



AMHRAN DO DH' AONGHAS 'IC 'AILEIN
A SONG FOR AONGHAS 'IC 'AILEIN

Òran le: Dòmhnall Mac a' Ghobhainn

Air a rannsachadh is air a ghabhail le: Ceitlin L.R. Nic a' Ghobhainn

Fhuair mi an t-òran seo an toiseach bho Cheanna Chaimbeul agus nuair a bha mi a' rannsachadh òrain à Nis mhol Màiri Nic a' Ghobhainn seo dhomh cuideachd. Tha Dòmhnall Mac a' Ghobhainn a rinn an t-òran na shinnear dhomh.

Gur e mis' tha duilich ann an cumha mo bhràthar
A dh'fhalbh às an tìr seo bho dhaoine 's bho chàirdean,
'S e chaidh am measg nan coill' fhiadhaich tha giùlan biastan an fhàsaich,
Far nach iarr duine sgeul ort 's chan èirich grian air an t-Sàboind.

Trì fichead bliadhna 's a trì, b' e sin an aois mun robh thu;
Cha mhòr tuilleadh a shaoghal tha cuid a dhaoine ri faighinn;
Nuair a dh'fhàg thu do dhìlsean b' fhaoin an nì dha do leithid
Gu a dhol a ghearradh nan craobhan, och, gus an seann duine a chaitheamh.

Bha do cheann-sa air liathadh, bha do chiabhan air glasadh,
Obair duine gun chiall dhol a dh'iarraidh a bheairteis
Far nach fhaic thu luchd-eòlais a nì còmhradh le tlachd riut
No nì faighneachd dè as beò dhut no bheir lòn dhut an-asgaidh

Composed by: Donald Smith

Singer: Ceitlin L.R. Smith

I first got this song from Kenna Campbell and when I was researching songs from Ness Mary Smith also suggested this one. Donald Smith who wrote the song is one of my ancestors.

Sadly I lament for my brother
Who has gone far away from his people and his kin
To the wild forests where the beasts of the wilderness roam,
Where no one asks after you and no Sabbath is observed.

Sixty-three years, that's about the age you were,
Some people do not live much longer;
When you left your kinsfolk, what a foolish thing for someone like you
To go felling trees, och, which will wear out the old man.

Your head had gone grey, your locks silvered;
It was a senseless idea to go seeking your fortune Where you won't
find familiar faces who would happily chat
Or ask how you are, or give you food for free.



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Cha b' ionnan dhut fuireach sna Dailean ag àiteach fearann a' chòmhnaird,
Far an itheadh tu an t-aran 's far an garadh a' mhòin' thu,
Seach a dhol a dh'fhàgail na tìre san d' fhuair do shinnsirean beò-shlàint,
Far nach goideadh mathan ort caora measg an fhraoich air a' mhòintich.

Bu tu buachail' nan caorach, cas a dhìreadh nam mullach,
'S cha bu mhios' air latha buan' thu togail sguab air an iomair;
'S e sin dh'fhàg mise fo ghruaimean nuair thèid mi suas dhan a' mhuilinn,
'S mi faicinn thobhtaichean fàsa far am b' àbhaist dhut fuireach.

Nuair a thigeadh tu 'n bhaile dh'aithnichinn sadadh do làimhe,
Nuair a bhiodh tu cainnt rium gheibhinn d' inntinn cho làidir;
'S e sin a dh'fhàg mise gun mhisneachd nuair nach tuigte le càch e,
'S gun fhios o Ailean no Dhòmhnall a bheil thu beò no 'n do bhàsaich.

Is ann agad tha naidheachd ma tha do latha air a shìneadh,
Mun eaglais a dh'fhàg thu gun nì ach càradh ort d' aodach,
Far an cluinneadh tu briathran o bheul nach fiaradh an fhìrinn,
'S tu 'n-diugh measg fhineachan fiadhaich nach cuala diadhachd o sinnsear.

Chan e do bhòidhchead no d' àilleachd tha mi 'n-dràsta ri facain
Ach nach fhaic mi gu bràth thu latha Sàboind no seachdain:
Sinn cho fada bho chèile 's tha 'n Cruinne-Cè 's e cho farsaing,
Sinn gun sgrìobhadh, gun leughadh, och, gun sgeul a thoirt eadarainn.

How different if you had stayed in the Dells cultivating the level fields,
Where there was bread to eat and peat to warm you,
Instead of leaving the land where your forebears made a living,
Where no bear would steal your sheep amidst the heathery moor.

You were a good shepherd, good at climbing the summits,
And just as handy lifting sheaves in the field at harvest time;
That is why I am sad when I go up to the mill,
And I see the deserted ruins where you used to live.

When you'd come to the village I'd know the swing of your arm,
When you'd speak to me you were strong in your thinking;
That's why I'm feeling low, which no one else can understand,
When there's no word from Allan or Donald whether you are alive or dead.

What a tale you will have to tell, if you are still alive
About the church you left with only the clothes on your back,
Where you heard words from a mouth that wouldn't distort the truth,
And today you are amongst wild tribes who learned no Godliness from their forebears.

It is not your handsomeness or your beauty that I lament
But that I shall never see you again on the Sabbath or weekday:
We are as far from each other as the universe is wide,
And nothing has been written or read, och, to bring us any news of each other.