
TURAS

ANDREW MCFAYDEN / ANNDRA MACPHAIDEIN

FACLAS AGUS FIOSRACHADH / LYRICS AND INFORMATION

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EILEAN GORM NAM BEANNTAN ARD

Eilean gorm nam beanntan àrd,
Tìr mo dhùthchais, tìr mo ghràidh,
'S iomadh tonn a bhuaileas tràigh
Mun iarr mi fàth air carachadh.

Green isle of the high mountains,
Land of my birth, land of my love,
Many waves will break on shore
Before I ever wish to leave.

Tìr as àile tha fon ghrèin,
Cnoic is glinn is raoitean rèidh,
Coille dhlùth nam mìle geug
'S an cluinnear gleus air ceilearadh.

Most beautiful land under the sun,
Knolls and glens and level plains,
Forests dense with thousands of branches,
Where you hear the melodies of bird-song.

Monaidhean 's am faighear fèidh,
Aonaichean 's an cinnich sprèidh,
Fonn, ma chuirear e fon chlàidh,
A thig fo dhèis le aran dhuinn.

Moorlands where you find deer,
Pastures where cattle flourish,
Soil which, when put under the harrow,
Will ripen to provide bread for us.

Faodaidh gum bi 'n geamhradh fuar,
'S gaoth an earraich on taobh tuath,
Thig an samhradh blàth na uair
Le cur is buan gar toileachadh.

The winter might be cold
And also the north wind of spring,
But warm summer will come at last
With planting and reaping to make us happy.

Anns a' ghleann sa bheil sinn fhìn
Faighinn beatha 's teachd-an-tìr,
Chan eil deireas oirnn no dìth --
Chan eil an rìgh cho sona ruinn.

In the glen where we ourselves
Have life and livelihood,
We have no shortage or dearth --
The king is not as happy as we are.

'S ann tha 'n sluagh tha ceanalt', ciùin,
Sìol nan sonn a b' àirde cliù,
'S mòr leam fhìn gu bheil mi dhiubh,
Bu shuarach crùn a roghainn air.

Here the folk are polite and sedate,
Seed of heroes of high renown;
I am proud to belong to them,
A crown would be paltry compared with it.

Dh'fhag an sinnsir tìr an fhraoich,
Mheas iad stuadh nan cuantan faoin,
Ghabh iad seilbh am measg nan craobh,
A'saothrachadh gu fearail ann.

Leaving the land of heather,
Not afraid of the ocean's waves,
Staking their claims among the trees,
Toiling manfully.

Far an d'fhuair mi m' àrach òg,
Fanaidh mi le toil 's le deòin;
Air cho fad 's gum bi mi beò,
Cha dèan an t-òr mò mhealladh as.

Where I was reared in my youth,
I will remain there willingly;
For as long as I live
No gold will entice me away from there.

AN T-EACH GEAL

Sèisd:

Hò rò b'e mo rùn thu
Ged chuir do chùl rium ò,
'S ann a tha mo rùn air
A nighean ùr a threig mi.

An oidhche bha luadhadh ann
A rinn na balaich gluasad,
Gu'n cùm iad ceann an tuath i,
'S mo thruaighe mar a dh'éirich.

A-nuais aig àite Thormoid,
Sin far 'n tachair garbh riuth',
Thuirt caileag Mhór, "Gu dearbha,
Tha 'n fhearg air a' bheist ud."

'S ann an uair sin dheònaich iad
Gu'n tigeadh Aonghas còmhla riuth',
'S ann aig Niall beag bha spòrs oirre,
'S na "boys" air na "reine".

A-nuas aig àite Sheòrais
Cha robh fir 'ga saoradh,
Thuirt Aonghas ri Dòmhnall,
"Nach bòidheach an ceum aic'."

Thuirt Dòmhnall John gu caomhneil,
"Fuilingidh na sliegha pìla,
'S e Calum rinn a' ghoibhneachd,
'S a splois chuir na chèile."

Bha Murdoch cuideachd còmhla riuth',
E-féin agus Dòmhnall,
Gu'n tàinig Kennie Eolla
Is thug iad leo Sarag.

Tha Dòmhnall ag ràitinn
Gu'm pòs e gun dàil i,
Gu'n iarr e i air Màiri,
Son càch cha bhi éis ann.

Andrew McFayden



THE POTATO PUIRT

(March: Theid thu thogail a bhuntat'; Strathspey: Ciamar a ni dannsa direach; Reels: Còta Mòr Ealasaid, Seallaibh Curraigh Eòghan)

Orra bhonna bhonnagan, orra bhonnagan a ghraidh
Orra bhonna bhonnagan, théid thu thogail a bhuntat' x 2

O cha leig mi thu 'n tobar, o cha leig mi thu 'n traigh
O cha leig mi thu 'n tobar, théid thu thogail a bhuntat' x 2

Ciamar a ni mi dannsa direach
Ciamar a ni mi ruidhle bhoidheach
Ciamar a ni mi dannsa direach
Dh'fhalbh a'phrin as bal mo chota

Dh'fhalbh a'phrin air chul a'chli mi
Dh'fhalbh a'phrin as bal mo chota x 2

Tha còta mòr Ealasaid
Air Anna nighean an fhìdhlear
Tha còta mòr Ealasaid
Air Anna dol a phòsadh (x2)

Anna nighean, air Anna nighean
Air Anna nighean an fhìdhlear
Air Anna dol, air Anna dol
Air Anna dol a phòsadh (x2)

Seallaibh curraigh Eòghainn
'S còig raimh fhichead oirre
Seallaibh curraigh Eòghainn
'S i seachad air a' Rubha Bhàn x 2

Bidh Eòghann, bidh Eòghann
Bidh Eòghann 'na sgiobair oirre
Bidh Eòghann, bidh Eòghann
'S i seachad air a' Rubha Bhàn x 2

There are four mouth tunes in this set – a march, a strathspey, and two reels. The march is about pulling up potatoes and not going to the shore. The strathspey is about someone asking how they would dance a reel without the pin in their coat. The first reel has to do with Elizabeth's big coat and the fact that Anna is wearing it to get married. The second reel is about Owen's boat and the fact that it is quite beautiful, what with having 25 oars on it.

BEAN PHAIDEIN

Translated from the original Irish by Andrew McFayden / Anndra Mac Phaidein
(using the traditional Irish melody)

Séisd:

'S e an truaigh' gheur nach mise, nach mise
'S e truaigh' gheur nach mise bean Phaidein
'S e an truaigh' gheur nach mise nach mise
'S a'bhean a tha aige 'bhith cailte.

(Séisd)

Rachainn do Shasainn, do Shasainn
'Is rachainn do Shasainn le Paidein
Rachainn do Shasainn, do Shasainn
'Is thiginn dhachaigh 's a bhàt' leis.

(Séisd)

Rachainn do dh'aonach a'Chlachain
'S a-steach gu Baile na Baighe
Shealltainn a-steach do na h-uinneagan
Duil 'am ri fhaicinn Bean Phaidein

(Séisd)

Gum bristear do chasan, do chasan
Gum bristear do chasan 'Bhean Phaidein
Gum bristear do chasan, do chasan
Gum bristear do chasan 's do chnàmhan.

(Séisd)

Chaith mi mo bhrogan mo bhrogan
Chaith mi mo bhrogan 'n-dèidh Phaidein
Chaith mi mo bhrogan mo bhrogan
Chaith mi a'bhreaban 's na sàilean.



Andrew McFayden

'S I MO LEANNAN AN TÈ ÙR

'S i mo leannan an tè ùr,
'S guirme sùil 's is caoile mala,
Tè gu math gu 'n tig an gùn,
Dh'fhàg i m' inntinn tùrsach.

'S ged nach 'eil mi pailt' de stòr,
Dheanainn seòl, a ghaoil, air d'aran :
Mharbhainn breac air linne lòn,
'S damh na cròic 's a' bhùiridh.

Tha mo chridhe tùrsach, tròm,
M' inntinn cha tog fonn ri ealain,
Tha lionn-dubh orm fo thuinn,
Mo nighean donn an t-sùgraidh,

Tha do chneas mar shneachd air lòn,
Muineal rò-gheal mar an canach ;
Cas is deise 'thèid am bròig,
Nach dean fèirnein 'lùbadh.

Saoilidh mi n' uair thig an oidhch',
Gu'm bi caoimhneas dhomh 's a' chadal,
Ach nuair dhùisgeas mi o m' shuain,
Glacaidh buaireas ùr mi.

Am bruadar chunnaic mi an raoir,
Mi bhi sìinnt' ri taobh mo leannan ;
'S tha e geur a' tigh'nn am chuimhn' —
Chuir i 'n cèill' dhomh diùrrais.

I've heard a few different versions of this song, and have always loved the tune. I decided to be less-traditional with its arrangement and make it a livelier. Instead of focusing on the man's broken heart, I focus on what made him fall in love with her. It is a traditional love and loss song. A man is singing about the virtues of the woman he loves, but she left him with a heavy heart.



Andrew McFayden

'S FHEUDAR DHOMH GU CINNTEACH A SGUIR DH'EN DRAM

'S fheudar dhomh gu cinnteach a sgur dh'en dram
Tha mi nisd' a phrìosan a Rìgh nam Beann
'S fheudar dhomh gu cinnteach a sgur dh'en dram.

'S mise a bha gorach
Ag obair 's a boilich
Air feasgar Di-Dòmhnach
Chan e spòrs a bh'ann.

Sguiridh mi gu buileach
Chan dean mi deoch tuilleadh
Chan eil fhios aig duine
An cunnart a th'ann.

Thàinig na tràilleann
'S chan thuigeadh 'ad Gàidhlig
Shaoil leam mar a dh'fhàs mi
Gur e 'm bàs a bh'ann.

'S chan urrainn dhomh leughadh
Cha bhruidhinn mise Bheurla
Theid sin far a'cheile
'S an té eile a bhios ann.

'S inns' mi dhuibh a chàirdean
Chaidh 'ad an àirde
Chan urrainn dhomh dh'ràdhainn
'S ann a dh'fhàs mi dall.

'S ann agam fhin bha 'n coire
Thug mi staigh dha'n choill 'e
Toiseachadh a staigh air
Ruith an dragh a bh'ann.

'S traigh a nis mar tha mi
'S mi air chul nam baraichean
'S feadhainn anns an ait'
A'gaire 's mi bhi ann.

Andrew McFayden

I heard this song from the singing of Colin Watson of Cape Breton in many ceilidhs there. I really like the unique melody. The man in the song apparently got caught by the police with moonshine. The song tells of the escapades he had with police who did not speak Gaelic, and him not being able to speak English. He expressed profound regret at being behind bars with everyone he knows laughing at him. He swears to stop the drink.

GENTLE HANDS

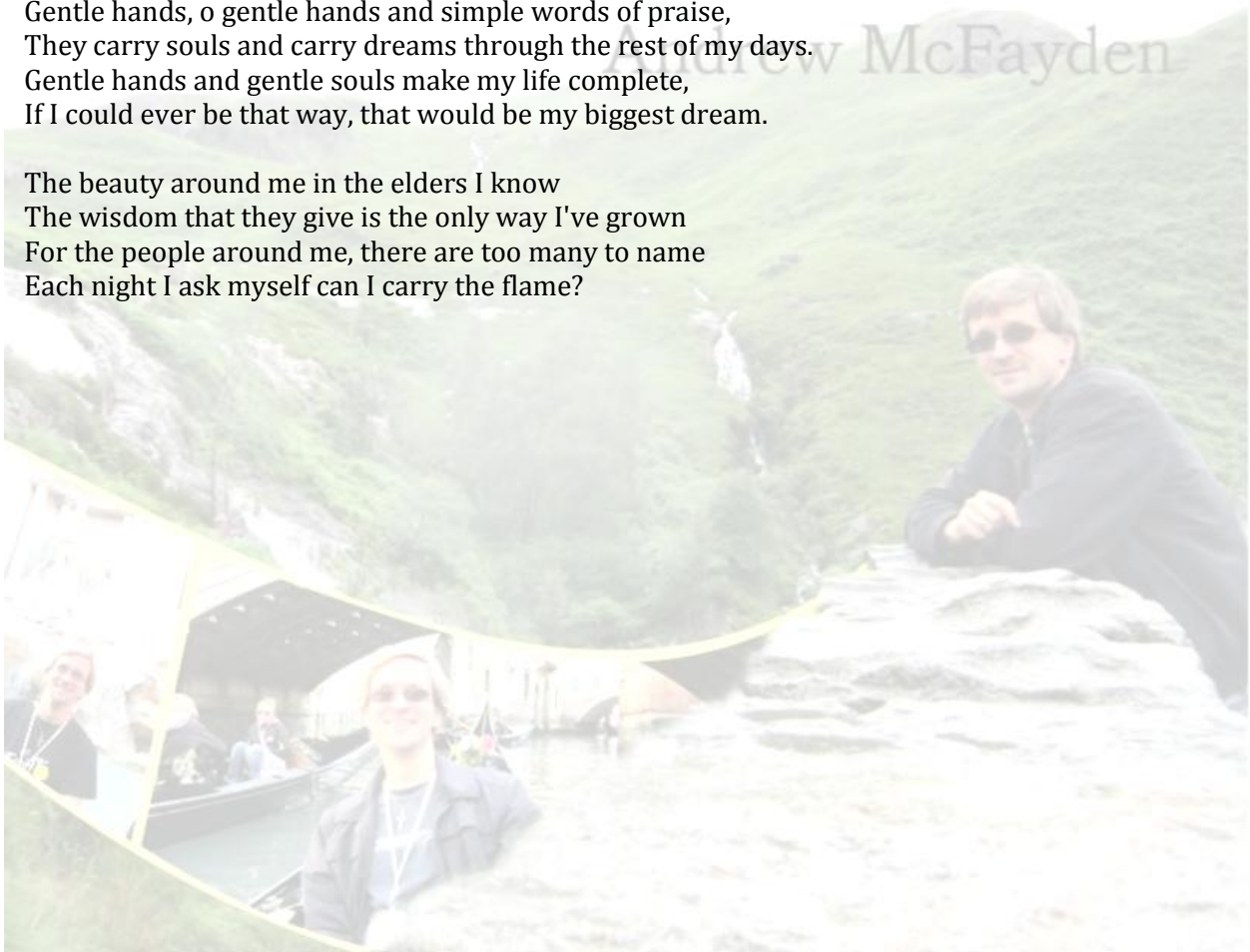
Words and Music by Andrew McFayden (SOCAN) – copyright control

Gentle hands on the cheeks wipe away all my tears,
Wise words do away with all my pain and all my fears,
O gentle hands on my shoulders show me faith and pride,
When happiness calls and my soul just flies.

The picture's so vivid of my memories and dreams
The thoughts that I hold will keep me going through the years
O gentle hands, gentle people, through their toil and pain
Their lives have given me what I could hope to gain.

Gentle hands, o gentle hands and simple words of praise,
They carry souls and carry dreams through the rest of my days.
Gentle hands and gentle souls make my life complete,
If I could ever be that way, that would be my biggest dream.

The beauty around me in the elders I know
The wisdom that they give is the only way I've grown
For the people around me, there are too many to name
Each night I ask myself can I carry the flame?



ORAN SHEP

Hillein i u hillein i,
Hillein i u hillein i,
Faill il eileadh ho ro i
Gu dé ni mi mur faigh mi thu?

Gur e Shep a tha mi 'g radh,
Cu bu bhoidhche bha 's an ait',
Casan molach 's aodann ban,
'S gu bheil e'n drasd' air seachran.

'S sheall mi anns gach bruach 'us gleann,
Aig a' cladach 's anns an allt,
Cha 'n fhaca mi closach no ceann,
No ni bh'ann bha collach ris

Ach ma 's e 's gun deach e suas,
Chi iad e ;s an Gut-a-Tuath,
Mur nach deach a seachad luath,
Mar mhadadh ruadh is cabhag air.

Ma 'se 's gu'n deachaidh e air chuairt,
Thig e dachaigh roimh Di-Luain,
Cha deach sgath dheth sios gu tuath,
'S cha chualas aig an aiseag e.

'S ann their iad rium nach 'eil thu beò,
Gu'n deach luaidhe chur 'nad fheòil,
Gu bheil do chlosach aig na h-eoin,
'S na rocaisean 's na clamhanan.

Sin far 'n robh an cuilean coir,
'S a bha modhail aig a' bhord,
Cha 'n itheadh e ach beagan feòil,
'S bha "gnogach" mu'n an aran e.

Sin far 'n robh an cuilean treun,
'S a bha math gu ruith na spreidh,
Cha robh beathach riamh fo'n ghrein,
A ghearradh beum 's 'a bhaile seo.

'Sann tha Tormad tha ag radh
Mar seo a thoir am beathach bàs
Thoir am peilliar grann a mhas
Sin nuair dh'fhag an t-anail e.

Sin nuair fhuair an cailleach poc'
Thilg i ann an closach bochd
Thilg iad e ann an sloc
Is chuir iad ploc is clachan air.

I have always enjoyed singing this song-the very strong tune, and the humour. The wit is characteristic of the often wicked Gaelic sense of humour. I discovered the second-last verse of the song a few years ago and had an internal debate over singing it for this album because it changes the commonly-accepted meaning of the song. However, a native Gaelic-speaking friend told me that the composer wrote the song for a reason. To not include that verse would not be treating the song with the respect it deserved. Another friend from the area where the song was sung told me the same thing. The song starts out seeming to extol the virtues of this lost dog, but springs the punch line on us during the last two verses, when the dog met an untimely demise by getting shot in the backside (whether by accident or not, I am not sure). Back when this all took place, the last two verses were often omitted when it was sung. This is what led me to have my internal debate. To put it succinctly, the dog was not a nice dog, and was not well-liked.

CEAP BREATANN

(Gaelic and French Acadian Medley)

Far am bi mi fhin is ann a bhios mo dhochas,
Far am bi mi fhin is ann a bhios mo dhochas
Far am bi mi fhin is ann a bhios mo dhochas
Far am bi mi fhin bidh mo dhochas ann.

Suibhal air na cladaichean 's a' coiseachd air
a' ghainmhich,
Suibhal air na cladaichean 's a' coiseachd air
a' ghainmhich,
Suibhal air na cladaichean 's a' coiseachd air
a' ghainmhich,
Far am bi mi fhin bidh mo dhochas ann.

Theid mi fhin is Sine null gu taigh a'
phiobair,
Theid mi fhin is Sine null gu taigh a'
phiobair,
Theid mi fhin is Sine null gu taigh a'
phiobair,
'S ni sinn brod an ruidhle leinn fhin air an
lar.

Fhuair mi fios bho Shìne gu robh tromb is
cìr aic'
Fhuair mi fios bho Shìne gu robh tromb is
cìr aic'
Fhuair mi fios bho Shìne gu robh tromb is
cìr aic'
Ged a bhiodh gach pìobair is fìdhleir 'nan
tàmh

1. Par derrièr' chez mon pèr',
Y a-t-un pommier doux; (bis)
Les feuilles en sont vert's,
Et le fruit en est doux.

Refrain :
Ah ! j'ai du grain de mil,
Ah ! j'ai du grain de paill',
Ah ! j'ai de l'oranger,
Ah ! j'ai du tri, et j'ai du tricolis,
Et j'ai des allumett's, et j'ai des ananas,
Des pierr's à fusil, du laurier fleuri ;
Ah ! j'ai des zis, et j'ai des zeunezis,
Et j'ai des zeunezin's,
J'ai de beaux, j'ai de beaux,
J'ai de beaux oiseaux.

2. Les trois filles d'un princ'
Sont endormi's dessous. (bis)
La plus jeune se réveill'
Dit : "Ma soeur il est jour !

3. Non, ce n'est qu'une étoil'
Qu'éclaire nos amours. (bis)
Nos amants sont en guerr',
Qui combattent pour nous.

4. S'ils gagnent la bataill',
Ils auront nos amours. (bis)
Qu'ils gagnent ou qu'ils perd'nt,
Ils les auront toujours."

CHUNNA MI LAIR DHONN AIG SEUMAS

Chunna mi làir dhonn aig Seumas
I fo chuthach aig ruadha Cheigean
Chunna mi làir dhonn aig Seumas

I saw James' brown mare
Running wild at Ceigan's point
I saw James' brown mare.

Nuair a dh'fhag i cladach Luther
'S ann air point a'chùl a stiùir i
Chan fhaca tu riamh brùid
A bha cho siùbhlach giùlan meile.

When she left Luther's shore
She made for the point at the rear
Never have you seen a beast
That could so swiftly carry mail

Nuair a chunnaic Iain MacLeòid i
Air a ghlùinean dh'iarr e tràcair
'S duil aig bh'ann spiorad neo-ghlan
A bha'n tòir air airson eucoir.

When John MacLeod saw her coming
On his knees he asked for mercy
He thought it was an evil spirit
Seeking him for all his sins.

Nuair a ràinig i na balach
Sgeitearan cho math 's a bh'againn
Domhnull ruadh aig bantrach Eachainn
Chaidh i seachad air dha leum air.

When she came close to the boys
Skaters as good as any here
Red Donald, son of Hector's widow
Was passed by her in two leaps.

Sud far an robh'm bathach spreadhach
Nuair a leig i leum air adhart
Bhris i na h-innealan draghaigh
'S as a deigh dh'fhàg is Seumas.

That was for sure a spirited beast
As she took a leap forward
She broke loose from the harness
And behind her she left James.

Ach na faiceadh tu a'bhrùid ud
Le na capan air a glùinean
Gu robh slacan stigh fo shùilean
A chaidh gleadhan caodhan eiseil.

But is you could see that brute
With the lumps on her knees
there were hollows under her eyes
She was in a sorry state.

'S ann air feasgar na Sàbaid
Thachair "accident" bha gàbhaidh
Dh'fhalbh an t-each le pàirt dhe'n àrnais
'S dh'fhàg e Eardsaidh is Eilidh.

It was on a Sunday evening
That the awful accident occurred
the horse bolted with part of the harness
And passed Archie and Eilidh.

Gu robh Dòmhnall anns an dorus
Nuair 'chual e chairt air an dròchaid
Dh'èibh e "Anna thoir dhomh mo bhonaid"
Cha robh gon na guth ri chèile.

Donald was just at the door
When he heard the cart on the bridge
He shouted "Ann fetch my bonnet"
There was no time to say anymore.

'S ann a nunn aig geat Uilleam
Bha i falbh mar a sgèith rionnag
Cho luath ri clamhanan chuileag
Nuair a chunnaic iad le chèil'i.

Coming up to William's gate
She moved like a shooting star
As fast as the buzzing flies
When they noticed it together.

FUIRICH A RIBHINN

Fuirich a rìbhinn phrìseal, phrìseal,
Fuirich a rìbhinn, 's dìlse na càch,
A mhaighdean is luraiche, fuirich a'n Ile,
Og-bhan is dìlse chì mi gu bràth.

Cha dìrich mi bruthach 's cha siubhail mi còmhnard
Tuilleadh rim bheò is mo smeòrach na tàmh,
Ach éisdidh mi ghàire thig o bhàrr nan tonn mòra,
'S dh'fhuiling mi bròn gu leòr air do sgàth.

Chunnaic mi 'n t-eithir a' feitheamh na h-uaire,
Mhealladh i bhuam-sa gruagach mo ghràidh;
Ma sgaradh o chéile sinn, b' éibhinn an uaigh,
Seach an-shocair bhuan, is gun bhuaidh aig a' bhàs.

A mhaighdeann is bòidhche na smeòrach sa chéitein,
Soilleir an sgeul tha r'a leughadh an-dràs';
Ged 's bòidheach an conasg, gur stobain gu léir e,
'S faicilleach théid gach creutair na dhàil.

Recently, I was doing a search for songs from the Isle of Islay (which is where my McFayden side was from) on a website and found an old recording of this song. I immediately fell in love with the melody, but had no idea where to find the lyrics. I eventually found the entire song in An t-Oranaiche. This is just a part of it. A man is pleading with the woman he loves to stay in Islay.



A MHAIRI DHUBH O HU O HO

A Mhàiri dhubh o hu o ho
A Mhàiri dhubh o ri o ro
A Mhàiri dhubh 's a Mhàiri dhonn
Tha m'inntinn trom bh'on dhealaich sinn
A Mhàiri dhubh o hu o ho

Latha dhomh 's mi gabhail sraid
Co thachair rium ach mo ghràidh
A taomadh uisg' o tobar tamh
Cha bhi mi slàn mur faigh mi thu.

Chan eil i dubh 's ann tha i donn
'S aotrom a ceum air an fhonn
'S mòr mo ghaol gun cum thu teann
An gealltanais a h-agam ort.

'S truagh nach robh mi-fhéin 's tu-fhéin
Anns a'ghleann sam bhiodh na féidh
'S binn thu na fiodhal na teud
'S am beus an deigh a teannachadh.

'S ann ort-fhéin a dh'fhas a ghruag
Camlubach buidhe mu'n cuairt

Ribeannan ga ceangail suas
'S prine cruaidh ga teannachadh.

'S truagh nach robh mis' 'is mo ghaoil
Ann an gleannan beag a fhraoich
Laidhean-sa gu dluth ri d'thaobh
'S cha leiginn gaoth na gaillion riut.

Fhad 's a chi mo shuil a ghrian
Seoladh anns an airde an ira
Air té ùr cha bhi mo mhiann
Bu rùnach miaghail agam thu.

'S truagh nach robh mi fo'n fhod
Ann an ciste caoil nam bord
Mu'n d'thug mi gaol riamh cho mòr
Do sheoladair na maraiche.

Nuair a thig an samhradh blath
'S a theannas a flur ri fàs
Togaidh mi mo ghaoil gu h-àrd
'S gun toir sràid Australia.

This is another situation of falling in love with a dusty Cape Breton recording before finding the lyrics themselves (and hoping against all odds that I could find them). As luck would have it, the way I typed it into the search engine lead me to a rather obscure blog wherein the post included the lyrics to this very song. I have not yet found them anywhere else. The man in the song is vividly describing the beauty of his Mary, and how it is a pity that they cannot be laying together in the glen. He basically says that though he lives far away, he will never love another as much as he loves her. I love the melody to this song; it has an almost wistful feel to it. Ending the cd with a milling song is very meaningful to me because I have made many good friends and learned many things while sitting around a milling table in Cape Breton.