

Lament for the Misty Corrie

Tha'n coir' air dol am fàilinn, ged ithear thun a' bhlàir e,
The corrie has been blighted, as though it were cropped to the ground,
Gun duin' aig a bheil càs deth mun àit' anns an àm.
Lacking anyone who feels concern for it around the place at this time.

Rann 1 / Verse 1

Is duilich leam an càradh th'air coire gorm an fhàsaich,
I grieve at the condition of the green corrie of pastureland
An robh mi greis am àrach sa Bhràighe seo thall;
Where I was for some time in my training in the Brae over yonder;
'S iomadh fear a bhàrr orm a thaitneadh e r'a nàdar,
There's many a man besides me who would be uplifted in his spirit,
Nam biodh e mar a bha e nuair dh'fhàg mi e nall;
If it were as it was before when I left it to come here;
Gunnairachd is làmhach, spurt is adhbhar ghàire,
Gunnery and artillery, sport and causes for laughter
Chleachd bhith aig na h-àrmainn a b' àbhaist bhith sa ghleann.
Were the custom of the warriors who used to be in the glen.
Rinn na fir ud fhàgail, 's Mac Eòghainn th'ann an dràsta,
These men have gone away and it is MacEwan who is there now,
Mar chlach an ionad càbaig, an àite na bh'ann.
Like a stone in lieu of cheese, in place of those who were there.

Rann 2 / Verse 2

Ged tha thu nis sa Bhràighe, cha chompanach le càch thu,
Although you are now in the Brae, none of the others will befriend you,
'S a h-uile duine tàir ort on thàinig thu ann.
And everyone vilifies you since you came there.
Is èiginn dut am fàgail nas miosa na mar thàinig;
You will be forced to leave them worse off than when you came;
Cha taitinn thu ri'n nàdar le cnàmhan 's le cainnt,
You will not satisfy their nature with grumbling and abuse,
Ged fhaiceadh tu ghreigh uallach, nuair rachadh tu mun cuairt daibh,
Though you might see the proud herd when you went around them,
Cha dèan thu ach am fuadachadh suas feadh nam beann,
You'll do nothing but drive them up amongst the high peaks,
Leis a' ghunna nach robh buadhmhor, 's a' mheirg air a toll-cluaise;
With the gun that was not effective and rust on its touch-hole;
Chan eirmis i na cruachan, an cuaille dubh cam.
It won't hit the stacks, the dirty crooked bludgeon.
'S e 'n coire chaidh an dèis-laimh, on tha e nis gun fhèidh ann,
How the corrie has gone to ruin, since it now has no deer in it,
Gun duin' aig a bheil spèis diubh nì feum air an cùl.
Without anyone who respects them and is efficient on the trail.

Rann 3 / Verse 3

Tha choille bh'anns an fhrith ud, na cuislean fada dìreach,
The wood that was in that deer forest, the trunks long and straight,
Air tuiteam is air crìonadh sìos às an rùsg;
Have fallen and withered down to the bark;
Na prisean a bha brìoghmhor, na dosaibh tiugha lìonmhor,
The shrubs that were fruitful, the bushes thick and plentiful,
Air seacadh mar gun spìont' iad a-nìos às an ùir;
Have withered as if they had been plucked right up out of the soil;
Na failleanan bu bhòidhche, na slatan is na h-ògain,
The shoots that were the fairest, the wands and the young saplings,
'S an t-àit' am biodh an smeòrach gu mòdhar a' seinn ciùil.
And the place where the mavis would gently sing a melody.
Tha iad uil' air caochladh, cha d' fhuirich fiodh no fraoch ann,
They have all changed, neither wood nor heather lasted there,
Tha 'm mullach bhàrr gach craoibhe 's am maor ga thoirt diubh.
The tops are missing from every tree for the bailiff takes them off.

Rann 4 / Verse 4

Ach mas duine de shliochd Phàdraig a thèid a-nis don àite,
But if it be one of Patrick's line who now goes to the area,
'S gun cuir e as a làraich an tàcharan a th'ann,
And drives from his position the weakling that is there,
Bidh 'n coire mar a bha e, bidh laoigh is aighean dàr' ann,
The corrie will be as it was, there will be calves and rutting hinds there,
Bidh daimh a' dol san dàmhair air fàsach nam beann;
The stags will go mating in the mountain wilderness;
Bidh buic sna badan blàtha, na bric san abhainn làimh riuth',
There will be bucks in the warm thickets, there will be trout in the river
'S na fèidh air Strath na Làirge ag àrach nam mang, **beside them,**
And the deer in Strath Lairg rearing the fawns,
Thig gach uile nì g'a àbhaist, le aighear is le àbhachd,
Everything will return to normal, with mirth and hilarity,
Nuair gheibh am baran bàirlinn siud fhàgail gun taing.
When the Baron gets the removal summons to leave there without choice.