

Caoir

caoir, -e, -ean, *s. f.* Firebrand. 2 Blaze of fire, fiercely burning, accompanied by noise. 3 Rapid torrent. 4 Foam with sparks of fire in it, as in a stormy sea, phosphorescence. 5†† Coal. 6** Gleams, flames, flashes. 7** Thunderbolt. 8 (AF) see caora. 9†† Red-hot iron. Na tonnan 'nan caoir, *the waves like flame*; a' choille 'na caoiribh, *the wood in*

JIGS

NIGHEAN RUADH BHÀN &
CHUIRINN MO GHIOLLAN A DH'IOMAIN NAN CAORACH

A couple of jigs to get your toes tapping! Historically, *puirt à beul* or 'mouth music' was sung for dancing in the absence of instruments, and to transmit instrumental tunes orally. Words were generally chosen for their rhythm and sound, rather than their meaning, but this doesn't mean that they are nonsense songs. In fact, many contain secret messages or double entendres!

NIGHEAN RUADH BHÀN

Nighean ruadh bhàn bh' aig Dòmhnall Ruadh Piobair, *The auburn-haired daughter of Red Donald the Piper,*
Rachadh i bhàl nam faigheadh i fìdhlear, *Would go to a ball if she could find a fiddler,*

Nighean ruadh bhàn bh' aig Dòmhnall Ruadh Piobair, *The auburn-haired daughter of Red Donald the Piper,*
Dhèanadh i sìth nam faigheadh i dram. *Would be quiet if she could get a dram.*

Dhèanadh i càrdadh, dhèanadh i cìreadh, *She would card wool, she would comb wool,*
Rachadh i bhàl nam faigheadh i fìdhlear, *Would go to a ball if she could find a fiddler,*

Dhèanadh i càrdadh, dhèanadh i cìreadh, *She would card wool, she would comb wool,*
Dhèanadh i sìth nam faigheadh i dram. *Would be quiet if she could get a dram.*

CHUIRINN MO GHIOLLAN A DH'IOMAIN NAN CAORACH

Chuirinn mo ghiollan a dh'ìomain nan caorach, *I'd send my servant to drive the sheep,*

Chuirinn mo ghiollan a dh'ìomain nan caorach, *I'd send my servant to drive the sheep,*

Chuirinn mo ghiollan a dh'ìomain nan caorach, *I'd send my servant to drive the sheep,*

Chuirinn mo ghaol a dh'ìomain nam bò. *I'd send my love to drive the cattle.*

Buachaille ghoibhar thu, buachaille chaorach, *You're a shepherd of goats, a shepherd of sheep,*

Buachaille ghoibhar thu, buachaille chaorach, *You're a shepherd of goats, a shepherd of sheep,*

Buachaille ghoibhar thu, buachaille chaorach, *You're a shepherd of goats, a shepherd of sheep,*

Buachaille laogh is buachaille bhò. *You're a shepherd of calves, a shepherd of cattle.*

Chuirinn mo bhalachan shiubhal nan garbhlach, *I'd send my servant boy to travel the rugged land,*

Chuirinn mo bhalachan shealg nam fireachan, *I'd send my servant boy to walk the moor,*

Chuirinn mo bhalachan shiubhal nan garbhlach, *I'd send my servant boy to the rugged land,*

Chuirinn mo ghaol a dh'ìomain nam bò. *I'd send my love to drive the cattle.*

Bheirinn an gunna dha, bheirinn an cù dha, *I'd give him the gun, I'd give him the dog,*

Bheirinn an gunna dha, bheirinn an cù dha, *I'd give him the gun, I'd give him the dog,*

Bheirinn an gunna dha, bheirinn an cù dha, *I'd give him the gun, I'd give him the dog,*

Chuirinn mo ghaol a dh'ìomain nam bò. *I'd send my love to drive the cattle.*

REELS

GUN AN GOBHA A CHÀRACHADH & SIUD AN RUD A THOGADH FONN

As a step dancer, there's nothing that I like better than a set of reels and these particular two have a great percussive feel to them. I got the first reel from Gaelic powerhouse Kathleen MacInnes, who heard it on an old cassette given to her by Ailean 'The Whaler' Dòmhnallach. Whilst some sing 'Chun an gobha a chàrachadh', I've chosen to keep it as I heard it from Kathleen.

The second reel is now a Mòd classic, thanks to it featuring in a cracking choral arrangement by fellow Connel girl, Sileas Sinclair.

GUN AN GOBHA A CHÀRACHADH

*Gun an gobha a chàrachadh, To the blacksmith for fixing,
Gun an gobha eile. To the other blacksmith.*

*Chi thu ciamar a ni thu an obair, You will see how you do the work,
Sa mhadainn gun èirigh. In the morning without rising.*

SIUD AN RUD A THOGADH FONN

*Siud an rud a thogadh fonn, That's what would raise a tune,
Fèile beag is sporran lom. A kilt and a threadbare purse.
Còta goirid os a cionn, A short coat above it,
Biodag Dhò'ill 'Ic Alasdair. Donald, son of Alasdair's dirk.*

*Biodag Dhò'ill 'Ic Alasdair, Donald McAllister's dirk,
Biodag Dhò'ill 'Ic Alasdair, Donald McAllister's dirk,
Biodag Dhò'ill 'Ic Alasdair, Donald McAllister's dirk,
Is claidheamh Dhò'ill 'Ic Alasdair. Donald McAllister's sword.*

*'S aotrom a ghearradh tu leum, Lightly would you leap,
Le do thrìubhas fada rèidh. With your smooth long trews.
'S aotrom a ghearradh tu leum, Lightly would you leap,
'S dhireadh tu na mullaichean. And you would climb the heights.*

*Dhireadh tu na mullaichean, You would climb the heights,
Dhireadh tu na mullaichean, You would climb the heights,
Dhireadh tu na mullaichean, You would climb the heights,
Is theàmadh tu na bealaichean. And you would descend the passes.*

GED IS GRIANACH AN LATHA ALTHOUGH THE DAY IS SUNNY

A traditional 'waulking' song, originally sung during the tweed/tartan making process, whilst 'fulling' the cloth. This practice involved rhythmically beating newly woven cloth against a table or similar surface, to lightly felt and shrink it, to better repel water. Simple, beat-driven songs were used to accompany the work.

Typically one person sang the verse, while the others joined in the chorus; which largely consisted of vocables. A tradition holds that it is bad luck to repeat a song during a waulking session, which may explain in part both the many verses of some songs and the large number of songs.

This is likely just a fraction of a much longer song.

Ged is grianach an latha, Although the day may be sunny,

*O hao ri ri ho ro, O hao ri ri ho ro,
Hura bho ro ho ha, Hura bho ro ha ho,
Hao ri ri ho. Hao ri ri ho.*

*Gur beag m' aighear ri bhòidhchead. Little joy for me is its beauty.
'S mi ri coimhead a' chaolais, As I'm watching the narrows,
'S gun mo ghaol-sa ga sheòladh; Without my love there sailing there;
Ach nam faicinn thu tighinn, But if I should see you coming,
'S mi gu rachadh nad chòmhdhail, I would go towards you,
'S mi gu rachadh nad choineamh, I would go to meet you,
Air mo bhonnan gun bhrògan. With no shoes on the soles of my feet.
'S a dh' aindeoin luchd dìombaidh, And in spite of those so disapproving,
'S mi gun dùraigeach pòg dhut, I would want to give you a kiss,
Ged a chùirte mim sheasamh, Though it means I would be standing,
Air an t-seisean Didòmhnaich, On the repentance stool on Sunday,
Ann am fianais na clèire, In front of the entire community,
'S gun ach lèine gam chòmhdach. With only a shirt to wear for clothing.*

DÙTHAICH MHCÀOIDH

MACKAY COUNTRY

This scathing song was said to have been composed by Euan Robertson shortly after the terrible clearances in Sutherland in 1819-20. It strongly criticises those involved, including Patrick Sellar, who was employed as a factor under the Duke of Sutherland, and who played a great part in the plans to remove people from the estate land. (Although, he was never found guilty of any of the crimes laid against him) You'll find more information about this song, its writer and much more on the fabulous Bliadhna nan Òran website. You may also recognise the melody as the theme tune of the film, 'The Piano'; although it was smoothed out, somewhat.

*Mo mhallachd aig na caoraich mhòr!
Càit' bheil clann nan daoine còir?
Dhealaich rium nuair bha mí òg,
Mus robh Dùthaich 'ic Aoidh na fàsach.*

*My curse upon the great sheep!
Where now are the children of the kindly folk?
Who parted from me when I was young,
Before Sutherland became a desert?*

*Tha trì fichead bliadhna' is trì,
O' dh'fhàg mí Dùthaich MhicAoidh.
Càit' bheil gillean òg mo chridh',
'S na nigheagan cho bòidheach?*

*It has been sixty-three years,
Since I left Sutherland.
Where are all my beloved young men,
And all the girls that were so pretty?*

*Loch mo chridhe fhuair thu bàs,
Ma fhuair thu ceartas fhuair thu blàths;
Gun cail an Donas an làmh cheàrr,
Mur bì e càirdeil còir riut.*

*Loch of my love, you were destroyed,
If you received justice, you received warmth.
That the devil will lose the wrong hand,
If he won't be friendly and decent to you.*

*Andersonaich a bh' air an ceann,
On thog an t-seilcheag suas a cheann.
An t-àit' as mìos', on chaidh thu ann,
Cha d' fhuair e ceàrd cho mòr riut.*

*The Andersons were in charge,
Since the snail lifted his head.
The worst place, since you went there,
It didn't get a crook as big as you.*

*Shellair, tha thu nis' nad uaigh,
Gaoir nam bantrach na do chluais.
Am milleadh rinn thu air an t-sluagh
An-uiridh, nach d' fhuair thu d' leòr dheth?*

*Sellar, you are now in your grave,
The wailing of your widows in your ear.
The destruction you wrought upon the people
Up until last year, have you had your fill of it?*

*Ciad Diùc Cataibh le chuid foill,
'S le chuid càirdeis do na Goill.
Gum b' ann an lutharn bha do thoill,
'S gum b' fheàrr leam Iùdas làmh rium.*

*First Duke of Sutherland, with your deceit,
And your consorting with the Lowlanders.
You deserve to be in Hell,
I'd rather consort with Judas.*

*Bhain-Diùc Chataibh, bheil thu 'ad dhith?
Càite bheil do ghùintean siod'?
An do chùm iad thu bhon fhoillt 's bhon t-srith
Tha 'n-diugh a-measg nan clàraibh?*

*Duchess of Sutherland, where are you now?
Where are your silk gowns?
Did they save you from the hatred and fury,
Which today permeates the press?*

PORT NA CAILLICHE THE OLD CRONE'S TUNE

I first heard this satirical, humorous song performed by Capercaillie on their album 'Choice Language'. Whilst its author is unknown, it appears that he married an old crone who plagued him for the rest of her life. This 'òran basaidh', or clapping song, would traditionally be sung in the final stage of waulking, whilst patting down the tweed after it's been shrunk.

Nuair a thèid mi chun na fèill', *When I go to market,*
Bidh a' chailleach às mo dhèidh. *The old crone comes after me.*

Casadaich am beul a clèibh, *Coughing her lungs out,*
'S fheudar dhomh bhith suidhe rith'. *And I have to sit with her.*

'S fheudar dhomh bhith suidhe, suidhe, *And I have to sit, sit,*
'S fheudar dhomh bhith suidhe rith'. *And I have to sit with her.*

'S fheudar dhomh bhith suidhe, suidhe, *And I have to sit, sit,*
'S fheudar dhomh bhith suidhe rith'. *And I have to sit with her.*

Thig mi dhachaigh on bhuaib, *I come home from the harvest,*
Bhithinn gu h-airtnealach fuar. *Weary and cold.*
Gheibhinn dhan a' phròs fhuar, *To get cold brose,*
Làn na coise-duibhe dheth. *A whole casdubh full.*

Thiginn dhachaigh on chrann, *I'd come home from ploughing,*
Bhithinn gu h-airtnealach fann. *Worn out and weak.*
Chithinn an rud nach biodh ann - *I'd see something that wasn't there -*
Samhla 's i na suidhe rium. *A spectre of her sitting beside me.*

Thiginn dhachaigh on nì, *I'd come home from the cattle,*
Bhithinn gu h-airtnealach sgith. *Worn out and weary.*
Dheighinn a laighe leam fhin, *I'd go to lie down by myself,*
'S shin i cnàmhan dubha rium. *She stretched her black bones beside me.*

Mìle beannachd aig gill' òg, *A thousand blessing on a young man,*
A phòsadh cailleach dha dheòin: *Who would willingly wed an old crone:*
A dh'aindeoin airgead no òr, *Despite silver or gold,*
Leòn a cnàmhan dubha mì. *Her black bones wounded me.*

Mìle beannachd aig an eug: *A thousand blessings on death:*
'S iomadh fear dhan d' rinn e feum. *He has relieved many a man.*
Thug e leis mo chailleach fhèin *He took away my own old crone,*
'S èibhinn leam gun d' shiubhail i. *I'm delighted that she's dead.*

AM BRÀIGHE

THE BRAES

Cape Breton is an island very close to my heart, after spending a wonderful six months living and working in the small village of Mabou. This song was written at the beginning of the 20th century by Malcolm Gillis, praising his home of Margaree, in Inverness County. I first heard it performed by the wonderful Canadian singer Mary Jane Lamont and have been singing it ever since. I can confirm that it's just as beautiful as the song describes!

*Na cnuc 's na glinn bu bhòidhche leinn,
'S iad cnuc is glinn a' Bhràighe.
Mun tric bha sinn ri mánran binn,
Sa chomunn ghrinn a b' fheàrr leinn.*

*The hills and glens most beautiful to us,
Are the hills and glens of the Braes (of Margaree).
Where we often sang sweet melodies,
In the friendly company we liked best.*

*Chan eil àite 'n-diugh fon ghrèin,
'S am b' fheàrr leam fhéin bhith tàmhachd.
Na Bràigh' na h-Aibhne measg nan sonn,
Om faighte fuinn na Gàidhlig.*

*There is no place today, under the sun,
Where I would prefer to live.
Than in South-west Margaree amongst the heroes,
From whom you receive Gaelic songs.*

*Do bhruachan gorm 's am faighte sprèidh,
Do ghlacan rèidh gun àireamh.
Mar uachdar thonn, 's an soirbheas trom,
A' ruith gu bonn nan àrd-bheann.*

*Your green slopes frequented by cattle,
Your innumerable level valleys.
Like the crest of waves driven by high winds,
Racing to the foot of the high mountains.*

*Gur pailt gach flùr a' fàs gu dlùth,
Air madainn chùbhraidh Mhàigh ann.
'S bidh ceòl nan ean gu fonnmhor, dian,
Nuair thig a' ghrian le fáilt' ann.*

*Abundant are the flower that closely grow,
On a fragrant May morning there.
And the music of the birds will be melodious & fervent,
When the sun arrives with its welcome there.*

*Bidh sruthain mhear de dh'uisge glan,
A' brùchdadh mach mu rathaidean.
'S bidh crodh is caoraich pailt rim faotainn,
Feadh nan aodann àrda.*

*Lively streams of clear water,
Erupt up around roads.
And cattle and sheep will be found aplenty,
Throughout the high faces.*

*Gur binn leam ceòl na h-aibhne mhòir,
'S i falbh an glòir a h-àilleachd;
Fhads bhios i gluasad sìos le fuaim,
Cha toir mi fuath don Bhràighe.*

*Sweet to me is the music of the great river,
As it meanders amidst the glory of its beauty;
As long as it continues its noisy course to the sea,
I will never hate the Braes.*

MO NIGHEAN DONN HÒ GÙ

MY BROWN HAired GIRL HÒ GÙ

One of my favourite aspects of Gaelic song is the wealth of variations that you can find. This popular waulking song has many different variants but this one is slightly different to any version that I could find. I first heard it performed by Kathleen McDonald, of the MacDonald Sisters fame; although this version has a few differences that I decided to keep in.

*Chuirinn suas rì do chluais, I would hold to your ear,
Ite chuachadh an eòin. A curled bird's feather.*

*Mo nighean donn hò gù, My dark haired girl hò gù,
Hì i rì hu leò, Hì i rì hu leò,
Mo nighean donn hò gù. My dark haired girl hò gù.*

*Bhithinn sona le mo ghràdh, I would be happy with my beloved,
Ann an sabhal bàn an fheòir. In the white barn of the grass.*

*Bhithinn sona le mo ghaol, I would be happy with my love,
Ann an sabhal min an fheòir. In the smooth barn of the grass.*

*Thèid mo làmh na do làimh, My hand will go into your hand,
Neo 'rr thaing dhan tha beò. With our thanks to those still alive.*

*Togail a' m' mhaìlisidh suas, Raising the militia,
Thug siud bhuainn gillean òg. That took young boys from us.*

*Cha bhì sinn air falbh ach mìos, We will only be away for a month,
Cha bhì 'n cianalas oirn. And we won't be homesick.*

*Rì dol sìos mun taobh siar, Going down the west side,
Laigh an cianalas oirn. The homesickness lay upon me.*

*Rì dol sìos mun a' Chìrc, Going down around the Circ,
Chuir i spriotagan oirn. She splashed us.*

*Rì dol sìos mun a' Charbh, Going down around the cape,
Bratach dhearg às an t-seòl. A red flag coming from the sail.*

*Boineid ghorm, cota dearg, A blue bonnet, a red coat,
Deise airm rinn mo leòn. It was an army uniform that wounded me.*

BÀS NA CAILLICHE BÈIRE

THE DEATH OF THE CAILLEACH BHEUR

The Cailleach Bheur was a one eyed giantess who lived on the island of Erraid in Mull. Every 100 years she had to go Loch Ba to bathe and be rejuvenated. She also had to take her three cows to drink at a certain mainland well, which had a lid on it that had to be replaced before sunset or the well would overflow and flood the world. One time she fell asleep, but she woke up in time and managed to replace the lid, though the well had overflowed a little and had formed Loch Awe.

When she went to bathe in Loch Ba, she had to reach the loch without hearing a dog bark. One time she passed a shepherd and although he knew the consequences he could not prevent his dog barking. The shepherd ran to help the Cailleach Bheur but she died. As she died she sang a song of which the contributor only knows only one verse. He sings this verse.

The chorus-lyrics are traditional and transcribed from the singing of Captain Dugald MacCormick of Fionnphort in Mull. The new melody and subsequent verses are original and composed by Alasdair Mac'IlleBhàin of Salen, Mull. Many thanks to Alasdair for providing the words and translation and to Tobar an Dualchais for the background information.

'S moch an-diugh a ghoir an cù, *Early today barked the hound,*
Ghoir an cù, ghoir an cù. *Barked the hound, barked the hound.*
'S moch an-diugh a ghoir an cù, *Early today barked the hound,*
Madainn chiùin os cionn Loch Bà. *On a still morning above Loch Bà.*

'S iomadh latha bhon bha mi 'snàmh, *Many a day since I last bathed,*
Bha mi 'snàmh, bha mi 'snàmh. *I last bathed, I last bathed.*
'S iomadh latha bhon bha mi 'snàmh, *Many a day since I last bathed,*
Madainn thlàth am fìor-uisg' Bhà. *On a mild morning in the pure water of Bà.*

Bheirinn tacan san iar-thuath, *I used to spend a while in the far north-west,*
San iar-tuath, san iar-thuath. *Far north-west, far north-west.*
Bheirinn tacan san iar-thuath, *I used to spend a while in the far north-west,*
Measg nan stuadh tuath air Bà. *Among the waves, north of Bà.*

'N Eilein Earraid bha mi 'tàmh, *But it was on the Isle of Earraid that I dwelt,*
Bha mi 'tàmh, bha mi 'tàmh. *That I dwelt, that I dwelt.*
'N Eilein Earraid bha mi 'tàmh, *It was on the Isle of Earraid that I dwelt,*
Bha mi slàn mun deach mi 'Bhà. *I was in good health before I went to Bà.*

'S ann ann a chuala mi a ghlaodh, *And it was there that I heard its cry,*
Mi a ghlaodh, mi a ghlaodh. *Heard its cry, heard its cry.*
'S ann ann a chuala mi a ghlaodh, *It was there that I heard its cry,*
Latha caomh os cionn Loch Bà. *On a still day above Loch Bà.*

'N Goirtein Buidhe air mo chràdh, *It was in Goirtein Buidhe in pain,*
Air mo chràdh, air mo chràdh. *In pain, in pain.*
'N Goirtein Buidhe air mo chràdh, *It was in Goirtein Buidhe in pain,*
Fhuair mi bàs ri taobh Loch Bà. *That I died, beside Loch Bà.*

AIR AN FHÈILL

*Air an fhèill a-muigh o hi, At the market-stance o hi,
Air an fhèill a-staigh o hò, At the market-stance o hò,
Air an fhèill a-muigh o hi, At the market-stance o hi,
Rinn na ceannaichean an t-òl. The merchants did their drinking.*

*Air an fhèill a-muigh o hi, At the market-stance o hi,
Air an fhèill a-staigh o hò, At the market-stance o hò,
Air an fhèill a-muigh o hi, At the market-stance o hi,
Rinn na ceannaichean an t-òl. The merchants did their drinking.*

*Air an tulachan ud shìos, On that hillock down there,
Air an tulachan ud shuas, And that one up yonder,
Air an tulachan ud shìos, On that hillock down there,
A ghabh Murchadh a' stòp. Murdo took a drink.*

*Air an tulachan ud shìos, On that hillock down there,
Air an tulachan ud shuas, And that one up yonder,
Air an tulachan ud shìos, On that hillock down there,
A ghabh Murchadh a' stòp. Murdo took a drink.*

GED THIGEADH FEAR LE BUAILE CHRUIDH

*Ged thigeadh fear le buaile chruidh, Though one should come with a fold of cattle,
Chan fhaigh e nigh'n dubh againne. He will not get our black-haired girl.*

*Chan fhaigh e nighean, nighean dubh, He will not get a girl, a black-haired girl,
Chan fhaigh e nighean, nighean dubh, He will not get a girl, a black-haired girl,
Chan fhaigh e nighean, nighean dubh, He will not get a girl, a black-haired girl,
Chan fhaigh e nigh'n dubh againne. He will not get our black-haired girl.*

CADAL CUAIN SLEEP OF THE OCEAN

From the first moment I heard this heartbreakingly beautiful song, I was captured by its beautiful tune and desperately sad lyrics. It's a relatively new Gaelic song, with words by the North Uist bàrd Ceitidh Morrison and music by Skye singer Kenna Campbell, and one which advanced Scotland to the 'New Song' competition at the Pan Celtic Festival in Killarney.

*Moch sa mhadainn 's mi 'g èirigh cha bu lèir
dhomh trom dheòir;*

*Cha robh claisneachd nam chluasan 's bha mo
smuaintean nan ceò.*

*Bha mise ann am bruaillean, bhon a fhuair
mi bun sgeòil*

*A bhith cluinntinn nach buan thu ach
sa chuan fhuar mhòr.*

*Gur an-sheasgair san fheasgar, leab' an
fhleasgaich a dh'fhalbh,*

*'S i a chluasag bha fuaraidh 's plaide bhuan
fheamainn dhearg.*

Suainte mun cuairt air fear bu dualach bhith garg;

*Fear bu shuaicheanta uasal,
nise fuar an neul marbh.*

*As I rose early in the morning, I could see nothing
through my tears;*

*There was no hearing in my ears and my thoughts
were confused.*

I was in a daze, since I heard the news

That you had died in the vast, cold ocean.

*Disturbed in the evening, the bed of young man
who has gone*

*His pillow is cold, and an eternal blanket of red
seaweed is*

Entwined around a man who used to be mighty;

*One who was magnificent and noble,
now cold in the swoon of death.*

*Tha do ghruag a bha cuachach
na tuainealan fliuch,*

*'N fhaochag bheag na do chluasan,
sùil an uaill 's i gun phioc;*

*Beul na firinn bha uaibhreach air a
bhuaig aig na bric,*

*'S thusa, thruaghain, gun ghluasad 'm bun a'
chuain fo do lic.*

*Gura coimheach is grànda,
muir bhàn os do chionn,*

I a' beucaill 's a' bàrcadh is tu bàite na grund;

Bha uair eile dhà sin nuair b' e tàladh mo rùin

*Bilean mìlis rì mánran an leaba
bhlàth 's mi rìd thaobh.*

*Nis do sheòmar gun dòigh air,
snidhe dòrtadh gu làr;*

*Cha b' e sin ni a b' eòl dhut ach do sheòmar bhith
blàth.*

Braidseal mòr teine mòna a' cròiceadh bhon fhàd;

*Ach a-nochd, 's iad na ròin tha
nad chòmhlhan-sa, ghràidh.*

Your hair that was curly is now in wet ringlets,

The little whelk in your ears, proud eye lifeless;

The proud, truthful mouth picked by the salmon,

*And you, poor soul, unmoving, on the ocean floor
under your gravestone.*

Terrible and ugly, the white sea over your head,

roaring and crashing and you drowned on its bed;

There was once a time when my love's lullaby was

*Sweet lips crooning love in a warm bed
with me beside you.*

*Now your room is disheveled,
drips pouring to the floor;*

*That was not what you were used to, but for your
room to be warm.*

A big, blazing peat fire piled high;

*But tonight, it is the seals that are
your companions, my love.*

PUIRT À BEUL MOUTH MUSIC

HÒ GUN D' MHARBH MI, DHANNSAMAID LE AILEAN, AIR AN FHÈILL & GED THIGEADH FEAR LE BUAILE CHRUIDH

A collection of Gaelic mouth music, two of which feature cattle - some more fortunate than others!

HÒ GUN D' MHARBH MI

Hò gun d' mharbh mi, hè gun d' mharbh mi,	<i>Ho I killed, hey I killed,</i>
Hò gun d' mharbh mi tarbh le dòrn.	<i>Ho, I killed a bull with a blow.</i>
Hò gun d' mharbh mi, hè gun d' mharbh mi,	<i>Ho I killed, hey I killed</i>
'S cha robh aineirich air na feòil.	<i>And there was neither soup nor meat on him.</i>
Hò gun d' mharbh mi, hè gun d' mharbh mi,	<i>Ho I killed, hey I killed,</i>
Hò gun d' mharbh mi tarbh le dòrn.	<i>Ho, I killed a bull with a blow,</i>
Hò gun d' mharbh mi, hè gun d' mharbh mi,	<i>Ho I killed, hey I killed,</i>
'S cha robh aineirich air na feòil.	<i>And there was neither soup nor meat on him.</i>
Hi ri ri ri gun do mharbh mi,	<i>Hi ri ri ri I killed,</i>
Hi ri ri ri tarbh le dòrn.	<i>Hi ri ri ri a bull with a blow.</i>
Hi ri ri ri gun do mharbh mi,	<i>Hi ri ri ri I killed.</i>
'S cha robh aineirich air na feòil.	<i>And there was neither soup nor meat on him.</i>
Hi ri ri ri gun do mharbh mi,	<i>Hi ri ri ri I killed,</i>
Hi ri ri ri tarbh le dòrn.	<i>Hi ri ri ri a bull with a blow.</i>
Hi ri ri ri gun do mharbh mi,	<i>Hi ri ri ri I killed.</i>
'S cha robh aineirich air na feòil.	<i>And there was neither soup nor meat on him.</i>

DHANNSAMAID LE AILEAN

Dhannsadh, gun dannsadh,	<i>Dance, we would dance,</i>
Dhannsamaid le Ailean.	<i>We would dance with Allan.</i>
Dhannsadh, gun dannsadh,	<i>Dance, we would dance,</i>
Dhannsadh Ailean leinn.	<i>Allan would dance with us.</i>
Ruidhleadh Màiri Tàillear,	<i>Mary the tailor would reel,</i>
Dhannsadh Màiri Tàillear,	<i>Mary the tailor would dance.</i>
Ruidhleadh Màiri Tàillear,	<i>Mary the tailor would reel,</i>
Gus na dh'fhàs i tinn.	<i>Until she grew ill.</i>
Ged bha Màiri crùbach	<i>Though Mary was lame,</i>
Agus car na glùinean,	<i>And though her knee was twisted,</i>
Dhannsadh i gu sunddach	<i>She would happily dance,</i>
Air an ùrlar ghrrinn.	<i>On the fine floor.</i>

WWW.JOYDUNLOP.COM

VOCALS
GUITAR
FIDDLE
BASS
DRUMS
ELECTRIC GUITAR

JOY DUNLOP
RON JAPPY
MHAIRI MARWICK
GUS STIRRAT
IFEDADE THOMAS
EUAN MALLOCH

Recorded and mixed by Gus Stirrat, Solas Sound
Mastered by Peter Beckman, Technology Works

All songs traditional except:

Cadal Cuain - © Morrison / Campbell

Bàs na Cailliche Bèire - © Whyte / chrad

Photography - Euan Robertson

Album Artwork - LOOM Graphics

Taing chridheil / Special thanks to everyone
who supported this entire album project but in
particular: Ron, Mhairi, Gus, Dade and Euan. Iain
Urchadan, Dr. Emily McEwan, Simon Thoumire &
Rachel Hair. Maoin nan Ealan Gàidhlig.
Tha mi fada fichead nur comain.