

# -RUITH NA GAOITH-

CHASING THE WIND

RUITH NA GAOITH  
Chasing the Wind

Your eyes are enticing like a ring of gold,  
Bright, peaceful and more precious than glory,  
And your beauty is unequalled, like the swan on the ocean,  
O Mairi-Eilidh, you are my love.

And the boys of the village say "You are foolish,  
She is like a serpent carelessly deceiving you."  
But my faith is deep, fathomless,  
Without peace, without end, without sleep, without joy.

Though your kisses are costly and your heart is hard,  
Though your vows are costly, words without substance,  
Day and night my soul has no peace,  
Though your kisses are costly, I will persevere.

On seeing your beauty, my mind has been restless,  
And the ship of my understanding is without sail, without oar;  
And despite my pleading, you pay no attention,  
O Mairi-Eilidh, am I chasing the wind?

O MHAIRI E MHAIRI  
O Mary

I'll tell you truly what has tormented me  
It has left my eyes tearful and sapped my energy;  
The love I gave the maiden of the gentle ways,  
Mary Anne, who lies decaying in her shroud.

On Wednesday afternoon, with the sun in the sky  
Shining beautifully, as lovely as gold,  
My Mary and I met in a rose garden,  
And the fragrance of apples enveloped us.

When her father and mother understood Mary was in love,  
They asked her at once about her beloved;  
She answered that he was a gunner from the hilltop,  
From the Highlands of Scotland, where they hunt the deer.

When they heard her words they locked her  
For a week in a bolted room, without mercy,  
My heart is broken since I could not speak to my love,  
And she looking at me from the window with tears running down  
her cheek.

A letter came to me, carefully sealed,  
Informing me to go down quickly to the back of the castle;  
There transport awaited to carry me across,  
To the nobleman's palace and my darling girl.

When I reached my beloved's house  
She opened her calm eyes, and death's pallor was on her cheek;  
And when I touched her, speech quickly left her,  
And her eyes shut in eternal sleep.

O Mary, Mary, you have left me so ill,  
You have left me despondent and it's hard for me to tell my  
tale,  
My thoughts are upon you each day and night,  
Until I lie in my shroud I will not cease to mourn for you.

# ARTHUR CORMACK

SINGS OLD & NEW SONGS OF THE SCOTTISH GAEL

RUITH NA GAOITH  
Chasing The Wind

Tha do shùilean a 'tàladh mar fhàil òir  
Cho soilleir, cho sìtheil, cho prìseil thar gfoir  
'S do bhòidheadh gun choimeas mar eal' air a' chuan  
O Mhairi-Eilidh, 's tu mo rùn.

'S bi gillea a' bhaile a radh, "Tha thu faoin;  
Chan eil i ach mar nàthair, a mealladh gun smaoin"  
Ach tha mo dhilseachd cho domhain gun ghrùnnd  
Gun fhois, gun iomall, gun chadal, 's gun sùnd

'S g'e daor do phògan, 's cruaidh do chrìdh'  
'S g'e daor do bhòdean, briathran gun bhrìgh  
Latha 's a dh' oidhche, tha m'anam gun sìth  
'S g'e daor do phògan, leanaidh mi

O'n a chunnaic mi do mhaise, tha m' aigne gun tàmh  
Long mo thuigse gun shèol, 's gun ràmh;  
'S ged tha mi a'tagradh, cha ghabh thusa ùidh  
O Mhairi-Eilidh, 'eil mi ruith na gaoith?

O MHAIRI E MHAIRI  
O Mary

Mi mi innse le fìrinn an nì rinn mo chràdh  
Bheir snìth air mo shùilean 's a dhuineas mo chàil  
An gaol thug mi m'mhaighdean bu chaoibhneile ghnàth  
D'am b' ainm Mairi Anna, tha 's an anart a chnàmh

'S ann air feasgar Di-ciadain nuair bha ghrian anns na neòil  
'S i ri dealradh cho brèagha, cho sgiamhach ri òr;  
Thachair mise 's mo Mhairi ann an gàradh nan ròs  
Is bha faileadh nan ubhlan glé chùbhraidh tighinn oirnn

Nuair thuig a h-athair 's mathair gu robh Mairi an gaol  
Rinn iad fhoighneachd gun dàil dhi co h-aillleagan caomh  
Fhreagair i gum b'e gunnair o mhullach an t-sleibh  
Fear a Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba far am marbhte na feidh

Nuair a chual' iad a facal gun do ghlas iad i suas  
Ann an sèomar bha glaiste fad seachduinn gun truas  
Tha mo chrìdhs' brist' nach fhaodainn bhì bruidhinn ri mo luidh  
'S i gam choimhead troimh'n uinneig 's na deòir a' ruith sìos  
o gruaidh

Tha nìg lèitir gam dh' ionnsaidh air a dùnadh gu dlùth  
Mi dh'fhalbh sìos gu suibhlach gu cul-thaobh an dùin;  
Far'n robh carbad gu muirneach gus mo ghiùlain gun dàil  
Gu pailteis duin-uaill, far'n robh gruagach mo ghràidh

Nuair a ràinig mi'n aitreabh far'n robh m'aillleagan buan  
Rinn a sùilean ciùin drabhadh 's bha dreach a' bhàis air a gruaidh  
'S nuair a thug mi mo làimh oir' dh'fhàg a cainnt i gu luath  
'S dhuin a sùilean 's a chadal nach duijs 's a bhì buan

O Mhairi, e Mhairi, 's tu dh'fhàg mi cho tinn  
'S tu dh'fhàg mi fo mhulad is duilich ga inns'  
'S ann ort tha mo smuaintean a latha is a dh'oidhch'  
Gus an teid mi dha'n anart, cha sguir mi gad chaidh.

'S MÒR MO CHÙRAM 'S MI GA STIUIREADH  
Great Is My Distress As I Steer Her

Great is my distress as I steer her  
The big ship of three new masts  
And though her course is a pleasant one  
I'd rather be sporting with my first love.  
Great is my distress as I steer her.

Tonight I set sail,  
I'm in no mood for singing songs,  
The deep sea, together with the wind  
Tearing the sails from each other  
Great is my distress ....

I am filled with sorrow  
In the early morning composing a song,  
The sound of the waves has wounded me,  
As I listen to the mischievous music they make.  
Great is my distress ....

If you think, Mary,  
That I was trying to beguile you;  
I would not confide in my brother about you,  
Although he is my own mother's son.  
Great is my distress ....

The waves showered and blew and swelled,  
The boat moved as fast as a roe deer,  
Her centre-bit broke into splinters,  
Neither rudder nor helm was any use to her.  
Great is my distress ....

And if you will go to Islay,  
I will compose a letter on white paper  
To the gentle girl of the smiling eyes  
I was young when I gave her my affection.  
Great is my distress ....

'S TRUAGH NACH DO DH'FHEIRICH MI TIORAM AIR TÌR  
It's A Pity I Didn't Stay On Dry Land

It's a pity I didn't stay on dry land,  
It's the truth that I'm no sailor;  
It's a pity I didn't stay on dry land,  
As long as I live I won't return to sailing.

Chasing the whales in a storm at sea,  
My fingers frozen in spite of their toughness;  
It would be better now to be at anchor on the Clyde,  
Than climbing the masts in South Georgia.

Heavy snow showers and you're without shelter from the cold,  
Your face slapped with a shower from every wave;  
Plenty of money with nowhere to spend it,  
And it forever burning a hole in your pocket.

When we get leave and we reach the shore,  
This idiot will go along with the rest;  
I've spent enough money at the bar  
To buy three hotels.

TIONNDAIDH AM BÀT'  
Turn The Boat

Turn the boat and return with me,  
And I'll go happily towards my girl,  
Move quickly, that I may get her promise,  
Turn the boat and return with me.

In spite of where I've travelled, southwards and northwards,  
I would never wish to leave my love's village,  
That is where she passes each day,  
And her footprints mark where she climbed the heights.

Missing you, missing you, as I sail the ocean,  
Neither morning nor night are you far from my mind,  
Seeing you in waking, seeing you in sleep,  
O, the colour of your cheek has pierced me through, my love.

And if you will follow me, and I get your hand,  
We'll make our way to the altar without delay,  
There we will tie the binding knot, my love,  
And we will give our marriage vows which will stand forever.

'S MÒR MO CHÙRAM 'S MI GA STIUIREADH  
Great Is My Distress As I Steer Her

'S mòr mo chùram 's mi ga stiùreadh  
'S i long mhòr nan trì chruinn ur i  
'S ged-'s taitneach leam a cùrsa  
B'annsa bhí sugradh ri'm cheud-ghaol  
'S mòr mo chùram 's mi ga stiùreadh

Tha mi nochd a'dol a sheòladh  
'S beag mo shunnd ri gabhail òrain  
'N fhairge domhain 's a'ghaath còmhla ris  
'Stroiceadh nan sèol as a cheile  
'S mòr mo chùram 's ga stiùreadh

Gur e mise tha gu brònach  
Moch 's a mhadainn deanamh òran  
Fuaime nan tonn an deidh mo leòdnadh  
'S oic an cèol a bhith gan eisdeachd  
'S mòr mo chùram 's mi ga stiùreadh

Ma tha thu smaoinichadh a' Mhàiri  
Gur ann gad mhealladh a bha mi  
'S mi nach earba tu ri m'bhàthair  
Ged 's e mac mo mhàthair fhein e  
'S mòr mo chùram 's mi ga stiùreadh

Sheil is sheid 's dh'at an fhairge  
Bha i falbh cho luath ri earba  
Bhris a 'centre-bit' na sgealpan  
Stiùir no failm cha deanadh feum dhi  
'S mòr mo chùram 's mi ga stiùreadh

'S ma 's e fear thu theid a dh'ile  
Ni mi litir bhan a'sgriobhadh  
Dh'ionnsaigh maltag nan suil miogach  
B'òg a thug mi fhein mo speis dhi  
'S mòr mo chùram 's mi ga stiùreadh

'S TRUAGH NACH DO DH'FHEIRICH MI TIORAM AIR TÌR  
It's A Pity I Didn't Stay On Dry Land

'S truagh nach do dh' fheirich mi tioram air tìr,  
'N fhirinn a th' agam nach maraiche mi;  
'S truagh nach do dh' fheirich mi tioram air tìr,  
Ri m' mhaireann cha till mise sheòladh.

Ruith na muic-mhara ri gaillionn 's a chuan,  
Mo mheòirean air reothadh a dh' aindheoin a bhith cruaidh;  
B' fhèarr a bhith 'n ceart-uair air acair air Chluaidh,  
Na bhith dìreadh nan crann an South Georgia.

Dìle bho'n t-sneachd 's tu gun fhasgadh o'n fhuachd,  
T' aodann 'ga sgailceadh le fras bho gach stuadh;  
'N t-airgid am pailteas 's gun doigh a chur bhualt,  
'S e sìor-losgadh toll ann a d' phoca.

Nuair gheibh sinn forladh, 's nuair ruigeas sinn traigh,  
Falbhaidh an oinseach-sa còmhla ri cach;  
Chosg mi de dh'airgid aig cunntair a' bhàr,  
A cheannachadh trì taighean-òsda.

TIONNDAIDH AM BÀT'  
Turn The Boat

Tionndaidh am bàt' agus till leam a nall,  
'S a dh'ionnsuidh mo phàisde gun téid mi le fonn,  
Dèan gluasad gun dàil gus am faigh mi a geall,  
Tionndaidh am bàt' agus till leam a nall.

A dh'aindeoin 's na thiall mise, deas agus tuath,  
Chaidh chan farr mi a baile mo luaidh,  
'S ann tha mo rùn-sa a' gabhail gach lù  
'S tha làrach a ceum far na dh'eirich i'n àird.

'Gad ionndraínn, 'gad ionndraínn, 's mi seòladh a' chuain,  
Chan eil maduin no oidhche nach 'eil thu 'nam smuain;  
'Gad choimhead 'nam dhusgadh, 'gad choimhead 'nam shuain,  
O, fiamh do ghnùis 's e dhruidh mi a luaidh.

'S ma leanas tu mise 's gum faigh mi do làmh,  
Ni sinn ar slighe chun an altair gun dàil,  
'S ann an sin bhios an ceangal bhios daingean, a ghraidh,  
'S bheir sinn bòidean a' phòsaidh a sheasas gu bràth.

A'CHOILLE GHRUAMACH  
The Gloomy Mood

I am alone in the gloomy wood  
My mind is restless, I cannot raise a tune;  
I found this place unnatural,  
And my mind's every talent has deserted me;  
It cannot create a song for me,  
When I begin one I will be filled with sorrow;  
My Gaelic is nothing compared to what it was  
When I was in yonder country.

I cannot get my mind in order  
'though I was acquainted with fashioning verse;  
I have no-one to whom I can speak  
And this increases sorrow and lessens joy.  
Each day and night and everything I do  
Recalls to my mind  
The land I left, dependant on the sea,  
Though I am now at the head of a glen.

Many changes come over the world,  
And little did I think of them when I was over there;  
I thought then, before I emigrated,  
That I would grow prosperous when I came here.  
The course I took was not to my gain,  
Crossing the ocean on a misleading journey  
To the land of trees where there is no freedom,  
Without cattle, without sheep, and short of clothes.

I cannot tell you in this poem,  
My mind will not put together  
Each piece of information I wish to convey to my friends  
In the land I left, where I was reared.  
May everyone who reads it understand reason,  
And not listen to the boastful ones;  
The lying prophets who wound you,  
Who have no regard for you, but for your gold.

'Though I would write diligent in my writing  
I would take a month and more  
To finish what is on my mind  
And deliver it to you in my own words.  
A secret sadness has filled me  
Since I must surrender to this place forever,  
With little contentment in this dense forest  
Where no-one asks me to sing a song.

GAD CHUIMHNEACHADH  
Remembering You

I'm sitting here remembering you,  
Peaceful, pleasant girl,  
I am weary of this world  
Since you turned your back on me;  
And though I would go forth from this land  
To foreign countries,  
My heart would still beat  
For the girl of the smooth tresses.

Although we are parted now  
Leaving you was not my desire,  
Another man gave you his hand  
Before I ever reached you;  
And the heart, hard like iron,  
Though it longs to be near you,  
Will never break for beauty's sake,  
Young girl of the peaceful eyes.

Why do I remember  
The nights that are gone?  
Today, they are a reason for homesickness,  
They have turned my hair gray;  
And though I like to think  
That I could be close to you,  
Everything is so changeable  
In this poor world.

And the good wishes I'm sending you now,  
Beautiful, peaceful maiden,  
Are that you will have a better man  
Who will sing your praises;  
And you will never know  
That I gave my love to you secretly,  
And though you would always be near me  
Others would not know who you were.

A'CHOILLE GHRUAMACH  
The Gloomy Mood

Gu bheil mi'm ònrachd 's a' choille ghruamaich  
Mo smaointinn luaineach, cha tog mi fonn;  
Fhuair mi'n t-àite seo 'n aghaidh nàduir,  
Gu'n thrèig gach tàlanta bha nam' cheann;  
Cha dean mi òran a chur air doigh ann  
'Nuair ni mi toiseachadh bidh mi trom;  
Chail mi 'Ghàidhlig seach mar a b'abhaist dhomh  
Nuair a bha mi 's an dùthaich thall.

Cha'n fhaigh mi m'inntinn leam ann an ordugh  
Ged bha mi eòlach air deanadh rann;  
'S e mheudaich bròn dhomh 's a lughdachd òlas  
Gun duine còmh' rium a ni rium cainnt.  
Gach tatha 's oidhche 's gach car a ni mi  
Gu'm bi mi cuimhneachadh anns gach àm  
An tìr a dh'fhàg mi 'bha'n taic an t-sàile,  
Ged tha mi'n drasd' ann am bràighe ghleann.

Gur h-iomadh caochladh 'tigh'nn air an t-saoghal  
's ro-bheag a shaoil mi'n uair bha mi thall;  
Bu bheachd dhomh 'n uair sin mu'n d'rinn mi gluasad  
Gu'm fàsaìnn uasal 'n uair thiginn nall.  
An car a fhuair mi cha b'ann gu m'bhuanachd  
Tigh'nn thar a'chuain air a chuairt 'bha meallt  
Gu tìr nan craobh anns nach eil an t-saorsainn,  
Gun mhàrt, gun chaora, 's mi dh'adach gann.

Chan fhaigh mi innse dhuibh anns an dàn seo,  
Cha dean mo nàdur a chur air doigh  
Gach fios a b'ail leam thoirt do mo chàirdean  
'S an tìr a dh'fhàg mi, 'rinn m'arach òg.  
Gach aon a leughas e tuigibh reusan,  
'S na tugaibh eisdeachd do luchd a'bhòsd;  
Na faidhean breige a bhios gur teumadh,  
Gun aca speis dhiubh ach deigh 'ur n-òir.

Ged bhithinn dìchiollach ann an sgrìonadh  
Gu'n gabhainn mìosa ris agus òrr  
Mu'n cuirinn crìoch air na bheil air m'inntinn  
's mu'n tugaibh dhuibh e le cainnt' mo bheoil.  
Tha mulad dìomhair an deigh mo lìonadh  
Bho'n is eigin strìochdadh an seo rì'm' bheo,  
Air bheag thoil-inntinn 's a choille chruinn seo  
Gun duine foighneachd an seinn mi còil.

GAD' CHUIMHNEACHADH  
Remembering You

Mi 'm shuidh an seo gad chuimhneachadh  
A mhaighdeann aoidheil chiùin  
Gu bheil mi sgith de'n t-saoghal seo  
Bho chuir thu rium do chùil  
Ged dh' fhalbhainn as an dùthaich seo  
A null gu tìrean cein,  
Gu'm bi mo chrìdh' ri bualadh  
Airson gruagach a chuill-reidh.

Ged dhealaich sinn an dràsda  
Cha b'e d' fhàgail bha 'nam mhiann  
Thug fear eile làmh dhuibh  
Mu'n do 'rainig mis' thu riamh  
'S an crìdh' tha cruaidh mar iarufinn  
Ged bu mhiann leis bhith ort dlùth  
Cha bhrìst e chaoidh son bòidhchead  
Nìghneag òg na sùilean ciùin.

Carson a bhios mi cuimhneachadh  
Na h-oidhcheanan a bh' ann  
A dìugh an aobhar chianalaids  
Gur iad a liath mo cheann  
'S ged 's toigh leam a bhì smaoinneachadh  
Gu faodainn bhì ort teann  
Tha h-uile nì cho caochlaideachd  
's an t-saoghail bho chd a th' ann.

'S an dùrachd tha mi'n drasd' toirt duit  
A rìbhinn àluinn chiùin  
Gu'm faigh thu fear na's fhearr na mi  
A sheinneas àrd do chliù  
Is cha bhì fios gu bràth agad  
Gun d' thug mi gràdh dhuibh rùn  
'S ged bhiodh tu daonnan laimh rium  
Cha bhì fios aig càch cò thu

But I must conclude,  
There is no time for any more,  
It is only foolishness for me  
To be mourning your like;  
But I will praise you forever  
For your warm, faultless nature,  
And when your days come to an end  
There will be a place for you in Heaven.

**GRADH GEAL MO CHRIDH**  
Fair Love of My Heart

Bheir mi o hu o,  
Bheir mi o hu o hi,  
Bheir mi o hu o ho,  
I am sorrowful without your company

Many nights wet and cold  
I journeyed alone  
Until I met  
With my heart's fair love.

I would plough and reap for you,  
I would keep you unfailingly,  
I would take from the hard gravel  
A livelihood for my love.

Although we are not yet married,  
I hope we will be,  
As long as I have my two hands  
We will want for nothing.

**ORAN AN T-SAIGHDEAR**  
The Soldier's Song

Youth and foolishness  
Were a bad combination for me  
When I left my mother  
With pride that did me no good.

One day as I was walking  
High on the braes of Edinburgh  
I met with a soldier  
Who asked of me my news.  
He asked if I would enlist  
And I stood and listened for a while.  
He showed me the gold and silver,  
The red coat and the kilt,  
And he took me to an inn  
Since he consented to be friendly with me.  
He put a musket in my hand  
Before hundreds of witnesses  
And he gave to me to carry  
A black gun that would never let me down.  
I would give five English pounds  
To a boy who could make use of it  
And who could put it safely back  
At Edinburgh Castle  
And I would leave there forever  
If I didn't take the gun with me.

**MAIRI RUADH A'DANNSA**  
Red-Haired Mairi Dancing

Red-haired Mary will be dancing tonight,  
Dancing until early morning,  
Red-haired Mary will be dancing tonight,  
When she hears the drum beating.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,  
Slavish work, hard work;  
But when Friday night comes round,  
Red-haired Mary will be dancing.

You care nothing for bedtime, you care nothing for peace,  
The music's in our souls and our hearts;  
And we'll follow closely through the streets of Portree,  
The footsteps of the band.

Tune the pipes, tune the fiddle,  
A march and a reel and a lively tune;  
Down through the town we'll go  
And red-haired Mary dancing.

Ach feumaidh mi co-dhùnadh  
Chan eil ùin' ann son a chòrr  
Chan eil ann ach faoineas dhomh  
Bhì caoineadh son do sheòrs'  
Ach molaigh mi gu bràth thu  
'Son do nàdur blàth gun ghò  
Is nuair thig crìoch do làithean  
Gum bi àite dhuit an glòir.

**GRADH GEAL MO CHRIDH**  
Fair Love of My Heart

Bheir mi o hu o  
Bheir mi o hu o hi  
Bheir mi o hu o ho  
'S mi fo bhròn 's tu 'gam dhith

'S fionnadh oidhche fliuch 's fuar  
Ghabh mi cuairt 's mi leam fhin  
Gus an d'fainig mi'n t-àit  
Far robh gradh geal mo chridh

Dheanainn treabhadh dhuit's buan  
Chumainn suas thu gun dìth  
Bheirinn as a ghreabhal chruaidh  
Do mo luaidh teachd-an-tìr.

Ged nach'eil sinn fhathast pòsd  
Tha mi'n dòchas gum bi  
Fhad's a mhaireas mo dha dhòrn  
Cha bhì lon oirnn a dhith

**ORAN AN T-SAIGHDEAR**  
The Soldier's Song

Gur olc a chuir an òige rium  
'S a ghòraiche le cheile  
Nuair dh'fhalbh mi o mo mhàthair  
Le àrdan nach d'rinn feum dhomh

'S na hì lll o cì oireann o  
Na hì ho ro mo dh'eideag  
'S na hì lll o cì oireann o

Latha dhomh 's mi sràidearachd  
Gu h-èrd am bràigh' Dhun-Eideann  
'S ann thachair orm an saighdear  
Is dh'foghneachd e mo sgeula  
'S gun tùirt e rium nan liostaiginn  
'S gun d'sheas mi greis 's gun d'èisd mi  
Sheall e'n t-br 's an t-airgid  
An cota dearg 's am fàilleadh  
Gun tug e dha'n taigh-bòda mi  
O'n dhèanaich e bhì rèidh rium  
'S gun d'chuir e bean na bainnse  
Nam làimh am fianais cheudan  
'S gun tug e dhomh ri ghiulan  
Te dhubh nach sgur i-rhein dhomh  
'S gun toirinn coig punnd Shasunnach  
Do bhalach dheanadh feum leath'  
'S a chitheadh sàbhailt' dhachaidh  
Dha'n chaisteal an Dun-Eideann  
'S gum fàgann sin ri'm bhèo mi  
Mur feòraichinn mar chèill' i.

**MAIRI RUADH A'DANNSA**  
Mairi Ruadh dancing

Bì Mairi Ruadh a'dannsa an nochd  
Dannsa gu madainn mhoch  
Bì Mairi Ruadh a'dannsa an nochd  
Nuair chluinneas i'n druma bualadh

Dì-luain, Dì-mairt, Dì-ciadain, Dìardaoin  
Obair-thràilleil, 's obair chruaidh  
Ach nuair a thig oidhche Dì-haoin'  
Bì Mairi Ruadh a'dannsa

Come leat leabaidh, 's come leat sìth  
Tha ceòl nar anam 's ceòl nar crìdh'  
'S leanaidh sinn dlùth tro' shràidean Phort-Rìgh  
Cas-cheum a'chòmhla

Gleus a'phìob, 's gleus an fhidheall  
Caismeachd, 's ruibhle, 's puirt chridheil  
Sìos tro'n bhaile bì sinn a triall  
Is Mairi Ruadh a'dannsa

**A NIGHEANAG A GHRAIDH**  
My Beloved Girl

My beloved girl, you have pained me,  
On Wednesday evening I am sitting struggling to compose a verse;  
I would rather be stretched out quietly and peacefully in the  
glen,  
Sleeping together under the branches over there.

To you, my love, I gave my heart and my reason,  
My waking, my sleeping, my star, my moon and my sun;  
You're my night, my morning, my water, my breath and my food,  
At waking and lying down you are the angel protecting me.

If my love and I were on the wide heathery hill,  
Free from the burden of getting up, but lying peacefully in  
love;  
Entwined in happiness, without torment by your side,  
And the night's cloak completely covering the plain.

Although the world is wide I'd rather be in the glen  
Lying beside the young girl on the ground is more attractive  
to me,  
Her elegance, her beauty and her kindness will be on my mind  
And in the palace of my heart there will be a place for you,  
my girl.

Stillness will descend on the world and the breathing sea will  
be silent,  
The waves breaking on the shore will be at peace for a time,  
The little birds of the grove will take happy shelter under  
the bank,  
But my love for my darling will never know no rest.

**FHIR A SHIUBHLAS NA FRITHE**  
You Who Travelled The Mountains

You who travel the mountains are forever coming into my thoughts  
I am telling in truth what has torn me,  
It was not the cutting lead that made the blow so bitter,  
But the many of my friends who fell in the battle in Springtime.

My hair has gone grey and my visage changed  
My eyes are weeping and my heart is sick and wounded  
For the number of my friends who remained to be stripped on the  
battlefield,  
What has increased my pain is not knowing who spread the earth  
over them.

There is not a duke in Scotland or indeed in England  
Who would not wish the young and handsome youth to be his son  
In the beginning of your career you captivated discerning minds  
You were stalwart and kingly and you were steadfast in the Faith.

But I will cease talking of you or indeed counting you  
Since I lost the gifts which will not return till Judgement day.  
And although King James would come and be proclaimed on every street  
At the end of each situation my state would be as it is.

**LOCH NA H-OB**

As the morning sun shines in May  
Spreading its glory in the mind,  
A happy sight comes to my mind  
With a lovely newness.  
But above each feast to the eyes I have seen  
Over lands and seas and skies;  
My affections come naturally to rest  
On the beauty of Loch na h-Ob.

There's a sacred beauty on Loch na h-Ob  
Unmatched on this side of the grave;  
On Loch na h-Ob there's a beloved well  
More fragrant than a maiden's thoughts;  
From the heavenly, bright, virtuous mirror,  
From the sleepy, settled infant,  
To the divine grace which is reflected  
In the clouded colours of Loch na h-Ob.

It's no surprise that heathery mountain streams  
Should run with a voice of gentle music;  
It's no surprise that the spirited salmon of the narrows  
Should be leaping light and youthful;  
I'm not surprised that the white seagull  
Swims lovingly and leisurely,  
As all who come to rest on Loch na h-Ob  
Will have eternal happiness.

**A NIGHEANAG A GHRAIDH**  
My Beloved Girl

A nigheanag, a ghràidh, 's tu dh'fhàg an dochair 'nam cheanfh  
Air feasgar Di-cladaid 'nam shuidhe 's mi riasladh ri rann;  
Gum b'fhèarr a bhith sìnte gu socair 's gu sìobhalt' 'sa' ghleann,  
A'cada! le chéile fo dhuilleach nan geugan ud thall.

'S ann dhut-sa, mo leannan, thug mise mo chridhe 's mo chiall,  
Mo dhùsgadh, mo chadal, mo reult, mo ghealach 's mo ghrian;  
'S tu m'oidhche, mo mhadaoinn, mo bhùrn, is m'anail 's mo bhiadh,  
'N am éirigh is laighe 's tu fhéin an aingeal 'gam dhìon.

Nan robh mise 's mo leannan air sléibhteann farsaing an fhraoich,  
Gun uallach mu éirigh ach laighe gu sèimh ann an gaol;  
Toinnte le chéil' ann an sonas gun léireadh ri d' thaobh,  
'S an oidhche le cleòca gu buileach a' còmhach an raoin.

An saoghal ged 's farsaing gum b'fhèarr a bhith tathaich 'sa'  
ghleann  
Ri taobh na h-òg chailin air thalamh is maisiche leam;  
Bìdh rìomhachd, a h-àilleachd 's a grinneas gu bràth 'na mo  
cheann  
'S an lùchairt mo chridhe bìdh àite, mo nighean, dhut ann.

Thig fois air an talamh, thig tosd air anail a' chuain,  
Air tonnan a' chladaich thig tàmh is cadal car uair,  
Eòin bheaga na doire nì fàsadh sona fo'n bhruaich  
Ach mo ghaol-sa do m'leannan ri m' bheo chan aithnìch e suain.

**FHIR A SHIUBHLAS NA FRITHE**  
You Who Travel The Mountains

Fhir a shiubhlas na frithe, tha thu sìor thighinn fainear dhomh  
Tha mi 'g innse le firinn an nì rinn mo sgaradh;  
Chan e gearradh a' luaidh a rinn am bualadh fo'm neimheil  
Ach na dh'fhuirich dhe'm chàirdean anns a' bhàr a bha 's t-earrach.

Tha mo chiabhag air glasadh, tha mo leth-cheann air muthadh  
Tha mo shùilean a's ileadh, tha mo chridhe bochd, brùite;  
Le'n a dh'fhuirich dhe'm chàirdean 's an làr'n deach a rùsgadh  
'S e mheudaich mo chràdh gun fhios co chàraich an ùr orr'.

Chan eil diùc ann an Albainn no gu dearbh ann a Sasuinn  
Nach farradh an òigear deas òg bhì na mhac dha;  
Ann an toiseach do thime ghlac thuinntinn bha beachdail  
Bha thu foghainteach, rìoghail, bha thu dìleas bha'n aidmheil.

Ach sguiridh mise gar'n tomradh neo idir gar'n àireamh  
Bho'n a chaill mi na giblean nach tig gu latha bhràth  
'S ged a thigeadh Rìgh Seamas 's a dh'èidir gach sraid e  
Ann an deireadh gach cùmalt, bìdh mo chùis-sa mar tha e.

**LOCH NA H-OB**

Mar dhearrsadh greine maduinn Maigh  
do sheòmar càrnadh glòir  
mar sin thig cuimhn' air sealladh a'igh  
le ùrachd graidh gu'm mheoir  
ach thar gach fleadh do'm shùil a bha  
thar fuinn is sàil is neibh  
bìdh speis mo chridhe laidhe ghnàths  
air àilleachd Loch na h-Ob.

Air Loch na h-Ob tha maise naomh  
nach fhaic mi'n taobh so 'n fhòid  
air Loch na h-Ob tha tobar gaol  
na's cuibhre na smoin na h-òigh.  
O'n sgàthan neamhaidh soilleir subhail  
O'n naoidhean suaineach stold'  
ri gràs na flathas ard tha suaip  
aig tuar-neul Loch na h-Ob.

Chan foghnadh sruthan beinn a' fhraoich  
bhì ruith le caoin ghuth cheòl  
cha'n foghnadh bradan mear nan caol  
bhì leumnaich aotrom og  
cha'n foghnadh leam an fhaolteag bhan  
le gaol a snamh gu foill  
oir 's sonas uile dhaibh gu bràth  
bhì tàmh an Loch na h-Ob.

The way of life is filled with strife and bother  
And with the strife comes sadness;  
But there is no disease incurable  
Here it within our knowledge;  
When sorrow and melancholy  
Darken and veil my face;  
My soul will find happiness, peace and quiet  
In the seclusion of Loch na h-Ob.

Loch na h-Ob, which has won my admiration,  
I give you my blessings;  
Your blessed tranquillity and your affections  
Will be close to my heart for ever;  
My wish and my eternal request  
Is that your shoreline never be defiled;  
But that you will look beautiful and virtuous  
Until the end of time.

AN CLUINN THU MI MO NIGHEAN DONN?  
Will You Listen To Me, My Brown-Haired Girl?

Will you listen to my, my brown-haired girl?  
Listen, and pay attention to me;  
There are many men of this opinion;  
That you are too young a love for me.

And although my hair is grey,  
Don't let this distress you;  
I am not old in years,  
And I long to be with you.

Over wide oceans I will sail,  
And I will take home riches to you,  
And you would be happy with me  
For the rest of your life, if you are willing.

Now I will stop sailing,  
I will stay with you on dry land,  
For as far as I know,  
Your ways are beautiful to me.

'se cor na beatha dragh is streup  
's an cois an streup thig bròn  
ach chan eil galair gun a leigh  
na'n robh e leir do ar n-eol  
an uair bhios smalan agus gruaim  
a' dubhadh duairc mo neoil  
gheibh m'anam sonas fois is cluain  
an uaigneas Loch na h-Ob.

A Loch na h-Ob a choisinn m'eud  
mo bheannachd fhein ad choir  
do shamhchair bheannaichte 's do speis  
bidh'n dluths mo chleibh ri'm bheo  
mo dhurachd agus m'achainn bhuan  
nach tathaich truaill do chors'  
ach bhi 'nad shealladh maise 's buaidh  
gu'n teirig cuairt nan lo.

AN CLUINN THU MI MO NIGHEAN DONN ?  
Will You Listen To Me, My Brown Haired Girl?

An cluinn thu mi mo nighean donn,  
Dean eisd is thoir an aire dhomh;  
Tha mòran dhaoin 'sa bharrail seo,  
Gur òg an leannan dhomhs' thu.

Is ged bu liath mo chiabhagan,  
Na cuirleadh sin fo fargain thu;  
Chan eil mi sean am bliadhnachan,  
'S bu mhiann leam bhi nad' chòir-sa.

Tha chuantan mor gun seblainn-sa,  
Is bheirinn dhachaidh stòras dhut,  
Is bhitheadh tu gu dòigheil leam  
Ri d' bheo, ma tha thu deònach.

Nis sguiridh mi bhi m' sheoladair,  
Air tìr's gun fàn mi còmhla riut;  
O'n is fhad 's a tha mi eòlach ort,  
Bu bhoideach leam do dhòighean.

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