



TEANNADH RIS A' CHAOLAS  
APPROACHING THE KYLE

**Òran le:** Iain MacLeòid (Iain Thormoid Bhig)  
**Air a ransachadh is air a ghabhail le:** Isabelle Bain

Chaidh an t-òran seo a dhèanamh le Iain MacLeòid (Iain Thormoid Bhig à Siabost). Bha e ann an leabhran aosta agus bha mi airson ionnsachadh leis gur ann à Siabost a bha mo sheanair.

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Tha thid' agam fhìn a bhith falbh dhachaigh dìreach  
Tha thid' agam fhìn a bhith falbh ann  
Tha thid' agam fhìn a bhith togail ris *an t-Sheila*  
A dh'ionnsaigh na tìr' o na dh'fhalbh mi.

Tha i dubh ach finealt' mar mhaighdeannan a' Bhìobail,  
'S e Eilean an Fhraoich tha mar ainm oirr';  
Cha chluinn mi murt air sràid ann no fear aig bean a nàbaidh,  
Tha sonas ud san àite on a dh'fhalbh mi.

Mur eil mèinnean tìr' innt' tha sonas agus sìth innt',  
Is sona tha gach aon innt' le chrannchur;  
Caidlidh iad sèimh innt' gun eagal an co-chreutair,  
'S cha bhi glas no gèimheann air ionmhas.

**Composed by:** Iain MacLeod (Iain Thormoid Bhig)  
**Researched & performed by:** Isabelle Bain

This song was composed by Iain MacLeod, Iain Thormoid Bhig from Shawbost. I found it in an old booklet and decided to learn it as my grandfather was from Shawbost.

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It's time for me to go straight home,  
It's time for me to go,  
It's time for me to make for the *Sheila*  
Towards the land which I left.

She is black but elegant like the maidens of the Bible,  
It is called the Heathery Isle;  
I never hear of murder on the streets or of a man going with his  
neighbour's wife,  
That happy state has remained there since I left.

Even if it doesn't have natural riches, there is happiness and peace there,  
And every person there is happy with their lot;  
They sleep there peacefully with no fear of their fellow man,  
And there are no locks or chains on people's wealth.



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Fàg i nad òige 's cuir cuairt air an Roinn Eòrpa,  
Tuiteadh mèinnean òir ann an sealbh ort;  
Innis le do dheòin dhomh nach e seo do dhòchas,  
Gun caith thu crìoch do lò far na dh'fhalbh thu.

Leave it when you are young and travel Europe,  
Let mines of gold be your fortune;  
You try and tell me sincerely that it's not your hope,  
To end your days in the place from which you came.

Fàg i nad aois mar ri càirdean 's luchd gaoil,  
Biodh gach cofhurtachd dhut saor agus airgead;  
Ged bhiodh tu cheart cho maoinich ri Iob nan crodh 's nan caorach,  
B' fheàrr leat an tìr o na dh'fhalbh thu.

Should you leave it when older along with relations and loved ones,  
May you have every comfort cheaply and money;  
Though you would be as rich as Job of the cattle and sheep,  
You would prefer the land that you left.

Ma thèid mo latha shìneadh 's gum faigh mi chum an t-Sheila,  
Ruigidh mi le tìm Cnoc na h-aona Chlaich,  
'S nì mi bothan beag dhomh fhìn ann an reamhrachd na tìre  
'S cha tig na cìs-mhaoir thogail m' airgid.

If I live long enough and I get on board the Sheila  
And with time I'll reach the Hill of the One Stone,  
Where I will build a small cottage for myself in the fat of the land  
And tax collectors will not come to take my money.

Ann am beagan tìm nì mi oidhirp chun an t-Sheila  
Nuair a gheibh mi 'n tiogaid le airgead,  
'S an còrr de mo thìm ann an sonas 's ann an sìth  
Nì mi chaitheamh anns an tìr o na dh'fhalbh mi.

In a little while I'll make for the Sheila  
When I buy a ticket,  
And the rest of my life in happiness and peace  
I'll spend in the land which I left.