



Éire

# An Chuart

Albain

5- 8 Aibreán 2011

Malartú cultúrtha idir muintir na Gaeilge  
agus muintir na Gàidhlice le filí,  
le ceoltóirí agus le hamhránaithe  
ón dá thraidisiún.



Comhairle  
nan  
Leabhraichean



Foras na Gaeilge



Comhdháil  
Náisiúnta  
na Gaeilge

Comhdháil Náisiúnta na Gaeilge 46 Sráid Chill Dara Baile Átha Cliath 2  
T: 01 6794780 F: 01 6790214 eolas@gaelport.com www.gaelport.com

*An Chuairt 2011*  
*Béal Feirste, Ráth Chairn agus Baile Átha Cliath*

***Buíochas***

---

***Ba mhaith le Comhdháil Náisiúnta na Gaeilge buíochas a ghabháil leo siúd ar fad a chabhraigh linn An Chuairt 2011 a eagrú.***

***Ina measc siúd a chabhraigh go mór linn bhí,***

*Áras Pobail Ráth Chairn*

*BBC Raidió Uladh*

*Coláiste Feirste*

*Coláiste Pobail Ráth Chairn*

*Comhairle Nan Leabhraichean*

*Comhar*

*Comharchumann Ráth Chairn*

*Cultúrlann McAdam ó Fiaich*

*Foras na Gaeilge*

*Glór nan Gael*

*Máire Holmes*

*Mairi MacCuish*

*Raidió na Life*

*Raidió Rí-Rá*

*RTÉ Raidió na Gaeltachta*

*Síle Ní Chatháin*

***agus na filí agus ceoltóirí a leanas;***

*Cathy Potter*

*Colm Dubh Ó Méalóid*

*Fionnuala Ní Mhealláin*

*Seánín Chóil Nana Pháidín*

*Simon Ó Cróinín*

***Ba mhaith linn buíochas ar leith a ghabháil leo siúd a tháinig ón Albain,***

*Dòmhnall MacDhòmhnail*

*Fiona Dunn*

*Maoilios Caimbeul*

*Niall O'Gallagher*

***Gabhaimíd buíochas ó chroí arís leo siúd ar fad a ghlac páirt nó a chabhraigh linn i rith Chuairt na bhFilí Albanacha 2011.***

*Clár*

---

<i>Cuairt na bhFilí Albanacha 2011</i>	5
<i>Maoilios Caimbeul, File</i>	9
<i>Niall O’Gallagher, File</i>	22
<i>Dòmhnall MacDhòmhnaill, Píobaire</i>	37
<i>Fiona Dunn, Amhránaí</i>	36

*An Chuairt 2011*  
*Béal Feirste, Ráth Chairn agus Baile Átha Cliath*

**Faigh Do Nuacht Ar Líne  
Le [Gaelport.com](http://Gaelport.com)**



 Comhdháil  
Náisiúnta  
na Gaeilge

 gaelport  
.com

 NSAI  
National  
Soccer  
Association

 Foras na Gaeilge

46 Sráid Chill Dara, Baile Átha Cliath 2 T: 01 6794780 F: 01 6790214 [eolas@gaelport.com](mailto:eolas@gaelport.com) [www.gaelport.com](http://www.gaelport.com)

*An Chuairt 2011*  
*Béal Feirste, Ráth Chairn agus Baile Átha Cliath*

***Cuairt na bhFilí Albanacha 2011***

---

Is scéim cheilteach sheanbhunaithe thábhachtach í An Chuairt. Tá meas mór ag muintir na Gaeilge agus na Gàidhlighe ar an gCuairt, go háirithe ag filí, ceoltóirí, agus amhránaithe ón dá thraidisiún atá fite fuaite lena chéile. I measc na bhfilí agus na gceoltóirí a ghlac páirt sa turas go dtí seo, bhí Somhairle MacGill Eain, Cairstíona Primrose, Floraidh Nic Neill, Máirtín Ó Direáin, Caitlín Maude, Colm Breathnach, Louis de Paor, Máiréad Ní Mhaonaigh, Seosamh Mac an Iomaire, Lasairfhíona Ní Chonaola, Bríd Ní Mhóráin agus Cathal Ó Searcaigh

Is í Cuairt na bhFilí an clár malartaithe is faide bunaithe idir Éirinn agus Albain. Go hiondúil bíonn beirt fhile, ceoltóir agus amhránaí traidisiúnta i ngach grúpa. Eagraíonn Comhdháil Náisiúnta na Gaeilge an chuid seo den Chuairt, le himeachtaí cultúrtha, ceardlanna scoile agus oícheanta filíochta agus cheoil.

I mbliana is iad na filí Albanacha Niall O’Gallagher as Glaschú, Maolios Caimbeul ón Eilean Sgìtheanach, an t-amhránaí Fiona Dunn, atá ina hOifigeach na Gàidhlig in Ollscoil Ghlaschú agus an gceoltóir Dòmhnall MacDhòmhnaill ó Oileán Benbecula ar chósta thiar na hAlban atá ag tabhairt cuairte ar an tír seo i gcomhar Chuairt na bhfilí Albanacha 2011.

Beidh An Chuairt ar siúl ón 5-8 Aibreán agus is i gCultúrlann McAdam Ó Fiaich i mBéal Feirste a thosóidh an scléip i mbliana ag ócáid chultúrtha ar an Máirt, 5 Aibreán ag 7.30pm. Beidh oíche mhór chultúrtha i gceist le filí agus le ceoltóirí agus beidh aónna speisialta ón gceantar áitiúil, an file Fionnuala Ní Mhealláin, agus an cláirseoir Cathy Potter i láthair ar an oíche chomh maith.

I ndiaidh na filíochta agus na siamsaíochta sa tuaisceart rachaidh an grúpa ar aghaidh chuig Ráth Chairn glas na Mí, áit a mbeidh ócáid á reáchtáil in Áras Pobail Ráth Chairn i gcomhar le Comharchumann Ráth Chairn ar an 6 Aibreán ag 9pm. Tá míle fáilte roimh scoth na bhfilí, ceoltóirí agus damhsóirí áitiúla a bheith i láthair chun fáilte a chur roimh

*An Chuairt 2011*  
*Béal Feirste, Ráth Chairn agus Baile Átha Cliath*

na filí Albanacha. Beidh Fáilte Uí Cheallaigh roimh fhilí áitiúla píosáí filíochta a léamh ag an seisiún maidhc oscailte seo ar an oíche chomh maith. Le linn na cuairte, tabharfar cuairt freisin ar Choláiste Feirste agus ar Choláiste Pobail Ráth Chairn, chun blaiseadh de theanga, d'fhilíocht, de cheol agus de chultúr na hAlban a roinnt le daltaí na scoileanna sin.

Is i gCois Teallaigh i Sráid Chill Dara a bheidh an oíche dheireadh de Chuairt na bhFilí Albanacha na bliana seo, áit a mbeidh an chraobh ceannais den chomórtas filíochta 'Comórtas Uí Néill' ar siúl ar Déardaoin 7 Aibreán ag 8pm. Comórtas filíochta dátheangach é seo ata ainmnithe in ómós Col. Eoghan Ó Néill, duine de bhunaitheoirí na féile seo, atá ar an bhfód le hos cionn 40 bliaina.

Is iad seo a leanas na filí a bhain amach an gearrliosta agus a bheidh ag léamh a gcuid dánta ar an oíche:

1. Sólas – Doireann Ní Ghríofa
2. Gort an Óir – Seán Breathnach
3. Ceangal na cúig gcaol – Seán Ó Muireagáin
4. Díosgán – Rody Gorman
5. Irrintiza – Ailbhe Ní Ghearbhúigh
6. Míol mór Bhreandáin – Proinsias Mac a' Bhaird
7. Lúb ar lár – Máire Wren
8. Maidin Geimhridh – Fionnuala Ní Mhealláin

Beidh na filí clúiteacha Máire Holmes, agus Maoilios Caimbeul i láthair mar mholtóirí ar an oíche chun an cinneadh mór a dhéanamh agus an duais a bhronnadh ar an bhfile a scríobh an dán buacach.

Bronnfar duais de €500 agus Trófaí Uí Néill 2011 ar an mbuaiteoir agus ní hamháin sin ach foilseofar an dán buacach san irisleabhar Comhar agus i nuachtlitir na Comhdhála, 'EOLAS'.

*An Chuairt 2011*  
*Béal Feirste, Ráth Chairn agus Baile Átha Cliath*

***An Chuairt – Scottish Poets’ Tour of Ireland 2011***

---

Turas na bhFilí is an important established cultural exchange programme between Ireland and Scotland. Turas na bhFilí is well respected by Irish and Gaelic speakers, especially by poets and musicians of both traditions. Some of the musicians and poets who took part in Turas na bhFilí in previous years included Somhairle MacGill Eain, Cairstíona Primrose, Floraidh Nic Neill, Máirtín Ó Direáin, Caitlín Maude, Colm Breathnach, Louis de Paor, Máiréad Ní Mhaonaigh, Seosamh Mac an Iomaire, Lasairfhíona Ní Chonaola, Bríd Ní Mhóráin agus Cathal Ó Searcaigh.

Cuairt na bhFilí is the longest established exchange programme between Ireland and Scotland, and normally each group consists of two poets, a singer and a musician. Comhdháil Náisiúnta na Gaeilge organise An Chuairt, with cultural events, school workshops, and poetry and music evenings.

This year’s special visitors from Scotland include the poets Niall O’Gallagher from Glasgow and Maoilios Caimbeul from the Isle of Skye. The talented singer Fiona Dunn, who is a Gaelic Language Officer at Glasgow University and the talented piper Dòmhnall MacDhòmhnail from the Isle of Benbecula will also partake in this cultural tour.

The tour will begin on Tuesday 5th April in Cultúrlann McAdam Ó Fiaich in Belfast at 7.30pm. This event will feature local poet Fionnuala Ní Mhealláin and harpist Cathy Potter and will also give the opportunity to local poets to read some of their work at the open-mike session.

The following day the group will make their way to the Meath Gaeltacht of Ráth Chairn where they will be performing along with local poets and musicians in Áras Pobail Ráth Chairn on Wednesday, 6th April at 9pm. Local poets, singers, musicians, storytellers and sean-nós dancers are more than welcome to come along and join in this cultural night, which is organised in conjunction with Comharchumann Ráth Chairn.

The final evening of An Chuairt is always a special one as Comhdháil Náisiúnta na Gaeilge host the annual poetry competition Comórtas Uí Neill in the venue Cois Teallaigh in Kildare Street in the heart of Dublin.

***An Chuairt 2011***  
***Béal Feirste, Ráth Chairn agus Baile Átha Cliath***

This year's competition will take place on Thursday 7th April and the public are welcome to come along to an enjoyable night of poetry and song in the company of the very talented artists who reached the shortlist of this year's competition, who include:

1. Sólas – Doireann Ní Ghríofa
2. Gort an Óir – Seán Breathnach
3. Ceangal na cúig gcaol – Seán Ó Muireagáin
4. Díosgán – Rody Gorman
5. Irrintiza – Ailbhe Ní Ghearbhuigh
6. Míol mór Bhreandáin – Proinsias Mac a' Bhaird
7. Lúb ar lár – Máire Wren
8. Maidin Geimhridh – Fionnuala Ní Mhealláin

Noted poets Máire Holmes and Maolios Caimbeul will be present on the night with the difficult task of adjudicating. Not only will the winner receive a cheque to the value of €500 as well as Trófaí Uí Néill 2011 but the winning poem will be published in the magazine Comhar and in the fortnightly EOLAS e-zine.

## ***Maoilios Caimbeul, File***

---



scríbhneoir Somhairle Mac Gill Eain.

Is file agus leachtóir é Maoilios Caimbeul. Cónaíonn sé ar an Eilean Sgìtheanach. Is teagascóir páirtaimseartha é le Sabhal Mòr Ostaig, coláiste Ghaeilge na hAlban atá lonnaithe ar an Eilean Sgìtheanach, áit a raibh sé ina Fhile Cónaitheach in 2008. Faoi láthair is file cónaitheach é i StAnza, féile idirnáisiúnta litríochta a reáchtálar in St. Andrews, féile atá ag déanamh ceiliúradh i mbliana ar chéad bhliain ó rugadh an

*Maoilios Caimbeul is a Gaelic poet who lives on the Isle of Skye. He is a part-time tutor with Sabhal Mòr Ostaig, the Gaelic college on the Isle of Skye, and was Poet in Residence there in 2008. He is currently Poet in Residence at StAnza, the international literary festival in St. Andrews, which is celebrating the centenary of the birth of Sorley MacLean in 2011.*

*An Chuairt 2011*  
*Béal Feirste, Ráth Chairn agus Baile Átha Cliath*

13

Seach gun urrainn dhan t-sìorraidheachd  
briseadh air tìm,  
seach gu bheil i sin so-shuainte sa chridhe,  
seach gu bheil an t-aodann ann an tìm agus às,  
thoir sùil air a gnùis nuair a bhruidhneas tu  
rithe.

Thoir sùil air an aodann nuair a bhruidhneas tu  
ris,  
cuir na ceistean ort fhèin, na feith ris a-  
màireach:  
San eadar-aodann tha seo, cò tha bruidhinn  
rium?  
Cò leis an solas a tha soillseachadh gàire?

Cò às a dh'èirich an ròs tha beannachadh àile?  
Tha am mise 's an tusa mar cheistean dha  
chèile.  
Tha spiorad neo-thalmhaidh a' cluich na do  
shùilean,  
chan e gràdh ach doimhneachd na cruinne tha  
mi leughadh.

13

Because eternity can break through time,  
and because it is inherent in the heart,  
because the face is in and out of time,  
look at it closely when you speak to her.

Look at his face when you speak to him,  
pose yourself the questions, don't  
postpone:  
In this inter-face, who is speaking to me?  
Whose is the light revealing laughter?

From where came the rose blessing the  
air?  
The I and the you are like questions for  
each of us.  
A sacred spirit plays in your eyes,  
not love but the depth of creation I read.

*An Chuairt 2011*  
*Béal Feirste, Ráth Chairn agus Baile Átha Cliath*

**Buileach**

Ged a tha sinn marbh,  
chan eil sinn  
buileach marbh buileach;

fhad 's tha sùgh san duilleig  
agus sìol-chur san fhonn  
(agus fonn sa phort)  
agus sùilean san t-sìol  
cha deach sinn buileach a dholaidh  
no a dholaidh buileach.

Nuair a thig am bàrr am bàrr,  
bidh sinn beò  
an dòchas  
gum bi anail sa bhàs  
's an sìol fhathast le brod fàis.

**Quite**

Although dead,  
we're still  
not quite dead quite;

while there's sap in the leaf  
and seed for sowing in the earth  
(and pleasure in the tune)  
and eyes in the seed  
we have not quite perished  
or perished quite.

When the crop surfaces,  
we'll live  
in hope  
of breath in death  
and great growth from the seed.

*An Chuairt 2011*  
*Béal Feirste, Ráth Chairn agus Baile Átha Cliath*

**A' cur Bileag air ...**

'Gâteau', tha e ag ràdh,  
'us chì thu spuinnse is bàrr is measan,  
ach falaichte bhon t-sùil  
tha siùcar, uighean, margarain is flùr,  
salann, sòda, sùgh liomaid agus eile ...

'Alba', canaidh sinn,  
'us chì thu togalaichean Ghlaschu is Dhùn Èideann,  
greannmhor, Bhictòrianach, snaighte,  
's cuid lom, àrd, fuar, neo-fhàilteach,  
àiteachan anns nach cuireadh tu do chù ...  
agus tha cuideachd glinn fhionnar ann  
le canach is fraoch 'us lochan le cuilc ris na h-oirean  
agus bric a' falach fo na leacan.  
Aodainn cuideachd de gach seòrsa  
deàraidhean ginteil bho linn na cloich'  
bho na Lochlannaich, bho na Cruithnich,  
agus bho na h-uile treubh air thalamh  
agus cuiridh sinn 'Alba' mar bhileig air.

'Sasannach', canaidh sinn,  
'us chì sinn fear à tòn Shasainn le amaideas na ghuth  
no tè le aineolas mu Alba,  
no Scouser a' sileadh deòir anns a' Chop,  
no Lunnainn mòr nam mìle cinneach,  
an duine dubh le sinnsirean nan tràilleach  
ach a tha nise air ceann gnothaich,  
cluaintean Chambridge, monaidhean Chumbria,  
agus cuiridh sinn 'Sasainn' mar bhileig air.

A Dhè, glèidh mi gun a bhith a' cur bileag ort,  
a charaid, 's mi cho aineolach air d' fhìor ghnè.  
Mar gun canainn 'saoghal'  
's mi smaoineachadh seach gun tuirt mi am facal  
gu bheil mi ga thuigsinn an ìre bhig no mhòir  
's na millean nì fon bhileig nach fhaca mi a-riamh.

**Labelling**

'Gâteau', it says,  
and you can see sponge and cream and fruit,  
but hidden from sight  
are sugar, eggs, margarine and flour,  
salt, baking soda, lemon juice and whatever ...

'Scotland', we say,  
and you see Glasgow's and Edinburgh's  
buildings,  
splendid, Victorian, sculpted,  
and some bare, high, cold, unwelcoming,  
places where you wouldn't put your dog ...  
and also there are cool glens  
with bog-cotton and heather and lochans edged  
with reeds  
and trout hidden beneath ledges.  
Faces also of every kind,  
genetic gleams from stone age,  
from the Norse and from the Picts,  
and from every tribe on earth  
and we place the 'Scotland' label on it.

'England', we say,  
and see a man from southern England with a toff  
accent  
or a female ignorant of Scotland,  
or a Scouser crying in the Kop,  
or great London of the thousand tribes,  
the black man with slave ancestry  
now at the head of a business,  
Cambridge's meadows, Cumbria's moors,  
and we give it the label 'England'.

God, save me from labelling you,  
my friend, ignorant of what you truly are.  
As if I should say 'world'  
thinking just because I said the word  
that I understand it to some extent  
while under the label there are a million things  
I have never seen or ever will see.

*An Chuairt 2011*  
*Béal Feirste, Ráth Chairn agus Baile Átha Cliath*

**An smaoin a' leantainn oirre**

Tha an smaoin a' leantainn air a turas  
's i a' faicinn na daoine nan suidhe  
far an robh iad uair mun bhòrd  
lom fiodha, Màiri is Ruaraidh is Pàdraig

is seanair is seanmhair is Flòraidh  
le trosg is buntàta tioram blasta,  
a chur is a bhuaian iad fhèin, ga ithe  
leis a' bhainne a bhleoghan iad sa mhadainn.

Tha an t-àite air atharrachadh, an taigh  
air ùrachadh, ach leanaidh an smaoin oirre,  
a' faicinn faileasan na cuimhne, an stòbha  
nach eil ann ag èirigh fa comhair,

a' chùlaist leis na mìosan enamel, am bainne  
annta a' feitheamh gus an èireadh an t-uachdar  
chun a' mhullaich, 's an dreasair far an robh  
na crogain silidh, an t-ìm 's an siùcar air a  
chumail,

's an sèise fiodha ris an uinneig, an cù fòidhpe  
a shròin a-mach 's a shùil ris a' bhòrd, deiseil  
airson nan corran. Tha an smaoin a'  
cuimhneachadh  
nuair a bha i leis a' ghille, 's thèid i na deann

a-mach seachad air an fhor-thalla  
far am biodh na còtaichean an crochadh  
's a-mach air an doras-aghaidh gu cliathaich an  
taighe,  
far a bheil grinneal an starain, sin far an robh  
an seada

le uidheam is acfhainn iasgaich is eile, putan  
glainne uaine is trìd-shoilleir, na lin-mhòra  
is na lin-bheaga is dubhain de gach seòrsa  
oir b' e iasgair a bh' anns na gillean.

'S tha an smaoin a' leantainn air a turas,  
an smaoin a bh' aig a' ghille, faileasan dhi  
air an tìr, far an robh an stàball is a' bhàthach  
is taigh nan cearc is an iodhlainn, a-nise

**The Thought continues**

The thought continues on its journey  
and sees the people sitting  
where they were, once, around the bare  
wooden table, Mary and Roddy and Peter

and gran and grandfather and Flora  
with the cod and dry tasty potatoes  
they planted themselves and lifted, eating them  
with the milk they milked that morning.

The place has changed, the house  
has been renovated, but the thought continues,  
seeing the shadows of memory, the stove  
which isn't there rising before it,

the scullery with the enamel basins, filled  
with milk waiting for the cream to rise  
to the surface, and the dresser where  
the jam jars and butter and sugar were kept,

and the bench by the window, the dog under it,  
its nose peeping out, an eye for the table, ready  
for the tit-bits. The thought remembers  
when it belonged to the boy, it runs off

out past the entrance hall  
where the coats would hang  
and out the front door to the side of the house,  
to the gravel of the pathway, where the shed  
stood

with its gear, fishing equipment and the rest,  
green and transparent buoys, the long  
and the small nets with hooks of all kinds;  
for the lads were fishermen.

The thought continues on its journey,  
the thought the boy had, its shadows  
on the land, where the stable and byre  
and hen-house and stack yard were, now

*An Chuairt 2011*  
*Béal Feirste, Ráth Chairn agus Baile Átha Cliath*

chan eil ann ach cuimhne, mapa fann  
dhe na bh' ann, far an robh an crodh  
nan seasamh anns na stàilichean  
ann am fàileadh an todhair tha gàrradh  
an taighe ùir agus flùraichean a' fàs  
's an smaoin a bh' aig a' ghille a' fàs fann mar  
lì na còinnich air uachdar na cloiche mar  
liotachas na mara 's gann a chluinnear.

there is only memory, a faint map  
of what was once, where the cows  
would stand in the stalls  
in the smell of their dung there is the garden  
of the new house and flowers growing  
and the boy's thought becomes fainter  
like the moss's hue on the surface of stone  
like the lispings of the sea hardly heard.

*An Chuairt 2011*  
*Béal Feirste, Ráth Chairn agus Baile Átha Cliath*

**Dusan Earrann do Thaigh**

**Twelve verses for a house**

Blocaichean saimeant, uinneagan  
's leacagan mullaich dearg –  
stob loinneil san talamh.

Cement blocks, windows  
and red roof tiles –  
an elegant stub in the ground.

'S tu buachaille rùintean  
clach-iùil sheunta  
gu 'm bi spéis a' tilleadh.

Keeper of secrets,  
sacred magnet  
to which regard returns.

Èibhinn, ait air an oidhche  
gleidhidh tu gàireachdaich  
taisgte fod sparran.

Amused night joy,  
who keeps laughter  
stored under rafters.

Fàiltiche na grèine  
a chuireas sèine air solas;  
flùraichean buidhe san uinneig.

You welcome the sun  
enchain the light;  
yellow flowers in the window.

No àite an dorchadais;  
dubh bhròn is èiginn  
a' grèidheadh a' bhalla.

Or place of shadow;  
grief and extremity  
soils the walls.

Samhla anam – fo na sailthean  
eadh; fèin fhèin shuas gu h-àrd  
agus sàr-fhèin sa leabaidh.

Soul symbol – under the joists  
id; ego itself on a high  
superego in bed.

Air mhisg, a' tilgeil rudan,  
do sglèat air chrith,  
na canaichean a' sèideadh.

Out and out drunk, throws things,  
your slates shake,  
cans blow.

Taisgire eun san anainn  
dhan till iad gach bliadhna;  
dìonaire beatha nan àl.

Eaves harvester of birds,  
yearly they return;  
protector of brood.

Long a' reubadh an adhair,  
sgòthan geala a' criomadh  
nan crann shimileir.

A ship tears the sky,  
white clouds nibble  
the chimney masts.

Eathar fo sheòl,  
ceithir croinn bhuidhe  
a' sineadh nan seòl ruadha.

A boat under sail,  
four yellow masts  
stretch the red sails.

Doras gu sàmhchair  
às dèidh fannachadh an ròis:  
èist an osna a' traoghadh.

A door to quietness  
after rose fades:  
listen to the ebb sough.

*An Chuairt 2011*  
*Béal Feirste, Ráth Chairn agus Baile Átha Cliath*

Ionad fannachaidh fuaim  
nach ruig air fuar shràid;  
cofhurtachd: èistibh.

The soft sound distils  
short of the cold street;  
comfort listens.

*An Chuairt 2011*  
*Béal Feirste, Ráth Chairn agus Baile Átha Cliath*

28

**An Sealgair Naomh**

od òige bha mi gad dhian ruith tarsaing  
bhoglaichean sìos glòman  
do-ruigsinn do dhaoine thu falbh bhuan  
mise gad shireadh am poll  
an clàbar do bheatha thu diùltadh  
cuireadh às dèidh cuiridh air falbh  
bhuan air do rathad fhèin thu  
tionndadh air falbh bhom ghunna  
peilear a' ghaoil a' feitheamh riut  
airson do chridhe trobhad, thuir mi  
uair às dèidh uair tionndaidh d' aodann  
ri fear do ghràidh

sìos mhonaidhean suas bheanntan a-  
staigh dha na sgoran a b' iomallaiche a'  
falach bhuan gun ghuth agad gu robh  
mi gad fhaicinn cho faisg ort  
ri do chraiceann ach gam àicheadh  
turas is turas dha na h-àiteachadh  
gàbhaidh  
silteach bàthte dhan aigeann fhèin  
dhan dubh-aigeann  
lean mi thu le mo ghunna 's do  
shùilean làn eagail teich, thuir thu  
teich bhuan chan eil mi ag iarraidh a  
bhith cràbhach tha mi ro òg

airson do ghràdh-sa cha ghabhadh tu  
làmh a shaoradh tu bho na sluganan  
craosach  
ach lean mi lean mi thu a dh'aindeoin  
claisean is bruthaichean do  
bhrosnachaidh  
tionndaidh tionndaidh, thuir mi, d'  
aodann rium agus gheibh thu  
peilear a' ghaoil na do chridhe is mise  
an sealgair naomh nach gabh diùltadh  
tha saorsa agad tionndadh rium air an  
lorg shìorraidh ruigidh mo ghaol-sa

an t-sloc gun iochdar gabh ris gabh ri  
mo ghunna gabh ri mo pheilear

agus anns an dùnadh chì thu an fhirinn

28

**The Holy Hunter**

from your youth I hotly pursued you  
across morasses down chasms  
inaccessible to man running from me as I  
went after in the mud  
and mire of your life refusing invitation  
after invitation going  
from me on your own way turning from  
me from my gun  
the bullet of love waiting for you for your  
heart come, I said  
time after time turn your face to your love

down moorlands up mountains into the  
clefts most distant  
hiding from me ignoring that I was seeing  
you as near to you  
as your skin but denying me time after  
time to the dangerous places  
soaking drowning to the abyss itself to  
the deepest abyss  
I followed you with my gun and your  
eyes full of fear go away, you said  
go away from me I don't want to be  
pious I'm too young

for your love you wouldn't accept a hand  
to free you from the gaping ravines  
but I followed I followed you despite  
ditches and the hills of your incitement  
turn turn, I said, your face to me and you  
will get  
the bullet of love in your heart I am the  
holy hunter one cannot refuse  
you have freedom turn to me on the  
eternal path my love will reach  
the bottomless pit accept it accept my gun  
accept my bullet

and in the end you'll see the truth you'll  
see me your desired one  
you have your freedom I will not force you  
ever but turn turn your face

*An Chuairt 2011*  
*Béal Feirste, Ráth Chairn agus Baile Átha Cliath*

chì thu mise fear do ghràidh  
tha do shaorsa agad chan èignich mi  
gu bràth thu ach tionndaidh  
tionndaidh d' aodann

*An Chuairt 2011*  
*Béal Feirste, Ráth Chairn agus Baile Átha Cliath*

**Clach ris a' cheum**

Chan e gneis a th' annad ach cnap mòr  
basalt  
a thuit na mìltean bhliadhnaichean air ais  
bho Ghrianan nam Maighdean 's sìos  
Leathad na Caillich,  
thu nis nad laighe ri oir a' cheum os cionn  
Loch Hàsco  
air do sguabadh le bliadhnaichean nan  
sian.  
Thu mar nì beò soilleir, soillseach,  
le lìon bheatha ioma-dhathte gad  
chòmhdach, còinneach dhonn is bhuidhe is  
dhearg,  
is algae de gach seòrsa cho dlùth riut ri  
craiceann.  
'S ged tha fhios againn uile gu bheil thu  
marbh,  
's de dhust na talmhainn, tha thu nad thaic  
dhan nì tha beò, dhan lìonraidh bheatha  
tha gad chuairteachadh,  
's thu gam tharraing thugad gach latha  
thèid mi seachad ort mar mhagnait, ag  
ùrachadh magaidean na cuimhne  
a thig leis an aois, nad shamhla 's nad  
shoidhne ris an t-slighe, 's a' brosnachadh  
smaoin is smaointean,  
a tha mar sgannan còinnich diombuam  
air uachdar cloiche, a' chlach a thàinig o  
chian às nan reul, 's a mhaireas fada às ar  
dèidh  
a' giùlan fiamh na beatha.

**A Stone by the Way**

Not gneiss but a great lump of basalt  
which fell thousands of years ago  
from Grianan nam Maighdean and down  
Leathad na Caillich,  
and now lies by the edge of the path above  
Loch Hasco  
scrubbed by the elements' untold years.  
Like something living, bright and shining,  
covered by a multi-coloured film of life,  
brown and yellow and red moss,  
and algae of all kinds gripping you like a  
skin.  
And though we all know you're dead,  
of the dust of the earth, you support what's  
alive,  
the film of life that surrounds you,  
and draw me to you like a magnet  
every day I pass, renewing the whims of  
memory  
that come with age, a symbol and sign  
by the way, inspiring thought and thoughts  
all like a transitory layer of moss  
on the surface of stone,  
a stone anciently from the stars  
and which will long outlast us  
carrying the colour of life.

## ***Niall O’Gallagher, File***

---



Rugadh Niall O’Gallagher i 1981. Tá sé ag obair i bParlaimint na hAlban mar iriseoir polaitíochta don BBC. Sa bhliain 2009, bronadh Gradam Scríbhneoir Gàidhlig Úr na bliana air ó Chomhairle nan Leabhraicheain agus Fondúireacht Leabhar na hAlban. Tá ailt scríofa aige ar fhilíocht Ghaeilge na hAlban agus Gaeilge na hÉireann, don Guardian agus don Herald, agus d’aistrigh sé filíocht Christopher Whyte ó Ghàidhlig go Béarla.

*Niall O’Gallagher was born in 1981 and lives in Glasgow. He works at the Scottish Parliament as a political reporter for the BBC. In 2009 he received a Gaelic New Writers Award from the Gaelic Books Council and Scottish Book Trust. He has written articles on Scottish Gaelic and Irish poetry for The Guardian and The Herald, and has translated Christopher Whyte’s Gaelic poetry into English.*

*An Chuairt 2011*  
*Béal Feirste, Ráth Chairn agus Baile Átha Cliath*

**Leisgeul a' bhàird**

Na càin gach dàn le mearachd:  
tha an ùghdar gun sgoilearachd.  
Rinneadh gach sreath an dòchas  
nach dìteadh an oglachas.

Is mi a' sgrìobhadh bàrdachd  
cho cearbach le comhardadh  
chan fhonnmhor ceòl na h-aicill  
mar thoradh air m' an-fhaicill.

Cha deach mi riamh nam fhilidh  
an *rannai gheachd* 's *deibhidhe*  
chan fhaigheadh brìgh bhom dhìcheall  
a' sgrìobhadh nan dàn-dìreach.

Mar sin, na thoir an aire  
do bhochdainn mo dhuanaire  
ach gabh i, ged nach cante  
gu bheil m' obair ealanta.

*The title of this poem translates as 'the poet's apology', or 'the poet's excuse'. It's an ironic address to the professional Gaelic poets who worked at a time when Scotland and Ireland shared a common literary language. They were sticklers for technique, and this poem follows one of their favourite forms.*

*An Chuairt 2011*  
*Béal Feirste, Ráth Chairn agus Baile Átha Cliath*

**Mise gad pheantadh**

Nan robh an sgil agam rachainn don a' bhaile  
a h-uile latha le mo leabhar 's mo pheansail  
airson do dhealbhachadh; dhèanainn mo dhìcheall  
feuchainn ri d' ìomhaigh a ghlacadh gu coileanta.

Choimheadainn ort bho gach taobh de mo sheòmar,  
bhithinn gun eòlas is mise gad pheantadh.  
Chleachdainn mo dhearg, m' orains is mo gheal agus  
mu dheireadh thall cha bhiodh ealain sam bith agam.

Cha bhiodh tu deònach bhith nad shuidhe gu sàmhach  
is tu cho àlainn. B' fheàrr leat a bhith a' gluasad  
is mi fod chumhachd. Thòisichinn a-rithist  
oir b' ann gun bhrìgh a bhiodh m' obair is m' oidhirp.

*Here, the speaker imagines painting his beloved, rather than trying to capture her in words, but finds the task every bit as difficult.*

*An Chuairt 2011*  
*Béal Feirste, Ráth Chairn agus Baile Átha Cliath*

**Sonaid V**

Bhruadair mi leat a-raoir (mar a their iad  
ann an Catalunya, a rèir m' fhaclair),  
chan ann dhìot , no mud dheidhinn, ged a bha iad  
uile fìor aig deireadh oidhche eile,  
ach leatsa. Às dèidh mar a rinn sinn feise  
chruthaich sinn saoghal eile is sinn nar cadal  
far an deach sinn còmhla agus m' anail  
air d' amhaich, do chìoch fo mo làimh dheis.

Is tu, a chiall, subsaig gach gnìomhair  
a sgrìobhas mi, is tusa brìgh gach dàin,  
mìneachadh gach seantans is gach briathair,

às bith a bheil e fireann air neo boireann,  
nam bhruadar, far a bheil a-mhàin  
ar gaol agus a ghràmair coileanta.

*In Catalan they say 'I dreamt with you' to mean 'I dreamt of you'. This is an off-kilter  
love poem from a sequence of sonnets currently in progress.*

*An Chuairt 2011*  
*Béal Feirste, Ráth Chairn agus Baile Átha Cliath*

**Corp-Criadhach**

Cha dèan mi corp-criadhach dhut  
    cha nochd do chruth na mo dhàin  
cha chuir meallachd mar a chuir  
    na seann bhàird air luchd an gràidh

Thogadh iad luidheag bhon ùir  
    an cumadh na dùilleag bochd  
ga milleadh is boinnean bùirn  
    a' sìleadh 's drùidhteadh tron chorp.

'S ann leatsa tha d' àilleachd fhèin  
    's i gun fheum air m' fhaclan fann  
gus a toirt don aimsir chèin  
    ann an cainnt bhreugach gach rainn.

Chan fhalaich mi d' ìomhaigh òir  
    cha mhair seo ach mairidh i  
bheir mi air ais thugad beò  
    do dhealbh; cùm, a stòr, do bhith.

*Witches used to make clay corpses resembling those they wanted to harm. As water made the image decay, the body of the cursed person began to waste away. The only way to break the spell was to find the clay corpse, and keep it safe. In this poem writing a love poem, at least in the old style, is a kind of curse.*

*An Chuairt 2011*  
*Béal Feirste, Ráth Chairn agus Baile Átha Cliath*

**Sonaid IX**

*do C. is M.*

Gus am bi e ceadaichte dhuibh pòsadh  
biodh an fhàinne againne na gealladh  
den t-saoghal a bhios againn, far am beannaicht'  
an gaol a th' aig gach dithis is iad còmhla.  
Biodh a h-òr na shamhla de mo dhòchas  
nach fhada a-nis gus am faigh sinn ceartas,  
nach tèid sùil a thoirt air gaol le amharas,  
gur urrainn nochdadh gun eagal fòirneirt.

Seasaidh a bann nach brist son a' cheangail  
eadarainn, fear a mhaireas a-chaoidh  
air a chruthachadh le gaol 's chan ann le ealain.

Gu ruige an latha sin gabhaibh an dàn  
seo, is e làn mhearachdan, na laoidh  
don latha air am bi sinn coileant', slàn.

*Another sonnet, this poem is dedicated to a couple who had been together for many years but were prevented by marrying by the laws of their home state. It imagines the wedding ring as a symbol of a better future.*

*An Chuairt 2011*  
*Béal Feirste, Ráth Chairn agus Baile Átha Cliath*

**Eilean Homer**

Nuair a bhios mi an seo 'g èisteachd ri fuaim na mara  
's toil leam creidsinn gu bheil mo shùil air na dearbh reultan

a chunnaic Homer is e a' seinn mun t-seòladair aige  
a chleachd iad gus a bhàt' a stiùireadh dha dhachaigh chailte

ach bha iad uile marbh bliadhnaichean mus do thòisich  
cuairt Odysseus bhon chogadh gu Ithica àlainn

is chan eil anns na reultan ach mac-talla an t-solais  
a bha ac' o chionn fhada nuair a bha iad nan teine.

Ach leis nach eil dòigh eile gus am bàta a stiùireadh  
agus sinne gun inneal, combaist, cairtean no mapa,

cleachdaidh sinn an solas seo bho lòchranan smàlte  
thoir e sinne thar thoinn fiadhaich gu ruig' air ceann-uidhe.

*The stars we see in the sky are only echoes of stars as they existed thousands of years ago, as it takes so long for their light to reach us on Earth. This poem was conceived on the Greek island of Kefalonia, which locals claim to be the site of Homer's Ithica.*

*An Chuairt 2011*  
*Béal Feirste, Ráth Chairn agus Baile Átha Cliath*

Bho **DHEALBHAN GHLASCHU**

Cha b' urrainn do mo sheanair cadal  
gun fhuaim na mara taobh a-muigh  
na h-uinneig' aige is a h-anail  
a' gluasad leis a' ghaoith

Ach nuair a bhios sinn fhìn nar leabaidh  
's e fuaim na trafaig' a dh'innseas dhomh  
gu bheil an dithis againn nar dachaigh  
am broinn a' bhaile seo.

*These poems are from a sequence about Glasgow. This first poem acts as an introduction and compares the sound of the city traffic outside the speaker's window to the sound of the sea.*

*An Chuairt 2011*  
*Béal Feirste, Ráth Chairn agus Baile Átha Cliath*

**La Pasionaria**

*do Willy Maley*

Chaidh mo sheanmhair na nighinn bhig gus iarraidh  
air na caillich-dhubha ùrnaigh a dhèanamh  
son a caraid a chaidh a mharbhadh san Spàinn

(Bha iad nan oghaichean, ach bha e bu shine,  
bhàsaich e; chaidh a ghlacadh agus 'chrochadh  
fad' air falbh bhon dachaigh aige an Doire.)

Bha iad air an dòigh, agus chuir iad fàilte  
oirre gus an do dh'ionnsaich iad nach robh e  
sabaid son Franco, ach airson na Poblachd.

Dhiùlt iad – ach nì mi fhìn ùrnaigh nan àite  
aig a' chuimhneachan dhiblidh seo an Glaschu  
chan ann do Dhia ach do shaoghal nach caillte.

*On the north bank of the Clyde there is a memorial to the volunteers of the International Brigades who fought against fascism in the Spanish Civil War. My grandmother's cousin was one of them. This poem describes what happened when she went to the Church and asked the Sisters to pray for him.*

*An Chuairt 2011*  
*Béal Feirste, Ráth Chairn agus Baile Átha Cliath*

**Trèanaichean**

Soraidh slàn leis na trèanaichean orains a  
ghiùlain sinn eadar Baile Ghobhainn 's Partaig,  
Sràid na Drochaid is Ceann a' Chnuic 's an t-Oilthigh.

Soraidh slàn leis na carbadan pràiseach  
'm broinn a' bhaile a chleachd sinn 'son teicheadh bho  
fhuaim na trafaig 's nan daoine' air Sràid Bhochanain.

Soraidh slàn leis na tiogaidean a fhuair sinn  
is iad air a bhith cleachdte le daoine' eile  
nuair a thòisich ar cuairt aig an ceann-uidhe.

Soraidh slàn leis na h-oidhcheannan an dòchas  
nach do mhothaicheadh leat do stad 's gu feumadh  
sinn a dhol mun a' chearcall turas eile.

*The last poem in the sequence is about the Glasgow underground railway, one of the oldest in Europe. You used to be able to buy a ticket which allowed unlimited travel after the morning rush hour, for less than the cost of a simple return. People would hand on used tickets to strangers at the turnstile so they wouldn't have to buy one of their own.*

*An Chuairt 2011*  
*Béal Feirste, Ráth Chairn agus Baile Átha Cliath*

**Beatha Ûr**

Seo na faclan leis an tòisich sinn  
beatha ùr le dòchas agus gràdh

Seo na geallaidhean a chumas sinn  
a dh'aindeoin tìde, seargaidh no bàis

Seo na bilean leis am pòg sinn  
a' cur rir stòras toileachais is àigh

Seo na sùilean leis an coimhead sinn  
air a' ghrian dol fodha is a' ghealaich làin

Seo na casan leis an ceumnaich sinn  
bho shlighean ìosal do na reultan àrd'

Seo an talamh far an cur sinn,  
a bha roimhe falamh agus bàn

Seo am baile far an coisich sinn  
còmhla, a' dèanamh gàire air gach sràid

Seo na h-àiteachan don tèid sinn  
's sinn a' siubhal, do làmh-sa na mo làimh

Seo an leabaidh far am faigh sinn  
tlachd tro oidhcheannan gu briseadh là

Seo na siotan geala leis an seòl sinn  
bho ar dachaigh an seo gu tìr thar cràidh

Seo na fàinnean òir a bheireas sinn  
nach brist ged a ruitheas gach ràithe

Seo an gaol, a ghràidh, a th' eadarainn  
a bheòthaicheas gach sreath, gach rann, gach dàn.

*'Beatha Ûr' is the title I want to give to the collection of poems I'm currently working on. This poem would be the last in that collection. It's a love poem, an epithalamion, a song.*

***Dòmhnall MacDhòmhnaill, Píobaire***

---



Tá Dòmhnall Mac Dhòmhnaill, ag casadh na bpíob ó bhí sé trí bliana dhéag d'aois. D'fhoghlaim sé a cheird ó Duncan MacLellan ar an oileán Benbecula, agus ansin ó Mháistear na bPíob, Donald MacLeod ón Eilean Leodhais. Tá blianta caite aige ag glacadh páirte i gcomórtais phíobaireachta timpeall na cruinne, ag Craobhacha na hAlban, na hEorpa agus an Domhain. Caitheann Dòmhnall mórchuid a ama anois ag múineadh a cheird do dhaoine óga i scoileanna ar an Oileán Uist, agus bhain ceann dá bhannaí píobaireachta scoile Craobh

Domhanda Píobaireachta na mBannaí amach i nGlaschú le trí bliana anuas.

*Dòmhnall Mac Dhòmhnaill has been playing the pipes since he was thirteen years of age. He began learning his craft from Duncan MacLellan of the Isle of Benbecula and then from Pipe Major Donald MacLeod of Lewis. Dòmhnall has been competing in pipe bands over the years at Scottish, European and World Championship level. He now spends most of his time, teaching piping full time in Uist schools and his school pipe band, has competed at the World Pipe Band Championships in Glasgow over the last three years.*

*An Chuairt 2011*  
*Béal Feirste, Ráth Chairn agus Baile Átha Cliath*



Cànan bhrioghmhor beò  
ann an Èirinn is Alba

Guíonn  
Colmille  
gach rath  
ar Chuairt  
na bhFilí  
Albanacha  
2011

Tuilleadh eolais ar  
scéim deontas &  
imeachtaí Cholmille:

[www.colmille.net](http://www.colmille.net)



*Fiona Dunn, Amhránaí*

---



Chuir Fiona suim ar dtús i gceol na Gàidhlig nuair a bhí sí deich mbliana d'aois, agus í ag canadh le cór sóisearach na hEaglaise Brice. Ó shin i leith, ghlac sí páirt sa Mod náisiúnta agus bhuaigh sí bonn airgid ag an Mod náisiúnta in 2004, agus bonn airgid an Oban Times in 2005.

Tar éis di a céim a bhaint amach ó Ollscoil Srath Chluaidh in 2004, thug sí faoin dianchúrsa ag Sabhal Mòr Ostaig. Tá sí ag obair in earnáil na Gàidhlig ó shin, le forbairt na teanga ach go háirithe. Faoi láthair is Oifigeach Gàidhlig ag Ollscoil Glaschú í, agus í freagrach as cur chun cinn na Gàidhlig ar fud an champais. Sa bhliain 2008, chuir sí sraith ceoil do pháistí óga i láthair,

“Fiona is na Fuinn”, a craoladh ar BBC Alba atá ar an aer ó Mheán Fómhair 2008. Bíonn Fiona le cloisteáil go minic ag Mòdhan agus ag céilithe, go háirithe i gceantar Ghlaschú.

*Fiona first became interested in Gaelic music at the age of ten when she began singing with the Falkirk Junior Choir. Since then, she has participated in local and national Mods and won the Silver Pendant at the National Mod in 2004, and the Oban Times Gold Medal in 2005.*

*After graduating from Strathclyde University in 2004, she completed the Cùrsa Comais (Intensive course) at Sabhal Mòr Ostaig. Since leaving SMO Fiona has worked full-time in the Gaelic sector, particularly within language development. Nowadays she is the Gaelic Language Officer at Glasgow University where she is responsible for raising the profile of Gaelic language and culture throughout the University campus. In 2008 she presented a series of music programmes for under-5s, Fiona is na Fuinn, which was one of the first series to air on the new BBC ALBA channel when it launched in September 2008. Fiona still sings at Mods and ceilidhs, especially around Glasgow.*

*An Chuairt 2011*  
*Béal Feirste, Ráth Chairn agus Baile Átha Cliath*

**‘S ann Diluain Ro Là Fhèill Micheil**

1. ‘S ann Diluain ro Là fhèill Micheil  
Fhuair mi dìneir a chraidh mi

*Chorus:*

*O ro na hug o*

*Seinn o ho ro nailibh*

*O ro na hug o*

2. Och, a Dhia, mar tha mise!  
Bean gun mhisneachd gu bràth mi

3. Bean gun mhàthair, gun athair  
Gun fhear-taighe, gun bhràthair

4. Mac Aonghais a Barraidh  
‘S e a sgàr mi ‘s a chraidh mi

5. ‘S tu nad shineadh ‘san tiorra  
Far an do bhruich a’ mhuir-lan thu

6. Iad gad tharraing eadar Fearaibh  
Null gu Baile na Traghaid

7. Ann an ciste chaoil chumhaig  
Air a dubhadh ‘s a tairneadh

8. Null gu Baile na Trianaid  
Far ‘m bu lionmhor mo chàirdean

*An Chuairt 2011*  
*Béal Feirste, Ráth Chairn agus Baile Átha Cliath*

**An t-eilean mu thuath**

An t-eilean mu thuath, an iomall a' chuain,  
An t-eilean san d'fhuair mi m' àrach;  
Far an d'fhuair mi 's mi òg bainne fìor-ghlan ri òl,  
'S bha m' anam tighinn beò 's a' fàs leis.

An t-eilean a tuath, an t-eilean tha fuar,  
'S e Leòdhas bho thuath mo ghràidh e;  
Far nach cluinn mi rim bheò bhith sealg no bhith 'g òl,  
No làmhagh no òrd air an t-Sàbaid.

Nach mis' tha gu truagh, gu tùrsach 's fo ghruaim,  
Bho chuir mi ri tuath mo chùlaibh;  
Nuair choisich i dian chuir i cùrs oir' gun iar,  
'S thug dorchadas dhìomsa Mùirneag.

An t-eilean mu thuath, an iomall a' chuain,  
An t-eilean san d'fhuair mi m' àrach;  
Far an d'fhuair mi 's mi òg bainne fìor-ghlan ri òl,  
'S bha m' anam tighinn beò 's a' fàs leis.

*An Chuairt 2011*  
*Béal Feirste, Ráth Chairn agus Baile Átha Cliath*

**Am Bothan Airigh am Braigh Rainneach**

V1

Gur e m' anam is m'eudail

Chaidh an-dè do Ghleann Garadh

Fear na gruaige mar an t-òr

Is nam pòg air bhlas meala

V2

'S tu as fheàrr dhan tig deise

dha na sheasadh air talamh

's tu as fheàrr dhan tig culaibh

dhe na chunna mi dh'fhearaibh

V3

thig mo chrìos à Dùn Èideann

is mo bhrèid à Dùn Chailleann

còta Luinnainneach dubh-ghorm

's bidh na crùintean ga cheannach

V5

Gheibh sinn crodh às a' Mhaorainn

Agus caoraich à Gallaibh

'S ann a bhios sinn gan àrach

air àirigh am Bràigh Raineach

V6

Bidh a' chuthag 's a smùdan

Gabhail ciùil dhuinn air chrannaibh,

Bidh an damh donn 's a bhùireadh

Gar dùsgadh sa mhadainn

**Fios Chun a' Bhàird**

Tha a' mhadainn soilleir grianach  
'S a' ghaoth 'n iar a' ruith gu rèidh;  
Tha an linne sleamhainn sìochail  
On a chiùinich strì nan speur;  
Tha an long na h-èideadh sgiamhach,  
'S cha chuir sgìos i dh'iarraidh tàmh;  
Mar a fhuair 's a chunnaic mise,  
A' toirt an fhios seo chun a' Bhàird.

*Thoir am fios seo chun a' bhàird*  
*Thoir am fios seo chun a' bhàird*  
*Mar a fhuair 's a chunnaic mise,*  
*Thoir am fios seo chun a' Bhàird*

Na caochain fhìor-uisg' luath  
A' tighinn a-nuas o chùl nam màin  
Bho lochain ghlan' gun ruadhan  
Air na cruachan fad' on tràigh;  
Far an òl am fiadh a phailteas,  
'S bòidheach ealtan lach gan snàmh;  
Mar a fhuair 's a chunnaic mise,  
Thoir am fios seo chun a' Bhàird.

Ged a roinneas gathan grèine  
Thus nan speur ri blàth nan lòn,  
'S ged a chithear sprèidh air àirigh,  
Is buailtean làn de dh' àlach bhò,  
Tha Ile 'n-diugh gun daoine,  
Chuir a' chaor' a bailtean fàs;  
Mar a fhuair 's a chunnaic mise,  
Thoir am fios seo chun a' Bhàird.

Chan fhaigh an dèirceach fasnadh  
No 'm fear-astair fois o sgìths,  
No soisgeulach luchd-èisteachd;  
Bhuadhaich eucoir, Goill is cìs;  
Tha an nathair bhreac na lùban  
Air na h-ùrlair far an d' fhàs  
Na fir mhòr' a chunnaic mise;  
Thoir am fios seo chun a' Bhàird.

*An Chuairt 2011*  
*Béal Feirste, Ráth Chairn agus Baile Átha Cliath*

**Hillean O Ro Bha Ho**

E ho hao ri ri o  
Hogaibh o hillean o ro bha ho  
**‘S muladach mi ‘s mi air m’aineoil**  
Hillean O Ro Bha Ho  
**‘S mi leam fhìn ‘s an Èilean mhàra**  
E ho hao ri ri o  
Hogaibh o hillean o ro bha ho  
**‘S mi leam fhìn ‘s an Èilean mhàra**  
Hillean O Ro Bha Ho  
**Air chuid aca dithis leanabh**  
E ho hao ri ri o  
Hogaibh o hillean o ro bha ho  
**Air chuid aca dithis leanabh**  
Hillean O Ro Bha Ho

Chaidh na sealgairean gu baile  
Tha mo shealgair donn fon talamh

Hillean O Ro Bha Ho  
Hillean O Ro Bha Ho  
Hillean O Ro Bha Ho

O gur h-e mo rùn na seòid  
Bh’againn a-raoir man a bhòrd  
Bha MacCoinnich ann ‘s MacLeòid  
Mac Ic Alasdair on chrò  
Mac ‘ic Ailein nach eil beò

Hillean O Ro Bha Ho  
Hillean O Ro Bha Ho  
Hillean O Ro Bha Ho

*An Chuairt 2011*  
*Béal Feirste, Ráth Chairn agus Baile Átha Cliath*

**Maraiche nan Cuanatan**

M' ionndrainn agus m' iargainn ort, mharaiche nan cuantan,  
Luasgan thonn na mara cha dèan togail air mo bhuaradh.  
Ar saoghal cha bu mhaireann e, mharaiche nan cuantan.

Blàth na grèine deàlradh air cuan mar laisir luaineach.  
Geòla gearradh fairge is cop mu sròin ga suaineadh.  
Gualainn làidir fearail aic', stiùiriche nam buadhan.

Long air dòigh sa chamhanaich 's an oiteag 'g èirigh cruaidh oirr'.  
Stuaghan uaine bagarrach is domhan dorcha, gruamach.  
Bu shuarach leat an àmhghar aic' 's acarsaid ga buannachd.

Ach ruaig am bàs do chuairt air sàil, mharaiche nan cuantan.  
Tha fuasgladh air an acair is tha gluasad air an iùbhraich.  
Suain bith-bhuan biodh maille riut am port bhios sìtheil ciùin dhut.

*An Chuairt 2011*  
*Béal Feirste, Ráth Chairn agus Baile Átha Cliath*

**O Mo Dhùthaich 'S Tu Th' Air M' Aire**

O mo dhùthaich 's tu th' air m' aire  
Uibhist chùbhraidh ùr nan galan  
Far a faighte na daoine uaisle  
Far am bu dual do Mhac 'ic Ailein.

Tìr a' mhurain, tìr an eòrna  
Tìr sam pailt a h-uile seòrsa  
Far am bi na gillean òga  
Gabhail òran 's 'g òl an leanna.

Thig iad thugainn, carach, seòlta  
Gus ar mealladh far ar n-eòlais  
Molaidh iad dhuinn Manitòba  
Dùthaich fhuar gun ghual gun mhòine.

Nam biodh agam fhìn de stòras  
Paidhir bhrògan, briogais aodaich  
Agus m' fharadh bhith nam phòca  
'S ann air Uibhist dhèanainn seòladh.

O mo dhùthaich 's tu th' air m' aire  
Uibhist chùbhraidh ùr nan galan  
Far a faighte na daoine uaisle  
Far am bu dual do Mhac 'ic Ailein.

Dh' fhalbhainn sgiobalta, sgiobalta, sgiobalta  
Dh' fhalbhainn sgiobalta 's gheibhinn air dòigh  
Dh' fhalbhainn sgiobalta choimhead air Iseabail  
Chuirinn mo bhroigais orm 's gheibhinn ar dòigh

Sìle, Sìle, 's i bu docha leam  
Sìle, Sìle, boireannach còir  
Sìle, Sìle, 's i bu docha leam  
Peigi nighean Uilleim a ghabh mi ri m' bheò

A' mhisg a chuir an Nollaig oirnn  
Cha robh dìth dollaidh oirnn

*An Chuairt 2011*  
*Béal Feirste, Ráth Chairn agus Baile Átha Cliath*

A' mhisg a chuir an Nollaig oirnn  
Cha chuir i tuilleadh call oirnn  
A' mhisg a chuir an Nollaig oirnn  
Cha robh dìth dollaidh oirnn  
A' mhisg a chuir an Nollaig oirnn  
Cha chuir i tuilleadh call oirnn

Shaoghail, a shaoghail duibh  
Cò chuir an dollaich oirnn?  
A shaoghail, a shaoghail duibh  
Cò ghabhadh dall sinn?  
A shaoghail, a shaoghail duibh  
Cò chuir an dollaich oirnn?  
A' mhisg a chuir an Nollaig oirnn  
Cha chuir i tuilleadh call oirnn

Nighean bhuidh' ruadh bh'aig Dòmhnall Ruadh pìobair  
Rachadh i bhàl nam faigheadh i fìdhleir  
Nighean bhuidh' ruadh bh'aig Dòmhnall Ruadh pìobair  
Dhèanadh i sìth nam faigheadh i dràm

Dhèanadh i càrdadh, dhèanadh i cìreadh  
Rachadh i bhàl nam faigheadh i fìdhleir  
Dhèanadh i càrdadh, dhèanadh i cìreadh  
Dhèanadh i sìth nam faigheadh i dràm

*An Chuairt 2011*  
*Béal Feirste, Ráth Chairn agus Baile Átha Cliath*

**Seathan**

A Sheathain a Sheathain gun anam  
*Hi ri na hi ho ro*  
Dhearbhadh mhích mo rìgh à Tìr Chonaill  
*Na hi ho horo hug o ro*

Is tric a laigh mi fo t' earradh  
Ma laigh cha b' ann aig a' bhaile

Ach lagan uain an cluain a' bharrach  
Fo leth-taobh nan gormbheann corrach

Gaoth nam beann a' taomadh tharrainn  
Gaoth nan gleann le gaoir a' gabhail

'S iomadh gleann is meall a shiubhail sinn  
Bha mi 'n Ìle bha mi 'n Uibhist leat

Bha mi 'n Slèite nam ban buidhe leat  
Bha mi 'n Ì nan cailleacha dubha leat

Bha mi 'n tìr nan ian 's nan uighean leat  
Bha mi 'n Èirinn bha mi 'n Liutha leat

Thaisteil mi Bhreathainn 's a Bhruthan leat  
Thaisteil mi Mhorthir 's a Mhuthairn leat

Dh' èisd mi aifreann sa Chill Chumha leat  
Dh' òl mi deoch à tobar an t-siubhail leat

*An Chuairt 2011*  
*Béal Feirste, Ráth Chairn agus Baile Átha Cliath*

**Thug mi gaol don fhear bhàn**

*Thug mi gaol, thug mi gaol,  
Thug mi gaol don fhear bhàn;  
Agus gealladh dhutsa, luaidh;  
O cha dual dhomh bhith slàn.*

Chaidh am bàta tron chaol  
Leis na daoine Dimàirt;  
'S mise phàigh am faradh daor,  
Bha mo ghaol air a clàr.

Chunnacas long air a' chuan  
'S i cur suas nan seòl àrd;  
Nuair a dhiùlt i cur mun cuairt  
Bha mo luaidh-s' air an t-snàmh.

Bha mi bruadar a-raoir  
A bhith 'n caoimhneas rim ghràdh;  
'S nuair sin thug e rium a chùl  
Shil mo shùilean gu làr.

Bha mi deas is bha mi tuath,  
Bha mi 'n Cluaidh uair no dhà;  
Dheth na chunna mi fon ghrèin  
Thug mi spèis don fhear bhàn.

CAOL DÍREACH ...  
*go ceann scríbe!*

*gaeilge.ie*

THE IRISH  
LANGUAGE  
SUPERHIGHWAY

An Ghaeilge  
The Irish language

Foghlaim  
Learning

Úsáid  
Using

Eolairt  
Directory

Foras na Gaeilge  
Foras na Gaeilge

Ní gá dul amú a thuilleadh. Tá bealach glan romhat. Pé eolas atá uait faoin nGaeilge agus a mbaineann léi, éascáidh [gaeilge.ie](http://gaeilge.ie) do thuras.

No roundabouts here. Let the information super-highway take you where you want to go with the Irish language. Just log on to [gaeilge.ie](http://gaeilge.ie) for the quickest route to the information you need.

do nasc leis an teanga  *gaeilge.ie*  
your link to the language

 Foras na Gaeilge T: 1850 325 325 / 0845 309 8142 (T.É.)  
R: [eolas@forasnagaeilge.ie](mailto:eolas@forasnagaeilge.ie)

*An Chuairt 2011*  
*Béal Feirste, Ráth Chairn agus Baile Átha Cliath*



**Comhairle nan Leabhraichean**  
The Gaelic Books Council

*Gach leabhar Gàidhlig a th'ann an clò!*

**Tabhartais foillseachaidh**  
**Publication grants**

**Tabhartais barantais**  
**Commission grants**

**Rosg làidir ùr tro Ùr-Sgeul**  
**New fiction from Ùr-Sgeul**

**Obair deasachaidh**  
**Editorial Services**

**Bùth leabhraichean & làrach-lìn**  
**Bookshop & web-ordering**

**Meanbh-chlàir Ghàidhlig**  
**Gaelic music CDs**

22 Sràid Achadh a' Mhansa, Glaschu G11 5QP  
Fòn: 0141 337 6211 Facs: 0141 341 0515  
Post-d: [brath@gaelicbooks.net](mailto:brath@gaelicbooks.net)  
Làrach-lìn: [www.gaelicbooks.org](http://www.gaelicbooks.org)

22 Mansfield Street, Glasgow G11 5QP  
Tel: 0141 337 6211 Fax: 0141 341 0515  
Email: [brath@gaelicbooks.net](mailto:brath@gaelicbooks.net)  
Website: [www.gaelicbooks.org](http://www.gaelicbooks.org)



## **Ealaín na Gaeltachta Teoranta**

Ag forbairt agus ag cothú na nEalaíon Dúchasacha agus  
Comhaimseartha sa Ghaeltacht

**Developing and nurturing the Traditional and the Contemporary Arts  
in the Gaeltacht regions**

Connacht & Co. na Mí:  
Udarás na Gaeltachta,  
Na Forbacha, Co na Gaillimhe (091) 503100

Tír Chonaill:  
Udarás na Gaeltachta,  
Doirí Beaga, Leitir Ceanainn, Co Dhún na nGall (074) 9560100

Cúige Mumhan:  
Udarás na Gaeltachta,  
An Daingean, Co Chiarraí, (066) 9150100

nó  
Udarás na Gaeltachta,  
Baile Mhic Íre, Maigh Chromtha, Co Chorcaí, (026) 45366

Suíomh Gréasáin: [www.ealain.ie](http://www.ealain.ie)  
R-phost: [ecalain@udaras.ie](mailto:ecalain@udaras.ie)



# MORE FACTS ABOUT IRISH HELEN Ó MURCHÚ



*Na sonraí, na sonraí uile,  
na fíorshonraí, i dtaobh na Gaeilge*

*Ar fáil ó shiopaí leabhair ar fud na tíre*

nó go díreach ó Chomhdháil Náisiúnta na Gaeilge,  
46 Sráid Chill Dara, BÁC 2, 01 679 47 80,  
nó ag seastán na Comhdhála le linn Oireachtas na Samhna.

Coiste na hÉireann den Bhiúró Eorpach do  
Theangacha Neamhfhorleathana



*An Chuairt 2011  
Béal Feirste, Ráth Chairn agus Baile Átha Cliath*



Comhdháil  
Náisiúnta  
na Gaeilge

# AN fáinne

*aontacht*

*leanúnachas*

*comhlántacht*

*síoraíocht*

*Léirigh do nasc leis an nGaeilge*

**WWW.FAINNE.IE**

Comhdháil Náisiúnta na Gaeilge 46 Sráid Chill Dara, Baile Átha Cliath 2  
T: +353 (0)1 679 4780 F: +353 (0)1 679 0214 eolas@gaelport.com www.gaelport.com

