



Fuaran – iomairt dualchais le Fèisean nan Gàidheal

Coitearan Bhatarsaigh

Òran le **Dòmhnall Mac na Ceàrdaich**

Air a rannsachadh 's air a ghabhail le **Claire Frances NicNill**

'S e Dòmhnall Mac na Ceàrdaich, no D.M.N.C. mar a bha feadhainn de sgoilearan eòlach air, a sgrìobh an dàn seo. Fhuair mise an dreach a th' agam bhon leabhar “Sgrìobhadh Dhòmhnail Mhic na Ceàrdaich” a chaidh fhoillseachadh ann an 2014. 'S e òran molaidh is spionnaidh a th' ann do Rèidearan Bhatarsaigh an dèidh dhaibh fearann Bhatarsaigh a bhuannachadh. Chaidh an cur don phrìosan an dèidh binn sa chùirt air Dìmàirt 2na den Òg-mhios 1908 airson grèim fhaighinn air fearann Bhatarsaigh gu mì-laghail.

Tha e air aithris gun do dhaingnich strì fearann na h-Èireann an iomairt aca gus seasamh an aghaidh uachdarain Bhatarsaigh agus iarraidh orra am fearann a thoirt dhaibh gus bochdainn ann am Bàgh a' Chaisteil, Miùghlaidh agus Sanndraigh a lasachadh. Tha e cuideachd air a ràdh gur e strì Bhatarsaigh a thug fàs air Strì an Fhearainn ann an Alba. Tha e air a thuigsinn gun deach an t-òran

Fuaran – a Fèisean nan Gàidheal heritage initiative

The Cotters of Vatersay

Composed by **Donald Sinclair**

Researched and sung by **Claire Frances MacNeil**

It was Donald Sinclair, or D.M.N.C. as he was better known to his learned friends, who composed this song. I got the version which I have from the book “The Writings of Donald Sinclair”, which was published in 2014. It is a song of praise and encouragement for the Vatersay Raiders, after gaining the land in Vatersay. They were sent to prison after being sentenced in court on Tuesday 2 June 1908 for seizing the land in Vatersay illegally.

It is said that the land struggle in Ireland consolidated their campaign to stand up against the Vatersay landlords and ask them to give them the land to alleviate the poverty in Castlebay, Mingulay and Sandray. It is also said that it was the land struggle in Vatersay which empowered the Land Struggle in Scotland. It is understood that this song was composed shortly after the court case to which Sinclair



seo a sgrìobhadh goirid an dèidh latha na cùirte leis gu bheil Mac na Ceàrdaich a' bruidhinn air sa chiad rann mar thachartas air an t-seachdain sin fhèin, agus san rann mu dheireadh a' bruidhinn ris na Rèidearan 's iad fhathast anns a' phrìosan.

'S ann air fonn dàn Dhonnchaidh Bhàin, "Òran don Èideadh Ghaidhealach"/ "Chuala mi Naidheachd as Ùr", a tha an t-òran seo agus dh'ionnsaich mi am fonn bho chlàr de Chalum Maclain air Tobar an Dualchais agus e a' gabhail òran na ceudna.

Tha m' aigne air cinntinn cho àrd
'S mo chridhe cho làn le sùrd,
Bhon chunnaic mi cuideachd mo ghràidh
A' suidhe Dimàirt aig cùirt.
'S ged 's duilich nach d' bhuinig iad fàbhar
'S truimead na càin os cionn,
Bheiridh sinn urram gu bràth dhaibh
'S seinnidh sinn àrd an cliù.

Seinneam le buidheachas àraid
Bunailt as tàth' nan ùir,
A dh'fhuiling gu h-urranta làidir
Uiread mhi-àird as tnùth.
'S mo bheannachd gu buileach dar càirdean
Shuidh air an ràmh le sunnd;
Clann a Deas ullamh nan Gàidheal
Ruitheadh muir bhàit' as dlùth.

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refers in the first verse as an event during that week itself, and in the last verse talking to the Raiders whilst still in prison.

This song is sung to the tune of Duncan 'Bàn' MacIntyre's "Song to the Highland Attire/I Heard Fresh News", and I learned the tune from a recording of Calum Jonston in Tobar an Dualchais.

My spirit has risen so high
And my heart so full of hope
Since I saw my beloved people
Sitting in court on Tuesday.
And although they didn't win any favours
And the weight of the fine over and above,
We will always respect them
And we will sing their praises high.

Let us sing with special thanks
Of a foundation strong as the soil,
Who suffered to such a great extent
So much malicious degradation.
And my blessings especially to our friends
Who sat with cheerfulness at the oars;
The ready Southern clans of the Gael
Who would tackle the most difficult seas.



Is mithich dhuinn uile bhith gluasad
'S freastal gu luath don chùis,
'S na h-èibhlean bh' air bhuil a bhith fuar
A thionndadh a-nuas bhon ghrunnd.
Le ola bhras ghuineach a' chruadail
Cuireamaid suas riutha smùid,
Gu teine nan lasraichean ruadha
Lasas ar gruaidh às ùr.

O cothaichibh! cothaichibh! cothaichibh!
Churaidhean cosant' mo rùin,
Na lagaicheadh binn no dochannadh
Spìd no croisean ur n-ùidh.
Ach seasaibh gu dìleas cothrom
Le ur n-inntinnean cogaidh nan sùgh,
Gum faigh sibh ur dlighe 's ur tochair
Bho linn a dholaidh 's air chùil.

Èirigh leibh uile 'n Tìr-àrd
Cho duineil 's bu ghnàth bho thùs,
Gach urra dhiubh cumaidh ribh làmh
Le 'n curaidh gu bràth nach lùb.
'S nuair dhùisgeas iad cluinnear 's gach àit'
Gun chuireadh nan smàl gach punnd,
'S gun leigeadh gach duine à sàs
Gu tilleadh gu fàs a dhùthch'.

Chan fhaigh an luchd ceannais nas fhaide
An t-urram gu faigh iad gur stiùir,
Bhon rinn iad na b' urrainn dhaibh cheana
Gur bruidhinn a chaitheadh gun diù.
'S e gnothach le cinnt nach leanar

It is time for us to move
And attend quickly to the matter,
And the embers that were almost cold
To re-ignite them from the ground.
With the swift bitter oil of hardship
Let us fight them,
To the fire of the red flames
Which will light up our cheeks afresh.

O strive! strive! strive!
You sturdy vigorous heroes of my heart,
Don't let sentence or assault, malice or
obstructions weaken your resolve.
But stand faithful and steady
With the strength of your warring minds,
May you get your rights and your dowry
From the time of detriment and afterwards.

All in Tìr-àrd will rise with you
As manful as they always were from the beginning,
Each one of them will stay with you
With their eternal courage that will not flag.
When they waken, it will be heard everywhere
That every pound was destroyed.
And that everyone was set free
To return to harvest on their land.

No longer will the people in power get
The honour that they will get to lead you,
Because they did all they could before
To view your talking without regard.
One matter that is certain not to continue



Sinn bhith gar feannadh 's gar sgiùrs'
Le cuileanan mi-mh'ail Shasainn
Gun chinn, gun chasan, gun tùr.

Nuair gheibh sibh gach nì le tapachd
'S gun dìth air aiteas no mùirn,
Gun tèid sibh lur pìob 's lur brataich
Nar still do Bhat'saigh null.
Don eilean sin as prìseil talamh
'S as rìomhaich machair fo fhlùr,
An t-eilean 's an cinn gach achadh
Gu fillteach, fath-rusgach, dlùth.

Ged tha sibh an-diugh far nach àill
'S nach fhaic sibh ur càirdean car ùin',
Na cuireadh sin tuisleadh nur càil
Oir 's tiugh tha na sàir rir cùl.
'S e an dealas 's an guidhe gach latha
Ur turas le àgh bhith crùint',
Tha beannachd gach duine 's gach àit' leibh
'S beannachd nam bàrd air thùs.

The denigration and routing we received
By rude English pups
Without brains, without feet, without understanding.

When you acquire everything with courage
With no lack of gladness or joy,
You will go with your pipes and your standards
Swiftly over to Vatersay.
To that island with the most precious of soil
And the most beautiful machair in bloom,
The island in which the fields grow
Plentiful, chaffy and dense.

Although you are now where you do not wish to be
And you will not see your people for a while;
Do not let that make your desire waver
Or strong are the heroes at your back.
It is their zeal and their prayer every day
That your journey will be crowned with joy;
The blessings of every person and place is with you
And the blessings of the bàrds first and foremost.