

# MUSIC

## *Cape Breton's Diversity in Unity*

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### *Cumha*

O gur misde hè gur misde,  
O gur misde leam mar thà chuis,  
Mise leam gun d' rinn thu gluasad  
Null gu tìr a' ghuaill a thàmh ann.

'S mòr am milleadh air an Èipheit  
Na fir ghleusta bhith gar fàgail:  
MacIllEathain, MacIllFhaolain  
Is Mac Èamainn thrèig an t-àite.

Nuair a ràinig mi an clìreadh  
Anns an robh MacNill a' tàmhachd,  
Fhuair mi 'n fhàrdach air a dùnadh,  
Shil mo shùilean 's cha bu nàr dhomh.

Nuair a chruinnicheadh na h-eòlaich  
Staigh nad sheòmar mar bu ghnath leo',  
Gum biodh cridhealas gu leòr ann,  
'S gheibhte ceòl is òrain Ghàidhlig.

Dh'fhalbh thu bhuainn à Gleann a' Phìobair',  
Chuir sud mì-ghean air mo nàdar.  
'S ann ort fhèin 's air do chuid chloinne  
Chaidh a shloinneadh, tha iad ag ràitinn.

Seinnidh Iain grinn a' phìob dhuinn,  
Seinnidh Sine agus Teàrlach,  
Eachann, Flòraidh agus Seumas,  
Mairi Jane is May is Seàrlot.

Nam biodh fios ac' anns an tìr sin  
Air cho grinn 's a tha do nàdar,  
Thogte pàileas a bhiodh daor ann,  
'S gheibheadh tusa saor o mhàl e.

Bho nach b'urrainn dhomh do bhuadhan  
A chur suas ort mar a b'fheàrr leam,  
'S ann a sguireas mi dhe m'òran  
Le bhith 'g òl air do dheoch-slàinte.

O gur misde hè gur misde,  
O gur misde leam mar thà chuis,  
Mise leam gun d' rinn thu gluasad  
Null gu tìr a' ghuail a thàmh ann.

### **Translation:**

### *Lament*

Oh I am sad, I am sad,  
Sad for what has happened,  
Sad that you have moved  
Over to the land of coal to live.

Great is the harm done to Egypt (Falls)  
By the departure of the shrewd men:  
MacLean, MacLellan  
And MacAdam who have deserted the place.

When I reached the clearing  
Where you, Neil, used to live,  
I found the home closed;  
My eyes shed tears and that was no shame.

When the neighbours would gather  
In your house as was their custom,  
There would be much merriment  
And music and Gaelic songs.

You left us from Pipers' Glen;  
That made me unhappy;  
It was after you and your children  
That it was named, they say.

John will play the pipes well for us,  
So will Jean and Charles,  
Hector, Flora and James,  
Mary Jane and May and Charlotte.

If they knew in that land  
How gentle your nature is,

An expensive edifice would be built  
And you would get it rent-free.

Since I cannot extol your virtues  
As much as I would wish,  
I will conclude my song  
By having a drink to your health.

Oh I am sad, I am sad,  
Sad for what has happened,  
Sad that you have moved  
Over to the land of coal to live.

*Recording:*

[Cumha Tir A' Ghuail](#). Mary Margaret Maclean. T-2030. Beaton Institute, Cape Breton University.