

## Mhurchaidh bhig a chinn a' chonais

E ho hao rì o  
Hao ri hog i ó hò

Mhurchaidh bhig, a chinn a' chonais,  
Cha b' iongnadh tu dhol a dholaidh

Cha b' iongnadh tu dhol a dholaidh  
Tha do leabaidh 'san uaimh fhalaich

Tha do leabaidh 'san uaimh fhalaich  
Ann an Latha Phàdruig Earraich

'S ann air Coinneach tha ghruag dhuilleach  
Cha b' iongnadh liom siod 's cha b' fhuilear  
Tobar fion a bhith 'na mhullach  
'S triùir chlann a' rìgh 'ga thunnadh  
'S gun òlainn tunna ri tunna  
'S gum buailinn buille ri buille  
Ged bu treasa mi na curaidh  
'S ann le Diarmad Donn gun cuirinn  
Leis a dh'éireadh na fir uile  
Dh'éireadh Bran leis, dh'éireadh Brian leis  
Dh'éireadh Maighre Bhaile Cliath leis  
'S dh'éireadh siod le Diarmad Innein  
Le each cruideach no soilleir.  
'S anmoch gu faca mi raoir  
Fear bhreacain duibh anns a' ghleann  
Dh'fhaoltich mo chridhe ri cheum  
Shaoil mi gur e féin a th' ann  
Sealgair sithne nan damh seang  
Nach giùlain an t-earradh trom  
Eudail mhór 's a Rìgh an Domhain  
Dh'fhalbh mu thuath 's nach d'fhuair na cnothan  
'S truagh nach robh agam ceann-gnothaich  
Dhan bhaidean choille seo romham.  
M' eudail mhór 's a Rìgh na Gréine,  
'S minig ghéilleadh bean fir eile.  
Nuair a chéilear air a' solas  
Bheir e sùil air doras eile.

*Gaelic Songs of Scotland*  
*Penny Morrison, Benbecula*

*Little Murdo, leader in mischief,  
no wonder you have gone to the bad.  
Your bed is in a hidden cave  
on St Patrick's Day in spring.  
Kenneth's hair is luxuriant.  
That is no wonder to me, and I'd have it so:  
a well of wine should be on its summit  
three of the king's children drawing from it.  
I would drink cask for cask,  
I would strike blow for blow.  
Though I were stronger than a warrior  
Diarmad Donn is the one I'd fight for.  
With him all the men would rise;  
Bran would rise with him;  
Brian would rise with him;  
Maighre of Dublin would rise with him.  
All these would rise with Diarmad Innein  
Along with the well-shod horse of brightness.  
It was late last night I saw  
a black-plaided man on the glen-side.  
My heart rejoiced at his step;  
I thought it was himself who was there:  
Hunter of the slender stags,  
Who does not wear heavy attire.  
Darling, King of the World,  
who went to the north and did not find the nuts.  
Alas that I had not some mission  
To this little copse ahead of me.  
My darling, O King of the Sun  
Often another man's wife would submit (to him).  
When the light is hidden from him  
he will cast his eye on another door.*