

Eriskay Love Lilt - Gràdh geal mo chrìdh

This is the well-known version as set by Marjorie Kennedy-Fraser from the song she collected from Eriskay, the island between Barra and South Uist, where Bonny Prince Charlie first landed on 23 July 1745. It's also where the merchant ship the "Politician" went down in 1941 with 20,000 cases of whisky and inspired the novel and film "Whisky Galore".

Bheir mi ò(2)-ro bhan ò
Bheir mi ò(2)-ro bhan ì
Bheir mi ò-ru o hò
'S mi tha bròn-ach 's tu'm dhìth (2).

1 'S iom-adh oidh-che fliuch is fuar
Ghabh mi cuairt is mi leam fhìn,
Gus an d'ràin-ig mi'n t-àit
Far'n robh gràdh geal mo chrìdh(2).

2 'Na mo chlàr-saich cha robh ceòl
'Na mo mheoir-ean cha robh àgh,
Rinn do phòg-sa mo leòn,
Fhuair mi Eòl-as an dàin.

3 Fad-a siar air agh-aidh cuain
'Se mo dhuan-sa Cruit-mo-chridh,
Guth mo luaidh anns gach stuaidh
'Ga mo nuall-an gu tir.

4 Gur tu m'oig-e is mo rùn,
Mo re-iùil thu anns an oidhche',
Tha mo dhrùidh-eachd ad shùil,
Tha mo chiurr-adh ad loinn.

Chorus:

Vair mee o o-ro van o, Vair mee o o-ro van ee, Vair mee o roo o-ho,
Sad am I without thee/smee haa bronag's toom yee

When I'm lone-ly dear white heart	Thou'rt the music of my heart,
Black the night – or wild the sea,	Harp of joy, oh cruit mo chridh [= harp of my heart],
By love's light my foot finds.-->	Moon of guid-ance by night,
The old path-way to thee.	Strength and light thou'rt to me.

In the morning, when I go
To the white and shining sea,
In the calling of the seals
Thy soft calling to me.
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<https://eleanormusic.weebly.com/eriskay-love-lilt.html>

<https://www.itma.ie/digital-library/text/29215-sm>

Phonetics of Gaelic version

Chorus:

Vair mee o o-ro van o, Vair mee o o-ro van ee, Vair mee o roo o-ho,
Sad am I without thee/smee haa bronag's toom yee

1 Shi-mug oy-hu flooch iss foo-ar
Gaav mee coo-arsht iss mee lum heen
Guss un draa-nik meen taatch
Farn row gra gyal mow kree.

2. Na mow klar-sik ha row kyowl (as "know")
Na mow vyor-un ha row aagh
Riyn do foek-su mow lorn
Hoo-ar mee Yoe-lus un daan.

3 Faa-du sheer air ag-ee koo-iyn
Shay mow goo-un-su Crootch mow kree
Goo mow loo-iy ownz gach stoo-ug
Gaa mow noo-ulan goo cheer.

4 Gur too moy-ku iss mow roon,
Mow ray-yool oo ownz un oych,
Haa mow groo-gok ad hyooil
Haa mow kyoo-rug ad lawn

Translation

1 Many a wet, cold night, I would take a walk, and me alone,
Until I reached the place where my white love was.

2 There was no music in my harp , 'n my fingers there was no joy,
Your kiss wounded me, I gained understanding in verse.

3 In the far west by the ocean, My song is, harp-of-my-heart,
The voice of my love in every wave, in my lamentation for the land.

4 You are my youth and my love, My guide you are in the night,
My magic in your eye, My hurt by your elegance.