



Aonghus is Brìghd

Angus and Bride

written by Adam Dahmer

This song is (or, rather, these songs are) about maintaining love and friendship in all seasons, and alludes to the four traditional Gaelic seasonal festivals of Latha Fheill Brìghde (Brigid's Day / Imbolc), Latha Buidhe Bealltainn (Beltane), Lùnasdal / Lùnastal (Lughnasadh), and Samhain / Oidhche Samhna (Samhuinn), concluding with an exhortation to forget and forgive past wrongdoings.

Also included is a more literal, but less metrical, translation of the Gaelic lyrics.

When comes young Angus courting Bride
And buds the heather, fresh and fair
And shines the sun through cloudless skies
And sings the mavis in the air

Then I would sing for you a song
And I would fill to you a glass
And to your health I would drink it down
For neither life nor drink long last

When comes the summer o'er the glen
And flowers on the cherry tree
When wakes the may-fire on the ben
And yellow broom blooms in its lee

When there are apples on the branch
And leaves are drifting on the rill
When at the fair, the games are won
After the barley's in the mill

When aged Beira walks alone
Upon the moorland hard and bare
And in her mountains, white with cloud
The windblown snow is on the cairns

If I have wronged you do but say,
For if you've wronged me, I know not
And we can drown it now away
The shade of any deed ill-wrought

Nuair thig air ais Aonghus is Brìghd'
Is nì iad suas, rithist, ri chèil'
Is smeòrach ann, os cionn an fhraoich
Fon ghrian soilleir anns an speur

Is ann an sin, bhiodh oran dhut-
-sa Òran bhuam, is cupan làn
Is churainn beannachd air do shlàint'
Air sgàth's nach maireann cail ach dàn

Nuair ' thig an t-samhradh air a' ghleann
Is bidh 'n blàth-shirist air a' chraobh
Is teine-èibhinn air a' bheann
le bealach buidhe air a thaobh

Nam faic sinn ubhalan fon a' gheug
Is duilleagan air bhàrr an allt
'S b'air 'n Aonach Thailteann gaire 's eigh
is cha bhi gran bhon roth air chall

Nuair a coisichidh a' Chailleach mhòr
Thar bàrr a' mhonaidh, cruaidh is lom
Is air a' bheine, geal fo cheò
Laighidh fo sneachd' na clachdan trom

Ma rinn mi cearr leat, leig dhomh fios;
Chan agam bhuats' ach cuimhne choir
Is ged nach daoine foirfe sinn,
Le deoch no dha, bidh ceart gu leòr

But if you did me one good turn
And if to you, I once was kind
Then may the memory of it live
And may we keep it well in mind

Ma rinn thu costadh, dhomh, sam bith
's nan robh mi cairdeal idir dhut
Cho fhad 's a mhairinn, chuinnichinn
Ged fad' a bhithinn-s' a' siùbhaladh bhuat

Angus and Bride (literal translation)

When Aonghus and Bride come back
And they do-up again with each other (court)
And there is a thrush there, above the heather
Beneath the bright/clear sun, under the sky

It is then, there would be a song to you
A song from me, and a full cup
And I would put a blessing on your health
Because nothing lasts but poetry/destiny

When summer comes to the glen
And there'll be cherry blossoms on the tree
And a bonfire on the mountain
With yellow broom at its side

If we see apples below the branch
And leaves on the surface of the stream
And there'll be on the Field of Taltiu (at the
Lughnasdal Games) laughter and shouting
And there won't be a grain lost from the (mill)
wheel

When the great Crone walks
Across the top of the moorland, hard and bare
And on the mountain, white under mist
The heavy stones will lie beneath the snow

If I was wrong by you, let me know
I have nothing from you but fond memory
And though we (are) not perfect people,
With a drink or two, (it) will be alright

If you did any good deed for me
And I was friendly at all to you
As long as I'd live, I'd remember
Though I would be travelling far from you