

Cumha Chailein Ghlinn
Iubhair

*Smaointean truagh th' air m'
aigne
Dh' fhàg orm smuairnean is
airsneal,
An àm gluasad dom leabaidh
Cha chadal ach dùisg;
Tha mo ghruaidhean air
seacadh,
Gun dìon uair air mo
rasgaibh,
Mu 'n sgeul a chualas on
Apainn
A ghluais a' chaismeachd ud
dhùinn :*

*Fear Ghlinn Iubhair a dhìth
oirnn
Le puthar luchd-mìoruin;
Mo sgeul dubhach r' a
innseadh
Thu bhith ad shìneadh san
ùir;
'S truagh gach duine de d'
dhìlsein
On a chuaidh do chorp prìseil
An ciste chumhainn chaoil
dìonaich
Is ann 'n lìonanart ùr.*

*B' e sin an corp àlainn
Nuair bha thu roimhe seo 'd
shlàinte
Gun chion cumachd no fàs ort
Gu foinneamh dàicheil deas
ùr;
Suairce foisinneach fàilteach
Uasal iriosal bàidheil
Coibhneil cinneadail càirdeil
Gun chron r' a ràit' air a chùl.*

Lament for Colin of
Glenure

Doleful thoughts that weigh
on my spirit
Have left me in gloom and
dejection;
Not sleep but wakefulness
cometh
When I move to bed;
My cheeks are grown wizened,
Mine eyes not dry for a
moment,
Because of the news heard
from Appin,
Which roused us in such
alarm:

We are bereaved of Glenure
By spiteful men's violence;
A mournful tale mine is to tell
That thou art stretched in the
mould.
Wretched is each of thy
kinsfolk
Since thy dear body entered
The cramped, narrow, close-
jointed coffin
And the new linen shroud.

That was the beautiful body
When though wast in thy
pristine vigour,
In form and growth not
defective,
Handsome stalwart, trim,
hale;
Though wast gentle, serene
and pleasant,
Noble, humble, benignant,
Kind, clannish and friendly,
With no fault to be added
thereto.

*Is cruaidh an teachdair' a
thàinig
Is truagh mar thachair an-
dràsta,
Nach do sheachain thu 'n t-
àite
'N do ghlac am bàs thu air
thùs;
Suas o chachaileith ghàrraidh
Fhuair thu 'n tacaid a chràidh
mi
'S gun do thaic a bhith làimh
riut
'N uair ghabh iad fath ort o d'
chùl;*

*Air do thaobh 's thu gun
chòmhradh
San àm 'n do chaochail an
deò uat,
T' fhuil chraobhach dhearg
bhòidheach
A' gabhail dòrtadh na
brùchd;
Le gnìomh an amadain
ghòraich
A bha gun aithne gun eòlas,
A chreic anam air stòras
Nach do chuir an tròcair a
dhùil.*

*'S ge nach sàmhach a
leabaidh
Le eagal a ghlacadh
Chan è tha mi 'g acain,
Ach mar a thachair do 'n
chùis:
An t-àrmann deas
tlachdmhòr
A tha 'n dràst an Àrd Chatain,
An dèis a chàradh an
tasgaidh
An àite cadail nach dùisg.*

Cruel is the courier that came;
'tis pity, as it now hath
befallen,
thou hadst not avoided the
spot
where death overtook thee
first.
Up from a gateway in a wall
Thou receivedst the wound
that galled me,
And support for thee was not
nigh thee,
When they surprised thee
from behind.

Fallen on thy side, thou wast
speechless,
While the spirit from thee was
passing,
And they foaming red,
beautiful blood
Was outpouring in spate,
Through the act of that stupid
madman,
Devoid of sense and of
judgment
Who bartered his soul for
lucre,
And in mercy put his trust.

And unquiet though his bed
may be,
Because of fear of capture,
'tis not for him I am waiting
but for the outcome of the
event –
that the able, delightful her,
who is even now in
Ardchattan,
hath been laid to repose
in a place of unwaking sleep.

*Fhuair mi sealladh nach b'
èibhinn
An uaigh mud choinneimh ga
rèiteach
'S truagh gach comunn thug
spèis dhuit,
On chuidh tu fèin anns an
ùir
'S gun dùil a nis ri thu dh'
èirigh;
'S e dh' fhàg mise fo èislean
Bhith 'n diugh ag innseadh do
bheusan
'S nach tig thu dh' èisteachd
mo sgiùil.*

I gazed on a scene that was
joyless,
The grave being prepared to
receive thee;
Sad is each circle that loved
thee
Since thou hast entered the
mould,
And none looketh now for thy
rising.
'Tis this hath left me afflicted,
that today I am telling thy
virtues
and thou wilt not come to hear
my tale.