



ÒRAN BHÀGH A' CHÀISE
THE BÀGH A' CHÀISE SONG

Òran le: Aonghas Moireasdan, (Aonghas Uilleim Aonghais)
Air a rannsachadh is air a ghabhail le: Ellen NicDhòmhnaill

Air a dhèanamh le Aonghas Moireasdan, Aonghas Uilleim Aonghais, a thàinig à Sgalpaigh a dh'fhuireach ann am Bàgh a' Chàise mar a rinn mòran theaghlaichean aig an àm. Fhuair mi an t-òran seo bho bhràthair mo sheanmhar Rods MacIllInnein (Ruairidh Dhòmhnaill Dhòmhnaill).

Gur mis' tha fo mhì-ghean is m' inntinn fo chràdh,
Mi seòladh à Cluaidh moch Diluain thar an t-sàil,
Cur cùl ris an àite às an dùraiginn tàmh,
Uibhist nam mòr-bheann dhan òg thug mi gràdh.

Nuair thàinig mi òg ann gun eòlas air càs,
Sealg air na h-eòin ann an òb Bàgh a' Chàise;
Sin thug mi gu seòladh long mhòr nan cruinn àrd,
'S e bhith strì ris a' chuan dh'fhàg fo luaisgean mi 'n dràst'.

Bha m' uair aig a' chuibhle 's am paidhleat air bòrd,
Gur tric bhios e seinn rium an long chumail stòlt'.
'S ann bhios m' inntinn-s' air chuairt far an d' fhuair mi òg
A dh'Uibhist a Tuath, eilean uaine nam bò.

Na h-inghneagan òga bu bhòidhche nan snuadh
Bhith gabhail nan òran mu bhòrd na clèith-luaidh;
Chan fhaic mi nas mò iad mar b' eòlach leam uair,
Tha fasan na Galltachd ri teanntainn gu tuath.

Composed by: Angus Morrison (Aonghas Uilleim Aonghais)
Researched & performed by: Ellen MacDonald

Composed by Angus Morrison, Aonghas Uilleim Aonghais, who came from Scalpay to Bàgh a' Chàise as many other families did at the time. I got this song from my great uncle Rods MacLennan – Ruairidh Dhòmhnaill Dhòmhnaill.

I'm downhearted and my thoughts are pained,
As I sail down the Clyde out to sea early on Monday,
Turning my back on the place where I'd liked to have stayed,
Uist of the high mountains which I loved since I was young

When I came there as a youngster carefree and untroubled,
Hunting the birds in the inlet of Bàgh a' Chàise;
That's what made me to sail in the high-masted great ships,
And it's striving with the sea that leaves me unsettled just now.

It was my hour at the wheel and the pilot was on board,
Often he would shout to me to keep the ship steady;
But my mind would wander elsewhere to where I grew up
To North Uist, the green isle of the cattle.

The young girls of most beautiful appearance
Would sing songs around the table of the waulking hurdle;
I won't see them again as I used to at one time,
The Lowland fashions have come north.



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