

### ***An t-Eun Fuadain***

Chan i seo an dùthaich dha'n dùthchas dhut bhith tàmh:  
Chuir stoirm is gailleann faoilteach thu air faondradh thar an t-sàil;  
Dh'fhàg thu cridhe brùit' againn thu dhol a-null cho tràth  
A dh'ainneoin ar cuid cungaisich, cha d' chum sinn thu bhon bhàs.

Tha itean bòidheach ciatach ort cho dubh ri fiamh na teàrr  
Is broilleach mar an sneachda bhios 'na stac air feadh nan càrn;  
Tha spògan beaga rì omhach ort cho mì n ri canach blàir  
Is dhearbhadh iad dha mo shùilean gum bu dùthchas dhut bhith snàmh.

Rinn mi uaigh bhòidheach dhut bho fhòirneart air do dhìon  
Is rinn mi ùrnaigh shoisgealach, oir toil leam ceòl nan ian;  
Nuair thig an latha sònraichte chaidh òrdachadh le Dia,  
Bidh thusa snàmh gu sòlasach air bòc-thuinn a' Chuain Siar.

***Dòmhnall Aonghais Bhàin***

### ***The Stray Bird***

This is not the country where it's in your blood to stay:  
Storm and wolftime gale have sent you off your ocean's course;  
You've left us broken-hearted that you passed away so soon  
Despite all our attempts to help, we failed to keep you from death.

You have fine and splendid feathers as black in hue as tar  
And a breast like the snow that piles up on rock-strewn slopes;  
You have lovely little talons as smooth as cotton in the marsh  
And they have proven to my eyes that swimming's in your blood.

I've made a lovely grave for you to save you from attack  
And I've said a prayer from the gospel, for I love the music of birds;  
When it comes to that special day which God has ordained,  
You'll be swimming happily on the great Atlantic waves.

***Donald MacDonald***