

CLAN-DHAIN: LE DANAHIBH EILE.

NÉ N JAË:

WITH OTHER POEMS.



NIGEL MAC NEILL.

A. 30. 9. 42.



NENIAE:
WITH OTHER POEMS.

TO THE BARDS OF THE DAY.

Summer has twice been visiting our earth,
Since first these rhymes sought rest on bookish leaves ;—
The calmness growing youth with years receives
Murmurs that then I spoke in bitter mirth
Of brother rhymers showing bardic dearth
Of thought in verse ; for *one*, soul-touched, loud grieves
In words portentous ; Christian kindness weaves
My feelings with regret for giving birth
To judgement keen ou bulk of rhyme inane
Which was well-meaning and full harmless too :—
O Christian brother ! Christian bard review
Thy painful words, for I am penitent ;—again
I utter penitence ;—again thine haud !
And let us laugh and walk in mirth the land !

CIAN-DHAIN: LE DANAIBH EILE.

N E N I A E:

With other Poems.

BY

NIGEL MAC NEILL,

Author of "Dermud and Judith."

"Condisce modos, amanda
Voce quos reddas: minuuntur atrae
Carmine curae."—HORACE.

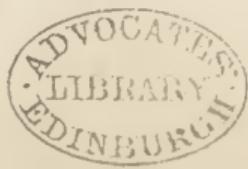
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TO
JOHN GEORGE MAC NEILL,
STUDENT IN DIVINITY,
THESE NENIE
ARE
AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED
BY
HIS BROTHER.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

In dedicating the following unambitious pieces to you, I may expose myself to the charge of being rather intensely clannish, but not, I hope to that of fulsome flattery, which is considered to be an indispensable and the predominating element in the addresses of authors to literary patrons. There are minds of exceptionable texture which feel greater satisfaction in contemplating the peculiar, particular, and unobserved phases of nature than those of a more general and more marked description; I think something of this sort has worked mine into its present mood. Whether this be a suffi-

cient apology to the curiosity and inquisitiveness of human nature or not, I forbear to say more. The stray NENIAE following, unblest by the name of a friend, are thus addressed to you.

These occasional effusions of mine, a few of which you may have read in MS., are of a medley character, as their Roman title indicates. They are neither wholly religious, nor wholly sentimental, nor wholly secular; the undecided spirit that pervades them marks out vaguely the dim outlines of what the author's mind *once* was. Some of them are characteristically juvenile, being written when I was very young; others are perhaps rather circumscribed in their nature; but a few can, I trust, present hues of general interest. Be they good, bad, or indifferent, I have no objection to see them in print as they are almost the only pieces I have composed in Gaelic, and are likely to be the only offering I may be able to render to the Celtic Muse. They may possess in many instances no poetical conception, but I have attempted to avoid as much as possible the fatal beaten-track poetizing of so many modern Gaelic versifiers.

Now permit me to say a word of the Celtic Poetry of our day. It is needless to observe that I do not class MACLEAN* of Glenorchy and the late WILLIAM LIVINGSTON among those

* See note on last page.

versifiers. Mr. MACLEAN possesses true and refined poetic genius which reminds us not unfrequently of the graceful author of the "Voices of the Night." He is more varied and richer in his selection of subjects than Highland poets usually have been; while his treatment of them—from the "Daisy," to the "Triumph of the Son of Man"—shows a delicate poetic sensibility which few of them evince. Long may he live the acknowledged religious Laureate of our Highland countrymen! WILLIAM LIVINGSTON, a less sanctified, but a more powerful genius, has lately vanished into those regions, with which the poetic spirit longs to ally itself. The Muse found him an orphan herd-boy on the Highland moor, and in due time inspired his manhood to write poetry, which no other Highland Bard's, excepting Ossian's, excels. What a struggle, that of life, was to his mighty and patriotic spirit! What valuable talents did he spend in violent vindication of the Celtic character! and what a fortunate destiny did these talents miss! What personality did his magnificent genius possess—personality strong sufficiently to shake the pillars of the temple of races! Yet comparative but undeserved obscurity concealed him from the view of the main world. The irregularity of his education became to him the great source of his general adversity. He read and digested our old Scotch

prose and rhyming chroniclers with the ardent enthusiasm of poetic temperament; from which he drank a spirit of incurable hatred against a powerful neighbour, intensified by his own strong individuality and force of character,—a spirit which clogged him all the days of his life. Once he became “dowered with the hate of hate,—the scorn of scorn,” no subsequent education or influence could lessen its intensity. For him to listen to the music of the name of England was an impious curse. But let us allow his patriotic spirit to rest and receive with great gratitude his rich and varied contributions to Celtic Literature!

Besides the graceful mediocre poetry of MACCOLL that of the worthy Dr. MACLACHLAN of Morven would claim the attention of the critic. He has not written much, but what he has done is excellent of its kind and well finished. His Poems and Songs have an elegiac tone strongly indicative of the gloomy Celtic spirit, which delights rather morbidly in the “joy of grief.” They exhibit with forcible effect a mind of extensive and varied experience, proving to some extent that—

“Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong;
They learn in suffering what they teach in song;”
and showing also a mind keenly alive to the

beauties of nature, and at the same time deeply affected by the touching traces of a certain process of change which has marred the face of his native country within his own recollection. Would to Heaven we had an *Iain Lom* to pour forth on this process the ridicule and execration of satiric song! MACLACHLAN'S neighbour, the Rev. Dr. JOHN MACLEOD, is also known as the author of very popular songs. Of him it is sufficient to say generally that he has inherited the talent and the genius of his family, and that the developement of his intellectual capacities has kept more than equal pace with that of his physical capabilities. There are not a few, such as the Rev. D. MACRAE, Ness, Lewis, and Mr. STEWART, the *Nether Lochaber* of the *Inverness Courier*, who have written one or two pieces of the highest order, which not unfrequently wander nameless and claimless on the lips of thousands. Of this description are some in Mr. MACPHERSON'S recent collection, "An Duanaire;" in this gathering, however, are many of very little poetical merit; but our thanks are due to Mr. MACPHERSON for collecting so many interesting fugitive pieces, and for the pains he has taken to write the Gaelic in accordance with the rules of Grammar. Of another recent collection, that of Mr. MENZIES'S, printed by Blackie, Glasgow, I have simply to say that it is execrable; a dis-

grace to Gaelic orthography and Grammar; and a severe satire on the lingual ignorance of not a few editors and writers of Gaelic productions. It is a pity that so much money has been spent on such a superfluous collection of which almost the whole appeared formerly in a far better state. Of quite a different kind, however, are the First and Second series of Translations compiled by the late Mr. SINCLAIR, Argyle Street, Glasgow; the translations are excellent and elaborately finished, and reflect great credit on all concerned. Many of them are ably done by the compiler himself, who projected the work, and to whom Gaelic Literature is very much indebted in a manner not generally known. This work is a valuable addition to the Literature of Gaelic Poetry.

I have now referred to all recent Gaelic Poetry and Poets deserving any remarks from the critical writer; unless indeed I make exceptions in the favour of the "Bard of Lochalsh," the Rev. Mr. MACRITCHIE, and Mr. FARQUHARSON. Respectable versifiers is, perhaps, the title to which these can lay greater claims than to that of genuine poets. The "Bard of Lochalsh" has written many pieces of merit; but a few of those we have seen deal in mere sycophantic addresses, the spirit of which he has nearly buried under the folds of an endless string of adjectives. The

evangelical effusions of MACRITCHIE ought to receive some respect if not some consideration on account of the purpose which they were intended to serve by their publication. Their religious intensity should be in their favour which causes us to wonder at how little, comparatively speaking, they have been relished. I suspect the reason of their non-success is mostly traceable to the fact, that they are laboured, profuse, and generally dragging their slow lengths along. There are many points of resemblance between him and FARQUHARSON, of whom presently.

The poesy of the voluminous Mr. FARQUHARSON savours much of that “class which neither gods nor men are said to permit;” I shrewdly think his muse would pour forth her heart with far greater lyric energy in honest prose than through the restraining medium of measured syllables. He possesses much of that emotional feeling which is necessary for highly-coloured historic composition; but his poetry is so utterly deficient in both subtlety of thought and subtlety of expression that we are forced to the conclusion that to him the sad “mechanic exercise of verse” must be either unnatural or uncongenial. But all Christian men must approve of the general spirit and aim characteristic of Mr FARQUHARSON’s poems, however strange his religious

allegories and conceits may be. So far he appears to me highly worthy of imitation by others endowed with the gift of song. The diffusion of such literature over the Gaelic regions is very desirable. And if Mr. FARQUHARSON would attend with greater care to condensation and to concentrating the emotional energies he possesses it is certain that his poetical effusions would have far greater success and be better relished. I fear, he and the most of our Highland poetic artists, as you had frequent opportunities of observing, have rather strange and not very orthodox views of the end and functions of poetry. I wish much they would carefully note the following excellent deliverance on the subject—the best I ever met with—by the brilliant but meteoric genius of Edinburgh University:—Poetry is “that which is employed in the cunning discovery and harmoniously-ordered disposition of all the most interesting and striking points of resemblance that exist between the external world of form and colour, and the internal world of thought and feeling; those congruities being founded, for the most part, on the essential and unalterable nature of things—as when life, for instance, harmonizes with light, death with darkness, sorrow with cloudiness, and so forth.”

It is because many of our Highland bards do

not recognise the spirit of this definition that we receive from them but fine descriptions, a continual froth of melodious words and orthodox versification sadly destitute of poetic life.

You will likely say when you see this in type—for till then you will know nothing of this address—that it is neither prudent nor becoming of me to animadvert thus on some of my Celtic poetic friends when I become myself by this tiny volume a candidate for bardic honours. Well, my main excuse for such strictures is, that there are *so few critics* for estimating Gaelic poetry to be found, that, having felt myself in the critical mood, I have determined to offer others the benefit of my ideas on the subject. However, let me say nothing more in this place

Among the following pieces you will find one by Mrs. MATHESON, a woman of superior discernment in religious matters. Her verses so simple and primeval in expression are valuable for their religious earnestness. Another, by a young lady of unobtrusive poetic talent, is remarkable for its freshness, and for a characteristic wish, which you will not fail to note, and which renders it different from most songs of the kind. The presence of these among mine, their nature connection, and circumstances will explain. I have endeavoured to write the Gaelic with some

grammatical accuracy, the cultivation of which is so highly necessary to the Gaelic student.

“Poets are on this cold earth,
As camelions might be,
Hidden from their carly birth
In a cave beneath the sea;
Where light is camelions change:
Where love is hot, poets do;
Fame is love disguised: if few
Find either, never think it strange
That poets range.”—SHELLEY.

Fo-sgrìobham mi fèin

Your attached

NIGEL MAC NEILL.

R A N N A N

Air an labhairt ann an Cladh I-Chalum-cille,
Aig Uaigh Mhr. C. R.

1868.

I.

A Bhalla gun sgèimh,
'S mòr na chunnaic thu féin
Mu'n d' thàinig ort léithead na h-aoise;
Mu'n do thòisich gach clach
Air bhi 'call an òg-dhreach,
'S air bhi 'tuiteam a sìos o d' thaobhaibh;

II.

A' sruthadh air falbh
A mach 'measg nam marbh,
'Tha 'n an sìneadh cho balbh mu'n cuairt diot:
Mar b'e 'n iarrtus gu dian
Bhi 'seachnadh nan sian
'Tha ga d' chaitheadh-se sìos 's na h-uaighibh!

III.

Nach goirt bhiodh an sgeul
Na 'n cuireadh tu 'n céill
Cia lion osann is deur 'chaidh fhàgail,

Le aois is le òg
 'Caoidh na chaidh fo 'n fhòd
 A' d' chill 'tha fuar reòit', neo-bhàigheil!

IV.

Cò 'n Teachdaire treun
 A thug Soisgeul Mhic Dhé
 Air tùs gu do chruachaibh ciar-ghlas?
 'N e Calum an Naomh?—
 Aon d'a Leanaichibh caomh'?
 A thug eòlas air Ios' gu d' chriochaibh.

V.

'N uair dh' éirich thu 'n àird
 Theich na h-iodhail 's gach àit'
 Mar ni 'n dorchadas dall roimh shoillse;
 Bha do thurraid mar ghrian
 'Toirt fianuis mu d' Dhia;—
 Dheàrrs' do sholus gu dian troimh 'n oidhche!

VI.

Dh' fhalbh gach Uil'-ioc is Draoidh,
 Dh' fhalbh 's cha till iad a chaoidh,—
 Sheirmeadh laoidhean na Slàinte 'ta siorruidh;
 'S an fhàsach do bhrùchd
 Na sruithean 'n an spùt,
 Ag uisgeach' gach cùil 's na criochaibh.

VII.

Gach taobh dhiot mu 'n cuairt
 'S iomadh leac 'tha air uaigh;
 A' luaidh na tha shios 'n an sineadh;

A' cuimhneach' do chàch,
 'Mheud 's a chasgair am bàs
 A ghlais iad le spàig cho dìblidh.

VIII.

Air dhomh rannsach' 'na còir,
 'Measg luibh' agus fedòir,
 Bha 'còmhdach gu léir nan uaighean;
 Mar bhrat no mar neul
 A shnàig seach fo 'n ghréin,
 A dh' fholach a leus' 's a buaidhean;

IX.

Thachair do m' shùil
 Mar leus 'bhiodh fo iùil
 Gu 'n do dhearc i gu dlùth air aon diubh,
 A ghluais ann am chrìdh'
 Caoin smuaintean is stri,
 Mu'n neach a bha shios fo 'daorsa.

X.

Bha gathan na gréin'
 Mar dhealt air an fheur
 A' boillsgeadh mar nèamhnuid dheàrrsaich;
 Is anail nan speur
 A' gluasad gu sèamh
 Bàrr nan lus mar bheag-thuinn na tràghadh.

XI.

Ann an caomh-bhlàth's nan leus
 Shuidh mi sìos air an fheur
 'Bha 'g éiridh gu bràs mu 'taobhaibh;

'S le inntinn ro throm
 Neo-shunntach is mhall
 Bha mi 'faire fuaim-fhann na gaoithe.

XII.

Air leam gu 'n robh fuaim
 Ro mhilis do m' chluais
 A' buadhach' gu caoin 's an àile;
 'S air leam gu 'n robh seinn
 Shèamh, chaol, agus bhinn,
 A' snàmh os mo cheann 's na h-àirdibh;

XIII.

Ach mar oiteag de bhlàth 's
 'N uair tha luidhean a' fàs
 Ann an cùbhraidheachd bhlàithean samhraidh;
 'S a dh' fhàgas 'na déigh
 Taitneas-inntinn nach tréig,
 Mheath an t-seirm ud 'san speur le fann-fhuaim.

XIV.

Dhùisg, 's dh' éirich mi 'n àird
 O'n trom smuaineachadh thlàth
 'Rinn greim orm le pràmh a chianamh;
 Is labhair le iùil
 Neirt-éigin a stiùir
 Mo cheud-fàth gu tùr 's na briathraibhs':—

XV.

"O thus' 'tha fo 'n fhòd
 Nach truagh leat creubh bheò
 'Tha 'sgàineadh le bròn do-innseadh?

Na 'm biodh tu mar bha,
 'S tu 'thuigeadh mo chàs;—
 Och mo leòn! leag am bàs thu iosal.

XVI.

“Cha robh subhailc no gràs
 Nach d' fhuair annad àit';—
 Grinneas, suairceas, is màldachd, féile;—
 Ach 's e 'dh' fhàg iad sud mòr,
 Iad bhi coisrigte, beò,
 Le gaol an Tì Mhòdir 'chaidh cheusadh.

XVII.

“S iomadh neach as do dhéigh
 'Bha 'sileadh nan deur;—
 'S iomadh fear agus té a sheòl thu
 Gu tobar na slàint'
 As an d' òl iad an gràdh
 'Bheir iad sàbhailt' gu rioghachd na Glòire!

XVIII.

“Mo ghearan cia faoin,
 Cha 'n éisd thu ri m' ghlaodh,
 Thug thu cùl ri ar saogh'l 's ri 'phiantaibh;
 Tha chuid diot 'tha beò
 Mar leug bhuidh' do'n òr
 Ann an coron na glòir' 'th' air Iosa!

XIX.

“Ged tha chuid so dhiot fuar
 'Na cré anns an uaigh
 'Measg mhiltean do shluagh de gach seòrsa;

'S ged nach fréagair i glaodh
 Aoin neach anns an t-saogh'l,
 'S ged nach seall i gu caoin ri'r dòruinn

XX.

"'N uair theicreas gach sgàil,
 'S a bhriseas an là
 'Bhios dhuit-se 'n a Shàbaid shiorruidh,
 'N sin éiridh tu suas
 Mar ghaisgeach le buaidh
 A' freagradh glaodh cruaidh seirm Iosa !

XXI.

"Ged tha thu nis balbh
 'Measg na muinntreach a dh' fhalbh,
 Tha aileadh do luirg ag éigheach,
 Anns na bliadhnaibh 'chaidh seach
 Gu h-àrd ri gach neach
 Iad a leantuinn gu beachd a'd' cheumaibh.

XXII.

"Nis imicheam uait
 Mar aithreachan nuadh
 A' dearc' air an Uan 'chaidh cheusadh;
 Is leanam do cheum
 Anns an d'lean thus' Mac Dhé,
 Mar mhìlidh 'théid dàn' troimh dheuchainn!"

S L A I N T E.

I.

O'n thàinig an t-Earrach
Le blàth's agus sòlas,
O'n theich uainn an Geamhradh
Le 'ghaillionn's le 'dhòruinn,
'S na h-eòdin air na geugaibh
Cho binn is cho ceòlmhor,
Nach mithich dhomhs' éireachd
Is tùiseachd air m'òran?

II.

'S a' mhaduinn mu 'n d'iadh uainn
Tiugh-sgàilean na h-oidhche,
'S mu 'n dheàrrs air na cruachaibh
Teas-bhuaidhean an t-soillse,
Ri taobh Lochain lì-ghuirm
Do ghluais mi làn éibhneis
Ag éisdeachd nan eun beag'
A' seinn teachd a' chéitein.

III.

Ag imeachd gu h-éutrom
Mar fhaolan na mara
Bha Rìbhinn 'bu chaoine
A' teàrnadh gu cladach.
Bha deàrrsadhbh na gréine
Ag òradh na làanaig,
'S a' dannsadhbh gu h-éibhinn
Air tuilltibh nan sléibhtean.

IV.

Ach àilleachd na h-ainnir'
 Is annamh a chítéar;
 A cruth is a h-aogas
 Cha n-fheudar leam innseadh;
 Bha 'sùilean làn eòlais
 Fo òirdheirceas iomhaigh,
 Mar bhoillsgeadh troimh nedil-dhubh
 'Tha 'seòladh trom iossal.

V.

A gruaidhean mar fhiamh-dhearg
 Nan neul ann an sàmhchair,
 Fo li gréin' mar thriallas
 I siar air an t-sàile.
 Gu caoin chuir mi ceist ri
 A fhreagair an Aille
 Le caomhalachd seirce,—
 “S e 'theirear rium Slàinte.”

'S A' MHADUINN 'N UAIR DHUISG MI.

I.

'S a' mhaduinn 'n uair dhùisg mi bu ghlòirmhor
a' ghrian

Ag iadhadh gù boillsgeach thar neulaibh trom'
ciar';

Na tullaichean sòir dearg mar òr ann am fiambh;
'S na sgòthan a' snàmh dh' ionnsuidh dorchadais
siar.

II.

Ged gheall dhomh na speuran an latha bhi grinn,
'S mo thograidh ag éiridh bhi 'g imeachd gu
teann,

Air ball thàinig aimlisg a ghlaibh mi a' m' cheum,
'S a chum mi oimeachd gu òrduighibh Dhé.

III.

Ach cha-n fheudar leam gearan ma bhlaibh mi a
ghràs,

Ged dh' fhàgadh mi 'm aonar cho fada o chàch,
'Tha 'cuimhneachadh iobairt Fear-Saoraidh mo
ghràidh,

Air Calbh'ri, 'n uair dhòirteadh leis 'anam gu
bàs!

R A N N A N

Do'n Urramach Eachunn Camshron,

Le Màrad Nic Mhath,

A chaidh a sgrìobhadh a sìos leis an ùghdar.

I.

'Se Maighstir Camshron 'bha'n ceann na searmoin
A bha tarbhach do m' anam féin;
'S e 'cheangail m' inntinn-se ris cho cinnteach
'S a tha a' ghrian a' dol cuairt nan speur.
Bha mise 'g ùrnuigh gu 'm biodh an driùchd ort
'S gu 'm biodh do chùram air t' Athair féin;
'S 'n uair rinn thu ùrnuigh o d' chridhe brùite,
'S e sin a dhlùthraig mi riut gu léir!

II.

'Se sgeul a b' fheumaile'do dhuine 'dh'éisdeadh e,
A bha thu 'leubhadh dhuinn anns an àm;
Gu 'n robh Crìosd air éiridh 's air deanamh réite
Le e féin a thoirt air a' chrann;
'S an fhuil ro-naomha 'tha 'ruith o' thaobhaibh
Is anama priseil 'g an glanadh innt'
'S 'n uair chaidh thu 'n chùbain an ceann na
h-ùrnuigh
'S e sud an cùram 'bhiodh 'luidh' ort teann!

III.

Tha sinn fo fhiachaibh do 'r n-Athair sìorruidh
 Air son gach tiodhlaic a thug e dhuinn;
 Fhuair naomh-lagh Dhia agus ceartas riarachadh
 Anns an Tiodhlac 'bha air a' chraunn;
 'S dhùin e gu sìorruidh gach iobairt bhliadhnaile
 'Bha air a h-iarraidh air peacaich chaillt';
 'S ma their mi 'n fhìrinn bha Eachunn dileas
 An ceann na firinn dhuinn aig gach àm.

IV.

'N uair bhios tu 'g ùrnuigh 's a bheir mi stíl ort
 Bithidh comunn dlùth agad ris a' Cheann;
 Aphàigh na fiachan 's' rinn dorus fialaidh dhuinn,
 Ag ràdh gach bliadhna ruinn "Thigibh chlann."
 Bha thusa 'g innseadh dhuinn o'n an fhìrinn
 Gu 'm bheil e saor agus pait d'a chloinn;
 A ghealladh cinnteach 'sa ghaol neo-chriochnach,
 Is cuireadh saor aig gach peacach caillt'!

V.

'S ged tha mi 'm aoñar air chùl an t-Sithein
 'S As-creidimh ional 'g am chumail ann;
 'N uair théid mi 'n tigh-leubhaidh a chluinntinn
 sgeul uait
 Gu 'm bi mi eudhor, gus a dhol ann;
 A chluinntinn t' ùrnuigh le t' uile dhùrachd
 Gu 'm biodh an driùchd 'tighinn air peacaich
 chaillt';
 'S do shùil ri Iosa gu 'n dean e 'n gniomh sin
 O'n thug e riarachadh air a' chrann!

VI.

'Se 'n Spiorad uasal a rinn do għluasad
 Le frasaibh cruaidhe de 'n Lagħ cho teann!
 Is ni thu searmoin o'n lagħ 'tha dearbha dhuuñ
 Is bithidh tu tarbhach dhuuñ aig għach àm;
 Is ni thu crìochnachadh mar bu mhiann leinn
 Le gealladh Chriosd a thoirt do 'n a' chloinn;
 Is cha bhi ciocħran no leanabh bliadhna
 Nach faigh a riarachadh anns an àm.

VII.

'Se gràs 'n Fhir-Shaoraidh 'rinn duine saor dhiot
 'S an ceann na firinn 's ann leat bhiodh buaidh;
 'S bhiodh tomhas dùbailte a' tighinn de 'n
 driùchd ort,
 'N uair bhiodh tu 'g ùrnuigh a' sealltuinn suas;
 A' tagradh dùrachdach air do għlùinib
 Gu 'm biodh an driùchd a' tighinn orra nuas,
 Ri Fear mo għräßid-sa 'rinn suas a' bheàrna
 Nach gabhadh càradh le aon d' a shluagh.

VIII.

Ach 's mōr an cūram a bha thu 'giułan,
 'S do chridhe brüite air son pheacach chailłt';
 'S nuair bhiodh tu 'dùsgadh aig àm na li-ùrnuigh
 Bhiodh iad fo thūsal dhiot air għach làimh;
 Is iad an sàs ann an lion an Nàmhaid
 Gun chomas làmh a thoirt as no ceann;
 'S an sùilean dùinte o thuiteam Adhaimb
 'S gun fradharc slainteil ac' air an call!

I L E ' N F H E O I R.

To R. B. Esq.

I.

Bha baideil anns na speuraibh siar
Ag iadhadh umainn le an stòr;
An sgàile shnàmh an ear gu dian,
Is chuir a' ghrian gu tur fo'n cleòc';
'N uair dh' fhalbh an long na smùid mi sìos
Gu mìn air Cluaidh fo neulaibh ceò;
Mar ghaoith a' ruith troimh chroinn na frith,
A' dol gu Ile glas an fheòdir!

II.

Gu gearr bha Grianaig mòr nan long
Air 'fholach leis an fhomn 'n ar déigh;
Is sinne 'tuaineal air an tonn
Seach Arainn aosd nan sonn 's nan treun.
Aig Maoil chiair ghruamaich Cheann-na-tir'
Ghrad-ghluais teann stri nan stuadh gu mòr;
Na sruithean goillteach 'tighinn o I
Na h-Eireann is o Ile 'n fheòdir!

III.

Ach teàruint' dh' fhàg sinn bùirich àrd
Nam beulanach 'bha air an rinn;
Is stiùir sinn dh' ionnsuidh I mo ghràidh
'Bha 'tigh'nn am faire air na tuinn.

Mo shùil le dedòir na h-oiteig liont' ;
 Le aoibhneas crìdh' a' teachd 'na chòir
 Fa-dheòidh mo chas fhuair mi air tìr
 Uair eile an Ile glas an fheòdir !

IV.

O Eilein uaine luim a' chuain
 Mu'n cluinnear domhain, trom an fhuaim,
 'N uair sgàineas air an tràigh an stuadh
 Ag éiridh fuar-ghlas, geal-mhullach !

V.

Nis fàilte gu 'n robh dhuit uam féin,
 Oir fathast 's mòr do d' thuar mo spéis ;
 'S ged bha sinn ùine fhad o chéil',
 Tha gràdh mo chléibh gun ath'rrach' dhuit.

VI.

Do mhonaidhean 'tha feurach glas,
 Do bhruth'chean fada, réidh', neo-chas',
 Do lochanan 's do shruithean bras',
 Tha iad mar bha fo mhaisealachd.

VII.

Ach air mo chrìdh' tha tiomachd throm
 Bhi 'faicinn làraich fhàrdach lom'
 Am baitibh nan treun-laoch, 's nan sonn,
 A thog ar glinn 'n an leanabachd.

VIII.

O leitrichibh na h-Oa guirm'
 Na Gàidheil ghaisgeil, euchdail, dh' fhalbh ;
 Nis mò mu 'creagaibh glasa, garbh'
 Cha thriall gu dearbh na feara ud !

IX.

Nach cianail falbh a sìos ri d' thaobh,
 A Dhubhfhaich thorach, chaomh mo ghaoil!
 A' faicinn luimead fhuar do raoin
 'Tha 'fàs cho fraochach, frabhunnach!

X.

Nach fuar an tuar 'tha air gach àit',
 Na gleannaibh uain', 's na cnoccaibh àrd',
 Na h-alltaibh 'leumnaich sìos gu tràigh,
 'S air Loch-na-Dàl' do mharaichibh.

XI.

Oir tha gach eòlach 's caraid gaoil
 A nis air t' fhàgail, Eilein chaoimh;
 'S iad air an sgànradh feadh an t-saogh'l,
 'S a chaoiadh cha taobh iad t' fhearann-sa!

April, 1869.



O R A N.

Le Maighdinn uasail 's an Eilean-fhada, a sgriobh
iomadh dàn taitneach eile.

I.

A Ghaoil! o'n chaith thu astar uam
'S trom airtnealach mo smuain,
Tha m' inntinn-sa cho sàraichte
Ri bàt' an onfhadh cuain,—
A' cuimhneachadh do mhànrain rium
'Bha tlàth le h-iomadh buaidh,
A dh' fhàg a nis ro chràiteach mi
'S do thàmhachd fada uam.

II.

Ach 's cuimhne leam-sa m' àilleagan
Bhi 'tàmhachd 'n so air chuairt,
'N uair bha an samhradh 'dealradh oirnn
Le céòl, le blàth's, 's le snuadh;
Is dubhar chraobh 'cur sgàile oirnn
O'n t-Solus Aigh 'na chuairt,
Far 'n tric a rinn sinn gàirdeachas
Le inntinn chàirdeil, shuaire.

III.

O Thì! 'tha 'riaghladh fhreasdal an
Dean mar is maith 'n ar cùis.—

Do thoil ro naomha dh' iarradh sinn,
A dh' iocadh dhuit-sa cliù;
Is deònaich ann ad fhàbhar dhuinn
Gu 'm faigh sinn fàth ar rùin :—
Bhi cuideachd anns an fhàsach so
An gràdh 's an comunn caomh.

2nd October, 1869.

F R E A G R A D H.

I.

Is tearc 's is ionmhuinn leam do nòs,
O Ainnir chorr nam buadh;
Do chàirdeas diomhair thug dhomh còir
Air pòig ðo bhéil a luaidh.

II.

Tha t' iomhaigh gràbhailt' air mo chrìdh',
'S do ghràsan dileas, grinn',
'S do bhriathran 'tha ni 's mils' na stri
Caoin chruiteirean na coill'.

III.

Ged 's iomadh mil' 'tha 'gabhall àit'
Gu Tuath o Chluaidh nan long,
Cha dì-ch'nichear le d' ghaol gu bràth
Do mhànan gràidh is t' fhonn.

D O D H E A L B H.

I.

A Ribhinn chaomh
Do 'n d' thug mi gaol
Rinn iomhaigh t' eudain bhòidheich
Mo tharruing dlùth
'N uair ghlac mo shùil
Do dhreach an tùs ar n-eòlais.

II.

Tha caoimhneas tlàth
D' an muinte gnàth
An lithibh gràidh fo t' òr-chiabh,
Le dòighibh suairec'
'S le mais' gun uaill
'Tha 'toirt dhuit buaidh thar mòran.

III.

Sùil mhàlda chaoin
Mar fhuaran gaoil
Fo mhala chaol gheal mhiogach,
De sholus làn
'Tha 'gineadh càil
An aignidh chàich a chi thu.

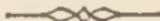
IV.

Do dhealradh snuaidh
 Mar shneachd nan cruach
 Fo òradh nuadh na gréine,
 'S do dhuail bhui' dhonn'
 Le fiamh laist' throm
 Mu d' chluais 'n an deann gu h-éibhinn'.

V.

Blàth-bhilean ròis
 O'm mealach pòg
 'S o 'n tig gu sòghmhòr cùbhraidh
 Mar ghaoith na frith
 O d' bheul geal mìn
 Deò-anail crìdh' a's ùrail'.

1869.



O R A N.

FONN.—“Màiri Laghach.”

To J. MACKENZIE, Esq.

I.

Ged a rinn sinn dealach'
Ann an toiseach Mhàigh,
'Tha do neul a's banail'
Maireann leam gach tràth;
Aogas sona, àghmhor,
Sèamh mar fhàir an là,
'Boillsgeadh air mo cheumaibh
Mar dhril reul nan àrd.

Séis:—O mo rìbhinn ghaolach,
O mo chaomhag shuairc';
'S e bhi 'dearc' air caoine
T' eudain ghlain gun ghruaim
'Ni mo chridhe ùrach'
Mar le driùchd o shuas;
'S annsa t' anail chùbhraidh
Na ded ciùin nan stuadh.

II.

Mar dhreach tlàth nan neula
Air na speuraibh lom',
'Tha li t' fhuilt fa t' iomhaigh,
'S air do chiabhaibh donn' ;

Deud a's gil' ri 'fhaicinn
 'Nuair a's tlachdmhoir' t' fhone,
 Na na sligean sneachd-gheal,
 Glan o chop nan tonn !
 O mo ribhinn, &c.

III.

'S e caomh bhraon do ghràidh-sa
 'Dh' fhàg mi fionnor, ùr;
 'S 'tha mi ghnàth a' sireadh
 'Direadh suas nan stùc;
 'Nuair bhios deuran fallais
 'Guisgeachadh mo chùrs',
 'S tusa fàth mo shòlais,
 M' ainnir òg, 's me rùn.

O mo ribhinn, &c.

IV.

'Nuair a's duiriche 'tha m' oidhche,
 'S mi gun soills' gun treòir.
 Tha grad aiteal m' inntinn
 A' leum siar ad chòir;
 'S théid mi troimh gach cruidh-chàs
 Chosnadh buaidh do phòig,
 Dh' fhaotainn sealbh gu bràthach
 'Air do làimh fa-dheòidh !
 O mo ribhinn, &c.

AONARACHD.

I.

'S muladach a bha mi
'N uair a bha mi 'fàgail
Eòlach agus chàirdean
'Bha cho làn do bhàigh.
O's fhad is cianail
Leam gach oidhche 's là!

II.

Nach e'n t-ioghnadh mòr e
Mise bhi a'm' chòmhnuidh
'M aonar 'mullach mòinntich,
Làmh ri mòr-chnuic àrd'.
O's fhad is cianail
Leam gach oidhche 's là!

III.

Agus a bhi a' m' aonar
Anns an teach so daonnan
Mar neach 'bhiodh an daorsa
Ann an saoghal bàis.
O's fhad is cianail
Leam gach oidhche 's là!

IV.

'N uair ni sgàil na h-oidhche
 Dorchadas d' ar soillse,
 Cia mar 's urrainn aoibhneas
 Boillsgeadh orm gu tlàth?
 O's fhad is cianail
 Leam gach oidhche 's là!

V.

Ach na 'n d' fhan thu ghràdhag
 Maille rium 's an fhàrdaich
 Bhiodh mo chridh' ri gàire
 'Fàilteachadh do làimh.
 O's fhad is cianail
 Leam gach oidhche 's là!

VII.

Mhiosainn e 'na shòlas
 A bhi 'g éisdeachd òran
 O do bhilibh bòidheach
 Làn do cheòl 's do ghràdh.
 O's fhad 's cianail
 Leam gach oidhche 's là!

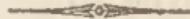
VIII.

Aon ni 'tha cho neònach,
 'S a tha leam 'na dhòruinn,
 A bhi aon'rach beò ann
 Làn do bhròn gach tràth.
 O's fhad is cianail
 Leam gach oidhche 's là!

IX.

O nach robh an t-Earrach,
 'S ceòlraidh eun am fagus
 'Thogadh suas le caithream
 M' anam gu seinn dhàn!
 O 's fhad is cianail
 Leam gach oidhche 's là!

November 14, 1867.



TAOBH NA MARA.

Anns a' chuid a's mò o Gheible, Bàrd Germailteach

I.

Bha 'n fhairge ciùin an suaimhneas suain
'S cha robh aon fhuaim air bàrr nan tonn;
Luidh leusan drillseach air a' chuan
· A nuas o'n gheallaich fhuar-ghlas luim;
An astar cian, bha 'n doimhne trom
Air chall ag aonadh ris an speur;
'N uair dh'fhalbh mi smaointeachail tre'n fhonn
Gu cladach aonarach leam féin.

II.

Na smuain 'ni sàmhchair tlàth na h-oidhche
A steach a chur gu gluasad dian
Mu 'm mòrachd òirdhearc, ann an soills'
An là cha d' fhuaradh boillsgeadh riamh.
Dhùisg fuaim nan stuadh a' m' anam fiamh
A dh' iarras naomhachd mar a còir;
'S an Spiorad Siorruidh seach a' triall
Air sgiathai bh gaoith thar lunnaibh mòr'



A O I R.

To the Rev. M. Morrison.*

I.

B' àill leam ann an toitean bàrdail
Strachdadadh a thoirt air a' mhàile
A chuir Céilidh air gach sàigean,
'Tha naisgt' 'na geimh'l a's iarnuidhe stuth.

II.

Mar ri eanchainnibh gun eòlas,
'S claignibh dall' gun mhodh, gun fhòghlum,
'G éisdeachd sgliùraichean luidseach, sgleòthach
Mu na sòrnaibh cadalach, dubh'.

III.

Sparram ort nach dean thu bristeadh,
Mhurchaidh, air do chnàmhan peirceill
'Plabartaich am brosgul feasgair
Am measg bhan a's miosguinneach cruth.

* The author regrets that his poetical friend to whom these verses are addressed was not altogether satisfied, when he heard it at their appearance in print; therefore the necessity of this note, seeing the author could not, without some disarrangement withdraw them. Mr. Morrison himself, who has some of the true poetic elements about him, saw the verses immediately after they were written when the author told him he was to consider them just a mere *ruse contre ruse*, and would expect a reply from him, a *soi disant* hard. When this latter is written the author will be glad to insert his friend's production after his own in a second edition! The satire, which had its birth in very harmless circumstances, is not at all intended, which he himself knows, for Mr. M.'s visiting propensities, but for those of the idler portion of society generally in the Hebrides.

IV.

An gealbhonn air do theintean bàsaicht,
 Do theach tréigte, fuar, 'na fhàsach,
 'S tusa dian a' céilidh fhàrdach,
 'Seangachadh gach féith agus lùth.

V.

Ni thu troichean de do bhuadhaibh,
 'Màgairt iosal anns an luaithre,
 'Plubartaich an gusgul buairidh,
 'Glaimeadh blialum o gach guth.

VI.

Mur do rannsaicheadh leat méinean
 Gliocais Draoidh 'na Ròimh, 's na Gréige,
 Mholainn dhuit thu stad do chéilidh,
 Oir is eug dhuit bhi air a sruth.

VII.

Ach mur urrainn dhuit toirt thairis,
 Faigh dhuit brògan éille farsuinn
 Nach dean sgàineadh air na clachaibh
 Cochull lachdunn, 's triubhas de dhubh!

July, 1868.



A O I R.

I.

Iain Luim na teanga gheàrrtaich,
'S mòr am bàs dhuinn thu bhi iosal,
'N uair tha Dubhaile air tigh'nn gu h-àirde
 Nach robh àbhaisteach 's an tìr so.
Ach 's e fàth ar bròin gu sònruichte,—
Ni 'tha 'lotadh cridhe mhòrain,—
Buill ar n-Eaglais bhi cho sgleòthach
 An cùl-chàineadh is am mi-rùn.

II.

Mar 's i Bean 'ghabh meas na truaighe
'Mhill ar buadhan is ar nàdur,
'S iad mnath'n àideachaидh a's fuaimnich'
 'Measg an t-sluaigh agus a's dàine;
A' dearmad dhleusdannasan banail,
'Suidhe gu feasgar o mhaduinn,
'Cur ri chéile gach gné sgainneil
 Mu am peathraichibh 's am bràithribh!

A O I R.

SEIS :—Mhic na h-Eireann o-hao;
Eisd ri m' ranntachd ho-rò;
Deanam aoir dhuit o-hao,
A bheir gairsinn air t' fheòil !

I.

Eisd ri m' ranntachd 'tha fior,
A ni cainnt air, ho-rò,
Gné na seilbh is na maoin
A chuir saill ort is fedil.

Mhic &c.

II.

Lipean glàmach o-hao
Nach deach shàsuch' le tòic,
Nach d' ith greim riamh o-hao
Dh' aran ionraic na còir'.

Mhic &c.

III.

Pluicean odhar-ghlas 'nan lì
Fuar mar fhireach 'tha redit';
Cha toir aiteamh orr' buaidh;
Dhoibh-san truas riamh cha b' eòl.

Mhic &c.

IV.

Suilean umha nach caoin,
 Nach do thaom riamh le bròn;
 Sealladh rògach gach taobh;
 Sileadh braoin fuar o d'shròin.

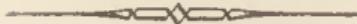
Mhic &c.

V.

Sgiol thu bochdan ar dùthch',
 Thu 'g an caradh 's gach àit;—
 'S maирg a chunnaic thu 'n déigh
 Eich 'na éideadh roimh chàrn.

Mhic &c.

November 13, 1869.



O R A N U R.

AIR FONN,—“Gu ma slàn a chi mi.”

I.

Gu ma slàn a chì mi
Mo Ribhinn àluinn, chaomh,
'Tha astar iomadh mile
An I an diugh o 'gaol;—
Tha déigh air mils' do phògan,
'S do bhilean ròs-dhearg caoin',
Ag ùrach' miann mo chrìdh'
Bhi a'm' shuidhe sìos ri d' thaobh.

II.

Tha m' inntinn sgìth bhi 'cuimhneach'
Air caoimhneasaibh do bheòil,
'S nach fhaic mi là no dh' oidhch'
Aon bhoisg' air té do neòil;—
O nach robh mise làimh riut,
A ghràdh mar b'e ar nòs,
Ag òl mar mhil do mhànrain
'Bhiodh tairis, blàth, is fòil.

III.

Tha maise thar gach gruagaich
A' cuartachadh do ghnùis,
'S mu d' phearsa chuimir, shuairc'
'Tha suaicheant' do gach stùil;

Ach bòidhichead 'tha ni 's àird':
 Bhi dileas, gràdhach, ciùin,
 Bhi 'sealbhachadh deagh bheus,—
 'S leat féin sud uile, a rùin!

IV.

Tha más ann fath'st a's miannaich'—
 Bhi diadhaidh ann an gnè;
 'Se so a' Fuaran fior
 O'n do shruth gach más' fo 'n ghréin;
 'Se so 'rinn thusa sgiamhach,
 Is briadh' os ceann gach té,
 'S a naisgeas sinh gu sior
 Mu rìgh-chath'r Mais' air nèamh.



EPIOTALAIMIUM.

March 21, 1871.

To H. MacLean, Esq., F.R.A.S.L.

Sitheadh gach tulach,
Ruitheadh gach sruthan
Chum mara le furan
An urram na càraid;
Caithreamadh ullamh
Na gathan 'tha 'siubhal
Mar' agus mullaich
Mu Liusaidh 's mu 'Gàidheal.
Tha Eirinn is Sasunn
Ach Albainn ni 's braise
A' greadadh am basan
Le aiteas a's àirde;
A' bruadar an t-seàllaidh
Mu'n dhà 'tha 's an leabaidh
Chaoimh, riomaich an caidreamh
A's lasanaich nàdur.
Aonaidh gach fine
Thoirt fàilte dhoibh cridheil
Gach dream agus cinneach
An Teuton 's an Gàidheal.
Slàint', sòlasan milis
A ghnàth tha sinn 'sireadh
Le gràs nèimh bhi 'cinneadh
'S an dithis gu bràthach!

G R A S.

I.

Tha 'n stòc a thug Thu dhomh fo bhàs;
Tha raon mo chrìdh' gun àiteach, cruaidh;
O leig do fhrasaibh caomha fais
Sruthadh a nuas!

II.

Fosgail an talamh teann le blàth 's
Gathan na gréin' a's neartmhoir' buaidh;
Ceadaich do bhoinneachaibh do ghràis
Sruthadh a nuas!

III.

Tha alltan truaillidheachd a' m' ghné,
Leig le teas Gaoil an tiormach' suas;
'S an leapan glan le naomh-uisg' Dhé,
Sruthadh a nuas!

IV.

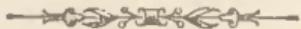
Tha 'n Fheòil mar bhior a' lot mo chreubh
'S an Diabhul is an Saogh'l gun truas;
Cuir Iocshlaint Ghilieid ri m' chreuchd
Sruthadh a nuas!

V.

Tha driùchd a' Bhàis gach oidhch' is là
A' luidhe orm trom le 'phuinnsean fuer;
O thoir air deuraibh beathail gràis
Sruthadh a nuas!

VI.

Tha naimhdean teann orm air gach taobh
A' gintinn fuath do ùmhlachd nuadh;
Ni's mò, 's ni's mò leig do do ghaol
Sruthadh a nuas!



BUN A' CHROINN-CHEUSAIDH.

I.

Nis racham dh' ionnsuidh Iosa
Le m' pheacaibh lìonmhòr, mòr';
'S o bhun a' chroinn gu h-ìosal
Ris éigheam air son fòir';
An t-ionad ud cha 'n fhàg mi
Ged bhàsaichinn gun treòir
'S an seall e orm gu càirdeil
Le gràs a m' thabhairt bed.

II.

Is fanam daonnan ìosal
Aig cosaibh Ios' gu truagh,
A' fòghlum is ag inns' dha
Mu m' chridhe cealgach cruaidh;
'S an leagh a Ghaol ro-chinnteach
A m' inntinn cealg is fuath,
'S an dean e m' aigne sinte
Ri sligh' na h-ùmhlachd nuaidh.

III.

O 's tric a bhris mi 'n cùmhnant
'S an deach mi riuts' a Dhé!
'S a chriothnaich mi fo ghnùis
Do naomhachd ghloin gun bheud;
Ach fath'st tha dòchas ùr dhomh
Is barantas nach tréig
Aig bun a' chroinn ma lùbas
'S mo shùil a chur ris Féin.

AIG UAIGH MO SHEANAR.

October 27, 1868.

I.

Mar chraoibh 'tha 'fàs gu làidir treun
Ré iomadh linn le dosrachd mhòdir,
'S a' h-uile linn a' rùsgadh sgèimh
'Tha 'tabhairt gheugan ùr' a's bòidhch';

II.

A' tarruing beath' a's flor-ghloin' gné
O'n talamh 's o na h-uillt 'na còir,
Gus am bheil aic' gach neart 'na cré
'S am bris i 'na làn fàis fa-dheòidh;

III.

Mar sud bha siol do shinnsear fèin
A sheanair chaoimh, 'bu nèamhail nòs;
A gheugan uile shearg gun fheum
Rè iomadh linn an lios nam Beò;

IV.

Ach annadsa bha cumhachd gràis
Air 'fhoillseachadh le Spiorad Chriosd;
Is thàinig leis geug-mullaich fàis
Do dhream fo bhlàth le maise shìor.

V.

Gu moch a' m' òige shuidh mi sìos
A' fòghlum uait ri taobh do ghlùin;
'S cha di-ch'nichear leam sud gu sìor
Ged tha thu 'n diugh 'g ad chur fo 'u ùir.

VI.

Gu h-ionraic bha do bheath' an Dia,
'N ad sholus 'measg ain-diadhachd mhòir;
'S 'n uair nach bu nàr leat Iosa riamh
'Na Ghàidh-san dùisgidh tu fa-dheòidh.

AM FLURAN OG.

FONN.—“Ye Banks an’ Braes o’ Bonnie Doon.”

I.

A Fhlùrain Oig a ghiùlain blàth
Nach tràth a shearg do mhaise ghrinn;
A Phriùthrag Bheag nach cruaidh am Bàs
A chuir thu ’n sàs an glaic a bhoinn!
Bha i ’na luidhe ciùin gun chlì,
’S an té ’bu dilse dhi ’na còir,
'N uair thàinig mar ghath gréin' a nios
Caoin Dhealradh flor ’san d’ fhalbh a deò.

II.

Car tamuill bhig bha ’n Dealradh bàn
A’ tàmhachd air a broilleach caomh;
'S an uair a għlacadh i le ’màth’ir
Bha ise ’n làth’ir am measg nan naomh.
Ged bha i òg,—ro òg do ’n Bhàs,—
A màthair thug dhi eòl air Ios’;
Is Aige Féin tha feum gu h-àrd
Air Flùrain òga gràidh ’bhios shòs.

TO
LACHLAN MACLEAN, Esq.
OF
ISLAY HOUSE,

THE FOLLOWING SONG OF HIS NATIVE ISLE,
WHICH WAS FOR AGES THE FAMOUS SEAT OF
ROYALTY AND OF CELTIC GRANDEUR, AND TO
WHICH HE HAS PROVED HIS PATRIOTIC ATTACH-
MENT DURING YEARS OF LONG ABSENCE BY
RETURNING TO ADORN AFTER THE WORTHY BUT
FADING FASHION OF HIGHLAND CHIEFSHIP ITS
OLD HOME WITH CELTIC HOSPITALITIES,

IS INSCRIBED

BY HIS MOST HUMBLE

AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

'SE'N T-EILEAN UAIN' ILEACH.

FONN.—“Failte na misg;” no am fonn Beurla
o so, “My Heart’s in the Highlands.”

I.

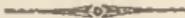
'Se'n t-Eilean uain' Ileach tir bhòidheach mo
ghràidh;

'Se'n t-Eilean uain' Ileach is feàrr leam gu bràth;
A dhoireachan fasgach, 'sa mhachraichean réidh'
Cha di-ch'nich mi chaoidh ge b'e àite d'an téid.

Ri soillse an là tha mi 'coimhead a' chuain
 A dh' fhaicinn na tràghadh a's tlachdmhoire
 fuaim,
 Nan gleantan glas', fasmhor 'tha 'g àrach an
 fhéidh,
 'S an cluinnear 's a' mhaduinn ceòl àghmhor
 nan eun.

II.

Ged tha mi fad' as tha mo ghaol dhuit gun sgios,
 'S théid fathast thar mara a dh' fhaicinn do thìr;
 A dh'fhaicinn an réidhlean a dh'fhàg mi 's mi òg,
 A ghlacadh mo chàirdean gu caidreach le pòig.
 'Se 'n t-Eilean uain' Ileach tìr bhòidheach mo
 ghràidh;
 'Se 'n t-Eilean uain' Ileach is feàrr leam gu bràth;
 A dhoireachan fasgach, 'sa mhachraighean réidh'
 Cha di-ch'nich mi chaoidh ge b'e àite d'antéid'



LA-COMUNNACHAIDH 'S A' GHAILDEALTACHD.

“Chuir E sìos 'n an suidhe iad
'S gach uidheam air a bhòrd;
Aran 's fion do riarach' orr'
'Bha 'cìallach 'fhuil 'is 'f heòil.

“Is thug E sin mar ordugh dhaibh
'Bhi 'n còmhnaidh ac' gu bràth,
A dh' fhoillseachadh 'mhòr-fhulangais,
A dh' fhuilic air an sgà.”

D. BOCHANNAN.

TO THE
REVEREND GEORGE LOUIS CAMPBELL.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I know of no one with whose name I could more appropriately inseribe the following poem than with yours. The seene of it is laid in your very extensive parish; which, though it does not afford to the poetie gaze flowers, showy blossoms, and fragrant woods, the luxurious products of a kinder and more benignant sky, is still rieh and varied in scenery whieh has a healthful influenee on the inhabitants. Still in this apparently very barren region some flowers, whose virtues possess surpassing enduranee, unobtrusively flourish. The delicate violet timidly lives in the shelter of the roeks; the stately primrose on the moist clayey braes or in the seeret nooks, unfolds its leaves of purity; and while on one path we are favoured with the looks of the hardy but modest daisy, on another our vision delighted wanders the gay waste of the purple bells of the heather. The long loehs and the deep inland lakes teeming with life; as well as the rugged stony hills whieh are its distinctive features, have each a sublimity and a

poetry of their own. Still there are here elements to inspire the heart of song of far higher grandeur, and which must be far dearer to you;—the heavenly plants of holiness and righteousness which here and there attract us, blooming with spiritual blossoms of pure and simple worship, public, private, and secret,—of broken hearts and bruised spirits—genuine human blossoms which are fed by the living dew of Divine Love! In the soil in which they have their growth, are certainly depths over which the spirit of the highest species of poetry is forever brooding. Where can you find plants so healthy, so real, so redolent of unfeigned piety and virtue, rooted in such firm and fertile earth, nourished by such unadulterated showers?

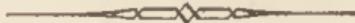
Besides it is due to your superior talents that I should acknowledge by this trifling offering the inestimable benefit I enjoyed in attending your faithful ministry during many years of the most critical period of youth. This itself, not to speak of many other kindnesses and sources of gratitude, I ought to cherish with affectionate esteem and appreciation. For it is no common occurrence anywhere, and particularly in obscure districts like this, to come in contact with such culture, intellectual energy, and evenly developed talent combined with evangelical fervour—qualities, which if transferred to a

sphere more patent to the attention of the world, and to those who can adequately appreciate merit, would certainly win for their possessor deserving recognition.

The rich blessings of Heaven attend your labours!

The prayer of your grateful
And humble servaut,
N. M'N.

Achmore, Stornoway, }
June, 1871. }



LA-COMUNNACHAIDH 'S A' GHAILHEALTACHD.

I.

Tha mhaduinn glan ciùin gun mhùthadh
samhuilt',
Na neula 'g an lùbadh, ùr-gheal, bainneach,
Is solus le sunnt a' rùsg' an talaimh
Le déine ghathan gu bòichead.
Tha flùrain a' faotainn eudain gheala
A' dearc' air an àgh 'tha aobhach beathail
'Sa' ghréin, 's i a' plaosgadh caoin-gheal, tairis,
Air fàs mu chladach nan òban.

II.

Na cnuic 'tha mu'n cuairt le 'n gruaidhibh glasa
A' lasadh a suas le tuar na maidne;
An agħaidhean cruaidh' 'toirt fuasglaidh fhar-
suinn
Do aobhar aimbeirt nan Gàidheal.
Tha luimead nan gleann 's nam beann neo-
thorach
Fo Thuath 'se cho feanntaidh, teann ro-ghuineach
Air cinneas an àm geur-ghreann an Earraich,
Ri 'faic' cho falamh 's gach àite.

III.

Tha beachdan an t-sluaigh a fhuair an dachaидh
 S a' cheàrn so'a' buadhach' |cruaidh, ach fallain,
 Nach'eil air an luaisg' le cuairt-ghaoith allaidh,

Ri dealbh an fhearan a' còrdadh.

Fad as air gach taobh tha daoine 'tighinn ;
 Aon chuid diubh a' taomadh saodmhor, cridheil ;
 Cuid eile neo-aobhach, aognuidh, sileach,
 'S iad dlùth ri nithibh cho sòluimt'.

IV.

Tha'n Comh-thional mòr fa-dheòidh 'n an suidhe
 Mu'n Phàilliun an dòigh 'tha òrdail uile ;
 Sé mìle do bheòthaibh òga 's sheana

Air feur a' feitheamh an Aodhair.

Tha iomadh an làth'r nach d' thàinig fathast
 Gu staid bhi an gràs an Ard Fhir-thagairt,
 'Sa tha aig oir chàich ri gàire tailceis
 'N an crìdh' 's 'nan cleachdamh mu'n aobhar.

V.

Mar sud gheibh thu siol 'tha fior-ghlan measach,
 Le moll 'tha gun siobadh lionmhor mar ris ;
 Ach fathast ni Tì na Firinn sgaradh

'Bhios glan fa chomhair an t-saoghail.

'S a' mheadhon dà bhòrd le sròlaibh geala
 A' ruith air a' chòmhnhard fheòir gu fada ;
 'S mu'n Phàilliun sean òglaich stòld' an aideach
 'N an glòir 's 'n an callaid do'n Aodhair.

VI.

Fa-dheòidh tha mu'n cuairt am Buachaill' a'
tighinn
A' ceumadh gu stuam' tre'n t-sluagh g' am
meadhon
A tha nis le fuaim a' luaidh an Tighearn,
'S a nis an dealas na h-ùrnuigh.
Tha'm Buachaill' ag éiridh neulach tana
Fo aogas 'tha nèamhail, sèamh mar aingeal;
Is Ughdarras Dhé o'n Stéidh ro-dhaingean
'Na ghnùis gun mhearachd 'g a ghiùlan.

VII.

"Na nithe so" féin sud leughadh dhuinne,
"Do Chriosda Mac Dhé nach b' éigin fhlolang?"
'S d'a ghìlòir anns na nèamhaibh 'n déigh sud uile
E phìlltinn dhachaidh gu buadhach?
Bha osannan trom' o bhonn gach cridhe
Mar oiteig nan tonn air luing 's i 'sitheadh,
No gearan o chom nan gleann no'n fhirich
'N uair chluinn iad fideart a' Bhuachaill'.

VIII.

Gach sean agus òg 'bha'n tòir air amharc
Air aghaidh an òglaich mhòir a' labhairt;
Làn aoibhneis 'na chòir mar eòin na maidne
Ri gréin gu h-astar 's na speuraibh;
Bha 'iomhaigh gun tuar 's a shnuagh a' teagastg
Dhuinn Diadhachd gun ghruaim 'tha stuam' le
h-eagal;

Mar so rinn e luaidh air Buaidh Emanueil
 An deas-chainnt treise do 'n Eisdeachd:--

IX.

"An Comhairl' na Sith' 'tha sìor is maireann
 O'n tùs gus a' Chrich a' lionadh thairis
 Le Gaol 'tha do-chiosnaicht' dileant tairis
 Tha stri mu rathad na Saorsa.
 An làthair na Mòrachd òirdheirc bhàrrail
 Do sheas mar le deòin fo ghlòir na Cathrach
 Aon Chruth 'tha mar lòchran beòth's tein'-athar
 An gné; 's e agarrach daonnan.

X.

"Sud Aonachd nam Buadhan uasal dligheach
 A bhuiteas do chliù 's do luaidh a' Bhreitheimh;
 'S e 'agartas cruaidh na thuit a pheanas,
 'S gun rian no slighe g' an teàrnadh.
 Tha dealanach dhùmh'l a shùl' a' gathadh
 Gu diogh'ltach an cùrs' do-lùb' o'n Chathair
 Troimh Shìorruidheachd Rùin do-mhùthail
 'n Athair,
 Nach fàgt' iad uile gun slàinte.

XI.

"S an àm tha sùil Gaoil a' taomadh thairis
 Le dedir 'tha do-thraoght' ri taobh na cathrach;
 'S e 'g éisdeachd ri glaodh neo-chaomhail bagairt
 O Aonachd Bhuadhan na Diadhachd;
 Tha Gaol ann a thruas a' cnuasach' meadhoin
 Troimh'n ruig e le buaidh air truaghlaibh sgriosta;

A ghné a' dol uaith mar chuan-shruth neartmhòr
 A dh' ionnsuidh pheacach le dian-theas.

XII.

"Tha agartas cruaidh na thuit a mhallachd,
 Na chaill a staid uasal 'fhuair an toiseach
 O Aonachd nam Buadhan 'ghluais am fochaid
 —Mi-shonas peacaidh am Pàrras;
 Tha iad nis mar ghaoith air faontraigh uile
 An Ifrinn mi-naomhachd, daors', is mulaid,
 'S mur faighean Aon Naomh a shaoras cuid diubh
 Le fulang 'n an àit'; is bàs dhoibh.

XIII.

"Tha caomh Mhac a Ghràidh ag ràdh le togairt,
 Nach feudar àm fàgail bàtht' 's na tonnaibh,
 Gu 'n gabh E an àit' làn cràidh 'à 'n togail,
 A 'n spion' á glacaibh an Diabhuil;
 Dh' ath-cheannach le gaol sluagh saor do 'n
 Athair,
 A bhriseadh na daors' mi-naomh' a ghlac iad,
 Àchur as an t-saogh'l gach aobhar peacaidh
 Is modh a shuidheach' 'n a riaghlaadh.

XIV.

"Tha 'm Peacadh a ghnàth 'n a nàdur airidh
 Air peanas gun bhàigh 's gach àit' 'am faigh e;
 Mar ni a tha gràineil, grànuid 'na shealladh
 Tha Dia troimh 'ghnè 'naomh a' rùnach'
 Air peacadh a chlaidh le 'dhruidheachd uile,
 A pheanas mar Dhaoi a thruaill a' Chruitheachd

A thàinig 'measg shaoi le laoidh na cuilbheirt
 Ach Dia á 'shealladh ni 'sgiùrsadh.

XV.

"A so tha ag éiridh Eigin dhaingean
 Gu'n gabh dhuinn Mac Dhé dha féin ar samhuil,
 Gu'n tig E o nèamh mar Réit' air thalamh,
 'S á glòir àrd-riaghlaidh a ghràidh féin;
 Do thàinig E nuas le truas a'r sireadh,
 Is dh' fhuiling E cruas na duais' 'thoill sinne
 An doilgheasaibh truaigh' o uair a thighinn
 Gu ruig an là 's an do bhàsaich.

XVI.

"Do ràinig E glòir am mòrachd Maise,
 Le caithream cruaidh òran òirdhearc Sheraph',
 Nach sguir bhi ri ceòl air bed-theud mhaireann
 Mu Bhuaidh Emanueil Cheusda;
 O shaoghal gun àireamh thàrmaich pobuill
 A thabhairt dha fàilte gràidh is molaidh,
 'S o'n talamh comh-bhràithrean, 's càirdean
 'togail
 Na Laoih nach caith air an teudaibh."

[*Note.*—The author must acknowledge that he has not done either wisely or well in adopting the above intricate stanza for a piece of such intended length as "La-Comunnachaïdh". He purposed to devolope to some extent the grand and glorious doctrine of the given text, but had to give up the intention at the outset, seeing he could give no justice to the theme in such a stanza, and that unbroken attention to its complicate characteristics would involve such a waste of time, whose shortness and haste, as felt by human endeavour, the present age with its practical intensity brings into such terrible relief.]

GU AIDHRE:

DAN ANN AN DÀ PHAIRT DHEUG.

“Is lean mi ’n céin thar muir is glinn thu,
’S luidhinn sìnte leat ’s an t-slochd.”

DAN AN DEIRG.

TO THE
REVEREND RODERICK ROSS.

MY DEAR ROSS,

It gives me unfeigned pleasure to think that the acquaintance and friendship of one so gentle, so refined, so cultivated, and withal so kind as you, permit of addressing these verses to you. Your sincere unselfishness of spirit, your goodness of heart, and your beauty of soul I do not expect to meet with in sweeter harmony in any mortal on earth. Ah! how the world should thank Heaven that such delicately-toned and exquisite spirits are given to it, who dispense so much of the true elixir of humanity and virtue to sweeten life.

There is no production in Gaelic Literature, so far as I am aware, similar in nature and style to the following, while the kind of stanza adopted is also abnormal; two accidents which you will not-likely consider favourable to success among people who are so Conservative as the Gaelic-speaking Celts in aesthetic matters. It is these considerations, however, which induced me to write "Guaidhre," coupled with a desire of enriching (?) our poetic Literature!

I trust that any obscurity arising from the

unusual combinations of phrases in “Guaidhre” and in the preceding poem is cleared by the attention paid to strictly grammatical correctness of expression—much of which correctness I owe to my kind teacher, Mr. Cameron of Renton, as well as to the painstaking and excellent care of the printer.

In “Guaidhre” you will find religion and earthly love no antagonistic elements. Some of my friends complain rather bitterly of my giving any countenance to mere human love at all—especially in the neighbourhood of religion. But ah! there is with me yet, a necessity of inconsiderate utterance—of non-hypocritical outspokenness,—which abiding contact with the world and maturer days are only too sure to destroy. When I begin to versify an inevitable inspiration compels me to give expression to my nature in her various moods. To my friends I give, in defence, for consideration the following couplet of Luther, the German Reformer:—

“He who loves not women, wine, and song,
Will be a fool his whole life long.”

May all possible comfort and happiness attend
you and

Your friend and sojourner

In a world of tears.

NIGEL MACNEILL.

I PAIRT.

Guaidhre ann am fàsach leis féin.

1.

Tha sàmhchair sinte air gach taobh;
 Tha guth na gaoith' 'n a chodal ciùin;
 Tha luimead fhad' a' ghlinn mar raon
 A' sgaoileadh fo do shùil;
 Cha'n eil aon ni no neach a' sgrios na fois';
 Tha seirm nam filidhean sgiáthach air dol as.

2.

Tha Guaidhre, làn do smuaintibh trom',
 Air tom 's an fhàsach chian leis féin;
 An spréidh gu socrach air an fhonn,
 Air lom neo-fhad' o chéil';
 'Nuair tha e 'faicinn aogais shuaraich, bhochd,
 Ag éaladh nuas gu 'rathad féin o'n chnoc.

3.

Labhair an Cruth am briathraibh sèamh',
 "Seall as do dhéigh,—nis éisd ri m' ghuth;—
 Cuimhnich a' Mhaighdeann 'suaisle sgèimh;—
 C' uim' thréig thu i's an t-sruth?
 Mallachd gach bean a thàinig riamh á broinn
 Biodh ort mur faigh thu 'n Ainnir ghrinn air
 loinn!"

II PAIRT.

Comhairle 's na h-Airdidh.

1.

'Measg na h-Ard-Chomhairle air Nèamh
 An Cruth uile nochd e féin a rìs,—
 'Chruth-san 's e Prionns' air talamh Dhé
 Agimeachd suas 's a sìos;
 Le dàuachd àird thàinig e 'n làthair Dhia;
 Is thagair mar a nòs mar so gun fhiamh:—

2.

“'Sleat-sa gach ni, O Uile-neirt,
 Bàirig dhomh m' iarrtas ceart mu 'n Og;
 Mheall e le faosaid fhiair gu beachd
 Màili am blàth a bòidhch';
 Brist o a thaobh gach dìdean 'tha mu 'chuairt,
 'S tréigidh e 'Dhia; 's bheir mis dha ionnan
 cruaidh.”

3

Bha iomadh cùis de 'n t-seòrs' air Nèamh
 An làthair Dhé aig Lucifer;
 'S esan a rinn an tagradh geur
 A thugadh leinn fainear;
 Cuibhrionn diubh thug an Tighearn ann a làimh.
 A dhean' an t-saoghal searbh, is measail gràis.

III PAIRT.

Ifrinn.

1.

An dorchadas iomallach mu thuath
 'Measg uamhasan de losgadh dearg,
 'Tha 'g atharrachadh 'na ghné le fuachd
 Mar chuan fo anail féirg',
 Tha Lucifer ag éirich chur an céill
 Na buaidh a lean e ann an cùirtibh Dhé:—

2.

"Bhràithrean am fulangasaibh cruaidh',
 Cha dhiùltar buaidh fa-dheòidh d' ar strì;
 Thagair mi cùis nam fear ud shuas—
 Tha Guaidhre 's càch gun dion;
 Dhuit-se, a Bhelial, tabhram iad air fad,
 'San toir thu iad gu féin-dìth-mhilleadh grad."

3.

Chluinneadh tu 'n ulfhartaich an céin
 Nis 'dh' éirich 'measg nan deamhnán allt;
 Bha ballachan Ifrinn a' reub'
 Le sgal nan treun a' falbh
 A dh' ionnsuidh eileanan na talmhainn shuas,
 A mheudachadh an rioghachd 's cionta'n duais.

IV PAIRT.

An Talamh—Dannsadhbh aig Pòsadh.

1.

Tha ceòl a' snàmh 's an t-seòmar ait
 'Tha laiste suas le aoibhneas òige;
 Tha Càraid Gaoil le sagart naisgt'—
 Glaiste am bannaibh pòsaidh,
 Mu'n cuairt d'am bheil gu lionmhor nigh'nnan
 òg'
 Le 'm fearaibh meara 'dannsadhbh ris a' cheòl.

2.

Tha Guaidhr' an sud an aghaidh glaoidh
 A tha o aobhar coguis chiùrrt';
 Is aigne thug grad leum a thaobh,
 A' caochladh chum a' chiùil;
 Is r'a mhac-meamna lean siol puinnsein thoraich
 A dheothail neart o 'eas-ùmhachd d'a choguis.

3.

Do 'n t-saoghal a tha 'g àicheadh Dhé
 Tha sud 'na sgeul làn taitneis mhòir;
 Is their iad, Tha e mar sinn féin,
 Nis 's léir dhuinn e troimh 'chleðc;
 O'n oidhche chiùil ud cha robh 'cheum cho glan,
 E uidh air 'n uidh a' tigh'nn fo dhrùidheachd
 bhan.

V PAIRT.

Coinneamh ri Belial a tha 'treòrachadh Ghuaidhre
gu ionadaibh seachranach.

1.

Mu 'n d' éirich dearg an latha màireach
Is Guaidhr' ag èaladh dhachaидh aon'rach
O ionad ait nan òran gàireach—
Rèir abhuist fad gun sgaoileadh,
—An Cruth a thaisbean dha e fèin 's an fhàsach
Thug coinneamh ùr dha le mi-thalamhachd
failte.

2.

Mu 'n deach iad fada troimh na craobhaibh,
Mu'n d' thòisich glaodhaich ciùil na
h-iarmailt',
Bha coslas mnà a' tigh'nn gu h-eutrom
Air aodann diridh liath-ghlais,
A threòraich Belial gu eòlas Ghuaidhre
Is dh' fhàg e iad faraon fo sgàile 'n uaigheis.

3.

Cha deanar leis an Fhilidh luaidh
Air staid a' bhuairidh 's an robh 'n àite ;
Nis mò ris mu na freumhaibh truaigh'
A ghabh an Guaidhre fàsachd;
Is leòir a ràdh 'n uair thog an là a cheann
Nach robh sìth coguis Ghuaidhre féin ach fann.

VI PAIRT.

Guaidhre a' briseadh ceangal pôsaidh ri Mâili, ni a
thug a bàs fa-dheòidh.

1.

Thuit aigne Ghuaidhr' air ròs ro dhearg,
Is shearg a chuimhn' air Mâili bhàin;
Tha 'n gaol 'bha roimhe blàth ro shearbh,
'S tha e gu dearbh a ghnàth
'G a sheòladh féin gu aign' a chuspair ùir
A thachair air an sàimh na maidne ciùin'.

2.

Tha teine 'losgadh suas a chreubh
—Eigin a ghaoil 'ta làth'r cho lasrach
Le anail shèimh a' ghaoil a thréig
Air 'shéideadh suas gu tartrach;
O mhoch gu dubh, 's e làn de losgadh stri
Tha e a' triall taobh uillt, is glinn, is frith.'

3.

Fa-dheòidh thug se e féin do rùn
A lùb fo shéisd an dara gaoil;
Is bhriseadh leis an ceangal dlùth
A dhùin ris Mâili chaoin;
Tha 'n ainnir dhileas 'crionadh as gach là
Le gaol nach fàilnich gus an tig am bàs!

VII PAIRT.

A thuras le Belial do ionadaibh dìomhair.

1.

Cha'n'eil aon ghaol, cho glan, 's cho dìleas
 Ri ceud ghaol tréibh dhireach na h-òige;
 'S e sud an t-snaim amhàin 'bhios sìorruidh
 'S nach dì-ch'nichear le d' bhed leat;
 Tha Spiorad beò ceud gaoil a' losgadh Ghuaidhre,
 Geur chuimhne shearbh air seachranachd a
 bhuairidh.

2.

Thàinig an Nàmhaid le a innleachd
 A thoirt gu crich fa-dheòidh do Ghuaidhre
 Na seirbhe ud nach 'eil a' diobradh
 'N a chrìdh' o là a bhuairidh;
 Is threòraicheadh e leis an carbad soillse
 Thar iomadh muir is lear an doimhn' na
 h-oidhche.

3.

'N sin thàinig iad gu àite adhlaic
 Far an robh Màili socrach ciùin
 'S a' chodal sin nach dùisg gu bràthach
 Gu là 's an crith an ùir
 'N uair loisgeas suas an cruinne-cé an gradaig;
 An sud mar so bha Belial a' labhairt:—

VIII PAIRT.

Belial is Guaidhre aig Uaigh Mhàili.

1.

“Nach diomhain oidheirp Maith’san t-saogh’l?
So ionad suaimhneis dhaoin’ fa-dheòidh;
Bhi beò cho an-shocrach nach fhaoin?

‘S gun sòlas caomh ’s an fheòil;
Cha toir an talamh le a làn de bheartas
Toil-inntinn shìor do mhiann ar rùintean tart-
mhor.

2.

“Nach foiseil sàimh nam fear ’tha shìos!
Cha mhill an stri ’tha bhos an suain;
Cha shéid an doinionn orr’ no’n t-sid;
Cha diobair fois na h-uaigh’;
‘S i so a’ chrìoch ’tha ’feitheamh air gach neach;
Rug i gu luath! Cha’n urrainn thu dol seach.’

3.

Sud shruth o bhilibh fiar’ a’ Nàmhaid,
A chur an òig an sàs aig cunnart,
Ach mu’n d’ thug Guaidhre cluas d’a ràdh-
tainn
Bha tannasg Mhàili luraich
A’ dearc’ mar aingeal air le caoimhneas truais,
Is o a sealladh dh’fhalbh an Nàmhaid uath.

IX PAIRT.

Guaidhre is Spiorad Mhàili.

1.

Cha 'n urrainn neach 's an fheòil an ceangal
 'Tha eadar feòil is spiorad innseadh;
 Ni 's mò an dàimh 'aig Nèamh ri Talamh,
 Tha 'n sgarachduinn ro dhìomhair;
 'S ni 's mò an dàimh an gaol 'th' aig fear ri té,
 Ged bhithheadh aon a bhos, 'saon eil' air Nèamh.

2.

"Na géill do bhròn," thuirt Màili ghrinn;
 "Na boinn a naisg sinn seasaidh maireann;
 Ar gaol cha bhàsaich; an car foill'
 A rinn thu chaidh e thairis;
 Seargaidh ar fàillinnean fa-dheòidh
 'N uair dh' fhàgas sinn staid seirbhe Saogh'il an
 déòir.

3.

"Thig mar rium; éisd a Ghuaidhre, ghaoil!
 Thig leam gu taobh do mhàthar shuas;
 'S eòl dhuinn do chrìdh' le 'dhoilgheas naomh;
 Fàg, fàg, a ghaoil, an uaigh;
 Na éisd ri guth a bhuairidh dhoill o'n Nàmhaid,
 Mu 'n glac e t' anam ann a liontaibh bàsmhor!"

X PAIRT.

Guaidhre air a threòrachadh le Spiorad Mhàili gu
Nèamh.

1.

Air uaigh na h-ainnir' thùirling neul
'S an d' éirich grad o'n talamh suas
A tannasg-sa le Guaidhre féin,
'S gu nèamh do ghabh e cuairt;
Is ruig e cùirtean àluinn naomhachd ghlain
'Sam faca Guaidhre 'mhàth'r 'measg naomh a
stigh.

2.

'N sin thug an Seraph iùil gu 'mhàth'ir
An t-òg mar bha e 'na chruth daonna;—
"Do chor, aon·ghin, bha tric an làth'ir
Mo shùl, fo spàig an t-saoghal;
O'n ghineadh bròn na Diadhachd fhioir 'na' d'
ghnè
'S de t' olc o'n rinn thu aithreachas nach tréig,

3.

"Nis gabham thu mar mhac a dh' fhàg,
An saoghal grànnidh an smuain a'd' dhéigh;
Is teagastgam, a Ghaoil, am fàth
A thug thu bhàrr do stéidh;—
'Se gaol nan nìonag dh' an do rinn thu aoradh,
'So dhiadhachd cheart an dia ud thug a thaobh
thu."

XI PAIRT.

Teachd a nuas.

1.

Bha Màili làimh r'a mhàthair naoimh,
 Is labhair i gu caoin ri Guaidhre ;—
 “O pheacaich sinn le chéile, Ghaoil,
 Ag aoradh dé cho suarach !
 ’S ’n uair chaidh sinn fada as mar sud ’g A
 thréigsinn,
 Thuit dioghaltas ceart,—bàs dhomhs’, is dhuits’
 an-éibhinn.

2.

“Mar bheirear maitheanas dhomh ’fén
 Tha mise réidh ri fàilinn chàich ;
 ’S i tròcair ’thug na naoimh do nèamh
 An cleachdadadh èigin Gràidh ;
 Gu gearr bidh Guaidhr’ is Màili naisgt’ an Gaol
 Troimh shìorruidheachd nach tiormaich is nach
 traoigh.

3.

“Crom nis gu talamh gus am fàg
 Thu sgàil’ na feòla anns an ùir ;
 Thig maille riums’ ; leig cead do d’ mhàth’r ;
 Bheir mis’ thu teàruint’ , rùin ;
 O so a mach bi cuimhneach air lagh Dhé ;
 Bi dàn’ an Ios’ ; is gheibh thu duais an Tréith.”

XII PAIRT.

Beatha 's Feum Ghuaidhre air an Talamh.—a Bhàs.

1.

Au déigh sud shuidhich Guaidhr' a chridh'
Air dol troimh dhìthreabh beath' le naomh-
achd;

Is thug e féin ni 's mò 's ni 's floire
'N a iobairt do 'Fhear-Saoraidh;

Bha ionmhas aignidhean an tasgaidh shuas,
'S bha 'shùil a ghnàth air Dealbh an Ti 'thug
Buaidh.

2.

Is chuir e 'n céill gu treun do 'n t-saoghal
An Soisgeul Naomh 'tha saor do pheacaich;
Rinn Dia dheth inueal mòran dhaoine
Leigadh á daors' an seachrain;

O thìr gu tir bha uisgeach' Spioraid Dhè
A' taiseach' cruas nan cridhe fuar 'n a dhéigh.

3.

Luidh sneachd nan deich 'strì fichead bliadhna
Air 'fhalbh 's a chiabh, 's bha 'shùil ri 'dhachaidh;
O thìr na Flath-Inneis g'a iarruidh

Chuir a Dhia a Theachdair;

Dh' fhalbh an Laoch a' giùlan sguaban trom'
Le Naoimh 'tha thall do thìr a Ghaoil 's nam
fonn.

EMANUEL.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The author is not unaware that many will question the propriety and modesty of his ambition in attempting to touch poetically on the all-surpassing theme—EMANUEL. It is presumptuous of a mere youth to undertake through his immature conceptions the expression of the spirit of this subject. The force of this charge depends on the author's capacity for handling his subject whether he is young or old. If he can invest his high and holy theme with a sacred air of poetic majesty which may, in some useful sense, be worthy of it, the objection must disappear in the light of his success. If he can strike out of the Region of Light Ineffable in fresh poetic thought even one ray of the Glory of Emanuel to raise Him in the love and adoration of his fellow-sinners, the objector ought to be silent, and he himself rewarded and satisfied. If he can, as far as human imperfection and

unholiness permit, be guided to refrain from degrading, through the indestructible elements of the natural man and earth in us while here, his great and glorious subject by unworthy expression, and if he does not leave any impression of irreverence and unscripturalness on the mind of the reader, it may be considered that Sylla and Charybdis alike are avoided. One of the chief requisites in the author is the cultivation of reverence and holiness in heart and habit.

After the mind has received a due amount of culture each successive stage of life has its own characteristic advantages for the production of poetry whether lyric or epic. Youth, deficient in judgment, bursts forth into expression with uncontrollable feelings of intensity, vehemence, and headlong earnestness, looking to the goal with the hungry haste of the young lion; middle age, firmer in judgment and caution, has lost much of the unrestrained ardour of youth—a vital element in poetry, and may therefore be more accurate and dignified, but somewhat less poetic; advanced age, mature in judgment, reflection, and in the exercise of reason, has no present experience of the beautiful, sentimental, and lyric melancholy of youth with its unjudging rashness when it first awakens to feel the presence of nature around it and in itself, and it can only

look back and consider all this in the calm evening sunlight of declining life; thus, in the poetry of advanced days, the cold abstractions of reflection, reason, and philosophy are supreme, while the rushing fervour, which is generated by the light, bloom, and beauty of youth, is kept under rigid control.

The following Poem was designed to be completed in four parts, of which the first is given here; the completion and publication of the succeeding parts must depend on the reception given to the first. The author is anxious that the Highlander would be able to point to one attempt of epic pretensions in his native language on the surpassing theme of the Christian Revelation. He ventures to say, if spared, and *Coelo favente*, that the execution of the remaining divisions can not be possibly inferior. He may also state that, while refraining purposely from reading imaginative compositions on his especial subject, he has deemed it his duty to acquaint himself with the highly poetic work of Martensen on Christian Dogmatics, as well as with the Institutes of Calvin. The former, a Danish Bishop, is the systematic expositor of modern Lutheranism and the rival of Calvin in the field of Dogmatic Theology.

It is mainly on "Emanuel" that the author would fain rest his claims of possible admission

into the envied roll of Gaelic Bards. His smaller pieces—particularly those destitute of any religious cast—were never accompanied in their transition into poetical being, with the whole sympathy of his heart and soul; but in the present instance he has found a theme infinitely holy and high, the contemplation of whose transcendent Loveliness and Beauty must be unspeakably fitted to bring into exercise all the active and latent capacities of the human mind.

FERN COTTAGE, ISLAY, }
October, 1871. }

EMANUEL.

I PAIRT.

ARGUMENT.

Athchuinge air son analachadh an Spioraid.—Moch air là na féill Chriosd (Christmas) tha Calum-cille ann an I a' toiseachadh, air an iarrtas fein, air seinn air a chlàrsaich d'a bhràithribh, na Mànach:—E 'g a shaoilsinn fein air a ghiúlan air falbh ann am Bruadar air maduinn breith Chriosd ann an cuid-eachd feachd nèamhaidh—os ceann na h-Eadait, na Gréige, na h-Eipht, agus rioghachdan na h-Airde 'n Ear a bha aon uair ainmeil—iomradh air aobhar an tuiteim agus air an t-searg choitchionn a thàinig orra air fad—am Feachd ud a' coinneachadh Ghàbrail, an t-aingeal a tha 'n a Fhear-iùil dealrach do'n Reult a tha air a h-òrduchadh o'n Ear gu Ionad breith ar Slànuighean—Gabriel ag innseadh dhoibh ciod a thachair ann an Nèamh—sgeul air Teachd Ldnachd na h-Aimsir—gu'm bheil òrdugh aige-san a dheanadh fiosrach do fheachdaibh Nèimh

feadh an domhainn—gu'm bheil Luchd-Riochdachaidh o na saoghail uile a' teachd le órduyh an Aoin Shiorruidh gu Ionad breith Emanueil—tha am Feachd ud a' pilleadh le Feachd Ghàbrail—Feachdan eile 'g an coinneachadh o gach taobh—iad uile a' sruthadh maille ri cheile a dh' ionnsuidh an aon ionaid, Betlehem,— BREITH EMANUEIL.— Eubh caithream nam feachd le'n caismeachd seinn—iad a' sgapadh a nis gu an ionadaibh taimh sònruichte faladh—gu h-araidh gus an ionad àithnichte fo'n ainm Nèamh—Rainig Eubh caismeachd nam feachd rioghachd Lucifeir a tha 'gabhaile ioghnaidh ciod mu'm bheil an fhuaim neo-abhaisteach ud—e 'gairm comhairle a dh' fhaotainn a mach an aobhair air eagal gu'm feud an ni briseadh a dheanamh air a rioghachdan—Deasbud teth am measg a chomhairlichean—e féin fa dheòidh a' rùnachadh air cursa araidh a ghabhail air dha iomradh sònruichte a chaidh a dheanadh aìn an garadh Edein a chuimhneachadh. Tional Feachdan an Ard-Rìgh ann an Nèamh—an Rìgh-chathair—órain agus buaidh-chaithream nam Feachd mu Sgeul an Aoibhneis.

O tùirlinn a Spioraid à t' ionadaibh Siorruidh!
Is àitich mo chridhe le gloine na Firinn;
Thoir fuasgladh do m'aigne o dhuslach'n t-saoghal,

Is suidhich a rùintean air slighe na Naomhachd.
 Thig! Fàilte! a Phearsa a's Glòrmhoire iomhaigh!
 Fàilte Dhé Shiorruidh! Tog suas na tha dìblidh!
 O seall orm! is analaich spiorad fior bhàrdachd
 A labhradh le h-urram air Tèarnadh an Ard-Righ!

I.

Bha Mac na h-òg-mhaduinn ag òradh nan
 cruachan,
 A' dùsgadh nan ceòlairean Mànach o'n suaimh-
 neas;
 Is soillse a thrusgain a' lasadh mu 'mhòrachd
 Thar bhaidealaibh sòir le an deargadas òirdhearc;
 Ann an Teampull nan Druidhneach air là na
 Féill-Chriosda
 Ghlac Calum an Naomh thuige clàrsach na
 fil'dheachd'
 A sheinn do na Mànach mu Lànachd na
 h-Aimsir;
 Mar so bha an Dàn 'chuir am Filidh 'n an tairgse:

II.

Ann an àros mo Bhruadair chaidh m' iomain air
 falbh
 O m' dhachaidh thar chuantaibh is dhùth-
 channaibh garbh';

Do chunnaic mi baideal o bhogha nan speur
 A' cromadh gu talamh fo lasadh na gréin';
 Gu grad chaidh 'chruth-ath'rrach' gu carbad 'bu
 dheàrrsaich
 Anns am faca mi ainglean a bhrùchd as na
 h-àirdibh;
 An cuideachd an fheachd ud do dh'imich mi sòir
 Thar Rioghachdaibh farsuinn gu Sàlem fa-
 dheòidh.

III.

Thar crìochan na h-Eadailt, Bean-Riaghlaidh
 an t-saogh'l,
 'Tha 'n a luidhe gu sòghail an geimhlibh na daors',
 Fo earradh dubh bròin mu'n Chomh-Fhlaitheachd
 a' searg'
 'S fo uamhann mu'n Iompairreachd 'tha 'cinn-
 eadh gu searbh,
 Do ghabh mi mo thuras gu Innsibh na Gréig',
 Làn doilgheis mu dhoille na Ròimh as mo dhéigh,
 Ag éisdeachd a h-osnaidh gu 'n tigeadh an là
 A dh' oibrícheadh saorsa le soillse o'n Aird.

IV.

Bha cùbhraidheachd shamhraidh nan Eileanan
 Greugach
 A snàmh anns an àile gu 'r n-ionnsuidh 's na
 speuraibh;

Ach dh' éirich mar 'n ceudna glaodh gearain an t-sluaigh—
 Glaodh gearanach chiomach mi-mhisneachail,
 truagh';
 Do chrom mi mo shealladh a dh'fhaicinn na mòrachd
 A nochd dhuinn a' Ghréig 'n a mòr Ghliocas 's
 'n a h-Eòlas;
 A mòrachd cha mhaireann! Bha 'subhaile air falbh;
 Oir air nàdur fior Naomhachd cha d' fhuaradh leath' sealbh!

V.

Air Cartaid an Afric, sean Rìoghachd Bhan-rìgh
 Dido
 Do sheall mi a rìs,—bha a tuiteam-sa iosal;
 Chaill ise a mòrachd mar Thìrus a màthair
 A dh' uireasbhuidh Naomhachd na Diadhachd
 a's àirde.
 O sin thugar m' aire gu dùthaich na Niluis—
 Rìoghachd Aosda na h-Eiph't a sheas ceudan de linntibh,—
 Ghleidh ise le spìosraidh a mairbh o fhàs breunail,
 Ach gun spìosraidh do'n Anam bha sud uil' gun fheum d'i.

VI.

An sin anns an àile chaidh carbad an fheachd ud
 Gu dùthaichibh sear agus seanachd 's an dhear
 sinn

Air léir-sgrios na Doille a thùirlinn fa-dheòidh
 Air dithreabh an t-sluáigh a tha chòmhnuidh
 'n an còir;

Mar lusan an t-samhraidh 'tha 'g éirich gu
 tràthail

Dh' fhàs Mòrachd Asiriai, Ninebhei, is Bhàeil,
 Mar bhlàthaibh an fhoghair air froiseadh gu làr
 Tha geugan an glòir air an séid' as an àit'.

VII.

An suidheach' comh-ionnan tha Iompaireachd
 Shina

A chaith a h-uil' innleachd, 's a chrìochnaich ro
 ìosal;

Luidh seargadh mi-naomhachd, 's droch thoradh
 ar nàduir

Air leitbne na tir ud mar phlàigh nach gabh sàsach'
 'N uair bhàsaich gu h-iomlan gach rionnag de
 shoillse

A threòraich car tamuill an ceuman troimh 'n
 oidhche

A thuit orr' 'n uair dhiochnaich iad teagascg nan
sinnsear,
'Sa dhalladh Beul-aithris le liath-cheò nan
linntean.

VIII.

Air dbuinn bhi 's an àit' ud nochd Reult anns
an iarmailt
Agimeachd an eudach a h-dìrdheirceis sgiamh-
aich;
'N sin lùb sinn ar càrsa a choinneach' a soillse,
Ar carbad a'sitheadh airsgiathaibh na h-oidhche;
Ni b' luaithe na aiteal an dealanaich dheàrrsaich
A'spùtadh gu talamh o dhoimhneachd na h-àirde
Bha astar ar carbaid—mar mhall smuain na
h-inntinn,—
Troimh fhalamhachd nèimhe—na reul-raointibh
siorruidh.

IX.

'N uair thàinig sinn dlùth air a h-àile glan,
cùbhraidh,
Bha sinn 'dearcadh air boisg' an Tì mhòir 'bha
'g a stiùradh;
Ann an stàit' a bu lasraiche, lainnirich', òr-
bhuidh',
Bha aon de na h-ainglibh 's àird' inbh' aig a'
Mhòrachd

A' treòrach' a h-Imeachd troimh fhalamhachd
nèimhe,
O'n Ear dh' ionnsuidh siar ionad-stadadh a réise;
B'e'n t-ainm aige Gabriel, Teachdaire aobhach
Nan iomadh sgeula gràdhach a dh' fhosgail ar
saorsa.

X.

Troimh Charbad na Soillse a chuartach an
imeachd
Do chuala sinn guth stuic an aingeil a' tighinn,
Ag aslachadh eisdeachd o Ard-fhear ar feachd-ne
Air son an Sgéil Mhaith a b'e uallach a
theachd-san ;
Do sheirm e a' chabtag a dh' eignich á nèamh e,—
Gu'n robh Lànachd nan Linn air a seinn ann
an éibhneas
An làthair an Athar a shònruich an Latha,
An doimhneachd na Siorr'achd 's an coimh-lion
e'n gealladh.

XI.

"Le àithn' an Aoin Shìorruidh 'tha 'g àiteach'
an domhainn
Ruit mis' feedh a' Chruthachaидh mhòir a
thoirt rabhainn
Do fheachdaibh a' Chumachdaich Aird mu 'n
mhòr Ioghnadh

Ri nochdadhbh air thalamh am measg chlann nan
daoine;
O shaoghail gun àireamh feadh falambachd
Nèimhe
Tha Feachdan a' sitheadh air cluinntinn an
sgeula
A dh' fheitheamh air foillseachadh Aosda nan
Làithean
An Diomhaireachd Feòla nach tuigear gu
bràthach.

XII.

"Tha mise ri teàrnadh is sibhs' ri dol sìos leam
Gu cruinne a' chè o'n do thog sibh a chianamh
A shuidheach' ar seasamh os ceann raon Iudéa
A dh' fheitheamh co-chruinneachadh Feachdan
nan Nèamhan;
Chaidh an Reult ud a dh' fhàg mi a mach as a
cùrsa
Le òrdugh Ard-Chumhachd, 's bha mise mar
iùil-fhear
A' siubhal 'n a cuideachd car tacuin ag innseadh
Do'n mhuinntir 'tha 'tàmh innt' brigh' àraidh
na chì iad.

XIII.

"Tha 'n Reult ud a' siubhal a threòrach' nan
Draoidhean



Air thalamh 's an Ear cheàrn a mhàin a thug
 aoidheachd
 Do iarmad fìor Naomhachd gu ionad an deagh-
 sgeòil;
 'N an measg-san thug Diadhachd a bhuaidh
 thar na saobh-sgeòil;
 O Athair nan Creidmheach 'so innibh Chetùrah
 Do shiolaich na saoidh ud an eug-samhuil
 dùthaich;
 Air son meas au Sìnnsear tha Riaghlaир nan slògh
 'G an treòrach air tùs dh'ionnsuidh Cuspair
 nam Beò.

XIV.

"Tha Luchd-riochdachaидh òirdhearc am mòr-
 achd 's an soillse
 A' ruith dh'ionnsuidh 'nàite mu'n tàr as an
 oidhche;—
 Feuch iad cho dealrach! a' sitheadh 'n an solus,
 Siùbhlamaid siar, tha iad titheach g'ar coinn-
 each,'"
 Gu grad thosd an t-Aingeal is dh'iadh le 'mhòr-
 shluagh
 Bhi shios roimh na feachdaibh 'bha snàmh
 seach mu'n cuairt;—
 An Sealladh do-labhairt! tha miltean de mhìltibh
 Ag aom' o gach taobh dhinn a dh'fheith-
 eamh an Ioghnaidh!

XV.

Troimh shàmhachd nan speura bha siubhal nam
 Feachdan
 Mar għluasad na h-inntinn o chleachdad gu
 cleachdad;
 An soills' bha 'g an cuairteach', gath mòrdha
 de'n ghldir,
 A tha siorruidh ag ēirich an làthair 'n Ti Mhōir;
 Is caithream an imeachd bha balbh mar an
 caochladh
 A shéideas am Bàs 'nuair tha 'thorachd measg
 dhaoine;
 Sūil deðir riamh cha 'n fhaca 's cha 'n fhaic air
 an talamh,
 Ach an Dia-Duin' a mhàin, ni cho greadhnach
 's cho barrail.

XVI.

Gnè nàduir nabith a th' aig ainglibh cha'n innsear
 Le teanga neach talmhaidh, tha 'n cuspair ro
 dhìomhair;
 No 'm modh anns an gluais iad o shaoghal gu
 saoghal
 A fhrithealadh chrìochan a shònruich Ard-
 Naomhachd;
 An gluasad mar phriobadh an ruisg co 'ni
 thuiginn?

Is doimhneachd do smuain neach 's an fheòil e
do-ruigsinn ;
Ach fathast 'nuair a dhìobras duinn cochull na
h-ùrach,
Fior eòlas air beatha nan spiorad bidh dlù dhuinn.

XVII.

Tha 'm Feachd ud 'tha mòr, de neo-bhàsmhoir-
ich dhealrach
Os ceann Bhetlehéim an ioghnaidh a' sealltuinn ;
Is diomhaireachd dhall dhoibh an t-Ard-Rìgh
bhi 'teàrnadh
O inbhe a Mhòrachd gu còmhnuidh am pailliun
Gnè feòla air thalamh ; gnè tomhas a ghaole
A dh' eignich dha glacadh dha obair na saorsa' ;
Is miann leotha amharc air nithibh cho glòrmhor
Is cromadh an aoradh an làthair na Mòrachd ;

XVIII.

Tha 'n cruthachadh uile fo dhruitheachd suain ;
Car tamuill gach ni tha aig fosadh mu'n cuairt ;
Tha tosd ann an Nèamh 's air thalamh a bhos ;
Tha muinntir Iudea gun umhall an clos ;
Tha 'n oidhche a' seargadh o bheanntaibh na tìr'
Is neòil le oir shneachd-gheal ag éirich gu min
Air faire a' chruinne ; 's an Ear tha caomh fhiamh
Faoin dhearegas òr-bhuidh a' craobh-sgaoileadh
siar.

[NOTE.—The author regrets that circumstances prevent the publication at present of the remaining portion of the first part of *EMANUEL*. The size of the book, which was partially printed off some time ago before the present poem was intended for it, is not adapted for the kind of verse used in *EMANUEL*; and the author finds that before 2000 lines in this measure could be given the volume would have assumed proportions which would make it rather expensive for his Highland countrymen. He is anxious besides that this poem should possess all his maturity of thought, and that it should appear in a complete form with as perfect and faultless a finish as possible; so he refrains from giving more of it to the world till his ideal is more fully realized in the execution.]

[On looking over the sheets a few mistakes in the inflections of nouns have been discovered, but as they are neither many nor serious it is not necessary to give them in a list of *errata*.]

THE ROYAL LOCK; A LYRICAL DIALOGUE,

Founded on a Lock of Prince Charles' hair which was cut off by Flora Mac Donald, and shown to the author by a young Lady of literary tastes in the North of Scotland in whose family it has been carefully preserved.

Far away by the Atlantic
Where fierce storms oft wake the deep,
Where the skies weep sleet in winter,
And the Norland whirlwinds sweep,

In a feal island mansion
Looking fair on Arnish Light,
As it flickered through the distance
Of the dull and rainy night,

Held we converse of the Heroes
Albin nourished for her guard,
Of our mighty fathers' struggles,
Told by senachie and bard,

When a bright and blooming Lady,
—Half a Saxon half a Gael—
Typic of our wedded races
Destined ever to prevail—

Brought from out a jewelled casket
 What I fain was to behold,
 Hair once owned by gentle Flora,
 Fitted in a ring of gold.

“It was severed from its kindred
 Locks by Flora fair,” she said
 With her lips of graceful sweetness;
 Smiles upon their redness played.

“While I gaze upon it folded
 In this azure crystal stone
 I am sad with recollections
 Bearing back to deserts lone,—

“Bearing to the gloomy deserts
 Which the Present brings to view,
 Whither latter-day Evangelists
 Lead, alas! our wise and true.

“I am saddened with the vision
 Of the final deathless night
 Late closed on Stuart splendour
 With no hope of morning light.

“Ah! last relic of the honour
 And romance of brighter days,
 When the gallant worshipped Beauty;
 Learned yet no disloyal ways.

“Ah! last relic of a people,
 And a system now no more,
 Of a world of simple faiths,
 Gasping on oblivion’s shore.

“Lock of Charles’ royal tresses,
 One more proof of Woman’s love;
 Woman’s trust it renders brighter,
 Woman’s faith nought can remove.

“Oh! the bitter, bitter fortune
 Hunted him from place to place—
 Hunted him the youthful Charlie,
 Loveliest of the Stuart race!

“If there came through woman’s failing
 All the ill that cursed our earth,
 In her offspring is the centre
 Of all wisdom, truth and worth.

“In all ages, and all countries
 She becomes the mother might
 That regenerates our systems,
 That conveys along the right.

“In our land the faithful Flora
 Saved a noble heart from death ;
 In this Lock she left one relic
 Of her daring deed and faith.

“With his ’scape the simple fulness
 Of a slow romantic time
 Was accomplished, and its spirit
 Passed into another clime,”

“Ay, fair Lady, thou hast spoken
 Words of power and bitter truth ;
 Its sad spirit is respondent
 To the world’s romantic youth.

“Ay, my Lady, thou hast spoken
 Words on whose despairing wings
 Portents dark before my vision
 The unstaying future brings.

“So thou holdst the sombre Commune.
 Hateful to Patrician clay,
 Winning sympathetic feeling
 Where undying hardships sway,

“Must convert the human masses
 To the deadly godless faith
 That annihilates distinction,
 And delights in social death,

“For a season, the dread season
 Of the wonders and the signs
 Which are held to be prophetic
 Of that period that declines

“From the height of Pious Virtue
 Ere the last Æon engage
 To transform this cosmic order
 Into final nightless age!

“Mussings of a kindred sadness
 Held my vision once in thrall
 When I pried into the future,
 Watched its cloudy curtains fall.

“But the salve of Hope exultant
 And of Faith in Nature’s sighs,
And of Charity wide-rooted,
 Nipped the scales from both my eyes;

“And within the realm of twilight,
 Haloeing o’er my boyhood’s flight
 I discerned the flitting phantoms
 Far before me bold and bright.

“They seemed shadows of the Real
 Stretching from the spirit-world,
 By the gods vouchsafed to mortals
 On this scene where are unfurled

“Banners of the men of action—
 Of the rare and master-minds
 That design with heaven’s concurrence,
 And in harmony with the winds

“Of the world of God’s decreeing,
 Forms and hues of the events
 Which transmute the ancient order,
 Spite the Ill reform prevents.

“True, my fair and noble Lady,
 The conservative decline
 Visible in changeful aspect
 Of the Present we define,—

“Apprehensive of the symptoms
 Of degeneracy in good,—
 To be telling of that season,—
 Days of darkness and of blood.

"But a season of declension,
 Full three centuries ago
 Reached on every side an acme
 Possible e'en here below;

"And our faith in heavenward progress
 Bids us think it was the last,—
 That the darkness of prediction
 Thus belongs to ages past,

"Seeing how the heavenly splendour
 Of the Gospel gilds all lands,
 Beaming on the vales of Europe,
 Broad Cathay, and Afric's sands.

"In this relic of the Stuarts
 Seest thou the last fading shred
 Of the clouds of night retreating
 When the morn its light has shed.

"Hence we look for a millenium
 Of goodness, truth, and light,
 When no skirts of gloom o'ershadow,
 When all things are pure and bright."

"Oh! to me it seems too cruel,
 In thy musings to ignore
 Th' existence of deep suffering
 Which feeling hearts deplore.

"Were there no sad proofs around us
 Of a great, unconquered Ill
 Brighter fancies we might cherish
 What the future might fulfil.

"Evil passions widely-rooted,
 Judas hearts in league with blood,
 Must go forth to spend their fierceness
 Burning through the multitude.

"Holy war must burn the Evil
 Which has marred the face of earth,
 Holy war must thin the people
 Till expires what gave it birth.

- "In the midst of this o'er-turning,
 In the midst of blood and war,
 "Midst the Present's restless spirits,
 Let our Guide be Bethlehem's Star;
 "Standing by the Ancient Landmarks
 Which the flight of years has tried,
 Lest into the dark we hurry
 With uncertainty for guide.
 "Better to preserve the systems
 Which our Fathers framed of yore,
 Strive to raise their broken bulwarks,
 Purge them of what we deplore,
 "Than allow them to be swallowed
 In the vortex of unrest
 Which attracts by dire contagion
 All the people east and west,—
 "Than to those age-tried standards
 Driven from their sacred place;
 For their forms ev'n though imperfect
 Will direct a future race.
 "Since the exit of the Stuarts
 From their native British Shore,
 Troubles of divine decreeing
 Threaten Englaud more and more.
 "Institutions consecrated
 By the sacred rime of age
 With their principles must perish
 In the universal rage.
 "Men inebriate with the falsehood
 That they work in Love and Light,
 Tear all things that are to pieces
 Till all principle and right
 "Are neglected in the presence
 Of a Charity that vaunts
 Of its Equal gifts to mortals,
 Of its care for all men's wants.

“This false Charity may boast of
Longings for a Babel Tower
Where the might of men in Union
Can display its human power;

“Where she seeks unconscious worship
From the generous hearts of youth
At her universal altar
Raised above the Word of Truth.”

“The command of the Apostle
To have Love in everything,
Had been buried by the Christians
In fierce hate and quarrelling,

“Since the days of great Saint Francis
Till this Century gave fresh life
To the Charity of Brethren,
And their Love-destroying strife.”

“Down with her when she is sovereign,
And the Word of God ignored!
Her soft vot'ries slight the Kingship
And Crown Honour of our Lord!”

PAGE 8.

Two years have nearly elapsed since the Introductory Dedication was written and put in type, which explains how I spoke then of the late Rev. Duncan MacLean of Glenorchy. He has died since, leaving no living Gaelic poet of note behind him excepting Evan MacColl, and none at all who is distinctively religious. As a poet he belongs to the first order, his prominent characteristic being fresh suavity of expression which distinguishes him and Livingston from all other Gaelic poets. I refrain from expressing sorrow at the departure of so true a poet and so good a man because such regrets are unworthy of the faith in which he died, and because we know that he finished the work which his Father gave him to do, and that henceforth his work is where supremely "His servants serve" the Father and "see His face."

F J N J S.

