

Bithibh aotrom 's togaibh fonn

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Cridheil, sunndach gun bhith trom
'G òl deòch slàinte na bheil thall
Ann an tìr nam beann 's na gleannaibh

Fhuair mi sgeul a tha leam binn
Dh' ùraich gleus air teud mo chinn
'S bidh mi nis a' dol ga sheinn
Ged tha mi sa choill' am falach.

Gur h-e sgeul a fhuair mi 'n-dràst'
'S a dhùisg m' inntinn suas gu dàn.
Bhith gam iarraidh dh' ionnsaigh bhàil
Th' aig na Gàidheil tùs an Earraich.

Nuair a thèid an comunn cruinn
Bidh iad sìobhalta le loinn
Cliùteach, ciallach, fialaidh, grinn
'S bheir iad coibhneas do fhear aoineil.

Nuair a shuidheas iad mun bhòrd
Bheir iad tacan air an òl
'S fhidheall theud bhon gleusar ceòl
Cur nan òganach nan deannaibh.

'S òlaibh air na Gàidheil threun
Rachadh aigeannach air ghleus
'S a bha fuasgailteach gu feum
Sealgairean air fèidh 's nam beannaibh.

'S ann aca fhèin bha 'n t-èideadh grinn
Breacan guaileadh 's fèileadh cuim
Osan gear mun chalpa chruinn
'S boneid ghorm os cionn na mala.

Nuair a thèid an fhidheall na tàmh
Bheir iad treis an cainnt nam bàrd
Dhùisgeas fonn no-throm nan càil
Anns a' Ghàidhlig is glan geàrradh.

Chànain, ghasa, bhlàsta, bhinn!
'S i bha 'n cleachdadh aig na suinn
Dhearbh an gaisge anns gach linn
'S a bha cinnteach 'n àm bhith tarraing.

Soraidh bhuam don t-sluagh a-null
Tha san tìr san robh min tùs
'S tric a dh' fheuch iad bàt' fo shiùil
'S iad ga stiùireadh dh' ionnsaidh cala.

'S bho nach ruig sinn orr' an-dràsta
Lìon a' chuach seo suas gu staic
Cuir mun cuir i null gun dàil
Ann an ònair àrd nam fearaibh

Be merry and raise a tune

*Be merry and raise a song
Light-hearted, happy, without heaviness
Drink the health of those far away
In the land of the mountains and glens.*

*I heard sweet news to me
That tuned the strings of my mind
And I will sing it now
Although I am hidden in the woods*

*It is the story that I now have
That awakened my mind to verse
To be wanted at the dance
Held by the Gaels in the beginning of Spring.*

*When the company gathers together
They will be courteous with decorum
Reputable, coherent, generous, debonair
And kind to an ignorant man.*

*When they sit around the table
They spend a while drinking
And a tuned fiddle from which music
Will put the young men in spirit.*

*Drink to the hardy Gaels
Who tackled anything with vigor
Who were ready and agile
Deer hunters on the hills*

*They were the ones with fine uniform
A shoulder plaid and neat kilt
Tight hose around shapely calves
And a blue bonnet on their forehead*

*When the fiddle is at rest
They will spend time in the language of the poets
That awakes lively and humerous tunes
In Gaelic and cleaning composed.*

*Fine, delicious, sweet language!
It was the way of the champions
Confirmed by the heroes in every century
That were sure of when to retreat.*

*Farewell from me to the people overseas
Who are in the land from which we
Often they tried to launch a boat
And them sailing it to pier.*

*Since we cannot reach them now
Fill this goblet to the brim
Hand it round without delay
In high honour of the kinsmen*