

A Fhleasgaich an Fhuil Chraobhaich Chais

Trad.

Joy and Andrew first remember hearing this song being sung by Mary Pollock; an Islay native who taught Connel children their Mòd songs on a Monday afternoon after school. A woman of consummate patience, 'Mrs. Pollock' worked with all four Dunlop children!

A fhleasgaich an fhuil chraobhaich chais,
Òigear a' chùil dualaich;
A fhleasgaich òig an òr-fhuil chais,
Gur i do mhais' a bhuair mi.

Mheall thu, mheall thu, mheall thu mi,
Do bhòidhhead a bhuair mi.
Is gheall thu dhòmhs' air iomadh dòigh,
Gum biodh do stòras buan dhomh.

O gur mise tha gu tinn,
Is falt mo chinn air fuasgladh.
'S gun fhios 'am fhèin ciod e 'n cion-fàth,
Thug dhuts' a ghràidh, bhith 'n gruaim rium.

B' òg a thug mi dhut mo ghaol,
Ged nach d' rinn mi bhuannachd;
'S an t-snaim a cheangail sinn gu teann,
I air gach ceann air fuasgladh.

Dè ma chaidh thu dh'arm an rìgh
'S nach urrainn mise t' fhuasgladh?
Mo mhìle beannachd às do dhèidh
Is tagh do rogha gruagaich!

Boy with the golden hair,
Youth with the curls;
Boy with the golden hair,
Your beauty has troubled me.

You deceived, you deceived, you deceived me,
Your beauty deceived me.
You promised me in every way,
That your riches would be mine.

O, I am sick,
My locks untended loosely flow.
Without knowing why,
You have neglected me.

I was young when I gave you my love,
Although it was never successful;
The knot that we tightly tied,
Each end has come loose.

What if you went to the king's army
And I could never have you?
My best wishes to you
And that you will have your choice of young women!



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