

Cuachag an Fhàsaich

The Curly-haired Girl of the Moorland

Alasdair Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair. Edited by Derick S Thomson. Scottish Gaelic Texts Society (1996), pp173-180.

The Poems of Alexander MacDonald. MacDonald and MacDonald (1924), p234-237.

Songs of the Gael. Lachlan MacBean No 4

Translation Gordon Barr.

An seisde

A bhanarach dhonn a' chruidh,
Chaoin a' chruidh, dhonn a' chruidh,
Cailin deas donn a' chruidh,
Cuachag an fhàsaich.

A bhanarach mhìogach,
'S e do ghaol thug fo chìs mi,
'S math thig làmhainnean sìoda
Air do mhìn-bhasan bana.

'S mòr bu bhinne bhith 'd èisdeachd
'N àm bhith bleoghan na spèidhe
Na 'n smeòrach sa' Chèitein
'M bàrr gèig ann am fàs-choill
.

Nuair a sheinneadh tu coilleag
A' leigeil mairt ann an coillidh,
Thigeadh eunlaith gach doire
Dh' èisdeachd coireal do mhànrain.

Ceòl farasda, fìor-bhinn,
Fonnmhor, faramach, dìonach
A sheinn an cailin donn, finealt
Bheireadh bìogadh air m' àirnean.

Ged a b' fionnmhor an fhìdheall
'S a teudan an righeadh,
'S e bheireadh danns air gach cridhe
Ceòl nighean na h-àirigh.

Tha deirg' agus gile
A' gleac an gruaidhean na finne,
Beul mìn mar an t-sirist
D' am milis thig gàire.

Deud snasta na ròghainn
Snaighte, cruinn mar na dìsnean,
Gur h-i an donna-gheal ghlan smìdeach
'S ro mhìog-shuileach fàite.

Chorus

O brown-haired milkmaid of the cattle, gentle with
the cattle, brown-headed with the cattle, trim and
brown-haired girl of the cattle, curly-haired girl of the
moorland.

O smiling milkmaid, your love has captured me. Silk
gloves suit your delicate white palms.

As you milked the cows it was much sweeter to listen to
you than to the thrush in May on the branch tops of a
growing woodland.

When you sang a cheerful song as you milked calves
in a wood, the birds came from every woodland to
listen to the music of your humming melody.

It was gentle music, really melodious, tuneful, merry
and carefully tuned, which the brown-haired, elegant
girl sang to bring a throbbing to my kidneys.

Although the fiddle was tuneful and its strings were
taut, it's the music of the girl of the shieling which
used to make every heart dance.

Reds and whites wrestle in the cheeks of the fairest
one, her mouth is smooth and like a cherry and
laughter comes to sweeten them.

The young maid has well-formed teeth, chiselled and
neat like dice. She is lightly tanned, clean and
enticing with a very beckoning smile.

Chuireadh maill' air do lèirsinn
Ann am madainn driùchd Chèitein
Na gathanan grèine
Thig o 'teud-chùl cas fàinneach.

'S ciatach nuallan na gruagaich
Ri bleoghan cruaidh ghuailfhinn,
A' toirt torman air cuachaig
'S bodhar-fhuaime aig a clàraibh.

'S taitneach siubhal a cuailein
Ga chrathadh mu 'cluasaibh
A' toirt muidh' air seist-luachrach
An taigh-buaile 'n gleann fàsaich.

A muineal geal bòidheach
Mu 'n iathadh an t-òmar,
A dhath fèin air gach seòrsa
Chit' a' dòrtadh tre 'bràighe.

Dà mhaoth bhios bu ghrinne
Fon dà ghaoirdean bu ghile
Nuair shint' iad gu h-innealt
Gu sinean cruaidh fhàsgadh.

Dà chalpa na mainmnich
Mar phileirean mairbhil
Cho gile ri cainichein
Chinneas fanna-ghéal sna blàraibh.

Gun bu mhòdhar mo bheadrach
Teachd don bhuaile mu eadrach,
Sèimh, sult-chorpach, beitir,
'S buarach ghreasad an àil aic'.

Do chùl amlagach, teudach,
Buclach, feòirneineach, glèidhteach,
De chnothan na gàige,
Cheapadh glèidhtich' a làn diubh.

Bheireadh dùlan na grèine
Deàrrsadh moch air òr-sheudan,
'S gum b' ait leam ra lèirsinn
Boillsgeadh èibhinn cùil Màiri.

Glac gheal a b' àrd gleodhar
A' stealladh bainne 'n cuaich bhleoghain,
A' seinn nan luinneag bog seoghach,
A' togail cobhair ri Blàraich.

Nuair a thogadh tu 'bhuarach,
Cuach is curasan na buaile,
B' ao-coltach do ghluasad
Ri guanaig na sràide.

A stop will be put to your vision on a dewy morning
of May when the rays of the sun will come from t
curly, ringletted strands of her hair.

The humming of the maiden is pleasing as she milks
the white-shouldered cattle and makes a sound on the
milking-pail and a thudding on its wooden boards.

The movement of her hair is attractive as it shakes
about her ears and while she puts a churn on a bed of
rushes in the shieling hut of the moorland glen.

Her white beautiful upper breast around her amber
complexion and its colour of every sort would be
seen pouring around her throat.

There are two very tender palms below two very
white arms when they are neatly stretched out to
squeeze the cow's udders.

The two thighs of the high-spirited girl are like pillars
of marble, as white as cotton-grass which grows
delicately white on the moors.

How modest was my playful girl as she came to the
fold around milking time, calm, the picture of health,
and tidy, in order to prepare the foot-fetters of her
brood.

Your head of hair is ringleted, with curls, like blades
of grass, well cared for, and, like the nuts on a branch,
a careful person would keep his full share of them.

The challenge of the sun would early on shine like
gold jewels and how I would enjoy seeing the curious
sparkling of Mary's hair.

Her white palm produced the loudest of noises
spurting out milk into the milking cup, singing soft
gentle ditties and lifting up foam towards Blarach.

When you took up the tether, the cup and the milk
pail of the fold, your movement was quite unlike that
of a swaggering street girl.

Gur cùbhraidh leam t' anail
Na caineal a' mhargaidh.

Cha bhanarach glinn' thu,
Cha tig àireach gad shireadh,
Ach duin' uasal den fhineadh
Thèid don fhireach le 'phàirtidh.

(Two lines missing)(Derick S Thomson)

How fragrant to me your breath, like market
cinnamon.

You are not a milkmaid of the glen and no
cattleman will come to seek you, only a nobleman
of the clan who goes to the hill with the shooting
party.