

Air na Lochan - 1887

Se bhochdainn is an eu-ceart
A rinn ar daoine leireadh
'S dh'fhag sinn ann an eiginn
Le acras is gach cruadal.

Ach thainig curaidh feumail
A sheas ar cuis gu treubhant
Macrath a bha cho leirsinneach
Sa chuir air stri an ordugh.

Thug e dubhlan dhan an Rìagh 'tas
Ged chosgadh e bhith-beo dha
Is chuir e ann an rian dhuinn
Doigh san faigheadh sinn fuasgladh.

Bha a chuis gle dhorainneach
S cha robh geilt no uamhas air
Oir chuir e ann an di-meas
Gach lagh a rinn an uachdaran.

Air maduinn mhoich Di-mairt dhuinn
Gun thog sinn oirnn dhan Phairce
Is ann an sin bha leir-sgios
Air na feidh a bha san aite.

Is thug sinn iomadh ionnsaigh
Air damh donn na croicean ann
Is sinne bha gu suaimhneach
An cois Airigh Dhonnnaill Chaim.

Bha pailluin ann s' bha orain
Bha conaltradh is spors ann
Bha damh slan ga rosdadh leinn
S bu chubhraidh bha am faileadh.

Iain M Macleoid
Bailailean

The Heroes of Lochs - 1887

Poverty and injustice
Having oppressed our people
And have left us in distress
With hunger and with hardship.

But a useful champion arrived
Who stood our cause with valour
Macrae, the far-sighted one
Who put our strife in order.

He defied the authorities
Though it could cost him his job
And he organised for us a way
To achieve our emancipation.

Although the matter was vexing
He had not fear nor dread
Because he completely despised
All the laws of the landlord.

Early on Tuesday morning
We all set off for Park
And there we made a slaughter
Of all the deer in the place.

And we made many an attack
On the red antlered stag
And then we were at ease
Beside Airigh Dhonnnaill Chaim.

There was a tent and songs
There was conversation and fun
A whole stag was roasting
And how sweet was the smell!