



MARBHRANN DO SHEÒRDAG
ELEGY FOR SEÒRDAG

Òran le: Iain Stiùbhart

Air a rannsachadh is air a ghabhail le: Isabelle Bain

Chaidh an t-òran seo a dhèanamh le Iain Stiùbhart à Col. Sgrìobh e an t-òran mar gum b' e an duine aig Seòrdag a bha ga sgrìobhadh. B' e Seòrdag a' chiad bhean a bh' aig Iain MacÌomhair (Am Peel). Bhàsaich i nuair a bha i òg agus dh'fhàg i trìuir chloinne òg. B' e aon den chloinn aice, Ceitidh NicDhòmhnaill, no Ceitidh a' Pheel, seanmhair nighean air an robh mi eòlach san sgoil. Bha an t-òran, am measg òrain eile a sgrìobh e, ann an seann leabhran nach eil ann an clò an-diugh.

Ò, b' àill leam fhìn an-dràsta
Gun robh bàrdachd na mo ghnè,
Ach an innsinn do mo chàirdean
Mu a' chràidh a tha nam chrìdh,
Ri caoidh mo chèile ghràdhach
Sgar am bàs uam ann an Tìm;
Chan fhaic mi anns an fhàsach thu,
O ghràidh, don tug mi gaol.

Composed by: John Stewart

Researched & performed by: Isabelle Bain

This song was composed by John Stewart from Coll, Lewis. He composed the song as if he was Seòrdag's husband. Seòrdag was the first wife of John MacIver (Am Peel). She died young, leaving three young children. One of the children, Kate MacDonald – or 'Katie Peel' – was the grandmother of a girl I knew in school. This song, as well as others John composed, is in an old booklet no longer in print.

Oh, I wish at the moment
That I had a talent for poetry,
So that I could tell my relations
About the pain in my heart,
As I mourn my loving wife
Whom death has taken from me in Time;
I won't see you in this wilderness,
My dearest, who I love so much.



MARBHRANN DO SHEÒRDAG
ELEGY FOR SEÒRDAG

Nach mise nis tha cràiteach,
Rinn thu m' fhàgail 's mi cho òg,
Nuair bha mo ghràdh cho làidir dhut,
Mar shaighdean sàs nam fheòil:
Tha mise a-nis san fhàsach seo
Mar neach bhiodh sàs an ceò
'S mo shùilean tha air fàillneachadh
'S iad bàthte na mo dheòir.

Bha ìomhaigh a bha finealt' ort
'S bu dhìreach thu nad dhealbh;
Bha do ghruaidhean mar an caorann
Is do dhà shùil chaomh cho gorm;
Bha cuailean buidhe dualagach
Mar ghruag ort 's i gun chearb
'S bha faoilteachas nad aodann
A bha ag inns' nach robh thu borb.

Ò, 's òg a thug mi gaol dhut
'S cha chaochail e gu bràth,
Ged tha mi creids' le tìde
Gun tig sgaom air mar aig càch;
Oir mur am faigh mi faothachadh
Thig dìobairt air mo shlàint'
'S cò chumas suas mo dhilleachdain
Mur saothraich mi nan àit

I am so stricken now,
You left me when I was but young,
When my love for you was so strong,
Like arrows in my flesh.
I'm now in this wilderness
Like one lost in the mist,
My eyes are failing me
As they drown in my tears.

Your appearance was so elegant
And your figure stood so straight;
Your cheeks were as the rowan berry
And your two eyes kind and blue.
Golden, curly locks,
Your hair was without a flaw,
And there was kindness in your face
That spoke of your gentleness.

Oh, how young I gave you my love
And that will never die,
Although I suppose with time
It may become less intense as it does for others;
For, if I don't get some respite,
My health will suffer
And who will look after my orphans,
If I am not there to work for them?



MARBHRANN DO SHEÒRDAG
ELEGY FOR SEÒRDAG

Nach mise a-nis tha cràiteach
An ceann do phàistean 's iad cho maoth,
Nuair chluinneas mi ri rànaich iad
Tha iad a' toirt sgàineadh air mo chrìdh.
'S an sgiath a bha gam blàthachadh
Air am fàgail ann an Tìm,
'S tha 'n t-àit' seo a-nise fàsail dhomh
Ged tha mo chàirdean ri mo thaobh.

Ò, b' fheàrr gum biodh mo chianalas
Gam strìochdadh gu mo ghlùin,
Gu bhith ag iarraidh tròcair
Agus pòsaidh tha cho dlùth,
Nach sgar am bàs gu sìorraidh
Dh'aindeoin deuchainn a thig oirnn:
Dèan còmhnadh na mo dheuchainn leam
Gu bhith gad iarraidh mar is còir.

Oh how pained I am now
Looking after your children who are so delicate,
When I hear them crying
They rend my heart so much.
The shield who used to warm them
Has left them in this temporal world,
The place is now desolate for me
Though my family is by my side.

Oh, I wish that my melancholy
Would subdue me to my knees,
Where I would ask for mercy
And a marriage that is so near,
That death will never sever eternally
No matter the troubles we face:
Give me help in my trial
To be seeking you as I ought.