



ÒRAN KIRSTEEN
A SONG FOR KIRSTEEN

Òran le:

Peigi Niciomhair
(Peigi Aonghais Ruairidh, à Cnoc Chàrlabhaigh, Leòdhas)

Air a rannsachadh is air a ghabhail le: Màiri NicIllinnein

Sgrìobh Peigi NicÌomhair (Peigi Aonghais Ruairidh) an cumha seo do nighean bheag, Kirsteen NicLeòid, a chaidh às an rathad, còmhla ri h-athair agus a màthair, ann an teine a bha nan dachaigh, air Rathad a' Phentland, Càrlabhagh, anns an t-Samhain 1988. Anns an òran, tha Peigi a' dèanamh luaidh air bòidhchead agus pearsa na h-ìghne agus ag innse mar a chuir an tachartas neul air an sgìre gu lèir.

Chan eil fileantachd nam bhriathran
A chuireas sgeul na h-oidhch' an dàn,
Na dhealbhas meud na tubaist chianail
A dh'fhàg an fhàrdach ud cho bàn.

Mar an t-eucorach ri faire
'S a dh' fhàsas breun fo sgàil na h-oidhch',
Thàir am bàs a-steach don dachaigh
'S dh'fhàg e sinne 's càch ri caoidh.

Composed by:

Peigi MacIver
(Peigi Aonghais Ruairidh from Knock Carloway, Lewis)

Researched & performed by: Mairi MacLennan

Peigi MacIver from Knock Carloway composed this song for a young girl, Kirsteen MacLeod, who was killed along with her parents in a fire in their home on Pentland Road, Carloway, in November 1988. In the song Peigi commemorates Kirsteen's beauty and personality and tells of the community's grief at the accident.

I don't have the words to convey
In poetry what happened that night,
That will depict the enormity of the awful accident
Which left that dwelling so desolate.

Like the watching criminal
Who grows bold in the shadow of the night,
Death stole into the home
And left us and others to mourn.



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Ghlac e thu an grèim cho daingeann
'S ged a rinn luchd-cobhair strì,
Thriall thu uainn air sgiath na h-oidhche
Is chrìochnaich thu do chuairt an tìm.

Bha e dhuinn mar bhruaillean cadail
Is dhiùlt sin creideas a thoirt dha;
Ach bha na sparran dàtht' ga aithris,
Toirt fianais thiamhaidh dhuinn mar bha.

An sùil na h-inntinn chì sinn d' ìomhaigh
Is fiamh na gàir' ort mar bu nòs,
Is cha tig preasadh aois nad ghruaidhean
No gaisean liath nad chuailean òir.

Bha thu mar na seudan luachmhor
A lasas suas na thèid nan còir,
Mar a thogas snàithlean sgiamhach
Dathan riabhach a' chlà mhòir.

Bha thu ciatach, còir nad nàdar,
Bha thu bòidheach na do shnuadh;
Ach mar is maisich' flùr a' ghàrraidh
'S ann as tràithe thèid a bhuain.

He caught you in such a firm grip
That despite the efforts of the medical services,
You departed from us on the wings of night
And ended your journey through time.

It was like a nightmare for us,
And we refused to believe it;
But the charred beams told the story,
Poignant evidence of what had happened.

In the mind's eye we see your image,
A smile on your face as was your way;
Your cheeks will not wrinkle with age
And no grey will fleck your golden locks.

You were as the precious jewels
Which light up what goes near them,
As a beautiful thread picks up
The brindled colours of the tweed.

You were personable, and kind-natured,
You were beautiful to look at;
But the more beautiful the garden flower,
The earlier it is plucked.



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Ach ged a bha do rèis cho goirid,
Mar sgeul ro aithghearr air a luaidh,
Bidh cuimhne bhlàth againn gu bràth ort
Nach dèan cràdh do bhàis thoirt bhuainn.

Làimh ri d' phàrantan chaidh d' fhàgail
An leabaidh shàmhach 'n cois na tràgh'd;
'S bidh crònan mara nis gad thàladh
An cadal uaigneach, buan a' bhàis.

Although your time was so short,
Like a story told too quickly,
We will have fond memories of you forever,
That the pain of your death can never take from us.

You were left beside you parents
In a silent bed beside the beach;
The murmur of the sea will be your lullaby
In the lonely, eternal sleep of death.