

Alasdair mhic Cholla Ghasta

Alasdair, son of the great Coll

Verse 1

Alasdair mhic, o hò, Cholla ghasta, o hò
Alasdair, son of the great Coll,
As do làimhse, o hò, dh'earbainn tapadh, trom eile.
From your arm I'd expect valour.

Chorus

Chall eil, chall o ho ro,
Chall eilibh hao, chall o ho ro,
Chall eile hu ri o, chall o ho ro,
'S hao i o ho, trom eile.

Verse 2

Mharbhadh Tighearn, o hò, Ach' nam Breac leat, o hò,
Auchinbreck's Laird was killed by you,
Thiodhlaiceadh e, o hò, an oir an lochain, trom eile.
And was buried at the lochside.

Verse 3

Ged 's beag mi fhìn, o hò, chuir mi ploc air, o hò,
Though I am small I cast a sod on him,
Chuir siod gruaim air, o hò, Niall a' Chaisteal, trom eile.
Which made Neil of the Castle gloomy.

Verse 4

'S dh'fhàg e lionn dubh, o hò, air a mhac-sa, o hò,
And left his son melancholy,
'S bha Nì Lachlainn, o hò, fhèin 'ga basadh, trom eile.
And Lachlan's daughter was wringing her hands.

Verse 5

'S bha Nic Dhòmhnail, o hò, 'n dèidh a creachadh, o hò,
As was Donald's daughter after her devastation,
Cha b'iongnadh sin, o hò, b'fhiach a mac e, trom eile.
This is no wonder: her son was worth it.

Verse 6

Drongair, pòitear, o hò, seòlt' air marcachd, o hò,
Hearty drinker, clever horseman,
Ceannard an airm, o hò, an tùs a' bhatail, trom eile.
Army leader foremost in battle.

Verse 7

Sheinneadh pìob leat, o hò, mhòr an cnocan, o hò,
You'd play the great pipes on a hillock,
Dh'òladh fion leat, o hò, dearg an portaibh, trom eile.
You would drink red wine in houses.

Note:

This is a traditional waulking song.

The song is in praise of Alasdair MacDonald, who was the Marquis of Montrose's second-in-command in the civil wars in Scotland, 1644-45. He was a man of tremendous courage and endurance, and, together with Montrose, won a series of spectacular victories over the Covenanters. He was eventually killed at the battle of Cnoc na nDòs near Cork in Ireland.