



FÀIL Ò RÒ BHON DH'FHÀG SINN  
FÀIL Ò RÒ SINCE WE LEFT

**Òran le:** gun urra

**Air a rannsachadh is air a ghabhail le:** Isabelle Bain

Fhuair mi facail an òrain seo bho Ailig Greumach (Am Prem) à Griaies. B' e esan mac Mhurchaidh Ghreumaich. Rugadh esan air an 9mh latha den Ghearran ann an 1930 agus bhàsaich e anns a' Mhàrt ann an 2008. Thug e dhomh na facail nuair a bha mi ochd no naoi bliadhna a dh'aois. Bha e air a thighinn a dh'èisteachd rium a' seinn òran athar, "Air a' Cheathramh Latha de dh'August", aig a' Mhòd. An dèidh sin dh'farr e orm a thighinn a shealltainn air, air sgàth' s gun robh òran aige a bha e a' smaoineachadh a bhiodh freagarrach dhomh. Thug e na facail dhomh ach cha do sheinn mi an t-òran chun an seo. Chan eil fhios agam cò a rinn an t-òran agus gu mì-fhortanach chan eil Ailig Greumach beò an-diugh gus innse dhuinn.

---

Fail ò rò bhon dh'fhàg sinn  
Ar dùthaich 's ar càirdean,  
Gillean òga ar dùthaich  
Cur siùil ri cruinn àrda,  
Fail ò rò mar dh'fhàg sinn.

**Composed by:** unknown

**Researched & performed by:** Isabelle Bain

I got the words for this song from Alex Graham (Am Prem) from Gness. He was a son of Murdo Graham. He was born 9th February 1930 and died in March 2008. He gave me these words when I was eight or nine years old. He had come to hear me singing his father's song 'On the Fourth Day of August' at the Mòd. Afterwards he asked me to visit him as he had a song for me which he thought would suit me. He gave me the words but I've only recently began singing the song. I don't know who composed the song and unfortunately Alex is no longer with us to tell us.

---

Fail ò rò since we left  
Our homeland and our relations,  
The young lads from our area  
Raising sails to high masts,  
Fail ò rò how we left.



FÀIL Ò RÒ BHON DH'FHÀG SINN  
FÀIL Ò RÒ SINCE WE LEFT

Am Barque a sheòl à Cluaidh leinn,  
Bu bhòidheach air sàl i,  
Bha fichead seòl 's a trì  
Air an rìbhinn a b' àille,  
Fail ò rò mar dh'fhàg sinn.

Mach mun eilean ruadh  
Cur suas na siùil àrda,  
Nuair a dhiùlt i thighinn mun cuairt dhuinn  
Chaidh an Suaineach bh' innt' a bhàthadh  
Fail ò rò mar dh'fhàg sinn.

Suaineach a bh' air a cliathaich  
'S e dìreadh suas an fhàradh,  
Nuair thug i liost gu fuaradh  
Sa chuan rinn i fhàgail,  
Fail ò rò mar dh'fhàg sinn.

Gur mise ghabh an t-uabhas  
Nuair chuala mi an cànan;  
'S e thuirt am meat sa Bheurla  
"Siud fhèin an t-àite is fheàrr dha",  
Fail ò rò mar dh'fhàg sinn.

The Barque that sailed with us out of Clyde,  
She was a beauty at sea,  
There were twenty-three sails  
On the fairest of maidens,  
Fail ò rò how we left.

Out near the brown island  
Raising the lofty sails,  
When she refused to tack round for us  
The Swede who was on board was drowned,  
Fail ò rò how we left.

The Swede who was at one side  
Climbing up a ladder,  
When she listed to windward  
It was in the sea she left him,  
Fail ò rò how we left.

I was horrified  
When I heard what was said;  
What the mate said in English was,  
"That's the very best place for him",  
Fail ò rò how we left.



FÀIL Ò RÒ BHON DH'FHÀG SINN  
FÀIL Ò RÒ SINCE WE LEFT

Meat a bh' air a quarter-deic  
'S e ag èigheachd rium an àirde,  
Dè an t-iongnadh ged a liathainn  
Nan dèanadh siabainn sàil e?  
Fail ò rò mar dh'fhàg sinn.

Nuair a thàinig uair mo chuibhle  
'S a dhìrich mi an àirde;  
Mòr gum b' fheàrr a bhith an uair sin  
Air cluasag mo mhàthar,  
Fail ò rò mar dh'fhàg sinn.

Tha an turas a-nise crìochnaichte,  
Gach ròp is sìon nan àite;  
An acair air a gualainn  
'S Grianaig air a starboard  
Fail ò rò mar dh'fhàg sinn.

The mate who was on the quarterdeck  
Was shouting up to me,  
Is it any wonder though I'd be grey-haired  
If sea-spray could do it?  
Fail ò rò how we left.

When it was my turn on the wheel,  
And I climbed up there;  
I would have far preferred then  
To have been on my mother's pillow,  
Fail ò rò how we left.

The trip has now ended,  
Each rope and gear in place;  
The anchor is on her shoulder  
And Greenock on her starboard,  
Fail ò rò how we left.