

Seann Taigh-Solais Chalbhaigh

Mì le beannachd dhut, a charaid,
Tighinn gu carraig air nach eòl thu,
'S ma tha amaideas 'nad ghiùlain
Cuiridh ùine sin air fògair;
Ma nì thu seasamh ann ceud bliadhna
Nì thu liathadh mar as còir dhut,
Is nochdaidh tonnan a' Chuain Sgì th dhut
Nach ann gun strì gheibh thu do bheòshlaint.

Ged a tha thu òg is làidir
'S mòran chàirdean air do chùlaibh,
S iomadh oidhche 's là thig éiginn
Nuair bhios séideadh air na dùilean,
Nuair a chopas tuinn na mara
Tighinn 'nan steallan geala tùillich —
Cuimhnichidh tu orm an uair sin
'S air gach cruas a bha 'nam dhùnach.

S iomadh oidhche ghruamach geamhraidh
Thug mi gealltainn agus dòchas
Do mharaiche nan tonnan uaine
Bhiodh air bhàrr a' chuain a' seòladh;
An uair a shéideadh i bhon iar-dheas
Le frasan dì orrais air bheag tròcair,
S tric a rinn mo sholas iùil dhaibh
'S e toirt an cùrsaireachd gu òrdagh.

The Old Lighthouse of Calvay

A thousand welcomes, my friend,
Coming to unfamiliar landing-rock,
And if there's daftness in your manner
Time will soon put paid to that;
If you stand a hundred years on it
You'll go grey as you ought to,
And the Minch's waves will show you
You won't earn your living easily.

Though you're young and resilient
With many relatives behind you,
There'll be many nights and days of crisis
When the elements start blowing,
When the waves break into foam
And come in white spouts of spindrift —
You will think of me then
And of all the strength in my fortress.

On many surly winter nights
I gave promise, I gave hope
To the mariner of pale green waves
Who'd be sailing the high seas;
When it blew sou'westerly
With angry showers of little mercy,
My light so often guided them
And corrected their course.

Na dì ochuimhnich a' ghruagach
Air a bheil an cuailean òrbhuidh':
S tric a smaointean is a bruadar
Air na tonnan uaine cròiceach;
S tric bhios iomchoir' 'na gluasad
Nuair thig séideadh cruaidh bho Aeòlas —
Se dh'fhàg 'na h-aonar anns an uair i
Gun tug i luaidh do dh'fhear an t-seòlaidh.

B' eòlach mi air luchd an iasgaich,
Bha iad riamh an-seo 'nam nàbachd:
B' eòlach mi air Ragnall mac Iagain
'S am bàta brèagh' aige, *Naomh Pàdraig*;
Nuair nochdadh i far Rubh' na h-Òrdaig
Si bha bòidheach air an t-sàile —
Chan fhaca mi ré mo shaoghail
Dol tro chaolas té cho àlainn.

Bha mi eòlach air na daoine' ud,
Bhiodh iad daonnan tighinn 'nam chàirdeas:
S duilich leam a bhith smaointinn
Nach fhaic a h-aon aca mi fàgail;
Rinn am feasgar aca ciaradh,
Chaidh an grian-san sì os air fàire —
Tha iad ann an suain nan sì orraidh
Is tuinn a' Chuain an-Iar gan tàladh.

Don't forget the girl
With the golden head of hair:
Often are her thoughts and dreams
On the foaming pale-green waves;
There's frequent anger in her step
When a blast comes from Æolus —
What's now left her on her own
Is giving love to a sailor.

The fishermen, it's well I knew them,
They were always here around me:
Ragnall mac Iagain, well I knew him
And his fine boat, the *St Patrick*;
When she'd appear off Rubh' na h-Òrdaig
She was beautiful on the ocean —
I've never seen in all my life
A boat as fine going through narrows.

Those men, it's well I knew them,
They would always come to see me:
It's hard for me to understand
That none of them will see me leave;
Dusk has fallen on them all,
Their sun's gone down on the horizon —
They've gone to their eternal rest
With Atlantic waves crooning them.

Chunnaic mi tric a' falbh iad,
Gillean calma, smiorail, làidir,
Maighdeannan is mnathan òg'
A' dol air fògradh thar an t-sàile;
S mi bhiodh muladach gan ionndrainn
Agus tùrsach gun do dh'fhàg iad —
'S bha mi ann a-seo nuair thill iad
Ged, mo chreach, nach d'thìll ach pàirt dhiubh.

Nam biodh m' eachdraidh air a h-innse
Ann am mìneachadh clò-bhualaidh,
Bhiodh luchd aithris agus sgrìobhadh
Ann an iomartais a buannachd:
Tha mi ùine mhór san t-saoghal
'S chan ann aotrom bhios mo chnuasachd —
Tha mo chomasan cho àraid,
Dh'ionnsaich farpaisean a' chuain mi.

Chunnaic mi ri ruith nam bliadhna
Iomadh iorghaill agus còmhrag,
Dh'fhiosraich mi dà Chog' an t-Saoghail
'S anns gach aon dhiubh ghabh mi cò-phàirt;
Chaidh mo dhleasnais a dhearbhadh,
Cha robh cearbaiche 'nam dhòighean —
Chan eil ailisean ri'm fàgail
No ri'n càrnadh aig mo chòmhlaidh.

I've so often seen them go,
Brave lads, strong and substantial,
Girls and young married women
Going to exile overseas;
I was sad because I missed them
And depressed that they had left —
And I was here when they returned
Though only some, alas, came back.

Should the story of my life be told
In some printed publication,
Historians and other writers
Would greatly benefit from it:
I'm a long time in the world
And my reflections won't be light —
My powers are so particular,
I've been tried by ocean conflicts.

I have seen through the years
Many contests and struggles,
I've experienced the two World Wars
And taken part in each of them;
My duties I've performed
With no sloppiness of method —
No reproaches remain
Or lie stacked up at my door.

Mì le beannachd le gach caraid
Bha cho daingeann air mo chùlaibh,
Gu h-àraid Lachlainn Mór MacCoinnich,
Fear cho sgoinneil 's tha san dùthaich:
Bha e math dhomh 'n réis nam bliadhna
Ann an tèarainteachd is cùram —
Guma fada fallain slàn e
Tighinn don àite seo gad ionnsaigh.

Ach a-nis bhon thàinig caochladh
Nì mi saod air a bhith gluasad,
Fhuair mi airgead na h-aoise
'S tha mo shaors' air a buannachd;
Théid mi cuairt am measg nan còmhlan
'S fàiltichidh mi le deòin is suairc' iad —
'S cha lorg iad aineolas 'nam chòmhradh
Ged a ruiginn bòrd nan uaislean!

Dòmhnall Aonghais Bhàin

A thousand farewells to each friend
Who was so staunch behind me,
Especially Big Lachlan MacKenzie,
As fine a man as any in the land:
He was good to me through all those years
In security and care —
May he long keep his health and strength
To come here and visit you.

But now since change has come
I'll get ready and go,
I have the old age pension
And my freedom is won;
I'll go and mingle with the crowd
And greet them gladly and politely —
Nor will they find my talk ignorant
Should I even reach the top people's table!

Donald MacDonald