

# MUSIC

## *Cape Breton's Diversity in Unity*

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### *Moch 'Sa Mhadainn Rinn Mi Glusad*

*Sèist*

Hoil-iù hill-eò hò-ro èileadh  
Hoil-iù hill-eò hi hòireann hò  
Hoil-iù hill-eò hò-ro èileadh.

Moch 'sa mhadainn rinn mi glusad,  
Dhìrich mi mach ri Beinn Chruachan.  
(Hoil-iù hill-eò hò-ro èileadh.)

Dhìrich mi mach ri Beinn Chruachan  
Theirinn mi lag an fhraoich uaine  
Shuidh mi aig tobar an fhuairidh  
Chìr mi mo cheann, dh'fhàg mi ghruag ann  
Dh'fhàg mi falt mo chinn 'na dhual ann  
Sùil dhan tug mi tar mo ghualainn  
Chunnaic mi tighinn na h-uaislean  
Iain is Eachann is Ruairidh  
Ach ma bhà cha robh mo luaidh ann  
Fear a' chinn duibh 's a' chòt' uaine  
Cha robh, a ghaoil, gum b'fhada bhuam thu  
Bha tè eil' aig bàil gad bhuaireadh  
'S aithne dhomh fhìn dè chùm bhuam thu  
Tainead mo chrodh-laoigh air buailidh  
Lughad a bha dhubh 's a ruadh dhiubh  
Lughad a bha chais-fhionn ghuail-fhionn  
Ach mas ise 's truime buaile  
'S mise 's càirdich' dha na h-uaislean  
Dhìreadh a mach ri Beinn Chruachan  
Le 'n gunnaichean air an guaillean  
Le flasgaichean air an cruachain  
Dol a shealg na h-èilde ruaidhe  
Mar sin is lach a' chinn uaine  
Ailein, Ailein, 's fhada bhuam thu  
Nan tigeadh tu 's mi 's a' bhuailidh  
Cha b'e do dheoch bùrn an fhuarain

Leagainn bainne geal an cuaich dhuit  
Chàirinn leaba nach biodh suarach  
Laighinn fhìn air taobh an fhuaraidh  
Chàirinn mo bhreacan mun cuairt dhut  
Air eagal 's gu ruig am fuachd thu  
'S mithich dhomh teàrnadh tar Beinn Chruachan.

**Translation:**

*I Arose Early in the Morning*

*Chorus*

*(The chorus consists of Gaelic vocables. One line is repeated after two lines of verse. The two-line verses consist of the previous line and a new line)*

I arose early this morning,  
I climbed towards Ben Cruachan.

I climbed towards Ben Cruachan  
I descended by the hollow of green heather  
I sat at the well on the windward side  
I combed my hair, leaving some there  
I left my hair there in locks  
As I glanced over my shoulder  
I saw the noblemen approaching  
Iain and Hector and Roderick  
But my love was not among them  
The one with black hair and green coat  
No, my love, you were far away from me  
Another had enticed you at a dance  
I know well what kept you from me  
The scarcity of breeding-cattle in my fold  
How few black and red ones were there  
How few white-legged and white-shouldered ones  
But even if she has the fullest fold  
I am more related to the nobility  
Who would ascend Ben Cruachan  
With their guns on their shoulders  
With flasks on their hips  
Going to hunt the red hind  
And also the green-headed wild duck  
Allan, Allan, you are far away from me  
If only you would come while I'm in the fold  
Your drink would not be spring water  
I would draw a bowl of white milk for you  
I would prepare a bed that would not be shabby  
I would lie down on the windward side

I would spread my plaid around you  
For fear the cold would get to you  
It is time for me to descend over Ben Cruachan.

*Recording:*

[Moch 'Sa Mhadainn Rinn Mi Glusad](#), 1963. Lauchie MacLellan. T-014. Beaton Institute, Cape Breton University.