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The Bear Song There was a bear • he was down around The Brickyard and he was tearing down fence. They had to shoot him. Anyway, they shot him. So I think it was the same fellow composed the song for him, too. {Allan hums.} If I can think of the song now. (Hums.) "E Ho Ro Mo Mhairi" was the chorus of it I think it was Angus MacIntyre that shot him. "E ho ro mo Mhairi 'Stu mo Mhairi ghrlinn, Mairi laghach bhbidheach Rugadh anns na gllinn." Cha b'e idir Mairi Na ceann fada bhuam Ach am beathach grannda Tha'n drasda mun cuairt; 'S ann tha'd riumsa 'g radha Gun dthainig e bho'n tuath, 'Steach o chCil Beinn Dhdmhnalll Gu 'it lain 'ic Dhdmhnaill Ruaidh. 'S ann bha bilean b'n air Mollain arda cruinn, Cluasan biorach d'na Air 'rainn a chinn; Earball goirid gearrte Ceathramh sl'n man drulm, Ceathramh deiridh a's e M'gach man leth-chinn. Sin a ghearain Mairi "Se mathan a th'ann, Beathach sllgeach grannda Nach dean car ach call; Cha bhi caor* air fearanri Coineanach an gleann Nach bi rulth 'sa' gearain 'S e cho dealach thall." Sin a ghearain Ddmhnall, "Ma ni cdmhradh feum, Ma ni tuagh 's forc-fheoir e, 'Fbrdsaidh'eileisfh'in. Ma thig e nam di6ir-sa Sedlaidh e gun fheum Gheibh e naidheachd nednach Theid a ledn le "stdig." Oran a' Mhathain / The Bear Song Air fonnn'o the tune of "Mo Mhairi ghrttn / My pretty Mary" E ho ro my Mary I Dh'fhalbh e gu sRgeach You are my pretty Mary Bha e gligeach gu cinnt Sweet, bonny Mary Null air feadh nam baran Born in the glens. | Suas air feadh na m'inn; Tha e doirbh dhulbh chreidsinn Dh'alndeoln cleas is spld, E bh'ith aig arte Pelgl Air bheagan gu trl. That Seumas, that Jim, he was scared to death of him. That's why they made the song. He was supposed to be so brave, till he heard a noise or anything. He was with them. This Angus used to tell me. He was with them when they shot the bear and I guess he was scared to death. So that's why they made the song and put him into it How smart he was and how brave he was. But they shot him down at The Brickyard, It was not Mary at all Or anything far from me But that ugly brute Which is around just now; They tell me that He came from the north In from behind Donakl's Mountain To John Red Donald's place. He had white lips And high curved eyebrows, Pointed, bold ears On his head; A short stump of a tall Full quartered along his back And hind quarter. Frog-like at his temples. Then Mary complained; "h's a bear. An ugly, sly creature Which only commits harm; There won't be a sheep on the land Or a rabt>it in the glen Which won't be running and wailing That he is so keen yonder." Then Donald complained; "If talk is any good If an axe and hay fork will do He will fight alone; If he comes near me His journey will be useless He will get an odd report He will be wounded with a stake." 'S ann a bha'd a' sndradh, A 'snoradh gu auaidh, Nuair a dhuisg am "Mdtag,"* Bha "bawl" aig an uan; An laogh a bh'air an rdpa Se bu mhdide fuaim 'S ann bha'm bear a' sndradh Toir na cdmhl' a nuas. Bu mhath 'n saighdear Seumas Gunna gleusd' ri chluais, An da shuil gu leum as Ma ni creutair fuaim; Ma ni culach s'itein Leuma dh e gu luath, Ma ni caora "maaa" 'Se'm "bear" tha mu'n cuairt. 'S ann bha'n sealladh t)didheach 'N am dol fodh' dhan ghr'in, R'iseamaid dhan digridh Dol gu "fdrdsadh" sios. Bha Seumas's e cho seblta Thug e leis an sgian, Duil aige ri 'Irtle" Nuair a reict'am bian! He moved stealthily



Surely he was lumbering Over through the ban-ens Up about the mines; It is hard for you to believe Despite trickery and speed That he could be at Peggy's place Shortly before three. They were all snoring Snoring loudly. When "Mdtag" awoke* The lamb was bawling; The calf on the tether Was the loudest one of all The bear was growling As he tore the door down. James was the brave soldier With his gun cocked at his ear, His two eyes coming out of his head Should any creature make a sound; If the tom-cat should wheeze He jumps wrth a start If a sheep should bleat The bear must be in the area! What a beautiful sight At the setting of the sun A regiment of young people Going down to fight; James was so cunning He took his knife with him. He expected a title When the hide was sold! *The bear • the bad guy of poles, they used to tell me. I never seen it. I guess whatever he shot, I guess he'd cook it there. He had a stove in it. But that was miles and miles in the woods. You wouldn't believe it. No house at all there. And I guess that's where he spent some of his time. Walk--he was forever walking. He was forever on the road. He must have had a million miles on him. I know different places he used to go and spend the winter there. People'd be away. But, I mean, they used to tell me there wouldn't be a thing, not even a pillow out of place when you'd come back in the spring. But, he stayed in the kitchen, just on the cot in the kitchen or whatever, chairs or

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