

## Bùth Dhòmhnail 'Ic Leòid

E horo Chaluim mhòir, thugainn còmh' rium gu dràm  
Null gu Bùth Dhòmhnail 'Ic Leòid, 's gheibh sinn stopan de leann,  
'S nuair a bhios sinn ga òl 's math a chòrdas sinn ann,  
Bidh ar n-inntinn air ceòl 's cha bhith òrain oirnn gann  
Ann am Bùth Dhòmhnail 'Ic Leòid.

Bidh an seòmar cho blàth, bidh an t-àite cho brèagha,  
Air an ùrlar for bonn dathan donn, dubh is liath,  
Chì thu putan beag bàn air am fàisg thu do mheur  
'S thig fear-freasgairt mun cuairt 's na bheil bhuat a chur sìos  
Air do bheulaibh air bòrd.

Dhe gach seòrs a thèid òl, bidh gu leòr fo do shùil,  
Fear a lionadh nan stop sa cur cròic air an leann,  
Chì thu fion thig on Spàinn oirr' air fhàgail co-dhiù  
'S chì thu eun ann an cèids' shuas gu h-àrd os do chionn,  
Ann am Bùth Dhòmhnail 'Ic Leòid.

Chì thu togsaidean bhuat, bidh iad suas air an ceann,  
Chì thu goc às gach tè, leth na rèiseadh o bonn,  
Fear tha freasgairt na bùth tighinn gad ionnsaigh le dràm,  
'S 'heir e an t-airgead a-null 's 'heir e mùthadh a-nall  
Ann am Bùth Dhòmhnail 'Ic leòid.

Chì thu disnean is tàileasg gan càradh air bùird,  
'S chì thu staidhre dol sìos, àit' bhios riatanach dhuinn  
Gheibh thu pàipear ri leughadh le speuclair dhad shùil,  
Bidh gach nì mar is còir eadar Dòmhnall 'sa bhùth  
Ann am Bùth Dhòmhnail 'Ic Leòid.

Gheibh thu searbhadair shìos, gheibh thu siabann is bùrn,  
'S los gum falmhaich thu mhias, tog a' chiochag na grùnd,  
Chì thu sgàthan is cìr 's rud a shliobas a-nunn,  
'S their e loinn air do cheann ged bhiodh sgall air gu chùl  
Ann am Bùth Dhòmhnail 'Ic Leòid.

Ann am Bùth Dhòmhnail 'Ic Leòid bidh gach seòrs innte cruinn  
Thig o thaobh Abhainn Chluaidh 's cuid tha nuas às na glinn,  
Bidh a' chàbraid cho cruaidh ann an cluasan do chinn  
'S ged bhiodh bàrd ris gach gualainn dhìot is fuaim ac' air seinn  
Ann am Bùth Dhòmhnail 'Ic Leòid.

“Cuir a-nuas leth tè chruaidh,” thuirt fear shuas mun cheann àrd  
“Glainne fion,” thuirt fear shìos air bheil fìor choltas ceàird,

“Happy day, come away,” labhair tè reamhar bhàn  
A bha bhlàth air a sròin gun do thòisich i tràth  
Dhol a Bhùth Dhòmhnail ‘Ic Leòid.

Chì thu deòraideach ruadh agus spuaic air a’ mhaol  
Dèidh bhith dòmhach gu Luan glaiste suas aig na maoir  
Dh’fhalbh e ‘s dh’òl e an tè chruaidh ‘s ghabh an truaghan an caoch  
‘S chuir e eòlas an uairsin g’ eil smuais anns gach braon,  
Th’ ann am Bùth Dhòmhnail ‘Ic Leòid.

Nì sinn cinnteach mum falbh sinn à balgam no dhà  
Thig à Ìle thar fairge air bheil dealbh an Eich Bhàin  
Toradh brìgheil an arbhair as ainmeile gràn  
Cha bhi Rìoghachd na h-Alba neo-shealbhadh gu bràth  
Fhad ‘s a dh’fhàsas innt eòrn’.

Ach fhuair mi airgead an-dè ‘s bha e feumail ‘san àm,  
Ruith an t-ainmhidh a rèis ‘s fhuair e ‘r èiginn a cheann,  
Chur air thùs air a chòrr: bhuidhinn Dòmhnall an geall  
‘S mi cho beartach ri Lord, thugainn còmhla rium teann,  
sguir a chnuasachd do phòc.

## **Donald MacLeod's Shop**

E horo big Calum, come with me for a dram  
Over to Donald MacLeod's Shop, and we'll get a swig of beer,  
And while we'll be drinking we'll have an enjoyable time,  
Our mind will be on music, and there'll be no shortage of songs  
In Donald MacLeod's Shop.

The room will be so warm, it will be so beautiful  
On the floor beneath us will be colours brown, black an blue,  
You will see a small white button and when you press it,  
A waiter will come round and will give you your lot  
On the table in front of you.

Of all that can be drunk, there'll be plenty within your view,  
One filling the pipes and putting a head on the beer,  
You'll see wine from Spain having been left anyway  
And you'll see a bird in a cage high up above you,  
In Donald MacLeod's Shop.

You'll see barrels, they'll be standing on their ends,  
You'll see a tap from each one, half way down,  
The man who works in the shop come towards you with a dram  
And he'll take the money and give the change  
In Donald MacLeod's Shop.

You'll see dice and draughts being played on tables,  
You'll see stairs going down, a place that will be necessary  
You'll get a paper to read with a glass for your eye,  
Everything will be as it should between Donald and his shop  
In Donald MacLeod's Shop.

You'll get a towel below, you'll get soap and water  
And so that you empty the basin, turn it upside down,  
You'll see a mirror and comb, and something that will lubricate it,  
And it'll bring elegance to your head even if you were bald all over  
In Donald MacLeod's Shop.

“Send down a dram of the hard stuff,” said someone from the top end  
“A glass of wine,” said a a man who looks like a tinker,  
“Happy day, come away,” said a fat blonde  
Who had the nose of someone who had started going early  
To Donald MacLeod’s Shop.

You’ll see a brown-haired thu deòraideach ruadh agus spuaic air a’ mhaol  
Having been Sunday to Monday locked away by the constables  
He dranl the hard stuff and the poor soul went mad  
And he found out then that every drop of liquid has power,  
That’s in Donald MacLeod’s Shop.

We’ll make sure before we go of a sip or two  
That comes across the sea from Islay with a picture of a White Horse  
The rich harvest of the corn with the most famous grain  
Tha Kingdom of Scotland will never be poor  
As long as barley grows in it.

But I got money yesterday and it was useful at the time,  
The animal ran it’s race, and got it’s head ahead and no more,  
Chur air thùs air a’ chòrr: Donald won the bet  
And I’m as rich as a Lord, come with me,  
stop searching your pocket.

## Tilleadh Dhachaigh

O chì mi bhuam far an d' fhuair mi m' àrach,  
'S mi 'n seo air bòrd sa Lochmor air sàile;  
O chì mi bhuam e thar gual'a' bhàta  
'S a cùrsa tuath gu tìr uain' a' chrà-gheòidh.

O chì mi bhuam eilean uain' an eòrna –  
'S e suid mar bha e nuair dh' fhàg sinn òg e,  
Nuair chuir sinn suas deise ruadh na  
còmhraig  
'S a thog an t-Arm sinn an ainm Rìgh Seòras.

O chì mi bhuam iad, na fuar-bheann àrda,  
Ag èirigh suas às a' chuan ron bhàta:  
Heacal chòir 's a' Bheinn Mhòr gu h-àraid,  
Ach èiridh m' inntinn nuair chì mi t-Hàrsal.

Èiridh m' inntinn le aoidh 's le sòlas  
Nuair chì mi màireach tràigh bhàn na Cròice,  
Far 'n tric a ruaig mi gu h-uallach gòrach,  
'S mo chrìdh 'is m' inntinn fo shìth na h-  
òige.

Chì mi 'n srùladh air grunn na tràigh ann,  
Na h-eòin ag iadhadh mu bheul a' làin ann;  
Sgeir nan Crùbag is cùl nan Gearr-sgeir –  
Bu tric mi uair ann a' buain nam bàirneach.

Ged 's bòidheach ùrar gach dùthaich Eòrpach  
Le tràighean ciùin far an diùrrais beò-thuinn,  
Thoir dhòmhsa nuallan nan stuagh a' bòilich  
Le stoirm bhon iar ann am beul na Cròice.

Bu lionmhor làrach a dh' àg mo bhrògan  
Bho chùl na Fràing gu coill' na h-Òlaind,  
Ach chum e m' inntinn bho ìsle bròn dhomh  
Bhith tric a' brудар air cuan na Cròice.

O chì mi bhuam far an d' fhuair mi m' àrach,  
'S mi 'n seo air bòrd sa Lochmor air sàile;  
O chì mi bhuam e thar gual'a' bhàta  
'S a cùrsa tuath gu tìr uain' a' chrà-gheòidh.

## Coming Home

Oh, I see yonder the land of my youth,  
And I here on board the Lochmor at sea;  
I see it yonder over the ship's bow  
As she steers north to the green land of  
shelduck.

I see yonder the green isle of the barley,  
Just as it when young we left it,  
When we donned the khaki uniform,  
Conscripted in King George's name.

I see them yonder – high cold bens,  
Rising from the sea before the ship,  
Noble Hecla and Ben More especially,  
But my spirits will lift when I see Haarsal.

My spirits will lift with joy and happiness  
When I see tomorrow the Cròic's white sand,  
Where oft I romped foolish and carefree,  
Childhood's peace in my heart and mind.

I'll see breakers on the sandy beach,  
Birds hovering at the edge of the tide,  
The Crab Rock and back of the Gearr-sgeir  
Where oft I once collected limpets.

Though European countries be fresh and fair  
With sheltered beaches of whispering waves,  
Give me the roar of blustering breakers  
With a westerly storm in the mouth of the  
Cròic.

My boots have left many a print  
From the Channel to the woods of Holland,  
But it saved my mind from the deep depression  
That I dreamed so often of the sea of the Cròic.

Oh, I see yonder the land of my youth,  
From here on board the Lochmor at sea;  
I see it yonder over the ship's bow  
As she steers north to the green land of  
shelduck.

'Ille dhuinn, on dh'fhàg thu mise,  
'Ille dhuinn, on dh'fhàg thu mi,  
'Ille dhuinn, on rinn thu m' fhàgail,  
Soiridh slàn leat, ghràidh mo chridh'.

Còig bliadhn' deug a dh'aois a bha thu  
A' chiad uair a dh'fhàg thu mi,  
'S e mo chridhe-sa fhuair fhàsgadh,  
'S neònach nach do dh'fhàs mi liath.

Gur muladach a rinn thu m' fhàgail,  
Gur muladach a dh'fhàg thu mi,  
Tha mi 'n-diugh am freastal Màiri,  
Dhan t-seachdnar a dh'àraich mi.

'S iomadh màthair tha fo smalan,  
Agus leannan tha gu tinn,  
Bhon latha sheòl am Metagama,  
Leis na balaich às an tìr.

'S iomadh oidhche 's càch nan cadal,  
Aig an teine 's mi leam fhìn,  
Chluinninn fuaim do chois tigh'nn dhachaidh  
'S bhiodh tu gabhail duanag ghrinn

Cha do chreid mi riamh an fhìrinn,  
'S tu ga h-innse dhomh le cinnt',  
Gus do shìn thu, ghaoil, do làmh dhomh,  
"Seo, a mhàthair, beannachd leibh."

'S ann nam sheasamh aig an doras,  
Bha mi coimhead às do dhèidh,  
Seachad Ruaidheabhal nan gearrach,  
Anns a' charbad aig Maclean.

Thug thu m' aire far a' chadail,  
Ged rachainn dhan leabaidh sgìth,  
Thug thu m' aire far mo chàirdean,  
Thug far clann mo mhàthar fhìn.

Nuair a thèid mi chun a' chladaich,  
Is a chì mi 'n Cuan an Iar,  
Bàrr air tha cho geal ri faoileig,  
Saoil a bheil mo ghaol-sa tinn.

Cha chluinn mi do ghuth, a Dhòmhnail,  
Beul nan òran bha leam binn,

Brown-haired lad, since you left me  
Brown-haired lad since you left me  
Brown-haired lad, since you left,  
A fond farewell, love of my heart.

You were fifteen years old  
The first time you left me  
My heart was squeezed  
It was strange that I didn't go grey.

You left me sad  
You left me sad  
I am now  
Of the seven that I reared.

Many a mother is melancholy  
And a beloved who is ill  
Since the day the Metagama sailed  
With the lads from the land

Many a night with the rest asleep  
By the fire, by myself  
I would hear the sound of your step coming  
home  
And you'd be singing a nice ditty.

I never believed the truth  
And you telling it me with certainty  
Till, my darling, you stretched out your  
hand  
"Here, mother, farewell thee"

I was standing at the door,  
Looking at you (as you left)  
Past Ruaidheabhal  
In MacLean's vehicle

You took my mind of the sleep  
Though I would be tired going to bed  
You took my mind of my relatives  
From the children of my own mother

When I go to the shore  
And I see the Atlantic Ocean  
Crests as white as seagulls  
I wonder if my beloved is ill.

Ach ag èisteachd eòin an adhair,  
'S guil na h-eala air Loch Bì.

I can't hear your voice, Donald,  
The singer of songs that were so melodious  
But listening to the birds of the sky  
And the sound of the swans on Loch Bì.

### Uibhist nan Tràigh Leathann Rèidh

E horo tha min dùil ri bhith tilleadh  
E horo tha min dùil ri bhith triall  
Null do dh'Uibhist nan àrd bheanntan  
corrach  
'S na machraichean ruith chun an iar.

Annas a' mhadainn 'n àm èirigh na grèine  
'S i gu beusach cur solas don òb  
'S leam a b' èibhinn bhith 'g èisteachd a  
gheumnaich  
Aig laoigh bheag 's iad a' cleasachd mun  
chrò.

Gur gile do thràighean nan sneachda  
No bainne, no canach an t-slèibh  
'S binne còmhradh na h-òigridh nad  
ghleannan  
Na smeòraich gu ceòlmhor a' seinn.

Tha mo mhiann mar am fiadh anns a'  
mhonadh  
Air an fhuaran lath' teth ris a' ghrèin  
Bhith dol sìos taobh an iar eilean Uibhist  
'S e mo chreach gun do dh'fhàg mi e riamh.

Ach mas dàn dhomh bhith slàn agus  
maireann  
Nuair thig fàillig le aois air mo cheum  
Thèid mi thàmh far 'n deach m' àrach nam  
leanabh

### Uist of the Wide Even Shores

E horo I expect to return  
E horo I expect to journey  
Across to Uist of the high rugged bens  
And the machairs out to the west.

In the morning, at sunrise  
Gently lighting the bay  
I loved listening to the lowing  
Of the young calves playing by the fold.

Your beaches are whiter than snow  
Or milk, or bog-cotton  
Sweet is the conversation of the youth in the  
glens  
More so even than the song of the larks.

My desire is like that of the deer on the moor  
By the stream on a hot day with the sun  
To be going down the west side of Uist  
My ruination was that I ever left.

But if I healthy and spared  
When my step fails due to age  
I will go where I was raised as a child  
To beautiful Uist of the wide, even shores

A dh'Ùibhist àlainn nan tràigh leathann  
rèidh.

Le Alasdair Mac 'Ill Fhialain

### **Gruagach Òg an Fhuilte bhàin**

Gruagach òg an fhuilte bhàin  
Éist ri bàrdachd mo bhilean  
Thoir dhomh gealladh thar chàich  
'S air do sgàth nì mi tilleadh  
Ged 's iomadh tè san robh m' ùigh  
Anns gach dùthaich is cinneadh  
O nach aontaich thu leam  
'S mi bhiodh sunndach gad shireadh

Ged theireadh do chàirdean  
Gur tràth thug min gealladh  
Do ghruagach òg an fhuilte bhàin  
A chaidh àrach am Barraigh  
'S iomadh fear anns gach àit'  
Rinn a nàdur a mhealladh  
Cò bheir maorach à tràigh  
Nuair tha 'n làn air tighinn thairis?

'S truagh nach robh mi mar eun  
Ite sgiathan gun ghiorradh  
'S mi gun siùbhladh san iarmailt  
'S mi nach iarradh gu tilleadh  
Bu mhòr m' aighear 's mo shunnd  
Togail cùrs' thar gach linne  
'S nuair a dhealaicheadh tu rium  
Bhiodh mo shùilean a' sileadh

Cha do rugadh an òigh  
Bhon a thòisich an cruinne  
Bha cho ceanalt' na dòigh,  
'S bha an còrr ort an grinneas  
'S bòidheche sealladh do shùil,  
'S d' anail chùbhraidh ro mhilis –  
Gura h-àill thu na flùr

### **Young fair-haired maiden**

Young fair-haired maid  
Listen to my poem  
Give me a promise forsaking all others  
And I will do the same for you  
Although there were many women in my  
affections  
In every land and clan  
Oh won't you yield to me  
And I would be happy to fulfill your  
desires

Although your relatives warned  
That I gave my promise too young  
To the fair-haired maid  
Who was brought up in Barra  
Many men in every place  
Tried to entice her  
Who would gather shellfish from the shore  
When the tide comes in?

If only I were like a bird  
With unclipped wings and feathers  
Travelling through the skies  
Not wanting to return without you  
How happy and peaceful I would be  
Making my way across the sea  
And when you would give me your  
promise  
My tears would flow

Since the world began,  
There has not been born a maiden  
Who was so kind in her manner  
And who matched you in elegance  
The look in your eye is most beautiful  
And your fragrant breath is very sweet  
You are more beautiful than a flower



A laigh driùchd air a dhuilleach

And it's petals bedewed

Chuir mi m' ùidh na do bhòidhchead  
'S bha do chòmhradh leam taitneach  
Do dhà ghruaidh mar an ròs  
Anns gach dòigh bha thu tlachdmhor  
Is mi nach iarradh leat stòr  
Nam faighinn còir ort le ceartas –  
Tha mo ghaol ort cho mòr  
'S nach eil dòigh aig air seacadh

I was attracted by your beauty  
And your conversation was pleasing to me  
Your cheeks were like roses  
And in every way you were attractive  
I would not ask for a dowry to marry you  
If I were to marry you on merit  
My love for you is so great  
That there is no way that it could wither.

Chaidh do chliù chur an dàn  
'S tha do chànan aig filidh  
Chaidh do thogail is d' àrach  
Ann am fàsaichean Uibhist  
'S e gaol carraig nan àl  
Leanas nàdar an duine  
'S tu mo reul fad gach làtha  
'S bidh mo ghràdh far an suidh thu

Your praises have been sung in song  
And the poets speak your language  
You were born and reared  
In the wilderness of Uist  
It is the yearning for a strong tie  
That grips man's nature  
And you are my star throughout every day  
And my love will be wherever you shine

Bheir mo shoraidh gu bràth air a mhàthair  
a ghin thu  
'S a thug dhut bainne blàth  
A thug fàs ort an grinneas  
'S ged a gheibhinn de dh'òr  
Na tha 'n stòras na cruinne  
Bhiodh mo chrìdh ort an tòir,  
Ged bhiodh tu pòsta ri millean!

Extend my eternal respects  
To the mother who begat you  
And who gave you milk from the breast  
Which made you grow in elegance.  
And even if I were to get all the gold  
That stored in the universe,  
My heart would still seek you out,  
Even if you were married to a million  
men.

Ged a gheibhinn dhomh fhìn  
A h-uile nì a th' air talamh  
Agus tusa bhith gam dhìth  
Gu dè bhithinns' ach falamh?  
'S gus an tèid mi dhan chill  
Air mo shìneadh san anart,  
Tha mi 'n geall air bhith tinn

Even if I were to get for my own  
Everything that there is on earth,  
I would still be empty handed  
If I did not have you.  
And till I go to the cemetery,  
Laid out in a shroud,  
It is my fate to be in decline

'S cha dean lighich mi fallain.

And no physician can make me healthy.

**Ceud Fàilt air gach Gleann**

Ceud fàilt' air gach gleann  
'S air na beanntannan mòr  
'S iad a chuimhnich dhomh 'n t-àm  
Ghabh mi sannt air bhith beò  
Nuair a bha mi ri fonn  
Còmh' ri clann 's iad ri spòrs  
Mu bhruaichean nan allt  
'S iad nan deann bho gach lòn

Nuair a dh'èireadh a' ghrian  
Bha i riaghladh gach stòr  
A' toirt fàs air an t-sìol  
'S dh'fhàg siud fiachan aic' oirnn  
Is gach creutair bhiodh fann  
Feadh nam beann airson loin  
Anns an òg-mhadainn shamhraidh  
'S an driuchd feadh an fheòir

B' e mo mhiann a bhith 'n uairsin  
A' fuadach na sprèidh  
Gu na lèantraichean luachrach  
Airson buannachd dhaibh fhèin  
Mi ri biathadh an àil  
Nach robh 'n làrach an treud  
Leis an fhìor bhainne bhlàth  
Gus am fàsadh iad treun

'S iomadh creag agus càrn

**A hundred greetings to each glen**

A hundred greetings to each glen  
And to the great mountains  
They reminded me of the time  
That I first wanted to live  
When I used to enjoy myself  
Along with the other children as we played  
About the banks of the streams  
Which were rushing from each pool

When the sun rose it would control  
Each source of wealth  
Causing the seed to grow  
And that put us in debt  
And every hunger-weakened creature  
Would search the hills  
For food in the summer dawn  
With dew covering the grass

At that time  
I loved to drive the cattle  
To the rush-covered pastures  
That they might benefit themselves  
I used to feed the young ones  
Which were not following the herd  
With the freshest of milk  
That they might grow strong

Many's the rock and the stone-pile

'S iomadh gàrradh is bruaich  
Aig 'n do shìn mi ri sgàth  
A h-uile là bhithinn fuar  
'S ged bu lionmhor mo chàirdean  
Bha pàirt dhiubh gun truas  
'S an tè shaothraich rim thàladh  
A' cnàmh anns an uaigh

B' òg a chreach am bàs mi  
Aig aois a dhà no trì  
Cha b' urrainn dhomh bhith dàna  
'N lùib mo chàirdean airson sìth  
Nuair thugadh bhuam mo mhàthair  
An uair sin dh'fhàgadh mi  
Mar neach air thuar bhith bàthte  
Nach b' urrainn snàmh gu tìr

Nuair a bhuannaich mi aois,  
Bha mi saor bho gach bròn  
Na companaich a thaobhainn  
Gach aon bhiodh le sgòd  
B' e an dùil bhith na b' fheàrr  
Nuair a dh'fhàsadh iad mòr  
Cha bu lèir dhuinn an tàire  
Bha aig càch gar toirt beò

Ghabhainn comhairle gach aon  
'S dh'fhàg siud faoin mi nam dhòigh  
'S mi falbh mar a dh'fhaodainn  
Tro shaoghal nam beò  
Chuir mi ùidh anns gach sìon  
A bhiodh a' riarachadh m' fheòil  
'S cha robh càs a bh' ann riamh

Many's the dyke and the bank  
Against whose shelter I lay down  
Every day that I felt the cold  
Although my relations were numerous  
Some of them had no pity at all  
While she who had struggled to rear me  
Was wasting away in the grave

Death bereaved me when I was very young  
At two or three years of age  
I dared not look for solace  
Amongst my relations  
When my mother  
Was taken away from me  
I was left like someone who was on the point of  
drowning  
And was incapable of swimming ashore

When I became somewhat older  
I was free from all sorrow  
I would choose for my companions  
All those who did not behave properly  
It was their intention to conduct themselves better  
When they would grow up  
We didn't bother to take account of the difficulties  
That others had in bringing us up.

I took the advice of everyone  
And that caused me to behave foolishly  
I wandered as best I could  
Through the land of the living  
I took active interest in everything  
That satisfied my flesh  
There wasn't a peril in existence

<p>Nach robh triall air mo thòir</p> <p>'S cluinnidh mise daonnan Aig daoine nach eil òg Gur lèir dhaibh mar tha 'n saoghal A' caochladh cho mòr 'S gur e fìor dhuine dall Bhiodh a' samhachadh stòir Ri beatha chlann nan daoine Nach fhaod fuireach beò</p> <p>Ach seo cuimhneachan dom chàirdean An là bheir mi suas 'S don mhuinntir nì mi fhàgail Anns an fhàsaich air chuairt Bidh bàrdachd Chlann Dòmhnail Na ceòl aig an t-sluagh Là nach cluinn sibh mo chòmhradh Is mo chòmhnaidh san uaigh</p>	<p>That wasn't in close pursuit of me</p> <p>I always hear people Who are no longer young Remarking on how obvious it is to them That the world is rapidly changing And that only the blindest of men Would put wealth before the life Of the children of men Who are not permitted to stay alive</p> <p>But the day I die I leave this as a memorial For my relations and friends And I bequeath it to the people on their sojourn in the desert The poetry of Clan Donald Will be sung by the people When my speech is no longer to be heard And my abode is the grave</p>
<p><b>Òran Eile air Uibhist</b></p> <p>Ged nach seas mi measg nam bard As fheàrr th' anns an Roinn Eòrpa, Gu bheil mo theanga tric a' snàmh Le tàlantan na còrachd. Ma shaoileas sibh g' eil mi nam bhàrd Cho geur 's tha tàthadh òrain, Bidh siud gun bhrìgh dhomh fhìn 's do chàch Cha d' fhuair mi làmh air stòras.</p> <p>Nuair thid mo shìneadh air na buird 'S an dùil nach fhaicear beò mi Na ruisg gun tarraing air mo shùil 'S gan cumail dùint' fon òrdaig, Mo theanga phuinnseanta gun lùths 'S gun ribheid chiùil nam sgòrnan Bidh fuil mo chuislean 's i air sùghadh 'S na fèithean crùbte còmhlà.</p> <p>Tha siud dhomh cinnteach luath no mall, Tha 'n uair ro àm seo òrdaicht' B' e miann a' chridhe tha nam chom Gun togainn fonn air òran,</p>	<p><b>Another Song About Uist</b></p> <p>Despite the fact I have no standing Amongst the best poets in Europe, my tongue, nevertheless, often flows with natural ability. If you think that I am as ingenious poet as any who ever puts a song into shape, that will be of no benefit to myself or others, since I never did have the influence that wealth brings.</p> <p>When I am laid out on the boards and am not expected to be seen alive again and when the lids are drawn over my eyes and kept closed under the thumb, when my venomous tongue is without strength and I no longer have a melodious reed in my throat, the blood in my veins will have dried up and my sinews will have bent and twisted together.</p> <p>Sooner or later that end is certain for me, the time is ordained even now – the desire of the heart in my breast is that I put a song to music</p>

Toirt teist nach gann air tìr nam beann  
'S an sluagh a th' ann a' còmhnaidh  
Cha dèan mi miodal ris a' Ghall,  
Nach aithnicheadh sàmhla bòidhcheid.

Do bheanntan àrda 's àille dreach,  
Gu feurach, fasnach, còmhdach  
'S tha d' aibhnichean a' triall gu bras  
Len cliathaich chas an còmhnaidh;  
Far am faight' a' bhàrag 's i ri cladh  
Gu sèimh a-staigh fon chòinnich,  
Fo sgàil an fhraoich tighinn o gach taobh,  
Toirt a beatha saor bhon dòbhran.

An seilean breac a' tàmh fon sgeap  
Gu dian a' pasgadh stòrais,  
Cha chaill e neart ri àm an t-sneachd'  
'S gach flùr ann seacta reòhte;  
Gun dìth air bith 's e snàmh sa mhil  
'S a' chìr air chrith a' còpadh,  
Gu socair, sàmhach feitheamh blàiths  
Gu falbh feadh blàr nan neòinean.

Far 'm faigh gach eun a rèir a mhiann  
'S gach treubh a thriallas còmh' leis,  
Sa mhadainn mhoich gun èirich grian  
A' seinn gu fialaidh, ceòlmhor;  
Bidh 'n coileach-coille 's a chearc-fhraoich,  
Bu tèom' iad naosg 's an smeòrach;  
'S bidh chuthag fhèin 's a guth air ghleus  
Bho thìrean cèin air seòladh.

O Uibhist chùbhraidh, 's minig a dhùisg  
Thu rann is rùn nam dhòchas  
Chan eagal dhòmhsa 'n cath no càs  
Bheir thusa sàr mo lòn dhomh;  
Ged a thug mi riut mo chùl  
Chan fhaic mo shùil nas bòidhche,  
'S nuair thig an cadal orm nach dùisg  
Bidh mi nad ghrunnd a' còmhnaidh.

Far 'm pailt an t-im 's an gruth 's an càis'

which will give abundant evidence in favour of the  
land of hills  
and of the poet dwelling there  
I will not flatter the mainlander  
Who would recognise an image of beauty.

Your high hills are of most beautiful appearance;  
they are grassy, sheltered and protective;  
and down your steep slopes continually rush rivers  
where the spawning grilse can be found  
calmly hidden under the overhanging moss  
and under the shade of the heather  
growing over from each bank,  
as it escapes the danger of the otter

The speckled bee dwells under the hive  
busily stowing away provisions-  
it will not weaken when snows come  
and every flower is withered and frozen;  
it lacks for nothing, having an abundance of honey in  
the comb that overflows when it quivers;  
quietly and calmly it waits for the warmth in order to  
go  
once again about the fields where the flowers abound

Where every bird will find all it needs  
and so will it's companions,  
singing liberally and melodiously in the early morning  
before the sun rises;  
there is a woodcock and moorhen  
and the thrush and snipe there are nimble;  
and the cuckoo, with its voice well tuned,  
which has travelled from distant lands, is to be found  
there.

O fragrant Uist, you have often awakened my desire  
to compose verses;  
I have nothing to fear from difficulty or distress  
Because you will provide me with the best of food  
Although I have gone away from you  
My eye will never behold a more beautiful place  
And when I am overcome by that sleep from which I  
will never waken up  
My dwelling will be in your soil.

It is there that crowdie, cheese and butter are plentiful

'S am bainne blàth ri òl ann  
Tha glan gun smùr à ùth na bà,  
'S an t-uachdar snàmh na chròic air;  
Ma shearg do shnuadh, gum faigh thu dreach  
'S thèid aodach ceart gad chòmhdach  
'S bidh spàl le dual gu luath na glaic  
Is fuaim aig beart nan clòithean.

Ach crìochnaichidh mi nis mo dhàn  
Dhan tìr a dh'àraich òg mi  
'S bidh cuimhne air fad air iomadh là  
Aig càirdean is luchd-eòlais.  
Ach 's fheudar dealachadh, a rùin,  
Bha sinn fo thùs cho còrdte  
Is feumaidh mise dhol dhan ùir  
Air sàillibh ubh'l mo sgòrnain.

And where there is always fresh milk to drink  
Which is clean and dust free, straight from the udder  
of a cow  
And heaped on top with cream;  
If your physical appearance has deteriorated  
It will be renewed and decent clothes will cover you  
And the shuttle will move rapidly and naturally in it's  
channel  
To the sound of the tweed-making loom.

But I will now conclude my song  
To the land which reared me as a child  
And for many a day it will be remembered  
By relations and acquaintances.  
But it is necessary to depart dear one,  
Although we have been so agreeable together from the  
very beginning  
And I have to take my place in the soil  
On account of my Adam's apple.