

## FACLAN NAN ÒRAN/ LYRICS

EP – [Tha Mì'n Dùil](#) (Watercolour Music WCMCD037, 2011)

Kenna Campbell  
Seumas Campbell  
Mary Ann Kennedy  
Wilma Kennedy  
Maggie Macdonald

Air a riochdachadh le/ *Produced by* Jerry Boys  
Air a chlàradh aig/ *Recorded at* Watercolour Music, Iuchar/ *July* 2011  
Air a chlàradh le/ *Recorded by* Nick Turner

Aoighean/ *Guests:*  
James Lindsay – dòrd/ *double bass*  
Lorne MacDougall – fìdeag/ *whistle*  
Finlay Wells – giotàr/ *guitar*

### 1. Puirt-à-Beul

- a. Siud mar Chaidh an Càl a Dholaidh
- b. Dhiùlt am Bodach Fodar Dhomh
- c. A' Mhuileann Dubh

Puirt-à-beul bho stòras an teaghlaich, dà shrath spè agus ruidhle. Tha tionndadh an fhuinn air 'A' Mhuileann Dubh' mar a bha aig athair Ceana agus Sheumais – Seumas Caimbeul, *Seumas Chaluim Sheumais*. Cha chualas an dearbh thionndadh seo aig duine sam bith eile.

*Mouth music from the family store, two strathspeys- 'How the Kale was Wasted' and 'The Old Man Denied Me Fodder'. The reel is 'The Black Mill' to a unique variation of the tune as sung by James Campbell, Kenna and Seumas's father.*

### Siud Mar Chaidh an Càl a Dholaidh

Siud mar chaidh an càl a dholaidh,  
Laigh a' mhin air màs a' choire,  
Siud mar chaidh an càl a dholaidh  
Air na bodaich Ghallta.

Siud mar chaidh an càl a dhìth,  
Seo mar chaidh an càl a dhìth,  
Siud mar chaidh an càl a dhìth  
Air impirean na Frainge.

*That's how the kale was spoiled!  
The meal settled on the bottom of the kettle,  
that's how the kale was spoiled  
for the lowland carls.*

*That's how the kale was lost  
for the emperors of France.*

### **Dhiùlt am Bodach Fodar Dhomh**

Dhiùlt am bodach fodar dhomh  
'S gun d' dhiùlt am bodach feur dhomh;  
Gun d' dhiùlt am bodach fodar dhomh  
A chuirinn fo mo shliasaid.

Dhiùlt am bodach fodar dhomh  
'S gun d' dhiùlt am bodach feur dhomh;  
Gun d' dhiùlt am bodach luideach odhar  
A's an t-sabhal feur dhomh.

*The old man refused me straw  
And he refused me hay;  
The old man refused me straw  
To put under my thigh.*

*The old man refused me straw  
And he refused me hay;  
The ragged, sallow old man  
Refused me hay in the barn.*

### **A' Mhuileann Dubh**

Tha nead na circe-fraoich  
A's a' Mhuilinn Duibh, sa Mhuilinn Duibh;  
Tha nead na circe-fraoich  
A's a' Mhuilinn Duibh as t-Samhradh.

*Tha Mhuilinn Dubh air thuraman,  
Air thuraman, air thuraman,  
Tha Mhuilinn Dubh air thuraman  
'S i togairt dhol a dhannsa.*

Tha 'n crodh a' breith nan laogh  
A's a' Mhuilinn Duibh, 's a' Mhuilinn Duibh;  
Tha 'n crodh a' breith na' laogh  
A's a' Mhuilinn Duibh as t-Samhradh.

Tha iomadh rud nach saoil sibh  
Sa Mhuilinn Duibh, sa Mhuilinn Duibh;  
Tha iomadh rud nach saoil sibh  
Sa Mhuilinn Duibh, as t-Samhradh.

An cual thu gu robh snaoisein  
Sa Mhuilinn Duibh, sa Mhuilinn Duibh?  
An cual thu gu robh snaoisein  
Sa Mhuilinn Duibh, as t-Samhradh?

*The nest of the grouse  
Is in the Black Mill, the Black Mill,  
The nest of the grouse  
Is in the Black Mill in summer.*

The Black Mill is rocking,  
Rocking, rocking,  
The Black Mill is rocking,  
And wanting to dance.

*There are plenty things you wouldn't expect  
In the Black Mill, the Black Mill  
There are plenty things you wouldn't expect  
In the Black Mill, in Summer.*

*The cattle are calving  
In the Black Mill, the Black Mill  
The cattle are calving  
In the Black Mill in Summer.*

*Did you hear there was snuff  
In the Black Mill, the Black Mill?  
Did you hear there was snuff  
In the Black Mill, in Summer?*

## 2. Ceud Soraidh, Ceud Slàinte

Tha **Wilma NicUalraig** os cionn an t-seinn san òran seo a dh'ionnsaich i bho sheinn Seonag, piuthar a seanar.

*Featuring **Wilma Kennedy** on lead vocal, learned from an archive recording of her great-aunt Seonag.*

Ceud soiridh, ceud fàilte,

*Hì hòireann ò roho,  
Hì hoireann hì iù o,  
Hì hòireann ò roho,*

Bhuamsa, Mhàiri, gus d' fhaicinn;  
Gura math a thig gùn dhut  
Air tighinn ùr às an fhasan;  
Gura math a thig brèid dhut  
Latha Fèille sa Chlachan;  
Nighean Oighre Shrath Shuardail  
Dam bu dual a bhi beairteach,  
Gura minig a bha sinn  
Mach air àirigh le martaibh.

*A hundred greetings, a hundred salutations*

Hi Hoireann ò roho,  
Hì hoireann hì iù o,  
Hì hòireann ò roho,

*From me, Mary, on seeing you  
How well you suit a gown  
In the height of fashion;  
How well you suit your head-dress  
On the festival day in Clachan (the church);  
Daughter of the heir to Strath Swordale  
Whose birthright was wealth  
Often you and I were  
Out on the sheiling with the cattle.*

### **3. Dùthaich MhicLeòid (The Land of MacLeod)**

Tha dùil gun d' rinneadh an t-òran mu àm Chogaidhean Napòleon aig toiseach na 19mh linn – ma dh'fhaodte aig àm Waterloo no Corunna – le saighdear às an Eilean Sgiathanach. Is l **Ceana Chaimbeul** a tha os cionn an t-seinn.

*Believed to be composed at the time of the Napoleonic wars - possibly Waterloo or Corunna - by a soldier from Skye which would date it roughly at the beginning of the 19th century. The song is led here by **Kenna Campbell**.*

*Tha mi 'n dùil, tha mi 'n dùil,  
Tha mi 'n dùil, ri bhi tilleadh,  
Dh'ionnsaidh Dùthaich 'icLeòid,  
Far am b' òg robh mi mire.*

Nuair a fhuair mi 'n còta dearg,  
Fhuair mi fearg nan clann-nighean;  
Cha do dh'aidich mi gu bràth  
Mar a chràidh e mo chridhe.

Fhuair sinn litrichean bhon rìgh,  
Gu sinn fhìn dhèanamh ullamh,  
Los a dhol a-null dhan Fhraing  
A chur braing san fhear mhillidh.

Fhuair mi claidheamh sgaiteach, cruaidh,  
Crios ga chumail suas mum mheadhan,  
Deise dhearg de chlò nan Gall,  
Cha robh meang anns a' ghille.

Nuair a chaidh sinn uil' air bòrd ,  
Anns an òrdan bu ghrinne,  
Bha gach fear is fear ag ràdh,  
Cha dean pàirt againn tilleadh.

Nuair a chuir iad sinn air tìr,  
A-measg cìoban is muran,  
Thug sinn batal air an tràigh,  
'S gun d' rinn pàirt againn fuireach.

Ghabh na Frangaich an ruaig,  
Nuair a chual' iad an druma,  
Thug iad a-mach ris a' ghleann,  
'S cha do sheall iad ri duine.

Nuair a ràinig sinn an camp,  
O, 's ann ann a bha 'n iomairt,  
Eadar Sasannaich is Goill,  
'S iad an geall bhi nar cuideachd.

Thàinig esan, mac an rìgh,  
'S e mar aon anns a' chuideachd:  
"Mo cheist Gàidheil an Taoibh Tuath,  
Bha sibh bhuam, fhuair mi nis sibh."

I hope  
To return  
To the land of MacLeod  
Where I played happily when young.

*When I got the red coat  
I earned the anger of the young girls;  
I never admitted  
How much it pained my heart.*

*We got letters from the king,  
To prepare ourselves  
To go to France  
To quell the destroyer.*

*I got a sharp, well-tempered sword,  
A belt around my waist to keep it up,  
A red uniform of Lowland cloth -  
There was no fault in the lad.*

*When we all went on board,  
In the smartest order,  
Each one was saying,  
Some of us will not return.*

*When they put us ashore  
Amongst moor grass and maram grass,  
We gave battle on the beach,  
And some of us remained there.*

*The French retreated  
When they heard the drum,  
They took to the glens  
Without a backward look.*

*When we reached the camp,  
There was great confusion  
Between Englishmen and Lowlanders,  
All wanting to be in our company.*

*When the king's son came,  
And he as one of the company:  
"My favourites, the Highlanders from the north,  
You were gone from me, now I have found you."*

#### **4. A' Cheud Ghinealach air Chlàr**

Taghadh bho chlàraidhean 1957 de dh'athair nan Caimbeulach, agus a phiuthar 's a bhràthair – le taing do Sgoil Eòlais na h-Alba an Oilthaigh Dhùn Èideann. Gabhaidh na h-òrain slàn fhaighinn 's an leabhar, ['Fonn'](#).

*Extracts from 1957 field recordings of the Campbells' father, aunt and uncle, with thanks to the School of Scottish Studies, University of Edinburgh. The complete songs can be found in our book, ['Fonn'](#).*

- a) **Tha na Gillean Meallta** - James Campbell, *Seumas Chaluim Sheumais*
- b) **Ceud Soraidh, Ceud Slàinte** - Johann MacLeod, *Seonag Chaluim Sheumais*
- c) **Bha Mi'n Dèidh air M'Annsachd** - Murdo Campbell, *Murchadh Chaluim Sheumais*