



Fàilt' Eilein a' Phrionnsa – *Welcome to PEI* *Patricia Murray*

Lyrics, translations, and historical notes

1) *Is grinn ar Eilean Abegweit – How fair our Island, Abegweit*

Written by Harold Messervy. Translation by the poet.

Source: *Island Prose and Poetry: An Anthology*

Historical Notes:

Harold Messervy was born in 1889 in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. His parents were John A. Messervy and Carrie Augusta (Wade) Messervy; his great uncle was George Coles, Father of Confederation.

I set this poem to music after coming across it in the Island poetry anthology. The message is simple and clear – Prince Edward Island is like heaven on earth. *PM*

Is grinn ar eilean Abegweit,
Fo'n bratach ùir de'n Eilean blàth,
Nan eun a' seinn anns an speur,
Do thug mo chridh' gu smuaintean tlàth.

How fair our Island Abegweit
'Neath the warm cloak of tender May
The birds a-singing in the heavens
Have turned my heart to thoughts of thee

Tha uain ag imirt air na raoin
Is dealain-dé de mìltean dlùth
Tha uillt ag ruith gu luath de'n chnoc
Is abhainn a sruith fo choilltean sgàth

The lambs are playing in the fields
And butterflies of myriad hues
The brooks go leaping from the hills
Thy rivers flow 'neath shady woods

A thìr na rathaid ruaidh deas
Na speuran gorm is dealrach cuain
Mo fhàilte ort, a thìr mo ghràidh
Gu chum tha iad dùisg o shuain

O land of beauteous fair red roads,
Of azure skies and shining bays
Blessings on thee, land of my love
God keep thee ever, all the days

Instrumentation:

Vocals – Patricia Murray

Piano & Fiddle –Troy MacGillivray

2) *Cumaibh Suas A' Ghàidhlig – Let's keep up the Gaelic*

Written by James N. MacKinnon. Translation by Angus John Macdonald.

Source: Fad air Falbh as Ìnnse Gall – *Beyond the Hebrides*

Historical Notes:

This rallying song was composed by James N. MacKinnon of Prince Edward Island. It was published in *Mac Talla*, Vol. VIII, p. 200 – a popular Gaelic newspaper based in Nova Scotia in the late 19th century. The song is sung to the old melody, *Ho mo Mhàiri laghach*.

This song has a great message perhaps even more so today. I hope it inspires learners of the language to keep up the Gaelic! *PM*

Cumaibh suas a' Ghàidhlig,
Cainnt ar màthar fhéin,
Chaidh na leigibh bàs i
Ge b'e cearn d'an téid,
'S i rinn òg ar taladh
Chuir a gràdh an géill
Ann am briathran blàth
Mar ghaoith a' Mhàigh troimh ghéig

Let's keep up the Gaelic,
Our own mother tongue,
Never let it die out
Anywhere you go;
It rocked us asleep once
And ensured our love
In its words as warm
As May's wind through the trees

Cumaibh suas a' Ghàidhlig,
Cainnt na sàr-laoch treun
Choisinn cliù 's na blàraibh
Anns gach ceàrn fodh 'n ghréin',
Bhiodh air tùs a ghàbhaidh
'S tric a gheàrd 's a ghléidh,
Onair 's crun a Ban-rìgh'nn
'N uair bhiodh càch gun chre

Let's keep up the Gaelic,
Tongue of heroes brave,
Winning fame in battle
Through the whole wide world;
They'd be first in danger,
Oft to guard and keep
Honour's crown for Britain

When the rest were weak

Cumaibh suas a' Ghàidhlig
Cainnt nam bàrd 's nan treun
Ann an gaol gur fheàrr i
Na bhiodh càch gu léir;
Cainnt as misle pàirtean,
'S a nì 'n crabhadh geur,
'S cha mhiosa i gu càineadh,
'N uair thig tràth an fheum

Let's keep up the Gaelic,
Tongue of bards and men
For in love it's better
Than all else could be;
Speech for sweetest phrasing
And for sharpest pain,
Not poorest for scolding
When the need appears

Cumaibh suas a' Ghàidhlig
Bh' anns an Airc cha bhreug,
Chaidh an Eubhra bhàthadh
'Us càinain na Greug
Ach bha Ghàidhlig bhòidheach
'N teanga Noah fhéin,
'S thug e leis air bòrd i
'N uair a sheòl le threud

Let's keep up the Gaelic,
It was in the Ark,
Where the Hebrew perished
Along with the Greek;
But the pretty Gaelic
Was on Noah's tongue,
And he took it with him
Sailing with his flock

Cumaibh suas a' Ghàidhlig
Dìleab Adamh fhéin,
Labhair e 's a' ghàradh
'N uair a thàinig Eabh
Thubhairt e, "Mìle fàilt' ort
'S tu 's àille fodh 'n ghréin,
Cha'n 'eil aon bheir bàrr ort
Measg nan mnà gu léir"

Let's keep up the Gaelic,
Adam's own bequest,
Spoken in the garden
When his Eve arrived;
Said he, "Mile failt ort
'S tu 's aille fodh'n ghrain,
Cha'n 'eil aon bheir barr ort,
Measg nan mna gu leir"

Cumaibh suas gu bràth i,
'S nar ma thig orr' éis,
'N teanga chiatach dhàicheil,
Sgrìobh gun dàil 'us leubh;
Buaidh le pinn nan armunn
Tha ri stàth 's ri feum
A' sgaoileadh na Gàidhlig,
Cainnt mo ghràidh 's mo chre

Let's keep up the Gaelic,
Never let it die,
Speech that's splendid, artful,
Quick to write and read;
Gain to pens of worthies
For their use and need,
To spread wide the Gaelic,
Speech my heart so loves

Instrumentation:

Vocals – Patricia Murray

Piano & Fiddle – Troy MacGillivray

3) Òran an latha 'n diugh – A song of today

Written by Rev. A. MacLean Sinclair. Translation by the poet.

Source – Island Prose and Poetry: An Anthology

Historical Notes:

Reverend Alexander MacLean Sinclair was born in Glenbard, Nova Scotia in 1840 and ordained to the Presbyterian ministry in 1866. Dr. Sinclair was the minister of Belfast Presbyterian Church from 1888–1906 in Eastern PEI. He died in 1924. **Òran an latha 'n diugh – A song of today** was written in 1901 during his time on Prince Edward Island.

After reading the lyrics to this song, I realized that this song was as relevant today as the time it was written. *PM*

Ho ro, mo dholar gaolach,
Ho ri, mo dholar gaolach,
Mo dholar laghach, gaolach,
Co thaobhainn ach thu?

Ho ro, my lovely dollar,
Ho ri, my lovely dollar,
My darling, lovely dollar,
I'll be partial to no one but you

A dholair, 's e mo shòlas
'Bhith breith ort ann am chrògan;
Gur cumadail 's gach dòigh thu,
'S gur bhòidheach do ghnùis

O dollar, it's my desire
To grasp you in my fist,
To hold on to you
For beautiful is your countenance

Thug mi le m' chridhe gaol dhuit,
Nach dealaich rium ri m' shaoghal;
'S nam b' urrainn mi gun slaodainn
Ri m' thaobh thu do 'n ùir

I was heartsick over you,
That will never leave me
That I might have you
Without coaxing you by my side

Biodh amadain gun stòdachd

A' ruith an déidh nan òighean;
Ach cumaidh mis' an còmhnuidh
Do ghlòir-sa roimh m' shùil

The fool without slowness
Will be chasing the young girls,
But I will keep forever
Your beauty before my eyes

Biodh daoin' air bheagan léirsinn
Ri duanagan ag éisdeachd,
Ach 's mise nach doir spéis dhaibh;
'S leat féin mi gu m' chùl

Men with little vision
Will be listening to little songs,
But I pay them no attention,
You are mine forever

4) PEI Wedding Reels - Carter MacKenzie (Kevin Chaisson), PEI Wedding Reel (Trad.), December 2 (Ward MacDonald).

Historical Notes:

The Prince Edward Island Wedding reel was used to accompany a special step-dance among bride, groom, best man, and bridesmaid at the opening of Island wedding festivities in the past. This set of fiddle tunes features the PEI Wedding Reel and melodies written by Kevin Chaisson and Ward MacDonald from Eastern Prince Edward Island. Both men are well known music tradition bearers in both performance and composition.

Instrumentation:

Fiddle & Piano-Troy MacGillivray

Bodhran – Patricia Murray

5) Gearan an tuathanaich – The Farmer’s Complaint

Written and translated by Rev. A. MacLean Sinclair

Source – Island Prose and Poetry: An Anthology

Historical Notes:

This song is written to the melody of “*Thug mi ’n oidhch’ an raoir’ san àiridh*” and was written on December 22, 1896. The song is a straight-forward complaint from a farmer whose back hurts from picking and killing the destructive potato bug.

Tha mi sgìth a togail dhaolag,
Tha mi sgìth a togail dhaolag,
Tha mi claidhte mu na chaol-druim,
‘Togail dhaolag de’n bhuntàta

I’m tired picking potato bugs
I’m tired picking potato bugs
I have a pain in the middle of my back
From picking potato bugs

‘S iomadh olc a tha ‘san t-saoghal,
‘S iomadh plàigh ‘tha tigh’nn air daoine,
‘S iomadh ni’ tha milleadh saothreach.
‘S a toirt aobhair air bhith cràiteach

There’s many an evil in the world
And many a plague coming on me
And many things spoiling farm work
And giving occasion to be vexed

Tha na daolagan ‘sna bliadhnan s’
Feadh gach raon buntàt’ ri riasladh;
‘S gann gum fàg iad cnap gu biadh dhuinn;
‘S cruaidh a dh’ fhiach iad rium le ’n gnàthaibh.

The potato bugs in this year
Spoiling the potatoes in every field
And scarcely do they leave a single drill to feed us
And they did their best to torment me

Tha iad cuimir, dèante, taiceil;
‘S air an druim tha slige ghasda,
‘Cumail dìon’ orra mar chaisteal, –
Slige bhreachd–bhallach, chruaidh, làidir

They are neat, well put together, strong

And on their backs a lovely shell
And providing a shelter like a castle
Spotted, hard and strong

Cha 'n eil déidh ac' air meas craibhe,
Neo air lus 'tha 'fàs 'sna coilltibh;
'S e 'm buntàta biadh an aoibhnis;
Cha bhi lòinn orr' gun bhith làmh-ris

They have no desire for trees
Nor for flowers that grow in the forest
It is the potato – that's what they like
They're quite happy to be near them

'S iomadh bodach làidir, sòmalt',
'S cailleach gharbh 'tha goirt a cromadh
A chur cruinn nam biastan sgonnach
'Chum an donnadh anns an amhuinn

Many a strong gentle old man
And a stout old woman
Is sore from stooping, gathering
The stupid beasts to roast in the oven

Cha 'n ith feannag dhubh nan gleann iad,
'S cha 'n eil cearc ann a thig teann orr';
Ge math càil a choilich Fhrangaich,
Seachnaidh e le greann is gràin iad

Not a black crow in the glen will eat them
Nor a hen in the chicken coop
Despite the turkey's appetite
He will avoid them with disgust

Bheir mi dhaibh am puinnsean neartmhor
'Tha na Frangaich ghrinn' a 'cleachdadh,
Uair na dhà a h-uile seachdain,
'S nì mi 'm feachdan gann an àireamh

I will give them powerful poison
That the French are accustomed to using
Once or twice every week
And I will make their army scarce in number

Tha mi sgìth a togail dhaolag,
Tha mi sgìth a togail dhaolag,

Tha mi claidhte mu na chaol-druim,
'Togail dhaolag de 'n bhuntàta

I'm tired picking potato bugs
I'm tired picking potato bugs
I have a pain in the middle of my back
From picking potato bugs

Ma gheibh mis' a bheag de shaoghal,
Chithear callaidean mu m' raointean
Nach leum each 's nach leag na gaoitheau,
'S gheibh na daolagan an sàth bhuam

If I get a little of this world
You will see a fence around the fields
That the horse can't jump over
Nor the wind blow down
And the bugs will get their come-uppance from me

Instrumentation:

Vocals - Patricia Murray

Piano - Troy MacGillivray

6) *An Comunn Comhalach – The Cowal Gaelic Society*

Written by Iain Sinclair. Translation by Angus John Macdonald.

Source: Fad air Falbh as Ìnnse Gall – *Beyond the Hebrides*

Historical Notes:

This rallying song to the Cowal Gaelic Society was composed by Iain Sinclair of PEI in 1874 and sent to the Gaelic society in Scotland. This song is like many other emigrant songs in which the author speaks of his beautiful homeland, the reasons why he had to leave, and finally encouragement to others to join him in the new, prosperous land.

Air fail il ithil o ro,
Is ho-rin-o, seinnidh mi,
Air fail il ithil oro,
Is ho-rin-o, seinnidh mi,
Gu slàinte Comunn Chomhail,
Na seòid chridheil, eireachdail,
A chumadh suas a' Ghàidhlig,
'S nach fàgadh air deireadh i

Air fail il ithil a ro,
And ho-rin-o, I shall sing;
Air fail il ithil, o ro,
And ho-rin-o, I shall sing
The health of Comunn Cowal,
Its heroes so kind and true,
Who still maintain the Gaelic,
Who never will let it die

Mo shoraidh-sa gu Comhal,
Tìr bhòidheach nan Iusanan,
Nan seamair is nan neòinean,
Nan ròs is nan subhagan,
Nan coilltean màiseach, ceòlmhor,
Le smeòraichean 's nam mór-bhean,
Nam fròg is nan sruthan glan'

My greetings go to Cowal,
With beautiful blooming plants,
With clover and with daisies,
With roses and berries ripe,
With pretty groves where thrushes
Their melodies sweetly sing,
With plains and with high mountains,
With caverns and running streams

Cha leig mi chaoidh air dì-chuimhn'
An tìm bha mi màille riu;
Is och! Is och! Mo léireadh,
'S e dh' éignich thigh'nn thairis mi,
Bhith faicinn nach robh stàth dhomh
Bhith tàmh bheag na b' fhaid' an sin,
'S na glinn 'gan cur fo chaoraich,
'S na laoich às an dachaidhnean.

I shall always remember
The time that I spent with them;
And oh, how much I suffered
When forced to come over here,
To see that it was no use
To stay any longer there
Where glens were turned to sheep-walks,
And heroes had lost their homes.

Na fineachan d' an dualchas
Bhith uasal is eireachdail,
Is dileas d' an cinn-fheadhna
'S d' an rìgh is do'n eaglais ac',
'Gam fògradh as an rìoghachd
Le màl, cìs, is eascairdeas
Nan uachdaran mhì-thruacanta,
Chruaidh-chridheach, bhleidireach

The families of clansmen
Were noble and handsome men,
And faithful to their chieftain,
Their king and their church as well,
But exiled from the kingdom
By rent, tax and enmity,
Of landlords who were pitiless,
Hard-hearted, arrogant

Ma 's e 's gu 'm bi iad grìdeil
Is dìchiollach, oidhirpeach,
Gun mhì-fhortan bhith 'n dàn dhaibh,
Ach slàn, làidir, adhartach,
Mu 'm bi iad fad' 's tha coill' innte,
Bidh aca crodh is caoraich,
Biadh, aodach, 's mór ghoiresan

And if they are hard-working,

Resourceful and diligent,
And misfortune not their lot
But health, strength and persistence,
Before they're long in this land,
So sure as the woods are here
They will have sheep and cattle,
Food, clothing and lots of gear

Ged a tha 'n geamhradh cruaidh,
Reòta, fuar, sneachdach, gaillionnach,
Bidh aca taighean blàth,
'S teine làidir a gharas iad,
Is cha bhith cùram fuachd daibh,
'S coille bhuan ri geàrradh ac'.
Ma thig sibh nall a Chomh'I,
Tha mi 'n dòchas nach aithreach leibh

And though the winter's hard,
Freezing, cold, snowy, blustery,
The houses will be warm,
Roaring fires will soon warm you up,
The cold won't cause you trouble,
While the woods need to be cut
If you come here from Cowal,
I hope that you'll have no regrets

Instrumentation:

Vocals – Patricia Murray

Piano –Troy MacGillivray

7) Imrich nan Eileanach (poem recitation) – Emigration of the Islanders

Written by Calum Bàn MacMhannain. Translation by Sister Margaret MacDonell
Source: The Emigrant Experience. Piano music composed by Troy MacGillivray.

Historical Notes:

This poem was written by the bard, Calum Bàn MacMhannain, who emigrated with the Selkirk settlers to Prince Edward Island in 1803. From the Isle of Skye, he sailed on the *Polly* to the Island leaving behind his native land for the land of plenty.

An àm togail dhuinn fhìn
Mach o Chal Phortrìgh
'S iomadh aon a bh' air tìr 's iad brònach;
Iad ag amharc gu dlùth
Null 's an sùil air an luing,
'S ise 'gabhail a null gu Rònaidh.
Thuirt Mac Faid às an Dìg,
'S e ag éigheach rium fhìn,
'S ann a laigheas i sìos gu Trodaidh,
'S biodh am fear as fheàrr tùr
Nis 'na shuidh' air an stiùir,
Gus an téid i os cionn as t-Soain

When we set out
From the harbour at Portree
There were many sorrowful people on shore;
They gazed across intently
With their eye on the vessel
As she headed for Rona.
Said MacFadyn from Digg
As he shouted to me,
'She will veer down towards Trodday;
let the most skillful
be at the helm
until she reaches beyond Soain

Thàinig maighstir as ùr
Nis a stigh air a' ghrunnnd,
Sin an naigheachd tha tùrsach, brònach
Tha na daoine as a' falbh,
'S ann tha 'm maoin an déigh searg;
Chan 'eil mart aca dh' fhalbhas mòinteach
Chuireadh cuid eile dhiubh 'm bàs,
'S tearc na dh' fhuirich a làthair beò dhiubh
Ciod a bhuinnig dhomh fhìn

Bhi a' fuireach 's an tìr,
O nach coisinn mi nì air brògan

A new master has come
Into the land,
A said, woeful matter
The people are leaving;
Their possessions have dwindled.
They haven't a cow to put to graze
Some were put towards rent,
Others died;
Rare were those that survived
What would it profit me
To remain in this land
Where I can earn nothing by shoemaking

'S ann a théid mi thar sàil,
'S ann a leanas mi càch,
Fiach a faigheamaid àite còmhnuidh
Gheibh sinn fearann as ùr,
'S e ri cheannach a grunn,
'S cha bhi sgillinn ri chùnntas oirnn dheth
'S math dhuinn fàsgadh nan craobh,
Seach na brùthaichean fraoich,
Bhiodh a muigh ann an aodann Ghròbain
Air na leacan lom, fuar,
'Nuair a thigeadh am fuachd,
Sin an t-astar bu bhuaine mòinteach

I'll go to sea;
I'll follow others
In search of a place to dwell.
We'll get new land
Which can be bought outright,
And we'll not be charged a shilling for it [afterwards].
Better for us the shelter of the forest
Than the heather-covered hills
Facing towards Grobainn.
On the bare, forbidding rocks,
When the cold weather came
The moorland seemed endless

Ach ma théid thu gu bràth
A null thairis air sàil,
Thoir mo shoraidh gu càirdean eòlach
Thoir dhaibh cuireadh gun dàil

Iad a theicheadh o 'n mhàl,
'S iad a thighinn cho tràth 's bu chòir dhaibh
'Us nam faigheadh iad àm
'S dòigh air tighinn a nall,
'N sin cha bhiodh iad an taing MhicDhòmhnuill;
'S ann a gheibheadh iad àit'
Anns an cuireadh iad bàrr,
'S ro-mhath chinneadh buntàta 's eòrn' ann.

But if you ever go
Over the sea
Bring my greetings to my friends.
Urge them without delay
To flee the rents
And come out as soon as opportune for them.
If they could find a time
And means to come over
They would not be beholden to MacDonald
They would get land
In which to sow crops,
And potatoes and barley would grow very well there

'S e seo Eilean an àigh
Anns a bheil sinn an dràs'd'
'S ro-mhath chinneas dhuinn blàth air pòr ann
Bidh an coirc' ann a' fàs
Agus cruithneachd fo bhlàth,
Agus tuirneap 'us càl 'us pònair
Agus siùcar nan craobh
Ann ri fhaighinn gu saor,
'S bidh e againn 'na chaoban móra;
'S ruma daite, dearg, ùr,
Anns gach bothan 'us bùth,
Cheart cho pailt ris a' bhùrn 'ga òl ann

This is the isle of contentment
Where we are now.
Our seed is fruitful here;
Oats grow
And wheat, in full bloom,
Turnip, cabbage, and peas.
Sugar from trees
May be had free here;
We have it in large chunks.
There is fresh red rum
In every dwelling and shop,

Abundant as the stream, being imbibed here

Instrumentation:

Vocals – Patricia Murray

Piano –Troy MacGillivray

8) Salm 23 – Psalm 23

Historical Notes:

I heard a version of Salm 23 sung by Allan Cameron and Chester Martin on John Shaw's field recordings housed in the UPEI Library Special Collections. Cameron and Martin were born in Caledonia, PEI at the end of the 19th century and were active in singing the Gaelic songs in the community. This is my grandfather's, Lloyd Murray, favourite hymn – I was thinking of him when we recorded the song. *PM*

Is e Dia féin as buachaill dhomh,
Cha bhi mi ann an dith
Bheir e fainear gu'n laidhinn sìos
Air cluainibh glas le sìth:

The Lord's my shepherd,
I'll not want
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green

Is fòs ri taobh nan aibhnichean
Théid seachad sìos gu mall,
A ta e 'ga mo threòrachadh,
Gu mìn réidh anns gach ball

He leadeth me
The quiet waters by

Tha 'g aisig m' anam dhomh air ais:
's a' treòrachadh mo cheum
Air slighibh glan na fireantachd,
Air sgàth dheagh ainme féin

My soul he doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Even for his won name's sake

Seadh fòs ged ghluaisinn eadhon trid
Ghlinn dorcha sgàil a' bhàis,
Aon olc no urchuid a theachd orm
Ni h-eagal leam 's ni 'n càs

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill:

Air son gu bheil thu leam a ghnàth,
Do lorg, 's do bhata treun,
Tha iad a' tabhairt còmhfhurtachd
Is fuasglaidh dhomh an fheum

For thou art with me; and thy rod
And staff me comfort still

Dhomh dheasaich bòrd air beul mo nàmh:
Le h-òla dh' ung mo cheann;
Cur thairis tha mo chupan fos,
Aig meud an làin a t' ann

My table thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows

Ach leanaidh maith is trocair rium,
An cian a bhios mi beò;
Is comhnuicheadh an àros Dhé,
Ri fad mo ré 's mo lò

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me:
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be

Instrumentation:

Vocals – Patricia Murray

Piano, Fiddle & Accordion – Troy MacGillivray

9) *Fàilt' Eilein a' Phrionnsa – Welcome to PEI*

Written by Rev. Norman MacDonald. Translated by Angus John Macdonald.

Source: Fad air Falbh as Ìnnse Gall – *Beyond the Hebrides*

Historical Notes:

The Rev. Norman MacDonald of North Uist composed this song to Prince Edward Island during his time spent on the East Coast as Presbyterian minister at Catalone, Cape Breton.

As you will note in the third verse that even to today, as the time that this song was written, many still come to visit Prince Edward Island for quiet and rest from labour. *PM*

O! Eilein chluainteil, chòmhnard, uaine,
An oir a' chuain 'nad aonar,
Gur caomh leam tuar do shlios mu'n cuairt
Fo thoradh snuadhar sgaoilte;
Do raointean feòir tha tiorail, òr-bhuidh'
Anns an Òg-mhios fhaoilidh,
'S nan achadh farsuing corca 's eòrna,
Sàr fhonn bhò is chaorach

Isle of lush green rolling pastures,
Snugly cradled on the deep;
Fields of waving corn and barley,
Clover lands of kine and sheep,
Lovely Isle in all thy freshness,
More like fairy-land each hue,
Richly smiling in the sunshine,
'Neath a sky of deepest blue

Talamh beairteach, pailteachd fais,
'S an cinnich sàr bhuntàta,
Gu sùghmhor, miadh, de ghaineamh 's criadh,
Ro easgaidh air son àiteach,
Aite feurach spréidh gu d' mhiann,
Nach d' fhuairleadh riamh bheir bàrr air,
Gu sùltmhor, liona, sliom am bian
Feadh miadanan an àileis

Fertile soil, luxuriant grows
Potatoes, all the best grade,
Rich sandy loam and juicy sod
Easy tilled with plough and spade;
Best for rearing flocks of cattle
There, its match was never found,
Round and plump, in pink of order,

Aught that nurtured on thy ground

Tha gair nan stuash as tiamhaidh fuain
Gu fann tighinn nuas bho'n tràigh oirnn,
Tha fìor mu'n cuairt 'na cabhsair cruaidh
De ghaineamh ruadh is bhan-bhuidh',
Ann an léireadh teas a' Chéitein
Thig ceudan nall thar sàil ann,
A ghabhail anail taobh na mara,
Sìreadh ceangal slàinte

Faint the plaintive wail of billows
Surging on the distant strand,
A sandy pavement red and white
Girdles thee in stretches grand.
In the sweltering heat of June
Hundreds come from far and near,
Seeking quiet and rest from labour,
And a draught of health and cheer

Gu bheil urnas anns gach dùthaich
Air do ghrunnd cho fàsair,
'S an tarmaich dearcan làir is ubhlan,
'S measan ùr gach tràth dhuinn.
Cha dearg sìontan dian na dùdlachd
Steach an lùb a' Bhàigh ort,
Is eilean eile bho 'n taobh chùil
Bho neart nan dùil 'na sgàil dhuit

Thy fame has been well noised abroad
For thy juicy fruits and wine,
Where apples flourish full luscious,
All berries, currants, the grapevine.
Piercing blasts of winter's fury
Leave thee dauntless without scar,
In the shelter of the Gulf there
And the Isles that icebergs debar

'S e samhradh féin bheir neart is speirid
Do gach creutair dìblidh,
Gu h-aotrom, ait, an deallan-dé
Air tréigsinn àite dideann;
'S gach dath 'na sgéith cho sàr-dhait' sgéimh
Ri dreach nan seud as riomhaich,
Is aigne géilleadh anns a' Chéitein
Leumnaich feadh nan dithean

'Tis Summer that revives the vim
In the spiritless and dead,
How gaudy, frisk, the butterfly
Emerging from Winter's bed:
The colours in its speckled wings
Like jewels of rarest dye,
Its heart rejoicing in the May,
Floating o'er the fields of rye

Instrumentation:

Vocals – Patricia Murray

Piano & Fiddle –Troy MacGillivray

10) *An Téid Thu Leum A Rìbhinn Òg?* **Will you go with me young maiden?**

Lyric source: Gaelic Songs in Nova Scotia – Helen Creighton and Calum MacLeod

Historical Notes:

Dr. John Shaw recorded Allan Cameron and Chester Martin of Caledonia, PEI singing this Gaelic love song originally from the Isle of Skye. Their version of the melody is slightly different from the versions found in Cape Breton and Scotland.

An téid thu leam, a rìghinn òg,
A rìghinn òg, a rìghinn òg,
An téid thu leam, a rìghinn òg,
A null do thìr nam beanntan?

Chì thu 'n ròs a' fàs fo'n driùchd,
'S a' mhil ag éirigh suas 'n a smùid,
Bidh eòin nan geug a' seinn duinn ciùil
Le sunnd an tìr nam beanntan

You will see the rose growing under the dew, and honey ascending in vapour–mist. The birds on the branches will sing spirited music for us in the land of the mountains.

Chì thu 'n gleann 's an robh mi òg,
'N uair bha mo chridhe maoth gun ghò,
Mun d' fhuair mi eòlas riamh air bròn,
No leòn an tìr nam beanntan

You will see the glen where I was young, when my heart was tender without guile, before I ever knew sorrow or affliction in the land of the mountains.

Chì thu creagan gruamach àrd,
Na neòil a' sguabadh air am bàrr,
Bidh fuaim nan allt a' ruith le gàir,
Gu tràigh an tìr nam beanntan

You can see gloomy, high rocks with clouds brushing over their peaks. You can hear the noise of the brooks as they course resoundingly towards the sea–shore in the land of the mountains.

Chì thu òighean bhóidheach, ciùin,
Chaidh àrach ann an glinn mo rùin,
Gu màiseach, finealt', glan gun smùr,
Cho ùr an tìr nam beanntan

You can see beautiful, quiet–spoken maidens who were reared in the glens of my love; who are handsome, elegant, pure without blemish, and so unsophisticated, in the land of the mountains.

Instrumentation:

Vocals - Patricia Murray

Piano - Troy MacGillivray