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Books of Interest Beyond the Hebrides (Fad Air Falbh as Innse Gall) by Donald A. Fergusson. This book is one of the reasons we have decided to begin running occasional reviews of books. We want to be certain readers of Cape Breton's Magazine are aware of books we think would be of special interest. Beyond the Hebrides is a big book of Gaelic songs, offered with metrical English translations, comments on the sources of the songs, and with the tunes offered as well. The songs are ordered in a way that tries to cover step by step the experience of the emigrants from the Hebrides and the Highlands to their establishment and day-to-day living in their new homes • songs of leaving their homes, songs of pioneer life, comic songs, religious songs, of course the milling songs. And it may turn out that this presentation of songs interspersed with sections of prose history may prove the best telling of that experience we've had. We get here the details • what we think of traditionally as "history," you might say • and then we get those details as voiced by the people who were there, in songs that carry with them the emotional experience the prose can only with difficulty convey. We want to know all we can of the intimate daily life of those emigrants to Cape Breton. These songs carry a tremendous amount of information in that way. And it is information their children carried on, sharing the songs with one another and adding to the volume of songs. The task of gathering, transcribing, and notation must have been staggering. Cape Breton songs are the main component of this collection, but songs have been included from the United States, other parts of Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. This 352-page large-sized book sells for \$15.00 • a low price for a quality book because Prof. Fergusson has used his Canada Council grant to pass along the savings to the purchaser. We highly recommend this book. It may be ordered through your bookseller- or directly from the printers, Lawson Graphics Atlantic Ltd., 3300 Oxford St., Halifax, N. S. B3L 2L1 from "Moladh Loch Ainslie" (In Praise of Lake Ainslie) composed by John Walker

A dhaoine dileas, dileas, dileas, A dhaoine dileas, nach till sibh nail; Gu'n d'rinn ur sinnsirean beolaint dhireach, 'S gu dearbh, ni sibhse, ma thig sibh ann. 'S ann air Loch Ainslie a fhuair mi m'arach. An loch as aille tha gair fo'n ghrein, Le bruachan clobhair a's cladach chomhnard. An t-uisge 's boidhche do shuil as leir. 'S i loch an aigh i, mar chaidh a caradh, Le Dia nan grasan, am measg nam beann; 'S a chuir na Gaidheil an sin ri aiteach; 'S bu chridheil iadsan nuair bha iad ann.... Gu'n tainig caochlaidhean air gach taobh dhi, Gu'n d'fhalbh na daoine 's cha'n 'eil iad ann; Ach 's e mo dhochas gu'n till an oigridh, 'S gu'n dean iad posadh nuair thig iad ann. Nuair nithear gluasad gu dhol mu'n cuairt dhi. Whenever people will travel round it Gu'n cuir e smuairdean air daoine treun. It causes sadness to manly men. No fearainn fhasach a dh'fhag ar cairdean Deserted farms that our kin abandoned Tha'n diugh a' tamh anns gach cearn fo'n ghrein. Who now, are living throughout the world. My faithful, faithful, faithful people, My faithful kinsmen, won't you return? An honest living your fathers made here, And you will surely if you'll come back. 'Twas in Lake Ainslie that I was brought up. The lake that's prettiest 'neath the sun; With banks of clover and level beaches. The fairest



water your eyes will see. The lake of beauty, as it was placed here By God of graces, among the hills, Who brought the Gaels here to cultivate it. And they were hearty when they lived here... And changes happened on both sides of it. For many people have gone away. But it's my hope that the youth will return And that they'll marry when they come back. Mu'n dean mi fagail 's ann ni mi'n dan so, A dh'innse m'chairdean gu bheil mi ann: 'S ann taobh na Leige a fhuair mi m'arach. Am measg nan Gaidheal a b'fhearr a bh'ann. Before I leave here I shall make this song To tell my kinsmen that I am here; Beside Lake Ainslie where I was- brought up Among the Gael, the best there are. 'Us ged a ruiginn-sa cul nan Innsean, And though I voyaged beyond the Indies 'S gach aite riomhach 's na tirean thall, To lovely places .in foreign lands, • 3 ann taobh na Leige a dh'iarrainn m'uir bhith Beside the Lake is where I'll be buried Nuair theid mo shuilean gu dunadh teann.... Whene'er my eyes are forever closed.... The entire song and 172 others in BEYOND THE HEBRIDES (Fad Air Falbh as Innse Gall). Cape Breton's Magazine/40