



MO NIGHEAN DUBH IS BÒIDHEACH DUBH
MY BEAUTIFUL BLACK-HAIRED GIRL

Òran le: gun urra

Air a rannsachadh is air a ghabhail le: Morvyn Mheinnearach

Gheibhear an dreachd seo den òran as an leabhar 'Tales from Highland Perthshire' air an cruinneachadh leis a' Bhaintighearna Evelyn Stiùbhart Mhoireach (1868-1940) à Blàr Athall agus deasaichte le Sylvia Robasdan 's Tony Dilworth. Chleachd mi am port a th' aig Caiptean Dòmhnall Eòsaph MacFhionghain, 'An Eòsag', 's e ga sheinn air clàradh a tha ri fhaotainn tro Thobar an Dualchais (àireamh 93692).

Sèist:

*Mo nighean dubh is bòidheach dubh,
Mo nighean dubh na trèig mi,
Ged theireadh càch gu bheil thu dubh,
Cho geal 's tha an gruth leam fhèin thu,
Mo nighean dubh is bòidheach dubh.*

Moch latha-coinnle dhomh sa mhadainn,
Airtneulach 's mi ag èirigh,
Gum facas òigh an taice rium,
'S a gnùis mar sneachd air gheugan.

Sèist

Composed by: unknown

Researched & performed by: Morvyn Menzies

I found this version of *Mo Nighean Dubh is Bòidheach Dubh* in 'Tales of Highland Perthshire' collected by Lady Evelyn Stewart Murray (1868-1940) and edited and translated by Sylvia Robertson and Tony Dilworth. I used the tune as sung by Captain Donald Joseph MacKinnon on a Tobar an Dualchais recording (number 93692).

Chorus:

*My beautiful black-haired girl,
My black-haired girl don't forsake me,
Though others say you are dark,
You are to me as white as crowdie,
My beautiful dark-haired girl*

Early on Candlemas day,
Weary I was as I arose,
When I saw a maiden beside me,
Her face as snow on the branch.

Chorus



MO NIGHEAN DUBH IS BÒIDHEACH DUBH
MY BEAUTIFUL BLACK-HAIRED GIRL

Do shùilean mar na dearcagan,
Do ghruaidh mar lasair chèire,
Cùl do chinn air dhath an fhithich,
Rùn mo chridhe fhèin thu.

Sèist

'S do chom meanbh-gheal mar thonn
Air bhàrr gainmhich ag èirigh,
Mar bhradan tarra-gheal, iasg na fairge,
Bha do dhealbh is d' aogasg.

Sèist

'S thig stocainn gheal is guisead dhearg
Air do chalpa glè gheal;
Brògan barrach nam bucaill airgid –
'S òighe mar dhealan na grèin' thu.

Sèist

Do chùl dualach trom neo-luideach
An càradh sguuib air m' euchdag:
'S ge bòidheach mu do ghualainn e
Cha mhist' an cuailean brèide.

Your eyes like the berries,
You cheek like the candle's flame,
Your hair the colour of the raven,
You are my heart's desire.

Chorus

Your delicately white body like a wave
Rising on the sand,
Like the white-breasted salmon of the ocean
Was your form and appearance.

Chorus

And white stockings with a red 'clock'
Suit your pure white calf:
High-topped shoes with silver buckles,
You are a maiden with the radiance of the sun.

Chorus

Your curly, heavy well-trimmed hair,
In the shape of a wave on my charmer:
And although it is beautiful around your shoulders,
It would do no harm for your hair to have a kerchief.



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Sèist

Thig pasg' òmair air d' uchd bòidheach,
Ann an òrdagh glè mhath:
'S e gaol do phòige rinn mo leònadh,
Dh'fhàg mi beò gun spèirid.

Sèist

Thig staidh anns an fhasan dhut
Cho math 's thig à Dùn Èideann
Mud mheadhan caol ga theannachadh
Sa chamhanaich 's tu 'g èirigh.

Sèist

'S gar nach dèan mi fìdhlearachd
Nì mise sgrìobh' 's leugh',
Air nàile dhèanainn searmad dhut
Nach talaicheadh neach fon ghrèin air.

Sèist

Chorus

An amber covering suits your beautiful bosom,
Neatly arranged;
It was the love of your kiss which wounded me,
Which has left me alive but without strength.

Chorus

You will get a fashionable 'stay'
As good as any in Edinburgh,
Drawing in your slender waist
As you rise at break of day.

Chorus

And although I am no fiddler,
I can write and read,
And goodness I could preach you a sermon
That on one under the sun could complain about.

Chorus