



CUMHA GHRIOGAIR MHCGRIOG AIR  
LAMENT FOR GREGOR MACGREGOR

**Òran le:** gun urra

**Air a rannsachadh is air a ghabhail le:** Morvyn Mheinnearach

Seo tionndadh bho Ghleann Lìobhann den òran ainmeil seo a fhuair mi ann an Cruinneachadh Chill Fhinn de dh'òrain Ghàidhlig a chruinnich Teàrlach Stiùbhairt.

Tha an t-òran ag innse mu mar a tha bana-Chaimbeulach òg a tha fo ghealladh-pòsaidh aig Baran na Dalach air teicheadh airson a bhith còmhla ri Griogair MacGriogair Ghlinn Sreith.

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

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Moch madainn là Didòmhnaich  
Bha mi sùgradh rim ghràdh;  
Ach mun tàinig meadhan-là  
'S mise bha air mo chràdh.

*Sèist;*  
*Ochain, ochain, ochain uiridh,*  
*'S goirt mo chridhe, a laoigh;*  
*Ochain, ochain, ochain uiridh,*  
*Cha chluinn d' athair ar caoidh!*

**Composed by:** unknown

**Researched & performed by:** Morvyn Menzies

This is a Glen Lyon version of the famous song which I found in The Killin Collection of Gaelic Song by Charles Stewart.

The song describes how a young Campbell girl betrothed to the Baron of Dall elopes with Gregor MacGregor of Glenstrae.

With thanks to Tony Dilworth for his help and guidance.

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Early on the Sunday morning  
I was joyous with my love;  
But before midday had come  
I was suffering great pain.

*Chorus:*  
*Ochain, ochain, ochain uiridh,*  
*My heart aches, my darling;*  
*Ochain, ochain, ochain uiridh,*  
*Your father can't hear our keening!*



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Nam biodh dà fhear dheug de chinneach,  
'S mo Ghriogair air an ceann,  
Cha bhiodh mo shùil a' sileadh dheur,  
No mo leanabh fhèin gun dàimh.

*Sèist*

'S truagh nach robh m' athair ann an galar,  
Agus Cailein am plàigh,  
Ged bhiodh nighean an Ruadhanaich  
Suathadh bas is làimh.

*Sèist*

'S truagh nach robh Fionnlairg na lasair,  
'S Bealach mòr na smàl,  
'S Griogair bàn nam basa geala,  
Bhith eadar mo dhà làimh.

*Sèist*

Ged bhiodh cur is cathadh ann,  
Is "latha nan seachd sian,"  
Gheibheadh Griogair dhòmhsa cragan,  
San caidlimid fo dhion.

*Ba hu, ba hu, àsrain bhig,  
Chan eil thu fhathast ach tlàth:  
'S eagal leam nach tig an là  
Gun dìol thu d' athar gu bràth.*

If there had been twelve of his clansmen,  
And my Gregor at their head,  
My eyes wouldn't be shedding tears,  
And my baby would not be without his kin.

*Chorus*

A shame my father wasn't stricken by disease,  
And Colin with a plague,  
Even if the daughter of Ruthven  
Would wring her very hands.

*Chorus*

It's a shame Finlarig wasn't ablaze,  
And great Balloch in ashes,  
And fair Gregor of the white palms,  
Would then be in my arms.

*Chorus*

And even if there was snow and blizzards,  
And a day with all the seasons,  
Gregor would find a hollow for me,  
In which we would sleep cosily.

*Ba hu, ba hu, my little dear,  
You're still a tender child:  
I fear that the day will never come  
When you avenge your father.*