



Fuaran – iomairt dualchais le Fèisean nan Gàidheal

Madainn Earraich

Faclan le Aonghas Mac a Phì

Tha ceò geal na maidne a' togail a cheann
Is sgàilean na h-oidhche a' triall far nam beann
Is an uiseag ag iomairt sìor suas anns an speur
'S a h-òran cuir fàilt' oirnn, uile, gu lèir.

Tha àileadh nan lusan 's na pàircean mun cuairt
Gu cùbhraidh nam chuinnean an-dràsta cho suairc
Is math a bhi beò ann an Dùthaich mo Ghaoil
Ann an Earrach na bliadhna, le sìde cho ciùin.

Tha mullach nan sgoran a' nochdadh bhon cheò
Is am faileas an sgàthan na mara gun sgleò
Is dathan nan slèibhtean 's nan rèidhlean cho brèagh'
Ann an gathan na grèine ag èiridh an sionn.

Tha cathraichean siùbhlach a' fàgail a' bhàigh
Is clann-òga a' cluich anns a' ghainneamh air tràigh
Laoigh-bailceach a' geumnaich ri chèile 's an lòn
'S an crodh-bainne gam freagairt le ròlach bhon chrò.

Nach bòidheach na seallaidhean uile mun cuairt
Is nach math a bhi beò 's a bhi taingeil 'g an luach?
Is Cliù dhan an Tì a thug dhuinne gach nì
Tha a bheannachd an seo ann an àilleachd ar tìr.

www.feisean.org/fuaran

Fuaran – a Fèisean nan Gàidheal heritage initiative

Spring Morning

Words by Angus MacPhee

The white mist of morning raises its head
And the shadows of night leave the bens;
The lark spirals upwards in the heavens
Hailing us all with her song.

The scent of the flowers in the fields around
Is sweet in my nostrils at this gentle time;
It is good to be alive in my beloved country
In the Spring of the year, with such balmy weather.

The tops of the peaks are appearing above the mist
Their clear reflections seen in the mirror of the sea
And the colours of the hill-slopes and fields so lovely
In the rays of the sun, rising in brightness.

Swift skiffs are sailing from the bay
And young children play on the sands of the beach
Strong calves call to one another in the marsh
And the milch-cows answer, bellowing from the fold.

Aren't the surrounding sights lovely
And isn't it good to be alive and thankful to treasure them?
With honour to the One who has given us all this
That is a blessing here, in the beauty of our land.

