

**Ceud Fàilt' air Gach Gleann** - *Dòmhnall Ailean Dhòmhnail na Bainich*

Ceud fàilt' air gach gleann  
'S air na beanntannan mòr' -  
'S iad a chuimhnich dhomh 'n t-àm  
Ghabh mi sannt air bhith beò;  
Nuair a bha mi ri fonn  
Còmh' ri cloinn 's sinn ri spòrs  
Mu bhruaichean nan allt,  
'S iad nan deann bho gach lòn.

A hundred greeting to each glen  
And to the great mountains –  
They reminded me of a time  
I had an appetite for life;  
When I used to delight  
With children and us playing  
About the stream's banks,  
And them pouring from every pool.

'S iomadh creag agus càrn  
'S iomadh gàrradh is bruaich  
Aig an do shìn mi rin sgàth  
A h-uile là bhithinn fuar.  
'S ged bu lìonmhor mo chàirdean  
Bha pàirt dhiubh gun truas  
'S an tè shaothraich rim thàladh  
A' cnàmh anns an uaigh

Many's the rock and cairn  
Many's the dyke and bank  
In who's shade I stretched  
Every day I'd be cold.  
Though numerous my relations  
Some of them were unsympathetic  
And the one who toiled to rear me  
Decaying in the grave.

B' òg a chreach am bàs mi  
Aig aois a dhà no trì;  
Cha b' urrainn dhomh bhith dàna  
'N lùib mo chàirdean airson sìth;  
Nuair thugadh bhuam mo mhàthair,  
An uair sin dh'fhàgadh mi  
Mar neach air thuar a bhith bàite  
Nach b' urrainn snàmh gu tìr.

Death bereaved me very young  
At the age of two or three;  
I couldn't be confident  
Amongst my relations for peace;  
When my mother was taken from me,  
Then I was left  
Like one who's about to drown  
Who couldn't swim to land.

Ghabh mi comhairle gach aon  
'S dh'fhàg siud faoin mi nam dhòigh;  
'S mi a' falbh mar dh'fhaodainn  
Tro shaoghal nam beò;  
Chuir mi ùidh anns gach sìon  
A bhiodh a' riarachadh m' fheòil  
'S cha robh càs a bh' ann riamh  
Nach robh an triall air mo thòir.

I took advice from all  
And that left me foolish in my ways  
And I wandered as I could  
Through the world of the living;  
I took interest in everything  
That'd satisfy my flesh  
& there wasn't a hardship that every was  
That wasn't coming after me.

'S cluinnidh mise daonnan  
Aig daoine nach eil òg  
Gur lèir dhaibh mar tha 'n saoghal  
A' caochladh cho mòr;  
'S gur e fìor dhuine dall

I always hear  
From people who aren't young  
That they see how the world  
Is changing so much;  
And that it's a truly blind man

Bhiodh a' samhlachadh stòir  
Ri beatha chlann nan daoine  
Nach fhaod fuireach beò.

Who compares material wealth With the  
life of mankind  
Who may not stay alive.

Ach seo cuimhneachan dom chàirdean  
An là bheir mi suas,  
'S don mhuinntir nì mi fhàgail  
Anns an fhàsaich air chuairt.  
Bidh bàrdachd Chlann Dòmhnail  
Na cheòl aig an t-sluagh  
Là nach cluinn sibh mo chòmhradh  
Is mo chòmhnaidh san uaigh.

But this is a memorial to my kin  
On the day I go up,  
To the people I leave behind  
Wandering the desert.  
The poetry of Clan Donald will be  
Sung amongst the populous  
The day you won't hear my talk  
And I my abode in the grave.

### ***Additional Verses***

Nuair a dh'èireadh a' ghrian  
Bha i riaghladh gach stòr,  
A' toirt fàs air an t-sìol,  
'S dh'fhàg siud fiachan aic' oirnn;  
Is gach creutair bhiodh fann  
Feadh nam beann airson lòn,  
Anns an òg-mhadainn shamhraidh  
'S an driùchd feadh an fheòir.

B' e mo mhiann a bhith 'n uair sin  
A' fuadach na sprèidh  
Gu na lèantaichean luachrach  
Airson buannachd dhaibh fhèin;  
Mi ri biathadh an àil  
Nach robh 'n làrach an treud  
Leis an fhìor bhainne bhlàth  
Gus am fàsadh iad treun.

Nuair a bhuannaich mi aois  
Bha mi saor bho gach bròn;  
Na companaich a thaobhainn –  
Gach aon bhiodh le sgòd.  
B' e an dùil bhith na b'fheàrr  
Nuair a dh'fhàsadh iad mòr –  
Cha bu lèir dhuinn an tàire  
Bha aig càch gar toirt beò.