



BOTHAN ÀIRIGH AMBRÀIGH RAINEACH
A SHEILING IN RANNOCH MOOR

Òran le: gun urra

Air a rannsachadh is air a ghabhail le: Morvyn Mheinnearach

Chan eil fhios againn cò rinn an t-òran seo ach lorg mi e ann an cruinneachadh MhicLagain, ML 92, G 242-44. Thathar ag ràdh gun do rinn boireannach òg na faclan seo mu fhear mac-meanmnach.

Bu thoil leam taing mhòr a thoirt dha Ealasaid NicDiarmaid airson a cuid taice is brosnachadh 's mi ag ionnsachadh mu chànan is ceòl na Gàidhlig ann an Siorrachd Pheairt.

Gur e m' anam is m' eudail
Chaidh an-dè do Ghleann Garadh,
Fear na gruaige mar an t-òr
Is nam pòg air bhlas meala.

Sèist:

*O hi ò hù ò, o hi ò hù ò,
Hì ri ri ri ò hu èile
Hì ri rì ri o gheallaibh ò*

Composed by: unknown

Researched & performed by: Morvyn Menzies

We don't know who composed this song, but I found it in the MacLaggan Collection, ML 92, G 242-44. It is said that a young woman composed the song about an imaginary man.

I'd like to thank Elizabeth McDiarmid for all the help and encouragement she's given me during my studies of the Gaelic music and language of Perthshire.

It was my soulmate and my dearest
Who went to Glengarry yesterday,
The man with hair like gold
And whose kisses are as honey.

Chorus:

*O hi ò hù ò, o hi ò hù ò,
Hì ri ri ri ò hu èile
Hì ri rì ri o gheallaibh ò*



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Is tu as fheàrr don tig deise
De na sheasadh air thalamh,
Is tu as fheàrr don tig culaidh
De na chunna mi dh'fhearaibh.

Sèist

Is tu as fheàrr don tig osan
Is brog shocrach nam barraill,
Còta Lunnainneach dubh-ghorm
Is bidh na crùintean ga cheannach.

Sèist

An uair a ruigeadh tu an fhèill
Is e mo ghèar-sa a thig dhachaigh -
Mo chrìosan is mo chìre
Is mo stìomag chaol cheangail;

Sèist

Mo làmhainnean bòidheach
Is dèis òir air am barraibh;
Mo sporan donn iallach
Mar ri sgian nan cas ainneamh.

Sèist

You look better in attire
Than any man on earth,
Garments become you
Better than any man I ever saw.

Chorus

You are the one who look best in stockings
And comfortable laced shoes,
A dark-blue coat from London
Which the crowns will buy.

Chorus

When you would reach the fair
You will bring home my gear -
My girdle and my comb
My narrow, binding headband;

Chorus

My beautiful gloves
With golden beads at the cuffs;
My brown drawstring purse
And a knife with a rare handle.

Chorus



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Thig mo chrios à Dùn Èideann
Is mo bhrèid à Dùn Chailleann;
Cuime am biomaid gun eudail
Agus sprèidh aig na Gallaibh?

Sèist

Gheibh sinn crodh às a' Mhaorainn
Agus caoraich à Gallaibh:
'S ann a bhios sinn gan àrach
Air àirigh am Bràigh Raineach.

Sèist

Ann am bothan an t-sùgraidh,
Gur e bu dùnadh dha barrach;
Bhiodh a' chuthag 's an smùdan
A' gabhail ciùil dhuinn air chrannaibh.

Sèist

My belt will come from Edinburgh
My marriage head-dress from Dunkeld;
Why should we be without wealth
When the Lowlanders have stock?

Chorus

We'll get cattle from the Mearns
And sheep from Caithness:
And we'll rear them
On the shieling in Rannoch Moor.

Chorus

In the joyous bothy,
The roof would be of branches,
And the cuckoo and rock dove
Would provide music from the treetops.

Chorus