

A' Fagail Bharraigh

Leaving Barra

Fàclan: Fionnlagh MacFhionghuin "Bronni"
Fonn: Niall MacGilleathain

Words: Finlay MacKinnon "Bronni"
Music: Neil MacLean

Rugadh Fionnlagh MacFhionghuin ann an Caolas, Bhatarsaigh agus bha e ann an Nèibhidh nan Ceannaiche anns agus an dèidh a'Chiad Chogaidh Mhòir. Sgrìobh e faclan an òrain chianalais seo nuair a bha a bhàta a'seòladh deas air Ceann Bharraigh air turas-mara gu Quebec, Canada. Gu mì-fhortanach cha robh Fionnlagh beò fada gu leòr airson faighinn a-mach cho measail 'sa bhiodh daoine air òran - chaochail e an dèidh tubaiste air bòrd a bhàta na dhuine òg.

Finlay MacKinnon was born in Caolas, Vatersay, and served in the Merchant Navy during and after World War I. He wrote the words for this nostalgic song during a transatlantic voyage, when his ship was passing south of Barra Head, bound for Quebec, Canada. Sadly Finlay did not live to enjoy the popularity of his song - he died as a result of an accident on board ship at a very young age.

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Saoil sibh fhein nach mi bha tinn
's mo chridhe sgìth fo leòn
A' toirt mo chùl ri tìr nam beann
's nan gleann 'san robh mi òg;
Gur e'n Caol Arcach dh'fhàg sinn shìos,
sruth lìonaidh bras fo sròin,
'S i stiùireadh cùrs' do'n àird an iar
's a' triall gu Montreal.

Bha mo chridhe brùit' 'nam chom
is shìl gu trom mo dheòir
Nuair bha na h-Eileanan an Iar
a' ciaradh orm 'sna neòil;
Bha fear dhiubh siud 'sa bheil mo mhiann
'ga thiodhlacadh 'sa' cheò:
An t-eilean 's àill air 'n d' dhealraich grian
's far robh mo mhiann 's mi òg.

Nuair thogas grian air falbh an driuchd
gun èirich dhìom gach bròn,
'S am bàta ghiùlaineas mi null
gur sunndach mi air bòrd;
Gach car de'n bheairt 'gam tharraing dlùth
do thìr mo rùin is m'òig,
Is cobhar bàn-gheal air gach tonn
a' falbh bho'n stiùir 'na chròic.

Think how poorly I felt,
my heart weary and sad
Turning my back on the land of the mountains
and the glens where I was young;
We left the Sound of Orkney behind,
a keenly flowing tide beneath our bow
Setting a course for the far west
sailing to Montreal.

My heart was crushed within my chest
and my tears fell heavily
When the Western Isles
disappeared on me in the clouds
There is one island which is my heart's desire
buried in the mist
The most beautiful island on which the sun shines
my desire when I was young.

When the sun lifts the dew
all my sorrow will rise from me
And I am content aboard
the boat which will carry me over;
Each turn of the engine draws me closer
to the land of my love and my youth
And the white foam on the crest of each wave
moves out from the rudder in a froth.