

# MUSIC

## *Cape Breton's Diversity in Unity*

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### *Creach Na Samhna*

Oidhche Shamhna rinn iad sprùilleadh,  
Gàrraidhean càil air an sprùilleadh;  
Nam biodh agam beagan ùine  
Rachadh na bh'ann a chunntadh:  
Lachainn Bàn is Iain mac Ùisdein,  
'S Alasdair mac Nìll mhic Dhùghaill.  
'S i 'n Dubh Ghleannach a bh'ann,  
Hò rò gheallaidh, na cò chuireadh i,  
Trom oirre seinn.

B'e sud an càl a fhuair a riasladh  
A bha fàs an gàrradh Iagain.  
Cha robh gillean òga riamh ann  
Ach bodaich 's an cinn air liathadh.  
Chaidh chuid mhòr dhan Rudh' an Iar dheth;  
Thug MacIlleBhràth mu chiad leis.  
'S i 'n Dubh Ghleannach a bh'ann,  
Hò rò gheallaidh, na cò chuireadh i,  
Trom oirre seinn.

Cha chualas a leithid de stàplaich  
Bhon gheamhradh a phòs MacPhàidein;  
Cha robh duine beò 's an àite  
Nach do thruis a ghoid a' chàil iad.  
Thàinig Mòr 's Aonghas MacÀidh  
'S Uilleam Dòmhnallach gu làidir.  
'S i 'n Dubh Ghleannach a bh'ann, etc.

Tha na daoin' air fàs cho dàna,  
Thàinig iad bho thaobh an t-sàile;  
Bha Eòghainn MacIlleBhràth ann,  
Alasdair Eòghainn 's a bhràthair;  
Bha fear eil' ann 's fiasag bhàn air  
Coltach ri Eòghainn an Tàilleir.  
'S i 'n Dubh Ghleannach a bh'ann, etc.

Thuir Iain mac Ùisdein ri Alasdair:  
"Bhon tha oidhche bhriagha ghealaich ann  
Bheir mi-fhèin 's tu-fhèin leinn callaich às,  
'S tiotaidh sinn a-null am "barren' leis;  
Ach faigh an dùdach 's cuir am falach i  
Air eagal gun dùisg iad Penny leatha.  
'S i 'n Dubh Ghleannach a bh'ann, etc.

Mas a th'ann fìor tha m'amharas  
Gu robh feadhainn ann à Mira;  
Bha Ruairidh Eòin air an ceann ann,  
'S e 'g iarraidh càl gu feòil a' gheamhraidh;  
Calum MacCarraig 's e cho sanntach,  
'S thug e còrr is leth-chiad plannt leis.  
'S i 'n Dubh Ghleannach a bh'ann, etc.

Nuair chaidh Iagan chur na fhaireachadh  
Fiach an dèanadh e 'n aithneachadh,  
Chunnaic e le soills' na gealaiche  
Boillsgeadh de Sheumas mac Ailein ann.  
Shìn e air cho luath ri dealanach,  
'S chuir e ruaig gu Allt na Maiseadh air.  
'S i 'n Dubh Ghleannach a bh'ann, etc.

Chualas staraban 's a' ghàradh;  
Cò bha sud ach Maighstir Eàirdsidh,  
Lachainn Iain air a shàiltean,  
A-measg nan sagart mar a b'abhast;  
Leum e deich troighean a dh'àirde,  
'S thug e leis na cliathan slàn às.  
'S i 'n Dubh Ghleannach a bh'ann, etc.

Nuair thuis iad ann às gach àite  
Cha toilleadh trian dhiubh 's a' ghàrradh;  
Sgianan ac' cho gear ri ràsoran,  
'S iad fiachainn cò bu mhutha thàrradh.  
Aonghas Mòr mac Ailein Ghràinnseir,  
Spìonadh e na craobhan slàn leis.  
'S i 'n Dubh Ghleannach a bh'ann, etc.

Bha MacÌosaig an taobh eile dheth,  
Bha esan na roinn 's gun deireas air,  
Fad na h-oidhche 's i ro ghoirid leis,  
'S e cho luath, 's e 'n luathmharc bheireadh air.  
Dòmhnall Bàn a bha 's an eilean,

Gun sguab e leis na dhà mu dheireadh dhiubh.  
'S i 'n Dubh Ghleannach a bh'ann, etc.

Beagan ro èirigh na grèine  
Chunnacas dithis às an lèintean  
'N an ruith as dèidh a chèile,  
'S iad feuch an tàrradh iad fhèin dad.  
An tàillear à Beinn na Fadhla,  
'S Ùisdean mac Aonghais mhic Raghnaill.  
'S i 'n Dubh Ghleannach a bh'ann, etc.

**Translation:**

*The Halloween Raid*

On Halloween night they plundered,  
Cabbage gardens were robbed;  
If I had a little time  
Those there would be counted:  
Fair-haired Lachlan and John, son of Hugh,  
And Alasdair, son of Neil, son of Dougall.  
It was the Dubh Ghleannach that was there, etc.

The cabbage that was taken  
Was the cabbage in Iagan's garden.  
Young lads were not there,  
But old grey-haired men.  
Much of it went to the West Point;  
MacGillivray took about a hundred.

Such a stampede was not heard  
Since the winter of MacFadyen's wedding;  
There wasn't a living person in the place  
Who didn't gather to steal the cabbage.  
Marion and Angus MacKay were there,  
And William MacDonald in his vigour.

The people had become so daring  
That they came from the sea-coast.  
Ewen MacGillivray was there,  
And Alasdair son of Ewen and his brother.  
There was another fellow with a white beard,  
Like Ewen the Tailor.

John, son of Hugh, said to Alasdair:  
"Since it's a beautiful moon-lit night  
You and I will take a load with us  
And we will rush across the barrens with it.  
But take the horn and hide it  
In case we waken Penny with it."

If my suspicion is true  
There were people from Mira there;  
Roderick John was in charge,  
Looking for cabbage to supplement his winter meat.  
Malcolm MacCormick was so greedy  
He took more than fifty plants with him.

When Iagan was put on the alert  
To identify them,  
He saw in the moonlight  
A glimpse of James son of Allan;  
He took off after him like lightning  
And chased him as far as Allt na Maiseadh.

A rustling noise was heard in the garden;  
Who was there but Father Archie,  
With Lachie John at his heels,  
Among the priests as usual.  
He jumped ten feet high  
And tore the panel-fence apart.

When they assembled there from all over  
Not even a third of them could find room in the garden.  
They had knives as sharp as razors,  
Each trying to grab the most cabbages.  
Big Angus, son of Allan the Farmer,  
Was uprooting whole trees.

MacIsaac was on the other side of him,  
Dividing the spoil relentlessly;  
The whole night was too short for him;  
He was so fast that only a swift steed could catch him.  
Fair-haired Donald from the island  
Grabbed the last two remaining ones.

Shortly before sunrise  
Two men in shirt-sleeves were seen  
Running after each other;  
Trying to get something for themselves.

The tailor from Benbecula  
And Hugh, son of Angus, son of Ranald.

*Recording:*

[Creach Na Samhna](#). Angus MacLellan. T-1084. Beaton Institute, Cape Breton University.