

### *Latha Chuilodair*

*Gura mór mo chùis mhulaid,  
'S mì ri caoineadh na guin atà 'm thìr;  
A Rìgh! Bi làidir, 's tù 's urrainn  
Ar nàimhdean a chumail fò chis;  
Oirne is làidir Diùc Uilleam,  
An rag-mheirlaeach, tha guin aige dhuinn;  
B'è sud salcahr nan sgeallag  
Tighinn an uachdar air chruithneachd an fhuinn.*

*Mo chreach, Teàlach Ruadh bòidheach  
Bhith fo bhinn aig Rìgh Deòrsa nam biasd,  
B'è sud diteadh na còrach,  
An Fhìrinn 's a beòil foipe sìos;  
Ach, a Rìgh, ma 's è 's deòin leat,  
Cuir an rìghachd air seòl a chaidh dhinn,  
Cuir Rìgh dligheach na còrach  
Ri linn na tha beò os ar cinn.*

*Mo chreach, armailt nam breacan  
Bhith air sgaoikadh 's air sgapadh's gach àit',  
Aig fìor-bhalgairean Shasuinn  
Nach do ghnàthaich bonn ceartais 'nan dàil;  
Ged a bhuannaich iad baiteal,  
Cha b'ann d'an cruadal no 'n tapadh a bhà,  
Ach gaoth aniar agus frasan  
Thighinn a nìos oirnn bhàrr machair nan Gall.*

### *Culloden Day*

Great are the depths of my sorrow  
As I mourn for the wounds of my land;  
My King, stay strong so you are able  
All of our foes to withstand;  
Over us Duke William is a tyrant,  
A vile rogue with hate for us all;  
As foul as fetid black straw  
That strangles wheat in its thrall.

I weep for handsome fair Charlie  
At the mercy of George and his brutes,  
While around us corrupted and sullied  
Are justice and honour and truth;  
But, Lord, should you but will it,  
The kingdom will come back into our hands,  
Through a leader royal and righteous  
Who reigns fairly over our land.

I weep for the Army of Tartan  
Now scattered and spread everywhere,  
Battered by England's base villains  
Beaten by methods unfair;  
Though in battle they were victorious  
It was through no courage or merit of theirs,  
But westering winds and rains that swept on us  
From the lowlands, to our despair.

*Is truagh nach robh sinn ans Sasunn  
Gun bhith cho teann air ar dachaidh's a bhà,  
'S cha do sgaoil sinn cho aithghearr,  
Bhiodh ar dichioll ri sesamh na b'fhearr;  
Ach 's droch-dhraoidheachd us dreachdan  
Rinneadh dhuinne nu'n deachas 'nan dàil,  
Air na frithean eòlach do sgap sinn,  
'S bu mhi-chomhdhail gun d'fhàirtlich iad oirnn.*

*Mo chreach mhòr! na cuirp ghlé-gheal  
Tha 'nan laigh' air na sléibhtean ud thall,  
Gun chiste, gun léintean,  
Gun adhlacadh fheéin anns na tuill;  
Chuid tha beò dhiubh an déidh sgaoilidh  
'S iad 'gam fògair le gaothan thar tuinn,  
Fhuair na Chuigs an toil féin dinn,  
'S cha chan iad ach 'reubaltaich' ruinn.*

*Fhuair na Goill sin fo 'n casan,  
Is mòr an nàire 's am masladh sud leinn,  
An déidh ar dùthaich 's ar n'àite  
An spùilleadh 's gun bhlaàths againn ann;  
Caisteal Dhùinidh an déidh a losgaidh,  
'S è 'na làriach lom, thosdach, gun mhiadh;  
Gum b'è 'n caochladh goirt è  
Gun do chaill sinn gach sochair a b'fhiach.*

It's a pity we were not in England  
But close to our homes as we fought,  
For we'd never have scattered so quickly,  
Were it not for the homes that we sought;  
Spells and witchcraft were cast upon us  
As we marched into battle in gloom,  
Across the bleak moor were we scattered  
As ill fortune led to our doom.

I weep for each of the white corpses  
That lie on the side of the hill,  
Abandoned, unhonoured, unshrouded,  
Untouched and unburied still;  
And those who survived the disaster  
Are shackled in ships across seas,  
For the Whigs now are the masters,  
To do with us just as they please.

Oppressed are we now by strangers,  
Great the shame and disgrace that we feel  
As our homes and our country are plundered  
Crushed under a foreigner's heel;  
Castle Dounie's a fire-blackened ruin,  
Dishonoured its bare silent walls;  
The wheel of fortune is changing  
With no comfort found in her halls.

*Cha do shaoil leam, le m'shùilean  
Gum faicinn gach cùis mar a thà,  
Mar spùtadh nam faoilleach  
'N am nan luibhean a sgaoileadh air blàr;  
Thug a' chuibhle car tionndaidh,  
'S tha iomadh fear gu h-aimcheart an càs,  
A Rìgh! Seall le do chaoimhneas,  
Air na fìr th'aig na nàimhdean an sàs!*

*Is mór eucoir 'n luchd-orduigh  
An fhuil ud a dhòrtadh le foill;  
Mo sheacdh mallachd air Mhoirear Deòrsa,  
Fhuair e 'n là ud air ordugh dhà féin;  
Bha an dà chuid air a mheòirean,  
Mar an giòghan gun tròcair le foill  
Mheall e sinne le 'chomhradh,  
'S gun robh ar barail ro-mhór air r'a linn.*

*Ach fhad's is beò sinn r'ar latha  
Bidh sinn caoi na ceathairn' chaidh dhinn,  
Na fìr threubhach bha sqairteil  
Dheanadh teugmhail le claidheamh's le sgiath;  
Mur bhiodh siantan 'nar n-aghaidh  
Bha sinn sìos air ar n-adhairt gu dian,  
Us bhiodh luchd-Beurla 'nan laighe  
Ton air cheann, b'è sud m'aighear 's mo mhiann.*

I never thought that my own eyes  
Would see things as they are now,  
As if the tempests of Springtime  
Had laid all the wild flowers low;  
Fortune's wheel has turned against us,  
Many brave men are now in distress,  
May God look with kindness and mercy,  
And save them from foreign duress.

Our leaders that day betrayed us.  
And treacherously spilt of our blood;  
I curse Lord George seven times over,  
For leading us into the mud;  
Two choices were at his disposal,  
That flatterer of merciless guile,  
And he chose the road of deception,  
Concealed by a treacherous smile.

As long as we live, till our days' end  
We will mourn the men we have lost,  
Valiant and brave-hearted heroes  
Who fought fiercely with sword, shield and cross.  
Had the gale not been in our faces  
We'd have charged with no fear at the foe,  
And scattered the English before us  
And ended our poor country's woe.

*Och nan och! 's mì fo sprochd  
'S mì an dràsda ri h-osnaich leam fhìn,  
Ag amharc feachd an dubh-Rosaich  
'G itheadh feur agus cruithneachd an fhuinn;  
Rothaich iargalt us Cataich  
Tighinn a nall oirinn le luchd chasag us lann,  
Iad mar mhiol-choin air acras  
Siubhal chrìochan, chàrn, chlach, agus bheann.*

*Mo chreach! tìr air an tàinig,  
Rinn sibh nis clàr réidh dhith cho lom,  
Gun choirce gun ghnàiseach  
Gun sìol taight' ann fàsach no 'm fonn;  
Pris na circ' air an spàrdan,  
Gu ruige na spàinean thoirt uainn,  
Ach sgrios na craoibhe f'a blàth dhuibh,  
Air a crìonadh f'a bàrr gus a bonn.*

*Tha arc inn fo na choille,  
'S eiginn beanntan us gleanntan thoirt oirnn,  
Sinn gun sùgradh, gun mhacnus,  
Gun éibhneas, gun aitneas, gun cheòl;  
Air bheag bidh no teine  
Air na stùcan air an laigheadh an ceò,  
Sinn mar Chomhachaig eile  
Ag éisdeachd ri deireas gach lò.*

I am plunged into grief and sadness  
As I weep bitter tears all alone,  
Watching the host of black roses  
Devour the wheat of the land;  
Savage Munros and wild Sutherlanders  
Crawl towards us like ravenous hounds,  
Scouring moors, clefts and hollows  
Their gluttony knowing no bounds.

I weep for the land you've invaded,  
The scorched earth you've left in your wake,  
Crops stripped from our fields and hillsides,  
No seeds sown so the land may awake;  
You've taken the hens from the hen roosts,  
Stolen our last spoonful of soup away,  
May the curse of the fig tree be upon you,  
From root to top may you wither away.

Now we are reduced to mere outlaws,  
And must take to the hills and the glens,  
Without sport, without mirth or diversion,  
With no songs, joy or pleasures of sense;  
With little to feed or to warm us  
On the rocks where the cold mist lies,  
Hearing the haunting hoot of the barn owl  
As of death and disaster she cries.