

MUSIC

Cape Breton's Diversity in Unity

Òganaich An Òr-Fhuilte Bhuidhe

Sèist

Òganaich an òr-fhuilte bhuidhe,
Leat a chinneadh sealg is sitheann;
'S ann nad ghruaidh a bhiodh an rudhadh,
Nuair a bhiodh tu siubhal bheann.

1. Nuair a dhìreadh tu na stùcan
Leis a' ghunna chaol nach diùltadh
'S i do luaidhe ghorm is d'fhùdar
Chuireadh smùid air feadh nan gleann.

2. Dhomh-sa b'aithne cuid de d' àbhaist,
Ged nach innis mi ach pàirt dheth:
Sitheann à beinn is iasg a abhainn,
Nuair a thàirneadh càch an srann.

3. Òganaich an òr-fhuilte shnìomhain
Dh'fhàg thu saca trom air m'inntinn;
'S mur a till thu nall dhan tìr seo
Mo thoil-inntinn bidh air chall.

4. Ged a bhithinn ann an iarainn
Fhad's bu bheò mi ga mo phianadh,
Cha leig mi do ghaol air diochuimhn',
Seo a' bhliadhna liath mo cheann.

Translation:

Young Man of the Golden Hair

Chorus

Young man of the golden yellow hair,
Thriving on hunting and venison;

Your cheeks would be rosy
As you travelled the mountains.

1. When you climbed the peaks
With your slender gun that wouldn't fail,
It was your blue lead and powder
That spread smoke around the glens.

2. I knew much about your activity
Though I will tell only part of it:
Venison from hill and fish from river
While others were snoring in their sleep.

3. Young man of the curly golden hair,
You left a heavy load on my mind;
And if you don't return to this land
My enjoyment will vanish.

4. Though I were in irons,
In pain for all of my life,
I will not forget your love;
This is the year that made my hair grey.

Recording:

[Òganaich An Òr-Fhuil Bhuidhe](#), 1972. Lauchie Gillis. T-348. Beaton Institute, Cape Breton University.