

# Cumha Cruachain

Le Pàdruig Mac-an-t-Saoir

## Rann 1

**Tha' n Cruachan gu dubhach, a' cumhadh nan uaislean,**  
Cruachan is gloomy, lamenting the nobility,  
**'S tiamhaidh torman a shruthain, a choilltean th' air dubhadh,**  
Melancholy is the murmuring of the streams, the woods are  
darkend,  
**Agus eunlaith fo phuthar an dubhar a bhruachan.**  
And the birds are sorrowed in the darkness of the river bank.

## Rann 2

**Ann am Prìoraid Àirdchatain tha mhaca nan suainich,**  
In Ardchattan Priory their sons are in deep sleep,  
**Fo stèidh nam mùr liatha dan èideadh an iath-shlat,**  
Below the base of the grey walls clothed with honeysuckle,  
**Is cuiseagan cianail sileadh dheur air an uaighean.**  
And the stalks plaintively dripping tears on the graves.

## Rann 3

**Cò dhìreas à Lairig de na b' àbhaist a chuartaich!**  
Who would climb to the Lairig is sure to be sickened!  
**Tha Gleann Nodha gun àiteach 's an Leitir na fàsach,**  
Glen Noe is uncultivated and Leitir is a wilderness,  
**'S am fàrdaichean blàtha nan càrnaichibh fuara.**  
And the warm houses now cold stones.

## Rann 4

**Chan eil pìob air na Casain no bratach a' gluasad,**  
There is no pipe on the battlement or banner flying,  
**Agus Caol-chùrn nan glas stuadh ag aomadh 's a' brachadh,**  
And Kilchurn of the gray gables is leaning and wearing down,  
**'S a dhaoin' anns a' Chlachan fo ghlais nan clach fuara.**  
And the people in Clachan are locked in the cold stones.

## Rann 5

**On ghiorraich air m' anail 's a dh' fhannaich mo ghluasad,**  
Since the shortness of my breath has weakened my movement,  
**'S nach dìrich mi 'n Coire thoirt fèidh às a' mhonadh,**  
I have not climbed the Coire to take deer from the mountain,  
**Mo shoraidh, ceud soraidh, O soraidh le Cruachan.**  
My farewell, a hundred farewells, O farewell to Cruachan.

**Cruachan** - mountain in Argyllshire;  
**dubhach** - sorrowful, gloomy;  
**cumhadh** - lamenting; **uaislean** - nobility; **tiamhaidh** - melancholy;  
**torman** - murmuring; **shruthain** - streams; **choilltean** - woods; **dubhadh** - darkend; **eunlaith** - birds; **phuthar** - hurt, sorrow; **dubhar** - darken; **bhruchan** - river bank;

**Prìoraid Àirdchatain** - Ardchattan Priory; **mhaca** - sons (of the nobility); **suainich** - sleep (of death); **stèidh** - foundation; **mùr** - wall; **liatha** - gray; **èideadh** - clothing; **iath-shlat** - honeysuckle; **cuiseagan** - stalks; **cianail** - plaintive; **sileadh** - dropping; **dheu** - tears; **uaighean** - graves;

**Cò** - who; **dhìreas** - climbed; **Lairig** - Lairig Noe; **àbhaist** - usually; **chuartaich** - sickness; **Gleann Nodha** - Glen Noe; **àiteach** - cultivate; **Leitir** - place-name; **fàsach** - wilderness; **fàrdaichean** - houses; **blàtha** - warm; **càrnaichibh** - rocky; **fuara** - cold;

**pìob** - pipe; **Casain** - rooftop, battlement; **bratach** - banner; **gluasad** - moving, flying; **Caol-chùrn** - Kilchurn Castle; **glas** - gray; **stuadh** - gables; **aomadh** - bending; **brachadh** - wearing down; **dhaoin'** - people; **Chlachan** - place-name; **ghlais** - locked; **clach** - stone;

**ghiorraich** - short; **anail** - breath; **fhannaich** - weaken; **ghluasad** - movement; **dìrich** - climb; **Coire** - Coire Cruachan; **thoirt** - take; **fèidh** - deer; **mhonadh** - mountain; **shoraidh** - farewell; **ceud** - hundred;

This song appears in a collection of Gaelic poetry called "Am Filidh" published in 1840. It is written by Patrick MacIntyre (Pàdruig Mac-an-t-Saoir 1785 – 1855) using the pen-name "Cruachan" and is a lament for the changes that have occurred around Ben Cruachan. The old clan chiefs and their descendants are all gone. They lie in their graves at Ardchattan Priory, a place closely associated with Clan Campbell. The clearances have turned populated places like Glen Noe into wilderness. There is no longer a presence of the nobility at the ruined Kilchurn Castle, a stronghold of the once powerful Campbells of Glenorchy. No banners fly no pipes are played. The bard himself has grown old and says his last farewell to Ben Cruachan.