

CABAR FÈIDH! / The Deer's Antlers

(The crest of the Clan Mackenzie)

Rann 1

Deoch slàinte chabar fèidh seo gur h-èibhinn 's gur h-aighearach;

A toast to Cabarfeidh here how delightful and how joyful;

Ge fada bho thìr fèin e Mhic Dhè, greas ga fhearann e

Although far from his own land, Son of God, may he hurry to his country;

Mo chrochadh is mo cheusadh is m' èideadh nar mhealladh mi

May I be hanged and crucified and my clothing be disposed of as you wish

Mur ait leam thu bhith 'g èirigh le treun neart gach caraide.

If I fail to rejoice as you are raised with the brave strength of friends.

Gur mise chunna sibh gu gunnach, ealamh, ullamh, acfhuinneach;

'Twas myself who saw you armed with gun, ready, prepared, equipped;

A' ruith nan Rothach 's math ur gnothach thug sibh sothadh maidne dhaibh,

Chasing the Munros in great style you gave them their morning eclipse;

O, cha deach Cataich air an tapadh dh'fhàg an neart le eagal iad

Sutherland men didn't show their heroism, their strength deserting them with fear

Ri faicinn ceann an fhèidh ort nuair dh' èirich do chabar ort!

On seeing the stag's head on you as your antlers were raised high!

Rann 2

B'e 'n t-amadan Fear-Fòghlais nuair thòisich e cogadh riut

What a fool was the Foulis man (Munro) when he began fighting with you

Rothaich agus Ròsaich bu ghòrach na bodaich iad

Munros and Rosses they were stupid old men,

Frisealaich is Granndaich an campa cha stadadh iad,

Frasers and Grants they wouldn't stay in camp,

'S thug Foirbeisich nan deann-ruith gu seann tigh Chùillodair orr'.

And the Forbeses taking to their heels to the old house of Culloden.

Theich 'ad uile is cha d'fhuirich an treas duine bh'acasan

They all fled and there remained not a third of the men they had;

An t-Iarla Catach ruith e dhachaigh cha do las a dhagachan

The Earl of Sutherland, he ran home without even firing his pistols;

MacAoidh nan creach gun d' thàrr e às, 's ann dh'èigh e 'n t-each a b' aigeannaich

The plundering Mackay didn't he take off, as he shouted for the most spirited horse

Ri gabhail an ratreuta, nuair dh' èirich do chabar ort!

To make the retreat when your antlers were raised!

Rann 3

Dh' èireadh leat fir Mhùideart nuair rùisgte do bhrataichean

The men of Moidart would rise with you when your banners were unfurled,

Le'n lannan dathte dubh-ghorm gun ciùrrte na marcaich leò,

How they wounded the horsemen with them with their blue-black coloured swords,

Mac Alasdair 's Mac Fhionghain le'n cuilbheirean acfhuinneach

MacAllister and MacKinnon with their powerful muskets

Nuair rachadh iad 'san ior-ghaill gum b'iongnadh mur trodadh iad;

When they entered the fray it would not be surprising if they caused trouble;

Bidh tu fhathast gabhail aighear ann an brathainn bhaidealach

You will still make merry in turreted Brahan

Bidh cinneadh d' athar ort a' feitheamh cò bhrathadh bagradh ort?

Your father's people will be waiting for you, who would dare threaten you?

Bidh fion 'ga chaitheamh feadh do thaighe 's uisge beatha feadanach

Wine will be consumed in your house and distilled whisky,

'S gur lìonmhor pìob gan gleusadh nuair dh' èireas do chabar ort!

And many a bagpipe will be tuned when your antlers are raised!