

Appendix 1: Lyrics and translation of Alasdair Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair (1746/7) *Am breacan uallach*. Transcribed from *Highland Songs of the '45* (John Lorne Campbell)

Seist:

Hé clò dubh

Hó clò dubh

Hé clò dubh

B'fhearr am breacan

Chorus

Hey, the black cloth

Ho, the black cloth

Hey, the black cloth

The plaid was better

1. Phearr liom breacan uallach

Mu m'ghuailibh, 's a chur fo m'achlais

Na ge do gheibhinn còta

De'n chlò as fearr thig a Sasgunn

More I loved the proud plaid

Beneath my arms & round my shoulders

Than any coat I could get

Though of the finest cloth from England

2. Mo laochan féin an t-éidadh

A dh'fheumadh an crios da ghlasadh

Cuaicheineachadh éilidh

D'éis éirigh gu dol air astar

My favourite is the clothing

Which needs the girdle for its fastening

The plaid in folds a-flowing

When I arose to make my journey

3. Eileadh cruinn nan cuaichean,

Gur buadhail an t-earradh gaisgich;

Shiubhlainn leat na fuarain

Feadh fhuar-bheann; 's by gghasd' air faich' thù. When I arose to make my journey.

The neat plaid of the drooping folds

That was a fitting dress for heroes

In thee I'd walk the streamlets

10

4. Fìor-chulaidh an t-soighdeir,

'S neo-ghloceil ri h-uchd na caismeachd,

'S ciatach 'san *adbhàns* thù,

Fo shranraich nam pìob 's nam bratach

True dress of the soldier

Practical, when sounds the war-cry

Graceful in the advance thou art

When bagpipes sound & banners flutter

5. Cha mhios' anns an dol sìos thù,

'N uair sgrìobar a duille claisich ;

Fìor-earradh na ruaige,

Thou'rt splendid too, when comes the charge

And swords are drawn from scabbards

The finest garb to set the rout

Gu luas a chur anns na casaibh!	And in the feet put swiftness	20
6. Bu mhaith go sealg an fhéidh thù; 'N am éirigh do'n ghréin air creachann, Us dh'fhalbhainn leat gu lòthmhor Dì-Dòmhnach a'dol do'n chlachan.	Thou wast good to hunt the deer in When the sun arose o'er the hillside And I would go lightly in thee Sunday morning churchwards	
7. Laighinn leat gu ciorbail, 'S mar earbaig gum briosgainn grad leat, Na b'ullamh' air m'armachd Na dearganach 's mosgaid ghlagach.	Closely wrapped I'd lie in thee And like the roedeer spring up quickly Far readier to wield my arms Than the red coat with his clattering musket.	
8. 'N am coilich a bhith dùrdan Air stùcan am maidinn dhealta, Bu ghasda t'fheum 'sa chùis sin Seach mùtan de thrusdar casaig.	When the black-cock's murmuring On a knoll in th' dewy morning	30
9. Shiubhlainn leat a phòsadh, 'S bharr feòrnein cha fhroisinn dealta; B'ì siod an t-suanach bhoìdheach, An òg-bhean bu mhór a tlachd dhith.	'Twas finer then to use thee Than any dirty ragged black coat. In thee I'd go to weddings And never brush the dewy grass, That was the handsome garment That dearly loved the bride to see.	
10. B'aigeanach 'sa choill' thù, Dam choibhreachd le d'bhlaiths 's le t'fhsagadh O chathadh us o chrion-chur, Gun dìonadh to mì ri frasachd.	In woodlands thou was splendid To give me covering and warmth From driven snow or Scots mist Or showers thou wast my guard.	40
11. Air 'uachdar gura sgiamhach A laigheadh an sgiath air a breacadh, 'S claidheamh air chrìos ciatach, Air fhiaradh os cionn do phleata.	Above thee, truly beautiful Would lie the carved shield And the sword, on handsome belt Aslant thy pleated folds.	

12. 'S deas a thigeadh cuilbhear
Gu suilbheara leat fo 'n asgail
'S a dh'aindeoin uisg' us urchaid,
No tuil-bheum gum biodh aiur fasgadh.

Well with thee would go my gun
Lightly beneath my arm
Thou wast my full protection
From rain and storm and every ill.

13. Bu mhaith anns an oidhch' thù,
Mo loinn thù mar aodach-leapa;
B'fhèarr liom na 'm beat-lìn thù –
As prìseile mhìn tha 'n Glaschu.

Thou wast fine at night time
My choice thou was as bed clothes; 50
Better than the finest sheets
Of costly linen in Glasgow.

14. 'S baganta, grin, bòidheach,
Air banais us air mòd am breacan;
Suas an éileadh-sguaibe,
'S dealg-gualainn a' cur air fasdaidh.

Tidy, pretty, handsome
For wedding or for mod the tartan
Up the flowing plaid
With shoulder pin to fasten it!

15. Bu mhaith an là 's an oidhch' thù,
Bha loinn ort am beinn 's an cladach;
Bu mhaith am feachd 's an sìth thù -
Cha Rìgh am fear a chuir as duit.

Thou art good by day or night time
And comely upon hill or sea shore
In hosting or in peace time
No King was he who thee forbade. 60

16. Shaoil leis gun do mhaolaich so
Faobhar nan Gàidheal tapaidh,
Ach 's ann a chuir e géir' orr',
Na's beurra na deud na h-ealtainn'.

He thought that thus he'd blunted
The keenness of the Gaels so valiant
But he has only made them
Still sharper than the edge of [a] razor

17. D'fhàg e iad làn mì-ruin,
Cho ciocrasach ri coin acrach;
Cha chaisg doeach an ìotadh,
Ge b'fhion è, ach fìor-fhuill Shagsuinn.

He's left them full of malice
As ravenous as dogs-a-starving
No draught can quench their thirst now
Of any wine, save England's life-blood.

18. Ged spion sibh an cridhe asainn,
'S ar braillean sìos a shracadh

Though you tear our hearts out
And rend apart our bosoms 70

Cha toir sibh asainn Teàrlach
Gu bràth gus an téid ar tachdadh.

Never shall you take Prince Charles
From us, till we're a-dying.

19.R'ar n-anam tha e fuaighte
Teann-luaidhte cho cruaidh ri glasan,
'S uainn cha n-fhaodar 'fhuasgladh,
Gu 'm buainear am fear ud asainn.

To our souls he's woven
Firmly waulked, and tightly locked
Ne'er can he be loosened
From us till he is cut away.

20.Cleas na mna-siùbhla
Gheibh tuillinn mu m' beir l a h-asad,
An ionad a bhith 'n diùmb ris,
Gun dùbail d'a fear a lasan.

Just as the wife in travail
Suffers ere her child's delivered
Yet instead of turning from him
Her passion for her spouse is doubled. 80

21.Ged chuir sibh oirnne buarach
Thiugh-luaidhte, gu'rfalbh a bhacadh,
Ruithidh sinn cho luath
'S na's buaine na féidh a'ghlasraich.

Though on us you've put fetters
Tightly-fixed to stop us moving
Yet will we run as swiftly
More tireless than the deer on hillside.

22.Thà sinn 'san t-sean-nàdur
A bhà sinn roimh am an achda,
Am pearsanna 's an inntinn,
'S 'nar rioghalachd, cha téid lagadh.

We're still of our old nature
As were we ere the Act was passed
Alike in mind and persons
And loyalty, we will not weaken.

23.'S i 'n fhuil bha 'n cuisil' ar sinnsreadh,
'S an innsginn a bha 'nan aigne,
A dh'fhàg dhuinne mar dhilib,
Bhith rioghail – O, 's sin ar paidir!

Our blood is still our fathers'
And ours the valour of their hearts 90
The inheritance they left us
Loyalty – that is our creed.

24.Mallachd air gach seòrsa
Nach deònaicheadh fòs falbh leatsa,
Cia dhiubh bhiodh aca comhdach
No comhrùisgt;, lom gu 'n craicionn.

Cursed be every person
Who's still unwilling to rise for thee
Whether he has clothing
Or though he be stark naked.

25. Mo chion an t-òg feardha
Thar fairge chaidh uainn air astar;
Dùrachd bhlàth do dhùthcha
'S an urnuigh gun lean do phearsa.

My darling the young hero
Who left us to go o'er the sea
Thy country's warmest wishes
And prayers will follow thee. 100

26. 'S ged fhuair sibh làmh-an-uachdar
Aon uair oirnn le seòrsa tapaig,
An donas blàr ro 'bheò-san
Nì'm Feòladair tuilleadh tapaidh.

And though you overcame us
Once through a kind of mishap
In devil a battle in his lifetime
Shall again the Butcher conquer.

Appendix 2: Oran nan Casagan Dubha

Rob Donn

1. AMH Dhe leinn, a dhaoine,
C'ui me chaochail sibh fasan,
'S nach eil agaibh de shaorsa
Fiu an aodaich a chleachd sibh?
'S 1 mo bharrail mu'n eige
Tha 'n aghaidh f eilidh us asain
Gu bheil caraid aig Tearlach
Ann am Parlamaid Shasuinn

2. Faire, faire, Rìgh Deorsa !
An ann an spors air do
Deanamh achdachan ura
Gu bhi th du blachadh 'n?
Ach o'n 's balaich gun uails'
'S fhearr am bualadh no 'n caomhnadh,
'S bidh n1 's lagha 'gad
'N uair thig a leithid a ris oirnn.

3. Ma gheobh do namhaid 's do charaid
An aon pheanas an
'S iad a dh'cirich 'nad
Rinn an raghainn a
Oir tha caraid maith cuil ac'
A rinn tubh ris na dh 'earb ris,
'Sa' chuid nach d'imich do'n Fhraing leis
Fhuair iad *pension* 'n uair dh'fhalbh e.

4. Cha robh oifigeach Gaidhealach
Eadar seairdsean us coirneil,
Nach do chaill a *chommiss-ion*
'N uair chaidh 'm briseadh le firneart ;
A mheud 's a f huair sibh an uiridh,
Ged bu diombuan r'a ol e,
Bheir sibh 'm bliadhn' air ath-philleadh
Air son uinneagan leosain.

5. Cha robh bliadhna 'na taic so
Neach a sheasadh mar sgoilear
Gun *chommission* Rìgh Breatuinn
Gu bhith 'na chaintein air onoir;
Chaidh na ficheadan as diubh
Nach do leasaich sud *dolar*,
Ach an sgitirsaigeadh dhachaidh
Mar chu a dh'easbhuidh a choilear

Song to the Black Coats

Rob Donn MacKay

God be with us, my friends,
Why have you changed fashions,
Have you not e'en the freedom
To wear your own clothing?
From the cry 'gainst the tartan
And the hose, I am thinking
That a friend of Prince Charles is
In the Parliament of England.

Beware now, King George,
Do'st thou mock thy supporters,
Making new regulations
To double their bondage?
But since they're churls without honour,
Better strike them than spare them,
And fewer will serve thee
When the like again happens.

If thy Scots friends and foemen
Are to share the same hardships,
Then those who rose up against you
the choice that was; For they've a good
friend behind them
Who has helped his supporters,
And those who went not to France with him
Got pensions when he left.

There was no Highland officer
From sergeant to colonel,
Who lost not his commission
On their wrongful disbanding;
What last year you were given,
Though in drink it went quickly,
You'll repay the next twelve months
In the tax on glass windows.

But a year back from now
One was not held a scholar,
Without King's Commission
To be a captain with honour;
They're dismissed now in scores
Not the richer by a dollar
But chased off to their homes
Like a dog with no collar.

6. Ach ma dh'aontaich sibh rìreadh
Ri ur sior-dhol am muthadh,
Ged a bha sibh cho rioghail,
Chaidh ur cisean am muthad;
'S maith an airidh gum faicte
Dream cho tais ruibh a' cumha,
Bhith tilgeadh dhibh ur cuid bhreacan
'S a' gobhail chasagan dubha.

7. Och, mo thruaighe sin, Albainn !
'S tur a dhearbhadh sibh ur reuson,
Gur h-i 'n rainn bh' ann ur n-inntinn
An rud a mhill air gach gleus sibh !
Leugh an Gobhannent san:nt anns
Gach neach theannaidh ris fein dhibh,
'S thug iad baoight do ur gionaich
Gu'r □ur fo mhionach a cheile.

8. Ghlac na Sasunnaich fath oirbh
Gus ur fagail na's laige,
Chum 's nach bithte 'gur cunntadh
'Nur luchd-coimhstdh na's faide;
Ach 'n uair bhios sibh a dh'easbhuidh
Ur n-airm 's ur n-acfhuinnean sraide,
Gheobh sibh searsaigeadh mionaich,
Us bidh ur peanas na's graide.

9. Tha mi faicinn ur truaighe
Mar ni nach cualas a shamhuil,
'Chuid as fearr de ur seabhaig
Bhith air slabhruidh aig clamhan;
Ach ma tha sibh 'nur leomhainn,
Pillibh 'n doruinn-s' 'na teamhair,
'8 deanaibh 'n deudach a thrusadh
Mu'n teid nr b1rnan a cheangal.

10. 'N uair thig bagradh an namhad
Gus an ait' anns do phill e,
'S ann bu mhaith liom, a chairdean,
Sibh bhith 'n aireamh na buidhne
D'am biodh spiorad cho
'S gum biodh an sar' ud 'nan cuimhne;
Gus ur pilleadh 'san abhainn
Oir tha i raimhibh na's duimhne.

11. Nis, a Thearlaich oig Stiubhart,
Riut tha duil aig gach fine,
Chaidh a chothachadh cruin dhuit,
'S leig an duthaich 'na teine;

But if you agree truly
To your growing decadence,
Though you once were so regal,
Your tributes have increased;
Well such cowards do merit
To be seen a-lamenting,
Casting off your plaids from you
And to black coats a-taking.

Woe is me for thee, Scotland,
How thy reason is proved,
That the part thou hast chosen
Has been thy full ruin !
Greed the Government's read
In you all who've turned to it,
And a bait they have given
To set you in conflict.

The English have taken
Their chance to afflict you,
That you may not be counted
As warriors longer ;
But when you are lacking
Your arms and equipment,
You'll receive thorough searching,
And punishment quicker.

I am watching your trouble
As something unheard of,
The best part of your falcons
Are to kites now enchained;
But, if you are lions
Retaliate quickly,
And make your teeth ready
Ere your mouths have been muzzled.

When the enemy's threatening
Comes again where it turned back,
Then 'tis my desire, comrades,
You will be 'midst the number
Who've so Highland a spirit
That that wrong they'll remember;
Till you turn in the river
For it's deeper before you.

Now, young Prince Charles Stewart,
Thou 'rt the hope of all clansmen,
Who battled to crown thee
And set fire to the country;

Tha mar nathraichean falaicht'
A chaill an earradh an uiridh,
Ach tha 'g ath-ghleusadh an gathan
G' eirigh latha do thighinn.

12.'S iomadh neach a tha guidhe
Ri do thighinn, a Thearlaich,
Gus an eireadh na cuinghean
Dhe na bhuidhean'.n tha 'n eiginn;
A tha cantuinn 'nan cridhe,
Ged robh an tioghaidh 'ga bhreugadh,
'Lan do bheatha gu t'fhaicinn
A dh'ionnsaigh Bhreatuinn us Eireann.'

13.'S iomadh oganach aimsicht'
Tha an am so 'na chadal,
Eadar braighe Srath-Chluainidh
Agus bruachau
Rachadh 'n cuisibh mhic t'athar,
'S a chrun 's a chathair r'an tagradh,
'S a dh'ath-philleadh na ceathairn'
A dhioladh latha Chuil-ladair.

14.Ach, a chairdean na cuirte,
Nach eil a' chuis a' cur feirg' oirbh,
No 'n do dh'fhosgail Ur suilean
Gus a' chuis a bhith searbh dhuibh?
Bidh ur duais mar a' ghabhar
A theid a bhleoghainn gu tarbha.ch,
'S a bhith 'r fuadach 'san f haghair
Us ruaig nan gadhar r'a h-earball.

15.Ma's e 'm pea.each as mutha
'S coir a chumhachd a chlaoidheadh,
Nach e Seumas an Seachdamh
Dhearbh bhith seasmhach 'na inntinn ?
C'uim' an diteadh sibh 'n onoir
No bhiodh sibh moladh na daoidheachd?
'S gur h-e 'dhluitheachd d'a chreideamh
A thug do choigrich an rioghachd.

16.Fhuair sinn Rtgh a Hanobhar
Sparradh oirnne le h-achd e;
Tha againn Prionnsa 'na aghaidh,
Us neart an lag ha 'ga bhacadh ;
O Bhith tha shuas 'nad bhritheamh,
Gun chron 'san dithis nach fhac' thuMur
h-e th' ann, cuir air adhairt
An t-aon as lagha 'm bi 'pheacadh.

They are like hidden serpents
That last year lost their venom,
But their fangs are preparing
To rise the day of thy coming.

Many a one now is praying
For thy coming, Prince Charlie,
That the yoke may he raised
From the forces in hardship;
Who still say in their hearts,
Though their tongues may deny it,
'Welcome, when we see thee
Back to Britain and Ireland.'

There is many a young hero
Who now lies in slumber,
"Twixt the braes of Strath Cluny
And the banks of Lochaber,
Who would go in thy cause
To claim crown and throne for thee,
And would bring back the kerns
To revenge for Culloden.

But, ye friends of the Court,
Is your wrath not awakened?
Or are your eyes open
To your humiliation ?
Your reward's like the she-goat's
That will be milked to dryness,
And chased away in the autumn
With the cur-pack behind her.

If it be the worse sinner
Whose power should be shaken,
as it not James the Seventh
Who proved his mind steadfast ?
How could you condemn honour
Or give praises to folly?
'Twas his faith to his creed
That gave strangers the kingdom.
An Act has thrust on us

A King from Hanover,
A Prince we have 'gainst him
Whom the law is forbidding;
O God above who shall judge us,
And hast seen all their failings,
Wilt thou then put forward
Whichever's least sinning

