

# MUSIC

## *Cape Breton's Diversity in Unity*

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### *Òran An Dèididh*

Tha mi fo ghiorras le m'chàirean,  
Tha mi gun tàmh gun chadal leis;  
Tha mi fo ghiorras le m'chàirean,  
'S chan urrainn dhomh càil a chagnadh leis.

Thàinig an dèideadh gam phianadh,  
An iomairt mo chiall is m'air' thoirt bhuam;  
'S chaidh mi gu bodach nam fiaclan,  
'S agam-sa Dhia bha ceannach air.

Thuirt e 's e sealltainn nam bheul:  
"Chan eil na do dheud ach starragan;  
Bheir mi dhuit stobadh cocaine,  
'S chan fhairich thu tè tighinn asad dhiubh."

Thòisich an slaodadh 's an spìonadh,  
An iomairt mo bheul thoirt glan asam;  
Fuil agus feòil agus fiaclan,  
'S bodach an diabhail 's fallas air.

Tha mise 'n seo 's mi leam fhèin  
Na m'shuidh' air an t-sèithear 's mi fannachadh,  
Botal an seo na mo dhòrn,  
'S mi deoghal mar phàisd' aig banaltram.

Ma gheibh mise deud na mo bheul  
Chan iarr mi a chaoidh de mhaitheas oirr'  
Ach grèim às a' bhodach mhìn bheulach  
Tharraing na fiaclan asam-sa.

**Translation:**

*Song to the Toothache*

I am suffering because of my palate,  
I cannot rest or sleep because of it;  
I am suffering because of my palate,  
And I cannot chew anything with it.

Toothache came to torture me,  
About to deprive me of my sense and feeling;  
I went to the old dentist  
And, God, I paid dearly for it.

Examining my mouth, he said:  
"Your teeth look like crows;  
I will give you a shot of cocaine  
And you won't feel any of them coming out."

The tugging and wrenching started,  
Almost taking my entire mouth away;  
Gore and flesh and teeth,  
And the old devil in a sweat.

I am here alone,  
Sitting in a chair about to faint;  
A bottle in my hand  
As I suck like a baby being fed by a nurse.

If I get dentures in my mouth  
The only benefit I would ever want from them  
Is a bite out of the smooth plausible old fellow  
Who extracted my teeth.

*Recording:*

[Òran An Dèididh](#). Kenny Morrison. T-3024. Beaton Institute, Cape Breton University.