

Tìr nan Raon

Tìr nan raon 's nan glaisean uain',
Tìr nam bruach 's nam bealach
Far 'm bi na tuinn a' tighinn gu tràigh
'S far 'n dèan na crà-gheòidh fantainn.

A dh'ainneoin sneachda 's gaillinn fuair
Tha geamhradh gruamach seachad
'S tha earrach, ùrachd sunnd na h-òig',
Air tighinn le deòin gu'r cladach.

Nuair thig a' Bhealltainn oirnn mun cuairt
Bidh guth na cuaich 'sna gleannan
A' tighinn air sgéith á tìrean céin'
'S gun dèan i sgeul dhuinn aithris.

Bheir toit an fhraoich air ais ar n-òig'
Is iomadh spòrs bha tlachdmhor,
A' dèanamh falaisg feadh nam beann,
A' fuadach greann is airtneal.

Nuair a thig an t-Sultuin àigh
Gur àlainn bhios na seallaidh,
Bidh fraoch nam beann 'na uile ghlòir
Le iomadh seòrsa dhathan.

Bidh uaine 's purpur 'm measg a-chéil',
A' seudachadh 'nam maise
Mar bhogha-frois sa mhadainn thràth
A thig tro sgàil nam frasan.

The Land of the Fields

Land of the fields and the pale-green hollows,
Land of the passes and braes
Where the waves roll in upon the beaches
And the shelduck fly in to stay.

In spite of the snow and the chilly storm
Surly winter has now gone by
And spring, renewal of youthful joy,
Has come willingly to our shore.

When Beltane comes around to us
The cuckoo's heard in the valleys
As she comes on the wing from distant lands
In order to tell us her story.

The smoke of the heather brings back our youth
With its many pleasant diversions,
Making the muirburn around the hills,
Expelling glooms and depressions.

When glorious September comes
There are beautiful sights to see,
Mountain heather in all its glory
With many kinds of colours.

Pale green and purple intermingle,
Glistening in their beauty
Like an early morning rainbow
Emerging from a veil of showers.

Bidh smeòrach ghlais air cnuic a' seinn,
Tha aoibhneas 'na cuid caithreim;
Bidh seillean srianach triall le srann
Bho fhìr gu plann 'na dheannaibh.

Bidh fear na speal' air achadh buain,
Is sruth bho ghruaidh de dh'fhallas,
Bidh ceangladair gu trang 'na dhéidh
Cur sguab gu réidh sna bannan.

Bidh fear le sùist a' froiseadh dhias
'S an sìol gun téid a' bharrach;
Is ás a-sin chun an damh-sùirn
'S bhon t-sùirn chun an àth-bhracha.

Ma thig an t-saothair thoirt gu crìoch
Bidh iomadh nì ri tachairt —
Bidh am muileann is a' bhrà
Gu làidir cur nan car dhiubh.

Nuair théid a h-uile rud air dòigh
Bidh iomadh seòrs' am pailteas —
Biadh is aran air a' bhòrd
Is deur de stòr na bracha.

Dòmhnall Aonghais Bhàin

A grey thrush sings upon the hills,
There's joy in her exulting;
A striped bee travels with a buzz
From flower to plant in hurriedness.

The scyther's on the harvest field,
Sweat streaming down his cheek,
The binder's busy in his wake
Neatly tying up the sheaves.

A man beats ears of corn with a flail
Till the crop has turned into seed;
From there it goes to the oven joist
And from the oven to the malt-kiln.

If the work's brought to an end
Many things must happen —
The mill and the quern
Will be strongly turning.

When everything's in order
There'll be many kinds of plenty —
Food and bread upon the table
And a drop of malted produce.

Donald MacDonald