

MUSIC

Cape Breton's Diversity in Unity

Rinn Mi Còrr Is Naoi Mìle

Rinn mi còrr is naoi mìle
Anns an tìr 's gun mì eòlach,
A' dol a shealltainn na gruagaich
A bh'air a' bhuailidh na h-ònar.

A' dol a shealltainn na gruagaich
A bh'air a' bhuailidh na h-ònar;
Nuair a ràinig mi 'm baile
Cha robh iad mar bu chòir dhaibh.

Nuair a ràinig mi 'm baile
Cha robh iad mar bu chòir dhaibh;
Cha robh ait air luchd-ciùil ann,
'S cha robh saod air luchd-òil ann.

Cha robh ait air luchd-ciùil ann,
'S cha robh saod air luchd-òil ann;
Gu robh mnathan a' fuaigheal,
Agus gruagaichean brònach.

Gu robh mnathan a' fuaigheal,
Agus gruagaichean brònach;
Iad a' cumadh na lèine
Dhan euchdaig bu bhòidhche.

Iad a' cumadh na lèine
Dhan euchdaig bu bhòidhche;
'S ann a fhuair mi chruinn' fhìnealt
'S i na sìneadh 's an t-seòmar.

'S ann a fhuair mi chruinn' fhìnealt
'S i na sìneadh 's an t-seòmar,
'S i na sìneadh fon uinneig
Far nach cluinninn a còmhradh.

'S i na sìneadh fon uinneig
Far nach cluinninn a còmhradh;
'S i na sìneadh air dèile
Ann an lèine fuar reòite.

'S i na sìneadh air dèile
Ann an lèine fuar reòite;
'S daor a cheannaich mi 'n trusgan
A th'air ?????

'S daor a cheannaich mi 'n trusgan
A th'air ?????
Gu bheil mi cho duilich
Gun do ghiùlain mi 'n còta.

Gu bheil mi cho duilich
Gun do ghiùlain mi 'n còta;
Gu bheil snigh' air mo ghruaidhean
A' sìor bhualadh mo bhrògan.

Gu bheil snigh' air mo ghruaidhean
A' sìor bhualadh mo bhrògan;
Feuch gun toir sibh dhomh bata
Gun toir e tacan 's an ròd mi.

Translation:

I Travelled More Than Nine Miles

(Note: The last two lines of each verse are repeated as the first two of the next verse)

I travelled more than nine miles
In unfamiliar territory;

Going to visit the girl
Who was alone in the cattle-fold.

When I reached the village
People were not as they should be.

Musicians were not happy
And drinkers were not in good humour.

The women were sewing
And the girls were sad.

They were shaping the shroud
For the lovely one.

I found the elegant maiden
Laid out in the room.

Lying on a board
In a shroud, ice-cold.

I paid dearly for the garment
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I am so sad
That I wore the coat.

There are tears on my cheeks,
Falling on my footwear.

Please give me a cane
That will help me along part of the way.

Recording:

[Rinn Mi Còrr Is Naoi Mile](#), 1973. Dan MacNeil. T-627. Beaton Institute, Cape Breton University.