



AG IONNDRAINN LONGING

Òran le: Màiri NicDhòmhnaill
Air a rannsachadh is air a ghabhail le: Isabelle Bain

Chaidh an t-òran seo a sgrìobhadh le Màiri NicDhòmhnaill. Rugadh Màiri (NicGriogair mus do phòs i) ann an Sulaisiadar anns an Rubha air 24mh den Iuchar 1907. B' i an tritheamh duine ann an teaghlach de naoinear. B' e Seumas MacGriogair (Seumas Eachainn) à Cnoc an t-Solais air a' Bhac a h-athair agus b' e Cairstiona Mhoireach, à Pabail anns an Rubha a màthair. Phòs i Ailean MacDhòmhnaill à Tolastadh bho Thuath, anns an Ògmhios 1942 agus rinn iad an dachaigh ann an Griais far an do thog iad an teaghlach, trìùir nighean agus aon mhac. Bhàsaich i aig aois 100 bliadhna anns a' Ghiblean 2008. Bhàsaich an duine aice ann an 1985. Chan eil fhios agam cuin a sgrìobh i an t-òran seo ach nuair a bha i ceud bliadhna dh'farr an teaghlach aice orm a sheinn aig pàrtaidh cò-latha breith a chuir iad air dòigh dhi. 'S e an teaghlach aice a thug na facail dhomh.

Bidh mo smuaintean tric ri dol thairis
Thar nan làithean bh' agam nam òig',
An dachaigh tha 'n taobh Cnoc Chailein
Far an d' fhuair mi m' altram 's mi òg;
'S miann leam bhith cuimhneachadh fhathast
Air a' chuideachd a bh' agam nam òig',
Cha robh nì sam bith air ar n-aire
Ach gàire is danns' agus ceòl.

Composed by: Mary MacDonald
Researched & performed by: Isabelle Bain

This song was composed by Mary MacDonald who was born in Sulishader, Point on 24th July 1907, the third in a family of nine. Her father was James MacGregor (Seumas Eachainn) of Cnoc an t-Solais in Back and her mother was Christina Murray of Bayble in Point. She married Alan MacDonald of North Tolsta in June 1942 and they settled down and raised a family in Gress; three daughters and a son. She died at the age of 100 in April 2008, while her husband predeceased her in 1985. I don't know when she composed this song but her family gave me the words when they asked me to sing it at her 100th birthday party.

My thoughts often stray
To the days of my youth,
To the home on the slope of Cnoc Chailein
Where I was brought up as a youngster;
I still like to remember
The company I had when young,
We desired nothing more than
Laughter, dancing and music.



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Nuair a dheidheadh sinn a-mach chun a' mhonadh
Leis a' chrodh 's na laoigh 's an sprèidh
Casruisgte' falbh na mòintich
Lorg neadan len àl aig gach eun;
Measg fraoch is toman is luachair
Cluinntinn fuaim nan tonn air an tràigh;
Tha na làithean sin air a dhol seachad
Chan eil lorg air na nithean a bha

San dachaigh tha 'n taobh Cnoc Chailein
Far an robh iad fada ri tàmh
Bha an teaghlach gu càirdeil dòigheil
Mun cuairt air an teine bha blàth;
Nuair a thèid mi cuairt a Shiadar
'S a bheir mi sùil air a' Bhràigh
Bidh na deòir a' sileadh bhom shùilean
Gun dùil am faicinn gu bràth.

Nam biodh agam gibht bàrdachd mo mhàthar
Bhiodh na rainn na b' fheàrr na seo cruinn
Air na làithean a bh' agam nam phàiste
Measg mo chàirdean san dachaigh ud thall;
Tha cuid ac' nach coinnich gu bràth rium,
'S e sin thug orm dàn a chur cruinn:
Bhith 'g ionndrainn m' athar 's mo mhàthar
Chuireadh fàilt' orm nuair ruiginn a-null.

When we would go out to the moor
With the cattle, calves and stock
Bare-footed across the moorland
Finding nests with the brood of every bird;
Among heather, hillocks and rushes
Hearing the sound of the waves on the beach;
Those days have gone,
There is no sign of what was once there

In the home on the slope of Cnoc Chailein.
Where there they had long resided,
The family was friendly and cheery
Around the warm fire;
When I visit Shader
And look at the Bràigh
The tears run from my eyes
As I know I will not see them again.

If I had my mother's gift for poetry
The verses would be better than those here composed
About my childhood days
Among my relations in that home over there;
There are those I will never meet again,
That is what moved me to compose this poem:
Missing my father and mother
Who would welcome me when I used to come home.



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Tha mo bheannachd a-nise gu bràth
Aig na cnàmhan tha tosdach san uaigh;
'S iomadh earail a fhuair mi nam phàiste
Nach tèid gu bràth às mo chuimhn';
Tha sinne a-nis a dh' fhàg iad
Ri cur na fàsach nar dèidh,
Gus an tig crìoch air ar làithean
'S gum bi sinn a' triall nan ceum.

I leave my blessing forever
With the silent bones in the grave;
Much advice I was given as a youngster
Which I will never forget;
We who they left behind
Are now walking this wilderness
Until the end of our days
When we will follow in their footsteps.