

## Òran a' Bhrannaidh – Donnchadh Bàn Mac an t-Saoir

Tha fortan ann, bidh deoch againn,  
Na biodh an copan gann oirnn;  
Tha pailteas anns na botalaibh,  
Chan 'eil an stoc air chall oirnn;  
Is feairrde sinn an toiseach e  
Gu brosnachadh ar cainnte;  
Ged bhiodh a h-uile deoch againn  
'S e 's docha leinn am branndaidh.

'S e sin an sruthan mireanach,  
An tobar milis seannsail;  
Tha binneas mar ri grinneas  
A chur spioraid am fear fann ann;  
Is feairrde sinn na shireas sinn,  
Cha chulaidh mhilleadh cheann e;  
'S ro-mhath an seise muineil  
Do gach duine ghabhas rann e.

Na fir anns a bheil cridhealas,  
Nach 'eil an cridhe gann ac',  
Companaich na dighe,  
A ni suidhe leis an dram iad;  
Iarraidh iad a rithist e  
Ma bhitheas beagan ann deth;  
'N uair chluinneas iad an fhidheall  
Bidh iad fioghaireach gu dannsadh.

Cha chunnart duinn e theireachdainn,  
Tha seileir anns an Fhraing dheth;  
Chan 'eil eagal gainne  
Air an loingeas thug a nall e;  
Their sinne, on bu toigh leinn e,  
Nach dean a choire call oirnn,  
Air fhad 's gun dean sinn fuireach ris,  
Bhith gabhail tuilleadh sannt air.

Na fir a tha 'nan sgrubairean,  
Nach caith an cuid 'san am seo,  
Chan imir iad bhith cuide ruinn  
'Nan tubaistean le ganntar;  
Cha sir iad dol an cuideachd,  
Is chan iarr a' chuideachd ann iad;  
Mur cuir am b u rn am padhadh dhiubh,  
Chan fhaigheadh iad am branndaidh.

*We're in luck; we'll have drink,  
Let the cups not be scarce to us;  
There's plenty in the bottles,  
The supply is not lost to us;  
We're the better for it at the start,  
To stimulate our conversation,  
Though we might have every drink,  
Our favourite is the Brandy.*

*That's the stream of jollity,  
The sweet, lucky spring;  
It's sweet melody and elegance,  
That put spirit in the faint man;  
That which we seek is good for us,  
It's no head-wrecking stuff;  
It's a great throat coating  
For every man who sings a verse.*

*The men of cheerful temperament,  
Who are not short of heart;  
Companions of the drink,  
Who sit down with a dram;  
They'll call for more of it,  
If a little of it is left;  
When they hear the fiddle,  
They'll be keen to get dancing.*

*There's no risk of it running out,  
There's a cellar of it in France;  
And there's no shortage,  
Of the ships that took it over;  
We declare, because we like it,  
Its drawback won't harm us;  
As long as we keep at it,  
Our greed for it increases.*

*The men who are stingy,  
Who won't spend their cash now;  
They don't need to be with us,  
As killjoys with their meanness;  
They won't seek out company,  
And no company desires them;  
If water doesn't quench their thirst,  
They won't get the Brandy!*