

Eadar an Dà Bhràigh
le Eòghann Mac Eunraig
(Between the Two Braes by Ewen Henderson)

Na caoraich mhòr nan grèigh,
feadh creagan glas an fhèidh,
san tìr san robh fear Chluanaidh
san uamh san tòir na dhèidh;
's a' choille chnò a bh' ann
taobh Loch Lagain a' fàs cho gann,
gun ceilear 's còisir 's srann,
eadar an dà bhràigh.

*The great sheep in their herd,
Throughout the grey rocks of the deer,
In the land where the laird of Cluny
Was a fugitive in the cave;
And the nut wood that was
Beside Loch Laggan, growing so scarce
Without chirping, chorus or humming
Between the two braes.*

'S olc an obair fhaoin
a rinn coille ghrinn na raon;
doirean dlùth' a' bhreacain-bheithe
a' seacadh anns a' ghaoith;
nan toireadh clan nan daoine
spèis do bhrìgh nan craobhan
bhiodh seileach 's critheann 's caorann
eadar an dà bhràigh.

*Evil is the foolish work
That made a forest a plain;
The thick copses of the chaffinch
Withering in the wind;
But if people would give
Respect to the essence of the trees
There'd be willow, aspen & rowan
Between the two braes.*

Shuas sna leacan àrd'
A' fuiling fuachd 's cathadh,
Tha 'n tàrmachan ri mire
os cionn an fhirich mar a bha;
Far naich fhaicear feadh no fraoch
air a' mhullach chòmhnard mhaol
mar chabar-drom' an t-saoghail,
eadar an dà bhràigh.

*Up in the high flagstones,
Withstanding cold and snowdrift,
The Ptarmigan is frolicking
Above the hill-moor as it ever was;
Where wood & heather are not seen
On the level, bald summit,
Many are the views on each side,
Between the two braes.*

Tha feadag-bhuidhe air gleus
's feadag-mhonaidh a' suidh' gu sèimh,
òighreagan 's fineag a' fàs
gu lìonmhor air an t-slèibh;
's an iolar-bhuidhe fhèin,
a' dìreadh ris a' ghrèin,
's i màthair mhòr nan speur,
eadar an dà bhràigh.

*The plover is in tune
And the dotterel is sitting peacefully,
Cloudberries & crowberry growing
Plentifully on the slope;
And the golden eagle itself,
Ascending with the sun,
She's the great mother of the skies,
Between the two braes.*

Tha còinneach, luibh 's lus
Nam bailtean 'measg nan stùc,
Far an tug na bràithrean
Coire Àrdair air a' Phrionns';
seileach-clòimheach a' fàs gu rìghinn
mar ri clach-bhriseach 's cìob,
's an lus-crè as àille cinn,
eadar an dà bhràigh.

A' teàrnadh nis a-nuas
bhon Uinneag chumhang fhuar,
eun beag an t-sneachda
anns na dearc-an-fraoich mun cuairt;
deoch-bhiugh a' dèanamh fuaim
eadar braoileagan 's cluas-luch,
's gog a' choilich-ruaidh,
eadar an dà bhràigh.

Seachad air Gleann Spiathain,
Bràigh Bhàideanach shìos,
Bràigh Loch Abar shuas
's mu thuath am Monadh Liath;
's air a' chòmhstri fhada bhuan
eadar fàsaichean 's sluagh,
tha Creag Mèagaidh a' toirt buaidh,
eadar an dà bhràigh.

Bidh an dreathan-donn ri ceòl,
's bidh òganan gu leòr,
mar bu chòir do Nàdar
'on bha Àdhamh 's Èubha beò;
bidh bùirich anns a' cheò,
's chithear dealan-dè 's leòmann,
's duilleach trom air meòir,
eadar an dà bhràigh.

*There is moss, herb and plant,
In their towns amongst the rocks,
Where the brothers*
Took the Prince up Coire Ardaire;
Woolly-willow growing determinedly
Along with saxifrage and deergrass,
& the speedwell of the bonniest heads,
between the two braes.*

*Now descending down
From the cold, narrow Window,
Snow bunting
In the blaeberreries around;
Greenshank making noise
Between bearberries & hawkweed,
& the cluck of the red grouse
between the two braes.*

*Beyond Glen Spean
The Braes of Badenoch down (Eastward),
Brae Lochaber up (to the West)
And to the north the Monadhliath;
& on the long, everlasting struggle
between wilderness and people
Creag Meagaidh is gaining victory
Between the two braes.*

*The wren will make music,
There will be young shoots galore,
As was rightful to Nature
Since Adam & Eve were living;
There will be deer-roaring in the mist
Butterflies & moths are seen
and foliage heavy on branches,
between the two braes.*

*Tradition maintains that brothers Ranaid & Alexander MacDonald of Aberarder helped Bonnie Prince Charlie escape through "The Window" (*Uinneag Choire Àrdair*) during his spell on the run in the Highlands in 1746.