

An Eala Bhàn

Gur duilich leam mar tha mi
'S mo chridhe 'n sàs aig bròn
Bhon an uair a dh'fhàg mi
Beanntan ard a' cheò
Gleanntannan a' mhànrain
Nan loch, nam bàgh 's nan sròim
'S an eala bhàn tha tàmh orra
Gach là air 'm bheil mi 'n tòir.

A Mhagaidh na bi tùrsach
A rùin, ged gheibhinn bàs-
Cò am fear am measg an t-sluaigh
A mhaireas buan gu bràth?
Chan eil sinn uile ach air chuairt
Mar dhìthein buaile fàs
Bheir siantannan na bliadhna sìos
'S nach tog a' ghrian an àird.

Tha 'n talamh lèir mun cuairt dhìom
'Na mheallan suas 's na neòil;
Aig na 'shells a' bualadh -
Cha lèir dhomh bhuam le ceò:
Gun chlaisneachd aig mo chluasan
Le fuaim a' ghuanna mhòir;
Ach ged tha 'n uair seo cruaidh orm
Tha mo smuaintean air NicLeòid.

Mas e 's gu bheil e 'n dàn dhomh
on bhlàr gun till mi beò
Is gu faic mi 'n t-àite
san deach ar n-àrach òg
Bidh sinne 's crathadh làmh againn
is bilean blàth toirt phòg
'S mo ghealltanais bidh pàighte dhut
le fainne chur mud mheòir.

Oidhche mhath leat fhèin, a rùin
Nad leabaidh chùbhraidh bhlàth;
Cadail samhach air a chùl
's do dhùsgadh sunndach slàn
Tha mise 'n seo san truinnside fhuair
's nam chluasan fuaim a' bhàis
Gun dùil ri faighinn às le buaidh -
Tha 'n cuan cho buan ri shnàmh.

Sad I consider my condition
With my heart engaged with sorrow
From the very time that I left
The high bens of the mist
The little glens of dalliance
Of the lochs, the bays and the forelands
And the white swan dwelling there
Whom I daily pursue.

Maggie, don't be sad
Love, if I should die -
Who among men
Endures eternally?
We are all only on a journey
Like flowers in the deserted cattle fold
That the year's elements will bring down
And that the sun cannot raise.

All the ground around me
Is like hail in the heavens;
With the shells exploding -
I am blinded by smoke:
My ears are deafened
By the roar of the cannon;
But though this time is hard on me,
My thoughts are on the girl MacLeod.

If it is fated to me
That from the battle I should return safe,
And see the place
Where we were nurtured young
We'll shake hands
And warm lips shall kiss
And my promise be fulfilled to you
With a ring put round your finger.

Goodnight to you, love
In your warm, sweet-smelling bed;
May you have peaceful sleep and
May you waken healthy and in good spirits
I am here in the cold trench
With the clamour of death in my ears
With no hope of returning victorious-
The ocean is too wide to swim.

Lyrics: Dòmhnall Ruadh Chorùna