

An Ròs

Mòrag NicGumaraid

Rann 1

Ged 's brèagha a' ròs le dhuilleagan sìoda,
Although beautiful is the rose with leaves of silk,
fàile cho cùbhraidh, cùbhraidh bho chrìdh',
a scent so fragrant, fragrant from its heart,
na buain e ri d' mhaireann oir nì e do mhealladh:
do not pick it for your life's sake because it will deceive you
tha dubhan geur puinnsein, geur puinnsein fo sgèith.
There is a barb, sharp and poisonous, sharp and poisonous
protecting it.

Rann 2

Chreid mi na briathran, a h-uile nì riamh dheth,
I believed the words, everything ever about it,
gur brèagha 's gur cùbhraidh, cùbhraidh am blàth;
so beautiful and so fragrant, fragrant the blossom;
bhuain mi am flùran mar Adhamh an ùbhlán
I picked the flowers as Adam did the apples
's lèonadh mo chridhe, mo chridhe gu bràth.
and wounded is my heart, my heart for ever.

Rann 3

Tha mi nis crionadh, 's m' inntinn air phianadh
I am now withering, and my mind is tortured
's mo shùilean a' sìor, sìor shileadh dheur;
and my eyes ever, ever shedding tears;
's ged tric rinn mi gàire, tha sin nis air an fhàire
and although often I laughed, that is now in the past
's mo chridhe brist' brùite, brist' brùite gu lèir.
and my heart is broken and crushed, broken and crushed
completely.

Rann 4

Ach tuitidh duilleag ruadh chruaidh an fhoghair
But the red, hard leaf will fall in the autumn
agus thig tè eile, tè eile 'na h-àit'
and will come another, another in it's place;
tè mhilis bhog uaine, 's a' ghaoth ga sìor shuaineadh
one sweet, soft and green, and the wind ever wafting around it
's na smuaintean trom duilich, trom duilich uil' bàidht'.
and the thoughts sad and sorrowful, sad and sorrowful all
drowned.

Ged – although; **brèagha** – beautiful; **ròs** – rose; **le** – with; **sìoda** – silk; **fàile** – smell, scent; **cho** – so; **cùbhraidh** – fragrant; **bho** – from; **chrìdh'** – heart; **na** – do not; **buain** – pick; **e** – it; **ri d'** **mhaireann** – during your lifetime; **oir** – because; **nì** – will do; **mhealladh** – deceive; **tha** – there is; **dubhan** – barb; **geur** – sharp; **puinnsein** – of poison; **fo sgèith** – under protection; **Chreid** – believed; **briathran** – words; **a h-uile nì** – everything; **riamh** – ever; **dheth** – of it; **gur** – it is, so; **brèagha** – beautiful; **cùbhraidh** – fragrant; **blàth** – blossom; **bhuain** – picked; **flùran** – flowers; **Adhamh** – Adam; **ùbhlán** – apple; **lèonadh** – wounding; **chridhe** – heart; **gu bràth** – forever; **crionadh**; withering; **m' inntinn** – my mind; **air phianadh** – tortured; **shùilean** – eyes; **sìor** – ever; **shileadh** – shedding; **dheur** – tears; **ged** – although; **tric** – often; **rinn** – made; **gàire** – laughed; **nis** – now; **air an fhàire**; on the horizon (in the past); **chridhe** – heart; **brist'** – broken; **brùite** – crushed; **gu lèir** – completely; **Ach** but; **tuitidh** – will fall; **duilleag** – leaf; **ruadh** – red; **chruaidh** – hard; **fhoghair** – autumn; **agus** – and; **thig** – will come; **tè eile** – another; **'na h-àit'** – in its place; **tè mhilis** – sweet one; **bhog** – soft; **uaine** – green; **ghaoth** – wind; **sìor** – ever; **shuaineadh** – wreathing around; **smuaintean** – thoughts; **trom** – sad; **duilich** – sorrowful; **uil'** – all; **bàidht'** – drowned.

The words are by Mòrag NicGumaraid (Morag Montgomery). She and her sister Catriona jointly produced a slim volume called A' Choille Chiar in 1974 which included this piece. The first three verses, slightly altered from the original, were put to music by Rory MacDonald and released in Runrig's first album Play Gaelic in 1978.