

Eilean Uibhist

Gur moch rinn mi dùsgadh san ùr-mhadainn cheòthair,
Bheir ceilearadh nan smeòrach dhomh ceòlraidh as ùr:
Bidh fonn air gach creutair ag éirigh le sòlas
An eilean gorm an eòrn' thug dhomh beòthadh bho thùs;
Uibhist ghorm nan stùcan 's nam machraichean flùrach,
Nam beanntanan rùnach air an crùnadh le fraoch,
Tìr àraich a' chluarain bhios gu bràth dhuinn 'na shuaitheas —
Gach àit' anns an gluais sinn bidh e fuaight' ruinn le gaol.

An t-eilean uain' bàidheil 's e cuartaicht' le sàile,
Bidh nuallan an làin anns na bàigh air gach taobh:
Tha 'n Cuan an-Iar mun cuairt air le gairge an uabhais,
Toirt bàirlinn tha cruaidh dhuinn nuair ghluaiseas a' ghaoth;
Toirt beairteas gu 'chòrsa, toirt feamainn do na cròicean,
Toirt pailteas de bheòshlaint is stòras is maoin —
Tha eunlaith a' tàmh ann, tha biadh do'n cuid àil ann,
Tha 'n t-seamrag as àille a' fàs air na raoin.

Gur h-inntinneach gluasad a-mach feadh nam buailtean,
A' coiseachd feadh na luachrach 's dol cuairt feadh an fhraoich,
A' dìreadh nan stùcan bheir inntinn is sunnd dhomh
'S gun dìobair gach cùram th' air cùlaibh mo smaoin;
Toirt beachd air gach àilleachd a th' air maise nàdair
A chruthaicheadh on àirde le làmh Rìgh nan Dùl —
Tha pailteas gach seòrsa an Uibhist ghorm an eòrna
A' fuadachadh bròin bhuam 'nam òige 's 'nam aois.

The Isle of Uist

It's early I awoke in the misty young morning,
For the warbling of the thrushes brings me music afresh:
All creatures hum with joy as they rise with gladness
In the blue-green isle of barley that gave me life from the start;
Blue-green Uist of the peaks and of the flower-covered machairlands,
The beloved mountains that are crowned with heather,
The land that nurtured the thistle that will always be our symbol —
Every place in which we walk is made a part of us by love.

The loving green island that's surrounded by brine,
The roar of the tide fills the bays on each side:
The Atlantic surrounds it with its appalling ferocity,
Giving us harsh warning when the wind begins to move;
Bringing wealth to its coast, and seaweed to the rocks,
Bringing plenty of livelihood and money and wealth —
Birds make their nests there, there's food for their brood there,
And the loveliest clover grows on the fields.

It's inspiring to walk out amongst the enclosures,
Strolling through rushes and walking through heather,
Climbing the summits that cheer and inspire me
Till all worries are banished from the back of my mind;
Viewing each kind of beauty that nature possesses
Made from above by the King of the Elements —
Blue-green Uist of barley has enough of each species
To dispel all my sadness in youth and old age.

Gur taitneach le m' inntinn m'a bhòidhchead bhith sgrìobhadh:

Tha dhealbh dhomh cho rìomhach 's a chì tear le sùil,
Ged s fhad' on bha d' àilleachd air fhilleadh am bàrdachd
Aig seanchaidhean 's luchd dhàn a tha cnàmh anns an ùir;
Am beagan th' air fhàgail a' leughadh maise nàdair
'S a dh'fhiosraich mar thà e 's mar bhà e o thùs,
Gur toil leinn bhith 'g innse mu eilean ar sinnsear
'Na laighe sa Chuan Sgìth 's do na linntean cha d' mhùth.

Nuair thig an cadal buan 's nach cuir mi feum air clusaig
'S a chàirear leis an t-sluagh mi san fhuar-leabaidh dhùint',
A' ghainmheach bhith mun cuairt dhomh 's am muran gorm mu m' uachdar
'S an duslach anns 'n do ghluais mi gam chuartaich' as ùr,
Mhiannaichinn bhith 'n càradh measg eòlach agus chàirdean
('S gur pailt iad ann a Hállann a' cnàmh anns an ùir)
Ann an eilean gorm mo shinnsear, mun d'rinn mi seo a sgrìobhadh
A théid a sheinn gu cinnteach le binn-bheul a' chiùil.

Dòmhnall Aonghais Bhàin

It pleases my mind to write of its loveliness:

To me its picture's as pretty as can be seen with the eye,
Though it's long since your charms were turned into poetry
By shennachies and poets who rot in the soil;
For the few who're left reading of natural beauty
And have known how things are and were from the start,
We love to be telling of our ancestors' island
Which lies in the Minch in defiance of change.

When it's time to sleep forever with no need for a pillow
And I'm placed by the people in the cold enclosed bed,
With sand all around me and blue-green bents above me
And the dust in which I came to life surrounding me once more,
I'd wish to be deposited with friends and relations
(And they're plentiful in Hallin decaying in the soil)
In my forebears' blue-green island, the subject of my writing
Which will certainly be sung by the sweet mouth of music.

Donald MacDonald