

MUSIC

Cape Breton's Diversity in Unity

Canada A Thìr An Àigh

Canada a thìr an àigh,
Tìr nan craobh, nan laoch 's a' ghràin;
Chan eil mais' air aghaidh nàdair
Nach eil pàirt nad chòir dheth.
Canada a thìr an àigh.

Chan aithne dhomh àit' is àille,
Gheibhear ann na beanntan àrda;
Aibhnichean is lochan sàmhach,
'S glinn tha fàsmhor còmhnard.
Canada a thìr an àigh.

'S iomadh buaidh a tha ri inns' ort;
Thig an siùcar às a' chraoibh ann;
Òn d'fhuair sinn suaicheantas ar tìr
À duilleig rìomhach bhòidheach.
Canada a thìr an àigh.

Canada a thog na laoich
Nach cuir cruadal gu leth-thaobh;
'S iad nach d'fhalaich ann an cùil
Nuair thàinig glaodh Rìgh Sheòrais.
Canada a thìr an àigh.

Dh'fhàg an tuathanach an crann,
Leig an clèireach sìos a pheann;
Dh'fhalbh iad bhuainn fon airm dhan Fhraing,
'S b'e 'n call nach till na sheòl dhiubh.
Canada a thìr an àigh.

Nuair ràinig na seòid ud thall,
Cuid dhiubh 'n èideadh tìr nam beann,
Thuirt an Kaiser mòr le greann:
"Tha 'n t-àm bhith dol do 'n Òlaind."
Canada a thìr an àigh.

Nach e 'n Gearmailteach bha faoin,
'N dùil gun ceannsaicheadh e 'n saogh';
'S tìr an fhraoich is tìr nan craobh
Fo bhrataich rìgheil Sheòrais.
Canada a thìr an àigh.

Bheir sinn cliù do Rìgh nan Sluagh
Thug dhan a' cheartas a' bhuaidh;
'S guidheamaid na chaidh dhan uaigh
Thoir dachaidh shuas an Glòir dhaibh.
Canada a thìr an àigh.

Translation:

Canada Land of Bliss

Canada land of bliss,
Land of trees, of heroes and of grain;
There is no beauty on the face of nature
That you do not have a share in
Canada land of bliss.

I know no place more beautiful,
Where you get high mountains,
Rivers and peaceful lakes,
Valleys that are fertile and flat.
Canada land of bliss.

There are many virtues to be told about you;
Sugar comes from the trees here;
We got the emblem of our land
In her bright and lovely leaf.
Canada land of bliss.

Canada that reared heroes
Who would not evade hardship;
They were not hiding in a corner
When King George's call came.
Canada land of bliss.

The farmer left his plough,
The clerk put down his pen;
And they left for France in arms;
What a loss that all who set sail will not return.
Canada land of bliss.

When the heroes reached over there,
Some in the uniform of the Gael,
The Kaiser said with a frown:
"It's time to go to Holland."
Canada land of bliss.

The Germans must have been silly,
Thinking they would rule the world;
While the land of heather and the land of trees
Was under the royal banner of George.

Canada land of bliss.
We shall praise the King of Hosts
Who gave victory to justice;
Let us ask that for those who died
You will provide a home in Glory.
Canada land of bliss.

Recording:

[Canada A Thir An Àigh](#), 1969. Neil MacDonald. T-107. Beaton Institute, Cape Breton University.