

## An t-Each Iaruinn. Ranald Rankin.

Gaelic Society of Inverness, Volume XV, p153 (1888-89). Ranald Rankin was born in Fort William in 1811 and was a priest in Moidart until 1855 when he emigrated to Australia. The poem expresses his feelings about newly introduced trains.

Translation – Gordon Barr.

### An t-Each Iaruinn

'Se 'n t-each iarainn fhuair mo mhiann,  
'Nuair a thriallainn air astar;  
Is e gun diollaid a's gun srian,  
Siubhal dian leinn do Ghlaschu.  
'Se 'n t-each, etc

'S ann air a bhios an t-sitrich chruaidh,  
'N àm dha gluasad o'n Chaisteal;  
Tothan geala tigh'nn o shroin,  
'S e ro dhèonach air astar

Cha'n iarr e fodar na feur,  
'S chan eil siol dha mar chleachdadh;  
Ach an teine chur r'a thàrr,  
'Se sud àbhaist mar bhraic-theist.

Tha fuaim a chuibhleachan am chluais,  
Mar thorann cruaidh tigh'nn o chreachan;  
Mar ghille-mirein dol m'an cuairt,  
Chì thu coilltean, sluagh, a's clachan.

Tha riadh de charbadan na dhèigh,  
'San ionad fèin aig bochd a's beartach;  
An uair a rachadh e na leum,  
B'fhaoin do mhac a fhèidh a leantuinn.

Siud riut a nis a' ghaoth-tuath,  
Dubhlan do'n luaths tha 'nad chasan;  
Feuch riut Eòlas na'n speur,  
Ma's tu fein is trein' air astar.

Tha 'n t-each aluinn, calma, treun,  
Tha e meamnach, gleusda, reachdmhor;  
An t-each a bhuidhneas geall gach reis,  
Chan eil feum a dhol a ghleachd ris.

### The Iron Horse

It's the iron horse that got a hold of my feelings when I travelled a distance. He lacked a saddle and a bridle and he moved fiercely with us to Glasgow.

He gave a hard growl as he moved away from The Castle. White fumes came from his nose and he was so ready for speed.

He doesn't look for fodder or grass and he doesn't usually have seeds, but he puts fire in his belly - that's his habit-like breakfast.

The noise of his wheels in my ears is like thunder coming from rocks or you will see woods and rocks and people birling around like a whirligig.

There is now a row of chariots behind her, the same place for poor and rich folk. When he began to leap, it was hopeless for a young deer to follow him.

Now you'll have the north wind as a challenge against the speed of your feet. Try to see if you can recognise the stars while you and the train are at speed.

The horse is beautiful, sturdy and strong. He is courageous, organised and robust. He is the horse who will win a bet at the end of every race. It is no use to go and struggle against him.

'S coma leam *coitse* nan each mall,  
Chan eil ann aca culaidh-mhagaidh;  
Chan fhearr leam *gige* nan each fann,  
Chan eil ann ach glige-ghlaige.

I don't care for the coaches of slow horses.  
They don't have an amazing set-up. I don't  
prefer the gigs of the feeble horses. There's  
nothing there but glick-glack.

Mar chloich-mhuilinn dol na deann,  
Sios le gleann o bhàrr leachdainn,  
Tha gach cuibhle a ruith bhios ann,  
Falbh le srann 's an dol seachad.

Like a mill-stone going down a glen in a  
hurry from the top of a wide hill, each  
wheel runs away and makes a snoring  
sound.

M' eudail gobha dubh a' ghuail,  
'S e thug buaidh air na h-eachaibh,  
Leis a' bhearran laidir luath,  
Falbh le sluagh eadar bhailtean.

My treasured dark blacksmith of the coal,  
it's he who defeated the horses and with his  
strong fast geldings he went with a crowd  
between towns.

Linn nan innleachdan a th'ann,  
Gu sluagh a chur na'n deann air astar;  
An litir sgrìobhas tu le peann,  
Mun dean thu rann bidh i 'n Sasunn.

An age of changes is here to make a  
population run at speed. The letter that you  
are writing with a pen will be in England  
before you finish a verse.

Nan èireadh na mairbh o'n ùir,  
Dh'fhaicinn gach nì ùir a th'againn,  
Cha chreideadh iad an sealladh sùl,  
Nach e druidheachdan a bh'againn.

If the dead rise out of their graves to see all  
the new things that we have, they would not  
believe the sight of their eyes or that it was  
nothing but witchcraft that we had.

Nì e bodaich bheinne dhùsgadh,  
'S daoine-sìth bha ùin' na'n cadal;  
Teichidh iad le geilt 'sna cuiltean,  
Mu'n tèid am mùchadh no'n spadadh.

He will waken up the old men of the  
mountains and the fairy folk that were once  
asleep. They will flee with terror into  
corners before they are smothered or  
flattened.

Siubhlaidh bàt'-na-smuid air chuan,  
Sgoltadh stuadh, 's ga'n cuir seachd;  
Seòlaidh long o'n Airde Tuath,  
Le gaoth chruaidh 's frasan sneachda.

A steam boat can travel on the ocean  
cracking the waves and pushing them past.  
A boat can sail from Ardtoe with a strong  
wind and showers of snow.

Chan ionnan sud 's mo ghearran donn,  
'Nuair dheireadh fonn air gu astar;  
Chan iarr e coirce no moll,  
Ach uisge' na chom 'nuair bhios tart air.

But that is not the same as my brown  
gelding, when a tune would turn him to  
speed. He doesn't look for oats or chaff,  
only for water into his chest when thirst hits  
him.

Nam faiceadh tu Iain Ruadh is claon air,  
A glaothaich gu àird a chlaiginn,  
“Mur stad sibh an t-each donn a dhaoine,  
Cha bhi tuilleadh saoghail againn.”

Bidh an t-eagal ann, 's chan iognadh;  
Fear ri faoineis, 's fear ri magadh;  
Chluinnidh tu iad air gach taobh dhìot,  
Fhearaibh 'sa ghaoil – “What a Rattle!”

Gus an rathad a bhi rèidh,  
'S nach bi eis air na astar,  
Nì e toll am bun gach slèibh,  
'S bheir e ris 'stigh na achlais.

A ruith troi' uamha chreagach dhorch,  
'Rinn am fudar gorm a'sgoltadh;  
Gu'm bheil mòran eagal orm  
Gu'm buin a thoirm uam mo chlaisteachd.

Chì thu sluagh ann as gach àite,  
A talamh Chanàan as a Sasunn,  
Eadar Peairt 'sam Brumlàth,  
Eadar an Spainnt a's Braigh Lochabar.

If only you could see Iain Ruadh with a  
squint on him and bawling out loudly from  
his skull “If you don't keep the brown horse  
away from people, we will not have any  
more world.”

There will be fear, and it is no surprise;  
some full of vanity and some busy at  
mockery. You will hear them, on every side  
of you, say to people lovingly “What a  
Rattle”.

In order that his road will be level and that  
there will be no horses in the way, he will  
make a hole at the bottom of each mountain  
and he will continue on inside and up to its  
outer.

Running through a rocky, dark cave, the  
blue powder bursts out. I have a lot of fear  
that its noise will take away from me my  
sense of hearing.

You will see people on him from every  
place, from the land of Canaan, from  
England, between Perth and Broomilaw,  
and between Spain and Lochaber Brae.