
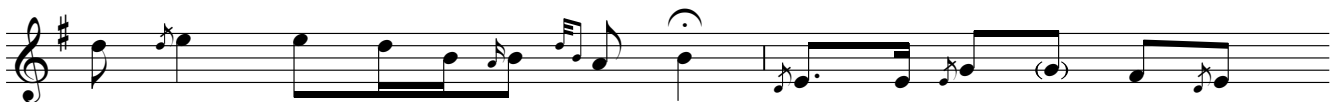


# Tha Thìde Agam Éirigh


'Music of the Western Isles: School of Scottish Studies'  
Aonghas Coinneach MacIomhair



'S tha thìde ag - am éir - igh ach  
'S gos a léir dhomh mo bha - ta 's gun toir  
'S mi dol a sheall - tainn air a' ghrua - gaich a bha  
'S nuair a ràin - e mi 'm bàil - e cha



a léir dhomh mo bhrò - gan 'S gos a léir dhomh mo  
e tac - an a' ròid mi 'S mi dol a sheall - tainn air a'  
sa bhui - le na h-òn - ar Ach nuair ràin - e mi 'm  
robh 'n taigh man bu chòrr dha Bha mo ghrua - gach dhonn



bha - ta 's gun toir e tac - an a' ròid mi.  
ghrua - gaich a bha sa bhui - le na h-òn - ar.  
bàil - e cha robh 'n taigh man bu chòrr dha.  
mhìn - gheall 's i na sin - eadh san t-seò - mar.

'S tha thìde agam éirigh  
ach a léir dhomh mo bhrògan

*It is time for me to rise,  
To look for my shoes*

'S gos a léir dhomh mo bhata  
's gun toir e tacan a' ròid mi

*To look for my staff  
So that it may take me part of the way*

'S mi dol a shealltainn air a' ghruagaich  
a bha sa bhuile na h-ònar

*I go to visit the girl  
who was in the cattle-fold alone*

Ach nuair ràine mi 'm bàile  
cha robh 'n taigh man bu chòrr dha

*But when I came to the homestead  
the house was not as it ought to be:*

Bha mo ghruagach dhonn mhìn-gheall  
's i na sìneadh san t-seòmar

*My smooth, bright, brown-haired girl  
lying in the room,*

'S i na sìneachd fon uinneig  
far nach chluinninn-s' a còmhradh

*Lying beneath the window  
where I couldn't hear her talk.*

'S i na sìneachd air déile  
's i na léine fuar rèite

*Lying on a board in her shroud,  
Still and cold;*

Thì a chruthaich na saoghail,  
gléidh mi gun dol gòrrach

*Thou who didst shape the world  
Keep me from going mad*

Gléidh rium-sa mo chaill  
's na leig a dh'iarraidh an còrr mi.

*Keep me from losing my mind  
And let me not endure more.*