



# Eilidh Mackenzie

**EIDEADH NA SGEULACHD**  
**the raiment of the tale**

'S OLC A DH'FHAG AN UIRIDH MI  
Last Year You Left Me

Refrain:

Last year left me feeling very poorly  
It was last year, last year, last year,  
Last year left me feeling very poorly,  
Last year my beloved went from me.

Verses:

As soon as you emigrated  
They spoke of it all over the land  
And although your love was like a fire within me  
I would not let others see how much it affected me.

What has made me mention this  
Is the fear of my reputation being spoiled  
And supposing I gave a long shout you could hear  
It would be obvious to others that you would not return.

Now that you have gone from this land  
Your people are the ones I think most of  
Your love is what is most important to me  
And to hear your praises from others is sweetest to me.

'S OLC A DH'FHAG AN UIRIDH MI  
Last Year You Left Me

Refrain:

'S olc a dh'fhag an uiridh mi,  
An uiridh, 'n uiridh, 'n uiridh mi;  
'S olc a dh'fhag an uiridh mi,  
An uiridh dh'fhalbh an gille uam.

Verses:

Cheart cho luath 's a dh'imich thu,  
'S an tìr shuas gu'n d'innis iad;  
'S ged bha do ghaol mar theine dhomh,  
Cha'n fhaiceadh cach mi sileadh leis.

'S e thug dhomha' sud iomrachadh  
Eagal mo chliu a mhilleadh leis;  
's ged bheirinn eibh a chluinneadh tu  
Gu 'm faiceadh cach nach pilleadh tu.

Mis o'n chaidh thu as an tìr,  
'S iad do dhaoine' a 's fine liom;  
Gur h-e do ghaol is tinne dhomh,  
'S do chliu o chach a 's binne liom.

WORDS: Rob Donn MacKay  
MUSIC: Eilidh Mackenzie

EIDEADH NA SGEULACHD  
The Raiment Of The Tale

Sitting in your loneliness  
Sitting with your thoughts

Remembering her

And that calm untroubled time  
When Adam was young

Without wife or child

But naked she came  
And captured his blood

His reason and his plough.

Sitting in your own knowledge  
Sitting with your dimming vision

Remembering her

And the Gadaiche Dubh (Black Thief)  
With his supporting friend

Boban Saor (The Legendary Carpenter)

He was given an honest wife  
From our store

And she was gentle.

Now they laugh  
Believing that they were in our shade

From the first day

But what are we following?  
Boban Saor is in your mind

And perhaps he was in the first blood

There are many virtuous folk  
Behind the door

And it is cold out.

EIDEADH NA SGEULACHD  
The Raiment Of The Tale

Nad shuidhe nad aonar  
Nad shuidhe le d' smaointean

Hi o 's na ho hi ho ro

Ga cuimhneachadh

Hi ho ru bha ho  
Hi o 's na ho hi ho ro  
's na hi ho ru bha ho.

'S an la ciuin is gun bhron  
Nuair a bha Adhamh og

Hi o 's na ho hi ho ro

Gun bhean is gun chlann

Hi ho ru bha ho  
Hi o 's na ho hi ho ro  
'S na hi ho ru bha ho.

Ach thaining i na luime  
Is ghlac i fhuil

Hi o 's na ho hi ho ro

A chainnt is a chrann

Hi o ru bha ho  
 Hi o 's na ho hi ho ro  
 'S na hi ho ru bha ho.

Nisde ni iad a' gaire  
 A' creide gu robh iad nar sgail

Hi o 's na ho hi ho ro

Nad shuidhe nad eolas  
 Nad shuidhe le d' sgleathan

Bho'n a cheud la

Hi o 's na ho hi ho ro

Hi ho ru bha ho  
 Hi o 's na ho hi ho ro  
 's na hi ho ru bha ho.

Ga cuimhneachadh

Hi ho ru bha ho  
 Hi o 's na ho hi ho ro  
 'S na hi ho ru bha ho.

Ach de tha sinn a' leantainn?  
 Tha Boban Saor nad inntinn

Hi o 's na ho hi ho ro

's an Gadaiche Dubh?  
 Leis a charaid furtachail

Is doch' anns a' cheud tuil

Hi o 'sna ho hi ho ro

Hi ho ru bha ho  
 Hi o 's na ho hi ho ro  
 'S na hi ho ru bha ho.

Boban Saor?

Hi ho ru bha ho  
 Hi o 's na ho hi ho ro  
 's na hi ho ru bha ho.

Ach tha muinntir chordaigh  
 Aig cui an dorais

Hi o 's na ho hi ho ro

Is fhuair e bean choir  
 Bho ar stor

Is tha e fuar a-muigh

Hi o 's na ho hi ho ro

Hi ho ru bha ho  
 Hi o 's na ho hi ho ro  
 'S na hi ho ru bha ho.

Is bha i maoth

[legendary characters from the Gaelic folk tale tradition]

Hi ho ru bha ho  
 Hi o 's na ho hi ho ro  
 'S na hi ho ru bha ho.

WORDS & MUSIC: Eilidh Mackenzie

FHIR A' BHATA  
 O MY BOATMAN

FHIR A' BHATA  
 O My Boatman

Refrain:

Refrain:

O my boatman, na ho ro eile,  
 O my boatman, na ho ro eile,  
 O my boatman, na ho ro eile,  
 My hearty farewell to you and every place you go.

Fhir a' bhata, na ho ro eile,  
 Fhir a' bhata, na ho ro eile,  
 Fhir a' bhata, na ho ro eile,  
 Mo shoraidh slan leat 's gach ait' an teid thu.

Verses:

Verses:

Often I look from the highest hill  
 Trying to see the boatman  
 Will you come today or will you come tomorrow?  
 And if you do not come I will be a pitiful sight.

Is tric mi 'sealltainn o'n chnoc a's airde  
 Dh'fheuch am faic mi fear a' bhata,  
 An tig thu 'n diugh, no'n tig thu maireach;  
 'S mur tig thu idir gur truagh a tha mi.

My heart is broken and bruised  
 Often tears run from my eyes  
 Will you come tonight or can I hope  
 Or will I be forced to close the door with a heavy sigh.

Tha mo chridhe-sa briste, bruite,  
 'S tric na deoir a' ruith o m' shuilean;  
 An tig thu 'n nochd, no'm bi mo dhuil riut,  
 No 'n duin mi'n dorus le osna thursaich?

Often do I ask the boat crews  
 If they have seen you or know if you are safe  
 But every one of them is saying  
 How foolish I have been if I have loved you.

'S tric mi faighneachd de luchd nam bata  
 Am fac' iad thu, no 'm bheil thu sabhailt;  
 Ach 's ann a tha gach aon dhuibh 'g raitinn  
 Gur gorach mise ma thug mi gradh dhuit.

ORAN BALAICH EOGHAINN  
The Song Of Ewan's Sons

O, how I love my children  
Who will never come back here to me;  
What has left my heart so heavy  
Is the way my children are on my mind  
O, how I love my children.

I have no heart for the seaweed work:  
It is not what is in my thoughts,  
When I have not found my two loved ones  
To lay them in a grave, in shrouds.  
O, how I love my children.

I took a walk outside yesterday,  
And what I found pierced my heart:  
The tiller that was yours -  
It gave way, for all you could do.  
O, how I love my children.

I am heartbroken  
Over John, my kind son:  
When you sat round the table,  
You would not stint on a dram.  
O, how I love my children.

ORAN BALAICH EOGHAINN  
The Song Of Ewan's Sons

O 's ann tha mo ghaol a' chlann  
Nach till thugam a chaidh a nall  
'Se dh'fhag mo chridhe-sa cho trom  
Mar a bhios a' chlann air m'aire  
O 's ann tha mo ghaol a' chlann.

'S beag mo shund ris a' chuir suas  
Chan ann air a' tha mo smuain  
Nuair nach d' fhuair mi mo dha luaidh  
gus an cuir an uaigh 's an anart  
O 's ann tha mo ghaol a' chlann.

Thug mi agrìob a-mach an de  
'S fhuair mi saighead a' bha geur  
Falamadair a' bh'agaibh fhein  
'S ann a' threig e sibh dh' ur n' aidheoin  
O 's ann tha mo ghaol a' chlann.

Gura mise th'air mo leon  
Ma lain an gille coir  
'S nuair a' shuidheadh tu ma'n bhord  
'S tu nach sòbhradh oirnn an drama  
O 's ann tha mo ghaol a' chlann.

Traditional  
(Words: Margaret Cunningham)

CUIR CULAI BH RI ASSAINTÉ  
Turn Your Back On Assynt

Refrain:

Turning your back, turning your back  
Turning your back on Assynt,  
Turning your back on the land of the Highlander,  
Where I was young and foolish.

Last Refrain:

Turning your back, turning your back,  
Turning your back on Assynt,  
Turning your back on the land of the Highlander,  
But I hope to return there.

Verses:

O young lads now listen  
While I tell you my tale,  
For I must be leaving  
The land where my ancestors were reared.

It was on a Wednesday  
Early in the morning,  
I left on my long journey  
Going across the ocean to Canada.

On leaving Culkein  
My friends were loathe to part from me,  
And my thoughts became sad  
At my leaving the lassies.

From the time we left Lochinver  
I was in totally strange country  
By the time we reached Lairg  
Neither hill nor glen did I know.

In the big city of Glasgow with all its shops  
And with its long wide streets  
I am so happy  
With a multitude of folk milling around me.

On Saturday we set sail  
From the Broomielaw in Glasgow  
Among all kinds of races of people  
On board the English boat, the "Southwark".

Going round the back of Ireland  
The sea and wind in a snow storm  
And everyone on board  
Was feeling sea-sick.

Tonight I am so sad  
Walking the streets of Canada  
And with a cold and wide strait  
Between me and my love in Assynt.

CUIR CULAIBH RI ASSAINTE  
Turn Your Back On Assynt

Refrain:

Cuir culaibh cuir culaibh  
Cuir culaibh ri Assainte  
Cuir cul ri tir nan Gaidheal  
Far 'n robh mi og is aèideach.

Last Refrain:

Cuir culaibh cuir culaibh  
Cuir culaibh ri Assainte  
Cuir cul ri tir nan Gaidheal  
Ach duil gu 'n till mi dhachaidh ann.

Versee:

A ghillean oga eisidibh  
Gus 'n dean mi egeula aithris dhuibh  
Oir feumaidh mi bhith fagail  
An tir a dharaich m' athraichean.

'S ann air Diciadain  
Gu moch anns a mhadainn  
Oh' fhalbh mise le mo thriall  
'S mi dol thar chuan a Chanada.

Air fagail a Chulchinn dhomh  
Bha mo chairdean mall rium dealachadh  
Bha amalan tighinn air m' inntinn  
'S mi fagail na caileagan.

I HIURAIBH O CHAN EIL MI SLAN  
I Hiuraibh O, I am Not Well

Refrain:

I hiuraibh o, I am not well  
Hug orainn o, I cannot stay at rest  
I hiuraibh o, I am not well.

Versee:

I am sad cutting the flax,  
The tears from my head are streaming to the ground.

If you dealt with me unjustly, Blue Donald,  
I treated you like the other woman.

I treated you as your sister did,  
Perhaps even better.

It is a pity that I could not assume the shape of a seagull,  
Then lightly would I swim away.

Parting with John and Donald  
Has shed my tears with good reason.

May the blessing of God follow you, Hector,  
You were my choice over the other.

I shall now proceed forward  
Whilst the tears from my head are streaming to the ground.

Bho 'n dh' fhag sinn Loch-an-Inbhair  
Bha mise dol air m' aineolas  
Mu 's drainig sinne Luirg  
Cnoc na gleann cha b' aithne dhomh.

An Glascho mhor nan buthan  
Le sraidean fada farsainn ann  
Gur mise tha gu tursach  
'S na miltean sluaigh a tachairt rium.

Di-sathuirne rinn sinn seoladh  
Bho 'n Bhroomielaw 'n Glascho  
Measg treubhan dheth gach seorsa  
Air bord 'n "Southwark" Shasunnach.

Dol Seachad culaibh Eireann  
Bha muir is gaoth ri cathadh ann  
'S na h-uile bha air bord  
Gu tinne le cur na mara oirre.

Tha mi nochd gu tursach  
Falbh air sraidean Chanada  
Is caolas farsuinn fuar  
Eadar mi 's mo luaidh tha n' Assainte.

Traditional

I HIURAIBH O CHAN EIL MI SLAN  
I Hiuraibh O, I Am Not Well

Refrain:

I hiuraibh o chan eil mi slan  
Hug orainn o chan fhad mi tadh  
I hiuraibh o chan eil mi slan.

Versee:

'S muladach a buain an linn mi,  
'S deoir mo chinn a' ruith gu Iar.

Dh'omhnaill Ghuirne ma rinn thu m'eucoir,  
Bha mi dhuit mar the do chach.

Bha mi dhuit mar bha do phiuthar  
Mun robh mi tuilleadh is na b'fhearr.

'S truagh nach robh mi'n riochd na faoileig'  
'S aotrom dheanainn air an t-snamh.

Dealachadh ri Iain is Domhnall  
A leag mo dheoir le cion-fath.

Beannachd Dhe bhi agad Eachainn,  
Bu tu mo roighinn thar chaich.

Bidh mi nisde triall romham,  
'S deoir mo chinn a' ruith gu Iar.

Traditional

ACHADH-BHUANA  
Harvest Field

One deceptive evening, among the sheaves,  
with some of the corn uncut, you came by,  
and I put my scythe then in hiding,  
for fear that the edge of the blade would cut you.

Our world was rounded like the harvest field,  
though a part was ripe and a part green;  
the day to work and the night to dream,  
and the moon rose in the midst of content.

I left a little to cut on the morrow,  
and we walked together between the swathes;  
you fell on a scythe that another had left,  
and your skin was cut, and refused to heal.

MO CHRIDHE SLAN  
Whole-Hearted

Refrain:

My whole heart, ho ro eile  
My whole heart, hi ho ro  
My whole heart, ho ro eile  
My whole heart lies here.

Verses:

Although it is my eternal desire  
to write throughout my life  
songs full of words of love  
my inexpressible thoughts lie here.

And on my journey home to you  
a white line threads itself over the wave tops  
between the two - the moon and the ferry  
locked in the mirror that lies here.

ACHADH-BHUANA  
Harvest Field

Air feasgar meallta a meag nan adag,  
is pairt gun a bhuain, thainig tu'n rathad,  
is chuir mi mo speal an sin am falach  
air eagal gun deanadh am faobhar do ghearradh.

{Ho ro o i o; ho ro eile}

Bha ar saoghal cho cruinn ris an achadh-bhuana  
ged bha cuid dheth abaich is cuid dheth uaine;  
an la ri obair 's an oidhche ri bruadar,  
is dh'eirich a ghealach a meadhan suaimhneis.

{Ho ro o i o; ho ro eile}

Dh'fhag mi beagan ri bhuain am maireach,  
is choisich sinn comhla eadar na rathan;  
thuit thu air speal bha fear eile air fhagail,  
is ghearradh do chneas, is dhuilt e slanadh.

{Ho ro o i o; ho ro eile}

WORDS: Ruairidh MacThomais  
MUSIC: Eilidh Mackenzie

MO CHRIDHE SLAN  
Whole-Hearted

Refrain:

Mo chridhe slan, ho ro eile  
Mo chridhe slan, hi ho ro  
Mo chridhe slan, ho ro eile  
Tha mo chridhe slan a laigh an seo.

Verses:

Ged 'se mo mhiann 's e gun chaoclhadh  
a bhith sgrìobhadh orain Ghaidhlig fad mo bheath'  
is e lan de fhaclan alainn  
tha mo suaintean do-labhart na laigh an seo.

Is air mo thuras dhachaidh thugad  
tha sreathan geala air bharr nan tonn  
eadar an dithis - a ghealach 's an aiseag  
a ghlacadh anns an sgathan na laigh an seo.

WORDS: Eilidh Mackenzie  
MUSIC: S MacKillop/M Reilly

GHRAIDH, AN TIG THU?  
My Love, Will You Return?

Hiuraibh o, my love, will you return?  
Hiuraibh o, will you return, my love?  
Hiuraibh o, will you return this year?  
Or will you ever return?

My back is to the mountains of Harris  
And my face is towards the lands of Parc  
My spirit is filled with homesickness  
And the love of my sweetheart is going to die.

I saw you in my sleep  
Coming home from the war  
With your slender sword shining  
But you did not want me.

If I could hope for your letter arriving  
On the "Sheila" (ferry) on Tuesday night  
I would not write with ink  
But with the blood of my heart as it is warmer.

GHRAIDH, AN TIG THU?  
My Love, Will You Return?

Seist:

Hiuraibh o, ghraid, an tig thu?  
Hiuraibh o, an tig thu, ghraidh?  
Hiuraibh o, an tig thu 'm bliadhna?  
Na'n tig thu gu siorraidh brath.

Rann:

Mo chul ri beanntan na Hearradh  
M'aghaidh ri fearann na Pairc  
Cianalae a' tighinn air m'aire  
'S gaol mo leannan a' dol bas.

Chunnaic mis' thu as mo chadal  
A' tighinn dhachaidh as a' bhlar  
Le do chladheamh caol a' lasadh  
Cha b'ann g'am iarraidh 's a bha.

Nam bitheadh duil ri do litir  
Air an t-Sheila oidhche Mhairt  
'S mi nach egrìobhadh sios le ince  
Fuil mo chridhe 's i bu bhlaith.

Traditional

LATHA CHUIL-LODAIR  
Culloden

Oh I am sorely wounded  
My heart has sunk to the ground,  
And readily do my tears stream downwards.  
My hearing has left me  
At this time I hear nothing  
Slow or swift, that is joyous.

Of beloved Prince Charles,  
The rightful heir to the crown;  
He knows not which way to turn.  
The virtuous royal blood  
Being forsaken at this hour,  
And a bastard son taking over by force.

He was of a race of curs  
Well has the litter come on;  
They have put us with our backs to the wall.  
Although you won a battle  
It was not by your hardihood,  
But that our host was not mustered together.

LATHA CHUIL-LODAIR  
Culloden

O gur mis' th'air mo chradh  
Thuit mo chridhe gu lar  
'S tric snighe gu'm shail o'm leirsinn,  
Dh'fhalbh mo chlaisinneachd bhuan -  
Cha chluinn mi 'san uair  
Gu mall na gu luath ni's eibhinn.

Mu Phrionns' Tearlach mu ruin,  
Oighre dhligheach a' chruin  
'S e gun fhios gu de'n taobh an teid e.  
Fuil Rioghail nam buadh  
Bhith 'ga diobairt 'san uair  
'S mac diolain le sluagh ag eirigh.

Siol nan cuilein a bha  
Gu ro-mhath chinnich an t-al;  
Chuir iad sinn ann an cas na h-eiginn.  
Ged a bhuainnich sibh blar  
Cha b'ann de'r cruadal a bha  
Ach gun ar sluagh-ne bhith'n dail a cheile.

Iain Ruadh Stiubhart

A FAGAIL GHRIAIS

Leaving Gress

Verses:

Everything is calm  
Except the sucking of the sea  
Lapping its broken sandy milk  
It is the end of the day.

The time has now come  
When I must leave  
Parting like a first love  
From the place of the People.

The heather on Beinn Iomhair  
Is whispering to the songs of our ancestors  
But this legacy is being smothered  
By a harsh storm from the south.

Refrain:

I am leaving, leaving,  
Leaving my beloved place/Gress;  
But I will keep my language and my music  
Wherever I go  
I will keep my language and my music  
As long as there is a breath in my body.

THIG AN BATA

The Boat Will Come

The boat will come,  
Early tomorrow,  
My father will be on board.  
And my three brothers.

And my brown-haired sweetheart  
Will be at the forward car,  
And they will find me  
Already drowned.

And they will lift me  
On the cars  
With my brown plaid  
Swimming in the ocean.

I was not hunger  
That sent me to the shore  
But a desire for dulce  
And a desire for limpets.

O you, the man over there  
Walking on the shore,  
Say farewell for me  
To my mother.

O my curse on the  
Jealous woman,  
She left me  
On a submerged reef.

The boat will come  
Early tomorrow  
And they will find me  
Already drowned.

A' FAGAIL GHRIAIS

Leaving Gress

Verses:

Tha a h-uile ni ciuin  
Ach sughaibh na mara  
Ag imlich bainne briste na gainneamh  
Tha crìoch an latha ann.

Tha an t-am nis air tighinn  
Is s'fheudar dhomh fagail  
A' dealachadh mar cheud ghradh  
Ri aite nan Daoine.

Tha am fraoch air Beinn Iomhair  
A' cagair ri orain ar sinnsear  
Ach tha'n dileab seo ga muthchadh  
Le stoirne neo-bhinn bho dheas.

Refrain:

Tha mi fagail, a' fagail  
A' fagail aite/Ghriais mo chridh'  
Ach cumaidh mi mo chanan 's mo cheol  
Feadh gach duthaich s an siubhail mi  
Cumaidh mi mo chanan 's mo cheol  
Cho fad 's a bhitheas anail nam chre.

WORDS & MUSIC:  
Eilidh Mackenzie

THIG AN BATA

The Boat Will Come

Thig an bata, hug-o  
Moch a maireach, hug-o  
Bidh m'athair innte, hi ri o ro,  
'S mo thrìuir bhraithrean, hug-o

'S mo cheile donn, hug-o,  
Air ramh braghaid, hug-o,  
'S gheibh iad mise, hi ri o ro,  
Air mo bhathadh, hug-o.

'S togaidh iad mi, hug-o,  
Air na ramhan, hug-o,  
'S mo bhreacan donn, hi ri o ro,  
Snamh na fairge, hug-o.

Cha b'e 'n t-acras, hug-o  
Chuir do'n traigh mi, hug-o,  
Ach miann an duilisg, hi ri o ro,  
'S miann nam bairneach, hug-o.

Fhir ud thall, hug-o,  
Falbh na traghaid, hug-o,  
Soraidh bhua-sa, hi ri o ro  
Gu mo mhathair, hug-o.

O mo mhallachd, hug-o,  
Aig bean-iadaich, hug-o,  
Oh'fhag i mise hi ri o ro,  
'San sgeir-bhaite, hug-o.

Thig an bata, hug-o,  
Moch a maireach, hug-o,  
'S gheibh iad mise, hi ri o ro,  
Air mo ghathadh, hug-o.

Traditional

Eilidh Mackenzie would like to acknowledge the help of Mrs Isa Caird in some translations.

ORAN GAOIL A RINNEADH RI TAOBH LOCH LAOMAIN  
A Love Song Composed Beside Loch Lomond

Refrain:

Ochain hi ri, ho ri u o hi,  
My thoughts are heavy and I shall not win  
Though I should tell you your worth in my heart,  
Ochain hi ri, ho ru u o hi.

Versees:

Pity that we were not young together  
In the misty island of the glens  
Courting like the birds of the branches  
Happy with blessings.

And although Loch Lomond is glittering  
With the sun shining across it  
Give me the mountain on the other side of the Strait  
There with my love as my shadow.

O pity that I did not leave the world  
Before I gave the love that is forbidden  
I will get no rest, I will get no peace  
Ho ru u o hi - that I might die!

PUIRT-A-BEUL  
Mouth-Music

A strange pair of trousers ho ri am bi  
A pair of trousers fit for a gentleman ho ri am bo  
When I wore them ho ri am bi  
They were cause for gossip.

I went to the tailor ho....  
And asked whether he would alter them ho....  
But he said that, given some money ho....  
He would make two pairs out of the tweed.

Hai-o the pullets  
The pullets, the pullets,  
Hai-o the pullets,  
Isn't it strange how they disappeared?

Bill had pullets there  
Bill had pullets there  
Bill had pullets there  
With tickets on their tails.

I dal a du bhil etc....  
I will gather cockles.

A shout from the ocean,  
Down in the high heavens  
A shout from the ocean  
And I will gather cockles.

I am going to have wedding, I am going to be married,  
He hi o gu, when my hope is fulfilled.

Hai iodaili etc....

I am going to have a wedding, I am going to have an engagement  
party,  
He hi o gu, when I find my first love.

ORAN GAOIL A RINNEADH RI TAOBH LOCH LAOMAIN  
A Love Song Composed Beside Loch Lomond

Refrain:

Ochain hi ri, ho ri u o hi,  
Tha m'intinn truagh 's cha bhuannaich mi,  
Ged dh'innsinn duit do luach 'nam chridh',  
Ochain hi ri ho ru u o hi.

Versees:

O 's truagh nach robh sinn og le cheil,  
'S an Eilean cheothach ghleannanach,  
A' lennanachd mar eoin nan geug,  
Sinn solasach le beannachdan.

'S ged tha Loch Laomain lainnireach,  
Le grian a' soillseadh thairis air,  
Thoir dhomhsa' a bheinn taobh thall de'n Chaol,  
'S mi ann le m' ghaol na fhaileas dhomh.

O 's truagh tha mi nach d'fhag mi'n saoghal,  
Mun tug mi 'n gradh nach fhaodar leam,  
Chan fhaigh mi tamh, 's chan fhaigh mi sith,  
Ho ru u o hi - gun caochail mi!

WORDS & MUSIC:  
Katherine Douglas

PUIRT-A-BEUL  
Mouth-Music

B'e sud a' bhriogais uallach ho ri am bi,  
Briogais an duin' uasail ho ri am bo,  
Nuair a chuir mi suas i ho ri am bi  
'S iomadh duine chual e nach robh na coir.

Chaidh mi chun an taillear ho r am bi,  
feuch an toir e pairt dhith ho ri am bo,  
Thuirt e airson paigheadh ho ri am bi,  
'S ann a ni mi dha le na th'innte chlo.

Hai-o na h-eireagan  
Na h-eireagan, na h-eireagan  
Hai-o na h-eireagan  
Nach aighear mar a dh'fhalbh iad.

Bha eireagan aig Bill ann  
Bha eireagan aig Bill ann  
Bha eireagan aig Bill ann  
'S 'ticket' air an earbull.

I dal a du bhil  
A dal a du ho ro  
I dal a du bhil  
'S trusaigh mi na coilleagan.

Tha mi do a dheanamh banais tha mi dol a phosadh (x3)  
He hi o gu nuair a thig mo dhochas.

Hai iodaili odail iodail odail iodail oighrigh (x3)  
Gho-eam 's ghiodail am 's a ghiodail iodail oighrigh.

Tha mi dol a dheanamh banais tha mi dol a reiteach (x3)  
He hi o gu nuair a thig mo cheud ghaol.

Traditional