

An Ataireachd Àrd

Na faclan le Dòmhnall MacIomhair

Am fonn le Iain MacDhòmhnaill

Andante

Rann 1

s₁ | m₁ : s₁ : d | m :- : r | d :- : l₁ | l₁ : d : l₁ | s₁ :- :- | - :- : s₁
 An at - air-eachd bhuan, cluinn fuaim na h-at - air-eachd àird._____ Tha

5
 d .r:- :m | f :- :s | f :- :m | d :l₁ :d | r :- :- | - :- :s₁
 tor - unn a' chuain mar chual - as leams' e nam phàist._____ Gun

8
 m₁ : s₁ : d | m :- : r | d :- : l₁ | l₁ .d:- : l₁ | s₁ :- :- | - :- : s₁
 mhùth - adh gun truas a' sluais - readh gainn-eamh na tràgh'd._____ An

11
 s₁ : d : m | s :- : l₁ | f :- : l₁ | s₁ : l₁ : s₁ | s₁ :- :- | :- :-
 at - air - eachd bhuan, cluinn fuaim na h-at - air - eachd àird._____

- 2 'S na coilltean a siar chan iarrainn fuireach gu bràth,
 Bha m' inntinn 's mo mhiann a-riamh air lagan a' bhàigh.
 Ach iadsan bha fial an gnìomh an caidreamh, 's an àgh
 Air sgapadh gun dìon mar thriallas ealtainn roimh nàmh.
- 3 Ach chunnaic mis' uair 'm bu chuannar beathail an t-àit',
 Le òigridh gun ghruaim bha uasal modhail nan càil.
 Le màthraichean suairc, làn uaill nan companaich gràidh
 Le caoraich is buar air ghluasad moch madainn nan tràth.
- 4 Ach siùbhlaidh mi uat, cha ghluais mi tuilleadh nad dhàil:
 Tha m' aois is mo shnuadh toirt luaidh air giorrad mo là.
 An àm dhomh bhith suaint' am fuachd 's an cadal a' bhàis,
 Mo leabaidh dèan suas ri fuaim na h-ataireachd àird.



An ataireachd àrd

An ataireachd bhuan, cluinn fuaim na h-ataireachd àird.
Tha torran a' chuain mar chualas leam-s' e nam phàist'.
Gun mhùthadh, gun truas, a' sluaisreadh gainneamh na tràghad.
An ataireachd bhuan, cluinn fuaim na h-ataireachd àird.

'S na coilltean a siar chan iarrainn fuireach gu bràth,
Bha m' inntinn 's mo mhiann a-riamh air lagan a' bhàigh.
Ach iadsan bha fial an gnìomh an caidreamh, 's an àgh
Air sgapadh gun dìon mar thriallas ealtainn roimh nàmh.

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tha m' aois is mo shnuadh toirt luaidh air giorrad mo là.
An àm dhomh bhith suaint' am fuachd 's an cadal a' bhàis,
mo leabaidh dèan suas ri fuaim na h-ataireachd àird.

*The eternal swell, listen to the sound of the mighty swell.
The ocean's thunder as I heard it when I was a child.
Changelessly, pitilessly, breaking against the sands of the shore.
The eternal swell, listen to the sound of the mighty swell.*

*In the woods of the west I would not want to remain forever,
My mind and my desire were always on the little hollow by the bay.
But these folk who were generous in affection
have been scattered, defenceless as a flock of birds flees in front of their enemy.*

*But I saw a time when the place was snug and full of life,
with carefree young people who were genteel and polite of disposition.
And happy mothers full of pride for their beloved husbands,
with sheep and cattle on the move early in the day.*

*But I shall go away never to return to you:
my age and physical appearance presage the shortness of my days.
When it's time for me to be laid out in the cold slumber of death,
make up my bed where I can hear the surge of the sea.*