

## Òran na Cloiche

A' Chlach a bha mo sheanmhair  
'S mo sheanair oirre seachas,  
Air tilleadh mar a dh'fhalbh i  
ghalghad a' Chlach  
'S gur coma leam i 'n Cerrara  
An Calasraid no 'n Calbhaigh  
Cho fad' 's a tha i 'n Albainn  
Nan garbhlaichean cas

*The Stone that my grandmother  
And grandfather used to talk about  
Has returned as it left  
My brave Stone  
And I don't care whether it's in Kerrera  
Callendar or Calvay  
As long as it's in  
Steep, rugged Scotland*

'S i u ro bha ho ro hilli um bo ha  
Hilli um bo ruaig thu i hilli um bo ha  
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Ga cur an àite tearmainn  
A chumas i gu falachaidh  
'S nach urrainn iad, nach dearg iad  
Air sgealb dhith thoirt às  
A' Chlach a chaidh a dhìth oirnn  
Air faighinn às an ìnean  
'S gu deimhinne, ma thill i  
Tha 'n nì sin gu math

*To be put in a place of refuge  
Which will conceal it safely  
So that they can't, they won't manage to  
Remove a single fragment of it  
The Stone that was lost to us  
Prised from their grasp  
And certainly, if it has returned  
That's a very good thing*

Mionnan air fear deàrnaidh  
Gach màthair is mac  
Nach leig sinn ann an gàbhadh  
Am fear a thug à sàs i  
'S a mhiontraig air a teàrnadh  
À àite gum tlachd  
Ma chuireas iad an làmh air  
Chan fhuilear dhuinn bhith làidir  
Is buill' thoirt air a thàilleabh  
Le stàilinn a-mach

*Let us swear by our hand  
Each and every one of us  
That we will allow nothing to endanger  
The man who unloosed it  
And dared to rescue it  
From an unpleasant place  
If they lay hands on him  
We'll need to be strong  
And strike a blow for him  
Using steel*

Bha 'm Ministear cho tùrsach  
Sa mhadainn nuair a dhùisg e  
'S praban air a shùilean  
A' tionndadh amach  
E coiseachd feadh an ùrlair  
Ag ochanaich 's ag ùrnaigh  
'S a' coimhead air a' chùil  
Anns an d' ionndrainn e Chlach

*The Minister was so sorrowful  
When he woke that morning  
His eyes bleary  
As he turned out  
Walking the floor  
Sighing and praying  
And looking at the nook  
Where he'd found the Stone missing*

Sin far robh an stàireachd  
'S an ruith air feadh an làir ann  
Gun smid aige ri ràidhtinn  
Ach "Càit 'n deach a' Chlach?  
'S a Mhoire, Mhoire, Mhàthair  
Gu dè nì mise màireach  
Tha fios a'm gum bi bhànrainn  
A' fàgail a beachd"

Gun tuirt e 's dath a' bhàis air  
"Cha chreidinn-sa gu bràth e  
Gu togadh fear bho làr i  
Nach b' àirde na speach  
Tha rudeigin an dàn dhomh  
'S gun cuidicheadh an tÀgh mi  
Bha' n duine thug à sàs i  
Cho làidir ri each"

*There was much pacing  
And running 'round the floor  
And all he could say was  
"Where did the Stone go?"  
And, "By the Holy Mother  
What will I do tomorrow  
I know the Queen  
Will be beside herself"*

*Said he, looking deathly pale  
"I'd never have believed  
It could have been raised from the floor  
By someone no bigger than a wasp  
Something is to happen to me  
And Heaven help me  
The man who unloosed it  
Must be as strong as a horse"*

*Music & Lyrics: Dòmhnall Ruadh Mac an t-Saoir*