

Choisich Mi - I walked

Chorus) I walked back in my mind last night
To the place and the time we spent together one evening
A moon, full in the sky shining down on us
Above our heads each star sparkling

1) I thought about you, you caught my eye
Your conversation so interesting, your nature friendly and gentle
I gladly agreed to accompany you around the village
Your beguiling brown eyes attracting me

Chorus)

2) We followed the shore road and the journey was happy
By my side, you accompanied me, keeping me cheerful
You were friendly and kind, you kept me warm
Alone together by the shelter of the wall

Chorus)

3) The night I spent in your company passed too quickly
I'd like to be with you tonight, I wouldn't want anything else
I don't see any other so fine as you passing by
In Glasgow or Edinburgh

Chorus)

4) Alas you're not mine but you grew so cold
Although my situation is difficult I won't be bitter
I see you now moving further from me each day
I fear you won't be mine this year

Chorus)

Caismeachd Beinn Ìomhair - The March to Beinn Ìomhair

Hi Ho idle um went the pipers tune
The day the flag was hoisted on the summit of Beinn Ìomhair

Second day of the year it was, the first being the Sabbath
The villagers marched together to reach the summit cairn

Heavy rain and storm, a terrible filthy day
They would walk regardless just to get a warming dram

Off they marched keeping step to the piper's tune
There never was such a terrible racket heard throughout the glen

Up by Iain Dollaidh's house, and up past the Barn House
The Policeman waiting at La La's house, out on crowd patrol

After they left the main road the moor was just a bog
The piper in his kilt almost stuck up to his knees

Red Iain kept them on their way at a country pace
The poor piper failing rapidly his puff growing weaker and weaker

A strong nor' westerly wind blowing them up the slope
The piper about to collapse just as he nears the summit

Like Hilary and Bonnington, and Scotland's own Haston
The Everest of the Western Isles was bravely conquered

The district flag of Carloway now flying on the pole
A welcome bottle opened and shared among the hereos

Hi ho idle um went the music throughout the land
When we tanned that bottle on the top of Beinn Ìomhair

Cunntas air do bhòidhchead

sèist

Let me give an account of your beauty;
your innumerable virtues
Let me show my respect
Brown haired girl of the calm eyes
You are my love.

Travelling, caught up in my thoughts, an early Monday morning
Loch Eilt mirror-like and Loch Ailort asleep,
Each hour we are together is just a fleeting second
and the hours apart are interminable.
The challenge, the prizes, the excitement of the shinty
can't compare now to knowing your love
A new desire has been planted in this empty heart of mine
which will grow and blossom into new love.

Your voice is sweeter to me than the lark's call
You know the Island where you were raised with grace,
I can't stand the miles which keep us apart
and I constantly recall your ways and your friendliness
Although the night can be long I will sail until the morning
With my face to the west windward,
To a calm, sheltered bay where I would reach the shore,
my destination – beautiful object of my love.

Surely you will accept me, will you not listen to my verses

I go aimlessly from morning to night without a sensible thought in my head
What's the good in sinking alone in a boat of love
Oh to see it sail with us aboard on a loving course to it's destination
If I left this life without knowing the wonders of the universe,
without understanding that which governs our world
I wouldn't reflect sadly on this life
If I received your respect and your love.

The Gael in Basra

I saw last night
Our very own lads
In the murderous heat of the sun
Heroes on the march
In a far desert land

Oh sing, sing
Piper, play the same old tune
Strike up and play

There's nothing new under the sun
Murder, death and hate
In the name of our leaders.
It's always been this way
In war or in peace
Slaves to a foreign empire

Oh sing, sing
Piper, play the same old tune
Strike up and play

Many are the heroes
Who went before them to war

Pain and suffering their destiny
And when the pipe plays
In the noise of battle
Like a bullet they will charge
Following too close
Their forefathers' fame
Lying slaughtered and torn in the field

Strong healthy lads
Ready at arms
Toward victory or death
But in Red Donald's words*
Victory to the heroes
Let them return safe and well.

Oh sing, sing
Piper, play the same old tune
Play the same old tune again.

* Red Donald of Coruna (Dòmhnall Ruadh Chorùna) – From his poem The Camerons in France

Cumha Bean an t-Saighdeir

Nan robh sinn air eilean còmhla
a'coiseachd eadar muir-làn is tràghadh
Tiotan goirid an cuideachd a chèile
Mus tilleadh muir acrach do bhàis

Nan cluinninn do ghuth a-rithist
Air osag chaidheach a'ghlinn
Fiu-s le fios nach biodh ann ach tàbharnadh
Do chagair chiuin dhealachaidh nach till

Oh nàdar cai'l do bhòidhchead
Cha lèir dhomh maise na tir-s'
Is balbh na h-eòin sa chamhanaich
Is cràidhteach, brònach mo chridhe

A Thighearna cai'l do mhathas
O Thì, do thròcair shèimh
Thug thu bhuam e na ghleans òige
Dh'fhag thu cràdh is pian nam chreubh

'S ann dhut-sa a thuit e sa chomhraig
Do ar dùthaich agus a glòir
An sin a'caitheamh anns na truinnsichean
Tha gaol mo mhìle stòir

Nan coinnichinn ris nam bhruadar
An corra uair a gheibh mi suain
Chuirinn ceist nach teid a fhreagairt
San t-saoghal-sa air a bheil sinn cuairt

An àite gun tim 's gun chrìoch
An sìorraidheachd, mhaireannach, bhuan
An coisich sinn aon uair eile
Sitheil sèimh an cois a' chuain?

An gleann fàsach ciùin na sìthe
A-measg nan craobhan ubhail
An suidh sinn anns an fhionnaraidh
San àite far an d'fhuair thu an t-uan?

Oh Chruithearr tha cruas gam dhalladh
On chaill mi mo dhuine treun
Ach is cinnteach gu bheil Thu maille rinn
Gar stiùireadh anns gach ceum

Tha agam, nam chùis-bhròin
Mi chinnt is teagamh ann,
Ach as d'aonais cha dean ciall dhomh
Nithean saoghalt' a chinne dhaonn'

'S nuair bhios sinn air eilean còmhla
An coisich sinn le chèil'?
Laraich choise anns a' ghainmhich
Nach bleith siantan mòr an t-saoghail

The Soldier's Wife's Lament

If we were together on an island
Walking between high and low tide
A short moment in each others company
Before the hungry sea of your death returned

If I could hear your voice again
On the lamenting breeze of the glen
Even knowing it's just a ghost
Your soft parting whisper never to return

Oh nature where is your beauty
I can't see the beauty in this land
Silent are the birds at daybreak
Pained and sad is my heart

Oh Lord where is your goodness
Oh Lord your soft mercy
You took him from me in the glory of his youth
You left pain and hurt in my breast

For you he fell in the battle
For our country and its glory
There wasting in the trenches
Is my love, my everything

If I would meet him in my dream
The few times I find sleep
I 'd ask a question that cannot be answered
In this world through which we travel

In the place without time without end

In the endless everlasting
Will we walk one more time together
Peacefully, quietly by the sea

In the sheltered glen of peace
In the apple orchard
Will we sit in the evening
In the place where you found the lamb

Oh Creator, hardship has blinded me
Since I lost my strong husband
But surely you are with us
Guiding us in every step

I had in my desperation
Uncertainty and doubt
But without you it doesn't make sense
The impious ways of humanity

And when we'll be on an island
Will we walk together
Footprints in the sand
That the storms will never erode

Leanaibh Oig - Young Baby

Young Baby, your mother's darling, sleep
Young Baby, sleep till morning, I'd cherish you

Gentle, calm, restful sleep
Will be yours in your mother's lap
The sound of the sea and a sea lullaby
Settling you till morning

Young Baby, lying in your cradle so beautiful in your sleep
Young Baby, virtue and grace so clear in your face

Into this world you came
Innocent and blessed

Who wouldnt show to a young baby
Kindness and affection?

Until we see you again
A thousand blessings to you
A lullaby in the evening
Joyful sounds await you in the morning

With your family, so happy at rest
We have a problem and a duty on our mind;
How to improve our world
And crown it with understanding, respect and love

But Young Baby. . . sleep until daybreak

Tir Alainn - Beautiful Land

1) The old road is covered under rushes and bracken
Almost closed over under moss and grass
From the mouth of the river to the top of the glen
Showing the village as it was

Chorus) In the beautiful land (x2) we are living
Living our lives at the edge

2) Fragrant moor flowers on a fresh evening
White fields of bog cotton
Near ruined shielings in the crook of the loch
Summer dwellings of the people who tended their livestock

Chorus)

3) I see old dwelling houses being knocked down
Strong young men in new homes
So fine to see growing in the shelter of the garden
Fruit from trees, berries from bushes, each rose blossom and flower

Chorus)

4) Tonight in the ceilidh-house there'll be song and mirth
A story to tell and traditional songs
I'll hear the people's history and our forebears' family names
The generation that's gone, not alive today

Chorus)

Cuimhnich Orm - Remember Me

1) Nothing will grow for us in this land
Our livestock so weak and few in number
Disease and famine afflict us each day
I'm hungry and faint

Chorus) O remember me(x3) now remember me

2) Soldiers came with brutality
And wickedness to the land
They burnt our homes to the ground
They chased us out of the district

Chorus)

3) I ran away to the big city
I walked up and down
Adrift, a refugee
Lost in the crowd

Chorus)

4) But I expect a better day
Although I have sorrow and pain in my heart
I'll make a place for myself in this world
With help along the way

Chorus)