

Do Chomunn Àraidh a Sheòl Ò Arisaig do Ghrianag.

A chum faoghlum fhaotainn ann am Feachd-fein-thoileach Mhic-Ic-Aileain, 'sa bhliadhna 1860.
Air Fonn. - "*Failte a's furan ort fheannag,*" &c.

To a Special Group who sailed from Arisaig to Greenock.

in order to get instruction on a self-voluntary army of MacAllan in 1860.

To the tiune - "*Failte a's furan ort fheannag,*" &c. (Welcome and hospitality to you, crow.)

From "Gaisge nan Gaidheal" by Iain MacDhughail (1870), pp107 - 109.

The spelling of parts of the text has been modernised and the text translated by Gordon Barr. Sections where the meaning is not clear to him are shown in red.

Tha sgeul agam ri ìnnseadh
Mu "Volunteers" Mhic-Ic-Ailein,
Sam bheil spiorad an sinnsribh
Na fir bu dìlse bh' air Thalamh
Nuair bha Tearlach ga ruagadh
'S an Taobh-Tuath le fir Shasainn,
B' iad nach geilleadh 'sa chaonnaig,
'S a sheas na aobhar gu daingean.
Le h-uile, neart, Le h-uile, neart.

I have a tale to tell about MacAllan
"Volunteers" in whom there is the spirit of
their ancestors, the most loyal people who have
been on Earth, when Charles was routed out in
the North by Englishmen. It was they who
would not yield in the fray and who stood
firmly in its cause.
Power for all, Power for all.

Moch Dimàirt gun do sheòl uainn,
Na fir òga on chala,
Mach a thraigh Aird-nam-fuaran,
'S bha 'ghaoth-tuath thar an fhearainn,
Dhol do Ghrianaig nam mòr-long,
Dh' fhaotainn foghlam a's sealladh,
San Fheachd-mhara gum samhla
Fuidh chommand Mhic-Ic-Ailein.
An duine math, An duine math.

Early on Tuesday, how the young men from
the harbour sailed away from us, the young
men, out from the shore of Ard nam Fuaran
going to Greenock on the big boat. We would
get education and vision of no equivalent in the
sea-force, under the command of MacAllan.
The good man. The good man.

Aonghas donn Mac Gill' Ìos,
A's Dughall rìoghail fhear-cinnidh,
Na fir ghasda 's math giùlan
'S iad nach tionndaidh le gioraig;
Mac ' Ghobhainn an t-òigear,
Sonn cho boidheach 'sa dh'imich,
'S Iain MacEachainn an t-usal,
'Sam bheil suairceas a's grinneas.
Am fiùran glan, Am fiùran glan.

Brown Angus MacGilles and royal chieftain
Dugal, fine men and good in behaviour, it is
they who will not turn round in fear; also the
young man MacGowan, a very wonderful hero
who has journeyed, and the nobleman Iain
MacEachan, in whom there is civility and
elegance.
The fine sapling. The fine sapling.

'S mòr tha 'n tràth-se gar n-ionndrainn,
'S ur luchd-diumbach ro-ainneamh,
Tha sibh creideasach, cliùteach,
Gaisgeil, dùrachdach, gramail,
Sibh nach fàgadh ur dùthaich,
Gun na bùirdeasaich àraidh,
'S ro-mhaith phaigh sibh ur fiachan,
Mun do thriall sibh on bhaile.
Gu h-ionraic ceart, Gu h-ionraic ceart.

It is significant that the **period** itself is short for
us and that your out-of-sorts people are too
scarce. You are creditable, renowned, heroic,
eager, persistent, you who would not leave
your country without the particular burgesses
in question, and it is so good that you paid your
debts before you moved from the town.
Righteously correct. Righteously correct.

'S lìonmhor ban-tighearna bhòidheach,
Gam bheil stòras a's fearann,
Leis am faigheadh sibh buailtean,
De chrodh-guaillean 's na Gleannan,
Leis 'm bu mhiann bhi nur caoimhneas,
'S a dhèanadh grèim oirbh daingeann,
Tha fuidh mhulad on dh' fhalbh sibh
'S iad gun mhargadh aig baile.
Fo dhiomb 's fo cheal, Fo dhiomb 's fo cheal.

Nuair a philleas na laoich ud,
Fiosrach, faoghlumt' 's gach eallain,
Ged bhiodh cabhlach gach nàmhaid,
A lionadh traigh Bhun-na-Caime,
Cha bhi cùram dar dùthaich,
Mu gheibhear fùdar a's "Cannain,"
'S cha bhi long dhiubh no bàta,
Nach tèid nan smàl air a' ghaineamh,
Feadh brùchd a's "ceilp", Feadh brùchd a's
"ceilp".

Gheibhear luaidhe à Suaineart,
A chaidh a bhuannachd 's na beannan,
'S o Bhun-Atha thig iarann
Cho maith 's chaidh riamh ann an teallach,
Nì MacEachainn 'sa cheardaich,
Gach lann-stailinn 's gach taran,
Chum 's gun tèarnar an Rìoghachd,
Le "Volunteers" Mhic-Ic-Ailein.
Nach lùb 'sa ghleac, Nach lùb 'sa ghleac.

Tha mo dhòchas ro-làidir,
Gum pill sibh slàn thar na mara,
Gur luchd-dùthcha 's gur càirdean
Fònmmhor, fàilteachail, fallain,
A thoirt foghlam do chàcha,
A tha tàmh anns na Gleannan,
'S gum mair urram na h-Alba
Aig fir Gharbh-chrioch a's bheannan.
Mar bh' ac' o shean, Mar bh' ac' o shean.

It is numerous, a beautiful Lady who has
wealth and lands and with whom you could get
flocks, and from whom you would get animal
folds in the glens, and who would like to be in
your kindness, and who would make a firm
grip on you. There is a flow of sadness since
you left and they have no fair in town.
Under hatred and concealment, Under hatred
and concealment

When those heroes return, knowledgeable and
educated in every art, although each enemy
would be a fleet to fill the shore of Bunacam,
there will be no anxiety about power and lust
for our country. And there will be no ship or
vessel for you that will not be destroyed on the
sand.
Between bursting out and "kelp", Between
bursting out and "kelp".

Lead which was found in the hills will be
gathered from Sunart and it is from Bonawe
that iron will come, as good a thing as was
ever in a smith's forge. MacEachan in the
smithy will make many a steel blade and nail,
for the purpose of the Kingdom being saved by
the MacAllan "Volunteers".
Don't bend in a fight, Don't bend in a fight.

My hope is very strong that you will return
healthy by sea to your country-men and to your
tuneful, welcoming and sound friends, and will
give information to the rest who stay in the
glens, and how respect will continue for
Scotland and for the Rough-Bound men in the
hills.
As they have had since old times, As they have
had since old times.