

## Rankin Family

# "Oganaich An O Fhuilt Bhuidhe Am Braighe"

Visit "[Oganaich An O Fhuilt Bhuidhe Am Braighe](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Youth Whose Hair Is Golden Yellow - The Braes of  
(Margaree)

Oganaich an o  
-fhuilt bhuide,  
Leat a chinneadh sealg a's sithionn;  
'S ann ad ghruaidh a bhiodh an rudha,  
'N uair a bhiodh tu siubhal bheann!

'N uair a dhi  
eadh tu na stucan  
Leis a 'ghunna chaol nach diultadh,  
'S i do luaidhe ghorm a's d'fudar,  
Chuireadh smuid air feadh nan gleann.

Na cnuic 's na glinn bu bhoidhche leinn,  
'S iad cnuic is glinn a'Bhraighidh,  
Mu'n tric bha sinn ri ma  
ran binn,  
'S a' chomunn ghrinn a b'fhearr leinn

Chan 'eil ait' an diugh fo'n ghre/in,  
'S am b'fhearr leam fhe/in bhi tamhachd  
Na Braigh' na h-Aibhne measg nan sonn  
O'm faighte fuinn na Gaidhlig.

Oganaich an o  
-fhuilt shniomhain,  
Dh'fhag thu saca trom air m'inntinn;  
'S mur a till thu nall do 'n tir so,  
Mo thoil-inntinn bidh air chall.

Na cnuic 's na glinn bu bhoidhche leinn,  
'S iad cnuic is glinn a'Bhraighidh,  
Mu'n tric bha sinn ri ma  
ran binn,  
'S a' chomunn ghrinn a b'fhearr leinn

Gur binn leam ceol an h-aibhne mo/ir,  
'S i falbh an gloir a h-ailleachd;  
Fhad's bhios i gluasad sios le fuaim,

Cha toir mi fuath do'n Bhraighidh.

Gu leir a bhlah air mo ghruaidhse,  
Gu'n tug mi dhuit gaol nach fuaraich;  
Dh'innis iad gu'n d'thug thu fuath dhomh,  
Ach cha chreid mi, luaidh, an cainnt.

Oganaich an o  
-fhuilt bhuide,  
Leat a chinneadh sealg a's sithionn;  
'S ann ad ghruaidh a bhiodh an rudha,  
'N uair a bhiodh tu siubhal bheann!

Oganaich an o  
-fhuilt bhuide,  
Leat a chinneadh sealg a's sithionn;  
'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 it meanders amidst the glory of its beauty;  
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

