

## An Carbad

Dè Tha Dol? Volume 1, February 1981, page 4.  
Text spelling alterations and translation by Gordon Barr.

### An Carbad

Sinn tha gu sona bho'n fhuair sinn an carbad,  
Chuala mi fhèin e diugh'n Àth Tharracall,  
Thàinig mo charaid leis dhachaidh 'san anmoch,  
'S gheibh sinn air falbh 'sa mhadainn gun strì.

Mnathan is cailin gun chruinnich iad comhla,  
Dh'fhalbh iad le aighear gu bail'Inbhir Lochaidh,  
Null thar an aiseag nan suidh'ann gu dòigheil  
Tadhal 's gach stòr a'farraid na pris.

Cha chuireadh e cabhag air duine tha sealbhach,  
Ma bhitheas tu air deireadh gu feith e gu dearbh ort,  
Chan fhaigheamaid leisgeul gu fuireach à searmon,  
'Se daonnan a'falbh aig ceathramh de'n tìm.

Bith muinntir nam bainnsean cuideachd 'ga iarraidh,  
Nuair bhitheas iad a'pòsadh deireadh na bliabhna  
'S ann tha t-àm ann bhith leantainn na riaghailt,  
'S tè car ciallach fhaighinn dhomh fhèin.

Mo bheannachd do'n chuideachd a chunnaic air straid e  
Guma fada nì e fuireach 's e chumail mar tha e,  
Bhon rinn thu rium tachairt aig oisein a ghàraidh.  
Mo dhanag an dràsda 'ga tarraing gu crìch.

### The Carriage

It's us who are happy since we got transport. I myself  
heard this today in Atharacle. My friend came into my  
house with it late on and we will get away in the  
morning without any trouble.

How house wives and maids met and went off to  
Inverlochy town with joy, sitting happily across on the  
ferry and after that they went off to visit every shop and  
they contested the prices.

Lucky people would not be hurried and if you are late,  
it will wait properly for you. We wouldn't get any  
excuse to stay away from a sermon and it always goes  
past in a quarter of the time.

Wedding people always look for it too when they get  
married at the end of the year. It's time to follow the  
rules and to get someone quite sensible for myself.

My blessing to the group that watched it on the road.  
Let it stay on for a long time and let it continue as it is  
from when you made me meet you at the corner of the  
garden. My little song is now pulling to an end.

## Rubha Smiorasairigh

By Donald MacColl, Kentra. Dè Tha Dol? Volume 2, March 1981, page 13  
Text spelling alterations and translation by Gordon Barr.

Seisd:

Hi o hu o gur sunndach an gille mi  
dol seachad air Loch Mùideart  
'sa null Rudha Smiorasairigh  
Ràinig sinn Gleann Uige,  
gu siùbhlach do'n linne ud  
Cha robh trosg ri fhaotainn,  
's ann ghlaodh iad rium tilleadh às.

'S mise bha glè ghòrach nuair thòisich mi idir air  
gu iasg a'tighinn gan coir na dòigh air an ribeadh ann.  
B'fheàrr dhomh bhith mar bha mi a'ràcadh na h-innearach  
's tacan thoirt 's a'gharadh car trath anns a'Ghiblein.

Sin thuirt Mac an Taillear "Tha tràlairean sgiobalta  
ag iasgach h-uile là ann, chan fhag iad fear idir ann.  
Tha Alasdair mo bhràthair ag radh mar a mhilleas iad  
Cha bhì fear 'san làraich Di-mairt a seo tighinn dheth"

Ach fhuair mi obair shònraichte tha còrdadh a nise rium  
toirt puffaran troimh 'n Doirlinn gu Morgan a thigeadh iad  
? nach robh mi eòlach air dòighean an sgiobair ud.  
Thilg mi dhaibh an ropa, "Good morning" thuirt mise ris.

Dol timcheall Eilean Raghnaill, cha b'aotrom a bhitheadh i  
Cargo math air bòrd chuir na seòid ud gu sgiobalta.  
I leigeil cùrsa air Cluaidh is cho'luath is a chithinn-sa  
Bha toit dhubh a'ghuail aisde 's fuaim aig an t-similear.

Air sùil a thoirt mu'n cuairt dhomh, bha'n cuan eadar mise  
's i  
I stiùreadh gu tuath 's gach buaidh leis an sgioba sin.  
An gleann air a gualainn 's le luaths a cuid innealan.  
Do Ghlaschu gun tèid i 's tha feum air an fhiodh againn.

Le Domhnall MacColla, Ceann Tra

Chorus

What a merry lad I am, passing Loch Moidart and  
over to the point of Smirisary. We quickly reached  
Glenuig and the channel there. There was no cod to be  
obtained and they yelled at me to go away.

I was very stupid when I even began this, as no fish were  
coming and putting themselves in a position of me trapping  
them. It would have been better for me to be on my own  
raking dung and spending time in the garden quite  
early in April.

Here's what the Taylor's son said "There are fine trawlers  
fishing here every day and they won't leave a single one.  
Alasdair, my brother, says how they can destroy and how  
there will not be one left in the area next Tuesday".

But I got special work, which pleases me now, taking  
puffers past Dorlin and which would come to Morgan.  
I was not aware of the methods of that skipper. I threw to  
them a rope and said to them in English "Good Morning".

It wouldn't be trivial going around Ranald's Isle<sup>1</sup>. A good  
cargo on board made jewels nothing. She was making a  
journey on the Clyde and moving so quickly that I could see  
black fumes of coal coming out of her, and her chimney  
made a noise.

After putting my eye around, there was an ocean between  
me and it. My eye was faced to the north and every  
success to that crew. The glen was by her shoulders and her  
equipment had speed. She went to Glasgow and we need  
wood.

1 *Eilean Raonuill*, 628/729, South Channel, Eilean Shona.

Airdnamurchan

By Alexander Cameron of Kentra. Dè Tha Dol? 3, April 1981, page 2  
Text spelling alterations and translation by Gordon Barr.

Airdnamurchan tìr nan àrd bheann  
Tìr as àille tha 'n diugh fo'n ghrèin  
Far am faicear d'ailtean brèagha  
Far an cinnear biadh do'n sprèidh.

Ardnamurchan land of the high hills. The most  
beautiful land that's below the sun today. Where your  
beautiful burns can be seen and where food can grow  
for the cattle.

Chì thu Eileannan an Iar ann,  
Muile mun iar an Làin,  
A Mhormhairne bhòidheach uaine  
'S Beinn Nimheis le guaillean àrd.

You can see there the West Islands, Mull, around the  
west of the mainland, beautiful green Morvern and Ben  
Nevis with its high shoulders.

Chì thu Ach-a-tein' is Suardal  
Ocal an taobh tuath de chach,  
Braigh-nan-allt is Cille Mhoire  
Far am b'e mo roghainn a bhi 'n tàmh.

You can see Achanteny and Swordal, Ockle on the  
north side of the rest, Branault and Kilmory where it  
was my choice to be staying.

Chì thu crodh ann agus caoraich  
Na muilt mhaoil cha bhì iad gann;  
Cha bhì gainne biadh no aodach  
Air na daoine tha fuireach ann.

You can see cattle and hornless sheep there. Wedders  
are not rare. There is no lack of food or clothes for the  
people who live there.

Chì thu fèidh air gach guallainn,  
Ann am buailtean air gach taobh;  
Far an toir iad spòrs do dh'uaislean  
Chuireas luaidhe ghlas nan taobh.

You can see on each side deer in folds on every hill  
shoulder where they can give sport to the nobility who  
put grey lead in their sides.

Dè nach fhaigh thu anns a'dhùthaich?  
Gheibh thu caoibhneas, mùirn is gràdh  
'Is ma gheibh mise trian de'm dhùrachd  
Siud an ùir 'san dèan mi tàmh.

What can you not get in the place? You will get  
kindness, cheerfulness, love and if I get a third of my  
good wishes, that's the ground in which I will take my  
rest.

Taigh' Òsd' Ùr Mhùideart. Moidart's New Hotel.

Dè Tha Dol? 4 , page 2, May 1981

Text spelling alterations and translation by Gordon Barr.

Fhuair mi naidheachd chuir sunnd orm  
Mu'n sgeul tha 'n diugh aig na Mùideirtich  
Taigh Òsd' Chlann Mhic Ailein 'ga fhosgladh gu h-  
ealamh  
Bi ceòl is aigheir is sùgradh ann.

Gheibh sibh aoigheachd is mùirn againn  
Bi Fergie le Bhocsa cur sùrd oirnn:  
AN TON anns a' chathair ag innse mu'n t-sabaid  
A rinn e ri nàimhdean na dùthcha seo.

Bi Mac-na-Braich 'ga dh'òrdadh ann  
Dramannan mòr agus stobannan-  
Domhnallaich sgairteil, an dùthaich an caidribh  
Mons is Mac Coinnich 'gan glòrachadh.

'S ma thèid sibh a mach às an t-seòmar seo  
Bidh pailteas biadh gu leòr agaibh –  
Sithean 's iasg-drimmean, bradan is giomach  
Bi pìosan de fhiadh às an Doirlinn ann.

Mo mhìle beannachd 's mo dhùrachd-sa  
Gun an òsdair thapaidh 'sa Mhùideart thall;  
A thog an Clan Ranald gu sgiobalda ealamh  
'S a dh'fhòsgail aoigheachd na dùthcha sin.

Fhuair mi naidheachd chuir sunnd orm  
Mu'n sgeul tha 'n-diugh anns an dùthaich seo.  
Taigh Osda spaideal ga fhosgladh an cabhaig  
Deoch Slàinte seo do'n Fhear Stiùridh aige.

I got news which made me happy, news about  
information that Moidart people have today. The Hotel  
of Clan Macallen (Clan Ranald) is opening neatly.  
There will be music, joy and mirth there.

You will get our hospitality and cheerfulness. Fergie  
will be stirring us up with his box and An Ton<sup>1</sup> will be  
in the chair telling about the brawl which he made  
against the enemies of this country.

Sons-of-Malt will be ordered in it, large drams and  
drinking bowls - energetic Macdonalds, the land of  
fellowship, Mons and Mackenzies glorifying them.

And if you go out of this room, you will have lots of  
food in abundance, venison and mullet, salmon and  
lobster, and pieces of venison from Dorlin will be there.

My thousand blessings and my best wishes to the fine  
inn-keeper over there in Moidart, who built Clan  
Ranald neatly and nimbly and who opened up the  
hospitality of that area.

I got news which made me cheerful, about the story  
which is in this area today - a smart inn opening up  
quickly. Here is good health to its organiser.

1 The nickname of Fergie Macdonald's father.

Taobh Loch Seile

The side of Loch Shiel

Donald MacColl, Gorton. Dè Tha Dol? 5 June 1981, page 5, June 1981

Describes his beloved Loch Shielside. Text spelling alterations and translation by Gordon Barr.

Air latha tlus blàth s'mi sgàth na coille,  
A sealltain gach àit' suas air dà thaobh Loch Seile.  
Còisir cheòlmhor na'n craobh s'iad cho aobhach 's na  
meangain  
'S a ghrian thar an sgurr togail smùid as an talamh.

On a comfortable warm day I am in the shade of the wood  
and looking at every place up on the two sides of Loch Shiel.  
There is a musical choir in the trees and they are so cheerful  
on the branches. The sun beyond the hills is lifting steam out  
of the ground.

Tha na bruthaichean cian torach fiarach gu 'mullach  
Tha gach lagán 's cùil dosrach flùranach lurach  
Tha na craobhan sa choill s'iad a' boillsgeadh gu cladach,  
Agus cuid dhiubh le loinn, aig ath-shoillse 'sa chamas.

The distant fruitful braes are curving up to the top. Each little  
hollow and bushy neuk is flowery and attractive. The trees in  
the woodland are glittering down to the shore and some of  
them will reflect in the bay.

Tha an grinneal 's bòidhche s' gach òb tha 'nam shealladh,  
An dèideag ghriogagach bhàn a'toirt àilleachd don chladach,  
Crònan allt Dhruim-a-laoigh tighinn cho caointeach bho'n  
ghleannan,  
Far bi breac a'laighe bhorb silleadh tòrr aig a'chaisil.

The sea-bed and each bay are in my view very beautiful. The  
grey beady pebbles give beauty to the shore. The murmuring  
of Druim an Laoigh burn comes so sadly from the little glen  
where wild trout flow.

Ged a shèidadh gaath-tuath, 's e glè fhuar air a bhearradh  
Gheibhte fasnadh gach uair mu na cluaineagan maiseach,  
Far bi seòbhrach 's gach cùil 's dril dhe'n drùchd air a bille,  
'S far bi seilean beag ruadh, a sail-chuaich toirt na mealla.

Although a North wind blew and it was very cold on the  
ridge, shelter would all the time be found around the  
beautiful little meadows where primroses grow with many a  
drop of dew on their lips and where there will be little ginger  
bees and dog violets making honey.

Ach tha chluaineag dol fàs, fàr 'n robh aitheach nam feàrna,  
Nuair a sheallas mi bhain, chì mi làrach taigh Eachain  
Far biodh òrain 's sgeul 's iad air chèilidh mun chagailt.  
Ach ged chì mi an stèidh 's gann 's lèir dhomh an caigeann.

But a little meadow is going to grow where once there was  
growth of alders. When I look down I can see the site of  
Eachan's house, where there would be songs and stories at a  
ceilidh around the fire. But although I can see the foundation  
I can scarcely see them held together.

Dh'fhalbh iad na sàir a bha 'g àiteach an fhearain,  
Chan' eil s'na lianagan ban ach ceann-fàth bhi fo smalain,  
Gach ròd rinn iad maoth le mar-shaothair s' fallus,  
An diugh fo rainich 's fo fhraoch 's a'chraobh dol 'san  
teallaich

The heroes who were cultivating the land have left, and in  
the little hollow meadows there is nothing now but a cause  
for gloom. Each soft track that they made with great effort  
and sweat is today beneath bracken and heather, and a tree is  
growing in their fireplace.

Dh'Fhalbh mo Chruinneag

Dè Tha Dol? 7 page 4, August 1981

Composed by Alexander Livingstone, Camastorsa by Salen, about his girl friend who was a maid in Glenborrodale Castle and who left with her employers to spend the winter on the French Riviera.

Text spelling alterations and translation by Gordon Barr.

FONN

Dh'fhalbh mo chruinneag's rinn i m'fhàgail,  
Dh'fhalbh mo chruinneag 's dh'fhag i 'n duthaich,  
Chan eil dùil gun till i 'n dràsda,  
Dh'fhalbh mo chruinneag's rinn i m'fhàgail.

Gur sinn a bha gu brònach cràiteach,  
Nuair chaidh sibh air a bòrd 's an t-Sailain,  
Sa thog i 'n acair às an làthaich,  
'S rinn i fàgail don Roinn-Eòrpa.

Gu bheil an Gleann an diugh gun sunnd ann  
Dh'fhalbh an ùidh 's dh'fhalbh an tàladh  
Dh'fhalbh na caileagan 'chum sùrd rinn  
'S tè mo shùil air dol thar sàile.

S'ann air seachduinn na bliadhna ùire  
Thàinig cunntas dhuinn mar bha iad  
Fhuair mi litir uaipe le dùrachd  
'S bha mo rùnsa 'am Monte-Carlo.

Gu bheil grìan air fad' na tìm an',  
Siud an tè 'sam bheil an àbhachd,  
Caistealean 'sa h-uile rìomhachd,  
Le muir mhìn is mìle bàta.

Dh'aindeoin sud gu bheil i sgìth ann  
'S do gach nì tha anns an àite  
'S mòr gum b'fheàrr leath'bhith leam fhìn  
'S sinn bhith dìreadh gu Loch-Laga.

'S bu chaomh leath'uir air cùl Bheinn-h-Iainte  
Feasgar ciatach ann an August  
A ghrian a deàrrsadh 'sa dol sìos bhuainn  
Siud a thug do'm chiall an sòlas.

'S chrìoch i seachas mar a shaoil mi  
Cha robh aobhar dhomh bhi brònach  
"Tha mi smaointinn ortsa daonnan,  
Feuch, a ghaoil, gun sgrìobh thu dhomhsa".

Dhùin mi 'n litir 's deòir fo'm shùilean  
Bheir iad rium gur ùine a chaireas  
'S na gillean uile trom fo' chùram  
O's beag ar dùil gum faic gu bràth iad.

CHORUS

My neat little girl went away and left me.  
My neat little girl left me in this country.  
It isn't to be expected now that she will return.  
My neat little girl went away and left me.

How sad and tortured we were when you went on the  
boat in Salen and when she lifted her anchor out of the  
mud and left for Europe.

How the Glen has no cheerfulness in it. Hope has left  
and attraction has gone away. The girls have left who  
kept us cheerful and the one in my eye has gone over  
heel.

It was during the week of the new year that information  
came to us on how they were. I got a letter from her  
with good wishes and my love was in Monte Carlo.

How there is complete sunshine and the girl there is in  
good humour. There are castles in every region along  
with soft sea and a thousand boats.

Because of the fact that she is tired of everything in the  
place there, it would be much better for her to be with  
me myself and for us to climb to Loch Laga.

She would love time on the back of Ben Hiant on a  
pleasant afternoon in August, the sun shining and  
going down from us. That's what the light gave to my  
mind.

And she stopped her chat and I thought there was no  
reason for us to be sad. "I think of you always, try my  
love, to write to me".

I closed the letter and tears in my eyes made me think  
that time could sort out all lads depressed and heavily  
concerned. Oh how little we expect that to see them  
again.

Laighe Grèine Air Suaineart

Dè Tha Dol? 8, September 1981, page 5

Composed by Rev. Douglas MacMillan 1976 and published in Dè Tha Dol?  
by courtesy of Mrs Eilidh MacPhail, Sonachan Hotel.  
Text spelling alterations and translation by Gordon Barr.

Laighe Grèine Air Suaineart

Ann an deireadh an latha, 's a'ghrian a'dol fodha,  
Chì thu orradh nan gathan 'san speur,  
Bu bhòidheach Loch Suaineart da rèir.  
[ 'S bu bhoidheach Loch Suaineart mo ghaoil.]  
Beanntan Shuaineart, beanntan àrda,  
'G èirigh suas bhos cionn gach àite,  
Beanntan suairce, ceann an t-sàile,  
Beanntan bòidheach, àlainn.

Tha am feasgair a'ciaradh air beanntan grianach,  
Tha am fàileas a'snàmh anns a'chaol,  
Chì mi cumadh Beann Liatha, is mullach Beann Hianta,  
'S bu bhoidheach Loch Suaineart mo ghaoil.  
Beanntan Shuaineart, beanntan àrda,  
'G eirigh suas bhos cionn gach àite,  
Beanntan suairce, ceann an t-sàile,  
Beanntan bòidheach, àlainn.

Aig bun nam beann fada, ri traighe na mara,  
Tha uisg air a'chladach san iar,  
'S na craobhan àrd darach, mar theine ri faire,  
'S bu bhoidheach Loch Shuaineart 'sa grein.  
Beanntan Shuaineart, beanntan àrda,  
'G eirigh suas bhos cionn gach àite,  
Beanntan suairce, ceann an t-sàile,  
Beanntan bòidheach, àlainn.

Tha an oidhche le sgàilean, a'tuitean gu sàmhach,  
Toirt fois agus tàmh anns a'ghleann,  
Las na greine ri bàthadh, 's an t-uisge mar sgàthan,  
'S bu bhoidheach Loch Suaineart 'san àm,  
Beanntan Shuaineart, beanntan àrda,  
'G eirigh suas bhos cionn gach àite,  
Beanntan suairce, ceann an t-sàile,  
Beanntan bòidheach, àlainn.

Sun setting in Sunart

At the end of the day as the sun goes down you will see  
a change to the beams of the stars. Loch Sunart is  
extremely beautiful. Beautiful Loch Sunart is my love.

Mountains of Sunart and its high hills rise above  
every place, they are affable mountains, on top of the  
sea, bonny and beautiful.

The evening is darkening on the sunny mountains, its  
reflections swimming on the kyle. I can see the shape  
of Ben Liatha and the top of Ben Hianta. Beautiful  
Loch Sunart is my love.

Mountains of Sunart and its high hills rise above  
every place, they are affable mountains, on top of the  
sea, bonny and beautiful.

At the base of the long hills beside the sea beach there  
is water on the west beach. And the high oak trees are  
like fire towards the horizon.

Mountains of Sunart and its high hills rise above  
every place, they are affable mountains, on top of the  
sea, bonny and beautiful.

The night is quietly falling with shadows giving peace  
and rest in the glen. The flame of the sun is drowning  
and the water is like a mirror.

Mountains of Sunart and its high hills rise above  
every place, they are affable mountains, on top of the  
sea, bonny and beautiful.

Tha 'n Còta Deas aig Ruairidh

Dè Tha Dol? 9, October 1981, page 5

Composed by Tailor MacIntyre, submitted by Aonghas Sheonaidh Anaoghais from Kentra.

Text spelling alterations and translation by Gordon Barr.

“My information is that the following poem was composed by Tailor MacIntyre to voice his indignation at Roderick/Ruairidh Gillies from Smirisary, who, when he arrived to collect the overcoat MacIntyre had made for him, did not treat the tailor to the customary dram.”

Tha 'n còta deas aig Ruairidh  
Tha 'n còta deas aig Ruairidh  
Tha 'n còta deas gu tioram seasgair  
O's beag 'ga sheas mu'n cuairt air.

Ruairidh's coat is ready.  
Ruairidh's coat is ready.  
Ruairidh's ready coat is warm and comfortable. There's  
little point in standing up about it.

Nam bu chòta tiodhlacaidh e  
Bhiodh cianalas mu'n cuairt air  
Ach còta fhir na bainnse  
'S mi tioram teann ga fhuaghal.

If it had been a coat present, there would have been a  
lot of nostalgia about it, but as a coat for a man's  
marriage, I was sowing it seriously and firmly.

Nuair thàinig thu ga fhiachain ort  
'S a sheas thu air mo bheulaibh  
Gu'n d'aithnich mi air d'fhiasaig  
Nach robh fialachadh mu'n cuairt ort.

When you came to see it on yourself you stood up in  
front of me and it was then that I noticed that your  
beard was not folding around you.

Cha mhol mi thu cha'n urrain dhomh  
'S beag annad's tha den uaisle  
'Se 'n spìocaireachd a chunnaic thu  
S'chan urrain thu dol suas air.

I won't praise you, I can't. There's little in you that is  
like nobility. It's meanness that you saw and you  
couldn't get over it.

Cha tug thu do'n Taigh Òsda mi  
'S cha d'fharraid thu robh fuachd orm:  
Tha peighinn 'm phoca 's math leam e  
Is neo-air-thaing do Ruairidh.

You didn't take me to the inn and you didn't ask if I  
was cold about that. There's a penny in my bag and  
that's fine for me but there is no thanks for Ruairidh.

Cha dèan mi còta tuilleadh dhut  
Tha 'n tubaisdeachd mu'n cuairt ort.  
Gus an cairear Mòr 'san ùir  
Fear ùr cha tèid mu d'ghuaillean.

I won't make a coat again for you. There is a  
calamitous occurrence waiting for you. Until Mor is  
fixed into the grave, no new person will go around your  
shoulders.



Moladh Mhùideart

Dè Tha Dol? 10, November 1981, page 6.

Composed by Donnachadh MacRath, An Doirlinn.

Text spelling alterations and translation by Gordon Barr.

Fàilte an diugh air tìr an àigh  
A rinn àrach na fearaibh:  
Tìr nan Garbh Chrìoch is na cruach  
Do'm bu dual Clann Mhic Ailein.

Welcome today to the land of joy which bred the men.  
Land of the Rough Bounds and hills which were the  
birth-rights of Clan Ranald.

Anns na h-Aoireann mu Thuath  
B' àghmhor suairce air maduinn:  
Cannaidh, Rum is Eige fèin,  
Rubha Shleibhte 'san t-sealladh.

In the North it was pleasant and gentle in a morning:  
Canna, Rum, Eigg and the promontory of Sleat were in  
sight.

Rubha Smiorasaraidh Thall,  
Àite còmhnaidh ro mhaiseach:  
Laoich is ceatharnaich air fonn  
Dheanadh strì anns a' cheannairc.

The promontory of Smirisary was over there, such a  
beautiful dwelling place, champions and heroes in tune  
who would strive in rebellion.

Nis gu Ceann Loch Mùideart shios  
Far 'm bu mhiann leam bhi 'g amharc:  
Na Seachd Laoich a'togail ceann,  
Duilleach greannmhor 'san Earrach.

Now down the head of Loch Moidart where it was my  
wish to be viewing, there were seven heroes lifting their  
heads, cheerful foliage in spring.

Taobh Loch Seile chì thu shuas  
Reis'pol uasal na Cathair:  
Dail-nam-Breac is Langall Àrd,  
Croitean àlainn am fagus.

At the head of Loch Shiel you can see up to the noble  
thrones of Resipol, Dalnabrec and High Langall and  
with beautiful crofts nearby.

Ann am Miongairidh air fèill,  
Thig an treud as gach baile:  
A'toirt cliù air leith dha Fhèin,  
Criosda Ceusd'rinn ar ceannach.

In Mingarry a gang from each township will come to a  
fair, giving particular praise to Himself and to Crucified  
Christ who made our trade.

Anns an Doirlinn taobh na tràgh'd,  
Far am b' àill leam bhi tuinneadh:  
Tha an Caisdeal Tioram Ard,  
Daighne Shàr-fhear is churaidh.

In Dorlin, beside the shore where I would love to live,  
is Castle Tioram : high, solid , a real person and a hero.

Nis a null do'n Mhòintich rèidh,  
Gathan òir a'dol thairis:  
Shuas an sin 'san Ghoirtein Loin  
Gheibhte còmhradh is aithris.

Over towards the level moorland, strings of solid gold  
are now going over. Up there in Gorteneorn<sup>1</sup> chatting  
and recitations will be found.

Mo bhuan Bheannachd aig gach coill',  
Agus tom agus carraig:  
Mar an ceudn' aig sluagh na tìr  
Bheireadh aoi gheachd do'n aineoil.

My lasting blessings on each woodland and hillock and  
rock, and similarly on the land's population. Hospitality  
would be given to strangers.

'Se mo dhòchas is mo dhùil  
Is mo dhùrachd gu maireann  
Na daoine òg tha 'g èirigh suas  
A bhi uasal is fearail.

It's my hope, my expectation, my sincerity and my wish  
that the young people who are growing up will survive  
and be genteel and manly.

Nuair a thig mo rèis gu ceann  
'S a bhios m'àm air dol thairis:  
Crìonam anns an Eilean Naomh  
Taobh nan laoch bu mhath airidh.

When my race comes to an end and it is time to go on  
beyond, let me finish up on Saint Island beside those  
heroes who were really deserving.

1 *Goirtein Loin* = Gorteneorn? Near Arivegaig. 633/679  
and 655/676 OS map 390?

Iain MacDhùghaill, Ardgour

Dè Tha Dol? 13, February 1982, page 5

A selection from the introduction by Iain MacDougall, Ardgour, from the poetry book “Gaisge nan Gaidheal” and submitted to Dè Tha Dol by Donnachadh MacRath, An Doirlinn.

Text spelling alterations and translation by Gordon Barr.

O’n bhìos gach Bàrd ri Roimh-ràdh  
Nì mise Roimh-radh cuideachd –  
Chan ’eil fuath agam do’n Bheurla  
’S beag nach eil i am beul gach duine;  
Ach on ’s taitneach leam a’ Ghàidhlig  
A bhi fàs ’s gun dh’òl am mugha,  
Gheibh mi m’òran a chlo-bhualadh.  
’S cumar leam i suas ma’s urrainn.

Since every bard gives an introduction, I will do that too. I have no hatred for English language and it’s a pity it isn’t in the mouth of everyone. But since it is a pleasure for me that Gaelic is growing and that the mug has drink in it, I will get my song published and it will possibly be kept up by me.

Dh’àraicheadh mi ’n Ionar-sannda  
’S b’eòlach mi thall mu Chladh-Mhuilinn.  
’S dlùth do chaisteal Ionar-Lochaidh  
Threòraicheadh mi ’s mi ’nam ghiùlan;  
Bha mi an Arisaig ’s am Mùideart  
’S feadh nan dùchannaibh ud uile,  
Bha mi ’sa Mhorabhairne ghleannaich  
’S thug mi tamull ann am Muile.

I was brought up in Inversanda and I was acquainted with Cladh-Mhuilinn and near to Inverlochy castle. I was guided when I was on my way. I was in Arisaig and Moidart, and within all those places I was in Morvern of the glens and I spent a length of time in Mull.

Fhuair mi cothrom a bhi eòlach  
Air cleachdadh is dòigh gach urra –  
Seann is òg am measg nan Gàidheal  
Bha mu’n tràigh, no ’n àiridh muraidh;  
Gu’n d’thachair iad rium gu ionmhor  
Nach dh’ionnsaich riamh focal tuilleadh,  
Ach Gàidhlig a nuas o’n leanbas  
’S bheirinn fhèin d’an seachas urram.

I got a chance each time to know the customs and manners of the young and old among the Gaels who were on the shore or at the shielings. How they met me with proper respect, those who never learned another word except Gaelic from childhood. I myself wish to bring honour to their culture.

Seo am Pàipeir Naidheachd. In Praise of Dè Tha Dol?

Dè Tha Dol? 14, March 1982, page 11.

Composed by Donnachadh MacRath, An Doirlinn.

Text spelling alterations and translation by Gordon Barr.

Seo am Pàipeir Naidheachd, a th'air tòiseachadh 'san dùthaich  
Gheibhear e gu bitheanta 'n Ath Tharracaill 's am Mùideart,  
Chan'eil e cosg ach sgillinean 'ga cheannach anns na bùthan,  
Loch Seile, 'n Ceann Loch Mùideart aig Duigein is aig càch.

Chì sibh ann a h-uile nì tha tachairt anns an sgìreachd,  
Na tha Comunn Coimhearsnach Ath-Tharracaill a stri ris, -  
Gach nì bhios anns an Talla, gu buileach ann air innseadh,  
Cusbairean tha dìomhair, 's mar an ceundna fealla dhà.

Tha Eachdraidh chlann Mhic Ailein ann gun chamadh no gun  
lùbadh

Cuideachd mu na gaisgich às Ath Tharracaill 's à Mùideart  
A choisinn cliù 's na Cogaidhean fad' roimh àm a'Phrìonsa  
'S nach leigear air di-chuimhn' gu sìorraidh 'san àit.

'S gun toir e tabhartas do'r Spiorad is do'r n-inntinn  
Sagart is am Ministear am bitheantas cur pìos ann  
'S e thubhairt fear deasachaidh an earrainn seo gu cinnteach,  
"Chan 'e 'n Cùirteir Iarainn tha riaghladh 'san àit'".

'S sibhse an luchd malairt agus luchd nan taighean òsta  
Cuiribh ann ar Sanas, 's cha chosg e dhuibh ach grota,  
'S theid mi fein an urras dhuibh, gum pàigh sibh gu dòigheil,  
Meudachaidh ar stòras 's ar pòcaidan làn.

'S an Comann Gàidhealach gun d'rinn iad air mion-sgrùdadh  
Fhuair sinn fios bho Chailein a thug misneach agus rùn dhuinn,  
Ruig e air an telephone, is chuir e fios d' ar n-ionnsaigh  
"Deoch Slàinte do na Fiùrain tha d'ùth ann a'sàs".

'S gu bheil co-fhaireachdainn gach neach a tha 'nis an àite  
Dol a dh'ionnsaigh Anna a tha thall Tall nam Magan,  
'S gur e thubhairt Anna –"Ged nach labhair mi a'Ghàidhlig  
'Theagamh gur 'i 'n Cànaidh a 'Gharaidh a th'ann".

'S a'chuideachd tha 'n Glenborradail 'ga leughadh aig an  
dinneir –

Tha e toirt fo'n earalas nam bailtean bòidheach riomhach  
Far an deach an altramas mu'n ath-thàinig iad do'n tìr seo  
'S cha chuir e iad air bhith fheàrr aon 'nì Chì iad ann.

'Se thuairt Mòr an Fhigheadair 's gu dearbh gun toirinn fèin e  
"Tha e fad 'air thoiseach air an Obanach 'san tìr seo,  
Cha chuir mise sanas ann no eachdraidh air a sgrìobhadh,  
Ach chì mi ann le firinn gach nì thig gu m'chail".

This is the newspaper which has begun in the  
district. It can be got frequently in Atharacle and  
Moidart. It only costs pennies to buy in the shops  
of Loch Shiel, Kinlochmoidart, Duigein and the  
rest.

You can see in it everything that's happening in  
the area and fully described is what the Society of  
Atharacle area is striving for – everything which is  
on in the hall is carefully described, subjects which  
are mysterious and also jokes in the same way.

The history of Clan MacAllan is in it, with no  
twisting or bending and also it is about the  
champions from Atharacle and from Moidart who  
earned renown in the wars long before the time of  
the Prince and which will never be allowed to be  
forgotten in the area.

And how it gives tribute to our spirit and our mind.  
The priest and the minister frequently put in a  
piece and the editor of this section said  
confidently. "It is not an iron fellow who is ruling  
in the place".

And you business and hotel people, put in your  
adverts and it will not cost you but a grout and I  
am sure that you will pay happily and our store  
will enlarge and our pockets will be full.

It is the Gaelic Society who made for a deep  
investigation. We got encouragement from Calum  
who gave us confidence and affection. He took up  
the telephone and sent out this message to us "Good  
Health to the sapplings, your udder in it is in  
trouble (?)".

How each person in the area is now agreeing and  
going towards Anna who is over at Tall nam  
Magan<sup>2</sup> and what Anna said was "Although I  
don't speak Gaelic, perhaps it is the language of  
the Garden of Eden".

There is the group in Glenborodale who read it at  
their dinner. It gives them visions of the beautiful  
towns where they were fostered and how they  
returned to this land and what they see in it will not  
make them one bit better.

What Mòr the Weaver said, and really I myself  
should give it, is "It is far ahead of the Oban folk at  
the present time. I will not put in it an advert or  
written history, but I will see the accuracy of  
everything which will come to my attention".

Tha an tìm a-nis a'tarraing, agus feumaidh mi co-dhùnadh.  
'S cinnteach gur e coigreach mi air allaban 'san dùthaich –  
Cuiream-sa Meal-Naidheachd, is Co-fhaireachdainn is deagh  
dhùrachd  
Air a'bhuidheann stiùraidh tha cur a-mach tlàths.

Gun urrainn.

Donnachadh MacRath, An Doirlinn.

But time is now dragging on and I must conclude. It  
is certain that I am a foreigner wandering in the  
country. Let me put congratulations, strong  
feelings and good wishes to the steering group who  
are stirring up the warmth.

Without power

Duncan MacRae, Dorlin.

2 = Tall nam Magan = the pit/hollow of toads?  
A house name?

Bha mi air Banais San Draoidhnein

(I was at a Wedding in Drimen)

Dè Tha Dol? 15, April 1982, page 5.

Composed by Seumas MacColla.

Text spelling alterations and translation by Gordon Barr

Gur e mise bha air mo champadh  
'S mi tighinn dhachaidh faire an dràibhidh  
Thug iad mi do thaigh na bainse  
Cha tog mi mo cheann le nàire.

It was really me that had been camping and coming home from the cattle driving. They took me to the wedding house. I did not lift my head with shame.

Gur e mise a bha fo chùram  
A ruith cruaidh feadh lòn is luibhean,  
A dol fodha dh'ionns' nan gluinean  
'S beag an t-iongnadh mi bhith grànda'.

It was really me who was anxious, and who was moving cattle throughout meadows and plants. Going down towards their knees, it was little surprise for me to be ugly.

Bha mi air banais 'san Draoidhnein,  
'San rium fhèin nach robh iad caoimhneil,  
Chaidh na nìghneagan fo sgaoim rium  
'S fhuair mi 'n fhoill am Màiri Phàtruig

I was at a wedding in Drimin and it was to me myself they were not kind. The young girls went in fright to me. And I found deceit in Mary Patrick.

Nuair a bha mi ann 'nad chomunn  
Cha leigeadh tu mi às do shealladh  
Nuair thàinig am Piobaire mu d'choinneamh  
Thog e bhonaid a chuir fàilte ort.

When I was there in your company, you wouldn't let me out of your sight. When the piper came towards you he lifted his bonnet to give you a welcome.

Bha na h-ighneagan cho spòrsail,  
'S nach rachadh tè dhiubh 'righle co rium  
Bho nach robh mi air mo chòmhdach  
Mar bha òig-fhearann Cheann-Tràgha.

The young lasses were so sporting that not one of them would go on a reel with me, since I was not dressed up like the young men of Kintra.

Ach fhuair mi nis ri mo thaobh i  
Ribhinn òg an òir fhuilt chraobhaich  
Gur buidheach nis do nighean an t-'saoir mi  
Eibhinn aoigheil an deagh nàdar.

But I now got her to my side, the young girl of the bushy gold hair. How grateful I am to the carpenter's daughter, a hospitable lass of great character.

Nan robh mise an Taigh na Drochaid  
S'a bhi leamsa Fear a'Ghoirtean  
Dh'iarrainn, agus phàidhinn botal  
S'bhiodh an deòch ud air a slàinte.

If I was in Taigh an Drochaid (Bridge Inn) and had with me the man of the enclosure, I would ask for and pay for a bottle, and that drink would be for her health.

'S ghuidhinn dh' ise òigfhear suairce,  
A chunntadh crodh agus laogh air buailidh  
Ach an clòta, 's taobh na luathidh  
Feasda gun dol bhuathaidh, Mhàiri.

And I would plead for a loveable youth from her, to count the cattle and calves in the folds. But for you, Mary, may the cloth and the way of waulking never go away.

Chan òl mi deur tuileadh

Dè Tha Dol? 17, June 1982, page 4

Composed by Dr John MacLachlan, Rahoy "Dotair Ruagh".

Text spelling alterations and translation by Gordon Barr

Chan òl mi deur tuileadh, deur tuileadh, deur tuileadh,  
deur tuileadh,  
Chan òl mi deur tuileadh, deur tuileadh, deur tuileadh,  
de'n dram,  
Chan òl mi deur tuileadh, 's cha dèan mi ris fuireach  
'S mi cinnteach gun cuireadh e tubaist 'nam cheann.

I will not drink another drop, another drop, another  
drop, another drop. I will not drink another drop,  
another drop, another drop of drams. I will not drink  
another drop and I'll not make it continue. I am certain  
it could make an accident to my head.

Theid iadsan gu stòlda don t-searmain Di-donaich  
Le bùcian nam brògan le stòras an dram  
'S tha mise gu brònach gun sgillin 'nam phòca  
'S Nighean dubh an Taigh-Òsda agus sròl air ceann.

They will go soberly to the sermon on Sunday with  
buckles on their shoes and with a storage of drams.  
And I am miserable, without a penny in my pocket and  
there is a dark girl in the inn with flowing hair on her  
head.

Tha i cho fiadhaich mus pàidh thu na fiachean  
Gach latha 's a'bhliadhna g'an iarraidh gu teann  
Cuir cagar 'nam achlais le briathran a'mhaslaidh  
Tha agams' ort tasdan seo aiseig a-nall.

She is very wild until you pay your debts and each day  
of the year demands them strictly and puts whispers in  
my possession with shameful words. I have to give back  
to you this shilling.

Tha i cho caoimhneil 'n àm lasan nan coinnlean,  
Gach duine ga fhoighneach 's i toinn air gach ceann  
Ach deireadh na oidche tha coltas gu'oillte  
S'i sparradh na croinn air luchd strì leis an dram.

She is very kind at the time of lighting the candles.  
Each person enquires and she turns to every head. But  
at the end of the night there is a look of terror and she  
makes lots of people get on with their drams.

'S a'mhaduinn 's mi 'g èiridh 's mo lèirsinn cho cli  
Tha an drùchd air mo leanabh 's mi èisleanach fann  
An e seòmar na bochdainne aig iarraidh gach oisean  
Ciamar thèid mi air chois eachd 's na osain air chall.

In the morning as I get up and my vision is so feeble.  
There is dew on my young one and I am sorrowful and  
weak. Is it a place of poverty looking for every corner?  
How will I manage to walk on and the deep sighings  
lost?

Gillean Mhùideart

Dè Tha Dol? 18, July 1982, page 7

Composed by the late John MacDonald, Glenuig, Moidart.

In memory of the men from Glenuig who fought in the 1914-1918 war.

Prepared by M.McD Lochyside. Text spelling alterations and translation by Gordon Barr

Air sais – Fear a’ Bhàta

Fonn:

’Illean Mhùideart gillean trèuna  
Gu’ m bu slàn leibh ’s gach àite ’n tèid sibh  
’Illean Mhùideart a dh’fhag an dùthaich  
Gu cridheil sunndach ’s nach diùltadh èirigh.

’S iomadh oidhche chridheil shunndach  
A bha sibh còmhla mu’n dh’fhag sibh Mùideart  
A bhiodh ’s na bailtean ’s a’ dhannsa àlainn  
’S cha robh ar leithid a’ dol air ùrlar.

’S gillean smiorail a bha dileas  
Mar bu dual dhaibh a bhi bho’n sinnsreachd  
A’ sheas gu cuanta ’sa bha rìoghail  
A gearr na Rìoghachd do’n Rìgh bho’n nàmhaid.

Gillean mìleanta nach gabhadh strìochadh  
A’ chùm an Rìoghachd ’s gach nì bha riomhach  
A sheas ri stàirneach ’s iomadh amhghar  
’S chlaoidh a nàmhaid a dh’fhàs cho lionmhor.

Gillean calma a sheasadh fuaradh  
’S tha daonnan a’ siubhal chuantan  
Tha comhlan òg dhiubh ’s iad aontach còirte  
Bho’n bhrataich bhoidhich air bòrd ’san “Navy”.

’S bi sinn beò ann an dochas làidir  
Gun tèid an Kaiser e fhèin ’sa chàirdean  
A chur an iarainn gu’n tèid a strìochdadh  
’S an Eilean fhiadhaich mu’n iadh’ sàile.

’Se mo dhùrachd gu’n till sibh sàbhailt  
Dh’ionnsaidh ’n àite ’s an deach ar n’ àrach  
Tha cuid ìosal ’s iad fuar nan sineadh  
A bha cho dileas do thìr nan àrd bheann.

’S bidh mi tuilleadh gu tìrsach deurach  
A’ caoidh nan òigridh bhiodh leum air chèilidh  
Na gillean òg bha daonnan còmhla rium  
A’ seinn nan òran ’s bu mhòr mo spèis dhaibh.

To the tune – Fear a’ Bhàta

Chorus:

Lads of Moidart, brave lads, be healthy in every place  
you go to, Lads of Moidart, you who left the area  
cheerfully and happily and who did not refuse joining  
up.

It was many a cheerful and happy night that you were  
together before you left Moidart. You would be in the  
townships at the wonderful dancing and there was no  
equal to us when we went to the floor.

And they were spirited men who were faithful, as they  
were expected to be by their fore-bears. They stood up  
to guard for the king and to guard the kingdom from  
the enemy.

They were brave lads who wouldn’t surrender and kept  
hold of the kingdom and everything which was  
valuable, and they stood against the clattering noise and  
all the enemy troubles which became so frequent.

They were sturdy lads who would stand the cold and  
would always travel the oceans. There is a young group  
of them and they are united, agreeing and devoted to  
the beautiful flag on board the Navy.

And we will be alive in strong hope that the Kaiser  
himself and his friends will be put in iron and made to  
surrender in the wild island around which salt water  
washes.

It is my hope that you will return safe towards the place  
in which we were raised. Some are quiet and cold and  
stretched out, who were so loyal to the land of the high  
mountains.

And I will be more than sorrowful and tearful,  
lamenting for the young folk who would have been at  
the ceilidh with me singing the songs and my love for  
them would be huge.



Text spelling alterations and translation by Gordon Barr

During its first winter a ram lost all its wool and Floiri Dhonnachadh cut a blanket to shape and had it sewn round its body and legs. The “Taillear” on seeing it at the road side in its “rigout”, was prompted to compose the following verses.

Fonn

Bidh 'g èiridh 'bhean Alasdair  
Tha feum aige mo stamag ort  
Nuair bhuaineas thu an turnap  
Bidh dùil agam gu'm faigh mi rud  
Bidh 'g èiridh 'bhean Alasdair.

Nuair a bhios mi 'm èiginn  
Ruigidh mi Donnachadh-Sheumais  
Bidh sin na coin na m'dheidh  
'S mi nam' leam gu Bean-Alasdair  
Bidh 'g èiridh 'bhean Alasdair.

Ach nuair ruigeadh mise Floiri,  
Is i nach dùineadh dòrn orm  
Mur's mise fear bhios beò ris  
Gheibh ise a chlàimh an ath-bhliadhna  
Bidh 'g èiridh 'bhean Alasdair.

Gur ise a fhuair an t-saoithir  
'Sa dh'fhuaghail deise aodaich dhomh  
A cheart cho math 's ged dh'fhaotinn i  
Bho Mac an t-Saoir à Ghearasdain  
Bidh 'g èiridh 'bhean Alasdair.

Gur mise a bhios gu brònach  
'Nuair ghlaiste an taigh na mòna mi  
'S 'nuair bhiodh na balaich còmhla rium  
Air còmhradh cha robh ceanalta  
Bidh 'g èiridh 'bhean Alasdair.

Gur truaigh a bhiodh an geamhradh dhomh  
Mur biodh mo chairdean teann orm  
'S fhad bho'n bha mi teannta,  
'S mo cheann aig na feannagan.  
Bidh 'g èiridh 'bhean Alasdair.

Chorus

Alasdair's wife will be getting up. My stomach  
needs you. When you cut the turnip, I expect that I  
will get some.

Alasdair's wife will be getting up.

When I am in difficulty I search for Duncan –  
Seumas. There will be dogs after me as I jump at  
Alasdair's wife.

Alasdair's wife will be getting up.

But when I would reach Flora, it's she who wouldn't  
put a fist on me. If I'm the one who would not stay  
alive at it, it's she who will be vexed next year.

Alasdair's wife will be getting up.

It's her that took on hard work and who knitted a  
suit of clothes for me, just as good as I could have  
got from McIntyre's in Fort William.

Alasdair's wife will be getting up.

It's me who gets sad when I am locked up in the  
peat bog house or when the young lads are with me  
in a conversation which was not comely.

Alasdair's wife will be getting up.

What a misery winter would be to me if my friends  
were not close to me. It's long since I was tied up  
and my head at the lazybeds.

Alasdair's wife will be getting up.

TA-RA-RA BOOM DE DEY

Dè Tha Dol? 24, January 1983, page 10

Submitted to Dè Tha Dol? by Iain Thornber. This old Gaelic song was once popular in the district and may be sung to the air “Ho ro, mo nighean donn bhoidheach”.

Text spelling alterations and translation by Gordon Barr

Cha chluinn thu ach ta-ra-ra,  
'Ga sheinn 's a h-uile àite,  
O, 's mise ghabh a'ghràin air  
“Ta-ra-ra boom de dey”.

In every place you will not hear anything sung except “Ta-Ra-Ra”. Oh, it's me who took up hatred for “Ta-ra-ra boom de dey”.

Tha òran aca 'n dràs'd,  
Tha gun loinn, gun sgoinn, gun chàinain,  
O rinn e mise a sharachadh  
“Ta-ra-ra boom de dey”.

They have a song just now which is without elegance, without care and without language. Oh it's made me harassed – “Ta-ra-ra boom de dey”.

Gu'm buair iad air an t-sraid thu,  
'Ga Sheadaraich 's ga rànaich,  
An t-òrgan fèin gun tàmh  
Aig “Ta-ra-ra boom de dey”.

How they upset you on the road, banging it and making it roar. The organ itself had no rest from “Ta-ra-ra boom de dey”.

Chaidh Eòghan bàn an tàillear  
Am bliadhna dh'iarraidh Màiri,  
'S e 'm freagradh thug i dhasan  
“Ta-ra-ra boom de dey”.

Fair-haired Ewan the tailor went this year to ask for Mary and the answer she gave him was “Ta-ra-ra boom de dey”.

Am fear aig an robh' pharrot  
'S a dh'ionnsaich e dhi Gàidhlig,  
Gun fhacal aice 'n-dràs'd  
Ach “Ta-ra-ra boom de dey”.

The man, who had the parrot and who taught it Gaelic without her having a word just now, said “Ta-ra-ra boom de dey”.

Thuirt Dughall mòr 'san Airde  
'S e marcachd na làir bhàn rium,  
'Nach feuch an cuir thu Gàidhlig,  
Air “Ta-ra-ra boom de dey”.

Big Dougald, as he rode the white mare towards me, said “Can't you try to put Gaelic on “Ta-ra-ra boom de dey”.

Gun dèan mi sin gun dàil dhuit,  
O'n 'tha sibh uile 'làthair  
'S e Ghàidhlig 'th 'air “Ta-ra-ra”  
'N làir bhàn, an cù 's tu faoin.

Let me do that for you without delay since you are all present. The Gaelic for “Ta-ra-ra boom de dey” is “The mare, the dog and you are brainless”.

Tha gobhair aig MacPharlan,  
A dh'abaras “Ta-ra-ra”,  
Tha coileach aig Mòr Bhàn,  
Their “Ta-ra-ra boom de dey”.

MacFarlan has a goat which says “Ta-ra-ra” and big Mary has a cock which says “Ta-ra-ra boom de dey”.

'S e 'n t-òran 'rinn mo ghualadh,  
Tha 'ghnàth a rùn a m' chluasan,  
'S cha 'n fhaigh mi cadal suaimhneach  
Le nuallan “boom de dey”.

It is the song which tortured me. The lowing of its love is in my ears and I won't get quiet sleep with the roars of “boom de dey”.

Oran do'n Mharbharna      Song to Morvern

Dè Tha Dol? 30, page 11 July 1983, and 31, page 5 of August 1983.

Composed in Australia by Donnachadh Mac a'Phearsain  
who emigrated to Australia and never came back.

Text spelling alterations and translation by Gordon Barr

Fonn

Se ho' ro' mo rùn am fearann  
Se ho' ro' mo rùn am fearann  
Mo ghaol Marbharna bhòidheach  
Far an robh mi òg 'nam leanabh.

An oidhche roimhe bha mi bruadar  
Mar a b' àbhaist bhith 'n Rath-h-Uaighe  
Ach nuair dhùisg mi bha na fhuair mi  
Cho fhada bhuaim is a tha a' ghealach.

A Mharbharna bhòidheach chliùteach  
Far am biodh an òigrìdh shunndach  
Ceòl 's dannsadh air gach ùrlar  
Aig Bliadhn' ùir 's aig fèil 's aig banais.

Gu'r liuthad feasgar grinn a bha sinn  
Taobh Loch-Teacuis, sinn na'r pàisdeann  
Sinn gu aotrom aoidheil, càirdeil  
O! b'e siud na làithean maiseach.

Tha Cloinn-Aonghais air am fuadach  
Cha'n eil duine 's an lethir Shuas an  
Ach clachan is balachean fuara  
Suaicheantas na tìm chaidh seachad.

Gu'r bòidheach tha dà thaobh Loch Suaineart  
Sròn an t-Sìthain grianach uaine  
Laudail, an Gleann, 's Rath h-Uaighe  
Far an robh Dotair Ruadh na leanabh.

Far an t-sìthein chì sibh còmhla  
Gach ceann loch 's gach eilean bòidheach  
Beinn h-Ianta geal bho'n eòinein  
Tir a' bhainne e 'n fheòir, 'san Earrach.

Bu bhòidheach sealladh feasgar samhraidh  
Àiridh Aonghais 's e fo shòbhraich  
Acha-Phorsa 's Acha-Gamhna  
Le'n crodh-laoigh na gleann 's an Earrach.

Thoiruibh sealladh fhair a' bhràighe  
Ard-Torr-nis gu ceann Loch Aluin  
Cill-Fhiorntuinn, an Druim-Fionn, 's Lun-Ban  
Stuaidhean uaibhreach àrd Dhun-Ghallain.

Chorus

The land is my affection. The land is my affection.  
Beautiful Morvern is my love, where I was a young  
lad.

The night before I was dreaming as usual to be in  
Rahoy<sup>1</sup> but when I woke up what I found was as far  
away as is the moon.

O famous beautiful Morvern, where the young  
would be happy, let music and singing be on every  
floor at New Year, at a fair and at a wedding.

How many wonderful evenings we had at the side of  
Loch Teacuis. We as infants were highly hospitable  
and friendly. O, those were beautiful days.

The MacInneses have been expelled. There are no  
people in slope at Suasan<sup>2</sup>, only stones and cold  
walls, an emblem of the time which has passed.

How beautiful are the two sides of Loch Sunart.  
Sunny and green were Strontian, Laudale<sup>3</sup>, Glen<sup>4</sup>  
and Rahoy<sup>1</sup>, where Doctor Ruagh was a child.

Beyond Strontian you will see together each loch  
end and each beautiful island. Ben Hiant<sup>5</sup> is white  
with little birds. It is a land of milk and grass in  
spring.

It was beautiful on a summer evening: the view of  
Angus's shieling and it under primroses, Achadh  
Forsa<sup>6</sup>, and Achadh nan Gabhna<sup>7</sup> with their herd of  
calves in its glen in Spring.

Take a view down from the top of Ardtornish to the  
end of Loch Aline, Cill-Fhionntuinn<sup>8</sup>, Dun  
Fhionnairidh<sup>9</sup>, Lun-Ban<sup>10</sup>, and the high proud  
pinacles of Dungallain<sup>11</sup>.

Is uisge fallain glan Bheinn Iadain  
Ruith gu Loch nam bradan lionmhor  
Bric 's na geàrra amhuin s'iad gan iasgach  
Suas gu crìochan Acha-Raithnich.

Fionn-Airidh nan uaislean ainmeil  
Ris an tric robh Bhàn-Rìgh seanchas  
Cha robh teaghlach riamh an Albainn  
Dhèanadh an searmoin ann an crannaig.

Na'm biodh ceartas aig luchd cosnaidh  
'S gun na h-uachdaran bhith cho moiteil  
O 's mi nach fhàgadh tìr an t-soisgeil  
Airson fortan rìoghachd aineol.

Soraidh bhuan thar chuan do m'chairdean  
Do m'luchd dùthcha 's gach Commun Gàighlig  
Nàile! a chì 's nach fhaic gu brath mi,  
Guma 'slàn 's mo mhiltean beannachd.

There is healthy clean water running from Ben  
Iadain<sup>12</sup> to the loch, abundant in salmon and fishing  
trout and running in the short river up to the  
boundaries of Achranich<sup>13</sup>.

In Fiunary<sup>14</sup> of the famous nobility there was  
frequently a queen of gossip and there was never a  
Scottish family who would do their sermon in a  
pulpit.

If working people had had some wrights and had  
lacked land owners who were so proud, O it's me  
who would not have left the land of the gospel for  
some good luck in an unknown kingdom.

Farewell from me over the ocean to my friends, to  
my country people and to each Gaelic group.  
Forsooth, I will see and not see for ever. May you  
be well and my thousands of blessings.

- 1 Rahoy- 640/563 on OS map 49
- 2 Suasan ?
- 3 Laudale- 525/585 on map 383
- 4 Glen- An Gleannan 605/550 map 383
- 5 Ben Hiant- 538/632 on map 47
- 6 Achadh Forsa – 685/471 on map 383
- 7 Achadh nan Gamhna – 690/488 map 383
- 8 Cill-Fhiorntuinn ?
- 9 Dun Fhionnairidh – 615/468 map 383
- 10 Lun-Ban ?
- 11 Dungallain ?
- 12 Beinn Iadain – 694/536 map 383
- 13 Achranich – area east of Loch Aline to  
~740/430 on map 49.
- 14 Fiunary – 622/465 on map 49.

O ho ro 'ille dhuinn  
Dè Tha Dol? 34, page 5, November 1983.

Composed by a soldier in far-off days when it was common practice to write in the form of a song. The soldier's sentiments were more likely to carry home in this manner when letter post and tenure of life itself were most uncertain for a soldier.

Text spelling alterations and translation by Gordon Barr.

Sèist:-

O ho ro 'ille dhuinn,  
'Ille dhuinn bhoidheach  
O ho ro 'ille dhuinn.

Chorus:-

O ho ro a lad for us. A bonny lad for us. O ho ro a  
lad for us.

Chaidh luchd nan còtaichean ruadha  
A tharraing suas an deagh òrdugh.

People in red coats were pulled up in good order.

'S ann air feasgair Disathairne,  
Thug sinn batail na dòrainn.

It's on Saturday afternoon we gave the battle of  
anguish.

Chaidh am peilear roimh m'ghàirdean  
'S tha m'fhuil craobhaidh ga dortadh.

Their bullet went through my arm and my shivering  
blood is pouring out.

Dèan innis do m' Aithair  
Mar a thachair 'sa leòn mi.

Let my Father know what happened to me in the  
injury.

Cuir mo bheannachd gu mo mhàthair  
'S i dh'àraich glè òg mi.

Give my blessing to my mother. It's she who  
brought me up very young.

Cuir mo naigheachd gu m'leannan  
'S mi 'ga farraid gu deònach.

Give my news to my loved one. I am asking after  
her willingly.

Cha do thrèig mi i idir  
Tha cuid litrichean nam' phòca.

I didn't at all forsake her. Some of her letters are in  
my bag.

Cuir mo strioraidh le gach duine  
Thèid gu Muile nam Morbheann.

Give my farewell to everyone who will go to Mull of  
the Big Hills,

Far an goireadh a' chhutag  
Anns gach bruthach roimh Bhealltain.

where the cuckoo would call on every brae before  
May Day.

Thoir mo dhùrachd dhaibh uile  
Thèid mi 'Mhuile ma's beò mi.

Give my best wishes to them all. I will go to Mull if  
I am alive.