

## ***Cumha***

Nuair chaislich gaoth a' Chéitein bàrr nam flùran  
Bha aoibh is gaol is sùgradh ann an còmhradh,  
Bha briathran geallaidh caomhalachd ri'n éisteachd  
'S bha uaimeachd eadar eud is mullach dòchais.

Thig oiteag bhlàth thar bhàrr nan tonnan uaine  
A' dùsgadh smuaintean 's a toirt bruadar bèo dhuinn,  
A' dearbhadh dhuinn cho aithghearr 's a tha 'n ùine  
Bhon bha Faoilteach dùr toirt fùcadh treòir oirn.

Thug an Céitean dhuinn air ais na flùran  
'S thug e bhuainn an t-ùr-blàth 's robh 'bhòidhche;  
Aig ceithir deug a bhliadhachan de dh'ùine  
Gur duilich leam an ùir a bhith gad chòmhdach.

S duilich leam do chuailean dualach rì omhach  
A bhith ann an ionad anns nach cuir a' chìr air dòigh e;  
Nì mi dealbh na h-àilleachd anns an ùir dhiot  
Ged nach faca mi le m' shùilean anns an fheòil thu.

Dh'fhàg thu as do dhéidh an saoghal gruamach  
Nach robh aoigheil riut no suairc nuair bha thu bèo ann;  
Ghabh thu t' aiseag chun a' chala shàbhailt'  
Far 'm bi thu ann an càirdeas feachd na glòrach.

Bidh crònan tonnan iargail Lag an t-Sàile  
A' brosnachadh nan tàlaidh is nan ceòl-bhinn;  
Bidh rùin phàirtichte do chàirdean mun an uain'-chnoc  
'S bidh cuimhneachain bhios buan far 'n deach an òige.

## ***Lament***

When the winds of May rustled through the flowers  
There was courtesy and love in their conversation,  
There was mildness and mirth in the language  
Forming a boundary between jealousy and hope.

The fresh wind blowing from the ocean  
Awakening our thoughts and reviving our dreams,  
Brings home to us how short the space of time  
Since stubborn January showed its hatred.

The month of May brought back the flowers  
But it took away the fruitful blossom;  
At fourteen years of age  
It's sad that wood and sand are your garments.

It's sad that your beautiful curly hair  
Is in a state where the comb can't put it in order;  
I can picture your handsome features in the grave  
Although I never saw you in the flesh.

You left behind the gloomy world  
Which was not kind and meek to you when living;  
You made the journey to the safe harbour  
Where you will be in the company of heavenly angels.

The soft murmur of the ocean on the shoreline  
Will provide the music and the lullaby;  
The communicating of your relations will be around the green hillock  
And everlasting memory round the grave of the young.

Is iomadh madainn Chéitein a nì ùislinn  
Is gaoth a' caisleadh fhlùran a bhios òrail  
Air uachdar an t-seòmair chadail anns nach dùisg sinn  
Nuair chuireas làmhan chàich na bùird gar còmhdach.

***Dòmhnall Aonghais Bhàin***

Many are the May mornings in wantonness  
The wind will rustle the gilding flowers  
Over the apartment from which we shall not awaken  
When the hands of other people have put the boards on us as covering

*(author's translation)*

***Donald MacDonald***