

# Tuireadh nan Treun

## Lament for the Brave

### Verse 1:

Am feasda bidh m'íargainn gam lìonadh le bròn,

**Forever my lamentation will fill me with sorrow,**

'S mi caoidh is ag iarraidh le iarrtasan mòr.

**As I weep and pine with great desire.**

Na fleasgaich òg, fhiachail a shìneadh fon fhòid,

**The young gallant heroes stretched out under the turf,**

'S nach till rinn gu siorraidh a dh'innseadh dhuinn sgeòil.

**And who will never return to tell us their tales.**

### Verse 2:

Bu ghaisgeil a sheas iad sa chaonnag gun stàth,

**How heroic they stood in that futile struggle,**

Gun strìochdadh, gun ghèilleadh, fir threun nam beann àrd

**Without yielding, without submitting, brave men from the high bens**

Luchd breacan an fhèilidh ron teicheadh gach nàmh,

**Those who wore the belted plaid (and) from whom all enemies would flee,**

'N àm tarruing nan geurlann cò sheasadh nan dàil.

**When the sharp swords were unsheathed who would stand against them?**

### Verse 3:

Tillidh sruth air a' charraig 's seòl-mar' air a' chaol,

**The stream will return to the rock and the tide return to the strait,**

Tillidh luibhean an Earraich is barrach nan craobh;

**The wild flowers of the Spring will return and the top branches of the trees;**

Thig cuthag don doire le caithream a gaoil,

**The cuckoo will come back to the grove with its joyful anthem of love,**

Ach na fiùrain òg fhearail am fearann cha taobh.

**But the young manly heroes will not come near their land.**

### Verse 4:

O Thì anns na h-Àrdaibh! O Thusa don lèir!

**Oh Thou in the Highest! Oh You Who sees all!**

Bi maille rin càirdean gan stiùireadh 's gach ceum,

**Be with their relatives guiding them at every step,**

Thoir furtachd dam muinntir gu mùirneach 's gu sèimh,

**Give comfort to those so tender and mild,**

Mar dhriùchda a' tùirlinn air Sùirneig nan geug.

**As the dew falls on the leaves of Surnaig.**