

## ***Éiseabhal***

A' dì readh suas ri Éiseabhal gum falbh gach éislean bhuam  
Is tillidh gach caomh-ghàirdeachas o m' òige dh'fhàs rium suas;  
Seargaidh mulad 's crì onaidh e a-mach o chrì och mo smuain —  
Toil-inntinn nì dhomh ùrachadh air feadh do stùc is bhruach.

Gad fhaicinn anns an tràth-mhadainn, gur h-àlainn do chuid stùc,  
Na h-eòin a' seinn gu bàlanta le tàlant na cruit-chiùil;  
Na blianagan as bòidhche air an còmhdach leis gach flùr —  
Am brù-chorcan 's am buaghallan 's am bualan ort mar chrùn.

Gum faic sinn eunlaith shònraichte am measg do chòisir-chiùil:  
Tha 'n uiseag is an smeòrach ann, tha lon-dubh seinn le sunnd;  
Tha crì onag-bhuidhe bhàidheil ann is fiamh as àill' bho gnùis,  
Tha curracag bhreac nan sléibhtean ann is éigh aic' os do chionn.

Bidh greadanaich san òg-mhadainn gu tric aig eòin nan speur,  
Bidh grinneachadh is ceòl aca nuair sheòlas iad air sgéith;  
Bidh grunnachadh san fhonn aca air feadh gach tom is geug  
Gu meiltreach air a loinnreachadh le loinneas a chuid fhéin.

Gur pailt a gheibhear lòghmhaireachd 'nad bhòidhchead is 'nad shnuadh,  
Fàsaidh fraoch Chlann Dòmhnail air do chòmhnardan mun cuairt;  
Tha 'n t-sòbhrag bhuidhe shì obhalta gu bràth nach dì obair snuadh  
A' fàs is dreach an òir oirre am measg do chòs is chluan.

Chì mi bhuam Loch Cheàrsanais a' deàrrsadh anns a' ghréin,  
Glaic Ruairidh agus Màrabhal 's na torran àlainn réidh  
Gu glaiseach, feurach, flùranach a' tairgsinn cliù nach géill —  
Gach aon dhiubh toirt dhomh fùiteachadh do chliù a chur air ghleus.

## ***Easaval***

When ascending Easaval all depression leaves me  
And all the sweet joy I took from my youth comes back;  
Sadness withers and fades from the edge of my thoughts —  
Peace of mind refreshes me throughout your peaks and slopes.

Seeing you early in the morning, lovely are your summits,  
The birds singing lustily with all the talent of the harp;  
The loveliest green patches covered with each flower —  
You've the heath-rush and ragwort and groundsel as your crown.

We'll see particular birds among your musical choir:  
The lark and the thrush are there, a blackbird merrily sings;  
An affectionate gold-crested wren is there with the loveliest colour on her face,  
The speckled lapwing of the hills is there calling out above you.

There's often early morning babble from the birds of the skies,  
Making gracenotes and melody as they glide upon the wing;  
They have places to land throughout each hillock and branch  
Which are gently lit up by a luminescence of their own.

Splendour's found in plenty in your beauty and your hue,  
The heather of Clan Donald grows on the plains around you;  
The delicate yellow primrose whose colour never fades  
Grows in golden magnificence amongst your nooks and lawns.

I see afar Loch Kearsinish shining in the sun,  
Glaic Ruairidh and Maraval and the lovely gentle hillocks  
Full of hollows, grass, and flowers and of unrivalled reputation —  
Every one of them coaxing me to sing about your fame.

Nach iomadh naidheachd mhì n-bheulach a dh'innseadh tu gun bhréig  
Nam b' urrainn dhuit am mì neachadh gu sì obhalt' ann an sgeul;  
Ach chruthaich Dia 'nad bhalbhan thu, 'nad ùrlainn bhalbh gun bheul —  
Mar sin cha d'inn's thu tuairisgeal air neach a ghluais fon ghréin.

***Dòmhnall Aonghais Bhàin***

How many polished anecdotes could you tell without a lie  
If you could only relate them calmly in a tale;  
But God made you without speech, a dumb mouthless figurehead —  
So you've never told a story of anyone who's ever moved.

***Donald MacDonald***