

Cha Mhór tha ri Àireamh

Cha mhór tha ri àireamh dhe m' luchd eòlais san àite,
Tha iad shì os ann an t-Hàllann a' cnàmh fo na fòid;
Cha chluinn iad a' ghàirich aig tuinn Lag an t-Sàile
'S chan fhaic iad na crà-gheòidh a' snàmh anns an òb.

Sa mhadainn cha dùisg iad le aiteas no sùgradh
Fo ghlasan nach mùth ann an duirche nam bòrd;
Cha treabh iad a' bhuaile, chan àitich 's cha bhuaibh iad —
Thàinig deireadh an cuairt ann an cluaintean nam beò.

Cha téid iad gu sàile ri lì onadh no tràghadh,
Cha chuir iad gu bràch crann bàt' ann am bròig,
Cha cheangail 's chan fhuasgail iad ròpa na cruaidh-shnaidhm,
Chan iomair chun an fhuaraidh 's cha chruadhaich a seòl.

Bu chridheil am mànran nuair bhiodh iad mun cheàrdaich
A' deasbad mu chàirdeas 's mu ghnàthachd an òig',
Bhiodh Niall Mhurchaidh a' fàsgadh na builg gu làidir —
S iomadh coltair 's crann-arain chaidh a thàthadh le mheòir.

Sa gheamhradh gum b' éibhinn bhith triall don taigh-chéilidh
Far an cluinneamaid sgeul ris an éisteadh gach seòrs' —
Bhiodh snì omh agus càrdadh, bhiodh lì n ann ri'n càradh
'S bhiodh ìm agus càis' air a chàrnadh air bòrd.

Se bodaich bhiodh sunndach a' froiseadh 's a' sùisteadh,
Cha bhiodh gruaim air an gnùis, bha iad sùrdalach, beò;
Cha leigeadh iad mùigeachd bhith riaghladh an cùrsa
'S bhiodh balgam sa chùil ac' de shùgh blast' an eòrn'.

Not Many are Left

Not many are left of my friends in the district,
They're down in Hallin rotting under the sods;
They can't hear the roaring of waves in the Inlet
And can't see the shelduck swim in the creek.

Under unchanging locks in the dark of the coffin
They can't wake in the morning with joy or delight;
They can't till the field, they can't plough or harvest —
They've reached the end of their trip to the lawns of this life.

They can't go to sea at the fill or the ebb-tide,
They'll never put boat's mast into its shoe,
They can't fasten or loosen the tight-knotted rope,
They can't row to windward and her sail will not fill.

Bright was their banter round the door of the smithy
Discussing relationships and pranks from their youth,
Niall Mhurchaidh manfully squeezing the bellows —
Many coulters and ploughs were joined by his fingers.

It was pleasant in winter to go to the ceilidh-house
Where we'd hear a tale to which all sorts would listen —
There'd be spinning and carding, and nets to repair,
With butter and cheese heaped up on a table.

Old fellows were merry when threshing and flailing,
With no girn on their faces, energetic, alive;
They'd never let grumpiness rule their activities
And they'd have a drop tucked away of the best barley bree.

Bu tric a' gluasad a-mach feadh nan cruaidh-chnoc
Far am biodh iad a' ruamhar gu buannachd an lòn —
A' bristeadh, 's a' taomadh, is feamainn ga sgaoileadh,
Cha robh cobhair ri fhaotainn ach saothair nan dòrn.

Dh'fhalbh iad 's cha till iad gu bràch do na glinn seo,
Ann an suaimhneas na sì th tha iad sì nte fon fhòd;
Ged nach d' mheal iad cus saorsa 'nan cuairt anns an t-saoghal
Cha bhi cì sean cho daor dol troimh chaolais na Glòir.

Dòmhnall Aonghais Bhàin

Frequently walking out over the rocky hills
Where they'd be digging to grow themselves food —
Breaking soil, planting, and spreading the seaweed,
With no help to be had but the toil of their fists.

They've gone and will never return to these glens,
In the silence of peace they lie under the sod;
They enjoyed little freedom in their stay in the world
But tolls won't be so high going through Heaven's kyles.

Donald MacDonald