

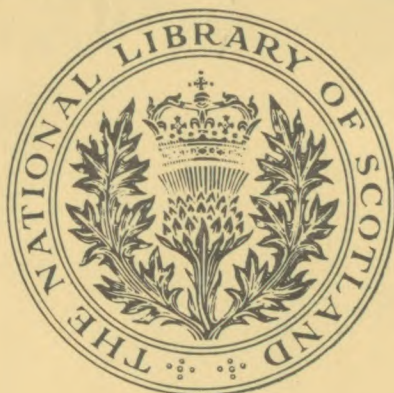
ABS.3.77.31.

John Chesher

Don. Don

Rear Long Point

May 24th 186



given by

Angus L Macdonald Library

National Library of Scotland



B000441630

SPECIAL COLLECTIONS

THE ANGUS L. MACDONALD LIBRARY

DONATED TO THE NATIONAL LIBRARY
Edinburgh, Scotland

by St. FX II. per *C. Brewer* Feb/7

THE ANG

ON

SAR-OB AIR NAM BARD GAELACH:

OR,

THE BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY,

AND

LIVES OF THE HIGHLAND BARDS;

WITH

HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL NOTES,

AND

A COMPREHENSIVE GLOSSARY OF PROVINCIAL WORDS.

A NEW EDITION ENLARGED AND IMPROVED

BY

NORMAN MACDONALD, ESQ.

HALIFAX, N. S.

PRINTED BY JAMES BOWES AND SONS,
1863.

SPECIAL COLLECTIONS
THE ANGUS L. MACDONALD LIBRARY

PB
1633
M3
1863



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE influence of poetry on mankind is confessedly great, particularly in the first stages of society. A people, the nearer they are to a primitive state, are always found the more susceptible of the inspiration of the muses. Unsophisticated manners engender bold and original conceptions, and these produce poetry characterized by natural, imaginary, graphic, and sublime descriptions, and an irresistible power over the passions. It is in this stage, that the song commemorative of prowess and moral worth has the effect of promoting and enlarging the virtues it celebrates.

The Highlanders have been highly distinguished among the Keltic race for a successful culture of the bardic science, and they possess very interesting remains of ancient composition.

Such portions of Gaelic poetry as have been published amply display its excellence: the poems of Ossian alone prove undeniably the poetical character of the people with whom those beautiful productions originated, and by whom they have been preserved, to be of a high order.

The compositions of different bards have been published either in whole or in part; and, although none could ever equal the renowned son of Fingal, many exhibit surprising talent and genius.

In order to meet the wishes of many of the most influential and patriotic noblemen and gentlemen connected with the Highlands, as well as to gratify the desire of the natives in general, the present work—being the “BEAUTIES” selected from the native bards, both ancient and modern, known and unknown to the public at large—is now undertaken.

From what he has already published, the qualifications of the Editor, it is believed are well known to his countrymen. He has had peculiar facilities for the preparation of the present work. Pursuing the subject for many years,—he has traversed the Highlands in all directions, and has been fortunate enough to preserve many fine pieces, which, he has reason to believe, are now wholly lost among the people. Respecting the bards—he is in possession of a large collection of curious and interesting particulars, known to few others.

The work comprises, besides the lives of the poets, and numerous illustrations

and historical notes in the English language, the best pieces of ancient and modern composition, properly classified.

Besides the merit of the poetry, the utility of the work will be otherwise great. It will display the various provincial dialects, and the Glossary will be both interesting and instructive to the philologist and Gaelic Student; while the historian may consult the lives and notes with much advantage, the antiquary and philosopher will find much light thrown upon ancient manners by the whole, especially by the compositions of the CLIAIR-SHEANA-CHAIN, or the *Songsters of the ancient tax*, a class of the *improvisatori* hitherto unnoticed, but who exercised great influence throughout the Highlands.

AN CLAR-INNSIDH.

AM BARD AOSDA.

TAOBH DUILLEAG.

Miann a Bhaird Aosda..... 2

DOMHNUILL MAC-PHIUNNLAI DH NAÑ DAN.

A Chomhachag..... 4

MAIRI NIGHEAN ALASDAIR RUADH.

Fuaime an t-Saimh..... 9

Oran do dh' Iain, Mac Shir Tormod Mhic-Leoid..... 10

An Talla 'm bh ghna le Mac-Leoid..... 11

Cumha do Mhac-Leoid..... 11

Marbhrann do dh'fhear na Comraich... 12

Marbhrann do dh' Iain Garbh Mac 'Ille-Chalum..... 13

Cumha Mhic-Leoid..... 14

Iuinneag Mhic-Leoid..... 15

An Cronan..... 16

IAIN LOM.

Mort na Ceapach..... 22

A' Bhean leasaich an stop dhuinn..... 23

Oran do Shìol Dughail..... 24

An Ciaran Mabach..... 25

Latha Iubhir-Lochaidh..... 26

Latha Thom-a-Phubail..... 28

Latha Airde Reanaich..... 29

Oran aif Rìgh Uilleam agus Bannrigh Mairi..... 30

An Iorram Dharaich, do bhata Sir Seumas..... 32

Marbhrann do Shir Seumas Mac-Domhnuill..... 33

Marbhrann do dh' Alasdair Dubh Ghlinne-Garaidh..... 34

Cumha Mhontroise..... 35

Cumha do Shir Domhnall Shleibhte..... 36

AN CIARAN MABACH.

B'annsa Cadal air Fraoch..... 38

Marbhrann do Shir Seumas Mac-Domhnuill..... 39

DIORBHAIL NIC-A-BHRUTHAINN. ●

Oran do dh' Alasdair Mac Cholla..... 41

SEILIS NIGHEAN MHC-RAONAILL.

TAOBH DUILLEAG.

Marbhrann air Bas a Fir..... 49

Marbhrann do dh' Alasdair Dubh Ghlinne-Garaidh..... 44

Tha mi a'm' Chadal, na duisgaidh mi... 44

NIALL MAC-MHUIRICH.

Oran do Mhac Mhic-Ailein..... 49

Marbhrann Mhic 'Ic-Ailein..... 50

Seanachas Sloinnidh na Pìoba Pho thus.. 51

IAIN DUBH MAC IAIN 'IC-AILEIN.

Oran do Mhac-Mhic-Ailein..... 52

Marbhrann do Mhac Mhic-Ailein..... 53

Marbhrann do Shir Iain Mac 'Illeain... 54

Oran nam Fincachan Gaelach..... 56

Cros-Dhanachd Fhir nan Druimnean.... 57

AN T-AOSDANA MAC-MHATHAIN.

Oran do'n Iarla Thuathach..... 59

Marbhrann do dh' Alasdair Dubh Ghlinne-Garaidh..... 60

AN T-AOSDANA MAC 'ILLEAN.

Marbhrann do Shir Lachuinn Mac-Ghilleann..... 61

Oran do Lachunn Mor Mac-Ghilleann.... 62

LACHUNN MAC THEARLAICH.

Latha siubhal Sleibhe..... 64

Oran do Nighean Fhir Gheambail..... 66

Sgian Dubh an Sprogain Chaim..... 67

Curam Nam Banntraichean..... 68

AN CLARSAIR DALL.

A Chiad Di-lusan De'n Raidhe..... 70

Oran do dh' Iain Breac Mac-Leoid..... 72

Creach na Ciadain..... 73

Oran Mor Mhic-Leoid..... 75

Cumha do dh'Fhear Thalagair..... 76

AM PIOBAIRE DALL.

Beannachadh Baird do Shir Alasdair Mac-Choinnich.....	79
Dan Comh-Fluirtachd.....	80
Cumha Choir'-an-Easain.....	81

ALASDAIR MAC MHAIGHSTIR ALASDAIR.

Moladh air an t-seana Chanain Ghaelach.....	88
Moladh Moraig.....	89
Oran an t-Samhraidh.....	92
Oran a Gheamhraidh.....	94
Oran nam Fineachan Gaelach.....	95
Oran air Prionnsa Tearlach.....	97
Oran Kioghail a Bhotail.....	98
Allt-an-t-siucair.....	99
Oran Luaighe no Fuaidh.....	101
Smeorach Chloinn-Raonnill.....	103
Oran do Phrionnsa Tearlach.....	105
Oran eile do Phrionnsa Tearlach.....	105
Failte na Mor-thir.....	106
Jorram Cuain.....	107
A Bhanarach Donn.....	108
Oran eadar Prionnsa Tearlach agus na Gaeil.....	109
An Breacan Uallach.....	110
Tearlach Mac Sheumais.....	111
Mo Bhobhg an Dram.....	112
Marbhrann do Pheata Calaman.....	113
Moladh a Chaim-beulaich Dhuibh.....	113
Moladh an Leoghainn.....	115
Beannachadh Luinge.....	116

IAIN MAC-CODRUM.

Smeorach Chlann-Domhnuill.....	125
Caraid agus namhaid an Uisge-Bheatha.....	125
Di-moladh Pìob' Dhomhnuill Bhain.....	128
A' Chomh-Strì.....	129
Oran do Shir Seumas MacDhomhnuill.....	130
Marbhrann do Shir Seumas.....	132
Moladh Chlann-Domhnuill.....	134
Oran do'n Teasaich.....	135
Oran na h-Aoise.....	136

EACHUNN MAC-LEOID.

Moladh do Choileach Smeorach.....	138
Moladh Eas Mor-thir.....	139
Moladh Coille Chrois.....	139
An Taisbean.....	140

GILLEASPUIG NA CIOTAIG.

Marbhrann do dh' Iain Ruadh Pìobair.....	142
Aiseirigh Iain Ruaidh.....	143
Oran Cnaidil do'n Olla Leodach.....	143
Banais Chìostal Odhair.....	144
Oran do Lochial.....	145

DUGHALL BOCHANNAN.

Latha' Bhreitheanais.....	149
---------------------------	-----

TAOBH-DUILLEAG.

An Claigeann.....	154
Am Bruadair.....	156
An Geamhradh.....	157

DAIBHIDH MAC-EALAIR.

Laoidh Mhìe-Ealair.....	160
-------------------------	-----

ROB DONN.

Oran do Phrionnsa Tearlach.....	167
Oran nan Casagan Dubha.....	167
Iseabail Nìe-Aoidh.....	168
Pìobaireachd Bean Aoidh.....	170
Rann air Long Ruspiunn.....	170
Oran nan Suiridheach.....	170
Am Bruadair.....	171
An Duine Samtaich agus an Saoghal.....	173
Oran do'n Olla Moiriston.....	173
Marbhrann do dh'ibhis Mhinistearan.....	174
Marbhrann do Mhaigstir Murehadh.....	175
Cumha do'n Duine Cheudna.....	177
Oran a Gheamhraidh.....	177
'S trom leam an airidh.....	178
An ribhinn aluinn cibhinn og.....	179
Oran eile do'n' mhaighdein Cheudna.....	180
Briogais Mhìe Ruairidh.....	180
Oran air sean Fhlcasgach, &c.....	181
Oran nan Greisichean beaga.....	182
Oran na Caraide Bige.....	183
Oran a ghainha thoebraidh.....	183
An Boc Glas.....	184
Oran a ghille mhath Ruaidh.....	184
Oran Fhaolain.....	185
Turus Dhaibhi do dh' Arcamh.....	186
Oran an ainm dithis nighean.....	186
Marbhrann Iain Ghre.....	187
Marbhrann Uilleim Mhuillear an Ceard.....	188
Marbhrann do thriuir Sheann Fhlcasgach.....	188
Marbhrann do dh' Iain Mac Eachunn.....	189
Marbhrann Eoghainn.....	190
Rainn an da Bhard.....	191

DONNACHADH BAN.

Oran do Bhlair na h-Eaglaise Brice.....	194
Oran do 'n Mhusg.....	195
Molaidh Beinn-dorain.....	196
Coire Cheathaich.....	200
Oran Nìe-Coiscam.....	201
Oran seacharan Seilg.....	202
Cead Deireannach nam Beann.....	202
Cumha Choire-Cheathaich.....	203
Oran Gaoil.....	205
An Nighean Donn og.....	205
Mairi Bhan og.....	206
Oran do Leanabh Altrom.....	208
Oran do'n t-seann Fhreiceadan Ghaelach.....	209
Oran Ghlinne-Urchaidh.....	210
Moladh Dhuin-eideann.....	211
Oran Dutcha.....	212
Oran do dh' Iarla Bhraid-Albann.....	212
Iain Caimbeal a' Bhanais.....	213
Cumhadh Iarla Bhraid-Albann.....	215

TAOBH-DUILLEAG.

Cumha' Chailein Ghlinn-iubhair.....	216
Oran an t-Samraidh.....	217
Oran na Briogsa.....	219
Oran do'n Eideadh Ghaclach.....	220
Oran a Bhotail.....	221
Oran a Bhrann dai.....	222
Alasdair nan Stop.....	222
Nighean Dubh Raineach.....	223
Rann Gearradh-Arm.....	223
Oran Luaidh.....	224
Aoir an taileir.....	224
Aoir Anna.....	226
Aoir Uisdean Phìobair'.....	227
Aoir Iain Fhaochaig.....	227
Rann Leannanaehd.....	229
Marbh-rann do Chu.....	229
Rann Co-dhunaidh.....	229
Marbhrann an Ughdair dha fein.....	230

FEAR SRATH-MHAISIDH.

Cumha do dh' Eobhan Mac Phearson...	231
Comunn an uisge-bheatha.....	232
A bhanaidh bhan.....	233
A Bhrigis Lachdunn.....	234

IAIN READH STIUBHART.

Latha Chuilodair.....	236
Oran cile do latha Chuilodair.....	237
Urnaigh Iain Ruaidh.....	238
Cumha do Bhaintighcarna Mhic-an-Toisich.....	239

COINNEACH MAC-CHOINNICH.

Moladh na Luinge.....	241
Am Feile Preasach.....	242
Maireadar Mholach Mhin.....	243
An Te Dhubh.....	244
Drobbhar nan Caileagan.....	244

UILLEAM ROS.

Oran do Mharcus nan Greumach.....	248
Oran an t-Samraidh.....	249
Oran air gaol na h-oighe do Chailcan.....	250
Marbhrann do Phrionnsa Tearlach.....	251
Miann an oganach Ghaclich.....	252
Miann na h-oighe Gaelich.....	253
Oran air aiseadh an fhearainn, &c.....	253
Feasgar Luain.....	254
Moladh a Bhaird air a thir fein.....	255
Oran a rinneadh ann an Dun-eideann.....	255
Mo run an Cailin.....	256
Moladh an Uisge-Bheatha.....	256
Mac na Bracha.....	257
Moladh na h-oighe Gaelich.....	258
An Ladie Dubh.....	259
Cumhadh a' Bhaird air son a Leannain.....	260
Cuachag nan Craobh.....	261
Cailcach mhillcadh-nan-dan.....	261
Brughaichean Ghlinne-Braon.....	262
Oran Cumhaidh.....	263
Oran Cumhaidh eile.....	264

AILEAN DALL.

Oran do Mhac 'Ic-Alasdair.....	267
Oran do na Ciobairean Gallda.....	269
Oran Leannanaehd.....	270
Duanag do'n Uisge-Bheatha.....	270
Oran do 'n Mhìsg.....	271
Smeoraich Chloinn-Dughaill.....	272
Trod mna-an-taighe ri fear.....	273
E-san a' Labhairt air a shon fein.....	274
Gearan na mnatha an agbaidh a' fir.....	274
Oran na Caillich.....	276

BARD LOCH-NAN-EALA.

Oran do dh' Fhionnla Marsanta.....	277
Bi'dh fonn oirre daonnan.....	278
Oran do Bhonipart.....	279
Duanag do Mac-an t-Saoir Ghlinne-no-gha.....	279

SEUMAS MAC-GHRIOGAIR.

An Soisgenl.....	282
An Gearan.....	284
An Aiseirigh.....	285
Air fòghlum nan Gael.....	285

EOBHONN MAC-LACHUINN.

An Samhradh.....	293
Am Foghar.....	294
An Gearradh.....	296
An t-Earrach.....	298
Marbhrann, do Mr. Seumas Beattie.....	300
Smeorach Chloinn-Lachuinn.....	301
Ealaidh Ghaoil.....	302
Rann do'n Leisg.....	303
Clach-Chuimhne, Ghlinne-garadh.....	303

ALASDAIR MAC-IONMHUINN.

Oran air dol air tir anns an Eipheit.....	306
Oran air blar na h-Eiphit.....	307
Oran air blar na h-Olaind.....	309
An Dubh-Ghleannach.....	310

AM BARD-CONANACH.

Oran do Bhonipart.....	312
Oran d'a Leannan.....	314

AM BARD SGIATHANACH.

Oran do Reiseamaid Mhic-Shimidh.....	316
Smeorach nan Leodhach.....	318

BARD LOCH-FINE.

Loch-Aic.....	321
Rannan air Bas Bannacharaid.....	321
Duanag Ghaoil.....	322

AM BARD M'ILLEAN.			
Oran do America	324	Clachan Ghlinne'-da-rusil	337
Am Bard agus Coirneal Friseil	326	Mali Bheag og	338
Dan do bhean Doctair Noble	328	Mairi Laghach (<i>original set</i>)	339
Oran Don Chuairtear	329	Mairi Laghach (<i>second set</i>)	340
		Cuir a chun dileas (<i>original set</i>)	341
		Cuir a chun dileas (<i>modern set</i>)	341
		A nochd gur faoin mo chadal dhomh...	342
		Oran Ailein (<i>a fragment</i>)	342
		Cumha Phriounsa	343
		Mo ran geal og	343
AIREAMH TAGHTA.		Marbhrann do Ghille Og	344
Moladh Chabair-feidh	331	Marbhrann do bhean Alasdair Caimbeul	345
Mali Chruinn Donn	333	Oran Gaoil le duine uasal araid	345
Calum a Ghlinne	335		

SAR-OBAIR NAM BARD GAELACH;

OR

THE BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY, &c.

MIANN A BHAIRD AOSDA.*

O caraibh mi ri taobh nan allt,
A shiubhlas mall le ceumaibh ciuin,
Fo sgail a bharrach leag mo cheann,
'S bi thus' a ghrian ro-chairdeil rium,

Gu socair sin 's an fheur mo thaobh,
Air bruaich nan dithean 's nan gaath tla,
'Smo chas ga sliobadh 's a' bhraon mhaoth,
'S e lubadh tharais caoin tro'n bhlair.

Biodh sobhrach bhan is aillidh snuadh,
M'an cuairt do'm thulaich is uain' fo'dhriuchd,
'S an neoinean beag 's mo lamh air cluain,
'S an calabhuidh' aig mo chluais gu h-ur.

*Perhaps it is impossible, at this day, to decide with any certainty to what part of the Highlands the AGED BARD belonged, or at what time he flourished. Mrs. Grant of Laggan, who has given a metrical version of the above poem, says, "It was composed in Skye," though upon what authority she has not said. The poem itself seems to furnish some evidence that at least the scene of it is laid in Lochaber. *Treig** is mentioned as having afforded drink to the hunters. Now Loch Treig is in the braes of Lochaber. We know of no mountain which is now called Ben-ard or Scur-eilt. Perhaps Ben-ard is another name for Ben-nevis. The great waterfall, mentioned near the end of the poem, may have been *Eas-bha*, near Kinloch-leven, in Lochaber. The following is almost a literal translation of the above poem:—

THE AGED BARD'S WISH.

O place me near the brooks, which slowly move with gentle steps; under the shades of the shooting branches lay my head, and be thou, O sun, in kindness with me.

At ease lay my side on the grass, upon the bank of flowers and soft zephyrs—my feet bathed in the wandering stream that slowly winds along the plain.

Let the primrose pale, of grateful hue, and the little daisy surround my lillock, greenest when bedewed; my hand gently inclued, and the *calvri*† at my ear in its freshness.

Around the lofty hrow of my glen let there be bending boughs in full bloom, and the children of the bushes making the aged rock re-echo their songs of love.

*We likewise find Treig spoken of in "*Oran na comhachag,*" where the author of that piece says, "*Olaidh mi a Treig mo theam-sliabh.*"

† An herb called St. John's wort.

Mu'n cuairt do bhruachaibh ard mo ghlinn',
Biodh lubadh gheug a's orra bla;
'S clann bheag nam preas a' tabhairt seinn,
Do chrcagaidh aosd' le oran graidh.

Briseadh tro chrcag nan cidheann dlu,
Am fuaran ur le torramam trom,
'S frcagraidh mac-talla gach ciuil,
Do dh' fhuaim srutha dlu nan tonn.

Freagraidh gach cnoc, agus gach sliabh,
Le binn-fhuaim geur nan aighean near;
'N sin cluinidh mise mile geum,
A' riuth m'an cuairt domh 'n iar san ear.

Let the new-born gurgling fountain gush from the ivy-covered rock; and let all melodious echo respond to the sound of the stream of ever-successive waves.

Let the voice of every hill and mountain re-echo the sweet sound of the joyous herd; then shall a thousand lowings be heard all around.

Let the frisking of calves be in my view, by the side of a stream, or on the activity of a hill; and let the wanton kid, tired of its gambols, rest with its innocence on my bosom.

Poured on the wing of the gentle breeze, let the pleasant voice of lambs come to my ear; then shall the ewes answer when they hear their young running towards them.

O let me hear the hunter's step, with the sound of his darts and the noise of his dogs upon the wide-extended heath; then youth shall beam on my cheek, when the voice of hunting the deer shall arise.

The marrow of my bones shall awake when I hear the noise of horns, of dogs, and of bow-strings; and when the cry is heard, "The stag is fallen," my heels shall leap in joy along the heights of the mountains.

Then methinks I see the hound that attended me early and late, the hills which I was fond of haunting, and the rocks which were wont to re-echo the lofty horn.

I see the cave that often hospitably received our steps from night; cheerfulness awaked at the warmth of her trees;* and in the joys of her cups there was much mirth.

Then the smoke of the feast of deer arose; our drink from Treig, and the wave our music; though ghosts should shriek, and mountains roar, reclined in the cave, undisturbed was our rest.

* Allusion is here made to a fire of wood.

M'an euairt biodh lu-chleas nam laogh,
 Ri taobh nan sruth, no air an leirg.
 'S am minnean beag de'n eomhraig sgith,
 'N am ahlais a' cadal gu'n cheilg.

Sruthadh air sgeith na h-osaig mhin,
 Glaothan maoth nan ero mu'm chluais,
 'N sin freagraidh a mhcanmh-spreigh,
 'Nuair chluinn, an gineil, is iad a ruith a nuas.

A ceum an t-sealgair ri mo chluais!
 Le sranna ghath, a's ehon feagh sleibh,
 'N sin dearsaidh an oig air mo ghruaidh,
 'N uair dh-eircas toirm air sealg an fheidh,

Duisgidh smior am ehnaimh, 'nuair chluinn,
 Mi tailmrich dhos a's ehon a's shreang,
 'Nuair ghlaodhar—"Thuit an damh!"
 Tha mo bhuinn, a' leum gu beo ri ard nam beann.

'N sin chi mi, air leam, an gadhar,
 A leanadh'mi an-moch a's moeh;
 'S na sleibh bu mhiannach leam ' thaghall.
 'S na creagan a' freagairt do'n dos.

I see Ben-ard of beautiful curve, chief of a
 thousand hills; the dreams of stags are in his
 locks, his head is the bed of elonds.

I see Scur-cilt on the brow of the glen, where
 the cuckoo first raises her tuneful voice; and the
 beautiful green hill of the thousand firs, of herbs,
 of roses, and of elks.

Let joyous ducklings swim swiftly on the pool
 of tall pines. A strath of green firs is at its head,
 bending the red rowans over its banks.

Let the beauteous swan of the snowy bosom
 glide on the tops of the waves. When she soars
 on high among the clouds she will be unenum-
 bered.

She travels oft over the sea to the region of
 foaming billows, where a sail shall never be
 spread out to a mast, nor an oaken prow divide a
 wave.

Be thou by the summits of the mountains, the
 mournful tale of thy love in thy mouth, O swan,
 who has travelled from the land of waves; and
 may I listen to thy music in the heights of
 heaven.

Up with thy gentle song; pour out the doleful
 tidings of thy sorrow; and let all-melodious echo
 take up the strain from thy mouth.

Spread out thy wing over the main. Add to
 thy swiftness from the strength of the wind.
 Pleasant to my ear are the echoes of thy wound-
 ed heart—the song of love.

From what land blows the wind that bears the
 voice of thy sorrow from the rock, O youth, who
 wentest on thy journey from us, who hast left my
 hoary locks forlorn.

Are the tears in thine eyes, O thou virgin most
 modest and heauteous, and of the whitest hand.
 Joy without end to the smooth cheek that shall
 never move from the narrow bed.

Say, since mine eye has failed, O wind, where
 grows the reed with its mournful sound? by its
 side the little fishes whose wings never felt the
 winds' soft breath, maintain their sportive con-
 flict.

Raise me with a strong hand, and place my head
 under the fresh hirc; when the sun is at high
 noon let its green shield be above mine eyes.

Then shalt thou come, O gentle dream, who
 swiftly walkest among the stars; let my night-
 work be in thy music, bringing back the days of
 my joy to my recollection.

Chi mi 'n uamh a ghabh gu fial,
 'S gu tric ar ceumaibh roi 'n oidheh';
 Dhuiseadh ar sunnd le blathas a crann,
 'S an solas chuach a bha mor aoibhneas.

Bha ceo air fleagh bharr an fheidh
 An deoch a Treig 's an tonn ar ceol,
 Ge d' sheinneadh taisg 's ge d' ranadh sleibh
 Sinnte 's an uaimh bu sheamh ar neoil.

Chi mi Beinn-ard is aillidh fiamh,
 Ceann-feadhna air mhile beann,
 Bha aisling nan damh na ciabh,
 'S i'leabaidh nan nial a ceann.

Chi mi Sgorr-eild' air bruaich a ghlinn'
 An goir a chuach gu binn au tos.
 A's gorm mheall-aid' na mile giubhas
 Nan luban, nan carba, 's nan lon.

Biodh tuinn og a snamh le sunnd,
 Thar linne 's mine giubhas, gu luath.
 Srath ghiubhais uain' aig a ceann,
 A' lubadh chaoran dearg air bruaich.

Biodh eal' aluinn an uehd bhain,
 A snamh le spreigh air bharr uan tonn,
 'Nuair thogas i sgiath an aird,
 A measg nan nial cha'n fhas i trom.

See, O my soul, the young virgin under the
 shade of the oak, king of the forest! her hand of
 snow is among her locks of gold, and her mildly
 rolling eye on the youth of her love.

He sings by her side—She is silent. Her heart
 pants, and swims in his music; love flies from
 eye to eye; deers stop their course on the extend-
 ed heath.

Now the sound has ceased; her smooth white
 breast heaves to the breast of her love; and her
 lips, fresh as the unstained rose, are pressed close
 to the lips of her love.

Happiness without end to the lovely pair, who
 have awaked in my soul a gleam of that happy
 joy that shall not return! Happiness to thy
 soul, lovely virgin of the eurling locks.

Hast thou forsaken me, O pleasant dream?
 Return yet—one little glimpse return: thou wilt
 not hear me, alas! I am sad. O beloved moun-
 tains, farewell.

Farewell, lovely company of youths! and you,
 O beautiful virgin, farewell. I cannot see you.
 Yours is the joy of summer: my winter is ever-
 lasting.

O place me within hearing of the great water-
 fall, with its murmuring sound, descending from
 the rock; let a harp and a shell be by my side,
 and the shield that defended my forefathers in
 battle.

Come with friendship over the sea, O soft blast
 that slowly movest; bear my shade on the wind
 of thy swiftness, and travel quickly to the Isle
 of Heroes.

Where those who went of old are in deep slum-
 ber, deaf to the sound of music. Open the hall
 where dwell Ossian and Daol. The night shall
 come, and the hard shall not be found.

But ah! before it come, a little while ere my
 shade retire to the dwelling of hards upon Ard-
 ven, from whence there is no return, give me the
 harp and my shell for the road, and then, my
 beloved harp and shell, farewell.

'S tric i 'g astar thar a chuain,
Gu asraidh fhuar nan ioma' ronnan,
Far nach togar breid ri erann,
'S nach sgoilt sron dharaich tonn.

Bi thusa ri dosan nan tom,
Is cumha' do ghaol ann ad hbeul,
Eala ' thriall o thir nan tonn
'S tu seinn dhomh ciuil an aird nan speur.

O! eirich thus' le t-oran ciuin,
'S cuir naigheachd hhoichd do bhroin an ceill.
'S glacaidh mac-talla gach ciuil,
An guth tursa sin o d' bheul.

Tog do sgiath gu h-ard thar chuan,
Glac do luathas bho neart na gaoith,
'S eihhinn ann am ehluais am fuaim,
O'd chridhe leoint'—an t-oran gaoil.

Co an tir on gluais a' ghaoth,
Tha giulan glaoidh do bhroin on chreig?
Oigear a chaidh uain a thriall,
'S a dh-fhag mo chialbh ghlas gu'n taic,

B'eil deoir do ruig O! thusa ribhinn,
Is mine mais' 's a's gile lamh?
Solas gu'n chrìoch do'n ghruaidh mhaoith,
A chaoidh nach gluais on leabaidh chaoil.

Innsibh, o threig mo shuil, a ghaoth',
C' ait' am beil a ehui' a fas,
Le glaothan broin 's na brie r'a taobh,
Le sgiath gun deo a cumail blair.

Togaibh mi—caraibh le'r laimh threin,
'S cuiribh mo cheann fo bharrach ur,
'N uair dh'eireas a' ghrian gu h-ard,
Biodh a sgiath uain' os-ceann mo shul.'

An sin thig thu O! aisling chiuin,
Tha 'g astar dlu measg reull na h-oidhech',
Biodh gnòimh m' oidheche ann ad eheil;
Toirt aimsir mo mhuir gu'm chuimhn'.

O! m'anam faic an ribhinn og,
Fo sgeith an daraich, righ nam fiath,
'S a lamh shneachd ' measg a ciabhan oir,
'Sa meall-shuil chiuin air og a graidh.

E-san a' seinn ri taohh 's i balbh,
Le cridhe leum, 's a snamh' na cheol,
An gaol bho shuil gu suil a falbh,
Cuir stad air feidh nan sleibhtean mor.

Nis threig am fuaim, 's tha eliabh geal min,
Ri uchd 's ri cridhe gaoil a' fas,
'S a hilibh ur mar ros gun smal,
Ma bheul a gaoil gu dlu an sas.

Solas gun chrìoch do'n chomunn chaomh,
A dhuig dhomh m' aobhneas ait nach pill,
A's heannachd do t-anams' a ruin,
A nighean ehiuin nan cunch-chiabh grinn.

'N do threig thu mi aisling nam buadh?
Pill fathast—acon cheum beag—pill!

Cha chluinn sibh mi Ochoin! 's mi truagh.
A bheannaibh mo ghraidh—slan leibh.

Slan le comunn caomh na h-oige,
A's oigheannan boidheach, slan leibh,
Cha leir dhomh sibh, dhuibhse tha samhradh,
Ach dhomsa geamhradh a chaoidh, a

O! cuir mo chluas ri fuaim Eas-mor
Le ehronan a' tearnadh on chreig.
Bi'dh cruit agus slige ri'm thaobh,
'S an sgiath a dhian mo shinnsir sa' chath.

Thig le cairdeas thar a chuain,
Osag mhin a ghluais gu mall,
Tog mo cheo air sgiath do luathais,
'S imich grad gu cilean fhlaithais.

Far'm beil na laoiach a dh-fhalbh o shean,
An cadal trom gun dol le ceol,
Foglaibh-sa thalla Oisein a's Dhaoil,
Thig an oidheche 's cha bhi'm bard air bhrath.

Ach o m'an tig I seal m'an triall mo cheo,
Gu teach man hard, air ar-bheinn as naeh pill,
Fair, cruit 's mo shlige dh-iunnsaidh 'n roid,
An sin; mo chruit's mo shlige ghraidh, slan leibh.

Note.—This is a curious and valuable relic of antiquity. It affords internal evidence that the doctrines of Christianity were either wholly unknown to the poet, or had no place in his creed. The Elysium of bards upon Arden, the departure of the poet's shadow to the Hall of Ossian and Daol, his last wish of laying by his side a harp, a shell full of liquor, and his ancestors' shield, are incompatible with the Christian doctrine of a future state.

That it is a composition, however, long subsequent to the times of Ossian, is evident from the change which the manners of the Caledonians had in the interim undergone; for in the poems of that bard there is scarcely an allusion to the pastoral state. At any rate, the art of taming and breeding cattle was certainly not practised by the Fingalians. Hunting and war seem to have been their sole occupations. Our aged bard, however, lived in the pastoral state of society; a state which many poets have made the subject of that species of poetry denominated pastoral.

Our bard exhibits tender senses, and describes happy situations. He paints the beauties of nature with the hand of a master, and expresses the warmth of his feelings in glowing numbers. His style is nervous, his manner chaste. His fancy wears the native garb of purity and simplicity; and true taste will recognize his composition as the genuine offspring of nature—as real poetry.

The poet has enumerated those rural occupations which afforded him delight in the vigor of life. He has arranged and drawn forth to view rural objects, attended by such circumstances as had made the most pleasurable and lasting impression upon his own mind: and he seems, at the same time, to have been highly sensible of the beauties of nature, and capable of producing those strokes of fancy which evince poetic merit.

This poem shows that men leading a pastoral life are capable of refined feelings and delicate sentiments, and may be actuated by the best affections of the heart; that long posterior to the days of Ossian, the Christian religion had not perhaps been heard of by the Caledonians; and that they were of opinion that the soul was an airy substance capable of existing in a state of separation from the body, and of enjoying, in the region of the clouds, those agreeable occupations which had given it pleasure on earth.

A' CHOMHACHAG.*

A Chomhachag bhoehd na Sroine,
A nochd is bronach do leabaidh,
Ma bha thu ann ri linn Donnaghaill,
Cha'n iognadh ge trom leat t-aigheadh.

" 'S co'-aoise mise do'n daraig,
Bha na faillean ann sa' choinntich,
'S iomadh linn a chuir mi romham,
'S gur mi comhachag bhoehd na Sroine.

Nise bho na tha thu aosda,
Deun-sa t-fhaosaid ris an t-shagart,
Agus innis dha gun euralh,
Gach aon sgeula ga'm beil agad.

" Cha d' rinn mise braid' no breugan,
Cladh na tearmann a bhristeadh
Air m' fhear fein cha d' roinn mi iomluas,
'Gur cailleach bhoehd ionraig mise.

Chunnacas mac a Bhrithemh chalma,
Agus Feargus mor an gaisgeach,
As Torradan liath na Sroine,
Sin na laoiach bha domhail, taiceil."

Bho 'na thoisich thu ri seanachas,
A's cigin do leanmhuinn ni's faide,
Gu 'n robh 'n triuir bha sin air foghnadh,
Ma 'n robh Donnaghall ann san Fhearsaid.

" Chunnac mi Alasdair Carrach,
An duin' is allaile bha 'n Albainn,
'S minig a bha mi ga eisteachd,
'S c aig reiteach nan tom sealg.

Chunnac mi Aonghas na dheigh,
Cha b' e sin raghainn bu taire,
'S ann 's an Fhearsaid a bha thuinidh,
'S rinu e muilleann air Allt-Larach,"

Bu lionmhor cogadh a's creachadh,
Bha'n an Lochaber 'san uair sin
C'aite 'm biodh tusa ga t-fhalach,
Eoin bhig na mala gruamaich.

*This poem is attributed to Donald Macdonald, better known by the cognomen of *Domhnall mac Fhiullaidh nan Dan*—a celebrated hunter and poet. He was a native of Lochaber, and flourished before the invention of fire-arms. According to tradition, he was the most expert archer of his day. At the time in which he lived, wolves were very troublesome, especially in Lochaber, but Donald is said to have killed so many of them, that previous to his death there was only one left alive in Scotland, which was shortly after killed in Strathglass by a woman. He composed these verses when old, and unable to follow the chase; and it is the only one of his compositions which has been handed down to us.

The occasion of the poem was this: He had married a young woman in his old age, who, as might have been expected, proved a very unmeet helpmate. When he and his dog were both worn

" 'S ann a bha cuid mhor de m' shinnsir,
Eadar an Innse a's an Fhearsaid,
Bha cuid cile dhiu' ma'n Deaghtaigh;
Bhiodh iad ag cigheach 'sa'n fheasgar.

'N uair a chithinnse dol seachad,
Na creachan agus am fuathas,
Bheirinn car beag far an rathaid,
'S bhithinn grathunn sa' Chreig-ghuanaich."

Creag mo chridhe-s' a Chreag ghuanach,
Chreag an dh-fhuair mi greis de m' arach.
Creag nan aighean 's nan damh siubhlach,
A chreag urail, aighcarach, ianach.

Chreag ma'n iathadh an fhaoghait,
Bu mhiann leam a bhi ga taghal,
'N uair bu bhinn guth gallain gaodhair,
A' cur graidh gu gabhail chumhainn.

'S binn na h-iolairean ma bruachan,
'S binn a cuachan, 's binn a h-eala,
A's binne na sin am blaoghan,
Ni an laoghan meana-bhreac, ballach.

A's binn leam toraman na'n dos,
Ri uilinn nan corra-bheann cas,
'S an eilid bhiorach is caol cos,
Ni fois fo dhuilleich ri teas.

Gun de cheil aic' ach an damh,
'S e 's muine dh'i feur a's cneamh,
Mathair an laoiach mheana-bhrice mhir,
Bean an fhir mhall-rosgaich ghlain.

'S siubhlach a dh'-fhalbhas e'raon,
Cadail cha dean e sa'n smuir,
B' fhearr leis na plaidhe fo' thaebh,
Barr an fhraoich bhadaich uir.

Gur aluinn sgreamh an daimh dhuinn,
'Thearnas o shireadh nam beann,
Mac na h-eilde ris an t-shonn,
Nach do chrom le spid a cheann.

down with the toils of the chase, and decrepit with age, his "crooked rib" seems to take a pleasure in tormenting them. Fear, rather than respect might possibly protect Donald himself, but she neither feared nor respected the poor dog. On the contrary, she took every opportunity of beating and maltreating him. In fact, "like the goodman's mother," he "was aye in the way." Their ingenious tormentor one day found an old and feeble owl, which she seems to have thought would make a fit companion for the old man and his dog; and accordingly brought it home. The poem is in the form of a dialogue between Donald and the owl. It is very unlikely that he had ever heard of *Aesop*, yet he contrives to make an owl speak, and that to good purpose. On the whole it is an ingenious performance, and perhaps has no rival of its kind in the language. Allusion is made to his "half marrow," in the 57th stanza.

Èilid bhinneach, mheargant bhallach,
Odhar, eangach, uchd reidh ard,
Damh togalach, croie-cheannach, sgiamhach,
Cronanach, ceann-riabhach, dearg.

Gur gasd' a ruitheadh tu suas,
Ri leachduinn chruaidh a's i eas,
Moladh gach aon neach an cu,
Ach molams' 'n trup tha dol as.

Creag mo chride-sa chreag mhor,
'S ionmhuinn an lon tha fo ceann,
'S anns' an lag a th' air a eul,
Na machair a's mur nan gall.

M' annsachd beinn sheasgaich nam fuaran,
An riasgach o'n dean an damh ranan,
Chuireadh gadhar is glan nuallan,
Feidh na'n ruaig gu Inbhir-Mheorain.

B' annsa' leam na durdan bodaich,
Os ceann leic ri eararadh sil,
Buirean an daimh 'm bi ghne dhuinnead,
Air leacann beinne 's e ri sin.

'N nair bhuras damh Beinne-bige,
'S a bheucas damh Beinn-na-craige,
Freagraidh na daimh ud da cheile;
'S thig feidh a' Coirre-na-snaige.

Bha mi o'n rugadh mi riabh,
Ann an caidridh fhiadh a's carb',
Ch'an fhaca mi dath air bian,
Ach buidhe, riabhach, a's dearg.

Cha mhi-fhin a sgaol an comunn,
A bha eadar mi 'sa Chreag-ghuanach,
Aeh an aois ga'r toirt o cheile,
Gur grathunn an fheil' a fhuaras.

'S i creag mo chridhe-s' a Chreag-ghuanach,
A chreag dhuilleach, bhiolaireach, bhraonach,
Na 'n tulach ard, aluinn, fiarach,
Gur cian a ghabh i o'n mhaorach.

Cha mhinig a bha mi 'g eisdeachd,
Re seideadh na muice-mara,
Ach 's tric a chuala mi moran,
De chronanaich an daimh allaidh.

Cha do chuir mi duil san iasgach,
Bhi ga iarraidh leis a mhadhar,
'S mor gu'm b' annsa leam am fiadhach,
'S bhi air falbh nan sliabh as-t-fhaghar.

'S eibhinn an obair an t-shealg,
'S ait a cuairt an aird gu beachd,
Gur binne a h-aighear 's a fonn
Na long a's i dol fo bheairt.

Fad 'sa bhithinn beo no maireann,
Deo dhe 'n anam an am chorp,
Dh-fhanainn am feohar an fheidh,
Sin an spreidh an robh mo thoirt.

Cait' an cualas ceol bu bhinne,
Na mothar gadhair mhoir a' teachd,
Daimh sheannga na' ruithe le gleann,
Miol-choin a dol annt a's ast'.

'S truagh an diugh nach beo an fheoghainn,
Gun ann aeh an ceo dc'n bhuidheann,
Leis 'm bu mhiannach gloir nan gadhar,
Gun mheoghail, gun ol, gun bhruidhinn.

Bratach Alasdair nan Gleann,
A srol fathrumach ri erann,
Suaieheantas shoilleir shiol Chuinn,
Nach do chuir suim an clann ghall.

'S ann an Cinn-Ghiubhsaich na laidhe,
Tha namhaid na graidhe deirge,
Lamh dheas a mharbhadh a bhradain,
Bu mhathe e'n sabaid na feirge.

Dh-fhag mi san Ruaidhe so shios,
Am fear a b' ole dhoms' a bhas,
'S tric a chuir e' thagradh an cruathas,
Ann cluais an daimh chabraich an sas.

Raonull Mac-Dhomhnuill ghlais,
Fear a fhuair foghlum gu deas,
Deagh Mhac-Dhomhnuill a chuil chais,
Ni'm beo neach a chomhraig leis.

Alasdair eridhe nan gleann,
Gun e bhi ann mor a' chreagh,
'S tric a leag thu air an tom,
Slìochd nan sonn leis a chu ghlas.

Alasdair mac Ailein mhoir,
'S tric a mharbh sa' bheinn na feidh,
'S a leanadh fad air an toir,
Mo dhoigh gur Domhnallach treun.

A's Domhnallach thu gun mhearachd,
Gur tu buinne geal na cruaghach,
Gur cairdeach thu do Chlann-Chatain,
S gur h-e dalt thu do'n Chreig-ghuanaich.

Ma dh-fhagadh Domhnall a muigh,
Na aonar a' taigh na' fleagh,
S gearr a bhios gucag air bhuil,
Luchd a chruidh bi'dh iad a staigh.

Mi'm shuidh air sith-bhruth nam beann,
A coimhead air ceann Loeha-Treig,
Creag ghuanach am biodh an t-shealg,
Grianan ard am biodh na feidh.

Chi mi na Du-lochain bhuam,
Chi mi Chruach, a's Beinne-bhreac,
Chi mi Srath-Oisein nam Fiann,
Chi mi ghrian air Mcall-nan-leac.

Chi mi Beinn-Ncamhais gu h-ard,
Agus an carn-dearg ri bun,
A's coire beag eile ri taobh,
Chit' as monadh faoin a's muir.

Gur rimheach an coire dearg,
Far 'm bu mhiannach leinn bhi scalg,
Coirre nan tulaichean fraoich,
Innis nan laogh 's nan damh garbh.

Chi mi braidh Bhidean-nan-dos,
'N taobh so bhios do Sgurra-lidh,
Sgurra-choinntich nan damh seang—
Ionmhuinn leam an diugh na chi.

Chi mi Srath farsuinn a chruidh,
Far an labhar guth nan sonn,
A's Coire ereagach a iahaini,
A' minig a thug mo lamh toll.

Chi mi Garbh-bheinn nan damh donn,
Agus Slat-bheinn nan tom sith,
Mar sin agus an Leitir dhubb,
'S an tric a rinn mi fuil na' frith.

Soraidh gu Beinn-allta bhuam,
O'n 's i fhuair urram nam beann,
Gu slios Loch-Earrachd an fheidh,
Gu'm b'ionmhuinn leam fein bhi ann.

Their soraidh uam thun an Loch',
Far am faicte 'bhos a's thall,
Gu uisge Leamhna nau laeh,
Muime nan laogh breac 's nam meann.

'S c loch mo chridhse an loch,
An loch, air am biodh an laeh,
Agus iomadh cala bhan,
'S bh'idh iad a snamh air ma scach.

Olaidh mi a'Treig mo theann-shath,
Na dheidh cha bhi mi fo mhulad,
Uisge glan nam fuaran fallan,
O'n seang am fiadh a ni 'n langan.

'S buan an eomunn gun bhriscadh,
Bha eadar mise 's an t-uisge;
Sugh nam mor bheann gun mhisge,
'S mise ga ol gun trasgadh.

'S ann a bha 'n communn bristeach,
Eadar mise 's a Chreag-sheilich,
Mise gu brath cha dirich,
Ise gu dilinn cha teirinn.

On labhair mi umaibh gu leir,
Gabhaidh mi fhein dibh mo chead,
Dearmad cha dean mi s an am,
Air fiadhach ghleann nam beann beag.

Cead is truaighe ghabhadh riabh,
Do 'n fhiadhaich bu mhor mo thoil,

Cha 'n fhalbh le bogha fo m' sgeith,
'S gu la-bhrath cha leig mi coin.

Tha blaidh mo bhogha 'n am uehd,
Le agh maol, odhar is ait,
Ise ceanalt 's mise gruamach,
'S cruaigh an diugh nach buan an t-shlat.

Mis' a's tusa ghadhair bhain,
'S tursach air turas do 'n cilean,
Chaill sinn an tathunn a's an dan,
Ge d' bha sinn grathunn ri ceaul.

Thug a choille dhìot-s' an carb',
'S thug an t-ard dhìom-sa na feidh,
Cha n eil naire dhuinn a laeich,
O'n laidh an aois oirnn le cheil'.

'Nuair a bha mi air an da chois,
'S moch a shiubhlain bhos a's thall,
Aeh a nis on fhuair mi tri,
Cha ghluais mi ach gu min, mall.

Aois cha n'eil thu dhunn meachair
Ge nach feudar leinn do sheachnadh,
Cromaidh tu n' duine dircach,
A dh' fhas gu miloanta gasda.

Giorraichidh tu air a shaoghla,
Agus caochlaidhidh tu ' chasan,
Fagaidh tu cheann gun deudach,
'S ni thu cudann a chasadh.

A Shincad chas-aodannach, pheallach,
A shream-shuileach, odhar, eitidh,
Cia ma 'n leiginn leat a lobhair?
Mo bhogha foirt dhìom air eigin.

O'n 's mi-fhin a b' fhearr an airidh,
Air mo bhogha ro-math iubhair,
No thusa aois bhothar, sgallach,
Bhios aig an teallach ad shuidhe.

Labhair an aois a rithist:
" 'S mo 's ruighinn tha thu leantainn.
Ris a bhogha sin a ghiulan,
'S gur mor bu chuibhe dhut bata."

Gabh thusa bhuamsa 'm bata,
Aois granda chairtidh na pleide,
Cha leiginn mo bhogha leatsa,
Do mhathas no d' ar, eigin.

" 'S iomadh laoch a b' fhearr no thusa,
Dh-fhag mise gu tuisleach an fhann,
'N deis fhaobhachadh as a sheasamh,
Bha rìomhe na fhleasgach meannach."

MAIRI NIGHEAN ALASDAIR RU Aidh.

THE real name of this poetess was Mary M'Leod, though she is more generally known among her countrymen by the above appellation. She was born in Roudal, in Harris, in the year 1569, and was the daughter of Alexander M'Leod, son of *Alasdair Ruadh*, who was a descendant of the chief of that clan.*

It does not appear that Mary had done anything in the poetic way till she was somewhat advanced in life, and employed as nurse in the family of her chief: neither is there any evidence that she could write, or even read. Her first production was a song made to please the children under her charge.

"*An Talla 'm bu ghna le Mac-Leoid*" was composed on the Laird being sick and dying. He playfully asked Mary what kind of a *lament* she would make for him? Flattered by such a question, she replied that it would certainly be a very mournful one. "Come nearer me," said the aged and infirm chief, "and let me hear part of it." Mary, it is said, readily complied, and sung, *ex tempore*, that celebrated poem.

"*Hithill uthill agus ho*" was composed on John, a son of Sir Norman, upon his presenting her with a snuff-mull. She sometime after gave publicity to one of her songs, which so provoked her patron, M'Leod, that he banished her to the Isle of Mull, under the charge of a relative of his own.

* It was during her exile there that she composed "*'S mi 'm shuidh' air an Tulaich*," or "*Luinneag Mhic-Leoid*." On this song coming to M'Leod's ears, he sent a boat for her, giving orders to the crew not to take her on board except she should promise to make no more songs on her return to Syke. Mary readily agreed to this condition of release, and returned with the boat to Dunvegan Castle.

Soon after this, a son of the Laird's had been ill, and, on his recovery, Mary composed a song which is rather an extraordinary composition, and which, like its predecessors, drew on her devoted head the displeasure of her chief, who remonstrated with her for again attempting song-making without his permission. Mary's reply was, "It is not a song; it is only a *cronan*,"—that is, a hum, or "croon."

She mentions, in a song which we have heard, but which was never printed, that she had nursed five lairds of the M'Leods, and two of the lairds of Applecross.

* There was another, though inferior poetess, of the family of *Alasdair Ruadh*, who is sometimes confounded with our authoress. Her name was Flora M'Leod. In Gaelic she is called *Fionaghal Nighean Alasdair Ruaidh*. This poetess lived in Troterness, and was a native of Skye. She was married, and some of her descendants are still in that country. All that we have been able to meet with, of Flora's poetry, is a satire on the clan Mac-Martin, and an elegy on M'Leod of Dunvegan. We have the authority of several persons of high respectability, and on whose testimony we can rely, that Mary M'Leod was the veritable authoress of the poems attributed to her in this work.

The song ends with an address to *Tormod nan tri Tormod*.* She died at the advanced age of 105 years, and is buried in Harris. She used to wear a tartan *tonnag*, fastened in front with a large silver brooch. In her old days she generally carried about with her a silver-headed cane, and was much given to gossip, snuff, and whisky.

Mary M'Leod, the inimitable poetess of the Isles, is the most original of all our poets. She borrows nothing. Her thoughts, her verse, her rhymes, are all equally her own. Her language is simple and elegant; her diction easy, natural, and unaffected. Her thoughts flow freely, and unconstrained. There is no straining to produce effect: no search after unintelligible words to conceal the poverty of ideas. Her versification runs like a mountain stream over a smooth bed of polished granite. Her rhymes are often repeated, yet we do not feel them tiresome nor disagreeable. Her poems are mostly composed in praise of the M'Leods; yet they are not the effusions of a mean and mercenary spirit, but the spontaneous and heart-felt tribute of a faithful and devoted dependant. When the pride, or arbitrary dictate of the chief, sent her an exile to the Isle of Mull, her thoughts wandered back to "the lofty shading mountains,"—to "the young and splendid *Sir Tormod*." During her exile she composed one of the finest of her poems: the air is wild and beautiful; and it is no small praise to say that it is worthy of the verses. On her passage from Mull to Skye she composed a song, of which only a fragment can now be procured: we give a few stanzas of it:—

"Thiùd mi le'm dheoin do dhùthach Mhic-Leoid,
M' fuit air a mhor luachach slù,
Bu choir dhomh gun bi m' eolas san tìr
Leodach, mar pill cruadal mi,
Sìubhlaidh mi 'n tarr, tro dhùlachd nan sìan,
Do'n tur g'am bi triall thuath-cheathair;
On chualas an sgeul buadhach gun bhrèag,
Binn acaìn mo chleibh fhàdachadh.

"Chi mi Mac-Leoid 's prìseil an t-og,
Rimheach gu mor buadhach,
Bho Oilaghair nan lann chuireadh srolaibh ri crann;
'S Leodach an dream nambarra.
Eiridh na fùim ghleud air na suinn,
'S fonnall ri an cruadal lad,
'Na fhuaraidh gharg an am rusgadh nan arm,
'S eilutach an t-ainm fhàras leibh.

"Stol Tormod nan sgiath foirmealach slà,
Dh' eiridh do shìneach luath-lamhach;
Dealradh nam pìos, torman nam pìob;
'S dearbh gu'n bu leibh 'n dualachas;
Tha'nig teachdair do'n tìr gu macanta mìn,
'S ait leam gach ni chualas leam,
O dhun-bhèagan nan steid 's am freagair luchd-theud,
Bheir greis air gach sgeul buaidh-ghloireach.

"Nuair chuireadh na laoidh loingheas air chaol,
Turns ri gaoith ghluaidhe leibh,
O bharruibh nan crann gu tarruinn nam ball,
Teannachadh team suas rithe,
Iomairt gu leoir mar ri Mac-Leoid,
Charaich fo shìol uinn-dhàit 'i,
Bho arols an fhion gu tulla nam pìos,
Gu'n beannaich mo Rìgh 'n t-àsal ud."

* We knew an old man, called Alexander M'Rae, a tailor in Mellen of Gairloch, whom we have heard sing many of Mary's songs, not one of which has ever been printed. Some of these were excellent, and we had designed to take them down from his recitation, but were prevented by his sudden death, which happened in the year 1833. Among these was a rather extraordinary piece, resembling M'Donald's "*Birlinn*," composed upon occasion of John, son of Sir Norman, taking her out to get a sail in a new boat.

MAIRI NIGHEAN ALASDAIR RUaidH.

FUAIM AN T-SHAIMH.

Ri fuaim an t-shaimh
'S uaigneach mo ghean,
Bha mis' uair nach b'e sud m' abhaist,
Bha mis' uair, &c.

Ach piob nuallanach mhor,
Bheireadh buaidh air gach ceol,
'Nuair ghluaist' i le meoir Phadruig.*
'Nuair ghluaist' i, &c.

Gur mairg a bheir geill
Do'n t-saoghal gu leir,
'S tric a chaochail e cheum gabhaidh.
'S tric a chaochail e, &c.

Gur lionmhoire ehurs
Na'n dealt air an driuehd,
Ann am madainn an tus maighe.
Ann am madain, &c.

Cha'n fhacas ri m' re,
Aon duine fo 'n gheirn,
Nach tug e ghreis fein dha sin.
Nach tug e, &c.

Beir an t-soghraidh so buam,
Gu talla nan euach,
Far 'm biodh tathaich nan truadh daimhail.
Far 'm biodh, &c.

Thun an taighe nach gann,
Fo 'n leathad ud thall,
Far beil aighear a's ceann mo mhanrain.
Far beil aighear, &c.

Sir Tormod mo run,
Ollaghaireach thu,
Foirmeil o thus t-abhaist.
Foirmeil o thus, &c.

A thasgaidh, 's a' ehiail,
'S e bu ehleachdadh dhut riamh,
Teach farsuinn 's e fial failteach.
Teach farsuinn, &c.

Bhiodh tional nan Cliar,
Re tamul, a's cian,
Dh-fhios a bhaile 'm biodh triall chairdean.
Dh-fhios a bhaile, &c.

'Naile chunna' mi uair,
S glan an lasadh bha d' ghruaidh,
Fo ghruaigh ehleachdaich nan dual ar-
bhuidh,
Fo ghruaigh, ehleachdaich, &c.

* The celebrated PADRUIG mor Mac Cruimein,
one of the family pipers of Mac-Leod of Dunve-
gan.

Fear direach deas treun,
Bu ro fhirinneach beus,
'S e gun mhi-ghean, gun cheum trailleil.
'S e gun mlii-ghean, &c.

De'n linne a b'fhearr buaidh,
Tha 's na crìochaibh mu'n cuairt,
Clann fhirinneach Ruairi lain-mhoir.
Clann fhirinneach, &c.

Cha'n eil cleachdadh mlie righ,
No gaisge, no gnìomh,
Nach eil pearsa mo ghaoil lan deth.
Nach eil pearsa, &c.

Ann an treine, 's an lugh,
Ann an ceutaidh 's an cliu,
Ann am feil' 's an gnus nairc.
Ann am feil, &c.

Ann an gaisge, 's an gnìomh,
'S ann am pailte neo-ehron,
Ann am maise, 's am niagh aillteachd.
Ann am maise, &c.

Ann an cruadal, 's an toil,
Ann am buaidh thoirt air sgoil,
Ann an uaisle gun ehron caileachd.
Ann an uaisle, &c.

Tuigs-fhear nan teud,
Purpas gach sgeil,
Susbaint gach ceill naduir.
Susbaint gach, &c.

Gu'm bu ehubaidh dhut sid,
Mar a thubhairt iad ris,
Bu tu 'n t-ubhal thar meas aird chraoibh.
Bu tu 'n t-ubhal, &c.

Leodaich mo run,
Seorsa fhuair cliu,
Cha bu thoiscachadh ur dhaibh Sir.
Cha bu thoiseach, &c.

Bha fios co sibh
Ann an ionartas righ,
'Nuair bu mhuilaidich stri Thearlaich.*
'Nuair bu, &c.

Slan Ghaeil no Ghail
Cha' dh-fhuaras oirbh foill.
Dh-aon bhuaireadh g'n d'rinn ur nambaid.
Dh-aon bhuireadh, &c.

Lochluinnich threun
Toiseach ur sgeil,
Slìochd solta bho freumh Mhanuis.
Slìochd solta, &c.

Thug Dia dhut mar glibht,
Bhi gu morghalach glic,
Chriosd deonaich' dha d'shlioehd bhi
adhmhor.

Chriosd deonaich', &c.

Fhuair thu fortan o Dhia,
Bean bu shoeraiche ciall,
'S i gu foisteineach fial naraeh.
'S i gu foisteineach, &c.

Am beil cannach a's cliu,
'S i gun mhilleadh na cuis,
'S i gu h-iriosal ciuin cairdeil.
'S i gu h-iriosal, &c.

I gun dolaidh fo 'n ghrein,
Gu toileachadh treud,
'S a h-olachd, a reir ban-righ
'S a h-olachd, &c.

'S tric a riaraidh thu cuilm,
Gun fhiabhras gun tuilg,
Nighean Oighre Dhuin-'Tuilm, slan dut.
Nighean Oighre, &c.

ORAN

DO DH' IAIN MAC SHIR TORMOD MHIC-LEOID.*

LUINNEAG.

*II-ithill uthill agus o,
II-ithill o h-oireannan
II-ithill uthill agus o,
II-ithill o-h-o h-oireannan
II-ithill uthill agus o
II-ithill o h-oriunnan
Faillill o h-uthill o,
II-o ri ghealladh h-i-il-an.*

Ge do theid mi do m' leabaidh
Cha'n e cadal is iannach leam,
Aig ro mheud na tuile,
'S mo mhuilean gun iarann air,
Tha mholtair ri paidheadh,
Mur cailltear sin bliadhna mi,
'S gur feumail domh faighinn,
Ge do ghabhainn an iasad i.
II-ithill, &c.

Tha mo chion air a ehlachair,
Rinn m'aigne-sa riarachadh,
Fear mor, a bheoil mheachair,
Ge tosdach, gur briathrach thu,
Gu'm faighinn air m' fhacal
Na caisteil ged iarraim iad;
Cheart aindeoin mo stata,
Gun charaich sud fachaich orm.
II-ithill, &c.

Ged a thuirt mi riut elachair,
Air m'fhacal cha b'fhior dhomh e,
Gur rioghail do shloinneadh
'S gur soilleir ri iarraidh e,
Fior Leodach ur, gasda,
Foinnidh beachdail, glic fialaidh thu,
De shlioehd nam fear flathail,
Bu mhath an ceann chliaranach.
II-ithill, &c.

Ach a mhic ud Shir Tormod,
Gu'n soirbhlich gach bliadhna dhut,
Chuir buaidh air do shlioehd-sa,
Agus piseach air t-iarmadan;
'S do'n chuid eile chloinn t-athar,
Anns gach rathad a thrialas iad,
Gu'n robh toradh mo dhurachd
Dol nan run mar bu mhiannach leam.
II-ithill, &c.

'Nuair a theid thu do'n fhireach,
'S ro mhath chinneas an fhiadhaich leat,
Le d' lothain chon ghleusda
Ann ad dheigh 'nuair thrialadh tu,
Sin, a's cuilbhear caol, einnteach,
Cruaidh, direach, gun fhiaradh ann;
Bu tu sealgair na h-eilid,
A choilich, 's na liath-chirce.
II-ithill, &c.

Tha mo chion air an Ruairidh,
Gur luaineach mu d' sgeula mi,
Fior bhoinne geal suaice' thu,
Am beil uaisle na peacaige,
Air an d'fhas an eul dualach,
'S e na chuachagan teud-bhuidhe,
Sin a's urla glan, suaice,
Cha bu tuairisgeul breugach e.
II-ithill, &c.

Slan iomradh dhut Iain,
Gu mu rathail a dh' cireas dut,
'S tu mac an deagh athar,
Bha gu mathasach meaghrachail,
Bha gu furbhailteach, daonnachdaeh,
Faoilteachail deireeachail,
Sar cheannard air trup thu,
Na'n cuirte leat feum orra.
II-ithill, &c.

Gur aluinn am mareach
Air each an glaic diollaid thu,
'S tu cumail do phears'
Ann an cleachdadh, mar dh' iarraim dut,
Thigeadh sud ann ad laimh-sa
Lann spainteach, ghorm, dhias-fhada,
A's paidhir mhath *phiosal*
Air erios nam baH sniomhanaeh.
II-ithill, &c.

* For the air, see the Rev. Patrick Macdonald's
Collection of Highland Airs, pages 28—163.

AN TALLA 'M BU GHNA LE
MAC-LEOID.

Rìgh! gur muladach 'tha mi,
'S mi gun mhire gun mhanran,
Anns an talla 'm bu gna le Mac-Leoid.
Rìgh! gur, &c.

Taigh mor macnasach, meaghrach,
Nam macaibh 's nam maighdean,
Far m' bu tartarach gleadhraich nan corn.
Taigh mor, &c.

Tha do thalla mor priscil,
Gun fhasgadh gun dian air,
Far am facadh mi 'm fion bhi 'ga ol.
Tha do thalla, &c.

Och mo dhiobhail mar thachair,
Thainig dil' air an aitreabh,
'S ann a's eianail leam tachairt na coir.
Och mo dhiobhail, &c.

Chi mi 'n chliar a's na daimhich,
A'treigsinn na fardaich,
On nach eisd thu ri failte luchd-ecoil,
Chi mi 'n chliar, &c.

Shir Tormad nam bratach,
Fear do dhealbha-sa bu tearc e,
Gun sgeilm a chuir asad no bosd.
Shir Tormad, &c.

Fhuair thu teist, a's deag urram,
Ann am freasdal gach duine,
Air dheiseachd 's air uirighioll beoil.
Fhuair thu teist, &c.

Leat bu mhiannach coin lugh-mhor,
Dol a shiubhal nan stuc-bheann,
'S an gunna nach diultadh re h-ord.
Leat bu mhiannach, &c.

'S i do lamh nach robh tuisleach,
Dol a chaitheadh a chuspair,
Led' bhogha ernaidh, ruiteach, deagh-neoil.
'S i do lamh nach, &c.

Glae-throm air do shliasaid,
An deigh a snaitheadh gun fhiaradh,
'S barr dosrach de sgiathan an coin.
Glae-throm, &c.

Bhiodh ceir ris na crannaibh,
Bu neo-cisleanaich tarraunn,
'Nuair a leumadh an t-saighead o d' mheoir.
Bhiodh ceir ris, &c.

'Nuair a leigte bho d' laimh i,
Cha bhiodh oirleach gun bhathadh,
Eadar corran a gainne 's an smeoirn.
'Nuair a leigte, &c.

'Nam dhut tighinn gu d' bhaile,
'S tu bu tighearnail gabhail,
Nuair shuidheadh gach earaid mu d' bhord.
'Nam dhut tighinn, &c.

Bha thu measail aig naislean,
'S cha robh beagan mar chruathas ort,
Sud an cleachdadh a fhuair thu t-aois oig.
Bha thu measail, &c.

Gu 'm biodh farum air thailleasg,
Agus fuaime air a chlarsaich,
Mar a bhuineadh do shar mhac Mhic-Leoid.
Gu 'm biodh farum, &c.

Gur h-e b' eachdraidh 'na dheigh sin,
Greis air uirsgul na Feinne,
'S air cuideachda cheir-ghil nan croe.
Gur h-e b' eachdraidh, &c.

CUMHA DO MHAC-LEOID.

Gur e naidheachd so fhuair mi,
A dh-fhudaich mo chiall uam,
Mar nach bitheadh iagam,
'S nach fhaca mi rianh i;
Gur e Abhall an lis so,
Tha mise ga iargann;
E gun abuchadh meas air,
Ach air briseadh fo chlad bharr.

Gur e sgeula na creiche,
Tha mi nise ga ciseachd,
Gach aon chneadh mar thig oirn',
Dol an tricead, san deinead,
Na chunnaic, 's na chualas,
'S na fhuaradh o'n cheud la,
Creach mid an t-scobhaic,
Air a sgatha ri aon uair.

Ach a Chlann an fhir allail,
Bu neo mhalartaich' beusan,
Ann an Lunnuinn, 's am Paris,
Thug sibh barr air na ceudan,
Chaidh n-ur eliu tharais
Thar talamh na h-Eiphit,
Cheann uidhe luchd calaidh,
'S a leannan na feileachd.

Ach a fhriamhaich nan euraidh,
'S a chuilin nan leoghan,
A's ogha an da sheanar,
Bu chaithreamaich' loistean;
C'ait' an robh e ri fhaotuin
Air an taobhs' an Roinn-Eorpa,
Cha b' fhurraidh ri fhaighinn
Anns gach rathad, bu doigh dhuibh.

Ach a Ruairidh mhic Iain,
'S goirt leam fhaighinn an sgeul-s' ort,
'S e mo chreach-sa mac t-athar,
Bhi na laidhe gun eiridh,

Agus Tormod a mhac-sa,
A thasgaidh mo cheille!
Gur e aobhar mo ghearain,
Gu'n chailleadh le cheil' iad.

Nach mor an sgeul sgriobhaidh,
S nach ionghnadh leibh fein e,
Duilleach na craoibhe,
Nach do sgaoileadh an meanglan,
An robh cliu, agus onair.
Agus molaibh air deagh-bheairt,
Gu daonachdach, carthannach,
Beannachdach, ceutach.

Ge goirt leam an nallheachd,
Tha mi faighinn air Ruairidh,
Gun do chorp a bhi 'san Duthaich,
Anns an tuama bu dual dut;
Sgeul eile nach fasadh,
Tha mi claitinn san uair so,
Ged nach toir mi dha eircideas,
Gur beag orm ri luaidh e.

Gur ro bhac a shaoil mi,
Ri mo shaoghal gu'n eis linn,
Gu cluinneamaid Leodaich,
Bhi ga'm fogradh o'n oighreachd,
'S a'n coraichean glana,
'S a'm fearann gun deigh air
'S ar rauntanah farsuinn,
Na'n rach-te 'n am feum sud.

Gu'n eireadh na t-aobhar
Clann-Raonuill, 's Clann-Domhnuill,
Agus taigh Mhic 'Illeain,
Bha daingheann 'n-ur scorsa,
Agus fir Ghlinne-Garaidh,
Nall tharais a Cnoideart,
Mar sud, a's Clann Chama-Shroin,
O champ Iubhir-Lochaidh.

'S beag an t-ionghnadh Clann-Choinnich,
Dheanadh eiridh ri d' ghuailean,
'S gu'n robh thu na'm fineachd,
Air t-fhilleadh tri uairean,
'S e mo chreach gu'n do Chinnadh
Bhi na chruinneachadh t-uaghach,
No glaoth do mhna muinntir,
'S nach cluinntear, 's an uairs' i.

Tha mo cheist air an oighre,
Th'a stoidhle 's na h-Earadh,
Ged nach deach' thu san tuam' ud,
Far bo dual dut o d' sheanair.
Gur iomadh fuil uaibhreach,
A dh-fhuairich ad bhallaibh,
De shloinneadh nan righrean,
Leis na chiosaicheadh Manainn.

'S e mo ghaols' an sliochd foirmeil,
Bh'air sliochd Ollaghair, a's Ochraidh,
O bhaile na Boirbh,
'S ann a stoidhleadh thu'n toiseach;
Gur ioma fuil mhorgha,

Bha reota sa chorp ud,
De shliochd armunn Chinntire,
Iarl' Il', agus Rois thu.

Mhic Iain Stiubhairt* na h-Apunn,
Ged a's gasd' an duin' og thu,
Ged tha Stiubhartaich beachdail,
Iad tapaidh 'n am fairneart,
Na ghabhsa meanmadh, no aiteas,
A's an staid ud, nach coir dhut,
Cha toir thu i dhaindeoin,
'S cha'n fhaigh thu le deoin i.

C'uim' an tigeadh fear coigreach
A thagradh ur'n Oighreachd;
Ged nach eil e ro dhearbhta,
Gur searbh e ri cisdeachd,
Ged tha sinn' air ar creachadh
Mu chloinn mhac an fhir fheilidh,
Sliochd Ruairidh mhoir allail,
'S gur airidh iad fein oir.

* Stewart of Appin was married to a daughter of Mac-Leod of Dunvegan, which made the Mac-Leods afraid that he should claim a right to the estate, on account of Mac-Leod having left no male heir.

MARBH-RANN

DO DH-FHEAR NA COMRAICH.

Tha mise air leaghadh le bron,
O'n la dh-eug thu 's nach beo,
Mu m' fhuaran faighidneach, coir,
Uasal, aighearach, og,
'S uaisle shuidhe mu bhord,
Mo chreach t-fhaiginn gu'n treoir ciridh.

'S tu'n laoch gun laigse, gun leon,
Macan min-geal gun sgleo,
B' fhearrail, finealt an t-og,
De shliochd nam fear mor,
D'a bu dual a bhi coir,
'S gu'm b'fhiu faiteal do bheoil cisdeachd

S' tu chlan na h-ircinn a b'fhearr,
Glan an riamh as an d'fhas,
Cairdeas righ as gach ball,
Bha sud sgriobt' leat am bainn,
Fo laimh duine gun mheang,
Ach thu lion-te de dh-ardan euchdach.

A ruairidh aigeantaich aird,
O Chomraich ghreadhnaich an aidh,
Mhic an fhir bu mhor gair,
Nan lann guineach, cruaidh, garg,
Ort cha d'fhuaradh riamh cearb,
Iar-ogha Uilleadh nan long breid-gheal.

Fhuair mi m' ailleagan ur,
'S e gun smal air gun smur,
Bu bhreac min dearg do ghnuis,

Bu ghorm laoghach do'shuil,
Bu ghlan sliasaid, a's glun,
Bu deas, daighean, a lub ghleust thu.

A lub abhoil nam buadh,
'S maing a tharladh ort uair,
Mu ghlaic Fhionnlaidh so shuas,
Air each crodhanta luath,
Namhaid romhad na ruaig,
Air dhaibh buille cha b'uair cis e.

Ach fhir a's curranta lamh,
Thug gach duine gu cradh,
'S truagh nach d'fhuirich thu slan,
Ri uair eumaisg no blair,
A thoirt eis d'heith do namh,
Bu leat urram an la cheudaich.

Bu tu'n sgoileir gun diobradh,
Mcoir a's grinne ni sgriobhadh,
Uasal faighidneach, cinnteach,
Bu leat lagh an taigh sgriobhaidh,
'S tu nach muchadh an fhirinn,
Sgeul mo chreiche! so shil do chreuchdan.

Stad air m'aighear an de
Dh'fhalbh mo mharcanta fein,
Chuir mi'n ciste nan teud,
Dhiult an gobha dhomh gleus,
Dhiult sud m'f' s gach leighe
'S chaidh m'onair, 's mo righ dh'eug thu.

Thuit a chraobh thun a bhlair,
Rois an graine gu lar,
Lot thu 'n cinneadh a's chradh,
Air an robh thu mar bharr,
Ga'n dionadh gach la,
'S mo chreach! bhuinig am bas treun ort.

'N am suidhe na d' sheomar,
Chaidh do bhuidhean an ordugh,
Cha b'ann mu aighear do phosaidh,
Le nighean Iarla Chlann-Domhnuill,
As do dheigh mar bu choir dh'i,
'S ann chaidh do thasgaidh san t-srol ghle-
gheal.

Ach gur mis' tha bochd truagh,
Fiamh a ghul air mo ghruaidh,
'S goirt an gradan a fhuair,
Marcach deas nan each luath,
Sar Cheannard air sluagh,
Mo chreach, t-fhagail ri uair m'fheime.

Ach fhuair mi m'ailleagan og,
Mar nach b'abhaist gun cheol,
Saoir ri caradh do bhord,
Mnai ri spionadh an fheoir,
Fir gun tailig, gun cheol,
Gur bochd fulang mo sgoil eisdeachd.

'Nuair a thionail an sluagh,
'S ann bha'n tioma-sgaradh cruaidh,
Mur ghair sheillean am bruaich,

An deigh na meala thoirt uath,
'S ann bha'n t-eireadh bochd truagh,
'S iad ma cheannas an t-sluaigh threubhaich.

MARBHRANN DO DH' IAIN GARBH

MAC'ILLECHALUM RARSAIDH.*

Mo bheud, 's mo chradh,
Mar dh'eirich dha
'N fhear ghleusda, ghraidh,
Bha trenn san spairn,
'S nach faiccar gu brath thu' n Rarsa.

Bu tu 'm fear curanta, mor,
Bu mhath cumadh, a's treoir,
O t' uilean gu d' dhorn,
O d' mhullach gu d' bhroig,
Mhic Muire mo leon,
Thu bhi 'n innis nan ron,
'S nach faighear thu.

'S math lubadh tu pic
O chul thaobh do chinn,
'Nam ruscadh a ghill,
Le ionnsaidh nach pill,
'S air mo laimh gu'm bu cinnteach saighhead
uat.

Bu tu sealgair a gheoidh,
Lamh gun dearmad, gun leon,
Air 'm bu shuarach an t-or
Thoirt a bhuanachd a cheoil,
'S gu'n d'fhuair thu na 's leoir,
'S na chaitheadh tu.

Bu tu sealgair an fheidh,
Leis an deargta na bein;
Bhiodh coin carbsach air eill
Aig an Albanach threun;
C'ait' am faea mi fein
Aon duine fo 'n ghrein,
A dheanadh riut cueth flathasach.

Spealp nach dibreadh,
An eath, nan stri thu,
Casan direach, fad' fincealt,
Mo chreach dhiobhail
Chaidh thu dhith oirn, le neart sine,
Lamh nach dibreadh caitheadh orr'.

'S e dh-fhag silteach mo shuil,
Faicinn t' fhearainn gun surd,
'S do bhaile gun smuid
Fo charraig nan sugh,
Dheagh mhic Chalum nan tur a Rarsa.

Och! m' fheudail bhuam,
Gun sgeul sa' chuan,
Bu ghic mhath snuadh,

* This celebrated hero was drowned while on a voyage between Stornoway and Raasa.

Ri grein, 's ri fuachd,
'S e chlaoidh do shluagh,
Nach d'fhead thu 'n uair a ghabhail orr'.

Mo bhead, 's mo bhron,
Mar dh' eirich dho
Muir beucach, mor,
Ag leum mu d' bhord,
Thu fein, 's do sheoid
'Nuair reub 'nr seoil,
Nach d'fhoad sibh treoir
A chaitheadh orr.

'S e an sgeul' craiteach
Do'n mhnai a d'fhag thu,
'S do t-aon bhrathair,
A shuidh na t'aite,
Diluain Caisge,
Chaidh tonn bait ort.
Craobh a b' aird' de 'n abhal thu.

CHUMHA MHIC-LEOID.

Cha surd cadail,
An runs air m'aigneachd,
Mo shuil frasach,
Gun surd macnais,
'S a' chuir a chleachd mi :—
Sgeul ur ait ri eisdeachd.

'S trom an cudthrom so dhruiddh,
Dh-fhag mo chusleir gun lugh,
'S tric snigh' mo shuil:
A tuiteam gu dlu;
Chail mi inchair mo chuil:
Ann a cuideachd luchd-ciuil,
Cha teid mi.

Mo neart 's mo threoir,
Fo thasgaidh bhord,
Sar mhae 'Ic-Leoid,
Nan bratach sroil,
Bu phailt' ma'n or,
Bu bhinn-caismeachd sgeoil;
Aig luchd-astair
A's ceoil na h-Eireann.

Co neach ga'n eol,
Fear t-fhasain beo,
Am blaslachd beoil,
'S am maise neoil,
An gaisge glois,
Au ceart san coir;
Gun airceas na sgleo feile.

Dh-fhalbh mo solas,
Marbh mo Leodach,
Calama, crodha,
Meanamnach ro-ghlic,
Dhearbh mo sgeoil-sa,
Seanachas colais;
Gun chearb foghlum,
Dealbhach ro-ghlan t-cagaisg.

An treas la de'n Mhairt,
Dh' fhalbh m'aighear gu brath,
Bi sud saighead mo chraidh,
Bhi 'g amharc do bhais,
A ghnais fhlatasach ailt;
A dheag mhic rathail,
Au armuinn euchdaich.

Mae Ruairidh reachd-mhoir,
Uaibhreich, bheachdail,
Bu bhuaidh leatsa,
Dualchas farsuinn,
Snuadh-ghlaine pearsa;
Cruadail 's smachd gun cucoir.

'Uaill a's aiteis,
'S an bhuat gu faighte,
Ri uair ceartais,
Fuasgladh facail;
Gun ghruam gu lasan;
Gu suairce, snaiste, reusant.

Fo bhuird na ciste,
Chaidh grunn a ghliocais,
Fear fiughant, miscal,
Cuilmeach, gibteil,
An robh clin gun bhriseadh;
Chaidh uir fo lie air m' eudail.

Gnuis na glainne,
Chuireadh sunnd air fearaibh,
Air each cruidheach ceann-ard,
'S lann ur than ort,
Am beart dhlù dhainghinn:
Air eull nan clann-fhalt teud-bhuidh.

'Siomadh fear aineoil,
Is aoidh 's leachd eallaidh,
Bheir turnais tamul,
Air cruin a mhalairt,
Air iuil 's air ainne,
Bu chluith gun aithreis bhreug e.

B tu 'n sith-thamh charid,
Ri' am tigh'n gu bail,
Ol dion aig fearabh,
Gun stri gun charraid,
'S bu mhiam leat mar ruit,
Luchd inns' air anuas sgeula.

Bu tric aoidh chairdean,
Gu d' dhun adhmhor,
Suilbhear, fuiltach,
Cuilm-mhor statoil,
Gun bhuirb gun ardan:
Gun diultadh air mal dheireach.

Thu shliochd Ollaghair
Bha mor morma,
Nan seol corra-bheann,
'S nan corn gorm-ghlas,
Nan ceol orghan
'S nan seod bu bhorb ri eiginn;

Bha leath do shloinnidh,
Ri siol Cholla,
Nan eise tromadh,
'S nam pios soilleir,
Bho choig-amh Coinncach,
Bu lion-mhor do luingeas breid-ghcal.

'S iomadh gair dalta,
'S mnai bhas-bhuailt,
Ri la tasgaidh,
Cha 'n fhath aiteis,
Do 'd chairdinn t-fhaicinn
Fo chlar glaisde,
Mu thruaidh! chreach an t-eug sinn.

Inghinn Sheumais nan crun,
Bean cheilidh ghlan ur,
Thug i ceud ghradh ga run,
Bu mhor a' h-aobhar ri sunnd,
Nuair a shealladh i'n ghnais a ceile.

Si fhras nach ciuin,
A thainig as ur,
A shrac air siuil,
Sa bhris ar stiuir,
'S ar cairt mhath iuil,
S ar taice cuil;
'S air caidridh ciuil,
Bhiodh againn 'na d' thur eibhinn.

'S mor an iunndrain tha bhuainn,
Air a dunadh 's an uaigh,
Air cuinneadh 's ar buaidh!
Air curam 's ar 'n uaill;
'S ar sugradh gun ghruaim
'S fad air chuimhne
Na fhuair mi fein deth.

LUINNEAG MHIC-LEOID.

'S mi 'm shuidh' air an talaich',
Fo mhulad 's fo ime-cheist;
'S mi coimhead air Ile,
'S ann de'm ionghnadh san am so.
Bha mi uair nach do shaoil mi,
Gus 'n do chaochail air m' aimsir;
Gu'n tiginn an taobh so,
A dh' amharc Iuraidh a's Sgarbaidh.

*I h-urabh o, i h-oiriunn o,
I h-urabh o, i h-oiriunn o,
I h-urabh o, h-ogaidh ho-ro,
H-i-ri-ri rithibh h-o-i ag o.*

Gun tiginn an taobh so,
A dh' amharc Iuraidh, a's Sgarbaidh:
Beir mo shoraidh do'n duthaich,
Tha fo dhubhar nan garbh-bheann.
Gu Sir Tormod ur, allail,
Fhuair ceannas air armait;
'S gun caint' ann 's gach fearann,
Gum b' airidh fear t-ainm air.
I h-urabh o, &c.

Gun caint' ann 's gach fearann,
Gum b' airidh fear t-ainm air:
Fear do cheille, 's do ghliocais,
Do mhisnich, 's do mheanmainn.
Do chruadail, 's do ghaigse,
Do dhreach, 's do dhealbha;
Agus t-olachd as t-uaisle,
Cha bu shuarach ri leanmhuinn.
I h-urabh o, &c.

Agus t-olachd, as t-uaisle,
Cha bu shuarach ri leanmhuinn;
Dh-fhuil dircach righ Lochluinn;
B' e sid toiseach do sheanachais.
Tha do chairdcas so-iarraidh,
Ris gach Iarla tha 'n Albuinn;
'S ri uaislean na h-Eireann,
Cha breug, ach sgeul dearbt' e.
I h-urabh o, &c.

'S ri uaislean na h-Eireann,
Cha bhreug ach sgeul dearbht' e;
A mhic an fhir chliutich,
Bha gu fughantach ainmeil.
Thug barrachd an gliocas,
Air gach Ridir bha 'n Albuinn;
Ann an cogadh 's an sio'-chainnt,
'S ann an dioladh an airgeid.
I h-urabh o, &c.

Ann an cogadh 's an sio'-chainnt,
'S ann an dioladh an airgeid;
'S beag an t-ionghnadh do mhac-sa,
Blidh gu beachdail mor, meanmnach.
Blidh gu fughant', fial, farsuinn,
O'n a ghlachd sibh mar shealb e;
Clann Ruairidh nam bratach,
'S e mo chreach-sa na dh-fhalbh dhiu'.
I h-urabh o, &c.

Clann Ruairidh nam bratach,
'S e mo chreach-sa na dh-fhalbh dhiu';
Ach an aon fhear a dh fhuirich,
Nir chluinnean sgeul marbh ort.
Ach eudail de dh-fhearaibh;
Ge do ghabh mi bh'uat tearbadh;
Fhlar a chuirp 's glan cumadh,
Gun uireasaidh dealbha.
I h-urabh o, &c.

Fhlar a chuirp 's glan cumadh,
Gun uireasaidh dealbha;
Cridhe farsuinn, fial, fearail;
'S math thig geal agus dearg ort.
Suil ghorm 's glan sealladh,
Mar dhearcaig na talmhuinn;
Lamh ri gruidh ruiteach,
Mar mhucaig na feara-dhris.
I h-urabh o, &c.

Lamh ri gruidh ruiteach,
Mar mhucaig na feara-dhris,
Fo thagha na gruaige,
Cul dualach, nan cama-lub.
Gheibhte sid ann a t-fhurdaich,

An caradh air ealachuinn;
Miosair a's adhare,
Agus raogha gach armachd;
I h-urabh o, &c.

Miosair a's adhare,
Agus raogha gach armachd;
Agus lannainnean tana,
O'n ceannaibh gu 'm barra-dheis.
Gheibhte sid air gach slios dhin,
Isneach a's cairbinn;
Agus iubhair chruaidh, fhallain,
Le 'n tafaidin caiube.
I h-urabh o, &c.

Agus iubhair chruaigh, fhallain,
Le 'n tafaidin cainbe,
A's cuilbheirean caola,
Air an daoireid gu'n ceannaicht' iad.
Glac nan ceann liobhta,
Air chuir sios aun am balgaibh;
O iteach an fhir-eoin,
'S o shioda na Gaille-bheinn'.
I h-urabh o, &c.

O iteach an fhir-eoin,
'S o shioda na Gaille-bheinn';
Tha mo chion air a churaidh,
Mac Mhuire chuir sealbh air.
'S e bu mhiannach le m' leanabh,
Bhi 'm beannaibh nan sealga;
Gabhail aighear na fridhe,
'S a direadh nan garbh-ghlac.
I h-urabh o, &c.

Ghabhail aighear na frithe
'S a direadh nan garbh-ghlac;
A leigeil na'n cuilein,
'S a furan na'n seanna-chon.
'S e bu deireadh do'n fhurán ud,
Fuil thoirt air chalgaidh,
O luchd nan ceir geala;
S nam falluinncean dearga.
I h-urabh o, &c.

O luchd nan ceir geala,
'S nam falluinncean dearga,
Le d' eomhlain dhaoín' uaisle,
Rachadh cruaidh air an armaibh.
Luchd aithneachadh latha,
'S a chaitheamh na fairge,
'S a b'urainn ga seoladh,
Gu seol-ait' au tarruinn'te' i.
I h-urabh o, &c.

AN CRONAN.

An naigheachd so 'n de
Aighearach i,
Moladh do 'n leigh,
Thug mailcart d'an cheil
Nis teanuaidh mi fein ri cronan,
Nis teannaigh, &c.

Beannachd do 'n bheul,
Dh-aithris an sgeul
Cha ghearain mi fein
Na chailleadh 's na dh-eug
'S mo leanabh na dheidh comh-shlan
'S mo leanabh, &c.

Nam biodh agamsa fion
Gum b'ait leam a dhiol,
Air slainnt do thighinn,
Gud chairdean 's gud thir,
Mhic armuinn mo ghaoil,
Be m' ardan 's mo phris,
Alach mo righ thogbhail
Alach mo righ, &c.

'S fath mire dhuinn fein,
'S do'n chinneadh gu leir,
Do philleadh ou eug,
'S milis an sgeul,
'S binne no gleus orgain,
'S binne no gleus, &c.

'S e m' aiteas gu dearbh,
Gu'n glacair grad shealbh,
An caisteal nan arm
Leis a mhacan da'n ainm Tormod,
Leis a mhacan, &c.

Tha mo dhuils' ann an Dia,
Gnir muirneach do thrial,
Gu Dun ud nan cliar,
Far bu duthchas do 'm thriath,
Bhiodh gu fughantach fiail foirmeil,
Bhiodh gu fugeantach fiail, &c.

Gu Dun turaideach ard,
Be sud innis nam bard,
'S nam filidh ri dan,
Far bu mhinig an tamh,
Cha b'ionad gu'n bhlas daibh sud,
Cha b'ionad gu'n bhlathas, &c.

Gu aros nach crion
Am bidh garaich nam piob
'S nan clarsach a ris
Le dearsadh nam pios
A' cuir saradh am fion
'S ga leigeadh an gnìomh or-cheaird,
'S ga leigeadh an gnòomh, &c.

Buaghach am mac,
Uasal an t-slat,
Dha'n dual a bhi ceart,
Cruadalach pailt,
Duais-mhor am beachd
Ruaineach an neart Leodach
Ruaincach an neart, &c.

Fiuran a chluain,
Duisg san deagh uair,
'S du dhut dol suas,
'N cliu 's ann am buaidh,
'S duthas do'm luaidh,

Bhidd gu fuighantach suaire ceol-bhinn,
Bhidd gu fuighantach suaire, &c.

Fasan bu dual,
Fantalach buan,
Socrach ri tuath,
Cosgail ri cuairt,
Cosunta cruaidh,
A'm brosnachadh sluaidh,
A mosgladh an uair foirneart.
A mosgladh an uair, &c.

Leansa 's na treig,
Cleachdadh a's beus,
T-aiteam gu leir,
Macanta seinh,
Pailt ri luchd theud,
Gaisgeil am feum,
Neart-mhor an deigh toireachd
Neart-mhor an deigh, &c.

Siochd Ollaghair nan lann,
Thogadh sroiltean ri crann,
'Nuair a thoisich iad ann,
Cha bu lionsgaradh gann,
Fir a b' fhirinneach bann,
Priseil an dream,
Rioghail gun chall corach.
Rioghail gun chall, &c.

Tog colg ort a ghaol,
Bi ro-chalma 's gu'm faod,
Gur dearbhta dhut laoi ch,
Dheth na chinneadh nach faoin,
Thig ort as gach taobh gad chonadh,
Thig ort as gach taobh, &c.

Uasal an treud,
Deas, cruadalach, treun,
Tha'n dual'chas dhut fein,
Theid ma d' ghuailibh ri t-fheum,
De shliochd Ruairi mhoir fheil,
Cuir sa suas a Mhic Dhe an t-og Righ,
Cuir sa suas a, &c.

Tha na Gaeil gu leir,
Cho cairdeach dhut fein,
'S gur feaird thu gu t-fheum,
Sir Domhnall a Sleibht,
Ceannuaird nan ceud,
Ceannsgalach treun ro ghlic,
Ceannsgalach treun, &c.

'S math mo bhairil 's mo bheachd,
Air na fiurain as leat,
Gu curanntach ceart,
'S ann de bharrachd do neart,

Mac-'Ic-Ailein 's a mhac
Thig le farum am feachd,
Gud charaid a chasg t-fhoirneart.
Gud charaid a chasg t-fhoirneart, &c.

A Gleann Garadh a nuas,
Thig am barantas sluaidh,
Nach mealladh ort uair,
Cha bu churantas fuar
Na fir sin bho chluain Chnoideirt.
Na fir sin bho chluain, &c.

'S leat Mac-Shimidh on Aird,
'S Mac Choinnich Chinntail,
Theid 'nad t-iomairt gun dail,
Le h-ìomadaidh graidh,
Cha b'ìonghantach dhaibh,
'S gur lionmhor do phairt dhaibh sin.
'S gur lionmhor do phairt, &c.

'S goirt an naigheachd 's gur cruaidh,
Mac 'Illean bhi bhuainn,
Gun a thaigheadeas suas.
Bha do cheanghal ris buan,
T-ursainn-chatha ri uair deuchainn.
T-ursainn-chatha ri uair, &c.

B'iomadh gasan gun chealg,
Bu deas faicinn fo arm,
Bheireadh ceartachadh garbh,
Is iad a chlaistinn ort fearg,
Eadar Bracadal thall as Brolas.
Eadar Bracadal, &c.

Tha mi 'g acan mo chall,
Iad a thachairt gun cheann,
Fo chasan nan Gall,
Gun do phearsa bhi ann,
Mo chruaidh-chas nach gann,
Thu bhi anns an Fhraing air fogradh.
Thu bhi, &c.

A Chroisd cinnich thu fein,
An spiunnadh 's an ceill,
Gu cinneadail treun,
'N ionad na dh' eug,
A Mhic an fhir naeh d' fhuair beum,
'S a ghineadh o'n chre ro-ghlan.
'S a ghineadh o'n chre, &c.

A Righ nan gras,
Bidh fein mar gheard,
Air feum mo ghraidh,
Dean oighne slan
Do'n Teaghlaich aigh,
Da'n robh caoinhneas air bharr solais.
Da'n robh caoinhneas air bharr, &c.

IAIN LOM;

OR

JOHN MACDONALD, THE LOCHABER POET.

THIS celebrated individual, a poet of great merit, as well as a famous politician, was commonly called *Iain Lom*, literally, *bare John*; but so named from his acuteness, and severity on some occasions.* He was sometimes called *Iain Mann-tach*, from an impediment in his speech. He was of the Keppoch family; lived in the reigns of Charles I. and II., and died at a very advanced age about the year 1710.

We know little of the early education of the Lochaber bard. Of him it might be said, "*poeta nascitur non fit*;" but from his descent from the great family, *Clann-Raonaill na Ceapach*, a sept of the M'Donalds, he must have seen and known more of the men and manners of those times than ordinary. His powers and talents soon rendered him a distinguished person in his native country; and subsequent events made him of importance, not only there, but likewise in the kingdom.

The first occurrence that made him known beyond the limits of Lochaber, was the active part he took in punishing the murderers of the heir of Keppoch: the massacre was perpetrated by the cousins of the young man, about the year 1633. The poet had the penetration to have foreseen what had really happened, and had done all he could to prevent it. He perceived that the minds of the people were alienated from the lawful heir in his absence: he and his brother being sent abroad to receive their education during their minority, and their affairs being intrusted to their cousins, who made the best use they could of the opportunity in establishing themselves by the power and authority thus acquired in the land. Although he could not have prevented the fatal deed, he was not a silent witness. He stood single handed in defence of the right. As he failed in his attempt to awaken the people to a sense of their duty, he addressed himself to the most potent neighbour and chieftain Glengarry, who declined interfering with the affairs of a celebrated branch of the great *Clann-Dughail*; and there was no other that could have aided him with any prospect of success. Thus situated, our poet, firm in his resolution, and bold in the midst of danger, was determined to have the murderers punished. In his ire at the reception he met from Glengarry, he invoked his muse, and began to praise Sir Alexander M'Donald.

Nothing can give us a better idea of the power of the Highland clans, and of the state of the nation at this period, than this event, which happened in a family, and among a people, by no means inconsiderable. M'Donald of Keppoch could bring out, on emergency, three hundred fighting men of his own people; as brave and as faithful as ever a chieftain called out or led to battle, that would have shed the last

* Some say he was called *Iain Lom* because he was bare in the face, and never had any beard.

drop of their blood in his cause, and yet he had not an inch of land to bestow upon them. The M'Donald of Keppoch always appeared at the head of his own men, although only a branch of the great clan. He might have got rights, as he had just claims to land for signal services; but "would he care for titles given on sheep skin?"* he claimed his rights and titles by the edge of the sword!"

The kingdom of Scotland, as well as other nations, often suffered from the calamities that have been consequent on minorities. The affairs of Keppoch must have been in the most disordered state, when a people, warlike and independent in spirit, were trusted to the care, and left under the control of relations—selfish, and, as they proved, unworthy of their trust. The innocent, unsuspecting young men were sacrificed to the ambitious usurpation of base and cruel relatives. Our poet alone proved faithful; and, after doing what he could, it was not safe for him to rest there. The cause he espoused was honourable; and he was never wanting in zeal. Confiding in the justice of his cause, and his own powers of persuasion, (and no man better knew how to touch the spring that vibrated through the feelings of a high-spirited and disinterested chieftain,) he succeeded. Being favourably received by Sir Alexander M'Donald, he concerted measures for punishing the murderers, which met his lordship's approval, and indicated the judgment and sagacity of the faithful clansman.

A person was sent to North Uist with a message to Arehibald M'Donald (*An Ciaran Mabach*,) a poet as well as a soldier, commissioning him to take a company of chosen men to the mainland, where he would meet with the Lochaber bard, who would guide and instruct him in his future proceedings.

The usurpers were seized and beheaded. They met with the punishment they so richly deserved; but the vengeance was taken in the most cruel manner; and the exultation and feelings of the man who acted so boldly, and stood so firmly in the defence of the right, have been too ostentatiously indulged, in verses from which humanity recoils. How different from his melting strains, so full of sympathy and compassion for the innocent young men whose death he avenged!

The atrocious deed has been palpably commemorated, in a manner repugnant to humanity, by "*Tobar nan Ceann*."

Sometime thereafter the poet and Glengarry were reconciled. The chief well knew the influence of the "man of song" in the country, and had more policy than to despise one so skilled in the politics of the times—who made himself of more than ordinary consequence by the favour shown him by Sir Alexander M'Donald. No one of his rank could command greater deference. There might have been found votaries of the muses that poured out sweeter strains, but he was second to none in energy and pathos, in adapting his art to the object in view, and in producing the desired effect. He was born for the very age in which he lived. To the side he espoused he faithfully stood, and exerted all the energies of his mighty mind in behalf of the cause which he adopted. We shall not say that he was always in the right: in the one already related, he undoubtedly was; in a subsequent and

* Alluding to vellum.

greater cause he made one of a party. A poet is often led away by feeling, by passion and prejudice, when not left to cool reflection, or to the exercise of a better judgment. But *Iain Lom* entered on his enterprise with heart and zeal. A wider scene of action opened to his view. Usurpation, family feuds, and intestine troubles, gave way to civil war; and the vigilant seer became an active agent in the wars of Montrose.

One trait in the character of our poet, though not common, yet is not singular, and may be worthy of a remark or two. He was no soldier, and yet would set every two by the ears. Men of influence in the country, as well as chieftains at a distance, knew this, and dreaded him. An instance will put this in clear light. In the active scenes of those intestine troubles, a great politician and a famous bard was a person not to be neglected. He became an useful agent to his friends, and he received a yearly pension from Charles II. as his bard.

The Lochaber poet was the means of bringing the armies of Montrose and the Argyshire men together, at Inverlochay, where the bloody battle that ensued proved so fatal to so many brave men, the heads of families of the Campbell clan.

It will be unnecessary to follow here a history so well known. The Argyshire men, on learning the intentions of their enemies to make a second descent on their country, marched north in order to divert their course, and save Argyshire from another devastation. John M'Donald's eyes were open to all that was passing. He hastened to the army of Montrose with the intelligence that the Campbells were in Lochaber. Mr. Alexander M'Donald, (better known by his patronimic, *Alasdair Mac Cholla*,) who commanded the Irish auxiliaries, took John as guide, and went in search of the Campbells. He, after search was made, and finding no trace of them, began to suspect the informer of some sinister motive; and declared, "if he deceived him, he would hang him on the first tree he met." "Unless," answered the poet, who was well informed of the fact, "you shall find the Campbells all here, for certainly they are in the country, before this time to-morrow, you may do so." The enemy at length appeared, and they prepared to give them battle. "Make ready, John," says the commander to the poet, "you shall march along with me to the fight." The poet, as has been asserted of the greatest of orators, was a coward; yet he too well knew his man to have altogether declined the honour he offered him; for Mr. Alexander was not the man to be refused. The other was at his wits end. A thought arose quicker than speech; and it was fortunate for him. "If I go along with thee to-day," said the bard, "and fall in battle, who will sing thy praises to-morrow? Go thou, Alasdair, and exert thyself as usual, and I shall sing thy feats, and celebrate thy prowess in martial strains." "Thou art in the right, John," replied the other; and left him in a safe place to witness the engagement.

From the castle of Inverlochay, the poet had a full view of the battle, of which he gives a graphic description. The poem is entitled *The Battle of Inverlochay*. The natives repeat these heroic verses, as most familiar and recent ones. So true, natural, and home-brought is the picture, that all that had happened, seem to be passing before their eyes. The spirit of poetry, the language, and boldness of expression, have seldom been equalled, perhaps never surpassed; yet, at this distance of time, these martial strains are rehearsed with different and opposite feelings.

The changes which afterwards took place produced no change in the politics of our bard. He entered into all the turmoils of the times with his whole heart, and with a boldness which no danger could daunt, nor power swerve from what he considered his duty. He became a violent opposer of the union, and employed his muse against William and Mary. It mattered little to him of what rank or station his opponents were if they incurred his resentment. He treated his enemies with the same freedom and boldness whether on the throne, at the head of an army, or in the midst of a clan on whose fidelity the chief might always depend. But his friends who were of the party which he espoused were spared, while he made the nicest distinction between the shades and traits of character. How ingeniously he revenged himself on Glengarry in the praises bestowed on Sir Alexander M'Donald! Yet, would he suffer a hair of the head of any of his clan to be touched? No, truly.

But how severe was he against a neighbouring clan that was always in opposition to his own. The Campbells he always lashed with the sharpest stripes of satire. The marquess of Argyle, who, on the score of heroism might have shaken hands with himself, felt the influence of the satire and ridicule of the popular bard and politician so much, that he offered a considerable reward for his head. The conduct of M'Donald on this occasion, indicates well the manner in which the character of a bard was respected and held sacred.

The poet repaired to Inverary, went to the castle, and delivered himself to the marquess, demanding his reward. We have already given an instance of his cowardly spirit. No one would accuse him of rashness; for he proved his prudence, caution, and foresight, from the long experience and trials he had in troublesome times. It was, therefore, on the safety granted to the office of bardship that he depended. Nor did he trust too much. He was perfectly safe in the midst of his enemies; even in the very castle of their chief who offered a reward for his head. The marquess received him courteously, and brought him through the castle; and on entering a room hung round with the heads of black cocks, his Grace asked John:—“*Am fac thu riamh Iain, an uiread sin de choilich dhubha an aon aite?*”—“*Chunnaic,*” *ars Iain.* “*O’aite?*”—“*An Inbher-Lochaidh.*”—“*A! Iain, Iain, cha sguir thu gu brach de chagnadh nan cairmbeulach?*”—“*’Se ’s duilich leam,*” *ars Iain,* “*nach urradh mi ga slugadh.*” *i. e.* “Have you ever seen, John, so many black cocks together?” “Yes,” replied the undaunted bard. “Where?” demanded his Grace. “At Inverlochy,” returned the poet, alluding to the slaughter of the Campbells on that memorable day. “Ah! John,” added his Grace, “will you never cease gnawing the Campbells?” “I am sorry,” says the other, “that I could not swallow them.”

He was buried in Dun-aingal in the braes of Lochaber; and his grave was till of late pointed out to the curious by the natives. Another bard, Alexander M'Donald of Glencoe, composed an elegy to him when standing on his grave, beginning thus:—

“*Na shineadh an so fo na pluic,
Tha gaol an leoghainn’s fuath an tuire, &c.*”

Iain Lom composed as many poems as would form a considerable volume, the best of which are given in this work.

IAIN LOM.

MORT NA CEAPACH.

'S teare an dingh mo chuis ghaire,
Tigh'n na raidean so 'niar;
'G amharc fonn Inbher-laíre,
'N deigh a strachdadh le siol;
Tha Cheapach na fasaeh,
Gun aon aird oirre 's fiach;
'S leir ri fhaicinn a bhraithrean.
Gur trom a bharc oirnn an t-sion.

'S ann oirne thainig an diombuain,
'Sa 'n iomaguin gheur;
Mur tha claidheamh ar finne,
Cho minig n' ar deigh;
Paca Thureach gun sircadh,
Bhi a pinneadh ar cleibh;
Bhi n' ar breacain g' ar filleadh,
Measg ar cinne mor fein.

'S gearr o 'chomhairl' na h-aoine,
Dh' fhag a chaoidh sinn fo sprochd;
O am na feill-Micheil,
Ge b'e nith rinn mo lot;
Dh' fhag sud n' ar miol-mhuir sinn
'S na' r fuigheall spuir air gach port;
'Nuair theid gach cinneadh ri cheile,
Bidh sinne sgaoilte mu 'n ehnoc.

'S ann di-sathuirne gearr uainn,
Bhuail an t-earrachall orm spot;
'S mi caoidh nan corp geala,
Bha call na fala fo 'm brot;
Bha mo lamhansa croabhach,
'N deigh bhi taosgadh 'ur lot;
Se bhi ga 'r euir ann an ciste,
Turn as miste mi nochd.

B' iad mo ghraidh na cuirp churaidh,
Anns 'm bu dlu chur na'n sgian;
'S iad na 'n sineadh air urlar,
'N seomar ur ga 'n cur sìos;
Fo chasan shìol Dughaill
Luchd a spuilleadh na 'n cliabh;
Dh' fhagalach am biodag
Mur sgaile ruidil 'ur bian.

C' aite 'n robh e fo 'n adhair,
A sheall n'ur bhathais gu geur,
Nach tugadh dhuibh athadh,
A luchd 'ur labhairt 's 'nr bheus;
Mach o chlainn bhrathair n-athar,
Chaidh 'm bann an aibhisteir threin;
Ach mu rinn iad bhuir lotsa.
'S trom a rosad dhaibh fein.

Tha sibh 'n eadal thaigh dainte,
Gun smuid deth gun cheo;
Far 'n d' fhuair sibh 'n garbh dhusgadh,
Thaobh 'ur chuill a's 'ur beoil;
Ach na 'm faigheadh sibh nìne
O luchd ur mhi-ruin bhi beo;
Cha bu bhaile gun surd e,
Biodh air' air muirn 's air luchd-ceoil.

A leithid de mhort cha robh 'n Albuinn,
Ged bu bhorb iad na 'm beus;
'S bochd an sgeul eadar bhraithrean,
E dhol an lathair mhic Dhe;
Mur am bat air an linne,
Ge b'e shireadh na deigh;
Cha tain' a leithid do mhilleadh,
Air ceann-cinnidh fo 'n ghrein.

Tha mnlad air m' inntinn
Bhi 'g innseadh bhuir beus
'S ann a ghabh iad am fath oirbh
'N uair chuaidh 'ur fagail leibh fein
'Sa chnir sibh cungaidh 'ur casaibh,
Ann an Aros na 'n teud;
'S 'nr buachaillean bath-chruibh,
Ann an garadh nam peur.

'S ann an sin a bha 'n cinneadh,
Bh' air am milleadh o 'n ceill;
Chaidh a ghlacadh droch spioraid,
Ann an ionad fiamh Dhe;
Sin am fath mu 'n robh sginean,
Cho minig 'n 'nr deigh;
'S a 'neach nach do bhuailleadh,
Bhi ga bhuain anns a bhreig.

Acha Mhoir-fhear Chlann-Domhnuill
'S fad do chomhnuidh-measg Ghall,
Dh' fhag thu sinne n'ur breislich,
Nach do fhreasdail thu 'n t-am;
Nach do gleidh thu na h-itean,
Chaidh gun fhios d'ur air chall;
Tha sinn corrach as t-aogais,
Mur chlainn sgaoilte gun cheann.

Gur h-iom' oganach sgaiteach,
Lub bhachlach, sgiath chrom;
Eadar drochaid Allt Eire,
'S Rùgha Shleibhte nan toun;
A dheanadh leat ciridh
Mu 'm biodh do chrenchdan lan tholl;
'S a rachadh bras ann a t-cirig.
Dheagh Shìr Sheumais nan long.

Chuir Dia oirnn craobh shìo-chaint,
Bha da 'r dìonadh gu leoir;

Da 'm bu choir dhuinn bhi strìochdadh,
Fhad 'sa 'n cian bhìodhmaid beo;
Mas sinn fhein a chuir dith oirr',
B' olc an dioladh sin oirnn;
Tuitidh tuagh as na fhaithcas,
Leis an sgathar na meoir.

'N glan fhiuran so bh' againn,
'N taobh so fhlaithcas Mhic Dhe;
Thainig sgiursadh a bhais air,
Chail sinn thoirt le srachd geur;
'N t-aon fhiuran a b' aillidh,
Bh' ann 's phairce 'n bhois speis;
Mur gu 'n buaineadh sibh ailean,
Leis an fhaladair geur.

Tha lionn-dubh air mo bhualadh,
'N taobh tuathal mo chleibh;
'S mu mhaireas e buan ann,
B' fhearr leam uam e mur cheud:
Gar an teid mi g'a innseadh,
Tha mi cinnteach a' m' sgeul;
Luchd dheanadh na sìthne,
Bhi feadh na tire gun deigh.

A BHEAN LEASAICH.

AN STOP DHUIN.*

A bhean leasaich an stop dhuinn,
'S lion an cupa le solas,
Mas a brandai no beoir i, tha mi toileach a
h-ol

'N deochs' air Captain Chlann-Domhnuill,
'S air Sir Alasdair og thig on chaol.

'M fear nach duirig a h-ol
Gun tuit 'n t-shuil air a bhord as,
Tha mo dhurachd do'n oigear,
Crann curaidh Chlann-Domhnuill,
Rìgh nan dul bhi gad chonadh fhir chaoimh.

Greas mu 'n cuairt feagh 'n taigh i,
Chum gun gluaisinn le aighear,
Le sliochd uaibhreach an athar,
A choisin buaigh leis a chlaideimh,
Fior ga ruagadh 's ga 'n caithcamh gu daor.

Sliochd a ghabhail nan steud thu,
Dh' fhas gu flathasach feile,
Do shliochd gasda Chuinn cheutaich,
'S a bha taghaich an Eirinn,
Ged a fhuair an claidhe 's an teugoibh sgriob.

Bhìodh an t-iubhar ga lubadh,
Aig do fhleasgaichean ura,

* This song was composed on account of the laird of Glengarry refusing his aid in apprehending the Keppoch murderers; and in order to provoke the chief, the poet began by singing the praises of Sir Alexander M'Donald of Slate, and Sir James his son.

Dol a shiubhal nan stuc-bheann,
Ann 's an uighe gun churam,
Leis a bhuidheann ro 'n ruisgte na gill.

'S tha mo dhuil ann 's an Trianaid,
Ged thainig laigsinn air t-fhion fhuil,
Slat den chuilean bha ciatach,
Dh' fhas gu furanch fialaidh
Sheasadh duineil air bial-thaobh an rìgh.

'S an am dhut gluasad o 't-aitreamh,
Le d' cheol cluais' agus caismeachd,
O thir-uasal nan glas-charn,
Ga'n robh cruadal 's gaisge,
Gam bu shuaincas barr gaganach fraoich.

'Nuar a thairte fo luchd i,
Bhi tarraunn suas air a cupaill,
Bord a fuairidh 's ruidh chuiop air,
Snaim air fuathail a fhuich bluirid,
'Sruth mu guailibh 's i suchta le gaoith.

'S nuar a chairte fo seol i,
Le crainn ghasda 's le corcaich,
Ag iomart chleasan 's ga seoladh,
Aig a comhlan bu bhoiche,
Seal m'an togt' oirre ro-sheol o thir.

Gu Dun-Tuilm nam fear fallain,
Far an greadhnamh luchd calaidh,
Gabhail failte le caithream,
As na clarsaichean glana,
Do mhnai oig nan teud banala binn,

Sliochd nan cuiridhean talmhaidh,
Leis an do chuireadh cath garabhach.
Fhuair mi urrad gar seannachas,
Gun robh an turas ud ainmeil,
Gun ro taigh 's leath Alba fo'r cis.

'S ioma naeach a fhuair coir uaibh,
Ann sann am ud le'r goraich,
Ban diu Rothaich 's Rosaich,
Mac-Choinnich 's Diuc Gordon,
Mac-'Illeain o Drcolain 's Mac-Aoidh.

Bc do shuaicheantas taitneach,
Long, 's leoghan, 's bradan,
Air chuan liobhara an aigeil,
A chraobh fhigcis gun ghaiscadh,
A chuireadh fion di le pailteas,
Lamh dhearg ro na ghaisgeach nan tim.

Nuair bu sgith de luchd theud e,
Gheibhte Bioball ga leughadh,
Le fìor chreideamh a's ceille,
Mar a dh' orduich mac Dhe dhuibh,
S gheibhte teagasg na Cleir' uaibh le sìth.

Mhic Shir Seumas nam bratach,
O bhun Sleibhte nam bradan,
A ghlae an fheile 's a mhaire,

O cheann ceile do leapa,
Cun do reite air a casan,
Bi gu reusanta, macanta, min.

Slìochd na mìlidh 's nam fearabh,
Na srol 's nam pìos 's nan cup geala,
Thogadh sìoda ri crannaibh,
Nuair bu riogha! an tarrauin,
Bhiodh pìob rimhach nan meallan da seinn.

Gum bu slan 's gum a h-iomlan,
Gach ni tha mi g-iomradh,
Do theaghlach rìgh Fionghall,
Oighre dligheach Dhun-Tuilm thu
Olar deoch air do chuilm gun bhi sgi.

ORAN DO SHIOL DUGHAILL.*

'S trom 's gur eisleach m' aigne,
'N diugh gur feudar dhomh aideach',
O 'n a dh' eigh iad rium cabar 's mi corr.
'S trom 's gur, &c.

Mi ga m' fhogradh a Clachaig,
'S mi gun mhanus guu aitreabh,
'S uach h-e 'mal a ta fairtleachadh orm.
Mi ga m', &c.

Mi ga 'm fhogradh a m' dhutaich,
'S m' fhearann post' aig siol Dughail,
'S iad am barail gu 'n uraich iad coir.
Mi ga m', &c.

Mi ga m' fhogradh gun aobhar,
'S nach mi shalaich mo shaobhaidh,
Mur mhada-galla 'sa chaonuag m'a shroin.
Mi ga m', &c.

Mo ni a's m' earnais feadh monaidh,
'S mi mar ghearr eadar chonabh,
Gun chead tearnadh measg loinidh no feoir.
Mo ni a's, &c.

O nach d' fhas mi 'm fhear mort',
Gu bhi sathadh mo chuirce,
Mur bha na cairdean curta 's taigh mhor.
O Nach d' fhas, &c.

Fuil a taosgadh o lotan,
Dh-fhaoite thogail le copan,
Ruith na caochan ma bholtaibh am brog.
Fuil a taosgadh, &c.

A Ruadh ropach nam maodal,
Ged a ropadh tu caolain,
Cha n' e do chogadh a shaoil mi theachd orm.
A rugh ropach, &c.

* After the murder of Keppoch, the Poet was persecuted by the murderer; this song was composed on that occasion.

Cleas na binne nach maireann,
Bha 'n sgìre Cille-ma-cheallaig,*
'Nuair a dhìt iad an gearran 'sa mhod.
Cleas a bhinn, &c.

Lagh cho charr 'sa bha 'm Breatunn,
Rinn am mearlach a sheasamh,
Bhi ga thearnadh o leadairt nan cord.
Lagh cho, &c.

Cleas dan mnaoi a chruiteir,
Mun ghniomh narach rinn musag,
Thug i lamh air a phluicadh le dorn.
Cleas dana, &c.

A bhean choite gun obadh,
Bu choir a dochair a thogail,
Thilg i chlach anns an tobar 's i beo.
A bhean choite, &c.

'Nuair bha a bheisd air a buaireadh
Na cionuta fein's i lan uabhair,
Theid an eucoir an uachdar car seoil.
'Nuair bha, &c.

Faodar cadal gu seisdail,
Aig fadal Shìr Sheumais,
Leig an ladarnas deistneach ud leo.
Faodar, &c.

Ach na 'm faicinn do loingeas,
'S mi nach bristeadh a choinncamh,
Na 'm biodh coiseachd air chomas domh beo.
Ach na 'm, &c.

Mire shrutha r'a darach,
Ga cuir an uighcam gu h-aithghearr,
Crainne ghiubhais fo sparaibh a seoil.
Mirc shrutha, &c.

'Nuair a lagadh a ghaoth oirnn,
Bhiodh seol air pasgadh a h-aodaich,
'S buidheann ghasda mo ghaoil ri cuir bhod.
'Nuair a lagadh, &c.

Raimh mu 'n dunadh na basaibh,
'S iad a lubadh air bhacaibh,
Sud a chursachd o 'n atadh na leois.
Raimh, &c.

* Women were the judges in this case, and a thief who was brought before them for stealing a horse, was allowed to escape while the horse was condemned to be hanged. The occasion was this:—Some time before the present action was raised, the same culprit had stolen the same horse and was prosecuted; but had the good fortune to get off in consequence of its being his first offence. It seems, however, the horse had found the thief so much the better master that he soon after "stole himself" away and returned, for which, poor fellow he had to suffer the above reward. This story is often referred to among the Highlanders when *law* and *justice* are evidently different things, they say—"Cha tugadh an Cille-ma-cheallaig breath bu chlaoinne."

Buird ur air a totaibh,
'S i na deann thun na cloiche,
Muir dhu-ghorm a' sgolltadh m'a bord.
Buird ur air, &c.

AN CIARAN MABACH.

Ged' tha mi m' eun fograidh san tir-sa,
Air mo ruagadh as na crìochan,
Gloir do Dhia 's do dh' Iarla Shi-phort,*
Cha bhi sinn tuille fo 'r binne.

*O ro ro seinn, co nam b'aill leibh?
O ro ro seinn, co nam b'aill leibh?
Call abhar-inn o, calman-codhail:
Trom orach as o, co nam b'aill leibh?*

Sir Scumas nan tur 's nam baideal,
Gheibh luchd muirne cuirm a' t-aitreabh,
Ge do rinn thu 'n dual cadail,
'S eibhinn leam do dhugadh madainn'.

O ro ro sin, &c.

Slan fo d' thrial, a Chiarain mhabaich,
Shiubhladh sliabh gun bhiadh, gun chadal;
Fraoch fo d' shin' gun bhosd, gun bhagrach;
Chuir thu ceo fo 'n roiseal bhradach.

O ro ro sin, &c.

Rinn thu mhoch-eiridh Di-domhnaich,
Cha b' ann gu 'n aitreabh a chomhdach,
Thoir a mach nan cas-chann doite,
Chur sradag fo bhraclach na feola.

O ro ro sin, &c.

* "After the murder of the children of Kepoch *Iain Manntach*, the poet, had to flee for his life to Rosshire, where he got a place from Seaforth in Glensheal, where he and his family might reside till such time as the murderers could be apprehended, as Seaforth, at the poet's request, had petitioned government for carrying that point into effect. This happened in the time of Sir James M'Donald, sixteenth baron of Slate, anno 1663.

"The government finding it impracticable to bring those robbers to justice in a legal way, sent a most ample commission of fire and sword (as it was then called) to Sir James M'Donald, signed by the Duke of Hamilton, marquis of Montrose, earl of Eglinton, and other six of the Privy Council, with orders and full powers to pursue, apprehend, and bring in, dead or alive, all those lawless robbers, and their abettors.

"This, in a very short time, he effectually performed: some of them he put to death, and actually dispersed the rest to the satisfaction of the whole court, which contributed greatly to the civility of those parts.

"Immediately thereafter, by order of the ministry, he got a letter of thanks from the earl of Rothes, then Lord High Treasurer and Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland, full of acknowledgments for the singular service he had done the country, and assuring him that it should not pass unrewarded, with many other clauses much to Sir James' honour.

"This letter is dated the 15th day of December, 1665, and signed Rothes. Sir James died anno 1678."—*Extracted from an unpublished Historical MS. of the M'Donalds.*

Mhoire 's buidheach mis' a Dhia ort,
Cuid de 'n athchuing' bha mi 'g iarraidh,
'N grad spadadh le glas lannaibh liatha,
Tarruinn ghad air fad am fiacal.

O ro ro sin, &c.

Di-ciadainn a chaidh thu t-uidheam,
Le d' bhrataich aird 's do ghillean dubha,
Sgriob Ghilleaspuig Ruaidh a Uithist,
Bhuail e meall 'an ceann na h-uighe.

O ro ro sin, &c.

Cha d'iarr thu bata no long dharaich,
Ri am geamhraidh 'n tus na gaillinn,
Triubhas teann feadh bheann a's bhealach,
Coiseachd bhonn ge trom do mhealach.

O ro ro sin, &c.

Ach na'n cuireadh tu gach cuis gu aite,
Mu 'n sgaoil thu t-itean air saille,
'Nuair dh-eitich thu Inbher-laire,
B' fheird do mheas e measg nan Gael.

O ro ro sin, &c.

'S ann leam nach bu chruai' an ghaoir ud,
Bh-aig mnaibh galach nam falt sgaoilteach,
Bhi 'gan tarruinn mar bheul-snaoisein,
Sealg nam boc mu dhos na maoilseach.

O ro ro sin, &c.

'S mairg a rinn fhoghlum san droch-bheirt,
'N deigh am plaosgadh fhuair blur ploicneadh,
Claigneann 'g am faoisgneadh a copar,
Mar chinn laoigh 'an deigh am plotadh.

O ro ro sin, &c.

ORAN AIR CRUNADH.

RIGH TEAREACH II.

Mi 'n so air m' uilinn,
An ard ghleann munaidh,
'S mor fath mo shulas ri gaire.
Mi 'n so air, &c.

'S ge fad am thosd mi,
Ma 's e 's ole leibh,
Thig an sop a m' bhraghad.
'S ge fad, &c.

O 'n bha sheann's orinn a chluinntinn,
Ged bu teann a bha chuing orinn;
Gu 'n do thiondai' a chuibhle mar b'aill leinn.
O 'n bha, &c.

An ceum so air choiseachd,
Le m' bhata 's le m' phoca,
'Sa 'n lamh ga stopadh gu sar-mhath.
An ceum, &c.

Gur h-ole an nith dhuinn,
Bhi stad am prìosan,
'N am theachd an rìgh g'a aite.
Gur h-ole, &c.

Thug Dia dhuinn fartaichd,
As na cliabhan druidte,
'Nuair dh' iarr sinn iuchair a gharaidh.
Thug Dia dhuinn, &c.

'Sa Thearlaich oig Stiubhairt,
Ma chaidhe an crun ort,
Dia na fhear stiuiridh air t-fhardaich,
'Sa Thearlaich, &c.

Ma chaidh thu 'sa chathair,
Gun aon bhuille claidheimh,
'N ainm an athar 's an ard Rìgh.
Ma chuidh, &c.

'S thu thigh'n dhachaigh gu d' rioghachd
Mur a b' oil le d' luchd mi-ruin
'N coinneamh ri mìle ciad failte.
'S thu thigh'n, &c.

'S ioma *Subseig* mhor mhisgeach,
'S measa run dut na mise,
Tha cuir staigh am *petisean* an drasda,
'S ioma, &c.

Luchd nan torra-chaisteal liatha,
Air an stormadh le iarunn,
B' ole na lorgairean riamh ann do gheard iad.
Luchd na 'n, &c.

Cha b' fhas' an dusgadh a cadal,
Na madadh-ruadh chuir a bractaich,
'Nuair a fhuaradh thu lag, ach bhi t-aicheadh.
Cha b' fhas, &c.

Na mearlaich uile chuidh dh' aon-taobh,
Ghearr muineal Mhoir-fhear Hunnaidh,
'S math choisinn le bunndaisd am paigheadh.
Na mearlaich, &c.

Leam is cibhinn mur thachair,
Mur dh' eirich do 'n bhraich ud,
Bha gach ceann d' i na bachlagan bana.
Leam is, &c.

Cha robh uidhir nan cairtean,
Nach robh tionnda' mi-cheart orr',
Bha mo shuilean ga m faicinn an trath ud.
Cha robh, &c.

'S ole an leasan diciadain,
Mur a furtaich thu Dhia air,
A ta feitheamh an Iarla neo bhaidheil.
'S ole an leasan, &c.

'N am rusgadh a cholair,
Theid an ceann deth o choluinn,
Gloir agus moladh do 'n ard-Rìgh.
'N am, &c.

Le maighdeinn sgorr-shuileach smachdail,
Dh' fhagas giallan gun mheartuinn,
Dhuineas fàirais a Mhareuis mhi-chairdeil.
Le maighdeann, &c.

'S ged 's e thus cha 'n e dheireadh,
Do luchd dhusgadh an teine,
'S mar mo run do 'n chuid eile da chairdean.
'S ged 's e, &c.

Mur bha *Lusifer* tamull,
'N deigh air thus bhi na Aingeal,
Chaidh sgursa' le an-ìochd a Pharais.*
Mur bha, &c.

Bidh tu nis ann ad dheomhain,
Dol timchioll an domhain,
Bhrìgh coltais toirt còmh-fhillteachd dhasan.
Bidh tu nis, &c.

'S mor a b' fhearr dhubt na moran,
No na chruinnich thu storas,
Bhi tional an oiraich gu-d' gharadh.
'S mor a b' fhearr, &c.

Na thu fhein 's do gheard misgeach,
Bhi 'n ait as nach tig sibh,
Mur sgaile *phictuir* 'sa 'n sgathan,
Na thu fhein, &c.

Na farabhalaich bhreaca,
Bha taruinn uainn ar euid beartais,
Chuir an rìgh mach a *Whitehall* dhuinn.
Na farabhalaich, &c.

LATHA INBHER-LOCHDAIDH.†

LUINNEAG.

*H-i rim h-o-ro, h-o-ro leatha,
H-i rim h-o-ro, h-o-ro leatha,
H-i rim h-o-ro, h-o-ro leatha,
Chaidh an latha le Clann-Domhnuill.*

As euala' sibhse 'n tionndadh duineil,
Thug an camp bha 'n Cille-Chuimein;
'S fad chaidh ainm air an iomairt,
Thug iad as an naimhdean iomain.
H-i rim, &c.

Dhirich mi moch madainn dhomhnaich,
Gu barr caisteil Inbher-Lochaidh,
Chunna' mi 'n t-arm a dol an ordugh,
'S bha buaidh an la le Clann Domhnuill.
H-i rim, &c.

* This poet was of the Roman catholic persuasion. It is said that he could not read himself; but that he was acquainted with the whole of the historical parts of Scripture, his poems are a clear demonstration.

† This battle was fought between the M'Donalds and the Campbells, on Sunday, February 2, 1645.

Direadh a mach glun Chuil-eachaidh,
Dh' aithnich mi oirbh surd 'ur tapaidh;
Ged bha mo dhuthaich na lasair,
'S eirig air a chus mar thachair.

H-i rim, &c.

Ged bhiodh Iarlachd a bhràghaid,
An seachd bliadhna so mar tha e,
Gun chur, gun chliathadh, no gun aiteach,
'S math an riadh bho 'm beil sinn paighte.

H-i rim, &c.

Air do laimhse Thighearna Lathair.
Ge mor do bhosd as do chladheamh;
'S ioma oghlach chinne t-athar,
Tha 'n Inbher-Lochaidh na laidhe.

H-i rim, &c.

'S ioma fearr goirseid agus pillein,
Cho math 'sa bha rianh dheth 'd' chinneadh,
Nach d' fhoad a bhotann thoirt tioram,
Ach faoghluam snamh air Bun-Ncìmhais.*

H-i rim, &c.

Sgeul a b' aite 'nnair a thigeadh,
Air Caim-beulaich nam beul sligheach,
H-uile dream dhiu mur a thigeadh,
Le bualadh lann an ceann ga 'm bristeadh.

H-i rim, &c.

'N latha sin shaoil leo dhol leotha,
'S ann bha laoigh ga 'n ruith air reothadh,
'S ioma slaodanach mor odhar,
Bha na shineadh air a'ch'-an-tothair.

H-i rim, &c.

Ge be dhireadh Tom-na-h-aire,
Bù lionor spog ur ann air dhroch shailleadh,
Neul marbh air an suil gun anam,
'N deigh an sgiursaidh le lannan.

H-i rim, &c.

Thug sibh toiteal teith ma Lochaidh,
Bhi ga 'm bualadh ma na sronan,
Bulion'or claidheamh clais-ghorm comhnard
Bha bualadh an lamhan Clann-Domhnuill.

H-i rim, &c.

Sin 'nuair chruinnich mor dhragh na
fhalachd,
'N am rusgadh na 'n greidlein tana,
Bha iongnan nan Duimhneach ri talamh,

* When the Campbells were routed, they endeavoured to cross the river at the above-mentioned ford. To their astonishment, however, the task proved more irksome than they had anticipated; for, some of them losing their footing, their bonnets were carried down by the current. This event delighted and amused the poet; and, in order to make it at the same time ludicrous in itself, and galling to the poor Campbells, he began to address them as follows:—"A Dhuimhneacha Dhuimhneacha, cuimhnichibh 'ur boineidean."

An deigh an luithean a ghearradh.

H-i rim, &c.

'S lionmhor eorp nochte gun aodach,
Tha na 'n sìneadh air ehnocaiu fhraoiche,
O 'n bhlar an greaste na saoidhean,
Gu ceann Leitir blar a Chaorainn.

H-i rim, &c.

Dh' innsinn sgeul eile le frinn,
Cho math 'sa ni cleireach a sgrìobhadh;
Chaidh na laoidh ud gu 'n dicheall
'S chuir iad maoin air luchd an mi-ruin.

H-i rim, &c.

Iain Mhuideartaich nan seol soilleir,
Sheoladh an euan ri la doillear,
Ort cha d' fhuaradh briste coinnidh,
'S ait' leam Barra-breac fo d' chomas.

H-i rim, &c.

Cha b' e sud an siubhal cearbach,
A thug Alasdair do dh' Albainn,
Creachadh, losgadh, agus marbhadh;
'S leagadh leis coileach Strath-bhalgaidh.

H-i rim, &c.

An t-eun dona chaill a cheutaidh,
Ad Sasunn, an Albainn, 's 'n Eirinn,
Is it e a curr na sgeithe,
Cha miste leam ged a gheill e.

H-i rim, &c.

Alasdair nan a geur lann sgaiteach,
Gheall thu 'n de a bhi cnir as daibh,
Chuir thu 'n retreuta seach an caisteal,
Seoladh gle mhat air an leantuinn.

H-i rim, &c.

Alasdair nan geur lann guineach.
Na 'm biodh agad armaunn Mhuile;
Thug thu air na dh' fhalbh dhiu fuireach,
'S retreut air prabar an duileisg.

H-i rim, &c.

Alasdair Mhic Cholla ghasda,
Lamh dheas a sgoltadh nan caisteal;
Chuir thu 'n ruaig air Ghallaibh glasa,
'S ma dh-ol iad cal gun chuir thu asd' e.

H-i rim, &c.

'M b' aithne dhuibhse 'n Goirtean-odhar,
'S math a bha e air a thochar,
Cha 'n inneir chaorach, no ghobhar;
Ach fuil Dhuimhneach an deigh reothadh.

H-i rim, &c.

Bhur sgrios mu 's truagh leam 'ur caradh,
'G eisdeachd an-shocair 'ur paistean
Caoidh a phannail bh' ann 's 'n arach
Donnalaich bhan Earraghacl.

H-i rim, &c.

LATHA THOM-A-PHUBAILL.*

LUINNEAG.

*Ho-ro 's fada, 's gur fada,
'S cian fada gu leoir,
O 'n a chaidh thu air thuras,
Do bhaile Lunnainn nan cleoc;
Na 'n cluinneadh tu fathunn,
Le rabhadh an coin;
'S gu 'n taoghladh tu 'n rathad,
'S mi nach gabhadh dheth bron!*

Air leith-taobh Beinne-buidhe,
Sheas a bhuidheann nach gann;
Luchd dhicarcadh an iubhair,
'Sa chur siubhal fo chrann;
'S diombach mise d' ur saothair,
'Nuair a dh' aom sibh a nall,
Nach deach a steach air Gleann-Aora,
Ghearradh braoisg nam beul cam.

Ho ro 's fada, 's c.

A Mhoir-fhear Chlann-Domhnuill,
Chum thu chodhail gu dhùineil;
'Nuair a shaoil an t-Iarl Aorach,
Do chuir gun aobhar a Muile;
Bha thu roimhe 'n Dun-eideann,
'S dh' fhaigh thu leigheart mu choinne,
'S gun aon cislein a' t-aigne,
Dh' eisd thu chasaid an Lunnainn.

Ho ro 's fada, 's c.

Ach a Mhoir-fhear Chlann-Domhnuill,
'S fad do chomhnuidh measg Ghall;
A laoich aigcantaich phriseil,
Oig rinheich an aigh;
Tha maise an fhiona,
Ad ghruaidh dìreadh an aird;
'S tha thu shìleachd nan trì Cholla,
Ga 'm biodh loingear air sail.

Ho ro 's fada, 's c.

'S truagh nach robh iad na ciadan,
Do luchd sgaith agus lann;
Do na h-oganaich threubhach,
Nach curadh adbhans;
Cha bhi'mid ag eigheach,
Co da 'n circadh an eall;
'S ann aig geat Inbher-Aora,
Ghabh mo laoich-sa gu camp.

Ho ro 's fada, 's c.

'M brúadar chunnaic mi 'm chadal,
B' fhearr gu 'm faicinn e 'm dhuib;'
'S mi nach fuireadh ni b' fhaide,
Ann am plaide air m' uigh,
Sealladh 'n sin do d' ghnuis aobhach,
'Nuair a phlaosgadh mo shuil,
B' ionann eiridh do m' aigne,
'S leum a bhradain am burn.

Ho ro 's fada, 's c.

*This battle was fought between the Campbells of Argyre and the men of Athol.

Gur misc bha tursach,
'N am dhomh dusgadh o m' bhrúadar;
Bhi faicinn do chursaibh
Dol a null air Druim-uachdair;
Bhi gad chuir 'sa 'n tolla-dhubh,
'S gun mo dhuil thu thig'n uaithe;
Laidh smal air mo shugradh,
Gus an daisgear an uaigh dhomh.

Ho ro 's fada, 's c.

Tha pruipe air do chul-thaobh,
'S math a b' fhiu dhut am faighneachd;
Eoin Abrach o'n Ghiubhsaich,
Cha toir cubair a ghreim deth;
'S Gilleasbuig a Bhraighe,
Gu latha bhrath nach bi 'm foill dut;
Mac Iain 'sa chinneadh,
Gu 'n imichcadh an oidhche leat.

Ho ro 's fada, 's c.

'S ioma marcaiche statail,
Gar an air m'ach cuid diu;
Eadar geata phraigh Acuinne,
Gu slios Blair nam fear luidneach;
Mur ghabh sud a's braigh Ard-dhail,
Agus braighe Bochluidir;
Ghabhadh leigeadh gu statail,
'N eirig la Tom-a-phubail.

Ho ro 's fada, 's c.

'S ioma oganach guineach,
Laidir, duilich, do-aithneicht;
Eadar braigh' uisge Thurraid,
'S caol Mhuile nau canach;
Ghearradh beum le 'n arm guineach,
Ga 'n ionain do 'n fheamainn;
Ann an eirig nam muineal,
Chaidh a chur sa 'n Aird-reanaich.

Ho ro 's fada, 's c.

'S fad o'n chuala' mi seanchas,
'S mi 'm sheana-ghiuillan gorach;
Mu 'n do chuir mi crios-feilidh,
Os ceann leine no cota;
Bhi ga innse gu soilleir,
'Anns' gach coinnidh a's codhail,
Gu 'm bu chairdeach an sloinneadh,
Sìol Mhoire 's Clann-Domhnuill.

Ho ro 's fada, 's c.

A Rìgh! nach robh iad an geambairn,
Lan teampuill do shluagh;
Do luchd nam beul cana,
'S cha b' ainid sud uain;
'S ioma claidheamh geur guineach,
Laidir fulangach cruaidh;
Th' aig mo chinncadh ga 'm feitheamh,
'S aig Clann-'Illeain nam buadh.

Ho ro 's fada, 's c.

'S b' fhearr gu 'n tigeadh iad fhathasd,
Clann 'Illeain nan tuagh;
'S cha bhiodh sgian ann am fraighe,
No claidheamh an truail;

Bheirte mach na h-airm chatha,
 'S cha bhiodh an latha sin buan;
 'S ged bu ghluineach na Duimhnich,
 'S iad siol Chuinn a bha cruaidh.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

Tha mo run air na gilleann,
 Leis an cinneadh an t-sealg;
 Dh-eireadh fearg orra 's frioghan,
 Dhol an iomairt nan arm,
 Dhol a null thar an linne,
 Le gilleann na Cairge;
 'S ioma marbh bhiodh ri shireadh,
 Air am pilleadh do Chearara.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

LATHA AIRDE-REANAICH.

SLAN gun dith dhut a Mhareuis,
 Dircaich, maiseach, gun chromadh;
 Da shuil ghorm fo d' chaol mhala,
 Nach d' fhas gu balachail, bronnaich;
 Cheart cho chinnteach 'sa 'm bas,
 Ged tha thu 'n drasd as an t-sealladh;
 Gu 'm beil mulad fo d' eoin ort,
 Mu bhas Ghoud Iarla Moire.*

'S ceart 's cho cheart mar mo dhurachd,
 Le beachd mo shul gur mi chunnaic;
 Cha robh againn do sgathan,
 Ach greasad tra do 'n taigh grunnaich;
 "Aisling caillich mar a durachd,"
 Gach mio-run bha do 'n duin ud;
 Ged bu ladurna 'n cul-chainnt,
 Stad a chuis air an iomall.

Cha b e aingeachd na tuatha,
 Gluais an marcus le dhaoine;
 Ach togail a bhrataich,
 'G iarraidh smachd air luchd aobhair;
 Fhuair thu iuchair na corach,
 Gu t-ordugh le d' dhaoine;
 Agus fosgladh gach caisteil,
 Fad slait Inbher-Aora.

Gheill Dun-staf-innis grad dut,
 Innis fharsuinn nam faochag;
 Ged bu daingheann a chlach i,
 Fhuair thu steach air bheag saothreach;
 Cha robh cuilibheir caol glaice,
 No gunna praise gan sgaoileadh;
 Eadar Innis-Chonnain nan eanach,
 Gu ruig bail' Inbher-Aora.

'S ard *Lieutenant* o 'n righ thu,
 Thug thu sgrìob do dh' Earr'ghacl,
 Bu leat Tairbeart 's Cinn-tìre,
 'S gach aon nith bh'anns an aith ud;
 Agus Ile bheag riabhach,
 Mu 'n iath a mhuir shaile;

'S goirt a chnead a ta' m chliabh-sa,
 Fhad 's bha 'n t-tiasad gun phagheadh.

Thighearn oig Ghlinne-garaidh,
 Na bi falach do ruin oirn;
 Oighre 'n duin' thu tha maireann,
 Tha thu 'd eharaid dhuinn dubailt;
 Cha bheo e 's cha mhairean,
 Na ni ar sgaradh o d' eul-thaobh,
 A luchd nan ceanna-bhearta' crabhaidh,
 Thionndaidh falachd a chruin ruibh.

'S e do charaid mor dcalaidh,
 Mac 'Ie-Ailcin a Muideart,
 Sliochd an Alasdair Gharaich,
 Luchd tharruinn nam fiuran;
 Cha do chuir eainb shalach;
 Na tafaid ealamh ri d' eul-ehran;
 Bheireadh beum air a h-athlorg,
 Fhad sa mhaircadh a fudhaidh.

Na 'm biodh Tighearn na Léarguinn,
 Ann an Albainn 's e mar-riut;
 Agus Tighearn an Tairbeirt,
 'S iad nach tairgeadh do mhcalladh;
 Luchd na 'm peighinncean talmhaidh,
 'S tu dh fhaodadh earbs' asd gu daighcann;
 Cha 'n eil iad beo do shliochd Cholla,
 Na ni 'n eoinunn ud aithris.

Gur a h-ioma fear goirseid,
 Gunna stoilte, 's lann du-ghorm;
 Le 'n gunnaichean caolo,
 'S na daormuinn ga 'n giulan;
 Mac-Laomhuinn 's Mac-Lachuinn,
 'S Mac-an-Ab o Ghleann-Dochart,
 Mac-Neachduinn, 's Mac-Dhughail,
 'S Mac-Iain-Stiubhairt o 'n Apuinn.

Cha 'n iongnadh thusa bhi fiamhach,
 'N taobh shios do Bhun-atha;
 Ged theid Duimhnich gu 'n dichcall,
 'S gu dideann a ehlaidheimh;
 'S leat na thubhairt mi ehianah,
 Ceart cho direach ri-saighead;
 'S leat Mac-Ionmhuinn an t-Stratha
 Agus da Mhac-'Illeain.

'S fearr leam fhaicinn na ehluinntinn,
 Gu 'n do stad a chuinnh air am muineal;
 Nis o 'n thionndaidh a chuibhle,
 'S fad bhios Duimhnich gun urram;
 Ged a Shaoil le Mac-Cailein,
 E bhi na bharrach air Muile;
 B' fhearr dha chumail na bh'aige,
 Na bhi 'g agradh air tuille.

Na 'm biodh fear a bheoil mhoir ann,
 O nach doirteadh gloir bhreunnais!
 Naile chailleadh sibh geoghs ris,
 Nach b' fhaic an rostadh ri teallach;
 Fhuair sibh sgapadh nan caorach,
 Na 'm biodh a dhaoine air an talamh;
 'S ged a ghlaic sibh le foill e,
 B' e fhein an saighdear bu ghlaime.

* See the sixth stanza of the foregoing Song.

Gur maig a dh' earbadh a cairdeas,
Neach a dh-fhas dheth an t-sloinneadh,
Na 'm biodh cuimhn' air an lath' ud,
Fluair iad t-athair fo 'n comas;
Chuir iad smuid ri tur-arda,
Chaistell Bhlair gu gle shoilleir;
'S beag bha dhochas an la sin,
Gu 'm biodh iad paighte na 'n comainn.

'S mor tha eadar dha latha,
Ged bha e grathunn gun tighinn;
Chaidh thu 'n cuirt na bu leatha,
'N deigh t-athar a mhilleadh;
Gun aon bhuille claidheamh,
Gun sathadh biodaig no sgine;
Mur gu 'm bathadh tu coinnlean,
Chaill e 'n oig'ireachd 'sa 'n cinneach.

'S beag a b' fhiach do Mhae Mhoirich,
Dhol n' ur coinnemh ach ainneamh;
Na ghabhail mar chompach,
Ach fear da 'n geallt' bhi na charaid;
'N deigh a Chomasdair Stiubhairt,
Thain' sibh 'n tus air le h-an-iochd,
Thugadh an ecan deth gun sgrubadh,
Ann an tir *Lady Murray*.

Buail an teud sin gu sealbhaich,
'S na dean searbh i gun blinneas;
'S na toir t-aghaidh neo-chearbhadh,
Do 'n fhear nach earb thu do shlinnein;
Ma chuir an righ an t-slat sgiursaidh,
'N glaic do dhuirn gun a sireadh;
Uair mu seach air an fhurnais,
Mur bhuill' uird air an iuncin.

Gloir do 'n Righ th' air a chathair,
'S maig a ghabhadh mun chluinneadh;
No ghuidheadh na bhreig e;
Gach ni dh-cirich sa chunnaic;
Mu 's ann le droch-bheart Iudais,
Dh-fhuaigh thu chluad air an Lunnainn;
Chaill thu 'n luireach 's na breidean,
'S gach aon eideadh bha umad.

'N euala' sibhse 'sa 'n duthaich,
'N ranntar-buth bh' aig na luchan;
'S iad a trusadh ri cheile,
Na 'n droch reisemeid churta;
'Nuair bha eagal a chait orr';
Chaidh droch sgapadh an cuid diu;
'Sa bheisd mhor 'sa 'n robh phlaigh dhui,
Sgrìos gun agh oirr' mar fhurtachd.

Sin 'nuair labhair Dubh-na-h-amrai,
A bheisd ghrannnd 'sa chrain mhullaich;
Cha robh an sabhal nan ath dhui,
Beisd le 'n al nach do chruinnich,
Nuair bha 'm mod ga 'r cruaidh sharach'
'S na cuird a fagadh ma 'r muineil;
'S ann an sud a bha 'n gatur,
Co a charadh iad umaibh.

B' ionann sin sa 'm bun rutha,
Cha 'n eil iad buidheach da' r 'n an-iochd
Mar chlach an ionad an uible,
Na 'm biodh luitheachd na 'n teangaidh;
B' ionann sin 's do shliochd Dhiarmaid,
Bhi ga 'r biadhadh an an-iochd;
Math an agaidh an uile,
Chuir mi luchd-sa 'n Aird-reanaich.

'Nuair bha 'n ad oirbh n-uiridh,
Bha sibh urranta modhar;
Am blaidhna chaill sibh an eurrachd,
'S eiginn fuireach gle shamhach;
Chaill an t-iarl air 'ur turas,
Mheud 'sa bhuinig e mhal oirbh;
Gar am b' fhiach leis an duin' ud,
Bhi ri cruinneachadh enamaigh.

B' ole a b' fhiach do dhiuc-Atholl,
Dholl an coinne riut *Eardsaidh*,
'N deigh latha Roinn-Liothunn;
Thug sibh ioc-shlaint mar earlais,
Mheall sibh null thar an abhunn,
Marcus Atholl 'sa bhrathair;
Chuir sibh 'n laimh an toll-dubh iad,
'S loisg sibh duthaich iarl Earlaidh.*

Tha thu 'd mharcus am bliadhna,
'S ad shar iarl air Tulaich-bheardainn;
'S ged a dheanadh iad diuc dhiot,
'S ro mhath b' fhiu thu an t-aite;
Tha do thiotal cho lionor,
Chumail dion air do chairdean;
Geard an righ fo d' smachd orduidh,
'S tha thu d' mhoir-fhear Baile-mhanaidh.

ORAN AIR RIGH UILLEAM

AGUS BAN-RIGH MAIRI.

LUNNEAG.

*Hi-rinn h-a rinn, ho ro h-o bha ho,
Hi-rinn h-a rinn, ho ro h-o bha ho,
Biodh gach duine agaibh bronach,
Air son foirneart mo righ.*

'N diugh chuala' mi naidheachd,
Air alt nach b'aimhealach leinn,
'N'an eumadh e chasan—
'S gu boidh an t-ath-sgeul cho binn—
Righ Seumas le farum,
Cur a dharaich na still;
O'n 's leat uachdar na mara,
Gluais a's taruinn gu tir.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Mhic Mhuire na h-oighe,
Còimhead foirneart mo righ;
Co b'urrainn da'r smaladh—
Ach do lamhans' bhi leinn:

* A title formerly in Strathmore, now extinct.

Faie a nis prionns Orans,
Cur na coir os a cinn;
Ach as do chobhair, a Shlan-ear,
Thig furtaehd a's slaint air gach tinn.
Hi-rinn, &c.

A Rìgh chumhaehdaich, fheartaich,
Ga 'm beil beachd air gach nì,
Cum air aghaidh an ceartas—
An lagh seachranach pill:
Faie luchd nam breid daite,
Bhi gun dealt ann ri'n linn;
'S ma tha 'n eucoir nan aigneadh,
Beum do shlat os an cinn.
Hi-rinn, &c.

'N uair a thainig thu Shasunn,
'S tu rinn aiseag a bhreamais;
Sheilbh choir thoirt air eiginn,
O athair ecile thug bean dut.
Cha bi reull nan duilean,
Bha deanadh iuil dut 'san ain-eol;
Mar bha roimh na trì rìghrean,
'N uair bha Iosa na leanabh.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Thug thu 'm follais an t-Slan-ear,
Sgeula grain no luchd teagasig;
'S gur mor am fa naire,
'S an coig aintean a bhriseadh.
A nighean fhein, 's mae a pheathar,
'N aghaidh labhairt an Sgrìobhtuir,
Mar bhreun ghearran 'sa chathair,
'S nach b'fhear-taighe da 'n slìoehd e.
Hi-rinn, &c.

'S fìor mhallaichte 'n lanan,
Chum an *Spain* anns an roinn ud;
Seilbh choir thoirt a dh-aindeoin,
Le mutha malairt an t-slaighteir:
Ged' a stadadh an claidheamh,
Gun bhuille ehaith' ael na rinn e,
Bi' dh gach fuil 'g eigheach am flaitheas,
A d' dheigh a latha 's a dh' oidhehe.
Hi-rinn, &c.

'S maìrg a chreideadh droch naidheachd,
Thig tro amhaich a namhaid,
Chuireadh fudar na ghreadan,
An grund' na h-eaglaise gnathaicht;
'S lìonor lunn tha na teine,
'S a ghrund 'n do spealadh an grain-shop
Ach, chi sinn fhathasd sud dìolte,
Mas' a fìor a ta 'n fhaistinn.
Hi-rinn, &c.

'N uair chaidh *Whitehall* losgadh,
Bu mhall do choiseachd gun bhrogan;
'S mi nach rachadh le pairtì,
Air mhìre, bhathadh, na toite.
Mas' a daoine rinn suas e,
B'fhaoin an cruadal, 's an seoltachd;

Cha 'n eil mi gearan—mo thruaighe!
Ach a lughad 's a fhuair dhin an rostadh.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Cha tig ael rucas a's cealgan,
O chruitean cealgach an rabuill;
Cuiribh an t-aibhisdear saoil ris—
Biodh Dia a's daoine ga aicheadh.
Cleas eud bean a chruiteir,
Fhuair a cursadh 'n sgath garaidh;
Thog iad airsan mar uirsgeul,
Gu 'n do mhurt e dhearbhl-bhrathair.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Gu 'm bu ghrannda na sgeoil sin,
Thog na deomhain ga dhiheirt!
'S nach b' urr' iad ga dhearbhadh,
Ael mar bhuille searbh da 'n luchd mi-ruin;
Gu 'n euirte isean a chlanhain,
An nead elannaeh an fhìreoiu;
Mac muice a bhalaich,
Shaleha fala nan rìghrean.
Hi-rinn, &c.

'S maìrg rìgh a rinn cleamhnas,
Ri Duitseach shantaeh gun trocair;
Cha b'e 'n onair bu ghnas da,
Ged' 's tu brathair-mathair an rogair.
Ged' a thug thu dha Mairi
Air laimh, chum a posaidh,
Ghabh e t-oighbreachd a t-an-toil
Thar do cheann, a's thu d' bheo-shlaint.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Bha mae aig rìgh Daibhidh,
'S bu deas aill air ceann sluaigh e,
Chaidh e 'n aghaidh an athar,
'S an fear nach eair da bhuaireadh;
'N uair a sgaoileadh am blar sin,
Thug Dia paigheadh na dhuais da;
'S o'n bu droch dhuine cloinn e,
Chroch a choill air a ghruaig e.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Ael buaidh an droch sgeoil sin,
Do phrionns Orains gun diadhachd,
Ged' a rachadh do bhathadh,
Cha b' ionann bas dut 'sa dh' iarrainn;
Ael mo suilean bhi t-fhaicinn,
Edar eachabh ga d' stialladh;
Dol a d' emaladh 's an adhar,
Mar luaithe dhaigte ga eriathradh.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Sgrios gun iarnad, gun duilleach,
Cha 'n iarruinn tuille am dhan duibh;
Gun slìoehd a dh-iathadh mu t' uilinn,
Do ghniomh broinne droch Mhairi;
Ged' a ghlaicadh na theum e,
'S farsuinn beul a mhiè-lamhaich;
A shean staoile bhi 'n eunnart,
Aig na rinn thu thrusadh a craineig.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Ach seun gun tuisleadh air Mairi,
 'S olc an lan tha na togsaid;
 'N ar fhaicear laogh caraid,
 'Nuas gu lar as a poca.
 Cha bhi 'n scan fhacail claoite,
 Air neo 's claoen theid a thogail;
 Tha 'n da shiant 's an droch mhnaoi ud,
 * 'S annsadh * * * le no boban.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Ach na 'n tigeadh an righ sin,
 'S a mhac dileas air aidmheil,
 Ged' a theireadh prionns Orains,
 Nach h-i choir a bhi againn,
 Cha bu mho orra Uilleam,
 Air sraid Lunnainn an Sasunn,
 'N ceann fhuadach deth mhuineal,
 Na cluais cuilein an radain.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Prionns Orains a mhi-rath,
 Mas' toil le Righ thoirt gu ereideamh,
 'S coir an duilleag so thiondadh,
 Air a bhan-righ nach creid é.
 Ma shaoil am bith-shanntach sanntach
 Na mhac-samhla ga ghoid sud;
 Na a ruitheachd le lannan,
 Air nighean *Seanalair Iuitsein*.
Hi-rinn, &c.

B'fhearr gu 'm buailleadh e'n *staidse*,
 Tus a *bhaidse* bu choir dha,
 N'am bu tuiteam 'sa phlaigh dhuinn,
 Mar fhuair righ Pharo, 's a sheorsa;
 Mar bha choinhairle bhreige,
 Chuir righ Scumas air fogradh;
 Aithris cleas nan droch righrean,
 Leis 'n do dhiteadh *Righ-boam*.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Sgeul buan e do'n mheareaid.
 'S nach tog a mac a cnid oighreachd;
 'S ion dith curam a ghabhail,
 Mu'n duinear cathair na soills' orr;
 Thoill i mallachd a h-athar,
 O'n ghabh an t-aibhisteir greim dh'i;
 'S olc an dachas a lean rith,
 Chuinnt a seanair na throiteir.
Hi-rinn, &c.

'S math an toiseach ar seannsa,
 Ma rinn am Frangaeh a thapadh—
 Ma ghlaicadh leis *Monsai*,
 Cha sgeul tum-sgeul ach ceartas,
 Bu mhath gu'm biodh an *adhbhansa*,
 Air a tiondadh gu Sasunn;
 Na gu faicte an cunntar,
 Cho ghrad ri tionda nan cairtean.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Ach ma stad air an diue sin,
 'S nach e a run tigh'n ni's fhaide;

* Rehoboam, poetically.

Leig e cadal do'n ehirein—
 Stad a sgriob mar a chleachd e;
 Ma leig gach saighdear a ghleus deth:
 'N uair tha leigheart mu'n chaisteal,
 B'fhearr gu'm faicinn an coileach,
 No, gu'n gaireadh a chaismeachd.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Mu tha e'n dan dhut teachd dhachaigh,
 S' nar dhut t-fhaicinn gun speurad;
 Ged' a fhuair thu pairt leonaidh,
 Ri am fograidh righ Sheumais;
 Ma tha thu cruaidh air an raiper,
 Seall air slachdan a ghleusaidh,
 Leis an do spionadh mo sgroban,
 Ma's fìor *Tomas an Reumair*.
Hi-rinn, &c.

AN IORRAM DHARAICH.

DO BHATA SIR SEUMAIS MIHC-DOMINIULL.

Moch, 's mi 'g eirigh sa mhadainn,
 'S trom euslainteach m'aigne,
 'S nach eighear mi'n caidreamh nam braith-
 rean,
 'S nach eighear mi'n, &c.

Leam is aith-ghearr a cheilidh,
 Rinneas mar ris an t-Seumas,
 Ris na dhealaich mi'n de moch la Caisge.
 Ris na dhealaich mi'n de, &c.

Dia na stiur air an darach,
 A dh' fhalbh air tus an t-sinil mhara,
 Seal mu'n tug e cheud bhoinne de thrag-
 hadh.
 Seal mu'n tug e cheud bhoinne, &c.

Ge b'e am eur a choire e,
 'S mi nach pilleadh o stoc uat,
 'S ann a shuidhinn an toiseach do bhata.
 'S ann a shuidhinn an toiseach, &c.

'Nuair bhiodh each eur ri gnìomhadh,
 Bhiodh mo chuid-sa dheth diomhain,
 G' ol nag ucagan fion' air a faradh.
 G' ol na gucagan fion, &c.

Cha bu mharcach eich leumnaich,
 A bhuin'geadh geall reis ort,
 'Nuair a thogadh tu breid osceann saile.
 'Nuair a thogadh tu breid, &c.

'Nuair a thogadh tu tonnag,
 Air ehan meannach nan dronnag,
 'S ioma gleann ris an eromadh i h-earrach.
 'S ioma gleann ris an eromadh, &c.

'Nuair a shuidheadh fear stiur oir',
 'N am bhi fagail na duthcha, [earrlinn.
 Bu mhear riuth a chuain du-ghlais fo h-
 Bu mhear riuth a chuain, &c.

Cha b' iad na Luch-armainn mheanbha,
Bhiodh m'a cupuill ag eileadh,
'Nuair a dh'eircadh mor shoirbheas le bair-
linn.

'Nuair a dh'eircadh, &c.

Ach na fuirbirnich threubhach,
'S deis a dh'iomradh, 's a dh'eigheadh,
Bheireadh tulg an tus cle air ramh braghaid.
Beireadh tulg an tus cle, &c.

'Nuair a d'fhalaichte na buird d'i,
'S nach faighte lan siuil d'i,
Bhiodh luchd taghaich sior lubadh nar alach.
Bhiodh luchd taghaich, &c.

'S iad gu'n eagal gun euslain,
Ach ag freagradh dh'a cheile,
'Nuair thigeadh muir beucach 's gach aird
orr'.

'Nuair thigeadh muir beucach, &c.

Dol tiomchfoll Rugha na Caillich,
Bu ro mhath sinbhal a daraich,
Gearradh shrutha gu cairidh Chaoil-Acuin.
Gearradh shrutha gu cairidh, &c.

Dol gu uidhe chuain fhiadhaich,
Mar bu chubhaidh leinn iarraidh,
Gu Uist bheag riabhach nan cragh-ghcadh.
Gu Uist bheag riabhach, &c.

Cha bu bhruchag air meirg' i,
Fhuair a treachladh le h-cirbheirt,
'Nuair a thigeadh mor shoirbheas le gabhadh.
'Nuair a thigeadh mor shoirbheas, &c.

Ach an Dubh-Chnoideartach, riabhach,
Luchd-mhor, ard-ghuailleadh dhionach,
Cur lionnhor lann iaruinn m'a h-earraich.
Gur lionnhor lann iaruinn, &c.

Cha bu chrann-lach air muir i,
Shiubhal ghleann gun bhi curaidh,
'S buill chainbe ri fulagan arda.
Buill chaineaba ri, &c.

Bha Domhnall an Duin innt,
Do mhac oighre 's mor curam,
'S e do stoile fhuair cliu measg nan Gael.
'S e do stoile fhuair cliu, &c.

Do mhac Uisteach gle-mhor,
Dh'am bu chubhaidh bh'n Sleibhte,
O'n Rugha d'an eighthe Dun-sgathaich.
O'n Rugha d'an eighthe, &c.

Og misneachail treun thu,
(S blath na bric ort san eudainn)
Mur mist' thu ro mhend 's a do nair innt.
Mur mist' thu ro mhend, &c.

Gur mor mo ehion fein ort,
Ged nach cuir mi an ceill e,
Mhic an fhir leis an eircadh na Braigheich.
Mhic an fhir leis an eircadh, &c.

Ceist nam ban' o Loch-Treig thu,
'S o Shrath Oisein nan reidhlean,
Gheibhte broie, agus feidh air a h-aruinn.
Gheibhte broie, agus feidh, &c.

Dh'eircadh buidhean o Ruaidh leat,
Lubadh iubhar mu'n gvaillcan,
Thig o Blrughaichean fuar Charn-na-Lairge.
Thig o Blrughaichean fuar, &c.

Dream eile dhe d' chinneadh,
Clann Iain o'n Einnean,
'S iad a rachadh san iomairt neo-sgathach.
'S iad a rachadh san iomairt, &c.

'S iomadh oganach treubhach,
'S glac-crom air chul sgeith air
Thig a steach leat o sgeith meall-na-Lairge.
Thig a steach leat, &c.

'S a fhreagradh do t-eigheach,
Gunn eagal, gun easlain,
'Nuair chluinneadh iad fein do chrois-tara.*
'Nuair a chluinneadh iad fein, &c.

MARBHRANN

DO SHIR SEUMAS MAC-DHONUILL.

Gur fad tha mi 'm thamh,
Thuit mo ehridhe gu lar,
Righ! 's deacair dhomh tamh 's mi beo.
Gur fad tha, &c.

'Se do thuras do 'n Dun,
Dh-fhag snith' air mo shuil,
'Sa bhi faicinn do thur gun cheo.
'Se do, &c.

Tha do bhaile gun speis,
Gun eich ga 'm modhadh le sreinn,
Dh-fhalbh gach fasan le Seumas og.
Tha do bhaile, &c.

'Nuair a rachadh tu stri,
Ann an armailte an righ,
Bhiodh do dhìollaid air mil-each gorm.
Nuair a racha', &c.

* "Crois-tara," or "crann-tara," was a piece of wood, half burnt and dipt in blood, sent by a special messenger as a signal of distress or alarm. The person to whom it was sent, immediately despatched another person with it to some one else; and thus was intelligence passed from one to another over immense distances in an incredibly short time. One of the latest instances of its being used, was in 1745, by Lord Breadalbine, when it went round Loch Tay, the distance of thirty-two miles, in three hours. The above method was used only in the day-time; for in the night, recourse was had to the "Sgorr-theine," a large fire kindled on an eminence. See Ossian's "Carraig-thura." The last-mentioned signal is spoken of by Jeremiah to denote distress, chap. vi. 1.

'Nuair a rachadh tu mach,
B' ard a chluinnte do smachd,
Bhiodh Iain Muideartach leat 's Mac-Leoid.
Nuair a, &c.

'S leat Mac Pharlain na 'n cliar,
Bh-aig fir t-ait-sa riamh,
Mac-an Aba le chiad na dho.
Fear chann, &c.

Clann Iain a nuas,
'S fir a bhraighe so shuas,
'S Mac Ghriogair o Ruadh-shruth chno.
Chlann Iain, &c.

Clann Cham-Shroin a nall,
O bhraighe nan gleann,
Chuireadh iubhar le srann am feoil.
Clann, &c.

'S leat Mac-Dhomhnuill a ris.
Na 'm bratach 's na 'm piob,
Crunair gasda na 'n righ bhrat sroil.
'S leat, &c.

Gu 'm faicadh mo Dhia,
Do mhac air an t-sliabh,
Ann an duthaich nan cliar 's mi beo.
Gu 'm faicadh, &c.

Thig a Atholl a nios,
Comhlan ghasda gun sgios,
Ceannard rompa 's e finealt og.
Thig a Atholl, &c.

Coinnlean geala de 'n cheir,
'S iad an lasadh gu geur,
Urlar farsuinn mu 'n eighite 'n t-ol.
Coinnlean, &c.

Bhiodh do ghilleann mu seach,
A lionadh dibhe b' fhcarr blas,
Fion Spainnteach dearg ac agus beoir.
Bhiodh do, &c.

Uisge-beatha na 'm pios,
Rachadh 'n tairgead ga dhiol,
Gheibhte 'n gloin e mar ghriog an oir.
Uisge-beatha, &c.

'S ann na shincadh 'sa 'n allt,
Tha deagh cheann-taighe an aigh,
Ged a thuit e le dearmad leo.
'S ann na, &c.

Buidheann eile mo ghaoil,
Ga 'm bu shuaitheantas fraoch,
Och mo chreach! nach d'-fhaod iad bhi beo.
Buidheann, &c.

Buidheann eile mo ruin,
Air nach cualas mi-chliu,
Thig le Alasdair sunndach og.
Buidheann, &c.

Bhiodh mnathan og an fhuil reidh,
Gabhail dhan dhaibh le 'm beul,
Ann ad thalla gu 'n eise cool.
Bhiodh, &c.

Fhir a dh' fhuilig am bas,
'S a dhoirt t-fhuil air ar sgath,
Na leig mulad gu brath na 'r coir.
Fhir a, &c.

Nis on sgithich mo cheann,
Sior thuireadh do rannt,
Bi'dh mi sgur anns an am is coir.
Nis o 'n sgithich, &c.

MARBHRANN.

DO DH' ALASDAIR DUBH GHLINNE-GARAIDH.

Mi 'g eiri dh 'sa mhadainn,
Gur beag m' aiteas ri sugradh,
O 'n dh' fhalbh uachdran fearail,
Ghlinne-Garaidh air ghinlaui;
'S ann am fàitheas na fàilte,
Tha ceannard aillidh na duthcha;
Sar choirnileir foinnidh,
Nach robh folleil do 'n chrun thu.

LUINNEAG.

Ho-ro 's fada 's gur fada,
'S cian fada mo bhron,
O 'n latha charadh gu h-ìosal,
Do phearsa phriseil fo 'n fhod,
Tha mo chrid-sa ciuirte,
Cha dean mi sugradh ri m' bheo,
O 'n dh-fhalbh ceannard na 'n uaislean,
Oighre dualchas an t-Sroim.

'S mairg a tharladh roi' d' dhaoine,
'Nuair thogte fraoch ri do bhrataich;
Dh' eircadh stuadh an clar t-aodainn,
Le neart feirg agus gaisgidh;
Sud am phearsa neo-sgathach,
'N t-suil bu bhlaith gun ghaisendh;
Gu 'm biodh maoin air do naimhdean,
Ri linn dut spainnteach a ghlacadh.
Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

Fhuair thu 'n cliu sin o thoiscach,
'S cha b' olc e ri innseadh;
Craobh chosgairt sa bhlar thu,
Nach gabhadh sgath roimh luchd phicean;
No roi' shlaighdeircan dearga,
Ged a b' armailtean righ iad;
Le 'n ceannardan fuilteach,
'S le 'n gunnaichean einnteach.
Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

Gur farsuinn do ranntaibh,
Ri sheanachas 's ri shloinnceadh;
Gur tu oighre 'n Iarl Ilich.
Nach tug eis le gnìomh foilleil;

Marcaich ard na 'n each cruitheach,
Nan srian ur 's na 'n lann soilleir,
Lamh threin ann an cruadal,
Ceannard sluagh a toirt teine.

Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

Fhuair thu onair fir Alba,
Bha meas 's àinm air fear t-fhasain;
Ann an gliocas 'sa geire,
An cliu, an cènaidh 'sa gaisge;
Thug Dia giblean le buaidh dhut,
Cridhe fuasgailteach farsuinn;
Fhir bu chluine na mhaighdeann,
'S bu ghairge na 'n lasair.

Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

'S goirt an t-earachall a thachair,
O 'n chaidh an ionairt so tuathal;
O latha blair Sliabh-an-t-Siorram,
Chaill ar cinneach an uaislean;
Thionndaidh chuibhl' air Clann-Domhnuill,
'N treasa conspunn bhi bhualtha;
Ceann a's colar Chlann-Raghuill,
'N fhuil ard 's i gun truailleadh.

Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

Nis o 'n dh-fhalbh an triuir bhraithrean;
Chleachd mar abhaist bli suairce;
Laoich o Gharaidh nam bradan,
Caiteine' smachdail a chruadail;
Dh-fhalbh Sir Domhnuill a Sleibhte;
Bu mhor reusan a's cruadal;
Cha tig gu brath air Clann-Domhnuill,
Triuir choonspunn cho cruaidh riu.

Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

Chriosda dh-fhuilig am bas duinn,
O 'n 's tu ar *patron* urnaigh;
Cum an t-aog o dha bhrathair,
Fhad 'sa b' aill leinn le durachd;
Dheanadh treis do 'n alach,
So dh-fhag e gun suilean;
'Sìochd an t-seobhaig 'sa 'n armuinn,
Nach tugadh each an sgiath chuil deth.

Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

'Nuair threig each an cuid fearainn,
'S nach d-fhan iad 'sa 'n rioghachd;
'Sheas thusa gu fearail,
'S cha b' ann le sgainnle a shin thur;
Chuir thu fuaradh na froise,
Seach ar dorsaibh g' ar dìonadh;
Gu 'n robh t-fhaigsean cho laidir,
Ri leoghainn ard do 'n fhuil Rioghail.

Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

Cha robh Iarl ann an Albuinn,
Gheibheadh carbsa na rinn riut;
Gu 'm biodh toisesach gach naidheachd,
Gu lam ban a chuirteir;
Seobhag firinneach suairce,
Chòisinn ernadal gach cuise;
Ceannard mhaithean a's uaislean,
Aig an t-sluagh 's iad gu ghiulan.

Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

Sgeula b' ait' leam ri in-seadh,
Sa bhi g' a leirsinn le 'r suilean;
Do mhac oighr' ann a t-fhearann,
Mur bu mhath le luchd durachd;
Ach aon neach leis am b' oil e,
Luaidhe ghlas le neart fudair;
Troimh' 'n cridh' air a fiaradh,
Chor 's nach iarradh iad tionndadh.

Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

CUMHA MHONTROISE

Mi gabhail Srath Dhrum-uachdair,
'S beag m'aighear ann an uair so,
Tha 'n lath' air dol gu gruamachd,
'S cha'n e tha buain mo sprechd.

Ge duilich leam, 's ge diobhail,
M'fhear cinnidh math bhi dhith orm,
Cha'n usa leam an sgriobs',
Thaining air an rioghachd boechn.

Tha Alba dol fo chios-chain
Aig Farbhalaich gun fhirinn,
Bhar a chalpa dhirich
'S e cuid de m'dhiobhail ghoirt.

Tha Sasunnaich 'g ar foireigneadh,
'G ar creach', 'g ar mort', s 'g ar marbhadh
Gu 'n ghabh ar n-Athair fearg rinn,
Gur dearmad dhuinn, 's gur boechn.

Mar a bha cloinn Israel
Fo bhruid aig righ na h-Eiphit,
Tha sinn air a chor cheudna,
Cha'n eigh iad rinn ach "siuc."

Ar righ an deis a chrunadh,
Mu'n gann a leum e ur-fhas,
Na thaistalach boechn, ruisgte,
Gun gheard, gun chuir, gun choisid'.

'G a fharr-fhuadachd as aite,
Gun duine leis deth chairdean,
Mar luing air uachdar saile,
Gun stiur, gun ramh, gun phort.

Cha teid mi do Dhun-eideann,
O dhoirteadh fuil a Ghreumaich,
An leoghann fearail, treubhach,
'G a cheusadh air a chroich.

B'e sud am fìor dhuin uasal,
Nach robh de'n linne shuaraich,
Bu ro mhath ruidhe gruadhach,
'N am tàrruinn suas gu trod.

Deud chaille, bu ro mhath dluthadh,
Fudh mhala chaoil gun mhugaich,
Ge tric do dhail gam' dhusgadh,
Cha ruig mi chach e nochd.

Mhic Ncill,* a Asainn chianail,
Na'n glacain ann am lionn thu,
Bhiodh m'fhacal air do bhinn,
'S cha diobrainn thu o'n chroich.

Nan tachrainns a's tu fein,
Ann am boglachan Beinn-Eite
Bhiodh uisge dubh na feithe,
Dol troimh cheile a's ploc.

Thu fein as t-athair ceile
Fear taighe siu na Leimc,
Ged chrochte sibh le cheile
Cha b'eirig air mo lechd.

Craobh ruisgt' de'n Abhall bhreugach,
Gun mheas, gun chliu, gun chutaidh,
Bha riamh ri murt a cheile,
'N ar fuighcall bheum, as chore.

Marbh-phasg ort a dhi-mheis,
Nach olc a reic thu'm firean,
Air son na mine Litich
A's da trian d'i goirt.†

CUMHA

DO SHIR DOMHNUILL SHLEIBITE.

'S cian 's gur fada mi 'm thamh,
'S trom leam 'm aigne fo phramh,
'S nach cadal dhomh scamh 's tim eiridh.
'S cian 's gur fada, &c.

Laidh an aois orm gach uair,
Dreach an aoig air mo ghruaidh,
Is rinn e eudail bhochd thruadh da fein diom.
Laidh an aois, &c.

* Captain Andrew Munro sent instructions to Neil Macleod, the laird of Assynt, his brother-in-law, to apprehend every stranger that might enter his bounds, in the hope of catching Montrose, for whose apprehension a splendid reward was offered. In consequence of those instructions, Macleod sent out various parties in quest of Montrose, but they could not fall in with him. "At last the laird of Assynt being abroad in arms with some of his tenants in search of him, lighted on him in a place where he had continued three or four days without meat or drink, and only one man in his company. Assynt had formerly been one of Montrose's own followers, who immediately knowing him, and believing to find friendship at his hands, willingly discovered himself; but Assynt not daring to conceal him, and being greedy of the reward which was promised to the person who should apprehend him by the council of the estates, immediately seized and disarmed him."* Montrose offered Macleod a large sum of money for his liberty, which he refused to grant. Macleod kept Montrose and his companion prisoners in the castle of Aird-bhreac, his principal residence, for a few days. He was from thence removed to Skibo castle, where he was kept two nights, thereafter to the castle of Braan, and thence again to Edinburgh.

† Damaged meal bought in Leith, was given to M'Leod of Assynt for betraying the duke of Montrose.

* Bishop Wishart.

Tha liunn-dubh orm gach la,
'S e ga m' theugmhail a ghna,
Air mo chuise cha ra-sgeul brcig e.
Tha liunn-dubh orm, &c.

Tha gach urra dol dhìom,
Bho faighinn furan le miadh,
Cuig urrad sa b' fhiach mi dh-eirig.
Tha gach urra dol, &c.

Chaill mi armainn mo stuic,
Mo sgiath laidair 's mo phruiop,
Iad ri aiteach an t-sluic a's feuy orr'.
Chaill mi armainn mo stuic,

Fath mo mhire 's mo cholg,
Thaobh gach iomairt so dh'fhalbh,
Luathais air 'n imeachd air lorg a cheile.
Fath mo mhire, &c.

Mhuch mo mheoghail 's mo mheas,
Na daoil bhi cladhach bhuir fios,
Chaidh mo raoghainn fo lic de leugaibh.
Mhuch mo mheoghail, &c.

Bhuail an t-earrach orm spot,
'S trom a dh-fhairich mi lot,
Chuir e lughad mo thoirt 's bcag 'm fheum air.
Bhuail an t-earrach, &c.

Bas Shir Domhnuill bho 'n Chaol,
Chuir mo chomhnaidh fa-sgaoil,
Dh'fhag mi 'm aonar sa 'n aois ga 'm leireadh.
Bas Shir Domhnuill, &c.

'S ann ruit a labhrainn mo mhiann,
Gu dana ladurna, dian,
Ge do bhithinn da thrian sa 'n cacoir.
Sann ruit a labhrainn, &c.

Tha iomad smnaint bochd truadh,
Teachd air 'm aire 's gach uair.
Bho 'n la chaochail air snuadh fir t-cugais
Tha iommad smuainte, &c.

Leoghanu fireachail aigh
Miuinte, spioradail, ard,
Umhail, iriosal, fearragha, treubhach.
Leoghann fiorachail, &c.

Leig nan arm a's nan each,
Reumail, aircil, gun airc,
Gheug thu 'n Armadail ghlas nan deicdeag.
Leig nan arm is nan each, &c.

Bha do chinneadh fo phramh,
Do thuath 's do phaighearan mail,
Uaislean t-fhearrainn 's gach lan-fhear-feusaig.
Bha do chiuneadh, &c.

Bha mhnai bheul-dearg a bhruit.
Ri call an ceille sa'm fuil,
Cach ag eideadh do chuirp air deile.
Bha mhnai bheul-dhearg, &c.

Moch sa' mhadainn dir-daoin,
Thog iad tasgaidh mo ghaoil,
Deis a phasgadh gu caol 's na leintean.
Moch sa' mhadainn, &c.

An eiste ghiubhais nam bord,
'N truaill chumhainn na's leoir,
'N deis a dhusgadh bho 'n t-erol air speicean.
'N eiste ghiubhais nam, &c.

Gu euglais Shleibhte nan stuadh,
Chosg thu fein ri cuir suas,
Ge d' nach d'fhuirich thu buan ri sgleutadh.
Gu euglais Shleibhte, &c.

Dh-fhalbh na spalpain a null,
Bha fial farsuinn na'n grunn,
Cha b'iad na fachaich gun rum gun leud iad.
Dh-fhalbh na spalpain, &c.

Domhnall gorm bu glan gnais,
Fear bu mhin bha de 'n triuir,
Cha bu ehorr-cheann thu 'n euirigh Seurlas,
Domhnall gorm bu, &c.

Chunnaie mis thu air trian,
'S eha bu gna leat bhi erian,
'S gu'm bu nolaig le fion do reidhlean.
Chunnaie mis thu air, &c.

Cha bhola phaididh do mhiann,
'N am dhaibh falbh bhuat gu dian,
'N cois na traghaid ga'n lionadh reidh leat.
Cha bhola paidhidh, &c.

De dh-uisge-beatha 's do bheor,
'S iad a gabhail na's leoir,
Mur a thoilieheadh beoil ga eighcach.
De dh-uisge-beatha, &c.

Mu bhord gun time gun ghruaim,
Le ol, 's le iomart, 's le sluadh,
ceol bu bliinne na enach 's a cheitean.
Mu bhord gun time, &c.

Fhuair thu deannal na dho,
Dh-fhag do pannal fo bron,
Gu'm bu ghearran a leon m'un eighle.
Fhuair thu deannal, &c.

Air Raon-Ruairidh nan strae,
Far na bhuannaich thu 'm blar,
Chaill thu t-uaislean a's t-armainn ghleusta.
Air Raon-Ruairidh, &c.

Air an talamh chrion, ehruaidh,
Nach falaieheadh gearrag a cluais,
Fhuair sibh deannal na luaidhe leughta.
Air an talamh, &c.

Bu neo ehraobhaidh na seoid,
Fhuair sa chaonnaig an leon,
B' ann diu Raonull a's Eoin a's Seumas.
Bu neo ehraobhaidh, &c.

Cha dean mi run aeh gu foil,
Do n-al ur 's th'air teachd ornu,
Bho nach duisgear le ceol Sir Seumas.
Cha dean mi run, &c.

Dh-fhalbh thu fein 's do chuid mae,
Mala gheur sibh gu neart,
'S fada bho cheile fo eheapaibh reisg sibh.
Dh-fhalabh thu fein, &c.

'S blath an leab' air bhuir einn,
Seach daormainn thasgaidh nan suim,
Sibh bu sgapach air buinn le feile.
'S blath an leab, &c.

Thuirt mi 'n urrad ud ribh,
Tha mi m' urainn a sheinn,
'S lann ar muineal ma pill sibh breig mi.
Thuirt mi 'n uraid, &c.

AN CIARAN MABACH.

NO,

GILLEASPUIG RUADH MAC-DHOMHNUILL.

ARCHIBALD M'DONALD, commonly called *Ciaran Mabach*, was an illegitimate son of Sir Alexander M'Donald, sixteenth Baron of Slate. He was contemporary with *Iain Lom*, the Lochaber bard, and his coadjutor in punishing the murderers of the lawful heirs of Keppoch.

In no one could his father more properly have confided matters of importance, requiring sagacity, zeal, and bravery, than in this son. Accordingly he made use of his services when necessary; and put the greatest dependence in his fidelity, prudence, and activity. *Ciaran Mabach* was no doubt amply requited by his father, who allotted him a portion of land in North Uist. Grants of land were in those times commonly given to gentlemen of liberal education, but of slender fortune; where amid their rural occupations they enjoyed pleasures unknown to those who in similar stations of life were less happily located. Of this our bard was very sensible during his stay in Edinburgh, as we learn from his poem on that occasion.

It does not appear that our poet was a voluminous writer; and of his compositions there are very few extant. It is to be regretted that so few of his poems have been preserved, as his taste, education, and natural powers, entitle him to a high place among the bards of his country. Gentlemen of a poetical genius could have resided in no country more favourable to poetry than in the Highlands of Scotland, where they led the easy life of the sportsman, or the grazier, and had leisure to cultivate their taste for poetry or romance.

B' ANNSA CADAL AIR FRAOCH.

Ge socrach mo leabaidh,
B' annsa cadal air fraoch,
Ann an lagan beag uaigneach,
A's bad de'n luachair ri 'm thaobh,
'Nuair dh'èirinn sa' mhadainn,
Bhi siubhal ghlacagan caol,
Na bhi triall thun na h-Abaid,
'G eisdeachd glagraich nan saor.

'S oil leam caradh na frithe,
'S mi bhi 'n Lite nan long,
Eadar ceann Saileas Si-phort,
A's rutha Ghrianaig nan tonn,

Agus Uiginnis riabhach,
An tric an d'farr mi damh-donn,
'S a bhi triall thun nam bodach,
Dha'm bu chosnadh cas-chrom.

Cha'n eil agam cu gleusda,
A's cha'n eil feum agam dha,
Cha suidh mi air bachdan,
Air sliabh fad o chach,
Cha leig mi mo ghaothar,
Chaidh faogh'd an tuim bain,
'S cha sgaoil mi mo luaidhe,
An Gleann-Ruathain gu brath.

B'iad mo ghradh-sa a ghraidh uallach,
 A thogadh suas ris an aird,
 Dh'ithheadh biolair an fhuarain,
 'S air bu shuarach an cal,
 'S mise fein nach tug fuath dhuibh,
 Ged a b'fhuar am mios Maigh.
 'S tric a dh'fhuilig mi cruadal,
 A's moran fuachd air 'ur sgath.

Be mo ghradh-sa fear buidhe,
 Nach dean suidhe nu'n bhord,
 Nach iarradh ri eheannach,
 Pinnt leanna na beoir;
 Uisge-beatha math dubailt,
 Cha be b'fhu leat ri ol,
 B'fhearr leat biolair an fhuarain,
 A's uisge luaineach an loin.

B'i mo ghradh-sa a bhean uasal,
 Dha nach d'fhuaras riamh lochd,
 Nach iarradh mar chluasaig,
 Ach fìor ghualainn nan enoc,
 'S nach fuilgeadh an t-sradag,
 A lasadh r'i corp,
 Och! a Mhuire mo chruidh-chas,
 Nach dh'fhuair mi thu nochd.

Bean a b'aigeantaich ceile,
 Nam eiridh ri driuchd,
 Cha'n fhaigheadh tu beud da,
 'S cha bu leir leis ach thu
 Sibh an glacaibh a cheile,
 Am fìor eudainn nan stuc,
 'S ann am eiridh na greine,
 Bu ghlan leirsinn do shul.

'Nuair a thigeadh am foghar,
 Bu bhinn leam gleadhair do chleibh,
 Dol a ghabhail a chronain,
 Air a mhointich bluig reidh,
 Dol an coinneamh do leannain,
 Bu ghile feaman a's ceir
 Gur h-i 'n eilid bu bhoiche,
 A's bu bhrisge loghamhorra ceum.

Note.—This song was composed in Edinburgh while the poet was under the care of a surgeon for a sprain in his foot.

MARBHRANN

DO SHIR SEUMAS MAC-DHONUILL.*

B' FHEARR am mor olc a chluinntinn,
 Bhrìgh iomradh na fhaicinn;
 Dhomhsa b' fhuasad' sud innse,
 Rug air 'm inntinn trom shac dheth;
 O 'n is mi bha 'sa 'n fhulang,
 Bu chruaidh duilich ri fhaicinn;
 Rainig croma-sgìan o 'n aog mi,
 Cha do shaor i bun aisne.

'S e dh' fhaig fodha dhomh 'n coite,
 Aon a mhoichead a dhuig mi,
 'S mi gun fhearr air barr agam,
 Thogadh 'm aigneadh a dual;
 'Nuair a bheum an sruth traigh orm,
 Rug muir baitht' air a chul sin,
 Cha d' fhiosraich mi 'm bas dut,
 Gus an dh' fhaig mi thu 'n cruiste.

Fath m' acainn 's mo thursa,
 Nach duisgear le teud thu,
 Na le torgan na fìdhle,
 Mo dhiobhail 's mo leir-chreach;
 Fhìr a chumadh i dìonach,
 Dh' aindeoin sìontan ga 'n eiread,
 Thu 'n diugh fo leacan na h-urach,
 Gun mo dhuil ri thu dh' eiridh.

'S bochd an ealtainns' thug so sgrìob mi,
 Thug dhiom m' carr agus m' fheusag,
 'S geur 's gur goirt spuir an rasair,
 Thrusas enauman a's feithean;
 Dh-fhaig sud mise dheth craiteach,
 Dh-aindeoin dail gu ro chreuchdach;
 Cha dean ballan no sabh dheth,
 Mise slan gus an eug mi.

Ge b' e chuireadh dhomh 'n unnhail,
 Do mhor chumha ga m' leonadh,
 Na mo dhosan a liathadh,
 Coig bliadhna roimh' 'n ordugh;
 Tha mi 'n diugh a toirt paigheadh,
 A' meud m' ailleas as m' oige,
 O 'n rug deireadh do bhaire orm,
 Os cionn chaich cha b'e m' ordugh.

'S fhad tha mi 'm Oisein gun mheoghail,
 As do dheaghaidh bochd dolum,
 Osnadh fharbairneach, frithir,
 Tha m' fheith-chridh' air a leonadh;
 Leigean fìos thun a bhreitheamh,
 Nach iarr slighe gu do-bheart,

* The poet's brother.

Gur h-e "Port Raoghuaill uidhir,"*
Mur nach bu dligeach is ceòl domh.

'S bochd mo naidheachd r'a h-innse;
Ge b' e sgriobhadh i 'n tath-bhuinn;
O 'n la rinn thu feum duine,
Gus 'n do chuireadh 'sa 'n lar thu;
Bha mo dheas-lamh dol sìos leat,
An cladhan crìche mo chràdh-shlad;
'S mor na b' fheudar dhomh fhulang,
Mo bhuan fhuireach o m' brathair.

'S bochd an ruinnigil fhuathais,
Rug air uaislean do chairdean,
'S goirt a bhonnag a fhuair iad,
'N latha ghluaisedh gu tamh leat;
Ge b'e neach is mo buannachd,
'N lorg luathair a bhais so,
'S mise pearsa 's mo tuairghe,
'Sa 'n uair so th' air t-aruinn.

Cha chuis fharmaid mo lethid;
'S ann tha mi 'n deigh mo spuillidh;
Bhuin an t-eug dhiom gu buileach,
Barr a's iomall mo chuirte;
'S feudar tamailte fhulang,
Gun dìon buill' air mo chul-thaobh,
Stad mo chlaidheamh na dhuille,
'S bath dhomh fuireach r'a rusgadh.

* *Raoghuaill odhar* was a piper. There is a story told about this worthy, to the following purpose:—He was a great coward; and being in the exercise of his calling in the battle-field one day along with his clan, he was seized with such fear at the sight of the enemy, whom he thought too many for his party, that he left off playing altogether, and began to sing a most dolorous song to a lachrymose air, some stanzas of which had been picked up and preserved by his fellow soldiers; and which, on their return from the war they did not fail to repeat. When an adult is seen crying for some trifling cause, he is said to be singing "*Port Raoghuaill uidhir*," "*Dun Donald's* tune;" and when a Highlander is threatening vengeance for some boisterous and unroarious devilment which has been played off upon him, he will say: "*Bheir mis ort gu seinn thu 'Port Raoghuaill uidhir'*," i. e. "I will make you sing '*Dun Donald's* tune.'" The following are a few of the stanzas:—

"Be so an talamh mi shealbhaich!
Tha gun ehladach gun gharbhach gu'n ehos;
Ann an raebalim da'm fhalach,
'S sluagh gun athadh a teannadh faisg oirn.

*Tha mi tinn leis an eagal,
Tha mi cinnteach gur b'eg a bhios beo
Chì mi lasadh an fhuadair,
Chluinn mi sgàileadh nan du-chlach ri ord!*

Fhuair mi gunna nach diult mi,
Fhuair mi claidheamh nach lub aun am dhorn,
Ach ma ni iad mo mharbhadh,
Ciod a feum a ni 'n armach sin dhomh-s'?

Tha mi tinn, &c.

Ged do gheibhinn-sa sealbh,
Air lan a chaisteal de dh'airgead 's de dh'or,
Oich! 'ma ni iad mo mharbhadh!
Ciod a feum a ni 'n t-airgead sin domh-s'?"

Tha mi tinn, &c.

Bhuin an t-eug creach gun toir dhiom
Dh' aindeoin oigridh do dhuthcha;
Dh' fhag e m' aigneadh fo dhoruinn,
'S bhuail e brog air mo chuinneadh;
'S trom a dh' fhuasgail e deoir dhomh,
Bu mhor mo choir air an dubladh;
Mu cheann-uighe nan deoiribh,
Bhi fo bhord ann an dunadh.

Bu deas deile mo shior-ruith,
'S gu 'm bu dìonach mo ehlaraidh:
Bha mo chala guh diobradh,
Ga mo dhion as gach sara'dh;
Riamh gus 'n tainig an dil orm,
Dh' fhag fo mhlighcan gu brath mi;
'S ard a dh' eirich an staille-s' orm,
Chuir i as domh ma m' airnean.

Call gun bhuinig gun bhuannachd,
Bha ga m' ruagadh' o 'n trath sin;
Cha b' i 'n iomairt gun fhuathas,
Leis 'n do ghluais mi mar chearrach;
'N cluich a shaoil mi bhi 'm buannachd,
Dh' fhaoidte ghluasad air taileasg;
Thainig goin a's cur suas orm,
'S tha fear fuar dhomh na t-aite.

O 'n chaidh mail' air mo fhradharc,
'S nach taoghail mi 'n ard-bheann;
Chuir mi cul ris an fhiadhach,
Pong cha n' iarr mi air eàrsaich;
Mo chool laidhe a's eiridh,
M' osnadh gheur air bheag tabhachd;
Fad mo re bidh mi 'g acain,
Mheud 'sa chleachd mi dheth t-aillleas.

Ach dheasaidh fuighidinn furtachd,
Nach fàic thu chuisle ga luaithead;
Air fear na teasach 'sa 'n fhiabhras,
'S gearr mu shioladh a bhruidle;
Muir a dh' eircas ga bhrisead,
Ni fear math beairte dh' i suaineach;
Ach e dh' iomairt gu tapaidh,
Ceann da shlaith thuig a's uaithe.

'Nuair a bha mi am ghille,
'S mi 'n ciad iomairt Shir Samus,
Mar ri comhlaidh dheth m' chinnceadh,
Seoladh air spinneig do dh' Eirinn;
'S ann aig I Chaluin Chille,
Ghabh mi giorrag mu d' dheighinn;
Chail thu lan meise feodair,
Air do shroin do 'n fhuil ghle dhearg.

Luchd a chaitheadh nau cuaintean,
'S moch a ghluaisedh gu surdail,
Le 'n alach chalpannan cruaidhe,
Bu bheag roimh' 'n fhuaradh an curam;
Bu choma co dheth na h-uaislean,
Ghlacadh gluasad na stiurach;
'S fear math beairt air a gualainn,
B' urrainn fuasgladh gach cuise.

'N am gluasad o thir dhuinn,
 Bu neo-mhiodhoir ar loistean,
 Cornach, eupanach, fionach,
 Glaineach, liontaidh a stopaibh;
 Gu cairteach, taileasgach, disneach,
 'S taile air uigh na 'm foirneibh;
 Dhomh-sa b' fhuasad' sud innse
 Bu chuid do m' gnoimh o m' aois oige.

Bu ro-eibneach mo leabaidh,
 'S bha mo chadal gle chomhnard,
 Fhad 'sa dh' fhuirich thu agam,
 An caoin chadal gun fhotus;
 Bu tu mo sgaith laidir dhileas,
 Ga mo dhion o gach dorainn,
 'S e cuid a dh' aobhar mo leith-truim,
 Bhi 'n diugh a seasamh do chorach.

DIORBHAIL NIC A BHRIUTHAINN;

OR,

DOROTHY BROWN.

THIS poetess belonged to Luing, an island, in Argyleshire. It is uncertain when she was born; but she was cotemporary with *Iain Lom*; like him was a Jacobite, and also employed her muse in the bitterest satire against the Campbells. Indeed there must have been great pungency in her songs; for, long after her death, one Colin Campbell, a native of Luing, being at a funeral in the same burying-ground where she was laid, trampled on her grave, imprecating curses on her memory. Duncan MacIachlan, of Kilbride, in Lorn, himself a poet, and of whom the translator of Ossian makes honourable mention as a preserver of Gaelic poetry, being present, pulled him off her grave, sent for a gallon of whisky, and had it drunk to her memory on the spot. Her song to Alasdair Mac Cholla, was composed on seeing his *birlinn* pass though the sound of Luing on an expedition against the Campbells, in revenge for the death of his father, whom they had killed some time before. She is the only poetess who at all approaches *Mairi nighean Alasdair Ruaidh* as a successful votary of the muse. She composed a great many songs, but, not being much known out of her native island, perhaps, the following piece is the only thing of hers now extant. A tomb-stone, with a suitable Gaelic inscription, is about to be erected to her memory, in Luing, by a countryman of her own, Mr. Artt M'Lachlan, of Glasgow, a gentleman well known for his zeal in every thing tending to promote the honour of Highlanders, and the Highlands.

ORAN DO DH' ALASDAIR MAC COLLA.

ALASDAIR a laogh mo cheille,
 Co chunnaic no dh' fhaig thu 'n Eirinn,
 Dh' fhaig thu na miltean 's na ceudan,
 'S cha d' fhaig thu t-aon leithid fein ann,
 Calpa cruinn an t-siubhail eutruim,
 Cas chruinneachadh 'n t-sluaigh ri cheile,
 'Cha deanar cogadh as t-eugais,
 'S cha deanar sìth gun do reite,
 'S ged nach bi na Duimhnich reidh riut,
 Gu 'n robh an rìgh mur tha mi fein dut.

*E-ho, hi u ho, ro ho eile,
 E-ho, hi u ho, 's i ri ri u,
 Ho hi u ro, o ho q eile,
 Mo dhiobhail dith nan ceann-fheadhna.*

Mo chruit, mo chlarsach, a's m' fhiodhall,
 Mo thend chiuil 's gach ait am bithinn,
 'Nuair a bha mi og 's mi 'm nighinn,
 'S e thogadh m' inntinn thu thighinn,
 Gheibheadh tu mo phog gun bhruthinn,
 'S nìar tha mi 'n diugh 'smath do dhligheoir'.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

Mhoire 's e mo run am fionn,
 Cha bhuachaille bho 'sa 'n innis,
 Ceann-feadhna greadhnach gun ghiorraig.
 Marcaich nan stend 's leoir a mhìre,
 Bhuidhneadh na cruintean d'a ghilleann,
 'S nach seachnadh an toir iomairt,
 Ghaolaich na 'n deannadh tu pillendh,
 Gheibheadh tu na bhiodh tu sireadh,

Ged a chailinn ris mo chinneach—
 Pog o ghruagach dhuinn an fhirich.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

'S truagh nach eil mi mar a b' ait leam,
 Ceann Mhic-Cailin ann am achlais,
 Cailin liath 'n deigh a chasgairt,
 'S a 'n Grunair an deigh a ghacadh,
 Bu shuindach a gheibhinn cadal,
 Ged a b' i chreag chruaidh mo leabaidh.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

M' eudail thu dh' fheara' na dilinn,
 'S math 's eol dhomh do shloinneadh innse,
 'S cha b' ann an cagar fo 's 'n isal,
 Tha do dhreach mar dh' ordaich righ e,
 Falt am boineid tha sinteach,
 Sar mhusg ort no cuilibhear,
 Dh' eighthe geard an cuirt an righ leat,
 Ceist na 'm ban o 'n Chaisteal Ilcach,
 Dorn geal mu 'n dean an t-or sniamhan.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

Domhnallach gasda mo ghaoil thu,
 'Scha b' e Mac Dhonnchaidh Ghlinne-Faochain.
 Na duine bha beo dheth dhaoine,
 Mhic an fhir o thur na faoileachd,
 Far an tig an long fo h-aodach,
 Far an olte fion gu greadhnach.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

Mhoire 's e mo run an t-oigear,
 Finghantach aigeantach sporsail,
 Ceannard da ceathairne moire,
 'S mise nach diultadh do chomhradh,
 Mar ri cuideachd no am onar,
 Mhic an fhir o 'n innis cheolar,
 O 'n tir am fuighte na geoidh-ghlas,
 'S far am faigheadh fir fhalamh storas.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

Bhuailte creach a's speach mhor leat,
 'S cha bhiodh chridhe tigh'n a t-fheoraich,
 Aig a liuthad Iarla a's morair,
 Thigeadh a thoirt mach do chorach,
 Thig Mac-Shimidh, thig Mac-Leod ann,
 Thig Mac-Dhonnuidh duibh o Lochaidh,
 Bidh Sir Seumus ann le mhor fhir,
 Bidh na b' annsa Aonghas og ann,
 'S t-fhuil ghreadhnach fein bhi ga dortadh,
 'S deas tarruinn nan geur lann gleoiste.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

'S na 'n saoiladh cinncadh t-athar,
 Gu 'n deanadh Granntaich do ghleidheadh,
 'S ioma fear gunna agus claidheamh,
 Chotaichean uain' 's bhreacan dhathan,
 Dh' eireadh leat da thaobh na h-amhunn,
 Cho lionmhor ri ibht an draighinn.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

Mhoire 's iad mo run an comunn,
 Luchd na 'n cul buidhe a's donna,
 Dheanadh an t-iubhar a chromadh,
 Dh' oladh fion dearg na thonadh,
 Thigeadh steach air mointich Thollaidh,
 'S a thogadh creach o mhuinntir Thomaidh
E-ho i u ho, &c.

Note.—As the air to which this piece is sung is rather a kind of irregular chant than a tune, the poetess was not necessitated to make all her stanzas of equal length. We know of other even good songs in similar style; and, perhaps, it is in some measure owing to this circumstance that the fertility of imagination, and raciness of language, so apparent in the compositions of some of our untutored bards is to be attributed. *Marbhrann Iain ghairbh*, at page 13, is an instance of this.

SILIS NIGHEAN MHC RAONAILL.

CICELY or JULIAN M'DONALD lived from the reign of Charles II. to that of George I. She was daughter to *Mac Raognail na Ceapach*, and of the Roman Catholic persuasion. Consequently she was an enemy to Protestantism, and hence devoted the earliest efforts of her muse against the House of Hanover. It is said that in her young days she was very frolicsome. She then composed epigrams, some of which are very clever, and in our possession. She was married to Gordon of baille Dhorne in Traspey, and lived with him in *Moragach Mhic-Shimidh*, a place which she describes in a poem, as bare and barren in comparison to her native Lochaber. This celebrated piece begins with, "*A theanga sin 'sa theanga shroil*," which was the first piece she composed after her marriage. During her residence in the North she composed "*Slan gu brach le ccol na clarsaich*," as a lament for Lachlan M'Kinnon the blind harper. This harper was a great favourite of our

poetess, and used to spend some of his time in her father's family. He was also in the habit of paying her a yearly visit to the North, and played on his harp while she sung :—

“Nuair a ghlacadh tu do chlarsach,
Sa bliodh tu ga gleasadh lamh rium,
Chamhath a thuigte le umaidh,
Do chuir chiul-sa, 's mo ghabhail dhan-sa.”

During her residence in the North she composed several short pieces, among which is an answer to a song by Mr. M'Kenzie of Gruineard called “*An obair nogha*.” Her husband died of a fit of intoxication, while on a visit to Inverness. She composed an elegy on him which is here given. The song “*Alasdair a Glinne-Garaidh*” is truly beautiful, and has served as a model for many Gaelic songs. After the death of her husband, she was nearly cut off by severe illness; and upon her recovery, engaged her muse in the composition of hymns, some of which are still in use, as appears from a Hymn-book printed at Inverness in 1821. She lived to a good old age, but the time of her death is uncertain.

MARBHRANN AIR BAS A FIR.

[This song was not composed by Cicely, nor did her husband die of intoxication.]

‘S i so bliadhna ‘s faid’ a chlaoidh mi,
Gu’n cheol gu’n aighear gun fhaoilteas,
Mi mar bhat air traigh air sgaoileadh,
Gun stiur, gun seol, gun ramh, gun taoman.

O ‘s coma’ leam fhin na co dhiubh sin,
Mire, no aighear, no sugradh,
‘N diugh o shin mi r’a chunntadh,
‘S e ceann na bliadhna thug riadh dhìom
dubailt.

‘S i so bliadhn’ a chaisg air m’ ailleas,
Chuir mi fear mo thaighe ‘n caradh,
‘N ciste chaoil ‘s na saoir ‘ga sabhadh;
O! ‘s mis tha faoin ‘s mo dhaoine’ air m’
fhagail.

O ‘s coma’ leam fhin, &c.

Chaill mi sin ‘s mo chuilean gradhaich,
Bha gu foinnidh, fearail, aillidh,
Bha gun bheum, gun leum, gun ardan;
Bha guth a bheil mar theud na clarsaich.

O ‘s coma’ leam fhin, &c.

Ma ‘s beag leam sud fhuair mi barr air
Ceann mo stuic is pruipe nan cairdean,
A leag na ceud le bheum ‘s na blaribh,
Ga chuir fo ‘n fhod le ol na graisge.

O ‘s coma’ leam fhin, &c.

Ciod na creachan a thug bhuaimean thu?
Thug do dh’ Iubheirnis air chnairt thu,
Dh’ ol an fhiona las do ghruaidhean
‘Sa dh’fhag thu d’ chorp gu’n lot gun luaidhe.

O ‘s coma’ leam fhin, &c.

‘S mor a tha gun fhios do d’ chairdean
San tìr mhoir tha null o ‘n t-saile,
Thu bhi aig na Gaill ga d’ charadh
‘S do dhunthaich fein ga mort’ le namhaid.

O ‘s coma’ leam fhin, &c.

Bu tu ‘n Curaidh fuilteach, bnaiteach,
Ceannsgalach, borb, laidir, uasal,
Na ‘m b’ ann am blar no ‘n spairn a bhuailt’
thu,

Gu ‘m biodh do chairdean a’ tair-leum suas orr’

O ‘s coma’ leam fhin, &c.

Curaidh gasta, crodha, fumail,
Tionnsgalach, garg, beodha, euchdach;
‘N Coille-chriothnaich ‘s la an t-sleibhe,
Bu luath do lann ‘s bu teann do bheuman.

O ‘s coma’ leam fhin, &c.

Mo chreach long nan leoghann garga,
Nam brataichean sroil ‘s nan dath dearga,
Gur tric an t-eug gu geur g’ur sealg-sa
Leagail bhuir crann-siul gu fairsge.

O ‘s coma’ leam fhin, &c.

Nise bho na dh’fhalbh na braithrean
‘S nach eil ach Uilleam dhiu lathair,
A rìgh mhoir, ma ‘s deonach dail da,
Gus an dìong an t-oighre t-aite.

O ‘s coma’ leam fhin, &c.

Ach a rìgh mhoir tog ‘s an aird iul,
Mar chraoibh ubhlán, mheulair mhiaghair.
Mar ghallan ur nach lub droch aimsir,
Mar phreasa fìona ‘s lionmhor leannmuinn.

O ‘s coma’ leam fhin, &c.

O 's e so deircadh 'n t-saoghail bhrionnaich
Aird righ dean sinn orsta cuimhneach;
An deigh an latha thig an oirlhehe
'S thig an t-aog air chaochladh *Staidhle*.
O 's coma' leam fhin, &c.

MARBHIRANN

DO DH' ALASTAIR DUBH GHILINNE-GARAIDH.

ALASDAIR a gleanna-garadh,
Thug thu 'n diugh gal air mo shuilcan,
'S beag ioghuadh mi bhi trom creuchdach,
Gur tric g'ar reubadh as ur siun,
'S deachdair dhomhsa bhi gun 'n osnaidh,
'S meud an dosgaidh th'air mo chairdean,
Gur tric an t-eug oirn a' gearradh,
Tagha nau darag is airde.

Chaill sinn ionnan agus comhla,
Sir Domhuill, a mhac, 'sa bhrathair,
Ciod e 'm feum dhuinn bhi ga ghcearan?
Dh-fhlan Mac-'Ie-Aileiu sa bhlar bhuain,
Chaill sinn darag laidir liath-ghlas,
Bha cumhail dion air a chairdean,
Capull-coille bharr na giubhsaich,
Seobhag sul-ghorm, lugh-mhor, laidir.

Dh-fhalbh ceann na ceille 's na comhairl,
Ann 's gach gnothach am bi curam,
Aghaidh shoerach, sholta, thaitneach,
Cridhe fial, farsuinn, mu'n chuineadh;
Bu tu tagha nan sar-ghaisgeach,
Mo ghualainn thaice-'s, —mo dhiubhail;
Smiorail, fearail, foineamh, treabhach,
Ceann-feadhna chaill Seumas Stiubhart.

Na b' ionnan do chach 's do ghoill,
Mu'u dh-imich an long a mach,
Cha rachadh i rithist air sail,
Gun 'n fhios cia fath a thug i steach,
Ach 'nuair chunaig sibh an trath sin,
A bhi g'ar fagal air faonthragh,
Bhrist bhur cridheachan le mulad,
'S leir a bhuil cha robh sibh saogh'lach.

Bu tu'n lasair dhearg g'an losgadh,
'S bu tu sgoilteadh iad gu'n sailtean,
Bu tu gualann chur a chatha,
Bu tu'n hach gun atha laimhe,
Bu tu'm bradan ann san flior-uig,
Fior-eun on ealtainn is airde,
Bu tu'n loghann thar gach beithach,
'S bu tu damh leathanu ua craice.

Bu tu loch nach faighe thaomadh,
'S tu tobar faoilidh na slainte,
'S tu Beinn-Neamhais thar gach aonach,
Bu tu chreag nach fhaoite thearnadh,
Bu tu clach mhullaich a chaistail,
Bu tu leac leathann na sraide,
Bu tu leig loghmhor nam buadhan,
Bu tu clach uasal an fhaicne.

Bu tu'n t-iubhair as a choille,
Bu tu'n darach dainghean laidir,
Bu tu'n cuileann bu tu'n dreaghunn,
Bu tu'n t-abhall molach blath-mhor,
Cha robh meur annad do' chritheann,
Cha robh do dhlighe ri fearna,
Cha robh do chairdeas ri leamhan,
Bu tu leannan nam bau aluinn.

Bu tu ceile na mna priseil,
'S oil leam fhin ga dith an drasd thu,
Ge d' nach ionnan dhomhsa is dhi-se
'S goirt a tha mi-fhin na curadh,
H-uile bean a bhios gun cheile,
Guidheadh i Mac Dhe na aite,
O 's e 's urrainn bhi ga comhnadh,
Anns gach leon a chuireas cas oirr'.

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

Guidheam do mhac bhi na t-aite,
'An saibhreas an aiteas 's an curam,
Alasdair a Gleanna-Garadh,
Thug thu 'u diugh gal air mo shuilcan.

† The above four lines are lost.

THA MI AM CHADAL, &c.

DO DH' FHEACHD RICH SEUMAS.

Gur diombach mi 'n iomairt,
Chuir gach fin' air fogradh;
Tha mi am chadal 's na duisgibh mi
Gun aighear gun eibhneas,
'S gu'n reiteach o Dheorsa;
Tha mi am chadal 's na duisgibh mi.
Gur h-ioma bean uasal,
Tha gu h-uaigneach na seomar,
Gun aighear gun eibhneas,
'S i 'g eiridh na h-onar,
Sior chaoidh na 'n naislean,
A fhuaire iad ri phosadh;
Tha mi am chadal 's na duisgibh mi.

Mo thraigh a chlann,
Nach robh ganu na 'n curaisde;
Tha mi am chadal 's na duisgibh mi,
'N am bualadh na 'n lann,
An am na 'm buileanan;
Tha mi am chadal 's na duisgibh mi.
Ge d' tha sibh 'sa'n am,
Feadh ghleann a's mhunainean,
Gu nochd sibh 'ur ceann
'N am teundachd mar churaidhnean,
'Nuair thig Seumas a nall,
'Si bhur lann bhios faileachdach.
Tha mi am chadal 's na duisgibh mi.

'S e rìgh na muice,
'S na Cuigse, rìgh Deorsa;
Tha mi am chadal 's na duisgibh mi,
Mu 'n tig oirnn an t-sanhainn.
Bidh amhach 's na cordaibh;
Tha mi am chadal 's na duisgibh mi;

Na 'n eireadh sibh suas,
Le cruadal a's duinealehd,
Eadar islean a's uaislean,
Thuath agus chumanta,
'S gu'n sgiursadh sibh uaibh e,
Rìgh fuadain nach buineadh dhuinn;
Dheanainn an cadal gu sunndach leibh,

NIALL MAC-MHUIRICH.

NEIL MACVURICH, the family bard and historian of Clanronald, *Mac-Dhonuill, Mhic-'Ic-Ailein*, was born in the beginning of the seventeenth century. He lived in South Uist, where he held a possession of land which is known to this day, as marked out and designated *Baile-bhaird*, i. e. the bard's farm. He was of a succession of poets that the illustrious family kept to record the history of their ancestors, and to fill the station so indispensably requisite in those days, in the halls of chiefs of renown. There were several poets of the name of *Mac-Mhuirich*, lineal descendants of the same man, who were distinguished from each other in various ways, as specified in the brief account given of *Lachunn mor Mac-Mhuirich Albannaich*; Neil was simply, if not emphatically, called *Niall Mac-Mhuirich*, Clanronald's *Seanachaidh*, or family historian.

He had written, in the Gaelic language, the history of the great clan whose records he kept, and the strains in which distinguished individuals were commemorated for their talents and prowess. But he satisfied not himself with writing what related to the family that honoured him with the office of bard; he likewise had written ancient poetry, and the history of past times.—See the Highland Society's account of the *Red Book*.

While this celebrated bard was most careful in recording every thing worthy of preservation, it is to be regretted that so little of his own history and works have been preserved. This has been often the case with men of genius. Very few Gaelic bards were at the trouble of writing their own productions; they trusted too much to memory; seldom reflected on what might happen in the lapse of time; never apprehended that succeeding generations would be indifferent about what seemed to them to be of the greatest moment. Neil M'Vurich, while he adopted the best method of handing down to posterity the invaluable relics of antiquity, might not think it worth his trouble to write his own poems, or record any anecdotes concerning himself. These, like many others, have been lost, with the exception of the two pieces given in this work. He lived to a great age, and was an old man in 1715.

To throw more light on the history of this tribe of poets, we beg to give the following, which is a copy of the declaration of Lachlan M'Vurich, a son of the bard,

written in Gaelic, and addressed to Henry M'Kenzie, Esq., at the time he was writing the Highland Society's report of Ossian :—

BARRA, 9th August, 1800.

ANN an taigh Phadruig Mhic-Neacail an Torluim goirid o Chaisteal Bhuirgh ann an Siorramachd Inbhernis, a naoidhamh latha de chiad mhìos an fhoghair, anns an da fhichead bliadhna agus naoidh-deug d'a aois, thainig Lachlunn mac Neill, mhic Lachluinn, mhic Neill, mhic Dhomhnuill, mhic Lachuinn, mhic Neill mhoir, mhic Lachuinn,* mhic Dhomhnuill, do shloinne chlann Mhuirich, ann an lathair Ruairidh Mhic Neill tighearna Bhara, thabhairt a chodaich, mar is fiosrach e san, gur e fein an t-ochdamh glun deug o Mhuireach a bha leanmhuinn teaghlach Mhic-Ic-Ailein, ceannard Chlann-Raonuill, mar bhardaibh, agus o an am sin gu

* This is LACHUNN MOR MAC MUIRICH ALBANNAICH, or Lachlan mor MacVurich of Scotland, the second of this famous tribe of bards.

Where there are several individuals of the same name, it is necessary to have some marks to distinguish them. This has been always attended to by the Gael though in various ways. It is common to call persons by their patronimics; and among clans, where many have the same name and surname, they could not be distinctly called and recognised otherwise: instead of saying Alexander M'Donald, where two, three or four were found of the same name, in the same place, they called one, Alexander, the son of Allan, the son of John; another, Alexander, the son of Donald, the son of Neil; and another, the son of Rory, the son of Dugald, &c.

The Gaelic language being susceptible of describing beings and objects most minutely, individuals are frequently distinguished and described from their appearance, or qualities external and internal. Thus our author has been called Lachlan Mor, in contradistinction to another of the same name who was less. *Mor* signifies great in respect of one's person or mind. Its literal meaning is magnitude, and this is the sense in which it has been applied here. But there is another mark by which this bard was distinguished, namely, by his country, Albanach, or of Scotland. Irish bards, or minstrels, were once no strangers in Scotland, and especially the Highlands; for Albainn, the Gaelic term for Scotland, had been particularly applied to the Highlands. The cognomen, Albanach, had been given Lachlan mor MacVurich *emphatically*, being the great poet of his day. The language of the two countries being the same, the Scottish Highlanders and Irish understood each other; and there was frequent intercourse between them. They, in fact, were originally the same people; and, instead of disputing about the origin of the one or the other, historians ought to regard them as one and the same, removing from the one kingdom to the other as occasion or necessity required. Of the works of this famous poet, all now extant is an extraordinary one—a war song, composed almost wholly of epithets arranged in alphabetical order, to rouse the Clan Donuil to the highest pitch of enthusiasm before the battle of Harlaw. This poem is entitled in Gaelic :—“BROSACHA-CATHA LE LACHUNN MOR MAC MUIRICH ALBANNAICH DO DHOMHNUL A ILE RIGH-INNSE-GAEL AGUS IARLA ROIS LATHA MACHRAICH CHATHAIRIACH.”* The piece has a part for every letter in the Gaelic alphabet till near the end

* This battle was fought, anno 1411, at a small village called Harlaw, in the district of Garioch, within ten miles of Aberdeen. The cause of it was this:—Walter Lesly, a man nobly born, succeeded to the Earldom of Ross, in right of his lady, who was daughter of that house. He had by her a son, who succeeded him, and a daughter, who was married to the Lord of the Isles. His son married a daughter of the duke of Albany, son of Robert II., at that time governor of Scotland; but dying young, left behind him only one child. It is said that she was somewhat deformed, and rendered herself a Religious. From her the governor easily procured a resignation of the Earldom of Ross in favor of John earl of Buchan, his second son, to the prejudice of Donald lord of the Isles, who was grandson of the said Lesly, and supposed the nearest heir. He claimed his right accordingly, but finding the governor, who probably regarded him already as too powerful a subject, not inclined to do him that justice he expected, he immediately raised an army of no less than 10,000 men within his own isles, and putting himself at their head, made a descent on the continent, and, without opposition, seized the lands of Ross, and after increasing his army with the inhabitants, he continued his march from Ross until he came to Garioch, within ten miles of Aberdeen, ravaging the countries through which he passed, and threatening to enrich his men with the wealth of that town. But before he could reach that place, his career was stopped by Alexander Stewart, the grandson of Robert II., and earl of Marr. For this brave youth, by orders from the governor, drew together, with great expedition, almost all the nobility and gentry between the two rivers Tay and Spey, and with them met the invader at the place above mentioned, where a long, uncertain, and

robh fearann Staoileagairi agus ceithir peighinean do Dhriomasdal aea mar dhuais bardachd o linn gu linn, feadh chuig ghluin-deug: Gu'n do chail an siathamh-glun deug ceithir peighinean Dhriomasdail, ach gu do ghleidh an seachdamh glun diu fearann Staoileagairi fad naoi bliadhna deug de dh' aimsir, agus gu robh am fearann sin air a cheangal dhaibh ann an coir fhad 's a bhiodh fear do Chlann-Mhuirich ann, a chumadh suas sloinneadh agus seachas Chlann-Domhnuill; agus bha e mar fhiachan orra, 'nuair nach biodh mac aig a bhard, gu tugadh e foghlum do mhae a bhrathar, no dha oighre, chum an coir air an fhearann a ghleidheadh, agus is ann a reir a chleachdaidh so fhuair Niall, athair fein, ionnsachadh gu leughadh, sgriobhadh, eachdrai agus bardachd, o Dhomhnull mae Neill mhic Dhomhnuill, brathair athar.

Tha cuimhne mhath aige gu robh "Saothair 'Oisein" sgriobht' ar eraicnean ann an gleidhteanas athar o shinnsiribh; gu robh cuid dheth na eraicnean air an deanamh suas mar leabhraichean, agus cuid eile fhuasgailt o cheile, anns an robh cuid do shaothair bhard eile, bharachd ar "Saothair Oisein."

Tha cuimhne aige gu robh leabhar aig athair ris an canadh iad an "Leabhar dearg," de phaipeir, a thainig o shinnsiribh, anns a robh moran do shean eachdraidh nam fineachan Gaelach, agus cuid de "Shaothair Oisein" mar bha athair ag innseadh dha. Chan eil a h-aon de na leabhraichean so r'a fhaotainn an diugh, thaobh is 'nuair a chaill iad am fearann, gu do chaill iad am misneach agus an durachd. Cha'n eil e einnteach eiod e thainig ris na eraicnean, ach gu bheil barail aige gun tug Alasdair mae Mhaighstir Alasdair 'Ie-Dhomhnuill ar falbh cuid diubh, agus Raonull a mhae cuid eile dhiubh; agus gum fac e dha no tri' dhiubh aig tailleirean ga 'n gearradh sios gu eriosan tomhais: Agus tha cuimhne mbath aige

consisting altogether of three hundred and thirty-eight lines. It would occupy too much space to print it in this work. Here follow the two first, and also the thirteen last lines of the poem:—

A chlanna Cuinn cuimhnichibh,
Cruas an am na h-iorghuill.

* * * * *

Gu ur-labhrach, ur-lamhaich neart-mhor,
Gu coisneadh na cath-larach,
Ri bruidhne 'ur biubhaidh,
A chlanna Chuinn cheud-chathaich,
'Si nis uair 'ur n'aithnaichidh.

A chuireanan ebonfhadach,
A bheirichean bunanta,
A leoghainnean lan-ghasta
Aon-chonnaibh iorghuilleach
De laochaibh chrodha, churanta
De chlannaibh Chuinn cheud-chathaich
A chlanna Chuinn, cuimhnichibh
Cruas an am na h-iorghuill.

This poem is very valuable in two respects;—First, It is the best proof that could be given of a language, so copious and abounding in epithets, that the number poured out under each letter is almost incomprehensible. What command of language! How well deserved our bard the adnomen Albanach! He lived in the fifteenth century. He could not be ignorant of letters. He was well acquainted with all the idioms of his native language, and had the greatest command over its powers and energies. Nor was he ignorant of the genius of the people whom he addressed. Clann-Domhnuill was the most powerful of the clans in his time. They were foremost in battle, and entitled to take the right in the field; which was never disputed, till the battle of Culloden, which proved so fatal to many. Our poet, therefore, exhausted the almost exhaustless *copia verborum* of the language, for the purpose of infusing the spirit of the greatest heroism and love of conquest into the breasts of the warriors.

bloody battle ensued; so long, that nothing but the night could put an end to it; so uncertain, that it was hard to say who had lost or gained the day; so bloody, that one family is reported to have lost the father and six of his sons. The earl of Marr's party, who survived, lay all night on the field of battle; while Donald, being rather wearied with action than conquered by force of arms, thought fit to retreat, first to Ross, and then to the Isles.—*Abercromby's Hist.*

gu tug Mac-'Ic-Ailein air athair an "Leabhar dearg" a thabhairt seachad do Sheumas Mac Mhuirich a Baideanach; gu robh e goirid o bhi cho tiugh ri Bioball, ach gu robh e na b' fhaide agus na bu leatha, ach nach robh urad thinghaid sa chomhdach; gu robh na craicnean agus an "Leabhar dearg" air an sgrìobhadh anns an laimh anns an robh Gaelig air a sgrìobhadh o shean an Albainn agus ann an Èirinn, mu'n do ghabh daoine cleachdadh air sgrìobhadh na Gaelig anns an laimh Shasunnaich; gum b'aithne dha athair an t-shean lamh a leughadh gu math; gu robh cuid de na craicnean aige fein an deigh bais athar, ach a thaobh is nach d' ionnsaigh e iad, agus nach robh aobhar meas aig' orra, gu deach' iad ar chall. Tha e ag radh nach robh h-aon de shinnsiribh air a robh Pall mar ainm, ach gu robh dìthis dhiubh ris an canadh iad Cathal.

Tha e 'g radh nach ann le h-aon duine a sgrìobhadh an "Leabhar dearg," ach gu robh e air a sgrìobhadh o linn gu linn le teaghlach Chlann-Mhuirich, a bha cumail suas seanachas Chlainn-Domhnuill, agus ceannardan nam fineachan Gaelach eile.

An deigh so a sgrìobhadh, chaidh a leughadh dha, agus dh-aidich e gu robh e ceart, ann an lathair Dhomhnuill Mhic-Dhomhnuill, fear Bhaile Raghaill; Eoghain Mhic-Dhomhnuill, fear Gheara-sheilich; Eoghan Mhic-Dhomhnuill Fear Ghriminis; Alasdair Mhic-Ghilleain, fear Hoster, Alasdair Mhic-Neacail, ministear Bheinne bhaoghla; agus Ailein Mhic-Chuinn, ministear Uist-a-Chinne-tuath,* a fear asgrìobh a seanachas so.

(Signed)

LACHUNN × MAC-MHUIRICH.

RUAIRIDH MAC-NEILL, J. P.

* TRANSLATION OF THE ABOVE.

In the house of Patrick Nicholson, at Torlum, near Castle-Burgh, in the shire of Inverness, on the ninth day of August, compeared in the fifty-ninth year of his age, Lachlan, son of Neil, son of Lachlan, son of Neil, son of Donald, son of Lachlan, son of Neil *Mor*, son of Lachlan, son of Donald, of the surname of Mae Vuirich, before Roderick M'Neil, laird of Barra, and declared, That, according to the best of his knowledge, he is the eighteenth in descent from Muireach, whose posterity had officiated as bards to the family of Clanronald; and that they had from that time, as the salary of their office, the farm of Staoiligary and four *pennies* of Drimisdale during fifteen generations; that the sixteenth descendant lost the four *pennies* of Drimisdale, but that the seventeenth descendant retained the farm of Staoiligary for nineteen years of his life. That there was a right given them over these lands as long as there should be any of the posterity of Muireach to preserve and continue the genealogy and history of the Maedonalds, on condition that the bard, failing of male issue, was to educate his brother's son, or representative, in order to preserve their title to the lands; and that it was in pursuance of this custom that his own father, Neil, had been taught to read and write history and poetry by Donald, son of Neil, son of Donald, his father's brother.

He remembers well that works of Ossian, written on parchment, were in the custody of his father, as received from his predecessors; that some of the parchments were made up in the form of books, and that others were loose and separate, which contained the works of other bards besides those of Ossian.

He remembers that his father had a book which was called the *Red Book*, made of paper, which he had from his predecessors, and which, as his father informed him, contained a good deal of the history of the Highland Clans, together with part of the works of Ossian. That none of these books are to be found at this day, because when they (his family) were deprived of their lands, they lost their alacrity and zeal. That he is not certain what became of the parchments, but thinks that some of them were carried away by Alexander, son of the Rev. Alexander Macdonald, and others by Ronald his son; and he saw two or three of them cut down by tailors for measures. That he remembers well that Clanronald made his father give up the red book to James Macpherson from Badenoch; that it was near as thick as a Bible, but that it was longer and broader, though not so thick in the cover. That the parchments and the red book were written in the hand in which the Gaelic used to be written of old both in Scotland and Ireland before people began to use the English hand in writing Gaelic; and that his father knew well how to read the old hand. That he himself had some of the parchments after his father's death, but that because he had not been taught to read them, and had no reason to set any value upon them, they were lost. He says that none of his forefathers had the name of Paul, but that there were two of them who were called Cathal.

He says that the red book was not written by one man, but that it was written from age to age by the family of Clan Mhuirich, who were preserving and continuing the history of the Macdonalds, and of other heads of Highland clans.

After the above declaration was taken down, it was read to him, and he acknowledged it was right, in presence of Donald M'Donald of Balronald, James M'Donald of Garyhelich, Ewan MacDonald of Grinish, Alexander MacLean of Hoster, Mr. Alexander Nicolson, minister of Benbecula, and Mr. Allan MacQueen, minister of North-Uist, who wrote this declaration.

(Signed)

LACHLAN X MAC VUIRICH.

. RODERICK MAC NIEL, J.P.

ORAN. DO MHAC-MHIC-AILEIN.*

Gur e naigheachd na ciadain,
Rinn mo chruitheachd a shiaradh.
Le liunn-dubbh, 's le bron cianail,
Gu'n dhruidh i trom air mo chrìochaibh.
Mo sgeul duilich nach iarr,
Mi 'ur comhradh.
Mo sgeul, &c.

M' uaidh, m' aighear, is m' aiteas,
Tha fo bhinn aig fir shasuinn.
Ar tighearn' og maiseach,
An t-ogh ud Iarla nam bratach,
Mac an fhlir thug dhomh fàsga
'Nuair b' og mi.
Mac an fhlir, &c.

*The bard composed this song when a very old man, on hearing that his master was wounded at Shirriffmuir.

'S truagh gu'n mise bhi lamh ruit,
'Nuair a leagadh 's bhlair thu,

Gu cruaidh curanta laidir,
 Agus spionnadh nan Gael,
 Naile dhiolainn do bhas,
 Dheanainn feolach,
 Naile dhiolainn, &c.

Uidhist aighearach, eibhinn,
 Dhubhach, ghalanach, dheurach,
 Nis o rug ort am beum so,
 'S goirt r'a fhulang ni 's eigin,
 Liuthad fear a tha 'n deigh air
 Mac-Dhomhnuill.
 Liuthad fear, &c.

Cha 'n e 'n Domhnall sin roimhe,
 Ach mac sin Dhomhnuill ogh Iain,
 Ailean aoibhinn an aigheir,
 Urram feile; righ flatha,
 Ceannard meaghreach gu caitheamh
 Na mor-chuiss.
 Ceannard, &c.

'Nuair a chiaradh am feasgar,
 Gum biodh branndaidh ga losgadh,
 Fion Frangach ga chosg leibh,
 Coinnleis ceire gan losgadh,
 Sar Cheann-feadhna 'toirt brosnachadh,
 Ceoil duibh.
 Sar Cheann-feadhna, &c.

Gum biodh fìdheall ga rusgadh;
 Buidheann thaitneach air urlar;
 Pìob a 'sgala nan sionnsar,
 Fuaim talla r'a chul sin,
 'G iomairt chleas air chrios cuil
 Nam fear oga.
 'G iomairt chleas, &c.

M' ulaidh m'aighear am fiuran,
 An t-Ailean aighearach aoidheil,
 Bha gu macanta miunte,
 Dh-fhas gu h-aigeantach uiseil,
 Fhuair mi aoibhneas a d' chuir,
 Cha be'n dolun,
 Fhuair mi, &c.

Bu tu m' urram is m' annsachd,
 Cha seinn mi eachdraidh do bhais ort,
 Aig cagal droch fhaismeachd,
 'N dnuil gum faiceamsa slan thu,
 Mar a faic gun toir Gaelig,
 Ni's mo bhuann.
 Mar a faic, &c.

Tha mi sgith 's gu'n mi ullamh,
 S mi 'n deigh mo chuire,
 Gu'n duil ri sud tuille;
 B'fhearr nach bitheadh na h-urrad,
 O'n la chualas gu'n chuireadh,
 Do leon ort.
 O'n la, &c.

MARBH-RANN MHIC-'IC-AILEIN.

A MHARBHADH SA BHLIADHNA 1715.

Och! a Mhuire mo dhunaidh,
 Thu bli d' shineadh air t-uilinn,
 An taigh mor Mhoirear Drumad,
 Gun ar duil ri d' theachd tuille,
 Le failte 's le furan,
 Dh-fhios na duthcha da'm buineadh,
 A charaid Iarla Choig-Ulainn,
 'S goirt le ceannard fìr Mhuile do dhiol.
 'S goirt le ceannard, &c.

Dh-fhalbh Domhnall nan Domhnall
 A's an Raonall a b' oige,
 S Mac-'Ic-Alastair Chnoideart,
 Fear na misniche moire,
 Dh-fheuch am beireadh iad beo ort,
 Cha ro'n sud dhaibh ach gorraich,
 Feum cha robh dhaibh nan toireachd,
 'S ann a fhuair iad do chomhra gu'n chli.
 'S ann a fhuair iad do chomhra, &c.

Mo chreach mhor mar a thachair,
 'S e chuir tur stad air m' aiteas,
 T-fhuil mhorghalach reachdar,
 Bhi air bocadh a d' chraiceann,
 Gun seol air a casgadh;
 Bu tu righ nam fear feachda,
 A chum t-onoir is t-fhacal,
 'S cha do phill thu le gealtachd a nios.
 'S cha do phill thu le geallachd, &c.

Mo cheist ceannard Chlann-Raonuill,
 Aig am biodh na cinn-fheadhna,
 Na fir ur air dheagh fhoghlum,
 Nach iarradh de'n t-shaoghal,
 Ach airm agus aodach,
 Le 'n cuilbheirean caola,
 Sheasadh fad air an aodann,
 Rinn iad sud is cha d'fhaod iad do dhion.
 Rinn iad sud, &c.

'S mor gair ban do chinnidh,
 O'n a thoisich an iomairt,
 An sgeul a fhuair iad chuir tiom orr',
 T-fhuil chraobhach a' sileadh,
 'S i dortadh air nhire,
 Gu'n seol air a pilladh,
 Ge d' tha Raonall a d'ionad,
 'S mor ar call ged a chinneadh an righ.
 'S mor ar call ge do chinneadh, &c.

'S trom puthar na luaidhe,
 'S goirt 's gur chumhann a bualadh,
 Nach do ruith i air t-uachdar,
 'Nuair a dh-ionntain iad uath thu.
 Thug do mhuinntir gair chruaidh asd;
 Ach 's e ordugh a fhuair iad,
 Ceum air 'n aghaidh le cruadal,
 'S a bli leantainn na ruaig air a druim.
 'S a bli leantainn na ruaig, &c.

Dheagh Mhíe-Ailein mhíe Iain,
 Cha robh leithid do thaighe,
 Ann am Breatunn r'a fhaighinn;
 Taigh mor fughantaeh, flathail,
 'M bu mhor sugradh le h-aighear,
 Bhíodh na h-uaislean ga thaghaich,
 Rinn iad enims' air do chaitheamh,
 Ann an toiseach an latha dol síos.
 Ann an toiseach an latha, &c.

'S iomadh grnagaeh 's breideach,
 Eadar Uidhist is Sleibhte,
 Chaidh am mugha mu d' dheibhinn,
 Laidh smal air na speuraibh,
 Agus sneachd air na geugaibh,
 Ghuil eunlaith an t-shleibhe,
 O'n la chual iad gun d' eug thu,
 A cheann uidhe nan ceud bu mhor pris,
 A cheann-uidhe nan ceud, &c.

Gheibht' a d' bhaile ma fheasgar,
 Smuid mhor, 's cha b' e 'n greadan;
 Fir ur agus fleasgaich,
 A' losga' fudair le beadradh,
 Cuirn is eupaichean breaca,
 Piosan oir air an dealradh,
 'S cha b' ann falamh a gheibht' iad,
 Ach gach deoch mar bu neart-mhoire brigh.
 Ach gach mar bu, &c.

'S iomadh elogaid a's targaid,
 Agus claidheamh chinn airgeid,
 Bhíodh mar coinneamh air ealachuinn,
 Dhomhsa b' aithne do sheanehas,
 Ge do b' fharsuinn ri leanmhuinn,
 Ann an eachdraidh na h-Alba;
 Raonuill oig dean beairt ainmeil,
 O'n bu dual dut o d' leanmhuinn morphniomh,
 O'n bu 'dual, &c.

'S cha bu lothagan eliatá,
 Gheibht' ad stabuill ga'm biathadh;
 Ach eich chruidheacha shrianach,
 Bhíodh do mhiol-choin air iallaibh,
 'S iad a' feitheamh ri fiadhach,
 Ann sna coircanaibh riabhach,
 B' e mo chreacha nach do liath thu,
 M' an tainig teachdair ga d' iarraidh an righ.
 M' an tainig teachdair, &c.

SEANACHAS SLOINNIDH

NA PIOBA BHO THUS.

AODROMAN muice ho! ho!
 Air a sheideadh gu h-ana-mhor,
 A cheud mhála nach robh binn,
 Thainig o thus na dilinn.
 Bha seal ri aodromain mhue,
 Ga lionadh suas as gach pluie,
 Craiceann seana mhuil na dheigh sin,
 Re searbhadas agus ri durdail.
 Cha robh 'n nair sin ann sa phlob,
 Ach seannsair agus aon liop,
 Agus maide chumadh nam fonn,
 Da 'm b'-ainm an sumaire,
 Tamull daibh na dheigh sin,

Do fhuair as-innleachd innleachd,
 Agus ehinnich na tri ehroinn innt,
 Fear dhiu fada, leobhar, garbh,
 Ri durdan reamhar ro shearbh.
 Air faighinn an durdain soirbh,
 Agus a ghothaich gu loma leir,
 Chraobh-sgaol a chranngail mar sin,
 Ri searbhadas agus ri rueldail.

Piob sgreadanach Ian Mhíe-Artair,
 Mar eun curra air dol air ais,
 Ian ronn 's i labhar luirgneach,
 Com galair mar ghuilbneich ghlaís
 Piob Dhomhnuill do cheol na Cruinne,
 Cranngail bhreoithe 's breun roi' shluagh,
 Cathadh a muin tro mala grodaidh,
 Bo 'n tuil ghraimnde robaich ruaidh:
 Ball Dhomhnuill is dos na pioba,
 Da bheist chursta ' eilaigeinn nuaoil,
 Seinnidh Corra-ghluineach a ghatluinn
 Fuaim truíleach an tabhainn sheirbh.

Do-cheol do bhi 'n ifrinn ioechdraeh,
 Faobnar phloban nan dos eruaidh,
 Culaidh a dhusgad nan deamhan,
 Liugail do mheoir reamhair ruaidh.
 Air fheasgar an earraich nín,
 Mar gheum mairt caoile teachd gu thus,
 Thig sgreadail a ehroinn riabhach,
 Mar blir. . . toine 'n di. . . duibh.
 Chuir Venus a bha seal an Ifrinn,
 Mar dhearbhlachd sgeul gu fir an Domhain.
 Gur h-e corranach bhan is piob ghleudhair,
 Da leannan ciuil eluas nan Deanihan.

* * * * *

Failleadh a eh . . dheth na mhála
 'S failleadh a mhála dhethi 'n phlobair.

Note.—The Author of this piece is *Niall mor Mac-Mhuirich*. We have heard the following anecdote, in illustration of this poem. Neil had lately returned to his father's house from the bards' college, in Ireland, from whence, along with the stores of genealogical and other lore with which he had stored his head, he had in addition, brought over a back-burden of the small-pox, and was lying asleep, on a settle-bed, at the back of the house, near the fire, when John and Donald M'Arthur, two pipers, came in, and, sitting down on the bed-stock, began tuning their pipes preparatory to playing. The horrid and discordant sound of the pipes roused the bard, who, bursting with indignation, in the true style of his profession, began to inveigh against the pipers, in the following mock genealogy of the bag-pipe. It would appear from this, as well as from hints in other poems, that the bag-pipe was never a favourite with the bards; but was rather regarded by them as trenching on their province. The poem was evidently intended to resent the intrusion of the pipers on the bard's slumbers. Nor did it fail of the desired effect; for, the pipers it seems, had intended to make good their quarters for the night; but, on hearing the odd and ludicrous invective against their favourite instrument, enunciated from behind them, they started from their seats with astonishment looking round for an explanation. But when the swollen and pecky countenance of Neil met their view, wrought up we may suppose with no ordinary excitement, terror added wings to their feet, and they fled in the utmost consternation. Neil's father on hearing the poem to the end exclaimed "*Math thu fein a mhíe, tha mi faicinn nach bu thuras callt' a thug thu dh' Eirinn?*" i. e. "Well done my son, I see your errand to Ireland has not been lost."

IAIN DUBH MAC IAIN 'IC-AILEIN.

JOHN M'DONALD, commonly *Iain Dubh Mac Iain 'Ic-Ailein*, i. e. John of black locks, son of John, the son of Allan, was a gentleman of the Clanronald family, and was born about the year 1665. He received all the advantages of education, together with the opportunities that the times in which he lived offered to a man of observation. He was immediately descended from the Maer family—a great branch of the Clanronalds—of whom many individuals were highly distinguished for prowess, wit, and poetical powers. He resided in the island of Eig, on the farm of Grulean.

Mr. M'Donald was not a poet by profession, although he was considered by good judges not inferior to any bard of his age. He lived in easy circumstances. Amid his rural pursuits, he had ample time to woo the muses, or pass his leisure as inclination or opportunity occurred. He, therefore, put himself under no restraint, but sung when inspired, and made observations on men and manners; and his remarks were generally allowed to be shrewd and just. Few anecdotes can be expected of a man who passed a quiet life in such circumstances. He always held a respectable rank in society. His poems display taste and elegance, and his compositions, occasional and gratuitous as they were, must have been numerous.

ORAN DO MHAC-MHIC-AILEIN.

A Bhliadhna gus an Aimsir so,
Gu'm b' fhoirmeil sinn an Ormaicleit,
'N cuirt an leoghainn mhearcasaich,
Ge fear-ghalach ro mhorghalach,
Ge smachdail, reachdail calmar' thu,
'S ro-anamanta neo morchuiseach,
Am-beul o'm blasd' thig argamaid,
'S tu dhearbhadh le ecart eolas i.

Gur h-e fhad 's o'n dh' fhalbh thu uainn,
Dh' fhag ime-cheisteach an comhnaidh sinn,
Gu'm b' fhearr leinn thu bhi sealgaireachd,
Air talamh garbh na mor-thire,
Thu fein 's do bhuidheann ainmeineach,
Na n eireadh farragradh fopa-san,
Bhiodh sunndach lughor arm-cleasach,
Sluagh garbh-bhuilleach, garg, comhragach.

Gu'm bi fid a gheala-bhratach,
'S neo-chearbach an tus comh-stri i,
Tha chuis ud ar a dhearbhadh leibh,
Aig ro mhiad fearrdha 's crodhalachd,
A liuthad oigear barraideach,
A bhuaileadh tailm le stroic-lannabh,
O Sheile ghlas nan geala-bhradan,
Gu Inbhear gainmhich Mor-thire.

Tha Cana 's Eig a' geilleachdainn,
Do 'n treun fhear ud mar uachdaran,
O'n 's ann leatsa dh' eircas iad,
Deun fein gach treud dhiu' bhuachailleachd,
Am fiubhaidh gasda threubhach sin,
Nach labhar beuirtean truailidh leo,
An laochraidh thaitneach gheur-lannach,
A theid air ghleus gu fuathasach.

A Uidhist thig na ceudan ort,
Fir bheur' a reubadh chusainteanan,
Nach gabhadh sgreamh no deistinne,
Roimh fhrasan geur a cruaidh-shneachda,
Bhur samhail riabh cha d' eirich dhuibh,
An lathair feum na cruaidh-chuise,
Gu cnoidheach, lotach, beumanach,
Gu fuilteach, creuchdach, luath-lamhach.

'S mor a bhuaidh 's na tiolaicean,
'S an inntinn ata fuaighte riut,
Tha gradh gach duine chi thu ort,
Cha 'n eol dhomh fhin fear fuatha dhut,
Fear sgipidh, measail, firinneach,
Fear sithmalte, seamh, suaireil thu,
Fear sunndach, muirneach, briodalach,
Sar chuirteir gu'n ghniomh busthanta.

Fear borb ro-gharg do-chaisgt thu,
 Na'n eireadh stri no tuasaid ort,
 Do bhuirb ri t-fheirg ga miadachadh,
 'S tu 'n leoghann neimneach, buan-fhosgach,
 Mar bhuinne reothairt fíor bhras thu,
 Mar thuinn ri tír a bualadh thu,
 Mar bharr na lasrach fíor-loisgcach,
 'S tu an drcagan ri liun cruadh-chogaidh.

Mo chionsa an t-armunn priseil ud,
 Mo sheobhag fíor-ghlan uasal thu,
 An onoir ghleidh do shínnsireachd,
 'S e miad an gníomh a fhuair dhaibh i,
 Gu'n d'fhag iad daingheann sgríobht agad,
 Fo lámh an rígh le shuaicheantas,
 Bhíodh t-ard fhearr coimheid dílis air,
 'N uair dh-fhas an ríoghachd tuair-shreupach.

Cur ro glan na friamhaichean,
 'S a fhíon-fhuil as 'n do bhuaincadh tu,
 Mo Raonullach bras mílanta,
 Cruaidh cinnteach de mheir-chruaghach thu,
 Ar caraig dhaighean dhíleas thu,
 Cha 'n ann gu'n strí' theid gluasad ort,
 Ar ceanna-bheairt 's ar sgiath dhídein thu,
 'S ar claidheamh díreach buan-sheasach.

Bu blath ann am na síochthaimh thu,
 'S bu phríunnsalach ma t-uaislean thu,
 Air míad 's ge 'n cosg thu chisín ris,
 Cha 'n fhaic thu díth air tuathanach,
 De bhanntraichean 's do dhíleachdain.
 Gur h-e do ní-sa dh' fhuasgladh orr',
 Deanamaid urnaidh dhícheallach,
 Gu 'n cumadh Criosda suas dhuinn thu.

M A R B H R A N N

DO MHAC MHIC-AILEIN.

A bhliadhna leuma d'ar míleadh,
 An coig-deug 's a míl' eile,
 'S na seachd ceud a roinn imeachd,
 Chaill sinn ur-ros ar finne,
 'S geur a leus air ar cinneadh ra'm beo.
 'S geur a leus air, &c.

Mo sgeul cruaidh 's mo chradh crídh,
 Ar triath Raonullach dlítheach,
 Dh-ordaich Dia dhuinn mar thighearn'.
 Gu la-bhrath nach dean tighinn,
 'S tu 'n Inbhir-Phephri fo' ríthe na'm bord,
 'S tu 'n Inbhir-phephri, &c.

Marcach sunndach nam pillein,
 Air each cruidheach nach pilleadh,
 Nach d'ghabh curam no giorag,
 An am dublachaidh 'n teine,
 Mo sgeul geur bha do spiorad ro-mhor,
 Mo sgeul geur, &c.

Cuirtear aigeantach, míleant'
 Muirneach, macnasach, fíor-ghlic,
 Ga 'n robh cleachdadh gach tíre,
 Agus fasan gach ríoghachd
 Teanga bhlasda ri innse gach sgeoil.
 Teanga bhlasda, &c.

Leoghann tartarach, meanmnach,
 'S cian 's as fad a chaidh ainm ort,
 Beul a labhradh neo-chearbach,
 Bu mhor do mheas aig fíor Alba,
 'S tu toirt brosnachadh calma do'n t-shlogh.
 'S tu toirt brosnachadh, &c.

Fíuran gasda, deas, dealbhach,
 'Sgathan tlachdar na h-Armait,
 'N uair a dh'eireadh an fhearg ort,
 B'ann air ghíle 's fíamh dearg oirr,
 Cha ruil pillidh bha meamna 'n laeich oig.
 Cha ruil pillidh, &c.

Bha thu teom ann 's gach fearra-ghníomh,
 Bu tu sgiobair na fairge,
 Rí la cas 's i tighín gailbheach,
 'N uair a dheireadh i garbh ort,
 'S tu gu'n díobradh an t-anabhar ma bord.
 'S tu gu'n díobradh, &c.

'N am siubhal a gharbhlaich.
 Bu tu taghadh an t-shealgair,
 As do lámh bu mhor m'earbsa,
 Air an fhíadh bu tu 'n cealgair,
 'S tu roinn gaoith' agus talmhuin ma shroil.
 'S tu roinn gaoith, &c.

Oirne dh' imich am fuathas,
 An sgríob so thainig o thuath oirnn,
 Tha ar cabail air fuasgladh,
 Chaidh ar n-eirtheir sguabadh,
 A's sinn mar chuileanan cuaine gu'n treoir.
 A's sinn mar chuileanan, &c.

Chaill sinn reulla nan dualamh,
 Chaidh ar riaghailt a ghlusad,
 Ar cairt-iuil air falbh uainne,
 Bhrist ar stiúr; mo cheud truaighe,
 Sinn mar luíng ann a' chuan 's i gu'n seol.
 Sinn mar luíng, &c.

Sinn mar linne gun mhathair,
 Mar threud gun bhuachaille gnathaicht
 Sinn fo bhruid aig ar namhaid,
 H-uile fear a' toirt tair dhuinn,
 'S na coin luirge gach la air ar toir.
 'S na coin luirge, &c.

Dhuinn 's neo-shubhach au gcamhradh,
 An ruaig a thug sinn gu Galltachd,
 Cha bu bhuannachd ach call dhuinn,
 Nis mar cholainn gun cheann sinn
 O roinn Raonull a's t-shamhradh uainn falbh
 O roinn Raonull, &c.

A gnuis a b' aillidh ri sirreadh,
An t-shuil bu bhlaithé gu'n tioma,
An leoghann ard air dheagh-oilean,
'Nach d' chuir uigh an gníomh foilleil,
Ach an rioghalachd shoilleir gu'n leoin,
Ach an rioghalachd, &c.

'S oil leam caradh do cheile,
'S bean na h-aonar a'd' dheidh i,
'N deigh a sgaradh o' cud-gradh,
Mhic 'Ic-Ailcin o'n dheug thu,
Fhir a leanadh an fheisd mar bu choir.
Fhir a leanadh, &c.

Ach fhir thug Maois as an Euphaid,
'S a sgoilt a mhuir na clar reidh dhaibh,
Thug an triuir as an eigin
O bli daghadh an creuchdan;
A Rìgh nan rìgh na leig cucoir da'r coir.
A Rìgh na'n rìgh, &c.

MARBHRAINN

DO SHIR IAIN MAC-ILLEAIN TRIATH DHUBHAIR.

IOMRACH mo bheannachd,
Gu Bann-tighearna Thamair,
Bean 's am beil barrachd,
De charantachd naduir;
Chunaic mise gu dligeil,
A suilean ri snithe,
'S i 'g aircamh mar mhi-adh,
Sior Iain da fagail:
Bha dorainn a cridhe,
Cho moire ga ruighinn,
'S mar gu 'm biodh e air tighinn,
O dhearbhadh nighean a mathar:
Gu cronachadh sgeula,
Bhiodh fada 'na dheigh sin,
Thug Mairread na feile,
Spor gheur do'n fhear-dhana.

Nach ionghnadh ri chlaistin,
Gu'm beil mise o cheann fada,
Ann an tureadaich cadail,
Agus m' acaid ro-chraiteach;
Tha cneidh air mo ghiulan,
S mi leisg air a dusgadh,
Air eagal le' burach,
Gun uraich i'm bas dhomh,
Gidheadh cha sgeul-ruine,
Ach sgeula 's mor earam,
Sir Iain gu'n dusgadh,
'An dlu chiste chlaraidh;
B'e so an fhras chiuraidh,
A mhill ar n-abhall's ar n-abhlan:
Roinn ar dosgainn a chrunadh,
Fhrois am flur bharr a gharaidh.

B'e fein ar crann dosrach
A chomhdaich le choltas
Gur a coilltichin solta
'N dh-fhas toiseach a fhreamha.

Gu'n dreadhunn gu'n chrionach,
Gun chritheann gu'n chrin-fhiodh,
Ach geugan ro phriscil,
Do dh-fhion-fhuil na Spaine,
Bha fios aig luchd leubhaidh,
'S aig seanachaidhean geura,
Air ar teachd o *Ghathelus*,
As an Euphaid a thainig,
Slìochd mhilidhean treuna,
Fhuair ceannas na h-Eircann,
Mar bha fir na feile,
Agus Eirimon dana.

O'n ghin sibh o Scota,
Bha bhuaidh air bhur cordai,
A' dearbhadh 's a comhdach,
Am por as an d' fhas sibh,
Far an gabhadh sibh comhnaidh,
Bu leibh ceannas na foid sin,
Le iomadaidh corach,
Agus moran a bharr air,
Ciad nighean Mhic-Domhnuill,
Mar mhairiste posda,
B'e n scanailair comhraig,
'N ciad Thoisich a's armainn.

*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*

O'n shuidhich sibh lu-chairt,
Bha dh-aileachd 'nar n-urais,
Gur h-iomarcach duthaich,
Bh'air an cuinneadh le pairt dhibh,
Bha de dh-airde 'nar giubhsaich,
'S nach tugadh each puic dhibh,
'S nach bu tric le luchd diumba,
Ar lubadh le taire,
Ach 's e n rud a thug sgiurs oirbh,
Gu'm bu chinne le crun sibh,
'S gu'm b'e dligh bhur dutichais,
Bhìdh san iuil dheth 'm biodh iadsan,
Ge d' bha sin ann sa tim sin,
Na mhios 's na mhor mhislean,
Tha e nis gu truagh lionte,
Daor tri-fille paighte.

Tha seann-fhacal eil ann,
Tha cho fìor 's mar a their iad,
Ge b'e neach air am beir e,
Bh' dh chneidh dheireannach craiteach,
Ge d' tha sinne ri achdain,
Na dh-fhalbh o cheaun fud orinn,
Bhiodh ar duil ri bhi' beartach,
Na m biodh againn na dh-flag sin,
Ach tha ar nadur cho truaighe,
'S nach faic sinn ar buannachd,
"Cha leir math an fhuairin,
Gus an uair sin an traigh e,"
Tha e nios na ni' soilleir,
Da'r nabuidhean comuinn,
Gun do bhristeadh mar phronnaig,
Gara'-droma nan Gael.

Fear gasda gun chrìne,
 Bha ainmeil san rioghachd,
 Cha bu tric a luehd mi-ruin,
 Rì n innseadh no 'n aircamh,
 Bu chompanach rìgh thu,
 Am fear meannach mor fri-ghlic,
 Cha 'n fhaiete e fo dhìobradh,
 Ach am prìsealachd stata,
 Ann an eogadh luchd strithe,
 Cha robh masl' air rì innse,
 Ghleidh e onoir a shìnsridh,
 'S ann a mhìodaich e n-ardachd,
 Cha robh e, cha b' fhìach leis,
 Bhì falbh fo bhrat fillte,
 Eadar e bhìodh na mhin-fhear,
 Agus fìnid a laithean.

Bha e mor ann a maidachd,
 Bha e mor gu bhì rioghail,
 Bha e mor ann an grìde,
 Ann am fìrinn 's an cairdeas,
 Bu mhor e rì fhàinn,
 Bu mhor air gach aehd e,
 Bu mhor e na phearsa,
 Na ghastachd 's na ailleachd,
 Bha e mor air son diulaich,
 Bha e mor gu bhì sugach,
 Bha e mor an dheagh ghiulan,
 Ann an cuirteannan arda,
 Bha e mor ann a misnich,
 Bha e mor ann an gliocas,
 Bha e mor gun cheist idir,
 'S sar ghibhteannan naduir.

Na m bìodh e rì fhuasgladh,
 O n bhas a thug buaidh air,
 Gur a h-iomadh laoch cruadail,
 A ghluaisleadh 'na fhabhar,
 An t-ainm coitcheanta mor sin,
 Rì'n gairte Clann-Domhnuill,
 O thoiseach an cordais,
 'S iad bu phor da chiad mathair,
 Agus uaislean nan Leodach,
 Thaobh fala agus feola,
 Mur lanain ur phosda,
 Leis 'm bu deonach bhì' gradhach,
 Chunnacas mar phuthar,
 An gruaidhean air dubhadh,
 Mar gun deanadh lan phiuthar,
 Geur chumba ma brathair.

Cia ma'n fagainn an diochuimhn',
 Dream eile da dhislean?
 Bha na cinn bu mho prìs dhìu,
 Ro dhìleas am pairt dhut,
 Fìr ghasda gun chrìne,
 Bha ainmeil 's an rioghachd,
 Mar bha'n cinneadh mor prìseil,
 So shìolaich o Bhancho,
 O thoiseach an dualchais,
 Cha robh smal air an cruadal,
 Ach 'm beagan beag suarach,
 So fhuair iad an drasda,
 'S e n tabhar a lot sinn,
 Nach e gnìomh a bha lochdach,

Ach an dearbha mhi-fhorton,
 Bha'n toiseach 's an abhar.

Na m b'aithne dhomh innse,
 Bha e mor ann san rioghachd,
 Ann am fala gun isle,
 'S ann an lìonmhoireachd chairdean,
 Le seanachas rì fìrinn,
 O thoiseach an linne,
 'S e fein 's Iarla-Shì-Phort,
 Shìochd dìreachd da brathar,
 Agus triath Ghlinne-Garaidh,
 Ann an dlu-cheangal fala,
 E cho teann air a cheangal,
 S nach e sgaradh a b'aill leo,
 'S e leantainn o'n tim sin,
 Gu'n mhiosguin gu'n mhi-ruin,
 'S nach gluasear le innleachd,
 Gu dìlinu 's gu brath e.

Bu cheart sheannachas, 's cha tagradh,
 Thaobh falachd is caidreamh,
 Dhut Caiptin Chlann-ra'uill,
 Bha mar riut, sa' ghabhadh
 Do chois-nabhaidh taitneach,
 'S do chompanach leapa,
 N am marcachd a's astair,
 'S 'nuair stadadh am marsal,
 Bha thu ad t-fhianais air sìlceadh,
 A chreuchdan, cho-mìre,
 Rì bras easraich pinne,
 'S a spiorad 'ga fhagail,
 Agus uaislean a dhuthcha,
 Rì caoidhearan tursach,
 'S an crìdh air a chiurradh,
 Ma mhuirneinn nan Gaeil.

Thaobh dlìgh' agus dualchais,
 Bu daimheil ma d' ghuaillibh,
 Mac-Neill o na euaintaibh,
 'S a dhàoin' uaisle gu'n taire,
 'Nuair a dheireadh oirbh trioblaid,
 'S ann da iunnasaidh a thigeadh,
 Le iartras cho bige,
 Rì Lìtir a laimhe,
 Chunnaic each e cho soilleir,
 Teachd le cablaichin troma,
 De luchd nan gath loma
 Na choinnidh do dh-Aros,
 'N uair a thachradh e rin,
 Mar Thriath 's mar cheann-uidhe,
 Dheanadh fhìontan iad subhach,
 'S bu bhuidheach 'n am fhagail.

Mar choir bho na fhlaithes,
 Bha ranntanan mhatha,
 Mac Iomhuinn an t-Shratha;
 'S cha ghabhadh e fàth air:
 Ann an aimsir na ruaige;
 'N uair a ruigeadh luchd fuath e,
 Ba ghasda an ceann sluagh e,
 'N uair a ghluaisle leis armuinn:
 Bha e-san 's an tim sin,
 Gu'n mhasla, gun mhi-chliu,

Ann am fochar a shinnsridh,
Le gnìomharadh dana;
Nis o chaochail iad cleachladh,
As an aite bu cheart daibh,
Chluinn sibh fein mar a thachair,
Dhaibh ann an cath Mhara.

Ach 's e raghainn a ni mi,
Bheir mi gloir so gu finid,
'S nach gliocas no crìonachd,
Dhomb mhiad 's tha mi 'g raithe,
Gur h-e Fionnachd san tim sibh,
Ann an aireamh no 'n innseadh,
'N uair a bha sibh gu'n diobradh,
'N-ar miad is 'n-ar airde,
Eadar Sgalpa 's caol-Ile,
Ge do b' fharsuinn na crìochan,
Bha roinn do gach tir dhiu
Fo chis duibh a' paigheadh,
Nis o thuit na stuic fhìon-fhuil,
Ris an abairt na rìghrean,
Tha na geugan bu dils' dhaibh,
Air crìonadh 'na'n aobhar.

ORAN

NAM FINEACHAN GAELACH.

'S i so 'n aimsir a dhearbhar
An targanach dhuinn,
'S bras meannach fir Alba
Fo 'n armaibh air thus;
'N uair dh' eireas gach treun-laoch
Nan eideadh glan ur,
Le run feirg' agus gairge,
Gu seirbhlis a chruin.

Theid mathaibh na Gaeltachd
Gle shanntach sa chuis,
'S gur lionmhor each seang-mhear
A dhanhsas le sunnd,
Bi'dh Sasunnaich caillte
Gun taing dhaibh ga chionn,
Bi'dh na Frangaich nan campaibh
Gle theann air an cul.

'N nair dh' eircas Clann-Domhnuill
Na leoghainn tha gair,
Na beo-bheithir, mhor-leathunn,
Chonnspunnaich, gharbh,
Luchd sheasamh na corach
G'an ordugh lannh-dhearg,
Mo dhoigh gu'm bu ghorach
Dhaibh toiseachadh oirbh.

Tha Rothaich a's Rosaich,
Gle dheonach teachd 'nar ceann,
Barraich an treas scorsa,
Tha chomhnaidh measg Ghall;
Clann Donachaidh cha bhreug so
Gun eireadh libh 's gach am,

Mar sin is clann Reabhair
Fir ghleusta, nach cisd gu'n bhi annat.

'S iad Clann-an-Nab an seorsa
A theid boidheach nan triall,
'S glan comhdach nan comhlainn
Luchd leonadh nam fiadh;
Iad fein a's Clann-Pharlain
Dream ardanach, dian,
'S ann a b' abhaist gan aireamh
Bhi 'm fabhar Shìol-Chuinn.

Na Leodaich am por glan
Cha b' fholach 'ur siol,
Dream rioghail gun fhotus
Nan gorsaid, 's nan sgiath,
Gur neartmhor, ro-colach
'Ur n-oig-fhìr, 's 'ur liath,
Gur e crudal 'ur daalchas
A dh' fhuasgail sibh riamh.

Clann Iomhuinn o'n Chreithich
Fir ghle ghlan gu'n smur,
Luchd nan cuilbheircan gleusda
Nam femma nach diult:
Thig' Niallaich th' air saile
Air bharcuibh nan sugh,
Le 'n cabhlach luath lan-mhor
O Bhaghan nan tur.

Clann-Ilcan o'n Dreollainn
Theid sunndaah san ruaig,
Dream a chlosadh aincart,
Gun taing choisinn buaidh;
Dream rioghail do-chiosaicht,
Nach strìochda do'n t-sluagh,
'S iomadh mìle deas, dìreach,
Bheir inntinn dhuibh suas.

Gur guineach na Duimhnic
'N an bhriscadh cheann,
Bi'dh cnuachdan gan spuchdadh
Le cruadal 'ur lann,
Dream uasal ro uaimhreach,
Bu dual bhi san Fhraing,
'S ann o Dhiarmad a shìolaich
Por lionmhor nach gann.

Tha Stìobhartaich ur ghlan
Nam fìrain gun ghìomh,
Fir shunndach nan lu-chleas
Nach tionndaidh lè fianh,
Nach gabh curam ro mhùiseag
Cha b' fhu leo bhi crìon,
Cha bu shugradh do dhù-ghall
Cuis a bhuin dhibh.

Gur lionmhor lann theoma
Aig Eoghann Loch-iall,
Fir cholganda, bhorganda,
'S oirdheirce gnìomh,

Iad mar thuilbheum air chorra-ghleus,
'S air chon-fhadh ro dhian
'S i mo dhuilse nam rusgadh
Nach diult sibh dol sìos.

Clann-Mhuirich nach soradh
A ehonnspairn ud ial,
Dream fhuilteach gun mhor-chuis
Ga'n coir a bhi fial,
Gur gaisgeil fìor-sheolta,
Ar mor thionail ehiad,
Ni sibh spoltadh air feolach
A stroiceadh fo 'n ian.

Tha Granndaich mar b' abhaist
Mu bhraidh uisge Spe,
Fir laidir ro-dhaicheil
Theid dan agns an streup,
Nach iarr cairdeas no fabhar
Air namhaid fo'n ghrein;
'S i n-ur lamhach a dh' fhagas
Fuil bhlath air an fheur.

Tha Frisealaich ainmeil
Aig seapachaibh nan erioch,
Fir gharbha ro chalma,
'Ur fearg eha bu shi;
Tha Catanaich foirmeil
Si 'n armaehd am miann,
'An cath gairbheach le 'r n-armaibh
A dhearbha sibh 'ur gnìomh.

Clann-Choinnich o thuath dhuinn
Luchd bhuannachd gach eis;
Gur fuasgailteach, luath-lamhach
'Ur n-uaislean san stri;
Gur lionmhor 'ur tuadh-cheathairn
Le 'm buailtibh de ni;
Thig sluagh dumhail gu'n chunnta
A duthaich Mhic-Aoidh.

Nis o chumhnieh mi m' iomrall,
'S fath iuntraichinn iad,
Fir chunnabhalach chumainte,
Ni eumise le 'n laimh,
Nach dean iomluas mu aona-ehuis
Chionn iunntais gu brath,
Gur muimeach ri 'n iomradh
Clann-Fhiunnlaigh Bhrai'-bharr.

Thig Gordanaich, 's Greumaich,
Grad gleusd as gach tìr;
An cogadh rìgh Tearlach
Gum b' fheumail dha sibh;
Griogaraich nan geur-lann
Dream speiseil nam pìos,
Air leam gum bi 'n eucoir,
'Nuair dh' eighthe sibh sìos.

Siosalaich nan geur-lann
Theid treun air ehul arm,
An Albainn 's an Eirinn
B' e 'ur beus a bhì garg,

An am dol a bhualadh,
B' e 'n cruadal 'ur calg,
Bu ghluineach ur beuman
'N uair dh' eirèadh 'ur fearg.

Nam biodh gach curaidh treun-mhor
Le cheile san am.
Iad air aon inntinn d'hirich
Gun fhiaradh, gun cham,
Iad cho cinnteach ri aon fhear,
'S iad titheach air geall,
Dh' aindeoin muiseag nan hu-Ghall,
Thig cuis thar an ceann.

CROSDHANACHD

FHIR NAN DRUIMNEAN.

Tha bitli ur an tìr na Drecollainn,
'S coir dhuinn aithris,
Tha moran deth tigh'n am biochionnt'
Ri gnas Shasuinn,
Ni 'm beil duin' uasal, no iosal,
No fear fearainn,
Leis naeh aill, gu moran buinig,
Ceird a bharrachd.
Tha ceird ur aig fear nan Druimnean,
Th' air leinn tha cronail;
B'aill leis fein a dhol an aite
Mhaisteir Sgoile,
An t-oide sin fein a rinn fhoghlum,
Le gloir Laideann,
Ghlacadh leis, gun chead a chairdean,
A cheaird a bh'aige.

Labhairt—'S e an t-aobhar a thug do
dhaoine aire thoirt do shannt an sgoileir so,
'nuair a mhiannaich se cheaird do bhli aig
oide foghlum, nach laimhsicheadh e i, mar
laimhsicheadh an t-oide foghlum fein i. Oir
'nuair a ghabhadh an t-oide foghlum air a
dhaltachan, 's ann a ghabhadh e air na lean-
abanan, ach 's ann a ghabhadh an sgoileir
sauntaeh so air na daoine arsaidh mar an
ceudna. 'Nuair ghabhadh an t-oide foghlum
air a dhaltachan, 's ann a ghabhadh e air na
ciontaich, ach 's ann a ghabhadh an sgoileir
sanntach air na neo-chiontaich. 'S ann
uaith sin a dubhrad—"Saoilidh am fear a
bhios na thamh, gur e fein a's fearr lamh air
an stiuir," aeh eha mho gur h-e.

Cha'n ionnsaich e clann, no leanabain,
Mar bu ehoir dha,
Gus am bi iad na'n daoine arsaidh
'Fo 'n lan fhiosaig,

Cha tugadh an Cillmocheallaig
 Breath bu chlaoine,*
 No ni rinn an ceann a b' aird',
 A' mas 'ga dhioladh.
 Gabhail do ehrios an aois arsaiddh,
 Air mas seap-duin',
 'S fada ma'n ionnsaich an gnìomh sin
 Ciall do theangaidh,
 Ge be labhras ris an fhear ud,
 Coir, no ea-coir,
 Gabhar air a ghoirt' de straeabh
 Le erios feilidh.

Labhairt—Agus b'fhìor do'n duine sin, cha d'fhuair eadh riamh rud a dh'ionnsachadh teanga droch mhuinte, bu mheasa na gabhail air na masan ann an aobhar na teanga, agus an teanga thuigsinn gur h-ann na h-aobhar fein a fhuair an mas an mor-gleusadh sin. Mar deanadh sin a ciall ni bu mheasa, cha deanadh e idir ni b'fhearr i. Uaith sin a dubhradh—"An fear nach ionnsaich laimh ri ghilun, cha'n ionnsaich laimh ri uilean."

A ehuideachd da'm bu choir bhi dianhair,
 'S a ghna 'm falach,
 Cha d'fhagadh da'n dìon bho ehunnart,
 Sion de dh' earradh,
 Bha iad aon uair an lathair fianais,
 An taigh greusaich.
 Dubhairt nighean Shomhairle†
 Le rabhart, sa gnas siomhailt,
 'S coir gu'm beannaich sinn gu saibhear,
 Cuid gach Crìosduidh.
 B'fhearr leam ge nach eil mi maoiniach,
 No luach gearrain,
 Gu'm biodh coltas do thriuir
 Gu turn aig Calum.‡

Labhairt—'S e aobhar thug do'n mhnao bheusaich, cheart, choir, so a radh, a run deagh chneasta, chum gu'm biodh aig a fear fein a leithid, sa bhiodh aig a nabaidhean; 's nach suil ghointe, no lombais, a bh' aie air enid a coimhearsnaich. Mar bh'aig Gillebride Mae-an-t-Saoir ann an Ruthaig, an Tìrith, a mhort an ceithir-fichaid ceare le aon bheum-sula, 's a bhris long mhor nan euig erannag, a dhaindeoin a cablaichean sa h-aeraichean. Uaith a sin a dubhradh—"Sann de'n cheaird a chungaidh."

Tha bith ur an tìr na Dreollainn,
 A thog am Baron,
 Air gach aon fhear a labhras buna-chainnt,
 Rùsgadh feannain,

Ma sgaoileas air feadh gach tìre,
 An bith thog Tearlach,
 'S teann as nach feudadh ri h-uine,
 E-fein bhi paighte.
 Ma rigeas an gearan so Seumas,
 Breitheamh sar-mhath,
 Cha tog e dochair mu dheibhinn,
 Ach glag mor gaire.

Labhairt—Agus bha aobhar na dha aig an t-Siòrramh choir air gair a dheanadh, thaobh gu'n d'rug timchioll-ghearradh airsan, le coimhearsnachd ban-Spaintedh do thachair ris. 'S ann uaith sin a dubhradh, "An duine ni teine math deanadh e-fein a gharadh ris."

Note.—The laird of Drumin kept an old school-master in his house, in the double capacity of tutor to his children and goer of errands. The dominie was one day sent to a shoemaker who lived on the laird's grounds, with a message ordering a pair of new shoes for his master. The souter declined the honour intended him, alleging as a reason that it was a standing rule with him, "never to make a pair of shoes for any customer till the last which he had got were paid for." But there was another, if not rather a piece of the same, reason of the shoemaker's unwillingness to make the shoes—the laird was a *drach* payer; one, in fact, who would run on an account to any conceivable length without ever thinking it time to settle it. Well, the wielder of the ferula returned, and reported to his master the *ipsissima verba* of the son of St. Crispin. The laird was so exasperated at the insolence of his retainer, that he immediately determined to be revenged on the souter; and, lest he should have the hardihood to deny his own words, he took the schoolmaster along with him. Now, the souter was a regular lickspittle; a mean, cringing, fawning, malicious, yet cowardly wretch; for, when the laird said to him, "Did you say to this gentleman," pointing to the dominie, "that you would make no more shoes for me till I had paid for the last I got?" "Oh no, no, Sir," said the shoemaker, with an air of surprise, "most willingly would I convert all the leather in my possession into shoes for your honour. I have but too much time to work for those who are not so able to pay me, and am therefore *always* at your service." The poor dominie was thunderstruck at the barefaced impudence of the "fause loon;" but ere he had time to utter a word in explanation, the laird had not only laid the flattering unction to his own soul, but seizing the preceptor by the throat, placed his head between his own knees in a twinkling, and clutching Crispin's foot-strop in the one hand, and lifting the dominie's philabeg with the other, he therewith applied him on the bare buttocks, so hotly and heavily that he had well nigh expended the "wrath" which he had so carefully been "nursing" for the rascally souter. How many stripes the wight received deponent hath not said, but true it is, the number far exceeded that prescribed by the law of Moses. Indeed it is doubtful whether "the man of letters" might not have lost his "precious spunk," if the shoemaker's better-half had not down to his rescue. Gentle dame! well have I designated thee thy churlish husband's "*better-half*!" for though the poor schoolmaster was both disgraced and pained through his default, his eyes were blind and his heart hard as the "nether mill-stone." And though it may be that no grey stone points out the place of thy sepulture, yet has the bard embalmed thy name in his song.

* See note, page 24. † The shoemaker's wife.
 ‡ The shoemaker who had no children.

AN T-AOSDANA MAC-MHATHAIN.

THIS poet flourished in the seventeenth century. He lived in Lochalshe, Ross-shire, where he had free lands from the Earl of Seaforth, and was called his bard. He was a poet of great merit, and composed as many poems as would occupy a large volume; but as they were not committed to writing, they suffered the same fate with the productions of Nial Mac-Mhurrieh, and were lost by being trusted to memory alone. The two pieces given here is all that can now be found of his works. "*Cabar Feigh*" was not composed by him, as stated by some collectors of poetry. The first song given here was composed on the Earl of Seaforth, on his embarking at Dorn, of Kintail, for Stornoway. It has been imitated in English by Sir Walter Scott.

ORAN DO'N IARLA THUATHACH

TRIATH CHLANN-CHOINNICH.

DEOCH slainte 'n Iarla thuathach,
A fùrill an de thar chuaintean bhuaibh,
Le sgioba laidir luasganach,
Nach pilleadh cas na fuathas iad,
Muir gaireach air gach guallainn dh'i;
Air clar do luinge luaithe,
Gabh mi cead dhìot is fhuair mi 'n t-or.

Gu'n cumadh Dia bho bhaoghal thu,
Bho charraid euain 's bho chaolasan,
Bho charraig fhuair gun chaomhalachd,
Seachd beannachd tuath is daonachd dhut,
Buaidh larach ri do shaoighail ort,
Fhìr ghaoil ga t-fhaicinn beo.

Gur gaoth a deas a dh-eighinn dhut,
Gu'n chruas gu'n tais a sheideadh rith',
Fear bearta beachdail, geur-chuiscach,
Gu sunndach, bras, neo-cisleanach,
Bhi fuasgladh pailteas cudaich dh'i,
Ga bhreideadh air gach bord.

Gu'n innsinn gnìomh do stiùireadair,
Fear cuimhneach, eiallach, euramach,
'Dh' aithnicheadh fiamh a chulanaich,
A chuireadh srian ri eursaircachd,
Mu 'm bristeadh trian a chuirnean oirr',
A mhuchadh e fo sroin.

T-fhear eolais laidir, fradhareach,
Deas labhrach, gaireach, gleoghairach,
Min chinnteach, seolta, faighidneach,
Crann geadha na 'd laimh adhairtaich,
Mac Samhailr asg mhic-fraoire,
Sud mar thaghainn dhut na seoid.

Ma chaidh thu null thar chuainteanan,
Air darach naomh a ghluaiscadh tu,
Fìr bhuille saoir a 'dh fhuaisgheas i,
Bidh barrantas dhaoibh' uaisle leat,
Bidh beannachd bho chd, a's tuatha dhut,
Cha 'n eagal baoghal fuadaich dhuibh,
Bidh Dia ma 'n cuairt da d' sheol.

Mu sheol thu bare air fairge bhuaibh',
Thu fein 's do choirneal Calamanach,
Fhuair eliu 'n cuirt na 'n Albannach,
Gur h-iomadh turn a dhearbhadh leat,
Be sud an leoghunn ainmeil,
Bu mhor seanachas air gach bord.

Gur tagha calla dh-innsinn dhut,
'N deidh na mara Si-phortaich,
Thu dhol gu fallain, firneach,
Do Steornabhaidh bho linnteanan,
Bithidh ro-fhial gheala teinteannan,
Aig fìr 's aig mnai 's toil-inntinn orra,
Ri linn thu theachd gu 'n cors.

Gur h-iomadh sruthan firinneach,
Tha 'n linnichean an t-Si-phortaich,
Tha triath na h-Earradh dileas dhut,
Le 'n connspainn fhearail innsingeach,
A Lochlainn thig na miltean,
Air ehuan-sgith gu teach Mhic-Leoid.

'Nuair cruinneicheas na Saileich leat,
'S do chinncadh neartmhor tabhachdach,
Bidh mire, 's cluich, is gaireachdaich,

Sa'n ionnadh ann an tarladh sibh,
Cha 'n ioghnadh thu bhi ardanach,
Sa liuthad fion-fluill aluinn,
A tha cairdeach ga do phor.

Bidh Tormod og na shiubhal leat,
Sìol-Leoid nan ro-seol uidheamach,
Fhir stolta, chomhnart, shuidhichte,
Bidh ol gu leoir nam suidhe dhaibh,
Bidh fion is beoir le subhachas,
Air piosaibh buidhe oir.

M A R B H R A N N

DO DH' ALASDAIR DUBH GHLINNE-GARADH.

FHUAIR mi sgeula moch di-ciadain,
Air laimh fheuma bha gu creuchdach,
'S leoir a gheurad ann sa 'n leumsa,
A nall o'n treud bha buaghar.

O Dhun-Garannach ur allail,
Na'n turp meara, 's nan steud seanga,
Nan gleus glana, 's ceutach sealladh,
Beuchdail, allaidh, uaimhreach.

Gur dublach, deorach, tha Clann Domh-
nuill,
Mu chreach Chnoideirt neart nan roiseol,
Gaisgich chrodha, nach tais 'n am comhraig,
Mo chreach mhor 's mo chruadal.

Gur goirt an sgaradh tha'n Glcann-garadh,
O'n dh' fhalbh leannan nan arm glana,
Da 'm b'ainm Alasdair, ceann nam beannachd
Glac nan geal lann cruaghach.

Bu chall curaidh do dh' Alb' uile,
O dh' fhalbh cuilein, nan arm guineach,
Bu gharg turas, 'n sealg nan cunnart,
'N am dha bhuille bhualadh.

'San rioghachd so fein bu fhilthail t-fheum
'S bu sgathail beum do chlaidheimh geir,
Do shamhailt fein cha'n fhac o'n dh' eug thu,
Ghaisgeich euchdaich, bhughaich.

Ge b'e dhuisgeadh t-ain-iochd,
Bu dluth dha carraid, 'n tus tarruinn
Rusgadh lannan, surd air ghearradh,
Bruchdan fal air ghuailllean.

'S tu'n Donullach dian, connspunn nan
triath,
Morghalach fial, ro lodraich nan cliar,
Leis an oilte fion, agus or ga dhiol,
Ann an aithribh nan crìoch sluaghail.

A shliochd rìgh Fionnaghail,
Nan corn geala-ghlaic 's nan srol balla-
bhreac,
'M por nach carbach, dol fo 'n armaibh,
'N am nan garbh-chath ruaidhneach.

Ach buaidh's slainte an fhir a dh-fhag thu,
Duineil, braithreil, cinneil, cairdeil,
Gaoil bho namhaid, gradh bho chairdean,
A shliochd nan armunn uasal.

AN T-AOSDANA MAC-'ILLEAN.

HECTOR MACLEAN, commonly called *Eachann Bacach an t-Aosdana*, lived in the seventeenth century, and was poet to Sir Lauchlan M'Lean, of Duart, from whom he had a small annuity. After much inquiry, we have not been able to procure any particulars of his life worth publication, or seen any more of his productions than are published in this work. The following elegy attracted the particular attention of the late Sir Walter Scott, and he has published an imitation, or free translation, which is every way worthy of that great bard.

MARBHRANN DO SHIR LACHUINN MAC-GHILLEAIN

TRIATH DHUBH-AIRD.

THEIALL ar bunadh gu Phara,
Co b'urrainn da sheanchas?
Mac-Mhuirich,* Mac-Fhearguis,
Craobh a thuinich re aimsir,
Fhriamhaich bunannan Alba,
Chuidich fear dhiu' cath-Gairiaeh,
Fhuair sinn ullaidh fear t-ainme theachd beo.
Fhuair sinn, &c.

Cha ehraobh ehuire cha phlannta,
Cha ehnodh bho'n uraidh o'n d' fhas thu,
Cha bhla chnirte ma bhealltainn,
Aeh fas duillich a's meanglain,
A miar mullaich so dh' fhag sinn,
Cuir a Chriosd tuilleadh an aite na dh'
fhalbh.
Cuir a Chriosd, &c.

'S mor puthar an raith-se,
'S trom an dubhadh-sa dh'fhas oirnn,
Gur ro cumbann leinn t-ardach,
'N ciste luthaidh na'n elaran,
'S fad is cuimhne leinne caradh nam bord.
'S fad is cuimhne, &c.

Chaidh do chiste 'n taigh geamhraidh,
Cha do bhris thu chno shamhna,
Misneach fear Innse-Gall thu,
'S mor is miste do ranntaidh,
Nach do chlisg thu roi' naimhdean,
Fhir bu mheasail an campa Mhontroise.
Fhir bu mheasail, &c.

Fhir bu rioghaile cleachdadh,
'S tu bu bhioganta faieinn,
A dol sios am blar maebràch,
Bhiodh na miltin ma d' bhrataich,

Chuid bu phriseile 'n cachdraidh,
Luchd do mhi-ruin na'n eaisit ort,
'S ann a dh' innste leo t-fhasan,
'Nuair bu sgi leo cuir sgapaidd na'm feoil.
'Nuair bu sgith, &c.

Cha bhiodh buannaehd do d' namhaid,
Dol a dh' fhuasgladh bhuat lamhuinn,
Bha thu buadhach 's gach aite,
Cha b'e fuath mhie a mhaile,
Fear do shnuadh theachd na fhardaich,
Cha dath uaine bu bhla dhut,
'Nuair a bhuailleadh an t-ardan ad phor.
'Nuair a bhuailleadh, &c.

Gu'm b' aithriseach t-fheum dhaibh,
'N am nan crannan a bheumadh,
Chum nan deannal a sheideadh,
Bhiodh lann thana ehruaidh, gheur ort,
'S tu fad la air an t-sheirm sin,
Cha tigeadh lag-bhuile meirbh bho do
dhorn.
Cha tigeadh, &c.

'N aile chunaie mi aimsir,
'S tu ri siubhal na sealga,
Cha bu chuing ort a' gharbhlach,
Pic de'n inbhar cha d' fhas i,
Chuireadh umbal na spairn ort,
Cha bhiodh fuithil a tarrainne,
'Nam biodh lutha na crannaghail,
Chuireadh siubhal fo earr-ite 'n coin.
Chuireadh siubhal, &c.

Glae ehomhnart an eardadh,
'M bian roineach an t-sheana bhruic,
'Cinn storaeh o'n cheardaich,
Cha bhiodh oirleach gu'n bhathadh,

* Clerk-Register of Icolmkill.

Eadar smeoirn agus gainc,
Le neart corcaich a Flanras,
Cha bhiodh feolach an tearmad,
Air an seoladh tu'n crann sin ad dhcoin.
Air an seoladh, &c.

Cha b'e sin mo luan-Caisge,
'Nuair a bhuail a ghath bais thu,
'S tragh a dh' fhadh thu do chairdean,
Mar ghair sheillein air laraich,
'N deigh a mealunnan fhagail,
No uain carraich gu'n mhathair,
'S fada chluinnear an garaich mu'n chro.
'S fada chluinnear, &c.

Gu'm bu mhath do dhìol freasdail,
'N taigh mor an bial feasgair,
Uisge beatha nam feadan,
Ann am piosan ga leigeil,
Sin a's clarsach ga spreigeadh ri ceol.
Sin a's clarsach, &c.

Bhuineadh dhinne na ur-ros,
Fear ar taighe 's ar crun air,
Ghabh an rathad air thus nainn,
Liuthad latha ri chunntas,
Bl'aig maithibh do dhutcha,
Mìad an aighear 's a muirne,
Bha mi tathaich do chuirte,
Seal mu'm b' aithne dho 'n turlar a
dh'fhalbh,
Seal mu'm b' aithne, &c.

B'eol dhomh innse na bli'aca,
Gu'm ba'n do mhiannan Shir Lachuinn,
Bhiodh 'g ol fiona 'n taigh farsainn,
Le mnaidh rimheach neo-as-caoin,
Gloir bhinn agus macnais,
Ann 'san am sin 'm bu ghna leibh bhi poit.
Ann 'san am sin, &c.

'N am na faire bhiodh glasadh,
Bhiodh chlarsach ga creachadh,
Cha bhiodh ceol innte an tasgaidh,
Ach na meoir ga thoirt aiste,
Gu'n leon laimhe gu'n laige,
Gus 'm bu mhiannach leibh cadal gu foill.
Gus 'm bu mhiannach, &c.

Bhiodh na cearraich ri braise,
Iomairt thailcasg ma'n seach orr',
Fìr foirne ri tartar,
Toirm a's mathadh air chairtean,
Dolair spainteach a's tastain,
Bhi' ga'n dioladh gu'n lasan na'n lorg.
Bhi' ga'n dioladh, &c.

Thug each teist air do bheusan,
Bha gradh a's eagail mhie Dhe ort,
Bha fath seirce ga d' cheill ort,
Bha aoigh deiseach a's deilbh ort,
Cha robh ceist ort inar threun fhear,
Bhiodh na sgriobhtair ga'n leubhadh,
Ann ad thalla ma'n cìreadr do bhord.
Ann ad thalla, &c.

Ge bu lionmhar ort frasachd,
Chum thu dìreach do d' mhacabhl,
Do bhreid rimheach gu'n srachdadh,
Cha do dhiobair ceann slait thu,
O'n 's e Criosd a b' fhear beairt dhut,
'Sin an Ti a leig leat an taod-sgoid.
'Sin an Ti a leig, &c.

A mhie mo ghlacas thu'n stiur so,
Cha bu fhilathas gun dachas,
Dhut bli' grathuinn air h-urnaigh,
Cuir da caitheamh an triuir oirr',
Cuir an t-Athair ann tus oirr',
Biodh a Mac na fhear iuil oirr',
An Spiorad Naomha ga giulan gu nos.
An Naomha, &c.

ORAN

DOLACHUNN MOR MAC GILLEOIN

TRIATH DHUBH-AIRD.

A LACHUINN oig gu'n innsinn ort,
Sgenl is binn ri aireamh.
Nis o rinn e craobh-sgaioleadh,
'S na bheil an taobh so dh'fhaighe,
Tha thu lan do dh' fhinealtachd,
Cho ceart sa dhinnseadh seachas,
Gur mac Iain, Ghairbh da rìreamh thu,
An am dol sìos an garbh-chath.

*A Lachuinn oig gu'm faic mi tha,
Mar treigeadh bord na bas mi,
Gu'm faic mi fo cheann bliadhn' thu,
Mar glac am fiabhras ard mi,
A ghnais sholta, 's am beul o'n sochdrach
gaire,
Do dheud gu'n stoir o'm binn thig gloir,
O'n faighinn pog a's failte.*

'S e Ceannard Chlan-'Illeain,
Dh'fhas fathasach le cruadal,
Sgaoil e feadh gach tighearnais,
Gu'n ghleidh thu dligeil t-uaisle,
Ach 's iomadh neach bu shugradh leis,
Crubadh ann an truailleachd,
Ach rinn thu beairt bu cliataiche,
Air an dachas mar ba dual dhut.
A Lachuinn oig gu'm faic mi thu, &c.

'S e na ehnir mi dh'colas ort,
Dh'fhadh an ceo ma n' shnilean,
Aig a mhiad sa fhair mi d'heith,
Gu'n leig mi rnaig an tus ort,
Dh' aithnichinn air an fhaiche thu,
A lub nan cas-chiabh ur-ghlan,
Gu'm b' ursann-chath air gaisgeil thu,
Na'n tigeadh creach a d' dhuthaich.
A Lachuinn oig gu'm faic mi thu, &c.

B' e sid an gasan leis bu taitneach,
 Picean dait' a lubadh,
 'N t-iubhar nuadh ga lagh gu chluais,
 'M beatha bhuat bu shiubhlach,
 Ceir a's rosaid dlu fo t-ordaig,
 Ite an coin gu h-ur-ghlan,
 Mu chul an fbeidh ma'n gearr e leum,
 Bhidh fhuil na leine bruite.
A Lachuinn oig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

Sid na h-airm a ghlacainn dut,
 A dhol air sraid an fhudair:
 Cuilbhair a ghleis shniamhanaich,
 A bheul o'n einnteach cuimse,
 Spantach ladair, fulangach,
 'N laimh a churaidh chliutaich,
 'S a 'n sgiath bu tric an taisbeanadh,
 Air ghaoirdean deas nan lu-chleas.
A Lachuinn oig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

Mo ghaoil a 'm fear caiteanach,
 A leubh a chairt 's rinn gual d'i,
 Leis an cireadh na brataichean,
 A 's teach o ghlaic nam fuar-bheann,
 'N am dusgadh as an cadal daibh,
 Gu'n d' bhuail thu pais ma'n chluais orr'.
 'S thilg thu steach an teachdaireachd,
 'S an ceart air bhachd an gualle.
A Lachuinn oig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

'S iomadh bratach shuaicheanta,
 'N robh smuais a's cruas a's cairdeas,
 Eadar rutha Chuirteirnis,
 Gu Dubh-airt thun a Garbh-lead,

Dh' cireadh fir Aird-ghobhar leat,
 Fir fhoghainteach neo-sgathach,
 Dhearbhainn f'hin gu'n geileadh dhut,
 Fir ghleusta bho Bhra'-charnaig.
A Lachuinn oig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

Ghluaiscadh leat s na h-eileanan,
 Dream nach ceil an gradh ort,
 Thigeadh ort a mor-Innis,
 A bhratach leoghannt' laidir,
 Chite sid gu follaiseach,
 Fir fhoinnidh ann an Aros,
 Na fir ura nach diultadh,
 Sgiurs thoirt air an namhaid.
A Lachuinn oig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

Dh' cireadh seoid o'n Mhuidhe leat,
 Nach cuireadh bruthach spairn orr',
 Nan ceanna-bheairtean glana,
 Nan lannan geal 's nan targaid,
 Nan cuilbheirean caol acuinneach,
 Aig gaisgich nan gnìomh gailbheach,
 A dheanadh luath a chaisleach,
 'N uair dh' cireadh srud bho theanachair.
A Lachuinn oig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

Bratach aig Clann-Domhnuill,
 'N a'm biodh ad choir gu'm b' f'heairrde,
 Dh' fhas gu seasmhaich, cruadalaich,
 'N uair ghluaiscadh iad na'n armadh,
 Ann an gliocas firinneach,
 Cho math sa sgrìobh an seanachas,
 Sid an dream bha innsineach,
 Ri 'n innseadh nach robh leanabail.
A Lachuinn oig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

LACHUNN MAC THEARLAICH.

LACHLAN M'KINNON, alias *Lachunn Mac Thearlaich Oig*, flourished about the middle of the seventeenth century. He was a native of Strath, Isle of Skye, and a lineal descendant of the *Ceann-taighe* of the M'Kinnons of that place. His parents were in comfortable circumstances, and although we have no data to ascertain the extent of his scholastic acquirements, it is obvious from a cursory glance at his productions that he was not unlettered,—while the purity and critical correctness of his Gaelic, furnishes ample proof that he studied and understood the structure of that language. He was an excellent musician, and was in the habit, when a young man, of carrying his violin about with him from place to place—more for recreation and amusement, than for any sordid considerations of pecuniary remuneration. The habits and predilections of his countrymen, their excessive fondness of poetry, music and dancing, always secured for such gifted individuals as M'Kinnon,

the warmest grasp of hospitality's right hand wherever he went. He seems, however, to have discontinued the practice—in consequence of a low, unmanly attack upon his character and motives by a wandering bard of the name of M'Lennan.

Talents and genius are very seldom bestowed upon any individual without a copious mixture of impulses, that too often seek their gratification in improper indulgences. Burns and Byron were constituted after this manner. Lachlan M'Kinnon happened at one time to be perambulating the Main land, in the district of Lochalsh, where he put up for the night in the house of a respectable farmer. After supper, one of the daughters went out to prepare a bed for the cherished stranger in an out-house or barn. She was accompanied by a little favourite pug called *Coireal*, and the poet soon followed. Fairly ensconced with the fair and artless maid, and privacy favouring his designs, Lachlan yielded to the impulses of his heart, and the result was an illegitimate daughter, who seems to have inherited the broad humour and poetic genius of her father. Many of her repartees and witticisms have descended to us by oral recitation, but space remonstrates against our noticing but one, which may serve as a specimen of the whole. Some time after her father married, her stepmother was going from home, and meeting her about the door accosted her thus:—"You're my *first-foot*, and pity you if you are not lucky to meet with!" "Ask my father," rejoined the young woman, "and he will tell you that I am the most unpropitious omen that could come in your way." "Dear me! how that?" eagerly inquired the stepmother. "Because," continued the other, "I was the first person he himself met, while on his way to marry you, and God knows it was the most unlucky journey he ever made!" But we are digressing, and had almost forgot to say, that during M'Kinnon's struggle to disflower the farmer's daughter, little Coireal sounded so loud an alarm, that he seized it by the hind legs, and dashed out its brains against the wall! This has been made the subject of a very merry song, in which our author comes in for a pretty round flagellation.

Lachlan M'Kinnon died at a good old age, and was buried in his native parish, where some of his grandchildren are still living and much respected.

LATHA' SIUBHAL SLEIBHE.

MARBHFAISG ort a mhulaid,
Nach do dh'fhuirich thu nochd uam
'S nach do leig thu cadal domh,
S an oidhech fada, fuar,
Ma's ann a dh'iarraidh cunntais orm,
A lunn thu air mo shuain,
Bheir mise greis an drasda dhut
Air aireamh na tha bh'uat.

Latha' siubhal sleibhe dhomh
'S mi falbh leam fein gu dlu,
A chuideachd anns an astar sin
Air gunna glaic a's cu,
Gun thachair clann rium ann sa' ghleann
A' gal gu fann chion uil:
Air leam gur h-iad a b'aillidh dreach
A chunnacas riann le m' shuil.

Gu'm b'ioighnadh leam mar tharladh dhaibh
Am fasach fad air chul,
Coimeas luchd an aghaidhean
Gu'n tagha de cheann uil,
Air beannachadh neo-fhiata dhomh
Gu'n d'fhiairich mi:—"Co sud?"
'S fhreagair iad gu cianail mi
A'm briathraibh mine ciuin.

"Iochd, a's Gradh, a's Fiughantas,
'Nar triuir gur h-e ar n-ainm,
Clann nan uaislean curamach,
A choisinn eliu 's gach ball,
'Nuair phaigh an fheile cis d'an Eug
'S a chaidh i-fein air chall,
'Na thiomnadh dh'fhag ar n-athair sinn
Aig mathaibh Innse-Gall.

"Tormod fial an t-shugraidh,
Nach d-fhas m'a chuinncaidh cruaidh,
A bha gu fearail fughantach,
'S a chum a dhutheas suas;
'S ann air a bha ar taghaich,
O'n thugadh Iain bh'uainn,
'S beng m' fharmaid ris na feumaich
O'n a bkeum na cluig gu truagh!

"Bha'n duin' ud ro fhilthasach,
'S e mathasach le ceill,
Bha e gu fial fughantach,
'S a ghiulan math 'ga reir;
Ge farsuinn eadar Arcamh,
Cathair Ghlas-cho 's Baile-Bhoid:
Cha d' fhuaras riamh oid-altrum ann,
Cho pailt' ri teach Mhic-Leoid.

"Chaidh sinn do Dhun-Bheagain
A's cha d'iarr sinn cead 'ea thur,
Fhuair sinn, fàilte shuillbhara,
Le furbailt a's le muirn:
Gu'n ghlac e sinn le acarachd
Mar dhaltachan 'nar triuir,
A's thogadh e gach neach againn
Gu macant' air a ghlun.

"Fhuair sinn greis 'gar n-arach,
Aig Mac-Leoid a bha san Dun,
Greis cile gle shabhair
Aig a bhrathair bha'n Dun-Tuilm:"
Sin 'nuair labhair fughantach
Dalt uiseil Dhomhnuill ghuirm:—
"Bu tric leat a bhi sugradh rinn,
'S cha b' fhasau ur dhuinn cuirm.

"N am eiridh dhuinn neo-airtneulach
'S biadh maidne dhol air bord,
Gheibhte gach ni riaghailteach,
Bu mliannach leat ga d' choir;
Cha d' chuir thu duil am priobairtich,
Cha b' fhiach leat ach ni mor;
Bu chleachdadh air do dhitheid dhut
Glain' fhiona mar ri eol.

"Am fear a bh' air a Chomraich
Bu chall soillear dhuinn a bhas
Ann an cuisibh diulanais,
Cha b' iudmhail e' measg chaich
Lamh sgapaidh oir, a's airgid e
Gu'n dearmad air luchd dhan,
A's mheonnaicheadh na clarsairean
Nach e bu taire làmh.*

* Alluding to an Irish Harper of the name of *Callein Cormac*, who, in consequence of a misunderstanding, left his master and fled to Scotland, at that time the saving ark of refugees, whether children of prose or verse. During his peregrinations in the hyperborean regions of Caledonia, he visited, according to the custom of the times, many of the Highland Chieftains and families of distinction, whose ears were not yet sufficiently refined to derelish music, and who, consequently, appreciated his abilities and performances. Among others in whose families the Iberian minstrel was well received, was that of the Laird of Applecross. On the day of his departure, Ap-

"Thug sinn ruaig gu'n soradh
Gu Mac-Choinnich mor nan euach,
Be'n duin' iochd-mhor, teo-chridheach,
S bu leoghannt e air sluagh,
Bha urram uaisl' a's ceannais aig'
Air fearaibh an taobh-Tuath;
Cha chuir' as geall a chailleadh e
Ge d' fhalaich oirn e 'n uaigh!

"O'n rinn an uaigh 'ur glasadh orm,
'S nach faic mi sibh le'm shuil;
'S cumhach, cianail, craiteach, mi,
'S neo-ardanach mo shurd,
'S mi cuimhneachadh nam braithrean sin
A b'aillidh dreach a's gnais,
Gur trie a chum sibh coinnidh riam
Aig Coinneach anns a' Chuil.

"Ailpeanaich mhath chlar-dhuibh,
'Gam bu duthchas riabh an Srath,
D'an tigeadh airm gu sgiamhach
Ge bu riabhach leinn do dhath,
Bu lamh a dheanamh fiadhaich thu,
Gu'n dial bu bhatach math,
'S a nise bho na thrialh thu bh'uainn,
Cha'n iarraidh sinn a staigh.

"Bu chuimir glan do chalpannan,
Fo shliasaid dhealbhaich thruim,
'S math thigeadh breacan cuachach ort,
Mu'n cuairt an fheile chruinn,
'S ro mhath a thigeadh claidheamh dhut,
Sgiath laghach nam ball grunn,
Cha robh cron am fradharc ort,
'Thaobh t-aghaidh 's cul do chinn.

"Nam togail mail do dhuthchannan,
'S ga 'n dluthachadh riut fein;
Bhi'dhmaid air 'nar stiubhartan
'S 'nar triuir gu'n bi'dhmaid reidh,
Cha do thog sinn riabh bo Shamhna dhut,
No Bealltainn cha b'e'r beus,
Cha mho thug oich air tuathanach,
Bu mho do thruas ri fheum." *

Bha'n duin' ud na charaid dhomh,
'S cha char dhomh' chliu a sheinn,

plecross, whose generosity was worthy of his country and high rank, gave Cormac a handful of gold pieces out of his right hand, and a similar quantity of silver ones out of his left. Such a splendid instance of genuine Highland liberality, could not but awake sentiments of the most lively gratitude in the naturally feeling bosom of the minstrel; who, upon his arrival in the Emerald Isle, lost no opportunity of trumpeting forth the praises of his benefactor. The tide of his quondam employer's rage having now subsided, and a reconciliation having been effected between the parties, his master asked Cormac:—"Creid i'n lamh bo fheile do fhuair tu 'n Allainn?" i. e. which was the most liberal hand you found in Scotland? To which he replied,—"Lamh dheas fhir na Comraich"—The right hand of Applecross.—"Creid i'n ath te?" which was the next?—"Lamh chith fhir na Comraich," or the left hand of Applecross, was the minstrel's prompt and quaint reply.

Mas can each gur masgall e,
 Leig tharais e na thim;
 Do bhas a dh-fhag mi muladach,
 'S ann chluinnear e 's gach tir,
 Cha b'ìoghna' mi ga t-iondrann,
 Ann am cunntais thoirt 's an t-shuim.

'S mi smaointeach air na saoidheann sin
 'S a bhi ga'n caoidh gu truagh,
 'S amhuill gheibh mi bhuinig ann,
 Bhi taghaich air luirg fhuair,
 An taobh a chaidh iad tharais,
 'S ann tha dachaigh uil' an t-shluaigh,
 Dh'cug Iannraic priunsa Shasuinn;
 'S cha duisg e gu la-luain!

Note.—This beautiful and pathetic song was composed by Mackinnon after the death of some of his relations. It would appear that while they lived, and while his own circumstances continued prosperous, he was much respected throughout the country, and was not unfrequently the guest and companion of the best gentry in the Highlands. No sooner, however, had death deprived him of his friends, and misfortune had robbed him of his gear,* than he began to experience, from the world and his former patrons, the bitter indifference and coldness which poverty too often brings in her train. This he experienced in an especial manner, when, on a Christmas evening having gone to the Castle of Dunvegan, where the rest of the country gentry were, as usual on such occasions, enjoying the hospitality of the chief, poor Mackinnon was not only unnoticed and neglected, but repulsed from the hall, where, in worthier days, and under a worthier laird, he and his fathers were wont to be welcome guests. In consequence of this unhand-some treatment, the indignant bard returned instantly to Strath. While pursuing his homeward journey through the lonely glen, beneath the towering *Culeens*, and while the fever of his resentment still burned within his bosom, he met, or imagined he met, *Generosity, Love, and Liberality*, outcasts, like himself, from the hearts and halls of highland lairds, and bitterly inveighing against the tyranny that thus exiled them, unfed and unclothed, from the abodes where they were accustomed to reign and revel. At length having reached his home, he went to bed, probably supperless, and gentle sleep not deigning to woo him, but in its stead the weeping muse, he composed, and, for the first time, sung this song. It was highly esteemed by the Highland bards and *seanachais*, the latter of whom entitled the tune to which it is sung, "*Tri-amh I'onn na h-Alba*," or the third best air in Scotland;—we have not been able to ascertain what airs were considered the first and second. In reference to the time and place where it was first sung, we may mention that it was a custom of the old highlanders, when they could not sleep, to sing on their beds, and that loud enough to waken all the inmates of the house, who, if the song was good, never grudged their slumbers being thus musically broken.

* Lest this statement may be mistaken, it is only to be inferred that his predecessors had been obliged to dispose of their lands, but that he still had some of the proceeds upon which he lived; but funds in cash, even if considerable, were not regarded in those days so honourable as even a very limited competency arising from a paternal estate.

ORAN

DO NIGHEAN FHIR GHEAMBAIL.

MOCH sa' mhadainn mi 's lan airtneil,
 Tha mi 'g a'chdain m' iunndrainn,
 An aite cadail air mo leabaidh,
 Carachadh sa tiuntadh.
 Na 'm faighinn cead, gun rachainn grad,
 Am still gu'n stad, gu'n aon-tamh;
 A dh' fhios an ait' am fiosrach each,
 Gu 'm beil mo ghradh-sa 'n Geambail.

'S ge fad air chuairt, mi 's tamull bh'uam,
 An aisling bhuan so dhuais mi;
 Thu bhi agam, ann am ghlaicibh,
 Bhean bho 'n tlachd-mhor sugradh,
 A dhaincan buinig 's fada m' fhuireach,
 Ann an iomal duthcha,
 O choin a chiall! gu 'm be mo mhiann,
 Bhi 'n diugh-a' triall ga t-iunnsaidh.

Air t-iunnsaidh theid mi 'n uair a dheireas,
 Mi gu h-èatrom sunndach;
 Gach ceum de'n t-shlighe, dol ga d' ruidhinn,
 Bi'dh mo chridhe sugach
 Mo mhiann bhi 'n ceart-uair air bheag cadail
 Ann ad chaidridh greannar;
 Mo dhuil gun chleith, le durachd mhath,
 Gur h-e mo bheatha teann ort.

Ach oigh na maise 's or-bluidh falt,
 'S do ghruaidh air dreach an neioncin;
 Tha eideadh grunn, mu dheud do chinn,
 'S do beul bho 'm binn thig oran.
 Rosg thana chaoim, fo d' mhala chaoil,
 'S do mheall-shuil, mhin ga seoladh;
 Si 'n t-sbeirc tha t-eudainn ghreas gu eug mi,
 Mar toir cleir dlomh coir ort.

Gu'n choir air t-fheutainn, oigh na feile,
 Ghreas mi feiu gu an-lamh;
 Fhuair thu 'n iosad buaidh bho Dhiarmad,*
 Tha cuir ciad an geall ort.
 Ciochan geala, air uchd meallaidh,
 Miann gach fir 'n am scalltain;
 Do chion fallaich th' air mo mhealladh,
 'S e na eallach throm orm.

Tha ruin nam fear, fo d' ghun am falach,
 Seang chorp, fallain, sunndach;
 Slios mar cala, cneas mar chanach,
 Bho cheann tamull m' iuil ort.
 Bho bharr do chinn, gu sail do bhuinn;
 'S tu dhambhsadh grunn air urlar;
 Bhi ga t-aircanh 's gu'n tu lathair,
 Ghreas gu lar mo shugradh.

Mo shugradh cheil 's duil ruit mar bhean,
 Oigh nan ciabh glau faineach;
 T-aon bhroilleach gcal, trom-cheist nam fear,
 'S uasal an t-ion ban-righ.

*Bha 'm "Bad-seirc" ann an grusaidhean Dhiar maid.

Tha seire, a's beusan, tlaehd, a's ceutaidh,
Mar ri cheile fas riut,
Do ghaol gach lo so rinn mo leon,
Cho mor 's nach eol dhomh aircamh.

Cha 'n eol domh aircamh, trian de t-ailleachd,
Gus do'n hhas gun geill mi;
Ceillidh, cliutach, beusach, muirneach,
Ceud fear ur tha 'n deidh ort.
Bi'dh airnean bruit aig pairt de 'n ehuuntais,
sin,
Dha 'n diult thu caoimhneas;
Bi'dh slaint' as ur, le failte chiuil,
Aig fear ni luh san roinn ort.

SGIAN DUBH

AN SPROGAIN CHAIM.

Du' innsinn sgeul mu mhalairt duibh,
Na 'm fanadh sibh gu foill,
Mur dh' eirich do 'n ehall bhreamais domh,
'Nuair chaidh mi do Dhun-gleois;
Air bhi thall an Sgalpa dhomh,
Air cuirm aig Lachunn og;
Fhuair mi bhiodag thubaisteach,
Le a caisein-uehd' bha mor.

Bu mhath a chuir mi a bh'an', an sin,
'S mo bhcanachd-sa na deigh;
'N fhear ud dune chunnaic i,
A dhi-mol i gu leir;
Ach fhuair mi fhin hloidh biodaig ann
Nach tig an la ni feum,
A's stiallaire mor feosaig oirr',
Mur fhear d'a seorsa fhein.

Mas oil leibh an athais ud,
Gu 'n robh i agabh riamh;
Loinidean a's oghnaichean,
An conuidh dhuibh bu bhiadh;
Ged' dheanadh sibh cruinneachadh,
Tuilleadh a's coig ciad;
'S tearc fear gun chaiscin-uehd aige,
Cho gharhhe ri tore-fiadh.

Chuir an tir so 'n duileachd mi,
'Nuair chunnaic iad mur bha;
Bha gach neach ga choisrigeadh,
Roimh 'n dos a bh'air 'a barr;
Bha sgonn do mhaide scilich innt;
Bu gheineanta rinn fas;
Bheireadh s'or nco chronail aise,
Cros'g da'n loinid bhain.

Chuir Mac-Ionmhuinn bairlinn,
An trath so mach sa 'n tir,
Chuir e na soachd harranntais,
Gu Donnacha Mac-a-Phi;
Gabhail gu caol Araig leo,
Mu 'n ghabh i tamh sa 'n tir,
'Sa muinntir fein thoirt coinne dh' i,
'S gur soilleir i do m' dhiith.

Cha 'n ion-mholaidh ghrath-bhat sin,
Thug thu steach thar chaol,
An t-arm a bha gun chaisrigeadh,
'Sa h' ole leam air mo thaobh;
'S maing shiasaid air am facas i,
A bhiodag phaiteach mhaol;
'B' iomlaideach air bhordaibh i,
Sgian dubh a sgornain ehaol.

B' i sud an hhiodag rosadach,
A b' ole leam air mo 'chliath',
'Si ruadh-mheirg uile 's coltas d' i,
Fo dhos de dh' fhionnadh liath,
Bha maide reamhar geinneach innt'
'S car na h-amhaich fiar
Cha ghearradh i sgiath cuilcige,
Le buille no le riach.

'Nuair chaidh mi dh' iarraidh breathanais,
Cha d' fhuair mi leithid riamh;
Sin nuair thuirt an Saileanach,
('Nuair chairiech c rium biasd;
Mathalt do chuire Mhor-thirich,
Da'm beil an roihein liath;
Duirceall dubh' gun fhaobhar,
'N am taebhadh ris a bhiaidh.)

" Bu math sa bhruthainn chaorainn i,
'Sa'n coannag nam fear mor;
'S e Fionn thug dh' i an latha sin,
An t-ath-bualadh na dhorn;
Thug e na hrath-mhionnan sin,
Nach dh' fhag i duine beo;
'S nach robh neach ga 'm beanadh i,
Nach gearradh i' gu' bhroig."

Thuirt mi fhin cha'n fhior dhut sin,
'S ann ehaill thu d' ciall le aois;
Coid a ehuimhue 's fuid' agad,
On stad i gu bhi maol;
Chaidh mi air mo ghlun d' i,
Mu 'n do ruig i rium a taobh*;
'S thug i na seachd sgairtean aisd,
Gus 'n tug Mac-Talla glaoth.

* Pulling it out of the sheath.

Note.—The poet happened to be one of a party at the house of *Lachunn Og*, a relative of his own, when, upon the company "getting fou an' unco happy," they fell to playing at a sort of game called *Ionlaid bhiodag*. The manner in which it is played is this:—The lights are extinguished, and every man casts his dirk under the table. The dirks are then shuffled with a staff, after which a person, having his right hand tied to his side, and a glove on his left, is blindfolded and put under the table to hand out one by one in rotation to every man who had cast a dirk in; and every body had to keep the dirk which fell to him in this way. M'Kinnon's dirk was by far the best in the whole collection, but he lost it in the lottery, and got in its stead an old coarse dagger belonging to a Kintail man who was present. This person was one of those termed "*Clann 'Ic Rath Mholach*," i. e. Hairy M'Raes. M'Kinnon was far from pleased with his lot, and he composed this song on the occasion.

Bu cheithir bliadhna-fichead d' i,
 Bhi 'n eitsein mhorair-Gall,*
 'S fhuair i urram cochairachd,
 Thar moran de na bh' ann;
 Bha Mac-Aoidh ga teachdaireachd,
 Mu 'n deach e chomhraig theann,
 'S b' fhoirmeal anns a chogadh i,
 Sgian dubh an sprogain chaim.

Ged thigeadh Clann-Domhnuille,
 'S na seoid a tha m'u thuath,
 Mac-Aoidh an tus feachda leo,
 'S garbh bhratach an taobh tuath;
 'Nuair thig a bhratach Cheann-Saileach.
 'S a thairnncar ridhe suas;
 'S tearc fear gu'n chaiscin gaoidid air,
 Bho smcig gu mhaodail sios.

* Lord Caithness.

CURAM NAM BANTRAICHEAN.

LUINNEAG.

*Hug hoireann ho-ro hura-bho,
 'Bi'dh curam air na bantraichean,
 Hug hoireann ho-ro hura-bho,
 'Bi'dh curam air na bantraichean.*

Bi'dh curam air na mnathan oga,
 'S moran air na bantraichean,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.

Bi'dh curam tim an Earraich orra,
 Gu'n bi 'n t-aran gann aca,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.

Bi'dh curam mor a's cagal orra,
 Theagamh naeh bi clann aca,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.

'Nuair bhios each gu cuirealdae,
 Bi'dh iads a cumh 'an t-shean-duine,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.

'Nuair shineas tu air mireadh riudh',
 Silidh iad mar alltanan,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.

Bi'dh 'n dosan siar san 'm breidean fiar,
 Air cualan liath nam bantraichean,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.

Bi'dh dealg a'm bun an fheamain ac,
 'S brcamanach a dhamhsas iad,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.

Ged bhidhinn fhin gun or gu'n spreigh,
 Bu bheag mo speis do sheann te dhubb,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.

Note.—This song was composed on M'Kinnon hearing that a friend of his was about to marry a rich old widow.

AN CLARSAIR DALL.

RODERICK MORISON, the far-famed harper and poet, commonly called *An Clarsair Dall* was born in the Island of Lewis*, in the year 1646. His father was an Episcopalian Clergyman in that place, a man of great respectability and goodness of heart, and a descendant of the celebrated *Britheadh Leoghasach*. He had other two sons, Angus and Malcolm. At an early age, the three, who were all designed for the pulpit, were sent to Inverness to their education. They were not long there, when the small-pox made its appearance in the town with great virulence; our three pupils were seized with it, and although the best medical skill was in requisition, so severe was the malady, that Roderick lost his eye-sight, and had his face—otherwise a very fine, open and expressive one,—dreadfully disfigured and contracted by it. His brothers were more fortunate,—they followed up their clerical aspirations, and having gone through the *curriculum* of their order, Angus

* The Messrs. Chambers of Edinburgh, in their Journal, Number 451, of Saturday, September 19th, 1840, say, on the authority of Mr. Bunting, that blind Rory was an Irishman. This is incorrect. We know how much Journalists are at the mercy of others, and how

got a living in the parish of Contin, and Malcom was appointed to the Chapel of Poolewe, in the parish of Gairloch, Ross-shire. Baked in his juvenile anticipations, and now incapacitated for any active, civil, military, or other profession, Rory directed his attention to the study of music, for which nature had furnished him with a first-rate genius. In this divine science he greatly excelled, and although he was no mean performer on other musical instruments, the silver-toned harp seems to have been his favourite. On this instrument, he left all other Highland amateurs in the rear.

His superiority as a musician, and his respectable connexions soon served him as a passport to the best circles in the North. He was caressed and idolized by all who could appreciate the excellence of his minstrelsy. Induced by the fair fame of his fellow-harpers in Ireland, he visited that country, and probably profited by the excursion. On his return to Scotland, he called at every baronial residence in his way; the Scotch nobility and gentry were at the time at the Court of King James in Holyrood-House—Rory wended his way to Edinburgh, where he met with that sterling model of a Highland Chieftain, John Breac M'Leod of Harris, who eagerly engaged him as his family harper. During his stay under the hospitable roof of this gentleman, he composed several beautiful tunes and songs, and, among the rest, that fascinating melody—“*Feill nan Crann*,” which arose out of the following circumstance: Rory, sitting one day by the kitchen fire, had chanced to drop the key of his harp in the ashes which he was raking with his fingers, as M'Leod's lady entered and inquired of one of the maids—“*Ciod e tha dhith air Ruairidh?*” “*Mhuire! tha a chrann—chàill e san luath e*,” was the reply—“*Ma ta feumair crann eile 'cheannach do Ruairidh;*” continued Mrs. M'Leod; and the gifted minstrel, availing himself of the forced or extended meaning of the word *crann*, forthwith composed the tune, clothing it in words of side-splitting humour, and representing the kitchen maids as ransacking every mercantile booth in the land, to procure him his lost *implement*!

Shortly after this period, we find our author located as a farmer at *Totamor* in Glenelg, at that time the property of his liberal patron M'Leod, who gave him the

easily they are misled; but without at all expecting any thing like *omniscience* in the Messrs. Chambers, we think, that before lending the weight of their columns to give currency to the mis-statement, they ought to have informed *themselves* of the facts.

Of Mr. Bunting, we know nothing or almost nothing; but we sympathize with him in his literary researches, and attempts to resuscitate the musical spirit and ancient melody of his country. We protest, however, against his robbing us of our sweetest minstrel—not for the world would we accord to Hibernia the honour of having given birth to Rory Dall—and for this one reason, that he was *bona fide* born and brought up in the Highlands of Scotland; and, if a man must be born a second time, it does not necessarily follow, that that event must take place in Ireland. Mr. Bunting's blind Rory, goes by the sonorous name of O'Cahan,—we have no objection to this; neither do we lay claim to any of the estates which descended to the said Rory O'Cahan as his patrimonial inheritance, but we claim for ourselves the honour of consanguinity with Roderick Morison, the blind harper. We have given his birth and parentage;—we have pointed to the manses of his two brothers,—we have given his own history as a poet, harper, and farmer, and until these facts are disproved, the Irish historian must rest satisfied with *his own* Rory, and the Messrs. Chambers must understand that such things as erroneous statements can be imported over the Irish channel, much easier than a Ross-shire Highlander can be made an Irishman.

occupancy of it rent-free. Here he remained during his friend's life, and added largely to the stock of his musical and poetical compositions.

An Clarsair Dall was fondly attached to his patron, whose fame he commemorated in strains of unrivalled beauty and excellence. The chieftains of the clan M'Leod possessed, perhaps, greater nobleness of soul than any other of the Highland gentry; but it must be observed, that they were peculiarly successful in enlisting the immortalizing strains of the first poets in their favour—our author and their own immortal Mary. Rory's elegy on John Breac M'Leod, styled, "*Creach nan Ciadan*," is one of the most pathetic, plaintive and heart-touching productions we have read, during a life half spent amid the flowery meadows of our Highland Parnassus. After deploring the transition of M'Leod's virtues, manliness and hospitality from the earth, he breaks forth in sombre forebodings as to the degeneracy of his heir, and again luxuriates in the highest ingredients of a *Lament*. *Oran mor Mhic-Leoid*, in which the imaginative powers of the minstrel conjure up scenes of other days, with the vividness of reality, is a master-piece of the kind. It comes before us in the form of a duet, in which Echo (the sound of music), now excluded like himself from the festive hall of M'Leod, indulges in responsive strains of lamentation that finely harmonize with the poignancy of our poet's grief.

This last song was composed after his ejection from his farm, and while on his way to his native Isle of Lewis. It is not true, as stated by Mr. Bunting, that Rory Dall was a wandering minstrel. He indeed occasionally visited gentlemen's houses, but that was always under special invitation—he was born a minister's son, and did not require to earn his bread by wandering from place to place. Rory Dall was much respected in his age and country for those high musical powers which have contributed so much to the pleasure and delight of his countrymen—talents which have obtained for himself the imperishable fame of being one of the sweetest and most talented poets of our country. He died at a good old age, and was interred in the burying ground of I, in the Island of Lewis. Peace be to his manes! never we fear, shall the Highlands of Scotland again produce his like.

A CHIAD DI-LUAIN DE'N RAIDHE.

A CHIAD di-luain de'n raidhe,*

Ge d' bha mi leam fhin,
Cha d' fhuair mi duine an la sin,
A thainig am ghaoith,
Dh-fhiaraich cia mar bha mi.
Na'm bail leam dhol sios,
An Tota-mor so fhagail,
Nach b' aite dhomh e,

* The Highlanders had a practice in the olden times that is still partially observed in certain parts even at the present day, and that tended to keep alive and fan those habits of hospitality and friendly feelings among the inhabitants of particular districts for which they are so justly celebrated. The custom to which we allude, was to meet at an appointed house, on the first Monday of every quarter, to drink a bumper to the beverage of the succeeding, and wish it better or no worse than the present.

'Soilleir dhuinne thar chach uile.
Nach robh duin' a's tir,
A chumadh fear mar chach mi,
Mar b' abhaist dhomb bhi.

Sin 'nuair chuala Fearachar,
Mi'n dearmad aig cach,
Thainig e na m' chodhail,
On b' eol dha mo ghnas,
Thug e leis air sgoid mi,
Gu seomar a mhna,
Anna lion an stop dhuinn,
'S na sor oirn' a lan,
Ge d' tha c falan' 's ro mhath 'n airidh,
'Ghlainc fo thoirt dha,
'S gu'm faighcadh e luchd colais,
Na m biodh a phoca lan.

Labhair a bhean choir sin,
 Gu banail eolach glic,
 Fhaic thu 'n t-uain gu'n mhathair,
 An clarsair gu'n chruit,
 An leabhar gu'n leubhair,
 'S e bheus a bli druit,
 S' an dirlach gu'n fhuasgladh,
 A suaineach a bhruc,
 Ge d' tha thu falamh 's ro mhath 'n airidh
 Ghlaine so thoirt dhut,
 'S gu'n olamaid a dha dhu'
 Air slainte an fhir bhric.*

An ti so tha mi 'g iomradh,
 'S a 'g iomagainn do ghna,
 Cha cheil mi air do mhuinntir,
 Gach puing mar ata,
 Ge h-cibhinn leam r'a chluinntinn,
 An saoidh a bhidh slan,
 Sgeul nach taitneach leamsa,
 Ma dh' iomalaid thu gnas,
 Fath mo ghearain a bhi falamh,
 'S mi tamull o d' laimh,
 " 'S faide 'n fheadh no t-eigheach,
 'S an fheusag air fas."

Ge d' fhuiligear gach ni 's feudar,
 'S neo-cibhinn le m' run,
 Thusa bhidh 'n clar-sgithe,
 'S mi 'n tir air do eul,
 Le m' fheosaig leathuinn leomaich,
 Gu roibeineach dlu,
 'S thusa a' giulan malaid,
 A ghna ann san Dun,
 Fhir bhric bhallaich, meall na bharail,
 'M fear a thuirt o thus—
 " 'S fad o'n chridhe cheudna,
 Na 's cein bho bheachd sul."

Ge d' tha mise an drasda
 Da m' arach fad uat,
 Sloinnidh mi mo phairt,
 Ris gach nabaidd m'an cuairt,
 Ma 's beng ma's m'or a dh' fheadas mi,
 Spreidh A chuir suas,
 Boidh sid fo iochd nan sar-fhear,
 Nach saraich am fuaichd,
 Ri la gaillionn an ard bheannabh,
 'S iad nach gearain uair,
 'S tric an siubhal seabhach,
 Air shealg do 'n taobh-tuath.

Tha fir ghasda bheoghant',
 Aig Eoghaun Loch-iall,
 Nach seachnadh an toireachd,
 'N am togbail nan triath,
 Rachadh iad gu'n soradh,
 An codhail nan ciad,
 'S math am fulang dorainn,
 'S tha crodhachd nan gnìomh,
 Fir ro ghasda nach 'eil meata,
 Nach d'fhuair masladh riamh,
 Mhathas mo chuid dhomh-sa,
 'S mi 'n dochas gur fìor.

* John Breac Macleod.

'S iad Clann-Mhic-'Ill-Ainmhaidh,
 'S oirdheirce gnìomh,
 Luch shiubhal a gharbhaich,
 'S a mharbhadh nam fiadh,
 Cha d' fhuair iad aobhair oillbheum,
 Mar falbhadh iad sliabh,
 Cha dean iad a bheag ormsa,
 'S nach lorgair mi 's fiach,
 Mo chreach ma 'n coinnidh 's i fo'n comraic,
 'B'e an comunn mo mhian,
 Buachaillean mo threud,
 'N uair nach leir dhuibh a ghrian.

Tha sliochd Iain Mhic-Mhartainn,*
 Gu tabhachdach treun,
 Raghainn air an naimhdeas,
 An cairdeas, gu'n bhreug,
 Cha bhuin iad ri fal-bheairt,
 Mo lamhsa nach speis,
 " Far an is! an garadh,
 Cha ghna leo a leum,"
 Na fir ghasda gu'n bhi meata,
 'S iad nach seachainn streup,
 Le 'n toirear buaidh 's gach spairne,
 Ann 's gach aite dha 'n teid.

Clann-a-Phit' ri' n seanachas,
 'S neo-leanabajdh na seoid,
 Buidhean nan sgiath balla-bhreac
 A dhearbhadh an gleois,
 'S iad nach seachnadh fuathas,
 'N am bhualadh nan sron,
 Ge b' e chuireadh fearg orr'
 Cha b' fharmaidhach dho,
 'N am tarraim nan lann tana,
 Caisgear carraid leo,
 " Buille 'n corp cha bhuail" iad,
 Tha uaisle nam por.

Tha Clann-'Ille-Mhaoil mhuinte,
 Bha eliu orra riamh,
 Buidhean tha do-cheannsaicht,
 Is ceannsgalach triall,
 Ri faicinn an naimhdean,
 'S neo-sgathach an triath,
 B' annsa leibh ruaig shuindach,
 No tionntadh le fiamh,
 Laochraidh guineach nan arm fuileach,
 'S maig ri 'n bhuin sibh riamh,
 Tha nimh a's neart 'n-ar naimhdeas,
 'S 'ur cairdeas gu'n fhiar.

Tha aig Colla comhlainn,
 Nach conn-lapach gleus,
 Luchd nam feudan dubh-ghorm,
 Nach diultadh ri feum,
 'N-am na graide dhusgadh,
 Gu 'n dubladh bhur feum,
 Bha fios aig Mac-an-Toisich,
 Nach soradh iad ceum,

* Dochanassie men, a very brave little clan at that time.

† Locharka aig men, followers of Lochail.

Dol na choinnidh sa'n la shoilleir,
 'S gu'n iad coimeas cheud,
 B' annsa dol da bhualadh,
 No buaile 'n fir theud.

'S iad shiochd Cholla chis-mhoir,
 Da rìreadh a th' ann,
 Nach leigeadh le muiseag,
 An cuis thar an ceann,
 Misneach cha do threig sibh,
 'N streup chlanna Ghall,
 Cha bu dual daibh mìo-sta'
 No mì-thurachd ghann,
 Na fir churanta fhuair urram,
 Re h-am iomairt lann,
 O minig luchd an aobhair,
 Gu craobhach a call.

Maille ris gach suairceas,
 Bha fuaite ri'r gne,
 Tharrainn sibh mar dhualchas,
 An uaisle 'n ar cleith,
 Gu creachadh cha do ghluais sibh,
 Cha chuala mi c,
 B' annsa leibh eun cluaise,
 Thoir uam le m' thoil fein,
 Na mo chreachadh 's an dol seachad,
 'S mi na m' airc mu'm spreidh,
 'S mi gu'n eagal tuairgfidh,
 'S mo bhuaile fò' r mein.

Tha Gleann-Garadh ceannsgalach,
 Connspunnach, cruaidh,
 Chumadh ri luchd aimbreit,
 A chonnspaid ud suas,
 Na 'm tharrainn gu sanntach,
 An lann as an truaill,
 Bu mhath do'r luchd gamhlais,
 San am ud bhi bhuaibh,
 Biodh ceum cridheil air reang tri-eir,
 Cha gleidh bruinne buaidh,
 Aig buidheann a mhoir cheann-aird,
 Nach teann mo chuid bhuam.

Tha 'n taic na laimhe,
 An Ceann-taile so thall,
 Fir ghasda neo sgathach,
 Ga'm b'abhaids bhi teann,
 Ri faicinn a namhaid,
 Nach fàilinnach greann,
 Is tric a fhuair buaidh larach,
 Le abhachd an lann,
 Neart a chlaidhe be air raghainn,
 Nach dh-fhas fatthast fann,
 Coille 's i gu'n chrionach,
 Gur lionmhor a clann.

'S iad marcach na Moidhe,
 Fir chro nam buadh,
 'M beil aithn' agus eolas,
 Nach soradh an duais,
 Clann-Choinnich nan ro-seol,
 Na'n crodh' mhilean sluaidh,
 Na beathraichean beodha,
 Ga coir a bhi cruaidh,

Dream gu'n laige ri am troide
 Ceann a chabraich suas,
 Aig luchd na gorm lann naimhdeach,
 Nach sanntaich mo bhuar.

Note.—When the harper composed this song, he was residing in *Tota-Mor*, in Glenelg, as a farmer, and the few of the clans he alludes to were people that he had good reason to fear would rob him, or, in other words, carry away his cattle—a very prevalent practice in those days. As, therefore, he had little or no means of defending himself, he immediately called his harp and his muse to his aid, and composed this song, in which those dreaded enemies are invested with all the attributes of honour, honesty, and good neighbourhood; and, as far as the bard was concerned, they always acted towards him in the characters his muse was willing to believe they actually possessed.

ORAN

DO DH-IAIN BREAC MAC-LEOID.

Tha moran, moran mulaid
 An deigh tuineachadh am chom,
 Gur bliadhna leam gach seachduin,
 'Bho nach facas Iain donn;
 Na 'n cluinninn ged nach faicinn,
 Fear do phearsa thigh'nn do 'n fionn,
 Gu'n sgaoileadh mo phramh 's m' airtsneul,
 Mar shneachd og ri aiteamh trom.

*Their mi ho-ro ghealla beag,
 'S na ho-ro challan h-i,
 Their mi ho-ro ghealla beag,
 'S na ho-ro challan h-i;
 Challan hi ho hu-ra bho,
 'S na ho-ro challan hi,
 Gur fada bho na trathan sin,
 Nach robh mo ghradh san tìr.*

A luchd comuinn so, 'n cisdachd sibh,
 Ri cuid de m' sgeul, gu'n mheang,
 'S mi caoidh an uasail bheadaraich,
 Tha bhuam an fheadhs' air chall;
 Cha robh eon ri fhaotainn ort,
 Ach thu bhi faoilidh anu,
 Bho 'n fhuair mi gu h-ur eibhinn thu,
 'N Dun-eideann, a measg Ghall.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

Thug mi ionnsaidh fhada,
 As do dheigh 's mi 'n cladach cruaidh,
 Thug mi ionnsaidh bhearraideach,
 'S a chamhanaich Di-luain;
 Cha d'fhuaras an t-og aigantach,
 Bu mhacanta measg sluaidh,
 'S cha 'n fhaodainn a mhisg aicheadh,
 'S do dheoch-slaime dol m' an cuairt.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

Thug mi ionnsaidh sgaitéal,
 As do dheigh an cladach doirbh,
 Ged nach tug mi capull leam,
 Na agair mi na lorg;
 Gu 'n robh mo choiseachd adhaiseach,
 'S an rathad a bhi dorch,
 Le breisleich mhic-nan-eliathan,*
 'S do lamh fhial ga dhioladh orm.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

Fhir so tha mi g' iomradh ort,
 Ga t-ionndrain tha mi bh' uam,
 Sron ardanach an fhiughlantaish,
 Cha b' fhiu leat a bhi crìon;
 Na 'n cluinninn fein 's gu 'n tigcadh tu,
 Fhir chridhe dhios nan crìoch,
 Gu'n olainu do dheoch-slaime,
 Ga do phaighinn i, de dh' fhion.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

Beul macanta, ciuin, rabhairtach,
 'N uair tharladh tu 's taigh-òsd,
 A dh'fhas gu scirceil, suairec,
 Gaol na'm ban, 's nan gruagach og;
 'S iomadh maighdeann cheutach,
 A bha deigheil air do phoig,
 Le 'm b' ait bli cunatadh spreidhe dhut,
 'S a deas-lamh fein le deoin.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

Cha robh fuath na greathachd ort,
 Ri t-amharc bha thu caoin,
 Saighdear foinnidh, flathail,
 Air an gabhadh gach neach gaol;
 Euchdach, treubhach, urramach,
 Bha 'n curaidh glan gu'n ghaid,
 Gu fearail, meanmnach, measail,
 Air nach faighte an tiotal claon.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

Saighdear fearail, fuasgailteach,
 Fear cruadalach, gu'n mheang,
 Ceann-feadhna air thus na brataich e,
 Ga taisbeanadh san Fhraing;
 Thig airm air reir a phearsa,
 Air an laoch bu sgairteil greann,
 'Nuair dh' circadh airde lasrach ort,
 'S maing a' chasadh riut san am.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

Thig claidheamh socrach, stailinn dhut,
 De 'n t-seors as fear sa bhuthi,
 'S e fulangach bho bharr-dheis,
 Gu 'n ruig a cheanna-bheairt duirn;
 Faobhar air a gheur chruaidh sin,
 Nach gabhadh leum na lub,
 Lann air dhreach na daolaig,
 'S i air taobh deas-laimh mo ruin.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

'S e sud an t-airm a thaghainn dut,
 'S tu 'n deigh an retreat,

As paidhir dhag nach diultadh,
 Agus fudar gorm da reir;
 Do ghunna 'n deigh a falmachadh,
 'S tn marbhtach air an treud,
 Ann sau laimh nach greagara,
 'S tu leantainn as an deigh.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

'S fhada leam a chomhnaidh so,
 Th' aig Eoin a meas nan Gall,
 Cha ghierra leam an-oidheche,
 Bhi ga chuimhneachadh 's gach am:
 Dh' fbaollichinn na 'm faicinn thu,
 Tigh'n seachad ann sa ghleann,
 Cha ghabhinn fein bonn faiteachais,
 Ge d' ghleacadh tu mo gheall.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

Corr agus tri raidhean,
 Tha thu d' chadal samhach bh' uain,
 Gu'n t-faicinn blo na dh'fhag thu sinn,
 'S ar cridhe ghnath fo ghruaim;
 A nis bho 'n chuir thu cul ruin,
 'Sa laidh smurnein air do ghruaidh,
 Mar sholas and deigh dorachadais,
 Tha Tormod mar bu dual.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

'S e Tormod og mo shubhlachas,
 Air bhuidheachas shiol-Leoid,
 Ma 's mac an ait' an athar thu,
 Thig fathast gu bli mor;
 Ann san Dun gu flathail,
 'N robh do chinneadh roi beo,
 Mae-ratha dhuiseas eibhneas domh,
 Le aighear threig mi bron.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

Ma thuirt iad ogha Thormoid riut,
 B' i sud an fhoirm fhuil ghlan,
 Ma thuirt iad iar-ogha Ruairidh riut,
 B' i 'n ard-fhuil uaibhreach mhear;
 'S ogha 'n Eoin gun truailleadh,
 Thug suairecas air gach neach,
 Mac an fhir nach b'fhuathach leam,
 An nochd thog suas mo ghean.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

CREACH-NA-CIADAIN.*

Tha muld, tha mulad,
 Lion mulad ro mhor mi,
 'S ge d' is eigin domh fhulang,
 Tha tuille 's na's leoir orm;
 Thromaich sac air mo ghiulan,
 Le dumhladas dorainn,
 Dh' amais dosgaich na bliadhn orm,
 Creach-na-Ciadain so leon mi!

* An t-uisge-beatha.

* This lamentation was composed on the death of John Breac Macleod.

Creach-na-Ciadaidn so leon mi!
 Dh' fhag mi breoite gu'n fhiabhras,
 A dh'fhogair mo shlaointe,
 'S tearc mo bhrathair 's na crìochan;
 Agam glaoth an loin bhronaich,
 'N deigh a h-coin 's i 'ga iargainn,
 Dh' fhalbh gach solas a b' abhaist,
 'S dh' fhuirich caillein a m' fhiacail.

Dh' fhuirich caillein a m' fhiacail,
 So i bhliadhn' a thug car dhomh,
 Dh' fhag putar fo m' leine,
 Nach faothaich leigh tha air thalamh,
 Mo leigheas cha'n fheadar,
 Cha re domh bhi fallain,
 Fhnaid mi dinuir la Caisge,
 'S cha b' fheairde mo ghoin i.

Cha b' fheairde mo ghoin i,
 Ge do bha mi mu'n cho'roinn,
 'N diugh gur buan domh ri aithris,
 Gu'n bhuail an t-earrach so brog orm;
 Mi mu'n maighstair gle mhath,
 'S fad a leus orm nach beo e,
 Ge do racha mi seachad,
 Cha'n fhaigh mi facal dheth chomhra.

Cha'n fhaigh mi facal dheth chomhra,
 Chleachd mi moran deth fhaotainu,
 'N diugh dh' fhaodas mi raite,
 Gur uan gu'n mhatthair san treud mi,
 'S ann is gna dhoinh bhi tursach,
 Gu'n bhrath furtachd as eugais,
 'S o'n a chaochail e abhaist,
 'S tearc a chaoidh mo ghair eibhinn.

'S tearc a chaoidh mo ghair eibhinn,
 Cha bheus domh bhi subhach,
 Ghabh mi tlachd ann bi tursach,
 Chuir mi uigh aun bi dubhach,
 Mu'n ti tha mi 'g iomradh,
 Chuir an cuimhuc mo phutar,
 Nis o'n fhuair an uigh e-san,
 Chaidh an caisead mo bhruthaich.

Chaidh an caisead mo bhruthaich,
 'S mi fo chumha da diredh,
 Dol an trimead 's an airde,
 An dingh a thainig mo dhiobhail,
 Dh' fhalbh mo laithicìean eibhinu,
 O'u a threig sibh Clar-sgithe,
 Tha mo thaic ann sna h-Earadh
 'N deigh fhalach 'na aonar.

'N deigh fhalach 'na aonar,
 Bi'dh e daonnan 'an naigneas,
 Sgeul mu'n gearanach daoine,
 'S muai chaoiteach nan luath-bhos,
 'S iad a' co-stri r'a cheile,
 Ceol gun eibhneas seachd truaighe!
 Leum mo chridhe 'na spealtaibh,
 M' au chaismeachd 'n uair chualas.

Gur h-i chaismeachd so chualas,
 A luathaich orm tioma,
 Dh' fhag fo m' osnaich fuil bhruite,
 A' sior-dhruthadh air m' innigh,
 'S fhaide seachduin na bliadhna,
 O'n a thriall sibh thair linne,
 Le friamhach na fialachd,
 Bh'ann san lion-bhrat air fhilleadh.

'S ann san lion-bhrat air fhilleadh,
 Dh' fhag mi spionnadh nan anfhann,
 Ceann-nidhe luchd-ealaidh,
 Mar ri earras luchd-seanachais.
 Agus ulaidh aqs dauna,
 Chnir do bhas iad gu h-imcheist;
 'S o'n a chaidh thu sa chiste,
 Cha bu mhis a chuis fharmaid.

Cha bu mhis a chuis fharmaid,
 Ghabh mi tearbadh o'n treud sin,
 Far an robh mi a'm mheanbh-ghair,
 'An toiseach aimsir mo cheitein,
 'S ann an deireadh a Charbhais,
 A dhearbhadh ar feuchain
 Chaill mi 'n ur-ghibht, a chreach mi,
 Ann an seachduin na Ceusda.

Ann an seachduin na Ceusda,
 Diciadain mo bhristidh,
 Chaill mi iuchair na h-eudail,
 Cha mhi aqn neach is mist e,
 Gu'n bhrath faighinn gu brath oirr',
 Sgeul a sharaich mo mhisneach;
 'S ann fo dhiomhaireachd m' airnean,
 A tharmaich mo niosgaid.

A tharmaich mo niosgaid,
 Cha'n fhaidh mise bhi slan deth,
 Se fear tinn a chinn-ghalair,
 A ni'n gearan bochd craiteach,
 'S ann air ata 'n easlaint,
 Nach d' fhiosraich a nabaidh,
 'S cha mho dh' fhairaich e thinneas
 Leis 'n do mhilleadh a shlaointe.

Far 'n do mhilleadh mo shlaoint-s',
 'S ann a tharmaich dhoinh m' easlaint,
 Gu'n d' chuir aimsir na Caisge,
 Mi gu brath fo throm airsneal,
 Gheibh gach neach do na dh' fhag thu,
 Rud 'an aite na bh' aca,
 Aeh mis agus Mairi,
 A chuir a brathair 'an tasgaidh.

Chaidh do bhrathair 'an tasgaidh,
 'Se mo chreach-sa gur fìor sud,
 'S ann an diugh tha mi 'g acain,
 Mar tha mhae na mhaol-ciarrain,
 Agus isc bochd brouach,
 'N deigh a leonadh o'n chiadain,
 Thug mo mhaighstir math uamsa,
 Leis 'n do bhuaieadh mo phian-bhron.

Mo phian-bhron a Mhairi,
 Mar tha thu fo chumha,
 Nach faic thu do Bhrathair,
 Mar a b' abhaist gu subhach,
 An sean-fhacal gnathaichte,
 An diugh 's fìor e mar thubhairt:—
 "Cha robh meoghail ga miad,
 Nach robh na deigh galach, dubhach."

Nach robh na deigh galach, dubhach,
 'Se 'm fear subhach am beairteas,
 Cha'n fhaigh piuthar a brathair
 Ach gheibh bean aluinn leth-leapach,
 Thainig ar air an duthaich,
 Dia a dhubladh an carta,
 'S ga cumail an nachdar,
 Gus am buadhaich do mhac e.

Gus am buadhaich do mhac e,
 'N deigh a ghlasadh le gruagaich,
 Lan saibhris is sonais,
 Ann san onair bu dual dut,
 Lean cuis 's na bi leanbail,
 'S na bidh marbh-ghean air t-uaislean,
 Cum au coimeas ruit fein iad,
 'S na toir beum dha t-ainm Ruairidh.

Ruairidh reachdar, run-meanmach,
 Tartach, toirbeartach, teannta,
 Do shi-seanair o'n tainig,
 Cha b'ion do namhaid dol teann air,
 'S Ruairidh gasda 'na dheigh,
 Cha b'e roghainn bu tairc,
 'S an treas Ruairidh fa dheireadh,
 Cha b'e'n gainneanach fas e.

An treas Ruairidh de'n dream sin,
 A choisinn geall 's cha b' e mi-chliu,
 Cha b' e 'n coilleannach gann e,
 Ach an ceannsgalach mileant'
 Ma 's tusa roinn suas,
 An ceathramh Ruairidh, na dearmad,
 Lean ri sinnsireachd t-aiteam,
 'S n a toir masladh dha 'n ainm sin.

Na toir masladh dha 'n ainm sin,
 'S cuir leanabas fo d' bhrogan,
 Na biodh daoine ann am barail,
 Ge d' tha car aig an oig ort,
 Bidh gu fughantach smachdail,
 Rianail, reachdmhor, 'n triath Leodach,
 "Na faic frid an suil bridean,"
 Cha chuis dion do Mhac-Leoid e.

Cha chuis dion do Mhac-Leoid,
 A bhi dolam 's rud aige,
 Lean an duthchas bu choir dhut,
 'S biodh mor-chuis na t-aigheadh,
 Ach ma leigeas tu dhìot e,
 Bi'dh na ciadan ga t-agairt,
 'G radh gur crann shlatag chrion thu,
 'N ait' a ghnìomharaich bleachdail.

Maide dh' fhas na chròibh thoraidh,
 Fo bhla onarach aluinn,

Ann an lios nan crann euchdach,
 Bha tlachd nan ceud ann 's gach ait' air,
 Lean an duthchas bu chathair,
 A mhic an athar a chraidh sinn,
 Na bidh ad chrìonaich gu'n duilleich,
 Ann 'san ionad 'n do thamh thu.

ORAN MOR MHIC-LEOID.

[EADAR AN CLARSAIR AGUS MAC-TALLA.]

MIAD a mhulaid tha 'm thagball,
 Dh' fhag treoghaid mo chleibh gu goirt
 Aig na rinn mi ad dheighidh,
 Air m' aghairt 's mo thrìall gu port.
 'S ann bha mis' air do thoir,
 'S mi meas robh coir agam ort;
 A dheagh mhic athar mo ghraidh,
 B tu m' aighear, 's m' adhi, 's m' olc.

Chaidh a chuibhle mu'n cuairt,
 Gu'n do thiunnaidh gu fuachd am blathas,
 Naile chuna' mi uair,
 Dun fathail nan cuach a thraigh.
 Far biodh taghaich nan duan,
 Ioma' mathas gu'n ehruas, gu'u chas;
 Dh' fhalbh an latha sin bhuain,
 'S tha na taighean gu fuaraidh fas.

Dh' fhalbh, mae-tall' as an Dun,
 'N am sgarachdainn duinn r' ar triath;
 'S ann a thachair e rium,
 Air seacharan bheann, san t-shliabh.
 Labhair e-san air thus—
 "Math mo bharail gur tu ma 's fìor,
 Chunna' mise fo' mhuirn,
 Roi 'n uiridh an Dun nan cliar."

A Mhic-talla, nan tur,
 'Se mo bharail gur tusa bha,
 Ann an teaghlach au fhion',
 'S tu g-aithris air gnìomh mo lamb:
 "S math mo bharail gur mi,
 'S cha b' urasd dhomh bhi mo thamh;
 G-eisdeachd brosluim gach ceoil,
 Ann am fochar Mhic-Leoid an aigh."

A Mhic-talla so bha,
 Anns a bhaile 'n do thar mi m' iuil;
 'S ann a nis dhuinn as leir,
 Gu'm beil mis' a's tu fein air chul.
 A reir do chomais air sgeul,
 O'n 's fear eomuinn mi-fein a's tu;
 'M beil do mhuinntearas buan,
 Aig an triath ud, da'n dual an Duin?

"Tha Mac-talla fo ghruaim,
 Anns an talla 'm biodh faum a cheoil;
 'S ionad taghaich nan cliar,
 Gu'n aighear, gu'u mhiagh, gu'n phoit.

Gu'n mhìre, gu'n mhuirn,
 Gu'n iomracha dlu nan corn;
 Gun chuirn, gu'n phailteas ri daimh,
 Gu'n mhacnas, gu'n mharan beoil.

" 'S mi Mac-talla, bha uair
 'G eisdeachd fathrum nan duan gu tiugh;
 Far bu mhuirneach am beus,
 'N am cromadh do'n ghrein san t-sruth.
 Far am b' fhoirmcal na seoid,
 'S iad gu h-oranach, eolmhor, cluth;
 Ged nach faicte mo ghnais,
 Chluinnt' aca sa'n Dun mo ghuth."

" 'N am eiridh gu moeh,
 Ann san t-enghlaich, gu'n sproc, gu'n
 ghruaim;
 Chluainte gladhraich nan dos,
 'S an ceile na' cois on t-suain:
 'Nuair a ghabhadh i lan,
 'S i gu'n cuireadh os n-aird na fhuair;
 Le meoir fhileanta bhinn,
 'S iad gu ruith-leumach, dìonach, luath."

" Bhiodh a rianadair fein,
 Cair an ìre gur h-e bhiodh ann;
 'S e g-eiridh na nfeasg,
 'S an cìbhe gu tric na cheann.
 Ge d' a b' ard leinn a fuaim,
 Cha tuairgneadh e sinn gu teann;
 Chuireadh tagradh am chluais,
 Le h-aidmheil gu luath, 's gu mall."

"Nuair a chuit' i na tamh,
 Le furtachd na fardaich fein;
 Dhomh-sa b' fhuasda radh,
 Gu'm bu churaideach gair nan teud,
 Le h-iomairt dha lamh,
 A cuir a binneas do chach an ceill;
 'S gu'm bu shiubhlach am chluais,
 A moghunn lughar le luasgan mheur."

" Ann sa' fheasgar na dheigh,
 N am teasa na grein tra nòin;
 Fir chneatain ri clair,
 'S mnai' freagairt a ghna cuir leo.
 Da chomhairleach ghearr,
 A labhairt 's gu 'm b'ard an gloir;
 'S gu'm bu thitheach an guin,
 Air an duine gu'n fhuil, gu'n fheoil."

" Gheibhte fhasgaich gu'n ghrain,
 Na do thalla gu'n sgrraig, gu'n fhuath;
 Mnai' fhionna 'n fhuilte reidh,
 Cuir buineis an ceill le fuaim.
 Le ceileirachd beoil,
 Bhiodh gu h-calanta, h-ordail, suaire;
 Bhiodh fear-bogha 'nan coir,
 Ri cuir meo-ghair' a mheoir nan cluais."

" Thoir teachdaireachd bhuam,
 Le deatam, gu Ruairidh og;
 Agus innis dha fein,
 Cuid de chunnard ged 'se Mac-Leoid."

E bhi'g amharc na dheigh,
 Air an Iain* a dh-eug, s' nach beo;
 Ge bu shaibhir a chliu,
 Cha'n fhagadh e 'n Dun gu'n cheol."

Note.—This song was a favourite with Sir Alexander M'Kenzie, of Gairloch, who paid a person to sing it to him every Christmas night. One of Sir Alexander's tenants went to him one day to seek a lease of a certain farm. The laird desired him to sit down and sing *Oran Mor Mhic-Leoid* till he should write the document. The tenant remarked that he certainly set great value on that song. "Yes," was his reply, "and I am sorry that every Highland laird has not the same regard for it."

* John Breac M'Leod was one of the last chieftains that had in his retinue a bard, a harper, a piper, and a fool,—all of them excellently and liberally provided for. After his death, Dunvegan Castle was neglected by his son Roderick, and the services of these functionaries dispensed with to make room for groomers, gamekeepers, factors, dogs, and the various *et ceteras* of a fashionable English establishment. We here beg the reader to note, that we have not said Rory was an English gentleman, but only hinted that he aped the manners of one. Eight stanzas of this song are purposely omitted, as we think their insertion would be an outrage on our readers' sense of propriety.

C U M H A

DO DH-FHEAR THALASGAIR.*

DH-FHALBH solas mo latha,
 Dhorechaich m' oidhech gu'n aighear,
 Cha 'n eil lanntair na m' radhad,
 'S gu'n mo chainnlean a' gabhail,
 Tha luchd 'm foineachd na'n laidhe sa'n uir orr."

Bas an Eoin so ma dhceireadh,
 Rinn ar leonadh gu soillear,
 Sa chuir ar solas an gainnead,
 Dhuaisg e bron an Eoin eile,
 Dh-fhag e doirt-thromach eire mo ghiulain."

Co chnnaic no chual,
 Sgeul 's truime sa 's truaidhe?
 Na'm beum guineach so bhuail oirnn,
 Sa dh' fhaig uile fo ghruaim sinn,
 Eadar islean a's uaislean do dhuthcha."

Se siol Leoid an siol dochair,
 Siol gu'n solas, gu'n sochair,
 Siol a bhroin a's na bochain,
 Siol gu'n cheol a's gu'n bhroslium,
 An siol dorainneach 's goirt a rug sgiurs orr."

Se'n clar-sgith an clar ro sgith,
 Clar na diobhail 's na dosgainn,
 Clar gu'n eibhneas lann osnaidh,
 Clar nan deur air na rosgaibh,
 An clar geur, an clar goirt, an clar tursach."

* Mr. John M'Leod, son of Sir Roderick M'Leod.

Cneidh air chneidh 'sa chneidh chraiteach, Na seana chneidhean ga 'n arach, Na 'n ur chnamhain an drasta, Sgriob gach latha gar fàgadh, Gur tric taghaich a bhais a toirt spuill dhinn.	Tha mi 'graithe le ceartas, Thaobh aobharachd m' acaid, Nach " fearr e ri chlaistinn An t-olc craiteach na fhaicinn," 'S claon a dh-fhag an sean-fhacal o thus e.
---	---

AM PIOBAIRE DALL.

JOHN M'KAY, the celebrated piper and poet was born in the parish of Gairloch, Ross-shire, in the year 1666. Like his father, who was a native of Lord Reay's Country, he was born blind, but with perhaps the exception of a slight shade on their eyes, it would be difficult to the most acute observer to perceive that they had not their sight. When John had acquired the first principles or elementary parts of music from his father, he was sent to the College of Pipers in Skye, to finish his musical studies under the auspices of the celebrated Mac-Crummy. There were at this time no fewer than eleven other apprentices studying with this celebrated master-piper; but in the articles of capacity and genius so superior did *Iain Dall* prove himself to his fellow-students, that he outstripped them all in a very short time. This superiority, or pre-eminence naturally gained him the envy and low-souled ill-will of the others, and many anecdotes have traditionally come down to us illustrative of their rivalry and wounded pride. On one occasion as John and another apprentice were playing the same tune alternately, in the highest key of rivalry, Mac-Crummy reprimandingly asked the other, "why he did not play like *Iain Dall*?" to which the chagrined aspirant replied, "By Mary, I'd do so if my fingers had not been after the skate!"—alluding to the conglutinous touch of his fingers on the chanter-holes after having forked at some of that fish at dinner. Hence originated the taunt which the north country pipers, conscious of their own superiority, are in the habit of hurling at pipers of the more Southern districts—" *Tha mheoirean as deighe na sgait!*" Genius is never at a loss for developing itself, and where there is actually no *casus*, its fertility of invention finds abundant materials to work upon. Our youthful piper, it appears, was somewhat unfortunate in the appointment of his bed, during the early period of his apprenticeship; in short, he was infested with certain marauders, which detracted from his comfort and sleep. This circumstance he commemorated in the composition of a *piobaireachd* appropriately called "*Pronnadh nam Mial*," which, although his first effort, both as regards its variations and general structure, is equal to anything of the kind.

One of the Mac-Crummies, a celebrated musician known by the cognomen of Padruig Caogach, owing, we suppose, to his inveterate habit of twinkling or wink-

ing with his eyes, was about the time composing a new pipe tune. Two years had already elapsed since the first two measures of it became known and popular; but owing to its unfinished state, it was called "*Am port Leathach*." Some of the greatest poets have experienced more difficulty in supplying a single line or couplet than in the structure and harmonization of the entire piece—musicians, too, have experienced similar perplexities—and *Padruig Coagach* had fairly stuck. The embryo tune was every where chanted and every where applauded, and this measure of public approbation tended to double his anxiety to have it finished—but no! the genius of composition seemed to exult at a distance, and to wink at *Coagach*'s perplexity. Tender of his brother's reputation, our blind author set to work, and finished the tune which he called, "*Lasan Phadruig Caogaich*"—thus nobly renouncing any share of the laudation which must have flowed upon the completion of the admired strain. Patriek, finding his peculiar province usurped by a blind beardless youth, became furiously incensed, and bribed the other apprentices to do away with his rival's life! This they attempted one day while walking together at Dun-Bhorraraig, where they threw their blind friend over a precipice of twenty-four feet in height! John alighted on the soles of his feet, and suffered no material injury: the place over which he was precipitated was shown to us, and is yet recognised as *Leum an Doill*. The completion of "*Lasan Phadruig Caogaich*" procured great praise for our young musician, and gave rise to the following well-known proverb—" *Chaidh an fhoghlunn os-ceann Mhic-Cruimcin*." i. e. "the apprentice outwits the master."

After being seven years under the tuition of Mac-Cruimmein, he returned to his native parish, where he succeeded his father as family-piper to the Laird of Gairloch. He was enthusiastically fond of music, and the florid encomiums which everywhere flowed in upon him, gave his inventive powers an ever-recurrent stimulus. During his stay in this excellent family, he composed no fewer than twenty-four piobaireachds, besides numberless strathspeys, reels and jigs—the most celebrated of which, are "*Cailleach a Mhuillear*," and "*Cailleach Liath Rasaidh*."

Finding himself ultimately in comfortable circumstances, he married, and had two children, a son and a daughter—the former of whom was a handsome man. His name was Angus, and he was equal to any of his progenitors in the science of music. When our author became advanced in years, he was put on the superannuated list, with a small but competent annuity; and he past the remaining part of his life in visiting gentlemen's houses, where he was always a welcome guest. His visits or excursions were principally in the country of Reay and the Isle of Skye. It was during one of these peregrinations, that, hearing in the neighbourhood of Tong, of the demise of his patron, Lord Reay, he composed that beautiful pastoral "*Coire'an-Easain*," which of itself might well immortalize his fame. It is not surpassed by any thing of the kind in the Keltic language—bold, majestic, and intrepid, it commands admiration at first glance, and seems on a nearer survey of the entire magnificent fabric, as the work of some supernatural agent.

After the death of Sir Alexander M'Donald of Slate, John paid a visit to his old rendezvous, now occupied by his friend's son. The aged bardie-piper soon ex-

perienced the verification of the adage—new kings, new laws—instead of being honoured with a seat in the dining-room as usual, he was ushered into the servants' hall immediately *below*—an indignity he was by no means disposed to pass *sub silentio*. As the young chief was taking dinner, a liveried servant made his appearance in the hall, and addressing John, said—“My master wishes you to play one of those tunes he often heard his father praise” “Go back to your master,” replied *Iain Dall* warmly, “and tell him from me, that when I used to play to his father it was to charm and delight his *ears*, and not to blow music *up* in his *a*—!”

Having returned to Gairloch, he never again went from home. He died in the 1754, being consequently 98 years of age, and was buried in the same grave with his father, Ruairidh Dall, in the clachan of his native parish, Gairloch.

BEANNACHADH BAIRD DO SHIR ALASDAIR MAC-CHOINNICH,

TRIATH GHEARR-LOCH; AIR DHA NIGHEAN THIGHEARNA GHEANN D A POSADH.

Gu'm beannaiche Dia an teach 's an tur,
'S an ti thainig ur 'n-ur ceann,
Geug shonna, sholta gheibh cliu,
'Ni buannachd duthcha 's nach call.

A gheug a thainig 's an deagh uair,
Dha 'm buadhach muirn agus ceol
Ogha Choinnich nan run reidh,
'S Bharoin Shrath-Spe nam bo.

O Iarla Shi-phort an tos
Dhiuchd an oigh is taitneich beus
'S o'n tuitcar Shaileach a ris.
A fhreasdailcadh an righ na fheum.

'S bithidh Granndaich uime nach tim,
Bu treubhaich iomairt 's gach ball.
O Spe a b' iomadaich linne,
A 's feidh air friichean ard,

'S ann o na Cinnidhean nach fann,
Thainig ann oigh is glaine cre,
Gruaidh choreair, agus rosg mall,
Mala chaol, chain, 's cul reidh,

Tha h-aodann geal mar a chaille,
'S a corp snacachaidh air dheag dhealbh,
Maoth leanabh le giblean saor,
Air nach facas fraoch no fearg.

Tha slìos mar eala nan sruth,
'S a cruth mar chanach an fheoir,
Cul cleachdach air dhreach nan teud,
No mar aiteal grein air or.

Bu cheol-cadail i gu suain,
'S bu bhuchail' i air do-bheus
Cainneal sholais feadh do theach,
A frithealadh gach neach mar fheum.

Gu meal thu-fein t-ur bhean og,
A Thriath Ghearr-Loch nan corn fial
Le toil chairdean as gach tìr,
Gu meal thu i 's beannachd Dhia,

Gu meal sibh breath, agus buaigh,
Gu meal sibh uail, agus muirn,
Gu meal sibh gach beannachd an cein,
'S mo bheannachd fein diubh air thus.

'S iomadh beannachd agus teist,
Th'aig an oigh is glaine slìos,
'S beannachd dha'n ti a thug leis,
Rogha nam ban an gne, sa meas.

DAN COMIL-FHURTACHD.

DO SHIR ALASDAIR MAC-DHOMHNUILL
SLEIBHTE.

[AIR dha thighinn dhachaigh a Lunnainn do chaisteal Armadail sa'n Eilean Sgiathanach, agus a Bhain-tighearn' og mhaiseach a bhi marbh a staigh, air chinn da thighinn. Tharladh dha na phiobaire dhall a bhi staigh aig an am, agus sheinn e'n dan a leanas na dhail, a nochdadh dha gun'n dhall iomadh treun a's fath an ceud ghradh, d'a b'eigin fadheoigh solas a ghlacadh.]

BEANNACHD dhut o'n ghabh thu 'n t-am,
O chrich nan Gall gu do thoir,
Dutichas tha ri slios a chuain
'S tric a choisinn buaigh dha'n righ.

Do bheatha gu do thoir fein,
'Dheagh Mhic-Dhomhnuill nan seud saor,
'S ait le maithibh Innse-Gall,
Do ghluasad a nall thar chaoil.

'S ait le fearaibh an Taobh-tuath,
Gu'n bhuannaich thu mar bu choir
Trotairnis uil' agus Sleibhte,
Uidhist nan eun a's nan ron.

'S ait le fearaibh an Taobh-deas,
Gu'n shuidhicheadh tu ceart gu leor,
'S tu sliochd nan rìcean o shean,
Dha'n robh miagh faineair air coil.

Ach 'sann dhomh-sa b'aithne 'm beus,
Na ghabh rium fein diu' o thus,
Croinn-iubhair le brataichean sroil,
Loingeas air chors a's ros-iuil.

Long a's leoghann a's lamh-dhearg,
Ga'n cuir suas an ailm au righ,
Suaicheantas le 'n circadh neart,
'N nair thiogadh 'ur feachd gu tìr.

Na 'n tarladh dhuibh' bhi air leirg,
Fo mheirg' dha'm biodh dearg a's ban
Gu maiseach, faicilleach, treun,
Chuireadh sibh *ratreat* air cach.

Gu h-armach, armailteach, og,
Neo-chearbach an toir nan rung,
'S gach aite 'n cromadh an ceann,
Bu lèo na bhiodh ann, 'sa luach.

B'aithne dhomh Sir Seumas mor
'S b'èol dhomh Domhnuill a mhac,
'B'èol dhomh Domhnuill eile ris,
Chumadh fo ehis na sloigh ceart.

B'èol dhomh Domhnull nan tri Don'ull
'S ge b'og e, bu mhor a chliu,
Bhi'dh fearaibh Alb' agus Eirinn,
A 'g eiridh leis anns gach cuis.

B'èol dhomh Sir Seumas na ruin,
T-athair-sa mhic-chliutaich fein,
'S tus a nis an siathamh gluu
Dhordaich Rìgh nan dul na'n deigh.

Na'n tuiteadh m' aois cho fad a mach,
'S d'ò mhac-sa theachd air mo thim—
B'e sin dhomh-s' an seachdamh glun,
'Thainig air an Dun ri' m' linn.

'S cha 'n ionghadh dhomh-sa bhi orion,
A's mo chiablag a bhi liath
'S gach aon diu' le cridhe mor
Toirt dhomh airgeid a's oir riamh.

'S gach aon diu' ga m' arach cluth,
Thuigeadh iad uam guth nam meur,
'S tha iadsa sabhailt an diugh,
Anns a bhruth am b' eil iad fein.

'S tha mis' air fuircach sa'n ar,
'S mi cuir a bhlair mar bha riamh,
'S mo chridhe 'g osnaich na'n deigh,
Mar Oisian an deigh, nam Fiann!

Gu meal thu t-oighreachd, 's do chliu,
'Dheagh Mhic-Dhomhnuill nan ruin reidh,
'S ged dh'imich uat t-ur bhean og
Na biodh ort-sa bron na deigh.

'Sa liughadh oigh thaitneach gun di,
Tha eadar Clar-sgith a's Mon-ros
'S ma dha thaobh Arcamh a chuain
Deas a's tuath, thall sa bhos.

Agus iad uil' ort an deigh
Bheireadh dhut iad-fein 's an cuid,
Oighean taitneach nam beul binn,
Nam meur grinn, 's nam broine buig.

Chaill rìgh Bhreatainn, a's ba bhead,
A leabaidh fein leug a ghaol
'S o na tharladh sud na char,
B'eigin dha bhi seal gu'n mhnai.

Mac-rìgh Sorecha* sgiath nan arm
Gur h-e b'ainm dha Maighre borb,
Chaill e gheala-bhean mar ghein,
'S dh fhuirich e-fein na duigh beo!

* As Myro, son of the king of Sora,* was one day sailing in his little barque along the Irish coast, he came to a bay, remarkable for its beautiful seclusion. As his eye wandered here and there over every part of the smooth expanse, it at length rested on a group of nymphs desporting themselves, as they thought unseen, and enjoying the cool of a fine summer's eve among the waters. For a time, he fancied them mermaids, or daughters of the sea, and continued to gaze on them with admiration and awe; but observing, as he drew nearer, that their forms were entirely human, he made all sail to ascertain who they were! On observing his approach, they darted like lightning to conceal themselves in the crevice of an adjoining rock, whither fear and modesty compelled them to seek a hasty retreat. Determined to make captive of the fairest, who-soever she might be, he moored his skiff, and went in pursuit. He soon pounced upon them in their concealment, and carried off the most hand-

* The island of Sorecha is frequently mentioned in the poems of Ossian. It is uncertain where it lay, but it seems to have been noted for the cruelty of its inhabitants.—*Dr. Smith.*

Chaill rìgh na h-Easpailt a bhean,
An ainneir gheall nigh'n rìgh Greig,
'S gach aon diubh gabhail a null,
'S dh'imich o Fhionn a bhean fein.

On tha'n saoghal-so na cheo,
'S gur doigh dha bhi dol mu'n cuairt;
Bìdh'maid subhach annain fein
'S beannachd leis gach ni chaidh uainn.

some. Awed with terror, and suffused with tears, she on her knees implored him for liberty,—telling him that her name was "*Faine-Soluis*," i. e. beam of light, and that her father was king of that part of Ireland. Unmoved by her entreaties, he conveyed her to his boat, and bore her off to his own country, where she lived with him for some time, as the partuer of his bed. To her, however, Sora was a place of torment,—for the thoughts of kindred and of home embittered every hour of her existence. Goaded to despair, she formed the resolution of attempting her escape, and, having sallied forth one day, as had been her custom, to the beach, she observed Myro's curach afloat, and no one within view, which she unmoored, and committing herself to the mercy of the elements, nimbly leaped on board. Spreading all sail, and a favourable breeze having sprung up, she was soon driven upon the coast of Scotland, at a spot where Fingal and his attendants were refreshing themselves after the fatigues of the chase. Her eyes beamed with joy as she recognised the hero. After mutual salutations, she informed the king of Morven of what had happened; and, imploring his protection, as her husband was in pursuit, she assured him of her determination to die rather than return. Fingal promised her his aid; but, hardly had her troubled mind composed itself to rest, when the prince of Sora landed in the bay, and demanded his wife from him. The hero, true to his plighted promise, refused. The prince of Sora drew his sword, and menaced defiance. Upon which, Gaul, the son of Morni, stepping forth, encountered the stranger. But, valiant as was the arm of Gaul, he had well nigh been overpowered. Oscar, however, the son of Ossian, taking advantage of an exception to the Fingalian law, "not to aid either party in single combat with the right hand," hurled a dart at the young chief of Sora with his left; but which, missing its aim, unhappily pierced *Faine-Soluis* to the heart. Confounded at the sight, Myro became unnerved, and was overpowered and bound by Gaul. *Faine-Soluis* was hurried where she fell, and the young chief returned to Sora. The episode concerning the Maid of Craca, in the third book of Fingal, is to be regarded as another version of the same story, though perhaps the following poem, entitled, "*Cath Mhaighre mhoir mhic rìgh Sorcha*," is the more correct. There are indeed several editions of this piece, all of which are good, but this, in our judgment, is the best. It furnishes internal evidence of its antiquity.

La do Fhionn le beagan sluagh
Ag Eas-ruadh nan enbha null,
Chunnaic a' seòladh o'n lear
Curach eò agus bean ann.

'S b' e sin curach ba mliath gleus
A' ruith na stend air aghaidh cuain,
Cìos cha d' rinneadh leis na tath
Gus an d' rainig e 'n t-Eas-ruadh.

'S dh' eirich as maise mna,
B' ionann dealradh dh' 's do'n ghrein,
'S a b' uèdh mar chobhar nan tonn,
Le fliuch-osmalt trom a cleibh.

Is sheus, sinn ull' air an raon,
Na fialthan caoin a's mi fein;
A bhean a thainig thar lear,
Bha sinn gu leir roimpe seinn.

CUMHA CHOIR'-AN-EASAIN.

Mi 'n diugh a' fagail na tire,
'Siubhal na frith air an leath-taobh,
'S e dh'fhag gun airgeid mo phoca,
Ceann mo stoir bhi fo' na leacan.

'S mi aig braige 'n alltain riabhaich,
A' g iarraidh gu beallach na featha,
Far am bi damh dearg na croice,
Mu Fheill-an-roid a dol san damhair.

'S mi 'g iarraidh gu Coir-an-easan,
Far a tric a sgapadh fudar,
Far am b'ìdh miol-choin ga 'n teirbeirt,
Cuir-mac-na-h-eilde gu dhubhlan.

Coire gu'n easbhuidh gu'n iomrall,
'S tric a bha Raibeart ma d' chomaraich,
Ma tha thu-sa na t-fhear ealaidh,
Nach tuit mo chridhe gu troma-chradh.

" 'S e sin mise Coir'-an easan,
Tha mi m' sheasaidh mar a b'abhaist,
Ma tha thu-sa na t-fhear ealaidh,
Cluinneamaid annas do laimhe."

"S mo chomraich ort ma 'a tu Fionn,"
'S e labhair ruin am maise mna)
'S i d' ghmuis do'n anrach a ghrian,
'S i do sgiath ceann-ughe na baigh."

'S a gheug na maise fo dhriuchd broin,
'S e labhair gu foll mi fhein,
Ma 's urra gorm-lannan do dbion,
Bìdh ar cri nach fionn d'an reir.

"Torachd a ta orma' air mair,
Laach is mor guin air mo lorg,
Mac rìgh Sorcha sgiath nan arm,
Triath d'an ainm an Mhaighre borb."

'S glaeam do chomraich a bhean,
Ro son fhear a th'air do thì,
'S a dh' audecin a Mhaighre bhuir,
Bìdh tu am bruth Fhinn aig sìth.

Tha talla nan creag aig laimh,
Aite tìnich clauua na fonn,
Far am falg an t-aunnach baigh,
A thig thar bhàce nan tonn.

'Sìn chunnaic a tighinn' mar steud
Laach a bha mhead thar gach fear,
A caithennh na fuitre gu dian
An taobh diand' a ghlab a bhean.

B' ard a chroinn, bu gheal a shiull,
Bu mhire 'n t-luil ua cobhar sruth;
'Thig a mharaich nan stend stadhach
Gu cuim Fhinn nan buadh an dlugh."

Bha chlaidhe trom toirtell nach gann
Gu teamu air a shlios gu ridh,
Sgiath dhinnneach dhubh air a leis,
'S e 'g iomaist chleas air a cle.

Thug Goll mac Morna 'n urchair gheut,
As air an treun do thilg e slengh;
B' i 'n urchair bu trime beann,
D'a sgeith do rian a' da bhlioidh.

Dh' eirich Oscar 's dh' eirich Goll
Bhèlreath losga lom 's gach engh,
'S dh' eirich iad ullc na sloigh
A dh' aubharc comhar nam fiath.

Sin thilg Oscar le lan-fheirg
A chroasach dhearg le laimh ehl,
Do mharbhadh leis beann an fhir
'S mor an cion do rinneadh lì.

Thiodhlaicheadh leimn aig an Eas,
Faine-Solais bu ghlin lùth,
'S chuir sinn air barrachd a meoir,
Fain air mar onair gu rìgh.

An aill leat mis' a rusgadh ceoil dut,
'S mi 'm shuidhe mar cheo air bealach,
Gu'n spcis aig duine tha beo dhìom,
O'n chaidh an Coirneil fo' thalamh.

Mo chreach! mo thursa, 's mo thruaighe!
Ga chuir san uair-s' dhomh an ire,
Mhuiuntir a chumadh rium uaisle,
Bhì'n diugh ann san uaigh ga m' dhi-sa.

Na'n creideadh tu uam a Choire,
Gur h-e doran sud air m' inntinn;
'S cuid mhor a ghabhail mo leisgeil,
Nach urrainn mi seasamh ri seinn dut.

"Measar leam gur tu mac Ruairidh,
Chunna mi mar ris a choirneal,
'N uair a bha e beo na bheatha
Bu mhiann leis do leathaid na sheomar.

"Bu lion'ar de mhaithean na h-Eireann,
Thigeadh gu m' reidhlean le h-ealaidh,
Sheinneadh Ruairidh dail dhomh failte,
Bhiodh Mac-Aoidh 's a chairdean mar ris."

O'n tha thus' a' caoidh nan armunn,
Leis am b' abhaist bhi ga d' thaghall,
Gu'n seinn mi ealaidh gu'n duais dut,
Ge fada bhuam 's mi gu'u fhradhar.

'S lionmhor caochla teachd sa'n t-saoghal,
Agus aobhar gu bhi dubhach,
Ma sheinneadh san uair sin dut failte,
Seiuucar an tra so dhut cunha.

"'S e sin ceol is binne thruaighe,
Chualas o linu Mhic-Aoidh Dhombnuill,
'S fada mhaireas e am chluasan,
Am fuaim a bh'aig tabhunu do mheoirean.

"Beannachd dhut agus buaidh-larach,
Ann 's gach aite 'n dean thu seasaidh,
Air son do phuirt bhlasda, dhionach,
Sa ghrian a' teannadh ri feasgar."

'S grianach t-ursainu fein a choire,
'S gun fheidh a' tearnadh gu d' bhaile,
'S iomadh neach dam' b' fhiach domholadh,
Do chliath chorrach, bhladhchar, bhainneach.

Do chlob, do bhorran, do mhliteach,
Do shlios a Choire gur lionach,
Lubach, luibheach, daite, dhionach,
'S fagach do chuile 's gur fiarach.

Tha t-eideadh uil' air dhreach a chanaich,
Cirein do mhullaich cha chrannaich,
Far 'm bi' na feidh gu torrach,
'G eiridh farumach ma t-fhircach.

Sleamhuinn shios-fhad do shliochd araich,
Gu'n an gart no'n cal mu t-ìosal,
Manngach, maghach, adhach, tearnach,
Graidheach, craiceach, fradharc frithe.

Neoineineach, gucagach, mealach,
Lonanach, lusanach, imeach,
'S borchach do ghorm luachair bhealaich,
Gu'n fhuachd ri doinionu ach cidhach.

Seamragach, sealbhagach, duilleach,
Min-leacach gorm-shleibhteach, gleannach
Biadhchar, riabhach, riagach, luidcach,
Le 'n diolta cuideachd gun cheannach.

'S cruiteal leam gabhail do bhraighe,
Biolaire t-uisge ma t-innsibh,
Miodar, maghach, enochdach cathair,
Gu breac blath-mhor an uchd min-fheoir.

Gu gormanach, tolmanach, aluinn,
Lochach, lachach, dosach, crai-ghia'ch,
Gadharach, faghaideach, braidheach,
G-iomain na h-eilde gu namhaid.

Buireineach, dubharach, bruachach,
Fradharcach, croichd-cheannach, uallach,
Fcoirneanach nise nam fuaran,
Grad ghaigean' air ghasgan cruadhlaich.

Colg-shuileach, faileanta, biorach,
Spang-shronach, eangladhrach, corrach,
'S an anmoch is meaubh-luath sireadh,
Air mhire a' dircadh sa Choire.

'Sa mhadainn ag eiridh le'r miol-choin,
Gu muirneach, maisiach, gasda, gnìomhach.
Lubach, leacach glachach, sgiamhach,
Cracach, cabrach, enagach, fiamhach.

'N am da'n ghrein dol air a h-uilinnu,
Gu fuiltach, renbach, gleusda, gunnach,
Snapach, armach, calgach, ullamh,
Riachach, marbhach, tarbhach, giullach.

'Nam dhuinn bhi' tearnadh gu d' reidhlean
Tinnteach, cainteach, caunlcach, ceireach,
Fionach, cornach, cecol, teudach,
Ordail, eolach, 'g ol le reite

Sguiridh mi nis' dhìot a Choire,
O'n tha mi toilicht' dheth do seanachas,
Sguiridh nise shiubhal t-aonaich,
Gus an tig Mac-Aoidh do dh' Alba

Ach 's e mo dhurachd dhut a Choire,
O'n 's mor mo dhùil ri dol tharad,
O'n tha sinu tuisleach sa mhonadh,
Bì'dh' mid a' teannadh gu baile.

ALASDAIR MAC MHAIGHSTIR ALASDAIR.

ALEXANDER M'DONALD, commonly called *Alasdair Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair*, was born in the beginning of the eighteenth century. His father resided at Dalilea, in Moidart, and was Episcopalian clergyman at Ardnamurchan. He always travelled on foot, there being no roads in that rugged country, in his time, and returned the same day. He was a man of great bodily strength, which his weekly labours and travels required. His strength was, however, sometimes necessarily exerted on other occasions. In his time the people of Moidart and Suainart often met at interments in *Eilean-Fionain*, then the common burying-ground of both districts; and, as was the custom in former ages, consumed an anchor or two of whisky, and then fought. The presence of the clergyman was often required; and it was not seldom that his strength also was exhibited in parting the combatants. His character and prowess were so well-known that few men dared dispute his right as umpire. All were obliged to succumb to the pacificator; but the Suainart men alleged that he generally laid a heavy hand on them, the Moidart men being his own friends and relatives.

The Rev. gentleman had a large family of sons and daughters. The latter all died of the small-pox, after they had families of their own. An anecdote is still related concerning them. The small-pox raged in Moidart when his children were young, and Mr. M'Donald removed with them to *Eilean-Fionain*, (not the burying-place but another island farther up in Loch-Sheil,) that they might escape the contagion that proved fatal to so many. And they did then escape. But nothing can more clearly evince our want of foresight and utter incompetency to judge of what is best than the result of the Rev. gentleman's care—that is, even taking it for granted that it was a consequence; for his daughters all died of the very malady from which he had been so anxious to guard them, and that at a time which to superficial thinkers would seem to have rendered the calamity awfully more distressing—when their death left several families of motherless children. The distress, we are but too apt to think, would have been greatly lessened if they had been taken away when their father consulted their safety by flight. But the ways of Providence are inscrutable to our dim vision!

Four of Mr. M'Donald's sons lived to a good old age. Angus, the eldest, and his descendants, continued tacksmen of Dalilea for a century. Alexander, the subject of this memoir, was the second. His two younger brothers were settled in Uist as tacksmen.

The CLANRONALD of that day countenanced young men of merit. He wished young Alexander, of whom early hopes were entertained, to be educated for the bar. His father wished him to follow his own profession, and gave him a classical education. But our poet, like many a wayward genius, followed his own inclina-

tion—and disappointed both his chief and his father. His abilities and qualifications fitted him for any calling; yet there seems to be a kind of fatuity attending those who woo the Muses, which often prevents them from adopting the most prudent and advantageous pursuits.

When attending college, it is certain, however, that he did not neglect his studies, as he was a good classical scholar. His genius was not of that kind which too easily indulges in the indolence and inactivity of life. His powers were great; and his energy of mind adequate to any task in which his will inclined him to act. But he was inconsiderate, or improvident. He entered into the married state before he had finished his studies, and soon found it necessary to attend to other avocations.* His marriage gave rise to the vulgar error, that he was intended to have been made a priest; but that, disliking the office, he disqualified himself by that rash step; whereas, he was a protestant of the English church.

As teaching is the usual and most proper occupation of students who must do something towards their own support, the poet, whose studies had been interrupted by his marriage, betook himself to that most useful, but arduous labour. It is said that he was at first teacher to the Society for propagating Christian knowledge.

We find him afterwards parochial schoolmaster of Ardnamurehan, and an elder; consequently a presbyterian. He lived on the farm of Cori-Vullin, at the base of Ben-Shiante, the highest mountain in that part of the country, and adjacent to the noble ruins of Castle Mingarry, a romantic situation on the Sound of Mull, directly opposite to Tobermory, whose rural scenery aided the frequent inspirations of the bard; for, while he wielded the ferula, he neglected not the muses. There many a scene witnessed their delightful amours. He might have devoted more of his time to them than could be well spared from the labours of the farmer, and the duties of the instructor; yet the poet would have his own way, as well as please his own mind. As might have been expected, complaints were preferred against him; and the Presbytery appointed a committee to examine the school. His best friends must have allowed that there was just ground of complaint; yet, the examiners were not inclined to be rigorous. To give a specimen of the progress the scholars were making, the schoolmaster called up a little boy† who had entered the school at the preceding term, and then commenced to learn the alphabet. He read now the Scriptures fluently and intelligibly. The Reverend gentlemen were well pleased with the specimen, and gave a favourable report of the school.

A bard was, even in our poet's time, a conspicuous character, and that not only as the "man of song;" he was highly esteemed in war and in peace. He was

* "He was married to Jane M'Donald, of the family of *Dail-an-eas*, in Glenetive. He composed a song on her, which is not remarkable for tenderness or affection, but cold and artificial, when compared with his lofty and impassioned strains in praise of Morag."—*Memoir prefixed to the Glasgow edition of 1839.*

† Duncan M'Kenzie, Kilchoan, who lived to the great age of ninety-four; and, in 1828, communicated to us this information. He also told us that in the ensuing summer he was taken from school to attend cattle; and that some time thereafter Mr. M'Donald left his school and farm and joined the Prince. "Poor man," added he, "he lost his all." He also mentioned that the country was in an unsettled state for some time, and that he lost the opportunity of getting any more education.

first in council; consulted in all matters of importance as a man of acknowledged talent; as being shrewd, cautious, and intelligent. An anecdote will show the opinion entertained of our bard even in the eighteenth century. One day the clergyman and he met. They went to have a drink, and some conversation. "There is little public news, and what is the private?" enquired the clergyman. "Very little," was the answer. "Have you heard of any thing at all in my parish that is worth relating, or any thing the reverse?" "Nothing." "Then," said the minister, "I have a piece of news for you." "We shall hear it." "Yes; and it is, that one of my elders has got his nurse in the family way." "Is it possible!" "I understand that it is very true." The poet wondered that he had not heard of it. "How can any thing be known in the country, and I ignorant of it?" said he to himself. They parted. The poet felt chagrined; could not get over it. When he went home, he mentioned to Mrs. M'Donald the piece of intelligence communicated by the minister, but could not think who the elder was. She smiled, and told him it was himself,—she being in the family way, and nursing.

Of the changes and troubles of the year 1745, our author had his share. He laid down the ferula and took up the sword; abandoned his farm, and lost his all, in a cause which to cool reflection must have appeared hopeless. Prince Charles must have esteemed him as a highly accomplished scholar and a soldier, enthusiastic in his cause, so much attached to his interest, but, above all, as a bard. He was the Tyrtæus of his army. His spirit-stirring and soul-inspiring strains roused and inflamed the breasts of his men. His warlike songs manifested how heartily he enlisted in, and how sanguine he was in the success of the undertaking. He received a commission.

He not only changed his profession, and put all he had on the chance of the Prince's success, but he also changed his religion: he became a Roman Catholic. We need not wonder at this, as he was now among his friends and countrymen of that persuasion,—especially as he was given to changes. He was brought up a member of the Church of England; he was a member of the Church of Scotland when parochial schoolmaster and elder; and he became a member of the Church of Rome among his own clan and relations. The Mull bard, his constant antagonist, hit upon the true cause of his last change when he says:—

"Cha be 'n creideamh aeh am brosgul,
Chuir thu ghiulan crois a phapa."

After the year 1745, the bard and his elder brother, Angus, a man of a diminutive size, but of extraordinary strength,* escaped the pursuit of their enemies, and

* Some good anecdotes are still current in Moidart about this great little man. He is called *Aonghas beag Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair*. We deem the following worth preserving:—*Colla ban* M'Donald, of Barasdale, came one day to a ford of the Lochie which he was meaning to cross, and found Angus sitting on a stone taking off his shoes and stockings preparatory to going over also. The river was considerably swollen at the time, and Barasdale, who was a strong and tall man, accosted Angus as follows:—"My little fellow, keep on your shoes and stockings, as they will make you wade the better, and make haste come over with me and keep in my wake; I will break the force of the stream, which will enable you to get over with the greater ease." Angus knew him, and thanked him for his goodness; he did also as he was bidden. When they were in the most rapid part of the stream, Barasdale was

concealed themselves in the wood and caves of Kinloch-na-nua, above Borradaie, in the district of Arisaig. Their local knowledge of the country, and the care and attention of friends, enabled them to elude all search, surmount difficulties, and endure privations to which many fell a sacrifice.

A well-authenticated anecdote of the poet and his brother demonstrate the courage of the soldier and the spirit of the times. One day, as they were removing from one place of concealment to another, Angus, observing that his brother's hair was grey, (the side of his head next the ground, cold and frozen, became quite grey the night before,) contemptuously declared him an old man. "I should not wonder," replied Alexander, "were it not a dwarf that called me 'a poor old man.' " Angus, turning instantly round, dared him to repeat his words. They were in imminent danger. The least noise or indication of persons concealing themselves might have betrayed the place of concealment, and it would not have been safe for them to remain any longer in that part of the country. Regardless of the situation and critical circumstances, the poet could not pass over an occasion of cracking a joke, and the spirit of the manikin was too high to suffer any contempt. The fear, however, of provoking the resentment of the redoubtable hero, made the bard observe silence.

After this eventful period, Alexander McDonald lived poor. He was invited to Edinburgh by Jacobitical friends, residing in the metropolis, to take charge of the education of their children, and where he had a better opportunity of finishing the education of his own. From Edinburgh he returned to the Highlands, being disappointed of the expected encouragement, and took up his residence in Moidart. He and Mr. Harrison, the priest, lived not on the best terms, and therefore he removed to Knoydart, and resided at Inveraoi.* He latterly returned into Arisaig, and resided at Sandaig till his death. He died at a good old age, and was gathered to his fathers in *Eilean-Fionain*, in Loch-Sheil.

like to be overpowered by the current, and was for returning; which Angus dared him on his peril to do; and, placing himself between Coll and the stream, dragged him by sheer force to the other side. Then said Angus to him, "You called me '*little fellow*' on the opposite side of the water; who, think you, might with greater propriety be called '*little fellow*' on this side? Take advice: Never call any man *little* till you have proved him; and always try to form your estimate of a man's character by something more substantial than mere appearance. Remember, also, great as you are, that had it not been for a greater man than yourself you might have been meat for all the eels in the Lochie."

* He composed a number of songs after this: and one of them, entitled "*Iomraich Alasdair a Eigneig do dh' Inner-aidh*," displaying curious traits of the irritable and discontented temper that embittered his life when in *Eigneig*. While there, he represents all things, animate and inanimate, rocks and thorns, thistles and wasps, ghosts and hobgoblins, combining to torment and persecute him. He speaks of Mr. Harrison as follows:—

..... "Am fear
Dheanadh as-caoin-eaglais chruaidh orm,
Mu'n cluinneadh a chluais tri chasaid."†

On the other hand he represents *Inveraoi*, in Knoydart, a place like paradise,—full of all good things, blooming with roses and lilies, and flowing with milk and honey,—free of *ghosts*, *hobgoblins*, and *venomous reptiles*. How long he remained in this rocky paradise is not known; but he appears to have lived some time in Morror, as he composed a very elegant song in praise of that country.

† For this song see the Glasgow edition of 1839, page 88.

Like most men of genius, who make some noise in the world, *Mac-Mhaighstir Alasdair* has been much lauded on the one side by the party whose cause he espoused, and as much vilified, and, in some instances, falsified, by the other party. Mr. Reid, in his book, "*Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica*," seems to have had his information from the last mentioned source. We have taken our account of him from undoubted authorities. We have seen individuals who knew and were intimate with him; and have been acquainted with many of his relatives, and some of his descendants. Let us now proceed to his works. The first given to the public was his "*Gaelic and English Vocabulary*," published under the patronage of the Society for propagating Christian knowledge in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland,—a work of acknowledged merit and great usefulness in the schools, and which is very creditable to the author. It appeared in 1741, and was the first Vocabulary or Dictionary of the language ever published in a separate form. It is not alphabetically arranged, but divided into subjects. His poems were first published at Edinburgh, in 1751, and but for their being in Gaelic must certainly have brought on their author the vengeance of the law agents of the crown, for it is scarcely possible to conceive of language more violent and rebellious than that of many of his pieces. The longest and most extraordinary of his poetical productions is his "*Birlinn Chlainn Raonuill*." "He has in his '*Birlinn*,'" says Mr. Reid, "presented us with a specimen of poetry which, for subject matter, language, harmony, and strength, is almost unequalled in any language." He must have had the greatest command of the Gaelic language to have composed on a subject that would exhaust the vocables of the most copious.

From 1725 to 1745 he composed his descriptive poems, &c. "*Alt-an t-Siuc-air*" is an ignoble stream passing between the farm he occupied and the next to it, which he immortalizes in flowing strains. As a descriptive poem, it is perhaps unequalled by any in the language. Every object which the scene affords is brought to bear upon, and harmonize with, and give effect to the picture with a skill and an adaptation which bespeak the master-mind of the artist. Nowhere does poetry seem more nearly allied to painting than in this admirable production of our bard. His "*Oran an t-Samhraidh*," or "*Ode to Summer*," in which he is said to be delightfully redundant in epithets, like the season in its productions which he describes, he composed at Glenelisdale, situated on the south side of Loch-Suainart, in the parish of Morven. He came there on a visit the last day of April; and rising early next morning, and viewing the picturesque scenes around, was powerfully impressed with the varied beauties of nature, displayed in such ample profusion. His "*Ode to Winter*" is longer, and indicative of even greater powers of genius. The reason why this poem is not so popular as the forementioned is probably because it contains so many recondite terms and allusions. If it were as generally understood it would doubtless be as well appreciated. It was composed in Ardnamurehan, as well as many others in which scenes and events have been described which enable us to point out the locality and relate the circumstances that gave occasion to them. But after leaving Ardnamurehan, a subject presented itself that required all his energy, exertion, and enthusiasm—and he was not wanting in

either of them. His powers, both bodily and mental, were roused to action. His soul was fired with the prospect in view. He invoked the Muse, and she was auspicious. The few that remain of his Jacobite poems and songs are known to excel all other productions of this mighty son of song. The "Lion's Eulogy" breathes Mars throughout: so does the Jacobite song, sung to the tune of "*Waulking o' the Fauld*," beginning "*A chomuinn rioghail runaidh*." The song entitled "*Am Breacan Uallach*" is equally spirited and warlike.

We have good authority for saying that a tenth of these poems and songs have not been given to the world. His son Ronald had them all in manuscript; but having published a collection of Gaelic poetry, and not meeting with much encouragement for a second volume, he allowed his MS. to be destroyed. Dr. M'Eachen, a friend and connexion, had the mortification of seeing leaves of them used for various purposes through the house.

Mr. M'Donald could bear no rival. He often selected indifferent subjects to try his own powers. For instance, "The Dairy Maid," and "The Sugar Brook." But, while as a poet he merits the highest praise, he is not to be excused for his immoral pieces, which of course are excluded from the "BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY."

MOLADH AIR AN T-SEANA CHANAIN GHAELACH.

GUR h-i 's crioch araid
Do gach cainnt fo'n ghrein,
Gu ar smuaintean fhasmhor
A phairteachadh r'a cheil';
Ar n' inntinnean a rusgadh,
Agus run ar cri,
Le 'r gnìomh, 's le 'r giùlan,
Surd chuir air ar dith.
'S gu laoidh ar beoil
A dh'ìobradh Dhia nan dul,
'S e h-ard chrioch mhor,
Go bi toirt dosan cliu.
'S e'n duine fein,
'S aon chreutair reusant ann,
Gu'n tug toil De dh'a,
Gibht le bheal bhi cainnt:
Gu'n chum c so,
O'n-uile bhruid gu leir;
O ghibht mhor phrisceil-s'
Dhealbh na iomhaidh fein!
Na'm beirte balbh c,
'S a theanga marbh na cheann,
B'i n iarguin shearbh e,
B' fhearr bhi marbh no ann.

'S ge h-iomadh canan,
O linn Bhabel fhuair
A'sliochd sin Adhamh,
'S i Ghaelg a thug buaidh.
Do'n labhradh dhaicheil,

An t-urram ard gun tuairms',
Gun mheang, gun fhailian,
Is urrainn each a luaigh.
Bha Ghaelg, ullamh,
Na glòir fìor ghuineach cruaidh,
Air feadh a chruinne
Ma'n thuilich an Tuil-rnadh.
Mhair i fos,
'S cha teid a glòir air chall
Dh'ain-deoin go,
A's mi-run mhor nan Gall.
'S i labhair Alba,
'S Galla-bhodaiche fein;
Ar fàith, ar priunnsai,
'S ar diucannan gun eis.
An taigh-comhairl' an rìgh,
'Nuair shuidheadh air beinn a' chuir,
'S i Ghaelg liobhta,
'Dh' fhuasgladh snaim gach cuis.
'S i labhair Calum
Allail! a elinn-mhoir,
Gach mith, a's maith,
Bha 'n Alba beag a's mor.

'S i labhair Gaill, a's Gaeil,
Neo-chleirich, a's eleir
Gach fear a's bean,
A ghluaiscadh teang' am beul.
'S i labhair Adhamh,
Ann a Parraiss fein,

'S bu shiubhlach Gaelig
O bheul aluinn Eubh'.
Och tha bhuil ann!
'S uireasach gann fo dhith,
Gloir gach teanga
A labhras cainnt seach i.
Tha Laideann coimhliont',
Toirteach, teann ni's leoir;
Ach sgalach thrailleil e
Do'n Ghaelg choir.
Sa'n Athen mhoir,
Bha Ghreuguis cor na tim,
Ach b'ion d' i h-ordag
Chuir fo h-or chrìos grinn.
'S ge min, slim, boidheach,
Cuirteil, ro bhog liobht',
An Fhraingeis leghmhor,
Am *pailis* mor gach righ;
Ma thagras each orr',
Pairt d'an ainbhfeich' fein,
'S ro bheag a dh' fhagas
Iad de dh-agh na cre.

'S i 'n aon chanan
Am beul nam bard 's nan eigs,
'S fearr gu caineadh,
O linn Bhabel fein.
'S i's fearr gu moladh
'S a's torrunnaiche gleus,
Gu rann no laoidh,
A tharruinn gaith tro' bheul.
'S 's fearr gu comhairl',
'S gu gnodhach chuir gu feum,
Na aon teang' Eorpach.
Dh' ain-deoin bosd nan Greug.
'S 's fearr gu rosg,
'S air chosabh a chuir dhuan;
'S ri cruaidh uchd cosgair,
Bhrosnachadh an t-sluaigh.
Ma chionneadh *bar*,
'S i 's tabhachdaich bheir buaidh,
Gu toirt a bhais
Do 'n eucoir dhaicheil, chruidh.
Cainnt laidir, ruithteach,
Is neo-liotach fuaim;
'S i seadhail, sliochdmhor,
Brisg-ghloireach, mall, luath.
Cha'n fheum i iasad,
'S cha mho dh'iarras bhuath';
O 'n t-sean mhathair chiatach,
Lan do chladamh buaidh!
Tha i-fein daonnan,
Saibhir, maoineach, slan;
A taighean taisge.
Dh'fhaclan gasda lan.
A chanain, sgapach,
Thapaidh, bhlasda, ghrinn!
Thig le turtar,
Nearthmhor, a beul cinn.
An labhairt shiolmhor,
Lionmhor, 's milteach buaidh.
Sultmhor, brìghor,
Fhir-ghlan, chaoidh nach truaill!
B' i' n teanga mhilis,
Bhinn-fhaclach 's an dan;

Gu spreigeil, tioram,
Ioraltach, 's i lan
A chanain cheolmhor
Shoghmhor, 's gloirmhor blas,
A labhair mor-shliochd
Scota 's Ghaelg ghlais.
'S air reir Mhic-Comb,
An t-ughdar mor ri luaigh!
'S i's freumbach oir,
'S ciad *Ghramaire* gloir gach sluaigh!

MOLADH MORAG.

AIR FOKK—"Piobaireachd."

Urlar.

'S truagh gun mi 's a' choill
'N uair bha Morag ann,
Thilgeamaid na croinn
Co bu bhoich' againn?
Inghean a chuil duinn,
Air am beil a loinn,
Bhi'maid air ar broinn
Feadh na rosanan;
Bhreugamaid sinn-fhin,
Mireag air ar blion,
A buain shobhrach min-bhui'
Nan cosagan:
Theannamaid ri stri
'S thaghlamaid san fhrith
'S chailleamaid sinn fhin
Feadh nan sroineagan.

Suil mar ghorm-dhearc Griuchd
Ann an eco-mhadainn;
Deirg' is gil' na d' ghuais
Mar bhla oirseidin.
Shuas cho min ri plur:
Shios garbh mo chulaidh-chiuil;
Grian nam planad curv,
A measg oigheannan;
Reulla ghlan gun smuir
Measg nan rionnag-iuil;
Sgathan mais' air flura
Na boichid thu;
Ailleagan glan ur,
A dhallas ruigs gu'n cul;
Ma's ann de chriaghaich thu
'S aobhar mor-ionghnaidh.

O'n thainig gne de thur
O m' aois oige dhomh,
Nir facas creutair dhiu,
Ba cho glormhoire;
Bha Malli dearbha caoin,
'S a gruaidh air dhreach nan caor;
Ach caochlaidheach mar ghaoith,
'S i ro oranach;
Bha Pegi fad an aois,
Mar be sin b'i mo ghaol;
Bha Marsaili fir aodrum,
Lan neonachais;

Bha Lili taitin rium,
Mar be a ruigs bhi fionn;
Ach cha ba sha buirn ionnlaid,
Do'n Mhoraig-s' iad.

Siubhal.

O! 's coma leam, 's coma leam,
Uil' iad ach Morag;
Ribhinn dheas chulach
Gun uireasbhuidh foghlum;
Cha'n fhaighear a siunnailt,
Air mhaise uo bhunailt,
No'm beusan neo-chumant',
Am Muile no'n Leoghas.
Gu geamnuidh, deas furanach.
Duineil gun mhor-chuis;
Air thaghadh na cumachd,
O mullach gu brogan;
A neul tha neo-churaidh,
'S a h-aghaidh ro lurach;
Go briodalach, cuireideach,
Urramach, seolta.

O guili-gag! guili-gag!
Guili-gag Morag!
Aice ta chulaidh
Cu cuireadh nau oigear;
B' e'n t-aighear 'sa sulas,
Bhi sinte ri t-nlaidh,
Seach daonnan bhi fuireach
Ri munaran posaidh.
D'am phianadh, 's d'am ruagadh
Le buaireadh na feola;
Le aislingean-connnain
Na colla d' am leonadh;
'Nuair chidh mi ma'm' choinneamh,
A ciochan le coinneil,
Theid m'aigneadh air bhoile,
'S na theine dearg solais.

O fair-a-gan! fair-a-gan,
Fair-a-gan! Morag!
Aice ta chroitag
Is *toile* san Eorpa;
A ciochan geal criostoil,
Na faice' tu stoit' iad,
Gu'n tairrneedh gu beag-nair',
Ceann-caglais na Roimbe.
Air bhuigead 's air ghilead,
Mar lili nan lointean;
'Nuair dheana tu'n dinneadh,
Gu'n cinneadh tu deonach;
An deirgead, an grinnead;
Am minead, 's an teimnead;
Gu'm b'asainn chur spionnaidh,
Agus spioraid am feoil iad.

Urlar.

Thogamaid ar fonn,
Anns an og-mhadainn;
'S *Phabus* dath na'n tonn,
Air fiamh oremsin;
Fa'r ceill cha bhiodh conn,
Ar sga' dhoir' a's thom,
Sinn air daradh trom

Le'r cuid gor-aileis;
Direach mar gu'm biodh
Maoiseach's boc a frith,
Crom-ruaig a cheile dion
Timchall oganan;
Chailleamaid ar eli
A' gaireachdaich linn-fhin,
Le bras mhaonas dian sin
Na h-ogalachd.

Siubhal.

O dastram! dastram!
Dastram, Morag!
Ribhinn bhuidh bhastalach,
Leac-ruiteach rosach;
A gruaidhean air lasadh,
Mar lasair-chlach dhaite,
'S a deud mar au sneachda,
Cruinn-shnait' an dlu ordugh.
Ri *Bhenus* cho tlachdmhor,
An taitneachdainn fheol'or;
Ri *Dido* cho maiseach,
Cho' snasmhor 's cho corr r'i;
'S e thionusgan dhomh caitheamh,
'S a laodaich mo rathan,
A bhallag ghrinn laghach,
Chuir na gathan-sa m'fheol-sa.

'S mar bithinn fo ghlasaibh,
Cruaidh phaisgte le posadh,
Dh'iobrainn cridhe mo phearsa,
Air an altair so Morag,
Gu'n liubhrainn gun airmneul,
Ag stolaibh a cas e;
'S mar gabhadh i tlachd dhiom,
Cha b' fhada sin beo mi.
O 'n t-urram! an t-urram!
An t-urram! do Mhoraig!
Cha mhor nach do chuir i;
M'fhuil uil' as a h-ordugh;
Gu'n d'rng orradh ceum-tuislidh,
Fo iomachd mo chuislean,
Le teas agus murtachd,
O mhoch-thra Di-domhnaich.

'S tu reulla nan cailin,
Lan lannir gun cheo ort;
Fior chomhuart gun charraid,
Gun arral, gun bheolam;
Cho min ri cloidh-eala,
'S cho geal ris a ghaillonn;
Do sheang shlios seamh fallain,
Thug barrachd air moran.
'S tu ban-righ nan ainir,
Cha sgallais an comhradh;
Ard foinnidh na d' ghallan,
Guu bhaileart, gun mhor-chuis;
Tha thu coimhliont' na d' bhallabh,
Gu h-innsGINEACH athlamh;
Caoin, meachair, farsad,
Gun fharum, gun ropal.

Urlar.

B'fhearr gu bithinn sgaoilt'
As na cordamhsa,

Thug mi tuille gaoil
 A's bu choir dhomh dhut;
 Gu 'n tig fa dhuine taom,
 Gu droch ghniomh bhios ealaon,
 Cuircadh e cruaidh-shnuim
 Air o'n ghoraich sin:
 Ach thug i so mo chiall,
 Uile bhuam gu trian;
 Cha'n fhaca mi riamh
 Siunnailt Moraig-sa,
 Ghoid i bhuam mo chri,
 'S shlad i bhuam mo chli,
 'S cuiridh i 'san ehill,
 Fo na fodaibh mi.

Siubhal.

Mo cheist agus m'ullaidh
 De'n ehunnaic mi d' sheors thu,
 Le d' bhroilleach geal-thuraid,
 Nam mullaichean boidheach;
 Cha'n fhaigh mi de dh'fhuras,
 Na ni mionaid uat fuireach,
 Ge d' tha buarach na dunach
 D'am chumail o d' phosadh.
 Do bheul mar an t-sirist,
 'S e milis ri phogadh,
 Cho dearg ri *bhermillian*,
 Mar bhileagan rosan;
 Gu'n d'rinn thu mo mhilleadh,
 Le d' *Chupid* d'am bhioradh,
 'S le d' shaighdan eol, biorach,
 A rinn ciorram fa m' ehta.

Tha mi lan muidaid,
 O'n chunnaig mi Morag,
 Cho trom ri clach-mhuilinn,
 Air lunnan d'a seoladh:
 Mac-samhail na cruinneig,
 Cha'n eil anns a chruinne;
 Mo chri air a ghluin leat,
 O'n ehunna' mi t-or-chul
 Na shlamagan bachallach.
 Casarlaeh, cornach;
 Gu faincagach, cleachdagach,
 Dreach-lubach, glormhor;
 Na reullagan eardlach;
 Mar usgraichean dreachmhor,
 Le fudar san fhasan
 Grian-lasda, ciabh or-bhuidh.

Do shlios mar an canach;
 Mar chaincal do phogan;
 Ri *Pheonix* cho aineamh;
 'S glan lainnir do ehta:
 Gu muirinneach banail,
 Gun ardan gun stannart;
 'S i corr ann an ceanal,
 Gun ainis gun fhotus.
 Na faicte mo leannan
 'S a mhath-shluagh di-donaich,
 B'i coltas an aingeal,
 Na h-earradh's na combradh;
 A pearsa gun talach
 Air a gibhtean tha barrachd;
 A'n, Ti dh' fhag thu gun aineamh,
 A rinn do thalamh rud boidheach.

Urlar.

Tha 'n saoghal lan de smaointeannan feolar,
 Mamon bi'dh 'g ar ealaonadh
 Le ghoisnichean;
 A choluinn bheir oir'n gaol
 Ghabhail gu ro fhaoin.
 Air striopachas, air eraos,
 Agus strothalachd:
 Ach cha do ehreid mi riamh
 Gu'n do sheas air sliabh,
 Aon te bha cho ciatach
 Ri Moraig-sa;
 A subhailcean 's a ciall,
 Mar gi'm biodh ban-dia.
 Leagh an eri am ehlamh
 Le euid orrachan.

Siubhal.

Ar comhairle na ceilibh orm.
 Ciod eile their no ni mi?
 Ma'n ribhinn bu teare ceileireadh,
 A sheinneadh air an fhideig:
 Cha'n fhaighear a lethid eile so,
 Air tir-mor no 'n eileanan;
 Cho iomlan, 's cho eireachdail.
 Cho teiridneach, 's cho biogail,
 'S ni einnteach gur ni deireasach
 Mar ceileir so air Sine,
 Mi thuiteam an gaol leath-phairteach,
 'S mo eherenion ga'm dhuobhail;
 Cha'n eil do bhurn a Seile sid,
 No shneachd an Cruachan eilideach
 Na bheir aon fhionnachd eiridneach
 Do'n teine th'ann am innsgin.

'Nuar chuala mi ceol leadanach
 An fheadain a bh'aig Morag,
 Rinn m'aigneadh damhsa' beadarach,
 'S e freagra dha le solas;
 Seamh urlar, sochrach, leadarra
 A puirt, 's a meoir a breabadaich;
 B'e sid an or-fhead cagarra,
 Do bheus nan crenga' mora,
 Oehoin! am feadan baill-eughach,
 Cruaidh sgál-eughach, glan ceolmhor,
 Nam binn-phort stuirteil, trileanta,
 Ri min-dhionachd, bog ro-chaoin;
 A marsal comhnard staideil sin,
 'S e lughmhor grasmhor eaiscamachd;
 Fìor chrunluath, brig, spalpara,
 Fa elia-lu na bras-chaoin sporsail.

Chinn prois, is stuirte, a's spraichealachd,
 Am ghnais 'n uair bheachdaich guamag,
 A sciun an fheadain ioraltaich,
 B'ard iolach ann am chluasan;
 A suain-cheol, sithe mir-anach;
 Mear stoirneil, pongail, mionaideach;
 Na b' fhoirmeile nach sireamaid,
 Air mhirid ri h-uehd tuasaid.
 O'n buille meoir bu lomarra,
 Gu pronnadh a phuirt uaimhrich!
 'S na h-uilt bu lughmhor cromaineann
 Air thollaibh a chroinn bhuadhaich!

Gun slaod-mheoirich, gun ronnaireachd,
Brìsg, tioram, sochdair, colaideach;
Geal-ludag nan gearra-cholluinnan,
Na craplu, loinneil, guanach!

Urlar.

Chasgamaid ar n-ìot
Le glan fhion an sin,
'S bhualamaid gu dian
Air glòir shiomhalta:
Tuille cha bhiodh ann,
Gus an tigeadh am,
A bhi cluich air dam,
Air na tiodhan sin;
Dh'olaimaid ar dram,
Dh'fhogradh uainn gun taing,
Gach nì chuireadh maill
Air bhi miog-chuiscach;
Maighdean nan ciabh fann,
Shniamhanach nan clann;
Mala chaol, dhonn, cham,
Channach, fhincalta.

An crunluath.

Mo cheann tha lan de sheilleanaibh
O dheilich mi ri d'bhriodal;
Mo shron tha stoipt' a dh-elebor
Na deil, le teine dimbis;
Mo shuilean tha cho deireasach,
Nach fàic mi gne gun *telesgop*,
'S ge d'bhiodh meudach beinn' ann,
'S ann theirinn gur h-e frid i.
Dh'fhalbh mo chendfaidh corporra
Gu docharach le brудар,
'N uair shaoil mi fòrtan thor chairt domh,
'S mi'm thorroichim air mo chluasaig:
Air dusgadh as a chaithream sin
Cha d'fhuair mi ach aon fhaileas d'i,
An ionad na maoin berraideach
A mheal mi gu seachd uairean.

Ach, cìod thug mi gu glan fhaireachadh,
Ach carachadh rinn cluanag:
'S co so, o thus, bha Mhorag ann,
Ach Sine an or-fhuilte chnachaich;
'Nuair thur i gu'n do lagaich mi,
'S gu fèumainn rag chuir stalcaidh ann,
Gu'n d'rinn i draoidheachd-chadail domh,
Rinn cruaidh fìor rag de m luaidhe.
Bha cleasachd-sa cho innealta,
'S cho innleachdach ma'n enairt d'i,
Nach faodainn fhlìn thaobh sì-mhalthachd,
Gun dlighe erion thoirt nam dh'i;
Gu'n thfionndaidh mi gu h-ordail r'i;
'S gu'n shaoil mi gu'm b'i Morag i;
Gun d' aig mi mo phogan du,
'S cha robh d'a coir dad uaipe.

Note.—This is one of the finest productions of the Keltic muse. The bard appears to have been really enamoured and he pours forth his elegant, rapid, and impassioned strains in a torrent of poetry which has never been equalled by any of his contemporaries. Morag was a common country girl; and it is said that the poet's wife became

jealous of her rival. The bard had talked of the marriage ties with the greatest contempt, and regretted that he was fettered with the bonds of wedlock. This raised a storm, and the bard sacrificed the mistress to appease the wife, and composed his "*Mi-mholadh*." Here is an instance of his disregard to truth and common decency, as well as of moral and poetical justice. As the praise was exaggerated and extravagant, the censure was cruel, unmanly, and undeserved. He first raised the object of his admiration to the skies, with the most hyperbolic praise—and then, without any provocation, he suddenly wheels round and overwhelms his goddess with the most slanderous, foul-mouthed and unfeeling abuse. His "*Mi-mholadh Morag*" is printed in the *Glasgow complete edition of his works of 1839*.

ORAN AN T-SAMHRAIDH.

AIR FÒNN—"Through the wood, laddie."

AN ÒIS DHOMH DUSGADH 'S A'MHADAINN,
'S AN DEULT AIR A CHOILL,
ANN A MADAINN RO SHOILLEIR,
ANN A LAGAN BEAG DOILLEIR,
GU'N CUALAS AM FÈADAN
GU LEADURRA SEINN;
'S MAC-TALLA NAN CREAGAN
D'A FHREAGAIRT BRON BHINN.*

BÌ'DH AM BEITHE DEAGH-BHOLTRACH,
URAIL DOSRACH NAN EARN,
RÌ MAOTH-BHLAS DRIUCLD CEITEAN,
MAR RÌ CAOIN-DHEARSADH GREINE.
BRUCHDADH BARRAICH TRO GHEUGAN,
'S AN MHIOS CHEUTACH SA MHAIGH:
AM MÌOS BREAC-LAOGHACH, BUAILTEACH;
BHAINNEACH, BLUAGHACH, GU DAIR!

BÌ'DH GACH DOIRE DLU UAINIDH
'S TRUSGAN UAIN' UMP A' FAS;
BÌ'DH AN SNOTHACH A DÌREADH
AS GACH FRIAMHACH A'S ISLE,
TRO 'NA CUISLINNEAN SNÌOMHAIN,
GU MIADACHADH BLA:
CUACH, A'S SMEORACH 'S AN FHEASGAR,
SEINN A LEADAINN 'N AM BARR.

* We have heard it broadly asserted, that the commencing stanza of this song is a mere translation of the first stanza of a certain song in "*Ramsay's Tea Table Miscellany*." That there is a general similarity between these two stanzas, is admitted at once: and that M'Donald may have seen the "*Miscellany*," and also read the stanza in question, is likewise conceded. But that the similarity between the two is such as to warrant the conclusion that he must have seen it, we cannot allow. As to its being a translation, if our opinion were asked, we would say at once "It is not." But we subjoin the lines from the "*Miscellany*," that the reader may have the better opportunity of judging:—

"As early I wak'd,
On the first of sweet May,
Beneath a steep mountain,
Beside a clear fountain,
I heard a grave lute
Soft melody play,
Whilst the echo resounded
The dolorous lay."

Ramsay's Tea Table Miscellany, Vol. 1.

A mìos breac-uigheach, braonach,
 Creamhach, maoth-rosach, aith!
 Chuireas sgèadas neo-thruaillidh,
 Air gach aite d'a dhuaichneachd;
 A dh'fhogras sneachd le chuid fuachd,
 O gheur-ghruaim nam beann ard;
 'S aig meud eagail roi *Phæbus*,
 Theid's na speuraibh 'na smal.

A mìos lusnach, mealach,
 Feurach, faileanach, blath;
 'S e gu gucagach, duilleach,
 Luachrach, ditheanach, lurach,
 Beachach, seilleanach, dearcach,
 Ciurach, dealltach, trom, tha;
 'S i mar chuirneanan daimnein,
 Bhratach bhoisgeil air lar!

'S moch bhios *Phæbus* ag oradh
 Ceap nam mor-cruach 's nam beann;
 'S bi'dh 'san uair sin le solas,
 Gach cun binn-fhaclach boidheach.
 Ceumadh meur-buillan ceolar,
 Feadh phres, ogan, a's ghleann;
 A chorruil chuirteach gun sgreadan,
 Aig por is beadarraich greann!

'S an am tighinn do'n fheasgar,
 Co-fhreagradh aon am,
 Nì iad co'-sheirm, sheimh, fhallain,
 Gu bileach, binn-ghobach, allail,
 A seinn gu lu-chleasach daigheann
 A measg ur-mheaghain nan crann;
 'S iad fein a beucail gu foirmeil,
 Le toirm nan organ gun mheang.

Bi'dh gach creutair do laigid
 Dol le suigeart do'n choill;
 Bi'dh an dreadhan gu balcant',
 Foirmeil, talcorra, bagant',
 Sir chuir failt air a mhadainn,
 Le rifeid mhaisich, bhuig, bhinn;
 Agus *Robin* d'a bheusadh
 Air a gheig os a chinn.

Gur glan gall-fheadan *Richard*
 A seinn na'n cuislinnin grinn,
 Am barr nam bileichean blathor,
 'S an dos na lòn-dharag arda,
 Bhiodh 's na glacagan fasaich
 As cubhraidh faile na'm fion;
 Le phuirt thrìolanta shiubhlach
 Phronnair lughor le dìon.

Sid na puirt a's glan gearradh,
 'S a's ro ealandan roinn;
 Chuireadh m'intinn gu beadrach,
 Clia-lu t-fheadlain ma'n eadrach,
 'N am do'n chrodh bhi g'an leigeadh,
 An innis bheitir's a' choill;
 'S tu d' leig air baideil ri cionthar,
 An grianan aon-chasach croinn.

Bi'dh bradan seang-mhear an fhìor-uisg',
 Gu brisg, slinn-leumnach, luath;

Nam bhuidhnean tarra-ghealach, lannach,
 Gu h-iteach, dearg-bhallach, earrach,
 Le shoillesean airgeid d'a earradh,
 'S min-bhreac laimnreac tuar;
 'S e-fein gu crom-ghobach ullamh,
 Ceapadh chuilc le cluain.

A bhealltuinn bhog-bhailceach, ghrianach,
 Lonach, lianach, mo ghraidh,
 Bhainneach, fhionn-mheagach, uachdrach,
 Omhanach, loinicheach, chuachach,
 Ghruthach, shlamanach, mhiosrach,
 Mhiodrach, mhiosganach lan,
 Uanach, mheannanach, mhaoineach,
 Bhocach, mhaoiseach, lan ail!

O! 's fìor eibhinn r'a chluinntinn,
 Fann-gheum laogh anns a chro
 Gu h-ural, min-bhallach, aluinn;
 Druim-fhionn, gearr-fhionnach, faili,
 Ceann-fhionn, colg-rasgach, cluas-dearg,
 Tarra-gheal, guaineisach, og,
 Gu mogach, bog-ladhrach, fasor,
 'S e leum ri baraich nam bo!

A shobhrach gheala-bhui' nam brnachag,
 Gur fanna-gheal, snuaghar, do ghnuis!
 Chinneas badanach, cluasach,
 Maoth-mhin, baganta luaineach;
 Gur tu ros is fearr cruadal
 A nì gluasad a h-uir;
 Bi'dh tu t-cideadh as t-earrach
 'S each ri falach an sul.

'S curaidh faileadh do mhuincil,
 A chrios-Cho-chulainn nan carn!
 Na d' chruinn bhabaidean riabhach,
 Loineach, fhad-luirneach, sgiamhach,
 Na d'thuim ghiobagach, dreach-mhin,
 Bharr-bhuidh, chasur-lach, aird;
 Timcheall thulmanan diamhair
 Ma'm bi'm biadh-ianain a fas.

'S gu'm bi froineisean boisgeil
 A thilgeas foineal nì's leoir,
 Ar gach lu-ghart de neoinein,
 'S do bharrailbh sheamragan lombar;
 Mar sin is leasachan soilleir,
 De dh-fheada-coille nan cos,
 Timcheall bhoganan loinneal,
 A's tric an eilid d'an coir.

'Nis treigidh coileach a ghucag,
 'S caitean brucach nan craobh,
 'S theid gu nullach nan sliabh-chnoc',
 Le chire ghearr-ghobaich riabhaich,
 'S bi'dh'ga suiridh gu cuirteil
 Am pillein cul-gorma fraoich:
 'S ise freagra le tuchan:—
 "Pi hu-hu tha thu faoin."

A choilich chraobhaich nan gearr-sgiath,
 'S na falluine dui',
 Tha dubh a's geal air am mìosgadh,
 Go ro oirdheire na t-itich;

Muineal lainnireach, sgipi,
 Uaine, slis-mhin, 's tric crom!
 Gob na'n pongannan milis
 Nach fuict' a sìleadh nan ronn!

Sid an turaraich ghlan, loinneal,
 A's ard coilleag air tom,
 'S iad ri bu-ra-rus seamh, ceutach
 Ann a feasgar bog coitean;
 Am bannal geal-sgirteach, uchd-ruadh;
 Mala ruiteach, chaol, chrom;
 'S iad gu h-uchd-ardach, earra-gheal,
 Ghrian-dhearsgnaidh, dhruim-dhonn.

Note.—The poet here uses a redundancy of adjectives, epithets and alliterations, with more pedantry than becomes pastoral poetry: but, with all its faults, the poem contains many beautiful passages. The address to the primrose is peculiarly elegant and happy—the description of the love of the grouse is also very good—and the address to the black cock is lively and graphic, though it ends with an unlucky and far-fetched conceit.

ORAN A GHEAMHRAIDH.

AIR Fonn—"Twecdside."

THARRUINN grian rìgh nam planad 's nan reull,

Gu sign *Chancer* di-ciadain gu beachd,
 A riaghlas cothrom ma'n crìochnaich e thriall,
 Da mhios-deug na bliadhna ma seach;
 Ach gur h-e 'n dara, di-sathuirn' na dheigh,
 A ghrian-stad-shamraidh, aon-deug, an la's fàid;

'S a sin tiuntaidh e chursa gu seimh,
 Gu seas-ghrian a gheamhraidh gun stad.

'S o dh'imich e 'nis uainn m'fian cuairt,
 Gu'm bi fuachd oin' gu'm pill e air ais,
 B'ìdh gach la dol an giorradh gu feum,
 'S gach oidheche do reir dol am fad:
 Sruthaidh luibhean, a's coill, agus feur,
 Na fas-bheodha crìon-eugaidh iad as;
 Teichidh snodhach gu friamhach nan crann,
 Sàighidh glaohan an sugh-bheath' a steach.

Seachdaidh geugan glan cubhraidh nan crann,

Bha's an t-samhradh trom-strac-te le meas,
 Gu'n torr-leum an toradh gu lar,
 Gu'n sgriosair am barr far gach lios.
 Guilidh feadain a's creachainn nam beann,
 Sruthain chrìostail nan gleann le trom sprochd,
 Còidh nam fuaran ri meacuinn gu'n cluinn,
 Deoch-shunnta nam maoiseach 's nam boc.

Laidhidh bron air an talamh gu leir,
 Gu'n aognaich na sleibhtean's na cnuic;
 Grad dubhaidh caoin uachdar nam blar,
 Fal-rnisgte, 's iad faillinneach boehd
 Na h-eoin bhluhallach' bhreac-iteach, ghrinn,
 Sheinneadh basganta, binn, am barr dhos,

Gu'n teid a ghlas-ghuib ar am beul,
 Gun bhodha, gun teud, 's iad nan tost.

Sguiridh buirdisich sgiathach nan spur,
 D'an ceileiribh grianach car greis,
 Cha seinn iad a' maidnean gu h-ard,
 No feasgaran chrabhach 's a' phreas;
 Cadal cluthor gu'n dean anns gach cos,
 Gabhail fàsaidh am frogamh nan creag;
 'S iad ag ionndrainn nan gathanan blath,
 Bhiodh ri dealaradh o sgaille do theas.

Cuirear daltachan srian-bhuidh nan res
 Bharr mhin-chìoch nan or-dhìthean beag,
 'S inghean gucagach lìlì nan lon,
 Nam fluran, 's gheal noinein nan eug;
 Cha deoghlaire le beachan nam bruach,
 Crodhaidh fuarachd car cuairt iad na sgeap;
 'S cha mho chruinnicheas seillein a mhal,
 'S thar gheal-ur-ros chroinn garaidh cha streap.

Tearnaidh bradan, a's sgadan, 's gach iasg,
 O t-iarguinn gu fia-ghrunnd nan loch;
 'S gu fan air an aigein du-dhonn,
 Ann an doimhneachd nam fonn a's nan slochd.
 Na bric tharra-ghéalach, carra-ghobhlach
 shliom,
 Leumadh mearagant', ri usgraichean chop,
 Nan cairtealan geamhraidh gu'n tamh,
 Meirbh, samhach, o thamh thu fo'n ghlob.

Chas a's ghreannaich gach tulach, 's gach tom,
 'S doite lom chinn gach fireach, 's gach glac;
 Gu'n d' obhreach na sìthcanan feoir,
 Bu lusanaich, feirneanach brat;
 Thiormaich monainean, 's ruadhaich gach fonn;
 Bheuchd an fhairege 's ro thonn-ghreannach gart;
 'S gu'n sgreitich an dulachd gach long,
 'S theid an cabhlach na long-phort a steachd.

Neulaich paircean a's miodair gu bas,
 Thuit gach fasach, 's gach aite fo bhruid;
 Chìaraich monadh nan iosal 's nan ard;
 Theirig dathanan grasmhor gach luig;
 Dh-fhalbh am faileadh, am musg, a's am fonn;
 Dh-fhalbh am maise bharr lombar gach buig;
 Chaidh an eunlaidh gu caoidhearan truagh,
 Uiseag, smeorach, a's cuach, agus druid.

A fhraoich bhàdanaich, ghaganaich, uir,
 D'am b'ola's d'am b'fludar a mhill,
 B'i bhlath ghrian do bhalet's gach uair,
 Gu giullachd do ghruaige le sgil;
 'S a mhadain iuchair 'nuair bhoisgcadh a ghnuis,

Air bhuidhinnin driuchdach nan dril,
 B'fhior chubhraidh 's gu'm b'eibhinn an smuid
 So dh'eireadh bharr chuirnein gach bil.

Gu'n theirig suth-talmhuinn nam bruach;
 Dh'fhalbh an cnuasach le'n trom-lubadh slat,

Thuit an t-ubhall, an t-siris, 's a pheur,
Chuireadh boitha air a gheig anns a bhad.
Dh-fhalbh am baiunc bhio'n eallach air chul,
Ma'm bi leanaba bi ciucharan bochd;
'S gu'm pill a grian gu *sign Thaurus* nam
buadh,
'S treun a bhuaधाicheas, fuachd, agus gort.

Theid a ghrian air a thurus man cuairt,
Do *thropic Chapricorn* ghruamach gun stad,
O'n tig fearthuinn chruinn, mheallanach, luath,
Bheir air mullach nan cuairteagan sad;
Thig tein'-adhair, thig torunn na dheigh,
Thig gaillionn, thig eireadh nach lag,
'S cinnidh uisge na ghlaíneachan cruaidh,
'S na ghlas-leugaibh, min, fuar-licneach rag.

A mios nuarranda, garbh-fhrasach dorch',
Shneachdach, cholgarra, stoirm-shionach bith;
Dhisleach, dhall-churach, chathach, fhliuch,
chrui,
Bhiorach, bhuagharra, 's tuath-ghaothach cith;
Dheibheach, lia-rotach, ghlib-shleamhain
gharbh,
Chuireas sgiobairean fairge nan ruith;
Fhliuchach, fhuntuinneach, ghuineach gun tlas
Cuiridh t-anail gach caileachd air chrith.

A mios cratanach, casadach, lom,
A bhios trom air an t-sonn-bhrochan dubh;
Churraiceach, chasagach, lachdunn a's dhonn,
Bhrisneach, stocainneach, chom-chochlach,
thiugh,
Bhrogach, mhiotagach, pheiteagach bhan,
Imeach, aranach, chaiseach, gun ghruth;
Le miann bruthaiste, mairt-fheoil a's cal;
'S ma bhios blath nach dean tair air gne stuth.

A mios brotagach, toiteanach soigh
Ghionach, stroitheal, fhior gheocach gu muic;
Liteach, laghanach, chabaisteach chorr,
Phoiteach, romasach, roiceil, gu sult;
'S an taobh-muigh ge do thugh sinn ar com,
Air an fhaile gheur-tholltach gun tlas,
'S feudar dram ol mar linnigeadh cleibh.
A ghrad fhadas tein'-eibhinn 's an uchd.

Bi'dh grean'-dubh air cuid mor de'n Roin-
neorp,
O laghach sgeamh ordha do theas,
Do shelus bu sholas ro mhor,
Ar fraghar a's ar lochrann geal deas;
Ach 'nuair thig e gu *Gemini* a ris,
'S a lannir 's gach righeachd gu'n cuir,
'S buidh soillsein nan coirean's nam meall,
'S riochdail fiamh nau or-mheall air a mhuir.

'S theid gach salmadair ball-mhaiseach ur,
Ann an crannaig chraobh-dhlu-dhuillich chais,
Le 'n seol fein a sheim laoidh 's a thoirt cliu,
Chiunn a *phlanaid*-s' a chursadh air ais;
Gu'm bi coisir air leth anns gach geig,
An *dasgaibh* eibhinn air reidh-shlios nan slat,
A toirt lag iobairt le'n ceileir d'an Triath,
Air chaol chorraibh an sgiath anns gach glaic.

Cha bhi creutair fo chupan nan speur,
'N sin nach tiundaidh ri 'n speurad's ri'n
dreach,
'S gu'n toir *Phæbus* le buadhan a bhlaís,
Anam-fas daibh a's caileachdain ceart
Ni iad ais-eiridh choitcheann on uaigh,
Far na mhiotaich am fuachd iad a steach,
'S their iad:—*guileag-doro-hidola-hann*,
Dh-fhalbh an geamhra 's tha'n samhradh air
teachd.

ORAN NAM FINEACHAN GAELACH.

A CHOMUINN rioghail ruinich,
Sar umhlaehd thugaibh uaibh,
Biodh 'ur ruisg gun smuirnean,
'S gach cri gun treas gun lub ann;
Deoch-slaínte Sheumais Stiubhairt,
Gu muirneach cuir ma'n cuairt!
Ach ma ta giomh air bith 'n 'ur stamaig,
A chailleis naonh' na truail.

Lion deoch-slaínte Thearlaich
A mheirlich! straic a chuach;
B'i sid an ioc-shlant' aluinn,
Dhath-bheothaicheadh mo chailleachd
Ge d'a bhiodh am bas orm,
Gun neart, gun adh, gun tuar.
A Rìgh nan dul a chuir do chabhlach,
Oirn thar sajl' le luathas.

O! tog do bhaidcil arda,
Chaol, dhionach, shar-gheal nuadh,
Ri d'crannaidh bi-dhearg, laidir,
Gu taisdeal nan tonn gaireach;
Tha *Aeolus* ag raitinn
Gu 'seid e rap-ghaoth chruaidh,
O'n aird an ear; 's tha *Neptun* dileas,
Gu mineachadh a chuain..

'S bochd ata do chairdean
Aig ro mhead t-fhardail uainn;
Maralach mhaoth gun mhathair;
No beachainn breac a gharaidh,
Ag sionnach 'n deis a fasachd',
Air failinn feadh nam bruach.
Aisig cabhagach le d' chabhlach,
'S leighis plaidh do shluaigh.

Tha na dee ann an deagh run dut;
Greas-ort le surd neo-mharbh,
Thar dhronnaig nan tonn du-ghorm,
Dhruim-robach, bharr-chas, shiubhlach,
Ghleann-chlaghach, cheann-gheal, shu'-dhlu
Na mothar chul-glilas, ghairbh;
Na cuan-choirean, greannach, stuadh-thor-
thach,
'S crom-bhileach, molach, falbh.

Tha muir a's tir cho-reidh dhut,
Mar deann thu fein a searg;
Doirtidh iad na'n ceudan,
Nan laomabh tiugha, treunna,
A Bratunn a's a Eirinn,
Ma d'standard breid-ghéal dearg;
A ghasraidh sgaiteach, ghuineach, rioghail;
Chreuchdach, fhaigh-luath, gharg!

Thig do chinneadh fein ort,
Na trenn-fhìr laomsgair gharbh,
Na'm beitheiribh gu reubadh;
Na'n leoghannaibh gu creuchdadh;
Na'n nathraichean grad-leumneach,
A lotas geur le 'n calg,
Le'n gathan faobharach, rinn-bheurra
Ni mor euehd le'n arm.

'N am blrataichean lan-eideadh,
Le dealas geur gun chealg,
Thig Dombnullaich mar deigh sin;
Cho dileas dnt ri d'leine;
Mar choin air fasdadh cile;
Air chath-chrith geur gu sealg;
'S mairg namhaid do'n nochd iad fraoeh,
Long, leoghann, craobh, 's laimh-dhearg.

Gu neartaich iad do champa
Na Cainn-beulaich gu dearbh,
An Diuc Earraghalach mar cheann orr',
Gu morghalach mear prionusail;
Ge b'e bheir air iunsaidh,
B'e sid an tionsgnadh searbh,
Le lannan lotach, du-ghorm, toirteil,
Sgoltadh chorp gu'm balg.

Gu tarbartach, glan, caiseamachd,
Fior thartarach na'n *ranc*,
Thig Chnainidh le chuid Pearsanaeh,
Gu cuannda gleusda grad-bheirteach;
Le spaintichean teann-bheirteach
'S cruaidh fead ri sgaileadh cheann;
B'i'dh fuil d'a dortadh, 's smuais d'a spealtadh,
Le sgalpaireachd 'ur lann.

Druididh suas ri d' mheirghe,
Nach meirbh an am an air,
Clann 'Illeoin* nach meirgich
Airm ri uchd do sheirbheis;
Le'm brataichean 's smuadh feirg orra,
'S an leirg mar thairbh gun sgath;
A foirne, fearail, nimheal, arrail,
'S builleach, allamh laimh!

Gun thig na fìurain Leodach ort,
Mar sheochdain 's coin fo spag;
Na'n tuircamh lann-ghorm, thinnisneach;
Air chorra-ghleus streup gun tiomachas;
An reiseamaid fìor ionnalta,
'S fath gioraig dol na dail;
Am bi iomadh bochdan fuilteach, foirmeil,
Theid le stoirm gu bas.

Thig curaighnean Chlann-eham-shroin ort
Theid meannmach sìos na d' spairn;
An fhoireann ghuineach, chaithreamach,
'S neo-f hiamhach an am tarrainne;
An lainn ghlas nìar lasuir dealanaich,
Gu gearradh cheann, a's laimh;
'S mar luthas na dreige, 's cruthas na ereige,
Chluinntes sgreud nan canamh.

Gur cinnteach dhuibh d'ar eoinneachadh,
Mac-Choinnich mor Chinn-Taile:
Fìr laidir, dhana choimhneala,
Do'n fhiar-chruaidh air a foinneachadh,
Nach gabh fiamh no somultachd,
No sgreamh ro' theine bhlair;
'S iad gu narach, fuileach, foinnidh,
Air bhoil gu dhol na d'chas.

Gur foirmeil, priseil, ordail,
Thig Toisichean nan *ranc*,
Am marsail statoil, comhuard;
Gu piobach, bratach, srol-bhui;
Tha rioghalachd a's morchuis,
Gu'n soraidh anns' n dream;
Daoine laidir, neartmhor, crodha,
'S iad gun gho, gun mheang!

Thig Granndaich gu ro thartarach,
Neo fhad-bheirteach do d' champ
Air phrioblogadh gu cruadal,
Gu snaidheachd cheann, is chluas diu;
Cho nimheil ris na tigeribh
Le feachdradh dian-mhor, dan',
Chuireas iomad fear le sgradail,
'S a bhreabadaich gu lar.

Thig a ris na Friselaich,
Gu sgipt le neart garbh;
Na seochdaibh fìor-ghlan, togarrach,
Le fuathas bhlair nach bogaichear;
An comhlan fearradha, cosguraeh,
'S mairg neach do' nochd iad fearg;
A spuir ghlas aig dlus an deirich
B'i'dh nan eilean dearg.

Nan gasraidh ghaisgeil, lasgura,
Thig Lachunnaich gun chaird;
Na saighdean dearga puiscanda;
Gu claidheach, sgiathach, cuinnsearaeh;
Gu gunnach dagach, ionusaichte,
Gun chunntais ac' air ar;
Dol nan deannamh 'n aodainn phèileir,
Teachd o theine ehaich.

Gabhaid pairt do t-iorghaills',
Clann-Iomhuinn's oirdheire eail;
Mar thuinn ri tir a sior-bhualadh;
No bile lasrach dian-loisgeach;
Nan treudan luatha, fìor-chonfaeh,
Thoirg griosach air an namh;
An dream chathach, Mhuileach, Shrathach,
'S math gu sgathadh chnamh.

* Clann 'Illean.

'S mor a bhio's ri corp-rusgadh,
Na'n closaichean's a bhlair,
Fithich anns a rocadaich
Ag itealaich, 's a cnocaircachd;
Ciocras air na cosgaraich,
Ag ol's ag ith an sath.
Och's tursach fann a chluinntir moch-thra,
Ochanaich nan ar!

Bì'dh fuil is gaor d'a shuidreadh ann,
Le lu-chleasan 'ur lamh;
Meangar cinn, a's duirn dhiu;
Gearrar uilt le smuaisridh;
Ciosnaichear am biuidh,
D'an du-losgadh, 's d'an cnamh;
Crunair le poimp Tearlach Stiubhart;
'S Frederic Prionns fo shail.

Note.—This address to the Highland clans is a stately spirit-stirring martial poem, where the bard describes the various Jacobite clans coming forward in warlike array to place Charles on the throne, and leave the Hanoverians under his feet. The satirist (*Aireach Mhuile*) represents the poet travelling through the country to excite the Highlanders to arms, and it is probable that this song was composed on that occasion. It was well calculated to rouse the warlike clans to the approaching conflict.

O R A N .

AIR FOMN—"Cille-chragaidh."

Tha deagh shoisgeul feadh nan garbh-chrioch,

Surd air armaibh comhraig;
Uird ri daraich deanamh thargaid
Nan dual ball-chruinn boidheach;
Chaidh ar seargadh le cam earraghloir
Sluaigh fìor chealgach Shorais,
O's sgeul dearbltha thig thar fairge,
Neart ro gharbh d' ar foirinn.

Thig thar lear le gaoith an càr oirn,
Toradh deal ar dochais,
Le mhlte fear, 's le armaibh geal,
Prionns' ullamh, mear, 's e do-chaisgt;
Mac Rìgh Seumas, Tearlach Stiubhart,
Oighre chruin th'air fogar,
Gu'n dean gach Breatuineach lan umhlachd
Air an glun' d'a mhorachd.

Ni na Gacil bheodha, ghasda,
Eiridh bhras le srolamh;
Iad nan ciadan uim' ag iathadh,
'S coltas dian cuir gleois orr';
Gu'n fhiamh 's iad fiata, claidheach, sgia-
thach,
Gunnach, riaslach, stroiccach,
Mar chonfadh leoghannaibh fiadhaich,
'S acras dian gu feoil orr'.

Deanamh ullamh chum ar turuis,
'S bithibh guineach, deonach;
So an cumasg, am bi na builean,
An deantar fuil a dhortadh;
Och a dhuin' is lionnhor curaidh
Is fìor sturraile co-stri,
A leigir fear cile mar chuilcann,
Dh' fhaotainn fuil air Sebras!

'S iomadh neach a theid air ghaisge,
Tha fìor lag na dhochus,
Gus a nochdar *standard* brat-dhearg,
An rìgh cheart-s' tha oirne,
Ge do bhiodh e na fhìor ghcaltair,
Gur cruaidh rag gu bhroig e,
Ceart cho gairge ris an lasair,
A losgadh asbhuain eorna.

Mhoir is sgairteil, foirmeil, bagant,
Gacil ghasda, chrodha;
Gach aon bhratach sìos do'n bhaiteal
Le 'n gruaidh laisde rosg-dearg;
Iad gun fhiamh, gun fheall, gun ghaiscadh;
Rioghail, beachd-bhorb, proiscail;
Gu no-lapach ri linn gaisge,
Spainnteach ghlas nan dornaibh.

'S binn linn plapraich nam breid bhratach,
Srannraich bras ri mor-ghaoith,
An glachdaibh gaisgeidh nan ceum staitteil,
Is stuirteil, sgairteil, *moision*;
'S lann ghorm sgaitcach, do shar-shlacan
Geur gu srachdadh shron' aige,
Air bac cruachain an fhir bhrataich,
Gu cuir tais air fogradh.

'S furbaidh tailcant, 's cumta pearsa,
Treun-laach spraiceal, doid-ghéal;
Pìob d' a spalpadh, suas na achlais,
Mhosglas lasan gleois duinn;
Caismeachd bhras bhinn, bhrodadh aigne,
Gu dian chasgairt sloigh leis;
Chuirceadh torman a phuirt bhaigheil,
Spioraid bhras 'n 'ar poraibh.

Bithibh sunndach, lughor, beumach,
Sgrìosach, geur, gu feolach,
'S bi'dh *Mars* creuchdach, cogach, reubach,
Anns 'na speur d' ar seoladh;
Soirbhichidh gach ni gu leir libh,
Ach sibh-fein bli deonach;
Marsailibh gun dail, gu'n cislein,
Lughor, eudrom, ceol-mhor.

Marsailibh, gun fheall, gun aìrsneul,
Gach aon bhratach bhoidheach;
Cuideachd shuaicheanta nan breacan,
'S math gu casg na toireachd;
'Nuair a ruisgeas sibh na claisich
Bi'dh smuis bhreac feadh feoir libh;
Gaor a's canachuinn na spadul,
'S na liath-shad feadh mhointiù.

Sliocraich, slacraich, nan cruaidh shlacan,
Freagra basgur sheannsaìr;

'Nuair a theid a ruaig gun stad libh
Gur ro fad a chluinntear,
Feadraich bhuillean, sgoltadh mhullach,
Sios gu bun an rumpuill;
Ruaig orr' uile mar mhoim tuile;
Chaidh cha 'n urr' iad tiunntadh.

'S iomadh fear a dh' oladh lionta,
Slainte an righ-s' tha oirne,
Spealgadh ghlaimeachan aig griosach,
'S e cur beinn air Seoras;
Ach 's onaraiche anis an gnìomh,
A ch uig-ceud mìle bola;
'S fearr aon *siola* a dh'fhuil 's an fhrith
No gaoil fhion air bhordaibh.

Dearbhaidh beachdaidh sibh bhi ceart d'a,
Eirdh grad le 'r sloghaibh;
Gu'n 'ur mnathan, clann, no beirtcas,
Chuir stad-feachd 'n 'ur dochus;
Ach gluasad inntinneach, luath, cinnteach,
Rioghail, liont' de mhor-chuis;
Mar an raineach a dol sìos duibh,
Sgriosadh dian luchd cleochdan.

'Ur ceathairne ghruamach, nimheil,
Lan do mhìre cruadail;
'S misg dhearg chatha, gu barr rath orr',
'S craobh dhearg dhath nan gruaidhean;
Iad gun athadh sìos le 'n claidhean
Ri sior sgathadh chnuachdan;
Lotar dearganaich le 'r gathan,
'S le'r fìor chrathadh cruadhach.

'S beagan sluagh, a 's tric thug buaidh,
An iomairt chruaidh a chomhraig;
Deanamaid gluasad gu 'n dad uamhuinn,
'S na biodh fuathas oirne;
Doirtidh uaislean an taobh-tuath,
Mac-Shim nan ruag, 's Diuc-Gordon;
Le mhàre-shluagh is nuarrant gruain;
'S ruaim ainhi fhuar nam poramh.

ORAN RIOGHAIL A BHOTAIL.

AIR FOKN—"Let us be jovial, fill our glasses."

Biodhmaid subhach, 's olar deoch linn,
Osnaich 'n ar fochar cha tamh,
Na smaointicheamaid ar bochdainn,
Fhad 's a bios an copan lan.

LUINNEAG.

Ho-ro air falldar-araidh
Ho air m'alldar-raraidh ro,
Ho-ro air m'alldar-raraidh
Falldar, railldar, raraidh ho.

Olamaid glainneachan lan,
Air slainte an t-Seunais ata uain!
Cuireamaid da shìlant' an caraid,
'Tosda Thearlaich traic a chuach.
Ho-ro, &c.

Ma ta stamac anns a chuideachd,
Nach dean a chuidsa d' ar miann,
Siapaidh e 'mach as ar carabh,
Mar an carran as an t-shiol.
Ho-ro, &c.

Cuireadh ar cupachan tharsta;
Aisig cas an corn m'an cuairt;
Faicear eibhinneachd air lasadh,
Le fìor sgairt 'n ar beachd, 's 'n ar gruaidh.
Ho-ro, &c.

Biodh ar cridhachan a damhsa,
Lan an drains' a dhol na thruaill,
Mar gu 'n biodhmaid 's a cheart am-sa,
Dol do 'n champ a dh'fhaotainn buaidh.
Ho-ro, &c.

De'n dibh' bhrìdhear neartar bhlasda,
'S mìse no mìl bheach gu poit,
Lion an soitheach sin amach dhuinn,
De 'n stuth bhlasdar ud 'san stop.
Ho-ro, &c.

'S-ioma fearsta, falachaidh, tlachdmhor,
Tha 'n mac-na-bracha r'a luaigh;
Rinn sin e na Jeannan do mhlitean,
'S na mhlisein prìseil do'n t-sluagh.
Ho-ro, &c.

Sgaolaidh e ghruaim far a mhuigein;
Nì e fìughantach fear cruaidh;
Nì e cruadalach fear gealtach,
Gus an teid e feachd no 'n ruaig.
Ho-ro, &c.

Nì e cainnteach am fear tostach;
Nì e brosgulach fear dur;
Nì e suireach am fear narach;
'S fagaidh e dan' am fear diùid.
Ho-ro, &c.

Nì e pogach am fear ailleannt
Nach fuilgeadh cailin 'na choir;
Sparraidh e damhs' anns na casan,
Nach d' rinn riamh aon char d' an deòin.
Ho-ro, &c.

Fagaidh e neo shanntach aerach;
Toinnidh se cas am fear slìom;
Bheir e caitean air fear sleabhainn;
'S nì e spreadhail an fear tiom.
Ho-ro, &c.

An t-airgead a bha d'a sticleadh,
An sporan nan chrìpleach riamh,
Bheir e furtachd dha a prìosan,
Le fuasgladh cruaidh-shnaim nan iall.
Ho-ro, &c.

Nì e aoigheal am fear doichleach;
Nì e socharach fear teann;
Nì e duin' nasal do'n bhalach;
Nì e fathrumach fear fann.
Ho-ro, &c.

Ni e saor chridheach fear duinte,
'S faoisididh e run a chri ;
Saoilidh an lag gur h-e 'n laidir,
Gus an dearbh e chail 'san stri.
Ho-ro, &c.

Tairrnidh e mulad gu aiteas ;
Tiunnaidh e airsneul gu fonn ;
Mionach nan sporan gu spiol e
Le ghob biorach cluimas lom.
Ho-ro, &c.

Thigeadh meanmna, 's falbhaidh airsneul
Air chairstealan uainn do'n Roimh ;
Seinneam orain cheolmor, ghasda,
Shunndach, bhras, nach lapach gloir.
Ho-ro, &c.

'Nuair bheirear botul a stapul,
'S a chromar ri cap a cluas ;
'S cibhinn a ghogail la earraich,
Cogair searraig ris a chuaich !
Ho-ro, &c.

'S milse no ceilearadh smeoraich,
Le luinneag ceolmhor air geig,
Creatraich shrideagach do sgòrnain ;
Cratan 's boiche fo 'na ghreinn !
Ho-ro, &c.

'S binne na luinneag coin-buchainn,
Bhiodh ri tuchan am barr thonn,
Guileag do mhuineil a's giug ort ;
Cuisle-chiuil a dhuiseagadh fonn.
Ho-ro, &c.

'S binne no cluig-chiuil an Ghlascho,
T-fluaim le bastul dol 's a chorn ;
Sid an fhailt a ghleusadh m' aigne,
Mac-na-brach a teachd le poig.
Ho-ro, &c.

Lion-domh suas an t-slige-chreachainn ;
Cha 'n ion a seachnadh gu dram ;
'S math Ghaelig oirr' an creathann ;
An t-slig' a chreach sinne a t' ann.
Ho-ro, &c.

'S binne no ceol coilich choille,
Bhiodh ri coilleig air an tom.
Durdail a bhotail ri glainne ;
Cronan loinnteil thoilleadh bonn !
Ho-ro, &c.

Teicheadh liun-dubh as 'ur comunn ;
Falbhaidh gainne' 's pailt 'ur n-or ;
Na biodh speuchair oirbh gu ganntar,
Fheadh 's a bhio's an dram 'n 'ur sroin.
Ho-ro, &c.

Biodh 'ur ceann-agaidh uile 'n ceart uair,
Cho ruiteach ri dreach nan ros,
'Nuair a theid 'ur fuil air ghabhail,
Le beirm laghach Mhic-an-Tois.
Ho-ro, &c.

Gur dionnsaireach, spinnsearach, t-fhaileadh
'S teas-ghradhach do shnag tro' m' chliabh
Fadadh blais air feadh mo mhionaich ;
Gur ro mhioragach do thriall !
Ho-ro, &c.

Gur gueagach, coilleagach, brisg-gheal,
Bruicheal, neo-mhisgach do thuar,
'N a d' shlabhraidhean criostail a dortadh,
Ri binn-chronanaich am chluais.
Ho-ro, &c.

Sgaoilcamaid o altair *Bhachuis* :
A chleirich taisg a chailis uat ;
Dh-fhalbh ar fuachd ; 's ciod 'ta dhi oirn ?
Thugamaid baig' crion do 'n t-suain.
Ho-ro, &c.

Ach freasdal sinn air ghairm na maidne,
Le t-ioc-shlaint agluinhor lan bhuadh,
'S thoir dhuinn aon ghloic-nid 'n ar leabaidh
A bheir crith-chlaiginn oirn m'an euairt !
Ho-ro, &c.

ALLT-AN-T-SIUCAIR.

AIR Fonn—"The Lass of Patie's Mill."

A dol thar Allt-an-t-siucair,
A' madainn chubhraidh Cheit,
'S paideirean geal dlu chnap,
De 'n driuchd ghorm air an fheur,
Bha *richard's robin*, bru-dhearg
Ri seinn, 's fear dhiu na bheus ;
'S goie moit air cuthaig chul-ghuirm,
'S *gug-gug* aic' air a gheig.

Bha smeorach eir na smuid dh'i
Air bacan cuil le' fein ;
An dreadhann-donn gu surdail,
'S a rifeid chiuil na bheul ;
Am breacan-beith' a's lub air,
'S e 'gheusadh lugh a theud ;
An coileach-dubh ri durdan ;
'S a cheare ri tuchan reidh.

Na brie a gearradh shurdag,
Ri pluabraich dhlu le cheil,
Taobh-leumnaich near le lu chleas,
'S a bliurn, le muirn ri grein ;
Ri ceapadh chuileag sinbhlach,
Le 'm briseadh lughor fein ;
Druim-lann-ghorm, 's ball-bhreac giuran ;
'S an lannir-chuil mar leig.

Mil-dheola sheillein strianach,
Le cronan 's fiata srann,
'N an dithibh baglach, riabhach,
Ma d' bhlathaibh grianaich chrann ;
Sraibh-dhriucain dhonna, thiachdaidh,
Fo shinean ciochan t-fheoir,
Gun theachd-an-tir no bliadh ae',
Ach faileadh ciatach ros.

Gur milis, brisg-gheal, burn-ghlan,
Meall-chuirneanach, 's binn fuaim,
Bras-shruthain Uillt-an-t-siucair,
Ri torman siubhlach luath ;
Gach biolair, 's luibh le 'n ur-ros'
A cintinn dlu ma bhruaich ;
'S e toirt dhaibh bhuadan sughor,
Ga 'n sui bh-cathacha 'n an cuairt.

Burn tana, glan, gun ruadhan,
Gun deathach, ruaim, no ceo,
Bheir anam-fas, a's gluasaid,
D'a chluanagan ma bhord.
Gaoir bheachainn bhui' 's ruadha,
Ri diogladh chluaran oir,
'S ecir mheala d' a chuir suas leo,
An ceir-chuachagan 'nan stor.

Gur solas an eol-cluaise,
Ard-bhairich buar ma d' chro ;
Laoigh cheann-fhionn, bhreaca, ghuanach
Ri freagra' nuallan bho ;
A bhanarcach le buaraich,
'S am buachaille fa coir,
Gu bleothan a chruidh ghuaillinn,
Air cuaich a thogas eroic.

Bi'dh lochrainn mheal' a lubadh
Nan srabh, 's bru air gach geig,
Do mheasan milis cubhraidh,
Nan ubhlan 's nam peur ;
Na duilleagan a liugadh,
A's fallas cuil diu fein ;
'S clann bheag a' gabhail tuchaidh,
D' an imlich dlu le 'm beul.

B' e cronan t-easan srulaich,
An durdail mhuirneach Mhaigh ;
'S do bhoirichibh daite, sgum-gheal,
Tiugh, fluranach, dlu, tla ;
Lc d' mhanul do dhealt ur-mhin,
Mar dhura cuil ma d' bhla ;
S air calg gach feirnein duir-fheoir,
Gorm neamhnad dhriuchd a fas.

Do bhrat lan shradag daoimein,
De bhraon ni soills' air lar ;
A *chapet's* gasda foineal,
Gun cho-fine ann a *Whitehall* ;
Ma d' bhearra gorm-bhreac coillteach,
Ann chinn a loinn le h-al,
Na sobhraichean mar choillean,
Na 'n coilleiribh na d' sgath.

Bi'dh guileag eala tuchan,
'S eoin bhuchuin am barr thonn,
Ag inbhear Uillt-an-t-siucair,
Snamh lu-chleasach le fonn ;
Ri seinn gu moiteil, cuirteil,
Le muineil-chiuil, 's iad crom,
Mar mhala piob a's lub air ;
Ceol tiamhaidh ciuin, nach trom.

O ! 's grinn an obhair ghrabhail,
Rinn nadur air do bhruaich,

Le d' lurachain chreabhach, fhasor,
'S am buicein bhan orr' shuas ;
Gach saimeir, neoincan, 's masag,
Min-bhreacht air lar do chluain ;
Mar reultan reot an dearsadh,
Na spangan aluinn nuadh.

Bi'dh cruinn, 's am barr mar sgarlaid,
Do chaorran aluinn ann ;
'S craobhan bachlach, arbhuiddh,
A faoisgneadh ard ma d' cheann ;
Bi'dh dearcán, 's suithean sughor,
Trom lubadh an luis fein,
Caoín, seachdai, blasdadh, cubhraidh,
A call an druis ri grein.

'S co lan mo lios ri Pharraís,
De gach cnuas a 's fearr an coill ;
Na reidhlich arbhar fasaiddh,
Bheir piseach ard 's sgoiín ;
Por reachdmhor, mincar, fhasor,
Nach cinn gu fas na laom ;
'S co reamlar, luchdmhor caileachd,
'S gu sgain a ghran o dhruim !

Do thachdar mar' a's tirc,
Bu theachd-an-tir leis fein ;
Na 'n treudan feidh 'n a d' fhrithcan ;
'S na d' chladach 's miltean eise ;
Na d' thraigh tha maorach lionmhor ;
'S air t-uisge 's fíor-bhras leus,
Aig oganachaibh rimheach,
Le morgha' fíor-chruaidh geur.

Gur h-uóil, sliochdor, euanda,
Gréidh-each air t-fhuarain ghorm,
Lc 'n iotadh tarrainn suas riut,
Le cluinntinn nuall do thoirm ;
Bi'dh buicein binneach 's ruadhag,
'S minn-mheanbh-bhreac, chuais-dearg, og
Ri h-ionaltradh gu h-uaigneach,
'S ri ruideis luath ma d' lon.

Gur damhach, adhach, laoghach,
Mangach, maoiseach, t-fhonn ;
Do ghlinn le seilg air laomadh,
Do gharbhach-chraobh 's do lom ;
Gur h-aluinn barr-flíonn, braonach,
Do chanach caoin-gheal thom,
Na mhaibenibh caoin, mao-mhin ;
Na d' mhointich sgaoth-cheare donn.

B' e sid an scalladh cibhinn,
Do bhruachan gle-dhearg ros,
S iad daite le gath greine,
Mar bhoisgnich leug-bhui' oir ;
B' iad sid an geiltre gle ghrinn,
Cinn deideagan meag feoir,
De bharraibh luibhean ceutach ;
'S foirm bhinn aig teud gach coin.

O lili righ nam fluran !
Thug barr mais air ur-ros gheug,
Na bhabagan cruinn, phuir mhin,
'S a chrun geal, ur mar ghrein ;

Do'n uisge ud Allt-an-t-siucair,
'S e cubhraidh d'a o bheud
Na rionnagan ma lubaibh,
Mar reullan-iuil na speur.

Do shealbhadh ghlan 's do luachair
A borcadh snas ma d' choir;
Do dhiithein lurach, luaineach,
Mar thuairneagan de'n or;
Do phreis lan neda cuachach,
Cruinn, cuairteagach, aig t-coin;
Barr bhraonan 's an t-sail-chuachaig,
Na'n dos an uachdar t-fheoir.

B' e sid an leughas leirsinn,
De luingas breid-ghéal, luath.
Na 'n sguadronaibh scoil-bhréid-chrom,
A bordadh geur ri d' chluais;
Nan giubhsaichibh beo ghleusda,
'S an cainb gu léir riu shuas;
'S Caol-Muille fuar d'a reubadh,
Le anail speur bho thuath.

'S cruaidh a bhairlinn fhuair mi,
O'n fhuaran 's blasda gloir,
An caochan 's mo buadhan,
Ata fo thuath 's an Eorp;
Lion ach am bola suas deth,
'S do bhrannaidh fhuair nì's coir;
Am puinse millis, guanach,
A thairrneas sluagh gu ceol!

Muim' a' trom gach por uasail
Nach meith le fuachd nan speur,
Tha sgiath fo 'n airde tuath oirr',
Dh'fhag math a buar, 's a fear;
Fonn deas-oirceach, fion uabhrach,
Na speuclear buan do'n ghreinn;
Le spreidh theid duine suas ann,
Cho luath ri each na leum!

'S aol is grunn d'a dhailibh,
Dh-fhag nadur tarbhach iad;
Air a meinn gu'n toir iad arbhar,
'S tiugh, starbhanach ni fas;
Bi'dh dearrsanaich shearr-fhiaclach,
D' a lannadh sìos am boinn,
Le luinncean binn nionag;
An ceol a 's misle, roinn!

An Coir' is fearr 's an duthaich,
An Coir' is sughor fonn;
'S e Coircean Uillt-an-t-siucair,
An Coircean runach lom;
'S ge lom, gur molach, urail,
Bog miadar dlu a thom,
'M beil mil is bairn' a bruchdadh,
'S uisg' ruith air siucar pronn.

An Coire searrachach, uanach,
Meannach, uaigneach aigh;
An Coire gleannach, uaine,
Bhliochdach, luath gu dair;

An Coire coillteach, luachrach,
An goir a chuach 's a Mhart;
An Coir' a faigh duin-uasal,
Biaist-dubh, a's ruadh 'na charn!

An Coire brodach, taobh-ghorm;
Torcach, faoilidh blath;
An Coire lonach, naosgach,
Cearcach, craobhach, graidh;
Gu bainneach, bailecach, braonach,
Breacach, laoghach, blar;
An sultor mart, a's caora,
'S a 's torach laomsgair barr!

An Coire am bi na caoirich
Na 'n caogadaibh, le 'n al;
Le 'n reamladh 'g gabhail faoisgnidh,
A 'n craicnibh maoth-ghéal tla;
B' iad sid am biadh, 's an t-aodach,
Na t-fhaoin-ghleannaibh 's na t-ard;
An Coire luideach, gaolach,
'S e lan do mhaoinibh grais!

An Coire lachach, dracach
'M bi guilbneich 's traigh-ghceoidh og;
An Coire coileachach, lan-damhach,
'S moch, 's is an-moch spors;
'S tim dhomh sgur d' an aireamh,
An Coire 's fàsor por
Gu h-innseach, doirceach, blarach,
.. 'S imcacach, caiseach bo!

Note.—This piece is an animated and faithful description of a beautiful scene in the country, on a summer morning. The bard walks abroad and sees the dew glittering on every leaf and flower—the birds warbling their songs—the animals grazing, and the bees collecting their stores—the fishes are leaping out of the water, and all nature rejoicing in the return of spring, or the luxuriance of summer! The very rivulet seems to partake of the common joy, and murmurs a more agreeable sound—the cows low aloud, and the calves answer responsive—while the dairy-maid is busily engaged at her task. The ground is bespangled with flowers of richer hues than the most costly gems. The horses gather together in groups to drink of the streamlet, and the kids are sporting and dancing about its banks. The ships, with all their white sails bent to the gentle breeze, are passing slowly along the Sound of Mull. The poet selects the most natural, lively, and agreeable images in the rural scene. All good judges admit that there is not a descriptive poem, in Gaelic or English, fit to be compared with this exquisite production.

ORAN LUAIGHE NO FUCADH.

LUINNEAG.

*Agus ho Mhorag, no ho-ro,
'S no ho-re-ghcalladh.*

A MHORAG chiatach a chuil dualaich,
Gur h-e do luaigh a th' air m'aire.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.



'S ma dh'imich thu null thar chuain uainn',
Gu ma luath a thig thu thairis.

Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S cuimhnich thoir leat bannal ghruagach,
A luaigheas an clo ruadh gu dainghean.

Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

O! cha leiginn thu do'n bluala,
Ma salaich am buachar t-anart.

Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

De cha leiginn thu gu cualach;
Obair thruaillidh sin nan caileag.

Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Gur h-i Morag ghrinn mo ghuamag,
Aig am beil an cuaille barr-fhionn.

Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S gaganach, bachlagach, cuachach,
Ciabhag na gruagaiche glaine.

Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Do chul peuchdach sios na dhualaibh
Dhalladh e uaislean le lannir:

Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Sios na fheoirneicean ma d' ghuailllean,
Leadán cuachagach na h-ainnir:

Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Do chul peurlach, or-bhni, luachach,
Timcheall do chluasan na chlannaibh.

Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

A, Mhorag! gu beil do chuailleán.
Orusa na bhuaireadh gu'n sgainnear.

Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S ge nach iarr mi thu ri d' phusadh,
Gu'm b' e mo ruin a bli mar riut.

Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S ma thig thu a rithist am lubaibh,
'S e 'n t-eug a ruin ni ar sgaradh.

Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Leanaidh mi cho dlu ri d' shailean,
'S a ni bairneach ri sgeir mhara.

Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Shiubhail mi cian leat air m' eolas,
Agus spailp de 'n stroichd ar m' aiu-col.

Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Gu leanainn thu feadh an t-saoghail,
Ach thusa ghaoil theachd am fharraid.

Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Gu'n chuireadh air mhisg le d' ghaol mi;
'S mear aodrum a ghaoir ta m' bhallaibh.

Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S a Mhorag 'g am beil a ghruaidh chiatach:
'S glan a fiaradh thar do mhala.

Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Do shuil shuilbhear, shochdrach, mhodhar,
Mhircagach, chomhnart, 's i meallach.

Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Deud cailce shnasda na ribhinn,
Snaite mar dhisn' air a gearradh.

Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Maighdean bhoidheach, na 'm bos caoine,
'S iad cho maoth ri claidh na h-cala.

Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Ciochan leaganach nan gucag,
'S faileadh a mhúsga d' a h-anail.

Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S iomadh oigear a ghabh tlachd dhiot,
Eadar Mor-thir agus Mannuinn.

Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S iomadh gaisgeach do ghael,
Nach obadh le m' ghradh-sa tarruinn:

Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

A reachadh le sgiath, 's le claidheamh,
Air bheag sga gu bial nan cannon:

Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Chunnardaicheadh dol nan ordaibh,
Thoirte do chorach, 'mach a dh' ain-deoin.

Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S iomadh armunn lasdail, treubhach,
Ann an Dun-eideann, am barail.

Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Na faicheadh iad gne do dhuais ort,
Dheanadh tarruinn suas ri d' charraid.

Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Mo chionn gu'n dheanadh leat eridh,
Do Chaiptin fein Mac-Ic-Ailein:

Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Gu'n theann e roi' ro chach riut,
'S ni e fad e, ach thig thairis:

Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Gach duine, tha 'n Uidhist a Muideart,
'S an Arasaig dhu-ghorm a bharraich;

Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

An Cana, an Eige, 's am Morror;*
Reiseamaid chorr ud Shiol-Ailein!

Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'N am Alasdair, † a's Mhontros',
Gu 'm bu bhochdain iad air Ghallaibh.

Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

* Mor-Thir. † Alasdair Mac Cholla.

Gu'n d' fhairich la Inbher-Lochaidh,
Co bu stroicheh ann le lannaibh.

Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Am Peairt, an Cill-Saoidh,* 's an Allt-Eire-
ann,

Dh-fhag iad Reubalaich gu'n anam.

Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Alasdair mor Ghlinne-Cothann,
'S bragad coimheach Ghlinne-garadh.

Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Mar sin is an t-Armunn Sleibhteach,
Ge d' a tha c-fein na leanamh.

Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Dh'eiridh leat a nall o'n Rudha,
Antrum lu'-chleasach nan seang-each.

Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Dhruideadh, na Gael gu leir riut,
Ge b' e dh'eireadh leat no dh'fhanadh.

Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Shuath, deich mìle dhiu air cle dhuibh,
An cogadh ri Seurlus nach maireann.

Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S iomadh clo air 'n tug iad caitean,
Eadar Cat-taobh agus Anuinn.

Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Bha each diultadh teachd a luagh dhuibh,
'S chruinnich iad-san sluagh am bannail.

Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

A ri! bu mhath 's an luagh-lamh iad,
'Nuair a thairrneadh iad na lannan!

Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

H-uile clo a luaigh iad riamh dhuibh,
Dh-fhag iad e gu ciatach daingheann;

Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Teann, tingh, daingheann, fite, luaite,
Daite ruadh, air thuar na fala.

Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Greas thairis le d' mhnathan luaighe,
'S theid na gruagaichean-sa mar riu.

Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Note.—This song has been always highly popular, and is certainly the most spirited and elegant of all our Jacobite songs. Charles is represented under the similitude of Morag—a young girl with flowing locks of yellow hair waving on her shoulders. She had gone away over the seas, and the bard invokes her to return with a party of maidens (*i. e.* soldiers) to dress the red cloth, in other words to beat the English red coats. The allegory is kept with elegance and spirit, and the poet introduces himself as one who had followed Morag in lands known and unknown, and was still ready to follow her over the world if required.

* Kilsyth

SMEORACH CHLOINN-RAONUILL.

LUINNEAG.

*Holaibh o iriag horoll o,
Hoiabih o iriag horo i,
Hoiabih o iriag horoll o,
Smeorach le Clann-Raonuill mi.*

Gur h-e mis' an smeorach ehreagach,
An deis leum bharr chuaich mo nidein,
Sholar bidh do'm ianaibh beaga,
Sheinneam eol air bharr gach bidein.

Hoiabih o iriag, &c.

Smeorach mise do Chlann-Dhomhnuill,
Dream a dhithichcadh, 's a leonadh,
'S chuireadh mis' an riochd na smeoraich
Gu bhi seinn, 'sa cuir ri eol daibh.

Hoiabih o iriag, &c.

Sa chreig ghurm a thogadh mise
An sgireachd Chaisteil duibh nan cliar
Tir tha daonnan a' cuir thairis
Le tuil bhainne, meal', a's fion.

Hoiabih o iriag, &c.

Slìochd nan Eun o'n Chaisteil-thiream,
'S o Eilean-Fhianain nan gallan,
Moch, a's feasgar togar m'iolach,
Seinn gu bileach, millis, mealach.

Hoiabih o iriag, &c.

Tha mi de'n ghur rioghail, luachach,
'S math eun fhaotainn a nead, uasal,
Ghineadh mi gun ehol, gun truailleadh,
Fo sgiathaibh Ailein mhic Ruairidh.

Hoiabih o iriag, &c.

Cinneadh, glan gun smur, gun smodan,
Gun smal gun luaith ruaidh, no ghrodan,
'S iad gun ghiomh, gun fheall, gun sodan,
'S treum am buill' an tiugh nan trodan.

Hoiabih o iriag, &c.

Cinneadh rioghail, th'air am buaineadh,
A meribh meara na cruadhach,
'S daoimein iad gun spar gun truailleadh,
Nach gabh stur, gne, smal, no ruadh-mheirg.

Hoiabih o iriag, &c.

Cinneadh mor gun bhosd gun sparann,
Suairce, sìobhalta, gun rapal,
Caomhail, cineadail ri'n cairdean,
Fuilteach, faobharach, ri namhaid.

Hoiabih o iriag, &c.

Raonullaich nan or ehrios taghach,
Nan luireach, nan sgiath, 's nan clogaid,
A theid sìos gu gunnach, dagach,
Nu fir ghasda shunnach, chogach.

Hoiabih o iriag, &c.

Sud na h-aon daoine th'air m'aire,
Nach dianadh air spuilleadh cromadh,
Dhianadh anns an araich gearradh
Cinn ga'n sgaradh, cuirp ga'm pronnadh.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Ach mur tig mo righ-sa dhachaigh
Triallaidh mi do dh-uamhaig shlocaich,
'S bithidh mi'n sin ri caoidh, 's ri basraich,
Gus am faigh mi bas le osnaich.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Ach ma thig mo phriunnas thairis
Cuirear mis' an cliabhan lurach,
'S bithidh mi canntaireachd gu buileach
'S ann 'san arois ni mi fuireach.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Madainn cheitean am barr gach badain
Sgaoileadh ciuil o ghlaie mo ghuibein,
'S aluinn mo chruiteach, 's mo ghlagan,
Stailleadh mo dha buinn air stuibean.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Gur e mise cruit nan enocan,
Seinn mo leadain air gach bacan,
'S mo cheare fein gam' bheus air stocan,
'S glan ar glocan air gach stacan.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Crith chiuil air m'ugan da' bhogadh,
'S mo chom tur uile lan beadruidh,
Tein-eibhinn am uchd air fadadh,
'S mi air fad gu damhs' air leagail.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

'Nuair chuirean goie air mo ghogan,
'S thogain mo shailm air chreagan,
Sann orm fein a bhiodh am frogan,
Ceol ga thogail, 's bron ga leagail.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Eòin bluchalach bhreac na coille,
De'n organaibh ordail mar rinn,
'S feadag ghlan am beul gach coilich,
'S binn fead-ghuil air gheugaibh baraich.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

'S mis an t-eunan beag le m'fheadan,
Am madainn dhriuchd am barr gach badain,
Sheinneadh na puirt ghrinn gu'n spreadan,
'S ionmhuinn m'fheadag feadh gach lagain.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Togamaid deoch-slaime na h-armailt,
Dh-eirich le Tearlach o'n gharbhlaich,
Na fir ghasda dheanadh searr-bhuain
Air feoil 's enaimhean nan dearg chot.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Olamaid fiuchadh air slugain,
'S cuireamaid mu'n eunair lan nogain,
'Slaime Sheumais suas le suigear,
Tosta Thearlaich sios le sogan.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Slaint' an teaghlaich rloghail inbheich
Olamaid gu sunndach, geanaidh,
'S nigheamaid ar sgornain ghionaich
Le dram milis, suileach, glaineach.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Cuireamaid sios feadh ar mionaich
Tosta nan curaidhnean elannach,
Nan colg gasda, sgaitheach, biorach,
'S ro mhor sgil air comhrag lannach.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

O tha mi teannadh gu cir-thir,
Ullaicheam m'acair gu cala,
Tosta Mhuideirt ceann nan Seileach,
'S an t-slaime eil' ud triath nan Garrach.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Lionaibh suas a's olaibh bras i,
Slaime Raonuill oig o's deas i,
Sguiribh dh'amhare thugaibh as i,
Siabaibh leibh i as a teas i.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Strac suas a ghlaime cheudna,
Cuimhniceamaid slaint an t-Steibhtich
Ridir og gasda na cireadh,
Dol le sgairt a shracadh bheistean.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Slaint Iarl Antrum s' tosta priseil,
'S na tha 'n Eirinn ehlannaibh Milidh,
Tha mo shile bathadh m'ataidh
Chionn gu'm beil mo bhenl lan misleil.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Diolamaid gu foirmeil, frasach,
Slaime Bhaosadail mu'n stad sinn,
Laogh treun a dh'eireadh sgairtail,
Chuir retreat air bheistean Shasuinn.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Lion suas duinn glaine do'n Deasach,
Leàganaich nan gorm lann claiseach,
Laoghraidh sgathadh cheann, a's leasraidh,
Na suinn sheasmhach, shundach, mhaiseach.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Co namhaid sin riu sheasadh,
'S cruidh ruisgte nan duirn gu slaiseadh?
Anns an ruaig nuair ghabhadh teas iad,
Le m-chléasan blualadh shaisean.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Greasam gu finid gun stopadh,
Ach cha mhiann leam a bhi bacach,
Puirt chiuil na smeorach dosaich,
Tostam fìor sheobhac na Ceapaich.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Togamaid slainte nan Gleannach,
O chlothann nam bradan earrach
Bheireadh air bocanaibh pilleadh,
Cha bu ghioraeach iad air bealach.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Cuireamaid mu'n cuairt gu toileach,
Slainte Mhìe Dhughaill o'n Bharraich,
Cridhe rioghail, reamhar, solais,
Tha na bhroilleach shìos am falach.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Chuimhniceam Iain Ciar a Lathuirn,
Aig nach robh an *stoidhle* eumhann,
Gheibh e muirn, a's onair fhatlach,
A's eaitheadh *drats* mar as cubhaidh.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Cìod am fath dhaibh bhì ga'r tagradh?
'S naeh urr' iad chiur rinn eluigean,
Sguiribh de'r boilich 's de'r splanain,
'N rud tha againn, 's Dia thug dhuinne.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

ORAN DO PHRIUNNSA TEARLACH.

LUINNEAG.

*O hi-ri-ri tha e tighinn,
O hi-ri-ri, 'n rìgh tha uainn,
Gheibheamaid ar n'airm 's ar n'eideadh
'S breacan-an-fheilidh an cuach!*

'S EIBHINN leam fhìn tha e tighinn,
Mac an rìgh dhlighich tha uainn,
Lann thana 'na rioghail d'an tig armachd,
Claidheamh a's targaid nan dual.

O hi-ri-ri, &c.

'S ann a tighinn thar an t-shaile,
Tha 'm fear ard a's aille snuadh,
Marcaiche sunndach nan steud-each,
Rachadh gu h-eutrom san ruaig.

O hi-ri-ri, &c.

Samhuilt an fhaollich a choltas,
Fuaradh froise 's fada-cruaidh,
Lann thana 'na laimh gu cosgairt,
Sgoltadh chorp mar choire' air cluain.

O hi-ri-ri, &c.

Torman do phioba 's do bhrataich,
Chuireadh spiorad bras san t-sluagh,
Dhoireadh ar n-ardan 's ar n-aigne,
'S chuir' air a phrasgan ruaig!

O hi-ri-ri, &c.

Tairneanach a bhombh 's a channain,
Sgoilteadh e'n talamh le' chru'as,
Fhreagrail dha gach beinn a's beallach,
'S bhodhradh a mhae-tall ar cluas!

O hi-ri-ri, &c.

Gur maig d'an cideadh san la sin,
Cota granda 'n mhadar ruadh,
Ad bhileach dhubb a's coc-ard innt',
Sgoilteas mar an chal ro'n chruaidh.

O hi-ri-ri, &c.

ORAN EILE.

DO PHRIUNNSA TEARLACH.

LUINNEAG.

*Thug ho-o, laill ho-o,
Thug o-ho-ro 'n aill leibh,
Thug ho-o, laill ho-o,
Seinn o-ho-ro 'n aill leibh.*

MOCH 'sa mhadainn 's mi dugsadh,
'S mior mo shunnd 's mo cheol-gaire;
O'n a chuala mi 'm prionnsa,
Thigh'n do dhuthaich Chlann-Ra'ill.

Thug ho-o, &c.

O'n a chuala mi 'm prionnsa,
Thigh'n do dhuthaich Chlann-Ra'ill;
Grainne mullaich gach rìgh thu,
Slan gu'm pill thusa Thearlaich.

Thug ho-o, &c.

Grainne mullaich gach rìgh thu,
Slan gu'm pill thusa Thearlaich;
'S ann tha 'n fhoir-fhuil gun truailleadh,
Anns a ghruaidh is mor naire.

Thug ho-o, &c.

'S ann tha 'n fhoir-fhuil gun truailleadh,
Anns a ghruaidh is mor naire;
Mar ri barrachd na h-uaisle,
'G eiridh suas le deagh nadur.

Thug ho-o, &c.

Mar ri barrachd na h-uaisle,
'G eiridh suas le deagh nadur;
'S na 'n tìgeadh tu rithisd,
Bhiodh gach Tighearn' na 'n aite,

Thug ho-o, &c.

'S na 'n tìgeadh tu rithisd,
Bhiodh gach Tighearn' na 'n aite;
'S na 'n caraicht' an crun ort,
Bu mhuirneach do chairdean.

Thug ho-o, &c.

'S na 'n caraicht a crun ort,
Bu mhuirneach do chairdean;
'S bhiodh Loch-iall mar bu choir dha,
Cuir an ordugh nan Gael.

Thug ho-o, &c.

'S bhiodh Loch-iall mar bu choir dha,
Cuir an ordugh nan Gael;
A's Clann-Domhnuill a chruadail,
Choisinn buaidh anns na blaraidh.

Thug ho-o, &c.

A's Clann-Domhnuill a chruadail,
Choisinn buaidh anns na blaraidh;
'S iad gu 'n cumadh a cho-stri,
Ri luchd chotaichean madair.

Thug ho-o, &c.

'S iad gu 'n cumadh a cho-stri,
Ri luchd chotaichan madair ;
Sud a chuideachd bhiodh foirmeil,
Boinneid ghorm a's coc-ard orr'.

Thug ho-o, &c.

Sud a chuideachd bhiodh foirmeil,
Boinneid ghorm a's coc-ard orr' ;
'S bhiodh am feileadh 'sa'n fhasan,
Mar ri gartanan sgarlaid.

Thug ho-o, &c.

'S bhiodh am feileadh 'sa'n fhasan,
Mar ri gartanan sgarlaid ;
Eile cuaich air bhachd easgaid,
Paidhir phiostal 's lann Spainnteach.

Thug ho-o, &c.

Eile cuaich air bhachd easgaid,
Paidhir phiostal 's lann Spainnteach
'S na 'm faighinn mo dhurachd,
Bhiodh an diuc air dhroch caradh.

Thug ho-o, &c.

'S na 'm faighinn mo dhurachd,
Bhiodh an diuc air dhroch caradh ;
Gu 'm biodh buidsear na feola,
Agus corcach m'a bhraghad !

Thug ho-o, &c.

Gu 'm biodh buidsear na feola,
Agus corcach m'a bhraghad ;
'S gu'n gibhtinn a mhaighdeann,
Mar oighreachd d'a bhrathair.

Thug ho-o, &c.

'S gu 'n gibhtinn a mhaighdeann,
Mar oighreachd d'a bhrathair—
Ach slan gu'n tig thu 's gu 'n ruig thu,
Slan gu'n tig thusa Thearlaich.

Thug ho-o, &c.

FAILTE NA MOR-THIR.

LUINNEAG.

*H-eitirin airinn uirinn oth-h-o-ro,
H-eitirin airinn h-o-ro.*

FAILT' ort fein a mhor-thir bhoidheach,
Anns an og-nhios bhealltainn.

H-eitirin, &c.

Grian-thir or-bhuillh, 's uaine cota,
'S froinidh ros ri h-alltaibh.

H-eitirin, &c.

Le biadh 's le dibh a' cuir thairis,
Cha teid Earrach teann orr.

H-eitirin, &c.

'S ianach, lurach, slios a tulaich,
'S duilleach 'mullach chrann innt.

H-eitirin, &c.

A choill gu h-uile fo lan-duilleach,
'S i na culaidh-bainnse.

H-eitirin, &c.

'S bainneach, bailceach, braonach glacach,
Bruachan tachdrach, Ailleart.

H-eitirin, &c.

Uisge fallain nan clach gcala,
Na do bhaile Gcamhraidh.

H-eitirin, &c.

'Slionach, slatach, cuibhleach, breacach,
Seile ghlas nan samhnan.

H-eitirin, &c.

Mor-thir ghlan nam bradan tarra-ghcal,
'S airgeadach cuir lann orr'.

H-eitirin, &c.

Tir lan sonais, saor o dhonus,
Gun dad conais dranndain.

H-eitirin, &c.

Seirecach, caidreach, gun dad sladachd,
Saor o bhraid, 's o anntlachd.

H-eitirin, &c.

'S aluinn a beinnean, 'sa sraithean,
'S cibhinn dath a gleannain.

H-eitirin, &c.

Greidhean dhearg a' tamh mu fireach,
Eilid bhiorach, 's mang aic.

H-eitirin, &c.

Boc air daradh timehcall daraig,
'N deigh a leannain cheann-deirg.

H-eitirin, &c.

Searrach bhuicin anns an ruicil,
'S e sior chruiteil dhamhsaidh.

H-eitirin, &c.

Na meinn bheaga 's iad ri beadrach,
Anns na creagan teann air.

H-eitirin, &c.

Coilich choille, 's iad ri coilleig,
Anns an doire chranntail.

H-eitirin, &c.

Cnothach, caorach, deareach, braonach,
Glasrach, raonach, aibhneach.

H-eitirin, &c.

'S deiltreach, laomach, meiltreach, caointeach,
A fuinn mhaoineach, leamhnach.

H-eitirin, &c.

'S cubhraidh 'suthan, 's badach luibhean,
Ris a bhruthainn ann-teas.

H-eitirin, &c.

'S feurach, craobhach, luideach, gaolach,
An tir fhaoilidh sheannsail.

H-eitirin, &c.

Grian ag eiridh 'goradh sleibhe,
'S beachan gheug ri srannraich.

H-eitirin, &c.

Seillein ruadha diogladh chluaran,
'S mil ga buain le dranndan.

H-eitirin, &c.

Breac le sulas leum a bhuinne,
Ruidh nan cuileag greannar.

H-eitirin, &c.

Barr gach tolmair fo bhrat gorm-dhearc,
Air gach borrachan alltain.

H-eitirin, &c.

Lusan cubhraidh mach a' bruchdadh,
'S cuid diubh cul-ghorm bainn-dearg.

H-eitirin, &c.

'S eolar, eibhinn, barr gach geige,
'S an coin fein a damhs' orr'.

H-eitirin, &c.

Croth air dair am barr an fhasaich,
'N fheoir nach d'fhas gu crainntidh.

H-eitirin, &c.

'S iad air theas a' ruith le 'm buaraich,
'S te le cuaiel gan teann-ruith.

H-eitirin, &c.

'S miosrach, cuachach, leabach, luachrach,
Dol gu buaille 's t-samhradh.

H-eitirin, &c.

'S omhnach, uachdrach, blathach, enuachdach,
Lon nam buachaill annta.

H-eitirin, &c.

'S imcaeh, gruthach, meogach, sruthach,
An imirich shubhach, shlambach.

H-eitirin, &c.

Deoch gun tomhas dol far comhair,
Gun aon ghlothar gainntir.

H-eitirin, &c.

I ORRAM CUAIN.

Gur neo-aoidheil turas faoillich,
Ge d' bhiodh na daoine tabhachdach.

*Tha m' fhearann saibhir ho-a ho,
Ho-ri hi-ro na b' aile leat mi :*

Tha m' fhearann saibhir ho-a ho.

An fhaierge molach, bronnach, torrach,
Giobhach, corrach, rapalach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'S cruaidh ri stiuireadh bial-mhuir duldadh,
Teachd le bruchdail charsanach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Clagh a chulain cha b'e 'n sugradh,
'S e ri buirein bachdanach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

An eulanach fein cha n e 's fasadh,
Agus lasan ardain air.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Teachd gu dlu n deighe chleile,
Agus geumnaich dair orra.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

An fhaierge phaitcach, 'sa bial farsuinn,
Agus acras araidh oirr'.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'S mairg a choimeas muir ri mointich,
Ge d' bhiodh mor-sheachd strachd orra.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Neoil a' gealadh oidhehe shalach,
Gun aon chala sabhailte.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Dubh-ra-dorcha gun dad ghealaich,
Oir-thir ain-coil' ard-chreagach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Gaoth a' seicheadh, muir ag eiridh,
'S fear ag eubhach ard ghuthach :—

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

“Sud e' tidhinn 's cha n'ann ruighinn,
Croc-mhuir, friothar, basanach.”

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

“Cum ceann caol a fiodha direach,
Ri muir diolain, dasunnach.”

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Ach dh'aithnich sinn gun shcol sinn fada,
A mach san t-samh 's bu ghabhaidh sin.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'S leag sinn a croinn a's a h-aodach,
'S bu ghniomh dhaoine caileachdach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'S chuir sinn amach cliathan righne,
Is bu ghrinn an alach iad.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'S shuidh orr' ochdnar, theoma, thromas,
A' sgoillteadh tonnan staplainncach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Heig air chnagaibh, hug air mhaidean,
'S cogall bhac air t-abhranaibh !
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Iad a mosgladh suas a cheile,
'S masgadh treuu air sail aca.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Sginean lochdrach ramh a Lochluinn,
'Bualadh bhoc air bhairlinnean.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Iad a' trasgadh suas na dile,
Le neart fìor-gharg ghairdeanan.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Cathadh mara 's marcachd-shine,
'S stoirm nan sion, da 'n sarachadh.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Lasraichean sràd theine-shiunnachain,
Dearg o'n iumradh chailleachdach.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Iad ag obair as an leintean,
"Hug a's theid 'da ramh' aca."
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Iorram ard-bhinn shuas aig Eamun,
Ann an cleith ramh braghada.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Aonghas Mac-Dhonnachaidh da reir sin,
A ri ! bu treun a thairrneadh e.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Donnacha Mac-Uraig a luagh leo,
'S b' fhada buan a spalagan.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Bha fuaim aon-mhaide air chleith ac'
Bualadh spicean tabhachdach.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Raimh dam pianadh, 's fir dan spianadh,
'N glachdaibh iarnaigh ard-thonnach.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Gallain chiatach, leoghar, liaghach,
'S fuirbinean da'n sarachadh.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Lunnan mine, 's duir da'n sineadh,
Seile sìos air dhearnaincan.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Muir ag osnaich shuas ma toiscach,
Chuip-ghéal, choip-ghéal, ghair-bheuchdach.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Suas le sguradh saoidh ri buirein,
Le sìor dhurachd sar iomaraidh.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Slabhraidh chuirneineach ri duirdail,
Shios bha stiur a fagail ann.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Gaoth na deannan 's i ri feannadh,
Na'n tonn ceann-fhionn rasanach.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Na fir lughmhòr an deigh an rusgaidh,
A' cur smuid dheth an alaichean.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Chaidh cha mhiticheadh a misneach,
Na fir sgibidh thabhadhach.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Rìgh an eagail, *Neptun* ceigeach,
Rì sìor sgreadail—"bathar sibh !"
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Gu'm b'fhad' uamhuinn muir ri nualraich,
'S cathadh euain a stracadh orr'.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'Ghuidh an sgioba geur na duilin,
'S fhuair an urnaigh grafadh dhaibh.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Smachdaich *Æolus* na speuran,
'S a bhuilg sheidibh ard-ghaothach.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Gun d' rinn *Neptun* fairge lomadh,
Mar bhiodh glaine sgathain ann.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Sgaoil na neoil bha tonn-ghorm ciar-dhubh,
'S shoilsich grian mar b' abhaist dh'i.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'S mhothaich an sgioba do dh' fhearann,
'S ghilac iad cala sabhailte.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Ghabh iad pronn, a's deoch, a's leabaidh,
'S rinn iad cadal samhach orr'.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

A BHANARACH DHONN.

LUINNEAG.

*A Bhanarach dhonn a 'chruidh,
Chaoir a chruidh, dhonn a chruidh ;
Cailin deas donn a cruidh,
Cuachag an fhasaich.*

*A Bhanarach mhiogach,
'S e do ghaoil thug fo chis mi ;
'S math thig lamhainnean sìoda,
Air do mbin-bhasan bana.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.*

'S mor bu bhinne bhi t-cisteachd,
An am bhi bleothan na spreidhe ;
N'an smeorach sa' cheitein,
Am barr geig an am fas-choill.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

'Nuair a sheinne tu colleag,
A leigeil mairt ann an coille ;
Thaladh eunlaidh gach doire,
Dh' eisteachd coireall do mharain.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Ceol farasda fìor-bhinn,
Fonnar, farumach, dìonach :
A sheinn an caillin donn miogach,
A bheireadh biogadh air m' airneann.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

'S ge b' fhonnar an fhiodhall,
'S a teudan an rithidh ;
'S e bheireadh damhs air gach cridhe
Ceol nighin na h-airidh.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Tha deirg agus gile,
A gleachd an grusaidhean na finne',
Beul min mar an t-shirist,
O'm milis thig gaire.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Deud snasda na ribhinn,
Snaite, cruinn, mar na disnean ;
Gur h-i 'n donn-gheal, ghlan smideach,
'S ro mhiog-shuilcach faite.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Chuireadh maill' air do leirsinn,
Ann am madainn chiuin cheitein,
Na gathannan greine,
Thig bho teud-chul cas, fainneach.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

'S ciatach nuallan na gruagaich,
A' bleothann cruaidh ghuailinn ;
A' toirt torroman air cuachaig,
'S bothar fhuaim aig a claraibh.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

'S taitneach siubhal a cuaillein,
Ga chrathadh mu cluasan ;
A' toirt muigh air seid luachrach,
An taigh buaile, an gheann fasaich.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

A' muineal geal boidheach,
Mu'n iathadh an t-omar,
A' dhath fein air gach seorsa,
Chite dortadh tre braghad.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Da mhaoth-bhois bu ghrinne,
Fo 'n da ghairdein bu ghile ;
'N uair a shiut iad gu h-innealt',
♦ Gu sinean cruaidh fhasgadh.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Gu'm bu mhothar mo bheadradh,
Teachd do'n bhuaille mu ead-thra,
Seamh sult-chorpach beitir,
'S buarach ghreasaid an ail aic'.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Glac gheal a b' ard gleadhar,
A' stealladh bairn' an cuaich bleothainn ;
A' seinn luinneagan seadhach,
An gobhal na blaraig.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

'N uair thogadh tu bhuarach,
Cuach a's currusan na buaile ;
B'ao-coltach do ghluasad
Ri guanag na sraide.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

O R A N .

MAR GUM B'ANN EADAR AM PRIONNS' AGUS NA
GAEL.

AIR Fonn—"Good night an' joy be wi' you a'."

AM PRIONNSA.

MILE marbhaig air an t-saoghal,
'S carach baoghalach a dhail ;
Cuibhl' an fhòrtain oirn air caochladh,
Cha do chleachd sinn moim ro' chach ;
Tha sinn a nis air ar sgaoilcadh,
Air feadh ghleann, a's fhraoch-beann ard ;
Ach teanailidh sinn fos ar daoine,
'N uair a dh' fhaodas sinn gu blar.

Misneach mhath a mhuinntir ghaolach,
'S gabhaidh Dia dhuinn daonnan cas ;
Cuiribh dochus daingheann, faoilteach,
Anns an aon Tini dhuin sta :
'S buanaichibh gu righeil, adhrach,
Traisgeach, uirneach, caoincach, bla ;
'S bi'bh dilcas do chach a cheile,
'S duinear suas ar creuchdan bais.

Ach 's feadar dhomhs' a nis bhi falbh uaibh,
A Ghaelibh calma mo ghraidh ;
Bu mhor m' earbsa' as ar fonadh,
Ge do hd' fhonadh dhuinn 's an ar,
'S iomadh ana-cothrom a choinnich
Sinn, 's an choinnidh bla gun agh ;
Ach gabhaidh mis' a nis mo chead dhibh,
Uine bheag : ach thig mi trath.

Leasaichidh mi fos ar callsa,
Churaidhnean gun fheall, gun sgath ;
A dhilse dhliodhach, righeil, threuna,
A dheanadh euchd ri uchd nam blar ;
'S cinna's coluinn chuir o cheile,
Sinn', 's sibh-fein a sgaradh fas ;
Ach togaibh suas ar misneach gleusda,
'S cuiream fein r' ar creuchdan plasd.

NA GAEL.

A Mhoire sinn th' air ar ceusadh!
 Air dhi-ceille, sinn gun chail;
 Tearlach Stiubhart Mac rìgh Seumas,
 A bhi na eigin anns gach cas;
 Gur h-e sin a rinn ar leireadh,
 Gur h-e 's feudar dha gu'm fag;
 Sinn na dheigh gun airm, gun eideadh,
 Falbh 'n ainm Dhe; ach thig a ghraidh.

Ar mìle beannachd na d' dheigh,
 'S Dia do d' ghleigheadh anns gach aith;
 Muir a's tir a bhi cho reidh dhut;
 M' urnaigh gheur leat fein os aird;
 'S ge do sgar m'io-fhortan deurach
 Sinn o cheile, 's ceum ro'n bhas;
 Ach soraidh leat a mhic rìgh Seumas,
 Shugh mo-cheille thig gun chaird.

Chaill sinn ar stiur, 's ar buill-bheairte;
 Thugadh uainn ar n-acair-bais;
 Chaill sin ar compaisd 's ar cairtean,
 Ar reull-iuil 's ar beachd gach la;
 Tha ar cuirp gun chinn, gun chasan,
 Sinn marr charcaisich gun stath;
 Ach gabh thus a ghraidh do t-astar,
 Dean gleas tapaidh 's thig gun dail.

AM PRIONNSA.

Beannachd gu leir le Clann-Domhnuill,
 Sibh a dh' fhoirinn orm na m' chas,
 Eadar eileanan, a's mhor-thìr,
 Lean sibh deonach, rium gach tra;
 'S iomadh beinn, a's muir, a's mointeach,
 A shiubhail sin air chorsa bais;
 Ach theasraig Dia sinn air fuar-fhoirneart,
 Nan con sron-ghaoth 'bha ri 'r sail.

Sibh a rinn fo-laimh na Trianaid,
 Mis' a dhion o mhi-ruin chaich;
 Mo dhearg-uaimhdean, neartmhor, lionmhor,
 Chuir an lion feadh ghleann a's ard.
 A mhiad 's a thaisbean sibh d' ar dilscachd,
 'S coir nach di-chuimhnich gu brath;
 A bharr, gur sibh is luaithe shin rium,
 Toic air tir 's an talamh-ard.

NA GAEL.

Ochan! ochan! cruaidh an dearmad,
 Bhi 'g ar tearbadh bhuat gun bhas;
 B'i 'n fhoir eibhinuachd, 's am beirteas,
 Bhi d' a-t-fhaicinn gach aon la;
 B'i dh ar ruigs lan tim a frasadh;
 Ar cri lag-chuiseach gun chail,
 Gu 'm pill thus' a ris air tais oirn,
 Beannachd leat le neart ar graidh.

AM PRIONNSA.

O! tiormaichibh a suas 'ur suilean,
 'Chomuinn runaich 'fhuair 'ur cradh,

Bi'dh sibh fas, maoiniach, muirneach,
 'N 'ur gard dubailt' ma *Whitchall*,
 'Nuair a bhios an reubal lubach,
 Ri bog chruban feadh nan carn,
 Gu 'm bi sibhs' an caithream cuirte,
 Lasdail, lu-chleasach, lan aidh.

AM BREACAN UALLACH.

LUINNEAG.

*He 'n clo-dubh,
 Ho 'n clo-dubh,
 He 'n clo-dubh,
 B'fhearr am breacan.*

B' FHEARR leam breacan ullach,
 Ma m' ghuaillean, 's a chuir fo m' achlais,
 Na ged gheibhinn cota,
 De 'n chlo is fearr thig a Sasuinu.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Mo laochan fein an t-eideadh,
 A dh-fheumadh an crios d' a ghlasadh,
 Cuaicheanach an eilidh,
 Deis eiridh gu dol air astar.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Eilidh cruinn nan cuachan,
 Gur buadhach an t-earradh gaisgeich;
 Shiubhlainn leat na fuarain,
 Feadh fhuar-bheann; 's bu ghasd' air faich thu
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Fior chulaidh an t-saighdear,
 'S neo-ghlicicil ri uchd na caismeachd;
 'S ciatach 's an adbhans thu,
 Fo shranntaich nam piob 's nam bratach.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Cha mhios anns an dol sìos thu,
 'Nuair sgriobar a duille claiseach;
 Fior earradh na ruaig,
 Gu luaths a chuir anns na casan!
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Bu mhat gu sealg an fheidh thu,
 'N am eridh do 'n ghrein air creachunn;
 'S dh-fhalbhainn leat gu lodhar,
 Di-domhnaich a dol do'n chlachan.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Laidhinn leat gu cearbail,
 'S mar earbaig gu 'm briosgainn grad leat,
 Na b' ullamh air m' armachd,
 Na dearganach, 's mosgaid ghlagach.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

'N am còilich a bhi durdan,
Air stucan am madainn dhealta.
Bu ghasda t-fheum 's a chuisin,
Seach mutan de thrustar casaig.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Shiubhlainn leat a phosadh,
'S bharr feoirnein cha fhrosainn dealta;
B' i sid a' t-sunach bhoidheach,
An og-bhean bha moran tlachd dh'i.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

B' aigeantach 's a' choill' thu,
D a m' choirceadh le d' bhlaths 's le t-fhasgath,
Bho chathadh, a's bho chrion-chur,
Gu 'n dìonadh tu mi ri frasachd.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Air t-uachdar gur a sgiamhach
A laidheadh a sgiath air a breacadh;
'S claidheamh air chrìos ciatach,
Air fhiaradh os-ceann do phlèatan.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

'S deas a thigeadh cuilbheir,
Gu suilbhearra leat fa 'n asgail;
'S a dh-aindeoin uisg' a's urchaid,
No tuil-bheum gu 'm biodh air fàsagath,
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Bu mhath anns an oidhech' thu;
Mo loinn thu mar aodach-leapa;
B' fhearr leam na 'm brat lin thu,
Is prìseile thig a Glascho.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

S' baganta grinn boidheach,
Air banais a's air mod am breacan;
Suas an eileadh-sguabhe,
'S dealg-gualainn a' cur air fasdaidh.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Bu mhath an la 's an oidhech' thu,
Bha loinn ort am beinn 's an cladaich,
Bu mhath am feachd 's an sìth thu;
Cha rìgh am fear a chuir as dut.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Shaoil leis gun do mhaolaich, so
Faobhar nan Gael tapaidh,
Ach 's ann a chuir e geur orr',
Ni 's beurra na deud na h-ealltainn:
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Dh-fhag e iad lan mi-ruin,
Cho ciocrasach ri coin aerach;
Cha chaisg deoch an iotadh,
Ge b' fhion i, ach fìor fhuil Shasuinn.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Ged' spion sibh an Crì asainn,
'S ar broilleichean sìos a shracadh,
Cha toir sibh asainn Tearlach,
Gu brath gus an teid ar tacadh !
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

R' ar n-anam' tha e fuaighte,
Teann, luaite cho cruaidh ri glasan ;
'L uaiuu cha' n fhaodar fhuasgladh,
Gu 'm buaineas am fear ud asainn.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Cleas na mnatha-siubhla,
'Gheibh tuillinn mu'm beir i' h-asaid ;
An ionad a bhi'n duimh ris,
Gun dubhail d'a fear a lasan.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Ge d' chuir sibh oirne buarach,
Thiugh, luaighte, gu 'r falbh a bhacadh,
Ruithidh sinn cho luath,
'S na 's buaine na feidh a ghlasraidh.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Tha sinn 's na t-sean nadar,
A bha sinn ro am an acta;
Am pearsannan 's an iuntinn,
'S 'n ar righealachd cha teid lagadh.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

'S i 'n fhuil bha 'n cuisl' ar sinnsridh,
'S an innsginn a bha n' an aigne,
A dh-fhagadh dhuinn' mar dhilcab,
Bhi righeil.—O! sin ar paidir!
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Mallachd air gach seorsa,
Nach deonaicheadh fos dol leat-sa,
Co dhiu bhiodh aca comhdach,
No comhruiste, lom gu 'n chraiccan.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Mo chion an t-og fearragha,
Thar fairge chaidh uainn air astar;
Durachd blath do dhuthcha,
'S an urnaigh gu lean do phearsa.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

'S ge d' fhuair sibh lamh-an-uachdar,
Aon uair oirn le seorsa tapaig,
An donus blar ri bheo-sa,
Ni feoladair tuilleadh tapaidh.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

TEARLACH MAC SHEUMAIS.

AIR Fonn—"Black Jock."

O! Tearlach mhic Sheumais,
Mhic Sheumais, mhic Theariaich,
Leat shiubhlainn gu h-eutrom,
N am eubhachd 'bhi marsal,
'S cha b'ann leis a phlaigh ud,
A tharmaich o 'n mhuic.
Bheireadh creideamh a's reusan
Oirn eiridh mar b' abhaist,
Leis an ailleagan cheutach,

'Shlioched cifeachdach Bhancho;
Mo ghradh a ghruaidh aluinn,
A dhearsadh orm stuir,
Thu 'g iomachd gu surdail,
Air tús a bhataill,
Cha fhrosainn an driuchda,
'S mi dlu air do shailean;
Mi eadar an talamh
'S an t-adhar a seoladh,
Air iteig le aighear,
Misg-chath, agus sholais;
'S caismeachd phìob' mora,
Bras-shroiceadh am puirt.

O 'n eibhinneachd ghlormhor,
An t-solais a b' airde!
G' ar lionadh do spionnadh,
Air slinneinibh Thearlach,
Gu 'n calcadh tu ardan
An caileachd ar cuirp;
Do lathaireachd mhor chuisseach,
Dh-fhogradh gach faillinn,
Gu'n tiuntadh tu feodar
Gach feola gu stailinn,
'Nuair sheal'maid gu sunndach,
Air fabhra do ruigs.
Gu gnus torrach de chruadal,
De dh' uaisle, 's de naire,
Nach taisicheadh fuathas,
Ro' luaidhe do namhaid;
'S mar deanadh fir Shasuinn
Do mhealladh, 's do threigsinn,
Bhiodh an crùn air a spalpadh,
Le d' thapadh air Scurlas,
A dh-aindeoin na beist'.
Leis an d' erich na huile.

Gu 'm b' fhoirmeil leam torman
Na 'n orghanan aluinn,
'S tein'-eibhinn a lasadh
Gu bras gheal air sraidibh!
'S na croisibh ri h ard-ghaoir,
Mhoir Thearlaich ar Prionus'
Gach uinneag le foineal
A boisgeadh le dearsadh,
Le solus nan coillean,
'S deas mhaighdeann d'an smaladh;
'S gach ni mar a b' araidh,
'G cuir failt' air le puimp!
Na canoin ri buirich,
'S iad a' sturadh an fhailidh,
A' cuir crith air gach duthaich
Le muiscag nan Gael;
Agnus sinne gu lu'-chleasach,
Muirneach lan ardain,
Am marsail gu miuinte,
Ard-shundach m' a shailcan—
'S gann bha cudrom 's gach fear dhuinn,
Tri chairsteil a phuinnt!

MO BHOBUG AN DRAM.

AIR FONN—"The bucket you want."

LUINNEAG.

*Ho ro mo bhobug an dram,
Ho ri mo bhobug an dram,
Ho ro mo bhobug an dram,
'S e chuireadh an sodan na m' cheann**

FHEARABH ta'r suidhe ma 'n bhord,
Le 'r glaineachean cridheil n-'ar dorn,
Na leanamaid ruidhinn air ol,
Ma mill sinn ar bruidhinn le bol.
Ho ro mo, &c.

Na tostachan sigeanta fial,
'Ga'n aiscag gu ruige mo bhial;
Bu mhireagach stuigeadh, a's triall,
Am marsal le ciogailt tro' m' chliabh.
Ho ro mo, &c.

'S tu chuireadh an cuireid' san t-sluagh,
'N am cogaidh ri aodainn nan rnag,
Gun olamaid sgaile dhìot gu lath,
Ma sguidseamaid slacain a truail'.
Ho ro mo, &c.

'S tu dh' fhagadh sinn tapaidh san toir,
'N am tarruinn nan glas-lann ri sroin,
'Nuair thilgte na breacain de 'n t-slogh,
'S a truail, bheirt a mach claidhe mor.
Ho ro mo, &c.

Ge tu mo leannan glan ur,
Cha phog mi gu dilinn thu 'n cuil;
Ach phogainn, a's dhcodhlainn thu ruin,
Nuair thig thu 's Jacobus na d' ghnuis:
Ho ro mo, &c.

An t-ainm sin is fearr ata ann,
Ainm Sheumais a chuir air do cheann;
'S e thogadh an sogan fo m' chainnt,
'S a dh-fhagadh gu blasda mo dhram.
Ho ro mo, &c.

Fadamaid teine beag shios,
Na lasraichean ciuin a ni grios,
A gharas ar claigeann 's ar cri',
'Sa dh-fhogras ar n'airteal, 's ar sgios.
Ho ro mo, &c.

* The above chorus is not by Macdonald—it belongs to an old Uist song. Here are two stanzas of the original:—

*Cha teid mi'n taigh-od' tha sud thall,
Cha'n fhiach an sìncabhar a th' ann,
Ge d' olainn am buidéal le srann,
Gu'n gluan mo chòlainn mo cheann.
*Ho ro mo, &c.**

Thuir calleadh cho libeas' sa bh' ann,
'Nuair fhuair i blas air an dram:—
"O! tairrinnibh 'u casan a chlaun,
'S bheir mise mo char air an damhs'."
Ho ro mo, &c.

Gur tu mo ghlaireag ghlan lom,
Mo leannan is cannaiche fonn ;
Ged riuneadh thu dh' fheamain nan tonn,
Gur mor tha do cheanail na d' chom.
Ho ro mo, &c.

O fair a ghaoil channaich do phog,
Leig clannadh d' a t-anail fo' m' shroin
Gur cubhraidh leam fannal do bheoil,
No tuis agus mire na h-Eorp.
Ho ro mo, &c.

O aiseig a ghlaire do phog!
Cuir speirid n' ar teangaidh gu ceol ;
An ioc-shlaointe bheannaichte choir,
A leasnaicheas canmhan a's fceoil !
Ho ro mo, &c.

MARBHRAINN

DO PHEATA CALUMAN, A MHBARHADH LE ABHAG.

'S tursach mo sgeul ri luaidh,
'S gun chach gha d' chaidh,
Ma bhas an fhir bu leanabail' tuar,
'S da mheanbh ga chaidh.
'S oil leam bas a Choluim chaoimh,
Nach b' anagrach gnas,
A thuiteam le madadh d'a 'm beus,
Doran nau carn.
'S tu 's truagh linn de bhas nan ian ;
Mo chradh mach beo.
Fhir a b' iteagach, miotagach triall,
Ge bn mheirbh do thoir ;
B' fheumail' do Noah na cach,
'N am bharcadh nan stuadh,
Ba tu 'n teachdair' gun seacharan d' a,
'Nuair thraigh an cuan ;
A dh' idreachdainn do dh-fhalbh an tuil,
Litir gach fear ;
Dughall is Colum gu'n chuir
Deagh Noah thar lear ;
Ach chaidh Dughall air seacharan cuain,
'S cha do phill e riamh ;
Ach phill Colum le iteagaich luath,
'S a fhreagra na bhial.
Air thus, cha d' fhuair e ionad d' a bhonn
An seasadh e ann,
Gus do thiormaich dile nan tonn,
Thar mullach nam beann ;
'S an sin, a litir-san leugh an duine bha glic,
Gu 'n thiormaich a bhaile,
'S gu'm faigheadh a mhuirichinn, cobhair na'n
Agus fuasgladh na 'n aire, [teire,
Le neart cha spuilte do nead,
Ge do thigte dha d' shlad ;
Bhiodh do chaisteal fo bhearradh nan creag,
Ann an dainghnichibh rag ;
Bha do mhodh siolaich air leath bho chach,
Cha togradh tu suas,

Ach a durraghail an taca ri d' ghradh,
'S a cuir cagair 'n a cluais.
Cha do chuir thu 'duil ann airgead no spreidh,
No feisd am biodh sugh,
Ach spioladh, a's criomadh an t-sil le d' bheul ;
'S ag ol a bhuirn ;
Aodach, no anart, sìoda, no srol,
Cha cheannaicheadh tu 'm buth ;
Bhiodh t-eideadh de mhin-itreacha gorm,
Air nach druidheadh an driuchd ;
Cha do ghabh thu riamh paidir no creud.
A ghuidh nan dul ;
Gigheadh, cha 'n cil t-anam am pein
O chaidh tu 'null,
Cha 'n e gun chiste no anart
Bhi comhdach do ehre,
Fo lic anns an uir,
Tha mise ge cruaidh e, 'g acain gu leir,
Ach do thuiteau le cu.

Note.—This is the best of his smaller pieces, although it contains more of sparkling conceit than tenderness or pathos. It is probable that it was composed before he became a member of the Church of Rome, as he says that the pigeon never repeated *paternoster* or *creed*.

MOLADH

A CHAIM-BEULAICH DHIUBH.

Ge beag orts' an Caim-beulach dubh,
Gur toigh leams' an Caim-beulach dubh ;
Biodh e dubh no geal no gris-fhionn,
Gradh mo chris' an Caim-beulach dubh.
Ge h-ainnisgeach air an t-seors' thu,
Na 'm b' aithne dhomsa do phorsa,
Chuirinn moran fios do 'n do-bheirt,
'N an dubh dhlointibh f'hotusach, tiugh.

'Suilean cuirpt' bh' ann an droch chruth,
A fhuair oilbheim do 'n fhear gheal-dhubh,
Do 'n dream oirdheire 's fòirmeile fuil ;
'S duilich tolg a chuir 'n a chruaidh stuth.
'S tric le madraidh bhì ri dealunn,
An oidhe reot' ris a' ghealaich ;
'B ionann sin, 's eifeachd t-ealaidh,
Air cliu geal a Chaim-beulaich dhuibh.

'S cia mar fhuair thu dh' aodann no ghnuis,
Caineadh usail gun mhodh, gun thus ?
Fhior dhearc-luachrach chinnich a lus ;
Ma t-aoir bhacaich tachdam thu bhruc.
Sgiursaidh mi gu gu 'm bi thu marbh thu ;
Cha bhi ach mo theang' de dh'arm riut ;
A rag-mheirlich, bhradaich' a gharbhlaich,
'S ioma gharbh-mhart dh'fheann thu le d' chuic.

Do'n t-sìol chruithneachd chuireadh gu tiugh;
 Cha b' e 'n fhìdeag, no 'n coirec dubh,
 Ach por prìseil, 's ro sgaoilteach cur,
 Feadh gach rioghachd air tìr, 's air muir.

Gur iongantach leam, a dhuine,
 Mar robh m'caran ort air tuinneadh,
 Cìod man do bhuin thu do 'n urr' ad;
 Curaidh ullamh, 's cuircidh each fuil?

Dream nan geur-lann gu reubadh cuirp,
 Cruaidh 'g a fèachainn air beulamh trup;
 S' math 's is gleust' iad gu bualadh phluic,
 'N am *retreata* dh' eibheach le stuirt.

Cha "bhreac breun-loin" idir Cailean,
 Ach do dh' fhion-fhuil ard Mhic-Cailcin;
 Teughlach uiscil Iarla-Bhealaich;
 'S buadhach caithream ri uchd an truid!

'S cinnteach thiotadh gheibh thu do mhurt,
 Ma t-aoir chiotaich, mhiosguinnich churt;
 Ge do dh' eirich gu robh ort stuirt,
 Bì'dh a bhìdag ridleadh do chuirp.

Claijeann gun eanachainn, gun mheadrach,
 Sa faodadh na h-iolairéan neadadh;
 Cia mar fhuair thu ghnais do sgìodar,
 Ghluasad idir an ionad puirt?

Eisg bho chd, chcarbaich, seargaidh mi tur,
 Do theanga chealgach a chcarbaire dhuibh,
 Rinn an t-searbhag gun chair' a muigh;
 Asad dh' carbinn "cealgairéachd cruidh."
 Cha fhìor-ragair ge d' bhìdh fèarg air
 Do 'n d' rinn thus' a dhuin an t-searbhag;
 Ach og faighidneach gu earra-ghloir;
 Lan do dh' fearra-ghnìonh, dhearbha e le
 ghuin.

Bha thu mi-mhoil a toirt dh' a guth;
 Crag a chobhair gu magradh gruth;
 Leobas odhar a ghlaimeachd suth,
 Deis dh' a leaghadh, 's e ruith na shruth.
 Cha bu bheudagan gu sabaid
 Ach fìor leoghann stolda, staideil,
 Do 'n d' rinn us' an t-oran prabach;
 Ach fìor ghaisgeach; 's am blar 'ga chur.

Sparram cinnteach ort a ghlas-ghuib,
 Losgadh peircill, corcadh, a's cuip
 Air son ascaoin chealgach do bhuis;
 B' f'hearr gu 'm bithinn-sa fagasg dhut.
 Ge do bhìdh tu caincadh ghael,
 Anns gach siorramachd a dh' airinn,
 Seachainn muinntir Earra-ghael,
 'S gun a Cheolraidh fabharach dhut.

'S mairg a dh' eireadh ri sìol an tuiro,
 Gasraidh ghleusda nach earadh cluich;
 Cha bu bheus dhaibh bli ris a mhurt,
 Ach cath treun, a's cothrom r' an uchd'.
 Ge beag ort-sa mìle cuairt e,
 'S ioma sonn aigeantach ullach,
 Eadar Assainn, 's Cluaigh nan luath-long,
 A's trom luaigh air Caim-beulach dubh.

Suil na seoca, 's ro bheochail cur,
 An ceann ro-bhinn nam bachalag dubh;
 Cha b' i "frog-shuil, rogair" a chruidh;
 Fìor fhlìamh seoid air cor ann an sult.

'S geal 's a's dearg do leac, a's t-aogas,
 Ge thubhuirt iad "peirceall caol riut;"
 Cha b' ionann as sligheas-gaoisneach,
 'S fiasag-p**laoigh ort nach eil tiugh.

'S ge d'reachadh tu 's na speuraibh
 Chum a Chaim-beulach dhuibh eisgeadh,
 Tuitidh tusa mar a bheisteag,
 'N a t-ionad fein am buachar mairt.
 Thusa bhreinen, magaran cae;
 E-san ghle-ghlan lomlan do thlachd;
 Thus a dheistinn 's muig ort air at,
 Mar bu bheus do dhoran no chat.

Aodann craineig fharr-aodann tuirc;
 Com a chnaimh-fhì'ch, 's nadur na muic;
 Beul mhic-lambaich, 's faileadh a bhruc;
 Spagan clarach; sailean nan cusp'.
 De dh' oirlichean aoiridh bardail,
 Toiseam o d' bhathais, gu d' shail thu;
 'S fannam do leathar a thraill dhìot,
 Chionn gu'n chain' thu'n Caim-beulach
 dubh

Cha 'n fhear sgìpi thus' ach fìor ghlug;
 'S beairt guu teagamh bì'dh tu fo bhruid;
 T-iasag failidh, t-fhalt, a's do ruigs;
 Tuitidh t-fhìaclan 's fàlbhaidh do thuigs'.
 'S coltach nach b' aithne dhut mise,
 'Nuair a bha mi so gun fhios dut;
 Na' 'm b' eol, cha ghlaicadh tu mhìsneach,
 Roine riobadh as an fhear dhubh.

Note.—The Black Campbell was a cattle-lifter, and stole some cows from M'Lean of Loehbuy, For this M'Lean's *aireach*, or herdsman, composed the satire. At the end of the song he calls on all the bards to join him in lashing the thief. —When M'Donald heard this he composed his song in praise of Campbell and against the satirist — without any cause of love or hatred to either party. It is only an exercise of his wit; but it shows his usual talents and powers of invention, and felicity of language. After that the herdsman composed a very severe satire on M'Donald himself. We give a few verses of the satire on Campbell as a specimen:—

"An Caim-beulach dubh a Cinn-taile,
 Iar-ogh' mhortair 's ogha 'mheirlich;
 Am Braid-Alban fhuair e arach,
 Sìol na cèlge 's meirleach a chruidh.
 'S obhar, ciar, an Caim-beulach dubh,
 'S oillteil, liadhaich, anhare sa' chruith;
 'S liethdan lath-ghlas, dubh cha'a fhlìach e;
 'S fear gn'n mhiadh an Caim-beulach dubh!

"Cuiream tuath e, cuiream deas e,
 Cuiream sìar e, cuiream sear e,
 Cuiream fìos gu baird gael fearainn,
 Gus an eall e 'n eiriceanu na shruth."
 'S obhar, ciar, &c.

MOLADH AN LEOGHAINN.

AIR FONN—"Cabar Feidh."

FAILT' an leoghainn chreuchdaich,
Is eugsamhuil spracalachd,
'Nuair dheireadh do chinn-fheadna,
Bu mheagrach am brataichean,
'Nuair chruinnichadh gach dream dhiu,
Gu ceannsgalach tartarach,
Bhiodh pronnadh agus calladh,
Air naimbdean a thachradh ribh;
Iad gu h-oidheire air bharr corr-ghleus,
Teinteach foir-dhearg, lasrachail,
'S ar an stoirm air mhìre-chonbhaidh,
'S lainn nan dorn ri spealtaircachd,
Le'n geur cholg ri stracadh bholg,
'S gearradh cheann is chorpunnan;
'S cha sluagh gun chruaidh gun cheannsgal,
Le'n lann bheireadh fosadh orr.

Duisg a leoghainn euchdaich,
'S dean eirigh gu farumach,
Air brat ball-dearg, breid-gheal,
'S fraoch sleibhe mar bharan air;
Tog suas do cheann gu h-eatrom,
'S na spcraibh gu caithreaseach,
'S theid mi-fhin cho geire,
'Sa dh'fhicudas mi d' arabhaig;
Togam suas do mholadh priseil,
'S do cheann rìgheil farasda,
Cha'n 'eil ceann no corp sann righeachd,
An cruaidh-ghnìomh thug barrachd ort,
An ceann cruadalach ard sgiamhach
Maiseach, fìor-dheas, arranta,
'S tric thug sgairt ri h-uchd an fhuathais,
Ri h-am luchd t-fhuatha tarrainn ruit.

Co b'urrainn tair no di-bleachd,
Gu dilinn a bharalacha?
No shamhlaicheadh riut mi-chliu,
A rìgh nan ceann barrasach;
A chreutair ghasda, rimheich,
'S garg fìor-dheas do tharruinnse,
Air brat glan de'n t-sìoda,
Ri min-chrann caol gallanach;
E ri plapraich ri crann-brataich,
A' stailce chas gu h-cangarra;
Is comhlain ghasda lan do ghaisge,
Teanaill bras gu leanailt ris,
Fearg gu casgairt 'nan gnìuis dhaite,
Fraoch a's fras gu fearachas;
Bhì'dh sgrios a's lannadh sìos,
Air luchd mi-ruin a bheanadh riut.

Cha robh garta gleois,
Air an t-seorsa o'n ghineadh tu,
An dream rathail mhor-chuiseach;
Chomhragach, iomairteach;
Bu ghunnach, dagach, or-sgiathach,
Goirseideach, nimheil iad;
Bu domhain farsuinn creuchdach,
Cneidh cuhdach am fìrionnach;
Iad gu surdail losga' fudair,
Toirt as smnid bho lasraichean;

Na fir ura, gheala, lughar,
A ghearra smuais a's aiseichean;
Lannan du-ghorm, geura, cul-tiugh,
'N glaic nam fìuran aigeantach,
A' sgotla chorp a sìos gu'n rumpail,
Surd le sunnd air stracaireachd.

'S foinni, fearail, laidir,
Cuanda, daicheil, cinncadail,
Sliochd nan Collaidh lamh-dhearg,
'S iad lan do dh'ard spiorad annt.
Cho dian ri lasair chra-dheirg,
'S gaoth Mhairt a' cuir spionnaidh in
Gun mheang, gun mhèirg, gun fhailin,
'Nar cailcachd ge d' shìrcar sibh;
Na fir chogach theid 's na trodaibh,
Nach biodh ro lotaibh gioragach;
Nach iarr broсна' ri h-am cosgraidh,
A phronna chorp a's mhìonaichean,
A' sgatha cheann, a's lamh, a's chas, diubb,
Ann san toit le mìre-chathl,
Na fir bhcurra, threin, fhearrdha,
Gheur, armach, fhineadail!

An cinneadh maiseach, treubhach,
Nan reidh-chuillbheir acuinneach,
Nach diultadh dol air ghleus,
Ri h-am feuma gu grad-mharbhadh,
Madaidh ri uird ghleusta,
Gu beuana nan sradaich,
A' conas dearg ri cheile,
A' cuir cìbhlean gu lasraichean.
Frasan dealanach dearg pheileir,
Teachd o'r teine tartarach,
A' spadadh, 's a pronnadh, 's a leadairt,
Nan corp ceigeach, casagach.
Lannan du-ghorm dol gan dulan,
A gearra smuis is aiseichean,
Aig na treunaibh cruaidh, bheumnach,
'S luath bhuala speachannan.

Clann-Domhnuill tha mi 'g raite,
'N sar chinncadh urramach,
'S tric a fhuair 's na blaraibh,
Air namhaid buaidh iomanach;
Iad fearra, tapuidh, dana,
Cho lan de nimh-ghuineadeach,
Ri nathraichean an t-sleibhe,
Le'n geur-lannaibh fulangach.
Iad gu sìtheach, gleusta, cos-luath,
Runach, bos-luath, fulasgach,
Cruas na craige, luathas na draige,
Chluinntè fead an buillinnan;
Na fir dhana, lughar, narach,
Fhoinnidh, laidir, urrandan,
Cho garg ri tuil-mhaoim sleibhe,
No falaisg gheur nam munainan!

A charraig dhaingheann dhileant,
Nach diobair gu'n acarachd,
Gluais suas gu sporsail rìgheil,
Ro d mhillinibh gaisgeanda;
'S iad mìrc geal na cruadhach,
Gun truaille, gun ghaisgeadh annt',

'S bocain a chuir ruaig iad,
Bheir buaidh le 'n sluagh bras-bhuilleach.
'S ioma fleasgach cul-bhuid doid-gheal,
Is garbh dorn is slinneinean,
A dh' circas leat an tus na co'-stri,
A ni comhrag min-bhuailteach,
Iad gu bonn-mhall, bas-luath, erodha,
Saitheach, stroiceach, iomairteach,
A' dol a sios an am na teughbail,
'S leoghunn beuc air mhire aca.

A leoghuinn bheucaich, ghruamaich,
'Bheil cruadal air tuineacha,
Is tric a dhearbhan an cruaidh chuis,
'S na buan ruaigaibh cumasgach.
'Nuair a spailpte suas thu,
Le d' bhuaidh ri crann fulangach;
Chite conadh ruaimleach,
'An gruaidhean na h-uile fir.
'S daingheann, seasmhach, rang do fhleasgach,
'Nuair bhiodh deise tarrainn orr,
Cha toir eagal namhaid eag aunt,
'S iad mar chreag nach caraicheadh.
S glan am preas iad, chaoidh cha teich iad,
'S fiodh nach peasg, de'n darach iad:
S tric a fhuair sibh air 'ur namhaid,
'S na blaraibh buaidh-chaithreamach.

Nan tigeadh ortsa foirneart,
Gu d' leon o chrich aineolaich,
'Coigrich le run do'-bheirt,
Gu d' choir thoirt a dh-aindeoin diot:
'S iomad lan cheann-ileach,
'S lainn liobhta 'm beairt dhaingheann ann,
A thairneadh suas ri d' shioda,
Dheth t-fhior-fhuil d'a t-anagladh.
Fuiribin chomasach nach cromadh,
Ro fhrois tholladh phearsunnan;
Nach biodh somult dh'ol air cholluin,
'N am bhi sonnadh chlaigeannan.
'Crun-luath lomarra 'ga phronnadh,
Air piob loinneich thartaraich,
A chuireadh anam ann sna maibh,
A dhol gu fearr-ghléus gaisge leo.

Stoc Chlann-Domhnuill dh' eireadh,
Le'n geugaibh 's le meanganaibh,
B'i sid a choille cheutach,
A b' eugsamhuil 's bu cheannardaich.
'Nuair thairrneadh iad ri cheile
Gach treubh dhiu gu fearachail,
'S mairg a spiola feusag
Nan leoghann, ga ghreannachadh.
Bhiodh cinn is duirn ga sgathadh dhiubh-san,
Ann an duiseal lannaireachd,
Fuil ri feur-imeachd 's ri sruladh,
Feadh nan lub 's nan camhanan.
Bhiodh lannan lotach du-ghorm,
Cuir smuidrich de cheannaibh Ghall,
Is caoidhnean cruaidh a's ranaich,
'S an araich gu gearanach.

C' ait am beil san righeachd,
Am fear-ghnìomh thug barrachd oirbh?

Nam brosnachta chum stri sibh,
A mhilidhnean barraideach;
Na tuirín sgairteil priseil,
De'n fhìor-chruaidh nach fannaicheadh:
D'am b' abhaist a bhi dileas,
'S nach diobradh na ghealladh iad,
Gaothair chatha theid mar shaigheadh,
Sios le'n claidhe' dealanaich.
Nach toir atha gun dad athais,
Gus an sgath iad bealach romp;
Cuirp gan sgatha 's cruaidh ga crathadh,
'S orra pathadh falanach;
Chluintear fead ar claidhean,
Truagh ghair agus langanaich.

Tha iomadh mìle an Alba,
De gharbh-fhearaibh fulasgach,
Sliochd Ghaeil ghlais a *Scota*
Thig deonach m' ar *cularaibh*.
Gun tig iad le run cruadail,
'S gum fuaigh iad gu bunailteach,
Ri teanchair ghaire an leoghainn,
'S ri spogaibh dearg fuileachdach.
Togaibh leibh gun airc gun easbhuidh,
Trom fheachd seasmhach cunnbhalach,
De laochraidh dheise, shundach, threiseil,
Theid neo-leisg 's an iomairt sgìleo.
Cha'n flacas riamh na suinn 'nan geiltibh
Dol 'an teas nan cumasgan;
Teichidh iad o'r stroiceadh,
'S o'r srolaibh breac, duilleagach.

BEANNACHA LUINGE,

MAILLE RI BROSNACHA FAIRGE, A RINNEADH DO
SGIOBA BIRLINN THIGHEARNA CHLANN-RAONUILL.

Gu'm beannaiche Dia Long Chlann-Raonuill,
A cheud la do chaidh air sail',
E-fein, 's a threim fhir ga caitheamh,
Treun a chaidh thar mathas chaich;
Gu'm beannaich an Co-dhia naomh,
An iunrais anail nan speur,
Gu'n sguabta garbhhlach na mara,
G'ar tarrainn gu cala reidh.
Athair a chruthaich an fhainge!
'S gach gaith a sheideas as gach aird,
Beannaich ar caol-bharc 's ar gaisgich,
'S cum i-fein 's a gasraidh slan.
A Mhic beannaich fein ar n-achdair
Ar siuil, ar beirtein, 's ar stiuir,
'S gach droinip tha crogha r'ar crannaibh,
'S thoir gu cala sin le t-iuil.
Beannaich ar rachdan 's ar slat,
Ar croinn 's ar taodaibh gu leir
Ar stadh, 's ar tarruinn cum fallain,
'S na leig-sa 'nar caramh beud.
An Spiorad Naomh biodh air an stiuir,
Seoladh e 'n t-iuil a bhios ceart;
'S eol da gach long-phort fò'n gheirn,
Tilgeamaid sinn fein fo bheachd.

Beannuchadh nan Arm.

Gu'm beannaiche Dia ar claidhean,
 'S ar lannan spainteach, geur ghlas,
 'S ar luirichean troma mailleach,
 Nach gearr-te le faobhar tais;
 Ar lannan cruadhach, 's ar gorsaid,
 'S ar sgiathan an-dealbhach dualach;
 Beannaich gach armachd gu h-ìomlan,
 Th' air ar n-ìomchar 's ar erios-guaile;
 Ar boghannan foinéalach iubhair,
 'Ghabhadh lugha ri uchd tuasaid;
 'S na saighdean beithe nach spealgadh,
 Ann ann balgan a bhrùic ghruamaich,
 Beannaich ar biodag, 's ar daga;
 'S ar n-eile gasd ann an cuaichean,
 'S gach trealaich cath agus comhraig,
 Tha'm bare Mhic-Dhomhnuill san uair so.
 Na biodh simplidheachd oirbh no taise,
 Gu'n dol air ghaigse le cruadal,
 Fad 's a mhaireas ceithir buird d'i,
 No bhios carad shuth dh'i fuaighte;
 'M fad 's a shnamhas i fo 'r casan.
 Na dh'fhaineas cnag dh'i an uachdar,
 A dh-aindeoin aon fhuathas gam faic sibh,
 Na metaicheadh gart a chuain sibh;
 Ma ni sibh cothacha ceart,
 'S nach mothaich an fhaigse sibh dibli,
 Gun islich a h-ardan 'sa beachd,
 'S gar cothacha sgairteil gu'n strìoehd i.
 Do chle comhraig air tìr,
 M' ar faic i thu cinntinn tais,
 'S dach' i bhoghadh 's an strì,
 No chinntinn idir ni's brais;
 'S amhuil sin a ta mhuir mhor,
 Coisinnidh le colg 's le sùrd,
 'S gun umhlach i dhut fa-dheoigh,
 Mar a dh' ordaich Rìgh nan dul.

Erosnachadh iomraidh gu ionad seolaidh.

Gun cuirt an iubhrach dhubh-dhealbhadh,
 An aite seolaidh,
 Sathaibh a mach cleathan rìghne,
 Liath-lom comhnard;
 Ramhan min-lunnacha dealbhach,
 Socair, eutrom,
 A ni 'n t-ìomradh toirteil, calma,
 Bos-luath, caoir-gheal;
 Chuireas an fhaigse 'na sradaibh,
 Suas 's 'na'n speuraibh,
 'Na teine-siunnachain a' lasadh,
 Mar fhras eibhlean;
 Le buillean gailbheacha, tarbhach,
 Nan cleth troma,
 A bheir air bochd-thuinn thonnaich,
 Lot le'n cromadh,
 Le sgionan nan ramh geal, tana,
 Bual a cholluinn,
 Air mullach nan gorm-chnoich, ghleannach,
 Gharbhilach, thomach.
 O! sinibh 's tairrribh, agus lubaibh,
 Ann sna bacaibh!
 Na gallain bhas-leathunn, ghiubhsaich,
 Le lus ghlag-ghcal.

Na fuirbinean troma, treuna,
 A' laidhe suas orr,
 Le'n gaoirdcanaibh doideach, feitheach,
 Gaoisneach, cnuachdach,
 'Thogas 's a' leagas le cheile,
 Fo aon ghluasad,
 A gathan liath-reamhar, reithe,
 Fo bharr stuadhan;
 Iurghuilich garbh 'an tus cleithe,
 'G eubhach suas orr;
 Iorram dhuigseas an speurad,
 Ann sna guailleann;
 'Sparras a Bhirlinn le seitrich,
 Tro gach fuar-ghleann;
 Sgoltadh na bochd-thuinn a' beucaich,
 Le saimh chruaidh-chruim,
 Dh-ìomaineas beanntainnean beiseil,
 Ro da ghualainn.
 Huga! air cuan, nuallan gaireach,
 Heig air chnagaibh!
 Farum le bras-ghaoir na bairlìnn,
 Ris na maidibh;
 Raimh gam pianadh, 's bolgan fol',
 Air bhos gach fuirbi;
 Na suinn laidir gharba thoirteil,
 'S cop gheal iomradh,
 'Chreanaicheas gach bord dheth darach,
 Bìgh a's iarann;
 'S lannan gan tilgeil le staplainn,
 Cbnap ri sliasaid;
 Foirne fearail, a bheir tulga,
 Dugharra, daicheil,
 'Sparras a chaol-bharc le giubhsaich,
 'N aodann aibheis,
 Nach pillear le friogh nan tonn du-ghorm,
 Le lugs ghairdein;
 Sud an sgìoba neartmhor, shurdail,
 Air chul alaich,
 Phronnas na cuairteagan cul-ghlas,
 Le roinn ramhachd,
 Gun sgios gun airtneal gun lubadh
 Rì h-uchd gabhaidh.

*An sin an deigh do na sia-fèaraibh-deug,
 suidhe air na raimh, a chum a h-ìomradh,
 fo'n ghaoith gu ionad seolaidh, do ghluadh
 CALUM GARBH, MAC-RAONAILL NAN CUAN,
 Iorram oirre, 's e air ramh-braghad, agus
 's i so i:—*

'S a nis o rinneadh 'ur taghadh,
 'S gur coltach dhuibh bhi 'n-ar roghainn,
 Thugaibh tulga neo-chladharra daicheil.
 Thugaibh tulga, &c.

Thugaibh tulga neo-chearbach,
 Gu'n airtneal gun dearmad,
 Gu freasdal na gaille-bheinne sail-ghlais.
 Gu freasdal, &c.

Tulga danarra treun-ghlac,
 A ridheas cnamhan a's feithean,
 Dh-fhagas soilleir a ceumannan alaich.
 Dh-fhagas, &c.

Sgobadh fonnar gun cislein,
Ri garbh bhrosnach a cheile,
Iorram gleust ann bho bheul fir a braghad.
Iorram gleust, &c.

Cogull ramh air na bacaibh,
Leois, a's rusgadh air bhasaibh,
'S raimh d'an sniomh ann an achlaisean ard-
'S raimh, &c. [thonn.

Biodh 'ur gruaidhean air lasadh,
Biodh 'ur bois gu'n leob chraicinn,
Fallas mala bras chrapa gu lar dhihbh.
Fallas mala bras, &c.

Sinibh, tairnnaibh, a's luthaibh,
Na gallain liath-leothar ghiubhais,
'S dianabhaig uighe tro shruthaibh an t-saile.
'S deanaibh, &c.

Cliath ramh air gach taobh dh'i,
Masgadh fuirge le saothair,
Dol 'na still anu an aodann na bairlinn.
Dol, na still, &c.

Iomraibh co'-lath glan gleusta,
Sgoltadh boc-thuinn a' beucaich,
Obair shunndach gun eislein gun fhardal.
Obair shunndach, &c.

Buailibh co-thromach trein i,
Sealltainn tric air a cheile,
Duisgibh spiorad 'n-ar feithean gu laidir!
Duisgibh spiorad, &c.

Biodh a darach a' collainn,
Ris na fiadh-ghlcannaibh bronnach
'S a da shliasaid a' pronnadh, gach barlainn.
'S a da shliasaid, &c.

Biodh an fhairge ghlas thonnach,
Ag at 'na garb mhothar lonnach,
S na h-ard-uisgeachan bronnach 'sa gharaich.
'S na h-ard-uisgeachan, &c.

A ghlas-fhairge sior chopadh,
A steach mu da ghualainn thoisich,
Sruth ag osnaich, a' sloistreadh a h-carr-linn.
Sruth ag osnaich, &c.

Sinibh, tairnnaibh, a's lubaibh,
Na gathain mhin-lunnach chul-dearg,
Le iumaireidh smuis 'ur garbh ghairdean.
Le iumaireidh smuis, &c.

Cuiribh fothaibh an rugh' ud,
Le fallas mhailean a' sruthadh,
'S togaibh siuil ri bho Uidhist nan cra-ghiadh.
'S togaibh siuil, &c.

Dh-iomair iad 'an sin gu ionaid seolaidh.

An sin thar iad na seoil shithe,
Gu fìor ghasda,

'Shaor iad na sia-raimh-dheug,
A' steach tro' bacaibh,
Sgathadh grad iad sìos r'a shiasaid,
Sheachnadh bhac-bhreid.
Dh-ordaich Clann-Raonuill d' an-uaislean,
Sar-sgiobairean cuain a bhi aca,
Nach gabhadh cagal ro fhuathas,
No gne thuairgneadh a thachradh.

*Dh-ordaicheadh an deigh an taghadh na, h-
uile duine dhol 'an seilbh a ghram' araidh
fein 's na cho-lory sin ghlaodhadh ri fear
na stiurach suidh air stiuir anns na briath-
raibh so:—*

Suitheadh air stiuir trom laoch leathunn,
Nearatar, fuasgailt',
Nach tilg bun no barr na sumaid,
Fairge bhuaithe;
Claireanach taiceil, lan spiunnaidh,
Plocach, masach,
Min-bheumnach, faicleach,
Furachail, lan naistin;
Buusaidh eutromach,
Garbh, socair, seolta, lugh'or;
Eirmseach, faighidneach, gun ghriomhag,
Rih-uchd tuilin;
'Nuair a chluinn c 'n fhairge ghiobach,
Teachd le buirein,
Chumas a ceun caol gu sgibidh,
Ris na sughaibh;
Chumas gu socrach a gabhail,
Gun dad luasgain,
Sgòd a's cluas ga rian le amharc,
Suil air fuaradh;
Nach caill aon oirleach na h-ordaig,
Deth cheart chursa;
'Dh-aindeoin barr sumadain mara,
Teachd le surdaig;
Theid air fuaradh leatha cho daingheann,
Mas a h-eigin,
Nach bi lann, no reang 'na darach,
Nach toir eibh asd;
Nach taisich a's nach teid 'na bhreislich,
Dh-aindoin fuathais,
Ge do dh-atadh a mbuir cheanna-ghlas
Suas gu chluasaibh;
Nach b'urrainn am fuiribi chreannachadh,
No ghluasad,
O ionad a shuidh, 's e tearainnte,
'S ailm 'na asguil,
Gu freasdal na seana mhara ceanna-ghlas,
'S gleann-ghaoir ascaoin,
Nach crithnich le fuaradh cluaise,
An taod-aire,
Leigeas leath ruith a's gabhail,
'S lan a h-aodaich;
Cheanglas a gabhail cho daingheann,
'M barr gach tuinne,
Falbh dìreach 'na still gu cala,
'N aird gach buinne.

Dh-ordaicheadh a mach fear-beairte.

Suidheadh toirtearlach garbh dhoidcach,
'An glaic beairte,

A bhios staidheil lan do churam,
 Graimear, glac-mhor;
 Leigeas cudthrom air ceann slaite,
 Ri h-am cruaidhich,
 Dh-fhaothaicheas air crann 's air acuinn,
 Bheir dhaibh fuasgladh;
 Thuigeas a ghaoth mar a thig i,
 Do reir seolaidh,
 Fhreagras min le fearas beairte,
 Beum an sgoid-fhir :—
 'Sior ehuideachadh leis an acuinn,
 Mar faillich buill bheairte
 Reamhar ghaoiste.

Chuireadh air leth fear-sgoide.

Suitheadh feas sgoid' air an tota
 Gaoirdean laidir,
 Nan righinin gaoisneach, feitheach,
 Reamhar, cnamlach;
 Cragan tiugha, leathunn, clianach,
 Meur gharb chrocach :
 Mach's a steach an sgoid a leigeas,
 Le neart sgrobaidh:
 'An am cruaidhich a bheir thuig i,
 Gaoth ma'sheideas,
 'S 'nuair a ni an oiteag lagadh,
 Leigeas beum leis.

Dh-ordaicheadh air leth fear-cluaise.

Suitheadh fear crapara, taiceil,
 Gasda, cuanda,
 Laimhsicheas a chluas neo-lapach,
 Air a fuaradh;
 Bheir imirich sìos sa suas i,
 A ehum gach urracaig,
 A reir 's mar thig an soirbheas.
 No barr urchaid;
 'S ma chi e 'n iunnrais a 'g eiridh,
 Teachd le h-osnaich,
 Lomadh e gu gramail treun-mhor
 Sìos gu stoc i.

Dh-ordaicheadh do'n toiseach fear-iuil.

Eireadh mar-nialach na sheasamh,
 Suas do'n toiseach,
 'S deanadh e dhuinn eolas seasmhach,
 Cala a choisneas;
 Sealladh e 'n ceithir airdean,
 Cian an adhair,
 'S innseall e do dh-fhear na stiurach,
 'S math a gabhail.
 Glacadh e comharadh tire,
 Le sar-shul-bheachd,
 O'n 'se sin a's Dia gach side,
 'S reull-iuil duinn.

Chuireadh air leth fear-calpa na tairrne.

Suitheadh air calpa na tairrne,
 Fear gu'n soistinn,
 Snaomanach fuasgnitheach, sgairteil,
 Foinnidh, solta;

Duine curamach gu'n ghriobhag,
 Ealamh gruamach;
 A bheir uair a's dh'i mar dh-fheumas,
 Gleusda, luaineach;
 Laitheas le spoghannan troma,
 Treun' air tarruinn;
 Air cudthrom a dhoid a' cromadh,
 'Dh-ionnsuidh daraich;
 Nach ceangail le sparraig mu'n urracaig,
 An taod-frithir;
 Ach gabhail uime gu daingheann scolta,
 Le lub-rithe;
 Air eagal 'n uair sgairte an t-ausadh,
 I chuir stad air,
 Los i ruith 'na still le cronan,
 Bharr na cnaige.

Chuireadh air leth fear-innse nan uisgeachan, 's an fhairge air cinntinn tuilleadh a's molach, agus thuirt an Stiùireadair ris :—

Suitheadh fear-innse gach uisge,
 Lamh ri m' chluais-sa,
 'S cumadh e a shuil gu biorach,
 'An eiridh' an fhuaraidh.
 Taghaibh an duine leth eagalach,
 Fiamhach sìcìr,
 'S cha mhath leam e bli air fad,
 'Na ghealtair' riochdall;
 Biodh e furachuir 'nuair chi e,
 Fuaradh froise,
 Co dhiubh bhios an soirbheas
 Na deireadh no 'na toiseach;
 'S gu'n cuireadh e anis air m' fhaicill,
 Suas d'am mhosgladh,
 Ma ni e gne chunnairt fhaicinn,
 Nach bi tostach,
 'S ma chi e coltas muir bhaite,
 Teachd le nuallan,
 A sgairteas cruaidh :—“ ceann caol a fiodha,
 Chumail luath ris.”
 Biodh e ard labhrach, ceillidh,
 'G-èubhach “ bairlinn;”
 'S na ceileadh air fear na stiurach,
 Ma chi gabhadh.
 'Na biodh fear innse nan uisgean,
 Ann ach e-san;
 Cuiridh giambhag, briot, a's gusgùl,
 Neach 'na bhreislich.

Dh-ordaicheadh a mach fear-taomaidh, 'san fhairge' a' barcadh air am muin rompa 's nan deigh.

Freasdladh air leabaidh na taoime,
 Laech bhios fuasgailt',
 Nach fannaich gu brath 's nach tiomaich,
 Le gair chuaintean;
 Nach lapaich, 's nach meataich,
 Fuachd, sail', no clach-mheallain
 Laomadh mu bhroilleach 's mu mhuineal,
 'Na fuar steallaibh;
 Le-crumpa mor cruinn tiugh fiodha,
 'Na chiar dhoidibh,

Sior thilgeadh a mach na fairge
 A steach a dhoirteas;
 Nach dirich a dhruim lughor,
 Le rag earlaid,
 Gus nach fag e sile 'n grunnd,
 Nan lar a h-earluinn;
 'S ge do chinneadh a buird cho tolltach
 Ris an ridil,
 Chumas cho tioram gach enag dh'i,
 Ri clar buideil.

*Dh-ordaicheadh dithis gu dragha nam ball
 chulaodaich, 's coltas orra gun tugta na
 siuil uapa le ro ghairbhead na side.*

Cuiribh earaid laidir chnamh-reamhar,
 Gairbneach, ghaoistneach,
 Gum freasdaladh iad tearuimnt treun ceart i,
 Buill chul-aodaich;
 Le smuais a's le miad lughis,
 An ruighean treunna,
 'N am cruaghaich bheir orr a steach,
 No leigeas beum leis,
 Chumas gu sgiobalta a staigh e,
 'Na teis ineadhon,
 Dh-ordaicheadh Donnacha Mac-Chormaig,
 A's Iain mac Iain,
 Dithis starbhanach theoma, ladorn,
 De dh-fhearaibh Chana.

*Thaghadh seisir gu fearas na'air, an eara-
 las gum failnicheadh a h-aon de na thuirt
 mi, no gu'n spignadh onfadh na fairge
 mach thar bord e, 's ghe'n suidheadh fear
 dhiu so 'na aite.*

Eireadh seiseir ealamh, ghleusta,
 Lambach, bheotha,
 Shinbhas, 'sa dh-fhalbas, 's a leumas,
 Feadh gach bord dh'i,
 Mar ghearr-fhiadh am mullach sleibhe
 'S eoin d'a copadh;
 Strenpas ri eruaidh bhallaibh reidhe,
 De'n ehaol choreaich,
 Cho grad ri feoragan ceitein,
 Ri crann ro-ehoill;
 A bhios ullamh, ealamh, treubhaich,
 Falbhach, eolach,
 Gu toirt dh'i, 's gu toirt an ausadh,
 'S clausail ordail,
 Chaitheas gun airtsneal gun eislean,
 Long Mhìe-Dhomhnuill.

*Do bha nis na h-uile goireas a bhuineadh do
 'n t-seoladh, air a chuir 'an deagh riagh-
 ailt, agus theann na h-uile laoch tapaidh
 gun taise, gun fhiamh, gun sgathachas
 chum a cheairt ionaid an d'ordaichadh
 dha dol; agus thog iad na siuil ma eiridh
 na greine la-fheill-Bride, a' togail a mach
 o bhun Loch-Aineirt, ann 'an Uidhist-a-
 chinne-deas.*

Grian a faoisgneadh gu h-or-bhuidh',
 A's a mogul,

Chinn an speur gu dubhuidh doite,
 Lan de dh-oglaeaid;
 Dh-fhas i tonn-ghorm, tiugh, tarr-lachdunn,
 Odhar, iargalt;
 Chinn gach dath bhiodh ann am breacan,
 Air an iarmailt.
 Fada-eruaidh san aird an iar orr,
 Stoirm 'na coltas,
 'S neoil shiubhlach aig gaith gan riasladh,
 Fuaradh frois orr.
 Thog iad na siuil bhreaca,
 Bhaidealacha, dhionaich;
 'S shin iad na calpannan raga,
 Teanna, righne,
 Ri fiodhanan arda, fada,
 Nan eolg bigh dhearg;
 Cheangladh iad gu gramail, snaompach,
 Gu neo-chearbach,
 Tro shuillean nan cormag iarrainn,
 'S nan eruinn aillbheag.
 Cheartaich iad gach ball de'n acuinn,
 Ealamh, doigheil;
 'S shuidh gach fear gu freasdal tapaidh,
 'Bhuill bu ehoir dha;
 'N sin dh' fhosgail uinneagan an adhair.
 Ballach, liath-ghorm,
 Gu seideadh na gaoithe greannaich,
 'S bannail iargalt;
 Tharruinn an cuan a bhrat du-ghlas,
 Air gu h-uile,
 A mhantul garbh caiteanaich, ciar-dhubh,
 Sgreitidh buinne,
 Dh-at e 'na bheannaibh, 's na ghleannaibh,
 Molach robach.
 Gun do bhoghd an fhaighe eheigeach,
 Suas na enocaibh;
 Dh-fhosgail a mhuir ghorm na craosaibh,
 Farsuinn, eracach,
 'An glaicibh a cheile ri taosgadh,
 'S caonnag bhas-mhor.
 Gum b'fhear-ghnìomh bli 'g anhare 'an
 aodann
 Nam maom teinntidh,
 Lasraichean sradanach sionnachain,
 Air gach beinn diubh.
 Na beulanaich arda liath-ehcann,
 Ri searbh bheueail;
 Na eulanaich 's an clagh dudaidh,
 Ri fuain gheumnaich.
 'Nuair dh-eirimid gu h-allail,
 Am barr nan tonn sin,
 B' eigin an t-ausadh a bhearradh,
 Gu grad phongail:
 'Nuair thuiteamaid le aon slugadh,
 Sios 's na gleanntaibh,
 Bheirte gach seol a bhiodh aice
 'Am barr nan crann d'i:
 Na ceosanaich arda, chroma,
 Teachd 's a bhairich,
 M'an tigeadh iad idir 'n-ar earamh,
 Chluinnt' an gairich.
 Iad a sguabadh nan tonn beaga,
 Lom gan sgiursadh,
 Chinneadh i 'na h-aon mhuir bhasor,
 'S eas a stiùireadh.

'Nuair a thuiteamaid fo bharr,
 Nan ard-thonn giobach,
 Gur beag nach dochaineadh an sail,
 An t-aigeal sligeach;
 An fhairge ga maistreadh 's ga sluistreadh,
 Troimhe cheile,
 Gun robh roin a's mialan mora,
 'Am barrachd eigin.
 Onfadh a's tonnan na mara,
 A's falbh na luinge,
 A' sradadh an eanchainne geala,
 Feadh gach tuinne.
 Iad ri nuallanaich ard-uamhaineach,
 Searbh thursach;
 'G eubhach, gur h-iochdarain sinne,
 Dragh chum buird sinn:
 Gach min-iasg a bh'ann san fhairge,
 Tarr-gheal, tiundait';
 Le gluasad confach na gailbheinn,
 Marbh gun chunntas.
 Clachan a's maorach an aigeil,
 Teachd an uachdar,
 Air am buain a nuas le slaeraich,
 A chuain uainhreigh.
 An fhairge uile 'si 'na brochan,
 Strioplach, ruaimleach,
 Le fuil 's le gaor nam biast lorcach,
 'S droch dhath ruadh orr.
 Na heistean adharach iongach,
 Pliutach, lorcach;
 Lan cheann-sian nam beoil gun gialaibh,
 'S an craos fosgailte.
 An aihheis uile lan bhoichdan,
 Air cragradh,
 Le spogan 's le carbuill mor-bhiast,
 Air inagradh.
 Bu sgreamhail an robhain sgriachach,
 Bhi 'ga eisdeachd,
 Thogadh iad air caogad-milidh,
 Eatrom ceille.
 Chaill an sgioba cail g'an clasteachd,
 Ri bhi 'g eisteachd,
 Ceileirean sgreadach nan dèomhan,
 'S m'othar bheistean.
 Fa-ghuir na fairge 'sa slaeraich,
 Gleachd ri darach,
 Fosghair a toisich a's slòistreadh,
 Mhuc-mara.
 A' Ghaith ag urachadh a fuairidh
 As an iar-aird;
 Bha sinn leis gach seorsa buairidh,
 Air ar planadh.
 S sinn dall le cathadh fairge,
 Sior dhol tharunn,
 Tairneanach aibheiseach re oidheche,
 'S teine dealain.
 Peileirean hethrich a' losgadh,
 Ar cuid acuinne;
 Faileadh a's deathach na riofa,
 Gar glan thachadh:
 Na duilean uachdrach a's iochdrach,
 Ruinn a' cogadh;

Talamh, teine uisg a's sion-ghath,
 Ruinn air togail.
 Ach 'n uair dh'artlaich air an fhairge,
 Toirt oirn strìochda,
 Ghabh i truas le faite gaire,
 Rinn i sìth ruinn.
 Ge d'rinn, cha robh crann gun lubadh,
 Seol gun reubadh;
 Slat gun sgaradh, rac gun fhaillin,
 Ramh gun eislein.
 Cha robh stagh ann gun stuadh-leumnach:
 Beairt ghaisidh,
 Tarruinn, no cupull gun bhristeachd,
 Faise! Faise!
 Cha robh tota no beul-mor ann,
 Nach tug aideach,
 Bha h-uile crannaghaill a's goireas,
 Air an lagadh.
 Cha robh ahlachan no aisne dh'i,
 Gun fhuasgladh;
 A slat-bheoil 'sa sguitheinn asgail,
 Air an tuairgneadh.
 Cha robh falmadair gun sgoltadh,
 Stiuir gun chreuchadh;
 Cnead a's diosgan aig gach maide,
 'S iad air deasgadh.
 Cha robh crann-tarrunn gun tarruinn,
 Bord gun obadh;
 H-uile lann bha air am barradh,
 Ghabh iad togail.
 Cha robh tarrunn ann gu'n traladh,
 Cha robh calp' ann gu'n lubadh;
 Cha robh ball a bhuineadh dh'i-se,
 Nach robh ni's measa na thuradh.
 Ghairm an fhairge sìochaint ruinne,
 Air crois Chaol Ile,
 'S gu'n d'fhuair a gharbh ghaoth,
 Shearbh-ghloireach, ordugh sinidh.
 Thog i uainn do ionadaibh uachdrach
 An adhair;
 'S chinn i dhuinn na clar reidh min-gheal,
 'N deigh a tabhunn.
 'S thug sinn buidheachas do'n Ard-Rìgh,
 Chum na duilean,
 Deagh Chlann-Raonuill a bhi sabhailt,
 O bhas bruideil.
 'S an sin bheum sinn a siuil thana, bhallach,
 Do thuillin;
 'S leag sinn a croinn mhin-dearg ghasda,
 Air fad a h-urlair.
 'S chuir sinn a mach raimh chaol bhasgant,
 Dhaite mhine,
 De'n ghiubhas a bhuain Mac-Bharais,
 'An Eilean-Fhionain.
 'S rinn sinn an t-ionmra reidh tulganach,
 Gun dearmad;
 S ghabh sinn deag long-phort aig barraibh,
 Charraig Fhearghais;
 Thig sinn Acraichean gu socair,
 Ann san rod sin;
 Ghabh sinn biadh a's deoch gun airceas,
 'S rinn sinn comhnuidh.

IAIN MAC CODRUM.

JOHN M'CODRUM,* the North Uist bard, commonly called *Ian Mac Fhear-chuir*, was contemporary with the celebrated Alexander M'Donald. He was bard to Sir James Macdonald, who died at Rome. The occasion of his obtaining this situation was as follows:—He made a satirical piece on all the tailors of the Long Island, at which they were so exasperated that they would not work for him on any account. One consequence of this was, that John soon became a literal tatterdemalion. Sir James meeting him one day, inquired the reason of his being thus clad. John explained. Sir James desired him to repeat the verses—which he did; and the piece was so much to Sir James's liking, that John was forthwith promoted to be his bard, and obtained free lands on his estate in North Uist. In a letter from Sir James Macdonald to Dr. Blair of Edinburgh, relating to the poems of Ossian, dated Isle of Skye, 10th October, 1763, we find Sir James speaking as follows of Mac Codrum:—"The few bards that are left among us, repeat only detached pieces of these poems. I have often heard and understood them, particularly from one man called John Mac Codrum, who lives on my estate, in North Uist. I have heard him repeat, for hours together, poems which seemed to me to be the same with Macpherson's translations."

The first of M'Codrum's compositions was a severe and scurrilous satire. Being young, and unnoticed, he was neglected to be invited to a wedding to which he considered he had as good a right to be bidden as others. He was very indignant, and gave vent to his feelings in the most severe invectives. He had the prudence to conceal his name. The wedding party being minutely characterized, several of them lampooned, and held up to derision, the poem gave great offence to some of those concerned. Although the author was concealed, the satire could not be suppressed. Several individuals were suspected, while the real author enjoyed the pleasure of knowing himself to be at the same time a person of some consideration, and amply revenged for the neglect of those who should have acknowledged it. His father only knew him to be the author. He was alone about the farm: John was in the barn, whither his parent went, as he could hear no one thrashing; but, on approaching nearer, he heard his son rehearsing his poem. He admonished him to attend more to his work than to idle songs, and left him, without thinking of the verses he had heard till the fame of the satire was spread abroad, and a noise was made about it throughout the country. The verses then recurred to his mind, and he had no doubt of the real author. He spoke to John most seriously in private. He was himself a pious and a respectable man, and was much affected at the thought that any of his family should disgrace his fair reputation. He was sensible of the ill-will and hatred that John would incur were he known to

* The Mac Codrums are not properly a clan, but a sept of the M'Donalds. They belong to North Uist.

be the author ; and he, moreover, disapproved of the license taken with the characters of individuals. The young poet promised him that he would give him no more occasion of regret on that score ; and he kept his word. Respect for his parent's authority restrained him ; for he composed no more of the kind while his father lived, nor any so severe afterwards. He must have had great command over himself, as well as submission to the will of a parent. It is no easy task for a young author, while hearing his compositions recited and applauded, not to indicate the interest which he feels. Although unnoticed and unknown, while feeling all the flattering suggestions which popularity must have incited within him, yet a revered parent's authority checked the progress of the young aspirant in the career of fame.

After his father's death, M'Codrum concealed no longer the flame which he had been smothering in his breast. His name became known, and he was acknowledged to be the most famous bard in the Long Island since the time of Neil M'Vurich, the family bard of Clanronald. John M'Codrum was, like most of the bards, indolent. The activity of the body, and the exertion of mental qualities, go not always together. An anecdote will better illustrate this part of his character than any description we can give :—A gentleman sent for his neighbours to assist in draining a lake. The country people assembled in numbers ; and, exerting themselves, soon finished the work, much sooner than the poet had expected they would have done : he just came in time to see the last of it. The gentleman was determined to punish him for his sluggish and indifferent behaviour. When he ordered some provisions and a cask of whiskey for the people, he told them to sit down, and called on the poet to act as chaplain, and ask a blessing. The bard was not regarded as a man of *grace*. All were attentive, thinking him for once out of place. He, however, spoke in a most reverential manner—his grace was brief and pithy, couched in verse, and was longer remembered than the sumptuous repast. While he expressed gratitude to the bestower of all good gifts, he turned the operations of the day into ridicule.

When Mr. M'Pherson was collecting "*Ossian's Poems*," he landed at Lochmady, and proceeded across the moor to Benbecula, the seat of the younger Clanronald. On his way thither he fell in with a man, whom he afterwards ascertained to have been *Mac Codrum*, the poet : M'Pherson asked him the question, "*Am beil dad agad air an Fheinn?*" by which he meant to inquire whether or not he knew any of the poems of Ossian relative to the Fingalians, but that the terms in which the question was asked, strictly imported whether or not the Fingalians owed him anything, and Mac Codrum, being a man of humour, took advantage of the incorrectness or inelegance of the Gaelic in which the question was put, answered as follows :—*Cha'n eil, is ged do blitheadh cha ruigim a leas iarraidh nis, i. e.* No ; and should I, it is long since proscribed ; which sally of Mac Codrum's wit seemed to have hurt M'Pherson's feelings, for he cut short the conversation and proceeded to Benbecula.

We will not attempt to select any parts of the poems of this author. All indicate the master-hand of the performer. One trait is striking in his character as a

poet—his disposition to satire. He is perhaps the first satirist of the modern Gaelic poets. M'Donald and M'Intyre attacked like men determined to take a stronghold by open force, in defiance of all resistance: Mac Codrum held up the object of his animadversion in a light that exposed him to ridicule and contempt, and he made others his judges.

His fame as a poet and wit soon spread, and so delighted Alexander M'Donald that he determined to visit him. On meeting Mac Codrum a few yards from his own door, the visitor, naturally enough, inquired "*An aithne dhut Iain Mac Codrum?*" "*'S aithne gu ro mhath,*" replied John. "*Am beil fhios agad am bheil e' stigh?*" was M'Donald's next question, to which the facetious bard answered with an arch smile, "*Mu tu bha e 'stigh nuair a bha mise 's cha drinn mi ach tighinn amach.*" M'Donald, yet ignorant that he was speaking to the individual about whom he was inquiring, proceeded to say, "*Caithidh mi' n oidhche nochd mar-ris, ma's abhaist aoidhean a bhi aiga.*" "*Tha mi creidsin,*" replied the witty John, "*nach bi e falamh dhiu sin cuideachd mu bhios na cearcan a breith (uibhean).*"*

In purity and elegance of language Mac Codrum comes nearest to Maedonald, who appears to have been his model. Some of his pieces appear to us as servile copies of great originals. When he chooses to think and compose for himself, he appears to more advantage; witty, ingenuous, and original. His satire on "*Donald Bain's Bagpipe*" is a masterpiece of its kind; full of wit and humour, without the filth and servility that disgrace the satires of Maedonald and other Keltic poets. His poems on "*Old Age*" and "*Whiskey*" are excellent. They first appeared in Maedonald's volume, without the author's name; but Mac Codrum's countrymen have claimed them for him. He never published anything of his own, and many of his poems are now lost. In his days the only poets who ventured to send their works to the press were Maedonald and Macintyre; and, it is probable, that their great fame prevented our author from entering the lists with such formidable competitors.

* Mac Codrum's skill in the Gaelic was exquisite, and he was in the practice of playing on words of doubtful or double meaning, when used by others. He was once on a voyage, and the boat put into Tobermory, in the Island of Mull, when the inhabitants, as usual, gathered on the shore to learn from whence the strangers came. One of them asked the crew, "*Cia as a thug sibh an t-ìomradh?*" "*As na gairdeanan,*" answered the bard. Another asked, "*An ann bho thuath a hainig sibh?*" to which Mac Codrum again rejoined, "*Pairt bho thuath a's pairt bho thighearnan.*"

SMEORACH CHLANN-DOMHNUILL.

LUINNEAG.

*Holaibh o iriag horoll o,
Hoiuibh o iriag horo i,
Hoiuibh o iriag horoll o,
Smeorach le Clann-Domhnuill mi.*

SMEORACH mis air urlar Phabail;
Crubadh ann an dusal cadail,
Gun deorachd a theid ni's faide;
Truimeid mo bhroin thoirleum maigne.
Hoiuibh o iriag, &c.

Smeorach mis ri mulach beinne.
'G amhare grein' a's speuran soilleir,
Thig mi stolda choir na coille,
'S bidh mi beo air treodas cile.
Hoiuibh o iriag, &c.

Smeorach mis air bharr gach bidean,
Dianamh muirn ri driuchd na maidne,
Bualadh mo chliath-lu air m' fheadan,
Seinn mo chiuil gun smur gun snodan.
Hoiuibh o iriag, &c.

Ma mholas gach cun a thir fein,
Ciod am fath nach moladh mise—
Tir nan curaidh, tir nan cliar;
An tir bhiachar, fhialaidh, mhiosail?
Hoiuibh o iriag, &c.

An tir nach caol ri cois na mara,
An tir ghaolach, chaomhach, chanach,
An tir laoghach, uanach, mheannach,
Tir an arain, bhaineach, mhealach.
Hoiuibh o iriag, &c.

An tir riabhlach, ghrianach, thaitneach;
An tir dhionach, fhiarach, fhasgach;
An tir lianach, ghiaghach, lachach,
'N tir 'm bi biadh gun mhiagh air tacar.
Hoiuibh o iriag, &c.

An tir choireach, cornach, phailte;
An tir bluadhach, chluanach, ghartach;
An tir chruchach, sguabach, ghaisneach
Dlu ri euan, gun fhuachd ri sneachda.
Hoiuibh o iriag, &c.

'S i 'n tir sgiamhach tir na mhachrach,
Tir nan dithean, miadar, daite;
An tir laireach, aigeach, mhartach,
Tir an aigh gu brach nach gaisear.
Hoiuibh o iriag, &c.

An tir a's boiche ta ri faicinn;
'M bi fir og an comhdach dreachail;
Pailt ni 's leoir le por na machrach;
Spreigh air mointich; or air chlachan.*
Hoiuibh o iriag, &c.

* Alluding to kelp.

An cladh Chothan rugadh mise,
'N aird na h-Annair chaidh mo thogail;
'Fradharc a chuain uaimhrich, chuistich,
Nan stuadh guanach, cluaineach, cluicheach.
Hoiuibh o iriag, &c.

Measg Chlann-Domhnuill fhuair mi m-
altrom,
Buidheann nan seol, 's nan srol daite;
Nan long luath air chuaintean farsuinn,
Aiteam nach einn rusgadh ghlas-lann.
Hoiuibh o iriag, &c.

Na fir colach, stoidhe, staidheil,
Bha 's an chomh-stri stroiceach, sgaiteach,
Fir gun bhron, gun leon, gun airsneal,
Leanadh toir, a's toir a chasgadh.
Hoiuibh o iriag, &c.

Buidheann mo ghaoil nach faoin caitean,
Buidheann nach gann greann san aisith;
Buidheann shunntach 'n am bli aca,
Rusgadh lann fo shranntaich bhratach.
Hoiuibh o iriag, &c.

Buidheann uallach an uair caismeachd,
Leanadh ruaig gun luaidh air gealtachd:
Cinn a's guailean cruaidh gan spealtadh,
Aodach ruadh le fuaim ga shracadh.
Hoiuibh o iriag, &c.

Buidheann rioghail, 's fir-ghlan, alla,
Buidheann gun fhianh, 's iotadh fal orr;
Buidheann gun sgath 'm blar na'n deannal,
Foinnidh, narach, laidir, fearail.
Hoiuibh o iriag, &c.

Buidheann mor 's am por nach troicheil,
Dh-fhas gu meanmach, dealbhach, toirteil;
Fearail fo'n airm, 's maig d'a nochdadh,
Ri uchd stoirm nach leanabail coltas.
Hoiuibh o iriag, &c.

Suidheam' mu'n bhord, stoidhe, beachdail,
An t-shuil san dorn nach ol a mach i,
Slainte Shir Seumais thigh'n' dachaigh;
Aon mhae Dhe mar sgeith d'a phearsa.
Hoiuibh o iriag, &c.

COMHRADH,

[MAR GU 'M B' ANN]

EADAR CARAID AGUS NAMHAID AN UISGE-
BHEATHA.

CARAID.

Mo ghaol an lasgaire spraeceil,
Fear nan gorm-shuillean maiseach,

Chuireadh foirm fo'na macaibh,
 'Nuair a thachradh iad ris.
 'Nuair a chruinnicheadh do choisir,
 Cha b' i chuilm gun a chomhradh;
 Gheibhte rainn agus orain,
 'S iomadh *stori* na measg:
 Gillc' beadarrach, sugach,
 Tha na chleasaiche lughor;
 'S ro mhath bhreabadh an t-urlar,
 Agus tiunntheadh gu brisg.
 'S e dhamhsadh gu h-uallach,
 Gu h-aucaideach, guanach;
 Gun sealltain air truailleachd,
 Ach uaisl' agus meas.

NAMHAID.

'S mairg a dheanadh an t-oran,
 'S nach deanadh air choir e;
 Gun bhi moladh an do'-fhir.
 Bha na rogaire tric.
 Fear a sheargadh an conach,
 Thiunntheadh mionach nan sporan
 Dh-fhagadh leanbain air aimbheirt,
 Ann an carraid 's an drip.
 An struthaire di-bhuan,
 Tha gu brosgulach, briagach;
 Fear crosta mi-chiallach,
 Gun riaghailt, gun mheas.
 Call mor tha gun bhuinnig,
 Ann an solas ro dhiombuan;
 S fear stonais is urrainn
 A bhi cumantas ris.

CARAID.

'Mhic-an-Toisich, mhic-bhracha,
 'Thir comhraig nan gaisgeach,
 A chuireadh boilich 's na claigneann,
 Sa chuireadh casan air chrith!
 Bu tu cleoca na h-airtribh,
 'N aghaidh reot' agus sneachda,
 Dheanadh *notion* do dh-fhrasan;
 'S chuireadh seachad an cith.
 Dheanadh dana fear saidealt';
 Dheanadh lag am fear neartor;
 Dheanadh daibhir fear beairteach,
 Dh-ain-deoin pailteas a chruidh;
 An ceart aghaidh na th' aca,
 De mhuirn, no mbeoghail, no mhaenus,
 'S tu raghainn is taitneich,
 De chuis mhaenus air bith.

NAMHAID.

A dhuin! an cual' thu, no'm fac' thu,
 Riamh ni 's miosa chuis mhaenus,
 Na bhi 'n a d' shineadh 's na claisean,
 Gun chlaisteachd, gun ruith?
 Air do mhuchadh le daoraich;
 'G a do ghiulan aig daoine,
 'N a d' chuis-bhuird aig an t-saoghal,
 Far nach faodar a chleith;
 'S e bhi 'g coinneachadh Rati,
 Ni do lomadh ma d' bheartas;

Luchd a chomuinn, 's a chaidrimh,
 Ni e 'n creachadh gun fhios.
 'S e ciall-sgur a bhios aca,
 Bhi ri builleach 's ri cnapadh;
 Gu 'm bi fuil air an claigneann,
 'S bi 'm batachan brist.

CARAID.

Mo ghaol an lasgaire suairec,
 Chleachd bhi 'n caidreamh nan uaislean;
 'S iomadh tlachd, a's deagh bhuaidh,
 Ata fuaite ri d' chrìos.
 Biorach, gorm-shuileach, meallach,
 Beachdail, colgarra, fallain,
 Laidir, caoin, air deagh tharruinn,
 Gu fogradh gaillionn a' chuirp.
 Far an cruinnich do phaistean,
 Gu 'm bi mir' ann a's maran,
 Agus iomadh ceol-gaire;
 'S iad neo-chraiteach ma 'n cuid.
 Bheir e 'n t-umaidh gu solas;
 Ni e glic am fear gorach;
 Ni e sunndach fear bronach;
 'S ni e gorach fear glic.

NAMHAID.

'M b' e sin raghainn nam macabli,
 Bhi gu'n fhradharc, gu'n chlaisteachd;
 'Nuair bu mhiaun leo dhol dachaigh,
 'S e ni thachras ni's mios'.
 Gur e 'n ceann is treas cas daibh,
 Lom-lan mheall, agus chnapan;
 Gach aon bhall ga 'm bi aca,
 Goid a neart uath' gun fhios.
 Iad na 'n tamhaig gun toinieg;
 Iad a labhairt an donuis;
 Iad ro lamhach gu conus,
 'S nach urr' iad cuir leis;
 Bi'dh an aodnaibh 'g an sgrobadh,
 Bi'dh an aodach 'ga shroicheadh;
 Cha 'n fhaod iad bhi stolda,
 'S iad an combnuidh air mhaig.

CARAID.

Nach boidheach an spors,
 Bhi suidhe ma bhordaibh,
 Le cuideachda choir,
 A bhios 's an toir air an dibh!
 Bi'dh mo bhotal air sgornan,
 Ri toirt cop air mo stopan;
 Nach toirteil an ceol leam
 An cronan, 's an glig?
 Gu 'm bi fear air an daoraich;
 Gu 'm bi fear dhiu ri baicreachd;
 Gu 'm bi fear dhiu ri caoineachd;
 Nach beag a shaoileadh tu sid?
 Ni e fosgaoilt' fear dionach;
 Ni e crosta fear ciallach;
 Ni e tostach fear briathrach,
 Ach ann am *blialum* nach tuig.

NAMHAID.

Nach dona mar spors,
 Bhi suidhe ma bhordaibh;
 Na bhi milleadh mo stòrais,
 Le goraich gun mheas.
 Le siarach 's le staplaich;
 Le briathran mi-ghnathaicht';
 Ri spearadh 's ri saradh
 An Abharsair dhuibh.
 Bi dh an donus, 's an dolas,
 De chonas, 's do chomh-stri;
 'S do tharruinn air dhornaibh,
 Anns an chomhail nach glic;
 Ri fuathas, 's ri sgainneach;
 Ri gruaidhean 'g an pronnadh,
 Le gruagan 'g an tarruinn,
 Le barrachd de 'n mhisg.

ARAID.

Mo ghaol an gille glan eibhinn,
 Dh-fhas gu cineadail speiseil;
 Dh-fhas gu spioradail treubhach,
 'Nuair a dh-eireadh an drip.
 Bhiodh do ghillecan ri solas,
 Iad gu mireagach boidheach,
 Iad a' sireadh ni 's leoir,
 'S iad ag ol mar a thig.
 Iad gu h-aighearach fonnor,
 Iad gun athadh, gun lompais;
 Iad ro mhath air an ronnas,
 'Nuair a b' anntlachd an cluich.
 Cuid d'a fasan air uairean,
 Duirn, a's bat, agus gruagadh,
 Dh-aithnte dhreach air an spuacan,
 Gu'n robh bruidleir 's a' mhisg.

NAMHAID.

Tha mhisg dona 'n a nadur,
 Lom-lan morchuis a's ardain;
 Lom-lan bosd agus sparaig,
 Anns gach cas air an tig.
 Tha i uamharra, fiadhaich,
 Tha i murtaidh 'n a h-iarbhaile;
 Tha i dustach, droch-nialach,
 Lan de dh-fhiabhras, 's de fhriodh.
 Gu 'm bi fear dhiu 'n a shìneadh;
 Gu 'm bi fear 'n a chuis-mhi-loinn;
 Gu 'm aithlise lionor;
 'S iad am maoidheadh nam pluic'.
 Tha i tuar-shreupach folleil;
 Iomadh uair air droch oilcan;
 'S gun do dh-fhuasgladh fa-dheireadh,
 Ach 's i bu choireach a mhisg.

CARAID.

Mo ghaol an cleasaiche lughor,
 Fear gun cheasadh ri chuna;
 Fear gu'n cheiltinn air cuineadh
 'N am bhi dluthachadh ris.
 Bheireadh tlachd a's a mhuigean;

Dheanadh gealtair de 'n diudhlach;
 Dheanadh dan' am fear duid,
 Chum a chuis a dhol leis.
 Fear a's fearran taigh osd' thu;
 Fear a's urfhailteach orain;
 Fear nach fuillegear 'n a onar,
 Ach a bhoilich 's an drip.
 Fear tha maranach, coolar;
 Cridheil, cairdeach, le pogan;
 'S a lamh dheas air a pheca,
 'S sgapadh stòrais le misg.

NAMHAID.

A chinn-aobhair a chonais,
 'S tric a dh-fhobhaich na sporain;
 Fhir nach d' fhoghlum an onair,
 B' e bhi 'g a d' mholadh a bhlaid;
 'Nis on's buanna ro dhaor thu,
 Tha ri buaireadh nan daoine,
 Dol man cuairt air an t-saoghal,
 Chum na dh-fhaodas tu ghoid.
 Fear ri aithreachas mor thu;
 Fear ri carraid, 's ri comh-stri;
 Fear ri geallan; 's cha toram;
 Thug sid leonadh do d' mheas.
 Ni thu 'm poitear 'n striopaich,
 Ni thu striopaich 'n a poitear;
 'S iomadh mìle droch codhail,
 A tha'n toir air a mhisg.

CARAID.

Ge b' e thionnsgan, no dh-inndrig,
 Air ann ionnstramaid phriseil,
 'S ùine grunnail na innsgin,
 Bha gu h-intinneach glic.
 Thug bho arbhar gu siol e;
 Thug bho bhrach, gu ni a's brìgheil';
 Thug a prais 'na cheo-liath e,
 'Mach tro chliath nan lub tric.
 Thug a buideal gu stop e,
 Rinn e 'n t-susbaint co-ladh,
 Thogadh sligheachan reota;
 Dheth fir bhreithe gun sgrid.
 An donus coinneamh no codhail,
 No eirachdas mor-shluaigh,
 Gun do chleireachd bhoidheach,
 Cha bhi solas na measg.

NAMHAID.

Ge be thionnsgan an aimhlisg,
 'S olc an grunn bha na eanachainn,
 S mor a dhuisc e de dh-argamaid,
 'S de dhroch sheannachas mar ris.
 Dheilbh e misg agus daorach,
 Rinn e breisleach san t-shaoghal.
 B'fhearr nach beirte gu aois e;
 Ach bas na naoidheachan beag.
 Dhuisc e trioblaid a's comh-stri,
 Ruisg e biodag an dornaibh,
 Chuir e peabar san domhnach,
 'Nuair a thoisich a mhisg.

Cha chuis buinig ri leanmhuinn,
Ach cuis guil agus falmhachd,
Sa chaidh cha'n urr' thu ga sheanachas,
Mar a dh-fhalbh do chuid leis.

DI-MOLADH

PIOB' DHOMHNAILL BHAIN.

A'CHAIinnt a thuirt Iain
Gu'n labhair e cearr i,
'S feudar dhuinn aicheadh
Is paidheadh d'a cinn.
Dh-fhag e Mac-Cruimein.
Clann-Dhuilidh a's Tearlach;
Is Domhnallan Ban
A tharruinn gu pris.
Orm is beag moran sgeig,
Agus bleid chomhradh,
Tha labhairt na h-urrad
'S nach b'urrainn thu chomhdach,
Ach pilleadh gu stolda
Far 'n do thoisich thu dian.

An cual' thu cia 'n t-urram
An taobh-sa do Lunnuinn?
Air na piobaircan uile
B'e Mac-Cruimein an righ:
Le pongannan aluinn
A b'fhonnairc failte,
Thairrneadh 'an-cailcachd
Gu slainte fear tinn.
Caismeachd bhinn, 's i bras dian,
Ni tais' a's fiamh fhogradh;
Gaisg' agus cruadal,
Tha buaidh air an oinsich,
Muim uasal nan Leodach,
Ga spreotadh le spid.

A' bhairisgeach sporsail
Bh' aig Tearlach 'ga pogadh,
An t-aileagan ceolar,
Is boiche guth cinn.
Tha na Gaeil cho deigheil
Air a mharan aic eisdachd,
'S na tha'n 'an Dun-eideann
A luehd beurl' air an ti.
Breac nan dual is neartmhor fuaim.
Bras an ruaig namhaid,
Leis 'm bu cheol leadurra,
Feadannan spaincach,
Luchd dheiscachan madair
Bhi craidht' air droch dhiol.

Nan cluinnt' ann am Muile
Mar dh-fhag thu Clann-Duili,
Cha b' fhuillear leo t-fhuil
Bhi air mulach do chinn.

'S i bu ghreadanta dealachainn
Air deas laimh na h-armachd;
A' breabadh nan-garbh-phort,
Bu shearbh a dol sìos.
Creach uach gann, sibh gup cheann,
Fo bhruid theann Sheorais;
Luchd nam beul fiara
'Gar pianadh 's 'gar fogradh;
Rinn iad le foirneart
Bhur coir a bhuin dibh.

Cha tug thu taing idir
Do bhriogardaich Thearlaich,
Mach o fhear bhaile
Bhi ghna air a thi.
Mhol thu 'chorr' ghliogach
Nach dligeadh de bhaidse,
Ach deannan beag grain,
No mam de dhroch shil.

Shaoil thu suas maoin gun ghruaim,
Craobh nam buadh ecolmhor,
Chuireadh fonn fo na creagan
Le breabadaich mheoirean;
'S nach fuillegadh odrochain!
A thogail a cinn.

Cha'n fhaigh a' chuis-bhuirt ud
Talla 'm bi muirn,
Ach ath air a muchadh
Le dudan 's le suith.
Cha bhi cathair aig Domhnall
'S cha 'n eirich e conard,
Ach suidh' air an t-sorn
Agus sopag ri dhrum.

Plaigh bloigh phuirt, gair dhroch dhuis,
Faileadh cuirp bheoite;
Ceol tha cho sgreadaidh
Ri sgreadail nan rocus,
No iseanan oga
Bhiodh leointe chion bidh.

Nach gasta chuis-bhurt'
A bhi cneatraich air urlar
Gun phronnadh air lutha
Gun siubhlachan grunn,
A' sparradh od-roch-ain
A'n earball od-roch-ain!
A' sparradh od-roch-ain
An ton od-ro-bhi.

Mal caol cam le thaosg chrann,
Gaoth mar ghreann reota,
Tro na tuill fhiaira
Nach diouaich na meoirean,
Nach tuigear air doigh
Ach "oth-heoin" 's "oth-hi!"

Duidhadh nam fuidhidh
Bha aig Tubal Cain
'Nuair sheinn e puirt Ghaeligh
'S a dh'alaich e phioib.
Bha i tamull fo 'n uisge
'Nuair dhruideadh an airce.

Thachair dh'í cnamhadh
Fo uisge 's fo ghaoith.
Thainig smug agus dus
Anns na duis bhréotach,
Iomadach drochaid
G'a stopadh na sgornan.
Dh-fhag i le cronan
Od-roch-ain, gun brigh.

Bha i seal uair
Aig Maol Ruainidh O' Dornan,*
Chuireadh mi-dhoigheil
Thar ordugh na fuinn.
Bha i treis aig Mac-Bheatrais
A sheinneadh na dain,
'Nar theirig a' chlarsach
'S a dh'fhaillig a pris.
Sheid Balaam 'na mala
Osna chrámh chronaidh.
Shearg i le tabhann
Seachd cathan nam fiantan.
'S i lagaich a' chiad uair
Neart Dhiarmaid a's Ghuill.

Turruraich an dolais,
Bha greis aig Iain og dh'í.
Chosg i ribheidean conlaich
Na chomhnadh le ní.
Bha i corr is seachd bliadhna
'Na h-atharais-bhialain
Aig Mac-Eachuinn 'ga riasladh
Air sliabh Chnoc-an-lín.
An fhiudhídh shean nach duisg' gean,
Ghnúis nach glan comhdach:
'S maírg dha 'm bu leannan
A' chrannalach dhoinidh.
Chaité gran eorna
Leis na dh-fhoghadh dh'í ghaoith.

Mu'n cuirear fo h-inneal
Corra-bhinneach na glaothaich,
'S inneach air aodach
Na dh-fheumas i shnath.
Cha bheag a' chuis dheistinn
Bhí 'g eisdeachd gaoraich;
Dhianadh i aognaidh
An taobh a bhíodh blath.
Riasladh phort, sgríachail dhos,
Fhíri droch shaothair,
Bheir i chiad eubha
'N am seideadh a gaoithe,
Mar ronncan ba caoile
'S i faotainn a' bhais.

Tha'n iunsramaid ghlagach
Air a lobhadh na craiceann;
Cha'n fhuirich i 'n altan
Gun chearcaill 'g'a tadh'.
'S seirbh' i na'n gabhann
Ri tabhann a crunluath,

Trompaid a dhuiscéadh
Gach Iudas fhuair bas.
Mar chom geur'ich 'ga chreuchdadh
Sheideadh lan gaoithe,
Turraich nach urra' mi
Siunnait da innscadh,
Ach rodain ri sianail
No sgiamhail laoiigh oig.

Com caithte na curra
Is tachdadh 'na muineal,
Mcoir traiste gun fhurus
Cur triullin 'an dan,
Sheinneadh a brollaich
Ri solus an eolain,
Ruidhle gun ordugh
An comhnuidh air lar.
'N aognaidh lom, gaoth tro tholl,
Gair gun fhonn comhraig,
A thaisicheadh cruadal,
'S a luathaicheadh teoltachd,
Gu beachdail don-dochais
Mu 'n t-sorn am bi ghraisg

Bí'dh gaoth a' mhail' ghrodaídh
Cur gair anns na dosaibh,
I daonnan 'na trotan
Ri propadh "*od-ra*."
Bí'dh scannsair caol, crochitach
Fo chaonnaig aig ochdnar,
Sruth staonaig 'ga stopadh,
Cur droch cheol 'na thamh.
Fuaim mar chlag f huadach each,
Duan chur as frithe:
Cha 'n abair mi tuille
Gu di-moladh píoban,
Ach leigeidh mi' chluinntinn
Gu'n phill mi Mac-Phail.

A' CHOMH-STRI.

GUR h-e dhuisc mo sheanchas domh
Cuis mu'm beil mi dearmalach,
Gach Turcach 's gach Gearmailteach,
Gach Frangach 'an run marbhaidh dhuinn;
Muir no tír cha tearmunn duinn.

Tha mo dhuil 's gur firinneach,
Gach muiscag tha mi cluinntinn deth,
Nach dean iad unnsa dhircadh oirn,
'S nach buinig iad na h-Iunsean oirn,
Gu 'n sguir iad far 'n do dh-inntrig iad.

On chaidh na h-airm 'an tasgaidh oirn,
Ge tric a' ghairm gu faigh sinn iad,
Nach foghnadh claidhean maide dhuinn
Gu seasann a' chruin shasunnaich,
Mar thug an diuc a dh'fhasan duinn?

* A wandering Irish piper, whose music the
Highlanders could not appreciate.

Ge morthalach rìgh Phruisia
'S na rìghrean mor tha 'n trioblaid ris,
'S co neonach leans' am Friscalach,
'S am Baideanach le measrachadh,
Bhi deanamh reit 's nach bris iad i.

Bha mise uair 's gu'n faea mi
Nach creidinn bhuaithie facal deth,
Nach bithinn suas 'nuair thachradh e,
A lughad gruag a's bagaisde,
Bha fuasgladh anns an t-sabaid ud.

'Nuair dh-inntrigeadh an ascaoincis,
Is ard a chluinnt e 'm Pabaidh iad;
Fhreagair eoil a's clachan daibh;
Cha bhiodh bean 'an aite faicinn daibh;
Iad fein 's mac-talla bas-bhualadh.

'Nuair bhiodh iad sgi 's na tagraichean,
'Se crìochnacha' bhiodh aca-san,
A'g iarraidh iasad bhatachan,
Gach tuairisgeul ri chlaistinn ann
Nach cualas riamh o bhaisteadh sinn

'Gur maing a bhiodh 'san ubaraid
'Nuair ghabhadh iad gu tuirneileis.
Bhiodh fasgadh air na suilean ann;
Bu lionmhor duirn a's ghluinean ann;
A's breaban cha bhiodh cumhn' orra.

Bhiodh rocladh air na claiceanann;
Bhiodh sgornanan 'gan tachdadh ann;
Bhiodh meoirean air an cagnadh ann;
Bhiodh cluasan air an sracadh ann;
Bhiodh spuaicean air an cnapadh ann.

'Nuair thuiteadh iad gu mi-chcutaidh,
Bhiodh rusgadh leis na h-incan ann;
Bhiodh pìocadh leis na bideagan;
Bhiodh riabadh air na cìreanan;
Bhiodh eus de'n uile mi-loinn ann.

Mu'm biodh a' chomh-stri dealaichte,
Bhiodh dornagan 'g an sadadh ann;
Bhiodh sgrobadh air na malaidd ann;
Bhiodh beoil a's sìleadh fal' asda;
'S nis leor aig fear dha aithris ann.

'Nuair theirgeadh giubhas Lochlainneach
'S a' chòill' an deis a stopadh oirn,
Bu mhath na h-airm na bodehrannan;
Bu sgiobailt iad an an bogsaigeadh;
Cha bhriscadh e na eogaiscan.

'S ann do 'n tìr bu shamhaich so;
Bu sholas iuntinn bailli e;
Bu lionmhor fear gu'n aiteach' ann,
Dol gu fianais 's fiamh a bhathaidh air,
Caoidh mu mhnai 's mu phaistean ann.

Bha Uidhist air a narachadh.
Bha Iutharn air a fasachadh.
Le guidheachan na caraid ud
Bha solas air an abhairscar.
Bu neonach leis nach tainig iad.

Cluinnidh Mac-Cuinn an toiseach e.
Cluinnidh a ris an Dotor e,
Mar chriochnaichear na portaibh ud.
Cha tairg e lan a' chopain domh,
Gu 'm baraig e ba bhòtul rium.

Innsidh mi do dh-Uisdean e,
D'fhear Bhaille pairt do'n t-sugradh, ud,
Do'n Bhaili thair an duthaich e;
Air chach cha dean mi cumhnadh air,
Bheir iad baidse a's durachd dhomh.

ORAN,

DO SHIR SEUMAS MAC-DHOMHNAILL
SILLEIBITE.

Air tuiteam a' m' chadal
A nis o cheann fada
Gu'n thachair dhomh acaid
A stad ann am bhraghad,
Tha chncad air mo ghiulan
Tha amhgharach ciurra.
Cha bhi mi 'ga muchadh,
Gu ruig mi os aird i.
Ach Dia bhi 'ga chomhnadh
'S a riaghladh a roidean!
An ti 'm beil mo dhochas
Fo chomhnadh an Ard-rìgh,
Lagaich mo dhorainn,
Neartaich mo sholas,
Chuir mi an dochas
Bhi ni 's oige na tha mi.

'S iomadach buille
So b'cudar dhuinn fhulang.
Bha ehuing air ar muneal
'S bu truin' i na phraiseach
Cho trom ri clach-mhuileinn
'Na sìneadh air lunnan,
Ri iargain nan euraidh
'S iad uil' air ar fagail.
Gradan a' gheamhraidh
A lagaich gu teann sinn,
'Nuair a chaill sinn ar ceannard,
Nach robh shamhla measg Ghach,
Connspunn na h-aoidhealachd,
Leoghann na rioghalachd,
Dorainn r'a innseadh
Dha 'n linne nach tainig:

Dorainn r'a innseadh,
An dorainn a chlaoidh sinn,
Thoirleun n-ar n-inntinn
Cho iosal ri 'r sailcan;
Ar Ceann-feadhna mor priseil
Bu mhor nrram san rioghachd,

Gu'n do bhuin an t-eug dhinn e,
 Ar mi-fhortan laidir!
 Fhìr a chunnaic ar cruadal,
 Leig umainn am fuaradh,
 Bi thusa 'na d' bhuachaille
 Air na fhuair sinn 'na aite.
 Cuir dhachaidh Sir Seumas
 Gun aicèid, gun cisleán,
 Gu chuideachda fein;
 Mhuire 's eibhinn a tharsuinn.

Chrìosda, gleidh dhuinne
 Ar buachaille cluìteach,
 Ar n-naidhearan dùtcha;
 Tha churam an drasd oirn.
 Allail ar fùran,
 Smiorail, a's grunn-dail,
 Fearail ri dhusgadh
 'Nan tiuntadh a mharan,
 Ar baranta muirneach,
 Carraig ar bunnadaidh,
 Ar n-iuil 's ar cairt dhubailt
 S ar crun a's an taileasg,
 An ramh nach 'eil brìsteach,
 Ar lann ann am trioblaid,
 Ar ceannard 's ar misneach,
 Fear briseadh a' bhaire.

An dugsadh no'n eadail duinn,
 'N urnuigh no'n achanaich
 Ar deire ga nasgadh,
 Thu thigh'n' dachaidh sabhailt.
 Muin' ann an chleachdadh thu,
 Cluìteach ri d' chlaistinn thu,
 Muirneach ri t-fhaicinn
 Air each no air lar thu,
 Ar 'n-aighear 's ar solas,
 Ar fion air na bordaibh,
 Ar mire 's ar ceol thu,
 'S ar doigh air ceol-gaire;
 Ar connspunna feile
 A dheanaich Mac Dhe dhuinn
 Gu coir chur air steidhe,
 'S gu eucoir a smaladh.

Gur h-innealt' an connspunn
 Ceann-cinnidh Chlann-Domhnuill,
 Fear iriosal stolda
 Gun toir air an ardan;
 Eireachdail, coimhliont',
 Soilleir 'an eolas,
 Canair 'n am togbhall ris,
 Boedhan, mo lamhsa,
 Cuirteir na sìobhaltachd,
 Urla na h-aoidhealachd,
 Tlusail ri dileachdain 's
 Cuimhneach air airdh,
 Aigeantach innsgineach,
 Beachdail air rioghalachd,
 Gaisgeach ro mhillten
 Nan sineadh e 'n geardean.

Mo run an sar ghaigheach,
 Fear og a' chuill chleachdaich,

Fear morthalach gasda,
 Gun ghaiseadh, gun taire.
 Curaidh nam brataichean
 Guineach ri 'm bagairt iad,
 Chuireadh an t-sradag
 'Na lasair gun smaladh.
 A bhuailleadh a' chollaid
 Mu 'n chluain air an cromadh iad
 A ghluaisleadh neo-shomalt'
 An coinneamh an namhaid
 Le spaintichean loma,
 Le mosgaidean tromha,
 Le fudar caol meallach
 'N am teannadh ri lamhach.

Ge fad a bha 'n acaid
 'Na comhnuidh fo m'asgail,
 Fograidh mi as i,
 Thig aiteas 'na h-aite.
 Cuiridh mi airtneal
 Air fuadach gu chairtealan
 Nuair chuireas Dia dhachaidh
 Na dh-aisig mo shlaointe.
 Moladh dha 'n leigh
 A dh-fhag fallain mo chreuchdan,
 Tharruinn mo speiread
 Ni 's treine na b'abhaist!
 Aghaidh Shir Seumais,
 Aghaidh na feile,
 Taghadh gach speuleair
 Thug an leirsinn ni b'fhearr dhomh.

Aghaidh na staidéalachd,
 Aghaidh na sgairtealachd,
 Aghaidh na maiséalachd,
 Tlachd agus ailleachd:
 Aghaidh na fearalachd,
 Aghaidh na smioralachd,
 Aghaidh is glaine
 Bheir sealladh 'an sgathan.
 Aghaidh na stoldachd,
 Aghaidh na morchuis,
 Aghaidh an leoghainn,
 Ach toiseachadh ceann air l
 Buinidh dha 'n oigear
 Bhi eurrant 'an comh-stri,
 'S gur iomadh laoch dorn-ghéal
 Bheir toireachd mas aill leis.

Cha sgradh ri chlaistinn
 Bhi dugsadh do chaismeachd,
 Bhi rusgadh do bhratach
 Gu h-aigeantach stadail.
 Pìob tholltach 'ga spalpadh
 Sior-phronnadh nam bras-phort,
 Fraoch tomach nam badan
 Ri brat-crann da charadh.
 Barant de dh-uaislean
 A' tarruinn mu'n enaist d'i;
 Gu'n b'fhearail an dulachas
 'N am buannach buaidh-larach.
 Ceathairne ghrumach,
 Gun athadh roimh luaidhe,
 Dh-fhagadh gun gluasad
 Cuirp fhuair anns an araich.

Gur h-iomadh sar-ghaisgeach
Tha urranta smachdail,
A theannadh a steach riut
'N am aisith no enamhain;
Le'n spaintiehean sgaitheach
Cho geur ris an caltainn,
'N am bhualadh nan claigeann
Gu 'n spealtadh iad cnaimhean.
Gu fireachail aotrom,
Air mhir' anns a' chaonaig,
Bhiodh fuil air na fraochaibh.
Mu 'n traoghadh an ardan:
Le comunn gun ehlaonadh,
Gun somaltachd gaoirdean,
'N am lomadh nam faobhar
Ri aodainn an namhaid.

Na'm faiete Sir Seumas
'S gu'n cuireadh e feum air,
Gur h-iomadh taobh dh-eireadh leis
Reisimeid laidir.
'An Alb' a's 'an Eirinn
Cho deonach le cheile,
O Chluaidh nan long gleusta
Gu leum e Phort-phadruig.
Uaislean Chinn-tìre
Bu dual da o shìnsir,
Gu rachadh iad sìos leis
Gun di-chuimhn, gun fhailinn.
Gu'm biodh iad cho tìdheach
'S gu'n dianadh iad mi-stath
Mar leoghannan miannach
'S gun bhiadh aig an alach.

Dh-eireadh na Leodaich,
Dh-eireadh 's bu choir dhaibh,
Dh-eireadh, 's bu deonach
Thaobh colais 's cairdeis.
Thigeadh am mor-shluagh
Brisg ann an ordugh,
Sgiolta na connspuinn
An toiscachadh blair iad.
Dearbhadh na fearalachd
Calma 'n am tarraunn iad,
An ealg mar na nathraichean
'S fearann 'ga reiteach.
Stroiceach le lannaibh iad,
Dortach air falanan,
Cocairean calanhl
Air cheannan 's air chaimhean.

Dhuisgeadh 'na d' charraid
Fir ur Ghlinne-garadh,
B'e 'n dearmad gu'n ghainne
Sìol Ailein da fhagail.
Daoine cho fearail,
Cho saoireach air lannaibh,
Gu faiete neul fal' orr'
Gan tarraunn a sgabard,
Inntinneach togarach,
Impidh cha 'n obadh iad,
Fìor chruaidh gun bhogachadh
'S obair air iarach.
Calma mar churaidhnean,
'S maìrg air an cuireadh iad;

Chuireadh am buillean
Gu fulang na spaintiech.

Dh-eireadh fir Mhuile
Le cibhe nan cluinneadh iad,
Dh-eireadh iad uile
Gu h-urranta laidir.
Dualchas a chumadh iad,
Gualainn ri uileann iad,
Buailidh iad buillean
Mu 'm fuilig thu tamailt.
'S craiteach ri innseadh
Bhi 'g aircanhl blur diobhail,
Na thuit de'n dream rioghail
Am mi-fhortan Thearlaich.
Iadsan cho iosal
Fo shailean nan Duineach,
Na cairdean cho dileas
'S a bha *inc* ris a' phaipeir.

MAR BHRANN

DO SHIR SEUMAS MAC-DHOMHNAILL
SHLEIBHTE.

[A DH-EUG 'S AN ROIMH.]

Moeh 'sa maduinn 's mi 'g eirigh,
Cha 'n e 'n cadal tha streup rium,
'S fliuch mo leaba gun seadar, gun samh-
chair.
'S fliuch mo leaba gun seadar, &c.

Cha 'n eil agam na dheigh,
'N deis mo thaic-sa 'gam threigsinn,
Ach maille claiستهachd a's leirsinn a's tab-
hachd.
Ach maille claiستهachd, &c.

'S trom a' chuing-s' air ar muineal,
Air ar lionadh le mulad,
Tha sinn sgith 's cha 'n aum ullamhl a ta sinn.
Tha sinn sgith, &c.

Sinn ri iargainn nan euraidh
Nach robh 'n iasad ach diombuan,
Gun fhear liath a bhi uil' air an laraich.
Gun fhear liath, &c.

Daoine morchuisseach measail,
Daoine corr ann an iochd iad,
Daoine erodha gu bristeadh air namhaid.
Daoine erodha, &c.

Ann an uine da fhichead
Gur diobhail ar briseadh,
Chuir e dubhailt a nis oirn e laithair!
Chuir e dubhailt, &c.

Chaill sin coignear no seisir
Do na connspuinn bu treise,
Nach robh beo ann am Breatann an aicheadh
Nach robh beo, &c.

Ann an uaisle 's 'an urram,
Anns gach deagh bhuaidh bh'air duine;
Ann an cruadal gu buinig buaidh-larach.
Ann an cruadal, &c.

'S bochd an ruaigs' oirn an comhnuidh,
Dh-fhag ar gualainn 'nan onar,
Bhi sguabadh ar n-oigridh gun dail uainn.
Bhi sguabadh ar n-oigridh, &c.

Thainig meaghoil gu bron duinn,
Thainig aighear gu dorainn,
Chaill sinn amharc a's solas ar sgathain.
Chaill sinn amharc, &c.

Bas ar n-uachdarain prìseil,
Sgeul a's ernaidhe ri chluinntinn;
Fhuair luchd fuath' agus mi-ruin an ailleas.
Fhuair luchd fuatha, &c.

Gur h-c 'm fuaradh-s' an nìridh
Chuir ar gluasad 'an trunad,
So 'n ruaig tha 'gar n-iomain gu annratli.
So 'n ruaig tha gar n-iomain, &c.

Bhi fo phuthar an sgeoil ud
Gach aon latha ri'r beo-shlaint,
Air bheag aighear, no solais, no slainte.
Air bheag aighear, &c.

Fhuair sinn naigheachd ar leatrom,
Fhuair sinn naigheachd na creiche,
Sin an naigheachd thug leagadh d'arn-ardan.
Sin an naigheachd, &c.

'S trom an galar 's is diubhail
Moran uallaich ri ghiulan,
Rinn ar n-anail a mhuchadh 's ar daua.
Rinn ar n-anail, &c.

Nis on 's dilcachdan bochd mi,
Oighre dìreach air Oisian,
Bha 'g innseadh chruaidh, fhortain do Phla-
drug.
Bha 'g innseadh chruaidh, &c.

Mi 'g innseadh cruas m'fhortain,
Mar a dh-inntrig e 'n toiseach;
Cha'n 'eil brìgh dhomh, no toirt bhi 'ga
aircanh.
Cha'n 'eil brìgh, &c.

Ach an sgrìob thug a' chreach oirn,
Dh-fhag a chaoidh' sinn 'ga h-acain,
So i 'n dìle chuir brat air na thainig.
So i 'n dìle chuir, &c.

Dh-fhalbh ar ceannard og maiscach,
Bha gun ardan, gun ghaiscach,
Muir a thainig gu grad a thug bharc oirn.
Muir a thainig gu grad, &c.

Chuir ar leabaidh san droigheann,
'S gun ar cadal thar faighinn,
Ar suil frasach o'n naigheachd a thainig.
Ar suil frasach, &c.

O nach duil ri Sir Seumas,
'S beag ar run 'an gair cìbhinn,
Bì'dh sinn tursach 'na dheidh gu 's a bas
duinn.
Bithidh sinn tursach, &c.

Chaill sinn duilleach ar geige,
Grainne mullaich ar deise,
So an turus chuir eis air ar n-armuinn.
So an turus chuir, &c.

'S eudair fuireach ri sìochainnt,
O nach urrainn air stri sinn.
Ach bhi fulang gu 'n strìochd sinn d'ar nam-
haid.
Ach bhi fulang, &c.

Ma thig oirn foirneart no bagradh,
Sinn gun doigh air am bacadh;
Tha sinn leointe 'nar pearsa 's 'n-ar chi-
leachd.
Tha sinn leointe, &c.

O'n la thainig am briscadh,
A thug tearnadh 'nar meas duinn,
Ar Ceann-tanach 's ar misneach g'ar fagail.
Ar Ceann-tanach, &c.

Dh-fhag e sinne bochd tursach,
Ann an ionad ar curraidh,
Gun e philleadh g'a dhuchannan sabhailt.
Gun e philleadh, &c.

Thug e sgrìob air n-uaislean,
Chaoidh' cha dirich an tuath e,
Tha sinn mi-gheanach truagh air bheag sta-
tha.
Tha sinn mi-gheanach, &c.

Sinn mar chaoirich gun bhuachail,
'N deis an t-aoghair thoirt uatha,
Air ar sgaoileadh le ruaig 'Ille-mbhartuinn.
Air ar sgaoileadh, &c.

Ar toil-inntinn 's ar solas,
Craobh a dhideann ar corach,
Ann an cathair na Roinh' air a charadh.
Ann an cathair, &c.

Thu bhi 'n cathair na Roinhe,
'S goirt ri innseadh na sgeoil sin!
'Dhe! cha dirich Clann-Domhnuill ni 's
airde.
'Dhe! cha dirich, &c.

O'n la sgathadh ar n-ogan,
A' chraobh bu fhlaithail coimhdach,
Gun a h-abhall, air doigh dhuinn a tharail.
Gun a h-abhall, &c.

Mor an sgeul san Roinn-Eorp e,
Mor a bheud do rìgh Seorsa,
Mor an eis air do sheorsa gu brath e!
Mor an eis air do sheorsa, &c.

Cha do dhuineadh an cota,
'S cha do ghiulan na brogan,
Neach an cunnadh iad coladh do phairtean
Neach an cunnadh, &c.

Ann an gliocas, 's 'an eolas,
Ann an tuisge 's am morehuis,
Is na gibhteanan mor a bha fas riut.
Is na gibhteanan, &c.

Tha sinn deurach, bochd, tursach,
Gun ghair cìbhinn, gun duil ris,
Mar an Fheinn agus Fionn air am fagail.
Mar an Fheinn, &c.

Sinn gun Oscar, gun Diarmad,
Gun Gholl osgarra fialaidh,
Gach craobh thoisich air triall uainn gu Par-
rais.
Gach craobh thoisich, &c.

Cinn nam biuidheannan calma
Leis an d'umhlaicheadh Alba,
'S iomadh ughdar thug seanchas mar bha sin.
'S iomadh ughdar, &c.

'S bochd a chrìochnaich ar n-aimsir,
Mar Mhaol-cìaran gun Fhearchair,
Sinn ag iargainn na dh-fhalbh uainn 's nach
tainig
Sinn ag iargainn, &c.

'Se nì 's cosmhuil ri sheanchas,
Lion sinn copan na h-aingeachd,
Gus 'na bhrosnaich sinn fearg an Tì's airde.
Gus 'na bhrosnaich, &c.

Se'n Tì phrìseil thug uainn e
Chum na rìoghachd is buaine;
O Chriosda, cum suas dninn na braithrean.
O Chriosda, cum suas, &c.

Note—The poet laments the untimely death of five or six of the M'Donalds of Slate. Sir Alexander died, a young man, in 1746; and his son, the amiable and accomplished Sir James, died at Rome, in 1766, aged 25. This family prudently avoided committing themselves in the rebellion of 1745; but the bard appears to have been a thorough Jacobite.

MOLADH CHLANN-DOMHNUILL.

AIR FIONN—"Oran a ghunna da' b' ainm an
spainteach."

TAPADH leat, a Dho'ill 'le-Fhionnlaidh,
Dhuisc thu mi le pairt de d' chomhradh.

Air bheagan eolais san duthaich,
Tha cunntas gur gille coir thu.
Chuir thu do chomaine romhad,
'S fearde do ghnothach an comhnuidh
'S cinnteach gar a leat ar baidse:
'S leat ar cairdeas 'm fad a's beo thu.

Mhol thu ar daoine 's ar fearann,
Ar mnaithean baile, 's bu choir dhut.
Cha d'rinn thu dì-chuimhn' no mearachd;
Mhol thu gach sean is gach og dhiubh.
Mhol thu 'n uaislean, mhol thu 'n islean,
Dh-fhag thu shìos air an aon doigh iad.
Na bheil de 'n ealain ri chluinntinn,
Cha chion dichail a dh-fhag sgod oirr'.

Teannadh ri moladh ar daoine,
Cha robh e saoirbheach air aon doigh;
An gleus, 'an gaisge 's 'an teomachd,
Air aon aobhar thig 'nan codhail
Nochdadh an eudann ri gradan
Cha robh gaisceadh anns a' phor ud,
Clu a's pailteas, mais' a's tabhachd;
Ciod e 'n eas nach faight' air choir iad?

Cha bu mhis' thu mise laimh riut,
'An am a bhi 'g aircamh nan connspunn.
Gu inns' am uaise 's an uaise,
An gaisge 's an cruadal 'n am togbhail.
B'iad sud na fir a bha fearail
'Philladh an-seasgair 'an toireachd,
'S a dh'fhagadh salach an araich
Nam fanadh an namhaid ri 'n comhrag.

Ach nam faiceadh tu na fir ud
Ri uchd teine 's iad 'an ordugh,
Coslas fiadhaich a dol sìos orr',
Falbh gu dian air bheagan stoldachd;
Claidheamh ruistg 'an laimh gach aon fhir,
Fearg 'nan aodann 's faobhar gleois orr',
Iad cho nimheil ris an iolair.
'S iad cho frioghail ris na leoghainn.

Cha mhor a thionnal nan daoin' ud
Bha ri fhaotainn san Roinn Eorpa.
Bha iad fearrail 'an am caonnaig,
Gu fuileach, faobharrach, stroiceach.
Nam faigheadh tu iad 'an gliocas
Mar bha 'm misneach a's am morchuis,
C' ait' am feudadh tu aireamh,
Aon chinne' b'fheart na Clann-Domhnuill.

Bha iad treubhach, fearail, foinnidh,
Gu neo-lomara mu 'n steras.
Bha iad cunbhalach 'nan gealladh,
Gun fheall, gun charachd, gun roidean.
Ge de dh-iarrta mas an sinnsir,
O mhullach an cinn gu'm brogan,
'N donas cron a bha ri inns' orr',
Ach an rìghalachd mar sheorsa.

Ach ma mhol thu ar daoine' uaise,
C'uim nach de luaidh thu Mac-Dhomhnuill

Aon Mhac Dhe bli air 'na bluaehail'
G'a ghleidheadh buan duinn 'na bheo-
shlainte!

On 's curaidh a choisneas buaidh e,
Leanas ri dhualchas 'an comhnuidh,
Nach deachaidh neach riamh 'na thuasaid
Rinn dad buannachd air an eomh-stri.

C'ait an dh-fhag thu Mac 'Ie-Ailcin
'Nuair a thionailleadh e mhor-shluagh,
Na fir chrodha bu mhor alla.
Ri linn Alasdair 's Mhontrois?
'S nam mairg a dhuiseadh ruinn blur n-aisith
No thionndadh taobh ascaoin bhuir cleoea
Ge b'e suil a bbioidh 'gan amharc
Cromadh sios gu abhainn Lochaidh.

Ach ma chaidh tu 'nan seabhaidh,
'Cuim nach de sheanchais thu air choir iad
Teaghlach uaisle Ghlinne-garadh
'S nam fiurain o ghleannaibh Chnoideart.
'S iomadh curaidh laidir uaimhreac
Sheasadh cruaidh 's a bluaileadh stroicean,
O cheann Loch-Uthairn nam fuar-bheann
Gu bun na Stuidhe am Mor-thir.

An dh-fhag thu teaghlach na Ceapaich
'S mor a' chreach nach 'cil iad comhlán,
Dh-cireadh leinn suas 'an aisith
Le 'm piob 's le 'm brataichean sroile.
Mac Iain a Gleanna-Cothan,
Fir chothanta 'n am na comh-stri,
Daoine foinnidh, fearail fearadha
Rusgadh arm a's fearg na'n sronan?

Dh-fhag thu Mac Dluighail a Lathurn,
(Bu mhuirneach gabhail a chomhlain),
Cuide ri uaislean Chinntire,
O'n Roinn Ilich 's mhaol na h-Odha.
Dh-fhag thu Iarl' Antrum a Eirinn
Rinn an t-euchd am blar na Boine.
'Nuair a dhluthaichadh iad ri cheile,
Co ehuntadh feich air Clann-Domhnuill?

Alba, ge bu mhor ri inns' e,
Roinn iad i o thuinn gu mointich.
Fhuair an coir o laimh Chlann-Domhnuill,
Fhuair iad a ris an Rota;
'S ioma currai mhor bha innte
Cunntaidh Antrum ge bu mhor i.
Sgrios iad as an naimhdean nile,
'S thuit Mac Gbuilbinn san toireachd.

Bhuinig iad baile 's leth Alba;
'S e 'n claidhearn a shealbhaich coir dhaibh.
Bhuinig iad latha chath Gairbheach,
Rinn an argumaid a chomhdach.
Air bheagan conaidh gu trioblaid
Thug iad am bristeach a moran,
Mac' Ill-Iain ann le chuideachd,
'S Lachann cutach Mac-an-Toisich.

Nan tigeadh feum air Sir Seumas,
Gun eireadh iad uile comhlath

O roinn Ghall-thaobh gu roinn Ile,
Gach fear thug a shinnsir coir dhaibh.
Thigeadh Mae-Choinnich a Brathainn,
Mac-Aoidh Strath-Nabhair 's diuc Gordon,
Thigeadh Barraich, 's thigeadh Banaich,
Rothaich a's Sailich a's Rosaich.

Ar luchd daimh 's ar eairdeau dileas
Dh-ciridh leinne a sios 'an comh-stri.
Thigeadh uaislean Chloinne-Lean
Mu'n cuairt cho daingheann ri d' ehta,
Iad fo ghruaim 'an uair a' chatha
Cruaidh 'nan lamhan sgathadh feola,
Tarruinn spainteach laidir liobhar
Sgoilteadh dircach cinn gu brogan.

Bhuidheann fhuilteach, glan nan geur-lann,
Thigeadh reiseamid nan Leodach,
Thigeadh reiseamid nan Niallach
Le loingheas lionmhor 's le scoilteibh,
Foirbeisich 's Frisealaich dh-circadh,
'S thigeadh Clann-Reubhair 'an ordugh.
'Nuair a dhuiseadh fir na h-Iubhraich,
Co thigeadh air tus ach Tomas!!

Note.—There are several hills in the Highlands which still bear the name *Tom-na-h-Iubhraich*, all haunted by the fairies. One of them is near Strachur. Lochfine side; another near Inverness. According to popular belief, Thomas the Rhymer was captain of the fairy troops.

ORAN DO'N TEASAICH.

AIR FOKK—"Daibhidh grosnach crom ciar."

'S mise ehaill air geall na caraehd,
Bha cadar mi-fein sa chailleach,
Gu'n tug i dhiom brigh mo bharra,
Cul mo chinn a chuir ri talamh.
M' fhuil a's m' fheoil thug i dhiom,
Chuir i cronan am chliabh,
Be 'n droch codhail domh 'bhlaisd,
Gu robh toireachd ga diol.

Chuir i boil am cheann is bu mhor i,
Faicinn dhaoine marbh a's beodha,
Coltas Hector inor na Troidhe,
S nan gaisgeach bha 'm feachd na Roimhe.
Cailleach dhuathsach, chrom, chiar,
Bha lan tuaisle a's bliraig,
Chuir mi'm bruailean 's gach iall,
'S chuir i 'm fuadach mo chiall.

'S boelhd a fhuair mi bhuat am foghar,
'S mi gun luaigh air buain no ceanghal,
Mo cheann iosal a's mi am laidhe,
Bruitte tinn a's sgios am chnaimhean.
Bha mo chnaimhean cho sgith,
'S ged do sgathadh iad dhiom,
Gu'n robh am padhadh gam chlaoidh,
'S gun traighinn abhainn le mhiad.

'S boehd an t-aite leap am fiabhras,
 Dh-fhagas daoine fada, riabhach,
 Glagaich lag le fada 'n iargainn,
 Gann de dh' fhalt a's pailt de dh' fhiasaig
 Pailt de dh' fhiasaig gu'n tlaehd,
 Chuir am bial air droch dhreach,
 Deoch no biadh theid a steach,
 A dha thrian innte stad.

Do elota fas is e gun lianadh,
 T-osan rocach air dhroch fhiaradh,
 Caol do choise nochdaidh pliathach,
 Ionan eho fad ri eat fiadhaich.
 Casan pliathadh gun sugh,
 Fo'n da shleasaid gu'n lugh,
 Gur pailt liagh dhaibh no lunn,
 Cha bhean fìor dhaibh nach lub.

Bidh do mhuinneal fada, feathach.
 'S taisnìchean mar chabar cleibhe,
 Easgadan glagach gun speirid,
 Gluinean ri tachas a cheile.
 Gluinean geura gun neart,
 'S iad cho ciar ris a ehairt,
 Thu cho creubhi ri cat,
 B' fhearr an t-cug gad sgath as.

A bhonaid da uircad sa b'abhaist,
 Air uachdar currachd nach aluinn;
 Cluasan gu'n uircasbhaidh fasa,
 Ceann eho lom ri eri na dearnaidh.
 Cha be 'n companach caomh,
 Dh-fhag cho lom mi 's cho maol,
 Rinn mo chom mar phreas caoil,
 Mar mhaic-samhla do'n aog.

Bidh tu eoltach ri fear misge,
 Gun dad ol gun aon mhir ithe,
 Chionn nach bi lughs na d' dha iosgaid,
 Bidh tu null sa nall mar chlisnich.
 Bi'dh tu d' shiachaire lag,
 'S ceann do shithe gun neart,
 Ann ad ghlionmh cha bhi tlachd,
 Na d' ehus mhio-loinn air fad.

ORAN NA H-AOISE.

AIR Fonn—"The pearl of the Irish nation."

Cha tog mise fonn,
 Cha 'n eirich e leam,
 Tha m' aigne ro throm
 Fo caslain';
 Tha 'n cri tha 'na m' chom
 Mar chloich 's i na deann,
 'S i tuiteam le gleann,
 'S cha 'n eirich;
 Tha 'n gaisgeach nach tiom
 Rinn a' cogadh 's 'a stri,

Cha 'n fhaigh sinn a chaoidh
 Bhi reidh ris;
 On is treis' e na sinn,
 Theid leis-an ar claoidh,
 'S cha teasaig aon ni
 Fo 'n ghrein sinn!

'S cuis thursa gu dearbh
 Bhi 'g ionndrainn mar dh-fhalbh,
 Ar eruitcachd, ar dealbh
 'S ar 'n cugasg,
 Ar spionnadh, 's ar neart,
 Ar cumadh, 'sar dreach,
 Ar cur an ann gleachd',
 A's streupa;
 Mar a sgaoileas an cco
 Air aodainn an fheoir,
 'S a chaochailcas neoil
 'S na 'n speuran,
 Tha 'n aois a' teachd oirn
 Cumhach caointeach, lan broin,
 'S neo-shocrach ri leon
 An te ud.

Aois chasadach gharbh,
 Cheann-trom, chadalach, bhalbh,
 Ann an ion 's a bhi marbh
 Gu'n speirid;
 Cha ghluais thu ach mall,
 Agus cuail' ann do laimh,
 Dol mu'n cuairt air gach allt,
 A's feithe;
 Cha chuir thu gu brath,
 'S cha chumhaidh dhut e,
 Geall ruithe, no snamh,
 No leuma,
 Ach fiabhras, a's cradh
 Ga t-iarraidh gu bas,
 Ni 's lionmhoir' na plaigh
 Na h-Eiphit.

Aois chianail ro bhoehd,
 Ri caoidh na rug ort,
 Neo brìgheil gun toirt,
 Gun speis thu;
 Do luehd comuinn, a's gaoil
 Fo chomhair an aoig,
 Gun chomas a h-aon
 Diu eirigh;
 Dh-fhalbh t-carnais, 's do chuid,
 Dh-fhalbh slainte do chuirp,
 Thig ort faillinne tuigs',
 A's reasain,
 Thig di-chuimhne, thig ba'ehd,
 Thig dìomhanas dha.
 Thig mi-loinn do chairdean
 Fcin ort.

Aois oghar gun bhrìgh
 Ga t-fhogar gu cill,
 Dh-fhagas bodhaig a chinn
 Ro citidh,
 Aois bhodhar nach cluinn,
 Gan toighe, gun suim;

Gun char foghainteach stri,
No streupa,
Aois acaidcach thinn
Gun taice, gun chli,
Gun ghaisge, gun spid,
Gun speirid,
Lan airtneal' a's craidh
Gun aidmheil bhi slan,
Gun neach dha'm beil cas
Dheth t-cigin.

Aois ghreannach bhochd thruagh,
'S measa scalladh, a's tuar,
Maol, sgallach, gun ghruaig,
Gun deudaich,
Roc aodainneach, chruaidh,
Phreasach, chraicneach, lom, fhuar,
Chrubach, chrotach,
Gun ghluasad ceuna:
Aois lobhar nan spioc
Bheir na subhailcean dhinn,
Co san domhainn le'm binn
Do sheis-sa?
Aois ghliogach gun chail,
'S tu 's miose na 'm bas,
'S tu 's tric a rinn traill
De 'n treun-fhear.

Aois chlar-dubh a bhroin,
Gun riomhachd, gun spors,
Gun toil inntinn ri ceol
Do eisdeachd;
Rob fhiasagach ghlas,
Air dhroch sheasamh chas,
Leasg, sheotail, neo-ghrad
Gu eirigh;
Cha'n fhuilig thu 'm fuachd,
'S ole an urr' thu 'n cas cruaidh
'Se do mhuinghinn an tuath,
'S an deirce;
Cha 'n cil neach ort an thir,
Nach e aidmheil am beoil
Gur fada leo beo
Gun fheum thu.

Aois uain' a's ole dreach,
Orn is suarach do theachd,

Cha 'n cil tuaraisgeul ceart
Fo 'n ghrein ort,
Gun mhire, gun mhuirn,
Gun spiorad, gun suth;
Far an erninnich luchd-ciuil
Cha teid thu,
Aois chairtidh 's ole greann,
Aois acaideach mball,
Aois phrab-shuileach dhal
Gun leirsin,
Chas fheargach gun suth,
Lan farmaid, a's thu,
Ri fear meanmach, beo,
Lughmhor, gleusda.

Faire! faire! dhuin' oig,
'Cia do bharantas mor,
'Ne do bharail bhi beo
'S nach eug thu?
Tha'n saoghal, 's an fheoil,
Fior aontach gu leoir,
Air do chlaonadh o choir
Gu h-eacoir,
Co fad 'sa tha 'n dail
Thig ort teachdair o'n bhas,
Na ercid idir gur faisneachd
Bhreig e;
Biodh do gheard ort gle chruaidh,
'S tha do namhaid mu'n cuairt;
Cha taigh crabhaidh
An uaigh dha'n teid thu

Ach fardach gun tuar
Bhreun, dhaolagach, fhuar
Anns an caraich iad suas
Leat fein thu;
Co mor 's tha e d' bheachd,
Dheth d' stor cha teid leat,
Ach bordain bheag shnaighte,
A's leine,
Ach 's e curam as mo,
Dol a dh-ionnsaidh a mhoid,
Thoir cunntas an coir,
'S an ca-coir,
Far nach seasamh do ni
Dhut dad dheth d' chuid feich,
'S mo an t-cagal
Bhi 'm prìosan peine

EACHUNN MAC-LEOID.

EACHUNN MAC-LEOID, or HECTOR M'LEOD, the South Uist bard, lived after the year 1745, on the main land, chiefly in the districts of Arisaig and Morar. He composed and sung as he was moved by those internal powers of which the generality of men appear but little sensible. There are some individuals that appear heavy and destitute of parts, who are possessed of powers which attract the attention and merit the esteem of those who are more intimately acquainted with them: our poet was one of these. What occasioned his removal from the Long Island we know not. It is not unlikely that he was sent hither to watch and give information of what was going on in those troublesome times. He went often to Fort-William; as if doing something of no consequence, while in reality he was hearing all the news of the day, which he related to friends who durst not appear themselves. Shrewd and intelligent, he concealed those talents from strangers, to whom he seemed fooling, which character he could assume as occasion required. As he was frequently going and returning the same way, he was suspected and brought as a spy before the Governor of the Fort: on being examined and interrogated, he acquitted himself so well, under the assumed character, that he was dismissed as a fool.

MOLADH DO CHOILEACH SMEORAICH.

Mòch madainn shamhrai' am mìos fàs nam meas,
'Nuair bu ro aluinn leinn sgiamh gach luis,
Bha cuibhrig, air dhreach criostal de 'n dealt,
Na dhlu bhrat a' comhdach gach enuic.

Sin am anns, am molaich le duilleach gach eraobh,
'S rò bhoidheach gach tullach fo bhla,
'S nuallanach gach uile spreidh,
A' geimnich ri cheil' iad fein, 's an cuid ail.

An eann leath dara mìos an t-samhraidh,
'Nuair a's grianaich gach aon ardan,
'S gach fadhair gu mion-bhreac, boidheach,
Le meilbheig, le noinean, 's le slan-lus.

'Nuair bhios scillean le lan sholas
Deilleanachd a measg nan dithean,
Cop meala nu ghab a chronain,
A' deoghladh nan geugan mine.

'Nuair bhitheas gach ailean, 's gach doire,
Le bla uaine fo lan toraidh,
A's meanglain gach craoibh sa' choille
Cromadh fo throm nam meas milis.

Chualas co-sheirm binn, ceolmhor,
Beagan roimh eirigh na greine,
Aig coftas coileich na smeoraich,
'S maighstir mac-talla 'g a bheusadh.

An sin a chuladh m' 'n cheileireachd binn,
Bu curaideich seinn, gu cuimir, 's gu luath,
Air feadan ga m'fhreagradh, gach seilan sa' bheinn
Ann an eirigh-na greine, sa' m hadainn diluain.

B'e sin an ceol caoin gun tuchan gun sgread,
Gun eisleann, na stad na chliabh, no na ghob,
Bu mhlise na binneas nan t'èid air fad,
'Nuair ghearradh o fead air deircadh gach puirt.

'S iad sin na puirt a bha binn, mion, bras,
Socrach ri 'n seinn, gun ochan, gun chnead,
Bu glan sgeimh eudaich an coin, ge bu lag,
'San robh urrad de thlachd, na laidh air a nead.

B'annsa leam na fiodhall, a's piob,
Bhi tamull dhe m'aimsir na n'shuidh na choir,
On aig tha na puirt as fìor chanaiche rainn,
'S a's ealanta seinn gun aon bhuile meoir.

Bheirinn comhairle tra air gach nighin, 's
mnai,
Gach laidir, a's lag, gach beartach, a's bochd,
Iad a mholadh oid-iunnsaich an coin, gu
beachd,
Le h-inntinn cheart, gu h-an-moch, 's gu moch.

MOLADH EAS MOR-THIR.

Eas Mhor-thir soraidh le d' stoirn,
Bu mborghalach, gleodhraich do thriall,
Bu bharra-gheal fìuch dortadh nam bare,
Bha toirleum le braidhe do chleibh.

Na maoth-linntean tha balbh, mall,
Far nach bith saobh-shruth a' leum,
'S gile 'n cop ri 'n taobh tha tamh
Na caineichean aluinn an t-shleibh.

'S a choille tha timcheall do bliruach,
Bu cheolmhor ceileireadh ian,
Gu lurach air bharraibh nan geug,
'N am do ghrein togail o nial.

As t-Samhradh nar thigeadh am blathas,
Bu chubhraidh failleadh nan ros
A dh-fhasadh 's na fasaichean fraoich,
Tha 'n taobh-s' d'an eas mheadhrach mhor.

'San fhobhar anns a choill sin Crois,
Nam biodh tu coiscachd na measg,
Chitheadh tu eroit air gach gas,
A lubadh fo chudrom a meas.

Bu nnullanach, binn-ghuthach spreidh,
Geimhich, iad fhein 's an cuid ail,
Mu innis mhullaich an tuir,
Far am bith 'n t-sobhrach a' fas.

'Nuair thigeadh am buachaill a mach,
'S a ghabhadh e mu chul a chruidh,
Mu'n euairt do Bhad-nan-clach-glas,
A bhual' air 'm bu tric am bliochd.

Thigeadh banarach na spreidhe,
Ballag do nighinn chruinn aluinn,
Falt clannach, fionn-bhuighe, dualach,
Mu'n euairt da guailleann gu faineach.

Shealladh i air feadh na spreidhe,
'S dh-cubhadh i "Buigheag, a's Blarag,
Niosag a's Donnag a's Guailionn,
Brinne 's an t-Agh-ruadh a's Casag."

Shuigheadh i gu comhard cruinn,
'S cuman eadar a da ghlun,
'S ghabhadh i 'n t-oran gu binn:—
"Thoir am bainne a bho dhonn."

'Nuair thigeadh an spreidh a ris,
Dh' Acha-Uladail air fhodar,
B' oranach ceolar, clann lain,
Nan suidheadh fo'n ehroth g'am bleedhan.

Bu bhinne na cuachan an fhasaich,
Nuallan nan gruagaichean boidheach,
Ann', a's Catriona a's Mairi,
Fionnaghal a's Beathag a's Seonaid.

Lionadh iad gach uile shoitheadh,
'S cha b' cagal gu'n traghadh an di,
Ged thigeadh an sluaigh san radhad,
Gheibheadh iad linntean na dibhe;

Gu slamanach, finne-mheogach, onach,
Mulchagach, miosganach, blathach,
Muigheach, miosrach, miodrach, cuachach,
Gruthach, uachdrach, sligheach, spaineach.

Bu ruideasach gamhnan agus laoiigh,
Bu mhigeadeach meinn a's uain,
B' aigionntach fiadh agus earb,
A' direadh 's tearnadh nan cruach.

B' ebhinn an sealladh o'n traigh
Loinggeas a' snamh troimh na caoil;
Turadh, a's teas anns gach aird,
'S an fhaireg na clar comh-reidh caoin.

'Nuair a stadaimid aig a bhaile
An deighe bhi sgith 's a mhonadh,
Bhiodh duil againn ri lan glaine
A searrag Mairi Nic-Cholla.

MOLADH COILLE CHROIS.

M'IONMITHINN, m'annsachd, 's mo thlachd,
Ga 'n tug mi toirt; [stad;
Cha'n aicheadhain do'n chleir nach deanain
Sa' choill sin Crois.

'S binn eruit cheolmhor, a's clarseach cheart,
'S piob le cuid dos;
Ach 's binne na h-coin a' seinn mu'n seach,
Sa' choill sin Crois.

Dh-aon innleachd d'an d' fhuairadh amach,
 Gu'r dìon o'n olc, [ceart,
 B' fhearr dubhar nan craobh le smuaintean
 Sa' choill sin Crois. [chos,
 Ged' bhi'dh tu gun 'radhare sul gun lugh do
 A d' dheoire boehd; [ais,
 Na'm bu mhath leat do shlaiente philleadh air
 Ruig coille Chrois.
 Aig ailleachd a luis a's misleachd a meas,
 'S aig feabhas a blais;
 Cha'n iarradh tu sholas nam biodh tu glic,
 Ach coille Chrois,
 Am beil ceol-cluaise san t-saogal-sa bhos,
 Cho binn 's cho bras?
 Ri sior-bhoreadh stoir mil an eas,
 Ri taobh coill' Chrois.
 Tearnadh a bhuinne le creag,
 Gun nireasbhuidh neart;
 Nach traath, 's nach traigh, 's nach fas beag,
 Nach reodh 's nach stad.
 Is lionmhor bradan tarra-gheal, druim-bhreac,
 A leumas ris;
 Cho luath 's a tharas iad as,
 A comh-ruith bho'n Eas.

AN TAISBEAN.

Moch madainn Cheitein ri ceo,
 'N am do'n ghrein togail bho neoil,
 Chunna' mi sealladh sa' bheinn,
 'S eibhinn ri eisdeachd mo sgeoil'.

Bha dearsa le teas a' cur smuid
 A bruachanan molach fraoich,
 'S bha dealradh nan gathanan blath
 Cur sgeimh air euirnean nam braon.

Bha dealt a' driuchdadh gu grinn,
 'N am sgapadh do dhulachd an cheo,
 Na paidirean air an fhear,
 Mar leugan fo sgeimh an oir.

Bha maghanan milteach feoir,
 Bu mheilbheagach', dhitheanach' bla,
 Air gach taobh dhe'n uisge chruaidh,
 Bu luath mu thuath a ruith-balbh.

Bha neonain, a's sobhrach gu dlu,
 Creamh, agus biolair a' fas,
 Air aileanaibh aimh-reidh, 's air loin,
 Far 'm bu liomhoire ros geal, a's dearg.

Bu cheolmhor, eileireach, coin
 Air ghriananan eireachdail ard',
 A' freagrath a cheile gu grinn,
 Cha'n fhaighte 'n cuirt rìgh ni b'fhearr.

Chunna' mi 'n uaigneas leis fein,
 Ag eisdeachd ri torghan nan eun,
 Air leam, de'n chruthachd bheo,
 An aon duin' og a b'aillidh sgeimh.

O nach robh de dh-fhearaibh chaich,
 Ach e-san, a's mi fein sa' ghleann,
 Smuaintich mi gu'n gabhainn sgeul,
 Co e na'm faighinn deth cainnt.

Thainig e gu tosdach, mall,
 Gu foighidneach, foistineach, ciuin;
 Labhair e fosgara, reidh,
 "A ghabhail sgeil a thainig thu."

Mu 's math leat naigheachd a thoirt uam
 Gu maithean Alba gu leir,
 Amhaire gu geur fada bhuat,
 'S chi thu na sluaigh na'n lan fheirg.

Chunna' mi'n fhairge mar choill'
 Le crannaibh loingheis lan ard,
 Le brataichean anasach, ur,
 Air leam gu'm b'ann as an Spainn.

Chunna' mi cabhlach ro mhor,
 Gu gaireach gabhail gu tir,
 Bu luehdmhor, lan athaiseach iad,
 Suaicheantas Frangach na'n croinn.

Thainig na sluaigh sin gu tir,
 'S cha b'uaigheach an gluasad o thraigh,
 Bha lamhach nan canon, 's am fuaim,
 A' gluasad air chrith na'm beann ard'.

Chualadh mi coileach 's e gairm,
 'S e bualadh a sgiathan gu cruaidh,
 A's thuir an duine math sin rium:—
 "Cluinn coileach na h-Airde-tuath'."

Chunna' mi tighinn air thus
 Stiubhartach, cinneadh an rìgh,
 Na'm bocanan gioraig san leirg,
 'Dhearg an airm le fuil san stri.

Thainig Ciann-Domhnuill na'n deigh,
 Mar chonaibh eonach gun bliadh,
 Na'm beathraichean guineach, geur,
 An guailean a cheile gu gnìomh.

B'aluinn, dealbhach, am breid sroil
 Air a cheangal ri erann caol,
 An robh caisteal, bradan, a's long,
 Lamh dhearg, ielair a's craobh.

Bha fraoch os ceann sin gu h-ard'
 Ceangailt' am barr a chrainn chaoil,
 Bha sin ann, a's leoghann dearg,
 'S cha b'aithe tearmuinn a chraos.

Thairrneadh na sloigh air sliabh Fife,
 An coinneamh ri cath a chur,
 Fhuair iad brosnachadh fìor mhear,
 Thug eirigh le buirbe na'm fuil:—

“ A Chlannaibh milidh mosgailibh,
Is somalta, cian ‘ur cadal,
Teannaibh ri dioladh Chuilodair,
Dh-at na fiachan so fada.
Toisichibh gu h-ardanach,
Gu bras, rioghail, moralach,
Gu mear, leumnach, dearg-chneadhach,
Gu luath-lamhach, treun-bhuilleach.
Gu aigneach, iunsginneach,
Gu an-athach, namhadach,
Gu mion-chuimhneach, dioghaltach,
Gu gruamach, fiata, an-trocaireach,
Gun tearmunn, gun mhathanas,
Gun ath-thruas, gun bhuigeachas,
Gun innidh, gun cagal,
Gun umhail, gun fhaicill.
Gun fhiamb, gun an-mhisneich,
Gun churam, gun ghealtachd,
Gun taise, gun fhaiteachas,
Gun saidealtachd, gun uamhann.
Gun eiscamail, gun umhlachd,
Gun athadh do namhaid
Ach a gabhail romhaibh thoirt iubhair
A’ cosnadh na cath-laraich.”

Chunnaic mi air leath o chach
Tri leoghainn a b’fharsuinne craois
Thug iad tri sgairtean cho ard’
‘S gu’n sgain creagan aig mead an glaoth.

Bha leoghann diu sin air chreig ghuirm,
Dha’m b’ainm Iain Muideartach og,
O’n Chaisteal thiream, ‘s o Bhorgh,
De shliochd nan Collaidh bu bhorb colg.

Thog sean leoghann luath a cheann,
‘S a chas rioghall an Duntuilm,
Dh’a’m bu shean circachdas riamh,
Buaidh nan sliabh an cas a chruinn,

Thainig an treas leoghann diu
O’n choill’, ‘s o gharaidh nam barc,
A’s dh’ordaich iad pairt dhe’n cuid sluagh
Dhol a thiolacaidh nam marbh.

Labhairt.—San an sin a thagh iad oifigich
an-diadhaidh, an-trocaireach, an-aobhach, an-
athach, an-iochdmhor. Agus thagh iad cuid-
eachd de bhorb, bhrothach, bhodach, dha’m
b’airm chosanta spaidean, agus sluasaidean,
gu tiolacadh nam marbh, agus gu glanadh na
h-araich. Aonghas amharra a Eigneag—Ca-
lum crosda a Gruluinn—Eoghann Iargalta a
Crasabhaig—Dughall Ballach a Gallabaidh—
Niall Eangharra a Raimisgearaidh—agus
Domhnall Durrgha a Gearas.

Chunna’ mi Gleann soileir uam,
An robh eireachdas thar gach glinn,
B’airde cheileirich’, cheolmhoir’ fuaim,
Gladhaich nan cuach os a chinn.

Theid fargradh feadh Bhreatuinn guleir;
Eirigh gu feachd fir gu leoir,
Chi sibh na Gaeil a’ triall
Le rioghalachd mar bu coir.

Note.—The poet was a staunch Jacobite. In this Ode he describes what he and many others in his day most earnestly desired, and to which they eagerly looked, notwithstanding what they suffered at, and after the battle of Culloden. The bard gives full scope to his imagination; poetically describing scenes which his active fancy draws before him. It was not safe, in his time, to express the real sentiments entertained on a subject so near and dear to the heart, and so full of danger to all concerned. He therefore makes use of the style and metaphors adopted, that the poem might be intelligible to those alone who contemplated the dark events of futurity.

GILLEASPUIG NA CIOTAIG;

OR,

ARCHIBALD M'DONALD, THE UIST COMIC BARD.

We know little more of this distinguished poet than the following songs contain, one of which was composed to the chief of the clan Cameron, who resided on his estate in Lochaber, when the poet visited that country. Having met with great kindness from the chief, the poet made the only return he could have made, and which was considered no small requittance in those days—he sung his praise. It was a tribute of gratitude. Another was composed to ridicule a vain young man; who, it is still believed, had a better right to the property of Lovat than the person who succeeded to it; but being guilty of murder, was obliged to fly the country.

He used to appear in a dress, which, in his estimation, completed the gentleman; but in the eyes of others made him ridiculous. Happening to be at a wedding in his full dress, with his hanger, or dirk, dangling at his side in the dance, and buckled shoes, the piper imprudently played the tune "*Tha biodag air mac Thomais*,"—a satire composed by our bard to the identical man. He, incensed, drew his dirk, which all supposed he would sheathe in the bag of the piper, but, in his fury, mortally wounded him. He escaped to America, and durst not appear to claim the estate. His other poems remind us of similar pieces by Burns. Men of genius have similar ideas, and make use of the same means to expose such as they observe laying themselves open to ridicule.

MARBHRANN DO DH' IAIN RUADH PIOBAIR.

FHUAIR mi sgeula bho'n ghobha,
Cha'n aobhar meoghail, ach gruaim,
E-fein fo mhi-ghean, 's fo thrioblaid,
Ri iarunn cist' do dh' Iain Ruadh.*
Saoir a' locaradh, 'sa' sabhadh,
'S a chulaidh bhais 'ga cuir suas,
Samhach cadal na corra,
Cha chluinnear tuilleadh a fuaim.

Chaidh na maidean a ordugh,
Cha'n aithne dhomh-s an cuir suas,
Tha'n gaothair air stopadh,
Tha'n da dhos na'n trom-shuain.
Chaill an seannsair a chlaisteachd,
Tha'n gleus air a ghrad leigeadh suas,
O'n tric a thainig ceol taitneach,
Ragha caismeachd mo chluais.

Cool bu bhlasd' a's bu blinne,
'Dhusgadh spiorad do'n t-sluagh,
Ceol bu tartaraich' siubhal,
Thionndadh tioma gu cruas:
Cool mar smeorach a ghlinne,
Ceol a's binne na cuach;
Meoir gun bhraise, gun ghiorradh,
Dian ruith-leunnach, luath.

Bu sgiolta scalleadh do sheannsair,
Air port, 's air crunn-luath, 's air cuairt,
Pronnadh cnaparra, lughmhòr,
Caismeachd shunntach 'san ruaig;
Dheanadh gaisgeach dè'n sgluairich,
Chuireadh diun-laach na luaths,
Claidhean glasa 'gan rusgadh,
Claignean bruit' aig luchd fuath.

'S iomadh aon tha ga' iundrain,
O'n chaidh uir ort san uaigh:—
An toiseach labhair an spliucan,
Bhiodh tu giulan gach uair.

* John M'Quithen, a piper in South Uist. He was a great companion and favourite of the bard. This elegy was composed while the piper was living.

"Tha mi fein gun tombaca,
Cha b'e cleachdadh a fhuair,
'S tric chuir Iain fo m'aisne,
Greim, a's cairteal, a's cuach."

Thuirt a ghloin' a bha'n Asdain,
"Mo sgeul craitcach, ro chruaidh!
Dh-fhalbh mo shugradh, 's mo mharan,
Thug am bas leis Iain Ruadh;
Fear a chluicheadh a chlarsach,
Dheanadh dan, agus duan,
Cha b'e Caluinn a chrampaidh
Fonn a b'fhcarr leis 'g a luaidh."

Thuirt am pigidh bha lamh ris,—
"Faigh an t-arca gu luath,
Cuir am chlaigeann-sa spairt e,
Tha tart 's gach aite mu'n cuairt.
Thainig con-traigh na plaighe,
Tha nithe gnathaichte bhuainn,
Cha bhi reothart gu brath ann,
'S ann a thraigheas an cuan."

Thuirt am buidéal, 's am botal,
Thuirt an gòc ris an stop,
Thuirt an copan, 's an t-slige;
" 'S mor an sgrios th'air tigh'n oirn.
Tha gach sruth air a dhunadh,
Bha cuir a dh-ionnsaidh nan lon,
Cha'n fhaighear drap air an urlar,
A fhliuchas bru Dhomhnuil oig."

O'n dh-fhalbh an companach sar-mhath,
Dh-fhalbh an rabhart, 's an spors,
Dh-fhalbh beannachd na cloinne,
'S e sheinnacadh an cool.
'Nis o rinneadh do charadh
'N eiste chlaraich nam bord,
'S mor as mist iad am Pharo,
Gun fhcar do ghnais a bhi beo.

Dh-fhalbh an deagh ghille cuidcachd,
Nach robh sgrubail san osd;

Dh-fhalbh fear traghadh nan searrag,
Chosgadh barrachd thar stop.
Dh-fhalbh fear deanadh nan duanag
Leis an luaighte gach clo,
Cha b'e ghnas a bhi gearan,
Ge h-ioma glain' thug dha pag.

'S beag mo shunnt ri lath feille,
'S beag mo speis dheth gach ceol,
'S beag mo thlachd dhe bhi 'g eisteachd,
Gaoir theud fhir nan croc.
Leam a b'annsa do bhruidhean,
'N am suidhe mu bhord,
Na droch dhreochdan air fidhill.
Mar fhuaim snithe an loin.

Bha thu d' dhamhsair air urlar,
Bha thu siubhlach air snamh;
Bha thu d' chairiche lughmhòr,
Cha bhiodh tu d' luircich fo chach.
Urram leum, agus ruithe,
Glac threun a ruitheadh an ramh,
'San am caithcadh na cloiche,
Bu leat an toiseach air cach.

Thoir mo shoraidh-sa tharais,
Dh-ionnsuidh 'n fhearaunn ud thall;
O nach faod mi bhi mar ribh,
'S leibh mo bheannachd san am.
Biodh an uaigh air a treachladh,
Ann am fasan nach gann;
Buideal runi aig a chasan,
'S roì tombac aig a cheann.

AISEIRIGH IAIN RUaidh.

LUINNEAG.

*Ho-ro gu'm b'eibhinn leam,
'Chluinntinn gu'n do dh-eirich thu,
'S ann leam a's ait an sgeula sin,
On chaidh an t-Eug cho teann ort.*

CHUALADH mi gu'n chailleadh thu,
'S gu'n do rinneadh t-fhalaire,
'S e cuis mu'n robh mi gearanach,
Do bhean a bhi na bantraich.
Ho-ro, &c.

Thug iad bho na h-osairean
Buidealan gu torradh dhut,
Mu bheireas mi gun ol orra,
'S e nì sinn seorsa bainnse.
Ho-ro, &c.

On tha giubhas sabhte agad,
'S gu'n d'rinn an gobha tairnean dut,
'S ann theannas sinn ri bata
Theid do Pharo dh-iomaidh Brannai,
Ho-ro, &c.

Cha bhi dad a dh'eis oirre,
Gheibh i gach nì dh'fheumas i,
Nì'n lion aodach a main-scol d'i,
'S gu'n dean na spicean crann d'i.
Ho-ro, &c.

Cha'n casbhuidh nach bi ballaibh ann,
Gu cuplaichean, 's gu tarrauinnean,
Tha ropaichean gun ghainn' againn,
'S ga'n ceangail sinn gu teann iad.
Ho-ro, &c.

Cha'n eil m'inntinn gearanach,
O'n chuir thu dhìot an galar ud,
'S ann tha do phìob na deannal,
A toirt caithream air ceol danihsaidh.
Ho-ro, &c.

'Nuair bha thu ann san reiscamaid,
Bu sgairtail, tapaidd, treubhach, thu,
Na h-uile fear a lèumeadh ort,
Ghreadadh tu gun taing e.
Ho-ro, &c.

'Nuair bha thu na t-oganach,
Bu lionmhòr ait' am b'eolach thu,
Chunna' mis' an ciosaicidh,
Ag ol an Amsterdam thu!
Ho-ro, &c.

ORAN CNAIDEIL

DO 'N OLLA LEODACH.

LUINNEAG.

*Thugaibh, thugaibh, bo! bo! bo!
An Doctar Leodach 's biodag air,
Faicill oirbh san taob sin thall
Nach toir e 'n ceann a thiota dhibh.*

NUAIR bha thu a d'fhleasgach og,
Bu mhorchuiseach le claidheamh thu,
Chaidh Ailean Muillear riut a chomhraig,
'S leon e le bloidh spealun thu.
Thugaibh, &c.

Bha thu na do bhasbair corr,
'S claidheamh-mòr an tarraunn ort,
An saighdear 's measa th'aig rìgh Deors',
Chomhraigeadh e Alasdair.
Thugaibh, &c.

Gu' bhiodh sud ort air do thaobh,
Claidheamh caol sa ghliogartaich;
Cha'n eil falca' thig o'n traigh,
Nach cuir thu corr nan itean d'i.
Thugaibh, &c.

Biodag 's an deach an gath-seirg
Air òrios seilg an luidealaich;
Bha seachd oirlich oirr' a mheirg,
Gur mairg an rachadh bruideadh dh'i.
Thugaibh, &c.

A bhiodag 's mios' th' anns an tìr,
'S a beart-chinn air ehrith oirre,
Chuamh a faobhar leis an t-suith,
'S cha ghearr i 'n im na dh' itheadh tu.
Thugaibh, &c.

Claidheamh, agus sgabard dearg,
S earrbach sud air amadan,
'Ghearradh amhaiehan nan sgarbh,
A dh-fhagadh marbh gun anail iad.
Thugaibh, &c.

Cha ne dooch bhainne, na mheig,
'S einnteach mi rinn uesa dhìot;
Ach biadh bu docha leat nan t-im,
Giobaincan nan gugaehan.
Thugaibh, &c.

'S iomad farspag rinn thu mharbhadh,
A's sulair garbh a rug thu air,
A bhlianna sin, mu 'n deach thu 'n arm,
Chuir uibhean sgarbh eioch-shlugain ort.
Thugaibh &c.

'Nuair theid thu na chreig gu h-ard,
Chuinnear gair nan iseanan;
'S mu thig am fulamair a d' dhail,
Sathaidh tu do bhiodag ann.
Thugaibh, &c.

'Nuair a theid thu sa' Chreig-bhain,
Cha mhor do sta 'sna sgarrachan;
Cha tig na h-eunlaide a'd' dhail,
Le failleadh do ehuid drogaichean.
Thugaibh, &c.

'Nuair a theid thu air an rop,
A rìgh bu mhor do eudthrom air;
Mu thig an eipean a's a ghrund,
'Chuinnear plumb 'nuair thuiteas tu.
Thugaibh, &c.

Bu tu theannaieheadh an t-sreang
Cha'n bhi i fann mur bris thu i,
Direadh 's na h-iscanan a d' sgeith,
Air leam gu'm feum thu cuideachadh.
Thugaibh, &c.

Cha mharbh thu urrad ri each,
Ge leathan laidir mogur thu;
'S t-airm eha dian a bheag a sta,
Mur sgrìobar clar, na praisle leo.
Thugaibh, &c.

Note—Dr. McLeod, the subject of this song, was a native of St. Kilda. He was some time abroad as surgeon to a Highland regiment, and on his return home he used to go about in his full uniform, in which the poet thought he made rather an odd figure.

BANAIS CHIOSTAL-ODHAIR.

LUINNEAG.

*A bhanais a bha'n Ciostal-odhar,
Ann an Ciostal-odhar, odhar,
A bhanais a bha'n Ciostal-odhar,
Cha robh othail choir oirre!*

Thainig fear a staigh ga'm ghriobadh,
Dh-innse gu'n tainig am pigidh,
Fhuaras botul lionadh slige,
Bu bhinn glig a's eronan.
A bhanais, &c.

Thainig fear a nuas le mi-mhodh,
Gu e-fein a chuir an ire,
Thoisich e air bleith nan inean,
Gu mi-fhin a sgrobadh.
A bhanais, &c.

Ach labhair mise gu fiadhaich :—
"Mas è mi-stath tha thu 'g iarraidh;
Gur docha gu'n euir mi'n fhiacail,
Air iochdar do sgornain!"
A bhanais, &c.

Smaointieh mi eiridh 'n-am sheasamh,
On bu ghna leam a bhi 'g eadradh,
Ole na dheigh gu'n d'rinn mi' leagadh,
'S bhuail mi breab san toin air.
A bhanais, &c.

'Nuair a chaidh na fir gu riasladh,
Gu'n robh ceathrar dhiu sa ghriosach;
Am fear bu laige bha e'n iochdar,
'S thug iad mirean beo as.
A bhanais, &c.

'Nuair a thoisich iad air buillean,
Chà robh mi-fhin a' euir euir dhìom.
Gus na mhuigh iad air mo mhuinneal,
'S air duileasg mo shroine.
A bhanais, &c.

An sin 'nuair a dh' eirich an trioblaid,
Thainig iad far an robh mise,
Thog iad mi mach thun na sitig',
Theab gu'n ithle beo mi.
A bhanais, &c.

Thug iad a mach thun nan raointean,
Mar gun reeachadh cu ri eaoirich,
'S am fear naeh do sgrob iad aodann,
Bha aodach ga shroieadh.
A bhanais, &c.

'Nuair thoisich iad air a cheile,
Stradadh na fal' anns na speuran;
Bha 'mis' an aite gan eisdenehd,
'S gun b' eibhinn an spors iad.
A bhanais, &c.

Bhuail iad air a cheile chnagadh,
Leig iad air a cheile shadadh,
Shin iad air aithris na braide,
'S air cagnadh nan ordag.
A bhanais, &c.

Fear ri caoineadh, fear ri aighear,
Fear na sheasamh, fear na laidhe,
Fear a pogadh bean-an-taighe,
Fear a gabhail orain!
A bhanais, &c.

Cha robh ann ach beagan dibhe,
Leig iad a dh-iunnsaidh an cridhe,
Bha fear a's fear aca rithist,
Gun bhruidhinn gun chomhradh.
A bhanais, &c.

Sin 'nuair a labhair am fìdhleir:—
"Chuir sibh mo phuirt feadh na fìdhle;
'S mis am fear gu'n tig an dilinn,
Nach toir sgriob air ceol duibh."
A bhanais, &c.

ORAN DO LOCHIAL.

AIR FOMN.—*"Tweedside."*

O thainig mi dhuthaich Lochial,
Cha rabh iad rium spìocach na bochd,
Fhuair mi uile nan comunn gun ghìomh,
Lan fialachd, gun chrìne, gun sprochd,
Muintir ghasda dha 'n dachas deadh ainm,
Buidhean shealbhadh fòn air air gach cnoc,
Bha sud ann an dachas ahuibh riamh,
'S mor cliuiteach am bliadhna ar ceann stuichd.

Dhonnhuil Oig, o'n a fhuair tha do choir,
Lean am biuthas bu nos, a's cha 'n olc,
B'gu furanach, farasda, fòil,
Ris na daoine nach deonaich do lochd,
Ni eiridh gu d' chuideachadh suas,
Nam faiceadh iad tuairgne teachd ort,
Rachadh ullamh gu rusgadh nan lann,
'S iad a chasgradh a namhuid le toirt.

'S d'thu 'n gasan, tha cìreachdail ard,
'S d'thu macan gun ardan gun mhoit,
'S d'thu 'n cuiridh gun ghaise, gun ghiamh,
'S d'thu 'n gallan dh' fhas sgiamhach le toirt,
Gu deas dìreach o'd mhullach gu d' bhonn,
'S deadh spiorad neo-throm ann ad eòrp,
Aghaidh shoilleir tha seirce ann ad ghnuis,
Sùil smiorail an diunlavich fo d' roisg.

Aghaidh shuilibhear as taitnìche snuadh,
Aghaidh fhìlthail neo-ghruamach nach tais,
Aghaidh smachdail am keil buidh agus cruas,
Mu nithear do ghluasad gu brais;
Tha thu sìobhalt, lan iochd agus truais,
Tha thu measail air sluagh anns' gach staid,
Sar cheannard nan gaisgeach bheir buaidh,
Thog thu suas iad gu cruadal gle rìoch.

Sar cheannard 'san dutsa bu dual,
Bhi gu fuasgailteach cruadalach glic,
Fhir a ghineadh, 'sa bhuineadh o'n dream,
A fhuair urram 'sna streupan gu tric,
Buidhean fhuilteach nach geilleadh 'san t-stri,
Buidhean chunbhallach, innleachdach, chlis,
Buidhean aingeantach, luthor gun fhoill,
Buidhean uairreach le sgoinn a ghleidh meas.

Cha ne fochan an fhoilaich an sonn,
Ach an tabhall dh'fhas trom anns an lios
Dhaindeoin doineanan faoillich, na mart,
Cha chrìon i, cha searg as cha bhrìst;
'Sann a bhios i fo duilleach a ghuath,
'Si cìinntinn gu h-ard le morthéas,
Fo sgaile bidh fasga, as blas,
Aig gach geig bhios 'garach dea'-mheas.

Cha chraobh mhosgain, na chrìonaich a th'ann,
Ach an cuilean 'sgach am a bhios gorm,
Cha ghais sneachda, na gliobhaid an crann,
Na fìchne, na geamhrudh, na stoirm,
Slat dhe'n fhion-fhuil dha 'n dlìgheach bhi ann,
Sa thainig gun ghanntar le foirm,
Cha bhi camshronaich tuilleadh gun cheann,
Sann a thilleas an campar gu toirm.

Cha n' ioghua dh'leam idir an uail,
'N deigh na fhuair iad do chruadal, 's do chlaoidh,
Ri iarguin nan gaisgeach bha 'uatha,
B' fhearr alla as luaidh anns an tsaoghal,
'Nuair bha iad air fogradh, 's air chall,
'San cuid fearainn san am sin dha'n dìth,
Gus an d' thainig reachd rioghail an aigh,
Chuir dhachaigh gach armunn go thìr.

'Nuair theid Achnacarah air doigh,
'Sa ni Domhnall ann combhuidh le sìth,
Thig cleachdadh a shìnsireachd beo,
'S freagraidh creagan na moitich do'n phìob;
Bidh tollintinn aig t-uaislean, as spors,
Theid mì-ghean air fogradh as sgios,
Bidh fudar ga losgadh gu leoir,
'S daimh chroice air an leonadh san fhrith.

Gu meal thu nis t-fhearann as t-inbhe,
Gach urram, gach brìgh a's gach agh,
'S do phosadh ri maighdean dheas ghrinn,
Dha'm bi maise le aoidh, as le gradh,
Dha 'm bi gliocas le fiosrach 'sle ceill,
Dha 'm bi cairdean bhios treun an deadh ainm,
Dha 'm bi urram gach subhaile a's beus,
Dha 'm bi foghlum le ceutabh gun mheang.

Lent a dh'èircas do chinnadh nach gann,
Gach meanglan gu ceanusgalach cruaidh,
'Nuair a thogair do bhratach ri crann,
Chithar darach 'san am ga chuir suas,
B' d' h gach treun-fhear, 's gach fuirbi gun mheang,
Gu tartrach neo-fhann dol nan gluas'd,
Nial frioghail ro-ghuineach nan deann,
Grad tharruinn nan lann as an truail

Thig Gleann-Nibheis a stuirt, a's a ceo,
 Thig Callard gu stroiccach le fhuit
 Thig an teaghlach dha 'm buineadh an t-Sron,
 Nì iad reubadh as leonadh air chuirp,
 Leitcìr-Fhiunlaidh, 's Loch-Airceig gu dian,
 Gleann-Laoigh nach 'eil fiamhach 'san trod,
 Thig Ceann-Loch, leat Locho', 's Lochiall,
 Thig bho Shuainart gun ghnìomh h-ugad cus.

'Sioma' cairid tha agad mun cuairt,
 A deas, a's a tuath thig gu t-fheachd,
 'S leat na Caimbeulaich cinnteach gu leoir,
 Tha do cheangal rin cleith, 's bidh iad leat,
 Loch-nan-Eala dhut dileas gu leoir.
 Teaghlach faramach crodha, 'm b' 'eil ncart,
 'Sam Barrabrac cha dibir thu beo,
 Bidh e seasmhach an conuidh le neart.

Bha Clann Domhnuil co-aontach dhut riamh,
 'Sann ad chomunn a dh' iarradh iad stad;
 Anns gach laraich 'n am tagraidh na stri,
 Bhiodh an claidheamh gu dileas cuir leat;
 'S gach aon tha do Stiubhartach beo,
 Bidh iadsan gu deonach 'na 'd thaic,
 Cha 'n 'eil finneadh feadh Albuinn bheil
 buaidh,
 Nach eil Camshronaich fuaighte riu' le beachd.

Tha do chairdeas ri iomadach dream,
 Nach eoil domh san am thoirt a steach,
 Ged bu mhiann leam do leantuinn san rann,
 Tha m' fhiosrachadh gann air do ncart,
 Le sin ni mi t-fhagall san am,
 Ann an urram, an gradh, a's am meas,
 Le guidhe deadh chliu, agus slainte,
 Bhi gad leantuinn mar chairdean am feasd.

DUGHALL BOCHANNAN.

DUGALD BUCHANAN was born in the parish of Balquidder, Perthshire, in the year 1716. His father was a small farmer, who also rented a mill. His mother was an excellent and pious woman; but, unfortunately for him, she died when he was only six years old. His father gave him such education as he could afford; and that appears to have been more than was commonly taught at country schools at that time. When he was only twelve years of age, he was sent to teach in another family, where he did not improve in his morals, as he learned to curse and swear. When he was farther advanced in life, he became loose and immoral, associating with bad company, and apparently regardless of the pious example that had been set before him by his mother. When he grew up, he was apprenticed to a house-carpenter in Kippen, where he did not continue long, till he removed to Dumbarton. Here he continued the same course of profane and sinful practice that afterwards caused him much trouble and remorse of conscience during many years, until at last he obtained peace with God, and became a sincere and eminent Christian. He does not appear to have settled long in any place, till the "Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge" appointed him schoolmaster and catechist at Kenloch Ranoch, in the year 1755. In this remote place he laboured with great pains and diligence in his calling during the remainder of his days; and here he composed those hymns which will render his name as lasting as the language in which they are written. Besides the hymns, he wrote a diary, which was published in the year 1836, with a memoir of the author prefixed. From this memoir we shall copy a short abstract of his labours and diligence at Kenloch Ranoch. Although he was not a regular licentiate, he acted as a kind of missionary; and exhorted, preached, catechised, and reprovèd, till he wrought a great reformation on the people in that

district:—"Ranoch is an extensive district, in the parish of Fortingall. It is situated at a great distance from the church, and the clergymen visited it at long intervals. The people, therefore, instead of assembling on the Sabbath to worship God, generally met to play at foot-ball. Moved with zeal for the glory of God, and grieved at the sins he witnessed, he zealously set about reforming the people, by convincing them of the sinfulness of their ways. Finding it impossible to bring them together for prayer or exhortation, he would follow them to the scene of their sinful amusements, and there reason with them about death and judgment to come. By the great and disinterested anxiety he manifested for their spiritual welfare, some of them were brought to a better observance of the Sabbath, by uniting with him in the worship of God. The impression made on the minds of those who came to hear him was such, that they persuaded their friends and neighbours to come also, which gradually drew a more numerous attendance. His piety and excellence of character becoming now generally known, the numbers who flocked from all parts to hear him were so great, that the house in which they had hitherto met was insufficient to contain them: he therefore adjourned with the people to a rising ground on the banks of the Ranoch. Nor was he attended by those only among whom he lived, but by many from other remote parts, who were attracted by the fame of his piety. In addressing the people, his meek and gentle spirit led him to dwell most on the loftier motives—the more tender appeals with which the gospel abounds; but, to stubborn and determinate sinners, he was severe in discipline, encounteriug them with the terrors of the Lord, that he might win them to Christ."

It is said that Buchanan assisted Mr. Stewart of Killin in translating the New Testament into the Scottish Gaelic, and that he corrected the work while passing through the press at Edinburgh, in the year 1766. During his stay there he availed himself of the opportunity of attending the classes for Natural Philosophy, Anatomy, Astronomy, &c., which made a great impression upon his mind, and gave him more extensive views of the omnipotence and wisdom of the Divinity. He was, during either of these years, introduced to the celebrated David Hume the historian, who, having been informed of his excellent character, received him with great affability, and entered very familiarly into conversation with him on various topics.

While discussing the merits of some authors, Mr. Hume observed that it was impossible to imagine anything more sublime than the following lines which he repeated:—

"The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherits shall dissolve,
And like the baseless fabric of a vision—
Leave not a wreck behind."

Buchanan at once admitted the beauty and sublimity of the lines, but said that he had a book at home from which he could produce a passage still more sublime, and repeated the following verses:—"And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was

found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God: and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them: and they were judged every man according to their works.”*

He published his “*Hymns*,” about the year 1767. The demand for this little work has continued since, and every year adds to its popularity—a sure proof of its merit. There have been at least fifteen editions of it printed; while of the works of the celebrated bards, Maedonald and Macintyre, there have been only four editions.

Our author continued his useful and pious labours at Ranoeh till his death, which happened on the second of June, 1768, when he was seized with fever, which carried him off in the fifty-second year of his age. During his illness he was frequently delirious, and in that state would sing of the “Lamb in the midst of the throne.” In his lucid intervals he expressed his full hope in the resurrection of the just, and his desire to depart and be with Christ. The people of Ranoeh wished his remains to be buried among them, but his relations carried the body away to their own country, and he was buried in the burying-ground of the Buchanans at Little Lenny, near Callander. In his person he was considerably above the middle size, and rather of a dark complexion, but upon a close inspection his countenance beamed affection and benevolence. Among his intimate acquaintance he was affable, free, joecular and social, and possessed much interesting information and innocent anecdotes, in consequence of which his company was much sought after by all the families in the country. In his dress he was plain and simple, wearing a blue bonnet, and a black dress, over which he generally wore a blue great-coat. After his death his widow removed to Ardoeh, where she remained till the time of her death. He left two sons and two daughters: one of the latter was alive in 1836.

As a poet, Buchanan ranks in the highest class. Endowed with great power of imagination, and full of moral and religious enthusiasm, his poetry is at once fervid, lofty, and animated; and invariably calculated to promote the cause of religion and virtue. Those distinguishing qualities have rendered him the most popular poet in the language; and we may safely assert, that his popularity will endure as long as the language in which he has written is understood.

“*The Day of Judgment*” is the most popular poem in the language. It displays great force of imagination, and fixes the mind on the sublime and awful scenes of a world brought to an end, amidst the wreck of elements, and the assemblage of the whole human race to judgment.

“*The Scull*” is full of good poetry, with appropriate reflections on the vanity of mortal enjoyments. It shows the fierce tyrant and the lowly slave—the haughty chief and the humble tenant—the mighty warrior and the blooming virgin—the

mercenary judge and the grasping miser—all reduced to one level, the grave; to feed the lowly worm and the crawling beetle.

“*The Dream*” contains useful lessons on the vanity of human pursuits, and the unsatisfactory rewards of ambition. The following lines ought to be remembered by every one who envies greatness:—

“Cha ’n ’eil neach o thrioblaid saor,
A’ meag a’ chinne-daonn’ air fad
’S co lionmhor osna aig an rìgh,
Is aig a neach is isle staid.”

“*The Winter*” begins with a vivid description of the effects of that season, and the preparation of men and animals to provide food and shelter. The poet then draws a comparison between the winter and the decline of human life, warning the old man to prepare for his future state, as the husbandman prepares food and fuel for winter—to imitate the prudent foresight of the ant and the bee, and not the idle and improvident fly, dancing joyously in the sunbeams till he perishes by the winter’s frost. This excellent poem is deservedly admired as one of the finest specimens of didactic poetry in the Gaelic language.

LATHA’ BHREITHEANAIS.

An feadh ’ta chuid is mo de’n t-saogh’l
Gu’n ghaol do Chrìosd, gu’n sgionn d’a reachd,
Gu’n ehrideamh ac’ gu’n tig e ris,
‘Thoir breith na firinn air gach neach.

An eadal peacaidh ’ta’d nan suain,
A’ brùdar pailteas de gach nì :
Gu’n umhail ac’ n’ uair thig am bas,
Nach meal iad Pàrras o’n ard Rìgh.

Le cumhachd t-fhacail Dhe tog suas,
An sluagh chum aithreachais na thra,
Is beannaich an Dan so do gach neach,
Bheir seachad eisteachd dha le gradh.

Mo smuaintean talmhaidh Dhe tog suas,
‘S mo theanga fuasgail ann mo bheul;
A chum gu’n labhrainn mar bu choir,
Mu ghloir ‘s mu uamhunn latha Dhe.

Air meadhon oidheil’ ‘nuair bhios an saogh’l,
Air aomadh tharais ann an suain;
Grad dhuisgear suas an einne-daoin’,
Le glaoth na trompaid ‘s airde fuaim.

Air neul ro aird nì fhoillsach’ fein,
Ard aingal treun le trompaid mhoir;
Is gairmidh air an t-saogh’l gu leir,
Iad a ghrad eiridh chum a mhoid :—

“O cluinnibhs uile ehlann nan daoine,
Nis thainig ceann an t-saogh’l gu beachd;
Leamaibh ‘nar beatha sibhs ‘ta marbh,
Oir nis gu dearbh ‘ta los’ air teachd.”

Is seididh e le sgail eho chruaidh,
‘S gu ‘n cuir e sleibhte ‘s cuan ‘nan ruith;
Grad chlisgidh na bhios marbh ‘san uaigh,
Is na bhios beo le h-uamhunn crith.

Le osaig dhoinionnaich a bheil,
An saogh’l so reubaidh e gu garg,
‘S mar dhun an t-seangain dol na ghluais,
Grad bhruichdaidh ‘n uaigh a nìs a mairbh.

‘N sin cruinnichidh gas eas in lamh,
Chaidh chur san araich fad o cheil;
‘S bidh farum mor a meag nan enamh,
Gach aon diu’ dol ‘na aite fein.

Mosglaidh na fireanaich an tus,
Is dhuisgear iad gu leir o’n suain,
An anamaibh turlingidh o ghloir,
Ga’n comh’lachadh aig beul na h-uaigh.

Le eibhneas togaidd iad an ceann,
‘Ta am am’ fuasglaidh orra dlu;
Is mar ehraibh-inheas fo iomlan blath,
Tha dreach an Slannuifheir ‘nan gnais;

Tha obair Spiorad naomh nan gras
Air glanadh 'n naduir o 'n taobh steach;
'S mar thrusgan glan 'ta umhlachd Chriosd,
Ga'n deanamh sgiamhaeh o'n taobh 'maeh.

Duisgear na h-aingidh suas 'n an deigh,
Mar bheisdibh gairisneach as an t-slochd;
'S o ifinn thig an anama truagh;
Thoir coinneamh uamhasach da 'n corp.

'N sin labhraidh 'n t-anam bronach truagh,
R'a choluinn oillteil, uamhar, bhreun,
'Mo chlaoidh ! ciod uim' an d'eirich thu
Thoir peanas dubailt oirn le cheil ?

"O ! 'n cigin domhsa dol aris,
Am prìosan neo-ghlan steach a'd' chre?
Mo thruaighe mi gu'n d'aontaich riamh,
Le t-anamianna brudeil fein !

"O'm faigh mi dealach, riut gu brath !
No 'n tig am bas am feasd a'd' choir !
'N druigh teine air do chnaimhean iarín!
No dibh-fheirg Dhe an struidh i t-fheoil !"

Eiridh na rìghrean 'e daoine mor,
Gun smachd gun ordugh ann nan laimh;
'S cha'n aithn' ear iad a meag an t-sluaidh,
O 'n duine thruagh bha ac' na thraill.

'S na daoine uaibhreach leis nach b' fhiu,
Gu 'n umhlaicheadh iad fein do Dhia;
O faic anis iad air an glun';
A' deanamh urnuigh ris gach sliabh :—

"O chreagan tuitibh air ar ceann,
Le sgairneich ghairbh de chlachan cruaidh,
Is sgrìosaibh sinn a tìr nam beo,
A chum 's nach faic sinn gloir an Uain."

A mach as uamhaidh gabhaidh 'thriall
An diabol 's a chuid aingle fein,
Ge cruaidh e 's cigin teachd a lath 'r,
A' slaodadh shlabhraidh a's a dheigh.

'N sin fasaidh ruthadh ann san speur
Mar fhair na maidne 'g ciridh dearg;
Ag innse gu'm beil fiosa fein,
A teachd na deidh le latha garbh :

Grad fhosglaidh a's a cheil na neòil,
Mar dhorus seomair an ard Rìgh,
Is foillsichear am Breithcamh mor,
Le gloir is greadhnaehas gun chrich.

Tha 'm bogha-frois nu'n cuairt da cheann,
'S mar thuil nan gleann tha fuaim a ghuth;
'S mar dhèalanach tha sealladh sul,
A' sputadh a's na neulaibh tiugh.

A ghrian ard-locharan nan speur,
Do ghloir a phearsa geillidh grad;
An dealradh drillseach thig o ghnuis,
A solus muchaidh e air fad.

Cuiridh i uimpe culaidh bhroin,
'S bidh 'ghealach mar gun doirt' oirr' fuil,
Is crathar cumhachdan nan speur,
A tilgeadh nan reull a's am bun.

Bidh iad air uideal ann san speur,
Mar mheas air geig ri anradh garbh;
Tuiteam mar bhraonaibh dh-uisge dlu,
'S an gloir mar shuilean duine mhairbh.

Air charbad teine suidhidh e,
'S mun cuairt da beucaidh 'n tairneanach,
A' dol le ghairm gu crìoch na neamh,
'S a'reub nan neul gu doinionnaeh.

O chuibhlibh 'charbaid thig amach,
Sruth mor de theine laist' le feirg;
Is sgaoilidh 'n tuil' ud air gach taobh,
A' cur an t-saogh' l na lasair dheirg.

Leaghaidh na Duile 'nuas le teas,
Ceart mar a leaghas teine ceir;
Na cuic 's na sleibhte lasaidh suas,
'S bidh teas-ghoil air a' ehuan gu leir.

Na beanntan iargalt nach tug seach,
An stòras riamh de neach d'an deoin,
Ta iad gu fialaidh taosgadh 'mach,
An ionmhais leaght' mar abhainn mhoir.

Gach neach bha sgriobadh cruinn an oir,
Le sannt, le do-bheirt, no le fuil;
Lan chaisgibh 'nis 'ur 'n iota mor,
'S a nasgaidh olaibh dheth o'n tuil.

O sibhse rinn 'ur bun do'n t-saogh' l,
Nach tig sibh 's caoinibh e gu geur,
'N uair tha e 'gleacadh ris a bhas,
Mar dhuine laidir dol do'n eug.

A chuisc chleachd bli fallain fuar,
Ri mireag uaibhreach feadhan gleann,
'Tha teas a chleibh 'ga 'n smuidreadh suas,
Le goilbh buaireis feadh nam beann.

Naich faic sibh 'chrith tha air mu'n cuairt,
'S gach creag a' fuasgladh ann 's gach sliabh,
Nach cluinn sibh osnach throm a bhais,
'S a chridhe sgaineadh stigh 'n a chliabh.

An curtein gorm tha null o'n ghrein,
'S mu'n cuairt do'n chruinne-che mar chleoc,
Crupaidh an lasair e 'a cheil,
Mar mhilleig air na h-eibhlean beo.

Tha 'n t-adhar ga thachd' le neula tiugh,
'S an toit 'na meallaibh dubh dol suas
'S an teine millteach sputadh 'mach,
'Na dhualaibh cairsreagach mu'n cuairt.

Tincheall a' chruinne so gu leir,
Borb-bheucaidh 'n tairneanach gu bras;
'S bidh 'n lasair lomadh gloir nan speur,
Mar fhaloig ris na sleibhte cas.

Is chum au doinionn ata suas,
O cheithir airdibh ghaisidh 'ghaoth;
Ga sgiurs' le neart nan aingle treun,
Luathach an leir-sgrìos o gach taobh.

Tha obair na se la rinn Dia
Le lasair dhian ga cuir 'fa sgaoil,
Cia mor do shalbheas Rìgh na 'm feart,
Nach iunndrain casgradh mhile saogh'!

'M feadh tha gach ni 'an glaic an cig,
'S a chruitheachd gu leir dol bun-osceunn,
Teannaidh am Breitheanhn oirne dlu,
A chum gach cuis a chur gu ceannu.

'N sin gluaisidh e o aird nan speur,
Air cathair a Mhorachd fein a nuas,
Le greadhnachas nach facas riamh,
'S le dhiadhachd sgeadaichte ionn cuairt.

Ta mìle tairneanach 'na laimh,
A chum a naimhde sgrios am feirg,
Is fonn-chrith orr' gu dol an grèim,
Mar choin air cill ri h-am na seilg.

Aingle gun aireamh tha 'na chuir,
Le 'n suilean suidhicht' air an Rìgh,
Chum ruith le ordughsan gun dail,
'S na h-uile ait ga'n cur au gnìomh.

O Iudas thig a nis a lathair,
'S gach neach rinn braithreas riut a'd ghnìomh
An dream a dh'aicheadh creideamh Chrìosd,
Na reic e air son ni nach b'fhiach.

A shluagh gun ehiall thug miann do'n or,
Roimh ghloir is eibhneas fhaithcas De,
'Ur malairt ghorach faicibh nis,
'S an sgrios a thug sibh oirbh fein.

'S a mhuinntir uaibhreach leis 'm bu nar,
Gu 'n cluinnte crabhachd dha 'n'ur teach;
Faicibh a ghloir 's na b' iognadh leibh,
Ged dhruid e sibh a riogh'chd amach.

O Herod faic a nis an Rìgh,
D' an tug thu spid is maslachd mor,
Ga sgeadachadh le trasgan ruailh,
Mar shuai neas sgallais air a ghloir.

Nach faic thu Breitheamh an t-saoghail gu leir,
'S mar eudach uime 'n lasair dhearg;
A' teachd thoirt duais do dhaoine coir,
'S a sgrios luchd do-bheirt ann am feirg.

Is thusa Philat tog do shuil,
'S gu'm faic thu nis' a muthadh mor;
An creid thu gur h-e sud an Tì
A rinn thu dhiteadh air do mhod?

An creid thu gur e-sud an ceann,
Mun d' iath gu teann an sgitheach gcur,
Na idir gur i sud a ghnuis,
Air na thilg na h-Iudhaich sìle breun!

'M bu leoir gu'n theich a ghrian air chul,
A' diultadh fianuis thoirt do'n gnìomh?
Ciod uim' nach d'fhuair a chruitheachd bas,
'N uair cheusadh air a chrann a TRIATH?

Cuiridh e aingle 'mach gach taobh,
Chum ceithir ghaothaibh 'n domhain mhoir,
A chuairteachadh gach aon do'n t-sluagh,
A steach gu luath a dh'ionnsuidh 'mhoid.

Gach neach a dh' aitich coluinn riamh,
O'n ear 's o'n iar tha nise' teachd,
Mar sgaoth de bheachaibh tigh'n mu ghcig,
An deidh dhaibh eiridh 'mach o'n sgeap.

'N sin togaidh aingeal glormhor suas,
Ard bhratach Chrìosd da'n suaich'neas fuil;
A chruinneachadh na ghluais sa choir,
'S da fhulangas rinn doigh a's bun.

Do m'ionnsuidh cruinnichibh mo naoimh,
Is tionailibh gach aon de'n dream,
A rinn gu dìleas is gu dlu,
Le creideamh 's umlachd ceangal leam.

'N sin tionsgaidh 'm Breith' air cuis an la,
A chum a naimhde chur fo bhinn,
Is fosglaidh e leabhraichean suas,
Far am beil peacadh 'n t-sluaigh air chuimhn':

Fosglaidh e 'n cridhe mar an ceudn',
Air dhoigh 's gur leir de'n h-uile neach,
Gach uamharrachd bha gabhail tamh,
Air feadh an arois ud a steach:

'N uair chi' an sealladh so dhiubh fein,
Is dearbh gur leir dhaibh ceartas Dhia;
'S bidh 'n gruaidh a leaghadh as le nair
Nach lugha cradh na teine dian.

Togaidh an trompaid 'ris a fuaim,
"Na labhradh a's na gluaisidh neach;"
Air-chor gu'n cluinne gach beag a's mor,
A bhreith thig air gach seors' amach.

'A dhaoine sanntach threig a choir,
'S a leag 'ur dochas an 'ur toic,
A ghlas gu teann 'ur eridhe suas,
'S a dhruid 'nr cluas ri glaoth nam bochd.

'An lomnochd cha do dhion o'n fhuachd,
'S do'n acrach thruagh cha d'thug sibh biadh,
Ged lion mi fein 'ur cisd' de lon,
'S 'ur treuda' ehur a'mod gach bliadhn'.

'Ni bheil sibh iomchuidh air mo riogh'chd,
As eugmhais frinn, iochd, a's graidh;
'S o reub sibh m' iomhaidh dhibh gu leir,
Agraibh sibh fein 'nar sgrios gu brath.

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

“A nathraiche millteach ‘s oillteil greann,
Cha binn leam eol ‘ur sranntaich ard,
‘S cha ‘n eisd o’r teangaidh ghobhlach cliu,
Le driuchd a phuinnsein air a barr.

“Is sibhs’ thug fuath da m’ orduigh naomh,
Is leis nach b’ionmhuinn caomh mo theach;
Leis ‘m bu bhliadhna suidhe uair,
Am aros tabhairt cluais do m’ reachd.

“Cionnas a mhealas sibh gu brath,
A’m’ sheirbhhis sabaid shiorruidh bhuan
Na cionnas bheir ‘ur n-anam gradh,
De’n ni da’n tug ‘ur nadur fuath?

“Luchd mi-ruin agus farmaid mhoir
Da’n doruinn ionlan sonas chaich,
Le doilghios geur a’ enamh ‘ur cri,
Mu aon neach oirbh fein bheir barr.

“Cia mar a dh-fheadas sibh gu brath,
Lan shonas aiteach ann an gloir;
Far an faic sibhs milte dream,
Ga’n ardach’ os bhur ceann gu mor?

“Am fad ‘s bu leir dhuibh feadh moriogh’chd,
Neach b’ airde inbhe na sibh fein;
Nach fadadh mi-run ‘s farmad euirt,
Fein’ ifrinn duibh a’m flaitheas De?

“Is sibhs’ ‘an slighe na nco-ghloin ghluais,
‘S gu sonraicht’ thruaill an leaba phosd;
Gach neach a thug do m’ naomhachd fuath,
Ga’n tabhairt suas gu toil na feol’.

“Mar b’ ionmhuinn leibh bhi losgadh ‘n teas,
‘Ur n-uabhair, dheasaich mi dhuibh fearg,
Leaba dearg theth ‘san laidh sibh sios,
Am brachaibh-lin de lasair dheirg.

“Ged bheirinn sibh gu rioghachd mo ghloir,
Mar mhucan steach gu seomraigh;
‘Ur nadur neoghlan bhiodh ga chradh,
Le’r miannaibh basachadh chion bidh.

“Gach neach tha iomchuidh air mo riogh’chd,
Teannaibh sibhs chum modheis,
Is cruinnichibh seachad chum mo chli,
A chrionach o na crannaibh meas.”

“N sin tearbainidh e chum gach taobh,
Na caoraich o na gobhraibh lom;
Ceart nar ni’m buachaille an trend,
‘N uair chuairtaicheas e sprcidh air tom.

“N sin labhraidh e ri luchd a dheis,
“Sibhs ta densaichte le m’ ghras,
Thigibhs, sealbhaichibh an rioghachd,
Nach faic a sonas crìoch gu brath.

“Spealg mise ‘n geat’ bha oirbhs duintt’,
Le m’ umhlachd ‘s m’ fhulangas ro-ghcur;
‘S dh-fhosgail an t-sleadh gu farsuinn suas,
Am leith-taobh dorus nuadh dhuibh fein.

“Chum craoibh na beath’ ta ‘m Parraiss De,
Le h-cibhneas tcannaibh steach da coir;
‘S a fearta iongantach gu leir,
Dearbhadh ‘ur n-uile chreuchd ‘s bhur leon.

“An claidhe ruisgte bha laist ga dion,
O laimh ‘ur sinnsir Adhamh ‘s Eubh,
Rinn mise truail dhe m’ chridhe dha,
‘S a lasair bhath mi le n’ fhuil fein.

“Fo dosraich urair suidhibh sios,
Nach searg ‘s nach crìon am feasd a blath;
‘S mar smeoraichean a measg a geug,
Chum molaiddh gleusaibh binn bhur cail.

“Le ‘maise sasaichibh ‘ur suil,
Is oirbh fo sgail cha druigh an teas,
O ‘duilleach curaidh olaibh slaint;
Is bith ‘bh nco-bhasmhor le a meas.

“Gach uile mheas tha ‘m Parraiss De,
Ta nis gu leir neo-thoirmisgt’ dhuibh;
Ithibh gun eagal o gach geig,
A nathair nimh eha teum a’ chaoidh.

“A’s uile mhiann ‘ur n-anma fein,
Lan shasaichibh gu leir ‘an Dia,
Tobar na firinn, iochd, a’s graidh,
A mhaireas lan gu cian na ‘n cian.

“Mor-innleachd iongantach na slaint,
Sior rannsaichibh air aird ‘s air leud,
‘S feadh oibriche mo rioghachd mhoir,
‘Ur n-eolas ciocrach cuiribh’ meud.

“Ur n-eibhneas, mais’ ‘ur tuigs’, ‘s ‘ur gradh.
Bitheadh gu siorruidh fas ni ‘s mo;
‘S cha choinnich sibh aon ni gu brath,
Bheir air ‘ur n-auam cradh no leon.

“Cha ‘n fhaca suil, ‘s cha chuala cluas,
Na thaisg mi suas de shonas duibh,
Imichibh, ‘s biodh ‘ur dearbhadh fein,
Sior-innse sgeul duibh air a chaoidh.”

Ach ris a mhuinntir th’air a chli,
O ! labhraidh e ‘na dhiog’ltas cruaidh,
“A chuideachd nach d’thug gradh do Dhia,
A chum an diabhuil siubhlaidh uam.

“S mo mhallachd maille ribh gu brath,
A chum ‘ur cradh ‘s ‘ur cur gu piau,
Gluaisibhs chum an teine mhoir,
Ga’r rosdadh ann gu cian nan cian.”

Mar sgain an talamh a’s a cheil,
‘N uair gabh e teaghlach Chorach steach,
Ceart laimh riu fosglaidh ‘n uaigh a beul,
‘S i miannanaich air son a creich.

Is mar a shluig ‘mhuc-mhara mhor,
Ionas ‘n uair chaidh ‘thilgeadh ‘mach,
Ni slugan dubh an dara bais,
A charbad iathadh umpa steach.

San uamhaidh taobhaidh iad ri cheil,
A ghluais nam beath' gu h-eucorach;
Luchd mhionn a's mort a's fiauis-bhreig;
Luchd misg a's reubainn 's adhaltrais.

Mar chualaig dhريس an ceangal teann,
An slabhraidh tha gach dream leo fein;
'S an comunn chleachd bhi 'n caidreamh dlu,
Mar bhioran ruisgte dol nan cre.

Mar leoghan garg fo' chuibhreath cruaidh,
Le thosaibh reubadh suas a ghlais;
An slabhraidh cagnaidd iad gu dian,
'S gu brath cha ghearr an faclan phrais.

Bidh iad gu siorruiddh 'n glacaibh 'bhais,
'S an cridh' ga fhasgadh asd' le bron,
Ceangailt air enan de phronnug laisd'
'S a dheatach uaine taehd an sron.

Mar bhairneach fuaighte ris an sgeir,
Tha iad air crengaibh goileach teamn;
Is dibh-fheirg Dhe a' seideadh 'chuain,
Na thonnaibh buaireis thar an ceann.

'N tra dhuineas cadal crusaidh an suil,
Teas feirg 's an-dochas duisgidh iad;
A chnuimh nach basaich 's eibhle beo,
A' cur an doruinn shiorruiddh 'meud.

Air ifrinn 'n uair a gheibh iad sealbh,
S lan-dearbhadh co gu'n toir iad cis,
Faodaidh sinn pairt d'an gearan truagh,
Chuir auns na briathraibh cruaidh so sios.

"O staidh na neo-ni 'n robh mi 'm thamh,
Ciod uime dh-ardach Dia mo ceann!
Mo mhile mallachd aig an la,
'N do gabh mo mhathair mi' na broinn.

"Ciod uime fhuair mi tuisge riamh?
No ciall a's reusan chum mo stiur?
Ciod uim' nach d'rinn thu cuileag dhiom?
Na durrag dhiblidh ann san uir?

"Am mair mi 'n so gu saogh'l nan saogh'l!
'N tig crìoch no caochladh orm gu brath,
Am beil mi nis san t-siorr'achd bhuan,
A' snamh a' chuain a ta gun traigh!

"Ged aireamh uile reullta neimh,
Gach feur a's duilleach riamh a dh-fhas,
Mar' ris gach braon a ta sa' chuan,
'S gach gaineamh chuaiticheas an traigh!

"Ged chuiream mìle bliadhna seach,
As leith gach aon diubh sud gu leir,
Cha d'imich seach de'n t-iorr'achd mhoir,
Ach mar gu 'n toisicheadh i 'n de.

"Ach O! 'n do theirig trocair Dhia!
'S am pian e mi gu saogh'l nan saogh'l!
Mo shlabhraidh 'n lasaich e gu brath!
No glas mo lamh an dean e sgaoil!

"M bi 'm beul a dh-ordaich Dia chum seinn,
Air feadh gach linn a chliu guu sgios,
Mar bhalagan-secidh fadadh suas,
Na lasraich uain' 'an ifrinn shios!

"Ged chaidh mo thruaighe thar mo ncart,
Gu deimhinn fein a's ceart mo bhinn;
Ach ch'fhada bhios mi 'n so ga m' chradh,
Mu'm bi do cheartas saitheach dhiom!

"No 'm bi thu dio'lte dhiom gu brath,
'N deach lagh an naduir chuair air cul?
Mo thruaighe mi! 'n e so am bas
A bhagair thu air Adhamh 'n tus?

"Air sga do dhio'ltas 'm bi thu 'sniomh
Snathain mo bheath' gu siorruiddh caol?
Nach leoir bhi mìle bliadhu' ga m' losg'
As leith gach lochd a rinn mi 's t-saogh'l?

"Ged lean de dhio'ltas mi gu m' chul,
Cha 'n ardaich e do chliu, a Dhe,
'S cha'n fhu do d' Mhorachd t-fhearg a chosg,
Air comharadh cho bochd rium fein.

"O Dhia! nach sgrios thu mi gu tur?
'S le d' chumhachd cuir air 'm anam crìoch,
'S gu staid na neo-ni tilg mi vait,
Far nach 'eil fulang, smuain, no gnìomh.

"Ach O! se so mo thoillt'neas fein
Is ni'm beil eu-coir bunntainn rium;
Oir dhiult mi tairgse shaor de Chrìosd,
'S nìor ghabh mi d'a fhuil phriseil suin.

"Mo choguis ditidh mi gu brath,
An f'hanuis bha ga 'n chaineadh riamh;
An-ìochd no eu-coir ann mo bhas,
Cha leig i charadh 'm feasd air Dia.

"Aitheanta thilg mi air mo chul,
A's ruith mi durachdach gu'm sgrios,
Is 'f'hanuis fein a' m' chridhe mhuch,
A' druid' mo shuile roimh mo leas.

"Cia meud an dìogh'ltas tha dhomh' dual
A's leith mo pheacaidh uamhor dan
Am peac' thug du'lan do dh-fhuil Chrìosd,
'S a dh-fhag gun eifeachd brìgh a bhais.

"Gidheadh nach 'eil de Bhuanan fein,
Neo-chrìochanach gu leir o chian?
'S an toir mo chiont air iochd a's gradh,
Gu'm fas iad crìochnachd' ann an Dia?

"An comas dut mo thilgeadh uat
Far nach cluinn do chluas mo sgread?
'M beil dorchadas an ifrinn fein
Far nach bu leir do Dhia mostaid?

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

“Ge truagh mo ghuidhe cha’n cisdar i,
A’s fois no feth cha’n fhaidh mi chaidh’
Ach beath’ neo-bhasmhor teachd as ur,
Gu’m neartach’ ghiulan tuille claidh.”

Ach stad mo rann a’s pill air t-ais
O shlochd na casgraidh dhein a nios,
Is feuch cionnas a bheir thu seol
Do’n dream tha beo nach teid iad sios.

A leughadair a’m beil e fìor,
Na ebuir mi cheana sios am dhan?
Ma se ‘s gu’m beil thig s’ lub do ghlun
Le urnuigh ‘s aithreachas gun dail:—

“A dh-ionnsuidh Iosa teich gu luath,
A’ gabhail grain a’s fuatb do d’ pheac’,
Le creideamh fìor thoir umhlachd dha,
An uile aith’nta naomh a reachd.

“Gabh ris na h-oifigibh gu leir,
‘S ri h-aon diubh na cuir fein do ebul;
Mar Fhaidh, mar Shagart, ‘us mar Rìgh,
Chum slainte, didean, agus iuil.

“Biodb eiseimpleir am beach do shul,
Chum d’ uile ghluasachd ‘stuir da reir,
‘S gach meadhon dh-ordach e chum slaint’
Bi fein g’an gnathachadh gu leir.

“As ‘fhireantachd dean bun a mhain,
‘S na taic gu brath ri d’ thoill’neas fein;
‘S mas aill leat eifeachd bhi na ghlas,
Na h-altrum peacadh daimh a’d’ ebré.

“Mar sin ged robb de eìionta mor,
Chum gloir do Thighearn’ saorar thu,
Is chum de sbonais shìorruidh fein,
Air fead gach re a’ seinn a chliu.”

AN CLAI GEANN.

‘S mi ‘m shuigh aig an uaigh,
Ag amharc na bruaich,
Feuch clai geann gun snuadh air lar;
Is thog mi e suas,
A’ tionnach’ gu truagh,
Ga thionndadh mu ‘n cuairt am laimh.

Gun aille gun dreach,
Gun aithne gun bheachd;
Air duine tbeid seach ‘na dhail;
Gun fhiacail ‘na dhend,
No teanga ‘na bheul,
No slugan a ghleusas cail.

Gun ruthadh ‘na ghruaidh
‘S e ruisgte gun ghruaig;
Gun eisdeachd ‘na chluais do m’ dhan;

Gun anail na shroin,
No aile de’n fboid,
Ach lag far ‘m bu choir bhi ard.

Gun dealradh ‘na shuil,
No rosg uimpe dun’,
No fradharc ri h-ìuil nìar b’ abh’sd.
Ach durragan crom,
A chleachd bhi san, tom,
Air cladhach’ da tholl ‘nan ait.

Tha n’ canachainn bha ‘d chul,
Air tionndadh gu smur,
Gun tionnsgal no surd rir t-fheum;
Gun smuainteach’ a’d’ dhail,
Mu philleadh gu brath,
A cheartach’ na dh-flag thu ‘d dheidh.

Cha ‘n innis do ghnuis,
A nisc co thu,
Ma’s rìgh mo ma’s dìuc thu fein
‘S ionann Alasdair mor,
Is traill a dhi loin,
A dh-eug air an otrach bhreun.

Fhìr chlaghach na h-uaigh;
Nach cagair thu ‘m chluais,
Co ‘n clai geann so fhuair mi ‘m laimh?
‘S gu ‘n cuirinn ris ceisd,
Mu gnath mu ‘n do theasd;
Ge nach fregair e’ m’ feasd mo dhan.

‘Mu bu mhaighdean deas, thu,
Bha sgiamhach a’d’ ghnuis,
‘S deagh shuidheach’ a’d’ shuil da reir?
Le d’ mhaise mar lion,
A’ ribeadh mu chrì’,
Gach oganaich chi’dh thu fein.

Tha nisc gach adh,
Bha cosnadh dhut graidh,
Air tionndadh gu grain gach neach;
Marbhaig air an uaigh,
A chreach thu do’n bhuaidh,
Bha ceangail’ ri snuadh do dhreach.

No ‘m breitheamh ceart thu,
Le tuigs’ agus iuil,
Bha reiteach gach enis do’n t-sluagh;
Gun aomadh le pairt;
Ach dìteadh gu bas,
Na h-cucoir bra daicheil cruaidh?

No ‘n do reic thu a choir,
Air ghlacaid de’n or,
O ‘n dream da ‘n robh storas pailt?
Is bochdainn an t-sluaigh,
Fo fhoirneart ro chruaidh,
A fulang le cruas na h-aire.

‘S mar robh thusa fìor,
Ann a t-oifig am binn,
‘S gun d’rinn thu an dìreach fiar;
‘S cho chinnteach an nì,
‘N uair thainig do chrìoch,
Gu’n deachaich do dhìt, le Dia.

No n' robh thu a'd' leigh,
A' leigheas nan creuchd,
'S a' deanamh gach eugcail slan?
A t-ioc-shlaintibh mor,
A' deanamh do bhosd,
Gu 'n dibreadh tu choir o'n bhas?

Mo thruaighe ' gun threig,
Do leigheas thu fein,
'N uair bha thu fo eugcail chruaidh;
Gu'n fhognadh gun sta,
Am purgaid no m' plasd,
Gu d' chumail aon tra o'n naigh.

No 'n seanalair thu,
A choisinn mor chlin,
Le d' sheoltachd a stiùireadh airm?
Air naimhdean toirt buaidh,
Ga 'n curr ann san ruaig,
'S ga 'm fagail nan cruachan marbh.

'N robh do chladheamh gun hheirt,
No 'n dh-flag thu do neart,
'N uair choinnich thu feachd na h-uaign,
'N uair b' eigin d'ut geill',
A dh-aindeoin do dheud,
Do dh' armailt' de bheistean truagh?

Tha na durraig gu treun,
Ri d' choluinn' cur seis,
'S a' coisneadh ort feisd gach la;
Is claigneann do chinn,
'Na ghearasdan dìon,
Aig daolagan diblidh 'n tamh.

Pairt a' claothach' do dheud,
A steach ann a' d' bheul,
'S cuid eile ri reub' do chluas;
Dream cil nan sgud,
Tigh'n amach air do shuil,
A' spuinneadh 's a' rusg' do ghruaidh.

No m' fear thu bha poit,
Gu tric 's an taigh osd,
'S tu cridheil ag ol nan dram?
Nach iarradh dhut fein
De fhlaithneas De,
Ach beirm a bhi 'g eiridh a' d' cheann?

Nach iarradh tu 'cheol,
Ach mionnan mu'n bhord,
Is feuchainn co 'n dorn bu chruaidh:
Mar bho no mar each,
Gun tuigse, gun bheachd,
'S tu bruchdadh 'sa sgeith mu'n chuaich?

Na 'n duin' thu bha ghluas'd
Gu ceanalta suaire,
Gu measara stuam' mu d' bhord;
Le miannaibh do chre,
Fo chuibhreacadh geur;
'N am suidhe gu feisd 's gu sogh?

No 'n geocaire mor,
Bha gionach air lon,
Mar choin an am feolach dearg;

A' toileach' do mhiann,
Bha duilich a riar,
'S tu geilleadh mar Dhia do d' bholg?

Tha nise do bhrù,
Da 'n robh thu a' lub',
De ghaineamh 's do dh' uir gle lan,
'S do dheudach air glas',
Mu d' theangaidh gun blùas,
Fo gheimhleachaibh prais a bhais.

No 'm morair ro mhor,
A' thachair am dhorn,
Neach aig an robh coir air tir:
Bha iochdmhor ri bochd,
A' cluthach' nan nochd,
Reir pailteas a thoic 's a nith?

No 'n robh thu ro chruaidh,
A' feannadh do thuath,
'S a' tanach an gruaidh le mal;
Le h-agartas geur
A glacadh an spreidh
'S am bochdainn ag eigheach dail?

Gu'n chridh' aig na daoine,
'Bh'air lònadh le h-aois,
Le 'n claigneannan maola truagh;
Bhi seasamh a' d' choir,
Gun bhoineid 'nan dorn,
Ge d' tholladh gaoth reot' an cluas.

Tha nise do thrail,
Gun urram a' d' dhail,
Gun ghearsom', gun mhal, gun mhod;
Mor-mholadh do'n bhas,
A chasgair thu tra,
'S nach d' fhuiligh do straic fo'n fhod.

No 'm ministear thu,
Bha tagradh gu dlu,
Ri pobull 'an ughdaras De;
Ga 'm pilleadh air ais,
Bha 'g ineachd gu bras,
Gu h-frinn na casgradh dhein?

No 'n robh thu gun sgoinn,
Mar mhuinne mu chloinn,
Gun churam a h-oighreachd Dhe;
Na 'm faigheadh tu 'n rusg,
Bha coma co dhiu,
M' an t-sionnach bli stiùireadh 'n treud;

Leam 's cinnteach gun d' fhuair,
Do dheanadas duais,
'N uair rainig thu 'm Buachail' mor;
'N uair chuartich am bas,
A steach thu 'na laith'r,
Thoirte eunntas a' d' thalant' do.

No 'n ceann thu bha lan,
De dh-innleachdan bais,
Gu scolta ga 'n tath' r'a cheil';
G'an cur ann an gnìomh,
Gun umhail gun fhianh,
A freagra' do Dhia 'nan deigh?

'N robh teanga nam breug,
Gun chuibhreach fo d' dheud,
A' togail droch sgeul air each;
Gath puinsein do bheil,
Mar naithir a' teum,
'S a' lotadh nan ceud gach la?

Tha i nise na tamh,
Fo cheangal a bhais,
Gun sgainneal a' plaigh na duthch';
A's durraga grannd;
Air lobhadh 'n h-ait,
An deigh dhaibh enamh gu cul.

'S mu lean thu do ghnathis,
Gu leabaidh do bhais,
Gun tionndadh' na thra ri coir;
Car tamull na h-uair,
Dean flaitheas de'n uaigh,
Gus an gairmear thu suas gu mod.

Mar losgann dubh grannd,
Ag iomairt a snag,
Gu 'n eirich thu 'n aird o'n t-slochd;
Thoir coinneamh do Chriosd,
'Na thighinn a ris,
A dh' fhaotainn lan diol a' t-ole.

'N uair theid thu fo bhinn,
Ni cheartas do dhìt;
Ga d' fhogradh gu sìorruidh uaith;
Gu lasair ga d' phian,
Chaidh dheasach' da'n Diabh'l,
'S a mhallachd gu dian 'ga d' ruag.

'N sin cruaidhichidh Dia
Do chnaimhean mar iar'n,
'Is t-fheithean mar iallaibh prais;
Is teannaichidh t-fheoil
Mar innein nan ord,
Nach enamh i le moid an teas.

No 'n ceann thu 'n robh ciall,
Is colas air Dia,
'S gu'n d' rinn thu a riar 'sa choir;
Ged tha thu 'n dingh ruisgt',
Gun aithe', gun uil,
Gun teanga, gun suil, gun sron.

Gabh misneach san uaigh,
Oir ciridh tu suas,
'N uair chluineas tu fuaim an stuic,
'S do thruailleachd gu leir,
Shios fagaidh tu'd dheigh,
Aig durragan breun an t-sluic.

Oir deasaichidh Dia,
Do mhaire mar ghrián,
Bhiodh ag ciridh o sgiath na m' beann;
'Cur fradhare ro gheur,
'S na suilean so fein,
'S iad a' dealradh mar reullt' a'd cheann.

Do theanga 's do chail,
Ni ghleusadh gun dail,
A chantainn 'na aros clin!
Is fosglaidh do chluas,
A dh-eisteachd ri fuaim,
A mholaidh th' aig sluagh a chuir.

'N uair dhealraicheas Criosd,
Na thigheachd a ris,
A chruinneach' na 'm firean suas;
'N sin bheir thu de leum,
Thoir coinneamh dha fein,
Mar iolair nan speur aig luathis.

'N uair dh-circas tu 'n aird,
Grad chuiridh ort fallt,
A mhealtainn a chairdeas fein,
Gun dealach' gu brath,
R'a chomunn no ghradh,
A steach ann am Pàrras De.

Fhir 'chluinneas mo dhan,
Dean aithreachas tra,
'M feadh mhairaes do shlaime 's do bheachd;
Mu'n tig ort am bas,
Nach leig thu gu brath,
Air geata nan gras a steach.

AM BRUADAR.

Air bhith dhomhsa ann am shuain
A' brnadar dianhain mar tha each,
Bhi glacadh sonais o gach ni;
Is e ga'm dhibreadh ann's gach ait.

Air leam gun tainig neach am choir,
'S gu'n dubh'r e rium:—"Gur gorach mi,
Bhi smuainteach greim a ghleidh do'n
ghaoith,
No fòs gu'n lion an saogh'l mo chri.

"Is diàmhain dut bli 'g iarraidh saimh,
'N aon nì' no'n ait air bith fo 'n ghrein;
Cha chlos do d' chorp an taobh so 'n uaigh,
No t-anam 'n taobh so shuaimhneas De.

"An tra dh'ith Adhamh 'a meas an tus,
Am peacadh dhrugh e air gach ni:
Lion e na h-uile nì le saoth'r,
Is dh-fhag e 'n saogh'l na bhriste eri'.

"Air sonas 'anma chaill e choir,
Mar ris gach solas bha'n sa gharr'
O sin ta 'shliochd nan deoiribh truagh;
Mar uan a mearachd air a mbath'r.

"Ri meilich chruaidh ta'd ruith gach ni,
'An duil gu 'm faigh an inntinn cìos;

Ach dhaibh tha 'n saogh'l gun iochd no truas,
Mar mhuime coimheich fhuair gun thus.

"Mar sin tha iad gun fhois na tamh,
Ga 'n sarach' glacadh faileas breig;
'S a' deoth'l toil-inntinn o gach ni,
Is iad mar chiochan seasg nam beul.

"Bidh teannadachd eigin ort am feasd,
'S do dhochas faicinn fuasgladh t-fheum,
An comhnuidh dhut mar fhad do laimh;
Ach gu brath cha'n fhaigh dheth greim.

"Cha teagaisg t-fheuchain 's dearbhadh thu,
O dhuil is carbsa chuir sa' l'hreig,
A rinn do mhealladh mìle uair,
'S cho fhada bhuat an diugh san de.

"An ni bu mho da'n tug thu miann,
Nach dh-fhag a mhealtuinn riamh e scarbh?
Tha tuille sonais ann an duil,
Na tha'n an crun le bhi na sheilbh.

"Ceart mar an ros a ta sa' ghar,
Crion seargaidh bhla 'nuair theld a bhuain;
Mu'n gann a ghlaas tu e d' laimh,
Grad threigidh fhaileadh e 'sa shnuadh.

"Cha 'n eil neach o thrioblaid saor,
Am measg a 'chinne daoin' air fad,
'S co lionmhor osna aig an righ,
Is aig an neach is isle staid.

"Tha 'smudan fein os ceann gach foid
Is doruinn ceangailt' ris gach math;
Tha 'n ros a fas air drisean geur,
'S an taic' a cheil tha mhill san gath.

"Ged fhaic thu neach 'an saibhreas mor
Na meas a sholas bhi thar chaeh;
An tobar 's gloine chi do shuil,
Tha ghruid na iochdar gabhail tamh.

"'S mu chuireas t-anail e 'na ghluais,
Le tarrninn chabhaig suas a'd' bheul,
Duisgidh an ruaghan dearg a nios,
'S le gaineamh lionaidh e do dheud.

"'S ged fhaic thu neach 'an inbhe aird,
Tha e mar nead an barr na craoibh;
Gach stoirm a bagra' thilgeadh nuas,
Is e air luasgadh leis gach gaoith.

"An neach is fearr tha 'n saogh'l a riar,
Tha fiaradh eigin ann 'na staid,
Nach dean a sheoltachd a's a stri,
Am feast a dhireachd air fad.

"Mar bhata' fiar an aghaidh cheil,
A ta o shuidheach' fein do-ehur;
A reir mar dhireas tu a bharr,
'S cho chinnteach ni thu cam a bhun.

"Na h-ludhaich thionail beag no mor,
Do'n Mhana dhoirteadh orra 'nuas;

'N tra chuir gach neach a chuid's a chlar,
Cha robh air barr no dadum uath.

"Mar sin a ta gach sonas saogh'l,
A ta thu faotainn ann a d' laimh,
Fa chomhair saibhreas, 's inbhe enirt
Tha caitheamb, curam agus cradh.

"Ged charn thu or a'd' shligc suas,
Fa chomhair fasaidh 'n luaith da reir,
Is ge do chuir thu innte riogh'ehd,
A mheidh eha dirieh i na deigh.

"Tha cuibhrionn iomchuidh aig gach neach,
'S ged tha thu meas gur tuille b' fhearr;
Cha d' thoir an t-anabharr tha'n an sud,
Am feasd an eudrom a's a' chradh;

"O iomluais t-inntinn tha do phian;
A' diulta' 'n diug na dh'iarr thu 'n de;
Cha chomasach an saogh'l do riar,
Le t-anamianna 'n aghaidh cheil.

"Na 'm faigheadh toil na feol a run,
D'a mianna brudeil dh'iarradh sath;
Flaitheas a b' aird' cha'n iarrach i,
Na annta sud bhi siorruidh 's nanh.

"Ach ge do b' ionmhuinn leis an fheoil,
Air talamh comhnaeachadh gach re;
Bhiodh durachd t-ardain agus t-uail,
Cho ard a shuas ri Cathair Dhe;

"Ach nam b' aill leat sonas buan,
Do shlighe tabhair suas do Dhia,
Le durachd, creideamh agus gradh,
Is sasaichidh e t-uile mhiann.

"Tha 'n cuideachd sud gach ni san t-saogh'l,
Tha 'n comas dhaoine shialbhach' fìor;
Tha bhiadh, a's eudach agus slaint,
Is saorsa, cairdeas, agus sìth."

'An sin do mhosgail a's mo shuain,
Is dh-fhag mo bhruadar mi air fad;
Ghrad leig mi dhìom bhi ruith gach sgail,
Is dh-fhas mi toilichte le m' staid.

AN GEAMHRADH.

Nis theirig an samhradh,
'S tha 'n geamhradh teachd dlu oirn,
Fìor namhaid na chinneas,
Teachd a mhilleadh ar duthcha;
Ga saltairt fo chasaibh,
'S d'a maise ga rusgadh;
Gun iochd ann ri dadum,
Ach a' sladadh 's a' pluundruinn.

Sgaoil oirne a sgiathan,
 'S chuir e ghrian air a chulthaobh;
 As an nead thug e 'n t-alach,
 Neo bhaigheil 'gar sgiursadh;
 Sneachd iteagach gle-gheal,
 O na speuran tigh'n dlu oirn,
 Clacha meallain 's gaoth thuathach,
 Mar luaidhe is mar fhudar.

'N uair sheideas e anail,
 Cha 'n fhag anam ain fluran;
 Tha bhilean mar shiosar,
 Lomadh lios de gach ur-ros;
 Cha bhi sgealach air coille,
 No doire nach ruleg e;
 No sruthan nach tachd e,
 Fo leachdannan du-ghorm.

Fead reota a chleibhe,
 Tha seideadh na doinnonn,
 Chuir beirn ann san fhairge,
 'S a dh' at' garbh i na tonnan;
 'S a bhinntich an clamhuinn,
 Air airde gach monaidh,
 'S ghlan egur e na reulltan,
 D' ar peile lc'n solus.

Tha gach breathach a's duine,
 Nach d' ullaich 'na sheasan,
 Ga 'n sgiursadh lc gaillionn
 Gun talla' gun endach;
 'S an dream a bha gnìomhach,
 'Fas iargalt mi-dheireil;
 Nach toir iasad do leisgean,
 Aun san t-sueachda gcl eug e.

Tha 'n scillein 's an seangan,
 A bha tional an storais,
 Le gliocas gun mhèarachd,
 A' toirt aire do'n doruinn;
 'G ithe bidh 's ag ol meala,
 Gun ghainne air lon ac,
 Fo dhion ann san talamh,
 O auail an reota.

Tha na cuileagan ciatach,
 'Bha diamhain san t-samhradh,
 'S na gathanan greine
 Gu h-eibhinn a' damhsa;
 Gun deasach 'gun churam,
 Roi' dhulachd a gheamhraidh;
 A nise a' dol bas',
 Ann 's gach aite le teanntachd.

Ach eisd rium a shean-duin',
 'S tuig an samhhladh tha 'm stori',
 Tha 'm bas a tighin teann ort,
 Sud an gheamhradh tha 'm oran;
 'S ma gheibh e thu a' d' leisgein,
 Gun deasach 'fa' chodhail,
 Cha dean aithreachas crìche.
 Do dhionadh o'n doruinn.

Gur mithich fas diagbaidh,
 'S do chiabhan air glasadh,

'Na 'm bearnaibh do dheudach,
 Is t-cudann air casadh
 Do bhathais air rusgadh,
 'S do shuilean air prabadh,
 Agus croit ort air lubadh,
 Chum na h-uire do leaba'.

Tha na sruthanan craobhach,
 Bha sgaoileadh a' d' bhallaibh,
 Gu mircagach buailteach,
 Clis gluasadach tana;
 A nise air traoghadh
 O n' t aomachadh thairis,
 O'n a ragaich 'sa dh-fhuaraich
 Teas uabhar na fala.

Balg-seididh na beatha,
 Tha air caithcamh gun fheum ann,
 'S o chrup ann a' d' chliabh e,
 Gur h-e phian bhi 'ga shcoidheadh
 Tha 'n corp a chruit chiuil ud,
 Air diultadh dhut gleusadh;
 'S comhar cinnt' air a thasgaidh,
 Bhi lasach' a theudan.

Theich madainn na h-oige,
 'S treoir mheadhon latha
 Tha 'm feasgar air ciaradh,
 'S tha ghrian ort a laidhe;
 'S mu bha thusa diamhain,
 Gun guiomh is gun mhaitheas;
 Gu h-ealamh bi d' dhusgadh,
 Mu'n duinear ort flaitheas.

'Reir caithe na beatha,
 'S tric leatha gun crìoch i;
 Bidh an cleachadh fas laidir,
 Do-fhasach o'n inntinn;
 Na labhair an sean-fhacal,
 'S deimhinn leam 's fìor e,
 "An car theid san t-seana-mhaid'
 Gur h-ainmìc leis dìreadh."

Ach ognaiach threibhich
 Thoir-s' eiseachd do m' oran,
 'S leig dhìot bhi mi-cheillidh,
 Ann an ceitein na h-oige;
 Tha aois agus ea-slaint,
 Air do dheigh ann an toir ort;
 'S mu ni h-aon aca greim ort;
 Pillidh t-eibhneas gu bron dut.

An aois a tha 'n toir ort,
 Bheir i leon ort nach saoil thu;
 Air do shuilean bheir ceathach,
 Is treabhaidh si t-aodann;
 Bheir i crìth-reodh' mu d' ghruaig',
 Is neul uaine an aoig leis,
 'S cha toig aiteamh na grian ort,
 'Bheir an liath-reodh a chaoidh' dhìot.

Bheir ni's measa na sud ort,
 Failne tuigs' agus reusain;
 Dith leirsinn a' t-inntinn;
 Dith cuimhn' agus geire;

Dith gliocais chum gnothaich;
Dith mothaich a'd' cheudfath
'S gu'm fas thu mar leanabh,
Dhi spionnaidh a's ceille.

Fasaidd 'n eridhe neo-aithreach,
'S neo-ealamh chum tionndadh,
Aon tagra' cha druigh air,
'S cha lub e d'a ionnsuidh;
Ceart mar tha 'n talamh,
'N am gaillionn a's teannadachd;
Ged robh milltean 'dol thairis,
Cha dean aile sa' chausair.

Faic seasain na bliadhna,
'S dean ciall uath a tharruinn;
'S mas aill leat gu'm buain thu,
Dean ruadhar 'san earrach;
Dean connadh san t-samhradh,
Ni sa' gheamhradh do gharadh;
'S ma dhibreas tu 'n seasan,
Dhut 's eigin bhi falamh.

'S mar cuir thu siol fallain,
Ann an earrach na h-oige,
Cho chinnteach 's am bas dut,
Cuiridh Satan droch phor ann;
A dh-fhasas 'na dhubhaile,
'S 'na luidheannan feolmhor;
'S bidh do bhuain mar a chuir thu,
Ma's subhaile no do-bheirt.

Ma bhios t-oige gun riaghladh,
'S t-anamiannan gun taod riu,
Gum fas iad cho fiadhaich,
'S nach srian thu ri t-aois iad;
Am meangan nach sniomh thu,
Cha spion thu 'na chraoibh e;

Mar shineas c'gheugan,
Bidh fhreumhan a' sgaoileadh.

Tha do bheatha neo-chinnteach
O 'n teinn a bheir bas ort,
Uime sin bi ri dicheall
Do shith dheanamh trathail;
'S e milleadh gach cuise
Bhi gun churan cur dail innt';
'S ionann aithreachas criche,
'S bhi cur sil mu Fheill-martuinn.

Tha ghrian ann sna speuraibh
A' ruith reise gach latha;
'S i 'giorrach' do shaoghail,
Gach oidheche a laidheas;
'S dlu ruitheas an spala,
Trois' shnathaibh do bheatha;
Tha' fighe dhut leine,
Ni beisdean a chaitheamh.

'S ma ghoideas e dlu ort,
Gun do dhuil bhi r'a thighinn;
'N sin fosglaidh do shuilean,
'S chi thu chuis thar a mithich;
Bidh do choguis 'ga d' phianadh,
Mar sgian ann a d' chridhe;
'S co-ionann a giulan,
'S laidhe ruiegt' ann an agitheach.

Faic a chuileag 'ga diteadh
Le sionntaibh an naduir,
'S o na dhibhir i 'n seasan,
Gur h-eigin d'i basach';
Faic gliocas an t-seangain,
Na thional cho trathail,
'S dean ciseimpleir leanail,
Chum t-anam a shabhal'.

DAIBHIDH MAC-EALAIR.

DAVID MACKELLAR, commonly called *Daibhidh nan Laoidh*, was another religious poet. The time of his birth is not known. He lived in Glendaruel after the beginning of last century. He was blind, and the people in that country still preserve some traditionary accounts of him, and of the manner in which his hymn was composed, the most striking of which is that after having composed it his sight was restored. In his youth he composed some profane pieces. The time of his death is likewise uncertain, but a grand-daughter of his lived in Glasgow not many years ago. This hymn was first published in Glasgow about the year 1752. It was so very popular in the Highlands that many persons got it by heart that had never seen the printed copy.

LAOIDH MHIC-EALAIR.

MOLADH do'n Ti 's airde gloir,
An Ti 's modha no gach neach;
Cruithear an t-saoghail gu leir,
Da'n cubhaidh dhuinn geill' air fad.

'S tu rinn an domhann 's na th' ann,
Na cuaintean domhain, 's am fonn;
'S chuir thu iasg g'a altrun ann,
'S thug thu ciall gu ghlacadh dhuinn.

Rinneadh leat gealach a's grian,
Thogail fianuis air do ghloir;
Cha'n aithris mi a mile trian,
De chruthachadh an Dia is mo.

'S tu rinn na reultan air fad,
A riaghlachadh gu ceart nan'trath;
Gheall thu maraon fuachd a's teas,
Foghar ma seach agus Mairt.

'S tu rinn na h-ainglean air fad,
Tha 'n t-abharsair fo d' smachd gu mor:
Air slabhruidh laidir aig do Mhac,
Cumail a neart o theachd oirnn'.

Rinneadh leat an duine' ris,
A reir t-iomhaidh chum go ghloir;
Ach chaill e 'n oidhreachd ud gun luach,
'S cha'n fhuasgalar i le or.

'S tu chuir am fradharc na cheann,
Chuir thu falt tro chlaigeann loin;
Thug thu cluas gu cisteachd dha,
'S gluasad a chuirp o na bhonn.

Chuir thu Adhamh an cadal trom,
Chaidh leigh nan gras os a cheann;
'S de dh-aisinn bho thaobh do rinn
A bhean, o'n do ghin gach clann.

Chuir thu e 'n garadh nan seud,
Far an robh cibhneas a ghraidh;
Dh-ith a bhean an sin a meas,
'S dh-fhuilig i 's a sliochd am bas,

Cha robh a teasargain aig neach,
O'n a chumhnanta rinn i bhris;
'N tra ruisgeadh an sgeudachadh ceart,
Bha chuis na h-eagal an sin.

Ach moladh do dh' Ard-Rìgh nam feart,
O nach b'aill leis teachd d'ar sgrios;
'Nuair chunnaic e Adhamh na aire,
Rinn e cumhnant' nan gras ris.

Thainig Iosa 'nuas le thoil,
Thug e suas mar iobairt fhuil;
Mac na firinn, Uan gun chion,
M'ar ciontain-ne fhuair e ghuin.

Crochadh e ri crann an aird,
'S an t-sleagh saite tro a chorp;

Crun geur na peine chuir mu cheann,
Fhuair mac Dhe le naimhde lot.

Crun sgithich, an aite crun rìgh,
Mar thailecas, 's-mar dhi-meas mor;
Domblas agus fion geur,
'N deoch a thug iad dha ri h-ol.

Na tairnean g'an cur an sas,
Am bosaibh a lamh le ord;
'S fuil a chridhe ruith a thaobh,
Ceannachd bu daoire nan t-or.

'Nuair chaidh Criosd gu pein a bhais,
'S a dh' fhuilig e air son an t-sluaigh;
Sgoilt brat an teampuill sìos gu lar,
'S dhuisc na mairbh an aird o'n uaigh.

Chreathnaich an talamh trom, le crith,
Air a ghrein gu'n tainig snial;
Le feirg Dhe, do chrath e 'n sin;
Dh-fhuilig Criosd am bas re seal.

Dh-adhlaic iad an t-Uan fo lic,
Thug e buaidh, san uaigh cha d' fhan;
As a bhas thug e gheur-ghuin,
'S dh-cirich an treas la gun snial.

Na shuidh' aig deas-laimh athar a ta,
Criosd le grasan os ar ceann;
A' cur oifig sagairt an gnìomh,
A' deasachadh a rioghachd dhuinn.

Thig an t-am san tig mac Dhe,
Creidibh sud gur sgeula fìor:
Le mìlteibh mìl' de dh' ainglibh treun,
Thoirte oirne breith a reir ar gnìomh.

'N sin seinnear an trompaid gu h-ard,
Leis na h-ainglean 's aille snuagh;
Eiridh na mairbh an aird o'n uir,
'S bheir e eunntas uaidh' an cuan.

Liubraidh gach uaigh na fhuair i-fein,
'S cha bhi neach de'n treud air chall;
Nochdar iad uil' am fiadhnais De,
'S e Mhac fhein is breitheamh ann.

Bithidh iadsan soilleir an sin,
Mar sholus dealrach an dreach;
Thig Criosd nan coimneamh le gean,
'S bith sith an comunn nam flath.

Ni thu 'n sin tearbadh air gach neach,
'S dìonaidd tu o'n fheirg na's leat,
Mhead 's tha air an dearbhadh dhut,
Cuirear iad fo dhion do bhrat.

Cuirear na gobhair air laimh eile,
Chum triall gu prìosan a' bhroin;
Druidear suas, 's gur cruaidh an sgeul,
Flath-Innis Dhe air an sroin.

Mallaichidh 'n nighean a mathair,
Mallaichidh mhathair a clann;
'S mallaichidh 'n t-athair a mhac,
Nach do ghabh a smachd 'na am.

'S iomadh sgairteach, a's guì geur,
Ri h-am cluintinn sgeul an craidh;
Mallachadh a cheile gu leir,
Sgarachdainn ri Uan a ghraidh.

Sin la an dealachaidh bho chd,
G'an sgarachdainn a dh'aideon riut;
G'an sgiursadh gu h-aìncal an loisg,
'S gun duil aig anam tigh'n' as.

An teach d'a mìleadh cuirear iad,
Fo dhioghaltas an Ard-Rìgh;
Gun duil ri furtachd no ri bas,
Gu bràth, cha tig iad a nìos.

Fasaidh 'n cuìrp cho chruaidh ri prais,
Mar iarunn an cas san lamh;
G'an cumail beo ann an sior phian,
Teine dian gun fhurtachd la.

Gach aon la mar bhlianna bhuan,
An lagán loisgneach, cruaidh an sas;

G'an liodairt le teas a's fuachd,*
Sud an duais ge fad an dail.

Latha cha bhi ann na dheigh,
Falaichear na reulltan 's a ghrian;
Sgriosar an saoghal gu leir,
'S neach cha teid an toll bho Dhia.

M' achanaich riuts', air sgath do mhic,
Meadaich mo ghliocas le gras;
'S thoir dhomh mathanas 's gach cuis,
Seal ma'n druid mo shuil le bas.

* The ancient Caledonians entertained the idea that hell was a cold and inhospitable place, as the following stanza from an old pen will show:—

“'S maìrg a roghnaicheas Ifrinn fhuar,
'S gur h-i uamh nan droigheann geur,
Is beag orm Ifrinn fhuar, fhluich,
Aite bith-bhuan is searbh deoch.”

The following lines from *Dan an Fhìr Ohlaoin* give it this character:—

“I sin allaidh na freolne,
Led' thiugh-cheo as le t-uamh-bheisdean
A thir nam pian gun bhiadh gun bhaigh,
Dolad dhail be sud mo dhelsdiun.”

ROB DONN.

ROBERT MACKAY, otherwise called *Rob Donn*, was born in the winter season of the year 1714, at *Allt-na-Caillich*, in the parish of Durness, in the county of Sutherland, and in that part of the county, properly enough, till of late, designated by its inhabitants and others, “Lord Reay’s country,” and in the native tongue “*Duthaich Mhic-Aoidh*,” or “The country of the Mackay.” The bard was not the eldest son of his father; he had three brothers, of whom nothing remarkable is remembered. His father, Donald Mackay, or Donald Donn, is not remembered to have been of any poetic talent: but his mother’s talents of that description are known to have been more than ordinarily high. She was remarkable for the recital of Ossian’s poems, and the other ancient minstrelsy of the land. She lived to a very advanced age; and we have heard an instance of singular female fortitude evinced by her at the age of eighty-two. Having had the misfortune to break her leg, while tending her sheep at a considerable distance from home, she bound it up, contrived to get home unassisted; and while afterwards enduring the operation of setting the fracture, she soothed the pain by crooning a popular air.

If local scenery could be really imagined conducive in any way to the formation or training of poetic genius, of a truth the nursery of our bard might well lay claim

to that merit—"the emblem of deeds that *were* done in its clime." The surrounding localities of his native spot, we believe, are not surpassed in picturesque grandeur by any other in the Highlands of Scotland.

Rob Donn might say of himself, with Pope, that "he lisped in numbers." Ere he had yet but scarcely obtained even the power of lisping, an anecdote is recorded of his infant age of no ordinary description, though homely enough in its history. At the wonted season of making provision for the winter, according to the country's fashion, by slaughtering of beeves, our bard's father, on one occasion, happened to slaughter two, one of which was found inferior in quality to the other. The small-pox, at the time, was committing mournful devastations among the youth of the neighbourhood. While busied in the necessary avocation of curing their winter's beef, the father says, "Now, the best of this beef is not to be touched till we have seen who survives the small-pox to share it." The infant bard, scarcely yet able to articulate or walk, on hearing this, exclaimed, "*'S olc a' chuid sin do'n fhear a dh' fhalbhas!*" i. e. "He who departs will have a bad share of it, then!" "True, my boy," said the father, "and yours will never be a bad share, while you remain able to use it."

The first verse he is said to have composed, was when he had attained only his third year. Its occasion indeed testifies that his age could not have been much more at the time. It was the country's fashion for children, when they had little more than left the nurse's lap, to be dressed in a short froek, or eassock, formed close to the body round the waist, and buttoned at the back. A tailor had fitted our youthful author with such an habiliment, and next morning the child was anxious to exhibit it; but his mother, and the domestics, having been summoned early to some out-door pursuits, Robert became anxious to get abroad in his new garb, but found himself quite defeated in every attempt to button it on. He took the alternative of sallying forth in a state of nudity; when, being met by his mother coming towards the house, she chided him for being seen in this state. Robert's defence was made in the following stanza:—

"*'S math dhomhsa bhi 'n diugh gun aodach,
Le slaodaireachd Mhurchaidh 'Ie Neill,
Mo bhroilleach chur air mo chulthaobh,
'S gun a dhunadh agam fhein!*"

reproaching the tailor for the trick he had played him, in placing the buttons behind, and lamenting his own inability to accommodate the new dress to his person. His next exhibition of poetic promise was given in the same year, we are told, in the harvest season, when all the inmates of the family were employed in reaping. An old woman, who acted as nurse to the children, was on this occasion called to the sickle. She complained that the more active labourers had jostled her out of her place, and left her only to reap the straggling stunted stalks that grew in the border furrow. While muttering her disappointment, Robert, scarce able but to creep at his nurse's elbow, endeavoured to rally her with a verse:—

"*Bi-sa dol a null 's a nall,
Gus a ruig thu grunn na clais,'
Cha 'n 'eil air, ma tha e gann,
Ach na tha ann a thoirt as."*

At the age of six or seven years, he attracted the particular attention of Mr. John Mackay, the celebrated *Iain Mac-Eachuinn*, a gentleman of the family of *Sherray*, then living on the neighbouring farm of *Musal*. This gentleman, of poetic talents himself, prevailed with our author's parents to allow their child to come into his service, or rather into his family, at the early age we have mentioned. In this family our author remained as a servant from this age till the period of his marriage. Here he experienced liberal treatment, and sincere, unvaried kindness, of which he ever retained a lively and grateful recollection, especially towards his master; and it is no trifling praise to both, that though they once or twice latterly had a difference, the bard's esteem and affection returned when the casual excitement had passed; and when it lay upon his mind, he was never once known to have given it the least utterance in any shape bordering upon disrespect, and after his death the bard composed an admirable elegy to his memory, which combines as forcible, energetic description of character and conduct, with as pure poetic power as can be found in any poetry of its kind. The bard most feelingly and pathetically concludes it with a solemn appeal of his having mentioned no virtue or trait of which he was not himself a witness.

A youth of our author's poetic mind could not be expected to remain long a stranger to the more tender susceptibilities of his nature. Nor has he left us in ignorance of his first love. It is the subject of one of his finest songs:—" *'S trom leam an airidh,*" &c. Here his passion breathes with an innocent, simple faithfulness, with an ardour and truth of poetic recital, that no lays of the kind can perhaps surpass.

After his marriage, Rob Donn first resided at the place of *Bad-na-h-achlais*, then probably forming a part of his late employer's tenure. It was, we believe, soon after this period, that Robert was hired by Lord Reay to the office of a cow-keeper, at that time an office, though a humble one, of considerable responsibility and trust. In this station he continued for the greater part of his after life-time. We have not been able to ascertain dates with precision, to say whether it was before or after having accepted this office that our bard enlisted as a private soldier in the first regiment of Sutherland Highlanders, which was raised in 1759. He did not enlist so much as a soldier, as he was urged by the country gentlemen holding commissions in that corps, and as he himself felt inclined to accompany them. The regiment was reduced in 1763, and our bard returned to his home.

Though we have said that he spent mostly the after period of life, since he entered the service of Lord Reay, in that office, it was not without interruption. He left his servitude at one time, and we are inclined to think it was then he went into the military service. While he had charge of Lord Reay's cattle, and his wife of the dairy, during the summer months, it was also his province to look over them during the winter months: and it became a part of his duty, or an employment connected with it, to thresh out corn for supplying the cattle with fodder. To the laborious exercises of the flail, the bard could never submit. He employed servants to perform this part of his duty. That was, however, taken aniss, and he was told that he must himself wield the flail or leave the situation. He chose the

latter alternative ; and removed, with his family, to the place of Achmore, in that part of the parish of Durness which borders upon Cape Wrath. Indeed, though we have no decided authority for the supposition, we are inclined to believe that the difference between him and his noble employer originated in another cause than that ostensibly alleged. The bard had been dealing his reproofs rather freely. No feeling of dependence, no awe of superior rank or station, ever restrained him from giving utterance to his sentiments, or from enjoying his satire, whenever what he conceived to be moral error, or evil example, called for reproof. And this was dealt with the dignity that belongs to virtue, refusing, as he always did on such occasions, to compromise that dignity by indulging in personal invective. But whatever was the cause of the difference that occasioned his removal, he was soon recalled, and left not the service again during the life of the chief.

Robert continued to attend his usual avocations till within a fortnight of his death, which took place on the 5th August, 1778, being then aged 64 years. The death of the bard caused a universal feeling of sadness, not only in his own native corner, but over the whole county. It might be said that there was no individual but mourned for him as a friend : those only excepted whose continued immoralities and errors had rendered them objects on which fell with severity the powerful lash of his satire.

His stories of wit and humour were inexhaustible ; and, next to superior intelligence and acuteness of mind, formed perhaps in his every-day character the most distinguishing feature. He had ever a correct and delicate feeling of his own place ; but if any one, high or low, superior or equal, drew forth the force of his sarcasm upon themselves, by assuming any undue liberty on their part, it was an experiment they seldom desired to repeat. His readiness and quickness of repartee often discovered him where he had been personally unknown before. At one time, when travelling northward through a part of Argyllshire, he met by chance with Mr. M'Donald, of Achatriochdan, well known in his own country as a man of notable humour and distinguished talents. Robert addressed to this gentleman some question relative to his way ; and giving a civil answer Mr. M'Donald added, " I perceive, my man, by your dialect, you belong to the north—what part there ? " " To Lord Reay's country. " " O ! then you must know Rob Donn ! " " Yes I do, as well as I know myself. I could point him out to you in a crowd. " " Pray do inform me, then, what sort of person he is, of whom I have heard so much. " " A person, I fear, of whom more has been spoken than he well deserves. " " You think so, do you ? " The last answer did not please the enquirer, who was poetic himself, thinking he had met with too rigid a censurer of the northern bard, and the conversation ceased, while they both proceeded together on their way. After a pause, Mr. M'Donald, pointing to Ben Nevis, which now rose in the distance before them, says, " Were you ever, my man, at the summit of yonder mountain ? " " I never was. " " Then you never have been so near to heaven. " " And have you yourself been there ? " " Indeed I have. " " And what a fool you have been to descend ! " retorted the bard, " are you sure of being ever again so nigh ! " M'Donald had caught a tartar. " I am far deceived, " said he, " if thou be not

thyself Rob Donn!" The bard did not deny it, and a cordial friendship was formed between them.

To Rob Donn's moral character testimony has already been borne. It was uniformly respectable. To those acquainted with what may well be denominated the moral and religious statistics of the bard's native country at that time, and happily still, it will furnish no inconsiderable test not only of his moral but of his strictly religious demeanour, that he was chosen a ruling elder, or member of the Kirk Session of the parish of Durness. In that country such an election was never made where the finger of scorn could be pointed at a blemish of character. It scarcely requires to be told, that his society was courted not alone by his equals, but still more by his superiors in rank. No social party almost was esteemed a party without him. No public meeting of the better and the best of the land was felt to be a full one, without Rob Donn being there.

In the bosom of his own humble but respectable family, we have good authority for saying that he was a pattern in happiness and in temper. A family of thirteen were mostly all spared to rise around him, trained to habits of industry and of virtue. None of them became celebrated as inheriting their father's genius; but some of his daughters possessed more or less of the "airy gift;" and from their attempts at repartee and impromptu, the father used frequently to draw much mutual and harmless enjoyment. His wife had a musical ear and voice unrivalled in the country; and any ordinary pastime of their winter evenings was for the family and parents to join their voices in song; while we believe, that when the father's absence did not prevent, they never ceased to exemplify the most sacred lineaments of the immortal picture in "The Cotter's Saturday Night."

Rob Donn's compositions may be classed into four kinds—Humorous, Satirical, Solemn, and Descriptive; all these severally, with few exceptions, belonging to the species of poetry commonly called Lyrical. He was illiterate; he knew not his alphabet. The artificial part of poetry, if poets will grant that expression legitimate, was to him utterly unknown. Perhaps he never took more than an hour or two to compose either his best or his longest songs. Even the most of the airs to which he composed are original, which presents as a single circumstance the resources of his mind to have been of no ordinary extent. His works were published in Inverness, with a memoir prefixed, in 1830.

In forming an estimate of the moral and poetical merits of Rob Donn, his biographer has been more guided by the opinions and prejudices of his countrymen, than by a just and impartial examination of the poet's works. In poetry, as in religion, we may be allowed to judge men by their fruits. Rob has been held up as a man of high moral and religious worth; but the editor himself admits, that many of his pieces are too indelicate for publication.

Many of his published pieces are such as no good man ought to have produced against his fellow creatures. His love of satire was so indiscriminate, that he often attacks persons who are not legitimate objects of ridicule. Little men and women are the unceasing objects of his satire; and he does not spare the members of his own family.

He was proud of his own powers of satire, and seemed to enjoy the dread of those who feared the exercise of his wit. His satire is not rancorous and vindictive, but playful and sportive; more calculated to annoy than to wound. If he was not invited to a feast or wedding, next day he composed a satire, full of mirth and humour, but too indelicate to be admitted into his book. He has not the wit and poignancy of Macintyre, who composed his satires while in a state of irritation to punish his enemies.

As a writer of elegies, he is more distinguished for sober truth, than poetical embellishment. He hated flattery; and, in closing an elegy on the death of a benefactor, he declares that he had recorded no virtue that he had not himself observed.

As a poet he cannot be placed in the highest rank. He is deficient in pathos and invention. There is little depth of feeling, and very slender powers of description to be found in his works; and, when the temporary and local interest wears away, he can never be a popular poet.

Yet, Rob Donn has been honoured more than any of his brother poets in the Highlands. A subscription having been raised among his countrymen for a monument to his memory, it is now erected in the parish burying-ground of Durness, over his grave. Its foundation stone was laid on 12th January, 1829, with masonic honours, and a procession to the burying-ground, not only of the whole parish, but joined by numbers from the other parishes of "Lord Reay's country," headed by Captain Donald Mackay, of the 21st regiment of foot, who has done himself honour worthy of record, by his activity and zeal in raising the subscription, and bringing with his other coadjutors, this intention to its completion. The monument now stands a record of the bard's fame, and an honourable testimony of his countrymen's feelings. It is of polished granite, on a quadrangular pedestal of the same enduring material, and bears the following inscriptions:—

[*First Side.*]

IN MEMORY
OF
ROB DONN, OTHERWISE ROBERT MACKAY,
OF DURNESS,
THE REAY GAELIC BARD.
THIS TOMB WAS ERECTED AT THE EXPENSE OF A FEW OF HIS COUNTRYMEN,
ARDENT ADMIRERS OF NATIVE TALENT,
AND EXTRAORDINARY GENIUS,
1829.

[*Second Side.*]

"POETA NASCITUR NON FIT."
OBIIIT 1778.

[*Third Side.*]

"BU SHLUAGH BORB SINN GUN BHREITHEANAS,
NUAIR A DH-FHALBH THU, MUR SGATHADH 'SUD OIRNN."

[*Fourth Side.*]

"SISTE VIATOR, ITER, JACET HIC SUB CESPITE DONNUS,
QUI CECINIT FORMA PRÆSTANTES RURE PUELLAS;
QUIQUE NOVOS LETO CELEBRAVIT CARMINE SPONSOS;
QUIQUE BENE MERITOS LUGUBRI VOCE DEFLEVIT;
ET ACriter VARIIS MOMORDIT VITIA MODIS."*
ÆTATIS 64.

* The above lines, in memory of the bard, were written by the late Rev. Alexander Pope, minister of Reay.

ORAN DO PHRIONNSA TEARLACH.

An diugh, an diugh, gur reusontach
 Dhuinn eiridh ann an sanntachas,
 An tri-amh lath' air crìochnachadh,
 De dhara mìos a' gheamhraidh dhuinn;
 Dean'maid comunn failteach riut,
 Gu bruidhneach, gaireach, oranach,
 Gu botalach, copach, stopanach,
 Le cruit, le ceol, 's le damhsaireachd.

Dean'maid comunn failteach
 Ris an la thug thun an t-saoghail thu;
 Olamaid deoch-slaime nis
 An t-Semmais oig o 'n d' inntig thu;
 Le taing a thoirt do 'n Ard Rìgh shuas,
 Gu 'n d' fhuair do mhathair libhbraigeadh,
 Dheth h-aon bha do na Gaeil,
 Mar bha Daibhidh do chlainn Israeil.

Tha cupall bhliadhn' a's raidhe,
 O 'nla thainig thu do dh' Alba so;
 'S bu shoilleir dhuinn o 'n trath bha sin,
 An fhailte chuir an aimsir oirnn.
 Bha daoine measail, miadhail oirnn,
 'S bha arach ni a scalbhach' oirnn,
 Bha barran tromha tir' againu,
 Bha toradh frith' a's fairg' againn.

An diugh, an diugh, gur cuimhne leam,
 Air puing nach coir a dhcarmad ort,
 Mu bhreith a' phrionnsa rioghail so,
 Dhe 'n tighlaich dhirich Albannaich;
 Togamaid suas ar snilean ris,
 Le urnuigh dhlu gun chealgairiachd,
 Ar lannhan na 'm biodh feum orra,
 Le toil 's le eud 's le earbsalachd.

Togamaid fuirm a's meanmnadh ris,
 Is aithnichear air ar durachd sinn,
 Le latha chumail sunndach leinn,
 As leth a' phrionnsa Stiubhairtach;
 Gur cal' an am na h-eigin e,
 Ar carraig threun gu stiùireadh air;
 Thug barr air cheud am buadhannan,
 'S tha eridhe 'n t-sluaigh air dluthadh ris.

'Cha 'n iognadh sin, 'n uair smuainichear
 An dualachas o 'n tainig e;
 'N doimhne bh' ann gu foghlumte;
 Gun bhonn do dh' eis 'n a nadur dheth,
 M'ir Sholamh, 'n cleachdadh reusanta,
 Mar Shamson, treun an lannhan e,
 Mar Absalom, gur sgiamhach e,
 Gur sgiath 's gur dìon d' a chairdean e.

Nach fhaic sibh fein an speis
 A ghabh na speuran gu bhi 'g umhladh dha;
 'N uair sheas an reannag shoillseach,
 Anns an line an robhsa stiùireadh leis;
 An comhar' bh' aig ar Slanuighear,
 Ro Thearlach thigh'n do 'n duthaich so,
 'N uair chaidh na daoine ciallach ud
 'G' a iarraidh gu Ierusalem.

A nis, a Thearlaich Stiubhairt,
 Na 'm biodh an crun a th' air Seoras ort,
 Bu lionmhor againu cuirtearan,
 A' caithcamh ghun is chleocaichean;
 Tha 'm aitheuing ris an Ti sin,
 Aig am beil gach ni ri orduchadh,
 Gu 'n tearnadh e o 'n cheilg ac' thu,
 'S gu 'n cuir e 'n seilbh do chorach thu.

ORAN NAN CASAGAN DUBHA.

[A rinn an bard 'n uair chual' e gu 'n do bha-
 cadh an t-eideadh Gaelach le lagh na rioghachd;
 agus muinntir a dhuthcha fein bhi uile air taobh
 rìgh Deorsa 's a' bhliadhna 1745.]

LAMH' Dhe leinn, a dhaoine,
 C' uime chaochail sibh fasan,
 'S nach 'eil agaibh de shaorea,
 Fiu an aodaich a chleachd sibh;
 'S i mo bharail mu 'n eighe,
 Tha 'n aghaidh fheicadh a's osan,
 Gu 'm beil caraid aig Tearlach,
 Ann am *Parlamaid* Shasuinn.

Faire ! faire ! 'Rìgh Deorsa,
 'N ann a spors' air do dhilsean,
 Deanamh achdachan ura,
 Gu bhì dublachadh 'n daorsa;
 Ach on 's balaich gun uails' iad,
 'S fearr am bualadh no 'n caomhna,
 'S bidh ni 's lugha g'a t-fheitheamh,
 'N uair thig a leithid a risd oirnn.

Ma gheibh do namhaid 's do charaid
 An aon pheanas an Albainn,
 'S iad a dh-eirich 'na t-aghaidh,
 Rinn an roghainn a b' fhearra dhiubh;
 Oir tha caraid math cuil ac',
 A rinn taobh ris na dh' earb ris,
 'S a' chuid nach d' imich do 'n Fhraing leis,
 Fhuair iad *pension* 'nuair dh-fhalbh e.

Cha robh oifigeach Gaelach
 Eadar *Serjent* a's *Coirneil*,
 Nach do chail a *chomison*,
 'N uair chaidh 'm brisadh le foirneart;
 A' mhead 's a fhuair sibh an uiridh,
 Ged bu diombuan r'a ol e,
 Bheir sibh 'm bliadhn' air ath-philleadh,
 Air son uinneagan *leosain*.

Cha robh bhliadhna na taic so,
 Neach a sheasadh mar sgoilcìr,
 Gun *choisoin* rìgh Breatainn,
 Gu bhi 'n a Chapein air onair;
 Chaidh na ficheadan as diubh,
 Nach do leasach sud *dolar*,
 Ach an sgiursaigeadh dhachaidh,
 Mar chu a dh-easbhuidh a *choilair*.

Ach ma dh-aontaich sibh rìreadh,
Ri bhuir sior dhol am mugha,
Ged a bha sibh cho rìoghail,
Chaidh bhuir eisean am modhad;
'S math an airidh gu 'n fàiete
Dream cho tais ribh a' cumha,
Bhi tilgeadh dhibh bhuir cuid bhreacan,
'S a' gabhail chasagan dubha.

Oeh ! mo thruaighe sin Albainn !
'S tur a dhearbh sibh bhuir reuson,
Gur i 'n roinn bh' ann bhuir n-inntinn,
'N rud a mhill air gach gleus sibh;
Leugh an *Gobharment* sannt
Anns gach neach a thionndaidh ris fein
dhibh,
'S thug iad bairight do bhuir gionaich,
Gu 'r cuir fo mhionach a cheile.

Ghlac na Sasunnaich fath oirbh,
Gus bhuir fagail ni 's laige,
Chum 's nach bitheadh 'g ur eunntadh,
'N ur luchd-comh-stri ni b' fhaide ;
Aeh 'n uair a bhios sibh a dh-easbhuidh
Bhuir n-airm, 's bhuir n-aeuinnean sraide,
Gheibh sibh *searsaigeadh* mionaich,
Is bidh bhuir peanas ni 's graide.

Tha mi faicinn bhuir truaighe,
Mar ni nach eualas a shamhuil,
A' ehuid a's fearr de bhuir seabhaig,
Bhi air slabhruidh aig clamhan;
Aeh ma tha sibh 'n ar leoghainn,
Pillibh 'n doghrunn s' 'na teamhair,
'S deanaibh 'n deudach a thrusadh,
Mu 'n teid bhuir busan a cheangal.

'N uair thig bagradh an namhaid,
Gus an ait anns do phill e,
'S ann bi mhath leam a chairdean,
Sibh bhi 'u aireamh na buidhne,
D' am biodh spioraid cho Gaelach,
'S gu 'm biodh an sar ud 'n an euimhne,
Gus bhuir pilleadh 's an abhainn,
Oir tha i roimhibh ni 's doimhne.

Nis, a Thearlaich oig Stiubhaird,
Riut tha duil aig gach fine,
Chaidh a chothachadh ernin dhut,
'S a leig an duthaich 'n a teine;
Tha mar nathraichean folaicht',
A chaill an earradh an uraidh,
Aeh tha 'g ath-ghleusadh an gathan,
Gu eiridh latha do thighinn.

'S iomadh neach a tha guidhe,
Ri do thighinn, a Thearlaich,
Gus an eireadh na cuingean,
Dheth na bhuidheann tha 'n eigin;
A tha cantainn 'n an eridhe,
Ged robh au teanga 'g a bhreugadh,
"Lan do bheatha gu t-fhaicinn,
A dh' ionnsuidh Bhreatainn a's Eirinn."

'S iomadh oganach aimsichte,
Tha 's an am so 'n a chadal,

Eadar bràighe Srath-Chluanaidh,
Agus bruachan Loch-abair;
Raehadh 'n euisibh mhie t-athar,
'S a chrun, 's a chathair r' an tagradh,
'S a dh' ath-philleadh na Ceathairn,
A dhioladh latha Chulodair.

Aeh a chairdean na cuirte,
Nach 'eil a' chuis a' cur feirg oirbh,
Na 'n do dh' fhosgail bhuir suilean,
Gus a ehuis a bhi searbh dhuibh;
Bidh bhuir duais mar a' ghobhar
A theid a bhleodhan gu tarbhaeh,
'S a bhith r' a' fuadach 's an fhoghar
Is ruaig nan gaothar r'a h-earball.

Ma 's e 'm peacach a 's modha
'S coir a chruinnachd a chlaoidheadh;
Nach e Seumas an Seachdainh
Dhearbh bhi seasmhach 'n a intinn?
"C' uim' an diteadh sibh 'n onair,
Na bhiodh sibh moladh na daoidheachd?"
'S gur h-e dhluitheachd d' a ehreideamh
A thug do choigrieh an rìoghachd.

Fhuair sinn rìgh a Hanobhar,
Sparradh oirnele aehd e,
Tha againn prionnsa 'n a aghaidh,
Is neart an lagha 'g a bhacadh;
O Bhith, tha shuas 'na do bhreitheamh,
Gunn ehron 's an dithis nach fac thu,—
Mar h-e a th' ann, cuir air aghairt
An t-aon a 's lugha 'm bi pheacachd.

ISEABAIL NIC-AOIDH

AIR FOKN—*Piobaireachd.*

An t-urbar.

ISEABAIL Nic-Aoidh,
Aig a' chrodh laogh,
Iseabail Nic-Aoidh,
'S i 'n a h-aonar,
Iseabail Nic-Aoidh,
Aig a' chrodh laogh,
Iseabail Nic-Aoidh,
'S i 'n a h-aonar;
Iseabail Nic-Aoidh,
Aig a' chrodh laogh,
Iseabail Nic-Aoidh,
'S i 'n a h-aonar:
Seall sibh Nic-Aoidh
Aig a' chrodh laogh,
Am bonnabh nam frith'
'S i 'n a h-aonar.

An ceud Siubhal.

Mhuire 's a Rìgh!

A dhuine gun mhnaoi,
Ma thig thu a chaoidh,
'S i so do thim;
Nach faic thu Nic-Aoidh,
Aig a' chrodh laoigh,
Am bonnabh nam frith',
'S i 'n a h-aonar.

Mhuire 's a Rìgh!
A dhuine gun mhnaoi,
Ma thig thu a chaoidh,
'S i so do thim;
Nach faic thu Nic-Aoidh,
Aig a' chrodh laoigh,
Am bonnabh nam frith',
'S i 'n a h-aonar.

Comharradh duibh
Nach 'eil gu math,
Air fleasgach amh
Bhi feadh a so,
'N uair tha bean-taigh'
Air Riathan nan Damh,
Muigh aig a' chrodh,
Gun duine mar-ri.

Comharradh duibh
Nach 'eil gu math,
Air fleasgach amh
'Bhi feadh a so,
'N uair tha bean-taigh'
Air Riathan nan Damh,
Muigh aig a' chrodh,
'S i na h-aonar.

Iscabail Nic-Aoidh, &c.

An dara Siubhal.

Seall sibh bean-taigh
Air Riathan nan Damh,
Muigh aig a' chrodh,
Gun duine mar-ri;
Seall sibh bean-taigh
Air Riathan nan Damh,
Muigh aig a' chrodh,
'S i 'n a h-aonar.

Seall sibh bean-taigh
Air Riathan nan Damh,
Muigh aig a' chrodh,
Gun duine mar-ri;
Seall sibh bean-taigh
Air Riathan nan Damh,
Muigh aig a' chrodh,
'S i 'n a h-aonar.

Duine sam bith
Th' air son a' chluich',
De chinneadh math,
Le meud a chruidh,
Deanadh e ruith,
Do Riathan nan Damh,
Gheibh e bean-taigh,
'S euireadh e rith',

Duine sam bith
Th' air son a' chluich',
De chinneadh math,
Le meud a chruidh,
Deanadh e ruith
Do Riathan nan Damh,
Gheibh e bean-taigh,

'S i 'n a h-aonar.
Iscabail Nic-Aoidh, &c.

An Taobhlath.

Nach faic sibh an oibseig
Tha coslach ri glacadh,
Am bliadhna 'g a cleachdadh,
Ri crodh agus eachaibh,
Air achadh 'n a h-aonar.

Nach faic sibh an oibseig
Tha coslach ri glacadh,
Am bliadhna 'g a cleachdadh,
Ri crodh agus eachaibh,
Air achadh 'n a h-aonar.

'S neonach am fasan,
Do dhaoine tha dh' easbhuidh
Nan nithean bu taitneich'
Dhaibh fein e bhi aca,
Bhi fulang a faicinn,
Am bliadhna 'g a cleachdadh,
Ri crodh agus eachaibh,
Air achadh 'n a h-aonar.

'S neonach am fasan,
Do dhaoine tha dh' easbhuidh
Nan nithean bu taitneich'
Dhaibh fein e bhi aca,
Bhi fulang a faicinn,
Am bliadhna 'g a cleachdadh,
Ri crodh agus eachaibh,
Air achadh 'n a h-aonar.

Iscabail Nic-Aoidh, &c.

An Crunluath.

Seall sibh air a' cheannaidheachd,
An iomallan nam mullaichean,
Am bliadhna 's i gu muladach,
Na h-uile la 'n a h-aonar.

Seall sibh air a' cheannaidheachd,
An iomallan nam mullaichean,
Am bliadhna 's i gu muladach,
Na h-uile la 'n a h-aonar.

Innsidh mis do dh-iomadh fear,
'S an rannuidheachd 'n uair ehlunnear i,
Gu'm beil i air a eumail
As na h-uile h-aite follaiseach,
Le ballanan a's cuinneagan,
An iomallan nam mullaichean,
Am bliadhna 's i gu muladach'
Na h-uile la 'n a h-aonar.

Seall sibh air a' cheannaidheachd,
An iomallan nam mullaichean,
Am bliadhna 's i gu muladach,
Na h-uile la 'n a h-aonar.

Iscabail Nic-Aoidh, &c.

Note.—This song was composed in praise of a young lady, the daughter of *Iain mac Eachuinn*, the bard's early friend, to the well known air of the pipe tune, "*Faillte Phrionns*." To those who have attended to the variations of that air, as played properly upon the great Highland bagpipe, it cannot but appear as a very respectable effort, that the bard has met all its variations, quick and slow, with words and with sentiments admirably suited both to the air and to his subject.—*Vide Memoir of Edin.* 1829

PIOBAIREACHID BEAN AOIDH.

Urlar

*THOGAIREADH bean Aoidh,
Thogaireadh bean Aoidh,
Thogaireadh bean Aoidh
Uain do dh-Aisir,
Thogaireadh bean Aoidh
'N aghaidh na gaoith',
'S rinn iad Mac-Aoidh
Aig Lochan-nan-Glaimhidheach.
'S folluiseach a dh-fhalbh i,
Callaidheachd an deigh Aoidh,
Thoilich i 'bhi 'n a mnaoi,
'N aiteachan fasachail;
Chunna' mise mar bha i,
Turrahan an deigh Aoidh,
'M bealach cadar da bheinn,
B' aill leo gu 'n tamhadh iad.
Chunnaic mi rud eile ris,
Dh-innis domh nach robh sibh saor,
H-uile h-aon de an ni,
Sgaoilt' feadh nan airidhnean.
'S chunnaic mi thu fein, Aoidh,
'N uair a rinn thu 'm pill,
Gurraidh cruinn anns a' bheinn,
'S duilich dhuibh 'aicheadh.

Siubhal.

'S snarach an t-uidheam,
Do ghruagach no nighin,
Bhi pronnadh 's a' bruidhean,
Is cab oirre gaireachdaich.
Triall thun na h-uighe,
Gun ghnòthuch no guidhe,
A' inhealladh le bruidhean,
Paisteachan ba-bhuachail.
Ma tha agaibh de chridhe,
Na philleas mo bhruidhean,
Theid mis air an t-slighe,
'S feuchaidh mi 'n t-aite
An robh sibh 'n 'ur suidhe,
'N 'ur laidhe 's 'n ur suidhe,
'S mu 'n ruitheadh beul duibhe,
B' fhearr gun a chlaistinn.
'S snarach an t-uidheam, &c.

Crunluath.

* Na cairdean bu dealaidh bha staigh,
Chairich iad iomadh fear roimh',
Dh' fheuchainn an cumadh iad uathl,
Ailleas nach b' fheirde i,
Thionndaidh i 'bus ris an fhraigh,
'S bhoidich nach pilleadh i troigh,
Chaidh gus an ruigeadh i 'n taigh,
Am b' abhaist d'i fath fhaighinn.
Dh-flag i 'n t-aran a' bruich',
'S dh-fhalbh i o philleadh a' chruidh,
Dh-aicheadh i conhairl' 's am bith,
'S mharsail i dh-Aisir bhuaninn.
Mhuinntir a thachair a muigh,
'S iad a fhuair sealladh a' chluich,

Anna 'n a ruith. teannadh o 'n taigh,
'N deigh 'Ille chracanaich.
, Na cairdean bu dealaidh, &c.

RANN AIR LONG RUSPUINN.

[Sean long bheag, a bha air a caradh' le ceannaiche, bha 'n a sheau duine, agus a bhrist roimhe sin; charaich e an long so, le spruilleach luinge chaidh a bhriseadh ri stoirm geamhraidh air traigh fagus do Ruspuinn; bha 'n ceannaiche posd' ri seann nighin tacaan ro'n am sin, 's iad gun ehlann. 'N uair riun e suas an long, 's ann le luath ranaich mar luchd a chaidh e leatha air a' cheud siubhal.]

SEANA mharaich, seana cheannaich,
Le seana chailleig, 's iad gun sliochd;
Gun tuar conaich air a' chual chrannaich,
Is luath rainich air cheud luchd.
Bha sean acair, gun aon taic innt',
Air sean bhacan, ri scan taigh;
Leig an scan tobha gun aon chobhair,
An sean eithear air seana chloich.
Bha triuir ghaisgeach gun neach caisrigt',
Air dhroch eistreadh 'n an caol ruith.
Gu long *Ruspuinn* nach paigh cuspuinn,
An t-seana chupuill nam plaigh rith'.
'S mor an eis e do fhear *pension*,
Bha 's na rancaibh fada muigh,
Bhi air eul fraighneach air stiur Sine,
Gun duil sineadh ri deagh ehluch.

ORAN NAN SUITRIDHEACH.*

FHEARAMH og' leis am miannach posadh,
Nach 'eil na sgeoil so 'g 'ur fagail trom?
Tha chuid a 's diomhair' tha cur an lin dibh,
Cha 'n 'eil an trian dinbh a' ruigheachd fuinn,
Tha chuid a's faighreachail' air an oighreachd s',
O 'm beil am *prise* a' doll air chall,
Mar choirean laidir, cur mail' air pairtidh,
Tha barail ehairdean, a's gradh gun bhonn.

Tha fear a' suiridh an diugh air inighean,
Gun bharrail iomrall nach dean e turn;
Bha i uair, 's bu eumha buairidh,
A ghuth d' a cluais, a's a dhreach d' a suil.
An sean ghaol cinnteach bha aig ar sinnsir',
Nach d'fhair cead imeachd air feadh na duthch',
Nach glan a dhearbh i, gu 'n deach' a mharbhadh,
'N uair ni i bargan, 'nuair thig fear ur.

* For the air, see "The Rev. Patrick McDougal's Collection of Highland Airs," page 17, No. 112.

'S iomadh caochladh thig air an t-saoghal,
'S cha chan an fhirinn nach 'eil e crost',
Na h-uile maighdean a ni mar rinn i,
Tha fois a h-inntinn an cunnart feasd.
An duine trenbhach, mur 'eil e spreidheach,
A dh' aindeoin eud, tha e fein 'g a chosg,
'S le combairl' ghoraich a h-athair dholum,
'G a deanamh deonach le toie, 's le trosg.

O 'n tha 'n gaol ac' air fas mar Fhaoilleach,
Na bitheadh stri agaibh ri bhi posd',
'A seasmhachd inntinn cha 'n 'eil thu cinn-
teach,
Re fad na h-aon oidheh' gu teand an lo ;
An te a phairticheas riut a cairdeas,
Ged tha i 'gradh sud le cainnt a beoil,
Fo cheann seachduin, thig caochladh fleas-
gaich,
'S cha 'n fhaigh thu facal dh'i re do bheo.

Ach 's mor an naire bhi 'g an sarachadh,
Oir tha pairt dhiubh de 'n inntinn stolt',
Mach o pharantan agus chairdean,
Bhi milleadh ghraidh sin tha fas gu h-og ;
Mur toir i aicheadh do 'n fhear a's fearr
leath',
Ged robh sud craiteach dh'i fad a beo,
Ni h-athair feargach, a beatha searbh dh'i,
'S gur fearr leis marbh i, na 'faicinn posd'.

Faodaidh reason a bhi, gu treigeadh
An fhir a 's beusaich' a theid 'n a triall ;
Ged tha e cairdeach, mur 'eil e pagach,
Ud ! millidh pracas na th' air a mhiann ;
Tha 'n duine suaire, le barrachd stuamachd,
A' call a bhuannachd ri te gun chiall ;
'S fear oile 'g eiridh, gun stic ach leine,
'S e cosnadh geill dh'i mu 'n stad e srian.

Mur 'eil stuamachd a' cosnadh gruagaich,
Och ! ciod a' bhuaidh air am beil a geall ?
Nach mor an neonachas fear an dochais so,
Gun bhi enodach ni 's modha bonn ;
Fear eile sineadh le mire 's taosnadh,
Le comunn faoilteach, no aigneadh trom,
'S ge math na tri sin gu cosnadh aontachd,
Cha 'n 'eil a h-aon diubh nach 'eil a' call.

Ma tha e pagach, ma tha e sgathach,
Ma tha e narach, ma tha e mear ;
Ma tha e sanntach, ma tha e greannar,
Ma tha e cainnteach, a's e gun chionn ;
Ma tha e boidheach, ma tha e seolta,
Ma tha e comhward, ma tha e glan ;
Ma tha e dìonhain, ma tha e gnìomhach,
Ud, ud ! cha 'n fhiach le a h-aon diubh sin !

Ma tha e pagach, tha e gun naire,
'S ma tha e sgathach, cha bheag a' chrois ;
Ma tha e gaolach, tha e 'n a chaora ;
'S ma tha e faoilteach, tha e 'n a throsg ;
Ma tha e gnìomhach, their cuid, "Cha 'n
fhiach e,
Tha 'm fear ud miodhair, 's e sud a chron ;"

'S ma tha e failligeach ann an aiteachadh,
"Cha bhi barr aig", is bi'dh e boehd."

Co an t-aon fhear air feadh an t-saoghail,
A tha nis cinnteach gu 'n dean e turn ;
'S nach 'eil a h-aon de na tha mi 'g innseadh,
Nach 'eil 'n a dhiteadh dha air a chul.
An duine meanmnach, 's e toimhseil, ain-
meil,
Cha chluinn thu 'ainm ach mar fhear gun
dù ;
'S nach fhaic thu fein, air son iomadh reu-
soin,
Gu 'n deach' an spreidh os ceann ceille, 's
eliu.

Tha fear fos ann, a dh-aindeoin dochais,
A dh' fhaodas posadh gun mhoran chair ;
Na'm biodh de chiall aig' na dh'athnìch
rianh,
Gu 'n do dh-eirich griau anns an airde 'n
ear ;
Dean 'n a dhuaire e, a rugadh 'n cuaran,
Thoir baile 's buar dha, a's treabhair gheal ;
Leig labhairt uair dha, ri athair gruagaich,
'S bheir mi mo chluas dhut mar faigh e bean.

A M BRUADAR.

AIR FOKN—"Latha siubhal sleibhe dhomh."

CHUNNA' mise bruarad,
Fhir nach cuala, thig a's chuinn ;
Ma 's breisleach e, cur easg air ;
'S ma tha neart ann, bi 'g a sheinn ;
Na m' b' fhior dhomh fein gu 'm faca mi,
Am Freasdal, 's e air beinn ;
Gach ni a's neach 'n a amhare,
Is e coimhead os an cinn.

Chunna' mi gach seorsa 'n sin,
A' tigh'nn 'n an crothaibh, cruinn ;
'S na 'm b' fhior dhomh, gu'n robh moran
dìnbh,
A b' eol domh ri mo linn ;
Ach co a bha air thos dhiubh,
Ach na daoine posd' air sreing.—
'S a' cheud fhear a thuir facal diubh,
Cruaidh chasaid air a mhnaoi.

Labhair glagair araidh ris,—
"S tu leig mo naimhdeas leam,
N uair phos mi ghobach, ardanach,
Nach obadh enamhan rium ;
'S e 's cainnt an taobh mo leapa dh'i,
An uair is pailte rum,
Gu cealgach, feargach, droch-mheinneach,
'S an droch-uair, teann a null."

"Their i ris, gu h-ain-meinneach,
'N uair dh' eircas fearg 'n a sroin,

Gu 'm b' ole mi ann an argumaid,
'S nach b' fhearr mi thogail sgeoil,—
Cha b' ionann duit 's do c' ainm e sud,
'S deagh sheanachaidh e 's taigh-òs',
O! 's buidhe dhi-s' thug dhachaigh e,
B' e fein am fheasgach coir.

"Nuair chlosas mis' ri smuaineachadh,
Gach truaighe thug mo shar;
Their i sgeigeil, beumach, rium,
Gur ro mhatl dh-eisdinn sgeul;
Is their i ris na labhras mi,
Gu 'n canadh clann ni b' fhearr;
Aon ghniomh, no cainnt, cha chinnich leam,
Nach di-mol i le 'beul."

Thuirte isc:—"Gu 'm b' endach sud,
'S gu 'n robh e breugach meallt',"—
Is thug i air mar b' abhaist d'i,
Nach abradh 'bheul-sa drannid;
"Tha 'n adharc sgorrach, eitidh;
Ach o 'n 's eigin d'i bhi ann,
O! ciod e 'n t-aite 'n cara dh'i
Bhi fas, na air a' cheann."

Thubhairt fear de 'n aireamh ud,
Bu tabhachdaiche bh' ann,
"A Fhreasdail, rinn thu fabhor rium,
Am pairt 'nuair thug thu clann;
Ged thug thu bean mar mhathair dhaibh,
Nach dean gach darna h-ann,
Ach h-uile gnìomh a 's tarsuinne.
Mar 'thachras thigh'n 'n a ceann."

Fhreagair Frecsdal reusonta,—
"S e 's feumail dhut bhi stuaim',
'S a liuthad la a dh' eisd mi riut,
Is tu 'na t-eigin chruaidh;
Mu 'n do chumadh leine dhut,
Bha 'n ceile sin riut fuaght',
Is ciod iad nis na fathan,
Air am b' aill leat a cur bhmat?"

"Nach bochd, dhomh, 'nuair thig *strainsear*,
Bhios ceolmhor, cainnteach, binn,
'Nuair 's math leam a bhi fialaidh riuth',
'S ann bhios i fiata ruinn?
'N uair dh' olas mi gu cuirteil leath',
'S e gheibh mi eul a ciunn,
'S bidh mise 'n sin 'n am bhreugadair,
Ag radh gu 'm beil i tinn.

"Cha taunh i 'm baile dithribh leam,
Cha toigh leath' gaoth nam beann,
An t-aite mosach, fasachail,
Am beil an crabbhadh gann;
'S ged chuir mi lamh ri eaglais i,
Cha 'n fhada dh' fhanas ann,—
'An t-aite dona, tabhurnach,
Bidh sluagh cur neul 'n a ceann."

Sin 'n uair thubhairt Frecsdal ris,—
"S e thig do 'n neach ni choir;
A bhi ni 's dluith' r' a dhleasannas,
Mar 's truime erois 'g a leon; .

Ged shaoileadh tu gu 'm maitheadh dhut,
Na phcacaich thu gu h-og;
Cha 'n fhear gun chamadh crannchair thu,
Fhad 's bhios a' cham-chomhdh'l s' beo.

"Cha 'n fhac thu fein o rugadh tu,
Aon cheum de m' obair-s' fiar,
Ged chunnaic mi mar chleachdadh tu,
Do dhreachdan 's do chiall:
Cia h-iomadh *tric* gu beartas,
Bli' air an ditheadh steach 'n ad chliabh,
Nach fhaic thu gur h-aon aisinn dhìot,
A chuun air ais sùd riamh.

"Aidich fein an fhirinn,
Agus chii thu 'n sin mar bha,
A' mheud 's a ghabh mi shaothair rith',
'Gus an caochl'eadh i ni b' fhearr;
Dh-fheuch bochdainagus beartas dh'i,
Is euslaint agus slaint',
Is thainig mi cho fagus d'i,
'S a bagairt leis a' bhas.

"Nuair a dh' fheuch mi bochdain dh'i,
'S ann ortsa chuir i 'm *fat*;
'S cha mho a rinn an t-socair i
Ni b' fhosgarrach' ri cach;
Le h-euslaint' 'nuair a bhinn mi rith',
S ann frionasach a dh-fhas;
An t-slainge bhuana cha 'n aidich i,
'S cha chreid i bhuam am bas."

Co sin a elite tighinn,
Dol a bhruidhcan ris gu teann,
Ach duine bha cruaidh chasaid
Air a' mlnaol bu ghasd' a bh' ann;
'S e 'g radh:—"Nuair theid mi 'n taice
rith',
'S ann bhios oirr' gart a's greann,
'S 'nuair their mi chainnt a 's dealaidh rith',
Gu 'n cuir i car 'n a ceann.

"Gur h-e trian mo dhithidh oirr',
Nach bi i faoilidh rium;
Ni i sgeig a's enaid orm,
Gunn ghair' a' tigh'nn a com;
'Nuair bhitheas sinn 'n ar n-aonaran,
Bidh 'cainnt 's a h-aogas trom,
Ach 'n uain thig na fir gu fuirmeil,
Gheibh sinn ol, a's cuirm, a's fonn.

"A Fhreasdail, rinn thu seirbhe dhomh,
'S ann orin a chuir thu chuing,
'S gu 'm b' eol dut gu 'n robh m' aimsir,
Is mo mheannmhadh air an claidh;
B' fhuasad' dhut 's na bliadhnaibh ud,
Mo riarachlad le mnaoi
Bhiodh nmhail, cairdeil, rianail dhomh,
'S nach iarradh fear a chaoidh."

"Dh' fhaodainn-sa do phosadh
Ris an t-scorsa tha thu 'g radh,
Ach 's anon as a' chiad dhiubh,
Bheireadh riarachadh dhut raidh;
An te de 'n nadur neonach ud,

'S nach toireadh pog gu brath,
Aon dram no deoch eha 'n olar leath',
'S eha dheonaich i do each."

Air an dara dusal dhomh,
'N deigh dusgadh as mo shuain,
Chunnaie mi na daoine sin,
Ag sgaoileadh mach mi 'n euairt;
S na h-uile bean bha pùda sin,
A' dol 'n an dunaibh snas,
Aeh 's aon te as an fhiehead dhiubh,
Bha buidheach leis na fhuair.

Labhair aon bean iunnsuieht' dhiubh,
Bu mhodha rùm na each:—
"Am biadh, an deoch, 's an aodaiehean,
Cha 'n fhaodainn bhì ni 's sathaieht';
Aeh gu m' fhagail trom, neo-shunndach,
Cha 'n eol domh puing a's dach',
Na gealltanas mo thioleachadh,
Gun ehoimhlionadh gu brath.

"An duine sin tha mar rium,
Tha sior ghearan air mo shunnd,
Dhearbhaime fein air 'fhiacail,
Ged nach d' iarr mi, nach do dhiult;
Bidh moran diubh mi-reusonta,
'Nuair gheibh thu 'n sgeul gu grunn,
Tha duil ae' gu 'n ghluais mireag riuth',
An spiorad nach 'eil ann'.

" 'S neonaeh leam an drasda 'n so,
Sior abhaist nam fear posd',
Their gu ladarn' dana,
Nach do thoirmisg aithne pog;
Cia mor an diubheas beusan
Th' eadar eucoir agus coir,
Cha 'n eol domh aite-seasaimh,
Gun a ehos air aon diubh dho."

Chunnaie mi 's an aite sin,
Ni abhaehdach gu leoir,
Is shaoil mi gu'm bu reuson e,
O 'n tigeadh eudaeh mor;
Ciod bh' ann ach fear gun ehomas,
'G iarraidh eomunn te gun choir,
'S bha fìor dhroch bheachd aig eud deth,
'S a bhean fein 'g a ehur an spors.

Chuireadh e neul 'n am eanehainn-s',
A bhì 'g ainmeachadh le eaint,
A' mheud 's a bh' ann de dh-argumaid,
'S do ehomunn gearrta greann';
Bha na eadan pears' an sud,
'N an seasaimh ann an ranc,
'S bha easaidean aig moran diubh,
Ma 'n aon neach bha toirt taing.

AN DUINE SANNTACH.

AGUS AN SAOGHAL, A' GEARAN AIR A CHEILE.

AN DUINE.

'S MI-CHOMAINNEACH thusa, Shaoghail,
'S b' abhaist dhiut,
'S ole a leanadh tu ri daoine
A leanadh riut;
Am fear a cheangail sreang gu teann riut,
Leis a' ghut;
'Nuair tharruinn gach fear a cheann fein d'i,
'S es' a thuit.

AN SAOGHAL.

Is sibhse tha mar sin, a dhaoine,
'S b' abhaist duibh,
'S ole a leanadh sibh ri saoghal
A leanadh ribh;
Ged ehuir mise sorchan fodhaibh,
'S air gach taobh,
Mas sibh fein tha gabhal teiehidh,
Soraidh leibh!

AN DUINE.

O, na 'n gleidheadh tu mis', a shaoghail,
Bhithinn dha do reir,
Oir tha na h-uile ni a's toigh leam
Fo na ghrein;
C' uim' an leigeadh tu gu dilinn
Mi gu pein,
'S nach 'eil fàitheas eho priseil dhomh
Riut fein.

AN SAOGHAL.

S ann bu choir dhut bli eur t-eolais
Ni bu deis',
Far am biodh na h-uile solas
Ni bu treis',
Ged ni mis' an t-umaidh araeh
Ri ear greis,
'N uair a thogras e fein m' fhagail
Leigeam leis.

ORAN DO'N OLLA MOIRISTON.

LUNNEAG.

Binn sin uair-eigin,
Searbh sin og,
Binn sin uair-eigin,
Searbh sin og,
Binn sin uair-eigin,
'N comunn so dh' fhuaraich,
Air an robh carball gle dhuaineil,
Ge bu ghuanach a shron.

A' BHLIADHNA na caluinn-s',
 Bu gheur am faobhar a gheurradh an teud,
 Bh' cadar Domhnall 's am Morair,
 'S iad mar aon anu an comunn 's an gaol;
 Ach cia b' e ni bha 's na cairtean,
 Chaidh e feargach' oirun seachad an de;
 'S co a 's dacha bhi coireach,
 Na 'm fear a dh-fhagas an baile leis fein?

Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

Chunnaic mis' air a' bhord thu,
 Bhliadhna ghabh Sine Ghordon an t-at,
 'S cha chuireadh tu t-aodann
 Ann an comunn nach slaodadh tu leat;
 Ach 'nuair shaoil leat do shorchan,
 Bhi cho laidir ri tulchann a' gheat',
 Shliob na bonna-chasan reamhar
 Dheth na loma-leacan sleamhuinn gun taic!

Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

Dearbh cha ghabhainn-sa iognadh
 As an leac so chuir miltean a muigh,
 Dhe na corra-chcannaich' bhriosgach,
 Aig am fuicte 'f da iosgaid air chrith;
 Ach an trostanach treubhach,
 Chuireadh neart a dha shleisid' an an sith,
 Ma thuit es' aig an dorus,
 Cia mar sheasas fear eile 's am bith?

Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

'S ann tha ceumanan Freasdail
 Toirt nan ceudan de leusanan duinn,
 Deanamh iobairt de bheagan,
 Gu 'm biodh each air an teagasg r' an linn;
 Ach ma thuitas fear aithghearr,
 Le bhi sealltuinn ro bhras os a chinn,
 Cha 'n 'eil fhios again, aca,
 Co a 's ciontaich' an leac no na buinn.

Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

Tha mise fein ann an cagal,
 'G iarraidh fasaich no eag do mo shail,
 Is mi falbh air an leacach,
 Air an d' fhuair daoine seasamhach an sar;
 Ach tha m' carbsadh tre chunnart,
 Mo gharbh-chnaimhean uile bhi slan,—
 Oir ged a tharladh dhomh clibeadh,
 Cha 'n 'eil aird' aig mo smigeid o 'n lar.

Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

An duin' og s' tha 'n a leigh,
 Tha mi clastinn tha tighinn a 'dheigh,
 Fhuair e leasan o dhithis,
 Chum gu'n siubhladh e suidhicht' 'n a cheum;
 Ach mu 'n chuis tha d' a leantuinn,
 Cuiream eul ri bhi cantuinn ni 's leir;
 Ach na 'm biodh brigh na mo chomhairl',
 So an t-am am beil Somhairl' 'n a feum.

Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

Ian Mhic-Uillein 's an t-Srathan,
 Faodaidh deireadh do lathach'-s' bhi searbh,
 Ged tha 'n aimsir-s' cho sithcil,
 'S nach 'eil guth riut mu phris air an tarbh;
 Chaidh luchd-fabhoir a bhriseadh,

Na bha 'n dreuchd cadar Ruspunn's am Parbh;
 Am fear a thigh le mor urram,
 Gheibh e ceud mile mallachd 's an fhalbh.*

Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

Note.—Dr. Morrison, the hero of this song, was for a long time in high esteem and favour in the family of Lord Reay; but at length a misunderstanding arising between them, he found cause to leave the family, reflecting, at the same time, on the fluctuating temper and unsteady favour of the great, and repeating the old Gaelic adage, "Is sleamhuinn an leac a th'aig dorus an taigh mhoir."

MARBHRANN.

[Do dhithis mhinistear ro ainmeil 'nan duthaich,
 Mr. Iain Muir, Ministear Sgìre Eadarachais,
 agus Mr. Domhuill Mac-Aoidh, Maighstir-sgoile,
 sgìre Fair.]"

AIR FOXN—"Oran na h-òise."

'S e mo bheachd ort, a bhaiss,
 Gur bras thu ri pairt,
 Gur teachdair' tha laidir, treum, thu;
 An cogadh no 'm blar,
 Cha toirear do shar,
 Aon duine cha tar do threigsinn;
 Thug thu an drasd
 Dhuinn buille no dha,
 Chuir eaglaisean ban, a's foghlum;
 Is 's fhurasd dhomh radh,
 Gur goirid do dhail,
 'S gur tric a' toirt bearn 'n ar Cleir thu.

Bhuin thu ruinn garbh,
 Mu 'n dithis so dh-fhalbh,
 'Nuair ruith thu air lorg a cheil' iad;
 C' uime naeh d' fhag thu
 Bhuidhean a b' aird,
 A bhiodh do chach ro fheumail;
 A bhruidhean a b' fhearr
 A tighinn o 'm beul,
 'S an eridheachan lan de reuson;
 Chaidh gibhteachan grais
 A mheasgadh 'n an gnaths,
 'S bha 'n cneasachd a' fas d' a reir sin.

Dithis bha 'n geall
 Air gearradh a bonn,
 Gach ain-ìochd, gach feall, 's gach cucoir;
 Da sholus a dh-fhalbh
 A earrannan garbh',
 Dh-fhag an talamh-sa doreh d' a reir sin;
 Ge d' tha e ro chruaidh,
 Gu 'n deach' iad 's an uigh,
 Tha cuid a gheibh buaidh a's feum dheth;
 Mar ris gach aon ni,
 Dh-aithris iad dhuinn,
 Chaidh 'n gearradh a tim an leughaidh.

* "Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end."

Johns. Van. Hum. Wishes.

Dithis a bh' ann,
 Bu chomhairl' 's bu cheann,
 Do phobull fhuair am g' an eisdeachd;
 Dithis, bha 'm bas
 'N a bhriseadh do ghach,
 Gidheadh gu 'm b' c 'm fabhor fein e;
 Cha ladurn gu dearbh,
 Dhuinn chreidsinn 'nuair dh-fhalbh,
 Gu 'n d' fhreagair an earbs' gu leir iad;
 A dh' aindeoin an aoig,
 B' e 'n cairide gaoil,
 'Nuair sgair e o thir nam breug iad.

Tha sgeulan r' a inns'
 Mu dheighinn na dith's,
 A 's feumail a bhi sna ceudan;
 Feudaidh mi radh,
 Cia teumach am bas,
 Nach tug e ach pairt d' a bheum uainn.
 Ged thug e le tinn,
 An corpa do 'n chill,
 Bidh iomradh ro bhinn 'n an deigh orr';
 Is iomadh beul cinn,
 Ag aithris 's gach linn,
 Na labhair, na sheinn, 's na leugh iad.

Sinne tha lathair,
 Tuig'maid an t-strachd-s',
 Is cleachdamaid tra air reuson;
 Nach faic sibh o'n bha,
 An lathachan s' gearr,
 Gu 'n ruith iad ni b' fhearr an reis ud;
 'S mac-samhuil dhuinn iad,
 Ged nach 'eil sinn cho ard,
 Anns na nitheanaibh crabhaidh, leughant';
 Na earb'maid gu brath,
 Gu 'n ruig sin an t-ait-s'
 Mur lean sinn ri pairt d' an ceuman.

Tha 'n teachdair s' air toir
 Gach neach a tha beo,
 'Gan glacadh an coir no 'n eucoir;
 Na gheibh e 'n a dhorn,
 Cha reic e air oir,
 Ri gul, no ri dcoir cha 'n cisd e.
 Chi mi gur fhu
 Leis tighinn do 'n chuil,
 Gu fear th' ann an clud mar eideadh;
 'S ged dheanamaid dun,
 Cha cheannaich e dhuinn,
 Aon mhionaid de dh-uin o 'n eug sin.

An dithis so chuaidh,
 Cha rachadh cho luath,
 Na 'n gabhadh tu uainn an eirig;
 Cha leig'maid 'n an dith's
 Iad as an aon mhios,
 Na 'm b' urradh sinn diol le seudan:
 Ach 's teachdair ro dhan'
 Thu, tighinn o 's aird,
 Buailidh tu stataibh 's doirecan;
 Cha bhacar le 'pris,
 Air t' ais thu a ris,
 'S tu dh' easbhuidh an aoin mu 'n teid thu.

Glacaidh tu chloinn
 A mach bho na bhroinn,
 Mu 's faic iad ach saills' air eigin;
 Glacaidh tu 'n oigh,
 Dol an coinneamh an oig.
 Mu 'm feudar am posadh eigheachd.
 Ma 's beag, no ma 's mor,
 Ma 's sean, no ma 's og,
 Ma 's cleachdamh dhuinn coir no eucoir;
 Ma tha sinn 'n ar beo,
 Is anail 'n ar sroin,
 Cuirear uile sinn fo na feich ud.

Tha 'm bas os ar cinn,
 'G ar glacadh le tinn,
 'S le fradhrac ar cinn cha leir e;
 Ach tha glaoth aig' cho cruaidh,
 'S gu 'm faodadh an sluagh,
 A chluinntinn le cluasan reusoin.
 Nach deare sibh a chul,
 Is fear aig' fo iuil,
 'S e sealtuinn le 'shuil gu geur air;
 An diugh ciod am fath,
 Nach bidh'maid air gheard,
 'S gu 'n bhuin ear nabuidh 'n de bhuainn.

A chumbachd a tha
 Cur chugainn a bhaiss,
 Gun teagamh nach paghear 'fheich dha;
 Tha misneachd a's bonn
 Aig neach a tha 'n geall,
 Air tagradh na gheall do bheul dha,
 Oir 's athair do chlann
 A dh' fheitheas a th' ann,
 'S fear-taighe do 'n bhantraich fein e;
 'S c'n Cruithear a th' ann,
 A bheir gu neo-ghann,
 Na thoilleas sinn anns a' chrcutair.

MARBHRANN,

DO MHAIGHSTIR. MURCHADH MAC-DHOMHNCILL,
 MINISTEAR SCIRE DHIURINNIS
 AN DUTHAICH MHIC-AOIDH.

'S e do bhas, 'Mhaighstir Murchadh,
 Rinn na h-aitean so dhorchadh,
 'S ged chaidh dail ann do mharbhrann,
 Labhraidh balbhachd ri ceill.
 Na 'm biodh a' Chriosdaidheachd iomlan,
 Cha rachadh di-chluimhn' air t-iomradh,
 No do ghnìomharan iomlaid,
 Ach leantadh t-iomchan-s' gu leir;
 Gur h-c chradh mi 'n am mheanmnadh,
 'S do luchd-graidh agus leanmhuinn,
 Meud do shaothrach mu 's d' fhalbh thu,
 'S lugh'd a luig as do dheigh;
 Bheir cuid leasan an buadhach,
 O bhruaich fasanan t-uaghach,
 Nach tug daiseachan suarach,
 As na chual iad bhunt fein.

Fior mhasgull chionn paidhidh,
 No stad gealtach le gabhadh,
 Bhrìgh mo bheachd-s' ann an danaibh,
 'S mi nach deanadh, 's nach d' rinn:
 Ach na 'm biodh comain no sta dhut,
 Ann a t-alladh chur os aird dut,
 Co ach mis' do 'm bu chara,
 'S co a b' fhearr na thu thoill?
 Bhuidhean mholtach-s' a dh-fhag sinn,
 Ged nach urr' iad a chlaistinn,
 'S coir bhi 'g aithris am pairtean,
 Gun fhabhor, 's gun fhoill:
 Oir 's buain' a' chuimhne bheir barda,
 Air deagh bhuadhannaibh naduir,
 Na 's stoc cruinn sin a dh-fhag iad,
 Is comh-stri chairdean 'g a roinn.

Bha do ghibhtean-sa laidir,
 Air am measgadh le grasan,
 Anns a' phearsa bha aluinn,
 Lom-lan de na cheill;
 An tuigs' bu luchdmhoir' gu gleidheadh,
 An toil a b' easgaidh gu matheadh,
 'S na h-uile h-aigneadh cho fathail,
 Fad do bheatha gu leir.
 Bhiodh do chomhairl' an comhnuidh,
 Le do chobhair 's do chomhnadh,
 Do luchd-gabhail na corach,
 Reir 's mar sheoladh tu fein;
 Dheanadh tu 'n t-aindeonach deonach,
 Is an t-aincolach eolach—
 'S b' e fìor shonas do bheoshlaint,
 Bhi tabhairt corr dhaibh de leirs'.

Bha thu caomh ri fear feumach,
 Bha thu saor ri fear reusont',
 Bha thu aodanach, geurach,
 Mar chloich, ri cucoirach, cruaidh;
 Bu tu 'n tabhairteach maoiniach,
 Bu tu 'n labhairteach saothreach,
 Bu tu 'n comhairleach tìmeil,
 'S crìoch a' ghaol ann ad fhuath;
 Tha e 'n a ladarnas gabhaidh,
 Bhi le h-cagal ag aicheadh,
 Nach 'eil stoc aig an Ard-Rìgh,
 Ni an aird ua chaidh uainn;
 Ach 's fhabhor Freasdail, 's a's iognadh,
 No 'n ni a 's fuisge do mhiorbhuil,
 Am bearn so th' againn a lionadh,
 Gu blas miannach an t-sluaigh.

Leam is beag na tha dh' fhoighneachd,
 Mu na thubhairt, 's na rinn thu,
 'S mu na chliu sin a thoill thu,
 O 'n la chaill sinn thu fein;
 Ach moran tartar is stroighlich,
 Air son feich, agus oighreachd,
 Fagaidh beartaich mur fhine e,
 Air an cloinn as an deigh;
 'S e ni a 's minig a chi mi,
 Dh' aindeoin diombunachd time,
 Gu'm beil gionaich nan daoine,
 Tarruinn cìonadh 'n an ceill;
 Ach cha 'n 'eil ionairt no motion,
 Anns na freasdail so dhomhsa,

Nach toir leasan 'n am chodhail,
 Le seann no' bho do bheul.

Toigheach, faicilleach, flamhach,
 Smuainteach, facalach, gnìomhach,
 Ann do ghnothachaibh diomhair,
 Gun bhi diomhain aon uair;
 Chaith thu t-aimsir gu saothreach,
 Air son sonas nan daoine;
 'S cha b' e truaillidheachd shaoghail
 No aon ni chur suas.
 'Nuair tha nitheana taitneach,
 Dol a mugh' a chion cleachdaidh,
 B' e chuis fharmaid fear t-fhasain,
 'S cha b' e beartas a's uailis',
 A' dol o 'n bheatha bu sheirbhe,
 Tre na cathan bu ghairbhe,
 Dh-ionnsuidh Flaitheas na tairbhe,
 Gu buan shealbhadh duais.

Gu'm beil cealgairiachd chrabaidh,
 Air a dearbhadh gu gabhaidh,
 Tha 'n a gairisinn r' a claidinn,
 Is ro chraicheadh r' a luaidh;
 Nuair a thuit thu le bas bhuainn,
 Mar gu 'm briseadh iad braighdean,
 Dhuais na h-uile sin a b' abhaist,
 A bhi an nadur an t-sluaigh;
 Gu'm beil cath aig an Ard-Rìgh,
 Gu bhi gabhail nam pairtean,
 Anns na chruthaich e grasan;
 Thug air aghairt gach buaidh;
 Rinn sud sinne 'n ar fasach,
 Anns na talamh-s' an tra so,
 So a' bharail th' aig pairt diubh
 Tric 'g a ratainn air t-uaidh.

An duine thigeadh a suas riut,
 Ann an guth 's ann an cluasan,
 Cha 'n fhachas riamh a's cha chualas,
 Is 's e mo smuaintean nach cluinn;
 Ged bu bheartach do chrabhadh,
 Bha do mheas air gach talann,
 'S tu a thuigeadh na dana,
 'S am fear e dheanadh na rann;
 Chuid a b' airde 's a' bhuaidh sin,
 Tha 'd air stad dheth o 'n uair sin,
 Ach na daiscachan suarach,
 Tha mu 'n cuairt duinn a' seinn;
 'Nuair a cheilcar a' ghrian orr'.
 Sin 'n uair ghoireas na biastan,—
 Cailleadh-oidhech' agus strìanach,
 An coilltean fiadhaich, 's an glinn.

'S eol domh daoine 's an aimsir-s',
 Dh-fhas 'n an cuideachd gle ainmeil,
 Tigh'n air nitheanan talmhaidh,
 Ann an gearrabhairteachd gheur;
 Ach 'n uair thogar o 'n lar iad,
 Gus na nithibh a's airde,
 S ann a chluinneas tu pairt diubh,
 Mar na paisdean gun cheill;
 Fhuair mi car ann do rianaisibh-s',
 Le do ghibhtean bha fialaidh,
 Nach do dhearc mi, ma 's fìor dhomh.
 An aon neach riamh ach thu fein,—

Cail gach cuideachd a lionadh,
Leis na theircadh tu diomhan,
'S crìoch do sheanchais gun fhiaradh,
Tighinn gu diadhaidheachd threun.

Bha do chuid air a sgaoileadh
Gu bhi cuideachadh dhaoine,
'S fhad 's a bha thu 's an t-saoghal,
'S tu nach faodadh bhi paidht';
Chuid bu taitneich' 'n an iomchann,
Cha 'n 'eil facal mu 'n timcheall,
Cha bhi ceartas mu 'n iomradh,
Ach le 'n imrich, 'n am bas.
'S truagh am peanas a thoill sinn,
Thaobh nan ciontan a rinn sinn,—
Bhi sior ghearradh ar goibhlean,
'S ar cuid theaghlachan fas;
Gun cheann laidir gu fhoighneachd,
Co ni 'n airde na chaill sinn,
Cuid, d' an cradh, la is oidhech,
Nach tig t-oighre 'na t-ait.

CUMHA DO MHR. MURCHADH.

[A rinn am bard an ceann bliadhna an deigh bair an duin' uasail sin, air iarrtas a mhic am fìor Gael suaire ionnsaichte, Mr. Padraig Mac-Dhonnabhainn, mìnistear Sgìre' Chille-mhoire an Farraghael, air dha thighinn do 'n duthaich, agus a bhi aig am araidh an cuideachd a' bhaird.]

CO-SHEIRM.

'S cianail, a's cianail,
O! 's cianail a tha mi,
'N ceann na bliadhna,
O! 's cianail a tha mi,
A Mhaighstir Murchadh,
'S tu air m' fhagail,
'S mairg nach d' fhuair sinn,
Linn no dha dhiot.

CHRIDHE na feile,
A bheil na tabhachd,
Cheann na ceille,
'S an fhoghlum chrabhaidh,
Laimh gun ghanntair
An am dhut paigheadh,
An uachdar a' bhuird,
A ghnais na failte.
'S cianail, &c.

Tha mise 'n am aonar,
Mar aon ann am fasach,
'S ni gun fheum dhomh,
Aobhar glaire,
Cuius ann an cainnt,
Ann an rann no danachd,
Chionn 's nach 'eil thu ann
G' an claisinn.
'S cianail, &c.

Chaochail iad rianan,
O chioslaich am has thu,
Cha 'n 'eil meas am bliadhna,
Air ciall, no air crabhadh;
Thionndaidh na h-astan
Gu riasradh grainell,
Leo-san leig Dia,
Srian o 'n la sin.
'S cianail, &c.

Rinn cuid bròn
Fa choir do bhais-sa.
Ach ghabh iad sgios,
Ann am mios no dha dheth;
Cha 'n 'eil mis' mar iadsan,
Riaraicht' cho tra dheth,—
An ceann na bliadhna,
'S cianail a tha mi.
'S cianail, &c.

'S caomh leam an teaghlach,
'S a' chlann sin a dh-fhag thu,
'S caomh leam na fuinn,
Bhidhte seinn ann ad fhardaich;
'S caomh leam bhi 'g urachadh
Chliu uach tug has dhìot;
'S caomh leam an uir th' air do thaobh,
Dheth na Bhaghan!
'S cianail, &c.

ORAN A' GHEAMHRAIDH.

AIR FOKK—"Through the wood, laddie."

Moch 's mi 'g eiridh 's a mhadainn,
'S an sneachd air a' bheinn,
Ann an lagan beag monaidh,
Ri madainn ro dhoinid,
'S ann a' chuala mi 'n lonan,
Chuir an loinid o sheinn,
Is am pigidh ag eighreach
Ris na speuraidh, 's cha bhinn.

Bithidh am beithe crìon, crotach,
Sior stopadh o 'fhas;
Mar ri gaoth gharbh sheididh,
Agus ioma-chathadh 'g eiridh,
Crocan barraich a' geilleadh,
Mios eigneach an ail;
A' mhios chneatanach, fhuachaidh,
Chòimheach, ghruamach, gun tlaths'.

Bi'dh gach doire duh uaigneach,
'N duil fuasgladh o bhlaith;
Bithidh an snodhachd a' traogbadh,
Gus an fhreumh as na shin e,
Crupaidh cairt ris gu dìonach,
Gus an crìon i gu lar;
'N lon-dubh anns a' mhadainn,
Sior sgreadail chion blaithe.

Mhois dheithcasach, chaoile,
Choinmheach, ghact'hach, gun bhlaths',
Chuireadh feadail na fuarachd,
Anns gach badan bu dualaich',
Dhoirteadh sneachda 'n a ruathar,
Air chruach nam beann 'ard',
'S an am teichidh na greine,
Caillidh *Phæbus* a bhlaths'.

Mhios chaiseaneach, ghreannach,
Chianail, chainneanach, gheartt',
'S i gu clachanach, currach,
Caruaidhteach, sgealpanach, phuinneach,
Shneachdach, chaochlaideach, fhrasach,
Reotach, rcasgach, gu sar ;
'S e na chaoirncinean craidhneach,
Fad na h-oidhech' air an iar.

'S ann bhios *Phæbus* 'n a reotachd,
An ceap nam mor chruach 's nam beann ;
Bidh 's an uair sin 's cha neonach,
Gacheun gearra-ghobach goineach,
Spioladh iomall an oirach,
Cur a shroin anns an dam ;
Comhradh ciurta gun bheadradh,
Le bron a's sgreadal 'n an ceann.

'S an am tighinn an fheasgair,
Cha bhi an acaras gann ;
Ni iad comhnuidh 's gach callaid,
Buileach anmhunn a's callaidh,
Sgriobadh uir as na ballaibh,
Mios chur doinnionn nan gleann,
'S iad a' beucail gu toirmneach,
'S cha bhi 'n eirbheirt ach mall.

Ach nach dao-chail 's a' gheamhradh,
Fann gheim gamhna chion foir,
Gnugach, caol-dromach, fearsnach,
Tioram, tarra-ghreannach, arsaigh,
Biorach, sgreamhanach, fuachdaidh,
Siltean fuaraidh r' a shroin,
'S e gu sgrog-laghrach gagach,
Fulang sarach' an reot.

Bidh gach crentair d' a threiscad,
'G iarraidh fasgaidh 's a' choill,
Bidh na h-urlaichean cabrach,
Gnustlach, airtnealach, laga,
Gabhail geilt dheth na mhadainn.
Le guth a' chnecatain 'n an ceann,
Is na h-aighean fo euslainh,
Air son gun threig iad a bheinn.

Sud na puirt bu ghoirt gearradh,
Is bu shalaiche seinn,
Ghabhadh m' inntinn riamh eagal,
Roinn bhur sgreaddail 's a' mhadainn
'N am a' chruidh bhi air ghadaibh,
'S an cuid fodair 'g a roinn,
'S iad 'n am baideinibh binniceach,
Gu h-asruidh, tioma-chasach, tinn.

Am bradan caol bharr an fhior uisg',
Fliuch, slaod-earballach, fuar,
'S e gu tarr-ghlogach, ronnach,
Chlambach, ghearr-bhallach, lannach,
Soills na meirg, air 'n a earradh,
Fiamh na gainn' air 's gach tuar,
'S e gu crom-cheannach, burrach,
Dol le buinne 'na chuaich.

An t-samhainn bhagarach, fhiadhaich,
Dhubhrach, chiar-dhubh, gun bhlaths,
Ghuineach, ana-bhlachdach, fhnachdaidh
'Shruthach, steallanach fhuaimneach,
Thuileach, an-shocrach, uisgeach,
Gun dad measaich ach cal,
Bithidh gach deat, a's gach miseach,
Glacadh agais a' bhaiss.

Note.—This song appears to be a parody on twelve of the stanzas of McDonald's "*Ode to Summer*."—"We are inclined to think that on a journey the poet made to the Isle of Skye, he might have heard McDonald's '*Summer Song*' and composed this in imitation of it"—*Memoir to Edit.* 1829.

'S TROM LEAM AN AIRIDH.

[Rinn am bard an t-oran so d' a leannan, Anna Moiriston, nighean og ro ehluiteach, d' an tug e cheud ghaoil ; bha e tada 'g a h-iarraidh, agus ise car leam-leat, gun bhi 'g a diultadh no 'g a gabhail ; ach turas a thig e chun na h-airidh far an robh i aig an am, 's ainm a dheare e oirre an cuideachd an t-saor bhain, d' am b' ainm Iain Moraidh, ghabh e gu ro-throm i a chur cul ris fein. Phos i an saor ban an deigh so, agus 'se aithris an t-sluaigh—nach robh i riamh toilichte gu 'n chuir i cul ri Rob Donn ; agus eha mho a dhearbha an saor ban e fein 'na cheile ro thaitneach.]

'S trom leam an airidh,
'S a ghair so a th'innt',
Gu'n a phairt sin a b'abhaist,
Bhi 'n drasd air mo chinn ;
Anna chaol-mhalach, chioch-chorrach,
Shlip-cheannach, ghrinn,
'S Iseabail a bheoil mhillis ;
Mharanaich, bhinn.
Heich ! mar a bha
Air mo chinn ;
'S e dh-fhag mi cho craiteach,
'S gu'n sta dhomh bhi 'g inns'.
Heich ! &c.

Shiubhail mi' a bhuail ;
Agus shuas feagh nan craobh,
'S gach ait' anns am b'abhaist,
Bhi tathladh mo ghaoil,
Chunna 'mi'm fear ban,
'A's e maran r'a mhnai'
'S b' fhearr leam nach tarainn
An tra ud na ghaoith.
Se mar a bha,
Air mo chinn,
A dh' fhag air bheag tath mi
Ge nar e ri sheinn.
'S e, &c.

Anna bhuidhe nighean Don'uill,
 Na'm b'eol dut mo ni,
 'S e do ghradh, gu'n bhi paidht',
 Thug a mhan bhuam mo chli :
 Tha e dhomh as t-fhianais
 Cho ghníomhach, 's tra chi.
 Diogladh 's a' smuaiseach,
 'S gur ciuirrt' tha mo chri.
 Air gach tra
 'S mi ann an stri,
 'Feachainn ri aicheadh,
 'S e fas rium mar chraoibh.
 Air, &c.

Labhar i gu h-aillcasach,
 Faiteagach rium :—
 " Cha tar thu bhi lamh rium,
 Gu caradh mo chinn :
 Bha siathnar ga m' iarraidh,
 Car bliadhna de thinn :
 'S cha b' airidh fhar each thu
 Thoir barr os an cinn.
 Ha ! ha ! ha !
 An d' fhas thu gu tinn
 Mas e 'n gaol a bheir bas ort
 Gu'm paidh thu ga chinn !
 Ha ! &c.

Ach cia mar bheirinn fuath dhut
 Ged' dh-fhuairich thu rium ?
 'Nuair a's feargaich mo sheannachas,
 Ma t-ainm air do chul,
 Thig t-íomhaigh le h-annasachd
 Mar shamhladh na m' uidh,
 As saoilaidh mi gur gaol sin,
 Nach caochail a chaoidh.
 'S theid air a radh,
 Gu'n dh-fhas e as ur,
 'S fasaidd e 'n tra sin,
 Cho airdh ri tur !
 'S theid, &c.

On a thuas gu'n gluaisear thu,
 Bhuam leis an t-saor,
 Tha, mo shuain air a buaireadh
 Le bruadairean gaol,
 Gu'n an cairdeas a bha sid
 Cha tar mi bhi saor.
 Ga mo bharnaigeadh laimh riut
 'S e ghna dhomh mar mhaor.
 Ach ma tha
 Mi ga do dhi,
 B'fheairde mi pag bluat
 Mas fagadh tu 'n tir.
 Ach ma tha, &c.

AN RIBHINN ALUINN EIBHINN OG.

Tha Deors' air a' Mhaidsear
 Ro dhan' ann an cainnt,
 An ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.

Sior chur an ceill,
 Gu robh e-san fo staint*
 An ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.
 Ach 'nuair theid an t-òsd,
 Mu 'n bhor ann an rancuibh,
 Olaidh e gu cairdeach,
 Deoch-slaime na laintighcarn,
 Bidh h-uile fear do eadh,
 Mach o Salaidh, toirt taing dha,
 An ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.

Mu 'm faca mo shuil thu,
 'S e 'n cliu ort a fhuair mi,
 A ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.
 Mar gu'm bu bhan-de thu,
 Gu 'n geitleadh an sluagh dhut,
 A ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.
 Shaoil leam gu'm bu bhosd,
 A chuid mhor bhasa luaidh riut,
 Gus na shin an ceol,
 Sa sin gun tug iad a suas mi,
 Ach chreid mi h-uile drannd dheth,
 'S an danns 'nuair a ghluais thu,
 A ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.

Shuidh mi ann an cuil,
 Mar gu 'n duiogeadh a tranns mi,
 A ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.
 Is dh'amhairceadh an triuir ud,
 Le 'n suilean, 's le sannt ort,
 A ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.
 Do reir mar a dh-fhaodainns'
 A h-aodann a rannasachd,
 Dhuraigeadh Salaidh.
 Am Maidsear 'n a bhantraich;
 Tha aobhneas air Deorsa,
 Mu 'n bhron bh' air a' Ghranndach,
 A ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.

Cha 'n 'eil a h-aon,
 'S a' Bhataillean d' an eol thu,
 A ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.
 Nach 'eil ort a bradar,
 Mas fuasgailt' no posda,
 A ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.
 Gus an ruig e Tearlach,
 Am m'aisdear a b' oige;
 Ged bu chruaidh 'ainm
 Ann an armait righ Deorsa,
 Chaoch'leadh e faobhar,
 Le gaol fa do choir-sa,
 A ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.

Am fear a bhios an gaol,
 Cha 'n fhaodar leis 'fhuadach,
 A ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.
 'S ann is cruaidh a 'chas;
 Gus am paidhear a dhuais dha,
 A ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.
 Fuiligidh mi suil,
 No fuiligidh mi cluas dhiom,

* E bhi cheana posd',

Ma tha aon de 'n triuir ud,
As tric thasa luaidh' riut,
Cho tinn le do ghaol,
Ris an aon fhear a's fuath leat,*
A ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.

'S e 'n t-aobhar nach ordaichinn,
Salaidh do 'n Choirneil,
A ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.
Eagal gu 'm bitheadh each
Ann an naimhdeas r' a bheo dha,
An ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.
Creutair cho caoimhneil riut,
Is maighdeann cho boidheach riut,
Ri ! bu mhor an diobhail,
Gu 'n caillleadh tu g' a dheoin iad,
Suiridhich an t-saoghail,
Le aon fhear a bhosadh,
An ribhinn, aluinn, eibhinn, og.

ORAN EILE

DO 'N MHAIGHDEINN CHEUDNA.

AIR Fonn—"Sweet Molly."

LUINNEAG.

*Fear a dhannsas, fear a chluicheas,
Fear a leumas, fear a ruitheas.
Fear a dh-eisdeas, no ni bruidhean,
Bi 'n creidheach' aig Salaidh.*

DH-FHALBH mi duthchan fada, leathan,
'G amharc nigheannan a's mhnathan ;
Eadar Tunga 's Abar-readhain,
Cha robh leithid Salaidh.

Fear a dhannsas, &c.

An Dun-eideann 's an Dun-didhe,
'S a h-uile ceum a rinn mi dh-uighe,
Cha 'n fhaca mi coltach rithe,
Bean mo chridhe Salaidh.

Fear a dhannsas, &c.

'S math a clastinn, 's math a fradharc,
Blasd' a caill agus na their i,
'S math do 'n fhear a tharadh 'n gaire,
Do dhoireachan Salaidh.

Fear a dhannsas, &c.

'S math a muigh, 's is math a saigh i,
'S math 'n a guth i, is math 'n a dath i' ;
'S math 'n a suidhe 'n ceann na sreath' i,
Sann na laidhe 's fearr i.

Fear a dhannsas, &c.

Fear a dh' iarras i 's nach fhaigh i,
'S fear nach iarr i a chionn aghaidh,
Cha robh fhios a'm co an roghainn
Thaghainn as na dha sin.

Fear a dhannsas, &c.

* Be Rob Donn fein "an aon fhear a b' fhuath
leatha."

Caiptein treun nan Grenadeer,
'S airde leumas, 's fearr a ruitheas,
Cha 'n eil ait an dean i suidhe,
Nach bi e-san laimh rith'.

Fear a dhannsas, &c.

Na 'n racha' dealbh a chur 's a' bhrataich,
Ann an arm an Iarla Chataich,
Bhiodh iad marbh mu 'n deant' a glacadh,
Ged bhiodh neart a' Phap' orr'.

Fear a dhannsas, &c.

Note—Sally Grant, the subject of the foregoing two songs, was a girl of easy virtue, who followed the Sutherland fencibles. She was at first mistress to the Earl who commanded; she then served the officers, and finally the privates and drummers. Rob composed another song, called "*Mor nigh'n a Ghibharlain*," on the same girl, but the Editor has left it, and a number of others of the same description, out of the book on account of their indelicacy.

BRIOGAIS HIC RUAIRIDH.

[Rinneadh an t-oran so leis a' bhard aig banais "Iseabail Nic-Aoldh," nighean Iain 'Ic-Eachainn, air dh'i bhi posda ri Iain, mac Cholmhuich Suthar-lain. Bha cruinneachadh anabarrach sluaigh air a' bhanais de dh-uaislean na duthcha; ach air do dh-Iain Mac-Eachuinn agus am bard eir a mach air a cbeile goirid roimh 'n am sin, cha d' fhuair am bard cuireadh than na bainnse, ged bha e chomhnuidh ann an aite fagus do laimh. Ach air do Choineach Sutharlan. athair fhir na bainnse, thigibiu air an ath mhadainn an deigh a' phosaidh. agus Rob Donn lonndrainn, thubhairt e ri Iain Mac-Eachuinn, gu 'm b' fhearr cuireadh a thoirt do 'n bhaid 'n athrath, no gu 'n cluinnte sgeula mu 'n bhanais fathast. Bha fios aig Iain Mac-Eachuinn, nach tigeadh am bard air 'aillcas-sa, ged chuireadh e fios air. An sin chuir na h-uaislean uile, 'n an ainm fein, fios air, agus mur tigeadh a leas an teachdaireachd sin, gu 'n rachadh iad fein uile g' a shireadh. Thainig Rob Donn gu toileach; oir hla mor speis aig do dh-Iain Mac-Eachuinn, 's d' a thenghlach, ged thainig eadar iad aig an am sin. Air ant-slighe dh-ionnsuldh taigh na bainnse, dh-fhoighnich Rob Donn ris an teachdaire thainig d' a iarraidh. An do thachair i a amhuilteach 's am blth 'n am measg o thoisich a' bhanais? Thuir an teach-daire nach eual e-san ach aourud—Gu 'n do chaill "Mac Ruairidh beag," gille thainig an cois fhir na bainnse, a bhriogais. Bu leoir so leis a' bhard agus mu 'n d' rainig e taigh na bainnse, ged nach robh ann ach astar da mhile. bha 'n t oran deanta; agus cho luath 's a shuidh e, thoisich e air a ghabhail.]

LUINNEAG.

*An d' fhidir, no 'n d' fhairich,
No 'n cuala sibh,
Co idir thug briogais
Mhic Rhuairidh leis?
Bha bhriogais ud againn
An am dol a chadal,
'S 'nuair thainig a' mhadainn
Cha d' fhuaradh i.*

CHÀIDH bhriogais a stampadh,
Am meadhon na connlaich,
'S chaidh Uisdean a dhams',
Leis na gruagaichean ;
'Nuair dh-fhag a chuid misg e,
Gu'n tug e 'n sin briosgadh,
A dh-iarraidh na briogais,
'S cha d' fhuair e i.
An d' fhidir, &c.

Na 'm bitheadh tu laimh ris,
Gu 'n deanadh tu gaire,
Ged bhidheadh an siataig
Na d' chruachanan ;
Na faicheadh tu 'dhronnag,
'Nuair dh-ionndrain e 'pheallag,
'S e coimhead 's gach callaid,
'S a' suaitheachan.
An d' fhidir, &c.

Iain Mhic Eachuinn,
Ma 's tusa thug leat i,
Chur grabadh air peacadh
'S air buaireadh leath' ;
Ma 's tu a thug leat i,
Cha ruigeadh tu leas e,
Chaidh t-uair-sa seachad
Mu 'n d' fhuair thu i.
An d' fhidir, &c.

Chaitriona Nigh'n Uilleim,*
Dean briogais do 'n ghille,
'S na eumadh sud sgillinn
A' thuarsdal ;
Ciod am fios nach e t-athair,
Thug leis i g' a caitheamh,—
Bha feum air a leithid,
'S bha uair dheth sin.
An d' fhidir, &c.

Briogais a' chonais,
Chaidh eall air a' bhanais,
Bu liutha fear fanaid
Na fuaidheil oirr' ;
Mur do ghleidh Iain Mac-Dhomhnuill,
Gu pocan do 'n or i,
Cha robh an Us-mhoine
Na luaidheadh i.
An d' fhidir, &c.

Mur do ghleidh Iain Mac-Dhomhnuill,
Gu pocan do 'n or i,
Cha robh an Us-mhoine
Na ghluaiseadh i.
Mu Uilleam Mac-Phadruig,
'Cha deanadh i sta dha,
Cha ruigeadh i 'n aird'
Air a' chruachan dha.
An d' fhidir, &c.

Tha duine 'n Us-mhoine
D' an ainm Iain Mac-Sheorais,
'S gur iongantais dhomhsa
Ma ghluais e i ;

* Bean Iain Mhic Eachainn

Bha i cho cumhang
Mur cuir e i 'm mughha,
Nach dean i ni 's modha
Na buarach dha.
An d' fhidir, &c.

Na leigibh ri braigh' e,
'M feadh 's a bhios e mar tha e,
Air eagul gu 'n saraich
An luachair e ;
Na leigibh bho bhail' e
Do mhointeach nan coille,
Mu 'n tig an labhallan,
'S gu buail e.
An d' fhidir, &c.

Ach Iain Mhic-Choinnich,*
'S ann ort a bha 'n senas,
Ged 's mor a bha dhonadas
Sluaigh an so ;
'Nuair bha thu cho sgiobalt,
S nach do ehill thu dad idir,
'S gur tapaidh a' bhriogais
A bhuannaich thu !
An d' fhidir, &c.

ORAN AIR SEAN FHILEASGACH,

AGUS SEANA MHAIGHDEAN,

MU 'N ROBH SGEUL IAD BHI DOL A PHOSADH.

Tha mhaighdean 's an aite-s'
Tha aireamh de bhliadhnaibh,
Is shaoil leam nach posadh
Neach beo i, chion briadhad ;
Ach 's garbh-dheanta calg-fhionnach
Calbhar r' a bhiahdhadh,
An gille dubh ciar-dhubh,
Tha triall 'na gaoith.
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh,
Ciar-dhubh, ciar-dhubh,
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh,
Tha triall 'na gaoith.

A Mhairicad, cha choir dhut
Bhi gorach no fiata,
Tha maistr ni 's leoir dhut,
An comhnuidh 'gu t-iarraidh ;
Ni 's grainde cha 'n eol domh,
'S ni 's boidheche cha b' fhiach thu,
Na 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh,
Tha triall 'na d' ghaoith.
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

Tha ministear coir ann,
Is moran de chiall aig' ;
'N a thaictear do 'n inghean,
Gun iomrall gun fhiaradh ;

* Fear na bainnse.

Is b' fhear leis, an oigh
Bhi gun phosadh seachd bliadhna,
Na 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh
Bhi triall 'na gaoith.
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

Ged bhiodh ann a phoeaid,
De dh-or na th' aig Iarla,
Bu mhor a' chuis bhroin e
Do 'n oigh tha e 'g iarraidh ;
Suilean a's sron,
Agus feosag, a's faclan
A' ghille dhuibh ciar-dhuibh,
Tha triall 'na gaoith.
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

'S olc an leannan oinid
An t-olach s' 'n a fliojnaig,
'N a laidhe 'n a chota,
'N a rogaire miodhoir,
A shailtean 'n a thoin,
Is a shron ris a' ghriosaich ;
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh
Tha triall 'na gaoith.
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

Tha pung ann a chailleachd,
Thug barr air na ciadan ;
Tha 'aogas ro ghrannda,
'S e air failleadh 'n t-srianaich ;
An uair bha e an Gruididh,
Cha taobhaieheadh fiadh ruinn,
Leis a' ghille dhubh ciar-dhubh,
Bhi triall 'n an gaoith,
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

Ged tha e cho daoehail,
Is aogas eho fiadhaich,
Bithidh feum air 's an tir so,
Air tioman de 'n bhliadhna,
A thoirt ghabhraidh air mheann,
'S a chur chlann dheth na eiochan ;
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh
Tha triall 'na gaoith.
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

'Nuair a bha sin eruinn
Anns a' bheinn, 's sinn ri fiadhaich,
Bu trie a bhiodh tu 'n sas
Anns an t-sauce-pan, is biadh ann ;
Bhiodh eagal air bais oirnn,
Gu 'n enamhath tu bian oirnn,
A ghille dhuibh ciar-dhuibh,
Tha triall 'na gaoith.
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

ORAN NAN GREISICHEAN BEAGA.

AIR Fonn—"Cro nan Gobhar."

CHUNNA' mi crannanach,
Cuirir ri ceanaireachd,

'N Acha-na-h-Annaid,
Cnr feannag a cheile ;
Sheall mi le annas air,
'S shin mi ri teannadh ris,
Thug mi mo bhoineid dhìom,
'S bheannaich mi fein da.
Tha mi ro bhuidheach
Air chomhairl' nam breitheamhnan,
Dh-ordaich gach dithis dhiu
Bhi le aon cheile ;
Faodaidh sliochd tighinn
An deigh na buidhinn so,
Fathast a bhitheas
'N an ionantas feille.

Chaidh mi air m' aghairt,
Is sharaich e m' fhoighidinn,
Feuchainn le a' lughad
C' ait' am faighinn da ceile :
Fhuair mi 'n taigh Choinnich i,
C' uime gu 'n ceilinn,
'S a h-aparau deiridh
Cho ghoidid r' a fheileadh-s'.
Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tomas a's Domhnall,
Seoras a's Alasdair,
'S coltach 'n an colluinn
A' eathrar r' a cheile ;
B' fhearr leam te thapaidh
Bhiodh seachad air leth-cheud,
Na a faieinn air leth-trath,
Aig fear dhuibh mar cheile.
Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha iomadh sgenl eile
Tha againn gu barantaeh,
Naidheachd 'g a h-aithris
A baile Dhun-eideann,
Nach 'eil uile cho ait'
Ann an oibrieibh freasdaill,
Ri faieinn nam peasan
A' maitseadh a cheile.
Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha mise fo chaehtan,
Nach urradh mi leasachadh,
Nach fhaigh mi aon fear dhiu
Ni maitse do Cheitidh ;
Tha truas aig mo chridhe
Ri seasguich' na h-ighinn,
Nach faigh sinn aon leighiech,
Chuireas dithis ri cheil' diu.
Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Cuirear do 'n eilean iad,
'S thugar mir fearainn dhaibh,
'S bheir iad an air'
Air na gearrain 's a' cheitein ;
Air eagal am pronnaidh
Ri fiodh no ri bolla,
Tha tub aig a' Mhorair
Ni taigh dhaibh le cheile.
Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha agam-sa tuilleadh
De leithid an fhirionnaich-s';
'S air chor a's gu'n cluinnear iad,
Seinnean air seis iad;
Domhnall beag biorach,
Air posadh an uraidh;
'S tha dithis de 'n fhine
Aig a' mhinisteir fein diu.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Na greisichean beaga,
Oir 's iad is maor eaglais,
Tha duil ac' mo thagradh,
Air son magaidhnean beumach;
Bithidh mise fo eagal,
'Nuair chluinneas mi 'm bagradh,
O 'n thachair mi eadar
An sagart 's an cleireach.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha duil a'm gur duilich leis
Mis' chur an cunnart,
'S gu 'n do chaomhain mi 'n cuilean,
'S gu 'm bu mhuileach leis fein e;
'S ma chreideas mi 'm ministeir,
An deigh 's na dh-innis e,
'S e 'm moncaidh an uiridh,
Mu mhire na 'n Greibhear.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha sgeula r' a h-aithris,
Mu Bhaile-na-Cille,
Gu 'n robh iad fo iomas
An uiridh le cheile;
Am bliadhna 'n an dithis,
E-fein 's an cu buidhe,
Gun triall ac' gu uidhe
Ach 'n an suidh' aig na h-eibhlean.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

'S boidheach am baganach
Seoras na h-eaglais,
Chualas ua creagan
Toirt freagairt d' a eigheachd;
Shamblaich mi 'm fleasgach ud
Ris a' gharra-ghartan,
Cho biogach r' a fhaicinn,
'S cho neartmhor r' a ciseach.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha Curstaidh fo chachdan,
Mur bhaileich mi 'macan,
Gu 'n abrainn an garran,
Ri fleasgach cho treun ris;
Seas thusa fa 'chomhair,
Is amhaire a crodhan,
'S an te thug an drcobhan air,
Thomhais i fein e.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

ORAN NA CARAIDE BIGE.

Tha dithis anns an duthaich-s',
Tha triall gu dhol a phusadh;

'S gur beag an t-aodach ur,
Ni gun dhoibh a's leue.

*Hei tha mo run dut,
Ho, tha mo run dut,
Hei tha mo run dut,
A ruin ghil' na treig mi.*

Dithis a tha 'og iad,
Dithis a tha boidheach,
Dithis tha gun oirleach
A chorr air a cheile.

Hei, tha mo run dut, &c.

Ma bhios macan buan ac',
'S gu 'n teid e ris an dual'chas,
Cuiridh e gu luath
An cu-ruadh as an t-saobhaidh.

Hei, tha mo run dut, &c.

Ach ma theid a chrusach,
Sgaoilt' air feadh na duthcha,
Theid *prospig* ris na suilean,
Tha duil a 'm, mus leir iad.

Hei, tha mo run dut, &c.

O R A N .

[Do dh' fhear chaidh a chordadh ri nighin oig,
ach cha bhiodh e toilichte mu 'n toclradh, mur
tugadh iad dha gamhuinn eile bharrachd air na
bha iad toileach thoirt seachad; agus air so a
dhiultadh dha, thresg e a leannan.]

'S ann a bhuail an iorghuill,
Air an t-suiridheach tha 'n so shios,
Chuir e 'uigh' air ceile,
'S gu 'n do reitich iad 'n an dios;
Shaoil mi fein 'n uair thoisich iad,
Gu 'n cordadh iad gun sgios;
Ach chum asraidh beag do ghamhuinn iad,
Gun cheangal corr is mios.

Sin, 'n nair thuirt a' mhaighdean,
Nach foighnich sibh rium fìor,
Is innsidh mi a rircadh,
'Gu 'm bu chaochlaideach a rian;
Gu robh e cheart cho deonach,
Ri duin' og a chualas riamh;
'S a nis gu 'n ghabh e bhàr dhiom,
O nach d' fhuair e 'n gamhuinn ciar.

Cha e sin air aghairt,
'S ann do Shaghair chaidh e 'n tus,
Chuir iad fios 'n a dheighidh,
Thigh 'nn air aghaidh ann a chuis;
'S e roghnaich es' an taillcarachd—
'S i b' fhearr leis na bhi puid';
O nach d' fhuair e 'n gamhuinn asraidh,
Ged fhaigheadh e 'm bas de 'n sput.

Dh-aithnich mi 's an amharc ort,
Gu robh do thomhas gann,

Chunnaic mi air t-ìomchuinn,
 Gu robh 'n ìom-chomhairl' 'n ad cheann:
 'S nach robh do spiorad dìomhair,
 'G a do ghriosadh 's a' cheart am;
 'Nuair b' fhearr leat gamhuinn caoile,
 Na do bhean, 's do ghaol, 's do chlànn.

H-uile fear a chi thu,
 'G a do dhìtheadh air do chul,
 Ged leasaich sinn an t-airgead dhut,
 Mu cheithir mhar'g 's ni 's mo,
 'S e their gach filidh faeail riut,
 Gu spot chur air do chliu,
 Gu 'n d' rinn an gamhuinn bacainn,
 Do chontract' chuir air cul.

'S mis a fhuair mo charadh,
 Leis na fearaibh as gach taobh,
 A' mhèud 's a bha 'g am iarraidh dhiubh,
 'S nach b' fhiach leam duin' ach thu;
 Shaoil mi fein 's an fhoghar,
 'Nuair a thagh mi thu a triuir,
 Nach fànach tu cho fada bhuam,
 Ged b' fhiach an gamhuinn crun.

AM BO' C GLAS.

On tha mi na m' aonar,
 Gu'n teann mi ri spors;
 Gu'n cuir mi mar dh-fhaodas mi,
 'M boc air sheol.

'S gu'n leig mi fios dhachaigh
 A dh-iunnsaidh nan Catach,
 Gur h-e 'm boc glas,
 A bhios ac air an tos.

*Pe he fannadarai feininn oth-oro,
 Hithili fannadarai feininn oth-oro,
 Fa-thel-oth fannadarai feininn oth-oro,
 Hithili shiubhal e,
 Hannadarai hith-oro,
 Fa-thel-oth, fa-thel-oth.*

'S iomadh oganach smearail,
 Bha fearail gu leor;
 A chunna' mis

Ann an cogadh rìgh Deors'.
 'S cha'n fhaca mi boc,
 Ga thogail air feachd,
 Ach aona bhoc glas

A Bh' aig mac an Iarl' oig.
Pe he fannadarai, &c.

'Nuair thigeadh am Foghar,
 Co dhianadh a bhuam?
 Co dhianadh an ceanghal,
 A sgrudhadh an sguab?
 Co chuireadh na siamanan,
 Ceart air na tudanan?
 Ach am boc luideach,
 Na'm faigheadh e duais.
Pe he fannadarai, &c.

Gu'n tug iad a' chobhair ud,-
 Bhuaine gun fhios;
 A's dh' fhagadh na gobhair
 Gun bhaine gun bhliochd;
 Tha sine nigh'n Uilleim,
 A caoine 'sa tuireadh,
 'S suilean a' sìtheadh
 Air son a bhuic ghlaiss.
Pe he fannadarai, &c.

Note.—This song was composed on a rake in Sutherlandshire, who, having got a number of young women in the family way, was obliged to take refuge in the Sutherland feneibies, where the poet gave him the name of *Boc Glas*—a name that he retained during life. The tune is excellent, and may justly be entitled the first of the Sutherlandshire pipe jigs. It was the poet's own composition. He also composed several other popular airs of great merit.

ORAN.

[Do dh' fhear a bha suiridh air nighinn oig, agus fear eile bhi 'g a toirt bhuaith; bha mat-lair na h-inghinn (a tha labhairt 's a' cheud rann) 'n a banarach aig Morair Mac-Aoidh, agus e-san 'u a bhuachaille; agus an fear bha toirt na h-inghinn bhuaipe 'n a bhreabadair.—Tha t-oran air a sgrìobhadh do reir dearbh Ghaelig a bhard fein oir cha ghabhadh e seinn air caochladh doigh.]

LUINNEAG.

*Tha 'n gille math ruadh,
 'S e' laidir, luath,
 Cha 'n urr' e bhi suas
 'S nach d' fhuair e i.
 Tha 'n gille math ruadh,
 'S e' laidir, luath,
 Cha 'n urr' e bhi suas,
 'S nach d' fhuair e i.*

FILLEASGAICH tha 'g imcaclid
 An aghaidh na gaoith',
 Gun duil aig mo nighinn
 Thu thighinn a chaoidh;
 Gu 'm b' fhearr a bhi shuas leat
 Am buaile Mhic-Aoidh,
 Na fcasgach na fighe,
 Le fhicheadh bo laigh.*
Tha 'n gille math ruadh, &c.

Cha 'n urradh mi dhearbhadh
 Mar chearb air bhur clann,
 Gur ann anns na cairdean
 Tha mheir' air an fonn
 'Nuair theid gach mearachd
 A chronachadh tholl,
 Bidh fuigheall an innich
 'S an ime cho trom.
Tha 'n gille math ruadh, &c.

* Ficead maide na beairte.

Tha Seumas Mac-Cullach,
 'N a dhuine 'm beil speis,
 Tha onoir bho 'leanabas
 'G a dhearbhadh 'n a bheus;
 Tha fear anns a' bhaile-s'
 Gun chòlach an spreidh,
 Tha e 'n uidheam na goide
 Ni 's faide no eis'.
Tha 'n gille math ruadh, &c.

Mo chomhairl' a nighean,
 'S na suidhich do bhonn,
 Air rud bhios 'n a pheanas,
 'S 'n a mhearachd dhut tholl,
 Tha duil agad achdaidh
 Ri beartas 'n a steoll,
 Le fuighleach an innich,
 'S cha chinnich e boll.
Tha 'n gille math ruadh, &c.

Na 'm faiceadh sibh 'm fleasgachan
 Tapaidh a th' againn,
 Ag iomart nan easan
 Mu seach air na maidean,
 Le 'iteachan innich
 A' pillleadh 's a' glagartaich,
 Cnap aig a' mhuidh,
 'S an t-slinn a' feadaireachd.
Tha 'n gille math ruadh, &c.

ORAN FHAOLAIN.

[Sgùlag a bh'aig a' bhard, air an robh Faolan
 aca mar leas aium. Cha robh Faolan aeh 'n a
 chreutair fachaanta, agus b' abhaist do dh' ing-
 heanan a' bhàird a bh' 'g a thilgeadh air a cheile
 mar leannan.]

LUINNEAG

Gu neartaich an sealbh,
'S gu leasaich an sealbh,
An t-abhagan marbh ud, Faolan.
Gu neartaich an sealbh,
'S gu leasaich an sealbh,
An t-abhagan marbh ud, Faolan.

Tha Ealasaid Mhòraidh,
 'Nuair chromas a' ghrian,
 O 'n eirithir a nios do 'n dithreabh,
 Oir chual' i 'n a chagartaich' bheaga aig each,
 An t-urram bha ghna aig Faolan.
Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

Thainig oirnn Iain le naidheachd a nuas,
 Cha chireid mi nach cual' an sgir' e,
 Gu 'n deachaidh uainn Curstaidh
 Le briogadh do Chlurraig,
 Eagal bhi dlu air Faolan.
Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

Tha Curstaidh a's Deonadh,
 A's Ceitidh nigh'n Deorsa,
 Is Mairi bhuidh' og nan caoraich,

'G an deasachadh mor, gu leasachadh prois,
 A fhreasdal 's gu 'm pos iad Faolan.
Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

Tha Curstaidh bheag Dhonn,
 'S a cridhe ro throm,
 Air eagal nach crom rith' Faolan;
 Tha Mairi ag radh nach dean e dh'i sta,
 Nach 'eil e ni 's fearr no caolan!
Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

An uair a fhuair Ceitidh sealladh dheth ris,
 'S e thubhairt i fein a's faoil oirr'.
 Ged nach 'eil mi 'g a fhaicinn
 Cho sgiobalt ri pairt,
 'S ann tha e ni 's fearr na shaoil mi.
Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

Cha 'n aithne dhomh nighean,
 No bean air an fhod,
 A bheireadh d' an deoin an gaol da,
 O'n tha e gu siogaideach, rugaideach, marbh,
 Cha bhoc, is cha tarbh, ach laos-boc.
Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

Gu'm beil a' bhean againn 'n a laidhe ri lar,
 'S i 'g acain gu brath a caol-druim
 Cha chuir i dhuinn tuilleadh
 A' mhin air a' bhurn;
 Aeh dheanadh i taobh ri Faolan.
Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

Tha bean-an-taigh' againne
 Leth-cheud do bhliadhnaibh,
 'S tha i cho liath ri caora,
 'S ged nach 'eil faeail idir 'n a ceann,
 Cha lughad a geall air Faolan.
Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

Tha Ceitidh a's Curstaidh, gu briogant' an
 euil,
 O 'n tha iad an duil ri daoine;
 'Nuair bhios mi beartaich,
 Gu 'n toir mi dhaibh gun,
 Na 'n deanadh iad mun air Faolan.
Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

Comhairl a bheirinn a nis ort a Phadaidh,
 O 'n nach 'eil nair 'na t-aodann,
 'Nuair ni mi 'n ath chrathadh
 Gun toir mi dhut greim,
 Na 'n leigheadh tu br * m air Faolan.
Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

Shaoil leam nach labhradh e
 Mu'n a' bhuntat',*

* The bard and Faolan being one day planting
 potatoes in a field near a public-house, some ac-
 quaintances of the former came that way, who
 went in to have some refreshment, and took him
 along with them. Faolan also followed, and got
 his "shell," but instead of returning again to his
 work, he went home and told the bard's wife that
 his master had abandoned the potatoe planting
 and went on the spree, and that he could not work
 by himself. On Rob returning home at night,
 Faolan's story was related to him, and before
 supper was ready this song was composed on
 him.

Ach bhidh e nì's paight' no shaoil leis,
Na 'n tìgeadh an donas do 'n bhail-s' 'na
dheann,
Gu tugainn air cheann da Faolan.
Gu neartaich an seallbh, &c.

TURUS DHAIBH' DO DH' ARCAMH.

[Bha Daibhidh so 'n a bhuachaille, agus 'n a
aireach, aig duin' uasal araidh, ann am bail' eile,
beagan mhillean bho 'aite fein; agus 'nuair a bha
Daibhidh dol dachaigh leis an tìr agus leis a'
chaise, gu mhaighstir, fhuair e air bata ceilpe,
bha dol an rathad; ach 's ann chuireadh leis an
stoirm iad air tìr ann an Arcamh, 's ged a b' ann
's a' ghrund a rachadh Daibhidh, cha deanadh
na nabaidhnean moran caoidh air a shon.]

Nach urnaidh, craiteach, an t-aiseag,
A fhuair Dhaibhidh do dh' Arcamh,
Dh-fhalbh an caise, 's a' cheilp, a's e-fein.
Nach cruaidh, &c.

O 'n chaidh a bhas dheanamh cinnteach,
Shuas mu bhraghe Loch-Uinnseard.
Gu'm bu ghaircach guth minn as a dheigh.
O 'n chaidh, &c.

Thubhairt nigh'n Dho'uill 'Ie Fhionnlaidh,
Ris an t-Siorramh neo-shunnadach,
Dearbh cha mhise an t-aon neach tha 'n eis.
Thubhairt nigh'n, &c.

Ma chaill thusa t' fhear impidh,
(Chaill mise m' fhear aon-taigh;
Co nis is fear-punndaidh do 'n spreidh?
Ma chaill thusa, &c.

Bha do nabaidhnean toigheach,
Anns gach bagh 'g iarraidh naidheached,
'S leis a' chradh bh'orr', cha'n fhaigheadh
iad deur.
Bha do nabaidhnean, &c.

Ach o 'n chual iad thu philleadh,
O na cuaintean, gun mhilleadh,
Shin an sluagh ud air sileadh gu leir.
Ach o 'n chual iad, &c.

Mach o acaraich thrailleil,
Bhios a' streup mu do cheairde,
Cha bhi creutair gun chradh as do dheigh.
Mach o acaraich, &c.

Ach ma 's bas dut mas tig thu,
'S ann bhios denchainn a ghliocais,
Aig an fhear bhios cur lie ort le speis.
Ach ma 's bas, &c.

Sgrìobhar sios air a braighe—
"So am ball 's a' beil Daibhidh,
A luchd na h-eucoir, thig bas oirbh gu leir."
Sgrìobhar sios, &c.

Sgrìobhar suaicheantas Dhaibhidh;
Ceann gaibhre, a's cabag,
Rotaich gleadrach, a's faladair geur.
Sgrìobhar suaicheantas, &c.

Ceann griomach a bhagair,
Suil mhiogach nam praban,
Beul biogach nan eagar 's nam breug.
Ceann griomach, &c.

'S ann tha 'n eachdairidh ghabhaidh,
Nis mu ais-eiridh Dhaibhidh,
'S e tighinn dachaigh 'n a stairneanach treun.
'S ann tha 'n eachdairidh, &c.

Leis gach deoch a bha blasda,
Is iomadh biadh nach do chleachd e,
'S ann is fear e 'na phearsa mar cheud,
Leis gach deoch, &c.

Dh-fhas e stailceanach, puinnseach,
'S ann is treis' air gach puing e,
Cuiribh 'cheist ris a' mhnaoi aige fein.
Dh-fhas e stailceineach, &c.

Tha mnathan uaisl' anns a' mhachair,
O na chual iad mar thachair,
Chuid bu stuama an cleachdaibh 's am beus.
Tha mnathan uaisl' &c.

A bhiodh deonach gu 'n tachradh,
Gnothuch coir anns na cairtean,
Bheireadh oirn' dol a dh' Arcamh gu leir.
A bhiodh deonach, &c.

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

ORAN AN AINM DITHIIS NIGHEAN

IAIN MUIC EACHAINN.

[Te dhiubh air tighinn dachaigh bho 'sgoil,
agus gun speis aice nis, na 'm b' fhiar, do 'n du-
thaich; agus an te eile, nach robh riamh o 'n
bhaile, a' moladh na duthcha.]

Clà b' e dheanamh mar rinn mis',
Bu mhisd se e gu brath,
Dhol do 'n bheinn, an aghaidh m' inntinn,
Mhill e mi mo shlaint';
Pàirt de m' acain, braigheach Mheircinn,
'S ait gun mharcaid e.
Ach spain a's copraich, 's ba-theach fos-
gailt',
'S graine shop ri lar.

Cha 'n 'eil seomar aig Rìgh Breatainn,
'S taitneich' leam na 'n *Carn*,

Oir tha e uaignidheach do ghruagaich,
'S ni e fuaim 'nnair 's aill;
Feur a's eoilie, bla a's duille,
'S iad fo iomadh neul,
Is ise le *echo*, mar na teudan,
Seirm gach seis a 's fearr.

Cha b' aite comhnuidh leam air Dhomhnach,
A bli 'n roig no 'n carn,
Oir, nuir robh strianach ann air bhliadna,
Cha robh riamh ni b' fhearr;
Fuaim na beinne, 's gruaim a' ghlinne,
'S fuathaeh leam a' ghair;
O! eradh mo ehridhe, reubadh lighe,
An t-ait an tighe 'in feur.

Ciod am fath mu 'n tug thu fuath sin,
Do na bruachaibh ard?
Naeh fhaie thu fein, 'nnair thig an spreidh,
Gur feumail iad fe 'n al?
Cha ehradh cridhe, air larach shuidhe,
Fuaim na lighe lain,
Do 'n gnath bli elaghach roimh a h-aghaidh,
Is feur na deighidh a' fas.

Na bha firinneach d'heith t-amhran,
'N fhad 's bha 'n samhradh blath.
Rinn e tionndadh oidliche-Shamhna,
'S bheir an geamhradh 'shar;
Duille shuidhicht' barr an fhiodha,
Dh-fas i buidhe-bhan,
'S tha mais 'n t-Srath' air eall a dhath,
Le steall de chathadh lair.

Gleidhidh 'n talamh thunn an t-samhraidh,
Sin a ehrann e 'n drasd,
Beath a's ealltunn latha bealltuinn,
Gealltannach air fas;
Bidh gruth a's crathadh air na srathan,
'S teirgidh 'n caithheadh-lair,
Naeh grinn an sealladh, glinn a' stealladh,
Laoigh, a's bainne, 's barr!

'S barail leam-sa gu 'n do chaill sibh,
Air na rinn sibh ehais;
Dhol do shliabh, gun ehur, gun chliathadh,
'S nach robh biadh a' fas;
B' fhearr bli folluiseach an Goll-thaobh,
Na bhi 'n comunn ghraisg,
Air mo dholladh leis an chonnadh,
Laimh ri bolla fail.

Note.—This is a contrast between the pleasures of a town and a pastoral life, as if by two young ladies, (daughters of the celebrated "*Iain Mac-Eachuin*,"") one of them returned from the town of Thurso, where she had been sent to school, and the other, yet ignorant of town, upholding the pleasures of rural retirement. The beauties of the bard's own native strath are delineated in strains so sweet that we have only to regret that he did not more frequently indulge his muse in descriptive poetry.

MARBHRAN IAIN GHRE,

ROGHAIRD.

[Agus e air caochladh ann an Siorramachd Pheairt, air a shlighe dol dachaigh do Chat-taobh.]

Tha rogairean aortnealach, trom,
'N taohh bhos agus tholl do na *Chrasg*,
O 'n chual iad mu 'n euairt an Ceann-cinnidh,
Gu 'n do dh-eug e an Siorramachd Pheairt;
Dh-aindeoin a dhreachdan 's a chiall:
Cha do chreid duine riamh a bha ceart,
Aon smid thainig mach air a bheul
'S cha mho chreid e fein Rìgh nam fearr.

Cha 'n aithne dhomh aon ni cho laidir,
'S an t-saoghal-s', ri bas, gu toirt teum:
'N t-strae thug e an drasd' oirnn air aghairt,
Gun do marbh e fear Roghaird do leum.
Tha Satan ro bhronach, 's cha 'n iogluadh,
Ged fhaigheadh e 'n t-aon-sa dha fein,
Air son nach 'eil fathast air sgeul aig'
Fear a sheasas dha 'aite 'na d'heigh.

'S fad a bho chunnaeas, 's a ehualas,
Gur teachdaire gruamach am bas;
Gidheadh gu'm beil cuid bh'ann an daoch 's,
Toirt rud-ogin gaol da na drasd':
Tha duil ac' an Cat-thaobh 's an Gall-thaobh,
Nach urr' iad a mholadh gu brath,
Air son gur h-e fein thug a' cheud char
A fear thug cuig ceud car a each.

Sibhise tha mor agus mion,
Sibhse tha sean 's a tha og,
Thugaibh cheart air a' bhas,
'Nuair is beartaich' 's is laine blur erog;
Oir thig e mar mheirleach 's an oidheh',
Ged robh sibh uile cruinn mu na bhord;
'S cha 'n fheadar a mhealladh le foill.
'S gu 'n do mheall e Ceann-teadhna nan rog.

Rinn deamhnan is trineairean talmhaidh,
Election mu chealgair bhiodh treun,
Co bu staraich', bu charaich', 's bu cheilgeich',
'S a b' fhearr ehureadh lith air a' bhreig;
B' e Satan am breitheamh bu shine,
Da 'm b' aithne gach fine fo 'n ghrein;
'S b' i 'bharail nach fhaigheadh e leithid,
Mur robh e 's na Greadhaich iad fein.

Bu mhath leam an eiontach a bhualadh,
'S cha b' aill leam duin' uasal a shealg;
'S ged chuireas ni gruaim air a' choireach,
Cha gabh an duin' onarach fearg;
Tha Caiptein Rob Gre air a dhiultadh,
Le breitheanas Prionnsa nan cealg;
Rinn coimeasgadh Reothaeh a chumadh,
Gu uails' agus duinealas gharg.

Tha breugan a's cuir air am fagail,
Do 'n f'hear a 's fearr talann g' an inns';
Cha cheadaich a' chuis e do Bhatair,
Tha onoir a's ardan 'n a ghrid;
Ge comasach Iain a bhrathair,
Cha 'n fhaigh e an drasd' i chion aois;
Ach an sin gheibh e obair an t-Satain,
Ceart comh-luath 's is bas do fhear Chra-
oich.

M A R B H R A N N ,

UILLIEM MHUILLIUR, AN CEARD.

O 'nuair 's a chaidh Uilleam fo 'n uir,
Gur tearc againn suil tha gun deur,
Do mhuilleir, a bhrachair, no 'chocair,
No 'mhathan da 'n nos bhi ri spreidh;
Cha mhodha na clamhain a's gaothair,
Tha subhach 's an fhoghar-s' 'n a dheigh;
Air son gu 'm buin ionall na cloinne,
Gach ubh a's gach cireag dhaibh fein.

'S glan a tha 'n talamhs-s' 'n a fhasach,
O 'nuair chaidh thu bas o cheann mios;
Ge maiseach na macain so dh-fhag thu,
Cha seas iad dhuinn t-aitse 'n an dios;
'S ann a tha aeuinn do cheairde,
Mar rud chaidh 'n an claraibh 's an diosg;
An t-ord a's an balg ris an teine,
An rusp, a's an t-innein, 's an t-iosp.

'S giorra mo sgil, na mo dthurachd,
Gu innscadh do chliu mar is coir;
'S minig a dhearc mi do chruinn-leum
Do 'n aite 'n bu chinntich' do lon;
Sgiathan do chota fo t-chlais,
Is neul an tombac' air do shroin;
Bhiodh gaol aig na coin 'g a do ruith,
Agus nìr air dhroch bhrùich ann do dhorn.

Air fhad 's a theid cliu ort a leantuinn,
Cha 'n urrainn mi chantainn gu leoir;
'S tu dh-fhuineadh, a ghuiteadh, 's a chriath-
radh,
'S tu dh-itheadh, 's a dh-iarradh an eorr;
'S tu rachadh do 'n t-sruthan a chlisgeadh,
'Nuair ghabhadh na h-uiscgan gu lon;
Bu choltach ri rapas na seilcheig,
An easgann nu thimcheall do bheoil.

Cha'n aithne dhomh neach feadh na talm-
hainn-s
A' choiteir, a' shearbhant, no 'thuath,
Nach ionndraineadh Uilleam, as aodann
Oir shiubhladh e 'n sgìre ri uair;
Nis o 'n a chual iad gu 'n deach' e,
'Tha rud-cigin smal uir daoine' uails',
Air son nach 'eil neach ac's a' mhachair,
A ghlanas taigh-cac no poit fhuail.

M A R B H R A N N ,

DO-THRIUIR SHEANN FILEASGACH.

[CLANN FHIR TAIGH RUSPUINN.]

AIR FONN—"Latha 'siubhal sleibhe dhomh."

'N an laidhe so gu h-ìosal,
Far na thiodhlaic sinn an triuir,
Bha fallain, laidir, inntinneach,
'Nuair d' inntrig a' bhliadhn' ur;
Cha deach' seachad fathast,
Ach deich latha dh'i o thus;—
Ciod fhios nach tig an teachdair-s' oirn,
Ni 's braise na ar duil?

Am bliadhna thim' bha dithis diubh,
Air tighinn o 'n aon bhroinn,
Bha iad 'n an da *chograd*,
O choinnich iad 'n ann cloinn;
Cha d' bhris an t-aog an comunn ud,
Ged bu chomasach dha 'n roinn,
Ach ghearr e snaith 'n na beath-s' ac',
Gun dail ach latha 's oidheh'.

Aon duine 's bean o 'n tainig iad,
Na braithrean ud a chuidh,
Bha an aon bheatha thimeil ac',
'S bha 'n aodach de 'n aon chloimh;
Mu 'n aon uair a bhasaich iad,
'S bha 'n nadur d' an aon bhuaidh;
Chaidh 'n aon siubhal dhaoine leo,
'S chaidh 'n sineadh 's an aon uaigh.

Bu daoine nach d' rinn briseadh iad,
Le fiosrachadh do chach;
'S cha mho a rinn iad aon dad,
Ris an can an saoghal gras;
Ach ghineadh iad, a's rugadh iad,
Is thogadh iad, a's dh-fhas—
Chaidh strac de 'n t-saoghal tharais orr',
'S mu dheireadh fhuair iad bas.

Nach 'eil an guth so labhrach,
Ris gach aon neach againn beo?
Gu h-àraidh ris na seann daoine,
Nach d' ionnsuich an staid phosd';
Nach gabh na tha 'nan dleasanas,
A dhcasachadh no lon,
Ach caomhnadh ni gu falair dhaibh,
S a' falach an cuid oir.

Cha ehaibh iad fein na rinn iad,
Agus oighreachan cha dean,
Ach ulaidhnean air shliabh ac',
Bhios a' biadhadh eon a's cun;
Tha iad fo 'n aon dìteadh,
Fo nach robh, 'nach bi mi fhein,
Gur duirche, taisgte 'n t-or ac',
Na 'nuair bha e 'n t-òs 's a mheinn.

Barail ghlie an Ard-Rìgh—
Dh-fhag a pairt de bhuidhean gann,
Gu feuchainn iochd a's oileanachd,
D' an dream d' an tug e meall;

C' arson nach tugta porsan,
Dhe 'n cuid stòrais aig gaeh am,
Do bhoichdan an Tì dheònaicheadh,
An corr a chur 'na eheann?

An deigh na rinn mi rusgadh dhuibh,
Tha duil again gun lochd,
'S a liuthad faeal frinneach
A dhirieh mi 'n ur n-uchd,
Thaagal orm nach eisd sibh,
Gu bhi feumail do na bhoichd;*
Ni 's mo na rinn na fleasgaich ud,
A sheachduin gu s a nochd.

Note.—Two of these bachelors were somewhat remarkable, having been born together, brought up together, and died within a night of each other. They were buried in the same hour, in the same grave, and by the same company of men. Their whole study, from their youth, was to hoard up money, and had much of it hid under ground, which they neither had the heart to use themselves, nor to bestow upon their friends, none of which has yet been found.

* It is said that a wandering beggar called upon them for alms seven days previous to their death, whom they refused to relieve, a circumstance at which the bard hints above.

MARBHIRANN

DO DH' IAIN MAC-EACHUINN.

[An duin' uasal, aig an do thogadh am bard,
'n a theaghlach, o 'n bha e 'n a bhatachan og;
agus bu duin' e a choisinn a leithid a chliu, o a
luhd-eolais air fad, 's gu'n d' aidich iad uile, gu
'n robh am marbhirann so gun inhearachd, agus
gu h-àraidh na briathran mu dheireadh dheth,
's gu 'n abradh gaeh neach mar an ceudna a
chluinneadh am marbhrann, agus d' am b' col
lain Mac-Eachainn gu'n robh e ceart.]

Iain Mhic-Eachainn, o dh-eug thu,
C' ait an teid sinn a dh-fhaotainn
Duine sheasas 'n ad fhine,
An rathad tionail no sgaoilidh.
'S ni tha cinnt' gur beart' chunnairt,
Nach dean duine tha aosd' e,
'S ged a bheirt' de 'n al og e,
'S teare tha beo fear a ehi e.

Dearbh cha b' ionann do bheatha,
'S do dh' fhir tha fathast an caoinhnadh,
Thionail airgead a's fearann,
'S bi'dh huidhean eile 'g an sgaoilcadh;
Bhios iad fein air an gearradh,
Gun ghuth an caraid 'g an caoineadh,
Air nach ruig dad do mholadh,
Ach "Seall sibh fearann a dhaor iad."

Tha iad laghail gu litreil,
'S 'n an deibhtearan geura,
Is iad a' paidheadh gu moltach,
Na bhios ac' air a cheile;

Aeh an corr, theid a thasgaidh,
Gur eruaidh a cheiltinn o 'n fheile,
Is tha 'n sporan 's an suilean,
Cheart cho duint' air an fheumach.

Leis an leth-onoir riataich-s',
Tha na ciadan diubh faomadh,
Leis am fearr bhi fo fhiachan,
Fad aig Dia na aig daoine;
Thig fo ehall air nach beir iad,
'S e ceann mu dheireadh an diteadh,
"C' uim nach tug sibh do 'n bhoichd,
Am biadh, an deoch, a's an t-aodaeh?"

Aeh na 'm b' urrafinn mi, dhuraighdinn
Do chliu-s' chur an ordugh,
Ann an litrichean soilleir,
Air ehor 's gu 'm beir an t-al og air;
Oir tha t-iomradh-s' eho feumail,
Do 'n neach a theid ann do roidean,
'S a bha do ehuid, fhad 's bu mhaircann,
Do 'n neach bu ghainn' ann an stòras.

Fhir tha 'n latha 's an comas,
Ma 's aill leat alla tha fuighail,
So an tim mn do ehoinneamh,
An coir dlnt greimeachadh dlu ris;—
Tha thu 'm batal a' bhais,
A thug an t-armunn-s' do 'n uir uainn,
Glacadh gaeh fear agaibh 'oifig,
'S mo lamh-s' gu 'n cothaich i eliu dhuibh.

Oir ged tha cuid a bhios fachaid,
Air an neach a tha fialaidh,
'S i mo bharrail-s' gur aehdaidh
Bu choir an aehuing so iarraidh;—
Gu 'm bu luath thig na linnean,
Ni ehuid a's sine dhinn ciallach,
Nach dean sinn iobairt do bhith-bhuantachd,
Air son tri fhehad do bhliadhnach'.

'S lionmhor neach bha gun socair,
A eluir thu 'n stoc le do dheilig,
Agus bath-ghiollan gorach,
Thionail eolas le t-eisdeachd;
Dearbh eha 'n aithne dhomh aon neach,
Mach o umaidhnean spreidhe,
Nach 'eil an inntinn fo eudthrom,
Air son do chuid, no do cheile.

Fhir nach d' ith mir le taitucas,
Na 'm b' col dnt acrach 's an t-saoghal,
Fhir a chitheadh am feumach,
Gun an eigh' aig' a chluinntinn;
B' fhearr leat punnd dheth do chuid bhuat,
Na unnsa cuid-throim air t-inntinn;
Thilg thu turan 's na h-uisgean,
'S gheibh do shlioehd iomadh-fillt' e.

Chi mi 'n t-aim-beartach uasal,
'S e lan gruamain a's airtneil,
'S e gun airgead 'n a phoeaid,
Air an taigh-òsda dol seachad;

Chi mi bhantrach bhoichd, dheurach,
Chi 'n deirceach lan acrais,
Chi mi 'n dilleachdan ruisgte
Is e falbh anns na ragaibh.

Chi mi 'n ceol-fhear gun mheas air,
Call a ghibhtean chion cleachdaidh,
Chi mi feumach chion combairl',
A' call a ghnòthuich 's a thapadh.
Na 'm bitheadh air' agam fliarachd,
Ciod e is ciall do 'n mhor acain-s',
'S e their iad uile gu leir rium :—
“Och! nach d' eug Iain Mac-Eachuinn!”

Chi mi 'n t-iomadaidh sluaigh so,
'N an culaidh-thruais chionn 's nach beo
thu,

'S ged e 'n call-s' a tha 'n uachdar,
Chi mi buannachd nan olach ;—
O 'n a thaisbean domh 'm bliadhna,
Iomadh biadhtach nach b' col domh,
Mar na reannagan riallaidh,
An deigh do 'n ghrian a dhol fo orr'.

'S tric le marbhrannan moltach,
A bhios cleachdach 's na duthchaibh-s',
Gu 'n bi coimeasgadh masguill,
Tigh'n a steach annt' 'n a bhruchdan
Ach ged robh mis' air mo mhionnan,
Don 'i tha cumail nan duilean,
Cha do luaidh mi 'n duine-s',
Ach buaidh a chunna' mo shuil air.

MARBHIRANN EOGHAINN.

LUINNEAG.

'S cian fada, gur fada,
'S cian fada, gu leoir,
O 'n la bha thu fo sheach-thinn,
Gun aon ag acain do bhròin;
Ma tha 'n tim air dol seachad,
'S nach d' rinn thu cleachdachd air choir.
Ged nach dail d' ach seachdruin,
Dean droch fhasan a leon.

'S tric thu, Bhais, cur an cèill dhuinn,
Bhì sior eigheachd ar cobhrach;
'S tha mi 'n barail mu 's stad thu,
Gu 'n toir thu 'm beag a's mor leat;
'S ann o mheadhon an fhoghair,
Fhuair sinn rabhadh a dh-fhoghnadh,
Le do leum as na cuirtean,
Do na chuill am beil Eoghann:
'S cian fada, gur fada, &c.

Ach na 'n creidcadh sinn, Aoig, thu,
Cha bhiodh 'n saoghal-s' 'g ar dalladh,
'S nach 'eil h-aon de shliochd Adhaimh,
Air an tamàilt leat cromadh;

'S i mo bharaill gur fìor sud,
Gur ard 's gur iosal do shealladh; *
Thug thu Pelham a morachd,
'S an d' fhuair thu Eoghann's a' Pholladh?
'S cian fada, gur fada, &c.

Tha thu tigh'n air an t-seors' ud,
Mu 'm beil bron dhaoine mora,
'S tha thu tighinn air muinntir,
Mu nach cluinntear bhi coine;
Cha 'n 'eil aon 's an staid mheadhoin,
Tha saor fathast o dhoghruinn,
Do nach buin a bhi caithris,
Eadar Pelham a's Eoghann.
'S cian fada, gur fada, &c.

Tha iad tuiteam mu 'n cuairt duinn,
Mar gu 'm buailt' iad le peilear,
Dean'maid ullannh, 's am fuaim so,
Ann ar cluasan mar fharum;
Fhir a 's lugha measg moran,
An cual thu Eoghann fo ghalar?
Fhir a 's mo anns na h-aitean-s',
An cual thu bas mhaighstir Pelham?
'S cian fada, gur fada, &c.

Ach a chuidleachd mo chridhe,
Nach toir an dithis-s' oirn sgathadh!
Sinn mar choinneil an lanntair,
'S an da cheann a' sior chaitheamh;
C' ait-an robh anns an t-saoghal,
Neach a b' ils' na mac t' athar-s'?
'S cha robh aon os a cheann-sa,
Ach an rìgh bh' air a chathair.
'S cian fada, gur fada, &c.

Note.—Among Roh Donn's elegies, it would be difficult to distinguish the best. But as a test of his own abilities as a poet we would at once fix upon *Marbhirann Eoghainn*, where he makes his subject a general one—the uncertainty of time, and the calls to preparation for death sounded to mankind in the simultaneous fall of the high and the low, the rich and the poor. The use made of the circumstances that led to it exhibits a poet's mind. Roh Donn had heard accounts of the death of Mr. Pelham, the first minister of state. The same day when this intelligence reached him, he took a stroll to the neighbouring mountains of Durness, in search of deer. He was for that day unsuccessful; but judging, as a sportsman can on such occasions, that better fortune might attend him the following morning, instead of returning home he determined to spend the night, and await the dawn, at a solitary house situated at the head of Loch Errihol, that he might be the more high to surprise his game when morning arrived. The bleak dreariness of this spot of itself might present almost to any mind a striking contrast to all that we deem comfortable, social, or desirable in life. Here was a solitary hut (still standing), where the hard was to pass the night. And here was a solitary man, decrepid in old age, stretched on his wretched bed of straw, or heath, and so exhausted by a violent attack of asthma, that the bard pronounced him, in his own mind, surely in the very grasp of the King of Terrors. The idea of Mr. Pelham's death, called away from the summit of ambition and worldly greatness, contrast-

* “Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas, Rugumque turres.”—*Hor. Carmin, lib. i. Carmin, iv.*

ed with this individual's state, set our author to the invoking of his muse. Ewen was unable from weakness to converse, or even to speak with the bard, who, kindling a fire for him, sat down, and the elegy being composed, he was humming it over. He soon found, however, that Ewen had still his bodily sense of hearing, and his mental sense of pride. When the bard came to the recital of the last verse, the concluding lines of which may be thus metrically rendered though we acknowledge not poetically,—

"Among men's sons who could be found
One lowly, poor, like thee?
And where in all this earth's wide round,
But kings, more high than He?"

Ewen, summoning the remains of his strength to one effort of revenge for the insult in the former two lines, seizing a club, crept out of bed, and was at the full stretch of his withered arm wielding a blow at the bard's head, who only observed it just in time to avoid it. He used, we may believe, the mildest measures to pacify Ewen's cholera. He related the circumstance afterwards to some of his friends; and, though others frequently spoke of it as a good joke, the bard could never indulge, we are told, even in a smile, upon the subject. He spoke of it with solemnity; and did not desire to hear the circumstance repeated. Ewen's elegy has been frequently compared to the well known Ode of Horace, "*Solvitur acris hiems*," &c. and had Rob Donn studied Horace, we would doubtless say that he had at least in view the lines, "*Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede*," &c. *—*Memoir*, 1829.

* Regarding this elegy, an anecdote is recorded, which exhibits the estimation in which it was held by the author's countrymen best able to judge of poetic merit. Mr. Mackay (*Jain Mac Eachuinn*) happened to be on a visit to Mr. Murdoch Macdonald, minister of Durness, when on a Sabbath morning the weather became so very boisterous that Mr. Macdonald expressed doubts whether it were proper to go to church, or to detain the people by the usual length of service—express-

ing a fear, at the same time, that if once begun, he might forget himself, and detain them long. His guest urged the propriety of not detaining the people—"But I will tell you," said he, "what you had better do; just go to church, and sing to them, '*Marbhrann Eoghainn*,'—it will be greatly more instructive than any sermon you can give." Mr. Macdonald's esteem for Ewen's elegy did not go quite so far, as to cause him to adopt the advice.

R A N N.

[A rinn am bard, air madainn, ann an taigh ministear 'Shleibhte air an turas bha e san cilean-sgiathanach. Thainig bard de mhuintir an Eilein do thaigh a' bhministear, agus iad ri 'm biadh-maidne. Dh-furr am ministear air rann a dheanamh air:—"Sgiath ehogaidh, im, muc, piomb thombaca, agus Sagart." Rinn am bard Sgiathanach so, mar chithear; agus thubhairt Rob Donn, "'S bochd dh-fhag thu 'n Sagart,' agus ann an tiota rinn e fein a'n rann mu dheireadh.]

THUIRT AM BARD SGIATHANACH.

A' mhuc mar bliadh,
'S an sgiath mar bhord,
'S an Sagart nach itheadh an t-im,
Sparrainn a' phìob 'n a thoin.

THUIRT ROB DONN.

Bhiadhainn an Sagart gu grunn—
Bheirinn dha 'n t-im air a' mhuic;
An targaid air a laimh chli,
A's piob-thombaca 'n a phluic!

DONNACHADH BAN.

DUNCAN MACINTYRE, commonly called *Donnacha Bannan oran* was born at Druimliaghart, in Glenorchay, on the 20th March, 1724. He spent the early part of his life in fishing and fowling, in which he always took the greatest pleasure. Although he discovered an early inclination to poetry, he produced nothing worthy of being preserved till after the memorable battle of Falkirk, in which he fought, under the command of Colonel Campbell, of Carwhin, on the 17th of January, 1746. He engaged as the substitute of a Mr. Fletcher, of Glenorchay, for the sum of 300 marks, Scots, to be paid on his return. Mr. Fletcher gave him his sword, which he unfortunately lost, or rather threw away, in the retreat; and as he returned without it, he was refused the stipulated pay. It was then, and for that reason, that he composed his poem, entitled "*The Battle of Falkirk*," in which he has given a minute and admirable description of what passed under his eye; and especially of the sword *Claidheamh ceannard Chloinn-an-Leisdeir*.)

He endeavours to excuse himself for his retreat, and more especially for parting with such a useless weapon; and he could have entered the army of the prince with much more zeal, had he been among the Jacobites. He, therefore, indulges his inclination in the descriptions he gave. The resentment of a bard, was not, in former days, incurred with impunity. The poem was known everywhere, recited in all parts. The famous battle of Falkirk was enough to give it publicity; and the ridicule so ingeniously, though indirectly, aimed at the gentleman who refused so paltry a sum of money to one who risked his life on his account, was well understood in the whole country. But Macintyre was not satisfied with all he said of the useless sword. He complained of the injustice done him, to the Earl of Breadalbane, who obliged Mr. Fletcher to pay him his wages.

The first time he saw Macintyre after paying him, was at a market; being incensed at him for daring to complain of him, and more so because of his audacity in lampooning him, he stepped up, and taking his staff, struck him, exclaiming, "Go, fellow, and compose a song to *that*." The humble poet of nature was obliged to submit in silence to the unworthy treatment, and, shrugging his shoulders, walked away. But the pain he felt was momentary; not so the wound of the passionate man, inflicted by the sharp edge of genius. It was probed by the disapprobation of all who witnessed his conduct, which recoiled on himself as a more severe punishment than he had given to the young poet of rising fame.

Duncan Macintyre, being a good marksman, was appointed forester to the Earl of Braidalbane, in *Coire-Cheathaich*, and *Beinndorain*; and afterwards to the Duke of Argyll, in *Buachaill Eite*. In these situations he invoked the rural muse, on the scenes of his delightful sports, when he described them in the celebrated poems, entitled "*Beinndoain*," and "*Coire-Cheathaich*," in strains that are inimitable, and have rendered his name immortal. Good judges of Gaelic poetry seem to be at a loss to which of these productions to give the preference. The first required powers, and knowledge of the noble amusement of the chase, and of the music of the bagpipes, to which few can aspire. And while we affirm that he was never equalled in this species except by the celebrated M'Donald, in his praise of Morag, we must conclude it to be his master-piece. And where is any to be compared to the last? which is indeed unrivalled.

Public schools were but thinly established in the Highlands of Scotland in his early days; and his place of residence was distant from the parochial school, so that our author derived no benefit from education. He possessed no advantage in reading the works of others, nor had he an opportunity of getting his own productions written. One advantage he had that was common to all lovers of song—he heard the poetry of his country recited; and, so tenacious was his memory, that not a line, or a word, of his own composition escaped it, which had only been written when sent to the press. A clergyman transcribed them from oral recitation. The first edition of his poems and songs was published in 1768. He went through the Highlands for subscribers, to defray the expense. During his life his work came to three editions, and since then, one edition was printed in Glasgow, in 1833.

He afterwards served in the Earl of Breadalbane's Fencible regiment, during the

period of six years, (1793—1799) until it was discharged; he was a considerable time in the city guard of Edinburgh; and after that lived a retired life, subsisting on what he could have saved of the subscriptions of the third edition, which he published in 1804. The collection contains lyric, comic, epic, and religious compositions, all of merit, and composed solely by himself, unassisted in any way but by the direction and power of his own genius. His poetical talents, therefore, justly entitle him to rank among the first of the modern bards. He died at Edinburgh, in October, 1812. In his younger days he was remarkably handsome, and throughout his whole life possessed an agreeable and easy disposition. He was a pleasant and convivial companion; inoffensive, and never wantonly attacked any person; but, when provoked, he made his enemy feel the power of his resentment. See his verses to Uisdean and others. Neither he nor M'Donald knew when to set bounds to their descriptions, and in their satires went on beyond measure.

Duncan Macintyre lived to see the last edition of his poems delivered to his subscribers. The Rev. Mr. M'Callum, of Arisaig, "saw him travelling slowly with his wife. He was dressed in the Highland garb, with a checked bonnet, over which a large bushy tail of a wild animal hung; a badger's skin fastened by a belt in front, a hanger by his side, and a soldier's wallet was strapped to his shoulders. He was not seen by any present before then, but was immediately recognized. A forward young man asked him 'if it was he that made Ben-dourain?' 'No,' replied the venerable old man, 'Ben-dourain was made before you or I was born, but I made a poem in praise of Ben-dourain.' He then enquired if any would buy a copy of his book. I told him to call upon me, paid him three shillings, and had some conversation with him. He spoke slowly; he seemed to have no high opinion of his own works; and said little of Gaelic poetry; but said, that officers in the army used to tell him about the Greek poets; and Pindar was chiefly admired by him."

Of his works, the poems and songs composed when following the pursuits of his youthful pleasures, are incomparably the best. It would be endless to attempt to mark the particular beauties in them. The reader must peruse them all in their native garb; the natural scenes of his darling pursuits are well known, but in his description everything assumes a novel appearance, and in the enchanted scenes that rapidly pass, we wonder that we never observed such beauties before in so bewitching colours. His soul was poured out in the animating and interesting strains. His language is simple and appropriate; chaste and copious. He is most felicitous in the choice of words, idioms, and expressions. He was a man of observation and thought, and revolved the subject of his study often in his mind. M'Donald is learned, and indicates the scholar on all occasions; he was the pupil of nature. M'Donald could not compose on the spur of the moment, a reply *impromptu*. There is, however, an instance in which Macintyre proved that he was not deficient in that manner. When he composed the inimitable panegyric of John Campbell of the bank, he waited on that gentleman, repeated the poem, and demanded a bard's gift. "No;" replied Mr. Campbell, "what reward do you deserve for telling

the truth? You must confess that you could say no less of me; and, moreover, I doubt that you are the author; of that you are to convince me; let us hear how you can dispraise me, and then I shall know if you have been able to compose what you have repeated." Well, Macintyre commenced in the same measure, and continued in flowing and ready numbers till the gentleman was glad to stop him by giving him his reward.

Of his love songs the best is that composed to his wife "Mairi Bhan og." It seems an inexhaustible subject, in which he pours out the happy thoughts and elevated sentiments of the lover, in similes and comparisons taken from the most delightful scenes of nature, and the field of mental enjoyments. The 6th and 7th stanzas are truly beautiful.

The Lament of Colin Campbell, Esq., of Glenure, would alone immortalize his name. The subject was well adapted to awaken melancholy feelings of the most poignant nature. Mr. Campbell fell the victim of envy and ill-will, arising from ill-founded suspicion. What pathos and tenderness! The mournful strains that so eloquently describe the fatal events were not those of a mercenary bard; they were the painful feelings of a foster-brother, poured out in the most earnest and pathetic effusions of a mind alive to the sentiments of an unfeigned sympathy.

His final leave of the mountains, dated 19th September, 1802, is full of tenderness, and sentiment, appropriate to his age and reminiscences.

ORAN DO BHLAR NA H-EAGLAISE BRICE.*

AIR FOKN—"Alasdair a Gleanna Garadh."

LATHA dhuinn air machair Alba,
Na bha dh-armailt aig a chuireg,
Thachair iad oirne na reubail,
'S bu neo-cibhinn leinn a chuideachd;
'Nuair a chuir iad an ratreut oirnn,
'S iad 'nar deigh a los ar murtadh,
'S mur deanamaid feun le'r casan,
Cha tug sinne sràd le'r musgan.

'S a dol an coinneamh a Phrionnsa,
Gu'm bu shunndach a bha sinne,
Shaoil sinn gu'm faigheamaid cuis dheth,
'S nach ro dhuinn, ach dol g'a sireadh;
'Nuair a bhuail iad air a cheile,
'S ard a leumamaid a pilleadh,
'S ghabh sinn a mach air an abhainn,
'S dol g'ar n-amhaich ann san linne.

'N am do dhaoine dol nan eideadh,
Los na reabalaich a philleadh,
Cha do shaoil sinn, gus na gheill sinn,
'Gur sinn fein a bhite 'g iomain;
Mar gu'n rachadh eu ri caoirich,
'S iad 'nan ruith air aodainn gille,
'S ann mar sin a ghabh iad sgaoileadh
Air an taobh air an robh sinne.

Sin 'nuair thainig each 'sa dhearbhadh iad
Gu'm bu shearbhadh dhuinn dol nan eideachd;
Se'n trup Ghallda g'an robh eall sin,
Bha Coluinn gun cheann air cuid dinbh:
'Nuair a thachair ribh Clann-Domhnuill,
Chum iad comhail air an nehdan,
Dh-fhag iad crenchdan air an reubadh,
'S cha leighhiseadh leigh an cuislean.

Bha na h-eich gu cruitheach, srianach,
Girteach, iallach, fiamhach, trupach;
'S bha na fir gu h-armach, foghluint',
Air an sonrachadh gu murta.
'Nuair a dh-aom sinn bharr an t-sleibh',
Is moran feun againn air furtach,
Na bha beo bha cuid dhiubh leoint',
'S bha sinn bronach mu 'na thuit ann.

Dh-eirich fuathas ann san rnaig dhuinn,
'Nuair a ghluais an sluagh le leathad;
Bha Prionns' Tearlach le chuid Frangach,
'S iad an geall air teachd 'nar rathad:
Cha d' fhuair sinn facal eomand'
A dh-iarraidh ar naimhdean a sgathadh;
Ach comas sgaoileadh feadh an t-saoghail,
'S cuid againn gu'n fhaotain fhathasd.

* This is the author's first song.

Sin 'nuair thainig mise dhachaigh
 Dh-ionnsuidh Ghilleaspuig o'n Chrannaich,
 'S ann a bha e 'n sin cho fhiata,
 'Ei broc liath a bhiodh an garraidh;
 Bha e duilich ann san am sin,
 Nach robh ball aige r'a tharruinn,
 'S mor an diubhail na bha dhi air,
 Claidheamh sinnsireachd a sheanar.

Moran iarruinn air bheag faobhair,
 Gu'm be sud aogas a chlaidheimh;
 'Se gu lubach, leumnach, bearnach,
 'S bha car cam ann, ann san amhaich;
 Dh-fhag e mo chruachainse bruite
 Bhi 'ga ghiulan feadh an rathaid,
 'S e cho trom ri cabar farna,
 'S mairg a dh-fhairdeadh an robh rath air.

'Nuair a chruinnich iad nan ceudan
 'N la sin air sliabh na h-caglais,
 Bha ratreud air luchd na Beurla,
 'S ann daibh fein a b' eigin teicheadh;
 Ged' a chaill mi ann san am sin
 Claidheamh ceannairt Chloinn-an-Leasdair;
 Claidheamh bearnach a mhi-fhortain,
 'S ann bu choltach e ri greidlein.

Am ball-teirmeisg a bha meirgeach,
 Nach d'rinn seirbheis a bha dleasach;
 'S beag an diubhail leam r'a chunntadh,
 Ged' a dh-ionndrain mi mu fheasgar,
 An claidheamh dubh nach d'fhuaireasguradh,
 'S neul an t-suthaidh air a leath-taobh;
 'S beag a b'fhu e 's e air lubadh,
 'S gu'm b'e diuthadh a bhuill-deis e.

An claidheamh braoisgeach, bl'aig na daoine,
 Nach d'rinn caonnag 's nach tug builean,
 Cha robh eugas air an t-saoghal,
 'S mairg a shaoraich leis an cuimcasg;
 An claidheamh dubh air 'n robh an t-aimh-
 leas,
 Gu'n chrios, gun chrambait, gun duille,
 Gu'n roinn, gun fhaobhar, gun cheana-bheart
 'S mairg a tharladh leis an cunnart.

Thug mi leam an claidheamh bearnach,
 'S b'ole an asuinn e sa' chabhaig,
 Bhi ga ghiulan ar mo shliasaid,
 'S mairg mi rianh a thug o'n bhail' e;
 Cha toir e stobadh no sathadh,
 'S cha robh e laidir gu gearradh;
 Gu'm b'e diuthadh a bhuill airm e,
 'S e air meirgeadh air an fharadh.

Chruinnich naislean Earraghacill,
 Armaillt laidir de *Mhalisi*,
 'S chaidh iad mu choinncamh phrionns' Tear-
 lach,
 'S duil aca r'a champ a bhristeadh;
 'S ioma fear a bh' ann san ait ud
 Nach robh sabhailt mar bha misc,
 A'mheud sa dh-fhag sinn ann san araich,
 Latha blar na h-Eaglais'-brice.

ORAN DO'N MHUSG.

AIR FOKN—"Mo dhuth an Tomaidh."

'S IOMADH car a dh-fheudas,
 Thigh'n air na fearaibh,
 Is theag' gu'n gab iad gaol
 Air an te nach faigh iad;
 Thug mi ficead bliadhna
 Do'n chiad te ghabh mi,
 Is chuir i rithid cul rium,
 Is bha mi falamh.

Is thainig mi Dhun-eideann
 A dh-iarraidh leannain,
 Is thuirt an Caiptein Caimbeul,
 'S o'n geard a bhaile,
 Gu'm b'aithne dha banntnach
 Ann aite falaich,
 'S gu'n deanadh e aird
 Air a cur a'm' charabh.

Rinn e mar a b'abhaist
 Cho mhath 's a ghealladh,
 Thug e dhomh air laimh i,
 'S am paigheadh mar ri;
 Is ge b'e bli 's a fearaich
 A h-aimn no sloinneadh,
 Their iad rithe Seonaid,
 'S b'e Deorsa seannair.

Tha i soitheamh, snairce,
 Gun ghruaim, gun smalan,
 Is i cho ard an naisle
 Ri mnaoi san fhearann;
 Is culaidh a m' chumail suas i,
 O'n tha mar rium,
 Is mor an t-aobhar sinuairein
 Do'n fhear nach faigh i.

Leig mi dliobm Nic-coiseam
 Ged' tha i maircann,
 Is leig mi na daimh chrocach
 An taobh bha 'n aire,
 Is thaobh mi ris an og mhnao
 'S ann leam nach aithreach
 Cha n'eil mi gu'n storas
 O'n phos mi 'n ainair.

Bheir mi fhein mo bhriathar
 Gum beil i ro mhath,
 Is nach d'aithnich mi riamh oirro
 Cron am falach,
 Ach gu foinneamh, finealta,
 Direach, fallain,
 Is i gu'n ghaoid gu'n, ghionh,
 Gu'n char fiar, gu'n chumadh.

Bithidh i air mo ghiulan,
 'S gur math an airidh,
 Ni mi fhein a sguradh
 Gu math 's a glanadh;
 Chuirinn ri an t-uilleadh
 Ga cumail ecanalt,
 Is cuiridh mi ri m' shuil i,
 'S cha diult i aingeal.

'Nuair bhios cion an stòrais
Air daoine ganna,
Cha leigeadh nigh'n Dheorsa
Mo phoca falamh;
Cumaidh i rium ol
Ann 's na taighean Icanna,
'S paidhidh i gach stopan
A ni mi cheannach.

Ni i mar bu mhiann leam
A h-uile car dhomh,
Cha 'n innis i breug dhomh,
No sgeula mearachd;
Cumaidh i mo theaghlach
Cho math 's bu mhat leam,
Ge nach dean mi sothair
No obair shalae.

Sgithich mi ri gnìomh,
Ged' nach d'rinn mi earras,
Thug mi boid nach b' fhaic leam,
Bhi ann a'm sgalaig;
Sguiridh mi g'am phianadh,
O'n thug mi 'n aire,
Gur h-e'n duine diomhain
Is faide mhaireas.

'S i mo bheanag ghaolach
Nach dean mo mhealladh,
Foghnaidh i dhomh daonna
A dheanamh arain;
Cha bhi faillinn aodaich
Orn no anart,
'S chaidh curam an t-saoghail
A nis as m'aire!

MOLADH BEINN-DORAINN.

AIR FOM—"Piobaireachd."

Urlar.

AN t-urram thar gach beinn
Aig Beinn-dorain!
Na chunnaic mi fo 'n ghrein,
Si bu bhoiche leam;
Monadh fada, reidh,
Cuile 'm faighte feidh,
Soilleireachd an t-sleibhe
Bha mi sonnachadh;
Doirechan nan geug,
Coill' anns am bi feur,
'S foineasach an spreidh,
Bhios a chomhnadh ann;
Greadhainn bu gheal ceir,
Fhoghaid air an deigh,
'S laghach leam an srud
A bha sroineisach.

'S aigcannach fear eutrom,
Gun mhorchuis,
Theid fasanda na eideadh,
Neo-sporsail;

Tha mhanntal uime fein,
Caidhtiche nach treig,
Bratach dhearg mar cheir
Bhios mar chomhdach air;
'S culuidh g'a chuir eug,
Duin' a dheanadh teuchd,
Gunna bu mhat gleus,
An glac oganaich;
Spor anns am biodh bearn,
Tarran air a ceann,
Snap a bhuaileadh teann
Ris na h-òrdaibh i;
Ochd-shlisneach gun fheall,
Stoc de'n fhiodh gun mheang,
Lotadh an damh scang,
A's a leonadh e.
'S fear a bhiodh mar cheaird,
Riu' sonnachaidh,
Dh-fhodhuadh dhaibh gun taing,
Le chuid sealsidhean;
Gheibhte sud ri am
Padruig anns a' ghleann,
Gilleann a's coin sheang,
'S e toirt orduidh dhaibh;
Peileircan nan deann,
Teine g'an cuir ann,
Eilid nam beann ard,
Theid a leonadh leo.

Siubhal.

'Si 'n eilid bheag, bhinneach,
Bu ghluiniche sraonadh,
Le cuinnein geur, biorach,
A sireadh na gaoithe,
Gasganach, speireach,
Feadh chreachainn na beinne,
Le eagal ro' theiue,
Cha teirinn i 'n t-aonach;
Ge d' theid i na cabhaig,
Cha ghearrain i maathan;
Bha sinnsreachd fallain,
'Nuair a shineadh i h-anail,
'S toil-inntinn leam tanasg,
Ga' lanngan a chluinntinn,
'Si 'g iarraidh a leannain
'N am darraidh le caoineas,
'S e damh a chinn allaidh
Bu gheal-cheirach feamain,
Gu caparach, ceannard,
A b' fharamach raoiceadh,
'S e chomhnuidh 'm Beinn-dorain,
'S e colach m'a fraoinibh.
'S ann am Beinn-dorain,
Bu mhor dhomh r'a innseadh
A liuthad damh ceannard,
Tha fannuinn san fhrith ud;
Eilid chael, canngach,
'S a laoghcan 'ga leantuinn,
Le 'n gasgana geala,
Ri bealach a direadh,
Ri fraoidh Choire-chrùiteir,
A chuidcachda phiceach;
'Nuair o shineas i h-iongan
'S a theid i na' deannaibh,

Cha saltradh air thalamh,
 Ach barran nan inean,
 Co b'urraim g'a leantuinn,
 A dh-fhearaibh na rioghachd ?
 'S arraideach, farumach,
 Carach air grine,
 A choisridh nach fhanadh
 Gne smal air an inntin,
 Ach cacblaideach, curaideach,
 Caol-chasach, ullamh,
 An aois cha chuir truim' orra,
 Mulad no mi-ghean ;
 'Se shlanaich an eulaidh,
 Fcoil mhais, agus mhuineil,
 Bhì tamhachd am bunait,
 An cuile na frithe ;
 Le ailleas a fuireach,
 Air fasach 'nan grunna,
 'Si 'n asainn a mhuime,
 Tha cumail na eiche,
 Ris na laoi gh bhreaca, bhallach,
 Nach meathlaich na sianntan,
 Le 'n cridheacha meara,
 Le bainne na cioba,
 Griseanach, eangach,
 Le 'n girteagan geala,
 Le 'n corpannan glanna,
 Le fallaineachd fìor-uisg ;
 Le farum gun ghearan,
 Feadh ghleannan na milltich ;
 Ge d' thigeadh an sneachda
 Cha 'n iarradh iad aitreabh,
 'S e lag a Choir'-altrum
 Bhios, aca g'an didcan :
 Feadh stacan, a's bhacan,
 A's ghlacagan diomhair,
 Le 'n leapaichean fàsach
 An taic Eas-an-t-sithan.

Urlar.

Tha 'n eilid anns an fhrith
 Mar bu choir dh'i bhi,
 Far am fuigh i millteach
 Glau-feoirneanach ;
 Bruchorachd a's ciob,
 Lusan an bi brigh,
 'Chuireadh sult a's igh
 Air a loineinibh.
 Fuaran anns am bi
 Bielaire gun dith,
 'S millse lea' na 'm fion
 'S e gu'n cladh i ;
 Cuiseagan a's riag,
 'Chinneas air an t-sliabh,
 B' annsadh lea' mar bhiadh
 Na na foghlaichean.
 'S ann do'n teachd-an-tir
 A bha 'soghar lea',
 Sobhrach a's cala-bhi
 'S barra neoicanan ;
 Dobhrach, bhallach, mhin,
 Ghobhlach, bharrach, shliom,
 Lointean far an cinn
 P'na mothraichean ;
 Sud am porsan bidh

Mheudaicheadh an cli
 Bheireadh iad a nios
 Ri am do-licheinn ;
 Chuireadh air an druim
 Brata saille cruinn,
 Air an carcais luim
 Nach bu lodail.
 B' e sin an caidreamh grunn
 Mu thra-neoine,
 'Nuair a thionaladh iad cruinn,
 Anns a' ghloimuinn ;
 Air fhad 's ga'm biodh an oidhch',
 Dad cha tigeadh ribh,
 Fàsadh bhun an tuim
 B' aite comhnuidh dhaibh ;
 Leapaichean nam fiadh,
 Far an robh iad riamh,
 An aonach farsuinn fial,
 'S ann am mor-mhonadh.
 'S iad bu taitneach fiamh,
 'Nuair bu daith' am bin,
 'S cha b'i 'n airc am miann,
 Ach Beinn-dorain.

Siubhal.

A bhein lusanach, fhaileanach,
 Mheallanach, liontach,
 Gun choineas 'ga fallninn
 Air thalamh na Criosdachd ;
 'S ro-neonach tha mise,
 Le boichead a sliosa,
 Nach 'eil coir aic' an ciste
 Air tiotal na rioghachd ;
 'S i air dubladh le gibhtean,
 'S air luisreadh le miosan,
 Nach 'eil bichiont' a' bristeadh
 Air phriseanaibh tire ;
 Lan trusgan gun deireas,
 Le usgraihean coille,
 Barr-guc air gach doire,
 Gun choir' ort r'a innseadh ;
 Far an uchd-ardach coileach,
 Le shrutaichibh loinneil,
 'S coin bhuchalach bheag' eil
 Le'n ceileiribh lipnmhor.
 'S am buicean beag sgiolta,
 Bu sgìobalt' air grine,
 Gu'n sgiorradh, gu'n tubaist,
 Gu'n tuisleadh, gu'n diobradh,
 Crodhanadh, biorach
 Feadh coire 'ga shireadh,
 Feadh fraoich agus frich,
 Air mhìre 'ga dhìreadh ;
 Feadh ranaich, a's barrach
 Gu'm b' araidheach inntinn,
 Ann an iosal gach feadain,
 'S air airde gach creagain
 Gu mireanach, beiceasach,
 Easgonach, sinteach ;
 'Nuair a theid o 'na bhoile
 Le clisge sa' choille,
 A's e ruith feadh gach doire,
 Air dheireadh cha bhi e ;
 Leis an eangaig bu chaoile
 'S e b' eutruime sinteag,

Mu chnocanaibh donna
 Le ruith dara-tomain.
 'S e togairt an coinneamh
 Bean-chomuinn o's 'n iosal.
 Tha mhaoisleach bheag bhrannag
 Sa' ghleannan a chomhnaidh,
 'S i fuireach san fuireach
 Le minneinan oga ;
 Cluas bhiorach gu clasteachd,
 Suil chorrach gu faicinn,
 'S i carbsach 'na casan
 Chur seachad na mointich :
 Ged' thig Caoillte 's Cuchullainn,
 'S gach duine de'n t-seors' ud,
 Na tha dhaoine 's do dh-eachaibh,
 Air fasta rìgh Deorsa,
 Nan tearnadh i craiceann
 O luaidhe 's o lasair,
 Cha chual' a's cha 'n fhac i
 Na ghlacadh r'a bco i ;
 'S i grùd-charach, fàl-chasach,
 Aigeannach, neonach,
 Geal-cheireach, gasganach,
 Gealtach roi' mhadadh,
 Air chaisead na leachdainn
 Cha saltradh i comhnard :
 Si noigeanach, groigeanach
 Gog-cheannach, sornach ;
 Bior-shùileach, sgrù-shùileach,
 Frionasach, furachair,
 A fuireach sa' mhuadh,
 'Sna thuinich a seorsa.

Urlar.

Bi sin a' mhaoisleach luaineach,
 Feadh oganan ;
 Biolaichean nam bruach
 'S aite-comhuidh dh'i,
 Duilleagan nan craobh,
 Bileagan an fhraoich
 Criomagan a gaoil,
 Cha b'e 'm fòtrus.
 A h-aigheadh eutrom sunire,
 Aobhach aig gun ghruaim,
 Ceann bu bhràise, ghuanaiche,
 Ghoraiche ;
 A' chre bu cheanalt' stuaim,
 Chalaich i gu buan
 An gleann a' bharraich uaine
 Bu nosaire.
 'S tric a ghabh i cluain
 Sa' chreig mhoir,
 O'n is miosail leatha bhi 'Luan
 A's a Dhoinnann ann ;
 Prìs an dean i suaim
 Bichionta mu'n cuairt,
 A bhràsteas a' ghaoth tuath,
 'S nach leig deo oirre,
 Am fagadh doire-chro,
 An taice ris an t-sroin,
 Am measg nam faillean oga
 'S nau cosagan.
 Masgadh 'u fhuarain mhoir,
 'S e paillte gu leoir,
 'S blasda le' na'm beor

Gu bhi poit orra.
 Deoch de'n t-sruthan uasal
 R'a ol aice,
 Dh' fhagas fallain,
 Fuasgailteach, oigheil i :
 Grad-charach ri uair,
 'S eathlamh bheir i cuairt,
 'Nusir thachradh i'n ruaig,
 'S a bhiodh toir oirre.
 'S mao-bhuidh daitht' a snuagh,
 Dearg a dreach sa tuar,
 'S gurro-iomadh buaidh
 Tha mar choldh oirr' ;
 Fulangach air fuachd,
 Is i gun chum' air luath's ;
 Urram clasteachd chluas
 Na Rinn-corpa dh'i.

Siubhal.

Bu ghrinn leam am pannal
 A' tarraim an ordugh,
 A' dìreadh le farum
 Rì carraig na Sroine ;
 Eadar sliabh Craobh-na-h-ainnis,
 A's beul Choire-dhainghein,
 Ru bhiadhchar greidh cheannard
 Nach ceannaich am pòsan :
 Da thaobh choire-rannoich
 Mu sgeith sin a' bhealaich,
 Coire reidh Beinn-Achaladair,
 A's thairis mu'n chonn-lon :
 Air lurgain na Laoidhre
 Bu ghreadhnach a' choisri,
 Mu larach-na-Feinne
 'S a' Chraig-sheilich 'na dheigh sin,
 Far an cruinnich na h-eildean
 Bu neo-speiseal mu'n fhoghlach :
 'S gu'n b'e 'n aighear a's an eibhneas
 Bhi faicheachd air reidhleinn,
 'A comh-mhacnas r'a cheile,
 'S a' leumnaich feadh mointich ;
 Ann an pollachaibh daimseir
 Le sodradh gu meamnach,
 Gu togarrach mearrachdasach,
 Ain-fheasach gorach.
 'S cha bhiodh iot air an teangaidh
 Taobh shois a' Mhill-teanail,
 Le fion-uillt na h-Aunaid,
 Blas meala r'a ol air ;
 Sruth brioghamhor geal tana,
 'S e sìothladh tor 'n ghaineamh,
 'S e 's millse na'n caineal,
 Cha b' ain-eolach oirnn c :
 Sud an ioc-shlainnte mhaireann,
 A thig a iochdar an talaimh,
 Gheibhte lionmhoireachd math dh'i
 Gu'n a cheannach' le storas ;
 Air farnuinn na beinne
 Is daicheala sealladh,
 A dh'fhas anns a' cheithreamh
 A' bheil mi 'n Rinn-corpa :
 Le gloinead a h-uige,
 Gu mao-bhlàst a brisg-gheal,
 Caoin, caomhail, glan, miosail,
 Neo-mhisgeach ri poit' air :

Le fuarainibh grinne
Am bun gruamach no biolair,
Coinneach uaine mu'n iomall,
A's iomadach seorsa :
Bu ghlan uachdar na linne
Gu neo-bhuaircasach milis,
Tigh'n 'na chuairteig o'n ghrinneal
Air slinnein Beinn-dorain.

Tha leth-taobh na leachdainn
Le mais' air a comhdach,
'S am fridh-choirean creagach
'Na shesamh g'a choir sin,
Gu stobanach, stacanach,
Slocanach, laganach,
Cnocanach, crapanach,
Caiteanach, romach ;
Pasganach, bidanach,
Bachlagach, boidheach
A h-aiseirine corrach,
'Nam fasraichsan mollach,
'Si b'asadh dhomh mholladh,
Bha sonas gu leir oirr :
Cluigeannach, gacagach,
Uchdanach, combhaid.
Le dithean glan, ruiteach,
Breac, misleanach, sultmhor :
Tha 'n fhridh air a busgadh
San trusgan bu choir dh'i.

Urlar.

'S am monadh farsuinn faoin
Glacach, sronagach :
Lag a' Choire-fhraoich
Cuid bu bhoiche dheth ;
Sin am fearann caoin
Air an d'fhas an aoidh,
Far am bi na laoiigh
'S na daimh chrocach ;
A's e deisearach ri grein,
Seasgaireachd g'a reir,
'S neo-bheag air an eildeig
Bhi chomhnaidh ann.
'S glan fallain a cre,
Is banail i 'na beus ;
Cha robh h-auail breun,
Ge b'e phogadh i.
'S e 'n coire choisinn gaol
A h-uil' oganaich,
A chunna' riann a thaobh,
'S a ghabh colas air :
'S lionmhor feadan caol
Air an eirich gaith,
Far am bi na laoiich
Cumail codhalach ;
Bruthaichean nan learg
Far am biodh greidh dhearg,
Ceann-uighe gach sealg
Fad am beo-shlainnt' ;
A's e lan do'n h-uile maoin,
A thig amach le braon,
Faile nan suth-chraobh,
A's nan rosan an.
Gheibte tachdar cisg
Air a corsa,
A's bhi 'gan ruith le leus
Anns na mor-shruthan ;

Mordha cumhann geur,
Le chrann giubhais fein,
Aig fir shubhach, threubhach
'Nan dornaibh :
Bu sholasach a' leum'
Bric air buinne reidh,
A' ceapadh chuileag eutrom
'Nan dorlaichean ;
Cha 'n'eil muir no tir
Am beil tuille brigh,
'S cha feadh do ehirich'
Air a h-ordachadh.

An Crunluath.

Tha 'n eilid anns a ghleannan so,
Cha 'n amadan gu'n colas
A leanadh i mar b' aithne dha
Tig'n farasda na codhail,
Gu fuitheach bhi 'na h-eòralas,
Tig'n an faigse dh'i mu'n caraich i,
Gu faicilleach, gle earraigeach,
Mu'n fairich i ga coir c ;
Feadh shloichd, a's ghilac, a's chamhanan,
A's ehlach a dheanadh falach air,
Bhi beachdail air an talamh,
'S air a' char a thig na neil air :
'S an t-asdar bhi 'ga tharruinn air
Cho macanta 's a b' aithne dha,
Gu'n glacadh e ga h-uindeoin i
Le h-anabharra scoltachd ;
Le tur, gun ghainne baralach,
An t-suil a ehuir gu danara,
A' stiùireadh 'na du'-bannaiche,
'S a h-aire ri fear-croice ;
Bhiodh rudan air an tarruinn
Leis an lubt' an t-iarrunn-earra,
Bheireadh ionnsa' nach bi'dh mearachdach
Do'n fhear a bhiodh 'ga seoladh ;
Spor ur an deis a teannachadh,
Buil' uird a' sgaileachd daingean ris,
Cha diult an t-srad, 'nuair bheanas i
Do'n deannaigh a bha neonach :
Se 'm fular tioram tean-abaich
Air ehl an asgairt ghreannanaich,
Cuir smuid ri acuinn mheallanaich
A baraille Nic-Coiseam.

B'ionmhuinn le fir cheaualta,
Nach b'aineolach mu sporsta,
Bhi timcheall air na bealaichean
Le fearalachd na h-oige :
Far am bi na feidh gu farumach,
'S na fir 'nau deigh gu caithriseach,
Le gunna bu mbath barrandas
Thoir aingil 'nuair bu choir dh'i ;
S le cuilean foirmeal togarrach,
'G am biodh a stiùir air bhogudan,
'S e miol'airteich gu sodanach,
'S nach ob e dol 'nan codhail ;
'Na fhubuidh laidir, cosgarrach,
Ro inntinneach, neo-fhoistinnach,
Gu guineach, sgianbach, gob-casgaidh,
San obair bh'aig a sheorsa ;
'S a fhriogan cuilg a' togail air,
Gu naidheach, gruamach, doichealach,
'S a gheanachan cnuasaichd fosgailt,'

'Comh-bhogartaich r'an sgornan,
 Gu'm b' araidcach a' charachd ud,
 'S bu chabhagach i 'n comhnuidh,
 'Nuair a shineadh iad na h-iongannan
 Le h-athghoirid na mointich;
 Na beanntaichean 's na bealaichean
 Gu'm freagrachd iad mac-talla dhut,
 Le fuaim na gairme gallanaich
 Aig farum a' choin romaich:
 'Gan tearnadh as na mullaichean
 Gu linnichean nach grunnaich iad,
 'S ann a bhith's iad feadh na tuinne;
 Anns an luineinich 's iad leointe
 'S na cuileinean gu fulasgach
 'G an cumail air na muncalaibh,
 'S nach nrrainn iad dol tuilleadh as,
 Ach fuireach, 's bhi gun deo annt',
 'S ge do thuirt mi began riu,
 Mu'n innsinn uil' an dleasnas orra,
 Chuireadh iad a' m' bhreislich mi
 Le deisimearachd chomraidh.

COIRE-CHEATHAICH.

Sz Coire-cheathaich nan aighean siubhlach,
 An coire rnnach, is urar fonn,
 Gu lurach, miadh-fheurach, min-gheal,
 sngar,
 Gach lusan fhuar bu chubhradh leam;
 Gu molach du-ghorm, torrach luisreagach,
 Corrach plaireanach, dlu-ghlan grinn;
 Caoin, ballach, ditheanach, cannach, wis-
 leanach,
 Gleann a' mhilltich, 'san lionmhor mang.

Tha falluinn dhuinte, ga dainghean, dubailt',
 A mhaireas uinne, mu'n ruigs i lom,
 Do'n fheur is eul-fhinne dh' fhas na h-urach,
 'S a bharr air lubadh le driuchda trom,
 Mu choire guanach nan torran uaine,
 A' bheil luibh a's luachair a saas g'a cheann;
 'S am fasach guamach an eas a bhuanadh,
 Nam b' aite cruidh e, 'm biodh tuath le'n suim.

Tha trusgan faoilidh air cruit an aonaich,
 Chuir sult is aoidh air gach taobh a d' chom,
 Min-fheur chaorach is barraibh bhraonan,
 'S gach lus a dh' fheudadh bhi 'n aodainn
 thom,
 M'an choir' is aoidheala tha r'a fhaotain,
 A chunnaic daoine an taobh so 'n Fhraing;
 Mur dean e caochladh, b' e 'n t-aighear
 saoghalt'
 Do ghillea aotrom bhi daonnan ann.

'S ann ma'n Ruidh-aisrigh dh'fhàs na cuair-
 tagan,
 Cluthar, cnaicheanach, cuannar, ard,
 Na h-uile cluaineag 's am bafr air luasgadh,
 'S a ghaoth 'g an sgriabadh a null 'sa nall:
 Bun na cipo is bar a' mhilltich,
 A chuireag dhireach, 's an fhteag cham;

Muran brioghar, 's an grunnasg lionmhor,
 M' an chuilidh dhiomhair, am bi na suinn.

Tha sliabh na lairig an robh mac-Bhaidi,
 'Na mhothar fasaich, 's na strachda trom;
 Slios na ban-leachdainn, cha 'n i is taire,
 'S gur tric a dh' araich i 'u lan damh donn:
 'S na h-aighean dara nach teid a 'n bha-thaigh,
 A bhios le 'n alach gu h-ard 'nan grunn,
 'S na laoiigh gu h-uiseil a la 'sa dh'oidheche,
 'S na h-uiread cruinn diubh air druinn Clach-
 fionn.

Do leacan chaoimhneil gu dearcach, braoil-
 eagach,
 Breac le foireagan is cruinn dearg ceann
 'N creamh 'na charaichean, am bac nan staidh-
 richean,
 Am bearnan-bride, 's a pheighinn rioghail,
 S an canach min-gheal, 's am mislean ann;
 'S a h-uile mir dheth, o'n bhun is isle
 Gu h-iouad circan na crich' is aird'.

'S rimheach cota na craige moire,
 'S cha 'n 'eil am folach a' d'choir 'san am,
 Ach meunan cointtich, o 's e bu nosaire,
 Air a chomhdachadh bhos a's thall:
 Na lagain chomhward am bun nan sronag,
 Am bi na soghraichean, milis, roineagach,
 Molach, romach, gach seors' a th' ann.

Tha mala ghruamach, de'n bhiolar uaine,
 Mu'n h-uile fhuaran a th' ann san fhonn;
 Is doire shealbag aig bun nan garbh-chlach,
 'S grinneal gaubheich' gu meanbh-gheal,
 pronn;
 'Na ghlugaibh plumbach airghoil gun aon teas,
 Ach coileach buirn tighin a' grunud eas lom,
 Gach strathan uasal 'na chualaean eul-ghorm,
 A' ruith na sputaibh, 's na lubaibh steoll.

Tha bradan tarra-gheal sa choire gharbhlaich,
 Tha tig'n o'n fhainge bu ghailbheach tonn,
 Le luinneis mheannach a' ceapa mheanbh-
 chuileng,
 Gu neo-chearbach le cham-ghob crom:
 Air bhuinne borb, is e leum gu foirmeil,
 'Na cideadh colgail bu ghorm-glas druim,
 Leshoilsean airgeid, gu h-iteach meana-bhreac
 Gu lannach, dearg-bhallach, earr-gheal sliom.

'S Coire'-cheathaich an t-aighear priseil,
 'S an t-aite rioghail mu'm bidht' a' sealg,
 Is bidh feidh air ghiulan le lamhach fudair,
 A' eur luailhe dhu'-ghorm gu dlu nan calg:
 An gunna gleusda, s' an cuilean catrom,
 Gu fuileach, feumanach, treubhach, garg,
 A ruith gu siubhlach, a gearradh shurdag,
 'S a dol g'a dhulan ri cursan dearg.

Gheibhte daonnan mu d' ghlaizaibh faoine,
 Na h-aighean maola, na laoiigh, 's na maing'.
 Sud bu mhiann leinn 'am nadainn ghrianaich,
 Bhi dol g' an an iarraidh, 's a' fiadhach
 bheann,

Ged thigeadh siontan oirnn' uisg a's dile,
Bha seol g'ar didean mu'n chrich san am,
An creagan iosal am bun na frithe,
'S au leabaidh dhiona, 's nui m' shincadh ann.

Sa'mhadainn chiuin-ghil, an am dhomh dus-
gadh,

Aig bun na stuice be 'n sugradh leam :
A' chearc le sgiucan a' gabhail tuchain,
'S an coileach cuirteil a durdail crom ;
An dreathan surdail, 's a ribheid chiuil aige,
A' cur nan smuid deth gu lughor binn ;
An druid 's am bru-dhearg, le moran uinich,
Ri ceileir sunndach bu shiubhlach rann.

Bha coin an t-sleibhe 'nan ealtain gle-ghloin,
A' gabhail bheusan air gheig sa' choill,
Au uiseag cheutach, 's a luinneag fein aice,
Feadan speiseil gu reidh a seinn :
A chuach, 'sa smeorach, am bar nan ogan,
A' gabhail orain gu ceolmhor binn :
'Nuair ghoir an cuannal gu loinneil, guanach,
'S e 's gloin' a chualas am fuaim sa' ghleann.

'Nuair thig iad comhla' na bheil a' d' choirse
De'n h-uile seorra bu choir bhi ann ;
Dann na croice air srath na mointich,
'S e gabhail cronain le dreecam ard ;
A' dol san fheithe gu bras le h-cibhneas,
A' mire-leumnaich ri eildeig dhuinn ;
Bi sin an ribhinn a dh'fhas gu mileanta,
Foinucamh, finealta, dircach, seang.

Tha mhaoiseach chul-bhui air feadh na dus-
luing

Aig bun nam fìuran 'gan rusga' lom,
'S am boc gu h-utlaidh ri leaba chuirteil,
'S e 'ga burach le rudan crom ;
'S am minnean riabhach bu luime cliathach,
Le chunnein fiata, is fiadhaich ceann,
'Na chadal gamach an lagan uaigneach,
Po bharr na luachrach na chuairteig chruinn.

Is lionmhor enuasachd a bha mu'n eucirt dut,
Ri am am buain gum bu luaineach clann,
Ri tional gamach, gu fearail suairec,
'S a' roinn gu h-uasal na fhair iad ann ;
Ceir-bheach na enuacaibh, an nead nach uair-
teig,

'S a mhill 'ga buannaehd air cruaidh an tuim,
Aig seillein riabhach, breaca, srannach,
Le'n cronan cianail is fiata srann.

Bha cus ra' fhaotainn de ebnathan caoine,
'S cha b' iad na caochagan aotrom gann,
Ach bagailt mhaola, bu taine plaoisg,
A' toirt brìgh a laoghan na maoth-shlaid fann :
Srath nan caochan 'na dhosaibh caorainn,
'S na phreasuibh caola, lan chraobh a's
iaheang ;

Na gallain ura, 's na faillein dhlutha,
'S am barrach duinte mu chul nan crann.

Gach aite timcheall nam fasach iomlan,
Mam a's fion-ghleann, 's an tuilm ga choir :
Meall-tionail laimh ris. gu molach, tlathail,
B'e chulaidh dh'arach an alaich oig ;
Na daimh 's na h-eildean a'm madainn cheirein
Gu moch ag eirigh air reidhlein feoir ;
Gleidhein dhearg dhiu air taobh gach leargain,
Mu 'n Choire gharbhlaich, 'g an ainm an Cso.

ORAN DO'N GHUNNA.

GA 'N AINM NIC-COISEAM.

LUINNEAG.

*Horo mo chuid chuideachd thu,
Gur muladach leam uam thu ;
Horo mo chuid chuideachd thu,
'S mi dircadh bhean a's uchdanan,
B' ait leam thu bhi cuidir rium,
'S do chudthrom air mo ghulainn.*

'Nuair chaidh mi do Ghleann-Locha,
'Sa cheannach mi Nic-Coiseam,
'S mise nach robh gorach,
'Nuair chuir mi 'n t-or ga fuasgladh.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Thug mi Choire-cheatha'ch thu,
'Nuair bha mi fhein a tighaich ann,
'S tric a chuir mi laidhe leat,
Na daimh 's na li-aidhean ruadha.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Thug mi Bheinn-a-chaistil thu,
'S do'n fhasach a tha 'n taice ri,
Am Man a's Creag-an-aparrain,
Air leaca Beinn-nam-fuaran.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Thug mi thu Bheinn-dorain,
An cinne na daimh chrocaich,
'Nuair theannadh iad ri crouan,
Bu bhoidheach leam an nuallan
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Thug mi Choire-chruiteir thu,
O's aite grianach thusail e,
Gu biachar, fiarach, lusannach,
Bhiodh spuit ann aig daoin'-uailse.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Ghiulain mi Ghleann-cite thu,
Thog mi ris na creisean thu,
Seimhend 'sa thug mi speis dut
A dh'fhag mo cheum cho iuinicach.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

'S math am Meall-a-bhuiridh thu,
Cha mhiosa 'm Beinn-a-chrulaist thu,

'S tric a loisg mi fudar leat,
An Coire-chul-na-cruaiche.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Thug mi Lairig-ghartain thu,
O's aluinn an coir-altrum i,
'S na feidh a deanamh leapaichean
Air Creachuinn ghlas a bhuachaill.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Thug mi thu do'n fhas-ghlaic
'Sa Ghleann am bi na lan-daimh,
'S tric a chaidh an arach
Mu bhraidhe Cloich-an-tuairneir
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Chaidh mi do dh'Fheadha-chaorainn,
Le aighear Choire-chaolain,
Far an robh na daoine,
A bha 'n gaol air a ghreidh uallaich.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Thug mi Bheinne-chaorach thu,
Shireadh bhoc a's mhaioiseach,
Cha b'cagal gun am faotainn,
'S iad daonnan 'san Torr-uaine.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

'Nuair theid mi ris a mhunadh,
'S tu mo roghaibh de na gunnachan,
O'n fhuair thu fein an t-urram sin,
Co nis a chumas bhuat e?
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Ged' tha mi gann a storas,
Gu suidhe leis na poitearan,
Ged' theid mi do 'n taigh-osa,
Cha 'n ol mi ann an cuach thu.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

ORAN SEACHARAN SEILG.

LUINNEAG.

*Chunna' mi 'n damh donn
'S na h-cillean.
Direadh a bheulaich le chelle;
Chunna' mi 'n damh donn
'S na h-cillean.*

'S mi tearnadh a Coire cheathaich,
'S mor mo mhighean 's mi gun aighear,
Siubhal frithe re an latha,
Thilg mi spraidhe nach d'rinn feum dhomh.
Chunna' mi, &c.

Ged' tha bacadh air na h-armaibh,
Ghleidh mi 'n spainteach thun na seilge,
Ge do rinn i orm de chearbaich,
Nach do mharbh i mac na h-cilde.
Chunna' mi, &c.

'Nuair a dh'eirich mi sa' mhadainn,
Chuir mi innte fudar Ghlascho,
Pealair teann a's tri puist Shasnach,
Cuisean asgairt air a dhegh sin.
Chunna' mi, &c.

Bha 'n spor ur an deighe breacadh,
Chuir mi uille ris an acuinn,
Eagal driuchd bha mudan craiceinn
Cumail fasgaidh air mo cheile.
Chunna' mi, &c.

Laidh an eilid air an fhuaran,
Chaidh mi farasda mu'n cuairt d'i,
Leig mi 'n deannal ud m'a tuairmse,
Leam is cruaidh gu'n d'rinn i eiridh.
Chunna' mi, &c.

Rainig mise taobh na bruaiche,
'S chosg mi rithe mo chuid luaidhe;
'S 'nuair a shaoil mi i bhi buailte,
Sin an uair a b' aird' a leum i.
Chunna' mi, &c.

'S muladach bhi siubhal frithe,
Ri la gaoith', a's uisg', a's dile,
'S ordugh teann ag iarraidh sithne,
Cuir nan gionnach 'nan eigin.
Chunna' mi, &c.

'S mithich tearnadh do na gleannaibh
O'n tha gruamaich air na beannaibh,
'S ceathach duinte mu na meallaibh,
A' cuir dalladh air ar leirsinn.
Chunna' mi, &c.

Bi' sinn beo an dochas ro-mhath,
Gu'm bi chuis ni's fhearr an-ath la',
Gu'm bi gaoth, a's grian, a's talamh,
Mar is math leinn air na sleibhtean.
Chunna' mi, &c.

Bitlidh an luaidhe ghlas 'na deannamh,
Siubhal reidh aig conaibh seanga;
'S an damh donn a sileadh fala,
'S abhachd aig na fearaibh gleusda.
Chunna' mi, &c.

CEAD-DEIREANNACH.

NAM BEANN.

BHA MI 'N DE* 'M BEINN-DORAIN,
'S na coir cha robh mi aineolach,
Chunna mi gleannan
'S na beanntaichean a b'aithne dhomh;
Be sin an sealladh eibhinn
Bhi 'g imeachd air na sleibhtibh,
'Nuair bhiodh a ghrian ag eiridh.
'Sa bhiodh na feidh a langanaich.

'S aobhach a ghreidh uallach,
 'Nuair ghluaisceadh iad gu farumach,
 'S na h-eildean air au fhuaran,
 Bu chuannar na laoih bhallach ann ;
 Na maóisichean 's an ruadh-bhuic,
 Na coilich dhubh a's ruadha,
 'S e'n eol bu bhinne chualas
 'Nuair chluinnt' am fuaim 'sa chamhanaich.

'S togarach a dh' fhalbhainn
 Gu scalgaireachd nam beallaichean,
 Dol 'mach a dhireadh garbhlaich,
 'S gu'm b'ana-moch tigh'm gu baile mi ;
 An t-uisge glan san t-aile
 Thar mullach nam bean arda,
 Chuidich e gu fas mi ;
 'Se riun domh slaint a's fallaineachd.

Fhuair mi greis am' arach
 Air airidhean a b' aithne dhomh,
 Ri cluiche, 's mire 's maran,
 An caoinheas blath nan cailcagan ;
 Bu chuis an aghaidh naduir
 Gu'm maireadh sin an drast ann,
 'Se b' eigin bhí da'm fagail
 'Nuair thainig trath dhuinn dealachadh.

'Nis o'n bhuail an aois mi,
 Fhuair mi gaoid a mhaireas domh,
 Rinn willendh air mo dheudach,
 'S mo leirsinn air a dalladh orm ;
 Cha'n urrainn mi bhi treubhach,
 Ged' a chuirinn feum air,
 'S ged' bhíodh an ruaig am' dheigh-sa,
 Cha dean mi ceum ro chabhagach.

Ged' tha mo cheaun air liathadh,
 'S mo chiabhagan air tanachadh,
 'S tric a leag mi mial-chu,
 Ri fear fadhaich ceannartaich ;
 Ged' bu toigh leam riamh iad,
 'S ged' fhaicinn air an t-sliabh iad,
 Cha teid mi 'nis ga'n iarraidh
 O'n chaill mi trian na h-analach.

Ri am dol anns a bhuireadh,
 Bu durachdach a leanainu iad,
 'S bhíodh uair aig sluagh na duthcha,
 'Toirt orain ura 's rannachd dhaibh ;
 Greis eile mar ri cairdeau,
 'Nuair bha sinn anns na Campan,
 Bu chridheil anns an am sinu ;
 'S cha bhíodh an dram oirnn annasach.

'Nuair bha mi 'n toisearh m' oige,
 'S i ghoraich a chum falamh mi ;
 'S e fortan tha cuir oirne
 Gach aon ní coir a' ghealladh dhuinn ;
 Ged' tha mi gann a storas,
 Tha m' inntinn lan de sholas,
 O'n tha mi ann an dochas
 Gu'n d'riun nigh'n dheors' an t-aran domh.

Bha mi 'n de 'san aonach,
 'S bha smaointean mor air m' aire-sa,
 Nach robh 'n luchd-gaoid a b'abhaist
 Bhi siubhal fasaich mar riun ann,
 'Sa bheinn is beag a shaoil mi,
 Gu'n deanadh ise caochladh ;
 O'n tha i 'nis fo chaoirich,
 'S ann thug an saoghal car asam.

'Nuair sheall mi air gach taobh dhíom,
 Cha'n fhaodainn gun bhi smalauach,
 O'n theirig coill' a's fraoch ann,
 'S na daoine bh'ann, eha mhaireann iad ;
 Cha 'n 'eil fiadh r'a shealg ann,
 Cha'n 'eil eun no earb ann,
 'M beagan nach 'eil marbh dliubh,
 'Se rinn iad falbh gu baileach as.

Mo shoraidh leis na frithean,
 O's miobhailteach, na beannaibh iad,
 Le biolair nainne a's fíor-nisg,
 Deoch uasal rimheach, cheanalta,
 Na bharran a tha priseil,
 'S na fasaichean tha lionmhor,
 O's ait a leag mi dhíom iad,
 Gu brath mo mhíle beannachd leo !

CUMHA CHOIRE-CHEATHAICH.

S DUILICH leam an caradh
 Th' air coire gorm an fhasaich,
 An robh mi greis da'm' arach
 'S a bhraide so thall ;
 S iomadh fear a bharr orm,
 A thaitneadh e r'a nadur,
 Na 'm bíodh e mar a bha e,
 'Nuair dh' fhad mi e nall ;
 Gunnairceadh a's lamhaich
 Spuirt a s aobhar ghaire,
 Chleachd bhí aig na h-armuinn
 A b'abhaist bhí sa' ghleann ;
 Rinn na fir ud fhagail—
 'S Mac-Eoghainn tann a 'drasta,
 Mar chloich an ionnad cabaig
 An aite na bh' ann.

Tha 'n Coir' air dol am fuillin,
 Ged' ithear thun a bhlair e,
 Gun duin' aig am beil cas deth
 Mun ait ann san am ;
 Na feidh a bh' ann air fhagail,
 Cha d' fhuirich gin air aruinn,
 'S cha 'neil an aite-tamha
 Mar bha e sa' ghleann.
 Tha 'm Baran air a sharach'
 Is dh'artlaich air an taladh,
 Gun sgil aig air an nadúr
 Ged' thainig e ann ;
 B' fhearr dha bhí mar b' abhaist,
 Os ceann an t-soithich eathra,
 'Sa lamhan a bhí lan d'i,
 Ga fasgadh gu teann.

Se mughadh air an t-saoghal
 An coire laghach gnolach,
 A dhol anis air faoin-tragh,
 'S am maor a theachd ann :
 'S gur h-e bu chleachdadh riamh dhut,
 Bhi trusa nan ceare biata,
 Gur trie a rinn iad siathnail,
 Le piannadh do lamh.
 Is iad na 'n baidnibh riabhach,
 Mu-amhaich 's ann ad' sgiathan,
 Bhiodh itealaich a's sgiabail
 Mu-fhiaclan san am :
 Bu ghliobach thu ri riaghailt,
 Mu chidsin taighe 'n iarla,
 Gar nach b'e do mhiann
 Bhi cuir bhian air an staing.

Ged' tha thu 'nis sa' bhraighe,
 Cha cliompanach le each thu,
 'S tha h-uile duine tair ort
 O'n thainig thu ann ;
 'S eigin dut am fagail
 Ni 's measa na mar thainig
 Cha taintinn thu ri 'n naidur
 Le cnamhan, 's le eaint :
 Ged' fhaiceadh tu ghruidh uallach,
 'Nuair racha tu mun-euairt daibh,
 Cha dean thu ach am fuadachadh
 Suas feadh nam beann :
 Leis a ghunna nach robh bua-lhar,
 'S a mheing air a toll cluaise,
 Cha 'n eirmis i na eruachan,
 Au euaille dubh eam.

Se 'n Coire chaidh an deis-laimh,
 O'n tha e nis gu'n fheidh ann,
 Gun duin' aig an beil speis diubh,
 Ni feum air an eul ;
 O'n tha iad gu'n fhear-gleidhte,
 Cha'n fhuirich iad r'a cheile,
 'S ann a ghabh iad an treuta
 Seach reidhlean nan lub.
 Cha 'n 'eil pris an ruadh-bhuic,
 An coille na air fuaran,
 Nach b' eigin da bhi gluasad
 Le ruaig feadh na dutheh' ;
 'S chu' n' eil a nis' mun euairt da,
 Aon spuir a dheanadh suaireas,
 No thaitneadh ri duin-uasal
 Ged' fhuasgladh e chu.

Tha choille bh' ann san fhrith ud,
 Na cuislean fada, direach
 Air tuiteam a's air erionadh
 Sios as an rusc ;
 Na preasan a bha brioghar
 Na dosaibh tiugha lionmhor,
 Air seachda' mar gu'n spiont' iad
 A nios as an uir ;
 Na failleanan bu bhoiche,
 Na slatan a's na h-ogain,
 'S an t-ait am biodh am smeorach,
 Gu modhar a seinn ciuil ;

Tha iad uil' air caochladh,
 Cha d' fhuirich fiodh no fraoch ann ;
 Tha mullach bharr gach eraoibhe,
 'S am maor 'ga thoirt dia.

Tha uisge srath na dige,
 Na shruthladh dubh gun sioladh
 Le barraig uaine liogh-ghlais
 Gu mi-bhlada grannd ;
 Fear-lochain is tachair
 An einn au duileag-bhaite
 Cha 'n 'eil gne tuille fas
 An san ait' ud san am ;
 Glunagan a chathair,
 Na ghluigaibh domhain, samhach,
 Cho tiugh ri sughan catha,
 'Na lathaich 's na pilam ;
 Sean bhurn salach ruadhain
 Cha ghloinne ghrunn na uachdar,
 Gur eoslach ri muir ruaidh e,
 Na ruaimle feadh stannig.

Tha 'n t-ait an robh na fuarain
 Air fas na chroitean cruaidhe,
 Gun sobhrach gn'n sail-chuaich,
 Gun lus uasal air earn
 An sliabh an robh na h-cildean,
 An aite laidhe 's eiridh
 Cho lom ri cabhsair feille,
 'S am fear chinu e gain :
 Chuir Alasdair le gheisgeil
 A ghraidh ud as a cheile,
 'S air leam gur mor an eucoir
 An fheadail a chall ;
 Cha lugha 'n t-aobhar mio-thlachd
 Am fear a chleachd bhi tiorail,
 A' tearnadh a's a direadh
 Ri frith nan damh seang.

Ach ma's duine de shliochd Phadruig
 A theid a nis do'n aite,
 'S gu 'n cuir e as a laraich
 An tach'ran a th' ann ;
 Bi'dh 'n coire mar a bha e,
 Bi'dh laogh is aighean dar ann,
 Bi'dh damh a dol san damhair,
 Air fasach nam beann ;
 Bi' buic s'na badain blatha,
 Na bric san abhainn laimh riu,
 'S na feidh an srath na lairge
 Ag' arach na mang ;
 Thig gach uile ni g'a abhaist,
 Le aighear a's le abhachd,
 'Nuair gheibh am Baran bairlinn,
 Sud fhagail gun taing.

ORAN GAOIL.

A MHAIRI bhan gur barrail thu.
'S gur barraicht' air gach seol thu,
O'n thug mi gaol cho daingean dut,
'S mi t'fharraid anns gach codhail:
'S earbsach mi a'd' cheanaltas,
'S na fhuair mi chean' ad' chomhradh,
Nach urrainn each do mhealladh uam
'N deis do ghealladh dhomh-sa.

'S chuala mi mar shean-fhael
Mu'n daraeh, gur fiodh corr e:—
"S gur geinn' dheth fhein 'ga theannachadh
A spealtadh e 'na ordaibh:"
'S mi 'n duil, a reir na h-ealaidh sin,
Gur math leat mi bhi d sheorsa,
Nach treig thu mi, 's gu 'm faigh mi thu
Le bannaibh daingean phosda.

'S e chum an raoir mi m' aireachadh
An speis a ghabh mi og dhìot;
Bha smaointean trie air m' airese
Mu'n ainneir is fhearr foghlum:
Cha 'n 'eil cron r'a aireach ort,
O' d' hharr gu sail do bhroige,
Ach ciallach, falaidh, fabharach,
Air fiamh a ghair' an comhnuidh.

'S do chul daithe lan-mhaiseach
Mu'n euairt a'd' bhraigh' an ordugh,
Air sniamh, mar theudan clarsaiche,
Na fhaineachan glan nosar:
Gu lùdh-dhonn, pleatach, sar-chleachdach,
Gu dosach, fasmhor, domhail,
Gu lubach, dualach, bachlach, guairsgeach,
Snasmhor, cauchach, or-bhuidh.

Tha t-aghaidh narach bhanail.
Da chaol mhala mar ite coin ort;
Rosgan reidhe, fallaine
'S da shuil ghorm, mheallach, mhothar:
Do ghruaidh mar chaorann meangain,
A thug barrachd air na rosan;
Do dheud geal, dreachmhor, meachair, grinn,
'S do bheul, o'm binn thig oran.

Tha do phog mar ubhlan garaidh,
'S tha do bhraighe mar an neoincin;
Do chiochan lìontach, mulanach,
'S an sìod' g an cumail comhnard:
Corp seang, geal, gneadhail, fùranach,
Deagh-chumachdail, neo-sporsail;
Do chulpa eruinne lughara,
'S an troigh nach lub am feoirnean.

'S e m fath mu'n biodh tu talach orm,
Gur ro-bheag leat mo stòras;
'Pha da-rud-dheug a' tarrainn uam
Na thionail mi de phòrsan:
Bhiodh ol, a's feisd, a's banais ann;
Bha eol, a's beus, a's ceannaichean,
N' fheill, 's na gibhtean leannachd,
An amaideachd 's an oige.

'S a nis nam faighinn mar' rium thu,
Cha leanainn air an t-seol sin;
Dheanainn aiteach fearainn,
A's erodh-bainne chur mu ehro dhut;
Mharbhaime iasg na mara dhut,
'S am fiadh sa' bhealach cheothar,
Le gunna eol nach mearachdaich,
'S a mhealladh fear na croice.

'S mor an gaol a ghabh mi ort
Le ro bheagan a dh-eolas,
S mi 'n duil gur tu bu leannan domh,
'S nach mealladh tu mi m' dhochas:
Ge d' bhiodh am bas an carabh dhomh,
Gu'n bharrail ri tigh'n beo uath,
'S e dh'fhagadh slàn mi n' ribhinn mhalda,
Mairi bhan o Loch-lairig.

AN NIGHEAN DONN OG.

*'S i nighean mo ghaoil
An nighean donn og;
Nam biodh tu ri m' thaolh,
Cha bhithinn fo' bhron.
'S i nighean mo ghaoil
An nighean donn og.*

'S i Mairi Nìe Neachdainn
Is daicheile pearsa,
Ghabh mis' uiread bheachd ort
Ri neach a tha beo.
'S i nighean, &c.

'Nuair sheallas mi t-aodainn,
'S mi 'n coinneamh ri t-fhaotainn,
Gur math leam nam faodainn
Bhi daonann a'd' choir.
'S i nighean, &c.

O'n a thug thu dhomh gealladh,
'S ann dutsa nach aithreach,
'S cha'n fhaic iad thu 'n ath-bhladhna'
A'd' bhanaraich bho.
'S i nighean, &c.

Cha teid thu do'n bhuaile,
A bhleothan cruiddh ghuaillfhionn;
Cha ehur thu ort cuaran,
'S gur uallach do bhrog.
'S i nighean, &c.

Cha 'n fhoghladh le m' chruinneig,
A' bhurach no chuinneag,
'S cha ehluinnear gu'n cumadh tu
Cumann a'd' dhorn.
'S i nighean, &c.

Cha d' theid thu Bhad-odhar
A leigeadh nan gobhar,
'S minn bheag as an deodhaigh
'G an deothal nu'n ehro.
'S i nighean, &c.

Cha leig mi thu 'n fhireach
Thoir a' cruaidh as an innis
Air cagal na gilleán
Bhi sireadh do phoig
'S i nighean, &c.

Cha taobh thu duin'-nasaf
'S cha 'n aill leat am buachaill,
'S cha 'n fhearde fear-fuadainn
Bhi cruaidh air do thoir.
'S i nighean, &c.

Cha taobh i fear idir,
Air cagal mo thrioblaid;
'S cha toilich te mise
Ach ise le deoin.
'S i nighean, &c.

'S i ribhinn a bhaile,
'Tha sir thigh'n air m' aire,
Nam bitheadh i mar rium,
Cha dh' fharraid mi stor.
'S i nighean, &c.

Bheir mis' thu Dhun-eideann
A dh'ionnsacha' beurla,
'S cha 'n f'bag mi thu t-eigin,
Ri spreidh an fhir-mhoir.
'S i nighean, &c.

A'nighean na gruaige,
Cha chreidinn ort tuaileas;
O'n a tharruinn mi suas riut,
Cha 'n fhuath lean do sheol.
'S i nighean, &c.

'S e mheudaich mo ghaol ort
Gu'n d' fhas thu cho aobhach,
'S gu'n leumadh tu daonnan
Cho sotrom 's na h-coin.
'S i nighean, &c.

'S i 'n togarrach laghach
A thogainn mar roghainn,
Nam bithinn a' taghall
'S an taigh ain bi 'n t-ol.
'S i nighean, &c.

Gu'm b' fhearrde daoin'-uaisle
'N am thionda' nan enach thu,
A thoirt luinneagan-luaidh dhaibh
• Mn'enairt air an stop.
'S i nighean, &c.

'S leat urram an damhsaidh,
'S an fhidheal 'na teann-ruith;
Bu chridheil san am thu,
'S an dram air a' bhord.
'S i nighean, &c.

'S tu fhreagrach gu h-inneallt
Am feadan 's an ribheid,
A sheinneadh gu fileanta,]
Ruith-leumach ceol.
'S i nighean, &c.

'S tu thogadh mo spiorad,
'Nuair a theid thu air mhìre,
Le d' cheileirean binne,
'S le grinneas do bheoil,
'S i nighean, &c.

Leis na gabh mi do cheisd ort,
Am madainn 's am feasgar,
Dheanainn riut eleasachd
A's beadradh gu leoir:
'S i nighean, &c.

Dheanainn riut furan
Am bliadhn' a's an uiridh;
Bu docha nan t-uireasbluidh,
Tuill' a's a' choir.
'S i nighean, &c.

ORAN D' A CHEILE.

NUADH-POSDA.

A MHAIRT bhan og,
'S tu 'n oigh th'air m'aire,
Ri'm bheo bli far am bithinn fhein;
O'n fhuair mi ort coir
Cho mor 's bu mhath leam.
Le posadh ceangailt' o'n chleir,
Le eumhnanta teann
'S le banntaibh daingean,
'S le snaim a dh'fhanas, nach treig;
'S e t' fhaotain air laimh
Le gradh gach caraid
Rinn slainnte mhaireann a'm' chre."

'Nuair bha mi gu tinn
'S mi 'n cinncal leannain,
Gnn chinnt co theannadh rium fein,
'S ann a chunna' mi 'n oigh
Air bord taigh-leanna,
'S bu mhothar ceanalt' a beus;
Tharruinn mi suas rith',
'S fhuair mi gealladh
O'n ghrugaich bhanaibh bli 'm reir;
'S mise bha aobhach
T' fhaotain mar' rium,
'S erobh laoigh a' Bharain a'd' dheigh.

Madainn Di-luain,
Ge buan an t-slighe,
'Nuair ghluais mi, ruithinn mar ghaoth,
A dh-fhaicinn mo luaidh
'S rud bhuainn n-ar dithis
Nach dual da rithist gu'n sgaoil;
Thug mi i 'n uaigneas
Uair a bhruidhinn,
'S ann fhuair an nighean mo ghaoil,
A's chluinneadh mo chluas
Am fauin a bhitheadh
Aig luathas mo chridhe ri 'm thaobh.

Sin 'nuair ehnir *Cupid*
 An t-uldaeh a'm' bhroilleach,
 G'a shaighdean eorranach caol;
 A dhruidh air mo chuislean,
 Chuir luchd air mo eholninn,
 Leis thuit mi ge b'oil leam a's dh'aom
 Dh'innis mi sgeul
 Do'n te rinn m' acain,
 Nach leigh a chaisgeadh mo ghaoid;
 'Se leighis gach creuchd
 I fhein le feartan
 Theachd reidh a'm' ghlacaibh mar shaoil.

Bheirinn mo phog
 Do'n og-mhnaoi shomult'
 A dh-fhas gu boinneanta, caoin,
 Gu mileant, comhnard,
 Seocail, foinnidh,
 Do chomhradh gheibh mi gu saor.
 Tha mi air sheol
 Gu leoir a'd' chomain,
 A mhoid 'sa ehur thu gu faoin
 De-m' smàointean gorach,
 Prois nam boireannach,
 'S coir dhomh fuireach le b-aon.

Chaidh mi do'n choill'
 An robh croinn a's gallain,
 Bu bhoisgeil sealladh mu'n cuairt,
 'S bha miann mo shul
 Do dh'fhiuran barruicht'
 An dlu's nam meanganan shuas;
 Geug fo bhlati
 O barr gu talamh,
 A lub mi farrasda nuas:
 Bu duilich do chach
 Gu brath a gearradh,
 'S e 'n dan domh 'm faillean a bhuain.

Shuidhich mi lion
 Air fìor-uisg tana,
 'S mi strì 'ga tharruinn air bruaich,
 'S thug mi le sgriob
 Air tìr a ghealag,
 'S a lith mar eal' air a' chuan;
 'S toillecht' a dh'fhag
 E 'n la sin m' aigneadh,
 An roinn a bh'agam san uair;
 B'i coimcas mo cheud mhna'
 Reull na maidne,
 Mo cheile cadail 's mi 'm shuain.

'S e b'fhasan leat riamh
 Bhi ciallach banail,
 Ri gnìomh, 's ri ceanal mna-uais';
 Gu pairteach, baigheal,
 Blath, gun choire,
 Gun ghìomh, gun ghoinne, gun chruas,
 Gu deireach, daonnach,
 Faoladh, farrasd',
 Ri daoin fanna, bochd, truagh;
 Is tha mi le'd' sheol,
 An dochas ro-mkath,
 Gur lon do t-anam do dhuais.

'Chuir mi air thus ort
 Tuil a's aithne,
 Le sugradh ceanalta, suaire,
 'Nuair theannain riut dlu,
 Bu churaidh t' anail
 No ubhlan meala 'gan' buain:
 Cha bhiodh sgeul ruin,
 A b'uil domh aithris,
 A b' fhiu, nach mealladh i bhuain;
 Nan euireadh i cul rium
 'S d'fuita' baileach,
 Bu chuis domh anart a's uaigh.

Do bhrìodal blath
 'S do mharan nìlis,
 Do nadur grinneas gach nair,
 Gu beulchair, gaireach,
 Aluinn, coineil,
 Gun chas a thoille' dhut fuath;
 Chuir i guin bhaiss
 Fad raith' am mhuineal
 Dh'fhag lan mi mhulad 'sa ghruaim,
 'Nuair thuig i mar bha,
 'Sa thar mi 'n ulaidh,
 Ghrad spar i 'n cunnart ud bhuain.

'S ann thog e mi 'm pris
 O'n tim'so 'n uiridh,
 An ni 'san urrainn a fhuair,
 'Sguab do'n ire
 Fhìor-ghloin chruineachd,
 An siol is urramaich buaidh;
 Sin na chuir mi
 Co-rimheich umad,
 Bha t' inntinn bunailteach, buan:
 Lionadh do sgiamhachd
 Miann gach duine,
 An dreach, fiamh, an cunnachd, 's an snuagh.

Do chuach-fhalt ban
 Air fas cho barrail,
 'S a bharr lan chamag a's dhual;
 T-aghaidh gilan, nìhalda,
 Naraeh, bhanail,
 Do dha chaol mhala gun ghruaim;
 Suil ghorm, liontach,
 Mhìn-rosg, mhcallach,
 Gun dith eir fal' ann ad' ghruadh,
 Deud gheal iobhraidh
 Dionach, daingean,
 Beul bidh nach canadh ach stuaim.

Shiubhladh tu fasach
 Airidh glinne
 'San ait an cinneadh an spreidh,
 G' am bleathan mu chro,
 'S bhi choir na h-innis,
 Laoigh og a' mireadh 's a' leum;
 Cha mhiosa do lamh
 'S tu laimh ri coinnil
 No 'n seomar soilleir ri grein,
 A' fuaidheal 's a' faitheam
 Bhann a's phionar,
 An am chur grinuis air greus.

Do chncas mar an eiteag
 Gle ghlan, fallain,
 Corp seang nìar chanach an t-sleibh ;
 Do bhraigh co-mhin,
 'S do chiochan eorach
 S iad liontach, soluis le cheil :
 Gaoirdein tla geal
 Lamh na h-ainnir,
 Còl inheoir, glac thana, bas reidh ;
 Calpa deas ur,
 Troigh dhlu 'm broig chumair
 Is lughar innealta ceum.

'S ann fhuair mi bhean chaoin
 Aig taobh Mham-charraidh.
 'S a gaol a 'nì' mhealladh o'm cheill ;
 Bha eridhe dhomh saor,
 'Nuair dh'fhoad mi tharruinn,
 Cha b'fhaoin domh bharaill bhi d' reir
 'S ioma' fuil uasal,
 Uaibhreach, fharumach,
 Suas ri d' cheann-aghaidh fhein,
 Gad' chumail am pris
 An Rìgh 's Mac-Cailein
 'S tu shìol nam fear a bha 'n Sleibht'.

'Nam faighinn an drast
 Do charadh daingean
 An aite falaich o'n eng ;
 Ge d' thigeadh e d' dhail,
 A's m' fhagail falamh.
 Cha b' aill leam bean eil' a'd' dheigh :
 Cha toir mi gu brath dhut
 Drannan teallaich,
 Mu'n ardaich aileag do chleibh,
 Ach rogha' gach marain,
 Gradh a's furan,
 Cho blath 'sa b' urrain mo bheul.

Dheanainn dut ceann,
 A's crann, a's t-eurrach,
 An am chur ghearran an eill,
 A's dheanainn mar chach
 Air traigh na mara,
 Chur aird air mealladh an eisg :
 Mharbhainn dut geoidh,
 A's roin, a's cala,
 'S na h-coin bharran nan geug ;
 'S cha bhi thu ri d' bheo
 Gun seol air aran,
 'S mi chomhnuidh fàr am bi feidh.

O R A N

DO LEANABH-ALTROM.

ISEABAL OG
 An or-fhuilte bhuidh,
 De ghruaidh mar ros,
 'S do phog mar ubhal,
 Do bheul dreachmhor,
 Meachair, grinn,
 O'm fàighte na h-orain
 Cheol-mhor bhinn.

'S tu 's gloine 's cannaiche
 Bhanaille snuadh,
 Gur deirge na'n t-suthag
 An ruthadh tha d' ghruaidh,
 Do mhin rosg liontach,
 Siobhailt, suaire,
 Gnuis mhalda, narach,
 Lan de stuaim.

'S e cosail na h-ainnir
 An eal' air an t-snamh,
 Do chncas mar an canach
 Co cheanalta thla,
 Do chiochan eorach
 Air bhroileach geal ban,
 Do bhraigh mar ghrian,
 'S do bhian mar chnaimh.

Do chuac-fhalt bachallach,
 Cas-bhuidh, dhlu,
 Gu h-amlagach, daite,
 Lan chaisreag a's lub,
 'Na chiabhannaibh cleachdach
 Am pleata' gu dlu
 Air sniamh gu leir
 Mar theudan euil.

'S ioma' fuil uasal
 Gun truaille', gun tair,
 Tha togail 'na stuaidheanaibh
 Suas ann ad' bhàrr,
 Clann-Domhnuill a' chruadail
 Fhuair buaigh anns gach blar,
 Gus an tain' an la suarach
 Thug bhuath' an deas lamh.

'S ban-Chaimbenlach dhreach
 An ribhinn dheas og,
 Cha strìochadh do dhilsean
 A luchd mi-ruin tha beo ;
 'S gach ear tha dol diotsa,
 Ga d' shir-chur am moid,
 'S thu theaglach an Iarla
 Shlìochd Dhiarmaid nan srol.

Tha Cinneadh do sheanamhar
 Mor ainmeil gu lcoir,
 Na Cama-shronaich mheamnach
 Bu gharg air an toir ;
 'S iomadh ait anns' na dhearbhadh iad
 Le fearra-ghleus an dorn,
 Bhi marbhtach le'n armachd
 Air dearganaich Dheors'.

'S 'n ainm bu taitnich'
 A bh' ac' ann a s'tir,
 A thachair bhi agam
 'Ga h-altrom le eich ;
 'Nuair a sheasas i fathast
 Air fadhir an rìgh,
 Bidh ioma' fear fearainn
 A' faraid,—“Co i?”

Gruagach gheal, shomulta,
 Shòilleir gu leoir.

'S i fnealta, foinnidh,
Gun chroma', gun sgeop;
Calpa deas cosail,
A choisicheadh rod,
Troigh chuimhir, shocair
Nach dochuinn a' bhrog.

'S math 'thig dhut 'san fhasan
Gun daithe de'n t-sroil,
Le staidhs 'ga theannadh
Cho daingean 's bu choir
Fainneachan daoimein
Air roinn gach meoir,
Bith rustes a's ribein
Air Iseabail oig.

ORAN DO'N T-SEANN

FHREICEADAN GHAELACH.

Droch Slaiant' an Fhreiceadain,
'S aill leinn gun cheist i,
Si an fhaillte nach beag oirnn
Dhol deisal ar cleibh,
Cha'n fhag sinn am fead i,
G'n tha sinn cho dleasanach,
Do na h-armuinn bu sheirceile
Sneasadh an sreud;
Na curraidhnean calma,
G'am buineadh bhi 'n Albainn,
Feadh mhonaincan garbhlaich
A' sealg air na feidh,
Fhuair mis' orra seanachas,
Nach mios' an cois fairg' iad,
Bhi'dh an citheanan tarbhach
Le marbhadh' an eise.

Buaidh gu brath air na Fleasgaich,
Fhuar an arach am Breatunn,
Chaidh air sail' o cheann ghreis uainn,
Dhol am freastal ri feum,
An loingeas laidir thug leis iad,
Nach saraicheadh beagan,
Muir a' garrach gan greasa'
'S i freagrach dhaibh fein,
Chuir gach laith mar bu deise,
Buil de'n chorcaich bu treise,
Ri barr nan craen seasmhacha
Leth-taobh gach breid,
'S 'g imenachd air chuintibh,
'Nuair a dh'eirich goath tuath le,
B'ainmeil air luath s i,
'S i gluasad gu reidh.

'Nuair a chuir iad na h-armuinn
Air tir ann an Flannhras,
'S iad fada bho'm pairti,
'S o'n aiteachan fein,
Bha onoir nan Gael
An earbsa r'an tabhachd,
Bha sin mar a b' abhaist
Gun fhaillinn fo 'n ghrein

Tha urram an drasd
Aig gach tir anns an d'fhas iad,
Le feobhas an abhaist,
An naduir 'sam beus,
Bhi dileas d'an cairdean,
Cur sios air gach namhaid,
'S iomadh rioghachd an d'fhag iad,
Fuil bhlath air an fheur.

'S la Fontenoi
Thug onoir gu leoir dhaibh,
'Nuair a chruinnich iad coladh,
'Sa thoisich an streup;
Bu tartraich ar Coirneal,
Cur ghaisgeach an ordugh,
Na lasgairan oga,
Chaidh deonach na dheigh,
Na gleachdairean comhraig
Is fearr th'aig' Righ Deorsa,
A fhuair fasan a's foghlum
A's colas ga reir;
'S duil am bheil mise
'Nam rusgadh na trioblaid,
Gun tugadh a fichcad dhiu
Briseadh a ceud.

Fir aigeannach mheannach,
Le glas-lann an ceanna-bheart,
'S i sgaitheach gu barra-dheis,
'S i ana-barrach geur,
An taice ri targaid,
Crios breac nam ball airgeid,
'S an dag nach robh cearbach
Gan tearmunn nan sgeith,
Le'n gunnacha glana,
Nach diultadh dhaibh aingeal,
Spir ur air an teannadh
Gu daingeann nan gleus,
Gu cuinne-searach, biodagach,
Fudarach, miosarach,
Adharach, miosail,
Gu misneachail treun.

Na spealpan gun athadh
A chleachd bhi ri sgathadh,
Nach seachnadh dol fhatasd
An rathad sin fhein,
An t-asdar a ghabhail
'S an ceartas a thaghaich,
Tri-chlaiseach na'n lamhan
Leis an caithheadh iad beum
Dol madainn gu mathas
Cha 'n iarradh iad aithis,
Gu deire an latha
'S am laidhe do'n ghrein;
'S deas fhaclach an labhairt
Le caismeachd chatha,
'S e 'n caistal a'n claidheamh,
Ga'n gleidheadh bho bheud.

Fir acuinneach armach,
Le'm brataichean balla-bhreac,
Bu tlachdmhor an armait' iad,
'S b' ainmeil am feum;

Sliochd altrom nan garbh-chrioch,
Am feachd a tha earbsach,
Nach caisgear an ain' eas
Gu'n dearbh iad nach geill.
Leinn is fad' o'n a dh'fhalbh sibh
Air astar do'n *Ghearmailt*,
Chur as do gach cealgair
Chuir fearg oirbh fein,
An glacadh 'sa marbhadh,
'S an sgapadh mar mheanbh-chrodb,
'S na madaidh ga'n leanmhainn
Air Iargainn an t-sleibh.

Sliochd fineachan uasal
A gin o 'na tuathaich,
'S an iomairt bu dual dhaibh
Dol suas air gach ceum,
Gach cas mar bu luaithe,
'S gach laimh mar bu chruaidhe,
'S an ardan an uachdar
A' bualadh nan speic;
Bu gnath le'n luchd fuatha,
Bhi 'san araich gun ghluasad,
'S a phairt dhiubh dh'fhalbh uatha,
Bhiodh an ruag air an deigh;
Le lamhach nan gillean,
'S le lannan geur biorach,
Bhiodh an naimhdean air iomain
A' silleadh nan creuchd.

Bu cliutach na lasgairean
Ura deas gasda,
Miann sul iad ri'm faicinn
Do gach neach leis an leir,
Gach seol mar a chleachd iad,
Le'n comhdacha dreachmhor,
Le 'n osanan breaca,
'S le'm breacana 'n fheil:
Tha mo dhuil ri'n tigh'n dhachaigh,
Gun an uin' a bhi fada,
Le cumhnanta ceartais
Fir Shasuinn gu leir,
Le stiurcadh an aigeil,
Muir dhu-ghorm chur seachad,
'S nach cum an cuan farsuinn
Orr' bacadh, no eis.

'Nuair a thainig an triobloid,
'S i a *Dha-san-da-fhichead*,*
Bha dana le misneach,
'S le mios orra fein,
Bras, ardanach, fiosrach,
Gun fhaillin, gun bhriseadh,
'S cuid araidh ga'n gibhtean'
Bhi'n gliocas 's an ceill;
Tha talanndan tric'
Aig a phairti ud bithchionnt,
'S na h-uil' ait' anns an tig iad,
No idir a theid.
Co an drast a their mise,
Thig an aird ribh a chlisge?
'Mar fag sibh e nis'
Aig an t-sliochd thig n'ar deigh.

ORAN GHLINN-URCHADHIL.

Mu'n tig ceann bliadhna tuille,
Cha bhi sinn uile 'n Tora-mhuil:
Theid sinn thar nam bealaichean,
Do'n fhearann an robh 'n thus:
Far am beil ar dilsean,
Ann san tir am beil ar cuid;
'S an t-ait an cor dhuinn crìochnachadh
'S an tiodhlaicear ar cuirp.

'S an Clachan-an-Discirt,
Bu ghrinn bhi ann an diugh,
Suidhe 'n eaglais mhiorbhuileach,
An *dasg* bu rimheach cur;
Ag' eisdachd ris na dh'innseadh dhuinn,
Am fear bn shiobhailt guth;
Is e toirt sgeul a Bhiobail duinn,
'S a bhrìgh a'tig'n gu buil.

Gleannan blatl na tioralachd,
An ro-mhath 'n cinn an stuth
Far am beil na h-innseagan,
Am beil an siol an cur:
Cinnidh arbhar eraobhach ann
Cho caoin gheal ris a ghruth,
Gu reachdmhar, biadhchar, brioghar,
Trom, torach, liontach, tiuth.

Bu chridheil bhi sa' gheamhradh ann,
Air bainnsean gheibhte spuir;
Fonn cheol reidh na piobaireachd,
'S cha bhiodh sgios mu sgur:
Fuaim nan tend aig fìdheillean,
A sheinneadh sìos na cuir;
'S an luinneag fein aig nìonagan,
Bu blhinne mhillse guth.

Gheibhte bradan fìor-uisg ann,
A dìreachd ris gach sruth;
Eoin an t-sleibh gu lionmhor,
'S na milltean coileach dubh;
Earba bheag an sgrìobain,
Na minnein echrìon 's na buie,
'S a gheann am beil na fritheachan,
'S na giomanaich 'n am bun.

O'n a thainig mi do'n fhearann so,
Cha 'n fhaigh mi pris an eoin,
'S cha 'n 'eil fath bhi bruidhinn
Mu'n fhear-bhuidh air 'm bi 'n eroc:
Cha b'ionnan 's bhi mar b'abhaist domh,
Aig braigh doire-chro,
Far am bi' na lan-dainh,
Ni 'n damhair ann sa cheo.

Mo shoraidh do Ghleann-urchaidh
Nan tulchan glasa feoir,
Far am beil na sealgairean,
'S a fhuair iad ainm bhi eorr;
A dhìreachd ris na garbhlaichean,
Am biodh greidh dhearg na's leoir
'S bhiodh gillean trom le eallachan
A dh'fhagadh tarbhach bord.

'S an uair a thigte dhachaigh leo,
Gu'm b'fhasanta blur seol,
A suidhe 'san taigh-thairne,
'S bhi damhsa mar ri ceol;
Cridhealas r'a cheile,
'S na bein a bhi 'ga'n ol;
'S cha 'n fhaicte cuis 'na h-eigin
An am eigeach air an stop.

MOLADH DHUN-EIDEANN.

'S e baile mor Dhun-eideann,
A b'eibhinn leam bhi ann,
Aite fialaidh farsuinn,
A bha tlachdmhor anns gach ball;
Gearasdain a's bataraidh,
A's rampairean gu teann,
Taighean mor a's caisteal,
Anns an tric a stad an camp.

'S tric a bha camp Rioghail ann,
'S bu rimheach an luch-dreuchd;
Trup' nan srann-each lionmhor,
Gu dileas air a gheard:
Bhiodh gach fear cho eolach
'S na h-uile seol a b'fharr,
Na fleasgaich bu mhath foghlum
A dhol an ordugh blair.

'S iomadh fleasgach uasal ann,
A bha gu suaice grinn,
Fudar air an gruagan,
A suas gu barr ann cinn;
Leadainn dhonna, dhualach
Na chuachagan air sniomh;
Barr dosach mar an sioda,
'Nuair liogadh e 'le cir.

'S mor a tha do bhain-tighearnan
A null 'sa nall an t-sraid,
Guntaichean de'n t-sioda orr',
Ga'n sliogadh ris a bhlair;
Stoise air na h-ainnrean
Ga'n teannachadh gu h-ard.
Buill mhais air eudainn bhoidheach,
Mar thuilleadh sporsa dhaibh.

Na h-uile te mar thigeadh dh'i,
Gu measail a' measg chaich,
Uallach, rimheach', ribeanach,
Cruinn, min-geal, giobach, tla;
Trusgan air na h-oigheanan,
Ga'n comhdachadh gu lar;
Brog bliorach, dhionach, chothromach,
'S bu chorrach leam a sail.

'Nuair chaidh mi staigh do'n Abailte,
Gu'm b'ait an scalladh sul
Bhi 'g amhare air na dealbhanan,
Rìgh *Fearghas* ann air thus;
A nis o'n rinn iad falbh uainn,
Tha Alba gun an Crun:
'Se sin a dh'fhag na garbh-chriochean
'S an aimsir so a cuirt.

Bi lochrainn ann de ghloineachan,
A's coinneal anns gach aite,
A meudachadh an soillearachd,
Gu sealladh a thoirt daibh:
Cha lagha 'n t-aobhar eibhneis,
Cluig-chiuil ga'n eisceachd ann,
S gur binne na chuach cheitein iad,
Le'n toragan eibhinn ard.

Bi farrum air na coitseachan,
Na'n trotan a's na'n deann,
Eich nan cruaidh cheum socrach,
Cha bhiodh an coiseachd mall;
Cursain mheannach, mhircanach,
A b'airde binneach eann;
Cha'n e am fraoch a b'innis daibh,
Na friichean nam beann.

Is ann an clous na *Parlamaid*
A chi mi thall an t-each,
Na sheasamh mar a b'abhaist da,
Air lom a clabhsair chlach;
Chuir iad srian a's diallaid air,
'S e'n Rìgh a tha n'a glaie,
Ga'n robh coir na rioghachd so,
Ge d' dhiobair iad a mhac*:

Tha taigh mor na *Parlamaid*
Air ardachadh le tlachd,
Aig daoine-uaisle ciallach,
Nach tug riamh ach a bhreith cheart:
Tha breitheanas air thalamh ann,
A mhaireas 's nach teid as,
Chum na thoill a chrochadh,
'S thiig na neo-chiontaich a mach.

A's chunna' mi taigh-leigheas ann
Aig leighichean ri fann,
A dheanadh slan gach dochartas
A bhiodh 'an corp no'n ere;
Aon duine bhiodh an eu-slainnte,
No'n freasdal ris an leigh,
Be sin an t-aite dleasannach,
Gu theasairginn o'n eug.

Tha Dun-eidean boidheach
Air iomadh seol na dha,
Gu'n bhaile anns an rioghachd so
Nach deanadh strìochda dha;
A liuthad fear a dh'innsinn ann
A bhicreadh eis de chach,
Daoin' uaisle easg an iota,
A g' ol air fion na *Spainnt*.

Ge mor a tha de dh'astar
Eadar Glascho agus Peairt,
Is cinnteach mi ged' fhaicinn
Na tha dh'aitreabh ann air fad,
Nach 'eil ann is taitnieche
Na'n Abait a's am *Banc*,
Na taighean mora rimheach,
'Am bu choir an Rìgh bhi stad.

* King James VII was the brother of Charles II whose statue is here described.

ORAN DUTHCHA.

LUINNEAG.

*Hoirionn o ho hi-ri-rio,
Hoirionn o ho hi-ri-rio,
Hoirionn o hi-ri-uo,
'S i mo dhuthaich a dh'fhag mi.*

Ged' a tha mi ear tamail,
A tamh measg na Gallaibh,
Tha mo dhuthaich air m'aire,
'S cha mhath leam a h-aicheadh.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Ged' is eiginn dhuinn gabhail
Leis gach ni thig 'san rathad,
Gu'm b'fhearr na na srathan,
Bhi taghaich 'sa bhraidhe.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

'Ged' is comhnard na sraidean,
'S mor a b'fhearr bhi air airidh,
Am frith nam Beann arda,
'S nam fasaichean blatha.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Beurla chruaidh gach aon latha,
'N ar cluais o cheann ghrathainn,
'S e bu dual duinn o'r n-athair,
Bhi labhairt na Gaelig.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Ged' is cliuteach a Mhachair,
Le cunnradh 's le fasan,
Be air durachd dol dachaigh,
'S bhi 'n taice r'ar cairdean :
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Bhi 'n Clachan-an-Diseirt,
A faicinn air dilleann,
Gum b'ait leinn an tir sin,
O'n a 's i rinn air 'n arach.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Cha be fasan nan daoin' ud,
Bhi 'n conas na 'n caonnaig,
Ach sonas an t-saoghail,
'S bhi gaolach mar bhraithrean.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

N am suidhe 's taigh-osda,
Gu luinneagach, ceolmhor
Bu bhinn ar cuid oran,
'S bhi 'g-ol nan deoch-slainnte.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Luchd dhireadh nan stuicean,
Le'n gunnachan du-ghorm,
A loisgeadh am fudar,
Ri udlaiche lan-daimh.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

S e bu mhiann leis na macaibh,
Bhi triall leis na slatan,

A chuir srian ris a bhradan,
Cha be fhasan am fagail.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Gu fiadhach a mhunaidh,
No dh' iasgach air buinne,
Anns gach gnìomh a ni duin
'S mor urram nan Gael.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

O R A N

DO DH'-IARLA BHRAID-ALBANN.

AIR Fonn—"An Tailear Acuinneach."

DEOCH-slainnt' an Iarla
Cuir dian na'r caramh i,
'S mo gleibh sinn lan i,
Gu'm fag sinn falamh i ;
'Nuair thig i oirne
Gu'm bi sinn ceolmhor,
'S gu'n gabh sinn orain
Ga h-ol gu farumach.

'S e'n t-armunn suairce
A ghluais a Bealach leinn,
'S na sar dhaoine-uisle
R'a ghualainn mar ris ann ;
O'n dh'eirich sluagh le
Gu feum 'sa chruadal,
A reir do dhualchais
Bi'dh buaidh a dh'ain-deoin leat.

Gur deas am fiuran
Air thus nan gallan thu,
'S cha ghabh thu curam
Ro ghnuis nan aineolach ;
Led' chomhlainn ura
'S thu fein ga'n stiùireadh,
A's fir do dhuthcha
Ri d' chul mar bharantas.

'S tu ceann na riaghailt
Tha ciallach, earthanach,
Na daoine a thriall leat
Gu'r briagh am pannal iad ;
'S tu thog na ciadan
A shlioehd nam Fianntan,
'S an am a ghnìomha,
Bu dian 'sa charraid iad.

Ma thig na Frangaich
A nall do'n fhearann so,
Bheir sinn trath dhaibh
Cion-fath an aithreachais
Theid cuid gu bas dhiubh,
'S cuid eile bhathadh,
Mu'm faigh iad bata,
'S mu'm fag iad tharais sinn.

O'n fhuair sinn gunnathan
Gu'r ullanib, calamh iad,
'S cha 'n'eil gin uile dhiubh
Nach freagair aingeal dhuinn,
Cha'n fhaic na curraidhean
Dol sìos na chunnart dhaibh
'S gur rioghail urramach
A dhioladh falachd iad.

'Nuair theid gach treun-fhear
Na cìdìdh ecannardach,
Le'n armaibh gleusda
Cho geur 's bu mbath leinn iad
Bithidh iomadh creuchdan
Le'm buillean beumach,
Cha leighcìs leigh iad,
'S cha ghleidh e'n t-anam riu.

'S i sin a garb'n bhratach,
A dh' fhalbh o'n bhaile leinn,
'S iad fir Bhraid-Albann
Gu dearbh a leannas i,
Fir ura, ehalma,
A tha lughmor, meamnach,
Ma dhuisgear fearg orra,
'S maing a bheanas dhaibh.

Tha connspuinn araidh
A braigh ghlinn-fallach leinn,
A fhuair buaidh-larach
'S gach ait 'n do tharruinn iad,
Le luchd an lamhaich
Ri uèhd an nanhaid,
Bithidh cuirp 'san araich
Air lar gun clarachadh.

Cuid eil' an phairti,
Gu dan le fearalachd,
Theid lionmhor, laidir
'S an ait a gheallas iad;
Fir shunndach dhaicheil,
A grunn d'Earr-Gael,
Nach diult 's na blaraibh
Le lamhach caithriseach.

Na h-Urrachaich cìreachdail
Le'n urachair sgallanta,
Cuir suas nam peileirean
Nach cualas mearachdach,
'S iad buaghar iomairteach
'S cha dualchas giorag dhaibh,
'S an runig cha philleadh iad,
'S gur cruaidh le'n lannan iad.

Na h-uaislean Eileanach,
'S ann uain nach fannadh iad,
'S fir chuairteach beinn' iad,
'S air chuan, na'm maraichean
Luchd bhualadh bhùillean iad
'S a fhuair an t-urram sin,
A's fuaim an gunnaircachd
Cho luath ri dealanaich.

'S ann tha air naimhdean
'S an am so amaideach,
'S a mhisneach ard
Tha 'nar ceann, 's a dh'fhannas ann;
Tha 'n Rìgh ag carbsadh
Gu'n diol sinn argamaid,
Le stri na h-armailt
Mar dhcarbha ar 'n-atlraichean.

'Nuair thog iad srol
'S na fir mhora tarruinn ris.
'S o'n fhuair iad colas
Air foghlom cabhagach.
Cha'n fhaicear co-ladli
De ghaigich oga,
Am feachd Rìgh Deorsa,
Aon phor thug barrachd orr'.

Tha'n Samhradh blath ann
O'n dh'fhag an t-carrach sinn,
Ma ni sinn camp
'S e blios ann dhuinn fallaineachd:
Tha ni air gleanntaibh
Cha bli sinn gann dhiu,
'S gur lionmhor Gall
Tha cuir aird air aran dhuinn.

'S e 'n togail inntinn
Cho grinn 'sa b'aithne dhomh,
Bhi'n cuirt an Rìgh
Gu'n bli stri ri sgagalachd;
Cha dean sinn feoraich
Air tuille stòrais,
'S cha teirig lon dhuinn
Ra'r beo air Gearasdan.

IAIN CAIMBEUL A' BHANCA.

IAIN CHAIMBEUL a' bhanca,
Gu'm faiccam thu slan,
Fhìr a chumail na dainib,
'Gam buineadh bli mor:
Le d' chridhe fial, fearail,
A thug barrachd air each,
An iomadaibh cas
A thuilleadh nan slogh.
Fhuair thu meas, nach 'eil bichiont'
A measg Bhreatuinneach,
Banc an oir bhi fo d' sgod,
Ann an coir dhleasannach;
Na th' ann, cha 'n e 'm beagan
Is e 'm freasdal ri d' stait,
Fo leagadh do lamh
'S gu freagradh do bheoil.

S' tu marcach nan srann-each,
Is farramaich ceum,
Le 'm fallaireachd fein
Gu farasda, foil:

Air dhiollaid nan cursan
 Bu dubailte sreìn,
 'S tu bhuidhneadh gach reis,
 A shiubhladh an rod.
 Na h-eich bhearcasach, chalma,
 Bhiodh garbh, cumachdail,
 Is iad gu h-annadail, meannach,
 Le 'm falbh gurilleumach,
 Cruidheach, dlu-thairgnach,
 Mear, aineasach, fuasgailteach,
 Ceannardach, cluas-bhiorach,
 Uallach gu leoir.

B'e do roghainn a dh'armachd,
 An targaid chruinn ur,
 Gu meanbh-bhallach dlu,
 Buidh' tairgneach cruaidh seolt;
 Is claidheamh chinn airgid,
 Cruaidh, calma, nach lub,
 Lann thana, gheur-chuil,
 Gu daingean a'd dhorn;
 Mar ri dag ullamh, grad,
 A bhiodh a snap freasdalach,
 Nach biodh stad air a sraid
 Ach bhi 'mach freagarach;
 Fudar cruaidh, sgeilceara,
 'M feadan gle dhircach,
 A'd lamhan geal, mine,
 'S cuileabhar caol, gorm.

Bu cheannard air feachd thu,
 An am gaisgidh no feunr,
 Fhir mhisneachail, thrcin
 A b' fhiosrach 's gach scol;
 A fhuair foglum, a's fasau,
 Is aiteas g'a reir,
 Tur pailte le ceill
 A' cur aignidh am moid.
 An am suidhe na cuirte,
 No dubladh an t-seisein,
 An uchd bearraidh no binne,
 'S i t-fhirinn a sheasadh:
 Deag theang-fhear gu *deasput*,
 Bu fhreagarach eaintt,
 A bhuidhneadh gach geall
 'S a chumadh a choir.

'S e do shugradh bha earailteach,
 Ceannalta, suaire,
 An am tional nan uaislean
 Mar riut a dh-ol;
 Gu failteachail, furanach,
 A cuiradh a suas,
 Gach duine de'n t-sluagh,
 G'am baineadh bhi d' choir:
 Na diucan bu rimhiche,
 A chit' ann am Breatunn,
 Is bu chompanach righ thu,
 Le firinn 's le teisteas,
 Fhir ghreadhnaich bu sheireceile
 Sheasadh air blar,
 Fo 'n deise bhiodh lan.
 De lastanan oir.

'S math thig dhut san fhasan,
 An ad a's a ghruag,
 Air an deasachadh suas
 An fasan an t-sloigh
 Gu camagach, daithte,
 Lan chairsreag a's chuach,
 Gu bachelach mu'n cuairt,
 Le maise ro-mhor:
 Tha gach ciabh mar do mhiann,
 Air an sniomh cumachdail,
 Fiamh dhonn, torrach, troin,
 Gu'n aon bhonn uireasbhuidh,
 Amlagach, cleachdach,
 Cruinne cas-bhuidh tla,
 Cho gasda ri barr,
 Th' air mac sau Roinn-eorp';

'S i t-aghaidh ghlan, shoilleir,
 Bha caoineil ro suaire,
 Caol mhala gun ghruaim,
 Suil mheallach bu bhoidhch';
 Gnuis aillidh mar ehanach,
 Bu cheanalta, snuagh,
 Min, cannach, do ghruaidh,
 Mar bharra nan ros.
 Cha 'n 'eil ailleachd air eadh,
 Nach tug pairt urram dlut;
 Foinnidh, finealta, dircach,
 Deas fir eumachdail,
 Calpa chruinn, cothromach,
 Corrach, gu d' shail,
 Gun chron ort a' fas,
 O mhulach gu broig.

Do smaointeana glice,
 Le misnich 's le ceill,
 Do thuigse ghlan, gheur,
 'S deagh thuiteanas beoil;
 Gun tuirseadh, gun bhristeadh,
 Gun trioblaid, fo'n ghrein,
 A b' fhiosrach mi fein,
 Is misd thu bhi d' choir.
 'S ioma gilblt' a tha 'nis,
 Lionmhor tric minig ort,
 Tuil a's fios, muirn a's mios,
 Fhur a' measg fhuinich thu,
 An uaisle le spiorad,
 Air mhircadh a' d' chail,
 'S tu iriosal, baigheil,
 Cinneadail, coir.

Gheihhte sud ann ad' thalla,
 Fion geal is math tuar,
 Deoch thana gun druaid,
 'S i fallain gu poit;
 Bhiodh smund agus farum
 Air aire an t-sluaigh,
 Deadh ghean ann san uair,
 A teannaidh r'a h-ol;
 Ann san taigh bu mhor seadh,
 Leis nach dragh aithnichean.
 Muirn a's caoin, a bhios air fheadh,
 Cupa 's gloin, canachan,

Coinnleirean airgeid,
'S dros dhealrach o cheir,
Feadh t-aitreannh gu leir,
'S iad pailte gu leoir.

B'e do mhiann a luchd ealaidh,
Piob sgalanta, chruaidh,
Le caithream cho luath,
'S a ghearradh na meoir;
Puirt shiulacha, mheara,
Is fìor allail cur suas,
Ann an talla nam buadh
Bu bharrail mu'n stor
Cruite ciuil, tormau ur,
Is e gu dlu ruith-leumach,
Feadain lom, chruinne, dhonn,
Thogadh fonn mireanach,
Clarsach le grinneas,
Bu bhinn-fhaelach fuaim,
'S cha pilleadh tu 'n duais,
'Nuair a shireadh tu ceol.

'S iomadh ait am beil do charaid,
A t-fharaid mu'n cuairt,
An deas a's an tuath,
Cho dheas 'nach 's bu choir;
Diuc Earraghalach ainmeil,
Ceann armailt nam buagh,
Leis na dhearbhadh lamh chruaidh,
Is ris an d'earbadh gu leoir:
An t-Iarla cliuiteach g'an duthchas
Bhi 'n Tur Bhealaich,
A chuir an ruaig le chuid shluaigh,
Air na fuar Ghallaich;
Morat! Loudon nan seang-each,
Ard sheanalair caimp,
Fhuair urram comann,
Far na bhuidhin na soid.

Tha iomadh cas eile
Nach ceilinn san uair,
Tha tarrainn ort buaidh,
A mhaireas ri d' bheo;
Fuil rioghail air lasadh
Amach ann ad' ghruaidh,
Cuir t-aigheadh a suas
Le aiteas ro-mhor;
Tha bunntam a's leirsinn,
Gu leir ann ad' phearsa,
Fhìr shunntaich na feile,
Sgeul eibhinn a b' ait leam,
Na 'm faicinn a'maireach
Le abhachd 's le muirn,
Bhi 'd charadh fo 'n chrùn
An àite rìgh Deors'.

CUMHADH IARLA

BHRAID-ALBANN.

'S TRUAGH r'a eiseachd an sgeul
Fhuair mi fèin tuille 's luath;
Rinn an t-eug ceann na ceille
'S nam beus a thoirt uainn:

Cha'n 'eil leigh tha fo 'n ghrein,
Dheanadh feum dhut 's an uair:
'S bochd a'd' dheigh sinn gu leir,
'S cha 'n'eil feum bhi 'ga luaidh.

Tha do chairdean laidir, liomhor
Annas gach tir a tha mu'n cuairt;
So na dh-fhag an aigheadh iosal,
Do chorp prìseil bhi 'san uaigh;
Is iad mar loingeas gun bhi dìonach,
Fad o thir air druim a' chuain;
'S tusa b'urrainn an toirt sabhailt,
Ge do bhiodh an gabhadh ernaidh.

'S ann an diugh a chaidh do charadh
'An ciste chlar 's ad leabaidh fhuair;
Is muladach a'd' dheigh an traths'
A' chuid is airde do d' dhaoim' uails.
Tha gach duin' agad fo phramh,
'S goirt an cas am bheil an tuath:
'S iad do bhoichdan a tha craiteach;
Thugadh an taic' laidir uath'.

'S iomadh dilleachdan og falamh
Bha le h-ainnis air dhroch shluagh,
Seann daoine 's banutrichean fanna
Bha faotainn beathachaidh uair:
'S ann bu truagh a' ghaoir a bh'aca,
'S deoir gu frasach air an gruaidh,
Caoineadh ernaidh, a's bualadh bhasan,
'S bhi toirt pairt de 'm falt a nuas.

'S muladach an nochd do dhuthaich,
'S dubhaich tursach tha do shluagh:
Cha 'n ioghnadh sin. 's mor an diubhail
An tionndadh so thigh'n oirn cho luath,
Am fear a b'abhaist bhi le durachd
Gabhail curam dhiubh gach uair,
Dh'fhag iad 'na laidhe 'san uir e
Far nach duisg e gu la-luain.

'S ann an trathaibh na Feill-brìde
Thainig crìoch air saoidh nam buadh.
'S lom a thug an t-eug an sgrìob oirn,
Och! mo dhith cha deic a luath's,
Bhuail an gath air flath na firinn
Bha 'gar dìonadh o gach cruas:
'S goirid leinn do re 'san aite,
Ged' their each gu'n robh thu buan.

Cha do sheall thu riamh gu h-ìosal
Air ni chuireadh sìos an tuath:
Bu chul-taic dhaibh anns gach ait thu,
'S tu bha ghnath 'gan cumail suas.
Cha bu mhiann leat togail ulaimh;
Sin a' chuis d'an tng thu fuath:
Bha thu faotainn gaoil gach duine,
'S ghleidh thu'n t-urram sin a fhuair.

Bha thu leirsinneach le suaireas;
Dh-fhas a'd' chom an uaisle mhor;
Ciall a's misneach mar ri cruadal,
Fhuair thu 'n dualchas sin o d' sheors'.
Bha thu fiosrach, glic, neo-luaineach;
Bha t-inntinn buan anns a' choir.

O'n a thog iad air ghinlan sluaigh thu,
'S aobhar sin a luathaich deoir.

Chan'eil aoibneas ann am Bealach,
Cha'n'eil farum ann, no ceol;
Daoine dubhach, 's mnathan galach,
A's iad gun ealaidh ach am bron;
O'n a chaidh do ghiulan dachaigh
O'n mhachair air mhuthadh seoil,
'N ait' an eaidh sin a chleachd thu,
Ciste, 's leine, 's brat de'n t-srol.

'Nam bu daoine hheireadh dhinn thu,
Dh'eireadh milltean air an toir,
O bheul Tatha gu Lathuirn-icchedrach,
Sin fo chis dut agus cor;
Far an d'fhas na gallain fhior-ghlan,
A's iad lionmhor ann gu leoir,
A rachadh togarrach gud' dhioladh,
Nach obadh dol sios le deoin.

'S ann tha chuis ni's fearr mar tha i,
Dochas laidir thu bhi beo
Am measg nan aingeal a tha 'm Pharras,
Ann an gairdeachas ro-mhor :
Gur e'n Ti a ghlac air laimh thu,
'Thug 'san aite sin dhut coir.
Air oighreachd is fearr na dh'fhag thu,
'An aros aghmor Rìgh na glòir.

Ge'f tha 'm fear a thig a' t-aite
Thall an trathis' tharr chuaintean mor,
Goidheam dlu gu'n tig e sabhailt
(Soirbheas ard ri eul gach seoil)
A dh' fhoitainn seilbh air an t-saibheas,
'S air an oighreachd sin bu choir;
A ghabhail curam ga chuid fearainn,
'S ga chuid daoine sean a's og.

CUMHA' CHAILEIN

GHLINN-IUBHAIR.

SMAOINTEAN truagh a th'air m'aigne,
Dh'fhag orm smuircan, a's airtsneul,
An am gluasad am leabaidh,
Cha chadal ach duisg;
Tha mo ghraaighean air seacadh,
Gun dìon uair air mo rasan,
Mu'n sgeul a chualas o'n Apurinn,
A ghluais a chaisneachd ud dhuin',
Fear Ghlinn-iubhair a dhiith oirnn,
Le putthar luchd mi-ruin,
Mo sgeul dubhach r'a innseadh
Thu bhi d' shincadh 'san uir;
'S truagh gach dhine de d' dhilsean,
O'n a chaidh do eòrp prìseil,
An ciste chuthainn, chaoil, dhìonaich,
'S ann an lion-anart ur.

B'e sinn an corp aluinn,
'Nuair bha thu roimhe so d' shlainnte,

Gun chion cumachd no fas ort,
Gu foinnidh, daicheil deas ur;
Suairee, foisinneach, faillteach,
Uasal, iorasal baidheil,
Caoimhneil, cinneadail, cairdeil,
Gun chion r'a rait' air a chul;
Lan do ghliocas, 's do leirsinn,
Gu dana, misneachail, treubhach,
Gach ait an sirte gu feum thu,
'S ann leat a dh'eireadh gach cuis;
B'e do choimeas an dreagan,
No 'n t-sothag 's na speuraibh,
Co bu choltach r'a cheile
Ach iad feiu agus thu ?

'S cruaidh an teachdair a thainig,
'S truagh mar thachair an drasta,
Nach do sheachainn thu 'n t-aite,
'N do ghlac am bas thu air thus;
Suas o chachailte gharaidh,
Fhuair thu 'n taeaid a chraidh mi,
'S gun do thaic a bli laimh riut,
'Nuair ghabh iad fath ort o d' chul,
Air do thaobh 's thu gun chomhradh,
S'an am 'n do chaochail an deo bhuat,
T-fhuil chraobhach, dhearg, bhoidheach
A gabhail dortadh 'na bruchd,
Le gnìomh an amadain ghòraich,
A bha gun aithne gun eolas,
A reic anam air storas,
Nach do chuir an trocair a dhuil.

B'e 'n cridhe gun tioma, gun deisein,
Gan adh, gun chinneas, gun cheutaidh,
A chuir laimh a'd' mhilleadh gun reusan,
Le cion ceill' sgus tuir;
'S e glac mar chomharl' an encoir,
'S boc an gnothaich mar dh'eirich,
Dh'fhag e sìne fo cu-slainnt,
Is e fein 'na fhear-cuirn;
'S ge nach samhach a leabaidh,
Le eagal a ghlacadh,
Cha 'n e tha mi 'g acain,
Ach mar a thachair do'n chuis;
An t-armunn deas, thachdmlhor,
A tha 'n drast' an Ard-chatain,
An deigh a charadh an tasgaidh,
An aite cadail nach duisg.

'S e do chadal gu sìorruidh,
A dh'fhag m' aigne cho tiomhaidh,
'S tric smaointean dìomhain;
A tigh'n gu dian orm as ur,
'S trom a dh'fhas orm am fàginn,
Is goirte tarsa nam fiabhras,
Mo chomh-alt aluinn, deas, ciatach,
An deigh's a riabadh gu dlu;
Mìle mallachd do'n laimh sin,
A ghabh cothrom is fath ort,
A thug an comas do'n lamhach,
'Nuair chuir e 'n spainteach r'a shuil;
Sgeula soilleir a b' ail leam,
Gu'n chuint' am follais aig each,
E bhi dol ri crommaig le faradh,
Gus am miosa dha-sa na dhuinn.

Ge b'e neach a rinn plot ort,
 Le droch dhurachd o thoiseach,
 Bu dana chuis dha tigh'n ort-sa,
 Na do lotadh as ur;
 Bha 'na run bhi gu h-ole dhut,
 'S gu'n a chridh' aig aodainn a nochadh,
 'S ann a thain' e samhach mu'n chnocan,
 'S a ghabh ort socair o d' chul.
 'S e mo dhiubhail a thachair,
 An am do'n fhudar ud lasadh,
 Nach robh ad' chairdean an taic riut,
 Na bheireadh aicheamhail diubh;
 'S a luthad furan deas, tlachdmhor,
 Nach gabhadh curam ro' bhagra,
 A chuireadh smuid ris an Apuinn,
 A chionn gu'm faiceadh iad thu.

'S trom a phlaigh sinn an iobairt,
 A chuir ar namhaid a dhith oirnn,
 Ged' tha 'n aicheamhail gu'n dioladh,
 Thig fhathasd liontan mu'n chuis,
 Chuireas each an staid iosail,
 Air son an ailleagain phriseil,
 Bh' ann san aite mar fhircan,
 A chleachd firinn a's eliu:
 'S boehd an naidheachd r'a aircamh,
 Gur ann an nagsaidh a tha thu,
 Nach tainig fhathasd mu'n chas ad,
 Na dheanadh abbachd thoirt duinn;
 Aeh air fhad 's gam bi dail ann,
 Cheart cho fìor 's tha mi 'g raithe,
 Bidh an falachd ud paighte,
 Mu'n d' teid an gamhlach air chul.

'S iad na fìneachan laidir,
 Bu mhath a gabhail do phairti,
 An rìgh, a's diuc Farraghael,
 Nach fhaiceadh failinn a'd' chuis;
 Iarla dligheach Bhraid-Aibann,
 Air thus a tighinn gu'n chearbaich,
 'S gur ioma' fear armach,
 A sheasadh calma r'a chul;
 Mac-Aoidh 's a luchd-leanmhuinn,
 Leis an eireadh suinn nach bu leanbaidh,
 Na laoiel bhuidhneach, mhor, mheannach,
 Le'n lanna ceann-bheartach, cuil;
 Mac-Dhomhnuil duibh, 's Cloinn-Chamroin,
 S gu leoir a thighearnan ainmeil;
 S fhad o'n chuala sinn seanchas,
 Gu'n do dhearb iad an cliu.

S ghabh thu aite le ordugh,
 Air pairt do Shrath-lecha,
 'S cha b' ann air ghaol stòrais,
 'Na los am porsan thoirt diubh;
 Aeh a sheasamh an corach,
 Le mend do cheisd air an t-seors' ud,
 'S an oidhre dleasnach air fogra,
 G'am bu choir bhi 'sa chuir;
 'S ge do theireadh luchd faoincachd,
 Gun robh t-aire-sa daonnan,
 Bhi sgainneart nan daoin ud,
 'Na 'n leigeadh sgoilteach air chul;
 Chite fhathasd a chaochladh,
 N'am faighe tu saoghal,

Gur e bhi tarrauin luchd gaoil ort,
 As gach taobh, a bha d' run.

Bu tu cridhe na feile,
 Dh' fhas gu tighearnail, ceutach.
 An lathair briteamh Dhun-eideann,
 'S tric a reitich thu cuis;
 'S oil leam caradh do cheud-mhna,
 'S og a bhantrach a'd' dheigh i,
 Lion campar gu leir i,
 O'n dh'cug a ceillidh deas, ur:
 Fhuair mi 'n sealladh nach b'eibhinn,
 An uigh mu d' choinneamh 'ga reiteach,
 'S truagh gach comun thug speis dhut,
 O'n chaidh tu fein anns an uir,
 'S gun duil a nis ri thu dh-ciridh,
 'S e dh'fhag mise fo eu-slainnt,
 Bhi 'n diugh ag' innseadh do bheusan,
 'S nach tig thu dh-cisdeachd mo chliu.

ORAN AN T-SAMHRAIDH.

'NUAIR thig an Samhra' geugach oirnn,
 Theid siann nan speir o'n ghruamaiche,
 Thig tlus a's blas a's aobhuas—
 'Theid gach ni g'a reir am buidhalachd.
 Thig fearl te neart na grein' oirnn;
 Ni 'n saoghal gu leir a chuartaich;
 Thig teas o slios 'nuair dh'eircas i
 Ni feum, 's cha treigear uainne e.

Bidh por ann an tir ghraiseircan,
 Chur sil ann san tim ghnathaichte;
 A' toirt brìdh as an uir nadurra,
 O'n bhlar g'a bharr a ghluaisas e:
 Gu reachdmhor, breac, neo-fhàillineach,
 Troun-chuineanach, garbh-ghraineanach
 Gu diasach, riabhach, caileanach,
 Gu biadhchar, lan, 'nuair bhuaineas e.

'S glan faileadh nan geug Ìobhara,
 Ma gharadh dan scud lionmhora.
 Am biodh aileagain gle riomhacha
 Le blath's a' sir chur snuadh orra;
 Gu h-ubhlach, peurach, figiseach,
 Glan, brioghmhor, diomhair, guamaiseach
 Gach sraid is aillidh grìneachan,
 Mar Phealas rìgh ra'n cuartachadh.

'S ro-ghreannar gach gleann fìor-mhonaidh,
 Cur iomhaigh ghriinn an uachdar air;
 Gach lus le bharr cho mhor'aitteach,
 A' fas fo mhile suaicheantas;
 Gu duilleach, lurach, dìtheanach,
 Glan, rimheach, lionmhòr, suaicheanach,
 Gu ropach, dosach, misleanach,
 'Gu millteachail, min uain-nealach.

Bi'dh fonn air gach neach nadurra,
 Bhiodh sealltainn gach ni gnathaichte,

Am blar lom a' cur dreach fasaich air,
 Gach la cur strac neo-thruaillidh air,
 Gu molach, torach blath-mhaiseach,
 'S na craobhan lan de chruasachdan
 Gu h-urair, du'-ghorm, aileanta,
 Le frasan blatha, bruaidleanach.

Bi'dh gach frith gu lionntach, feurach ;
 'S theid na feidh 'nan eideadh suaicheanta,
 Gu h-ullach, binneach, ceumannach,
 Grad-leumanaich, bior-chluaiseanach ;
 Gu croeacach, cabrach, ceir-ghéalach,
 Gu manugach, eangach, eildeagach,
 'Gan grianadh sa' mhios cheiteanach,
 Air slios an t-sleibh mu'n cuartaich iad.

Bi'dh laogh ri taobh gach aighe dhiubh,
 'Nan laidhe mar is coir dhaibh ; bi'dh
 Gach damh a's manng cho aighearach,
 'Nuair thig Fill-leathain roid orra :
 Bu tuille loin a's saoghail,
 Do gach neach a ghabhadh gaol orra,
 Bhi tric ag amharc caol orra
 'S a 'g eisdcaidh gaoir an cronanaich.

Bi'dh maoisleach a chinn ghuanach,
 A cur dreach a's snuadh a's tuar oirre,
 'S i tilgeadh euilg a' gheamhraidh
 A chuir gurt a's greann a's fuachd oirre
 O'n thainig blathas an t-Samhraidh oirn,
 Cuiridh si manutal ruadh oirre,
 S tha inntinn ghrinn g'a reir aice,
 Gu fallain, feitheach, fuasgailteach.

Bi'dh am minnein urar meanbh-bhallach,
 Gros tioran air a ghnais bu sgeimheile ;
 Gu mireineach, lughor, anmadail,
 Ri slinnean na h-earb an guilleachan.
 Bu chlis feadh phreas mu an-moch iad,
 Gu tric fo iochd nan mean'-chuilcag,
 Gu sgrideil, gibeach, gearra-mhasach,
 An sliochd 'g an ainm na ruadhagan.

Bi'dh gach creutair faillineach,
 A bla greis an cas na fuaralachd,
 A togail an cinn gu h-abhachdach,
 O'n a thainig blath's le buaidh orra :
 Na h-coin sa' fionn a' b'abhaist daibh,
 Gu ceolmhar, fonnmhor, failteachail,
 Feadh phreas a's thom ri gairdeachas,
 Gun chas a dh'fhagadh truailidh iad.

'S neo-thruaillidh am por lionmhor ud,
 'S gur speiseil grunn a ghluaiseas iad ;
 Le'm beus a 'seinn mar fhileirean,
 Gur h-aoibhinn binn ri m' chlus an iad ;
 'S glan luinneagach, fionn-intinnach,
 A' chanain chinn thig uatha-san ;
 'S iad gobach, sgiathach, circineach
 Gu h-iteach, dionach, cluaineiseach.

Bi'dh an coileach le thorman tuchanach,
 Air chnocanaibh gorm a durdanaich,

Puirt fhileanta, cheolmhor, shinblacha,
 Le ribheid dlu chur seol orra ;
 Gob crom nam-pongan lugh'ora,
 'S a chneas le dreach air a dhubhlachadh,
 Gu slios-dubh, girt-ghéal, ur-bhallach,
 'S da chirc a sugradh boidheach ris.

Thig a chuthag sa' mhios cheitein oirn,
 'S bidh riabhag 'na seuchdan comhladh ri,
 'S an dreathan a gleusadh sheannsairean
 Air a gheig is aird a mhothaicheas e.
 Bidh choill' gu leir 's na gleanntaichean,
 Air chrathadh le h-aoibneas canntaireachd,
 Aig fuaim a chunail cheannsaileach,
 Feadh phreas, a'a chrann, a's oganan.

Na doireachean coill' bu diomhaire,
 'S na croinn mu'n iadh na smeoraichean
 Theid gach craobh an ciataichead,
 Bi'dh caochladh fiamh a's neoil orra ;
 Gu meanganach, direach sniomhanach,
 Theid cridhe nam fiamh an soghaireachd,
 Le trusgan ur g'a nihiadachadh,
 Bar-guc air mhiairaibh nosara.

Bi'dh am beatha gu cuisleach, fìuranach,
 Gu faileanach, slatach, ur-fhasach ;
 Thig snothach fo 'n chairt a's druisealachd,
 Bidh duilleach a's rusg mar chomhdach air ;
 Le bruthainn theid brìgh na duslain ann
 Am barrach dlu nan oganan'
 Gu pluireineach, caoin, maoth-bhlàsda,
 Mo roghainn de shnaoisean sroine e.

'S a bhìolair luidneach, slìom-chluasach,
 Ghlas, chruinn-cheannach, chaoin, ghorm-
 neulach,
 Is i fas glan, uchd-ard, gilmeineach,
 Fo barr-geal, ionlan, sonraichte ;
 Air ghlaic, bu taitneach cearmonta,
 Le seamragan 's le neoinean ;
 'S gach lus a dh'fheudain ainmeachaidh,
 Cuir anbharr dhreach boichead air.

Gur badanach, caoineil, mìleanta,
 Cruinn, mopach, min chruth, mongoineach.
 Fraoch groganach, du'-dhonn, gris-dearg,
 Barr-cluigeanach, sinnteach, gorm-bhìleach ;
 Gu dosach, gasach, uain-neulach,
 Gu eluthor, cluaineach, tolmagach ;
 'S a mhill 'na fudar gruaige dha,
 'Ga chumail suas an sporsalachd.

'S i grnag an deataich rimhich i,
 'S mor a brìgh 's is lionmhor buaidh oirre,
 Ceir-bheach nan sgeap a cinninn oir' ;
 Seillein breac feadh tuim 'ga chruasachd sud ;
 Gu eianail, tiamhaidh, srann aige,
 Air bharr nam meas a' dranndanaich,
 Bhiodh miann bhan-og a's bhain-tighearnan
 Na fhardaich ghrèannar, ghumaisich.

Is e gu striteach, riabhach, ciar-cheannach,
 Breac, buidh, stiallach, srian-bhallach.

Gobach, dubhanach, riasgach, iargalta,
 Rì gnìomh gu dian mar thuathanach;
 Gu surdail, grunn-dail, dianadach,
 Neo-dhiomhanach 'na uaireanan;
 'S e faile lusan fiadhaiche
 Bhi's aige bhiadh 'sa thuarasdal.

Gach tain is airde chruinnicheas
 Do'n airidh uile ghluaiseas iad;
 Thig bliochd a's dair gun uireasbhuidh,
 Craobh ard air cuman gruagaiche;
 Na h-aighean is oige laidire,
 Nach d'fhiosraich trath na buaraichean;
 Bidh luinneag aig ribhinn chul-duinn dhaibh,
 'Gam briodal ciuin le duanagan.

'S fìor ionmhuinn mu thrath neoine
 Na laigh oga choir na buaile sin,
 Gu tarra-ghleal, ball-bhreac, botainneach,
 Sgiuthach, druim-fhionn' sroin-fhionn,
 gualill-inneach;
 Is iad gu lith-dhonn, ciar-dhubh, caraideach,
 Buidh, gris-fhionn, cra'-dhearg, suaichionta
 Seang, slios-ra dìreach, sar-chumpach,
 Cas, bachlach, barr an suainiche.

Bi'dh foirm a's colg air creatairean,
 Gu stoirneil, gleust' 'g ath-nuadhachadh;
 Le fòrgan torchuirt feudalach,
 An treud, 's an spreidh, 's am buachaille:
 An gleann, barrach, bileach, reidhleanach,
 Creamh, rainneach, reise a's luachaireach,
 'S e caoin, cannach, ceutach, min chruthach,
 Fìreach, sleibhteach, feurach, fuananach.

Bi'dh mionntain, camomhil, 's soghraichean,
 Geur bhileach, lonach, luasganach,
 Cathair thalhbhanta, 's carbhinn chroc-chean-
 nach,
 Gharg, amlach, romach, chluas-bhiorach,
 Suthan-lair, 's faile ghroiseidean;
 Lan lilidh' 's rosa cuicheanach,
 Is clann-bheag a trusa leolaichean,
 Bua'n chorr an cos nam bruachagan.

Bi'dh 'm blar fo strachd le uraireachd.
 Oidhch iuchair bhrinneach, cheo-banach,
 Gach srabh 'sa barr air lubadh orra
 Le cudthrom an driuchd 's le lodalachd;
 'Na phaideirean lionmor, cuirneineach,
 Gu briogmhor, sughmhor solasach,
 Cuiridh ghrian gu dian 'na smuidean e,
 Le fiamh a gnùis 's an og-mhadainn.

'Nuair a dhearsas a gnùis bhaoisgeil,
 Gu fial, fathail fiamh, geal, caoineil oirnn,
 Thig mathas a's gnìomh le saibhireachd,
 Chuir loinn air an Roinn-corpa so;
 Le aobneas greine soillseachadh,
 Air an speur ga reidh a spaoileas i,
 Cuir an geil gach feum a rinn i dhuinn,
 G'a fhoillseachadh 's g'a mhoideachadh.

ORAN NA BRIOGSA

AIR FÒNN—"Sean" Triuthais Uilleachan."

'So tha na briogais liath-glas
 Am bliadhna cuir m'ulaid oirnn,
 'S e'n rud nach fhacas riamh oirnn;
 'S nach miann leinn a chumail oirnn
 'S na'm bitheamaid uile dileas
 Do'n rìgh bha toirt cuireadh dhuinn,
 Cha'n fhaicte sinn gu dilinn,
 A strìochda do'n chulaidh so.

'S oic an seol duinn, am Prionns og
 A bhi fo mhoran duilichinn,
 A's Rìgh Deorsa a bhi chomhnaidh,
 Far 'm bu choir dha tuineachas;
 Tha luchd-eolais a toirt sgeoil duinn
 Nach robh coir air Lunnainn aige,
 'S e Hanobhar an robh sheorsa,
 'S coigreach oirnn an duine sin—
 'S e'n Rìgh sin nach buineadh dhuinn,
 Rinn d'i-nheas na dunach oirnn,
 Mu'n ceannsaich e buileach sinn,
 B' e'n t-am dol a chumasg ris;
 Na rinn e oirnn a dh' ann-tlachd,
 A mhi-thlachd, a's a dh' aimhreit,
 Air n-eudach thoirt gu'n taing dhinn,
 Le ain-neart a chumail ruinn.
 'So tha na briogais, &c.

A's o'n chuir sinn suas a bhriogais,
 Gur neo-mhiosail leinn a chulaidh ud,
 Ga'n teanadh ma na h-ìosgannan,
 Gur trioblaideach leinn umainn iad;
 'S bha sinn roimhe misneachail,
 'S ma breacain fo na criosan oirnn,
 Ged' tha sinn am bichiontas
 A nis a' cuir nan sumag oirnn:
 'S air leam gur h-ole an duais
 Do na daoine chaidh 'sa chruadal,
 Au eudaichean thoirt uapa
 Ge do bhuaibhneach Diuc Uilleam leo:
 Cha'n fhaod sinn bhi snigeartach,
 O'n chaochail ar culaidh sinn,
 Cha'n aithnich sinn a cheile
 La-feile no cruinneachaidh.
 'So tha na briogais, &c.

'S bha uair-eigin an t-saoghal
 Nach saoilinn gu'n cuirinn orm,
 Briogais air son aodaich,
 'S neo-aoidheil air duine i;
 'S ged' tha mi deanamh uis deth,
 Cha d'rinn mi bonn sulas
 Ris an deise nach robh daimheil,
 Do'n phairti ga'm buinnin-sa;
 'S neo-sheannsar a chulaidh i,
 Gur granuda leinn umainn i,
 Cho teann air a cumadh dhuinn,
 'S nach b'fheairde leinn tuilleadh i;
 Bidh putanan na gluinean,
 A's bucalan ga'n dunadh,
 'S a bhriogais air a dubladh,
 Mu chul-thaobh a h-rìle fir.
 'So tha na briogais, &c.

Gheibh sinn adan ciar-dhubh,
 Chur dian air ar mullaichean,
 A's casagan cho shliogta,
 'S a mhinicheadh muillean iad;
 Ged' eumadh siu am fuachd dhinn,
 Cha'n fhag e sinn eòto uallach,
 'S gu'n toillich e ar n-uaislean,
 Ar tuath no ar eumanta;
 Cha taitinn e gu brath ruinn,
 A choiseachd nan gleann-fasaich,
 'Nuair a rachamaid do dh' airidh,
 No dh' ait 'm biodh cruinneagan:
 Se *Deors'* a rinn an eucoir,
 'S ro dhiombach tha mi fein deth,
 O'n thug e dhinn ar 'eideadh,
 'S gach eudach a bhuineadh dhuinn.
'So tha na briogais, &c.

'S bha h-uile h-aon de'n Pharlamaid
 Fallsail le'm fiosrachadh,
 'Nuair chuir iad air na Caimbeulaich
 Teannadh nam briogaisean;
 'S gu'r h-iad a rinn am feum dhaibh
 A bhliadh'n a thain' an streupag,
 A h-uile h-aon diubh dh'èiridh
 Gu leir 'am *Milisi* dhaibh;
 'S bu cheannsalach duineil iad,
 'S an am an robh 'n eumag ann,
 Ach 's gann daibh gu'n cluinnear iad,
 A champacha tuille leis;
 O'n thug e dhinn an t-eudach,
 'S a dh' fhag e sinn cho-fhaontra'eh,
 'S ann rinn e oirn na dh' fheudadh e,
 Shaoileadh e chuir mulaid oirn.
'So tha na briogais, &c.

'S ann a nis tha fios againn
 An t-ìochd a rinn Diuc Uilleam ruinn,
 'Nuair a dh' fhag e sinn mar phrìosanaich,
 Gun bhiodagan, gun ghunuachan,
 Gun ehlaidhe, gun chrìos tarsuinn oirn,
 Cha'n fhaigh sinn prìs nan dagachan;
 Tha comanud aig Sasunn oirn,
 O smachdaich iad gu buileach sinn—
 Tha angar a's duilichinn
 'S an am so air iomadh fear
 Bha'n Campa Dhiuc Uilleam,
 A's nach fheadh iad gu'n bhuithinn e;
 Na'n tigeadh oirne *TEARLACH*,
 'S gu'n eireamaid 'na champ,
 Gheibhte breacain chairneit,
 'S bhiodh aird air na Gunnachan.
'So tha na briogais, &c.

ORAN DO'N EIDEADH GHAEELACH.

Fhuair mi naidheachd as ur,
 Tha taitinn ri run mo eridh
 Gu faigheamaid fasan na duthch
 A ehleachd sinn an tus ar tim.

O'n tha sinn le glaineachan lan,
 A' bruidhinn air maran binu,
 So i deoch-slainnte Mhontrois,
 A sheasamh a choir so dhuinn.

Chunna' mi 'n diugh an Dun-eideann,
 Comunn na feile cruinn,
 Litir an fhortain thug sgeul,
 Air toiseach an eibhnis dhuinn.
 Pìob gu loinneil an gleus,
 Air soilleireachd reidh an tuim;
 Thug sinn am follais ar 'n eideadh,
 A's eo a their renbail ruinn?

Deich bliadhna fichead a's corr,
 Bha casag de'n chlo m'ar druim,
 Fhuair sinn ad agus cleoc,
 'S cha bhuineadh an seors' ud dhuinn:
 Bueail a' dunadh ar brog,
 'S e 'm barr-iall bu bhoiche leinn;
 Rinn an droch fhasan a bh'oirn',
 Na bodaich d'ar 'n oigridh ghrinn.

Mhill e pairt d'ar cumachd
 O'n bhlàr, gu mullach ar einn:
 Bha sinn cho lan de mhulad,
 'S gu'n d'fhas gach duine gu tinn;
 'S ann a bha 'n cas cho duilich,
 'S a thainig uile ri'm linn,
 'Nuair a rinn pairti Lunnainn,
 Gach ait a's urram thoirt dhinn.

'S fhada bha 'n onair air chall,
 Is fasan nan Gall oirn dlu,
 Cota ruigeadh an t-sail,
 Cha tigeadh e daicheil dhuinn:
 B'eigin do'n bhrìgis bhì ann,
 'Nuair a chaidh ar comann cho ciuin
 'S gu'n d'rinneadh gach finnc nan trall,
 'S gach fireanuach fhagail ruisgt'.

Tha sinn anis mar as math leinn,
 'S gur h-ard ar earaid 'sa chuir,
 A chuir air na daoine am fasan,
 Rinn parlamaid Shasainn thoirt' diu':
 Beannachd gu brath do'n mharcus,
 A thagair an drast ar cuis;
 Fhuair e gach dlìghe air ais dhuinn,
 Le ceartas an rìgh 'sa chruin.

Fhuair e dhuinn comas nan arm,
 A dheanamh dhuinn sealg nan stue,
 'S a ghlèidheadh ar daoine 'sa champ,
 Le fagail an naimhdean bruit.
 Thogadh e misneach nan *Clann*,
 Gu iomairt nan lann le sunnd,
 Pìob, a's bratach ri crann,
 'S i caiseamachd ard mo ruin.

Fhuair sinn cothrom an drast,
 A thoilicheas gradh gach duthch',
 Comas ar eulaidh chur oirn,
 Gu fharaid de phor nan lub:
 Tha sinn a nis mar is coir,
 A's taitnidh an seol r'ar suil;

Chuir siun' a bhrigis air lar,
'S cha tig i gu brath a cuil.

Chuir sinn a suas an deise,
Bhios uallaeh, freagarach, dhuinn,
Breacan an fheile phreasach,
A's peiteag de'u eudach ur ;
Cot' a chadadh nam ball,
Am bitheadh a' charnaidh dlu,
'Osan naeh ceangail ar ceum,
'S nach ruigeadh mar reis an glun.

Togaidh na Gaeil an ceann,
Cha bli iad an fannng ni's mo,
Dh' fhalbh na speirichinn teann
Thug orra bhi mall gun lugh :
Siubhlaidh iad fireach nam beann,
A dh'iarraidh dhamh seanng le'n cu ;
S eutrom theid iad a dhamhsa,
Fregraidh iad srann gach ciuil.

Tha sinn an comaiu an uasail
A choisinn le chruadal cliu,
Chuir e le teomachd laidir,
Faoineachd dhaieh air cul,
Oighre cinn-feadhna nan Gramach,
'S ioma fuil ard na ghnuis :
'S ann tha marcus an aidh
Am mac thig an ait an diuc.

ORAN A BHOTAIL.

'NUAIR a shuidheas sinn socrach
'S a dh-olas sinn botal,
Cha'n aithnich ar stoc bhuainn
Na chuireas sinn ann ;
Thig onoir a's fortan
Le sonas a chopain,
Ga'r son nach bi deoch oirn
Mu'n tog sinn ar ceann ?
Bheir an stuth grinn oirn
Seinn gu fileanta,
Chuir a thoil-intinn
Binneas n'ar cainut,
Chaisg i ar 'n iota
'N fhior dheoch mhillis,
Bu mhuiladach sinne,
Na 'm biodh i air ghall.

Deoch slainnte nan gaisgeach
Nan Gaelibh gasda,
Ga'm b' abhaist mar fhasan,
Bhi poit air an dram,
Luchd gaoil an stuth bhlada,
'S air dhaoirid an lacha,
Nach caomhnadh am beartas
A sgapadh 'san am.
Fear g'am beil ni
Gheibh e na shircas e,
Fear a tha crionda

Fanadh e thall ;
Fear a tha mi'or
Cha'n fhuilig sinn' idir e,
'S am fear a bheil grinneas
Theid iomain a nall.

'S ro rioghail an obair
Sruth briogar na togalach,
Ioc-slainnt a bhogaicheas
Cridhe tha gann :
'S e chuireadh an sodan
Air fear a bhiodh togarrach,
'S chuireadh e 'm bodach
A' fearr a bhiodh teann,
Cha 'n 'eil e 'san tir,
Uasal no cumanta,
Nach 'eil air thi
Gach urram a th' ann,
Ge do bhiodh stri
Mu thogail na muirichinn,
Cia mar is urrainn sinn
Fuireach bho'n dram ?

Tha e fionnar do'n chreabhaig
A h-uile la greine
Thig teas o na speuraibh
Thar sleibhtean nam beann,
'S e math ri la reota
Chuir blath's ann am poraibh
An fhir theid g'a dheoin
An taigh-osda na dheann.
Cuiridh e sunnd
Air muinntir eireachdail,
Tìmeheall a bhuird
S cuid eile dhiubh damhs' :
Thogamaid fonn neo-throm
A's ceileirin,
'S freagarrach shinneas sinn
Deireadh gach rann.

O'n shuidh sinn cho fada,
'S gu'n dh-ol sinn na bli'-againn,
'S i choir dol a chadal
O'n thainig an t-am,
Cha'n fhoghnadh ach pailteas
Thoir solas ga' n' aigneadh,
Deoch mhòr anns a mhadainn
Gu leigheas ar ceann.
Am fear tha gun chli,
Cuiridh e spiorad ann.
Togaidh e cri
Gach fir a tha fann,
Theid am fear tinn
Gu grinn air mhirreadh ;
'S e leigheas gach tinnis,
Deoch mhillis an dram.

ORAN A BHRANNDAL.

LUINNEAG.

*Di-haal-lum, Di-haal-lum,
Di-i'-il-i'il, hanndan,
Di-dir-ir i-hal-hi'-il-lum
Di-dir-ir-i hal haoi-rum;
Di-i'il-hal dir-ir-i,
Ha-ri-ha'al-haoi-rum,
Di-i'il-haal-dil-il-i'il,
Dor-ri-ho'ol-hann-dan.*

Tha fortan ann bi deoch againn,
Na biodh an copan gann oirnn,
Tha pailteas anns na botalaibh,
Cha'n 'eil an stoc air chall oirnn;
'S feairrde sinn an toiseach e,
Gu brosnachadh ar eainnte,
Ged' bhiodh a h-uile deoch againn,
'S e 's docha leinn am *Branndai*.
Di-haal-lum, &c.

'S e sinn an sruthan mireanach,
An tobair millis seannasail,
Tha binneas mar ri grinneas
A chuir spiorad am fear fann ann;
'S feairrde sinn na shireas sinn,
Cha chulaidh mhilleadh cheann e;
'S ro mhath 'n seise muinuil
Do gach duine ghabhas rann e.
Di-haal-lum, &c.

Na fir anns am beil cridhealas,
Nach 'eil an eridhe gann ae,
Companaich na dibhe,
A ni suidhe leis an dram iad;
Iarraidh iad a rithisd e,
Mu bhithcas beagan ann deth,
Nuair chluinneas iad an fhidheall,
Bi' iad fighearach gu damhsa.
Di-haal-lum, &c.

'Nuair gheibh sinn de na barrailean,
Na 's math leinn fa'r comannada,
Na cupain a tha falamh
Bhi le scarraig a cuir annta;
Gach caraid bhios a taitneadh ruinn,
Gu'm b'ait leinn e bhi cainnt ruinn,
Nuair thig a ghloinne bhasdalach,
Air bhlas an t-siucair-*channdai*.
Di-haal-lum, &c.

Cha chunnart duinn e theireachdainn,
Tha seileir anns an Fhraing dheth;
Cha'n eil eagal gainne
Air na loingear thug a nall e;
Their sinne oi bu toigh leinn e,
Nach dean a choire call oirnn;
Air fhad 's ga'n dean sinn fuireach ris,
Bhi gabhail tuille sannt air.
Di-haal-lum, &c.

Na fir a tha na 'n sgrubaircan,
Nach caith an cuid's an am so,

Cha'n imir iad bhi cuidirinn,
Na'n tubaisdean le ganntar;
Cha sir iad dol an cuideachd,
A's cha'n iarr a chuideachd ann iad;
Mar cuir am burn am paghadh dhiubh,
Cha'n fhaigheadh iad am *Branudai*.
Di-haal-lum, &c.

ALASDAIR NAN STOP.

LUINNEAG.

*Alasdair nan stop
Ann an sraid a chuill.
Sin an duine coir
Air am beil mo run.*

'S COMA leat an siola,
B'annsa leat an stop,
Cha'n e sin bu dohadh
Ach am botal mor.
Alasdair nan stop, &c.

Theid thu do'n taigh-odsa,
'S olaidh tu gu fial;
Cha robh gainne storais
Air do phoca riamh.
Alasdair nan stop, &c.

Bha thu greis dheth t-aimsir
Ann an arm an Righ,
Cumaidh sin riut airgead,
'S fhearra dhut e na ni.
Alasdair nan stop, &c.

Gheibheadh tu led' cheanal
Leannan anns gach tir,
Ged' a bhiodh tu falamh
Cha bhiodh bean a'd' dhi'.
Alasdair nan stop, &c.

Tha thu math air fairge,
'S tric thu marbhadh eigs,
Cas a shiubhal garbblaich,
Theid thu shealg an fheidh.
Alasdair nan stop, &c.

Ged' thuirt Callum breac
Nach robh thu tapaidh riamh,
Co a chreideadh sin
Ach duine bha gun chiall?
Alasdair nan stop, &c.

'Nuair a theid mi Ghlascho
'S taitneach leam bhi 'g ol,
Ann an taigh mo charaid
Alasdair nan stop.
Alasdair nan stop, &c.

NIGHEAN DUBH RAINEACH.

AIR Fonn—"Cuir a chinn dileas."

Cuir nighean dubh Raineach
 Orm farran a's miòthlachd,
 Nach cuir mi dhìom
 Le cabhaig an drast,
 Ghoid i mo sporan,
 'S na dollair gu lionmhor,
 Bh' agam fos n-ìosal
 Feitheamh ri m' laimh.

Nam biodh a chail' ud
 Gu daingean am prìosan,
 Rachainn g'a dìtheadh
 Dh'ionnsaidh a bhais;
 A chionn gu'n do ghoidh i
 'N rud beag bha sa chludan,
 Bh' agam sa' chuil
 Nach d' innis mi clach.

'S muldach mise
 Gun fhios cìod a ni mi,
 O'n a tha mi,
 Gun searrach, gun lair,
 Gun chaora, gun oisg,
 Gun ghabhar, gun mhiseach.
 Gun a mart min
 A chrimeas am blar.

Cha robh mi gun airgead
 Gus an d' fhalbh e gu mi-mhail,
 Leis an te chrìon
 Nach d'amhaire air mo chas;
 Rinn i mo chreachdadh
 'S bu pheacach an ni dh'i
 Mise chuir sìos,
 Gun i fein chuir an aird.

Cia mar a cheananicheas mi
 Camraig na sìde?
 Na 'n leig mi dhìom e
 Tuilleadh gu brath?
 Ged' thig a marsant
 Le phaca do'n tìr,
 Cha 'n fhaigh sinn aon sìon
 Bhios aige air dail.

Bha mo chuid stòrais
 Am phoca cho uallach,
 'S ged a bhiodh buail mhart
 Air mo sgath;
 'S i rinn an cucoir
 A bheisd a thug uam e,
 'S tha mi fo ghruaim
 'O mhaduinn Di-mairt.

A rìgh nach robh mearlaich
 Na cearna so'n rioghachd,
 Anns a mhuir ìosal,
 Fada bho thraig;
 Is caile dhubh Raineach
 'S an fheumain an iochdar,
 Chuideacha bidh
 Do phartan nan spag.

RANN GEARRADH-ARM.

CHUNA' mi 'n diugh a chlach bhuaghach,
 'S an leug aluinn,
 Ceanglaichean de'n or mu'n cuairt dh'i
 Na chruinn mhaillleadh;
 Bannan tha daingean air suaicheantas
 Mo chairdean,
 A lean gramail ra'n seann dualchas
 Mar a b' abhaist.

Inneal gu imeachd roimh chruadal,
 Le sluagh laidir,
 Fir nach gabh giorag no fuathas,
 Le fuaim lamhaich;
 Fine is minig a ghluais
 Ann an ruaig namhaid,
 Nach sireadh pillleadh gun bhuannachd,
 No buaidh iarach.

Bha sibh uair gu grinn a scoladh
 Air tuinn saile,
 Chaidh tarrunn a aon de bhorda
 Druim a bhata,
 Leis a chabhaig sparr e 'n ordag
 Sìos na h-aite,
 'S bhuail e gu teann leis an ord i,
 'S ceann dh'i fhagail.

An onoir a fhuair an saor Sleibhteach,
 Leis gach treun'tas dh'fhàs ann,
 Ghleidheadh fathasd ga shliochd fein i,
 A dh'aindeoin eucorach gach namhaid;
 Na h-àirm ghaisge, ghasda, ghleusda,
 Dh'orduigh an Rìgh gu feum dhasan,
 Cho math 'sa th' aig duine 'n dream threan
 sin,
 Sliochd Cholla cheud-chathaich Spaintich.

Dorn an claidheamh, a's lamh duin'-uasail
 Le crois-taraidh,
 Iolairean le 'n sgiathan luatha,
 Gu cruas gabhaidh,
 Long ag imeachd air druim chuaintean
 Le sìuil arda,
 Gearradh arm Mhic-an-t-Shaoir 'o Chrua-
 chan,
 Aonaich uachdrach Farraghael.

Tha do dhaoine tric air fairge,
 Sgiobairean calma, neo-sgathach;
 Tha 'n aogas cumachdail, dealbhach,
 'S iomadh armailt 'am beil pairt dhiu':
 Thug iad gaol do shiubhal garbhlaich,
 Moch a's anmoch a sealg fasaich:
 Cuid eile dhiubh 'nan daoine' uaisle,
 'S tha cuid dhiubh 'nan tuath ri aiteach.

'S rioghail eachdraidh na chualas
 Riamh mu'd phairti,
 S lionmhor an taic, na tha suas dhiubh,
 Na'm biodh cas ort;
 Tha gach buaidh eile ga' reir sin,
 An Gleann-Nodha fein an tamhachd,

Pìob a's bratach a's neart aig Seumas,
An Ceann-cinnidh nach treig gu brath
sinn.

ORAN LUÀIDH.

LUINNEAG.

*Ho ro gu'n togainn air hugan fhathasd,
Ho ro i-o mu'n teid mi laidhe;
Ho ro gu'n togainn air hugan fhathasd.*

Togamaid fonn air luadh a' chloinn;
Gabhaidh sinn ceol, a's orain mhatha.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

B' fheaird' an clo bhi choir nan gruagach,
A dheanadh an luadh le'n lamhan;
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

'Nuair a thionndas iad air cleith e,
Chluinntes fuaim gach te dhiubh labhairt.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Orain ghrinne, bhinne, mhlise,
Aig na ribhinnean 'gan gabhail;
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Luinneag ac' air luadh an eudaich,
Sunndach, saothrachail ri mathas.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Thogamaid fonn gu ceol-mhor, aotrom,
Air a' chlo bu daoire dathan.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

An clo brionnach, ballach, citach,
Triuchanach, stallagach, gathach;
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

An clo taitneach, basach, boisgeil,
Laisde, daoimeinich, 's e leathunn.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Gu'm bu slan a bhios na caoraich
Air an d' fhas an t-aodach fhathail.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Beannachd aig an laimh a shnìomh e,
'S i rinn gnìomh na deag bhean-taighe:
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

S ann is coltach ris an t-sìod' e,
Dh' fhaig i min e, 's rinn i math e;
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Snath cho rithinn ris na teudan,
'S e choreidh 'sa dh' fheudta shnaitheadh:
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Cha robh pluc, no meall, no gaog ann,
No gieg chaol, no sliasaid reamhar.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

'Nuair a theid an clo a'n mhargadh,
'S e ni 'n t-airgead air an rathad.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Cha bhi slat a sìos o chrun deth,
Miann gach sul e anns an fhaidhir.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Cha bhi suirighich' anns an duthaich
Nach bi 'n duil ri pairt deth fhaighinn.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

'S ann a tha 'n toil-inntinn aodaich
Aig na daoine a bhios 'ga chaitheadh.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Thogainn am fonn a dh'iarraidh poitear,
A's luaidhinn an clo bu mhiann le mnathan.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

'S ole an obair luadh no fucadh,
Ma bhios tuchadh oirnn le padhadh.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Chuireadh e sunnt air muinntir oga,
Suidheadh mu bhord ag ol gu latha.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Puinnse le gloineacha' lana,
Deochana-sìhinnte 'gan gabhail;
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Greis air fion, a's greis air branndai,
Greis air dram de'n uisge-bheatha;
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Greis air fìdhleireachd 's air damhsa,
Greis air canntaireachd 's air aighear
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

'Nuair theid stairn an aird an aodainn,
'S ro-mhath 'n t-am do dhaoine laidhe.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

AOIR AN TAILEIR.

A DROMHNUILL Bhain Mhic O' Neacainn
Tha 'n droch nadur a d' phearsa,
Cha gnathaich thu 'n ceartas,
Gus am basaich thu 'n pheacadh,
'S maireg ait anns na thachair,
Am ball-sampuil gun chneastachd,
'A rinn graineil an sgaiteachd ud oirnn,
'A rinn graineil, &c.

Fhir a thoisich ri calaidh,
Bha thu gorach a d' bharail,
'Ga seoladh am' charabh,
'S gu'n mi t-fheoraich, no t-fharaid,
Chuir thu sgleo dhiot a's fanaid,
Co dhiubh 's deoin leat no 's ain-deoin,
Tha mi 'n dochas gu'm faigh thu do leoir,
Tha mi 'n dochas, &c.

Dhomhsa b'aitlne do bheusan;
Tha thu ain-eolach, beumnach,
Is do theangaidh mar reusar,
Le taincid 's le geirid,
Thug thu deannal dhomh fhein d'f,
O's ann agad tha 'n cucoir,
Com' nach paighinn thu 'n cirig de sgeoil,
Com' nach paighinn, &c.

'S tu chraobh ghrodlaich air crionadh,
Lan mosgann, a's flionag,
A dh'fhas croganach, isal,
Goirid, crotach, neo-dhireach,
Stoc thu togairt na ghriosaich,
A thoill do losgadh mar iobairt,
Leig thu 'n Soisgeul air di-chuimhn' gu
mor,
Leig thu 'n Soisgeul, &c.

Bu bheag an diubhail e thachairt
An la thur thu na faeail,
Da phunnd agus cairteal
De dh'fhudar cruaidh, sgairteal,
A bhi a d'bhroinn air a chalcadh,
'S bhi 'gad' sgaincadh le maitse
Gas am fasadh tu t-ablach gun deo,
Gas am fasadh, &c.

'S blionach ruithinn gun fheum thu,
Ge do bhithcadh tu 'm feithe,
Coin is fithich a' d' theunnadh,
Cha bhiodh an diol beidh ac'.
'S tric thu teann air 'na h-cibhlean,
Bhreac do shuimeir gu t-eislich,
Blath an tein' air do shleisdean gu mor,
Blath an tein', &c.

O' nach tailair is fhiu thu,
Chuir each as a chuir tu ;
Bi'dh tu ghna anns na cuiltean,
A' caradh uan luireach,
Bu tu asuinn nan cluilean,
'S tric a shuidh thu 'san sinuraich,
'Nuair a bhithinns' air eul fir nan croc,
'Nuair a bhithinns' &c.

'S e do choltas r'a innseadh,
Fear sop-cheannach, grimeach,
Gun bhonaid, gun phiorbhuic,
Gu'n bhad-mullaich, gun chirean,
Lom uil' air a spionadh,
Car gu t'uillan a sios ort,
Strac na dunach de'n sgriobaich mu'd cheos,
Strac na dunach, &c.

'S iomadh ait anns na thachair,
An tailer Mac-Neacainn,
Badar Albainn a's Sasunn,
Bailtean margaidh a's machair ;
'S tric a shealg thu air praisich,
O' nach d' fhalbh thu le clapa,
Chaidh' cha mharbh e duin' aca de'n
t-slogh,
Chaidh' cha mharbh, &c.

'S duine dona gun mhios thu,
Dh-fhas gun onair gun ghliocas,
Fear gun chomas gun blriosgadh,
Chaill do spionnadh 's do mhiseach,
Leis na rinn thu de'n bhidseachd,
Bu tu 'n slaighire misgeach,
'S cian o'n thoill thu do cuipeadh mu'n ol,
'S cian o'n thoill thu, &c.

'S iomadh ceapaire romais,
Rinn thu ghilcadh na d' chrogan,
Is bhi ga stailceadh le t-ordaig,
Ann ad' chab-dheudach sgornach,
'S reamhar farsuinn do sgornan,
Bru mar chuillean an oiraich,
Fhuair thu urram nan geocach ri d'bheo,
Fhuair thu urram, &c.

Bi'dh na mnathan ag raite
'Nuair a rachadh tu'n airdh
Gun tolladh tu'n t-aras
Ann 'sam bitheadh an caise ;
'Nuair a dh'itheadh tu padh deth,
'S a bhiodh tu air trasgadh,
Anns a' mhuidhe gu'n sparr thu do chrog,
Anns a' mhuidhe, &c.

'S tu 'n tollaran cnaimhteach,
Ge bu ghionach do mhaileid,
Tha do mhionach air t-fhagail,
Gu'n chrioman deth lathair ;
Cochall glogach na t-aruin,
Tha do sgamhan a's t-ainean
Lan galair, a's faslaich, a's chos,
Lan galair, &c.

Beul do chleibh air a thachdadh,
Air seideadh 's air brachadh,
'S e gu h-eididh air malcadh,
'S mor t-fheum air a chartadh,
Gach aon eugail a' d' phearsuinn,
Caitheamh, eitic, a's casdaich,
Gus an d' eirich do chraicean o t-fheoil,
Gus an d' eirich, &c.

Tha do chreuchdan, 's do chuislean,
Lan eucail a's trusdair,
'S thu feumach air furtach,
Tha 'n deideadh a' d' phluicean,
'S thu t-eiginn le clupaid,
T-anail bhreun, gu trom, murtaidh,
'S maing a dh'fheuchadh dhiot moch-thra
do thoched,
'S maing a dh'fheuchadh, &c.

Do dheud sgrob-bhearnach, cabach,
Am beil na sgorr-fhiacian glasa,
Mosgain, cosacha, sgealpac,
Luibte, granuda, cam, feachdte,
A null 's a nall air an tarsuinn,
Cuid diubh caillt' air dol asad,
'S nam beil ann diubh air spagadh do bheoil,
'S nam beil ann diubh, &c.

Bi'dh na ronnach gu silteach,
'N an tonnaibh gorm, ruithteach,
A ghabhail toinneamh o d' liopach,
Thar cromadh do smige;
'S dorcha, doilleir, do chlisneach,
Cheart cho dubh ris a phice,
Uchd na curra ort, ceann circ, 's gob geoidh,
Uchd na curra, &c.

Do mhaol chruacach air failleadh,
Gun chluasan, gun fhailleach;
Tha thu uaiu-nealach, tana,
Cho cruaidh ris an darach;
'S tu gun suineach, gu'n anart,
'S sobhar fuair thu ri d' ghearan,
'S gur fuair thu na gaillean an reot',
'S gur fuair, &c.

Tha ceann binneach 'na stuic ort,
Geocach, leith-cheannaich, giugach,
Eudann brueannaich, grugach,
Sron phlucach, na muire.
Tha croit air do chul-thaobh,
'S moran lurcaich a'd' ghluinean,
Da chois chama, chaol, chrubach, gun treoir,
Da chois chama, &c.

Cha 'n cil uiread nan sailtean,
Aig a phliutaire spagach,
Nach 'eil cuspach a's gagach,
Tha thu d' chriopach 's ad' chraigeach,
'S lionmhor tubaist an tailair,
Dh-f hag an saoghal, 'na thraill e,
'S maireg a shaothraich air t-arach 's tu og,
'S maireg a shaothraich, &c.

Ma tha thu de shliochd Adhamh,
Cha choslach ri each thu,
Aig olcas a dh' fhas thu,
O thoiseach do laithean;
Cha tig' cobhair gu brath ort,
Gus am foghainn an bas dut,
'S do chorp odhar a charadh fo 'n fhod,
'S do chorp odhar, &c.

AOIR ANNA.

ANNA nigh'n Uilleam a'n Crompa,
Bean gun chonn 's i fhein air aimhreith,
'Nuair chaidh mi 'n toiseach g'a sealltainn,
Cha'n e 'm fortan a chuir ann mi;
Bhruidhinn mise sìobhailt, suairce,
Mar dhuin-uasal anns an am sin;

Thoisich ise mar chu crosda,
Bhiodh anns na dorsan a dranndail.

'S ann aice tha beul an sgallais,
Gu fauaid a dheanamh air seann-duin',
Nach urrainn a dheanadh feum dh'i
Mar a bha i fein an geall air;
Chunna' mise latha ghluaisinn
Leis na gruagachan mar chairdeas,
Dh'aithnich i gun dh'fhalbh an uair sin,
'S chuir i uaithe mi le angar.

Innsidh mi dhuibh teistean Anna,
O'n is aithne dhomh 'san am i,
Bean a dh'ol a peighinn phisich,
Cha bheo idir gun an dram i;
Cha neonach leam i bhi misgeach,
'S i 'n conhnuidh a measg a Bhrannai,
'S tric a bha 'na broinn gu leoir dheth,
'S bha tuille 'sa choir 'na ceann deth.

Cha 'n cil a leannan r'a fhaotainn,
Cia mar dh'fhaodar e bhi ann d'i?
Breunag ris ann can' iad gaorsach,
A bha daonnann anns na campan;
'Sa bha rithist feadh 'n t-saoghail
A giulan adhaircean aig ceardan;
Cha d'fhuair i 'n onoir a shaoil i,
'N t-urram fhaotainn air na bardan.

'S mor an treunntas le Anna,
Bhi cho gheur le sgainneil chainnte,
'S maireg air 'na thachair bean bheumach,
Aig am beil am beul gun fhaitheam;
'M fear a bheir ise dhachaigh,
'S ann air thig a chreach 'san calldach,
'Nuair shaoil e gum bu bhean cheart i,
'S ann thachair e ri bhana-mhaighistir.

A bhana-chleasaiche gun ghrinneas,
'S maireg fcasgach a theid na caramh,
'S tric i tuiteam leis na gillean,
Ceap tuisidh i do na fearaibh;
A bhean bhruidhneach, mhisgeach, ghionach,
Ghlearach, lonach, shanntach, shallach,
Roinn gu reubadh air a teangaidh,
Coltach ri gath geur na nathrach.

Comhdach nach falaich a craiceann,
Leomach gun seol air cuir leis ann,
Cha'n 'eil brogad slan mn' casan,
Cha'n 'eil cota 'n-aird mu leasaibh;
Oirre tha aogas na glaitig,
Neul an aoig 'na h-aodainn preasach,
Closach i air scarga' lachdunn,
'S coltach i ri dealbh na Leisge!

Taigh tha lan de mhnathan misgeach,
'S olc an t-ait an d'rinn mi tachairt,
Ged' thaine' mi ann gun fhios domh,
'S fhearr falbh trath na fuireach aca:
Bana-mhaighsidir a chomuinn bhristich
ANNA tha ainmeil 'san eachdraidh;
Mu gheibh each i mar fhair mis i,
Cha tig iad gu brath g'a faicinn.

AOIR UISDEAN PHIOBAIR'.

TURAS a chaidh mi air astar
A Chinn-taile,
Chunna mi daoine-uailse tlachdmhor,
Caoimhneil, pairteach;
Bha aon bhallach ann air banais,
A thug dhomh tamailt,
O 'n a bha e-san mar sin domh-sa,
'S ann mar so bhios mise dha-san.

'S ann an sin a thoisich Uisdean,
Mar a ni cu an droch naduir,
Tabhunaich ri sluadh na duthcha,
'S be run gu'n gearradh e 'n sailtean
'S math an companach do'n chu e,
'S dona 'n companach le each e,
Cha chuideachd e bhard no phiobair,
Aig a mhiomhalachd 'sa dh'fhas e.

Aidich fhein nach 'eil thu 'd phiobair,
'S leig dhìot bhi 'm barail gur bard thu;
Daoine cridheil iad le cheile,
'S bithidh iad gu leir a tair ort;
Fear ciuil gun bhinneas gun ghriinneas,
Fuadaichidh siun as ar pairt e,
Mar a thilgeas iad craobh chrionaich
O 'n fhionan a mach as a gharadh.

Mu chi thuza bard no filidh
No fear dana
Mu bhios aon diubh 'g iarraidh gille'
Ghiulan malaid,
Lean an duine sin le durachd,
Los gu'n siubhla' tu h-uil aite;
'S mor an glanadh air do dhuthaich,
I chuir eul riut 's thu g'a fagail.

No ma chi thu fear a sheinneas
Pìob no clarsach,
Faodaidh tusa 'n t-inneal ciuil
A ghiulan da-san,
Gus am bi craiceann do dhroma'
Fas na bhallaibh loma, bana,
Mar a chi thu mille' srathrach
Air gearran a bhios ri aiteach.

Cia mar a dheanadh e oran,
Gun eolas, gun tuigse naduir,
O nach deanadh e air doigh e,
'S ann bu choir dha fuireach samhach;
Bruidhinn ghlugach 's cuid di mabach,
Moran stadaich ann am pairt d'i,
Na ni e phlabartaich chomhraidh,
Cha bheo na thuigeas a Ghaelig.

'S sgimealair cheanna na'm bord thu,
Far am faigh thu'n t-ol gun phaigheadh;
Cia mar chunntas sinn na geocfich,
Mar bi Uisdean og 'san aireamh?
Cha robh do bhrù riamh aig sìochadh,
Gus an lionadh tu bhiadh chaich i:
'S mor an t-ol na chaisgeadh t'-iotadh,
'Nuair chite thu 's do ghloc paitreach.

'S tric do leab' an lag an oiraich.
No'n eul garaidh,
Bi do cheann air con-tom comhnard,
'S ro mhath 'n t-ait e;
Bidh na coin ag ionlaich t'fheosaig,
A toirt dìot a bheoil 'sa chairdean,
Do chraos dreammach toirt phog salach
A'd dhearbha bhraithrean.

Na'n cluinne' sibh muc a rucail,
Geoidh a's tunnagan a racail,
'S ann mar sin a bha pìob Uisdean,
Bronach muladach a ranaich;
Muineal gun' aolmann air tucha,
'N ribheid cha'n fheadh bhi laidir,
'S e call daonnan air a chul-thaobh,
Na gaoith bu choir dol an 'sa mhala.

Bha lurga coin air son gaothair'
A'd chraos farsuinn,
'S eulaidh sin a thogail plaigh
'S an enai' air malcadh;
Rinn e t'anail salach breun,
Ma theid neach fo'n Ghreine an taic riut,
'S fhearr bhi eadar thu 'sa ghaoth,
Na seasamh air taobh an fhasga.

Cia mar a ni Uisdean og dhuibh
Ceol gu damhsa,
Nuair a chitheadh tu sruth ronn
O'n h-uile toll a bh' air an t-scannasair;
'Sgeul tha fìor a dh'inneas mise,
Gur h-e dh'fhag e 'nis cho manntach'
Gu'n tug iad dheth leis an t-siesar
Barr na teanga.

Séididh Uisdean pìob an ronnagain,
'S mor a h-anntlachd,
Bithidh i coltach ri gaoir chonnasbeach
A bhiodh an cnoc fraoich a drannail;
An Circeapoll laimh ri Tonga,
A' baigearachd air muinntir bainnse,
Fhuair mise pìobaire 'n rumpuill,
'S dh'fhag mi ann e.

AOIR IAIN FAOCHAIGH.

IAIN FAOCHAIGH* ann an Sasunn,
'S mor a mhasladh 'us a mhi-chliu,
Chaill e na bh' aige de chairdeann,
'S tha 'naimhdean air cinntinn lionmhor,
Ge b' fhad' a theich e air astar,
Chaidh a ghlacadh, 's tha e ciosnaicht;
Charaich iad e fo na glasan,
'S tha 'n iuchair taisgt' aig maor a phrìosain.

Tha e 'nis' an aite cumhann,
'S e 'n a chruban, dubhach, deurach,
A chas daingeann ann an iarunn,
'G a phianadh, a's e 'n a eigin.

B' fhasa dha 'bhi anns an fhliabhras
Na 'u iarguin a tha 'n a chreubhaig ;
'S e 'n sin o cheann corr a's bliadhna,
A h-uile la ag iarraidh reite.

Ach, na'm faigheadh tusa reite
An cirig na rinn thu 'sheannachas,
B'aobhar-misnich do gach beist e
Gu'm fuodadh iad fein do leanmhainn ;
Fear gun seadh, gun lagh, gun reusan,
'S anns an cucoir a ta t-earbsa ;
Theann thu mach o achd na cleirne,
'S thug thu boid nach eisd thu scarmoin !

Thug thu di-mcas air an Eaglais,
Air a chreideimh, 's air na h-aintean
Chuir thu breugan air an Trianaid
'S air na h-iarrtasan a dh' fhag iad ;
Tha e 'nis' 'n a ghnathach cosail,
Reir an t-soisgeil 'tha mi claistinn,
Gu'n do chuir thu cul ri sochair
Na saors' a choisinn ar Slan'car.

Chuir thu cul ri d' bhoidean-baistidh,
'S mor a mhasladh dhut an aicheadh,
Chail thu 'chuir 'am biodh an ceartas,
Roghnaich thu 'm peacadh 'n a h-aite ;
Ghleidh thu 'n riaghalt 's an seol-stiuridh
A bh'aig Iudas, do dhearbhrathair ;
'S mor an sgairneal air do dhuthaich
Thusa, bhruid, gu'n d' rinn thu fas innt.

Ach, ged a sheallte 'h-uile doire,
Cha robh coille riamh gun chrionach,
'S tha fios aig an t-saoghal buileach
Nach bi 'choill uile cho direach :—
'S tusa 'chraobh 'tha 'n deigh seacadh,
Gun chairt, gun mheangain, gun mheuran,
Gun snomhach, gun sugh, gun duilleach,
Gun rusg, gun urad nam freumhan.

'S tu an t-eun a chaidh 's an deachamh,
'S e nead creacht 'an deachaidh t-fhagail ;
'S tu 'm fitheach nach d' rinn an ceartas,
A chaidh air theachdaireachd o 'n airc ;
'S tu 'm madadh-allaidh gun fhiaclan,
'S naig a dh'iarradh 'bhi mar tha thu,
'S tu 'n ceann-cinnidh aig na biastan,
'S tha gach duin' a's fiach a' tair ort.

Cha-n ioghnadh leam thu 'bhi 'd bhalach,
'S 'bhi salach ann ad nadur,
O'n a thin thu ris an duthchas
A bh' aig na sgiursairean o'n tain' thu !
'S tu 'n t-isean a fhuair an t-umaidh
Ris an t-siursaich air na sraidean :
'S i 'n droch-bheairt a thog 'ad chloinn thu,
'S ann 'ad shloightire 'chaidh t-arach !

Thoisich thu 'n toiseach gu h-iscal
Air a' chrine 's air a' bhochdainn ;
'S e 'n donas thug dhut a bhi sporsail
'S ann bu choir dhut bhi 'gad chosnadh,
'S bochd nach d' fhan thu aig do dhuthchas,
'Ad bhruthair a' bruich nam poitean,

A' cumail dibhe ris gach grudair'
'Nuair a dhruigheadh iad na botail.

Bha thu, greis 'ad thim, 'ad bhaigear,
'S laidh thu 'n fhad sin air na cairdean,
A bhi oidhech 's gach taigh a's duthaich,
A dhuraigeadh cuid an trath' dhut ;
A mhead 's a bha de dh' ainfeich ortsa
Chuir thu cuid nam bochd g' a phaidheadh :
Ciod e 'nis' a chuir an stoc thu
Ach an robaireachd 's a mheirle ?

Shaoil thu gu'm faigheadh tu achain,
(Bu mhasladh gu'm biodh i 'd thairgse)
Cead suidhe 'am parlamaid Bhreatainn,
Gu'n chiall, gun cheartas, 'ad canchainn.
Duine dall a chaidh air seachran,
Nach 'eil beachdail air na 's fhearra dha,
Le comhradh tubaisdeach, tuisleach,
'S le sir droch-thuiteamas cearbach.

Duine gun fhearann, gun oighreachd,
Gun nì' gun staoile, gun airgiod,
Gun bheus, gun chreidimh, gun chreideas,
Gun ghin a chreideas a sheanachas ;
Duine misgeach, bristeach, breugach,
Burruidh tha na bheisd 's n'a ainmhidh,
'S trioblaid-inntinn, le itheadh deisneach,
Gu tric a' teumadh a chridhe chealgach.

Tha thu sonraicht' ann ad chenan
A' togail conais 'am mcasg dhaoine,
Cha chualas roimhe do choimcas
A bhi dhonas air an t-saoghal,
Ach an nathair an garadh Edein,
A mheall Eubh aig bun na craoibhe,
A chomhairlich gu buain a mhios i,
A dh'fhag ris an cinne-daoine.

Thoisich thu 'n toiseach 's an cucoir
Ag innse bhreugan air righ Deorsa,
Cha chreid duine bhuat an sgeul ud,
'S cha toir iad eisdachd do d' chomhradh ;
'S beng a dhruigheas do dhroch-dhurachd,
Aig oighr' a' chruin a's na corach
'S a liuthad neach a tha, gu toileach,
A' toirt onorach d' a mhorachd.

Ge beag ortsa Morair *Loudain*,
B' aithne dhomhs' an sonn o'n d' fhas e,
Duin-usal foinisneach, fonnar,
Cridhe connar, aigne arda ;—
Seannalair, air thus na h-armailt,
A bha ainmeil anns san blaraibh ;—
Cha mhis e madadh air bhaothail
A bhi tabhannaich an tras' ris.

'S gorach a labhair thu moran
Air cul Iarla Bhoid, an t-armunn,
Connspunn onorach, le firinn
A' seasamh na rioghachd gu laidir ;
'S e gu h-ard-urramach, priseil
Ann an cuirt an righ 's na ban-righ'n
A dh' aindeoin na Faochaig 's nam biastaz
Leis am 'fhiach dol ann am pairt ris.

Bhruidhinn thu gu leir mu Albainn,
 'S b'fhearr dhut gu'm fanadh tu samhach,
 Na'n tigeadh tu 'n coir nan Garbh-chrioch,
 Ba mhaire a bhiodh ann ad aite;
 Bhiodh tu 'm prìosan ri do lathan
 'Dh 'aindeoin na ghabhadh do phairt-sa;
 'S an cirig na rinn thu 'dhròch-bheairt,
 Bheirtcadh chroich mar ghalar-bais dhut.

Cha'n ioghnaidh dhut bbi fo mhulad,
 Fluair thu diumb gach duin' an al so;
 'S e sin fein a bha thu 'cosnadh,
 'S creutair crosd thu o'n a dh' fhas thu;
 'S lionar mi-run ann ad chuideachd,—
 Mallachd na Cuigse 's a' Phap ort!
 Mallechd an t-saoghail gu leir ort!
 'S mo mhallachd fein mar ri each ort!

RANN

A GHABHAS MAIGHIDEAN D'A LEANNAN.

CHA 'n eolas graidh dhut
 Uisge shrabh na shop,
 Ach gradh an fhir thig riut,
 Le blaths a tharruinn ort;
 Eirich moch Di-domhnuidh
 Gu lic chomhnairt phlataich,
 'S thoir leat beannachd pobuill,
 Agus currachd sagairt;
 Tog sud air a ghualainn
 Agus sluasaid mhaide.
 Faigh naoi gasan ranach,
 Air an gearradh, le tuaigh.
 A's tri chnaimhean seann-duine,
 Air an tarruinn a uaigh;
 Loisg air teine crionaich e,
 Dean sud gu leir na luath,
 Suath sin ra gheala-bhroilleach,
 An agbaidh na gaoith tuath;
 'S theid mise 'n ra 's an barrantas,
 Nach falbh 'm fear ud bluath.

MARBH-RANN DO CIU

A CHAIDH BATHADH 'SA MHAIGHEACH TAR-
SAINN NA BHEUL.

LATHA do Phadruig a sealg,
 'Am fircach nan learg air sliabh,
 Thug e gbleann Artanaig sgriobh,
 'S ann thachair e 'm frith nam fiadh.
 Leig e na sliubhal an eu,
 A bha luath, laidir, lughar, diann,
 Cha robh a leithid riamh san tir;
 Ach bran a bhaig righ nam Fian.

Gaodhar, bu gharg ealg a's fionnadh,
 Cruaidh, colgara, fuil a's malla,

Bu mhath dreach, a's dealbh, a's cumachd,
 A churraidh bu gharg sa charraid,
 Bheirtheadh e 'm fiadh dearg a mullach,
 'S am Boc-carb, a dluthas a bharrach,
 B'e fhasan bhi triall don mhunadh,
 'S cha tain' e riamh dhachaigh fallamh.

Culaidh leagadh nan damh donn,
 Air mullach na'n tom 's nan cnoc.
 Namhaid n'am biasd dubh a's ruadh,
 'S ann air a bha buaidh nam broc.
 Bha mhaigheach tarsainn na bheul,
 Thuit iad le cheil ann an slochd;
 Bha iad baite bonn ri bonn,
 A's muladach sin leam a nochd.

RANN CO'-DHUNAIDH.

Tha mise 'm shuidh air an uaigh,
 Tha 'n leaba' sin fuar gu leoir,
 Gu'n fhios agam cia fiad an tim,
 Gus an teannar mi fhein da coir;
 Comhdaich flainn 's leine lin,
 A's ciste dhubh dlionach bhord,
 Air mheud 's ga 'n cruinnich mi ni,
 Sud na theid leam sios fo'n fhod.

'S beag ar enram ro 'n bhas,
 'M fad 'sa blios sinn laidir og,
 Saoilidh sinn mu gheibh sinn dail,
 Gur e ar 'n aite fuireach beo;
 Faodaidh sinn fhaicinn air each,
 'S iad g'ar fagail gach aon lo,
 Gur nadurra dhuinne gach trath,
 Gum beil am bas a' teannadh oirnn.

Tha mo pheaca-sa ro throm,
 'S muladach sin leam an drast;
 Tha mi smaoinneach' gu trie,
 Liuthad uair a bhrist mi 'n aithn,
 Le miann mo dhroch inntinn fein,
 Leis an robh mo chreubhag lan;
 Gun chuimhn air Ughdarras De,
 Le durachd am bheul n'am laimh.

Ge'd is mor mo pheaca gnìomh,
 'S mi 'n cionta eud pheacaidh Adh'mh,
 Cheannacha' mi le fuil gu daor,
 A dhoirte sgaoilteach air a bhlar;
 Tha mo dhuil, 's cha dochas faoin,
 Ri iochd fhaotainn air a sgaith,
 Gu'n glaeas m'anam gu sith,
 Le fulangas Chrìosd amhain:

Tha mo dhochas ann an Crìosd
 Nach diobair e mi gu brath,
 'Nuair a leagar mo chorp sios
 Ann an staid iosail fo'n bhlar;
 Gu'n togar m'anam a suas,
 Gu rioghaichd nam buadh 's nan gras,
 Gu'm bi mo leaba fo' dhion
 Cois cathrach an Ti is aird.

Cha bhiodh m'eagal ro' an aog,
 Ged' thigeadh e m thaobh gun dail,
 N'am bithinn eo pheaca saor,
 'N deigh's a ghaoil a thug mi dha;
 Tha mo dhuil anns an Dia bheo,
 Gu'n dean e trocain orin an drast,
 Mo thoirt a 'steach a' dl'ionad naomh,
 'N cuideachd Mhaois a's Abraham.

Gabhaidh mi nis mo chead an t-sluagh,
 Le'n toirt suas daibh ann am' chainnt,
 Fagaidh mi aca na ehnuasaich
 Na stuaghan a bh'ann am cheann;
 'Los gu'n abair iad ra' cheile,
 "Mar a leugh sinn fein gach rann,
 Co air an d'theid sinn ga'n sirreadh?
 'Nis cha'n 'eil am Filidh ann."

MARBH-RANN AN UGHDAIR,

DHA FEIN.*

Fhuir tha 'd shecasamh air mo lie
 Bha mise mar tha thu'n drast;
 Si mo leaba 'n diugh an uigh,
 Cha'n'eil smior no smuais a'm' chnaimh:
 Ged' tha thusa laidir, og,
 Cha mhair beo, ged' fhuair thu dail;
 Gabh mo chomhairle 's bi glie,
 Cuimhnich trie gu'n tig am bas.

Cuimhnich t-anam a's do Shlanuigh'r,
 Cuimhnich Pharras thar gach ait;
 Gabh an cothrom gu bhi sabhailt
 Ann an gairdeachas gu brath:
 Ged' a thuit sinn anns a gharadh
 Leis an fhailling a rinn Adh'mh,
 Dh'eirich ar misneach as ur
 'Nuair fhuair sinn Cumlanant' nan Gras.

Cuimhnich daonnan a chur romhad,
 Gu'n coimhead thu a h-uile aithn',
 O'se cumhachdan an ard righ
 Rinn am fagail air da chlar;

* The Author's Epitaph, by himself.

Chaidh sin liubhairt do Mhaois;
 Rinn Maois an liubhairt do chach;
 Na'm b'urrain sinne ga'm freagradh,
 Cha b'aobhar eagail am bas.

Caochladh beatha th' ann 's cha bhas,
 Le beannachadh grasinhor, buan;
 Gach neach a ni a chuid is fearr,
 'S math 'n t-ait am faigh e dhuais.
 Cha bhi'n t-anam ann an cas,
 Ged' tha'n corp a' tamh's an-uigh,
 Gus an latha'n tig ann Brath
 'S an eirich slioehd Adhaimh suas.

Seinnear an trompaid gu h-ard,
 Cluinnear 's na h-uile ait' a fuaim;
 Duisgear na mairbh as a bhlar
 'N do charaich each iad 'nan suain;
 'S mheud 'sa chailleadh le an-uair,
 No le amradh fuar a chuain;
 Gu sliabh Shioin theid an sluagh,
 Dh' fhaotain buaidh le fuil an Uain.

Gheibh iad buaidh, mar fhuair an siol,
 A chinn lionmhor anns an fhuinn;
 Cuid deth dh'fhas gu fallain, direach,
 'S cuid na charran iosal erom;
 Gleidhear a chuid a tha lionntach,
 'Am beil brigh a's torradh trom;
 Cuillear a chuid a bhios aotrom,
 'S leigear leis a ghaoith am moll.

Cha'n'eil bean na duine beo,
 Na lanain phosda nach dealaich;
 Bha iad lionmhor sean a's og
 Ar luchd-eolais nach 'eil maireann:
 Cha b'e sin an t-aobhar broin
 Bhi ga'n cuir fo'n fhod am falach,
 Na'm biodh am bas na bhas glan,
 Cha bu chas talamh air thalamh.

Ghabh mi 'nis mo chead do'n t-saoghal,
 'S do na daoine dh'fhuirich ann;
 Fhuair mi greis gu sunndach aotrom,
 'S i 'n aois a rinn m' fhuagail fann:
 Tha mo thalantan air caochladh,
 'S an t-aog air tighinn 's an ann:
 'S e m' achanaich air sgath m' Fhear-
 saoraidh,
 Bhi gu math 's an t-saoghal thall.

FEAR SRATH-MHAISIDH.

MR. LAUCHLAN MACPHERSON, of Strathmasie, was born about the year 1723, and died in the latter end of the last century. * He was a gentleman and a scholar; and gave his able assistance to Mr. James McPherson in his arduous and successful translations of Ossian's poems. His own works have not been printed in a collected form, and the most of them have, therefore, never been committed to press.* Mr. Macpherson was not a poet by profession; he invoked his muse only when an object of approbation or animadversion presented itself, and attracted his notice: his observations and remarks were made on the customs and manners of men; his humour was directed against, and his ridicule exposed, excesses. He had the felicity of expressing himself in terms most appropriate to the posture and light in which men stood, who exposed themselves to censure; and he never failed in placing them in a position in which no one would wish to be found, yet into which many often fall.

CUMHA DO DH' EOBHON MACPHEARSON, TIGHEARNA CHLUAINAIDH.

[AIR DHA TEICHEADH DO 'N FHRAING.]

Gur lionmhor trioblaid sinte,
Ris an linn a chi 'n droch shaoghal so,
Tha plaigh, claidheamh 's mi-run ann,
Tha gaol na firinn gotrom ann,
Tha fear na-foille dìreach ann,
Tha 'n eri-aon-fhill' a' tearnadh ann,
'S ma lasas eas' a rìreamh riu
Gheibh daoine dìreach aomadh ann.

Ged dh'eirinn le rìgh Seumas,
Agus dol air ghleus fo m' armachd leis,
Mar saoil mi gur h-e'n eu-coir e,
An nì choir gu'n eight' am chealgair mi?
Ma nì sinn mar a's leir dhuinn
Cha bli Rìgh na Grein cho feargach ruinn,
Ach 'se clann nan daoine a's geir-breithich,
'S gur fad is eis air Alba sin.

O! is iomadh gaisgeach sar-bhuilleach,
A laodach blar an cunntais oirn,

Thug Tearlach a's na fasaichean,
Chaill fuil an dail nan Stiubhartach,
Nan cadal trom 's na h-araichean,
'S a'n cul ri lar 's cha dhuigear iad,
Bha croich a's tuagh toirt bas orra.
'S bha cuid dhiu dh'fhag an Duthchannan.

Am fear a dh'fhag an duthaich so,
Bu mliath air chul na Cruadhaich e,
Be'n Gael sgaitach, cliuteach e,
'S bu duthasach air Chuainidh e:
Be'n crann chuir croiseal dìnbhalach
A dhruid a null thar chuaintean e;
Thug teistean fir thar cheudan leis,
"A chaidh nach meud a bludhaicheas."

Gu'm b'fhearail, smiorail, anmant e
Bu lasair f'hearg 'nuair dhuigeadh e
Bu bheo na fheol 's na mhealbhaimean e,
Bu bhealach far am bruchdadh e,

* All the poems that we have ever heard or seen attributed to him are in the collection, with the exception of four: viz., *A Hunting Song*, in the form of a dialogue between the sportsman and the mountain deer, in which President Forbes's Unclothing Act is loudly declaimed against; *The Advice*, in which the poet labours to curb ambition, and to modify inordinate worldly desires; *An Amorous Piece*, and *Aoir nan Luch*. These last two we have captured in an old Manuscript, together with the song we have classed first in his section of this work. We have had considerable difficulty in deciphering it; but the Love ditty we found partly erased and partly unintelligible, and *Aoir nan Luch*, although not destitute of merit, is not much to our liking.

Mar thuinn ri carraig fhaireach e,
Mar fhaoilleach 's stoirm ga dubhlachadh,
Mar thein air fraoch nan garbhlaichean,
'S mar easraich gharbh an ur uisge.

Cha chuireadh failcas gruaimcan air
'S cha chuireadh fuathas campar air,
Cha bu raghainn tuasaid leis,
'S na b'fheadar dha bu luath-lamhach,
Bha luim, a's greim, a's cruadal ann.
'S bu treun a' bualadh namhaid e,
Mar caltainn gheur fo'n fheur uain e
Gun gearrte sluagh san ainhlreith leis.

Cha bu bhras gun reusan e
'S cha nìo bu leunach, gorach e,
Biodh lamh a easg na h-cu-corach
'S lamh eile treun sa' chomraig aig.
Bha truas a's iochd ri feumaich ann,
'S b'i sith a's reit a b'ordugh dha,
'S cha'n fhaca mis le'm leirsinne
No'n neach fo'n ghrein ri foirneart e.

Cha bu duine gofach e,
A chuireadh bosd a thruacantas
Mu nadur gu dearbh b'colach mi,
Bha cuid de'm sheorsa dh'cìreadh leis:
Mas buidheann ghasd an comhraig sibh.
Bidh na *Naoidh* an conaidh bensadh dhuibh,
'S mas bratach thais an co-stri sibh,
Cha chluinnear beoil a' seis umaibh.

'Nuair thrialladh brais na feirge dheth,
Bu mhalta tla mar mhaighdeinn e,
Bu bhilath mar aiteal grein mhoich e,
Bu chiuin mar speur an anamoich e
Mar ghlaicair oigh fo ceud-bharra,
'S i tighinn gu reith gu caoinhnealachd.
Bha sean a's og cho speiseil dheth,
'S nach fac iad treun cho toillteannach.

'Nuair bha'n saoghal bruaileanach,
'S gluasad air luchd nathsaichean
'Nuair bhiodh an cinn gun chluasagan.
Gun tamh le buail' a's bathaichean,
Thug Eobhon sgrìob thoirt fuasgladh dhuinn
'S ghlaic e suas a Ghaeldachd,
'S cha'n iarradh iad mar bhuachaillean
'S an taobh-tuath ach na fasaichean.

Ach dh-fhalbh e nis a's dh'fhag e sinn,
'S co chaisgeas lamh na h-cacorach?
Ged fhaicte 'n choir ga sarachadh,
Gu'n chaill sinn lamh ar treundais,
Mo bheannachd suas do Pharris leis,
Bho'n dh'fhill am bas na eideadh e,
S a dh'aindean rìgh a's parlamaid,
Rinn Rìgh nan grasan reite ris.

COMUNN AN UISGE-BHEATHA.

FEAR mo ghaoil an t-uisge-beatha,
Air am bi na daoine a' feitheamh!

'S tric a chuir e saoi 'na laidhe
Gun aon chlaideamh rusgadh.
*Cìod eile chuireadh sunnt oirn,
Mur cuireadh bean a's liunn e?*

'Nuair chaisgeas gach sluagh am pathadh,
'S a theid mac nam buadh air ghabhail,
'S lionmhor uaisle feadh an taighe
'S biasd nach caitheadh cuinneadh.
Cìod eile, &c.

Cha b'e sud an comunn suarrach.
'S maig a dh'iarradh an taobh shuas daibh.
'S iad nach cromadh thun na fuaraig,
Ge bu dual daibh 'n luireach.
Cìod eile, &c.

Gheibht' an sin gach lamh bu chruaidhe,
'S co b'fhearr na clann a's tuatha?
'M fear bhiodh aig an amar-fhuail,
Gu 'm buaileadh e aon triuir dhiubh.
Cìod eile, &c.

Bi'dh iad lan misnich is cruadail,
Gu h-aigeanntach brisg 'san tuasaid.
Chuireadh aon fhichead san uair sin
' Tearlach Ruadh fo 'n chrun duisan!
Cìod eile, &c.

Chluinneadh fear a bhiodh gun chluais iad,
Nan deanadh luinneag a's fuaim e;
Comunn teangach, cainnteach, cuachach,
Damhsach, suaire', neo-bhruideil.
Cìod eile, &c.

Comunn aoidheil, olmhor, pairteil,
Pogach, dornach, sronach, gabhaidh,
Sporsail, ceolmhor, cornach, gaiveach,
Nach cuir eas gu smuirein.
Cìod eile, &c.

Gar am paidhear an fheill-martuinn
'S ged' rach an rìgh — rathathair,
Leanaidh iads' an ioc-shlaint admhor
Gus am fag an lughs iad.
Cìod eile, &c.

'M fear a chaidh choimhead na h-oidheche,
Leig a chasan air a dhuinn e;
Thug e staigh an rud nach d'rinn e,
'S b'oillteil a bha chultaoibh.
Cìod eile, &c.

Dh'eirich am fear a bha laimh ris
Tneicheadh ro bholadh an fhailidh,
Thuit e anns a' mhuighe-lagain,
'S mhill a' chath a shuilgan.
Cìod eile, &c.

Dh'eirich an treas fear gu daicheil
Chum 's gu'n tearnadh e'm fear baite,

Chuir e ghriosach as le mhasan,

'S cota Spainneach ur air.

Cìod eile, &c.

'N sin dar dh'èirich iad uile

Thuirte fear, "Gabhar greim do 'n duine,

Fhuair e maslach, 's cha b'e munar :

Loisgeadh mu 'na ghluin e."

Cìod eile, &c.

Thuirte caraid an fhir a chaidh losgadh

"Tha thu fìor bhreugach, a losgain.

Bi mach fhad 's tha 'n dorus fosgailt',

Oglach, lobhte dhuig so."

Cìod eile, &c.

San uair a 's fearr a bhios aca

Bi'dh laimh air gach cuail' a's bata,

Bi'dh fear buailte, 's fear ga thachdadh,

'S fear fo 'n casan ciurte.

Cìod eile, &c.

Fear eile thig aileag 'na bhragad,

Stiuridh e'm broilleach a bhrathar

Aran pronn, a's im a's caise,

Bruceach, blath, cur smuid dheth.

Cìod eile, &c.

Their bean-an-taighe gu diblidh—

"Dhuin", is ole an caraid bidh sin,

'S mor a b'fhearr dhomh agam fhin e,

'S moid a phris a's duthaich."

Cìod eile, &c.

'N sin dar thig na coin sa chom-ith,

Leigidh iad air eimith camith.

Leasaichidh fear eile an nollaig

Le gleus ronnach urar.

Cìod eile, &c.

'Nuair dh'fhasas a' bhangaid goirid,

Chuid nach tainig ach mu dheireadh,

O nach faigh iad lan an goile,

Goiridh iad gu diùnach.

Cìod eile, &c.

Theid iadsan a nis anns sa cheile,

'S chi gach mad' e fein 'an deigh laimh,

Bi'dh surd air na h-armaidh gleusta,

'S dendaichean 'gan rusgadh.

Cìod eile, &c.

'S ann an sin a bhios a' chaonnag,

Fìrum, farum, chon a's dhaoine,

Clann a' ranach, innai ri caoine,

'S baobhail crost' a' chuirt iad.

Cìod eile, &c.

'S ma chreideas gach fear na chual e,

'S meas' e na thuirte Callum Rnadh rium.

'S iad na coin a bhios 'an uachdar.

'S bi' daoine' uaisle muchta.

Cìod eile, &c.

A BHANAIS BHAN.

LUINNEAG.

Mo run air a chomunn ud

Cha somolta neo-thomadach,

Mo dhurachd do 'n chomunn ud

Gun bho gun bholla gann daibh.

Ar cuala' sibhs' a bhanais bhan,

Bh'aig Eobhon Mac-Dhughail Di-mairt,

Ann am Pae-ulla gu h-aid

Aig na thraigh iad angar.

Mo run, &c.

'Nuair a thainig iad a nies

Rinn iad achanaich ri Brian

Iad a bhi uille cho liath,

Re ciabhag fhir na bainse.

Mo run, &c.

Labhair fear na bainse fein

Tha dath airgeid oirn' gu leir

Cìod an cron tha oirn fo 'n ghrein

Mar dean fear-beurra rann oirn?

Mo run, &c.

Thuirte Padruig Mac-Mhuirich gu foil

Agan-sa 'tha bhratach shroil

Is mar sgur am bard d'a sgleo

Mar tha mi beo theid sreang air.

Mo run, &c.

Labhair an Cleireach gu dan'

Agan-sa ta ceart thar chach;

Theid am Ministear am' phairt

'S gun teid am bard sa phraugas.

Mo run, &c.

Thuirte am Maighisdir-Sgoile liath

Mu 'se gleus-air-mas a mhiann,

Mo roghuinn-s' e th'air seachl cial

'Si cheaird bha rianh cuir ann d'omh.

Mo run, &c.

Thuirte fear bu daine na cach

Agan cha'n'eil speis d'ar dan,

Eiribh 's cuimh' an t-urial bla'

'S gu'n lion mo laimh-sa dram dhuibh.

Mo run, &c.

Dh'èirich iad uil cho bhras

'S ann an sud bha farum chas,

Mar gu'm bitheadh an trup ghlas,

Ag dol am baileal Frangach.

Mo run, &c.

Cha di-chuimhnich mi gu brath

Gus an teid mi anns an lar

Comunn ciar-dubh glas mo graidh

A bha san tra so dambsadh.

Mo run, &c.

A BHRIGIS LACHDUNN.

LUINNEAG.

'S coma leam a bhrigis lachdunn,
B' annsa 'm feile-beag m breacan,
'S beag a ghabh mi riamh de thlachd,
De 'n fhasan a bh'aig clann nan Gall.

CHA Chleirichean 's cha 'n Easbuigan,
Chun a bharr an t-seisein mi;
Ach a bhrigis leibideach,
Nach deanadh anns na preasan clann!
'S coma leam, &c.

Ged tha bhrigis miotlachdar,
Gur feumail anns na crìochan i,
Gach fear a blios ri diolanas,
Gu 'n toir i strìochdadh air gun taing.
'S coma leam, &c.

Ach cuiribh air na mnathan i,
'S ann orra 's fearr a laitheas i,
Gur sgìobalt' air feadh taighe i,
'S b' e 'n ceol am faighinn innt a damhs'.
'S coma leam, &c.

Gur mise bh' ann 'sa 'n eiseachd,
'S na mnathan 'g radh ri cheile,
Gu 'm b' fhearr leo orra fhein i,
Na bli ceusadh an fhir chaim!
'S coma leam, &c.

Cha mhath gu dìreadh bruthaich i,
S cha 'n fhiach leinn thun an t-siubhail i,
'S cha 'n eil mi idir buidheach,
Air an fhear a luthaig i bhi ann.
'S coma leam, &c.

Cha mhath an t-eideadh idir i,
'Nuair theid sinn anns an uisge lea,
'Nuair lubas i m' ar 'n iosgaidean,
Gu 'n d' thoir i nìosgaid air gach ball.
'S coma leam, &c.

Bhrigis dubh gun sìanadh,
Chuir as an t-aodach briatha,
Bhiodh fosgailt air ar bialthaobh,
'S nach iarradh a chumail teann.
'S coma leam, &c.

Chuir i mach do Shasunn sinn,
Le surd a bhi sgàirteil oirnn,
'S leig i rithisd dhachaigh sinn,
Gun fhiu a Chaiptein air ar ceann.
'S coma leam, &c.

Ged thug iad dhuinn 'sa 'n fhasan i,
Cha 'n eil i idir taitneach leinn,
'S truagh a Rìgh! nach robh e tachte,
'M fear* a thug an t-achd a nall.
'S coma leam, &c.

* Duncan Forbes, of Culloden, was Lord President of the Court of Session in the eventful period of the Rebellion, 1745.

IAIN RUADH STIUBHART.

JOHN ROY STUART, not less celebrated for his invocations of the muse than for his prowess in the field of battle, was a native of Kincardine, in Badenoch. Being of the middle class, and the son of a respectable tacksman, to whose farm he succeeded, he had the benefit of a good education. His scholastic advantages, combined with his extraordinary genius, soon procured him the reputation of a "knowing one." Like many other votaries of the muse, he manifested a strong and early predilection for hunting and fishing, which in themselves are a species of poetry. At an early period of his existence he copiously imbibed the principles of Jacobinism. These principles grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength;—and he was always proud to trace his descent from the royal family of the Stuarts. We do not mean here to enter on the moral or constitutional dissection of a poet; but history and observation have combined to impress us with the fact, that people of Colonel Stuart's mental structure are, some how or other, more liable to fall into companies, than men of solid clay. The continual demands upon his presence at the festive board led to some irregularities, upon which censoriousness might animadvert, but

over which we are disposed to draw the veil of oblivion. This we are the rather inclined to do, as he himself always stood forth as "king's evidence" against his own eruptions at the shrine of Bacchus. His genuine sallies of wit have established his reputation as an arch wag; and his more plaintive strains are characterized throughout by originality and great pathos.

Stuart's mind was of that fabric which delights in the jostle of the elements of strife; and his puissant arm, coolness of courage, and intrepidity of action, trumpeted his fame far and near. It is needless here to recount his adventures and "hair-breadth 'scapes," in the memorable civil war of 1745,—history already records them. On the first outbreaking of that war he was in Flanders, actively engaged in belligerent operations against the British government, when the Duke of Cumberland was called home to lead the Hanoverian forces against the Prince. Roy Stuart also hurried to his native country, now distracted with intestine broils and civil war; and when at Culloden, he signalized himself in hewing and cutting down the red-coats, and spreading havoc and death on all hands, the Duke, pointing to the subject of our memoir, inquired who he was: "Ah!" replied one of his aides-de-camp, "that is John Roy Stuart." "Good God!" exclaimed the Duke, "the man I left in Flanders doing the butcheries of ten heroes! Is it possible that he could have dogged me here?" It is told of Colonel Stuart that he strongly urged for a day's truce before attacking the Government forces at Culloden. This however, Lord George Murray overruled; and the prognostications of the Colonel were but too fully verified in the result of a precipitate and unequal combat. The sombre feelings whose dark current chafed his soul in consequence of the extinguishment of the Jacobites' hopes on that day, are beautifully embodied in two fine and pathetic songs. In one of these he directly charges Lord George with treachery, and pours forth torrents of invective and revenge. His martial strains thunder along with the impetuosity of the mountain torrent—racy, sinewy, and full of nerve. He was so firm in his opinion of his Lordship's sinister motives, that he rushed from rank to rank that he might "hew the traitor to pieces." His elegiac muse was also of a very high order; his "*Lament for Lady M'Intosh*," whose attachment to the Jacobin party is well known, is at once lofty in sentiment, poetical in its language, and pathetic in its conceptions. We do not mean to ascribe to poetic or military genius all the recklessness which a sober-plodding world compliments it with; and we, therefore, suppress a gossiping story in which our warrior-poet figures with the Lady of the Lord Provost of Glasgow. After lurking for some time in the caves, woods, and fastnesses of his native country, he escaped to France with other faithful adherents of Charles, where he paid the debt of Nature, leaving behind him an imperishable fame for the genuine characteristics of a warrior and a poet.

LATHA CHUILODAIR.

AIR Fonn.—“*Murt Ghlinne-Comhann.*”

O! gur mor mo chuis mhulaid,
 ‘S mi ri caoine na guin a ta ‘m thir,
 A righ! bi laidir ‘s tu ‘s urrainn,
 Ar naimhdean a chumail fo chis
 Oirne ‘s laidir diuc Uilleam,
 ‘N rag mheirleach tha guin aige dhuinn;
 B’e sud saichear nan steallag,
 Tigh’n an uachdar air chruic eachd an
 fhuinn.

Mo chreach Tearlach Ruadh, boidheach,
 Bhi fo bhinn aig righ Deorsa nam biadh;
 B’e sul dteadh na corach,
 An fhirion ‘sa beul foipe sios;
 Ach a righ mas a deoin leat,
 Cuir an rioghachd air seol a chaidh dhinn,
 Cuir righ dligheach na corach,
 Ri linn na tha beo os ar ciu.

Mo chreach armait nam breacan,
 Bhi air sgaoileadh ‘s air sgapadh ‘s gach ait,
 Aig fìor bhalgairan Shasunn,
 Nach no ghnathaich bonn ceartas na ‘n dail;
 Ged a bhuannaich iad baiteal,
 Cha b’ann da ‘n cruadal na ‘n tapaill a bha,
 Ach gaoth n-iar agus frasan,
 Thigh’n a nios oirun bharr machair nan
 Gall.*

‘S trugha nach robh sinn an Sasunn
 Gun bhi cho teann air ar dachaigh sa bha,
 ‘S cha do sgaoil sinn cho aithghearr,
 Bhiodh ar dicheall ri seasamh n’a b’ fharr;
 Ach ‘s droch dhraoidheachd ‘s drachdan,
 Rinneadh dhuinne nru ‘n deachas na ‘n dail,
 Air na frithean colach do sgap sinn,
 ‘S bu mhi-chomhail gu’n d’ fhairtlich iad
 oirnu.

Mo chreach mhor! na cuirp ghle-ghcal,
 Tha na ‘n laidh’ air na sleibhteann ud thall,
 Gun chiste gun leintean,
 Ga ‘n adhlacaidh fhein anns na tuill;
 Chuid tha beo dhiu ‘n deigh sgaoileadh,
 ‘S iad ga fogar le gaothan thar tuinn;
 Fhuair a Chuigs’ a toil fein dinn,
 ‘S cha chan iad ach “reubaltach” ruinn.

Fhuair ua Gaill sinn fo ‘n casan,
 ‘S mor a naire ‘sa masludh sid leinn,
 ‘N deigh ar duthcha ‘s ar ‘n aite,
 A spuillleadh ‘s gun bhlaths againn aun;

* Allusion is here made to Nairn, where the Duke of Cumberland was celebrating his birthday on the night preceding the battle. Thither the Highlanders wended their way, expecting to take him by surprise; but it blew in their faces a tremendous storm of rain and wind, and frustrated the attempt. The storm continued next day, and tended materially to discomfit the operations of the mountaineers in the commencement, and ultimately to their total and precipitate rout.

Caisteal Dhuinidh ‘n deigh a losgadh,
 ‘S e na laraich lom, thosdach, gun mhiagh;
 Gu ‘m b’e ‘n caochala’ goirt e,
 Gu ‘n do chaill sinn gach sochair a b’ fhiach.

Cha do shaoil leam, le m’ shuilean,
 Gu ‘m faicinn gach cuis mar a tha,
 Mur sputadh nam fìoilleadh,
 ‘N am nan luidhean a sgaoileadh air blar;
 Thug a chuibhle car tioundaidh,
 ‘S tha iona fear aime-cheart an cas;
 A Righ seall le do chaoimheas,
 Air na fir th’ aig na naimhdean an sas.

‘S mor eucoir ‘n luchd orduigh,
 An fhuil ud a dhortadh le foill;
 Ma sheachd mallachd aig Deorsa,*
 Fhuair e ‘n lath’ ud air ordugh dha fein;
 Bha ‘n da chuid air a mheoirean,
 Morau giogan gun trocair le foill;
 Mheall e sinne le chomhra’,
 ‘S gu ‘n robh ar barail ro mhor air r’a linn.

Ach fhad ‘sa ‘s beo sinn r’ar latha,
 Bi’dh sinn caoidh na ceathairn chaidh dhinn,
 Na fir threubhach bha sgairteil,
 Dheanadh teughbail le claidheamh ‘s le
 sgiath;
 Mur biodh siantan n’ ar n’ aghaidh,
 Bha sinn shios air ar n’ aghairt gu dian,
 ‘S bhiodh luchd Beurla na ‘n laidhe,
 Ton-air-cheann, b’e sid m’aighear’s mo
 mhiann.

Och nan och! ‘s mi fo sprochd,
 ‘S mi ‘n drasda ri osnaich leam fein
 ‘G amhare fèachd an du-Rosaich,
 ‘G ithe fear agus cruineachd an fhuinn;
 Rothaich iargalt a’s Cataich,
 Tigh’n a uall le luchd chasag a’s lann,
 Iad mar mhiol-choin air acras,
 Siubhal crìochan, charn, chlach, agus
 bheann.

Mo chreach! tir air an tainig,
 Rinn sibh nis clàr reidh dh’i cho lom,
 Gun choirce gun ghnaiseich,
 Gun siol taght’ ann am fasach na ‘m fonn,
 Pris na circ air an spardan,
 Gu ruige na spainean thoirt uainn,
 Ach sgrios na craoibhe f’a bla dhiubh,
 Air a crìonadh fo barr gus a bonn.

Tha ar cinn fo ‘na choille,
 ‘S eigin beanntan a’s gleannain thoirt oirnn,
 Sinn gun sugradh gun inhasnas,
 Gun eibhneas, gun aitheas, gun cheol,
 Air bheag bidhe no teine,
 Air na stucan an laidheadh an oco,
 Sinn mar chomhachaig eile,
 Ag eisdeachd ri deireas gach lo.

* Lord George Murray.

ORAN EILE,

AIR LATHA CHUILODAIR.

O! gur mis' th' air mo chradh,
Thuit mo chridhe gu lar,
'S tric snithe gu m' shail o m' leirsinn.
O! gur mis', &c.

Dh'fhalbh mo chlaistinneachd bhuam,
Cha chluinn mi 'sa n' uair,
Gu mall na gu luath ni 's cibhinn.
Dh'fhalbh uo, &c.

Mu Phriunns' Thearlach mo ruin,
Oighre dligheach a chruin,
'S e gun fhios ciod an tubh a theid e.
Mu Thearlach, &c.

Fuil rioghail nam buadh,
Bhi 'ga diobairt 's an uair,
'S mac diolain le 'shluagh ag eiridh.
Fuil rioghail, &c.

Siol nan cuilean a bha,
Ga 'n ro mhath chinnich an t-al
Chuir iad sinn' ann an cas na h-cigin.
Siol nan cuilean, &c.

Ged a bhuannaich sibh blar,
Cha b' an d' ur cruadal a bha,
Ach gun ar shluaghainn' bhi 'n dail a cheile.
Ged a bhuannaich, &c.

Bha iad iomadaidh bhuainn,
Dheth gach finne mu thuath,
'S bu mhiste sinn' e ri uair ar feuma.
Bha iad iomdaidh, &c.

Coig brataichean sroil,
Bu ro mhath chuireadh an lo,
Gun duine dhiubh choir a cheile.
Coig brataichean, &c.

Iarla Chrompa le shloigh,
Agus Barasdal og,
'S Mac-'Ic-Ailein le sheoid nach geilleadh.
Iarla Chrompa, &c.

Clann-Ghriogair nan Gleann
Buidheann ghiobach nan lann
'S iad a thigeadh a nall na 'n eight' iad.
Clann-Ghriogair, &c.

Clann-Mhuirich nam buadh,
Iad-san uile bhi bhuainn,
Gur h-e m' iomadan truagh r'a leughadh.
Clann Mhuirich, &c.

A Chlann-Domhnuill mo ghaoil,
'Ga 'm bu shuaitheantas fraoch,
Mo chreach uile! nach d' fhaod sibh eiridh.
A Chlann-Domhnuill, &c.

An fhuil uaibhreach gun mheang,
Bha bnan, cruadalach, ann,
Ged chaidh ur buaidh an am na teughbail.
An fhuil uaibhreach, &c.

Dream eile mo chreach,
Fhuair an laimhseacha' goirt,
Ga 'n ceann am Friscalach gasda, treubhach
Dream eile, &c.

Clann-Fhiunnlaidh Bhraidh-Mharr,
Buidheann ceannsgalach, ard,
'Nuair a ghlaoidhte *adhans* 's iad dh' eir-
eadh.
Clann-Fhiunnlaidh, &c.

Mo chreach uile 's mo bhron,
Na fir ghasd' tha fo leon,
Clann-Chatain nan srol bhi dheis-laimh.
Mo chreach uile, &c.

Chaill sinn Domhnall donn, suaire,
O Dhun Chrompa so shuas,
Mar ri Alasdair ruagh na feile.
Chaill sinn Domhnall, &c.

Chaill sinn Raibeart an aigh,
'S cha bu ghealtair e' m blar
Fear sgathadh nan cnauh 's nam feithean.
Chaill sinn Raibeart, &c.

'S ann thuit na rionnagan gasd;
Bu mhath aluinn an dreach,
Cha bu phlaigheadh leinn mairt na 'n eirig.
'S ann thuit, &c.

Air thus an latha dol sios,
Bha gaoth a cathadh nan sian,
As an adhar bha trian ar leiridh.
Air thus an latha, &c.

Dh' fhas an talamh cho trom,
Gach fraoch, fearunn a's fonn,
'S nach bu chothrom dhuinn lom an t-sleibhe.
Dh' fhas an talamh, &c.

Lasair theine nan Gall,
Frasadh pheileir mu 'r ceann,
Mhill sidh eirachdas lann 's bu bheud e.
Lasair theine, &c.

Mas fìor an dana g'a cheann,
Gu 'n robh Achau* 'sa champ,
Dearg mheirleach nan raud 's nam breugan.
Mas fìor an dana, &c.

* Lord George Murray is here alluded to; his father to preserve his estates whatever the upshot of the conflict might be, sent Lord George to join the Prince, while his oldest son took up arms in support of the government forces—each having instructions to measure their adherence or fidelity according to the probabilities of success.

'S e sin an Seanalair mo
Grain a' smallachd an t-sloigh,
Reie c onoir 'sa choir air cucoir.
'S e sinn an, &c.

Thionndaidh choileir 'sa chleoe,
Air son an sporain bu nho,
Rinn sùd dolaidd do sheoid rìgh Seumas.
Thionndaidh, &c.

Aeh thig cuibhle an fhortain mu 'n euairt.
Car bho dheas na bho thuath,
'S gheibh ar 'n eas-caraid duais na h-eucoir.
Aeh thig cuibhle, &c.

'S gu 'm bhi Uilleam Mae Dheors',
Mur chraoibh gun duilleach fo leon,
Gun fhreamh, gun mheangan, gun mheoi-
rean geige.
'S gu 'm bi Uilleam, &c.

Gu ma lom bhios do leac,
Gun bhean, gun bhrathair gun mhae,
Gun fhuaim clarsaich, gun lasair cheirc.
Gun ma lom, &c.

Gun solas, sonas, no seannas,
Ach dolas dona mu d' cheann;
Mur bh' air ginealach Chlann na h-Eiphit.
Gun solas sonas, &c.

A's chi sinn fhathas do cheann,
Dol gun athadh ri crann,
'S coin an adhair gu teann ga reubadh.
A's chi sinn, &c.

'S bidh sinn uile fa-dheoidh,
Araon sean agus og,
Fo 'n rìgh dhligheach 'ga 'n coir duinn geil-
leadh.
'S bidh sinn, &c.

URNAIGH IAIN RUaidh.*

Arg taobh sruthain na shuidhe 's e sgith,
Tha 'n Criosdaidh bochd Iain Ruadh,
Na cheatharnach fhathas gun sith,
Sa chas air tuisleadh sa 'n tim gu truagh.

Ma thig Duimhnieh no Cataich a'm dhail,
Mu 'n slanaich mo luigheannan truagh,
Ged thig iad cho tric a's is aill,
Cha chuir iad orm lamh le luath's.

Ni mi 'n ubhaidh rinn Pendar do Phal,
'S a luighean air fas leum bruaich,
Seachd paidir 'n ainm Sagairt a's Pap,
Ga chuir ris na phlasd mu'n cuairt.

*Having sprained his ankle when under hiding, after the battle of Culloden, and while resting himself beside a cataract, keeping his foot in the water, he composed the above pieces as a prayer,

and the following stanzas in English; both of which he seems to have couched in the style of language peculiar to the Psalms.

JOHN ROY STUART'S PSALM.

The Lord's my targe, I will be stout,
with dirk and trusty blade,
Though Campbells come in flocks about,
I will not be afraid.

The Lord's the same as heretofore,
he's always good to me,
Though red-coats come a thousand more,
afraid I will not be.

Though they the woods do cut and burn,
and drain the waters dry;
Nay, though the rocks they overturn,
and change the course of Spey:

Though they mow down both corn and grass,
and seek me under ground;
Though hundreds guard each road and pass,
John Roy will not be found.

The Lord is just, lo! here's a mark,
he's gracious and kind,
While they like fools grop'd in the dark,
as moles he struck them blind.

Though lately straight before their face,
they saw not where I stood;
The Lord's my shade and hiding-place—
he's to me always good.

Let me proclaim, both far and near,
o'er all the earth and sea,
That all with admiration hear,
how kind the Lord's to me.

Upon the pipe I'll sound his praise,
and dance upon my stumps,
A sweet new tune to it I'll raise,
and play it on my trumps.

t An incantation of great antiquity, handed down to us from the classic era of Homer. It has still its class of sturdy believers in many remote and pastoral districts of the Highlands. The Editor well recollects with what complacency and *sang froid* the female Esculapii of his native glen used to repeat the "*Eolas sgiuchadh feithe*," over the hapless hobbler of sprained ankles. With the success or result of the procedure we have nothing to do: its efficacy was variously estimated. The "*Cantatum orum*" was a short oration of Crambo, in the vernacular language; and if the dislocated joints did not jump into their proper places during the recitation, the practitioner never failed to augur favourably of comfort to the patient. There were similar incantations for all the ills to which human flesh is heir: the toothach, with all its excruciating pain, could not withstand the potency of Highland magic, dysentery, gout, dysury, &c., had all their appropriate remedies in the never-failing specifics of incantation. Nor were these cures confined to the skilful hand of the female necromancer alone; an order of men, universally known by the cognomen of the "*Clair-sheana chain*," were the legitimate practitioners in the work. Two of these metrical incantations we may briefly quote as specimens of the whole. The first relates to the cure of worms in the human body and runs thus:—

"Mharbhainn dubhag 's mharbhainn doirbheag,
A's naol pnoinear dheth a seoras.
'S fìolar cìran nan casan lìonamhor,
Eumhor pianadh air feadh fìolar," &c.

Here follows the other, denominated "*Eolas a Chronachaidh*," or "*Casg Beum-Sula*." During its repetition, the singular operation of filling a bottle with water, was being carried on; and the incantation was so sung as to chime with the gurgling of the liquid, as it was poured into the vessel; thus forming a sort of uncouth harmony, according well with the wild and superstitious feelings of the necromancers. From the fact that one or two Irish words occur in it, and that the charm was performed in the name of St. Patrick,

Ubhaidh eile as leith Mhuire nan gras,
 'S urrainn creideach dheanadh slan ri uair;
 Tha mis' am chreideamh gun teagamh, gun
 dail,
 Gu'n toir sinn air ar nainhdean buaidh.

Sgeul eile 's gur h-oil leam gu'r fìor,
 Tha 'n drasd anns gach tìr mu 'n cuairt,
 Gach fear gleusda bha feumail do 'n rìgh,
 Bli ga 'n ruith feadh gach frith air an
 ruaig.

Bodaich dhona gun onair, gun bhrìgh,
 Ach gionach gu nì air son duais,
 Gabhail fath oirnn 's gach ait ann sa'm bì—
 Cuir a chuibhle so' Chriosda mu'n cuairt!

Ma thionndas i deiseal an drasd,
 'S gu'm faigh Frangaich am Flannras buai',
 Tha 'm carbs' as an targanachd bha,
 Gu 'n tig armailt nì stadhuinn thar chuan.

Gu'n toir Fortan dha didean le gras,
 Mur Mhaois 'nuair a traigh amhuirruadh,
 S gu'm bidh Deorsa le 'dhrealainibh bait,
 Mur bha 'n t-amadan Pharaoh 's a shluagh.

'Nuair bha Israel sgith 'san staid ghrais,
 Rinneadh Saul an la sin na rìgh,
 Thug e sgiursadh le mìosguinn a's plaigh,
 Orra fein, air an al 's air an nì.

Is àmhuil bha Breatuinn fo bhron,
 O 'na threig iad a choir 's an rìgh;
 Ghabh fàitheas rinn corruich ro-mhor,
 Crom-an-donais! chaidh 'n seorsa 'n diasg.

A Rìgh shocraich Muire nan gras,
 Crom riumsa le baigh do chluas;
 'S mi 'g umhladh le m' ghluin air an lar,
 Gabh achanaich araid bhuam.

Cha'n eil sinn a sireadh ach coir,
 Thug Cuigs agus Dheorsa bhuainn;
 'Reir do cheartais thoir neart dhuinn a's
 treoir;
 A's cum sinn bho fhoirncart sluagh!

—Amen.

it is probably of Irish origin; but we know that
 it held equally good in the Highlands of Scot-
 land as it did across the Channel.

Deanamais dhut, eolas air sul,
 A uchd 'ille 'Phadraig naomh,
 Air et amhalch a's stad carabull,
 Air naol comair 's air naol connachair,
 As air naol bean seang sìth,
 Air suil seanna-ghille 's sealla seanna-mhna,
 Mas a suil sìr i, i lasadh mar bhìgh,
 Mas a suil mnath l, i bli dh'easbhidh a cìch,
 Falcadair fuar agus fuarachd da full,
 Air an nì, 's air a daoine,
 Air a crodh, 's air a caoirich fein.

CUMHA DO BHAINTIGHEARNA

MHIC-AN-TOISICH.*

CìA iad na dee 's na Duilean treun,
 Theid leamsa sa'n sgeul' bhroin;
 Tha ghealach fos, 's na reultan glan,
 'S a ghrian fo smal gach lo,
 Gach craobh, gach coill, gach bean 's cloinn,
 Dha 'm beil na'm broinn an deo,
 Gach luibh, gach feur, gach nì 's gach spreidh,
 Mu'n tì rinn boisge mor.

Mar choinneal cheir, 's i lasadh treun,
 Mar carr na grein ro noin,
 Bha reull na mais, fo shiontaibh deas,
 A nis thug frasan mor,
 Oir bliris na tuinn 's na tobair bhuinn:
 'S le mulad dhrugh na neoil,
 'S e lagaich sinn, 's ar 'n-aighe tinn,
 'S gu'n ruith ar cinn le deoir.

Mu'n ribhinn ailt nan ioma gras,
 A choisinn gradh an t-sloigh,
 Mo bheud gu brath do sgeula bais,
 An taobh ud thall de'n Gheop,
 Ainnir ghasd' nan gorm-shuill dait,
 'S nan gruaidh air dhreach nan ros,
 'S e do chuir fo lùc a chlaoidh mo neart,
 'S a dh'fhag mi 'm feasd gun treoir.

Do chorp gcal, seang, mar lili ban,
 'Se 'n deis a charadh 'n srol,
 A nis a ta gach neach fo chradh,
 'S tu 'n ciste chlar nam bord,
 A gheug nam buadh is aillidh snuadh,
 Gur mis tha truagh 's nach beo,
 Do chuimhn' air chruas, ri linn nan sluagh,
 Gur cinnte' dh'fhuasglas deoir.

Tha Mac-an-Toisich nan each seang,
 'S nam bratach srannmhor sroil,
 Gun aobhar gairdeachais ach cradh,
 Ma ghradh 's nach eil i beo,
 A ribhinn shuair a b' aillidh snuadh,
 O Chaisteal Uaimh nan corn,
 An gallan reidh o cheannard treun,
 An t-sloinne Mheinnich mhoir.

* For the Air, see the Rev. Patrick M'Donald's
 Collection of Highland Airs, page 16—No. 106.

Note—This lament was composed on the cele-
 brated Lady M'Intosh of Moyhall, whose firm
 attachment to the Chevalier's interest is well
 known. A story is told of this lady which ex-
 hibits her character in a very bold and masculine
 light. Prince Charles had arrived at Moy, on
 his way from England, two or three days before
 his followers came through Athol and the wilds
 of Badenoch. M'Intosh and his clan were from
 home with the other Jacobites, and the place
 was altogether unprotected. Some keen-sighted
 loyalist had seen the Prince, and forthwith com-
 municated the intelligence to Lord Loudon, then
 stationed at Inverness with 500 soldiers. His
 Lordship immediately marched towards Moy,
 taking a circuitous route, however, to avoid de-
 tection. Intimation was carried to Lady M'In-

tish of his Lordship's approach—it was a moment of awful and anxious incertitude. She immediately sent for an old smith, one of M'Intosh's retainers, and a council of war was held. "There is but one way," said her Ladyship, "of saving Prince Charles—your own Prince; and that is by giving them battle." "Battle!" exclaimed the smith, "where are our heroes? alas! where to-night are the sons of my heart?" It was ultimately arranged that Prince Charles should be placed under hiding, and that the son of Vulcan, with other six old men who were left at home, should give them battle. Armed with claymore, dirk, and guns, together with a bagpipe and old pail (drum), our octogenarian little army lurked in a dense clump of brush-wood until the red

coats came up. It was now night, and the sound of Lord Loudon's men was heard—they were within a mile of Moy! The smith and his followers, as instructed by her Ladyship, fired gun after gun, until the six were discharged; he then roared out "Clan M'Donald, rush to the right; Cameron, forward in a double column in the centre; M'Intosh, wheel to the left, and see that none will escape!" This was enough; the red coats heard—stood, and listened—all the clans were there—so, at least, thought Lord Loudon, and away they fled in the greatest disorder and confusion, knocking one another down in their flight, and not daring to look behind them until they had distanced the smith by miles!

COINNEACH MAC-CHOINNICH.

KENNETH M'KENZIE was born at *Caisteal Leuir*', near Inverness, in the year 1758. His parents were in comfortable circumstances, and gave him the advantages of a good education. When he was about seventeen years of age, he was bound an apprentice as a sailor, a profession he entered with some degree of enthusiasm. Along with his Bible, the gift of an affectionate mother, he stocked his library with two other volumes, namely: the poems of Alexander M'Donald and Duncan M'Intyre. These fascinating productions he studied and conned over on "the far blue wave," and they naturally fanned the latent flame of poetry which yet lay dormant in his breast. His memory was thus kept hovering over the scenes and associations of his childhood; and, represented through the magic vista of poetic genius, every object became possessed of new charms, and so entwined his affections around his native country and vernacular tongue, that distance tended only to heighten their worth and beauties.

He composed the most of his songs at sea. His "*Piobairachd na Luinge*" is an imitation of M'Intyre's inimitable "*Beinn-dorain*," but it possesses no claims to a comparison with that master-piece. We are not prepared to say which is the best school for poetic inspiration, or for refining and maturing poetic genius; but, we venture to assert, that the habits of a seafaring man have a deteriorating influence over the youthful feelings. This has, perhaps, been amply exemplified in the person of Kenneth M'Kenzie. He was evidently born with talents and genius; but, notwithstanding the size of his published volume, we find only four or five pieces in it which have stepped beyond the confines of mediocrity: these we give, as in duty bound.

M'Kenzie returned from sea in the year 1789, and commenced going about taking in subscriptions, to enable him to publish his poems. With our own veneration for the character of a poet, we strongly repudiate that timber brutality which luxuriates in insulting a votary of the muses. Men of genius are always, or almost

always, men of sensibility, and nice and acute feelings; and it appears to us inexplicable how one man can take pleasure in showing another indignities, and hurting his feelings. The itinerant subscription-hunting bard, has always been the object of the little ridicule of little men. At him the men of mere clay hurl their battering-ram; and our author appears to have experienced his own share of the evil. Having called upon Alexander M'Intosh, of Cantray Down, he not only refused him his subscription, but gruffly ordered him to be gone from his door! Certainly a polite refusal would have cost the high-souled *gentleman* as little as this rebuff, and apologies of a tolerably feasible nature can now be found for almost every failing. Our bard, thus unworthily insulted, retaliates in a satire of great merit. In this cynic production he pours forth periods of fire; it is an impetuous torrent of bitter irony and withering declamation, rich in the essential ingredients of its kind; and M'Intosh, who does not appear to be impenetrable to the arrows of remorse, died, three days after the published satire was in his possession.* Distressed at this mournful occurrence, which he well knew the superstition and gossip of his country would father upon him, M'Kenzie went among his subscribers, recalled the books from such as could be prevailed upon to give them up, and consigned them to the flames: a sufficient indication of his sorrow for his unmerciful, and, as he thought, fatal castigation of M'Intosh. This accounts for the scarcity of his books.

Shortly after this event, his general good character and talents attracted the attention of Lord Seaforth and the Earl of Buchan, whose combined influence procured him the rank of an officer in the 78th Highlanders. Having left the army, he accepted the situation of Postmaster in an Irish provincial town, where he indulged in the genuine hospitality of his heart, always keeping an open door and spread table, and literally caressing such of his countrymen as chance or business led in his way. We have conversed with an old veteran who partook of his liberality so late as the year 1837.

In personal appearance, Kenneth M'Kenzie was tall, handsome, and strong built; fond of a joke, and always the soul of any circle where he sat. If his poems do not exhibit any great protuberance of genius, they are never flat; his torrent may not always rush with impetuosity; but he never stagnates; and such as relish easy sailing and a smooth-flowing current, may gladly accept an invitation to take a voyage with our sailor-poet.

MOLADH NA LUINGE

LUINNEAG.

'S beag mo shunnt ris an liunn,
Moran buirn 's beagan bracha;
B'annsa leam caismeachd mo ruin,
Air cuan du-ghorm le capull.

Ge d' a tha mi ann san am,
Air mo chrampadh le astar
'S tric a thug mi greiscean garbh,
Air an fhairge ga masgadh.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Greis le beachd a deanamh iuil,
'S greis cuir siuil ann am pasgadh,
Greis air iomairt, 's greis air stiuir,
'S greis air chul nam ball-aeuinn.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

'S e mo cheist an capall grinn,
Rachadh leinn air an aiseag,
'S taobh an fhuaraidh, fos a cinn,
'S muir ri slinn taobh an fhasgaidh.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

* This happened in the year 1792, in which our author published:

Uair a bhiodh i fada shios,
 Anns an iochdar nach faict' i,
 'S greis eile 'n-aird nam frith,
 'S i cuir dh'i air a leath-taobh.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

'S i nach pillleadh gun cheann-fa',
 'S i neo-sgathach gu srachdadh,
 A gearradh tuinn' le geur roinn,
 'S eudrom gaoith' air na slatan.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

'Nuair a chuir i air a doigh,
 'S a cuid seol ris na racan,
 Chuir' a mach an t-aodach sgcoid:
 Sud a sron ris an as-caoin.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Bhiodh i turraban gun tamh,
 'S chluinnte g'ainich fo'n t-sac i,
 'S bhiodh gach glun dh'i dol fillt',
 'S chluinnte bid aig gach aisinn.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

'Chite muir na thonnann ard,
 'S chluinnt' i garaich gu farsuinn,
 'S bheireadh ronn ar nan steoll,
 Buille throm ann gach achlais.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Ann an as-eaoineachd a chuain,
 'S ann am fuathas na fraise,
 Thugaibh faiceil air a ghaoth;—
 "Fhearabh gaoil cumaidh rag i."
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Chluinnte farum aig an fhaigr',
 Molach garbh anns an ath-sith,
 Beucach, rangach, torrach, searbh,
 Srannach, anabharadh, brais i.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Buill bu treis de'n chorearach uir,
 Croinn de'n ghiubhsaich bu daite,
 Eideadh caib nach biodh meabh,
 'S chite geala-dhearg a bhrataich.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Se mo ruin na fearadh gleust',
 'S iad nach treigeadh 'an caitean,
 Chluinnte langan nam fear og,
 'S iad nach deonaicheadh gealtachd.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Tha'n eridheachan farsuinn mor,
 'S tric a dh'ol iad na bh'aca,
 Damhs a's inghinean a's ceol,
 'Nuair bu choir dol gu 'n leabaidh.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Bi'dh iad gu fuircachar geur,
 'N am do'n ghrein dol a chadal,

Ceileireach, luinneagach, reidh,
 'N am bh'i 'g eiridh sa' mhadainn.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

AM FEILE PREASACH.

LUINNEAG.

*'S e feile preasach tlachd mo ruin,
 'S osan nach ruig faisg an glun,
 'S cota breac nam basan dlu,
 'S bonaid dhu-ghorm thogarrach.*

B' annsa leam am feile cuaidh,
 Na casag de 'n aodach luaight',
 'S brìgis nan ceannglaisean cruaidh,
 Gur e'n droch-uair a thogainn dh'i.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

Tha mo run do'n cideadh las,
 Cuach an fheilidh nan dlu bhas,
 Shiubhlain leis 's na sleibhtean cas,
 'S rachainn brais air obair leis.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

Ge'd a tharlainn ann sa' bheinn,
 Fad na seachduin 's mi leam fein,
 Fuachd na h-oidhch' cha dean dhomh beud,
 Tha 'm breacan fhein cho caidcarach.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

Shiubhlain leis feadh ghleann a's sleibh,
 'S rachainn do'n chlachan leis fhein,
 Tlachd nan gruagach 's uail nan steud,
 'S e deas gu feum na'n togramaid.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

'S ealamh cadrom e sa' ghleann,
 'S cuilbheir reidh fo' sgeith gun mheang,
 A dh'fhagaidh ndaich ceir-ghéal fann,
 A bheireadh srann sa leagadh e.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

Am feileadh air am beil mi'n geall,
 Dealg nar guallibh snas gun fheall,
 Crios ga ghlasadh las neo-theann,
 'S biodh e gach am gu baganta.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

'S ann leam bu taitneach e bhi n-aird,
 Nam dhomh tachairt ri mo ghradh,
 B'fhearr leam seachduin dheth na dha
 De bhrìgis ghraimnde rag-sheallach.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

'S caomh a'n t-eide 'm breachdan ur,
 'S ann air fein a dh'eireadh cliu,
 Mar sin 's buaigh-larach ann 's gach cuir,
 'S e dheanadh turn gun eagal air.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

'N am do ghaisgich dol air feum
Gaeil ghasht gu sracadh bhein,
Pìob ga spalpadh 's anail reidh,
A chuireadh eud a's fadadh annt.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

B'e sud caismeachd ard mo ruin,
Cronan gaireach, barr gach eiuil,
Brais phuirt mheara, leanadh dlu,
Cliath gu lughor grad-mheurach.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

'Nuair a ghlaet' san achlais i,
Beus bu taitnich chunna' mi,
Siunnsair pailt-thollach gun di—
Os cìopn a chinn gu fad-ehrannach.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

'S i 's boiche dreach 'sa 's tlachdmhor suagh,
Tartrach, sgairteil, brais phuirt luath,
Muineal eom air uchd nam buagh,
Chluimnte fuaim 'nuair ragadh i.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

A ri! bu ruith-leumach na meoir,
Dambsa brais mu'n seach gun leon,
Is iad air echrith le mire gleois,
Chluimnte srol gu farumach.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

Rheireadh i air ais gu fonn
An eridhe dh'fhas gu tursach, trom,
'S chuireadh i spiorad 's gach sonn
Gú dol air am gu spadaireachd.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

Fhuair i 'n t-urram thar gach ceol,
Cuiridh i misneach 's gach faoil,
Togaiddh i gu aird nan neoil,
Intinn seoid gu baitealach
'S e feile preasach, &c.

MAIREARAD MHOACH MIHIN.

LUINFEAG.

Mo run Mairearad mhin mholach,
'S mo run Mairearad mholach mhin,
Mo run Mairearad mhin mholach,
'S iomadh fear a th'air a ti.

'S ioma gille tapaidh barra-ghast,
Eadar Dealganros nann frith,
'S ceann Loch-nis nam bradan tarra-gheal,
Tha le ime-cheist air a ti.
Mo run, &c.

'N aile chumainn trod ri naoinear,
Ged' a dh'aomadh iad gu stri

'S cha leag mi gu brath le duin' i,
On a dh'fhas i molach min.
Mo run, &c.

'S truagh nach sinn bha air airidh,
Air ar fagail ann lein fhin,
'S chumadh i bho'n fhuachd mi sabhailt,
On a dh'fhas i molach min.
Mo run, &c.

Ge d' a gheibhinn tairgse bhaintigh'rn,
'S neo-ar-in thaing a bheirinn d'i,
'S mor gum b'fherr leam Nic-'Ill-Eannndrais,
Tha na th'ann d'i molach min.
Mo run, &c.

Buaidhean mo chruinneig cha leir dhomh,
An cuir an geill cha dean mi 'n inns',
Thug nadur dh'i tuigs as reasan,
Agus ceill nam beusan fillt.
Mo run, &c.

Tha i sgeudaichte le h-aileteachd,
'S a cairdeas mar ghran air pill,
Seimh, fallain, ur, 's eumaithe dh'fhas i,
O mullaeh gu sail a buinn.
Mo run, &c.

Leam a b'ait a bhi ga pogadh,
Beul on tig an t-oran binn,
Gruaidh mar dhearraig, suil is modhair,
'S mor mo bhosd a gloir a cinn.
Mo run, &c.

B'annsa leam a bhi ga h-eisdeachd,
Na sineorach sa Cheitean shil,
Na fonn fillhe nam binn theudan,
'S na tha cheol 'an Eirinn chri.
Mo run, &c.

Do Chuilodair gu'n tig gaisgich,
Gille n tapaidh as gach tir,
'S b' dh'gach fear an geall air fuireach,
Mar ri Mairearad mholach mhin.
Mo run, &c.

Dheanainn cur, a's ar, a's buain dh'i,
'S dheanainn cruach gun chiorrain dh'i,
'S bheirinn sìthinn o uelch fhuar-bheann,
'S bheirinn ruaig air cuaintean sgi.
Mo run, &c.

Shiubhlain latha 's shiubhlain oidliche,
Is gheidhinn saibhreas dh'i gun di,
'S on is eomh leam Nic-'Ill-Eannndrais,
'S eomh le Nic-'Ill-Eannndrais mi.
Mo run, &c.

AN TE DHÙBH.

AIR FONN—"A Mhorag na dean mar sin."

LUINNEAG.

Hoireann o eile
'S na hi-ri-ri eile
Hoireann h-o 's na h-o eile
Gur mor mo speis do'n te dhuibh.

'S truagh nach robh mi air m' fhagail
Le m' leannan 's an fhasach,
Far nach fhaicinn mo chairdean
Tha toir tair' do'n te dhuibh !
Hoireann, &c.

An seilbh gleannain gun chonnalach,
'S air mulach nam beanntan,
Ghleidhinn aran do m' annsachd,
Geg tha 'n ceann oirre dubh.
Hoireann, &c.

Dheanainn cuir agus buain d'i,
'S bheirinn turus thar chuaintean,
'S cha bhiodh uireasbhuidh uair oirr'—
Ged tha cuilean cho dubh.
Hoireann, &c.

Dheanainn treabhadh ri oireadh
'S dheanainn cur anns an oidhche ;
Dheanainn mire ri maighdein—
'S chuirinn daoimein air triumph !
Hoireann, &c.

Ge suarach aig each i,
Tha uaisle na nadur,
Tha suairceas na gaire—
Ged tha 'm barr oirre dubh !
Hoireann, &c.

Thug nadur dh'i gliocas,
Mar gheard air a tuigse,
'S i lau de dheagh ghibhtean,
'S a ceann nach miste bhi dubh !
Hoireann, &c.

Ciochan corach is mine,
Air uchd soluis na ribhinn,
Dend gheal mar na disnean,
'S beul o 'm binn a thig guth.
Hoireann, &c.

O gualainn gu h-ordaig,
Fhuair urram bhan oga,
Glac gheal nan caol-mheoirean,
'S a gairdean fecla cho tiugh.
Hoireann, &c.

'S math thig staidheas le faomadh,
Air a bodhaig is gaolach,
'S gur gil' i fo h-aodach,
Na chuid is caoine de 'n ghruth.
Hoireann, &c.

Cruinn chalpa na gruagaich,
Gun dochair mu 'n cuairt d'i,
Troidh chuimir 's i cuanta
Nach cuir cuagach brog dhubb
Hoireann, &c.

Gnuis is aillidh ri sircadh,
Ciuin tla ann an iomairt,
'S le snathaid ni grinneas,
Nach dean iomadh te dhubb !
Hoireann, &c.

Ged a tha i gun storas,
Tha taitneas na comhradh,
B'annsa furan a poige,
Na'n te ga'n leom a cuid cruidd.
Hoireann, &c.

'S na 'm bitheadh i riarach,
Air fuircach seachd bliadhna,
Cheannaichean breid d'i gun iarraidh,
Mn'm biodh a sia dhiu air ruith.
Hoireann, &c.

Dh-olainn 's cha neonach,
De dh-uisg' a phuill mhoine,
Air a slainte gu deonach—
Gur mise dh-oladh de'n t-sruth !
Hoireann, &c.

DROBHAIR NAN CAILEAGAN.

AIR FONN—"Cabair Feidh."

'S a nise bho'n a theig sinn,
Le cheile bhi farasda,
Bheirinn comhairl' fhenmail,
Dhut fhein ann san dealachadh ;
Na toir do run gun reason,
Do the dheth na caileagan,
Gir 's duilich leam gun d'eist mi,
Droch sgeula ma fhearaiginn ;
Na bi cho tric a' dol na measg,
Mar chraoibh gun mheas, na caileagan,
Ge d' shaoileadh tus, gun robh iad dhut,
Cho ninn ad t-uchd ri bainne dhut,
Nam suidhe teach, le eibhneas ait,
Ri cuir ma seach nan dramachan,
Bi'dh cuir nan cinn a'g eiridh,
'S gach te dhiu ri fanaid ort !

Tha na gillea oga,
Nan dochas cho amaideach,
'S iad le'm barail ghorach,
'An toir air na caileagan,
Ach fhad sa bhios an suilean,
Cho duinnnte, cha'n aithnich iad,
*'S cha 'n fhaic iad Gloc-air-garadh,**

* A clamorous vain young woman, whose custom was, when she saw any strangers passing by, to get up on some eminence, and call the hens from the corn, or cry to the herd to be careful, for no other reason than that she might be taken

Ged' tharladh i maille riu.
 A chaoidh cha'n fhaic sibh, iad cho ceart,
 Mar gabh sibh beachd le ghlainneachan,
 'S mus e 's gun dearc sibh, mo 's faisg,
 Gun tig a' ghart, san t-eannach dhìbh :
 Mar bheathach bechd, a bhios gun toirt,
 'Nuair theid a ghoirt a's t-carrach ann,
 'S ceart ionann 's mar ni ghoraich,
 Air drobhar nan caileagan.

Ge b'e chuireas duil annt',
 An darachd cha'n aithnich e,
 Ge d' dheanadh i do phogadh,
 'S ge d' oladh i drama leat,
 'S ge d' ghealladh i le dochas,
 Gum pòsadh i 'neathrar thu,

notice of. The cognomen is one of general application, but the bard had a particular dame in view;—and we have been told on undoubted authority when she heard of her new name, that she gave up all concern about the hens and the herd-boy, to the great comfort and ease of both. Her father, however, suffered by the assumed modesty of his daughter—the herd boy slept, the cows followed the hens into the corn fields, and destroyed them so much, that the old man was heard to swear if he came in contact with the poet, he would give him a hearty flagellation for making his daughter worse than useless to him at outside work!

'Nuair thionnta' tu do chul-thaobh,
 B'ìdh 'n suilean gan camadh riut.
 Mar sùd their ise, ged' tus 's glie',
 Gun deanainn tric, nach aithne dhut,
 'S ge mor do bheachd, cha rachainn leat,
 Mar biodh do bheartas maile riut,
 'S mar be dhomh 'n leisg, a bhi am leis,
 Cun deanainn reic a's ceannach ort,
 'S 'nuair bhios tu falamh chuinneadh,
 Gum feuch mi eul-thaobh bhaile dhut.

'S ge be ghabhas fath 'orr',
 Ga brach b'ìdh air aithreachas
 'S ma dh' fheuchas i dha cairdeas,
 Cha'n fhearr bhios a bharail oirr';
 'S mo theid e mo is dana—
 Thig tair' agus farran air,
 'S mo gheibh i e sa gharadh,
 Cha tar e dhol thairis air :
 B'ìdh e cho glic ri duin' air mhisg,
 'S b'ìdh each ga mheas mar amadan ;
 Nuair bhios e glact' mar ian an snap,
 'S nach urr' e chas a tharruinn as;
 'S a chaoi le tlachd, cha 'n fhaigh e las,
 Mur brist e 'n acuinn theannachaidh,
 'S ma se 's nach cuir e breid oirr',
 'S an-eibhinn ri latha dha.

VILLEAM ROS.

WILLIAM ROSS, was born in Broadford, parish of Strath, Isle of Skye, in the year 1762. His parents were respectable, though not opulent. His father, John Ross, was a native of Skye, and of an ancient family of that name, whose ancestors had lived in that country throughout a long series of generations. His mother was a native of Gairloch, in Ross-shire, and daughter of the celebrated blind piper and poet, John McKay, well known by the name of *Piobaire Dall*.

It appears that when William was a boy, there was no regular school kept in that part of the country: and as his parents were anxious to forward his education they removed with him and a little sister from Skye to Forres. While attending the Grammar school of the latter place, he discovered a strong propensity to learning, in which he made such rapid advances as to attract the notice and esteem of his master; and the pupil's sense of his obligations was always acknowledged with gratitude and respect. This teacher, we are informed, declared, that on comparing young Ross with the many pupils placed under his care, he did not remember one who excelled him as a general scholar, even at that early period of life.

After remaining for some years at Forres, his parents removed to the parish of Gairloch, where the father of our bard became a pedlar, and travelled through Lewis,

and the other western Isles—and, though William was then young and of a delicate constitution, he accompanied his father in his travels through the country, more with the view of discovering and making himself acquainted with the different dialects of the Gaelic language, than from any pecuniary consideration—the desire of becoming perfectly familiar with his native tongue, thus strongly occupying his mind even at this early period of life. And he has often afterwards been heard to say, that he found the most pure and genuine dialect of the language among the inhabitants of the west side of the Island of Lewis.

In this manner he passed some years, and afterwards travelled through several parts of the Highlands of Perthshire, Breadalbane, and Argyleshire, &c., seeing and observing all around him with the eye and discernment of a real poet. At this period, he composed many of his valuable songs; but some of these, we are sorry to say, are not now to be found.

Having returned to Gairloch, he was soon afterwards appointed to the charge of the parish school of that place, which he conducted with no ordinary degree of success. From the time of his entering upon this charge, it was generally remarked, that he proceeded in the discharge of his duties with unremitting firmness and assiduity, and in a short time gained a reputation for skill in the instruction of the young committed to his trust, rarely known in the former experience of that school. He had a peculiar method and humour in his intercourse with his pupils, which amused and endeared the children to him; at the same time it proved the most effectual means of impressing the juvenile mind and conveying the instructions of the teacher. Many of those who were under his tuition still speak of him with the greatest enthusiasm and veneration.

In the course of his travels, and while schoolmaster of Gairloch, he contracted an intimacy with several respectable families, many of whom afforded him testimonies of friendship and esteem. His company was much sought after, not only on account of his excellent songs, but also for his intelligence and happy turn of humour. He was a warm admirer of the songs of other poets, which he often sung with exquisite pleasure and taste. His voice, though not strong, was clear and melodious, and he had a thorough acquaintance with the science of music. He played on the violin, flute, and several other instruments, with considerable skill; and during his incumbency as schoolmaster, he officiated as precentor in the parish church.

In the capacity of schoolmaster he continued till his health began rapidly to decline. Asthma and consumption preyed on his constitution, and terminated his mortal life, in the year 1790, in the twenty-eighth year of his age. This occurred while he was residing at Badachro, Gairloch. His funeral was attended by nearly the whole male population of the surrounding country. He was interred in the burying ground of the *Clachan* of Gairloch, and a simple upright stone, or *Clach-chuimhne*, with an English inscription, marks his “narrow house.”

In his personal appearance, Ross was tall and handsome, being nearly six feet high. His hair was of a dark brown colour, and his face had the peculiarly open and regular features which mark the sons of the mountains; and, unlike the general tribe of poets, he was exceedingly finical and particular in his dress. As a

scholar, Ross was highly distinguished. In Latin and Greek he very much excelled; and it was universally allowed that he was the best Gaelic scholar of his day.

It is not to be wondered at, that a being so highly gifted as was Ross, should be extremely susceptible of the influence of the tender passion. Many of his songs bear witness that he was so. During his excursions to Lewis, he formed an acquaintance with Miss Marion Ross of Stornoway (afterwards Mrs. Clough of Liverpool,) and paid his homage at the shrine of her beauty. He sung her charms, and was incessant in his addresses,—

————— “ Every night he came
With music of all sorts, and songs composed
To her :”

But still he was rejected by the coy maid; and the disappointment consequent on this unfortunate love affair, was thought to have preyed so much on his mind, as to have impaired his health and constitution, during the subsequent period of his life. To this young lady he composed (before her marriage) that excellent song expressive of his feelings, almost bordering on despair, “*Feasgar luain a’s mi air chuairt.*”

In the greater number of his lyrics, the bard leads us along with him, and imparts to us so much of his own tenderness, feeling, and enthusiasm, that our thoughts expand and kindle with his sentiments.

Few of our Highland bards have acquired the celebrity of William Ross—and fewer still possess his true poetic powers. In purity of diction, felicity of conception, and mellowness of expression, he stands unrivalled—especially in his lyrical pieces. M'Donald's fire occasionally overheats, and emit sparks which burn and blister, while Ross's flame, more tempered and regular in its heat, spreads a fascinating glow over the feelings, until we melt before him, and are carried along in a dreamy pleasure through the Arcadian scenes, which his magic pencil conjures up to our astonished gaze. If M'Intyre's torrent fills the brooklet to overflowing, the gentler stream of Ross, without tearing away the embankment, swells into a smooth-flowing, majestic wave—it descends like the summer shower irrigating the meadows, and spreading a balmy sweetness over the entire landscape. If it be true that “*Sermo est imago animi*,” the same must hold equally true of a song—and judging from such of his songs as have come into our hands, our author's mind must have been a very noble one—a mind richly adorned with the finest and noblest feelings of humanity—a mind whose structure was too fine for the rude communion of a frozen-hearted world—a mind whose emanations gush forth, pure as the limpid crystalline stream on its bed of pebbles. It is difficult to determine in what species of poetry William Ross most excelled—so much is he at home in every department. His pastoral poem “*Oran an t-Samhradh*,” abounds in imagery of the most delightful kind. He has eschewed the sin of M'Intyre's verbosity and M'Donald's anglicisms, and luxuriates amid scenes, which, for beauty and enchantment, are never surpassed. His objects are nicely chosen—his descriptions graphic—his transitions, although we never tire of any object he chooses to introduce, pleasing. We sit immoveably upon his lips, and are allured at the beck of his finger, to feed

our eyes on new and hitherto unobserved beauties. When we have surveyed the whole landscape, its various component parts are so distinct and clear, that we feel indignant at our own dulness for not perceiving them before—but as a finished picture, the whole becomes too magnificent for our comprehension.

Ross possessed a rich vein of humour when he chose to be merry;—few men had a keener relish for the ludicrous. His Anacreontic poem “*Moladh an Uisge-Bheatha*,” is a splendid specimen of this description. How vivid and true his description of the grog-shop worthies—not the base and brutalized debauchees—but that class of rural toppers, who get *Bacchi plenus* once or twice in the year at a wedding, or on Christmas. This was a wise discrimination of the poet: had he introduced the midnight revelry, and baser scenes of the city tavern, his countrymen could neither understand nor relish it. But he depicts the less offensive panorama of his country’s bacchanals, and so true to nature—so devoid of every trait of settled libertinism, that, while none is offended, all are electrified—and the poet’s own good taste and humour expand over the singer and the entire group of auditors.

Among his amorous pieces, there are two of such prominent merit, that they cannot be passed over. “*Feasgar luain*,”—so intimately connected with the poet’s fate, has been already noticed. Its history like that of its author, is one of love and brevity—it was composed in a few hours to a young lady, whom he accidentally met at a convivial party—and sung, with all its riches of ideality and mellowness of expression, before they broke up. “*Moladh na h-oighe, Gaelich*,” although not so plaintive or tender, is, perhaps, as a poetical composition, far before the other. Never was maiden immortalized in such well-chosen and appropriate strains—never did bard’s lips pour the incense of adulation on maiden’s head in more captivating and florid language, and never again shall mountain maid sit to have her picture drawn by so faithful and powerful a pencil.

Without going beyond the bounds of verity, it may be affirmed that his poetry, more perhaps than that of most writers, deserves to be styled the poetry of the heart—of a heart full to overflowing with noble sentiments, and sublime and tender passions.

ORAN DO MHIARCUS NAN GREUMACH;

AGUS DO’N EIDEADH-GHAELACH.

Bu trom an t-arsneul a bh’air m’aighe,
Le fadaidh ’s le mi-ghean,
A bhuin mo threoir ’s mo thabhadh dhiom,
Cha ghabhadh ceol na maran rium
Ach thanig ur thosgair’ da m’ iunnsaidh
’Dhuig mi as mo shuain,
’Nuair fhuair mi ’n sgeul bha mor ri eigh’d
Gun d’eadromaich mo smuain.

Is latha seallbhach, rathail, dealarach,
Alail, ainmeil, agh-mhor,

A dh’fhuasgail air na h-Albannaich,
Bho mhiachraichean gu garbhlaichean,
Bho uisge-Thuaid* gu Arcamh-chuain,
Bho Dheas gu Tuath gu leir;
Is binne ’n srann feadh shrath a’s ghleann
Na organ gun mheang gleus.

A Mharcuis oig nan Greumach,
Thir ghleust’ an aighe rioghail,

* The Water of Tweed.

O ! gu'm a buan air t-aiteam thu,
Gu treubhach, buaillach, macanta,
'S tu 'n ur-shlat aluinn 's muirneil blath
De'n fhiubhaidh aird nach crion,
Gur tric na Gaeil 'g ol do shlaint',
Gu h-armunnach air fion.

Mo cheist am firean foinnidh, direach,
Maisreach, fìor-ghlan, ainmeil,
Mo sheobhag sul-ghorm, amaisgeil,
Tha eomhant, cliuiteach, bearraideach,
A b'aird' a leumadh air each-sreine,
'M barrachd euchd thar chaich;
'S tu bhuinig euis a bharr gach cuirt,
'S a chuir air chul ar eas !

Air bhi air farsan dhomh gach la
Gur tus tha ghna air m' iantinn,
Mo ruin do'n tir o'n d'mìch mi,
'S mo shuil air fàl gu pilladh ri :
'S ann thogas orm gu gràl mo cheig
Le aigne meannach, treun—
Mo ehlath tha gabhail lasadh aigheir,
'S ait mo naigheachd fein.

Thainig fasan anns an aebh
A dh'ordaich pailt an feileadh,
Tha eiridh air na breacanan
Le farum treun neo-lapanach,
B'ìdh oighean thapaidd sniomh 'sa dath
Gu h-cibhinn, ait, le uaill
Gach aon diu 'g eileadh a' gaoil fein
Mar 's reidh leo anns gach uair

Biodh cogadh ann no sio-chainnt,
Cha'chuir sin sior-euchd oirn,
An arm no feachd na thogras iad,
No 'n ar-amach cha 'n obamaid,
Le'r teanadh suas ri uchd an fhuath's',
Le'r n'earadh uasal fein ;
Le lannan cruaghach, neart-mhor, buan,
A leantain ruaig gun sgios !

On fhuair sinn fasan le'r sar ehleachdadh,
Duisgeadh beachd ar sinnsir,
Le run gun cheig 's na h-uile fear,
'S gun mheirgh' air leir nan Lunuinnich,
Le sunnt a's gleus, a's barrachd speis
Toirt aite* fein do'n Rìgh,
Mo bhas gun eis mar b'fhearr leam fein sin,
No ge d' eibht' an t-shith !

Note.—This song, as its title indicates, was composed on the repeal of President Forbes's un-clothing act, and an anecdote is related of its first rehearsal, which we deem not unworthy of a place here. Our author, like all other poets of his day and country, was a staunch Jacobite, while his father was equally firm in his adherence to the family of Hanover. William had composed the song during one of his excursions through the country, where he probably heard of the erasure of the obnoxious act from the Statute Book, and sang it for the first time to a happy group of rustics who were in the habit of congregating nightly at his father's ingle to hear his new compositions. When he came to the last

* Hanover.

stanza, in which he indirectly lampoons his Majesty, "Ah!" said his father, involuntarily laying his hand on a cudgel, "ye clown, you know where and when you sing that." "Really, father," replied the poet, "I would sing it in the House of Commons if you were not there!"

ORAN AN T-SAMHRAIDH.

AIR FÒNN—"Wat ye wha I met yestreen."

O ! mosg leamaid gu suilbhear ait,
Le sunntachd ghust', a's eireamaid,
Tha mhadaim-sa le fìran caoinh
Toirt cuireadh faoilteach, cibhinn, duinn ;
Cuireamaid fàlt air an lo,
Le cruitean eocmhòr, teud-bhinneach,
'S biodh ar eridhe deachdail fuinn
'S ar beoil a seinn le speirid dha.

Nach cluinn thu bith-fhuaim suthain, seamh,
'S a bhruthainn sgeamhail, bhla-dhealtrach,
'S beannachlan a nuas o neamh
A dortadh-fial gu lar aza :
Tha nadur a caochladh tuar
Le caomh-cruth, cuamhla, pairt-dhathach,
'S an eruinne ionan, mu'n iath grian,
A tarrainn fiamhan grasail air !

Nach cluinn thu coisir stoida, suaire',
'S an doir' ud shuas le'n oranan,
Seinn cliu dha'n Cruthadair fein,
Le laoidhean ceutach, solasach,
Air chorraibh an sgiath gun tamh
Air mheangain ard nan ro-chrannaibh,
Le'n ceileirean toirt molaidh binn,
Dha'n Tì dh'ath-phill am beotachd riu.

Gu'm b'fhearr na bhi'n eadail an tamh,
Air leabaidh stata chloinn-itich,
Eiridh moch sa mhadaim Mhaigh,
Gu fàl na fasach fheoirneinich,
Ruaig a thoirt air bharr na drùchd,
Do dhoire dlu nan smeorachian,
Am bi tuis is euraidd na fion,
Le faile ciatach rosanan.

Tha fearthan toirbheartach, neo-ghann,
'S an am so gun ghream dubhlachdach,
Cuir trusan trom-dhait' air gach raon,
Le dealt, 's le bròn ga'n urachadh
Tha Flora eudachadh gach cluain,
Gach glaic, a's bruch le flurachian,
'S b'ìdh neoinan, rosan, 's lili ban,
Fo'n dithcan aluinn, chul-mhaiseach.

Tha Phòbuis fein, le lochrann aigh,
Ag oradh ard nam beanntaichean,
'S a' taomadh nuas a ghathan tla,
Cuir dreach air blath nan gleanntanan ;

Gach innseag 's gach coirean fraoich
Ag tarruinn fàilte na Bealltainn air;
Gach fireach, gach tulach, 's gach tom
Le foirm cuir fuinn an t-samhraidh orr'.

Tha caoin, a's ciuin, air muir a's tir,
Air niachair mbin 's air garbh-shleibtean,
Tha cuirnean driuchd na thuir air lar,
Ri aird 's ri ain na geal-ghreine:
B' dh' coill', a's por, a's fraoch, a's fear,
Gach iasg, gach eun, 's na h-ainmhidhean
Ri teachd gu'n gnasalachd 's gu nos,
Na'n gae, 's na'n doigh, san aimsir so.

Gur eibhinn abhachd nionag og,
Air ghasgan feoir 'sna h-àonaichean,
An gleantaibh fasaich 's iad gu snaire',
A falbh le buar ga'n saodachadh;
Gu h-urail fallain gun sgios,
Gu maiseach, fialaidh, fàilteachail,
Gu neo-chiontach 'gun cheilg, a's gras
Nau gaol a suamh uau nodaunan.

Uain' gach mi-ghean, sgios a's gruain,
'S na bidheamaid uair fo'n aineartan,
Crathamaid air ehn' gach bron,
Le fonn, le col, 's le tannataireachd;
'S binn' an tathaich sud mar chend
No gleadhraich eitidh chabhsairean,
'S mi 'n pillein churail', chul-ghormu fhraoich,
'S na brughaichean saor on champaraid.

Bitheadh easlaint eitigeach, gun chli
An didean rinneach sheomraichean
Bitheadh eugailean gun speis, gun brigh,
'N aithribh righrean, 's mor-uaislibh,
Biodh slainte chonnabhalach gach ial,
Am buthaibh fial gun strothalachd,
Aig Gaeil ghasd' an eiddh ghearr,
Fìr speiseil, chairdeil, ro-gheanach !

ORAN AIR GAOL NA H-OIGHE

DO CHAILEAN.

ANN am mairinn chiuin cheitean,
'S an spreidh air an lon,
Agus cailin na busaile,
Gabhail 'n-mallain mu'n coir;
Do bhi gathanan *Phæbus*,
A cuir an ceill tro' na neoil,
Latha buadhach, geal, eibhinn,
'S las na speuran le ros.

Ach cha b' e 'n tan, bha'd a tìnal,
Anns an Innis sa' ghleann,
So bhuin m'aigne gu luasgan,
'S mi air chuairt anns an am,
Ach an cailin bu dreach-mhoire',
Mine mais', agus lóinn,
Bh' air an tulaich na'm fochar,
Gu ciuineil, fòisteach, grinn.

Shnauhl mo smaointean an iognadh,
'S thuit mi 'n coachlath ro-nhor,
Sheas mi snasaicht mar ionhaidh,
'G amharc dian air an oigh,
'S ge do bhrosnaich mo dhurachd mi
Dh'eisdeachd ur-laoidh a beoil,
Stad mi rithist le munadh,
'S dheachd mi ruu gu bhi foil.

Ach gur deacair dhomh innseadh,
Leis mar dhiobrainn an cainnt,
Dreach na finn' ud, sa h-aiteachd,
A thug barr air gach geall;
Tha slios geala-mhin mar eala,
No mar chanach nan gleann,
'S a h-athail churaidd mar chaineal,
O beul meachair guu mbeang.

Bha falt cam-lubach, boidheach,
Bachlach, or-bhuidh', na dhuail,
Cas-bhuidh', sniomhanach, faineach,
An neo-charadh mu'n cuairt,
Do bhraglad sneachdaidh a b' fhiur-ghlain
Fo' lie bu mhin-dheirge gruaidh,
Gun innleachd bha, ach buaidh naduir,
A teirt gach barr dhut gun uaill !

Aghaidh bhainidh, ghlan, mhodhar,
Bu bhinne, ros-dheirge, beul,
Suil mheallach, ghorm, thairis
Caol-mhala, 's rosg reidh,
Ueul soluis, lan sonais,
Geala bhroilleach mar gheirn
'S troidh mhin-gheal, chaoin, shocrach,
Nach doich'neadh am fear.

Ach gu dubhar na coille,
Ann binne 'n goireadh a chuach,
Bha 'm fochar na h-Innse,
Gus an tiuailt' am buar,
Gun do dh'imich an cailin,
Min, farasda, susair';
Ghleus i guth, 's ghabh i oran,
'S bu ro-bhinn cheol bheireadh buaidh.

B ann air gaol bha i tiglinn,
'S run a cridhe, sa buaidh,
Do dh'og-laoch nan ciabh or-bhuidh',
An leitr Laomhinn nan cuach,
Do dhiuchd uiseag, a's smeorach,
Am barrailh ro-chrannaibh suas,
A's sheinn cho binu an co'-ghleus d'ei,
'S gun do dh'eisd mi car uair.

"O chailean! O Chailean!"
Do sheinn cailin nan gaol,
"Cia fath nach tigeadh tu tharais,
Do ghleannan fàlaich nan eraobh?
Is uach iarrain-s' air m'ordugh,
De stòras, no mhaoin,
Ach bhi laidhe na t-asgail,
Fo' do bhreacan san fhraoch.

"Gu'm b'og mis' agus Cailean,
Ann an gleannan na cuach,

A's sinn a tional nan dithean,
Leinn fhin feadh nan cluan;
A's sinn 'gar leagadh nar sineadh,
'Nuair bu sgi leinn air bruaich
'S bhiodh na cruitearan sgiathach,
Cuir ar cionalais bhuain.

"Gu'm bu neo-chiontach maran
Mo graidh ann sa' choill;
A's sinn a' mireadh n-ar 'n-aonar,
Gun smaointinn air foill;
Sinn gun mhulad, gun fhadachd,
O mhadainn gu h-oilbheh',
Agus *Cupid* g'ar taladh,
Gu toirt graidh, 's sinn nar cloinn.

"S ge do thainig an samhralh,
'S mi sa' ghleann so ri spreidh,
Gur e's tric leam an fagail,
'S bithidh each as an deigh;
'S ann a dhiucas uir tharais
Do na ghran leam fein,
Gu bhi taomadh mo dhogainn
Ann am fochar nan geug.

"Tha mo chairdean fo ghruaim rium,
O la chual' iad mar tha—
Gur annsa leam Callean
Na fear-baile le than;
Ach cha treiginn-s' mo cheud-ghradh,
Gus an geillein do'n bhas;
On a gheall e bhi dileas,
Cia fath mu'n dibrinn-sa dha?"

So mar sheinn an caomh chailin,
Tosan tairis a graidh,
'S a boid sheansubach da ceud ghaol,
A's nach dibreadh gu brath,
Gach oigh' eile da chuinn so,
Gun robh a h-inntinn gu bas,
Gu bhi leantainn an t-samhl' ud,
Gu'n a h-an-toil thoirt dha.

Ach air bhi grathuinn na m' *thamh
dhomh,
'S mi gun albachd san rod,
'S mo chliabh air lasadh le h-cibhneas
A' tabhairt eisdeachd da'n oigh—
Chunnacas oganach gasda
Teachd o' leacain a chro,
'S e le uile shir imeachd,
'S b'ann gu Innis nam bo.

Bha dhreach, 'sa dhealbh mar bumhian-
nach,
Le oigh iarraidh dhi' fein,
An tuis iarraidh an runachd,
'S i fo h-nr bhla air foill;
Beachd a b'fhearr, bu neo-fhurasd
A thabhairt tuille na dhelgh,
Air an oganach mhaiseach,
A teachd o leacain nan geug.

Ach suil dha'n tug an t-og gasd
Bu rioghail mais' air gach tao

Dhearc air oigh nan ciabh cas-bhuidh',
Siar fo' asgail nan craobh;
Dheachd a chridhe le furtachd
Gu'm b'e sud cuspair a ghaoil,
A's ghuidh e beannachd da 'n chodhail,
A bheag am bron daibh araon.

Is ann an glacaibh a cheile,
Le mor speis mar bu mhrann,
Ghlais an dith's ud le eibhneas,
'S an run reidh ga'n cnir dian;
'S o'n bhla furan cho tairis,
'S nach b'fharas aithris cho fial,
Ghuidh mi sonas gun dith dhaibh,
Gu la 'n crich a's mi triall.

Note.—The circumstances that called forth the foregoing beautiful song were these:—Our author in his excursions was perambulating the Highlands of Perthshire, where he happened to alight on a sheiling, or mountain dairy, in the occupancy of a respectable farmer's daughter attended by a young man one of her father's servants. The bard was warmly invited to remain with them in this humble but hospitable hut for some days to rest himself and to bear them company. The invitation was accepted. A person of the poet's penetration could not long remain ignorant of the fact that the artless maiden was uneasy in her mind; and, as they had now arrived at that stage of familiarity which justifies the disclosure of secrets, upon being questioned, she told him that her affections were fixed upon a neighbouring swain—a handsome, young fellow, whose advances, however, were discountenanced by her parents in consequence of his poverty. Ross possibly entered with enthusiasm into his friend's romantic love affair—at all events, he was not the man to do violence to the feelings of the human heart for the sake of pounds, shillings, and pence. Short as his stay was in the sheiling, he had frequent opportunities of seeing the young lover and the milk maid meet in the solitude of a contiguous dell. Spurning the threatened wrath of parents, they were speedily married—the poet was invited to the marriage feast, where he sung this song so tenderly expressive of the bliss which had its consummation, in the union of his fair friend with the man of her affections.

MARBH-RANN DO PHRIUNNSA TEARLACH.

CO'-SHEIRM.

*Soraidd bhuan dha'n t-suaithneas ban,
Gu la-luain cha ghlais o'n bhas;
Ghlac an naigh an suaithneas ban
'S leacan fuairidh tuaim' a thamh!*

Air bhi dhomh-sa triall thar druim
Air di-donaich, 's comhlan leam,
Leughas litir naighneachd leinn,
'S cha sgeul' ait a thachair innt',
Soraidd bhuan, &c.

Albainn arsaidd! 's fathnunn broin,
Gach aon mhuir bait' tha barcadh oirn,

T-oighre rìoghail bhì san Roimh,
Tìrt' an caol chist' òibhtha bhord!
Soraidh bhuan, &c.

'S trom leam m'osnaich anns gach la
'S tric mo smuaintean fad' o laimh—
Cluain an doimhinn truagh an dail,
Gur còbhartach gach feoil do'n bhas!
Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Tha mo chridh' gu briste, fann,
'S deoir mo shul a' ruith mar allt,
Ge do cheillinn sud air an,
Bhruchd e mach 's cha mhiste leam.
Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Bha mi seal am barail chruaidh,
Gu'n cluinnte caisimeachd mu'n cuairt;
Cabhlaich Thearlaich thigh'n' air chuan,
Ach threig an dail mi gu la-luain,
Soraidh bhuan, &c.

'S lionmhor laoch a's mìl treun,
Tha 'n diugh an Albainn as do dheidh,
Iad fo's n-ìosal sìleadh dheur,
Rachadh dian leat anns an t-sreup.
Soraidh bhuan, &c.

'S gur neo-shubhach, dubhach, sgi,
Do threud ionmhuinn anns gach tìr,
Buidheann meannach bu gharg cli,
Ulamh, arm-chleasach 's an t-sri.
Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Nis cromaidh na cruitearan binn,
Am barraibh dhos fo' sprochd an cinn,
Gach beo bhiodh ann an srath na'm beinn
A caoidh an co'-dhosgainn leinn.
Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Tha gach beinn, gach cnoc, 's gach sliabh,
Air an fàca sinn thu triall,
Nis air call, an dreach 's am fannh,
O nach tig thu chaoidh nan cian.
Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Bh'n t-al og nach fad thu riamh,
'G altrum graidh dhut agus miagh,
Ach thuit an cridhe nis na'n cliabh,
O na chaidil thu gu sìor.
Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Ach biodh ar n' nìrnigh moch gach la
Ris an Tì is aird' a ta,
Gun e dhioladh oirn' gu brath,
Ar n' eucòir air an t-suaithneas bhan.
Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Aoh's eagal leam ge math a chleir,
'S gach sonas gheallair dhuinn le'm beul,
Gu'm faicear sinn a' sìleadh dheur
A choinn an suaithneas ban a threig.
Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Cuireamaid soraidh bhuainn gu reidh
Leis na dh'ìmiehas an cein,
Dh'ionnsaidh an ait' na luidh an reull,
Dh'fhoghradh uainn gach gruaim a's neul.
Soraidh bhuan, &c.

S bitheamaid toilicht' leis na thà,
O nach d' fhaod sinn bhì na's fearr,
Cha bhì n-ar cuairt an so ach gearr,
A's leanaidh sin an suaithneas ban,
Soraidh bhuan, &c.

MIANN AN OGANAICH GHAEILICH.

AIR RONN—"We'll go no more a roving."

Tha sud do ghua air m'iantinn,
Le iompaidh chinnteach, reidh,
'S gur fada bho'n bu mhiannach leam,
Gu'n triallamaid dha reir;
'S a nis' bho nach urrainn mi
Ga chumail orm gu leir,
Bìdh mi fadheoidh ag aideachadh
Na th'agam dhut de speis.

*An sin treigeamaid am farsan,
'S gu'm b' fhearr na bhì air chuaiirt,
Bhì maille ris a' chailin sin,
Le farsadachd gun ghruaim.
An sin treigeamaid, &c.*

Gach aon a chi mi 's beartaiche,
Bithidh spailp orr' as am maoin,
Ach sud cha b'urraim m' iasgach-sa,
Ge d' liathain leis an aois,
Mo nadur, ge d' bhiodh iarratach,
Dha' mhiann 's nach tugaibh taobh,
Le spain cho dian cha shnasaichinn,
Màr glacte mi le gaol.
An sin treigeamaid, &c.

Na ged' bu shamhl' an storas mi,
Ge neonach sud leibh fein.
Dha'n neach is liugh' coraichean,
Tha 'm Breatain mhor gu leir
Ge soileir iubhe 'n stata sin,
Cha taladh e mi cenn.
'S air mhihtean oir cha lùbainn-s'
Ach an taobh dha 'm biodh mo dheidh.
An sin treigeamaid, &c.

Gach fear dha'm beil na smaointean so,
Bithidh m'aonta dha gu mor,
Air chunna gun ghue theag-mhaladh,
I'a fhaotainn bhì na dhoigh;
A run-sa 'nuair a d'fhiosraichinn,
Na'm measainn bhì air choir,
Gu'm molainn gun a diobairt dha,
Cho fad sa bhiodh e beo.
An sin treigeamaid, &c.

Gu'm b'aít leam eailin finealta,
 'S i maiseach, fìor-ghlan, ciuin,
 Ged' nach biodh nì, no airgead aic',
 Ach dreach a's dealbh air thus
 Ach sud na'n tarladh aic' a bhi
 'S ga reir bhi pait' an cliu,
 Cha chreidinn gu'm bu mhist' i e,
 'S i fein bhi glic air chul.
An sin treigeamaid, &c.

Cha treiginn fein a bharrail sin,
 A dh'aindeoin 's na their each,
 Le iomluas gu bhi caochlaidheach,
 'S nach aontaicheadh mo eail,
 Gach fear bi'dh mar a's toileach leis,
 Gun choireachd bhuam gu brath,
 'S a leanas e gu dicheallach,
 A bheairt a ehi e 's fearr.
An sin treigeamaid, &c.

MIANN NA H-OIGHE GAELICH.

[AIR AN FHONN CHEUDNA.]

Na'n tarladh dhomh sin fheatainn,
 Cha b'eigin leam no eas,
 Bhi 'g iomlaid gaoil gun fhadal ris,
 'S gu reidh ga aidmheil dha,
 'Sa dh' aindeoin uail a's goraich
 Nan oighean oga, bath,
 'S e sud an teuchd gu dideanadh,
 An cridheachan gu brath.

*Gu'm b' annsa na bhi m'onar,
 Mo lamh 's mo ghaol thoirt uam,
 Maraon a's lubadh farasda,
 Le oigear fearail suairc.
 Gu'm b' annsa, &c.*

Na'n deanadh fortan fabhar rium,
 'S an dail sin chuir ma m' choir,
 Le oigear maiseach, mileanda
 Gun anbharr, no dith stoir,
 A chuir an taobh a bithinn-sa,
 'S mi fein an nighinn oig,
 Gun easbhuidh seadh no pairtean air
 Cha'n aich'ain e ach foil.
Gu'm b' annsa, &c.

B'e sud an ceile thaghainn-sa,
 'S cha chladhaire neo-threun,
 Dha'm biodh lan nan cobhraichean,
 Dheth 'n or 's gun treoir dha reir;
 A threudan a' tigh'n' tharais air,
 Le barrachd dheth gach seud,
 Cha'n fhadadh saibhreas sona mi,
 Gun toileachas na dheigh.
Gu'm b' annsa, &c.

Gu'n eumadh Ni-math bhuam-sa sud!
 Fear gabhaidh, cruaidh, gun chliu,

Na fhionaig dhriopail, gheur-ehuisieh,
 Bhios leirsinneach le shuil,
 Gun tomad a measg dhaoine dheth,
 Gun ghean, gun fhaoilt, na ghnuis,
 Gun fhailteachd, chairdeil, f'hanach—
 Gun uirghioll aig a's fu.
Gu'm b' annsa, &c.

Ach oigear, dreachmhor, tabhaehdaeh
 Neo-ardanach na ghne,
 Bhios ealma 'nuair as eigin da,
 'S rei'-bheartach dha reir;
 Gun storas bhi tigh'n' tharais air,
 Gun aim-bheartas gu leir,
 'S e sud na'm faighinn m'iarratas,
 A mhiannaichinn dhomh fein.
Gu'm b' annsa, &c.

ORAN

AIR AISEADH AN FHEARUINN DO NA CINN-
 FHEADHNA SA' BHLIADHNA—1782.

LUINNEAG.

*Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn,
 Ho i hoiriunn horo,
 Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn.*

Thug m' inntinn air fad gu beadradh,
 Mar nach leagadh bron i.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Bith'maid gu maranach, geanaeh,
 Fearail, mar bu choir dhuinn.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Cuirt am bola breac na tharruinn,
 'S glaineachan air bord dhuinn.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Chuala mi naigheachd a Sasunn,
 Ris na las mo sholas.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Na Suinn a bha 'n iomairt Thearlaich,
 Thigh'n' gu dail an corach
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

'S ge d' tha enid diu sud a thriall uainn,
 Tha 'n iarmad air foghnadh.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Feudaidh mac bodaich a reiste,
 Bhi euir bleid a storas.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Cosgamaid bola de ehuneadh
 Nan Suinn nach eil beo dhiu.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Tostamaid suas gach ceann-finne,
Bli'anns an iomairt mhoir ud.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Tostamaid suas luchd ga leaninhuinn
Gan dearmad air Deorsa:
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Sluagh Bhreatainn agus Eirinn,
Geilleachdainn da mhorachd.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Ge bu duilich leinn an sgeul ud,
Mac Rìgh Seumas fhogradh.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Cha'n eil sta a bli ga iunndran
Ge b'e 'm prìnnsa coir e.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

'S gun tig tuisleadh air na rìghrean
Mar a dhiobras olach,
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Fonn an einnich fìor shìol coirce,
Cinnidh fochan oiraich;
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Mar thug mi gu ceann mo luinnceag,
Sguiridh mi gu stolda,
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

FEASGAR LUAIN.

FEASGAR Luain, a's mi air eluairt,
Gu'n eualas fuaim nach b' fhuathach leam,
Ceol nan teud gu h-ordail, reidh,
A's coisir da reir os a chionn;
Thuit mi 'n caochladh leis an iognadh,
A dh-aisig mo smaintean a null,
'S chuir mi 'n ceill gu'u imichinn cein,
Le m'aigneadh fein, 's e co'-streap rium.

Chaidh mi steach an ceann na coisir,
An robh ol a's ceol as damhs',
Rìbhinnean, a's fcasgaich oga,
'S iad an ordugh grinn gun mheang;
Dhearcas fa leath air na h-oighean,
Le rosg foil a null 'sa nall,
'S ghlacadh mo chridhe, 's mo shuil co'ladh,
'S rinn an gaol mo leon air ball!

Dh'fhichead mar aingeal, ma mo ehoinneamh,
'N ainneir og, bu ghrinne snuadh;
'Seang shlios fallain air bhla canaich,
No mar an eal' air a chuan;
Suil ghorin, mheallach, fo chaoil mhala
'S caoin' a sheallas 'g amharc nath,
Beul tla, tairis' gun ghne smalain,
Dha'n gna càrthannachd gun uaill.

Mar ghath grein' an madainn cheitein,
Gu'n mheath i mo leirsinn shul,
'S i ceumadh urlair gu reidh, iompaidh,
Do reir pugannan a chinil;
Rìbhinn mhodhail, 's fìor-ghlan foghlum,
Dh-fhion-fhuil mhorghalach mo ruin,
Reull nan oighean, grian gach coisridh,
'S i'n chiall chomhraidh, cheol-bhinn, cluinn.

'S tearc an sgeula sunnail t-eugaig,
Bhi ri fheatainn san Roinn-Eorp,
Tha mais', a's feile, tlachd, a's ceutaidh,
Nach facas leam fein fa m' choir,
Gach cliu a' fas riut muirn, 's an aillteachd
An sugradh, 's a maran beoil,
'S gach buaidh a b'ailli, bh' air *Diana*,
Gu leir mar fhagail, tha nig Moir.

'S baehlach, duallach, eas-bhuidh', euachach'
Caradh suaincas gruaig do chinn,
Gu h-aluinn, boidheach, faineach, or-bhuidh,
An caraibh seoighn' 'san ordugh grinn,
Gun chion a' fas riut, a dh' f'heut' aircamh,
O do bharr gu sail do bhuinn;
Dh'fhichead na buaidhean, oigh, mu'n cuairt dat,
Gu meudachdain t-uail 's gach puing!

Bu leigheas eugail, slan o'n Eug,
Do dh' fhear a d' fheudadh bhi ma d' choir
B' fhear na'n cadal bhl na t-fhagaig,
'G eisdeachd agallaidh do bheoil;
Cha robh *Bhenus* a mcasg leugaibh,
Dh' aindeoin fencantachd cho boidh'eh,
Ri muirninn mhin, a leon mo chridh',
Le buaidhean, 's mi 'g a dìth ri m' bheo.

'S glan an fhion-fhuil as na fhriamhaich
Thu, gun fhiarradh mhiar, no mheang,
Cinneadh morghalach, bu chrodha,
Tional co 'ladh cho'-stri lann,
Bhuin'eadh cuis a bharr nan du'-Ghall,
Sgiursadh iad gu'n duthelas thall,
Leanadh ruaig air Cataich fhuara,
'S a toirt buaidh orr' anns gach ball.

Tha eabar-feidh an dluth's do reir dhut,
Nach biodh easlaineach san stri,
Fìr nach obadh leis ga'n togail
Dol a chogadh 'n aghaidh rìgh,
Bu cholgail, faiceant' an stòirm feachdaidh,
Armach, breacanach, air ti
Dol 'san iomairt gun bhonn gioraig,
'S nach pilleadh ga dhol fo chis.

'S trom leam m' osna', 's cruai' leam m' fhor-
tan
Gun ghleus socair, 's mi gun suant,
'S mi ri smaointinn air an aon run,
A bhuin mo ghaol gun ghaol d'a chionn.
Throm na Duilean peanas dubailt,
Gu mis' umhlachadh air ball,
Thaladh *Cupid* mi san dual,
As na dhuig mi bruite, fann!

Beir soraith buam d'on ribhinn shuaire',
De'n chinneadh mhor a's uaisle gnas,
Thoir mo dhurachd-sa g'a h-ionnsaidh,
'S mi 'n deagh run d'a cul-bhuidh' ban.
'S nach brúdar cadail a ghluais m'aigne,
'S truagh nach aidich e dhomh tanh,
'S ge b'ann air chuairt, no thall an euan,
Gu'm bi mi sinuainteach ort gu brath.

MOLADH A BHAIRD

AIR A THIR FEIN.

Ox is farsan leam gach la,
Bi'dh 'n srachd so gu Braid-Albann,
A d'fheuch a fearr a gheibh mi slaint,
A thigh'n' gu ard nan garbh-chrioch,
'S ge do dhirich mi Lairc-Ila.
Tha mo spid air fálbhuam,
Ge tus blianu' uir' e 's beag mo shurd,
Ri brughaichean Choire-Choramaic.

A thaigh Chill-Fheinn, cha bhuanachd leinn,
Air chinnt' ge d' tha tha boidheach,
A bhi ri sneachd' a diol mo leapa,
Dha'n t-Sasunnach dhoite,
'S i'n tir fo thuath dha mor mo luaidh sa,
Ghluais mo sinuain gu oran,
'S mi air bealach triall ri gaillion,
Gu fearann nach eol domh.

A Shrath Chinn..Fhaolain nam ba-maola
'S nam fear-caola, luatha,
'S mi nach tagh'leadh, air do ghaol thu.
Nochd gur faonraidh fear thu ;
Thuirt beul an rafaird rium gum b'fhearr,
Na Gearr-loch an taobh-Tuatha,
Fhearann gortach, lan de bhochdain,
Gun socair aig tuath ann.

Beir mo shoraidh 'thir a mhonaidh,
A's nam beann corrach, arda,
Fridh nan gaisgeach 's nan sonn gasda,
Tir Chlann-Eachuinn Ghearr-loch,
Gur uallach, eangach, an damh breangach,
Suas tro' gleannan fasaich,
Bi'dh cuach sa bhadan, seinn a leadainn,
Moch sa mhadainn, Mhaighe,

Gum b'e Gearr-loch an tir bhaigheil,
'S an tir phairteach, bhiadhar,
Tir a phailteis, tir gun ghaiune,
Tir is glaine fialachd,
An tir bhainneach, uachdrach, mhealach,
Chaoimhach, channach, thiorail,
Tir an arain, tir an tachdair,
Sithne, a's pailteas iasgaich,

Tir an aigh i, tir nan armunn,
Tir nan sar-fhear gleusda;
Tir an t-suairceis, tir gun ghruaimean,
Tir is uaisle feile.

An tir bhoreach, nam frith ro-mhor,
Tir gun leon, gun gheibhinn,
An tir bhraonach, mhachrach, raonach,
Mhartach, laoghach, fheurach.

Gu'n ti nollaig mhor le sonas,
Gu comunn gun phrabar,
O'n's lionmhor gaisgeach le sar acuinn
Theid gu feachd na traghaid,
Mar shluagh Mhic-Chu'il lecrnai' fhiubhai',
Ruaig gun chun' air srachdan ;
Bi'dh Muirearlach maide fo' bhinn chabar
Gu stad i sa Bhruidhe.

Ge do tha mi siubhal Galidachd,
Cha'n ann tha mo mhi-chuis,
Ge d' tha mi 'n taobh-s' ann [priosal
Tha mo ruin do'n chomunn chiun nach
'N'am teiree' do'n la thigh sibh o'n traigh,
Gu seonair ban nam pisean;
Bi'dh ceol nam feadau 's Eoia da spreigeadh
Gu beagadh 'ur mi-ghean.

Bi'dh bola lan air bhord na'n dail,
Cuir surd fo eall na coisir,
Bi'dh laoidh mu'n cuairt nach cluinnt' a
luach.

Aig suinn chuir cuairt na h-Eorpa
Bi'dh luagh a's luinneag, duan a's iorram,
'S cuairt le sgil bho'n oisich,
Aig buidhean ghasda, nan arm sgaiteach.
Treunmhor air feachd comh-stri.

'Nuair tharladh sibh' san taigh-thabhairn,
Far an traighte stoip leibh,
Cha b'e'n canran bhiodh n'ur pairt,
An uair a b'airde poit dhuibh,
Ach mir', a's maran, gaol, a's cairdeas
'S iomairt lamh gun do-bheirt
'S bu bhinn ri eisdeachd cainnt 'ur beul,
Seach iomairt mheur air oigh-cheol.

Cho fad sa dh'imich cliu na h-Alba,
Fhuaradh airm na duch' ud,
An am a h-uaislean dhol ri cruadal
'S Eachuun ruadh air thus dhiubh,
O la Ruon Flodden nam beum trou'
A shocraich bo'n na fudhaidh,
Gn h-uallach, dosrach, suas gun dosgairn,
Uasal bho stoc mhuirneach.

ORAN A RINN AM BARD

ANN AN DUN-EIDEANN

AIR RONN.—“*The Banks of the Dee.*”

Sa' mhadainn 's mi 'g eiridh,
'S neo-eibhinn a ta mi,
Cha b' ionann a's m' abhaist,
Air airidh nan gleann,
O 'n thainig mi 'n taobh-s',
Chuir mi cul ris gach maran,

'S cha bheag a chuis-ghraíue leam,
Cannran nan Gall :
Cia mar dh'fheudain bhi subhach,
'S mo chlirí an ait eile?
Gun agam ach pairt dheth,
Sa 'n ait' anns am beil mi,
Fadhubhar nam mor-bheann,
Tha 'n corr dheth 's cha cheil mi,
'S gur grain' leam bhi 'g amhare,
Na th'agam na gheall.

O ! 's tric bha mi falbh leat,
A gheala-bhean na feile,
Ann a doire nan geug,
A's air reidhleín na driuchd;
'S air srathaibh a ghlinne,
Far bu bhinne guth smeoraich
'S air iomair nan noineinean,
Fheoirneanach chur',
A direadh a mhulaich
'S a tional na spreidhe,
Gu Innseag na tulaich,
Air iomain sa' cheitean,
Bu neo-chionntach maran,
Mo ghraidh-sa gun bheud ann;
'S gu 'm b'ait leam bhi 'g eisdeachd
Ri sgeula mo ruin.

ORAN ANNS AM BEIL AM BARD

A NOLADH A LEANNAIN.—AGUS A DHUTHAICH
FEIN.

AIR Fonn—*O'er the muir among the heather.*

Gur c mis' tha briste, bruite,
Cia b'è ri'n leiginn mo runachd.
Mu'n ainneir is binne sugradh,
'S mi ri giulan a cion-falaich.

*E ho ro mo run an cailin
E ho ro mo run an cailin
Mo run cailin suaire' a mharain,
Tha gach la a' tigh'n' fo' m'aire.*

Tha mo chridhe mar na cuaintean,
Mar dhuilleach nan crann le luasgan,
No mar fhiadh an aird nam fuar-bheann;
'S mo chadal luaineach le faire.
E ho ro, &c.

Shiubhail mi fearann nan Gael,
'S carrainn de Bhreatuinn air farsan
'S cha'n fhacas na bheireadh barr,
Air Finne bhan nan tla-shul meallach.
E ho ro, &c.

Bu bhinne na smeorach Cheitein
Leam do ghloir, 's tu comhradh reidh rium,
'S mo ehliall air lasadh le h-eibhneas,
Tabhairt eisdeachd dha d' bheul tairis.
E ho ro, &c.

Bu tu mo chruit, mo cheol, 's mo thaileasg,
'S mo leug phriseil, rimheach, aghimhor,
Bu leigheas eugail o na bhas domh,
Na'm feudainn a ghna bhi mar riut.
E ho ro, &c.

Gu muladach mi 's mi smaointinn,
Air cuspair mo chion' gun chaochladh,
Oigh mhin, mhaiseach, nam bas maoth-
gheal,
'S a slios caoin-tla mar an canach.
E ho ro, &c.

Tha do dhealbh gun chearb, gun fhiarradh,
Min-gheal, fìor-ghlan, dìreach, lìonta,
'S do nadur cho seamh 's bu mhiannach,
Gu pailt, fialaidh, ciallach, banail,
E ho ro, &c.

Air fad m' fhuireach an Dun-eideann,
Gumail comuinn ri luehd Beurla
Bheir mi 'n t-soraidh so gu'n treigsinn
Dh' ionusaidh m' cìbhneis ann 'sna glean-
E ho ro, &c. [naibh.

Go do tharladh dhomh bhi 'n taobh-sa,
Gur beag mo thlachd dheth na du-Ghaill.
'S bi'dh mi nis a' cuir mo chul riu,
'S a deanamh m' iuil air na beannaibh,
E ho ro, &c.

Gur eatrom mo ghleus, a's m' iompaidh,
'S neo-lodail mo cheum o'n fhonn so,
Gu tìr ard nan sar-fhear sunntach,
'S a treigsinn Galldaehd 'nam dheannamh.
E ho ro, &c.

Dìridh mi gu Tulach-Armuinn,
Air leth-taobh Srath min na Lairec,
'S tearnaidh mi gu Innseag bla-choill
'S gheibh mi Finne bhan gun smalau.
E ho ro, &c.

MOLADH AN UISGE-BHEATHA.

LUINNEAG.

*Ho ro gur toigh leinn drama,
Ho ro gur toigh leinn drama,
Ho ro gur toigh leinn drama,
'S ioma fear tha'n geall air.*

Mo ghaol an coilgearnach spraeicil,
Dh-fhas gu foirmeil, meannmach, maiseach,
Dh-fhas gu speiseil, treabhach, tapaidh
Neo-lapach san aimhreit;
Ho ro, &c.

Ach trocair g' an d' fhuair a chailleach,*
Bha uaireigin anns na h-Earadh,
Cha mheasa ni mi do mholadh,
Ge do lean mi 'm fonn aic'.
Ho ro, &c.

Thagh i 'm fonn so, 's sheinn i eliu dhut,
Dh-aithnich i'n sgoinn a bh'anns san druthaig,
'Nuair a bhiodh a breinn san rupail,
B'e run thu bhi teann oirr'.
Ho ro, &c.

Ach 's tu 'm fear briodalach, sugach,
Chuireadh ar mi-ghean air chul quinn,
'S a chuireadh teas oirn san dulachd,
'Nuair bu ghnú an geamradh,
Ho ro, &c.

Stuth glan na Toiseachd, gun truailleadh,
Gur ioc-shlaint choir am feil buaidh e;
'S tu thogadh m'inntin gu stairceas,
'S cha b'e druaidh an *Frainge*.
Ho ro, &c.

'S tu 'n gill' eibhinn, meanmnach, boidheach,
Chuireadh na caillcachan gu boileh,
Bheireadh scanachas na h-oighean
Air ro-mhoid am baidcachd,
Ho ro, &c.

Chuireadh tu uails' anns a bha'-laoch,
Sparradh tu uail anns an arachd,
Dh-fhagadh tu cho suaire' fear dreamach,
'S nach biodh air' air dreamndan.
Ho ro, &c.

'S tu mo laochan soitheamh, siobhalt,
Cha bhi loinn ach far am bi thu,
Fograi' tu air falbh gach mi-ghean
'S bheir thu sith a aimhreit'.
Ho ro, &c.

'S mor tha thlachd air do luchd toireachd,
Bithidh iad fialaidh, pailt ma'n storas,
Chaoidh cha sgrubair 's an taigh-òsd iad,
Sgapadh oir nan deann leo.
Ho ro, &c.

Cha' n'eil cleireach, no pears eaglais,
Crabhaich, teallsanach, no sgart,
Dha nach toir thu caochladh aigne—
Sparra' ceill san amhlair.
Ho ro, &c.

*The bard here alludes to the celebrated Mary McLeod the poetess, who is said to have been a little *dry* in her last years. Tradition has it that, when Mary paid a visit to any of her friends, if the *shell* was not in immediate requisition, she feigned to be suddenly seized with colicks—raising such lugubrious moans and shrieks as could not but alarm the inmates. "Oh! Mary, dear daughter," they would exclaim in their simplicity, "what ails you—what can do you good?" Mary, who was musical even in her distress, would reply in the words of the chorus—" *Ho ro ur toigh leam drama*"

Cha' n'eil cleasaich anns an rioghachd
Dha' m bu leas a dhol a strì riut,
Dh-fhagadh tu e-san na shineadh,
'S pìoban as gach ceann deth.
Ho ro, &c.

Dh-fhagadh tu fear mosach fialaidh, "
Dheana' tu fear tosdach briathrach,
Chuire' tu sog air fear cianail,
Le d' shoghraidhean greannar.
Ho ro, &c.

Dh-fhaga' tu cho slan fear bacach,
'S e gun ich, gun oich, gun acain,
'G cìridh le sunnt air a leth-chois,
Gu spailpeil a dhambsa.
Ho ro, &c.

Chuire' tu bodaich gu beadrach,
'S na cromaichean sgrogach, sgreagach,
Gu cìridh gu frogail, sa cheigil,
Ri sgeig air an t-sheann aois,
Ho ro, &c.

Bu tu suiriche mo ruin-sa,
Ge d' thuit na mnathan nach b'fhiu thu,
'Nuair a thaebras tu sa' chuill riu,
Bheir thu cuis gun taing dhui.
Ho ro, &c.

Bu tu cairid an fhir-fhacail,
Bheireadh fuasgla' dha gu tapaidh.
Ged nach ol e dhìot ach cairteal,
'S blasbhoird a chainnt e.
Ho ro, &c.

Tha cho liugha buaidh air fas ort,
'S gu la-luain nach faod mi'n aircamh,
Ach 'se sgaoil do ehlìu 's gach aite,
Na baird a bhi 'n geall ort.
Ho ro, &c.

Thogadh ort nach b'fheairde mis thu,
Gun ghoid thu mo ehuid gun fhios uam
Ach gun taing do luchd do mhiosgainn
Cha chreid mise drannd dheth.
Ho ro, &c.

Bha mi uair, 's bu luach-mhor t-fheum-dhomh,
Ge nach tuig mal-shluagh gun cheill e,
Dum amabam, sed quid refert,
Na ghrnaisg quæ amanda.
Ho ro, &c.

MAC-NA-BRACHA.

LUINNEAG.

'S toigh linn drama, lion a ghlaire,
Cuir an t-sarrag sin an nall;
Mac-na-brach' an gille gasda,
Cha bu rapairean a chlann.

Ge b'e dhi-mol thu le theangaidh.
 E'ole an aithne bha na eheann.
 Mar tig thu fhathast na charaunh,
 Gu'm beil mo bharail-sa mealt'.
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

Na'm b'e duine dha nach b'col thu,
 Dheana' foirneart ort le eainnt,
 Cha bhidheamaid fein dha leanmhuinn,
 Cluinn 's gu'm biodh do shealbh air
 gann,
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

Ach fear a bha greis na d' ehomunn,
 Cha b'e eomain-s' a bh'ann
 Bhi cuir mi-chliu air do nadar,
 Gur an dha-sa bhios a chall,
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

Co dh'aoireadh fear do bheusan?
 Ge do bheirt' e fein sa'n *Fhraing*,
 No dhi-mholadh stuth na Toiseachd?
 Ach trudar nach oladh dram.
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

Stuth glan na Toiseadh gun truailleadh,
 An ioe-shlaint is uaisle t' ann,
 'S fearr gu leigheas na gach lighich,
 Bha no bhitheas a measg Ghall.
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

Cia mar a dheanamaid banais?
 Cumhnanta, no ceangal teann?
 Mar bi dram againn do'n Chleireach,
 Bu leibeideach feum a pheann.
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

Tha luchd erabhaidh dha do dhiteadh,
 Le cul-chaint a's briodal feall,
 Ge d' nach aidich iad le'm beoil thu,
 Olaidh iad thu mar an t-allt.
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

A Chleir fein, ge seunt' an cota,
 Tha'n sgornanan ort an geall,
 Tha cuid ac' a ghabhas fraoileadh,
 Cho math ri saighdear sa' ehang,
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

An t-OLLA MAC-IAIN* le Bheurla,
 Le 'Laideann a's 'Ghreugais-chainnt,
 Gu'n dh-fhag stuth uaibhreach nan Gael,
 Teang' a ehananaich ud mall.
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

'N uair thug e ruaig air feadh na h-Alba,
 'S air feadh nan garbh-ehrioch ud thall
 Dh-fhag Mac-na-brach' e gun lide
 Na amadan liotach, dall.
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

Gu'm b'ait leam fein, fhir mo ehiridhe,
 Bli mar iad d' bhuidhean 's gach am,

'S tric a bha sinn ar dithis
 Gun phlob, gun fhidheil, a damhs!
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

When our author's celebrated preceding song in praise of whiskey became generally known, Mr. John MacDonald, the author of the excellent love-ditty, the second set of *Mairi Laghach*, invoked his muse and composed a parody on its systematically overthrowing everything Ross had said in its praise. Our author having heard of this, again tuned his lyre—sustained the positions he formerly assumed—castigated the villifier of *agua vite* and at still greater length celebrated the inspiring qualities of it.

MOLADH NA H-OIGHE GAELICH.

AIR FOXN—"Mount your baggage."

A Nighean bhoidheach
 An or-fhuil bhachalaidh,
 Nan gorm-shul miogach,
 'S nam min bhas sneachda-gheal,
 Gu'n siubhlain reidhleach
 A'a sleibhteann Bhreathuinn leat,
 Fo earradh sgaoilte
 De dh'aodach breacain orm,

'S e sud an t-eideadh
 Ri 'n eireadh m'aigne-sa,
 'S mo nighean Ghaelach,
 Aluinn agan ann;
 O bheil na h-oidhebe
 Gu soills' na madainne,
 Gu'm b'ait n-ar sugradh
 Gun dusal eadail oirn.

Ge d' tha na bain-tighearnan
 Gallda, fasanta,
 Thug oigh na Gaelig,
 Barr am mais' orra,
 Gur annir sheoighn i
 Gun sgoid ri deare' oirre,
 Na h-earradh gle-mhath
 De dh'eudadh breacannach.

Gur foinnidh, mileanta
 Direach, dreachmhor, i,
 Cha lub am feoircean
 Fo broig 'nuair shaltras i;
 Tha deirge a's gile
 Co-mhire gleachdanaich,
 Na gnuis ghil, eibhinn,
 Rinn ceudan airtneulach.

Reidh dheud eomhord
 An ordugh innealta,
 Fo bhilibh sar-dhaith',
 Air blath *bermillian*;
 Tha h-aghaidh narach
 Cho lan de chinealtachd,
 'S gun tug a h-aogas,
 Gach aon an ciomachas.

Gur binne eomhradh
Na oráid fhileanta,
Tha guth nì's ceolmhoir',
Na oigh-cheol binn-fhaclach,
Cha laidheadh bron oirn,
No leon, no iomadan,
Ri faighinn sgeul duinn
O bheul na finne sin.

'Nuair thig a Bhealltainn,
'S an Samhradh lusanach,
Bi'dh sinn air airidh,
Air ard nan uchdanan,
Bi'dh eruit nan gleannan
Gu canntair, cuirfeasach,
Gu tric gar dusgadh
Le surd gu moch-eiridh.

'S bi'dh 'n erodh, 's na caoirich,
'S an fhraoch ag inealtradh,
'S na gobh'raibh bail-fhionn,
Gu bail-bhreac, bior-shuileach,
Bi'dh 'n t-al 's an leimnich
Gun cheill, gun ehion orra,
Ri gleachd 's ri eomhrag
'S a snatach bhileagan.

Bi'dh mise, a's Mairi
Gach la 's na glaeagan,
No'n doire geugach
Nan eunan breac-iteach,
Bi'dh cuach, a's smeorach,
Ri ceol 's ri caiseamachd,
'S a gabhail orain
Le sgornain bhlasda dhuinn.

Note.—"WILLIAM ROSS chiefly delighted in pastoral poetry, of which he seized the true and genuine spirit—'Moladh na h-oighe Ghaelich' or his 'Praise of the Highland Maid' is a masterpiece in this species of composition. It embraces everything that is lovely in a rural scene; and the description is couched in the most appropriate language."—BIBLIOTHECA SCOTO-CELTICA.

AN LADIE DUBH.

LÚINNEAG.

*Ho ro ladie dhui',
Ho ro eile,
Ho ro ladie dhui',
Ho ro eile,
Ho ro ladie dhui',
Ho ro eile,
Gu'm b'eibhinn le m'aigneadh
An ladie na'm feudadh.*

Nach mireagach *Cupid*,
'S e sugradh ri mhathair,
Dia brionnach gun suilean,
An duil gur ceol-gair' e,

A' tilgeadh air thuairream,
Mu'n cuairt anns gach aite,
A shaighdean beag, guineach,
Mar's urrainn e'n sathadh.
Ho ro ladie dhui', &c.

Bha sagart 's na crìochan,
'S bu diaghaidh 'm fear-leughaidh,
Air dunadh le ereideamh,
'S le eagnachd cho eudmhor;
'S b'ann a cheann-eagair,
A theagasg bhi beusach
Gun ofrail a nasgadh
'Aig altairean *Bhenuis*.
Ho ro ladie dhui', &c.

'Nuair a chunnaic a bhan-dia,
Fear-teampuill cho duire,
Gun urrain dh'a maildeachd,
Gun mhiagh air a sugradh,
Chuir i 'n dia dalldaeh,
Beag, feallsach, gun snilean,
'Dh-fheuchain am feudadh e,
A ghleusadh gu h-urlain.
Ho ro ladie dhui', &c.

'Nuair dhiuchd an dia baothar,
Beag, faoilteach, mu'n cuairt da,
Gun thilg e air saighead,
O ehailin na buaile
Chaidh 'n sagart na lasair,
'S eha chuir as gu la-luain e,
Mar bhlitheadh gun gheill e,
Do *Bhenus* san uair sin.
Ho ro ladie dhui', &c.

'S b'e aidmheil an *Lebhu*,
'Nuair a b' eigin da umhlachd,
Gu 'm b' fheairde gach buachaille
Gruagach a phusadh,
'S bha eailin na buaile,
Cho buan ann a shuilean,
'S gun robh i na aigneadh,
Na ehadal 's na dhusgadh.
Ho ro ladie dhui', &c.

'S e fath ghabh an sagart,
Air caidridh na h-oighe,
Air dha bhi air madainn,
Ga h-aidmheil na sheomar,
A glaeadh 'sa leagadh,
Air leabaidh bhligh chomhnaird,
'S mu's maitheadh e peacadh,
Bhi tacan ga pogadh.
Ho ro ladie dhui', &c.

Ach tilgidh na Cinnich,
Mar llisgean oirne,
Mar tha sinn cho deidheil,
Air eibhneas na h-oige
Luchd-ereideimh a's erahaidh,
Toirt stracan gu goraich,
'S a bristeadh nan aintean
Le barr am buill-dochais!
Ho ro ladie dhui', &c.

Note—The foregoing cynical song was composed on a rigidly righteous Highland Schoolmaster, who, fancying that his ferula and cassock were sufficient to sustain him in his self-lauded innocence, was notorious in the country-side for his scorching tirades against all delinquents—especially such as had incurred the rebuke of the kirk-session. Our bard, although free from the grosser immoralities, being a little amorous in his disposition, came once or twice under the lash of this censor.—But alas! the instability of human virtues—"holy Willie" himself got an illegitimate child! The *fama* of the Saint's sin ran from one corner of the parish to the other by getting his servant maid in the *family way*.—The poet readily availed himself of the opportunity to retaliate upon the Dominie, and applied the lash with great skill.—Nothing excels the irony and sarcasm of our bard in this production; if he does not exult a little too loudly over a fallen enemy.

CUMHADH A BHAIRD

AIR SON A LEANNAIN.

AIR Fonn—"Farewell to Lochaber."

GEU' is socrach mo leabaidh,
 Cha'n e'n cadal mo mhiann,
 Leis an luasgans' th'air m'aigneachd,
 O cheann fad' agus cian,
 Gu 'm beil teine na lasair,
 Gun dol as na mo chliabh,
 Tabhairt brosnachadh geur dhomh,
 Gu bhi 'g eridh 'sa triall.

CO'-SHEIRM.

*Seinn eibhinn, seinn eibhinn,
 Seinn eibhinn an dail,
 Seinn eibhinn bhinn eibhinn,
 Seinn eibhinn gach la,
 Seinn eibhinn, binn eutrom,
 Seinn eibhinn, do ghra
 Seinn eibhinn, seinn eibhinn,
 Chuireadh m' euslain gu lar.*

'Tha mi corr a's tri bliadhna,
 Air mo lionadh le gaol,
 'S gach aon la dhiu stiùireadh,
 Saighhead ur ann mo taobh;
 Cia mar 's leir dhomh ni taitneach,
 Dh'aindeoin pailteas mo mhaoin?
 'S mi as eugmhais do mharain,
 Bhiodh gun ardan riim saor,
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

'S e do mharan bu mhiann leam,
 'S e tigh'n' gun fhiabhras gun ghruaim,
 Mar ri blasdachd na h-oraid,
 'S e bu cheol-bhinne fuaim;
 Dh'eireadh m' inntinn gu h-abhachd,
 Ri linn bhi 'g aireamh gach buaidh.
 A bha co'-streup ri mo leannan
 Baididh, farasda, suaire'.
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

'S gur gile mo leannan
 Nan cal' air an t-snamh,
 Gur binn' i na'n smeorach,
 Am barraibh ro-chrann sa mnaigh,
 Gur e geamn'achd a beusan,
 'S i gun eacoir na cail,
 A lub mise gu geilleadh
 Air bheag eigin na gradh.
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

Gu'm beil maise na h-eudant,
 Nach fendainn-s' a luaidh,
 Tha i pailt ann an ceutaidh,
 'S an ceill a thoirt buaidh,
 Gun a coimeas ri featainn
 Ann an speis, san taobh-tuath,
 M' og mhin-mhala bhaididh,
 Thogadh m' inntinn o ghruaim,
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

'S ge do bhithinn an eugail,
 Agus leigh air toirt duil,
 Nach biodh furtachd an dan domh,
 Ach am bas an gearr uin',
 Chuireadh eugas mo mhin-mhal',
 Mo mhi-ghean air chul,
 Ghlacainn binneas na smeorach
 A's gheibhinn solas as ur.
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

Ge binn cuach 's ge binn smeorach,
 'S ge binn coisir 's gach crann,
 Seinn cuil dhomh 'n coill smudain,
 Theich mo shugradh-s' air chall—
 Tha mi daonnan a smaointeach,
 Air mo ghaol ann sa' ghlenn
 'S mi air tuiteam am mi-ghean,
 Gun a briodal bli ann.
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

'Nuair a blithinn-'s 's mo mhin-mhal'
 An gleannan rimheach na cuach,
 No 'n doire fagach na smeorach,
 Gabhail solais air chuairt;
 Cha mhalairtin m' eibhneas
 O bli ga h-eugmhais car uair,
 Air son storas f'hir-stata,
 Dh' aindeoin airdead au uail.
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

Ge bu righ mi air Albainn,
 Le cuid airgeid a's spreidh
 B'e mo raghainn mo mhin-mhal',
 Thar gach ribhinn dhomh fein,
 Cha bu shuaimhneas gu bas domh
 'N aon aite fo 'n ghrein,
 'S mi as eugmhais do mharain,
 Gus mo thearnadh o bheud.
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

Ach mosg'leam tharais a mi-ghean,
 'S cuiream dith air mo ghruaim,
 Beo ni's faide cha bhi mi
 Gun mo mhin-mhala shuairc!

Oig mhin beir mo shoraidh
Leat na choirean so shuas,
Seinn mo ruin ann sa' ghleannan.
'S tuigidh 'n cailin e bhuat.
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

CUACHAG NAN CRAOBH.*

CHUACHAG nan craobh, nach trua'leat mo
chaoi'
'G osnaich ri oidhche' cheothar—
Shiubhlainn le'm' ghaol, fo dhubhar nan
craobh,
Gu'n duin' air an t-saoghal fheoraich,
Thogainn ri gaoith am monadh an fhraoich,
Mo leabaidh ri taobh dorain—
Do chrutha geal caoinh sinne ri m' thaobh,
'S mise ga'd chaoin phogadh.

Chunna' mi fein aisling, 's cha bhreug,
Dh-fhag sin mo chre bronach,
Fear mar ri te, a pogdh a beul,
A briodal an deigh posaidh,
Dh'uraich mo mhiann, dh'ath'rich mo chiall,
Ghul mi gu dian, doimeach,
Gach cuisle agus feith, o iochdar mo ehleibh
Thug iad gu leum co'-lath!

Ort tha mo gheall, chaill mi mo chonn,
Tha mi fo throm chreuchdan,
Dh'aisigeadh t-fhonn slainte do'm eom,
Dh'uchdadh air lom m' eibhneas,
Thiginn ad dhail, chuirinn ort failt',
Bhithinn a ghraidh reidh riut—
M'ulaidh s mo mliann, m' aighear 's mo
chiall,
'S ainneir air fiamh grein' thu!

Thuit mi le d'ghath, mhill thu mo rath,
Striochd mi le neart dorain
Saighdean do ghaoil sait' anns gach taobh,
'Thug dhìom gach caoin co'-lath,
Mhill thu mo mhais, ghoid thu mo dhreach,
'S mbeudaich thu gal broin domh;

* The poet, crossed in love, suffered such poignancy of grief that it ultimately brought on a consumption and he was for some time bed-ridden. On a fine evening in May, he rose and walked out through the woods to indulge his melancholy alone.—Arriving at a large tree, he threw himself on the green sward beneath its branches, and was not long in his sequestered sylvan situation ere the cuckoo began to carol above him.—“The son of song and sorrow” immediately tunes his lyre, and sings an address to the feathered vocalist.—He pours out his complaints before the shy bird, and solicits its sympathies.—Had Burns been a Gaelic Scholar, we should have no hesitation in accusing him of plagiarism when he sung:—

“How can ye chaunt ye little birds,
While I'm so wae an' fu' o' care?”

But Ross embodies finer feelings and sentiments in his fugitive pieces than even the bard of

'S mar fuasgail thu tra, le t-fhuran 's le
t-fhailt'
'S cuideachd ain bas dhomh-sa!

'S eama-lubach t-fhalt, fanna-bhui' nan
cleachd
'S fabhrad nan rosg aluinn;
Gruaidhean mar chaor, broilleach mar aol,
Anail mar ghaoth garaidh—
Gus an cuir iad mi steach, an caol-taigh nan
leac

Bidh mi fo neart craidh dheth,
Le smaointinn do chleas, 's do shugradh ma
seach,
Fo dhuilleach nam preas blath'or.

'S milis do bheul, 's comhnard do dheud,
Suillean air lidh airneig,
'Ghiulaineadh breid, uallach gu feill,
'S uasal an reull aluinn—
'Strua' gun an t-eud tha'n uachdar mo ehleibh,
Gad bhuailadh-s' an ceud aite—
Na faighinn thu reidh pusd' on a cheir
B'fhasa dhomh-fein tearnadh.

'S tu 'n ainneir tha grinne, mileanta, binn,
Le d' cheileir a sinn oran,
'S c bhi na do dhail a dh'oidhche sa la,
Thoillicheadh cail m' oige:
Gur gile do bhian na sneachd air an fhiar,
'S na canach air sliabh moitich,
Nan deanadh tu ruin tarrainn rhuin dlu'
Dheanainn gach turs' fhogar.

Carair gu reidh clach agus cre
Ma'm leabaidh-s' a bhri t-uaisle—
'S fada mi 'n eis a feitheamh ort fein
'S nach togair thu gheug suas leam,
Na b' thus a bhiodh tinn, dheanainn-sa luim,
Mas biodh tu fo chuinge truaighe,
Ach 's goirid an dail gu'm faicear an la,
'M bi prasan a' tra'l m'uaigh-sa!

Mallachd an tus, aig a mhnai-ghluin',
Nach d' adhlaic sa chuil beo mi!
Mu'n d' fhuair mi ort iuil ainneir dheas ur,
'S nach duirig thu fhu pog dhomh,
Tinn gu'n bhi slan, duisgt' as mo phramh,
Cuimhneachach dan posaidh
Mo bheannachd ad dheigh, cheannaich thu-
fein,
Le d' leannanachd gle og mi.

ORAN EADAR AM BARD,

AGUS CAILLEACH-MHILLEADH-NAN-DAY.

AM BARD.

ACH gur mise tha duilich,
'S mi gu muldach truagh,
Cha'n urra' mi aireamh
Mar a tha mi 's gach uair,

Gu'm beil dorain mo chridhe,
Dha mo ruighinn cho cruaidh,
Leis a' chion 'thug mi'n ribhinn,
O nach dirich mi suas.

A' CHAILLEACH

Tosd a shladai', 's dean firinn,
'S na bi 'g innsea' nam breug,
Cha ehreid mi bhuat fathasd,
Nach eil da'ich do sgeul,
Ma tha i cho maiseach,
'S cho pailt ann an ceill,
'S nach urra' mi t-aicheadh,
Bheir mi barr dh'i thar cheud.

Ma's i ribhinn do leannan,
Faire! faire! *brabho!*
Cha bhi t-onoir gun anabharr;
Your servant, my Lord!
Mar a foghainn leat gruagach,
Aeh te uasal le srol,
Gus am faic mi do bhanais,
Cha chan mi ni's mo.

AM BARD.

Tha mo leannan ni's aille,
Na tha sa'n Roinn-corp,
Gur gile, a's gur glain' i
Na canach an fhoir
Gur binne na ehlarsach
Leam abhaehd a beoil,
Aig a mhiad s' thug mi ghaol d'i,
Cha 'n fhaod mi bhi beo!

A' CHAILLEACH.

'S tu d' fhosgail thar choir e,
'S nach soradh a bhreug,
'S a liughad gnuis ro-ghlan
'S an Roinn-corpa gu leir,
Ma's a samhladh dh'i 'n canach,
Cha'n' aithne dhomh f'henm;
Ma's e 'gaol a bheir triall ort,
Deagh bhliadhn' as do dhcigh.

Ma's a binne na ehlarsach
Leat abhaehd a beoil,
Gur neonach nach euala' sinn
Luaidh air a ceol;
Mar a h-ealaidh os 'n iosal
Ann an dìomhaireachd mhor,
Ris an eireadh a chridhe,
Gun ach tri-'ear ma coir.

AM BARD.

'S i mo Leannan an 'eucag
Air na ceudan thug barr,
Gnuis shoillear, caol-mhala',
Suil thairis, ghorm, thla,
Beul min mar an t-shirist
O' milis thig failt',

Gruaidh dhearg mar na caoran,
Sud aogais mo ghraidh.

A' CHAILLEACH.

Mar b'e iteach na *Pecaig*,
Cha bhiod speis dh'i no diu
Cha'n 'eil math innt' no dolaidh
Mar a toillech i 'n t-suil
Chuir a h-ionan, sa casan,
Mi-dhreath air a muirn,
Ged' tha spailp as a h-eideadh,
Gur ean i nach fìu.

Gnuis shoillear, caol-mhala,
Suil thairis, ghorm, thla,
Ge d' tha taitneachdain seal annt,
Cha mhair iad aeh gearr,
Iathaidh bilibh dearg, daite,
Teangaidh sgaitheach, lom, ghearrt',
'S mar tha seirce nan gruaidhean,
Cha bhuain' iad na cael!

The woman here introduced as a hypereritic in song was a particular friend of the poet.—Ross began, in her presence, to sing the praises of “the girl of his affection” and his own certainty of a premature grave in consequence of her refusal of him.—The old wife heard the first stanza, and by way of episode or running commentary, endeavours to cure him of his passion.—She thus continues her intervening remarks to the end of his ditty.—The poet was so struck with the shrewdness and point of her episodes that he immediately versified them.—The song, therefore, comes before us in the shape of a duet—the woman, however, singing two stanzas to the poet's one.—Ross does everything as he should—he well knew the garrulousness of women, and their privilege to have the last word in every controversy!

BRUGHAICHEAN GHLINN'-BRAON

LUINNEAC.

*Beir mo shoraidh le durachd,
Do ribhinn nan dlu-chiabh,
Ris an tric bha mi sugradh,
Ann am Brughaichean Ghlinne-Braon.*

Gur e mis' tha gu eianail,
'S mi cho fad bhuat an bliadhna,
Tha liunn-dubh air mo shiarradh,
'S mi ri iargain do ghaoil.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Cha 'n fhead mi bhi subhach,
Gur he 's beus domh bhi dubhach,
Cha dirich mi brughach,
Chaidh mo shiubhal an laoid
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Chaidh m' astar a maillead,
O nach faic mi mo leannan,

'S ann a chleachd mi bhi mar riut,
Ann an gleannan a chaoil.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Anns a choill' am bi smudan
'S e gu binn a seinn ciuil duinn,
Cuach a's sineorach 'g ar dusgadh,
A cuir na smuid diu le faoil.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

'S trie a bha mi 's tu mireadh,
Agus each ga n-ar sireadh.
Gu 's bu deonach linn pilleadh,
Gu Innis nan laogh,
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Sinn air faireadh na tulaich,
'S mo lamh thar do mhuineal,
Sinn ag eisdeachd nan luinneag,
Blhiodh a' mullach nan craobh.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Tha mise 'ga raite,
'S cha 'n urra mi aicheadh,—
Gur iomadach sar
Thig air airidh nach saol.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Gur mis' tha sa' champar,
S mi fo chis anns an am so,
Ann am prìosan na *Fhainge*,
Fo ain-neart gach aon.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Ann an seomraichean glaiste,
Gun cheol, no gun mhaenas,
Gun ordugh a Sasuinn,
Mo thoirt dhathlaigh gu saor.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Cha b'ionnan sud agus m' abhaist.
A siubhal nam fasach,
'S a dìreadh nan ard-bheann,
Gabhail fath air na laoiach.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

A siubhal nan stuc-bheann,
Le mo ghunna nach diultadh;
'S le mo phlasgaichean fudair,
Air mo ghluin anns an fhraoch
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

ORAN CUMHAIDH.

[A rin am bard an 'nuair a chual e gu'n phos e
leannan (Mor Ros) air dh'i chòl dhacaigh do
Shasuinu maille ri companach.]

AIR FOKK—"Robai dona gorach."

Ge fada na mo thamh mi
Tha 'n damhair dhomh dusgadh,

Cia fath ma'n thriall mo mharan,
'S gum b'abhaist dhomh sugradh?
Carson a bhithinn bronach?
Ma'n oigh 's gun a diu dhomh,
Ge'd ghlaic i 'n luib a graidh mi,
Le amhailtean *Chupid*.

Gach fear a bhios a feoraich,
Mar leonadh le gaol mi,
Tha raghainn sud do'n uathdaidh,
On 's dual da bhi smaintinn:
Cha 'n aidich mi ach foil e,
'S cha mho ni mi saoradh
Thig m' ur-sgeul bho *Apollo*,
Mar sheolas na *Naoinear*.

Ach sud mar sheinneadh Cormaic,*
'S e dearmad a chend ghaoil,
'S e gabhail eruit da innsaidh
Le inneal ciuil da glensadh,
On chuir finne 'n diu-chall,
Mo shugradh 's mo bheusan,
Gu'm bath mi'n guth an orghain,
Le toraghan mo speis dh'i.

'Nuair dh'eirich Cailean Cormaic
Air chorra-ghleus gu farsan,
Gu'n d'fheoraich am fear og
An e goraich a dh'fhas ann,
'S a lughad cailin beul-dhearg,
Cho beusach 's cho narach,
A's finne a th'air an fheill,
A tha feumach air maran.

* Tradition says that this Cormac, whom the Bard mentions so often in the above song, was an Irish Harper, who came to Scotland and visited several of the Highland Chiefs. He at length went to the family of Macleod of Lewis, and served him for several years as a Harper. Having fallen in love with Macleod's eldest daughter, he resolved, on the first opportunity, to fly with her to Ireland. One night, after supper, Cormac tuned his harp, and played a tune of the name of "*Deuchainn ghleust' Mhic O'Chormaic*," which had the power to lull all to sleep who were within hearing of it. By this magic music the whole of Macleod's household fell into a deep slumber. Cormac then drew a large dagger, which he used to carry about him, called *Madag-achlais*, to cut Macleod's throat. As he was drawing near the chief with his knife, Macleod's eldest son came in, after returning from his daily mountain sports, and seeing Cormac approaching his father with such a dreadful weapon, exclaimed—"Cormac! Cormac! what do you intend to do—are you mad?" Cormac replied, "Mad, my young man! think you so? I am not; but I have a regard for your fair sister, whom I am resolved to take with me to Ireland; and as your aged father will not gratify my desire, I must sever his head from his body and clear my way." On hearing this, the youth replied, "You had better not, as you may get your choice of a thousand virgins in Scotland much fairer than my sister, without committing so cruel a deed." Cormac said, "You speak truly, my young man; hand me my lyre that I may banish the virgin's love with the sound of my harp." The Bard uses this history as a text to the above song, where he complains that Cormac, with the melody of his harp, had cured his love, while a remedy for his own was never to be found.

'Nuair chual' am Macan-baoth sin,
 'S a ghaol bli do-mhuchte.
 'S e smaointich e gu thearbadh,
 Bhi falbh as a dhuthaich
 Ach nochdadair na h-aobhair,
 'S e 'n caoin ruith le tursa,
 Gun ghlae e cruit a's sheinn e,
 Le binn-cheol as ur e.

Bha feiteach air an an orghan,
 Aig Cormaic ri ard-cheol,
 Mas biodh an fhinne 'n uachdar,
 Air dhan na fuaim clarsaich,
 Ach eha d' fhuair mise sgeul
 Ann am Beurla no Gaelig,
 A dh'innseadh dhomh mar d'fhaodainn
 An gaol ud a smaladh.

O! teirmeasg air a ghaol sin,
 Nach faodainn a threigsinn,
 A's gur h-e chuir a laoid mi
 Bhi smaointinn bean t-eugais,
 'S 'n teire a bha 'n ad ghnuis-ghil,
 A lub mi gu eugail,
 'S nach deann Lighich' slan mi,
 Oeh! b'fhearr gum b'e 'n t-eug e.

Is ciomach ann do ghaol mi
 Ri smaointinn bean t-ailteachd,
 Cha chadal anns an oidhel' dhomh,
 'S cha 'n fhois anns 'an la dhomh,
 Cha n' fhaas ri mo re,
 'S cha 'n fhaigh mi sgeul gu brath air
 Ni b'annsa' na bhi reith 's tu,
 A gheug nam bas bana.

Gur binne leam do chomhlradh
 Na smeorach nan geugan,
 Na cuach sa mhadainn Mhaighe,
 'S na clarsach na'n teudan,
 Na'n t-Easpuig air ta Domhnaich
 'S a mor-shluagh 'ga eisdeachd,
 Na ge do chunnte storas
 Na h-Eorpa gu leir dhomh.

C'arson nach d' rugadh dall mi,
 Gun chainnt no gun leirsinn?
 Mas facas t-aghaidh bhainidh,
 Rinn aimhleas nan cendan,
 O'n chunna' mi air thus thu,
 Bu chliuteach do bheusan,
 Cha n' fhuas' leum nam bas
 A bhi lathair as t-eugmhais!

Ach 's truagh! gu'm beil do run-sa,
 Cho dur dha mo leannmhunn,
 'S mo chridhe steach 'ga ghiulan,
 A h-uile taobh dha falbh mi,
 An cadal domh no dusgadh
 A sugradh no seanachas,
 Tha sud da m' rugadh daonnan,
 S mi sgaoilte gun tearmunn!

Ach fasgaidh mi mo dhuthaich
 Gu 'n diuch'naich mi pairt dheth,
 Ro-mheud sa thug mi run
 Dha do chul buidhe, faineach,
 Air triall dhomh thar m' colas
 A dh'ain-deoin mo, chairdean
 Tha saighead air mo ghiulan,
 A lubas gu lar mi!

'S a nise bho'n a thriall thu,
 'S nael' b' fhiach leat mo mharan,
 A ehionn 's nach robh mi storasach,
 Mor ann an stata,
 Ach sud ge d'robh da 'm dhi'-sa,
 Cha 'n islich mi pairtean,
 Tha m' aigne torrach, fìor-ghlan,
 Nach diobair gu brath mi.

Ach mu's a triall gun dail dut,
 Gu aite nam mor-sheol,
 Gu'n fhuireach ri do chairdean,
 Do dhaimh, no luchd t-eolais,
 Biodh soirion air na speuran,
 Gun ciridh air mor-thonn,
 A dh' aiseageas le reidh ghaoith
 Gun bheud thu gu seol-aite.

Mar sud bha ur-sgeul Chormaic
 Cho dearbhta sa' sheinn e,
 E-fein sa' chomunn og
 'S iad gle blironach ma thimeheall,
 E gabhail ead le poig dhi,
 Gu'n chomhlradh gun impidh
 'S e dioladh guth an codhail,
 Na h-oighe gu 'm pill e.

ORAN EILE,

AIR AN AOIBHAR CHEUDNA.

Tha mise fo' mhlad sa'n am
 Cha'n olar leam dram le sunnt,
 Tha durrag air ghur ann mo chail
 A dh-fhiosraich do each mo ruin,
 Cha 'n faie mi 'dol seachad air sraid
 An cailin bu tlaithie suil;
 'S e sin a leag m'aigneachd gu lar
 Mar dhuilleach bho bharr nan craobh.

A ghruagach is bael'liche eul
 Tha mise ga t-inndran mor,
 Ma thagh thu deagh aite dhut fein
 Mo bheannaclid gach re ga 'd' choir:
 Tha mise ri osnaich 'na d' dheigh,
 Mar ghaisgeach an deis a leon;
 Na laidhe san araich gun fheum
 'S nach teid anns an t-srèup ni's mo!

'S d' fflag mi mar iudmhail air treud,
 Mar fhear nach toir speis do mhnaoi,
 Do thuras thar ehan fo bhruid,
 Thug bras shileadh dheur om shuil—
 B'fhearr naeh mothaichinn fein
 Do mhaise, do cheill, 's do chliu,
 No suaiceas milis do bheil
 'S binne no seis gaeh ciuil.

Gaeh anduin' a ehluinneas mo chas
 A cuir air mo nadur fiamh ;—
 A cantain naeh eil mi aeh bard
 'S nach cinnieh leam dan is fiaeh—
 Mo sheanair ri paigheadh a mhail,
 'S n'athair ri malaid rianh
 Chuireadh iad gearainn an erann,
 A's ghearain-sa rann ro' chiad.

'S fad a tha m' aigne fo ghruaim
 Cha' mhosgail mo chluain ri ceol,
 'M breislich mar anrach a chuan
 Air bharrabh nan stuadh ri ceo.
 'S e iunndaran t-abhaclid bhuan
 A ehaoehail air snuadh mo neoil,
 Gun sugradh, gun mhire, gun uail,
 Gun chaitream, gun bhuadh, gun treoir!

Cha duisgear leam ealaidh air aill',
 Cha chuirear leam dan air doigh,
 Cha togar leam fonn air elar
 Cha ehluinnear leam gair nan og.
 Cha dirieh mi bealach nan ard
 Le suigear mar bha m'n tos,
 Ach triallan a ehadal gu brath
 . Do thalla nam bard nach beo!

AILEAN DALL.

ALLAN M'DOUGALL, better known by the soubriquet of *Ailean Dall*, or blind Allan, was a native of Glencoe, in the county of Argyle. He was born about the year 1750, of poor but honest and industrious parents. When a young man, he was bound apprentice to a tailor, who, in conformity with the custom of the time and country, itinerated from farm to farm, "plying his needle" in every house where his services were required. The excursive nature of this occupation, accorded well with Allan's disposition—the house in which they wrought, was literally crammed every night with young and old, who passed the time in reciting old legends—tales of love, of war, of the chase—intermingled occasionally with songs and recitations of ancient poetry. Thus nurtured, Allan soon became famed for his fund of legendary lore. His mind became imbued with the yet lingering spirit of chivalry, which characterized his countrymen in former times. He heard the encomiums bestowed upon the bards, and his youthful breast felt the ardent flame of emulation. From the first stages of puerility, he was remarkable for his sallies of wit, and quickness of repartee—there was an *archness* about him, which indicated future eminence. It is said that as he was sitting one day cross-legged, sewing away at his seam, he retorted so keenly and waggishly on a fellow-apprentice, that the other, wincing under the lash, thrust his needle into Allan's eye ;—in consequence of this, the assailed organ gradually melted away, and the other, as if by sympathy, wore off in the course of time. Thus, like Mœnides and Milton "wisdom at one entrance was clean shut out," from poor Allan. Nature, however, is an excellent compensator—we seldom find a man deprived of one faculty, who does not acquire others, in a pre-eminent degree. Such was the case with *Ailean Dall*. He possessed a lively imagination, an excursive fancy, and a retentive memory.

Incapacitated from pursuing his trade, he turned his attention to music, and soon acquired a tolerable knowledge of that science as a fiddler. But he never became

eminent as a musician, and was chiefly employed at country weddings and raffles, and so earned a miserable pittance. About the year 1790, he removed with his family to Inverlochy, near Fort William, where he was accommodated with a hovel and a small pendicle of land by Mr. Stewart, who then held the salmon-fishing in the river Lochy, and the occupancy of an extensive farm. The change had materially bettered our bard's circumstances—his family did all necessary agricultural operations, and Allan's fiddle and muse were in ceaseless demand, and were occasionally successful in the realization of some little cash, or other remuneration.

We utterly repudiate the doctrine that hardships and indigence are, or can be fertile in the productions of genius;—difficulties may spur to invention, but it is ease and comfort that can yield time and temper to give a polish to literary or poetic productions. The former may let off the whizzing squib of momentary excitation—it is the latter that can light up the bright-burning and pellucid torch of genius. During his stay at Inverlochy, he composed the most of his songs—his fame spread, and his reputation as a poet became ultimately stamped. His style is fine—his manner taking—his subject popular—and his selection of airs exceedingly happy. But while we are prepared to give our author a respectable position among the minstrels of our country, we are by no means disposed to place him in the first class.

Induced by the popularity his poems had acquired, Allan bethought him of preparing them for publication;—and with this view, he consulted the late Mr. Ewan M'Lachlan, of the Grammar School, Aberdeen, who was then employed as a tutor in the neighbourhood. Mr M'Lachlan, himself an assiduous votary of the muse, entered with his characteristic zeal and enthusiasm into the poet's prospects. He took down our author's compositions in manuscript, and as they would not of themselves swell even into a respectably sized volume, the amanuensis added a few of his own productions, together with several other select pieces. The volume thus "got up" soon became exceedingly popular—especially in that part of the country: to say that it possessed merit, is saying too little—but there were one or two obscene pieces which we would like, for the sake of moral purity, had been omitted.

Shortly after the appearance of his poems in a collected form, the far-famed Colonel Ronaldson M'Donald of Glengary, took Allan under his patronage, and gave him a comfortable cottage and croft near his own residence. And now might the palmy days of our minstrel be said to have commenced—he occupied the proud and enviable position of family-bard to the most famed *Ceann-taighe* in the Highlands. He laid aside his blue, home-made great-coat and hat, and was equipped in habiliments suited to his newly acquired rank. Never was there a more marvellous transition outwardly; and we venture to presume that the buoyancy of his feelings kept pace with his improved exterior. Allan now appeared in Glengary's retinue, clad in tartan trews, plaid, belt and bonnet, on all festival days and occasions of public demonstration. His minstrelsy tended to enliven the scene, and to inspire the party with the almost dormant chivalric spirit of their country. His panegyrics on Glengary were elaborate and incessant; and, as poets like other mortals, must have some slight ingredient of selfishness about them, if our author stepped beyond

the bounds of propriety or truth in this respect, he has his equal in Robert Southey, the poet-laureate—and this we should think sufficient apology! He annually accompanied his patron to the gymnastic games at Fort William; and various anecdotes of his ready wit are related by the people of that place. He previously composed appropriate songs for these exhibitions, and sung them at the games, as if they had been strung together on the spur of the moment—always making sure of having his lyre tuned by two or three copious draughts, not of *Helicon*, but of *Benevis*! On one occasion, after the sports of the day were over, Glengary having seen Allau quaff his third *shell*, stepped forward and said—“Now, Allan, I will give you the best cow on my estate, if you sing the proceedings of this day, without mentioning my name!” The bard adroitly and at once replied:—

“Dheanainn latha gun ghrian,
A’s muir blian gun ‘bhi sailt,
Mu’n gabhainn do na Gaeil dan,
Gun fhear mo ghraidh ‘n aird mo rainn!”

i. e. I would sooner create daylight without a sun, and call into being a sea of fresh water, before I would celebrate a gathering of Highlanders, without Glengary figuring the first in my verse.

But although Allan became Glengary’s family bard, he did not give up composing pieces of general interest—and quite detached from the connexions of his proper calling. Indeed many of his productions while with the “proud chieftain,” are, if anything, better and more popular than his first. In the year 1828, he travelled the counties of Argyle, Ross, and Inverness, taking subscriptions for a new and enlarged edition of his works; and on procuring 1000 names, he went to press in 1829. But alas! the book was only in progress, when the cold finger of death silenced his harp for ever. He died much regretted, and was interred in the burying ground of Kilfianan.

In personal appearance, Allan M’Dougall was thin and slender, and somewhat diminutive in size. He commonly wore a black fillet over his eyes. He was seldom out of humour, and very rarely nursed his wrath so long as to lead him to indulge in satire. He was amongst the family bards what Ossian was among the Fingalians—“the last of the race.”

ORAN DO MHAC’-IC-ALASDAIR GHLENN-GARAIDH.

AIR FOKN—“*Cuir a nall duinn am botal.*”

LUINNEAG.

*Faigh a nuas dhuinn am botul,
‘S theid an deoch so mu ‘n cuairt,
Lion barrach an copan,
Cum socrach a chuach;
Tosda Choirneil na feile
Leis an eireadh gach buaidh,
Oighre Chnoideart a bharraich,
‘S Ghlinn-garaidh bho thuath.*

*Thig ort measair a’s adharc,
Agus taghadh nan arm,
Le d’ mhiol-choin air lomhainn,
‘S iad romhad a’ falbh:
‘Nuair theid thu do ‘n mbonadh,
Bidh fuil air damh dearg;
Cas a shiubhal an fhirich,
Leat ‘chinneadh an t-sealg.
*Faigh a nuas, &c.**

'S tu marbhaich' a choilich,
 'S moch a ghoireas air chrann,
 Bhuic bhioraich an t-seilich
 Agus eilid nam beann :
 'S tric a leag thu na luath's
 A chaol-ruaghag 's a mhang,
 Nuair a ruigeadh do luaidhe
 Cha ghluaisleadh iad eang.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

'S tu namhaid na h-eala,
 Lamh a mhcalleadh a gheoidh ;
 B' fhearr leat 'fhaicinn 's an adhar,
 Na na laidhe air lon,
 Air iteig ga chaitheamh,
 'S luaidhe heimh' air a thoir
 Bho gluanna beoil chumpaich.
 'S cha bhiodh uin' aige beo.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Lean do chruadal, 's do ghaige,
 'S am fasan bu dual
 A bhi colgarra, cosant'
 Gu brosnachadh sluaigh :
 Gu h-armailteach, treubhach,
 Gu geur lannach, cruaidh;
 'S tu shliochd nam fear treuna,
 Nach geilleadh 's an ruaig,
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Tha 'n naidheachd so fìor
 Aig luchd innse nan duan,
 Gur sgeul e ro chinnteach,
 Air do shìnsir bha buaidh;
 Nach do dhibir an deas-lamh,
 Ach seasamh 's gach uair,
 'S i bhuidhneadh a chis
 Rì uchd strìthe le fuaimh.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Ghabh thu tlachd a's deagh-cheutaiddh,
 Do 'n bheus a bh' aig each,
 Luchd bhreacan an fheilidh
 A dh' eireadh a' d phairt :
 Toirm fheadau ga 'n gleusadh,
 Leat is eibhinn an gair',
 Mar ri binneas nan teud,
 'S a bhì g' eisdeachd uam bard.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Tog suas an crann dìreach,
 'S brat rimheach gun sgath,
 Le cularaibh rioghail
 A dh' innseas co iad;
 'S cha 'n ob do chuid gillea
 Dol an iomairt na spairn,
 'S tu fein air an toiseach
 A toirt mosglaidh da 'n cail.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Tog colg ort, fhir ghasa,
 Bì gaisgeil 's gu 'm faod;
 Thig marcaich, a's coisichean
 Ort as gach taobh;

A sheasamh do chorach,
 Clann-Domhnuill an fhraoich;
 Thig do chinnleadh a d' chomhnadh,
 A chraobh chomhraig nan laoch !
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Tha fir chalma ro fhearail,
 Ann a 'd fhearannaibh fein,
 Eadar Cnoideart 's Gleann-Garadh,
 'Theid barraicht' air ghleus;
 'Chuireas cul air an naimhdean;
 Tha 'n ceannard ga 'n reir :
 'S cha ghabh thu bhì ceannsaicht'
 Le Ghranudaich Shrath-Spe.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

'S leat cairdeas, le durachd
 Fir ur Innse-Gall,
 Nach gabh giorag na muiscag,
 'N am rusgadh nan lann;
 Na 'n cluinneadh iad strì riut,
 Bhiodh mìltean diubh 'nall;
 Mu 'n leigeadh iad cus ort
 'S iad a dhubhladh do ranc.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Thig a d' choinneamh le farum
 Buidhean bhras nan arm cruaidh
 A bhuaileadh ua buillean
 'S a chuireadh an ruaig
 'Bha gu h-ardanach, reachdmhor,
 Gu feachd a dol suas
 Bho Cheapaich nan cròbh,
 'Dh-fhag na glaoidh 's a Mhaol-ruaidh.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Bho Chomhann nam bradan,
 Is gasd' thig fo thriall,
 Clann Iain gun ghealltachd,
 Bha 'neart-san leat riannh,
 Le 'n airm an deagh ordugh,
 Luchd a leonadh nam fiadh,
 'S a dheanadh an tolladh
 Mu 'n cromadh a ghraim.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Co 'thairneadh riut riobadh
 Nuair 'thig nam beil bhuit ?
 Iarl' Antrum a Eirinn
 Leis an eireadh ua sluaigh;
 Mac'-Ic-Ailein nan geur lann,
 Dheanadh euchd air a chuan,
 Aig am beil na fir ghleusda
 'Dhol a reubadh nan stuadh.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Thig iad sid ort le duthchas
 Bho thur nan clach reidh,
 Braithrean Dhomhnuill, Cloinn-Dhughail,
 Marcaich shunntach nan teud :
 Clann an t-Shaoir bho thaobh Chruachainn,
 Bha cruadalach treun ;
 Ge d' chaill iad a choir
 'Bh' aigan seors' ann an Sleibht'.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

ORAN DO NA CIOBAIREAN

GALLDA.

THAINIG oirnn do db-Albainn crois,
Tha daoine bochd nochdte ris,
Gun bhiaidh, gun aodach, gun chluain;
Tha 'n Aird-e-tuath an deigh' a sgrios:
Cha 'n fhaicear ach caoirich a's uain,
Goill mu 'n cuairt dhaibh air gach slies;
Tha gach fearann air dol as,
Na Gaeil 's an cinn fo fhliodh,

Cha 'n fhaicear crodh-laoigh air gleann,
No eich, ach gann, a' dol an eill;
'S ann do 'n fhaisinneachd a bh' ann
Gun reacadh an crann bho fheum:
Chaidh na sealgairean fo gbeall,
'S tha gach cuilbheir cam, gun ghleus:
Cha mbarbbar maoiseach no meann,
'S dh-fhuadaibh sgrìachail Ghall na feidh.

Cha 'n eil abhachd feadh nam beann,
Chaidh giomanaich teann fo smachd;
Tha fear na croice air chall,
Chaidh gach eilid a's mang as:
Cha 'n fhaighear ruagh-bhoc nan allt,
Le cu seang ga chur gu srath;
An eirig gach euis a bh' ann,
Feadaireachd nan Gall 's gach glaic.

Cha chluinnear geum ann am buaile,
Chaidh an crodh-guailinn a suim;
Cha 'n cisdear luinneag no duanag,
Bleodhan mairt aig gruagaich dhuinn:—
Bho 'n baidh ar euallach an tainead,
'S tric a tha padhadh g' ar claidh,
N aite nan cairdean a bh' againn,
Linnseach ghlas am bun gach tuim!

Mar gun tuiteadh iad fo 'n chraoidh,
Cnòmhan caoich 'dol aog sa bharrach;
'S ann mar sid a tha seann daoine,
'S clann bheag a h-aogais bainne;
Thilgeadh iad gu iomall cuirte,
Bho 'n duthchas a bh' aig an scanair;
B' fhearr leinn gun tigeadh na Frangaich
A thoirt nan ceann deth na Gallaibh.

Dh-fhalbh gach pesadh, threig gach banais—
Sguir an luchd-ealaidh bli seinn;
Chuala sibhse tric ga aithris,
"Caidseirean a teacbd air cleibh;"
'S ionnan sid 's mar tbachair dhomh-sa,
Cha dean iad m' fheoraich air feill,
Far am b' abbaist dbomb bhi muirneach,
'S fearr leo cu ga chuir ri spreidh.

Gach aon fhearr ' fhuair lamh-an-uachdar,
Db-fbogair iad uatha gach neach
A reachadh ri aghaidh eruadail,
Na 'n tigeadh an ruig le neart:
Na 'n circadh cogadh san rioghachd,
Bhiodh na ciobairean na 'n airc;

'S c sid an sgeula bu blinn linn,
Bhi ga 'n cuir gu dith air fad!!

Eiridh iad moeh la sabaid,
'S tachraidh iad ri cach-a-cheil',
'S nuair a shineas iad air stori,
'S ann g' an combradh, tigh'n' air feur,
Gach fear a faoigineachd ri nabuidh,
"Cia mar sin a dh' fhag thu 'n treud?
Ciod i phris a rinn na muilt?
No 'n do chuir thu iad gu feill?"

"Cha 'n aobhar talaich am bliadhn' e,
Rinn iad a sia-ding a's corr;
Ma tha thus' ag iarraidh fios air,
Cheannaich mi 'mhìn leis a chloimh;
Dh-fhalbh na crogaichean air dail;
'S ma ghleidheas mi 'n t-alach og,
Ge do gheibh an trian diu 'm bas,
Ni mi 'mal air na bhios beo."

'Nuair dhireas fear dhiu ri beinn,
An am dha eiridh gu moeh,
B' dh sgrcad Gballda 'm beul a chleibh,
'G eighcachd na deigh a ehuid con;
Ceol nach b' eibhinn linn, a sgairt;
Bracsi na shac air a chorp,
E suainte na bhreacan glas;
Ua'-mhialan na fhalt 's na dhos.

'Nuair thig e oirnn sa ghaoth,
'S mairg a bhios air taobh-an-fhasga,
Cha 'n fhaod fhaileadh a bhi caoin,
'S e giulan nam maodal dhachaigh;
'S tric e ga fhoileadh 'sa ghaorr,
Sios bho chaol-druim gu chasan,
'S ge be reachadh leis a dh' ol,
'S feudar dhaibh an sron a chasadh.

Nuair shuidheas dithis no triuir
'S an taigh-od' an euis 'bhi reidh,
Chitear aig toiseach a bhuidh,
Ciobair agus cu na dheidh;
Bu choir a thilgeadh an cuil,
'S glun a chur am beul a chleibh,
Iomain a mach thunn an duin,
'S gabhadh e gu smiuradh fein.

'S olc a chuideachd do chach,
Neach nach abhaist a bhi glan;
Cha ehompanach dhaoine 'is fiach
Fear le fhiacian a spoth ehlach,
Ann an garrabbhuic air a ghluinean,
Le chraos ga 'n sughadh a mach;
'S ma leigeas tu 'n deoch ri bheul,
Na dbeaghaidh na fiach a blas,

Amach luchd chragairt na h-oluinn,
Ma 's a h-aill leibh comunn ceart!
Druidibh orra suas a chomhla,
'S na leigibh a sron a steach:
Bho nach cluinnear aca 'stori,
Ach craicinn agus eloimh ga reic,
Cumtadh na h-aimsir, 's gach uair
'Ceannach uan mu 'n teid am breith.

Suidhidh sinn mu bhord gu h-eibhinn,
 Gu ceolach, tendach, gun smalan,
 Caoifhneil, carrantach, ri cheile,
 'S na biodh aon do 'n treud n' ar carabh;
 Olaibh deoch-slaime Mhic-Choinnich,
 'S Choirineil Ghlinne-Garaidh,
 Chionn gur beag orra na caoirich,
 'S luchd dhaorachaidh an fhearuinn.

ORAN LEANNANACHD.

NAM faighinn gille r'a cheannach,
 A bheireadh beannachd gu Mairi,
 'S mo shoraidh le caoimhneas
 A dh-fhios na maighdinn' a ehraidh mi;
 Ga nach a tug mi dhut faoidhrean,
 Ann am foill dhut cha d' fhas mi;
 'S mar a math leam thu fallain,
 Nar a mheal mi mo shlaime !

Nar a mheal mi mo chota,
 Mar b'e mo dheoin a bhi lamh riut,
 'S a bhi briodal ri 'm leannan,
 An seoinar daingeann nan claraidh,
 An iuchair fhaotainn am' phoca,
 'S gun an toir a bhi laimh ruinn,
 'S mi gun deanadh do phogadh,
 Gun fheoraich de m' chairdean.

Gun fheoraich do m' ohairdean,
 'S fada a dh'fhalbhuinn a d' choinnidh
 Far an deanainn riut codhail,
 Cha bhidhinn beo gun a cumail :
 Tha mo dhuil ann sa mhaighdein
 Nach treig do chaoimhneas mi uile;
 'S mar do chaochail thu abhaist,
 Gheibhinn t-fhailt' agus t-fhuran.

'S e t-fhuran a leon mi
 A dh' fhad am bron so air m' aigneadh,
 A thromaich m' inntiun fo' eislein,
 Cha deau mi eiridh le graide :
 Tha mo chridhe neo-shunntach,
 Tha mi brute fo'm aisnean,
 Aig a mheud 's thug mi' ghaol dut,
 'S nach fhaod siu ' bhi tachairt.

Nach faod sinn 'bhi tachairt
 An aite falach na 'n uaigneas,
 Far an deabainn riut beadrach,
 A 's taca cleasachd air uairean;
 Ach se lagaich mo mhisneach,
 Nach faod mi tric 'bhi mu 'n cuairt dhut :
 B' fhearr a phog na 'bhi falamh,
 Mar a faigh mi do bhuannachd,

Cha 'n 'eil m' eibhneas air thalamh,
 Mar a faigh mi thu 'Mhairi !
 Cha dual domh bhi fallain
 Ma bhios mi fada mar tha mi :
 Cha ghuidhinn mo ghalar
 Do m' charaid mo 'm namhaid;

Chaidh acaid am chridhe,
 'S cha dean lighiohean sta dhomh !

Beul milis, dearg, daite,
 Deud snaighte mar dhisnean,
 Suil ghorm is glan sealladh
 Fo 'n chaol mhal' aig an ribhinn
 Tha cul buidhe mar or ort,
 Is boidheche nan dithean;
 Blas na meal' air do phogan,
 'S be mo dheoin bhi riut sinnte.

Ge d' chum mi falach an sgeula
 Tha mi 'n deigh bho cheann greis ort;
 Aig a mhiad 's thug mi ghaol dut
 Tha m' aodunn air preasadh :
 Dh-fhas glaise 'nam ghruaidhean,
 'S bochd a bhuaidh th' air an t-sheirc sin,
 A chaochail mo shluagh dhìom,
 Mar dhuine truagh 'thig a teasaich.

Mar dhuine truagh thig a teasaich.
 A bhiodh fad ann am fiabhras,
 'S ann a dh-fhas mi mar fhuathaich',
 Cho cruaidh ris an iarunn;
 Ach bho thoiseach ar sinnsridh,
 " 'S tri ni thig gun iarraidh,
 An gaol agus eagal,
 'S gun leith-sgeul an t-iaidach."

DUANAG DO 'N UISGE-BHEATHA.

FOON.—" *Tha'n oidhe tighinn a's mise
 leam fin.*"

Tha failleadh gun fhotas
 Bho 'ehneas Mhic-an-Toisich,
 Chuireadh blaths' anu am poraibh,
 La reot a's gaoth tuath.

*O! sid i 'n deoch mhilis
 Nach pilleamaid uainn,
 Chuireadh blaths air gach chridhe,
 Ge do bhitheadh iad fuar :
 O! sid i 'n deoch mhilis
 Nach pilleamaid uainn.*

Bu taitneach an ceol
 A bhi g' eisdeachd a chronain,
 Ga leigeadh a stop,
 A' cuir croic air a chusaich.
O! sid i 'n deoch, &c.

'S e gogail a choilich,
 Ga ghocadh ri gloine,
 Ceol inntinneach, loinneil,
 A thoilleadh an duais;
O! sid i 'n deoch, &c.

Ma chreidear mo sheanachas,
Bu mhath leinn 'bhi sealg ort,
Le h-urchair gun dearmad,
Fras airgeid mu d' chluais.
O! sid i 'n deoch, &c.

'Nuair chluinnte do ghlugan
Ga tharruinn a buideal,
Bu mhath le ar slugain
Am fliuchadh gu luath.
O! sid i 'n deoch, &c.

'S tu culaidh an damhsa
Nuair thigeadh an geamhradh,
A bheireadh air seann-duine
'Cheann' thogail suas.
O! sid i 'n deoch, &c.

Bu mhath thu air banais,
Ga 'r cumail na 'r caithris,
Nuair bhitheadh luchd-calaoidh
Ri caithream na 'r cluais.
O! sid i 'n deoch, &c.

Be sid an stuth neartmhor,
Dh-fhas misneachail, reachd-mhor,
Ni saighdear do 'n ghealltair,
Gu spealtadh nan enuac.
O! sid i 'n deoch, &c.

Sugh brigheil na thirne, tairgne
Bho fheadan na praise;
Tha spioradail, laidir,
An cailcachd 's an snuagh.
O! sid i 'n deoch, &c.

Ann an coinnidh, 's an codhail,
Bheir daoine gu comhradh,
'S binn luinneagan orain
Mu bhord ga 'n cuir suas.
O! sid i 'n deoch, &c.

Tha thu cleachdta 's gach duthaich,
'N am reiteachadh cumhant,
Ma bhios sinn as t-iunnaid,
Bi'dh sugradh fad bhuain.
O! sid i 'n deoch, &c.

Tha thu d' lighich' neo-thuisleach,
A dh' fhiachas gach cuisle,
Gun iarmailt no duslach,
Air nach cuir thu ruaig.
O! sid i 'n deoch, &c.

Gun eugail na failinn
Tha 'n clannaibh nan Gael,
Nach toir thu gu slaint',
Agus phaighear dhut dhuais.
O! sid i 'n deoch, &c.

Nuair 'shuidheamaid socrach,
'S e 'ghlaodhte na bodaich,
Cha b' ionnan 's am brochan,
Thoir boslach dheth' nuas.

*O! sid i 'n deoch, mhilis
Nach pilleamaid uainn,
Chuireadh blaths air gach cridhe,
Ge do bhitheadh iad fuar:
O! sid i 'n deoch mhilis
Nach pilleamaid uainn.*

Note.—We have printed this song as we took it down from the poet's own recitation in 1828.

ORAN DO 'N MIHS.

AIR FOMN—"An am dol sìos bhi deonach."

An am dhomh gluasad anns a mhadainn,
Cha 'n 'eil m' aigneadh sunntach,
'S e Mac-na-bracha 'rinn mo leagadh
Ann an leabaidh dhuinte;
Mo chliabh na lasair, air a chasadh,
S airtneulach mo dhusgadh,
'S e sud an gleachdair fhuaire fo smachd mi,
'S dh' fhaig e m' aisnean bruite.

Nuair a shuidh sinn san taigh-osda,
Chaidh na stoip thar chunntas,
Gu tric a tighinn, cha 'bu ruighinn,
Iad na 'n ruith a m' ionnsuidh,
Gun iarraidh dalaich a sior phaigheadh
'G ol deoch-slaichte 'Phrionnsa;
'S cha 'n iarrainn fein a dh' aobhar ghair',
Ach Raonull a toirt cliu dhomh.

Nuair a ghluais mi gu tigh'nn dachaigh,
Lagadh a chion luis mi,
Gun d' fhalbh mo neart gun leirsinn cheart,
Gun chaill mi 'm beachd bha m' shuilean;
Feadh na h-oidheche 's mi gun soillsein
Air mo shlaoid 'san dunan;
Cha robh air chomas dhomh ach arusg,
'S bha mo chairdean diumbach.

'S leir dhomh 'n diugh gur mor an tamailt
Cach a bhi ga m' ghiulan,
'S mi fein an duil gun robh mi laidir
Gus an d' fhaig mo thur mi;
Ge do chuir i 'n cis mo cholunn,
'S e mo sporan 'dhiubhail
Air gnìomh na misge 'shlaid gun fhios mi,
Mar tig ghlocas ur dhomh.

'S ole an calaidh bhi ga leanailt,
'S aimideach an turn 'bhi
'Suidh' air bhord a glaothaich oil,
'S mo phocannan ga 'n tionndadh,
A' sgapadh stòrais le meud-mhoir,
Ag iarraidh phog 's na cuiltean;
'S fad sa mhaireadh mo chuid oir,
Cha chuireadh osdair eul rium.

'S coir dhomh nise thoirt fos' near
 An t-aithreachas a dhubladh,
 Mo bhoid gu gramail thoirt a'n Eala,
 Dh' fheuch an lean mo ehlui riun;
 Cha teid deur a staigh fo m' dheudaich,
 'S feudar tigh'n as iunais;
 Cha 'n fhaigh fear falamh seol air aran
 Ach le fallas gnuse.

Labhair Raonull—"Na biodh sprochd ort,
 'S theid mi nochd air t-ionnsuidh,
 Gleidhidh mi dhut bean a's tochradh,
 Cho coltach 's tha 's duthaich;
 Ge do bhiodh tu gann de stoc,
 Na faicear bochd do ghiulan;
 'S c'arson nach glaothamaid a'r botul
 Ann an toiseach cumhnant?"

SMEORACH CHLOINN-DUGHAILL.

LUINNEAG.

*Ho-i, ri na, ho-ro, hu-o,
 Ho-lib ho-i na, i-ri, u-o;
 'S smeorach mise le Cloinn-Dughaill
 A seinn ciuil an dluths' gach geige.*

Cha dean mi bron an cos falaich,
 Tha seileir mo loin gun ainnis:
 Gheibh gach seorsa seol air aran,
 'S cha churam dhomhsa 'bhi falamh.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Nuair a dh'eireas grian an earraich,
 Diridh an ianlaith 's na crannaibh;
 Tha 'm beatha-san diant' air thalainh
 Bho 'n laimh gus am bial, 's i ro mhath.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Gur a mise a smeorach ghleannach,
 Sheinninn ceol air bharr gach meangain;
 Ribheid ur an siunnsair fallain,
 'S math mo chail, gun sas air m' anail.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Madainn cheitein, 'n am dhomh dusgadh,
 'Seinn gu h-eibhinn, eutrom, siubhlach;
 Dealt nan speur air gheugan curaidh,
 Grian ag eiridh, 's fear a' bruchdadh.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Ghineadh mi 's an tir nach coimheach,
 'S chaisginn m' iotadh le brigh Choinhainn;
 Tobar ioc-shlainte nach reodhadh,
 'G eiridh nios bho 'n dilinn dhomhain.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Air taobh greine, gleann mo chridhe,
 Far an robh eibhneas mo dhibhe;

Ge do bhiodh an t-eug a tighinn,
 Bheireadh slainnt' do 'm chrenbhosa rithist.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

'S an tir aigh do 'n gna 'bhi cridheil,
 Chaidh m' arach gun fhaillinn bidhe,
 Air nead sabhailte gun snithe:
 'S gheibhinn blaths' air sga Chloinn Iain.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Tha mi nise measg Chloinn-Cham'roin,
 Cinneadh mor bha 'n seors ud ainneil;
 'N eath 's an comhail, seolta calma;
 'Dol gu comhrag, stroiceach, marbhtach.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

'S piudhar mi do 'n chuthaig shamhraidh,
 Le 'm dheoin cha teid mi gu Galltachd;
 Bho 'n is i Ghaelg is cainnt domh,
 'Measg mo chairdean talar ann mi,
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Nuair theid fianlach feadh na coille,
 Cruinnichidh ianlaith gach doire;
 Thig gach ian gu nead le coilleig.
 Srabh ga shniomh am bial gach coilich.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

'S ionnan sid 's mar dh'eireas domhsa;
 Ma phioceas each mi le doruinn,
 Falbhaidh mis' "an riochd na smeoraich,"
 'S theid mi 'm ghearan far an eor dhomh.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Gu Dun nan Clìar thriallain dana,
 'Dhol fo sgiathaibh nan triath statail:
 Ged nach eil Eoin Ciar a lathair,
 'S maireann am fear liath a's Padruig.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Dun-olla nan tuireid arda,
 Nam fear fuileach, builleach, straeach,
 'Sheasadh duineil luchd an cairdeis,
 'Choisneadh urram ri uchd namhaid.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

'S smeorach mi bho chaisteil uaibhreach,
 Nan steud priseil, rioghail, suairec.
 Dream gun spid, bha 'n sinnsir uasal,
 Bu mhor pris ri linn Raon-Ruairidh.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Dughallaich nan geur-lann aisneach,
 Guineach, beunach, speiceach, sgaiteach,
 Dol ri feum le treundas gaisgidh,
 Garg 's a streup, 's bha 'n leus ri fhaicinn.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Cha robh 'm Brusach na chuis fharmaid,
 Ri fhuil cha chumadh iad carbsa,
 Mu 'n do sguir sibh, bha e searbh dha,
 'S bu bheag leis a chuid de dh' Alba,
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Chuir sibh, Roibcart an cuil chumhainn,
Ghabh e gu fogradh car siubhail;
Cha robh dhaoine saor bho phuthar,
Fad 's a bha bhuir taobh-sa 'buidhinn.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Cha b' iongnadh e 'ghabhail grain diu,
'S tric a chuir iad cunnart bais air;
Thug sibh uaithe 'srol 's am braiseide,
'S tha sid an Dun-olla 'lathair.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

'S i 'n t-sheann stori tha mi gluasad,
'S naidheachd ur do 'n fhear nach cual i,
Sgeula fìor, ge fada bhuaithe,
Gun do sheas an linn ud cruadal.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Buidheann gun fhiamh, nach d' iarr socair,
Rinn iad aon blar-diag a chosnadh;
Gus an tainig sgrìob na dosgainn,
Latha Dail-rìgh a mhi-fhortain.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

'S e bu mhiannach leis a bhuidheann,
Bhi cur ard-raimh'chean fo 'n uidheam,
Scoladh ard air bharr nan sruithean,
Sgoltadh nam bare le car shiubhal.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Luchd a chaitheamh nan cuan borba,
'S muir a gairich ri h-àird stoirme;
Bheireadh iad gu àite soirbh i,
Dh' aindeoin barr nan srac-thonn gorma.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Fir mo ghaoil bho thaobh na traghaid,
Nach robh clao ri h-aodann gabhaidh,
Nach mcaiteachadh gaor an t-saile,
'Nuair a sgaoileadh iad a h-alach.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Cha d' innis mi trian da 'r n' abhaist,
'S tha mo mhuincal tioram traisgte;
'S olaidh mi nis' bur deoch-slainge,
A shliochd a Cholla-Chathaich Spaintich.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

TROD MNA-AN-TAIGHE RI FEAR,

AIR SON A BHI 'G OL AN DRAMA.

LATHA dhomh 's mi 'g ol an drama,
Comhlath ri oigearan glana,
Ge do bha mo bhean-sa banail,
'S sgainnealach a trod i rium.

"O! teann a null, 's na tionndaidh rium,
Bho 'n 's e mo dhiumb a choisinn thu;
Fairich samhach air mo chul-thaobh,
Sugradh cha bhi nochd againn."

Labhair ise 'sin na briathran:—
"Fasaidh tu d' shruthaire briagach,
S cagal leam nach paidh thu t-fhiachan,
'S e do ghnìomh tha coltach ris.
O! teann a null, &c.

"Cha 'n fhuilig mi bonn a d' bheadradh
Air moch, no anamoch, no feasgar;
'S fearr leat comunn nan stop beaga,
'S thoill thu leasan goirt' thoirt dhut;
O! teann a null, &c.

"Thug thu og do cheannas-cinnidh
Do Mhac-an-Toisich an gille;
'S bho na rinn an t-ol do mhilleadh
A d' mhìre cha 'n 'eil toirt agam.
O! teann a null, &c.

"Cha 'n fharraid' thu 'm bithinn beo,
Nam faigheadh tu tombae' a's poit,
Bhi sgapadh airgeid air gach bord,
'S cha 'n 'eil an seol ud fortanach.
O! teann a null, &c.

"S ole an an obair dhut bhi daonnan
A tighinn dachaigh air an daoraich;
Cuiridh tu mise gu caoineadh,
'S dh' aognaich fear do choltais mi.
O! teann a null, &c.

"Tha thu gun leine, gun chota,
'S cha dean mise snaithn' ri d' bheo dhut;
Bho na dh' fhas thu d' dhuine gorach,
Chuir an t-ol bho chosnadh thu.
O! teann a null, &c.

"Tha thu gun bhriogais, gun fheileadh
'S e air tolladh air do shleisrean;
'S cia mara ni mi dhut eideadh?
Chuir thu fein gu bochdainn mi.
O! teann a null, &c.

"Phos mi thu dh' aindsein mo chairdean,
Gun toil m' athar no mo mhiathar;
'S bho na ghabh mi nise grain dhìot,
Falbh as fag a's droch-uair mi.
O! teann a null, &c.

"Phos mi thu le deoin gun aindsein,
'S bha thu seolt' air thì mo mbeallaidh;
Bho na bha mi og an amaid,
Rinn mi ceagal do-charach.
O! teann a null, &c.

"Ge do bheirinn spreidh a's carras
Do dh' fhear t-abhaist agus t-ealain,
Chosgadh tu e leis na galain;
Ailein! chaidh an rosad ort!
O! teann a null, &c.

“Ge nach robh mo chroddh air buaile,
Bhuinn do dh-fhior fhuil gun truailleadh;
‘S na seallainn beagan mu ‘n euairt dhomh,
Cha d’ fhuair thu mi socharach.”
O! teann a null, &c.

E-SAN A’ LABHAIRT

AIR A SHON FEIN

Eisd! a bhean, do d’ ghearan uaibhreach,
‘S fuirich sìobhalt ann a d’ ghluasad,
‘S na bi maoidheadh ormsa t-uaisle,
Bho nach d’ fhuair mi tochradh leat.

*O tionndaidh rium, a’s deasaich rium,
‘S a ruin! na bi ri moit orm;
‘S teannaidh mise riut a null,
Le sugradh mar bu choltach dhuinn.*

‘N cluinn thu mis’, a bhean an taighe?
Eirich, ‘s theid mi leat a laidhe;
Smaoinich fein gun ceill na mnathan,
‘S gabhaidh iad le ehortach rud.
O! tionndaidh rium, &c.

A bhi trod rium eha ‘n ‘eil feum ann,
‘Cha chuis abhachd dhuinn le cheil e :—
“Air beul duinn te cha teid feichean.”
‘S e bhi reith is docha leinn.
O tionndaidh rium, &c.

“S ge do dheanainn stop a thraghadh,
Maille ri cuideachda ehairdeil,
‘S maing thu ‘mbaoidheadh orm gu brach e,
Ged do phaidhinn erotag ris.
O tionndaidh rium, &c.

‘Ge do dh’ olainn lan an taomain,
Thiginn dachaigh eiridheil, gaolach;
‘S cha bu chuis gu taigh a sgaoileadh,
Ge do ghlaodhainn botul dheth.
O tionndaidh rium, &c.

‘Ge do labhair thu ‘s gach doigh rium,
Dh’ aindeon aon ni riamh a uhol mi,
‘S geal do churraclid, ‘s dubh do bhrogan,
‘S dìonach, comhnard, socharach, iad.
O tionndaidh rium, &c.

Ge do dh’ fhanadh tu air t-eolas,
Gun tigh ‘nn riamh a nall a Cnoideart,
Gheibhinn te le beagan stòrais,
Bhiodh eho boidheach eoltas riut.
O tionndaidh rium, &c.

Ach sin ‘nuair a labhair ise :—
“Smithich togail dhoit a nis”,
Chain thu thu fein, ‘s dhìt thu mise;
‘S misd thu nach ‘eil fosadh ort.”
O tionndaidh rium, &c.

GEARAN NA MNATHA AN

AGHAIDH A’ FIR, AGUS IAD A FREAGAIBT A
CHEILL.

FONN—“‘S muladach mi fhìn ‘s mo Dhomh-
null.”

A’ BHEAN.

‘S cia mar dh-fhaodas mi bhi beo,
‘S an duine òreite, truagh agam?
Tha e-san sean, agus mis’ og,
‘S ann aig’ tha ‘n corr mar ehuala mi :
Ge do laidheas mi ‘ga ehoir
Tha bhial ‘sa shroin air fuarachadh,
‘S gur mor a ehulaidh ghrain a phog,
Le fhiasaig mhoir ‘g a suathadh rium.

AM FEAR.

O! bhean, cha ‘n ‘eil do labhairt ceart,
Bha neart annam ‘n uair fhuair thu mi;
Dheanainn mire, muirn, a’s macnus,
A’s ghleachdainn ris na gruagaichean :
Sean-fhacal a dh-fhaodar innse,
Sgeula fìor a ehualas e :—
“Cha lean an sionnach air a shior-ruith,
‘S bithidh e sgìth dheth uair-eigin.”

A’ DHEAN.

‘S dona ghréis a mhair thu dhomhsa,
A’s eha b’e ‘m posadh buadhail e;
Dh-fhalbh do mhisneach, ‘s do threoir
An uair bu choir dhìt eruadhachadh;
Ged bhiodh tu da-fhichead ‘s corr,
Cha b’ aois ro mhor an tuairmeachd sin;
‘S gur lionmhor fear nach ‘eil eho og riut,
Chuireas por mar thuathanach.

AM FEAR.

Dheanainn cliathadh, ‘s chuirinn erann,
Na’ faighinn earlaid luathaireach,
Agus euideachadh ri bantraich,
‘S gheibhinn taing, a’s tuarasdail;
Ge do ehaidh mi nis a pris,
Bho ‘n tha mi tinn air uaireanan;
Gu ‘n robh mi roimhe ‘m sgalaig ghrinn,
‘S bu mhor ‘ga d’ dhi na fhuair thu dhìomh.

A’ DHEAN.

‘S a h-uile eas an robh thu riamh,
Bha teang’ ad bhial a dh’fhuasgladh ort;
Na’n ereideadh gach neach do sgiala,
Dhianadh tu na cruachan domh :
Ach caite faca sinn do ghniomh,
Nam fiachta ris an rumhar thu?
Bha do dhruim ‘s do lamh eho dìomhainn,
Sid an giomh a fhuair mi dhut.

AM FEAR.

O! bhean, nach labhair thu gu foil,
Cha ‘n ‘eil do ehomhradh buannachdach :
‘S ma thiondas tu rium a choir,
Bheir mise ‘n corr nach fhuair thu dhut ;

Glacaidh mi suiste 'ann am dhorn,
'S air urlar coinhnard buailidh mi,
Bho airde na sparra nuas gu lar,
'S cha 'n fhaig mi grainn air sguuib agad.

BHEAN.

'S na 'n tegadh tu ort a chroit sin,
Choisneadh tu do dbuais orm :
Cha chluinnte gu brach lais' 'g osnaich,
A's nochdainnse mo shuaireas dhut;
Chuirinn an t-im ann sa bhrochan,
A's chumainn deoch an uachdar riut;
'S chaidleamaid gu samhach soerach
'S cha bhiodh sprochd no gruaime orm.

AM FEAR.

Shaoil mi bhean gu 'n robh thu bairidh,
A's nach biodh sannt gu tuasaid ort :
Ge do dh-fhasainnse cho fann,
'S nach tionndainn air do chluasaig riut;
Air leam fein nach eil thu 'n call,
'S do chlann a chuir ri ghuaillibh dhut;
'S ma dh-fhas thu guindeach nad' cheann,
Gur bean tha 'n geall air buaireadh thu.

A' BHEAN.

'S ann agam-sa bha 'n ceannfath,
Nuair chithinn each a' cluaincis riut;
Chaidh a' chuis bho fhaladha,
A'e cha robh sta bhi d' bhuachailleadh;
Ged a's mis' a ghlac do lamh,
Bha te no dha nach b' fhuathach leat :
'S ma chosg thu riutha do liunn-tath,
Tha nis' am failt air fuarachadh.

AM FEAR.

Dh-aithnich thusa sin ort fein,
A bheudag dh-fhas thu suarach orm :
Chail thu nise dhìom do speis,
'S cha 'n eil do reite buan agam :
Bho 'n a chaidh mise nis' bho fheum,
'S e 'n t-eud a rinn do bhuailidh-sa :
'S moch 'sa mhadainn chuir thu 'n ceill domh,
Nach robh m' eiridh suas agam.

A' BHEAN.

Is fhir gun sta, gun rath, gun dircadh,
Na bi 'g inise tuailcas ort :
Nam bidh tusa dhomhsa dileas,
Cha robh m' inntinn bruaileanach :
Ach 's e bu iahian leat a bhi briodal,
Ris gach riabhinn chuaileanaich :
'S iomadh ribein agus cir,
A's deise chinn a fhuair iad bhuat'.

AM FEAR.

Ach e'aite 'n fhuair thu mi 'sa sgath,
Na'm faca tu 'g an tuairgneadh mi,
Cha robh mi m' mheirleach cho math,
'S nach glaca' tu mi uair-eigin :

'S ma fhuair thu taisgeuladh no brath,
'S e 's fhasa chuir a suas orm,
'S na caraich air a mhuin do chas,
Ach leig a mach na chuala tu.

A' BHEAN.

'S ma chuireas tu mi gu m' dhubhlan,
Bithidh a chuis na 's cruaidhe dhut :
Gheibh a' ministear an t-umhladh,
A's theid an luireach shuaicheant ort;
Linnseach, nhaslach air a dubladh,
Leis gach dunadh tuaisgearra :
'S ge do bhithinn' air do chul-thaobh,
Air son crun cha 'n fhuasglainn i.

AM FEAR.

Ach gus an cairear mi 's an uir,
Cha 'n fhaic do shuil mu m' ghuaillan i,
'S ma thig do naidheachd os ceann buird,
Cha chliu dhut a bhi luaidh sin rium;
A's ge do lasadh t-fhearg le diumb,
Cho ghrad ri fudar buaircasach,
Cha chomhdaichear leat orm-sa chuis,
Nach iunnsaich mi le h-uairbhreachas.

A' BHEAN.

'S cha mhor nach coma leam co dhiu,
Cha robh do thurn ach suarach leam :
'S an a'r a b' fhearr a bha do shugradh,
Chunntainnse na h-uaircannan ;
Chaidleadh tu cho trom gun dusgadh.
Air mo chul le smuaisirein :
'S ge do bhiodh mo thaigh 'ga rusgadh,
Cha robh curam gluasaid ort.

AM FEAR.

'S bheirinn comhairle gu h-eolach,
Air gill' og tha fuasgailteach;
'E bhi glic ri am a phosaidh,
'S laidhe seolta suas ri the :
'S gun droch cleachdadh thoirt 'g a dheoin,
Do ghoraig nach biodh stuaim innte,
'S gun fhios nan lagaicheadh a threoir,
Nach ordaicheadh i bhuaithe c.

A' BHEAN.

Am fear nach dean a threabhadh trath,
'S a mhairt ged bhiodh e fuar aige,
'S eulaidh mhagaidd e chion sta,
'S ri latha bhath cha bhuain e dias;
Bithidh an fearann aige fas,
Na stiallan bana, 's luachair air,
A's e-san broinein ! a' dol bas,
'S na saibhlean lan aig tuathanaich.

AM FEAR.

'S cha 'n fheud mo threabhadhsa bhi mall,
'S do chall 'g dheanadh suas agam;
Bheir mi oigeich as a' ghleann,
'S theid euing gu teann mu 'n guailleannsa :
A' Dun-cideann gheibh mi crann,
'S e fasan galla 's uasail leinn;

Coltar, stailinn, soc, a's bann,
 'S gach ball bhos ann theid cruaidh orra.

A' BHEAN.

Bi cho math 's do ghealladh dhomhsa,
 'S cordaidh sinn gun duathalas :
 Bho 'n tha sinn cho fada eomhla,
 'S am posadh mar chruaidh shnuim oirn;
 'S mor gur fearr leam au t-olc eolach,
 No fogarach luasganach;
 A's cuiridh sinn ar treis an ordugh,
 A's mar a 's coir dhuinn gluaisidh sinn.

AM FEAR.

Is thuirt an sean-fhear, 's cha b'i bhriag,
 Ge d' eireadh sian nan cuartagan :—
 "Nach robh soirbheas laidir dian,
 Gun fhiath bhi goirid uaithe sin :"
 'S an cogadh bu chruaidh bh' ann riamh,
 Chaidh crìoch le rian air uair-eigin;
 'S cuir thusa, bifean, ri d' theangaidh srian,
 'S bithidh sith 'ga dianamh suas againn.

ORAN NA CAILLICH.

AIR FOMN—"Ho hi ho ha mo luadh mo leanamh."

Ma theid mi gu feill, gu feisd, no banais,
 Bi'dh ise lan eud, 's i fein aig baile
 'Sa ma bheir mi le sugradh suil air caileig,
 Gur diumb a's falachd sid dhomhsa.

*O hi o ha, gur cruaidh a chailleach,
 O hi, o ha, gur fuar a chailleach,
 Ho re, ho ra, 's i ghrain a chailleach,
 Dh'fhag mise 'nam amadan gorach.*

Ma ni mi 'n taigh-osda stop a cheannach,
 No suidhe air bord 's gun ol mi drama,
 Theid faileadh 'na sroin 's a dorn an tarruinn,
 'S bi'dh mminntir a bhail'e ri mod oirn,
 O hi, o ha, &c.

Mar ceannaich mi ti cha'n fhíach mi m' fha-
 raid
 A leigheas a cinn, 's i tinn a gearan;
 Cha dean i rium sith, ach stri a's carraid,
 'S ri caran teallaich an comhnuidh.
O hi, o ha, &c.

Bhithinn gu h-cibhinn, eatrom, aighearach,
 Aigionnach, gleusda, a' leum 's an Earrachd,
 Na 'n deanadh an t-eug bho cheil' ar sgaradh,
 'S gu 'n carainn am falach fo 'n fhod i.
O hi, o ha, &c.

Cha 'n airgead, cha 'n or, cha stor, cha thrus-
 gan,
 'Chuir mise air a toir ri moran cuirteis—
 Ach dalladh fo sgleo le seorsa buidseachd—
 'S ann agamsa tha 'n t-uirsgeul air Seonaid.
O hi, o ha, &c.

Nuair thig mi bho 'n chrann an am an earraich,
 Le fuachd air mo chall, 's mi 'n gcall mo gha-
 raidh,
 Cha 'n fhaod mi na taing dol teann air an
 teallach
 Mu 'm buail i gu h-calamh le broig mi.
O hi, o ha, &c.

Cha dian i dhomh feum, 's cha ghreidh i aran,
 Cha 'n araich i feudail, spreidh, no leanamh,
 A' laidhe 'sa g eiridh 'g cigheach 's a' gearan,
 'S gu 'n reicinn gu deimhinn air ghrot i.
O hi, o ha, &c.

Tha cnaimhean cho chruaidh ri cuaille daraich.
 A craiceann, 's a tuar cho fuar ris a ghaillionn;
 Cha dean barnaile guail aon uair a garradh,
 Gun dusan sac gearrain de mhoine.
O hi, o ha, &c.

Gun fhaicail 'na ceann, 's car cam 'na peir-
 ceal,
 Nuair thogadh i greann an am an fheasgair
 Gu'n telche' gach clann, gach crann, 's seis-
 reach,
 Aig miad an eagail romh' groigcis!!

*O hi, o ha, gur cruaidh a chailleach,
 O hi, o ha, gur fuar a chailleach,
 Ho re, ho ra, 's i ghrain a chailleach,
 Dh'fhag mise 'nam amadan gorach*

BARD LOCH-NAN-EALA.

JAMES SHAW, or *Bard Loch-nan-Eala*, was a native of the island of Mull, where he was born about the year 1758. He latterly resided in the parish of Ardchattan, Argyleshire, where he was commonly called the Lochnell poet. Being partly supported by the late General Campbell and his lady, she, it is said, encouraged him to publish some of his works, for which purpose he went to Glasgow to get them printed. Whether he got a printer to undertake the work or failed in the attempt is not known; for, on his return home, he died suddenly on board a steamboat on his passage to Oban: this happened about the year 1828. He lived in a state of idleness and dissipation; praising those who paid him well for it, and composing satires on those who refused him money or liquor. A few of his poems were printed in Turner's Collection, and many others are preserved in manuscript, but they are chiefly local satires of little merit. "*Bi'dh Fonn oirre Daonnan*" is his *chef d'œuvre* and the only popular piece of all his compositions, except in his own country.

ORAN DO DH' FHIONNLA MARSANTA.

[Air son e chuir as a cheile seanna chuirn agus clachan iobairt, a bh'aig na Draoidhean bho shean.]

AIR FONN.—“*Alasdair a Gleanna-Garadh.*”

CHUNNA' mi bruidar air Fionnla,
'S chuir e iongnadh orm r'a fhaicinn,
'S ghabh mi iongandas ro mhòr dheth,
Gu sonraicht o 'n bha mi 'm chadal;
Thuir an guth rium dol da ionnsaidh,
Dh' innse nach e euis a b' fhasa,
Dol a rusgadh ean nan Druidhneach,
Na 'n car a thoirt a muintir Ghlascho.

Ach dh' fharraid mi co as a dh' fhalbh e?
'S fhreagair e le seanachas grad mi,
Thuir e gu 'n robh a chairdean dileas,
Eadar a Chill 's Allt-na-dacha;
Bha cuid air an Dun so shuas diu,
'S bha uair a bha iad na bu phailt ann;
'S eha 'n eil mi buidheach a dh' Fhionnla,
Dhol ga 'n dusgadh as an cadal.

'S chi thusa fhathasd le d' shuilean,
Ma bhios tu 's duthaich ri fhaicinn,
Gu 'n teid an gnothach so dhioladh,
Cho chinnteach 'sa bha 'n crun an Sasunn.
'S goilt e 'n steigh bh' ann an uachdar
Chladhaich e 'n uaigh fo na leacan;
E gun fhios co dhiu bha innte,
Mac an rìgh na sliochd a bhaigeir.

'N saoil thu fhein nach robh e dana,
Marsanta maileid no paca,
Dhol a rusgadh an ait-iobairt,
'S iona liun a chuir e seachad;
'N t-aite 'n robh enaimhean an t-seann-duin,
'N tiolaicadh ann o cheann fada;
Mu 'n teid an gnothach gu crìch,
Gur duilghe dha na faeh a bhlaidh.

Madh' cìreas nise 's moluchd leanmhuinn,
Gu 'm bi gnothach garbh a's duthaich,
Theid Mac-Ille-dhuibh a mharbhadh,
'S eha dìon a chuid airgeid Fionnla,
Leagar an taigh air sa 'n sabhal,
Sgriosar am bathar 'sa bhuth air,
'S theid Gilleaspuig ri posta,
Agus erochar mae a chubair.

Eiridh an tubaist do 'n echiobair,
'S laidhe binn air Mac-na-Ceairde,
'S ma dh' ordaicheas e gu h-ole e,
'S gnothach neo-chiontach sud dasan,
E na sheirbheiseach aig Fionnla,
Tuilleadh a null gu Feill-Martuinn,
'S ma chuireas e nall na leacan,
Ma bhios meachainn ann sann dasan.

Bhi cuir fudair anns na creagan,
 Chuireadh e cagal air bocain,
 Bhi ga 'n tolladh leis an tora,
 'S bhi ga 'n sparradh leis na h-ordan,
 Daoine marbha bhi ga 'n ghasad,
 'S gnothach uamlhaidh gu leoir e,
 'S na 'n leanainn e gu grunnan an t-seanchais,
 B' ainmeil e na arm righ Deorsa.

'S cha teid a chorp fhein gu dilinn,
 Thiolaidh an aite grasmhor,
 'S ann theid a losgadh mar iobairt,
 Air a dhiteadh leis na faidhean,
 Theid a luath a chuir le abhuinn,
 'N aite nach fhaighear gu brath i,
 'S cha 'n faigh e ach rud a thoill e,
 Chionn gu 'n d' rinn e gnothach graineil.

Ach dh'fhalbh an guth 's thug e chul rium,
 Agus thionndaidh e gu h-calamh,
 Thuirt e rium gu 'n d' rinn e diochuimhn,
 'S e ga innse dhomh mur charaid,
 Fios a thoirt dh' ionnsaidh Dhughaill,
 Gu 'n robh a ghual a's uird ro ealamh,
 Dheanadh torachan do dh-Fhionnla,
 Chuir fudair an Dail-a-charra.

Smaointich mi so ann am inntinn,
 Nach bithinn a dteadh Dhughaill,
 Thuirt mi ris gu 'n d' rinn e,
 Do dh' fhuil Righrean nan Stiubhart,
 Tha e fhein na dhuine toileil,
 Dheanadh gnothach do dh' fhear duthcha;
 'S on bha Fionnla na clabhaig,
 Cha bu mhath leis bhi ga dhiultadh.

'Nuair a dhuig mi ghabh mi cagal,
 'S e na sheasamh air an urlar,
 Dh' fheuch ann faighinn reidh air falbh e,
 Los nach coisinn na lorg diumba;
 Tha Dughall trom air an tombae,
 'S tha pailteas deth sin aig Fionnla;
 'S o 'n a labhair mi cho deas ris,
 Ghabh e pairt de leith-sgeul Dhughaill.

'S ann a tha 'n naidheachd so cinnteach,
 Ged shaoileadh sibhse gur bosd e,
 Cha 'n innis mi a neach gu brath e,
 Ach do chuideachd araid colach;
 Cha robh a leithid riamh ri innse,
 Eadar an Sithean 's Lag-Choithain
 Co dhiu th' ann breug no frinn,
 Sin agaibh mur dh' innseadh dhomhs e.

B'IDH Fonn OIRRE DAONNAN

LUINNEAG.

B'Idh fonn oirre daonnan,

'S b'Idh aoidh oirr' an conaidh.

'S dh' fhagadh m' inntinn aobhach
Bhi faicinn t-aodainn bhoidheach,

Le mhiad s'a thug mi ghaol dut,
A's aotromas na h-oige,
Mar a dean mi t-fhaotainn,
Cha'n fhad' a ghaoil is beo mi!

CHUNNA' misc brudair,
 Dh' fhag luaineach an raoir mi'
 Bhi' faicinn bean mo ghaoil
 Ri mo thaobh fad' na h-oidhche.
 Mi thunnda' le solas,
 Gu pog thoirt do 'n mhaighdinn
 An duil gu'n robh i lamh rium,
 Ged' bha mi na'm' aonar.
Bi'dh fonn, &c.

Ged' do bha mi' m' shuain,
 Gu'm bu luath rinn mi dusgadh
 An duil gu'n robh mo thasgaidh,
 An cadal air mo chul-thaobh.
 'Nuair shin mi mo lamh,
 Gu mo ghradh tharruim dlu rium,
 Cha robh ann ach sgaile,
 Rinn m' fhagail 'nuair dhuig mi.
Bi'dh fonn, &c.

Mo dhurachd do'n ribhinn,
 Dh' fhag m' inntinn-sa craiteach
 Bean t-aogais cha leir dhomh,
 La-feille na sabaid.
 Do bheusan tha cutach,
 As t-eudainn no narach,
 Ach 's truagh mi thug gaol dut,
 'S nach fad mi bhi lamh riut.
Bi'dh fonn, &c.

O furtaich air mo chas-sa,
 A ghraidh bhan an t-shaoghail,
 Tuig mar tha mo nadur
 An sas aig do ghaoil-sa.
 Na fag mi mar tha mi
 Dol bas leis an fhagineachd,
 'S gur tu stagh mo riaghailt,
 Mo bhliadh agus m' aodach.
Bi'dh fonn, &c.

'S muladach mi daonnan,
 Do ghaoil rinn mo leonadh,
 Dh' fhalbh mo dhreach as m'aogais,
 A's chaochail mo sholas.
 Cha'n 'eil ait' an teid mi
 Nach saoil mi le goraich,
 Gum beil mi faicinn t-aodann,
 A's aoidh oirr' an conaidh.
Bi'dh fonn, &c.

Chualadh tu mar tha mi,
 Gur bas domh as t-aogais,
 Tiondadh ann am blath's rium
 'S na fag aig an aog mi.
 Thig a's thoir do lamh domh
 Do ghradh, a's do chaoimheas,
 'S cha 'n iarr mi tiuil' a chairdeas,
 No dh' ailleas an t-shaoghail.

*Bi'dh fonn oirre daonnan,
'S bi'dh aoidh oirr' an conaidh,
'S dh' fhadh m' inntinn aobhach
Bhì faicinn t-aodainn bhoidheach,
Le mhiad s'a thug mi ghaol dut,
A's aotromas na h-oige,
Mar a dean mi t-shaotainn,
Cha'n fhad' a ghaol is beo mi.*

ORAN DO BHOINIPART.

LUINNEAG.

*A ri! gur h-aotrom leinn an t-asdar,
Biodhmaid sunntach air bheag airteil,
Dhol an codhail Bhoiniparti,
Chionn bhì bagairt air rìgh Deors*

*'ILLEAN cridhe biodhmaid sunntach,
Sensamaid onair ar duthcha.
Fhad sa mhaireas luaidh' a's fudar,
Cìod a chuireas curam oirnn.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.*

*Thoisich thu oirnn o cheann fada,
Le bosd, le'boilich, 's le bagradh,
'S ma thig thu air tir an Sasunn,
Cha teid thu dhachaigh ri d' bheo.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.*

*Ged theannadh tu fhein 's na Frangaich,
Ri tigh'n a Bhreatuinn le d' chabhlaich,
Cuiridh sinn a null gun tuing thu,
'S b'fhearr dhut fuireach thall led' dheoin.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.*

*'Nuair chuir thu 'n Fhraing thair a cheile,
Dh' fhalbh thu mur shlaughtear do'n Eipheit,
'Nuair a chaill thu 'n coig-ciad-deug,
Gun theich thu fhein air eigin beo.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.*

*Bha luchd nan adaichean croma,
Na 'n laidhe air blar g'a 'n loimairt,
'S e mo dhiubhail bh' anns a choinneamh,
Naeh d' fhan Abercrombi beo.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.*

*An t-seann reisimeid dubh mhicasail,
An dara te sa 'n da-fhiehead,
'Nuair fhuair i suas riut a chlisgeadh,
Chuir i bristeadh ann ad chro.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.*

*Nis dh' eirich na Volunteers,
'N onair an rìgh 's mhorair Iain,
Chur nam Frangach gu 'n eridhe,
Chionn bhì bruidhinn tigh'n d' ar coir.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.*

*O 'n fhuair sinn deise nan Gael,
Boineidean 's cotaichean sgarlaid,
Suaitheantas an rìgh mar fhabhar,
Le coc-ard de dh' ite 'n eoin.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.*

*'S na 'm biodh againn mur bu dual duinn,
Lann chinn-Ilich air ar cruachainn,
A' sgoltadh nan ceann g'a 'n guaillean,
Ga 'm bualadh le smuais nan dorn.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.*

*Gum beil Albainn agus Sasunn,
An guaillean a cheill' an ceart-uair,
Tha iad aig fuaim an aon fhaeil,
Mar shrad eadar clach a's ord.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.*

*Dh' fhalbh thu mar shlaughtear air chuan,
Mu 'n d' amhaire sinne mu 'n cuairt oirnn,
'S ged thig thu Hanobhar bhuainn,
Ge b' oil leat cha d' fhuair thu 'n t-or.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.*

*Ach ma gheibh sinn ann an sas thu,
'N dearbh cha 'n fhaigh thu moran dalach,
Do chrochadh an la-'r-na-mhaireach,
Le fiach cota-bhain a rop.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.*

*Ged thig thu air tir an Albainn,
'N dochas losgaidh agus marbhaidh,
Tha againne suas de dh' armailt,
Na shracas t-canchainn agus t-fheoil.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.*

*Tha saighdeirean Earraghacail,
Fearachail, foghainteach, daicheil,
'S chuireadh iad cagal a bhais,
Air h-uille namhaid a ta beo.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.*

D U A N A G

DO MAC-AN T-SAOIR GHILINNE-NOGHA

LUINNEAG.

*Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, fear-dubh, fear-dubh
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, 's e liath-ghlas,
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, 's a chridhe gheal,
Le Spioraid glan gun iarguin.*

*Thoir beannachdan le durachd nam,
Gabh curam, 's na dean diochuidhinn',
A's giulain iad a dh'ionnsaidh 'n fhir,
A's deise, grinne briatharan.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.*

Na'm b'aithne dhomh-sa seanachas ort,
 Na leanamhainn air do fhriamhaich,
 Gu molainn thu gu dicheallach,
 'S air m'fhacal b'fhiach dhomh dhianamh.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

'S tu ceann na teaghlach onarich,
 A bha'n Glcann-nogha riamh sibh,
 'S gu'm meal thu fein an stoile sin,
 'S do dheagh mhaic oighre' liathadh.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Cha'n aithne dhomh 's na crìochan so,
 ('S cha mhis' a theid ga t-fhiachain)
 Aon duine a chumas seanachas riut,
 'S gun chearb bhi tighinn o d' bhial air.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Cha smaoinich iad, 's cha'n urrainn ann
 Aon duine chunnaic riamh thu,
 Cho deis 's a thig na facail ort,
 'S nach fhad' theid thu ga'n iarraidh.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

'Nuair a thain' an t-Olla Sasunnach,
 Thoir maslaidh 'n aird an Iar so,
 Gur tusa phill gu h-ullamh e,
 'S tu b'urrainn dhol ga dhianamh.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Gur luinnegach am bail' agad
 Le ath-ghairm nan liath-chreag,
 A' freagairt do na smeoraichean
 Gu milis, ceolar, tiamhaidh.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Gu siubhlach, aghar, freagarach,
 Gun stad, gun sgread, gun sgrìachan,
 'Sa mhoch-thra', 'nuair a dhuiseas tu,
 Air madainn chiuin, 'sa ghrian ann.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

'Nuair dhireadh tu na Lairigeann
 Led' ghunn' ad' laimh, 's le d' mhiol-choin,
 Gu'n leigte fcidh san fhireach leat,
 'S do ghilleann bhi toirt bhian diu.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Ach 's eigin domh so innseadh dhut,
 'S o 's fìor e, na gabh miotlachd,
 O'n t-shin thu ris a chiobaireachd
 Gun leig thu cheaird s' air diochuimhn.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Nam bithinn's ann sa chuirt a nis,
 'S gach cuis a bhi gum' riaghladh,
 Bhiodh Cruachan le chuid leitirhean
 A' tighinn a staigh fo d' chrìochan.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Be sud an rud bha nadura,
 'S tha cinnte aig each gu'm b'fhiore,
 'S o'n leig sibh uaibh le goraich e,
 Bu choir dhut bhi ga iarraidh.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Ach sguiridh mis' dhc'n iomarbhaidh,
 'S nach buin dhomh bhi ga dianamh
 Gun fhios nach gabh iad ardan rium
 Am finne* dh'araich riamh mi.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

* The Campbells.

SEUMAS MAC-GHRIOGAIR.

THE REV. JAMES M'GREGOR, D. D., was born at a small farm-house near Comrie, Perthshire, in the year 1762. His parents were not affluent, but they were in circumstances which enabled them to give the benefits of such education as the country afforded, to their son. Young M'Gregor, nurtured amid the sublime and romantic scenery of Lochearn-side, had his mind early imbued with the feelings of poesy; but it does not appear that he produced anything worthy of preservation until an advanced period of his existence. While yet a young man he studied the Gaelic language with considerable assiduity and success, and could write it—a very rare attainment in his younger days.

Being of a sedate and serious turn of mind, he was early designed for the ministry; and after going through the various seminaries and halls of learning he was licensed to preach the gospel when about twenty-one years of age. Mr M'Gregor

was conscientiously a dissenter from the Church of Scotland. He belonged to the Anabaptist branch of the Secession-Church, and studied divinity under the tuition of the Rev. W. Moncrieff, of Alloa. Shortly after he was licensed to preach, some colonists in Nova Scotia sent an earnest entreaty to this country, for a person of acknowledged abilities and evangelical piety to preach the gospel to them. After due consideration had been given to this requisition, Mr. M'Gregor was fixed upon as an individual well qualified to discharge the arduous duties of such a situation, both from his mental qualifications and robust physical constitution. He readily agreed to this proposal; and, although he had the prospects of an advantageous settlement in his native country he hesitated not to go to a strange land to proclaim the gospel of peace.

In Nova Scotia he entered on a field boundless in extent as in difficulties. The inhabitants were far apart; there were no roads in the country; and when we say that the sphere of his operations included the eastern part of Nova Scotia, and the adjacent islands of Cape Breton and Prince Edward, the reader may form some idea of the Herculean task he had undertaken to discharge. He was, we believe, the first missionary to that country. While traversing from place to place, he encountered difficulties, perils, and hardships, which few men would have undergone, undaunted. The site of Pictou contained only one or two houses—it was no easy matter to travel to the next hamlet through the density of woods and *unbridged* rivulets: marked trees, a pocket-compass, or an unintelligible and unintelligent Indian, were his only guides through the solitary and dreary wilderness—sleep was frequently a stranger to him for several nights,—a plank was his bed,—a potato his fare; yet the expatriated Highlanders around him were in need of the gospel; and that, to Mr. M'Gregor was enough.

Towards the close of this excellent man's life, he conceived the idea of clothing the doctrines of the gospel in versification, that he might unite the best and most wholesome instructions with the sweetest and most fascinating melodies. When entering upon the task, he wrote to a friend of his at Lochearn-side for a copy of Duncan M'Intyre's and M'Donald's Poems. His mind had been so occupied with the various studies necessary to the full and efficient discharge of his ministerial duties, that the airs, to which he wished to sing his contemplated hymns or songs, had escaped his memory. The desiderated volumes were sent; but, through the officiousness of some of his domestics, the fact of their being in the minister's possession became known, and a most unwarrantable, unjust and ungenerous construction was put upon the circumstance. How short-sighted, illiberal, and fanatical it was, to edge out insinuations against the genuineness of Mr. M'Gregor's religious principles, simply because the productions of the two most brilliant stars of his native country were on the table of his study in a foreign land! How pitiful, that fanaticism which shrouds itself under the garb of piety—broad, expansive, benevolent piety! We blush for the moral perceptions and enlightenment of our expatriated countrymen, and notice these things simply in justice to departed worth.

Taking advantage of this state of public feeling, almost verging on what is understood in ecclesiastical language, as a schism, a stranger intruded himself about

this period on his labours; and to the disgrace of many of M'Gregor's flock, they forsook the ministry of their long-tried friend, and followed the intrusionist. The desertion thus occasioned must no doubt have very much embittered his cup; but his expansive philosophy—his warm philanthropy—and above all, his genuine religious views, enabled him to bear it without a murmur. He proceeded cheerfully with his metrical effusions, until he composed as many as swelled into a respectable 18mo volume, which has now reached its third edition.

Mr. M'Gregor's Poems are smooth in versification—pleasant in their garb and evangelical in their doctrines. They are almost all composed after the model of his countryman, Duncan M'Intyre, from whom he borrowed many of his ideas, using sometimes not only distichs and couplets, but entire stanzas with some slight alterations. We do not mean, however, to insinuate that our author trafficked wholesale in plagiarism, with the intention of “decking himself in another's feathers.” No! his poems are but parodies in many instances, and as such they are respectable and entitled to favourable consideration.

When M'Gregor's character and claims were notified to the Members of the University of Glasgow, the senate unanimously agreed to confer upon him the title of D. D., an honour which he amply merited by his services and attainments, and which, coming unsolicited from his native country, and from so respectable a literary quarter, must have been soothing to his feelings, and have gilded the horizon of the evening shades of his life.

In the spring of 1828, Dr. M'Gregor was seized with a fit of apoplexy; and at Pietou, on the first of March, 1830, at the age of 68, he experienced a return which terminated in his death on the third day of that month. His funeral was attended by an immense assemblage of deploring friends, who showed their estimate of his character, worth and talents, by unfeigned expressions of regret.

AN SOISGEUL.

AIR FOKN—“*Coire Cheathaich.*”

'Se 'n Soisgeul gradhach thug Dia nan gras duinn

A chum ar sabhaladh dan mo ruin;
Ach 's colas ard c, air cuisibh aluinn,
Nach tuig an nadur a tha gun iuil.

Gur mis' an truaghan 's n'as leor man cuairt domh

A' tabhairt cluais da, mar fhuaim nach fiach;

B' e'n gnothach cruaidh c nach tuig an sluagh e,

An sgeul as uaisle a chualas riamh.

Tha clann nan daoine gu tur fo dhaorsa,

Aig dia an t-saoghail-s ag aoradh dha;

Fo chois am miannan, a tha do-riarach;

Gun fheart, gun iarraidh air Dia nan gras:

A' dianamh tair air gach ni is aill leis,

A' briscadh aintean gach la gun sgios;

E fad o'n sinuaintibh, 's iad riuth gu luath uath;

Chum na truaighe ta buan gun chrieh.

Ge mor an curam th'aig Dia nan dul diubh,

Cha tig iad dlu dha le urnaigh chaoim;

Bu mhor a' ghrain leo bhi uair 'na lathair,

An caidreamh blath ris 'na aros naomh;

Iad ruith na gaoithe, 's ag earbsa daonnan,

Ri sonas fhaotainn am faoincis bhreug;

Gun fhios, gun aird ac' air doigh a's fearr dhai

Na-greim an drast air n' a's aill le 'n cre.

Tha 'm barail laidir gur muinntir shlan iad,

'S nach 'eil ceann-fath ac' air grasan De:

Tha 'n Soisgeul faoin leo, seach gean an t-saoghail, [Leigh

Tha 'n cridhe aotrom, gun ghaol do'n Ach 's ait an sgeul e, air leighcas ceutach Do dhuin' euslan, fo chreuehdaibh eiuirt; 'S naigheachd phriseil, bho Dhia na firinn Do neach fo dhiteadh, 's e diblidh, bruit.

Do neach fo smuaircan, le Dia bhi 'n gruaim ris,

'S a lochdan uamhar 'g a chuartaich' dlu; Gun fhios nach aite dha ifrinn chraiteach, M'an tig am maireach, s' am bas 'na shuil Do neach a dh'fhoglum o'n Spiorad Naomha, Gur sonas baoth bheir an saogh'l so uath; Nach eil ann ach sgail deth 'san am tha lathair, 'S gu 'm bac am bas e 's nach fas e buan.

B'e sgeul an aigh e, air beatha 's slainte, O los' a bhasaich 'na ghradh do dhaoine. 'Si 'fhuil am plasd anns am beil an tabhachd, 'Nuair theid a charadh gu baigheil, eaoine, Ri cridhe leointe, gun ghean, gun solas, Ach doilleh, bronach, gun seol air sith; Le Spiorad uasal nam fearta buadhar, Nuair thig e nuas air le gluasad min.

Sud sgeul ro aoibhneach, air maoin' a's oighreachd,

Do dhuine daibhir, gun sgoinn do'n t-saogh'l Air crun, 's rioghachd a chaoi nach crìoch-naich [gaol.

Gun dragh gun mhiothlachd, ach sith, 's Sud sgeul ro araidh do dhuine taircil,

Air urram ard ann am Parras shuas; Le gradh gun aimhleas, a measg nan ainghean: [do'n Uan.

'S cha teirig eainnt daibh, toirt taing

Deagh sgeul air fuasgladb, do pheacach truailidh,

O chionta duaiehnidh, nach suail a mheud; Tre 'n chumhaehd bhrioghar a ta an iohairt An t-Sagairt rioghail, ta siobhailt, seamh; 'S air feartaibh grasmhor, ni cobhair trath dha,

'Nnair bhios a namhaid gu laidir, gleusd, A' tarrauin teann air chum 'earbs a thionnda Tur bun osceann da, le ionnsuidh thrain.

Air gras, a's trocain, bheir neart, a's treoir dha,

Re fad an roid dh'ionnsuidh gloir an Uain; 'Sna neamhan ard far am pait an gradh dhaibh

'S cha teirig eail daibh gu brath g'a luadb.

'S e cliu an sgeol ud gur firinn mhor e,

Gun fhacal mor-uaidh, no sgleo gun bhri;

'S e Crìosd an eirig as buaine eifeachd,

An iobairt reitich, sar steigh na sith.

Thug an t-Ard-rìgh aon nìhae a ghraidh dhuinn,

A ghabh ar nadur, 's e bharr a rian; 'S an tug e 'n umhlachd, le deoiu, 's le durachd.

Thug coir as ur dhuinn teachd dlu do Dhia: Sar umhlachd chiatach do lagh na Trianaid, Leis an duin' is Dia ann bha riamh ri feum; An coslas truaghain de dhine truailidh, Ach a b'fhearr, 's a b' uaisle na'n sluagh gu leir,

An earaid gaolach a choisinn saorsadh Do'n chinneadh dhaonna le caonnaig ehruaidh;

A dh'fhuilg tamailt o rug a mhath'r e Gu la a bbais ann an ait an t-sluaigh.

Nuair bu naoidhean og e, rinn Herod fho-gradh

'S e deare' an comhnui air doigh an t-sluaigh.

Bha 'bheatha bronach, am fad 's bu bhco e, 'S e cruaidh an toir air gu bhco thoirt uath.

Oir b' e bu ghna dhaibh dhi deanamh tair' Air Athair gradhaeh, 's air aintean naomh;

'S bhi deanamh dearmaid air slaint' an auma, Le eleachda garg, a's le h-ana-gnath baath. [uaisle

Na sagairt uaibhreach, 's na h-ard dhaoine' 'Nan naimhdean buan da, le fuath gun ehrieh:

A' dianamh dicheill, le h-ìomadh innleachd, 'Us moran mi-ruin ga 'shir chur sìos.

'Us air a lorg bha na diabhail bhorba, Fo phrionns' an dorehadais, eolgail, cruaidh:

Ach 'se bu chraiteach an ceartas ard bhi Cur claidhe 'n sas ann, gun bhail, gun truas

Rug mallachd Dhia air air son na fiachan, Bhinn 'Athair fial ris gu fiata garg;

Oir rinn e threigsinn an am na h-eigin, 'Nuair chaidh a cheusadh le cucoir gharbh.

Ach 's gearr a' ehuaire a bha'm bas an uachdar,

Gu h-aighearr fhuair e a' bhuaidh gu slan; Oir rinn e eiridh 'n treas latha 'n deigh sud, Gu subhach, treubhaeh, chum feum do chach;

Do pheacaich dhiblidh, a bha fo dhiteadh, Gu'n dianadh 'fhircantachd didcan daibh;

O ehiont an naduir, 's o'n lochdaibh graineil. 'S o chumhaehd Shatain bha ghna ri foill.

Nis anns na h-ardaibh, tha neart gu brath aig

A chum na's aill leis thoirt sabhailt suas; 'Us chum a naimhdean a sgrios gun taing dhaibh [ehruai.

Droch dhaoine' a's aingl'. luehd ainneart

Ach thar gach seorsa na peacaich mhora
 Le 'm fuathach eolas air deoin an Triath:
 Nach ereid an fhirinn, ged tha i einnteach,
 Nach gluais gu dìreach, ach sir dhol fiarr.

Ged bhiodh an eriosduidh 'n alaidh am prìo-
 san, [slaint,
 Gu docrach, iotmhor, gun bhiadh, gun
 Nì'n soisgeul sìorruidh, tre bheannachd Iosa
 A chridhe tiorail, le fìor ghean graidh.
 Ged dhuig a namhaid geur leannbhuinn
 eraiteach [sith:
 Gun aon cheann-fath air ach gradh, a's
 Tha cridhe aoibhneach, tha ghnais, ro acid-
 heil; [dith.
 Tha dan 'ns laoidh aig' gach oidheh gun

E cumail gleachdaidh an aghaidh peacaidh,
 'S a stiùireadh chleachdaidh, le beachd air
 Crìosd

Tha gaol do'n reachd thar gach nì, 'us
 neach aig; [fiarr.
 'S cha ghabh e tlachd ann an seachran
 'Se Dia na trocair a neart, 's a chomhnadh,
 A bhios an comhnuidh toirt seolaidh dha,
 Cha lag a dhochas cha bheag a sholas,
 Tha aiteas mor aig' nach eol do chach.

A Thighearn, Iosa, gabh truas de'n ehrios-
 dachd,
 Tha 'n t-eolas iosal, 's gach erioch mun
 enairt;

Is bras a dh' eireas gach mearachd eitidh
 'S is beag an t-eud th' aig a chleir san
 nair'.

Dean creideamh, 's eolas, dean gaol na
 corach,

A's pailteas solais, a dhortadh nuas:
 Gu daoìn' a philltinn, o'n cleachdaibh mill-
 teach, [suas.
 'S gu naomhaehd inntinn bhi einntinn

* * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

A Dhe na si-chaint, eraobhsgeoil an fhirinn,
 Measg slogh nan tìrean, 's nan Innsean
 eian:

Mar dhaoìn' air chall, ann an eò nam beann
 iad, [bhiadh.

An oidhehe teann orr, 's iad fann gun
 Thoir solus gle ghlàn, thoir rathad reidh
 dhoibh,

'Us cridhe gleusd a thoirt geill do 'n nan!
 Thoir sgeul do shlainte, thoir fìos do ghrai
 dhaibh.

Cuir fearnt do ghrasan 'nan dail le buaidh.

AN GEARAN.

AIR FÖNN—"Coire gorm an fhasaich"

Is duilich leam mar tha mi
 A' siubhal le mo namhaid,
 Eas-umhal do na h-aintean,
 'S mo ghradh dhaibh cho fann.
 "S iomadh fear a bharr orm"
 Tha dol a reir a naduir;
 'S e 'n lagh tha fulang tamailt,
 'Us taire nach gann.
 Riamh o thuiteam Adhaimb,
 'Se 'm peacadh 'n nì a's fearr leinn,
 'S mi-ehneas a thug sinn gradh dha,
 'Ga thalath gach am.
 Cha d'fhuair mi fad mo laithean,
 Dad buannachd, no dad sta dheth,
 Ach daonnan tarrainn sais orm,
 'S 'g am charadh am fang.

'S e dh'fhag gach nì a leugh mi,
 Gach searmoin riamh a dh' eisd mi,
 'S gach guth a labhair beul rium
 Gun fheum dhomh, gun sta.
 'S e mhilleas gealladh Dhe orm,
 Nach earb mi ris ach eutrom,
 'S nach caraich mi rium fein e,
 Gu h-eifeachdach, slan.
 'S ann chuir e mi an deis-laimh,
 'G am fhagail ro mhi ghleusda,
 Gu h-obair uasal, euehdach,
 'S gu treubhantas ard:
 Gu gleachdadh ris an eueoir
 A bhios a'm' chridhe 'g eiridh,
 No ehithear ann am bheusaibh,
 Gu h-eitich, 's gu grannd.

Nam bithinn tairis, dileas,
 A leantuinn ris an fhirinn,
 Bhiodh ise dhomh mar dhìdean
 Nach dìobradh gu brath.
 Ged chuireadh daoine sìos mi
 Le casaidean, 's le dìteadh,
 Gu'n togadh ise ris mi,
 'S dhirinn an aird.
 Cha toilleadh i gu dìlinn
 Dad coire dhomh no mì-thlachd,
 Tha ceangal ris an t-sith aic',
 'S is dìreach a gna:
 Ach 's mor' an call, 's an dìth dhomh,
 Gu'm beil i tric air dì-chuimhn,
 'S nach' eil an creideamh einnteach
 A'm' inntinn a tamh.

Bha amaideachd a's goraich
 A leantuinn rium o m' oige,
 'S b' annsa leam gu mor iad
 Na 'n t-eolas a's fearr.
 Nan deanaim leth na corach
 Cha chreidinn nach bu leoir e,
 'S nach tearradh sud fa-dheoidh mi,
 Gun doigh air tigh'n' gearr.
 Ge mor an t-aobhar solais
 Bhi 'n comunn Rìgh na gloire,
 'S iad b' annsa leam na h-orain,

'S bhi 'g ol nan deoch-slaime.
Bu dailag mi nach soradh,
Bhi cluich air bruaich na dorainn,
An Diabhol ga mo threorach
Gu seolta air laimh.

Gur mor' a chreach, 's an diubhail,
Mo ehiridhe bhi gun durachd,
A gabhail De nan dul domh,
Mar Ughdar mo shlaime:
'S e tairgse dhomh 'na eumhnant,
A neart a bhi mar chul domh,
'S a ghliocas ard gu m' stiurceadh,
Le curam, 's le gradh.
Tha druidheachd air mo shuillean,
'Se 'n rud a ni mo chiurradh,
D' an ruith mo mhiann gu siubhlach,
'S mi lubadh 'na dhail.
Mo shonas air mo chul-thaobh,
Mar anabas nach fu leam;
'S m' anam an droch run da,
'Ga dhiultadh le tair.

'S mi 'n duin' as truaigh' san t-saoghal,
Fo chis aig m' easgar daobhaidh,
Lan fuath do 'n bheath' a's caoine,
'S an gaol air a' bhas.
Co sheallas rium a'm' dhaorsa?
Co thionndas mi bho ehlaoadh?
Cha'n-aingil, no clann-daoine,
Och! b' fhaoin iad sa' chas.
Ach taing do'n Athair naomha,
A dh'ullaich dhomh an t-saorsa,
Lan tearnadh o gach baoghal,
Trid Aon-ghin a ghraidh.
A Dhe ta iochdmhor, maoineach,
Cia fhad a bhios mi caoineadh!
O greas le d' eobhair chaoimh,
Agus saor mi gun dail!

AN AISEIRIGH.

AIR Fonn—"Tha mise foghruaim."

Thig am bas oirn mu'n cuairt,
'S eart gu 'n laidhinn 's an uaigh,
Ach cha teid mi le gruaim 'na coir:
(oir bha Iosa mo ruin,
Greis 'na laidhe 's an uir,
'S rinn e'n leabaidh ud eubhraidh dhomhs',

Thug e'n gath as a' bhas,
Rinn e caraid de m' namh,
A shaoil mo chumail gu brath fo leon:
Teachdair m' Athar e nis,
Dh'ionnsuidh m'anma le fios,
E dhol dhachaigh a chlisg chum gloir.

On a dh'eirich o ris
Sar Cheann-fheadhna mo shith,
Gun e dh'fhuireach fad shios fo'n fhod:

'Us gu 'n deachaidh e suas,
Ghabhail seilbhe d'a shluagh,
Anns na flaitheas, le luathghlair mhoir.

Se mo chreidimh gun bhreig,
Gu 'n eirich mise 'na dheigh,
Measg na buidhne gun bheud, gun gho:
'Nuair a dh'fhosgla gach uaigh,
'S a theid beo anns gach sluagh,
Chum an togail 's an uair, gu mod.

Sud an eumhachd tha treun,
Sud an fradharc tha geur,
Chuireas rithidh gach erc air doigh;
Dream chaidh itheadh le sluagh,
Dream chaidh mheasgadh 'n aon uaigh,
Dream chaidh losgadh 'nan luath 's nan ceo.

'S iomadh colainn bhios ann,
Tha fad air asdar o 'ceann
'S thig iad cuideachd 'san am, gu foill.
Thig iad uile 'nan taom
As gach clagh tha 's an t-saogh'l,
'S as gach araich, 's an d' apm na seoid.

Cha'n 'eil ait ga'm beil corp,
Air ard mhonadh, no cnoc,
Ann am fasach, no sloehd no moin':
Ann an doimhneachd a' chuain,
No 's na h-aibhnaichean buan,
As nach eirich iad suas, 's iad beo.

Eiridh 'n diuc, 'us an righ,
Eiridh 'm boehd bha fa chis,
Eiridh gaisgeach an stri, 's an deor'
Eiridh' bhaintighearna mhaoth,
Eiridh 'n t-amadan baoth,
'S cha bhi dearmad air aosd, no og.

Eiridh cuid ac' le gruaim,
Chi iad fearg air an Uan,
Chuireas crith orr' a's uamhunn mhoir.
Eiridh cuid ac le aoidh,
Buidheann uasal nan saoidh,
'G am bi oighreachd a chaidh au gloir.

AIR FOGHLUM NAN GAEL.

Fonn—"Chunna mi 'n diugh an Dun-eid-ann."

Bha na Gael ro aineolach dall,
Bha ionnsachadh gann nam measg,
Bha 'n eolas cho tana 's cho mall,
'S nach b' aithne dhaibh 'n call a mheas,
Cha chrideadh iad buannachd no sta,
Bhi 'n sgoilearachd ard da 'n cloinn,
Ged fheadadh fhaicinn gach la,
Gu'r i thog o 'n lar na Goill.

Theid aincolas nis as an tìr,
 'S gach cleachdadh neo-dhireach crom,
 A's mealaiddh sinn sonas a's sìth,
 Gun fharmaid no strì 'n ar fonn;
 Theid sgoilean chuir suas anns gach cearn,
 B'ìdh leabhraichean Gaelig pailt;
 B'ìdh colas a's diadhachd a fas,
 Thig gach duine gu sta 's gu rath.

Nis "togaidh na Gaeil an ceann,
 'S bha bhi iad am fang ni's mo";
 B'ìdh aca ard fhoghlum nan Gall,
 A's tuigse neo mhall na choir:

Theid innleachdan 'n oibribh air bonn,
 Chuireas saibhreas 'n ar fonn gu pailt,
 Bithidh 'n diblidh cho laidir ri sonn—
 'Sam bochd cha bhi lom le aire!

Thig na linntean gu cinnteach mun cuairt,
 Tha 'n sgriobtur a luaidh thig oirn;
 'S an teid Satan a cheangal gu cruaidh,
 'S nach meall e an sluagh le sgìco;
 Bi dh fìrinn a's sìochaint a's gaol,
 A ceangail chloinn daoin' ri cheil;
 Chan fhaicear fear dona mi-naomh,
 Theid olc a's an t-saogh 'l a's beud.

EOBHON MAC-LACHUINN.

EWEN MACLACHLAN was born at Torracalltuinn, on the farm of Coiruanan, in Lochaber, in the year 1775. Coiruanan was possessed by a family of the name of MacLachlan for many generations. The forefathers of E. MacLachlan came originally from Morven, first to Ardgour and thence to Lochaber, and appear to have been in general, men possessed of superior natural gifts. His great grandfather was *Domhnall-Ban-Bard* contemporary with Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel. That bard's compositions are justly admired, particularly his elegy on occasion of the death of that chief. The mother of E. MacLachlan was a Mackenzie, descended from a branch of that clan, which had settled in Lochaber many generations back. His father, *Domhnall Mor*, a man of venerable presence and patriarchal bearing, was reckoned one of the most elegant speakers of the Gaelic language in his day. He was distinguished by the extent and diversity of his traditionary and legendary lore, as well as by the appropriate beauty and purity of the language, in which he told his tale, or conveyed his sentiments to the admiring listeners, who delighted to resort to his humble dwelling.

Though the father was himself illiterate, he was keenly alive to the benefits of education. Besides the subject of our memoir, he had several sons and daughters. Two of the former were afterwards respectable planters in the Island of Jamaica. In the village of Fort William, where his father now resided, the parochial school of Killmalic had been situated since the middle of last century, and taught by superior teachers. At this school the brothers of Ewen MacLachlan, as well as himself, got the rudiments of their education, which, by their natural abilities and laudable ambition, all of them afterwards extended. Ewen was the youngest son of the family, except one. While he excelled his very clever brothers in mental abilities, he was their inferior in bodily strength; the physical weakness of limb which disqualified him, in some measure, for the playful exercises of his fellow-scholars,

tended among other causes, to direct his views to objects and pursuits of a more exalted character.

His first teacher was the Rev. John Gordon, afterwards minister of Alvie; after him, Dr. William Singers of Kirkpatrick-Juxta. He did not remain long under the tuition of these gentlemen, and on account of his father's poverty, was but very indifferently supplied with books. His progress, notwithstanding, was great for his years; it indeed excelled that of all others in the school, and in general, his class fellows were glad to grant him the perusal of their books, in consideration of his very efficient help to them in learning their lessons.

Mr. MacLachlan, at an early age, went out as tutor into the family of Mr. Cameron, of Camisky, in the parish of Killmonivaig; there his desire for classical studies received a considerable impulse from his intercourse with the father of his host, Cameron of Liandally, then an old gentleman confined to bed. Liandally, like many of the gentlemen of his day in Lochaber, had been well instructed in the knowledge of the Latin tongue, and much exercised in the colloquial use of that ancient language in the parochial school of Killmalie, taught by a Mr. Mac Bean. Mr. MacLachlan no doubt derived much benefit from his "colloquies" with the venerable classic, who, from his being bed-ridden, also derived much amusement, as well as pleasure, from his communings with his young companion.

Mr. MacLachlan's next engagement as tutor was, when about fifteen years of age, in the family of Mr. Cameron of Clunes. His pupils were Captain Allan Cameron, now of Clunes, and his brother General P. Cameron, H.E.I.C.S. Here Mr. MacLachlan made great progress in the study of the Greek and Latin languages. It is said that he even travelled on the vacant Saturdays, to Fort William, (whither his parents had removed,) in order to get from his former teacher, an outline of his prospective studies for the subsequent week. Thus he soon became able to translate, with fluency, the Scriptures of the New Testament from the original Greek into his mother-tongue, Gaelic; and frequently did he astonish, as well as instruct and delight, the unsophisticated rusties of the place, by this singular display of erudition.

After the lapse of two years, he engaged as tutor in the family of Mr. Mac Millan of Glenpean, a very remote and romantic situation at the west end of Loch-aircaig. In this family, he resided for two years, still devoting his spare hours to the prosecution of his classical and other studies. So great indeed was his ardour in this respect, that his worthy hostess often deemed it necessary, to insist on his relaxing his application to his books, in order to take healthful exercise in the open air. On such occasions, his favourite walk was along the banks of the "slow-rolling Pean," so sweetly celebrated in his own ode to that romantic stream, and on whose green borders were composed many of his finest juvenile strains. At this time also, our young bard began to show a *penchant* for instrumental music. He constructed a rude violin, on which he took lessons from an individual, by profession a piper, who lived in the neighbouring district or "country" of Moror, and came occasionally to Glenpean. This rustic instrument possessed but few, if any, of the qualities of a

Cremona. An individual, who lived in the family at this period, describes it as being no bigger than a *ladle*—" *Cha bu mhò i dhuibh na 'n liadh,*" and he himself in the ode to Pean calls it "*fidheall na racail,*" or "dissonant lyre." Afterwards, however, our poet became a tolerable performer on the violin, as well as some other musical instruments.

After residing two years in Glenpean, he returned to Clunes, and resumed his former office there. Here he remained for six years. In 1795, he fondly cherished the hope of being enabled to enter College, could he be so lucky as to procure funds for that purpose. With the view of obtaining aid from certain wealthy namesakes of his, he and his father paid a visit to those gentlemen, and to some humbler persons, relations of his mother. The *latter*, "were willing to contribute something;" but the *former* met his suit with a discouraging refusal, telling his father, that "he meant to ruin his son by putting such *idle* notions in his head, and that he ought rather to go home, and forthwith bind the lad as apprentice to his own trade,—that of a weaver." With heavy hearts and weary limbs, they returned home. After anxious and earnest deliberation on this important point, by the poet and his parents around their humble ingle, the idea of going to college was, for a time, abandoned; and the young man resolved to return next day, to the family of Clunes, where he was assured that he should be received with open arms. He accordingly set out for that place; but as he approached it, his earthly career was very nearly terminated. In those days, there was no bridge over the river Arkaig. He found the stream greatly swollen, and hazardous to ford. Night, however, was approaching, and therefore he ventured out. He had not proceeded far in the rugged channel, when he was carried off his feet, and swept away by the rapid current; he now thought with himself that his golden dreams of literary and philosophic distinction were at an end: he committed himself, however, to the care of him who hath said, "when thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee." On this he was providentially thrown on a stone, a part of which was still above the waters. After resting here a brief space, he made one desperate effort to reach the wished-for bank, and was successful. He there poured out a prayer of gratitude to the Most High for his signal deliverance from so great a danger. Forthwith Mr. Maelachlan resumed his labours at Clunes; at the same time prosecuting his classical studies with unremitting ardour, as his time permitted. Here he composed several pieces of justly admired Gaelic poetry; several of these and of his former compositions were published about 1798, in a volume printed in Edinburgh, for Allan M'Dougall, alias "*Dall,*" musician, then at Inverlochy, afterwards family-bard to the late Glengarry. Among these were "*Dain nan Aimsirean,*" a translation of Pope's *Messiah*, "*Dan mu Chonaltradh,*" &c., and a translation of part of Homer's *Iliad* into Gaelic heroic verse. During the currency of the year 1796, our poet was introduced by Dr. Ross of Killmonivag to the late Glengarry; and that Chief, ever after, continued his warm friend. He yielded him the pecuniary aid which he had in vain solicited from other sources. This kindly aid, together with our poet's own little savings, out of his salaries, put him in circumstances to proceed to the University, whither he was accompanied by

his anxious and affectionate father.* Arrived at Aberdeen, he determined to enter the lists as a competitor for a *bursary* at King's College. Here, for the first time, he found himself engaged with entire strangers in the arena of literary strife. The various pieces of *trial* being duly executed and given in, the hour for announcing the fate of the champions approached; the anxious expectants were assembled in the lobby of the great College-Hall, where the Professors were still engaged in earnest judicial deliberation. Meantime the rustic dress of the young Highlander, his diffident manner, and rather awkward appearance, drew upon him the ungenerous gibes and unmerited contempt of several young coxcombs, his rivals. It was sneeringly recommended to him to make a speedy retreat to the *wilds* of Lochaber, while he was comforted with the assurance that he had not the slightest chance of success. Enduring all this banter, with meek, but firm forbearance, he merely advised his assailants not to prejudice his case. The door of the hall was at length opened, the names of the successful competitors were announced, and the officer first called "EWEN MACLACHLAN," as being the best scholar, and chief bursar.

From that moment, he gained and retained the respect and warm regard of his fellow-students. He entered on his studies in Aberdeen with his wonted earnestness and diligence, and greatly distinguished himself in his classes. At the end of the Session, he resumed the charge of his pupils at Clunes; this he continued to do, during the recess annually, whilst he continued in the *gown classes*. At the end of that period, having obtained the degree of A. M., he entered the Divinity-Hall. Through the good offices of the Rev. Dr. Ross, our student was presented to a Royal bursary in the gift of the Barons of Exchequer; and about the same time (anno 1800), he was appointed assistant to Mr. Gray as librarian of King's College, and teacher of the Grammar School of Old Aberdeen. From the date of these appointments, he took up his permanent residence in that town, of which, at a subsequent period, he was made a free burgess. He continued to attend the Divinity-Hall for eight sessions, and in the enjoyment of the Royal bursary above mentioned. He was, during the period last mentioned, custodier of the library attached to the Divinity-Hall of Marischal College. From this date, the life of our theologian was indeed a life of incessant literary toil and scholastic labour. In addition to the duties of the offices to which he had been recently appointed, he devoted several hours every day to private teaching, in order to eke out the limited income derived from these offices. Many gentlemen, especially from the Highlands, sent to him their sons to be under his effective and immediate superintendence. Even in these circumstances, as well as through life, he displayed great liberality and affection toward his aged parents and his other near relations, by often relieving their wants out of his hard earnings.

After completing his attendance at the "Hall," and delivering his trial-pieces with eclat, he found the bent of his mind, as well as his ambition, directed to a "Chair," in one of the Universities, rather than to the Pulpit. He was encouraged in his aspiration after this object, by several friends, but particularly by Professor James Beattie of Marischal College. The Professor's death, however, 1810, was a heavy blow to Mr. MacLachlan's hopes. A strong mutual friendship had existed

*It is said that he travelled to Aberdeen dressed in the mountain garb.

between them, amounting to affection. On the melancholy occasion of his friend's death, Mr. MacIachlan composed an elegy in the Gaelic tongue, which for beauty of language, sincerity of sorrow, and unrivalled elegance of composition, can bear comparison with anything of the kind ever presented to the world. This was not the only composition in which our poet's grateful remembrance of Professor Beattie's friendship was commemorated. In his "Metrical Effusions," (Aberdeen, 1816,) is printed an elegant Latin ode addressed to that accomplished scholar, during his life, and an English ode, entitled "A dream," being an apotheosis on that patron of neglected merit. Some years after his settlement in Aberdeen, Mr. MacIachlan turned his attention to Oriental literature, as well as to that of the languages of modern Europe; and his acquirements in these he made subservient to the critical culture of his mother-tongue. About the same time he undertook the arduous task of translating the Iliad of Homer into Gaelic heroic verse. Of this immortal work, he finished nearly seven books, which still remain in MS. Besides this, he began to compile materials for a Dictionary of the Gaelic language spoken in Scotland, and that, (as he did everything else) from his mere regard and affection for everything tending to promote the honour or improvement of his native land. What was *then* called "the Highland Society of Scotland," (having had reference to the mental culture of their Caledonian countrymen, instead of as now, unfortunately, to the physical development of the points of the inferior animals) had soon after entertained the project of preparing and publishing a Dictionary of that ancient language; and having ascertained the eminent qualifications of Mr. MacIachlan, and his progress in compiling the said work, they conjoined him with the late Dr. Macleod of Dundonald, in carrying on the national Dictionary, compiled under their patronage. The department assigned to Mr. MacIachlan was the Gaelic-English, and so important and difficult a task could not have been committed to better hands. In the preface to the Dictionary published by Drs. Macleod and Dewar, it is well remarked,—“Mr. MacIachlan of Aberdeen especially brought to the undertaking great talents, profound learning, habits of industry which were almost superhuman, an intimate acquaintance with the Gaelic language, and devoted attachment to the elucidation of its principles.”

The pages of Mr. MacIachlan's MS. of this great national work were enriched with innumerable vocables and phrases kindred to Gaelic, derived not only from the cognate dialects of the Keltic, but also from the Greek and Latin, as well as from the Hebrew, Arabic, Chaldaic, Persian, and other Eastern languages.

In the winter of 1821 and 1822, he was engaged in transcribing this work for the press, and he expected to have it completed by the following July; but alas! his valuable life was not prolonged to see his hopes realized.

Let us now briefly revert to events somewhat prior in our poet's life. In the Metrical Effusions formerly mentioned, there is printed an ode in the Greek language, "on the *Generation of Light*," which had the honour of gaining the prize given by Dr. Buchanan of Bengal to King's College for the best poetical ode upon the above subject. About this period (1816), he, at the request of his friend Lord Bannatyne M'Leod, deciphered several old Gaelic MSS., and transcribed

them into the ordinary character—a difficult and laborious task. In 1819, Mr. Gray died, and Mr. MacLachlan was then appointed Head-Master of the Grammar School of Old Aberdeen, and also principal Session-Clerk and Treasurer of the parish of Old Machar. These promotions increased his income, but greatly added to his labour. He was likewise secretary to the Highland Society of Aberdeen; and in this character, used to wear the full garb of his country when officially attending the meetings of the Society, and on other particular occasions. In 1820, the office of teacher of the classical department of the Inverness Academy became vacant. Many friends and admirers of Mr. MacLachlan's great talents made strenuous exertions to procure his appointment to that situation. At the head of these friends was his firm supporter and original patron, Glengarry. Unhappily, the proceedings on that occasion, instead of being conducted with a single regard to public utility, and the rewarding of merit, were mixed up with *local politics* and causeless prejudices. The result was, that after an unprecedentedly keen canvass, and the exercise of every available influence on both sides, Mr MacLachlan was excluded by the mere numerical force of the opposing party. It is plain from the very handsome document obtained from the Professors of Humanity and Greek at St. Andrew's, upon the occasion of Mr. MacLachlan's being on a reinit, examined by them, that want of deep scholarship, or talent as a successful teacher, was not the cause of his exclusion from a situation which he would have adorned.

Gifted with exquisite sensibility, he deeply felt the unworthy treatment thus experienced at the hands of his Norland countrymen; and he frequently expressed himself to the effect, that he was resolved never again to expose his peace of mind to the machinations of "ambidexter politicians."

Some short time after this period, his health became affected. His constitution began to yield under his incessant toils. He proceeded, however, to Ayrshire, to visit his colleague, Dr. Maeleod. There his health rallied considerably, and he continued in the enjoyment of much of that blessing, till the beginning of 1822, when again his health was most seriously assailed. He lingered till the 29th day of March, when this amiable man, and distinguished scholar, departed this life at the age of 47 years. It might be said that he died of a gradual decay and debility, induced by professional over-exertion and study. His looks had become, years before his death, silver-grey. In him unquestionably, died the first Celtic scholar of his day. His premature death caused much regret in the public mind, particularly at Aberdeen, and throughout the Highlands; and deep sorrow among his numerous friends.

As a general scholar, possessed of varied learning and fine genius, Mr. MacLachlan stood very high. The department of philology, however, was his *forte*, and favourite pursuit. In that respect, it is believed he had few superiors. He was "eximius apud Scotos philologus." His Greek and Latin odes have met with the highest approbation from the *best* critics. The same may be predicated of his Gaelic poems. His Gaelic version of the first seven books of the Iliad stands second to the unrivalled original alone. His MS. of the national Gaelic-English Dictionary (if preserved) affords ample proof of his unwearied diligence and labour, and of his

pre-eminent philological and antiquarian acquirements; notwithstanding it did not receive the final polish from his master-hand. With the true spirit of genius, his mind descended, with grateful elasticity, from those abstruse subjects to the lighter amusements of poetry and music; cheerful, and often playful conversation.

As a classical teacher, Mr. MacIachlan's success is sufficiently evinced by the circumstance, that his pupils annually carried off the largest proportion of the bursaries competed for at the University. His excellencies as a scholar were equalled by his virtues as a man and a Christian. His piety was unfeigned, deep, and, in some respects enthusiastic. He was the very soul of *honour*. None could go before him in moral *purity*, worth and integrity. His manners, withal, displayed the most engaging simplicity. In life, he secured the love and respect of all who knew him; and in death, his memory is by them held in tender remembrance.

Eminently calculated to advance the literature and language of his native land, it is deeply to be regretted that he had not been placed through the munificence of individuals, or the public patriotism of his countrymen, in a situation of ease and comfort, such as a Professorship of Keltic in one of our Universities. There he could have effectually promoted the objects he so fondly cherished: the temperament of his modest nature required the supporting arm of a patron, as the limber vine requires the aid of the oak. But his was the too frequent lot of kindred spirits, to experience the heart-sickening of "hope deferred," and to be allowed to droop and die, the victims of ill-requested toil.

Mr. MacIachlan possessed the friendship, and was the correspondent of several persons of distinction—among these might be enumerated, besides the late Glengarry, his Grace Alexander Duke of Gordon, Sir John Sinclair, Dr. Gregory, and Lord Bannatyne Macleod. Much of their correspondence, (*if collated*) would be found very interesting.

In conformity with the prevailing feature of his character, this "true Highlander," on his death-bed directed his body to be laid with the ashes of his fathers at the foot of his native mountains; "*et dulees moriens reminiscitur Argos.*" This dying request was religiously complied with. At Aberdeen every mark of respect was paid to his memory. With all the solemnities usually observed at the obsequies of a Professor of the University, his body was removed from his house to the ancient chapel of King's College, his Alma Mater, and laid in the tomb of Bishop Elington, the founder of this venerable seminary. Next morning, a great concourse of the most respectable persons in and around Aberdeen, including the Professors of both Universities, the Magistrates of the city and the Highland Society of Aberdeen chapterly, met in the College Hall, to pay their last respects to the remains of departed worth, and thence accompanied the hearse, bearing those remains, some distance out of town, and there bade a long and last adieu. Similar indications of respect and sorrow were evinced in all the towns through which the mournful procession passed. Glengarry, accompanied by a large number of his clansmen dressed in their native garb, paid a tribute of respect to his departed *protege*, by meeting and escorting his remains, while passing through that chief's country. His Lochaber countrymen were not behind in exhibiting every proper feeling towards

the memory of him whom they universally esteemed an honour to belong to their country. All classes of them came out to meet the hearse; so that on entering his native village of Fort William, the crowd was so dense, that the procession advanced with difficulty. Next day, being the 15th of April, the mortal remains of Ewen MacIachlan, preceded by the "wild wail" of the *piobrachd*, and accompanied by a larger assemblage than that of the preceding day, were conducted to their last resting-place, and laid with those of his fathers, at Killevaodain in Ardgour. There, "near the noise of the sounding dirge," sleeps "the waster of the midnight oil," without "one gray stone" to mark his grave!

AN SAMHRAIDH.

AIR FOXN.—"An am dol sìos bhi deònach."

Mòch 's mi 'g eiridh 'madainn cheitein,
'S drùchd air fear nan lointean;
Bu shunntach eibhinn eil gach creutair,
'Tigh 'n le gleus a'm froguibh,
Gu blathas na greiue 'b'agh'or eiridh,
Suas air sgeith nam mor-bheann;
'S e teachd o'n chuan gu dreachor, buaghach,
Eòghail, uasal, or-bhuidh.

Tha cuirtean ceantach cian nan speuraf,
Laith-ghorm, reidh mar chlaraidh,
'S do sgaoil bho cheile neoil a sheideadh
Stoirm nan reub-ghaoth arda;
Gach duil ag eigheach iochd a's reite,
'N teachd a cheud ruibhs Mhaigh oirn;
'S gu'm b' ur neo-thruaillidh 'n trusgan uain',
Air druim nan cluaintean fasaich.

Bu chuirteil, priseil, foirm gach coin,
An cuantail ordail, greannar,
Cuir sìos ar sgeoil is blasta gloir,
Air bharr nan og-inheur samhraidh,
Le 'n ribheid chiuil gu fonnar dlu,
Na puirt bu shiublaich ranntachd;
'S mac-tall' a' freagairt fuaim am feadain,
Shuas 's na creagan gleanntach.

Bi 'n ioc-shlaint chleibh am fìor shruth sleibh,
O ghlae nam fear-choir' arda.
Le turaraich bhian th'air bhalbhag min,
A shiubhlas sìos tro 'n ailean,
Mar airgead glas, 'na choilichibh eas,
Ri toraghan bras gun tamh err',
Cuir suigh gun truail 's gach fluran uaine,
'S dlu mu bhrùach nam blarabh.

B' e m' eibhneas riannh 'nuair dh' eirghe grian,
Le cheul ghath tiorail blath oirn,
Bhi cum a sìos gu beul nam min-shruth,
'S reidh' ghorin lith mar sgathan,
A' snamh air falbh gu samhach balbh,
Gu cuantaibh gailbheinn sail ghlaiss,

Tro lùbaibh cam le strathibh ghleann
Tha tilge greann a Mhairt diu.

Air nchd an fhior-uisg 's griun a chitear,
Oibrean sìannta naduir,
Du-neoil nan speur a' falbh o cheil,
Air chruach nan sleibhtean arda;
Gun saoil an t-suil gur h-ann sa ghrund.
Tha dealbh gach ioghnaidh aghoir;
Am bun os-ceann nan luibh 's nan crann,
'S na'm beil sa' ghleann gan arach.

Bi'dh bradan seang-mhear, druim-lhubh, farr-
gheal'
'S cleoc nan meanbh-bhall ruadh air,
Beo, brisg, gun chearb air bhuinne garbh,
O'n mhuir is gailbheach nuallan:
Guh-iteach, earr-ghobhlach, grad-mheannach,
Leum air ghearr-sgiath luatha,
Le cham-ghob ullamh cheapa chuileag,
Bhios feadh shruth nan cuairteag.

Gum faicte loma barr gach tomain,
Caoirich throm, liontaidh,
Gu ceigeach, bronnach, garbh an tomalt,
Rusgach, ollach, min-tiugh;
'S an uanaibh geala, luatha, glana,
Ri cluaincis mhear a' dian-ruith,
Le meilich mbaoth m' an cuairt do'n raon,
A's pairt san fhàrach gan grianadh.

'S na trathan ceart thig drobh nam mart,
'An ordugh teach do'n bhuail,
Le 'n nithibh lan, gu reamhar, laireach,
Druim-fhionn, cra-dhearg, guallionn;
'S gach gruagach aigh gu eridheil, gaireach,
Craicneach, snathach, cunchach;
Air lom an tothair, fonn air bleothann,
Steall bu bhothar fuaimrich.

Gur h-ionmhuinn gaoir struth-gheimnich
laogh.
Bi leumnaich fhaoin fea 'n ailein,

Gu seang-brisg, uallach, eutrom, guanach,
 Por is uaisle straeicis,
 'S iad du-ghlas, riabhach, caisfhionn, stiallach
 Bailgfhionn, ciar-dhubh, barr-lom,
 'S an earblaibh sguabach togte suas,
 A' duibh-ruith uas gu mathair.

O Shamhraidh gheugaich, ghrianaich, cheut-
 aich,
 Dhuillieh, fheuraich, chlain-ghil!
 Bho t-anail fein thig neart a's speurad,
 Do gach creutair dinidi,
 Bha 'n sas 'an slabhraidh reota gheamhraidh,
 Ann an am na dudlachd,
 'S tha nis a'damhs, feadh ghlaic a's ghleann,
 M'ad theachd a nall as ur oirn.

'S tu tarbhach reachdor, biachar, pailt,
 Le feart do fhrasan blatha,
 A thig nan ciuraich mhaoth-bhuig dhriuchd,
 A' dorta suigh gun fhaillinn,
 'S ann leam is taitneach fiabh do bhrait,
 O fhluiribh dait a gharaidh
 Cuir dealra boisgeil reull an daoimein,
 'Mach gu druim nan ard-bheann.

Gach fluran mais is aillidh dreach,
 A' fas 'an cleachdadh ordail,
 Gu rimheach, taitneach, ciatach, snasmhor,
 Ann 's an reachd bu choir dhaibh;
 An t-seamrag naine 's baragheal gruag,
 A 's buidheann chuachach neoinein,
 Lili gicagach nan cluigeam,
 'S mile lus nach eol domh.

Bi'dh sobhrach luaineach, gheal-bhui, chluas-
 ach,
 Ann am bruach nan alltabh,
 'S a bhiolair uain taobh nam fuaran,
 Gibeach, cluaineach, cam-mheur;
 Thig ros nam bad is boidhech dreach,
 Na neoil na maidne samhraidh,
 Gu ruiteach, dearg-gheal, cearsalach, dealbhach,
 Air roin mheanbh nam fann-shlat.

An gleann fo bharrach, reisgeach, cannaeh,
 Fearach, raineach, luachrach,
 Gu min-bhog, mealach, brighor, bainnear,
 Cib, a's eucamh m' an cuairt anu;
 Bidh lom a bhlair is reachdair fas,
 A' dol fo strac neo-thruaillidh,
 'S an saoghall a 'gairdechas le faillt,
 A thaobh gu'n dh'fhag am fuachd sinn.

Gur ecann-ghorm loinneil dos gach doire,
 Bhios sa choille chrochdaich,
 Gu sleabhach ard fo iomlan blath,
 O blun gu bharr 'n comhdach;
 An snothach sughor thig o'n dusluing
 Ann sna fiurain nosar,
 A' bruchda meas tro shlios nan geug,
 A's thos nan speur ga'n cemnadh.

Gach maoth phreas ur gu duilleach cubhraidh,
 Peurach, ubhlach, soghar,
 Trom thorrach, luisreagach, a' lubadh,
 Measach, driuchdach, lodail;
 Le cud-throm ghagan, dlu dhonn-dhearg,
 A bhios air slait nan croc-mheur,
 'S co milis blas ri mil o'n sgeap,
 Aig seillein breac a chronain.

Bidh coisridh mhuirneach nan gob lughor,
 Ann sgach ur-dhos uaigneach,
 Air gheugaibh dlu nan duilleach ur-ghorm,
 Chuireadh sunnt fo'n duanaig;
 Thig smeorach chuirteil, druid a's bru-dhearg,
 Uiseng chiuin a's cuachag,
 Le h-oran cianail, fann-bhog tiamhlaidh,
 N glacaig dhìomhair uaine.

M' an innsinn sìos gach ni bu mhiann leam,
 Ann am briathran seolta,
 Cha chuirinn crìoch le dealbh am bliadh'n
 Air ceathramh trian de'n b' eol domh,
 M' a ghloir nan speur, 's an t-saogha'l gu leir,
 A lion le h-eibhneas mor mi,
 'N uair rinn mi eiridh madainn cheitein,
 'S dealt air fear nan loitean.

AM FOGHAR.

Fonn—"Nuair thig an Samhra geugach
 oirn."

GRAD eiridh fonn a's fìor-ghleus oirbh,
 Na biodh 'ur 'n inntinn sinuaircanach;
 Tha sgeul is ait leam innse dhuibh,
 Cho binn bho chian cha chuala sibh;
 Tha 'm por bu taitneach cinntinn duinn,
 Fo'n reachd is brioghair buaghalachd;
 'S gun teid an saoghal a riarachadh,
 O dhìcheall gnìomh nan tuathanach.

Tha 'm foghar a' nochda cairdeis duinn,
 'S e bluilech am pailteas gnathaicht oirn
 A mhaithas gu fialaidh paitichear,
 Gun ghainne; gun fhàilne truacantachd;
 Gheibh duine's bruid a shathachadh
 'O sheileir na dusluing nadurra;
 Gun' sgaoilear na buird gu failteachail
 Ga'r cuireadh gu lan ar tuarsadail.

Theid sgraing an acrais bhiasgaich dhinn,
 'S a ghorta chrìon gu'm fuadaichear,
 Bu ghineach. sgaitheach, bìor-guineach,
 Geur-ghoint' a ruinn'-ghob nuarranta;
 'S e 'dheoghladh sugh nan caolan bhuat,
 'Chur neul an Aig mu d'ghruaim-mhala;
 Gun teid an tarmasg dìoghaltach
 A ghreasad null th'ar chuaintean bluainn.

Bidh coirce strath nan du-ghleannabh,
 Fo'n dreach is cuirteil prìseileachd,

Trom thoraeh, diasach, euinnleanach,
Ard, luirgneach, suighte, sonraichte;
'S am pannal eolmhor, muirneachail,
Gu sunntach, surdail, ordamail.
Co gleusta, saothreach, luath-lamhach,
'S am barr ga bhuain 'na dhorlaichean.

Gach te gu dileas deannadach,
Le corran eam-ghorm, geur-fhiaclach,
Ri farpais stritheil, dhiorrasaich,
Cuir fuinn a sios fo dhuaganan;
Bidh oigridh, lughor, mheanmneach,
A' ceangal bhann ma sguabannan,
Le 'n diolt am briodal maranach,
A bheireadh gair air gruagaichean.

'S an Iuchar chiataeh, ghaothor, theid
Feur-saoidh na faich' a sgaoileadh leinn
A' ceann nan riaghan caola 'bhios
Air lom nan raointean uain-neulach;
Na rachdain laidir liath-ghiubhais
A tionndadh rolag sniomhanach,
Gu 'n tiormachadh 's na grian-ghathan,
Cho caoin 's as mianna le tuathanach.

'N uair dh'fhosgla *Phæbus* seomraichean;
Na h-àird-an-iar thoirt ordugh dhuinn;
'An dubhar an fheasgair toisichear,
Ri cruinneacha feoir 'an cruachannan;
Bidh mulain is gairbhe domhladas,
Gu tomalach, cuirrichdeach, mor-chean-
nach;
Grad fhighear na siomain chorr umpa,
Gu sgiobailte, doigheil, suaicheanta.

Bidh iomairean eian fo stracan ann,
Le doireachan gorm buntata orra,
Gu ginneach, dosach, eac-mheurach,
Bog-mhogach, lairceach, nain-neulach;
Barr-gue a's dearg-ghéal fas orra.
'Sa dhreach mar ros nan gearaidhnean;
Bidh paidirein phlumbas aillidh ann,
Air mheangain 'nam barr nan cluaraibh.

'Nuair thig an aimsir ghnathaicht oirn,
'Sa bhuaineas as a laraich e,
Grad-nochdar fras bhuntata dhuinn,
Ga chrathadh o'n bharr 'na dhorlaichean,
Ceud mìle drench a's dealbh orra,
Gu faobach, geamlach, garbh-phlucaeh,
Cruaidh mheallach, nibeach, ghailbheach iad
A' tuiteam mar gharbhlach dorrangan.

'S iad ciòchach, dearg-dhubh, breac-shui-
leach
Gu tana min-ghéal, leacanaach;
Gu plubach, croinn-ghéal, cnapanach,
'S iad fad-ciumpach na naireannan;
B'e 'n toradh biadhar, feartach e,
Nàeh mall a liona chaiteagan,
'Nuair ghreidhear ann sa phraisich e,
'S e bhlas is taitneach buaghannan.

'S glan faile nan eno gaganach,
Air ard-shlios nan croe bad-dhuilleach;

'S trom fàsar am por bagailteach,
Air bharr nam fad-ghèng solasach;
Theid brìgh nam fùran slat-mheurach,
'An eridhe nan ur-chnap blasadach;
Gur brìsg gheal sugh a chagannaich,
Do neach a chagnas dorlach dhiu.

'S clann-bheag a ghna le'm poeannan,
A' streup ri h-ard nan dos-ehranabh,
A bhuain nan cluaran mog-mheurach,
Gu lugh'or, docoir, luath-lamhach;
'Nuair dh' fhaoisgear as na mogail iad,
'S a bhristear plaoisg nan cohall diu,
Gur caoin am maoth-bhlas fortanach,
Bhios air an fhros neo-bhruailleanach.

'S e mios nam buaidhean taitneach e,
Bheir por an t-sluaigh gu h-abachadh;
O'm fograr gruaim an acrais dinn,
O's maireann pailteas porsain duinn;
Mios bog nan ubhlan breac-inheallach,
Gu peurach, plumbach, sgeachagach,
A' luisreadh sios le dearcagabh,
Cir-mhealach, beachach, groiseideach.

Mios molach, robach, bracuirneach
'S e catoil roiceil, tacarach,
Gu h-iolannaeh, cnirrichdeach, adagaeh,
Trom-dhiasach, bhreac-ghéal, sguabanach;
Mios miagh nam fuarag, stapagaeh,
Buntatach, feolar, sgadanach,
Gu h-imneach, eaiseach, eéapaireach,
Le bheirteas pailt gu truacantachd.

Gu saothreach, stritheil, lamhachair,
An oigridh dhileas, thalbhachdach,
Ri taobh nan lingeas saile 'm biodh,
An sgadan a snamh 's a bhoinneireachd
Snath-moineis garbh an snathadan,
A' fuaigheal lion ri 'm braigheachan,
Gu sreangach, bolach, arcanach,
Bheir bas do'n naisein clìoc-lannaeh.

'Nuair dh'aomas oidheche chiar-ghlas oirn,
'S a dhubhas an iarmailt cheo-neulach,
Gur h-ullamh, ealamh, iasgaidh, dol
Air ghleus an iarmaid shonraichte;
Grad bhrneaidh iad 'nan ciadan, as
Gach taobh 'n uair dhiolar ordugh dhaitb,
Air bharcaibh eutrom luath-ramhach,
A' sguabadh a chuain ghorm-ghreannaich.

Gur daicheil, surdail, eruadalach,
Fir n'nan cruaidh lamh conspaideach,
A' stri co fuiribh 's luaithe bhios
Air thus an t-sluaigh 's a chonnasach;
A cholluinn nan tonn buaireasach,
Le neart nan cuaille beo ghiubhais;
Mar dhruid nan speur cho luath dhut iad,
Thar stuadh is uaibhreach cronanaich.

Air tarla dhuibh san ionad, 's am
Bi n t-iasg ri mire ghioraich, theid

Na lin a chur ga h-ìongantach
 Air uchd a ghrinnail bhoc-thonnaich;
 'Nuair thogar ann sa mhàdainn iad
 Gu trom-lan, breac le lodalachd,
 Gur suntach, sìubhlach, dhachaigh iad
 Le'n tacar beairteach, solasach.

Gu h-aigeantach, cutrom, inntinneach,
 Fìr aighearach, ghleust, air luingeannan,
 Le saighdean geur nan trì-mheuraibh,
 Air ghallanaibh dìreach cruaidh shleagh-
 ach;
 A' sìreachd an cìsg le duibh-lìasaibh,
 Theid seachad na leum air fìor-uisge;
 Na mordhachan reubach, dìobhalach,
 Gan tarrainn gu tìr air bhrùachannaibh.

'S an oidheche chùraidh, fhìathail, gum
 Bi surd air leois gum pleiteachadh,
 Gun pacar anns na h-urraiscan iad
 Spèailt thioram ur gu h-ordamail:
 Bidh dearg a's cruaidh gan giùlan ann,
 Chuir smuid a suas gu beo-logadh,
 A ruith nam bradan fad-bhrònach,
 Feadh bluinne cas nam mor-shrùithean.

'S am bradan cutrom, aineasach,
 Brìg, grad-chlis, meamnach, hasganach,
 'Na cìeadh liath-ghlais, dhèarg-bhallach,
 Du-lannach, mean-bhreac, cluainciseach;
 Gur gob-cham, shìosmhor, tarr-ghèal e,
 Le stiùir bu shiabhach carr-ghobhlach,
 Bi lu-chleas bras air ghearr-agiathaibh,
 'An toirmrich gharbh nan cuairteagan.

Gun d'fhuair sibh dan a nise bluam,
 Mar thug mi fios a' toiseachadh,
 Mh'bluaidh nam mìosan biotailteach,
 Tha trom le ghibhean solasach,
 Gu 'm beil da rann thar-fhichead ann
 'S o's mìst e tuille ropaireachd,
 Gun cuir mi erioch gu timeil air,
 M' am fag mi sgith le boilich sibh.

AN GEAMHRADH.

AIR FOX—"S i so 'n aimsir a dhearbhar."

Tha *Phæbus* s na speuraibh
 Ag eiridh na thìrall,
 Roi reultaichean *Geur shaighead*,*
 Bheumnaich nan sian;
 Ur-cìfeachd a chend gluth
 Gu ceiteineach grinn,
 A nì feum do gach creutair
 O cìreachd d'an dìon.

* *Sagittarius* and *Capricorn*, two constellations on the Zodiac or Ecliptic.

Than a tla ghathan blath ud
 A b' fhabharach dhuinn
 Gar fagail aig namhaid
 Na dh' fhasas a h-uir;
 O na thìrall e roi chrìochaibh
 Na Rìaghailt* a null
 Gu *Sign-Adharc-Gaibhre*
 Bu duibh-reotach iuil.

Tha aoidhealachd naduir
 A b' fhaitliche tuar,
 Fad an t-saoghail air caochladh
 'S a h-aogasg fo ghruaim:
 Tha giuig air na duilean
 Le funtainn an fhuachd,
 Fo dhu-liunn trom-thursach,
 Rì ciucharan truagh.

Tha 'n Foghar reachdor, fialaidh,
 Bu bliadh abaich fas,
 Le cruachannaibh enuac-mheallach,
 Sguab-thorach, lan,
 Air traigsinn a shnuaidh,
 O'n a dh'fhuaraich gach cail,
 Roi'n mhìoschrui-ghluinneach, ghrua-
 mach
 'S neo-thruacanta baigh.

Le stroiceadh na doilichinn
 Thoirleum gu lar,
 Gorm chomhdach nam mor-chrann
 Bu ehroc-cheannaich barr,
 Nì fuigh-bheatha sughor
 Nan ur-fhaillean ard,
 Tro fheithean nan geugan
 Grad thearnadh gum freumh.

Na h-eoincinean boidheach
 Is ordamail pong,
 Le'n dlu-fheadain shunntach
 O'n sìubhlache fonn;
 Gun fograr o'n cheol iad
 Gu clo-chadal trom;
 'S nì iad comhnuidh 's gach cos
 Ann am frogaibh nan toll.

Thig leir-sgrìos air treudan
 Nam fear-luiblean gorm;
 Dì-nhilltear gach dìthean
 Bu mhin-ghibeach dealbh:
 Fìor aognaichidh aogasg
 Nan aonach 's nan learg,
 Le spionadh nan siauntan
 Dian-ghuineach, garg.

An ciar sheillean srian-bhuidhe
 'S cianailte srann,
 Bha dicheallach gnìomhach,
 Feadh eibhich nan lus fann.
 Gun comhnuich e'n stor-thaigh
 Nan seomraichean cam;
 'S gu leoir aige bheo-shlaint
 Air lon-mhìl nach gann.

* Rìaghailt, the Equinoctial line.

Theid a mheanbh-chuileag shamhraidh
 Le teanntachd gu bas,
 Ge b' eibhneach a leumnaich
 'An ceud-mhios a mhaigh:
 Gach lub shruth bu bhurn-ghlan
 A shiubhladh tro 'n bhlar,
 Fo chruaidh-ghlais de'n fhuar-dheibh
 Is nuarranta eail.

Bi'dh sar-obair naduir
 Le faillinn fo bhron,
 Feadh chathar, a's ard-bheann,
 A's fhasach nan lon:
 Cha dearbhar cluith mheamnuach
 Nan garbh-bhradan mor,
 'S ni iad tamh-chadal samhach
 Fo sgail bhadaibh gorm.

Theid Æolus, righ fìadhaich
 Nan sianntainnean doirbh,
 Gu fuar-thalla ghruaim-ghreannach,
 Tuath-fhrasan searbh;
 Grad-fhuasglar leis cruaidh ghlas
 Nan ua'-bheisdean garg,
 Clach luath-mheallain, 's cuairt-ghaoth
 Bu bhuaireanta colg.

Thig teann-chogadh Geamhraidh
 Le h-aimhleas a nios,
 Ann an dorchadas stoirmibh
 Air charbad nan nial;
 A duibh-fhloiseadh shaighdean
 Tro'n aidhbheis gu dian,
 Geur, ruinn-bhiorach, puiseanta,
 Chlaoidheas gach ni.

Bi'dh armachd nan uabhas
 Mn'n cuairt da gach laimh,
 Ri beuchdaich a reubas
 Na speuran gu h-ard;
 Ion-stroiear a chroc-choille
 Mhor as a freumh,
 Le sputadh garbh-sgiursaidh
 Na dudlachd gun tlaths,

Gum boch a mhuir eheann-ghlas
 Is gaill-bheinneach greann;
 Gur gorm-robach, doirbh-chorrach,
 Borbadh nan tonn;
 Gu h-ardach, cair-ghéal,
 A' bareadh nan deann;
 Agus gairich a bhais bi'dh
 Air bhairlinn gach glinn!

Gum bruchd an fhras clurraidh
 D'ar 'n-ionnsuidh a naas,
 A's bathar gaeil ailean
 Fo lan nan sruth luath,
 A thaosgais san taomraich
 Nam maom-thuiltean ruadh;
 'S marcachd-sine na dileann
 G'ar miobhadh le fuachd.

Thig clacha-meallain garbha
 Le stairearaich mu'r ceann.
 Gar spuaeadh mar chruaidh-fhrois
 De luaidhe nan Gall;
 Gaoth bhuaireis ga sguabadh
 O chruachaibh nam leann;
 Luchd-eoiseachd gan leireadh
 Le h-eireadh naeh gann.

Thig eeo tiugh nan neoil oirn
 O mhor mheall nan ernach,
 Le sinuidrich an du-reothaidh
 Dhiughaltaich, fhuair;
 Ga leir dhuinn lag-eiridh
 Na greine ri h-nair,
 Grad-fhalchaidh i carbad
 Geal, dealrach, sa' ehuan.

Le dall-chur na failbhe
 Gum falchar gach meall;
 Sneachd cleiteagach gle-thingh
 Nan speur os ar ceann
 Gu h-ard domhainn barr-ghéal
 Air fasaich nan gleann;
 Bi'dh nadur fo'n strae ud
 'Gu faillinneach, fann.

Thig iom-chathadh feanntaidh
 Fo shranneach nan stoirm,
 A ghluaiseas an luath-shneachd
 Na fhuar-chithibh doirbh;
 Bi'dh an sinuid ud ad' sgiursaidh
 Le du-chuthach searbh;
 'Sa leireadh nan sleisnean
 Mar gheur-shalann garg.

Bi'dh gach suil agus aodunn
 Ag aognachadh fiamh;
 Agus eoraich an reot
 Air na feosagaibh liath:
 Bi'dh sputadh na funtainn
 Is druightiche sian,
 A' tolladh tro d' ghrudhan
 Gu ciurr-bhenmnach, dian.

Mios reub-bhiorach, eireanda,
 Chreuchdas gach duil;
 Mios buaireasach, buailteach,
 'S neo-thruant' a ghnuis;
 Mios nuarranta, buagharra,
 'S tuath-ghaethach sput,
 Bhios gu h-earr-ghlaiseach, feargach,
 Le stairearaich nach eiuin.

Mios burrughlasach, falmarra,
 Gharbh-flirasach fuar;
 Tha gliob-shleamhain, dileanta,
 Grim-reotach, cruaidh,
 Ged robh luirgnean gan rosladh
 Ri deagh theine guail,
 Bi'dh na sailtean gen eradhiladh
 Gu bas leis an fhuachd.

Mios colgarra, borb-ehur,
 Nan stoirimibh nan deann,
 Gu funntainneach, puinnseunta,
 'S diughaltach srann:
 A' beuchdaich 's na speuraibh
 Le leir-sgrìos gu eall:
 Bior-dheilgneach, le gairisinn,
 Bu nheill-chritheach greann.

Cha'n aireamh na thainig,
 De bhardaibh san fheoil,
 Gach annradh thug teanntachd
 A gheamhraidh g'ar eoir;
 Aeh, mu'm fairghear mo sheanachas
 Gun dealbh air aeh sgleo,
 Gur tim dhomh bhi crìochnachadh
 Briathran mo sgeoil.

AN T-EARRACH.

AIR Fonn—"Thainig oirn do dh' Albainn
 crois."

Thainig Earrach oirn m' an euairt,
 Theid am fuachd fo fhuadach cian
 Theid air imrich thar a chuan
 Geamhradh buaireasach nan sian;
 Raithe sneachdach, reotach, eruaidh,
 A dh' atas eolig nan luath-ghaath dian
 Sligneach, deilgneach, feanntaidh, fuar,
 A lom, 'sa dh' aognaich snuadh gach ni.

Nis o'n phill a ghrian a nall
 Treigidh sid a's annradh garg:
 Islichear strannraich nan speur,
 'S ceanglar srian an beul gach stoirn;
 Sguiridh na builg sheididh chruaidh
 'San aibheis aird a b' uaibhrich fearg:
 Eubhar sìothchaimh ris gach duil,
 'S tiunnadaidh iad gu mughadh foirm.

Iompaichear an uair gu blaths,
 Le frasaibh o'n aird-an-iar,
 Leaghaidh sneachd na shruthaibh luath
 O ghuaillibh nan gruainn bheann ciar.
 Fosglaidh tobairchean a ghruinn,
 A bhruchdas nan sputaibh dian;
 'S deith gu sgealbach, ceilleachdach, dlu,
 Le gleadhraich ghairbh ga sguradh sìos.

Sgapaidh dall-cheo tiugh nan nial
 As a ceil' an iar 's an ear,
 Na mheallaibh giobach, ceigeach, liath,
 Druim-robach, oghuidh, ciar-dhubh, glas,
 A' snaimh san fhailbhe mhoir gun cheann,
 A null 'sa nall, mar luing fo beairt;
 'S iathaidh iad nan rusgaibh ban
 Mu spìodaibh piceach ard nam bac.

Nochdaidh *Phæbus* duinn a gnuis,
 A' dealradh o thur-nad speur,

Le soillse eaoimhneil, baoisgeil, blath,
 Gu thlasmhor, baigheil, ris gach e'reubh:
 Na sgrìos a ghaillionn chiurraidh fluar,
 Mosglaidh iad a nuas o'n t'eg;
 Ath-nuadhaichear a bhliadhn' as ur,
 Gach duil gu muirneach; surd air feum.

Sgeudaichear na loin 's na blair,
 Fo chomhdach aluinn lusaibh meanbh;
 Sgaoilidh iad a mach ri grein
 An duilleach fein fo mhile dealbh:
 Gu giobach, eaisreagaeh, fo'm blath,
 Le'n dathaibh aillidh, fann-gheal, dearg;
 Bileach, mealach, maoth-bhog, ur,
 Luirgneach, sughmhor, driuchdach, gorm.

Gur h-ionmhuinn an sealladh fonnmhor
 A chitear air lom gach leacainn;
 'S cubhraidh leam na fion na Frainge
 Faile thom, a's bheann, a's ghlaeag;
 Milseineach, biolaireach, sobhrach,
 Eagach cnach nan peicein maiseach,
 Siomragach, failleineach, brigh'or,
 Luachrach, ditheanach, gun ghaiseadh.

Thig muilleinean de shluagh an fheoir
 Beo fo thús nam fann-ghath tla,
 Le 'n sgiathaibh sìoda, ball-bhreac oir,
 'S iad daithte 'm boichead mios a Mhaigh:
 An tairneagaibh geal nam flur,
 Duisgidh iad le h-ìochd a bhlaes,
 'S measgnaichidh an rìghle dlu
 'S a cheitein chiuin nach lot an eail!

Diridh snothach suas o'n fhriamhaich
 Tro cham-chuislibh shniomhain bhad-chraun
 Gu maoth-bhlàsa, mealach, cubhraidh,
 Sior chuir suigh 's nam furan shlàtach;
 Bidh an comhlach gorm a' bruchdadh
 Roi shlois ur nan dlu-phreas dosrach,
 Duilleach, labach, uasal, sgiamhach,
 Dreach nam meur is rimheach coltas.

Bidh coin bheaga bhinn a chathair,
 A cruinneachadh shrabh gu neadan;
 Togaidh iad 's na geugaibh uaigneach
 Aitribh chnairteagach ri taice
 Laidhidh gu cluthor nan tamh
 A blaiteachadh nan cruinn ubh breaca,
 Gus am bris an t-slighe lan,
 'S an tig an t-alach og a mach dhaibh.

Thig eibhneas na bliadhn an tus,
 Mu'n crìochnaich an t-ur-mhios Mairt;
 Bheir an sprèidh an toradh trom
 Le fosgladh an bronn gu lar:
 Bruchdaidh miun, a's lagh, a's uain,
 Nam miltibh ma'n cuart do'n bhlar;
 'S breac-gheal dreach nan raon 's nan stuc,
 Fo choisridh mheanbh nan lu-chleas bath!

Bidh gabhair nan adhaircean cracach,
 Stangach, cam, an aird nan sgealb-chreag;

Roh-bhrat iom-dhathach m'an cuairt daibh,
 Caitean ciar-dhubh, gruamach, gorm-ghlas;
 'S na minneinan laghach, greannar,
 Le meigeadaich fhanh g'an leanmhuinn:
 'S mireanach a chleasachd ghuanach
 Bhios air por heag luath nan gearr-mheann.

Caoirich cheig-rusgach fo chomhdach;
 Sgaoilt air reithleiu lointean-driuchdach;
 'A uaineinean cho geal ri cainichean
 Air chluaintibh nan learg ri sugradh.
 An crodh mor gu liontaidh lairceach,
 Ag ionaltradh fhasach ur-ghorm;
 An dream lith-dhonn, chaisiunn, bhan-bhreac,
 Ghuailiunn, chra-dhearg, nliagach, dhum-
 hail.

'S iuntinneach an ceol ri m' chluais
 Fann-gheum laogh m'an cuairt do'n chro,
 Ri coi'-ruith timcheall nan raon,
 Grad-bhrisg, seang-nhear, aotrom, heo;
 Stairirich aig an luirgnean luath,
 Sios m'au bhraich gu guanaich og;
 'S teach 'sa mach a buaile lain,
 'S bras an leum ri bairich bho!

'N aimsir ghnathaichte na bliadhna,
 Sgapar siol gu biadh san fhearann,
 Gu thilgeadh na fhrasaibh diona,
 'S na h-iomairean fiara, cama;
 Sgalag, a's eich laidir, ghnìomhach
 Ri straidhliche nan cliath gan taruinn;
 'S tiodhlaicear fo'n dusluing mhiu
 An graicean liontaidh 's brigh'or toradh.

Sgoiltear an huntata enuachdach
 Na sgrailleagaibh cluasach, bachlach;
 Theid an inneir phronn na lodaibh
 Socach, trom, air chomhuard achaidh;
 Le treun ghearrain chubach, charnach,
 Chliabhach, spidreach, bhraideach, shrath-
 rach.

Surd air teachd-an-tir nan Gael,
 Dh' fheuch an tarar e fo'n talamh.

'Nuair a thogas *Phæbus* aigh
 Mach gu h-aird nan nial a ceann,
 O sheomar dealrach a chuaid
 Ag oradh air chruach nam beann;
 Bruchdaidh as gach ceann an tuath,
 'Staigh cha'n fhuirich luath no mall,
 Enntrigidh air gnìomh nam bundh,
 "Buntata 's inneir! suas an crann!"

Theid an inneal-draibh an ordugh,
 Seann eich laidir mhor a' taruinn
 Nan ionnstramaid ghleadrach, ropach,
 Beairt 'san lionmhor cord a's amull,
 Ailbheagan nan cronag fiara,
 Socach, coltrach, giadhach, langrach;
 Glige-ghlaige crainn a's iaruin,
 Surd air gnìomh o'n biadhicheor toradh!

Hush! an t-urnaiche 's am ban-cach,
 Fear air crann, 's air crann, 's achorraig,

Buntata, 's inneir theith na eliahaidh
 Ga taomadh san fhiar-chlais chorraich,
 Aig bannal elis lughmhor gleusda,
 Cridheil, eutrom, brisg gun smalan;
 'S gillcan og a' diol na h-abhachd,
 Briathrach, gaireach, cairdeil, fearail.

'Nuair dh' fhalachar san uir am por,
 Thig feartan gar coir o'n aird,
 A sgirtean liath-ghlas nan nial,
 Frasaich e gu ciatach blath,
 Silteach, samhach, lionmhor, ciuin,
 Trom na h-bruchdaibh, ciubrach, tlath;
 'S miorbhuilleach, a bhraonach dhlu,
 Iarbhach maoth-mhin, driuchdach, seamh.

'S lionmhor snaicheantas an Earraich,
 Nach comas domh luaidh le fileachd,
 Raidhe 's tric a chaochail earraidh,
 'S ioma ear o thus gu dheireadh;
 Raidhe'n tig am faileach feannaidh,
 Fuar chilach-mheallain, stòrm nam peileir,
 Feadag, sguabag, gruaim a Ghearrain,
 Crainnti Chailleach is beurra friodhan.

'Nuair spntas gaath lom a Mhairt oirn,
 'Ni 'n t-sid ud an t-al a chrannadh,
 Mios cabhagach, oibreach, saothreach,
 Nam feasgar shod-chianail, reangach:
 Acras a' diogladh nam maodal,
 Blianach, caol-ghlas, aognaidh, greannach;
 Deoghlar trian do t' fhiar-liunn-tath bhuat;
 'S mar ghad sniomhain tairnear fad thu.

Raidhe san tig tus annlainn,
 Liteach, cabhrach, ladhan lapach,
 Drui-fhionn, ceann-fionn, bruceach, riaspach
 Robach, dreamsglach, riadhach, rapach;
 Cal a's feoil, a's cruinn-bhuntata,
 'S aran corca laidir, reachdmhor:
 Bog no cruaidh, ma chanar biadh ris,
 'S e nach diult an ciad ni 's faigse.

'N uair thig og-mhios cheitein ciuin oirn,
 Bi'dh a bhliadhn an tus a maise;
 'S fathail, caoimheil, soillse greine,
 Mios geal ceutach, speur-ghorm, feartach,
 Flurach, cinrach, bliochdach, maouiach,
 Uanach, caorach, luoghach, martach,
 Gruthach, uachdrach' caiseach, sughmhor,
 Mealach, cubhraidh, druchdach, dosrach.

Nis theid Earrach uainn air chuairt,
 'S thig an samhradh ruaig a nall;
 'S gorm-bhog duilleach geug air choill;
 Eunaidh seinn air bharr nan crann;
 Driuchdan air fear gach glinn,
 'S lan-thoil-inntinn sgianh nam beann:
 Theid mi ceum troi 'n lon a null,
 'S tairneam crìoch air fonn mo rann.

MARB-RANN

DO MR SEUMAS BEATTIE,

[Fear-teagaisg Canain, 's nan Eolus nadurra, ann an Aol-taigh ur Obairreathain, a chaochail sa' mhàdainn diardaoin, an ceathramh latha den ochd-anh mìos 1810.]

AIR FOKX—"Mort Ghlinne Comhann."

Och nan och! mar a ta mi;
Threig mo shugradh, mo mharan, 's mo cheol;
'S trom an aiceid tha 'm chradh-lot,
'S goirt am beum a rinn sgainteach 'am fheoil;
Mi mar anrach nan eaintean,
A chailleas astar feadh stuathan sa cheo;
O'n bhuail teachdair a bhaist thu,
A Charaid chaoimh bu neo-fhaileumach glair.

A Ghaoil! a Ghaoil de na fearaibh!
'S fuar a nochd air an darach do chreubh
'S fuar a nochd air a bord thu,
Fhiurain nasail bu stoidh ann ad bheus!
An lamh gheal, fhuaranach, chairteil,
Is tric a ghlac mi le fàilte gu 'n phleid,
Ri d' thaobh 's an anair na sineadh,
Na meall fuar creadha, fo chis aig an eug!

A mbiog-shuil donn bu tla sealladh,
A nis air tionndadh gun lannair a d' cheann!
'S samhach binn-ghuth nan ealaidh!
'S duint' am beul ud o'm b' anasach caint!
An cridhe firinneach soilleir,
Leis 'm bu spideil duais foille, no sannt;
A nochd gun phlog air an deile!
Sian mo dhosgainn, nach breugach an rann.

Gun smid tha 'n ceann anns na tharmaich
Bladh gach eolais a b' aird ann am miagh;
Ghloas cagnaidh na Greige, [briht]
'S na thaig an Eadailt bu gheur-fhaclaich
'S balbh fear reitich gach teagaimh;
Ann a bheurla chruaidh, sprigearra, ghrinn!
'N uair bhios luchd-foghlaim fo dhubhar,
Co na t-ionads a dh' fhuasglas an t-snuim?

'S balbh an labhraiche pongail,
Bu teare r'a fhaotainn a chonpanach beoil;
'Am briathran snaighte, sgeimh-dhealbhadh,
A chur na h-ealaidh no 'n t-seanchais air neoil;
Ge b' e bard an dain cheutaich,
Mu chian-astar Æneas o Throidh;
'S firinn cheart nach bu diu leis,
E-fein theirt mar ughdair do sgeoil.

Gun smid tha 'n gliocair a b' eolach,
Air fad na cruithachd a dh' ordaich Mac Dhe!
Gach gnc an saoghal na fairge,
'S na hachthair chomhnair no 'n garbhlaich an
Gach bileag ghorm a tha lubaidh, [t-sleibh]
Fo throm eallach nan driuchd ris a ghrèin:
'S an rioghachd mheatailtich b' aghor,
Do phurp ag innse dhuinn nadur gach seud.

'S balbh fear-aithne nan raidean,
A shoillsich aingil a's faidhean o thus;
A's soisgeul ghlormhor na slainte,
Thug fios air trocairean ard-Rìgh nan dul:
'An steigh gach teagaisg bu ghrasmoir,
'S tearc pears-eaglais thug barr ort, a Ruin!
Dochas t-anma bu laidir, [dhuinn].
'San fhuil a dhoirtheadh gu Farras thoirt

Riaghlaich t-eolas do ghiulan,
Modh na foirfeachd a b' iuil dut 's gach ceum;
Do mhor-chridh uasal gun tuth ann
Gunghoimh, gun uabhar, gun luban, gun
bhreug;
Cha b' nailse tholgach an fhasain,
Cha dealradh saibheis a dh-atadh do speis;
'Si 'n inntinn fhuinn maran do bhcoil,
A's foghlum dichill ga stiùireadh le ceill.

Mo chreach leir! an taigh muirneach,
'S am faict' a ghreadhain gusunntach mu'n
Dreos na ceire toirt soillse, [bhord],
Gach fion bu taitneiche faoilas, fo chroic:
Do chuilm bu chonaltrach, fàilteach,
B' aiseag slainte dhuinn maran do bhcoil;
Bu bhinn a thogail na teis thu,
'Sa chruit f'honnor ga gleasadh gu ceol.

'N uair dh' eireadh coisridh bu choinnealt,
A dhamhs' gu lughor, ri pronnadh nam pong;
Gun b' cìbhinn cri do mhna-comunn,
Do chroilein maoth, 's iad gu tomanach, donn;
A ghearradh leum air bhord loma,
Dol seach a cheile mar ghoidheadh an fonn,
Ach dh' fhalbh sid uile mar bhruadar,
'No bristeadh builgein air tuachdar nan tonn."

A rìgh! gur ciannail mo smointean,
Ri linn do t-arois bhi faontrach gun mhuirn!
Sguir a chuilm 's an eol-gaire,
Chaidh meoghail ghreadhnach a's maran o'r
Chinn an talla fuar faisil; [cul]:
'S e chuir mullach na fardoich 'na smur
Ceann na didiun, 's na riaghailt,
A bhi sa' chadal throm shiorruidh nach duisg!

Do bhantrach bhoehd mar ian tiamhaidh,
Ri truagh thursa, 'sa sgiathan mu h-al;
A neadan creachta, 's i dìoneach,
Mu gaol a sholair an lon daibh gach trath:
O'n dh'imich Fir-eun na h-ealtainn, [aird]
Tha'n t-searbh-dhile 'tighinn thart as gach
A Rìgh nan singeal! bi d' dhion daibh,
'S tionndaidh ascaoin na sine gu tlaths.

'S ioma suil ata silteach,
A thaobh uigh nam fear glic gun bhi buan:
Tha miltean urnuigh ga d' leantainn,
Le miltean durachd, a's beannachd gu t-nigh;
A liuthad diulanach ainneis, [uail];
A dh' ardaich t-ionnsachadh ainneamh gu
'S gach la bhios-cairdeas air faoinachd;
A Bheattiechlliutich! bi 'dh cuimh' air do luach.

Rinu t-eug sinn uile gun solas, [phramh;
Tha teach nan innleachd, 'san oigridh fo
Chaidh Albainn buileach fo eisleann,
Sgur na Ceolraidhean Greugach do'n dan:
Thainig dall-bhrat na h-oidheh' oirn,
O'n chaidh lochrann na soilse na smal:
B' e sid an erith-reothadh ceitein
A mhill am fochann bu cheutaiche barr!

Bu tu craobh-abhull a gharaidh, [ghrein!
A chaidh cha chinnich mi's sillidh fo'n
Dcalt an t-samhruidh nu blathaibh,
Luisreadh dhuilleag air chracaibh, a geug
Ach thiig dubh-lhoirionn a gheumhraidh,
A bheithir theinntidh le srann as an speur;
Thuit an gallan ur, rimheach,
'S uile mhaise ghrad chrion air an fheur!

A Thi tha stiùireadh na cruinne!
'S tu leig d'ar n-ionnsuidh a bhuille bha
Sinne enaill an t-sar ulaidh, [cruaidh!
Neonad prìseil nan iomadaidh buaidh!—
Dh' fhalbh a chombaisd, 's na siuil oirn,
Chaidh argaisreadh 'san fhiubhai 'n am bruann,
Gach creag 'na cunnart do'n fhiuraich,
O laidh duibhr' air reull-iuil an taobh-Tuath.

Och! nan och, mar a ta mi!
'Mo chridhe 'n impis bhi sgainte le bron!
Tha 'n caraid-cuirt' an deigh 'm fhagail,
A sheasadh durachdach dan' air mo choir:
Bi'dh sid an chliabh 'na bheum cnamhain,
Gus an uair anns an tar mi fo'n fhod;
Ach 's glic an t-Aon a thug cis dhinn, [lo.
'S da ordugh naomh bith'mid strìochda gach

SMEORACH CHLOINN-LACHUINN.

LUINNEAG.

*Hoilbh o, iriag, o luil, o;
Hoilbh o, iriag, hōro hi;
Hoilbh o, iriag, o luil, o;
Smeoraich a sheinn oran mi.*

'S smeorach mise le chloinn-Lachuinn;
Seinneam ceol air bharr nan dosan:
'S tric leam dusgadh moch am' chadal
'S m'oran maidne 'sheinn le frogan.
Hoilbh o, &c.

Cha mhi 'm fitheach gionach, sgaiteach,
Na clamhan a chrom-ghiub shracaich;
'S cian mo linn o' eoin a chathair
Chleachd tigh'n' beo air cath nan ablach.
Hoilbh o, &c.

'S mor gu'm b' anns' an am bhi 'geiridh
Madainn Shamhraidh fhann-bhuig, cheitein;
Diol nan rann gun ghreann gun eislein,
'S toirm an damhs' air chrann nan geugan.
Hoilbh o, &c.

Bha mi n' comhnuidh 'n tus mo laithibh
Aig Peithinnu nan seamh-shruth airgeid,
Measg nam flaran driuchdach, tiatha,
Fhuair mi 'n arach pairt de 'a' aimsir.
Hoilbh o, &c.

Tha mi nis an tir gun bhruidhlean,
Tir tha feartach, reachdor, buaghail;
'S lionmhor agh tha fas air uachdar
Tir nan sealbha da'n ainm na Cluaineann.
Hoilbh o, &c.

Tha n h-eoin is labhar coireall,
Fcadh ua coille 'n dluths nam badan;
Buidheann phroiseal, cheolmhor, loinneal,
Ard an coilleag,—binn an glaigeal.
Hoilbh o, &c.

Tha gach crann gu trom fo chomhdach,
Duilleach, badaich, meurach, crocach;
Strac de 'n mhcas cur shlios nan ogan,
'S cunlaith 'scinn nam fonn an ordugh.
Hoilbh o, &c.

Coisridh lughor, muirneach, greannar,
Seolta gluasad fuaim an seannsar;
Por gun sgread, gun reasg, gun teandachd,
Gleusd' am feadain; dcas an ranntachd.
Hoilbh o, &c.

Grian a'g eiridh dealrach, or-bhui,
Le gath soills' air ghorm nam mor-bheann;
Fàicadh cubhraidh dhriuchd nan lointean,
Sìlcadh meal air bharr gach feoirnean.
Hoilbh o, &c.

Eoin bheag bhuchlach nam pong ceolmhor!
Coimh-fhracagraibh leam teis an orain;
Dreach nan cluainean mar bu choir dhomh
Dh' innsinn sìos am briathran ordail.
Hoilbh o, &c.

'S ionnmhuinn leam a chulaidh fhraoich,
Dh' fhas air taobl nan luirgnean cas,
Badach, gaganach, caoin, ur,
'S neoil do'n mhill a smuideal as.
Hoilbh o, &c.

'S boidheach treud nan uaineann geala
Ruith 'sa reis feadh chluaineann bainnear;
'S caoirich bhronnach, thromna, cheigeach,
Air 'm bu sheidach blonag shaile.
Hoilbh o, &c.

'S blasda, soilleir uisg am fuaran
Fallain brisg gun mhisg gun bhruidheann;
'S cracach, gibeach, biolair' uaine,
Fas gu h-ailli laimh ri'm bruachan.
Hoilbh o, &c.

'S labhar fuaim nan sruthan siublach,
Theid thar bhalbhag dlu nan alltan;

Turraich mhear gach cuilean du-ghuirm,
Dol feadh lub tro lar nan gleanntan.

Hoilbh o, &c.

'S taitneach, sgiamhach, maoth-bhog ur,
Fas do fhilur is lionnhor dreach;
Mar ghorm rionnagach nan speur,
Dealbh gach seud a sgaoil mu d' bhrat.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Brat nan dithean drinehdach, guamach,
Lurach, luachraeh, dualach, bachlach,
Cuachach geal nan neoinean eagach,
Sid a sgèadach tha mu'd' ghlacuibh.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Do chrodb-laoigh air lom an ailean,
Reanhar, sultnhor, liontai, lairceach,
Caisiunn, druimionn, guaillionn, era-dhearg,
Bainnear, bliochdach sliochd gun fhaillinn.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Baile feartach coirc a's eorna,
'S rechinhor fasar dhailean comhuard;
Be sid barr na mìle solas
A chuir sgrainn na goirt air fogradh.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Talamh tarbhach trom gu gnaisich,
Leatromaeh fo bharr buntata,
Chinn gu luirgneach, meurach, magach,
Cluigeanaeh le plumbais aillidh.

Hoilbh o, &c.

'S tric do phreasan peurach, ubhlach,
Groiseideach, trom-dhearcach, du-dhonn;
Laisreadh sìos le gairn driuchdach,
'S buan an t-shlainnt am faile cubhraidh.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Baile coisrigte nam beannachd!
Frachach, flurach, luachrach, mealach,
Martach, laoghach, caorach, bainneach,
Coillteach, duilleach, geugach, torach.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Nis' tha carbad boigseil *Phæbuis*
A' marcaehd an aird nan speura;
'S o'n tha 'n rann an cuimse faidead,
'S tim' bhi lasachadh nan teudan.

Hoilbh o, &c.

EALAI DH GHAOIL.

LUINNEAG.

*Air faillirin, illirin, uilltrin o,
Air faillirin, illirin, uillirin o,
Air faillirin, illirin, uilltrin o,
Gur boidheach an comunn,
'Th'aig coinneamh, 'n t-Srath-mhoir.**

GUR gile mo leannan
Na'n cal' air an t-shnamh,
Na cobhar na tuinne,
'S e tilleadh bho'n traigh:
Na'm blath-bhainne buaile,
'S a chnuch leis fo bharr,
Na sneachd nan gleann dosrach,
'Ga fhroiseadh mu'n bhlar
Air faillirin, &c.

Tha cas-fhalt mo ruin-sa
Gu siubhlach a sniomh,
Mar na neoil bhuidhe 'lubar
Air stucaibh nan sliabh,
Tha 'gruaidh mar an ros,
'Nuair a's boidhebe 'bhios fhiamb,
Fo ur-dhealt a Cheitein,
Mu'n eirich a ghrian.
Air faillirin, &c.

Mar Bhenus a boigseadh
Thar choiltibh nan ard,
Tha a miog-shuil ga m' bhuaireadh
Le suaicheantas graidh:
Tha braighe nan seud
Ann an eideadh gach aidh,

* The chorus and first stanza of this song are not MacLachlan's. They were composed by Mrs. M'Kenzie of Balone, at a time when, by infirmity, she was unable to attend the administration of the Lord's Supper in Strathmore of Loehbroom, —and ran word for word the same except the last two lines of the verse which are slightly altered. Our talented author got them and the air from some of the north country students in Aberdeen. All the other stanzas, however, are original, and worthy of the poetic mind of MacLachlan. The following translation of it by the celebrated author, we subjoin for the gratification of the English reader:—

NOT the swan on the lake, or the foam on the shore,
Can compare with the charms of the maid I adore:
Not so white is the new milk that flows o'er the pail,
Or the snow that is show'r'd from the boughs of the vale.

As the cloud's yellow wreath on the mountain's high brow,
The locks of my fair one redundantly flow;
Her cheeks have the tint that the roses display,
When they glitter with dew on the morning of May.

As the planet of Venus that gleams o'er the grove,
Her blue rolling eyes are the symbols of love:
Her pearl-circled bosom diffuses bright rays,
Like the moon, when the stars are bedimm'd with her blaze.

The mavis and lark, when they welcome the dawn,
Make a chorus of joy to resound through the lawn;
But the mavis is tuneless—the lark strives in vain,
When my beautiful charmer renews her sweet strain.

When summer bespangles the landscape with flow'rs,
While the thrush and the cuckoo sing soft from the bow'rs,
Through the wood-shaded windings with Bella I'll rove,
And feast unrestrained on the smiles of my love.

Mar ghealach nan speur
 'S i cur reultan fo phiramh.
Air faillirin, &c.

Bi'dh 'n uiscag 's an smeorach
 Feadh lointean nan driuchd,
 'Toirt failte le'n orain
 Do'n og-mhadainn chinin;
 Ach tha'n uiscag neo-sheolta,
 'S an smeorach gun sunnt,
 'Nuair ' thoisicheas in' cudail
 Air gleusadh a ciuil.
Air faillirin, &c.

'Nuair thig sambradh nan noincean
 A comhdach nam bruach,
 'S gach coincean 'sa chroc-choill'
 'A ceol leis a chuaich,
 Bi'dh misc gu h-eibhinn
 'A leumnaich 's a ruaig,
 Fo dhlu-mheuraibh sgailcach
 A maran ri m' luaidh.
Air faillirin, &c.

RANN DO'N LEISG.

A LEISG reangach, robach, dhuaichnidh,
 Mallachd buan bho dhuan nam bard dhut,
 'S bochd an t-shian do'n ti bheir cluas dhut,
 'S dearbh nach dual gu'n dean e tabhachd,
 'S fìor an sgeul a sgrìobh rìgh Solamh,
 "Nach robh sonas rianh ad ghlaicibh;"
 A chairbh rag gun sgrid gun fhosgladh,
 Trom-cheann marbh nach mosgail facal,
 'S reangach fardalach gun ruth-bhalg;
 Do sheann chlosach bhruchdach, lachdunn,
 'S miann leat coimhearsp bhuan an rosaid,
 Dealbh na gorta sgaoil mu t-asdail,
 Thu fo'n luirich na d' chuail chnamhaich,
 Reic thu Farrais air son cadail,
 Drein an Aoig na d' ghrod-chraos bearnach,
 Do chrag chearr am muing do phap-chinn.
 Sid an sluagh thug bith an tus dut,
 A Mi-churam 's Dith-na-sgoinne
 Slabhraidh theann de phraisich chruaidh ort,
 'S da cheud pund de'n luaidhe d' dheireadh.

A Leisg throm ga 'm bodhar spad-chluas
 'S tu 'n gadaiche 'shlad na h-aimisir':
 Ged' bhiodh mìle cuip gad' shlaiseadh
 Cha tig an stadaigh a t-earball.
 Sibhs ann sam beil feum a's dìreachd,
 Ruithibh grad an tim gu freagairt;
 Mu'n cosgrar sibh fo shlaith iarainn
 Ban-mhaighstear iarnaigh na sgratachd.

CLACH-CUIMHNE

GHILINNE-GARAI DH AIG TOBAR-NAN-CEANN.

FHUR astair! thig faisg a's leubh
 Sgeul air ceartas an De bhuain;
 Bisd ri diol na ceilg a dh'fhag
 A Cheapach na laraich fhuair.
 Sgaoil na mìltich lion an eig
 Mu bhord eibhinn nam fleagh fial
 'S mheasgnaich iad an seau 's na h-oig
 'S an aon torr na'm fuil gun ghliomh.
 Mhosgail corruich an t-ard-thriath,
 Ursann dhian nan comhlàn cruaidh,
 Morair Chlann-Domhnuill an fhraoich,
 Leoghann nan euclid, craobh uam buadh,
 Dh-iarr e 's chaidh Dioghailt na leum,
 Mar bheithir bheumnaich nan nial,
 Ghlac e'n dream a dheilt an fhoill,
 'S thug lan duais mar fhoill an gnìomh.
 Lamh riut-sa' ghorm fhuarain ghrinn,
 Dh' ionnlaidheadh seachd cinn nan lub,
 'S aig casan a ghaigich aigh
 Thilgeadh iad air lar a dhuin.
 Corr as coig fichead bliadhna' deug
 Thriall nan speur bho dheas gu tuath,
 Bho 'n ghairmeadh TOBAR-NAN-CEANN,
 De'n t-sruthan so 'n cainnt an t-shlusaigh.
 Mise 'n Seachdamh thar dheich gluin
 De fhrumh uiseil an laoi ch threin,
 Mac-Mhic-Alasdair m'ainm gnaiths,
 Flath Chlann-Domhnuill nan sar euchd,
 Thog mi chlachs' air lom an raoin,
 Faisg air caochan a chliu bhuain,—
 Mar mheas do cheann-stuic nan triath,
 'S gu'n cuimhnicht' an gnìomh ri luaths.

ALASDAIR MAC-IONMHUINN.

ALEXANDER M'KINNON was born in Moror, in the district of Arisaig, Inverness-shire, in the year 1770, in which year his father was tacksman. At the age of 24, he enlisted in the gallant 92d regiment, in which he served with marked distinction till 1801, when, in the famous battle of Alexandria, he received three several wounds, which were the means of breaking up his connection with that corps. After the battle, Corporal M'Kinnon was found lying among the wounded and dead, "with his back to the field and his feet to the foe," in frozen gore, and on the apparent verge of dissolution. In disposing of the many brave fellows who fell on that memorable day, it was found necessary to dig ditches or pits in which indiscriminately to inter them; and such was the seemingly lifeless condition of M'Kinnon, that he was ordered to be buried among the others. This order would have been executed had not Sergeant M'Lean, a bosom-friend and companion of our bard, been prompted by feelings of the purest friendship, to seek him out amid the heaps of carnage in which he was entombed. The Sergeant, applying his ear to the poet's breast, perceived that everlasting silence had not yet been imposed on his lyre;—his respirations were feeble and slow, but he lived; and his friend insisted upon having him forthwith conveyed to one of the hospital ships.

Upon experiencing the care and attention his situation required, he gradually recovered from his wounds; and it was during his convalescence on board the hospital ship that he composed his truly sublime and admirable poem so descriptive of the battle. McKinnon, on arriving in England, was discharged with a pension; but a life of inactivity seemed little to accord with his sanguine temperament,—for he was no sooner able to bear arms than he joined the 6th Royal Veteran Battalion, in which he served all the remainder of his earthly career. He died at Fort William, Lochaber, in the year 1814, at the age of 44, and was interred with military honours.

Corporal McKinnon was prepossessing in appearance; he stood about 5 feet 10 inches in height; he was athletic in form and of very fine proportions and symmetry. As a poet he ranks very high: his mind, indeed, was of that gigantic order, which, by its own propelling powers, could rise equal to any subject he chose to sing. Judging from some of his MSS. now before us, he studied the Gaelic language to good purpose; few have been able so completely to master its idiom and to soar on the syren wings of poesy, sustaining throughout such a sublime and uncontaminated diction. We have not been able to ascertain what his scholastic acquirements were in English, but we feel warranted in supposing these respectable, for he wrote the vernacular tongue with great accuracy, the study of which, it must be recollected, formed none of the school attainments in his juvenile days.

The four pieces here presented to the reader are of prime quality. They speak for themselves, and need no passing encomiums from us. Any poetaster may string stanzas together *ad infinitum*, and at a hand-gallop; he may infuse something of the

spirit of poetry into them, but to give metrical composition a high finish—to put so much excellence into a poem as to ensure its survival, after the interest of the circumstance that called it forth has passed away—to do this, has fallen only to the lot of a few gifted individuals.

No one could be more happy in his choice of subjects than M'Kinnon; and, most assuredly, none could handle his materials better. He was an enthusiastic soldier: he saw and admired the prowess of the British arms, and commemorated their feats in strains which cannot die. The poet that chronicled these feats, was worthy of the indomitable army that performed them. Ossian's heroes are often put beyond themselves through the magnifying vista of poetic description:—and who has not felt how much of the prowess of Ajax and Hector owed its existence to the redundancy of Homer's inventive powers? M'Kinnon has indulged in no fanciful representations;—he has honestly and truthfully recorded such achievements as British valour performed within his ocular cognizance; and one characteristic feature of his muse is, that she was always *on duty*.

It would be out of place here to attempt a formal criticism upon the works of this excellent poet. His heroics, in which he seems most at home, admit of no comparison. * We wonder what stuff the poet was made of: the poet, who could wind himself up—yes, and inoculate us, too, with the high, patriotic, and impassioned feelings of his soul, to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and depict, with more than the fidelity of the painter's hand, the panorama of the most sanguinary battles that ever drew the belligerent powers of two mighty empires face to face! His poem on the battle in Alexandria beginning "*Am Mios deireannach an Fhoghair*," has all the minuteness of detail of a studied prose narrative, while the vividness of his description, the freshness of his similes, the sublimity of his sentiments, rivet our breathless attention on the various evolutions of the day, from the discharge of the first shot until the whole place is strewn with mangled carcasses, and the dark wing of night overshadows the gory and groaning plain.

His "*Dubh-Ghleannach*" is a nautical production in which his muse appears to great advantage; and we are told by a friend, not likely to be misinformed on the subject, that this was his favorite piece. Mr. M'Donald, the proprietor of the yacht which the poet immortalizes, was so well pleased with the poem, that he gave M'Kinnon £5, and this sum appeared so enormous in the estimation of a boor, a neighbour of M'Kinnon's, that he spoke to him on the subject, saying, "It is a bonny song, to be sure; but faith, neighbour, you have been as well paid for it." "I tell you, sir," replied the poet, "that every stanza of it—every timber in the '*Dubh-Ghleannach*'s' side—is worth a five-pound note!" This retort must be regarded more in the light of a reprimand, than as an empty gasconade. Men of genius, however, cannot be blind to their own merit; and if they ought not to be the trumpeters of their own fame, they are entitled, by the law of self-defence, to retaliate on the narrow-souled detractors of their well-earned laurels. M'Kinnon was neither egotistical nor pedantic: he submitted his pieces to the rigid criticisms of his fellow-soldiers, and never hesitated to throw out an idea, a distich, or even a

stanza at their bidding. This has, perhaps, tended to the critical correctness of his Gaelic, and the excellence of his productions: we read them and are satisfied: there is nothing wanting, nothing extraneous.

ORAN AIR DO'N BILARD A DHOL AIR TIR ANNS AN EIPHEIT.

AIR FOKN—"Deoch-slaime an Iarla Thuathaich."

Ge fada an drast gun dusgadh mi,
Cha chadal seimh bu shugradh dhomh,
Ach ragaid chnamh gun lugs annta,
Air leabaidh-lair gun chuirteanan,
Gun chaidreamh bho luchd duthcha,
'S mi gun charaid-ruin am choir.
Gun chaidreamh, &c.

Cha 'n 'eil fear a thairneas rinm,
Na thuigas an deagh Ghaeligh mi,
Nach innis mi gu'n d'rainig mi,
'N nair dh' imich sinn do 'n aite sin,
Gu 'm b' aobhar giorag namhaid sinn,
Le 'r luingeas ard fo sheoil.
Gu 'm b' aobhar, &c.

An t-ochdamh grian do 'n Mhairt againn,
A nochdadh ar cuid bhataichean,
Bu choltach seolta an Cabhlach iad,
Na 'n trostan mar a b' abhaist dhaibh,
'S na Breatninnich na 'm barr orra,
Le 'n cliathan ramh san reot'.
'S na Breatninnich, &c.

Gu 'n chuir air tìr na saighdearan,
Na fir gun fhiamh, gun fhoill annta,
Le 'n eircadh grian gu boisgeanta,
Ri lannir an lann foileasach,
'S an ceannard fein ga 'n soillseachadh,
Mar dhaoimein a meas oir.
'S an ceannard, &c.

An darag dhilcas dharaich ud,
Nach dh'fhag 'san linn so samhail da,
An leoghann rioghach, anaisgeach,
An cliu 's am firinn cheannasach,
Tha do ghaol mar anam dhuinn,
Air teannachadh na 'r feoil.
Tha da ghaol, &c.

A dol gu tìr le d' bhrataichean,
Air cheann do mhiltean gaisgealadh,
Shaoil Frangaich ghrimeach, ghlas-neulach,
Le spid gu 'n pillte dhachaigh sinn,
Gu 'n strìochdadh iad da 'r lasraichean,
Bu dhionmhòr bras ar soil.
Gu 'n strìochdadh, &c.

Bu neimheil, smearail, durachdach,
Gu danara lan mhmiseagach,
An canoin ann sa bhuireinich,
'S dealanach le fudar dhuin,
Cha bu leur an traigh le smuidreadh,
Dh'fhag na speuran duinn an ceo.
Cha bu leur, &c.

Mar biodh cruaidh losgadh iomlan ann,
'San tair is luaithe dh' iomraichte,
Air luchd-euain a b' ullamh tulgaraich,
Greasadh ri cluais iorghuille,
'S na naimhdean dana tilgeadh oirn,
Mar gharadh tiomcheall ob.
'S na naimhdean, &c.

Choinnich iad 'san uisge sinn,
A tigh'n air snamh gu 'n crioslaichean,
'N nair bheireadh lamhach bristeadh dhuinn
An duil gu 'm baite an tiota sinn,
Gu stalinneach, lan, misneachail,
Gu sgrios as na bhiodh beo.
Gu stalinneach, &c.

Choinnich ar fir shomalt iad,
Le roinn nam pìosan guincideach,
Ma 'n d'fhag an tonn fo 'r bonnabh sinn,
Chaill siol na Frainge fuil annta,
'S am bas bha iad a cumadh dhuinn,
Fhuair pairt diu dh'fhulang broin.
'S am bas, &c.

Chuir builleann lann le susbaircachd,
Bho 'n tuinn mar choilltich thuislidh iad,
Gach dara crann a tuicam dhuin,
Na 'n sineadh sìos le 'r cusbaircachd,
Thuig Frangaich nach fann Thureaich,
Le 'n cuid lann a mhurt an sloigh.
Thuig Frangaich, &c.

Ri iomairt ghoirt na stailinne,
Bha iomain cas bho 'n traigh orra,
Gu 'n fhios co 'm fear bu taire againn,
A b' ullamh lot le saithidhean,
N am dluthadh ris an araich,
'S trom a dhrugh ar laid na 'm feoil,
'N am dluthadh, &c.

'N uair sgaoileadh bh'uainn 's gach aite iad,
Mar chaoirich 's gille-martainn annt',
'S tric a chite fall oirbh,
Na ruith a dhi a mhaighsteir,
Bu lionmhor marcach tabhachdach,
Le cach air traigh gun deo.
Bu lionmhor, &c.

Bha 'm buidhean rìoghail Gaclach,
Gu h-inntinnach, borb, ardanach,
Air thoiseach, mar a b' abhaist daibh,
Gu lotach, pìeach, stailinneach,
Mar nathairichean, gun chairdeas
Do dh' aon namhaid a bha beò.
Mar nathairichean, &c.

Tha clann nan cìlean aon-sgeulach,
Co theircadh gu 'n do chaochail iad?
'S iad fein an dream nach maol-chluasach,
'N uair thairnte a nìre caonnaig iad,
Mar bheithir thana craoslachadh,
B' fhìor fhaoineis tigh'n' ga 'n coir.
Mar bheithir, &c.

Mar mhiol-chìon sheang, luath-leumnach,
'Eangach, ineach, tuasaideach,
Ri leanaill strì gun fhuarachadh,
Le siubhal 's i a dh' fhuasgail iad,
Bha Frangaich air an ruagadh,
'S iad na 'n raith mar ehuain gun treoir.
Bha Frangaich, &c.

O R A N

AIR BLAR NA M-EÌPHIT.

C' arson nach toisichinn sa champa,
Far na dh'fhag mi clann mo ghaoil,
Thog sinn taighean Samhraidh ann,
Le barrach mheang nan craobh,
Bu solas naibhreach, ceannard,
A bhi gluasad ri uchd naimhdean ann,
'S a dh'aindeoin luaidhe Fhrangach,
B' aobhar damsha bhi ri 'r taobh.

Cha chualas ri linn seanachais,
Ann an cogadh arm na 'n strì,
Cuig mìle-diag cho ainmeil ruibh,
A tharruinn airm fo 'n Rìgh;
B' aobhar cliu an treun-fhear Albannach,
A fhuair a chuis ud carbsa ris,
Nach eubairean a thearbadh leis,
Thoirtn gnìomh nan arm gu erich.

Dh'farr e moch di-ciadain,
'S a' chiad diagachadh de 'n Mhairt,
Gach comisari riarachadh,
Ar biadh a mach oirn tra;
Rum' bhi air ar cliathaichean,
Gu h-ullamh mar a dh' iarramaid,
Nach faodadh iad air ehiad-lungaidh,
Dol sìos leis ann sa bhlar.

'S ann air dir-daoine a dh'fhag sinn,
Air sar chabhlach fad air chul,
Na 'm faigheadhamaid rian suamha dhaibh,
Bu laidir iad na 'r cuis;
Lean Mac-a-Ghobha* cairdeil ruinn,
'S gu 'm b' fhoghainteach a bhataichean,
A dh' aindcoine gleadhraich namhaid,
Chum e smaladh air an suil.

Bha ar 'n ard cheann-fcadhna toirteil,
Ann san am ga 'r propadh suas,
Bho dhream gu dream ga 'm brosnachadh,
Cha b' ann le moit na ghruaidh;
Ghlacadh cuibhle 'n fhòrtain,
Ann san laimh nach tionndadh toisgeal i,
'S a dhuiseadh sunnt gu cosnadh dhuinn,
Mar Fhionn a mosgladh shluaidh.

Thairneadh na laoiach shomalta
Na 'n comhlaigh throma, bhorb,
Bu tarslach, lamhan, comasach,
An sradag fhonnidh falbh;
A g' iarraidh aite an cromadh iad,
Na 'n tugadh namhaid coinnceamh dhaibh,
Gu 'm fag-te 'n arach tonn-fhuileach,
Le stailinn thollach bholg.

Bho nach tionndadh naimh gu casgairt,
Bu dlu lasair air an deigh,
'N uair chunnacas gnùis nam Breatunnach,
B' fhearr casan dhaibh na streup;
Thug iad an cul gu tapaidh ruinn,
A shiubhal gu dlu astarach,
A slor dhion an cul le maraichean,
Chum lasachadh na 'm ceum.

Bha gilleas lughar, sgairteil ann,
Nach d' aom le gealtachd riamh,
Mar dh' fhaodadh iad ga 'n leantain,
Philleadh caogad each le 'n gnìomh;
Bu smaointean faoin d'a maraichean,
Nach faighte daoine ghleachdadh iad,
'S na laoiach nach faoite chaisleachadh,
Ga 'n caol ruith mach air sliabh.

Bu tric an oomhdach casgairt sinn,
Thug sud oirn stad na dha,
Bhi gun eolas ann san astar sin,
'N duil mhor ri gaisge chaich;
Dh' fheuch *Ralph* gach doigh a ehleachda
leis,
'S an dian-te sroil a thaisbeanadh,
'S a dh'aindeoin scoltachd dh' fhairtlich oirn,
An toirt gu casgairt lamh.

Bha sinn laidir, guineideach,
Dana, urranta 'san strì,
Bha iadsan raidcìl, euircidcach,
Lan thuineachadh 's an tìr;
Ghabh iad aird na monaidhean,
Gu 'n dh' fhuair iad aite cothromach,
'S an dianadh lamhach dolaidh dhuinn,
Gu 'n toileachadh r'a linn.

* Sir Sidney Smith.

Thairneadh garadh droma leinn,
De dh' arnuinn fhionnidh thein,
Bho shail' gu sail' a coinneachadh
'N tra chromaidh air a ghrein;
Bu daingean, laidir, contasach,
A phaire ga m' fhal na bheanidean,
Cha bu chadal seinnh ga 'n connann,
'S each ma 'r coinneadh air a bheinn.

Stad sinn re na h-oidhche sin,
Gu leir an cuira nan arm,
Bha leannan fein, gu maighdeannaibh,
Fo sgeith gach saighdear, balbh;
Na 'n tigeadh feum na fuineachd orr',
'S gu tugte aobhar bruidhne dhi,
Bu neamhail a speic phuiscant,
Bho 'n bheul bu chinnteach sealg.

Dh' earbadh dion an 'n anmanan,
Ri Albannaich mo rin
Fir nach tairnte cearbaich orra,
'N am tharunn arn gu dhu;
Rinn iad a chaithris armailteach,
Gu h-ullamh, ealamh, ealachuinneach,
'S na 'n deapadh nanhaid tairgneachadh,
Bha bas allabharach na 'n gnais,

Sinn ullamh air ar connspagan,
Gu dol san toir gu dion,
An treas madainn diag a shonraich iad,
Le 'r ceannard mor gu 'n fhianh;
An da reiseamaid a b' oige againn,
Na Greumaich agus Gordonaich,
A ruith gu dian an comhdhail,
Na bha dortadh leis an t-sliabh,

Cho ullamh ris an fhudar,
A bha dol na smuid na 'r ceann,
Ghluais na gillea lu-chleasach,
Air mhire null do 'n ghleann;
Thug sinn le teine dubailte,
Bristeadh as na trupairean,
Bha Greumaich nan euchd fughantach,
'S cha d' eisd iad muiseag lann.

Mar stoirm a b' iargalt connsachadh,
A spionadh neoil a's eirann,
A riastadh fairge moire,
Gu pianadh sheol 's ga 'n call;
Cruaidh dian bha buaidh nan Gordonach,
Bu lionmhor sguab a's dorlaichean,
A bhuain iad air a chomhard,
Far an tug na sloigh dhaibh ceann.

Dhluthaich ar n' arm urramach,
Gu h-ullamh air ar eul,
Lion iad an t-sreath fhulangach,
Rinn guineideach gu smuis;
Bu naimhdeil dian an gunnaireachd,
A dh'fhag an sliabh 's nial fuileach air,
Bha cuirp na 'n riadhan uircasach,
Fo 'n ian gun tuille luis.

'N am propadh ris an namhaid,
Sinn g'an smaladh ann sa' cheo,
Las a bheinn mar anhuinn ruinn,
A barcadh na prais oirn;
Shaoil sinn gur h-i *Vesavius*,*
A sgain bho bona le tairneanaich,
Airm chaola b' fhaoincis lareh ridhe,
'S craos na chaoir tigh'n' beo.

Bha craoslach nan geum neimheil,
Gu breun, aineolach, 'sa cheo,
A bheist bu treine langhanaich,
Bu reusan sgreamh do dh' fheoil;
Bu chaillteach dhuinn an dealanach,
'S a lughad saighdear bearraideach,
Bha 'n oidhche sin a mearachd oirn,
Gu 'n anam air an toir.

Dh' aindeoin a h-ard bhuirneach,
Bha laidir, muiseach, garbh,
Ga b' oil leis an cuid trupairean,
Am bruchdadh rinn an arm;
Ge d' fhaic sinn beagan diubhalach,
A laoghad cha do lub sinn daibh,
Bu lionmhor marcach eul-donn diu,
Fo 'r casan bruite, marbh.

Thug iad an eul, 's cha mhasladh dhaibh,
Chuir casgairt iad na'n teina,
Sinn ga'n sgiursadh do 's na fasaichean,
'S gach tubh na kas a bheinn;
Thionndadh gach cuis taitneach dhuinn,
Bho bhon a eul 's a cas-mhulaich,
Cha d' fhurich gnais dhiu gleachda ruinn,
Nach d' bhruchd anach na still.

'S cas a throm an rtaig orra,
Cho cruaidh 's a chualas riamh,
Bha *Abercrombie* suas riutha,
Le shluadh a dh' fhuasgail fial;
Mar bhi'dh am baile bhunaich iad,
Le capain air a chuartaichadh,
Bha barachd dhiu 's na h-uaghichean,
'S a dh' fhuaraich air an t-sliabh.

Thairneadh garadh laidir,
'Dh' arm tabhachdach nach strìochd,
Ma choinneamh *Alexandria*,
Air airde *Aboukier*;
'N uair rainig sinn an lareh sin,
'S a dhealaich mi ri m' chairdean ann,
'S ann ghulain iad gu m' bhata mi,
'S fuil bhlath fo 'm air an fhiar.

Tha 'n da Bhaiteal araidh
An deagh Ghaelig ann am chuimhn',
Cha 'n e 'n treas fear bu tairp,
'S math a b' fhiach e bard ga sheinn;
Tha mi sa' cheaird air mhagaran,
Cha 'n fhluidh no fear dana mi,
Na dh' innis mi cha nar team e,
Co chluinneas e' ait' an d' rinn.

* *Vesuvius*, poetically rendered *Vesavius*, a volcanic mountain near the bay of Naples. The first eruption took place in the year 79, when *Herculaneum* and *Pompeii* were destroyed.

ORAN AIR BLAR NA H-OLAINN

AIR FOKK—"Alasdair a Gleanna-Garadh."

Air mios deireannach an fhoghair,
 An dara latha, 's math mo chuimne,
 Ghluais na Breatunnaich bho'n fhaiche,
 Dh'ionnsuidh tachairt ris na maimhdean;
 Thug *Abercrombaidh* taobh na mara
 Dhiu le'n canain, 's mi ga'n cluintinn;
 Bha foirneadh aig *Mur** gu daingeann,
 Cumail aingil ris na Frangaich.

Thriall *Abercrombaidh* 's *Mur* na feile,
 Le 'n laoiach euchdach, thun a bhaiteil;
 Tharruinn iad gu h-eolach, treubhach,
 Luchd na beurla ri uchd catha;
 N nair a dhlu na h-airm ri cheile,
 Dhubbadh na speuran le 'n deathaich;
 S bu lionmhor fear a bha 's an eisdeachd,
 Nach do ghluais leis fein an ath oidhch'.

Dh'fhag iad sinne mar a b'annsa,
 Fo cheannardachd Mhorair Hunndaidh,
 An t-og smiorail, fearail, naimhdeil,
 N an teannadh ain-neart ga'r n-ionnsuidh;
 Le bhrataichean sìod' a strannraich,
 Ri 'n euid crann a damhs' le muiseag;
 'S na fir a toghairt 's na Frangaich,
 B' iad mo ruine ehlann nach diultadh.

Bha 'n leoghann eolgarra gun ghealtachd,
 Le mhile fear sgairteil la' ruinn;
 An Camshronach garg o'n Earrachd,
 Mar ursainn chatha 's na blaraibh;
 Dh'aontaich sinn mar aon sa bhaiteal,
 Le faobhar lann sgaitheach stailinn;
 Cha bu ghniomh le 'r laoiach gun taise,
 Faoincis air an fhaich' le lamhaich.

Bhruchd na naimhdean le 'n trom ladach,
 Air muin chaich an aite teine;
 'N uair fhair Sasunnaich droch charadh,
 Phill iad o'n araich n' ar coinneamh.
 Ghlaodh Ralph uaibhreath ri chuid armunn
 Greasaibh na Gaeil n' an coinnidh,
 'S tionndaidh iad an ruaig mar b' abhaist,
 An dream ardanach, neo-fhoileil.

Grad air an aghairt 's an araich,
 Ghluais na saighdearan nach pillte;
 Mar iolair guineach, gun chaoimhneas,
 Nach b'fhurasda chlaoidh le mi-mhodh,
 Thug iad sgrios na'n gathan boiseach,
 Mar dhealanaich oidheche dhilinn;
 Ri sior iomain romp nan naimhdean,
 'S neul na fal' air roinn am picean.

'N uair a dh'ionndrainn a chonnspuinn
 Morair Gordon o uchd buailte;
 'S a chual iad gu'n robh e leointe,
 Dh'uraich iad le deoin an tuasaid;

Mar mhaoim do thuil nam beann mora,
 Bruchdadh bho na neoil mu'r guaillean,
 Lean iad ad ruaig le cruaidh spoltach,
 Gu fuilteach, mor bluilleach, gruamach.

Bha camshronaich an tus a chatha,
 Air an losgadh mar an cianda;
 Leonadh an Ceann-feodhna sgairteil,
 Ri comhraig bhaitealach a liath c;
 'S ged sonruichte a sheal iad an deareag,
 'S an fheoil nach taisich le fiamhachd;
 Mu'n ehom a ghrian fo eleoc-taisgte,
 Phaidh sinn air an ais na fiachan.

Ged' bha na Rioghalaich bho Albainn,
 Na fir ainmeil, mheannach, phriseil,
 Fada bhunainn ri uair a gharbh chath,
 'S buaidh a b' ainm dhaibh ri uchd mhill-
 tean;
 Ghreas iad air aghaidh gu colgail,
 'N uair a chual iad stoirm nam picean;
 Mo creach! luchd nam breacan balla-bhreac,
 Bhi le lasair marbh na'n sineadh.

Tha na Frangaich math air teine,
 Gus an teannar goirid napa;
 'S an mar sin a fhróis iad sinne,
 Ri deich mionaidean na h-uarach;
 Ach, 'n uair dh'fhaod ar laoiach gun tioma,
 Dhol an aite bnille bhualadh,
 Bha roinn nan stailinne biorach,
 Sathadh guineideach mu'n tuairmse.

Gu'm bi sin an tuairmse smiorail,
 Chinnteach, amaiseach, gun dearmad;
 Thug na leoghainn bhorba, nimheil,
 Bu cholgail scalladh fo'n armaibh;
 Ri sgiursadh naimhdean mar fhalaig,
 A's driuchdan fallais air gach ealg dhiu;
 'S bha Frangaich a bruchdadh fala,
 'S an eul ri talamh sa ghainmhich.

Mar neoil fhuilteach air an riasladh,
 Le gaoth a b'iargalta seideadh;
 Ruith nam baidibh ceigeach, lia'-ghlas,
 An deigh an eliathadh sa cheile:
 Chite na naimhde gun riaghailt,
 Teicheadh gu dian o nchd streupa;
 'S iad a leaghadh air am bialthaobh,
 Mar shneachd am fianais na greine.

Ged' a phill sinn o ar duthaich,
 Cha d' mhill sinn air cliu an cruadal
 Bha sinn gach latha ga'n sgiursadh,
 Mar chaoirich aig cu ga'n ruagadh.
 Dh'aindeoin an euid sloigh gun chunntas,
 Tigh'n o'n Fhraing as ur ga'r bualadh,
 Bu leisg ar gaisgich gu tionndadh,
 'Nuair a chord an Diuc ri'n uaislean.

'N uair chuireadh am baiteal seachad,
 'S a dh-aicadh ar gaisgich threubhach,
 Bha ioma Gael 's an deachaidh
 Le miad am braise 's an streupa,

* General Sir John Moore.

Fuill a ruith air lotaibh frasach,
 Bho luehd nam breacanan feilidh,
 'Si sior thaomadh leis na glacan—
 'S truagh! nach dh'fhaod ar gaisgich
 eirigh.

'S boehd gun sian orra bho luaighe,
 On a bha iad cruaidh 'na'n nadur,
 Fulangach gu dhol san tuasaid,
 Guineideach 'nuair ghluais' an ardan,
 Cha robh math d'an namhaid gluasad,
 Dh'iarraidh buaidh orra' s na' blaraibh,
 Chaill iad air an traigh seachd uairean,
 Tuilleadh 's na bha bhuain 'san araich.

'Nis o'n chuir iad sinn do Shasunn,
 Ghabhail ar cairtealan geamhraidh,
 Far an fuigh sinn leann am pailteas,
 Ged' tha Mac-na-praisich gann oirn
 Olar leinn deoch-slaime' Mhareuis—
 Ar gualann thaice 's ar Ceannard;
 Tha sinn cho ullamh's a ais leis,
 Dhion a bhraataichean bho ainneart.

Note.—Various spurious editions of this unrivalled piece have been published in different collections of Gaelic Poems. It is now printed genuine, for the first time, from the poet's own MS.; and never, perhaps, did poet's lay commemorate prowess in more graphic and burning language.

AN DUBH-GHLEANNACH.

LATHA dhomh 's mi 'n cois na traghaid
 Chuala mi caismeachd nan Gaeil,
 Dh' aithnich mi meoir grinn a Bhrathaich,
 Air sinnsair ur bu lughor gairich,
 A's thuig mi gu'n a ghluais an t-armunn,
 Fear thogail nan tur uasal,* statoil.

*Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach a bh' ann!
 Ho ro ghealladh, na co chuireadh i,
 —Trom oirre 'scinn*

Bu mhiann leam sunnt nam port eallanta,
 Bu chonnabhallach urlar a's gearraidhean,
 Dionach, lughor, dlu, neo-mhearachdach—
 Tionndadh nan siubhlaichean caithreannach,
 Dhnisgeadh lugh na sinuis 's na carraidean,
 Duthchas nan lann du-ghorm tana dhuibh.

Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Dh'irich mi 'm bruthach le h-eibhneas,
 Dh'eisdeachd ri fàilte rìgh Seumas,
 Chunna' mi'n Druimineach dhubh, ghlewsda,
 Cuir fa-sgaoil a h-aochaich breid-ghil,
 Air machair mhin, sgiamhach, reidhleach,
 Mar steud cruithreach—'s i' cuir reise.

Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

* This song was composed on the pleasure-boat of Alex. McDonald, Esq., of Glenaladale, who endeared himself to his countrymen by the cenotaph he erected for Prince Charles Stuart in Glenfinnan.

Chunna' mi 'n Druimineach dhubh, dhealbhabhach,

Long Alasdair ghlinnich nan garbh-chrioch,
 Mar steud rioghail air bharr fairge,
 Togail bho thir le sioda balla-bhreac,
 Snaicheantas rioghail na h-Alba;
 Ghluaiseadh na miltean gu fearra-ghleus.

Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

'Nuair ghabhaidh i'm fuaradh na sliasaid,
 'S gualla 'n fhasgadh ehasadh dian ris,
 Ghearradh i'n linn' air a fardh,
 'N aghaidh gaoithe, sid a's lionaidh,
 Dh' eignich i Corran an diarnais,
 'S leum i air iteig mar ian as!

Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

'Nuair gheibheadh i cliathaich fo fhars'neachd,
 Soirbheas na sliasaid ga brosnachd,
 Mar shiu'ladh mial-chu bras-astrach,
 Na ruith air shabh a's fiadh air thoiseach,
 I diredh nan tonn iath 's ga'n sgoltadh,
 Shnaithceadh i iad mar iarunn loerach.

Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Mhionnach Neptune agus Æolus,
 Bho n' chaidh gaith a's cuan fo'n ordugh,
 Nach do mhaslaicheadh cho mor iad
 Bho linn na h-Aire a bha aig Noah,
 Gu robh 'n rìgh is airde comhnadh,
 Dion 's a sabhaladh Chloinn-Domhnuill!

Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Bha Neptune agus Æolus eudhor—
 Dh-iarr iad builg nan stoirn a sheideadh
 Dh-ordaich iad gach bord dh'i reubadh,
 'S na siuil a stracadh na'm breidean,
 Le borb-sgread a's fead na reub-ghaoith,
 'Cuir siaban thonn na steoll 's na speuran:

Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Thoisich ur-spairn chruaidh mar dh'iarr iad,
 Chruinnich neoil dhubha na h-iarmailt,
 Na'n trom-luirichean dlu iargail',
 'S iad a trusadh surd 'sa lionadh
 Mar dhorch sinuid a fuirneis iarunn,
 Gu bruchadh stoirn bha garbh a's fiadhaich.

Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

'N earalas fo laimh air gabhaidh
 Chuir sibh au ceann i gu dann;
 Gach eupall a's stagh 's an robh failinn—
 Sparradh buill thaghta n'an aite;
 Slabhraidhean canach air fardh,
 Theannaich sibh gu daingeann laidir.

Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Bheartaich iad gach ball neo-chearbach,
 Ullamh, deas gu gleachd ri fairge;
 Tharruinn i le gaoith an earra-dheas
 Ghlac i 'n eol fo' taobh 's bu doirbh c,
 'S ged bha Neptune sniothreach, stoirmeil,
 Mhaslaich an saobh-shruth 's an dorch e!

Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Nochd an dubhair gnuis gun chaoimhneas,
 Sgaoileadh cuirtearan na h-oidliche:
 Sgioba na h-inbhraich an gainntir
 On' chiad duil gu cur Dun-aoibhneis
 Phaisg iad trian gach siuil gu teann-chruaidh,
 A's las iad ri cairt-iuil na coinnleach.

Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Iomradh slan do Chaiptein Alasdair,
 Le sgioba tabhachdach, bearraideach,
 Bu mbiann leam failt' ur cairdean dealai'
 dhuibh,

Calla seamb bho ghabhadh mharanan,
 Coinnidh bhaigheil bhlath gach caraid dhuibh,
 Pog bhur mathar, mhna 's bhur leannan duibh.
Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Chaidh rìgh nan soirbheas gu dhulan,
 Aig mial na strannaraich 's na h-upraid;
 Dh-fhosgail na builg air an culthaobh,
 Mun gann a fhuair iad an dunadh,
 Bha Maighdeann nam Mor-bheann cuirteil,
 An acarsaid fo shroin na dutheha!
Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

AM BARD-CONANACH.

DONALD M'DONALD, commonly called *Am Bard-Conanach*, or the Stratheconnon Bard, was born in Stratheconnon, Ross-shire, in the year 1780. Owing probably to the secluded situation of his native glen, and the supineness of his parents, who deemed education of no essential importance to enable a man to get through the world, or, at least, thought one might weather through tolerably well without it, he got no English education, but could read Gaelic. The wild and romantic scenery of his birth-place, with its characteristic exuberance of rock, wood, and water, was well calculated to inspire his breast at an early age with those poetical leanings, which, at a more advanced period, transpired in glowing verse. Highlanders, especially in his younger days, never dreamed of training their children up to any useful trade; the oldest son was invariably recognised as his father's legitimate successor in his little farm;—and the other, or junior members of the family, generally got possession of similar pendicles. Thus they married and got themselves established in the world—strangers to the promptings of ambition, and free from the cares, turmoils, and solitudes of their more affluent neighbours, the Lowlanders.

Donald M'Donald earned his livelihood as a sawyer; an employment that probably suggested itself as being more immediately productive of pecuniary aid than any other common in his country.

Having spent a number of years at the saw in his native glen, he removed to the town of Inverness, where he established himself as a regular sawyer. Like many other sons of genius and song, M'Donald was of a convivial disposition and warm temperament. He committed some youthful indiscretions which had drawn down upon him the combined wrath of his friends and the Kirk Session, and he has not left us in the dark as to the measures which were adopted against him. His parents dreading that he would elope with a young girl, who was reported to be in a state of pregnancy by him, had recourse to the severe measure of putting him in "durance vile." But, although they succeeded in frustrating his every attempt to do justice

to his paramour, they failed to improve the morals of their aberrant son. He ultimately married a young girl, a country-woman of his own, of the name of M'Lennan, with whom he enjoyed a great share of connubial happiness.

The first of the two songs we annex to this notice, he composed in Edinburgh, upon witnessing the demonstrations of joy which took place upon hearing the result of the battle of Alexandria. It is a triumphant piece, and a very respectable effort, exhibiting, as it does, no mean poetical talents. The other is equally good in its way. All his poems were arranged and taken down in manuscript preparatory to their being printed, but our author was seized with Cholera in the year 1832, which terminated his mortal career. The intention of publishing was consequently relinquished for the time, nor have we heard of any measures having been adopted to resume it.

McDonald was of a middle-sized stature—active and cheerful. He was an excellent companion, and much liked by his acquaintances.

ORAN DO BHONIPART.

LATHA soilleir samhraidh dhomh,
Air cabhsaircan Dhub-cideann,
Gu'm faca mi na brataichean,
A lasadh ris a ghreim ann,
Chuala mi na gunnaidhean,
A's dh' fhuirich mi ga'n eisleachd,
'S mac-talla bh'anns na creagan,
A' toirt' freagairt dhaibh le eibhneas.

'Nuair sheall mi air gach taobh dhiom,
Feadh na duthcha fad 's bu leir domh,
Bha ceol 'sna h-uile taigh a bh' ann,
'S tein-aighear air na sleibhteann,
On chualas anns na Gassidean
'S gach aite bhi ga leughadh;
Gun deach' an ruaig air *Bhonipart*
S an onair aig a Chreumach.

'S lionmhor bratach Albannach,
Tha ballach, balla-bhreac, boidheach,
Tha eadar a chrìoch Shasunnach,
Gu ruige taigh Iain-Ghrota,
Fìr laidir, shanntadh, thogarrach,
Nach ob a dhol an ordugh
Gu dol an coinnemh *Bhonipart*,
Chuir onair air rìgh Seoras.

C'aite biodh na h-Albannaich?
Duin' naise calma, treubhach,
Fìr shanntach, shanntach, thogarrach,
Na seoid nach obadh eiridh,
Ach on nach fìu laimhe leo,
Do bhas a thoirt le treun-bheirt,
'S an thilg iad air sgeir thraghad thu,
'S gu'm basaich thu chion beidh ann.

Ach 's beag leam sud mar phianadh ort—
'S a mhiad sa rinn thu dh' eacoir,

Ach leir-sgrìos nan deich plaighean,
A bh' air Phàròh anns an Eipheid;
Gu'n laidh iad air do chraiceann,
Gu do shracadh as a chiele,
'S gu'n clunnnt' air fàilbh deich mìl' thu,
A's uì fhin a bhi ga t-eisleachd.

'S tu chaill do nàire, 'nuair
A bha thu ann an dochas,
Gun leige sinn do Shasuinn thu,
Ged' ghlac thu bhùsin Hanobher,
Ach cuiridh sinne dhachaigh thu,
S seachdnar air do thoireachd,
S mar toir thu grad do dhaoine leat
Cha ruig a h-aon diu beo thu!

Nach saol thu nach bu iadorn dhut
Bhi bagairt air rìgh Deorsa,
An cual thu fear chuir aodainn air
Nach daor a phaigh e ghoraich,
Ge do choisinn ainncart dhut
An Fhraing a chuir fo t-ordugh,
'S e t-amhaich a bheir dioladh ann
Le tobha snìobhta corcaich.

'Nuair thig am morair Sleibhteach ort,
'S na ceudan de Chlann-Domhnuill,
Mar sud a's Mac-'Ic-Alasdair,
Ghlinn-garaidh agus Chnoicirt,
'Nuair thogas iad ain brataichean,
'S an gaisgich a chuir coladh
O! c'a'it' an faod thu t-fhalach orr'
Mar sluig an talamh beo thu!

Ma chi iad aona bhaoisgeadh dhiot
Bidh greim ac' air do sgornan,
'S chan' eil de dh'eich na dhaoin' agad
Na shaoras tu bho meoirean,

Ged dh-eireadh na deich *legonan*,
Bh'aig Cèasar anns an Roinn leat,
Cha'n fhaothaich iad air t-amhaich
A's na lamhan aig Claun-Domhnuill.

'Nuair thig Mac-Choinnich Bhrathain ort,
Le cheathairn' de dhaoine uaisle,
Sud a bhratach aigeantach
Le cabar an daimh ghruamaich,
Cha tar thu na bheir pillleadh orr'
A chruinneachadh mu'n cuairt-daibh,
'Nuair ruigas fir Chinn-taile
Co an geard a chumas bhuath thu?

'Nuair thig an cinneadh Frisealach,
Tha fios gur daoine borb iad,
Gu'n reachadh iad tro theine
Le Mac-Shimidh mor na Moraioch.
Cha tar thu na bheir pillleadh
Air na fir ud 'nuair bhios colg orr',
'S ged reacha tu fo'n talamh
'S e mo bhaireil gu'm bi lorg ort.

'Nuair a thig Mac-an-Toisich,
Le sheoid ort a Srath-Eireann,
Mar sud agus fir Chluainidh,
Is iad uil' an gnaile cheile
Ma gheibh an cat na chrubhan thu,
Le dhubhanan beag' geura,
Ged bhiodh each air bheagan dhìot
Bidh aige-sa cheud fein dhìot.

Tha Clann-an-Ab' a bagairt ort,
'S iad o cheann fad an deigh ort,
'S na gheibh iad ann am fagus dut,
Gur grad a bheir iad leum ort,
Bristidh iad do bhrataichean,
Na spealtan as a cheile,
'S bi'dh tus an sin na d' starsaich ann,
Fo chasan nam fear gleusda!

Tha Gordonach an toir ort,
'S chan' eil beo na ni do thearnadh,
'Nuair dh-eircas morair Huundaidh,
Le fhearabh ionnsaicht, laidir,
Ou se fein a's coirneal,
Air na seoid ga'm buin buaidh-larach:
'S e chanas sinn gu bicheanta
An da-fhichead a's na dha riu.

Ach cuimhnich thus a cheathairne,
Chuir latha *Fontenoi*,
'S a sheasadh ams an araich,
As each a chuir air fogar,
Chi thu nis san Fhraing iad
Fo chomannada mhorair Gordoin,
Se ni do lamhsa dh' fheum dhut,
An reusar chuir ri d' sgornan.

Tha Rosaich agus Rothaich,
'S iad ro choimheach dhut le cheile,
Ma gheibh iad na do chomhair
Gabh mo chomhairle 's thoir thu fein as!

Ach ma chi thu 'm firean
Tigh'n' le sgriob ort as na speuran,
Na gheibh i ann na crubhanan
Grad luthaig oirre fein e.

'Nuair chruinnioheas na gaisgich,
Thig bho Apuinn-Mhic-Ian-Stiubhairt
Sliochd nan righrean Abannach,
Da'n tig na h-airm a rusgadh,
Co bheireadh taire dhaibh
Nach faigheadh paigheadh dubhailt,
'S ma gheibh iad ann an sas thu,
Gu brach chan fhaic thu d' dhuthaich.

'Nuair chruinnioheas Clann-Ionmhuinn,
Cha shor a dol 'san uspairn,
'S nithich dhut bhi tiomnadh,
'Nuair tha 'n t-ìomraidh iad a dusgadh,
Ma dh-eircas dhut gun tachair sibh,
'S gun fuic iad thu le'n suilean,
Sid na fir a chaitheas,
Anus an adhar na do smuid thu.

Tha Caimbeulaich cho naimhdeil dut,
'S iad sanntach air do mharbhadh,
A Diuc tha 'n Earraghaidh,
Agus morair ard Bhraid-Albann
C'ait am beil na thearnas tu,
'S na h-armuinn ud a scalg ort,
'S ceart cho math dhut faladair
A charadh ri do shealabhan!

'Nuair a thig Clann-Ghriogair ort
'S neo-chliobach a chuir ruaig iad,
'S fir iad nach gabh pillleadh
Le teine no le luaidhe,
Le'n gairdean laidir, smiorail,
'S le lannan biorach, oruaghach,
'S ma chi iad fad na h-oirleach dhìot,
Cha bheo na chumas bhuat iad.

Thig Siosalaich Srath-ghlas ort
Na'n laisgairean man cuairt dhut,
Le lannan geur a chinn-aisnich
Tarsuinn air an cruachau,
'Nuair thoisicheas na gaisgich ud,
Air tarrauin as an truailleau
Chi thu do chuid brataichean,
Ga srachadh ma do chluasan!

Thig Mac'-Ill-Lean Dhubhaird ort
'S gur subhach ni e greim ort,
Le dhaoine laidir lu-chleasach,
Nach diult a la no dh-oidhche,
Ni iad sin do sgiursadh-sa
Gu cuil an aite slaigh-teir,
'S theid thu air do ghluinean daibh
'Nuair chi thu 'gnuis an saighdear

An sin thig ort na Camshronaich,
Fir laidir, ainmeant, eolach,
Da thaobh Loch-iall a's Arasaig,
As chaisteal Inbher-Lochaidh,
'Nuair a thig na saoidhean sin
Bu math gu straoicheadh feola.

Cha mhios air pronnadh mhullach iad,
'S bu glua leo fuil a dhortadh.

Thig Mac-Neill a Bara ort
Le dhaoine falain finealt,
Daoine bheir a fhead dhiubh,
Bristeadh a's na miltean,
Baoisgidh iad mar dhealanach,
Ri oidhech shalach dhile,
'S m'an teid thu ceart na t-fhaireachadh
—Bidh ainncart mar a's tir ort.

Thig Clann-an-t-Shaoir a Cruachan ort
Na fir 's an ruaig nach diobradh,
Ainm dol anns an chabhaig,
Sud na gallanan nach pillte,
Sliochd nan Ghal cruadalach,
Bu dual daibh a bhi dileas,
Gu dol an coinnemh Bhonipart,
Chuir onair air an rioghachd.

'Nuair chruinncheas Clann-Fhiunnlaigh,
Na fir shunntach tha gun eislean,
Bheir iad tha gu cunntais,
As na dh' iunnsaich tha de dh' cucoir,
C'ait' am beil de Fhrangaich
Na cheannsaicheas le sreup iad,
'S gun tugadh iad gu ciosachadh,
Na miltean leis na ceudan.

Thig fathast diuc Mhontroise ort,
Le fhearabh mor an deigh ort,
'S ann an sin thig an doraid ort
'Nuair thoisicheas na Greumaich
'S an t-aon fhear tha ri t-aodainn,
'S e daonnann cuir *retreat* ort,
Cha'n fhad' gu'm bi do cheann aige,
Ri craun mas e thoil fein e.

Guidheamaid buaigh-larach,
Leis na Gael anns gach tughbail,
Toil inntinn aig ar cairdean
'S gach namhaid a bhi geillcadh,
Mar chuala mis a chaiseamachd
Bha taitneach leam ri eisdeachd,
Air latha soilleir samhraidh
'S mi air cabhsairean Dhun-eideann.

ORAN D'A LEANAN.

[Agus sgeul' a bhi air a thogail gun robh i tor-
rach aige, 's e 'g innseadh cho math 'sa bhiodh e
dh' i ged a b' fhiortar mar chaidhaithris.]

Fhuair mi sgeula moch an de,
'S cha deach' mi 'n eis ri chluinntinn,
'S cha tug mi geill nach deanaim feum,
Le gaol do 'n te mu 'n d' innseadh,
'S cha toir mi fuath dh' i, 's beag mo luaidh
air
Ged a fhuair mi cinnt air,

'Sa dh' aindeoin cruadal ga 'n toir cuairt sinn,
Gheibh sinn bhuainn ri tim e.

A ghruagach dhonn, ma dh' fhas thu trom,
Tha mis, air bhonn nach diobair,
Gu 'n seas mi thu, air bhialthaobh cuirt,
'S cha 'n ann an duil do dhiteadh,
Tha mi air bheachd gu 'n seas mi ceart,
Ge d' bheir am *Parson* eis diom,
'S gu 'm paighinn daor air ra do ghaoil,
Na 'n tarainn saor 'sa 'n tin so.

Gu 'm paighinn daor gu t-fhagail saor,
Mu 'n leiginn t-aodann narach',
Fa chomhair cuirt mar fhasan ur,
'S nach robh e 'n run do naduir,
Cha n' eil mi 'n duil thu dhol na 'n luib,
Mur tig a chuibhle cearr oirnn,
'S ma chumas airgeid thu o chis,
Gu 'n seas mi fhin na t-aite.

Gur fad a rachainn ann ad leithsgeul,
Gu do sheasamh cliuiteach,
'S ghabhainn nileadh orm an *seisoin*,
'Gu d' leith-trom a ghiulan,
'S ged chumadh iad mi ann gun lasadh,
Gus an at mo shuillean,
Mar diobair ceartas mi, cha 'n fhaicear,
Chaidh thu ac' fo mhuiseag.

Ach 's truadh ! nach robh mi agus tu,
Dol fo na siuil do dh-Eirinn,
Na thir cile 's faide buainn,
Nach d' ruig air suaimhneas fheutainn,
'S truagh nach faicinnse bhi seoladh,
A's sinn air bord le cheile,
Gun duil a chaidh thigh'n' air ar 'n colas,
Do'n Roinn-Eorpa na dheigh sin !

Ach cia mar 's urrainn domh bhi beo,
'S cho mar sa thug mi speis dut ?
Na cia mar dh' fhaodas mi bhi stoilte
'S mi gun choir air t-fheutainn ?
Ged fhaighinn airgead na Roinn-Eorpa,
Agus or na h-Euphaid,
Cha chumadh e mi suas car uaire,
S tu bhi bhuam guu sgeul ort.

Ach cuis mo chruadail, 's faide bhuam,
An diugh da uair na 'n de thu !
S ma leanas tu mar sin air luaths,
'Gu 'm bi sinn cuairt bho cheile,
Ach ma thionndas tu do shlios rium,
'S fiosrach mi mar dh' eireas,
Gur gearr an uin a thamhas tu,
'Nuair thig do chul na dheigh sin.

Mas e gun chuir thu rium do chul
Ann an duil mo threigsinn,
Gus an cuir iad mi 'sa 'n uir
Cha dean mi turn ad dheighse;
Cia mar dh' fhaodas mi bhi saor,
'S nach dean an saoghal feum dhomh ?
Mo chridh air fhalach lo do ghaoil,
Gun duil a chaidh ri fheutainn.

Tha gaol nam boireannaeh o 'n oige,
 Mar an ceo 'sa cheitean,
 Laidhidh e ri madainn dhriuchd,
 Ri lar cho dlu 's nach leir dhuinn,
 Chi mi 'n t-adhar a's an beanntan,
 Dol an ceann a cheile,
 Ach sgaolldh e ri uin ro ghearr,
 Gun fhios cia 'n t-ait' an teid e.

Gur mor a bh' agam ort do mhcas,
 'S cha tug mi fios do chach air,
 'S o 'n is beairt e tha gun fhios,
 Cha 'n innis mis gn brach e,
 Gu'm beil an sean-fhacal o shinnsear',
 Tigh'n gu cinnt an drasda—
 "Gur faide bhuam an diugh na 'n de,
 A bhean nach d' fhead mi thaladh."

Cha 'n eil mo chadal domh ach ciuirt
 'S cha 'n eil mo dhuig ach cianail,
 Cha n' eil an obair dhomh ach cradh,
 'S cha n' fheairde mi bhi diamhain,

Cha dean laidhe dhomh ach creuchdan,
 'S cha toir cirdh dhiom iad,
 Cha toir asdar mi gu slainte,
 'S cha 'n fhasa tamh no gnìomh dhomh.

Ged a tha mi 'n so 'sa ghleann,
 Cha b' e bhi ann a b' fhearr leam,
 'S mar b' e ernaidhead mo chomannnd,
 Bu luath mo dheann ga fhagail,
 Gur fada 'n aimsir tha o 'n uair,
 A chualas bhi ga radhainn,
 Gur cruaidh an reachd a bhi fo smachd,
 'S bidh mise nochd mur tha mi !

Cha b' e chuis bhi nochd an glais,
 Na 'n tiginn aisde a maireach,
 Ach bhi 's na fìubhrais fad sheachd bliadhna,
 Gun la riamh dhiu tearuinnt;
 Cha robh uair gun chuartaeh ur dhomh,
 Gur ciuirte rinn iad m' fhagail,
 Nis o 'n lagaich iad mo phearsa,
 Tha mo sgairt air failinn !

AM BARD SGIATHANACH.

DONALD M'LEOD, commonly called the "*Skye Bard*," was born in the parish of Durness, Isle of Skye, about the year 1785. His parents were in humble circumstances, and consequently unable to give him an extended education: but, whether by self-application, or otherwise, he acquired a tolerable knowledge of the Gaelic language.

In the year 1811 he published an octavo volume—consisting of all his own compositions and a few poems, the productions of other bards, ancient and modern. We cannot, however, say that with the exception of a few pieces, either the original or selected poems, which it contains, are of a high order. Our author was little more than twenty years, when he "came out;" the manhood of his mind was not fully formed; neither reading nor society had ripened his judgment, or refined his taste; and we are convinced, had he profited by the sage admonition of Pope, and left "his piece for seven years," that the character of his book would be far different from what it is.

Donald M'Leod possesses a fine and delicate musical ear, and so fastidious has he proved himself in the nice discrimination of sounds, that, to preserve the smoothness, cadence and harmony of his pieces, original and select, he actually interpolated them with words of no meaning, or, at least, paid no attention to grammatical rules, but took the cases, tenses and numbers, as it suited his convenience.

In the year 1829 he travelled the Highlands, taking in subscriptions for a new

work, the prospectus of which is now before us, and promises a "correct history of *Calum-Cille, Coinneach Odhar, Am Britheamh Leoghasach agus an Taoitear-Saileach*, from the cradle to the grave." But whether he failed in the attempt of publication, or was otherwise diverted from his object, we cannot say; but the projected volume never made its appearance. This is much to be regretted, for, from the impression made on our minds by M'Leod's talents and legendary lore when we saw him in 1828, we are perfectly warranted in saying that it would amply recompense a perusal. Few men could *speak* the Gaelic with greater fluency and correctness than our author, and there was an archness about him which set off his story and witticism in an admirable light.

Shortly after the period of which we write, the Skye Bard emigrated to America, and of his history or adventures in the western hemisphere, we know nothing. He returned to his native country last harvest, and set up as a merchant in Glendale, near Dunvegan.

His two pieces here given are not destitute of poetic merit. Indeed they possess some genuine strokes of grandeur, which entitle them to a place among the productions of poets of higher pretensions and fame. M'Leod possesses within him the elements of true poetic greatness; and if these are brought into fair play, under auspicious circumstances, it is within the compass of possibilities that he may yet take his stand amongst the first class of the minstrels of his country.

ORAN DO REISEAMAID MHIC-SHIMIDH,

CEANN-CINNIDH NAM FRISEALACH SA' BHLIADHNA, 1810.

An am uracha' fhacail domh,
'S eunntas thoirt seachad,
Air cliuteachadh fhasain
Nan gaisgeach tha 'n trathsa
Air tiunndaidh a steach oirn,
Gu lu-chleasach, aigeantach,
Lubht' ann am breacain,
'S paiste ann an sgarlaid;
Is cliuteach a bhratach,
To'n cunntar air faiche sibh,
Thoir leam nach bu chaidribh,
Ur tachaird le damhair;
Is dlu dha na chasas riubh
Tiunndadh le masladh,
Na'n uine bli paisgte,
Fo'r casan sa'n arach,

Cha churam dha'n aitribh,
An dumhlaich ar Caipiteinean,
'S dlu dhaibh an t-achdsa,
Bheir easg' as an namhaid;
Le iunnsaidh nam bagraidean,
Fudar na larsaichean,
Dlu dhaibh cha'n fhaighear

Na bhagras air pairt' dhiubh;
An cul-thaobh cha 'n fhaicear,
A tiunndadh le gealtachd,
Cho dlu 's ga 'm bi 'm feachd
A bhios aca mar namhaid,
'N am rusgadh nan glas-lann,
Biodh eunntas gun astar,
'S croinn ruiste gun bhratach
Ga'n stailleadh fo'n sailean.

Cha 'n eil eunntas air fasain
Fo'n echron th'aig Ri Shasuinn,
Nach eil ionnsaicht' am pearsa,
Na th'aca de dh'aireamh,
Is muirneach ri'n faicinn iad,
'S cluiteach ri'n claitinn iad,
'S lughmhor an casan,
'Sa 's brais an' eath-lamh iad,
'S aluinn an erisleachadh,
Sgabaradh, biodagaeh,
Stailinneach, pistéalach,
Slios-lannach, dearsach;
Sgarlaiteach, leisichte,
An caradh fo itean,

Thug statachan meas dhaibh,
Nach fìosraich mo chanan.

Tha *Lorat* 's a dhaingheann,
Na sholas dha'n fheartuinn,
An deonaich iad fannuinn,
Nan gearasdain laidir;
'S mor-ehùiseach, ceannasach
'S stroilte ro'n tarruinn iad,
'S neoil an cuid lannan,
Mar lannir an sgathain;
A's feidh nan ceann cabrach
A leumnaich mar bhradain,
A beucail, 's a plabraich,
Ri caismeachd an lamhaich;
Miann leirinn, is claisneachd
An' eisdeachd, 's am faicinn,
'S binn gleoraich an caismeachd
A steach air na sraidean.

O! dhaoin' nach fae iad,
'S beag ionghna a chleachd sibh,
Mar saoirich sibh 'm fada,
Gu 'm faicinn an earadh,
An' caochla' gu beachdaidh,
Bho 'n aodainn gu'n casan,
Cho aontach dha 'n fhacal,
Cha 'n fhacas air laraich;
'S pìob mhòr a chaol-mhuineil,
A lùrigeadh luinneig,
Tro *ibhiri* cuimr,
A's ribheidean spainteach;
Sìod na cluir uimpe,
'S gòraich a h-nìneag;
A'g innseadh dha 'n drumma'
Mar chuireas i failte.

Bidh slainnte *Mhic-Shimidh*,
Na cairdeas dha' chinneadh,
Sa'n t-al nach do ghineadh,
Bidh sìreadh ro' chach orr';
'S ard ann an spiorad e,
'S laidir an' gillea e,
'S barr air an t-shiorachd e,
'S teine e nach smalair,
'S garadh ro ghioraig e,
Sabhaladh cinneadh e,
Slainte bho thinneas e,
'S tuilleadh air aird air!
Bho 'n thar e mar ghibhteair,
An aird 's a cuid sliochda'
Buaidh-larach biodh tric leis,
Mu 'm brist' iad am bara.

Buaidh-larach air urram,
Do charadh a *chulair*,
Roi reitichear ullamh
Gu iomai gach sraide;
'S reull ann an Lunnainn thu,
'S greidhneach do thuras ann',
Eiridh iad uile,
Na t-fhuran 's na t-fhabhar;
Seididh na h-uramaich,
Ceir nan cuid uirneagan,

'S gleusar gach innéal
Is binne gu canan;
Gach stiobal, 's gach drumma,
Na pìoban, 's na feudain;
'S na cìth as na tunnaichean
Ruma le t-ailleas.

Ach ge treun thu mar churaidh,
'S deich eend fo do chumail
Lan-reiscamaid ullamh,
Gheur, ghùineach, neo-sgathach,
'S e sheulaich do bhuinnig,
Cinn fheadhna na eruinne,
Lan ceill' agus urraidh,
A eumal do phairte;
'S rioghal do Chaipiteinan,
'S aogheil ri 'm faicinn iad,
'S innsginneach, faicileach
'S laisde air parad iad,
Bho shaillean an casan,
Gu 'm barr air a marcadh,
'S or faicneach na mhapaidd,
Gu'n aehlais bho 'n airdid;

Gu'n cluinnte na's beachdaidh iad,
Eòinnidh mi 'mach dhuibh iad,
Is lannairean laisd' iad,
Cha taisich am blaths iad;
Eacoir, na craichinn,
Dh'eiris 'n ar feachdanain,
'S leir dhomh na chaisgeas e,
An gaisgeach is maidsear;
Ge leibl e na ghlaine,
'S bas millteach e 'n earraid,
Ni shaighdean geur, tana,
Cuim fhala a thrathadh,
'N glaic diolt' an eich allail,
'S ard srann an am falas,
'S dheannas mar dhealan,
A gearradh, 's stracadh.

'S lamh sheunt' thu na t-earradh,
'S ard iarras do dheannal,
'Sgrìob dheuchain na gaillin,
Sion chal' gun bhaigh thu;
'S deuchineach sealladh
Air iarbhaile do ghalair,
Cuirp lionmhor ri talamh,
Nan earrinnean gearrte:
'S toir' bhàtaich thu 'm fallachd,
'S eorn iatach na falla',
'S e lion an ni 'n t-annart,
Is stailceas fo lar iad.
Bheir ioc-shlainnt' an cannan
Ceò fiamha ga 'n dalladh,
A spianas bho 'n talamh,
Nan deannanan smail iad.

Ge gruamach a sealladh,
Fo shuaicheatais ballach,
Mar bhualadh na mara,
Na falaisge Mairte,
Tha'n suairecas 's an cenneal,
'S am boichead mar leannain,

A buaireadh nan caileag
 'S am mealladh nam paistean;
 Theid Bann-tighearnan glana,
 Dhe'n cuimhne 's dhe'n aithne
 Cho cinnteach 's dh'amais mi,
 'N callaid-sa raite,
 'S biodh banntraichean fhearaibh,
 'S an clann air an dronnaig,
 Le geall an cuid ban,
 A bhi falach fo' charn leibh.

Note.—The above spirited song is now partly freed from the obscurity which characterized it in the author's own collection—it will still, however, task the understanding of many readers, but we could make no further emendations without manifest danger to the structure of the piece.

SMEORACH NAN LEODACH.

LUINNEAG.

*Ulibheag i na i ri u o,
 Ulibheag u na i ri i u,
 Smeorach mise 'mach o'n Tur,
 Is gleoghrach cuirn ma bhuird le feusde.*

'S mise smeorach og a ghrinnis,
 Sheinnis eol mar organ milis,
 Feadan ordail fo mo ribheid,
 'S fead mo mheoir air comhra filleant'.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Cha b' i erionach lath na mosgan,
 Bho na shiolach treud an fhortain,
 Ach fìogh miath, nam miar, gun socadh,
 Geal mar ghrian, bho bhian Rìogh Lochlainn.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

An caisteil ard dha'n laidir finne,
 Ma'n iath parlamaid gun ghioraig,
 Nach iarr baigh an aite millidh,
 A dhialadh baid gun strac ga'm pilleadh.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Ge do dh'cug e cha treig fhasan,
 Cha toir streupa na geimh gaiseadh,
 As na connspuinn colach, smachdail,
 Nach d'rinn ceo gun feoil a shrachdach.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Gu'n dean gloir nan neoil a phasgadh,
 'S nach bi comhra' fo' shroin peacach,
 Bithidh na Leodaich mar or daite,
 Sheasas coir, 's nach fogair casgradh.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Ma thig toir a choir na h-aitribh,
 Theid an connspaid air sheoil gaisgidh,
 Snapach, ordach, toiteach, speachdach,
 Naisgear feoil do dh' coin an aghaidh.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Theid an tarbh fo chalg na maisc,
 Le shrol balla-bhreac, ri geala ghasan,
 Nach leig carabal gu falbh dhathaigh,
 Gu'm bi 'n anaman balbh fo chasan.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

'S lannach, liobhach, disneach, claiseach,
 Meachair, fìnealt', rimhach, laisde,
 Na-brais phriseil, o'n tir fhasgach,
 Nach leig cios le stri, na feachdaibh.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

'Nnair theid dìon air sgiath gach bealaich,
 'S luchd an fhiamba, siaradh tharais,
 Car na'm bial 'us liad na'n teangaidh,
 'S dorus riabt' air cìas gach fear dhiu.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

'N uair thig sgian bho chliabh gach gille,
 A sgoltadh bhìon, 's a dianamh phlinne,
 Gheibh am fiacail biadh gun sìreachd,
 'S gloine lionta, an ioc-shlaint' spioraid.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

'N uair a chìaradh grian gu calla',
 Thigeadh triall nan diolt-each meara,
 Sranuach, sìanach, sìrianach, stailleach,
 Ealand', iargalt', lionta an laimhir.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Gus an Dun is muirneach caithream,
 Dha'm beil iuil gach eursa ceannas,
 Dha'm beil iuntas dlu mar ghaineamh,
 Nach toir spuil gu cunnas gainne.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Far an lionor fion ga mhalairt,
 Far an iarrar gnìomh fir-callaidh,
 Far an cìatach miann gach seallaidh,
 Far a riadhlar ciadan ain-eoil.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Seinneam fonnmhor, pongail, m'calsaidh,
 As a chom nach trom mar ealach,
 Chà tig tonn ma bhonn mo thalla,
 Nì mo chall, na ghanntas m'aran.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Tha mo chuach na cuairteig mheala,
 'S barrach uaine suineadh tharum,
 Air mo chluasaig 's fuaghte m' anail,
 'S iomadh dual a luadh le'm theangaidh,
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Air mo thaobh an craobh nam meangan
 Cha toir gaath dhìom m'adach droma,
 'S ma thig naoisg a ghaoirich mar rium,
 Nì mi coir a sgaoileas tan' iad.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

'S iomadh buaidh fo stuidh mo bhalla,
 Chuireadh ruag air sluagh a caraid,

Nach dean gluasad gun ruaim calla,
Dorainn fuathais a chuain fhala',
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Bratach-shithe nan tri seallaidh,
Fasda, dhidein, nan crìoch cainis,
Glag an stiobla dha'n strìochd ain-ochd,
Meirghe na firinn gun lith sgainneil.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Sliochd an Ollagha'r a bhorb sheallaidh,
Mic a tholgas le'n gorm lannan

Rìochd an fharabhais nach falbh falamh,
Cuip na h-Albun, san dearbh dhainghean.
Ulibheag, i na i ri, &c.

Ncart Eoin Tormod cha searg ascall,
'S maise chrannachar 's gach dearbh each-
draidh
'S pailt na h-armabh na bhalg acuinn,
'S brais a leanamhuinn ga sgala shnapadh.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

BARD LOCH-FINE.

EVAN M'COLL, better known to his countrymen as the "Mountain Minstrel," or "*Clarsair nam Beann*," was born at Kenmore, Loch-Fyne-side, in the year 1812. His parents, although not affluent, were in the enjoyment of more comfort than generally falls to the lot of Highland peasants; and were no less respected for their undeviating moral rectitude than distinguished for their hospitality, and the practice of all the other domestic virtues that hallow and adorn the Highland hearth. The subject of our memoir was the second youngest of a large family of sons and daughters. At a very early age he displayed an irresistible thirst for legendary lore and Gaelic poetry; but, from the seclusion of his native glen and other disadvantageous circumstances, he had but scanty means for fanning the latent flame that lay dormant in his breast. M'Coll, however, greedily devoured every volume he could procure, and when the labours of the day were over, he would often resort to some favourite haunt where, in the enjoyment of that solitude which his father's fireside denied him, he might be found taking advantage of the very moonlight to pore over the minstrelsy of his native country, until lassitude or the hour of repose compelled him to return home.

His father, Dugald M'Coll, seems to have been alive to the blessings of education; for as the village school afforded but little or nothing worthy of that name, he, about the time that our bard had reached his teens, hired a tutor for his family at an amount of remuneration which his slender means could scarcely warrant. The tutor's stay was short, yet sufficiently long to accomplish one good purpose—that of not only enabling Evan properly to read and understand English, but also of awakening in him a taste for English literature. A circumstance occurred about this time which tended materially to encourage our author's poetical leanings. His father, while transacting business one day in a distant part of his native parish, fell in with a Paisley weaver, who, in consequence of the depression of trade, had made an excursion to the Highlands with a lot of old books for sale. M'Coll bought the

entire lot, and returned home groaning under his literary burden, which Evan received with transports of delight. Among other valuable works, he was thus put in possession of the "Spectator," "Burns' Poems," and the "British Essayists." He read them with avidity, and a new world opened on his view: his thoughts now began to expand, and his natural love of song received an impetus which no external obstacles could resist.

Contemporaneous with this literary impulsion, was the artillery of a neighboring Chloe, whose eyes had done sad havoc among the mental fortifications of our bard: he composed his first song in her praise, and, although he had yet scarcely passed the term of boyhood, it is a very respectable effort, and was very well received by his co-parishioners. The circumstances in which his father was placed, rendered it necessary for him to engage in the active operations of farming and fishing, and he was thus employed for several years.

In the year 1837, he threw off the mask of anonymity, and appeared as a contributor to the Gaelic Magazine, then published in Glasgow. His contributions excited considerable interest, and a general wish was expressed to have them published in a separate form by all Highlanders, with the exception of his own immediate neighbours, who could not conceive how a young man, with whom they had been acquainted from his birth, should rise superior to themselves in intellectual stature and in public estimation. They of course discovered that our youthful bard was possessed of a fearful amount of temerity, and the public, at the same time, saw that *they* were miserably blockaded in their own mental *timberism*. If native talent is not to be encouraged by fostering it under the grateful shade of generous friendship, it ought, at least, to have the common justice of being allowed to work a way for itself, unlogged by a solitary fetter—unchilled by the damping breath of unmerited contempt or discouragement. The high-souled inhabitants of Inverary failed to extinguish the flame of M'Coll's lamp; and now, as they are not probably much better engaged, we recommend them to "see themselves as others see them," in our author's retaliative poem, "*Slochd a Chopair*," in which they are strongly mirrored, and the base metal of which they are made powerfully delineated.

It is well for dependent merit that there are gentlemen who have something ethereal in them: much to their honour, Mr. Fletcher of Dunans, and Mr. Campbell of Islay, patronised our author, and through the generously exercised influence of either, or both of these gentlemen, M'Coll was appointed to a situation, which he now holds, in the Liverpool Custom-house.

M'Coll ranks very high as a poet. His English pieces, which are out of our way, possess great merit. His Gaelic productions are chiefly amorous, and indicate a mind of the most tender sensibilities and refined taste. The three poems, annexed to this notice, are of a very superior order: one of them comes under that denomination of poetry called *pastoral* or *descriptive*, and evinces powers of delineation, a felicity of conception, and a freshness of ideality not equalled in modern times. The second is an elegiac piece, before whose silver, mellifluent tones we melt away, and are glad to enjoy the luxury of tears with the weeping muse. The love ditty is a natural gush of youthful affection, better calculated to show us the aspirations of

the heart than the most elaborate production of art. M'Coll imitates no poet; he has found enough in nature to instruct him—he moves majestically in a hitherto untraversed path; and, if we are not continually in raptures with him we never tire—never think long in his company. But we are reminded that praises bestowed on a living author subject us to the imputation of flattery:—long may it be ere Evan M'Coll is the subject of any posthumous meed of laudation from us!

LOCH-AIC.

A Loch-aice na gnais' chaoin—
Gnuis ghabh gaol air a bhi ciuin,
'S air an tric an laidh gath-grein'
Soilleir mar uchd seamh mo ruin!

'Oide-altruim mhaith nam breac,
Gar an leatsa cath nan tonn,
'S ged nach d' annais long fo bhreid
Air t-uchd reidh riamh chur f'a bonn.

'S leat an eala 's grinne com
'S i neo-throm air t-uchd a' snamh.
Eun a's gile cneas na 'ghrian,
Sneachd nan sliabh, no leanman baird!

'S leat bho Lochluinn a's bho 'n t-Suain
An lach bheag is naine cul;
'S tric 'ga coir—'s cha n-ann 'ga feum,
Falach-fead a's caogadh shul.

'S leat an luinneag 'sheinneas oigh
'Bleodhan bho gu tric ri d' thaobh;
'S leat an duan a thogas og
'S e g' a coir a measg nan craobh.

Seinnidh e —“Tha cneas mo ghraidh
Gael mar chanach tla nan glac,
'S fuileasan a ghaol 'n a suil
Mar tha neamh an grunud Loch-aic.

C'ait' an taitneach leis an earb'
Moch a's anmach 'bhi le 'laogh?
C'ait' an trice dorus dearg,
'Fhir nan garbh-chroc, air do thaobh?

C'ait' ach ri taobh loch mo ruin—
Far, aig bun nan stuc ud thall,
'S an robh uair mo chairdean tiugh
Ged tha iad an diugh air chall!

O air son a bhi leam fein!
'Siubhal seimh taobh loch nan sgorr
'Nuair bhios gath na gealaich chaoin,
Nuais a' taomadh ort mar or.

'Nuair tha duilleach, fochunn, feur,
Fo 'n og-bhraon a' cromadh fliuch,
'S gun aon rionnag anns an speur
Nach 'eil ceile dh'i 'na t-uchd.

'Nuair tha 'n ciobair ann a shuain
'Faicinn mada'-ruadh 'na threud,
'S e 'dian-stuigcadh nan con luath
Gu bhi shuas mu 'n dean e beud:

Sud an t-am 's am bi ri d' thaobh
Ceol a mhaoth'cheas clis gach cridh
Sud an t-am 'san tug thu gradh,
'Shine bhan! do 'n fhilidh shith.

'Tional ghobhar air dh'i bhi
'N Coir'-an-t-sith aon fheasgar Maigh,
Chualas guth ro-mhilis, seamh—
Shaoil i neamh a bhi aig laimh.

Dh' eisd i,—'s mar bu mhotha dh-eisd,
'S ann bu bhinec teud a chiuil;
Lean i,—'s mar a b' fhaide lean,
'S ann a b' fhaid' e as, mo dhuil!

Rainig i, mu dheireadh, enoc,
Dorus fosgailt air a suas,
'S dh' fhairich i gur ann bho sin
Bhruchd an ceol bu bhlada fuaim.

“Thig a's taigh, a Shine bhan!
Thig, a ghraidh, gun eagal beud:
Feuch an oidliche dhubh in' an cuairt—
'S fada bhuat do dhachaigh fein.”

Chaidh i 's taigh—ma's fìor mo sgeul—
Thuit i 'n gaol air fear a chiuil!
Dh' ol i 'n deoch bu deoch do chach,
'S tuilleadh riamh cha d'fhag i 'n dun.

RANNAN AIR BAS BANACHARAIÐ

▲ BHA ANABARRACH GAOLACH, 'S A CHAOCHAIL
'NA LEANABHACHD.

CHAOCHAIL i—mar neultan ruiteach
'Bhios 'san Ear ma bhriste' faire;
B' fharmaid leis a' ghrein am boichead,
'S dh' eirich i 'na gloir 'chur sgail or'!

Chaochail i—mar phlatha greine,
 'S am faileas 'na reis 'an toir air;
 Chaochail i—mar bhogh' nan speuran,
 Shil an fhras a's threig a ghloir e.

Chaochail i—mar shneachd a laidheas
 Anns an traigh ri cois na fairge;
 Dh'aom an lan gun iochd air aghaidh,
 'Ghile O! cha b'fhada shealbhaich.

Chaochail i—mar ghuth na clarsaich,
 'Nuair a's druitiche 's a's mils' e;
 Chaochail i—mar sgeulachd aluinn
 Mu'n gann 'thoisichear r'a h-innseadh

Chaochail i—mar bhoillsge gealaich'
 'S am maraich' fo eagal 's an dorcha;
 Chaochail i—mar bhruadar milis,
 'S an cad'laiche duilich gu'n d' falbh e.

Chaochail i 'an tus a b-aile!
 Cha seachnadh *Parras* as fein i;
 Chaochail i—O! chaochail Mairi
 Mar gu'm baite 'ghrian ag eiridh!

DUANAG GHAOIL.

AIR FONK—" 'Ille dhuinn, 's toigh leam thu."

LUINNEAG.

*A nighean donn nam mala crom,
 A nighean donn nan caoin-shul,
 A nighean' donn bho 'm binne fonn,
 Gur mor mo gheall air t-fhaotainn.*

A NIGHEAN donn a's grin' e cruth,
 A's binne guth 's 's caoine,
 Ge geal an còhl r air an t-ruth
 'S ann bhiodh e dub ri d' thaobh-sa.
A nighean donn, &c.

Mo run a' chailleag luinneagach,
 Deagh bhanarach na spreidhe,
 'S nach geile 'n seomar uinneagach
 'Dh' aon chruinneig 'tha 'n Dun-eideann.
A nighean donn, &c.

Te eil' air bhith, d' a sgiamaichead,
 'Na t-fhianuis-sa cha leur dhomh;
 'S ann tha thu 'measg nan nianagan
 Ceart mar tha 'ghrian measg reulltan.
A nighean donn, &c.

O 's truagh 'bhi 'n so air Galdachd
 'Nuair tha 'n Samhradh 'us mo cheud run
 A' stri co 's grinne dhearsas
 Nis air airidhean Ghlinn-creran!
A nighean donn, &c.

Cha tugainn air bhi 'm dhinc cead 'bhi
 Le m' run 'am bothan-ghèugan,
 'S cha ghabhainn corra oir air son
 Bhi 'n sud a pogadh m' eiteig.
A nighean donn, &c.

A ruin, nam biodh tu deonach air,
 'Sar cairdean uile reidh ruin,
 Cha chuirinn tuille dalach ann,
 Am maireach bu leam fein thu!
A nighean donn, &c.

AM BARD MAC-'ILLEAN.

JOHN M'LEAN, commonly called *Am Bard Mac-'illean*, was born in the island of Tyree, Argyshire, in the year 1787. He belonged to the Treishnish branch of the family of Ardgour. His ancestors had, for a long time, occupied the fertile little farm of Heinish, at a very small rent. The first of them who held it obtained it from his father McLean, of Treishnish, in consideration of his having performed some act of bravery.

His father, Allan McLean, was in comfortable circumstances. He was a pious, honest, kind-hearted man. He gave his children the advantages of a fair share of education, and endeavored to bring them up in the fear of the Lord.

In his boyhood, the poet was exceedingly fond of the society of old men, and

listened with much attention to their conversations. He took no pleasure in the sports and amusements which are often so attractive to youth. He evinced a great aptitude for learning; he read all the books that came in his way, and had a very retentive memory. He took a special delight in the songs and poems of his country. He was a very good scholar, considering the state of education in the Highlands and Islands in his school-boy days. He was thoroughly acquainted with his mother-tongue; he wrote it accurately. He had also a very good knowledge of English; he spoke and read it with fluency.

At the age of fifteen he was bound an apprentice to a shoemaker. Having learned his trade, he went to Glasgow, and there worked for a year or two as a journeyman. In this city he got married in the year 1808, to Isabella Black, daughter of Duncan Black, elder, Lismore. He then returned to Tyree, and commenced shoemaking on his own responsibility—having for that purpose purchased a large stock of leather, and took apprentices. He also carried on merchandize on a small scale. Having been thus employed for four or five years, he resolved to publish a volume of poems, consisting of his own productions, and a few select songs written by others. This work, which he dedicated to his patron, Sir Alexander McLean, Laird of Coll, was published in the year 1818.

Having procured a considerable sum of money by the sale of his books, he determined to emigrate to Nova Scotia. He arrived with his family in Pictou, in the autumn of 1819. He very feelingly alludes to his departure from his friends in Scotland in the following lines:

“Nuair thug mi cul ruibh, bha mi ga'r n'ionndrain,
 'S gun shil mo shuilean gu dlu le deoir.”

He was an enthusiastic Highlander, and never forgot the land of his birth—“*An t-Eilein iosal an tìr o'n thrìall mi.*” Immediately upon his arrival he took up a woodland farm, which he denominated *Baile-Chnoic*, on the east branch of Barney's River. It was now that his trials and hardships commenced. Whilst in Scotland he led a comparatively easy life, and enjoyed the society and friendship of several persons of distinction. With the exception of one neighbouring family, the nearest settlement to him now was two miles distant. *Baile-Chnoic*, was all covered with the primeval forest, and the only road to it was a foot-path. He had to toil hard from morning to night, in clearing away the woods, and in preparing the land for the hoe. He was harrassed with cares and anxieties, with troubles and difficulties. In the “sweat of his face he ate his bread.” It was during this gloomy period of his life, that he composed his celebrated poem on America. After having worked on this farm for several years, he resolved to remove to another place. In the winter of 1830 he took up a new piece of land six miles east of *Baile-Chnoic*. This place, in which he lived during the remainder of his life, is now called Glenbard. It is situated in the western parts of Antigonish. He died in the year 1848; his grave may be seen by the traveller within a pistol shot of the road which leads through the romantic valley of the Marshy-Hope.

John McLean was a poet of considerable genius. He had a clear, penetrating intellect, a fine lofty imagination, and a sound, comprehensive judgment. He com-

posed extemporaneous rhymes with great facility. He wrote comic, descriptive, and religious pieces of much merit, yet it was in the department of elegy that he excelled. Of this species of poetry he wrote a great deal. His elegy on Mrs. Noble is perhaps unsurpassed by anything of the kind in the language. It abounds with exceedingly beautiful similes. The following verses are inimitable :

“Team as duillich do phaisdean, Gur a lag iad 's gun inbathair rin cul ! Sinn mar luing air a fuadach, Ann an anradh a chuain thar a curs ; Ann an cunnart gach bare-slugh— Bhrist na ceanglaichean—dh'fhuasgail an stiuir ! Tha chairt-iuil air a sracadh, Dh'fhalbh an compaist, na slatan, 's na siuil.	Thainig dith air an ardaich, 'Nuair a dh'eirich tuil bhaite fo croice ; Thait craobh ubhal mo gharaidh, 'S gun do fhroiseadh a blath feadh an fheoir ; Chaidh mo choinneal a smaladh, Bu ghlan solus a dearsa' mun bhord : Bhrist a ghloine bha 'm sgathan : Dh'fhalbh an daoimein a' m' fhaineachan oir.”
---	---

The poem on America, however, is undoubtedly the best that he ever wrote.* It has been greatly admired. The description which he gives in it of the country, the state of society, the long dreary winters, and the sultry summers, are graphic, beautiful and true.

It does not appear that our poet had done anything in the poetic way till he was about twenty years of age, but having once commenced, he ever after continued an ardent votary of the muse. Many of the songs which he composed he never wrote down, and they are consequently lost. He was the author of many religious as well as secular poems. A small edition of his hymns was published in Glasgow in the year 1835.

The bard had a firm and resolute will, a tender and benevolent heart, and a brave and manly spirit. He was always of a quiet, imperturbable disposition. His manners were pleasing and winning, and his conversational powers excellent. The old and the young listened to him with delight. Like the generality of the bards, he was fond of a cheerful glass, and sang the praises of *Aequa vitae*—“*Fear na Toiseachd.*” His soul was free from malice and resentment—a satirical or sarcastic poem he never wrote. His whole life was exemplary. He was an affectionate husband, a kind parent, a true friend, a sincere christian. He was liked and esteemed by all who knew him, and he died without an enemy.

McLean was of middle height, stout and well built ; he had black hair and grey eyes ; his forehead was broad and massive ; he had a soft musical voice, and was a good singer.

ORAN DO DH' AMERICA.

AIR FOKN—“*Coire a Cheathaich.*”

Gur bheil mi m'onar 'sa choille ghruamaich, Mo smaointein luaineach, cha tog mi fonn ; O'n fhuair mi 'n t-aite, 'san fhaoghaid nadair, Gun threig gach talainnt bha 'nam cheann ; Cha dian mi oran a chuir air doigh ann, Nuair ni mi toiseachadh bidh mi trom ; Chaidh mi ghaelie 's ach mar a b'abhuist, 'Nuair a bha mi 'san duthaich thall.	Cha n'fhaigh mi m'inntinn leam an ordugh, Ged tha mi eolach air dianamh rann ; 'Se mheudaich bron domh, 'sa laghdaich soles, Gun duine co'rium ri'n dian mi cainnt, Gach la a's oiche, 'sgach car a ni mi, Gum bi mi cuimhneachadh anns gach am, An tir a dh'fhag, mi bha 'n taic an t-saile, Ged tha mi 'n drasd ann am braighe ghleanna.
---	--

Cha n' ioghnadh dhomhsa ged tha mi bronach,
 'Sann tha mo chomhuidh air chul nam beann,
 A'meadhain fasaich air Amhuinn Bharni,
 Gun dad a 's fhearr na buntata lom;
 Mun dian mi aiteach, 's mun tog mi barr ann,
 'Sa choille ghabhaidh chuir as a bonn;
 Le neart mo ghairdean gum bi mi sàruichte,
 A's treis a fàillein mu fas a chlann.

So i'n duthaich 'sa bheil an cruadal,
 Gun fhios don t-sluagh a tha t'inn a nall;
 Gun ole a fhuaras oirn luchd a bhuairidh,
 A rinn le'n tuairasgeal ar toirt ann,
 Ma ni iad buannachd cha bhi e buan daibh,
 Cha dian e suas iad, 's cha n' ioghnadh leam;
 'S gach mallachd truaghain a bhios ga
 ruagadh,
 O'n chaidh a' furdach a chuir fon ceann.

Bidh gealladh laidir ga thoirt an tra sin,
 Bidh cliu an aite ga chuir a meud;
 Bidh iad a'g rathin gu'm bi na cairdean,
 Gu sona saobhir gun dad a dh'fais;
 Gach naigheachd mheallta ga thoirt gan n'-
 ionnsuidh,
 Feuch an sanntaich sibh dol nan deigh;
 Ma thig sibh sabhailte 'nuair chi sibh iadsan,
 Cha 'n fhearr na statachan na sibh fein.

*Nuair theid na drobhairean sin ga'r n'iarr-
 'Sann leis na briagau a ni iad feum; [aidh,
 Gun fhacal firinn a bhi ga innse',
 'San cridhe d'fèadh na their am beul;
 A cuir a fachaibh gu theil san tìr so,
 Gach ni as prìseile a tha fon' ghrein,
 'Nuair thig sibh innte gur beag a chi sibh,
 Ach coille dhìreach toirt dhiubh na speur.

*Nuair thig an gearradh as am na duldachd
 Bidh sneachda duime gu dlu mun gheig,
 Gu domhain d'umhail dol thar nan gluinean,
 Ga math an triussair cha dian i feum,
 Gun stocain dhubailte, a's neguis chluadach
 A ghabhas dunadh gu dlu le cill;
 Be fasan ur dhuinn ga cosg le fionndadh,
 Mar chaidh a rusgadh dhe n' bhraid an de.

Mur bi m' eolach air son mo chomhdach,
 Gu faigh mi reata mo shron 's mo bheul,
 Le gaoth tuath bhios gu neimheil fuaraidh,
 Gum bi mo chluasan 'an cunnart gear,
 Tha n-eir cho fuath'sach 's nach seas an tuagh
 Gu mill i càruaidh ged a bha i gear; [mìse,
 Mur d' thoir mi blas di gum brist a staillein,
 Gun dol den cheardaich cha ghearr i beum.

*Nuair thig a' samhraidh, 'sa mìos ceitein,
 Bidh teas na greine ga m' fhagail fann;
 Gun cuir e speirid 's na h-uile creutair
 A bhios fo cìselein air feadh nan toll;
 'Na mathain bheisdil gun dean iad eiridh,
 Bhòl feadh na treud 'sgur a mor an call,
 'S chulleng ineach gu searach puiseanta,
 'S gun lot gu lionar le ruinn a lanns.

Gun dian i m'aodan gu h-ole a chaobadh,
 Cha n' fhaic mi 'n saoghal, 'san bhios mi dall;
 Gun at mo shuilean le neart a cungaiddh,
 Gu guineach druiteach le sugh a teang;
 Cha n' fhaigh mi aircamh dhuibh ann an gaelic,
 Gach beathach graincìl a thogas ceann, [aoh,
 Cho liuthad plaigh ann 'sa-bh'air Rìgh Phar-
 Airson nan traillean 'nuair bha e'n camp.

Gur iomadh caochladh t'inn air an t-saoghal,
 'Sro-bheag a shaoil mi 'nuair bha mi thall;
 Bu bheachd dhonh 'nuair sin, mu'n drinn mi
 Gu fasain uasal 'nuair thiginn ann; [gluasal,
 An car a fluair mi cha b'ann go m' bhuan-
 nachd,
 Tighinn thar a chuain, air a chuairt bha meallt;
 Gu tìr nan craobh anns' nach 'eil an t-saorsinn,
 Gun mhart gun chaora, 's mi dh'aodach gann.

Gur ioma' ceum anns' am bi mi'n deigh-laimh,
 Mun dian mi saibhir mo theachd-an-tìr,
 Bidh an obair eigin mun d'thoir mi feum as,
 'S mun dian mi reitich airson a chroinn;
 Ga chuir na theitibh air m'ain a chille,
 Gun lasaich feithean a bh' an am dhrum;
 'Sna h-uile ball dhion cho dubh a sealltuinn,
 Bidh mi ga m' shamhlachadh ris an t-suip.

Ga mor a' seanachas a bh'aca 'an Albuinn,
 Tha chuis a dearbhadh nach robh i fìor;
 Na dollair ghorra cha n' fhaic mi falbh iad,
 Ged bha iad ainneil a bhi 'san tìr;
 Ma ni iad baragain cha n' fhaigh iad airgid,
 Ach 's eigin ainneachadh anns' a phris;
 'Sma gheibh iad cunnradh air feadh nam
 bunthan,
 Gum paigh iad nunn e le flur na im.

Cha n' fhaic mi marghadh na la fèile,
 Na iomhan feudalach ann an drobh;
 Na nithe ni feum dhuibh a nìasg a cheile,
 Ach iad nan eigin 'sa h-uile doigh;
 Cha chulaidh-pharmaid iad leis an ain-fhiach,
 A reic na shealbhaicheas iad 'an coir;
 Bidh fear na fàchan a's cromadh cinn air,
 Ga chuir na phrìosan mur diol e' stor.

Mun d'thig an cuisean a tigh na airtach,
 Gun d'theid an dubhadh aig a mhod;
 Tha lagh a gualan cho lann na jury, [corr,
 Gun d'theid a' gpinneadh 's nach fhinn iad
 Bidh carraid siubhlach air feadh na ducha',
 Ga'n ruith le cunnataibh air an toir—
 Gur mor mo churam gun d'thig e m'ionnsuidh;
 Cha ghabh e diultadh 's bidh diubhail oirn.

Cha n' fhaigh mi innse' dhuibh ann an gaelic,
 Cha leig mo nadar a chuir air doigh;
 Gach fìos a b'aill leam thoirt do na cairdean,
 'San tìr a dh'fhag mi rinn m'arach og;
 Gach aon leughas e tuigeadh reusan,
 Na d'thugadh eisdachd do luchd a' bhòd;
 Na fuidhean breige a bhios ga'r teumadh,
 'S gun aca speis dhuibh ach deigh ar n'oir.

Ged bhi'n d'chiollach ann a sgrìobhadh,
Gun gabhainn mios ris agus corr;
Mun cuirein crìoch air na bheil air m'inntinn,
'S mun d'thugainn duibh e le cainnt mo bheoil;
Tha mulad diomhair an deigh mo lìonaidh;
O'n 's eigin strìochdadh 'an so rim bhco,
Air bheag toilinntinn 'sa choille chroinn so;
Gun duine faighneachd a seinn mi ceol.

Cha bc sin m' abhuist 'an tus mo laithean,
'Sann bhi'n rabhartach air gach bord;
Gu cridheil sunndach 'an comunn cuirteil,
A ruith na h-uine, 's gun churam oirn;
Nuair thug mi eul ruibh bla mi ga'r n'ionnd-
Gun shìl mo shuilean gu dlu le deoir, [rain,
Air moch Dirdaoine a dol seach' an caolas,
A long fo h-aodach, 'sa ghaoth o'n chors.

ORAN

MAR GUM BIODH E EADAR AM BÀRD AGUS AN
COIRNEAL FRISEIL.

AIR FOXN—"Mios deircannach an fhoghar
An dara la 'smath mo chuimhne."

'Smor mo mhulad, 's cha lagha m' cislein,
Cha 'n 'cìl feum dhomh bhi ga chunntas,
'O na thainig mi don tìr so,
Gu bheil m' inntinn air a muchadh,
Chaill mi mo shugradh 'sma sheanachas,
'O na dh'fhalbh mi as an duthaich;
Toiseach a chiad mhios don fhoghar,
Sheoil sinn air aghart na'r cursa.

Gur a diumbach mi don Choirneal,
Rinn mo threoir eachadh air tus ann,
Le moran brosgail a's boileich,
'Se cuir sgìeo dhé feadh na duthaich,
A'g innse' dhuinn gun robh na cairdean,
Ann na b' fhearr na bh' air an cunntas,
'Snach biodh uircasuibh gu brach oirn,
Nan d'thigeamid ann sabhailte aon uair.

Gun do dh'fhairich mi o'n uair sin,
Cum bu chruadalach a chuis domh,
Teannadh ri leagail na coille,
'S gun mi goireasach da h-ionnsuidh;
A fear nach dian obair le tuing ann,
'S nach urrain an naise ghìulan,
B'fhearr dha fuireach ann an Albuinn,
Mun dianadh e'n fhaighe stiuradh.

COIRNEAL

Ged tha uircasabh an drasda ort,
Gheibh thu ceann an aird ri tìr air,
'Nuair a bhios an crodh 'sna caoirich,
Air na raoitean dhut a cìinntinn,
Bi' d'thu pailt 'am biadh 'san aodach,
'S theid leagadh nan craobh air dichuimhn,
Bi' d'thu sin gu snibhir searach,
'S theid a bhoichduinn as do chuimhne.

BARD.

Chuala mi scan-fhacal roimhe,
Tha sin na chomhearsta fìor dha,—
Chaora bhios gu bas le gorta,
'S coltach dhi' gun dian i crìonadh,
Mu faigh i fear ur an t-samhruidh,
Cuiridh an geamhradh gu crìche i;
'S ann mar sin a dh' cìrich dhòmhsa,
Na bi cuir do sgìeo dhomh fàchamh.

COIRNEAL.

Cha sgìeo a tha 'gam ga sheanachas,
Ach cuis a dhearbhas mi fìor dhut,
Na fìr a chi thu 'san aite,
B' aithne dhaibh do chas 'nuair shin iad;
'Nuair a reitich iad a fearann,
Thug iad aìre dha le crìonnachd,
Rinn iad beartas air a thaileamh,
Ged a thainig iad 'se dhi orra.

BARD.

Cha 'n 'cìl ach beagan diu' beartach,
Ged tha pailteas diu' fo fhìachan,
Tha bhoichduinn an deigh a' leonadh,
'S tric iad fo chomhlaich a phrìosain,
Bidh an Sìorra air an toireachd,
'S ni e 'm pocannan a sgrìobadh,
Bheir e leis an cuid mar dhroghair,
'S cha n' fheoraich e cìod as prìs dhaibh.

COIRNEAL.

Tha cuid diu' mar tha thu 'g radhin,
Cha n'fhàod mi aicea' nach fìor e;
Daoine bha tuilleadh a's sporsail,
'Sa lha mor chuireach nan inntinn,
A thuit gun fhios dhaibh ann an aìn-fhiach,
Cha 'n 'cìl e cho soirbh dhaibh dìreadh,
O'n a dh' atharraich an saoghal,
'Sa rinn caochladh air na prìsean.

BARD.

'Smor a dh' atharraich an saoghal,
'S mise dh' fhaodadh sin a ghra' in,
Thug e car dhòmh nach do shaoil mi,
Chuir e 'n aòis mi na bu traithe,
Tì'n don choille fad 'o dhaoine,
A leagadh nan craobh as an laraich;
Ged a fhuair mi fearann saor ann,
'S goirt a shaoithreacadh gu aiteach.

COIRNEAL

Cha chunnt mi gur obair chraaidh e,
'S nach bi uachd'ran gu brach ort;
A mhaoidheas do chuir air fògradh,
Mur a dian thu 'n corr thoirt dha-san,
Cha bli na chomas do dhaoine,
Cha 'n fhaic thu maor leis a bhàirinn,
Gu de nis a bhiodh d'thu 'g ionndrain,
O'n thainig d'thu an duthaich aghar.

BARD.

'Sioma' rud a tha mi 'g ionndrain,
Nach dian 'san am so bonn sta dhomh,
Nam bi'an ann an tir mo dhuchais,
Far an robh mi 'n tus mo laithean,
Gheibhinn meas a' measg nan uaislean,
Bha mun cuairt domh 'n Earra-Ghael,
B' fhearr gun d'fhuirich mi rim' bheo ann,
Mun d'thainig mi chomhnuidh 'n Bhraighe.

COIRNEAL.

Ged bu mhath bhi measg nan uaislean,
Gur ann fada bh'uat a'sfhearr iad,
A luchd muinntir tha na' seirbheis,
Cha n-airde an ainm no na truillean,
Sleamhuin an leachd aig an dorsaibh,
Mur a coisicheadh d' thu failidh,
'S nan tuiteadh d' thu uair gun fhios dut,
Rachadh bristeadh air a chairdeas.

BARD.

'S ioma' fear le stòras stochedail,
Tha gle shoerach a toirt mail daibh,
'S inntinneach iad fad an t-samhruidh,
Le 'n cuid 'sna gleanntainean fasaich,
'Nuair a theid iad dh'ionns' mhargaidh,
Gheibh iad airgid, 's cha bhi dail ann,
'S na faicheadh d' thu iad air tilleadh,
'Chunntadh iad gini ri t-fhairdein.

COIRNEAL.

Ged tha toileachadh 's na glinn sin;
Tha cusban an rìgh ri phaigheadh,
Cha n'fhàod iad iasg a thoirt a linne,
Na fiadh o'n fhìreach as airde,
Ma mharbhas iad eun ann san doire,
Theid an coireachadh mar mheirlich,
Tairnidh iad a stigh gu binn iad,
Theid an dìteadh, 's cuirear cain orra.

BARD.

'S furasda dhaibh sin a phaigheadh,
'S achi mar tha mi anns an tìr so,
A liuthad la bho Fheil-Martin,
A fhuair mi saruchadh a's mi-mhodh,
Gur tric a chuing air mo mhuineal,
A tarraunn a chonnaidh le dìchioll,
'S a sneachda dhomh mu na cruachain,
Cuid do dh'uairean bidh mi 'n iosal.

COIRNEAL.

Tog do mhisneach 'sna biodh bron ort,
Ged tha sin 'an conuidh egith leat,
Bi' d'thu fhathasd mas a beo thu,
Cho doigheil 's as math le t-inntinn;
Gu de dh'farradh d'thu achi fhaotinn,
Fearann saer a's coir bho 'n rìgh air,
Bhios an deigh do bhaire mar oighreachd,
Aig do chloinn ma bhios iad erionnda.

BARD.

'Nuair a chunntas mi mo shaothair,
Bidh e na's daoire na fhiach dhomh,
Mun dian mi ghlanadh 'sa reiteach,
Sa chuir ri cheile na theintean;
Gur coltaiche mi 'san uair sin,
Ri fear a toll-guail a dìreadh,
Bi' mi cho dubh ris na truillean,
A th' aig statachann nan Innean.

COIRNEAL.

Ged a shiubhladh d' thu 'n Roinn-Eorpa,
'Sa bhi feoraich anns gach rìghachd,
Cha n'fhaic thu duine gun stòras,
A tìnn beo ann le bhi diamhain;
Tha mi 'n duil gun robh thu gorach,
'Nuair a thoisich thu ri dìteadh,
'S ioma' aon dha'n d'rinn i fuasgladh,
Bha na thruaghan a tìnn innte.

BARD.

Cemar dh'fhaodainns' moladh,
'S gun mi toilichte ann am inntinn,
O'n a thig toiseach na duldachd,
Bidh a chuis na li-aobhar elaidh dhomh;
A'geiridh 'sua maduinean recota,
Gum bi crith air m'fheoil 's air m'fhiacalan,
'S gaoth tuath le fuchd, gam leonadh,
Mur a bi mo chomhdach cinnteach.

COIRNEAL.

Air son toileachadh do nadair,
Cha 'n eil sta dhut a bhi stri ris,
'Sin an ceam nach d'theid thu dh' aichea',
O'n a dh'fhailnich ar sinnsreadh,
Ged bha pailteas aig Adhamh;
Bha craobh 'sa gharadh a dhi air,
Dh'fhag a meas fo iochd a bhaire,
'Nuair a ghabh e pairt o'n mhnai dhe'.

BARD.

'Se ni mi tuilleadh mar raoghainn,
Gun ekuir a taghaidh n'as dìne,
Tha mac an duine a'g iarraidh ailghios,
Eadar e bhi ard a's iosal,
Cluinnidh mi gearain o'i Diuchda,
Cho math rin-sin tha toirt eis dha,
'S o'n bhaigeir a tha cosg na luireach,
'S o'n fhear a tha crun an rìgh air.

Cha lean mi ni's fhaide scanachas,
Mun cinn iad searbh dhe' le chluinntinn;
'S ma faigh iad coire dha m' ghaelie,
Cha bhi mi 'g radhain no 'g innse,
Ole no math mar bhios mo charadh,
'San aite so 's eigin strìochdadh,
Sòraidh bh'uan gu tìr nan Gael,
Nach leig mi gu brach air dichuimhne.

ORAN CUMHA

DO BHEANUARAL OG CHLIUITEACH, A BHA POSDA
AIG DOCTAIR IAIN NOBLE—MAR GUN DIAN-
ADH A COMPANACH E.

SEISD.—“*Gur e mise th’ air mo leonadh
‘S mi ri an mharc na’ seol air chuan
sgith.*”

A nochd gur luaineach mo chadal,
‘S mi ri gluasad ‘am leabaidh gun tamh;
Leis a bhrùaillean ‘s th’air m’aigne,
Cha dualach dhomb fada bhi slàn,
Chuir mi ceile mo leapa,
Ann an ciste chaol ghlaiste nan clar;
‘S trom a chis thug an t-eug dhiom,
Bi’ mi cumha’ mud’ dheiginn gu brach.

Bi’ so bliadhna mo chlisgidh,
An ochd-ceud-deug ‘san da-fhichead ‘sa tri,
An dara miosa dhe ‘n t-samhradh,
Se chiad la dhe thug teann orm sgriob;
‘Nuair a chairich mi ghaoil thu,
Ann’ a leine don chaol-anart ghrinn;
‘S d’thu gun chlaisteachd gun leirsinn,
‘S goirt an t-saighead tha reubadh mo chridhe.

‘S beag an t-ìoghnadh sin dhomhsa,
Bli’fo mhulad ‘sam bron air mo chlaoidh;
Tha mi nis ann am onrachd,
‘S bean mo thighe bhi ‘n conaidh gam’ dhi;
Chail mi ceile glau m’oige,
Chait a fuic mi cho boidheach ‘san tir,
Bha do nadar ‘s do bheusan,
A co-fhacgradh dha chleile anns gach ni.

‘Si do ghnuis a bha aluinn,
Gum be teisteanas chaith ort gum b’fhior;
Bha do phearsa gun fhaillein,
O’d mhullach gu saltean do bhuinn;
Bha do ghruidh mar na rosan,
Slios mar cala nan lon lon air an tuinn,
‘Se bhi ‘d chumha mo chomhradh,
‘S cha d’theid thu rim’ bleo as mo chuimhne.

‘Se bhi bronach as gnaths domh,
‘O na rinn mi do charadh ‘san uir;
Bheir gach aon rud a dh’fhag thu,
Ann am shealladh gach la thu as nr,
Bheir e laigse air mo nadar,
Agus sìleadh gu lar air mo shuil—
Chaidh mo mhiseach gu faillein
O’u a chuir mi thu’n caradh ‘sna buird.

An am luidhe agus ciridh,
‘S d’thu mo leabhar ga leubhadh ‘s mi sgith;
Leis an teachdaire ghruamach,
A bha ‘g umhare mun cuairt dut san am,
Thilg e saighdean a lot thu,
Cha robh feum ann am dhotaireachd ann,
‘S on a dh’fhag mi ‘sa ehnoc thu,
Gur a dillexhdain bhochda do chlaun.

Leam as duillich do phaisdean,
Gur a lag iad ‘s gun mhathair rin’ cul!
Sinn mar luing air a fuadach,
Ann an anradh a chuain thar a curs,
Ann an cunnart gach bare-shugh, [stiuir
Bhris na ceanglaichean—dh’fhuasgail an
Tha chairt inil air a sracadh,
Dh’fhalbh an compaist, na slatan, ‘sna siuil.

Thainig dith air an ardaich,
‘Nuair a dh’eirich tuil bhaite fo croice,
Thuit craobh-ubhal mo gharaidh,
‘S gun do fàroiseadh a blath feadh an fheoir;
Chaidh mo choinneal a smaladh,
Bu ghlan solus a dearsa mun bhord;
Bhris a ghloine bha m’ sgathan—
Dh’fhalbh an daoimein a’ m’ fhaincachan oir.

Tha mo chridhe air a mhuchadh,
‘S mi gun mharan, gun sugradh, gun cheol;
‘S trom an t-eallach a dhrugh air,
Ged as eigin domh ghiulan le bron;
Bha mi roinhe so sunntach,
‘Nuair a fhuair mi le cumhant ort coir;
Rinn a chuibhle orm tìonndadh,
Bho na dhalladh do shuilean le sgleo.

Si do shuil bu ghlan sealladh,
Cha robh gruaim air do mhalaidh na sgraing;
Bha thu fughantach fiailidh,
‘S d’ thu bu shìobhalt briathran a’s cainnt;
Si do lamh nach robh diamhain,
Bu ghlan t-obair o’d mhiaran gun mheang;
‘Sann a’ nochd tha mi cianail
‘Se bhi t-ionndrain a liath mi gun taing.

Theirig samhradh mo laithean,
Tha mi nireasach craiteach gu leoir
Thainig geamhradh na aite:
Dhoirt na tuitlean gu lar bho na neoil;
Mi mar dhuine ann a’ fiabhrus,
Na fear seachrain air slabh ann an ceo:
Chuir mi iuchair mo riaghailt,
Ann an tasgeidh ‘sa bliadhna bha corr.

Inchair ghleusta agus ghliocais,
Gan robh ciall agus tuigse gu leoir;
Fhad ‘sa bha thu ri fhaotian,
‘S d’ thu gun cumadh an teaghlach air doigh,
Ach a nis ‘o na sgaol e,
Gun d’ theid sgapadh ‘s gach aon do na meoir;
‘S mise am thruaghan rin’ shaoghal,
‘S nach ‘eil leighnas ri fhaotian dha m’ leon.

Ged a theid mi don leabaidh,
Cha d’ thig buaireadh a chadail ‘nam’ cheann,
‘S ann tha m’ inntinn cho luaineach,
Ris na duilleagan uaine air a chrann;
Bhi ga t-fhaicinn ‘am bruidar,
‘Nuair a dhuisgeas mi suas gun thu ain;
S’ iad mo smaointean uaigneach,
Thu bhi t-shineadh fo’n fhuar-lic ud thall.

Be so samhradh mo chruadail,
 Dh'fhag mo leaba 's mo chluasagan lom;
 Tha mo choinhnuidh cho nàgheach,
 'S ged a bli'n an uamha nan toll,
 Gnu bhi t-flaiceinn rin' ghnalain,
 Se chuir aiceid ro-bhuan ann am chom;
 Tha mo chridhe fo smuairan,
 As e mar chudtrom na haidhe 's gach am.

Oeh! se aobhar mo ghearain,
 Bean mo ghaoil chuir a' falach 'sa chill;
 Se ciseachd gairich do leanabh,
 'Nuair a bha thu 'san annart gun chli;
 Fhainn an uird ris an taruin,
 Bli'aig na saoiribh gad' fparradh fo dhion,
 Chuir sud gaoir ann am bhallaibh,
 'S gun a dh'eirich mo ghalar ri linn.

Gu de sta dhomh bhi 'g iomradh,
 Air do bheus 'o na dh'fhalbh thu 's nach till;
 'S ann tha sean-fhacl dearbha—
 Dh'fhiosraich pait e bhi dearbhte anns gach
 Gum bi suil ri beul fairge, [linn
 'S nach bi suil ri beul roilge a chaidh,
 Dh'fhag sin mise mar bhalbhan—
 'S bi mi tarsuinn lem' sheanachas gu criche.

Bidh mi nis a co-dhunnadh,
 Cha'n 'eil fenn dhomh bli t-ionndrain a
 Ged a leannain as ur air, [ghraidh.
 Gheibhinn cuimhneachan tursach mu d'
 Tha ar beatha neo-chinnteach, [bhas;
 Air a comas 'san fhirinn ri 'gail,
 Sinn mar choigrich 'san tir so,
 Theid sinn uile gu siorrachd gun dail.

ORAN DON CHUAIRTEAR.*

Deoch-slaime a Chuairtear a ghluais a' Al-
 buinn,
 Bho thin na mor-bheann 'sasheol an fhaighe,
 Don duthaich choilltich thoirt duinn a
 sheanachais,
 'Sa fear nach ol i, bidh moran fearg ris.

'Nuair thig an Chuairtear ud nair sa mhiosa,
 Gum bi na h-oganaich le toilinntinn,
 A tional eolais na choinnradh siobhalta,
 'S bidh naighlachd ur aig air cliu an sinns-
 readh.

Gur lionar maighdean a th'ann an deigh air,
 'Sa bhios le caoinneas a faighneachd sgeul
 dhe.

Le selus choinnlean a bhios ga leubhadh,
 'S bidh eachdraidh ghaoil aige do gach te
 dhiu.

Cha n' ioghnadh oigri thoirt moran speis da,
 'Nuair tha na seann-daoin' 'tha call a leir-
 sinn.

'San einn air liathadh, cho dian an deigh air,
 'S nach dian iad fhaicinn mur cléachd iad
 speular.

'Se'n Cuairtear Gaelach an tarmuinn ainmeil,
 'Nuair theid an t-aileagan sin fo armaibh.
 Le phearsa bhoidheach 'an comhdach ball-
 bhreac, [garbhlaich.
 Mar chleachd a shinnsreadh gu dìreadh

Be sin an t-eideadh bha eutrom uallach,
 Gu siubhal bheann, agus ghleann a's chrua-
 ehan,

Gu seasadh laraich an lathair cruadail,
 'S tric bha namhaid 'an eas san ruaig leat.

'Nuair thig e 'n tir so, mu thin na samhna,
 Cha lagaich fuaich e na gruain a gheamh-
 ruidh,

Bidh feile-cuachiche mu chruachain teann-
 tuidh,

'Sa bhreacan gnaile gu h-uallach greannar.

Bidh boineid ghorin agus gearr-ehot ur air,
 Bidh osain dhealbhadh mu chalpa dumbail,
 Bidh gartain stiallach far fiar bhreid cuil air,
 'Sa bhrogan eile, be 'n t-eideadh duclais.

Bidh lann gheur staillein an crìos braois-
 dean airgid, [laich,

'Sa dhag air ghleisadh, nach leum le gear-
 A bhiodag dhualach do chruaidh na Gear-
 mailt, [bhruc.

Sa sporan iallach do bhian an t-seana-

'Nuair chi mi 'n Cuairtear tha uasal rioghail,
 Bidh mi ga shamhlachadh ri Iain Muilleir,
 Tha fiehad geamhradh o'n tha e 's tir so.
 'S ead cluir e riamh air a shiasaid cuibh-
 reach.

Tha corr as ceud o'n tha ciall as cuimhne
 aige,

'S tric a shealg e damh dearg 'sna frithean,
 Air shios beinn Armuin a b'ard ri dhireadh,
 An deigh an t-seorsa ud be'n combhan
 fiachail.

'Sa Chuairtear aluinn tha tamh 'sna gleann-
 tan,
 Ga bheil a Ghaeliche 'sa 'sfhearr ni labhradh,
 Nach gabh tamail co ni ris sealltainn,
 'S mor do chairdean tha 'n drasd an geall ort.

Gun ghabh iad thachd dhiot, le beachd nach
 treig iad,

O'n 's gael gasda thu, tha sgairteil gleusta,
 'S d' thu Oighre an Teachdair a chleachd
 bhi beusach,

'S nach d' fhag, masla' air a mhae na dheigh
 san.

* 'Cuairtear nan Gleann,' or the 'Gaelic Tourist.'

'Sa Chuairear ghradhaich eha d'thugainn
fuath dhut,
Gun robh do chairdeas ri sar, dhaoine uaisle,
Ged rinn pairt diu' do eharadh suarach,
A chaill an Gaelic, 'sna b' fhearr eha d'
fhuair iad.

Gur mor na faehan fo bheil na Gael,
Don fhear* a dh'inntich ar leabhar nadair,
'Sa dhearbha le firinn gur i a Ghaelic,
Baine-clìoch a lion gael cainein.

Bu lus bha priseil i chinn 'sa gharadh,
Bu ghlan gun truailleadh a fuaim aig Ad-
hamh,
Bha stoehd gun chrionadh na bhrìgh 'sna
fhaileadh,
Ged thainig siontan a mhill am blath air.

Gun robh i dileas do laoich na *Feinne*,
Bu daoine calma nan aimsir fhein iad,
Rinn Oissein danachd dhaibh air a reir sin,
Si làbhair Padruig a bheannaich Eirin.

* The late lamented Lachlan McLean, Esq., of
Glasgow, author of the "History of the Gaelic
Language."

A Chuairear eibhinn na treig gu brach i,
'S na leig air dichuimhne ri linn an ails' i,
Bidh sinn ga seinn anns na coilltean fasaich,
Mar bha elann Israel aig braighde Bhabilon.

A Chuairear shìobhalt ma ni thu m'iarraidh,
'S gun cuir thu 'n t-oran so 'an elo nan
iarunn,
'S gun dian thu ghiulan 'sa churs' an iar leat,
Do'n Eilein iosal an tìr o'n thrial mi.

Bho'n tha thu sìubhlach a' measg nan Gael,
Gun cuir thu curamach e sa inhaileid,
'S aig Cnoe Mhic-Dhughail a ni thu fhagail,
'S thoir fios dha 'n ionnsuidh gu bheil mi 'n
shlainte.

'Nuair bhios mi comhla ri comunn cairdeil,
Narsuidhe comhnard mu bhord tigh thairne,
Gun gabh mi 'n t-oran, gun ol 's gum
paigh mi,
Deoch-slainge a ehuairear le buaidh don
Ghaelic.

AIREAMH TAGHTA
DE
SHAR-OBAIR NAM BARD GAELACH;
OR
A CHOICE COLLECTION
OF
THE BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY,
ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

The following songs and poems are the productions of gentlemen, who invoked the muse only on rare occasions, and under the impulse of strong feelings excited by extraordinary events;—or, of individuals of whose history little is known to the world, and whose works were not sufficiently voluminous to entitle them to a place among the professed or recognised bards. When the tide of chivalry ran high in the Highlands, and ere the Gaelic ceased to be spoken in the chief's hall, it was deemed no disparagement to people of the highest rank to embody their feelings on any subject in Keltic poetry. Many of these pieces are of commanding merit, and it is hoped that they will form an appropriate and valuable appendage to this work. So far as practicable, the paternity of the poem is given, and such historical and illustrative notes are interspersed as the full elucidation of the subject seemed to require.

MOLADH CHABAIR-FEIDH.

LE TORMOD BAN MAC-LEOID.

DEOCH-SLAINTE' chabair feidh so
Gur h-eibhinn 's gur h-aighearach;
Ge fada bho thir fein e,
Mhic Dhe greas g'a fhearann e;
Mo chrochadh a's mo cheusadh,
A's m' eideadh nar mheala mi,
Mur ait leam thu bhi 'g eiridh
Le treun ncart gach caraide!
Gur mise chunna' sibh gu gunnach,
Ealamh, ullamh, acuinnneach;
Ruith nan Rothach 's math 'ur gnothach,
Thug sibh sothadh maidne dhaibh;
Cha deach' Cataich air an tapadh,
Dh'fhag an neart le eagal iad,
Ri faicinn ceann an fheidh ort
'Nuair dh'eirich do chabar ort!

Be'n t-amadan fear Foluis,
'Nuair thoisich e cogadh riut;

Rothaich agus Rosaich—
Bu ghorach na bodaich iad;
Frisealaich a's Graundaich,
An campa cha stadadh iad;
'S thug Foirbeisich nan teann-ruith,
Gu seann taigh Chuilodair orr'.
Thaich iad uile 's cha dh-fhuirich
An treas duine 'bh'aca-san;
An t-Iarla Catach ruith e dhachaigh—
Cha do las a dhagachan;
Mac-Aoidh nan creach gun thar e as,
'S ann dh'eigh e 'n t-cach a b' aigeannaich,
Ri gabhal an ra-treuta,
'Nuair dh-cirich do chabar ort!

'S ann an sin bha 'm fuathas
Ga'n rnagadh thar bhcalaichean,
An deas dhuinn a's au tuath dhuinn,
Gu luath ruith roi' d' cheann-eideadh;

Mar sgaoth a dh'eoin nam fuar-bheann,
 A's gruaim air a h-uile fear,
 A tearnadh bho na sleibhteann
 Gu reidhleinn 's gu cladaicheann.
 Dh'eigh iad port 's gu'n d'fhuair iad coit,
 'S bu bheag an toirt mar thachair dhaibh;
 Ciod e'n droch rud rinn am brosnach',
 Le'n cuid mosg nach freagrachd srach,
 'S a liuthad toirtear dheth na Rothaich,
 Dol air fiod thar chlaigeannan?
 'S ann ghabh iad an ratreata,
 'Nuair dh'eirich do chabar ort!

Gu'm faigh mi fein mi dhuirachd—
 ('Se dhuigs as mo chadal mi)
 An Ti da'n geill na duilean,
 'S da 'n umhlaich na h-uile ni,
 Gun greas e thu gu d' dhuthaich,
 Gu h-uiseil 's gu h-urramach!
 Gur tu nach leigeadh cuis,
 Leis na du-Ghaill nach buineadh dhaibh;
 'S tu bheireadh clotha do' luchd gnothaich,
 Gun fhios co a throdadh riut;
 Am fine Rothach chuir thu fothadh
 Ge mor leatha 'n ladornas,
 Ga'n cuir romhad le'n ruith-choimhich,
 'S an baile-nodha na shradagan,
 'S na lasair anns na speuran,
 'Nuair dh'eirich do chabar ort!

Chunna mi m'a thuath thu,
 'S gu'm b'uaighdarann allail thu;
 Bha Cataich fo do churam,
 'S dh' nmlhaich na Gallaich dhut;
 'S gach ti bha riut an diumba,
 'S nach duirigeadh sealladh ort,
 A fuicinn bhi ga'n sgiursadh,
 Gu duthaich nach buineadh dhaibh.
 Le gasraidh fhinealt dheth do chinneadh
 Nach gabh giorag eagalach; [b'reach,
 Luchd chlogaid 's bhiodag 's choirean
 Cha philleadh luchd-bagairt iad:
 Thig feachd Mhic-Shimi gn do mhilleadh,
 'S ruitbhidh iad gn saidealta;
 'S gu'n teich iad o chlar t-eudainn,
 'Nuair dh'eireas do chabar ort!

Th'am brochan a' toirt sar dhuibh,
 'S tha 'n eal a' toirt at oirbh;
 Ach 's beag is misle 'n t-armunn,
 'Ur sath thoirt an nasgaidh dhuibh:
 Ge mor a thug sibh chaise,
 Thar airidhean Asainne,
 Cha'n fhaicas cuirm a'm Fois,
 Ge mor bha do chearcann ann;
 Caisteal biorach, nead na h-ìolair',
 Coin a's gillean gortach ann;
 Cha'n fhaicear bioran ann ri teinne,
 Mur bidh dileag bhrochain ann;
 Cha'n fhaicear mairt-eoil ann am poit ann;
 Mur bi ceare ga plotaigeadh;
 'S gu'n tional air an deirce,
 'Nuair threigear gach cosgais iad.

Cha'n eil ian 's na speuran,
 Is breine n'an iolair,
 Cha 'n ionan idir bens d'i,
 'S do dh-fheidh anns na frichean:—
 Bi'dh iadsa moch ag eiridh,
 A feuchainn bhìolair;
 'S bi'dh is' air sean each caoile,
 Ri slaothadh a mhìonaich as;
 Chuir i spuir a staigh na churach,
 A's thug i fhuil na spadul as,
 An t-ian gun sonas' gearraidh donais,
 Bi'dh na coin a' sabaid ris;
 'S breun an t-isean e air iteig,
 Gun fhies e'ait' an stadadh e,—
 Mas' oic a lean e alhaist,
 Cha b' fhearr far na chaidil e.

Cha'n eil ian 'san t-saoghal
 R'a fhaotainn tha coltach riut,—
 Cha'n ithear do chuid sìthne—
 Rinn firinn a' mollachadh:
 Gel tha ort iteig dhìreach,
 Mar fhior shàighdead corranach,
 'S ged' thuirt iad riut am firen,
 Tha ionan an denais ort!
 'S ioma baachaille th' air fuar chnoc,
 Agus cuaille bat aige';
 Nì guidhe bhuan do bhuaint bhuaith,
 'S a bhuailas bho do thapadh thu;
 'Nuair bheir thu ruaig air feadh nan uan,
 'S a bhios buaireas acrais ort,
 'N uair thachras eabar feidh ort,
 Gu'm feum thu bhi snasadh dha!

Tha eabar-fearna Dhomhnuill,
 Mar spors' anns an talamh 'ac';
 Nach innseadh sibh dhomhs' e,
 'S gu'm b'eol domh a charachadh;
 'S chuirinn fios gu h-colach,
 Gu Seoras an caraideach,
 Gur b-e Fear Dhuin-Domhnuill,
 Le lon chum an t-anam ris; [ghlioca
 'Bhiad gun mheas, gun mhiagh gun,
 Riamh bu tric 's an talamh-s' thu;
 Dh'ol a's dh'ith thu trian do d' phiseach,
 'S tu an t-isean annaideach;
 Chuir na Rothaich thu air ghnothach,
 'S tu an t-amhusg aincolach,
 'S ged' thug Clann-Choimnich miadh ort,
 Cha b' fhiach thu 'n treas cearrainn deth.

Faire! faire! 'shaoghail,
 Gur caochlaidheach earach thu,
 Chunna mise Si-phlort,
 'Nam pioban cruaidh, sgalanta,
 Nach robh an Alb' a dh'aon-shluagh,
 Ged shineadh Mac-Caillein ris,
 Na chumadh riuts an eudann,
 'Nuair dh'eireadh do chabar ort!
 Dh'eireadh leat an coir 'san ceart,
 Le trian do neart gu bagarach,
 Na bh'eadar Asainn, a's fa dhcas,
 Gu ruig Sgalpa eiraganach,
 Gach fear a glacadh gunna snaip,
 Claidheamh glas, no dagachan,—

Bu leat Sir Domhnuil Shleibhte,
 'Nuair dh'éireadh do chabar ort!

Dh'éireadh leat fir Mhuideirt,
 'Nuair ruisgte do bhrataichean,
 Le 'n lannan daite du-ghorm,
 Gu'n ciuirte na marcaich leo;
 Mac-Alasdair 's Mac-Iommhuinn,
 Le 'n cuilbheirean acuinneach;
 'Nuair rachadh iad 'san iorghuill,
 Gu'm b' ioghna mur trodadh iad :—
 Bi'dh tu fhathast gabhail aighear,
 Ann am Brathuinn bhaidealach,
 Bi'dh cinne t-athair ort a feitheamh,
 Co bhrathadh bagradh ort?
 Bi'dh fion ga chaitheamh feadh do thaighe,
 'S uisge-beatha fèadanach;
 'S gur lionmhòr piob' ga'n gleusadh,
 'Nuair dh'éircas do chabar ort!

Note.—Norman McLeod, the author of the foregoing clan song was a native of Assynt, Sutherlandshire. Little is known to us of his parentage except that he moved in the higher circles of his country, and upon his marriage, rented an extensive farm in his native parish. He had two sons whose status in society shows that he was in comfortable, if not affluent circumstances—one of them was Professor Hugh McLeod of the University of Glasgow; and the other, the Rev. Angus McLeod, Minister of Rogart in the county of Sutherland. Both sons were men of considerable erudition and brilliant parts,—and Angus's name is still mentioned in the North with feelings of kindness and respect.

Norman McLeod lived long on a footing of intimate familiarity and friendship with Mr. McKenzie of Ardlough whose farm was contiguous to that of our author; and "*Cabar-feidh*," which has single handed stamped the celebrity of McLeod, arose out of the following circumstance. The earl of Sutherland issued a commission to William Munroe of Achany, who, with a numerous body of retainers and clansmen, by virtue of said commission, made a descent on Assynt and carried off a great many cattle. This predatory excursion was made in the latter end of summer, when, according to the custom of the country, the cattle were grazing on distant pasturages at the sheilings, a circumstance which proved very favourable to the foragers—for they not only took away the cattle, but also plundered the sheilings, and thus possessed themselves of a great quantity of butter and cheese. Indignant at the baseness and injustice of such cowardly conduct, McLeod invoked the muse and composed "*Cabar-feidh*," or the clan-song of the McKenzies—making it the vehicle of invective and bitter sarcasm against the Sutherlanders and Munroes, who had antecedently made themselves sufficiently obnoxious to him by their adherence to the Hanoverian cause in 1745.

That a production teeming with so much withering declamation and piquancy of wit should have told upon its hapless subjects, may be reasonably supposed. Munroe was particularly sore on the subject, and threatened that the bard should forfeit his life for his temerity, if ever they should meet. They were personally unacquainted with each other; but chance soon brought them face to face. Munroe was commonly known by a grey-coloured bonnet which he wore, and was called "*Uilleam a bhonnaid uidhir*." One day as he entered Ardguy Inn, there sat Norman McLeod, on his way to Tain, regaling himself with bread and butter, and cheese and ale. Munroe was ignorant of the character of the stranger; not so McLeod—he immedi-

ately knew Achany by the colour of his bonnet—drank to him with great promptitude, and then offered him the horn with the following extemporary salutation :—

"Aran a'is in a'is eile
 Mu'n tig an has air Tèrmod;
 A's deach do fhir an rothaid,
 'S cha ghabhs na Rothach fear ris."

which may be translated thus—

Bread and butter and cheese to me,
 Ere death my mouth shall close;
 And, traveller, there's a drink for thee,
 To please the black Munroes.

Achany was pleased with the address, quaffed the ale, and when he discovered who the courteous stranger was, he cordially forgave him, and cherished a friendship for him ever after. Years after the events recorded above, the poet's son, Angus, then a young lieutnant, waited upon Achany, relative to the filling up of the vacancy in the parish of Rogart.—"And do you really think, Sir," said Achany, "that I would use my influence to get a living for your father's son? *Cabar-feidh* is not forgotten yet." "No! and never will," replied the divine, "but if I get the parish of Rogart, I promise you it shall never be sung or recommended from the pulpit there!" "Thank you! thank you!" said Achany, "that is one important point carried—you are not so bad as your father after all—and we must try to get the kirk for you!" He gave him a letter to Duurobin and he got the appointment.

"*Cabar-feidh*" is one of the most popular songs in the Gaelic language, and deservedly so. It has been erroneously ascribed to Matheson, the family-bard of Seaforth; but now for the first time, it is legitimately paternized, and the only correct edition, which has yet appeared, is here given. The song itself bears internal evidence that our history of its paternity is strictly correct; and our proofs in corroboration are numerous and decisive. Nothing can surpass the exultation of the bard while he slugs the superiority of the clan McKenzie, over those who have drawn upon themselves the lash of his satire. The line '*Nuair dh'éireadh do chabar ort!*' falling in at the end of some of the stanzas, has an electrifying effect; and, although figurative in its language, is so applicable as to transport us beyond ourselves to those feudal times when our mountain warriors rushed to the red field of battle to conquer or to die. The music, as well as the poem, is McLeod's, and forms one of the most spirit-stirring airs that can be played on the bagpipe; so popular, indeed, has this tune been in many parts of the Highlands, that it was not danced as a common reel, but as a sort of country dance. We have seen "*Cabar-feidh*" danced in character, and can bear testimony that, for diversified parts, for transitions, mazes and evolutions, it yields not, when well performed, to any "*Cotillon breut*" new from France."

MALI CHRUINN DONN.

LEIS AN CHEISTEAR CHRUBACH.

AIR FOKN—"Carraig Fhearghuis."

O'n thagaich mi'n rathad,
 Gu'n taghail mi monadh
 'S an tuiteadh an sneachda,
 'S a ghaill-shion gu trom;
 'S an talamh neo-chairsigt',
 'S na chaill mi na casan,
 Mu'n d'rainig mi'n caisteal
 'N robh Mali chruinn donn!

'Nuair a rainig mi doras
Gu'n dh'fhas mi cho toilicht,
'S gu'n d' rinn mi gach dosgainn
A thogail gu fonn;
A's thainn mi 's an asdail,
Bha 'n sail beinn an t-sneachda
Cho blath ris a chladach
Bha m fasgadh nan tonn.

Flir a shiubhlas an rathad,
A dh'ionnsuidh na Dabhaich,
Uam imirich mo bheannachd
Gu *Mali* chruinn denn;
Tha thuinnidh sa' ghleannan,
Aig alltan a cheannaich',
'S gur daoine gun tabhail
Nach taghaich am fonn:
I mar ionmhas an tasgaidh,
Gun chunnart gun gheasan,
Ach a faotainn gu taitneach,
Dha 'n fhear rachadh ann;
'S ged bhihinn am Bharon,
Air duthaich Chlainn-Eachuinn,
Gu'n foghnadh mar *mhaittche*,
Leam *Mali* obruinn donn!

Tha pearsa cho boidheach,
Tha i flachdinnor na comhdach,
Tha taitneas na comhradh,
Mar smeorach nan gleann,
Gu'n d' ciltich mi eiridhe,
'Nuair rinn i rium brithinn,
'S bu bheatha dhomh rithist
Gu tighinn a nall.
Bha h-aogag gun smalan
Bha caoin air a rasgaibh,
Bha gaol air a thasgaidh,
'S a chridhe ' bha na com:
Gu'n smaoinich mi agam
Nach rachain am mearachd,
Ged theirinn gur piutkar
I dh' Iain geal, donn.

Na meoir sin bu ghile,
Bha oorr air ghrinneas,
A's boiche ni fighe
A's fuaidheal glan reidh;
Gur cuimir, deas, direach,
A shiubhlas tu'n ridhle,
'Nuair dhuigear gu eiridheil
Dhut fiodhail nan teud:
'S tu cheumadh, gu boidheach,
'S a thionndadh gu h-eolach,
'S a fhreagrachd gu h-ordail
Do cheolan nain meur;
Tha'n carbag 'sa mhonadh,
'S math tearmunn o'n ghaillonn,
'S gur scalbhach do'n fhear sin
A ghlacas a ceum.

O mheacain an t-suaireis,
'S o leasraidh na h-uaisle,
Be t-fhasan 's bu dual dut
O'n bhuaineadh do sheors;
Gur furanach, pairteach,
Am preas as an dh'fhas thu,

Mar rinneadh do charadh
O'n An 's o'n t-Srath-mhor,
Na'm biodh sibh a lathair,
'S an staid mar a b'aill leam,
Cha reicinn 'ur cairdeas
Air muai 'na Roinn-Eorp;
Gu'n beil mi 'n diugh sabhailt,
O chunna mi Mairi
Gu'n sheas i dhomh aite,
Na mathar nach beo!

Chuir i fasgadh mu'n cuairt domh,
Mar earradh math uachdair,
Gu'n bhuilich i uaisle
Le suaiceas glan beoil.
Lamh shoilleir neo-spiocach,
'S an cridhe neo chrionta,
Aig nighean Catriana
'S mo bhriathar bu choir!
Ge nach faca mi t-athair,
Gu'n euala mi leithid,
'S gu'm b'urra mi aithris,
Cuid dh' fhasain an t-seoid :—
Bha e fial ris na mathaibh—
Ceann' chliar agus cheathairn',
'S bu dhiobhail mar thachair
Luaths' chaidh e fo'n fhod.

Bhiodh ol ann, bhiodh ceol ann,
Bhiodh furan, bhiodh poit ann,
Bhiodh orain, bhiodh dochas
Mu bhor'd an fhir fheil;—
Bhiodh iasg ann, bhiodh sealg ann,
Bhiodh fiadh, agus earb ann,
Bhiodh coileach dubh barragheal,
Ga mharbhadh air gelg.
Bhiodh bradan an fhiar-uisg,
Bhiodh taghadh gach sithn' ann,
Bhiodh liath-chearcan fraoich
Anns an fhrith aig a fein;
'Nam tighinn gu bhaile,
'S gu thurlach gun ainnis,
Bhiodh rusgadh air ealaidh,
Casg paghaidh, a's sgios.

B' iad sud na fir uaisle,
Gun chine gun ghruaimean
Cha 'n fhaigheadh each buaidh orr'
'N tuasaid na'n streup;
Iad gun ardan; gun uabhar,
Neo smachdail air tuatha,
Ach fearann fo 'n uachdar
'Fas suas anns gach ni.
O na dh'imich na h-armuinn,
Chaidh an saoghal gu taire,
'S bi'dh bron agus paidh
Ri chlaistinn na'n deigh :—
'S na 'm fanain ri fhaicinn,
Cho fad' ri mo sheanair,
Gu'm farr'deadh gach fear dhiom
—“ Am faca mi 'n Fheinn?”

O na dhi-mich na h-armuinn,
'S e n-ar cuid na tha lathair,

Gu mu heannaicht' an geard
Th'air an aite a th' ann!
Ceud soraidh, ceud fáilte,
Ceud furan gu Mairi,
A dh'fhag sinn 's a Mhaigh
Ann am braighe nan gleann
'S i cuachag na eoilte,
Na h-uaisle 's na h-oilean,
A dh'fhag sinn gu loinneil
An creagan nam beann;
A gheala-ghlan gun ainnis,
B'e t-ainm a bli banail,
'S gu'n dhearbhl thu bi duineil,
'S nír ehluinneam-s' do chall!

Gu'n ealuineam-s' do bhuinig,
Ge nach fáic mi thu tuilleadh,
Gar an iarradh tu idir
Dhol fad' as an f'honn;
Ach an aite na 's deiseil,
Gun hhlair, no gun chreagan.
'S ma gheibh m' aehanaich freagairt
Cha'n eagal dut bonn;
Tha uaislean, 's treun-laoieih,
Tha truaghain a's feumaieih,
'Toirt tuaraisgeul gicusta
Air t-fheum anns gach hall;
Tha gach tlaeth ort ri innseadh,
Lamh gheal a ní sgríobadh,
'S gur tuigseach a chiall
A chuir Dia na do cheann!

Bi'dh mo dhan agus m' oran,
Bi'dh m' alla mar 's eol domh,
Gu brath fhad 's is beo mi
Toirt sgeoil ort a chaoideh:
Na fhuair mi dhe t-fhurann,
Cha'n fhuaraieh a tuille,
Ní smaointean mo chridhe
Riut brithinn naeh pill;
Cha 'n eil Siorrachd dha 'n teid mi,
Ged 'r ruighinn Dun-eideann,
Nach toir mi deagh sgeul ort
Fhad ' dh' eiseidhe mo rainn
'S hheir mi Charraig bho Fheargus,
Gu atharraeh ainme,
'S leuchd-calaideh na h-Alha
D'a sheanehas 's d'a sheinn.

Ceud furan, ceud fáilte,
Ceud soraidh le bardachd
Ceud tlaeth mar ri ailleachd,
Air fas air a mhnaoi;
Ceud heannachd na dha dhut,
'S gu'm fáiceam-sa slán thu,
Mu tha idir an dan domh,
'Dhol gu brath do Loch-bhráoin;
Ged nach sgalaiehe baird mi,
Cha 'n urrainn mi sieheadh,
Ma thig iad ní 's daíne
Gu'ru paigh iad ris daor:—
'S i bean nan rasg trodhad,
Gun ardan, gun othail,
'S i Mairi 's glain' hodhaig
—Creag odhar nan craobh.

Creag ghohhar, ereag chaoraeh,
Creag bheann, agus aonaich,
Creag fhasgaeh ri gaoith thu,
Creag laogh, agus mheann;
Creag chaoran, ereag ehnathan,
Creag fhiaraeh, a's eheamhaeh,
Creag innach a' labhairt
Am barraih na crann;
Gu'n ealuine guth smeoraeh
An uinneag do sheomair,
'S a chuthag a comhradh
Mar a h'eol d'i bhi eainnt.
'S bi'dh ealaidh a mhonaideh,
Ri eluich anns an dorus
Mar onair ri *Mhali*,
Bean shona nan Gleann.

O nach urra mi sgríobhadh,
No litir a leughadh,
Fhir a dhealaieh an de rium
Aig carn an fheidh dhuinn,
'Chuir a chuid gilleán,
'Sa ghearrain ga'm' shireadh,
Mu'n raeahd mo mhilleadh,
An curaisde puill;
O nach urra mi mholaeh,
An onair mar choisinn,
Mo bheannachd gu meal e
Gun easlaht a chaoideh!
Fhir a shiubhlas an rathad,
A dh' ionnsuidh na Dabhoieih,
Uam imirich mo bheannachd
Gu *Mali* chruinn Donn!

Note.—The above truly admirable song was composed by William McKenzie, the Gairloch and Lochbroom catechist, commonly called *An Ceidear Crubach*, owing to a lameness which he had. He was a native of the parish of Gairloch, and was born about the year 1870. In his early years, McKenzie had the reputation of being a serious young man: he committed to memory the whole of the questions of the Shorter Catechism in Gaelic, and was subsequently allowed a small stated salary for going about from hamlet to hamlet in the forementioned parishes, catechising the young, and imparting religious instruction to all who chose to attend his meetings. It was while employed on these missions that he composed the foregoing. It was the dead of winter: the houses were far apart—a tremendous storm came on—and our author, to save his life, was compelled to stand in the shelter of a rock. In this situation he was fortunately discovered, and conveyed on horseback to the house of Mr. McKenzie, where he experienced the greatest kindness. He forthwith invoked his muse, and celebrated the praises of his host's sister, then a beautiful young lady, and afterwards Mrs. McKenzie of Kernsary, in Gairloch. A song of less poetic grandeur and merit might well have immortalized any mountain maid, and established the reputation of the author, and put it beyond the reach of detractors.

CALUM A' GHILINNE.*

LUINNEAG.

*Mo Chailin donn og,
S mo nighean dubh thogarach,
Thogainn ort fonn,
Neo-throm gun togainn,*

* The author of this popular song was Malcolm McLean, a native of Kinlochewe, in Ross-shire. McLean had enlisted in the army when a young man, and upon obtaining his discharge

*Mo nighean dubh gun iarraidh
Mo briathar gun togainn,
'S gu'n innsinn an t-aobhar,
Nach eileas 'ga d' thogradh.
Mo Chailin donn og.*

Ge'm beil thu gu boidheach,
Bainnidh, banail,
Gun chron ort fo 'n ghrein,
Gun bheum, gun sgainnir;
Gur gil' thu fo d' leine
Na eiteag na mara,
'S tha coir' agam fein
Gun cheile bhi mar-riut.
Mo Chailin donn og, &c.

Gur muladach mi,
'S mi 'n deigh nach math leam,
Na dheanadh dhut sta
Aig each 'ga mhalairt;
Bi'dh t-athair an conhnuidh
'G ol le caithream,
'S e colas nan corn
A dh-fhag mi cho falamh.
Mo Chailin donn og, &c.

Nam bithinn a'g ol
Mu bhord na dibhe,
'S gum faicinn mo mhiann
'S mo chiall a' tighinn,
'S e 'n copan beag donn
Thogadh fonn air mo chridhe,
'S cha tugainn mo bhriathar
Nach iarraim e rithist.
Mo Chailin donn og, &c.

Bi'dh bodaich na duh'
Ri burst 's ri fauid,
A cainn rium fein
Nach geill mi dh-ainnis;

was allowed some small pension. Having returned to his native country, he married a woman, who, for patience and resignation, was well worthy of being styled the sister of Job. Malcolm now got the occupancy of a small pendicle of land and grazing for two or three cows in Glenisguth, at the foot of Benfuathais, in the county of Ross. M'Lean during his military career seems to have learned how to drown dull care as well as 'fight the French'—he was a buccanallian of the first magnitude. He does not, however, appear to have carried home any other of the soldier's vices with him. Few men have had the good fortune to buy immortality at so cheap a rate of literary and poetical labour as "*Caban a Chlirne*;" on this single title his reputation shall stand unimpaired as long as Gaelic poetry has any admirers in the illiglunds of Scotland.

The occasion of the song was as follows: M'Lean had an only child, a daughter of uncommon beauty and loveliness; but owing to the father's squandering what ought, under any economical system of domestic government, to have formed her dowry, she was unwedded, unsought, and, for a long time, unmarried. The father, in his exordium, portrays the charms and excellent qualities of his daughter, dealing about some excellent side-blows at fortune-hunters, and taking a reasonable share of blame to himself for depriving her of the bait necessary to secure a good attendance of wooers.

The song is altogether an excellent one, possessing many strokes of humour and flights of poetic idealism of no common order; while its terseness and comprehensiveness of expression are such, that one or two standing proverbs have been deduced from it. His "*Nighean dubh Thogarrach*," and her husband were living in the parish of Confin, in the year 1769. Malcolm, so far as we have been able to ascertain, never got free of his tavern propensities, for which he latterly became so notorious, that when he was seen approaching to him, the local toper left their work and flunked about him. He was a jolly good fellow in every sense of the word; fond of singing the songs of other poets, for which nature provided him with an excellent voice. He died about the year 1794.

Ged tha mi gun spreidh,
Tha teud ri tharruinn,
'S cha sguir mi de 'n ol
Fhad 's is beo mi air thalamh.
Mo Chailin donn og, &c.

'S ioma bodachan gnu
Nach duirig m' aithris,
Le thional air spreidh
'S iad ga threigsinn a's t-earrach
Nach eog anns a bhliadluna
Trian a ghallain,
'S cha toir e fo 'n uir
Na 's ina na bheir Calum.
Mo Chailin donn og, &c.

Nam bithinn air feill,
'S na ceudan mar rium,
De chuideachda choir
A dh-oladh drama;
Gun suidhinn mu 'n bhord
'S gun traighinn mo shearrag
'S cha tuirt mo bhean rianh rium
Ach—"Dia leat a Chalum!"*
Mo Chailin donn og, &c.

Ge! tha mi gun stor,
Le ol 's le ionairt,
Air bheagan de ni,
Le pris na mine;
Tha fortan aig Dia,
'S e falaidh uime,

*The virtue of mildness in his wife was often put to the test, and found to be equal to the glowing representation of the poet. Malcolm had occasion to go to Dingwall on a summer day for a holl of oatmeal; and having experienced the effects of a burning sun and sultry climate, he very naturally went into a public house on his way to refresh himself. Here he came in contact with a Balaenish drover, who, like himself, did occasional business at the shrine of the red-eyed god. Our "worthy brace of toper" entered into familiar confab; gill was called after gill until they got gloriously happy. Malcolm forgot or did not choose to remember his meal; the drover was equally indifferent about his own proper ceiling—and thus they sat and drank, and roared and ranted, until our poet told his last sixpence on the table. After a pause, and probably revolving the awkwardness of going home without the meal, "Well," said Malcolm, "if I had more money, I would not go home for some time yet." "That's easily got," replied his crony, "I'll buy the grey horse from you." The animal speedily changed owners, and another and more determined onslaught on "blue ruin" was the consequence. Our poet did nothing by halves,—he quaffed stomp after stomp until his pockets were emptied a second time. "Egad!" exclaimed M'Lean, making an effort to lift his head and open his eyes, "I must go now!" "You must," rejoined his friend, "but I cannot see, for the life of me, how you can face your wife." "My wife!" exclaimed the bard in astonishment, "pshaw! man, she's the woman that never said or will say worse to me than "*Dia leat a Chalum*," that is, God bless you, Malcolm. "I'll lay you a bet of the price of the horse and the meal that her temper is not so good, and that you will get an entirely different salutation," replied the drover, who had no great faith in the taciturnity of the female sex. "Done! my recruit," vociferated the bard, grasping the other eagerly by the hand. Away went Malcolm and with him the landlord and other two men, to witness and report what reception our drouthy friend should meet. He entered his dwelling, and, as he approached on the floor, he staggered and would have fallen in the fire, placed gratelessly in the centre of the room, had not his wife flung her apron affectionately about him, exclaiming "*Dia leat a Chalum*." "Ah!" replied Malcolm, "why speak thus softly to me?—I have drunk my money and brought home no meal." "A leatherbelt for that," said his helpmate, "we will soon get more money and meal too." "But," continued the intoxicated poet, "I have also drank the grey horse!" "What signifies that, my love," rejoined the excellent woman, "you, yourself are still alive and mine, and never shall we want—never shall I have reason to murmur while my Malcolm is sound and hearty." It was enough; the drover had to count down the money, and in a few hours Mrs. M'Lean had the pleasure of hailing her husband's return with the horse and meal.

'S mo gheibh mi mo shlaointe,
Gu 'm paidh mi na shir mi.
Mo Chailin donn og, &c.

Ge mor le each
Na tha mi milleadh,
Cha tugainn mo bhroid
Nach olainn tuilleadh,
'S e gaol a bhi m'or
Tha m' fheoil a' sireadh—
Tha 'n sgeul ud ri aithris
Air Callum a Ghlinne.
Mo Chailin donn og, &c.

CLACHAN GHILINN-DA-RUAIL.

LUINNEAG.

*Mo chaileag bhian-gheal, mheall-skuileach,
A dh-fhas gu fallain, fhasgait',
Gur trom mo cheum o 'n dheulaich sinn,
Aig clachan Ghlinn-da-ruail.*

Di-donaich rinn mi cholachadh,
Bean og 's modhar gluasad,
Tha 'guth mar cheol ua smeoaraiche,
'S mar bhl' an rois a graidhean.
Mo chaileag, &c.

'S caoin a seang shlios furanach,
Neo-churaidh a ceum uallach;
Tha 'gairdean ban gle ehuaidail:
'S deud lurach n' a beul guamach.
Mo chaileig, &c.

'S ro fhaicilleach 'n a comhradh i,
Gun sgilm, gun sgleo, no tnaileas;
Gur fathail coiseachd shraidean i,
Air bheagan stait no guaincis.
Mo chaileag, &c.

Ged bheireadh Seoras aite dhomh,
Cho ard 's a tha measg uaislean;
Air m' fhaic 's mor a b' fhearr leam,
A bhi 'n Ceir-chnaimh na m' bhuachaill.
Mo chaileag, &c.

O 's truagh nach robh m' 's m' ailleagan
Air airidh cois nam fuar-bheann!
Bu shocair, seimh a chaidlinn, 's i
Nan m' achlais, air an luachair.
Mo chaileag, &c.

Cha suaimhneas oidhch' air leabaidh
dhomh,
Ga t-fhaicinn ann am bradar;
'S am Bioball fein cha laimsich mi,
Gun t-iomhaigh ghraidh ga 'm bhuai-
readh.
Mo chaileag, &c.

'N uair b' fhileant' briar' a mhinisteir,
A fiosrachadh mu 'r truailleachd;
Bha mise coinhead durachdach,
Na seire tha d' shuil neo-luaineach.
Mo chaileig, &c.

Ged shuidheas Cleir na tire leam,
'S mi sgriobhadh dhuibh le luath-laimh;
'S ann bhios mo smuaintean diomhaireach;
Air Sine dhuinn a chuach-fhuil.
Mo chaileag, &c.

Ach 's eagal leam le m' dheileireachd,
Gu 'n gabh an seisein guainn rium:
Ged fhogras iad do 'n Olaint mi,
Ri m' bheo cha toir mi fuath dhut!
Mo chaileag, &c.

Note.—The above popular song has been attributed to so many reputed poets, that we feel great pleasure in putting the reader right on the subject. The Perthshire people claimed it for the late Rev. Dr. Irvine of Little Dunkeld; while the others were equally certain that it was the production of Mr. Archibald Currie, teacher of the Grammar School, Rothesay. To arrive at a satisfactory conclusion as to its paternity, we have instituted the necessary inquiries, and have now the satisfaction to announce that it is the composition of Mr. Angus Fletcher, parochial schoolmaster of Dunoon. We subjoin Mr. Fletcher's letter in reply to our communication:—

"I was born at Cairn-t-shee (Colrint), a wild, sequestered, and highly romantic spot on the west bank of Lochek, in Cowal, early in June, 1776; and was chiefly educated at the parish school of Kilmoran, Glenharrold. From Glenharrold I went to Bute in 1791, where I was variously employed until May, 1804, when I was elected parochial schoolmaster of Dunoon, and that situation I have continued to fill (however unworthily) hitherto.

"The *Lassie of the Glen* is my earliest poetical production, and came warm from the heart at the age of 16 years. '*Clachan Ghlinn-da-ruail*,' I think, was composed in 1807, in compliment to a very '*Connie Hie-lan's lassie*,' Miss Jean Currie of Cobrechnaive, now Mrs. B.—. In this song, although I believe the best of the two, the heart was not at all concerned. It appeared first in the '*Edinburgh Weekly Journal*,' with my initials, and has been evidently copied from that paper into Turner's Collection of Gaelic Songs. The verse beginning '*Nair shuidheas Cleir na tire leam*,' has reference to the situation I then held of deputy-clerk to the Presbytery of Dunoon, and to the office of Session-clerk of the united parish of Dunoon and Kilmoran, which I still hold."

Here, then, the authorship of "*Clachan Ghlinn-da-ruail*" is settled. It is one of the best and most popular of our amorous pieces, and, although the talented author says that "the heart was not at all concerned" in it, we venture to remind him that Nature, that excellent schoolmistress, had taught him to study her ways. The air to which it is sung is also very popular, and is known in the Lowlands by the name of *Nail Gow's Stralaggy*. But, without wishing to dispute that celebrated violinist of any of his laurels, we beg to inform the reader that that air was known in the Highlands centuries before Neil was born. It is called "*Ceileireachd na Mnaith Sith*," or the "*Fairy's Carol*," and has the following tradition annexed to it:—A certain farmer had engaged a young beautiful female as herd and dairy-maid for a period of twelve months. During the first days of her servitude, as her character and history were altogether unknown, it was necessary to have a sharp eye after her. On one occasion while her employer went out to see whether she was tending the cattle with due care, he found her dancing lightly on the green, and singing a Gaelic song, one verse of which we subjoin:—

"Am bun a chruidh cha chaitris mi,
An bun a chruidh cha bbi mi;
Am bun a chruidh cha chaitris mi,
'S mo leabaidh anns an t-shithean."

We beg to translate this for the sake of the English reader:—

"I'll tend not long thy cattle, man,
I'll tend not long thy bullock;
I'll tend not long thy cattle, lass,
My bed is in yon hillock."

But to return to Mr. Fletcher, we are sorry that want of room prevents us from giving the "*Lassie of the Glen*" in Gaelic. We annex, however, an English translation of it which has deservedly become very popular. It is from Mr. Fletcher's own pen.

AIR—"Cum an Fhicasag ribeach bhuam."

Beneath a hill 'mong birken bushes,
By a burnie's dimpled linn,
I told my love with artless blushes,
To the Lassie o' the Glen."

*O! the birken bank see grassie,
Teg! the burnie's dimple'd fountain;
Dear to me, the bonnie lassie,
Lying in yon ruskie glen.*

*Lonely faill! thy stream see glassie,
Shall be aye my fiv'rie theme;
For, on thy banks, my Highland lassie,
First confessed a mutual flame.
O! the birken, &c.*

*What bliss to sit and name to fish us,
In some sweet wee bow'ry den!
Or fondly stray among the rushes,
Wi' the Lassie o' the Glen!
O! the birken, &c.*

*And though I wander now unhappy,
Far frae scenes we haunted then,
I'll ne'er forget the bank see grassie,
Nor the Lassie o' the Glen.
O! the birken, &c.*

MALI BHEAG OG.

Nach truagh leat mi 's mi 'm prìosan,
Mo Mhali bheag og,
Do chairdean a' cuir binn' orm,
Mo chuid de 'n t-saoghal thu.
A bhean na mala mine,
'S na 'm pògan mar ua fìoguis,
'S tu nach fagadh sbios mi,
Le mi-ruin do bheoil.

'Di-domhnaich anns a' ghleann duinn,
Mo Mhali bheag og,
'Nuair thoisich mi ri cainnt riut;
Mo chuid de 'n t-saoghal uhor.
'Nuair dh'fhosgail mi mo shuilean,
'S a sheall mi air mo chul-thaobh;
Bha marcach an eich chruthaich,
'Tigh' a' dlu air mo lorg.

'S mise bh'air mo bhuairleadh,
Mo Mhali bheag og,
'Nuair 'thain an 'sluagh mu'n cuairt duinn
Mo ribhinn ghlan ur:
'S truagh nach ann san uair ud,
A thuit mo lumb o m' ghuallainn,
Mu'n dh'amaid mi do bhualladh,
Mo Mhali bheag og.

'Gur boiche leam a dh'fhas thu.
Mo Mhali bheag og,
Na'n lili ann san fhasach,
Mo chuid ghradh 's mo ruin:
Mar aiteal caoin na grein'
Ann am madainn chiun ag eirigh,
'Be sud do dhreach a's t-eugais,
Mo Mhali bheag og.

'S mise a thug an gaol
Dha mo Mhali bhig oig,
Nach dealaich rium sa'n t-saoghal,
Mo nighean bhoideach thu.
Tha t-fhalt air dhreach nan teudan,
Do ghruidhean mar na coaran;
Do shuilean, fathail, aobhach,
'S do bheul-labhairt ciun.

Shiubhlainn leat an saoghal,
Mo Mhali bheag og;
Cho fad a's eul na greine,
A gheug a's ailli gnaid.
Ruithinn agns leumainn,
Mar fhiadh air bharr nan sleibhtean,
Air ghaol 's gu'm bithinn reidh 's tu,
Mo Mhali bheag og.

'S truagh a rinn do chairdean,
Mo Mhali bheag og!
'Nuair thoirnisg iad do ghradh dhomh,
Mo chuid de 'n t-saoghal thu:
Nan tugadh iad do lumb dhomh,
Cha bhithinn 's ann san am so,
'Po' bhinn air son mo ghraidh dhut,
Mo Mhali bheag og.

Ge d' bheirte mi bho'n bhas so,
Mo Mhali bheag og,
Cha 'n iarrainn tuille dalach,
Mo chuid ghradh 's mo ruin:
B'annsa 'n saoghal-s' fhagail,
'S gu'm faicinn t-aodann ghradhach;
Gu'n chumh'n' bhi air an la sin,
'S na dh'fhag mi thu ciuirt'.

Note.—The above beautiful song was composed by a young Highland officer, who had served under King William on the continent soon after the Revolution. His history, which elucidates the song, was thus:—He was the son of a respectable tenant in the Highlands of Perthshire, and while a youth, cherished a desperate passion for a beautiful young lady, the daughter of a neighbouring landed proprietor. Their love was reciprocal—but such was the disparity of their circumstances that the obstacles to their union were regarded even by themselves, as insuperable. To mend matters, the gallant young Highlander enlisted, and being a brave soldier and a young man of excellent conduct and character, he was promoted to the rank of an officer. After several years' absence, and when at the end of a campaign, the army had taken up their winter quarters, he came home to see his friends—to try whether his newly acquired status might not remove the objections of her friends to their union. She was still unmarried, and if possible more beautiful than when he left her—every feature had assumed the highly finished character of womanhood—her beauty was the universal theme of admiration. Othello-like, the gallant young officer told her of "hair breadth 'scapes by land and flood," and so enraptured the young lady that she readily agreed to elope with him.

Having matured their arrangements, they fled on a Saturday night—probably under the belief that the non-appearance of the young lady at her father's table on Sabbath morning would excite no surmises in the hurry of going to church. She, indeed, had complained to her father of some slight headache when she retired to rest, and instructed her maid to say next morning that she was better, but not disposed to appear at the breakfast table. Not satisfied with the servant's prevarication, who was cognizant of the elopement, the father hurried to his daughter's bedroom, and, not finding her there, he forcibly elicited the facts from the girl. He immediately assembled his men, and pursued the fugitive lovers with speed and eagerness. After many miles pursuit, they overtook them in a solitary glen where they had sat down to rest. The lover, though he had nobody to support him, yet was determined not to yield up his mistress; and

being well armed, and an excellent gladiator, he resolved to resent any attack made upon him. When the pursuers came up, and while he was defending himself and her with his sword, which was a very heavy one, and loaded with what is called a steel apple. (*ubhal a' chlaideimh*) she ran for protection behind him. In preparing to give a deadly stroke, the point of the weapon accidentally struck his mistress, then behind him, so violent a blow that she instantly fell and expired at his feet! Upon seeing this, he immediately surrendered himself, saying, "*That he did not wish to live, his earthly treasure being gone.*" He was instantly carried to jail, where he composed this heart-melting song a few days before his execution.

Our neighbours, the Irish, claim this air as one of their own, but upon what authority we have been left in the dark. Sir John Sinclair establishes its nativity in Scotland, but falls into a mistake in making an inn the scene of the melancholy catastrophe of the lady's death. The song itself substantiates our version of it. The second stanza was never printed till given by us—the whole is now printed correctly for the first time. It is one of the most plaintive and mellow in the Gaelic language—full of pathos and melancholy feeling. The distracted lover addresses his deceased mistress, as if she were still living—a circumstance that puts the pathetic character of the song beyond comparison, and amply illustrates the distraction of his own mind—a state of mental confusion, and wild melancholy, verging on madness.

MAIRI LAGHACH.

(ORIGINAL SET.)

LE MURCHADH RUADH NAM BO.

LUINNEAG.

Ho, mo Mhairi Laghach,
'S tu mi Mhairi bhinn;
Ho, mo Mhairi Laghach,
'S tu mo Mhairi ghriann;
Ho, mo Mhairi Laghach,
'S tu mo Mhairi bhinn;
Mhairi bhoidheach, lùrach,
Rugadh anns na glinn.

Nuair a thig a Bhealltainn,
 Bithidh ' choill fo bhla,
 'S coin bheaga 'seinn duinn—
 A dh'oidhech a's a la;
 Gobhair agus caoirich,
 A's crodh-laoigh le'n al,
 'S Mairi bhan gan saodach',
 Mach ri aodainn charn.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

'Nuair a thig an Samhradh,
 B'nnsa bhi 's na glinn,
 Ged robh an t-aran gann oirn,
 B'dh 'n t-amhlán trì fillt'
 Gheibh sinn grath a's uachdar,
 Buannachd a chruidh laoiigh,
 As ionaid a chinn chuachaich,
 Chuir mu'n enairt a mbing,
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

"A Pheigi," arsa Seonaid,
 "S neonach lean do chail,—
 Nach iarradh tu 'sheomar,
 Ach Gleann-smcoil gu brath."—
 "B'dh mis' dol do'n' bhuaile,
 A's m' fhalt mu m' chluais a 'fas,
 'S b'dh na fir a faighneachd,
 Maighdean a chuil bhain.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

'M fear a thig an rathad,
 'S math leis thu bhi ann,
 Do ghruaidh mar na caorann,
 Bhios ri taobh nan allt:
 Tha thu bunail beusach—
 Cha leir dhomh do mheang;
 B' annsa bhi ga d'fhogadh,
 Na pòit fion na Fraing.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

Na'm biodh Seonaid làidir,
 Chuir a lauh 's an im,
 Peigi ris an al,
 A's Mairi mu 'n chroth-laoigh,—
 Bhithinnse gu statoil,
 Dol gu airidh leibh.
 'S cha bhitheamaid fo phracas,
 Te nach tannadh lian.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

Nuair shuidheas daoine naise,
 Mu'n cuairt air a bhord,
 'G eilteachadh ri cheile,
 'S deigh ac' air bhi cool,
 Cha'n fhaic mis an eis iad,
 Air son seis da'm beoil,
 Luinneag Mairi chnuchach,
 Tha shuas an-Gleann-smcoil.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

Note.—The author of the foregoing popular song was Murdoch McKenzie, a Loch-broom Drover, known better in his native country, by the cognomen of "*Murchadh Ruadh nam Bo*," or red-haired Murdoch of the droves. Mr. McKenzie composed many excellent songs, and had them taken down in manuscript, preparatory to publication: but at the importunity of his brother-in-law, the Rev. Lachlan McKenzie, of Locherron, he consigned them to the flames. His own daughter, *Mairi Laghach*, was the subject of the above pastoral. Mr. McKenzie's maid servant, it appears, had absconded from his service at a time when her labours were most required in the feeding or mountain milk-house, and the parent naturally appreciates the services of his own daughter, who at a very early age showed great expertness in that department. The air is original, and so truly beautiful that the song has attained a degree of popularity, which its poetry would never have entitled it to, if composed to an old, or inferior air. Mr. McKenzie died in 1831.

MAIRI LAGHACH.

(SECOND SET.)

LUINNEAG.

Ho, mo Mhairi laghach,
'S tu mo Mhairi bhinn,
Ho, mo Mhairi laghach,
'S tu mo Mhori ghrinn :
Ho, mo Mhairi laghach,
'S tu mo Mhairi bhinn
Mhairi bhoideach lwrach,
Rugadh anna na glinn.

B'og bha mis' a's Mairi
'M fasaichean Ghlinn-Sneoil,
'Nuair chuir macan-Bhenis,
Saighead gheur 'n am fheoil;
Tharruinn sinn ri cheile,
Ann an eud cho beo,
'S nach robh air an t-saoghal;
A thug gael cho mor.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

'S tric bha mis' a's Mairi,
Falbh nam fasach fial,
Gu'n smaointean air fal-bheairt,
Gu'n chail gu droch ghuimh;
Cupid ga n-ar taladh,
Ann an cairdeas dian;
S barr nan craobh mar sgail dhuinn,
'Nuair a b' aird' a ghrian,
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

Ged bu leamsa Alba'
A h-airgead a's a maoin,
Cia mar bbithinn sona
Gu'n do chomunn gaoil?
B' annsa bhi ga d' phogadh,
'Le deagh choir dhomh fhein,
Na ged fhaighinn storas,
Na Roinn-Forp' gu leir.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

Tha do bhroilleach soluis
Lan de shonas graidh;
Uchd a's gile sheallas,
Na 'n cal' air an t-spamh :
Tha do mhin-shlios, fullain,
Mar chanach a chair;
Muineal mar an fhaolinn
Fo 'n aodainn a's aillt'.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

Tha t-fhalt bachlach, dualach,
Ma do chlnais a' fas,
Thug nadur gach buaidh dha,
Thar gach gruaig a bha :
Cha 'n 'eil dragh, no tuairgne,
'Na chuir suas gach la;
Chas gach ciabh mun-cuairt dheth,
'S e 'na dhuail gu bharr.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

Tha do chaille-dheud shnaighte
Mar shneachda nan ard;
T-anail mar an caineal;
Beul bho'm banail failt :
Gruaidh air dhreach an t-siris;
Min raisg chinnealt, thla;
Mala chaol gu'n ghruaimeau,
Guis gheal 's cuach-fhalt ban.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

Thug ar n-unbhar barr
Air ailleas righrean mor;
B' iad ar leabaidh stata
Duilleach 's barr an fheoir :
Fluraichean an fhasaich
'Toir dhuinn cail a's treoir,
A's sruthain ghlan nan ard
A chuireadh slaint 's gach por.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

Cha robh inneal ciuil,
A thuradh rianh fo 'n ghrein,
A dh'-sithriseadh air choir,
Gach ceol bhiodh againn fhein :
Uiseag air gach lonan;
Smeorach air gach geig,
Cuthag 's gug-gug aic',
'Madainn churaidh Cheit'.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

Note.—The second set of "*Mairi Laghach*," is the composition of Mr. John McDonald, tacksman, of Seorraig, Lochbroom, a gentleman of great poetical talents. It is infinitely superior to the original set; and, while Mr. McKenzie has the merit of having composed the air, Mr. McDonald is entitled to the praise of having sung that most beautiful of airs, in language, which, for purity, mellowness, and poetry, was never surpassed. Mr. McDonald now lives in the island of Lewis, where he is much respected; he is the author of many excellent poems and songs, and in him yet the Highland muse finds a votary of ardent devotedness,—of nerve, tact, talent, intelligence, and wit. We subjoin a beautiful translation of five stanzas of this popular song by another gifted Highlander, Mr. D. M'Pherson, bookseller, London.

CHORUS.

Sweet the rising mountains, red with heather bells,
Sweet the bubbling fountains and the dewy dells;
Sweet the snowy blossoms of the thorny tree!
Sweeter is young Mary of Glensmole to me.

Sweet, O sweet! with Mary o'er the wilds to stray,
When Glensmole is dress'd in all the pride of May—
And, when weary roving through the greenwood glade—
Softly to recline beneath the birken shade.
Sweet the rising mountains, &c.

There to fix my gaze in raptures of delight,
On her eyes of truth, of love, of life, of light—
On her bosom purer than the silver tide,
Fairer than the cava on the mountain side.
Sweet the rising mountains, &c.

What were all the sounds contriv'd by tuneful men,
To the warbling wild notes of the sylvan glen?
Here the merry lark ascends on dewy wing,
There the mellow mavis and the blackbird sing.
Sweet the rising mountains, &c.

What were all the splendour of the proud and great,
To the simple pleasures of our green retreat?
From the crystal spring fresh vigour we inhale;
Rosy health does court us on the mountain gale.
Sweet the rising mountains, &c.

Were I offered all the wealth that Albion yields,
All her lofty mountains and her fruitful fields,
With the countless riches of her subject seas,
I would scorn the change for blisses such as these!
Sweet the rising mountains, &c.

CUIR A CHINN DILEIS.

(ORIGINAL SET.)

LUINNEAG.

*Cuir a chinn dileis,
Dileis, dileis,
Cuir a chinn dileis,
Tharum do lamh,
Do ghorm-shuil thairis,
A mhealladh na miltean,
'S duine gun chli,
Nach tugadh dhut gradh.*

CHA thinneas na feachda,
'S a mhadainn so bhuail mi:
Ach acad ro buan
Nach leigheis gu brach.
Le sealladh air faiche.
De shlaith on taigh uasail,
Moch-thra di-luain,
'S mi 'g amharc an la.

Rinn deiseid a pearsa,
Nach facas a thuarmsa;
'G imeachd fo'n chuach-chul,
Chamagach, thla.
Rinn dealaradh a mais,
Agus lasadh a gruaidhean,
Mis' a ghrad bhuailadh,
Tharais gu lar.
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Ach dh' eirich mi rithist,
Le cridhe lan uabhair;
A's dh' imich mi ruathar,
Ruighinn na dail.
'G a h-iathadh na m' ghlaicibh,
Ach smachdaich i bhuam sin
Ochan! is truagh!
A mheath i mo chail.
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Do dheare-shuilcan glana,
Fo mhalla gun ghruaimcan;
'S daigheann a bhuail iad,
Mise le d' ghradh.
Do ros bhilean tana,
Seamh, farasda, suaice,
Cladhaichear m' uaigh
Mar glac thu mo lamh.
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Tar fuasgail air m' anam
On cheanghal is cruaidhe;
Cuimhnich air t-uaisle,
'S cobhair mo chas.

Na biodham-s' am thrailt dut
Gu brach, on aon uair-s';
Ach tiomaich o chruas,
Do chridhe gu tlas.
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Cha'n fhaodar leam cadal,
Air leabaidh an naigheas:
'S m' aigne ga bhuaire',
Dh' oidheche 's a la.
Ach ainneir is binne,
'S a's grinne, 's a's suaice;
Gabh-sa dhiom truas,
'S bithidh mi slan!
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

CUIR A CHINN DILEIS.

(MODERN SET.)

'S MI 'm shuidh' air an uilinn
A tuircadh sa caoine;
Bhuail saighhead a ghaoil mi,
Direach gu'n shail.
Dh' fhas mi cho lag,
'S nach b' urra' mi dircadh;
Le goirteas mo chinn,
'S eha d' shin i dhomh lamh.
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

'S MI 'm shuidh' air an tulaich,
An iomal na cuirte;
A' g amharc mo ruin,
'S i 'n ionad ro ard.
Thug i le fionnaireachd,
Sealladh de suil domh,
'S thiunnadaidh i cul-thaobh,
Seachad air barr.
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Sheall mi am dheighlidh,
Gu fradharc dh'i fhaotainn;
'S chuna' mi h-aodann,
Farasda, tla.
Chuna' mi sealladh,
A mhealladh na miltean,
'S amaideach mi,
'S nach faigh mi na pairt,
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Tha mais' ann ad bhilean
Cha 'n aithris luchd-ciùil e,
'Togaidh tu sunnt,
An tallachan ard.
Leagair leat seachad,
Sar ghaigich na dutlich';
Le sealladh do shùil,
'S le giulan do ghmais.
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Do bhraghad ni 's gile,
 Na canach na dige;
 Chite dol sìos,
 'M fionn bhaine blath.
 'S ioma rud eile—
 Cha 'n 'eil i ri faotainn,
 Idir san t-saoghal,
 Aogais nò ghraidh,
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Do chul mar an canach,
 T-fhalt clannach 's cuirn air,
 A chumas an drùidh.
 Gu dlu air a bharr.
 Na chuaillean air casadh,
 Na chleachdan air lùbadh,
 'S do-cheannaicht' an crùn,
 Tha giulan a bhlaith,
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Do ghruaigh mar an coreur,
 Beul socair o'm binn sgeul:
 Deud mar na disne,
 'S fìnealt a dh' fhas.
 Do shlios mar an eala,
 S do mheall-shuilean miogach,
 Thaladh thu m' inntiun,
 'S cha pill i gu brach.
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Note—The above two beautiful songs are of great antiquity, and their authorship is not known. There is a translation of one of them, by a lady, in Johnson's "Scottish Musical Museum," Vol. 11. The English version, however, although very literal and not destitute of merit, conveys no idea of the spirit, felicity and poetical grandeur of the original.

AN NOCHD GUR FAOIN.

MO CHADAL DOMH.

A' nochd gur faoin mo chadal dhomh,
 Sior acaim na'm beil bh'nam,
 Do ghomunn le deagh chaoimhnealachd,
 Dh'fhag mi bho 'n raoir fo ghruaim.
 Gur tric mi ann an aisling leat,
 Gach uair da 'n dean mi suain;
 Trom-osnaich 'nuair a dhuisgeas mi,
 Air bhì dha t-iundrann bh'nam.

Air bhì dhomh 'g-iundrann suairecis bh'nam,
 'S tu leagh mo shuaidh 's mo bhla;
 O rinn do ghaol-sa' fuarachadh,
 Cha dualach dhomh bhì slàn.
 'S ann riut a leiginn m' uir-easbhuidh,
 Air ghleus nach chumeadh cach,
 Dh'fhag t-aogasg mi cho m'ladach,
 'S gur cunuart dhomh am bas.

Is mor a ta do ghlibhtean ort,
 A ta gun fhios do chach

Corp seang gun fheall gun fhalachd ann,
 Gur cas thu mhealladh graidh.
 'S a lughad oigear furanach,
 A thuilleadh orms' an sas,
 D' an tugadh t-aodann faothachadh,
 'S an t-aog ga 'n cur gu bas.

Cha chuireadh gaol gu geilte mi,
 Na 'm freagrachd tu mo ghloir.
 Gur h-e do eòmrachd maighdeannail,
 Mo raghainn dheth gach cool.
 'S gur h-ionadh oidheh' no-aoibhneach,
 Chum do chaoimhneas mi fo leon;
 Is bi'dh mi nochd a' m' aonaran,
 A smaointeach bean do neoil.

Tha bean do neoil am braitheachas,
 Ri eala bhan nan speur:
 Gur binne leam bhì maran leat.
 Na clarsaichean nan teud.
 Is tha do thlachd a's t-aillidheachd,
 Ag cur do ghraidh an ceill;
 Gur cosmhuil thu ri ailleagan,
 Da'n umhlaich cach gu leir.

Is beairt a chlaoidh mo shochair thu,
 'S a shoeraich ort mo ghaol;
 'S gur e mheudaich tursa dhomh,
 Gu'n thu bhì ddomh mar shaoil.
 Sgeul fìor a dh' fheudar aiceamh leam;
 Gur leir a bhla 's a chaoim;
 Gu'n d' fhag gach speis a th' agam dhut,
 An nochd mo chadal faoin.

Gu 'n d' rinn mi Alb' a chuartachadh,
 O Chluaidh gu nìsge Spe;
 Is bean do neoil cha chualas,
 Bu neo-huainiche na beus.
 Is corrach gorm, do shuilean;
 Gur geal, s gur dlu, do dheud,
 Falt buidhe 's e na chuachan ort,
 'S a shnuagh air dhreach nan teud.

Thug mise gaol da riridh dhut,
 'Nuair bha thu d' nìonaig oig;
 Is air mo laimh nach dìbrinn e,
 Air mùle pumnd de 'n or:
 Ge d' fhaighinn fhìn na chruintean e,
 Ga chunntadh dhomh air bord;
 Cha treiginn gaol na ribhinne,
 A tha 'n Ile ghlas an fheoir.

ORAN AILEIN.

LUINNEAG.

Hug o ho-ri ho hoireannan,
 Hug o ho-ri 's na hì-ri hu o,
 Hithill u hog oireannan,
 Hu o ho ri hog oireannan!

AILEIN, Ailein, is fad an cadal,
Tha'n uiseag a' gairm 's an la glasadh,
Grian a'g eiridh air an leachdainn,
S fada bhuam fhin luchd nam breacan.

Hug o ho-ri, &c.

Ailein duinn gabh sgoimh 's bi g' eiridh,
Tionail do chloinn, cùmhlich t-fhearan orr.
B'fha Alba nìhor fo bheinn dheisdean,
Mar a dhion a mhinntir fein i.

Hug o ho-ri, &c.

Bheir iad Morag* mhin air eigin.
'S eagal leam gu'n dian i geilleadh,
S gu'm bi sliochd gun an coir fein ac.
De Bhreatainn mhòr no de dh-Eirinn.

Hug o ho-ri, &c.

'Mhorag na'm faicinn t-fhear-cusaigh,†
Ge b' ann air cabhsair Dhan-Eideann,
Thairrgainn na laim chaola, gheura,
S dh-fhagainn fhin e marbh gun eiridh.

Hug o ho-ri, &c.

* Prince Charles. † The Duke of Cumberland.

ORAN

DO PHRIONNSA TEARLACH.

Fuar ud tha thail ma airidh nan Comh-
aichean, [leat,
B'fhearr leam fhin gu'n cinneadh gnothaich
Sniubhlainn Gleann-laoidh a's Gleann'-comh-
han leat,

Da thaobh Loch-iall a's Gleann'-tadha leat;

Hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho,

'S na hillirin ho-ro ho bha hi,

'Nu hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho,

Mo leann-dubh mor on chuidh tu dhìom.

Shuibhlainn moch leat, shuibhlainn ana-
moch, [lach,

Air feadh choilltean, chreagan, a's gharbh-

O! gur h-e mo ruin an sealgair,

'S tu mo raghainn do shìlugh Alba.

Hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho, &c.

A Thearlaich oig a chluicinn chiataich,
Thug mi gaol dnt 's cha ghaol bliadhna,
Gaol nach tugainn do dhìne na dh'iarla,
B' fhearr leam fhin nach faca mi rianh thu.

Hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho, &c.

Fhleasgaich ud an beul a Ghlinne,
Le t-fhalt dualach slos ma d' shlinnean,
B' annsa leam na chuach bu bhinne,
'Nuair dheanadh tu rium do chomhradh
milis.

Hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho, &c.

Bha do phog mar fhion na frainge,
Bha do ghruaidh mar bhrailleig Shiamhraidh,
Suil chorrach ghorm fo'd' mhala gheannar,
Do chul dualach. ruadh. a mheall mi.

Hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho, &c.

A Thearlaich oig a mhie Rìgh Seumas,
Chunna mi toir mhòr an deigh ort,
Iadsan gu subhach a's mise gu deurach,
Uisge mo chinn tigh'n' tinn o'm leirsian.

Hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho, &c.

Mharbh iad m'athair a's mo dha bhrathair,
Bhuill iad mo cinneadh a's chreach iad mo
chairdean,

Sgrios iad mo dhuthaich ruisg iad mo ruha-
thair,

'S bu laoghaid mo mhulad nan cinneadh le
Tearlach.

Hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho, &c.

Note.—The real author of this favourite ditty is not known, and though published on the "lips of thousand fair maidens and fond admirers," this is the first time it has been committed to press. Various MS. copies of it are in our possession, the oldest of which is by a Lady and bears the following title: "Miss Flora MacDonald's Lament for Prince Charles."

CUMHA DO DH' UILLEAM SISEAL.

FEAR INNS'-NAN-CRANN AN SRATH-CHLAS
A THUIT LATHA CHEULODAIR
LE MHNAOI FEIN.

Och! a Thearlaich oig Stiubhairt,

'S e do chuis rinn mo leireadh.

Thug thu bhuam gach ni bh'agam,

Ann an cogadh na t-aohhar:

Cha chroth, a's cha chaoirich,

Tha mi caoidh ach mo cheile,

Ge do dh'fhagte mi m'aonar,

Gun sian 's an t-saoghal ach leine.

Mo run geal og.

Co nis 'thogas an claidheamh,

No ni chathair a lionadh?

'S gann gur h-e tha air m' aire,

O nach maircann mo chlad ghradh;

Ach cia mar gheibhinn o m' nadur,

A bli 'g aicheadh na 's miann leam,

A's mo thiogradh cho laidir,

Thoirgt gu aite mo rìgh math?

Mo run geal og.

Bu tu'm fear mor bu mhati cumradh,

O d' mhullach gu d' bhrogan,

Bha do shlios mar an eala,

'S blas na meall' air do phogan;

T-fhalt dualach, donn, lurach,

Mu do mhuineal an ordugh,

'S e gu cam-lubach, cuimeir,
'S gach aon toirt urram d'a bhoichead.
Mo run geal og.

Bu tu 'm fear slinneanach leathunn,
Bu chaoile meadhon 's bu dealbhaich;
Cha bu tailear gun eolas,
'Dheanadh cota math gearra dhut;
Na dheanadh dhut triubhais
Gun bhi cumhann, no gann dut;
Mar gheala-bhradan do chasan,
Le d' ghearr osan mu d' chalpa.
Mo run geal og.

Bu tu iasgair na h-amhunn—
'S tric a thaghaich thu fein i;
Agnus sealgair a mhunaidh—
Blìodh do ghunn' air dheagh ghleusadh;
Bu bhinn leam tabhunn do chuilcinn,
Bheireadh fuil air mac cille;
As do laimh bu mhor m' earbsa—
'S tric a mharbh thu le cheil iad.
Mo run geal og.

Bu tu poitear na dibhe—
'N am suidhe 's taigh osda,
Ge be dh'oladh 's tu phlaidheadh;
Ged' thuiteadh caeh mu na bordaibh,
Bhi air mhisg cha 'n e b' fhiu leat,
Cha do dh' ionnsaich thu og e,
'S cha d' iarr thu rianh cuis,
Air te air chul do mhna posda.
Mo run geal og.

Gur mis th'air mo sgaradh,
'S ge do chanam, cha bhreug e—
Chaidh mo shugradh gu sìleadh,
O'n nach pillcar bho'n eng thu,
Fear do cheile a's do thuisge,
Cha robh furast ri fhentainn,
'S cha do sheas an Cuilodair,
Fear do choltas bu treine.
Mo run geal og.

'S iona baintighearna phriseil,
Le'n sìoda 's le'n srolabh,
Dan robh mis' am chuis-fharmaid,
Chionn gu'n tairgeadh tu pog dhomh;
Ge do bhithinn cho sealbhach,
'S gu'm bu leam airgead fhanobhar,
Bheirinn enac anns na h-aintean,
Na'n cumadh each sinn bhò phesadh!
Mo run geal og.

Och! nan och! gur mi bochdag,
'S mi lan osnaich an comhnuidh;
Chaill mi duil ri thu thighinn—
Thuit mo chridhe gu doirteadh;
Cha tog fiodhall, no clarsach,
Fìob, no taileasg, no ceol e;
Nis o chuir iad thu'n tasgaidh,
Cha duisg caidridh duin' oig mi.
Mo run geal og.

Bha mi grei s ann am barail,
Gu'm bu mhaireann mo cheile,
S gu'n tigeadh tu dhathaigh,
Le aighear 's le h-cibhneas,
Ach tha 'n t-am air dol tharais,
'S cha 'n fhaic mi fear t-eugais,
Gus an teid mi fo'n talamh,
Cha dealaich do speis rium.
Mo run geal og.

'S iomadh bean a tha bronach,
Eadar Troiteirnis 's Sleibhte,
Agnus te tha na bantraich,
Nach d'fhuair samhla da'm cheile;
Bha mise lan solais,
Fhad 's bu bheo sinn le-cheile,
Ach a nis bho na dh'fhalbh thu,
Cha chuis fharmaid mi fein daibh!
Mo run geal og.

Note.—Christiana Fergusson, the authoress of the above elegiac production was a native of the Parish of Contin, Ross-shire, where her father was a blacksmith—chiefly employed in making dirks and other implements of war. She was married to a brave man of the name of William Chisholm, a native of Strathglas, and a near kinsman of the Chief of that name. On the memorable day of Cuiloden, William was flag-bearer or banner-man of the clan; and most assuredly the task of preserving the “*Bratach Choinneach*” from the disgrace of being struck down, could not have fallen into better hands. He fought long, and manfully; and even after the retreat became general, he rallied and led his clansmen again and again to the charge, but in vain. A body of the Chisholms ultimately sought shelter in a barn, which was soon surrounded by hundreds of the red-coats who panted for blood. At this awful conjuncture William literally cut his way through the government forces. He then stood in the barn door, and with his trusty blade, high raised, and in proud defiance guarded the place. In vain did their spears and bayonets aim their thrusts at his fearless breast, he hewed down all who came within reach of his sword, and kept a semicircle of eight feet clear for himself in the teeth of his desperate enemies. At length he was shot by some Englishmen, who climbed up to the top of the barn from behind, where he fell as a hero would wish to fall, with seven bullets lodged in his body.

His wife forthwith composed the foregoing beautiful and heart-touching lament, which is altogether worthy of an affectionate woman. She is so full of the idea of her noble-souled husband, that her own personal hardships and privations find no place in the catalogue of her miseries—they have but one great radical source, the death of her beloved. Neither does she pour invective on the depopulators of her country—no! these were too insignificant to draw her mind for a moment from her peerless William Chisholm. With great good taste too, she devotes to the Prince one solitary expression of sympathetic condolence:—

Who now shall wield the burnish'd steel,
Or fill the throne he ought to fill!

and then, with the wings and wail of a matchless dove, flutters over the mangled carcass of her husband, and depicts his matchless person and soul in language that would melt the sternest heart to sympathy. There are several passages of great beauty, pathos and sublimity in this song; and, apart from the interesting circumstance that called it forth, it possesses all the essential properties or attributes of a first rate production. The air is original.

MARBHRANN DO LEANAHM GILLE
A BHA RO-THAIFNEACH LE
ATHAIR.

AIR FONN—*Thug mi gaol, thug mi gaol,
Thug mi gaol don fhear bhan,
Thug mi gaol dhut a ghaoil,
'S d' thu nam smaointein a ghnath.*

Fhir a dh'fhalbh 'uam dirdaoine
Bu ghlan aogasg na cach,
Bha do ghruaidh air dhreach nan caor,
Bhios air taobh nam beann ard.
Thug mi gaol, &c.

T-aghaidh aluinn mar ghrian,
Suil ghorm liontach 'si tla,
Beul dearg maoth 's mala chaol,
Slios mar fhaoilan an t-snaimh.
Thug mi gaol, &c.

'S beag a shaoil mi 'n am gluasad,
A luaidh leat th'ar saile,
Gur ann an uir Chill-mhuir
Bheirin thu ruin gu bhi cnamh.
Thug mi gaol, &c.

Ach Dia gar toileachadh le ordan
S gach seol anns an aill :
An tigh a bhroin 'sann a dhorduich
E'n conuidh dhuinn tamh.
Thug mi gaol, &c.

'S ni gur leir dhuinn mar cheusadh
A Mhac fhein tha gu h-ard,
A thug e thairis le thoil fhein,
Ann an eiric ur slainte.
Thug mi gaol, &c.

A ni dh'orduich Rìgh nan dul
Ann an eumhnant nan gras,
Gleann na h-ioraslachd thoirt duinn
Ro ghlean dudlaidh a bhais, &c.
Thug mi gaol, &c.

'Nuair a ruigcas sinn fa-dheoidh,
Abhuinn Jordan a bhais,
Mur bi 'n t-urras aig a bruaich
Theid don chuan dhubh nach traighe.
Thug me gaol, &c.

'Cha d'rugadh a h-aon anns-an f'heoil
A chuaidh gu gloir gun a snamh,
A mach Mo Enos a's Elias,
Mar tha 'n fhirinn ag ra.
Thug mi gaol, &c.

MARBHRANN DO BHEAN OG CHLIU-
ITEACH A BHA POSDA AIG ALAS-
DAIR CAIMBEUL, SA CHAOCHAIL
SA BLIADHNA 1859.

AIR FONN.—*"Ioram na truaighe."*

'S gur e mise tha fo eislein
Bho chuala mi sgeula do bhais !
A bhean shubhailceach bheusach
Dha robh tuigse agus ceutamh a's gradh ;
'S beag an t-ioghnadh do cheile
Bhi gu tursach trom deurach mar tha,
Cha n' fhaic e coimeas a cheud ghraidh
A measg mhilltean air cheutachd an gnaiths.

Bha thu furanach fialuidh,
Lan tuigse agus riaghailt a's cliu ;
Cha robh lochd unnad ri iarraidh ;
Bha naise na diadhachd ad ghnuis.
Leis an tlachd a bh'aig Dia dhut,
Thug e leis thu gu siorruidh dha churt :
Do chomunn nan ainglean,
Gu bhi tuilleadh a seinn air a chliu.

'S mor an comharra' grais ort,
Bha thu iochdar a's baigheil ri bochd ;
'Nuair a thig iad dha 'n aite
'San robh thu ri tamh ni iad osn' !
Cha n' fhaic iad ann Mari
Bidh a chuideachd a dh'fhag thu fo sprochd ;
Neul fuar air an ardaich
An robh mire a's manran a's tlachd.

'S beag an t-ioghnach do mhathair,
Bhi gun aighear no slainte gu feum ;
Cha d'fhig i mar b'abhuist
A chuir furan a graidh dhut an geill ;
I ri faicinn an aite
Anns a bheil thu an caradh leat fhein ;
Bidh an oridhe ga chradh aic'
'Sa suilean ri fasgadh nan deur.

Ged bhiodh agamsa a dh'aircamh
Na bha aig Rìgh Daibhidh do mhic,
Agus bear aig gach aon diu,
Bheirinn Mari ri 'm thaobh as a measg ;
Cha 'n col dbomh coimeas a ghraidh sin
Thug i chairdean a's luchd colais a fir,
Ach Rut a phos Boas
Sa lean ri Naomi gu glic.

Ach 's gearr an uinc gus a fag sinn,
An saoghal 'sna cairdean gu leir ;
Cha n' eil aon do shliochd Adhamh
Nach dealaich am bas iad o cheil :
A chuid a gheibh creideamh tearnuidh
Theid iad dhachaidh gu Pharas Mhic De,
'Sa cha bhi tuillidh ceann-fath dhaibh
A bhi 'g ionndrainn na dh'fhag iad nan
deigh.

Note.—Archibald Campbell, the author of the two foregoing elegies, was born in the Isle of Skye, Scotland, in the year 1786, of highly res-

pectable parents, whose descendants in their native country, even to this day, are among the wealthiest, the most enterprising and intelligent portion of the inhabitants of that Isle.

Our author in his younger days, was like the most of those who woo the poetic muse, wild and romantic; consequently he did not succeed well in life in his native country, and in the year 1830 emigrated to Nova Scotia. Soon after his arrival on the shores of his adopted country, he took up lands on the beautiful banks of Lake Ainslie, C. B. where he taught school with much success for a number of years, and now (in 1863) lives respected an independent farmer.

The first of his poetic efforts here inserted, was composed on the death of a beautiful child, who died when 4 years of age. The last was composed in 1860, when our author was 74 years of age, and was occasioned by the death of Mrs. Alexander Campbell of Broad Cove, his daughter-in-law, a woman of great personal worth. He has composed many songs of much merit, which in all probability, will be published after his death.

ORAN GAOIL LE DUINE UASAL ARAID.

LUNNEAG.

*A Mhari boidheach 'sa Mhari ghaolach,
A Mhari bhoidheach gur mor mo ghaol ort,
A Mhari bhoidheach gur tu a chlaoidh mi,
'Sa dh'fhag mi bronach gun doigh air t' fhaotinn.*

Mhari bhoidheach gur mor mo ghaol ort,
Gur tric mi cuimhneach ort 's mi m' aonar,
Ged a shiubhlainn gach ceum do 'n t-saoghal,
Bidh t-iomhaigh bhoidheach tinn beo gach taobh dhìom.

A Mhari bhoidheach, &c.

'S truagh nach robh mi 's mo Mhari bhoidheach,

Ann an gleannan faoin a's ceo air,
'S ged bu Rìgh mi 'san Roinn-Eorpa,
Cha 'n iaruinn pog ach o mhari bhoidheach.

A Mhari bhoidheach, &c.

Ach chitear Feidh air sgeith 'sna speuran,
Chitear Iasg air ard nan sleibhtein,
Chitear sneachda dubh air gheugan,
Mu'm faicear caochladh air mo ghaol dut.

A Mhari bhoidheach, &c.

O Mhari lughdaich thu mo chiall domh,
Tha mo chri' le do ghaol air lionadh;

Tha gach la ann am fad mar bliadhna,
Mur faic mi t-aodan a tha marghrian domh.

A Mhari bhoidheach, &c.

Co chi mo Mhari s' as urraim aichea',
Gu bheil a chridhe laist le gradh dhi,
Thug i barrachd ann an ailleachd,
Thar gach maise tha fas 'san al so.

A Mhari bhoidheach, &c.

Do shuilean meallach fod' mhala bhoidhich,
Do bheulan tana air dhath nan rosan,
Do shlios mar chanach an gleannan moin-
tich,
'S do ghruaidh mar chaoran fo sgeith nam
mor-bheann.

A Mhari bhoidheach, &c.

Caite am faicear 'san t-saoghal bean t-aogais,
Cha n' 'eil i idir ann ri fhaotinn,
Am maise, an tuigse 'san dea' bheusan,
Tha thu ro ard oscionn gach aon diu.

A Mhari bhoidheach, &c.

Fhir a shiubhlas thar thonnaibh uai 'reach,
Dh' ionnsuidh Innscan cian nan cuaintean,
Thoir gach sìod, agus ni tha luach' ar,
Dh' ionnsuidh Mari a rinn mo bhuairleadh.

A Mhari bhoidheach, &c.

Eoin as moiche a theid air sgiathan,
'Sa theid ard anns an iarmailt,
Na biodh la anns a bhliadhna,
Nach seinn sibh ceol dha mo Mhari chiataich.

A Mhari bhoidheach, &c.

Ach cha dian Eala air slìos nam mor-thonn.
Cha dian Smeorach nam badan boidheach,
Cha dian gach inneal-ciuil ach cronan,
'Nuair a sheinucas mo Mhari bhoidheach.

A Mhari bhoidheach, &c.

Ge do bliithinn tursach cianail,
'S mi le curam air mo lionadh,
Ni do ghnais-sa a tha mar glorian domh,
Mo chridhe sunntach 'nuair thig thu m' fhi-
anuis.

A Mhari bhoidheach.

Gu mo slan dha mo Mhari bhoidheach,
Ge be aig 's am bi a conuidh,
Se mo ghuidh-sa am fad 'sas beo mi
Gu'm bi gach solas aig Mari bhoidheach.

A Mhari bhoidheach.

GLOSSARY.

A

Abhachd, a harmless gibing or joking
Abvan, clampa, an oar guard, &c.
Achdaidh, certain, self-satisfied
Aithéis, the sea, ocean, the horizon
Aibheiseach, immense, ethereal, &c.
Aimhealach, vexing, uneasy, galling
Aimhídh, sour, sulky, sullen, surly
Aisling-chonnait, a libidinous dream
Anagladh, teamwork, protection
Aol-taigh, university, college
Arsaidh, ancient, old, over-aged
Ausadh or abhsadh, a jerk, a sea phrase, also the whole canvass of a boat or ship

B

Baile-na-buirbhe, Bergen, the former capital of Norway
Ballag, a spruce neat little woman
Baganá, no bogatna, tight, compact
Bancho, the progenitor of the Stuarts
Baraisgeach, a foolish woman, idiotie
Bastalach, showy, cheering
Beitir, neat, clean, tidy, compact
Bladh-ianain, wood-sorrel
Biogach, small, diminutive, dwarfish
Bioganta, lively, smart, apt to start
Biosgach, catclat at morsels, greedy
Bliathum, glibberish, jargon, senseless talk
Borrachan, the banks of a burn or river
Brath, air bhrath, to be found, to the fore, extant
Breideach, a woman wearing the badge of marriage
Brionnach, flattering, coaxing, &c.
Briot, chit-chat, tattle, small talk
Brooluth, excitement, vigour
Bruadhach, a hairy rough man, a pimpled fellow
Brallach, unintelligible disjointed talk, unpleasant sounds, jargon
Bruasgadh, a tearing in tatters, or breaking asunder, confusion
Buathanta, foolish, awkward, clumsy in conversation or action
Buidh, a hero, a champion, an enemy
Bumdaid, fee, wages, bounty
Burarus, warbling or purling noise

C

Cairbin, gunna-glaic, a carabine
Catriche, a wrestler, a tumbler
Caisreagach, wrinkled or creased
Calhar, ionach, greedy, voracious, gluttonous
Caluman-cothail, a God-send, a propitious omen
Caiddearan, lamentation
Capull-colla, a capercaillie or mountain cock; this species of fowls is now nearly extinct in the Highlands of Scotland
Cearseach, abounding in ringlets, round, globular, circular
Cidheach, ceathach, mist, fog, vapour
Clagh, surge, a burying-place, &c.
Clannhuinn, cliflet, gliob, sleek
Clann-fhall, luxuriant waving hair
Clasach, a kind of sword, also a rifle gun
Claranach, a wandering bard or minstrel, a swordsman, a wrestler
Cluain, attention, retirement, peace, slumber
Cnaidell, scoffing, jeering, derision
Cobhrachean, coffers, money-drawers
Colaid, a contest, a scold, a struggle
Comarach, direction or tendency forward
Conach, petition, request, demand
Conach, saibhir, rich, riches
Corparach, conquerors, victors
Cra-ban, fourpence (Western Isles id.)

Crabhaidh, hard, well tempered
Crannghail, implements, apparatus
Craobhaidh, niggardly, mean
Crap-bi, a musical phrase among pipers
Creadhneach, craiteach, hurtful, painful, excruciating
Crios-co-chulainn, no lus-co-chulainn, an herb called "my lady's belt"
Croiteag, slochd-chariach, a kind of mortar, a circular stone hollowed for preparing pot harley or pounding bark
Croilein clann, a circle of children, &c.
Crom-an-donais, blood and wounds! egad! zounds!
Cuannal, cuantail, a company of songsters, a band of musicians
Cuan-spihl, the sea between the Isle of Skye and Lewis
Cuistie-chiuil, a musical vein
Cuistie-shiomhain, the winding veins of trees
Curaisde or cur-ateid, a quagmire

D

Daitheach, a friend, companion, a stranger
Daiseachan, low witted insipid poets
Daochadh, graimed, disgusting, unpleasant, loathsome
Deal, zealous, keen, earnest
Dealachan, zeal, great glee, hilarity, earnestness
Deatam, anxiety, eagerness, solicitude
Deideag, rib-grass, a little fair one, a darling, a conceit
Deillemeachd, the humming of bees, the barking of dogs
Deoch-thionta, decanted drink
Dileant, everlasting, profound, inundating, rainy
Dilinn, endless, never, also an inundation or deluge
Dioa, dithis, plural of one; two
Dùcheadh, cramming, filling by force
Dùchad, come to me, approach me; *stuc*, away! begone! disperse
Doindid, extreme cold, hoar frost
Doindid, clemency
Doindid, loathsome, hateful, contempt
Draige, Gen. of dring, an ignis fatuus, an atmospheric phenomenon
Duadnail, ridiculous, ludicrous, laughable
Du-chlach, a flint, also a cabalistic stone
Dùdadh, resembling in sound that of a horn, deep intonation
Duilleachd, affliction, sorrow
Duimhneach, the primitive surname of Campbell, *bho Dhiarmad O'Duine*
Duirceadh, a half-worn dirk or kuffe
Dusluing, dualuinn, dust, earth, soil

E

Ealabhuide, ealabhi, St. John's wort
Eabaradh, uraradh, parching corn in a pot preparatory to grinding
Eistreadh, traigh, a rough stony ebb, a sea beach

F

Fachach, a little insignificant man, a puffin
Faillbe, the aerial expanse, a ring
Faileal, a hearty cheerful salute, friendly talk, &c., &c.
Faoibhachd, act of despoiling, plundering
Farragrath, provocation, enmity; report, surmise
Furpits, emulation, strife, rivalry
Feuda-colla, the flowers of wood-sorrel

Feara-ghrís, hawthorn or briar
Feasgaran, vespers, evening devotions
Fidag, a stalk of corn, a reed
Fiadhair, uncultivated ground, a ley land
Firionn, man (now obsolete), male, masculine
Fuidhídh, fubhaidh, a prince, a valiant chief, an arrow, a company
Foghluin, an apprentice, a pupil
Foinne, a set of rowers, a crew, a brigade, a troop
Fraighe, a scabbard, a sheath, protection wall, shelter
Fulannair, fulmair, a sea-bird peculiar to St. Kilda, a species of petrel

G

Gaille-bheinn, a huge billow, a snow storm
Gall-fheadan, a flageolet, a clarionet
Gaine, gainne, an arrow, a dart, shaft
Garra-gart, no Garra gort, trean-ri-trean, a cornstalk, quail
Gaisreachd, gaisridh, warlike troops military
Gasgan, a green, a parterre
Geambairn, confinement, prison
Gearom, entrance money, fee paid for admission, (Grassani, Sc.)
Gimhag, fear panic, sudden alarm
Giohain, a St. Kildian sausage made of fat from the gullets of fowls
Gloic-nid, sgailc-sheide, a dram in bed before rising in the morning
Gothach, the reed of a bag pipe, drone
Greathachd, surliness, rudeness, clumsiness
Gruas, greis, embroidery, needlework, tambouring
Guamag, a neat tidy woman, a tight dressed girl
Guga, a St. Kilda bird, a short-necked hunchbacked man
Gusgul, idle talk, clatter, filth, refuse

I

Ian-buchainn, a melodious sea-fowl
Iuggan, taunts, nick-names, reflections on one's conduct
Iuiddh, entrails, bowels
Iuise-Gall, primitive name of the Hebrews, now confined to the Isle of Skye
Ionchuinn, conduct, behaviour, deportment
Ireann, a patriarchal woman, a dam, the mother of a race
Iseach, or isneach, a rifle gun
Iudhach, a fugitive, a coward, a low feeble fellow
Iurphuleach, a noisy contentious fellow, a rantier, a bawler
Iuharn, ifrinn, irinn, hell, the abode of demons

L

Langrach, full of chains or fetters
La-luain, doom's-day, the last day
Lear, the wide ocean, the main
Leary, a small plain or hill, a battle-field, a green goose
Liohada, slovenly, untidy, awkward, clumsy
Liob, a contemptuous name for the mouth-piece of a bag-pipe, a thick lip
Liobhar, polished, burnished
Loistean, pleasure-boats, lodgings, tents, or booths
Lon, an elk, a blackbird, an ouzel
Lorgair, one that traces or tracks, a dog that follows by scent
Lub, a roe, (now obsolete)

Luch-armunn, a pigmy, a dwarf
Lunn, penetrate, a heaving billow, &c.

M

Mac-fraoir, *sulair*, the gannet, a voracious fowl or person
Mac-lamhuich, *cat-mara*, *gríasaich*, the fish called a sea-devil
Maidnean, matins, morning prayers or devotions
Maighdeann, a maiden, an instrument for beheading with
Maol-ciaran, a child of grief, melancholy
Marsal, *marsadh*, a march, or marching of troops
Mathall, a blunt sword, knife, or other weapon
Meardrach, meter, crambo (Irish id.)
Meagal, helly, protuberance
Meara-casach, active, nimble, vigorous
Meirghe, a banner, flag, pennon
Mhan, *síol*, downward, from above
Moghinn, sounds of musical instruments
Muirneadach, female fighter or champion, an undaunted female
Muirichinn, children, inmates, occupants of one house
Muirneinn, (Irish id.) darling, or beloved
Munadh, a hill or hillock, (used poetically for *monadh*)

O

Olach, an emuch, a fumbler, &c., &c.
Olachd, hospitality, kindness, bounty
Orald, an oration, a speech, an essay
Orduh, shining like gold, glided, excellent, precious

P

Pats, a slap, a blow with the open hand, a box on the ear
Peighinn, a measure of land (not now in use)
Pigídh, *bru-dhearg*, robin red-breast
Plíathach, splay-footed, bandy-legged
Prabadh, hotching, bungling, spoiling
Prabadh, the rabble, the refuse of any grain or seed
Prais, *praiseach*, a pot or pot-metal, a still
Príobartach, parsimony, meanness, shabbiness
Príoblogadh, a sudden burning or sense of heat, a twinkling blaze
Puthar, a wound or hurt, a scar
Puic, bribe, veil, *cha tug e puic dheth*, he made nothing of him

R

Rannlannan, title deeds, deeds of conveyance, chattels

Rannuair-buth, a confused dance without system
Ratí, a ludicrous appellation made to signify whisky
Riastradh, outbreaking, immorality, eruption
Riataich, *díolain*, illegitimate
Robain, towering waves, swelling roaring billows, heavy rains
Roiseal, the lowest and basest rabble, a high swelling wave
Ro-seol, the highest of a ship's sails, top-gallants, full sails
Rosg, prose writing, an eye, eyelids
Ruanach, firm, fierce, steadfast, stony

S

Samh, surge, the agitation of waves on the sea beach, the crest of whitened billows
Saotí, a seal, a mark, an impression
Saradh, a broaching, a distraining, an arrestment
Seasdar, rest, repose, comfort, pallet, pillow, a place whereon to rest
Seas-ghrian, the equinoctial line
Seis, a musical air, the humming of bees or flies
Seis, one's match, or equal, a companion
Seoighu, rare, superior, out of the common order, eccentric
Seol-aid, an anchorage, a harbour
Sgalatche, a man ready to raise the human cry against his neighbour
Sgídh, tight, active, handsome, neat
Sgíthreach, a clumsy person, a slatterer, a female tattler, a young sea gull
Stataig, *toiní*, rheumatism, rheumatic pains
Stogaldeach, dwarfish, bony, ill-made
Síth, a span, a squint, determined position in standing
Súnnachan, *bianan*, phosphoric fire
Slán, a defence, a garrison, a protection
Smeoil, Gen. of *Smal*, *Gleann-smeoil*, the glen of mist
Smooirín, the end of an arrow next the bow-string
Snaois, a spit of dried fish, &c., &c.
Sorn, a hearth, the fluo of a kiln or oven, a concavity
Spangan, spangles, glittering toys, decorations, embellishments
Speech, a dart, virus, a blow or thrust, a wasp
Spreidh, or *spreigh*, velocity, gallant movement, gliding
Srianach, a badger, a brook
Stairbhánach, an athletic well-built person
Súanag, *ronnan*, saliva, spittles
Sual, tumours, *sual* (Ir. id.), wonder
Súchte, filled, saturated, tightened
Súmaire, a coarse cudgel, a lethal weapon, a beetle
Súnnail, a likeness, a comparison, a resemblance

T

Tarbarnach, *fuaimneach*, noisy, garrulous
Tafaid, the string of a bow for throwing arrows
Taisdeal, a journey, a travel, a march, a voyage
Taobhlúath, a division of a pipe tune
Targanach, a prognostication, a prophecysing
Teallanach, or *feallanach*, a philosopher, or astronomer
Teamhair, season, in season, fit time
Teirdneach, *éirdneach*, medicinal, having the power to cure
Teollachd, cowardice, cowardliness
Theasd, *chaocail*, *dh'eug*, he died, *thead e*
Tobha, *ball*, *rop*, rope, cable
Toghail, a feud, a levying of forces, a rising in arms
Tóimhsel, sensible, prudent, frugal
Tókead, an attack in battle, a warlike movement, a flock of water fowls
Tóitearíach, a thick, gigantic man, a dense column of smoke
Torroichinn, a deep snoring or sleep
Tosan, an onset, beginning, prelude
Tosgair, messenger, harbinger, ambassador
Treabhair, *tighean*, houses, outhouses, steadings
Troghaid, a stitch in one's side, &c., &c.
Triúllinn, no *treallainn*, nonsensical stuff, doggerel
Troghad, *rosg-troghad*, soft rolling eyes, full-orbed
Troidh, Troy, an ancient city which baffled the united efforts of all Greece for ten years
Trosg, a cod, in Sutherlandshire a fool
Tuairneag, a round knob or small cup
Turaraich, a rattling or rumbling noise
Turcadach, nodding, a sudden jerk from the sensation of sleep
Tuim, Gen. of *toim*, a hillock, a mound, a knoll
Tuig, a grudge, an upbraiding, puking
Tuillín, canvass, sea storm, a shipped wave
Tuinn, ducklings (obsolete), waves
Tuinnelias, a striking of heads against each other as rams, contact, collision

U

Uachdair, farm stock; *fo uachdair*, under stock
Ucas, *ucas*, the gadus or coal fish, stench (Sc.)
Urfhailteach, anecdotal, jocular, cheerful in conversation
Urtainn, the countenance, beauty, the fore part of a ship
Urtair, division of a pipe tune
Urracag, a throwl, an oar pin, a clate
Urrasgean, inundations, overflowings, speats (Sc.)

SPECIAL COLLECTIONS

SPECIAL COLLECTIONS

SAR-BAIRD NAM

BARD GAELACH.

AUTHOR

TITLE

P13

1633

M3

1863

P13

1633

M3

1863

SPECIAL COLLECTIONS

