sad and sorrowful the day he sailed so far away.
Oh, that I were over there in the mountains.*

*I thought the fine man who beguiled me would never leave my side
but what he preferred was to be sportive where he hears the sound of the sea.
Oh, that I were over there in the mountains.*

*Although my heart is on the point of breaking and my hair about to grey,
If only I had enough talent I'd set the words of the great songsters in proper style.
Oh, that I were over there in the mountains.*

*He invited me generously - I'll never forget - to go across with him to
Lional where he'd been a baby at the breast.
Oh, that I were over there in the mountains.*

*His conversation made me so restless I could neither lie down nor rise up,
Since I couldn't move away my form and my face have grown meagre.
Oh, that I were over there in the mountains.*

*When glorious summer comes every girl will have her engaging sweetheart,
That will renew my feelings of sorrow, alas, that we've been separated.
Oh, that I were over there in the mountains.*

*How wretched am I, my strength, my music and my joy have gone,
When he ought to have come here he stayed away beyond Glasgow.
Oh, that I were over there in the mountains.*

*Often did I listen to the lovely song he composed about the Isle of Lewis,
Many a person he gave pleasure to for that music went far and wide.
Oh, that I were over there in the mountains.*

*Although it's not my fate to win him, never will I miscall him nastily,
It's not lack of looks nor virtue that left my pillow empty tonight.
Oh, that I were over there in the mountains
Where my loved one is beneath the tall masts,
Oh, that I were over there in the mountains.*

3. GRÀDH MAIREANNACH

– le Uilleam Caimbeul. An Rubha, Eilean Leòdhais. Fonn le C. Primrose

AG AITHRIS: **Aonghas Phàdraig Caimbeul**

Gad Ionndrainn - Uilleam Caimbeul, An Rubha, Eilean Leòdhais.

“Cha thuig duine gu bràth meud mo mhulaid 's mo chràidh
Tha mo chlann air an fhàgail gun mhàthair
'S chan eil madainn na oidhch' nach bi mi dha caoidh
Air a son shil mi na deòirean gun nàire.”

Tha deich thar fhichead bliadhna bho na chaill sinn thu, a luaidh
Bho thàinig Dia gad iarraidh airson do dhachaigh bhuan,
'S ged dh' fhàgadh anns an fhàsach sinn le ionndrainn agus cràdh,
An gaol thug mi nam òige dhut cha diobair e gu bràth.

An teaghlach a bha gràdhach dhut na pàistean beaga maoth,
An-diugh air fàs an àirde 's na triùir air tighinn gu aois,
Gach tè ri toirt mòr-ghaoil dhomh ann am feumalachd na h-aois
'S nach mi bu chòir bhith taingeil 'son na rinn iad air mo thaobh.

Nach mis' bu chòir bhith taingeil airson faotainn coibhneas Dhè,
Son mo phàist' a' fuireach còmhla rium cho gràdhach 's cho rèidh,
Tha i 'n-còmhnaidh toirt nam chuimhne-sa a màthair bhòidheach fhèin,
Mo theaghlach ga mo chòmhdachadh le gaol is gràdh nam fheum.

Nach tric bhios mi a' cuimhneachadh an t-aoibhneas bh' againn uair,
Bha dùil an uair a thòisich sinn gum biodh sinn beò gu aois,
Ach cha b' e sin a dh'òrdaich e airson bhàsaich Crìosd dha shluagh,
'S an fhuil a dhòirt aig Calbharaigh cha toir am bàs air buaidh.

Cha tèid thu as mo chuimhne-sa a rè a bhios mi beò,
Bidh mi gad chaidh 's gad ionndrainn 's toirt cliù dhut anns gach dòigh,
'S an gaol thug mi nam òige dhut cha diobair an t-seann aois,
Gus an tèid mo chàradh air a' Bhràighe ri do thaobh.

3. EVERLASTING LOVE

– William Campbell, Point, Isle of Lewis.

SPOKEN INTRO: **Angus Peter Campbell**

Missing You - William Campbell, Point, Isle of Lewis

*No one could ever understand the extent of my grief and my pain
My children have been left motherless
And there isn't a morning or a night that I don't mourn her
My tears for her I shed unashamedly.*

*It's thirty years since we lost you, my dear
Since God came to fetch you to your eternal home,
And although we've been left in the wilderness with longing and pain,
the love I gave you in my youth will never cease to be.*

*The family whom you adored, the little tender children
Are grown up today, the three of them mature,
Each one of them giving me great affection in my time of need with age
And should I not be grateful for all they've done for me.*

*Should I not be grateful that I received the kindness of God,
Tha my child remained with me, so loving and so fair,
She always brings to my mind her own sweet mother,
My family enveloping me with love and affection in my state of requiring care.*

*How often do I dwell in memory on the joy that once we had,
We thought when we began we'd live to old age,
But that was not what he ordained, for Christ died for his people,
And the blood that was spilled at Calvary death will not subdue.*

*You will never leave my memory, not so long as I live,
I shall lament and long for you and praise you in every way,
And the love I gave you in my youth old age will not undo,
Until I am laid in the grave beside you on the Bràighe.*

4. THIG AN SMEÒRACH AS T-EARRACH – Traid.

Thig an smeòrach as t-Earrach thig a' chuthag sa Chèitean
Bidh gach eun anns a' choille cumail coinneamh le chèile,
Seinn chiùil air bhàrr chrannaibh 's air bharraibh nan geugan
Nuair bhios mise 's mo leannan dol nas fhaide bho chèile.

'S truagh nach robh mi 's mo leannan ann an slagan beag uaigheach
Fo dhubhar na coille far an goireadh a' chuachag,
Mo làmh dheas bhith oirre tarsainn 's gun ar n-aire air nì suarach
'S an tèile bhith sìnte fo cùl mìn bachlach dualach.

'S tha bhean ud an gruaim rium chionn gu luaidhear a mac rium,
Tha i umam cho suarach 's gura fuath leatha m' fhaicinn
Thig na h-uain às na cròitean nuair a sheòlar dhaibh rathad
'S mar sin gheibh mis' mo chuid fhìn bhon is nì nach fhaod a dhol orm seachad.

Ach ma chaidh thu orm seachad 's nach leannan thu dhòmhsa
'S truagh nach faicinn-sa fhathast glè mhath air do dhòigh thu
Do chrodh-laoigh anns a' bhuaile 's iad le 'm buaraich an òrdugh
Agus tèile gan uallach 's do bhean-sa fuaigheal na seòmar.

'S ach ghuidhinn-sa math thu ge b' e càil anns am bi thu,
Na dèan sùgradh ri caileig mura lean thu gu crìch i,
'S na biodh agad mar fhasan bhith ri mealladh a coibhneis
Bha gu leòr dheth air d' aire nuair a dhealaich thu riumsa.

'S mo cheist a mhnàthan an t-saoghail dèan saothair 's bi rèidh leam
Dèan deis do chuid aodaich 's gu seòl do ghaol leat do dh'Èirinn
Togail siùil ri croinn gheala 's bidh sinn tamall fo eudach
'S e bhith còmhla ri ar leannan, a ghaoil, bu mhath leinn le chèile.

'S comhairl' bheirinn-s' air caileig gun bhith amaideach gòrach
Gun i thoirt a gaol falaich do bhalach nach b' eòlach,
Bidh e briathrach ri tighinn 's bidh a chridhe na ròidean
'S bidh a shùil às a dhèidh ach cò 'n roghainn as bòidhche.

4. THE THRUSH COMES IN SPRING – Trad.

*The thrush comes in Spring, the cuckoo in May
All birds in the wood coming to meet one another,
Singing their music in the treetops and on the tips of the boughs
Just as my sweetheart and I are growing more distant from each other.*

*Alas that my love and I weren't in a little secluded hollow
Beneath the shade of the wood where the cuckoo calls,
My right hand over her, nothing mean on our minds
And the other hand stretched out beneath her fine, tressed, curled hair.*

*That woman is hostile to me since her son is referred to as being mine,
She despises me so much she hates to see me
The lambs leave the fold when a way is shown to them
And like that I shall get what's mine since it's something that is not to be avoided.*

*If you have gone past me and are no lover of mine
It's a pity that I couldn't get to see you happy,
Your milch cows in the fold, all with spancils in order,
Another woman tending them and your own wife sewing in her chamber.*

*But let me wish you well wherever you be,
Don't court a girl unless you follow her to the end,
Don't practice the habit of betraying her trust
There was enough of that on your mind when you parted from me.*

*My darling of the women of the world try hard to be at peace with me,
Prepare your clothes so your love will sail with you to Ireland,
Sails hoisted to white masts and in a short while we'll be underway,
To be together as sweethearts is our mutual desire.*

*The advice I'd give to a girl is not to be foolish and flighty,
Let her not give her love in secret to a lad she doesn't know well,
His words will be eloquent, his heart cold as ice,
And he will always be looking out for the prettiest of them all.*

5. SUIRGHE NA H-OIDHCHE

– le Dòmhnall MacIleathain Bhancubhar & Tolstadh bho Thuath (1889 – 1962)

Tha 'n geamhradh cur dhachaigh gach caileag le sunnd,
Fo chutadh an sgadain gu suirghe na h-oidhch'
Gach tè ac' fo ghealladh le fàinne m' a làimh
'S an cridhe a' breabail mar bhradan an uillt.

Nuair bha sinn nar caileig gun uallach gun suim
Bha gillean a' bhaile 's iad againn air sreang,
Gach fear ac' cho carach 's cho falamh na cheann,
Sinn thuigeadh na gillean nuair phriobadh iad ruinn.

An àm cèilidh sa' bhaile b' e cur-seachad a bh' ann
Bhith leughadh nan copan a bh' againn nar làimh!
Bhiodh còta le 'tuck' oirnn is polcannan grinn,
Sinn fighe nan stocainn nar suidhe air being.

Air òrain ar n-eilein gu tric rinn sinn seinn,
Aig rèiteach 's aig banais san t-sabhal a' danns,
Sinn a bha liùgach ri cromadh ar cinn,
Nuair chitheadh sinn ar leannain 's a shealladh iad ruinn.

B' e fasan a' bhaile mus faigheadh iad mnaoi,
Do ghillean a' bhaile bhith suirghe na h-oidhch'
Is iomadh fear spaideil chuir fearann fo bhonn
Nuair chuala am baile nach fhaigheadh e rùm.

Na h-iasgairan spaideil le peiteanan donn
Le bòtannan lastaig 's tombac' air a' phunnd,
Le strapaichean geala 's le lèine mun druim,
Is eagal am beath' orr' nach fhaigheadh iad rùm.

'S ann oirnn a bhiodh fadachd gun tigeadh an oidhch'
'S gun gabhadh am bodach An Leabhar os làimh,
Bhiodh brag air an uinneig - bha fios cò bhiodh ann,
'S mus canadh tu facal bha chailleach na srann.

Gaelic lyrics continued on page 6

5. NIGHT-TIME COURTING

– Donald Maclean, North Tolsta, Isle of Lewis and latterly Vancouver, Canada, (1889-1962).

*Winter sends home all the girls in high spirits,
Back from gutting the herring to night-time courting,
Each one of them betrothed wearing a ring
And their heart leaping like a salmon in a stream.*

*When we were girls happy and carefree,
We had the boys of the village on a string,
Each one of them so empty-headed and full of wiles,
It's we who could understand them when they winked at us.*

*Visiting in the village one of our pastimes
Was reading teacups we had in our hands,
We'd all be dressed up in our coats with the 'tucks' and neat 'polcannan'
Knitting stockings as we sat on a bench.*

*The songs of our island we often sang,
At engagements and weddings we danced in the barn,
We were so coy, bending our heads
When we saw our sweethearts and they gave us a look.*

*It was the custom of the village before the boys got a wife
For them to court the girls in night-visiting
And many a top took off faraway
When the whole of the village heard he didn't succeed.*

*Those well-dressed fishermen with their brown waistcoats,
Elastic topped boots and tobacco by the pound,
White braces and shirts on their backs,
They were all scared to death they wouldn't be welcomed in.*

*How we longed for night-time
When the Old Man would take up the Bible for family worship,
There would be a tap on the window - we'd know who it was,
And before you could say a word the Old Lady was fast asleep.*

English lyrics continued on page 6

Ar dachaigh gun ghlas air gun solas gun lamp,
Tha fuaim aig an teine tha dìosg air a' bheing,
Tha 'match' air a lasadh is cadal nam cheann
'S mo chluasan a' claisneachd ach cò fear a bh' ann.

Nuair thigeadh a' mhadainn le dronnaig mur druim,
Toirt dhachaigh na mòna fo ùrlar a' Bheinn,
Seo leisgeul a bh' againn nar suidhe ri tom,
Ag innse gu spaideil cò bh' againn an raoir.

Ged ghearradh iad m' amhaich chan innsinn a chaoidh
Còmhradh an leannain a bh' agam a-raoir,
B' e facal a bh' aca mus faigheadh iad rùm,
"Bheir mise dhut m' eachdraidh ma theannas tu nall".

Gur subhach mo leannan 's a làmh fo mo cheann
'S e còmhradh fo anail le cainnt nach robh meallt,
Nuair thug e dhomh gealladh gu maireadh e leams'
Is e fàgail sa' mhadainn le fead agus fonn.

Tha 'n geamhradh cur dhachaigh gach caileag le sunnd,
Fo chutadh an sgadain gu suirghe na h-oidhch'
Gach tè ac' fo ghealladh le fàinne m' a làimh
'S an cridhe a' breabail mar bhradan an uillt.

*Our home without lock, without light, without lamp,
There's a noise at the fireside, a creak at the bench,
A match is lit and there's sleep in my head,
My ears on alert as to who it might be.*

*When morning would come, shawls on our backs,
We'd bring home the peats from the foot of the Hill,
This was our ploy as we sat by a knoll,
Telling with pride who had visited us last night.*

*Though they'd slit my throat I'd never divulge the conversation of
my sweetheart whom I had visiting last night,
What they usually said before they got in
was "I'll tell you my whole story if you come closer over here".*

*Happy was my sweetheart with his hand beneath my head
Conversing, without guile, under his breath,
He pledged then that never would he leave me
And he left next morning with a song in his heart.*

*Winter sends home all the girls in high spirits,
Back from gutting the herring to night-time courting,
Each one of them betrothed wearing a ring
And their heart leaping like a salmon in a stream.*

6. AN GILLE DONN – Traid.

AG AITHRIS: Dolina NicIllFhinneinn

Ailean Duinn - Anna Chaimbeul, Scalpaigh, Na Hearadh 18c. - Traid

“Chuala mi gun deach do bhàthadh, 's truagh, a Rìgh, nach mi bha làimh riut”
“Dh'òlainn deoch ge b' oil le càch e, chan ann do dh'uisge no do shàile,
ach fuil do chuim, do chlàibh, 's do bhràghad”.

Sèist:

'S mise tha fo mhì-ghean mun ghille dhonn
Òigear nan rosg mìogach dh'fhàg m' inntinn trom
'S mise tha fo mhì-ghean mun ghille dhonn.

'S mise th' air mo sgaradh bho thoiseach an earraich
Dhealaich uam mo leannan, maraiche nan tonn
'S mise tha fo mhì-ghean mun ghille dhonn.

Thug mi gaol a chràidh mi do sgiobair a' bhàta
Gheibhinn cadal sàmhach leat air bhàrr nan tonn
'S mise tha fo mhì-ghean mun ghille dhonn.

'S e 'n gaol a thug mi òg dhut a tha gam leònadh
A chaidh cha dìobair m' fheòil thu fhad 's is beò mo chom
'S mise tha fo mhì-ghean mun ghille dhonn.

'S e bhith ort a' bruidhinn a-nochd a tha gum ruigheachd
Òigear a Chloinn Iain, dh' fhàg mo chridhe trom
'S mise tha fo mhì-ghean mun ghille dhonn.

'S maraich' thu gu seòladh cho math 's a ghlac ròpa
Sealgair thu air mòintich 's leònadh tu 'n damh-donn
'S mise tha fo mhì-ghean mun ghille dhonn.

Dol stigh an Caol Cannach shèid e oirbh gu frasach
Thàinig fairge tarsainn 's bhual e thu gu trom
'S mise tha fo mhì-ghean mun ghille dhonn.

Thàinig air do chùlaibh na chuir anns a' ghrund thu
'S e dh' fhàg mise tùrsach mo rùn bhith tàmh fon tonn
'S mise tha fo mhì-ghean mun ghille dhonn
Òigear nan rosg mìogach dh'fhàg m' inntinn trom
'S mise tha fo mhì-ghean mun ghille dhonn.

6. THE BROWN-HAIRED LAD – Trad.

SPOKEN INTRO: Dolina MacIannan

Brown-haired Alan - Anna Campbell, Harris 18thc. - Trad.

*I heard that you had been drowned, alas, Lord that I wasn't by your side
I would have a drink, despite what others thought, not of water nor of sea-water,
but the blood of your body, your breast and your chest*

*I am sad about the brown-haired lad,
Young man of the alluring eyes who has left my spirits low,
I am sad about the brown-haired lad.*

*I am distraught since the beginning of spring
My sweetheart left me, mariner of the waves
I am sad about the brown-haired lad.*

*I gave love that caused me pain to the skipper of the ship,
I'd sleep peacefully with you on the crests of the waves
I am sad about the brown-haired lad.*

*It's the love I gave you when I was young that wounds me,
Never shall my flesh forsake you as long as my body lives
I am sad about the brown-haired lad.*

*Talking about you tonight is what gets to me,
Young man of Clan Iain who's left me with a heavy heart
I am sad about the brown-haired lad.*

*A seaman as good as ever held a rope,
A hunter on the moorland who could wound the brown stag
I am sad about the brown-haired lad.*

*Entering the Strait of Canna the wind and rain hit you hard,
A stormy sea came over you and struck you a heavy blow
I am sad about the brown-haired lad.*

*From behind came what caused you to sink
What has left me in sorrow is that my love lies beneath the waves
I am sad about the brown-haired lad,
Young man of the alluring eyes who has left my spirits low,
I am sad about the brown-haired lad.*

7. THUG MI MO LÀMH DON EILEANACH

– Ùisdean MacMhathain – The St. Columba Collection of Gaelic Songs

Thug mi mo làmh don Eileanach,
Ged theireadh càch nach toigh leam thu;
A fhleasgaich bhàin nan sùilean tlàth
Gur tu mo ghràdh 's cha cheil mi e.

Ged theireadh luchd an tuailleis riut
Gun tug mi gaol don tuathanach,
Is mòr gun fheàrr leam thusa, ghaoil,
Na tha chrodh-laigh air bhuaile aig'.

Gur e mo ghaol an t-òganach
Tha dreachmhor uasal foghlaimte;
Is ìomhaigh 'n t-saighdeir ann ad ghnùis,
'S gun siùbhlainn fhèin 'n Roinn Eòrpa leat.

Gun d' fhuair mo chàirdean coire dhomh
O 'n latha chaidh mo shloinneadh riut,
Ach gus an càirear mi san uaigh
Cha toir mi fuath don Eileanach.

Thug mi mo làmh don Eileanach,
Ged theireadh càch nach toigh leam thu;
A fhleasgaich bhàin nan sùilean tlàth
Gur tu mo ghràdh 's cha cheil mi e.

7. I GAVE MY PROMISE TO THE ISLANDER

– Hugh Mathieson (St. Columba Collection)

*I gave my hand to the Islander,
Although others say I do not like you;
Fair-haired lad with the gentle eyes,
You are my love and I'll not conceal it.*

*Although the gossips should tell you
That I loved the farmer,
I'm much fonder of you, love,
Than all the cattle in his fold.*

*My love is the young man,
Who is handsome, well-bred and educated;
In appearance the very figure of a soldier,
And I'd travel throughout Europe with you.*

*My kinsfolk found fault with me,
Since the day my name was linked with yours,
But until I am laid in the grave,
I will never hate the Islander.*

*I gave my hand to the Islander,
Although others say I do not like you;
Fair-haired lad with the gentle eyes,
You are my love and I'll not conceal it.*

8. MARBHRANN DO DH'ALASDAIR MACLEÒID (Alasdair Dhòmhnail Òig)

– Eachainn MacFhionghain, Beàrnaraigh na Hearadh. (1886-1954).

AG AITHRIS: Dr. Iain MacAonghais & Aonghas Phàdraig Caimbeul

AN EALA BHÀN - Dòmhnall Ruadh Chorùna, Uibhist-a-Tuath 1887-1967

“Oidhche mhath leat fhèin a rùin nad leabaidh chùbhraidh bhlàth
Cadal sàmhach air a chùl 's do dhùsgadh sùndach slàn
Tha mise 'n seo san truinnsidh fhuair 's nam chluasan fuaim a' bhàis
Gun dùil ri faighinn às le buaidh – 's tha 'n cuan cho buan ri shnàmh.”

O 's ann tha mo ghaol-sa thall cha thill e tuilleadh a-nall,
Le na mìltean dhe na bh' ann as a Fhraing san ùir fon talamh
O 's ann tha mo ghaol-sa thall.

'S ann air madainn na Bliadhn' Uir' fhuair mi sgeula nach robh leam
Gun robh thusa m' òigfhear caomh air a chunntadh le na chailleadh
O 's ann tha mo ghaol-sa thall.

Gur e mise tha gad chaoidh gach là is oidhche leam fhìn,
Is chan annasach sin leibh gu bheil falt mo chinn air gealadh
O 's ann tha mo ghaol-sa thall.

Gu bheil m' inntinn-sa fo leòn is cha dùisg i suas ri ceòl,
'S mi ri ionndrainn a' ghill' òig nach fhaic mi ri m' bheò tighinn dhachaigh
O 's ann tha mo ghaol-sa thall.

Tha do leabaidh fada bhuam far a bheil thu sinte fuar,
Gur e dithein gorm is uain' tha ri còmhdach d' uaigh fon talamh
O 's ann tha mo ghaol-sa thall.

Gur e mhiannaichinn as ùr bhith nam sheasamh os a cionn
Gus am faicinn le mo shùil far 'n do chuir iad thu air d' aineol
O 's ann tha mo ghaol-sa thall.

'S tric mi cuimhneachadh leam fhìn air an fhiùran a bha grinn
'S bhon a sheòl e às an tìr gu bheil m' inntinn-sa fo smalan
O 's ann tha mo ghaol-sa thall.

Gaelic lyrics continued on page 10

8. ELEGY FOR ALASDAIR MACLEOD

– Hector MacKinnon, Berneray, Harris. (1886-1954).

SPOKEN INTRO: Dr John MacInness & Angus Peter Campbell

The White Swan - Donald Macdonald North Uist 1887-1967

*Goodnight, my love, in your warm fragrant bed
A quiet sleep to you and a happy healthy awakening
I am here in a cold trench, the sounds of death constantly in my ears
With little hope of emerging victorious, and the sea is too wide to swim.*

*Oh, my dearest one is far away and will never return,
Along with the thousands who were in France he's in the soil of the earth,
Oh, my dearest one is far away.*

*It was on New Year's morning I heard the disturbing news
That you, dear young man, were among those who were lost.
Oh, my dearest one is far away.*

*It's I who mourn you night and day when I'm alone
It can't be thought strange that my hair has turned white.
Oh, my dearest one is far away.*

*My heart is wounded and will not be roused by music,
As I long for the young lad I'll never as long as I live see coming home.
Oh, my dearest one is far away.*

*Your bed is far away from me where you lie stretched out cold,
With blue and green flowers covering your grave.
Oh, my dearest one is far away.*

*What I desire, now, is to stand over your grave
To see with my own eyes where they placed you in a foreign land.
Oh, my dearest one is far away.*

*Often when I'm alone do I call to mind that charming lad,
Ever since he sailed away sorrow-laden is my spirit.
Oh, my dearest one is far away.*

English lyrics continued on page 10

Cuimhneachadh nuair bha thu òg 's tu cho aotrom ri na h-eòin
Tu ri mireag feadh na lòin làithean sòlasach a bh' againn
O 's ann tha mo ghaol-sa thall.

Ach tha caochladh air an tràth gaoir nam bròn air feadh gach àit'
Tha gach inneal-ciùil nan tàmh is cha dhùisg an àird le aithghearr
O 's ann tha mo ghaol-sa thall.

'S lionmhor màthair tha ri caoidh 's tha ri ionndrainn rùn a cridh,
Rinn i àrach air a cich tha nan sineadh 's iad gun anail
O 's ann tha mo ghaol-sa thall.

'S lionmhor maighdeann feadh gach àit' bhios gun leannan gaoil gu bràth
Bhon a thuit iad anns a' bhlàr leis an nàmhaid bha ro charach
O 's ann tha mo ghaol-sa thall.

O is Alasdair MhicLeòid bhon do chuir mi rainn air dòigh
Ged nach eil thu 'n tìr nam beò mo ghuidh a bhith an còmhnaidh mar riut
O 's ann tha mo ghaol-sa thall cha thill e tuilleadh a-nall,
Le na miltean dhe na bh' ann as a Fhraing san ùir fon talamh
O 's ann tha mo ghaol-sa thall.

*Remembering when you were young how you were as light-hearted as the birds,
You around the ponds at play in those blissful happy days we had.
Oh, my dearest one is far away.*

*But times have changed, everywhere a cry of sorrow,
Every musical instrument is silent and will not awaken us any time soon.
Oh, my dearest one is far away.*

*Many a mother is in mourning, grieving for the love of her heart,
Whom she nursed at the breast, they who lie mute and lifeless.
Oh, my dearest one is far away.*

*Many a maiden everywhere, for all time, will lack a sweetheart,
They are those who fell in battle fighting a subtle enemy.
Oh, my dearest one is far away.*

*It's for Alasdair MacLeod I composed these verses,
Although you are not in the land of the living I crave always to be with you.
Oh, my dearest one is far away and will never return,
Along with the thousands who were in France he's in the soil of the earth,
Oh, my dearest one is far away.*

9. CHUNNAIC MI UAM A' BHEINN

– le Murchadh MacPhàrlain, Mealabost, Eilean Leòdhais (1901-1982)

Chunnaic mi uam a' bheinn 's mi siubhal air astar speur,
'S an aois a mhallachadh rinn oir mhiannaich mi rithist bhith òg
Sa bheinn gun bhonaid gun bhròg, miann riamh nach do shealbhaich mac mnaoi,
Oirnn fear-trusaidh gach linn an tòir.

Shaoileam gu faicinn sa bheinn suinn a bhuineadh do linn nach beò,
Le lùthag fon glùin 's orra sgoinn a' dìreadh 's a' teàrnadh an t-slèibh;
'S gun cluinninn an fhead is an èigh ri coin toirt na spreidhe cruinn
'S na deamhaisean geur' dol gu feum.

O bheinn mo chridhe nad bhàrr 's tric a bha; cha bhi tuilleadh mi chaoidh;
Dh'fhas mo shìnteag 's mo shearrag cho geàrr; 's innis milis an cuimhn' an-dè
A-màireach, chan aithne dhomh e,
Mi mar sheillean deocadh mil às gach blàth measg na làithean a dh'fhàg mi am dhèidh.

Mo sheann chù beinne na shrann dh'fhàg mi sìnt' air an staran sa ghrèin,
Chalg 'n uiridh air bealach lag fann, Critheanach mall a cheum,
Chois chlis a-nis tha bho fheum;
A thrusadh an casadh nam beann a-chaoidh cha tèid mis' no e fhèin.

Chunnaic mi mo sheud sa bheinn 's cha tàrradh uaith' geàrr nan càrn –
Air an staran a-nis air a shlinn, cùl gaoith' 's aghaidh grèin sa bhlàths;
Ann am broinn gach beatha tha bàs, mar an dèidh an latha tha oidhch'
Agus madainn nam beò cho geàrr.

Chunnaic mi uam a' bheinn an sealladh rinn tinn mo chridh'
Coin thim a' trusadh mo linn – Èist, cluinn orra sìos an gleann
Chan fhad gum bi 'n trusadh aig ceann, Sìos an iar chaidh a' ghrian anns na tuinn
Mean air mhean an dubh-oidhch' a' tighinn teann.

9. I SAW THE BEN FROM A DISTANCE

– Murdo Macfarlane, Melbost, Isle of Lewis (1901-1982)

*I saw the hill far away beneath the sky,
Old age I did curse because I wished I could be young again on the ben,
Without a bonnet or shoes, a wish never granted to the son of woman
And the Gatherer of each generation is in pursuit of us*

*It seemed to me that I could see on the hill heroes of a generation not living (today)
With a band beneath their knees and hurrying climbing and descending the slope
And that I could hear their whistle and their call to dogs to collect the flocks
And the sharp shears at work.*

*O hill of my heart, often I was there, but never shall be again
My leap and my stride have shortened, sweet is yesterday's memory,
Tomorrow I know it not,
I'm like a bee sucking honey from each blossom, amongst the days that I left behind*

*My old dog is snoring, I left him on the path in the sunshine,
Last year's dog-hair on the slope matted and faded, shaky, slow is his step,
His agile foot now useless,
To gather on the hill, never will I or he go.*

*I saw my hero on the hill and the mountain-hare couldn't draw away from him
Now stretched out on the path, out of the wind his face to the sun,
Inside every life there is death, as after day is night,
And the morning of the living so short.*

*I saw at a distance the hill, the sight that made my heart sick,
Time's dogs gathering my generation – Hark, listen to them down the glen
Soon the gathering will be done, In the west sank the sun down into the waves
Little by little night approaches us.*

10. BAILE M' ÀRACH

– Seòras MacLeòid – Seòras Dhòmhnail Chaluim, Daile Mòr, Càrlabhaigh, Eilean Leòdhais (1914-2004). Fonn le Iain “Tonkan” Dòmhnallach, An Rubha, Eilean Leòdhais.

AG AITHRIS: **Dr. Iain MacAonghais**

An Ataireachd Àrd - Dòmhnall MacIomhair (Dòmhnall Iain Ruaidh) Ùig.
Eilean Leòdhais 1857 - 1935

An ataireachd bhuan cluinn fuaim na h-ataireachd àrd
Tha torran a' chuain mar chualas leam-s' e nam phàist,
gun mhùthadh gun truas a' sluaisreadh gainneamh na tràgh'd
An ataireachd bhuan cluinn fuaim na h-ataireachd àrd.

Sèist:

Chluinn mi fuaim, chluinn mi fuaim na mara
Chluinn mi fuaim, chluinn mi fuaim na mara
Nuair chluinn mi fuaim ud gu cruaidh ri cladach
Bidh fios a' m fhìn gu bheil mi sna Dailean.

Baile m' àrach an-dràst' nam shealladh
Toirt nithean àraid mar bha ri m' aire
An gleann cho àlainn, an tràigh 's a' mhachair
'S na leòidean fraoich air gach taobh 'cur mais air.

Chì mi làimh dhomh an roinn den mhachair
Far na rinneadh càradh na sàir 'ghabh seachad
Gach nì mar bha ac' sa dh'fhàg iad againn
Gach clach mar chàraich iad làidir daingeann.

Bidh mais an t-samhraidh cur loinn a bharrachd
Air cnuic 's air glinn, air gach beinn is bealach
Bidh eòin cho aoibhneach a' seinn le caithream
Bu bhrèagha a' ghrian a' dol sìos à sealladh.

Bidh 'n ceòl as àbhaist aig tràigh na mara
Muir-làn is tràghadh gun tàmh gun anail
Gach nì tha tràthail, mar bha gun mhaille
Sin fhèin na tha 's mar a bha sna Dailean .

Ged bheirist dhomhsa bhith òg ro mhadainn
Le cead bi-beò anns an dòigh bu mhath leam
An Daile Mòr gum bu deònach dh' fhanainn
Gun sùil ri stòr ach bi-beò bhith agam.

Chluinn mi fuaim, chluinn mi fuaim na mara
Chluinn mi fuaim, chluinn mi fuaim na mara
Nuair chluinn mi fuaim ud gu cruaidh ri cladach
Bidh fios a' m fhìn gu bheil mi sna Dailean.



10. THE VILLAGE WHERE I GREW UP

– George MacLeod (1914-2004) – Dalmore, Carloway, Isle of Lewis.
Melody by John ‘Tonkan’ Macdonald, Point, Isle of Lewis.

SPOKEN INTRO: **Dr John MacInnes**

THE HIGH SURGE (of the sea) - Donald MacIver, Uig, Isle of Lewis 1857 - 1935

*The everlasting surge hear the sound of the high-rising surge of the sea
The thunder of the ocean is as I heard it in my youth
Changeless without pity sloshing over the shore's sand
The everlasting surge hear the sound of the high-rising surge of the sea.*

Chorus

*I hear the sound, I hear the sound of the sea,
I hear the sound, I hear the sound of the sea,
When I hear that sound strike hard on the shore,
Then I know I am in the Dailean.*

*The village where I grew up is now in my view
Bringing to my mind those things that used to be
The glen so beautiful, the beach, the seaside plain
The heather slopes on every side, giving grandeur to it all.*

*I see near me that part of the seaside plain
Where those who have passed away are laid to rest.
Everything they had and have left to us,
Each stone as they placed it, strong and firm.*

*The beauty of summer gives added charm
To hills and glen, to peaks and passes,
Birds sing there with joy and rapture
Beautiful is the sun when it is setting.*

*The sea as always will keep its music
Full tide and ebb without pause or halting,
All in its proper time, never delaying,
just as it is and was in the Dailean.*

*Though before morning I should be given youth again
And the chance to live the life I wanted,
In Dalmore I'd wish to stay, not seeking wealth,
Only to live in the place.*

*I hear the sound, I hear the sound of the sea,
I hear the sound, I hear the sound of the sea,
When I hear that sound strike hard on the shore,
Then I know I am in the Dailean.*

11. EILEAN LEÒDHAIS GUR FADA THRIALL MI

– le Iain MacGriogair, Steòrnabhagh, Eilean Leòdhais (1848 – an dèidh 1921)

AG AITHRIS: **Dolina NicIlfhinneinn**

An Till Mise Chaoidh? - Calum MacLeòid, Na Geàrrannan, Càrlabhagh,
Eilean Leòdhais 1902 - 1931

“Cha dean mise diochuimhn' air feasgair fèathach reòit'
An eala bhàn na sgiamha ri sgiathalaich san òs,
A' ghealach cho ion-mhiannaichte ri riaghladh anns na neòil,
Is fuaim tràigh Uig is Shanndaig – o b' annsa leam an ceòl.”

Eilean Leòdhais, gur fada thriall mi
Bho d' bheanntan àrd, ach cha d' rinn mi d' dhiochuimhn';
Ged tha na h-Innseachan clìth gam chrionadh
Cha trèig mi chaoidh thu ged chlaoidh a' ghrian mi.

An t-eilean buadhach san d'fhuair mi m' àrach
Thug mise spèis dhut nach trèig gu bràth mi,
Tha tuinn a' chuain ri cur bhuainn an tràth seo
Ach nì mi 'n dìreadh gu tìr nan àrman.

Cha toir mi luaidh air gach buaidh a dh'fhàs ri
Do fhleasgaich shuairce 's do ghruagaich àlainn
Nam bithinn gleusta chan fhaod mi àicheadh
Nach seinninn rainn 's chuirinn loinn thar càch orr'.

Ach chuir an Leòdach an t-òigear ciatach
An cliù 's am mòrachd an òrdugh rianail,
B' e fhèin am fiùran air cùl pean-iarainn
Gu tìr a dhùthcha 's a cliù chur sìos leis.

Ma chì thu 'n t-òlach, cuir eòlas dàn air
Is faic an cuimhne leis oidhchean àraid,
Bha sinn le chèil' – ach chan fheuch mi càite,
Ri mir' is sùgradh 's ri smùideadh Gàidhlig.



'S e rinn mo leònach 's le bròn mo chàradh,
An làithean m' òige nach beò na càirdean,
Bha rium-sa caomh 's mi ro mhaoth nam phàiste
'S thug dhomh gaol, 's nach do thraogh gu bàs e.

Mo rùn an triùir dh'fhàg mi brùite, cianail,
Am measg nam bràithrean cha d'fhàs cho ciatach,
Tha aon san ùir aca, 's cuid san lionadh,
'S e shil mo shùil bhith le tùrs' gan iargain.

Ro gheàrr nan dèidh-san gun dh' eug gach pàrant,
Le cridhe brist' 's air am misneachd fhàgail,
Oir taobh ri taobh tha mo chaoimh an càradh,
'S tha m' aigne trom leis cho lom 's a dh'fhàs mi.

Eilean Leòdhais, gur fada thriall mi
Bho d' bheanntan àrd, ach cha d' rinn mi d' dhiochuimhn';
Ged tha na h-Innseachan clìth gam chrionadh
Cha trèig mi chaoidh thu ged chlaoidh a' ghrian mi.

AG AITHRIS: **Aonghas Phàdraig Caimbeul**

“Thig trì nithean gun iarraidh; an t-eagal, an t-eudach 's an gaol.”
- Tìotal Òran - Traid.

11. ISLAND OF LEWIS, I TRAVELLED AFAR FROM YOU

– Dr. John MacGregor, Stornoway, Isle of Lewis. (1848-1932).

SPOKEN INTRO: **Dolina MacIennan**

Shall I Ever Return? - Malcolm MacLeod, Garenin, Carloway, Isle of Lewis 1902-1931

*I shall never forget the calm frosty evening
The white swan with its cry fluttering at the mouth of the river
The captivating moon ruling in the heavens
And the sound of the tide at Uig and Sanndaig – how joyful it was to hear.*

*Island of Lewis, far have I travelled
From your high hills, but I have not forgotten,
Although India has treated me harshly and the sun has exhausted me
I will never forsake you.*

*That outstanding island where I was reared
I honoured you and shall forever do,
The waves of the sea separate us not
But I'll make my way back to the land of warriors.*

*I'll not dwell on the qualities of your urbane men
and your beautiful young women
I'll not deny that, were I able,
I'd sing stanzas praising you beyond all others.*

*But Macleod, that excellent young man,
has put their name and eminence in proper order,
He is master with the pen, telling of his
native land and its fame.*

*If you see that outstanding man
Make yourself known to him with confidence
See if he remembers nights when we were together - I'll not say where
With mirth and play, speaking Gaelic.*



*What has wounded me with sorrow is my state now
and that the friends of my youth are no longer alive,
Those who were kind to me when I was very young
And who showed me love that never faded until their death.*

*******QUERY THIS VERSE - NEEDS COMPLETED*******

*My love is for the three that left me bruised and heart-broken,
Amongst the brothers ??????????
One is in the grave and some ??????????
My tears are for how I miss them with much sorrow.*

*******QUERY THIS VERSE - NEEDS COMPLETED*******

*Too soon after them both parents died
Their hearts broken and their spirit low
Side by side are my beloved people laid to rest
And my mind is heavy with how empty I feel.*

*Island of Lewis, far have I travelled
From your high hills, but I have not forgotten,*

SPOKEN OUTRO: **Angus Peter Campbell**

*(Three things come uninvited, fear, jealousy and love)
- Title of a song - Trad.*

12. AN GILLE DUBH CHA TREIG MI – Traid.

Sèist:

An gille dubh cha tràig mi, 's le fear a' chruidh cha tèid mi,
An gille dubh cha tràig mi bhon thug mi fhèin mo ghealladh dha.

'S ann tha mo chàirdean deònach 's iad toileach mise phòsadh
Ri fear airson a stòrais, ach 's gòrach nam barail 'ad.

Chan iongnadh mi bhith 'n tòir ort 's do ghruaidhean mar na ròsan
Do chneas mar chanach lòintean 's mar it' an eòin do mhalaidhean.

Gur e mo cheist an t-uasal a dh' imich thar nan cuantan
Bu shealgair choileach-ruadh thu man gluaiseadh 'ad sa chamhanaich.

Nuair dhìreadh tu na stùcan le d' ghunna caol nach diùltadh
Bhiodh coilich-dhubh na dùrdail gan toirt o chùl a' bhealaich leat.

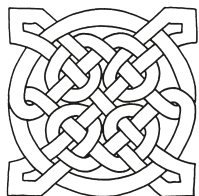
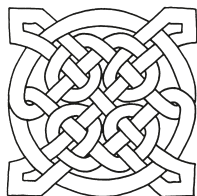
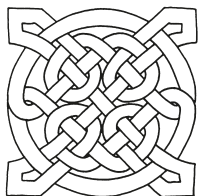
Gur e mo ghaol an t-òighear dha bheil a' mheall-shùil bhòidheach
Gun aithnichinn do cheum còmhnard a-mach feadh lòn a' bhaile-sa.

A-raoir gun d' rinn mi brудар mo ghaol bhith air mo chluasaig
'S a mhadainn nuair a ghluais mi gum b' fhada bhuam an gille dubh.

Gur mise th' air mo lìonadh bhith cuimhneachadh do bhriathran,
Gum b' fheàrr nach fhacas riamh thu ma thug thu 'm bliadhna 'n car asam.

Ma rinn thu mise 'thrèigsinn le comhairle luchd-brèige,
Chan fhiosrach mi fon ghrèin, ciod am feum a th' anns an leannanachd.

An gille dubh cha tràig mi, 's le fear a' chruidh cha tèid mi,
An gille dubh cha tràig mi bhon thug mi fhèin mo ghealladh dha.



12. THE BLACK-HAIRED LAD I'LL NOT FORSAKE – Trad.

*I'll not forsake the black-haired lad, with the man who owns cattle I'll not go,
I'll not forsake the black-haired lad for to him I have given my promise.*

*My kinsfolk are eager to marry me off
To the man who has wealth but foolish is their design.*

*Little wonder that I should be keen on you whose cheeks are like roses
Your skin like moorland bog-cotton, your eyebrows like birds' feathers.*

*My love is the noble matured man who has sailed the oceans,
You the hunter of the red-grouse moor-cocks before they leave at dawn of day.*

*When you climbed the peaks with your slender barreled gun that never misfired
You'd bring the crooning black-cocks from the back of the mountain pass.*

*He is my love the young man with the beguiling eyes
I'd recognize your elegant walk out across the village meadowland.*

*Last night I dreamt that my love was on my pillow
In the morning when I stirred, far away from me was the black-haired lad.*

*I am moved as I think of your words,
Better that I'd never seen you if this year you have cheated on me.*

*If you have forsaken me because of liars' counsels,
I cannot see, beneath the sun, what is the point of courtship.*

*I'll not forsake the black-haired lad, with the man who owns cattle I'll not go,
I'll not forsake the black-haired lad for to him I have given my promise.*

13. MO CHEIST AM FEAR BÀN – Traid.

AG AITHRIS: Dolina NicIllFhinneinn

Thig Tri Nithean Gun Iarraidh - Traid.

“Nam faicinn thu tighinn 's fios dhomh gur tusa bhiodh ann
Gun èireadh mo chridhe mar aiteal na grèin' thar nam beann,
'S gun tugainn mo bhriathar gach gaoisdean tha liath na mo cheann
Gum fàsadh iad buidhe mar dhithean am bruthaich nan allt.”

O mo cheist am fear bàn miann gach òg-bhean
O mo cheist am fear bàn mo chiad leannan 's mo ghràdh
'S e nach d'fhuair e mo làmh, fàth mo leòn-sa.

'S truagh nach robh mi mar bha cridheil sunndach
'S truagh nach robh mi mar bha mun do dhiùlt mi 'm fear bàn
'S cha bhithinn an-dràst', cianail tùrsach.

'S bochd nach robh mi a ghaoil teann ri d' ghuallainn
'S bochd nach robh mi a ghaoil nis a' siubhal ri d' thaobh
Ann an gleannan an fhraoich, taobh nam fuaran.

'S tric an deur air mo shùil caoidh mar tha mi
'S tric an deur air mo shùil 's mi ri bròn ann an cùil
On a thug mi riut cùl - òigeir àlainn.

B' annsa leamsa bhith tàmh le mo chiad ghràdh
B' annsa leamsa bhith tàmh air taobh nam beann àrd
Gun bhrata, gun sgàil, ach na speuran.

Mìle marbh'aisg air an òr cùil mo làimh ris
Mìle marbh'aisg air an òr 's goirt a rinn e mo leòn
'S air gach ùmbaidh gun treòir, 's mòr a ghràin iad.

Cìod an stàth dhomh bhith bròn anns na cùiltean
Cìod an stàth dhomh bhith bròn oir ged shileas mo dheòir
O chan fhaod mi bhith d' chòir, òigeir rùnaich.

O mo cheist am fear bàn miann gach òg-bhean
O mo cheist am fear bàn mo chiad leannan 's mo ghràdh
'S e nach d'fhuair e mo làmh, fàth mo leòn-sa.

13. MY LOVE IS THE FAIR-HAIRED ONE – Trad.

SPOKEN INTRO: Dolina MacIannan

Three Things Come Uninvited - Trad

*If I saw you coming and knew it was indeed you
My heart would rise up like a flash of the sun across the mountains
And I swear that every grey hair in my head
would become yellow like the flower on the bank of the stream.*

*Oh, my love is the fair-haired one, the desire of every young woman,
Oh, my love is the fair-haired one, my first sweetheart and love
It's because he never won my hand, is what's the cause of my sorrow.*

*Tis a pity that I wasn't as I was, hearty and content
Tis a pity that I wasn't as I was, before I refused the fair-haired one
And I wouldn't now be painfully sad.*

*I wish I was, my love, close up to your shoulder
I wish I was, my love walking beside you now
In the heathery glen, beside the spring.*

*Often I am tearful lamenting how I am
Often I am tearful crying in a corner
Since I turned my back on you - lovely young man.*

*I'd dearly love to be staying with my first love
I'd dearly love to be staying at the side of the high mountains
Without a blanket, without a cover, just the open skies.*

*A thousand curses on gold, the back of my hand to it,
A thousand curses on gold it wounded me sorely
And to every spineless fool, they have disgusted many.*

*What is the point of me grieving in the corners
What is the point of me grieving, even though my tears flow
I cannot be with you, beloved young man.*

*Oh, my love is the fair-haired one, the desire of every young woman,
Oh, my love is the fair-haired one, my first sweetheart and love
It's because he never won my hand, is what's the cause of my sorrow.*

14. GAD IONNDRAINN – le Uilleam Caimbeul, An Rubha, Eilean Leòdhais

Nach mis' tha gu trom glas chiamhag nam cheann
Tha mi brist' tha mi aonranach brònach
Or tha màthair mo chloinn bean mo ghaoil is mo mhnaoi
Anns a chladh air an aoidh fo na fòidean.

Cha thuig duine gu bràth meud mo mhulaid 's mo chràidh
Tha mo chlann air an fhàgail gun mhàthair
'S chan eil madainn na oidhch' nach bi mi dha caoidh
Air a son shil mi na deòirean gun nàire.

Tha an sgiath a bha blàth air a càradh 's na clàir
Bha do bhàs dhuinn mar dheireadh an t-saoghail
Oir tha 'n dachaidh bha blàth le gaol agus gràdh
Air a creachadh 's na bannan air sgaoileadh.

Cha tèid mionaid do bhàis as mo chuimhne gu bràth
Bha do chlann air do chùram nad èiginn
Nuair dhùin mo do shùil gu robh bòidhchead do ghnùis
Mar an ròs fon an driùchd anns a' Chèitean.

Tha mi cinnteach a luaidh g' eil thu 'm Pàrras ud shuas
Tha na dh'fhuiling thu nis air do chùlaibh
'S gus an dùin mi mo shùil anns a chadal nach dùisg
Gad ionndrainn bi mi is toirt cliù dhut.



14. MISSING YOU – William Campbell, Point, Isle of Lewis.

*Oh how grieved I am my hair's turning grey
I am broken, I'm sad and I'm lonely,
The mother of my children, the woman I love, my wife,
Lies under the turf in the graveyard.*

*No-one can ever fathom the depth of my anguish and pain,
My children are left motherless,
Neither morning nor night that I don't weep for her,
For her sake my tears flowed without shame.*

*The warm, comforting wing is folded beneath boards,
For us your death was like the end of the world,
For the home that was warm with affection and love
Has been plundered, the bonds have been broken.*

*The minute of your death I'll never forget,
Throughout your pain all you thought of were your children,
As I closed your eyes the beauty of your face
Was like a dewy rose on a May morning.*

*I am certain, my love, that you're in Heaven above,
All your suffering already forgotten,
Unitil I close my eyes in the sleep without rise,
I'll be missing you and always praising you.*