

MUSIC

Cape Breton's Diversity in Unity

Eilean Gorm Nam Beanntan Àrd

Eilean gorm nam beanntan àrd,
Tìr mo dhùthchais, tìr mo ghràidh,
'S iomadh tonn a bhuaileas tràigh
Mun iarr mi fàth air carachadh.

Tìr as àile tha fon ghrèin,
Cnoic is glinn is raointean rèidh,
Coille dhlùth nam mìle geug
'S an cluinnear gleus air ceilearadh.

Monaidhean 's am faighear fèidh,
Aonaichean 's an cinnich sprèidh,
Fonn, ma chuirear e fon chlàith,
A thig fo dhèis le aran dhuinn.

Faodaidh gum bi 'n geamhradh fuar,
'S gaoth an earraich on taobh tuath,
Thig an samhradh blàth na uair
Le cur is buan gar toileachadh.

Anns a' ghleann sa bheil sinn fhìn
Faighinn beatha 's teachd-an-tìr,
Chan eil deireas oirnn no dìth --
Chan eil an rìgh cho sona ruinn.

'S ann tha 'n sluagh tha ceanalt', ciùin,
Sìol nan sonn a b' àirde cliù,
'S mòr leam fhìn gu bheil mi dhiubh,
Bu shuarach crùn a roghainn air.

Far an d'fhuair mi m' àrach òg,
Fanaidh mi le toil 's le deòin;
Air cho fad 's gum bi mi beò,
Cha dèan an t-òr mo mhealladh as.

Eilean gorm nam beanntan àrd,
Tìr mo dhùthchais, tìr mo ghràidh,
'S iomadh tonn a bhuaileas tràigh
Mun iarr mi fàth air carachadh.

Translation:

Green Isle of the High Mountains

Green isle of the high mountains,
Land of my birth, land of my love,
Many waves will break on shore
Before I ever wish to leave.

Most beautiful land under the sun,
Knolls and glens and level plains,
Forests dense with thousands of branches,
Where you hear the melodies of bird-song.

Moorlands where you find deer,
Pastures where cattle flourish,
Soil which, when put under the harrow,
Will ripen to provide bread for us.

The winter might be cold
And also the north wind of spring,
But warm summer will come at last
With planting and reaping to make us happy.

In the glen where we ourselves
Have life and livelihood,
We have no shortage or dearth --
The king is not as happy as we are.

Here the folk are polite and sedate,
Seed of heroes of high renown;
I am proud to belong to them,
A crown would be paltry compared with it.

Where I was reared in my youth,
I will remain there willingly;
For as long as I live
No gold will entice me away from there.

Green isle of the high mountains,
Land of my birth, land of my love,

Many waves will break on shore
Before I ever wish to leave.

Recording:

[Eilean Gorm Nam Beanntan Àrd](#), 1971. Bessie MacEachern. T-311. Beaton Institute, Cape Breton University.