

MUSIC

Cape Breton's Diversity in Unity

Òran Do Cheap Breatainn

Sèist

'S e Ceap Breatainn tìr mo ghràidh,
Tìr nan craobh 's nam beanntan àrd;
'S e Ceap Breatainn tìr mo ghràidh,
Tìr as àille leinn air thalamh.

1. Àit' as maisich tha fon ghrèin,
Smeòraich seinn air bhàrr nan geug;
Gòbhlain-gaoithe cluich ri chèil,
'S an nead glèidhte fo na ceangail.

2. Feasgar foghair àm an fheòir,
Nuair a dhùineadh oirn na neòil;
Ceò na mara tighinn 'n a thòrr,
'S e 'n a sglèò air bhàrr nam beannaibh.

3. Àm a' gheamhraidh, àm an fhuachd,
Àm nam bainnsean, àm nan luadh;
Chluinntè gillean air cleith-luaidh,
'S gruagaich le guth cruaidh 'g an leantainn.

4. Am Framboise fhuair mi m'arach òg,
Ann an nàbachd Chlann MhicLeòid;
'S tric bha sinn ri mir' is spòrs,
Làithean sòlasach nach maireann.

5. Chan urrainn dhòmh-sa leth dhuibh inns',
Na tha mhaisealachd 's an tìr;
Stadaidh mi bhon tha mi sgìth,
Beannachd leibh is oidhche mhath leibh.

Translation:

Song to Cape Breton

Chorus

Cape Breton is the land of my love,
The land of trees and high mountains.
Cape Breton is the land of my love,
To us the most beautiful land on earth.

1. The most beautiful place under the sun,
Thrushes singing on the tips of the branches,
Swallows playing with one another,
Their nests secure under the rafters.

2. On an autumn evening at hay-making time,
When the clouds close in upon us,
As the sea mist comes in banks,
Spreading a film over the peaks of the mountains.

3. Winter-time, time of cold,
Time of weddings, time of milling frolics;
Young men would be heard at the milling table,
With maidens supporting them with clear voices.

4. I was reared in my youth in Framboise,
In the neighbourhood of the Clan MacLeod;
We were often playful and joyful,
Happy days that are no more.

5. I cannot describe to you
Half of the land's beauty.
I will conclude because I am tired;
Blessings be with you and goodnight.

Recording:

[Òran Do Cheap Breatainn](#). Malcolm R. MacLeod. T-630. Beaton Institute, Cape Breton University.