BRAIGHE ABHAINN BHARNAIDH

LEIB AN URRAMACH D. B. BLAIR, D.D.*

Thig an aird leam gu Braigh'
Abhainn Bharainadh do'n choille;
Far am fás an subh lair,
Mar a b'abhaist gun ghainne;
Bith an ruadh-mhaidh baoth,
Ann 'a shaobhadh 's am mathan,
'Gan cleith fein fás an la
Air feadh Braigh na h-abhainn.

Gheibhhear fior-usg' nach trúaille
Anns na fuaranaibh fallain,
Agus aile glan, ur
Feadh nam fuaran glana.
Ni sinn streap foadh nan stac,
Feadh nan glaic is
Gus am pill sin air ais,
Leis na sair theid a theanail.

Gaoth a gheamhradh neo-chaomh,
Thig le sraongadh mu'r taighean,
Agus gaoir-fhuaim nan craobh,
Nuair tha ghoath seideadh daingean.
Sud an eol a bhos b'inn
Nuair a Raoi a sheadh an dòinnonn,
'S a bhos sneachda nan speur,
Tigh'inn le geur-chuir is cathadh.

Ach thig am seinn na h-eoin,
Nuair a dh'eireas an t-earraich,
Theid an gachrath air chul
Agus dudhchadh na gaillinn.
Bith gach ailean is cluain;
Urail, uain-fheurach, maiseach,
Bho'n a chaochail an t-seid,
Bith iad grinn agus dreachail.

Thig an samhradh mu'n cuairt
Chuireas smuadh air an fhearrann;
Cinnidh blathan a Mhaigh,
Agus neisteannan guala.
Aig Loch Bhrura an aigh
Air gach aird agus bealach,
Bith sinn aoibhneach gach la
Ann am Braigh na h-abhainn.

*The Rev. Duncan Black Blair, D.D., was born in Strachur, Argyllshire, July 1, 1815, studied for the ministry in Edinburgh, and was licensed to preach in 1844. He came to Nova Scotia in 1846, and became minister of Barney's River and Blue Mountain, Pictou County, in 1848. He died at Laggan, Barney's River, June 4, 1893.

Of him Dr. A. Maclean Sinclair wrote in Clarsach na Coille: "Dr. Blair was a first-class Gaelic scholar. He wrote several poems, among them the well known poem on Niagara Falls. He translated the Psalms of David into Gaelic metre. He compiled an excellent Gaelic Grammar. He was a scholar, a theologian, and a poet." The Gaelic and English versions of this poem were found among the late Dr. Sinclair's papers.
THE BRAES OF BARNEY’S RIVER*

D. B. BLAIRE

To the Braes let us go
Of old Barnabas River,
Where the strawberries grow
In abundance forever;
Where the fox and the bear
In their lair under cover
Hide the long summer day
On the Braes by the River.

There is pure water there
In the clear silver fountains,
And the purest of air
Among herbs on the mountains.
We will range through the steeps
And the deep dells and valleys,
And return with the spoils
Of our toils in our sallies.

The rude, cold, wintry blasts,
Whirling past by our dwelling,
And the roar of the trees
When the breezes are swelling
Shall be music to charm
While the storm rages madly
With the snow from the clouds
Falling round us so sadly.

But the Spring shall return
And the birds shall be singing,
For the winter is past
With its frost, sharp and stinging;
Then the fields shall look green
At the change of the weather;
In their usual garb
Very charming together.

When the summer comes round
And the ground shall be blooming
With the mayflowers so gay
And the daisies perfuming,
Then around Brora Lake
And its bays without cover
We’ll enjoy happy days
On the Braes near the River.

*Barney's River was named after Barnabas Magee, an early settler.*