

Éiseabhal Stùcach

Éiseabhal stùcach nan ùr-bhlàth 's nan cluan
'S nan aibhnichean siùbhlach 's an cùrsa gu cuan,
Nan gorm-ghlaicean flùrach tha ùrail 'nan snuadh —
'S tha 'n t-sòbhrag 's an cluaran a' fàs ann.

Bho s dual dha mo nàdar bhith tàthadh nan duan
'S a' sgrìobhadh na Gàidhlig gun àrdan gun uaill,
Gun sgaoil mi mo thàlant an-dràst' ort mun cuairt
'S gun inn's mi don t-sluagh mu d' chuid bhòidhchid.

Glinn air an còmhdach le còinneach 's le fraoch,
An t-sòbhrag 's an neòinean ag òradh nan raon,
A' chaora le h-òg-uain faighinn lòn air gach taobh
'S an smeòrach gu saor ri cuid ceòlraidh.

Sléibhtean bheir sòlas is sòighneas don t-sùil
Ri'm faicinn 'nan glòir anns an òg-mhadainn chiùin;
Nuair sgaoileas an ceò gheibh sinn eòlas as ùr
Air àilleachd gach flùir feadh na mòintich.

Mu bhruaichean do chaochain tha caoin-bhiolair uain',
Tha lì on nam ban sì th ann as rì omhaiche snuadh;
Tha sealbhag nam fiadh ann, 's an fhìor bharrag ruadh,
'S tha roid mar as dualach a' fàs ann.

Nuair dheàrrsas a' ghrian ort gur ciatach do ghnùis:
Gach glaic agus blianag cho fì or-ghlan fo dhriùchd,
Do chnuic is do réidhleìn 'nan éideadh gun smùr —
'S tha fiamh far do chrùin mar an t-òmar.

Craggy Easaval

Craggy Easaval of fresh blossoms and lawns
And fast-flowing rivers whose course is to the sea,
Of rich green flower-filled hollows which are fresh and bright in colour —
And the primrose and thistle are growing there.

Since it's in my very blood to be composing poems
And writing in Gaelic with no excess of pride,
I'll spread all my talents around you just now
And I'll inform the people of your beauty.

Glens that are covered in moss and in heather,
The primrose and daisy gilding the lawns,
The ewe with her young lambs are grazing on each side
And the thrush is making music in freedom.

Hills that give pleasure and joy to the eye
When seen in their glory in the young morning's calm;
When the mist lifts its curtain we'll renew our acquaintance
With the beauty of each flower in the moorland.

Round the banks of your streamlet is gentle green watercress,
Fairy flax is there with the loveliest hue;
Mountain sorrel is there, and the real yellow-horned poppy,
And bog-myrtle grows there as usual.

When the sun shines upon you your expression is lovely:
Every hollow and greensward so pure under dew,
Your hillocks and plains in their unblemished raiment —
And your crown has a sheen like amber.

Ged shéideadh an dùdlachd gu h-ùdlaidh bhon iar
Sa gheamhradh le buaireas a' ruagadh nan sì on,
Bidh sì ochaint is sàmhchair 'nad fhàs-sgorran ciar'
A' tàladh na h-eunlaith tha beò annt'.

Bidh 'n sneachd' anns an fhaoilteach ag aomadh mu d' bhàrr,
Bidh 'n t-sòbhrag mu d' alltain am Bealltainn na Màigh' —
Bidh cuairtean na bliadhna gad riaghladh gu bràth
Ged as crì on anns an làr do luchd-eòlais.

Dòmhnall Aonghais Bhàin

Should the breeze of the doldrums growl from the west
In winter with ferment expelling the storms,
The silence and peace in your lonely grey summits
Send the birds who nest there to sleep.

The snow in the wolftime will curl round your summit,
The primrose round your burns in the Beltane of May —
The annual cycles will rule you forever
Though your friends lie decayed in the ground.

Donald MacDonald