



CRODH CHAILEIN
COLIN'S CATTLE

Òran le: gun urra

Air a rannsachadh is air a ghabhail le: Morvyn Mheinnearach

Gheibhear seo anns an leabhar 'The Killin Collection of Gaelic Songs with Music and Translations' le Teàrlach Stiùbhart à Siorrachd Pheairt. Chleachd mi am port a tha san leabhar agus bha seo, a rèir coltais, air a sheinn son bhliadhnaichean ann an Gleann Liobhann.

Le taing mhòr dha Tony Dilworth airson a chuid taice is comhairle.

Cha chaidil, cha chaidil,
Cha chaidil mi uair,
Cha chaidil mi idir
Gus an tig na bheil bhuam.

Gun toireadh crodh Chailein,
Dhomh bairn' air mo ghaol,
Air mullach a' mhonaidh,
Gun duine nar taobh.

Composed by: unknown

Researched & performed by: Morvyn Menzies

I found this song in 'The Killin Collection of Gaelic Songs with Music and Translations' by Charles Stewart from Perthshire. I used the tune transcribed in the collection which was apparently sung for many years in Glen Lyon.

With thanks to Tony Dilworth for his support and advice.

I won't sleep, I won't sleep
I won't sleep one hour,
I won't sleep at all
Until what was taken returns.

May Colin's cattle give me
Milk for their love of me,
At the top of the hill
With no one nearby.



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*Crodh Chailein mo chridhe,
Crodh Iain, mo ghaoil;
Crodh lìonadh nan gogan,
Crodh togail nan laogh.*

Gu bheil sac air mo chridhe,
'S tric snigh' air mo ghruaidh,
Agus smuairéan air m' aigne,
Chùm an cadal seo bhuam.

*Crodh Chailein, mo chridhe,
Crodh Chailein, mo ghaoil;
Crodh ciar-dubh, breac-ballach,
Air dath na circ'-fhraoich.*

Cha tèid mi don bheithe,
No thional nan crò;
Air breacan donn ribeach
Tha mi feitheamh nam bò.

*Crodh Chailein, mo chridhe,
Crodh Iain, mo ghaoil;
Crodh lìonadh, nan gogan,
Crodh togail nan laogh.*

*Cows of my beloved Colin
Iain's cows, my dear;
Cows that would fill up the milking bucket,
Cows that rear the calves.*

My heart is heavy,
Tears frequently on my cheeks,
My mind is dejected,
And this stops me sleeping.

*Cows of my beloved Colin
Iain's cows, my dear;
Black, brindled and spotted,
The colour of grouse.*

I won't go to the birch wood
Or gathering nuts;
On a brown, ragged plaid
I wait for the cows.

*Cows of my beloved Colin
Iain's cows, my dear;
Cows that would fill up the milking bucket,
Cows that rear the calves.*