

Do Chalum (To Calum)

Julie Fowlis

Do Chalum
Chalum, a rÃ¹in,
on a dh' eug thu
's airsnealach, tinn
as do dh'Ã²idh sinn;
geÃ²rr bha do rÃ²is,
geÃ²rr do shaoghal,
buan an creuchd
bheum do dhaoine.
'S tusa bha mear,
Ã²ibhinn, aotrom,
dealasach, ceart,
eirmseach, daonda;
fulganach, treun
gleac ri eucail,
gun fhiamh, gun ghealt
ri uchd Ã²ig thu.
Sgoilear gun mheang,
tuigseach, gleusda
thionail ar fuinn,
thruis gach sgeulachd.
Choisinn thu cliÃ¹
thall an Ã²irinn
's bhos an Alba
mÃ²r bha dh'fheum ort.
BlÃ²th bha do chrÃ²dh,
fialaidh, mÃ²irneach
macanta, cÃ²ir,
coibhneil, fiÃ²ghant';
fuaraidh an nochd
aognaidh, tÃ²rsach
gaoth anns a' bheÃ²rn
nach gabh dÃ²nadh. To Calum
Beloved Calum
Since you died
we are
sorrowful, ill;
short your time
short your life

enduring the wound
a blow to your people.

You were playful
amusing, light-hearted,
committed, correct,
witty, humane;
long-suffering, brave,
combating disease,
unflinching, uncowardly
in the face of death.

A flawless scholar
understanding, shrewd,
who gathered our songs
and many stories.

You earned a good reputation
over in Ireland
and here in Scotland
you were greatly needed.

Your heart was warm
generous, joyful,
gentle, good
kindly, liberal;
chilly tonight
gloomy, sad
the wind in the gap
that cannot be closed.

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