

TRACK

8

PORT NA CAILLICHE
THE OLD CRONE'S TUNE

*Nuair a thèid mi chun na fèill',
Bidh a' chailleach às mo dhèidh.
Casadaich am beul a clèibh,
'S fheudar dhomh bhith suidhe rith'.*

*When I go to market,
The old crone comes after me.
Coughing her lungs out,
And I have to sit with her.*

*'S fheudar dhomh bhith suidhe, suidhe,
'S fheudar dhomh bhith suidhe rith'.*

*And I have to sit, sit,
And I have to sit with her.*

*'S fheudar dhomh bhith suidhe, suidhe,
'S fheudar dhomh bhith suidhe rith'.*

*And I have to sit, sit,
And I have to sit with her.*

*Thig mi dhachaigh on bhuain,
Bhithinn gu h-airtnealach fuar.
Gheibhinn dhan a' phròs fhuar,
Làn na coise-duibhe dheth.*

*I come home from the harvest,
Weary and cold.
To get cold brose,
A whole casdubh full.*

*Thiginn dhachaigh on chrann,
Bhithinn gu h-airtnealach fann.
Chithinn an rud nach biodh ann -
Samhla 's i na suidhe rium.*

*I'd come home from ploughing,
Worn out and weak.
I'd see something that wasn't there -
A spectre of her sitting beside me.*

*Thiginn dhachaigh on ni,
Bhithinn gu h-airtnealach sgith.
Dheighinn a laighe leam fhìn,
'S shin i cnàmhan dubha rium.*

*I'd come home from the cattle,
Worn out and weary.
I'd go to lie down by myself,
She stretched her black bones beside me.*

*Mìle beannachd aig gill' òg,
A phòsadh cailleach dha dheòin:
A dh'aindeoin airgead no òr,
Leòn a cnàmhan dubha mi.*

*A thousand blessing on a young man,
Who would willingly wed an old crone:
Despite silver or gold,
Her black bones wounded me.*

*Mìle beannachd aig an eug:
'S iomadh fear dhan d' rinn e feum.
Thug e leis mo chailleach fhèin
'S èibhinn leam gun d' shiubhail i.*

*A thousand blessings on death:
He has relieved many a man.
He took away my own old crone,
I'm delighted that she's dead.*