

Salute to Rona Lightfoot – Songbook

Contents (*Track numbers as per CDs*)

CD 1

- 2 Fhir a Chinn Duibh
- 5 Cailleach Beinne Bric horò
- 8 Gabhaidh sinn an rathad mòr
- 11 Cha till MacCruimean
- 14 A Cholla Mo Rùn
- 17 Mnathan a' ghlinne-sa

CD 2

- 2 Maol Donn
- 5 Fhuair mi pòg à làmh a Rìgh
- 8 Moladh Mòraig
- 12 Cumha Mhic An Toisich
- 15 Pìobaireachd Dhòmhnuille Duibh-
- 18 A' Ghlas mheur

Acknowledgements

These are the Piping songs which Rona taught her Fèis Rois class in 2015 and 2016. Whilst she learnt some of these from her mother, Rona gratefully acknowledges the assistance she had from Allan MacDonald and Margaret Stewart in compiling her teaching resource of piping songs.

CD 1:14 Translation by Margaret Stewart/Allan MacDonald, reproduced by kind permission of Margaret Stewart:

<http://www.celticlyricscorner.net/stewart/collamo.htm>

CD 1: 17 Translation of V1 and the 2nd half of V3 reproduced by kind permission of Tom Colquhoun, Largs Gaelic Choir.

CD 2: 2 Translation reproduced by kind permission of James Graham, from his CD “Siubhal”: <http://www.celticlyricscorner.net/graham/maol.htm>

With grateful thanks to Chrissie Macleay, Stornoway, for help with translating the songs (where not otherwise specified)

CD1

2: Fhir a' Chinn Duibh

Fhir a' chinn duibh, thug mi gaol dhut
Fhir a' chinn duibh, thug mi gràdh dhut
Thug mi gaol is thug mi gràdh dhut
Thug mi gaol nach tug mi chach dhut
Fhir a' chinn duibh, thug mi gràdh dhut

Translation (LP)

Lad with the dark hair, I gave you love
Lad with the dark hair, I gave you tenderness
I gave you love and tenderness
I gave you a love that I did not give to the others
Lad with the dark hair, I gave you tenderness

This song laments the passing of a favourite son. It is thought this song relates to the loss of seven of the eight children of Patrick Mor MacCrimmon who all died of smallpox in the same year.

5: Cailleach Beinne Bric horò

Sèist (Chorus)

Cailleach Beinne Bric horò

Bric horò, bric horò

Cailleach Beinne a' Bric horò

Cailleach mhòr an fhuarain àrd.

1 Cailleach mhòr nam mogan liath

Mogan liath, mogan liath

Cailleach mhòr nam mogan liath

Chan fhacas do leithid riamh

2 'S ann a' sud bha ghroidhean fhiadh

A ghroidhean fhiadh, a ghroidhean fhiadh,

'S ann a sud bha ghroidhean fhiadh

Seachad sios an cathair 'ud thall

3 Cailleach mhòr nam mogan fhada

Mogan fhada, mogan fhada

Cailleach mhòr nam mogan fhada

'S b'astarach i 's an talamh dearg.

Rona's notes:

Cailleach is the Gaelic name given to a shroud of cloud on top of a mountain.

The Cailleach moves and stretches with the wind and can look quite spooky, especially if you're alone on a wild moor as night is drawing near! There are many myths and legends in Gaeldom concerning the Cailleach.

Translation: Cailleach of Beinne Bric (Chrissie Macleay)

Chorus: Cailleach of Beinne Bric, the Great Cailleach of the high stream.

1. The great Cailleach of the grey knitted stockings, the like of you was never seen.
2. There was the herd of deer, down beyond yonder headland
3. The great Cailleach of the long knitted stockings, she was a traveller over the red land

8 Gabhaidh Sinn An Rathad Mòr

Sèist:

Gabhaidh sinn an rathad mòr, Gabhaidh sinn an rathad mòr,
Gabhaidh sinn an rathad mòr, Olc no math le càch e.

1 Dìridh sinn ri beinn an fhraoich, teàrnaidh sinn ri gleann nan laogh
'S chan eil fear de luchd nam braoisg, nach leig sinn gaoir a mhàileid.

2 Thar nam monadh, null 'n ar sgrìob, sios Gleann-Comhann air bheag sgìos
Meàrsaidh sinn an ainm an rìgh, olc no math le càch e.

3 Olc no math le Cloinn-an-t-Saoir, olc no math le Cloinn-an-t-saoir,
Olc no math le Cloinn-an-t-saoir, 'S bodaich mhaol an Làgain.

4 Gu Mac-'ic-Alasdair 's Lochial, bidh 'ad leinn mar bha 'ad riamh,
'S Fear-na-Ceapaich mar ar miann, olc no math le càch sud.

5 Thig Cloinn-'Phearsain, feachd nam buadh,
'S thig Cloinn-Choinnich o'n taobh-tuath,
'S mairg an dream do'n nochd 'ad fuath
Nuair dh'éireas gruaim nam blàr orr'.

6 Thig Clann Ghriogair, garg 'san strì, na Stiùbhartaich - 's iad sluagh an Rìgh.
Meàrsaibh uallach: suas i 'phìob! olc no math le càch e.
Gabhaidh sinn an rathad mòr, Gabhaidh sinn an rathad mòr,
Gabhaidh sinn an rathad mòr, Olc no math le càch e.

Translation (We'll take the High Road)

Chorus: We'll take the high road, whether it be good or ill to others.

1 We'll climb the heather hill, descend the valley of calves
And none of the scoffers will trouble us.

2 Over the hills, onwards our journey, down Glencoe unwearying
We will march in the name of the king, whether it be good or ill to others.

3 Good or ill to Clan MacIntyre, and the bald old men of Laggan.

4 To MacAlasdair and Locheil, they will be with us as they always were,
And MacDonald of Keppoch, we want him, whether it be good or ill to others.

5 The victorious Clan MacPherson will come, and Clan Mackenzie from the North,
Pity those who are enemies to them, when the battle fervour rises in them.

6 Clan MacGregor, fierce in battle, and the Stuarts – the King's people - will come,
March proudly, up the pipes! Whether it be good or ill to others.

11. Cha till MacCruimean

Urlàr

Cha till, cha till, cha till MacCruimean,
An cogadh no sìth cha till e tuilleadh
Cha till, cha till, cha till MacCruimean,
'S ged thilleadh a' phiob, cha till MacCruimean.

Cha till, cha till, cha till MacCruimean,
'S ged thilleadh MacLeòid, cha bheò MacCruimean,
Cha till, cha till, cha till e tuilleadh
Cha till e gu bràth gu Là na Cruinneadh.

Mo chul ri d' chùl gun dùil ri tilleadh
Mo bheul ri d' bheul 's na deòir a' sileadh
Mo chul ri d' chùl gun dùil ri tilleadh
Mo bheul ri d' bheul 's na deòir a' sileadh.

Siubhal

Mo chùl tilleadh riut
Gun dùil tilleadh riut
Gun dùil tilleadh riut
Gun dùil tilleadh riut
Mo chùl tilleadh riut
Gun dùil tilleadh riut
Mo chul ri d'chùl 's na deòir a' sileadh.

Translation: MacCrimmon will not return (Chrissie Macleay)

MacCrimmon will not, will not return, In war, in peace, he will never return.

MacCrimmon will not, will not return

And although his pipe would return, MacCrimmon will not return.

MacCrimmon will not, will not return

Although MacLeod would return, MacCrimmon lives not.

He will not, will not return again, He will never return until the Day of Judgement.

My back to your back with no hope of return, my back to yours and the tears flowing.x2

My back towards you, without hope of returning to you x3,

My back towards you, without hope of returning to you

With no hope of your return, my back to yours and the tears flowing.

14 Colla mo rùn

'S a Cholla mo ghaol, seachainn an caol
Seachainn an caol, seachainn an caol
Cholla mo ghaol, seachainn an caol
Seachainn an caol, tha mi
Tha mise làimh, tha mise làimh

*Coll, my love, avoid the strait
Avoid the strait, avoid the strait
Coll, my love, avoid the strait
Avoid the strait, I am
I am imprisoned, I am imprisoned*

'S a Cholla mo ghràdh, seachainn am bàgh
Seachainn am bàgh, seachainn am bàgh
Cholla mo ghràdh, seachainn am bàgh
Seachainn am bàgh, tha mi
Tha mise làimh, tha mise làimh

*Coll, my love, avoid the bay
Avoid the bay, avoid the bay
Coll, my love, avoid the bay
Avoid the bay, I am
I am imprisoned, I am imprisoned*

'S a Cholla mhìn a Mhic a Phì
Gur àrd a chluinnteach fuaim do phìob
Eadar a' choille 's an Crinan
Mach 's a steach mu bheul Chaol Ìle
O fhalbh, o fhalbh
(2x)

*Gentle Coll of the MacPhees
Loud the sound of your pipes could be heard
Between the wood and Crinan
In and out of the mouth of the Strait of Islay
Go away! Go away!__
(2x)*

'S a Cholla ghaolaich, ghlac 'ad mi
Cholla ghaolaich, ghlac 'ad mi
'S a Cholla ghaolaich, ghlac 'ad mi
Gur ann 's a' chaol a ghlac 'ad mi

*Beloved Coll, they have caught me
Beloved Coll, they have caught me
Beloved Coll, they have caught me
It was in the strait that they caught me*

'S a Cholla ghràdhaich sàbhail mì
Cholla ghràdhaich sàbhail mì
'S a Cholla ghràdhaich sàbhail mì
Gur ann 's a' bhàgh a ghlac 'ad mì

*My dearest Coll, save me
Dearest Coll, save me
My dearest Coll, save me
It was in the bay that they caught me*

'S a Cholla mo rùn, seachainn an Dùn
Seachainn an Dùn, seachainn an Dùn
Cholla mo rùn, seachainn an Dùn
Seachainn an Dùn, tha mi
Tha mise làimh, tha mise làimh

*Coll, my love, avoid the fort
Avoid the fort, avoid the fort
Coll, my love, avoid the fort
Avoid the fort, I am
I am imprisoned, I am imprisoned*

Translation by Margaret Stewart/Allan MacDonald, reproduced by kind permission of Margaret Stewart: <http://www.celticlyricscorner.net/stewart/collamo.htm>

17 Mhnathan A' Ghlinne-sa

1 A mhnathan a' ghlinne-sa, 'ghlinne-sa, 'ghlinne-sa) x2
'Mhnathan a' ghlinne-sa 's mithich dhuibh èirigh)
'S mise rinn moch-èirigh, 'S mise rinn moch-èirigh)
'S mise rinn moch-èirigh agaibhs' bha feum air) x2

2 Eoghainn òig leag iad thu, leag iad thu, leag iad thu,)
Eoghainn òig leag iad thu, 'n eabar a' ghàraidh) x2
Leag iad thu, leag iad thu, o cha do thog iad thu,)
Leag iad thu, leag iad thu, 'n eabar a' ghàraidh) x2

3 'S truagh nach robh mise sin, 'S truagh nach robh mise sin,)
'S truagh nach robh mise sin, 's bheirinn air làimh ort.) x2
Iain dubh, biorach, dubh, biorach, dubh, biorach, dubh,)
Iain òg biorach ag iomain na sprèidheadh.)

A mhnathan a' ghlinne-sa, 'ghlinne-sa, 'ghlinne-sa) x2
'Mnathan a' ghlinne-sa 's mithich dhuibh èirigh)

Translation (Women of this glen)

1 Women of this glen, this glen, this glen
Women of this glen, now is the time for you to rise,
It was me that made an early rising, there was need for you to have done so.

2. Young Ewan, they brought you down, in the mire of the enclosed garden.
They brought you down, they did not raise you up, in the mire of the garden.

3. Would that I had been there, and I would have held your hand,
Black Iain, black sharp-eyed, Young sharp-eyed Iain, driving off the cattle.

Translation of V1 and the 2nd half of V3 reproduced by kind permission of Tom Colquhoun, Largs Gaelic Choir.

CD2

2 Maol Donn

Cha bu shealbhach dhomh d'fhaotainn
'S e mo ghaol am Maol Donn
Cha bu shealbhach dhomh d'fhaotainn
'S e mo ghaol am Maol Donn
Cha bu shealbhach dhomh d'fhaotainn
'S e mo ghaol am Maol Donn
Ga d' iarraidh 's ga d'fhaotainn
'S ga d' shlaodadh a poll

*It was not fortunate for me to get you
My dear, my Maol Dunn
It was not fortunate for me to get you
My dear, my Maol Dunn
It was not fortunate for me to get you
My dear, my Maol Dunn
Searching for you and finding you
And pulling you out of a bog*

Iain shomaltaich, e horò
Thog iad an crodh far na lòn
Iain shomaltaich, e horò
Thog iad an crodh far na lòn

*Laid-back John, e horo
They have lifted the cattle from the meadows
Laid-back John, e horo
They have lifted the cattle from the meadows*

Thig an tòir oirnn fhìn
'S air mo làimh ni thu lorg
Thig an tòir oirnn fhìn
'S air mo làimh ni thu lorg
Thig an tòir oirnn fhìn
'S air mo làimh ni thu lorg
Iain shomaltaich, e horò
Thog iad an crodh far na lòn

*The raid will come on us
And by my hand you will find them
The raid will come on us
And by my hand you will find them
The raid will come on us
And by my hand you will find them
Laid-back John, e horo
They have lifted the cattle from the meadows*

X2:

Iain bi muigh, ò hò
Tha' n tòir mun taigh, ò hò
Thoir leat claidheamh, ò hò
Mòr is saighead, ò hò

*John be out, o ho
The raid is about the house, o ho
Take with you a big sword, o ho
And a bow and arrow, o ho*

Thig an tòir oirnn fhìn

Cha bu shealbhach dhomh d'fhaotainn
'S e mo ghaol am Maol Donn
Cha bu shealbhach dhomh d'fhaotainn
'S e mo ghaol am Maol Donn
Cha bu shealbhach dhomh d'fhaotainn
'S e mo ghaol am Maol Donn
Ga d' iarraidh 's ga d'fhaotainn
'S ga d' shlaodadh a poll

*It was not fortunate for me to get you
My dear, my Maol Dunn
It was not fortunate for me to get you
My dear, my Maol Dunn
It was not fortunate for me to get you
My dear, my Maol Dunn
Searching for you and finding you
And pulling you out of a bog*

Translation reproduced by kind permission of James Graham, from his CD "Siubhal":
<http://www.celticlyricscorner.net/graham/maol.htm>

5 Fhuair mi pòg à làimh an Rìgh

Fhuair mi pòg, is pòg, is pòg
O fhuair mi pòg à làimh an Rìgh
Fhuair mi pòg, is pòg, is pòg
O fhuair mi pòg à làimh an Rìgh

Fhuair mi pòg, is pòg, is pòg
O fhuair mi pòg à làimh an Rìgh
Is cha d'chuir gaoth an craiceann caorach
Neach a fhuair an fhaoilt ach mi

Translation

*I got a kiss, a kiss, a kiss
Oh I got a kiss of the King's hand*

*And none who ever blew in to the sheepskin (pipe bag)
Was honoured as I have been*

8 Moladh Mòraig

Urlàr

'S truagh gun mi sa choill' nuair bha Mòrag ann:
Thilgeamaid na croinn cò bu bhòidhch' againn:
Nighean a' chùil duinn, air a bheil an loinn -
Bhi'maid air ar broinn feadh nan ròsan;
Bhreugamaid sinn-fhìn mireag air ar blìon,
A' buain shòbhrach mìn-bhuidh' nan còsagan;
Theannamaid ri strì 's thadhlamaid san fhrìth,
'S chailleamaid sinn fhìn feadh nan sròineagan.

Siubhal

O, 's coma leam, 's coma leam uil' iad ach Mòrag:
Ribhinn dheas chulach gun uireasbhuidh fòghlaim.
Chan fhaighear a tiunnail air mhaise no bhunailt,
No 'm beusaibh neo-chumant', am Muile no 'n Leòdhas:
Gu geamnaidh, deas, furanach, duineil, gun mhòr-chùis,
Air thaghadh na cumachd o mullach gu brògan;
A neul tha neo-churaidh 's a h-aighe ro lurach,
Gu brìodalach, cuireideach, urramach, seòlta.

Translation (In Praise of Marion)

How sad that I were not in the wood with Morag
We would cast lots on who was the most beguiling
Girl of brown locks who has such bearing
We would lie among the roses
We would lose ourselves in sporting in the sun
Gathering tender yellow primroses from the hollows.
When we would turn from that, we would walk in the deer park
And lose ourselves amongst hillocks.

O indeed, indeed I care for none but Morag
A shapely trim form, with quick mind, without deficiency
There is none like her in beauty or steadiness
Or in remarkable modesty in Mull or in Lewis
Modest, neat and warm-hearted without undue pride
She is choicest in form from top to toe
Her complexion is superlative and her face so lovely
She is lively, playful, honourable and fine.

12 Cumha Mhic An-Toisich

Sèist:

Ochòin a laoigh, leag 'ad thu
Leag iad thu, laoigh, leag 'ad thu
Ochòin a laoigh, leag 'ad thu
'm bealach a' ghàrraidh

'S truagh nach robh mise sin (x3)
'S ceathr' air gach làimh dhomh

An leann thog iad gu d' bhanais (x3)
Air d'fhalairidh bha e

Bha mi 'm bhréidich am ghruagaich (3)
'S am bhantraich 's an aon uair ud

Gun chron air an t-saoghal ort (3)
Ach nach d'fheud thu saoghal buan fhàistinn

Translation (Rona Lightfoot)

Chorus: Beloved, they knocked you down, at the breach in the wall

1 It's a pity I wasn't there and with four others to either side

2 The beer they brought for your wedding was used for your funeral

3 I was a bride, a maiden and a widow all in the same hour

4 You had not a fault in the world, but you were not granted a full life

15 Pìobaireachd Dhòmhnuille Dhuibh

Pìobaireachd Dhòmhnuille Dhuibh Pìobaireachd Dhòmhnuille x3
Pìob agus bratach air faich' Inbhir Lòchaidh

Chaidh an-diugh, chaidh an-diugh Chaidh an-diugh oirne x3
Chaidh an-diugh, 's chaidh an-dè 's chaidh a h-uile latha oirne

Theich 's gun do theich 'S gun do theich Clann an Tòisich x3
Dh'fhalbh Clann Mhuirich ach dh'fhuirich Clann Dòmhnaille

Thog na fir, Thog na fir, Thog na fir còmhla x3
Thog na fir chaola mach ri aodann Srath Lòchaidh

Pìobaireachd Dhòmhnuille Dhuibh Pìobaireachd Dhòmhnuille x3
Pìob agus bratach air faich' Inbhir Lòchaidh

Translation (Black Donald's pibroch)

Black Donald's pibroch, Donald's pibroch
Pipe and banner on the battlefield of Inverlochy

Today went, today went against us
Today went, and yesterday went, and every day went against us

Fled, fled, fled Clan MacIntosh
Clan Murray left but Clan Donald stayed.

The men took off, the men took off together
The thin men took off out to the brow of Strath Lochy

18 A' Ghlas mheur

Sèist:

*Òl, air an daoraich, òl, òl, òl,
Òl, mar a dh'fhaodas, òl, òl, òl,
Òl, air an daoraich, òl, òl, òl,
Òl, mar a dh'fhaodas, òl, òl, òl*

1 Òl, air an dallanaich, 'S òl air an daoraich,
Òl, air an dallanaich, 'S òl air an daoraich,
Òl, air an dallanaich, 'S òl air an daoraich,
Òl, air an dallanaich, 'S òl air an daoraich,

2 Bho dhallanaich gu dallanaich, gu dallanaich na daoraich,
Bho dhallanaich gu dallanaich, gu dallanaich na daoraich,
Bho dhallanaich gu dallanaich, gu dallanaich na daoraich,
Bho dhallanaich gu dallanaich, gu dallanaich na daoraich,

3 Òl, air mhisg, Òl, air mhisg,
Òl, air mhisg, Òl, air mhisg,
Òl, air mhisg, Òl, air mhisg,
Òl, air mhisg, Òl, air mhisg,

4 Chuid nach òl sinne dh'e, Òlaidh na gillean e.
Chuid nach òl sinne dh'e, Òlaidh na gillean e.
Chuid nach òl sinne dh'e, Òlaidh na gillean e.
Chuid nach òl sinne dh'e, Òlaidh na gillean e.

5 Òlaidh na gillean e, Iarraidh na gillean e
Òlaidh na gillean e, Iarraidh na gillean e
Òlaidh na gillean e, Iarraidh na gillean e
Òlaidh na gillean e, Iarraidh na gillean e

6 Òlaidh sinn, òlaidh sinn, Pàidhidh sinn, òlaidh sinn,
Òlaidh sinn, òlaidh sinn, Pàidhidh sinn, òlaidh sinn,
Òlaidh sinn, òlaidh sinn, Pàidhidh sinn, òlaidh sinn,
Òlaidh sinn, òlaidh sinn, Pàidhidh sinn, òlaidh sinn,

7 Mach, a mach, a mach, a mach, Fear nach pàigh an tigh, a mach
Mach, a mach, a mach, a mach, Fear nach pàigh an tigh, a mach
Mach, a mach, a mach, a mach, Fear nach pàigh an tigh, a mach
Mach, a mach, a mach, a mach, Fear nach pàigh an tigh, a mach

8 Òlaidh sinn ar boineidean, Ged iomadh air na maolaibh
Òlaidh sinn ar boineidean, Ged iomadh air na maolaibh

Òlaidh sinn ar boineidean, Ged iomadh air na maolaibh
Òlaidh sinn ar boineidean, Ged iomadh air na maolaibh

9 Òlaidh sinn na gartana, Th' air na casan caola,
Òlaidh sinn na gartana, Th' air na casan caola,
Òlaidh sinn na gartana, Th' air na casan caola,
Òlaidh sinn na gartana, Th' air na casan caola.

10 Òlaidh sinn na breacana, Ged bhith'mid ris a' ghaoith,
Òlaidh sinn na breacana, Ged bhith'mid ris a' ghaoith,
Òlaidh sinn na breacana, Ged bhith'mid ris a' ghaoith,
Òlaidh sinn na breacana, Ged bhith'mid ris a' ghaoith.

11 Thèid sinn a dh'òl do chrò nan caorach,
Chrò nan gobhar, do chrò nan caorach,
Thèid sinn a dh'òl do chrò nan caorach,
Thèid sinn a dh'òl a dh'òl, a dh'òl.

12 Chùm thu, chùm thu, chùm thu 'n dè mi,
Chùm thu, chùm thu, chùm thu 'n dè mi,
Chùm thu 'n diugh mi, chùm thu 'n dè mi,
Tinn an diugh mi, 'g òl an dè mi.

13 Chùm thusa mis', chùm mis' thus'
Chùm thusa mis', chùm mis' thus'
Chùm thu, chùm thu, chùm thu 'n dè mi,
Tinn an diugh mi, 'g òl an dè mi.

Translation: The Finger lock

Chorus: Drink on a binge, drink as one would like

- 1 Drink until blind drunk, and drink on a binge
- 2 From blind drunkenness to blind drunkenness of a binge
- 3 Drink to intoxication
- 4 That which we won't drink, the boys will
- 5 The boys will drink it, the boys will ask for it
- 6 We'll drink, we'll pay
- 7 Out, out, the one that won't pay the house (= buy the round)
- 8 We'll drink our bonnets, even if it leaves our heads bare
- 9 We'll drink the garters that are on the thin legs
- 10 We'll drink the plaids (kilts), even if we are (bared) to the wind.
- 11 We'll go drinking to the sheep fold, the goat fold, the sheep fold,...
- 12 You kept me, you kept me .. yesterday .. today ... yesterday. Sick today, drinking yesterday.
- 13 You kept me, I kept you, ... You kept me yesterday. Sick today, drinking yesterday.