

Cha Till an Òige

Tillidh, tillidh am muir-làn
Tacan beag as déidh muir-tràigh:
Lì onar leis air ais na bàigh,
Ach gu bràch cha till an òig'.
Tillidh, tillidh am muir-làn.

Tillidh earrach grianach blàth,
Théid an sì ol a chur san ùir,
Ceòl na cubhaig' feadh nan stùc
Mar as dùthchas san t-seann nòs.
Tillidh, tillidh am muir-làn.

Tillidh samhradh ruinn le sunnd
'S bidh na machraichean fo bhàrr —
Coirce 's eòrna mar as àill
'S gucag a' bhuntàt' as bòidhch'.
Tillidh, tillidh am muir-làn.

Tillidh foghar ruinn mun cuairt,
Bidh luchd fearainn trang a' buain,
Fear na speal' le buille chruaidh
Toirt nan dias a-nuas 'nan dlòth.
Tillidh, tillidh am muir-làn.

Tillidh geamhradh mar as dual
Le chuid sneachda 's gaoth a-tuath,
Na h-eich bhàn' air bhàrr a' chuain
Tighinn le nuallan chun a' chòrs.
Tillidh, tillidh am muir-làn.

Youth will not Return

High tide will return, return,
A short while after ebbing:
It will fill the bays again,
But never will our youth return.
High tide will return, return.

Warm sunny spring will return,
The seed will be sown in the soil,
The cuckoo'll sing among the crags
As is normal in old verse.
High tide will return, return.

Summer will return with cheer
And crops will grow in machairlands —
Oats and barley as desired
And the loveliest potato bloom.
High tide will return, return.

Harvest will come back around,
Country people busy reaping,
The scyther with a mighty stroke
Bringing down the ears in sheaves.
High tide will return, return.

Winter will come back as always
With its northerlies and snow,
White horses on the ocean's crest
Roaring in towards the shore.
High tide will return, return.

Eachdraidh sgrìobhadair bho chian,
Tha e dearbht' gu bheil i fi or —
Leis a-sin bidh sinne triall
 Tarsainn crìochan gleann nan deòir.
Tillidh, tillidh am muir-làn.

Bhon as coigrich sinn air chuairt
Tha sinn cinnteach às ar duais:
Léine anairt 's bòrdan cruaidh
 'S dol air uachdar sin bidh 'm fòd.
Tillidh, tillidh am muir-làn.

Gheibh sinn sàmhchair anns an uaigh,
Sìochaint sìth na dachaigh bhuain
Gus an séid an trombaid shuas
 Air son ar gluasad chun a' mhòid.
Tillidh, tillidh am muir-làn.

Tillidh, tillidh am muir-làn
Tacan beag as déidh muir-tràigh:
Lìonar leis air ais na bàigh,
 Ach gu bràch cha till an òig'.
Tillidh, tillidh am muir-làn.

Dòmhnall Aonghais Bhàin

History written long ago,
It's proven to be true —
Thus it is that we'll travel
 Over the bounds of the valley of tears.
High tide will return, return.

Since we're strangers on a tour
We can be sure of our reward:
Linen shroud and wooden boards
 With sods of turf upon the top.
High tide will return, return.

We'll find silence in the grave,
Peaceful rest of home forever
Till the trumpet sounds on high
 To summon us to judgement.
High tide will return, return.

High tide will return, return,
A short while after ebbing:
It will fill the bays again,
 But never will our youth return.
High tide will return, return.

Donald MacDonald