

Meud sonas do chloinns' ann an glóir,
Meud sonas do eblainns' ann an glóir.

O'n a tha mi, san uair so,
Am fasach ulurtach, thruaillidh;
Lan trioblaid, is bruaidlein, is broin,
Lan trioblaid, is bruaidlein, is broin.

Ach, tha mo dhochas ri saorsa,
San là an glóraich thu d' naomhaibh;
'Sa bheir thu dhathigh gach aon diubh gud'ghloir,
'Sa bheir thu dhathigh gach aon diubh gud'ghloir.

Gach aon a dheisdeas rim' chronan,
Treigibh uile bhur goraich;
'S leanaibh 'n t-Uan, a reir ordugh, is fhain,
'S leanaibh 'n t-Uan, a reir ordugh, is fhain.

'S cha dean E nar treig sin,
Ach, bidh sibh aige mar cheile;
'S gheibh sibh sonas, is aibhneas, gu brath,
'S gheibh sibh sonas, is aibhneas, gu brath.

GED, nach eil an t-ughdairs, cho ceutach,
Na cho maith air a cheil;
'S e 'ghuidhe gun eisd sibh,
Reis na th' anta le cheile;
A tha 'reir firiun mhic Dhe sin,
'Chum 'bhi sona, an deigh sin;
Ged, robh trioblaid, is eigin, san fheoil duibh.

CRIUCH.