

BRAIGHE ABHAINN BHARNAIDH

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

Thig an aird leam gu Braigh'
Abhainn Bharnaiddh do'n choille;
Far am fas an subh lair,
Mar a b'abhaist gun ghainne;
Bidh an ruadh-mhadadh baoth,
Ann 'a shaobhaidh 's am mathan,
'Gan cleith fein fas an la
Air feadh Braighe na h-abhainn.

Gheibhear fìor-uisg' nach truaille
Anns na fuaranaibh fallain,
Agus aile glan, ur
Feadh nam flurann glana.
Ni sinn streap feadh nan stac,
Feadh nan glac is nan gleannan,
Gus am pill sinn air ais,
Leis na sair theid a theanail.

Gaoth a gheamhraidh neo-chaomh,
Thig le sraonadh mu'r taighean,
Agus gaoir-fhuaim nan craobh,
Nuair tha ghoath seideadh daingean.
Sud an ceol a bhios binn
Nuair a raoiceas an doiniann,
'S a bhios sneachda nan speur,
Tigh'nn le geur-chur is cathadh.

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

Thig an samhradh mu'n cuairt
Chuireas snuadh air an fhearann;
Cinnidh blathan a Mhaigh,
Agus neoineanan geala.
Aig Loch Bhrura an aigh
Air gach aird agus bealach,
Bidh sinn aoibhneach gach la
Ann am Braighe 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. Hewas 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. BLAIR

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.