



## Fuaran – iomairt dualchais le Fèisean nan Gàidheal

### Gille Gu Geingeach

Faclan le Murchadh MacPhàrlain

Tha mo chrann an ceann m' imir  
'S a shuic air an geurachadh  
Sgaoil cunbhalach m' fheamainn  
'S chan eil ach aon èis orm

#### *Sèist*

Tha m' imir  
Is gille gu geingeach  
Tha mise ri sireadh  
'S bheir mise mo ghealladh  
Nuair thig latha na dròbha  
Gu faigh e uam gròta.  
Ò Cò! Ò Cò! Cò gheibh mi ri geingeach?

Mo ghreallagan 's m' amall  
'S mo shlios an òrdugh tha  
Crudhan ùr air mo ghearran  
Chuir "Steallag" an Steòrnabhagh.

Mar mharcach an earrach  
Dol a dh' iarraidh bean-ghlùin 's e  
Ri 'g èigheach "Chan urrainn  
Dhomh fuireach cus ùine riut."

## Fuaran – a Fèisean nan Gàidheal heritage initiative

### A boy to keep the plough coulter clean

Words by Murdo MacFarlane

My plough lies above the furrow  
And the ploughsock has been sharpened  
I have spread my seaweed regularly  
And I only want for one thing.

#### *Chorus*

My furrow waits  
and a boy who will keep the plough coulter clean  
Is what I require.  
And I'll give my word  
That when droving day comes round  
He'll get a goat from me.  
O who! O Who! Who will I get to keep the coulter clean?

My yoke and my muzzle-bar  
And my drag ropes are all in order  
My horse newly shod  
by "Steallag" in Stornoway.

Like a horseman in springtime  
Going to fetch the midwife  
Shouting that he didn't  
Have long to wait.



Anns an sgrìob lathar odhair  
'S an t-each-dubh air a bhàn do-bhrìgh  
Treabham dìreach dlùth domhainn  
'S na fàgam fiù fàrag ann.

Tha an crùn-òir air a' chonas  
'S gun treabhadh no cliathadh deis  
'S e corca-na-cuthaige  
Agams' 'm bliadhna bhios.

Mur treabhair 's mur cuirear  
O cionnas bhios buain againn  
No aran a dh'fhuinnear  
'S a' chiste-mhin fuar falamh.

Rium òganach thachair  
Le crodh dol gam buachailleachd  
Fàg do crodh air a' mhachair  
'S nì mise do dhuaiseachadh.

The grey mare is in the furrow  
And the black horse on the furrow's left side  
So that I may plough straight, close and deep  
And I leave nothing unploughed.

The gorse wears its golden crown  
And with no ploughing or harrowing done  
It's the cuckoo's crop  
I'll be left with this year.

If I don't plough and I don't sow  
How will we have a harvest  
Or bake bread  
From the cold empty meal-chest?

Young man that I meet  
Herding cattle  
Leave your cattle on the machair land  
And I will reward you.