

## AM MAISTREADH A BH' AIG MOIRE



Am maistreadh a bh' aig Moire  
Air ùrlar a' ghlinne  
A'meudachadh an ìme  
'S a'luhdachadh a' bhainne  
Thig, a chuinneag, thig  
Blàthach gu dòrn,  
's ìm gu uilinn  
Thig, a chuinneag, thig.

Tha glug an seo, tha glag an seo,  
Tha glag an seo, tha glug an seo,  
Tha rud as fheàrr na chòir an seo,  
Tha rud nas fheàrr na fion ann.  
Thig, a chuinneag, thig  
Blàthach gu dòrn,  
's ìm gu uilinn  
Thig, a chuinneag, thig.

Tha glug an seo, tha glag an seo,  
Tha seilchag mhór air bhog an seo,  
Tha làn cuman Cairistiona  
Do dh' ìm brèagha buidh' againn.  
Thig, a chuinneag, thig  
Blàthach gu dòrn,  
's ìm gu uilinn  
Thig, a chuinneag, thig.

Thig an lòn, thig an smeòr,  
Thig an ceòl as a bhruth,  
Thig a' chuthag, thig a' cheathag,  
Thig an fhosgag adhair.  
Thig, a chuinneag, thig  
Blàthach gu dòrn,  
's ìm gu uilinn  
Thig, a chuinneag, thig.

Bho Mhàiri Chaimbeul Bean 'ic Cholla

*The churning the Virgin Mary did  
at the foot of the glen  
increasing the butter  
decreasing the milk:*

*Come, churn, come:  
buttermilk to the wrist  
and butter to the elbow!  
Come, churn, come.*

*There's a glug here, a glag there,  
A glag here, a glug there.  
There is something better than usual here;  
Something better than wine!*

*Come, churn, come:  
buttermilk to the wrist  
and butter to the elbow!  
Come, churn, come.*

*There's a glug here, a glag there;  
there's a big slug floating here!  
There's the fill of Christina's pail  
of beautiful yellow butter.*

*Come, churn, come:  
buttermilk to the wrist  
and butter to the elbow!  
Come, churn, come.*

*The blackbird will come, and the thrush;  
music will come from the fairy hill;  
the cuckoo and the jackdaw,  
and the skylark.*

*Come, churn, come:  
buttermilk to the wrist  
and butter to the elbow!  
Come, churn, come.*

From Mary MacColl, Barra