

Ishbel MacAskill

Thig an smeorach a's t-earrach

Thig an smeorach a's t-Earrach
Thig a' chuthag 's a' Cheitinn
Bi gach eun anns a' choille
Cumail coinneamh le cheile
Seinn ciuil air bharr chrannaibh
'S air bharruibh nan geugan
Agus mise 's mo leannan
Dol na's fhaide bho cheile

Tha mo chion air a fhleasgach
Dhonn leadanach bhoidheach
Dhe'n a chinneadh nach strìochdadh
'S e dh'fhior fhuil Chlann Domhnaill
'S mor gum b'fhearr dhomh bhi agad
Le beagan de stòras
Na le buaille chrodh ballach
Agus balach nach b'eolach

Comhairl' bheirinn's air caileig
Gun bhith amaideach gorach
Gun i thoirt a gaol falaich
Do bhalach nach b'eolach
Bi e briathrach ri tighinn
'S bi a chridhe na roidean
'S bi a shuil as a dheidhidh
Ach co a roghainn a's boidhche

Chi mi'n toman

Chi mi'n toman caorann cuileann,
Chi mi'n toman caorann thall;
Chi mi'n toman caorann cuileann,
Laogh mo cheil' air uilinn ann.

Cha teid mise 'chro nan caorach,
Cha teid mise 'chro nan uan;
Cha teid mise 'chro nan laoi ghean
O nach eil mo ghaol ud ann.

Chi mi mo thriuir bhraithrean seachad
Air an loma luath,
Sgeinean beag air bharr an uilinn,
Fuil mo ghaol a'sileadh uap'.

Ach nam b'aithne dhomhs' an rathad
Gu bean-taighe an fhuil bhain;
Dh'innseadh i mu eirigh greine
Nach b'e fuil an fheidh a bh'ann.

Aignis

An ciaradh m'fheasgair 's mo bheath' air claidh
Mo rosg air dunadh 's a' bhàs gun chli
Stiur curs' an Iar leam gu Eilean ciatach
Gu Aignis sgiamhach far an d'araich mi

An sin gun cairich sibh mi 's an fhod
Am measg mo chairdean 's mo shìnsirean coir
Ri tonnan barr gheal a' bualadh traghad
'S ri machair Aignis nan laoi g' 's nam bo

Bi eoin an aite gach la ri seinn
'S an iarmailt ghorm sin gu h-ard os cionn
Is machair Aignis ri taobh na traghad
Gu tosdach samhach 's mi sint' 's a' chill

Tha mo spiorad cianail

Tha mo spiorad cianail
Gach latha tha 's a' bhliadhna
'S e dh'fhag mi og ri liathadh
Nach fhaod mi triall do chladaichean

Cha chluinn mi sal ri m' chliadhaich
A trathadh no ri lionadh
'S na bataichean ri iasgach
Gu rianail mu do chamusan

Chan fhaic mi stamh neo maorach
No'n duilg misilis craobhach
Ged 's tric a bha mi crubach
Gam buain bheir taobh nan carachan

Sioda

The thrush will come in spring

The thrush will come in spring
The cuckoo will come in May,
And every bird in the forest
Will meet together,
Singing in the treetops
And on the tips of the branches,
And my sweetheart and I
Grow further apart.

I adore the man
With the lovely brown curls,
Of the clan which is unyielding,
He's of the true blood of Clan Donald.
I would far rather be with you
With little money,
Than have a fold of speckled cattle
And an inept boy.

I would give this advice to a girl
Not to be foolish and stupid,
Not to give her secret love
To an inept boy.
He'll come with beguiling words
And his heart leaping,
And his eyes will look behind him
To find the prettiest choice.

I see the hillock

I see the hillock of the rowan and holly
I see the hillock of the rowan yonder
I see the hillock of the rowan and holly
And my beloved resting on his elbow there

I'll not go to the sheep fold
I'll not go to the lamb fold
I'll not go to the calf fold
Since my love is not there.

I see my three brothers passing
In a great rush
Small knives in the crooks of their arms
And my love's blood dripping from them.

But if I knew the road
To the fair-haired woman's house
She would tell before sunrise
That it was not the blood of the deer.

Agnish

When my day is drawing to an end and my life is fading,
My eyes closed in helpless death,
Steer my course westwards to the beautiful island
To lovely Aignis where I was raised.

There lay me in the ground
Amongst my relations and my noble ancestors,
By the white-tipped waves breaking on the beach
And the plains of Aignis of the calves and cattle.

The birds of the place will sing every day
In those blue skies high above me,
And the plains of Aignis beside the beach
Peaceful and still as I rest in the grave.

My spirit is mournful

My spirit is mournful
each day of the year,
My hair has greyed early
since I cannot travel your shores.

I do not hear the sea at my side,
ebbing and flowing,
Nor the fishing boats
dotted around your bays.

I do not see seaweed, shellfish
Or the sweet branching dulse,
Though often I bent down
To collect them from the rocks.

'S an fheasgar ceothar baghach
Ni an t-eadhar seoladh samhach
Cha chluinn mi fuaim nan ramh aic'
Neo fuaim an t-sal mu'n toiseachs' aic'

Cha chluinn mi diog nan cleibh aic'
Nuair bhios iad a'toirt an eisg asd
'S na balaich bheag' ag eigheach
A'ruith 's a'leum 's iad cas-ruisgte

Bha mi latha samhraidh an Steornabhagh

Bha mi latha samhraidh an Steornabhagh
Chunnaic mi rud ann agus chord e rium
Nighean bheag a'danns' air a casan lom
Ribinean mu ceann agus cloc' oirre

Thaining balach uasal 's lorns' air
'S thuirt e rith' "A luaidh cuir do bhrogan ort
Gus an teid sinn cuairt do'n Ghearradh Chruaidh
'S diridh mi suas Beinn na Drobha leat"

"Cha dirich mi suas Beinn na Drobha leat
Ged a tha thu uasal 's 'lorns' ort
B'fhearr leam a bhith danns' air mo chasan lom
Le fear a chluicheadh 'trump' neo 'melodeon'"

'S daor a cheannaich mi'm t-iasgach

'S daor a cheannaich mi'n t-iasgach
Seo a'bhliadhna chuir as dhomh

'S daor a cheannaich mi'n stop
A bh'air a'bhord an taigh a'chladaich

Tha do phiuthar gun bhrathair
'S tha do mhathair gun mhac dhe

Tha do bhean og gun cheile
'S tha mi fhein dheth gun dalta

'S tha mo leabaidh gun charadh
Air urlar an aigeil

Tha do leine chaol bhoidheach
Aig na roinibh 'g a stracadh

Tha do ghartanan riomhach
Air innean nam portan

Ho ro chan eil cadal orm

Ho ro chan eil cadal orm
Chan eil m'air' air solas
Mo chulaibh ri ceol-gaire
O'n latha chaidh mo phosadh
Ri seann fhear ged ghabh mi e

Bha m'athair is mo mhathair
'S mo chairdean uile deonach
Mo phosadh ris an t-seann fhear
Nuair bha mi gann de storas

'S e 'n t-or a thug mo chair asam
'S e ' t-or a rinn mo bhuaireadh
'S e 'm posadh rinn mo sharachadh
'S tha bhlath sud air mo ghruaidh-sa

Nuair bhios cach 's na bailtean
A'crathadh an cuid ghuintean
Bithidh mise leis an t-seann fhear
Is srann aig' air mo chulaibh

Gradh geal mo chridh'

'N am bhith cromadh ris a'ghleann
Thainig snaidhm air mo chridh'
Bho nach d'thug thu dhomh do lamh
'S mi'n duil nach fhagadh tu mi

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

Dheanainn treabhadh dhuit is buan
Chumainn suas thu gun dith
Bheirinn as a 'ghrabhal chruaidh

And on a misty evening
In the bay the boat sails quietly,
I will not hear the sound of their oars
Nor the sound of the sea before them.

I will not hear the creaking of their creels
When they take the fish from them,
And the little boys shouting,
running and jumping barefoot.

I was in Stornoway on a summer's day

I was in Stornoway on a summer's day,
I saw something there, and it pleased me,
A little girl dancing barefoot,
Ribbons in her hair and wearing a cloak.

A noble fellow came with "lorns" on,
And he said, "Darling put on your shoes
and we'll go on a trip to Garraidh Chruaidh
And I'll climb Beinn na Drobha with you."

"I'll not climb Beinn na Drobha with you
Though you are noble and wearing 'lorns',
I'd rather be dancing in my bare feet
With a man playing the Jews' Harp or the melodeon."

*Dearly I paid for the fishing**

Dearly I paid for the fishing
This year has been my ruin,

Dearly I paid for the water carrier
On the table in the shore house.

Your sister is without a brother
And your mother is left without a son.

Your young wife is without a spouse
And I am without my fosterling.

Your bed has not been made
On the sea floor,

Your beautiful fine shirt
Has been ripped by the seals.

Your beautiful garters
Are on the crabs' claws.

Horo, I'm not sleepy

Horo, I'm not sleepy,
My mind is not on happiness,
I've turned my back on the music of laughter
Since the day I wed the old man
'Though I accepted him.

My father and my mother
And my relations were all happy
For me to marry the old man
Since I was short of money.

It was gold that took me from my course,
It was gold that tempted me,
It was marriage that troubled me
And took the bloom from my cheek.

When others in the towns
Are shaking out their gowns
I'll be with the old man
And he'll be snoring behind me.

Fair love of my heart

On turning to the glen
My heart was enthralled
Since you did not give me your hand
I hoped you would not leave me.

Bheir mi o hu o ho
Bheir mi o hu o hi
Bheir mi o hu o ho
I am sad and you not with me

I would plough for you and reap
I would support you and you would want for nothing
I would take from the hard gravel

Do mo luaidh teachd an tir

Ged nach eil sinn fhathast posd'
Tha mi'n dochas gum bi
Fhad' 's a mhaireas mo dha dhorn
Cha bhith lon oirn a dhith

Dh'fhag thu silteach mo shuil
Dh'fhag thu tursach mo chridh'
Dh'fhag thu tana-glas mo shnuadh
'S thug thu ghruag bharr mo chinn

Gur muladach sgith mi

Gur muladach sgith mi
'S mi leam fhin 's an tir m'aineol

Anns na h-Eileanan Diurach
'S mor mo dhuil ri dhol thairis

'S mi gun phiuthar gun bhrathair
Gun mhathair, gun athair

Gun duine de m'dhaoine
Ris am faod mi mo ghearain

Chi mi'm bata tron chaolas
Tha mo ghaol oirr' a dh'fhearaibh

Tha mo leannan ga stiuireadh
Lub ur a'chuil chlannaich

Lub ur a'chuil chubhraidh
'S toil leam fhin do chaol mhala

Bu tu leannan na maighdinn
'S an oidhche ga mealladh

'S ag iarraidh a poigeadh
Eadar deoin agus andheoin

Bu tu sealgair a'choilich
'S moiche ghoireas 's a'mhadainn

'S na circeige riabhach
Dham bu bhiadh a'fraoch meangain

'S nam faighinn-sa m'ordan
Bu leat moran do dh'fhearann

Bu leat Muil' agus Ile
Cinntir agus Arainn

Hai-o 's na hi aibh o ho
Hill o horo ho
Hai o 's na hi aibh o ho
Hi na hi-i oireann o ho
Hi na hi-i oireann o ho
Eileadh 's na ho ro ho

Braigh Lochiall

O theid 's gun teid
O theid mi thairis
Gu innis nam bo
Far am b'eol dhomh 'n ainnir

Ill o bha o
'S na hi ri ri u ho i
Hoireann o gu
Hohi o bha ho

Gu Braigh Lochiall
Far'm bi fiadh 's a langan
Is earbag nan stuc
Tha gu lughmhor eangarr'

A bhean an fhuilt reidh
Thug mi fhein dhut mo ghealladh
Mo ghealladh nach treig
Ged a b'fheudar dhuinn dealach'

Gur math thig breid ban
Air a charadh ort beannach
Mu aghaidh gun tolg
Nan gormshul meallach

A living for my love

Although we are not yet married
I hope we will be
As long as there is strength in my two fists
We will want for nothing

You left my eye tearful
You left my heart broken
You left me with a sickly pallor
My hair is thinned

*How miserable and weary I am**

How miserable and weary I am
On my own in a strange country

In the Islands of Jura
How much I want to cross over

When I am without sister, without brother
Without mother, without father

Without any of my folk
To whom I can make my plaint

I see the boat going through the sound
My love of all men is on her

My beloved is steering her
A lively sprig with thick curly hair

Lively sprig with the fragrant hair
I do like you slender eyebrows

What a lover you are for a maiden
Beguiling her in the night

Winning her kisses
Half willing, half unwilling

What a hunter you are of the moorcock
That calls earliest in the morning

And of the greyhen
Whose food was the young heather

If I had my heart's desire
You would have plenty of land

You would have Mull and Islay
Kintyre and Arran

Hai-o 's na hi aibh o ho
Hill o horo ho
Hai o 's na hi aibh o ho
Hi na hi-i oireann o ho
Hi na hi-i oireann o ho
Eileadh 's na ho ro ho

*Braes of Lochiel**

Oh I'll go, I'll surely go
Oh I will go over
To the cattle grazings
Where I used to know a maiden

Ill o bha o
'S na hi ri ri u ho i
Hoireann o gu
Hohi o bha ho

To the Braes of Lochiel
Where are the belling stags are
And the little roe of the peaks
So nimble and light-footed

Girl with the glossy hair
I gave you my word
My word that will not be broken
Though we had to part

You will suit the (married woman's) kerch
Pinned up at the corners
About the flawless face
With the enchanting blue eyes

Is staidhse dhan t-sioda
Mhin gad theannach'
Is aparán ur
A buth a'cheannaich'

Gur minig a bha
Sinn air airidh ghleannaich
Am bothan beag dluth
Gun dunadh ach barrach

Lamh thogail an ail
Bha tlaths riut ceangailt'
Nam gabhail mu thamh
Cha bu chnamhan ar teallach

Mo lamh fo d'cheann
'S do lamh geal tharam
Mo thaobh ri d'thaobh
Sinn maoth-chridheach tairis

Oran na maighdeann-mhara

A mach air bharr nan stuagh ri gaillinn
Fuachd is feannadh fad o thír
Bha mo ghaol dhut daonnan fallain
Ged is maighdeann-mhara mi

U-bha is na hoireann u bha
U-bha is na hoireann i
U-bha is na hoireann u bha
'S ann le foill a mheall thu mi

Chan eil mo chadal-sa ach luaineach
Nuair bhios buaireas air an t-sid
Bha mi'n raoir an Coire Bhreacain
Bidh mi nochd an Eilean I

Seall is faic an grunn na fairge
Uamhan airgid 's oir gun dith
Lainnearachd chan fhaca suil e
Ann an cuirt no luchairt rìgh

Stays of fine silk
Drawn tight around you
And a fine apron
From the merchant's shop

Many a time we have been
At a shieling in the glens
In a snug little hut
With only brushwood for a door

Best at rearing the calves
Gentleness was always your way
When we went to bed
Our fire had not gone out

My arm under your head
And your white arm around me
My side against your side
We were tender-hearted and loving

The mermaid's song

Out on the waves in a storm,
Desperate cold, and far from land
My love for you remained true
Although you were a mermaid.

U-bha is na hoireann u bha
U-bha is na hoireann i
U-bha is na hoireann u bha
You deceived me with your trickery.

My sleep is restless
When the weather is in turmoil
Last night I was in Corrievreckan
Tonight I will be on the Isle of Iona.

Look, behold the seabed
Silver caves and gold aplenty,
Glistening, and never seen
In a king's court or palace.

Contact for Ishbel MacAskill and enquiries about other Macmeanmna albums:

MACMEANMNA

*Togalaichean Gladstone Gladstone Buildings
Braigh a'Chidhe Quay Brae
Port-Rìgh Portree
An t-Eilean Sgiathanach Isle of Skye
IV51 9DB IV51 9DB*

*Fon/Phone 01478 612990
Facs/Fax 01478 613263
E-mail sales@gaelicmusic.com*

Other Macmeanmna albums currently available:

SKYE 01
Macmeanmna
Skye; the Island

SKYE(CD) 02
Blair Douglas
Beneath the beret

SKYE 03
Blair Douglas
Celtology

SKYE(CD) 05
Mary Ann Kennedy & Charlotte Petersen
Strings attached

SKYE 701
Blair Douglas
Kate Martin's Waltz/Solus m'aigh