

1. Gaol nam Fear Dubh

A song by one of the 'Viewfield' MacDonalds of Portree who took a shine to one of the MacKinnons of Kyleakin Farm at a cattle sale in the village. Arthur got this song from D R MacDonald of Portree High School. Thanks to Dr John MacInnes for the background.

Gaol nam fear dubh, grinn, grinn
Luaidh nam fear dubh, grinn, gasda
Gaol nam fear dubh, grinn, grinn

Eòghainn Duinn à Peighinn Dùin,
Dhan tug mi mo rùn 's mo thasgaidh

Chunna mi air Fèill Phort Rìgh thu –
B' e àilleagan measg mìle pears' thu

Fhèileadh ort den bhreacan uaine
'S leam as bòidhche bhith ga fhaicinn

'Eil fhios dè a chum a-raoir thu
'S nach robh 'n oidhche fuar no frasach?

Tha fios nach do chum an t-sìd' thu
'S nach robh mìle slàn an astar

'S math an taic thu ri d' chàirdean,
Guala' làidir – 's fheàrrd' iad ac' thu

*Most beloved of dark haired men
Most beloved of fine and handsome dark haired men
Most beloved of dark haired men.*

*Brown-haired Ewan from Peighinn Dùin
To whom I gave my love*

*I saw you at the Portree fair
A jewel amongst a thousand folk*

*Wearing a kilt of green check
How I loved to see it*

*I wonder what kept you last night
When there was neither rain nor cold?*

*Surely the weather didn't keep you back
Without even a mile to travel*

*What a support you are to your kin
A strong shoulder they are the better for having you*

2. 'S i nighean mo ghaoil

Written by the great Gaelic poet Donnchadh Bàn Macintyre in 1750, when he was in his late 20s, the song is referred to as an 'òran sùgraidh' or 'flirting' song. Mary MacNaughton is the apple of his eye in this particular poem. It runs to around 20 verses, but we've only included a few in our arrangement!

'S i nighean mo ghaoil an nighean donn òg
Nam biodh tu ri m' thaobh cha bhithinn fo bhròn

'S i nighean mo ghaoil an nighean donn òg
'S i Màiri Nic Neachdain as dàicheile pearsa
Ghabh mis' uiread bheachd ort ri neach a tha beò

Nuair sheallas mi t' aodann 's mi 'n coinneamh ri t' fhaodainn
Gur math leam nam faodainn bhith daonnan ad chòir

On a thug thu dhomh gealladh 's ann duit-sa nach aireach
'S chan fhaic iad thu 'n ath-bhliadhn' ad bhanarach bhò

Cha taobh i fear idir air eagal mo thrioblaid;
'S cha toilich tè mise ach ise le deòin

'S i rìbhinn a' bhaile tha sìor thighinn air m' aire
Nam bi rachadh mar rium cha d' fharraid mi stòr

Bheir mis' thu Dhùn Eideann a dh'ionnsachadh Beurla
'S chan fhàg mi thu d' èiginn ri sprèidh an fhir mhòir

'S tu thogadh mo spioraid nuair a thèid thu air mhireadh
Le d' cheilearabh binne 's le grinneas do bheòil

Leis na gabh mi de cheist ort am madainn 's am feasgar
Gun dèanainn riut cleasachd is beadradh gu leòr

Dhèanainn dhut furan am bliadhna 's an-uiridh
Bu docha na 'n t-uireasbhuidh tuilleadh sa chòrr

*My love is the young brown-haired girl
Were you by my side, I'd no longer be sad*

*Mary MacNaughton, the most graceful of folk
I took to you more than anyone alive*

*When we meet and I look upon your face
I wish if I could to be with you always*

*Since you gave me your promise, it's no longer your business
They won't see you as a dairymaid tending cattle next year*

*She will have nothing to do with another for fear of troubling me
And no other will please me but herself and willingly so*

*The darling of the town is constantly on my mind
If she would come with me I'd ask for no riches*

*I'll take you to Edinburgh to learn English
And I won't leave you looking to the great man's cattle*

*You would life my spirits with your sporting
With your sweet singing and beauty from your lips*

*With me falling for you morning and afternoon
I would sport and play with you often enough*

*I'd welcome you this year and last
Better too much than nothing at all.*

3. Gur e mi tha trom duilich

The parents of the girl concerned are not impressed at this particular love match but she has different ideas and it sounds as though he is worth it! Thanks again to 'Bannal' for another great waulking song.

Na hì liù lèill o
Hò ro mo chuachag
Na hì liù lèill o

Gura mi tha trom duilich air m' uilinn san luachair
Mi ri buachailleachd sheasgach nach tig feasgar gu buaile
Mi ri buachailleachd sprèidhe nach toir leam às a' bhuaich

Chan e cùram an àitich a dh'fhàg mise fo ghruaimean
Ach eagal mo chuspair ma chumas iad uam e
Cha b' fhada bhiodh mo leannan tighinn à beannaibh a' chuailein
Tha mo cheist-s' air a' ghille aig 'eil fios air na h-uairean
Aig 'eil fios air a' mhionaid air an ruigeadh e 'ghruagach
Chan e uisg' an lòn shalaich thug mo leannan an cuan leis
Uisge beatha na Spàinne, fìon làidir gun truailleadh

*I am heavy and sad, on my elbow in the rushes
Herding farrow cattle that will not come home at evening
Herding cattle that will not jump from the fetter
It is not anxiety for the homestead that left me disconsolate
But fear for my lover if they keep him from me
My sweetheart would not be long coming from the misty bens
My choice is the lad who knows the hours
And knows the very minute he will meet his maiden
It is not water from the dirty pool that my lover took with him to sea
Spanish whisky, strong unadulterated wine*

4. Jig set The Grinder/ Lowland Tune/

5. Nighean donn bhòidheach nan gorm-shùil meallach

This song of first love is a favourite in Maggie and Mary Ann's family. [Any more onfor on this one?](#)

Sèist

Ho mo nigh'nn donn bhòidheach nan gorm-shùil meallach
'S e bhith riut a' còmhraidh ri m' bheò bu mhath leam
Ho mo nigh'nn donn bhòidheach nan gorm-shùil meallach

Rannan

'S mise ghabh an rùn dhìot, airson sealladh sùil dhìot
Ciamar nì mi mhùchadh, 's tu cho dlùth air m' aire?

Banarach na buaile, meur as grinne dh'fhuaighleas
Chunnaic mi Diluain thu, 'cur nan sguab air bhannaibh

'S binne leam do chòmhradh na lòn-dubh no smeòrach
'S iad a' seinn gu ceòlmhor madainn cheòthach earraich

'S mise tha gu cianail, tha mo cheann air liathadh
'S mi ri caoidh na ciad tè bh' agam riamh mar leannan

*Ho my beautiful brown-haired girl of the bewitching blue eyes
To be with you forever is my wish*

*It was I who fell in love with you at first sight
How can I keep these feelings at bay with you so much in my thoughts*

*Dairymaid of the field, with as dainty a finger as can sew
I saw you on Tuesday, tying the sheaves in bands*

*I prefer your conversation to the blackbird or mavis
Singing so musically on a misty spring morning*

*I am in a bad way and my hair has turned grey
Lamenting the one who was my first love*

6/ Mo rùn air na maraichean

A real discovery for us at the time of the recording “Aig Cridhe ar Ciùil”, a series for BBC Scotland. Roddy Campbell, the great Barra Gaelic singer, was singing it on one of the programmes, and we liked it so much, we nicked it! The song was collected in Mull by the Rev. William Matheson, from a man called Duncan MacGillivray, although he did not have any information on the song itself. It recounts the story of a ship leaving Greenock, and ending up in the Isle of Man at New Year.

Hill ù o ro hù o
Mo rùn air na maraichean
'S e maraichean an t-sùgraidh
Bu shunndach a leanainn iad
Hill ù o ro hù o

Dimàirt a dh'fhàg sinn Grianaig
'S bu chianail na caileagan
A' crathadh an cuid bhrèidean
'S sinn fhèin a's na crannagan
Hill ù o ro hù o

A' crathadh an cuid bhrèidean
'S sinn fhèin as na crannagan
'S e Sìne Dhonn a b' ainm dhi
'S gu dearbh 's math a bhaisteadh i
Hill ù o ro hù o

'S e Sìne Dhonn a b' ainm dhi
'S gu dearbh 's math a bhaisteadh i
Chan fhacas na bu bhòidhche
A' seòladh bho acarsaid
Hill ù o ro hù o

Chan fhacas na bu bhòidhche
A' seòladh bho acarsaid
'S an uair a dh'fhàg sinn Cluaidh
Bha a' ghaoth a tuath mar chaitheadh dhi
Hill ù o ro hù o

'S an uair a dh'fhàg sinn Cluaidh
Bha a' ghaoth a tuath mar chaitheadh dhi
Bu chiatach leam a' gluasad
A' fuaradh air Ealasaid
Hill ù o ro hù o

Bu chiatach leam a' gluasad
A' fuaradh air Ealasaid
Tha Nollaig a' tighinn dlùth dhuinn
Is tha 'Bhliadhn' Ùr a' teannadh oirnn
Hill ù o ro hù o

Tha Nollaig a' tighinn dlùth dhuinn
Is tha 'Bhliadhn' Ùr a' teannadh oirnn
B' i m' aighear 's mo thoil-inntinn
Air tìr 's an Eilean Mhanainneach
Hill ù o ro hù o

B' i m' aighear 's mo thoil-inntinn
Air tìr 's an Eilean Mhanainneach
Gur mise bhios fo leòn dheth
An seòmar an Admiral
Hill ù o ro hù o

Gur mise bhios fo leòn dheth
An seòmar an Admiral
'S nach fhaigh mi dhan taigh-òsda
A dh'òl leis na caileagan

Hill ù o ro hù o
Mo rùn air na maraichean

'S e maraichean an t-sùgraidh
Bu shunndach a leanainn iad
Hill ù o ro hù o

*Hill ù òro hù ò, how I love the sailors
The sporting sailors, I'd happily follow them*

*On Tuesday we left Greenock to the dismay of the girls
Them waving their scarves and we in the high rigging*

Sìne Dhonn she was called, and well-named was she

Never was a more beautiful craft seen sailing from anchorage

When we left the Clyde, the north wind was blowing as expected

And how I loved her motion as she weathered round Ailsa Craig

Christmas is nearing, and with it the New Year

My joy and light spirits will be found ashore on the Isle of Man

But I will be grieved in the Admiral's room

Unable to get to the inn to drink with the girls

7. Strathspey & Reels

Fhuair mi nead na gurra-gùig/ Seònaid NicGumaraid/ Pòg o leannan an fhìdhleir/ A minor reel/ The Perriwig/ Air an fhèill/ Còta Mór Easlasaid

Do Sheonag Chaluim Sheumais le mòr spèis

Nead na gurra-gùig

Fhuair mi nead na gurra-gùig ann an cùil na mòine

Fhuair mi nead an fhithich ann 's a-rithist nead na smeòraich
Fhuair mi nead na gurra-gùig ann an cùl na mòine

I found the nest of the dove in the peat corner

I found the raven's nest there and again that of the thrush

Seònaid NicGumaraid

Seònaid NicGumaraid, gur bòidheach a' chruinneag i
Seònaid NicGumaraid, 's a h-uile fear an tòir oirre

'S ann a-raoir a chunna mi, a chuala mi 's a chunna mi
'S ann a-raoir a chunna mi na cuir a bh' ann a Seònaid
'S ann a-raoir a chunna mi, a chuala mi 's a chunna mi
Gur ann a-raoir a chunna mi na cuir a bh' ann a Seònaid

Janet Montgomery, what a cracker, with all the lads after her

Last night I saw and heard how tricksy Janet can be

Pòg o Leannan an fhìdhleir

Pòg o leannan an fhìdhleir, 's a trì o leannan an tàilleir

Pòg o nighean nan caorach, 's o nighean nan gobhar nam faodainn

'S laoch dhi giollan na fìdhle, b' fheàrr leam gum bu leam fhìn i

A kiss from the fiddler's sweetheart, and three from the tailor's

A kiss from the shepherdess, and from the goatherdess if I might

Her hero is the fiddler lad, I wish she were mine

Air an fhèill a-muigh

Air an fhèill a-muigh o hao, air an fhèill a-staigh o hò
Air an fhèill a-muigh o hao, rinn na ceannaichean an t-òl

Air an tulachan ud shìos, air an tulachan ud shuas
Air an tulachan ud shìos, a ghabh Murchadh a' stòp

At the market-stance, the merchants did their drinking

On that hillock down there, and that one up yonder, Murdo took a drink

Còta Mòr Ealasaid

Tha còta mòr Ealasaid air Anna nigh'n an fhìdhleir
Tha còta mòr Ealasaid air Anna 'dol a phòsadh
Tha còta mòr Ealasaid air Anna nigh'n an fhìdhleir
Tha còta mòr Ealasaid air Anna 'dol a phòsadh

Anna nigh'n, air Anna nigh'n, air Anna nigh'n an fhìdhleir
Air Anna 'dol, air Anna 'dol, air Anna 'dol a phòsadh

Anna the fiddler's daughter's wearing Elizabeth's big coat to get married in

8. Iain Ghlinn Cuaich

A well known love song to a lesser known tune. There is a final verse to this story that shows the girl being less forgiving of his betrayal, but we prefer Gaelic misery! Thanks to Allan for a beautiful arrangement.

O Iain Ghlinn Cuaich, fear do choltais cha dual da fàs
Cùl bachlach nan dual 's e gu camlùbach suas gu bhàrr
'S i do phearsa dheas ghrinn a dh'fhàg mi cho tinn le gràdh
'S nach eil cron ort ri inns o mhullach do chinn gu d' shàil

Ach an trian dhe do chliù cha chuir mise a rùin an cèill
'S caoimh faiteal dhe d' ghnùis na ùr choille fo dhriùchd ri grèin'
Gum b' e miann mo dhà shùil a bhith 'sealltainn gu dlùth a d' dhèidh
'S math a b' airidh mo rùn-s' air ban-oighre a' chrùin fo sgèith

Iain, Iain a ghaoil, cuim' a leig thu mi faoin air chùl?
Gun ghuth chuimhn' air a' ghaol a bh' againn araon air tùs
Cha tug mise mo spèis do dh'fhear eile fon ghrèin ach thu
Is cha toir as do dhèidh gus an càirear mo chrè 's an ùir

Ged a chinn thu rium fuar, bheil thu Iain, gun truas 's mi 'm chàs?
'S a liuthad latha agus uair chuir thu 'n cèill gum bu bhuan do ghràdh
Ach ma chaochail mi buaidh 's gun do choisinn mi t' fhuath na t' fhearg
Tha mo bheannachd ad dhèidh, 's feuch an tagh thu dhut fhèin nas fheàrr

O Iain of Glen Quoich, it is not often that one encounters your like
That ringletted head of hair curled right to the roots
It was your beautiful handsome appearance that left me love-sick
And there is no fault to be noted about you from head to toe*

*I can't begin to express a third of your worth
Better to catch a glimpse of your face than the new-grown dew-laden forest in
sun
The desire of my eyes is to catch close sight of you
My love deserves a crowned heiress under his protection*

*Iain, Iain my love, why did you turn your back on me
Without a thought for the love that we once had?
I never gave my respect to any other man under the sun but you
And neither will I till my body is beneath the ground*

*Although you have turned cold towards me,
are you Iain, without pity and I in this state?
Despite the many days and times you told me our love was forever
But if my effect on you has changed and earned your hate or anger
I still send you my blessing and see that you choose a better one for yourself*

**Perthshire*

9. A Mhic Iain 'Ic Sheumais

We 'rediscovered' this song during the filming of the TV series "Aig Cridhe ar Ciùil" for BBC Scotland. This was written in praise of the victor of the Battle of Carinish, North Uist in 1601. The song is said to be by his foster mother who removed an arrow from his wound and stemmed the bleeding by rather unorthodox means!

A Mhic Iain 'ic Sheumais, tha do sgeul air m' aire.
Air farail ail eò, air farail ail eò.
Latha Blàr a' Chèithe bha feum air mo leanabh.
Hi ò hi ri ibh-o hi-ri èile, hi ho, hi-ri ibh-o ho ro hao o hi ho.

Latha Blàr na Fèithe bha do lèine ballach
Bha fuil do chuirp uasail air uachdar an fhearainn

Bha fuil do chuirp chùbhraidh a' drùdhadh ro' t' earradh.
Bha mi fhìn ga sùghadh gus na thùch air m' anail.

Bha 'n saighead na spreòd, 'n corp seòlta na glaine.
'S buidheach mi dhan lèighe a dh'fhàg do chreuchd cho fallain

Chuir iad an taigh glaiste far nach fhaic mi uam thu

An eilean lom fuaraidh gun luachair gun bharrach

Ann an eilean ìosal eadar Niall is Ailean
'S nam biodh agam dorsair gun leiginn a-mach thu

Nam biodh agam curaidh, gun cuirinn far chuan i
Feuch am faighinn naidheachd no brath an dùin-uasail

Latha thug thu 'n cuan ort, bha gruaim air na beannaibh
Bha smal air na speuran, dh'fhàs na speuran salach

Bha 'n raineach a' ruadhadh, 's bha 'n luachair gun bharrach
Mu Mhac Iain 'ic Sheumais, duine treubhach, smiorail.

*Son of John, son of James your tale is on my mind
On the day of Blàr a' Chèithe, there was need of my love*

*On the day of Blàr na Fèithe, your shirt was speckled
The blood of your noble body was scattered about the land*

*The blood of your fragrant body was seeping through your armour
I sucked at it until it choked on my breath*

*The spear was like a sprit in the wise and pure body
I am indebted to the physician who left your wound so healthy*

*They put you in a locked house, where I cannot see you
On a bare, weathered island without rushes or brushwood*

*On a low island between Neil and Allan
And if I had a doorkeeper, I would set you free*

*If I had a wherry, I'd send her over the sea
In search of word or news of the nobleman*

*The day you took to sea, the mountains grew sullen
The heavens were tarnished, they became dirty*

*The bracken turned russet and the rushes were desiccated
For the sake of the Son of John, son of James, a mighty, lively man.*

10. A Nighneag a ghràidh

One of the most beautiful love songs of the 20th century, made famous by the Harris singer John Murdo Morrison. The song was written by Murdo John Morrison, from Cùl na h-Àirde, near Tarbert, Harris.

A nìghneag, a ghràidh
'S tu dh'fhàg an dochair nam cheann
Air feasgar Diciadain nam shuidhe
'S mi riasladh ri rann
Gum b' fheàrr a bhith sìnte
Gu socair 's gu sìobhalt' sa ghleann
A' cadal le chèile
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 mhadainn, mo bhùrn
Is m' anail 's mo bhiadh
'N àm èirigh is laighe
'S tu fhèin an aingeal gam dhìon

Nan robh mise 's mo leannan
Air slèibhtean farsaing an fhraoich
Gun uallach mu èirigh
Ach laighe gu sèimh ann an gaol
Toinnte le chèil' ann an sonas
Gun lèireadh ri d' thaobh
'S an oidhche le cleòca
Gu buileach a' còmhdach an raon

An saoghal ged 's farsaing
Gum b' fheàrr a bhith tathaich sa ghleann
Ri taobh na h-òg chailin
Air thalamh is maisiche leam
Bidh rìomhachd, a h-àilleachd
'S a grinneas gu bràth na mo cheann
'S an lùchairt mo chridhe
Bidh 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

Èoin bheaga na doire
Nì fasnadh sona fon bhruaich
Ach mo ghaol-sa do m' leannan
Ri m' bheò chan aithnich e suain

*My beloved girl
You have pained me
On Wednesday evening I am sitting
Struggling to compose a verse
I'd 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 living in the glen
Beside the young woman
On the ground is fairest in the world to me
Her elegance, her beauty
And her gentleness, will be forever in my mind
And in the palace of my heart
There will be a place for you, my dear*

*Stillness will descend on the world
And the sough of the 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 rest*

11. Puirt

MacShithich (Strathspey)

*An cuala sibh gun d' ghoid MacShithich poca sìl às a' ghleann mhòr
Poca gràin à Peighinn nam Fìdhlear, 's poca sìl às a' ghleann mhòr*

*Poca gràin à Peighinn nam Fìdhlear, 's poca sìl às a' ghleann mhòr
Poca mìn à Peighinn nam Fìdhlear, 's poca sìl às a' ghleann mhòr*

Did you hear that MacShithich stole a poke of grain from the big glen?

A bag of grain from Penifiler and a poke of grain from the big glen.

Riobainnean Mòra (Strathspey)

*Gheibh sinn riobainnean mòra, mòra, gheibh sinn riobainnean mòra, dearga,
Gheibh sinn riobainnean mòra, mòra, nuair thig Eòghainn thar a' mhargaidh*

Dannsadh leis a' ghùn ùr, ùr, dannsadh leis a' ghùn ùr 's e brèagha

Dannsadh leis a' ghùn ùr, ùr, orr' a' chùlthaobh 's orr' a' bheulaibh

Air a dhùnadh air a' chùlthaobh, air a dhùnadh air a' bheulaibh

Air a dhùnadh air a' chùlthaobh, dannsadh leis a' ghùn ùr 's e brèagha

We'll have big ribbons, big red ribbons when Eoghann comes back from market

Dancing with the new dress, the beautiful new gown, behind and before

Fastened behind and in front, dancing with the beautiful new dress

Dhannsainn ri Danns'

Dhannsainn ri danns', dhannsainn ris a' bhuideal
Dhannsainn ri danns', na robh rud na bhroinn

Dhannsainn ris a' bhuideal, dhannsainn ris a' bhuideal
Dhannsainn ris a' bhuideal, na robh rud na bhroinn
Dhannsainn ris a' bhuideal, dhannsainn ris a' bhuideal
Dhannsainn, dhannsainn ris a' bhuideal, na robh rud na bhroinn

Dhannsainn ri danns, dhannsainn ri mo leannan
Dhannsainn ri danns, ri mo leannan fhìn.

Dhannsadh Màiri 'n tàilleir, ruidhleadh Màiri 'n tàilleir
Dhannsadh Màiri 'n tàilleir, gus an d' fhàs i sgìth
Dhannsadh Mairi 'n tàilleir, ruidhleadh Màiri 'n tàilleir
Ruidhleadh, dhannsadh Màiri 'n tàilleir, gus an d' fhàs i sgìth

I'd dance, dance to the bottle, were there anything in it.

I'd dance to my love, to my own love

Mary the tailor's daughter would dance, would reel and dance until she was tired

Brochan Lom, Tana Lom (Reel)

Brochan lom, tana lom, brochan lom sùghain
Brochan lom, tana lom, brochan tana sùghain

Siud a' rud a gheibheamaid o nighean gobh' an Dùine
Brochan lom, tana lom, brochan tana sùghain

Thugaibh aran dha na gillean leis a' bhrochan shùghain
Brochan lom, tana lom, brochan tana sùghain

Thin porridge, thin sowans –

That's what you'd get from the daughter of the Dun's smith

Give the boys bread with their thin porridge

Fear a' chùil bhàin

'S e fear a' chùil bhàin, mo ghràdh a dh'fheith rium
Mo ghràdh a dh'fheith rium, mo ghràdh a dh'fheith rium
'S e fear a' chùil bhàin, mo ghràdh a dh'fheith rium

'S e 'm Baile nan Cailleach gu Bealltainn

'S muladach mise gun duin' ach mi fhìn
'S muladach mi, 's mi gun duin' agam
'S muladach mise gun duin' ach mi fhìn
'S càch ag iomain nan gamhna

*It was the fair lad, my love that waited for me
In Baile nan Cailleach till Beltane*

*Sad am I with no-one but myself here
With everyone else droving the stirks*

An e mo chur fodhad

An e mo chur fodhad, a lùraich odhair,
An e mo chur fodhad bu mhath leat a dhèanamh?
An e mo chur fodhad, a lùraich odhair,
An crò nan gobhar, bu mhath leat a dhèanamh?

'N e mo mhilleadh gun fhios do mo chinneadh,
An e mo mhilleadh bu mhath leat a dhèanamh?
An e mo mhilleadh gun fhios do mo chinneadh,
Air mullach an fhirich bu mhath leat a dhèanamh?

Do you fancy your chances my lad, up at the goat-pen?

*Would you be the ruin of me, unbeknown to my family
Up on the moorland, is that what you fancy?*

12. Gille Mear / Welcome to the King of Laois

A Jacobite song from the Irish perspective which comes from the Cuil Aoidh district of Co. Cork, one of the song heartlands of Gaelic Ireland. The tune is closely related to that of "Bonnie Charlie's noo awa".

'Se mo laoch mo Ghille mear
'Se mo Sheusar Gille mear
Fois na sìth chan fhaigh mi fhèin
On dh'imich e bhuam mo Ghille mear

Bha mi uair nam mhaighdinn shèimh

'S tha mi nis' nam bhantraich chlaoidht'
Mo chèile treabhadh nan tonn gu treun
Air bhàrr nan stuadh is fad' o thìr

Tha mi 'n seo gach latha fo sgleò
Goirt a' caoidh 's a' sileadh dheur
Am buachail' òg air imich uam
Gun sgeul air fhèin 's e fàth mo bhròin

Ach cluinneam ceòl na clàrsaich 's dàn
'S faiceam iomadh cuach bhith làn
Làn toileachais gun luchd 's gun dheòir
Gus slàinte òl dham leòmhan chòir

*My hero is the joyous lad
My Caesar the joyous lad
I will get neither rest nor peace
Since my joyous lad left me*

*I was once a quiet maid
Now I am a fatigued old widow
My spouse mightily ploughing the waves
On the crests of the waves and far from land*

*I am here each day depressed
Lamenting and shedding tears
The young man has left me
With no news of him, I am sad*

*But let me hear harp music and songs
Let me see each cup filled
Full of mirth without hurt or tears
To drink the health of my fine lion*