

MUSIC

Cape Breton's Diversity in Unity

Òran Nam Fasan

Is dh'fhalbh mi 'n tùs an t-samhraidh
'S gun do sheall mi feadh nan sgìreachdan
Feuch am faighinn bantrach,
Anns an àm 's gu robh i dhìth orm;
Nuair chunna mise 'n sluagh a bh'ann
De ghruagaichean 's gun phrìs orra,
Nuair a chruinnich iad mu chuairt orm
Gu luath gun tug mi Mhìn orm.

'S tha nìghneagan na dùthcha seo
Aig Seumas Vooght gan rìomhachadh,
Dà shlat dheug sa ghùn aca,
'S gu feum iad ùnnsa phrìneachan;
Am pìos tha air am bialaibh dhe
Gur iomadh liad is fillt' a th'ann,
'S am pleat air chùl nam màsannan
'S e coltach ri màla pìobaire.

Nuair a bha 'n cogadh Geangach ann
Cha robh dad de na prìsean ann,
Criosan bha sa char ach
Is e 'n t-anart a bha dhìth orra.
Chan fhaighte gùn den chailgeo
Gun airgead mairt a shineadh air;
An diugh cha ghabh iad bheileabhaid
Air basgaidean de shuibheagan.

Sud far 'm bheil am bannachadh
'S an teannachadh air staoidhsichean;
Ad mar nead a' chlamhain orr'
Gur sgriosail is gur oillteil iad;
Earball eich 's e air a shuaineachadh
Pàirt den ghruaig a th'air na maighdeannan,
Is brògan nan trì tastain
Às a factoraidh, 's bidh faighneachd orr'.

Nam faiceadh tu na gruagaichean,
Gur guanach falbh nan sràidean iad;
Bidh ola cinn sa ghruaig aca,
'S am meòirean cruaidh le fàineachan;
Bidh adhairc mairt 's an top aca
'S an dosan air a bheàrnaigeadh,
Is ailbheagan o na cluasan ac'
'S cha mhòr nach b'fheàrr na bèistean iad.

Tha fasan aig na caipteanan
As t-earrach anns an àite seo
Bhith tearradh an cuid bharcaichean
'S a' peantadh an cuid bhàtaichean;
Nuair chunnaic luchd nan cuaileanan
An tuar a bh'air na bàirdsichean,
A rìgh, bu datht' an gruaidhean,
'S gum bu shnuadhmhòr le peant sgàrlaid iad.

Na biodh tu dol an sealladh orra
Bu mhiosa leat na tràillean iad,
A-chionn bhith tàireil baiceanta
Air na daoine gast' a dh'àraich iad;
An athair falbh le mocaisea
Is socsaichean gun chàradh orr',
Is iadsan a' cosg bhòtannan,
Is còta ròin gu làr orra.

'S olc an obair chaileagan
Bhith dol a-mach air oidhcheannan,
'Nan seasamh 's an cùl ri ballaichean,
Mar luchd de bhuidheann shaighdearan;
Cuid eile dhiubh air staidhrichean,
Feadh phàirceachan is dhroighnichean,
'S cha sguir iad falbh gu froiligean
Gu faigh an donas grèim orra.

Mo bheannachd air na maighdeannan
Bhios daonnan coibhneil, gàirdeachail,
Nach cleachd bhith mach 's na h-oidhcheannan
'S nach seasadh foill is gràisgealachd;
A' toirt toileachadh dham pàrantan,
Is mise 'n seo mar aon fhear dhiubh;
A-rèir na h-aois a ràinig mi
Gur mi a thà gu sunndach orra.

Translation:

Song of the Fashions

At the beginning of summer
I went to look around the districts
Searching for a widow,
At a time that I needed one;
When I saw the crowds there
Of maidens with no price on them,
When they gathered around me
I took off quickly to the Coal Mine.

The maidens of this country
Are being dressed in style by James Vooght,
Twelve yards in each gown,
And they need an ounce of pins;
The part in the front of them
Has many widths and folds,
And the pleat behind the buttocks
Is like a piper's bag.

When the Yankee War was on
There were none of these prices,
Belts were in style
But it was linen they required.
You couldn't get a calico gown
Without paying the price of a cow;
Today they won't take velvet
For a basket of berries.

How they do lacing up
And tightening of stays;
A hat like a buzzard's nest,
They are hideous and horrible;
A horse's tail that's twisted
Is part of the maidens' hair,
And shoes that cost three shillings
From the factory are what they demand.

If you saw the maidens,
As they walk the streets airily;
Their hair is plastered with oil,
And their fingers stiff with rings;
A cow's horn on their crown
And their forelocks clipped,

And tassels dangling from their ears;
Not much better than animals.

The captains have a custom
When spring is here
Of tarring their skiffs
And painting their boats;
When those with the curls
Saw the colour of the barges,
By Jove, their cheeks were tinted
And they were elegant in scarlet paint.

If you were to look at them
You would think them worse than scoundrels,
For being contemptuous and critical
Of the fine folk who reared them;
Their fathers wearing moccasins
And socks needing repair,
While they wear high boots
And a sealskin coat touching the ground.

It's not a good pastime for girls
To be going out at night,
Standing with their backs to the walls
Like members of a company of soldiers;
Others on stairs,
Around parks and bramble fields,
And they won't stop going to frolics
Until the devil catches them.

My blessing on the maidens
Who are always kind and pleasant,
Who are not usually out at night
And who cannot stand deceit and vulgarity;
Giving pleasure to their parents,
Of whom I am one;
Because of the age I have reached
I am especially pleased with them.

Recording:

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