



AOIR AN RODAIN
THE RAT SATIRE

Òran le: Aonghas Caimbeul (Am Puillean)

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

Composed by: Angus Campbell (Am Puillean)

Researched & performed by: Ceitlin L.R Smith

B' e seann chreideamh a bh' ann gum faigheadh daoine cuidhteas air radain le bhith gan aoireadh. 'S ann à Nis a tha an aoir seo is lorg mi i nuair a bha mi a' rannsachadh òrain aig Comunn Eachdraidh Nis. Chòrd sgeulachd an òrain rium gu mòr is thug sin orm ionnsachadh.

An old belief held that rats could be driven away by composing a satire. This satire comes from Ness and I found it whilst looking through songs at Comunn Eachdraidh Nis. I really enjoyed the story behind the song and that inspired me to learn it.

O hò rò rodain 's na hò hò rò èile
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Is gòrach an t-astar gun tàinig tu chèilidh;
O hò rò rodain.

O hò rò rat 's na hò hò rò èile
O hò rò rat 's na hò hò rò èile
O hò rò rat 's na hò hò rò èile
It's silly the distance you travelled to visit;
O hò rò rat.

A rodain mhic ghobaich tha crostadh san arbhar,
Is dubh ga do chorp ma thèid 'Topsy' a shealg ort;
Cha teàrn do luath chas thu, no idir toll balla,
Gum bi e air d' amhaich gu grad ga do mharbhadh;
O hò rò rodain.

Oh sharp-snouted rat making mischief in the corn,
I pity your body if 'Topsy' comes hunting for you;
Your swift feet won't save you or the hole in the wall,
He'll be at your neck in a flash and kill you;
O hò rò rat.

Nach ann ort bha 'n dalladh 's an t-amaideas mòr nuair
Bu chòir dhut, a bhraidein, bhith tagradh ri tròcair;
Tha trap aig a' chaillich 's mur dèan i do ghlacadh
Chan fhàg an cat glas air an talamh seo beò thu;
O hò rò rodain.

Weren't you deceived and quite the fool
When you, you little thief, should have begged for mercy;
The old woman has a trap and if that doesn't catch you
Then the grey cat won't let you live on this earth;
O hò rò rat.



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Dè chuir thu, a bhròinein, a' spògail thu 'n t-astar,
'S a liuthad àit' tha 'n Eòrapaidh mòran nas beartaich?
'S nach iarradh tu shòlas ach biadh baile mòr
Bhith fo d' fhiacalan na shròicean 's do bheòshlaint an-asgaidh.
O hò rò rodain.

'S nan gabhadh tu mo chomhairl' 's ann thogadh tu imrich,
'S dh'fhàgadh tu sabhal gu h-obann 's gu h-iomlan;
B' fheàrr dhut bhith bochd ann an stòras 's an codach
Na tòrr bhith nad sporan 's tu tagairt ri tiomnadh.
O hò rò rodain.

Sin dh'fhàsadh tu reamhar 's tu cagnadh na thàrradh tu,
Is fàileadh a' bhragsaidh bho d' anail, a mhèirlich;
Bhiodh òirleach do shaille na do dhruim agus clais ann,
Cho dùint' ann am bloinig ris a' Ghaisean à Tàbost;
O hò rò rodain.

Mura còrd bail' an t-siabainn riut 's ciatach dhut fhàgail
'S chomhairlichinn riag a thoirt sìos an Cnoc Àrd dhut;
'S mura stad thu sa Phort na bi crost' ann an Lìonal,
Tha 'm Poileas cho geur ort is dèan às a Thàbost.
O hò rò rodain.

'S ma bha na do bheachd tè thoirt dhachaigh ri pòsadh,
Tha pailteas an Adabroc 's deallan an Eòropaidh;
'S mas e tè leòmach as còir dhut a mealladh,
Tha Sgiogarstaidh pailt annt' 's gabh tarsainn a' mhòine.
O hò rò rodain.

What made you, poor soul, come scampering such distance,
When there are many places much richer in Eoropie?
All the happiness you would want would be the food of the town
With your teeth shredding it and a life free and easy;
O hò rò rat.

If you want my advice you should take off,
Leave the barn without delay and forever;
You're better off poor with little wealth or means
Than to have a full purse and be inclined towards making a Will.
O hò rò rat.

There you would grow fat as you chewed what you took,
The smell of braxy on your breath, you thief;
There would be an inch of fat on your back and a cleft in it,
You'd be as full of blubber as the Gaisean from Habost.
O hò rò rat.

If you don't like the soap town it would be good for you to leave
And I would recommend a jaunt down to Knockard;
And if you don't stop in the Port, don't make trouble in Lionel,
The police will be hard on you, make your escape to Habost.
O hò rò rat.

And if you were minded to take a lass home to marry,
There's plenty in Adabrock and a good few in Eoropie;
And if she's a proud one, you should deceive her,
Skigersta has plenty, head over the moor.
O hò rò rat.



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Mas àill leat do chuairt a thoirt suas, na gabh fasgadh
An Cros no an Suaineabost, buannaich na Dailean;
'S ma ruigeas do spionnadh air, crìochnaich do thuras
Am measg nam mòr-chuideachd sa mhuilinn aig Ailig.
O hò rò rodain.

Ach 's ann ormsa bha 'n t-amaideas teannadh gad aoireadh
Agus fhios am nach caraich do chas às an t-seann taigh;
Mun ith thu na dh'fhàs dhomh do phòr às an talamh
Bidh peinnsean nan stampaichean agad, a chaomhain.
O hò rò rodain.

O hò rò rodain 's na hò hò rò èile
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'S gòrach an t-astar gun tàinig tu chèilidh.
O hò rò rodain

If you want to end your journey, don't take shelter in
Cross or Swainbost, make for the Dells;
And if you have strength left, finish your quest
Among the great host in Alec's mill.
O hò rò rat.

But I was the fool to start satirising you
When I knew fine well that you wouldn't leave your old home;
Before you and your progeny eat what I have grown
You'll be drawing your pension, my friend.
O hò rò rat.

O hò rò rat 's na hò hò rò èile
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