

1 Stories about Gaelic - folk
 on saying grace. Mrs. Grant, Glace
 Bay. Men was saying grace and
 looked up to see women cutting
 bread. Always ended with, For
 Christ's sake, but now it went, For
 Christ's sake don't eat any more bread.

2 Nighean Donn a' Chair Roidh,
 composed by Malcolm Gillis, sung by
 Mr. Hughie Wilson, Glace Bay.

Wildies On The Stormy Sea is
 supposed to be melody, but it is
 changed. That is why Major McLeod
 has transcribed it.

3 Oran Na Seane. Mhairghlinn
 recitation, Mrs. Grant, Glace Bay.
 Words in Gaelic book. NOT
 transcribed.

4 Story of trick on preacher at
 Merion Bridge. Brings in interesting

custom of praying, told by Mary
Wilson.

5 Psalm 121, presented by
Mr. Hughie Wilson. As Gaelic
service in Glace Bay once a
year. & was told on Gaelic services

6 I like the Gaelic, sung by
Mr. Hughie Wilson, Glace Bay. Odd
country tune.

7 Dídche fhéith Leabh, sung by Mr
Wilson. well known, so not trans-
cribed.

8 Posadh Píethar Goin Bhair, sung
by Mr. Wilson. Has good swing

9 Cead Deirneannoch/nam brann,
sung by Mr. Wilson, but not too odd
country tune. Many dialectic
variations. Barra dialect.

Ma gheibh mise fear gu brath,
Plàigh air nach tigeadh e!
Ged nach can mi sin ri càch,
B' fhearr leam gu 'n tigeadh e;
'N a mo laighe 'n so leam fhìn,
'S tha e coltach ris gu 'm bi,
Ma tha leannan domh 's an tìr,
Sgrìob air nach tigeadh e!

2

Ged a bhiodh a sporan gann,
Dhannsainn na 'n tigeadh e;
Ged a bhiodh a leth-shuil dall,
M' annsachd na 'n tigeadh e;
Biodh e dubh, no biodh e donn,
Biodh e dìreach, biodh e cam,
Ma tha casan air is ceann,
Dhannsainn na 'n tigeadh e.

3

'N uair a bha mi aotrom òg
Phòsadh a fichead mi,
Chuir mi dhìom iad dhe mo dheòin,
'S spòrs dhaibh a nise mi.
Theid iad seachad air mo shroin,
Le 'n cuid chruinneagan air dhòrn,
Chaill mi tur orra mo choir,
'S leonaidh e nise ~~xxx~~ mi.

4

Tha mo ghruag air fas cho liath,
'S cianail a nise mi,
Mi 'g a dath an ceann gach mìos,
Pianaidd i nise mi;
Cha 'n 'eil fiacaile 'n a mo cheann
Ach a trì tha nunn 's a nail,
Dh'fhalbh mo chruthachd is mo ghreann,
Tha 'n t-am gu 'n ~~xxxxxxx~~ robh mise dheth.

5

'N uair a chi mi mnathan truagh,
'S suarach a' mhisneach e,
Pòsd' aig umaidhean gun stuaim,
Buairesas is misg aca;
B' fhearr leam cadal 'n a mo bhrat,
'S a bhi mireag ris a' chat,
Na aig burraidh bhi fo smachd,
Seachmadh a'chuid sin mi.

6

Ach ma chuir iad rium an cùl,
Smùr cha chuir sud orm,
Ach ma 's e 's gu 'n tig fear ur,
Sunnd cuiridh sud orm;
Biodh e luath, no biodh e mall,
B' fheairrd an tigh so e bhi ann,
Feithidh mi gu 'n tig an t-am,
'S dhannsainn na 'n tigeadh e!