

NUAIR BHA MI ÒG

ARTHUR CORMACK

Faite do'n Eilean Sgiathanach

HAIL TO THE ISLE OF SKYE

O hail to your crags and your dark corries,
Your solid mountains where the young roe wander,
The gloom of winter closes around the hills,
And the wind-blown groves are completely stripped.
And I see the Cullin like a fearless lion,
With a beard of snow encircling its head;
And its cheeks furrowed by foaming waterfalls
Falling and twisting to the glens below.

O where are the brave men who were reared in your glens,
Who moved with alacrity around the misty hills?
With powder fired from clean muskets,
And their mighty hunting dogs who never faltered in their search
The heroes uncowardly in the face of battle,
Who would not yield readily to the enemy's war-cry,
On every field and plain where they unfurled their banner,
They left a historic legacy which did not disgrace their issue.

But I love your glens, your valleys and mountains,
With mist resting on their high pillars;
The fertile fields, the high promontories,
And the streams loudly calling the hind and her young.
May your history be eternal and your sons renowned,
Until the earth decays and the heavens fold!
I will never relinquish my love for the Isle of Mist
While the surf pounds its rocky shore.

An t-Aodann Bàn

EDINBANE

Since I left the land of my youth
Great is my sadness and yearning,
Now I never see the hillocks
The hollows or the pools,
I am far from my friends
Although I remember them well,
And the voices which welcomed me
Are now no longer heard.

The high shady hills
With their peaks in the clouds:
There is nothing more beautiful in the land
When they are cloaked in heather;
Until death closes my eyes
And I hear and see no more,
I will long for the Isle of Skye
Where I spent my youth.

When the summer sun shines
On the beautiful banks,
And you see the flowers growing:
The prettiest under the sun,
They have never seen a gardener
And no hand ever cultivated them,
But growing from the world of nature
Is every bush, flower and rose.

I am far from the place
Where I was brought up,
I am far from the Gaelic tongue,
The poetry and the music,
I am no longer welcomed
With the words "How are you, friend",
And I will never forget my homeland
Until I lie in the grave.

I cannot leave Edinbane
Without composing a verse in its honour,
Many of my friends are there,
And I belong there myself,
Is there that my parents reside
Who have guided my life's steps,
And as long as they live there
There will be a welcome there for me.

FAILTE DO 'N EILEAN SGIATHANACH

Hail to the Isle of Skye

O! Failt' air do stùcan,
Do choireachan ùdlaidh,
Do bheanntainean sùghmhor,
Far an siùbhlach am meann!
Tha 'n geamhradh le dhùdhlachd
Mu na meallaibh a' dùnadh,
'S gach doire le bhùirean
Air a rùsgadh gu bonn.
Is chi mi an Cuilinn
Mar leómhann gun tioma,
Le fhiasaig de 'n t-sneachd
Air a phasgadh m' a cheann;
'S a ghruaidhean a' srùladh
Le easannan smùideach,
Tha tuiteam 'n an lùban
Gu ùrlar nan gleann.

O! c' àit' 'eil na gaisgich
A dh' àraich do ghlaican,
Bu shuilbhre macnus
Mu stacan a' cheò?
Le fùdar 'g a sgailceadh
Bho 'n cuilbheirean glana,
'S na mial-choin 'n an deannaibh,
Nach fannaich 's an tòir.
Na laoiach nach robh meata
Ri aodann a' bhatail,
Nach aomadh gu taise
Ri caismeachd an nàmh;
Cha 'n eil raon agus machair
Air 'n do sgaoil iad am bratach,
Nach d' fhàg iad an eachdraidh
Gun mhasladh d'an àl.

Ach 's caomh leam do ghleanntan,
Do shrathan 's do bheanntan,
'S an ceò tha 'n a chadal
Air baideal nan àrd;
Na ciabhagan torach,
Na srònagan corrach,
'S na sruthan ri coireal
Do 'n eilid 's d' a h-àl.
Gu ma buan a bhios t' eachdraidh,
Agus cliù aig do mhacaibh,
Gus an crìonar an talamh,
'S am paisgear na neòil!
Fhad 's bhios sioban na mara
A' bualadh air carraig,
Bidh mo dhùrachd gun deireas
Do dh' Eilean a' cheò!

AN T-AODANN BÀN

Edinbane

Bho'n dh'fhàg mi'n tìr 's am b' eolach mi
Gur mór mo bhròn 's mo chaoidh;
Chan fhaic mi nis na cnocan,
Na sluichd agus na h-uillt,
Gur fada bho mo chàirdean mi
Ach 's làidir iad 'nam chuimhn',
'S na guthan chuireadh fàilt' orm,
An dràsda mi cha chluinn.

'S na cnocan àrda duatharrach
A shuathas anns na nèoil,
Chan eil 's an tìr nas bòidhech' na iad
Le fraoch orra mar chleochd;
'S gun dùn am bàs mo shùilean-sa
'S nach fhaic 's nach cluinn mu'n còrr,
Bi mi' uidh 's an Eilean Sgiathanach
A dh'àraich mi o m'òig.

Nuair dhealras grian an t-shamhraidh
Air na bruthaichean as àill',
'S a chì thu fa's na flùraichean
As bòidheche fo na nèoil;
Chan fhacas riamh leo' gàradair,
No làmh cha deach nan còir,
Ach 'fàs o bhuidhean nàduir'
Tha gach tom, gach lus, gach ròd.

Is fhada bho'n àite mi
'S an d'fhuair mi m' àrach og.
Is fhada bho'n a Ghàidhlig mi,
A bàrdachd is a cèol;
Cha chluinn mi bhith cuir fàilt' orm
Le "Cìamar tha thu shèoid?"
'S gu bràth mi dhith cha dhi-chuimhnich
Gun caradh mi fo'n fhòd.

'S an t-Aodann Bàn cha'n fhàg mi e
Gun rann chur as a dheidh;
Tha mòran dhe mo chàirdean ann,
'S ann as a tha mi féin;
Tha ann an tàmh mo phàrantan
A thog 's a leig mo chèis,
'S cho fad 's a bhios ann àit aca,
Bi àit' agam dha'n teid.

Nuair bha mi òg

WHEN I WAS YOUNG

Early I awakened with little sorrow,
On a May morning in Ose,
The cattle were lowing as they gathered,
And the sun rising on Leac-an-Stòrr;
The rays were beaming on the flanks of the mountains,
Covering over night's gloom hastily,
And up above me the lively Lark sang
Reminding me of when I was young.
Reminding me of many things I did,
Some from which I will never be free,
Going to waulkings and weddings in Winter
Without the light of a lantern but that of a burning peat;
Lively youngsters would be singing and dancing,
But that time is gone and the glen is enveloped in sadness;
The ruin of Andrew's house overgrown with nettles
Reminding me of when I was young.

When I walked by every glen and hillock,
Where I was contented herding the cattle,
With happy youths who have now been exiled,
Natives of the north without pride or deceit,
The fields and pastures were under heather and rushes,
Where often I reaped the wisps and sheaves of the corn,
If only I could see people and houses there now,
I would grow contented as when I was young.

When I turned my back on that beautiful island,
And set sail in the mist without direction,
When the whistle was sounded and the sail hoisted,
And she (the boat) departed from the Land of the Mist;
My heart broken and the tears in my eyes,
Making for a land without cheer, without music,
Where I will not see thistles or pretty daisies,
Or heather or rushes on the banks or meadows.

PUIRT A BEUL

Bi mis' air uisg' an lònain duibh,
Bi mis' air uisg' an lònain;
Bi mis' air uisg' an lònain duibh,
Is bairn' a' chruidh aig Móraig.

Bi bairn' a' chruidh aig Móraig dhuibh,
Bi bairn' a' chruidh aig Móraig;
Bi bairn' a' chruidh aig Móraig dhuibh,
'S bi mis' air uisg' an lònain.

Cha tig an làtha theid mi dhachaidh, Gus an tig na caoraich,
Cha tig an làtha theid mi dhachaidh, Gus an tig na caoraich,
Suidhidh mi air cùl a chreagain, 'S teannaidh mi ri caoineadh,
Suidhidh mi air cùl a chreagain, 'S teannaidh mi ri caoineadh..

Gus an tig a' chaora dhubh,
Gus an tig a' chaora;
Gus an tig a' chaora dhubh,
'S a h-amhairc air a h-aonais Repeat

Gu cuir nan gobhar as a' chreig,
'S e'n t-sheile beag bu dòcha leam;
Gu cuir nan gobhar as a' chreig,
'S e'n t-sheile beag a b'fhèarr leam. Repeat

'S e'n t-sheile, 's e'n t-sheile,
'S e'n t-sheile, beag bu dòcha leam;
'S e'n t-sheile, 's e'n t-sheile,
'S e'n t-sheile, beag a b'fhèarr leam.

'S e'n t-sheile, 's e'n t-sheile,
'S e'n t-sheile, beag bu dòcha leam;
Gu cuir nan gobhar as a' chreig,
'S e'n t-sheile, beag a b'fhèarr leam.

Ghruagach òg an fhuilt bhàin

THE YOUNG FAIR-HAIRED MAID

Young fair-haired maid, listen to my poem;
Give me a promise forsaking all others and I will do the same for you;
Although there were many women in my affections in every land and clan,
O won't you yield to me, and I would be happy to fulfill your desires.

Although your relatives warned that I gave my promise too young,
To the young fair-haired maid who was brought up in Barra;
Many men in every place tried to entice her,
Who would gather shell-fish from the shore when the tide comes in.

If only I were like a bird with unclipped wings and feathers,
Travelling through the skies not wanting to return without you;
How happy and peaceful I would be making my way across the sea,
And when you would give me your promise, my tears would flow.

Your praises have been sung in song, and the poets speak your language,
You were born and reared in the wilderness of Uist;
It is the yearning for a strong tie that grips man's nature
And you are my star throughout every day, and my love will be wherever you shine.

NUAIR BHA MI ÒG

When I was young

Moch 's mi 'g éirigh air bheagan éislein,
Air madainn Chéitein 's mi ann an Os,
Bha spréidh a' geumnaich an ceann a chéile,
'S a' ghrian ag éirigh air Leac-an-Stòrr;
Bha gath a' boillsgeadh air slíos nam beanntan,
Cur tuar na h-oidhche 'na dheann fo sgód,
Is os mo chionn sheinn an uiseag ghreannmhor,
Toirt 'na mo chuimhne nuair bha mi òg.

Toirt 'na mo chuimhn' iomadh nì a rinn mi,
Nach faigh mi 'm bann gu ceann thall mo sgeòil,
A' falbh 'sa gheamhradh gu luaidh is bainnsean
Gun solus lainntear ach ceann an fhòid;
Bhiodh òigridh ghreannmhor ri ceòl is dannsa,
Ach dh'fhalbh an t-àm sin 's tha 'n gleann fo bhròn;
Bha 'n tobht aig Anndra 's e làn de theanntaig,
Toirt 'na mo chuimhne nuair bha mi òg.

Nuair chuir mi cuairt air gach gleann is cruachan,
Far 'n robh mi suaimhneach a' cuallach bhò,
Le òigridh ghuanach tha nis air fuadach,
De shliochd na tuath bha gun uail gun ghò,
Na raoin 's na cluaintean fo fhraoch is luachair,
Far 'n tric na bhuaineadh leam sguab is dò,
'S nam faicinn sluagh agus tighean suas annt',
Gum fàsainn suaimhneach mar bha mi òg.

Nuair chuir mi cùl ris an eilean chùbhraidh,
'S a ghabh mi iùbhrach na smùid gun seòl,
Nuair shéid i 'n dùdach 's a shìn an ùspairt,
'S a thog i cùrsa o Thir a' Cheò;
Mo chridhe brùite 's na deòir le m'shùilean,
A' falbh gu dùthaich gun sùrd, gun cheòl,
Far nach faic mi cluaran no neòinean guanach,
No fraoch no luachair air bruaich no lòn.

No translation is given as the words
do not often have any meaning,
but are used only to carry the dance tune.

GHRUAGACH ÒG AN FHUILT BHÀIN

The young fair-haired maid

Ghruagach òg an fhuilt bhàin, éisd ri bàrdachd mo bhilean;
Thoir dhomh gealladh thar chaich 's air do sgàtha nì mi tilleadh;
Ged 's iomadh té 's an robh m'ùigh anns gach dùthaich is cinneadh
O nach aontaich thu leam, 's mi bhiodh sunndach 'gad shireadh.

Ged theireadh do chàirdean gur tràth thug mi'n gealladh,
Do ghruagach òg an fhuilt bhàin a chaidh arach am Barraidh;
'S iomadh fear anns gach àit rinn a nàdur a mhealladh,
Co bheir maorach á tràigh nuair tha'n làn air tigh'nn thairis.

'S truagh nach robh mi mar eun, ite sgiathan gun ghiorradh,
'S mi gun siùbhladh an iarmailt 's mi nach iarradh gu tilleadh;
Bu mhór m'aighear 's mo shunnd togail cùrs' thar gach linne,
'S nuair a dhealaicheadh tu rium bhiodh mo shùilean a' sìleadh.

Chaidh do chliù chur an dàn, 's tha do chànan aig filidh,
Chaidh do thogail is t'arach ann am fàsaichean Uibhist;
'S e gaol carraig nan àl leanas nàdur an duine,
'S tu mo reul fad gach làtha 's bidh mo ghràdh far an suidh thu.

'S e mo bheachd ort a' Bhàis

'TIS MY OPINION OF YOU, DEATH

'Tis my opinion of you, death,
That you are rash to some,
And that you are a strong and powerful messenger;
In war or battle you are impartial,
And no-one knows who you are pursuing.
Though you have dealt us a blow or two
Leaving vacancies in the church and the school,
And I can easily say that you waste no time
And often leave a gap in our Presbytery.

We were deeply grieved when you took those two men
And then ran in search of more,
Could you not have left those of highest rank
Who would have served others well;
Those who were most eloquent
And of sound of reasoning,
With the gifts of grace intermingled in their ways
And their piety growing accordingly.

Death looms over us, gripping us with ill-health,
Its power invisible to our eyes:
But its cry is loud that the people must listen with rationality:
Do not look behind you as it has someone in mind,
Its keen eyes fixed upon its victim;
Death took our neighbour from us yesterday
And will prey on those caught off guard again today.

Thoir mo shoraidh thar an t-sàile

CONVEY MY FAREWELL ACROSS THE SEA

Convey my farewell across the sea,
Over to the land of the high mountains,
Where I spent part of my childhood,
On the pasture in the glen.

Where the hearty friendly youths,
Would be full of music and song,
And, when the clan chiefs would gather
There would be Gaidhlig songs.

Where the bright maidens
Would always be listening to the songs' melodies,
Going with the milking pail and the fetters
Out to the fields of milking cattle.

Where there are misty peaks,
Where there is heather on the moor
Where the Thrush's voice can be heard,
And the murmur of the streams.

But the wheel (of time) has now turned
And we still see the state of our country,
And the surfaces will be rippled
If chances are denied us.

Our glens and our smooth plains
Will be inhabited and sheltered,
And the Gaels will be as they want to be—
Residing in their land.

'S E MO BHEACHD ORT A' BHAIS

'Tis my opinion of you, death

'S e mo bheachd ort a' Bhàis, gu bras thu ri pàirt,
'S gur teachdaire, làidir, treun thu;
An cogadh no'm blàr cha toirear do shàr,
'S aon duine chan fhàir do threigsinn.
Gun tug thu an dràs dhuinn buille no dhà,
Chuir eaglaisean bàs is fòghlum;
Is fharasd dhomh ràdh gur goirid do dhàil,
'S gur tric a'tòirt bèarn 'nar Cléir thu.

Bhuin thu ruinn garbh mu'n dithis seo dh'fhalbh
'Nuair ruith thu air larg a' cheil' iad;
C' uime nach d'fhàg thu bhuidheann a b'àirde
A bhiodh do chàch ro fheumail,
A bruidheann a b'fhearr a tighinn o'm beàl,
'S an cridheachan làn de reuson,
Chaidh gibhteachan gràis a mheasgadh 'nan gnàths
'S bha'n cneasachd a' fàs d'a reir sin.

Tha'm bàs os ar cinn 'gar glacadh le tinn,
'S le fradharc ar cinn cha léir e:
Ach tha glaoth aig' cho cruaidh 's gum faodadh an sluagh
A chluinntinn le cluasaibh reusoin:
Nach dearc sibh a chùil is fear aig fo iùl,
'S e sealltainn le 'shùil gu geur air;
An diugh ciod àm fàth nach biodh maid air gheàrd,
'S gun bhuin e ar nabaith an dé uainn.

THOIR MO SHORAIDH THAR AN T-SAILE

Convey my farewell across the sea

Thoir mo shoraidh thar an t-sàile,
Null gu tìr nam beanntan àrda,
Far an d' fhuair mi greis dhe m' àrach
Air an àirigh anns an glinn.

Far am biodh an ceòl 's am mànnan
Aig an òigridh chridheil, chàirdeil,
Far am biodh na h-òrain Ghàidhlig
'N uair a bhiodh na h-àrmuinn cruinn.

Far am biodh na h-òighean guanach,
'S fhad a chluinnte fuaim an duanaig,
Dol le 'n cuman is le 'm buaraich
Mach gu buailidh a' chruith laogh.

Far am bheil na stùcan ceòthach,
Far am bheil am fraoch 's a' mhòinteach,
Far an cluinnte guth na smeòraich,
Agus crònan aig na h-uillt.

Ach tha chuibhle nis air tionndadh,
'S gheibh sinn fhathast còir ar dùthcha,
'S theid na h-uachdarain a sgiùrsadh,
Mur a cum iad cothrom ruinn.

Bidh ar glinn 's ar srathan còmhnaidh
Air an àiteach 's air an còmhdach,
'S bidh na Gàidheil mar bu chòir dhaibh
Gabhail còmhnuidh anns an tìr.

Side B

Gilleann Gleann-Dail

THE BOYS OF GLENDALE

There are hardy young boys being brought up in Glendale,
And some of them are keen to make their livelihoods overseas,
But listen to this song composed and circulated by MacLeod,
And you will always remember it when sail from the Clyde.

When you join a vessel while young and ignorant,
Things will seem so strange to you that you cannot identify every rope,
They will often swear at you and curse you to the deep ocean,
Before you can climb her masts as nimbly as the birds.

When a storm rises quickly and the raging seas boil,
The green waves startle you as they break about your back,
You must negotiate the high masts although you are very ill,
As you often tell yourself of the benefits of being on dry land.

I have experienced all afflictions in every land under the sun,
They were unable to drown me, they had neither will nor way,
Tonight, if I possessed half of what I have spent on drink,
I would be sitting quietly and peacefully for the rest of my life.

GILLEAN GHLEANN-DAIL

The Boys of Glendale

Tha gilleann òga tapaidh an Gleann-Dail ag eirigh suas
'S cuid aca tha deònach air an lòn thoir thar a' chuan
Ach eisidibh ris an òran rinn MacLeòid a chuir air chuairt,
'S bi cuimhn' agaibh an còmhnaidh air 'nuair sheolas sibh a Cluaidh.

'Nuair theid thu òg tu aineolach air bord air luingean seòl
B' cuisean dhuith cho aineolach 's nach àithnich thú gach ròp
Gur tric a theid do mhionnachadh 's do sgrios dh'an domhainn mhór
Mas dirich thu na cruinn aice cho aotrom ris na h-eòin.

'Nuair thig an stoirm 'na cabhaig ort 's an fhainge cabh 'na glinn
Na tonnan uaine 'chillsgeas tu 'gam bristeadh mu do dhrulm
Na slatan àrda cuireadh riut ged bhitheadh tu gle thinn
'S riut fein bu tric a chanadh tu, bu mhath a bhith air tìr.

Chaidh mi troimh gach àmhghair anns gach ceàrn tha fo na neol
Cha b' urrainn dhaibh mo bhathadh, cha robh rathad ac' air no dòigh
Nam biodh a leth a' nochd agam 's na chosg mi anns an òl
Gu faodainn suidhe socair ann fo losgan ri mo bheò.

Eilean a' Cheò

THE MISTY ISLE (SKYE)

Although my head has greyed
With forgetfulness and sadness,
And the sun of my fifty years
Has darkened under the clouds;
My thoughts are filled
With a great desire,
To see the Isle of Skye
The elements and the mist.

It is more than forty years
Since I left you willingly,
And I put down my roots
In the middle of the city;
And although I married a fisherman
Who filled my house with wealth,
You are forever in my mind
And I long to be in your shelter.

But who has ears,
Or a heart which beats with life,
Who will not sing this song with me
About the hardship which has befallen us?
The thousands who were cleared,
Deprived of their belongings and their rights,
The desires of their hearts and their thoughts
Are on the "Green Isle of the Mist".

Now remember your hardship,
And keep your banner flying;
For the wheel (of change) will not go round for you
Without strength and hardness of fist;
Your cattle will be in their folds,
And every farmer will be happy—
And the English would be ousted
From the "Green Isle of the Mist".

Càrn air a' mhonadh

THE CAIRN ON THE MOOR

Lift up the Arran man and we will leave Islay,
Lift him from the ground, Angus, my dear one,
Lift up the Arran man and take him up from below,
Arran is in our sights, build up the cairn.

Build the monument, every friend and faithful one,
Build the monument on the peak of Beinn Bhàin,
Build the monument on Islay soil,
Arran is in our sights; build up the cairn.

Home to Arran o bear his corpse,
He who was worthy of praise on the battlefield,
Reach the harbour and prepare the sail-boat,
And she will carry Angus, my dear one, home.

EILEAN A CHEÒ

The Misty Isle (Skye)

Ged tha mo cheann air liathadh,
Le deuchainnean is bròn,
Is grian mo leth-cheud bliadhna
Air ciaradh fo na neòil;
Tha m' aigne air an lìonadh
Le iarrtas tha ro mhór,
A dh'fhaicinn Eilean Sgiathach
Na siantanan 's a' cheò.

Tha còrr 's da fhichead bliadhna
Bho'n thrial mi uait gam' dheòin.
'S a chuir mi sìos mo lìon
Ann am meadhan baile mhóir;
Is ged a fhuair mi iasgair
A lìon mo thailg le stòr,
Bu chuimhneachail mi riamh ort
'S bu mhiann leam bhi 'nad chòir.

Ach cò aig a bheil cluasan
No cridh' tha gluasad beò,
Nach seinneadh leam an duan seo
Mu'n truaigh' a thàinig òirn?
Na mìltean a chaidh fhuadach
Thar chuain gun chuid, 's gun chòir,
Tha miann an cridh' 's an smuaintean
Air Eilean uain' a' Cheò.

Nis, cuimhnichibh ur cruadal,
Is cumailh suas ur sròt;
Gu'n téid an roth mu'n cuairt duibh
Le neart is cruas nan dòrn;
Gum bi bhuir crodh air bualitean
'S gach tuathanach air dòigh;
'S na Sas'naich air am fuadach
A Eilean uain' a' Cheò.

CÀRN AIR A' MHONADH

The cairn on the moor

Togaibh an t-Arannach 's fàgamaid Ile,
Togaibh o'n talamh e, Aonghas, mo ghràdh-sa,
Togaibh an t-Arannach 's leigibh a sìos e,
Arainn 's an t-sealladh dhuinn, togaibh an càrn!

Togaibh an carragh, gach caraid is dileas,
Togaibh an carragh air mullach Bheinn Bhàin,
Togaibh an carragh air talamh nan Ìleach,
Arainn 's an t-sealladh dhuinn, togaibh an càrn.

Dhachaidh do dh' Arainn, o deànaibh a ghiùlan,
Esan bha airidh air cliù anns a' bhlàr,
Ruigibh an cala is greasaibh an iubhrach,
Is rachadh i thairis le Aonghas, mo ghràdh.

CUMHA ALASDAIR DHUINN

Lament for brown-haired Alasdair

'S trom an luchd seo th'air m'inntinn agus m'uirsgheil ri linnseadh gur truagh;
Thrial mo shùgradh 's mo mhànan, lìon tùrsa 'na àite mi 's gruaim;
Tha mo choll' air a maoladh, 's ni soilleir a shaoll air mo ghruaidh;
'S tearc mo shochair ri fhaotainn o'n làtha ghlacadh le aog thu cho luath.

'S ann a' chiad latha 'n earrach bhuail an t-eug mi, an spealadair lom;
Bhris air ùbhlàn mo ghàrraidh, leag e m' abhall fo bhlàth thar a bhonn;
Rium-sa bhuin e neo-fharasd nuair thug e leis Alasdair Donn—
Mo chruas-iomairt 's mo chearrachd, 's truagh dhuinne nach tearainn sinn bonn.

'S e bhith'd chàradh air èislinn rinn mo chràdh-lot fo aisnean mo chléibh;
Chuir mo chridh' as a chochull chor 's nach suidhich e eocrach 'na dhéidh;
Gur luaithe le bhuill' e na mar ghluaiseas an duilleach air géig;
Chaidh mo shlàinte gu mearan 's chan 'eil stàth bhith 'ga gearan ri léigh.

Cumha Alasdair Dhuinn

LAMENT FOR BROWN-HAIRED ALASDAIR

This load is heavy on my mind, and my story is sad to tell;
My mirth and music have gone, and I am gripped in sadness instead;
My wood has been stripped, and it makes a bright impression on my cheeks;
And it is difficult to rest since the day death took you suddenly.

Is was on the first day of Spring that I came in contact with death; the plundering scythe;
It destroyed the apples in my garden, spoiled them to the core,
I found it difficult to accept that death had taken Alasdair away—
My hardship and pain, how sad it is we were not able to escape this end.

It's the sad state that I was left in that wounded my heart;
It took my heart from its normal shell to which it cannot return;
It struck him down as quickly as the leaves fall from the trees;
My health has deteriorated and no doctor can cure me.

Ho ro 'illean na bitheamaid tursach

HO RO BOYS LET'S NOT BE SAD

Ho ro boys let's not be sad,
We'll drink another measure,
It'll leave us hearty and happy,
And it'll chase away all our cares.

Word went far and wide across the land,
About the drink that I consumed at New Year,
They heard about it in Staffin, and said without a doubt
That a drinker is worse than an animal.

I drank more than I could handle:
That left me sorrowful and with bruised ribs;
It bowled me over and left me senseless and weak,
And I was lost like a man in the mist.

I often say that I will stop without delay,
That I won't drink another drop and its smell will not entice me;
In spite of what I say, I cannot leave it alone—
It entices me like music does.

When I go home my wife is annoyed with me—
I get my just desserts from her:
"How can you keep me, you fool
When you spend all your pay in the bar?"

I must admit that it is tempting,
That in spite of its enticing qualities, it has many good points:
It will lighten the spirit of a down-hearted man,
And it makes a sweetheart out of a decent girl.

It will leave you hearty and you will be bold;
It will give you courage and will not let you down;
You will have no fear and you will not run from your enemies—
You will be so strong when you are drinking.

Mo nighean donn nan gobhar

MY BROWN-HAIRED GOATHERDESS

Ho my brown-haired goatherdess,
He my brown-haired goatherdess,
My mind is heavy since you left,
Gracefully moves my brown-haired girl.
Ho my brown-haired goatherdess.

Brown-haired lass of comely appearance,
Your eyes sparkle like the morning dew,
I will never forget
The love I gave you in the Spring.

Ho my brown-haired goatherdess.

Brown-haired lass of the young goats,
Great was the promise I once gave you;
How lovely you looked when you would go dancing
With a silk gown wrapped around you

Ho my brown-haired goatherdess.

Going to the church on Sundays,
With your white stockings and black shoes;
I am sad that I was not along with you,
Although we will never marry.

Ho my brown-haired goatherdess,
He my brown-haired goatherdess,
My mind is heavy since you left,
Gracefully moves my brown-haired girl.
Ho my brown-haired goatherdess.

An gaol a thug mi òg

THE LOVE I GAVE IN MY YOUTH

On a May morning when the dew
Lay gently on top of the grass,
And the tender flowers, new and beautiful
Were awakening in their glory,
And the sun shining on their surfaces
Like delicate golden jewels,
Which often brings to my mind
The love I gave in my youth.

When I see the cattle and their young
Playing happily in the meadows,
And I see the beautiful thrush and her chosen mate
Among the branches,
Preparing her empty nest
For her tender, helpless young,
This often brings to my mind
The love I gave in my youth.

When I see the quiet and comely maiden
With love free from treachery or guile,
Happily picking roses
Along with the loved one she desired,
And I see the friendly, manly lad
Singing beside the pure maid,
This often brings to my mind
The love I gave in my youth.

But the flowers must sprout forth
Which today lie dormant in the earth,
And when the calm summer comes around
The birds will rejoice,
Many unseen changes will come about
Which will not be free from sorrow,
This often brings to my mind
The love I gave in my youth.

HORO 'ILLEAN NA BITHEAMAI D TURSACH

Ho ro boys let's not be sad

Refrain

Hóro 'illean, na bitheamid tursach,
Olaidh sinn díleag a rithist as úr dhith:
Fágaidh i cridheil sinn 's bithidh sinn sunndach
'S cuiridh i 'n cúram uile fo sgód.

An deoch a ghabh mise an ám na Bliadhna Uire
Shiubhail i fad agus farsuing 'n an dúthaich:
Chual iad an Stafan e 's thuirt iad le diúmb
Gur miosa na 'bhruid am fear bhios ag ól.

Dh'ól mise barrachd 's a b'urrainn mi ghiúlain:
Dh'fhág siud mi airtnealach 's m' aisinean brúidhte;
Thug ise 'm laighe mi 's m' aithe 's mo lúths bhuam,
'S cháill mi mo chúrs mar neach ann an ceò.

'S tric bhios mi 'g aithris gun sguir mi gun dàil,
Nach ól me deur tuillidh, nach fhuing mi 'm fáile:
Dh'aindeoin mo bhilean chan urrainn mi fágail—
Bidh i 'gam tháladh mar gum b'i ceòl.

'Nuair théid mi dhachaidh bidh 'bhean ann an gruaim rium—
Gheobh mi mo theist'nas gu díeasanda bhuaipe:
"Cíamar, a bhurraidh, a chumas tu suas mi
'Cosg do chuid duais an taighean an óil?"

Feumaidh mi aithris, ged tha i 'na buaireadh,
Dh'aindeoin a mealladh tha iomadan buaidh innt':
Togaidh i aighear air fear a bhios gruamach,
'S bheir i air cuasach ribhinn cóir.

Fágaidh i cridheil thu 's bithidh tu dàna;
Bheir i dhut misneachd 's cha chlisg thu le náire;
Fógaidh i t'eagal 's cha teich thu ro d'námhaid—
Bidh tu cho láidir 'nuair bhios tu 'g ól.

MO NIGHEAN DONN NAN GOBHAR

My brown-haired goatherdess

Ho mo nighean donn nan gobhar,
He mo nighean donn nan gobhar,
'S trom inntinneach mi 'nad dheidhidh,
'S bóidheachd siubhach mo nighean donn.
Ho mo nighean donn nan gobhar.

Nighean donn as áille sealladh,
'S guirm do shúil na drúchd na maidne,
An gaol a thug mi dhut a's t-earrach,
Cha teid e as m'aire chaidh.

Ho mo nighean donn nan gobhar.

Nighean donn bha ris na gámhna,
Bha mi uair 's bu mhór mo gheall ort;
Dhut a thigeadh dhol dha'n dannsa,
Le gun srann aice dhe'n t-sid.

Ho mo nighean donn nan gobhar.

Dol dha'n chlachan air Di-dómhnaich,
'S geal do stocainn 's dubh do bhrògan;
'S truagh a' rìgh nach mi bha comh' riut,
Ged nach pòsamaid a chaidh.

Ho mo nighean donn nan gobhar,
He mo nighean donn nan gobhar,
'S trom inntinneach mi 'nad dheidhidh,
'S bóidheachd siubhach mo nighean donn.
Ho mo nighean donn nan gobhar.

AN GAOL A THUG MI OG

The love I gave in my youth

'S a' mhaduinn chéitein 'n uair tha 'n drúchd
Cho ciùin air bhàrr an fheòir,
'S na lusan maoth cho maiseach úr
A' dùsgadh suas 'n an glòir,
'S a' ghrian a' boillsgeadh air an gnùis
Mar sheudan mùimeach òir,
Tha sin gu tric a' toirt gu m' smaoin
An gaol a thug mi òg.

'N uair chì mi 'n spréidh a' ruith 's a' leum
Le éibhneas air na lóin,
'S a' chì mi smeòrach bhinn nan geug
'S a' cèile fhéin 'n a' còir,
Ag ullachadh a' cuachaig fhaoin
D' a' h-àlach maoth gun treòir,
Tha sin gu tric a' toirt gu m' smaoin
An gaol a thug mi òg.

'N uair chì mi 'n rìghinn mhaiseach chiùin
Le rùn gun fhoill gun ghò,
'S a' leannan gaol d'an d' thug i ùidh
Le sunnd a' buain nan ròs.
'S a' chì mi 'n t-òigfhear fearail, caomh,
A' seinn ri taobh na h-òigh,
Tha sin gu tric a' toirt gu m' smaoin
An gaol a thug mi òg.

Faodaidh na lusan éirigh suas
Tha 'n diugh 'n an suain fo 'n fhòd,
'S 'n uair thig an samhradh seimh mu'n cuairt
Bidh luathghair aig na h-òin;
Thig iomadh caochladh oirnn nach saoil,
'S cha bhí iad saor o bhròn,
Tha sin gu tric a' toirt gu m' smaoin
An gaol a thug mi òg.

ARTHUR CORMACK

Nach gorach mi gad chaoineadh

Nach gorach mi gad chaoineadh
'S nach caoineadh tu mi;
'S ro ghorach thug mi gaol dhut
'S gum faod thu bhith gam dhith
Ma's e lugh'd mo storais
A dh'fhag do dheoin gam dhith
O 's fheudar dhomh bhith beo
Ged nach posadh tu mi

Ged gheibhinn 's an Roinn Eorpa
Na bheil de storas innt'
Ged gheibhinn siud air m' ordugh
Is aite comhnaidh innt'
Ged gheibheadh am Dhiuc mi
'S ged chruinteadh mi a m' Rìgh
O b'fhearr a bhith riut posda
Mur diultadh tu mi

'S i mo ghaols' an og-bhean
As boidhche na cach
Do chul daidht' an ordugh
Mar neoinean a' fas
Mo ghaols' a' mhaighdeann bhoidheach
O'n tig an comhradh bhlath
Nan gealladh tu mo phosadh
Gum beo mi o'n bhas

Gur mise tha fo ghruaimean
'S nach gluais mi rium fhin
Mu'n ghaol thug mi do'n ghruagaich
Gun duais dhomh d'a chinn;
Ma bheir fear eile bhuam thu
Nach truagh a bhios mi
O b'fhearr a bhith 's an uaigh
Na thu 'luaidh, bhith gam dhith

Oran eile air an aobhar cheudna

Tha mise fo mhulad 'san am,
Chan olar leam dram le sunnd,
Tha durrach air ghur mo chail
A dh'fhiosraich do chach mo run;
Chan fhaic mi dol seachad air sraid
An cailin bu tlaithes suil,
'S e sin a leig m'aigne gu lar
Mar dhuilleach o bharr nan craobh

A ghruagach as bachlaiche cul
Tha mise gad ionndrainn mor,
Ma thagh thu deagh aite dhut fhein
Mo bheannachd gach re dha d'choir;
Tha mise ri osnaich nad dheidh
Mar ghaisgeach an deis a leon,
Na laighe san araich gun fheum,
'S nach teid anns an t-sreap ni's mo!

Nuair Bha Mi Og

How foolish I am to pine for you

How foolish I am to pine for you
When you wouldn't pine for me
Foolishly I gave my love to you
And you can live without me
If it is my diminishing wealth
Which left you unwilling
I must live
Although you will not marry me

Though I would have Europe
And all the wealth it contains
Though I would have that at my command
And a place to live
Although I were made a Duke
Or crowned King
I'd rather be married to you
If you were not to refuse me

My love is the fair young woman
More beautiful than all others
Your fair neat tresses
Like daisies grown
My love the beautiful maiden
Of warm conversation
If you would promise to marry me
I would be spared from death

I am sorrowful
And I cannot motivate myself
For the love I gave to the girl
With no sign of reward
If someone takes you from me
I will be dejected
I'd rather be in the grave
Than be without you, my love

Another song on the same theme

I am sorrowful just now
I can't drink a happy dram,
A maggot has hatched inside me
And has told my secret to others;
I don't see the girl of the bewitching eye
Passing on the street
That's what has laid my spirit on the ground
Like leaves from the top of the trees

Woman of the curliest hair
I miss you desperately,
If you choose a good home for yourself
My blessings to you evermore;
I sigh for you
Like a wounded battle hero,
Lying useless on the field
Never to go into battle again

'S e dh'fhag mi mar iudmhail air treud,
Mar fhear nach toir speis do mhnaoi,
Do thuras thar chuain fo bhreid,
Thug bras shileadh dheur o'm shuil;
B'fhearr nach mothaichinn fhin
Do mhaise, do cheill, 's do chliu;
No suairceas milis do bheul
'S binne no seis gach ciuil.

Gach anduin' a chluinneas mo chas
A'cur air mo nadur fiamh,
A'cantainn nach eil mi ach bard
'S nach cinnich leam dan is fiach;
Mo sheanair ri paigheadh a mhail
'S m'athair ri maleid riamh;
Chuireadh iad gearrain an crann
A's ghearainn-sa rann ro chiad

Cha daisgear leam ealaidh air aill'
Cha chuirear leam dan air doigh,
Cha togar leam fonn air clar,
Cha chluinnear leam gair nan og;
Cha dirich mi bealach nan ard
Le suigear mar bha mi'n tus,
Ach triallam a chadal gu brath
Do thalla nam bard nach beo!

Mo ghaol an te nach diobair mi

Mo ghaol an te nach diobair mi
Cho fad 's a dheanadh firinn e
Gun aithnichinn ceum na h-ighneig
Measg nam miltean air a'chabhairsair
Mo ghaol an te nach diobair mi

Shaorainn, shaorainn, shaorainn thu
Air m'fhacal fhin gu faodainn sin
Nan creideadh clann nan daoine mi
Gu saorainn Mairi ghreannmhor
Mo ghaol...

Shaorainn agus shorainn thu
Mhionnaichinn agus bhoidichinn
Nach d'fhuair mi riamh do eolas ort
Mar tug mi greis air cainnt riut
Mo ghaol...

Shaorainn fhin gun teagamh thu
Ged b'ann air bheulaibh seisein e
Is nam b'e b'fhearr gum posadh mi
B'e tu mo cheud bean-bainnse
Mo ghaol...

Tha falt bachlach, dualach ort
Gu bharr a'fas na chuaileinean
Do phog mar mhil nam bruachagan
'S do shnuadh air dhreach an t-Samhraidh
Mo ghaol...

It left me like a stray from the flock
Like a man with no romance in his life,
Your trip overseas in your marriage head-dress
Has brought showers of tears from my eyes;
I wish that I had taken no notice of
Your beauty, your reason, and your renown
The sweet kindness of your mouth
Sweeter than any music

Each insignificant man who hears of my plight
Who thinks little of my nature,
Who says I am only a bard
Who cannot create good poetry;
My grandfather paying his rent
And my father with his sales case,
They could put horses to the plough,
And I'd compose over a hundred verses

I'll not produce beautiful art
I'll not put a poem together,
I'll not raise a tune on the harp,
I'll not hear the laughter of youth;
I'll not climb the steep path
With the joy that I once had,
But I'll journey forever to sleep
In the hall of the dead bards.

My love will not forsake me

My love will not forsake me
As long as truth will stand
I would recognise the step of my love
Amongst the thousands on the pavement
My love whom I will not forsake

I would free you from anything
On my word, I would do that;
If mankind would believe me
I would free beautiful Mairi
My love...

I would free you
I would give my oath and solemnly promise
That since making your acquaintance
I have found no vices.
My love...

I would most definitely spare you
Even if it were in front of the Kirk Session
And should I marry
You would be my first choice of bride
My love...

Your hair is curly and ringletted
To the very tip of each strand;
Your kiss like the honeycomb
And your complexion the colour of Summer
My love...