

# 164 A

1 Braighne Mhargarae, sung by Mr. Hughie Wilson, Glace Bay

2 Thoir Mo Shoraídh, sung by Mr. Hughie Wilson, Melody like Gun Chroth gun Aishean, but a bit off.

Old country song, is on Dispersion of the Highlanders, but different from D.B. McLeod's. Predicts the gons will be occupied one day by highlanders.

3 Fhir a bheta, good full version to old country tune but off key; women join in cho. with great enjoyment

4 Island of Heather, praising the island of Lewis for how plentiful it is for food and about teaching the young, and the mother was spinning, carding. old country song ends with verse about Capa Breton which makes it their own

Song.

5 O My Lover, Gaelic, good swing  
milling song, very popular. Old country  
with many local vs. probably running to  
200. Use own words from Cape  
Breton rather than traditional  
ones.

6 Song In Praise of Mary, well  
sung by Mr. Hughie Wilson; This is his  
best singing. A mhàiri bhòidheach

7 Daghall Na Sroine, Gaelic  
recitation, Mrs. Grant, Glace Bay.  
Dougall of The Nose. Is in Gaelic  
book

8 Talk on how Gaelic learned  
by reading Bible Mrs Grant

Thoir mo shoraidh thar an t-saile,  
Nunn gu tìr nam beanntan àrda,  
Far an d' fhuair mi greis dhe m' àrach  
Air an àirigh anns an glinn.

2

Far am biodh an ceòl's am manran  
Aig an òigridh chridheil, chàirdeil,  
Far am biodh na h-òrain Ghàidhlig  
'N uair a bhiodh na h-àrmuinn cruinn.

3

Far am biodh na h-òighean guanach,  
'S fhad a chluinnte fuaim an duanaig,  
Dol le'n cuman is le 'm buaraich  
Mach gu buailidh a' chruidh laoigh.

4

Far am biodh na mnathan bàigheil,  
Bheireadh biadh is deoch do 'n ànrach,  
Agus bodaich chòire làidir  
Nach robh fàillinneach no tinn.

5

Far am bheil na stùcan ceòthach,  
Far am bheil an fraoch 's a' mhòinteach,  
Far an cluinnte guth na smeòraich,  
Agus crònan aig na h-uillt.

6

Far am faighte crodh is daoine,  
Tha e nise fàs fo chaoraich,  
'S tha na Gaidheil air an sgaoileadh  
Air gach taobh air bheagan suim.

7

Ach tha chuibhle nis air tionndadh  
'S gheibh sinn fhathast còir ar dùthcha,  
'S theid na h-uach darain a sgiùrsadh,  
Mur a cum iad cothrom ruinn.

8

Bidh ar glinn 's ar srathan còmhnard  
Air an àiteach 's air an còmhdach,  
'S bidh na Gaidheil mar bu chòir dhaibh  
Gabhail còmhnuidh anns an tìr.

Sung by Mr. Hughie Wilson, Glace Bay, and recorded by Helen  
Creighton, July 1956.

For translation see next page.

Tha balach anns as dùthaich  
 Ris an can iad Dughall,  
 'S fhada bho bha ùidh aige posadh.  
 Ged a tha e lugach,  
 Agus car 'n a shùilean,  
 Gur e mhill a' chuis nach 'eil sròn air.

2

Anna bheag a' chubair,  
 Cailleag laghach shunndach,  
 Ged tha i gun iunntas gun stòras,  
 Ghabhadh ise Dughall  
 Ged a tha e crùbach,  
 Na 'm biodh fad na lùdaig de shroin air.

3

Bha mi Oidhche Shamhna  
 Ann an tigh an dannsa,  
 'S chluinneadh tu mar chainnt aig na h'òighean,  
 "Fear le crodh is gamhna,  
 Chumadh bean is clann da,  
 'S bochd an rud a th' ann nach eil sròn air!"

4

Thuirt Mairi Nic Phadruig:  
 "'S sibh a chaill bhur nàire -  
 Buidheachas do 'n Agh nach robh 'n corr dheth,  
 Tha e laghach, càirdeil,  
 'S rachainn leis am màireach,  
 'S cha mhaoidhinn gu brath nach robh sròn air.

5

"Ni e cur is aiteach,  
 'S tha e maith 'n a nadur,  
 Ged nach dean e gaire ro bhoidheach;  
 'S fhearr e mar a tha e  
 Na fear falamh stràiceil,  
 Ged bhiodh urad màileid de shroin air."

6

Thuirt nighean an tailleir:  
 "'S ann agad tha chail dha,  
 'S olc an rud nach sasaich do sheorsa;  
 Rachainn gu mo bhàthadh  
 Mach air rudha 'n t-saile,  
 Mu 'n gabhainn le garlaoch gun sròn air!"

7

Coma leat-sa, Dhughail.  
 Na gabh thusa curam,  
 Ciod a their na sgliuraichean gorach;  
 Gheibh thu cailleag chliùiteach,  
 Agus te bheir run dhut,  
 'S cha 'n aithnich i an cuil nach eil sròn ort.

Take My Greetings Over the Sea.  
English translation, reel 164A8-9

Air - "Ged 'tha mi gun chrodh gun aighean."

Here's far o'er the stormy ocean,  
Greetings wi' my heart's devotion,  
To the bonnie land o' Scotia,  
Rugged bens and glens o' green.

2

To her bonny hills o' heather,  
To her bonnet blue and feather,  
To her tartan plaid, together  
Wi' her lassies neat and clean.

3

There the heather bell is growing,  
There each heart wi' love is glowing,  
There the Gaelic songs are flowing  
Blythe through every Highland glen.

4

There the matron kind and cheerie  
Greets the wanderer lone and weary  
And no heart e'er sad or dreary  
Turns in sorrow frae the door.

5

The land o' misty ben and mountain,  
Murmuring rill and mossy fountain,  
Where through greenwood bowers at Beltane  
Sweet the lilt o' songsters pour.

6

~~Through~~ Though from their homes our kin are driven,  
And o'er the ocean billows driven,  
While to the stranger race is given  
The glens their fathers' steel kept free.

7

Yet soon will fortune's wheel be turning,  
The heather on the brase be burning,  
And to their fathers' homes returning  
Will our Highland exiles be.

8

Then will our straths and fields ne golden  
With our harvests as of olden,  
When the Celtic step beholden  
To no stranger, trod the lea.

Translation of song sung in Gaelic by Mr. Hughie Wilson,  
Glace Bay and recorded by Helen Creighton, July, 1956.