



AIR A' CHEATHRAMH LATHA DE DH' AUGUST
ON THE FOURTH DAY OF AUGUST

Òran le: Murchadh Greumach (Am Beag)

Air a rannsachadh is air a ghabhail le: Isabelle Bain

Chaidh an t-òran seo a sgrìobhadh le Murchadh Greumach (Am Beag) bhon Bhac, ach a bha a' fuireach ann an Griais. Rugadh e ann an 1898. Bha e anns na Gordon Highlanders agus chaidh e fhèin a leòn anns na trainnsichean anns a' Chiad Chogadh. Bha e cuagach airson a' chòrr de bheatha. Aig àm a' Chiad Chogaidh b' e tac a bh' ann an Griais. Cha robh baile ann. Nuair a thill na balaich às a' chogadh bha iad ag iarraidh talamh airson dachaighean dhaibh fhèin is an teaghlach. B' e esan aon de na raiders a bha a' sabaid airson talamh fhaighinn air an tac gus dachaighean a thogail dhaibh fhèin an dèidh a' Chiad Chogaidh. Shoirbhich leotha agus 's ann mar sin a thàinig baile Ghriais gu bith. Bhàsaich Murchadh anns an Iuchar 1973.

Air a' cheathramh latha de dh'August
'S sinn cho dòigheil anns a' Bhruaich;
'S ann air Latha na Sàboind
Thàinig fios thugainn bha cruaidh,
Gun deach an Nèibhidh thogail
Is gu h-aithghearr an toirt suas;
Is iomadh sùil bha drùidhteach
'N àm na fiùrain a thoirt bhuap'.

Composed by: Murdo Graham (Am Beag)

Researched & performed by: Isabelle Bain

This song was composed by Murdo Graham (Am Beag) who was from Back but lived in Gress. He was born in 1898. He was a soldier in the Gordon Highlanders and was injured in the trenches in the First World War. He was lame for the rest of his life. At the time of the First World War Gress was part of a farm and there was no village there. When the soldiers returned from the war they wanted land where they could settle down with their families. Murdo was one of the raiders who fought for land on this farm to make homes for themselves after the war. They succeeded and that's how Gress was established as the village we know today. Murdo passed away in July 1973.

On the fourth of August
We were in fine fettle in Fraserburgh;
It was on the Sabbath
That we got worrying news,
That the Navy was being mustered
And being called up very soon;
Many an eye was tearful
When their young men were taken from them.



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Dh'fhalbh sinn an October
'S sinn ri seòladh dhan an Fhraing,
'S chaidh sinn uil' air bòrd oirre
Long mhòr nan trì chrann;
Nuair a ràinig sinn an t-àite
Far an robh na Gàidheil cruinn,
B' fheudar leigeil soraidh
Is cur aghaidh air an trainns'.

Chan urrainn dhòmhs' bhith 'g innse dhuibh
Mu chruadalan na trainns',
Fodha gu do ghlùinean
Ann am bùrn is ann am poll:
Chan fhaigheadh sinn an cadal ann
Ach an-shocair gach àm;
Nam biodh sinn aig an dachaigh
Nach sinn a chaidleadh trom.

Bheir mi iomradh air na fùrain dhuibh
A thuit an siud san strì:
Bha Dòmhnall MacIIEathain ann
Is Dòmhnall MacCoinnich caomh,
Bha Alasdair MacAsgaill ann
Is Dòmhnall MacAoidh bha còir;
'S tha cuid den sin an "Ypres"
Nan sìneadh fo na fòid.

We left in October
To sail to France,
And we all went aboard her,
A big three-masted ship;
When we reached the place
Where the Gaels were gathered,
We had to say our farewells
And head for the trenches.

I cannot express to you
The hardship of the trenches,
Up to your knees
In water and mud:
The only sleep we could get
Was broken and fitful each time;
If we had been at home
How soundly we would have slept.

I will tell you of the young heroes
Who fell in that struggle:
There was Donald MacLean
And gentle Donald MacKenzie,
There was Alasdair MacAskill
And kind Donald MacKay;
And some of them are in "Ypres"
Buried under the sod.



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Nuair thèid mi chun a' chladaich
'S a bhios mi ann leam fhìn
'S ann oirbh a bhios mi smaoineachadh
Sibh 's fhaisg' bhios air mo chrìdh;
Ach tha mo smuaintean dìomhain dhomh,
Sibh san t-siorraidheachd gun chrìch;
'S chan fhaic mi sibh gu sìorraidh
'S sibh tiodhlaichte air na raoin.

Ach nì mi nis co-dhùnadh
Le dùrachd bho mo chrìdh,
'S mi dòchasach gun till
Na tha beò ac' dhan an tìr;
Ach na chaidh a mharbhadh dhiubh
San Fhraing cha till an tìm
'S cha bhi iad air an tiodhlaigeadh
An Griaies fo ghainmhich mhìn.

When I go to the shore
And I am there by myself
It is of you I think,
You who are closest to my heart;
But my thoughts are no use
For you are in eternal rest without end;
I will never see you again
For you are buried in the fields.

But I will now make a resolution
With the sincere wishes of my heart,
My hope is that
Those who are left alive of them will return home;
But those who were killed
In France, they will never return,
And they will not be buried
In Gress beneath the smooth sand.