

Nam Aonar le mo Smuaintean Alone with my Thoughts

Le Iain MacLeòid

Rann 1

'Nam aonar le mo smaointean 's a' ghaoth tighinn bho thuath,

Alone with my thoughts, with the wind coming from the north,

**Grian òr-bhuidh' mar ghriosaich cur teine air chuan,
A golden yellow sun like embers setting fire to the sea,
Na caoraich sholt cho sàmhach le 'n àl 's a' chnoc mhòr,**

The gentle sheep so quiet with their offspring on the big hill,

**Ciaradh feasgair cur a glòir air faileas dubh le òr.
The dusk of evening putting a glory on black shadows with gold.**

Rann 2

**Na saibhlean fàs gun mhullach, na taighean bha làn,
The empty roofless barns, the houses that were once full,**

An diugh cho fuar 's cho falamh, am fearann dol bàn,

Today so cold and so empty, the land uninhabited,

Gun chrann ann gun speal ann gun lìon ann gun bhàt',

Not a plough, not a scythe, not a net, not a boat there,

Eigheach cogaidh a thug bhuainn na balaich thuit 's a' bhlàr.

The call of war took from us the boys who fell in battle.

Rann 3

Ma chlaoidh sinne nàmhaid an dràs'd' faic prìs buaidh,

Although we defeated the enemy, see now the price of victory,

Cridhe màthair cràite 's na gillean san uaigh,

A mother's heart tortured, and the boys in the grave.

Cha dèan cliù no onair treabhadh dhuinn no buain,

Not reputation nor honour will plough for us or reap,

Cianail falamh sìth a' bhàis cha till na fir chaidh uainn.

The lonely empty peace of death will not return those who have gone from us.

'Nam aonar - alone;
smaointean - thoughts; **ghaoth** - wind; **tighinn** - coming;
thuath - north; **Grian** - sun;
òr-bhuidh' - golden yellow;
ghriosaich - embers; **teine** - fire; **chuan** - sea; **caoraich** - sheep; **sholt** - meek, gentle;
sàmhach - quiet; **àl** - offspring; **chnoc** - hill; **mhòr** - big. **Ciaradh** - dusk; **feasgair** - evening; **cur** - putting; **glòir** - glory; **faileas** - shadows **dubh** - black;

saibhlean - barns; **fàs** - empty; **gun** - without; **mhullach** - roof; **taighean** - houses; **làn** - full; **An diugh** - today; **fuar** - cold; **falamh** - empty; **fearann** - land; **bàn** - vacant, uninhabited; **chrann** - plough, **speal** - scythe; **lìon** - net; **bhàt'** - boat; **Eigheach** - call, shout; **cogaidh** - war; **bhuainn** - from us; **balaich** - boys; **thuit** - fell; **bhlàr** - battle;

chlaoidh - defeated; **nàmhaid** - enemy; **an dràs'd'** - now; **faic** - see; **prìs** - price; **buaidh** - of victory; **Cridhe** - heart; **màthair** - mother; **cràite** - tortured; **gillean** - boys; **uaigh** - grave; **Cha dèan** will not do; **cliù** - reputation; **onair** - honour; **treabhadh** - ploughing; **dhuinn** - for us; **buain** - reaping; **Cianail** - lonely; **falamh** - empty; **sìth** - peace; **bhàis** - death; **cha till** - will not return; **na fir** - the ones; **chaidh** - went; **uainn** - from us;

Rann 4

Aig uaigh fhuair Mhic a Phearsainn 's an sneachd air Peighinn Phuir,

At the cold grave of the MacPhersons in the snow on Pennyfuir

Chluich a' phìob port tuiridh, am peilear bhrag cruaidh,

The pipes played a lament, there was the hard crack of the bullets,

An cogadh faoin nam Falklands thuit Gordan ro òg,
In the futile war of the Falklands fell Gordon, too young,

'N uiridh balach san sgoil àird, an duigh a bhàs ar leòn.

Last year a boy in high school, today his death is our grief.

Rann 5

A' ghrian tha dol sìos oirne air Preiridh cur blàths,

The sun that goes down on us is warming the Prairies,

Oidhche tha gar dùnadh dùsgadh do chàch,

The night that closes in on us is an awakening for others,

Aig feasgar dorch' ar cùrsa feith dùsgadh Latha Mhòir,

In the dark evening of our life we await the waking on the Great Day,

Ciaradh maidne cuir a glòir air faileas dubh le òr.

The dusk of morning putting a glory on black shadows with gold.

uaigh - grave; **fhuair** - cold; **sneachd** - snow;

Chluich - played; **phìob** - pipes; **port** - tune; **tuiridh** - lament; **peilear** - bullets; **bhrag** - cracked; **cruaidh** - hard; **cogadh** - war; **faoin** - foolish, futile; **thuit** - fell; **ro** - too; **òg** - young;

uiridh - last year; **sgoil àird** - high school; **an duigh** - today; **bhàs** - death; **leòn** - hurt, grief;

sìos - down; **oirne** - on us; **blàths** - warmth; **Oidhche** - night; **dùnadh** - closing; **dùsgadh** - waking; **chàch** - others; **feasgar** - evening; **dorch'** - dark; **cùrsa** - course, life; **feith** - await; **Latha Mhòir** - Great Day (of judgement); **maidne** - of morning.

This song is dedicated to the memory of Gordon MacPherson from Oban. He died on 12 June 1982 along with seven of his comrades of 45 Commando Royal Marines in the assault on Two Sisters Mountain during the Falklands War.

In Rann 1 the poet sits alone surveying a quiet peaceful evening and watching a glorious sunset.

In Rann 2 his thoughts turn to another peaceful scene, but one which has been brought about by the depopulation of rural areas. Much of this was the result of a generation of young men not returning from the Great War and leaving no one to carry on the work on the land.

Rann 3 asks us to think of the human cost of war and compares the lonely peace of the dead countryside to the lonely peace of the dead soldiers.

In Rann 4 he thinks of Gordon's military funeral at Pennyfuir, the cemetery near Oban. The firing of the salute echoes the sound of the bullets that killed him. The playing of an ancient lament does not ease the grief for the unnecessary death of one so young while the cold winter's day is in contrast to the glory of the sunset that the poet is watching.

Finally in Rann 5 we are reminded that life goes on. Our sunset is someone else's dawn and even after the darkest night there will be salvation for us. The last line is a reprise of the last line of Rann 1 reminding us that a new dawn can be as glorious as a sunset.