

Fàilte do'n Eilean Sgitheanach Welcome to the Isle of Skye

Le Niall MacLeod

O failt' air do stùcan, do choireachan ùdlaidh,
Oh welcome to your peaks, your dark corries,
Do bheantan sùghmhor far 'n siùbhlach am meann;
Your lush mountains where the young roe wanders;
Tha 'n geamhradh le dhùlachd mu na meallaibh a' dùnadh,
Winter with its storms closing round the hills,
'S gach doire le bhùirean air a rùsgadh gu bonn;
And every grove, with its bellowing stags, stripped to bare earth;
Is chi mi an Cuileann mar leoghann gun tioma
And I see the Cuillins like a dauntless lion
Le fhiasaig de'n t-sneachd air a phasgadh m'a cheann,
With a beard of snow surrounding its head,
'S a ghruidhean a' srùladh le easanan smùideach
And its cheeks washed with spraying waterfalls
Tha tuiteam 'nan lùban gu ùrlar nan gleann
Which fall crookedly to the floor of the glenn

O càit' eil na gaisgich a dh'àraich do ghlaican,
Oh where are the heroes who were reared in your little glens,
Bu shuilbhire macnas mu stacan a' cheò?
Whose sport was so joyful around the misty precipices?
Le fùdar ga sgailceadh bho 'n cuilbheirean glana,
With powder banging from their spotless guns,
'S na mial-choin 'nan deannaibh nach fannaich san tòir;
And the greyhounds at full speed, not weakening in the chase;
Na laoich nach robh meata ri aodann a' bhatail,
The lads who were fearless in the face of the battle,
Nach aomadh gu taise ri caismeachd an nàmh;
Who would not flinch before the sound of the enemy's marching;
Chan eil raon agus machair air 'n do sgaoil iad am bratach
There is no plain or coastal pasture on which they unfurled their flag

failte - welcome, **stùcan** - peaks, **coireachan** - corries, **ùdlaidh** - dark, gloomy, **bheantan** - mountains, **sùghmhor** - lush, **siùbhlach** - wander, **meann** - young roe, **geamhradh** - winter, **dùlachd** - misty gloom, **meallaibh** - heights, mountains, **a' dùnadh** - closing, **gach** - each, every, **doire** - grove, **bhùirean** - roars, **rùsgadh** - made bare, **bonn** - base. **chi mi** - I see, **leoghann** - lion, **gun tioma** - dauntless, **fiasaig** - beard, **sneachd** - snow, **air a phasgadh** - folded, **mun a' cheann** - round his head, **gruidhean** - cheeks, **srùladh** - rinsing, **easanan** - waterfalls, **smùideach** - smoking, spraying, **tuiteam** - fall, **lùban** - bends, curves, **ùrlar** - floor, **gleann** - glen,

càite - where, **gaisgich** - heroes, **àraich** - up bringing, **glaican** - hollows, dells, **suilbhire** - hearty, cheerful, **macnas** - sport, **mu** - around, **stacan** - steep rocks, **ceò** - mist, **fùdar** - gunpowder, **sgailceadh** - banging, **cuilbheirean** - guns, **glana** - clean, **mial-choin** - greyhounds, **deannaibh** - full speed, **fannaich** - weaken, **tòir** - pursuit, **laoich** - champions, **nach robh** - were not, **meata** - timid, **aodann** - face, **batail** - battle, **aomadh** - bending, giving way, **taise** - softly, **caismeachd** - war songs, alarms, **nàmh** - enemy, **raon** - plain, **machair** - coastal

Nach d'fhàg iad an eachdraidh gu mhasladh d'an àl.

Where they did not leave their untarnished story to their children.

Ach 's caomh leam do ghleanntan, do shrathan 's do bheanntann,

But loved by me are your glens, your straths and your mountains,

'S an ceò tha 'na chadal air baideal nan àrd;

And the mist that sleeps on the pillars of the heights;

Na ciabhagan torach, na srònagan corrach

The luxuriant tresses, the rough cliffs

'S na struthan ri coireal don eilid 's d'a h-àl;

And the streams calling to the hinds and her young;

Guma buan a bhios t'eachdraidh agus cliù aig do mhacaibh

May your histories and the fame of your sons last

Gus an crìonar an talamh 's am paisgear na neòil;

Until the earth turns to dust and the clouds are folded away;

Fhad 's bhios siaban na mara a' bualadh air carraig

As long as the sea-spray strikes the the rocks

Bidh mo dhùrachd gun deireas do dh'Eilean a' Cheò.

My unstinted good wishes will be to the Misty Isle

pasture, **sgaoil** - spread, **bratach** - flag, **nach d'fhàg** - did not leave, **eachdraidh** - history, **masladh** - disgrace, **àl** - offspring,

caomh - beloved, **leam** - to me, **gleanntan** - glens, **srathan** - straths, **beanntann** -

mountains, **ceò** - mist, **cadal** - sleep, **baideal** - pillar, **àrd** -

high, **ciabhagan** - tresses,

torach - fruitful, fertile,

srònagan - rocky outcrops,

corrach - steep, **struthan** -

streams, **coireal** - loud sound,

eilid -

hind, **àl** - offspring,

buan - lasting, **eachdraidh** -

history, **cliù** - fame, **macaibh** -

young heroes,

crìonar - faded, withered,

talamh - land, **paisgear** - will

be folded, **neòil** - clouds, **Fhad**

's bhios - as long as will be,

siaban - foam, spray, **na mara**

- of the sea, **a' bualadh** -

striking, **carraig** - rock,

dhùrachd - good wishes,

deireas - want, scarcity, **Eilean**

a' Cheò - Island of Mist.