



MOLADH EUBHAL  
IN PRAISE OF EUBHAL

**Òran le:** Dòmhnall Dòmhnallach (Dòmhnall Ruadh Chorùna)

**Air a rannsachadh is air a ghabhail le:** Robbie Greig

B' ann bho Neillidh Fearghasdan à Càirinis ann an Uibhist a Tuath a fhuair mi an t-òran seo aig tachartas ann an Loch nam Madadh a bha a' cuimhneachadh air a' Chiad Chogadh. B' e Dòmhnall Ruadh Chorùna à Cladach a' Bhaile Shear a rinn an t-òran. Bha Dòmhnall Ruadh na shaighdear anns a' Chogadh Mhòr. Mar as trice, bidh daoine a' smaoinneachadh air mar bhàrd cogaidh, ach tha an t-òran seo a' taisbeanadh nan sgilean air leth a bh' aige air bàrdachd nàdair cuideachd.

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O fhad 's bhios muir a' bualadh riut  
Is fhad 's bhios stuagh ag èirigh,  
Fhad 's bhios onfhadh trom sa chuan,  
Bidh m' aigne buan an Eubhal.

Bidh thusa, bheinn mo ghaoil fo d' chleòc,  
Sa mhadainn cheòthair Chèitein,  
Is Biùrabhal is Lì bho thuath  
Ag amharc bhuap' a chèile.

**Composed by:** Donald MacDonald (Dòmhnall Ruadh Chorùna)

**Researched & performed by:** Robbie Greig

Neillie Ferguson of Carinish, North Uist is the source for this song composed by Dòmhnall Ruadh Chorùna, (Donald MacDonald) of Cladach a' Bhaile Shear, North Uist. He was a soldier in the Great War and is well-known as one of Gaeldom's greatest war poets, but this song also showcases his considerable skills as a nature poet.

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As long as the sea washes on you  
And as long as the waves rise,  
As long as heavy storms rage in the sea,  
My mind will always be on Eubhal.

You, my beloved mountain, will be under your cloak  
On a misty May morning,  
And Biurabhal and Lee from the north  
Looking upon each other.



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Chan iarradh tus' a' ghrian gu h-àrd  
A dheàradh air do shlèibhtean,  
Ach sgòth 's i dubh le bròn mu d' chuairt  
'S tu smaointinn air na thrèig thu.

Bhiodh gach duilleag ghorm tha fàs  
Le ceann gu làr gun èirigh  
'S an smeòrach dhonn a tha nad ghleann  
Gun sguir i rann a ghleusadh.

Air do leacaich mhorghaich bhàin,  
Air feadh do bhàghan rèidhe,  
Bu tric a chùm mi breac an sàs  
Le dubhan bàis na bheul-san.

Ach 'ille tha nad leanabh òg,  
Nuair chluinn' thu m' òran èist ris,  
Feuch nuair a thèid thu dhan ghleann  
Gun gabh thu ann leat fhèin e.

An uair a dh' fhàsas tu nad laoch  
Le neart is aois a rèir siud,  
Chì thu saothair mo chuid làmh  
Air feadh gach bàgh is ceum dheth.

You wouldn't want the sun on high  
To shine on your slopes,  
But a black grieving cloud around you  
As you think of all who have deserted you.

Each green leaf which grows  
Would be bent low with no means to rise,  
And the brown thrush in your glen  
Has stopped singing her verses.

On your gravelly, pale rocks  
Throughout your smooth inlets,  
Often I would catch a trout  
With the death-hook in his mouth.

But you, boy, who are still young,  
Listen when you hear my song,  
So that when you go to the glen  
That you sing it there by yourself.

Once you have become an adult  
With the strength that comes with that,  
You will see the work of my hands  
In every bay and part of it.



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Chì thu ann na càrnain iasg  
Mar ghnìomh mi ann ri chèil' iad,  
'S na sligean maoraich ann nan ceud  
Mar thug mo mheur orr' gèilleadh.

Ged bhios tusa làidir òg  
Gun ghruaim no bròn gad cheusadh,  
Le inntinn aotrom mar na h-eòin,  
Gun dall an ceò do lèirsinn.

Thèid gach oidhche 's latha air chùl  
'S cha chunntais thu nad dhèidh iad;  
Is bidh fear ùr a' faighinn d' àit',  
'S bidh bheinn mar dh' fhàg mi fhèin i.

You will see the fish cairns  
As I built them together,  
The hundreds of shellfish shells  
That my fingers had captured.

Although you may be young and strong  
With no gloom or sadness to torture you,  
With a carefree mind like the birds,  
The mist will blind your vision.

Each night and day will go by,  
And you'll lose count of those that have passed;  
And another person will take your place,  
And the mountain will be as I myself left it.