



'S E TIRIODH AN T-EILEAN AS BÒIDHICHE FON GHRÈIN
TIREE IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL ISLAND UNDER THE SUN

Òran le: Niall MacIllEathain, (Niall an Tàilleir)

Air a rannsachadh is air a ghabhail le:

Anna & Seumas Dòmhnallach

Chaidh an t-òran seo a dhèanamh le Niall MacIllEathain, Niall an Tàilleir, às a' Chaolas a rinn mòran bàrdachd a chithear anns an leabhar, 'Na Bàird Thirisdeach'. Bha e càirdeach do dh'Iain Mhic Ailein, Bàrd Thighearna Cholla. Tha carragh-cuimhne bhrèagha air uaigh ann an cladh beag Chirceabol air a cur suas leis a' Chomann Thiristeach. Fhuair sinn an t-òran seo bho phiuthar ar n-athar, Floraidh NicPhàil, a lorg an t-òran am measg phàipearan an teaghlaich.

'S e Tiriodh an t-eilean as bòidhche fon ghrèin,
'S e Tiriodh an t-eilean san d' thogadh mi fhèin,
'S e Tiriodh an t-eilean dhan tug mi mo spèis
'S mi fàgail leis beannachd sa mhadainn an-dè

Dol seachad An Caolas bha smaointean no dhà
Air m' inntinn nach fhaodainn bhith glaodhach ri càch,
Am bàta dol seachad air Port Loch an Àir
'S mi fàgail leis beannachd sa mhadainn Dimàirt.

'S e fad tha san eilean seo dà mhìle dheug,
Tha còrr is trì cheathramhan ann de leud,
Tha còrr is trì fichead de sgiobairean treun
A' treòrachadh luingibh gu dùthchannan cèin.

Composed by: Neil MacLaine, (Niall an Tàilleir)

Researched and performed by:

Anna and Jamie MacDonald

This song was composed by Neil MacLaine, Niall an Tàilleir, from Caolas. He composed a significant body of work, some of which can be seen in the book, 'The Tiree Bards'. He was a relation of John MacLean, Bàrd Thighearna Cholla (the Bard of the Laird of Coll). There is an attractive memorial stone on his grave in the little cemetery at Kirkapol erected by the Tiree Association. We learnt this song from our auntie Floraidh MacPhail who found it amongst family papers.

Tiree is the most beautiful island under the sun,
Tiree is the island where I was brought up,
Tiree is the island dear to my heart
As I said goodbye to it yesterday morning.

Passing by Caolas thoughts came to mind
Which I couldn't call out to the others;
The boat passed Port Loch an Àir
As I said goodbye to it on the Tuesday morning.

This island is twelve miles long,
It is more than three quarterlands across,
There are more than sixty sturdy skippers
Who steer boats to distant lands.



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TIREE IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL ISLAND UNDER THE SUN

Sa mhadainn mhoch Chèitein mun èirich an driùchd
Bidh an uiseag sna speuran a' gleusadh a ciùil,
'S seillean breac stiallach a' leum air gach flùr
'S bidh fàileadh na meala am Fang Fhalaich an Dùin.

'S toigh leam gach baca, gach stac agus cruach,
Gach làanag 's gach òban mun eòlach mi uair,
Toirt nam chuimhne gach còmhradh bhiodh aig òigrìdh gun ghruaim
A b' àbhaist bhith còmhla rium a' cluineart nam bruach.

Ach companaich m' òige chan eòl dhomh an-dràst';
Tha cuid dhiubh chaidh fhògradh le fòirneart thar sàil,
Cuid eile dhiubh seòladh air long nan crann àrd
'S cuid eile san uaigh nach gluais lath' gu bràth.

Tha m' athair 's mo mhàthair sa chill ann le chèil',
Siud an t-eilean as prìseil leam fhèin tha fon ghrèin,
'S ma gheibh mi mo dhùrachd 's gach cùis air mo rèir
Siud an uaigh anns an tèid mi nuair thig crìoch air mo rèis.

'S e Tiriodh an t-eilean as bòidhiche fon ghrèin,
'S e Tiriodh an t-eilean san d' thogadh mi fhèin,
'S e Tiriodh an t-eilean dhan tug mi mo spèis
'S mi fàgail leis beannachd sa mhadainn an-dè.

In the early May morning before the dew goes
The lark is in the sky singing her song,
The brindled, striped bee springs to each flower
And the scent of honey will be in the Hidden Fank at Dùn

Dear to me is every hollow, cliff and hill,
Every meadow and little bay which I once knew so well;
They remind me of the conversations of the carefree youths
Who would be gambolling with me across the slopes.

But the friends of my youth are no longer with me;
Some were exiled by force overseas,
Others are sailing on the high-masted ships
And others in the grave will never stir again.

My father and mother are in the churchyard together;
That's the island most precious to me under the sun,
And if I get my wish and all goes as planned
That's the place where I will be buried when my race is run.

Tiree is the most beautiful island under the sun,
Tiree is the island where I was brought up,
Tiree is the island dear to my heart
As I said goodbye to it yesterday morning.