



TÌM  
TIME

**Òran le:** Mairead NicNèill

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

Iain Seumas Mac a' Bhreatannaich

Sgrìobhte le Mairead NicNèill, 'Mairead Fhorbais', à Eòlaigearraidh, aig fìor cheann a tuath Bharraigh. Bha Mairead bliadhnachan mòra na tidsear anns na bun-sgoiltean ann am Barraigh agus anns an òran seo tha i a' bruidhinn air na h-atharraichean a th' air tighinn air cleachdadh na Gàidhlig tro na linntean.

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Cà' bheil a' chagailt bha aoigheil is blàth,  
Càite bheil m' athair 's mo mhàthair?  
Cà' bheil na lorgan a lean mi san tràigh,  
Cà' bheil an dachaigh a dh'fhàg mi?

*Sèist:*

*Tìm cha dèan fuireach ri duin' air an t-saoghal,  
'S faoin a bhith sireadh na bh' ann.  
Tionndaidhidh cuibheall an fhortain co-dhiù,  
'S falbhaidh gach nì mar an driùchd.*

**Composed by:** Margaret MacNeil

**Researched & performed by:**

John James Galbraith

Written by Margaret MacNeil from Eoligarry at the far north end of Barra. Margaret was a primary teacher for many years in various schools on Barra and in this song she speaks of the changes to the way that Gaelic is used through the generations.

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Where is the hearth which was hospitable and warm,  
Where are my father and mother?  
Where are the footprints I followed on the beach,  
Where is the home I left?

*Chorus:*

*Time will not wait for anyone in the world,  
It's foolish to yearn for the past.  
The wheel of fortune will turn in any case,  
And everything will vanish like the dew.*



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An làrach nan tobhtaichean, taighean air fàs,  
Daoine nach aithnich mi tàmh ann.  
Chan fhaic mi cruach-mhòna air starsaich an-dràst',  
Tha 'n dealan toirt solas is blàths dhuinn.

*Sèist:*

Chan fhaic mi bean-òg muigh a' bleoghan na bà,  
Cha bhi iad ri snìomh neo ri càrdadh.  
A' chlann tha ri spòrs far an robh mi nam phàist',  
Cha chluinn mi ach aon fhacal Gàidhlig.

*Sèist*

Dòighean na Galldachd air tighinn don àit',  
'S math gu bheil cùisean nas fhèarr ann,  
Cothrom is foghlam bhios còmhnaid gu leòr,  
Ach 's truagh gun do thrèig iad an cànaid.

*Tìm cha dèan fuireach ri duin' air an t-saoghal,  
'S faoin a bhith sireadh na bh' ann.  
Tionndaidhidh cuibheall an fhortain co-dhiù,  
'S falbhaidh gach nì mar an driùchd;  
'S falbhaidh gach nì mar an driùchd.*

On the site of the ruins, houses have appeared,  
People I don't know are staying there.  
I don't see a peat-stack now at any entrance,  
Electricity gives us light and heat.

*Chorus*

I don't see any young wives milking the cow,  
Nor spinning or carding.  
The children who are playing where I would as a youngster,  
I only hear one word of Gaelic from them.

*Chorus*

Lowland ways have come to the place,  
It's good that there has been progress.  
Opportunities and education of a decent quality,  
But it's a shame that they forsook their language.

*Time will not wait for anyone in the world,  
It's foolish to yearn for the past.  
The wheel of fortune will turn in any case,  
And everything will vanish like the dew;  
And everything will vanish like the dew.*