

Tha Mi Sgith

(The Bracken Highland Fling, Buain Na Rainich, Cutting Ferns, Dulaman, Faery's Lament, Heavin' Bracken, I'm So Tired (of Cutting Bracken), Pulling The Bracken, The Weary Maid.)

(Trad)

AABBAB

♩ = 180

Am Em/B G Em Am Em/B G Am

Am G Am G Am G C G Am/F

rev: v1.0, March, 2009 – wdm

Trad. Scottish – FF Version

Rhythm: Strathspey

Notes: The Fiddler's Companion reports that; 'The Gaelic title, "Tha mi sgith 's mi leam fhein" translates as "I am tired of being by myself every day in the blessed hills.", but we know it as "I am tired (of cutting Bracken)".

A contributor to the Session provided a weblink which informs us that it is a Lullaby (!!!), and gives the lyrics, along with a translation;

Buain Na Rainich
Traditional Lullaby

Séist Chorus

Tha mi sgith 's mi leam fhìn, I am tired, and I am alone,
Buain na rainich, buain na rainich Cutting the Bracken, Cutting the bracken
Tha mi sgith 's mi leam fhìn, I am tired, and I am alone,
Buain na rainich daonnan Cutting the Bracken forever

1 1

Cùl an tomain, braigh an tomain, Behind the knoll, up on the knoll,
Cùl an tomain, bhòidhich, Behind the pretty knoll
Cùl an tomain, braigh an tomain, Behind the knoll, up on the knoll,
'H-uile là a'm' onar All the day alone

2 2

'S tric a bha mi fhìn 's mo leannan Often, my love and I were
Annas a' ghleannan cheòthar, In the nisty glens
'G éisdeachd còisir bhinn an doire Listening to the sweet choir of the grove
Seinn 's a' choille chòmhail; Singing in the forest

3 3

O na 'm faicinn thu a' tighinn, Oh, if I would see you coming
Ruithinn 'dhol 'nad chòdhail, I would run to meet you

Ach mur tig thu 'n seo 'gam shireadh, But if you will not come here at my pleading
Ciamar thilleas dòchas? How would hope return?

4 4

Anns an t-sithean, o, gur sgèth mi; In the weather, oh that I am TIRED
'S tric mo chridh' 'ga leonadh, Often my heart, wounded by her
'N uair bhios càch a' seinn nan luinneag When the others would be singing ditties
Cha dean mis' ach crònan. I can only make a croon

5 5

'S bochd nach robh mi leat a rithist, It is bad that I am not with you again
Sinn a bhitheadh ceòlmhór, We would be great music
Rachainn leat gu cùl na cruinne, I would go with you to the other side of the world
Air bhàrr tuinne seòladh. Sailing on top of the waves.

6 6

Ciod am feum dhomh bhi ri tuireadh? Why must I be mourning
Dé ni tuireadh dhomhsa What will make a chant to me
'S mi cho fada o gach duine And I, so far from others,
B'urrain tighinn 'gam chòmhnadh? Would people be able to come help me?

The website goes on to explain that;

The legend is that, the fairy who sings the song, was in love with the young girl whom he met when she came out to cut the bracken. When her family caught her, they kept her locked up in their home. Since she didn't come any more, he became despondent and sang the song.

The contributor goes on to present the following lyrics as alternative;

Why should I sit and sigh,
Puin' bracken, Puin' bracken (pulling bracken)
Why should I sit and sigh,
On the hillside dreary?

When I see the plover rising
Or the curlew wheeling,
Then I trow (trust, believe) my mortal lover,
Back to me is stealing.

Why should I sit and sigh,
Puin' bracken, Puin' bracken (pulling bracken)
Why should I sit and sigh,
On the hillside dreary?