

AM BRÀIGHE

THE BRAES

Na cnuic 's na glinn bu bhòidhche leinn, *The hills and glens most beautiful to us,*
 'S iad cnuic is glinn a' Bhràighe. *Are the hills and glens of the Braes (of Margaree).*
 Mun tric bha sinn ri mànrann binn, *Where we often sang sweet melodies,*
 Sa chomunn ghrinn a b' fheàrr leinn. *In the friendly company we liked best.*

Chan eil àite 'n-diugh fon ghrèin, *There is no place today, under the sun,*
 'S am b' fheàrr leam fhéin bhith tàmhachd. *Where I would prefer to live.*
 Na Bràigh' na h-Aibhne measg nan sonn, *Than in South-west Margaree amongst the heroes,*
 Om faighte fuinn na Gàidhlig. *From whom you receive Gaelic songs.*

Do bhruachan gorm 's am faighte sprèidh, *Your green slopes frequented by cattle,*
 Do ghlacan rèidh gun àireamh. *Your innumerable level valleys.*
 Mar uachdar thonn, 's an soirbheas trom, *Like the crest of waves driven by high winds,*
 A' ruith gu bonn nan àrd-bheann. *Racing to the foot of the high mountains.*

Gur pailt gach flùr a' fàs gu dlùth, *Abundant are the flower that closely grow,*
 Air madainn chùbhraidh Mhàigh ann. *On a fragrant May morning there.*
 'S bidh ceòl nan ean gu fonnmhor, dian, *And the music of the birds will be melodious & fervent,*
 Nuair thig a' ghrian le fàilt' ann. *When the sun arrives with its welcome there.*

Bidh sruthain mhear de dh'uisge glan, *Lively streams of clear water,*
 A' brùchdadh mach mu rathaidean. *Erupt up around roads.*
 'S bidh crodh is caoraich pailt rim faotainn, *And cattle and sheep will be found aplenty,*
 Feadh nan aodann àrda. *Throughout the high faces.*

Gur binn leam ceòl na h-aibhne mhòir, *Sweet to me is the music of the great river,*
 'S i falbh an glòir a h-àilleachd; *As it meanders amidst the glory of its beauty;*
 Fhads bhios i gluasad sìos le fuaim, *As long as it continues its noisy course to the sea,*
 Cha toir mi fuath don Bhràighe. *I will never hate the Braes.*