

Creag Ghuanach

DAA

D A D

A7 D G A D A

D A7 D G D

Creag Ghuanach

Verse

A D A D

A7 D G A D A

D A7 D G D

Creag Ghuanach is a traditional Scottish tune and this version is derived from the Kilberry Book of Ceol Meadhonach which was published in 1908.

The tune in that collection may have been a version provided by a bagpiper at the time named John Mackay.

A poem Creag Ghuanach was written by Donald McDonald in the sixteenth century.

Creag Ghuanach is a mountaintop (crag) found between Fort William and Loch Leven in the Grampians mountains in the northwest of the Scottish Highlands

Lyrics and translation where available

Air minn o iom ÿ ro,
Iom ó agus iom ó ro,
Air minn o, na iom ó ro,
Is aoibhinn leam an diugh na chì.
It is joyful I am today to see you.

Creag mo chridh' -sa a' chreag Ghuanach, Chreag an d'fhuair mi greis de m' àrach;
Crag of my heart is Creag Ghuanach, Crag where I received my upbringing;

Creag nan aighean 's nan damh siùbhlach, A' chreag ùrail, aighearach eànach.
Crag of the wandering deer and stag, The flourishing crag of joy and renown.

Creag mo chridh' -s a' chreag Ghuanach, 'S ionmhuinn leum an lòn tha fo a ceann;
Crag of my heart is Creag Ghuanach Dear to me is the pool below its summit;

Is annsa an lag tha air a cùlaibh, Na machair is mùr nan Gall.
And more dear the cave behind it, Than a pasture or a hall of the Lowlands.

'S truagh an diugh nach beò an fheadhainn, Gun ann ach an ceò de 'n bhuidhinn,
It is a pity that today the people are no longer living, Where now only the mist is plentiful,

Leis 'm bu mhiannach glòir nan gadhar,
Who would have had a keen desire for glory with their hunting dogs

Gun mheoghail, gun òl, gun bhruidhinn.
There is now no joy, no drinking, no conversation.

Creag Ghuanach is a hill at the south end of Loch Treig where the bard, Donald MacDonald (or Donald son of Finlay of the poems, as he is known in Gaelic) was raised in the sixteenth century. As well as being a poet he was also a renowned hunter. These are only a few verses from a much larger work of more than fifty verses that he composed as his hunting days were coming to an end.