

Oidhche Challuinn



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Ann am Beàrnaraigh, Uibhist a Tuath, bidh na daoine òg fhàthast a' dol a-mach air Oidhche Challuinn, an 12mh latha den Fhaoilleach. Bidh iad ag ràdh na faclan seo nuair a tha iad a' dol bho thaigh gu taigh. Carson nach feuch thu iad?

In Berneray, North Uist, the young people still go out guising on 'Oidhche Challuinn', which they celebrate on the Friday closest to the 12th of January. They recite these verses as they go from house to house. Why don't you give them a try?

A' TIGHINN/ARRIVING

Tha sinne a-nochd a' dol air challuinn,
Dh'innse do mhnathan a' bhaile,
Gur e a-màireach latha na Nollaig,
Daoine bochda a' dol a dholaidh,
Freasdal silean beag bhuntàta,
Is duilleag chàil air a dhroch phronnadh.
Gabhaidh sinn an t-aran gun an t-ìm,
Gabhaidh sinn an t-ìm gun an t-aran,
Gabhaidh sinn an càis leis fhein,
'S carson a-rèiste a bhiodh sinn falamh?

Tonight we're going to mark the new year,
Tell the ladies of the town,
That tomorrow is Christmas Day,
Poor people going to ruin,
With only little scrapings of potatoes to be had,
And a leaf of cabbage badly bruised.
We'll take the bread without the butter,
We'll take the butter without the bread,
We'll take the cheese by itself,
And after that why would we be empty?

A' FALBH/LEAVING

Gu math fada beò sibh,
Is ceò às ur taigh,
Nuair a thig sinn air an rathad,
Tadhalaidd sinn a-staigh,
Pàilteas bidhe is pàilteas aodaich,
Is slàinte dhaoine gun robh agaibh.

May you live for a long time,
With smoke from your chimneys,
Next time we're passing by,
We'll come back and visit,
May you have plenty food and clothes,
And good health to all your people.

Ged a tha daoine ann am Beàrnaraigh a' comharrachadh Oidhche Challuinn air an 12mh latha den Fhaoilleach, bidh daoine ann an àiteachan eile a' dol a-mach air an 31mh, aig a' Bhliadhn' Ùr. Seo òran à Lochabar a b' àbhaist do dhaoine a ghabhail air an oidhche sin.

Although people from Berneray commemorate Oidhche Challuinn on the 12th of January, it is celebrated more commonly in other areas on the 31st of December, Hogmanay. This is a song from Lochaber that would have been sung on that night.

Thàinig mis' a-nochd don `n dùthaich
A dh'ùrachadh na Calluinn.
Cha ruig mi leas a bhith `ga innse:
Bha i ann ri linn ar sinnsear.

Tigh'nn deiseal air an fhàrdaich,
'S bualadh le fàilt' aig an doras;
Mo dhuan a ghabhail aig a' chomhla
'Cur deoch m' eòlais air gach aineol.

Pìos de chaisean-uchd `nam phòca
Chaidh a ròstadh ann an cabhaig –
Gheibh a' bhean e – `s i as fiach e –
Làmh a' riarachadh nam bonnag.

Leis an achd a th'anns an dùthaich
Cha bhi dùil againn ri drama
Ach beagan de thoradh an t-samhraidh
Tha mi an geall air leis an aran.
A' Challuinn seo!

I've come tonight to this place to revisit Hogmanay; I need not explain it, it has existed since the times of our ancestors.

Travelling sunwise around the house and striking the door in welcome; I recite my ditty in front of the door before I drink to the friendship of each stranger.

A piece of singed-sheepskin in my pocket which was burnt in a hurry – the housewife will have it as she well deserves – the hand that supplies the bannocks.

With the laws enacted in this country we cannot expect a dram, only some of the summer's produce which I crave, along with the bread, on this Hogmanay!

(Translated by Michael Newton)