

Bàgh Hartabhagh

Ma bheir tachartas gu bràth
Thu don àit' seo air chuairt,
Chì thu seallaidhean le d' shùil
A bheir ùrachd dha d' smuain.

Chì thu monaidhean fo fhraoch
Fàs 'na chraobhagan uain'
'S chì thu blianagan as bòidhch'
Air an òradh le snuadh.

Chì thu tobraichean tha fàs
Agus làraichean fuar
A' toirt breithneachadh nach gann
Air an àm chaidh air ruaig.

Chì thu cuimhneachain gu leòr
'S gheibh thu eòlas as ùr —
Bidh na h-eachdraidhean gu léir
Tighinn cho réidh gu do shùil.

Chì thu buailtean a' chruidh-laoigh
Air gach taobh anns a' ghleann
A' toirt taisbean le'n cuid sgeul
Air na treun-fhir a bh' ann.

Chì thu cairidhean sa bhàgh,
Saothair làmhan bha cruaidh,
Seòltachd gu glacadh éisg
Dearbhadh ainbheirt an t-sluaigh.

Hartavagh Bay

If life ever happens to bring you
To this place on a visit,
You'll see sights with your eye
To stimulate your thoughts.

You'll see moors under heather
Growing in little green tree-shapes
While the loveliest of lawns
Are changed to gold in colour.

You'll see wells that are deserted
And the cold sites of houses
Providing evidence galore
Of a time that's gone by.

You'll see memories aplenty
And get knowledge that's new —
All histories will come
So neatly to your view.

You'll see the folds of the milk-cows
On each side of the glen
Giving witness by their stories
To the heroes that were there.

You'll see weirs in the bay,
Work of hands that was hard,
A device to catch fish
That shows people's plight.

Chì thu calmaig agus naoisg,
Cearcan-fraoich agus geòidh,
Gearradh-breac a' snàmh nan tonn
'S dreathan-donn feadh nan còs.

Chì thu iolaire nan spòg
'S fiamh an òir dhith san speur —
Sann an uaigneas bhios a tàmh
Shuas air àird Sgòrr an Fhéidh.

Maise nàdair air gach taobh,
Sì th is caoineas mun cuairt,
Sàmhchair àrsaidh gun fhiamh —
Raghadh iarratais sluaigh.

Dòmhnall Aonghais Bhàin

You'll see doves, you'll see snipe,
You'll see moorhens and geese,
The guillemot who swims the waves
And the wren who lives in holes.

You'll see the taloned eagle
Gleaming gold in the skies —
In isolation she dwells
Up high on Sgòrr an Fhéidh.

Nature's beauty on all sides,
Peace and gentleness all round,
Ancient silence without fear —
What people like the best.

Donald MacDonald