

# Aonghas MacLeòid

Angus G MacLeod



## Eadar-theangachaidhean

'S i a' Ghàidhlig mo roghainn.....	2
Mairead Òg.....	2
Eilidh.....	2
An Oiteag Uibhisteach .....	3
Nam faighinn gille ri cheannach.....	3
Tog dhiot an cadal is tionndaidh rium.....	5
Mo bhean chomain.....	5
Mo nighean donn a' chùil rèidh .....	5
Air Eirinn chan innsinn cò i.....	6
Ho ro Dòmhnall Criomanach.....	6
Mhàiri Laghach .....	6
Chan òl mi deur tuilleadh .....	7
Gàradh nan Ròs.....	8
Gog, gog aig a' choileach .....	9
O luaidh.....	9

### 'S i a' Ghàidhlig mo roghainn

'S i a' Ghàidhlig mo roghainn de bhruidhinn an t-saoghail,  
'S i a' Ghàidhlig an cànan dhan tug mi mo ghaol,  
Tha maise na labhairt, na bàrdachd, 's na ceòl,  
'S cha diochuimhnich mis' i cho fad' s bhios mi beò.

Tha mòran de dhaoine a chanas le uaille  
Gun tèid cànan ar sinnsear gun dàil a thoirt bhuainn;  
Gun do chaill i a meudachd a-measg a' mhòr-shluaigh  
'S nach eil i gu feum bhith ga giùlan.

Ach tro linntean de dhimeas is call de gach seòrs'  
Mhair dileab ar dualchais; bu chliùiteach a nòs;  
Tha nuadhachd is àrsaidheachd fuaigheilte còmhla  
na briathrachas innealta bòidheach.

Gach ginealach ùr a ghabhas ceum air an t-slighe'  
Cleachdaibh Gàidhlig na h-Alba: 's i cànan ur crìdh'  
Tha luach agus brìgh innt', 's tha i airidh air strì  
Airson a spèis am measg aineolas gòrach.

Nis togaibh a bratach le aoibh agus gàir'  
'S na leigibh le a mòralachd tuiteam gu làr;  
Nar n-eachdraidh tha uaisle nach adhbhraich dhuinn' nàir',  
'S nach tataidh mi-rùn gar n-ionnsaigh.

(c) Aonghas MacLeòid 2019 (rannan 2 & 3 a-mhàin; an còrr bhon t-seann nòs)

### Mairead Òg

A Mhairead òg, 's tu rinn mo leòn  
Gur cailin bhòidheach, lurach thu,  
Gur guirm do shùil sa mhadainn dhriùchd  
Na 'n dearc air chùl nan duilleagan.

Gur gil' thu ghràidh na 'n sneachda bàn  
A' cur air àird nam monaidhean,  
Och 's i mo mhàthair rinn an call,  
Nuair chuir i shealg na tunnaig mi.

Och 's i mo mhàthair rinn an call,  
Nuair chuir i shealg na tunnaig mi,  
'S nuair a ràin' mi 'n linne chaoil  
'S ann bha mo ghaol a' sruthadh innt'.

'S e 'n gunna caol a rinn mo leòn  
Cha tèid e òrleach tuilleadh leam  
'S an tè rinn dhòmhsa lèine chaoil,  
Cha dèan thu, ghaoil, gin tuilleadh dhomh.

Ged thèid mi suas don bhail' ud suas,  
Cha bhi mo chuairt ach diomain ann,  
Air leabaidh làir chan fhaigh mi tàmh,  
'S air leabaidh àird cha chuir iad mi.

O Rìgh nan Dùl, cùm rium mo chiall,  
Cha robh mi riabh sa chunnart seo,  
'S a Mhairead òg 's tu rinn mo leòn,  
'S tu dh' fhàg fo bhròn 's fo mhulad mi.

### Eilidh

Tha slighe dhoirbh gu beanntan àrd ar n-eilein,  
Tha 'n dìreadh garbh tron mhòintich is tron fhraoch,  
Ach shìl do dheòir nuair thug mi pòg dhut, Eilidh,  
'S ar cuimhn' air lagan glas an taobh a' chaoil.

Thoir thusa dhomh-sa glòir nam briathran taitneach  
A labhair thu rium, leannain, air an dùn,  
Thoir thusa dhomh-sa dòigh air tilleadh dhachaigh  
Gu lagan glas leat Eilidh, 'n taobh a' chaoil.

Gur fada uainn an cluain san d'fhuair sinn 'm baine,  
Sinn 'm baile glas na h-iargain 's a' mhì-rùin,  
Mar nuallan bà a' geumnaich air a h-aineol,  
Gur cruaidh ar càs 's gur easbhadheach ar dùil.

Ar crìdh' 's ar ceòl ga shròicheadh leis gach doineann,  
Ar cainnt' 's ar còmhradh tha gun sheòl gun stiùir,  
Mar long gun treòir a' dèanamh eòlais cladaich,  
Gun bhoillsgeadh gealaich 'n ealantas cairt-iùil.

### Gaelic: my choice

Gaelic is my choice of the languages of the world  
Gaelic is the language to which I gave my love  
There is beauty in its speech, its poetry and music  
And I will never forget it, so long as I live

There are many who lament  
That our ancestral language will soon be taken from us  
That it has lost its stature amongst the people  
And that there is no reason to use it

But through ages of mistreatment and loss of all kinds  
The legacy of our heritage survived: its traditions are renown;  
Modernity and antiquity are knitted together  
In its beautiful, elegant, eloquence.

Each new generation that takes a step along life's journey  
Use Scotland's Gaelic: it's the language of your heart  
It has worth and substance, and is deserving of striving  
For its respect amongst foolish ignorance.

Now lift up its banner with joy and laughter  
and do not let its majesty fall;  
Our history is noble, no cause for us shame  
and should attract no malice towards us

(c) Angus G MacLeod 2019 (translation/v2&3 Gaelic version; remainder traditional)

### Young Margaret

Oh, young Margaret, you wounded me  
Beautiful, lovely girl  
Your eyes in the dewy morning  
Were bluer than the berries behind the leaves

You, oh love, were paler than the white snow  
Falling on the moorland heights  
Ah, but my mother caused the loss  
When she sent me out to hunt the wild ducks

Ah, but my mother caused the loss  
When she sent me out to hunt the wild ducks  
And when I reached the narrow pool  
My love was bathing there

It was my rifle that wounded me  
Not one inch further will I take it  
And the one who made me my linen shirt  
You will, my love, make no more for me

Though I might go to town down South  
My journey there will be but fleeting  
On a floor- bed I will find no peace  
And on a high bed they will not put me

Oh, King of the Universe, keep me sane  
Never was I in such peril  
And oh young Margaret, you wounded me  
And left me bereft and grieving

### Eilidh

It's a difficult road to the high hills of our island  
The ascent is tough through moorland and heather  
But your tears fell when I kissed you, Eilidh  
Remembering the green dell by the narrows

Speak again to me the pleasant words  
You spoke to me, my love, on the hill  
Give to me means to return home  
To the green dell with you, Eilidh, by the narrows

We're now far from the pasture where we received milk  
And we now in the grey town of lamenting and malice  
Like lowing cattle lost in unfamiliar surroundings  
Our dilemma is difficult and our hopes wanting

Our heart and our music rendered in each storm  
Our language and speech without sail or rudder  
Like a directionless ship coming shoreward  
Without a glimpse of moonlight or a navigational chart

O Eilidh, ghràidh, thoir dhomh do làmh is fan rium  
'S gum faigh sinn far 'n do bhòidich sinn ar gaol,  
Do chridhe blàth tha ghnàth a' stiùireadh m' aigne  
Don lagan glas sa bhealach taobh a' chaoil.

### An Oiteag Uibhisteach

Tha m' inntinn-s' air ghleus  
Bhon chunna mi am manadh –  
Bàird a' Chinn a Tuath gu lèir  
Gam bhrosnachadh gu rannan.  
Is aotrom mo cheum  
A' triall gu Loch na Lacha  
San àit' dhan tug mi spèis,  
Gur teann a tha na bannan.

Fhad 's a bhios mi buan  
An Uibhist bheag mo sheanar  
'S e mo mhiann bhith dìreach suas  
Gu Eubhal 's àille sealladh.  
On mhullach chì mi bhuam  
Tràighean rìomhach, geala  
Fraoch is locha fuaight'  
'S na cluaintean pasgan thaighean.

Bheir mi luaidh thar chàich  
Do bhàitean brèagha mo dhaoine:  
Am Baile Sear is Bail' Mhic Phàil  
Loch Euphort is An Caolas.  
Innsidh mis' an-dràst',  
Rim bheò cha dèan mi caochladh,  
'S cha teirig dhaibh mo ghràdh,  
Ged tha an teaghlach sgaoilte.

Na gaisgich choisinn cliù  
MacAsgaill Mòr gum b' fheuch e,  
Mac Fhearchair rinn na dàin bho thùs,  
Dòmhnall Ruadh 's MacAoidh cho fialaidh.  
Tha 'n dileab fhuair sinn bhuap'  
Toirt fogail bhlàth dhar n-inntinn.  
Ach moladh cha bhí buan,  
'S ainm cha mhair gu sìorraidh

'S i 'chrìoch a tha 'n dàn  
Dhan t-saoghal seo bhith 'crìonadh,  
Na beanntan fhèin sna cuantan bàitht'  
'S na daoine air am pianadh.  
Dh' fhuiling sinn mar thà  
Thuit rionnag às an iarmailt –  
Tè òg a dh' fhalbh tràth  
Air oiteag bheag bhon iar-dheas.

Bidh saorsa Dhè 's a ghlòir  
A' tìormachadh ar sùilean,  
'S cha bhí bàs no bròn  
Air talamh 's nèamhan nuadha.  
Gabhadh sinne còir  
Air saoghal ùr gun dùbhlán,  
Cha bhí osnaich ann nas mò  
'S cha chluinnear gal no ùpraid.

© Tormod MacGillEain

### Nam faighinn gille ri cheannach

O nam faighinn gille ri cheannach  
A bheireadh beannachd gu Màiri  
'S mo shoraidh le caoimhneas  
A dh'fhios na maighdinn a chràidh mi  
Ged nach a' thug mi dhut faidhreach  
Ann am foill dhut cha d' fhàs mi  
'S mar a math leam thu fallainn  
Nara mheal mi mo shlàinte

Nara mheal mi mo chòta  
Mar b' e mo dheòin a bhì làmh riut  
'S a bhì brìodail rim leannan  
An seòmar daingeann na clàraidh  
An iuchair fhaotainn nam phòca  
'S gun an tòir a bhì làmh ruinn  
'S mi gun dèanadh do phògadh  
Gun fheòraich dem chàirdean

Oh, Eilidh, my love, give me your hand and stay with me  
Until we reach the place where we declared our love  
Your warm heart that forever steers my mind  
To the green dell in the pass by the narrows

### The Uist Zephyr

My mind is a-buzz  
since I saw the vision:  
the North Uist bards all  
encouraging me to poetry  
Light of foot am I  
trailing to Loch na Lacha  
In the place to which I gave my respect  
tight are the ties that bind

For so long as I live  
in little Uist of my grandfather  
it's my desire to ascend  
Eaval of the most beautiful outlook  
From the summit I can see before me  
beautiful white beaches  
Heather and loch knitted together  
And among the pasture, bundles of houses

I give praise beyond all others  
to my peoples' beautiful towns  
Baleshare and Newton  
Locheport and An Caolas  
I declare now  
while I live I will not alter  
And my love for them will not pass  
Though the family are scattered

The heroes who earned their reputation  
Great MacAskill of worth  
MacCodrum who wrote the original poems long ago  
Red Donald and Mackay so generous  
The inheritance we received from them  
Lifts and warms our minds  
But praise will not endure  
And reputation will not last forever

The end that is destined  
For this world is to decay  
The very hills drowned in the seas  
And the people tormented  
We have suffered already  
A star fell from the firmament  
A young girl who left early  
On a zephyr from the south-west

God's redemption and his glory  
Will dry our eyes  
There will be no death or sorrow  
On the new earth and heaven  
We will take up our rights  
In a new world without obstacle  
Where there will be no sighing  
And there will be neither weeping nor tumult to be heard

© Norman MacLean

### If I could hire a messenger-lad

Oh, if I could hire a messenger-lad  
Who could carry a greeting to Mary  
And my kindly farewell  
To the maiden who hurt me  
Though I did not give you a love-token from the fair  
I did not betray you  
And if I did not wish you well  
May I not enjoy good health

May I not enjoy my coat  
If my desire is other than to be with you  
To be wooing my lover  
In the fortified wood-lined room  
The key resting in my pocket  
With no pursuers near us  
I would kiss you  
Without asking permission of my family

Gun fheòraich dem chàirdean  
'S fhada dh'fhalbhainn nad choinneamh  
Far an dèanainn riut còmhaidhail,  
'S cha bhithinn beò gun a chumail  
Tha mo dhùil anns a' mhaighdinn  
Nach trèig do chaoimhneas mi uile  
'S mar do chaochail thu d' àbhaist  
Gheibhinn d' fhàilt' agus d' fhurann

Gur e d' fhurann a leòn mi  
'S a dh'fhàg am bròn seo air m' aigne  
A thromaich m' inntinn fo èislean  
'S cha dèan mi èiridh an graide  
Tha mo chridhe neo-shunnach  
'S tha mi brùite fo m' asnan  
Leis a' mheud 's thug mi ghaol dhuit  
'S nach fhaod sinn bhì tachairt.

Nach fhaod sinn bhì tachairt  
An àite falaich neo 'n uaigneas;  
Far an dèanainn riut beadrach  
Is tacan cleasachd air uairean;  
Ach 's e lagaich mo mhisneachd  
Nach fhaod mi tric bhì mun cuairt dhìot  
'S b' fheàrr a phòg na bhì falamh  
Mur a faigh mi do bhuannachd.

Mur a faigh mi do bhuannachd  
b' fheàrr gum buailteach mi thairis  
Gun cuirtidh fo lic mi  
Ann an ciste chaoil dhaingein  
Ma nì thu mi thrèigsinn  
B' fheàrr gun eugainn 's nach mairinn  
Aig a' mheud 's thug mi spèis dhut  
Cha bhì m' èibhneas air thalamh

Chan eil m' èibhneas air thalamh  
Mar a faigh mi thu, Mhàiri  
Cha dual dhomh bhì fallainn  
Ma bhios mi fada mar tha mi;  
Cha ghuidhinn mo ghalair  
Dom charaid no m' nàmhaid  
Chaidh aiceid am chridhe  
'S cha dèan lighiche stàth dhomh

Beul milis, dearg, dathte  
'S deud snaighte mar dhisnean  
Sùil ghorm as glan sealladh  
Fon chaoil mhal' aig an rìbhinn  
Tha cùil buidhe mar òr ort  
As bòidheche nan dìthein  
Blas na meal air do phògan  
'S gum b'e mo dheòin bhì riut sinte.

Ged chùim mi falach an sgeula  
Tha mi 'n dèidh bho chionn greis ort  
Leis a' mheud 's thug mi ghaol dhut  
Tha m' aodann air preasadh  
Dh'fhàs glaiseadh nam ghruaidhean  
'S bochd a bhuaidh air an t-seirc sin  
A chaochail mo shnuadh rium  
Mar dhuine truagh thig à teasaich

Mar dhuine truagh thig à teasaich  
A bhiodh fad' ann am fiabhras;  
'S ann a dh'fhàs mi mar uathaich -  
Cho cruaidh ris an iarann.  
Ach bhon thòisich ar sinnsridh  
Trì nì thig gun iarraidh:  
An gaol, agus eagal -  
'S gun leisgeul an t-eudach.

Without asking permission of my family  
I would travel far to meet you  
Where I would make a tryst with you,  
And rather die than fail to keep it  
I desire the maiden  
whose kindness will not forsake me  
And if you haven't changed your mind meantime  
I will receive your welcome and invitation

It was your invitation that wounded me  
And left this sadness upon my spirit  
That weighed down my mind with melancholy  
And I cannot quickly relieve it  
My heart is unhappy  
I am heart-broken beneath my ribs  
Given the degree with which I love you  
And yet we cannot meet.

That we cannot meet  
In a hiding place or in privacy  
Where I would caress you  
and sometime be frolicsome  
But what weakened my confidence  
Is that I cannot often be in your company  
I would rather have the kiss than be without  
if I cannot win you.

If I cannot win you  
I would rather pass over  
And be put under a tombstone  
In an immovable coffin;  
If you forsake me  
I would rather die and perish -  
Given the great desire I have for you  
I will know no earthly delight

I will know no earthly delight  
Unless I can have you, Mary  
I cannot expect to retain my health  
If I'm like this much longer;  
I wouldn't wish my disease  
On my friend or my enemy  
My heart is suffused with an intense stabbing pain  
And no healer can do anything for me

Sweet red-coloured mouth  
And chiselled regular teeth  
Eyes of clearest blue  
Under the maiden's thin eyebrows  
Your blonde tresses are like gold  
More beautiful than meadow flowers  
Your kisses taste of honey  
And it's my desire to lie by your side.

Though I kept it a secret  
I have long desired you  
The magnitude of my love for you  
Has aged my countenance  
My cheeks have greyed  
The effect was harmful to this withered man  
and damaged my features  
like a poor fellow rising from delirium

Like a poor fellow rising from delirium  
long under fever  
I became like a terrible spectre  
as hard as iron -  
But since our ancestry began  
three things have come uninvited:  
Love, and fear  
And, unbidden, jealousy.

### **Tog dhiot an cadal is tionndaidh rium**

*Tog dhiot an cadal is tionndaidh rium  
Mì gun mhìre 's gun mhànan 's mo làmh air a stiùir  
Tog dhiot an cadal is tionndaidh rium*

Ged is spaideil na Bucaich le 'm bàtaichean leathann  
Nuair shineadh am beata cha sheasadh iad ruinn

Dol seachad Ceann Nòthais nuair dh'èireadh na Bòrs  
Bha eagal gu leòr oirn gun òladh i dhiubh

Dol seachad aig Freasaig, gun d' theann i air sèideadh  
Le cathadh nan speur cha bu lèir dhomh a cùl

Dol seachad Ceann Donnchaidh, gun d' thàinig i garbh oirn  
Gu feumadh an t-ailm am fear bu chailm' air a stiùir

Nis innsidh mi 'n fhìrinn, is creidibh gu lèir i  
Mo sheacaid 's mo lèine mar gun èirinn à bùrn

Cha bhithinn cho cràidhteach 's a tha mi an-dràsta  
Nam bhithinn air mo chàradh ann an clachan Loch Bhraoin

### **Mo bhean chomain**

Gura tu mo bhean chomain bhon là choinnich thu mi  
Bha 'n sùgradh sin againn a bhì amaideach faoin  
Cha b' fhada leam seachdain a bhì 'n taice rim ghaol  
'S mi nach iarradh leat leabaidh a bhì againn ach fraoch.

Fior thoiseach an t-samhraidh ghabh mi geall dhut is miann  
'S b' fheàrr dhòmhsa bhon àm sin nach do sheall mi riut riamh  
Leis a' mheud 's thug mi ghaol dhut 'sann a chaochail mo niamh  
'S b' fheàrr a-nochd bhì riut sìnte na mìle bò chìar.

Riut a roinninn mo leabaidh, riut a roinninn mo bhìadh  
Riut a roinninn mo chosnadh, gach nì a choisinn mi riamh  
Riut a roinninn mo chrìdhe tha 'n taobh a-staigh dhe mo chliabh  
Is o, a' ghaoil, nam bu bheag leat, 's ann riut a roinninn mo chiall.

Thoir mo shoraidh dha d' mhàthair, 's i rinn d' àrach 's tu òg  
Ged a bhiodh i gam chàineadh, mi bhì ghnàth ris an òl  
Chuirinn fàinne le daoimean glè ghriinn mu do mheòir  
'S chumain socair a-chaoidh thu, 's cha bhiodh tu oidhche air droch dhòigh.

Tha mi nis a' co-dhùnadh, ann an dùil thu bhì slàn  
'S ann an dòchas gun d' fhuair thu fear bhiodh suas riut nam àit'  
'S bhon a thuirt thu nach b' fhiach mi, 's gum b' fheàrr leat fear ùr  
Soraidh slàn leis a' chòmhdhail – tha mise coma co-dhì!

### **Mo nighean donn a' chùil rèidh**

*E ho ro mo nighean donn  
E ho ri mo nighean donn  
E ho ro mo nighean donn a' chùil rèidh;  
Rìbhinn òg a bha leam, dhèanadh còmhradh rium ciùin,  
Tha mo chrìdh-sa 'n diugh trom as do dhèidh.*

'S e do chòmhradh rium cainnt 'as ceòlmoire leam  
Na guth smeòraich an dlùth-choill nan craobh;  
Ma' nì torman nan allt fìghinn gu àirigh sa ghleann  
'S mì sa mhoch-mhadainn shamhraidh ri taobh.

Tha do nàdur, a luaidh, coibhneil, càirdeil, gun ghruaim,  
'S gur e d' àilleachd thug buaidh air gach tè.  
Dh'èireadh m'aigne le sunnd nuair a choinnicheadh tu rium  
'S chuirinn fàilt' air nighean donn a' chùil rèidh.

'S e do bhòidhchead san àm chuir am bruillean nam cheann  
Chan eil leigheas ach gann dhomh fon ghrèin;  
Chan eil ligh'che dom chràdh anns an t-saoghal seo mhàin,  
A nighean donn nan sùil blàth ach tu fhèin.

'S ma thig fàinneachan òir air na meòirean as bòidhch'  
A bhios tric ann an seòmar air ghleus;  
Tha do ghruaidh mar an ròs, chan eil uail ann ad chòir  
Thug thu buaidh anns gach dòigh agus beus.

### **Throw off your fatigue and return with me**

*Throw off your fatigue and return with me  
I'm without mirth or melody, my hand on the tiller  
Throw off your fatigue and return with me*

Though the Buckie men are smartly dressed, with their broad boats  
When the beat extends they can't stand our pace

Passing Noss Head when the Boars rise  
We feared she would drink from them

Passing Freswick when the wind began to blow  
With the snow-battle in the heavens I couldn't see her stern

Passing Duncansby Head the rough weather descended  
The helm required the strongest man at the rudder

I tell you truthfully, and believe me all of you  
My jacket and shirt were as if I had stepped out of the depths

I wouldn't be so miserable as I am now  
If I were at port in Loch Broom's village (Ullapool)

### **My pledged lover**

You were my pledged lover from the day we met  
We flirted foolishly and headily  
A week would be too short a time to be with my love  
And I'd wish no bed for us but heather

At summer's start I promised myself to you and desired you  
I wish since then I had never set eyes upon you  
The magnitude of my love for you made me lose my vitality  
And I'd rather lie with you tonight than have the wealth of a thousand  
black cattle

With you I'd share my bed, with you I'd share my food  
With you I'd share my income, each iota I ever earned  
With you I'd share my heart that resides within my frame  
And, oh – my love, if you so desired, with you I'd share my very sanity.

Give my greetings to your mother, who raised you when you were  
young  
Though she would criticise me and my continual drinking  
I would put a ring with a beautiful diamond on your finger  
And care for you always, and not one night would you be dissatisfied

I'll conclude now, in the expectation you'll be well  
And in the hope that you've found someone to court you in my place  
And since you said that I'm no good, and you prefer a new man  
Farewell to our congress – I don't really care anyway!

### **My brown-haired, straight-haired lass**

*E ho ro my brown-haired lass  
E ho ri my brown-haired lass  
E ho ro my brown-haired, straight-haired lass;  
Young maid who was in my company, who would converse with me  
gently,  
My heart is now heavy without you.*

Your conversation was to me more musical  
Than the voice of the thrush in the densely-wooded forest;  
And the musical murmur of the stream comes to the sheiling in the glen  
As in the early summer morning I sat by it.

Your nature, oh love, is caring, affectionate, happy,  
And your beauty surpasses all others  
My spirit was lifted each time we met  
As I'd greet the brown-haired, straight-haired lass.

Your beauty vexed and confused me  
There is no healing for me beneath the sun  
There is no physician for my pain on this earth but you alone,  
Tender-eyed, brown-haired girl

And if golden rings should be placed on these most beautiful fingers  
That often play tunelessly in the chamber;  
Your cheek is like the rose, you are absent of vanity  
You affect me in every way and manner.

Na'n robh beairteas dhomh buan, rachainn sgrìob thar a' chuain  
Don Roinn Eòrp leat, a luaidh, an deagh bheus,  
Ann an dùthaich nan sonn bhiththeadh daoine' uaisle le fonn  
A' cur fàilt air nighean donn a' chùil rèidh.

Tha do chàirdeas glè dhlùth do na h-àilleagain ùr  
A tha tàmh anns na dùthchannan thall;  
'S tric a ghlèidh iad an cliù ann am fàbhar a' Phrionns'  
Cha bhiodh onoir an dùthcha air chall.

Nuair a chì' iad air sliabh bu bhòidheach an triall  
'S gum b' e 'n suaicheantas riamh anns gach àm  
Leòghan, targaid is craobh, 's an làmh dhearg ri an taobh,  
Bradán tàrr-gheal is fraoch glas nam beann.

### Air Eirinn chan innsinn cò i

An raoir is mi tilleadh leam fhìn  
On taobh thall de chrìochan na sgìr'  
Gun tàinig a' mhaighdeann am chòir  
A dh'fhàg claidhte, breòite, lag mì.  
Gun ghèill mi dh'a cruth a bu bhòidhch'  
Is do bhriathran a beòil tana, binn  
Agus leum mi gu dian dhol 'na còir  
Is air Eirinn chan innsinn cò i.

Na'n gèilleadh an speur-bhean dham ghloir  
Agus briathran mo bheòil a bhith fìor,  
Gu deimhinn 's mi chuireadh air dòigh  
A h-uile nì a chòrdadh rium fhìn;  
Gu leughainn dhì eachdraidh 'n t-saoghail mhòir  
Is bu mhiann leam a pògadh om chridh'  
Agus bheirinn làn duais dhì gun ghò  
Is air Eirinn chan innsinn cò i.

Tha 'n tè eireachdail, uasal, dheas, òg  
An taobh thall de chrìochan na sgìr',  
Tha fialaidheachd daonnan 'na còir  
Agus coibhneas is bòidhchead gun dìth:  
Tha 'm falt aic' a' lasadh mar òr,  
Gu cuachanach, òr-bhuidhe, grinn;  
Tha rubhadh na gruaidh mar an ròs  
Is air Eirinn chan innsinn cò i.

*Air eadar-theangachadh à Gaeilge na h-Eireann le Murchadh Macleòid HMI le  
taic bho Seòsamh Seoighe*

### Ho ro Dòmhnall Crìomanach

Hò rò Dòmhnall Crìomanach, rinn Alasdair a' bhriogais dha  
Agus seacaid sgiobalta nach ruigeadh ach na màsan  
Hò rò Dòmhnall Crìomanach, rinn Alasdair a' bhriogais dha

"Tha i cumhang man a ghlùin?" arsa Dòmhnall Crìomanach  
"Sin agad am fasan ùr" ars' Alasdair Tàillear  
Hò rò Dòmhnall Crìomanach, rinn Alasdair a' bhriogais dha

"Tha i cumhang 's tha i teann" arsa Dòmhnall Crìomanach  
"Sin agad an t-aodach gann" ars' Alasdair Tàillear  
Hò rò Dòmhnall Crìomanach, rinn Alasdair a' bhriogais dha

"Gu dè am poc' a th' air a cùl?" arsa Dòmhnall Crìomanach  
"Poc' a' ghlèidheadh an tùd" ars' Alasdair Tàillear  
Hò rò Dòmhnall Crìomanach, rinn Alasdair a' bhriogais dha

"Gu dè a th' agad anns a' phoit?" arsa Dòmhnall Crìomanach  
"Pios de mharagan a' mhuilt" ars' Alasdair Tàillear  
Hò rò Dòmhnall Crìomanach, rinn Alasdair a' bhriogais dha

"Bidh iad math nuair bhios iad bruich" arsa Dòmhnall Crìomanach  
"Cha tèid greim dhiubh air do llopi!" ars' Alasdair Tàillear  
Hò rò Dòmhnall Crìomanach, rinn Alasdair a' bhriogais dha

Hò rò Dòmhnall Crìomanach, rinn Alasdair a' bhriogais dha  
Agus seacaid sgiobalta nach ruigeadh ach na màsan  
Hò rò Dòmhnall Crìomanach, rinn Alasdair a' bhriogais dha

### Mhàiri Laghach

Ho mo Mhàiri laghach, 's tu mo Mhàiri bhinn,  
Ho mo Mhàiri laghach, 's tu mo Mhàiri ghriinn;  
Ho mo Mhàiri laghach, 's tu mo Mhàiri bhinn,  
A Mhàiri bhòidheach lurach, rugadh anns na glinn.

If I had wealth at my disposal, I would take you on a sea-voyage  
To Europe, oh love, in virtue,  
In the land of heroes the high-born would with gusto  
Welcome the brown-haired, straight-haired lass.

You're close to the handsome young men  
Who live overseas;  
Many times they gained the Prince's favour  
The honour of the country would not be lost.

When they were to be seen traversing the hillside, in fine order  
The emblem was ever thus:  
Lion, targe and tree, and the red hand by their side,  
White-bellied salmon and verdant hill-heather.

### Not for all Ireland will I reveal her name

Last night, returning home alone  
From the far side of the district  
I fell in company with a young maiden  
Who left me exhausted, feeble and weak  
I yielded to a beautiful frame  
And to the words of her beautiful thin mouth:  
I leaped to accompany her  
And not for all Ireland will I reveal her name

If the beautiful woman would yield to my speech  
and my truthful wordplay  
Without doubt I would put all in order  
to bring me pleasure  
I would tell her the world's history  
My heart's desire would be to kiss her  
I would freely give her everything  
And not for all Ireland will I reveal her name

The beautiful, honourable, accomplished young woman  
On the far side of the district  
She is filled with generous liberty  
and limitless kindness and beauty  
Her hair it shines just like gold  
Curlèd, golden and elegant  
Her cheeks are as red as the rose  
And not for all Ireland will I reveal her name

*Translated from Irish Gaelic by Murdo Macleod HMI with the help of Joe Joyce*

### Ho ro Piecemeal Donald

Hò rò Piecemeal Donald, Alasdair made him trousers  
And a short jacket that reached only as far as his behind  
Hò rò Piecemeal Donald, Alasdair made him trousers

"They're right around the knee," said Piecemeal Donald  
"That's the fashion" said Alasdair the Tailor  
Hò rò Piecemeal Donald, Alasdair made him trousers

"They're narrow and they're tight!" said Piecemeal Donald  
"That's the shortage of material" said Alasdair the Tailor  
Hò rò Piecemeal Donald, Alasdair made him trousers

"What's the baggy bit at the back?" said Piecemeal Donald  
"A bag to store your gasses" said Alasdair the Tailor  
Hò rò Piecemeal Donald, Alasdair made him trousers

"What do you have in the pot?" said Piecemeal Donald  
"Some of the wedder's offal" ars' Alasdair Tàillear  
Hò rò Piecemeal Donald, Alasdair made him trousers

"They'll be good when they're cooked" said Piecemeal Donald  
"Not a morsel will touch your lips!" said Alasdair the Tailor  
Hò rò Piecemeal Donald, Alasdair made him trousers

Hò rò Piecemeal Donald, Alasdair made him trousers  
And a short jacket that reached only as far as his behind  
Hò rò Piecemeal Donald, Alasdair made him trousers

### Lovely Mary

Ho my lovely Mary, you are my sweet Mary,  
Ho my lovely Mary, you are my graceful Mary;  
Ho my lovely Mary, you are my sweet Mary,  
Oh bonny, pretty Mary, who was born in the glens.

B' òg bha mis' is Màiri 'm fàsaichean Ghlinn-Smeòil,  
'Nuair chuir macan-Bhènuis saighead gheur nam fheòil;  
Tharraing sinn ri chèile ann an eud cho beò,  
'S nach robh air an t-saoghal a thug gaol cho mòr.

Tha do chailc-dheud snaight' mar shneachda geal nan àrd,  
D' anail mar an caineal, beul om banail fàilt;  
Gruidh air dhreach an t-sìris, min raisg chinnealt, thlàth;  
Mala chaol gun ghruaman, gnùis gheal, 's cuach-fhalt bàn.

'S ged bu leamsa Alba, a h-airgead is a maoin,  
Ciamar bhithinn sona gun do chomann gaol?  
B' annsa bhì gad phògadh, le deagh chòir dhomh fhìn,  
Na ged gheibhinn stòras na Roinn-Eòrp' gu lèir.

Cha robh inneal ciùil, a thùradh riamh fon ghréin,  
A dh'aithriseadh air chòir gach ceòl bhiodh agàinn fèin;  
Uiseag air gach lònán, smeòrach air gach gèig ;  
Cuthag is gùg-gùg aic', madainn chùbhraidh Chèit.

### Chan òl mi deur tuilleadh

Chan òl mi deur tuilleadh, deur tuilleadh, deur tuilleadh,  
Chan òl mi deur tuilleadh, deur tuilleadh rim bheò;  
Chan òl mi deur tuilleadh gu sìorraidh dhen ruma,  
'S mi cinnteach gun cuireadh e dunaidh nam fheòil.

Gur mis' tha fo ghruaimen a' dùsgadh gun chluasaig,  
Mo cheann ann an tuaineal, cha dual dhomh bhith beò;  
Tha èibheachd nam chluasan, cha lèir dhomh ach tuailleas,  
'S gur e dh' fhàg mi cho truagh dheth a' stuth cruaidh rinn mi òl.

'S ann air pòsadh mo nàbaidh a dh' òl mi na chràidh mi –  
Chaidh stòpan a thràghadh a bhàrr air a' chòir;  
'S chan iarrainn dham nàmhaid, a Dhia, bhith mar tha mi,  
'S e chrìoch a tha 'n dàn dhomh - tha 'm bàs air mo thòir.

Bha beòir agus fion ann, bha còrr air do dhìol ann,  
Gach seòrsa bha riamh ann a mhiannaichean òl;  
Bha beairteas dhen bhìadh ann 's e pailt air a riaghladh,  
Bha 'n ceartas ga rian ann le fialachd nan dòrn.

Chan iongnadh, a chàirdean, mo cheann bhith gu sgàineadh  
'S e 'n dram bhith cho làidir a dh' fhàg mi bho dhòigh;  
Na botail gan tràghadh cho pailt feadh na h-àthadh –  
Bha fortan nam fhàbhar nuair dh' fhàg e mi beò.

Sa mhadainn nuair dhùisg mi chan fhosgladh mo shùilean –  
Bha goirteas nan cùlaibh gam chiùrradh 's gam leòn;  
Bha m' uchd 's e air nùsgadh, bha luchd air mo ghiùlan,  
Gach alt dhìom gun lùths ann bho mo chrùn gu mo bhròig.

Nuair dh' èirich mo mhàthair gun dh' èibh i gu làidir,  
"Gu dè bheir sibh dhàsan mum bàsaich e oirnn?  
Nach brèagha chuis-nàire bhith fiathachadh chàirdean  
'S an dias sin air clàran air sàillibh an òil."

Thuir Anna gu dàna, "Bheil nì ann as fheàrr leat?  
Tha im ann is càise, buntàt' agus feòil,  
Nach feuch thu air pàirt dhe chuir sìos mar a b' àbhaist  
'Se 'n t-iasg car is fheàrr leis gach tràill bhios ag òl."

Nuair a theirig iad am biadh dhomh cha deargainn air fheuchainn  
Bha searbh-bhlas is fiacadh an iochdar mo bheòil,  
'S gun tràighinn na miasan mu sàsaichinn m' iota  
'S mum bàthainn a ghriòsach a bha shìos nach bu chòir.

Ach bhon fhuair mi mo shlàinte 's gun d' fhuaraich mi 'n dràsta  
Cha suath mo cho dàna gu bràth ris an òl,  
Gun cùm mi na fàithntean mar a dh' òrdaich an t-Àrd-Rìgh  
'S chan òl mi 'n deoch-làidir gu bràth ri mo bheò.

Chan òl mi deur tuilleadh, deur tuilleadh, deur tuilleadh,  
Chan òl mi deur tuilleadh, deur tuilleadh rim bheò;  
Chan òl mi deur tuilleadh gu sìorraidh dhen ruma,  
'S mi cinnteach gun cuireadh e dunaidh nam fheòil.

© Oighreachd Dhòmhnail Iain MacDhomhnaill & le taing do Bhill Innes airson cead  
an t-eadar-theangachadh seo a chleachdadh ©Bill Innes

Mary and I spent our youth in the pastures of Glen Smeoil,  
When Venus' son send a sharp arrow into my flesh;  
We were drawn together with such a lively zeal,  
That there were none on earth who gave such a great love.

Your chiseled teeth are like the high white snows,  
Your breath sweet like cinnamon, from a welcoming feminine mouth  
Your cheeks like cherries, your eyelashes fine and delicate;  
This eyebrows absent of frown, fine countenance, and blonde plaits.

Although I had all of Scotland, her money and her wealth,  
How could I be content without your love?  
I'd prefer to kiss you, with every right to myself,  
Than receive all the riches of Europe.

No musical instrument ever invented,  
Could properly play all the music we had to ourselves;  
A lark over every marsh, a thrush on each branch;  
The cuckoo with her coo-coo, on a fragrant May morning.

### Not one more drop!

I'll not drink one more drop, one more drop, one more drop,  
I'll not drink one more drop, one more drop while I live;  
I'll not drink one more drop ever again of the rum  
When I'm certain it will do my body great harm.

I'm in a bad way, waking pillowless,  
My head in a spin, I'm not likely to live;  
There's a roaring in my ears, I can see only dimly –  
What left me so miserable was the hard stuff that I drank.

It was at my neighbour's wedding I drank till I suffered –  
Glasses were drained more than was right;  
I would not wish my enemy, Lord, to be as I was:  
It will be the end for me – death's on my tail.

There was beer and wine there, more than enough for you  
Of every kind that I would wish to drink;  
There was plenty of food, amply apportioned,  
Fairly distributed by generous hands.

No wonder, my friends, my head should be splitting –  
It was the strength of the drams that left me so ill:  
So many bottles being drained in the barn –  
Fortune was kind that it left me alive.

Waking in the morning, I couldn't open my eyes –  
The ache behind them gave me torture and pain;  
My breast was raw, my bearing was heavy,  
Every joint without strength from head to toe.

When my mother rose, she cried out loudly,  
"What can you give him lest he die on us –  
What a pretty scandal to be inviting friends  
With that fine fellow on a bier through drink!"

Anna asked boldly, "Is there anything you'd like?  
We have butter and cheese, potatoes and meat –  
Won't you try some of it as usual?  
Fish is usually preferred by slob who've been drunk."

When they offered me food, I couldn't even attempt it –  
There was sourness and drought in the floor of my mouth.  
I could have drained basins before quenching my thirst  
And drowning the abnormal fires down below.

But as I've recovered and now cooled down,  
I will never touch drink so boldly again;  
I will keep the commandments ordained by the High-King  
And never drink hard liquor so long as I live!

I'll not drink one more drop, one more drop, one more drop,  
I'll not drink one more drop, one more drop while I live;  
I'll not drink one more drop ever again of the rum  
When I'm certain it will do my body great harm.

© Estate of Donald John MacDonald & with thanks to Bill Innes for permission to use  
this translation ©Bill Innes

## Gàradh nan Ròs

'S ann air feasgar Diciadain  
Nuair bha ghrian anns na neòil  
'S i a' deàlradh gu sgiamhach  
Cheart cho brèagha ri òr  
Thachair mis' agus Màiri  
Ann an gàradh nan ròs  
'S gu robh fàileadh nan ùbhlán  
Gu cùbhraidh fo 'r sròin.

Rinn mi fhaighneachd don òg-bhean  
Gu stòid' agus ciùin  
'N tèid thu leam-sa mo mhàldag  
Fo sgàil nam beann mòr  
Far nach eil nì gus ar  
còmhdach  
Fo lunnan an drùchd  
Ach duilleagan bòidheach  
Dhen an òg chanach ur.

Thèid mi leat tro gach cunnart  
Air muir no air tìr  
'S mi gun dèanadh fuachd fhulang  
Airson do chumail gun dìth  
'S nuair a thèid thu dhan bhàr  
Bidh mo làmh leat air thùs  
Chum do dhìon bho do nàimhdean  
Nuair a theàrnte lann dlùth.

'S nuair chual' a h-athair 's a màthair  
Gu robh Màiri an gaol,  
Rinn iad fhaighneachd gun dàil dhi  
Cò a h-àilleagan gaol  
Thuir i gur e 'n gunnair  
À mullach an t-slàibh  
Mach à Gàidhealtachd Alba  
Làmh a mharbhadh an fhèidh.

'S nuair a chual' iad na facail  
'S ann a ghlas iad i suas  
Ann an seòmair a cadail  
Fad seachdain gun truas  
'S gu robh mo chrìdh' gus bhì brìste  
'S nach fhaodainn bruidhinn rim luaidh  
'S mi ga coimhead tron uinneig  
'S gu robh snìgh' air a gruaidh

O Mhàiri, e Mhàiri  
'S tu dh' fhàg mi gu tinn  
'S tu dh' fhàg mi fo mhulad  
Trom duilich gad chaoidh  
A bhì smaointinn cha fad ort  
A latha 's a dh'oidhch'  
'S gus an tèid mi dhan anart  
Cha stad mi gad chaoidh.

Thàinig litir gam ionnsaidh  
Air a dùnadh gu dlùth  
Mì shiubhal gu siùbhlach  
Gu cùl bhail' an dùin  
Far an robh carbaid glè mhùimeach  
Gus mo ghiùlain gun dàil  
Gu pàileis daoìn'-uasail  
Far an robh gruagach mo ghràidh.

'S nuair a ràinig mi 'n t-aitreabh  
Bha mar shneachda nam beann  
Sheas mi treiseag le facal  
Air a' bharrat anns an trannas'  
Thàinig seann fhear nan glas-chiabh  
'S na deòir gu frasach le ghruaidh  
'S thuir e "'N tu seo, a MhicLeòid  
A chuir an òg-bhean dhan uaigh?"

Thug iad suas mi dhan àite  
San robh m' àilleagan buan  
Rinn a sùilean ciùin deàrsadh;  
Dreach a bhàis air a gruaidh  
A bha dearg mar na ròsan  
Bu bhòidheach a snuadh  
'S nuair a rug mi air làmh orr'  
Dh'fhàg a cainnt i gu luath.

## The Rose Garden

It was on a Wednesday evening  
when the sun was in the clouds  
shining with elegance  
as beautifully as gold itself  
that Mary and I met  
in the garden of roses  
And the scent of the apples  
was so fragrant in our nostrils.

I asked the young maiden  
composedly and gently  
Will you go with me, my gentle girl  
under the shade of the great hill  
Where there will be  
nothing to cover us  
from the dampness of the dew  
but the beautiful leaves  
of the new bog-cotton.

I will accompany you through each danger  
on sea or on land  
I would withstand every obstacle  
to protect you from loss  
And when you go to battle  
my hand will always be with you  
to protect you from enemies  
when the blade descends closely

When her father and mother heard  
that Mary was in love  
They asked her without delay  
who was her beloved sweetheart  
She replied he was a soldier  
from the hilltops  
A man from the Highlands of Scotland  
by whose hand the deer were felled.

When they heard these words  
they locked her up  
in her bed-chamber  
for a whole pitiless week  
My heart was almost broken  
as I couldn't speak to my beloved  
and could only watch her through her window  
with her cheeks stained with weeping

Oh Mary, oh Mary  
You left me ill  
You left me weighed down  
with a sadness lamenting you  
Thinking so long upon you  
by day and by night  
and until I'm wrapped in my death-shroud  
I will not stop grieving for you.

A letter came to me  
sealed closed  
Calling me to travel quickly  
to the hollow behind the fortress-hill  
Where a precious carriage waited  
to convey me without delay  
to the noble-man's palace  
where lay my beloved maiden.

When I reached the dwelling  
that was like the snow on the bens  
I stood for a moment with a word  
on the carpet in the hallway  
An old grey-haired man came  
with tears soaking his cheeks  
And he said "Is it you then, MacLeod,  
who sent the young woman to her grave?"

They took me up to the place  
where my eternal love lay  
Her gentle eyes shone  
the look of death upon her cheeks  
that were red like the roses  
So pretty was her complexion  
And as I took her hand  
her speech deserted her.



Sheall i orms' anns an aodann  
Cho caoin mar a b' àbhaist  
Rinn a sùilean ciùin aomadh  
Le aogasg a' bhàis  
'S nuair a phòg mi a bilean caola  
A bha mar chaorann a' fàs  
Gun a dhùin i sùil socair  
Gun am fosgladh gu bràth.

Innsidh mi dhuibh le firinn  
A nì rinn mo chràdh  
Nì dh'fhòg dubhach m' inntinn  
'S a dhùineas mo chàil  
Thug mi gaol dhan a mhaighdinn  
A bha coibhneil fo ghnàth:  
Tè dham b' ainm Màiri Anna  
Tha san anart a' tàmh.

### Gog, gog aig a' choileach

Bha gog, gog, gog aig a' choileach ud a-raoir  
Bha gog, gog, gog aig a' choileach fad na h-oidhch'  
Cha robh creatair anns a' bhaile – nighean òg na bean na cailleach  
Nach bu chòir a bhì nan cadal nach robh mach nan aodach-oidhch'

Mo mhollachd aig a' choileach chuir an sluagh nam boil a-raoir  
Thòisich caiream agus sgreadail dìreach seachad meadhan-oidhch'  
Sheall mi fhìn a-null ri Peigi 's mi air chridh le seòrs' de dh'eagal  
Ach nuair thòisich e air feadail chuir e'n caothach air a' chloinn

Thàinig Nigh'n 'ain Dholaidh, 's chuir i crìth nam fheòil le foills'  
Throid i rium airson a' choilich, is thuir i mar seo le sgoinn:  
"Fhalbhaibh 's cuir às do dh'eun na mollachd, chuir e mise às mo  
thoinisg  
Chan eil ann ach sgealb den donas, dearbh bha'n coltas air an-raoir."

Bidh cuimhn' againn air maireann mar a thachair anns an roinn  
Sluagh an àit' gu leir nan gairis: cuid ag ùrnaidh 's cuid a' caoidh  
'S itean mòr a' falbh le cabhaig 's e ri glaothaich àrd a' chlaiginn  
Nach robh cearc a' falbh air casan as do dh'fhòg an tannasg druum.

### O luaidh

O luaidh, 's truagh nach deachaidh sinn,  
È luaidh, 's truagh nach deachaidh sinn,  
O gura truagh a' cheist, o luaidh,  
Nach robh mi san uaigh mun d' fhuair mi sealladh ort.  
O luaidh.

Chunnaic mi thall sa mhòine gearradh i,  
Gruagach òg, 's chòrd a pearsa rium,  
Chaidh mi a-null 's gun fhaicinn i dlùth,  
'S a' mhais' air a gnùis a dh' ùraich leannanachd.  
O luaidh.

An tèid thu leam gu tìr nam monaidhean,  
Tìr nam fiadh, nan earb 's nan coineanach,  
Tìr nan siad, 's ann bha thu riamh,  
'S gun ith thu do bhìadh gun sgian 's gun ghreimiche.  
O luaidh.

Nam biodh peann 's pàipear geal agam,  
Sgrìobhainn dhut sìos mo chainnt le barantas,  
Cùmhnant tha teann nach fhosgail bhon chlàir,  
'S ma dh'fhalbhas tu fhèin, chan fheum thu t' fharadh ann.  
O luaidh.

### Buidheachas

M' athair, nach maireann, agus mo mhàthair. Karen mo bhean, agus ar nigheanan Anna agus Ellidh. Balaich Throsg: gaisgich gasta uasal uile. Watercolour Music: Màiri Anna, Nick is Rycote. Macmeanmna Earr. Muinntir Chòisir Ghàidhlig Inbhirnis. Mo bhràthair, Alasdair (ACM Lt Càbal) agus Catriona. Gach fear is tè a bhrosnaich mi gu bhì seinn: nam measg mo chàirdean uile; Eoghann Stiùbhart; Seasaidh Chamshron, nach maireann; Crisdean Dillon, nach maireann; Seònaid NicGriogar; Còisir Bhaile Ghobhainn; Calum Ros; Pòl MacCallum agus Art MacCarraig.

She looked up at me  
as tenderly as always  
Her gentle eyes shrank  
with the shadow of death  
and when I kissed her thin lips  
that were red as the rowan berry  
she closed her tranquil eyes  
never to open them again.

I will tell you, truthfully  
that which caused my pain  
That which leaves my mind despaired  
and robs me of my vigour  
I gave my love to the girl  
who was always most kind  
One whose name was Mary Anne  
who now rests in the grave.

### The cockerel's cry

That cockerel went gog, gog, gog last night  
That cockerel went gog, gog, gog last night  
There was not a single creature in town – not a young girl or a grown  
woman or an old woman  
Who ought to have been asleep but was out in their night-wear

My curse upon the cockerel who upset the townsfolk last night  
The shouts and screams started just after midnight  
I looked across at Peggy, I shook with a kind of fear  
But when he started whistling he drove the children crazy

Dolly John's daughter came, and she made my flesh shiver with her  
looks  
She scolded me for the cockerel, and said as follows reprovingly:  
"Go and kill off that accursed bird, he drove me round the bend  
He's no more than a chip off the Devil, certainly that's how he seemed  
last night."

We will forever remember what happened in the district  
The local people horrified: some praying, some lamenting  
Great feathers falling out quickly, and him yelling at the top of his voice  
There wasn't a single hen that the dreadful spectre left alone.

### Oh love

Oh love, it's a shame we never courted  
Eh love, it's a shame we never courted  
Oh what a sad conundrum, my love:  
I would have been better off in the grave than to have met you  
Oh love

I saw her at a distance, cutting peats  
A young maiden, and her form pleased me  
I approached to see her better  
Her beautiful countenance moved me to courtship  
Oh love

Will you to with me to the land of moors,  
The land of the deer, the hinds and the rabbits,  
Land of the valiant, where you have always been,  
and where you eat your food without knife or fork.  
Oh love

If I had pen and paper,  
I would write down my words with an unbreakable vow,  
A contract sealed by clergy,  
And if you yourself go, you will not need to be coerced.  
Oh love

### Thanks

My late father and my mother. My wife Karen, and our daughters Anna and Ellen. The boys of Trosg: splendid gentlemen all. Watercolour Music: Mary Ann, Nick and Rycote. Macmeanmna Limited. Inverness Gaelic Choir. My brother, Alasdair (AKA Lt Cable) and Catriona. All those who encouraged me to sing, including my whole family, Ewen Stewart, the late Jessie Cameron, the late Chris Dillon, Janet MacGregor, Govan Gaelic Choir, Calum Ross, Paul MacCallum and Arthur Cormack.