



AN T-IORRAMNISEACH
THE NESS ROWING SONG

Òran le: Ailean 'Mòr' MacIlleMhoire
Air a rannsachadh is air a ghabhail le: Ceitlin L.R. Nic a' Ghobhainn

Fhuair mi an t-òran seo bho Mhàiri Nic a' Ghobhainn nuair a bha mi ag ullachadh airson an tràchdais agam. Rinn mi an àird m' inntinn gu robh mi ag iarraidh ionnsachadh agus sheinn mi e airson an deuchainn mu dheireadh agam san oilthigh le fonn a thug Iseabail T NicDhòmhnaill dhomh.

Composed by: Allan Morrison
Researched & performed by: Ceitlin L.R. Smith

I got this song from Mary Smith when I was writing my dissertation. I decided that I wanted to learn it and perform it as part of my final university examination using a tune I learned from Ishbel T MacDonald.

Iomair thusa, Choinnich chridhe
Nèill a mhic 's na hò rò
Gaoil nam ban òg 's gràdh nan nighean
Nèill a mhic 's na hò rò
Hè rò, hò rò.

Tha eagal mòr air mo chridhe
Sèist
Gur e birlinn Nèill tha tighinn
Sèist

Iomraidh mise fear mar dhithis
Sèist
'S nam b' èiginn e fear mar thrithear
Sèist

Ach 's truagh nach robh mi fhìn 's Niall Odhar
Sèist
'N lagan beag os cionn Dhùn Othail
Sèist

You row, Kenneth dearest
Nèill a mhic 's na hò rò
You are the darling of young women
Nèill a mhic 's na hò rò
Hè rò, hò rò.

There's a great fear in my heart
Refrain
That Neil's galley is approaching
Refrain

I will row with the strength of two
Refrain
And if I had to, with the strength of three
Refrain

A shame that Sallow Neil and I were not
Refrain
In a small hollow above Dun Othail
Refrain



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Biodag am làimh 's Niall bhith fodham

Sèist

Dhearbhainn fhìn gun deigheadh i domhainn

Sèist

'S gum biodh fuil a chlàibh mu ghobhal

Sèist

'S gun dèantadh feòil 's gun dèantadh sitheann

Sèist

'S gum biodh biadh fo ghob an fhithich

Sèist

Cha d' rinn mi fhathast beud no pudhar

Sèist

Mur do leag mi fiadh bho bhruthach

Sèist

No biast mhaol an caolas cumhang

Sèist

No dubh-sgarbh an cois na tuinne

Sèist

Chì mi nise tighinn air faire

Sèist

Gob an Rubha 's iodhlann na h-Àirde

Sèist

Far 'n do mhilleadh mo chuid chàirdean

Sèist

A dagger in my hand with Neil below me

Refrain

I would ensure it would pierce so deeply

Refrain

That blood from his chest would run to his loins

Refrain

And that meat and game meat would be made

Refrain

And that there may be food for the raven's beak

Refrain

I have yet to do harm or injury

Refrain

Apart from felling deer on the slope

Refrain

Or a seal in a narrow channel

Refrain

Or black cormorant by the sea

Refrain

I can now see appearing on the horizon

Refrain

The tip of Point and the stack-yard at Aird

Refrain

Where my kinsfolk were destroyed

Refrain