

# MUSIC

## *Cape Breton's Diversity in Unity*

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### *'S E Ceap Breatainn/Down Deep in a Coal Mine Medley*

*'S E Ceap Breatainn Chorus x 3*

'S e Ceap Breatainn tìr mo ghràidh,  
Tìr nan craobh 's nam beanntan àrd;  
'S e Ceap Breatainn tìr mo ghràidh,  
Tìr as àille leinn air thalamh.

*Down Deep In A Coal Mine Chorus:*

Down deep in a coal mine underneath the ground,  
Where a gleam of sunshine never can be found;  
Digging dusky diamonds all the season 'round,  
Down deep in a coal mine underneath the ground.

1. So cheer up lads, and make ye much of ev'ry joy ye can,  
But let your mirth be always such as best becomes a man.  
However fortune turns about we'll still be jovial souls  
For what would Canada be without the lads that look for coal.

*Repeat Down Deep In A Coal Mine Chorus*

### **Full Lyrics - 'S E Ceap Breatainn:**

*Chorus:*

'S e Ceap Breatainn tìr mo ghràidh,  
Tìr nan craobh 's nam beanntan àrd;  
'S e Ceap Breatainn tìr mo ghràidh,  
Tìr as àille leinn air thalamh.

1. Àit' as maisich tha fon ghrèin,  
Smeòraich seinn air bhàrr nan geug;  
Gòbhlain-gaoithe cluich ri chèil,  
'S an nead glèidhte fo na ceangail.

2. Feasgar foghair àm an fheòir,  
Nuair a dhùineadh oirnn na neòil;  
Ceò na mara tìghinn 'n a thòrr,  
'S e 'n a sgleò air bhàrr nam beannaibh.

3. Àm a' gheamhraidh, àm an fhuachd,  
Àm nam bainnsean, àm nan luadh;  
Chluinntè gillean air cleith-luaidh,  
'S gruagaich le guth cruaidh 'g an leantainn.

4. Am Framboise fhuair mi m'àrach òg,  
Ann an nàbachd Chlann MhicLeòid;  
'S tric bha sinn ri mir' is spòrs,  
Làithean sòlasach nach maireann.

5. Chan urrainn dhòmh-sa leth dhuibh inns',  
Na tha mhaisealachd 's an tìr;  
Stadaidh mi bhon tha mi sgìth,  
Beannachd leibh is oidhche mhath leibh.

### **Translation:**

#### *Chorus:*

Cape Breton is the land of my love,  
The land of trees and high mountains.  
Cape Breton is the land of my love,  
To us the most beautiful land on earth.

1. The most beautiful place under the sun,  
Thrushes singing on the tips of the branches,  
Swallows playing with one another,  
Their nests secure under the rafters.

2. On an autumn evening at hay-making time,  
When the clouds close in upon us,  
As the sea mist comes in banks,  
Spreading a film over the peaks of the mountains.

3. Winter-time, time of cold,  
Time of weddings, time of milling frolics;  
Young men would be heard at the milling table,  
With maidens supporting them with clear voices.

4. I was reared in my youth in Framboise,  
In the neighbourhood of the Clan MacLeod;

We were often playful and joyful,  
Happy days that are no more.

5. I cannot describe to you  
Half of the land's beauty.  
I will conclude because I am tired;  
Blessings be with you and goodnight.

## **Lyrics - Down Deep in a Coal Mine:**

### *Chorus:*

Down deep in a coal mine underneath the ground,  
Where a gleam of sunshine never can be found;  
Digging dusky diamonds all the season 'round,  
Down deep in a coal mine underneath the ground.

1. I am a jovial collier lad, and blithe as blithe can be;  
For let the times be good or bad, they're all the same to me.  
'Tis little of the world I know and care less for its ways,  
For where the dog star never glows, I wear away my days.

2. My hands are horny, hard and black with working in the vein,  
And like the clothes up on my back, my speech is rough and plain.  
Well, if I stumble with my tongue, I've one excuse to say:  
'Tis not the collier's heart that's wrong, 'tis the head that goes astray.

3. At ev'ry shift, be it soon or late, I haste my bread to earn;  
And anxiously my kindred wait and watch for my return.  
For death that levels all alike, what e'er their rank may be,  
Amid the fire and damp may strike and fling his darts at me.

4. How little do the great ones care who sit at home secure  
what hidden dangers colliers dare, what hardships they endure.  
The very fires their mansions boast, to cheer themselves and wives  
Mayhap were kindled at the cost of jovial colliers' lives.

5. Then cheer up lads, and make ye much of ev'ry joy ye can,  
But let your mirth be always such as best becomes a man.  
However fortune turns about we'll still be jovial souls  
For what would Canada be without the lads that look for coal.

### *Recording:*

['S E Ceap Breatainn/Down Deep in a Coal Mine](#), 1968. The Men of the Deeps. T-062. Beaton Institute, Cape Breton University.