

Gun Ainm, gun Chaisteal

*A' Shàir-laoich gun ainm, a' Ghàidhealaich gun chaisteal,
ged a tha thusa bàidheil, ged a' tha thusa càirdeil,
b 'ann aig là a' blàir bha thu phleigheadh gu ghaisgeil
san aidhaidh ri 'n nàimh,
le claidheamh 's targaid 's saighaidean frasach,
a's mammas do làimh.*

*Ged gun cheartas a' lagha 's tu a sheasadh gu fearail,
mar seabhag sheang laochail 's tu a chreachadh gu neartail.
's bu bhreacanach, shaoidh tu mar dealbh nach dèarail
'measg gleanntain nan damh,
nuair a shealg air fraoch tu gu eangarra, ealamh
o'n bharraibh na h-àird'.*

*Òr-sriantain daor do shinnsirich ribhich,
s' d' fhuil rìoghail nan laoidh 's iarainn na biodaig
s' tu sniomhta mar aodann na figheadaireachd' riobich
nuair bainnis nan dath
le itheachan saora mu' n chìrean chinn-chinne
bheir aicme nan sath.*

*'B'e 'n dòrn-bheirt nach caol o'n socaibh do chroinn ann,
is d' shròl a's na gaoitean o 'n choltas a' leòmhainn
'a thogadh a-chaidh tu, gus monadh a' chrònain
na thachairt nuair àm
bron-shònaibh do chaoineidh is stocaibh do phòir-ghlain
ga sgainnir a-mach.*

*Ged a' ruith thu ri taobh nan curaidh nach diùltach
le musg fhada chaol san ùineachan fhuilteach,
's'e cùram an t-saoghail ort a chur umhail throm-chùiseach
san là seo th' ann.
Ach chuimhnich! air glaidh a' bhaid-ghiùthais cho chliùteach
le d' ainm, 's clann.*

Without a Name, Without a Castle

O Excellent hero without a name, O Highlander without a castle,
although you are kind, although you are friendly,
'twas in the day of battle that you fought valiantly
in the face of the foe,
with sword and targe and showering arrows,
in the power of your hand.

Although without the right of the law you stood so manly
like a lean valiant falcon you took the spoil so powerfully
it's tartan-plaided, worthy, you were like a picture not wretched
in the midst of the glens of the antlered stags,
when you hunted over heather, spirited, nimbly,
on the pinnacle of the height.

Golden-bridles precious of your beautiful patrimonial,
and your royal blood of the verses and the iron of your dirk
you spun into the visage of the rough web
when the wedding of the colours
with the proud feathers the badge of the chief
bore the race of the drover.

'Twas the sword-hilt fashioned from your plough-sock,
and your ensign in the wind with the likeness of the lion
that you raised always until the moorland of the lamentation
came when the time
of the sad sound of your keening and the stock of your
pure seed was scattered out.

Although you ran beside the heroes who would not fail you
with your long slender musket in bloody times,
it is the cares of this world that put weighty
concerns on you in this day.
But remember! the cry of the tuft of pine so famous
with your name and clan.