

Chunna mis' an t-òg uasal

This is a song from Barra. We like it for its vivid and imaginative imagery, which we think lifts it above the normal run of songs of unrequited love!

HAO RI RÌ RI RÌ Ó
HÓ HO RÓ HO HAO HÓ

Chunna mis' an t-òg uasal seachad suas an seo 'n dé.
'S le ghuinn' air a ghualainn, gura uallach a cheum.
'S ghabh e suas orm seachad air each glas nan ceum réidh.
Cha do dh'fhiosraich, cha d' dh'fharraid, cha do ghabh e bhuam sgeul.
'S mun taca seo 'n uiridh bu liom t' fhuran ro' cheud.
'S cha mhutha mi am bliadhna seach ianlaith nan speur.
'S gu bheil sac air mo chridhe nach tog fidheall nan teud.
'S trom mhulad, trom mhulad, trom mhulad 'nad dhéidh.
'S truagh, a Rìgh, nach mi an gunna ris an cuireadh tu 'n gleus!
'S truagh, a Rìgh, nach mi an garbhlach air am marbhadh tu na féidh!
'S truagh, a Rìgh, nach mi am bàta ris an càireadh tu 'm bréid!
'S truagh, a Rìgh, nach mi am breacan thug thu dhachaidh o 'n fhéill!
'S nuair a thilleadh o 'n fhrasach bhithinn paisgte fo d' sgéith.
'S nuair a rachadh i fhàsgadh bhithinn sgaoilte ri gréin.
'S comhairl' bheirinn air nighinn bhiodh a rithist 'nam dhéidh.
Gun i thoirt a gaol falaich do dhuin' tha fo 'n ghréin.
Bidh 'ad briathrach a'tighinn, 's rùn a chridh' aca fhéin.

*I saw the well-born youth going up past here yesterday.
With his gun on his shoulder, haughty was his step.
He went up past me, on a horse of light tread.
He did not ask, he did not enquire, he did not accept news of me.
About this time last year I had your welcome before a hundred.
This year I am no more to you than the birds of the air.
There is a heavy load on my heart, which the stringed fiddle will not lift.
I have great sorrow, great sorrow, great sorrow, in consequence of you.
Alas, O God, that I am not the gun on which you would put the lock!
Alas, O God, that I am not the rough ground on which you would kill the deer!
Alas, O God, that I am not the ship on which you'd hoist the sail!
Alas, O God, that I am not that I am not the plaid which you brought back from
the fair!
When you'd return from the rain, I would be folded beneath your arm.
When the plaid had been wrung out, I would be spread out in the sunshine.
The advice I would give to a girl coming after me,
Not to give her love in secret to any man under the sun.
When they come, they are plausible, but they have their own heart's design.*