

## ***Mìosan na Bliadhna***

### AM FAOILTEACH

Stoirm is gailleann 's deilge shìontan,  
Frasan sneachda 's càblaid fhiadhaich,  
Reodh-ghaoth snaidheadh feadh nan crìochan,  
          Aimsir ùdlaidh;  
Aingealtachd air fiamh nan speuran,  
Splèachdach neòil air aodann gréine,  
Connspaid iargailleach ag éirigh  
          Air na dùilean;  
Mìos an fhaoiltich rinn a dhranndail,  
Toirt gu chrìch an ràidhe geamhraidh,  
Géilleachdainn do thìm 'na deann-ruith  
          Triall a chùrsa.

### AN GEARRAN

Aiteamh agus tuiltean dìle  
Dòrtadh oirnn a-nuas gun dìobradh,  
Aibhnichean a' ruith 'nan still  
          Gu iomadh sàile;  
Monmhair fhann aig tuinn nan cuantan  
Sluaisreadh ris na creagan cruaidh-chas  
Far 'n do shaothraich iad gun bhuannachd  
          Troimh na linntean;  
Truaghantachd a' lorg gach creutair,  
Deò na beath' air thuar an tréigsinn —  
Teachd-an-tìr cho gann dha'm feuman  
          Anns an sguabaig.

## ***The Months of the Year***

### JANUARY

Storm and tempest and skewer of hurricanes,  
Showers of snow and angry confusion,  
Icy wind carving its way through the land,  
          Surly weather;  
Wickedness in the skies' expression,  
Squinting are clouds on the face of the sun,  
Warlike dispute comes up to the surface  
          Of the elements;  
The month of the wolftime has given its snarl,  
Bringing an end to the winter quarter,  
Ceding to time in her frantic onrush  
          Its momentum.

### FEBRUARY

Along with thaw comes rain in torrents  
Pouring down on us unceasing,  
Rivers run in waterspouts  
          To many sea-lochs;  
The distant roar of ocean waves  
Lashing on the rocky cliffs  
Where they've toiled without avail  
          Down through the ages;  
Wretchedness seeks out each creature,  
The vital spark has all but left them —  
Their food's inadequate for their needs  
          In the sweeper.

## AM MÀRT

Mì os an-ìochdar, greannach, ascaoin,  
Trògbhoil gamhlais teann dha daonnan —  
Tàsanachd gun truas ri daoine  
    No ri creutair;  
Miadhalachd na sàmhchair sì ochaint  
Cha robh fasgadh dhaibh m'a chrìochan  
    'Na chuid sheòmar;  
Séideadh balg le garbhachd tuasaid  
Cur an céill nan euchdan truailidh  
Dearbhadh g'eil an claidheamh cruadhach  
    Teann 'na chrògan,  
Toirt am follais dhuinn le daors'  
    Gur mì os a' Mhàirt e.

## A' GHIBLIN

Caochladh tì de 's sì neadh soillse,  
Soinneantachd is sì th an aoibhnis,  
Tilgeadh òglaidheachd neo-choibhneil  
    Tharna uthard;  
Monmhair bhinn aig uillt nam beanntan  
Ruith gu réidh troimh àilean greannmhor  
Caisleadh morghain agus gainmheach  
    Thar nam mulan;  
A' churracag bhreac thug bàrr le bòidhche  
Air gach eun thug plaosg gu beothaich  
    No gu eirte  
Neadachadh air feadh an fheòir  
    'S tighinn beò le dì cheall.

## MARCH

Month that's surly, merciless, and harsh,  
Malicious grumbling never far from it —  
Fretting with no sympathy to men  
    Or to creature;  
Respectability of peace and quiet  
Found no shelter round its bounds  
    In its chambers;  
Bellows blowing with violent tumult  
Representing the corrupted deeds  
To prove it holds the sword of steel  
    Tight in its fists,  
Making it clear to us with dearth  
    That it is March.

## APRIL

Change of weather and longer light,  
Mildness and the peace of joy,  
Casting unkind ugliness  
    Away on high;  
Mountain streams' melodious murmuring  
Running gently through lovely meadow  
Stirring up the sand and gravel  
    Over shingle;  
The speckled lapwing who beats for beauty  
Any bird that has brought shell to life  
    Or to fulfilment  
Builds her nest amongst the grass  
    And works hard to live.

## AM MÀIGH

Mì os an aoibhnis is an oirchis  
Air bheil ainm na maighdinn shònraichte  
Air bheil bunaitean mo dhòchais  
    Air an stéidheadh;  
Ionaltradh aig buar is caoirich  
Criomadh feòir measg bhòidhche raointean  
    Agus réidhlean;  
Laoigh is uain a' falbh 'nan deann-ruith  
A' cluich cho saor am braon an t-samhraidh,  
A' bhanachag le ceuman uallach  
Dol a bhleoghainn a' chruidh ghuaillfhinn  
    Chun na h-àirigh.

## AN T-ÒGMHIOS

Grian na glòir-réim anns na speuran,  
Dòrtadh oirnn a blàths gu'r feuman —  
Ì ocshlaint do a h-uile creutair  
    A tha gluasad;  
Speachantachd air tighinn san eunlaith  
Cumail nàimhdean far a crìochan  
Gus an àl a thoirt gu tèarainte  
    Gu eirte;  
Clann ag atharrais guth na cuaiche  
Le cruit-chiùil air feadh nam bruachan  
Toirt a ceòlraidh nall thar chuan  
    Gu treòrach inntinn;  
Seillean ruadh a' saothair sunndach  
Deoghal mil á uchd nam flùran —  
Bruailleanachd a' dol air dìochuimhn'  
Ann am blàths an Ògmhios chiataich  
    Thug dhuinn sùgradh.

## MAY

Month of happiness and kindness  
That bears the special virgin's name  
On which my optimism's foundations  
    Are established;  
Grazing for cattle and for sheep  
Which nibble grass amongst the beauties  
    Of fields and plains;  
Calves and lambs are dashing madly  
Playing so free in summer's dew,  
The milkmaid with her haughty steps  
Going to milk white-shouldered cattle  
    On the shieling.

## JUNE

The sun rules gloriously in the skies,  
Pouring her warmth on us for our needs —  
Medicine for every creature  
    That is moving;  
Waspishness in birds' behaviour  
Keeping enemies off their bounds  
So that they can safely bring  
    Their brood to strength;  
Children mimic the voice of the cuckoo  
Who with her lyre around the braes  
Has brought her music across the sea  
    To inspire the mind;  
Yellow bumble-bee cheerfully toiling  
To suck the honey from bosoms of flowers —  
Melancholy thoughts are being forgotten  
In the warmth of beautiful June  
    That's given us joy.

## AN T-IUCHAR

Feur gu àilgheas cruiddh is chaorach  
Fàs air achaidhean is caolshrath,  
Am buachaille gun uail no gaoid  
    Ag iomain tàine;  
Gucag-bhàitht' nam bileag uaine  
Fàs am measg na cuilc cho snuadhmhòr —  
Sann le dānadas a bhuainear  
    I bho frì th-bhac;  
Uiseagan gu h-àrd sna speuran  
Le'n cuid luinneagan gan gleusadh,  
Meadhrachais am measg a-chéile  
    Cho sgèimh uallach;  
Toradh buaile pailt ri fhaotainn,  
Cuachan làn de bhainne daonnan  
    Gu ar càileachd;  
Maise nàdair loinneil fhùrach  
Air a measgadh ann an ùr-fhàs  
A' cur sealladh thar na dùthcha  
    A tha bòidheach,  
Dealt a' priobadh oirnn cho caoin  
    Am measg nan ròsan.

## JULY

Grass to the taste of cows and sheep  
Growing upon fields and narrow strath,  
The herdboys unspoiled and unblemished  
    Driving cattle;  
The water-lily with its pale green leaves  
Growing amongst the elegant reeds —  
It takes audacity to pluck  
    Her from her barb;  
Larks on high up in the skies  
Busy practising their ditties,  
Frolicking amongst each other  
    So fair and proud;  
Yield of cowfold in abundance,  
Cups at all times full of milk  
    To satisfy us;  
Nature's rampant flowering beauty  
Mixed together with growth that's new  
Making the countryside appear  
    Quite beautiful,  
With dew that gently winks at us  
    Amongst the roses.

## AN LÙNASTAL

Abaichead a' tighinn san arbhar,  
Diasan eòrn' a' fàs gu tairbhe  
Fear na tuatha;  
A h-uile creutair a tha gluasad  
A' fàilteachadh na gartmhoir' suairce  
A chaidh a bhuileachadh an làn-mhoir' —  
Taitneadh tiodhlaic diadhachd ghràs-mhoir;  
Speuran soilleir gun fiamh orr'  
Saor bho pheileasaich nan sì-ontan,  
Làithean sona, sì-theil, soir-meil  
Saor bho aingealtachd is foireigneachd:  
Fonn is aoibhneas feadh nan cluaintean,  
Sunnd is gean 'nar leum 's 'nar gluasad.

## AN T-SULTUINE

Meadhoin foghair drip na buana  
Tional bàrr tha abaich cnuasmhor,  
Deisealachd air son nan cruachan  
Air a gearrd bho ghéire tuath-ghaoith':  
Iodhlannan a' sealltainn saoi-bhir  
Le pailteas co-roinn chruidd laoigh is ghamhnan;  
Frionas bheag sa ghaoith on eara-dheas  
Ag aithris caochladh tighinn san aimsir —  
Neòil a' falach bh-uainn na reultan,  
Gealach sealgair anns na speuran  
Dearbhadh gu bheil spòrs taigh-céilidh  
Teannadh dlùth dhuinn.

## AUGUST

Ripeness comes upon the oats,  
While ears of barley grow to meet  
The landsman's needs;  
Every creature that's astir  
Welcomes the kind munificence  
That's been liberally bestowed —  
The pleasure of the gift of a gracious deity;  
Clear skies without a trace of gloom  
Free from the pestering of storms,  
Happy, peaceful, harmonious days  
Free from wickedness and violence:  
Delight and cheer throughout the fields,  
Content and joy in our spring and our walk.

## SEPTEMBER

Haste of reaping in mid-autumn  
Gathering crop that's ripe and fruitful,  
The preparations for the cornstacks  
Guarded from the north wind's sting:  
Cornyards looking well-endowed  
With plenty to share for milk cows and stirks;  
A little snarl in the south-east wind  
Reveals a change to come in the weather —  
The stars concealed from us by clouds,  
While in the skies the hunter's moon  
Proves that ceilidh-house entertainment  
Is coming near us.

## AN DÀMHAIR

Seargadh a' tighinn anns na blàthan,  
Gach lus is flùr a' call an àilleachd,  
An dath purpaidh bòidheach greannmhor  
A dh'fhàg cho loinneil fraoch nam beanntan  
A-nis a' call a dhreach bha snuadhmhor  
Ann an osag na gaoith' tuatha;  
Cuid dhen aimsir ciatach tì orail  
'S cuid dhith coirbt' a' maoidheadh dì oghail —  
Feasgar foghair triall 'na ghluasad  
Mar ruidhleadh clach ri beinn nan uain'-ghleann.

## AN T-SAMHAIN

Srann clach-mheallain tighinn bhon iarmailt',  
Sneachda 's clàmhainn 's aimsir fhiadhaich,  
Buirbeachd na gaoith' an iar-thuath  
Séideadh làidir;  
Tuinn na mara teachd gu còrsa  
A' dol 'nan still air feadh nan cròicean;  
Sad na fairge sealltainn strì theil  
'S air am bàrran marcachd-shì ne,  
An cuan air a mhaistreadh measg a-chéile —  
'S a dh'ainneoin a' bhirlinn a bhith làidir  
Tha crann-siùil a' lùbadh ri ùmhlachd sàraich'.

## OCTOBER

Withering comes upon the blooms,  
Each herb and flower is drained of beauty,  
The neat and lovely purple hue  
That left the heather of the hills so pretty  
Now loses its colourful appearance  
In the gust of the northerly breeze;  
Some of the weather is lovely and dry  
And some of it perversely threatens vengeance —  
The autumn evening goes in its momentum  
As a stone would roll down a hill of green glens.

## NOVEMBER

A rattle of hailstones comes from the sky,  
Snow and sleet and boisterous weather,  
The wildness of a north-westerly wind  
Blowing strongly;  
The waves of the ocean come in to the shore  
Whipped into spouts around weed-covered rocks;  
The breaking wavetops appear aggressive  
With spindrift running along their tips,  
The sea's being churned and is all in confusion —  
And despite the birlinn being sturdily built  
Her mast bows humbly to the oppressor.

## AN DÙBHLACHD

A dh'ainneoin dranndail 's fead na docair  
Tighinn bhon eara-dheas coirbte dòbhaidh,  
Tha Dùbhlachd ùdlaidh a' toirt àbhachd  
Is sunnd is gean air gnùis nam pàistean,  
An cridheachan air mhir le sòlas  
A' feitheamh bodach mór na còiread  
A' tighinn troimhn t-similear gu falachaidh —  
'S air a h-aon cha dèan e dearmad;  
Sluagh a' cruinneachadh ann an càirdeas  
A' toirt moladh dhan Dia as àirde  
A thug maitheanas is saorsainn  
Is sì th is sèimhe do shluagh an t-saoghail.

***Dòmhnall Aonghais Bhàin***

## DECEMBER

For all the troublesome growling and whistling  
Coming from the south-east vicious and unruly,  
Gloomy December brings with it merriment  
And happiness and cheer to children's faces,  
Their hearts going into spasms of delight  
As they wait for the big old man of kindness  
Coming secretly through the chimney —  
And never a child will he ever forget;  
People gather together in friendship  
Giving praise to God in the highest  
Who brought forgiveness and redemption  
And peace and serenity to all mankind.

***Donald MacDonald***