

## Òran molaidh an-t saighdeir Ghàidhealaich.

### Le Iain MacLeòid, Tor-mòr, Slèite.

#### Sèist:

*Seinnibh cliù nam fear ùr,  
Gillean glùin-gheal nam breacan;  
B' e mo rùn bhith nan cùirt,  
'S miann mo shùl bhith gam faicinn.*

'S lìonmhor màthair tha fo leòn,  
Agus òigh tha gun leannan,  
Leis a' bhatal thug na seòid  
Far na dhòirt an cuid fala.

'S truagh nach robh mi leibh san Fhraing,  
'S ann am Flànras car tamail,  
Chithinn sin mu 'm faighinn bàs  
Gnìomh nan àrmann 's nan gaisgeach.

Seinnibh cliù do na dh'fhalbh à Slèite,  
Gillean treun nach robh meata,  
Chaidh a dhìon ar cliù 's ar tìr,  
Bhon a' mhilltear gun cheartas.

Seinnibh cliù do na dh'fhàg Port-rìgh  
Fon cuid phìoban is bhreacain;  
Fèile beag os cionn an glùn,  
Èideadh sunndach nan gaisgeach.

Biodh ur cliù ga sheinn gu bràth,  
Fhad 's bhios tonn is tràigh air cladach;  
Fhad 's bhios grian air àird nan speur  
Biodh cuimhn' le spèis air euchd nan  
gaisgeach.

#### Chorus:

*Sing the praise of the young men,  
The white-kneed lads of the tartan;  
It was my wish to be with them,  
The desire of my eye to be seeing them.*

Many's the mother who's vexed,  
And maiden without sweetheart,  
With the battle that took the heroes  
Where their blood was spilt.

A pity that I wasn't with you in France,  
In Flanders for a time,  
There, if spared, I'd see,  
The deeds of the warriors and heroes.

Sing the praise of those who left Sleat,  
Sturdy lads that weren't faint-hearted,  
Who went to protect our renown and land,  
From the unjust oppressor.

Sing the praise of those who left Portree,  
Beneath their pipes and tartan;  
A kilt upon their knees,  
The merry uniform of the hero.

May your praise be sung forever,  
As long as a shore has waves and beaches,  
As long as there's a sun in the sky,  
May their exploits be remembered with  
affection.

***Additional Verses***

.1. Seinnibh cliù an Tìr a' Cheò  
Do na seòid nach robh gealtach,  
Chaidh a-null do Neuve Chapelle;  
'S cuid cha till dhiubh gu 'n dachaidh.

.4. Chithinn sealladh ann le m' shùil  
A bhiodh cliùiteach ri aithris,  
'S dh' innsinn ann an cainnt nam bàrd.  
Gnìomh nan sàr a' dìon nam bratach.

.5. Dh' innsinn dhuibh mar chaidh an leòn.  
Mar a dhòirt iad an cuid fala,  
'S mar a dh' fhuiling iad am bàs  
Dìon na dh' fhàg iad aig baile.