

Caochladh

Tha m' inntinn trom, gun sunnd, gun fhonn,
Cha bhrosnaich pong ceòl mi,
Le ceuman mall a' ruith mo réis
Gu oirthir chéin nach eòl dhomh.

Rinn m' earrach ùr-bhlàth ruith gu cheann
Is thriall mo shamhradh òr-bhuidh';
Tha deireadh m' fhoghair tighinn gu luath
'S tha geamhradh fuar 'nam sheòmar.

Chan fhaic mi dì theanan air bruaich,
Chan fhaic mi snuadh nan ròsan;
Cha léir dhomh nis ach aogais fhuar
Far 'm faicinn uair a' bhòidhchead.

Tha dorchadas a' tarraing dlùth
Bhon dh'imrich mùirn na h-òige,
Tha srann a' cheàrdubhain 'nam chluais
Cur smaoin na truaigh' 'nam dhòchas.

Tha gleann an àigh far 'n d'fhàs mi suas
Fo luachair is fo chòinnich —
Tha caochladh air tighinn air a shnuadh
Bhon dh'fhalbh an sluagh a b' eòl dhomh.

Bidh guileag eala bhàin air cuan,
Bidh guth na cuaich' san Ògmhios,
Ach bidh na cagailtean cho fuar
Ri sneachd on tuath a' còpadh.

Change

My mind is heavy, cheerless, tuneless,
No note of music lifts me,
Running my race with steps that are slow
To a distant shore unknown.

My fresh-blossomed spring has run its course
And my bright golden summer has gone;
The end of my autumn's coming quickly
And cold winter's in my room.

I see no flowers upon a slope,
Nor do I see the roses' hue;
All I can see now are spectres of cold
Where once I could see great beauty.

Darkness has been coming close
Since the joy of youth receded,
The beetle's hum is in my ear
Filling hope with wretched thoughts.

The glorious glen where I grew up
Is under rushes and moss —
A change came on its hue
When the folk I knew went off.

The white swan will sing upon the sea,
The cuckoo will be heard in June,
But the hearthstones will have turned as cold
As a blizzard blowing from the north.

Bidh buairidhean is beachdan faoin'
Gar toirt a thaobh le seòltachd,
A' gealltainn lùchairtean an seud,
'S gach duais air mheud an òr-mheinn.

Ged s beag de thuigse tha 'nam cheann
Gun inn's an gleann gu leòr dhomh,
'S gun dèan e thaisbean dhomh gu luath
Gum faigh an uaigh a còirean.

Tha eachdraidh anns na taighean fàs
'S beachd-smaointeachadh ri fheòrach
Gu eadar-theangachadh mo sgeul
Ma théid a leughadh dòigheil.

Chan eil e 'n comas chlann nan daoine'
An t-aog a chur air fògradh;
Ged fhuair sinn cead ar toil gu saor
Tha crìoch ar saoghail òrdaicht'

Dòmhnall Aonghais Bhàin

Temptations and false opinions
Will cunningly deflect us,
Promising their jewelled palaces,
Each prize the size of a goldmine.

Though I've little smartness in my head
The glen can tell me plenty,
It can speedily reveal to me
That the grave will have its due.

History's in the empty houses
And an idea's to be pursued
For the translation of my tale
If it's read as it ought to be.

It's not in human competence
To send death to banishment;
Though we got the gift of our free will
Our life's conclusion is ordained.

Donald MacDonald