

## Òran Mall - Bidh Clann Ulaidh

Bidh Clann Ulaidh, laoigh 's a lurain  
Bidh Clann Ulaidh air do bhanais  
Bidh Clann Ulaidh, laoigh 's a lurain  
Dèanamh an danns' air do bhanais

Bidh Clann a' Rìgh, bidh Clann a' Rìgh  
Bidh Clann a' Rìgh air do bhanais  
Bidh Clann a' Rìgh seinn air a' phìob  
Olar a' fion air do bhanais

Bidh Clann Amhlaidh na fir ghreannmhor  
Bidh Clann Amhlaidh air do bhanais  
Bidh Clann Amhlaidh na fir ghreannmhor  
Dèanamh an danns' air do bhanais

Bidh Clann a' Rìgh .....

Bidh Clann Choinnich nam feachd soilleir  
Bidh Clann Choinnich air do bhanais  
Bidh Clann Choinnich nam feachd soilleir  
Deanamh an danns' air do bhanais

Bidh Clann a' Rìgh .....

Bidh Clann Dhòmhnail tà cha neònach  
Bidh Clann Dhòmhnail air do bhanais  
Bidh Clann Dhòmhnail tà cha neònach  
Dèanamh an danns' air do bhanais.

Bidh Clann a' Rìgh .....

*The children of Ulster, beloved and beautiful young men,  
The children of Ulster will be at your wedding  
The children of Ulster, beloved and beautiful young men,  
Will dance at your wedding*

*The children of the King, the children of the King,  
The children of the King will be at your wedding,  
The children of the King will be playing the pipes  
Wine will be drunk at your wedding*

*The MacAulays of the handsome men  
The MacAulays will be at your wedding  
The MacAulays of the handsome men  
Will dance at your wedding*

*The MacKenzies of the shining armies  
The MacKenzies will be at your wedding  
The MacKenzies of the shining armies  
Will dance at your wedding*

*The MacDonalds, and it is no wonder,  
The MacDonalds will be at your wedding  
The MacDonalds, and it is no wonder,  
Will dance at your wedding.*

## Òran Mall - Bràigh Lochiall

O thèid is gun tèid, O thèid mi thairis  
Gu innis nam bò far am b' eòl dhomh 'n ainnir

Hill o ro bha ho ho hi ri ri u o hug  
Hoireann o hu hog i ho bha ho

Gu Bràigh Lochiall far 'm bi fiadh a' langan  
Is earbag nan stùc tha gu lùghmhor eangarr'

A bhean an fhuilt rèidh, thug mi fhèin dhut mo ghealladh  
Mo ghealladh nach trèig ged a b' fheudar dhuinn dealach'.

Gur math thig brèid bàn air a chàradh ort beannach  
Mu aghaidh gun tolg nan gormshuil meallach

Is staidhse dhan t-sìoda mhìn gad theannach'  
Is aparàn ùr à bùth a' cheannaich'.

Gur minig a bha sinn air àirigh a' ghleannaich  
Am bothan beag dlùth gun dùnadh ach barrach

Làmh thogail an àil bha tlàths riut ceangailt'  
'N àm gabhail mu thàmh cha bu chnàmhan ar teallach

Mo làmh fo do cheann 's do làmh geal tharam  
Mo thaobh ri do thaobh sinn maoth-chridheach tairis.

*I will go, I will go, I will go over  
To the meadow of the cows where I knew the maiden*

*Hill o ro bha ho ho hi ri ri u o hug  
Hoireann o hu hog i ho bha ho*

*To the Brae of Locheil where the deer are bellowing  
And the little hind of the peaks is strong and agile*

*O woman of the smooth hair, I gave you my promise  
I won't forsake my promise though we had to part*

*A white veil becomes you tied round your head  
About the unwrinkled face of the beguiling blue eyes*

*And a corset of fine satin binding you  
and a new apron from the merchant's shop*

*Often we were at the sheiling in the glen  
In a confined little hut with no door but brushwood*

*The hand that would raise the young, gentleness surrounds you  
At the time of going to rest, there was no ill-feeling at our hearth*

*My hand under your head, and your white hand over me  
My side by your side and we tender-hearted and loving*

### **Puirt à beul**

#### **Bhon chuir mo leannan cùlaibh rium,**

Cha tèid e leam a dhannsa;  
Bhon chuir mo leannan cùlaibh rium,  
Cha tèid e leam a dhannsa;  
Bhon chuir mo leannan cùlaibh rium,  
Cha tèid e leam a dhannsa;  
Bhon chuir mo leannan cùlaibh rium,  
Cha tèid e leam a dhannsa.

Cha tèid e leam, chan fhalbh e leam,  
Cha tèid e leam a dhannsa;  
Cha tèid e leam, chan fhalbh e leam,  
Cha tèid e leam a dhannsa;  
Cha tèid e leam, chan fhalbh e leam,  
Cha tèid e leam a dhannsa;  
Bhon chuir mo leannan cùlaibh rium,  
Cha tèid e leam a dhannsa.

*Since my love turned his back on me,  
He won't dance with me.*

*He won't go with me, he won't leave with me,  
He won't dance with me.*

#### **Nam biodh trì sgillinn agam,**

Chuirinn dhan an òl e;  
Nam biodh trì sgillinn agam,  
Chuirinn dhan an òl e;  
Nam biodh trì sgillinn agam,  
Chuirinn dhan an òl e;  
Nam biodh bonn-a-sia agam,  
Dh'iarrainn do phòsadh.

*If I had three pennies, I would put it towards drinking;  
If I had sixpence, I would ask you to marry me.*

#### **Cha leigeadh tu leas bhith breabadh do chas,**

Chan fhaigh thu bean òg am-bliadhna.  
Bean òg, bean òg, chan fhaigh thu nad chòir,  
Ged chuireadh tu 'n t-òr ga h-iarraidh.  
Nighean dubh chrùbach Sheumais chrùbaich,  
Nighean dubh chrùbach Sheumais,  
Cò fear òg a laigheadh sa chùl  
Le nighean dubh chrùbach Sheumais.

*You needn't kick your feet in the air,  
You won't get a young wife this year,  
A young wife, a young wife, you won't get near you,  
Though you would send gold to lure her.  
Black-haired, lame daughter of lame James,  
Black-haired, lame daughter of James,  
Which young man would lie in the corner  
With the black-haired, lame daughter of James.*

**Unison Singing: Guma Slàn do na Fearaibh**

Guma slàn do na fearaibh chaidh thairis a' chuan,  
Gu talamh a' gheallaidh far nach fairich iad fuachd.  
Guma slàn do na fearaibh chaidh thairis a' chuan.

Guma slàn do na mnathan nach cluinnear an gearan,  
'S ann théid iad gu smearail gar leantainn thar chuan.

Is na nìgneagan bòidheach a dh'fhalbhas leinn còmhla,  
Gheibh daoine rim pòsadh a chuireas òr nan dà chluais.

Gheibh sinn aran is ìm ann, gheibh sinn siùcar is tì ann;  
'S cha bhi gainne oirnn-fhìn `s an tìr sam bheil buaidh.

Nuair dh'fhàgas sinn 'n t-àit' seo, cha chuir iad mòr-mhàl oirnn;  
'S cha bhi an Fhèill Màrtainn cur nàire nar gruaidh.

*Here's a health to the men who went over the ocean,*

*To the land of promise where they won't feel the cold.*

*Here's a health to the men who went over the ocean.*

*Here's a health to the women who won't be heard complaining*

*They will go bravely following us over the sea*

*And the beautiful girls who go along with us*

*They will get men to marry them who will buy them gold ear-rings.*

*We will get bread and butter there, we will get sugar and tea there;*

*And we will not suffer any shortage in the land that is prosperous.*

*When we leave this place, they will not charge us a high rent;*

*And Martinmas will not be a cause of shame to us (i.e. because we can't pay the rent).*

## Unison Singing - Mòrag à Dùn Bheagain

Hò bhan 's na hò bhan o,  
Hò bhan 's na hì ho rò,  
Hò bhan 's na hò bhan o,  
'S milse leam mo Mhòrag.

Cailin òg dhan tug mi luaidh,  
Air mo bhuadhan fhuair i buaidh,  
'S gus an càirear mi san uaigh,  
Molaidh mi mo Mhòrag.

Nuair bheir mi sgrìob do Phort an Dùin,  
Chì mi h-ìomhaigh anns gach flùr,  
'S bidh na h-eòin a' brìodal rium  
'S a' sìor mholadh Mòraig.

Togaidh mise do mo ghràidh  
Bothan beag ri taobh na tràigh,  
'S an Dùn Bheagain nan seòid 's nam flath  
Pòsaidh mi mo Mhòrag.

### ***Morag from Dunvegan***

*Hobhan 's na hobhan o  
Hobhan 's na hì ho ro  
Hobhan 's na hobhan o  
Morag is the sweetest to me.*

*Young girl to whom I gave my love,  
She has vanquished my talents,  
And till I am buried in the grave,  
I will praise my Morag.*

*When I take a walk to Port an Duin  
I see her image in every flower,  
And the birds will be chirping to me  
And always praising Morag.*

*I will build for my love  
A small hut beside the shore,  
And in Dunvegan of the heroes and the princes  
I will marry my Morag.*

**Clachan Ghlinn'-da-ruail,  
Luinneag le Angus Fletcher, parochial Schoolmaster at Dunoon. Born June 1776**

Mo chaileag bhian-gheal, mheall-shùileach,  
A dh'fhàs gu fallain, fuasgailt',  
Gur trom mo cheum on dhealaich sinn  
Aig clachan Ghlinn'-da-ruail.

Didòmhnach rinn mi còmhlachadh,  
Bean òg is mòdhar gluasad,  
Tha guth mar cheòl na smeòraiche,  
's mar bhil' an ròis a gruaidhean.

'S caoin a seang shlios furanach,  
Neo-churaidh a ceum uallach.  
Tha gàirdean bàn glè chumadail,  
'S deud lurach na beul guamach.

'S ro fhaiceallach na còmhradh i,  
Gun sgeilm, gun sglèò, no tuaileas;  
Gur flathail coiseachd shràidean i,  
Air bheagan stàit no guaineis.

Ged bheireadh Seòras àite dhomh,  
Cho àrd 's a tha measg uaislean;  
Air m' fhacal 's mòr a b' fheàrr leam,  
A bhith 'n Coire-chnaimh nam bhuachaill.

O 's truagh nach robh mi 's m' àilleagan  
Air àirigh cois nam fuar-bheann!  
Bu shocair, sèimh a chaidlinn, 's i  
Nam achlais, air an luachair.

Cha suaimhneas oidhch' air leabaidh dhomh,  
Gad fhaicinn ann am bruadar;  
'S am Bìoball fhèin cha laimhsich mi,  
Gun d' ìomhaigh ghràidh gam bhuaireadh.

Nuair b' fhileant' briath'r a' mhinisteir,  
A' fiosrachadh m'ar truailleachd;  
Bha mise coimhead dùrachdach,  
Na seirc tha d' shùil neo-luaineach.

Ged shuidheas Clèir na tìre leam,  
'S mi sgrìobhadh dhaibh le luath-làimh;  
'S ann bhios mo smuaintean dìomhaireach,  
Air Sìne dhuinn a' chuach-fhuilt.

Ach 's eagal leam le m' cheilearachd,  
Gun gabh an seisean gruaim rium;  
Ged dh'fhògras iad don Olaind mi,  
Rim bheò cha tòir mi fuath dhut.

## Glendaruel Village, a song by Angus Fletcher

My white-skinned, beguiling eyed lass,  
Who grew up healthy and active  
My step is heavy since we parted  
At Glendaruel village.

On Sunday I met up with  
A young woman of modest behaviour  
Her voice is like the music of the thrush  
and her cheeks are like the petals of the rose.

Pleasant is her slender welcoming side,  
Gentle is her light step  
Her fair arm is very shapely  
and her gem-like teeth in her smiling mouth

She is very careful in her conversation  
Without boasting or idle talk or slander;  
She is elegant walking on the streets  
With little show or unsteadiness.

Though George would give me a place  
High up among the nobility;  
I swear I would far prefer  
To be in Coire-chnaimh with the herdsmen.

It's a pity my jewel and I were not  
In a sheiling at the foot of the cold mountains!  
Peacefully and quietly I would sleep and she  
In my arms on the rushes

I have no rest in my bed at night  
Seeing you in my dreams  
And I cannot even handle the Bible  
Without your image, my darling, distracting me.

When the minister is at his most eloquent  
Informing us of our baseness  
I was looking longingly  
At the beauty that is in your constant eye.

Although the clergy of the country would sit with me  
And I writing for them with a swift hand  
My secret thoughts will be  
About brown-haired Jean of the curly hair.

But I am afraid with my singing  
That the session will become annoyed with me  
But even if they exiled me to Holland  
I will never stop loving you as long as I live.

## **Òrain Luaidh**

O hi hogaidh o, Mhòrag na ho ro gheallaidh  
O hi hogaidh o.

'S muladach 's gur muladach mi  
Dol dhan tràigh a bhuain na feamad

Dol dhan tràigh is gun mi eòlach  
'S gun na gillean òg aig baile

Dol dhan tràigh a bhuain a' mhaoraich  
'S nach fhaic mi mo ghaol a dh'fhearaibh

Cha b' ann an taigh fàs nam ònrachd  
Fhuair mi eòlas air mo leannan

Calpa grinn an stocainn bhàn  
A dhìreadh a' bheinn àrd gun anail

Nuair a dheidheadh tu na bheinn fhiadhach  
Bu throm do thriall chun a' bhaile

Le d' ghunna 's le d' adhairc fhùdair  
Do ghillean is do chù nan deannaibh.

*I am sad, and I am sad,  
Going to the shore to gather seaweed.  
Going to the shore I'm not familiar with  
And the young lads away from the village  
Going to the shore to gather shellfish  
And I won't see my darling among men  
It wasn't in a deserted house on my own  
I came to know my lover  
A comely calf in a white stocking  
Which would climb the high mountain without becoming breathless  
When you would go to the deer mountain  
Your journey back to the village would be weighty (i.e. a stag on his back)  
With your gun and your powder horn  
Your lads and your dogs racing about.*



**Hì ri rì ri rì ri iù**

Hò hi iù a hò hug hò  
Hò hi iù a hò hi iù  
Hao ri iù a hò hug hò

**Cha tèid mise, cha tèid mi,**

Cha tèid mi do ghin san tìr.  
Cha tèid mi do mhac an t-saoir  
No idir do mhac a' mhaoir.  
Cha b' ann air a bha mo ghaol.  
B' annsa fear an leadain duinn,  
Giomanach a' ghunna chaoil  
Rachadh air uilinn san fhraoch  
'S a leagadh an eal' air a taobh,  
Coileach dubh far bhàrr an fhraoich,  
Lacha bheag a' mhuineil chaoil  
'S an ròn ballach anns a' chaol.

*I won't go, I won't go,  
I won't go with anyone in the land.  
I won't go with the joiner's son  
Or even with the factor's son.  
It wasn't him I loved  
I loved the man of the brown hair,  
The hunter of the narrow gun  
Who would go on his elbow in the heather  
And would bring the swan to its death  
The black cock from the top of the heather,  
The small duck of the narrow neck  
And the speckled seal in the narrows.*