

# Suilean Fosgailte, Fuasgladh Cinn: Open Eyes, Open Mind

Faclan agus fiosrachadh, Lyrics and information

Grian Culture and Language, Independent  
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Open eyes, open mind

## 1. An teid thu leam a' righinn og?

Traditional

Seisd/Chorus:

An teid thu leam, a righinn og,  
A righinn og, a righinn og,  
An teid thu leam, a righinn og,  
A null do thir nam beanntan?

Chi thu'n ros a'fas fo'n driuchd,  
'S a'mhil ag eirigh suas 'n a smuid,  
Bidh eoin nan geug a'seinn duinn ciuil  
Le sunnd an tir nam beanntan.

Chi thu'n gleann 's an robh mi og,  
Nuair bha mo chridhe maoth gun gho,  
Mun d'fhuair mi eolas riamh air bron,  
No leon an tir nam beanntan.

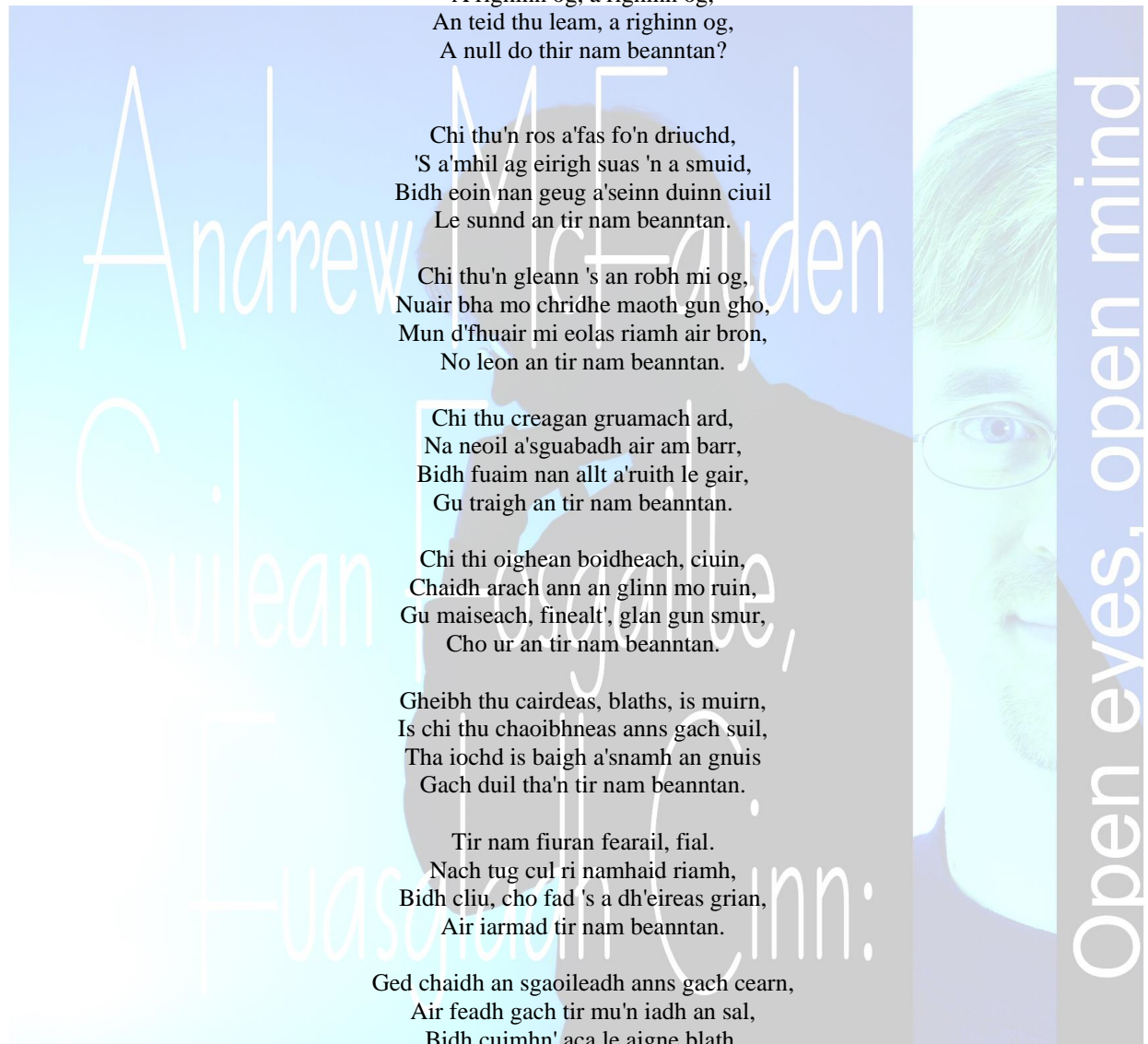
Chi thu creagan gruamach ard,  
Na neoil a'sguabhadh air am barr,  
Bidh fuaim nan allt a'ruith le gair,  
Gu traigh an tir nam beanntan.

Chi thi oighean boidheach, ciuin,  
Chaidh arach ann an glinn mo ruin,  
Gu maiseach, finealt', glan gun smur,  
Cho ur an tir nam beanntan.

Gheibh thu cairdeas, blaths, is muirn,  
Is chi thu chaoibhneas anns gach suil,  
Tha iochd is baigh a'snamh an gnuis  
Gach duil tha'n tir nam beanntan.

Tir nam fiuran fearail, fial.  
Nach tug cul ri namhaid riamh,  
Bidh cliu, cho fad 's a dh'eireas grian,  
Air iarmad tir nam beanntan.

Ged chaidh an sgaoileadh anns gach cearn,  
Air feadh gach tir mu'n iadh an sal,  
Bidh cuimhn' aca le aigne blath,  
Gu brath air tir nam beanntan.



A man sings to the woman he loves, hoping to convince her to come to live with him in the land of the mountains. He tells of all of the things that she will see: the pleasant people, the home where he grew up, roses growing... One verse in particular, (“Chi thu creagan gruamach...”) is translated as follows: “You will see high gloomy rocks, with clouds brushing the peaks, You will hear the sound of the brooks as they coarse with laughter to the shores of the land of the mountains” reminded me so much of my home in British Columbia that I had to put it on the album.

## 2. The Gonzaga Set

### **Tune #1: The Gonzaga Strathspey** (©Andrew McFayden, SOCAN)

I took my Masters degree through Gonzaga University in Washington State, USA in their distance education program. One day, while sitting in class (actually, it was during breaktime), a tune popped into my head and I wrote it down. It became the Gonzaga Strathspey, named after the University and the very supportive faculty.

### **Tune #2: Mo run mo nighean donn bhoidheach** (Traditional, Andrew McFayden)

Seisd:  
'S i iu o ra hu o,  
Mo run mo nighean donn bhoidheach  
'S i iu o ra hu o.

'S mise tha gu muladach  
Air m'uilinn anns an t-seomar.

'S a nighean ghuidh a'Bharronaich  
Tha fir a'bhaille 'n toir ort

'G eisteachd ris na diucaichean  
Tha cur do chliu an ordugh

'G eisteachd ris na h-iarlaichean  
'G a d'iarraidh air son posaidh

Shiubhlainn leat an ear 's an iar  
Gun each, gun strian, gun ropa.

Shiubhlainn a Dhun Eideann leat  
Gu sraid nan ceuman comhnard.

Rachainn leat do dh'Uibhist  
Far am buidhicheadh an t-eorna

Feuch gum pos thu 'n tidsear  
'S nach eil thu cluinntinn 'n orghan?

(The last verse was written by Andrew McFayden)

This is an old work song that I fell in love with a number of years ago while in Cape Breton, Nova Scotia. I learned it, and became a little creative, writing a couple of verses of my own – one of which I included in the album. In this song, the man is unhappy that he cannot have the woman he loves, and tells of how many people have sought her. He says that he would go all over the world to be with her, and counsels her on who not to marry. I added a verse therefore counseling her on who TO marry. The teacher...which is what I do for a living... Ironic?

### **Tune #3: An “number” aig Aonghas (The Phone Number Reel)** (©Andrew McFayden, SOCAN)

#### **Rann:**

C'àit' an do chuir mi an number aig Aonghas?  
C'àit' an do chuir mi an number aig Aonghas?  
C'àit' an do chuir mi an number aig Aonghas?  
Sin agam a-seo, 's e an number aig Aonghas!

**Séisd:**

'S ann ri taobh mo phàipeir-naidheachd, pàipeir-naidheachd, pàipeir ùir',  
 'S ann ri taobh mo phàipeir-naidheachd, c'ait' a'bheil mo phàipear ùir?  
 'S ann ri taobh mo phàipeir-naidheachd, pàipeir-naidheachd, pàipeir ùir',  
 Sin agam a-seo, 's e an number aig Aonghas!

A moment of frustration gave birth to this tune – I had a Gaelic grammar question and could not find my friend Angus' phone number for the life of me. Eventually, I found it next to the newspaper...right where it should have been. The a-cappella version is on my first album.



### 3. A fagail Ceap Breatann

Calum MacLeod

Mo cheist am fiùran dh'fhàg an dùthaich,  
 'S thog na siùil Di-Dòmhnach;  
 A'dèanamh iùil, 's a'togail cùrs  
 Ri tìr mo rùin, 's m'eòlais;  
 Le dà chrann ùra, daingeann, dlùth,  
 A chaoidh nach lùb 's a'chòmhrag.  
 A fhleasgaich ùir o tha mi'n dùil  
 Gun chuir thu cùl ri m'bhòidhchead.

Do phearsa dhìreach mhealladh mhiltean,  
 Gasan, filealt', òg thu;  
 Do ghnùis rìoghail, mheachair, mhìn,  
 Do bhial as mìlse pòige.  
 Ged a dhìreas mi uchd-frìth'  
 Cha lorg mi brìodal m'òigeir.  
 'S e d'bhreacan rìomhach, 's mi riut sìnte  
 Miad mi dhìth, 's mo chòir ort.

Nam bu bhàrd mi chuirinn àrd air  
 Cuspair àillidh m'òrain,  
 A chaidh àrach an Cinn t-Sàil'  
 Fo sgàil nam beanntan móra,  
 'S ma tha e 'n dàn nach till thu'n dràs'd'  
 Gu tìr nam bàgh, 's nan òban;  
 Cha thréig mo ghràdh do'n churaidh thlàth  
 Oir 's tu cion-fàth mo shòlais.

The song is apparently about a person who is leaving Cape Breton, a youth, which is so often the theme of songs. I found it in a book written by the late Calum MacLeod. After exhaustive research, it became apparent that there are no heirs so it is apparently in the public domain. I just loved the simple yet dreamy tune so I made it into my first “Celtic Ambient” style tune.



## 4. Cruinneag na buaile

Traditional

Seisd:

O chruinneag, e chruinneag,  
O chruinneag na buaile;  
Mo cheist chailin mo chridhe,  
'S ann leat a ruithinn air fuadach.

Fhuair mi litir an-de bhuat,  
A thug deur air mo ghruaidhean;  
Iad 'g a m'iarraidh gu d'phosadh,  
Fath mo leoin thug iad bhuam thu.

Cha bhi mi 'g a d'chaoineadh,  
Chan e'n t-aog a thug bhuam thu;  
'S ann a rinn thu mis' fhagail,  
Falbh an-drasd' le fear fuadain.

'S ann ort fhein tha 'n cul riomhach  
Air a chireadh 'n a dhualan;  
E gu camlubach, boidheach,  
'S fiamh an oir air gach dual dheth.

Tha do chneas mar an canach,  
Slios mar eal' air na lointean;  
Tha do ghuth mar cheol smeoraich,  
Seinn maduinn cheothar 's na fuarbheann.

Bheirinn bradan bho'n t-saile,  
Fiadh bho aird nam beann fuara;  
'Coileach dubh far bharr gheug dhuit,  
'S cha bhiodh eis air mo ghruagaich.

Gur e mis' a bha gorach,  
Gaul cho mor thoirt dh'an ghruagaich,  
'S mo cho cinnteach 's is beo mi,  
Nach fhaigh mi coir gu la-luain oirr'.

The man is singing about the woman he loves – how beautiful she is. Her voice is like the voice of the thrush singing on a foggy morning in the cool mountains, her hair has the taste of gold... I first this song being sung by Peter Jack MacLean of Rear Christmas Island, Cape Breton and decided to learn it. I just love its poetic feel and almost pleading tune.

## 5. The Tired Allan's Food Set

### **Tune #1: Buain na Rainich** (Traditional)

Tha mi sgìth, 's mi leam-fhìn  
Buain na rainich, buain na rainich,  
Tha mi sgìth, 's mi leam-fhìn  
Buain na rainich daonnan.

Cul an tomain, bràigh an tomain,  
Cul an tomain bhòidhich,  
Cul an tomain, bràigh an tomain,  
H-uile latha nam ònar.

'S tric a bha mi-fhìn 's mo leannan  
Anns a' gleannan cheòthar,  
'G èisdeachd còisir bhinn an doire  
Seinn 's a choille dhòmhail\*.

I always sang this song along with a fairy story that I learned in Cape Breton at my concerts. So, I decided that it should be put on the album. A man is completely alone on the top of a hillock, cutting the bracken or fern undergrowth (raineach or rainich as in the song). He says in the chorus that he is tired, alone, cutting the bracken for always. He then talks about how his love would always walk in the foggy glen listening to the song of the forest. I learnt the last word as “chòmhail”, as I learned this song by ear. But it was stated as “dhòmhail” in a book that I found.

### **Tune #2: Thoir a nall Ailean thugam** (Traditional)

Thoir a nall Ailean thugam  
Ailean thugam, Ailean agam  
Thoir a nall Ailean thugam,  
seatadh e'n t-urlar

Ceann ruadh air a nighean  
Buidhe ruadh air a nighean  
Ceann ruadh air a nighean  
Mar a bh'air a màthair

Ceann ruadh air a' ghille,  
buidhe ruadh air a' ghille,  
ceann ruadh air a' ghille,  
ceann dubh air a màthair.

When I first heard Cathy-Ann MacPhee sing this tune, I knew I had to learn it. This version, I think, is different from hers, but that's the way things go. It's about a boy and a girl who have red hair and a mother who has dark hair.

### **Tune #3: Port a' bhiadh (The Food Reel)** (©Andrew McFayden, SOCAN)

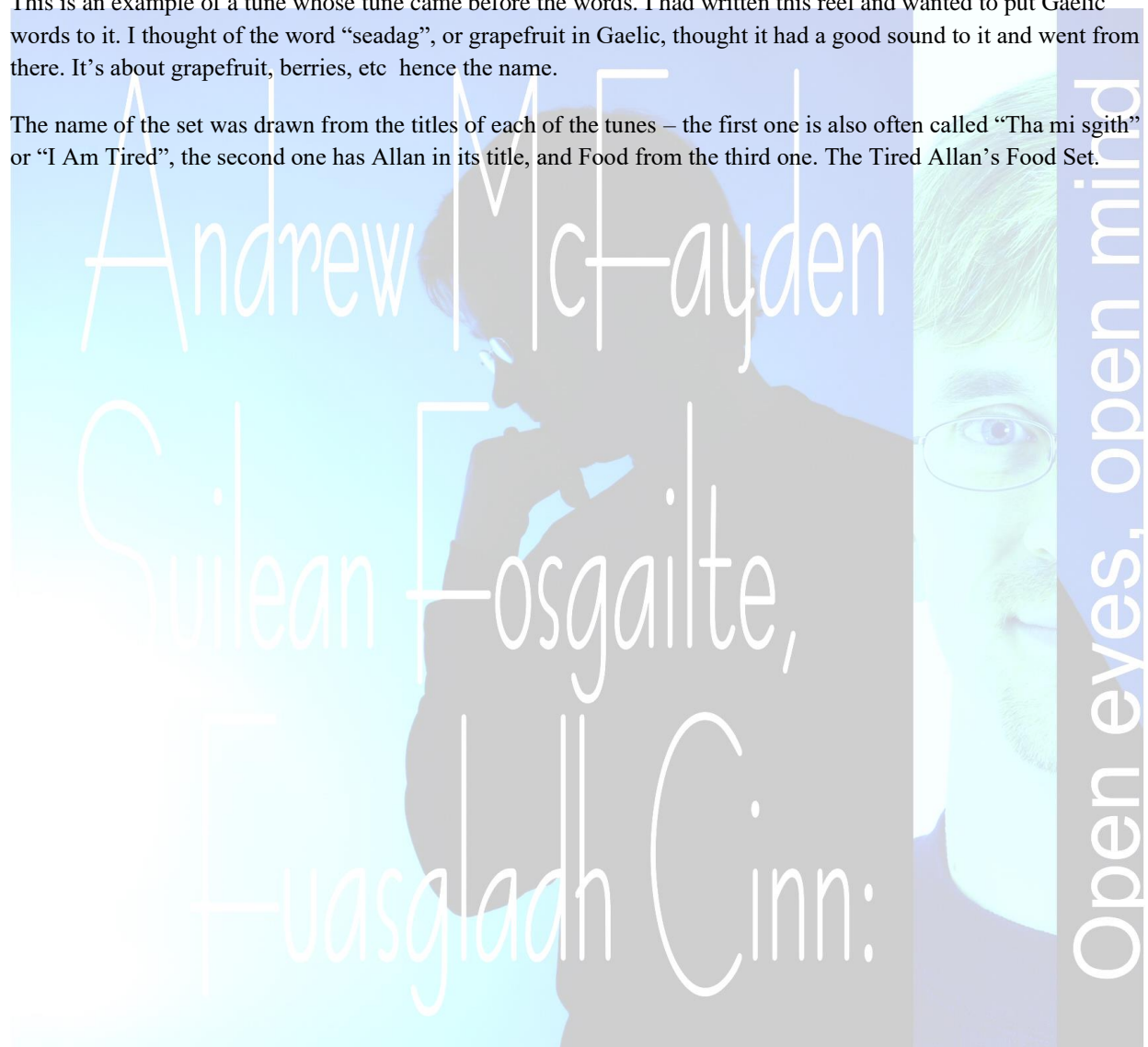
Seag mar a saoil na seadag,  
Siud mar a s'abhaist dhasan

Seag mar a saoil na seadag  
'S tric a chaidh mi anns a'bhaile

Seag mar a saoil na subhag  
Siud mar a s'abhaist dhi-se  
Seag mar a saoil na subhag  
Subhach tha mi anns na speuran.

This is an example of a tune whose tune came before the words. I had written this reel and wanted to put Gaelic words to it. I thought of the word “seadag”, or grapefruit in Gaelic, thought it had a good sound to it and went from there. It’s about grapefruit, berries, etc hence the name.

The name of the set was drawn from the titles of each of the tunes – the first one is also often called “Tha mi sgith” or “I Am Tired”, the second one has Allan in its title, and Food from the third one. The Tired Allan’s Food Set.





## 6. A fhleasgaich an fhuilt chraobhaich chais

Traditional

Séis/Chorus:

A fhleasgaich an fhuilt chraobhaich chais,  
Oigeir a' chùil dualaich,  
A fhleasgaich òig an òir-fhuilt chais,  
Gur h-ì do mhais' a bhuair mi.

Mheall thu, mheall thu, mheall thu mi,  
Do bhòidhchead a bhuair mi;  
A's gheall thu dhomhs' air iomadh dòigh,  
Gu'm biodh do stòras buan domh.

'S truagh nach robh mi 's mo ghaol,  
An lagan an fhraoich uaine;  
'S ged laidhinn tinn gu'n éirinn slàn,  
'S mo làmh bhì fo d'chùil dualach.

Bidh tu aig banais agus bàl,  
A' mànrann ris gach gruagach,  
'S bidh mis' a'sin air chùl gach mais,  
'S do chàirdean ann an gruaim rium.

Thug mi bòid, na'm feumainn ann,  
Nach taghainn seann duin' uasal,  
'S nach cromainn-se mo cheann an loch-  
Gu'n òlainn deoch à fuaran.

'S 'd é ma chaidh thu dh'arm an rìgh,  
'S nach urrainn mise d'fhuasgladh,  
Mo mhìle beannachd às do dhéigh,  
A's tagh do rogha gruagaich!

A woman is singing to the man she loves. She is a little dejected because he loves to look at other ladies and the other ladies love to look at him. He is apparently quite a looker with the most perfect hair in the world. She sings about how she will never love another. I learned the song because of its tune – it's just very jazzy sounding.

## 7. E horo mo mhaighdinn lurach

Traditional

Seisd/Chorus:

E horo mo mhaighdinn lurach  
Dh'an tug mi mo ghaol cho buileach  
'S e dh'fhag m'inntinn trom fo mhulad  
Nach fhaod mi fuireach 'nad choir.

Na biodh duil agad a Mhairi  
Gur ann 'gad mhealladh a tha mi  
'S docha leam thu na mo mhathair  
Ged is i rinn m'arach og.

Na biodh duil agad a ghruagach  
Gur e 'n t-or a rinn mo bhuaireadh  
Ach a ruadh bha 'nad ghruaidhean  
B'fhearr leam e na buaile bho.

'S tu mo chadal, 's mo dhusgadh  
Gus a'mhadainn mo chuir-iuil thu  
'S ann ort leagainn-sa mo chursa  
Nuair as dumh'! a bhios an ceo.

Ged a bhiod tu 'nad do bhantrach  
'S iomadh fear eile an geall ort  
Ged bhiodh claidheamh anns gach laimh aig  
Rachainn-sa gun taing 'nad choir.

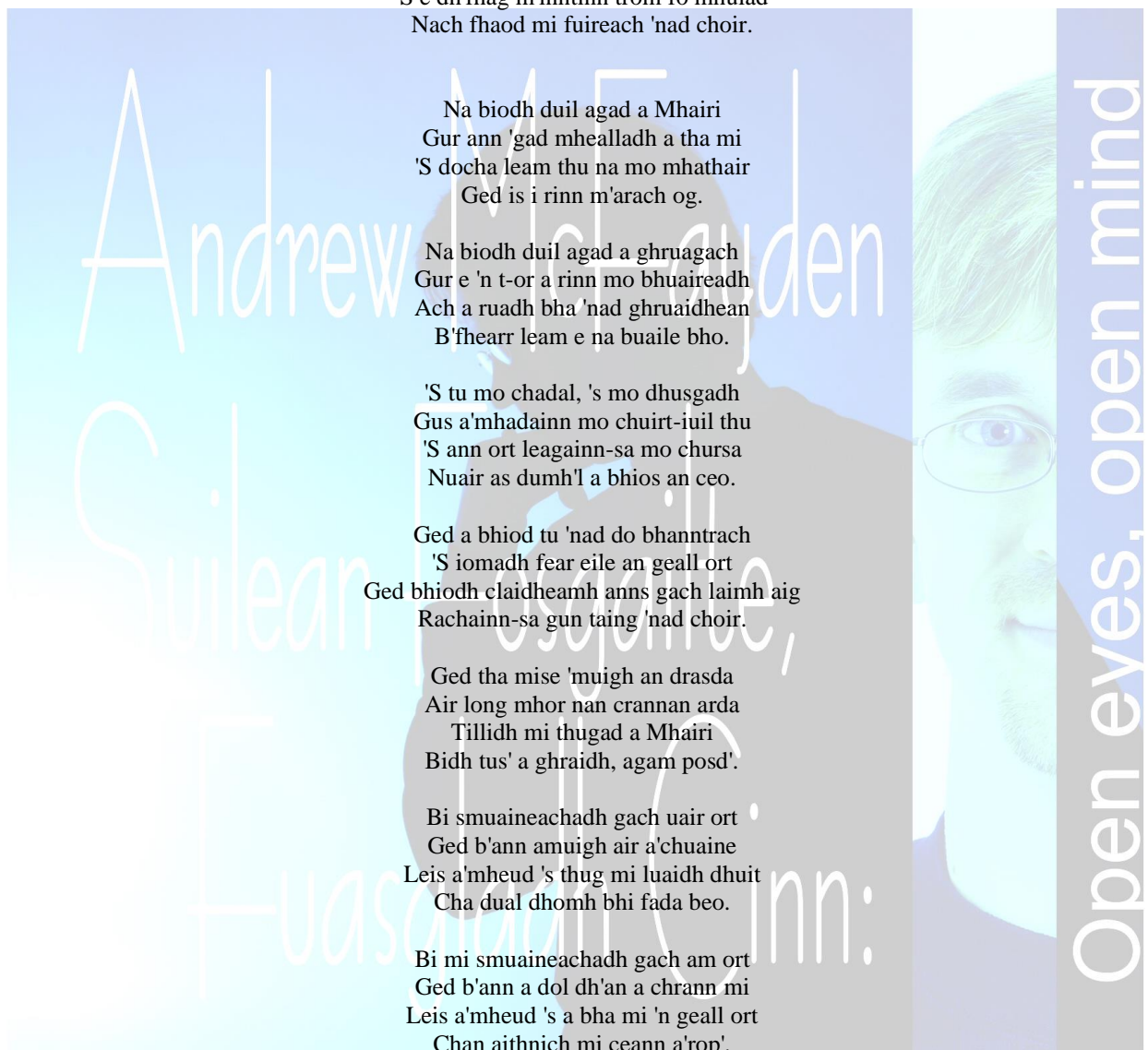
Ged tha mise 'muigh an drasda  
Air long mhor nan crannan arda  
Tillidh mi thugad a Mhairi  
Bidh tus' a ghraidh, agam posd'.

Bi smuaineachadh gach uair ort  
Ged b'ann amuigh air a'chuaine  
Leis a'mheud 's thug mi luaidh dhuit  
Cha dual dhomh bhi fada beo.

Bi mi smuaineachadh gach am ort  
Ged b'ann a dol dh'an a chrann mi  
Leis a'mheud 's a bha mi 'n geall ort  
Chan aithnich mi ceann a'rop'.

Ach na faighinn toil do chairdean  
Toil d'athair 'is do mhathair  
Gun toirinn dhuitsa fainne  
Dhe'n a'chuid as fhearr dhe'n or.

Theid sinn dh'an a mhuilean-shabhaidh  
As a sin gu aite Dhanaidh  
Bho'n fhuair mi eolas air Mhairi



Tha mis' an drasd' air mo dhoigh

Bidh mi smuaintinn ort 's a'mhadainn  
 Bi mi bruadar ort 'nam chadal  
 Cha leig mis' thu, ghaol, as m'aire  
 Fhad' 's bhios mis' air thalamh beo.

Tha do shnuaidh mar sneachd' 'nam beanntan  
 Tha do ghruaidh mar chaoir nan alltan  
 Tha do ghuth mar chuthag shamhraidh  
 Tha mis' an geall air do phog.

This is easily my most favourite Gaelic song. I first heard it in Cape Breton many years ago sung by the Gaelic singer Angus MacLeod (of “The Phone Number Reel”). I kept it in my memory bank for years until I came across it on a recording by the North Shore Gaelic Singers in which John “Seogan” Shaw sang it at the Milling Table. I recalled it then and proceeded to learn it. The man in the song sings to a familiar theme – the woman he loves is beautiful and is always on his mind. He is out on the ocean sailing at the moment, but though this is the case, he thinks about her morning, noon, and night. She is his compass. This song was recorded at a Milling Frolic in a friend’s kitchen in Cape Breton.



## **8. An teid thu leam a'Mhairi?**

Oran gaoil eadar Gaidheal og agus a leannan

Traditional

Seisd/Chorus:

An teid thu leam a'Mhairi,  
'S am falbh thu leam air saile,  
An teid thu leam air bhonn nan tonn,  
Gu tir nan gleann 's nan ard-bheann.

Le d'chumadh dhealbhadh, aillidh,  
Mar dhealradh reult na faire;  
'S e d'nadur ciuin do bhaigh 's do mhuirn,  
A leag mo run 's mo ghradha ort.

Tha tigh agam cho aillidh,  
Ris 'n tigh 's an d'fhuair tu t-arach,  
Bith cuan a's fonn riut fial gach am,  
An tir nan gleann 's nan ard-bheann.

An teid thu leam a ghradhaig,  
An teid thu leam air saile,  
An teid thu leam air bharr nan tonn,  
Gu tir nan gleann 's nan ard-bheann.

Bith tu fallain, slainteil,  
Le gaoith a'chuain 's nan ard-bheann,  
'S bith eoin na coill 's nan sliabh gun fhoill,  
Le orain bhinn 'cur failt' ort.

Ise/Her: Stad a nis a Ghaidheil,  
Mo chridh', mo run 's mo lamh dhuit,  
Gu'n teid mi null gu tir nam beann,  
'O 'n choisinn fonn do dhan mi.

A man sings to the woman he loves, pleading with her, to come and live with him in the land of the valleys and the high mountains. He sings of all of the wonderful things that she will find, and the amazing life that she will have in this new land. "You will be healthy with the winds from the seas and the mountains, and the birds of the forest will sing a sweet welcome for you in the land of the valleys and the high mountains." In the last verse, she accepts his proposal and confesses her love for him. It was said by a friend of mine, Dominique Dodge.

## 9. The Oatfield Weaver Set

**Tune #1: Oran do Thighearna Lochabuidhe** (John MacFadyen) (Public Domain)

Seisd/Chorus:

Faill ill oro, fail ill o,  
Faill ill oro eile,  
Hi ri iu agus o  
'S na hog i oro eile.

Seo deoch-slainge Mhurchaidh oig,  
Olamaid gu leir i,  
'S i seo deoch-slaing' an t-sar dhuin'-uasail,  
Gu'm bu dual bhi treubhach.

Seo i 'n sgeul a thog oirnn fonn,  
'S na paipearan g'a leughadh,  
Tighearn' og Lochabuidhe  
Na cheann-suidhe air na treun laoiach.

Lion a'chuach a nuas dhuinn stop,  
Cha phoiteireachd gun bheus i,  
Cha Mhuileach fear nach oladh i,  
'S nach cuir an t-or 'n a h-eirig.

This is a part of a longer work song written by a clansman of mine in the 1800s about a visit by our clan chief, MacLaine of Lochbuie, to Glasgow. The song celebrates his many virtues and the momentous occasion of his visit (“Lion a’chuach...” “Fill his glass...”).

**Tune #2: The Oatfield Weaver Jig** (©Andrew McFayden, SOCAN)

Seisd/Chorus:

A'phairce-choirce 'bh'ann air a bhruthaich  
Bu mhath leis am fucadair fìor ri faighinn  
A'phairce-choirce 'bh'ann air a bhruthaich  
'S truagh gun deach e a mhilleadh co-dhiu

'S e fucadair fìor a tha mi a'faighinn  
Tha fucadair fìor a'dol anns a'bhàile  
'S e fucadair fìor a tha mi a'faighinn  
O fucadair foghainneach fìor gu brath!

This is a Gaelic “Puirt a beul” (Mouth tune) that I wrote. It is a jig that is meant for dancing, as is all puirt a beul. It is a nonsense song about a weaver and an oatfield. I liked the sounds of the words, and that is what a Puirt is all about.



**Tune #3: Theid thu null air an fhadhail (Traditional)**

Theid thu null air an fhadhail ni thu sin  
 Thig thu nall air an fhadhail ni thu sin  
 Theid thu null air an fhadhail ni thu gruagach a thadhal,  
 Far na dh'fhàg thu do roghainn ni thu sin

O tha m'ulaidh air tha m'ulaidh air cha bhith e ris an òl  
 Tha maighear air tha maighear air cha bhi e ris an òl  
 Meudail air an t-sùil 's air a mhala th'os a cionn  
 Gaòl mo chridhe air a ghille gràdhan air

Tighinn air a'mhuir tha fear a phòsas mi  
 Tighinn air a'mhuir tha fear a phòsas mi  
 Tighinn air a'mhuir tha'n gille buidhe bòidheach  
 Ciobair nan oithisgear is pòsaidh mi.

O tha m'ulaidh air tha m'ulaidh air cha bhith e ris an òl  
 Tha maighear air tha maighear air cha bhith e ris an òl  
 Meudail air an t-sùil 's air a mhala th'os a cionn  
 Gaol mo chridhe air a ghille gràdhan air

This puirt a beul, which is a reel as opposed to a jig, is a very old one. A woman is singing to her baby girl telling her about all that will happen. A man will come over the seas to marry her etc... This song has also been song as a lullaby.

**Tune #4: B'fhearr mar a bha mi 'n uiridh (Traditional)**

B'fhearr mar a bha mi 'n uiridh,  
 Na mar tha mi 'm bliadhna,  
 B'fhearr mar a bha mi 'n uiridh,  
 Caileagan ga'm iarraidh.

Ho ro mo dhuilichinn, mo dhuilichinn na rinn mi,  
 Ho ro mo dhuilichinn nach robh mi na mo mhaighdinn,  
 Ho ro mo dhuilichinn, mo dhuilichinn na rinn mi,  
 Ho ro mo dhuilichinn nach robh mi na mo mhaighdinn.

This is also a puirt a beul, and also a reel. This tune is a nonsensical one about a man who is bragging about how he has just gotten lucky.

## 10. Oran do Ghaiseadh a Bharra

Angus MacDonald

Seisd/Chorus:

O r'al o o r'al o ho ro hi  
 O r'al o o r'al o ho ro hi  
 O r'al o o r'al o ho ro hi

Cha mhor nach coma leam cogadh na sith.

Bho'n rinn mi so direadh 's ann chinn mi cho fann,  
 Leis na fhuair mi do mhibhadh, 's na timean a th'ann;  
 'S gun dad dhomh, le firinn, a cinntinn ach clann,  
 Gun sheachainn mi am prìosan le innleachd mo lamh'n.

Gun chuir mi buntata am paire ann a'slochd,  
 Gun dhubh a cho trath ann 's nach d'fhas e ach olc;  
 An cruinneachd cha d'fhas, 's an t-ailean cho bochd,  
 ;S ma chreideas mi 'n taillair, tha failinn 's a choirc'.

Thug an t-earchal a spreidh bhuam, 'cha leir dho carson,  
 Gun ghoid e gu leir iad, gun seud air a son;  
 Ach seiche air a reubad aig feursann go'n tol,  
 'S a chuid eil' dhe'n chreubhaig gu leir aig na coin.

'S e gaiseadh a'Bharra dh'fhag falabh mu phoc,  
 Cha teid mi bho'n bhail' 's gun agam an groit;  
 Ged dh'eiridh gun tachradh orm cairid 's taigh-osd',  
 'S feudas dol dhachaidh 's gun faraid air stop.

Gun do shuidh mi gu socrach 's am botal an laimh,  
 'S gun dh'ol mi deoch thoddy 'chuir sogan an cheann;  
 Cha robh taobh air nochdainn nach e fortan a bh'ann,  
 'S gun fhuadaich e 'bhochdain ma 'n chosg sinn na bh'ann.

This is a song about hardship during the time of the Potato Famine, which devastated crops and families around the world. This song, a public domain song, was written by Angus MacDonald during that time in Cape Breton, Nova Scotia. In this song, he complains about the only thing that he can grow on his farm is kids, and of how hard his life has become. At the end of the song, he takes a “wee dram” and starts to feel good. He says that no matter how hard life gets, there is always a silver lining.

## 11. Mo ghaolsa Mairi

Traditional

O gur e mo ghaolsa Màiri,  
 Bean na cèille, gnùis na nàire,  
 Beul as binne o'n tig an gàire,  
 'S toigh leam fhèin thu, thug mu gràdh dhut.

Sèisd/Chorus:

Hò rò nach robh thu agam,  
 Hò rò nach robh thu agam,  
 'S trugh a Rìgh nach thu bha agam  
 Air an luing is càch nan cadal.

'S e mo ghaol a'mhaighdeann chiatach,  
 'S ann 'n a d'cheann a dh'fhàs an riaghailt,  
 Nuair a thèid mi fhathast 'g a d'iarraidh.  
 Pòsaidh sinn mu cheann na bliadhna.

'S e mo ghaol a'mhaighdeann bhanda,  
 'S aotrom do cheum air a'chabhsair,  
 Nuair a thèid thu do'n sgoil-danrsa,  
 'S leat an t-urram air na th'ann diùbh.

Dheannain searbhantas mar skalag,  
 Do dhuin' uasal no fear-fearainn,  
 Oirnn cha bhiodh dìth an arain,  
 O, cha bhithinn beò 's tu falamh.

I found this song in a book while looking for songs to learn for my cousin's wedding. The title is what caught my attention at first so I played the melody on the piano and fell in love with it. Upon reading the lyrics, I found that it fit a wedding perfectly. A man is out at sea singing whistfully that he wishes she were with her on the ship at sea while others slept and they could be together. Mary is a woman of high wisdom, not outlandishly beautiful as many Gaelic songs say so in that way this song is refreshingly honest. She is graceful, a wonderful dancer, yet modest. He says that he would be willing to do menial jobs for her and would work hard because she would never find herself in need of anything as long as she were with him. It was a hit at the wedding.

## 12. Oran a'Bheavair

Traditional / Andrew McFayden

Seisd/Chorus:

O eadarainn e o ho gu  
Hi ri na beavairean a gaire  
O eadarainn e o ho gu

Bhiodh turus 's a choill' fo mhaduinn Di-Luain,  
Bha 'n t-uisge a'ruith gu luath 's an loch.

'S ann gu math slaodach a bha sinn 's an uair,  
'Is chaidh sinn a-nuas a'rathad gu bochd.

'S e m'athair is mise bha draibheadh gun duil,  
'S an abhainn bha duinte 's am beavairean grod.

Is rainig sinn 'n t-aite far 'n d'thoisich an slighe,  
A'sireadh ar beavairean anns a'choill'.

'Is thoisich sinn nar coiseachd le 'm boid,  
'Is sinnse bha neonach, 's ar n-aodann bha snog.

Cinnteach gu robh na sithean 'measg chraoibh',  
Nar coiseachd gu slaodach, 's iarraidh ar cod.

'S tri damaichean beavair air 'm bristeadh 's an allt',  
'S na beathaich air falbh 's cha robh ann ach slod.

"Seall air an abhainn tha dam eile ur,"  
Is thog sinn suil air 'is bha e bog!

'S e astar beag a bh'againn mar blar,  
'S bha roc gu math craidhteach am measg nan clos.

Obair chruaidh a bh'ann leis a'phic,  
'S m'athair ri mhionnan 'san uisg' gun coir'.

Bha m'athair 'na sheasamh le racan na laimh,  
'S ann uabhasach laidir a bha e air 'n tom.

Thilg le fearg mi'n slatan air bruach,  
Bha 'n dam a'fas truagh, 's sinn ag obair le colg.

Obair cho doirbh, 's bha e fliuch fo'n fhallas,  
An cridhe aig m'athair nach sgithich an trod.

'S ann air a cheann thall, ruith 'n t-uisge tro'n toll,  
'S ur-thoisichidh 'n cogadh a-maireach le boch.



This song is dedicated to my father. Oran a'bheavair (The Beaver Song) came about as a result of a bit of an adventure that we had one day in July. The beaver had been busy of late and had built up the dam again so that the only river that drained the lake we live on was completely plugged up. The dam had to be broken so out my dad and I went one morning to do the inevitable. The song is about the two of us in the river, dad swearing when things didn't go exactly right (no tragedies happened), but dad saved the day. He did most of the work, and I helped out. The tune is one that I heard belonging to an old milling song from Cape Breton. I could not find the words to that version, so I made up my own.





## **13. The Snoopy Jig**

©Andrew McFayden (SOCAN)

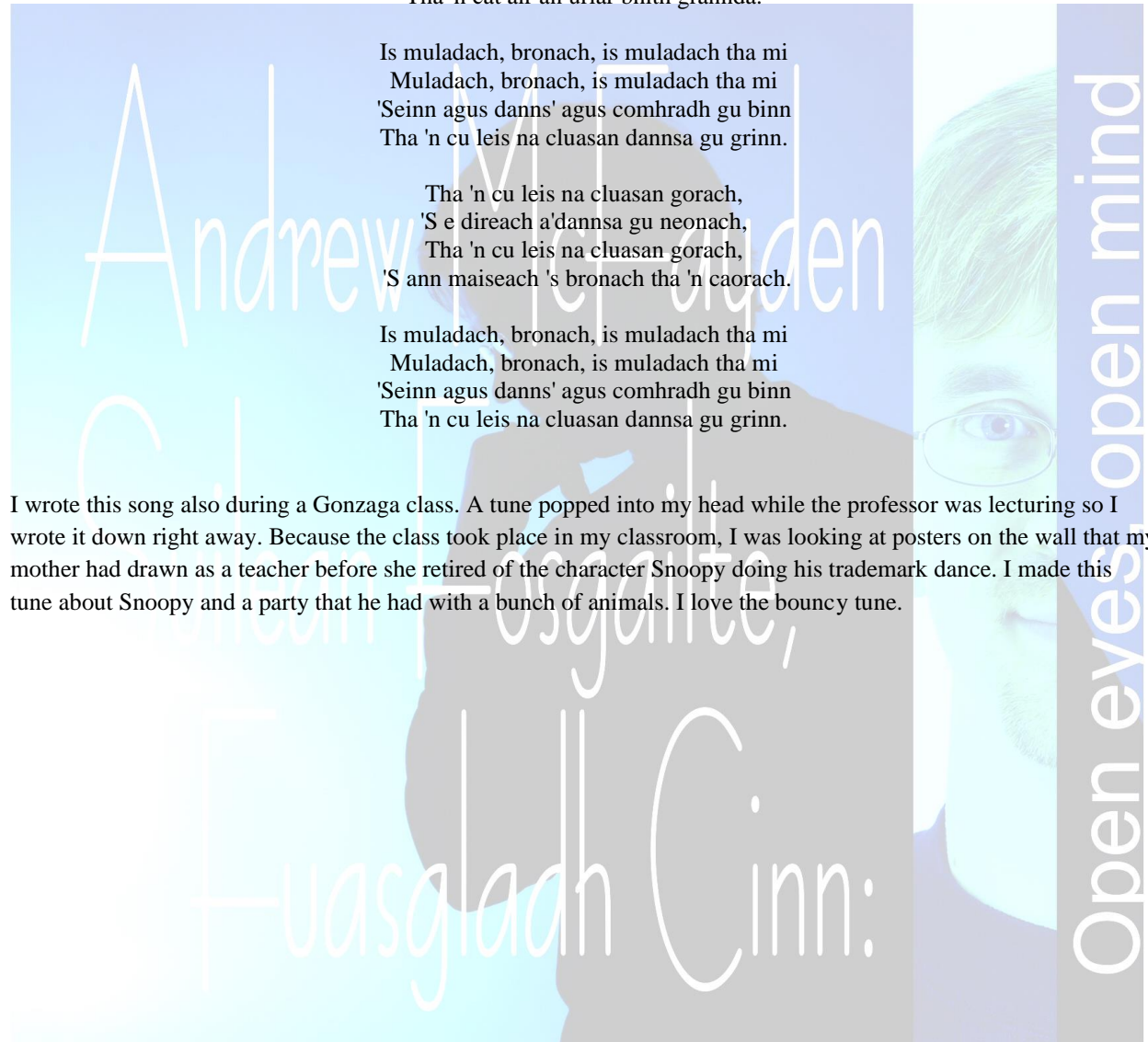
An cu leis na cluasan dannsa,  
Tha 'n sron aige mhor air a'chrann air  
An cu leis na cluasan dannsa  
Tha 'n cat air an urlar bhith grannda.

Is muladach, bronach, is muladach tha mi  
Muladach, bronach, is muladach tha mi  
'Seinn agus danns' agus comhradh gu binn  
Tha 'n cu leis na cluasan dannsa gu grinn.

Tha 'n cu leis na cluasan gorach,  
'S e dìreach a'dannsa gu neonach,  
Tha 'n cu leis na cluasan gorach,  
'S ann maiseach 's bronach tha 'n caorach.

Is muladach, bronach, is muladach tha mi  
Muladach, bronach, is muladach tha mi  
'Seinn agus danns' agus comhradh gu binn  
Tha 'n cu leis na cluasan dannsa gu grinn.

I wrote this song also during a Gonzaga class. A tune popped into my head while the professor was lecturing so I wrote it down right away. Because the class took place in my classroom, I was looking at posters on the wall that my mother had drawn as a teacher before she retired of the character Snoopy doing his trademark dance. I made this tune about Snoopy and a party that he had with a bunch of animals. I love the bouncy tune.



## 14. A tilleadh dhachaigh

©Andrew McFayden, SOCAN

This is a piano tune that I wrote one Christmas before leaving BC to go home to Ontario to be with family for the holidays. As I was writing it, I was filled of thoughts of going home so I named it “A tilleadh dhachaigh” (Going Home). It is piggy-backed on the next song, which is also a song about going home.

## 15. Bu deonach leam tilleadh

Hugh F. MacKenzie

Seisd:

Bu deonach leam tilleadh, bhi tilleadh, a'tilleadh,  
Bu deonach leam tilleadh a rithist do'n Chul;  
Dhol a shealltainn na cruinneag a dh'fhag mi fo mhulad,  
Bu taitneach leam fuireach an cuideachd mo ruin.

Ged tha mi am bliadhna iomadh mìle an iar uaibh,  
Ri anradh is riasladh, chan fhiach mi na's fhearr;  
Cha do leig mi air diochuimhn' an comunn bha ciatach,  
B'e m'aighear 's mo mhiann a bhi shìos leibh an-drasd'.

Gur muladach tha mi gach la o'n a dh'fhag mi,  
Chan eil sunnd orm an-drasda lamh thoirt air ceol;  
Chan eil agam de bhardachd a dh'innseas an dan dhuibh,  
Gach buaidh th'air an ait' 's an deach m'arach gle og.

'S e Ceap Breatainn an t-aite bu mhiann leam bhi tamhachd,  
An t-eilean as aille tha fo na neoil;  
Le thulaichean ard' toirt dhuinn sealladh thar saile,  
Air an lionmhor bheil bata air a caradh fo sheol.

Mo bheannachd do'n aite gur truagh rinn mi fhagail,  
Nam bithinn an drasd, ann chan fhagainn ri m'bheo;  
Ma thilleas mi sabhailt ni mi fuireach gu brath ann,  
Gheibh mi conaltradh chairdean mar b'abhaist 's a'ghleann.

The song was written by Hughie because he had to move to Ontario to find work during the Great Depression. He was unhappy over having to leave Cape Breton so he wrote this song about the people back home and how unhappy he was. He says at the end that if he were to move home he would never leave again. I learned this song at the kitchen table of Peter Jack MacLean, Gaelic elder, and singer. The whole song is much longer than this, and I am happy to say that I did learn the whole song, I love it that much.

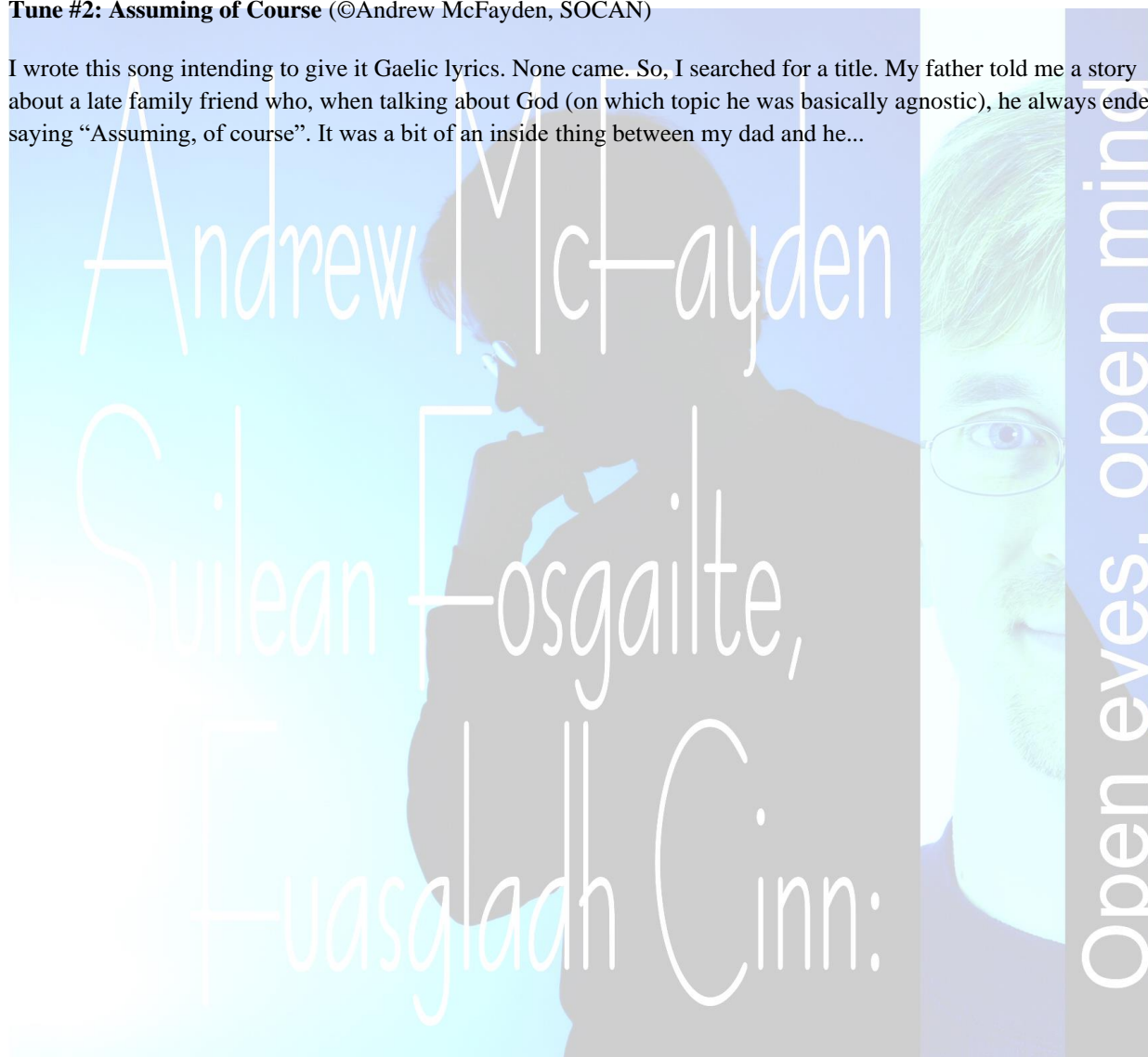
## **16. To Mom / Assuming of Course**

**Tune #1: To Mom** (©Andrew McFayden, SOCAN)

This song is dedicated to my mother, who in many ways is the unsung hero of our family. She is an amazing woman so when I woke up one morning with a tune going around in my head, I wrote it down and named it after her. I think it is a perfect tribute to mothers everywhere.

**Tune #2: Assuming of Course** (©Andrew McFayden, SOCAN)

I wrote this song intending to give it Gaelic lyrics. None came. So, I searched for a title. My father told me a story about a late family friend who, when talking about God (on which topic he was basically agnostic), he always ended saying “Assuming, of course”. It was a bit of an inside thing between my dad and he...



## 17. Chi mi bhuam

Angus MacDonald

Seisd/Chorus:

Chi mi bhuam, fada bhuam  
 Chi mi bhuam ri muir lan;  
 Chi mi Ceap Breatuinn o luaidh  
 Fada bhuam, thar an t-sail.

Chi mi Creiginis nan craobh,  
 Le cuid aonaichean ard;  
 'S an Rugh' Fada tha ri taobh'  
 Gheibhte maoin ann 'us barr.

Bha na Glaisrich ann gun eis  
 Bheireadh feu as an fhail;  
 Bha iad modhail, bha iad gleusd',  
 Bha iad speiseil 'nan ghnaths.

Chi mi Siudaig nam fear cruaidh,  
 Chi mi Bruaich nam fear ard,  
 Bha Clann Sheumais ann ri uair -  
 Laoich a bhunaicheadh blar.

Bha iad fearail, bha iad treun,  
 'S iad gun eucoir 'nan cail;  
 Ach nuair a rachadh iad gu streup  
 'S iad nach geilleadh do namh.

Chi mi Sestico nan tur,  
 'S am bheil buthan 'us sraid;  
 Chi mi Mabou air a'chul -  
 Bi siud duthaich mo ghraidh.

This is a song about the towns along the southern shore of Cape Breton. It was written by a man who left Cape Breton to live in the nearby Antigonish area. He went up to the top of a high hill one day as an old man and looked into the distance. He saw Cape Breton. He was saddened by this because he knew that he would not likely ever return. I love singing this song and thought that a simple piano arrangement would be a fitting tribute to a song that has given me much pleasure over the years.

## 18. Mo thruaigh leir thu 'Ille Bhuidhe

Traditional

Seisd/Chorus:

Mo thruaigh leir thu, 'Ille Bhuidhe  
'S ann an-diugh tha 'n deigh ort,  
Mo thruaigh leir thu, 'Ille Bhuidhe!

Chuir sinn croinn 's a bhata  
Da la mu'n d'fhag sinn Eirinn.

Chuir sinn na croinn ur innte,  
'S gu'n g'fhuair sinn smuid na deigh leinn.

Cutteran a's gaidsearan,  
Ga'r sarachadh le cheile.

Fudar 's luaidhe Shasunnach  
'Toirt farum air a deile.

Bha sinn 's a Chuan-iar leatha,  
Mu'n d'rinn a'ghrian ach eirigh.

Nuair a dh'at an fhairge,  
'S i 'n "Earbag" a bha treubhach.

An "Earbag" 's i cho dìonnach  
Ri botal fion a's ceir air.

Seachad Maol na h-Oa,  
Gun d'ol sinn air a cheile.

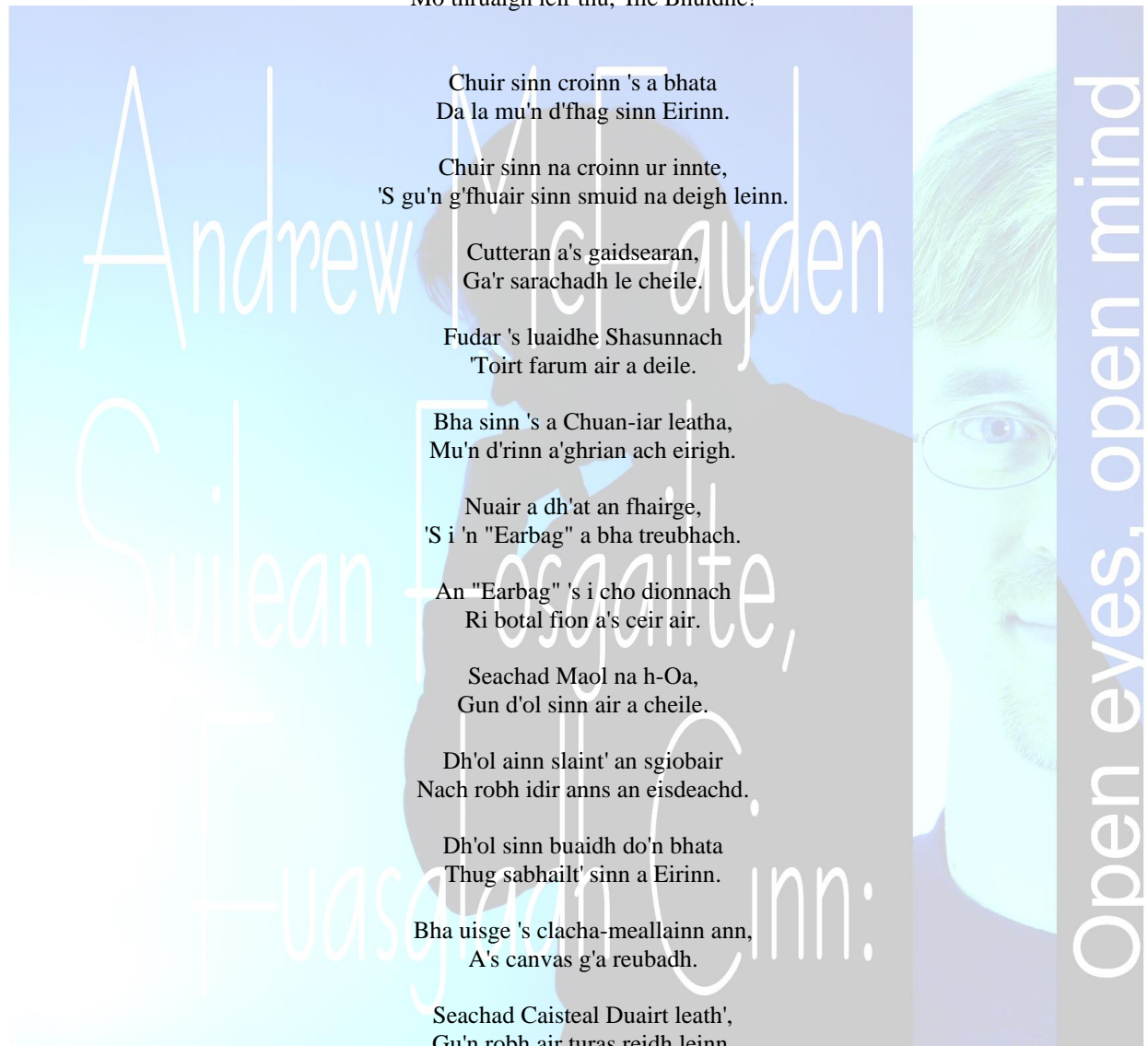
Dh'ol ainn slaint' an sgiobair  
Nach robh idir anns an eisdeachd.

Dh'ol sinn buaidh do'n bhata  
Thug sabhailt' sinn a Eirinn.

Bha uisge 's clacha-meallainn ann,  
A's canvas g'a reubadh.

Seachad Caisteal Duairt leath',  
Gu'n robh air turas reidh leinn.

Bha sinn an Loch-Alainn  
Mu'n d'rinn ach pairt dhiubh eirigh.



This is a sailing song in which the man sings about the boat he was on, where they went, and how great the captain was. I think it has a powerful tune, and was a perfect addition to our Milling Frolic.