

Cape Breton Song, John R. McKeigan,
Merion Bridge

An teid the beam a righinn ag:
Rev. J. D. N. McDonald, Middle River

~~Old country song with local vs.
added~~

Mo Dhac hardh, sung by Mrs.
J. D. N. McDonald with piano
accompaniment. My Home, or My Ain
Touse

Fuedach Nan Gaidheal. Dispersion
of The Highlanders. Rev. McDonald

Milling Song with description

Muide Nam Mor-Bheann, Rev.
J. D. N. McDonald

Mo Dhochuadh not written
down for school Mrs. W. D. has
learned Gaelic, not in
childhood. Sings us in Eng.

Oran do Cheap Bretann Reel 63. 70-62.No.1

Se Ceap Bretann tir mo ghraidh
Tir nan craobh s nam beanntan ard,
Se Ceap Bretann tir mo ghraidh
Tir as aillidh leinn air thalamh.

Chan urrainn dhomh-sa chur ari doigh,
No chur sios le briathran beoil,
Na tha mhaise agus gloir
Comhnuidh ann an tir nam beannachd.

Seisd

Se chur mis an nochd fo bhron
Chimhneachadh air laithean m' oig,
'N fheadhainn a bhiodh leinn ri spors,
Gu bheil cuid diubh nach eil maireann.

Seisd

Chan urrainn domh-as leth dhuibh inns
Na tha mhaisealachd s an tir,
Stadaidh mi o' n tha mi sgith
Beannachd leibh is oidhche mhath leibh.

Sung by Rev. J.D. MacDonald, Woodlawn, formerly of Grand River, Richmond Co., who says this song was composed at Framboise by a MacDonald. It is in praise of Cape Breton, the hills, the trees and mountains. The singer can't write it down, but he can sing of the beauties. The war is on (probably the 1st great war) and there is sadness over the land. Recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1951.

Reel 63.

Gaelic

- 70-62. Oran do Cheap Bretann. Sung by Rev. J.D. MacDonald, Woodlawn. Song in praise of Cape Berton. Nice song well sung.
- 62-52. An Teid Thu Leam, A Righinn Og? Sung by Rev. J.D. MacDonald, Woodlawn. Scotch love song, well sung.
- 52-42. Mo Dhachidh. Sung with piano accompaniment by Mrs. J.D. MacDonald. Verses in English, chorus in Gaelic. Very pretty.
- 42-38. Fuadach nan Gaidheal. Sung by Rev. J.D. MacDonald, Woodlawn. Song of the Dispersion of the Highlanders.
- 38-30. Milling Song. Sung by Rev. J.D. MacDonald, Woodlawn. Note strong rhythm of this work song.
- 30-26. Muile nam mor-bheann. Sung by Rev. J.D. MacDonald, Woodlawn. Old country love song. Quite nice.
- 26-22. Chi mi na Mor-bheanna. Sung by Rev. J.D. MacDonald, Woodlawn with Mrs. MacDonald accompanying on piano and joining in chorus. Quite nice.
- 22-18. Oh God of Bethel. Sung by Rev. J.D. MacDonald, Woodlawn accompanied by Mrs. MacDonald on piano. This is a paraphrase of 2nd Genesis.
- 18-12. Queen Among the Heather. Sung by Joseph Wallin, Dartmouth, aged 12. Not folk, but well sung.
- 12-8. Dance Song. Sung by Rev. J.D. MacDonald, Woodlawn. Song used for dancing when no other music available. Same idea as chin or cheek music in Newfoundland.
- 8-end. Dance Song. Another song as above. Singer couldn't give me the words.

Cho.

An teid thu leam, a righinn og,
A righinn óg, a righinn og;
An teid thu leam, a righinn og,
A nunn do Thir nam Beanntan?

1

Chi thu'n ros a' fas fo'n driuchd,
'S a' mhil ag eirigh suas 'na smuid,
Is eoin nan geug a' seinn duinn ciuil
Le sunnd an Tir nam Beanntan. Cho.

2

Chi thu'n gleann 'san robh mi og,
Nuair bha mo chridhe maoth gun gho,
Mun d'fhuair mi colas riamh air bron,
No leon an Tir nam Beanntan. Cho.

3

Chi thu creagan gruamach a' d'fhuair
Na neoil a' sguabadh air am barr;
Bidh fuaim nan allt a' ruith le gair
Gu traigh, an Tir nam Beanntan. Cho.

4

Chi thu oighean boidheach, ciuin,
Chaidh arach ann an glinn mo ruin,
Gu maiseach, finealt, glan gun smur,
Cho ur an Tir nam Beanntan. Cho.

5

Gheibh thu cairdeas, blaths is muirn;
Is chi thu coibhneas anns gach suil;
Tha iochd is baigh a' snamh an gnuis
Gach duil tha 'n Tir nam Beanntan. Cho.

6

Tir nam fiuran fearail, fial,
Nach d' thug cul ri namhaid riumh;
Bidh cliu, cho fad 's a dh' eireas grian,
Air iarmad Tir nam Beanntan.

7

Ged chaidh an sgaoileadh anns gach cearn,
Air feadh gach tìr mun iadh an sal,
Bidh cuimhne aca le aigne blath,
Gu brath air Tir nam Beanntan. Cho.

This is a love song. Will my loved one go with me to the hills of Scotland? There we will find the dew on the roses, and the honey like smoke because the bees are so plentiful. We will see the glen where I was young before I had any knowledge of sickness or anything else. We will see the cliffs and the clouds over their tops, and the brooks going out to the tide and the girls who are so beautiful and quiet, neat, clean and pure.

Sung by Rev. J.D. MacDonald, Woodlawn, native of Grand River, Richmond Co., and recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1951.

Cho.

Seinn iribh o, hiuraibh o, hi,
So agaibh an obair bheir togail fo m' chridh',
Bhi stiuradh mo chasan do m'hachaidh bhig fhin,
Air criochnachadh saothair an la dhomb.

Cho. x 1

Sing harrivo, hewrivo, hoogivo, hove,
The choice I now make gives a lift to my soul;
My footsteps shall turn to my lovely wee home
When I finish my task at the twilight. Cho.

2

The brave heroes of old would seek glory and fame,
The tipper his wine cup may foolishly drain,
The lover of gold may keep grasping for gain
But I shall find bliss in my cabin. Cho.

3

Glance over the lake in the shade of the grove
At my neat little cabin as neat as the snow,
That there is my ~~cabin~~ dwelling, the place I call home,
The costliest castle can't charm me. Cho.

4

Its location so lovely enhances its worth,
Rarest flowers and foliage carpet the earth,
Its hedges give shelter 'gainst blasts from the north
And around it are lawns smooth as velvet.

5

It's a spot that is gladdened forever with song,
A robin in tree-top, a lark far beyond,
The brook with its lullaby all the day long,
Or Mary's soft croon to the baby. Cho.

6

Love's blessing be on thee, dear wifie so kind,
As you tend my wee cabin and care for my child,
On your soul there's no corner for envy or guile,
In the warmth of your eye there is friendship. Cho.

Sung by Mrs. J.D. MacDonald, Woodlawn from translation
of the Gaelic by Rev. J.W.A. Nicholson. Mrs. MacDonald plays
her own accompaniment. This was originally an old country
song, but it is well known in Cape Breton, her former home.
For Gaelic text and tune see Choisir-chauil, The St. Columba
Collection of Gaelic Songs, Bayley & Ferguson, London & Glasgow.
Recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1951.

Fuadach nan Gaidheal. Reel 63.42-38. No.4.

This is a song of the Dispersion of the Highlanders.

For full text with music see Choisir-chiuil. The St. Columba Collection of Gaelic Songs, Bayley & Ferguson, London & Glasgow.

Sung by Rev. J.D. MacDonald, Woodlawn, formerly of Grand River, Richmond Co., and recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1951.

Muille nam mor-bheann. Reel 63.30-26.No.6

This old country song is widely sung in Cape Breton. It is a love song; the man won't look at any other girl or go anywhere. If he can't have her he will remain an old bachelor.

Sung by Rev. J.D. MacDonald, Woodlawn, formerly of Grand River, Richmond Co., and recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1951. For full text and music see Choisir-chiuil, The St. Columba Collection of Gaelic Songs, Bayley & Ferguson, London & Glasgow.

Chi mi na Mor-bheanna. Reel 63.26-22.No.7.

Hail to the Mighty Bens. For full text and music see Choisir-chiuil. The St. Columba Collection of Gaelic Songs, Bayley & Ferguson, London & Glasgow.

Sung by Rev. J.D. and Mrs. MacDonald, Woodlawn, formerly of Grand River, Richmond Co., and recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1951. Accompanist on piano, Mrs. MacDonald.

Oh God of Bethel (Gaelic) Reel 63. No.8

Paraphrase of 2nd Genesis. Sung in Gaelic by Rev. J.D. MacDonald, Woodlawn, and accompanied by Mrs. MacDonald at the piano. Recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1951.

Milling Song. Reel 63.38-30.No.5

This is about a girl who was on the moor one day when she met Donald who was a friend. They began to talk and had some courting too but their fun ended in a quarrel. He was going to kill her and tramped her hair under his foot and took a knife out of his pocket. She said that wasn't what he had promised her. He had promised a wedding and a festive time. The song goes on for many more verses. It is sung at Milling Frolics at Grand River, Richmond County where the singer was born. Sung by Rev. J.D.MacDonald, Woodlawn, and recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1951.