

Rankin Family, The "The Braes Of Margaree"

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'S ann ad ghruaidh a bhiodh an rudha,
'N uair a bhiodh tu siubhal bheann!

'S a' chomunn ghrinn a b'fhearr leinn

'S mur a till thu nall do 'n tir so,
Mo thoil-inntinn bidh air chall.

'S a' chomunn ghrinn a b'fhearr leinn

Fhad's bhios i gluasad sios le fuaim,

Dh'innis iad gu'n d'thug thu fuath dhomh,
Ach cha chreid mi, luaidh, an cainnt.

'S ann ad ghruaidh a bhiodh an rudha,
'N uair a bhiodh tu siubhal bheann!

'S ann ad ghruaidh a bhiodh an rudha,
'N uair a bhiodh tu siubhal bheann!

Youth whose hair is golden yellow
You will bag the deer when hunting
On your cheeks the colour's rising
When you tramp across the hills

When you climb up to the tall crags
With your slender trusty weapon
Then your blue lead and gun powder
Scatter smoke among the glens

The hills and dales most beautiful to us
are the hills and dales of the Braes (Margaree),
where we often sang
sweet melodies in the friendly company we liked best.

There is no place today, under the sun,
where I would prefer to live
in the Braes of the river
amongst the heroes who were wont
to sing Gaelic songs.

Sweet to me is the music of the great river
as long as it continues to course to the sea
I will never hate the Braes.

It is showing in my cheeks now
That my truest love I gave you
They are saying that you hate me
But I don't believe their talk.

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