

***Còmhradh an Eilthirich  
ris an Stuaidh***

Ma ruigeas tu Eilean Uibhist  
Air do thuras troimhn a' chuan,  
Buailidh tu air cladach m' òige  
Far am b' eòlach bha mi uair.

Nuair a ruigeas tu an tràigh ann  
Bidh ghaineamh bhàn ri oir na tìr';  
Chì thu làrach mo dhà shàil ann  
Mur do dh'fhàilig iad ri tìm.

Nuair a bha mi òg 'nam shealgair  
Bu tric mi falbh air feadh nam bàgh;  
S pailt mo lorg air feadh nan garbhlach  
Far an dèan na calmain tàmh.

Ma bhuaileas tu aig Lag an t-Sàile  
Gum bi sàmhchair ort mun cuairt;  
Sann an sìochaint sìth Chnoc Hàllainn  
Tha mo chàirdean-sa 'nan suain.

Tha mo chàirdean 's mo luchd-eòlais  
Fo na fòidean ann a' cnàmh;  
Sann 'nam measg bu mhiann mo chòmhnaidh  
Nuair nì mi còmhdhail ris a' bhàs.

An t-eilean grianach rinn mi fhàgail,  
Thoir mìle fàilte dha le spéis;  
Is ann a dh'iarrainn a bhith tàmhachd  
Seach aon àite tha fon a' ghréin.

***Conversation between an  
Emigrant and a Wave***

If you reach the Isle of Uist  
On your journey through the sea,  
You will hit the shore of my boyhood  
Which I knew so well at one time.

When you reach the sea shore  
The white sand will be on the edge of the land;  
You will find there my footprints  
Unless they have failed through time.

When I was a young hunter  
I used to wander around the bays;  
My footsteps can be traced  
Where the dove makes his abode.

If you hit the Cavity of the Salt Water  
There will be silence all around;  
In the tranquillity of Hallan cemetery  
My relations sleep sound.

My friends and relations  
Are decaying under the turf;  
My desire is to be among them  
When my eyes close in death.

The sunny island which I left,  
Give it my welcome and love;  
Of all the places under the sun  
There's where I would like to stay.

Ged a thug mi ris mo chùlaibh  
Bidh mo dhùrachd ann gu bràch,  
'S bidh mo bheannachdan ga ionnsaigh  
Air an dùblachadh le bàidh.

Chi thu Éiseabhal nan stùcan  
Le cuid chùiltean agus chàrn;  
S tric a dealbh a' tighinn 'nam inntinn  
Bhon a dh'imrich mi thar sàl.

Chì thu 'n tìr a dh'àraich òg mi  
Sgèimhichte le cleòc as àill —  
Seagal, coirce agus eòrna  
'S gucag bhòidheach a' bhuntàt'.

S iomadh smuain a bhios gam dhealgadh  
'S mi fad air falbh bho eilean m' òig',  
Fad bho eilean gorm mo dhùthchais  
Far an lùiginn a bhith beò.

Thoir mo shoraidh do gach nàbaidh  
Rinn mi fhàgail as mo dhéidh —  
Gheibh iad ann an cop an t-sàile  
Aithris bhlàth bhon dùthaich chéin.

Although I left it behind me  
My goodwill is always there;  
My blessings will always reach towards it  
And they are doubled with love.

You will see Eiseabhal of the glens  
With its hollows and dales;  
Its image is always on my mind  
Since I moved across the sea.

You will see the land which reared me when young,  
Its green crop growing to harvest —  
Rye, oats and barley  
And the lovely bud on the potatoes.

Many a thought passes through my mind  
Far away from the land of my youth,  
Far from the land of my birth  
Where I always desire to be.

Take my blessings to my neighbours  
Whom I have left behind —  
They will receive in the foam of the ocean  
A warm remembrance from the foreign land.

*(author's translation)*

***Dòmhnall Aonghais Bhàin***

***Donald MacDonald***