

THE
BEAUTIES OF
GAELIC POETRY.

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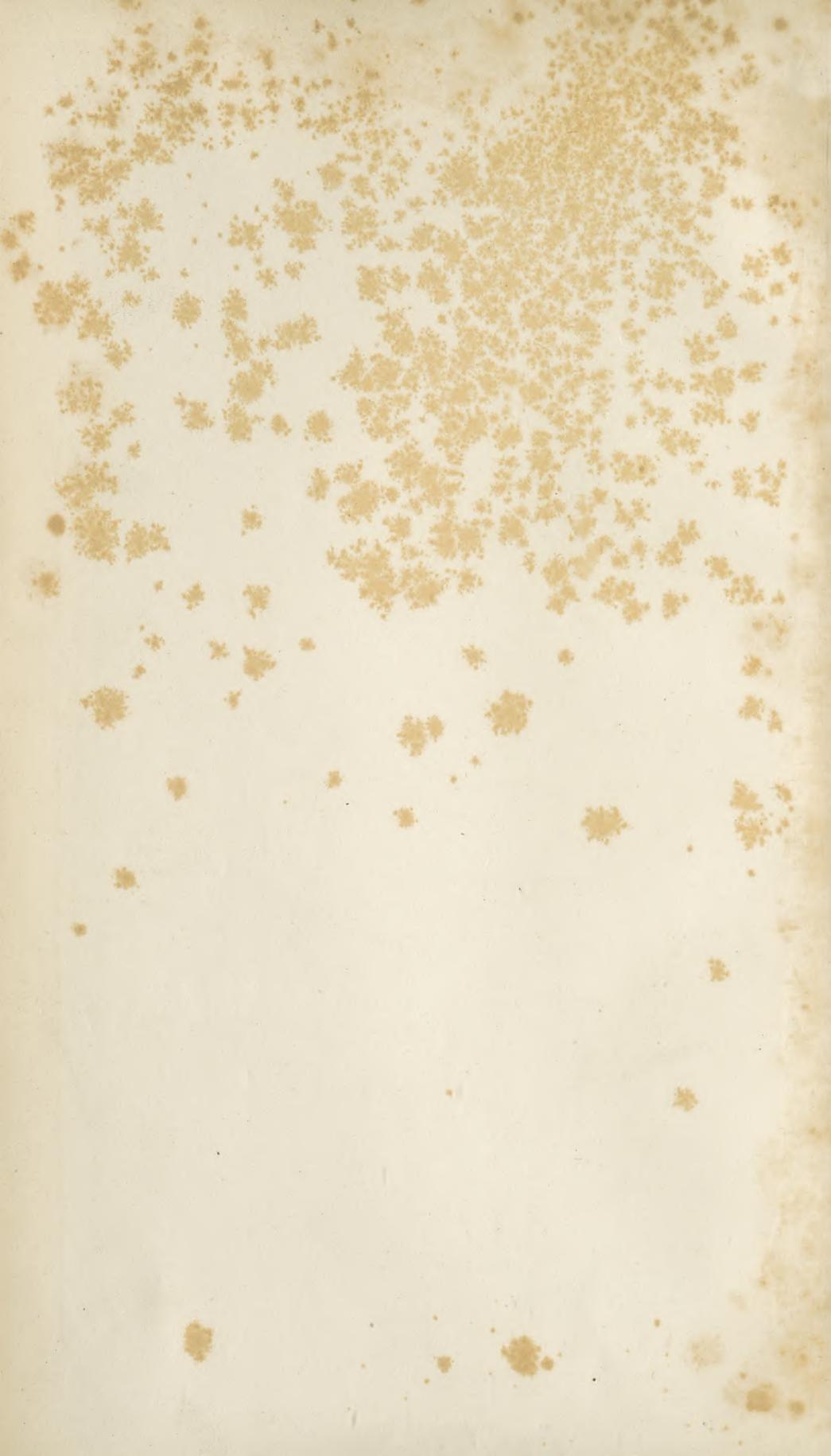
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B CLAYTON

THE AGED BARD.

Man cuairt biodh lù-chleas nan laogh,
Ri taobh nan sruth, no air an leirg.
S am minnean beag déin chòmhraig sgith,
N am achlais a' cadal gún cheilg.

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

X

SAR-OBAIR NAM BARD GAEACH:
OR,

THE BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY,

AND

LIVES OF THE HIGHLAND BARDS;

WITH HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL NOTES, AND A COMPREHENSIVE GLOSSARY
OF PROVINCIAL WORDS.

BY JOHN MACKENZIE, ESQ.,

Honorary Member of the Ossianic Society of Glasgow, the Gaelic Society of London, &c. &c.

WITH AN HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF THE MANNERS, HABITS, ETC.,
OF THE ANCIENT CALEDONIANS.

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P R E F A C E.

IN presenting the “BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY” to the public, I find myself in a position which demands some explanation of the motives that induced me to undertake this arduous task, and the principles that guided me throughout its execution. I would premise, however, that although they are called, and, I trust not inappropriately, BEAUTIES, it is not to be expected that every line, or stanza, or even poem, of the Collection, could be of itself *beautiful*. The name under which the work is ushered into the world does not warrant so high an anticipation. It is merely intended to signify, that the richest and most valuable gems of the Keltic Muse combine to form this constellation of our country’s minstrelsy ; and, in instances where poems may not be so brilliant in poetical genius or grandeur, they will be found to throw a stream of light on many of the manners and customs of our ancestors.

In the compilation of such a work as this, however, it is impossible to meet the wishes of every reader ; and, indeed, until the public agree among themselves on points of literary taste, it will be impossible for the most skilful and sagacious compiler to gratify every palate. Enough, however, it is hoped, has been collated to make the work as generally acceptable as possible.

Regarding the cause which induced me to undertake a task so arduous, no one, who knows me, will question my veracity when I say, that, veneration for the productions of my country’s talented sons and daughters, and an honest desire to preserve them in the most imperishable form, were the impelling motives. In the morning of my days, it was my happy lot to inhale the mountain air of a sequestered spot, whose inhabitants may well be designated the *children of Song* ; and, in a state of society, whose manners were but little removed from that of primitive simplicity, I had frequent opportunities of witnessing the influence of poetry over the mind, and uniformly found, that cheerfulness and song, music and morality, walked almost always, hand in hand. Thus nurtured, and thus tutored, the intrinsic excellence of the poetry which I was accustomed to hear in my younger days, made such an impression on my mind, that neither time, distance, nor circumstances, have been able to obliterate. I was therefore bred with an enthusiasm which impelled me, as I advanced in life, to dig deeper and deeper into the invaluable mine, until, having obtained a view of the whole available materials, my admiration became fixed, and my resolution to rear the present monument was immovably formed.

The compilers who have preceded me, either from the irresistible pressure of circum-

stances, or, from prejudices resulting from geographical considerations, have interspersed their collections with a preponderating amount of doggerel and inferior rhymes ; nay, many of their best pieces are given in an imperfect, or garbled form ; while not a single attempt has been made to explain obscure phrases, or to develop the real and legitimate meaning of doubtful idioms and passages. The task thus left for the future gleaner, although no doubt considerably facilitated, was still great ; and it was not until I had completely traversed the Highlands, and secured a variety of old manuscripts, that I ascertained the nature of the labour I had imposed upon myself, in appreciating the character and quality of the materials.

It is not for me to say with what success I have brought my labours to a close. Without, however, arrogating to myself any exclusive means of information, or any thing beyond ordinary abilities, I should hope, at least, that credit for indefatigable perseverance, and diligent untiring research will be awarded to me ; and that, while the transcribed part of the work will be found superior to productions of the same nature, the amount of original and curious matter which it contains will bear ample testimony to the extensiveness of the inquiries I have instituted.

Some small items of self-interest are ever apt to be interwoven, even with our most patriotic actions ; and, therefore, to steer wholly clear of all personal considerations, in whatever we undertake, requires more virtue than is possessed by the generality of men. Yet I sincerely trust that purity of motives will be a sufficient shield from the aspersions and insinuations which have been levelled at me, by individuals who measure their neighbours' actions by their own. These, however, I shall contentedly bear, provided I can only be the means of wreathing one laurel more for the brow of departed genius. I would gladly be spared the pain of animadverting upon a class of men, whose assistance I had a right to expect in so national an undertaking,—I mean our clergymen and schoolmasters. Those gentlemen who hurl their invectives against the high-minded, patriotic, and talented Dr M'Leod, for his unwearied efforts to enlighten his countrymen, and to exalt them to a higher status of moral and intellectual excellence, will very naturally be as forward in discouraging my endeavours to preserve from oblivion the songs of our native country. An indiscriminate charge, however, would be as ungenerous, as it would be unjust ; and, therefore, with great pleasure I record, among both classes, many honourable exceptions ; and, to them I take this opportunity of conveying my heartfelt thanks.

I may here notice a few deviations from what is generally recognised as the standard of Gaëlic orthography, that have been made in the following pages. Had I been writing prose, where no inflections could offend the ear, or destroy the smoothness or harmony of a sentence, these emendations, however justifiable in themselves, would not have been introduced. But in poetry it is far otherwise. Indeed, to do justice to the harmony of the versification, no acknowledged rules will apply. A north-country poet uniformly writes *ian*, where one belonging to Argyle sings *eun* ; both taking care that the accordant word chimes with their peculiar orthoepy. How murderous, then, would it have been to the cadence and *clink* of the bard, were either of these words made to conform to the stiffness of established rules ! This is but a solitary instance where thousands might be

produced, of anomalies and provincial phraseologies which render a sameness of orthography impossible in poetical composition.

The difference of termination in the nominative plural of nouns ending in *a*, and the dative in *aibh*, has been done away with here; and both cases, which, correctly speaking, are the same, have been made to terminate in *an* or *ean* as the case may be—except where, for the sake of harmony, their retention, in the vulgar terminations, has been indispensable. This, however, has seldom been the case; for, such terminations do not belong to Scottish Gaëlic. No Highlander would say *Fo na h-eachaibh* (*eich*). *Bho na marbhaibh* (*mairbh*), *Air do chasaibh* (*chasan*). With the learned translator of Ossian's poems, I am anxious to yield the credit of such discoveries to the monks of Ireland, who, regardless of the only legitimate source of correctness, *the language as spoken by the Aborigines*, have tortured their vernacular tongue into a similarity with the Latin! And strangely enough, our grammarians are endeavouring to perpetuate the error, notwithstanding that any old woman in the Highlands could put them right on the subject; for

“These RULES of old discover'd, not devised,
Are Nature still, but Nature methodiz'd.”

I have also thrown out the Irish words *fuidh*, *luidhe*, *tigh*, and *dhoibh*, and supplied their place by their correct Gaëlic synonyms *fo*, *laidhe*, *taigh*, and *dhaibh*—which are consonant with the orthoepy in every part of the Highlands; nor am I aware of any reason why these words should be spoken in one way and written in another. The letter *t*, which should always be used for the possessive pronoun, has been restored in the following pages, in contradistinction to the “Revisers” of the Gaëlic Bible, who have excluded it, as in *d'athair*, instead of *t-athair*, which is evidently the most eligible, the word being a contraction of *tu athair* (thy father). With these slight innovations, if such they can be called, the orthography throughout will be found to accord with the recognised standards.

Before leaving this point, I may quote the words of Owen Connellan, Esq., Irish Historiographer to her Majesty. “I regret,” says he, “to be compelled to observe, that it has been but too common among Irish scholars, to display extreme jealousy of each other; each appearing to wish that he should be looked up to as the sole expositor and oracle of this neglected dialect; and, prompted by a desire of exhibiting his own superior knowledge, he is ever ready to find fault with every other Irish production whatever.” Now, had Mr Connellan been a Scottish Gaëlic writer, he would have had to complain, not of the “exhibition of superior knowledge,” but of the dogged tenacity of many of our pretending Gaëlic scholars, and, that too, on a matter subject to so many anomalies and inflections which often derive their caste from provincialism, where it is perhaps impossible that harmony of opinion should exist, even among competent scholars. But the evil is, that, instead of co-operating to establish a grammatical system of uniformity, our *literati* have thought fit to render no higher services to their country, than to play a game of cross-purposes on the subject.

In a land of song, like the Highlands of Scotland, where every strath, glen, and hamlet, had its bard, and, possibly, every bard his host of admirers, some obscure votary of

the Muses may have escaped our notice ; and, a few day-dreamers have been designcdly passed over in silence. In the first case, the charge of intentional neglect does not apply to me ; and, with regard to the second class, I could mention the names of many poetasters, who have not been admitted into our galaxy of Keltic minstrels ; and, for this obvious reason that they were not worthy of the enviable position. Their friends, therefore, will pardon in me the oversight of not mentioning names that could not otherwise be noticed.

The lives of the Bards form, perhaps, the most interesting part of the work. Biography has always been found a useful study ; and, although these sketches are necessarily condensed, they will be found to extend in length, and in minuteness of circumstantial detail, in proportion to the claims of the subject of the memoir. The Highland bards filled a most important station in society ; and I know no better mirror than their works, to shadow forth the moral and intellectual picture of the community among whom they lived. In collecting materials for lives of which no written records, not even, perhaps, the date of their natal day was kept, I experienced considerable difficulty. Frequently have I blushed to find among my countrymen, individuals who could learnedly tell me of Virgil's bashfulness, and the length of Ovid's nose, with as much precision as if they had measured it by rule and compass, and put me right as to the cut and colour of Homer's coat when he was a ballad-singer ; but who knew nothing of our own poets—simply because they were their own countrymen, and sang in their vernacular language !

These memoirs are generally commingled or followed by short critiques on the productions of the bard under notice. My opinions, in this respect, are freely given, and if they should run counter to the prepossessed notions of any one, it is submitted whether, perhaps, we shall not agree on a reconsideration of the subject. I am aware how firmly early prepossessions and local partialities lay hold of our esteem, and how difficult it is for us, in after years, to exercise our judgment unfettered by first impressions ; but I can say with perfect truth, that I have divested myself of every vestige of partiality when adjudging laurels to the Highland bards. If, therefore, I have bestowed more florid encomiums on any one than he merited—if I have anywhere taken a lower estimate than the reader would be disposed to do—if I have been unjust in the distribution of praises or animadversions, I hope it will be attributed, as it ought to be, to an error in judgment, and not to prejudice, partiality, or evil intention. In writing them, much more attention has been paid to simple and authentic detail, than to illustrative or excursive comments.

In the arrangement of the poets, due regard was had, as far as practicable, to seniority, that being the most unobjectionable mode that could be adopted ; and the same rule was observed in the classification of the poems.

It may be deemed out of place, in a prefatory notice, to allude to my list of subscribers ; but I feel so grateful on this subject, and so proud of their number, respectability and intelligence, that I cannot help adverting to it. Their literary taste and discrimination afford me the best assurance that the nature of my labours will be fully appreciated. From the plan I have adopted, those who were accustomed to see the poems occupy so much space in other works, may be apt to think that they have undergone curtailment—a perusal

of them, however, will not only obviate this misconception, but convince the reader that they are given at greater length and in a more improved form than they ever appeared before. Where spurious verses and monastic interpolations had intruded themselves, they have, of course, been thrown out. The same system of ejection has been carried to indecent phrases and objectionable passages ; and, while nothing of the fire, or grandeur, or general beauty has been lost, the utmost vigilance has been exercised that nothing should be allowed to creep in, which could offend the most delicate, or afford ground of complaint to the most fastidious.

The idea of this undertaking was first suggested to me by a worthy friend, who is now no more, James Robertson, Esq., Collector of Customs, Stornoway. Mr Robertson, himself a gentleman of high poetic talent, possessed a fund of curious information about the bards, and several written documents, to which he obligingly gave me free access, and from which, some of the anecdotes with which this work is interspersed, have been extracted.

After having collected all the materials which I deemed necessary for the completion of the work, I met with so little encouragement, that I was on the eve of abandoning my design, when Mr Donald M'Pherson, Bookseller, London, with an enthusiasm and high patriotic feeling that do honour to his heart, entered into my projects, and, by his warmly exercised influence, put me into a position in which I soon enjoyed the pleasing assurance of being able to carry my intentions into execution.

With equal gratitude I have to record the disinterested kindness of Archibald M'Neil, Esq., W.S., Edinburgh—a gentleman whose name carries along with it associations of all that is noble-minded and generous. To this gentleman I owe much. His exertions to further my views were characterized by a warmth of zeal, and promptitude of action, in the way of urging others to give the work their support, for which no words of mine can sufficiently thank him.

I feel myself also deeply indebted to another gentleman, the mention of whose name is sufficient to convince the reader of the sincerity of my feelings—I allude to Mr Lachlan M'Lean, Merchant, Glasgow, author of the “History of the Gaëlic Language,” &c., who, in the most handsome manner, gave me the use of his library, and exerted himself with his wonted enthusiasm to enlist public sympathy and support in favour of the undertaking.

There are other favourable circumstances and kind friends that might well elicit from me the tribute of grateful acknowledgment but as I am more inclined to be concise than ceremonious, my *devoirs* must be expressed in general terms; and I therefore assure all such, that I shall fondly cherish the recollection of their kindness until the latest hour of my existence.

It is customary in a notice of this kind to take the precaution of disarming the critics,—a custom I would gladly honour in my own case. That errors have crept in, and that imperfections may appear to the eye of critical acumen, is readily conceded ; but these will form no greater defalcation than candour will allow it was impossible to eschew. If I am afterwards convinced of any unintentional errors—convinced, as I have a right to demand, by the force of argument and the power of philological reasoning, I will be as ready

to acknowledge my mistakes, as I shall be imperturbable at the innocuous shafts of ill-natured pedantic invective and declamation.

And now, Reader, having conducted you to the threshold of the palladium of the Highland Minstrels, let me crave your leisure hours to the study and contemplation of their works. We speak of by-gone ages in terms which seem to imply that we are morally, intellectually, and religiously superior to our ancestors. Would that it were so! We exult in the progress of civilization, improvement and scientific knowledge; but we are retrograding in another point of view. Time was, when the hours which are now so assiduously devoted to the propagation of gossip, to circumvention, scandal and chicanery, were spent in singing songs, and reciting legends in the innocent comfort and simplicity of unsophisticated manners. But the Bards have ceased to lash the backbiter, the drunkard, and the moral delinquent; and as snails shoot out their horns in a calm, so the human owlets of our country have multiplied in a fearful degree!

Reader, farewell!—but ere I pronounce that doleful word, allow me, in the sincerity of a warm Highland heart, to wish you the innocence, beauty, and simplicity of the mountain maid—the prowess and patriotism of the plaided warrior—the lofty talent of the Keltic bard—the age of our Apollo, silvery-locked Ossian—and the death-bed of one who is conscious of nothing worse than having read and studied and sung the “*BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY.*”

JOHN MACKENZIE.

GLASGOW, April 1, 1841.

INTRODUCTION.

THOSE who compose the poems and melodies which stimulate or mollify the passions of mankind, possess a much greater influence in society than can be readily conceived.

If national airs, in ages of refinement and artificial feeling, are found to have so strong a power over the mind, as in the “Ranz des vaches,” or “Erin gu brath,” how much more forcibly must the bold chanting of heroic verse—the plaintive tones of injured innocence—the impressive notes of impassioned exhortation, or the keen touch of satiric spirit, have affected a people like the Gaël, imbued with all the fervour of unaffected nature, and who paid ardent devotion at the shrine of freedom? How highly must an order have been venerated, which possessed an influence, the effects of which were so deeply and so universally felt, and how greatly must the general applause have fanned the flame which burned so ardently in the poet’s heart? The deference paid to the professors of poetry and music, was prompted by a sense of the utility of their labours, and by enthusiastic approbation.

The retention of the Celtic Language and Manners by the unmixed descendants of the most ancient people of Europe, is a singular phenomenon in the history of mankind; and not the least remarkable trait in the character of the race, is their genius for the sister arts of poetry and music. The patriarchal system, as incompatible with an altered state of society, has been broken up, and much indeed of national characteristic has been lost since its abolition. The different condition of the Highland population has lowered the Bardic profession from its former high standing. The powerful stimulus of “the man of song,” is no longer required to animate the clansmen for the battle field, or to preserve by his captivating recitations, the memory of the days of old. His useful services as the Laureat, moral preceptor, and historical instructor, are not now rewarded by the free possession of a good farm, and other rights, but the innate love of poetry has still preserved the unbroken generation of Bards. The people yet highly appreciate the poet’s lays, and the feelings of unabated delight with which the Highlander continues to cherish the Song, show that the ancient spirit has not decayed.

The numerous collections of Gaëlic pieces which have from time to time appeared, evince the national taste, and display the poetical acquirements of the writers, but how

small a proportion these bear to the stores yet floating in oral record, selections from which are now submitted to the public! The following pieces will give natives a more extended idea of the value of poetic treasure in their rugged and romantic country, while to the reader who is a stranger to the language in which the immortal Bard of Selma formed his imperishable compositions, the varied lives of so many remarkable and talented individuals, must prove an interesting novelty.

An appropriate introduction to the Beauties of the Gaëlic Poets, appears to be a brief account of that long descended race, which so justly demands regard, and of which they ever formed so important a class. Connected with this is a demonstration that the language in which the following poems appear, is that handed down to their authors from ancestors the most remote.

The Celtic race were the first known inhabitants of Europe, which was occupied throughout by various tribes or clans. The appropriate name which this remarkable people gave themselves was Celtae, but the terms Calatae, Galatæ, or Gallatians, and Galli, or Gauls, were adopted by the Greeks and Romans, and were the appellations by which in later ages they were usually distinguished.*

Various etymological conjectures are advanced as explanatory of these designations. A name descriptive of locality does not appear reasonably applicable to nations spread over an extensive continent and its numerous islands; they could neither be described as living in woods, nor on the hills, nor beside the waters, with any propriety, either by themselves or by others.† A more probable derivation is from the fair complexion by which the ancients characterized the race. This is the etymon given by Greek scholars, as if the body was "Galactoi," milky coloured; and as G and C are commutable letters, it must be confessed that the Gaëlic Gealta or Cealta, has the closest possible resemblance to Celta.

The original seat of the human race was undoubtedly the fertile plains of Asia, but when the Celtic stream first rolled from that productive storehouse of nations, is never likely to become known.‡ Successive waves of migratory hordes must have flowed from the east, impelled by a want of food or a thirst for conquest, long before the Trojan war, when the Keltoi were first known to the Greeks, or when Herodotus, the father of history, informs us they inhabited to the farthest west.§ Their daring enterprise and mighty conquests had shaken the well-settled empires of Greece and Rome, when these nations were yet unacquainted with the regions whence issued the overwhelming hosts, and scarcely knew their terrific foes, save through the disturbed vision of a frightened imagination.||

Various sections of the dense population of western Europe came alternately under historical notice, as their power and influence brought them more prominently into view. The Cimmerii, or Cimbri, the Getæ or Goths, the Scythæ or Celto-Seyths, the Germani,

* Appian. Pausanias.

† A host of original writers, British and foreign, have exercised their ingenuity to give this word a satisfactory signification.

‡ Prichard demonstrates their eastern origin from the language. See many curious analogies with the Hebrew &c., in Maclean's Hist. of the Celtic Language—1840.

§ Book IV. c. 3. he flourished 500 years, A. C.

|| Livy, Appian, Plutarch, on the Cimbrian war, &c., &c., &c., show what frightful beings fear had painted these formidable invaders.

the Teutoni, and the three divisions of Gallia proper ; the Celts, Belgs, and Aquitains, successively occupy a predominant share in the eventful page of history. From the testimony of numerous ancient authorities, these appear rather subdivisions of an identic race, than different nations. If Celtæ gave place to Galli, Scythæ became Germanni, &c. The name Lochlin and Lychlin was applied by the British tribes to Germany, and they considered it the same country as Gaul.*

There can be no doubt, that local position, commerce, and other circumstances, will, in process of time, occasion so much difference between branches of an original race, that they will appear, and may be justly considered different nations. Thus, the Greeks and Barbarians so closely resembled each other, previous to the time of Homer, that no distinction in manners or language appears to have then existed.†

When continental Europe had become fully peopled, emigration to the British isles must have speedily taken place, and the obvious route was from the opposite coast of Gaul, to South Britain, but at what period the first adventurers arrived, can only be matter of conjecture. Some part of the maritime population were known to the Romans as mercantile settlers from the continent, but those who inhabited the interior, had lost all tradition of their origin, and, like their Gaulish ancestors, believed themselves the indigenous possessors of the island.‡ To the early Greeks and Romans it was unknown, but the assertion has been reiterated that the Phoenicians had established a commercial relation with the natives upwards of 2,800 years ago, and carried on a lucrative trade with them in lead and tin.§

The author of the Argonautica, writing nearly 600 years before our era, speaks of Iernis, which, signifying the western island, [Iar-innis,] would apply to either Britain or Ireland, and Aristotle, who flourished two centuries and a half later, calls the former both Albium and Brettania. These and other scanty notices of a certain island opposite Gaul, are more curious than satisfactory or important ; the fact of an early colonization is proved by the numerous population at the period of the Roman advent, 55, A. C.,|| and the whole was composed of various tribes represented as arriving at different times from the continent, forcing back the previous settlers and presenting those great divisions, in the illustration of whose descent, historians have so laboriously employed themselves.

The Welsh or Cumri, from their general appellation of Ancient Britons, are considered as the original inhabitants,** but it is admitted by their own antiquaries, and shown by others, that the Gaël, or in their own lingual form, the Gwyddel must have preceded them.†† The Welsh authorities preserve the names of other colonies which arrived at uncertain periods. The Lloegrws came from Gwasgwn or Gascony, and were the progenitors of those who possessed England, and the Brython, from Lhydaw or Bretagne, who it is said gave name to the island, both being of Cumraeg descent.‡‡

* Welsh authorities, and the Highland Society's Report on the Poems of Ossian, App. 309.

† Thucydides.

‡ Caesar, of the Gallic wars, book V. chap. 12.

§ The Cassiterides, or Tin Islands, are believed to be the Scillies. See various authorities cited "Scottish Gael," 1. 34.

|| Caesar, Diodorus Siculus.

** Welsh Triads and other authorities.

†† Edw. Lhwyd, &c.

‡‡ Talliesen. Whittaker.

The Romans found the southern coasts occupied by tribes of Belgic origin, who are supposed to have arrived three or four centuries before the birth of Christ. Successive emigrations forced the inhabitants westward, and to the north, but certainly nothing is recorded to warrant the belief, that the whole were not of Gaulic origin.* Scotland was possessed by a Celtic people, divided into twenty-one tribes, some of whom became at times conspicuous from more daringly contending with their ambitious foes, or being chosen to direct the national confederations, but the collective inhabitants were, as they have ever been, denominated by themselves and their brethren in Ireland, Albanich, Albanians; natives of Alban or Albion, a name of which they still are justly proud, thus vindicating their claim to be considered the primordial race.

Several of the great divisions lost their names in the fluctuations of a predatory and unsettled state of society and were ultimately incorporated with more powerful neighbours. The Mæatae, (Magh-aitich,) dwellers on the plain, whose situation between the prætentures, a sort of debateable land, exposed them more particularly to the devastations of war, but gave ample scope for the acquisition of military renown, lost their prominence when the Romans succeeded in forming their territories into the province of Valentia, and when the legions were finally compelled to leave the island, the Meats, losing their consequence, were quickly amalgamated with the general body. The CALEDONII who were the ruling tribe in the great confederation which Galgacus led to battle at the Gramplains, ceded their warlike pre-eminence to other branches who came into power. The term by which they were distinguished, whatever may be its precise meaning, displays in its composition Caël or Gaël, the appropriate name of the most ancient inhabitants of both Albion and Erin, and it still subsists, if not the native, yet the classical appellation.† The redoubted Picts themselves were at last embodied with their more successful countrymen the Scots, but long retained the evidence of their descent in the designation of Gaëlwegians, and Galloway is still applied to a greatly reduced portion of their ancient kingdom.

No more prolific subject of literary contention has offered itself to the national controversialists, than the lineage of the Pictish nation, that powerful division which so long shared the sovereignty of the kingdom. A prevailing tradition from most early ages, held them as the original inhabitants;‡ the Roman writers identified them with the Caledonians,§ and in later ages they were recognised as Scots.|| One opinion has many able advocates: it is that they were a Cumraeg nation, using that branch of the Celtic language, but were expelled by the Gaël. Certainly we look in vain for a proof of this in the names which remain, even in the territories of the Strathclyde Welsh, which are believed to have extended to Cumberland—all are Gaelic.¶ But reverting to another opinion not less keenly supported: were the Picts of Gothic extract? It is not probable, that at so early an epoch, the Scandinavian wastes could furnish such a force as would be sufficient to expel the Celts and supplant their language, for except there was a very considerable number of colonists, the strangers would inevitably lose their own tongue in mixture with the natives. Language, like manners, is liable to change from many operating causes,

* Chalmers' *Caledonia*. I.

† Upwards of twenty etymologies are given of this name.

‡ Bede. See the arguments of Innes. *Crit. Essay.*

§ Eumenius, &c. || *Galfridus Monumutensis*.

¶ Pinkerton,—Betham.

and differences in one which is widely spread, especially when unwritten, will greatly increase by the long estrangement of the branches, who own a common descent. Grammarians raise the polished structures, but the simple vocables attest the kindred alliance. The affinity of languages most certainly evinces the ancient connexion of nations, that in course of time become very widely separated. The Greek and Gothic have satisfactorily displayed to the learned their common parentage, and we know that Gallic words predominated in the Latin, derived through that most ancient Celtic race, the Umbri, who were the aborigines of Italy, and this classic tongue in grammatical construction, bore close resemblance to the Gaëlic.*

The assertion has been confidently repeated, that the Belgic portion of the British tribes, Gothic as the Picts, like them, obtruded a different language, which in the form of Saxon and English has superseded in the greater portion of Britain, the primeval tongue. How far this argument can be supported, it will be satisfactory to inquire. Do the names applied to natural objects on record, and as yet preserved in those parts which the two nations inhabited, favour the assumption, or do the Roman historians, our only guides, afford their evidence in its favour? Cæsar describes the South Britons as being in all respects like the people of Gaul, from which country he says they were.† Tacitus informs us, the Gothian was the Gaëlic, and he particularizes two distinguished Belgic tribes, the Cimbri and Aëstii, as using the proper British language.‡

The Gothic tribes came to the west of Europe, long after the Celtic migrations had spread population over the land, but the Getæ were Scyths, and these retained the name of Celto-Scyths,§ when their ancient brethren and precursors, the Keltæ, had fixed themselves far distant in the west. The Gothic first prevailed in England, and a striking evidence of the progressive change of language among nations of dissimilar pursuits, is the fact related in the Sagas, that widely different as the present English is from the northern tongues, a Saxon could converse so easily with a Scandinavian, in the 10th century, that he could not discover him to be a foreigner.|| The Gothic did not become the language of the low country of Scotland, until comparatively recent times. The whole inhabitants were originally of one race, whatever shades of difference may have been observable in separate districts, of which a clear demonstration is afforded by the entire coincidence of local names, personal appellations, similar modes of interment, and relics of superstition throughout the whole extent of the country; that this race was Celtic, is satisfactorily proved by the terms being significant in the Gaëlic language, and in no other. In the years 547 and 650, the kings of Northumberland ravaged the southern districts, and seizing the country between the Forth and Tweed, filled the province with their Anglo-Saxon vassals, thus first inducing the adoption of the Anglo-Saxon language; and the events of the Norman conquest, 1066, when the royal family, the nobility and their followers were compelled to seek the protection of Malcolm III., mightily assisted in the introduction; for the kingdom became so filled with them, that there was not a farm-house or cottage in the south, which did not contain English men and women servants!¶ The refugees were located

* Quintilian. Appendix to Report on the Poems of Ossian. 263.

‡ De moribus Germanorum.

§ Aristotle, Strabo, Plutarch.

† De Bello Gallico.

|| Gunlaug'saga, &c.

¶ Simeon Dunelmensis, L. II. c. 34.

on the borders and east coast by the policy of our kings, as a good means of defence against the English and Danes, and it may not have been so practicable to plant them in the inland, the Highlanders bearing such intruders no good will. Moreover, the enterprise of the Saxons led them to prefer the east coast, where the powerful stimulus of commercial advantage, hastened the adoption of their speech; finally, the Scottish kings, from Malcolm Cean-mor to Alexander II., spent part of their lives in England, where they acquired the language, and married princesses of that country, and when the seat of government was removed from the Highlands, theirs became the court language, which gradually extended in the maritime parts. In the heights and distant isles, the pastoral and agricultural population clung with increased tenacity to their original tongue, the patriarchal institutions of Clanship being peculiarly calculated to prevent any disturbance of their social state.

Another portion of the inhabitants remains to be noticed, which had the fortune to preserve its appropriate name, and impart it to the whole. The appellation SCOTI or rather Scuite, is apparently a modification of Scyth, the name by which the great unsettled branch of the continental Celts were distinguished, and is descriptive of the wandering life which a large portion of the inhabitants led through their predatory habits, and for the easy pasturage of their numerous flocks.* Those who had store of herds, possessed the only riches of the pastoral state. In Ireland, which was inhabited by the Britons,† who were forced over, as we are told, on the arrival of the Belgæ in England,‡ the Scots were the dominant and noble class, the natives or aborigines being considered an inferior order.§ The epithet was adopted by the monkish writers, but does not appear to have been acknowledged by the Gaél, at least in Scotland, where they have steadfastly adhered to their national distinction.

In Erin as in Albion, the Scotic people were named the Pictish, and were known also as Cruthenich, a name indicative of peculiar habits.|| The close connexion between the Scots of both countries, was such as became nations owning a common origin, in which they had an equal pride. The Dalriadic Kinglet, which the county of Antrim nearly represents, was long subject to the Scottish line, but at last the regal seat was removed to Argyle, and from this little sovereignty came the race of princes who crushed the vigorous independence of the Pictish throne, and so long ruled over the united Gaél. This transfer of the dynasty, whatever may have been the motives which swayed the minds of those who favoured it, was not accomplished without a display of "the high hand."¶

Did the Dalriadic colony, as a different people, bring to Scotland their own language, and become the first disseminators of the Gaél, vulgarly called Erse? This has been rashly asserted, but after what has been said on the subject of language, it seems unnecessary to devote more time in disproving an evident absurdity.** The Gaél, the primordial tongue used by the whole inhabitants of both countries, has gradually given way

* "The wandering nation" of the Seanachies and "restless wanderers" of Ossian. Ammianus, Dio, &c. attest the vagrant habits of the Scots; Herodotus, Horace, Ammianus, &c., of the Scyths.

† Diodorus Sic., Dionysius Periegetes. ‡ Ricard. Cirencestrensis. § Bede.

|| "Eaters of corn." MacPherson. It is not improbable that this is the term Dhraonich, Agriculturists. Grant's Thoughts on the Gaél. ¶ The Albanic Duan.

** See the authorities quoted. Ritson's Annals of the Scots, Picts, &c.

on the south and east sides of Scotland. In Carrick it was only lately extinguished: in Galloway it was spoken in the reign of Queen Mary 1542—1566,* and during the same reign we find it the common language in the Gariach district of Aherdeenshire, from the upper parts of which it has receded in our own memory.† This much is to be observed, that within the Garhh-Criochan, or boundaries of the Highlands, where the recession of the Gaëlic has not been in consequence of Saxon settlements, the manners of the people are essentially Gaëlic, and they retain at home and abroad the predilections of their hirth, particularly cherishing a just admiration of the bardic art, and possessing the characteristic taste for national melody.

The foregoing opinions are not newly formed: the writer of these pages having in another publication, some years ago, gone at greater length into the subject, is happy to find that his views are now generally adopted.

The Celts, from whom it was reluctantly acknowledged by both Greeks and Romans, that they had derived many of the useful arts and sciences, nay, even their philosophy,‡ were distinguished by very remarkable habits and customs, many of which still characterize their descendants; and their personal appearance offered a striking contrast to that of the inhabitants of Italy and Greece. To whatever cause is to be attributed the general mixture of dark-complexioned individuals among the Gaël, inducing the assertion, so often repeated, that they display the genuine Celtic hue, nothing is more particularly noticed than the fairness of skin, the blue eyes and the yellow hair of all branches of the race. So anxious were the Gauls to improve the glowing brightness of their flowing locks, that in the desire to heighten, by frequent washing and other artificial means, its natural colour, they hit on the manufacture of soap.§ The general appearance of the Celts must have been very peculiar to excite the notice of so many writers,|| and their aspect must have been a matter of ostentation, when its preservation was an object of national care.¶ The bardic effusions have always extolled the golden ringlets as imparting beauty to both sexes, comparing them to the gracefulness of flowing gold—to the loveliness of the golden-haired sun; while one of an opposite colour is alluded to as an exception. The Welsh are perhaps the darkest of the race, for they called the others *Gwyddil coch*, the red-haired Gaël. The careful arrangement of the hair, was one of the most particular duties of a Celtic toilet, and the practice of trimming or “glibbing” it, was put down in Ireland as an anti-English practice, by act of Parliament.

The comeliness and great stature of the Celts were acknowledged; the Britons and Caledonians, particularly exhibiting that stately appearance which in early society would be an object of pride, and a favourite theme for bardic compliment. The commanding figures of the Fingalian heroes, and those of later date, are always kept in view.

The dispositions of a people are however more worthy of consideration, personal appearance being dependent on physical causes, while the mental affections and moral feelings are influenced by other circumstances.

* Buchanan, &c. † Chalmers' *Caledonia*, vol. I. ‡ Diogenes Laertius. § Pliny, xxvii. 12.

|| Herodotus, Cæsar, Strabo, Lucan, Livy, Silius, Diodorus, Tacitus, Pliny, Isidorus, &c., all describe the Celts as fair.

¶ Amm. Marc. xxvii. 1. Tacitus, &c.

On the ministers of religion devolve the care of forming the morals, and on legislators the regulation of society by the enactment of laws, the coercion of the wicked, and encouragement of the virtuous. These two important functions, so naturally allied, were combined in one individual among the early Celts. That highly interesting and venerable order the Druids, who presided over a religion the most ancient, included the singularly important class, the Bards, the disseminators of knowledge, or rather as some maintain, they were in truth the body, of which the Druids formed a part, if more exalted in rank, certainly not a more numerous nor popular division.

Britain seems to have been the hyperborean island alluded to by Hecatæus, a very ancient writer, who describes it as lying opposite to Gaul, and being as large as Sicily. The inhabitants led the most happy lives, spending great part of their time in playing on the harp, and worshipping the gods in groves and circular temples.* It is certain that in Britain was the grand seminary for Druidic learning, to which the youth from Gaul resorted to complete their course of education, and to which reference was made in all cases of controversy or doubt. In the southern province, therefore, we find the wondrous remains of the stupendous works of Avebury and Stonehenge, with many other circular erections of the *Clachan mor* of less note throughout England and Wales. In Anglesea was the sacred fane and last retreat of the British druids, while seeking to escape the Roman sword. In Ireland the great Feis, or bardic convention, was held on the hill of Tara, (Teamhair) in Meath, and the science studied in different seminaries. In Scotland, besides other consecrated precincts, was Ellan Druinich, now Iona, the isle wherein the chief establishment of bards was placed, which the celebrated Colum or Columba supplanted by a college of the scarcely less famous Christian order of Culdees, as he did with that sacred grove where now stands the town of Derry in Ireland.† To this latter country the bards are supposed to have been first introduced by the colony of Danas, and the name, believed to have come from Dan a song, is noticed as a corroborative proof. They would no doubt accompany the first Celtic settlers, and in all probability held their appropriate place among the Milesian adventurers.

Legislation—the services of religion, and the poetic art, were blended in primitive society, and the united duties performed by one person; the priests, the historians, and the lawgivers, were consequently of the bardic order. Although it cannot be admitted as true that “poetry preceded prose,” yet it is not paradoxical to assert that verse was anterior to prose as the medium of record. It was used in intercession with the Deity, and was the vehicle of all praise. The ethics of antiquity were delivered and orally preserved in pithy rhymes; in this way, the earlier decrees of Greece were promulgated, and remained for ages ere they were engraven on tablets in the public ways, and even then the metrical form was not abandoned, nor did the people find another word for law than verse.‡ Strong indeed was the attachment to oral record, but still stronger was the predilection for rhyme; even after writing had come into use, the form of versification was fondly retained. The Brehons or Gaëlic judges delivered their decrees in sententious poetry, and

* Diodorus. † Hence the name, from *Darach*, an oak.

‡ Wood on the genius of Homer. The Spartans would not permit their laws to be written.

Columba, who is himself believed to have been of the bardic order, and other early ecclesiastics delivered their moral precepts, as no doubt was the common practice, in impressive verse.* It was in this style of composition, that the Gaëlic genealogies of the Scottish kings, repeated by the seanachies at coronations were formed.† In Wales, numerous moral triplets are confidently ascribed to the Druids: in the Highlands, many such apothegms, handed down from the Sean'ir, or men of antiquity, are of similar origin.

The Druids, like the Pythagoreans, a similar sect, were most careful to exercise the memory, and it was a positive law that there should be no written record; the first deviation from which appears to have been, as far as respected religion, but the poems were too mystical to be understood, save by the initiated, and it was not permitted to speak openly of the ceremonials or secrets of their profession; to sing in heroic verse the praises of illustrious men, was the unrestricted and most congenial duty of the bard. How admirably fitted for the assistance of recollection was the use of poetry—how well adapted for diffusing throughout the community, a knowledge of the laws by which foreign and internal relations were directed; of the misfortunes which depressed, or the successes which brightened the national prospects;—the song kept alive the memory of transactions which gained the friendship of neighbours, or exalted military renown—it transmitted to succeeding generations the history of illustrious individuals—the woes and calamities of the unfortunate! How little even now, are the people in general indebted for their acquaintance with events, to the pages of the historian? It is the record of vocal song which so long preserves among the illiterate the remembrance of bygone transactions.

There is much truth in what has been observed on this sort of vehicle for the conveyance of opinion; “songs are more operative than statutes, and it matters little who are the legislators of a country, compared with the writers of its popular ballads.” With the Celts the statutes were really poems, and the observation of Macpherson is just: “The moral character of our ancestors owed more to the compositions of the bard, than to the precepts of the Druids.”‡ The druidic injunction for cultivating the power of recollection, long affected the national character, and in the Highland districts, it cannot be said to have altogether ceased as a popular object. The Gaël frequently met for the purpose of friendly contest in the repetition and singing of their ancient poems, and poetic talent was one of the most respected accomplishments. In Wales, its possession elevated one to rank. A Highland amusement which Johnson describes, is illustrative of the poetic spirit. A person enveloped in a skin enters the house, when the company affecting to be frightened, rush forth; the door is then closed, and before they are admitted, for the honour of poetry, says the doctor, each must repeat, at least a verse. The young men who celebrate the festival of Colain, or bringing in of the new year, are obliged to recite an extempore rhyme before they are admitted to any house. The Dronn, or rump, was called the bard's portion; whoever received it, was obliged to compose a verse; and many a humorous couplet has the present elicited. This is called Beanneacbadh Bbaird,

* Dr Macpherson's Dissertation, 215.

† The last repetition of a Gaëlic genealogy was at the coronation of Alexander III., in 1249.

‡ Introduction to the Hist. of Britain.

or the Bard's Blessing, and it was customary to give a metrical salutation as a mark of respect; a composition in praise of one whose kindness or hospitality had been experienced, was an equally common effort of the muses. Dr Donald Smith, speaking of MS. poems of Ossian, and those collected by Duncan Kennedy, which scarcely differed, observes, "The test which such an agreement affords at a distance of almost three hundred years, of the fidelity of tradition, cannot but seem curious to such as have not had an opportunity of observing the strength which memory can attain, when unassisted by writing, and prompted to exertion by the love of poetry and song."^{*}

The Fear Sgeulachd or reciter of tales in Ireland, although now perhaps reduced to an itinerant mendicant, was formerly a personage whose entertaining and instructive rehearsals always procured becoming respect. These men were walking chronicles, the depositaries of what was old, and the disseminators of passing novelties. A favourite pastime among the Gaël was recitations of the old poems in manner of dramas, for which they were excellently adapted, if not originally so intended.

The chief object of the Celts in the nurture and education of their children, being to promote hardiness of constitution and corporeal strength, and to instil into the mind a sense of justice, and the highest notions of freedom and of warlike renown, their institutions were of a serious and martial cast.[†] The population were stimulated by the bardic exhortations from early childhood, to contemn inglorious ease and death itself, and to emulate the heroic virtues for which their ancestors were so highly extolled, as the only means by which they could attain distinction here and happiness hereafter. The labours of those national preceptors were eminently successful, and the bloody and protracted wars which they so intrepidly sustained in Gaul, against the conquerors of the world, tarnishing their arms, before unsullied,[‡] bear ample testimony to the love of freedom. In our own country, was the influence of those patriots less strong? "Neither by Romans, Saxons, Danes nor Normans, could they ever be conquered, either in Britain or Ireland; but as they could not successfully resist the overwhelming numbers, and superior discipline of their enemies in the plain country, they retreated with the highest spirited and most intractable of their countrymen, into the mountains, where they successfully defied the legions of the Roman and Saxon barbarians. For more than a thousand years they maintained their country's independence in the mountains of Wales and Scotland, whence they constantly made incursions upon their enemies. Here it was, where, with their native wild and beautiful music, and in poetry which would not disgrace a Homer, being the production of passion not of art, their venerable Druids deplored their country's misfortunes, or excited their heroes to the fight." These are the words of a Saxon writer, who made the history of the Druids, and their mysterious religion, subjects of the most profound research.[§]

An order which possessed the power of inflaming their countrymen to the fiercest resistance of invasion, and unextinguishable passion for liberty, was subjected to the direst

^{*} Report of the Committee of the Highland Society of Scotland, on the authenticity of Ossian, p. 302.

[†] Tacitus, &c.

[‡] Ibid. c. 53. Amm. Marc. c. xxxi. Lucan.

[§] Higgins' History of the Celtic Druids, 4to. p. 276.

persecution of their implacable enemies. The cruelty with which the Romans accomplished the slaughter of the British Druids, even in the sacred isle of Mona, had only a parallel in the massacre of the Welsh bards, by Edward the first of England. The indomitable spirit of resistance to aggression, which these illustrious patriots so effectually cherished in their countrymen, aroused the sanguinary vengeance of their ambitious foes, and the same policy, with a subdued severity, animated Queen Elizabeth, and Henry the Eighth, in their proscriptive legislation for the natives of Ireland.

Many instances are on record of the extraordinary power of music, which was always in ancient times an accompaniment to the song. Tyrtæus, by the chanting of his heroic verses, so inspirited the sinking Lacedemonians, that, rallying, they gained a triumphant victory, and saved the state. Terpander succeeded in appeasing a seditious outbreak, by singing an appropriate composition to the sound of his lyre; and Alcæus rescued his country by the same means. The bards not only inflamed the martial zeal of the people, rousing them to arms in defence of all they held dear, but they accompanied the armies to the field, and their persons being held inviolable by friend and foe, they employed themselves in moving about, sustaining the courage of the troops in the heat of battle; charging them to acquit themselves like men, and thereby obtain the approbation of their country, assuring them of ample fame on earth, and a joyful existence hereafter, should they bravely fall. “Ye bards, raise high the praise of heroes, that my soul may settle on their fame!” was an appropriate Celtic ejaculation. To die without this fame was a misfortune felt beyond the grave; the spirit rested not, when nothing had been done on earth to ensure its posthumous meed of praise.

The bards were also the heralds who summoned the clans to the strife of arms, a duty which was afterwards effected by the fleet bearers of the Crann taradh, and that important official in the establishment of a chief, the Piobair-mor. An instance occurs in the poem of Temora where a bard performs the ceremony; he proceeds to the hall of Shells, where the chiefs were assembled, and raising aloud the song of war, he calls on the spirits to come on their clouds, and be witness to the heroism of their descendants. The bards were in fact called upon by the leaders, as those on whose well-directed exertions rested the fate of battle, to rehearse the glorious exploits of former heroes, and by urging every motive to exertion, endeavour to carry the day by *esprit du corps*, not unlike the way in modern times of calling on the pipers—*seid suas*, play up? But they stood in no need of command; they acted in their vocation *con amore*, and they could excite or appease the warlike passions at their will; nay, with such awe were these men of song regarded, that they would step between armies which had drawn swords and levelled spears for immediate action; and the iresful combatants, as if their fury had been tamed by a charm, instantly dropt their arms.* The shaking of the “Chain of silence” by the Irish bards, produced the same effect.†

Their prophetic character added greatly to their influence; for they professed to foretell the fate of wars, and the destiny of individuals. So nearly allied are the gifts of poetry.

* Diodorus.

† Walker's Hist. Ir. Bards.

and prophecy, that the same individuals were professors of both, and hence it is that we find the Romans using the terms indiscriminately, especially with reference to those in their Gaulish provinces. Of the prophecies of the Gauls, many instances are related; they were held in much estimation for their auguries and predictions, and were consulted by even the emperors of Rome. Those soldiers who were in their armies, perhaps from their national gravity, and dark and figurative manner of expression,* compared with their Italian comrades, were looked on as seeing more clearly into futurity than others. The spirit descended on their successors in the British isles. In the Principality, the faculty in the bardic order was tacitly acknowledged, and Irish history affords many proofs of the conjunction, whilst among the Scottish Gaél, the ability to prognosticate unerringly, was repeatedly claimed, and respectfully conceded. Fingal himself, by concurrent tradition, is allowed, with other attributes of one so illustrious, to have possessed in an eminent degree, the ability to predict coming events. The court poets, about 1323, delivered a prophecy respecting King David, which was fully credited.†

Numerous proofs of the unabated influence of bardic exhortations on individuals, clans, and confederated armies, could be adduced. When the orator, standing on a cairn or other eminence, harangued the assembled host, in energetic verse, descanting in glowing terms on the well earned glories of the race—their heroism and other virtues, reminding them that on present exertions depended their country's fate—their own, their wives and children's safety; that the freedom which their sires bequeathed, it was for them to maintain and faithfully transmit to following generations; and when he warned them that the shades of their noble ancestors hovered near to witness their prowess, and bear them to the realms of bliss, if they bravely fell, the climax was attained, and in the paroxysm of generous resolution, with a simultaneous shout, the whole rushed forward to the mêlée.

Those who survived, were welcomed by the fair with the songs of praise; the bards extolling their exploits in the most laudatory strains.

The War Song of Gaul in the fourth book of Fingal, shows the usual style of the Prosnachadh cath, which is the name applied to it, corresponding to the Irish Rosga cath, and the Welsh Arymes prydain.‡ The address of that intrepid chief of the Caledonian confederation, Galgacus, delivered to his troops previous to the great battle of the Grampians, is highly interesting for its antiquity, the eloquence it displays, and the light it throws on the sentiments of that unconquerable race, to whom the Britons of the south alleged the gods themselves were scarcely equal. The famed Caractacus would animate his forces in a similar manner; and it is probable both delivered their harangues in verse, and may indeed have been of the bardic order. The strife was truly “kindled by the songs of the bards.” “Go Ullin—go my aged bard! remind the mighty Gaul of battle—remind him of his fathers—support the yielding fight; for the song enlivens war,” says the king of Morven.

It is unnecessary to multiply examples: the practice was retained as long as clanship was entire. The Brosnachadh cath Gariach, composed by Lachlan Mac Mhuireach, the

* Diod. Marcel.

† Fordun, xiii. 5.

‡ Cambrian Register.

bard of Donald of the isles, at the bloody field of Harlaw in 1411, is a specimen, curious for the subject and the strict alliteration in its composition. It has been observed as scarcely credible, that a bard could compose and deliver such lengthened exhortations in the battle field, and impossible to preserve such effusions afterwards, except he was “attended by a secretary!” These, and many similar objections to the authenticity of the ancient remains of Gaëlic bards, have been offered by the late Rev. Edward Davies, author of “Celtic researches,” in a very rare work, entitled, “The claims of Ossian considered.” This writer, whose remarks we shall have occasion again to allude to, is the most severe assailant of the venerable bard who has yet appeared, and it is to be regretted, that the asperity, promoted by ignorance of the subject, which is evinced throughout his inquiry, tarnishes much the fame he acquired by his other learned productions. The bards doubtless studied the subject of their compositions, previous to rehearsal, and polished or perfected them afterwards. Ossian was as capable of composing Fingal and Temora, as Homer was to form the Iliad, and the deep misfortune, of being “blind, palsied, destitute, broken-hearted and illiterate,” p. 53. and the last of his race, was rather favourable to his poetic genius, while it imparted a melancholy spirit. He might not be provided with an “amanuensis,” but he had zealous admirers, and attentive auditors to his frequent repetitions; and although Malvina might be 80 years of age, by Mr Davies’ chronology, she could well store her memory, less disturbed by the passions of youth, with those affecting songs, which it delighted the hoary bard to repeat.

A striking instance of the irresistible impression of these vigilant monitors occurs in Irish history. The primate of Ireland, in a conference with Fitzgerald, succeeded in convincing him of the folly and the guilt of a contemplated rebellion, when Nelan, the bard, lifting up his voice with his harp, poured forth a touching effusion, commemorative of the heroism of that noble’s ancestors—of their wrongs and the inestimable value of freedom, and evoking quick revenge; the gallant Thomas rushed forth and flew to arms.

When aid was sought from neighbouring clans, the bard was the fitting messenger to arouse the sympathy of friends. In late and altered times, the poets exercised, by means of their compositions, a power scarcely inferior to that of their predecessors, in the days of Druidism. If they could not command the favour of a chief, they could neutralize his efforts by their songs, which took the desired effect on the less politic clansmen. Iain Lom and others performed wonders by the power of verse, and respect for their profession. Rob Donn was more useful by the effect of his cutting poems, in favour of Prince Charles, than his chief was prejudicial in his operations with an unwilling clan.

It is necessary here to notice, with attention, the religious tenets maintained by the Druids, that celebrated priesthood, which held unlimited power over a mighty race—which instilled for many centuries of uninterrupted sway, those generous precepts, that not only operated on the mental faculties of the bard, himself so important a member of the community, but formed a national character, which is not even yet effaced. The progress and fall of a system are to be traced, which became like other institutions, corrupt and injurious, through the venality of the professors of poetry, who had survived the religion whence they emanated, which had long been abandoned by the human race, but

which left much, long entwined with the holy faith we now maintain, strongly imbuing the poetic genius of the Gaëlic bards. The wild imaginations of the enthusiastic Celts, led them to indulge in many superstitious ideas, but if, like other Pagans, they openly and emblematically admitted a plurality of Gods; the belief in one supreme disposer of human events was the fundamental creed of the bardic hierarchy; and if the people were persuaded of the truth of metempsychosis, or transmigration of spirits into other bodies, the more enlightened portion believed the immortality of the soul, in a state of happiness or misery. In the work of that intelligent Roman soldier and historian, Marcellinus, who was well acquainted with the Gauls, he thus speaks: "the Druidæ of a higher polish and imagination, as the authority of Pythagoras decreed, being formed into societies or fellowships, were addicted wholly to the consideration of matters of divine and hidden import, and despising all human things, they confidently affirmed that the souls of men were immortal."* The simple and sublime doctrines, if it is permitted so to designate them, which the Druids taught, were to reverence the Deity—to abstain from evil, and to behave with bravery; and they enforced their observance with unremitting energy. To the Almighty being, they paid adoration under the open canopy of heaven, esteeming it unbecoming to confine within a covered edifice, the worship of Him who created all things. At His mysterious shrine—circular, as the type of eternal duration,—they invoked divine favour, under the striking symbol of the resplendent sun, the apparent source of universal life. The appellations, Be 'il and Grian, or Granais were applied to the glorious luminary, and they are still used by the Gaël, although they do not attach to them those unchristian ideas, which darkened the mind of his ancestors, or perhaps being at all aware of the origin of terms formerly repeated with feelings of gratitude and veneration.† Many superstitions which yet maintain a hold on his imagination, are traceable to the mysterious dogmas of Druidism. Feelings carried along from ages the most remote, imbued the minds of the Gaëlic poets who indulged the fond persuasion, that the aerial spirits of departed friends hovered near their earthly relatives, rejoicing in their success and happiness, warning them of impending misfortunes, and ready when meeting death, to bear their spirits on clouds to a happier region. This cannot be called a debasing belief.

The only names which the Gaël yet apply to Heaven and Hell, proclaim their origin in days of Paganism. The ideas concerning Flath-innis, the island of the brave or noble, which was supposed to lie far distant in the Western Ocean, and Ifrinn, the cold and dismal isle in which the wicked were doomed to wander, in chilling solitude, so inconsistent with, and diametrically opposed to the Christian faith, could never have been imbibed from the sacred records of divine will. The numerous imaginary beings, with which the Celts filled earth, air, and water, were admirable accessories to the poetic machinery; they were perhaps originally deified, and although not yet discarded from popular belief, they are reduced to the less awful forms of phocas, fairies, beansiths, Glasligs, &c.

By all people, heaven has been pictured as an indescribable refinement, of all that imparts pleasure to the inhabitants of earth; and it is otherwise impossible to form any idea

* Book xv. ch. 9.

† The Romans, or Romanized Celts, raised altars to them.

of the joys awaiting the righteous, the reality of which “it hath not entered the heart of man to conceive.” With the Gaël, all the amusements in which they took delight, whilst dweilers in the lower world, were pursued without alloy in their aerial abode. All descriptions of the Celtic paradise, must fall short of their own conception of its glories, but the following effort of an ancient bard to impart some notion of its imaginary excellence, is highly interesting, abounding as it does in that hyperbolic style, which is impressed on all similar compositions. It gives also a curious picture of one of the Celtic sages. “ In former days, there lived in Skerr, a Druid of high renown. The blast of wind waited for his commands at the gate ; he rode the tempest, and the troubled wave offered itself as a pillow for his repose. His eye followed the sun by day ; his thoughts travelled from star to star in the season of night. He thirsted after things unseen—he sighed over the narrow circle which surrounded his days. He often sat in silence beneath the sound of his groves ; and he blamed the careless billows that rolled between him and the green Isle of the west.” One day as he sat thoughtfully upon a rock, a storm arose on the sea: a cloud, under whose squally skirts the foaming waters complained, rushed suddenly into the bay ; and from its dark womb at once issued forth a boat, with its white sails bent to the wind, and around were a hundred moving oars: but it was void of mariners ; itself seeming to live and move. An unusual terror seized the aged Druid: he heard a voice, though he saw no human form. “ Arise ! behold the boat of the heroes—arise, and see the green Isle of those who have passed away !” He felt a strange force on his limbs ; he saw no person ; but he moved to the boat. The wind immediately changed—in the bosom of the cloud he sailed away. Seven days gleamed faintly round him; seven nights added their gloom to his darkness. His ears were stunned with shrill voices. The dull murmur of winds passed him on either side. He slept not, but his eyes were not heavy : he ate not, but he was not hungry. On the eighth day, the waves swelled into mountains ; the boat rolled violently from side to side—the darkness thickened around him, when a thousand voices at once cried aloud,—“ The Isle, the Isle !” “ The billows opened wide before him ; the calm land of the departed rushed in light on his eyes. It was not a light that dazzled, but a pure, distinguishing, and placid light, which called forth every object to view in its most perfect form. The Isle spread large before him, like a pleasing dream of the soul ; where distance fades not on the sight—where nearness fatigues not the eye. It had its gently sloping hills of green ; nor did they wholly want their clouds : but the clouds were bright and transparent, and each involved in its bosom, the source of a stream ; a beauteous stream, which wandering down the steep, was like the faint notes of the half-touched harp to the distant ear. The valleys were open and free to the ocean ; trees loaded with leaves, which scarcely waved to the light breeze, were scattered on the green declivities and rising grounds. The rude winds walked not on the mountain ; no storm took its course through the sky. All was calm and bright ; the pure sun of autumn shone from his blue sky on the fields. He hastened not to the west for repose ; nor was he seen to rise from the east. He sits in his mid-day height, and looks obliquely on the Noble Isle. In each valley is its slow-moving stream. The pure waters swell over its banks, yet abstain from the fields. The showers disturb them not ; nor are

they lessened by the heat of the sun. On the rising hill, are the halls of the departed—the high-roofed dwellings of the heroes of old.”*

There is here none of the barbarous ideas which distinguished the Scandinavians. The Celts never dreamt of such joys as were found in Odin’s Hall, or of carrying vindictive feelings beyond the grave—no quaffing beverage from the skulls of enemies, and other marks of ferocious minds. There is here no purgatorial state—no such horrid passage, as led to the Elysium of the Greeks—the transit of the spirit from earth, is on clouds accompanied by those of relatives long before removed. There was indeed an intermediate position, occupied by the shades of those who had escaped the more awful penalty, but had no position in the abode of the virtuous. So difficult is it to control the vicious propensities of mankind, that the Druids not only were empowered to pass a sentence, of the most strict excommunication, rendering it highly criminal in any to show the smallest favour to the proscribed, but they carried their pretensions farther, and debarred them from entering Flath-innis. For those who were guilty of venial crimes, or had shown “the little soul,” by coming short of the standard of goodness, through cowardice, injustice, &c., which did not incur the severer ban, it was impossible ever to reach the island of the brave. Their sluggish spirits heard no song of praise; they were doomed to hover in miserable solitude, beside fens and marshes, tormented by unavailing regrets.

To a northern people, as warmth is of all sensations the most desirable, so cold is the most to be avoided. Exposure to chilling winds, and a state of intense and continued frigidity, is a calamity, which those who were ill clad, must have dreaded even more than the want of food. It was therefore with them a natural imagination, that the place of final punishment should be wrapt in an atmosphere of everlasting frosts. Ifrinn† was therefore contemplated with feelings of horror, and the dread of being consigned for evermore to its indescribable rigour, operated as a powerful check on the unworthy passions.

Besides piety to the objects of their worship, and unflinching bravery in the battle field, Druidic morality required the exercise of other duties, to merit the beatitude of the Isle of the exalted. The profession of bardism ensured a becoming degree of respect and awe, towards itself; while the patriarchal feelings of clanship bound closely the followers to their natural chiefs and protectors.

Hospitality is a virtue of primitive society—its exercise was a positive law among the Gauls and Germans of old.‡ It continued unrestricted among the Gaël, while their ancient system remained entire, and it is now only cooled, where modern civilization and refinement have intruded on the unsophisticated manners of an open-hearted race. “The red oak is in a blaze; the spire of its flame is high. The traveller sees its light on the dusky heath, as night spreads around him her raven wings. He sees it, and is glad; for he knows the hall of the king. There,” he says to his companion, “we pass the night; the door of Fion is always open. The name of his hall is the stranger’s home.” The feast is spread—the king wonders that no stranger from the darkly heath is come.

* Macpherson’s Introduction, 190.

† I fuair fhuinn, the isle of the cold atmosphere or climate.
‡ Tacitus. I. Diodorus, 5.

“I will listen,” says he, “if I may hear their wandering steps. He goes. An aged bard meets him at the door.”* This paragraph is from the fall of Tura, and on it Dr Smith remarks, that “hospitality is one of those virtues which lose ground, in proportion as civilization advances. It still subsists to a high degree in the highlands; though vanishing so fast, that in some years hence, its existence in some parts may be as much doubted, as that of some other virtues ascribed by Ossian to his heroes. It is not many years, since it was the general practice to look out every evening, whether any stranger appeared, before the doors were shut. When any had cast up, the host had manifestly more pleasure in giving, than the guest in receiving the entertainment.”† The Gauls never closed the doors of their houses, lest they should miss the opportunity of entertaining strangers.‡ Cean uai na dai, the point to which the way of the stranger leads, was the poetical appellation of the house of a chief. In the praise of this virtue the bards ever indulged, and these portions may well be ranked among the beauties of their compositions. “Hospitality stood at the outer gate, and with the finger of invitation, waved to the traveller as he passed on his way.”‡ “Turlach lived at Lubar of the streams. Strangers knew the way to his hall; in the broad path there grew no mountain-grass—no door had he to his gate. ‘Why,’ he said, ‘should the wanderer see it shut?’”§ So a Cumraeg bard exclaims, “Cup-bearer! fill the horn with joy; bear it to Rhys in the court of the hero of treasure—the court of Owain, that is ever supported by spoils taken from the foe. It supports a thousand—its gates are ever open.”|| But the entertainment of strangers and travellers was not left to individual feeling. In the Highlands, were numerous *spidals* (Hospitia) which like the Irish Fonnteach, were provided for at the public expense by Brehon appointment, and directed by the Bruighe or farmer of the open house.

Lest the Gaël might have an enemy under the roof, to whom they were equally bound by the honour and the rules of hospitality, the name and business of a stranger were not required, until after a considerable sojourn; a year and day was often suffered to elapse, ere a question on the subject was put—an extraordinary effort with a people so naturally inquisitive.

The Druids would doubtless show an example of benevolence and condescension, which the extreme deference they received, could enable them to do without lowering their dignity. Had their rule been otherwise than benign, it would have been impossible for them to have maintained their undiminished influence so very long, among a people proverbially impatient of severity and coercion, yet more power was vested in them, than even in their princes; it was to them as to magistrates that the settlement of all disputes was referred, whence they obtained the name of Co’ retich, peace-makers, the Curctes of the Romans. Being physicians also, their aid would be frequently required; and their kind offices were cheerfully afforded. The promptitude with which they threw their protection over the distressed, is commemorated in a saying yet current in the Highlands:

* Gallic Antiquities, 317.

† Agathias, I. 13.

‡ Cave of Creyla.

§ Finan and Lorma.

|| Cyveiliog, Prince of Powis fl. 1160.

"Ge fagus clach do lär,
"S faigse na sin cobhair Choibhi."

"The stone lies not closer to the earth, than the help of Coivi is to those in distress." This personage was no other than the Ard Druid, or chief Druid. Coivi is supposed to have been the title of the primate; it is that given to the one who attended a council called by Edwin of Northumberland, when about to renounce paganism. Of their prescriptions, one is preserved in tradition, the observance of which would much conduce to health. "Bi gu sugradh, geanmnaidh mocheir 'each." Be cheerful, temperate, and rise early, or take exercise.

As those who entered the order were obliged to bear an unblemished character,* they were eminent in the practice of the virtues they sedulously inculcated. "Within this bosom there is a voice—it comes not to other ears—it bids Ossian help the helpless, in their hour of need." In the same poem, the bard shows the impropriety of sons reviving the quarrels of their fathers; had his excellent advice been attended to, in later times, it would have prevented many unfortunate feuds which were unhappily fomented, often for sinister purposes: "your fathers have been foes—forget their rage ye warriors, it was the cloud of other years!"† It was a high compliment to say that, "none ever went sad from Fingal," and proudly might a Celtic hero declare:—"my hand never injured the weak, nor did my steel touch the feeble in arms. O Oscar! bend the strong in arms, but spare the feeble hand. Be thou a storm of many tides against the foes of thy people; but like the gale that moves the grass, to those who ask thine aid. So Trenmor lived—so Trathal was—such has Fingal been. My arm was the support of the injured; the weak rested behind the lightning of my steel."‡ More examples could be given of these just and generous sentiments of the bards, who, while they could determine war, had also authority to command peace, and denounce its disturbers. Deeds of cruelty, or the indulgence in a spirit of revenge was abhorrent to bardic principle, at least before the profession became mercenary, and parasitical.

"If we allow a Celt to have been formed of the same materials with a Greek and Roman, his religion ought certainly to have made him a better man, and a greater hero."

Some have maintained, that there were no Druidesses. Among the Gaël, celibacy was certainly not a rule; for we hear of the bards having wives,—Ossian among others. The Isle of Sena, now Isle de Sain[ts], off the coast of France, contained a college of Druidesses, who, like him of Skerr, had power over the winds, which they were in the practice of selling to credulous mariners. These unfortunate damsels fell at last victims to the sanguinary system of persecution, to which the votaries of bardism were every where subjected. Conan, Duke of Bretagne, in the fervour of his zeal, committed them to the flames.§ Those who acted so conspicuous a part, when in desperation they defended themselves against Suetonius and his legions in Anglesea, were most probably the wives of the British Druids. Arrayed in black garments, they ran wildly to and fro, with dishevelled

* Welsh, Irish, and Highland authorities.

† Oina morul.

‡ Lora.

§ Rojoux. Ducs de Bretagne. I. 135.

hair and drawn swords, forcing back, like the Cimbric females of old, those who were retreating. “They are for this looked upon with detestation by those who at Eton, or Westminster, imbibe the notion that every thing is good which a Greek or Roman could do; who triumph with *Æneas* over the unfortunate *Turnus*, or glory with the Romans over the fall of Carthage. But if those women had been Roman matrons defending the capitol, we should never have heard the last of their gallantry and patriotism.”*

Old poems show that the bard had no partiality for a single life; and the Irish, by the ilbreacht laws, regulated the price of his wife’s, as well as his own dress. in fact the succession was hereditary.

Before dismissing the subject of religious belief, which gave so peculiar a character of wild sublimity to their poetical compositions, the settled conviction that the spirits of their ancestors “came to the ear of rest,” and frequently appeared to men, acting as guardian angels, must be noticed as having had a strong effect on the sensitive mind, and furnishing to the bards a subject of the grandest description. It was a topic not to be overlooked by bard nor druid, in addressing themselves to their countrymen. The system of morality was adapted for this world, and, to please the great, and secure the approbation of their immortal countrymen, was all else they expected. The appearance of Crugal, with his melancholy presages, is an extraordinary effort of the poet. “Dim and in tears he stood, and stretched his pale hand over the hero. Faintly he raised his feeble voice, like the gale of the reedy Lego. My ghost, O Connal! is on my native hills, but my corse is on the sands of Ullin. Thou shalt never talk with Crugal, or find his lone steps in the heath. I am light as the blast of Cromla, and I move like the shadow of mist. Connal, son of Colgar, I see the dark cloud of death. It hovers over the plain of Lena. The sons of green Erin shall fall,—remove from the field of ghosts?” This was not a dream, but the supposed actual appearance of the fallen warrior. At times their appearance was wishfully invoked; for the Celts seemed to have had no feelings of dislike to such meetings. How sturdily Cuchullin steeled himself against the argument of Calmar, who had appeared to give him a friendly warning, against the perils of the approaching war! He would not be persuaded by him; but, in rejecting the admonition, he gave him the ever grateful meed of praise, which sent him off in his blast with joy. Departed bards were pleased with earthly music, and would come to listen, while the harpers were performing. Agandecca, before the engagement with Swaran, mourns the approaching death of the people, a circumstance which coincides with the wailing of the Bean-sith, so well known to give presage of family bereavements, in Ireland, where its existence is not doubted.

The entertaining Mrs Grant of Laggan gives in her Superstitions of the Highlanders, many interesting and affecting anecdotes of their belief in supernatural appearances.

So highly esteemed was the profession of a bard, that those most distinguished for rank were proud to be enrolled in the fraternity; sometimes, even those of royal lineage were found in it. The possession of poetical genius entitled one to claim the daughter of nobility as his consort, and the alliance was deemed honourable among Celts and Scandinavians.† Some of the continental Celtic kings are mentioned as poets. In

* Higgins’ Celtic Druids.

† Torfæus.

Wales, we find Aneurin, a prince of the Ottadini, Llywarch hen, and many others, who gloried perhaps more in their bardic qualifications, than in their nobility of birth. Among the Gaël, Ossian stands conspicuous ; Fingal is celebrated for his poetical talent, and more of the chiefs might be enumerated, as exercising the bardic spirit : indeed, the national taste led the Celts to deliver themselves, especially on matters of serious import, in a magniloquent and poetic strain.* The bards were, it is true, like other professions, hereditary ; but this rule must have been modified by circumstances. One with no ear for music, or soul for poetry, could not take the place of his father ; and we know besides, that aspirants were admitted. We are assured, that an irreproachable character was indispensable, and a personal defect would incapacitate one from entering the fraternity ; hence they were a class of superior appearance, while their consciousness of importance gave them a commanding air.

Extraordinary honours were paid to the bards, and they enjoyed many important privileges. They were exempted from all tax and tribute, and were not compelled to serve in the army, although not prevented if they chose to do so ; their persons were inviolable, their houses were sanctuaries, and their lands and flocks were carefully protected, even amid the ravages of war. In the latter ages of their prosperity, ample farms were given to many in perfect freehold, and they were entitled to live, almost solely at the public expense. The Welsh laws of Hwyl Dda gave the bards and their disciples, liberty and free maintenance. The various privileges and immunities, enjoyed by the different classes, were strictly regulated by the Irish, who divided the order into seven gradations. The first was entitled when travelling, to a horse and a greyhound, and two men as attendants for five days ; he was then entitled to be kept for one day, where he might stop, be supplied with all necessaries, and rewarded by a gift of two heifers or a large cow, for his recitations or other duties. The second was entertained in like manner, for three days, and was furnished with three attendants when travelling. As a gratuity, he received three cows. The third had four attendants provided for him on a journey, and his reward was from one to five cows, according to the character of his recitations or compositions. The fourth was allowed six attendants to accompany him, for eight days. The fifth, accompanied by eight students in poetry, was entertained for ten days, and was rewarded by five cows, and ten heifers. The sixth was entertained for fifteen days, having a retinue of twelve students ; and twenty cows were his reward. The seventh, or Ollamh, was entitled to be freely and amply entertained for a month, and had on all occasions twenty-four attendants—his reward for the services he might render, was twenty cows. The last four, we are told, were specially protected. Considering their number, and the erratic lives they led, the contributions they levied were by no means light. Keating says, that by law they were empowered to live six months at the public expense, and it was therefore the custom to quarter themselves throughout the country, from All hallow tide until May, from which they were designated as Cleir na shean chain, the songsters of the ancient tax. A wandering life seems to have been congenial to their feelings, from a desire to disseminate their works, as well as provide

* Diodorus. Marcellinus.

for themselves, and they believed that their public utility fully justified this practice of ‘sorning’ which was afterwards so grave a charge against them. “The world,” says an ancient bard, “is the country, and mankind the relations of every genuine poet.” The northern Scalds were held in equal esteem, and enjoyed extraordinary privileges. Among the Welsh, the institutions of bardism became ultimately much refined and complicated, although there were originally only the three primitive classes as in Gaul; and they regulated the duties and immunities of the different individuals with great precision, by express laws which existed from an unknown age, but were first embodied in a written code, by the famous Hwyll Dda in the 10th century. Besides enjoying the same privileges, as those among the Gaél, respecting their persons, property, and domiciles, and being permitted to solicit a largess or gift, by an appropriate poem, tendered without troublesome importunity, which no doubt was often successful, the following perquisites were allowed them.—The Court bard who was the eighth officer in the Royal household, and sat at festivals next to the comptroller, received on his appointment, a harp and other presents from their majesties; the King provided him with a horse, and all his apparel which was formed of wool; the Queen supplying him with that which was of linen. In war, he received the most valuable animal of the spoil, after the leader had got his share, and this was for singing the accustomed war-song to rouse the courage of the troops when in battle. At the Christmas, Easter, and Whitsunday banquets, he received from the Queen the harp on which he performed, and had the comptroller’s garment as his fee. On making his Clera or professional tour, he was entitled to double fees. Whoever did him an injury was mulcted in six cows and 120 pence; and for his slaughter, 126 cows were exacted. He paid as Gabr merch, the fine on the marriage of his daughter, 120 pence; for her Cowyll or nuptial gift, one pound and 120 pence; and for her eywedi or dowry, three pounds. His mortuary or heriot was three pounds.

The chief bard of the district was the tenth officer in the household, and sat next the judge of the palace. An insult offered to him, subjected the offender to a fine of six cows and 120 pence, and 126 cows were the expiation of his death. When a musician had advanced so far in his art, as to drop his Telyn rawn, or hair-strung harp, he paid this chief bard twenty-four pence; and every woman on her first marriage, gave a like sum. His daughter’s marriage fine was 120 pence, and his heriot was as much. These were the only two bards who performed before the sovereign; when desired, the latter was to give two songs,—one in praise of the Almighty, the other extolling the king’s virtues and exploits, recounting all the famous deeds of his ancestors; the former then sang a third.

In 1100, Gruffudd ap Cynan, or Gryffyth ap Conan, finding the establishment rather disorganized, called a congress of bards to which those of Ireland were invited; and with their assistance, he not only improved the music of the principality, but reformed the order, and introduced many judicious alterations in the rules of government. By these “statute privileges for the profession of vocal song, and for instrumental music of the harp and of the crwth,” the bard was to enjoy five free acres; and the chief district bard was to receive at each of the three great festivals, and on occasion of royal nuptials,

forty pence and a suitable gift; at weddings the fee was settled at twenty-four pence. The bard next in gradation had also forty pence for the festivals and royal marriage, but only twelve pence for attendance at weddings of others. The next in degree was allowed twenty-four pence on the first two occasions, and eightpence for the latter; while the two lower had twelve pence, and sixpence on the first occasion; and the lowest in the profession did not officiate at weddings, but his immediate superior did so, and received sixpence. The genealogist got but twopence for a pedigree, except he accompanied the bardic cavalcade on the triennial circuit, when the fee was doubled. The Clerwr, or itinerant bards were allowed a penny from every plough-land in the district, and this humble income was secured to them, by a power to distrain for payment. There was a peculiar amusement afforded by the bards of Wales to the company assembled at their great meetings, which was a source of some honourable emolument to an individual. The most witty and satiric of the first order was appointed to an office called Cyff-cler, in which he was to be the butt of all the jests and sarcasms of the others, which he was patiently to hear, and afterwards reply to in extemporaneous verses, without betraying any heat or loss of temper. For supporting this rather unpleasant character, he was rewarded by a gratuity of eighty pence, and the doublet next to the best which a bridegroom possessed.

The heavy eric or compensation exacted for the manslaughter of a bard, and for insulting or wronging him, is an indication of the regard in which he was held.* It would indeed have been reckoned a grievous crime, to put one of these public monitors to death whatever his offence might have been, and some individuals have had their names carried down with the stigma of having avenged themselves on members of this privileged class. In the "Fall of Tura," is an affecting tale, which shows, that the most savage disposition would relax its fury, in the case of a bard. It is thus given in translation by the talented compiler. "The bard with his harp goes trembling to the door. His steps are like the warrior of many years, when he bears, mournful to the tomb, the son of his son. The threshold is slippery with Crigal's wandering blood—across it the aged falls. The spear of Duarma over him is raised, but the dying Crigal tells,—it is the bard." So infuriated was the chief, that on a passing dog he wreaked the vengeance he intended for a human being, had he not been the "voice of song."†

The English settlers sometimes massacred the Irish clergy; but it does not appear that they committed the same atrocities on the bards. One of the Triads commemorates the three heinous strokes of the battle-axe; they fell on the heads of Aneurin and Colydhian, who were bards, and on Avaon, who was the son of the famed Taliesin.

The estimation in which the bards were held, was equally the cause and effect of their extraordinary influence. They were the indispensable followers of a Celtic army, and members of the establishment of Celtic nobility at home and abroad. Struck with this fact, they were viewed by many as insatiable parasites, rather than necessary attendants.

Their utility was extensive, and as in the pastoral and predatory state of society, there

* The Wesigoths esteemed it a four-fold greater crime to strike a bard than any other person.

† Smith's Gallic Antiquities.

were alternate seasons for active exertion and inactivity, the bard was not less useful in solacing his master in the hours of retirement, and entertaining his company at their assemblies, than in aiding the military efforts of the clan in war. He conveyed information of warlike movements over the land, and laboured as hard with his poetic weapons to vanquish an enemy, as others with their sword ; and his was the grateful task to extol the heroes of victory, singing loudly to his harp at the head of the returning host.

Their eager spirits often urged them to mix in the battle ; but they were usually stationed where their war songs could be most advantageously poured out, and where they could best observe the gallant bearing of their friends. Care was always taken so to place the Scalds ; and should the fight have been one at sea, which was of frequent occurrence with these "sons of the waves," they looked attentively from the land, protected by a guard, and qualifying themselves to perpetuate in song, the prowess of the warriors. It was no slight stimulus for such men to know, that their deeds were marked by the bard who was to chronicle their valour in lasting verse, and thus convey their names with fame to late posterity.

When Iain Lom stood on the battlements of Inverlochy castle, marking the circumstances of the battle raging below, he was taunted by Montrose for having avoided participation in the conflict. "Had I," says he, with somewhat of the pride of profession, "mixed in the engagement, how could I have marked the many deeds of valour so nobly achieved, and bad I fallen, who would have sung your praise?" The heroic Bruce carried with him his bard to celebrate the heroism of the Scots at Bannockburn ; and Edward of England likewise took with him a rhyming monk of Scarborough, in the same capacity, that he might delight the nation with the glorious account of the annihilation of the rebel Scots. The issue of that dire collision would probably have left us no specimen of his talents, had he not fallen into the victor's hands, who made the poet sing the praise of those whose fall he never dreamt of mourning for. Poor Richard Bastwick did his best in the doggerel Latin of the times, which has been rendered into English of a similar cast. Dolefully did the bard invoke the nine.

"With barren verse, this rhyme I make,
Bewailing, whilst this theme I take," &c.

He nevertheless describes in graphic, though uncouth language, the deeds of strength and valour, which he had witnessed.

Another bard with more congenial feeling, celebrated the whole acts and deeds of his sovereign the Bruce, in verse elegant for the age. Archdeacon Barbour of Aberdeen, no doubt, had the feeling of a Celtic bard, and had in his eye the Gaëlic duans ; for he was well acquainted with the exploits of "Fin Mac Cowl" and his compatriots.

The above mishap at Bannockburn, is similar to what befell the Earl of Argyle at Aultacholacban, when he took the field in 1597, against the Catholic lords. In confidence of success, and greatly pleased with his bard's prophecy, that he should play his harp in the castle of Slains ere the victorious army returned, he was proudly taken along when

" Mac Callain-mor went fra' the west
Wi' mony a bow and bran';
An' vow'd to waste as he thought best,
The Earl o' Huntly's lan.'"

On his defeat, however, the bard was made prisoner, and verified his claim to the faculty of fore-knowledge, much to the delight of the confederates and Lord Errol, who gladly afforded him the opportunity.

Before the chiefs in the Highlands began to think it unnecessary to number a bard among their personal retainers, either from a consideration that their actions no longer required the tribute of so antiquated a recorder, or by an unavoidable departure from the former simplicity of living, finding it expedient to add the bard's farm, like that of the piper and other hereditary officers in their establishment, to the rent roll, he was one of the most respected in the number. The chiefs of Clan-Ranald retained a bard until about a hundred years ago, when Lachlan Mac Nial Mhuireach, the 17th in regular descent, lost his farm, and naturally dropt, as useless, the profession by which he and his ancestors had so long held it. Iain Breac MacLeod of Dunvegan, who died in 1693, was perhaps the last chief who upheld the ancient state by numbering in his retinue, bard, harper, piper, jester, and the full number of what has been with an attempt at wit, designated the tail. Dr Mac Pherson mentions one who kept two bards, and they held a seminary for the instruction of students. About 1690, John Glass and John Macdonald, the bards of two lairds in different parts of the country, met by appointment in Lochaber, to vindicate in a poetical contest their own excellence and their chief's honour; but the result of this duel is not related. Such challenges were not unfrequent, and it was a well-known practice for the Highlanders to make small bets as to who could repeat the most of the Sean dana, or old poems.

The bards who exercised so beneficial an influence on their countrymen while alive, rendered the necessary and becoming services to the dead. The mode of sepulture is well known; "the grey stones of the dead," half hid in the moss of ages, and the funeral hillocks and cairns appear on all sides, where the industry of man has not laid the heath under the operation of the plough—the striking monuments of ages far distant, but now the useless record of those who were honoured in their day and generation. The stones of memorial were raised amid the united voices of all around, and the plaintive music of the harpers who gave out the funeral chant.

" Bend forward from your clouds, ghosts of my fathers, bend! lay by the red terror of your course and receive the falling chief; let his robe of mist be near, his spear that is formed of a cloud. Place a half-extinguished meteor by his side, in the form of the hero's sword. And O! let his countenance be lovely, that his friends may delight in his presence. Bend from your clouds, ghosts of my fathers, bend!" In the same poem is the affecting lament for the beauteous Darthula. " Daughter of Colla, thou art low!" said Cairbar's hundred bards; "silence is at the blue streams of Selma, for Trathul's race have failed. When wilt thou rise in thy beauty, first of Erin's maids? Thy sleep is long in the tomb, and the morning distant far. The sun shall not come to thy bed, and say,

awake Darthula ! awake thou first of women ! the wind of spring is abroad. The flowers sbake their heads on the green hills, the woods wave their opening leaves. Retire, O sun, the daughter of Colla is asleep, she will not come forth in her beauty, she will not move in the steps of her loveliness."

The duty of performing the obsequies of a hero seems to have been imperative, although his life might not have offered those traits of character which so well suited the bard's eulogium. They however did justice to his memory, neither suppressing any allusion to his vices, nor refusing the praise he might deserve. A chief had broken his oath. " His tomb was raiscd, but what could the bards say ? Manos remembered not his words. When asked what he had done with his oaths ? ' Alas ! he said, where I found, I left them.' Manos, thou wert generous, but wrathful and bloody was thy darkened soul."

It has already been noticed, that without the funeral dirge, the spirit would be subjected to wander in forlorn suffering about the place where the body had been laid : it was therefore a matter of the utmost solicitude, that this should be performed, and the ceremonial was observed in the Highlands to the days of our fathers. It is now discontinued as a vocal tribute, but the 'Lament' of the piper played in front of the funeral procession, is a most characteristic substitute. Many remains of the Coronach music are believed to be still preserved, and it is reasonably supposed, that the species of piobaireachd appropriate to the melancholy event, has in many cases retained in the ular or ground-work, the spirit of the original dirge.*

The following detail of the ceremonial at the interment of an old Celtic hero, as given by the Irish authorities, is conformable to what is otherwise related. The Druid first performed those rites which may be called religious ; the Senachie then repeated the eulogium of the hero departed, detailing the illustrious descent and personal titles of the deceased. He was followed by the Filea, who recited the Caoine or funeral song, which having been adapted to music by the Oirfidighe or musician, was sung by the Racaraide or rhapsodist, who was joined by the wailing notes of all present.†

The practice of Caoining at funerals is still practised by the native Irish, but since the suppression and neglect of the order of bards, the mourners in Ireland have been mercenary females, generally of advanced years, and their hackneyed or extemporaneous lamentations are not particularly creditable to the art. They, however, tenaciously hold to this rite, whether in Ireland, or elsewhere, and it is evident that there is no Christianity in it. Take a specimen. " O son of Connal, why didst thou die ? royal, noble, learned youth ; valiant, active, warlike, eloquent ! why didst thou die ? Oigh ! oin-oigh !" Here follows the Uilaluia or chorus, first gone half through, poured forth in the wildest notes of extreme grief, being indeed the chief part of the performance, and as may be supposed not the most regular nor musical. " Alas ! alas ! he who sprung from nobles of the race of Heber, warlike chief ! O men of Connal. O noble youth, why didst thou die ? Alas !

* Pat. Macdonald on the influence of poetry and music on the Highlanders, prefixed to his admirable collection of their vocal music.

† The bards compose poems which the Rhapsodists repeat. Buchanan.

alas!" The semi-chorus again is given, and then the full *orgoll*. "Alas! alas! he who was in possession of flowery meads, verdant hills, lowing herds, fruitful fields, flowing rivers and grazing flocks—rich—gallant. Lord of the golden vale, wby did be die? Alas! alas!" Uilaluia, &c. "Alas! alas! why didst thou die, O son of Connal, before the spoils of victory by thy warlike arm were brought into the hall of the nobles, and thy shield with the ancients? Alas! alas! Uila—luia, luia, lu, lu, ucht o ong," &c., all which had the most thrilling effect. After the interment, the bard was formerly accustomed to perform the Elegy or Connthal sitting on the grave, which mark of affectionate respect like the Christian services for the dead in the Romish Church, was repeated at the new and full moon, for several months.* The Scriptural lamentations, as that over Saul and Jonathan, are of no whit more religious character.

Adverting to the classification of the members of the bardic brotherhood, it will be seen at first, simple and vigorous; subsequently undergoing alterations and subdivisions. The Druidical order was originally divided into three classes, which are distinguished as the Druids proper, who were the priests and legislators; the Vates, Ovates, Euvates or Eubages and the Bards. The duties of the first have been briefly referred to, and a general view of the bardic office has been presented, but scanty as our knowledge respecting it is, a few more particulars may be given to improve a picture, unfortunately but meagre.

The Vates have been considered by some writers, an order inferior to the bards, and by others to have held an intermediate place in the triad, but many regard the term as simply denoting a more advanced novitiate. "The Euvates," says Marcellinus, "more deeply considering nature, made attempts to discover the highest areana, and lay open its most secret workings, and amongst these the Druids," from which it would seem that they were bardic aspirants for druidic preferment. Luean classes them with the bards, but allows them superiority to a simple poet. It is very probable that a claim to a prophetic spirit was the cause of distinction. All three were accustomed to compose and to sing, but all did not claim the faculty of foreknowledge. Vates, which in Latin is a prophet or interpreter, is a word no doubt borrowed from the 'barbarians,' and the Gaëlie Faid signifying the same, appears to be the original word. Dr Smith however thinks Euvates may be Eu-pbaisde, promising youths.

To ascertain the etymology of names, often clears up the obscurity which envelopes a subject: on this occasion, the attempt is more curious than useful. The general opinion is, that the appellation Druid is derived from the name of the oak tree, which in Greek is Drus, Derw in Welsh, Duir in Irish, Dair in Gaëlic, Druith in the Cornish. Considering the similarity of these words, the estimation which the Druids, like others, had for the oak, and the veneration they paid to the Mistletoe, the All-heal which grew thereon, it has appeared a satisfactory origin for their name, and the Welsh bards of later days have on the tree-system, raised a very ingenious allegory. The letters dd, having the sound of th, form a common termination, so Derwydd, is the trunk of an oak; bardd, from bar,

* Beauford. Trans. of the Irish Academy, Vol. IV. where the whole is set to music.

the top, is significant of the full grown branches, and Ovydd, from *ov*, raw, pure, indicates the saplings. Sir Samuel Meyrick gives less fanciful derivations—Der, superior; wydd, instructor; and o-wydd, subordinate instructor. In Whiter's method of determining the affinity of words, by the consonants as radices, we see the same consonants running through these words; the *tr*, pervading a series of terms, indicates activity, industry, improvement; and *dr* or *tr* were connected with the mystical *T*, a Druidical and Pythagorean symbol. The above laborious and profound etymologist, alluding to the Gaëlic “draonaich” so well illustrated by Coiremonadh,* as intimating a diligent cultivator, pronounces Druid to signify a teacher.† The appellation is undoubtedly Celtic, originating with that people, and not imposed by Greeks or others. The sense in which it is still used is that of an artist, a learned person, or vulgarly a magician, and it is the word in the Scripture translation for the wise men or priests. It is equally applied in Teutonic languages to denote a dexterous individual or enchanter.

The word Bard has been pronounced insoluble. It is uncertain whether the peculiar chant, called *barditus*, is the origin of the term, or its derivative. *Bardachd* in Gaëlic is poetry and history, literally the bard's work; *bardae-th* in Welsh is also bardism.

The profession has given names to many localities, as *Monadh-bhaird*, *ach na' m bard*, *Tulloch-bardin*, &c., and respectable families may trace their origin to those distinguished poets. There are many ancient charters in which different individuals are designated, *le bard* and *le harper*; the Bards, Bairds, MacBairds, and Wards are their descendants; in Ireland and Argyle are the Mac Faids, and Mac Faidzeans. Throughout the principality are numerous names indicating the residences and haunts of the different branches, as *Tre'r Beirdd*, the bard's villages. *Crocs y Beirdd*, the bard's cross. *Tre'r* and *Bod Drudan*, the villages, and the houses of the Druids. *Bod-Ovyr*, the Ovyd's dwelling, &c. &c. The Baile-bhairds in the Highlands and Harper's lands in the low-country, are memorials of the golden age of Celtic minstrelsy.

A sketch of the personal appearance of the different characters, seems an appropriate accessory to a detail of their duties. Bodily imperfection being sufficient for exclusion from the order, it gave an imposing specimen of the Gaulish race, and their dignities were marked by suitable distinctions in dress. Their garments differed from others in amplitude: they were “the wearers of long robes.” The costume, as may be supposed, was of a peculiar form, calculated for the attraction of notice, as well as the becoming denotation of rank. The beard which the Celtic nations always shaved, the Druidic officials wore long, and the hair of the head they cut close. The robes flowing to the heel; whilst those of the commonalty, and even of the nobles, fell only to the knee, as sufficiently distinguished the superiority of the order, as the episcopal costume marks the sacerdotal degree. White, denoting purity and truth, was the appropriate colour of the druid's robes.

In Cathlava one of the poems translated by Dr Smith, is a picture of *Sean'ear*, a druid, then a subject of persecution, but believed to possess supernatural acquirements, and consulted as an oracle by those, who, like the Roman general, might be disposed to

* *Thoughts on the Gaëlic, &c.*, by James Grant, Esq.

† *Etymologicon magnum*.

say, "I scorn them, yet they awe me." Under the awful shade of his oak he finds him, leaning on his own trembling staff. His head of age stoops to the ground, his grey beard hangs down on his breast, and his dim eyes are fixed on the earth. But his soul is mixed with the spirits of air, and his converse is with ghosts. 'What seest thou of my love,' said Ronan, 'what seest thou of Sulmina?'" The figure was that of a solitary and prescribed anchorite, who submitted to his evil destiny, doubtless for his conscience' sake, like many fellow devotees. In the original, the description is singularly striking.

"An crith-thaice ri luirg fein,
Fui' gheug dhoilleir dharaich,
Lan ogluidheachd :—a chrom aomadh,
'S feasas aosda sios mu bhrollach.
-air lar tha shuil a dearcadh
Ach anam ann co'radh thaibhse."

The figurative and laconic reply is very characteristic.

" Macan an fas cruaidh,
Barca, thar cuan, na dean ;
Shuilmhine ! 's cruaidh leam do glaodh,
A 'taomadh air tiunn gun flurtachd !'*

In happier ages, the raiment was an object of careful attention among the Celtic people, with whom every thing was precisely regulated; even the colours of the robes were apportioned by invariable law. In Wales, the bards wore a dress of sky-blue, the emblem of peace and fidelity, and that of the Ovydd was a vivid green, the prevailing colour of verdant nature. The Awenydd, or disciple, showed in his vestment, as an escutcheon of pretence, the three colours, white, blue, and green. When officiating at religious ceremonies, the bard had a cowl attached to the cloak, like that worn by the Capuchin friars; it was called Barddgwccwll, and is the bardo-cucullus of the Romans. The Druidesses are described by Strabo, as arrayed in white garments, fastened with girdles and brazen clasps. Among the Gaël, a very remarkable difference prevailed with respect to the vesture. A variety of colours was introduced, and the number which the gradations in society were permitted to display, was regulated by a prevailing rule. It was a striking mark of the estimation in which the bards were held, that they were allowed six colours, being two more than the nobility, and only one less than royalty itself. This was the well known law in Ireland, and there can be no doubt it was equally observed by the Gaël of Albion. In Meyrick's splendid work on British Costume, coloured prints of the various classes are given, among which we remark the two figures found near Autun, one of which carries the "slat an drui' achd," or ensign of authority, and the other bears the "cornan," or crescent, emblematic of the "cead rai re ;" the first quarter of the moon.† The robe is fastened by a brooch on the left shoulder.

Sumptuary laws were not forgotten in the Brehon code. In A. D. 192, as Irish Annals inform us, such enactments settled among other matters, the value of a bodkin

* Gallic Ant. 335, from the Druid's appearance, it is generally called "the song of the grey man."

† Pliny says of the Celts, 'ante omnia sexta luna.'

of refined silver for the king or a bard at thirty heifers. The clothes of a poet and his wife cost three milch cows, and the raiment of an Ollamh, and of an Anshruith, the next in rank, five cows.

Some proof is found that the Cochal or upper garment which was evidently, from the name, of coarse texture, was fringed and ornamented with needle-work.* The full dress is described as consisting of the Cathanas, cota or body covering, and the Triuse, the gathered or girded up portion.

The shoes were wooden, and of a pentagonal form,† and an Ollamh was entitled to wear the barred or cap of honour. Thus in all respects did the bardic order appear strikingly different from others. On the extinction of druidism, it is probable that the peculiarity of costume was abandoned, the Christian missionaries naturally discouraging a distinction, which was calculated to prolong a reverence for the professors of a pagan creed.

The course of bardic study was long and arduous. So rigid was the term of probation, that the education of a student in the science of druidism, was not completed in a shorter period than perhaps twenty years, during which time he was obliged to commit to memory, a prodigious number of verses; twenty thousand by the lowest computation, but Chambray the Celtic professor at Paris, says the number for those of the highest class was not less than sixty thousand.

In later ages, as we learn from Irish authorities, the time occupied in acquiring the necessary bardic instruction was twelve years, three of which were devoted to each of the four principal branches of poetry. Another writer gives them sixteen or twenty years to complete their education, and he tells us he has "seen them where they kept schools, ten in some one chamber, grovelling upon straw, their books at their noses;" and although their seminary was thus rude, those men were well grounded in the classics, and invoked the muses with great success. The accommodation, it is presumed, was not in all cases so homely. We can scarcely suppose that the practice described by Martin, adopted by some in the Highlands to produce inspiration, was very usual. They would shut both doors and windows, wrap their plaids about their heads, and lie with their eyes closed, and a large stone on their bellies, for a whole day!‡ Poets are sometimes sufficiently eccentric.

If a vassal obtained permission from his lord to exercise a poetical or musical talent, he would, according to his genius, obtain rank by the courtesy of Cambria, but no one, whatever his merit might be, was classed among the bards, except he went through the regular curriculum. There were three individuals of no little celebrity otherwise, who were in this way unqualified:—the great kings Arthur and Cadwalon, and Rhyhawd ap Morgant.

It is much to be regretted, that the Scottish Gaél adhered so faithfully to the druidic injunction, not to commit their knowledge to writing. Those of the sister island were happily less obstinate, and have preserved many of the Breith-neimhe or laws of their native judges. Those which relate to the bards have been collected with praiseworthy

* Beauford.

† Dr Smith.

‡ Description of the Western Isles.

care, and given to the world; and although they are likely to show considerable innovation on the primitive institutions, upon the whole, we may believe the regulations in both countries were not materially different.

The order presented three principal classes, in which were several gradations, viz.:—The Ollamh re dan, graduate of song, or bard properly so called; the Seanachadh, or historian and genealogist; and the Brehon, Breith, or judge, which last, in the eleventh century, was separated from the bardic establishment.

The following were the gradations in the order of Fileas or bards, and the qualifications required in each.

The Fochlucan, the youngest student, was required to be able to repeat twenty poems, or historical tales.

The Mac Fuirme was required to have forty tales, any of which he should be able to repeat when desired.

The Dos was qualified by being perfect in fifty poems or stories.

The Canaith, although a degree higher, was not obliged to learn more than the Dos.

The Cli, whose duties are not given in the authority we have consulted.

The Anra, or Anshruith, had to commit to memory one hundred and seventy-five compositions on different subjects.

Lastly, the Ollamh or Doctor, who was *the* bard, the others being novices. He was required to possess a perfect knowledge of the four principal branches of poetry, and be able to repeat three hundred and fifty pieces.*

The Aois dana preceded even the Ollamh, and sat with the chiefs in the circle. This class, however, does not appear earlier than the seventeenth century.

The Welsh had a division of bards no less complicated; the department of each class being pointed out with tedious minuteness, a comparatively modern alteration.† With them there were six classes of bards, three being poets, and three musicians.

The poetical bards were first, historical or antiquarian, who sometimes mixed prophecy with their effusions. Their duty was to sing in praise of virtue—to censure vice and immorality, and it was specially permitted them to address the clergy and married ladies, upon fitting subjects and in becoming language.

The second class, who were domestic bards, exhorted the people to a strict practice of the social virtues, and celebrated those who were patterns to others for their upright conduct and patriotism.

The third order, who were denominated the Cleirwr Arwyddveirdd, or heraldic bards, with their other duties, were assigned the composition of poems on amusing and jocular subjects.

After passing through the gradations of the Awen, or muse, the title of bard was conferred, and, retaining the ancient claim of superiority, the addition of ‘Ynnys Prydain was always given.

* Walker. Several of these terms are of uncertain etymology; anshruith may be from an, good; srath knowing. Ollav will strike the scholar as resembling the Heh. Aluf, a prince.

† Borlase.

The activity of Welsh genius led them to remodel and refine the bardic institutions, with the same care as they have cultivated their language, so that in modern times it must exhibit a very different aspect from what it originally displayed. There were eight orders of musicians; four of which only were admitted to be bards; the Harper, Crwther, and Singer, were regularly invested poets, the Pencerdd being their chief. The four inferior orders were, the Piper, the Taborer, the Juggler, and the performers on the humble Crwth with three strings; the fee of these minstrels was a penny each, and they were to stand during their performance.

The Irish Oirfidigh, or musical order, was in like manner classified, taking their appellations from the instruments on which they performed, of which there were a considerable variety. The following enumeration is given.

The Ollamh re ceol, or Doctor of music, presided over the band consisting of the Crutairagh who played on the cruit or fiddle. The Ciotaireigh. The Tiomponaich, who played on the horn; and the Cuilleanach.

These musicians were of much consequence as a constituent portion of the Fileacht, and being good vocalists, after the introduction of Christianity, they added much to the effect of the band of choristers for which many abbeys were famed in both islands. It may be observed, that as the Welsh held the harp to be the indispensable instrument of a gentleman, so we find many instances of bishops and abbots excelling in their skilful playing. We have a curious intimation in the venerable Bede anent the harp; he describes an individual, who at an entertainment being unable to perform on the instrument which was always handed round, slunk away ashamed of his deficiency. Want of a musical taste was accounted an indication of a bad disposition.

The decline and fall of an institution which existed so long, was so widely diffused, and, after the cessation of its direct influence, left so deep an impression on the national character, is a subject of much interest, and affords ample matter for reflection. Like all human establishments, it is seen to advance from simplicity and usefulness, to refinement, corruption and decay. The epoch of Christianity was the commencement of druidic decadence; but with the pertinacity which animates the professors of proscribed opinions, the ancient system was clung to for several subsequent centuries, and indeed where full conversion was found impossible, the apostles and missionaries accepted the profession of the Christian faith, with the retention of many of the established superstitions, wisely considering it better to accomplish the great end by judicious conciliation of long-riveted prejudices. When the Pagan priesthood was annihilated, the bardic branch, as an order of acknowledged utility, retained its place in Celtic society. Many who were touched with zealous fervour in the true religion, became clergymen, and were not the less pious, in that they continued to exercise their poetic talents, and solace themselves with the melody of the harp.* So long were the Welsh in abandoning the institutes of druidism, that Prince Hwell, who died in 1171, invokes the Deity to protect his worship in the groves and circles. This is sufficiently curious; but it is still more so to find that a small

* In Wales, the bardic clergy sometimes accompanied the chanting of the service with the harp.

society still existing, allege that they are the descendants, and possess a knowledge of the ancient mysteries of the druids, which has been transmitted purely, by a succession of the initiated, who could explain many of the mysterious triads, &c., were they at liberty to divulge their knowledge.*

The Highland traditions are copious on the subject of the fall of the druids, which, from the particulars related, was not a sacrifice to the cause of Christianity. The frequent wars in which the Scottish tribes were engaged, increased the power of the Fearnugbreith, while it lessened that of the druid, who had long been the arbiter of all transactions. Treunmor, grandfather of Fin Mac Cumhal, was appointed commander of the Caledonian forces by general election, on which the druids sent Garmal Mac Tarno requiring the chief to lay down his office, with which order he had the fortitude to refuse compliance. On this a civil war immediately ensued, which after much bloodshed, ended in the discomfiture of the druids, whose resistance was so obstinate, that few survived the desperate contest. The bards, who it may be readily believed were prone to flatter the powerful, and avenge real or imaginary wrongs by the sharpness of invective, being no longer under the salutary control of their superiors, the druids, became exceedingly presumptuous, abusing their ample privileges, and drawing on themselves severe chastisement. The Irish legends detail the circumstances of their expulsion twice before the celebrated council of Drumccat, held in 580, where the whole order was doomed to proscription for their oppressive exactions, having gone so far as to demand the golden brooch which fastened the plaid or cloak of Aodh, the king of Ulster! The good Columba, the apostle of the Highlands, left his charge in the college of Ii, for the purpose of interposing his influence to avert the destruction of an order, which, under proper regulations, was so well suited to the genius of his countrymen, and he was successful in softening very materially the severity of their sentence. The bards were on this occasion reduced to the number of 200, one only being allowed to each of the provincial kings, and lord of a cantred, and he was enjoined for no cause to prostitute his talents in flattering the vanity of the great, or covering vice by adulatory strains. He was to compose and sing to the glory of God, honour of the country, praise of heroes and females, and exaltation of his patron and followers. There was evident necessity for restriction; the numbers having so greatly increased, that they were estimated at no less than one third of the population! The propensity which those who were so highly favoured, and possessed such influence, had, like most others, to exceed moderation, required a check. Cupidity, it has been observed, is an inherent passion; and the possession of much, begets a desire for more. The bards subjected themselves to much obloquy and dislike by their arrogance and neglect of their proper duties, which eventually led to sundry curtailments of their personal immunities.

In Wales, they were not less inclined to abuse their privileges. Several regulations had been passed previous to the time of Gruffudd ab Cynan, who, much concerned to find the bardic profession in disorder, held a congress of all who bad any knowledge of

* Cambrian Mag.

the science throughout Wales and Ireland, when a great reformation was accomplished ; the three classes of poets, heralds and musicians, being then instituted, whereas the offices were formerly held by one individual, and they were forbidden to demand the prince's horse, hawk, or greyhound, or any property from others above a reasonable value.

There is a curious account of this notable convention given in an ancient MS. preserved in the library of the Welsh school, London, from which it appears there were four chief judges who decided, with the approbation of the audience, as to forming the song, preserving it in memory, and performing it correctly. The names of the four were Alban ab Cynan, Rhydderch the bald, Matholwch the Gwythelian (Gaél) and Alav the songster. Mwrchan, Lord of Ireland, was umpire, and by his power confirmed the proceedings at Glen Achlach.* The judicious improvements introduced at this time, were the means of restoring bardism to a sound and flourishing state, which continued until the death of Llewelyn the last prince in 1282. From the strictness of these coercive laws, it is evident the bards were a little unruly at times. If any one left a party for which he had been engaged, offered an insult to a female, &c., he was fined, imprisoned, and his circuit fees for a proportionate time, were forfeited to the church. In fine, although Edward the First actually carried a harper with him to the Holy Land, he subsequently considered the bards a dangerous body ; and although they were retained at the courts of his successors, along with minstrels, whose proper occupation was originally that of historians, yet they certainly gave at times great offence by their freedom and assumption : hence such enactments were passed as one in 1315, to restrain them from resorting in unreasonable numbers to the houses of the great ; and another by Edward III., which provided that bards who perverted the imagination by romantic tales, and those who were tale-tellers, and seduced the lieges by false reports, should not be entertained in the mansions of the great, or harboured by the people. This is like the decree passed to repress the insatiable curiosity of the ancient Gauls, who were the greatest known encouragers of those who could amuse them with stories—compelling strangers to stop even on the highways, and entertain them with some recital, in consequence of which they were misled by the mendacious tales to which their importunity gave so much encouragement.

Long after the maintenance of a bard as a retainer in a Celtic establishment was confined to these portions of the kingdom, their services continued in partial requisition elsewhere ; but from the advancing change in society, this neglected class, with difficulty maintained a degree of respectability, but were obliged to itinerate in considerable numbers, and trust for their support to casual employment, by those who made their efforts to please a subject of rude jest. The following no doubt excited a laugh at the expense of the Gaél : it is a curious allusion to their manners by a lowland poet—

“Then cried Mahoun for a hieland padzean,
Syn ran a feynd to fetch Makfadzean,
Far northwart in a nuke ;
Be he the coronach had shout,
Earse men so gatherit him about,
In hell grit rowm they tuke :

* About 1100. The harp and style of its music were on this occasion introduced from Ireland.

That tarmagants in tag and tatter,
 Full loud in Earse begoud to clatter,
 An' rowp like ravin rowk ;
 The deil sae deivit was wi ther yell,
 That in the deepest pot of hell
 He smorit them wi' smouk."*

In Saxonized England and Scotland, the bards and minstrels were denounced as idlers who lived on the useful and industrious, levying their contributions on an unwilling people. In the reign of James II., 1449, an act was passed, which declared that " gif there be onie that makis them fules, and are bairdes, thay be put in the kingis waird, or in his irons for thair trespasses, as lang as thay have onie gudes of thair awin to live upon, that thair ears be nailed to the trone, or till ane uther tree, and thair eare cutted off, and banished the contrie." By a statute of Jas. VI., in 1579, those who were sangsters, tale-tellers, &c., and not in the special service of Lords of Parliament or boroughs as their common minstrels, were to be scourged and burnt through the ear with a hot iron.

When the court of the Scottish kingdom was Gaëlic, the ancient usages were closely observed, and the class whose history is now under investigation, continued, at least occasional services, for ages afterwards. At coronations, a Highland bard attended in his heraldic capacity, to repeat a poem on the royal genealogy. His attendance at the enthronement of Malcolm II., 1056, and the oration then delivered, are recorded, and the same duty was performed to Alexander III., in 1249, when the poet, we are informed, was clad in a scarlet dress. Various notices are found in the Lord Treasurer's accounts, of the services of seanachies and minstrels at royal entertainments, an extract from which will not be thought uninteresting. Blind Harry, the author of the metrical life of Sir William Wallace, sang his compositions to the king and nobility,† and received frequent gratuities. In 1490, and 1491, he was paid eighteen shillings. In the former year, " Martin Clarschaw and ye toder Ersche Clareschaw, at ye kingis command," were paid eighteen shillings, and shortly afterwards the same payment was made " till ane ersche harper." In 1496 are these entries :—

April.	Giffin to James Mytson, the harpar at the kingis command,	xiii s. iiiij d.
June.	To twa wemen that sang to the king,	xiii s.
Aug. 1.	That same day giffin to the harpar with the ae hand,	ix s.
	That samyn day, to a man that playit on the clarscha to the king,	vii s.
1503.	Item to Pate Harper, clarscha,	xiiiij s.
	Item to Alexander Harper, Pate Harper, Pate Harper Clarscha,	
	Hew Brabanar and the blind harper, harperis, ilk ane,	xiiiij s.
	Item to Hog the tale-teller,	xiiiij s.
	Item to the Countcs of Crawfurdis harper,	xiiiij s.

In this year there were also sundry payments to minstrels: eight of which were English, and four Italian. In 1507, there was paid xiiiij to the " crukit vicar of Dumfriese that sang to the king."

* The Daunce. Ramsay's Evergreen, I. p. 246.

† Major, Lib. iv.

In 1512, gevin till ane barde wife called Agnes Carkell,	xliii s.
Item, to O Donclis (Irlandman) barpar quhilk past away with him,	vii L.
In the household book of the Countess of Mar, under the dates 1638—1642, we find:	
To ane blind singer, who sang the time of dinner,	xii s.
To twa hieland singing women,	vi s.
To ane woman clarshochar,	xii s.

The kings of England, with few exceptions, continued to employ one or more Welsh harpers in the royal establishment. The marriage of Catherine, widow of Henry V., with Sir Owen Tudor, a nobleman of Mona or Anglesea, from whom Henry VII. was descended, brought the bards into more notice, and the title of the eldest son of the reigning monarch, offered a sufficient reason for compliment to so worthy a portion of the British subjects. When James VI. succeeded to the English throne, Henry, Prince of Wales, appointed one Jones as his bard. The author of the work, whence so many curious particulars of this class have been transcribed, Edward Jones of Henblas, was the talented bard to the last of our princes who bore the title.

That the bardic institutions have been so entirely neglected in the Highlands, is only to be accounted for by the very different position of the two countries. Wales has been for many centuries a province of England ; their wars of independence have long ceased, and even internal dissensions have for a great length of time been unknown. In peace and tranquillity, the natives could therefore cultivate their poetry and music as an agreeable source of rational amusement, and if they continued to chant forth their ancient martial lays, it was a pleasing solace to have reflection drawn to departed renown. An indulgence in reminiscences of a state which no more can be reverted to, is some slight alleviation of regret.

The Gaël, on the contrary, who had ever to struggle for national independence, were between energetic resistance of the common enemy; the civil wars in which they were involved, and the clannish feuds which were fomented by designing foes, at last plunged into a state of sanguinary turmoil, which was but ill calculated for the fosterage of such a system as their happier brethren were permitted to cherish in peace. In these inauspicious circumstances, the soft and melting strains of the clarsach might be well suited for the enlivenment of their entertainments, and as an accompaniment for the grateful themes of love, and pastoral pursuits; but the utmost fervour of the harper's efforts, would fail to rouse the vengeful ardour of the Gaëlic heroes. It was the piobaireachd's shrill summons, thrilling in their ears the sad tale of their devastated glens, and their houseless friends, which gathered them for the war, by notes which had often sounded to hard-earned victory; speaking in strains which made their blood boil with glowing emulation, as they marched to the foe, and which pealing to survivors of the battle-field in notes re-echoed by the frowning crags, drowning by its piercing tones, the loud wailings of the bereaved, and the woful shrieks of the despairing women, called in a maddening voice for speedy and unsparing retribution.

The pipes supplanted the harp as the instrument for war among the Gaélic tribes. The potency of bagpipe-music as a stimulus to heroism was acknowledged by the Irish,

who always used pipes in their warlike operations. “ As others with the sound of trumpets, so those with the sound of the pipes, are inspired with ardour for the fight.” Derrick likewise alludes to its martial use, and in the representations of battles, we observe the pipers in a prominent position, but do not perceive a harper. The great pipe has survived, an equally national instrument, which is much better adapted for an accompaniment at the festive board. The exhilarating but loud-toned Piob is less suited to appear in place of the bard at the feast of Shells, who by his sweet-sounding harp and vocal melody, afforded a double gratification.

These remarks are by no means to be taken as in disparagement of the professors of this admirable instrument, the sound of which strikes so surely a responding chord in a Scotsman’s heart. It is matter of delight to perceive its use so nobly upheld, and its music preserved with so much patriotic zeal. The frequent “ competitions” of performers in different parts of Scotland, present a becoming counterpart to the means so successfully pursued in Wales and Ireland, for the preservation of their poetry and music ; and this ancient regulation, especially in the former country, is so peculiar, bearing as it does on the subject, that it cannot with any propriety be omitted.

It appears that king Cadwaladdr, about 670, presided in a meeting assembled for the purpose of hearing the bards recite old compositions and their own productions. Those meetings were called Eisteddvodau, and were like the Clera or circuits, held triennially. Prince Gruffudd, who, with the approbation of his Gaëlic friends, did so much for the repression of abuse and introduction of improvement in poetry and music, laid down express rules for the guidance of these meetings, regulating the mode of competition, qualification of candidates, &c., the chief object being “ to extinguish falsehood, and establish certainty in the relation of events,” the proper observance of which excellent practice served so well to perpetuate the true history of transactions. Invention, or propagation of falsehood was declared punishable by imprisonment and fine, and the like penalty was exacted for mockery, derision, or undeserved censure. Rhys ap Gruffudd, Prince of South Wales, gave a magnificent entertainment in the manner of the country, to King Henry II., when a large assemblage of bards attended, and received a confirmation of all their franchises. Similar meetings have been held at various times and places, sometimes by royal summons; at others, under the auspices of the nobility. Henry VIII. issued a commission for one to be held at Caerwys in Flintshire, 1523, “ for the purpose of instituting order and government among the professors of poetry and music, and regulating their art and profession, according to the old statute of Gruffudd ap Cynan, Prince of Aberfraw.” Queen Elizabeth appointed another to assemble at the same place in 1568, and those who were not found worthy to hold so honourable a calling, were charged to betake themselves to honest labour, on pain of punishment as vagabonds. On the 22d September, 1792, “ a congress of the bards of the Isle of Britain,” was held on Primrose hill in a suburb of London, with the view of “ recovering druidical mythology and bardic learning.”* Since then, the Cymrodorion society has given frequent Eisteddvods in the

* Gentleman’s Mag. LXII.

metropolis, and they are held periodically throughout Wales. The kindred people of Bas Bretagne have been desirous of a similar convention being held there, and we have heard some literati of the Principality observe, that a gathering of bards on the same principle in Iona, where, in the days of persecution, the Cumraeg druids found refuge with their Gaëlic brethren of the same order, would be a highly interesting and appropriate commemoration, and productive of much advantage to the bardic cause. Some degree of literary character was at first given to the competitions in pipe-music, when prizes were awarded for poetic compositions, and when the admirable Donchadh-Ban nan orain was accustomed to present the Comunn Gaëlich na h-Alba, with a complimentary effusion in his happiest style. If the idea of the liberal-minded archdeacon Williams, rector of the Edinburgh Academy, and several other gentlemen of literary character and respectability, is ever matured, we shall have a grand union of the three divisions still remaining unmixed in these realms—the Gaël of both islands and the Cumri, “jointly and severally,” engaged in the prosecution of Celtic literature, of which the bards were from unsearchable antiquity the only conservators.

The Irish, less affected by those unpropitious circumstances which operated on the Highlanders, have retained the use of the harp and its appropriate melodies.

They however had their golden age of bardism, to which the iron naturally succeeded. They escaped the visitation of Roman persecution; but from the time of Henry II., it was an object of solicitude with the invaders, to repress the order as seriously inimical to English designs. Taking advantage of their privileges, they mixed with the enemy and acted as spies, while they excited their countrymen to unceasing opposition. In the statutes of Kilkenny, 1309, it was attempted to abolish the influence they possessed by Celtic usage, but with little effect. In the 13th of Henry VI., 1434, it being found that Clarsaghours, Tympanours, Crowthores, Kerraghers,* Rymours, Skellaghes,† Bardes, and others, contrary to that statute, were constantly passing between the armies, exercising their ‘minstrelsies’ and other arts, and carrying all information to the Irish camp, means were taken in order to repress so dangerous a practice. The mercenary spirit was but in few cases sufficiently strong to extinguish the patriotic; yet if any of these bards would officiate in the same vocation on the English side, he was taken under protection, and amply provided for. A precept occurs in the 49th, Edward III., 1375, for the remuneration of Dowenald O Moghane, a bard, who did great service to the English in this way.‡ Henry VIII. received with much satisfaction, ‘a Breviate’ of certain regulations for the good of the country, by Lord Finglass, in which it is recommended, that no Irish minstrels, Rymers, Shannaghes,§ nor Bards be “messengers to desire any goods of any man dwelling within the English pale, upon pain of forfeiture of all their goods, and their bodies to be imprisoned at the king’s will.”|| Their habits were no wise changed in the succeeding reign. An act was passed in 1563, for reformation of the enormities which arose in Limerick, Kerry and Cork, by certain idle men of lewd demeanour, called Rymers, Bards and Carraghs, who, under pretence of their travail, carried intelligence

* Players at chess, gamesters.

§ Sheanachies.

† Tellers of tales.

‡ Rotul. Patentium, 258, 94.

|| Harris’ edition of Wares’ Hibernia, 98.

between the malefactors inhabiting these countries, to the great destruction of true subjects ; it was therefore ordered that none of these sects be suffered to travail within these territories, against the statutes. “ And for that these Rymers do by their ditties and rhymes to lords and gentlemen, in commemoration and praisc of extorsion, rebellion, &c. &c., encourage those lords and gentlemen rather to follow those vices than to leave them, and that for making of such rhymes rewards are given, &c., for abolishing so heinous an abuse, orders be taken, that none of them, from henceforth, do give any manner of reward for any such lewd rhymes, and he that shall offend to pay to the Queen’s majesty, double the value of that he shall so pay, and the Rymer that shall make any such rhymes or ditties, shall make fine according to the discretion of commissioners, and that proclamation be made accordingly.” That a bard should vent his indignation on occasion of such a stigma, is not to be wondered at. The Hibernian warmth is natural :

“ When England would a land enthral,
She doomed the muses’ sons to fall,
Lest Virtue’s hand should string the lyre,
And feed with song the patriot’s fire.
Lo ! Camhria’s hards her fury feel ;
And Erin mourns the bloody steel.”

The ‘factions’ which have continued to agitate the Irish peasantry so unhappily to the present day, had an injurious effect on the poetical character, the bards becoming mercenary and sycophantic followers of the great. The poet Spenser, who otherwise had a proper respect for the profession, gives a quaint and curious, but on the whole we may believe, a just picture of the bards.

“ They were brought up idly,” he says, “ without awe of parents, without precepts of masters, and without fear of offence . . . for little reward or the share of a stolen cow, they wax most insolent, and half-mad with love of themselves. As of a most notorious thief and wicked outlaw, which had lived all his lifetime by spoils and robberies, one of their bards will say that he was none of the idle milk-sops brought up by the fireside, but that most of his days he spent in arms and valiant enterprises ; that he did never eat his meat, before he had won it with his sword : that he lay not all night slugging in a cabin under his mantle ; but used commonly to keep others waking to defend their lives, and did light his candle at the flame of their houses to lead him in the darkness ; that the day was his night, and the night his day ; that his music was not the harp, nor lays of love, but the cries of people, the clashing of arms, and ‘ finally,’ that he died, not bewailed of many, but making many wail when he died, that dearly bought his death.” Such a song, he adds, might be purchased for 40 crowns.*

Many who could not themselves compose, acted the rhapsodist, which Buchanan notices as a practice in the Highlands also, and sang the poems of others as a profession. In fact, the bards in Ireland became a public annoyance, and frequent petitions were made for their suppression.

Most part were extremely profligate, and consequently poor, but some became affluent,

* View of the state of Ireland.

and renounced a profession become disreputable.* A genuine bardic feeling animated Richard Roberts, a poor barper, who performed at a late Eisteddvod at Caernarvon, who, on receiving his fee, observed, "this money has been of service for my wants, but it has spoiled my music, for I never play so well for hire, as from my love of the art, and desire to please."

Oral poetry, the only medium through which the Celtæ preserved the memory of all transactions, was in no wise so feeble an instrument as a late Essayist considered it.† A poem of the bard Taliesen, who lived, anno 540, described the death of King Arthur, and the place of his interment, which being repeated before Henry II., about the year 1187, the king ordered search to be made for his tomb in the churchyard of Glastonbury, and there it was found. A similar discovery was made by the recitation of the duan of Cath-Gabhra by an old harper, in wchich an account is given of the burial of King Conan. The Irish academy, to verify the correctness of the bardic record, had the spot excavated, when the grave was found as described in the song!

It is unfortunate that the Greeks and Romans did not consider the compositions of the Celts worthy of preservation. They may not indeed have been very important, except as relics of extreme antiquity; but the glimpses of ancient manners which they would have afforded, and their curiosity as productions of ages so remote, render their loss matter of much regret. It is certain from the few intimations which are given on the subject, that there were many in existence of very distant origin. Some of the Celtiberians asserted that they had poems, containing their laws and history, six thousand years old. So long a duration may well be doubted, but if it was only a moderate fraction of such a number, it would be confessedly great, and there is no question, but that other tribes made equal claims. The German poems, wchich formed their national annals, were ancient in the days of Tacitus, who flourished in the first century, and he mentions some composed in his own time;‡ their remains were extant seven hundred years afterwards. One of the pursuits in which Charlemagne took great delight, was, searching for those decaying relics of poetic antiquity and committing them to memory. It was a similar practice with the great Alfred. There is one fragment which may be given as the oldest specimen of the bardic genius of an ancient Celt. Luernius, king of the Arverni, was wont to court popularity by extraordinary munificence. A poet once arriving long after the others, saluted the prince with a poem extolling his virtues and his benevolence, but lamented his misfortune in being too late to receive his bounty. The song procured the gift of a purse of gold, to the happy bard, who then chanted loudly, saying that Luernius' chariot-wheels as they rolled along, scattered wealth and blessings among the children of men.§

Although not disposed to go beyond an era of probability in the belief of the alleged antiquity of many British remains, yet as the inhabitants were found by the Romans, in most parts which they explored, as far advanced in civilization as the Gauls, and were

* In the book of Fermoy is a collection of mercenary rhapsodies. Lawless.

† The late John Anderson, Esq., W.S.

‡ One in praise of Arminius (Armin.) a celebrated chief, is mentioned in the Annals.

§ Posidonius apud Ritson. He flourished about 30 years before Christ.

much their superiors in bardic knowledge ; not to advert to the general supposition that the famed chief-druid Abaris, who visited Greece clad in a tartan robe, must have been a Caledonian, and other points which would serve to show considerable civilization in early times ; there seems good reason to admit that the Britons had also preserved historical poems which may have reached a high antiquity. From certain dark and figurative verses, the early chroniclers probably drew their materials, which, incorporated in their works without sufficiently comprehending the meaning, led to erroneous constructions, and the fabulous narrations which mark the productions of the early writers. Gildas and Nennius or Neniarw, 550 and 608, who were bards, compiled their histories from such authorities ; and the former deplores the destruction of many old records by the enemy, and loss of others carried away by those who were driven from the country by the invasions of the northern tribes. Many Cumraëg MSS., were at one time in the Tower of London, either the spoils of war, or carried there by Welsh captives, taken in the Saxon and Norman invasions. They are supposed to have been poetical ; but whatever they were, with a policy which subsequently actuated English monarchs with respect to the national songs and records of the sister kingdoms, they were committed to the flames. Owain Glendwr's rebellion, 1400, led to the destruction of most of the remaining bardic compositions which had been committed to writing ; William of Salisbury says on his defeat, not one that could be found was saved ! The Llyvr du o Caerfyrddyn, Blackbook of Caernarthen, is supposed to be the most ancient British manuscript in existence ; it contains the works of bards of the 6th century.*

Among the more ancient remains of bardic science are those of Merddin, or Merlin the Caledonian, who flourished in 470. He was born at Caerwerthevin, near the forest of Celyddon, supposed to be Dunkeld, where he was protected by Gwenddolau ap Ceidio, with whom his mother, a nun, had sought refuge : having through accident killed his nephew in battle, he became subject to insanity, whence he was called the Wild, and his effusions were accounted prophetic. He received a tract of fertile land from this prince, which he lost in the wars with Rhedderch, King of Strathclyde. A poem which he composed on this gift, praising it under the name of an orchard, is a fair specimen of this bard's abilities. The verses have an unequal number of lines, but in each the final syllables rhyme. A verse or two are thus translated :—

AFALLENNAU MYRDDIN.

“ Sweet apple tree, growing in the lonely glade ! fervent valour shall keep thee secure from the stern lords of Rhydderch. Bare is the ground about thee, trodden by mighty warriors : their heroic forms strike their foes with terror. * * * * Death relieves all, why does he not visit me ? for after Gwenddolau no prince honours me ; I am not soothed with diversion, I am no longer visited by the fair : yet in the battle of Arderydd, I wore the golden torques, though I am now despised by her who is fair as the snowy swan.

“ Sweet apple tree, loaded with the sweetest fruit, growing in the lonely wilds of the

* Jones' poetical relics of the W. bards.

woods of Celydron! all seek thee for the sake of thy produce, but in vain ; until Cadwaladr comes to the conference of the ford of Rheon, and Conan advances to oppose the Saxons in their career, &c.*

There are some pretty similes here, and the Celtic character is impressed on the composition, but how far short it comes of the Gaëlic poems of antiquity !

The Welsh having so sedulously maintained the science in all its peculiarities, a reference to their history could not with propriety be avoided. From the kingdom of the Strathclyde Britons, through that of Cumbria, which extended to the marches of North Wales, the tribes appear to have for some time formed the link between the Cumri and the Gaël ; the intercourse therefore which appears to have subsisted between the two people in early ages, will justify a frequent allusion to those who at first thought might appear quite disconnected with the Gaëlic bards.

From the beginning of the 5th century there were numerous bards, the remains of whose works are still extant. The antiquaries of Wales enrol in their list the names of several who are assigned an antiquity so remote, that a degree of scepticism is excited as to their existence, but the Irish writers quite surpass them ; for they lay claim to national poetry three thousand years old !† It is impossible, without a great stretch of credulity, to believe that any relic anterior to the Christian era has reached our times. Fingin and Fergus of the 2d century, and others, may be real personages, and the authors of poems ascribed to them ; without questioning the truth of the legends concerning the more ancient personages, it may be sufficient to say, that from the advent of our Saviour, downwards, the numerous individuals distinguished in the science are recorded by the bardo-monkish chronicles in precise detail. We find among those most noted in the 5th century, Torna and Dubthach who is said to have written a poem in which the rights of the bards are enumerated. He subsequently became a convert to Christianity, and in this class are to be ranked Feicb, Cronan, Columcille, Adamnan, Dallan, Seanchan, Angus, Amergin, &c. These primitive Christians, being of the privileged class, by the old institutions, did not fail to set forth in a favourable light, the glorious state of ancient poetry, thinking it an enhancement of the national honour, to show that Ireland was the celebrated land of bards before it acquired the more exalted title of that of saints. The powerful exhortations of St Patrick and his successors, induced numerous bards to betake themselves to the services of religion, many acquiring dignities in the church, and considerable celebrity. In 884, died Maolmhradh—his contemporary Flann was accounted the Virgil of Ireland ; Donagh O Daly, Abbat of Boyle, who died in 1244, was called the Ovid.

We find, from what is recorded of the bardic system in Ireland, that like the Welsh, they had triennial conventions, and the Iomarba, or contests, were professional competitions. The practice in Ireland must be held to be the same as was observed by the Gaël

* By the Orchard, Merddin perhaps means the asylum he found in Athol, Abhal or Adhul, which is believed by many etymologists to acquire its name from fruitfulness in abhlan, apple-trees. The poet therefore seems to play on the *Afallanau*, or apple-tree garden.

† Dr O'Connor.

of Scotland. The Munster bardic Sessions which were held so late as the beginning of last century, were suppressed by penal statute.* Attempts have been made to restore in some measure the ancient practice of the harp and vocal melody, as a means of preserving the poetry and music so rapidly on the decline. A Mr Dungan offered four prizes of seven, five, three, and two guineas to the best performers on the harp, in a meeting held at Granard, in 1781, at which eight or ten performers attended. In 1792, a meeting of the harpers, as the descendants and representatives of the ancient bards, was called at Belfast, by a number of gentlemen who raised funds for the purpose of reviving and perpetuating the old “music, poetry, and oral traditions,” at which ten harpers attended. The Belfast Harp Society, for supporting a professor and students, was established in 1807. An institution worthy of the descendants of the ancient Dalriadic Scots deserved a more extended existence: it only survived until 1813.†

Returning to the bards of Caledonia, to whose history this essay is more particularly devoted, it must be confessed that they have not met with the ready chroniclers who have celebrated the others; but they have left a more splendid monument, in their own inimitable works.

Who were the “bards of old,” whose poems were alluded to by the renowned Ossian, or in what age did they exist? The expression carries the mind back to a distant and indeterminate era, and it proves that there were poems well known in his day, which were then reckoned ancient. “Thou shalt endure, said the bard of *ancient days*, after the moss of time shall grow in Temora; after the blast of years shall roar in Selma.” Fergus, Ullin, Orain, Daol, were his contemporaries, but we know not who was the author of the “Tain bo, Cualgne,” a poem co-eval with the epoch of redemption. The Duan Albanach, repeated at the coronation 1056, was formed from some similar record, of much higher antiquity.

The era of Ossian is fixed by concurring opinion, formed from the evidence contained in the poems, in the third century. The compositions of several who lived in his own time, as well as the immediately succeeding ages, have come down to our own times; owing their preservation to that peculiar beauty which characterizes the works which preceded the full establishment of Christianity. Collections of the Sean-dana have been published under the general affiliation to those ancient bards; but as it cannot in the case of several pieces be with certainty shown whether it was the ‘voice of Cona,’ which gave them being, or the others, the descriptive appellation of Ossianic poetry seems an appropriate designation. At the same time it must be observed, that the judgment of the Highlanders may in general be relied on; some of the anonymous poems given in the following collection, although evidently formed by those who had not embraced Christianity, and compositions of acknowledged merit, are nevertheless so far from the *ne plus ultra* of the acknowledged standard of excellence, that they are never ascribed to Ossian.

* Walker, who quotes memoirs of Clan Ricard, 1727. See Hardiman’s Irish minstrelsy for a copious list of Bards and Seanacbies and poetical ecclesiastics. From the identity of language and similarity of names, our Irish neighbours have laid claim to several bards, who ought assuredly to be placed in the Albanic list.

† Bunting on Irish music, 1840.

Mac Phinn.* The authors of some of those ancient compositions are known, as of Mordubh and Collath, but many others are anonymous, or of uncertain authorship.

It will scarcely be expected that the question of the authenticity of the poems of Ossian which so long agitated the literary world, shall be resumed in the pages of this short essay. The ample proofs of the existence of those poems in the oral record of the unlettered Highlanders, as well as in several MSS., long before MacPherson undertook the labour of collecting and translating them, obtained by the searching investigation of the Highland Society, and of individuals, have, we should think, settled the controversy to the satisfaction of the unprejudiced. The evidences which the poems were supposed to exhibit of their recent composition, as urged by Laing and others ignorant of the language, have been happily overthrown by natives of the country who well understood the originals, while the correspondence of the chronology of those compositions with the events in Scottish history, is an extraordinary proof of their being the genuine production of antiquity.

"The history of the bards, is perhaps of all others the most extraordinary," is the expression of an eminent writer on poetry and music;† and another has said, that "on the construction of the old Celtic poetry we want much information."‡ Since this wish was expressed, the subject has been treated by writers qualified by a competent knowledge of the language. The Triads, which form so curious a record, commemorate Tydain, who first made an order and regulation for the record of vocal song; and it is laid down that there are three requisites for a poetical genius—an eye that can see nature, a heart that can feel it, and boldness that dares to follow it. In Ireland, Ceanfaela (who flourished about 500,) we are told, wrote or revised what is called the "uraicephth na neagir," or rules for poets, a very useful work, since we find there were upwards of 100 kinds of poetical construction. In 'Anglia Sacra,' mention is made of a Scot who was acquainted with 100 different sorts of verse, with the modulation of words and syllables to music, to which letters, figures, poetic feet, tone, and time, were necessary.§

The Triads are a sort of oracular stanzas, composed with much art in three lines. This triplet form was not unknown to the Highlanders, but it was more peculiarly Welsh, and appears to be, as is uniformly asserted, the favourite druidic style. It is generally termed Englyn Milwr, the warrior's song, which points to its use as the "cerdd voliant prosnachadh," or stimulating address which animated the troops in war. It was in this measure, doubtless, that the famed Unbeniaeth Prydain, or heroic poem called the Monarchy of Britain, was composed. This is now lost; but it had a wonderful effect on the hearers, referring to the pristine glories of the Britons when they held the sovereignty of the island. It was Eydeyrn, the golden-tongued, in the reign of Gruffudd, Prince of Aberfraw 1258-82 who made an analysis of the metres of vocal song, "to be as a record and a code."|| Those who wish farther information respecting the Welsh bards will be amply gratified by consulting the elaborate works of Jones and Evans; it may be sufficient to

* There were others of the name. Those poems in which matters relative to Christianity are introduced, which are current in Ireland, were in all probability the composition of that Ossian, who became St Patrick's disciple.

† Dr Brown.

§ II. p. 213.

‡ Pinkerton "the Goth."

|| Owen's Dictionary.

say, that the three divisions of Englyn, Cywydd, Awdl, close, parallel and lyric metre, were divided into twenty-four, the last of which was "the masterpiece."

The poetical genius of the Highlanders has been often subject of remark. Pastoral occupations and an Alpine situation are congenial to it. The mountains of Boeotia were the favourite abode of the Muses, and the Arcadians, who were the Highlanders of Peloponnesus, became famous in the most early ages for their poetry and music. The modes of Gaëlic versification are various, but on a close examination are not so numerous as at first would appear; it is evident, however, that the ancient poets did not cramp their genius by adherence to any rule, although there was an attention to rhyme and cadence. In later times, the system was rendered intricate and complicated by a curious classification of the letters, in which the Irish particularly distinguished themselves. The Gaëlic language is well adapted for poetry, but it cannot we think, except in a few cases, be successfully scanned according to the rules of latinists, although this has been attempted.*

In the scarce work of Mr Davies before referred to, this learned Cambrian—endeavouring to prove that the poems of Ossian, if allowed to be older than the days of our fathers, are the productions of an age long posterior to their believed era—enters very particularly into the systems of versification, which his elaborate 'Celtic Researches' and intimate acquaintance with such matters, enabled him to do with great critical acumen; nevertheless most of his dicta may be very confidently repelled. 'Rhime,' he admits, 'was peculiarly known to the Celtæ,' and with alliteration it formed the true mark of antique composition; with which observations we readily agree. He subsequently says that alliteration was a more recent invention than rhyme, and that rhyming verses are the nearest resemblance to the style of versification used by the druids. The Welsh were ignorant of alternate rhymes or quatrains, their poetry being usually of such a form as the following :

Mor yw gwael gweled,
Cymwro cynnired,
Brathau a brithred,
Brithwyr ar gerdded.

It is rather surprising that this people should not have this style of versification in their heroic pieces, for which Dryden recommends it as most suited, and in which style the Ossianic poems are generally composed. Mr Davies' object is to test the antiquity of this poetry, but he does so by a comparison with the Irish system which he allows to be so full of art, and so fanciful, that it could not be of ancient origin, nor the manner "of any Celtic tribe whatever!"

The system, as Gaëlic scholars know, is by a complex and arbitrary classification of the letters, and the strict application of the rule of "caol ri caol, agus leathan ri leathan," short to short, and broad to broad. Mr Davies acknowledges that their table must have been the work of time, and says, the oldest specimen in which he found it in full force, was of the time of Queen Elizabeth: certainly the oldest Gaëlic poetry does not exhibit this feature. If 'both nations versified on the same principle,' is there not some incon-

* Dr Armstrong in his excellent Dictionary, and Mr Munro in his Grammar, have reduced the bardic works to this classical mode of testing their merit.

sistency in saying that the Highlanders were bungling copyists of the Irish? The roughness of this charge is indeed a little smoothed down by the subsequent admission, that whatever they copied they much improved, having, he confesses with unexpected candour, a genius for poetry!

The war-song of Goll he accounts a fair specimen of the poetry of the age of Ossian. He takes it from an Irish version, and a short specimen will be quite sufficient for a Gaëlic scholar to determine whether the Hibernian or Caledonian displays the finest genius, or bears the strongest marks of antiquity.

"Goll mear mileata
Ceap na crodhachta
Laimh fhial arachta
Mian na mordhasa
Mur leim lanteinne
Fraoch nach hhfuartheir

Laoch gu lan ndealbhnaig
Reim an richurairhh
Leomhan luatharmach
A leonadh hiodhhaidh
Ton ag tream tuargin
Goll nan gnath iorguil." &c.

It is within the range of our observations to consider our author's opinions a little farther. He brings forward many instances of what he terms defective rhyme, but it is evident, he was not sufficiently master of his subject, for he errs in supposing that the final syllables ought to rhyme—it is the penult syllables which do so. He gives four lines which are certainly as perfect rhymes as could be produced.

"Triath na trom channa.
Briathra hin mhala
Mile mear dhanna
Dlightheach diongmhala."

Mr Davies dwells at considerable length on the sounds of the consonants and their combinations, according to the Irish table; but although he notices Shaw's observation "that the Highland poets, following their example, had also a classification," he does not let his readers know that the two differed. The sound of ch, by the Irish is accounted rough; by the Gaël of Alban, it is deemed soft, sprightly, forcible, &c. His objections therefore to laoich, which he maintains should be laoigh to agree in character with faoin; fithich, which ought to be the Irish faigh; oigh, and seod, and other words which he asserts do not rhyme, are therefore groundless. He may have satisfied himself and been able to persuade others, that the genuine Ossianic poetry is not a production of the Highlanders, because until late years, they had neither grammars nor dictionaries; but surely it will not be gravely maintained, that the grammarian preceded the poet! Ingenious persons would endeavour to reduce to rule, and innovate upon, or improve the acknowledged, although sometimes rather obscure laws of verse, but they no more formed those original laws than Shaw formed the language of which he first gave the 'Analysis.' The Irish poetical letter-table was not thought perfect until little more than 260 years ago. Mr Davies allows the very ancient rann on the Lia-fail, or palladium of Scotland, to rhyme very well, although he suspects it to be Irish; but in truth so much time should not have been given to the consideration of his objections to the authenticity of these poems, did not his defiance call for some reply, and the weight of so great an authority require it;

the subject at the same time being so appropriate to that in hand. Both nations versified on the same principle, and as few countries produce a Homer or an Ossian, it is not surprising that there should be contending claims for the honour of their birthplace. It no doubt astonished the antiquaries of other countries, to find that such extraordinary compositions should be the production of "a people who had never boasted of their literary treasures," but our learned objector could not find many, except among the hopelessly prejudiced, to believe that "the Scotch poems are the trivial songs of the illiterate peasant in the reign of George III."! To close these remarks, we are happy to insert Mr Davies' own opinion of the same poems, which doubtless was not hastily formed, being expressed in more elegant language than we could readily command, or becomingly use for ourselves.

"The Fingal and Temora, upon subjects so interwoven with the feelings of the people, set this corner of the island far above poetic competition, not only with any Celtic tribe, but we may almost say with any nation in Europe. What people now existing can boast of epic poems, so interesting, so original, so replete with generous sentiment, and at the same time so nationally appropriate? The man who believes himself descended from Fingal, from either of his heroes, or even from the nation which produced such characters, must be a degenerate wretch indeed, if he can do otherwise than think nobly and act honourably."^{*}

Previous to displaying more particularly the beauties of the Gaëlic bards, their system of versification requires to be more fully developed; but it is a difficult task to convey a clear idea of that which is so much "sui generis," and constructed on principles in many cases at entire variance with the laws which govern in other languages. The variety of measure in Gaëlic poetry, is not more remarkable than its complication of rhythm and cadence, often presenting a wild excellence, which to those unacquainted with the language, appears to be a perfectly lawless arrangement of lines. Some of the early productions of untutored bards, and even portions of the Ossianic poetry, are in verse so irregular, as to present the aspect of disjointed prose. The natural flow of the passions is not restrained by attention to measure or adherence to rule, and events which produce strong mental agitation, are not likely to be commemorated, in soft, flowing and well adjusted lines. The ancient bards do not appear to have composed under any fixed laws of versification, yet the wildest effusions were not without a certain rule; their poems, although in blank verse, had a peculiar adjustment of cadence and feet, easily discoverable to a practical ear.

Polymetra, or verses of different measures, employed according to the poet's taste or feeling,—a style, capable of being rendered extremely effective, is held to be the first form of composition, and has been frequently used by both the ancient and modern Gaël. It was adopted by other nations, and successfully practised by the French and Spaniards—in England, it is first seen in the works of Ben Johnson.[†]

* Besides several literal and versified translations in English, the Poems of Ossian have appeared in Latin, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, French, German, Russian, Danish, Swedish, &c.

† See Transactions of Irish Academy.

Much of the Gaëlic poetry might be scanned; but a great deal of it cannot be properly subjected to this classical test by the most ingenious; and yet a Celtic ear will tell that it is good. We are of opinion that the rules for scanning, by which Latin verses are governed, are alien to the Gaëlic, which certainly does not owe the art of poetry to the Romans. The concord does not always depend on the coincidence of final words; but rests on some radical vowel in corresponding words, and these not terminal alone, but recurring in several places throughout the verse, which will be best understood from examples.

Muir, cuir; each, creach; gleann, beann, &c., are quite perfect, but in fios, gion; làmh, bàs; feidh, sleibh; beul, speur, &c., the rhyme is in the corresponding vowels. In the same poem, especially if ancient, we frequently meet with good regular versification, and portions in which there is no rhyme at all: indeed in one piece, there are often various sorts of verse.

Rhyming lines, which are thought to be the nearest resemblance to the style of versification used by the Druids, are common.

“ Bha geal-làmh air clàrsach thall;
Chunnais mi a gorm-shuil mall
Mar ghlan thailhs an iomairt a' triall
Le cheilte an cearbh nan duhh niall.”

Tighmora, Duan IV. Vol. III. p. 52.

Here is a specimen of alternate rhymes, which exemplifies their independence of the final consonants. The cadence in the middle of the line is also observable.

“ O ! m' anam faic an ribhinn òg,
Fo sgeith an daraich, righ nam flath,
'S na lamh shneachd meisg a ciahhan òir,
'S a mealh-shuil chiuin air òg a gràidh.

“ Esan a' seinn ri taohh 's i halhh,
Le cridhe leum, 'sa snamh 'na chéol,
An gaol hho shuil gu suil a falhh,
Cuir stad air feidh nan sleibhteán mòr.”

Miann a Bhaird aosda, p. 16.

Heroic verse is usually of seven, eight, nine, or more syllables.

Latha do Phadruic na mhuz
Gun salmh air uigh ach ag òl
Chaidh e thigh Oisein 'ic Fhinn
On san leis hu bhinn a gloir.

Osián

Again :—

“ Na h-eōineanan hoidheach a's òrdamail pōnng.
Stu māreach nan srānnseach a's fàrrumach cēum.”

MacLachlan.

Some modes of versification are very singular, having a curious concord of vowels, without alliteration, running through the whole, and occurring in different parts of the lines, forming compound rhymes: for example :

" Sin fhuil bhan cūis! ar SINNSEAR,
 San INNSGINN a bha nan aigne
 A dī' ftagadh dhūinn mar DHILIB,
 Bhi RIOGHAIL : bē sin am Paidir."

p.130.

Again :—

" Is mōr a gheiris a thug na SEOID
 'Sna SLOIGH a coimhead an euchdan ;
 Ach chlāon iad araoen air an FHRAOCH,
 'S fuil CHRAOBHACH a ruith o' n creuchdaibh."

Morduth.

Besides the regular rhymes, there is a sort of melodious cadence pervading the verse, which of course is more or less beautiful according to the genius of the poet. The following anonymous composition shows the harmonious adaptation of the language for versification ; it seems to flow with the greatest facility in the happiest agreement of rhythm and measure. It is usually sung to the fine old air of ' Johnny's grey breeks.'

" A nighean donn na buaile
 Gam bheil an gluasad farusda,
 Gun tug mi gaol co buan duit,
 'Snach glucis e air an EARRACH so ;
 Mheall thu mi le d' shùgradh
 Le d' bhriodal a' le d' chùine,
 Lùb thu mi mar fhiùran,
 'S cha dùchas domh bhi FALLAIN uaith."

Here is another specimen of a similar style :—

Fhuair mi sgēula moch dicēdin
 Air laimh fhēuma bha gu creūchdach,
 'S leor a gheūrad anns An leūmsa
 Anal on trēud bha buagharr.
 O Dhun Gāranach ur āllail
 Na'n trup meāra' s na'n steud seānga,
 Na'n gleus glāna s' ceutach seälladh,
 Beichdail āllaidh uaibhreach.

Mary MacLeod, better known as Nighean Alastair ruadh, the daughter of red Alexander, had so fine a genius, that she appears to have struck out some new measures. Here are two specimens of a very plaintive cast.

Righ ! gur muladach 'thā mi,
 'S mi gun mhire gun mhānran,
 Ann an talla 'm bu gnā le Mac-Leoid,
 Righ gur, &c.

Taigh mor macnasach, meāghrach,
 Nam macaibh 's nam māighdean,
 Far 'm bu tartarach gleādhraich nan corn,
 Taigh mor, &c.

See p. 24.

Tha mo dhuils' ann an Diā,
 Guir muirneach do thriāll,

Gu Dùn ud nan clàir,
 Far bu duthchas do' m thriàth,
 Bhiodh gu fiughantach fiàll foimel,
 Bhiodh gu, &c.

See p. 30.

The following variety is by the celebrated John MacDonald, not *Iain Lom*, but *Iain dubh Mac Iain 'ic Ailein*; the Eigg bard.

Si so 'n aimsir an dearbhar
 An targanach dhùinn,
 'S bras meinmnach fir Alba
 Fon armaibh air thùs;
 Nuair dh' eireas gach treun-laoch
 Na' n eideadh ghlan ùr,
 Le run feirg agus gaigre
 Ge seirbhis a chrùin.

Donchadh Bàn, or Duncan MacIntyre, the boldness and originality of whose conceptions, clothed in poetry of the most genuine excellence, unassisted by the slightest education, have obtained for him a comparison with Ossian himself, offers many a beauty scattered profusely throughout his numerous works. In that admirable poem called Beinn Dourain, he has adapted the verses to the piobaireachd notes, commencing with the ùrlar, the groundwork or air: the second part is the suibhal, or quickening, arranged in a different measure, to which succeeds the crun-luath, swifter running music, to which a suitable measure is likewise adapted. It is a curious effort, and his model seems to have been an older piece which accompanied Moladh Mairi, the praise of Mary, otherwise the MacLachlan's salute.

His lines are extremely mellifluous, and his compositions show a great poetical versatility. Let us present a verse of his Coirre-Cheathaich, scanned according to Dr Armstrong.

'S à' mhàdáinn | chìùin gheàl, | ànn àm dhòmh | dùsgàdh,
 'Aig bùn nà | stàucé | b' è'n sùgràdh | leam,
 A cheàrc lè | sgùicáin | a gàbhail | tùcháin,
 'S àn còileach | cuirtéil | àg dùrdail | trom,
 Àn drèathán | sùrdail, | 's à rìbhìd | chìùl àige,
 À cur nàin | smùid dhéith | gù lùthàin | binn;
 Àn trùid sàm | brù dheàrg | lè mòràn ùnaich,
 Rë cùill'sir | sunntach | bù shùbbhlach | rann.

The measure is repeated at every second line. It will be observed, that there is an agreement in sound between the first syllable of the second and third foot; in the second and third lines, between the first syllable of the second, and the middle of the third foot.

His beautiful song to Mairi bhàin òg, fair young Mary "so often imitated, but never equalled," is another captivating beauty in the composition of 'Fair Duncan of the songs.'

In the fourth book of Fingal is the war song, prosnachadh, or exhortation, which the bard chanted to inspirit the renowned Gaul, when engaged in the heat of a desperate battle. So expressive is the language, and with such skill did the bard compose his address, that the very sound echoes the sense; it could never, we apprehend, be mistaken, even by one

totally unacquainted with Gaëlic, for a gentle pastoral. An English translation is given, which is not so elegant as that by MacPherson, but it is more literal, and will, therefore, be considered more fair, i. e. if it were from this version he translated.

I.

A mhacain cheann,
Nan cùrsan srann,
Ard leumannach, Righ nan sleagh

I.

Offspring of chiefs,
Of snorting steeds,
High bounding, King of spears !

II.

Lamh threun 's gach càs ;
Cridhe àrd gun sgà ;
Ceann airm nan rinn geur-goirt.

II.

Strong hand in every trial ;
Proud heart without dismay,
Chief of the host of deadly, sharp weapons.

III.

Gearr sios gu bàs,
Gun hharc sheol bànn,
Bhi snàmh ma dhuhh Innistoir.

III.

Slay down to death,
That no white-sailed bark,
May sail hy dark Inistore.

IV.

Mar thairneanach hhail
Do hhuelle, a laoich !
Do shuil mar chaoir ad cheann.

IV.

Like the thunder of destruction,*
Be thy stroke, O hero !
Thy darting eye like the flaming bolt.

V.

Mar charaic chruinn,
Do chridhe gun roinn ;
Mar lasair oidhch' do lann.

V.

As the firm rock,
Unwavering he thy heart.
As the flame of night be thy sword.

VI.

Cum suas do sgia,
Is crohhuide nial,
Mar chith kho reull a bhàis.

VI.

Uplift thy shield,
Of the hue of blood,
Portentous star of death.

VII.

A mhacan ceann,
Nan cùrsan stann,
Sgrios naimhde sios gu lìr.

VII.

Offspring of the chiefs,
Of snorting steeds,
Cut down the foe to earth.

In the poem entitled Conn,† is preserved an incantation or invocation to Loda the Scandinavian deity, which seems to partake of the stern character of northern poetry, and has but a very slight approximation to rhyme in the final syllables.

Cheò na Lanna
Aom nan cara ;
'S buair an cadal,
Chruth Loda nan leir-chreach.
Sgap do dhealan ;
Luaig an talamh ;
Buail an anam ;
'S na maireadh ni hed dhiuuh.

* Qr. of Ba'il?

† Smith's Gallic Antiquities.

The Duan Albanach is on a subject which did not admit of any copious introduction of the graces of poetry; a portion of it will nevertheless be thought curious, as exhibiting a production of the middle age, presuming, that the bard who repeated it in 1056 was the author, in Gaëlic of an orthography now rather obsolete. There are 27 verses, of which the following are the first and last.

A eolcha Alban uile,
A shluagh feta folt bhuidhe,
Cia ceud ghahail an eol duibh,
Ro ghabhustar Alban bhruiigh.

Da Righ for chaogad, cluine,
Go mac Donncha dreach ruire,
Do shiol Eric ardglein a noir,
Ghabhsad Albain, a eolaigh.*

One of the most curious alliterative poems is that composed by Lachlan mòr Mac Mhuireach, bard to MacDonald of the Isles, to animate his troops at the battle of Harlaw, fought 1411. The bard gives a part for every letter of the alphabet, and each contains the most felicitous collection of epithets under the respective letter. Towards the end, the strict alliteration is abandoned, and the piece concludes as usual in heroic poems, with the opening lines, which call on the children of Conn, “of the hundred battles,” to behave with becoming hardihood in the day of strife.† A portion will be found, p. 62.

Another selection from “the voice of Cona,” will exemplify the freedom with which the ancient bards versified, presenting events in the most impressive language, without restraining the flow of the muse for the mere sake of making the lines ‘clink,’ as Burns would say.

Mar cheud gaoth an daraig Mhoirbheinn,
Mar cheud sruth o thorr nan aonach,
Mar neoil a' curadh gu duhhlaibh,
Mar chuan mor air traigh a' taomadh,
Cho leafean, beucach, dorcha, borb,
Thachair laoich fo cholg air Lena.
Bha gairm an t-sluaign air eruach nam beann,
Mar thorunn an oidhch' nan sian,
'N uair bhriseas nial Chona nan gleann
'S mile taibhs' a' sgreadadh gr dian
Air gaoith, fhaoin, fhiar nan carn.
Ghluais an Righ na' neart gu luath,
Mar thannas Threinnboir, fuath gun bhaigh,
'N uair thig e' n crom-osag nan stuadh
Gu Morhenn, tir sinns're a ghraidi.

* Rerum Hib. scriptores veteres.

† The farm, heretofore Muir of Harlaw, is on the north side of the river Urie, about 17 English miles from Aberdeen. It is in the Gariach or rough district, whence the battle is called by the Highlanders, *cath gariach*. On the field of conflict were to be seen the sepulchral cairns of the slain—MacLean, M'Intosh, &c., but the industrious utilitarian now raises his crops on the soil which enwraps the undistinguished remains of the gallant warriors, who fell in that well-contested field.

Here in some parts the final syllables rhyme extremely well ; in others, there appears no such agreement. The 5th and 11th lines prove how truly Mr MacLean speaks in his "History of the Celtic Language," when he says it is the voice of nature,—an echo, reflection, or vocal painting, so to speak, of passion and action. Celtic versification is indeed one of the most venerable remains of European literature, and its correspondence with the Hebrew style indicates the most remote antiquity.

This extract is truly one of the bardic beauties, but no translation can do it justice. MacPherson was certainly deeply imbued with the spirit which animated those who composed the poems he rendered into English, and although not always strictly literal, they are undoubtedly the most happy attempts to convey in one language the feelings displayed in another. He thus translates the passage.

"As a hundred winds on Morven ; as the streams of a hundred hills ; as clouds fly successive over heaven ; as the dark ocean assails the shore of the desert : so roaring, so vast, so terrible, the armies mixed on Lena's echoing heath. The groan of the people spread over the hills : it was like the thunder of night, when the clouds burst on Cona, and a thousand ghosts shriek at once on the hollow wind. Fingal rushed on in his strength, terrible as the spirit of Treunmor, when in a whirlwind he comes to Morven, to see the children of his pride."^{*}

How much has the Celtic poet here made of a simple battle—what striking accessories he has introduced, and what grandeur of simile he has employed, to impart a conception of the fiercest of fights in which his hero appears so conspicuously ! In "revolving a slender stock of ideas," how admirably he has here availed himself of his scanty imagery !

It would certainly be impossible to preserve in any translation, the native simplicity, force and beauty of Gaëlic poetry. To those acquainted with the language, the representations are highly graphic and often sublime ; but the feeling and felicity of description could not be clothed in an English dress without lamentable deterioration. Could MacDonald's Iorram for instance be translated so as to carry all its force of expression with it ? Language is used to convey ideas and express action and feeling. In a primitive tongue it does so emphatically to a natural mind : when society becomes artificial, language undergoes a similar change. It is to be regretted, that to the English reader, the beauties in this work will be almost unknown, except from the instances submitted in this introduction, and they are merely sufficient to convey a general idea of the peculiar merit of Celtic poetry. The language is no doubt happily adapted for metrical composition, but the people possess a poetical genius, in no inconsiderable degree diffused throughout the community ; for it is a fact that numerous bards were perfectly illiterate ; some of the sweetest being ignorant of the A B C. Duncan MacIntyre is a celebrated instance, and a long

* A translator may lose the spirit and sense of an author if too metaphrastic : we shall however be forgiven for making a few remarks on the above, presuming it was the original from which the translation was made. The oaks of Morven are forgotten in the first line ; Borb is more correctly fierce—dorcha, darkening is omitted. The gairm was not a groan or cry of affright, but the battle-shout of defiance. For the 'hollow wind,' the 11th line would be more literally 'on the idle, eddying wind of the cairn.' It is curious to find sinns're, ancestors, instead of progeny ! These unimportant criticisms can never deteriorate from the just fame of MacPherson, and are by no means penned in a spirit of detraction.

list of others who lived in comparative obscurity could be given, many of them in the humblest walks of life. The feeling which animated these plebeian composers was reciprocated by the taste of their countrymen, and many a popular song is the work of obscure or unknown peasants and seafaring men. Such are *Fhir a bhata*, *Air mo run geal òg*, and numerous others. The Rebellions, particularly that conducted by *Tearlach òg Stiuart*, 1745, inspired many an individual of both sexes with poetic fervour, who never, before or after, felt the same irresistible impulse to invoke the muse.

The Gaëlic poetry and music are usually of a melancholy cast, and this has been attributed to the atrabilious temperament of a depressed people. Such a character is surely unsuitable to a people who have been characterized as high-spirited, proud and pugnacious. Yet the tender and affecting poems of the ancient bards, and the titles of popular airs, have been considered as satisfactory proofs of the justice of the assertion.* The unhappy situation of Ossian will fully account for the plaintive character of most of his pieces, but, admitting that the muses are most frequently invoked in seasons of trouble and adversity, and that in general the poems are of that gloomy and sorrowful cast, it will show undoubtedly a keenness of sensibility towards affliction, yet it will not follow that the Highlanders are naturally a querulous, dejected people. Poems, commemorative of calamity and distress, took stronger hold on the memory, and more powerfully excited the feelings than those of an opposite character, according well with a grave and reflective race. Dr Beattie speaks thus on the subject : "The Highlands are a picturesque, but in general a melancholy country. Long tracts of mountain desert, covered with dark heath, and often obscured by misty weather ; narrow valleys thinly inhabited and bounded by precipices, resounding with the fall of torrents ; a soil so rugged, and climate so dreary, as in many parts to admit neither the amusements of pasturage, nor the labours of agriculture ; the mournful dashing of waves along the friths and lakes that intersect the country ; the portentous noises which every change of the wind, and every increase or diminution of the waters, is apt to raise in a lonely region, full of echoes and rocks and caverns ; the grotesque and ghastly appearance of such a landscape by the light of the moon ; objects like these diffuse a gloom over the fancy, which may be compatible enough with occasional and social merriment, but cannot fail to tincture the thoughts of a native in the hour of silence and solitude. What then would it be reasonable to expect from the fanciful tribe, from the musicians and poets of such a region ? strains expressive of joy, tranquillity, or the softer passions ? No : their style must have been better suited to their circumstances ; and so we find in fact, that their music is. The wildest irregularity appears in its composition ; the expression is warlike and melancholy, and approaches even to the terrible."

No doubt there is much truth in this, but it will not account for a similar character in the compositions of the Irish, whose country is comparatively champaign, and who are blessed with a genial climate and fruitful soil. Whence also the plaintive and tender melodies of the low country and southern counties of Scotland ? Both people were im-

* Dauney—*Ancient Scottish Melodies*; a curious and valuable work.

bued with the same feelings—they used the same musical scale to poetry constructed on the same principle.

The prevalence of poems which detail the calamities of war, deaths of heroes, disappointments of lovers, ravages of storms, disasters at sea, &c., with melodies suitable to such lamentable subjects, shows, that tragic events leave a deep and enduring impression; while convivial, humorous and satiric effusions, are usually forgotten with the persons or incidents from which they arose.* The bards sought not to avoid the melancholy vein—they rather gave way to the feeling, and in this mood, many of their best productions were executed. “Pleasant is the joy of grief! it is like the shower of spring when it softens the branch of the oak, and the young leaf lifts its green head.” That mind must be little susceptible of the softer feelings of human nature, which does not sympathize with the poet in the recital of a moving tale of wo. The sensitive bards are represented as at times bedewing the harp-strings with their tears, while repeating the sad story which the sterner chiefs could not listen to unmoved. A bard of Wales, about 1450, describes a similar effect.

“The harper hlest with lofty muse,
His harp in briny flood imbrues.”

“Cease the lightly trembling sound. The joy of grief belongs to Ossian, amid his dark-brown years. Green thorn of the hill of ghosts that shakest thy head to nightly winds; I hear no sound in thee; Is there no spirit's windy skirt now rustling in thy leaves? Often are the steps of the dead in the dark-eddying blasts; when the moon, a dun shield from the east is rolled along the sky.”† Beautifully does the bard again express himself. “I am alone at Lutha. My voice is like the last sound of the wind, when it forsakes the woods. But Ossian shall not be long alone. He sees the mist that shall receive his ghost—he beholds the cloud that shall form his robe, when he appears on his hills. The sons of feeble men shall behold me, and admire the stature of the chiefs of old; they shall creep to their caves.”‡ The closing portion of the aged bard's wish is of a similar cast. See page 15.

The generous sentiments which animated the Caledonian heroes, are worthy of the brightest age of chivalry.

“Fuil mo namh cha d' iaras riamb
Nam hu mhiann leis triall an sith.”

“The blood of my foe I never sought if he chose to depart in peace.”

Female beauty was a very congenial subject for bardic eulogium. The berries of the mountain-ash afforded a simile for the complexion of health, and snow, or the Canach, the white, flossy down of a plant which grows in moors and marshy ground, with the plumage of the Swan, for the fairness of the skin.

* It must strike a student in the poetry of the Highlanders, as remarkable, that it exhibits much more to indicate the state of hunters, than of shepherds or agriculturists.

† Tighmora, 404.

‡ Berrathon.

"Bu ghile bian na canach sleibhte,
No ur-sneachd air bharra gheuga."*

"The star of Gormluba was fair. White were the rows within her lips, and like the down of the mountain under her new robe was her skin. Circle on circle formed her fairest neck. Like hills beneath their soft snowy fleeces, rose her two breasts of love. The mélody of music was in her voice. The rose beside her lip was not red; nor white beside her hand, the foam of streams. Maid of Gormluba, who can describe thy beauty! Thy eyebrows, mild and narrow, were of a darkish hue; thy cheeks were like the red berry of the mountain-ash. Around them were scattered the blossoming flowers on the bough of the spring. The yellow hair of Civadona was like the gilded top of a mountain, when golden clouds look down upon its green head after the sun has retired. Her eyes were bright as sunbeams; and altogether perfect was the form of the fair. Heroes beheld and blessed her."

What a poetical picture of a vessel in a gale does Alexander MacDonald, in his Prosnachadh Fairge or stimulus to a Biorlin's crew, give us: the imagined bellowing and roaring of the monsters of the deep, whose brains were scattered on every wave by the prow, the boat being damaged in the furious collision! &c., evince a truly imaginative genius.

The old bards called Echo, "the son of the rock"—MacIntyre's "ghost of sound," is much more poetical.

There is fortunately less necessity for extending the number of examples, inasmuch as the bardic "beauties" are so liberally spread before the reader in the succeeding pages; yet before closing our extracts, it will not be accounted a digression, to give a short specimen from the compositions of the Sister-kingdom. 'The Songs of Deardra,' are held by the Irish to be of equal, if not greater antiquity than those of Selma. As the poetry of a kindred people, it is similar in character; but those who are conversant with the subject of ancient Gaëlic versification and its peculiar idioms, will be able to say whether it carries the mark of so remote an era as is claimed for it.

I.

Soraidh soir go h Albain uaim,
Faith maith radharc cuan is gleann,
Fare clann Uisneach a seilg,
Aobhinn sughe os leirg a mbeann.

II.

Iarla maiithe Albann ag ol,
Is clann Uisneach dar coir cion,
Dingeann thiarna Dhun na Ttreoin,
Gu thig Naoise pog gan fhios, &c.

"Farewell for ever, fair coasts of Albion, your bays and vales shall no more delight me. There oft I sat upon the hill, with Usno's sons, and viewed the chase below. The chiefs of Albion met at the banquet. The valiant sons of Usno were there, and Naesa gave a kiss in secret to the fair daughter of the chief of Duntroon. He sent her a hind from the hill, and a young fawn running beside it. Returning from the hosts of Inverness, he visited her by the way. My heart was filled with jealousy when I

* Bas Airt 'ic Ardair. Smith's Antiquities, 350.

heard the news. I took my boat and rushed upon the sea, regardless whether I should live or die," &c.* This is the 'Clan Uisneachan' of the Highlanders.

A few passages, too, from Cumraeg poets, will serve for comparison with their brother-hards among the Gaël. David ap Guilym, who is called the Welsh Ovid, flourished about 1870. His Ode to the Sun is a feeble effort compared with that of Ossian, and is less striking than those by Milton or Thomson. The allusions are commonplace, as 'ruler of the sky,' 'ornament of summer,' 'looking on the manly race of Camhrians,' &c., David ap Edmwnt, about 1450, composed a Monody on Sion Eos, a bard who was executed for manslaughter. The poet makes good use of the epithet Eos, nightingale, which was given for his mellifluous strains, and he sorely laments that the unfortunate man was not tried by the impartial laws of Howel the Good, which would have found the act justifiable. "A man," says David, "punished for an act in his own defence! Let misfortune fall on such as fail therein—of evils the lesser the better. Is the soul of the slain made happier, or his ghost appeased by life for life as an atonement? * * * Neither the passions of man, nor the virtue of angels was unmoved by the melody of his harp, which whirled the soul upon wings of ecstasy. * * * What have I said? they deprived him of life: he has life—their verdict only changed the scene of mortality for that of immortality. Their wilful judgment will have no effect in that court of equity, which is held at the gates of heaven. He now sings before the throne of mercy with an incorruptible harp." &c. It seems the weight of John the Nightingale in gold was offered for his ransom, but the days were long gone, when the law would be satisfied with an eric of any amount for such a crime.

Sion Tudor, who lived about 1580, is the author of an elegy on the death of twenty poets and musicians who departed this life in his own time. He names each individual with varied terms of praise and regret. The expressions are peculiarly bardic, and approximate to those of a much older generation. "It was God's pleasure," he observes, "to send for these men to hold a feast with him in heaven; may their souls enjoy the celestial mansion! Peace to their shades; their like will never more be seen. They are gone to their heavenly abode; let us hasten to follow."†

There is a decidedly Celtic and pleasing vein in these compositions, but there is not wild grandeur and elevated sentiment, that originality of conception and nervous expression, which characterize the works of the Gaëlic bards.

The Celtic poems were framed by the bard to suit the melody of the harp, the instrument sacred to the order; and to its music they were sung,—a music simple and natural, which long preceded the artificial and complicated. The peculiarity of the Scottish scale is well known as the enharmonic, consisting of six notes in the key of C, with C D E G A C, corresponding to the black keys in a piano. Defective as this scale may appear to be, it is admirably suited to express the passions in the effective tones of nature, the harmony of which is felt long previous to the adoption of scientific rules, and it strengthens our arguments for the unity of the ancient inhabitants of Scotland, that the melodies of the

* Nalson, Introduction to the Irish language—1808. Another version is given by Gillies.

† Jones. One of those commemorated, is David ap Hywell Grigor.

high and low country are invariably formed on the same scale, and possess the same character. The larger harp was strung with wire, and was the clarsach of the Gaël, the lesser being the cruit.

Cambreensis describes the Irish performances on this Celtic instrument in terms of great praise; and, had he visited North Britain, he would have had no reason to speak otherwise of the Scottish barping.

"The attention of this people to musical instruments, I find worthy of commendation; (he was a bard himself,) in which their skill is beyond all comparison superior to any nation I have ever seen," &c. And he then describes the music as being quick, not slow and solemn as that of Britain, yet at the same time sweet and pleasing. Girald entertained a strong dislike to the Irish, which adds to the value of his favourable testimony. Major, the Scottish historian, who was rather willing to underrate his "upthrough" countrymen, in speaking of the musical acquirements of James I., says, in performing on the harp, he excelled the Hibernians or Highlanders, who were the best of all players on it.* Roderick Morrison, better known as Rorie dall, being blind, was the last professional harper in the Highlands. He lived about 140 years ago, was of a respectable family, and well educated, three brothers being clergymen.†

The Ossianic class of poetry is usually sung or chanted in a kind of recitative, executed with the gravity due to such revered compositions. An old Highlander considered it becoming to take off his bonnet when reciting them, and the term laoidh, hymn, by which many are distinguished, indicates the veneration with which they were regarded. The Highlanders were accustomed to sing at all their employments, and it was an excellent stimulus, serving also to relieve the irksomeness of labour. Those Highlanders of Greece, the Arcadians, were remarkable for a similar practice, and it is thus very rationally accounted for by an ancient historian, whose observations are strikingly applicable to the Gaël. "Singing is useful to all men, but truly necessary to the Arcadii, who undergo great hardships; for as the country is rugged, their seasons inclement, and their pastoral life hard, they have only this way of rendering nature mild and bearable; therefore they train up their children from their very infancy, until they are at least thirty years of age, to sing hymns in honour of gods and heroes. It is no disgrace to them to be unacquainted with other sciences, but to be ignorant of music is a great reproach, &c."‡ We have a very curious account of the vocal attainments of the people by Giraldus, from which it appears they understood counterpoint! "In the northern parts of Britain, the inhabitants

* Book VI. Hihernienses aut sylvestres Scotos. The sylvanian Scots were the Cearnaech a choile, the Highlanders of the woods, a term formerly applied to these active warriors. Hardiman, a compiler of Irish poetry who delivers himself with sufficient confidence on matters extremely doubtful, says, "Ireland gave its music to Scotland!" with equal justice the assertion may be made in the exact reverse, but would it prove the fact? Speaking of the harp mentioned in the ancient poem which had passed through so many hands; "this," says Mr H., like every other research connected with the natives of the Highlands, leads to their Irish origin." If any discovery were made to prove this notion, it would save authors from filling their pages with much unmeaning observation, and groundless and illiberal conceit. If we thought the acerbity of feeling in Mr Davies unbecoming, how could we have grappled with O'Reilly, whose work on the same sore subject, displays so transcendent a share of national prejudice!

† See Gunn's able work on the use of the harp in the Highlands.

‡ Polybius IV.

use, in singing, less variety than the Welsh. They sing in two parts, one murmuring in the bass, the other warbling in the treble. Neither of the two nations acquired this by art, but by long habit which has made it familiar and national, and it is now unusual to hear a simple and single melody well sung, and what is more wonderful, their children from infancy sing in the same manner!*

There is nothing more remarkable in the Gaëlic mode of singing, than the repetitions of a verse, one or two lines, or sometimes a part of one in chorus, which adds much to the effect, and is a great means of diffusing a knowledge of songs, since by repeatedly joining in them, the whole must soon be impressed on the memory. These tunes or Luinigs are simple and touching, and the effect in a harvest-field is particularly pleasing. The person who sings leaves the chorus to the others, who all join, the leader taking up each succeeding verse.

The Iorrans or boat-songs are those by which seafaring men likewise alleviated the labour of rowing and managing the vessel, keeping time by the motion of the oars, and relieving the singer by carrying out the chorus. When at home, and at social entertainments, the whole company join hands or modulate time by plaids and handkerchiefs passed from one to another. All these songs were formed for the harp or the voice alone—there could be no vocal accompaniment to the bagpipe.

There is a very curious method of singing peculiar to the Welsh. It is called Penillion, and consists in adapting verses to the harper's tunes while performing, without any previous knowledge of the order in which they will follow, and it is thus performed, as we have observed at a bardic Eisteddvod. A harper is brought forward, and around him are seated several persons who are the Penill singers. He commences playing, when one of the party joins him by a song—the harper presently changes the tune; the other as promptly alters his verse, and when he chooses to stop, another takes up the air, and so it goes round. But the true penillion is the extemporary production of a verse or verses to the tune, and it is remarkable that this improvisitorial feat is frequently accomplished with astonishing success, by persons quite illiterate. Many of those ‘poetical blossoms’ display great command of language and considerable genius.*

After the period when Ossian, Orain, Ullin, Fergus, Fonar, Douthal, and other unknown bards flourished, which reaches to the union of the Pictish and Scottish kingdoms, there seems to have been for a long time few poets of any note. About the end of the 13th

* Walter in *Dissert. de Bardis*, gives a couplet which he pronounces grand.

‘Tan a dwr yn ymwiaw,
Yw'r taranau dreigiau draw.’

The roaring thunder, dreadful in its ire,
Is water warring with aerial fire.

Many of these epigrammatic stanzas are preserved. The following on a silkworm is curious as being formed without a consonant.

O'i wiw wy i weu e â, aia weua
O'i wyau y weua;
E weua ei wê aia,
A'i, weuaun yw ieuau iâ!

I perish by my art; dig my own grave; I spin my thread of life; my death I weave!

century, a revival took place; and, since then, numerous bards of acknowledged excellence have from time to time appeared, besides those of lesser note whose songs were of too local and circumscribed a range for general popularity. Had any compositions of sufficient worth been produced in this dark interval in the history of Highland bardism, they would no doubt have been handed down, like those of older date.

In this essay, to illustrate that distinguished order in Celtic society, the bards—the system under which they so long flourished, beneficially exerting their accorded power, a picture has been given, rather of that which formerly existed, than what could have been witnessed in many by-gone generations. It was among the Gaël, that the primitive manners and usages were preserved, when elsewhere they were suppressed or amalgamated with those of the conquerors. Under pretence of abolishing a mischievous superstition, the Emperors prohibited the practice of druidism; but although the ‘Romans carried their gods as far as they did their eagle, they were not able to extend the one or the other over the mountains of Caledonia.’ Little, however, it has been seen, is to be found here or elsewhere concerning this religious belief. Most of the historians, who allude to druidism, flourished when the phenomenon had nearly disappeared, and ‘all that they have done, serves only to excite our curiosity without satisfying it, and to make us regret the want of a history, which seems to have been replete with instruction and entertainment.’

If the age of bardism, in its primary sense, is gone, it is satisfactory to preserve a memorial of what it was, and evidence of its present state. In the following pages are the flowers and blossoms of Gaëlic poetry, culled with careful discrimination, and without the encumbrance of redundant stems and foliage.

The piper is now held in the same esteem as the harper of old, and his performance is a noble substitute for the softer strains of the clarsach; but would not a bard in his multifarious office, combining poet, historian, genealogist, &c., be a useful and becoming personage in the train of a chief? At a Highland banquet about fifty years ago, a call was made for the bards to be brought to the upper end of the room. “The bards are extinct,” observed Mac Nicail of Scoirebreac. “No,” quickly rejoined Alastair buidh Mac Ivor, “but those who patronised them are gone!”

AN CLAR-INNSIDH.

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R. & J. Johnstone.

ROTHSAY BAY.

A. Donaldson.



SAR-OBAIR NAM BARD GAELACH;

OR

THE BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY, &c.

MORDUBH.

A' CHEUD FARRAN.*

AM beil thus' air sgiathan do'luathais,
A ghaoth, gu triall le t-uile neart?—
Thig le calrdeas dh'ionnsuidh m' aois—
Thoir sgrìob aotrom thar mo chraig.
Co-aos m' oige ghlaic an t-aog,
'S uaigneach m' aigne 'n uamh mo bhròin;—
'S mòr mo leon fo lámh na h-aos;
Osag tha 'g astar o thuath,
Na dean tuasad rium, 's mi lag.
Bha mi uair gu'n robb mo cheum
Cho aotrom riut fein, a ghaoth;
Mo neart mar chraig a Chruaidh-mhìll,
'S iomadh cath 's na hhuail mi beum;
'S tric taibhse mo naimhdean ag astar,
Le ceum lag, o bleinn gu beinn.
Ach thig àm do bhoirn-sa, ghaoth,
'N uair dhìreas tu 'n t-aonach gu mall.
Cha'n imrich thu neoil thar coll,
'S cha lùb a choille fo d' laimh,
'S cha ghéill am fraoch anfhanach fein.—
Ach togaidh gach geug an cearin,
Bi-sa baigheil rium-s', a ghaoth,
Oir tha 'n aois ort fein ro théann.

Cuir lasair ri geug do'n ghalla,
A shealgair coire 's aille snuadh.
Tha 'n oidhche siubhal o'n ear,

Tha ghrian a' critheadh 's an iar,
D'fhosgail eilean Fhlaitheis sa' chuan,
Tri uairean dorsan nan nial,
A glaodhach, "Dean cabhag thar a chuain
Le d'chuach-fhàilt àluinn, a ghrian."
Tha neoil dubh siubhlach na h-oidhche,
Gun aoibhneas air chùl nan tonn;
'S tric iad ag amharc do thriall,
A ghnuis àluinn tha 'g astar o'n ear.
Ach eiribh le 'r sgiathan o'n chuan,
A neoil dhorch nan iomadh gruaim.
Tha sgàilean nan sonn o shean,
Tabhairt cuireadh do'n ghelein gu flath-innis.*

Beannachd le ribhinn chiùin do ruin,
Buaidh le d' shraigheid air gach beinn,
A shealgair, 'tha tabhairt dhomh treoir,
'S mi leointe fo laimh na h-aos!—
Ach suidh thusè ann am uaimh,
A's eisd ri tuasad' ghaoth a's chrag;
Innsidh mi dhut sgeul'is mor brigh,
Air suinn tha sinte fo'n lic:
'S taitteach na smaointeán a thriall;
'S miannach dreach nam bliadhna dh-fhalbh!
Pill thusa, m' oige, le t-uile ghniomh,
A's feuch do m' anam bliadhnu' mo neirt;
Feuch gach cath 's na bhual mi beum,
A's airm nan laoch bha treubhach borb,
Thugaibh suil o neoil 'ur suain.
'Fheara bha cruaidh anns gach cath,
Cluinnidh 'ur clann fuaim 'ur cliù.

* The Author of this Poem, whose name is Douthal, was both a Chief and a Bard of great repute. The accounts which tradition gives of him are various; but the most probable makes him the Poet of Mordubh, King of the Caledonians. A fragment of this Poem has been published in Gillies' Collection, in two Parts, consisting of the First, and nearly half the Second Part. It is now given in three Parts entire; and differs not materially from the Translation given in "Clark's Caledonian Bards"—a small Volume published in the last century.

* The Sun was supposed to sleep in Flath-innis, *the Isle of Heroes*, in the western ocean. The human mind has been in every age ambitious of obtaining a happy hereafter. The Kelts, indulging in this pleasant presentiment, sent the ghosts of their departed friends to this imaginary paradise.

'S thig sileadh an sùl gu làr.
Tha m' anam a soilseachadh le gniomh,
Nam bliadhna dh-fhalhh, a's nach pill.

Dh-fhallich a ghealach a ceann,
Bha cadal reultan air chul neoil ;
Cabtagh ghaoth a's chuan o chian,
Bu gharbh an cath 'hàr edar stuaidh,
A's sileadh ghailhheach nan speur,
N uair dh' eirich co-shamhla Shailmhoir,*
O leahaidh fhuair sa' gharbh chuan ;
A siuhhal air hbarraih nan stuagh,
S a ghaoth' cur meanbh chath mu'n cuairt,
Dh' eirich mac an aoig air sgiath
Na h-osraig, gu gruaidh Chraigmoir ;
'S hha anail fhiadhaich nan nial,
Ag eiridh ma shleagh gun ghuin.
Ag amharc anuas o leahaidh fhuair,
Bu mhòr a hridh a bha 'na ghuth :
" Duisgibh ! chlann Alba nam buadh,
'S garbh colg "ur naimhdean o thuath ;
A' gluasad air hbarraih nan toun,
Tha clanna Lochluinn† nam long.
Eiribh ! chlann Alba nam huadh,
'S mor neart ur naimhdean o thuath."
Air sgiath na h-osage fuair'
Dh-fhalhh mac na h-oidhche gu luath.
Lüb an darach garbh fo chasan,
'S chrith gach gallan roi' fheirg.
" Tionailiibh mo shuinno o'n t-seilg,"
Thubhairt Ceann-feadhna na h-Alba,
" Soillsichihh srad air Druim-Feinne,
A's thig mo laoich o ghruaidd gach heinne."
Lahhair Morduhh, Righ nan srath,
'S lionar crag tha 'g innseadh sgeil.
Chuala clann a chath am fonn,
A's leum iomadh lanu għħlas amach.
Dh' eirich a mhadaïn san ear,
A's dh' iarr i air sian għall-heach gluasad.
B' āluinn, maiseach, fiambil na greine
Tigh'nn amach gu ciùin o'n chuan ;
' Boilisgeadha għażiex air airm
Nan laoch mōr-bhuadħach anns għach cath.

Air adhart dh' eirich Ciabh-ghlas treun,
A's iomadh sleagh air chul Cheann-aird.
Tha Treunmor a tional a shluaign ;
" S c'uim'am hi Mordal air dheireadh.
Lahhair Ciabh-ghlas, hu mħor aoi,
" Co chunnaic Sunar o thuath ?
Am heil e togail iomadh sleagh ?

* Tradition says that Salmor was drowned in passing from the mainland to his own house in one of the Hebrides, on hearing that his wife was taken prisoner, and his lands laid waste by Tuthmar, a Chief of Norway, whose father Salmor is said to have killed in battle.

+ The Lochlins, signify in Gaelic *The Descendant of the Ocean*, and comprehend all the Northern Nations who invaded the Caledonians.

Thug mi fein am òig air huaidh.
Ge fann mi'n diugh anns a chath,
Bha mi'n sin gu neartar cruaidh.
" Ni m' heil a d' neart, no d' chrnadal feum."
Thuirt Mac-Corbhui hu hheag cliù,
" S treun meamnach, Sunar o thuath.
Tha gathan na greine a leum
Mu'n cuairt a dh' eideadh an t-seoid,
Tha suinn għarriż neartar ri taħoħ,
Is ard a choille tha lùħadħ fo chasan.
Tha creagan Thir-mhoir heag fo cheum,
'S trom colgar, għall-beach righ Lochluinn,
'S cha toir Siol Alh' air huaidh."

CIABH-GLAS.

" Imich thus' a għealtaire chlaoui
Gu aiseiridh shàmhach nam ban.
Tha t' anam air chrith mar dħuville uaine,
A għluiseas roimh anail nan speur,
Mar thuiteas i ro' fhuachd a għeamhraidi,
Teich thusa o na naimhdean horb :
Ach is ioma' craboh għarbh sa ħejjin so
A sheasas 'n uair is gaħħiheach sian.
Is tric thainig naimhdean o thuath,
Ach buannachd cha tug iad riamh.
Imich thuse mhix gun chliu,
Gu aiseiridh chuil nau daoïne crion'.
Mur iħodh aige-san tha gun chliu,
Naimhdean nach hu mħob na thu,
B' aohħar eagħi nach h' fħiù dha
Airm a rusgadħ sa chath.
A feiħ air Clainn Lochluinn o thuath,
Bi' n-crnaidh jannan fuliex o'n taħoħ.
Chualas t' fħacail hu hheag stā,
A mhix an ardain tog do ghäth."

Dh' eirich dà shleagh gu h-àrd—
Bha rusgadħ lann air għach taħoħ.
Dħu isgħad anis neart na h-Alba,
Chum garbh chath thabhairt dh'i fein :
Ach, thainig sgiath laidir an t-sluaign,
Righ āluinn Alħainn a nuas,
Le corruċċi mħor, 's le trom għruaim,
Dh' amħaire e air na suinn län fuath.
Bha shuili gu fiadhaich ag siuhħal,
Gu duħħach o fhear gu fear ;
Air eagal gu tuiteadħ an sluagh,
Borħ luath ag immeachd hħa għu ghadha :
" Na ruisgeadha lann a chloimna na fairge,
Na canaiħħ gu leaq sihh sinn.
Is tric dh' eirich sleagh ur 'n athraie ;
Is lionar an cill air ar trāigh ;
Ach 's aoiħbinn duihhs, a cilann Lochluinn,
Leagħar Alha le h-airm fein !"

Làn maslaidħ hho fheirg an righ,
Shiubħail na laoich a dħu isgħad an stri ;

Mar dhà neul tha siuhhal air càrn,
 'Nuair shiuhhlas a ghrian air min dhriuchd :
 Duhhach hha na glinn roi 'n ceum,
 Ag amharc an tighinn an deoir nan speur.
 Cha 'n fhiù leo an cnochan crion,
 Tha triall chum gruaidh Ard-chraig.
 Mar sin a shiuhhlas na suinn,
 An coinneamh a naimhdean borh.
 Air adhart tha ceum righ Alba,
 Mar gharbh chraig an aghaidh tuinn mhoir,
 'N uair chruinnicheas na stuaidh,
 A tahhairt garbh chath do thuile.

Mar ghaoth oidehche shiuhhlas air speur,
 Thainig clann Lochluinn nan sleagh ;
 Cha siuhhal osag na h-aonar,
 'S ann comhla tha dubh ghruaim nan sian.
 Dh' eirich airm Alhainn gu h-ard,
 Mar thairneanach tha gaifn nan cnoc ;
 Mar thuiteas dà chlach o hheinn aird,
 'S iad tachairt air ùrlar a ghlinn',
 Mar sin bha toiseach garbh a chath',
 Is iomadh nàmhì thuit leinn.
 Bha uamhamm a hblair air an fhraoch—
 Bha tuilte fala mu shleagh Cheann-ard ;
 B' iomadh creuhhag a lot Mordal—
 Bu chruaidh, horb, flathail, gach fear.
 Ach co h' urrainn seasadh roi' cheud ?
 Chunnaic an Righ ar ceum air ais ;
 Las anama a ghaisgich le feirg,
 'S àllt dearg a leanait a shleagh ;
 Bha taithsean a naimhdean mu'n cuairt,
 Ach fad' uaith fein hha na laoich.
 Thainig e mu dheireadh nan deigh,
 Mar thonn a tuiteam o'n chreig ;
 'S tric a dh' iarr an fhairg air direadh—
 S tric a thilg an stuadh e hho hhonn ;
 Tha gàraich a chomh-strì targ,
 'S am harr glas hriseadh 's a ghaioith,

C' uime tha thu gruamach 's an iar,
 A ghrian àluinn ag astar nan nial ?
 Cha b' anfhannd na suinn—
 Cha do theich sinn roi 'n mheata.
 'S tric chuir neoil dhorch smal ort fein,
 An aimsir ghailhbeach nan sian.
 Ach 'n uair théid fògradh air a ghaoith,
 'S théid caonnag nan speur gu taohh ;
 'N uair hheir thu smachd air na neoil,
 'S a ghlasas a ghaoth air do laimh ;
 'N uair sheallas tu oirne nuas,
 'S do chuach fhalt àluinn a sniomh ;
 'N uair hios fiamhl ghàir air do ghnuis,
 'S mòr aoihhneas 'g éideadh gach cnuic—
 'S aighearach leinn do hhuaidh 's na speuran,
 A's heannaichidh sinn do ghathan, a ghrian.
 Imich gu d' leahaidh le ceòl,
 Thusa tha measg nan reultan mòr ;

Bheir sinne huaidh fathasd,
 Ged' tha sinn a nochd fo leòn.

AN DARA H-EARRANN.

Tri uairean chrath an oidehche
 A sgiath duhh, cheòthach, 's an ear ;
 Tri uairean sheall na reultan,
 Mar neoil ghruaamach nan speur.
 Bha osnadh thamailte nan laoch,
 'S a ghaoith ag astar nan càrn ;
 Bha co-shambla nan sonn o shean,
 Le corruiach ag siuhhal nam beann.
 Chualas trom osnadh nam marhh,
 'S b' anfhannd an guth 's na neoil ;
 Chuimhnich sinne gaisg' an lamh,
 A's ghàhh sinn tamailte mhòr.

Air ard-chraig dh' amharc an righ,
 'S lionar gaisgeach hha fo ghruaim ;
 Bha 'n smaointean soillear dha fein,
 A's lahir e le hriathraihh cruaidh.
 Air cuij 'n uair laidheas gruaim,
 Théid fuadach an cridhe crion,
 'S théid fir fhann gu luath fo dhion ;
 Togaidh an calma cheann roi 'ghailleann ;
 'S cha hhi fiamb taise na ghnuis.
 Tha ceuman nan sian 's an doire,
 'S cha lùh an darach a ghlinn.

Abraih sìlhse Chinn-fheadhna,
 An tainig sinn o dhaoine crion !
 An ann do gheuga fann ar sleagh ?
 O dharach Alha nam mor ghniomh,
 'S tric thainig naimhdean o thuath,
 'S c'uin a theich ar sinnisir gun bhuaidh ?
 An geill sìlhse do chloinn na fairge,
 Far am h' àhhaisit taighse nan naimhdean
 Leum bho osaig gu h-osraig,
 Le trom osnadh hhròin nam marhh ?
 Tha chlach ud le mòintich liath
 A cumail cuimhne air treun laoich,
 Ag radh, " Cha do theich ar n' athraiche riamh,
 Fhearanh leanaihh dian an lorg !"

Ag eisdeachd ri hriathran an righ,
 Bu duhhach hha ua suinn mu'n cuairt.
 Ag amharc claidheamh, sgiath, a's sleagh,
 'S le facail gun hhrigh ann a chluais.

Sheas Morcheann, Triath Allt-duihh,
 Tri uairean chrath e sgiath,
 Tri uairean bhuaile an darach ;
 " Ainmic hha mo hhuilean fann.
 Ainmic fhuaire mo naimhdean huaidh ;
 Ge d' thug hliadh' air falbh mo neart,
 Ni 'm beil gealtachd am ghruaidh.
 Shaol leam gu'n togadh mo mhac
 Mo leac, 's gu càireadh e mo cheann.

Chaoiadh ni 'n togar sgiath, no leac
Le oigear flathail nan deas lann,
Bha cheum air adbart sa chath :
Ach d' fhaillig gach caraid mu 'n cuairt.
Bha iomadh namhaid na strì ;
'S thuit an laoch roi' mibile sluaigh."
" Beannachd" ars 'an righ, " do'n laoch,
Ach na aonar ni 'm faod e falbh ;
Theid Ceann-feadhna nochd na lorg ;
'S dorch do choigrich tamh nam marbh."

Ghlac Ogan Mac-Chorbuidh a sgiath,
An diomhainn duinn gu eiridh grein'
Nau' dean sibh feathanbh da'r luchd mì-rùin ?
An sin do labhair Ceannard treun,
'S tric thug siol Albainn an t-slige chiuin ;
Ach c' uin a thainig bàs air coigrich,
'N uair a thachair iad le mùirn ?
Is treubhach, maiseach, linн Lochluinn,
A's buinig sinn fòs ar clù.
Ciòd uime thuiteamaid mar neul,
Thig le sgleo bho linne bhuirn,
A suamh as air bharraibh nam beann,
'N uair chaidhleas a ghealach fo shuan,
'S a chrathas gallionn clachan trom',
'S fiann eagail air rionnag nan sian ?
Crathaidh mhadainn a ceann 's an ear,
'S eiridh a ghrian le cuach-fhalt ciuin ;
Biodh solus a gath' air gach sgiath,
'S bàs a gearradb airm gach suinn.

A cur air sgiath Dhunairm,
Deir Morfhalt,* fanaibh gach laoch,
Air an tog lamb mhìn-gheal leac,
Ach laidhidih mise nochd air fraoch.
Cha bhi deoir air gruaidh am dheigh—
Cha 'n eirich clach le mo chliù—
Cha 'n abair athair—" mo mhac,"
No gruaigach—" mo chreach, mo rùin !"
Lot mo shaighead uchd na ribhinn,
Bha tlachdar thar mhile mnà.
Bha fuli mo chairdean ag cur smùid,
Dheth na h-airm dhu'-ghorm 'n am laimh ;
Bu naimhdean a dh'-Alba, m'athraighe,
Aig Righ Lochluinn, b' ainmeil iad.
B'aite leam siubhal na fairge,
Thog sia gaisgich bhorb mo bhreid.
Thainig gaooth le cabhaig o thuath,
'S thog na stuaidh le feing an drumi;
Bha meanbh chathadh g-eiridh mu'n cuairt,
S neoil ghruaamach ag astar os-cinn.
Dh' eirich Albainn air bharr tuinn,

* Morfhalt was a Scandinavian. His history, as given by himself, is full of the most affecting incidents. His character is distinguished by valour in the highest degree, and unshaken fidelity, to the Chief of Dunarm, who so hospitably received him on landing in Scotland, and to whom he occasioned the greatest misfortune—the loss of his family!

'S chrath gach doir' an ciabh le fàilte.
Bha sleibhteau gòrm gu ceolmhòr, binn,
Le cathadh mìn bho cheann ar bàrc.
Be Dunairm ceann-uighe nan coigreach,
A's shùn an Ceannard gasd' a lamh.
'S e beatha clann Lochluinn an Albainn,
'N uair bhios meirg fiochaidh air an lamh,
'S lionas ar feidh, a's làn ar sligean ;
'S tha clù a's misneach 'n ar sgeul ;
'S c'uime chitear gruaim air coigreach ?
Chaidh sùrd le sòlas air cuirm ;
B' aoibhinn leinn còmhradh ar sith ;
S bheannaich sinn naimhdean ar tir !

Mar ghath greine air madainn chiuin,
'N uair chromar le drìuchd gach geug,
Bha Min-bhàs an talla na mùirn,
A's iomadh laoch toirt suil na deigh ;
Ach, thug i a rùn do Mhorfhalt.
Agam cha robh sliabh no suinn ;
Bha mi am aonar sa chath,
Thuit naimhdean Lochluinn lc m' laimh—
Thuit, 's cba d' eirich mo chliù.
Imich thusa, ars' an oigh,
Gu cathaibh righrean céin ;
Eireadh do chliù-sa fad as,
A's cluinnidh Min-bhàs an sgeul.
Rainreas righ Eirinn nan sleagh,
A's thuit a naimhdean le m' laimh ;
Sheinn am bard, as 'fad' thar chuan
Chualas m' iomradh gu fial.
B' fhaoilidh oighean Innse-fail,
Le 'n lamhan mìn-gheala caoin,
Romham gu furanach fial,
Ach ni 'n d' fhuair a h-aon mo ghradh.
'N tra thráigh fearg, 's a phill sith,
Phill mi gu òigh nam bàs mìn.
'N uair dh' eirich Dunairm gu h-ard,
Bha ghrian na tamh an cluain seamh,
'S a ghealach siubhal gu luath
O nial gu nial le baoisge geal—
Thainig guth air osaig na h-oidhiche,
O chirb an doire ud thall,
Mar ghuth na maidne cubhraidh,
Air aiseag gu m' chluais gu mìn mall :
" Imich, 's ma thuiteas tu ghráidh,
Mo shulean bi'dh silteach gach trà."
Chirib m'anam le eagal am cliabh,
Mar nach robh e roimhe riagh.
Chunnacas Min-bbàs nan gaol
Le àrmunn gasda ri taobh.
Lùb mi 'n tiubhar, ag radh—
" A shaighead ruig crídhe na ceilg"
Nior rachadh an laoch an cein,
A bhuidhean clù do chridhe 'n ardain.
Rainig an guin nimhe a taobh,
A's chlaon an oigh-mhìn air tom.
Bha cuach-fhalt dearg le fuli,

A's dh'imir a h-osnadh air osaig na h-oidhche.
 Cion a thainig guin an aoig?"
 Thuirt an laoch, le guth ard,
 "O laimh an fhír nach bu tais,"
 A's thog mi an t-sleagh am laimh.
 A mhacain na h-oidhche uaignidh,
 Thuirt an t-òg le mor iognad,
 "Tha neart a d' laimh, a ghaigich
 'N uair is faoin do nàmh.
 Nior thog an gaisgeach a shleagh,
 Le cridhe gun àdhadh, gun ghean.
 Falbhaidh do thaibhse duachnidh,
 Le macaibh nam gaoithe duibh;
 Far nach tog do lamhan lann,
 'S nach guin do shaighead cridhe gaoil."

B' fhad a ghreis thug sinn,
 Cha chualas Min-bhàs le gáir airm;
 Thuit a shleagh o laimh mo nàmh;
 A's chlaon e fadheoigh air an fhraoch.
 Thainig a ghealach o neoil;
 A's chunnacas mo charaidh na fhuil.
 "An do thuit thu, bhrathair ghaoil?"
 Thuirt an òigh, 's an t-aog na beul
 "'S nach faic t-athair thu pilleadh o n t-seily?"

O! Mhorfhuilt an tir chein,
 C'aite an eirich do shleagh?
 Cha chluinn thu guth mo bhrathar fein,
 Cur fält ort till le d' chliù.
 Ach uair eigin thig an laoch,
 A's togaidh e 'n uaigh da rùin.
 Tharuinn mi 'n t-saighead o'n chreuchd—
 S a h-uchd mìn-gheal air a lot!
 A's shil mo dheoir le braonaibh fala
 Na h-ighinn, 's a suilean a plosgadh
 N uair chun' i lamh Mhorfhuilt na fuil,
 'Sgread i mar thannasg, a's theich
 A taibhse air neulaibh na gealaich.
 Ceithir chlachan le 'n còinnteach liath
 Thogadh sud mu uaigh an laoch:
 Ga chòir sin an suain na tàmh,
 Tha 'n ribhian bu ghile taobh.

Sileadh oighean deoir a bhròin;
 A's seinnidh na h-eoin gu tiambaidh
 Mu dhoire nan neultan dorcha.
 Rè na h-oidhche ag eisdeachd na gaoitn,
 Bha neoil dhubhl dol tharum luath;
 A's clann an adhair, gu d' theich
 Le mòr gheilt, toirt dhomh-sa fuath!
 Tha Ceannard Dhunairm na onar,
 Ri bròn, 's a sileadh dheur;
 Air uairbh thig e gan còir;
 A's cuinnnear a leon air a ghaoith.
 Cha tog es-an a shleagh ni's mò,
 Ach coinnichidh a namh ma shleagh.
 Thuit Mac Dhunairm le m' laimh—

Thuit Min-bhàs fo dhaillre na gealaich.
 An ré na gealaiche nuaidh,
 Théid mi an caramh an t-sluaigh.
 Cha 'n eil mùirn an talla Dbunairm,
 Theid mi, a righ; ach ni' m pill;
 Siubhlaidh mi mar ghrúaim nan speur,
 A sheideas gu cruaidh air an raon,
 'N tra sheargas na luibhean maoth,
 Le anail fhuar na h-eigh-reotha.
 Laidh an damh aig steigh na carraige;
 'S tha eunlaidh luath gun cheol.
 Tha'n darach gun duilleach uaine.
 Tha cirb an doire ri crathadh;
 A's sian an adhair ga għluasad.
 Théid an duine ga theach,
 O fhearg na doinione fuair';
 Ach sealaidh athair na soillse
 Air na raoiñ, 's iad brònach.
 Dearsaidh a chiabhan le maise;
 A's fògraidh se namhaid nan luibh,
 Crathaidh na cnuic an grúaim air falbh,
 'S ni failte ris a dol seach.

Suidhibh sibhse so gu là,
 A Cheann-freadha nan slogh,
 A's tuitidh mise am aonar,
 A measg ur naimhdean is geur colg ;
 Nach abrar, "Nach toir sibh buaidh,
 Chionn gu'm beil mi fhein na'r measg."

"'S muladach do sgeul r'a luadh,
 A Mhorfhuilt," se thuirt an Righ,
 "Ach ni 'n tuit thu ad' aonar sa chath,
 'S clann Alba an so'n suain.
 Mar dhealan thu an am na strì,
 Ach coigil do chairdean a Mhorfhuilt,
 Tuitidh fadhereadh an treun,
 Treigidh samhradh an àidh,
 'S thig geomradh le ghrúaim gun bhàidh.
 Bha Min-bhàs am madainn a h-òige,
 Mar dheo greine am barraibh ògaim ;
 'S co dheanadh còmhrag na fheirg,
 Ri mae Dhunairm a bha targ ?
 Cha do laidh e gun a chliù,
 Annas a chria'-thaigh chumhann chaol.
 Gu b' iomràiteach a ghaisge, 's an dàn,
 Sheinn na baird gu blasda biinn.
 Ach tha sleagh t-athar, a Mhorfhuilt,
 Fo smal an ad' lamh sa 'n uairis' ;
 Cha tog thu i'n aghaidh ar nàmh—
 Cha bhi fuil t-athar air do chruaidh."

'S i sleagh Cheanaird Dhunairm,
 A tha dearg lè fuil a nàmh.
 Cha togar ma lann sa chath,
 Tha i *sinte làimh' ri m' għradb.

* The ancient custom of laying the implements of war, and of the chase, in the grave with the fallen hero, has

Bu ladair an lamh a llobh
 An t-sleagh se a th' agam fhein ;
 Ach tha e coimhead an taibhse,
 A threig uauth air raon na nial.
 S an toir a naimhde buaidh,
 Air athair an lai a shean aois ?
 Cha toir—'s e na chiabhan liath,
 O righ, 'n tra thogam-sa shleagh.

A's tog e a laoich le buaidh,
 Arsa Ceannard bu mhòr cliù,
 Ach, eisd ri truaighcean is mó.
 Bha me thuireadh sa faraon,
 Airson Ainnir a chaidh aog ;
 Ach ni'n toir acain, no bròu,
 Air ais dhuiinn an dream tha fo'n fhòd.
 Bu mhaiseach air sliabh Culàluinn,
 Ainnir nan lamh geala, caoin ;
 Dubh mar fhitheach bha a falt,
 'S bha broalach mar eal' air caol.
 Thigeadh smal air dearsadh, gach òigh',
 An lathair nigh'n Shonmhoir nan Rath
 Gu'm h' àluinn mathair mo chloinne !
 A bba sonnar an talla a chiùl.
 Thainig nighean Aonair nan Sleagh,
 Da'n robh mo rùn an tús m' oige ;
 'S ghabh a suil bu mhor goin,
 Culàluinu, am maise munà.
 Na h-aonar fhuair i mo rùn,
 A's labhair i rith am foil ;
 Nach ionmuinn siubhal' an lo,
 'S cubhraidh' Chuilàluinn am beith.
 Tha fir na seilg air beanntaibh cian ;
 Thraig a mhuij fada null,
 Fagail a carraige sa ghaoith bhlàth.
 A nighean Shailmhoir nam bäs mìn
 Racbamaid star gun dàil.
 Chaidb iad tro choille nan crann,
 'S fo charraig àird mu'n iadh an cuan,
 Chaidil Culàluinn bu gheal snudh.
 Cheangail a ghuineid mhàna
 A falt amlagach grinn,
 Na dhual i feamainn nan tonn ;
 A's thill i uaire, cridhe bà !
 Le h-aighear mu gniomh nach àdh.
 Thain an fhairge tonn air thonn,
 A's dhuisg Culàluinu á suain,
 A's b' ioghná lea ceangal a gruaige.
 O fuasgail mo leadan, a ghráidh ?
 Nach truagh leat fhein mi, òigh !
 C' uime bhuin thu rium cho bà,
 'S mo mhacain aillidh am dheigh !
 Fhreagair mac talla nan creug,

been observed here by Moralt. Abandoned to despair, he probably regarded his spear as of no further use to him; and, as the only proof he could give of his affection for the deceased, who so unfortunately fell by his hand, he laid it in her grave. Dunarm, being weak through age, gave him his own spear, and made him his adopted son.

Ach bha nighean Aonair uaithe cian.
 Thainig tonn bâiteach thar sgeir,
 'S na dheigh cha chualas a h-eigh.
 D'fhangadh i na còdaibh-eun,
 'N tra threig a bhuinn' an sgeir ;
 Tri trathan dh'i bhi mar neul,
 Air aigeal na mara ud shios.

Ach ni'n tearmunn dhut gu bràth,
 A Ghuineid, do bhrathair baoth.
 Thuit an laoch le 'm gheur lann,
 Ged' dhion e mi aon uair sa chath.
 Laimh ris ann an suram suain,
 Laidh thusa a b' uabhrache gniomb ;
 Is minig an aisling na h-oidhche,
 Thig do thaibhse le droch fhiamh.
 Ach a Chuil-àill an fhult duibh,
 Is ionmuinn leam thus' am shuan !
 Thig thu gun chith, gun cholg,
 'S cha shenn fear cuairt do chòmhnaidh,
 'N tra dh' eireas gealach gun smal.
 Is minig a chluinnear do ghuith.
 Roi' thighinn na dionionna ghairbh'.
 Cluinnidh am maraich' an éigb,
 A's gabbaidh tamb fo sgeith na creige ;
 A coimhead nan tonn gun bheud,
 Is caomh leis eigh nam boghannan,
 Ged' eireadh iad ard san duibhre !
 Amhul a thuit mo chaomb, a Mhorfhuit,
 A's dh' eirich mo shleagh le buaidh ;
 Cha mhaireann aon ghràdh air thalamh,
 A's leagar mor ghaisgeach san uaigh.

Dh' aithris Ceannard sgeula hbròin,
 'S am feachd bha tosdach trom !
 Bbràchadh osnaidh a' cbleibh,
 'N tra dh' aithris e sgeula na truaighe.
 'S an doire dhaillreach bha thamh,
 Cha d' ghluais an osag am fraoch mìn ;
 Cha do shiuhail na neoil thar bbeinn,
 'S ni'n robh sian an ciabh nan crag ;
 Bba gach crann a's lus an sith,
 A's laidh a ghaoth a sios gu grad.
 Ciod tha dearsadh san ear,
 Faoin chruth le fàite gàire ?
 Tha ghealach na cadal gu seamh,
 'S ni'm beil a ghrian a tighiu air faire.
 'S i oighe an uchd chreuchdaich a th' ann,
 Le mile solas tighin' na deann.
 Mìn-bhas gu Mhorfhalt an tìr chein,
 A tha giulan sgeith a h-athar.
 Ni'm beil a h-imeachd am feirg,
 Is caomh i air an leirg gu h-ard.
 Cuir fuadach fo smalan na h-oidhche,
 Tha *reull na maidne na dearna ;
 A tighin' mar dhearsadh am moch thrà,
 Toirt fios duinn mu eiridh na greine.

* Moidearg-mhadne.

C' uime tha t-imeachd cho luath,
 Ainnir shuarce 's gile gnùis ?
 Ach dh-fbag thu mhadainn òg 'na t-àite,
 Is caomh leth-dheàlrach do chruth ;
 Thar bhadan ceataich na leirge,
 A dh-fhalhhas ro' eiridh na greine.

AN TREAS EARRAN.

Bha briseadh na fàire 's an ear,
 'S theich duibhre air sgiathan luathais :
 Dh' imich na reultan fad as ;
 'S hha ghrian a togail a cinn àidh,
 'N tra thog am bárd a ghuth.

Chuir Sunar, Ceann-feadhna nan laoch,
 Tha treun mar charraig nan tonn,
 Mar chnoc air thir-mor nach gluaisear,
 Mise thugaibh, shiol nam heann.
 Tha fhireun air sgiathan ro threun ;
 'S tha sheobhaig ma cheum gu luath ;
 Bha fhithich ma loma long !
 Air imeachd nan cuaintean mòr.
 An tabhair ceannard na tir'
 A shuinnaidh mar chlosaich ?
 Na 'n tuit e sios do'n ghaisgeach,
 Ag tannahirt feidh a sibleibhte ard ?
 Uaibhse, theich o'n chath,
 Tha Siol Lochluinn nan sleagh geur,
 Ag iarraidh freagairt gu grad.

'S ard guth Shunar gun ag,
 Fhilidh dhàn nan ciabhan liatha :
 Tha bhriathran labhar neo-mheat,
 A chionn nach eil a naimhdean lionmhor.

Ach, suidh thus' air an fhraoch,
 A mhacain nam fonn is biun' ;
 A's theid an t-slige làrn mu'n cuairt ;
 Cha 'n eil ar fuath air clann nam fonn ;
 A's pill a rithisid, gu foil,
 Gu Righ Lochluinn, a ghlòir nach àdh ;
 Innis dha gu'm beil eunlaidh nan sliah,
 Air sgiath au déis an creich fein.
 Tbigeadh e le mhiltean sloigh ;
 Tha neart n'ar cridhe-ne 'ta mòr

Chual am bard briathran an Righ,
 A's dh-fhalbh e 'n ardan a chì :
 Bha aithris nan taibhse na chuaire,
 O'n chunnaiac e 'n sluagh a thuit.*
 Mar thig an doireann hho thuath,

Le gaoth luath a's nialta fiuch,
 A tuirlinn o ghruidhean nam beann,
 Nuas air aonach, ghlinn, a's shlochd—
 Mar sin thanig Sunar le shuinn.
 Bha 'n sgiathan mar nialaibh na h-oidhche—
 Bha 'n aghaidh mar reultan a' lasadh,
 'S na plathanaibh duibhreach, nialach.

Chaidh neart na h-Alba air adhart,
 Mar ghaillbeaun thonn le gàir,
 Tha g' imeachd an neart nan sian,
 Tha gluasad o chian gu h-àrd.
 Cluinnidh am maraiche an toirm,
 'S le fiamh theid e na dhàil,
 O nach urr' e nis a stéachnaidh,
 Tha 'g iomairt air aghaidh na hhàrc.

Cia mar dh'aithriseam fein
 Gniomhan euchdach 'ur n-arm ?
 A shealgair Choisirre-nan-stùc,
 Chunna' do shuil Mor-cluareag—
 A tha togail a chinn gu h-àrd,
 'S a gabhail nan nial na chiabh,
 O mbulach tha tòirleum a nuas,
 Le tailmrich o ghruidhean na craig,
 Sruth laidir, tha siubhal gu luath,
 Gu cuan, o aonach a's ghleann,
 'S a tuasaid ri huinne na fairge ;
 Ach hu ghaire, a shealgair, an tod.

Mar lùbas a chuisseag fhann,
 Fo dhoinionn na h-àibheis fuair',
 'N uair bhos buaireas thaibhse dian,
 'S no siantan uile fo ghruaim.
 Lùb Siol Lochluinn gu lùath
 Roimh Righ Alha nan sluagh àir.
 Chunnaidh Sunar e tighin—
 A's chrath e tri uairean a sibleigh.
 Ach crathaidh tu i gu faoin,
 A mhic Lochluinn a ghuth aird.
 Mar charraig roi' dhoineann garbh,
 Tha ceann-feadhna na h-Alba an tràs.
 Am buinne tha neartar, mear,
 Teichidh roimh aghaidh gun chail.

" Ach an do theich mise riamh,"
 'S e labhair Righ Lochluinn nan cliar.
 " Mar dhoinionn an adhair mo laimh,
 Cha seas na beanntan fein le'n coill,
 'S le'n stacaibh cragach, am lathair.
 Air an fhaighe thug mi huaidh,
 'N uair le feirge do sgaoil an cuan,
 Mu fhearrann a's fheann, ag eigeach,
 Is hheum gach rutha, a's sgeir hheucach.
 Ach 's faoin a labhair thu, chuan,
 Bhuirb nan stuadli-ghlasa baoth ?
 Nach tug mi fèin ort roimh buaidh ?
 'S an seas Ceannard an t-sluagh so rim' thaobh ?"

* The bard, leaving the adverse host, reflected on the high spirit of either army, and inferred the effects that would naturally ensue. Being inspired with such thoughts, he looked forward with a prophetic eye, and pronounced the fall of the people. Hence often the ground of belief in the second sight.

Sin samhuil do bbriatbraibh an laoich.
 Ach, chrithnich an talamh mu'n cuairt,
 'N tra thog iad an sleaghán ard;
 Thuit craobhan le m' freumhach buaint',
 'S chrith creagan fo chasán nan treun?
 A's leum iad o'n leabaidh thaimh.
 'S iomadb cruaidh a bha á truaill,
 A's saighead a siubhal a h-iubhar.
 Bha seoid ag amharc an stri,
 'S dà rigb a gleac' gu borb.
 Thuit sgiath Shunair gu lar,
 'S thar a sbloigh thuige le fiamb;
 Thog Mordubh a shleagh gu h-ard,
 Ach chun' e uchd a nàimh gun sgiath.
 Bha smaointean air gniomhan éuchd,
 A's gbleidh e laimb air ais.

Bha Morfholt air aghaidh 's a chath—
 Leis thuit laoch air gach buille
 Sheas Ceann-feadhna bho thuath an cein;
 Bha airde mar cbraoibh fo blá.
 Dh'aom clann Alba air an ais,
 O sgeith laidir mar stuadh o charraig,
 Amhuil darag aosda nan árd,
 'S na siantan ri comhstù dhian.
 Ach togaidh tu do cheann le buaidh
 Tha maiseach, gun bheud o'n stoirm:
 Mu d' thimcheall tha dion gach uair;
 'S thig an sealgair o'n fhuaichd a d' dhlùthas,
 A's gheibh e dion o'n iunnrais fhuaic:
 Mar sin thá sgiath an laoich da shluagb.
 Thog Morfholt a shleagh gu éuchd,
 A's ghabh e'n còdhail a ghaisgich,
 'S bu ghàbhaidh còmhrag nam fear borb;
 Fhreagair mac-talla nan creag
 Do dh' fhuaim an lannan glas' géura—
 Chuir iad coill a's fraobh á bun,
 Le 'n casan air uillinn an t-sleibbe—
 A's chrithnich clanna nan erion,
 Ag coimhead ri gniomh nan tréun-fhear

Is mor a ghreis a thug na seoid,
 'S na sloibh a coimhead an éuchdan;
 Ach chlaon iad araoir air an fhraoch,
 'S fuil cbraobhach a ruith o'n creuchdaibh.

Sin labhair Morfholt na mor ghniomh,
 Cha'n eirich mo sbleagh ni's mó;
 'S cha ruisgear mo chruaidh 's a chath.
 Tha aon bhrathair agam fös,
 Mas' a beò e, Solbha treun,
 Sealgair an fheidh air Bunar:
 Ma thuiteas tu leis gheibh thu cliù—
 Oir cha tnù an t-òg gun mheang.

An do thog mi mo lamh, 's mo lann,
 A Mhorfluilt, a t-aghaidh, mo bhrathair?
 A sheol an tús dhomh cleasau lùgh;
 Ach, ni'n t-sleagh ni's mó.
 Fàram lamh mo bhrathair chaoimh,
 'S gu'n càram an so e ri m' thaobh.
 Theid sinn le cbeile air chuairt,
 Gu teach ar n' athraichean thug buaidh;
 Biodh ar leabaidh 's an nial,
 Au ionadan sian nan taibhse.

Chual an sluagh balbh a ghloir,
 'S bu mhòr am bròn air son an laoich.
 Theich Siol Lochluinn g'an cabhlach,
 A's shil deoir Mhordhuibh mar bhraon,
 Phill e air ais a shuinnt—
 Thog iad leac-lighe gu h-ard,
 A's sheinnu am bàrd cliù an t-seiod.
 Tba darag aosda na chòir,
 'S na mhenraibh mòr tha srannan ghaoth—
 Tha dealan an adhair mu'n cuair,
 'S cha tig fear turais na dhàil—
 Seaclinaidh e'n t inil nach àdh,
 An aimsir nan renlltan cian—
 Tba dà thaibhse mu'n cuairt an còinialdh,
 Le acain hrón tna siubhal air stantaibh.

COLLATH.

THA acain am aisling neo-chaoin !*
 An cadal do laogh, athair ?
 Is eagal leamsa doinionn chraidh ;
 Tha toirm gun àdh air na flathaibh.

Ciod e, Chollaith, fà t-acain ?
 Arsa Aosar a ghuth bhinn.

Chunnacas, deir e-san, slige gu h-òl,
 Do fhuil nàmh o dhortadh lann.
 B' uamhann do m' anam an gniomh !
 Ciod c bhrìgh, a shiol nan rann ?

Ach 's faoin so aisling na suain ?
 Is faoin neo-bhuan gach uile nì.
 Tuitidh an gaisgeach treun na threis,
 A's àilleachd gach cruth gu crion.
 Mar shruthas blà na coill—
 Mar thig neul daillreach air a gheirein—
 Is amhuil sin beatha nam beo !
 Cha choigil 's cha chaomhainn sinn seud.
 Ach, an comhnuidh dhomhs' am thamb ?
 A mhic Chollaith, mo ghraidh, ca' beil thu ?
 Aonaq mhic mo cheile chaomh !
 A t-aonar am beil thu air lear ?
 Fair an lann ud air an eallachainn,
 Mac-samhailt do dhealan nan cath.
 Thog Oglaoch an lann so g'a liobh—
 Lann m' athraichean an gniomb nan rath.
 Is iomadh cath a's còmhrag cruaidh
 Is cuimhne leam a bhi le huaidh.

Fhreagair an sin Aosar nan dàin,
 A churaidh, a Chollaith nam buadh,
 C'uime—ma bitheadh t-inntinn fo phràmh—
 Bha Oglaoch mar athraichean treun,
 Curaidh treubhach e 's a chath,
 A' mosgladh air faiche nan cruaidh.
 'S e bheireadh buaidh thar mhile flath.

A's aosda lag mi nis fo bhròn,
 Thuirt Collath, 's a dheoir a ruith !

* Fonar, the Author of this Poem, belonged to the illustrious and once powerful family of Collath. He accompanied his young friend, in his last expedition, to rescue Annir, the betrothed bride of Oglach, and only child of Rutha, whom Ardan, a chief of a distant isle, carried off in the absence of her friends. Her exquisite beauty gained her many admirers. She preferred the Son of Collath. By their marriage the two most powerful families of Caledonia would have been united. But these hopes were never to be realised. The Poem opens with a vision of Collath, and concludes with a lament of the fall of the race of Collath, chief of Carrig. It is partly dramatic.

Tha tuilte dol tharuinn gu dlà,
 A c' ait' am beil m' annsachd fein an diugh.
 Gu b' ionmuinn thu Oglaoich threin,
 Mo leanabh fein a b' aille cruth !
 Bha thu fann roimh imeachd do nàmh,
 'S an triall mar thoran thar Mealldubh ;
 A's thig an là gun teach, gun àigh,
 Gun talla, gun fhlaithaibh, gun cheòl,
 'S am bi Siol Armuinn fo sprochd,
 Mar fhailleas ruiteach tro' neoil.
 Ach 's diomhain mo thuireadhl gu leir !
 Ciod so m' fà mu'm beil mo chri
 Fo bhrualean le aisling chruaidh ?
 A bualladh gu critheach, gun fhois,
 Mar dhuillean le dhoinionn 's na cluanaibh.

Fhreagair mi fhein gu seamh,
 A's tioma bhròin ga 'm chlaoi !

" Am fanam-sa so am thamh,"
 Thuirt Oglaoch, "'s mo ghradh am dhì ?
 Cha chail mi, ars' e-san, mo chliu,
 Ann am madainn chaomh na h-oige.
 B' eug-samhul na h-armuinn threuna,
 M' athraiche feile, gun ghiomh :
 'S ni' m' fanamsa so guin àdh,
 Mar gheng gun duille gun bhlà ;
 Bheir mi buaidh air ardan fein,
 Neo théid mi eug, 's e chual
 Mi, as tartar a cheum
 A ruighinn gu h-eutrom mo chluas.
 Tha ' cruth caoin mar dheo greine,
 'S deirge beul no bilibh ròis ;
 Tha h anail ni's cubhraidh na'n sùth,
 'S a guth binn mar inneal ceoil
 'S i's aille dealbh de'n t-sluagh,
 Bheireansa buaidh da trid !
 Aiteal sùl is glaíne snuadh,
 Ainnir shuarce 's igheann rìgh.
 Mar torchair mi 'n oigh le m' lannin,
 Ni mi còdhail rithe thall.
 Mo chridhe tha 'g eiridh neo-throm,
 A leumnaich le aiteas am chom !
 O thaibhse nan treun fear, a threig,
 C' ait an comhnuidh dhuibh o'n eug ?
 An comhnuidh d' ur n' anma an àdh,
 Gun cheò na Lanna, no blàr ?
 Gach fiùran le òigh gun smal,
 Neo-ionan a's sine ri gal."
 Thog e ri crannaibh na seoil,
 A's dhomhlaich uime a shluaign ;
 Ri comh-strì ghaibhbeach nan tonn,

Bha fonn a ghaoil ann a bheul.
 Cha mheata, am feasd, a chri,
 A's Ainnir da dhi's an iuil ;
 'S an oidche fhearthuinneach gu lò,
 Ag udal cuain an aghaidh shian,
 "Fagamaid again a's bròn,"
 Thuit Oglaoch, "gu clanna nan crion,
 Taosgar gach boinne de m' fhuil.
 Mu'n leigear leo an òigbh."
 Dh' eirich leinne cairdean treun,
 Thar lear a thorchar cliu—
 Dh' eirich leinn Eilean nan laoch—
 Dh' eirich leinn Fraoch a's a shluagh.
 A chaitheadh ar slighe 's a chuan,
 Ghabh sinn an sin duan mu seach ;
 Sin sheinn duinn filidh nam fonn,
 'S a ghuth bha ard thar tuinn a's lear.

Biodh anam àidh ag taomadh,
 Mar chaochan ann an nialan ciuil ,
 Is eibhinn le m' chluas an torraghan trom !
 Mar chabhlach nan caomhl fo shiuil.
 Is ion' le m' chrìl an t-aiteas ard.
 Tha 'g eiridh adhmhor a steach !
 Mar chlaraibh an talla nam fonn,
 Mar chuileann an sonn nach meat,
 Mar fhéilidh innis mhile bàrd,
 Biodh smaointe graidh a chri !
 Iommuinn gach sile, gach braon,
 Iommuinn maraon a's Beul-bì,
 Caoin chruth geal nan ioma dual,
 O shiol na cathraiche nuaidh,
 Càir gheal a chamhair a cneas,
 'S a leaca miù mar na ròis ;
 Amhail i's an t-sobhrach bhàn,
 Reull nan ioma b' àille snuadh ;
 Bha i mar aiteal na greine,
 'S a mhadaimh ag eiridh gun ghruaigm.
 Ach tuitidh fathasd luibh an raoin ;
 Seargaidh a caoin chruth 's a dreach ;
 "Sruthaidh a blàthan gun bhuan,"
 'S e deir Mac Nuith is geire beachd.

Thug i ceisd, a's a gaol trom
 Do Shonn òg a chaidh thar lear ;
 A's dh'eirich doininn nan lann
 Mu oigh chaoin gheal nan cleachd,
 Tha aigne 'n laoich mar aiteal speur,
 No lasair dhein air aonach ard ;
 Co thraoghas a bhuirb ghàir ?

A chlanna fial nan armunn fluidhidh,
 Eiribh gu duthaich fad as,
 Gu taomadh oirn mar dhoinnionn ghairbh,
 Ni h-aobhinn an fheirg a tha las'.
 Ach mairidh cliu nan saoidh gach ial,
 A ghleachdas ri truaighean gun mheath,
 A laochraidh nan sleagh liobhaidh geur,

Togadh oirbh, mear, leumnach, garg,
 Mor—uaibhreach—borb,
 Le umhann cith agus colg !
 Theid gathaibh leoin tre 'n cridhe ;
 (Is aoibhinn fulang nan treun !)
 Buirbe nan gaisgeach 's an strì,
 Coigil a d' chleibh a's a d' shuain.
 Lamh nan treun gu cath biodh leat,
 'S an àrach fo lamh gu sguab.
 'N tra thraigheas galbhéinn na h-àibheis,
 Mar an t-àrnach claoite sgìth ;
 Seallaidh gnuis an iunrais caoin,
 Amhail laoich n' tra philleas sith.
 Ach e-san a thuiteas le buaidh,
 Tha e faighinn caochladh nuadh ;
 A mhealtuinn ionmhas nan saoidh,
 Nach ionmuinn a chaoi, a chomhnuidh !

Thainig tioma air mo chri,
 Ri cuimhne na chunna' mi fhein !
 Gualann-chatha nach bu tìm,
 Flathaibh fuileach bha ri m' linn.
 Nach eil a h-aon diu am shean aois ?
 Nach b' eibhinn a bhi leo seach leinn ?
 Chunucas sonn mor nam buadh,
 Curaidh uaibhreach nan gniomh garg :
 Lubadh nan cathan fo lainn,
 'N uair a mhosgladh e am feirg.
 'S e aigne an laoich a bha ard—
 Bha bhoile mar chaoiribh chruach.
 Cha robh e riamh ann an sith,
 'N uair ruisgeadh na lannan san strì ;
 Bbaimeachd mar thoran tro gheann,
 Mar dhealan an adhair bha dheann.
 Ach threig an gaisgeach o chian,
 Carraig-chatha a chridhe fhial ;
 'S chaidh mar aon ris ionadh còmhlan,
 Cha n-è mo shòlas nach eil e buan.
 Ach teirigidh sinn uile fa-dheoidh,
 A's chi an lò sinn smal' san uaigh.*

Ach mairidh gu suthain 's an dàn,
 Gnioman alloil aidiu nan saoidh :
 'N uair chrionas a cholluinn gu smùr,
 Mar an tìr an còmhdaich criadh ;
 Mar cheathach tra nòin air an t-sliabh,
 Triallaidh an deò ag imeachd uaimh,
 Far nach teirig grian, no gradh—
 Far a maireann àdh nan sonn.

Ach, Oglaoch, is deacair trom,
 Sean aois a chromas an t-àrd,
 A choachaileas cruth nam flath,

* Fonar, who was a warrior as well as a bard, recites past events, in which he, together with the aged chief, whose mind is soothed with a recital of the deeds of former days, acted a part : and his own state frequently and naturally occurs to him.

'S a dhallas fradharc chail nam bárd.
Cia mar sheinneas mi dhut ceòl,
A laoch oig, am chiabhan liath ?
'S e labhair mi fein ris an t-saoiðh,
Ceannard òg nam mile cliar.

Chunnacas reull bu dealrach dreach,
A soillse tro' dhuibhre na h-oidhche ;
A's shóllsich a ghealach a ris,
'S ua neoil ag imeachd gu luath.
" Mar aiteal nan reull ud gu h-ard,
Tha maise Ainnir," ars' an laoch,
" A lionadh m' anam do ghradh ;
Ged' tha thusa balbh ad' dheoir !
Còm is meuchaire, mhìne, ghile,
Taomadh gaoil mar dhearsa na h-oidhche !
A lionadh anam de shòlais,
Is binne guth no fuaim nan clàr,
Is àille dreach no cruth cubhraidh,
An noinein bhàin fo dhealt nan speur.
Is anmhòr an t-aiteas so am chliabh !
Ciod so an sòlas diamhair,
A tha ga'm lionadh gun fhoghnadh ?
Tha m' aigneadh a' leumnaich a ghna,
Le buaidh a's mor ghradh na h-oighe.
Air an t-sleagh so ann am laimh,
Pillidh sinn o'n à le buaidh !
Pillidh, no tuitidh le cliù,
Air son an rùin a tha bhuainn.
Pillidh mar aon a gaol
Ro chaoïn, mar ri caochladh cath.
Tha m' aigneadh a' leumnaich gu còmhrag.
Is ionmuinn le oighean mac rath.

Aithris dhuiun philidh nan dàn,
Thuit mi fhein am briathraibh ciùin,
Mar bha oigh na h-iomair bhaigh,
Rè a latha an reull iùil.
Beul-bì,* sólus mhive crì,
Maise mnà a bhil bhì ;
Ighean ghaoil bu bhlasa ceol,
A falt mar fhitheach, dubh mar smeoir.
Bha maise a's gradh le cheil' na sealladh,
A mala crom mar ite 'n lòin ;
A còm seamh, finealta, fuasgait',
Cha luadhach a ceum am feoirnean.
Bu chruth ionmholt an ribhinn ;
Ach ciod am fà mu'n robh sa 'g radh ?
Gach aona bhuaidh do bhi air finne,
Bha sud air dunach nan laoch,
A thuit mar ghallan nan gleann,
Mar sgathar fùran nan crann.

* The history of Belvi is introduced here with great propriety. The injured are apt to think their own case without a parallel, and the burden of the afflicted becomes lighter, when they are assured that others suffer the like, or greater hardships.

Ach dh-fhailig mor mhais' a ghaoil,
Chaochail ' cruth àillidh gu h-aog !
'N uair bhuail lann Chonnlaoch uchd Dhonnan-
ghaill,
'S a ruith fhuil na thonnan blà !
Chlaon e air uillinn an t-armunn,
An gath nimhe chaiddh tro' airnean ;
Gath geur guineach nan trì cholg,
Os ceann imleig shàth na bholg.
Bha tosga tiuga nam beum luatha,
A reubadh feoil, a's cnai' ga'm bruasgadh.
Gach lann, mar dhealan an adhair,
Mar fhalaing air sliabh na lasair,
Dh'aom na flathaibh fo mhaoim :
Bu dearg gach sruthan san raon.
Thuit e mu throne ghràdh na h-oighe !
Mar chobhar sruth bha fhuil a dörtadh,
'S a ruith—'s e fuil a chridhe bh' ann,
A bréadhach tro' chreuchdan nan lann.
Uaith sin, chluinte caoiran na h-oighe :—
" Och, mo dhorainn, agus m' acain !
Nach deachaidh mi eug o chian,
Mu'n d'fhuair aon fleasgach mo ghaol !
Thuit mo roghainn, thuit mo rùn,
Ach ma thuit e, fhuair e chliù.
Och ! nach robh sinn, ruin ghil còmhla,
Fo'n fhòd ghròm a gabhal comhnaidh !
Theireadh iad, an sin n'an tàmh,
Tha òg-fhàth nam buadh, 's a ghràdh,
An ceangal buan, an glais a bhàis.
Thuit iad mar luibhean an raoïn,
Le'n uile bhlà, 's a mhadainn chubhraidh,
'S an dealt a boillsgeadh le gath greine."

Mar sin, thàr sinn chuige gu sèamh ;
Bha ar caoimh a tighin' san duibhre ;
Thamh sinn car ghreis air an leirg,
Gu briseadh fàire na maidne.
Bha'u cuan siar mar lainnir,
Le soillse àdhmhòr o'n ear ;
A's dealt nan speur air gach blà,
Gu foineil tlà mar anlear.
Chaidh sinn f'ar n' armalbh gu leir ;
'S chaidh mosgladh fa eilean nan stuadh.
" Rachadh, thuit Oglaoch, ard, mear,
Romhainn a nis' teachdair luath."
Chuir sinn romhainn Lughmhor òg,
Le fios gu Ardan, gun àdh !
" E chur chugainn Ainnir na mais',
'S gu'm pilleadh ar feachd ga'n cabhlach."
'S e thuit Ardan a chridhe bhuirb,
" Sinn fein a philleadh gu grad,
Air neo gu sguabdh e gach saoidh
Gu lear, mar fhaileas roi' ghaioith
Gu lubadh e Oglaoch fo lann,
Mar inheugan au doire nan crann."
Dhomhlaich an sin na sloigh
Air an fbaiche gu h-ard,

A's thàr sinn a suas nan codhail
Gun fhiamh, ge b' iomadh na laoich.

Bhuail na saoïdh air a chéile,
A's chrith an learg fo'n casan,
Thainig Ardan, mar bhuiinne borb ;
Ag iarraidh Oglaoch gu còmhrag,
E-san sheas roimhe gu treun,
Mar charraig roimh eiridh nan tonn :
Bu chruaidh am buillean 's bu gharg,
'S an chridhe leumnaich nan com.
Mar thuiteas taosgadh a chuain,
'S a dh'islicheas buirbe nan tonn,
Roimh Oglaoch nam beuma nach clì,
Bha Ardan a fannach 's an strì.
" Am meanglan mi nis a lùbas
Fo d' làimhse, churaidl gun àdh ?
C'uime uach leigeadh tu leam
An òigh a thug thu thar tuinn ?
Ainuir nam meall-shuilean mìne,
'S an domh fhin a thug i gradh !"
" Cha leiginn leat an oigh chaoin,
No le aon laoch ann ad t-fheachd.
Is cian a shiubhail mi 'n cuan,
Is eileanan stuadh-ghlasa sàil',
'S cha 'n fhacas a samhla fo 'n gheirein,
'S cha sgar o cheile sinn ach bàs."
Siu mar labhair na suinn,
An cruaig-ghleachd 's am huinn ga 'n stalle ;
Bha aigneadh an armuinn nach bu chìl
Ag eiridh air bohole 's an strì.
Thug e iarraidh dheacair threun,
A's shàth e chruaidh an cridhe Ardain.
Thuirlinn na cathaibh gu domhail,
'S bha Oglaoch am meadhon a nàmh.
Thainig Fraoch nan sonn ga chomhna,
'S bha abhaian falas dòl seach.
Mar dhealan an adhair bha 'n lannaibh—
An tartar mar thòran adhair,—
Shìn a's thàr iad gu chéile,
A's thnit na treun-fhir sa' bhìlar.
Cha robh Ceanna-bheirt na dhidinn—
Cha robh roinn gun reuba fualeach !
Mar sin bha iomairet nan laoch,
Gus an do theich na h-iomadh.
Thug sinn ar n'aghaidh gu lear ;
A's thog sinn leinn Oglaoch creuchdach,
A's Fraoch, a's iomadh fear treun,
A chàradh fo lic an cois na tràghad :
A's Ainnir a tharuinn nan dàil,
Fhuaradh ise urad siar,
A cruth a caocbladh mar neul !
A's sleagh sàithaite na cliaibh—
A com' coinn bu ghile snuadh,
Air caochladhb le dile fala !—
A falt am-lubach cleachdach
Na dhualaibh a falach a taobh—
Bha h-acain leoin fadheoidh,

Mu Oglaoch caomb a graidi !
Thog sinn dà lic le 'n còinnich,
A's sheinn an filidh an clìu ;
'S am fuigheal brònach a mhair,
Thog sinn thar lear ar siuil !*

Bha sinn làthà sgìth air chuan,
Air udal seach stuadhan ard,
A seoladh gu muladach trom,
As eagais an t-suinn 's a ghràidh.

" A's dh-fhag sibh mo laogh an céin,"
Arsa Collath, 's a dheur a ruith ;
" Bu gheal an cridhe bha na chom,
'S bu choaine no deo grein a chruith.
Shaoileam, Oglaoch treuin,
Gu biodh tu leam fhein an diugh,
Mar neart dhomh am shean aois,
A's feasgar mo là dbomh dlù,
Is gearr an rè a fhuaire
Thu, Ogain a b'uaisle gniomh !
Bu mhor treoir do lamh 's do lainn :
A's thuit thu, Oglaoch nach bu chìl !
Ach mairidh do chliù 'san dàn,
A's triallaidh misse gun dàil a d' dheigh,
Gu eilean nan flath san iar,
'S mo ghrian a laidhe air lear.
'S neo-aoibhinn a sealla an tràs—
Phìlidh dhàin nach eil i 'm bròn ?"
" Tha," thuitr Biinn-ghuth gu caòin ;
" Ach duisgadh i thall ud a ceòl.†"
'N uair threigeas i sinne car seal,
Cha bhi gal air saoibh tha thall,
" Ach Fhounair, aithris do sceul,"
Arsa Collath fein, an sin.
" Eilean mo gaoill, 's e a t' ann,"
Arsa 'm Filidh, ar fear iuil.
" An t-eillean mu'n iadl an euan ard,
A togail a chinn gu cur' !
Togail a chinn tro cheo-allaidh,
A's neul a folach gach stuadh.

Mo chean ort fein, ge d' is cian,
Caraid thial bu mhor gràdh !
De shiol fhlathaibh nad ceud chath,
Thainig oirn' an là nach àdh !
Thuit na gaigich, thuit na saoïdh.
'S traugh an laoidh a tha nn 'r beul !
A caoïdh sliochd Chollaith nan gràdh ;
A's fhlà an l'nta a thuit uaithe cian.
O fhinne gaoil a tha gun mhairg,
'S e mo chreach ! an fhairg tha steach.

* This description of the heroine is beautiful and affecting. On the fall of Ardan she was set at large, and sought her friends in the midst of danger ; a spear pierced her side—they found her like a pale cloud, inquiring for the youth of her love with her latest breath !

† See Note, Mordubh, page 1, line 39.

‡ Annir, daughter of Armin, Chief of Rutha, poetically called "The bloom of beauty."

Anns a cheitein ùrar, bhlà,
Bhiod dreach is àill' air gach slios.
Is gorm badanach am fraoch,
Am faigheadh na saoïdh an suain ;
'S gur deacair, diamhair, cluan an fhéidh,
'S am biodh Collath treun, 's a shluagh.
Bha 'n t-àm sin, arsa an Ceannard fein,
Mar là grein ghil, cubhraidh, caoin !
Ach thainig feasgar an là sin ro luath,
A's threig mo shluagh, mar dhealt fo grein,
'N uair thainig dù'-ncoi o na speur,
'S a h-òr-fhalt fein bha sgaoilt' gu h-ard,
Sguabadh gu h-am-lubach air falbh,
'S cha robh a dealbh air cnoc no sliabh.
Ach, 'ghrian, thig là do bhroin,
N uair nach laidh thu le ceòl 'san iar,
S nach eirich thu 's an ear le treoir,
Ach mall mar mis', am chiabhan liath."
Bhiodh eneas Bhrai-shealla ri grein
Shamhráidh, fo gach feur a's cneamh ;
An ealabhuidh 's an noinean bànn,
'S an t-sobhrach an gleann fàs nan luibh ;
Anns am faigheadh an leighe liath,*
Furtachd fiach do chreuchd a's leòn !
Olla shiol nan sleaghan gear,
Da'n comhnidir o chéin an t-Sroin.
'S traugh nach rohh e san àr,
'N uair thàr sinn gu tràigh fad as !
'S bheireadñ e na saoïdh o'n bhàs,
'S bhiodhmaid mar bu ghnàth airlear.
'S iomadh iomart bha rí m' linn,
Cruai' bheumach air chinnt gach uair;
A's shileadh ar deoir mar fhras nan speur,
'N ra thuiteadh gaigsech threun nam buadh.

'S ann mar sin, a Chollaith, bha sinn,
Ri linn na thréig a's nach pill,
'N uair thuit do chòlan treun,
Ceannard Rutha, nach bu tiom.
Thuit an crann a b' ùrar fàs,
A faillean mo gràidh san fhonn ;
Mar mhaomis sleibh, no dealan speur,
Leagadh Ceann-feadhna nan cath.
An dh-fhag e ach am meanglan òg ?
Ainnir nach beò leinn an nochd !
'S ann o d' fheumach fein a bha iad,
'S ni 'm beil a lathaир dhiù mac rath.

Goirdh a chomhachag á creig,
A's freagraidh guth airt-neul a h-uaimh ;
Mar sin ar guileag bhròin ro lag,

* The belief was common among the Caledonians, that for all the diseases to which mankind is liable, there grows an herb somewhere, and generally not far from the locality where the particular disease prevails—the proper application of which would cure it.

A nis a tuireadh gu truagh.
Thàr sinn mar so leis an oidhche,
Gun aoidh, gun chuilm, gun cheòl ;
Laidh smal air gach fonn a's feur,
A's dhòrchaich na reultan fo hhròu.
'S faoin carraig Chollaith a nochd—
Is faoin tha Innis fa sprochd,
Leth dhoilleir ameasg nan nial,
A's saoïdh nan rath air àrradh cian.
Thainig cù* le burai bròin,
Bha'n gaothar tiamhaidh truagh !
Nach cianail a nis am bruth,
A's Rutha nan stùc ann an gruaim !
Gun laoch aig baile ni sealg ;
Gun chuilm, gun mhùirn, gun choin.

Slan lcibh a bhéannaibh mo ghaoil,
Anus am faighinn mang a's damh ;
Soradh le Armuinn a thréig,
Ni h-eibhinn nan deigh ar seal.
"Tha binneas," arsa Collath, "a d' bhròin,
'N tra dhuisgeas tu smaoin mu'r n-òig' le gean
Beannachd leibh uile gu lò
'San còdhail sinn thall o'n eug,
Far nach liobh gaisgeach a laim,
Far an dealrach òigh gun fheal.
'S am biodh Oglaoch a's Ainnir
Mar reultan soillseach nan speur—
An auma ag lasadh le gaol,
Mar dbeo grein' an aghaidh gun smal,
Mar so biodh aisling mo shean aois,
'N uair db'eireas mo ghuth gu bròn binn !
'S nach dirich mi Creubb-bheinn an feidh,
Ach mall air lárach a ghlinn'.
Beannachd a's ciad soraidh slànn
Le beanutaibh mo ghràidh 's mo rùin,
O'n sgar an aois sinn san am,
'S mi gun sleagh, gun lann, gun lùgh.
Biodh tuireadh na h-eala 'na m' bheul,
A's i 'san lèig an déis a leòn !
Air a fagail faoin lea féin,
'S e sud m' acain, éigh mo bhròin !

Dh-fhailig mo spionnad 's mo threis,
Chaochail mo mhothachl 's mo bhlas,
Ni 'm beil e ionmuinn na their,
Tha m' intinn gun chàil, air meath,
Tha m' eibhneas uileadh air falbh
Le blianaibh calma na h-òige.
Is ciannail fuireach air traigh
Sean aois, gun m' aiseag a null ;
'S mo thògradh gá m' glreasad gu luath,
Gu Flath-innis shuas gu bràth."

* The dog, of all animals the most sagacious and attached mourns the absence or death of his master.

MIANN A BHAIRD AOSDA.*

O càraibh mi ri taobh naur allt,
A shiubhlas mall le ceumaibh ciùin,
Fo sgàil a bbarraich leag mo cheann,
'S bi thùs' a ghrian ro-chairdeil rium,

Gu socair sìn 's an fheur mo thaobh,
Air bruach nan dithean 's nan gaoth tlà,
'Smo chas ga sliobadh 's a' bharon inaooth,
S e lùbadh tharais caoin tro'n bhlàr.

Biodh sòbhrach bhàn is àillidh snuadh,
M'an cuairt do'm thulaich is uain' fo' dhriùchd,
'S an neòinean beag 's mo lamh air cluain,
'S an ealahuidh' aig mo chluais gu h-ùr.

* 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-bhàd*, 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 shade 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 or 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 hillock, greenest when bedewed; my hand gently inclined, and the *ealv*† at my ear in its freshness.

Around the lofty brow 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.

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.

* We likewise find Treig spoken of in "*Oran na comhaeachaidh*," where the author of that piece says, "*Oladh mi a Treig mo tream-shath*."

† An herb called St John's wort.

Mu'n cuairt do bhruachaibh àrd mo ghlinn,
Biodh lùbadh ghéug a's orra blà;
'S clann bheag nam preas a' tabhairt seinn,
Do chreagaibh aasd' le òran gràidh.

Briseadh tro chreag nan eidhean dlù,
Am fuaran ùr le torramam trom,
'S freagraidh mac-talla gach ciùl,
Do dh' fhuaim srutha dlù nan tonn.

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

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 ery 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.

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 clouds.

I see Scur-eilt 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 roes, and of elks.

Let joyous ducklings swim swiftly on the pool of tall pinewoods. A strath of green firs is at its head, bending the red rows 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 unencumbered.

She travels oft over the sea to the cold 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 hast 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 echoings of thy wounded heart—the song of love.

* Allusion is here made to a fir of wood.

M'an cuairt biodh lù-chleas nan laogh,
Ri taobh nan sruth, no air an leirg.
'S am minnean beag de'n chòmhraig sgith,
'N am achlais a' cadal gu'n cheilg.

Scrutbadh air sgéith na h-ösraig mhìn,
Glaodhan maoth nan crò mu'm chluais,
'N sin freagraidh a mheanmh-spreigh,
'Nuair chluinn, an gineil, is iad a ruith a nuas.

A ceum an t-sealgair ri mo chluais!
Le stranna ghàth, a's chon feagh sléihh,
'N sin dearsaidh an òig air mo ghruaidh,
'N uair dh-eireas toirm air sealg an fhéidh,

Dùisgidh smior am chnaimh, 'nuair chluinn,
Mi tailmrich dhös a's chon a's shreang,
Nuair ghaodhar—“ Thuit an damh ! ”
Tha mo bhuinn, a' leum gu beò ri àrd nam beann.

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

Chi mi 'n uamh a ghabh gu fial,
'S gu tric ar ceumaibh roi 'n oidhch';
Dhùisgeadh ar sunnd le blathas a crann,
'San sòlas chuaach a bha mòr aoibhneas.

Bha ceò air fleagh bhàrr an fhéidh
An deoch á Tréig 's an tonn ar ceòl,
Ge d' sheinneedh tàisg 's ge d' rànadh sléibh,
Sintte 's an uaimh bu sheamh ar neoil.

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 boary locks forlorn.

Are the tears in thine eyes, O thou virgin most modest and beauteous, 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 conflict.

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

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

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 eyes 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 extended 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.

Chi mi Beinn-àrd is àillidh fiamb,
Ceann-feadhna air mhile beann,
Bha aisling nan damh na ciah,
'S i leabaidh nan nial a ceann.

Chi mi Sgorr-eild' air bruach a ghlinn'
An goir a chuach gu binn au tòs.
A's gorm mheall-àild' na mìle giubhas
Nan luhan, nan earba, 's nan lön.

Biodh tuinn òg a snàmh le sunnd,
Thar linne 's mìne giubhas, gu luath.
Srath ghiubhas uain' aig a ceann,
A' luhadh chaoran dearg air hrauach.

Biodh eal' àluinn an uchd bhàin,
A snàmh le spreigh air bharr nan toun,
'Nuair thogas i sgìath an àird,
A measg nan nial cha'n fhàs i tràm.

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

Bì thusa ri dosan nan tom,
Is cumha' do ghaol ann ad bheul,
Eala' thríall o thír nan tonn
'S tu seinn dhomh ciùil an aird nan speur.

O! eirich thus' le t-òran ciùin,
'S cuir naigheachd hhochd do bhròin an ceil.
'S glacaidh mac-talla gach ciùil,
An gùth tòrsa sin o d' bheul.

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 curling locks.

Hast thou forsaken me, O pleasant dream? Return yet—one little glimpse return: thou will not hear me, alas! I am sad. O beloved mountains, 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 everlasting.

O place me within hearing of the great waterfall, 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 slumber, deaf to the sound of music. Open the hall where dwelt Ossian and Daoil. The night shall come, and the bard shall not be found.

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

Tog do sgiath gu h-àrd thar chuan,
 Glac do luathas bho neart na gaoith,
 'S eibbinn ann am chluais am fuaim,
 O'd chridhe leòint—an t-òran gaoil.

Co an tir on gluais a' ghaoth,
 Tha giulan glaoïdh do bhoirion on chreig?
 Oigeir a chaïdh uain a thríl,
 'S a dh-fhàg mo chiabh għlas gu'n taic.

B'eil deòir do ruisg O! thusa ribhinn,
 Is mine mais 's a's gile làmh?
 Sòlas gu'n chríoch do'n grhuaidh mhaioith,
 A chaoidh nach gluais on leabaidh chaoil.

Innsibh, o thréig mo shuil, a ghaoth',
 C' àit' am beil a chuil' a fàs,
 Le glaođhan bròin 's na brìc r'a taobh,
 Le sgiath gun deò a cumail blàir.

Togaibh mì—càraibh le'r laimh threin,
 'S cuiribh mo cheann fo bharrach ùr,
 'N uair dh'eireas a' għriant gu h-àrd,
 Biodh a sgiath uain' os-ceann mo shùl.

An sin thig thu O! aisling chiùin,
 Tha 'g astar dlù measg reull na h-òidhch',
 Biodh gnoiñih m' oidhche ann ad cheòl;
 Toirt alinsir mo mhùirn gu'm chuiñhn'.

O! m'anam faic an ribhinn òg,
 Fo sgéith an daraich, righ nan flath,
 'S a laimb shneachd' measg á ciabhan òir,
 'Sa meall-shuil chiùin air òg a gráidh.

E-san a' seinn ri taobh 's i balbh,
 Le cridhe leum, 's a snàmb' na cheòl,
 An gaol bho shuil gu suil a falbh,
 Cuir stad air féidh nan sleibhteann mòr.

Nis thréig am fuaim, 's tha cliabh geal mìn,
 Ri uchd 's ri cridhe gaol a' fas,
 'S a bilibh ùr mar ròs gun smal,
 Ma bheul a gaol gu dlù an sàs.

Sòlas gun chríoch do'n chomunn chaomh,
 A dhùisg dhomh m' aobhneas àit nach pill,
 A's beannachd do t-anams' a rùin,
 A nighean chiùin nan cuach-chiabh grinn.

'N do thréig thu mi aisling nam buadh?
 Pill fathast—aou cheum beag—pill!
 Cha chluuin sibh mi Ochoin! 's mi truagh.
 A bheannaibh mo ghraidi—slàn leibh.

Slàn le comunn caomh na h-òige,
 A's oigheannan lòidheach, slàn leibh,
 Cha leir dhomh sibh, dhuibhse tha samhradh,
 Ach dhomsa geamhradh a chaoidh,

O! cuir mo chluas ri fuaim Eas-mòr
 Le chrònán 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 chuaин,
 Osag mhìn a għluais gu mall,
 Tog mo cheò air sgiath do luathais,
 'S imich grad gu eilean fħlaiteis.

Far'm beil na laoich a dh-fhalbh o shean,
 An cadal trom gun dol le ceòl,
 Fosqlaibh-sa thalla Oisein a's l-haoil,
 Thig an oidhche 's cha bhi'm bard air bħrath.

Ach o m'au tig i seal m'an triall mo cheò,
 Gu teach man bard, air àr-bheinu as nach pill.
 Fair cruit's mo shlige dh-iunnsaidh 'n ròid,
 An sin; mo chruit, 's mo shlige għraidi, slàn 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 bard upon Arden, the departure of the poet's shade to the hall of Ossian and Daoi, 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 recognise his composition as the genuine offspring of nature—as real poetry.

The poet has enumerated those rural occupations which afforded him delight in the vigour 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 upon earth.

A' CHOMHACHAG.*

A Chomhachag bhochd na Sròine,
A nochd is brònach do leabaidh,
Ma bha thu ann ri linn Donnaghail,
Cha'n ioghnadh ge trom leat t-aigheanadh.

"S co'-aoise mise do'n daraig,
Bha na faillean ann sa' choiintich,
'Siomadh linn a chuir mi romham,
'S gur mi comhachag bhochd na Sròine.

Nise bho na thà thu aosda,
Deun-sa t-fhaosaíd ris an t-shagart,
Agus innis dbà gun èuradh,
Gach aon sgeula ga'm beil agad.

Cha d' riunn mise braid' no breugan,
Cladh na tearmann a bhristeadh
Air m' fbear fén cha d' roinm' mi ionluas,
Gur cailleach bbochd ionraig mise.

Chunnacas mac a Bhrithaimh chalma,
Agus Feargus mor an gaisgeacb,
As Torradan liath na Sròine,
Sin na laoich bha domhail, taiceil."

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

Chunnaic mi Alasdair Carrach,
An duin' is allaire bha 'n Albainn,
'S minig a bha mi ga éisteachd,
'Se aig reiteach nan tom sealga.

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

* This poem is attributed to Donald Macdonald better known by the cognomen of *Dòmhnull mac Fhiuillaidh nan Dàr*—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 down with the toils of the chase,

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

"S ann a bha cuid mhor de m' shinnisir,
Eadar an Innse a's an Fhearsaid,
Bha cuid eile dhiu' ma'n Dèaghthaigh;
Bhiodh iad ag éigeach 'sa'n fheasgar.

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

Creag mo chridhe-s' a Chreag ghuanach,
Chreag an db-fhuair mi greis de m' àrach.
Creag nan aighean 's nan damh siùbhilach,
A chreag ùrail, aighealach, ianach.

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

'S binn na li-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 dös,
Ri ullinn nan corra-bheann cäs,
'S an elidh bhiorach is caol cös,
Ni fois fo dhuileich ri teas.

Gun de chéil aic' ach an damh,
'S e 's muime dh'i feur a's creamh,
Mathair an laogha mheana-bhric mbír,
Bean an fbír mhall-rosgaich ghlain.

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 ay 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 *Æsop*, 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.

'S siùhhlach a dh' fhalbhais e raon,
Cadal cha dean e sa'n smùir,
B' feart leis na plaid e fo' thaobh,
Bàrr an fhraoich bhadanaich ùir.

Gur àluinn sgeamh an daimh dhuinn,
'Thearnas o shireadh nam beann,
Mac na b-eilde ris an t-shonn,
Nach do chrom le spìd a cheann.

Eilidh bhinneach, mheargant, bhallach,
Odhar, eangach, uchd réidh àrd,
Damh togalach, croic-cheannach, sgiamhach,
Crònanach, ceann-riahhach, dearg.

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

Creag mo chride-sa chreag mhor,
'S ionmbuinn an lòn tha fo ceann,
'S anns' an lag a th' air a cùl,
Na machair a's mùr nan gall.

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

B' annsa' leam na dùrdan hodaich,
Os ecann leic ri earadh sìl,
Bùirean an daimh 'm bi ghnè dhuinnead,
Air leacann beinne 's e ri sìn.

'N uair bhùras damh Beinne-bige,
'S a bhéucas damh Beinn-na-craigie,
Freagraidh na daimh ud da chéile;
'S thig féidh a' Coirre-na-snaige.

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

Cha mhi-fhìn a sgaoil an comunn,
A bha eadar mi 'sa Chreag-ghuanach,
Ach an aois ga'r toirt o chéile,
Gur grathunn an fhéil' a fhuras.

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

Cha mhinig a bba mi 'g éisdeachd,
Re sèideadh na muice-mara,
Ach 's tric a chuala mi mòran,
De chrònanaich an daimh allaidh.

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

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

Fad 'sa bhithinn beò no maireann,
Deò dhe 'n anam an am chorp,
Dh-fhanainn am fochar an fhéidh,
Sin an spreidh an robh mo thoirt.

C'ait' an eualas ccòl hu bhinne,
Na mothar gadhair mhoir a' teachd,
Daimh sheannga na' ruith le gléann,
Miol-choin a dol annt a's ast'.

'S truagh an diugh nach beò an fheogbainn,
Gun ann ach an ceò de'n bhuideann,
Leis 'm bu mhianach gloir nan gadhar,
Gun mbeoghal, gun òl, gun bhruidbhinn.

Bratach Alasdair nan Gleann,
A sròl fathrumach ri crann,
Suaicheantas shoilleir sbíol Chuinn,
Nach do chuir suim an clann għall

'S ann an Cinn-Ghiubhsaich na laidhe,
Tha nàmhaid na graidhe deirge,
Lamh dheas a mharbhadh a bhradain,
Bu mhath e 'n sāhaid na feirge.

Dh-fhag mi san Ruaidhe so shios,
Am fear a b' olc dhoms' a bhàs,
'S tric a chuir e 'thagradh an cruathas,
Ann cluais an daimh chahraich an sàs

Raonull Mac-Dhomhnuill ghais,
Fear a fhuair fòghlum gu deas,
Deagh Mhae-Dhomhnuill a chuil chais,
Ni'm beò neach a chòmhraig leis.

Alasdair cridhe nan gleann,
Gun e hhi ann mor a' chreach,
'S tric a leag thu air an tom,
Sliochd nan sonn leis a chù ghlas.

Alasdair mac Ailein mhòir,
'S tric a mharbh sa' bheinn na féidh,
'S a leanadh fad air an tòir,
Mo dhoigh gur Domhnallach treun.

A's Dòmhnullach thu gun mhearrachd,
Gur tu buinne geal na crugach,
Gur càirdeach thu do Chlann-Chatain,
S gur h-e dalt thu do'n Chreig-ghuanaich.

Ma dh-fhàgad Domhnall a muigh,
Na aonar a' taigh na' fleagh,
S gearr a bhios guag air bbuil,
Luchd a cbruidb bi'dh iad a staigh.

Mi'm shuidb air sìth-bbrutb nam beann,
A coimhead air ceann Locha-Tréig,
Creag ghuanacb am biobd an t-sbealg,
Grianan ard am biobd na féidh.

Chi mi na Dù-lochain bhuam,
Cbi mi Cbruach, a's Beinne-bbreac,
Cbi mi Srath-Oisein nam Fiann,
Chi mi ghrian air Meall-nan-leac.

Chi mi Beinn-Neamhais gu h-àrd,
Agus an càrn-dearg ri bun,
A's coire beag eile ri taobh,
Cbit' as monadh faoin a's muir.

Gur rìmheach an coire dearg,
Far 'm bn mhiannach leinn bhi sealg,
Coire nan tulachean fraicb,
Innis nan laogh 's nan damh garbh.

Chi mi braidh Bbidean-nan-dös,
'N taobh so bhos do Sgurra-lidb,
Sgurra-chòinnitib nan damh seang—
Ionmuinn leam an diugh na chì.

Chi mi Srath farsuinn a chruidh,
Far an labhar gutb nan sònns,
A's Coire creagach a mhaim,
A' minig a thug mo làmh toll.

Cbi mi Garbh-bheinn nan damh donn,
Agus Slat-bheinn nan tom sìth,
Mar sin agus an Leitim dbubh,
S an tric a rinn mi ful na' frítb.

Soraidb gu Beinn-allta bhuam,
O'n 's i fhuair urram nam beann,
Gu slios Loch-Earrachd an fbéidb,
Gu'm b'ionmuinn leam féin bhi ann.

Thoir soraidh uam thun an Loch',
Far am faicte 'bos a's thall,
Gu uisge Leamhna nan lach,
Mnime nan laogh breac 's nam meann.

'S e loeb mo chridhse an loch,
An loch, air am biodh an lach,
Agus iomadh eala bhàn,
'S bh'idb iad a snàmh air ma seach,

Olaidh mi a' Tréig mo theann-shàth,
Na dheidh cha hli mi fo mhlud,
Uisge glan nam fuaran fallan,
O'n seang am fiadh a nì 'n langan.

'S buan an comunn gun hristeadh,
Bba eadar mise 's an t-uisge;
Sùgh nam mor bheann gun mhisge,
'S mise ga òl gun trasgadh.

'S ann a bha 'n commun bristeach,
Eadar mise 's a Chreag-sheilicb,
Mise gu bràth cha dirich,
Ise gu dìlinn cha teirinn.

On labhair mi umaibh gu léir,
Gabhaidb mi fbéin dibh mo chead,
Dearmad cha dean mis an àm,
Air fiadbacb ghleann nam beann beag.

Cead is truaighe ghabhadh riabh,
Do 'n fbiadhaich bu mhòr mo thoil,
Cha 'n fbalbh le hogha fo m' sgéith,
'S gu là-bbràth cha leig mi coin.

Tha blaidd mo bhogha 'n am uchd,
Le agh maol, o'dhar is äit,
Ise ceanalt 's mise gruamach,
'S cruaigh an diugh nacb buan an t-shlat.

Mis' a's tusa ghadhair bhàin,
'S tòrsach air turas do 'n eilean,
Cbaill sinn an tathunn a's an dàn,
Ge d' bha sinn grathunn ri ceanal.

Thug a choille dhìlot'-s' an earb',
'S thug an t-àrd dhòm-sa na féidh,
Cba n eil näire dhuiinn a laoicb,
O'n laidh an aois oirnn le chéil'.

'Nuair a bha mi air an da chois,
'S moch a shiubhlain hhos a's thall,
Acb a nis on fhuair mi trì,
Cha ghuais mi ach gu min, mall.

Aois cha n'eil thu dhunn meachair
Ge nach feudar leinn do sheachnadh,
Cromaichd tu 'n duine dìreach,
A dì' fbàs gu mileanta gàsda.

Giorraichdh tu air a shaoghal,
Agus caochlaidh dhidh tu 'chasas,
Fagaicd tu ebean gun deudach,
'S ni thu eudann a chasad.

A Shinead chas-aodannach, pheallach,
A shream-shuileach, odbar, Éitidb,
Cia ma 'n leiginn leat a lobhair ?
Mo bhogha toirt dbiom air éiginn.

O'n 's mi-fhìn a h' fhearr an airidh,
Air mo bhogha ro-math iubhair,
No tbusa aois bhothar, sgallach,
Bbios aig an teallach ad shuidhe.

Labhair an aois a ritist;
 " 'S mo 's ruighinn tba thu leantainn.
 Ris a bhogha sin a ghiùlan,
 'S gur mòr bu chuibhe dbut bàta."

Gabh thusa bhuamsa 'm bàta,
 Aois grànda chairtidh na pléide,

Cha leiginn mo bhogha leatsa,
 Do mhathas no d' ar, eigin.

" ' S iomadh laoch a b' shearr no thusa,
 Dh-fbàg mise gu tuisleach anfhan,
 'N déis fhaobhachadh as a sheasamh,
 Bha riomhe na fheasgach meannach."

MAIRI NIGHEAN ALASDAIR RUAIDH.

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 any thing 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 ghà le Mac-Leòid*" 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 hò*" 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-Leòid*." 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 Skye. Mary readily agreed to this condition of release, and returned with the boat to Dunvegan Castle.

* 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 *Fionnagh Nighean Alasdair Ruaidh*. This poetess lived in Trotterness, 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.

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 *crònan*,"—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. The song ends with an address to *Tòrmoid nan tri Tòrmoid*.* 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 hrooch. 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 horrifies 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 Tòrmòd*." 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 :—

"Theid mi le'm dheoin do dhùthach Mhic-Leòid,
M' iull air a mhòr luachach sin,
Bu chòile dhomh gum bi m' eòlas san tir
Leòdach, mar pill cruaidh mi,
Siubhlaidh mi 'n iarr, tro dhùlachd nan sian,
Do'n tür g'am bi triall thuath-cheathairn ;
On chualas an seugel buadhach gun bbreug,
Rinn again mo chéibh fhudachadh.

" Chi mi Mac-Leòid 's prisceil an t-bg,
Rimheach gu mòr buadhach,
Bho' Olaghair nan lann chuireadh sròlaibh ri crann ;
'S Leòdaich an dream uambara.
Eiridh na suinn gheusd air na suinn,
'S feumail ri am cruidail iad,
'Na fìuranaibh gharg an am rusgadh ban àrm,
'S clutach an t-ainm fhuaras leibh.

" Siol Tòrmoid nan sgìath foirmeachal fai,
D'b' eireadh do shluagh luath-lamhach ;
Deàlradh nam pios, tòrmàn nam plob,
'S deerbh gu'm bu leibh 'n dualachas ;
Thaing teachdair do'n tir gu macanta mìn,
O ait leam gach ni chualas leam,
O Dhun-bheagan nan steud 'a am freagair luchd-theud,
Bheir greis air gach egeul buaidh-ghloireach.

" 'Nuair chuireadh na laoich loingheas air chaol,
Turas ti gaoith ghluaise leibh,
Ob harraibh nan crann gu tarruinn nam ball,
Teannachadh teamh suas rithe,
Iomairt gu leoir mar ri Mac-Leòid,
Charaich fo shròl uain-dhàit' i,
Bbo' arois an fhion gu talla nam pios,
Gu'm beannaich mo Rìgb 'n t-uasal 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 faim an t-shaimh
'S uaigneach mo ghean,
Bha mis' uair nach b'e sud m' àbbaist,
Bha mis' uair, &c.

Ach plòb nuallanach mhòr,
Bheireadh huaidh air gach ceòl,
'Nuair ghluais't i le meoir Phàdruiig.*
'Nuairt ghluais't i, &c.

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

Gur lionmhoire chùrs
Na'n dealt air an driuchd,
Ann am madainn an tùs maighe.
Ann am madain, &c.

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

Beir an t-soghraidh-so huam,
Gu talla nan cuach,
Far 'm hiodh tathaich nan truadh dàimhail.
Far 'm biodh, &c.

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

Sir Tòrmòd mo rùn,
Ollaghaireach thu,
Foirmeil o thùs t-abhaist.
Foirmeil o thùs, &c.

A thasgaidh, 's a' chiall,
'S e bu chleachdadh dhut riamb,
Teach farsuinn 's e fial fàilteach.
Teach farsuinn, &c.

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

* The celebrated PADRUIG mòr Mac Cruimein, one of the family pipers of Mac-Leod of Dunvegan.

'Naile chunna' mi uair,
S glan an lasadh bha d' ghruaidh,
Fo ghruaig chleachdaich nan dual àr-bhuidh,
Fo ghruaig, chleachdaich, &c.

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

De'n liune a h'fhearr huaidh,
Tha 's na críocheibh mu'n cuairt,
Clann fhirinneach Ruairi làin-mhoir.
Clann fhirinneach, &c.

Cha'n eil cleachdadh mhic rìgh,
No gaisge, no gniomh,
Nach eil pearsa mo ghaoil làn deth.
Nach eil pearsa, &c.

Ann an treine, 's an lùgh,
Ann an ceutaiddh 's an cliù,
Ann am féil' 's an gnuis näire.
Ann am féil, &c.

Ann an gaisge, 's an gniomh,
'S ann am paitle neo-chrion,
Ann am maise, 's am miagh àillteachd.
Ann am maise, &c.

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

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

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

Leodaich mo rùn,
Seorsa fhuair cliù,
Cha bu thoiseachadh ùr dhaibh Sir.
Cha hu thoiseach, &c.

Bha fios co sihh
Ann an iomartas rìgh,
'Nuair hu mhulaidich stri Thearlaich.*
'Nuair bu, &c.

* King Charles II.

Slan Ghàeil no Ghail
Gha' dh-fhuardas oirbh foill,
Dh-aon bhuaireadh g'n d'riun ur namhaid.
Dh-aon bhuireadhb, &c.

Lochluinnich threun
Toiseach ur sgeil,
Sliochd solta bho freumh Mhànuis.
Sliochd solta, &c.

Thug Dia dhut mar ghibht,
Bhi gu morghalach glíc,
Chriosd deonaich' dha d'shliochd bhi àdhmhòr.
Chriosd deonaich', &c.

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

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

I gun dolaidh fo 'n ghrèin,
Gu toileachadh treud,
'S a h-òlachd-a reir ban-rìgh.
'S a h-òlachd, &c.

'S tric a riaraich thu cuilm,
Gun fhiabhrs gun tuilg,
Nighean Oighre Dhun-Tuilm, slànn dut.
Nighean Oighre, &c.

ORAN

NO DHP IAIN MAC SHIR TORMOD MHIC-LECID.*

LUINNEAG.

H-ithill uthill agus ò,
H-ithill ò h-òdireannan
H-ithill uthill agus ò,
H-ithill ò-h-ò-h-òireannan
H-ithill uthill agus ò,
H-ithill ò h-òriunnan
Faillill ò h-ùllill ò,
H-ò ri ghealladh h-i-il-an.

Ge do theid mi do m' leabaidh
Cha'n é cadal is miannach leam,
Aig ro mheud na tuile,
'S mo mhuilean gun iarann air,
Tha mholtair ri paidbeadh,
Mur cailtear am bliadhna mi,
'S gur feumail domh faighinn,
Ge do ghabhainn an isasad i.
H-ithill, &c.

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

Tha mo chion air a chlachair,
Rinn m'aigne-sa riarrachadh,
Fear moar, a bheoil mheachair,
Ge todach, gur briathrach thu,
Gu'm faighinn air m' fhacal
Na caisteil ged farrainn iad ;
Cheart aindeoin mo stàta,
Gun chàraich sud fiachan orm.
H-ithill, &c.

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

Ach a mhic ud Shir Tòrmòd,
Gu'n soirbhich gach bliadhna dhut,
Chuir buaidh air do shliochd-sa,
Agus pisceach air t-iarmadan ;
'S do'n chuid eile chloinn t-athar,
Anns gach rathad a thriallas iad,
Gu'n robb toradh mo dhùrachd
Dol nan rùn mar bu mhiannach leam.
H-ithill, &c.

'Nuair a theid thu do'n fhireach,
'S ro mhath chinneas an fhiadhach leat,
Le d' lothain chon ghleusda
Ann ad dheigh 'nuair thrialladh tu,
Sin, a's cuilbhearr caol, cinnteach,
Cruaidh, direach, gun fhiaradh ann ;
Bu tu sealgar na h-eilid,
A choilich, 's na liath-chirce.
H-ithill, &c.

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

Slan iomradh dhut Iain,
Gu mu rathail a dh' eireas dut,
'S tu mac an deagh athar,
Bha gu mathasach meaghachail,
Bha gu furbhailteach, daonnachdach,
Faolteachail, deirceachail,

Sàr cheannard air trùp thu,
Na'n cuire leat feum orra.
H-ithill, &c.

Gur àluinn am marcach
Air each an glaic diollaid thu,
'S tu cumail do phears'
Ann an cleachdadh, mar dh' iarrainn dut,
Thigeadh sùd ann ad laimh-sa
Lann spainteach, ghorm, dhiash-fhada,
A' paidhir mhath *phiosal*
Air crios nam hall sniomhanach.
H-ithill, &c.

AN TALLA 'M BU GHNA LE MAC-LEOID.

RIGH! gur muladach 'tha mi,
'S mi gun mhire gun mhàrn,
Anns an talla 'm hu gnà le Mac-Leòid.
Righ! gur, &c.

Taigh mor macnasach, meaghreach,
Nam macaibh's nam maighdean,
Far 'm hu tartarach gleadhraich nan còrn.
Taigh mor, &c.

Tha do thalla mor prìseil,
Gun fhasgadh gun dian air,
Far am facadh mi 'm fion hhi 'ga òl.
Tha do thalla, &c.

Och mo dhiophail mar thachair,
Tchainig dìl' air an aitreabh,
'S ann a's cianail leam tachairt na còir.
Och mo dhiophail, &c.

Chi mi 'n chliar a's na dàimhich,
A'tréigsinn na fàrdaich,
On nach éisd thu ri fàilte luchd-ceòil,
Chi mi 'n chliar, &c.

Shir Tòrmad nam hratach,
Fear do dhealbh-sa bu tearc e,
Gun sgeilm a chuir asad no hòsd.
Shir Tòrmad, &c.

Fhuair thu teist, a's deagh urram,
Ann am freasdal gach duine,
Air dheisearchd 's air uirighioll heoil.
Fhuair thu teist, &c.

Leat hu mhiannach coin lùgh-mhor,
Dol a shiuhal nan stùc-hheann,
'S an gunna nach diultadh re b-òrd.
Leat hu mhiannach, &c.

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

Glac throm air do shliasaid,
An deigh a snaiteadh gun fhiaradh,
'S barr dosrach de sgiathan an eoin.
Glac-thorm, &c.

Bhiodh céir ris na crannaih,
Bu neo-eisleanach tarruinn,
'Nuir a leumadh an t-saighead o d' mheoir.
Bhiodh céir ris, &c.

'Nuair a leigte bho d' laimh i,
Cha bhiodh oirleach gun khathadh,
Eadar corran a gáine 's an sméòirn.
'Nuair a leigte, &c.

'Nam dhut tighinn gu d' hhaile,
'S tu hu tighearnail gahhail,
Nuair shuidheadh gach caraid mu d' hhòrd.
'Nam dbut tighinn, &c.

Bha thu measail aig uaislean,
'S cha robh beagan mar chruathas ort,
Sud an cleachdadh a fhuair thu t-aos òig.
Bha thu measail, &c.

Gu 'm hiodh farum air thaileasg,
Agus fuaim air a chlàrsach,
Mar a bhuineadh do shàr mhae Mhic-Leòid.
Gu 'm hiodh farum, &c.

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

CUMHA DO MHAC-LEOID.

Gur e naidheachd so fhuair mi,
A dh-fhuadaich mo chiall uam,
Mar nach hitheadh i agam,
'S nach fhaca mi riamb i;
Gur e Ahhall an lis so,
Tha mise ga iargainn;
E gun ahuchadh meas air,
Ach air briseadh fo chiad hharr.

Gur e sgeula na creiche,
Tha mi nise ga éisdeachd,
Gach aon chneadh mar thig oirn',
Dol an tricead, san deinead,
Na chunnaic, 's na chualas,
'S na fhuaradh o'n cheud là,

Creach nid an t-seobhaic,
Air a sgatha ri aon uair.

Ach a Chlann an fhir allail,
Bu neo mhalaartaich' beusan,
Ann an Lunnuinn, 's am Pàris,
Thug sibh barr air na ceudan,
Chaidh n-ur clù tharais
Thar talamh na h-Eiphit,
Cbeaun uidbe luchd-ealaidh,
'S a leannan na féileachd.

Ach a fhriamhaich nan curaidh,
'S a chuirein nau leoghan,
A's ogha an dà sheanar,
Bu chaitheamaich' loisteann ;
C'ait' an robh e ri fhaotunn
Air an taobhs' an Roinn-Eòrpa,
Cha b' fhurrasd ri fhaighinn
Anns gach rathad, hu dòigh 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 Tòrmad a mhac-sa,
A thasgaidh mo chéille !
Gur e aobhar mo ghearain,
Gu'n chailleadh le chéil' iad.

Nach mòr an sgeul sgrìobhaidh,
Nach iongnadh leibh fèin e,
Duilleach na craoibhe,
Nach do sgaileadh am meanglan,
An robh clù, agus onair,
Agus moladh air deagh-bheairt,
Gu daonachdach, carthannach,
Beannachdach, ceutach.

Ge goirt leam an naidheachd,
Tha mi faighinn air Ruairidh,
Gun do chorp a bhi 'san Dùthaich,
Anns an tuama bu dual dut ;
Sgeul eile nach fusadh,
Tha mi clastaing san uair so,
Ged nach toir mi dha creideas,
Gur beag orm ri luaidh e.

Gur ro bheag a shaoil mi,
Ri mo shaoghla gu'n eisdinn,
Gun cluinneamai Leòdaich,
Bbi ga'm fogradh o'n òighreachd,
'S a'u còraichean glana,
'S a'm fearann gun déigh air
'S ar ranntanan farsuinn,
Na'n rach-te 'n am feum sud.

Gu'n eireadh na t-aobhar
Clanu-Raonuill, 's Clann-Dòmhnuill,
Agus taigh Mhic 'Illeain,
Bha daingheann 'n-ur seòrsa,
Agus fir Ghlinne-Garaidh,
Nall tharais á Cnòideart,
Mar sud, a's Clann Chama-Shroin,
O champ Inbhir-Lòchaidh.

'S heag an t-iongnadh Clann-Choinnich,
Dheanadh eiridh ri d' ghuilean,
'S gu'n robbh thu na'm fineachd,
Air t-fhilleadh trì uairean,
'S e mo chreach gu'n do Chinneadh
Bhi ma chruinneachadh t-uaghach,
No glaodh 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 fuli 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 Boirhe,
'S ann a stoidhleadh thu'n tòiseach ;
Gur ioma fuil mhorgha,
Bha reota sa chorp ud,
De shliochd armunn Chinntire,
Iarl' II', agus Röis thu.

Mhic Iain Stiubhairt* na h-Apunn,
Ged a's gasd' an duin' òg thu,
Ged tha Stiubhartach heachdail,
Iad tapaidh 'n àm fairneart,
Na ghahhsa mèanmadh, no aiteas,
A's an staid ud, nach còir dhut,
Cha toir thu i dhaindeoin,
'S cha'n fhaigh thu le deòin i.

C'uim' an tigeadh fear coigreach
A thagradh ur'n Oighreachd ;
Ged nach eil e ro dhearbhta,
Gur searbh e ri eisdeachd,
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 bròn,
O'n là dh-eug thu 's nach beò,
Mu m' fhiuran faighidneach, còir,
Uasal, aighearrach, òg,
'S uaisle shuidhe mu bhòrd,
Mo chreach t-fhaiginn gu'n treòir eiridh.

'S tu'n laoch gun laigse, gun leòn,
Macan minn-géal gun sgleòd,
B' fhearail, finealt an t-òg,
De shliochd nam fear mòr,
D'a bu dual a bhi còir,
'S gu'm b'fhiù faiteal do bheoil eisdeachd.

'S tu chlann na h-irenn a b'fhearr,
Glan an riamh as an d'fhàs,
Cairdeas rìgh as gach ball,
Bha sud sgrìobt' leat am bainn,
Fo laimh duine gun mheang,
Ach thu lion-te de dh-ardan euchdach.

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

Fhuair mi m' àilleagan ùr,
'S e gun smal air gun smùr,
Bu bhreac minn dearg do ghuinns,
Bu ghorm laoghach do shuil,
Bu għlaġn silasaid, n's glùn,
Bu deas, dainghean, a lùb 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 ruraig,
Air dhaibh buille cha b'uaир cìs e.

Ach fhir a's curranta lamh,
Thug gach duine gu cràdh,
'S truagh nach d'fhuirich thu slan,
Ri uair cumaig no hlàir,
A thoirt cìs dheth do nàmh,
Bu leat urram an là cheudaich.

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

Stad air m'aighean an dè
Dh'halbh mo inharcanta féin,

Chuir mi'n ciste nan teud,
Dhiult an gobha dhomh gléus,
Dhiult sud mi 's gach leighe
'S chaidh m'onair, 's mo righ dh'eug thu.

Thuit a chraobh thu a bhilair,
Rois an graine gu lär,
Lot thu 'n cinneadh a's chràdh,
Air an robh thu mar bharr,
Ga'n dionadh gach là,
'S mo chreach! bhuinig am bàs treun ort

'N am suidhe na d' sheomar,
Chaidh do bhuidhean an òrduig,
Cha b'ann mu aighean do phòsaihdh,
Le nighean larla Chlann-Dòmhnuill,
As do dheigh mar bu chòir dh'i,
'S ann chaidh do thasgaidh san t-sròl 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,
Sàr Cheannard air sluagh,
Mo chreach, t-fhagail ri uair m'fheime.

Ach fhuair mi m' àilleagan òg,
Mar nach b'abhaist gun cheòd,
Saoir ri caradh do bhòrd,
Mnai ri spionadh an fheòir,
Fir gun tāllisg, gun cheòd,
Gur bochd fulang mo sgeòil eisdeachd.

'Nuair a thionail an sluagh,
'S ann bha'n tioma-sgaradh cruaidh,
Mur gbàir sheillean am bruach,
An deigh na meala thoirt uath,
'S ann bha'n t-eireadh bochd truagh,
'S iad ma cheannas an t-sluagh threibhaich.

MARBH RANN DO DH' IAIN GARBH
MACILLECHALUM RARSADH.*

Mo bheud, 's mo chràdh,
Mar dh'eirich dba
'N fhearr ghleusda, ghraidh,
Bha treun san spàirn,
'S nach faicear gu bràth thu' n Rarsa.

Bu tu 'm fear curanta, mor,
Bu mhath cumadh, a's treòir,
O t' uilean gu d' dhòrn,
O d' mbullach gu d' bhròig,
Mhic Muire mo leon,
Thu bli 'innis nan ròn,
'S nach faighean thu.

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

'S math lùbadh tu pic
O chùl-thaobh do chinn,
'Nam rusgadh a ghill,
Le ionnsaidh nach pill,
'S air mo laimh gu'm bu cinneteach saighead uat.

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

Bu tu sealgair an fhéidh,
Leis an deargta na bein ;
Bhiodh coin earsbach air éill
Aig an Albanach threun ;
Cait' am faca mi fein
Aon duine fo 'n gheirein,
A dheanadh riut euchd flathasach.

Spealp nach dibreadh,
An cath, nan stri thu,
Casán dìreach, fad' finealt,
Mo chreach dhioibhail
Chaidh thu dhìth oirn, le neart sìne,
Lamh nach dibreadh caitheadh orr'.

'S e dh-fhag silteach mo shuil,
Faicinn t' fhearaínn gun sùrd,
'S do bhaile gun smùid
Fo charraig nan sùgh,
Dheagh mhic Chalam nan tùr a Rarsa.

Och ! m' fheudail bhuam,
Gun sgeul sa' chuan,
Bu ghè mhatn snuadh,
Ri grein, 's rí fuachd,
'S e chlaoidh do shluagh,
Nach d' fheud thu 'n uair a ghabhail orr'.

Mo bhéud, 's mo bhròn,
Mar dh' eirich dhò
Muir beucach, mor,
Ag leum mu d' bhòrd,
Thu féin, 's do sheòid
'Nuair reub 'ur seòil,
Nach d'fhaod sibh treòir
A chaitheadh orr.

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

CHUMHA MHIC-LEOID.

Cha sùrd cadail,
An runs air m'aigneadh,
Mo shuil frasach,
Gun sùrd macnais,
'S a' chùirt a cheileadh mi :—
Seul ùr ait ri eisdeachd.

'S trom an càdthrom so dhrùidh,
Dh-fhag mo chùslein gun lùgh,
'S tri snigh' mo shuil,
A tuiteam gu dlù ;
Chail mi iuchair' mo chuil :
Ann a cuideachd lùchd-ciuil,
Cha téid mi.

Mo neart 's mo threoir,
Fo thasgaidh bhòrd,
Sàr mhac 'Ic-Leòid,
Nan bratach sröil,
Bu phailt' ma'n òr,
Bu bhinn-caisneachd sgeoil ;
Aig lùchd-astair
A's ceòil na h-Eireann.

Co neach ga'n eòl,
Fear t-fhasaù beò,
Am blasdachd beoil,
'S am maise neoil,
An gaisge glois,
An ceart san coir ;
Gun airceas na sgleòd féile.

Dh-fhalbh mo sòlas,
Marbh mo Leodach,
Calama, cròdha,
Meanamnach rò-għlic,
Dhearbhbh mo sgeoil-sa,
Seanachas eolais ;
Gun chearb foghlui,
Dealbhach rò-ghlan t-eagaisg.

An treas la de'n Mhàirt,
Dh' falbh m'aighear gu bràth,
Bi sùd saighead mo chraidi,
Bhi 'g amhare do bhàis,
A ghnuis fhlathasach àilt ;
A dheagh mhic rathail,
An àrmuinn euchdaich.

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

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

Fo bhùird na ciste,
Chaidh grùnnidh a ghliocais,
Fear fughant, miséal,
Cuilmeach, gibteil,
An robh cliù gun bhriseadh ;
Chaidh ùir fò lic air m' eudail.

Gnùis na glaïinne,
Chùireadh sunnd air fearaibh,
Air each crùidheach ceann-ard,
'S lànn ùr than ort,
Am beart dblù dhainghinn :
Air cùll nan clann-fhàlt teùd-bhuidh.

'S iomadh fear aineoil,
Is aoidh 's lùchd eallaidh,
Bheir turnais tamul,
Air crùin a mhalaïrt,
Air iùil 's air ainne,
Bu chluith gun aithreis bhreug è.

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

Bu tric aoidh chairdean,
Gu d' dhùn àdhmhòr,
Sullbhear, fàilteach,
Cuilm-mhor stàtoil,
Gun bhuirb gun àrdan :
Gun diultadh air mál dheirceach.

Thù shliochd Ollaghair
Bha mor morgha,
Nan seòl corra-bheann,
'S nan còrn gorm-ghlas,
Nan ceòl òrghan
'S nan seòd bu bhorb ri eigin.

Bha leath do shloinnidh,
Ri siol Cholla,
Nan cise tromadhl,
'S nam pios soilleir,
Bho choig-amh Coinneach,
Bu lion-mhor do luingeas breid-gheal

'S iomadh gàir dalta,
'S mnài bhàs-bhualt,

Ri là tasgaidh,
Cha 'n fbàth aiteis,
Do 'd chairdinn t-fhaicinn
Fò chlàr glaisde,
Mu thruaidh ! chreach an t-eug sinn.

Inghinn Sheumais nan crùn,
Bean chéilidh ghlann ùr,
Thùg i ceud ghradh ga rùn,
Bu mbòr a' h-aobhar ri sunnd,
Nuair a shealladh i'n ghnuis a céile.

Sì fhras nach ciuin,
A thainig as ùr,
A shrac air siùl,
Sa bhrist ar stiùir,
'S ar cairt mhath iùil,
S ar taice cùil ;
'S air caidridh ciùil,
Bhiodh againn 'na d'thùr éibhinn.

'S mor an iùnndrain tha bhuainn,
Air a dànahd 's an uaigh,
Air cuinneadh 's ar buaidh !
Air curam 's ar 'n ùaill ;
'S ar sùgradh gun ghruaim
'S fad air chuimhne
Na fhuaire mi fein deth.

LUINNEAG MHIC-LEOID.

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

I h-urabh ò, i h-oiriunn ò,
I h-urabh ò, i h-oiriunn ò ;
I h-urabh ò, h-ogaidh hò-ro,
H-i-rì-ri rithibh hò-i ag ò.

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

I hurabh o, &c.

Gun caint' ann 's gach fearann,
Gum b' airidh fear t-ainm air ;

Fear do cheille, 's do ghliocais,
Do mhisнич, 's do mheanmainn.
Do chrudail, 's do ghaisge,
Do dhreach, 's do dhealbha ;
Agus t-òlachd as t-uaisle,
Cha bu shuarach ri leanmuinn.

I h-urabh o, &c.

Agus t-òlachd, as t-uaisle,
Cha bu shuarach ri leanmuinn ;
Dh-fhuil dìreach righ Lochluinn ;
B' e sid toiseach do sheanachais.
Tha do chairdeas so-iarraidh,
Ris gach Iarla tha 'n Albuiinn ;
'S ri uaislean na h-Eireann,
Cha breug. ach sgeul dearbht' e.

I h-urabh o, &c.

'S ri uaislean na h-Eireann,
Cha bhreug ach sgeul dearbht' e ;
A mhic au fhìr chliùtich,
Bha gu fiughantach ainmeil.
Thug barrachd an gliocas,
Air gach Ridir bha 'n Albuiinn ;
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,
Bhidh gu beachdail mor, meanmnach.
Bhidh gu fiughant', fial, farsuinn,
O'n a ghliachd sibh mar shealbh 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 fhearr a dh' fhuirich,
Nir chluinnean sgeul marbh ort.
Ach eudail de dh-fhearaibh ;
Ge do ghabh mi bh'uat tearbadh ;
Fhir a chuirp 's glan cumadh,
Gun uireasaidh dealbha.

I h-urabh o, &c.

Fhir a chuirp 's glan cumadh,
Gun uireasaidh dealbba ;
Cridhe farsuinn, fial, fearail ;
'S math tbig geal agus dearg ort.
Suil ghorm 's glan sealladh,
Mar dhearcaig na talmhuinn ;
Lamh ri gruaidh ruiteach,
Mar mhuaig na feara-dhiris.

I h-urabh o, &c.

Lamh ri gruaidh ruiteach.
Mar mhuaig na feara-dhiris,
Fo thaghna gruaige,
Cul dualach, nan cama-lub.
Gheibhte sid ann a t-fhardaich,
An caradh air ealachuin ;
Miosair a's adbarc,
Agus raogha gach armachd ;

I h-urabh o, &c.

Miosair a's adhare,
Agus raogha gach armacbd ;
Agus lanntainnean tana,
O'u ceannaibh gu 'm barra-dhleis.
Gheibhte sid air gach slios dhui,
Isneach a's cairbinn ;
Agus iubhair chruaidh, fhallain,
Le 'n tafaidin cainbe.

I h-urabh o, &c.

Agus iubhair chruaigh, fhallain,
Le 'n tafaidin cainbe,
A's cuilbhéirean caola,
Air an daoirid gu'n ceannacht' iad.
Glac nan ceann liobhta,
Air chuir sios ann am balgaibh ;
O iteach an fhìr-eoin,
'S o shioda na Gaille-bheinn'.

I h-urabh o, &c.

O iteach an fhìr-eoin,
'S o shioda na Gaille-bheinn' ;
Tha mo chion air a churaidh,
Mac Mhuire chuir sealbh air.
'S e bu mhiannach le m' leanalbh,
Bhi 'm beannaiibh nan sealga ;
Gabhail aighear na fridhe,
'S a direadh nan garbh-ghlac.

I h-urabh o, &c.

Ghabhail aighear na frithé
'S a direadh nan garbh-ghlac ;
A leigeil na'n cuilein,
'S a furan na'n seanna-chon.
'S e bu deireadh do'n fhuran ud,
Fuil thoirt air chalgaibh,
O luchd nan céir geala ;
S nam falluinnean dearga.

I h-urabh o, &c.

O luchd nan céir geala,
'S nam falluinnean dearga,
Le d' chomhlain dhaoin' uaisle,
Rachadh cruaidh air an armailbh.
Luchd aithneachadh latha,
'S a chaitheamh na fairge,
'S a b'urainn ga seòladh,
Gu seòl-ait' an tarruinnt' i.

I h-urabh o, &c.

AN CRONAN.

An naigbeachd so 'n dè
 Aighearrach i,
 Moladb do 'n léigh,
 Thug maileart d'am chéil
 'Nis teannaidb mi féin ri crònan,
 Nis teannaidb &c.
 Beannacbd do 'n bbeul,
 Dh-aithris an sgeul
 Cba gbearain mi féin
 Na chailleadh 's na dh-eug
 'S mo leanabh na dheidh comh-shlan
 'S mo leanabh, &c.,

Nam biodb agamsa fíon
 Gum b'ait leam a dhiol,
 Air slainnta do tbighinn,
 Gud chairdean 's gud thrír,
 Mhic àrmuinn mo ghaoil,
 Be m' ardan 's mo phrís,
 Alacb mo rígh thoghbhail
 Alach mo rígb, &c.

'S fàth mire dhuinn féin,
 'S do'n chinneadb gu leir,
 Do philleadh on eug,
 'S millis an sgeul,
 'S binne no gleus òrgain,
 'S binne no glus, &c.
 'S e m' aiteas gu dearbh,
 Gu'n glacair grad sheallb,
 An caisteal nan àrm
 Leis a mhacan da'n ainm Tòrmod,
 Leis a mhacan, &c.

Tha mod hui's ann an Dia,
 Guir muirneach do thriall,
 Gu Dùn ud nan cliar,
 Far bu dutchdas do 'm thriath,
 Bhiodh gu fiughantach fiall foirmeil,
 Bhiodh gu fiugheantach fiall, &c.

Gu Dun turaideach àrd,
 Be sud innis nam bàrd,
 'S nam filidh ri dàn,
 Far bu mhinig an támh,
 Cba b'ionad gu'n bhlàs daibh sud,
 Cha b'ionad gu'n bhlaithas, &c.

Gu àros nach crion
 Am bidh gàraicb nam pìob
 'S nan clàrsach a ris
 Le dearsadh nam pìos
 A' cuir sàradh am fion
 'S ga leigeadh an gniomh òr-cheaird,
 'S ga leigeadh an gnooinh, &c.

Buagbach am mac,
 Uasal an t-slat,
 Dha'n dual a bhi ceart,
 Cruadalach pait,
 Duais-mhor am beachd
 Ruaineach an neart Leòdach
 Ruaineach an neart, &c.

Fiùran a chluain,
 Dùisg san deagh uair,
 'S dù dhut dol suas,
 'N cliù 's ann am buaidb,
 'S dùchas do'm luaidh,
 Bbidh gu fiughantach suaire ceol-bhinn
 Bhidh gu fiughantach suaire, &c.

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

Leansa 's na treig,
 Cleachdadb a's beus,
 T-aiteam gu leir,
 Macanta seimh,
 Pailt ri lucbd theud,
 Gaisgeil am feum,
 Neart-mhor an deigh tòireachd
 Neart-mhor an deigh, &c.

Siochd Ollagbair nan lann,
 Tbogadh sroiltean ri crann,
 Nuair a thoisich iad ann,
 Cha bu lionsgaradh gann,
 Fir a b' fhirinneach bann,
 Friseil an dream,

Riogbail gun cball còrach.
 Rioghail gun chall, &c.

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

Uasal an treud,
 Deas, cruadalach, treun,
 Tha'n dual'chas dhut féin,
 Théid ma d' ghuaillich ri t-fheum,
 De shliochd Ruairi mhòir feil,
 Cuir sa suas a Mhic Dhé an t-og Rígh,
 Cuir sa suas a, &c.

Tha na Gàëil gu leir,
 Cho cairdeach dhut féin,
 'S gur feaird thu gu t-fheum,
 Sir Domhnult á Sleibht,
 Ceannard nan ceud,
 Ceannsgalach treun rò ghlic,
 Ceannsgalach treun, &c.

'S math mo bhaireil 's mo bheachd,
 Air na firrain 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 Chnòideirt.
 Na fir sin bho chluain, &c.

'S leat Mac-Shimidh on Aird,
 'S Mac Choinnich Chinntail,
 Théid 'nad t-iomairet gun dail,
 Le h-iomadaidh gràidh,
 Cha b'ionghantach dhaibh,
 'S gur lionmhòr do phairst òhaibh sin.
 'S gur lionmhòr do phairst, &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 àrm,
 Bheireadh ceartachadh garbh,
 Is iad a chlaistinn ort fearg,
 Eadar Bràcadal thall as Brolas.
 Eadar Bracadal, &c.

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

A Chroasd cinnich thu féin,
 An spiunnadh 's an céitl,
 Gu cinneadail treun,
 'N ionad na dh' éug,
 A Mhic an fhir nach d' fhuair beum,
 'Sa ghineadh o'n chré rò-ghlan.
 'Sa ghineadh o'n chré, &c.

A Rìgh nan gràs,
 Bìdh féin mar gheard,
 Air feum mo ghràidh,
 Dean oighne slàn
 Do'n Teaghlach àigh,
 Da'n robh caoimhneas air bharr sòlais,
 Da'n robh caoimhneas air bharr, &c.

I A I N L O M ;

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 Manntach*, 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 McDonalds, 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 1663. 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-Dughall*; 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 McDonald.

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. McDonald 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 drop of

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

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 Archibald 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 greater cause he made one of a party. A poet is often led away by

* Alluding to vellum.

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 Argyleshire 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 Argyleshire 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 Argyleshire 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 patronymic, *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 àite?"—"Chunnaic," ars Iain. "C'ài te?"—"An Inbher-Lòchaidh."—"A! Iain, Iain, cha sguir thu gu bràch de chagnadh nan cainbeulach?"—"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 Inverlochay," 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-aingeal 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 Glen-coe, composed an elegy to him when standing on his grave, beginning thus:—

"Na shleadh 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.

LA IN LOM.

MORT NA CEAPACH.

'S tearc an diugh mo chùis ghàire,
Tigh'n na ráidean so 'niar ;
'G amharc fonn Inhher-làire,
'N deigh a stràchdadh le siol ;
Tha Cheapach na fàsach,
Gun aon aird oirre 's fìach ;
'S leir ri fhaicinn a hluàithrean,
Gur trom a bhàre oirnu an t-sion.

'S ann oirnne thainig an diomhuain,
'Sa 'n iomaghuiin gheur ;
Mur tha claidbeamh ar finne,
Cho minig n' ar deigh ;
Paca Thurcach gun sireadh,
Bhi a pinneadh ar cleiħ ;
Bhi n' ar breacain g' ar filleadh,
Measg ar cinne mor fein.

'S gearr o chomhairl' na h-acoine,
Dh' fhag a chaoiðh sinn fo sprochd ;
O am na feill-Micheil,
Ge h'e nith rinn mo lot ;
Dh' fhag sud n' ar miol-mhùir sinn
'S na'r fuigheall spuirt air gach port ;
'Nuair theid gach cinneadh ri chéile,
Bidh sinne sgaoilte mu 'n chnoc.

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

B' iad mo ghraidh na cuirp chùraidi,

Anns 'm bu dìù chur na'n sgian ;

'S iad na 'n sineadh air ùrlar,

'N seomar ùr ga 'n cur sios ;

Fo chasan shiol Dùghaill

Luchd a spuilleadh na 'n cliahh ;

Dh' fhag àlach am hiodag

Mur sgàile ruidil 'ur hian.

C' aite 'n rohh e fo 'n adhar,

A sheall n'ur khathais gu geur,

Nach tugadh dhuihh athadh,

A luchd 'ur lahhairt 's 'ur bheus :

Mach o chlainn hhrathaix n-athar,
Chaidh 'm bainn an aihhistieir threin ;
Ach mu rinn iad bhur lotsa.
'S trom a rosad dhaiħh fein.

Tha sihh 'n cadal thaigh duinte,
Gun smuid deth gun cheo ;
Far 'n d' fhuair sihh 'n garbh dhùsgadh,
Thaoħħ 'ur chħil a's 'ur beoil ;
Ach na 'm faigheadi sibh üne
O luchd ur mhi-rùin bbi beo ;
Cha hu bħaile gun surd e,
Biodh air' air müriu's air luchd-ceoil.

A leithid de mhort cha rohh 'n Alhuinn,
Ged hu hħorħ iad na 'm beus ;
'S hochd a sgeul eadar bħraithrean,
E dħol an lathair mhic Dhé ;
Mur am hăt air an linne,
G b'e shireadh na dèigh ;
Cha tain' a leithid do mħilleadh,
Air ceann-cinnidh fo 'n għrċin.

Tha mulad air m' iuntinn
Bhi 'g innseadh bhur beus
'S ann a għabha iad am fath oirħħ
'N uair chuaidh 'ur fagħiż leibh fein
'Sa chuir sibh cungaidh 'ur cħasaib,
Ann an Aros na 'n tēud ;
'S 'ur huachaillean hăt-h-chruih,
Ann an garadħ nam péur.

'S ann an sin a hha 'n cinneadh,
Bh' air am milleadh o 'n ceil ;
Chaidh a għlaċadha droch spioraid,
Ann an ionad fiamh Dhé ;
Sin am fath mu 'n rohh sgħinean,
Cho minig 'n 'ur deigh ;
'S a 'neach nach do hhuaileadh,
Bhi ga bħuain anns a bħréig.

Ach a Mhoir-fhear Chlann-Domhnui

'Sfad do chomhnuidh measg Ghall,

Dh' fhag tu sinne n'ur hreislich,

Nach do fħreasdail thu 'n t-am ;

Nach do gleidħ thu na h-itean,

Chaidh gun fħios dut air chall ;

Tha sinn corrach as-t-aogais,

Mur cholainn sgaoilte gun cheann.

Gur h-iom' ḥġanach sgaiteach,
Lub hhachlach, sgiath chrom ;

Eadar drochaid Allt Eire,
 'S Rugha Shleibhte nan tonn ;
 A dbeanadh leat eiridh
 Mu 'm bioldi do chreuchdan lan tholl ;
 'S a rachadh bras ann a t-eirig,
 Dheagh Shir Sheumais nan long.

Chuir Dia oirnn craobh shio-chaint,
 Bha da 'r dionadh gu leoir ;
 Da 'm bu choir dhuinn bhi striochdadh,
 Fhad 'sa 'n cian bhiodbmaid beò ;
 Mas sinn fhein a chuir dith oirr',
 B' ole an diladhn sin oirrn ;
 Tuitidh tuagh as na flaitheas,
 Leis an sgathar na meòir.

'N glan fhiuran so bb' againn,
 'N taobh so fhlaiteas Mhic Dhé ;
 Thainig sgiursadb a bhàis air,
 Cbaill sinn thoirt le srachd geur ;
 'N t-aon fhiuran a b' àillidh,
 Bh' ann 's phairee 'n robb speis ;
 Mur gu 'm huaineadh sibh àilean,
 Leis an fhàladair geur.

Tha lioann-duhh air mo bhualadh,
 'N taobh tuathal mo chleibh ;
 'S mu mhaireas e buan ann,
 B' fearr leam uam e mur chéud ;
 Gar an teid mi g'a innseadb,
 Tha mi cinnteach a' m' sgeul ;
 Luchd dbeanadh na sithe,
 Bhi feadh na tire gun deigh.

A BHEAN LEASAICH

AN STOP DHUINN.*

A bhean leasaich an stop dhuinn,
 'S lion an cupa le sòlas,
 Mas a branndai uo beoir i, tha mi toileach a h-òl
 'N deochs' air Captain Chlann-Domhnuill,
 'S air Sir Alasdair òg thig on chaol.

'M fear nach dùirig a h-òl
 Gun tuit 'n t-shuil air a bhorad as,
 Tha mo dhùrachd do'n òigeir,
 Crann curaich Chlann-Domhnuill,
 Righ nan dùl bhi gad chònadb 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 caitheamh gu daor.

* This song was composed on account of the laird of Glenarry 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 McDonald of Slatie, and Sir James his son.

Sliochd a ghabhail nan steud thu,
 Dh' fhas gu flathasach feile,
 Do shiochd gasda Chuinn cheutaich,
 'S a bha taghaich an Eirinn,
 Ged a fhuair an claidhe 's an tèug oirbh sgiob.

Bhiodb an t-iubhar ga lubadh,
 Aig do fhleasgaicbean ùra,
 Dol a sbiubhal nan stùc-bheann,
 Ann 's an uighe gun churam,
 Leis a hhuidheann ro 'n ruisgte ua gill.

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

'S an am dhut gluasad o 't-aitreamh,
 Le d' cheòl cluas' agus caismeachd,
 O thir-uaasal nan glas-charn,
 Ga'n robh cruadal 's gaisge,
 Gam bu shuaineas harr gaganach fraicb.

'Nuar a thairte fo luchd i,
 Bhi tarruinn suas air a cupaill,
 Bord a fuaraidh 's ruidh chuip air,
 Snaim air fuathail a fiuch bhuidir,
 'Sruth mu guailibh 's i suchta le gaoith.

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

Gu Dun-Tuilm nam fear fallain,
 Far an greadhnach luchd elalaith,
 Gabhail failte le caithream,
 As na clàrsaichean glana,
 Do mhnaoi òig nan teud banala hinn.

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

'S ioma neach a fhuair coir uaibh,
 Anu sann àm ud le'r góraich,
 Ban diu Rothaich 's Ròsaich,
 Mac-Choinnich 's Diùc Gordon,
 Mac-'Illeain o Dreolain 's Mac-Aoidh.

Be do shuaicheantas taitneach,
 Long, 's leoghan, 's bradan,
 Air chuan liobhara an aigeil,
 A chraohh fhigeis gun ghaiseadh,
 A chuireadh fion di le pailteas,
 Lamh dhearg ro na gaisgeach nan tim.

Nuar bu sgith de luchd-theud e,
Gheibhte Bioball ga leughadh,
Le fior chreideamh a's céille,
Mar a dh' orduich mac Dhé dhuibh,
S gheibhte teagast na Cléir' uaibh le sith.

Mhic Shir Seumas nam bratach,
O bhun Sleinbhe nam bradan,
A ghlac an fheile 's a mhaise,
O cheann cíle do leapa,
Cum do reite air a casan,
Bi gu reusanta, macanta, mìn.

Sliochd na mílidh 's nam fearabh,
Na sròl 's nam pios 's nan cup geala,
Thogadh sioda ri crannaibh,
Nuar bu rioghal an tarruinn,
Bhiodh piobh rímheach nam meallan da seinn.

Gum bu slán 's gum a h-iomlan,
Gach nì tha mi g-iomradh,
Do theaghlaich rìgh-Fionghall,
Oighre dilgeach Dhùn-Tuilm thu
Olar deoch air do chuilin gun bhi sgì.

ORAN DO SHIOL DUGHAILL.*

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

Mi ga m' fhogradh á Clachaig,
'S mi gun mhànuis gun aitreibh,
'S nach h-e 'màil a ta fairtlearachadh orm.
Mi ga m', &c.

Mi ga m' fhogradh á m' dhùthaich,
'S m' flearann pòst' aig siol Dùghaill,
'S iad am barail gu 'n ùraich iad còir.
Mi ga m', &c.

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

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

O nach d' fhàs mi 'm fhear morta,
Gu bhi sathadh mo chuirce,
Mur bha na cairdean-curtà 's taigh mhòr.
O Nach d' fhàs, &c.

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

Fuil a taosgadh o lotan,
Dh-fhaoise thogail le copan,
Rutha na caochan ma bholtaiibh am bròg.
Fuil a taosgadh, &c.

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

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

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

Cleas dàn muaoi a chruiteir,
Mun ghuionmh nàrach riùn musag,
Thug i lamb air a phluiceadh le dòrn.
Cleas dana, &c.

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

'Nuar bha a bheisid air a buaireadh
Na cionnta fèin's i lan uabhair,
Theid an eucoir an uachdar car seoil.
'Nuar bha, &c.

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

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

Mire shrutha r'a darach,
Ga cuir an uigheam gu h-aithghearr,
Craiune giubhais fo sparaibh a seoil.
Mire shrutha, &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."

'Nuair a lagadh a ghaoth oirnn,
Bhiodh seol air pasgadh a h-aodaich,
'S huidheann ghasda mo ghaöil ri cuir hhòd.
 'Nuair a lagadh, &c.

Rainmh mu 'n dunadh na hasaihh,
'S iad a luhadh air hhacaihh,
Sud a chùrsachd o 'n atadh na leois.
 Rainmh, &c.

Buird ùr air a totaihh,
'S i na deann thun na cloiche,
Muir dhu-ghorm a' sgolltadh m'a hòrd.
 Buird ùr air, &c.

AN CIARAN MABACH.

GED' tha mi m' eun fògraidh san tì-sa,
Air mo ruagadh as na crìochan,
Glòr do Dhia's do dh' Iarla Shì-phort,*
Cha hhi sinn tuille fo 'r hinse.

O rò rò seinn, cò nam b'äil leibh ?
O rò rò seinn, cò nam b'äill leibh ?
Call abhar-inn o, calman-codhail :
Trom orach as o, cò nam b'äill leibh ?

Sir Seumas nan tùr 's nam haideal,
Gheihh luchd muirne cuirm a' t-aitreahh,
Ge do rinn thu 'n dùsal cadail,
S' éihinn leam do dhùsgadh madainn.

O ro ro sin, &c.

* "After the murder of the children of Keppoch *Iain Manntach*, the poet, had to flee for his life to Ross-shire, 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 Eglington, 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.

Slàn fo d' thriall, a Chiarain mhabaich,
Shiùhladh sliah gun bhiadh, gun chadal ;
Fraoch fo d' shìn' gun hhòsd, gun hhagradh ;
Chuir thu ceò fo 'n ròiseal hhradach.

O ro ro sin, &c.

Rinn thu mhoch-eiridh Di-dòmhnaich,
Cha h' ann gu 'n aitreahh a chòmhach,
Thoirt a mach nan cas-cheann dòite,
Chur sradag fo hraclaich na feòla.

O ro ro sin, &c.

Mhoire 's huidheach mis' a Dhia ort,
Quid de 'n athchuing' hha mi 'g iarraidh,
'N grad spadadh le glas lannaih liatha,
Tarruinn ghad air fad am fiacal.

O ro ro sin, &c.

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

O ro ro sin, &c.

Cha d'iarr thu hâta no long dharaich,
Ri àm geamhraidh 'n tùs na gallinn,
Triuhas teann feedli hheann a's hhealach,
Coiseachd hhonn ge trom do mhealag.

O ro ro sin, &c.

Ach na'n cuireadh tu gach cuis gu àite,
Mu 'n sgaol thu t-itean air sàile,
'Nuair dh-eitich thu lnhher-làire,
B'fheird do mheas e measg nan Gàel.

O ro ro sin, &c.

'S ann leam nach hu chruai' an ghaoir ud,
Bh-aig mnaith galach nam falt sgaolteach,
Bhi 'gan tarruinn mar hheul-snaoisein,
Sealg nam hoc mu dhos na maoilseach.

O ro ro sin, &c.

'S maирg a rinn fhòglam san droch-hheitir,
'N déigh am plaosgadh fhuair hhur ploicneadh,
Caigneann 'g am faoisgneadh a copar,
Mar chinn laoigh 'an déigh 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 leihh,
Thig an sop á m' bhraghad.
 'S ge fad, &c.

O 'n bha sheanns' orinn a chluinntinn,
Ged bu teann a bha chuing oirnn ;
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 priosan,
'N am theachd an righ g'a àite.
Gur h-ole, &c.

Thug Dia dhuinn furtachd,
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 stiuridh air t-fhardaich,
'Sa Thearlaich, &c.

Ma chaidh thu 'sa chathair,
Gun aou bhuiile claidheimh,
'N ainm an athar 's an ard Righ.
Ma chuaidh, &c.

'S thu thigh'n dhachaigh gu d' rioghachd
Mur a b' oil le d' luchd mi-ruin
'N coinneamh ri mile 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 dùsgadh á cadal,
Na madadh-ruadh chuir a braclaich,
'Nuair a fhuaradh thu lag, ach bhi t-aicheadh.
Cha b' fhas, &c.

Na mearlaich uile chuaidh dh' aon-taobb,
Ghearr muineal Mhoir-fhear Hunndaidh,
'S math choisinn le bunndaidh am páigheadh.
Na mearlaich, &c.

Leam is eibhinn mur thachair,
Mur dh' eirich do 'n bhraich ud,
Bha gach ceann d' i na bacbhagan 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 olc an leasan diciadain,
Mur a furtach thu Dhia air,
A ta feitheamh an larla neo bhaidheil.
'S olc an leasan, &c.

'N am rusgadh a cholair,
Theid an ceann deth o choluinn,
Glòir agus moladh do 'u ard-Righ.
'N am, &c.

Le maighdeinn sgorr-sluileach smachdail,
Dh' fhasgas giallan gun mheartuim,
Dhuiveas fairas a Mharcuis mhi-chairdeil.
Le maighdeann, &c.

'S ged 's e thùs cha 'n e dheireadh,
Do luchd dhnsgadh an teine,
'S mar mo rùn do 'n chuid eile da chairdean.
'S ged 's e, &c.

Mur bha Lusifer tamull,
'N deigh air thus bhi na Aingeal,
Chaidh sgùrsa' le an-iochd a Phàrais.*
Mur bha, &c.

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

'S mor a b' fhéarr dhut na moran,
No na chruinnich thu stòras,
Bhi tional an otrach gu d' ghàradh.
'S mor a b' fhéarr, &c.

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

Na farabhalaich bhreaca,
Bha tarruinn uainn ar cuid beartais,
Cluir an righ mach a Whitehall dhuinn.
Na farabhalaich, &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.

LATHA INBHER-LOCHAIDH.*

LUINNEAG.

*H-i rim h-ë-rò, h-ò-rò leatha,
H-i rim h-ë-rò, h-ò-rò leatha,
H-i rim h-ë-rò, h-ò-rò leatha,
Chaidh an latha le Clann-Dòmhnuill.*

An cuala' sibhse 'n tionndadh duineil,
Thug an camp hha 'n Cille-Chuimein ;
'S fad chaidh ainn air an iomairt,
Thug iad as an naimhdean iomain.

H-i rim, &c.

Dhírich mi moch madainn dhòmhnaich,
Gu barr calsteil Inbher-Lochaidh,
Chunna' mi 'n t-arm a dol an ordugh,
'S hba buaigh an là le Clann-Dòmhnuill.

H-i rim, &c.

Direadh a mach glun Chuil-eachaith,
Dh' aithnich mi oirbh sùrd 'ur tapaith ;
Ged bha mo dhuthaich na lasair,
'S érig air a chùs mar thachair.

H-i rim, &c.

Ged bhiodh Iarlachd a bhraghaid,
An seachd bliadhna so mar tha e,
Gun chur, gun chliathadh, no gun àiteach,
'S math an riadh hho 'm heil sinn paigthe.

H-i rim, &c.

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

H-i rim, &c.

'S ioma fearr goirseid agus pillein,
Cho math 'sa hha riamh dheth d' chinneadh,
Nach d' fhoad a bhotann thoirt tioram,
Ach faoghulum snàmh air Bun-Neimheis.†

H-i rim, &c.

Sgeul a h-äite 'nuair a thigeadh,
Air Caím-heulaich nam beul sligneach,
H-uile dream dhiu mur a thigeadh,
Le hualadh lann an ceann ga 'm bristeadh.

H-i rim, &c.

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

† 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."

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

H-i rim, &c.

Ge he dhireadh Tòm-na-h-aire,
Bu lionor spog ùr ann air dhroch shailleadh,
Neul marbh air an suil gun anam,
'N deigh an sgìùrsadh le lanman.

H-i rim, &c.

Thug sibh toiteal teith ma Lochaidh,
Bhi ga 'm hualadh ma na srònai,
Bu lion'or claidheamh clais-ghorm comhuard,
Bha bualadh an lainhan Chluain-Dòmhnuill.

H-i rim, &c.

Sin 'nuair chruinnich mor dbragh na fhalachd,
'N am rusgadh na 'n greidlein tana,
Bha iongnan nan Duimbneach ri talamh,
An deigh an luthean a ghearradh.

H-i rim, &c.

'S lionmor corp nocte gun aodach,
Tha na 'n sineadh air chnocaing fhraoiche,
O 'n blhar an greastea na saoidean,
Gu ceann Leitir blar a Chaorainn.

H-i rim, &c.

Dh' innsinn sgeul eile le firinn,
Cho math 'sa ni cleireach a sgrìobhadh ;
Chaidh na laoich ud gu 'n dichead
'S chuir iad maoin air luchd am mì-ruin.

H-i rim, &c.

Iain Mhuideartaich nan seol soilleir,
Sbeoladh an cuan 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 siubbal clearach,
A thug Alasdair do dh' Albainn,
Creachadh, Josgadh, agus marbhadh ;
'S leagadh leis coileach Strath-bhalgaidh.

H-i rim, &c.

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

H-i rim, &c.

Alasdair nan a geur laun sgaiteach,
Gheall thu 'n dé a bhi cuir as daibh,
Chuir thu 'n retreuta seach an caisteal,
Seoladh gle mhath air an leantuinn.

H-i rim, &c.

Alasdair nan geur lann guineach.
Na 'm biodh agad armuinn Mhuile;
Thug thu air na dh' fhalbh dbiu fui'reaoch,
'S retreut air pràbar an duileisg.

H-i rim, &c.

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

H-i rim, &c.

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

H-i rim, &c.

Bhur sgrìos mu 's truagh leam 'ur caradh,
'G eisdeachd an-shocair 'ur pàistean
Caoidh a phannah bh' ann 's 'n àraich
Donnalaich bhan Earraghàel.

H-i rim, &c.

LATHA THOM-A-PHUBAILL.*

LUINNEAG.

Hō-rd 's fada, 's gur fada,
'S cian fada gu leoir,
O 'n a chailh thu air thuras,
Do bhaile Lunnainn nan cleo;
Na 'n cluinneadh tu fathunn,
Le rabhadh an eoin;
'S gu 'n taoghladh tu 'n rathad,
'S mi nach gabhadh dheth bròn!

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

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

A Mhoir-fhear Chlann-Dòmhnuill,
Chum thu chòdhail gu duineil;
'Nuair a shaoil an t-larl Aorach,
Do chuir gun abhar a Muile;
Bha thu ròimhe 'n Dun-eideann,
'S dh' fhagh thu leigheart mu choinne,
'S gun aon eislein a' t-aigne,
Dh' eisd thu chasadai an Lunnainn.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

Ach a Mhoir-fhear Chlann-Dòmhnuill,
'S fad do chomhnuidh measg Ghall;

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

A laoich aigeantaich phrisell.
Oig rimheich an aigh:
Tha maise an fhiona,
Ad ghruaidh dìreadh an aird ;
'S tha thu shliochd nan tri Cholla,
Ga 'm biodh loingeas air sàil.
Ho ro 's fada, &c.

'S truagh nach robh iad na ciadan,
Do luchd sgàth agus lann;
Do na h-oganaich threubhach,
Nach euradh *adbhans* ;
Cha bhi'mid ag eigheach,
Co da 'n eireadh an call ;
'S ann aig geat Inbher-Aora,
Ghabh mo laoich-sa gu càmp.
Ho ro 's fada, &c.

'M bruadar chunnaic mi 'm chadal,
B' feart gu 'm faciun e 'm dhùisg ;
'S mi nach fuireadh ni b' fhaide,
Ann am plaide air m' ùigb,
Sealladh 'n sin do d' ghnùis aobhach,
'Nuaир a phlaosadh mo shuil,
B' ionann eiridh do m' aigne,
'S leum a bhradain am bùrn.
Ho ro 's fada, &c.

Gur mise bha tùrsach,
'N am dhomh dùsgadh o m' blruadar ;
Bhi facinn do cbursaibh
Dol a null air Druim-uachdair ;
Bhi gad chuir 'sa 'n tolla-dhubh,
'S gun mo dhuitl thu thig'n uaithe ;
Laidh smal air mo shugradh,
Gus an duisgear an uaigh dhomh.
Ho ro 's fada, &c.

Tha pruip air do chul-thaobh,
'S math a b' shiu dhùt am faighneachd ;
Eoin Abrach o 'n Ghiùbhsaich,
Cha toir cubair a ghreim deth ;
'S Gilleasbuig a Bhraighe,
Gu latha bhràth nach bi 'm foill dut ;
Mac Iain 'sa chinneadh,
Gu 'n imicheadh an oidhch leat.
Ho ro 's fada, &c.

'S ioma marcaiche statail,
Gar an àir' mi ach cui'd diu ;
Eadar geata bhraighe Acuinn,
Gu slos Blair nam fear luidneach ;
Mur ghabh sud a's braigh Ard-dhail,
Agus braighe Bochuídair ;
Ghabhadh leigeadh gu statail,
'N eirig là Tom-a-phubaill.
Ho ro 's fada, &c.

'S ioma òganach guineach,
Laidir, duilich, do-ainhicht ;

Eadar braigh' uisge Thurraid,
'S caol Mhuile nan canach ;
Ghearradh beum le 'n arm guineach,
Ga 'n iomain do 'n fheamainn ;
Aun an eirig nam muineal,
Chaidh a chur sa 'n Aird-reanaich.

Ho ro's fada, &c.

'Sfad o'n chuala' mi seanchas,
'S mi 'm sheana-ghiuillan gòrach ;
Mu 'n do chuir mi crios-féilidh,
Os ceann leine no còta ;
Bhi ga innse gu soilleir,
Anns' gach coinnidh a's còdhail,
Gu 'm bu chairdeach an sloinneadh,
Siol Mhoire's Clann-Domhnuit.

Ho ro's fada, &c.

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

Ho ro's fada, &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 guineach na Duimhnich,
'S iad siol Chuinn a bha cruaidh.

Ho ro's fada, &c.

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

Ho ro's fada, &c.

LATHA AIRDE-REANAICH.

SLAN gun dith dbut a Mharcuis,
Dirreach, maiseach, gun chromadh ;
Da shuil ghorm fo d'chaol mhala,
Nach d' fhas gu balachail, bronach ;
Cheatr cho chinuiteach 'sa 'm bàs,
Ged tha thu 'n dràsd as an t-sealladh :
Gu 'm beil mulad fo d' chom ort,
Mu bbas Ghoud Iarla Moire.*

* See the sixth stanza of the foregoing Son.

'S ceart 's cho cheart mar mo dhurachd,
Le beachd mo shul gur mi chunnach ;
Cha robh agaïn do sgathan,
Ach greasad trà do 'n taigh grunnaich ;
"Aisling caillich mar a dùrachd,"
Gach mio-rùn bha do 'n duin ud ;
Ged bu ladurna 'n cùl-chaint,
Stad a chuis air an iomall.

Cha b e aingeachd na tuatha,
Gluais am marcus le dhaoine ;
Ach togail a bhrataich,
'G iarraidh smachd air luchd aobhair ;
Fhuair thu iuchair na còrach,
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 linnis-Chonnain uan canach,
Gu ruig bail' Inbher-Aora.

'S ard Lieutenant o 'n righ thu,
Thug thu sgrìobh do dh' Earr'ghàel,
Bu leat Tairbeart 's Cinn-tire,
'S gach aon nith bh'annis an ait ud ;
Agus Ile bheag riabhach,
Mu 'n iath a mhuir shàile ;
'S goirt a chnead a ta' m chliabh-sa,
Fhad 's bha 'n t-iasad gun phàigheadh.

Thighearn oig Ghlinne-garaidh,
Na bi falach do rùin oirnn ;
Oighre 'n duin' thu tha mairean,
Tha thu 'd charaïd dhuinn dùbailt ;
Cha bheo e 's cha mhairean,
Na ni ar sgaradh o d' chul-thaoibh,
A luchd nan ceanna-bhearta' crabhaidh,
Thionndaidh falächd a chrùin ruibh.

'S e do charaïd mor d'dealaidh,
Mac 'Ic-Ailein a Muideart,
Sliochd an Alasdair Gharaidh,
Luchd tharruinn nam tiùran ;
Cha do chuir cainb shalach ;
Na tafadal ealamh ri d' chùl-chrann ;
Bheireadh beum air a h-athlorg,
Fhad sa mhaireadh a fiudhaidh.

Na 'm biodh Tighearn na Learguinn,
Ann an Albainn 's e mar-riut ;
Agus Tighearn an Tairbeirt,
'S iad nach tairgeadh do mhealladh :

Luchd na 'm peighinnean talmhaidh,
 'S tu dh fhaodadh earbs' asd gu daigheann ;
 Cha 'n eil iad beo do shliochd Cholla,
 Na ni 'u comunn ud aithris.

Gur a h-ioma fear goirseid,
 Gunnal stolite, 's lanu dù-ghorm ;
 Le 'n gunnaichean caola,
 'S na daormuinn ga 'n giulan :
 Mac-Laomuinn's Mac-Lachuinn,
 'S Mac-an-Ab o Ghleann-Dochart,
 Mac-Neachduinn, 's Mac-Dhnghaill,
 'S Mac-lain-Stiubhairt o 'n Apuinn.

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

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

Na 'm biodh fear a bheoil mhoir ann,
 O nach doirteadh gloir bhreamais !
 Naile chailleadh sibh geoigh ris,
 Nach b' fhiach an ròstadh ri teallaich :
 Fhuair sibh sgapadh nan caorach,
 Na 'm biodh a dhaoine air an talamh ;
 'S ged a ghlaic sibh le foill e,
 B' e fein an saighdear bu ghlaine.

Gur maирg a dh' earbadh a cairdeas.
 Neach a dh-fhas dheth an t-sloinmeadh,
 Na 'm biodh cuimhn' air an lath' ud,
 Fhuair iad t-atuir fo 'n comas ;
 Chuir iad smuid ri tur-arda,
 Chaisteil Blhair gu gle shoilleir ;
 'S beag bha dhòchas an là sin,
 Gu 'm biodh iad páigthe 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-atuar a mhilleadh ;
 Gun aon bhuille claidheamh,
 Gun satadh biodaig no sgine ;
 Mur gu 'm bathadh tu coinnean,
 Chaill e 'n oighreachd 'sa 'n cinneach.

'S beag a b' fbiach do Mhac Mhoirich,
 Dhol u' ur coinneamh ach ainneamh ;
 Na ghabhail mar chompach,
 Ach fear da 'n geallt' bhi na charaid ;
 'N deigh a Chomasdair Stiùbhairt,
 Thain' sihh 'n tus air le h-an-iochd,
 Thugadh an ceann deth gun sgrubadh,
 Ann an tir *Lady Murray*.

Buail an teud sin gu sealhach,
 'S na dean searbh i gun bhinnneas ;
 'S na toir t-aghaidh neo-clearhach,
 Do 'n fhearr nach earb thu do shlinnean ;
 Ma chuir an righ an t-slat sgiùrsaidh,
 'N glaic do dhuirn gun a sireadh ;
 Uair mu seach air an fburnais,
 Mur bhuill' àird air an innean.

Gloir do 'n Righ th' air a chathair,
 'S maирg a ghabhadh mun chluinneadh ;
 No gbuaidheadh na bhreig e ;
 Gach ni dh-eirich sa chunnait,
 Mu 's ann lc droch-bheart Iudais,
 Dh-fhuaigne thu chlùd air an Lunnaidin ;
 Chaill thu 'n luireach 's na breidean,
 'S gach aon eideadh bha umad.

'N cuala' sibhse 'sa 'n duthaich,
 'N ranntar-bùth bh' aig na luchan ;
 'S iad a trusadh ri cheile,
 Na 'n droch reisemeid churta ;
 'Nuair bha eagal a chait orr' ;
 Chàidi droch sgapadh an cuiid diu ;
 'Sa bheisd mhor 'sa 'n robh phlaigh dhiu,
 Sgrios gun agh oirr' mar fhurtachd.

Sin 'nuair labhair Dubh-na-h-àmrai,
 A bheisd ghrannad 'sa chrain mhullach ;
 Cha robh an sabhal nan àth dhiu,
 Beisid le 'n àl nach do chruinnicb,
 Nuair bha 'm mòd ga 'r cruaidh shàrach'
 'S ua cuird a fasgadh me 'r muineil ;
 'S ann an sud a bha 'n gàtuir,
 Co a chàradh iad umaibh.

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

'Nuair bha 'n ad oirbh n-uiridh,
 Bha sibh urraunta mòdhar ;
 Am blaidhna chaili sibh an currachd,
 'S eiginn fuireach gle shamhach :

Chaill an t-Iarl air 'ur turas,
Mheud 'sa bhuing e mhàl oirbh ;
Gar am b' fhiach leis an duin' ud,
Bhi ri cruinneachadh cnàmhaig.

B' olc a b' fhiach do dhiuc-Atholl,
Dholl an coinne riut *Eardsaigh*,
'N deigh latha Roinn-Liòthunn ;
Thug sibh ioc-slaingt mar earlais,
Mheall sibh null than ar abhuinn,
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 shàr iarl air Tulaich-bheardainn ;
'S ged a dheanadh iad diùc dhiot,
'S ro mhath b' fhiu thu an t-aite ;
Tha do thiotail cho lionor,
Chumail dion air do chairdean ;
Geard an righ fo d' smachd orduidh,
'S tha thu d' mhòir-fhearr Baile-mhanaidh.

ORAN AIR RIGH UILLEAM AGUS BAN-RIGH MAIRL.

LUNNEAG.

Hi-rinn h-ā rinn, ho ro h-o bha ho,
Hi-rinn h-ā rinn, ho ro h-o bha ho,
Biodh gash duine agaibh brònach,
Air son fòirneart mo righ.

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

Mhic Mhuire na h-òighe,
Coimhead fòirneart mo righ ;
Co b'urrainn da'r smàladb—
Ach do lamhans' bhi leiun :
Faic a nis priomns Orans',
Cur na còir os a cinn ;
Ach as do chobhair, a Shlan-'ear,
Thig furtachd a's slaint air gach tìnn.
Hi-rinn, &c.

A Righ chumhachdaich, fheartaich,
Ga 'm beil beachd air gach nì,
Cum air aghaidh an ceartas—
An lagh seachranach pill :

* A title formerly in Strathmore, now extinct.

Faic luchd nam breid dàite,
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 chòir thoirt air eigin,
O athair ceile thug bean dut.
Cha bì reull nan dùilean,
Bha deanadh iuil dut 'sau ain-eol ;
Mar bha roimh na trì righean,
'N uair bha losa na leanabh.

Hi-rinn, &c.

Thug thu 'm follais an t-Slàn'ear,
Seula gràin dò luchd teagaisig ;
'S gur mòr am fà näire,
'S an coig àinteán a bhriseadh.
A nighean fhéin, 's mac a pheathar,
'N aghaidh labhairt aii Sgriobtuir,
Mar bheurn ghearran 'sa chathair,
'S nach b'fhearr-taighe da 'n sliochd e.
Hi-rinn, &c.

'S fior mhallaichte 'n lànan,
Chum an Spàin anns an roinn ud ;
Seilbh chòir thoirt a dh-aindeoin,
Le mùtha malairt an t-slaigheir :
Ged'a stadh an claidheamh,
Gur bhuille chaith' ach na rinn e,
Bi'dh gach fuil 'g eigheach am flaitheas,
A d' dheigh a latha 's a dh' oidhche.
Hi-rinn, &c.

'S maирg a chreideadh droch naidheachd,
Thig tro amhaich a nàmhaid,
Chuireadh fùdar na ghreadan,
An grund' na h-eaglaise gnàthaicht ;
'S lionor lunn tha na teine,
'S a ghrund' n do spealadh an grain-shop
Ach, chi sinn fhathasd sud diolte,
Mas' a fior a ta 'n fhàistinn.
Hi-rinn, &c.

'N uair chaidh *Whitehall* losgadh,
Bu mhall do choiseachd gun bhrògan ;
'S mi nach rachadh le pairti,
Air mhire, bhàthadh, na töite.
Mas' a daoine rinn suas e,
B'fbaoin an crualal, 's an seoltachd ;
Cha 'n eil mi gearan—mo thruaighe !
Ach a lughad' s a fhùair dhiu an ròsthadh
Hi-rinn, &c.

Cha tig ach rùcas a's cealgan,
O chruietean cealgach an ràbuill ;
Cuiribh an t-aibhisdear saoil ris—
Biodh Dia a's daoine ga aicheadh.

Cleas eud hean a chruiteir,
Fhuair a cursadh 'n sgàth gàraidh ;
Thog iad airson mar uirsgen,
Gu 'n do mhurt e dhearbh-hhrathair.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Gu 'm hu ghrannda na sgeoil sin,
Thog nu deomhain ga dhilbeirt !
'S nach b' urr' iad ga dhearhhadh,
Ach mar hhuille searbh da 'n luchd mi-ruin ;
Gu 'n cuire iseann a chlamhain,
An nead clannach an fhireoin ;
Mac muice a bhalaich,
Shalcha fala nan righrean.
Hi-rinn, &c.

'S maig rìgh a rinn cleamhnas,
Ri Dùitseach shantach gun trocair ;
Cha b'e 'n onair bu ghnàs da,
Ged' 's tu hrathair-màthair an rògan .
Ged' a thug thu dha Màiri
Air laimb, chum a pòsaidh,
Ghabh e t-oighreachd a t-an-toil
Thar do cheann, a's thu d' bheo-shlaint.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Bha mac aig rign Daihhidh,
'S bu deas àill air ceann sluaigh e,
Chaidh e 'n aghaidh an athar,
S am fear nach cair da bhuaireadh ;
'N uair a sgoileadh am blàr sin,
Thug Dia páigheadh na dhuis da ;
'S o'n bu droch dhuiu cloinn e,
Chroch a choill air a ghruaig e.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Ach huaidh an droch sgeoil sin,
Do phrionus Orains gun diadhachd,
Ged' a rachadh do bhàthadh,
Cha h' ionann bàs dut 'sa dh' iarainn ;
Ach mo suilean bhi t-fhaicin,
Edar eachabh ga d' stialladh ;
Dol a d' smalachd 's an adhar,
Mar lauthe dhaigte ga criathradh.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Sgrios gun iarmad, gun duilleach,
Cha 'n iarruin tuille am dhàn duibh ;
Gun sliochd a dh-iathadh mu t' uillinn,
Do ghniombh broinne droch Mhàiri ;
Ged' a ghlaicadh na theum e,
'S farsuum heul a mhic-lamhaich ;
A shean staoile bhi 'n cunnart,
Aig na rinn thu thrusadh a cràineig.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Ach seun gun tuisleadh air Màiri,
'S olc an làn tha na togsaid ;

'N ar fhaicear laogh càraid,
Nuas gu làr as a pocá.
Cha hbi 'n sean fhacail claoite,
Air neo's claoen theid a thogail ;
Tha 'n dà shant's an droch mhaoi ud,
'S annsadh *** le no hòhan.
Hi-rinn, &c.

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

Prionns Orains a mhì-rath,
Mas' toil le Rìgh thoirt gu creideamh,
'S còir an duilleag so thiondadh,
Air a bhan-rìgh nach creid e.
Ma shaoil am bith-shanntach sanntach
Na mhac-sambla ga ghoid sud ;
Na a ruitheachd le lànnan,
Air nighean *Seanalair Huitsein*.
Hi-rinn, &c

B'fhearr gu 'm buaileadh e'n staide,
Tus a bhàidse bu chòir dba,
N'am bu tuiteam 'sa phlaigh dubuinni,
Mar fhuair rìgh Phàro, 's a sheorsa ;
Mar bha chomhairle bhreige,
Chuir rìgb Seumas air fògradh ;
Aithris cleas nan droch righrean,
Leis 'n do dhiteadh *Rìgh-boam*.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Sgeul huan e do'n mhearcайд.
'S nach tog a mac a cui'd oighreachd ;
'S ion dith curam a ghahail,
Mu'n dùinear cathair na soils' orr ;
Thoill i mallachd a h-athar,
O'n ghabh an t-aihisteir greim dh'i ;
'S olc an dùchas a lean rith,
Chuinnt a seannair na tbroiteir.
Hi-rinn, &c.

'S math an toiseach ar seannsa,
Ma rinn am Frangach a thapadh—
Ma ghlacadh leis *Monsai*,
Cha sgeul tum-sgeul ach ceartas,
Bu mhath gu'm biadh an *adbhansa*,
Air a tionsadh gu Sasunn ;
Na gu faicte an cunntar,
Cbo ghrad ri tionda nan cairtean.
Hi-rinn, &c.

* Rehoboam, poetically.

Ach ma stad air an diùc sin,
 'S nach e a ruin tigh'n ni's fhaide;
Leig e cadal do'n chirein—
 Stad a sgrìob 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 dàn dhut teachd dhachaigh,
 'S nàr dhut t-fhaicinn gun speurad ;
Ged' a fhuair thu pairt leonaidh,
 Ri àm fògraidd righ Sheumais ;
 Ma tha thu cruaidh air an raipeir,
 Seall air slachdan a ghleusaïdh,
 Leis an do spionadh mo sgròban,
 Ma's fior *Tòmas an Réumair.*
Hi-rinn, &c.

AN IORRAM DHARAICH.
 DO BHATA SIR SEUMAIS MHIC-DOMHNIULL.

Moch, 's mi 'g eirigh sa mhadainn,
 'S trom eulsainteach m'aigne,
 'S nach eighear mi'n caidreamh nam braithrean,
 'S nach eighear mi'n, &c.

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

Dia na stiùir air an darach,
 A dh' fhalbh air tùs an t-siùil mhara,
 Seal mu'n tug e cheud bhoinne de thràghadh.
 Seal mu'n tug e cheud bhoinne, &c.

Ge b'e àm cur a choirc e,
 'S mi nach pilleadh o stoc uat,
 'S ann a shuidhinn an toiseach do bhàta.
 'S ann a shuidhinn an toiseach, &c.

'Nuair a bhiodh càch cur ri gniomhadh,
 Bhiodh mo chuid-sa dheth diomhain,
 G' ol nag neagan fion' air a fàradh.
 G' ol na gucagan fion, &c.

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

'Nuair a thogadh tu tonnag,
 Air chuan meanmach nan dronnag,
 'S ioma gleann ris an cromadh i h-earrach.
 'S ioma gleann ris an cromadh, &c.

'Nuair a shuidheadh fear stiuir oir',
 'N àm bhi fagail na dùthcha,
 Bu mhear riuth a chuain dù-ghlais fo h-earrlinn.
 Bu mhear riuth a chuain, &c.

Cha b' iad na Luch-armainn mheanbhà,
 Bhiodh m'a cupuill ag eileadh,
 'Nuair a dh'eireadh mor shoibhseas le bàirlinn.
 'Nuair a dh'eireadh, &c.

Ach na fuirbirnich threubhach,
 'S deis a dh'iomradh, 's a dh'eigheadh,
 Bheireadh tulg an tùs clé air ramh bràghad.
 Bheireadh tulg an tùs clè, &c.

'Nuair a d'fhalachte na buird d'i,
 'S nach faighe lan siuil d'i,
 Bhiodh luchd taghaich sior lùbadh nar àlach.
 Bhiodh luchd taghaich, &c.

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

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

Dol gu uidhe chuain fhiadhaich,
 Mar bu chnbhaidh leinn iarraidh,
 Gu Uist bheag riabhach nan cràgh-gheàdh.
 Gu Uist bheag riabhach, &c.

Cha bu bhruchag air meirg' i,
 Fhuair a treachladh le h-eirbheit,
 'Nuair a thigeadh mor shoibhseas le gàbhadh.
 'Nuair a thigeadh mor shoibhseas, &c.

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

Cha bu chrannd-lach air muir i,
 Shinbhàil gheann gun bhi curaiddh,
 'S buill chainbe ri fulagan àrda.
 Buill chaimeaba ri, &c.

Bha Domhnall an Duin innt,
 Do mhac oighre 's mor cùram,
 'S e do stoile fhuair cliù measg nan Gàel.
 'S e do stoile fhuair cliù, &c.

Do mhac Uisteach gle-mhor,
 Dh'am bu chubhaidh bhi'n Sléibhte,
 O'n Rugha d'an eighte Dun-sgathaich.
 O'n Rugha d'an eighte, &c.

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

Gur mor mo chion fein ort,
Ged nach cuir mi an ceil e,
Mhic an fhir leis an eireadh na Braigheich.
Mhic an fhir leis an eireadh, &c.

Ceist nam ban' o Loch-Tréig thu,
'S o Shrath Oisein nan reidhlean,
Gheibhte broic, agus féidh air a b-arnunn.
Gheibhte broic, agus féidh, &c.

Dh'eireadh buidhean o Ruaidh leat,
Lùbadh iubhar mu'n guailean,
Thig o Bhrughaichean fuar Charn-na-Làirge.
Thig o Bhrughaichean fuar, &c

Dream eile dhe d' chinneadh,
Clann Iain o'n Einnean,
'S iad a rachadh sau ionairt neo-sgàthach.
'S iad a rachadh sau ionairt, &c.

'S ionadh òganach treubhach,
'S glac-crom air chùl sgéith air
Thig a steach leat o sgéith meall-na-Lairge.
Thig a steach leat, &c.

'S a fhreagradh do t-eigheach,
Gun engal, gun easlain,
'Nuair chluinneadh iad féin do chrois-tàra.*
'Nuair a chluinneadh iad féin, &c.

MARBH RANN

DO SHIR SEUMAS MAC-DHONUILL.

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

'Se do nturas do 'n Dùn,
Dh-fhag smith' air mo shùil,
'Sa bhi faicinn do thùr gun cheò.
'Se do, &c.

* "Crosis-tàra," or "crann-tàra," was a piece of wood, half burnt and dipped 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 Breadalbane, 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 "Sgurr-thine," 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.

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

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

'Nuair a rachadh tu mach,
B' ard a chluinne 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 dhò.
Fear chann, &c.

Clann lain a nuas,
'S fir a bhraighe so shuas,
'S Mac Ghriogair o Ruadh-shruth chnò.
Chlainn Iein, &c.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Uisge-beatha na 'm pios,
Rachadh 'n tairgead ga dhioi,
Gheibhte 'n gloin e mar gbrig an òir.
Uisge beatha, &c.

'S ann na shineadh 'sa n' àllit,
Tha deagh cheann-taighe an aigh,
Ged a thuit e le dermad leo.
'S ann nà, &c.

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

Buidheann eile mo ruin,
Air nach cualás mi-chiliù,
Thig le Alasdair sunndach òg.
Buidheann, &c.

Bhiodh mnathan òg an fhuit réidh,
Gabhair dhàu dhaibh le 'm beul,
Ann ad thalla gu 'n éisde ceòl.
Bhiodh, &c.

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

Nis on sgìthich mo cheann,
Sior thuireadh do rannt,
Bi'dh mi sgnur anns an àm is còir.
Nis o 'n sgìthich, &c.

MARBHRANN

DO DR ALASDAIR DUBH GHLINNE-GARAIDH.

Mi 'g eiri dh 'sa mhadainn,
Gur beag m' aiteas ri sùigradh,
O 'n dh' fhalbh uachdran fearail,
Ghlinne-Garaidh air ghiùlan;
'S ann am flaitheas na failte,
Tha ceannard àillidh na dùthcha;
Sàr choirnileir foinnidh,
Nach robh folleil do 'n chrùn thu.

LUINNEAG.

Ho-ro 's fada 's gur fada,
'S cian fada mo bhròn,
O 'n latha chàradh gu h-iosal,
Do phearsa phriseil fo 'n fhòd,
Tha mo chrid-sa ciùirte,
Cha dean mi sùigradh ri m' bheòd,
O 'n dh- fhalbh ceannard na 'n uaislean,
Oighre dualchas an t-Sròim.

'S maing a tharladh roi' d' dhaoine,
'Nuir thogte fraoch ri do bhrataich;

Dh' éireadh stuadh an clàr t-aodainn,
Le neart feirg agus gaisgidh ;
Sud am phearsa neo-sgàthach,
'N t-sùil bu bhlaithe gun ghaiseadh ;
Gu 'm biodh maoim air do naimhdean,
Ri linn dut spainnteach a ghlacadh.

Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

Fhuair thu 'n cliù sin o thoiseach,
'S cha b' ole e ri innseadh ;
Craobh chosgairet sa bhìlèr thu,
Nach gabhadh sgàth roimh luchd phìcean ;
No roi' shaighdeirean deurga,
Ged a b' armaltein rìgh iad ;
Le 'n ceannardan fuitteach,
'S le 'n gunnaichean cinnteach.

Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

Gur farsuinn do ranntaibh,
Ri sheanachas 's ri shloinneadh ;
Gur tu oighre 'n lar llich.
Nach tug eis le gniomh foilleil ;
Marcaich ard na 'n each cruiteach,
Nan srian ùr 's na 'n lann soilleir,
Lamh threin ann an cruadal,
Ceannard sluaigh a toirt teine.

Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

Fhuair thu onair fir Alba,
Bha meas 's ainm air fear t-fhasain ;
Ann an glicocas 'sa géire,
An cliù, an ceuaidh 'sa gaisge ;
Thug Dia gibhtean le buaidh dhut,
Cridhe fuasgalteach farsuinn ;
Fhir bu chiùine na mhaighdeann,
'S bu ghairge na 'n lasair.

Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

'S goirt an t-earchall a thachair,
O 'n chaideb an iomairt so tuathal ;
O latha blàir Sliabh-an-t-Siorram,
Chaill ar cinneach an uaislean ;
Thionndaidh chuibhl' air Clann-Domhnuill,
'N treasa conspunn bhi bhuatha ;
Ceann a's colar Chlann-Ràghnuill,
'N fhuil àrd i gun truailleadh.

Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

Nis o 'n dh-fhalbh an triùir bhràithrean ;
Chleachd mar àbhaist bhi suairce ;
Laoich o Gharaidh nam bradan,
Capteine' smachdail a chruadail ;
Dh-fhalbh Sir Domhnuill a Sléibhte ;
Bu mhor reusan a's cruadal ;
Cha tig gu bràth air Clann-Domhnuill,
Triùir chonspunn cho cruaidh riu.

Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

Chriosda dh-fhuilic am bàs duinn,
O 's tu ar patron ul'naigh ;
Cum an t-aog o dha bhrathair,
Fhad 'sa b' àill leinn le dùrachd ;
Dheanadh treis do 'n àlach,
So dh-fhag e gun sùilean ;
'Sliochd an t-seohhaig 'sa 'n àrmuinn,
Nach tugadh cach an sgiath chùil deth.
Ho-ro's fada, &c.

'Nuaire threig càch an cuid fearainn,
'S nach d-fhan iad 'sa 'n rioghachd ;
'Sheas thusa gu fearail,
'S cha h' ann le sgainnel a shin thu ;
Chuir thu fuaradh na froise,
Seach ar dorsaibh g' ar dionadh ;
Gu 'n robh t-fhaigsean cho làdir,
Ri leoghainn ard do 'n fhuil Rioghail.

Ho-ro's fada, &c.

Cha rohh Iarl ann an Alhuinn,
Gheibheadh earbsa na run riut ;
Gu 'm biodh toiseach gach naidheachd,
Gu lamhan a chùirteir ;
Seobhag frinneach suaire,
Choisinn crualal gach cùise ;
Ceannard mhaitean a's uaislean,
Aig an t-slugh 'iad ga ghiùlan.

Ho-ro's fada, &c.

Sgeula b' ait' leam ri lìseadh,
Sa hhi g' a leirsinn le 'r sùilean ;
Do mhac oigh'r ann a t-shearann,
Mur hu mhath le luchd dùrachd ;
Ach aon neach leis am b' oil e,
Luaidhe għlas le neart fudair ;
Troimh' 'n cridh' air a fiaradh,
Chor 's nach iarradh iad tionndadh.

Ho-ro's fada, &c.

CUMHA MHONTROISE

Mi gabhair Srath Dhruim-uachdair,
'S heag m'aighear anna an uair so,
Tla'n lath' air dol gu gruamachd,
'S cha'n e tha huain mo sproachd.

Ge duilich leam, 's ge diobhail,
M'fhear cinnidh math bhi dhīth orm,
Cha'n usa leam an sgríohs',
Thaining air an rioghachd bhochd.

Tha Alba dol fo chios-chain
Aig Farbhalaidh gun fhirinu,
Bhar a chalpa dhīrich
'S e cui'd de m'dhiohail ghoint.

Tha Sasunnaich 'g ar foireigneadh,
'G ar creach', 'g ar mort', 's 'g ar marhadt
Gu 'n għabha ar n-Athair fearg rinn,
Gur dearmad dhuinn, 's gur bochd.

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

Ar righ an déis a chlùinadh,
Mu'n gann a leum e ùr-fhas,
Na thaistealach bochd, ruisgte,
Gun għeard, gun chūirt, gun choisd'.

'G a fħarr-fhuadach as àite,
Gun duine leis deth chāirdean,
Mar luuŋ air uachdar sàile,
Gun stiur, gun ràmh, guu phort.

Cha téid mi do Dhun-eideann,
O dhoirteadħ fuli a Ghreumaich,
An leogħann fearail, treubħach,
'G a cheusadħ air a chroich.

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

Deud chailc, hu ro mhath dliuthadh,
Fudh mhala chaoil gun mhugaich,
Ge tric do dhàil gam' dhùsgħad,
Cha ruisg mi chàch e nochd

Mhic Neill,* a Asainn chianail,
Na'n glacain ann am lionn thu,
Bhiodh m'ħacal air do bhinn,
'S cha diobra inn thu o'n chroich.

* 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.

* Bishop Wishart.

Nan tachrainns a's tu féin,
Ann am hoglachan Beinn-Eite
Bhiodh uisge duuh na féithe,
Dol troimh chéile a's ploc.

Thu féin as t-athair céile
Fear taighe sin na Leime,
Ged chrochte sihh le chéile
Cha h'eirig air mo lochd.

Craooh rùisg't de'n Ahhall hhreugach,
Gun mheas, gun chliù, gun cheutaidh,
Bha riamh ri murt a chéile,
'N ar fuigheall hheum, as chore.

Marbh-phags ort a dhì-mheis,
Nach olc a reic thu'm firean,
Air son na mine Lìtich
A's da trian d'i goirt.*

C U M H A

DO SHIR DOMHNULL SHLEIBHTE.

'S CIAN 's gur fàda mi 'm thàmmh,
'S trom team 'm aigne fo phràmh,
'S nach cadal dhomh seamh 's tim eiridh.
'S cian 's gur fada, &c.

Laidh an aois orm gach uair,
Dreach an aoig air mo ghuraudh,
Is rinn e eudail hhochd thruadh da féin diom.
Laidh an aois, &c.

Tha liunn-duhh orm gach là,
'S e ga m' theugmhail a ghà,à,
Air mo chòise cha rà-sgeul hreig e.
Tha liunn-duhh orm, &c.

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

Chaill mi àrmainn mo stuic,
Mo sgiath laidair 's mo phruip,
Iad ri àiteach an t-slùic a's feur orr'.
Chaill mi àrmainn mo stuic,

Fàth mo mhire 's mo cholg,
Thaobh gach iomaist so dh'fhalhh,
Luathais air 'n imeachd air lòrg a chéile.
Fàth mo mhire, &c.

* Damaged meal bought in Leith, was given to M'I. cod of Assynt for betraying the duke of Montrose.

Mhùch mo mheoghaill 's mo mheas,
Na daoil hhi cladhach hhur flios,
Chaidh mo raoghainn fo lìc de leugaihh.
Mhùch mo mheoghaill, &c.

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

Bàs Shir Domhnnull hho 'n Chaol,
Chuir mo chomhnaidh fa-sgoail,
Dh'fhág mi 'm aonar sa 'n aois ga 'm léireadh.
Bàs Shir Domhnnull, &c.

'S ann ruit a lahrainn mo mhiann,
Gu dàna ladurna, dian,
Ge do hhithin da thrian sa 'n eacoir.
Sann ruit a lahrainn, &c.

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

Leoghann fireachail àigh
Miunte, spioradail, àrd,
Umhail, iriosal, fearragha, treuhach.
Leoghann fiorachail, &c.

Léig nan arm a's nan each,
Reumail, aireil, gun aire,
Gheug thu 'n Armadail ghlas nan déideag.
Leig nan arm is nan each &c.

Bha do chinneadh fo phràmh,
Do thuath 's do phaighearan mài,
Uaislean t-fhearaínn 's gach làn-fhear-feusaig.
Bha do chinneadh, &c.

Bha mhnai hheul-dearg a hhruit.
Ri càll an ceille sa'm fuit,
Cach ag éideadh do chuirp air déile.
Bha mhnai hheul-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 ciste ghiuhhais nam bòrd,
'N truaill chumhainn na's leoir,
'N deis a dhùsgadh hbo 'n t-sròl air speicean.
'N ciste ghiuhhais nam, &c.

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

Dh-fhalbh na spalpain a null,
 Bha fial farsuinn na'n grunnd,
 Cha h'iad na fachaich gun rùm gun leud iad.
 Dh-fhalbh na spalpain, &c.

Domhnall gorm hu glan gnùis,
 Fear hu mhìn bha de 'n triùir,
 Cha hu chorr-cheann thu'u cuirt rìgh Seurlas,
 Domhnall gorm hu, &c.

Chunnac mis thu air trian,
 'S cha hu gna leat hhi criam,
 'S gu'm hu nolaig le fion do réidhlean.
 Chunnac mis thu air, &c.

Cha hhola phäididh do mhiann,
 'N am dhaihh falbh hhuat gu dian,
 'N cois na tràghad ga'n lionadh réidh leat.
 Cha hhola päididh, &c.

De dh-uisge-heatha 's do bheor,
 'S iad a gahhail na's leoar,
 Mur a thoilicheadh beoil ga eigheach.
 De dh-uisge-heatha, &c.

Mu hhòrd gun time gun ghruaim,
 Le òl, 's le iomart, 's le suadh,
 Is ceol hu hhinne na cuach 's a cheitean.
 Mu hhòrd gun time, &c.

Fhuair thu deannal na dho,
 Dh-fhag do pannal fo hròn,
 Gu'm hu ghearran a leon m'un eigne.
 Fhuair thu deannal, &c.

Air Raon-Ruairidh nan stràc,
 Far na hbuannaich thu 'm hlàr,
 Chaill thu t-uaislean a's t-armainn għleusta.
 Air Raon-Ruairidh, &c.

Air an talamh chrion, chruaidh,
 Nach falaicheadh gearrag a cluas,
 Fhuair sihh deannal na luaidhe leughta.
 Air an talamh, &c.

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

Cha dean mi rùn ach gu foil,
 Do n-äl ùr 's th'air teachd òrnn,
 Bho nach dùisgear le ceòl Sir Seumas.
 Cha dean mi rùn, &c.

Dh-fhalbh thu fein 's do chuid mac,
 Mala gheur sihh gu neart,
 'S fada hho chéile fo cheapaibh réisg sihh.
 Dh-fhalabh thu fein. &c.

'S hlàth an leah' air hhur cinn,
 Seach daormainn thasgaidh nan suim,
 Sihh hu sgapach air huinn le féile.
 'S hlàth an leah, &c.

Thuirt mi 'n urrad ud ribh,
 Tha mi m' urainu a sheinn,
 'S lann ar muineal ma pill sihh 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 requitted 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 thaohh,
'Nuair dh'eirinn sa' mhadainn,
Bhi siuhhal ghlagagan caol,
Na hhi triall thun na b-Abaid,
'G eisdeachd glagraich nan sàor.

'S oil leam càradh na firthe,
'S mi bhi 'n Lìte nan long,
Eadar ceann Saileas Si-phort,
A's rutha Ghrianaig nan tonn,

Agus Uiginnis riahach,
An tric an d'iarri mi damh-donn,
'S a hhi triall thun nam bodach,
Dha'm hu chosnadhb cas-chrom.

Cha'n eil agam cù gleusda,
A's cha'n eil feum agam dha,
Cha snidh mi air bachdan,
Air sliabh fad o chàch,
Cha leig mi mo ghaothar,
Chaidh faogh'd an tuim hàn,
'S cha sgaoil mi mo luaidhe,
An Gleann-Ruathain gu bràth.

B'iad mo ghradh-sa a ghrайдh uallach,
 A thogadh suas ris an áird,
 Dh'itheadbh hiolair an fbuarain,
 'S air bu shuarach an càl,
 'S misé féin nach tug fuath dhuibh,
 Ged a b'fhuar am mios Máiigh.
 'S tric a dh'fhuilig mi cruaidal,
 A's moran fuachd air 'ur sgàth.

Be mo ghradh-sa fear buidhe,
 Nach dean suidhe mu'n bhòrd,
 Nach iarradh ri cheannach,
 Pinnt leanna na beoir;
 Uisge-beatha math dubait,
 Cha he h'fhiù leat ri òl,
 B'fbearr leat hiolair an fhuarain,
 A's uisge luaineach an lòin.

B'i mo ghradh-sa a hhean uasal,
 Dha nach d'fhuaras riagh lochd,
 Nach iarradh mar chluasaig,
 Ach fior ghualainn nan cnoc,
 'S nach fuiligeadh an t-sradag,
 Á lasadh r'i corp,
 Och! a Mhuire mo chruaidh-chas,
 Nach d'bshuair mi thu nochd.

Bean a b'aigeantaich céile,
 Nam eiridh ri drìuchd,
 Cha'n fhaigheadh tu beud da,
 'S cba bu leir leis ach thu
 Sibh an glacaibh a chéile,
 Am fior eudainn nan stùc,
 'S ann am eiridh na gréine,
 Bu ghlan leirsinn do shìl.

'Nuair a thigeadh am foghar,
 Bu bhinn leam gleadhair do chléibh,
 Dol a ghabhail a chrónain,
 Air a mhointich bhuig réidh,
 Dol an coinneamh do leuanain,
 Bu ghile feaman a's céir
 Gur h-i 'n eilid hu bhóiche,
 A's bu hhrisge lòghmhorra ceum.

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

MARBH RANN

DO SHIR SEUMAS MAC-DHONUILL.*

B' FHEARR ain mor olc a chluinntinn.
 Bhrigh iomradh na fhaicinn;
 Dhomhsa b' fhuarsd' sud innse,
 Rug air 'm intinn tron shac dheth;
 O'n is mi bha 'sa 'n fhlang,
 Bu chruaidh duilich ri fhaicinn;
 Rainig croma-sgian o 'n aog mi,
 Cha do shaor i bun aisne.

'S e dh' fhàg fodha dhomh 'n coite,
 Aon a mhoichead a dhùisg mi,
 'S mi gun fhear air barr agam,
 Thogadh 'm aigneadh a dùsal;
 'Nuair a bheum an srutb traigh orm,
 Rug muir bàitht' air a chul sin,
 Cha d' fhiosraich mi 'm bàs dut,
 Gus an dh fhàg mi thu 'n crùiste.

Fath m' acainn 's mo thùrsa,
 Nach huisgear le teud thu,
 Na le tòrgan na fidhle,
 Mo dhòlbhail 's mo leir-chreach ;
 Fhir a chumadh i dònach,
 Dh' aindeoin siontan ga 'n eiread,
 Thu 'n diugh fo leacan na h-ùrach,
 Gun mo dhuil ri thu dli' eiridh.

'S bochd an ealtainns' thug so sgriobh mi,
 Thug dhiom m' earr agus m' fhéusag,
 'S geur 's gur goint spuir an ràsair,
 Thrusas enàmhan a's fíthean ;
 Dh-fhag sud mise dheth craitech,
 Dh-aindeoin dàil gu ro chreuchdach ;
 Cha dean ballan no sàbh dheth,
 Mise slàn gus an eug mi.

Ge b' e chuireadh dhomh 'n umhail,
 Do mhor chumha ga m' lònadh,
 Na mo dhosan a liathadh,
 Coig bliadhna roimh 'n òrdugh ;
 Tha mi 'n diugh a toirt pàigheadh,
 A' meud m' ailleas as m' òige,
 O'n rug deireadh do bhàis orm,
 Os cionn chàich cha b'e m' òrdugh.

'S fhad tha mi 'm Oisein gun mheoghaill,
 As do dheaghaidh bochd dòlum,
 Osnadh fharbairneach, frithir,
 Tha m' fhéith-chridh' air a leònadadh,
 Leigean fios thun a bhreitheamh,
 Nach iarr slighe gu dò-bheart,

* The poet's brother.

Gur h-e " Port Ranghuill uidhir,"*
Mur nach bu dligheach is ceol domh.

'S bochd mo maidheachd r'a h-inne ;
Ge h' e sgrìobhadh i'n tàth-bhuinn,
O' n là rinn thu feum duine,
Gus' n do chuireadh 'sa' n làr thu ;
Bha mo dheas-lamh dol sins leat,
An cladhan crìche mo chràdb-shlad ;
'S mor na b' fheudar dhomh fhulang,
Me bhuan fhuireach o m' brathair.

'S bochd an ruinnigil fhuathais,
Rug air uaislean do chairdean,
'S goirt a bhonnag a fhuair iad,
'N latha ghluaiseadh gu tâmh leat ;
Ge b'e neach is mo buannachd,
'N lorg luathair a bhàis so,
'S mis pearsa 's mo tuairghe,
'Sa 'nuair so th' air t-àruinn.

Cha chuis pharmaid mo lethid ;
'S ann tha mi 'n deigh mo spùillidh ;
Bhuin an t-eug dhiom gu buileach,
Barr a's ionall mo chûirte ;
'S feudar tamailte fhulang,
Gun dion buill' air mo chùl-thaobh,
Stad mo chlaidheamh na dhuille,
'S bâth dhomh fuireach r'a rùsgadh.

* *Raoghnell 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 Raoghnell uidhir*," "Dun Donald's tune;" and when a Highlander is threatening vengeance for some bolterous and uproarious devilment which has been played off upon him, he will say : " *Bheir mis ort gu seinn thu 'Port Raoghnell uidhir* " i.e. "I will make you sing 'Dun Ronald's tune.'" The following are a few of the stanzas :—

" Be so an talamb mi shealbhach !
Tha gun chladaich gun gharbhlabh gu'n chòs ;
Ann's an rachainn da'm fhalach,
'S sluagh gun athadb a teannadh faisg oirn

Tha mi tinn leis an eagal,
Tha mi cinnteach gur beag a bhios bed
Chi mi lasadh an fhùdar,
Chluinn mi sgailcadh nan dù-chlach ri òrd !

Fhuair mi gunna nach diult mi,
Fhuair mi claidheamh nach iùb ann am dhòrn,
Ach ma ni iad mo mhàrbhadh,
Ciod a feum a ni 'n àrmach sin dhomh-s?"
Tha mi tinn, &c.

Ged do gheibhinn-sa sealbh,
Air làn a chaisneal de dh' airgead 's de dh-òr,
Oich ! 'ma ni iad mo mhàrbhadh !
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 dhùtbcha ;
Dh' fhag e m' aigneadh fo dhòruinn,
'S bhual e bròg air mo chuinneadh ;
'S trom a dh' fhuasgail e deoir dhomh,
Bu mhor mo choir air an dublach ;
Mu cheann-uighe nan deoibrigh,
Bhi fo bhòrd ann an dùnad.

Bu deas déile mo shior-ruith,
'S gu 'm bu dionach mo chlàraidh ;
Bha mo chala gun diobradh,
Ga mo dhion as gach sàradh' ;
Riamh gus 'n tainig an dìl orm,
Dh' fbag fo mhighean gu hràth mi ;
'S ard a dh' éirich an stailc-s' orm,
Chuir i as domh ma m' àirnean.

Call gun bhuinig gun bhuannachd,
Bha ga m' ruagadh' o 'n tràth sin ;
Cha b' i 'n iomairet gun fhuathas,
Leis 'n do ghluais mi mar chearrach ;
'N cluich a shaoil mi bhi 'm buannachd,
Dh' fhaoite ghuasad air tâileas ;
Thainig goin a's cur suas orm,
'S tha fear fuar dhomh na t-àite.

O 'n chaidh mail' air mo fhradharc,
'S nach taoghaill mi 'n ard-bheann ;
Chuir mi cul ris an fhiadach,
Pong cha n' iarr mi air clàrsach ;
Mo cheol laidhe a's eiridh,
M' osnadh gheur air bheag tâbhachd ;
Fad mo rè bidh mi 'g again,
Mheud 'sa chleachd mi dheth t-àilleas.

Ach dleasaidh faighidinn furtachd,
Nach faic thu chuisseal ga lùaithead ;
Air fear na teasach 'sa 'n fhiabhras,
'S gearr mu shioladh a bhruaidlein ;
Muir a dh' eireas ga bhraisead,
Ni fear math beairte dh' i suaineach ;
Ach e dh' iomairet gu tapaidh,
Ceann da shlaith thuig a's uaithe.

'Nuair a hha mi am ghille,
'S mi 'n ciad iomairet Shir Seumas,
Mar ri comhlan dheth m' chinneadh,
Seoladh air spinneig do dh' Eirinn ;
'S ann aig I Chalum Chille,
Ghabh mi giorraig mu d' dheighinn ;
Chailig thu lau mèise feedair,
Air do shròn do 'n fhuil ghle dhearg.

Luchd a chaitheadh nan cuaintean,
'S moch a ghluaiseadh gu surdail,
Le 'n àlach chalpannan cruaidhe,
Bu hheag roimh 'n fhuaradh an curam :

Bu choma co dheth na h-uaislean,
 Ghlacadh gluasad na stiùrach ;
 'S fear math bearit air a gualainn,
 B' urrainn fuasgladh gach cuise.

'N am gluasad o thir dhuinn,
 Bu neo-mhiodhoir ar lòistean,
 Cornach, cupanach, fionach,
 Glaineach, lontaideh a stòpaibh ;
 Gu cairteach, taileasgach, disneach,
 'S tailc air uigh na 'm foirnihb ;

Dhomh-sa h' fhurasd' sud innse
 Bu chuid do m' gnoimh o m' aois òige.

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

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 MacLachlan, 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 through 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 laoigh mo chéille,
 Co chunnainc no dh' fhag thu 'n Eirinn,
 Dh' fhag thu na miltean 's na ceudan,
 'S cha d' fhag thu t-aon leithid féin ann,
 Calpa cruinn an t-siubhail etruim,

Cas chruinneachadh 'n t-sluaign ri chéile,
 Cha deanar cogadh as t-éugais,
 'S cha deanar sìth gun do reite,
 'S ged nach bi na Duimhnich reidh riut,
 Gu 'n robh an righ mur tha mi féin dut.

*E-hò, hi u hò, rò hò eile,
E-ho, hi u ho, 's i ri ri ù,
Hò hi ù ro, o hò ò eile,
Mo dhiochail dith nan ceann-fheadhna.*

Mo chruit, mo chlàrsach, a's m' fhiodhall,
Mo theud chìùil 's gach àit am bithinn,
'Nuair a bha mi òg 's mi 'm nighinn,
'S e thogadh m' intintinn thu thigheinn,
Gheibheadh tu mo phòg gun bhruthinn,
'S mar tha mi 'n diugh 's math do dhligh oirr'.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

Mhoire 's e mo run am firionn,
Chu huachaille bhò 'sa 'n innis,
Ceann-feadhna greadhnuach gun ghorraig,
Marcaich nan steud 's leoir a mhire,
Bhuidhneadh na cruitean d'a ghillean,
'S nach seachnadh an toir ionairst,
Ghaolaich na'n deanadh tu pilleadh,
Gheibheadh tu na bhiodh tu sìreadh,
Ged a chaillinn ris mo chinneach—
Pòg o ghruagach dhuinn an fhirich.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

'S truagh nach eil mi mar a b' àit leam,
Ceann Mhic-Cailein ann am achlais,
Cailein liath 'n deigh a chasgairt,
'S a'n Crunair an deigh a ghlacadh,
Bu shunndach a ghelbhinn cadal,
Ged a b' i chreag chruidh mo leabaidh.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

M' eudail thu dh' fheara' na dlinn,
'S math 's eol dhomh do shloinneadh innse,
'S cha b' ann an cagar fo 's 'n iosal,
Tha do dhreach mar dh' òrdaich rìgh e,
Falt am boineid tha sìnteach,
Sàr mhusg ort no cuilibhear,
Dh'eigheite geard an cuirt an rìgh leat,
Ceist na 'm ban o 'n Chaisteal Ileach,
Dorn geal mu 'n dean an t-òr sniamhan.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

Domhnullach gasda mo ghaoil thu,
'S cha b' e Mac Dhonnchais Ghlinne-Faochain.
Na duine bha beò dheth dhaoine,
Mhic an fhir o thùr na faoileachd,

Far an tig an long fo h-aodach,
Far an ólte fion gu greadhnach.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

Mhoire 's e mo rùn an t-òigear,
Flughantach aigeann tach spòrsail,
Ceannard da ceathairne moire,
'S mise nach diultadh do chòmhradh,
Mar ri cuideachd no am onar,
Mhic an fhir o 'n innis cheolar,
O 'n tir am faighe na geoidh-ghlas,
'S far am faigheadh fir fhalamh stòras.
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 Ìarla a's mòrair,
Thigeadh a thoirt mach do chòrach,
Thig Mac-Shimidh, thig Mac-Leod ann,
Thig Mac-Dhonuill duibh o Lochaidh,
Bidh Sir Seumas ann le mhor fhir.
Bidh na b' annsa Aonghas òg ann,
'S t-fhuilt ghreadhnach fein bhi ga dortadh,
'S deas tarruinn nan geur lann gleoiste.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

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

Mhoire 's iad mo run an comunn,
Luchd na 'n cul huidhe a's donua,
Dheanadh an t-iubhar a chromadh,
Dh' oladh fion dearg ua thonnadh,
Thigeadh steach air mointich Thollaiddh,
'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. Marbhann Iain ghairbh, at page 26, is an instance of this.

SILIS NIGHEAN MHIC RAONAILL.

CICELY or JULIAN M'DONALD lived from the reign of Charles II. to that of George I. She was daughter to *Mac Raoghaill 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 a gentleman of the family of Lovat, and lived with him in *Moraghach 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 brâch le ceol na clàrsaich*,” 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 chlàrsach,
Sa bhiodh tu ga gleusadh lamh rium,
Cha mhath a thuigte le umaidh,
Do chuir chiuil-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.

'S i so bliadhna 's faid' a chlaidh mi,
Gu'n cheol gu'n aighear gun fhaoilteas,
Mi mar bhàt air tràigh air sgoileadh,
Gun stiùir, gun seol, gun ràmh, gun taoman.

O 's coma' leam fhìn na eo dhiubh sin,
Mire, no aighear, no sùigradh,
'N dìugh o shìn mi r'a chunnadh,
'S e ceann na bladhna thug riadh dhiom dùbailt.

'S i so bliadh'n' a chaisg air m' àilleas,
Chuir mi fear mo thaighe 'n càradh,
'N ciste chaoil 's na saoir 'ga sàbhadh ;
O ! 's mis tha faoin 's mo dhaoin'air m' fhàgail.
O 's coma' leam fhìn, &c.

Chailidh mi sin 's mo chuilean gràdhach,
Bha gu foinnidh, fearail, àillidh,

Bha gun bheum, gun leum, gun ardan ;
 Bha guth a bheil mar theud na clàrsach.
O's coma' leam fhin, &c.

Ma's beag leam sud fhaur mi bàrr air
 Ceann mo stnic is pruip nan cairdean,
 A leag na ceud le bheum 's na blàraibh,
 Ga chuir fo'n fhòd le òl na gràisge.
O's coma' leam fhin, &c.

Ciod na creachan a thug bhuainn thu ?
 Thug do db' lnbheirnis air chuairt thu,
 Db' òl an fhiona lás do ghruidbean
 'S a dh'fhasg thu d' chorp gu'n lot gun luaidhe.
O's coma' leam fhin, &c.

'S mor a tha gun fhios do d' chairdean
 San tir mboir tba null o'n t-sàile,
 Thu bhi aig na Gaill ga d' chàradh
 'S do dhuthaich fénig ga mort' le nàmhaid.
O's coma' leam fhin, &c.

Bu tu 'n Curaidh fuiteach, buailteach,
 Ceannsgalacb, borb, laidir, usal,
 Na'm h' ann am blàr no'n spàirn a bbuailt' 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 là an t-sléibhe,
 Bu luatb do lann 's bu teann do bheuman.
O's coma' leam fhin, &c.

Mo chreach long nan leoghann garga,
 Nam brataichean sröil 's nan dath deurga,
 Gur tric an t-eug gu geur g'ur sealg-sa
 Leagail bhur crann-siùl gu fàirge.
O's coma' leam fhin, &c.

Nise bho na dh'halbh na braithrean
 'S nach eil ach Uilleam dhiu lathair,
 A rìgh mhoir, ma's deonach dàil da,
 Gus an diong an t-oighre t-àite.
O's coma' leam fhin, &c.

Ach a rìgb mhoir tog 's an aird iad,
 Mar chraoibh ubhlan, mheulair mhìlaghair,
 Mar ghallan ùr nach lùb droch aimsir,
 Mar pbreasa fiona 's liombor leanmuinn.
O's coma' leam fhin, &c.

O's e so deireadh 'n t-saoghail bhrionnaich
 Aird-rìgh dean sinn orsta cuimhneacb ;
 An deigh an latba thig an oidbche
 'S thig an t-aog air chaochladh *Staidhle*.
O's coma' leam fhin, &c.

MARBHRANN

DO DH' ALASTAIR DUBH GHLINNE-GARAIDH

ALASDAIR a gleanna-garadh,
 Thug thu 'n diugh gal air mo shuilean,
 'S beag ioghnadh mi bhi trom creuchdach,
 Gur tric g'ar reubadh as ùr sinn,
 'S deachdar dhomhsa bhi gun 'n osaideh,
 'S meud an dosgaibh th'air mo chàirdean,
 Gur tric an t-eug oirn a' gearradh,
 Tagha nan darag is airde.

Chaill sinn ionnan agus còmbla,
 Sir Dòmhnull, a mhad, 'sa bhrathair,
 Ciod e'm feum dhuiinn bhi ga ghearan ?
 Db-fhan Mac-'Ic-Ailein sa bhlàr bhuan,
 Cbaill sinn darag laidir liath-ghlas,
 Bba cumball dion air a chairdean,
 Capull-coille bharr na giubhsaich,
 Seobhag sul-ghorm, lugb-mhor, laidir.

Db-fhalbh ceann na céille 's na comhairl,
 Ann's gach gnothacb am bi càram,
 Aghaidh shocrach, sholta, thaitneach,
 Cridhe fial, farsuinn, mu'n chuireadh ;
 Bu tu tagha nan sàr-ghaisgeach,
 Mo ghualainn thaice-'s,—mo dbluhail ;
 Smiorail, fearail, foineamh, treabhach,
 Ceann-feadhna chaill Seumas Stiubhart.

Na b' ionnan do chach 's do ghoill,
 Mu'n dh-imich an long a mach,
 Cha rachadh i rithist air sàil,
 Gun 'n fhios cia fath a thug i steach,
 Ach 'nuair chunaig sibh an tràth sin,
 A bhi g àr fagal air faontragh,
 Brist bhur cridbeathan le mulad,
 'S leir a bhuil cha robb 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 laoch gun atba laimhe,
 Bu tu'm bradan ann san fhior-uisg,
 Fior-eun on ealtainn is airde,
 Bu tu'n leoghann thar gach beathach,
 'S bu tu damh leathann na cràice.

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 mhullach a chaisstail,
 Bu tu leac leathann na sràide,
 Bu tu leig loghmhor nam buadhan,
 Bu tu clach uasal an fhàine.

Bu tu'n t-iuhhair as a choille,
 Bu tu'n darach dainghean laidir,
 Bu tu'n cuileann hu tu'n dreaghunn,
 Bu tu'n t-ahhall molach blath-mhor,
 Cha rohh meur annad do' chritheann,
 Cha rohh do dhlighe ri fearna,
 Cha robh do chairdeas ri leamhan,
 Bu tu leannan nam ban àluinn.

Bu tu céile na mnà priseil,
 'S oil leam fhìn ga dith an drasd thu,
 Ge d' nach ionnan dhomhsa is dhù-se
 'S goirt a tha mi-fhìn ma càradh,
 H-uile hean a hios gun chéile,
 Guidheadh i Mac Dhé na àite,
 O 's e 's urrainn bhi ga comhnadh,
 Anns gach leon a chuireas càs oirr'.

* * * * * * *
 * * * * * * *
 * * * * * * *
 * * * * * * * †
 Guidheam do mhac bhi na t-àite,
 'An saibhreas an àiteas 's an cùram,
 Alasdair a Gleanna-Garadh,
 Thug thu 'n diugh gal air mo shuilean.

THA MI AM CHADAL &c.
 DO DH FHEACHD RIGH SEUMAS.

GUR diombach mi 'n iomairt,
 Cbuir gach fiu' air fògradh ;
 Tha mi am chadal 's na dùisgihh mi
 Gun aighear gun eihneas,

† The above four lines are lost.

'S gu'n reiteach o Dheòrsa ;
 Tha mi am chadal 's na dùisgihh mi.
 Gur h-ioma bean uasal,
 Tha gu h-uaigneach na seomar,
 Gun aighear gun eihneas,
 'S i 'g eiridh na b-onar,
 Sior chaoidh na 'n uaislean,
 A fhuair iad ri phòsadhb ;
 Tha mi am chadal 's na dùisgihh mi.

Mo thruaighe a chlann,
 Nach robh gann na 'n curaisté ;
 Tha mi am chadal 's na dùisgihh mi,
 'N am hualadh na 'n lann,
 An am na 'm huileanan ;
 Tha mi am chadal 's na dùisgihh mi.
 Ge d' tha sibh 'sa'n àm,
 Feadh ghleann a's mhunainean,
 Gu nochd sihh 'ur ceann
 'N am teanndachd mar churaidhnean,
 'Nuair tbig Seumas a nall,
 'Si hhur lann bhios fuileachdach.
 Tha mi am chadal 's na dùisgihh mi.

'S e righ na muice,
 'S na Cuigse, righ Deòrsa ;
 Tha mi am chadal 's na dùisgihh mi,
 Mu 'n tig oirnn au t-samhainn,
 Bidh amhach 's na còrdaibh ;
 Tha mi am cbadal 's na dùisgihh mi ;
 Na 'n eireadh sihh suas,
 Le cruidal a's duinealachd,
 Eadar islean a's uaislean,
 Thuath agus chumanta,
 'S gu'n sgiùrsadb sihh uaibh e,
 Righ fuadaidh nach huineadh dhuinn ;
 Dheanainn an cadal gu sunndach lcibh.

NIALL MAC-MHUIRICH.

NEIL MACVURICH, the family bard and historian of Clanronald, *Mac-Dhònnill, 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-bhàird*, i. e. the hard'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 *Seanachaидh*, 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 Torlum goirid o Chaisteal Bhuirghi ann an Siorramachd Inhhernis, a naoidhamh latha de chiad mhios an fhoghair, anns an dà fhichead bliadhna agus naoidh-deug d'a aos, thainig Lachlunn mac Néill, mhic Lachluinn, mhic

Nèill, mhic Dhòmhnuill, mhic Lachuinn, mhic Nèill mhòir, mhic Lachuinn,* mhic Dhòmhnuill, do shloinne chlann Mhuirich, ann an lathair Ruairidh Mhic Nèill tighearna Bhàra, thabhairt a chòdaich, mar is fiosrach e-san, gur e fèin an t-ochedamh glùn déug o Mhuireach a bha leanmuinn teaghlaich Mhic-'Ic-Ailein, ceannard Chlann-Raonuill, mar bhardàibh,

* This is LACHUNN MOR MAC MUIRICH ALBANNAICH, or Lachlan *mòr* MacVuirich 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 Gaél though in various ways. It is common to call persons by their patronymics; 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 Johu; 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 Mòr, in contradistinction to another of the same name who was less. *Mòr* 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, Albannach, had been given Lachlan *mòr* MacVuirich *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:—"BROSNACHA-CATHA LE LACHUNN MÒR MAC MUIRICH ALBANNAICH DO DHOMHNULL A ILE RIGH-INNSE-GALL AGUS IARLA ROI LATHA MACHRAICH CATH-GAIRIACH."* The piece has a part for every letter in the Gaelic alphabet till near the end consisting altogether of three hundred and thirty-eight lines. It would occupy to 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-iorguill.

* * * * *

Gu ur-labhreach, ùr-lamhach neart-mhor,

Gu coisneadh na cath-làrach,

Ri bruidhne 'ur biubhaidh,

A chlanna Chuinn cheud-chathaich,

'Si nis uair 'ur n'aithnaichidh.

A chuileanan chonfhadach,

A bheirichean bunanta,

A leoghaireann lan-ghasta

Aon-chonnaibh iorghiulleach

De laochainbh chrodhà, churanta

De chlannaibh Chùian cheud-chathaich

A chlanna Chuinn, cuimhnichibh

Cruas an am na h-iorguill.

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

* 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 favour 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 Garloch, 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

agus o an àm sin gu robh fearann Staoileagairi agus ceithir peighinean do Dhùlomasdal aca mar dhuais bàrdachd o linn gu linn, feedh chuig ghlùin-déug : Gu'n do chaill an siathamh-glun déug ceithir peighinean Dhùlomasdail, ach gu do ghleidh an seachdamh glùn diu fearann Staoileagairi fad naoi bliadhna déug de dh' aimsir, agus gu robh am fearann sin air a cheangal dhaibh ann an còir fhad's a bhiodh fear do Chlann-Mhuirich ann, a chumadh suas sloonneadh agus seanchas Chlann-Dòmhnuill ; agus bha e mar fhiachan orra, 'nuair nach biodh mac aig a bhàrd, gu tugadh e foghlum do mhac a bhrathar, no dha oighre, chum an còir air an fhearrann a ghleidheadh, agus is ann a rèir a chleachdaidh so fhuair Niall, athair féin, ionnsachadh gu leughadh, sgrìobhadh, èachdrai agus bàrdachd, o Dhòmhnuill mac Nèill mhic Dhòmhnuill, brathair athar.

Tha cuimhne mhath aige gu robh "Saothair Oisein" sgriohht' ar craicnean ann an glèidhneas an athair o shinnisribh ; gu robh cuid dheth na craicnean air an deanamh suas mar leabhraichean, agus cuid eile fuasgaitl o chéile, anns an robh cuid do shaothair bhàrd 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 shinnisribh, anns a rohh mòran do shean eachdraidh nam fineachan Gàëlach, agus cuid dc "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 dùrachd. Cha'n eil e cinnteach ciod e thainig ris na craicnean, ach gu bheil barail aige gun tug Alasdair mac Mhaighstir Alasdair 'Ic-Dhòmhnuill ar falbh cuid diubh, agus Raonull a mhac cuid eile dhiubh ; agus gum fac e dha no tri' dhiubh aig tàileirean ga 'n gearradh sios gu criosan tomhais : Agus tha cuimhne mhath aige gu tug Mac-'Ic-Ailein air athair an "Leabhar dearg" a thabhairt seachad do Sheumas Mac Mhuirich a Bàideanach ; gu robh e goirid o bhi cho tiugh ri Bioball, ach gu robh e na b' fhaide agus na bu leatha, ach nach robh ȳrad thiughaid sa chòmhdach ; gu robh na craicnean agus an "Leabhar dearg" air an sgrìobhadh anns an làimh anns an robh Gàelic air a sgrìobhadh o shean an Albainn agus ann an Eirinn, mu'n do ghabh daoine cleachdadh air sgrìobhadh na Gàelic anns an làimh Shasunnaich ; gum b'aithne dha athair an t-shean làmh a leughadh gu math ; gu robh cuid de na craicnean aige féin an deigh bàis athar, ach a thaobh is nach d' ionnsaich e iad, agus nach robh aobhar meas aig' orra, gu deach' iad ar chall. Tha e ag ràdh nach robh h-aon de shinnisribh air a robh Pall mar ainm, ach gu robh dithis dhiubh ris an canadh iad Cathal.

Tha e 'g ràdh nach ann le h-aon duine a sgrìobhadh an "Leabhar dearg," ach gu robh 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.

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 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.*

e air a sgrìobhadh o linn gu linn le teaghach Chlann-Mhuirich, a bha cumail suas seanachas Chlainn-Dòmhnuill, agus ceannardan nam fineachan Gàéilach eile.

An deigh so a sgrìobhadh, chaith a leughadh dha, agus dh-aidich e gu robh e ceart, ann an làthair Dhòmhnuill Mhic-Dhòmhnuill, fear Bhaile Raghail; Eoghain Mhic-Dhòmhnuill, fear Gheara-sheilich; Eoghan Mhic-Dhomhnuill Fear Ghriminis; Alasdair Mhic-Ghilleain, fear Hoster, Alasdair Mhic-Neacail, ministcar Bheinne-bhaoghla; agus Ailein Mhic-Chuinn, ministear Uist-a-Chinne-*tuath*, a fear asgrìobh a seanachas so.

(Signed)

LACHUNN X MAC-MHUIRICH.

RUAIRIDH MAC-NEILL, J.P.

TRANSLATION OF THE ABOVE.

In the house of Patrick Nicolson, 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 *Mòr*, son of Lachlan, son of Donald, of the surname of Mac 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 Staiviligary 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 Staiviligary 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 Macdonalds, 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 Gary-helieb, Ewan Mac Donald of Griminisb, Alexander Mac Lean of Hoster, Mr Alexander Nicolson, minister of Benbecula, and Mr Allan Mac Queen, minister of North-Uist, who wrote this declaration.

(Signed)

LACHLAN X MAC VUIRICH.

RODERICK MAC NIEL, J.P.

ORAN. DO MHAC-MHIC-AILEIN.*

Guà è naigheachd na ciadain,
Rinn mo chruitheachd a shiaradh.
Le liunn-dubh, 's le bròn cianail,
Gu'n dhraidh i trom air mo chriochaibh,
Mo sgeul duilich nach iarr,
Mi 'ur còmhradh.
Mo sgeul, &c.

M' uaildh, m' aighear, is m' aiteas,
Tha fo bhinn aig fir shasguinn.
Ar tighearn' òg maiseach,
Au t-ogh ud Iarla nam bratach
Mac an fhir thug dhomh fasga
'Nuair b' òg mi.
Mac an fhir, &c.

'S truagh gu'n mise bhi lamb ruit,
'Nuair a leagadh 's bhlàr thu,
Gu cruaidh curanta laidir,
Agus spionnadh nan Gàel,

Nàile dhiolainn do bhàs,
Dheanainn feòlach,
Nàile dhiolainn, &c.

Uidhist aighearrach, éibhinn,
Dhubhach, ghalanach, dheurach,
Nis o rug ort am beum so,
'S goirt r'a fhalbang ni 's éiginn,
Liuthad fear a tha 'n deigh air
Mac-Dhomhnuill.
Liuthad fear, &c.

Cha'n é 'n Domhnall sin roimhe,
Ach mac sin Dhomhnuill ogh Iain,
Ailean aoibhinn an aigheir,
Urram féile ; rìgh flatha,
Ceannard meaghreach gu caitheamh
Na mòr-chuis.
Ceannard, &c.

'Nuair a chiaradh am feasgar,
Gum biadh branndaidh ga losgadh,
Fion Frangach ga chosg leibh,

* The bard composed this song when a very old man, on hearing that his master was wounded at Shirriffmuir.

Coinnlein céire gan losgadh,
Sàr Cheann-feadhna 'toirt brosnachadh,
Ceòil duihh.
Sàr Cheann-feadhna, &c.

Gum hioidh fidheall ga rùsgadh ;
Buidheann thaitneach air àurlar,
Pìoh a 'sgala nan sionnsar,
Fuaim talla r'a chùl sin,
'G iomairt chleas air chrios cùil
Nam fear òga.
'G iomairt chleas, &c.

M' ulaidh m'aighear am fiùran,
An t-Ailean aighearach aoidheil,
Bha gu macanta miùnte,
Dh-fhàs gu h-aigeantach ùiseil,
Fhuair mi aoihhneas a d' chìurt,
Cha he'n dòlum,
Fhuair mi, &c.

Bu tu m' urram is m' annsachd,
Cha seinn mi eachdraidh do dhàis ort,
Aig eagal droch fhàisneachd,
'N dùil gum faiceamsa slàn thu,
Mar a faic gun toir Gàelic,
Ni's mò bhream,
Mar a faic, &c.

Tha mi sgìth 's gu'n mi ullamh,
S mi 'n deigh mo chuire,
Gu'n dùil ri sud tuille ;
B'fhearr nach bitheadh na h-urrad,
O'n là chualas gu'n chuireadh
Do leòn ort.
O'n là, &c.

MARBH-RANN MHIC-'IC-AILEIN.

A MHARBHADH SA BHLLIADHNÀ 1715.

OCH ! a Mhuire mo dhunaidh,
Thu bhi d' shìneadh air t-nilinn,
An taigh mòr Mhoirear Drumad,
Gun ar dùil ri d' theachd tuille,
Le failte 's le furan,
Dh-fhios na dùthcha da'm buineadh,
A charaid Iarla Choig-Ulaina,
'S goirt le ceannard fir Mhuile do dhìol.
'S goirt le ceannard, &c.

Dh-fhalbh Dòmhnull nan Dòmhnull
A's an Raonull a h' òige,
S Mac-'Ic-Alastair Chnòideart,
Fear na misniche móire,
Dh-fheuch am heireadh iad beo ort,

Cha ro'n sud dhaibh ach gòrraich,
Feum cha rohh dhaibh nan tòireachd,
'S ann a fhuair iad do chòmhra gu'n chì.
'S ann a fhuair iad do chòmhra, &c.

Mo chreach mbòr mar a thachair,
'S è chuir tur stad air m' aiteas,
T-fhuil mhòrgalach reachdar,
Bhi air lòcadh a d' chraiceann,
Gun seòl air a casgadh ;
Bu tu rìgh nam fear feachda,
A chum t-onoir is t-fhacal,
'S cha do phill thu le gealtachd a nìos.
'S cha do phill thu le geallachd, &c.

Mo cheist eannard Chlann-Raonull,
Aig am hioldh ua ciùn-fheadhna,
Na fir ùr air dheag fhoghlum,
Nach iarradh de'n t-shaoghal,
Ach airm agus aodach,
Le 'n cuilbhirean caola,
Sheasadhbh fad air an aodann,
Rinn iad sud is cha d'fhaod iad do dhòu.
Rinn iad sud, &c.

'S mòr gàir han do chiunidh,
O'n a thòisich an iomairt,
An sgeul a fhuair iad chuir tiom orr',
T-fhuil chraobhach a' sileadh,
'S iortadhbh air mhire,
Gu'n seal air a pileadh,
Ge d' tha Raonall a d'ionad,
'S mòr ar call ged a chinneadh an rìgh.
'S mòr ar call ge do chinneadh, &c.

'S trom puthar na luaidhe,
'S goirt 's gur chumhann a hualadh,
Nach do ruith i air t-uachdar,
'Nuair a dh-iontrain iad uath thu,
Thug do mhuinntir gàir chruaidh asd ;
Ach 's è òrdugh a fhuair iad,
Ceum air 'n aghaidh le cruadal,
'S a hìi leautainn na ruaig air a druim.
'S a hìi leantainn na ruaig, &c.

Dheagh Mhic-Ailein mhic Iain,
Cha rohh leithid do thaighe,
Ann am Breatunn r'a fhaighinn ;
Taigh mor flughantach, flatail,
'M bu mhòr sùigradh le h-aighe,
Bhiodh na h-uaislean ga thaghlaich,
Rinn iad cuims' air do chattheamh,
Ann an toiseach an latha dol sios.
Ann au toiseach an latha, &c.

'S iomadh gruagach 's hréideach,
Eadar Uidhist is Sléihhte,
Chaidh am mugha mu d' dheihinn,
Laidh smal air na spèuraihh,

Agus sneachd air na gèugaih,
Ghuil eunlaith an t-shléihé,
O'n là chual iad gun d' eug thu,
A cheann uidhe nan cèud hu mhor prìs.
A cheann-uidhe nan ceud, &c.

Gheih't a d' hhaile ma fheasgar,
Smùid mhòr, 's cha h' è 'n greadan ;
Fir ùr agus fleasaich,
A' losgn' fùdar le headradh,
Cùirs is cupaichean hreaca,
Piosan oîr air an dealtradh,
'S cha h' ann falambh a gheibh' iad,
Ach gach deoch mar hu neart-mhoire hrìgh.
Ach gach mar hu, &c.

'S ionadh cloigaid a's targaid,
Agus claidheamh chinn airgeid,
Bhiodh mar coinneamh air ealachuin,
Dhomhsa h' aithne do sheanchas,
Ge do h' pharsuinn ri leanmuinn,
Ann an eachdraidh na h-Alba ;
Raonuill òig dean heairt ainmeil,
O'n bu dual du o'd' leanmuinn mòrgniomh.
O'n bu dual, &c.

'S cha hu lothagán cliata,
Gheih't ad stàhuill ga'm hiathadh ;
Ach eich chruidheacha shrianach,
Bhiodh do mhìol-choin air iallaibh,
'S iad a' feitheamh ri fiadhach,
Ann sna coireanaibh riahach,
B' è mo chreacha nach do liath thu,
M' an tainig teachdair ga d' iarraidh ou'righ.
M' an tainig teachdair, &c.

SEANACHAS SLOINNIDH

NA PIOBA BHO THUS.

AODROMAN muice hò ! hò !
Air a sheideadh gu h-ana-mhòr,
A cheud mhàla nach robh binn,
Thainig o thùs na dilinn.
Bha seal ri aodromain mhuc,
Ga lionadh suas as gach pluic,
Craiceann seana mhuitl na dhéigh sin,
Re searbhadas agus ri dùrdail.
Cha robh 'n uair sin ann sa phòb,
Ach seannsair agus aon llop,
Agus maide chumadh nam fonn,
Da 'm h'-ainm an sumaire.
Tamlall daibh na dheigh sin,
Do fhuaire as-innleachd iunleachd,
Agus chinнич na trì chroinn innt,
Fear dhùi fada, leobhar, garbh,
Ri dùrdan reamhar ro shearbh.

Air faighinn an dùrdain soirbh,
Agus a ghòthaich gu loma léir,
Chraohh-sgaoil a chrannaghail mar sin,
Ri searhhadas agus ri rùchdail.

Pòb sgreadanach Ian Mhic-Artair,
Mar eun curra air dol air ais,
Lan ronn 's i lahhár luirgneach,
Com galair mar ghuilbneach ghlaib.
Pòbh Dhòmhnuill do cheòl na Cruinne,
Crannaghail bhreuite 's hreun ro'i shluagh,
Cathadh a mùin tro màla gròdaidh,
Bo'n tuil ghrainnde rohalch ruaidh :
Ball Dhòmhnuill is dös na pòha,
Da bheist chursta 'chlageinn mhaoil,
Seinnidh Corra-ghluineach a ghathuinn
Fuaim trùileach an tahainn sheirhh..

Do-cheòl do hhi 'n ifrin ochdrach,
Faobhar phiohan nan dös cruaidh,
Culaidh a dhùsgadh nau deamhan,
Liùgadh do mheoir reamhair ruaidh.
Air fheasgar an earraich mìn,
Mar gheum mairt caòile teachd gu tlus,
Thig sgreadail a chroinn riabhaich,
Mar hhr... tòine 'n di.... duihh.
Chuir Vénus a bha seal an Ifrinn,
Mar dhearbhachd sgeul gu fir an Domhain,
Gur h-e corranach bhan is piòh ghleadhair,
Da leannan ciuil cluas nan Deamhan.

* * * * *

Fàileadh a ch... dheth na mhàla
'S fàileadh a mhàla dheth 'n phòhaur.

Note.—The Author of this piece is Niall mòr 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 pocky 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 fèin a mhic, tha mi faicinn nach bu thras caill'" 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' fhairmeil sinn an Ormaicleit,
'N cùirt an leoghainn mbearsaich,
Ge fear-gbalach ro mhorghalach,
Ge smachdail, reachdail calmar' thu,
'S ro-anamanta neo morchuiseach,
Am bèul o'm blas'd' thig argamaid,
'S tu dhearbhadh le ceart èolas i.

Gur h-e fhad 's o'n dh' fhalbh thu uainn,
Dh' fhag ime-cheisteach an comhnaidh sinn,
Gu'm b' fhéarr leinn thu bhi sealgaireachd,
Air talamh garbh na mor-thière,
Thu féin 's do bhuidbeann ainmeineach,
Na n éireadh farragradh fòpa-san,
Bhiodh sunndach lughor arm-cleasach,
Sluagh garbh-bhuiileach, garg, comhragach.

Gu'm bi fid a gheala-bhratach,
'S neo-clearbach an tìùs comh-strì i,
Tha chuis ud ar a dhearbhadh leibh,
Aig ro mhiad fearrda 's cròdhalachd,
A liuthad òigeas barrcaideach,
A bbuaileadh tailm le stròic-lannabh,
O Sheile gblas nan geala-bhradan,
Gu Innbear gainmhich Mor-thière.

Tha Cana 's Fìg a' géilleachdainn,
Do 'n treuu shear ud mar uachdarán,
O'n 's ann leatsa dh' eireas iad,
Deun fèin gach treud dhiu' bhuacbaileachd,
Am fiubhaidh gasda threubhach sin,
Nacb labhar beuirtean truaillidiù leo,
An laochraidh thaitneach gheur-lannach,
A théid air gbleus gu fuathasach.

A Uidhist thig na ceudan ort,
 Fir bheur' a reubadh chuaiteannan,
 Nach gahhadh sgreamh no deistinne,
 Roimh fhrasan geur a cruidh-shneachda,
 Bhur samhail riabh cha d' eirich dhuihh,
 An lathair feum no cruidh-chulse,
 Gu cnoidheach, lotach, beumanach,
 Gu fulteach, creuchdach, luath-lamhach.

'S mor a hhuaidh 's na tiolaicean,
 'S an inntinn ata fuaithe riut,
 Tha gràdil gach duine chì thu ort,
 Che 'n eòl dhomh fhùn fear fuatha dhut,
 Fear sgipidh, measail, firinneach,
 Fear sithmalte, séamh, suairceil thu,
 Fear sunndach, müirneach, briodalach,
 Sàr chùirteir gu'n ghniomh buathanta.

Fear borb rò-gharg do-chaisgt thu,
 Na'n éireadhi stri no tuasad ort,
 Do bhuirb ri t-sheirg ga miadachadh,
 'S tu 'n leoghann neimheach, buan-thosgach,
 Mar hhuinne reothairt fior hhras thu,
 Mar thuinn ri tir a hualadh thu,
 Mar bharr na lasrach fior-loisgeach,
 'S tu an dreagan ri linn cruidh-chogaidh.

Mo chionsa an t-àrmunn priseil ud,
 Mo sheobhag flor-ghlan uasal thu,
 An onoир ghleidh do shiunsireachd,
 'S e miad an gniomh a fhuaire dhàibh i,
 Gu'n d' fhág iad daingheannan sgrìobht agad,
 Fo lamh an righ le shuaicheantas,
 Bhiodh t-àrd fhear coimheid dìlis air,
 'N uair dh-fhas an rioghachd tuair-shreupach.

Cur ro glan na friamhaicéan,
 'S a fhionn-fhuilt as 'n do bhuaideadh tu,
 Mo Raonullach bras mìleanta,
 Cruaidh ciunteach de mhein-chruaghach thu,
 Ar caraig dhaighean dhileas thu,
 Cha 'n ann gu'n stri' theid gluasad ort,
 Ar ceanna-hheart 's ar sgiath dhilein thu,
 'S ar claidheamh direach buan-sheasach.

Bu blàth ann àm na siochthaimh thu,
 'S bu phrìunnslach ma t-uaislean thu,
 Air mhiad 's ge 'n cosg thu chisin ris,
 Cha 'n fhaic thu dith air trathanach,
 Do bhanntraighean 's do dhileachdain.
 Gur h-e do nì-sa dh' fhuasgladh orr',
 Deanamaid urnaids dhùcheallach,
 Gu 'n cumadh Crìosda suas dhuinn thu.

M A R B H R A N N DO MHAC MHIC-AILEIN.

A hliadhna leuma d'ar milleadh,
 An coig-deug 's a mil'eile,
 'S na seachd ceud a roinn imeachd,
 Chaill sinn ùr-ros ar finne,
 'S geur a leus air ar cinneadh ra'm heò.
 'S gèur a leus air, &c.

Mo sgùl cruidh 's mo chràdh eridhe,
 Ar triath Raonullach dlitheach,
 Dh-ordaich Dia dhuiun mar thighearn'
 Gu là-bhràth nach dean tighiun,
 'S tu 'n Inbhir-Phéphri fo' rithe na'm bòrd,
 'S tu 'n Inbhir-phephri, &c.

Marcach sunndach nam pillein,
 Air each cruidheach nach pilleadh,
 Nach d' ghabh cùram no giorag,
 An àm dùblachaidd 'n teine,
 Mo sgeul geur hha do spiorad ro-mhor,
 Mo sgeul geur, &c.

Cuirtear aigeantach, mìleant'
 Muirneach, macnasach, flor-ghlic,
 Ga 'n robh cleachdadh gach tire,
 Agus fasan gach rioghachd
 Teanga bhlasda ri innse gach sgeòil.
 Teanga bhlasda, &c.

Leoghann tartarach, meanmnach,
 'S cian 's asfad a chaidh ainm ort,
 Beul a lahradh neo-clearbach,
 Bu mhor do mheas aig fir Alba,
 'S tu toirt hrosnachadh calma do'n t-shlògh.
 'S tu toirt brosnachadh, &c.

Fiuran gasda, deas, dealbhach,
 'Sgàthan tlachdar na h-Armait,
 'N uair a dh eireadh an fhearg ort,
 B' ann air ghile 's fiamli dearg oir,
 Cha rùin pillidh bha meamna 'n laoch òig.
 Cha rùin pillidh, &c.

Bha thu teom ann 's gach fearra-ghniomh,
 Bu tu sgiobair na fàirge,
 Ri là cás 's i tighin gailbheach,
 'N uair a dhicreadh i garbh ort,
 'S tu gu'n diobradh an t-anabhar ma hòrd.
 'S tu guu diobradh, &c.

'N àm siubhal a gharhlaich.
 Butu taghadh an t-shealgair,
 As do laimh bu mhòr m'earbsa,
 Air an fhiadh bu tu 'n cealgair,
 'S tu roinn gaoith' agus talmhuinn ma shròdin.
 'S tu roinn gaoith, &c.

Oirnne db' imich am fuathas,
 An sgrìobh so thainig o thuath oirnn,
 Tha ar cħàill air fuasgladh,
 Chaidh ar n-eirthire sguahadh,
 A's sinn mar chuireanan cuaine gu'n treoir.
 A's sinn mar chuireanan, &c.

Chaill sinn reulla nan dualamh,
 Chaidh ar riaghaitt a għluasad,
 Ar cairt-iuil air falhh uainne,
 Brist ar stiur; mo cheud truaighe,
 Sinn mar luing ann a' chuan 's i gu'n seòl.
 Sinn mar luing, &c.

Sinn mar lìnne gun mháthair,
 Mar threeud gun hħuachaille gnáthaicht
 Sinn-fohħruid aig ar nàmhaid,
 H-uile fear a' toirt tāir dhuinn,
 'S na coin luirg gach là air ar tōir.
 'S no coin luirg, &c.

Dhuinn 's neo-shubħach an geamhradh,
 An ruagħ a thug sinn gu Galltachd,
 Cha bu bhuannachd ach call dhuinn,
 Nis mar cholainn gun cheann sinn
 O roinn Raonull a's t-shamħradh uainn fálbh.
 O roinn Raonull, &c.

A għnūlis a h' āillidh ri sirreadh,
 An t-shułiil hu hhlaithu gu'n tioma,
 An leogħann ārd air dheagħ-oilean,
 'Nach d' chuir ùigh au gniomli foillej,
 Ach an riogħalachd shoileir gu'n leōn,
 Ach an riogħalachd, &c.

'S oil Ieam càradh do chéile,
 'S bean na h-aonar a'd' dhéidh i,
 'N deigh a sgaradħ o ceud-gradħ,
 Mhic 'Ic-Ailein o'n dheug thu,
 Fhir a leanadh an fheisd mar hu chòir.
 Fhir a leanadh, &c.

Ach fhir thug Maois as an Euphaid,
 'S a sgħoġli a mhuiż na clàr réidh dhaibh,
 Thug an triu ir as an eigin
 O hhi dagħadħ an creuchdān;
 A Righ nan rīgh na leig eucoir da'r cōir.
 A Righ na'n rīgh, &c.

M A R B H R A N N

DO SHIR IAÍN MAC-ILLEAIN TRIATH DHUBHAIR.

IOMRAICH mo bheannachd,
 Gu Bainn-tigħearna Thamair,
 Bean 's am heil harrachd,
 De charantachd nàduir;

Chunaic mise gu dlighel,
 A suilean ri snithe,
 'S i'g àireamħ mar mhi-àdh,
 Sior Iain da fágail:
 Bha dħraġann a cridhe,
 Cho mòire ga ruighinn,
 'S mar gu 'm biode e air tighinn,
 O dhearbh nigħeana a māthar :
 Gu cronachadħ sgħela,
 Bhiodh fada 'na dhéigh sin,
 Thug Mairiread na féile,
 Spór għeur do'n fhear-dħàna.

Nach iongħnadħ ri chlāstinst,
 Gu'm heil mise o cheann fada,
 Ann an turċadajha cadail,
 Agus m' acaid ro-čhraiteach ;
 Tha cneidh air mo għiġiġ,
 S mi leisg air a dūsgadħ,
 Air eagħal le' bùrach,
 Gun ħraġi i'm bäs dhomh,
 Gidhekkha cha sgeul r-riune,
 Ach sgeula 's mor cùram,
 Sir Iain gu'n dūsgadħ,
 An dlù chiste chlaraħi,
 B'e so an fħras chiuraħi,
 A mhill ar n-abħall's ar n-uhħlan :
 Roġiñ ar dosgħiñ a chrùnadh,
 Fhrois am flur hhàrr a għàraidh.

B'e fēin ar crann dorx
 A chomħdaich le choltas
 Gur á coilltichin solta
 'N dh-fħas toiseach a fhreħma
 Gu'n dreadħunn gu'n chriònach,
 Gun chritheann gu'n chriñ-fhiodh,
 Ach geugan ro phriseil,
 Do dh-fħion-fħuil na Spāine,
 Bha fios aig lueħd leuhħaidi,
 'S aig seanachaidhean geura,
 Air ar teachd o *Għathelus*,
 As an Euphaid a thàinig,
 Sliexd mhilidhean treuna,
 Fħuair ceannas na h-Eireann,
 Mar hha fir na féile,
 Agus Eirimon dàna.

O'n ghin sihh o Scota,
 Bha bħuaidh air ħħur cordai,
 A' dearħħadħ 's a cōmħdach,
 Am pōr as an d' fhàs sihh,
 Far an għażiex sihh cōmħnajid,
 Bu leibħi ceannas na fōid sin,
 Le iomadaidħ cōrach,
 Agus moran a hhàrr air,
 Ciad nigħeana Mhic-Domnuill,
 Mar mhairiste pōsda,
 B'e n-seanaileir cōmħraig,
 'N ciad Thòisich a's àrmann.



O'n shuidhich sihh lù-chairt,
 Bha dh-àileachd 'nar n-ùrais,
 Gur h-iomarcach dùthaich,
 Bh'air an cùinmeadh le pairt dhihh,
 Bu de dh-àirdre 'nar giuhhsaich,
 'S nach tugadh càch pùic dhibh,
 'S nach bu tric le luchd diumha,
 Ar luadhach le tâire,
 Ach 'e s e n rud a thug sgiùrs oirhh,
 Gu'm hu chinne le crùn sihh,
 'S gu'm h'e dliugh hhur dùthchais,
 Bhidh san iùil dheth 'm biadh iadsan,
 Ge d' bha sin ann sa tìm sin,
 Na mhios 's na mhor mhislean,
 Tha e nis gu traugh liointe,
 Daor trì-fille pàighe.

Tha seann-fhacal eil ann,
 Tha cho fior 's mar a their iad,
 Ge h'e neach air am beir e,
 Bi'dh chneidh dhei'reannach craiteach,
 Ge d' tha sinne ri achdain,
 Na dh-flahh o cheann fad orinn,
 Bhiadh ar dùil ri hhi' beartach,
 Na m biadh agaínn na dh-fhág sin,
 Ach tha ar nadur cho truaighe,
 'S nach faic sinn ar huannachd,
 "Cha léir math an fhuarain,
 Gus an uáir sin an tràigh e,"
 Tha e nios na ni' soilleir,
 Da'r nàhuidhean comuinii,
 Gun do hhristeadh mar phronnaig,
 Gara'-droma nan Gàel.

Fear gasda gun chrìne,
 Bha ainmeil san rìoghachd,
 Cha hu tric a luchd mi-ruin,
 Ri n innseadh no 'n àireamh,
 Bu chompanach righ thu,
 Am fear meamnach mor fir-ghlic,
 Cha 'n fhaicte e fo dhlioradh,
 Ach am prisealachd stàta,
 Ann an cogadh luchd strìthe,
 Cha rohh masl' air ri innse,
 Ghleidh e onoir a shinnseadh,
 'S ann a mhiodaich e n-àrdachd,
 Cha rohh e, cha h' fhiach leis,
 Bhi falbh fo bhrat fillte,
 Eadar e bhiodh na mhìn-fhear,
 Agus finid a làithean.

Bha e mor ann a miadachd,
 Bha e mor gu bhi rìoghail,

Bha e mor aon an grìde,
 Ann am firinn 's an cárdeas,
 Bu mhor e ri fhainn,
 Bu mhor air gach achd e,
 Bu mhor e na phearsa,
 Na ghastachd 's na àilleachd,
 Bha e mor air son diulaoich,
 Bha e mor gu bhi sùgach,
 Bha e mor an dheagh ghiùlan,
 Ann an cuirteannan àrda,
 Bha e mor ann a misnich,
 Bha e mor ann an gliocas,
 Bha e mor gun cheist idir,
 'S sàr ghihhteanan nàduir.
 Na m biadh e ri fhuasgladb,
 O n hhàs a thug huaidh air,
 Gur a h-iomadh laoch cruadaid,
 A ghluaiseadh 'na fhabhar,
 An t-ainm coithcheanta mor sin,
 Ri'n gairte Clann-Dòmhnuill,
 O thoiseach an còrdais,
 'S iad hu phòr da chìad màthair,
 Agus uaislean nan Leòdach,
 Thaobh fala agus feola,
 Mur lanain ùr phòsda,
 Leis 'm hu deonach hhi' gràdhach,
 Chunnacas mar phuthar,
 An gruaidean air dubhadh,
 Mar gun deanadh làn phiuthar,
 Geur chumha ma hrathair.
 Cia ma 'n fàgann an dìochuimhn',
 Dream eile da dhìslean ?
 Bha na cinn bu mhò pris dhiu,
 Ro dhileas am pàirt dhut,
 Fir ghasda gun chrìne,
 Bha ainmeil 's an rìoghachd,
 Mar bha' cinneadh mor prìseil,
 So shiòlaich o Bhàncho,
 O thoiseach an dualchais,
 Cha rohh smal air an cruadal,
 Ach 'm heagan heag suarach,
 So fhuaire iad an dràsda,
 'S e n tahhar a lot siun,
 Nach e gniomh a hha lochdach,
 Ach an dearbha mhi-fhorton,
 Bha'n toiseach 's an àbhar.
 Na m h'aithne dhomh innse,
 Bha e mor ann san rìoghachd,
 Ann am fala gun isle,
 'S ann an lònmoireachd chairdean,
 Le seanachas rì firinn,
 O thoiseach an linne,
 'S e féin 's larla-Shì-Phort,
 Sliochd direachd da brathar,
 Agus triath Ghlinne-Garaidh,
 Ann an dlù-cheangal fala,

E cho teamn air a cheangal,
 S nach e sgaradh a b'ail leo,
 'S e leantainn o'n tim sin,
 Gu'n mhiosguinn gu'n mhi-ruin,
 'S nach gluasear le innleachd,
 Gu dillinn 's gu hrath e.

 Bu cheart sheannachas, 's cha tagradh,
 Thaobh falachd is caidreamh,
 Dhut Caipint Chlann-ra'uill,
 Bha mar riut, sa' ghàbhadh
 Do chois-nàbhaidh taitneach,
 'S do chompanach leapa,
 Nam marcachd a's astair,
 'S 'nuair stadarbh am màrsal,
 Bha thu ad t-fhianais air sileadh,
 A chréuchdan, cho-mire,
 Ri bras easraich pinne,
 'S a spiorad 'ga fhàgail,
 Agus uaislean a dhùthchea,
 Ri caidhearan tòrsach,
 'S an cridh air a chiùrradh,
 Ma mhùirneinn nan Gaël.

 Thaobh dligh' agus dualchais,
 Bu daimheil ma d' ghuailibh,
 Mac-Néill o na cuaintaibh,
 'S a dhaoin' uaisle gu'n tairé,
 'Nuair a dheireadh oirbh trioblaid,
 'S ann da iunnsaide a tigeadh,
 Le iarrtas cho bige,
 Ri Litir a làimhe,
 Chunnaic cach é cho soilleir,
 Teachd le cabbalaichin troma,
 De luchd nan gath loma
 Na choinnidh do dh-Aros,
 'N uair a tbachradh e riu,
 Mar Thriath's mar cheann-uidbe,
 Dheanadh fhiontan iad subhach,
 'S bu bhuidheach 'n àm fhàgail.

 Mar choir bho na fhlaithes,
 Bha ranntanan mhathá,
 Mac Ionmhuiunn 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 ghluaiste leis armuinn :
 Bha e-san 's an tim sin,
 Gu'n mhasla, gun mhi-chliù,
 Ann am fochar a shinnrsidh,
 Le gniombaradh dàna ;
 Nis o cbaochail iad cleachdadh,
 As an àite bu cheart daibh,
 Chluinn sibh fein mar a thachair,
 Dhaihh ann an cath Mhàra.
 Ach 's e raghainn a nì mi,
 Bheir mi glòir so gu finid,

'S nach gliocas no criondachd,
 Dhomh mhiad 's tha mi 'g ràite,
 Gur h-e Fionnachd san tim sibh,
 Ann an àireamh no 'n innsheadh,
 'N uair a bha sibh gu'n diobradh,
 'N-ar miad is 'n-ar àirde,
 Eadar Sgalpa's caol-lle,
 Ge do b' pharsuinn na crìochan,
 Bha roinn do gach tìr dhìu
 Fo chìs duibh a' pàigheadh,
 Nis o thuit na stuc fheionh-fhuil,
 Ris an abairt na rìghrean,
 Tha na geugan bu dìls' dhaibh,
 Air crionadh 'na'n aobhar.

ORAN

NAM FINEACHAN GAELACH.

'S i so 'n aimsir a dhearbhar
 An targanach dhuium,
 'S hras meannach fir Alba
 Fo 'u armaibh air thùs ;
 'N uair dì' éireas gach treun-laoch
 Nan éideadh glan ùr,
 Le rùn feirg' agus gaigre
 Gu seirbhis a chrùin.

 Theid mathaibh na Gàeltachd
 Gle shannatadh sa chùis,
 'S gur lionmhòr each seang-mhear
 A dhambhas le sunnd,
 Bi'dh Sasunnach cailte
 Gun taing dhaibh ga chionn,
 Bi'dh na Frangaich nan campaibh
 Gle theann air an èil.

 'N uair dh' éireas Clann-Dòmhnuill
 Na leoghainu tha garg
 Na beo-hheithir, mhòr-leathunn,
 Chonspunnaich, gharbh,
 Luchd sheasamh na còrach
 G'an òrdugh lamh-dhearg,
 Mo dhoigh gu'm bu ghòrach
 Dhaibh toiseachadh oirbh.

 Tha Rothaich a's Ròsaich,
 Gle dheonach teachd 'nar ceannu,
 Barraich an treas seòrsa,
 Tha chomhnaidh measg Ghall ;
 Clann Donachaidd cha bluereug so
 Gun eireadb libh 's gach àm,
 Mar sin is clann Reabhair
 Fir ghleusta, nach éisd gu'n bhi aint,

 'S iad Clann-an-Nab an seòrsa
 A théid boideach nan triall,
 'S glan còmhdaich nan comhlainn
 Luchd leonadh nam fiadh :

Iad féin a's Clann-Phàrlain
 Dream àrdanach, diau,
 'S ann a b' àbhaist gau àireamh
 Bbi 'm sàbhar Shiol-Chuinn.

Na Leòdaich am pòr glan
 Cha b' fhòlach 'ur sìol,
 Dream rioghaill gun fhòtus
 Nan górsaid, 's nan sgiath,
 Gur neartmhòr, ro-eolach
 'Ur n-oig-fhir, 's 'ur liath,
 Gur e crudal 'ur dualchas
 A dh' fhuasgail sibh riamh.

Clann Iomnuinn o'n Cbréithich
 Fir ghle għlan gu'n smùr,
 Luchd nan cuilbheirean gleusda
 Nam feuma nach diult :
 Tbig Niallaich th' air sàile
 Air khàrcabha nan sùgh,
 Le 'n cabhlach luath lànn-mhor
 O Bhàghan nan túr.

Clànn-Illean o'n Dreollainn
 Theid sunndach san ruaig,
 Dream a chlosadh aineart,
 Gun taing choisinn baidb ;
 Dream rioghaill do-chòsaitch,
 Nach striochda do'n t-sluagh,
 'S iomadh mìle deas, direach,
 Bheir iuntinn dhuibh suas.

Gnr guineach na Duimbnich
 'N am bhriseadh cheanui,
 Bi'dh enuachdan gan spuachdadh
 Le crudal 'ur lann,
 Dream uasal ro uaimhreach,
 Bu dual bhi san Fhraing,
 'S ann o Dhíarmad a shiollaich
 Pòr lionmhor nach gaun.

Tha Stiùbhartaich ùr għlan
 Nam fiuairi gun għiomh,
 Fir shunndach nan lù-chleas
 Nach tiomidaidh le fiamh,
 Nach gabb cùram roi mhūiseag
 Cha b' fiù leo bhi crion,
 Cha bu shùgradh do dhù-għall
 Čuia s aħvien dhibb.

Gur lionmhor lamh theoma
 Aig Eogbann Loch-iall,
 Fir cholganda, bhorganda,
 'S oirdheirce gniomh,
 Iad mar thuilbeum air chorra-ghleus,
 'S air chon-fhadh ro dhian
 'S i mo dhùilse nam rùsgadh
 Nach diult sibh dol sios.

Clann-Mhuirich nach sòradh
 A ebonnspairn ud iai,
 Dream fhuitteach gun mhòr-chùis
 Ga'n còir a bli fial,
 Gur gaisgeil fior-sheolta,
 Ar mòr thionail chiad,
 Ni sibh spòltadhi air feòlach
 A stròiceadh fo 'n ian.

Tha Granndaich mar b' àbhaist
 Mu bħräidh uisge Spé,
 Fir laidiu ro-dħàicħeil
 Theid dàn anns an streup,
 Nach iarr cairdeas no fàbħar
 Air námhaid fo'u għrein ;
 'S i n-ur làmbħach a dh' fħiġas
 Fuil bħlħath air an fheur.

Tha Frisealaich ainmeil
 Aig seanaċċaibb nan criob,
 Fir għarbha ro chalma,
 'Ur fearg cha bu shi ;
 Tha Catanaich foirmell
 Si 'n armachd ani miann,
 'An cath gairbheach le 'r n-armaibh
 A dhearbh sihh 'ur gniomh.

Clanu-Choinnich o thuath dhuuın
 Lucbd bħuannachd gach cis ;
 Gur fuasgħalteach, luath-lamhach
 'Ur n-uailean san strī ;
 Gur lionmhor 'ur tuadh-ċleathairn
 Le 'm buaħħib de ni ;
 Thig sluagh dūmhail gu'n chunnta
 A dùthaich Mhic-Aoidh.

Nis o chuimlinich mi m' iomrall,
 'S fàth iunutraħiñ iad,
 Fir chunnabhalach chumaita,
 Ni cuimse le 'n laimb,
 Nach dean iomluas mu aona-chuis
 Chiou iunntais gu bràth,
 Gur muirneach ri 'n iomradd
 Clann-Fhiunlaidd Bħräi'-bhàrr.

Thig Gòrdanaich, 's Greumaich,
 Grad gleusd as gach tîr ;
 An cogadh rìgh Tearlach
 Gum b' fħeumail dha sibb ;
 Griogaraich nan geur-lann
 Dream speisel nam pios,
 Air leam gum hi 'n eucoir
 'Nuair dn' éigte sibh sios.

Siosalaich nan geur-lam
 Theid treun air chùl arm,
 An Albainn 's an Eirinn
 B' e 'ur beus a bhi gärg,

An àm dol a bhualadh
B' e'n crnadal 'ur calg,
Bu guineach ur beuman
'N uair dh' éireadh 'ur fearg.

Nam biodh gach curaidh treun-mhor
Le chéile san àm,
Iad air aon inntinn dhìrich
Gun fhiaradh, gun chàm,
Iad cho einteach ri aon fhearr,
'S iad titheach air geall,
Dh' aindeoin mùiseag nan dù-Ghàll,
Thig cùis thar an ceann.

C R O S D H A N A C H D

FHIR NAN DRUIMNEAN.

Tha bith ùr an tìr na Dreollaín,
'S coir dhuinn aithris,
Tha moran deth tigh'n am biochionnt'
Ri gnàs Shasuinn,
Ni 'm beil duin' usal, no iosal,
No fear fáirinn,
Leis nach àill, gu moran buinig,
Ceird a bharrachd.
Tha ceird ùr aig fear nan Druimnean,
Th' air leinn tha croíail;
B' aill leis fein a dhol an àite
Mhaisteir Sgoile,
An t-oide sin fein a rinn foghlum,
Le gloir Laideann,
Ghlacadh leis, gun chead a chairdean,
A cheaird a bh'aige.

Labhairt—'S e an t-aobhar a thug do dhaoinne aire thoirt do shannt an sgoileir so, 'nuair a mhianainch se cheaird do bhi aig oide foghluim, nach laimhsicheadh e i, mar laimhsicheadh an t-oide foghluim fèin i. Oir 'nuair a ghabhadh an t-oide foghluim air a dhàltachan, 's ann a ghabhadh e air na leanabanan, ach 's ann a ghabhadh an sgoileir sanntach so 'air na daoine àrsaidh mar au ceudna. 'Nuair ghabhadh an t-oide foghluim air a dhàltachan, 's ann a ghabhadh e air na ciontaich, ach 's ann a ghabhadh an sgoileir sanntach air ua neo-chiontaich. 'S ann uaith sin a dubhradh—“Saoilidh am fear a bhios na thàmh, gur e fèin a's fearr lamh air an stiùir,” ach cha mhò gur h-e.

Cha'n ionnsaich e clann, no leanabain,
Mar bu chòir dha,
Gus am bi lad na'n daoin' àrsaidh
Fo'n län fheòsaig,

Cha tugadh an Cillmocheallaig
Breath bu chlaoine,*
No ni rinn an ceann a h' aird',
A' màs 'ga dhioladh.
Gabhail do chrios an aois àrsaidh,
Air màs sean-duin',
'S fada ma'n ionnsaich au gniomh sin
Ciall do theangaidh,
Ge be labhras ris an flear ud,
Còir, no ea-coir,
Gabhar air a ghoirt' de stràcaibh,
Le chrios féilidh.

Labhairt—Agus b'fhior do'n duine sin, cha d'fhuaireadh riamh rud a dh'ionnsachadh teanga droch mhuinte, bu mheasa na gabhall air na màsan ann air aobhar na teanga, agus an teanga thuiginn gur h-ann na h-aobhar fèin a fhuair am màs am mor-gleusadh sin. Mar deanadh sin a ciall ni bu mheasa, cha deauadh e idir ni b'fhearr i. Uaith sin a dubhradh—“Am fear nach ionnsaich laimh ri ghlùn, cha'n ionnsaich laimh ri uilean.”

A chuid eachd da'm bu chòir bhi diamhair,
'S a ghnà 'm falach,
Cha d'fhangadh da'n dion bho chunnart,
Sion de dh' earradh,
Bha iad aon uair an lathair fianais,
An taigh gréusaich.
Dubhairt nìgean Shomhairle†
Le rabhart, sa gnàs siomhailt,
'S coir gu'm beanauch siun gu saibhear,
Cuid gach Crioduidh.
B'fhearr leam ge nach eil mi maoineach,
No luach gearrain,
Gu'm biodh coltas do thriuir
Gu turn aig Calum.‡

Labhairt—'S e aobhar thug do'n mhnao, bheusaidh, cheart, chòir, so a radh, a rùn deagh chneasta, chum gu'm biodh aig a fear fèin a leithid, sa bhioidh aig a nàbaidhean; 's nach suil gohointe, no lombais, a bh' aic air cui'd a coimh-earsnaich. Mar bl'aig Gillebride Mac-an-t-Saoir ann an Ruthraig, an Tirithe, a mhort an eithir-fiechaid cearc le aon bheum-sula, 's a bhris long mhòr nan cuig crannag, a dhaindeoin a cablaichean sa h-acraichean. Uaith a sin a dubhradh—“Sann de'n cheaird a chungaidh.”

Tha bith ùr an tìr na Dreollaín,
A thog am Baron,
Air gach aon fhearr a labhras buna-chainnt,
Rusgadh feamain,
Ma sgoileas air feadh gach tire,
Am bith thog Tearlach,

* See note, page 38. † The shoemaker's wife.
‡ The shoemaker who had no children.

'S teann as nach feudadh ri h-uine,
E-feu bhi pàighe.
Ma rigeas an gearan so Seumas,
Breitheamh sàr-mhath,
Cha tog e dochair mu dheibhinn,
Ach glag mòr gaire.

Labhairt—Agus bha aobhar na dha aig an t-Siorramh choir air gàir a dheanadh, thaobh gu'n d'rug timchioll-ghearradh airson, le coimhearsnachd ban-Spaintich do thachair ris. 'S ann uaith sin a dubhradh, "An duine ni teine math deanadh e-féin a gharadh ris.

Note.—The laird of Druimin kept an old schoolmaster in his house, in the double capacity of tutor to his children and goer of errands. The dominiie 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 *dreach* p毅力; 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 re-

tainer, 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 dominiie, "that you would make no more shoes for me till I bad 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 dominiie was thunder-struck at the barefaced impudence of the "fause loom;" but, ere he had time to utter a word in explanation, the laird had not only laid the flatteringunction 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 dominiie's phalabeg with the other, he therewithal plied 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 flown 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 millstone." 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.

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-Mhurrich, 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 Féigh*" 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 Dorny, 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 thuathaich,
A thriall an de thar chuainteán bhuan,
Le sgioba laidir luasanach,
Nach pilleadhl cás ne fuathas iad,
Muir gàireach air gach guallainn dh'i;
Air clar do lùinge lauithe,
Gabh mi cead dhiot is fhuair mi 'n t-òr.

Gu'n cumadh Dia bho bhaoghal thu,
Bho charraid cuain 's bho chaolasan,
Bho charraig fhuair gun chaomhalachd,
Seachd beannachd tuath is daonachd dhut,
Buaidh làrach ri do shaoghail ort,
Fhir ghaoil ga t-fhaicinn beò.

Gur gaoth a deas a dh-eighinn dhut,
 Gu'n chruas gu'n tais a sheideadh rith',
 Fear bearta beachdail, geur-chuiseach,
 Gu sunndach, bras, neo-eisleanach,
 Bhí fuasgladh paitteas eudaich dh'i,
 Ga bhreideadh air gach bòrd.

Gu'n innsinn gniomh do stiùireadair,
 Fear cuimhneach, ciallach, curaonach,
 'Dh' aithnicheadh fiamh a cbúlanaich,
 A chuireadh srian ri càrsaireachd,
 Mu'm bristeadh trian a chuirnean oirr',
 A mhuchadh e fo sròin.

T-fhearr eolais laidir, fradharcach,
 Deas labbrach, gaireach, gleoghairach,
 Min chinnteach, seolta, faighidneach,
 Crann geadha 'na'd laimh adhairtaich,
 Mac Sambail ràsg mhic-fraoire,
 Sud mar thaghainn dhut na seoid.

Ma chaidh thu null thar chuainteanan,
 Air darach naomh a ghluaiseadh tu,
 Fir bhuille saoir a 'dh fhuaigheas i,
 Bidh barrantach dhaoin' uaisle leat,
 Bidh beannach bhochd, a's tuatha dhut,
 Cha'n eagal baoghal fuadaich dhuibh,
 Bidb Dia ma'n cuairt da d'sheol.

Mu sheol thu bare air fairge bhuainn',
 Thu féin 's do choirneal Calamanach,
 Fhuair clìù'n cùirt na'n Albannach,
 Gur h-iomadh tòrn a dhearbhadh leat,
 Be sùd an leoghunu ainmeil,
 Bu mhor seanachas air gach bòrd.

Gur tagha calla dh-innsinn dhut,
 'N deidh na mara Sì-phortaich,
 Thu dhol gu fallain, firineach,
 Do Steornabhaidh bho linnteantan,
 Bithidh ro-fhial gheala teinteannan,
 Aig fir's aig mnai's toil-inntinn orra,
 Ri linn thu theachd gu'n cors.

Gur h-iomadh sruthan firinneach,
 Tha'n linntichean an t-Sì-phortaich,
 Tha triath na h-Earradh dileas dhut,
 Le'n counspainn fhearlai innsigneach,
 A Lochlainn thig na mìltean,
 Air chuan-sgìth gu teach Mhic-Leoid.

'Nuair cruinneicheas na Sàileich leat,
 'S do chinneadh neartmor tàbhachdach,
 Bidh mire, 's clùich, is gaireachdaich,

Sa'n ionnad ann an tàrladh sibh,
 Cha'n ioghnadh thu bhi ardanach,
 Sa liuthad fion-fbuil àluinn,
 A tha cairdeach gu do phòr.

Bidh Tòrmòd òg na sbiubhal leat,
 Siol-Leòid nan rò-seol uidheamach,
 Fhir stòlta, chomhaert, shuidhichte,
 Bidh òl gu leoir nam suidhe dhaibh,
 Air piosaibh bùidhle òir.

M A R B H R A N N

DO DHF ALASDAIR DUBH GHLINNE-GARAIDH

FHUAIR mi sgeula moch di-ciadain,
 Air laimh fheuma bha gu creuchdach,
 'S leòir a gheurad ann sa'n leumsa,
 A nall o'n treud bha bunghar.

O Dhùn-Garannach ùr allail,
 Na'n tùrp meara, 's nan steud seanga,
 Nan gleus glana, 's ceutach sealladh,
 Beuchdail, allaidh, uaimhreach.

Gur dubhach, deòrach, tha Clan Dòmhnuill,
 Mu chreach Chnòideirt neart nan ròiseol,
 Gaisgich chròdha, nach tais'n àm còmhraig,
 Mo chreach mhòr 's mo chruadal.

Gur goirt an sgaradh tha'n Gleann-garadh,
 O'n dh' fbalbh leannan nan arm glana,
 Da'm b' ainm Alasdair, ceanu nam beannachd,
 Glac nan geal lann cruaghach.

Bu chàll curaidd do dh' Alb'uile,
 O dh' fhalbh cuilein, nau arm guineach,
 Bu gharg turas, 'n sealg nan cunnart,
 'N àm dha bhuille bhualadb.

'S an rioghachd so féin bu fhathail t-fhèum,
 'S bu sgathail bèum do chlaideimh géir,
 Do shamhailt fein cha'n fhac o'n dh' èug thu,
 Ghaisgeich èuchdaich, bhughach

Ge b'e dluisgeadh t-ain-iocadh,
 Bu dlùth dha carraid, 'n tùs tarruinn
 Rùsgadh lannan, surd air ghearradh,
 Bruchdan fal air ghuaillean.

'S tu'n Dònnullach dian, coinnspunn nan triath,
 Morghalach fial, ro lòdraich nan cliar,
 Leis an ölté fion, agus òr ga dhìol,
 Ann an aitribh nan crioch sluaghail.

A shliochd rìgh Fionnaghail,
Nan còrn geala-ghlaic 's nau sròl balla-bhreac,
'M pòr nach cearbach, dol fo 'n armaibh,
'N àm nan garbh-chath ruaidhneach.

Ach buaidh a's slàinte an fhìr a dhì-fhág thu,
Duineil, braithreib, cinneil, càirdeil,
Gaoil hho nàmhaid, gràdh bho chàirdean,
A shliochd nan àrmunn uasal.

AN T-AOSDANA MAC-'ILLEAN.

HECTOR MACLEAN, commonly called *Eachann Bacach an t-Aosdàna*, lived in the seventeenth century, and was poet to Sir Lachlan 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.

MARBH RANN DO SHIR LACHUINN MAC-GHILLEAIN

TRIATH DHUBH-AIRD.

THRIALL ar bunadh gu Phàra,
Co b'urrainn da sheanchas?
Mac-Mhuirich,* Mac-Fhearguis,
Craobh a thuinich rè aimsir,
Fhriamhaich bun annan Alba,
Chuidich fear dhiu' cath-Gairiach,
Fhuair sinn ullaidh fear t-airme theachd bed.
Fhuair sinn, &c.

Cha chraobh chuire cha phlannta,
Cha chnòdh bhò'n uraidh o'n d' fhàs thu,
Cha bhlà chuirte ma bhealltainn,
Ach fàs duillich a's meanglain,
A miar mullaich so dh' fhàg sinn,
Cuir a Chriosd tuilleadh an àite na dh' fhàlbh.
Cuir a Chriosd, &c.

'S mor puthar an ràith-se,
'S trom an dubhadh-sa dh'fhàs oirnn,
Gur ro cumhann leinn t-àrdach,
'N ciste luthaidh na'n clàran,
'S fad is cuimhne leinne càradh nam bòrd.
'S fad is cuimhne, &c.

Chaidh do chiste 'n taigh geomhraidh,
Cha do bhrist 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 rìogaile cleachdadadh,
'S tu bu bhòganta faicinn,
A dol sios am blàr machrach,
Bhiodh na miltin ma d' bhrataich,
Chuid bu phriseile 'n eachdraidh,
Luchd do mhì-ruin na'n caist ort,
'S aon a dh' innste leo t-fhasan,
'Nuair bu sgì leo cuir sgapaidh na'm feòil.
'Nuair bu sgìth, &c.

Cha bhiodh buannachd do d' nàmhaid,
Dol a dh' fhuasgladh bhuat làmbuinn,
Bha thu buadach 's gach àite,
Cha b'e fuath mhic a mhàile,
Fear do shnuadh theachd na fhàrdaich,
Cha dath uaine bu bhlà dhut,
'Nuair a bhuaileadh an t-àrdan ad phòr.
'Nuair a bhuaileadh, &c.

* Clerk-Register of Icolmkill.

Gu'm b' aithriseach t-fheum dhaihh,
 'N àm nan crannan a hbeumadh,
 Chum nan deannal a sheideadh,
 Bhiodh lann thansh chruaidh, gheur ort,
 'S tu fad là air an t-sheirm sin,
 Cha tigeadh lag-bhuile meirrh hho do dhòrn.
 Cha tigeadh, &c.

'N àile chunaic mi aimsir,
 'S tu ri siubhal na sealga,
 Cha bu chuing ort a' gharhlach,
 Plo' de'n inbhar cha d' fhàs i,
 Chuireadh umhal na spàirn ort,
 Cha bhiodh fuitilh a tàrruinne,
 'Nam hiodh lutha na crannaghail,
 Chuireadh siubhal fo earr-ite 'n eòin.
 Chuireadh siubhal, &c.

Glac chòmlinart an càradh,
 'M bian ròineach an t-sheana bhrui,
 Cinn stòrach o'n cheardaich,
 Cha bhiodh òirleach gu'n bhàthadh,
 Eadar smèdirn agus gàine,
 Le neart còrcaich a Flàrnas,
 Cha hhiodh feolach an tearmad,
 Air an seoladh tu'n crann sin ad dheòin.
 Air an seoladh, &c.

Cha b'e sin mo luan-Càisge,
 'Nuair a bhual a ghath bàis thu,
 'S truagh a dh' fhàg thu do chairdean,
 Mar ghàin sheillein air làraich,
 'N deigh a mealunnan fhàgail,
 No uain earraich gu'n mliàthair,
 'S fada chluinnear an gàraich mu'n chrò.
 'S fada chluinnear, &c.

Gu'm bu mhath do dhìol freasdail,
 'N taigh mor am bial feasgar,
 Uisge heatha nam feedan,
 Ann am plosan ga leigeil,
 Sin a's clàrsach ga spreigeadh ri ceòl.
 Sin a's clàrsach, &c.

Bhuineadh dhinne na ùr-ros,
 Fear ar taighe's ar crùn air,
 Ghabh an rathad air thùs uainn,
 Liuthad latha ri chùnnitas,
 Bh'aig maithibh do dhùthchha,
 Miad an aighear's a mùirne,
 Bha mi tathaich do chùirte,
 Seal mu'm b' aithne dno 'n turlar a dh'fhaibh,
 Seal mu'm b' aithne, &c.

B'edh dhomh innse na bh'aca,
 Gu'm ba'nn do mhiannan Shir Lachuinn,
 Bhiodh 'g òl fiona 'n taigh farsainn,
 Le mnaidh rìmhreach neò-as-caoin,
 Glòir hhinn agus macnais,
 Ann 'san am sin 'm hu ghìnà leibh bhi pòit.
 Ann 'san am sin, &c.

'N am na faire bhiodh glasadhb,
 Bhiodh chlàrsach ga creachadh,
 Cha hhiodh ceòl innse an tasgaidh,
 Ach na meòir ga thoirt aiste,
 Gu'n leòn làimhe gu'n laige,
 Gus 'm bu mhianach leibh cadal gu fòill.
 Gus 'm bu mhianach, &c.

Bhiodh na cearraich ri braise,
 Iomairt thàileasg ma'n seach orr',
 Fir fòirne ri tartar,
 Toirm a's màthadh air chairtean,
 Dolair spàinteach a's tastain,
 Bhí' ga'n dioladh gu'n lasan na'n lòrg.
 Bhi ga'n dioladh, &c.

Thug càch teist air do bheusan,
 Bhà gradh a's eagal mhic Dhé ort,
 Bha fàth seirce ga d' chéill ort,
 Bha aòigh deiseach a's deilbh ort,
 Cha robb ceist ort mar threun fhear,
 Bhiodh na sgriohltair ga'n leuhadh,
 Ann ad thalla ma'n eireadh do hhòrd.
 Ann ad thalla, &c.

Ge hu lionmhar ort frasachd,
 Chum thu diréach do d' mhacabh,
 Do hbriedh rìmhreach gu'n srachadh,
 Cha do dhòbair ceann slait thu,
 O'n s' e Criosd a h' fhear heairt dhut,
 'Sin an Tì a leig leat an taod-sgòid.
 'Sin an Tì a leig, &c.

A mhic mo ghlacás thu'n stiùir so,
 Cha bu fhlasgas gun dùchas,
 Dhut bhi' grathuin air h-ùrnaigh,
 Cuir da caitheamh an triuair oirr',
 Cuir an t-Athair ann tùs oirr',
 Biadh a Mac na fhear iuil oirr',
 An Spiorad Naomba ga giùlan gu nòs.
 An Naomha, &c.

ORAN

DOLACHUNN MOR MAC GILLEOIN
TRIATH DHUBH-AIRD.

A LACHUINN òig gu'n innsinn ort,
Sgeul is binn ri àireamh,
Nis o rinn e craobh-sgaoileadh,
'S na bheil an taobh so dh'fhairge,
Tha thu làrn do dh' fhìnealtachd,
Cho ceart sa dhùinseadh seanchas,
Gur mac Iain Ghairbh da rìreamh thu,
An àm dol sios an garbh-chath.

A Lachuinn òig gu 'm faic mi tha,
Mar treigeadh bòrd na bàs mi,
Gu'm faic mi fo cheann bliadhnu'r thu,
Mar glac am fiabhras árd mi,
A ghnùis sholta,'s am beul o'n sochdrach gaire,
Do dheud gu'n stòir o'm binn thig glòir,
O'n faighinn pòg a's fàilte.

'S e Ceannard Chlan-'Illeann,
Dh'fhas flathasach le crualdail,
Sgaoil e feadh gach tighearnais,
Gu'n ghleidh thu dligheil t-uaisle,
Ach 's iomadh neach bu shùgadh leis,
Crùbadh ann an truailleachd,
Ach rinn thu beairt bu clùitaiche,
Air an dùchas mar ba dual dhut.
A Lachuinn òig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

'S e na chuir mi dh'eòlas ort,
Dh' fbàg an cèò ma m' shùilean,
Aig a mhiad sa fhuar mi dhetn,
Gu'n leig mi ruraig an tùs ort,
Dh' aithnichinn air an fbaiche thu,
À lùb nan cas-chiabhùr-ghlan,
Gu'm b' ursann-chath air gaisgeich thu,
Na'n tigeadh creach a d' dhùthaich.
A Lachuinn òig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

B' e sid an gasan leis bu taitneach,
Plecean dait' a lùbadh,
'N t-iubhar nuadh ga lagh gu chluais,
'M beatha bhuat bu shiùbhlach,
Ceir a's ròsaid dùl fo t-òrdaig,
Ite an eòin gu h-ùr-ghlan,
Mu chul an fhéidh ma'n gearr e leum,
Bhidh fhuil na leine brùite.
A Lachuinn òig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

Sid na h-airm a ghlaçainn dut,
A dhòl air sraid an fhùdar:
Cùilbhair a ghleis shniambhaic,
A bheul o'n cinnteach cuimse,

Spàntach làdair, fulangach,
'N laimh a churaidh chliùtaich,
'S a 'n sgiath bu tric an taisbeanaich,
Air ghaoirdean deas nan lù-chleas.
A Lachuinn òig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

Mo ghaoil a 'm fear caiteanach,
A leubh a chairt 's rinn gual d'i,
Leis an eireadh na brataichean,
A 's teach o ghlaic nam fuar-bheann,
'N àm dùsgadh as an cadal daibh,
Gu'n d' bhuail thu pais ma'n chluais orr',
'S thilig thu steach an teachdaireachd,
'S an ceart air bhacdh an guaile.
A Lachuinn òig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

'S iomadh bratach shuaicheanta,
'N robh smuais a's cruas a's càirdeas,
Eadar ruta Chuirteirnis,
Gu Dubh-airt thun a Garbh-lead,
Dh' eireadh fir Aird-ghobhar leat,
Fir fboghainteach neo-sgàthach,
Dhearbhainn fhìn gu'n geileadh dhut,
Fir ghleusta bho Bhra'-chàrnaig.
A Lachuinn òig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

Ghluaiseadh leat s na h-eileanan,
Dream nach ceil an gràdh ort,
Thigeadh ort a mor-Innis,
A bhratach leòghann't làidir,
Chìte sid gu follaiseach,
Fir fhionnidh ann an Aros,
Na fir ùra nach diùltadh,
Sgiùrs thoirt air an nàmhaid,
A Lachuinn òig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

Dh' eireadh seòid o'n Mhuidhe leat,
Nach cuireadh bruthach spàirn orr',
Nan ceanna-bheairtean glana,
Nan lannan geal 's nan targaid,
Nan culbhirean caol acuinneach,
Aig gaisgich nan gniomh gailbhreach,
A dheanadh luath a chaisleacha,
'N uair dh' eireadh srad bho theanachair.
A Lachuinn òig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

Bratach aig Clann-Dòmhnuill,
'N a'm biodh ad chòir gu'm b' fheairrde,
Dh' fhas gu seasmhach, crualach,
'N uair għluaiseadh iad na'n armadh,
Ann an glicias firinneacín,
Cho math sa sgrìobh an seanachas,
Sìd an dream bha innsigneach,
Ri 'n innseadh nach robh leanabail.
A Lachuinn òig 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 deflower 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.

MARBHPHAISG ort a mhulaid,
 Nach do dh'fhuirich thu nocht uam
 'S nach do leig thu cadal domh,
 S an óidhche fada, fuar,
 Ma's ann a dh'iarraidiù cuantais orin,
 A lunn thu air mo shuanin,
 Beir mise greis an dràsda dhut
 Air àireamh na tha bh'uat.

Latha' siubhal sléibhe dhomh
 'S mi falbh leam fén gu dlù,
 A chuideachd auns an astar sin
 Air gunna glaic a's cù,
 Gun thachair clann riùm ann sa' ghleann
 A' gal gu fann chion iùil :
 Air leam gur h-iad a b'áillidh dreach
 A chunnacas riamh le m' shuil.

Gu'm b'ioghnadh leam mar thàrladh dhaibh
 Am fàsach fad air chùl,
 Coimeas luchd an agħaidhean
 Gu'n tagha de cheann iùil,
 Air beannachadh neo-fhiadh dhomh
 Gu'n d'fhiarach mi :—“ Co sùd ? ”
 'S fhreagair iad gu cianail mi
 A'm briathraih mìne ciùn.

“ Iochd, a's Gradh, a's Fiùghantas,
 'Nar triuir gur h-e ar n-aïnm,
 Clann nan uaislean cùramach,
 A choisinn clùi 's gach ball,
 'Nuair pháigh an fhéile cùl an Eug
 'S a chaidh i-féin air chall,
 'Na thiomadh dh'fhag ar n-athair sinn
 Aig mathaibh Innse-Gall.

“ Tòrmad fial an t-shùgraiddh,
 Nach d'fhàs m'a chuinneadh cruaidh,
 A hha gu fearail fiùghantach,
 'S a chum a dhùthchhas suas ;
 'S ann air a hha ar taghaich,
 O'n thugadh Iain bh'uainn,
 'S beag m' fhamrad ris na feumaich
 O'n a bheum na cluig gu truagh !

“ Bha'n duin' ud ro fhàthasach,
 'S e mathasach le ceil,
 Bha e gu fial fiùghantach,
 'S a ghiulan math ga reir ;
 Ge farsuinn eadar Arcamh,
 Cathair Ghlas-cho 's Baile-Bhòid :
 Cha d' fbuaras riamh oid-altrum ani,
 Cho pailt' ri teach Mhic-Leòid.

“ Chaidh sinn do Dhun-Bheagain
 A's cha d'iarr sinn cead 'na thùr,
 Fhuair sinn, fàilte shuilibheara,
 Le furbait a's le mìurn :
 Gu'n għlaċ ē sinn le acarachd
 Mar dhaltachan 'nar triùir,
 A's thogadh e gach neach agaum
 Gu macant' air a għlùn.

“ Fhuair sinn greis 'gar n-àrach,
 Aig Mac-Leòid a bha san Dùn,
 Greis eile gle shaibheir
 Aig a bħarrhaġġ hha'n Dun-Tuilm : ”
 Sin 'nuair labhair fiùghantas
 Dalt uiseil Dhomħuill għuirm : —
 “ Bu tric leat a bħi sūgradhi rinn,
 'S cha b' fhasan ùr dhuuinn eurim.

“ N am eiridh dhuuinn neo-airtneulach
 'S biadh maidne dhol air bōrd,
 Għeibhte gach ni riaghailteach,
 Bu mħiannach leat ga d' chöir ;
 Cha d' chuir thu duil am priobairtich,
 Cha h' fiħaq leat ach ni mōr ;
 Bu chleachdadh air do dhitàheid dhut
 Glain' fhiona mar ri ceol.

“ Am fear a hh' air a Chomraich
 Bu chall soillear dhuuinn a bhàs
 Ann an cuisibh diulanais,
 Cha h' iùdmhail e' measg chàich
 Lamh sgapaidh òir, a's airgeid e
 Gu'n dearmad air luchd dhàn,
 A's mhionnaichead na clàrsairean
 Nach e bu tāire lamh.*

* Alluding to an Irish Harper of the name of *Cailean 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 disrelish music, and who, consequently, appreciated his abilities and performances. Among others in whose families the Hibernian minstrel was well received, was that of the Laird of Applecross. On the day of his departure, Applecross, 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 or 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,

" Thug sinn ruaig gu'n sóradh
 Gu Mac-Choinnich mòr nan cuach,
 Be'n duin' iochd-mhor, teò-chridheach,
 S bu leoghamnt e air slugagh,
 Bha urram uaisl' a's ceannamis aig'
 Air fearaibh an taobh-Tuath;
 Cha chuit' as geall a chailleadh e
 Ge d' fhalaich oirn e 'n uaigh !

" O'n rinn an uaigh 'ür glasadh orm,
 'S nach faic mi sibh le'm shùil ;
 'S cumhach, cianail, craiteach, mi,
 'S neo-ardanach mo shùird,
 'S mi cuimhneachadh nam braithrean sin
 A b'aillidh dreach a's gnùis,
 Gur tric a chum sibh coimnidh riùm
 Aig Coinneach anns a' Chùil.

" Ailpeanaich mhath chiar-dhuibh,
 'Gam bu dùthchas riabh an Srath,
 D'an tigeadh àirm gu sgiamhach
 Ge bu riabhach leinn do dhath,
 Bu lamh a dheanamh fiadhaich thu,
 Gu'n dial bu bhìatach math,
 'S a nise bho na thriall thu bh'uainn,
 Cha'n iarair sinn a stàigh.

" Bu chuimir glan do chalpannan,
 Fo shliasaid dhealbhaich thruim,
 'S math thigeadh breacan cuachach ort,
 Mu'n cuairet an fhéile chruiinn,
 'S ro mhath a thigeadh claidheamh dhut,
 Sgiath laghach uam ball grinn,
 Cha robb cron am fradharc ort,
 'Thaobh t-aghaidh 's cùl do chinn.

" Nam togail màiil do dhùthchannan,
 'S ga 'n dlùthachadh riut fèin ;
 Bhi'dhmaid air 'nar stiubhartan
 'S 'nar triuir gu'm bi'dhmaid réidh,
 Cha do thog sinn riabh bò Shamhna dhut,
 No Bealltainn cha b'e'r beus,
 Cha mhò thug öich air tuathanach,
 Bu mhò do thruas ri rheum."

Bha'n duin' ud na charaid dhomh,
 'S cha chàr dhomh' chliù a sheinn,
 Mas can càch gur masgall e,
 Leig tharaist e na thàm ;
 Do bhàs a dh-fhàg mi muladach,
 'S ann chluinnear e 's gach tir,
 Cha b'ioghna' mi ga t-iondrann,
 Ann am cunnais thoirt 's an t-shuim.

his master asked Cormac :—" Creid i 'n lamh bo fheile do fhuaire tu 'n Albain?" i. e. which was the most liberal hand you found in Scotland? To which he replied :— " Lamh dheas fhìr na Comraich"—The right hand of Applecross.—" Creid i 'n ath te?" which was the next?—" Lamh chàith fhìr na Comraich," or the left hand of Applecross, was the minstrel's prompt and quaint reply.

'S mi smaointeach air na saoidhean sin
 'S a bhi ga'n caoidh gu truagh,
 'S amhail gheibh mi bhuinig ann,
 Bhi taghaich air luirg fhuaire,
 An taobh a chailidh iad tharaist,
 'S ann tha dachaigh uil' an t-shluaign,
 Dh'eug Iannraig priunsa Shasuinn ;
 'S cha dùisg e gu là-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 un-handsome 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 *Liberty*, 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 baving 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 Fonn 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.

ORAN

DO NIGHEAN FIR GHEAMBAIL.

Moch sa' mhadaidh mi 's lan airtneil,
 Tha mi 'g achdain m' iunndrainn,
 An aite cadail air mo leabaidh,
 Carachadh sa tiunntadh.
 Na 'm faighinn cead, gun rachainn grad,
 Am still gu'n stad, gu'n aon-tamh ;
 A dh' fhiros an àit' am fiosrach càch,
 Gu 'm beil mo ghradh-sa 'n Geamhail.

* 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.

'S ge fad air chuaire, mi 's tamull bh'uam,
An aisling bhuan so dhùisg mi;
Thu bbi agam, ann am ghlacaibh,
Bbean bho 'n tlachd-mhor sùigradh.
A dhaínean buinig 's fada m' fhuireach,
Ann an iomal dùtbha,
O choiu a chiall! gu 'm be mo mhiann,
Bhi 'n diugh a triall ga t-iunnsaidh.

Air t-iunnsaidh théid mi 'n uair a dheireas,
Mi gu h-eatrom sunndach ;
Gacb ceum de'n t-shlighe, dol ga d' ruidhinn,
Bi'dh mo chridhe sùgach
Mo mhiann bhi 'n ceart-uair air bbeag cadail
Ann ad chaidridh greannar ;
Mo dhuil gun chleith, le dùrach mhath,
Gur h-e mo bheatha teamh ort.

Ach oigh na maise 's òr-bhuidh falt,
'S do grhuaidh air dreach an neionein ;
Tha Éideadh grinn, mu dheud do chinn,
'S do beul bho 'm binn thig òran.
Rosg thana chaoin, fo d' mhala chaoil,
'S do mheall-shuil, mhìn ga seòladh ;
S i'n t-sheirc tba t-eudainn għreas gu eug mi,
Mar toir cléir dhomb còir ort.

Gu'n choir air t-fheutainn, òigh na féile,
Għreas mi fén gu an-lamh ;
Fhuair thu 'n iosad buaidh bho Dhiarmad,*
Tha cuir ciad an geall ort.
Ciochan geala, air uchd meallaiddh,
Miann gach fir 'n am sealtain ;
Do chiou fallaich th' air mo mhealladh,
'S e na eallach throm orm.

Tha ruin nam fear, fo d' ghùn am falach,
Seang cborp, fallain, sunndach ;
Slios mar eala, cneas mar chanach,
Bho cheann tamull m' iuill ort.
Bho bharr do chinn, gu sàil do bhuiinn ;
'S tu dhamhsadh grinn air àrlar ;
Bhi ga t-aireamb 's gu'n tu lathair,
Għreas gu lär mo shùgradh.

Mo shugradh cheil 's duil ruit mar bhean,
Oigh nan ciabu glan faineach ;
T-aoñ bħro illeach geal, trom-cheist nam fear,
'S uasal an t-ion ban-righ.
Tha seirc, a's beusan, tlachd, a's ceutaiddh,
Mar ri chéile fas riut ;
Do għoħla għaqiż l-o so rinn mo leon,
Cho mor 's nach eol dhomh aireamh.

Cha 'n eol domh aireamh, trian de t-àilleachd,
Gus do'n bhas gun geill mi ;

* Bha 'm "Bad-seirc" ann an gruaidean Dhiarmad.

Ceillidh, cluitach, beusach, muirneach,
Ceud fear ùr tha 'n deidl ort.
Bi'dh airnean bruit aig pairt de 'n chunntais, sin,
Dba 'n diult thu caomhneas ;
Bi'dh slaint' as ùr, le failte chiuil,
Aig fear ni lub san roinn ort.

S G I A N D U B H

AN SPROGAIN CHAIM.

Dru' innsinn sgeul mu mhalaир duibh,
Na 'm fanadh sibh gu fôill,
Mur dh' eirich do 'n chall bhreamais domh,
'Nuair chaidh mi do Dhun-gleois ;
Air bhi thall an Sgalpa dhomh,
Air cuirm aig Lachunn òg ;
Fhuair mi bhiodag thubaisteach,
Le a caisein-uchd' bha mōr.

Bu mhath a cbuirm a bh'an', an siu,
'S mo bheannachd-sa na deigh ;
'N fbear ud dune chunnaic i,
A dhi-mol i gu leir ;
Ach fhuair mi fbin bloidh biodaig ann
Nach tig an là ni feun,
A's stiallaire mor feðsaig oirr',
Mur fhear d'a seòrsa fhein.

Mas oil leibh an athais ud,
Gu 'n robh i agħab riām ;
Loinidean a's oħġnaichean,
An cōnuidh dħuibħ bu bħiadl ;
Ged' dheanad sibh cruinneachadh,
Tuillieadha a's coig ciad ;
'S tearc fear gun chaisein-uchd aige,
Cho għarbhe ri torċ-ħiadh.

Chuir an tîr so 'n duileachd mi,
'Nuair chunnaic iad mur bhà ;
Bha għaqiż neach ga choisrigiead,
Roimh 'n dōs a blħair 'a barr ;
Bha sgħonn do mħaide seilich innt ;
Bu ġġineenanta rinn fäs ;
Bheireadha saor neo chronjal aisdie,
Crosq da'n loinid bhàin.

Chūir Mac-Ionmuinn bairlinn,
An trath so mach sa 'n tîr,
Chuir e na soaqbd barrantais,
Gu Donnacha Mac-a-Phì ;
Gabhaill gu caol Arcaig leo,
Mu 'n ghabb i tħamha sa 'n tîr,
'Sa muinntir fejn thoirt coinne dh' i
'S gur soilleir i do m' dhīth.

Cha 'n ion-mholaidh ghráth-bhat sin,
Thug thu steach thar chaol,
An t-arm a bha gun chaisrigeadh,
'Sa b' olc leam air mo thaobh ;
'S maирg sliasaid air am facas i,
A bhiodag phaiteach mhaol ;
B' ionlaideach air bhòrdaibh i,
Sgian dubh a sgòrnain chaoil.

B' i sud au bhiodag rosadach,
A b' olc leam air mo chliath',
'Si ruadh-mheirg uile 's coltas d' i,
Fo dhos de dh' fhionnadh liath,
Bha maide reamarach gneinneach innt'
'S car na h-amhaich fiar
Cha ghéarradh i sgiath cuileige,
Le buille no le riach.

'Nuair chaidh mi dh' iarraidh breathanais,
Cha d' fhuair mi leithid riamb ;
Sin nuair thuirt an Sàileanach,
('Nuair chàirich e rium biasd ;
Mathalt do chuiric Mhòr-thirich,
Da'm beil an roibein liath ;
Duirceall dubh gun fhaobhar,
'N am taobhadh ris a bhiadh.)

"Bu mhath sa bhruthainn chaorainn i,
'Sa'n caonnag nam fear mòr ;
'S e Fionn thug dh'i an latha sin,
An t-ath-bualadh na dhòrn ;
Thug e na brath-mhionnan sin,
Nach dh' fhag i duine beò ;
'S nach robh neach ga'm beanadh i,
Nach gearradh i' gu' blhròig."

Thuirt mi fhìn cha'n fhior dhut sin,
'S ann chaill thu d' ciall le aois ;
Coid a chuimhne 's faid' agad,
Ou staid i gu bhi maol ;
Chaidh mi air mo ghlùn d' i,
Mu 'n do rùisg i rium a taobh ;*
'S thug i na seachd sgaritean aisid,
Gus 'n tug Mac-Talla glaodh.

Bu cheithir bliadhna-fichead d' i,
Bhi 'n citsein mhorair-Gall ;†
'S fhuair i urram còcaireachd,
Thar moran de na bh' ann ;
Bha Mac-Aoidh ga teachdaireachd,
Mu 'n deach e chòmhraig theann,
'S b' fhoirmeal anns a chogadh i,
Sgian dubh an sprògain chaim.

Ged thigeadh Clann-Domhnuill,
'S na seòid a tha mu thuath,
Mac-Aoidh an tùs feachda leo,
'S garbh bhratach an taobh tuath ;
'Nuair thig a bhratach Cheann-Sàileach.
'S a thairnear ridhe suas ;

* Pulling it out of the sheath. † Lord Caithness.

'S tearc fear gu'n chaisein gaoiseid air,
Bho smeig gu mhaodail sios.

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 'ou an' unco happy," they fell to playing at a sort of game called *Iomlaid 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.

CURAM NAM BAN'TRAICHEAN.

LUINNEAG.

Hug hoireann hò-rò hùra-bho,
Bi'dh cùram air na bantraichean,
Hug hoireann hò-rò hùra-bho,
Bi'dh cùram air na bantraichean.

Binh cùram air na mnathan òga,
'S mòran air na bantraichean,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.

Bi'dh cùram tìm an Earrach orra,
Gu'n bi 'n t-aran gann aca,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.

Bi'dh cùram mor a's eagal orra,
Theagamh nach bi clann aca,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.

'Nuair bhios cach gu cuirealdach,
Bi'dh iads a cumh 'an t-shean-duine,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.

'Nuair shineas tu air mirreadh riudh',
Silidh iad mar alitanan,
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 fleamain ac,
'S breamanach a dhamhsas iad,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.

Ged bhidhinn fhìn gun òr gu'n spréigh,
Bu bheag mo spéis do sheann te dhubbh,
Hug hoireann horo, &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 Clàrsair 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 *Brìtheamh Leòdhasach*. 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 got a living in the parish of Contin, and Malcolm was appointed to the Chapel of Poolewe, in the parish of Gairloch, Ross-shire. Balked 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

* 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 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* horn 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.

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—chaill e san luath e," was the reply—"Ma ta seumair 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 *Totamòr* in Glenelg, at that time the property of his liberal patron M'Leod, who gave him the 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 Clàrsair 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 deplored 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 ejectment 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' bhà mi leam fhìn,
 Cha d' fhuair mi duine an là sin,
 A thainig am ghaioith,
 Dh-fhiaraich cia mar hùa mi,
 Na'm hàil leam dhol sios,
 An Tota-mòr so fhàgail,
 Nach b' àite dhomh e,
 'Soilleir dbuinne thar chach uile,
 Nach robh duin' a's tìr,
 A chumadh fear mar chàch mi,
 Mar b' àhhaist dhomh bhì.

 Sin 'nuair chuala Fearchar,
 Mi'n dearmad aig càch,
 Thàinig e na m' chòdhail,
 On b' èòl dha mo ghnàs,
 Thug e leis air sgòid mi,
 Gu seòmar a mhnà,
 Anna lion an stòp dhuinn,
 'S na sòr oirn' a làn,
 Ge d' tha e falamh 's ro mhath 'n airidh,
 'Ghlaine fo thoirt dhà,
 'S gu'm faigheadh e luchd èdlais,
 Na m bioidh a phòca làn.

 Labhair a hhean chòir sin,
 Gu banail eolach glic,
 Fbaic thu 'n t-uam gu'n mhàthair,
 An clàrsair gu'n chruth,
 An leabhar gu'n leubhair,
 'S e bheus a bhi druit,
 S' an dorlach gu'n fhuasgladh,
 A suaineach a bhruc,
 Ge d' tha thu falamh 's ro mhath 'n airidh
 Ghlaione so thoirt dhut,
 'S gu'n òlamaid a dhà dhiu'
 Air slàinte an fhir bhric.†

 An tì so thà mi 'g iomradh,
 'S a 'g iomagáinn do ghnà,
 Cha cheil mi air do mhuintir,
 Gach puing mar atà,

* 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.

† John Breac Macleod.

Ge h-eibhinn leam r'a chluinnntinn,
 Ar saoigh a bhidh slàn,
 Sgeul nach taitneach leamsa,
 Ma dh' ionalaid thu gnàs,
 Fàth mo ghearrain a bhi falamh,
 'S mi tamull o d' laimh,
 " 'S faide 'n fhead ne t-eigheach,
 'S an fhéusag air fàs."

 Ge d' fhuiligeach gach ni 's feudar,
 'S neo-éibhinn le m' rùn,
 Tbusa bhidh 'n clàr-sgithe,
 'S mi 'n tir air do chùl,
 Le m' fheòsaig leathuinn leòmaich,
 Gu ròibeineach dlù,
 'S thusa a' giùlan màlaid,
 A ghnà ann san Dùn,
 Fhir bhric bhallaich, meall na bharail,
 'M fear a thuirt o thùs—
 " 'S fad o'n chridhe cheudna,
 Na 's céin bho bheachd sùl."

 Ge d' thà mise an dràsda
 Da m' àrach fad uat,
 Sloinnnidh mi mo phàirt,
 Ris gach nàbaidh m'an cuairt,
 Ma 's beag ma's mor a dh' sheudas mi,
 Spréidh A chuir suas,
 Bioidh sid fo iochd nan sàr-fhear,
 Nach sàraich am fuachd,
 Ri là gaillionn an àrd bheannah,
 'S iad nach gearainn uair,
 'S tric an siubhal sealbhach,
 Air shealg do 'n taobh-tuath.

 Tha fir ghasda hheòghant',
 -Aig Eòggan Loch-iall,
 Nach seachnadh an tòireachd,
 'N àm tòghail nan triath,
 Rachadh iad gu'n sòradb,
 An còdhail nan ciad,
 'S math am fulang dòrainn,
 'S tha cròdhachd nan gniomh,
 Fir ro ghasda nach 'eil meata,
 Nach d'fhusair masladh riagh,
 Mhathas mo chuid dbòmh-sa,
 'S mi 'n dòchas gur fior.

 'S iad Clann-Mhic-Ill-Ainmhaidh,
 'S oirdheirce gniomh,
 Luch shiubhal a gharblaich,
 'S a mharbhadh nam fiadh,

Cha d' fhuair iad aobhar oilbbeum,
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 mhiann,
Buachaillean mo threud,
'N uair nach léir dhuibh a ghrian.

Tha sliochd Iain Mhic-Mbàrtainn,*
Gu tâbhachdach treun,
Raghainn air an naimhdeas,
An cairdeas, gu'n bhreug,
Cha bhuin iad ri fál-bheairt,
Mo lamhs nach spéis,
"Far an ìsl' an gàradh,
Cha ghnà leo a leum,"
Na fir ghasda gu'n bhi meata,
'S iad nach seachainn stréup,
Le 'n toirear buaidh 's gach spàirne,
Ann 's gach àite dha 'n téid.

Clann-a-Phì † ri' n seanachas,
'S neo-leanabaidh na seòid,
Buidhean nan sgiath balla-bhreac
A dhearbhadh an gleòis,
'S iad nach seachnadh fuathas,
'N àm bhualadh nan sròn,
Ge b' e chuireadh fearg orr'
Cha b' e pharmadach dhò,
'N àm tarrainn nan lann tana,
Caisgear carraid leò,
"Buille 'n corp cha bhuaile" iad,
Tha uaisle nam pòr.

Tha Clann-'Ille-Mhaoi mhùinte,
Bha clùò orra riamh,
Buidhean tha do-cheannsaicht,
Is ceanusgalach triall,
Ri faicinn an naimhdean,
'S neo-sgàthach an triath,
B' annsa leibh ruraig shunndach,
No tionntadh le fiamh,
Laochraidh guineach nan arm fuileach,
'S maig ri 'n bhui sibh riamh,
Tha nimh a's neart 'n-ar naimhdeas,
'S ur cairdeas gu'n fhiar.

Tha aig Colla còmhlaing,
Nach conn-lapach gleus,
Luchd nam feudan dùbh-ghorm,
Nach diùltadh ri feum,
'N-àm na grайдh dhùsgadh,
Gu 'n dùbladh bhur feum,
Bha fios aig Mac-an-Tòisich,
Nach sòradh iad ceum,

* Dochanassie men, a very brave little clan at that time.
† Locharkaig men, followers of Locheil.

Dol na coinnidh sa'n là shoilleir,
'S gu'n iad coimeas cheud,
B' annsa dol da bhualadh,
No buaile 'n fir théud.

'S iad sliochd Cholla chìs-mhoir,
Da rìreadh a th' ann,
Nach leigeadh le mùiseag,
An cuìs thar an ceann,
Misneach cha do threig sibh,
'N streup chlanna Ghall,
Cha bu dual daibh mò-stà'
No mì-thùràchd ghann,
Na fir churanta fhuair urram,
Re h-àm iomairt laun,
O minig luchd an aobhair,
Gu craobhach a call.

Maille ris gach suairceas,
Bha fuaite ri'r gné,
Tharraimn sibh mar dhualchas,
An uaisle 'n ar cléith,
Gu creachadh cha do għluais sibh,
Cha chuak mi e,
B' annsa leibh eun cluaise,
Thoirt nam le m' thoil fén,
Na mo chreachadh 's an dol seachad,
'S mi na m' airc mu'm spréidh,
'S mi gu'n eagal tuaigndi,
'S mo bhuaille fo' r méin.

Tha Gleann-Garadh ceannsgalach,
Connspunnach, cruaidh,
Chumadh ri luchd aimhreit,
A chonnspaid ud suas,
Na 'm tharrainn gu sanntach,
An lann as an truail,
Bu mhath do'r luchd gamhlais,
San àm ud bhi bhuaibh,
Biodh ceum cridheil air reang tri-eas,
Cha gleidh bruinne buaidh,
Aig bùidheann a mhoir cheann-aird,
Nach teann mo chuid bhuam.

Tha 'n taic na laimhe,
An Ceann-tàile so thall,
Fir ghásda neo sgàthach,
Ga'm b'abbaisd bhi teamn,
Ri faicinn a nàmhaid,
Nach failinnach greann,
Is tric a fhuair huaidh làrach,
Le àbhachd an lann,
Neart a chlaidhe be air raghainn,
Nach dh-fhàs fatbast fann,
Coille 's i gu'n chrionach.
Gur lionmhòr a clann.

'S iad marcaich na Mòidhe,
Fir chròd nam buadh,
'M beil aithn' agus eòlas,
Nach sòradh an dhuais,
Clann-Choiinnich nan rò-seol,
Na'n cròdh' mhilean sluaidh,
Na beathraichean bèòdha,
Ga còir a bhi cruaidh,
Dream gu'n laige ri am troide
Ceann a chabhrach suas,
Aig luchd na gorm lann nàimhdeacb,
Nach sanntaich mo bhuar.

Note.—When the harper composed this song, he was residing in *Tota-Mòr*, 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.

O R A N

DO DH-IAIN BREAC MAC-LEOID.

THA mòran, mòran mulaid
An deigh tuineachadh am chòm,
Gur bliadhna leam gach seachduin,
Bho nach facas lain donn ;
Na'n cluinninn ged nach faicinn,
Fear do phearsa thigh'nn dò'n fhonn,
Gu'n sgoileadh mo phàramh 's m' airseul,
Mar shneachd òg ri aiteamh trom.

Their mi hò-rò ghealla beag,
'S na hò-rò challan h-i;
Their mi hò-rò ghealla beag,
'S na hò-rò challan h-i;
Challan hì ho hù-rà bhò,
'S na hò-rò challan hì,
Gur fada bho na tràthan sin,
Nach robb mo ghràdh san tir.

A luchd comuinn so, na 'n eisdeadh sibh,
Ri cuid de m'sgeul, gu'n mheang,
'S mi caoidh an uasail bheadaraich,
Tba bhuan an fheadhs' air chall ;
Cha robb cròn ri thaotainn ort,
Ach thu bhi faoilidh ann,
Bho'n fhuair mi gu h-ùr éibhinn thu,
'N Dun-éideann, a measg Ghall.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

Thug mi ionnsaidd fhada,
As do dbeigh 's mi 'n cladach cruaidh,
Thug mi ionnsaidd bhearraideach,
'S a chàmhanaich Di-luain ;
Cha d'fhuaras an t-òg aigeantach,
Bu mhacanta measg sluaidh,
'S cha'n fhaodainn a mhisg àiceadh,
'S dò dheoch-slainte dol m' an cuairt.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

Thug mi ionnsaidd sgairteal,
As do dbeigh an cladach doirbh,
Ged nach tug mi capull leam,
Na agair mi na lorg ;
Gu'n robh mo choiseachd adhaiseach,
'S an Rathad a bhì dorcha,
Le breisleich mhic-nan-clìathau,*
'S do lamb fhial ga dbioladh orm.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

Fhir so tha mi g' iomradh ort,
Ga t-ionndrain tha mi bb' uam,
Sròn ardanach an fhiùghantais,
Cha b' fhiù leat a bhi crion ;
Na'n cluinninn féin 's gu'n tigeadh tu,
Fhir chridhe dhios nan crioch,
Gu'n òlainn do dheoch-slainte,
Ga do phàighinn i, de dh' fbion.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

Beul macanta, ciùin, rabhairtach,
'N uair tharladh tu 's taigh-òsd,
A dh'fhàs gu seirceil, suairce,
Gaoil na'm ban, 's nan gruagach òg ;
'S iomadh maighdeann cheutach,
A hha deigheil air do pbòig,
Le 'm b' ait bhi cunntadh spreidhe dhut,
'S a deas-lamh féin le deòiu.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

Cha robh fuath na greathachd ort,
Ri t-amhare bha thu caoin,
Saighdear foinnidh, flathail,
Air an gabhadh gach neach gaoil ;
Euchdach, treabhach, nrranach,
Bha'n curaiddh glan gu'n ghaoid,
Gu fearail, meanmnach, measail,
Air nach faighte an tiotal claoan.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

Saighdear fearail, fuasgailteach,
Fear cradalach, gu'n mheang,
Ceann-feadhna air thùs na brataich e.
Gà taisbeannadh sam Fhraing ;
Thig airm air reir a phearsa,
Air an laoch bu sgaireil greann,
'Nuair db' eireadh airde lasrach ort,
'S maig a' chasadhi riut san àm.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

* An Luisge-beatha.

Thig claidheamh socrach, stailinn dhut,
 De 'n t-seòrs as fear sa bhùth,
 'S e fulangach bho bharra-dheis,
 Gu 'n ruig a cheanna-bheairt duirn ;
 Faobhar air a gheur chruidh sin,
 Nach gabhadh leum na lùb,
 Lann air dhereach na daolaig,
 'S i air taobh deas-laimh mo rùin.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

'S e sud an t-airm a thaghainn dut,
 'S tu 'n deigh an retreat,
 As paidhir dhag nach diùltadh,
 Agus fùdar gorm da reir ;
 Do ghunna 'n deigh a falmachadh,
 'S tu marbh-tach air an treud,
 Ann san laimh nach greagara,
 'S tu leantainn as an deigh.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

'S fhada leam a chomhnaidh so,
 Th' aig Eoin a measg nan Gall,
 Cha ghiorra leam an oidhche,
 Bhi ga chuimhneachadh 's gach am :
 Dh' fhaoilteachinn na 'm faicinn thu,
 Tigh'nn seachad ann sa ghleann,
 Cha ghabhinn fein bonn faiteachais,
 Ge d' ghilcadh tu mo gheall.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

Corr agus trì ràidhean,
 Tha thu d' chadal sàmhach bh' uain,
 Gu'n t-fhaicinn bho na dh'fhàg thu sinn,
 'S ar eridhe ghnàth fo ghruaim ;
 A nis bho 'n chuir thu cùl riunn,
 'Sa laidh smùrnain air do ghruaidh,
 Mar sholas and deigh dorachadais,
 Tha Tòrmòd mar bu dual.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

'S e Tòrmòd òg mo shubhachas,
 Air bhuidheachas shiol-Leòid,
 Ma's mac an àit' an athar thu,
 Thig fathast gu bhi mòr ;
 Ann san Dùn gu flathail,
 'N robh do chinneadh roi beò,
 Mac-ratha dhùisgeas eibhneas domh,
 Le aighear thréig mi bròn.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

Ma thuirt iad ogha Thòrmoid riut,
 B' i sud an fhoir fhuil għlan,
 Ma thuirt iad iar-ogha Ruairidh riut,
 B' i 'n àrd-fhuiul uaibhreach mhearr,
 'S ogha 'n Eoin gun truailleadh,
 Thug suairceas air gach neach,
 Mac an fir 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 mhòr mi,
 'S ge d' is eigin domh fhulang,
 Tha tuille 's na's leoир orm ;
 Thromaidh sac air mo ghiulan,
 Le dùmladas dòrainn,
 Dh' amais dosgaich na bliadhna orm,
 Creach-na-Ciadain so leon mi !

Creach-na-Ciadain so leon mi,
 Dh' fhàg mi hreōite gu'n fhiabhras,
 A dh'fhògair mo shlainte,
 'S tearc mo bhrathair 's na criochan ;
 Agam glaodh an loin bhrònach,
 'N deigh a h-eoin 's i 'ga iargainn,
 Dh' fhalbh gach sòlas a b' àbhaist,
 'S dh' fhuirich càillein a m' fhiacail.

Dh' fhuirich càillein a m' fhiacail,
 So i bhliadhna' a thug car dhomh,
 Dh' fhang puthar fo m' leine,
 Nach faothaich leigh tha air thalamh,
 Mo leigheas cha'n fheudar,
 Cha ré domh bhi fallain,
 Fhuair mi dìonneir là Càis,.
 'S cha b' fheairde mo ghoin i.

Cha b' fheairde mo ghoin i,
 Ge do bha mi mu'n chò'ròinn,
 'N diugh gur buan domh ri aithris,
 Gu'n bhuail an t-earrach so bròg orm ;
 Mi mu'm māighsteir glè mhath,
 'Sfad a leus orm nach beò e,
 Ge do racha mi seachad,
 Cha'n fhaigh mi falal dheth chòmhra.

Cha'n fhaigh mi falal dheth chòmhra,
 Chleachd mi mòran deth fhaotainn,
 'N diugh dh' fhaodas mi ráite,
 Gur uan gu'n mhàtbair san treud mi,
 'S ann is gna dhomh bhi túrsach,
 Gu'n bhrath furtachd as eugais,
 'S o'n a chaochail e àbhaist,
 'S tearc a chaoidh mo ghàir eibhinn.

'S tearc a chaoidh mo ghàir eibhinn,
 Cha bheus domh bhi subhach,
 Ghabh mi tlachd ann bi túrsach,
 Chuir mi ùigh ann bi dubhach,
 Mu'n ti tha mi 'g iomradh,
 Chuir an cuinħnej mo phutar,
 Nis o'n fhuair an uaigh e-san,
 Chaideh an caisead mo bhruthaich.

* This lamentation was composed on the death of John Breac Macleod.

Chaidh an caisead mo bhruthaich,
 'S mi fo chumba da dìreadh,
 Dol an truimead 's an àirde,
 An diugh a thainig mo dhlobbail :
 Dh' fhalbh mo laitheicean éibhinn,
 O'n a thréig sibh Clár-sgithe,
 Tha mo thaic ann sua h-Earadh
 'N deigh fhalach 'na aonar.

'N deigh fbalach 'na aonar,
 Bi'dh e daonnan 'an uaigneas,
 Sgeul mu'n gearanach daoine,
 'S mnai chaointeach nan luath-bhos,
 'S iad a' co-strò r'a chéile,
 Ceol gun éibhneas seachd truaighe !
 Leum mo chridhe 'na spealtaibb,
 M' an cbaismeachd 'n uair chualas.

Gur h-i chaismeachd so chualas,
 A luathaich orm tioma,
 Dh' fhág fo m' osnaich fuil bhrùite,
 A' sior-dhrùthadh air m' innigh,
 'S fbaide seachduin na bliadna,
 O'n a thriall sibh thair linne,
 Le friamhach na fialachd,
 Bh'ann san lion-bbrat air fhilleadb,

'S ann san lion-bhrat air fhilleadh,
 Dh' fhág mi spionadh nau anfhan,
 Ceannduidhe luchd-ealaidh,
 Mar ri earras luchd-seanachais.
 Agus ulaidh aos-dàna,
 Chuir do bhàs iad gu h-imcheist ;
 'S o'n a chaidb thu ss chiste,
 Cha bu mbis a chùis fhàrmайд.

Cha bu mhis a chùis pharmaid,
 Gbabb mi tearbadh o'n treud sin,
 Far an robb mi a'm mheanbh-ghair,
 'An toiseach aimseir mo chéitein,
 'S ann an deireadh a Charbhais,
 A dhearbadh ar feuchain
 Chaill mi 'n òr-gibbít, a chreach mi,
 Ann an seachduin na Céusda.

Ann an seachduin na Céusda,
 Diciadain mo bhristidh,
 Chaill mi iuchair na h-éudail,
 Cha mhi aon neach is mist e,
 Gu'n bhrath faighinn gu bràth oirr',
 Sgeul a shàraich mo mhisneach ;
 'S ann fo dhiomhaireachd m' àirnean,
 A tharmaich mo niosgaid.

A tharmaich mo niosgaid,
 Cha'n fhaidh mise bhi slàn deth,
 Se fear tinn a chinn-ghalair,
 A ní'n gearan bochd cràiteach,

'S ann air ata 'n easlaint,
 Nach d' fhiosraich a nábaidh,
 'S cha mho db' fhairach e thinneas
 Leis 'n do mhilleadh a shlainte.

Far 'n do mhilleadh mo shlaint-s',
 'S ann a tharmaich dbòmh m' easlaint,
 Gu'n d' chuir aimsir na Càisge,
 Mi gu bràth fo throm airsneal,
 Gheibh gach neach do na dh' fhág tbu,
 Rud 'an àite na bh' aca,
 Ach mis agus Màiri,
 A chuir a bràthair 'an tasgaidh.

Chaidb do bhràthair 'an tasgaidh,
 'Se mo chreach-sa gur fior sud,
 'S ann an diugh tha mi 'g again,
 Mar tha mhab na mhaol-ciàrain,
 Agus ise bocbd brònach,
 'N deigh a leonadh o'n chiadain,
 Thug mo mhaighstir math uamsa,
 Leis 'n do bhuaineadh mo phian-bhron.

Mò phian-bhron a Mhàiri,
 Mar tha thu fo chumba,
 Nach faic thu do Bhràthair,
 Mar a b' ábhaist gu subhach,
 An sean-fhacal gnàthach,
 An diugh 's fior e mar thubhairt :—
 " Cha robb meoghaill ga miad,
 Nach robb na deigh galach, dubhacb."

Nach robb na deigh galach, dubhach,
 'Se 'm fear subhach am heairteas,
 Cha'n fhaigh piuthar a bràthair
 Ach gheibh bean àluinn leth-leapach,
 Thainig àr air an dùtbaich,
 Dia a dhùblabdh an carta,
 'S ga cumail an uachdar,
 Gus am buadhaich do mhac e.

Gus am buadhaich do mhac e,
 'N déigh a għlasadlu le gruagħaich,
 Lan saibhris is sonais,
 Ann san onair bu dual dut,
 Lean cùis 's na bi leanbail,
 'S na bidh marbh-għean air t-uaislean,
 Cum an coimeas ruit féin iad,
 'S na toir beum dha t-ainm Ruairidh.

Ruairidh reachdar, run-meanmach,
 Tartach, toirbeartach, teannta,
 Do shi-seanair o'n tainig,
 Cha h'ion do nàmhaid dol teann air,
 'S Ruairidh gasda 'na dheigh,
 Cba b'e roghainn bu tàire,
 'S au treas Ruairidh fa dheireadh,
 Cha b'e'n gainneanach fàs e.

An treas Ruairidh de'n dream sin,
 A choisinn geall 's cha h' e mì-chliu,
 Cha b' e'n coilleannach ganu e,
 Ach an ceannsgalach mileant'
 Ma's tusa roinn suas,
 An ceathramh Rauiridh, 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 daoin' ann am barail,
 Ge d' tha car aig an òig ort,
 Biodh gu fiughantach smachdail,
 Rianail, reachdmhor, 'n triath Leòdach,
 "Na faic frid an sùil bridean,"
 Cha chuis dion do Mhac-Leòid e.

Cha chuis dion do Mhac-Leòid,
 A bhi dòlum 's rud aige,
 Lean au dùthchas bu chòir dhut,
 'S biadh mòr-chuis na t-aigheadh,
 Ach ma leiges tu dhìot e,
 Bi'dh na ciadan g-t-agairt,
 'G ràdh gur crann shlatag chròn thu,
 'N àit' a gniomharaich bheachdail.

Maide dh' fhàs na chraoibh thoraidh,
 Fo bhì onarach àluinn,
 Ann an lios nan crann èuchdach,
 Bha thachd nan ceud ann 's gach àit' air,
 Lean an dùthchas bu chathair,
 A mhic an athar a chràidh sinn,
 Na bidh ad chrionaich gu'n duilleich,
 Ann 'san ionad 'n do thàmh thu.

ORAN MOR MHIC-LEOID.

[EADAR AN CLARSAIR AGUS MAC-TALLA.]

Miad a mhulaid tha 'm thaghall,
 Dh' fhang treoghaid mo chléibh gu goirt
 Aig na rinu mi ad dheighidh,
 Air m' aghairt 's mo thríall gu port.
 'S ann bha mis' air do thoir,
 'S mi meas robh còir agam ort;
 A dheagh mhic an athar mo glàidh,
 B tu m' aighear, 's m' àdl, 's m' olc.

 Chaidh a chuibhle mu'n cuairt,
 Gu'n do thinnundaidh gu fuachd am blàthas,
 Naile chuna' mi uair,
 Dùn flathail nan cuach a thràigh.

Far biadh taghaich nan duan,
 Ioma' mathas gu'u chruas, gu'n chàs ;
 Dh' fhalbh an latha sín bhuan,
 'S tha na taighean gu fuaraidh fás.

Dh' fhalbh, mac-tall' as an Dùn,
 '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 fior,
 Chunna' mise fo' mhùir,
 Roi'n uiridh an Dùn nan cliar."

A Mhic-talla, nan tùr,
 'Se mo bharail gur tusa bhà,
 Ann an teaghlaich an fhion,
 'S tu g-aithris air gniomh mo lamh :
 " 'S math mo bharail gur mi,
 'S cha b' urasd dhomh bhi mo thàmh ;
 G-eisdeachd brosluim gach cheòil,
 Ann am fochar Mhic-Leòid an àigh."

A Mhic-talla so bha,
 Annas a bhaile 'n do thar mi m' iuil ;
 'S ann a nis dhuinn as léir,
 Gu'm beil mis' a's tu fèin air chùl.
 A reir do chomhas air sgeul,
 O'n's fear comuinn mi-féin a's tu ;
 'M beil do mhuinntearas buan,
 Aig an triath ud, da'n dual an Dùn ?

" Tha Mac-talla fo ghruaime,
 Annas an talla 'm biadh fuaim a cheòil ;
 'S ionad taghaich nan cliar,
 Gu'n aighear, gu'n mhiagh, gu'n phòit.
 Gu'n mhire, gu'n mhùir,
 Gu'n iomracha dlù nan còrn ;
 Gun chùirm, gu'n phailteas ri dàimh,
 Gu'n mhaenias, gu'n mhàran beoil.

" 'S mi Mac-talla, bha uair
 'G eisdeachd fathrum nan duan gu tiugh ;
 Far bu mhùirneach am bêus,
 'N am cromadh do'n ghréin san t-sruith.
 Far am b' fhoirmeal na seòid,
 'S iad gu h-òranach, ecolmhor, clùth ;
 Ged nach fàicté mo ghuùis,
 Chluinn' aca sa'n Dùn mo ghuth."

" 'N am eiridh gu moch,
 Annan teaghlaich, gu'u spròc, gu'n ghruaime ;
 Chluinte gleadhraich nan dòs,
 'S an céile na' cois on t-suain :
 'Nuair a ghabhlaich i làn,
 'S i gu'n cuireadh os n-aird na fhuair,
 Le meoir fhileanta bhinn,
 'S iad gu ruith-leumach, dionach, luath."

" Bhiodh a rianadar féin,
 Cuir an lìr gur h-e bhiodh ann ;
 'S e g-eiridh na measg,
 'S an éibhe gu tric na cheann.
 Ge d' a b' ard leinn a fuaim,
 Cha tuaigneadh e sinn gu teann ;
 Cbuireadh tagradh am chluais,
 Le h-aidmheil gu luath, 's gu mall.

'Nuir a chuirt'i na tàmb,
 Le furtachd na fàrdaich féin ;
 Dhombh-sa h' fburasda ràdb,
 Gu'm bu churaideach gáir nan téud.
 Le b-iomairt dha làmh,
 A cuir a binneas do chàch an eíl ;
 'S gu'm bu shiubhlach am chluais,
 A moghunn lughar le luasgan mheur.

" Ann sa' fheasgar na dheigh,
 N am teasa na gréin tra nòin ;
 Fir chueatain ri clàir,
 'S mnai' freagairt a ghàin cuir led.
 Da chomhairleacb ghearr,
 A labbairt 's gu' m b'ard an gloir ;
 'S gu'm bu tbitheach an guin,
 Air an duine gu'n fhuil, gu'n fheoil."

" Gheibhte fleasgaich gu'n ghrain,
 Na do thalla gu'n sgráig, gu'n fhuath ;
 Mnai' fhionna 'n fhuilt réidh,
 Cuir buineis an eíl le fuaim.
 Le ceileireachd beoil,
 Bhiodh gu h-ealanta, h-ordail, suaire ;
 Bbioidh fear-bogha 'nan còir,
 Ri cuir meo-ghair' a mheoir nan cluais.

" Thoir teachdaireachd hhuam,
 Le deatam, gu Ruaridh òg ;
 Agus innis dha féin,
 Cuid de chunnard ged 'se Mac-Leòid.
 E bh'ig amharc na dheigh,
 Air an lain* a dh-éug, s' nach bed ;
 Ge bu shaibhir a chliù,
 Cha'n fbagadh e'n Dùn gu'n cheòl."

*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 Mór Mhic-Leòid* 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

C U M H A

DO DH-FHEAR THALASGAIR.*

DH-FHALBH sòlas mo latha,
 Dhòrchaicb m' oidhche gu'n aighear,
 Cha 'n eil lanntair na m' radhad,
 'S gu'n mo chainulean a' gabhail,
 Tha luchd 'm foineachd na'n laidhe sa'n àir orr.

Bàs an Eoin so ma dheireadh,
 Rinn ar leònadh gu soillear,
 Sa chùir ar sòlas an gainnead,
 Dhùisg e bròn an Eoin eile,
 Dh-fhag e doirt-thromach eire mo ghiùlain.

Co chunnaic no chuala,
 Sgeul 's trùime sa 's truaidh ?
 Na'm beum guineach so bhualair oirnn,
 Sa dh' fhag uile fo ghruaim siun,
 Eadar islean a's uaislean do dliùthcha.

Se siol Leòid an siol dochair,
 Siol gu'n sòlas, gu'n sochair,
 Siol a bhoirn a's na bochain,
 Siol gu'n cheòl a's gu'n bhoslium,
 An siol dorainneach 's goirt a rùg sgiùrs orr.

Se'n clàr-sgìth an clàr ro sgìth,
 Clàr na diobhail 's na dòsgainn,
 Clàr gu'n eibhneas lann osnaidh,
 Clàr nan deur air na rosgaibh,
 An clàr geur, an clàr goirt, an clàr tùrsach.

Cneidh air chneidh 'sa chneidh chràiteach,
 Na seana chneidbean ga 'n àrach,
 Na 'n ùr chnàmhain an dràsta,
 Sgrìobh gach latha gar fàsgadh,
 Gur tric taghaich a bhàis a toirt spaill dhinn.

Tha mi 'gràite le ceartas,
 Thaobh aobharachd m' acaid,
 Nach "fearr e ri chlàistinn
 An t-olc cràiteach na fhaicinn."
 'S claoen a dh-fbag an sean-fhalac o thùs e.

with to make room for grooms, 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.

* Mr John M'Leod, son of Sir Roderick M'Leod.

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-Crimummein. 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-Crimummein 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 mhèdirean 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 *pìobaireachd* appropriately called "*Pronnadh nam Mial*," which, although his first effort, both as regards its variations and general structure, is equal to any thing of the kind.

One of the Mac-Cruimmeins, a celebrated musician known by the cognomen of Padruig Caogach, owing, we suppose, to his inveterate habit of twinkling or winking 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 Caogach* 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 *Caogach's* perplexity. Tender of his brother's reputation, our blind author set to work, and finished the tune which he called, "*Lasan Phàdruiig Chaogaich*"—thus nobly re-

nouncing any share of the laudation which must have flowed upon the completion of the admired strain. Patrick, 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-Bhorraig, 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 Phàdruiig Chaogaich" procured great praise for our young musician, and gave rise to the following well-known proverb—"Caidh an fhòghluim os-ccann Mhic-Cruimein." 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 every where 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 piobaireachs, 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 passed 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 bardic-piper soon experienced 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 tuues 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 year 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 GHRANND A POSADH.

Gu'm beannaiche Dia an teach 's an tÙr
 'S an tì thainig ùr 'n-ur ceann,
 Geug shonna, sholta gheibh cliù,
 'Ni buannachd dùthcha 's nach call.

A gheug a thainig 's an deagh uair,
 Dha 'm buadhach mùirn agus ceòl
 Ogha Choinnich nan rùn reidh,
 'S Bharoin Shrath-Spé nam bò.

O Iarla Shi-phort an tòs
 Dhìuchd an òigh is taitneich béus
 'S o'n tuitear Shàileach a rìs.
 A fhreasaideadh an rìgh na fheum.

'S bitidh Granndaich uime nach tìm,
 Bu treubhaich iomairt 's gach ball.
 O Spé a b' iomadaich linne,
 A 's feidh air firichean àrd,

'S ann o na Cinnidhean nach fànn,
 Thainig aum òigh is glaine crè,
 Gruaidh chorcair, agus rosg mall,
 Mala chaol, cham, 's cul réidh,

Tha h-aodann geal mar a chailc,
 'S a corp sueachaiddh air dheagh dhealbh,
 Maoth leanabh le gibtean saor,
 Air nach facas fraoch no fearg.

Tha slios mar eala nan srùth,
 'S a cruth mar chanach an fheoir,
 Cul cleachdach air dhreach nan téud,
 No mar aiteal gréin air òr.

Bu cheòl-cadail i gu suain,
 'S bu bhuaichaill' i air do-bhèus
 Caiméal sholais feadh do theach,
 A frìtealadh gach neach mar fheum.

Gu meal thu-féin t-ùr bhean òg,
 A Thriath Ghéarr-Loch nan còrn fial
 Le toil chairdean as gach tìr,
 Gu meal thu i's beannachd Dhia,

Gu meal sibh breath, agus buaigh,
 Gu meal sibh uaill, agus mùirn,
 Gu meal sibh gach beannachd an céin,
 'S mo bheannachd féin diubh air thùs.

'S iomadh beannachd agus teist,
 Th'aig an òigh is glainne slios,
 'S beannachd dha'u tì a thug leis,
 Rogha nam bän an gnè, sa meas.

DAN COMH-FHURTACHD.

DO SHIR ALASDAIR MAC-DHOMHNUILL SHLEIBHTE.

[AIR dha thighinn dhachaigh a Lunnaidh do chaisteal Armadail sa'n Eilean Sgiathanach, agus a Bhain-tighearn' òg mhaiseach a bhí mårbl straig, air chinn da thighinn. Tharladh dha na phlobaire dhall a bhí straig aig an àm, agus sheinn e 'n dàn a leanas na dhàil, a nochdadh dha gu'n chàill iomadh tréun a's fliath an ceud ghràdh, d'a b'eigin fadheolgh solas a ghilacadh.]

BEANNACHDI dhut o'n ghabh thu 'n t-àm,
 O chrìch nan Gall gu do thìr,
 Dùthchas tha ri slios a chuan
 'S tric a choisinn buaigh dha'n rìgh.

Do bheatha gu do thìr féin,
 'Dheagh Mhic-Dhomhnüll nan sèud saor,
 'S àit le maithibh Innse-Gall,
 Do glhuasad a nall thar chaol.

'S àit le fearaibh an Taobh-tuath,
 Gu'n bhuannaich thu mar bu chòir
 Trotairnis uil' agus Sléibhte,
 Uidhist nan eun a's nan ròn.

'S àit le fearaibh an Taobh-deas,
 Gu'n shuidhicheadh tu ceart gu leor,
 'S tu sliochd nan rìrean o shean,
 Dha'n robh miagh fainear air ceòl.

Ach 'sann dhomh-sa b'aithne 'm bëns,
 Na ghabh rium fein dùi' o thùs.
 Croinns-ubhair le brataichean sröil,
 Loingeas air chòrs a's ròs-iùil.

Long a's leoghann a's lamh-dhearg,
 Ga'n cuir suas an ainm an rìgh,
 Suaicheantas le 'n eireadh neart,
 'N uair thigeadh 'ur feachd gu tìr.

Na 'n tarladh dhuibh' bhi air léirg,
Fo mhéirgh' dha'm biodh dearg a's bán
Gu maiseach, faicilleach, treun,
Chuireadh sihh *ratreath* air cás.

Gu h-àrmach, armalteach, òg,
Neo-cheartach an tòir nan ruag,
'S gach àite 'n cromadh an ceann,
Bu leo na bhiodh ann, 'sa luach.

B'aithne dhomh Sir Seumas mòr
'S b'eòl dhomh Dòmhnull a mhac,
B'eòl dhomh Dòmhnull eile rìs,
Chumadh fo chis na slòigh ceart.

B'eòl dhomh Dòmhnull nan trì Dònn'uill
'S ge h'òg e, hu mhòr a chliù,
Bbi'dh fearaibh Alb' agus Eirinn,
A 'g èiridh leis anns gach cùis.

B'eol domh Sir Seumas na ruin,
T-athair-sa mhic-chliùtaich féin,
'S tus a nis an siathamh glùn
Dhordaich Righ nan dùl na'n déigh.

Na'n tuiteadh m' aois cho fad a mach,
'S do mhac-sa theachd air mo thùm—
B'e sin dhomh-s' an seachdamh glùn,
'Thainig air an Dùn ri' m' linn.

'S cha 'n iongadh dhomh-sa hhi crion,
A's mo chiahag a hhi liath
'S gach aon diu' le cridhe mòr
Toirt dhomh airgeid a's òir riagh.

'S gach aon diu' ga m' àrach clùth,
Tbuigeadh iad uam gùth nam meur,
'S tha iadsa sàbhailt an diugh,
Anns a bhruth am h'eil iad fein.

'S tha mis' air fuireach sa'n àr,
'S mi cuir a blàir mar hha riagh,
'S mo chridhe 'g osnaich na'n déigh,
Mar Oisian an déigh, nam Fiann!

Gu meal thu t-oighreachd, 's do chliù,
Dheagh Mhic Dhomhnull nan ruin réidh,
'S ged dh'imich uat t-ùr bhean òg
Na iohodh ort-sa hròn na déigh.

'Sa liughad òigh thaitneach gun di,
Tha eadar Clàr-sgith a's Mon-ròs
'S ma dha thaohh Arcamh a chùain
Deas a's tuath, thall sa bhòs.

Agus iad uil' ort an déigh
Bheireadh dhut iad-féin 's an cuiid,
Oigean taitneach nam heul bint,
Nam mèur grinn, 's nam broine buig.

Chaill righ Bhreatainn, a's ba hhèud,
A leahaidh féin leug a ghaol
'S o na tharladh sud na chàr,
B'eigin dha bhi seal gu'n mhaoi.

Mac-righ Sorcha * sgiath nan àrm
Gur h-e h'ainm dha Maighre horh,
Chaill e gheala-hhean mar ghéin,
'S dh fhurich e-féin na deigh beò!

Chaill righ na li-Easpalt a bhean,
An ainnir gheal nigh'n righ Greig,
'S gach aon diubh gabhail a null,
'S dh'imich o Fhionn a bhean féin.

On tha'n saoghal-so na cheòd,
'S gur doigh dha bhi dol mu'n cuairt;
Bidh'maid suhhach annain féin
'S heannachd leis gach ni chaidh uainn.

* 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 hasty retreat. Determined to make captive of the fairest, whatsoever she might be, he moored his skiff, and went in pursuit. He soon pounced upon them in their concealment, and carried off the most handsome. Awed with terror, and suffused with tears, she on her knees implored him for liberty,—telling him that her name was "Fáine-Solais," 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 partner 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.

* The island of Sorcha 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.

CUMHA CHOIR'-AN-EASAIN.

Mi'n diugh a' fàgail na tire,
 'Siubhal na frith air an leath-taobh,
 'S e dh'fhág gun airgeid mo phòca,
 Ceann mo stóir bhi fo' na leacan.

'S mi aig bràige 'n alltair riabhaich,
 A' g iarraidh gu bealach na feàthair,
 Far am bi damh dearg na cròice,
 Mu Fhéill-an-ròid a dol san dàmhair.

'S mi 'g iarraidh gu Coir'-an-easain,
 Far a tric a sgapadh fùdar,
 Far am bi'dh miol-choin ga 'n teirbeirt,
 Cuir mac-na-h-èilde gu dhùbhlàn.

Coire gu'n easbhuidh gu'n iomrall,
 'S tric a bha Raibeart ma d' chomaraich,
 Cha n'eil uair a ni mi t-iomradh,
 Nach tuit mo chridhe gu troma-chràdh.

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 Fàine-Solais to the heart. Confounded at the sight, Myro became unnerved, and was overpowered and bound by Gaul. Fàine-Solais was buried 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 mhòir 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.

Là do Fhinn le beagan sluaigh
 Aig Eas-ruadh nan èubha mall,
 Chunnacas a' seòladh o'nlear
 Curach cèò agus bean ann.

'S b' e sin curach bu mhath gleus
 A' ruith na steud air agaighd cuain,
 Clos cha d' rinneadh leis no tâmh,
 Gus an d' rainig e 'n t-Eas-ruadh.

'S dh' eirich as maise mnà,
 B' ionann dealradh dh' i's do'n ghréin,
 'Sa h-uchd mar chobhar nan tonn,
 Le fluch-osraich trom a cléibh.

Is sheas sinn uil' air an raon,
 Na flaithean caoin a's mi fén;
 A bhean a thaingibh tar lear,
 Bha sinn gu leir roimpe séimh.

"S mo chomraich ort ma 's tu Fionn,"
 ("S e labhair ruim am maise mnà")
 "S i d' ghnùis do'n àrrach a ghrian,
 'S i do sgiath ceann-uighe na bâigh."

'S a gheug na maise fo dhùlchd bròin,
 'S e labhair gu fòil mi fhéin,
 Ma 's urra gorm-lannan do dhion,
 Bidh ar cri nach tiom d'an réir.

"'S e sin mise Coir'-an-easan,
 Tha mi m' sheasaigh mar a b'abbhaist,
 Ma tha thu-sa na t-fhear ealaigh,
 Cluinneamaid annas do làimhe."

An àill leat mis' a rùsgadh céil dut,
 'S mi 'm shuidhe mar cheò air bealach,
 Gu'n spéis aig duine tha beò dhiom,
 O'n chaidh an Còirneil fo' thalamh.

Mo chreach! mo thùrsa, 's mo thruaighe!
 Ga chuir san uair-s' dhomh an ire,
 Mhuinnitir a chumadh riùm uaisle,
 Bhi'n diugh anu san uaigh ga m' dhìl-sa.

Na'n creideadh tu uam a Choire,
 Gur h-e doran sud air m' inntinn,
 'S cuid mhòr a ghabhail mo leisgeil,
 Nach urrainn mi seasamh ri seinn dut.

" Measur leam gur tu mac Ruairidh,
 Chunna mi mar ris a chòirneal,
 'N uair a bha e beò na bheatha
 Bu mhiann leis do leathaid na sheòmar.

"Tòrachd a ta orms' air muir,
 Laoch is mòr guin air mo lorg,
 Mac righ Sorcha sgiath nan arm,
 Triath d'an ainm nam Maighre borb."

'S glacam do chomraich a bhean,
 Ro aon fhearr a th'air do thi;

'S a dh' aindeoin a Mhaighre bbuirb,
 Bidh tu am bruth Fhinn aig sith.

Tha talla nan creag aig laimh,
 Aite tâimh clanna nam fonn,
 Far am faigh an t-anrach bâigh,
 A thig thar bhârca nan tonn.

'S in chunnacas a tighinn' mar steud
 Laoch a bh' mheadh thar gach fear,
 A caitheamh na fairge gu dian
 An taobh ciand' a ghabh a bhean.

B' ard a chroim, bu gheal a shiùil,
 Bu mhire 'n t-iuil na cobhar sruth;
 "Thig a mharcaich nan steud stiùdhach
 Gu cuilm Fhinn nam buadh an diugh."

Bha claidhe trom toirtel nach gann
 Gu teann air a shlios gu réidh,
 Sgiath dhrimeach dhubbh air a leis,
 'S e 'g iomairt chleas air a clé.

Thug Goll mac Morna 'n urchair gheur,
 As air an treun do thilg e sleagh;
 B' i 'n urchair bu triume beum,
 D'a sgéidh do rinn si da bhliðdh.

Dh' eirich Oscar 's dh' eirich Goll
 Bheireadh losga lòm 's gach cath,
 'S dh' eirich iad uile na slìgh
 A dh' amharc còmhrag nam flath.

Sin thilig Oscar le làn-fheirg
 A chraosach dhearg le laimh chli,
 Do mharbhadh leis bean an fhír
 'S mor an cion do rinneadh l'i.

Thiodhlaicheadh leinn aig an Eas,
 Fàine-Solais bu għlan lith,
 'S chuir sinn air barraibh a meidr,
 Fain dir mar onair gin rigħ.

"Bu lion'ar de mhaitean na h-Eireann,
Thigeadh gu m' réidhlean le h-ealaidh,
Sheinnead Ruairidh dall dhomh failte,
Bhiodh Mac-Aoidh's a chàirdean mar ris."

O'n tha thus' a' caoigh nan àrmunn,
Leis am h' àhaisht hhi ga d' thaghall,
Gu'n seinn mi ealaidh gu'n duais dut,
Ge fada hhuam's mi gu'n fhadharc.

'S lionmhòr caochla teachd sa'n t-saoghal,
Agus aobhar gu bhi dubhach,
Ma sheinneadh san uair sin dut fàilte,
Seinnear an trà so dhut cumha.

"S e sin ceòl is hinne thruaighe,
Chualas o linn Mhic-Aoidh Dhòmhnuill,
'S fada mhaireas e am chluasan,
Am fuaim a bh'aig tahuinn do mheòirean.

"Beannachd dhut agus buaidh-làrach,
Ann 's gach àite 'n dean thu seasaidh,
Air son do phuirt hhlasda, dhionach,
Sa ghrian a' teannadh ri feasgar."

'S grianach t-ursainu fèin a choire,
'S gun fhéidh a' teannadh gu d' hhaile,
'Siomadh neach da m' b' fhiach do mhòladh,
Dochliath chorrrach, hhiadhchar, bhainneach.

Do chìoh, do bhorran, do mhliteach,
Do shlios a Choire gur lionach,
Luhach, luihreach, daite, dionach,
'S fasgach do chuile 's gur fiarach.

Tha t-éideadh uil' air dhreach a chanaich,
Cirein do mhullaich che chrannaich,
Far 'm hi' na féidh gu torrach,
'G eiridh farumach ma t-fhireach.

Sleamhuinn slios-fhad do shliochd àraich,
Gu'n an gärt no'n càl mu t-íosal.,
Manngach, màghach, adhach, tearnach,
Graideach, craiceach, fradharc frithe.

Neòdineineach, gugach, mealach,
Lònanach, lusanach, imeach,
'S hòreach do ghorm luachair hhealaich,
Gu'n fhuachd ri-dointionn ach cidheach.

Seamragach, sealhhagach, duilleach,
Min-leacach gorm-shléibhseach, gleannach.
Biadhchar, riahhach, riaghach, luideach,
Le 'n dòlta cuideachd gun cheannach.

'S cruiteal leam gahail do hhraighe,
Bioletaire t-uisge ma t-innsihh,
Mòdar, màghach, cnochdach càthair,
Gu hreac hlàth-mhor an uchd mìn-fheoir.

Gu gormanach, tolmanach, àluinn,
Lochach, lachach, dösach, craig-ghia'ch,
Gadharach, faghtaideach, bràidheach,
G-iomain na h-eilde gu nàmhaid.

Bùireineach, dubharach, hruachach,
Fràdharcach, cròichd-cheaunach, uallach,
Feòirneanach uisge nam fuaran,
Grad ghaisgeant' air ghàsgan cruadhlaich.

Colg-shuileach, fàileanta, hiorach,
Spang-shronach, eangladhrach, corrach,
'S an amoch is meanhh-luath sìreadh,
Air mhire a' diréadh sa Chòire.

'Sa mhadainn ag èiridh le'r miol-choin,
Gu mùirneach, maiseach, gasda, gniomhach,
Lubach, leacach, glacach, sgiamhach,
Cracach, cahrach, cnagach, fiamhach,

'N am da'n ghréin dol air a h-uilinn,
Gu fuitteach, reuhach, gleusda, gunnach,
Snapach, àrmach, calgach, ullamh,
Riachach, marbhach, tarhhach, giullach.

'N am dhuinn hhi' teannadh gu d' réidhlean,
Tinneach, cainteach, cainnleach, céireach,
Fionach, còrnach, ceòlar, teudach,
Ordail, eòlach, 'g òl le réite

Sguiridh mi nis' diot a Choire,
O'n tha mi toilicht' dheth do seanachas,
Sguiridh mise shiuhal t-aonaich,
Gus an tig Mac-Aoidh do dh'Alba

Ach 's e mo dhùrachd dhut a Choire,
O'n's mòr mo dhùil ri dol tharad,
O'n tha sinn tuisleach sa mhonadh,
Bi'dh mid a' teannadh gu haille.

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 pacifier; 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 inclination—and disappointed both his cbief 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 bis 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, wbose studies had been interrupted by bis 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 Ardnamurchan, and an elder ; consequently a presbyterian. He lived on the farm of Cori-Vullin, at the base of Ben-Shiant, 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. Tbere many a scene witnessed their delightful amours. He might have devoted more of bis 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 examinators 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.

* “ 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 Mòrag.”—*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.



A hard 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 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 ach am brosgul,
Chuir thu ghiulan crois a phàpa."

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 concealed

* 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 bân* 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

themselves in the wood and caves of Kinloch-na-nua, above Borradale, 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 hard observe silence.

After this eventful period, Alexander M'Donald 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.

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 hidden. When they were in the most rapid part of the stream, Barasdale was 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 & Eigneig do dh' Inner-aoidh*," displaying curious traits of the irritable and discontented temper that habited 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-cain-eaglais chruaidh orm,
Mu'n cluimeadh a chluais trì chasadid."

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.

He died at a good old age, and was gathered to his fathers in *Eilean-Fionain*, in Loch-Sheil.

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-Siuair" 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 Glencribisdale, 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 Ardnamurchan, 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 Ardnamurchan, 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 rùnaich*.” 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 GHAEILACH.

Gur h-i ’s crioch àraig
Do gach cainnt fo’n ghréin,
Gu ar smaointean fhàsmhor
A phàirteachadh r’ a chéil’;
Ar n’ inttinean a rùsgadh,
Agus rùn ar crì,
Le ’r gniomh, ’s le ’r giùlan,
Sùrd chuir air ar dìth.
'S gu laoidh ar heoil
A dh’iohradh Dhia nan dùl,
'S e b-ard chriòch mhòr,
Go hi toirt dòsan cliu.
'S e’n duine fèin,
'S aon chreutair reusant ann,
Gu’n tug tol DÉ dh’ a,
Gihht le hheul hhi cainnt:
Gu’n chum e so,
O’n-uile hhrùid gu léir ;
O ghihht mhòr phriseil-s’,
Dhealhh na iomhaidh fèin !
Na’m beirte halbh e,
'S a theanga marbh na cheann,
B’i n iarguin sìearbh e,
B’ fearearr hhi marbh uo aum.

'S ge h-iomadh cànan,
O linn Bhabel fhuair
A’sliochd sin Adhamh,
'S i Ghàëlig a thug buaidh,
Do’n lahhradh dhàicheil,
An t-urram àrd gun tuairms’,
Gun mheang, gun fhàiliinn,
Is urrainn càch a luaigh.
Bha Ghàëlig, ullamh,
Na glòr fior ghuineach cruaidh,
Air feadh a chruinne
Má’n thuilich an Tuil-ruadh.
Mhair i fòs,
'S cha téid a glòr air chall
Dh’ain-deoin gò,
A’s mi-run mhòr nan Gall.
'S i labhair Alha,
'S Galla-hhodhaiche fèin ;
Ar flaith, ar priunnsai,
'S ar diùcannan gun éis.
An taigh-comhairl’ an righ,
'Nuair shùidheadh air heinn’ a chùirt,
'S i Ghàëlig liobhta,
'Dh’ fhuasgladh snaim gach eùla.

'S i lahhair Calum
Allail ! a chinn-mhòir,
Gach mith, a's maith,
Bha 'n Alha heag a's mòr.

'S i lahhair Gaill, a's Gàëil,
Neo-chleirich, a's cléir
Gach fear a's bean,
A ghluaiseadh teang' am béal.
'S i lahhair Adhamh,
Ann a Pàrrais fén,
'S hu shiuhhlach Gàëlig
O hheul àluinn Euhh'.
Och tha hhuil ann !
'S uireasach gann fo dhith,
Glòir gach teanga
A lahraas cainnt seach i.
Tha Laideann coimhliont',
Toirteach, teann nì's leoir ;
Ach sgalag thràilleil e
Do'n Ghàëlig chòir.
Sa'n Athen mhoir,
Bha Ghrèuguis còr na tim,
Ach b'ion d' i b-òrdag
Chuir fo h-òr chrios grinn.
'S ge mìn, slím, hòidheach,
Cuirteil, ròd hhog liohht',
An Fhraingeis lòghmhor,
Am pàilis mòr gach righ ;
Ma thagras càch orr',
Pairt d'an ainhhfheich' fén,
'S ro bheag a dh' fhàgas
Iad de dh-àgh na cré.

'S i 'n aon chànan
Am heul nam hàrd 's nan éisg,
'S fearr gu càineadh,
O linn Babel fén.
'S i' fearr gu moladh
'S a's torrunnaiche gleus,
Gu rann no laoidh,
A tharruinn gaoth tro' hheul.
'S i' fearr gu comhairl',
'S gu gnodhach chuir gu feum,
Na aon teang' Eòrpach,
Dh' ain-deoin hòsd nan Greug.
'S i' fearr gu rosg,
'S air chosahh a chuir dhuan ;
'S ri cruidh uchd cosgar,
Bhrosnachadh an t-sluagh.
Ma chionneamh bdr,
'S i 's tâhhachdaich hheir huaidh,
Gu toirt a hòas
Do 'n eucoir dhàicheil, chruaidh.
Cainnt laidir, ruitheach,
Is neo-liotach fuaim ;
'S i seadhail, sliochdmhor,
Brisg-ghloreach, mall, luath.

Cha'n fheum i asad,
'S cha mhò dh' iarras bhuath' ;
O 'n t-sean mhathair chiatach,
Lan do chiadamh huaidh !
Tha i-féin daonnan,
Saibhir, maoineach, slàn ;
A taighean taisge.
Dh'fhaclan gasda làn.
A chànan, sgapach,
Thapaidh, hhlasda, ghrinn !
Thig le tartar,
Neartmhòr, o heul cinn.
An lahhairt shiolmhor,
Lìonmhòr, 's milteach huaidh.
Sultmhòr, hrighor,
Fhìr-ghlan, chaoïdh nach truail !
B' i' n teanga mhilis,
Bhinn-fhaclach' an dàn ;
Gu spreigil, tioram,
Ioraltach, 's i làn
A chànan cheòlmhor,
Shòghmhor, 's glòrmhor hlas,
A lahhair mòr-shliochd
Scòta 's Ghàëil ghlaib.
'S air reir Mhic-Comh,
An t-ùghdar mòr ri lùaigh !
'S i's freumhach òir,
'S ciad Ghràmair glòir gach sluaigh !

M O L A D H M O R A I G.

AIR FONN—"Plobaireachd."

Urlar.

'S truagh gun mì 's a' choill
'N uair hha Mòrag ann,
Thilgeamaid na croinn
Co bu hhòich' agaunn ?
Ingean a chùil duinn,
Air am heil a loinn,
Bhi'maid air ar broinn
Feadh na ròsanan ;
Bhreugamaid sinn-fhìn,
Mireag air ar hlòn,
A huain shohhrach mìn-hhui'
Nan còsagan :
Theannamaid ri strì
'S thaghlamaid san fhùth
'S chailleamaid sinn fhìn
Feadh nan sròineagan.

Suil mar ghòrm-dhearc driùchd
Ann an ceò-mhadainn ;
Deirg' is gil' na d' ghnùis
Mar hhìà oírseidin.

Shuas cho mìn ri plùr :
 Shios garbh mo chulaidh-chiùl ;
 Grian nam planad cùrs,
 A measg òigheannan ;
 Reulla ghlan gun smùir
 Measg nan rionnag-iùl ;
 Sgathan mais' air flùra
 Na böicbid thu ;
 Ailleagan glan ùr,
 A dhallas ruisg gu'n cùl ;
 Ma's ann de chriaghàich thù
 'S aobhar mòr-ionghnaidh.

O'n thainig gnè dè thùr
 O m' aois òige dhomb,
 Nir facas creatair dhiù,
 Ba cho glòrmhoire ;
 Bha Malli dearbha caoin,
 'S a gruaidh air dhreach nan caor ;
 Ach cochlaidheach mar gbaith,
 'S i ro òranach ;
 Bha Pegi fad an aois,
 Mar be sin b'i mo ghaol ;
 Bha Marsaili fir aodrum,
 Làn neònachais ;
 Bha Lili taitin rium,
 Mar be a ruisg bhi fionn ;
 Ach cha ba shà buirn-ionnlaid,
 Do'n Mhòraig-s' iad.

Siubhal.

O ! 's coma leam, 's coma leam,
 Uil' iad ach Mòrag ;
 Ribhinn dheas chulach
 Gun uireasbhuidh foghlum ;
 Cha'n fhaighear a siunnait,
 Air mhaise no bhunait,
 No'm beusan neo-chumant,
 Am Muile no'n Leoghas.
 Gu geamnuidh, deas furanach.
 Duineil gun mhòr-chuis ;
 Air thaghadh na cumachd,
 O mullach gu brògan ;
 A neul tha neo-churaidh,
 'S a h-aghaidh ro lurach ;
 Go bròdalach, cuireideach,
 Urramach, séolta.

O guilli-gag ! guilli-gag !
 Guilli-gag Mòrag !
 Aice ta chulaidh
 Cu cuireadh nan òigear ;
 B' é'n t-aighear 'sa sulas,
 Bhi sìnte ri t-ulaidh,
 Seach daonnan bhi fuireach
 Ri munaran pòsaidh.
 D'am phianadh, 's d'am ruagadh
 Le buaireadh na feola ;
 Le aislingean-connain
 Na colla d' am leonadh ;

'Nuir chidh mi ma m' choinneamh,
 Aciochan le coinneil,
 Théid m'aigeanadh air bhoile,
 'S na theine dearg sòlais.

O fair-a-gan ! fair-a-gan !
 Fair-a-gan ! Mòrag !
 Aice ta chroiteag
 Is *toite* san Eorpa ;
 A ciocan geal criostoil,
 Na faice' tu stoit' iad,
 Gu'n tairrneadh gu beag-nair,
 Ceann-eaglais na Ròimhe.
 Air bhuigead 's air gibilead,
 Mar lili nan lòintean ;
 'Nuir dheana tu'n dinneadh
 Gu'n cinneadh tu deonach ;
 An deirgead, an grinnead ;
 Am mìnead, 's an teinnead ;
 Gu'm b'ásainn chur spionnaidh,
 Agus spioraid am feoil iad.

Urlar.

Thogamaid ar fonn,
 Ann an òg-mhadainn ;
 'S *Phæbus'* dath na'n tonn,
 Air fiamh örensin ;
 Far céill cha bhiodh conn,
 Ar sgà' dhoir' a's thom,
 Sinn air daradh trom
 Le'r cuid gòr-aileis ;
 Direach mar gu'm biodh
 Maoiseach's boc a frith,
 Crom-ruaig a chéile dlon
 Timcheall òganan ;
 Chailleamaid ar cù
 A' gàireachdaich linn-fhìn,
 Le bras mhaonas dian sin
 Na h-ògalachd.

Siubhal.

O dastram ! dastram !
 Dastram, Mòrag !
 Ribhinn bhuidh bhastalach,
 Leac-ruiteach ròsach ;
 A gruaidean air lasadh,
 Mar lasair-chlach dhaite,
 'S a deud mar an sueachda,
 Cruinn-shnait' an dlù òrdugh.
 Ri *Bhenus* cho tlachdmhor,
 An taitneachdainn fheol'or ;
 Ri *Dido* cho maiseach,
 Cho' snasmhor 's cho còrr r'i ;
 'S e thionnsgan dhomh caitheamh,
 'S a laodaich mo rathan,
 A bhalla ghrinn laghach,
 Chuir na gathan-sa m'fheol-sa.

'S mar bithinn fo għlasaibl,
 Cruaidh phaisgte le pòsadh,

Dh'iobrainn críde mo phearsa,
 Air an altair so Mòrag,
 Gu'n liubhrainu gun airsneul,
 Ag stòlaibh a cás e ;
 'S mar gabhadh i tlachd dhiom,
 Cha b' fhada sin beò mi.
 O'n t-urram ! au t-urram !
 An t-urram ! do Mòraig !
 Cha mhor nach do chuir i ;
 M'fhuil uil' as a h-òrdugh ;
 Gu'n d'rug orradh ceum-tuislidh,
 Fo ionachd mo chuislean,
 Le teas agus murtacbd,
 O mhoch-tbra Di-dòmhnaich.

'S tu reulla nan cailin,
 Làn lainnir gun cheò ort ;
 Fior chomhnart gun charraid,
 Gun arral, gun bheòlam ;
 Cho mìn ri cloidh-eala,
 'S cho geal ris a ghaillonn ;
 Do sheang shlios sèamh fallain,
 Thug barrachd air mòran.
 'S tu ban-righ nan ainnir,
 Cha sgallais an còmhراidh ;
 Ard foinnidh na d' ghalla,
 Gun bhaileart, gun mhòr-chuis ;
 Tha thu coimhliont' na d' bhallaibh,
 Gu h-innsgeineach athlamh ;
 Caoin, meachair, farasd,
 Gun fharum, gun ròpal.

Urlar.

B'fhearr gu bithinn sgoilt'
 As na còrdamhsa,
 Thug mi tuille gaoil
 A's bu choir dhomh dhut ;
 Gu 'n tig fa dhuiñe taom,
 Du droch ghniomh bhios claoen,
 Cuireadh e cruaidh-snuim
 Air o'n ghòraich sin :
 Ach thug i so mo chiall,
 Uile bhuaum gu trian ;
 Cha'n fhaca mi riainh
 Siunnait Mòraig-sa,
 Ghoid i bhuaum mo chri,
 'S shlad i bhuaum mo chli,
 'S cuiridh i 'san chill,
 Fo na fòdaibh mi.

Siubhal.

Mo cheist agus m'ullaidh
 De'u chunnaic mi d' sheòrs thu,
 Le d' bhroilleach geal-thuraid,
 Nam mullaichean bòidheach ;
 Cha'n fhaigh mi de dh'furas,
 Na ni mionaid nat fuireach,
 Ge d' tha buurach na dunach

D'am chumail o d' phòsad,
 Do bheul mar an t-sirist,
 'S e milis ri phògadh,
 Cho dearg ri bñermillian,
 Mar bhileagan ròsan :
 Gu'n d'rinn thu mo mhilleadh,
 Le d' Chupid d'am bhioradh,
 'S le d'shaighdan caol, biorach,
 A rinn ciorram fa m' chòta.

Tha mi lan mulaid,
 O'n chunnaig mi Mòrag,
 Cho trom ri clach-mhuilinn,
 Air lunann d'a seòladh :
 Mac-samhail na cruinneig,
 Cha'n eil anns a chruinne ;
 Mo chrì air a ghuin leat,
 O'u chunna' mi t-òr-chul
 Na shlamagan bachallach.
 Casarlich, còrnach ;
 Gu faineagach, cleacbdagach,
 Dreach-lubach, glòrmhor ;
 Na reullagan ceartach ;
 Mar usgraichean dreachmbor,
 Le fudar sau fhasan
 Grian-lasda, ciabh òr-bhuidh.

Do shlios mar an canach ;
 Mar chaineal do phògan ;
 Ri Phoenix cho aineamh ;
 'S glan lainnir do chòta :
 Gu mùirnneach bauail,
 Gun àrdan gun stannart ;
 'S i corr ann an ceanál,
 Gun aiunis gun fhòtus.
 Na faicte mo leannan
 'S a mhath-shluagh di-dònaich,
 B'i coltas an aingeal,
 Na b-earradh's na comhradh ;
 A pearsa gun talach
 Air a gibhteán tha barrachd ;
 A'n, 'Tì dh' fhág thu gun aineamh,
 A rinn do thalamh rud hòidheach.

Urlar.

Tha 'n saoghal lan de smaointeannan feolar,
 Mamon bi'dh 'g ar claonad
 Le ghoisnúchean ;
 A choluinn bheir oir'n gaol
 Ghabhail gu ro fhaoin,
 Air striopachas, air craos,
 Agus stròthalachd :
 Ach cha do chreid mi riann
 Gu'n do sheas air sliabh,
 Aon te bha cho ciatach
 Ri Mòraig-sa ;
 A subhailcean 's a ciall,
 Mar gu'm biodh ban-dia.
 Leagh an crì am chliamh
 Le cuid òrrachan.

Siubhal.

Ar comhairle na ceilihh orm.
 Ciod eile their no ni mi ?
 Ma'n ribhinn bu teare ceileireadh,
 A sheinneadh air an fhìdeig :
 Cha'n fhaighean à lethid eile so,
 Air tir-mor no 'n eileanan ;
 Cho iomlan, 's cho eireachdail.
 Cho teiridneach, 's cho biogail,
 'S ni cinnteach gur ni deireasach
 Mar ceileir so air Seine,
 Mi thuiteam an gaol leath-phairteach,
 'S mo cherenion ga'm dhiobhail ;
 Cha'n eil do bhùrn a Seile sid,
 No shneachd an Cruachan eilideach
 Na hbeir aon fhionnachd eiridneach
 Do'n teine th'ann am innsgin.

'Nuar chuala mi ceol leadanach
 Au fheadain a bh'aig Mòrag,
 Rinn m'aigeadh damhsa' beadarach,
 'S e freagra dha le sòlas ;
 Sèamh ùrlar, sochrair, leadarra
 A puit, 's a meoir a breabadaich ;
 B'e sid an òr-fhead eagarr,
 Do bheus nan creaga' mòra,
 Ochòin ! am feadan haill-eughach,
 Cruaidh sgal-eughach, glan coilmhor,
 Nam binn-phort stuirteil, trileanta,
 Ri min-dbionachd, hog rò-chaoin ;
 A màrsal comhnard staideil sin,
 'S e lùghmhor grasmhor caiseamachd ;
 Fior chrùnluath, brig, spalpara,
 Fa clia-lù na bras-chaoin sporsail.

Chinn pris, is stuit, a's spraichealachd,
 Am ghnuis 'n uair bheachdaich gùamag,
 A seinn an fheadain ioraltaich,
 B'ard iolach ann am chluasan ;
 A suain-cheol, sithe mir-anach ;
 Mear stoirméil, pongail, mionaideach ;
 Na h' fhoirméile nach sreamaid,
 Air mhirid ri h-uichd tuasad.
 O'n buille meoir bu lomarra,
 Gu pronnadh a phuirt uaimbrich !
 'S na h-uilt hu lùghmhor cromainean
 Air thollaibh a chroinbh huadhaich !
 Gun slaod-mheoirich, gun ronnaireachd,
 Brisg, tioram, sochdair, colaidheach ;
 Geal-lùdag nan gearra-cholluinnean,
 Na caplù, loinneil, guanach !

Urlar.

Chasgamaid ar u-iot
 Le glan fhion an sin,
 'S bhualamaid gu dian
 Air gloir shiomhala :
 'Tville cha bhiodh ann,
 Gus an tigeadh àm,

A bhi cluich air làm,
 Air na tiodian sin :
 Dh'òlaimaid ar dràm,
 Dh'fhògradh uainn gun taing,
 Gach ni chuireadh maill
 Air hìi miòg-chuisseach ;
 Maighdean nan ciabh fann,
 Shniamhanach nan clann ;
 Mala chaol, dhonn, cham,
 Channach, fhinealta.

An crùnluath.

Mo cheann tha làn de sheilleanaibh
 O dheilich mi ri d'bhriodal ;
 Mo shròn tha stoip' á dh-elebor
 Na deil, le teine dimbs ;
 Mo shuilean tha cho deireasach,
 Nach faic mi gnè gun telesgop,
 'S ge d'bhiodh meudach beinn' ann,
 'S ann theirinn gur h-e frìd i.
 Dh'fhalbh mo cheudsaidh còrpora
 Gu docharach le hruadar,
 'N uair shaoil mi fortan thor chait domh,
 'S mi'm thorroichim air mo chluasaig :
 Air dùsgadh as a chaitream siu
 Cha d'fhuair mi ach aon fhailéas d'i,
 An ionad na macin bearraideach
 A mheal mi gu seachd uairean.

Ach, ciod thug mi gu glan fhaireachadh,
 Ach carachadh rinn cluanag :
 'S co so, o thus, bha Mhùrag ann,
 Ach Sine an br-fbuilt chuaichaib ;
 'Nuain thûr i gu'n do lagach mi,
 'S gu feumainn rag chuir stalcaidh ann,
 Gu'n d'riùn i draoidheachd-chadail domh,
 Rinn cruaidh fior rag de m luaidhe.
 Bha cleasachd-sa cho innealta,
 'S cho innleachdach ma'u cuairt d'i,
 Nach faodainn fhìn thaobb sì-mhaltachd,
 Gun dlighe crion thoirt uam dh'i ;
 Gu'n thiunndaidh mi gu h-ordail r'i ;
 'S gu'n shaoil mi gu'm b'i Mòrag i ;
 Gun d'aisig mi mo phogan dù,
 'S cha robh d'a coir dad uaipe.

Note.—This is one of the finest productions of the Celtic 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. Mòrag 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 "Mì-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 hyperbolical praise—and then, without any provocation, he suddenly wheels round and overwhelms his goddess with the most slanderous, foul-mouthed and unfeeling abuse. His "*Mìmhòladh Mòraig*" is printed in the *Glasgow complete edition of his works* of 1839.

ORAN AN T-SAMHRAIDH.

AIR FONN—"Through the wood, laddie."

AN déis dhomh dùsgadh's a'mhadainn,
 'S an dealt air a chùill,
 Ann a madainn ro shoillear,
 Ann a lagan beag doilleir,
 Gu'n cualas am feadan
 Gu leadurra seinn ;
 'S mac-talla nan creagan
 D'a fhreagairt hròn bhìnn.*

Bi'dh am beithe deagh-bholtrach,
 Urail dosrach nan càrn,
 Ri maoth-bhlàs driùchd céitean,
 Mar ri caoin-dhearsadh gréine,
 Bràichdadh harraich tro gheugan,
 'S an mhios cheutach sa Mhàigh :
 Am mios bream-laoghach, bualiteach ;
 Bhainneach, hhuaghach, gu dàir !

Bi'dh gach doire dlù uaignidh
 'S trusgan uain' ump a' fas ;
 Bi'dh an snothach a dìreadh
 As gach friamhach a's isle,
 Tro 'na cuislínnean sniomhain,
 Gu miadachadh hlà :
 Cuach, a's smeòrach 's an fleasgar,
 Seinn a leadain 'n am bàrr.

* 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. I.

A mios breac-uigheach, hraonach,
 Creamhach, maoth-rosach, àidh !
 Chuireas sgeadas neo-thruaillidh,
 Air gach àite d'a dhuaichneachd ;
 A dh'fhoras sneachd le chuid fuachd,
 O gheur-ghruaim nam beann àrd ;
 'S aig meud eagail roi *Phæbus*,
 Theid's na speuraibh 'na smàl.

A mios lusanach, mealach,
 Feurach, faileanach, hlàthi ;
 'S e gu gucagach, duilleach,
 Luachrach, dìtheanach, lurach,
 Beachach, seilleanach, dearach,
 Ciurach, dealtach, trom, thà ;
 'S i mar chuirneanaidh daimein,
 Bhratach bhoisgeil air làr !

'S moch bhios *Phæbus* ag òradh
 Ceap nam mòr-cruach 's nam beann ;
 'S hi'dh 'san uair sin le sòlas,
 Gach eun biuin-fhaclach hoidheach.
 Ceumadh meur-huillean céolar,
 Feadh phres, ògan, a's gheann ;
 A chorruil chuirteach gun sgreadan,
 Aig pòr is headarraich greann !

'S an am tighinn do'u fheasgar,
 Co-fhreasgradh aon am,
 Ni iad co'-sheirm, shéimh, fballain,
 Gu bileach, hinn-ghohach, allail,
 A seinn gu lù-chleasach daigheann
 A measg ur-mheaghain nan crann ;
 'S iad fèin a beucail gu foirmeil,
 Le toirm nan òrgau gun mheang.

Bi'dh gach creutair do laigid
 Dol le suigeart do'n choill ;
 Bi'dh an dreadhan gu halcant',
 Foirmeil, talcorra, bagant',
 Sir chuir fàilt air a mhàdinna,
 Le rifeid mhaisich, bhuig, hhinn ;
 Agus *Robin* d'a hleusadh
 Air a ghéig os a chiun.

Gur glan gall-fheadan *Richard*
 A seinn na'n cuislínnein grinn,
 Am bàrr nam hilichean hlàthor,
 'S an dös na loin-dharag àrda,
 Bhiodh's na glacagan fùasach
 As cubhraidh fàile na'm fion ;
 Le phuirt thriolanta shiuhhlich
 Phronnair lùghor le dion.

Sid na puirt a's glan gearradh,
 'S a's ro ealanda roinn ;
 Chuireadh m'inntiun gu beadradh,
 Clia-lù t-fheadain ma'n eadradh,

'N am do'n chroddh bbi g'an leigeadh,
An innis hbeitir's a' choill ;
'S tu d' leig air baideil ri cionthar,
An grianan aon-chasach croinn.

Bi'db bradan seang-mbear an fhìor-uisg',
Gu brisg, slinn-leumnach, luath ;
Nam bhuidhnean tarra-ghealach, lannach,
Gu h-iteach, dearg-bhallach, earrach,
Le shoilsean airgeid d' earradh,
'S min-bhreac lainnireach tuar ;
'S e-féin gu cróm-ghobach ullamh,
Ceapadh chuireag le cluain.

A bhealtnuinn bhog-bhailceach, ghrianach,
Lèonach, lianach, mo ghráidh,
Bhainneacb, fhionn-mheagach, uachdrach,
Omhanach, loinideach, chuachach,
Ghruthach, shlamanch, mhiosrach,
Mbiodrach, mhiosganach làn,
Uanach, mheananach, mhaoineach,
Bhocach, mhaoiseach, làn àil !

O ! 's fior éibhinn r'a chluintinn,
Fann-gheum laoigh anns còrò
Gu h-ùral, min-bballach, àluinn ;
Druim-fhionn, gearr-fhionnach, faili,
Ceann-fhionn, colg-rasgach, cluas-dearg,
Tarra-gheal, guaineiseach, òg,
Gu mógach, bog-ladhrach, fàsor,
'S e leum ri bàraich nam bò !

A shòbhrrach gheala-bhui' nam bruachag,
Gur fanna-gheal, snuaghár, do ghnùis !
Chinneas badanach, cluasach,
Maoth-mhín, baganta luaineach ;
Gur tu ròis is fearr cruaid
A ni ghuasad a h-ùir ;
Bi'dh tu t-eideadh as t-earrach
'S c'ch ri falach an sùl.

'S cùraidh fàileadh do mhuineil,
A chrios-Cho-chulainn nan càrn !
Na d' chruinn babaidean riabhach,
Loineach, fhad-luigreach, sgiamhach,
Na d'thuium ghiobagach, dreach-mhín,
Bharr-bhuidh, chasurlaich, àird ;
Timbeall thulmanan diàmhair
Ma'm bi'm biadach-ianain a fàs.

'S gu'm bi froineisean boisgeil
A thilgeas foineal ni's leoír,
Ar gach lù-ghart de neoinein,
'S do bharraibh sheamragan lòmhar ;
Mar sin is leasachan soilleir,
De db-fheada-coille nan còs,
Timcheall bhoganan loinueal,
A's tric an eilid d'an coir.

'Nis treigidh coileach á ghucag,
'S caitean brucach nan craobh,
'S théid gu mullach nan sliabh-chnoe',
Le chirc ghearr-ghobaich riabhaich,
'S bi'dh'ga suiridh gu cùrtiel
Am pillein cùl-gorma fraoch :

'S ise freagra le tùchan :—
"Pì-hù-hù tha thu faoin."

A choilich chraobhaicb nan gearr-sgiath,
'S na falluine dùi',
Tha dubh a's geal air am miosgadh,
Go ro oirdheirc na t-itich ;
Muineal lainnireach, sgipi,
Uaine, slis-mhìn, 's tric cróm !
Goh na'n ponganñan milis
Nach faict' a sileadh nan ronn !

Sid an turaraich għlan, loinneal,
A's ard coilteag air tom,
'S iad ri bù-rà-rùs seamh, céutach
Ann a feasgar bog céitean ;
Am bannal geal-sgitteach, uchd-ruadh ;
Mala ruiteach, chaol, chrom ;
'S iad gu h-uchd-ardach, earra-gheal,
Għriant-dhearsgħaidb, dħruim-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.

ORANA GHEAMHRAIDH.

AIR FONN—“ Tweedside.”

THARRUINN grian rìgh nam planad 's nan rèull,
Gu sign Chancer di-ciadain gu beachd,
A riaghlas cotbrom ma'n criochnach e thriall,
Da mhios-déug na bliadhna ma seach ;
Ach gur h-e 'n dara, di-sathuirn' na dhéigh,
A ghrian-stad-shamraidi, aon-déug, an là's fàid ;
'S a sin tiuntaidh e chūrsa gu seimh,
Gu seas-ghrian a gheamhraidi gun stad.

'S o dh'imich e 'nis uainn m'an cuairt,
Gu'm bi fuachd oir'n gu'm pill e air ais,
Bi'dh gach là dol an giorràd gu féum,
'S gach oidhche do réir dol am fad :
Sruthaidh luibhean, a's coill, agus feur,
Na fàs-bheodha crion-éugaiddh iad as ;
Teichidh snodbach gu friambach nan crann,
Sùighidh glaoghan an sùgh-bheath' a steach.

Seachdaidh géugan glan cùbhraidh nan crann,
Bba's an t-samhradh trom-stràc-te le meas,
Gu'n tòrr-leum an toradh gu lär,
Gu'n sgriosair am bàrr far gach lios.
Guilidh feadain a's creachainn nam beann,
Sruthain christostal nan gleann le troim sprochd,
Caoidh nam fuaran ri meacuinn gu'n cluinn,
Deoch-sbunnata nam maoiseach 's nam boc.

Laidbidh bròn air an talamb gu léir,
Gu'n aognaich na sléibhteann's na enuic ;
Grad dubhaidh caoin uachdar nam blár,
Fal-rùisgte, 's iad failliuineach bochd.
Na h-eoin bhuchallach' bhreac-iteach, ghrinn,
Sheinneadh basganta, binn, am barr dhòs,
Gu'n téid a għlas-ghūib ar am beul,
Gun bhodha, gun teud, 's iad nan tost.

Sguiridh bùirdisich sgiathach nan speur,
D'au ceileiribh grianach car greis,
Cha seinn iad a' maidnean gu h-àrd,
No feasgaran chràbhach 's a' phreas ;
Cadal clutter gu'n dean anns gach còs,
Għabail fasgaidh am frògamh nan creag ;
'S iad ag ionndrainn nan gathanan blàth,
Bhiobd ri dealaradh o sgàile do theas.

Cuirear daltachan srian-bbuidh nan ròs
Bharr mhìn-chioch nan òr-dhithean beag,
'S inghean gucagħi lili nan lòn,
Nam fluran, 's għeal noineen uan eug ;
Cha deogħlair le beathan nam bruach,
Cròdhaidh fuarachd car cuairt iad na sgeap ;
'S cha mho chruinnieħas seillein a mhàl,
'S thar għeal-ùr-ros chroinn garaidh cha streap.

Tearnaidh bradan, a's sgadan, 's gach iasg,
O t-iarguinn gu fia-ghrunnd nan loch ;
'S gu fuu air an aigein dù-dhonn,
Anu an doimhneachd nam fonn a's nan slochd,
Na bric tharra-gbealach, arra-ghobħlach shliom,
Leumadh mearagħt, ri usgräicean chop,
Nan cairtealan geamhraidh gu'n tām,
Meirħb, sàmhac, o thàmh thu fo'n ghlob.

Chàs a's għreannaich gach tulach, 's gach tòm,
'S dòite lom chinn gach fireach, 's gach glac ;
Gu'n d' obhraich na sìtheanan feoir,
Bu lusanach, feoīr-neħħan brat ;
Thioraich monainean, 's rradhaidh gach fonn ;
Bheuchd an fhairje 's ro thonn-ghreannach gart ;
'S gu'n sgħejtix an dùlaidh gach long,
'S théid an cabħlach na long-phort a steachd.

Néulaich paircean a's miðair gu bäs,
Thuit gach fässach, 's gach àite fo bħruid ;
Cbiarach monadb nan īosal 's nan ard ;
Theirig dathanañ gràsmhor gacb luig ;

Dħi-fhalbh am fäileadh, am musg, a's am fonn ;
Dħi-fhalbh am maise bharr lombair gach buiġi ;
Chaidh an eunlaidh gu caoidhearan truagh,
Uiseag, smèorach, a's cuach, agus druid.

A fhraoich bhadanaich, ghagħanaich, ùir,
D'am b'ola's d'am b'fħudar a mhil,
B'i bħlħath għriani do bħale's għaq uair,
Gu giullachd do għruaige le sgħi ;
'S a mhadain iuċċair 'nuairei bħoisgeadha għnūi,
Air bhuidhinn driūchdach nan dril,
B'fhor chubħraidi 's gu'm b'eibhinn an smuidd
So dh'eireadu bharr chuirneen għiex bil.

Gu'n theirig suth-talmluinn nam bruach ;
Dħi-fhalbh an cnuasach le'n trom-lubadħi slat,
Thuit an t-ubhall, an t-siris, 's a pheur,
Chuireadu bodha air a ghéig anna bħad.
Db-fhalbh am bainne bħo'n eullabu air chūl,
Ma'm bi leuħa bi ciuħarān bochd ;
'S gu'm pill a għriani gu sign Thaurus nam buadħi,
'S treun a bħuadhaċċas, fuachd, agus gort.

Théid a għriani air a thurus man cuairt,
Dothropic Chapricorn għruamach gun stad,
O'u tig fearħu ħu chruinn, mheallanach, luath,
Bbeir air mullab uan enairetegan sàd ;
Tbig tein'-adhair, thig tornn na dhéiġ,
Thig gailloni, thig eireadu nach lag,
'S cinniħi uisge na għlaineachan cnuaidb,
'S na għlas-lēugaibh, mìn, fuar-lie næebħ rag.

A mios nuarranda, garbh-fħrasach dorch',
Shneachdach, cholgarra, stōrm-shionach bith ;
Dħisleach, dħall-churach, chatħach, fħliuħ, chruai,
Bħiorach, bħuagharr, 's tuuħ-thħoħħach cith ;
Dħieħibbeħħ, lia-rotach, għlib-shleħħabu għarbi,
Chuireas sgħoġbirean fairge nan ruuħ ;
Fħliuħach, fluntuineach, għuineach, gun tiġi ;
Cuiridh t-anail għiex cǎlleħid air chrith.

A mios cratanach, casadach, lóm,
A bhios trom air an t-somu-bħrechan dubb ;
Churraiceach, chasagħach, lachdun a's dħonn,
Bhrisneach, stocaineach, chom-chochlach, thuġi,
Bhrġgħach, mhiotagħach, pheiteagħab bħan,
Imeach, aranach, chāiseach, gun għruth ;
Le miann bruħaistie, mařt-fheoli a's cal ;
'S ma bhios blàth nach dean tār air gnęe stuth.

A mios brotagħach, toiteanach sògħ
Għionach, strōitheal, fbior għedċach gu muic ;
Liteach, lāgħanach, chabaisteach chħorr,
Phoiteach, rōmasach, rōiceil, gu sult ;
'S an taobħ-muigh ge do thugħi sinn ar còm,
Air ar fħaile għeur-tholltach gun tlu,
'S feudar dram ol mar linnigeadħi cléib,
A għrad fħadas tein'-eibhinn 's an uċhd.

Bi'dh grean'-dunbh air cui'd mòr de'u'n Roinneorp,
 O lagaich sgéambh òrdha do theas,
 Do sholus bu shòlas ro mhòr,
 Ar fraghare a's ar lochrann geal deas ;
 Ach 'nuair thig e gu *Gemini* a rìs,
 'S à lainnir 's gach righeachd gu'n cuir,
 'S buidh soillsean nan coirean's nam meall,
 'S riochdail fiamh nau br-mheall air a mhuir.

'S théid gach salmadair ball-mhaiseach ùr,
 Ann an crannaig chraobh-dblù-dhuillich chais,
 Le 'n seol fèin a sheinn laoidh 's a thoirt cliù,
 Chiunn a *phlanaid*'s a chùrsadh air ais ;
 Gu'm bi coisir air leth anns gach géig,
 An *dasgaibh* éibhinn air réidh-shlios nan slat,
 A tòirt lag iobairt le'n ceileir d'an Triath,
 Air chaol chorraibh an sgiath anns gach glaic.

Cha bhi creutair fò chupan nan speur,
 'N sin nach tiundaidh ri 'n speurad's ri'n dreach,
 'S gu'n toir *Phæbus* le buadhain a bhlàis,
 Anam-fàs daibh a's càiileachdain ceart
 Ni iad ais-éiridh choitcheann uaigh
 Far na mbioataich am fuachd iad a steach,
 'S their iad :—*guileag-doro-hidola-hann*,
Dh-fhalbh angeamhra 's tha'n samhradh air teachd.

ORAN NAM FINEACHAN GAELACH.

A CHOMUINN rìoghail rùinich,
 Sàr ùmhlaichd thugaibh uaibh,
 Biadh 'ur ruisg gun smùirnean,
 'S gach crì gun treas gun lùb ann ;
 Deoch-slainte Sheumais Stiùbhairt,
 Gu muirneach cuir ma'n cuairt !
 Ach ma ta giomh air bith 'n 'ur stamaig,
 A chàileis naomh' na truaill.

Lion deoch-slainte Thearlaich
 A mheirlich ! stràic a chuach ;
 B'i sid an ioc-shlant' àluinn,
 Dhath-bheothaicheadheadh mo chàileachd
 Ge d'a bhiodh am bàs orm,
 Gun neart, gun àdh, gun tuar.
 A Righ nan dùl a chuir do chàbhllach,
 Oirn thar sail' le luathas.

O ! tog do bhaideil àrda,
 Chaol, dhionach, shàr-gheal nuadh,
 Ri d'crannailh bi-dhearg, làdir,
 Gu taisdeal nan tonn gàireach ;

Tha *Holus* ag raitinn
 Gu 'seid e rap-ghaoth chruaidh,
 O'n aird an ear ; 's tha *Neptun* dileas,
 Gu mìneachadh a chuain.

'S bochd ata do chàirdean
 Aig ro mhead t-fhàrdail uainn ;
 Mar àlach mhaoth gun mhathair ;
 No beachainn breac a ghàraidh,
 Ag sionnach 'n déis a fàsachd',
 Air fàilinn feadh nam bruach.
 Aisig cabhagach le d' chabhllach,
 'S leighis plàidh do shluraig.

Tha na dée ann an deagh rùn dut ;
 Greas-ort le sùrd neo-ubarbh,
 Thar dhronnaig na tonn dù-ghorm,
 Dhruim-robach, bharr-chas, shiubhlach,
 Ghleann-ehlaghach, cheann-gheal, shù'.dhlù,
 Na mothar chul-ghlas, gbairbh ;
 Na cuan-choirean, greannach, stuadh-thorthach,
 'S crom-bhileacb, molach, falbh.

Tha muir a's tìr cho-réidh dhut,
 Mar deann thu fèin a searg ;
 Doirtidb iad na'n ceudan,
 Nan laomabh tiugha, tréunna,
 A Breatunn a's à Eirinn,
 Ma d'standard breid-gheal dearg ;
 A ghasraidh sgaiteach, gbuineach, rìoghail ;
 Chreuchdach, fhior-luath, gharg !

Thig do chinneadh fèin ort,
 Na treun-fhir laomsgair gharbh,
 Na'm beitheiribh gu reubadh ;
 Na'n leoghannaibh gu creuchdadh ;
 Na'n nathraicean grad-leumneach,
 A lotas geur le 'n calg,
 Le'n gathan faobharach, rinn-bheurra
 Ni mor éuchd le'n arm.

N àm bhrataichean làn-éideadh,
 Le dealas geur gun chealg,
 Thig Dòmhnullaich, nan deigh sin ;
 Cho dileas dut ri d'leine ;
 Mar choin air fasadh eile ;
 Air chath-chrith geur gu sealg ;
 'S maig nìmhaid do'n nochd iad fraoch,
 Long, leoghann, craobh, 's laimh-dhearg.

Gu neartaich iad do chàmpa
 Na Caim-beulaich gu dearbh,
 An Diuc Earraghalaich mar cheann orr',
 Gu mòrghalach mear prionnsail ;
 Ge b'e bheir air iunsaidh,
 B'e sid an tionsgnadh searbh,
 Le lannan lotach, dù-ghorm, toirteil.
 Sgoltadh chorp gu'm balg.

Gu tarhartach, glan, caiseamachd,
Fior thartarach na'n rànc,
Thig Cluainidh le chuid Pearsanach,
Gu cuanuda gleusda grad-bheirteach ;
Le spaintichean teann-bheirteach
'S cruaidh fead ri sgailceadh cheann ;
Bi'dh fuil d'a dòrtadh, 's smuais d'a spealtadh,
Le sgealpairreachd 'ur lann.

Druididh suas ri d' mheirghe,
Nach meirbh an am an àir,
Clann' Illeoin * nach meirgich
Airm ri uchd do sheirbheis ;
Le'm hrataichean 's snuadh féirg orra,
'S an leirg mar thairrh gun sgàth ;
A foirne, fearail, nimheal, arrail,
'S huilleach, allamh làmh !

Gun thig na fiùrain Leòdach ort,
Mar sheochnaidh 's eoiu fo spàig ;
Na'n tuireamh lann-ghorm, thinnisueach ;
Air chorra-gheus streup gun tiomachas ;
An reiseamaid fior ionnalta,
'S fàth gioraig dol na dàil ;
Am hi ionamh bòchdan fuitteach, foirmeil,
Théid le stoirm gu hàs.

Thig curaidhnean Chlann-cham-shroin ort,
Theid meanmnach sios na d' spàirn ;
An fhoireann ghuineach, chaithreamach,
'S neo-fhiamhach an am tarruinne ;
An lainn għlas mar lasair dealanaich,
Gu gearradh cheann, a's lamh ;
'S mar luthas na drëige, 's cruthas na crëige,
Chluinnte sgreath nan cnàmh.

Gur cinnteach dhuibh d'ar coinneachadh,
Mac-Choinnich mor Chinn-Tàile :
Fir laidir, dhàna, choimhneala,
Do'n fhior-chruaidh air à foinneachadh,
Nach gabh fiamh no somultachd,
No sgreamh ro' theine hħlär ;
'S iad gu nàrach, fuileach, foinnidh,
Air hhoi gu dhol na d'chàs.

Gur foirmel, prìseil, òrdail,
Thig Tòisichean nan rànc,
Am màrsail stàtoil, còmhnard ;
Gu pìobach, hratach, sròl-bhui ;
Tha rioghalachd a's mòr-chuis,
Gu'n sòradh anns' n dream ;
Daoine laidir, neartmhor, cròdha,
'S iad gun ghò, gun mheang !

Thig Granndaidh gu ro thartarach,
Neo fhad-hheirteach do d' champ

* Clann 'Illean.

Air phriohlosgadh gu cruidal,
Gu snaidheadh cheann, is chluas diu,
Cho nimheil ris na tigeribh
Le feachdraidh dian-mhear, dàn',
Chuireas iomad fear le sgreadail,
'S a hhreibadaich gu làr.

Thig a ris na Frisealaich,
Gu sgipi le neart garbh ;
Na seòchdaibh fior-ghlan, togairach,
Le fuathas bhìùr nach bogaireach,
An còmhlan feàrradh, cosgurach,
'S maирг neach do nochd iad fearg ;
A spuir għlas aig dlùs an deirich
Bi'dh nan éilean dearg.

Nan gasraidih ghaisgeil, lasgurra,
Thig Lachunnach gun chàird ;
Na saighdean deurga puiseanda ;
Gu claidheach, sgiathach, cuinnseach ;
Gu Gunnach dagach, ionnsachte,
Gun chunntais ac' air àr ;
Dol nan deannamh 'n aodainn pheileir,
Teachd o theine chàich.

Gahhaidh pàirt do t-iorgħaills',
Clann-lomhuinn's oirdheire càiil ;
Mar thuinn ri tir a sior-bhualadh ;
No bile lasrach dian-loisgeach ;
Nan treudan luatha, fior-chonfach,
Thoirt griosaich air an nàmh ;
An dream chathach, Mhuileach, Shrathach,
'S math gu sgathadh chnàmh.

'S mòr a hħio's ri corp-rusgadh,
Na'n closaichean's a hħlär,
Fitħiħ anns a rocadaich
Ag itealaich, 's a cnocaireachd ;
Ciċċas air na cosgarach,
Ag bl's ag ith an sàth.
Och's tħursach fann a chluinutir moch-thira,
Oħħanaiħ nan ħr !

Bi'dh fuil is gaor d'a shùidreadh ann,
Le lù-chleasan 'ur làmh ;
Meangar ciinn, a's dùirn dhiu ;
Gearrar üilt le smuaisridh ;
Ciosnaichear am biuiddh,
D'an dù-losgadh, 's d'an cnàmh ;
Crùnair le poimp Tearlach Stiùbhart ;
'S Frederic Prionns fo shàil.

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 FONN—"Cille-chragaidh."

THA deagh shoisgeul feadh nan garhh-chrioch,
 Sùrd air armaibh còmhraig ;
 Uird ri dararaich deanamh thargaid
 Nan dual ball-chruinn boidheach ;
 Chaith ar seargadh le càm earraghloir
 Siulaigh fior chealgach Shbrais,
 O's sgeul dearbhata thig thar fairge,
 Neart ro gharbh d' ar fòirinn.

Thig thar lear le gaoith an ear oirn,
 Toradh deal ar dòchais,
 Le mhìlit fear, 's le armaibh geal,
 Prions' ullamh, mear, 's e dò-chaisgt ;
 Mac Righ Seumas, Tearlach Stiubhart,
 Oighre chrùin th'air fogar,
 Gu'n dean gach Breatainnmeach làn umhlachd,
 Air an glùn' d'a mhàrrachd.

Ni na Gàéil bheodha, ghasda,
 Eiridh bhras le sròlamh ;
 Iad nan ciadan uim' ag iathadh,
 S coltas dian cuir gleois orr' ;
 Gu'n fhiamh 'iad fiata, claidbeach, sgiathach,
 Gunnach, riaslach, stròiceach,
 Mar chonfad leoghannaibh fiadhaich,
 'S acras dian gu feoil orr'.

Dèanamh ullamh chum ar turuis,
 'S bitbih guineach, déònach ;
 So an cumasg, am bi na builean,
 An deantar fuil a dhòrtadh ;
 Och a dhuin' is lionmhòr curaiddh
 Is fir sturrail co-stri,
 A leigir fear eile mar chuireann,
 Dh' fhaotainn fuil air Sebras !

'S iomadh neach a théid air ghaisge,
 Tha fior lag na dhòchus,
 Gus a nochdar *standard* brat-dhearg,
 An righ cheart-s' tha birne,
 Ge do bhiodh e na fhior ghealtair,
 Gur cruaidh rag gu bbròig e,
 Ceart cho gairge ris an lasair,
 A losgadh ashbuain eorna.

Mhoir is sgaireil, foirmeil, bagant,
 Gàéil ghasda, chrotha ;
 Gach aon bhratach sìos do'n bhaiteal
 Le 'n gruaidh laisde ròsg-dearg ;
 Iad gun fhiamh, gun fheall, gun ghaiseadh ;
 Rioghail, beachd-bhorb, pròiseal ;
 Gu no-lapach ri linn gaisge,
 Spàinnteach ghas nan dòrnaih.

'S hionn linn plapraich nam breid bhratach,
 Sranraich bras ri mòr-ghaoith,
 An glachdaibh gaisgeich nan ceum staiteil,
 Is stuirteil, sgaireil, *mòision* ;
 'S lann ghorm sgaiteach, do shàr-shlacan
 Geur gu srachdadh shròn' aige,
 Air bac cruachain an fhìr bhrataich,
 Gu cuir tais air fogradh.

'S furbaidh tailceant, 's cumta pearsa,
 Treun-laoch spraiceal, doid-gheal ;
 Piob d' a spalpadh, suas ua achlais,
 Mhosglas' lasan gleois duinn ;
 Caismeachd bhras bhinn, bhrodadh aigne,
 Gu dian chasgairt slòigh leis ;
 Chuireadh torma a phuirt bhaigsceil,
 Spioraid bhras 'n 'ar pùraibh.

Bithibh sunndach, lughor, bèumach,
 Sgriosach, geur, gu feolach,
 'S bi'dh Mars creuchdach, cogach, reubach,
 Anus' na speur d' ar seoladh ;
 Soirbhichidh gach ni gu leir libh,
 Ach sibh-fein bhi deonach ;
 Màrsailibh gun dàil, gu'n eislein,
 Lughor, eudrom, ceol-mhor.

Màrsailibh, gun fheall, gun airsneul,
 Gach aon bhratach bhoideach ;
 Cuideachd shuaicheanta nam breacan,
 'S math gu casg na tòireachd ;
 'Nuair a ruisgeas sibh na claisich
 Bi'dh smuis bheareach feadh feòir libh ;
 Gaor a's eanachuinn na spadul,
 'S na liath-shad feadh mhointich.

Sliocraich, slacraich, nan cruidh shlacan,
 Freagair basgur sheannsaír ;
 'Nuair a theid a ruag gun stad lih
 Gur ro fid a chluinntear,
 Feadraich bhuillean, sgoltadh mhullach,
 Sios gu bun an rumpuill ;
 Ruag orr' uile mar mhoim tuile ;
 Chaoiadh cha 'n urr' iad tiuintadh.

'S iomadh fear a dh' oladh lionta,
 Slainte an righ-s' tha oirne,
 Spealgadh ghlaineachan aig gròisaich,
 'S e cur beinn air Seòras ;
 Ach 's onaraiche anis an gniomh,
 Na cuig-ceud mile bòla ;
 'S fearr aon siola a dh'fhuil 's an fhìrith
 No galoin fhion air bhòrdaibh.

Dearbhaidh beachdaidh sibh bhi eart d'a,
 Eirdh grad le 'r slèghaibh ;
 Gu'n 'ur mnathan, clann, no heirteas,
 Chuir stad-feachd 'n 'ur dòchus ;

Ach gluasad inntinneach, luath, cinnteach,
Rioghail, liont' de mhòr-chuis ;
Mar an raineach a dol sios duihh,
Sgriosadh dian luchd clèochdan.

'Ur ceathairne ghrumach, nimheil,
Làn do mhire cruadail ;
'S misg dhearg chatha, gu hàrr Rath Orr',
'S craobh dhearg dhath nan gruaidean ;
Iad gun athadh sios le 'n claidhean
Ri sior sgathadh chiuachdan ;
Lotar degaanaich le 'n gathan,
'S le'r fior chrathadh cruadach.

'S beagan sluaigh, a 's tric thug buaidh,
An iomairet chruaidh a chòmhraig ;
Deanamaid gluasad gu'n dad uamhuinn,
'S na biadh fuathas oirne ;
Doirtidh uaislean air taobh-tuath,
Mac Shùm nan ruag, 's Diuc-Gòrdon ;
Le mharc-shluagh is nuarrant gruaim ;
'S ruaim aimhi fhuar nam pòramh.

ORAN RIOGHAL A BHOTAIL.

AIR FONN—“ *Let us be jovial, fill our glasses.*”

BIONHMAIN subhach, 's blar deoch liun,
Osnach 'n ar fochar cha tâmh,
Na smaointicheamaid ar bochdainn,
Fhad 's a bios an copan làn.

LUINNEAG.

Hò-rò air falldar-ăraidh
Ho air m'alldar-răraidh rò,
Hò-rò air m'alldar-varidh
Fàlldar, ralldar, răraidh hò.

Olamaid glainneachean làn',
Air slainte an t-Seumas ata uainn ;
Cuireamaid da shlaint' an càradair,
Tosda Thearlaich stràic 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 cás an còrn m'an cuairt ;
Faicear eibhinnéachd air lasadh,
Le flor sgairt 'n ar beachd, 's 'n ar gruaidh.
Ho-ro, &c.

Biodh ar cridhachan a damhsa,
Linn an drams' a dhol na thruaill,
Mar gu 'm biodhmaid 's a cheart am-sa,
Dol do 'n chàmp a dh'fhaotainn huaidh.
Ho-ro, &c.

De'n dibh' bhridhear neartar hhlasda,
'S milse no mil bheach gu pòit,
Lòn an soitheach sin amach dhuinn,
De 'n stuth bhlasdar ud 'san stòp.
Ho-ro, &c.

'S-ioma fearsta, falachaidh, tlachdmhor,
Tha 'm mac-na-bracha r'a luaigh ;
Rinn sin e na leannan do mhìltean,
'S na mhilein prìseil do'n t-sluagh.
Ho-ro, &c.

Sgoalaidh e ghrumair far a muiginein ;
Ni e fiughantach fear cruaidh ;
Ni e crualalach fear gealtach,
Gus an téid e feachd no 'n ruraig.
Ho-ro, &c.

Ni e cainteach am fear tostach ;
Ni e brosgulach fear dùr ;
Ni e suireach am fear nàrách ;
'S fàgaidh e dàm' am fear diùid.
Ho-ro, &c.

Ni e pògach am fear àilleant
Nach fuligeadh cailin 'na chòir ;
Sparraidh e damhs' anns na casan,
Nach d' rinn riabh aon chàr d'an deoin.
Ho-ro, &c.

Fagaidh e neo shauntach achrach ;
Tointnidh se cás am fear siom ;
Bheir e caitean air fear sleamhainn ;
'S ni e spreadhail am fear tiom.
Ho-ro, &c.

An t-airgead a bha d'a sticleadh,
An sporan nan chripleach riabh,
Bheir e furtachd dha á priosan,
Le fuasgladh cruaidh-shnaim nan ia
Ho-ro, &c.

Ni e aoigheal am fear doichleach ;
Ni e socharach fear teamn ;
Ni e duin' uasal do'n bhalach ;
Ni e fathrumach fear fann.
Ho-ro, &c.

Ni e saor chridheach fear duinte,
'S faoisididh e rùn a chìr ;
Saoilidh an lag gur h-e 'n laidir,
Gus an dearbh e chàil 'san stri.
Ho-ro, &c.

Tairrnidh e mulad gu aiteas ;
 Tiunndaidh e airsneul gu fonn ;
 Mionach nan sporan gu spiol e
 Le ghob biorach chriomas lom.

Ho-ro, &c.

Thigeadh meanmna, 's falbhadh airsneul
 Air chairstealan uainn do'n Ròimh ;
 Seinneam òrain cheolmor, ghasda,
 Shunndach, bhras, nach lapach gloir.
Ho-ro, &c.

'Nuair bheirear botul a stapul,
 'S a chromar ri cap a cluas ;
 'S eibhinn a ghogail là earrach,
 Cogair searraig ris a chuaich !
Ho-ro, &c.

'S milse no ceileadaradh smeòraich,
 Le luinneag ceolmor air gèig,
 Creachair shrideagach do sgòrnain ;
 Cratan's bòiche fo 'na ghréiu !
Ho-ro, &c.

'S binne na luinneag eoin-bùchainn,
 Bhiodh ri tùchan am barr thonn,
 Guileag do mhuineil a's giuig ort ;
 Cuisle-chiuil a dhùisgeadh fonn.
Ho-ro, &c.

'S binne no cluig-chiuil an Ghlascho,
 T-fhuaim le bastul dol 's a chòrn ;
 Sid an fhàilt a gheusadh m' aigne,
 Mac-na-bràch a teachd le pòig.
Ho-ro, &c.

Llon domh suas an t-slige-chreachainn ;
 Cha 'n ion a seachnadh gu dràm ;
 'S math Ghàelic oirr' an creathann ;
 An t-slig' a chreach sinne a t' ann.
Ho-ro, &c.

'S binne no coel coilich choille,
 Bhiodh ri colleig air an tom,
 Dùrdail a bhotail ri glainne ;
 Crònan loinnteal thoilleadh bonn !
Ho-ro, &c.

Teicheadh liu-dubh as 'ur comunn ;
 Falbhagh gainne ; 's paitl 'ur n-br ;
 Na biodh spèuclair oirbh gu ganntar,
 Fheadh 's a bhòis an dram 'n 'ur sràin.
Ho-ro, &c.

Biodh 'ur ceann-agaidh uile 'n ceart uair,
 Cho ruiteach ri dreach nan ròs,
 'Nuair a théid 'ur ful air ghabhail,
 Le beirm laghach Mhic-an-Tòis.
Ho-ro, &c.

Gur dionnsaireach, spinusearach, t-fhàileadh,
 'S teas-ghradhach do shnàg tro' m' chliabh
 Fadadh blàis air feadh mo mhionachaich ;
 Gur ro mhioragach do thriall !

Ho-ro, &c.

Gur guagach, coilleagach, brisg-gheal,
 Bruicheal, neo-mhisgeach do thuar,
 'N a d' shlabhraidhean criostail a dòrtadh,
 Ri binn-chronamaich am chluais.
Ho-ro, &c.

Sgaoileamaid o altair *Bhachuis* :
 A chleirich taisg a chailis uat ;
 Dh-fhalbh ar fuaichd ; 's ciod 'ta dhì oirn ?
 Thugamaid bàig' crion do 'n t-suain.
Ho-ro, &c.

Ach freasdal sinn air ghairm na maidne,
 Le t-ioc-shlaint aghmhor lan bhuadh,
 'S thoir dhùinn aon ghloic-nid 'n ar leabaidh
 A bheir crith-chlaiginn oirn m'an cuairt !
Ho-ro, &c.

ALLT-AN-T-SIUCAIR.

AIR FONN—“The Lass of Patie's Mill.”

A dol thar Allt-an-t-siùcair,
 A' madainn chùbhraidh Chéit,
 'S paideirean geal dlù chnap,
 De 'n drìùchd ghorm air an fheur,
 Bha richard 's robin, brù-dhearg
 Ri seinn, 's fear dliù na bhéus ;
 'S goic moit air cuthaig chùl-ghuirm,
 'S gùg-gùg aic' air a ghéig.

Bha smeòrach cur na smùid dh'i
 Air bacan cuil le' féin ;
 An dreadhann-donn gu sùrdail,
 'S a rifeid chiuil na bheul ;
 Am breacan-beith' a's lùb air,
 'S e'gleusadh lùgh a theud ;
 An coileach-dubh ri dùrdan ;
 'S a chearc ri tùchan réidh.

Na bric a gearradh shùrdag,
 Ri plubraich dhilù le chéil',
 Taobh-leumnaich mear le lù-chleas.
 'S a bhùrn, le mùirn ri gréin ;
 Ri ceapadh chuireag siùbhlaich,
 Le 'n briseadh lùghor féin ;
 Druim-lann-ghorm, 's ball-bhreac giúran ;
 'S an lainnir-chuil mar lèig.

Mil-dheocla sheillein strianach,
 Le crònan 's fiata straunn,
 'N an dithibh baglach, riabhach,
 Ma d' bhliathaibh grianach chrann ;
 Sraibh-dhriucain dhonna, thiachdaidh,
 Fo shinean ciocchan t-fheòir,
 Gun theachd-an-tìr no bhiadh ac',
 Ach fàileadh ciatach ròs.

Gur milis, brisg-gheal, bùrn-ghlan,
 Meall-chùirneanaeh, 's binn fuaim,
 Bras-shruhain Uillt-an-t-siúcair,
 Ri torman siubhlach luath ;
 Gach biolair, 's lùibh le 'n ùr-ròs'
 A cintinn dlù ma bhruaich ;
 'S e toirt dhaibh bhuanan sùghor,
 Ga 'n sui bheathacha m'an cuairt.

Bùrn tana, glan, gun ruadhan,
 Gun deathach, ruaim, no céò,
 Beir anam-fàs, a's gluasaid,
 D'a cbluanagan ma bhòr.
 Gaoir bheachainn bhui' s ruadha,
 Ri diogladh chluaran bir,
 'S céir mheala d' a chuir suas leo,
 An ceir-chuachagan 'nan stòr.

Gur sòlas an ceòl-cluaise,
 Ard-hhairich buar ma d' chrò ;
 Laoigh cheann-fhioun, bhreaca, ghuhanach
 Ri freagra' nuallan bhò ;
 A bhanàreach le buaraich,
 'S am buachaillie fa còir,
 Gu bleothan a chruidh għuaillium,
 Air cuaiach a thogas cròic.

Bi'dh lòchrainn inheal' a lùbadb
 Nan sràbh, 's brù air gach geig,
 Do mheasan milis cùbhraidh,
 Nan ùbhlan' s nam péur ;
 Na duilleagan a liùgadh,
 A's fallas cùil diu fèin ;
 'S clann bheag a' gabhal tòchaidh,
 D' an imlich dlù le 'm béal.

B' e crònan t-easan srùlaich,
 An dùrdail mhùirneach Mhàigh ;
 'S do bhoirichibh daite, sgùm-gheal,
 Tiugh, flùranach, dlù, tlà ;
 Le d' mhantul do dhealt ùr-mhin,
 Mar dhùira cùil ma d' bhlià ;
 S air calg gach feòirnein dùir-fheòir,
 Gorm neamhnad dhriuchd a fàs.

Do bhrat lan shradag daoimein,
 De bhraon ni soills' air lèr ;
 A chapet's gasda foineal,
 Gun cho-fine ann a Whitehall ;

Ma d' bhearra gorm-bhreac coillteach,
 Ann chinn a loinn le h-àl,
 Na sobhraichean mar choilleean,
 Na 'n coilleiribh na d' sgàth.

Bi'dh guileag eala tùchan,
 'S eoin bhùchuinn am barr thòun,
 Ag inbhearr Uillt-an-t-siúcair,
 Snamh lù-chleasach le fonn ;
 Ri seinn gu moiteil, cuirteil,
 Le muineil-chiuil, 's iad crom,
 Mar mhàla piob a's lùb air ;
 Cèòl tiamhaidh ciuin, nach trom.

O ! 's grinn an ohhair għarhbail,
 Rinn nàduri air do bhruaich,
 Le d' lurachain chreabhach, fhàsor,
 'S am buicein hhàn orr' shuas ;
 Gach saimeir, neoincean, 's màsag,
 Min-bhreac'h air lár do chluain ;
 Mar rèulttan reòt an dearsadh,
 Na spangan àluinn uuadh.

Bi'dh cruinn, 's am bàrr mar sgàrlaid.
 Do chaorran aluinn ann ;
 'S craoibhan bachlach, àrbhuidh,
 A faoisg neadh àrd ma d' cheann ;
 Bi'dh dearcan, 's suithean sùghor,
 Trom lùbadh an luis fèin,
 Caoin, seachdai, blasadh, cuhhraidh,
 A call an drùis ri gréin.

'S co lan mo lios ri Phàrrais,
 De gach cnuas a 's fearr an coill ;
 Na réidhlich arbhar fàsaidh,
 Beir piseach àrd 's sgòinn ;
 Pòr reachdmhor, minear, fasor,
 Nach cinn gu fàs na laom ;
 'S co reamhar, luchdmhor càiileachd,
 'S gu sgàin a għarġan o dħruim !

Do thachdar mar' a's tire,
 Bu theachd-an-tir leis fèin ;
 Na 'n treudan féidh 'n a d' fħrithean ;
 'S na d' chladaħch 's miltean éisg ;
 Na d' thriligh tha maorach lionmhor ;
 'S air t-uisge 's fior-bħras leus,
 Aig oganachaibh rimbheach,
 Le morgha' fior-chruaidh gèur.

Gur h-ùròil, slíochdor, cuanda,
 Greidh-each air t-fħuarain ghorm,
 Le 'n iotadh tarruinn suas riut,
 Le cluinniñ nuall do thoirm ;
 Bi'dh buicein binneach 's ruadhag,
 'S minn-mheanbh-blħreac, cluais-dearg, dg
 Ri h-ionnaltradħ gu h-uaigneach,
 'S ri ruideis luath ma d' lòn.

Gur damhach, adhach, laoghach,
 Maugach, maoiseach, t-fhonn ;
 Do ghlinn le seilg air laomadh,
 Do gharbhach-chraobh's do lom ;
 Gur h-áluinn barr-fhionn, braouach,
 Do chanach caoin-gheal thom,
 Na mhaibenibh caoin, mao-mhin ;
 Na d' mhointich sgaoth-cheare donn.

B' e sid an sealadh èibhinn,
 Do bhrúachan glè-dhearg ròs,
 S iad daite le gath gréine,
 Mar bhoisgnich leug-bhui' dir ;
 B' iad sid an geiltre glé ghrinn,
 Cinn déildeagan measg feoir,
 De bharraibh luibhean ceutach ;
 'S foirm bbinn aig téud gach eoin.

O lili rìgh nam flùran !
 Thug bàrr mais air ùr-ros gheug,
 Na bhabagan cruinn, plùir mhìn,
 'S a chrùn geal, ùr mar gluréin ;
 Do'n uisge ud Allt-an-t-siùcraig,
 'S e cùbhraigdh d'a o bheud
 Na rionnagan ma lùbaibh,
 Mar reullan-iùil na spéur.

Do shealbhag għlan's do luachair
 A bòrcadh suas ma d' choir ;
 Do dhíthein lurach, luaineach,
 Mar thuairueagan de'n òr ;
 Do phreis làn neada cuachach,
 Cruinn, cuairteagach, aig t-eoin ;
 Barr bbraonan 's an t-sail-chuachaig,
 Na'n dös an uachdar t-fheoir.

B' e sid an leughas lèirsinn,
 De luingcas bréid-gheal, luath,
 Na'n sgudronaibh seoil-bhréid-chrom,
 A bordadh geur ri d' chluais ;
 Nan giubhsaichibl bēd ghleusda,
 'S an cainb gu léir riu shuas ;
 'S Caol-Muile fuar d'a reubadh,
 Le anail speur bho thuath.

'S cruaidh a bhairlinn fhuair mi,
 O'n fbuaran 's bladsa glòir,
 An caochan's mò buadhan,
 Ata fo thuatb' an Eòrp ;
 Lion ach am bbla suas deth,
 'S do bhranndaidh fhuair ni's eòir ;
 Am puine millis, guanach,
 A thairrneas slagh gu céil !

Muim' altrom gach pòr uasail,
 Nach meith le fuachd nan speur,
 Tha sgiath fo 'n airde tuath oirr',
 Db'fħag math a buar, 's a feur ;

Fonn deas-oireach, fior uaibhreach,
 Na spéclar buan do'n ghreib ;
 Le spreidh theid duine suas ann,
 Cbo luath ri each na leum !

'S aol is grunn d'a dhailibh,
 Db-fbàg nàdur tarbhach iad ;
 Air a meinn gu'n toir iad arbhar,
 'S tiugh, stàrbhanach ni fàs ;
 Bi'dh dearrsanaich shearr-fhiaclach,
 D' a lannadh sios am boinn,
 Le luinneagau binn nlonag ;
 An ceol a 's misle, roinn !

An Coir' is fearr 's an dùthaich,
 An Coir' is sùghor fonn ;
 'S e Coirean Uillt-an-t-siucair,
 An Coirean rùnach lom ;
 'S ge lom, gur molach, ûrail,
 Bog miadar dìu a thom,
 'M beil mil is bainn' a brùchdad,
 'S uisg' ruith air siùcar pronn.

An Coire searrachach, uanach,
 Meannach, uaigheach àigh ;
 An Coire gleannach, uaine,
 Bhliochdach, luath gu dàir ;
 Au Coire coillteach, luachrach,
 An goir a chuach 's a Mbàrt ;
 An Coir' a faigh duin-uasal,
 Biast-dubbh, a'sruadh 'na chàrn !

An Coire brocach, taobh-ghorm ;
 Torcach, facilidh blàth ;
 An Coire lonach, naosgach,
 Cearcach, craobhach, gràidh ;
 Gu bainneach, baileach, braonach,
 Breacach, laoghach, blàr ;
 An sultor mart, a's caora,
 'S a's torach laomsgair bàrr !

An Coire am bi na caoich
 Na 'n caogadaibh, le 'n àl ;
 Le 'n reambad 'g gabhail faoisgnidh,
 A 'n craicnibh maoth-gheal tlà ;
 B' iad sid am biadh, 's an t-aodach,
 Na t-fbaoin-ghleannaibh 's na t-ard ;
 An Coire luideach, gaolach,
 'S e làn do mhaoinibh gràis !

An Coire lachach, dràcach
 'M bi guilbneich 's tràigb-gheoidh òg ;
 An Coire coileachach, lan-damhach,
 'S moch, 's is an-moch spòrs ;
 'S tìm dhomh sgur d'an àireamh,
 An Coire 's fàsor pòr
 Gu h-innseach, doireach, blàrach,
 'S imeacach, càiseach bò !

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 FUCAIDH.

LUINNEAG.

*Agus ho Mhorag, no ho-rò,
'S no ho-rè-ghealladh.*

A MHÒRAG chiatach a chuil dualach,
Gur h-è do luaign a th' air m'aire.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S ma dh'imich thu null tbar chuain uainn',
Gu ma luath a thig thu thairis.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S cuimhnich thoir leat hannah ghruagach,
A luaigneas an clò ruadh gu dainghean.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

O ! cha leiginn tbu do'n hhuala,
Ma salaich am buacbar t-anart.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

De cha leiginn thu gu cualach ;
Obair thruaillidh sin nan caileag.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Gur h-i Mòrag ghrinn mo ghuamag,
Aig am beil an cuailean barr-fhionn.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S gaganaach, bachlagach, cuachacb,
Ciabtag na gruagaiche glaine.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Do chùl peuchdach sios na dhualaibh
Dhalladb e uaislean le lainnir :
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Sios na fbeoirneinean ma d' ghuailean,
Leadan cuachagach na h-ainfir :
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Do chùl pèurlach, òr-bhui, luachach,
Timcheall do chluasan na chlannaibh.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

A, Mbòrag ! gu beil do chuailean
Ormsa na hhuireadb gu'n sgainnear.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S ge nach iarr mi thu ri d' phùsadh,
Gu'm b' e mo rùin a bhi mar riut.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S ma thig thu a rithist am lùbaibh,
'S e'n t-èug a rùin ni ar sgaradb.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Leanaidh mi cho dlù ri d' shàilean,
'S a ni bairneach ri sgeir mhara.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Shiu hail mi cian leat air m' èdas,
Agus spailp de'n stroichd ar m' ain-eol.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Gu leanann tbu feadh an t-saoghail,
Ach thusa ghaoil theachd am farraid.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Gu'n chuireadh air mhisp le d' ghaol mi ;
'S mear aodrum a ghaoir ta m' bhallaibh.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S a Mhòrag'g am heil a ghruidh chiatach :
'S glan a fiaradh thar do mhala.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Do shùl shuibhean, shochdrach, mhòdbar,
Mhireagach, chomhnart, 's i meallach.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Dèud cailce sbinasda na rìbhinn,
Snaite mar dhisn' air a gearradh.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Maighdean hhoidheach, na 'm bös caoine,
'S iad cho maoth ri cloidh na h-eala.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Ciochan leaganach nan guag,
'S faileadh a mhusga d'a b-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 ghàel,
Nach obadh le m' gbrldb-sa tarruinn :
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

A reachadh le sgiath, 's le clàidheamh,
Air bheag sgà gu bial nan cannon :
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Cbunnardaicheadb dol nan òrdaibh,
Thoirt do chòrab, 'mach a dàb' ain-deoin.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S iomadh àrmunn làsdail, trèubhach,
Ann an Dun-eideann, am barail.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Na faiceadh iad gnè do dhuais ort,
Dheanadh tarruinn suas ri d' charraid.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Mo chionn gu'n dheanadh leat éridh,
Do Chaiptin séin Mac-'Ic-Ailein :
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Gu'n theann e roi' ro chàch riut,
'S ni e fàsd e, ach thig tbairis :
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Gach duine, tha 'n Uidhist a Muideart,
'S an Arasaig dhù-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 Mhontròs',
Gu'm bu bhòchdain iad air Ghallaibh.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Gu'n d' fhairich là Inbher-Lòchaiddh,
Co bu stròicich ann le launaibh.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Am Peairt, an Cill-Saoibh, ‡ 's an Allt-Eireann,
Dh-fhag iad Rèubalaich 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 Sléibh-teach,
Ge d' a tha e-fein na leanamh.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

* Mòr-Thir. † Alasdair Mac Cholla. ‡ Kilsyth.

Dh'éiridh leat a nall o'n Rùdha,
Anstrum lù'-chleasach nan seang-each.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Dhruideadh, na Gàël gu leir riut,
Ge b' e db'eireadhl leat no dh'fhanadh.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Shuath, deich mile dhui air clè dhuibh,
An cogadh rì Sèurlus nach maireann.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S iomadh clò air 'n tug iad caitean,
Eadar Cat-taobh agus Anuinn.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Bha cùch 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 thàirrneadh iad na lannan !
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

H-uile clò a luaigh iad riamh dhuibh,
Dh-fhag iad e gu ciatach daingheann ;
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Teann, tiugh, daingheann, fite, luaite,
Daite ruadh, air thuar na fala.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Greas thairis le d' mhnathan luaighe,
'S theid na grugaicheadan-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 Mòrag—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 Mòrag in lands known and unknown, and was still ready to follow her over the world if required.

SMEORACH CHLOINN-RAONUILL.

LUINNEAG.

Holaibh o iriag hòroll ð,
Holaibh o iriag hòro ð,
Holaibh o orìag hòroll ð,
Smeòrach le Clann-Raonuill mi.

GUR h-e mis' an smeòrach chreagach,
An déis leum bharr chuaich mo nidein,
Sholar bidh do'm lanalibh beaga,
Sheinneam ceol air bhàrr gach bidein
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Smeòrach mise do Chlann-Dòmhnuill,
Dream a dhithicheadh, 's a leonadh,
'S chuircadh mis' an riocdh na smèdraich
Gu bhi seinn, 'sa cuir ri ceol daihh.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Sa chreig ghuirm a thogadh mise
An sgireachd Chaisteil duibh nan clar
Tir tha daonnan a' cuir thairis
Le tuil bhanine, meal', a's fion.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Sliochd nan Eun o'n Chaisteil-thiream,
'S o Eilean-Fhianain nan gallan,
Moch, a's feasgar togar m'iolach,
Seinn gu hileach, milis, mealach.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Tha mi de'n ghùr rioghail, luachach,
'S math eun fhaotaum á nead, uasal,
Ghineadh mi gun chol, gun truailleadh,
Fo sgiathaibh Ailein mbic Ruairidh.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Cinneadh, glan gun sinùr, gun smoden
Gun smál gun luath ruaidh, no ghrordan,
'S iad gun ghiomh, gun fheall, gun sodan,
'S treum an huill' an tìugh nan trodan.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Cinneadh rioghail, th'air am buaineadh,
A meriħħ meara na crudhach,
'S daoimein iad gun spàr gun truailleadh,
Nach gabb stùr, gnè, smal, no ruadh-mheirg.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Cinneadh mor gun hhòsd gun sparán,
Suairee, siobhálta, gun ràpal,
Caomhail, cineadail ri'n càirdean,
Fuiteach, faohharach, ri namhaid.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Raoeuallaich nan òr chrios taghach,
Nan lùireach, nan sgiath, 's nan clogaid,
A théid sios gu gunnach, dagach,
Nu fir ghasda shunndach, chogach.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Sud na h-aon daoine th'air m'aire,
Nach dianadh air spùileadh cromadh,
Dhianadh anus an àraich 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 bitidh mi'n sin ri caoidh, 's ri básrach,
Gus am faigh mi hás le osnaich.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Ach ma thig mo phriunnsa thaíris
Cuirear mis' an clabhan lurach,
'S bitidh mi canntaireachd gu buileach
'S ann 'san árois ni mi fuireach.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Madainn chéitean am barr gach badain
Sgoileadh ciùl o ghlaic mo ghuinein,
'S àluinn mo chruiteach, 's mo ghlagan,
Stailceadh mo dha huinn air stuibean.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Gur e mise cruit nan cnocan,
Seinn mo leadain air gach bacan,
'S mo chearec fèin gam' bheus air stocan,
'S glau ar glocan air gach stacan.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Crith chiuil air m'ugan da hhogadh,
'S mo chomh tur uile làn headraidi,
Tein-eihinn am uchd air fadadh,
'S mi air fàd gu damhs' air leagail.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

'Nuaire chuirean goic air mo ghogan,
'S thogain mo shaiml air chreagan,
Saun orm fèin a bhiodh am frogan,
Ceol gu thogail, 's hròn ga leagail.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Eoin hhuchalach bhreac na coille,
Le'n ḍorganaiħħ ordail mar rinn,
'S feadag għlan am heul gach coilich,
'S hinn feed-ghu āir għeugħajj haraċċi.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

'S mis an t-eunān heag le m'fheadan,
Am madainn dhirħučhd am barr gach hadain,
Sheinneadh na puitr għrijuu gu'n spreadan,
'S ionmuuñn m'fheadag feedli għaqqa lagain.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Togamaid deoħ-slainte na h-armailt,
Dh-eirich le Tearlachi o'n għarbhlaix,
Na fir għasda dheanad searr-hħuain
Air feoil 's cnàimhean nan dearg chot.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Olamaid flieħħadħ ar slūgain,
'S cuireamaid mu'n cuairt lan nogain,
'Slainte Sheumais suas le suigeart,
Tosta Thearlaich sios le sogan.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Slaint' an teaghlaich rioghail inbhejħ
Olamaid gu sunndach, geanail.
'S nigħeamaid ar sgorniġi ghonaċċ
Le dram milis, suileach, glaineach.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Cuireamaid sios fcadh ar mionaoih
Tosta nan curaibhnean clauinach,
Nan colg gasda, sgaiteacb, hiorach,
'S ro mhor sgil air còmhrag lannach.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

O tha mi teannadh gu eir-thir,
Ullaicheam m'acair gu cala,
Tosta Mhuideirt ceann nan Seileach,
'S an t-slainst eil' ud triath nan Garrach.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Lionaihh suas a's olaibh bras i,
Slaiute Raonuill òig o's deas i,
Sguiribh dh'amharc thugaibh as i,
Siabaibh leibh i as a teas i.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Stràc suas a ghlaine cheudna,
Cuimhnicheamaid slaint an t-Stéibh tich
Ridir òg gasda na eireadh,
Dol le sgairt a shracadh bheistean.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Slaint Iarl Antrum s' tosta priseil,
'S na tha 'n Eirinn chlannaibh Miliadh,
Tha mo shile bàthadh m'iataidh
Chionn gu'm beil mo bheul lan mislein.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Diolamaid gu foirmeil, frasach,
Slainte Bhaosadail mu'n stad sinn,
Laoch treun a dh'eireadh sgairtail,
Chuir retreat air bheistean Shasuin.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Lion suas duinn glaine do'n Deasach,
Learganaich nan gorm lann claiseach,
Laochraibh sgathadh cheann, a's leasraidh,
Na suinn sheasmhach, shundacb, mbaiseach.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Co namhaid sin riu sheasadh,
'S cruaibh ruisgte nan duirn gu slaiseadh ?
Anns an ruaig nuair ghabhadh teas iad,
Le lù-chleasan bhualadh shaisean.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Greasam gu finid gun stopadh,
Ach cha mhiann leam a hhi hacach,
Puirt chiùil na smèdraich dosaich,
Tostam fior sheohzac na Ceapaich.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Togamaid slainte nan Gleannach,
O chothann nam hradan earrach
Bheireadh air hocanaihb pilleadh,
Cha bu ghioracach iad air healach.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Cuireamaid mu'n cuairt gu toileach,
Slainte Mhic Dhùghaill o'n Bharraich,
Cridhe rìogbail, reamhar, solais,
Tha na bhoileach shios am falach.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Chuimhnicheam lain Ciar a Lathuirn,
Aig nach robh an stoidhle cumhann,
Gheibh e mùrin, a's onair fhathach,
A's caitheadh drais mar as cuhaidh.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Ciod am fath dhaibh hhi ga'r tagradh ?
'S nach urr' iad chuir rinn cluigean,
Sguiribh de'r hoillich 's de'r splagan,
'N rud tha agaiun, 's Dia thug dhuinne.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

ORAN DO PHRIONNSA TEARLACH.

LUINNEAG.

O hì-ri-ri tha e tighinn,
O hì-ri-ri, 'n rìgh tha uainn,
Gheibheamaid ar n'airm 's ar n'eideadh
'S breacan-an-fhéilidh an cuach !

'S eibhinn leam fhìn tha e tighinn,
Mac an rìgh dhlighich tha uainn,
Slios mòr rioghail d'an tig àrmachd,
Claidheamh a's targaid nan dual.

O hi-ri-ri, &c.

'S ann a tighinn thar an t-shàile,
Tha 'm fear ard a's àille snuadh,
Marcaiche sunndach nan stéud-each,
Rachadh gu h-eutrom san ruaig.

O hi-ri-ri, &c.

Samhult an fhaoillich a choltas,
Fuaradh froise 's fada-cruaidh,
Lainn thana 'na taimh gu cosgairt,
Sgoltadh chorp mar choire' air cluain.

O hi-ri-ri, &c.

Tòrmam do phloha 's do hhrataich,
Chuireadh spiorad bràs san t-sluagh,
Dhèireadh ar n-àrdan 's ar n-aigne,
'S chuirt' air a phrasgan ruaig !

O hi-ri-ri, &c.

Tairneanach a bhombh 's a channain,
Sgoilteadh e'n talamh le' chru'as,
Fhreagradh dha gach heinn a's beallach,
'S bhodhradh a mhac-tall ar cluas !

O hi-ri-ri, &c.

Gur maig d'an éideadh san là sin,
Còta granda 'u mh' dar ruadh,
Ad bhileach dhubh a's coc-àrd innt',
Sgoilteas mar an chàl ro'n chruaidh.

O hi-ri-ri, &c.

ORAN EILE

DO PHRIUNNSA TEARLACH.

LUINNEAG.

Thug hò-o, laill hò-o,
Thug o-ho-rò 'n àill leibh,
Thug hò-o, laill ho-ò,
Seinn o-ho-rò 'n àill leibh.

Moch 'sa mhadainn 's mi dùsgadh,
'S mor mo shunnd 's mo cheol-gàire ;
O'n a chuala mi 'm prionnsa,
Thighean do dhùthach Chlann-Rà'ill.

Thug ho-o, &c.

O'n a chuala mi 'm prionnsa,
Thighean do dhùthach Chlann-Rà'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 fhior-fhuilt gun truailleadh,
Anns a ghruaidh is mor nàire.

Thug ho-o, &c.

'S ann tha 'n fhior-fhuilt gun truailleadh,
Anns a ghruaidh is mor nàire ;
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 tigeadh tu rithisd,
Bhiodh gach Tighearn' na 'n àite

Thug ho-o, &c.

'S na 'n tigeadh tu rithisd,
Bhiodh gach Tighearn' na 'n àite ;
'S na 'n càraicht' an crùn ort,
Bu mhuijneach do chairdean.

Thug ho-o, &c.

'S na 'n càraicht a crùu ort,
Bu mhuijneach do chairdean ;
'S bhiodh Loch-iall mar bu choir dha,
Cuir an ordugh nau Gàel.

Thug ho-o, &c.

'S bhiodh Loch-iall mar bu choir dha,
Cuir an ordugh nau Gàel ;
A's Clann-Dòmhnuill a chruadail,
Choisinn buaidh anns na blaraibh.

Thug ho-o, &c.

A's Clann-Dòmhnuill a chruadail,
Choisinn buaidh anns na blaraibh ;
'S iad gu 'n cumadh a cho-strì,
Ri luchd chòtaichean màdair.

Thug ho-o, &c.

'S iad gu 'n cumadh a cho-strì,
Ri luchd chòtaichean màdair ;
Sud a chuideachd bhiodh foirmeil,
Boinneid ghorm a's coc-àrd orr'.

Thug ho-o, &c.

Sud a chuideachd bhiodh foirmeil,
Boinneid ghorm a's coc-àrd orr ;
'S bhiodh am fèileadh 'sa'u phasan,
Mar ri gartanan sgàrlaid

Thug ho-o, &c.

'S bhiodh am fèileadh 'sa'n phasan,
Mar ri gartanan sgàrlaid ;
Eile cuaiach air bhachd easgaid,
Paidhir phiostial 's lann Spaiunteach.

Thug ho-o, &c.

Eile cuaiach air bhachd easgaid,
Paidhir phiostial 's lann Spaiunteach
'S na 'm faighinn mo dhùrachd,
Bhiodh an diùc air dhroch càradh.

Thug ho-o, &c.

'S na 'm faighinn mo dhùrachd,
Bhiodh an diùc air dhroch càradh ;
Gu 'm biodh bùidsear na feola,
Agus corcach m'a bhrighad !

Thug ho-o, &c.

Gu 'm biodh bùidsear na feola,
Agus corcach m'a bhrighad ;
'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 slàn gu'n tig thu 's gu 'n ruig thu,
Slàn gu'n tig thusa Thearlaich.

Thug ho-o, &c.

FAILTE NA MOR-THIR.

LUINNEAG.

H-eitirin àirinn uirinn Ȝoth-h-o-rò,
H-eitirin àirinn h-b-rò.

FAILT' ort féin a mhòr-thir bhoidheach,
 Anns an òg-mhios bhealtainn.

H-eitirin, &c.

Grian-tbir òr-bhuidh, 's uaine còta,
 'S froinidh ròs ri b-altaibh.

H-eitirin, &c.

Le biadh 's le dibh a' cuir thairis,
 Cba téid Earrach teann orr.

H-eitirin, &c.

'S ianach, lurach, slios a tulaich,
 'S duilleach 'mullacb chraunn innt.

H-eitirin, &c.

A cboill gu h-uile fo làn-duilleach,
 'S ina culaidb-bainnse.

H-eitirin, &c.

'S bainneach, bailceach, braonach glacach,
 Brúachan tacbdarach, Aillear.

H-eitirin, &c.

Uisge fallain nan clach geala,
 Na do bhaile Geamhraidh.

H-eitirin, &c.

'Slionach, slatach, cuibhleach, breacach,
 Seile gblas nan samhnan.

H-eitirin, &c.

Mor-thir gblan nam bradan tarra-gheal,
 'S airgeadach cuir lann orr'.

H-eitirin, &c.

Tir lan sonais, saor o dhonus,
 Gun dad conais dràundain.

H-eitirin, &c.

Seirceach, caidreach, gun dad sladacbd,
 Saor o bhraidh, 's o anntlachd.

H-eitirin, &c.

'S àluinn a beinnean, 'sa sraithean,
 'S eibhinn dath a gleantan.

H-eitirin, &c.

Greibhean dhearg a' tàmh mu fireach,
 Eiliid bhiorach, 's mang aic.

H-eitirin, &c.

Boc air daradb timcheall daraig,
 'N déigh a leannain cheann-deirg.
H-eitirin, &c.

Searrach bhuicin anns an ruicil,
 'S e sìor chruiceil dhamsaidh.
H-eitirin, &c.

Na meinн bheaga 's iad ri beadradh,
 Anns na creagan teann air.
H-eitirin, &c.

Coilich cbole, 's iad ri coilleig,
 Anns an doire chranntail.
H-eitirin, &c.

Cnothach, caorach, dearcach, braonach,
 Glasrach, raonach, aibhneach.
H-eitirin, &c.

'S deiltreach, laomach, meiltreach, caointeach,
 A fuinn mhaoineach, leamhnach.
H-eitirin, &c.

'S cùbhraibd 'sutban, 's badach luibhean,
 Ris a bbruthainn ann-teas,
H-eitirin, &c.

'S feurach, craobhach, luideach, gaolach.
 An tìr fhaoilidh sheannsail.
H-eitirin, &c.

Grian ag èiridh 'gòradh sléibhe,
 'S beachan gheug ri srannraich.
H-eitirin, &c.

Seillein ruadha diogladh chluaran,
 'S mil ga buain le dranndan.
H-eitirin, &c.

Breac le sùlas leum a bhuiinne,
 Ruidh nan cuileag greannar.
H-eitirin, &c.

Bàrr gach tolmain fo bbrat gorm-dhearc,
 Air gach borrachan altain.
H-eitirin, &c.

Lusan cùbhraidh mach a' brùchdad,
 'S cuid diubh cùl-ghorm bainn-dearg.
H-eitirin, &c.

'S ceolar, éibhinn, bàrr gach géige,
 'S an eòin fén a damhs' orr'.
H-eitirin, &c.

Croàdh air dàir am bàrr an fhàsaich,
 N fhèoir nach d'fhàs gu crainntidh.
H-eitirin, &c.

'S iad air theas a' ruith le 'm buaraicb,
 'S tè le cuaiach gan teann-ruith.
H-eitirin, &c.

'S miosrach, cuachach, leabach, luachrach,
Dol gu huaile 's t-sàmhraadh.

H-eitirin, &c.

'S òmhnach, uachdrach, blàthach, cnuachdach,
Lòn nam buachaille annata.

H-eitirin, &c.

'S ìmeach, gruthach, mcogach, sruthach,
An imirich shubhach, shlabhach.

H-eitirin, &c.

Deoch gun tomhas dol far conhair,
Gun aon ghoiltear gaimntir.

H-eitirin, &c.

TO RAM CUA IN.

Gur neo-aoidheil turas faoillich,
Ge d' bhiadh na daoine tàhhachdach.

*Tha m' fhearann saibhir hò-a hò,
Ho-rì hi-rò na b' àile leat mi :*

Tha m' fhearann saibhir hò-a hò.

An fhairge molach, bronnach, torrach,
Giohhach, corrach, ràpalach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'S cruaidh ri stiureadh bial-mhuir duldaidh,
Teachd le bruchdail chàrsanach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Clagh a chulain cha b'e 'n sùgradh,
'S e ri hùirein bàchdanach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

An cùlanach féin cha n e 's fasadh,
Agus lasan àrdain air.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Teachd gu dlù 'n deighe chéile,
Agus geumnaich dàir orra.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

An fhairge phàiteach, 'sa bial farsuinn,
Agus acras araidh oirr.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'S maig a choimeas muir ri mointich,
Ge d' hhiodh mor-shneachd stràchd orra.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Neoil a' gealadh oidhche shalach,
Gnn aon chala sàbhaitte.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Duhh-ra-dorcha gun dad ghealaich,
Oir-thir ain-eoil' ard-chreagach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Gaoth a' seideadh, muir ag eiridh,
'S fear ag cubhach ard ghuthaich :—

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

" Sud e' tidhinn 's cha n'ann ruighinn,
Croc-mhuir, friothar, hàsanach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

" Cum ceann caoł a fiodha direach,
Ri muir diolain, dàsunach."

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Ach dh'athinnich sinn gun sheol sinn fada,
A mach san t-sàmh 's bu ghàhhaidh sin.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'S leag sinn a croinu a's a h-aodach,

'S bu għniomh dhaqina caileachdach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'S chuir sinn amach clìathan righne,
Is bu għrin an àlach iad.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'S shuidh orr' ochdnar, theoma, throma,
A' sgoillteadh tonnan stàplainneach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Héig air chnagaibh, hùg air mhaidean,
'S cogall bhac air t-àbħraġaib!

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Iad a mosgladh suas na dìle,

'S masgħad treun air sàil aca.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Sginean lochdrach ràmh a Lochluinn,

'Bualadh hhoc air hhàirlinnean.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Iad a' traogħadli suas na dìle,

Le neart fior-ghargħ għiż-żebbu.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Cathadh mara 's marcachd-shìne,

'S stoirm nan sion, da 'n sàrachadh.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Lasraicean srad theine-shiunnachain,

Dearg o'n iumradh chàileachdach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Iad ag obair as an léinteán,

" Hùg a's théid 'da ràmh' aca."

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Iorrám ard-bhinn shuas aig Eamun,
Ann an cléith ràmb bràghada.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Aonghas Mac-Dhonnachaidd da réir sin,
A ri! bu treuu a thàiirneadh e.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Donnacha Mac-Uaraig a luagh leo,
'S b' fhada buan a spàlagan.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Bha fuaim aon-mhaide air chléith ac'
Bualadh spéicean tàbhachdach.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Raimh dam pianadh, 's fir dan spianadh,
'N glachdaibh iarnaidd àrd-thonach.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Gallain chiatach, leoghar, liaghach,
'S fairbinean da'n sàrachadh.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Lunnan mìne, 's duirn da'n sineadh,
Seile sios air dhearnainean.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Muir ag osnaich shuas ma toiseach,
Chuip-gheal, choip-gheal, ghàir-bheuchdach.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Suas le sguradh saoibh ri bùirein,
Le sior dhùrachd sàr iomaraidh.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Slabhraids chuirneineach ri dùirdail,
Shios bha stiur a fàgail ann.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Gaoth na deannan 's i ri feannadh,
Na'n tonn ceann-fhionn ràsanach.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Na fir lugbmhor an deigh an rùsgaidh,
A' cur smùid dheth an àlaichean.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Chaoiadh cba mhìthicheadh a misneach,
Na fir sgibidlì thàbhachdach.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Rìgh an eagail, *Neptun* ceigeach,
Ri sior sgreadail—"bàthar sibh!"
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Gu'm b'fad' uamhuinn muir ri nualraich,
'S cathadh cuain a stràcadh orr',
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'Gluidh an sgiòba geur na dùilin,
'S fhuair an urnaigh gràfadh dhaibh.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Smachdaich *Eolus* na spèuran,
'S a huilg sheidibh àrd-ghothach.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Guu d' rinn *Neptun* fairge lòmadh,
Mar bhiodh glaine sgàthain ann.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Sgooil na neòil bha tònn-ghorm clàr-dhubh,
'S shoilsich grian mar b' àbhaist dhì.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'S mhòthaich an sgioba do dh' fhearann,
'S ghlaic iad cala sàbhailte.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Ghabh iad proun, 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,
Chaoiñ a chruidh, dhonn a chruidh;
Cailín deas donn a cruidh,
Cuachag an fhasaich.

A Bhanarach mhìogach,
'S e do ghaol thug fo chìs mi;
'S math thig lamhainnean sioda,
Air do mhìn-bhasan bàna.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

'S mor bu bhinne bhi t-eisteachd,
An am bhi bleothan na spreidhe:
N'an smèòrach sa' chéitein,
Am barr géig an am fàs-choill.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

'Nuair a sheinne tu coilleag,
A leigell mairt ann an coille;
Thaladh eunlaidh gach doire,
Dh' eisteachd coireall do mhàrain.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Ceol farasda fior-bhinn,
Fonnar, farumach, dionach:
A sheinn an caillin donn miogach,
A bheireadh biogadh air m' àirneann.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

'S ge h' fhonnar an fbiodhall,
 'S a teudan an rithidh ;
 'S e bheireadh damhs air gach cridhe
 Ceol nighin na h-áiridh.

A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Tha deirg agus gile,
 A gleachd an gruaidean na finne',
 Beul mìn mar an t-shirtist,
 O'm milis thig gáire.

A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Deud snasda na rìbhinn,
 Snaite, cruin, mar na dìsnean ;
 Gur h-i 'n donu-gheal, ghlan smildeach,
 'S ro mhìög-shuileach fàite.

A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Chuireadh maill' air do leirsinn,
 Ann am madainn chiuin chéitein,
 Na gathannan greine,
 Thig bho teud-chul cas, fainneach.

A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

'S ciatach nuallan na gruagach,
 A' bleothamh cruidh ghuaillinn ;
 A' toirt torroman air cuachaig,
 'S bothar fhuam aig a clàraibh.

A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

'S taitneach siubhal a cuaillein,
 Ga chrathadh mu cluanas ;
 A' toirt muigh air seid luachraig
 An taigh huiale, an gleann fasaich.

A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

A' muineal geal boidheach,
 Mu'n iathadh an t-òmar,
 A' dhath séin air gach seòrsa,
 Chite dortadh tre bràghad.

A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Dà mhaoth-bhois bu ghrinne,
 Fo'n dà ghàirdein bu ghile ;
 'N uair a shìnt iad gu h-innealt,
 Gu sinean cruidh fhàsgadh.

A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Gu'm bu mhothar mo bheadradh,
 Teachd do'n bhuaille mu ead-thra,
 Séamh sult-chorpach beitir,
 'S buarach ghereasaid an àil aic'.

A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Glac gheal a b' ard gleodhar,
 A' stealladh bainn' an cuaiach bleothainn ;
 A' seinn luinneagan seadhach,
 Au gohhal na blàraig.

A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

'N uair thogadh tu bhuarach,
 Cuach a's cùrrusùn na buaile ;
 B'ao-coltach do għluasad
 Ri guanag na sràide.

A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

O R A N,

MAR GUM B'ANN EADAR AM PRIONNS AGUS NA GAEIL

AIR FONN—"Good night an' joy be wi' you a."

AM PRIONNSA.

MILE marbhaisg air an t-saothal,
 'S earach baoghalaich a dhàil ;
 Cuibhl' an shortain oirn air caochladh,
 Cha do chleachd sinn moim ro' chàch ;
 Tha siun a nis air ar sgaileadh,
 Air feadh ghleann, a's fhraoch-beann árd ;
 Ach teanailidh sinn fös ar daoine,
 'N uair a dh' fhaodas sinn gu blàr.

Misneach mhath a mhuinnit ghaolach,
 'S gabhaidh Dia dhuinn daonnan càs ;
 Cuiribh dòchus daingheann, failteach,
 Ann an aon Tíni dhuin stà :
 'S huanaichibh gu rìgheil, adhrach,
 Traisgeach, uirneach, caoineach, blà ;
 'S bi'bh dileas do chach a chéile,
 'S duinear suas ar creuchdan bàis

Ach 's feedar dhomhs' a nis bhi falbh uaibh,
 A Ghàëlibh càlma mo ghràdh ;
 Bu mhòr m' 'earbsa' às ar fònadh,
 Ge do hd' fhonadh dbuinn 'n an àr,
 'S iomadh ana-cothrom a choinnich
 Sinn, 's an choinnidh bliù gun àgh ;
 Ach gabhaidh mis' a nis mo chead dhibh,
 Uine bheag : ach thig mi tràth.

Leasaichidh mi fös ar callsa,
 Churaidhnean gun sheall, gun sgàth ;
 A dhilse dhliodhach, rìgheil, threuna,
 A dheanadh èuchd ri uchd nam blàr ;
 'S cinna's coluinn chuir o chéile,
 Sinn, 's sibh-féin a sgaradh fäs ;
 Ach togaibh suas ar misneach gleusda,
 'S cuiream féin r' ar creuchdan plàs.

NA GAEIL.

A Mhoire sinn tb' air ar cèusadh !
 Air dhi-céille, sinn gun chàil ;
 Tearlach Stiubhart Mac rìgh Séumas,
 A bhi na eiginn anns gach càs ;

Gur h-e sin a rinn ar lèireadh,
Gur h-e's feadar dha gu'm fàg ;
Sinn na dhèigh gun airin, gun èideadh,
Falbh 'n ainm Ìdhé; ach thig a ghràidh.

Ar mìle beannachd na d' dheigh,
'S Dia do d' ghleigheadh anns gach àit' ;
Muir a's tir a bhi cho réidh dhut :
M' urnaigh gheur leat fein os àird ;
'S ge do sgar mio-fhortan deurach
Sinn o chéile, 's ceum ro'n blàs ;
Ach soraidh leat a mhic rìgh Seumas,
Shùgh mo chéille thig gun chaird.

Chaili sinn ar stiuir, 's ar buill-bheairte ;
Thugadh uainn ar n-acair-bàis ;
Chaili sin ar compaisd 's ar cairtean,
Ar reull-iuil 's ar h-eachd gach là ;
Tha ar cuirp gun chinn, gun chasan,
Sinn marr charcaisich gun stàth ;
Ach gabh thus' a ghràidh do t-astar,
Dean gleas tapaidh 's thig gun dail.

AM PRIONNSA.

Beannachd gu léir le Clann-Dòmhnuill,
Sibh a dh' fhoirinn orm na m' chàs,
Eadar eileanan, a's mhòr-thîr,
Leau sibh deonach, rium gach trà ;
'S ionadh beinn, a's muir, a's moineach,
A shiubhail sin air chòrsà bàis ;
Ach theasraig Dia sim air fuar-fhòirneart,
Nan con sròn-ghaoth 'bha ri'r sàil.

Sibh a rinn fo-laimh na Trianaid,
Mis' a dhilon o mhì-ruin ch'lich ;
Mo dtearg-naimhdean, neartmhòr, liomhòr,
Chuir an lion feadh gheleanu a's àrd.
A mhiad 's a thaibhsan sibh d' ar dilseachd,
'S còir nach dì-chuimhnich gu bràth ;
A bharr, gur sibh is luaithe shùn rium,
Toic air tìr 's an talamh-ard.

NA GAEIL.

Ochan ! ochan ! cruaidh an dearmad,
Bhi 'g ar tearbadh bhuat gun bhàs ;
B'i 'n fhoir èibhinn-eachd, 's am beirteas,
Bhi d' a t-fhaicinn gach aon là ;
Bi'dh ar rüisg lan tim a frasad ;
Ar crì lag-chùiseach gun chàil,
Gu 'm pill thus' a ris air tais oirn,
Beauchachd leat le neart ar gràidh.

AM PRIONNSA.

O ! tiormaichibh a suas 'ur sùilean,
'Chomuinn rùnaich 'fhuair 'ur cràdh,
Bi'dh sibh fàs, maoineach, mùirneach,
N'ur gàrd dùiballt' ma Whitehall,

'Nuair a bhios an reubal lùbach,
Ri bog chrùban feadh nan cùrn,
Gu 'm bi sibhs' an caithream cùirte,
Lasdail, lù-chleasach, làn àidh.

A M B R E A C A N U A L L A C H.

LUINNEAG.

Hé 'n clo-dubh,
Hò 'n clo-dubh,
Hé 'n clo-dubh,
Bfhearr am breacan.

B' FHEARR leam breacan uallach,
Ma m' ghuailean, 's a chuir fo m' achlais,
Na ged gheibhinn còta,
De'n chìb is fearr thig á Sasuinn.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Mo laochan fein an t-éideadh,
A dh-fheumadh an crios d' a għlasadh,
Cuaicheanach an élidh,
Déis eridh gu dol air astar.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Elidh cruinn nan cuachan,
Gur huadħach an t-earradh gaisgeich ;
Shiuhħlainn leat na fuarain,
Feadh fhuar-bheanu ; 's bu għasd' air faich thu.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Fior chulaidh an t-saighdear,
'S neo-ghloiceil ri uchd na caismeachd ;
'S ciatach 's an adħħans thu,
Fo shranntaich nam piob 's nam bratach.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Cha mbios anns an dol slos thu,
'Nuair sgrìobar á duille claiseach ;
Fior earradh na ruáige,
Gu luaths a chuir anns na casan !

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Bu mhath gu sealg an fhéidh thu,
'N am eridh do 'n għréin air creachum ;
'S dh-fhalħlann leat gu lodhar,
Di-dòmhnaich a dol do'n chlachau.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Laidhinn leat gu clearbail,
'S mar earbaig gu 'm briðsgaġin grad leat,
Na b' ullamh air m' armachd,
Na dearganach, 's mosgaid għlagħach.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

'N am coilich a bhi dùrdan,
Air stúcan aim madainn dhealta.
Bn ghasda t-fheum 's a chùis sin,
Seach mòtan de thrustar cásraig.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Shiubhlainn leat a phòsad,.
'S bharr feoirnein cha fhrossainn dealta ;
B' i sid a' t-sunach bhòidheach,
An òg-bhean bha moran tlachd dh'i.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

B' aigeantach 's a' choill' thu,
D a m' choireadh le d' bhlàths 's le t-fhasgath,
Bho chathadh, a's bho chrion-chur,
Gu 'n dionadh 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 chrios ciatach,
Air fhiaradh os-ceann do phelean.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

'S deas a thigeadh cuilbhéir,
Gu suilbhearra leat fa 'n asgail ;
'S a dh-aindeoin uisg' a' urschaid,
No tuil-bheum gu 'm biodh air fasgath.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Bu mhath anns an oidhch' thu ;
Mo loinn thu mar aodach-leapa ;
B' shearr leam na 'm brat lìn thu,
Is priseile thig a Glascho.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

S' baganta grinn bòidheach,
Air banais a's air mòd am breacan ;
Suas an éileadh-sguaipe,
'S dealg-gualainn a' cur air fasdaidh.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Bu mhath an là 's an oidhch' thu,
Bha loinn ort am beinn 's an cladach,
Bu mhath am feachd 's an sith thu ;
Cha righ am feár a chuir as dut.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Shaoil leis gun do mhaolaich, so
Faobhar nan Giéil tapaidh,
Ach 's ann a chuir e géur orr',
Ni's beurra na deud na h-ealltainn :

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Dh-fhag e iad làn mì-ruin,
Cho ciocrasach ri coin acrach ;
Cha chaisg deoch an iòtadh,
Ge b' fhion i, ach fior fhuil Shasuinn.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Ged' spion sibh an Crì asainn,
'S ar broilleichean sios a shracadh,
Cha toir sibh asainn Tearlach,
Gu bràth gus an téid ar tacadh !

He 'n clo-duhh, &c.

R' ar n-anam' tha e fuaithe,
Teann, luaité cho eruaidh ri glasan ;
'S uainn cha' n fbaodar fhuasgladh,
Gu 'm buaineair am fear ud asainn.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Cleas na mnatha-siùbhla,
'Gheibh tuillinn mu'm beir i' h-asaid ;
An ionad a bhi'n duimh ris,
Gun dùbhail d'a fear a lasan.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Ge d' chuir sibh oirne buarach,
Thiugh, luaithe, gu 'r falbh a bhacadh,
Ruitheidh sinn cho luath,
'S na's buaine na féidh a għlasraidh.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Tha sinn 's na t-sean nàdar,
A bhà sinn ro am an acta ;
Am pearsannan 's an inntinn,
'S n' ar righealachd cha téid lagadh.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

'S i 'n fhuiil bha 'n cuisl' ar sinnsrídh,
'S an inusginn a bha n' an aigne,
A dh-fhagadh dhuiinn 'mar dhileab,
Bhi righeil.—O! sin ar paidir !

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Mallachd air gach seòrsa,
Nach deonaicheadh fòs dol leat-sa,
Co dhiù bhiodh aca còmhach,
No còmhruiste, lèm gu 'n chraiceann.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Mo chion an t-òg fearragha,
Thar fairge chaidh uainn air astar :
Dùrachd blàth do dhùthcha,
'S au ùrnaigh gu lean do phearsa.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

'S ge d' fhuaire sibh lamh-an-uachdar,
Aon uair oirn le seòrsa tapaig,
An donus blàr ri bheò-sa,
Ni feòladair tuilleadh tapaidh.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

TEARLACH MAC SHEUMAIS.

AIR FONN—"Black Jock."

O! Tearlaich mhic Sheumais,
 Mhic Sheumais, mhic Thearlaich,
 Leat shiuhlainn gu h-eutrom,
 N am èuhachd 'bhi märsal,
 'S cha b' ann leis a phlèigh ud,
 A tharmaich o 'n mhuic.
 Bheireadh creideamh a'reusan
 Oirn éiridh mar b' àhaist,
 Leis an ailleagan cheatach,
 'Shliochd éifeachdach Bhàncho;
 Mo ghràdh a ghruaidh àluinn,
 A dhearsadh orm stuit.
 Thu 'g iomachd gu sùrdail,
 Air tùs a hhatali,
 Cha fhrosainn an driùchda,
 'S mi dlù air do shàilean;
 Mi eadar an talamh
 'S an t-adhar a seòladh,
 Air iteig le aighear,
 Misg-chath, agus shòlais;
 'S caismeachd phlob' mòra,
 Bras-shròiceadh am puirt.

O 'n eihinneachd ghlèrmhor,
 An t-sòlais a b' airde!
 G' ar lionadh do spionadh,
 Air slinneinibh Thearlaich,
 Gu 'n calcadh tu àrdan
 An cailleachd ar cuirp;
 Do làthaireachd mhòr-chuiseach,
 Dh-fhògradh gach faillinn,
 Gu 'n tiuntadh tu feidh
 Gach feola gu stàllinn.
 'Nuair sheal'maid gu sunndach,
 Air fabhra do rùisg.
 Gu gnùis torrach de chruadal,
 De dh' uaisle, 's de näire,
 Nach taisicheadh fuathas,
 Ro' luaidhe do nàmhaid;
 'S mar deanadh fir Shasuin
 Do mhealladh, 's do thriègssinn,
 Bhiodh an crùn air a spalpadh,
 Le d' thapadh air Séurlas,
 A dh-aindeoin na bëist'.
 Leis an d' érich na h-uile.

Gu 'm h' fhoirmeil leam tòrmann
 Na 'n òrghanan àluinn!
 'S tein'-éibhinn a lasadh
 Gu bras-gheal air sràidibh!
 'S na croisibh ri h àrd-ghaoir,
 Mhòir Thearlaich ar Prionns'!

Gach uinneag le foineal
 A boisgeadh le dearsadh,
 Le solus nan coillean,
 'S deas mhaighdean d'an smàladh;
 'S gach ni mar a b' araidh.
 'G cuir fàilt' air le puimp!
 Na canòin ri bùirich,
 'S iad a' stùradh an fhàlidh,
 A' cuir crith air gach dùthach
 Le muiseag nan Gàel;
 Agus sinne gu lù'-chleasach,
 Müirneach lan àrdain,
 Am marsail gu miùinte,
 Ard-shundach m' a shailean—
 'S gann bha cudrom 's gach fear dhuinn,
 Tri chairsteil a phuinnt!

MO BHO BUG AN DRAM.

AIR FONN—"The bucket you want."

LUINNEAG.

Ho rò mo bhobug an dràm,
Hò rò mo bhobug an dràm,
Hò rò mo bhobug an dràm,
*'S e chuireadh an sòdan na m' cheann.**

FHEARABH ta'r suidhe ma 'n bhòrd,
 Le 'r glaineachean cridheil n-'ar dòrn,
 Na leanamaid ruidhinn air òl,
 Ma mill sinn ar bruidhinn le hòl.

Ho ro mo, &c.

Na tostachan sigeanta fial,
 'Ga'n aiseag gu ruige mo bhial;
 Bu mhireagach stuigeadh, a's triall,
 Am märsal le ciogalt tro' m' chliagh.

Ho ro mo, &c.

* The above chorus is not by Macdonald—it belongs to an old Ulster song. Here are two stanzas of the original:—

Cha téid mi'n taigh-òsd' tha sud thall,
 Cba'n fhìach an sìnéabar a th' ann,
 Ge d' olainn am buideal le strann,
 Gu'n giulan mo cholainn mo cheann.
Ho rò mo, &c.

Thuir cailleach cho libeasd' sa bh' ann,
 'Nuair fhuaire i blas air an dràm:—
 "O! taírrnibh 'ur casan a chlann,
 'S bbeir misé mo char air an damhs".
Ho rò mo, &c.

'S tu chuireadh an cuireid' san t-sluagh,
'N am cogaidh ri aodainn nan ruag,
Guu olamaid sgaile dhiot gu luath,
Ma gwidseainaid slaca'n a truaill'.

Ho ro mo, &c.

'S tu dh' fhadagh sinn tapaidh san tòir,
'N am tarruinn nan glas-lann ri sròin,
'Nuair thilgte na breacain de 'n t-slògh,
'S à truaill, bheirt a mach claidhe mòr.

Ho ro mo, &c.

Ge tu mo leannan glan ùr,
Cha phòg mi gu dilinn thu 'n cùil ;
Ach phògainir, a's dbeodhlainn thu rùin,
Nuair thig thu 's Jacobus na d' ghuìùs :

Ho ro mo, &c.

An t-ainm sin is fearr ata ann,
Ainm Sheumais a chuir air do cheann ;
'S e thogadh an sögan fo m' chainnt,
'S a dh-fhadagh gu blasda mo dhràm.

Ho ro mo, &c.

Fadamaid teine beag shios,
Na lasraichean ciuin a ni grìos,
A gharas ar clraigean 's ar cri',
'Sa dh-fhògras ar n'aireal, 's ar sgìos.

Ho ro mo, &c.

Gur tu mo ghlaimeag għlan lom,
Mo leannan is cannaiche fonn ;
Ged rinneadh thu dh' fleamain nan tonn,
Gur mòr tha do cheanal na d' chòm.

Ho ro mo, &c.

O fair a ghaoil channaich do phòg,
Leig clannadh d' a t-anail fo' m' shròin,
Gur cuhhraidih leam fannal do bheoil,
No tùis agus mire na h-Eòrp.

Ho ro mo, &c.

O aisig a ghlaimeag do phòg !
Cuir speirid n' ar teangaidd gu céid ;
An ioc-shlainte bheannachite choir,
A leasaicbeas cnàmhán a's feoil !

Ho ro mo, &c.

M A R B H R A N N

DO PHEATA CALUMAN, A MHARBHADH LE ABHAG.

'S túrsach mo sgeul ri luaidb,
'S gun chàch gha d' chaoidh,
Ma bhàis an fhìr bu leanabail' tuar,
'S dà mheanbb ga chaoidh.

'S oil leam bàs a Choluim chaoimh,
Nach b' anagrach gnàs,
A thuiteam le madadh d'a 'm bëus,
Dòran nan càrn.
'S tu 's truagh linn de bhàs nan ian ;
Mo chràdh nach beò,
Fhir a b' iteagach, miotagach triall,
Ge bu mheirbh do threòir ;
B' heumail' do Noah na cèch,
'N am bhàrcadh nan stuadh,
Ba tu 'n teachdair' gun seacharan d' à,
'Nuair thraig an cuan ;
A dh' idreachdainn do dh-fhalbh an tuil,
Litir gach fear ;
Dùghall is Colum gu'n chuir
Deagh Noah thar lear ;
Ach chaidh Dùghall air seacbaran cuain,
'S cha do phill e riagh ;
Ach phill Colum le iteagaich luath,
'S a fhreagra na bhial.
Air thus, cha d' fbuair e ionad d' a bhonn
An seasadh e ann,
Gus do thioramaich dile nan tonn,
Thar mullach nam beann ;
'S an sin, a litir-san leugh an duine bha glic,
Gu 'n thiormaich a bhailc,
'S gu'm faigheadh a mbuirichinn, cobhair na'n
Agus fuasgladh na 'n aire, [teire,
Le neart cha spùilte 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 chàch,
Cha togradh tu suas,
Ach a durraghail an taca ri d' ghràdh,
'S a cuir cageir 'n a cluas.
Cha do cbuir thu duil ann airgead no spréidh,
No fèisid am biadh sùgh,
Ach spioladh, a's criomadh an t-sìl le d' bhèul ;
'S ag bl' a bhùirn ;
Aodach, no anart, sioda, no sròl,
Cha cheannmaicheadh tu 'm bùth ;
Bhiodh t-eideadh de mhìn-iteacha gorm,
Air nach drùidheadh an driùchd ;
Cha do ghabh thu riamh paidir no creud,
A ghuidh nan dùl ;
Giheadh, cha 'n eil t-anam am pèin
O chaidh tu 'null,
Cha 'n e gun chiste no anart
Bhi comhdach do chrè,
Fo lic anns an ùir,
Tha mise ge cruaidh e, 'g acain gu léir,
Ach do thuitean le cù.

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*.

M O L A D H

A CHAIM-BEULAICH DHUIBH.

Gr̄ heag orts' an Caim-beulach 'dubh,
Gur toigh learns' an Caim-beulach dubh ;
Biodh e dubh, no geal, no gr̄is-fhionn,
Gràdh mo chri-s' au Caim-beulach dubh.

Ge b-ainnseach air an t-seòrs' thu,
Na 'm b' aithne dhomsa do phòrsa,
Chuirinn moran fios do 'n dò-bheirt,
'N an dubh dhilbhintibh fhòtusach, tiugh.

'Suilean cuirpt' bh' ann an droch chrùth,
A fhuair oilbheim do 'n flear gheal-dhubh,
Do 'n dream oirdheire 's foirméile fuil ;
'S dulich tolg a chuir 'n a chruaidh stuth.

'S tric le madraidi bhi ri dealunn,
An òidhche reòt' ris a ghealaich ;
B' ionann sin, 's eifeachd t-ealaichd,
Air ciù geal a Chaim-beulaich dhuibh.

'S cùa mar fhuair thu dh' aodann no ghnuis,
Caineadh uasail gun mhodh, gun tlus ?
Fhior dhearc-luachrach chinnich a lus ;
Ma t-aor bhacaich tachdam thu bhrue.

Sgiùrsaidh mi gu gu 'm bi thu marbh thu ;
Cha bhi ach mo theang' de dh'arm riut ;
A rag-mheirlich, bhradaich, a gharbhlaich,
'Siomaigharbh-mhart dh'fheann thu le d'chuic.

Do'n t-siol chruithneachd chuireadh gu tiugh ;
Cha b' e 'n fhìdeag, no 'n coiree dubh,
Ach por priseil, 's ro sgaoilteach cur,
Feadh gach rioghachd air tir, 's air muir.

Gur iongantach leam, a dhuine,
Mar robh mearan ort air tuinneadh,
Ciod man do bhuin thu do 'n urr' ad ;
Curaidh ullamh, 's cuireideach fuil ?

Dream nan geur-lann gu reubadh cuirp,
Cruaidh 'g a feachainn air beulamh trùp ;
S' math 's is gleust' iad gu bualadh pbluic,
'N am retrèata dh' éibheach le stuit.

Cha "bhreac breun-loin" idir Cailean,
Ach do dh' fhion-fhuil ard Mhic-Cailein ;
Teughach ùiseil Iarla-Bhealaich ;
'S buadhach caithream ri uchd an truid !

'S cinnseach thiotadh gheibh thu do mhurt,
Ma t-aor chiotaich, mhiosguinnich churt ;
Ge do dh' eirich gu robh ort stuit,
Bi'dh a bhiodag ridleadh do chuirp.

Claigeann gun eanachainn, gun mheadrach,
Sa faodadh na h-iolairean neadadh ;
Cia mar fhuair thu ghnùis do sgiodar,
Ghluasad idir an ionad puirt ?

Eisg bhochd, chearbaitch, seargaidh mi tur,
Do theanga chealgach a chearbaire dhuibh,
Rinn an t-searbhadh gun chair' a muigh ;
Asad dh' earbinn "cealgaireachd cruidh."
Cha fhior-ragair ge d' bliodh fearg air
Do 'n d' riun thus' a dhuin' an t-searbhadh ;
Ach òg faighidneach gun earraghloir ;
Lan do dh' fearra-ghniomh, dhearbhe le ghuin.

Bha thu mi-mhoil a toirt dh'a guth ;
Cràg a chobhair gu màigradh gruth ;
Leòbas odhar a ghlaimseadh suth,
Deis dh'a leaghadh, 's e ruidh na shruth.
Cha bu bheudagan gu sàbaid
Ach fior leoghan stolda, staideil,
Do 'n d' rinn us' an t-oran pràbach ;
Ach fior ghasgeach ; 's am blàr 'ga chur.

Sparram cinnteach ort a għlas-ghuib ;
Losgadh peircill, corcadh, a's cuip
Air son ascaoin chealgach du bħuis ;
B' f'hearr gu 'm bithiun-su fagasg dhut.
Ge do bhiodh tu caineadh ghàel,
Annis gach siorramachd a dh' àirinn,
Seachainu muinntir Earragaħel,
'S gun a Cheolraidi fabharach dhut.

'S maирg a dh' èireadh ri siol an tuirc,
Gasraidi għlèusda nach ēaradh cluich ;
Cha bu bhèus dhaibh bhi ris a mhurt,
Ach cath trèun, a's cothrom r' an uchd'.
Ge beag ort-sa mile cuairt e,
'S ioma sonn aigeantach ullaech,
Eadar Asainn, 's Cluagh nan luath-long,
A' s trom luaiġ air Caim-beulach dubh.

Suil na seðca, 's ro bħedčail cur,
An ceann rð-bhūn nam bachalag dubh ;
Cha b' i "fròg-shuili, rògair a chruidh,"
Fior fhamm seoid air cùr ann an salt
'S geal 's a's dearg do leac, a's t-aogas,
Ge thubhuit iad "peirceall caol riut,"
Cha b' ionann as sligeas-gaoisneach,
'S fiasag-p**-laoigh ort nach eil tiugh.

'S ge d'reachadh tu 's na spèuraibh
Chum a Chain-beulach dhuibh éisgeadh,
Tuitidh tusa mar a bhéisteag,
'N a t-ionad féin am buachar mairt.

Thusa bħreinen, magaran cac ;
E-san għlè-ghlan lomlan do thlachd ;
Thus a dhéistinn 's muig ort air āt,
Mar bu bhēus do dhòran no chāt.

Aodann craineig, fħarr-aodann tuire ;
Com a chnaimh-fhi'ch, 's nadur na muie ;
Beul mhic-lamhaich, 's fäileadh a bħruic ;
Spàgan clàrach ; sailean nan cùsp.

De dh' sirlíchean aoiridh bárdail,
Toiseam o d' bhathais, gu d' sháil thu ;
'S feannam do leathar a thráill dhiot,
Chioun gu'n chàin' thu'n Caim-beulach dubh.

Cha'n fhear sgipi thus' ach fior ghlug ;
'S beart gun teagamh bi'dh tu fo bhruid ;
T-iasag failidh, t-fhault, a's do ruisg ;
Tuitidh t-fhiaclan's falbhaidh do thuig's.
'S coltach nach b' aithne dhut mise,
'Nuair a bha mi so gun fhios dut ;
Na'm b' eol, cha ghlacadh tu mhisneach,
Ròine riobadh as an fhear dhubb.

Note.—The Black Campbell was a cattle-lifter, and stole some cows from M'Lean of Locbuy. For this M'Lean's *direach*, 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 á Cinn-táile,
Iar-ogh' mhortair 's ogha 'mheirlich ;
Am Braid-Alban fhuaire a árach,
Siol na ceilge's meirleach a chruidh.
'S obhar, ciar, an Caim-beulach dubh,
'S oilteil, fiadhaich, amharca' s' chruth ;
'S lacbdan liath-ghlas, dubh cha'n fhiaich e ;
'S fear gu'n mhialdab an Caim-beulach dubh !

" Cuiream tuath e, cuiream deas e,
Cuiream siar e, cuiream sear e ;
Cuiream fios gu báird gach fearainn,
Gus an call e 'n craiceann na shruth."
'S obhar, ciar, &c.

MOLADH AN LEOGHAINN.

AIR FONN—"Caber Feidh."

FAULT' an leoghainn chreuchdaich,
Is eugsamhui spracalachd,
'Nuair dheireadh do chinn-fheadna,
Bu mheagrach am brataichean,
'Nuain chruinnicheadh gach dream dhiu,
Gu ceannsgalach tartarach,
Bhiodh pronnadh agus calldach,
Air naimhdean a thachradh ribh ;
Iad gu h-oírdheire air bharr corr-ghleus,
Teinteach foir-dhearg, lasrachail,
'S ard an stoirm air mhíre-chonbhaidh,
'S lainn nan dorn ri spealtaireachd,
Le'n geur cholg ri stracadh bholg,
A' gearradh cheann is chorpuannan ;
'S cha sluagh gun chruaidh gun cheannsgal,
Le'n ianu bneireadh fosadh Orr.

Dùisg a leoghainn' euchdaich,
'S dean éirigh gu farumacbh,
Air brat ball-dearg, breid-gheal,
'S fraoch sleibhe mar bharan air ;
Tog suas do cheannu gu h-eatrom,
'S na speuraibh gu caithreas each,
'S theid mi-fhin cho géire,
'Sa dh'fheudas mi d' arabhaig ;
Togam suas do mholadh prisel,
'S do cheann righeil farasda,
Cha'n eil ceann no corp san righeachd,
An cruaidh-ghniomh thug barrachd ort,
An eeann cradalach ard sgiamhach
Maiseach, fior-dheas, arrauta,
'S tric thug sgairt ri h-uachd an fhuathais,
Ri h-àm luchd t-fhuatha tarruinn ruit.

Co b'urrainn tair no dì-bleachd,
Gu diliann a bharalacha ?
No shamhlaiheadh riut mi-chliù,
A rìgh nan ceann barrasach ;
A chreutair ghanda, rìmhiech,
'S garg fior-dheas do tharruinse,
Air brat glan de'n t-sioda,
Ri mìn-chraann caol gallanach ;
E ri plapraich ri crann-brataich,
'A' stailce chás gu h-eangarra ;
Is còmhlainghanda lan do ghaisean,
Teanaitt bras gu leanaitt ris,
Fearg gu casgairt 'nan gnùis dhaite,
Fraoch a's fras gu fearachas ;
Bhi'dh sgrios a's lannadli sios,
Air luchd mi-ruin a bheanadh riut.

Cha robh garta gleðis,
Air an t-seòrsa o'n ghineadh tu,
An dream rathail mhòr-chùiseach ;
Chòmhragach, iomairteach ;
Bu ghunnach, dagach, òr-sgiathach,
Gòirseideach, nimheil iad ;
Bu domhain farsuinn creuchdach,
Ceidhli euchdach am firionnach ;
Iad gu sùrdail losga' fùdair,
Toirt as smuid bho lasraichean ;
Na fir ùra, gheala, lùghar,
A ghearras smuais a's ainsichean ;
Lannan dù-ghorm, geura, cùl-tiugh,
'N glaic nam fúiran aigeantach,
A' sgolta chorp a sios gu'n rumpaill,
Sùrd le sunnd air stracaireachd.

'S foinni, fearail, laidir,
Cuanda, dàicheil, cinneadail,
Sliochd nan Collaigh lamh-dhearg,
'S iad lan do dh' ard spiorad ann.

Cho dian ri lasair chrà-dheirg,
'S gaoth Mhàirt a' cuir spiònnaidh in

Gun mheang, gun mheirg, gun fhàillin,
 'Nar càileachd ge d' shirear sibh ;
 Na fir chogach théid 's na trodaibh,
 Nach biodh ro lotaibh gioragach ;
 Nach iarr brosna' ri h-àm cosgraidb,
 A phronnha chorp a's mhionnaichean,
 A' sgatha cheann, a's lamh, a's chas, diubh,
 Ann san toit le mire-chath,
 Na fir bhèurra, threin, fhearrdh,
 Gheur, armach, fhineadail !

An cinneadh maiseach, treubhach,
 Nan réidh-chuilbheir acuinneach,
 Nach diultadh dol air gheus,
 Ri h-àm feume gu grad-mharbhadh,
 Madaidh ri àird ghleusta,
 Gu heuma nan sradagan,
 A' conas dearg ri chéile,
 A' cuir eibhlean gu lasraichean.
 Frasan dealanach dearg pheileir,
 Teachd o'r teine tartarach,
 A' spadadh, 'a pronnadh, 'a leadairt,
 Nan corp ceigeach, casagach.
 Lannan dù-ghorm dol gan dùlan,
 A gearra smùis is aisinichean,
 Aig na treunaibh cruaidh, bheumnach,
 'S luath bhuala speachannan.

Clann-Dòmhnuill tha mi 'g ráite,
 'N sìr chinneadh urramach,
 'S tric a fhuaire 's na blàraibh,
 Air nàmhaid buaidh iomanach ;
 Iad feara tapuidh, dàna,
 Cho làn de nimh-ghuineadeach,
 Ri nathraichean an t-sléibhe,
 Le'n geur-lannaibh fulangach.
 Iad gu sitheach, gleusta, cos-luath,
 Rùnach, bos-luath, fulasgach,
 Cruas na craige, luathas na draige,
 Chluinnead feed am buillinnean ;
 Na fir dhàna, lùghar, nàrach,
 Fhoiunidh, làdir, urvanda,
 Cho targ ri tuil-mhaomí sléibhe,
 No falaisg gheur nam munainean !

A charraig dhaingheann dhìleant,
 Nach dlobair gu'n acarachd,
 Gluais suas gu spòrsail rìghileil,
 Ro d' mhìlinibh gaisgeanda ;
 'S iad mire geal na cruadhach,
 Gun truaille, gun ghaiseadh ann',
 S bòeain a chuir ruaiig iad,
 Bheir buaidh le 'n sluagh bras-bhuiileach.
 'S ioma fleasgach cùl-bhui dòid-gheal,
 Is garhh dorn is slinneinan,
 A dh' éireas leat an tùs na co'-stri,
 A ni comhrag min-hhuailteach,

Iad gu bonn-mhall, bas-luath, cròdha,
 Saitheach, stròiceach, iomairteach,
 A' dol a sios an àm na teugbhail,
 'S lèoghunn bëuc air mhire aca.
 A leoghuinn hheucaich, ghruamaich,
 'Bheil crualad air tuineacha,
 Is tric a dhearbh an cruàidh chùis,
 'S na buan ruagaibh cumasgach.
 Nuair a spailptे suas thu,
 Le d' bhuaidh ri crann fulangach ;
 Chite conadh ruaimleach,
 'An gruaidean na h-uile fir.
 'S daingheann, seamhach, rang do fhleasgach,
 'Nuair hhiodh deise tarrium Orr,
 Cha toir eagal nàmhaid eag annt,
 'S iad mar chreag nach caraichead,
 S glan am preas iad, chaoidh cha teich iad,
 'S fiadh nach peasg, de'n darach iad :
 S tric a fhuair sibh air 'ur nàmhaid,
 'S na blàraibh buaidh-chaithreamach.

Nan tigeadh ortsa foirneart,
 Gu d' leon o chrìch aineolaich,
 Coigrich le rùn dò'-bheirt,
 Gu d' chòir thoirt a dh-aindeoin diot :
 'S iomad làn cheann-ileach,
 'S lainn liobba 'm beirt dhaingheann ann,
 A thairneadh suas ri d' shiota,
 Dheth t-fhior-fhuil d'a t-anagladh,
 Fuiribin chomasach nach cromadh,
 Ro fhrois tholladh phearsunnan ;
 Nach biodh somult dhol air cholluin,
 'N am bhi sonnadh chlaigeannan.
 Crùn-luath lomarra 'ga phronnadh,
 Air piob loinneich thartaraich,
 A chuireadh anam ann sna mairbh,
 A dhol gu fearr-ghleus gaisge leo.

Stoc Chlann-Dòmhnuill dh' èireadh,
 Le'n geugaibh 's le meanganabh,
 B'i sid a choille cheutach,
 A b' eugsaibh 's bu cheannardaidh.
 'Nuair thàrrneadh iad ri chéile
 Gach treubh dhìu gu fearachail,
 'S maирg a spiola feusag
 Nan leoghann, ga għreannachadh.
 Bhiodh cinn is dùrn ga sgathadh dhìuhh-san,
 Ann an dùiseal lannaireachd,
 Fuil ri feur-imeachd 's ri srùladh,
 Feadh nan lùb's nan camhanan.
 Bhiodh lannan lotach dù-ghorm,
 Cuir smùidrich de cheannaibh Ghall,
 Is caoidhrean cruaidh a's rànaich,
 'S an àraich gu gearanach.

C' ait am beil san righeachd,
 Am fear-ghniomh thug harrachd oirbh ?

Nam brosnaichte chum strí sibh,
A mbilidhnean barraideach ;
Na tuirin sgairteil priseil,
De'n flíor-chruaidh nach fannaiheadh :
D'am b' ábhaist a bhi dileas,
'S nach díobradh na ghealladh iad,
Gaothair chatha théid mar shaigheid,
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 mile an Alba,
De gharbh-fhearaibh fulasgach,
Sliochd Ghàéil ghlais à Scòta
Thig deonach m' ar cularaibh.
Gun tig iad le rùn cruadail,
'S gum fuaigh iad gu bunailteach,
Ri teanchair ghaig an leoghainn,
'S ri spògaibh dearg fuileachdach.
Togaibh leibh gun airc gun easbhuiddh,
Trom fheachd seasmhach cumhthalach,
De laochraídhe dhisce, sunndhan, threiseil,
Théid neo-leisg 's an iomairt sgleo.
Cha'n fhacas riamañ na suim 'nan geiltibh
Dol'an teas nan cumasgan ;
Teichidh iad o'r stròdiceadh,
'S o'r sròlaibh breac, duilleagach.

BEANNACHA LUINGE,

MAILLE RI BROSNACHA FAIRGE, A RINNEADH DO
SGIOBA BIRLINN THIGHEARNA CHLANN-RAONULL.

Gu'm beannaiche Dia Long Chlann-Raonull,
A cheud là do chaidh air sàil',
E-fein, 's a threin fhir ga caitheamh,
Treun a chaidh thar mathas chàich ;
Gu'm beannaich ar Co-dhia naomh,
An iunrais anail nan speur,
Gu'n sguabta garbhlich na mara,
G'ar tarruinn gu cala réidh.
Athair a chruthaich an fhairge !
'S gach gaoth a sheideas as gach àird,
Beannaich ar caol-bharc 's ar gaisgich,
'S cum i-fein 's a gasraidh silen.
A Mhic beannaich féin ar n-achdair
Ar siùl, ar beirtein, 's ar stiùir,
'S gach droinip tha crochta r'ar crannaibh,
'S thoir gu cala sin le t-iùil.

Beannaich ar rachdan 's ar slat,
Ar croinn 's ar taodaibh gu léir
Ar stadh, 's ar tarruinn cum fallain,
'S na leig-sa 'nar caramh beud.
Au Spiorad Naomh biodh air an stiùir,
Seoladh è 'n t-iùil a bhios ceart ;
'S eol da gach long-phort fo'n ghréin,
Tilgeamaid sinn féin fo bheachd.

Beannuchadh nan Arm.

Gu'm beannaiche Dia ar claidhean,
'S ar lannan spainnteach, geur għlas,
'S ar lùrīcheau troma māilleach,
Nach gearr-te le faobhar tais ;
Ar lannan cruadhach, 's ar għorsaid,
'S ar sgiathan an-dealbhach dualach ;
Beannaich gach armachd gu h-iomlan,
Th' air ar n-iomchar 's ar crios-guaile ;
Ar bogħa-nan foinealachi iubhair,
'Għabhadh lugħa ri uchd tuasaid ;
'S na saighdean beithe nach spealgad ;
Ann am balgau a bħruic ġħruamaich,
Beannaich ar biċċaq, 's ar daga ;
'S ar n-ēile gasd ann an cuicichean,
'S għażżeek kath agus cōmħraig,
Tha'm bārc Mhic-Dhòmhruill san uair so.
Na biode simplidheachd oirbh no taise,
Gu'n dol air ghaisse le crudal,
Fad 's a mħaireas ceithir bürd d'i,
No bħois cārad shùtt dh'i fuaithe,
'M fad 's a shnàmhass i fo 'r casan,
Na dh'fħaineas cnag dh'i an uachdar,
A dh-audeoin aon fhuathas gam faic sibh,
Na meataiceadha gart a chuain sibh ;
Ma ni sibh cothacha ceart,
'S nach moħaich an fhairge sihh dibli,
Gun isilix a h-irдан 'sa beachd,
'S gar cothacha sgairteil gu'n striochd i.
Do chéile comhraig air tìr,
M' ar faic i thu ciñntinna tais,
'S dàch' i bhogħachadha 's an strī,
No chinutti idir ni's brais ;
'S amħu il-sin a ta mħuir imħor,
Coisinnidh le colg 's le súrd,
'S gun umħlaich i dhut fa dheoigh,
Mar a dh' v'rdaich Rìgh nan dùl.

Brosnachadh iomraidih gu ionad scòlaidh.

Gun cuirt an iubħrach dhubb-dhealbhach,
An àite seblaidh.
Sàthaibh a mach cleathan rìghne,
Liath-lom còmhla;
Ràmhan mìn-lunnacha dealbhach,
Socair, eutrom,
A ni 'n t-iomradh toirteil, calma,
Bos-luath, caoir-gheal ;

Chuireas an fhairge 'na stradaibh,
 Suas s 'na'n speuraibh,
 'Na teine-siunnachain a' lasadh,
 Mar fhras éibhleán ;
 Le builean gailbeacha, tarbhach,
 Nan c leth tromá,
 A bheir air bochd-thuinn thonnaich,
 Lot le'n cromadhb,
 Le sgionan nan rámh geal, tana,
 Bual a cholluinn,
 Air mullach nan gorm-chnochd, ghleannach,
 Gharbh-lach, thomach.
 O ! sínibh 's tairrnibh, agus lùbaibh,
 Ann sna bacaibh !
 Na gallain bhas-leathunn, ghiùbhsaich,
 Le lùs ghlae-gheal.
 Na furbinean tromá, treuna,
 A' laidhe suas orr,
 Le'n gaoirdeanaibh dòideach, feitheach,
 Gaolsneach, cnuachdach,
 'Thogas 's a' leagas le chéile,
 Fo aon għluasad,
 A gathan liath-reamhar, réithe,
 Fo bhàrr stuadhan ;
 Iurghu illich garbh 'an tús cléithe,
 'G eubhach suas orr ;
 Iorram dhùisgeas an speurad,
 Ann sna guailleán ;
 'Sparras a Bħirluun le séstrich,
 Tro għach fuar-ghleann ;
 Sgoltadh na bòchd-thuinn a' beuac'h,
 Le sāimh chruaidh-chruim,
 Dh-iomaineas beantainean beisdeil,
 Ro dà ghualainn.
 Hūgan ! air cuan, nuallan gáireach,
 Heig air chnagaibh !
 Farum le bras-ghaoir na hairylinn,
 Ris na maidih ;
 Rāimb gam pianadħ, 's bolgan fol',
 Air bhos għach fuirbi ;
 Na suinn laidir għarba thoirteil,
 'S cop għeal iomradh,
 'Chreanaicheas għażiex bòrd dheth darach,
 Bigh a's iarann ;
 'S lannan gan tilgeil le staplawn,
 Ħchinap ri silsais ;
 Foirne fearail, a hheir tulga,
 Dugħħarra, dàiceil,
 'Sparras a chaol-hħarc le giubhsaich,
 'N aodann aibbeis,
 Nach pillear le frigħ nan tonn dù-ghorm,
 Le lúghs ghairdein ;
 Sud an sgioba neartħor, shūrdail,
 Air chūl àlaich,
 Phronnas na cuaireagan cùl-ghlas,
 Le roinn rāmbachd,
 Gun sgios gun airt-neal gun lùħadħ
 Ri h-uchd għabhaidh.

*An sin an deigh do na sia-fearaibh-deug, suidhe
 air na rāimh, a chum a h-iomradh, 'o n' ghaoith
 gu ionad seolaidh, do ghlaodh CALUM GARBH,
 MAC-RONAİLL NAN CUAN, Iorram oirre, 's
 è air rāmh-bràghad, agus 's i so i :—*

*'S a nis o rinneadh 'ur tagħadħ,
 'S gur coltach dhuibh bhi 'n-ar roghainn,
 Thugaibb tulga neo-chlادħarra dàiceil.
 Thugaibb tulga, &c.*

*Thugaibb tulga neo-clearħach,
 Gu'n airsneal gun dearmad,
 Gu freasdal na gaille-bheinne sħil-ghlais.
 Gu freasdal, &c.*

*Tulga danarra treun-ghlae,
 A ridheas cnàmhan a's féithean,
 Dh-ħagħas soilleir a ceumannan àlaich.
 Dh-ħagas, &c.*

*Sgobadh fonnar gun eislein,
 Ri garhh bħrosnacha chéile,
 Iorram gleust ann bho bheul fir a bràghad.
 Iorram gleust, &c.*

*Cogull rāmh air na bacaibh,
 Leois, a's rusgadh air bħasaibh,
 'S rāimh d'an sniomh ann an achlaisean ard-
 'S rāimh, &c. ethonn.*

*Biodh 'ur gruaidean air lasadh,
 Biodh 'ur bois gu'n leob chraicinn,
 Fallas mala bras chrapa gu lär dhibb.
 Fallas mala bras, &c.*

*Sínibh, tairnnaibh, a's luthaibh,
 Na gallain liath-leothar għiubħas,
 'S dianaiħ u ġiġi tro shruthaibh an t-sàile.
 'S deanaibh, &c.*

*Cliath rāmh air għaq taobb dh'i,
 Masgħadha fħirge le saothair,
 Dol 'na still ann an aodann na bairlinn.
 Dol 'na still, &c.*

*Iomraibb cò-lath glan gleusta,
 Sgoltadh hòc-thuinn a' beuac'h,
 Obair shunndach gun eislein gun flàrdal.
 Obair shunndach, &c.*

*Buailibb co-thromach tréin i,
 Sealltainn tric air a chéile,
 Dùisgħiħ spiorad 'n-ar féithean gu laidir !
 Dùisgħiħ spiorad, &c.*

Biodh a darach a' collainn,
Ris na fiadh-ghealannaibh bronnach
'S a da shliasaid a' pronnadh, gach bàrlainn.
'S a da shliasaid, &c.

Biodh an fhairge għlas thonnach,
Ag āt 'na garbh mhothar lonnach,
S na h-ard-uisgeachan bronnach 'sa ghāraich.
'S na h-ard-uisgeachan, &c.,

A għlas-fħàrġe sior chopadh,
A steach mu dà għualainn thoisich,
Sruth ag osnaich a' sloistreadh a h-earr-linn.
Sruth ag osnaich, &c.

Sinibh, tħàrrnibh, a's lùbaibh,
Na għathain mħin-lunnach chil-dearg,
Le iumairċidh smuis 'ur garbh ghārdean.
Le iumairċidh smuis, &c.

Cuiribh fothaibh an rugħ' ud,
Le fallas mħailean a' sruthad,
'S togaibh siùl ri bho Uidhist nan crà-ghiad,
'S togaibh siùll, &c.

Dh-iomair iad 'an sin gu ionad sedlaidh.

An sin thăr iad na seoil shiħte,
Gu fior għasda,
'Shaor iad na sia-raimh-dheug,
A' steach tro' bacaibh,
Sgħadha l-grad iad sios r'a sliasaid,
Sheachnadhi bhac-bhreid.
Dh-ordaich Clann-Raonuill d' an-uaislean,
Sär-sgiobaireau cuain a bhi aca,
Nach gabħadhi eagal ro fuuathas,
No gnè thuairgħneadha a thachradh.

*Dh-ordaicheadħ an deih an tagħadħ na, h-uile
duine dhol 'an seilb a għram' àraidiż fjein
na cho-lorg sin ghlaodhadh ri fear na stiùrash
suidh air stiùr anns na briatherib so :—*

Suitheadħ air stiùr trom laoħ leathunn,
Nearnar, fuasgħait,
Nach tilg bun no bārr na sūmaid,
Fairge bhuaħħi ;
Claireanach taiceil, lan spiunnaidh,
Plocach, mäsach,
Min-bheumnach, faileach,
Furachail, lan năistin ;
Bunnsaidh eutromach,
Garbh, sċċair, seolta, lugh'or ;
Eirmseach, faighidneach, gun ghriomħag,
Rih-uchd tħulin ;
'Nuair a chluu ē n-fħàrġe għiobach,
Teachd le bùrein,

Chumas a ceann caol gu sgibidh,
Ris na sūgħaib ;
Chumas gu socrach a gabħail,
Gun dad luasgain.
Sgħid a's cluas ga rian le amħarc,
Suil air fuaradħ ;
Nach caill aon òrileach na h-ċċida,
Deth cheart chūrsa ;
'Dh-aindeoin barr sūmadain māra,
Teachd le sūrdaig ;
Theid air fuaradħ leatha cho daingheann,
Mas a h-ċċiġin,
Nach bi lann, no reang 'na darach,
Nach tōr iebħ asd ;
Nach taisich a's nach téid 'na bħreislich,
Dh-aindoin fuathais,
Ge do dh-adħha a mhuiρ cheanna-ghlas
Suu ga chluasaiib ;
Nach b'urrainn am fuiribi chreanachadħ,
No għluasad,
O ionad a shuidh, 's e terainn,
'S ailim 'na asguil,
Gu freasdal na seana mhara ceanna-ghlas,
'S gleann-ghaoir ascaoin,
Nach critħinch le fuaradħ cluaise,
An taod-aoire,
Leigeas leath ruith a's gabħail,
'S län a h-aodaix ;
Cheanglas a gabħail cho daingheann,
'M barr għażiex tuinnej,
Falb direach 'na still gu cala,
'N aird għażiex buinne.

Dh-ċċida u ġie kieni kifha.

Suidheadħ toirtearħaq garbh dhöideach,
'An glaic bearite,
A bħios staideil lan do chħaram,
Graimear, glaċ-mhor ;
Leigeas cudħrom air ceann slaita,
Ri h-ċċam cruaidħi,
Dh-ċċaħħieħas air crann 's air acuinn,
Bheir dhaibh fuasgladħ ;
Thuigeas a għaoħ mar a thig i,
Do réir seolaidħ,
Fħreagras min le fears bearite,
Beum an sgħid-fħir :—
'Sior chuideachadħ leis an acuinn,
Mar fäiñnich buill bhealte
Reamhar ghaoiste.

Chuireadħ air leth fear-sgħidie.

Suitheadħ feas sgħid air an tota
Gaoiħdean laidir,
Nan righin luu ġoisoñ, feitħeach,
Reamhar, cnàmħach ;

Cràgau tiugha, leathunn, clianach,
Meur għarhh chròcach :
Mach's a steach an sgoid a leigeas,
Le neart sgròhaidh ;
'An àm cruaidhich a hheir thuig i,
Gaoth ma sheideas,
'S nuair a ni an oiteag lagadh,
Leigeas heum leis.

Dh-ordraicheadh air leth fear-cluaise.

Suitheadh fear crapara, taiceil,
Gasda, cuanda,
Laimhsicheas a chluas neo-lapach,
Air a fuarad ;
Bheir imirich sios s' suas i,
A chum gach urracraig,
A reir 's mar thig an soirrheas.
No barr urchaidh ;
'S ma chì e 'n iunnrais a 'g éiridh,
Teachd le h-osnaich,
Lomadh e gu gramail treun-mhor
Sios gu stoc i.

Dh-ordraicheadh do'n toiseach fear-iùil.

Eireadh mar-nialach na sheasamh,
Suas do'n toiseach,
'S deanadh e dhuinn elolas seamhach,
Cala a choisneas ;
Sealladh e 'n ceithir àirdean,
Cian an adhair,
'S innseadh e do dh-flear na stiùrach,
'S math a gabhail.
Glacadh e comharadh tire,
Le sàr-shùl-hheachd,
O'n 'se sin a's Dia gach side,
'S reull-iuil duinn.

Chuireadh air leth fear-calpa na tàrrne.

Suitheadh air calpa na tàrrne,
Fear gu'n soistinn,
Snaomanach fuasgailteach, sgairteil,
Foinnidh, sòlta ;
Duine cùramach gu'n ghriohhag,
Ealamh gruamach ;
A hheir uaip a's dh'i mar dh-fheumas,
Gleusda, luaineach ;
Laitheas le spòghannan troma,
Treun' air tarruinn ;
Air cudthrom a dhòid a' cromadh,
'Dh-ionnsuidh daraich ;
Nach ceangail le sparraig mu'n urracraig,
An taod-frithir ;
Ach għahha il-ħelme gu daingheann seolta,
Le lħiġ-rithe ;
Air eagl 'n uair sgairte an t-ausadh,
I chuir stad air,
Los i ruith 'na still le crònán,
Bharr na cnaige.

*Chuireadh air leth fear-innse nan uisgeachan, 's an fħàrge air cintiñn twilleadh a's molach,
agus thuirt an Stiùireadair ris :—*

Suitheadh fear-innse gach uisce,
Lāmh ri m' chluais-sa,
'S cumadh e a shùl gu hiorach,
'An cridh' an fhuraidh.
Tagħiħha an duine leth eagħal,
Fiamħach sicir,
'S cha mhath leam e hhi air fad,
'Na għealtair' riċċhdall ;
Biodh e furachair 'nuair chi ē,
Fuaradħ froise,
Co dhiuhh hhios an sojrhheas,
Na deireadh no na' toiseach ;
'S gu'n cuireadh e mis air m' fhaicill,
Suas d'am mhosgladħ,
Ma ni e gnè chunnaint fhaicinn,
Nach hi tostach.
'S ma chi e coltas muir hhàite,
Teachd le nuallan,
A sgairteas cruaidh :—"ceann caol a fiodha,
Chumail luath ris."
Biodh e ard labħrach, céillidh,
'G-euhħach "ħaġħlinn;"
'S na ceileadh air fear na stiùrach,
Ma chi għażżejjha.
Na biodek fear innse nan uisgean,
Ann ach e-san ;
Cuiridh għamħaq, hriqt, a's għusgħ,
Neach 'na hhreislich.

Dh-ordraicheadh a mach fear-taomaidh, 'san fħàrġ' a bärreath air am muin rompa 's nan déigh.

Freasldagh air leħaiddh na taoime,
Laoch hhios fuasgħit',
Nach fannach gu hräth 's nach tiomaich,
Le għair chuaintean ;
Nach lapaich, 's nach meataich,
Fuachd, sāl', no clach-mheallain
Laomadh mu hhro illeach 's mu mħuineal,
'Na fuar steallaiħ ;
Le crùmpa mor cruinn tiugħi fiodha,
'Na chiar dhöidih,
Sior thilgeadħ a mach na fàirge
A steach a dhoireas ;
Nach dīrīch a dħruim lügħor,
Le rag earlaid,
Gus nach fag e sile 'n grunnd,
Nan far a h-earluu ;
'S ge do chinneadha huird cho tolltach
Ris an ridil,
Chumas cho tioram gach cnag dh'i,
Ri clàr huideil.

Dh-òrdaicheadh dithis gu dragha nam ball chul-aodaich, 's coltas orra gun tugta na siùil uapa le ro ghairbhead na side.

Cuiribh caraid laidir chnámh-reamhar,
Gairbheach, ghaoistneach,
Gum freasdaladh iad tearuinn treun ceart i,
Buill chul-aodaich ;
Le smuais a's le miad lughis,
An ruigbean treunna,
'N am cruaighaich bheir orr a steach,
No leigeas beum leis,
Chumas gu sgiobalta a staign e,
'Na teis meadhon,
Dh-òrdaicheadh Donnacha Mac-Chormaig,
A's lain mac Iain,
Dithis starbhanach theoma, ladorn,
De dh-fhearaibh Chana.

*Thaghadh seisir gu fearsas àrlair, an earalas
gum fàilnicheadh a-h-aon de na thuirt mi, no
gu'n spionadh onfadh na fàirge mach thar
bord è, 's gu'n suidheadh fear dhiù so 'na
dite.*

Eireadh seisein ealamh, ghleusta,
Lamhach, bheotha,
Shiubhas, 'sa dh-fhalbas, 's a leumas,
Feadb gacb bòrd db'i,
Mar ghearr-fhiadh am mullach sléibhe
'S coin d'a copadh ;
Streupas ri cruaidh bhallaibh réidhe,
De'n chaol chòrcaich,
Cho grad ri feòragan céitein,
Ri crann rò-choill ;
A bhios ullamh, calamb, treubbach,
Falbhach, eolach,
Gu toirt dh'l, 's gu toirt an ausadh,
'S clausail òrdail,
Chaitheas gun airtsmeal gun éisleau,
Long Mhic-Dhòmhnuill.

*Do bha nis na h-uile goireas a bhuineadh do 'n
t-seoladh, air a chuir 'an deagh riaghail, agus
theann na h-uile laoch tapaidh gun taise, gun
fhamh, gun sgàthachas chum a cheairt ionaid
an d'òrdaichadh dha dol; agus thog iad na
siùil ma èiridh na greine là-fheill-Bride, a'
togail a mach o bhun Loch-Aineirt, ann 'an
Uidhist-a-chinne-deas.*

Grian a faoisgneadh gu h-òr-bhuidh',
A's a mogul,
Chinn an speur gu dùbhuidh dòite,
Lan de db-oglachd ;
Dh-fhàs i tonn-ghorm, tiugh, tarr-lachduinn,
Odhar, iargalt ;
Chinn gach dath bhiodh aon am breacan,
Air an iarmait.

Fada-cruaidh san aird an iar orr,
Stoirm 'na coltas,
'S neoil shiubhlach aig gaoth gan riasladh,
Fuaradh frois orr.
Thog iad na siuil bħreaca,
Bħaidealacha, dħiðnach ;
'S shin iad na calpannan raga,
Teanna, righne,
Ri fiobanau arda, fada,
Nan colg high dhearg ;
Cheangladh iad gu gramail, snaompach,
Gu neo-chearbach,
Tro shùilean nan cormag iarrainn,
'S nan cruinn ailbheag.
Cheartaich iad gach ball de'n acuinn,
Ealamh, dīgħeil ;
'S shuidh gach fear gu freasdal tapaidh,
'Bhuill bu cħoir dha ;
'N sin dh' fhosgail uinneagan an adhair.
Ballach, liath-ghorm,
Gu séideadh na gaoithe grċannaich,
'S bannail iargalt ;
Tharruinn an cuan a bħrat dù-ghlas,
Air gu h-uile,
A mhantul garbh caiteanach, ciar-dhubh,
Sgreitidh buinne,
Dh-ät e 'n bheannaibh, 's na ghleannaibh,
Molach röbach.
Gun do bhċċbd an fhairgc cheigeach,
Suas na cuocaibh ;
Dh-fhosgail a mhuiρ ghorm na craosaibh,
Farsuinn, crācach,
'An glaicibh a chéile ri taosgadh,
'S caonnag bhàs-mhor.
Gum b'fhear-ghniomh bhi 'g amharc 'an aodann
Nam maom teintidh,
Lasraichean sradanach sionnachain,
Air gach beinn diuh,
Na beulanaich arda liatb-cheann,
Ri searbh bheucail ;
Na cūlanaich 's an clagh dùdaidh,
Ri fuaim għeumnaich.
'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,
Sioz 's na gleanntaibh,
Bheirte gach sebl a bhiodh aice
'Am barr nau crann d'i :
Na ceðasanalch arda, chroma,
Teachd 's a bhàirich,
M'an tigeadh iad idir 'n-ar caramh,
Chluinnt' an gäiricb.
Iad a sguabadh nan tonn beaga,
Lom gan sgiursad,
Chinneadh i 'na h-aon mhuiρ bhàsor,
'S cäs a stiùireadh.

'Nuair a thuiteamaid fo bharr,
 Nan ard-thonn giobach,
Gur beag nach dochaineadh an sàil,
 An t-aigeal sligeach ;
An fhairge ga maistreadh 's ga sluistreadh,
 Troimbe chéile,
Gun robh ròin a' mìalan mòra,
 'Am barrachd eigin.
Onfadh a' tonnau na mara,
 A's falbh na luinge,
A' sràdadh an eanchaimean geala,
 Feadh gach tuinne.
Iad ri nuallanaich ard-uamhaineach,
 Searbhì thùrsach ;
'G eubhach, gur h-iocdharaun sinne,
 Dragh chumhùird sùnn :
 Gach min-iarsg a hh'annu san fhàirge,
 Tarr-gheal, tiunnadait' ;
Le gluasad confach na gailbheinn,
 Marbh gunn chunntas.
Clachan a's maoarach an aigeil,
 Teachd an uachdar,
Air am huain a' nuas le slacraich,
 A chuaин uaimhreich.
An fhairge uile 'si 'na brochan,
 Strioplach, ruaimleach,
Le fuil 's le gaor nam biast lorcach,
 'S droch dhath ruadh orr.
Na béisstein ardharcach iongach,
 Pluitach, lorcach ;
Lan cheann-sian nam boil gun gialibh,
 'S an craos fosgalite.
An aibheis uile lan bhochdan,
 Air cragradh,
Le spògan 's le earbuill mor-bhiast,
 Air magradh.
Bu sgreamhail an ròbhain sgriachach,
 Bhi 'ga eisdeachd,
Thogadh iad air caogad mìlidi,
 Eatrom céille.
Chiail an sgioba càiil g'an claiesteachd,
 Ri bhi 'g éisteachd,
Ceilirean sgreadach nan deomhan,
 'S m'òthar bhéistean.
Fa-ghàir na fairge 'sa slacraich,
 Gleachd ri darach,
Fosghair a toisich a sloistreadh,
 Mhuca-màra.
A' Ghaoth ag ùrachadh a fuaraidh
 As an iar-aird ;
Bba sinn leis gach seòrsa buairidh,
 Air ar pianadh.
S sinn dall le cathadh fairge,
 Sior dhol tharluinn,
Tairneanach aibheiseach rè oidehche,
 'S teine dealain.
Peleirean bethrich a' losgadh,
 Ar enid acuinn ;

Fàileadh a's deathach na riosa,
 Gar glan thachadh :
Na dùilean uachdrach a's iochdrach,
 Ruinn a' cogadh ;
Talamh, teine uisg a's siou-ghath.
 Ruinn air togail
Ach 'n uair dh'artlaich air an fhairge,
 Toirt oirn strìochda,
Ghabh i truas le fàite gaire,
 Rinn i sith ruinn.
Ge d'rinn, cha robh crann gun lubadh,
 Seol gun reubadh ;
 Slat gun sgaradh, rac gun fhìllin,
 Itàmh gun èislein.
Cha robh stagh ann gun stuadh-leumann :
 Beart ghaisidh,
Tarruinn, no cupull gun bhristeadh,
 Fise ! Faise !
Cha robh tota no heul-mor ann,
 Nach tug aideach,
Bha h-uile crannaghail a's goireas,
 Air an lagadh.
Cha robh achlachan no aisne dh'i,
 Gun fhuaigladh ;
A slat-bheoil 'sa sgùitchinn asgail,
 Air an tuaigheadh.
Cha robh falmadair gun sgoltadh,
 Stiùin gun chreuchadh ;
Cneed a's diosgan aig gach maide,
 'S iad air déasgadh.
Cha robh crann-tarruinn gun tarruinn,
 Bòrd gun ohadh ;
H-uile lann bha air am barradh,
 Ghabh iad togail.
Cha robh tarruinn ann gu'n tràladh,
 Cha robh calp' ann gu'n lubadh ;
Cha robh ball a hhuineadh dh'ì-se,
 Nach robh ni's measa na thùradh.
Ghairm an fhairge siochaint ruinne,
 Air crois Chaol Ile,
 'S gu'n d'fhuaire a gharbh ghaoth,
 Shearbh-ghlòireach, ordugh sìnidh.
Thog i uainn do ionadaibh uachdrach
 An adhair ;
 'S chinn i dhuinn na cl'r rèidh mìn-gheal,
 'N deigh a tabhunn.
 'S thug sinn buidheachas do'n Ard-Righ,
 Chum na dùilean,
Deagh Clàinn-Raonuill a bliù sàbhailt,
 O hhàs hruideil.
 'S an sin bheum sinn a siuil thana, bhallach,
 Do thùillin ;
S leag sinn a croinn mhìn-dearg ghasda,
 Air fad a h-ùrlair.
 'S chuir sinn a mach ràimh chaol bhasgant,
 Dhaite mhìne,
De'n ghiubhas a bhuan Mè-Bharais,
 'An Eilean-Flionain.

'S rinn sinn an t-iomra réidh tulganach,
Gun dearmad ;
S ghahh sinn deag long-phort aig harraihh,
Charraig Fhearghais ;

Thilg sinn Acráichean gu socair,
Ann san ròd sin ;
Ghabh sinn biadh a's deoch gun airceas,
'S rinn sinn còmhnuidh.

IAIN MAC CODRUM.

JOHN M'CODRUM,* the North Uist bard, commonly called *Iain Mac Fhearchuir*, 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

* The Mac Codrums are not properly a clan, but a sept of the M'Donalds. They belong to North Uist.

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 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 whisky 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 Fhéinn ?*” 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 bhithheadh cha ruiginn 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 ta 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 dhiù sin cuideachd mu bhios na ceartan a breith (uibhean).*”*

In purity and elegance of language Mac Codrum comes nearest to Macdonald, 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 Macdonald and other Keltic poets. His poems on “*Old Age*” and “*Whiskey*” are excellent. They first appeared in Macdonald's volume, without the author's name; but Mac Codrum's countrymen have claimed them for him. He never published any thing 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 Macdonald 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-ionradh?*” “*As na gairdeanan,*” answered the bard. Another asked, “*An ann bho thuath a hainig' sibh?*” to which Mac Codrum again rejoined, “*pàirt bho thuath a's pàirt bho thighearnan.*”

S M E O R A C H C H L A N N - D O M H N U I L L .

LUINNEAG.

Holaibh o iriag hòroll ð,
Holaibh o iriog hòro ð,
Holaibh o iriag hòroll ð,
Smedrach le Clann-Dòmhnuill mi.

SMEÒRACH mis air urlar Phabail ;
 Crubadh ann an dàsul cadail,
 Gun deorachd a theid ni's faide ;
 Truimeid mo bhròn thòirleum maigne.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Smeòrach mis ri mulach beinne,
 'G amharc gréin' a's speuran soilleir,
 Thig mi stolda choir na coille,
 'S bidh mi beò air treàdas eile.

Holaibh o iriog, &c.

Smeòrach mis air bharr gach bidean,
 Dianamh muirn ri drìuchd na maidne,
 Bualadh mo chliath-lù air m' fheadan,
 Seinn mo chiuil gun smùr gun smòdan.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Ma mholas gach eun a thlèr fein,
 Ciòd am fath nach moladh mise—
 Tir nan curaidh, tir nan clar ;
 An tìr bhiachar, fhialaidh, mhiosail ?

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

An tìr nach caol ri cois na mara,
 An tìr ghaolach, chaomhach, chanach,
 An tìr laoghach, uanach, mheannach,
 Tìr an arain, bhaineach, mhealach.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

An tìr riabhach, ghrianach, thaitneach ;
 An tìr dhionach, fhiarach, fhasgach ;
 An tìr lianach, ghiaghach, lachach,
 'N tìr 'm bi biadh gun mhiagh air tacar.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

An tìr choirceach, eornach, phailte ;
 An tìr bhuadhach, chluanach, ghartach ;
 An tìr chruchach, sguabach, ghaisneach
 Dùlù ri cuan, gun fhuachd ri sneachda.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

'S i'n tìr sgiamhach tìr na mhachrach,
 Tir nan dithean, miadar, daite ;
 Au tìr laireach, aigeach, mhartach,
 Tir an aigh gu bràch nach gaisear.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

An tìr a's bòiche ta ri faicinn ;

'M hi fir òg an comhdach dreachail ;
 Pailt ni 's leoir le pòr na machrach ;
 Spreigh air mòintich ; òr air chlachan.*
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

An cladh Chòthan rugadh mise,
 'N aird na h-Unnair chaidh mo thogail ;
 'Fradharc a chuain uaimhlich, chuislich,
 Nan stuadh guanach, cluaineach, cluicheach.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Measg Chlann-Domhnuill fhuair mi m-altrom,
 Buidheann nan seol, 's nan sròl daite ;
 Nan long luath air chuaintean farsuinn,
 Aiteam nach ciuin rusgadh għlas-lann.

Holaibh o iriog, &c.

Na fir eolach, stoilde, stāideil,
 Bha 's an chomh-stri stroiceach, sgaiteach,
 Fir gun bhròn, gun leon, gun airsueal,
 Leanadh tòir, a's tòir a chasgadh.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Buidheann mo ghaoil nach faoin caitean,
 Buidheann nach gann greann san aisith ;
 Buidheann shunnatāch 'n am bhi aca,
 Rusgadh lann fo shranntaich bħratach.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Buidheann uallach an uair caismeachd,
 Leanadh ruraig gun luaidh air gealtachd :
 Cinn a's guailean cruaidh gan spealtadh,
 Aodach ruadh le fuaim ga shracadh.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Buidheann rioghail, 's fir-ghlan, alla,
 Buidheann gun fhiamh, 's iotadh fal orr ;
 Buidheann gun sgàth 'm blàr na'n deannal,
 Foinnidh, nàrach, laidir, fearail.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Buidheann mor 's am pòr nach troicheel,
 Dh-fhas gu meanmach, dealbhach, toirtell ;
 Fearail fo'n arm, 's maирg d'a nochdadh,
 Ri uchd stóirm nach leanabail coltas.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Suidheam' mu'n hhord, stoilde, beachdail,
 An t-shuil san doru nach òl a mach i,
 Slainte Shir Seumais thigh'n' dachaigh ;
 Aon mhac Dhé mar sgéith d'a phearsa.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

* Alluding to kelp

COMHRADH,

[MAR GU'M B' ANN]

EADAR CARAID AGUS NAMHAID AN UISGE-BHEATHA.

CARAID.

Mo ghaol an lasgaire spraiceil,
 Fear nan gorm.shuilean maiseach,
 Chuireadh foirm fo na macaibh,
 'Nuair a thachradh iad ris.
 'Nuair a chruinnicheadh do chòisir,
 Cha b' i chuilm gun a chòmhchradh ;
 Gheibhite rainn agus òrain,
 'S iomadh stòri na measg :
 Gille beadarrach, sùgach,
 Tha na chleasaiche lùghor ;
 'S ro mhath bhreabadh an t-ùrlar,
 Agus tiunnadh gu hrìsg.
 'S e dhamhsadh gu h-uallach,
 Gu h-aucaideach, guanach ;
 Gun sealtainn air truailleachd,
 Ach uaisl' agus meas.

NAMHAID.

'S maig a dheanadh an t-òran,
 'S nach deanadh air chòir e ;
 Gun hhi moladh an do'-fhir.
 Bha na rògaire tric.
 Fear a sheargadh an conach,
 Thiunnadh mionach nan sporan
 Dh-fhàgadh leanhain air aimhbheit,
 Ann an carraig a'n dripl.
 An struthaire di-bhuan,
 Tha gu brosgulach, briagach ;
 Fear crosta mi-chiallach,
 Gun riaghailt, gun mheas.
 Call mor tha gun bhuinnig,
 Ann an sòls ro dhiombuan ;
 S fear stòrais is urrainn
 A bhi cumantas ris.

CARAID.

'Mhic-an-Tòisich, mhic-hhracha,
 'Fhir comhraig nan gaisgeach,
 A chnireadh bòilich 's na claigneann,
 Sa chuireadh casan air chrith !
 Bu tu cleòca na h-aitribh,
 'N aghaidh reòt' agus sneachda,
 Dheanadh notion do dh-fhrasan ;
 'S chuireadh seachad an cith.
 Dheanadh dàna fear saidealt' ;
 Dheanadh lag am fear neartor ;
 Dheanadh daibhir fear beariteach,
 Dh-ain-deoin pailteas a chruidh ;
 An ccart aghaidh na th' aca,
 De mhniur, no mheoghal, no mhacnus,

'S tu raghainn is taitneich,
 De chùis mhacnus air bith.

NAMHAID.

A dhuin ! an cual' thu, no'm fac' thu,
 Riamh ni 's miosa chuis mhacnus,
 Na hhi 'n a d' shìneadh 's na claisean,
 Gun chlaisteachd, gun ruith ?
 Air do mhùchadh le daorach ;
 'G a do ghiulan aig daoine,
 'N a d' chùis-bhùird aig an t-saoghal,
 Far nach faodar a chleith ;
 'S e bhi 'g coinneachadh Rati,
 Ni do lomadh ma d' hheartas ;
 Luchd a chomuinn, 's a chairdrimh,
 Ni e 'n creachadh gun fhios.
 'S e ciall-sgur a bhios aca,
 Bhi ri buillean, 's ri cnapadh ;
 Gu 'm bi ful air an claigneann,
 'S bi 'm batachan brist.

CARAID.

Mo ghaol an lasgaire suairce,
 Chleachd bhi 'n caidreamh nan uaislean ;
 'S iomadh tlachd, a's deagh bhuaidh,
 Ata fuaite ri d' chrios.
 Biorach, gorm.shuileach, meallach,
 Beachdail, colgarla, fallain,
 Laidir, caoin, air deagh thràruinn,
 Gu fògradh gaillionn a' chuirp.
 Far an cruinnich do phàistean,
 Gu 'm bi mir' ann a's màran,
 Agus iomadh ceol-gàire ;
 'S iad neo-chràiteach ma 'n cuid.
 Bheir e 'n t-umaidh gu sòlas ;
 Ni e glic am fear gòrach ;
 Ni e sunndach fear brònach ;
 'S ni e gòrach fear glic.

NAMHAID.

'M b' e sin raghainn nam macabh,
 Bhi gu'n fhradharc, gu'n chlaisteachd ;
 'Nuair bu mhiann leò dhol dachaigh,
 'S e ni thachras ni's mios'.
 Gur e 'n ceann is treas cas daith,
 Lom-làn mheall, agus chnapan ;
 Gach aon bhall ga 'm bi aca,
 Goid a neart uath' gun fhios.
 Iad na 'n tamhaisg gun toinig ;
 Iad labhairt an donuis ;
 Iad ro lamhach gu conus,
 'S nach urr' iad cuir leis :
 Bi'dh an aodnaibh 'g an sgròdhadh,
 Bi'dh an aodach 'ga shròdiceadh ;
 Cha 'n fhaod iad bhi stòlda,
 'S iad an comhnuidh air mhisg.

CARAID.

Nach boidheach an spòrs,
Bhi suidhe ma bhòrdaibh,
Le cuideachda chòir,
A bhios 'an tòir air an dibh !
Bi'dh mo bhotal air sgòrnach,
Ri toirt cop air mo stòpan ;
Nach toirtéil an ceòl leam
An crònan, 's an glig ?
Gu 'm bi fear air an daoraich ;
Gu 'm bi fear dhiu ri baoireadh ;
Gu 'm bi fear dhiu ri caoineadh ;
Nach beag a shaoleadh tu sid ?
Ni e fosgaoilt' fear dionach ;
Ni e crosta fear ciallach ;
Ni e tostach fear briathrach,
Ach ann am *bíláum* nach tuig.

NAMHAID.

Nach dona mar spòrs,
Bhi suidhe ma bhòrdaibh ;
Na bhi milleadh mo stòrais,
Le gòraich gun mheas.
Le siarach, 's le stàplaich ;
Le briathran mi-ghnàthaicht' ;
Ri spearadh, 's ri sàradh
An Abharsair dhuibh.
Bi'dh an donus, 's an dòlas,
De chonas, 's do chomh-strì ;
'S do tharruinn air dhòrnabh,
Anns an chomhail nach glic :
Ri fuathas, 's ri sgainneal ;
Ri gruaidean 'g an pronnadh,
Le gruagan 'g an tarruinn,
Le barrachd de 'n mhisg.

CARAID.

Mo ghaol an gille glan éibhinn,
Dh-fhàs gu cineadail spéiseil ;
Dh-fhàs gu spioradail treubhach,
'Nuair a dh-éireadh an drip.
Bhiodh do ghilean ri solas,
Iad gu mireagach bòidheach,
Iad a' sìreadh ni 's leoir,
'S iad ag òl mar a thig.
Iad gu h-aighearach fonnor,
Iad gun athadh, gun lompais ;
Iad ro mhath air au ronngas,
'Nuair a b' anntachd air cluich.
Cuid d'a fasan air uairean,
Duirn, a's bat, agus gruagadh,
Dh-aithnte dhreach air an spuacan,
Gu'n robh bruaidlein 's a' mhisg.

NAMHAID.

Tha mhisg dona 'n a nàdur,
Lom-làn mòr-chuis a's ardain ;

Lom-làn bòsd agus spàraig,
Anns gach càs air an tig.
Tha i uamharra, fiadhaich,
Tha i murtaidh 'n a h-iarbail,
Tha i dustach, droch-nialach,
Lan de dh-fhiabhras, 's de fhriodh.
Gu 'm bi fear dhiu 'n a shineadh ;
Gu 'm bi fear 'n a chùis-mhi-loinn ;
Gu 'm aithlise lionor ;
'S iad am maoideadh nam pluic.
Tha i tuar-shreupach foilleil ;
Iomadh uair air droch oilean ;
'S gun do dh-fhuasgladh fa-dheireadh,
Ach 's i bu choireach a mhisg.

CARAID.

Mo ghaol an cleasaiche lìghor,
Fear gnn cheasad gun chùna ;
Fear gu'n cheiltinn air cùineadh,
'N am bhi dlùthachadh ris.
Bheireadh tlachd a's a mhùigean ;
Dheanadh gealtair de 'n diùdhilach ;
Dheanadh dàn' am fear diùid,
Chum a chùis a dhol leis.
Fear a's fearr an taigh bòsd' thu ;
Fear a's ùrfhalteach drain ;
Fear nach fuligear 'n a ònar,
Ach a bhòilich 's an drip.
Fear tha màranach, ceolar ;
Cridheil, càirdeach, le pògan ;
'S a lamh dheas air a phòca,
'S sgapadh stòrais le misg.

NAMHAID.

A chinn-aobhair a chonais,
'S tric a dh-fhobhaich na sporain ;
Fhir nach d' fhoghlum air onair,
B' e bhi 'g a d' mholadh a bheilid :
'Nis on's bùanna ro dhaor thu,
Tha ri buaireadh nan daoine,
Dol man cuairt air an t-saoghal,
Chum na dh-fhaodas tu ghoid.
Fear ri aithreachas mòr thu ;
Fear ri carraid, 's ri comh-strì ;
Fear ri geallam ; 's cha tòram ;
Thug sid leonadh do d' mheas.
Ni thu 'm pòitear 'n a striopaidh,
Ni thu striopaidh 'n a pòitear ;
'S iomadh mìle droch codhail,
A tha'u tòir air a mhisg.

CARAID.

Ge b' e thionnsgan, no dh-ìnnbrig,
Air ann ionnstramaid phrìseil,
'S duine grunnail na innsgin,
Bha gu h-intinneach glic.
Thug bho arbhar gu siol e ;

Thug bho bhraich, gu ni a's brigheil';
 Thug á prais 'na cheo-liath e,
 'Mach tro chliath nan lùb tric.
 Thug á buideal gu stòp e,
 Rinn e 'n t-susbainte còladh,
 Thogadh sligeachan reòta;
 Dheth fir bhretoite gun sgrid.
 An donus coimeamh no cùdhail,
 No eireachdas mor-shluagh,
 Gun do cheileireachd bhoideach,
 Cha bhi sòlas na measg.

NAMHAID.

Ge be thionnsgan an aimhlig,
 'S ole an grunnad bha na eanachaínn,
 'S mor a dhùisg e de dh-argamaid,
 'S de dhroch sheanachas mar ris.
 Dheilbh e misg agus daorach,
 Rinn e breisleach san t-shaughal.
 B'fhearr nach beirte gu aois e ;
 Ach bàs na naoideachan beag.
 Dhùisg e trioblaid a's comh-strì,
 Ruisg e biodag an dòrnáibh,
 Chuir e peabar san dòmhach,
 'Nuair a thoisich a mhìsg.
 Cha chùis buinig ri leamhuiun,
 Acb cuij guil agus falmhachd,
 Sa chaoiadh cha'n urr' thu ga sheanachas,
 Mar a dh-fhalbh do chuid leis.

D I - M O L A D H

PIOB DHOMHNUILL BHAIN.

A' CHAINNT a thuirt Iain
 Gu'n labhair e cearr i,
 'S feadar dhuinn àicheadh
 Is pàidheadh d'a cinn.
 Dh-fhag e Mac-Cruimein,
 Clann-Duillidh a's Tearlach ;
 Is Dòmhnullan Bàn
 A tharruinn gu prìs.
 Orm is beag mòran sgeig,
 Agus bleid chòmlraigdh,
 Thu labhairt na h-urrad
 'S nach b'urrainn thu chòmhach,
 Ach pilleadh gu stòlda
 Far 'n do thòisich thu dian.

An eual' thu cia 'n t-urram
 An taobh-sa do Lunnuinn ?
 Air na plobairean uile
 B'e Mac-Cruimein an righ :

Le pongannan àluinn
 A b'fhoneaire failte,
 Thàrrneadh 'an càileachd
 Gu slàinte fear tinn.
 Caismeachd bhiinn, 's i bras dian,
 Ni tais' a's fiamb fhògradh ;
 Gaisg' agus cruadal,
 Tha buaidh air an binsich,
 Muim usal nan Leòdach,
 Ga spreotadh le spid.

A' bhàirisgeach spòrsail
 Bh' aig Tearlach 'ga pògadh,
 An t-hilleagan ceòlar,
 Is bòiche guth cinn.
 Tha na Gàéil cho déigheil
 Air a mhàran aic éisdeachd,
 'S na tha'nn 'an Dun-eideann
 A luchd beurl' air an tì.
 Breac nan dual is neartmor fuaim,
 Bras an ruraig nàmhaid,
 Leis 'm bu chebl leadurra,
 Feadannan spàineach,
 Luchd dheiseachan màdair
 Bhi cr' idht' air droch dhol.

Nan cluinnt' ann am Muile
 Mar dh-fhág thu Clann-Duili,
 Cha b'fhuilear leo t-fhùil
 Bhi air mulach do chinns.
 'S i bu ghreadanta dealachainn
 Air deas làimh na h-armachd ;
 A' breabhadh nan garbh-phort,
 Bu shearbh a dol sios.

Creach nach gann, sibh gun cheann,
 Fo hruid theannn Sheòrais ;
 Luchd nam beul fiara
 'Gar pianadh 's 'gar fògradh ;
 Rinn iad le foirneart
 Bhur còir a bhuiu dibh.

Cha tug thu taing idir
 Do bhriogardaich Tearlaich,
 Mach o fhearr bhàile
 Bhi ghnù air a thì.
 Mhol thu ' chorr' ghliogach
 Nach dligeadh de bhàidse,
 Ach deannan beag gràin,
 No màm de dhroch shil.
 Shaoil thu suas maoin gun ghrúaim,
 Craobh nam buadh ceòlmhor,
 Chuireadh fonn fo na creagan
 Le breabadaich mheoiréan ;
 'S nach fuiligeadh òdrachain !
 A thogail a cinn.

Cha'n fhaigh a' chùis-bhùirt ud
 Talla 'm bi mùirn,

Ach àth air a mùchadh
Le dùdan 's le sùith.
Cha bhi cathair aig Dòmhnull
'S cha 'n Éirich e cònard,
Ach suidh' air an t-sòrn
Agus sòpag ri dhrumim.
Plàigh bloigh phuirt, gair dhroeb dhuis,
Fàileadh cuirp bhreabite ;
Ceòl tha cho sgreataiddh
Ri sgreadail nan ròcas,
No iseanañ òga
Bhiodh leòinte chion bìdh.

Nach gasta chùis-bhùrt'
A bhi cneatraighe air ùrlar
Gun phronnadh air lùtha
Gun siubhlachaean grinn,
A' sparradh od-ròch-ain
A'n earball od-ròch-ain !
A' sparradh od-ròch-ain
An tòm òd-ro-bhù.
Màl' caol càm le thaosg chrann,
Gaoth mar gheann reòta,
Tro na tuill fhiara
Nach diònaich na meoirean,
Nach tuigear air dòigh
Ach "òth-heòin" s "òth-hì !"

Diùdhadh nam fùidhidh
Bha aig Tubal Cain,
'Nuar sheinn e puirt Ghàelic
'S a dh'alaich e phòb.
Bha i tamull fo 'n uisge
'Nuar dhruidheadh an aircé.
Thachair dh'i cnàmhadh
Fo uisge 's fo ghaoth.
Tbàinig smug agus dus
Annas na duis bhreòtach,
Iomadach drochaid
G'a stopadh na sgòrnan.
Dh-fhàg i le crònan
Od-ròch-ain, gun brìgh.

Bha i seal uair
Aig Maol Ruainidh O' Dornan,*
Chuireadh mi-dhòigheil
Thar ordugh na fuinn.
Bha i treis aig Mac-Bheatrais
A sheinneadh na dàin,
'Nar tbeirig a' chlàrsach
'S a dh'fhàillig a pris.
Shéid Balàam 'na mèla
Osna chràmh clirònaidh.
Shearg i le tabhann
Seachd cathau nam fiantan.

'S i lagaich a' chiad uair
Neart Dhìarmaid a's Ghuill.
Turruraich an dòlais,
Bha greis aig Iain òg dh'i.
Chosg i ribheidean còlaich
Na chòmhnhadh le nì.
Bha i corr is seachd bliadhna
'Na h-atharais-bhialain
Aig Mac-Eachuinn 'ga riasladh
Air slàbh Chnoc-an-lìn.
An fhiudhidh shean nach dùisg gean,
Ghnùis nach glan còmhdaich :
'S maig dha 'm bu leannan
A' chrannalach dhòinidh,
Chàite gràin eòrna
Leis na dh-fhoghnadh dh'i ghaoith.

Mu'n cuirear fo h-inneal
Corra-bhinnneach na glaodhaich,
'S inneach air aodach
Na dh-fbeumas i shnàth.
Cha bheag a' chuis dhéistinn
Bhi 'g éisdeachd a gàoraich ;
Dhianadh i aognaidh
An taobh a bhiodh blàth.
Riasladh phort, sgrìachail dhos,
Fhir ri droch shaothair,
Bheir i chiad eubha
'N àm séideadh a gaoithe,
Mar ronnan bì caoile
'S i faotainn a' bhàis.

Tha'n iunsramaid għlagħach
Air a lobhadh na craiceann ;
Cha'n fhuirich i 'n altan
Gun chearcaill g'a tādh'.
'S seirbħ i na'n gabbaon
Ri tabhann a crùnluath,
Tròmpaid a dhùisgeadh
Gach iùdas fhuair bàs.
Mar chòm geur'ich 'ga chreuchdad
Shéideadh làn gaoithe,
Turrach nach urra' mi
Siunnait da innseadh,
Ach rodain ri sianail
No sgiamhail laoigh òig.

Com caithte na curra
Is tachdad 'na muineal,
Meoir traiste gun fhurus
Cur triullin 'an dàn,
Sheinneadh a brollaich
Ri solus an eòlain,
Ruidhle gun órdugh
An còmhnuidh air làr.
'N aognaidb lòm, gaoth tro tholl,
Gàir gun fhonn còmhraig,

* A wandering Irish piper, whose music the Highlanders could not appreciate.

A thaisicheadh cruidal,
'S a luatbaicheadh teoltachd,
Gu beachdail don-dòchais
Mu 'n t-sòrn am bi ghràisg.

Bi'dh gaoth a' mhàil' ghrødaidh
Cur gair anns na dosaibh,
I daonnan 'na trotan
Ri propad "òd-rà."
Bi'dh seannsaир caol, crochtach
Fo chaonaig aig ochdnar,
Sruth stapaig 'ga stopadh,
Cur droch cheol 'na thàmh.
Fuaim mar chlag fhuadach each,
Duan chur as frithie;
Cha 'n abair mi tuille
Gu di-moladh pioban,
Ach leigeidh mi' chluinntinn
Gu'n phill mi Mac-Phàll.

A' CHOMH-STRI.

GUR h-e dhùisg mo sheanchas domh
Cùis mu'm beil mi dearmalach,
Gach Turcach 's gach Gearmailteach,
Gach Frangach 'an rùn marbhaidh dhuinn;
Muir no tir cha tearmunn duinn.

Tha mo dhùil 's gur firinneach,
Gach muiseag tha mi cluinntinn deth,
Nach dean iad unnsa dhìreadh oirn,
S nach buinig iad na h-lunsean oirn,
Gu 'n sguir iad far 'n do dh-innrig iad.

On chaidh na h-airm 'an tasgaidh oirn,
Ge tric a' ghairm gu faigh siun iad,
Nach foghnadh claidhean maide dhuinn
Gu seasamh a' chrùin shasunnaich,
Mar thug an diùc a dh'fhasan duinn?

Ge morghalach rìgh Phrusia
'S na rìghrean mòr tha 'n trioblaid ris,
'S co neònach leams' am Frisealach,
'S am Bàideanach le measrachadh,
Bhi deanamh réit 's nach bris iad i.

Bha mise uair 's gu'm faca mi
Nach creidinn bhuaithe fal deth,
Nach bit hinu suas 'nuair thachradh e,
A liughad gruag a's bagaisde,
Bha fuasgladh auns au t-sahaid ud.

'Nuair dh-iuntrigeadh an ascaoineis,
Is àrd a chluinte 'm Pabaidh iad ;
Fhreagair coil a's clachan daibh ;
Cha bhiodh bean 'an àite faichinn daibh,
Iad fèin 's mac-talla bäs-bhualadh.

'Nuair hhiodh iad sgì 's na tagraichean,
'Se cròchnacha ' bhiodh aca-san,
A'g iarradh iasad bhatachan,
Gach tuairisgeul ri chlaistium ann,
Nach cuaras riamaх o bhaisdeadh sinu.

Gur maир a bhiodh 'san ùbaraid
'Nuair ghabhadh iad gu túirneileis.
Bhiodh fàsgadh air na sùilean ann ;
Bu lìonmhor duirn a's glùinean ann ;
A's breaban cha bhiodh cùmhu' orra.

Bhiodh rocladh air na claireannau ;
Bhiodh sgòrnanan 'gan tachdadh ann ;
Bhiodh meoirean air an cagnadh aun ;
Bhiodh cluasan air an sracadh ann ;
Bhiodh spuaicean air an cnaphadh ann.

'Nuair thuiteadh iad gu mi-cheutaidh
Bhiodh rùsgadh leis na h-innean ann ;
Bhiodh piocadh leis na bìdeagan ;
Bhiodh riabadh air na cireanan ;
Bhiodh cus de'n uile mi-loinn ann.

Mu'm biodh a' chomh-strì dealaithe,
Bhiodh dòrnagan 'g an sadadh ann ;
Bhiodh sgròbadh air na malaidh ann ;
Bhiodh boil a's sileadh fal' asda ;
'S nis leòr aig fear dha athris ann.

'Nuair theirgeadh giubhas Lochlainneach
'S a' choill' an déis a stopadh oirn,
Bu mhath na h-airm na bodhrannan ;
Bu sgiobait iad an àm bogsaigeadb ;
Cha bhriseadh e na cogaisean.

'S ann do 'n tìr bu shamhach so ;
Bu shòlas inutinn bàilli e ;
Bu lìonmhor fear gu'n àiteach' ann,
Dol gu fianais 's fiamh a bhàthaidh air,
Caoidh mu mhùai 's mu phàisteann ann.

Bha Uidhist air a nàrachadh.
Bha lutharn air a fàsachadh.
Le guidheachan na càraig ud
Bha sòlas air an àbhairsear.
Bu neònach leis nach tainig iad.

Cluinnidh Mac-Cuinn an toiseach e.
Cluinnidh a ris an Dotor e,
Mar chriochnaicheadh na portaibh ud.
Cha taing e làn a' chopain domh,
Gu 'm bàraig e dà bhotul rium.

Inusidh mi do dh-Uisdean e,
D'fhear Bhàile pàirt do'n t-sùgradh, ud,
Do'n Bhàili thair an dùthach e;
Air chàch cha dean mi cùmhadh air,
Bheir iad báidse a's dùrachd dhomh.

O R A N,

DO SHIR SEUMAS MAC-DHOMHNUILL SHLEIBHTE.

Air tuiteam a' m' chadal
A nis o cheann fada
Gu'n thachair dhomh acaid
A stad ann am bhràghadh,
Tha chueair mo ghiùlan
Tha àmhgharach ciùrrta.
Cha bhi mi 'ga mùchadh,
Gu rùisg mi os aird i.
Ach Dia bhi 'ga chòmhnadh
'S a riaghadh a ròidean !
An ti 'm beil mo dhòchas
Fo chòmhnadh an Ard-righ,
Lagaich mo dbòrainn,
Neartaich mo shòlas,
Chuir mi'an dòchas
Bhi ni 's òige na tha mi.

'S iomadach buille
So b'eudar dbuinn fhulang.
Bha chuing air ar mùineal
'S bu truim i na phràiseach
Cho trom ri clach-mhuileann
'Na sìneadb air lunnan,
Ri iargain nan curaïdh
'S iad uil' air ar fágail.
Gradan a' gheamhráidh
A lagaich gu teann sinn,
'Nuair a chaill sinn ar ceannard,
Nach robh shambla measg Ghàel,
Connspunn na h-aoidbealachd,
Leòghamu na riòghalachd,
Dòrainn r'a innseadh
Dha 'n linne nach tainig :

Dòrainn r'a innseadh,
An dòrainn a chlaoidh sinn,
Thoirleum n-ar n-inntinn
Cho lòsal ri 'r sàilean ;
Ar Ceann-feadhna mòr priseil
Bu mhòr urram san rioghalachd,
Gu'n do bhui an t-eug dhinn e,
Ar mi-shortan làidir !
Fhir a chumnaic ar cruidal,
Leig umainn am fuaradh,

Bi thusa 'na d' bhuachailli
Air na fhuair sinn 'na àite.
Cuir dhachaidh Sir Seumas
Gun aiceid, gun éislean,
Gu chuideachda féin ;
Mhuire 's éibhinn a tharsuinn.

Chriosda, gléidh dhùinne
Ar buachaille cliuiteach,
Ar n-uachdaran dùthcha ;
Tha clùram an dràsd oirn.
Allail ar fiùran,
Smorail, a's grunndail,
Fearail ri dhùsgadh
'Nan tiunntadh a mhàran,
Ar baranta mìurneach,
Carraig ar bunndaisd,
Ar n-iùil 's ar cairt dhùhbailt
S ar crùn a's an tìileasg,
An rùmh nach 'eil bristeach,
Ar lann ann am trioblaid,
Ar ceannard 's ar misneach,
Fear briseadh a' bhàire.

An dùsgadh no'n cadal duinn,
'N ùrnuiigh no'n achanaich
Ar déirce ga nasgadh,
Thu thigh'n' dachaith sàbhait.
Muint' ann an chleachdadh thu,
Cliùiteach ri d' chlaistinn thu,
Muirneach ri t-fhaicium
Air each no air lèr thu,
Ar 'n-aighear 's ar sòlas,
Ar fion air na bòrdaibh,
Ar mire 's ar ceòl thu,
'S ar doigh air ceòl-gàire :
Ar connspunnna féile
A deònaich Mac Dhé dhuinn
Gu còir chur air stéidbe,
'S gu eucoir a smàladh.

Gur h-innealt' an connspunn
Ceann-cinnidh Chlann-Dòmhnuill,
Fear iriosal stòlda
Gun tòir air an àrdan ;
Eireachdail, coimhliont',
Soilleir 'an eòlas,
Canair 'n am togbhail ris,
Bòchdau, mo lamhsa,
Cùirteir na siobhaltachd,
Urla na h-aoidhealachd,
Tlusail ri dìleachdain 's
Cuimhneach air airidh,
Aigeantach innsgineach,
Beachdail air rioghalachd,
Gaisgeach ro mhìlen
Nan sineadh e 'n gàirdean.

Mo rùn an sàr ghaisgeach,
 Fear òg a' chùil chleachdaich,
 Fear mòrgalach gasda,
 Gun ghaiseadh, gun täre.
 Curaidh nam hrataichean
 Guineach ri 'm hagairt iad,
 Chuireadh an t-sradag
 'Na lasair gun smàladh.
 A bhuaileadh a' chollaid
 Mu 'n chluain air an cromadh iad
 A ghluaiseadh neo-shomalt'
 An coinneamh an nàmhaid
 Le spàintichean loma,
 Le mòsgaidean troma,
 Le fùdar caol meallach
 'N àm teannadh ri làmhach.
 Ge gad a hha 'n acaid
 'Na còmhnuidh fo m'asgail,
 Fògraidd mi as i,
 Thig aiteas 'na h-àite.
 Cuiridh mi airtmeal
 Air fuadach gu chairtealan,
 Nuair chuireas Dia dhachaidh
 Na dh-aisig mo shlàinte.
 Moladh dha 'n léigh
 A dh-fhág fallain mo chreuchdan,
 Tharruinn mo spéiread
 Ni's tréine na h-àhhais!
 Aghaidh Shir Seumais,
 Aghaidh na féile,
 Taghadh gach speulcair
 Thug an léirsinn ni h'fhearr dhomh.
 Aghaidh na stàidealachd,
 Aghaidh na sgairealachd,
 Aghaidh na maisealachd,
 Tlachd agus àilleachd :
 Aghaidh na fearalachd,
 Aghaidh na smioralachd,
 Aghaidh is glaine
 Bheir sealladh 'an sgàthan.
 Aghaidh na stòldachd,
 Aghaidh na mòr-chuis,
 Aghaidh an leòghainn,
 Ach tòiseachadh cearr air!
 Buiuidh dha 'n òigear
 Bhi currant 'an comh-strì,
 'S gur iomadh laoch dorn-gheal
 Bheir tòireachd mas aill leis.
 Cha sìugradh ri chlaistinn
 Bhi dùsgadh do chaismeachd,
 Bhi rùsgadh do hhratach
 Gu h-aigeantach stàdail.
 Piob tholltach 'ga spalpadh
 Sior-phronnadh nam hrs-phort,
 Fraoch tomach nam hadan
 Ri brat-crann da chàradh.

Barant de dh-uaislean
 A' tarruinn mu'n cuairt d'i ;
 Gu'm b'fheارail an dulachas
 'N am huannach huaidh-làrach.
 Ceathairne ghruamach,
 Gun athadh roimh luaidhe,
 Dh-fhàgadh gun gluasad
 Cuipr fhuair anns an àraich.
 Gur h-iomadh sàr-ghaisgeach
 Tha urranta smachdail,
 A theannadh a steach riut
 'N àm aisith no cnàmhain :
 Le 'n spaintichean sgaiteach
 Cho geur ris an ealtainn,
 'N am bhualadh nan clàigeann
 Gu 'n spealtadh iad cnàimhean.
 Gu fireachail aotrom,
 Air mhir' anns a' chaonaig,
 Bhiodh ful air na fraochainn
 Mu 'n traoghadh an ardan :
 Le comunn gun chlaonadh,
 Gun somaltachd gaoirdean,
 'N àm lomadh nam faohar
 Ri aodainn an nàmhaid.
 Na'm faicte Sir Seumas
 'S gu'n cuireadh e feum air,
 Gur h-iomadh taobb dh-éireadh leis
 Réismeid làidir.
 'An Alh' a's an Eirinn
 Cho deònach le chéile,
 O Chluaidh nan long gleusta
 Gu leum e Phort-phàdruiig.
 Uaislean Chinn-tìre
 Bu dual da o shinnsir,
 Gu rachadh iad sìos leis
 Gun di-chuimhn, gun fhàiliun.
 Gu'm hiadh iad cho tìdheach
 'S gu'n dianadh iad mi-stath
 Mar leòghannan miannach
 'S gun bhiadh aig an àlach.
 Dh-éireadh na Leòdaich,
 Dh-éireadh 's hu chòir dhaihh,
 Dh-éireadh, 's hu deònach
 Taobh eòlais 's cairdeis.
 Thigeadh am mòr-shluagh
 Brisg ann an òrdugh,
 Sgiolta na coimspuinn
 An tòiseachadh hlàir iad.
 Dearbhadh na fearalachd
 Calma 'n àm tarruinn iad,
 An calg mar na nathraichean
 'S fearanu 'ga reiteach.
 Stròiceach le lannaibh iad.
 Dòrtach air falanan,
 Còcàirean ealamh
 Air cheannan 's air chàimhean.

Dhùisgeadh 'na d' charraid
 Fir ùr Ghlinue-garadh,
 B'e 'n dearmad gu'n ghainne
 Siol Ailein da fhàgail.
 Daoine cho fearail,
 Cho saoireach air launalbh,
 Gu faicte neul fal' orr'
 Gan tarruinn a sgàbard,
 Intintineach, togarach,
 Impidh cha 'n ohadh iad,
 Fior chruaidh gun hhogachadh
 'S obair air làrach,
 Calma inar churaidhnean,
 'S maирg air an cuireadh iad ;
 Chuireadh am builean
 Gu fulang na spaintich.

Dh-éireadh fir Mhuile
 Le éibhe nan cluinneadh iad,
 Dh-éireadh iad uile
 Gu h-urranta laidir.
 Dualchas a chumadh iad,
 Gualainn ri uileann iad,
 Buailidh iad huillean
 Mu 'm fuilig thu tàmait.
 'S cràiteach ri innseadh
 Bhi 'g àireamh bhur diobhail,
 Na thuit de'n dream rìoghail
 Am mi-fhortan Thearlaich.
 Iadsau cho iosal
 Fo shàilean nan Duineach,
 Na cairdean cho dileas
 'S a hha inc ris a' phaipeir.

M A R B H R A N N

DO SHIR SEUMAS MAC-DHOMHNULL SHLEIBHTE.

[A DH-EUG 'S AN ROIMH.]

Moch 'sa maduinn 's mi 'g éirigh,
 Cha 'n e 'n cadal tha streup riùm,
 'S fluch mo leaba gun seasdar, gun sàmhchair.
 'S fluch mo leaba gun seasdar, &c.

Cha 'n eil agam na dhéigh,
 'N déis mo thaic-sa 'gam thréiginn,
 Ach maille claireachd a's léirsinn a's tàbhachd.
 Ach maille claireachd, &c.

'S trom a' chuing-s' air ar muineal,
 Air ar lònadh le mulad,
 Tha sinn sgith 's cha 'n ann ullamh a ta sinn,
 Tha siun sgith, &c.

Siuu ri iargainn nan curaidd
 Nach rohh 'n iasad ach diomhuan,
 Gun fhear liath a hhi uil' air an: làraich.
 Gun fhear liath, &c.

Daoine mòr-chuiseach measail,
 Daoiue còrr ann an iochd iad,
 Daoine cròdha gu hristeadh air nàmhaid.
 Daoine cròdha, &c.

Ann an àine dà fhichead
 Gur diòchail ar hriseadh,
 Chuir e dùbhailt a nis oirn e làthair !
 Chuir e dùbhailt, &c.

Chail sin cùignear nò seisir
 Do na connspuin hu treise,
 Nach rohh heò ann am Breatanu an àicheadh.
 Nach robh heb, &c.

Ann an uaisle 's 'an urram,
 Annas gach deagh hhuaidh bh'air duine ;
 Ann an cruadal gu huining huaidh-làrach.
 Ann an cruadal, &c.

'S hochd an ruaisg' oirn an còmhnuidh,
 Dh-fhàg ar gualainn 'nan ònar,
 Bhi sguahadh ar n-òigrídh gun dàil uainn.
 Bhi sguahadh ar n-òigrídh, &c.

Thàinig meaghoil gu hròu duinn,
 Thàinig aighear gu dòrainn,
 Chaill sinn amharc a's solas ar sgàthain.
 Chaill sinn amharc, &c.

Bàs ar n-uachdarain priseil,
 Sgeul a's cruайдhe ri chluinnntinn ;
 Fhuair luchd fuath' agus mì-ruin an àilleas.
 Fhuair luchd fuatha, &c.

Gur h-e 'm fuaradh-s' an uiridh
 Chuir ar gluasad 'an trumad,
 So 'n ruraig tha 'gar n-iomain gu anurath.
 So 'n ruraig tha gar n-iomain, &c.

Bhi fo phuthar an sgeoil ud
 Gach aon latha ri'r heo-shlaint,
 Air hheag aighear, no sòlais, no skinte.
 Air hheag aighear, &c.

Fhuair sinn naigheachd ar leatrom,
 Fhuair sinn naigheachd na creiche,
 Sin an naigheachd thug leagadh d'ar n-ardan.
 Sin an naigheachd, &c.

'S trom an galar 's is diubhail
 Mòran uallaich ri ghiùlan,
 Rinn ar n-anail a mhuchadh 's ar dàna.
 Rinn ar n-anail, &c.

Nis on 's dileachdan bochd mi,
Oighre dìreach air Oisian,
Bha 'g innseadh chruaidh fhortain do Phàdruiig.
Bha 'g innseadh chruaidh, &c.

Mi 'g innseadh cruas m'fhortain,
Mar a dh-inntrig e 'n toiseach ;
Cha'n 'eil brigh dhomh, no toirt bhi 'ga aireamh.
Cha'n 'eil brigh, &c.

Ach an sgrìob tbug a' chreach oirn,
Dh-fhlàg a chaoidh' sinn 'gu h-acain,
So i 'n dile chuir brat air na thàinig.
So i 'n dile chuir, &c.

Dh-fhalhh ar ceannard òg maiseach,
Bha gun àrdan, gun ghaiseadh,
Muir a thàinig gu grad a thug bhàrc oirn.
Muir a thàinig gu grad, &c.

Chuir ar leahaidh san droigheann,
'S gun ar cadal thar faighinn,
Ar sùil frasach o'n naigheachd a thàinig.
Ar sùil frasach, &c.

O nach dùil ri Sir Seumas,
'S beag ar rùn 'an gàir eibhinn,
Bi'dh sinn túrsach 'na dhéidh gu 's a bàs duinn.
Bithidh sinn túrsach, &c.

Chaill sinn duilleach ar géige,
Gràinne mullaich ar déise,
So an turus chuir éis air ar n-armuinn.
So an turus chuir, &c.

'S eudar fuireach ri sìochainnt,
O nach urrainn air strì sinn,
Ach bhi fulang gu 'n stricadh sinn d'ar nàmhaid.
Ach bhi fulang, &c.

Ma thig oirn fairneart no hagrath,
Sinn gun dòigh air am bacadh ;
Tha sinn leointe 'nar pearsa 's 'n-ar càileachd.
Tba sinn leointe, &c.

O'n là thainig am hriseadh,
A thug tearnad 'nar meas duinn,
Ar Ceann-tànach 's ar misneach g'ar fàgail.
Ar Ceann-tànach, &c.

Dh-fhag e sinne bochd túrsach,
Ann an ionad ar cùrraidh,
Gun e philleadh g'a dhùchannan sàbhailt.
Gun e philleadh, &c.

Thug e sgrìob air n-uaislean,
Chaoiadh' cha dirich an tuath e,
Tha sinn mi-gheanach truagh air hheag stàthà.
Tha sinn mi-gheanach, &c.

Sian mar chaoirich gun bhuachaill,
'N déis an t-aoghair thoirt uatha,
Air ar sgaoileadh le ruaig 'Ille-mhàrtuinn.
Air ar sgaoileadh, &c.

Ar toil-inntinn 's ar sòlas,
Craobh a dhìdeann ar còrach,
Ann an cathair na Ròimh' air a chàradh.
Ann an cathair, &c.

Thu bhi 'n cathair na Ròimh,
'S goirt ri innseadh na sgeoil sin !
'Dhé ! cha dirich Clann-Dòmhnuill ni 's airde.
'Dhé ! cha dirich, &c.

O'n là sgathadh ar n-bgan,
A' chraobh hu fhàlthaile còmhach,
Gun a h-abhall air dòigh dhuinn a tharail.
Gun a h-abhall, &c.

Mòr an sgeul san Roinn-Eòrp e,
Mòr a bheud do rìgh Seòrsa,
Mòr an éis air do sheòrsa gu bràth e !
Mòr an éis air do sheòrsa, &c.

Cha do dhùineadh an còta,
'S cha do ghiùlan na brògan,
Neach an cunntadh iad còladh do phàirtean.
Neach an cunntadh, &c.

Ann an gliocas, 's 'an èolas,
Ann an tuisge 's am mórchuis,
Is na gibteanan mòr a bha fàs riut.
Is na gibteanan, &c.

Tha sinn deurach, hochd, túrsach,
Gun ghair eibhinn, gun dùil ris,
Mar an Fheinn agus Fionn air am fàgail.
Mar an Fheinn, &c.

Sinn gun Oscar, gun Diarmad,
Gun Gholl osgarra fialaidh,
Gach craobh thoisich air triall uainn gu Pàrrais.
Gach craobh thoisich, &c.

Cinn nam biuidheannan calma
Leis an d'ùmhlaicheadh Alba,
'S iomadh ùghdar thug seanchas mar hha sin.
'S iomadh ùghdar, &c.

'S hochd a chrìochnaich ar n-aimsir,
Mar Mhaol-ciaran gun Fhearchair,
Sinn ag iargainn na dh-fhalhh uainn 's nach tainig
Sinn ag iargainn, &c.

'Se ni 's cosmhul ri sheanchas,
Lion sinn copan na h-aingeachd,
Gus 'na hhroisnach sinn fearg an Tì 's àirde.
Gus 'na bhrosnach, &c.

Se'n Ti phrisel thug uainn e
 Chum na rioghachd is huaine ;
 O Chriosda, cum suas duinn na bràithrean.
 O Chriosda, cum suas, &c.

Note.—The poet laments the untimely death of five or six of the McDonalds of Slatie. 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 FONN.—“ *Oran a ghunna da' b' ainm an spàinteach.* ”

TAPADH leat, a Dho'ill 'Ic-Fhionnlaidh,
 Dhùisg thu mi le pàirt de d' chomhradh.
 Air hheagan eilais san dùthaich,
 Tha cunnatas gur gille còir thu.
 Chuir thu do chomaine romhad,
 'S fearde do ghnothach an còmhnuidh
 'S cinnteach gar a leat ar hàidse :
 'S leat ar cairdeas 'm fad a's heb thu.

Mhol thu ar daoine 's ar fearann,
 Ar mnaitean haile, 's hu choir dhut.
 Cha d'rinu thu di-chuibhn' no mearachd ;
 Mhol thu gach sean is gach bg dhiuhh.
 Mhol thu 'n uaislean, mholtu 'n islean.
 Dh-fhag thu shios air an aon òigh iad.
 Na hheil de 'n ealain ri chluinntinn,
 Cha chionn dicheil a dh-fhag sgòd oirr'.

Teannadh ri moladh ar daoine,
 Cha robh e saoirbheach air aon òigh ;
 An gleus, 'an gaisge 's 'an teòmachd,
 Air aon aobhar thig 'nan còdhail
 Nochadh ri euannan ri gradan
 Cha robh gaiseadh anns a' phòr ud,
 Cliù a's pailteas, mais' a's tòbhachd ;
 Ciod e 'n càs nach faight' air chòir iad ?

Cha hu mhìst' thu mise laimh riut,
 'An am a bhi 'gaireamh nan connspeunnin,
 Gu inns' am maise 's an uaisle,
 An gaisge 's an crudal 'n am toghail.
 B'iad sud na fir a hba fearail
 'Philleadh an-seasgair 'an tòbreachd,
 'S a dh'fhagadh salach an arach
 Nam fanadh an nàmhaid ri 'n cùmhrag.

Ach nam faiceadh tu na fir ud
 Ri uchd teine 's iad 'an òrdugh,
 Coslas fiadhaich a dol sios orr',
 Falbh gu dian air bheagan stòldachd ;

Claidheamh ruisgt 'an laimh gach aon fir,
 Fearg 'nan aodann 's faobhar gleois orr',
 Iad cho nimheil ris an iolair.
 'S iad cho frioghaill ris na leòghainn.

Cha mhòr a thionnal nan daoin' ud
 Bha ri fhaoitainu san Roinn Eòrpá.
 Bha iad fearrail 'an am caonnaig,
 Gu fuileach, faoharrach, stròdiceach.
 Nam faigheadh tu iad 'an gliocas
 Mar bha 'm misneach a's am inòrchuis,
 C' ait 'am feudadh tu aireamh,
 Aon chinne' b'fhearr na Clann-Dòmhnuill.

Bha iad treubhach, fearail, foimnidh,
 Gu neo-lomara mu 'n stòras.
 Bha iad cunhalach 'nan gealladh,
 Gun sheall, gun charachd, gun ròidean.
 Ge de dh-iarrta nuas an sinnisir,
 O mhullach an cinn gu'm hrògan,
 'N donas cron a hha ri inns' orr',
 Ach an rìoghalachd mar sheòrsa.

Ach ma mhol thu ar daoin' uaisle,
 C'uim nach de luaidh thu Mac-Dòmhnuill ?
 Aon Mhac Dhé bhi air 'na bhuachaill'
 G'a ghleidheadh huan duinn 'na hòbh-shlainte !
 On 's curaidd a choisneas huaidh e,
 Leanas ri dhualchas 'an còmhnuidh,
 Nach deachaidh neach riamh 'na thuasaid
 Rinn dad huannachd air an comb-stri.

C'ait an dh-fhag thu Mac 'Ic-Allein
 'Nuair a thionaileadh e mhòr-shluagh,
 Na fir chrodhà hu mhòr alla,
 Ri linn Alasdair 's Mhontròis ?
 'S maig a dhùisgeadh ruinn bhur n-aisith
 No thionndadh taobh ascaoin bhur cleo'ca,
 Ge h'e sùil a bhiodh 'gan amharc
 Cromadh sios gu abhainn Lòchaidh.

Ach ma chaidh tu 'nan sealhhaidh,
 C'uim nach de sheanchais thu air chòir iad,
 Teaghlaich uasal Ghlinne-garadh
 'S nam fùrainn o gheannaibh Chnoideart.
 'S iomadh curaidd laidir uaimhreach
 Sheasach cruaidh 's a hluaileadh stròicean,
 O cheann Loch-Uthairn nam fuar-beann
 Gu hun na Stuaidhe am Mòr-thir.

An dh-fhag thu teaghlaich na Ceapaich
 'S mòr a' chreach nach 'eill iad còmhslan,
 Dh-éireadh leinn suas 'an aisith
 Le 'm pioh 's le 'm hraataichean sròile.
 Mac Iain a Gleanna-Cothan,
 Fir chothanta 'n am na comb-stri,
 Daoine foimnidh, fearail, fearradha
 Rùsgadh arm a's fearg na'n srònan ?

Dh-fhag thu Mac Dhùghail a Lathurn,
(Bu mhuirneach gahail a chòmhlaín,)
Cuide ri naisleán Chinntrí,
O'u Roinn llich's mhaol na h-Odha.
Dh-fhag thu Iarl Antrum á Eirinn
Rinn an t-euchd am hlár na Bòine.
'Nuair a dhilùthraigheadh iad ri chéile,
Co chunntadh féich air Clann-Dòmhnuill?

Alba, ge hu mhòr ri inns' e,
Roiu iad i o-thuinn gu mòintich.
Fhuair an còir o làimh Chlaunn-Dòmhnuill,
Fhuair iad a ris an Ròta;
'S ioma curraí mhòr hha intte
Cunnaitdh Antrum ge bu mhòr i.
Sgrios iad as an naimhdeau uile,
'S thuit Mac Ghuilhiun san tòireachd.

Bhuinig iad haile's leth Alha;
'S e 'n claidheamh a shealhainch coir dhaibh.
Bhuiuig iad laetha chath Gairhheach,
Rinn an argumaid a chòmhach.
Air bheagan cùnaidh gu trioblaid
Thug iad am bristeadh a mòran,
Mac'Ill-Iain ann le chuideachd,
'S Lachann cutach Mac-an-Tòisich.

Nan tigeadh feum air Sir Seumas,
Guu éireadh iad uile còmhlaín
O roinn Ghall-thaobh gu roinnt lle,
Gach fear thug a shinnisr coir dhaihh.
Thigeadh Mac-Choinnich á Brathainn,
Mac-Aoidh Strath-Nàhhair's diùc Gordon,
Thigeadh Barraich, 's thigeadh Bànach,
Rothaich a's Sàilich a's Ròsaich.

Ar luchd dàimh's ar cairdeau dileas
Dh-eiridh leinne a sios 'an comh-stri.
Thigeadh uaisleán Chloinne-Lean
Mu'n cuairt cho daingheann ri d' chòta,
Iad fo ghrúaim 'an uair a' chatha
Cruaidh 'nan lamhan sgathadh feòla,
Tarruinn spàinteach làdir liobhar
Sgoilteadh direach cinn gu hrògan.

Bhuidheann fhuilteach, glan nan geur-lann,
Thigeadh reiseamid nan Leòdach,
Thigeadh reiseamid nan Niallach
Le loingheas lionmhor's le seòltaibh,
Foirbeisich's Frisealaich dh-éireadh,
'S thigeadh Clann-Reuhhair 'an òrdugh.
'Nuair a dhùisgeadh fir na h-Iubhraich,
Co thigeadh air tùs ach Tòmas!!

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, Lochfyne side; another near Inverness. According to popular belief, Thomas the Rhymer was captain of the fairy troops.

ORAN DO'N TEASAICH.

AIR FONN—"Daibhidh gròsgach crom ciar."

'S mise chaill air geall na carachd,
Bha eadar mi-féin sa chailleach,
Gu'n tug i dhiom brigh mo hhaar,
Cul mo chinn a chuir ri talamh.
M' fhuil a's m' fheoil thug i dhiom,
Chuir i crònan am chliabh,
Be'n droch codhail domh 'bhiasd,
Gu rohh tòireachd ga diol.

Chuir i hoil am cheann is hu mhòr i,
Faicinn dhaoinne marbh a's heodha,
Coltas Hector mor na Tròidhe,
S nan gaisgeach hha 'm feachd na Ròimhe.
Cailleach dhuathsach, chrom, chiar,
Bha làn tuaiseis a's hhriag,
Chuir mi'm hruailean 's gach iall,
'S chuir i 'm fuadach mo chiall.

'S hochd a fhuair mi hhuat am foghar,
'S mi gun luagh air huain no ceanghal,
Mo cheann iosa a's mi am laidhe,
Bruite tinn a's sgios am chaimhean.
Bha mo chaimhean cho sgith,
'S ged do sgathadh iad dhiom,
Gu'n robh am padhadh gam chlaoidh,
'S gun tràighinn abhainn le mhiad.

'S hochd an t-àite leap' am fiahhrs,
Dh-fhagas daoine fada, riabach,
Glaigach lag la fada 'n iargainu,
Gann de dh' fhalt a's paitl de dh' fhiasaig
Paitl de dh' fhiasaig gu'n tlachd,
Chuir am bial air droch dhreach,
Deoch no hiadh theid a steach,
A dha thriall intte stad.

Do chota fàs is e gun lianadh,
T-ösan roeach air dhroch fhiaradh,
Caol do choise nochdaidh pliathach,
Ionan cho fad ri cat fiadhaich.

Casan pliathadh gun sùgh,
Fo'n da shleasaid gu'n lugh,
Gur paitl liagh dhaibh no lunn,
Cha bhean fier dhaibh nach lùb.

Bidh do mhuineal fada, feathach,
'S taisniuean mar chabar cleihhe,
Easgadair glagach gun spérid,
Gluinean ri tachas a chéile.

Gluinean geura gun neart,
'S iad cho ciar ris a chairt,
Thu cho creuhhi ri cat,
B' feàrr an t-eug gad sgath as.

A bhonaid da uiread sa b'abbhaist,
Air nachdar currachd nach àluinn ;
Cluasan gu'n uireasbhaidh fasa,
Ceann cbo lòm ri crì na dearnaith.
Cha be 'n còmanach caomh,
Dh-fhag cho lom mi 's cho maoil,
Riun mo chom mar phreas caoil,
Mar mhac-samhla do'n aog.

Bidh tu coltach ri fear misge,
Gun dad blì gun aon mhír ithe,
Chionn nach bi lùghs na d' dha iosgaid,
Bidh tu null sa nall mar chlisnich.
Bi'dh tu d' shiacaire lag,
'S ceann do shithe gun neart,
Ann ad ghniomh cha bhi tlachd,
Na d' chus 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 easlain' ;
Tha 'n crì 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' cogadb, 's a' strì,
Cha 'n fhaigh siun a chaoidh
Bhi reidh ris ;
On is treis' e na sinn,
Théid leis-an ar claoiadh,
'S cha teasaig aon ni
Fo 'n ghréin sinn !

'S cuis thùrsa gu dearbh
Bhi 'g ionndrain mar dh-fhalbh,
Ar cruitheachd, ar dealbh
'S ar 'n eugasg,
Ar spionnadhbh, 's ar neart,
Ar cumadh, 's ar dreach,
Ar cur an ann gleachd,
A's streupa ;
Mar a sgaoileas an cèd
Air aodainn an fheoir,
'S a chaochailleas neoill
'S na 'n speuran,
Tha 'n aois a' teachd oirn
Cumhach, caointeach, làrn bròin,
'S neo-shocrach ri leòn
An té ud.

Aois chasadach gharbh,
Cheann-trom, chadalach, bhalbh,
Ann an ion 's a bhi marbh
Gu'n speirid ;
Cha ghluais thu ach mäll,
Agus cuail' ann do laimh,
Dol mu'n cuairt air gach allt,
A's féithe ;
Cha chuir thu gu bràth,
'S cha chumhaidh dhut e,
Geall ruithe, no snamh,
No leuma,
Ach fiabhras, a's cradh
Ga t-iarraidh gu bàs,
Ni's liomhain' na plàigh
Na h-Eiphit.

Aois chianail ro bhochd,
Ri caoidh na rug ort,
Neo brighceil gun toirt,
Gun spéis thu ;
Do luchd comuinn, a's gaoil
Fo chomhair an aoig,
Gun chomas a h-aon
Diu eirigh ;
Dli-fhalbh t-earnais, 's do chuid,
Dh-fhalbh slainte do chuirp,
Thig ort faillinne tuigs',
A's reassain,
Thig di-chuimhne, thig bá'chd,
Thig diomhainas dha,
Thig mi-loinn do chairdeau
Féin ort.

Aois òghar gun bhrigh
Ga t-fhògar gun cill,
Dh-shagas bòdhaig a chinn
Ro éitidb,
Aois bhòdhar nach cluinn,
Gun toighe, gun suim ;
Gun chàr foghainteach strì,
No streupa,
Aois acaideach thinn
Gun taice, gun chli,
Gun ghaisge, gun spìd,
Gun speirid,
Lan airtneal, a's cràidh
Gun aidmheil bhi slànn,
Gun neach dhà'm beil càs
Dheth t-éigin.

Aois ghreannach bhochd thruagh,
'S measa sealladh, a's tuar,
Maoil, sgallach, gun ghruaig,
Gun déudaich,
Roc aodainneach, chruaidh,
Phreasach, chraigneach, lom, fhuar,
Chrùbach, chrotach,
Gun ghluasad céuma ;

Aois lobhar nan spòc
 Bheir na subhailean dhinn,
 Co san domhainn le'm binn
 Do shéis-sa ?
 Aois ghliogach gun chil,
 'S tu 's miosc na 'm hás,
 'S tu 's tric a rinn tráill
 De 'n treun-fhear.

Aois chiar-duhh a bhròin,
 Gun riomhachd, gun spòrs,
 Gun toil inntinn ri ceol
 Do éisdeachd ;
 Rob fhasagach għlas,
 Air dhroch sheasamh chàs,
 Leasg, sheotail, neo-ghrad
 Gu eirigh ;
 Cha'n fhuilig thu 'm fuachd,
 'S olc an ùrr' thu 'n càs cruaidh
 'Se do mhuinghinn an tuath,
 'S an déirce ;
 Cha'n eil neach ort an tòir,
 Nach e aidmheil am beoil
 Gur fada leo heò
 Gun fheum thu.

Aois uain' a's olc dreach,
 Orm is suarach do theachd,
 Cha'n eil tuaraisgeul ceart
 Fo 'n ghréin ort,
 Gun mhire, gun mhùirn,
 Gun spiorad, gun sùth ;
 Far an cruinnich luchd-ciùil
 Cha téid thu,

Aois chairtidh 's olc greann,
 Aois acaideach mhall,
 Aois phrab-shuileach dhall
 Gun leirsin,

Chas fhéargach gun sùth,
 Lan farmaid, as thù,
 Ri fear meanmach, beo,
 Lùghmhòr, gleusda.

Faire ! faire ! dhuin' big,
 Cia do hharantas mòr,
 'Ne do hharail bhi beò
 'S nach éug thu?
 Tha'n saoghal, 's an fheoil,
 Fior aontach gu leoir,
 Air do chlaonadh o chòir
 Gu h-eacoir,
 Co fad 'sa tha 'n dàil
 Thig ort teachdair o'n hhàis,
 Na creid idir gur faisneachd
 Bhreig e ;
 Biodh do gheard ort gle chruaidh,
 'S tha do namhaid mu'n cuairt ;
 Cha taigh crähaidh
 An uaigh dha'n téid thu.

Ach fàrdach gun tuar
 Bħreun, dhaolagach, fhuar
 Annan carach iad suas
 Leat fén thu ;
 Co mor 's tha e d' hheachd,
 Dheth d' stòr cha téid leat,
 Ach bòrdain bheag shnaighe,
 A's léine,
 Ach 's e cùram as mò,
 Dol a dh-ionnsaigh a mhòid,
 Thoirt cunnatas an còir,
 'S an ea-coir,
 Far nach seasamh do ni
 Dhut dad dheth d' chuid feich,
 'S mo an t-eagal
 Bhi 'm priosan péine !

EACHUNN MAC-LEOID.

EACHUNN MAC-LEOID, or HECTOR M^CLEOD, 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.

Moch madainn shamhra' am mios fàs nam meas,
'Nuair bu ro aluinn leinn sgiamh gach luis,
Bha cuibhbrig, air dhreach criostail de'n dealt,
Na dhlu bhrat a' còmhach gach cnuic.

Sin àm anns, am molaich le duilleach gach craobh,
'S ro bhoideach gach tullach fo bhlà,
A's nuallanach gach uile spréidh,
A' geimních ri chéil' iad fein, 's an cuid àil.

An ceann leath dara mios an t-samhraidh,
'Nuair a's grianaich gach aon ardan,
'S gach fiadhair gu mion-bhreac, boidheach,
Le meilbheig, le noinean, 's le slànn-lus.

'Nuair bhios seillean le làn shòlas
Deilleanachd a measg nan dìthean,
Cop mealà mu ghob a chrònain,
A' deoghladh nan geugan mine.

'Nuair bhitheas gach àilean, 's gach doire,
Le blà uaine fo làn toraidh,
A's meanglain gach craoibh sa' choille
Cromadh fo throm nam meas millis.

Chualas co-sheirm binn, ceolmhor,
Beagan roimh eirigh na gréine,
Aig coltas coileich na smeòraich,
'S maighstir mac-talla 'g a bheusadh.

An sin a cbualadh mi'n cheileireachd binn,
Bu curaideich seinn, gu cuimir, 's gu luath,
Air feadan ga m'fhereagradh, gach seilan sa' bhein
Aun an eirigh na greine, sa' mhadaimh di-luain.

B'E sin an ceol caoin guu tuchan, gun sgread,
Guu eislean, na stad na chliabh, no na ghob,
Bu mhilse na binneas nau teud air fad,
'Nuair ghearradh e fead air deireadh gach puirt.

'S iad sin na puirt a bha binu, mion, bras,
Socrach ri'n seinn, gun ochan, gun cbnead,
Bu glan sgeimh eudaich an eoin, ge bu lag,
'San robh urrad de thlachd, na laidh air a uead.

B'annsa leam na fiodhall, a's pìob,
Bhi tamull dhe m'aimsir na m'shuidh na chòir,
On aig tha na puirt as fior chanaiche rann,
'S a's ealanta seinn guu aon bhuile meoir.

Bheirinn comhairle trà air gach nighin, 's muai,
Gach laidir, a's lag, gach beartach, a's bochd,
Iad a mholaadh oid-iunnsaich an eoin, gu beachd,
Le h-inntinn cheart, gu h-an-moch, 's gu moch.

MOLADH EAS MOR-THIR.

Eas Mhor-thir sòraidl le d' stoirm,
Bu mhorghalach, gleodhraich do thriall,
Bu bharra-gheal fluch dortadh nam bâr,
Bha toirleum le braideh do chléibh.

Na maoth-linntean tha bàlbh, mall,
Far nach bith saobh-shruth a' leum,
'S gile 'n cop ri 'n taobh tha tàmh
Na caineichean àluinn an t-shléibh.

'S a choille tha timcheall do bhruach,
Bu cheolmhor ceileireachd ian,
Gu lurach air bharraibh nan geug,
'N am do ghein togail o nial.

As t-Samhradh nar thigeadh am blàthas,
Bu chubhraigheachd nan ròs
A dh-phasad 's na fàsaichean fraoich,
Tha 'n taobh-s' d'an eas mheadhrach mhòr.

'San fhobar anns a choill sin Crois,
Nam biadh tu coiseachd na measg,
Chitheadh tu croit air gach gás,
A lubadh fo chudrom a meas.

Bu nuallanach, binn-gbuthach spréidh,
Geimhich, iad fhein 's an cuid àil,
Mu innis mhullaich an tùir,
Far am bitb 'n t-sobhracb a' fàs.

'Nuair thigeadh am buachaill a mach,
'S a ghabhdh e mu chul a chruidh,
Mu'n cuairt do Bhad-nan-clach-glas,
A bhuail' air 'm bu tric am bliochd.

Thigeadh banarach na spréidhe,
Ballag do nighinn chruinn àluinn,
Falt clannach, fionn-bhuiighe, dualach,
Mu'n cuairt da guaillean gu fàineach.

Shealladh i air feadh na spreidhe,
'S dh-eubhdh i "Buirgeag, a's Blàrag,
Niosag a's Donnag a's Guailionn,
Brinne 's an t-Agh-ruadh a's Càsag."

Shuigheadh i gu comhard cruinn,
'S cumann eadar a dà ghlùin,
'S ghabhdh i 'n t-òran gu bin :-
" Thoir am bainne a bho dhonn."

'Nuair thigeadh an spréidh a ris,
Db' Acha-Uladail air fhodar,
B' òranach, ceolar, clann lain,
Nan suidbeadh fo'n chrodh g'am bleodhan.

Bu bhinne na cuachan an fhàsaich,
Nuallan nan gruagaichean boidheach,
Ann', a's Catriona a's Mairi,
Fionnaghal a's Beathag a's Seònaid.

Lionadh iad gach uile shioiteach,
'S cha b' eagal gu'n traghadh an dì,
Ged thigeadh an sluagh san radhad,
Gheibheadh iad linntean na dibh ;

Gu slamanach, finne-mbeogach, ònach,
Mulchagach, miosganach, blàthach,
Muigheach, miosrach, miodrach, cuachach,
Gruthach, uachdrach, sligeach, spaineach.

Bu ruideasach gàmhnan agus laoigh,
Bu mhigeadach mein a's uain,
B' aigiointach fiadh agus earb,
A' direadh 's tearnadh nan cruach.

B' ebhinn an sealladh o'n tràigh
Loinggeas a' snàmh troimh na caoil ;
Turadh, a's teas anns gach aird,
'S an fhàirge na clàr comb-reidh caoin.

'Nuair stadaimid aig a baile
An deighe bbi sgith 's a mhlonadh,
Bhiodh duil againn ri làn glaume
A searrag Mairi Nic-Cholla.

MOLADH COILLE CHROIS.

M'IONMHUINN, m'annsachd, 's mo thlachd,
Ga'n tug mi tort;
Cha'n aicheadhain do'n chléir nach deanain stad,
Sa' choill sin Crois.
'S binn cruit cheolmhor, a's clàrsach cheart,
'S plob le cùid dös;
Ach 's binne na h-eoin a' seinn mu'n seach,
Sa' choill sin Crois.
Dh-aon innleachd d'an d' fhuaradh amach,
Gu'r dion o'n olc,
B'fhearr dubhar nan craobh le smuaintean ceart,
Sa' choill sin Crois.
Ged'bhi'db tu gun 'radharc sùl gun lugh do chos,
A d' dheoire bochd;
Na'm bu mhath leat do shlainnte philleadh airais,
Rug coille Chrois.
Aig àilleachd a lùis a's misleachd a meas,
'S aig feabhas a bläis;
Cha'n iarradh tu sholas nam biodh tu glic,
Ach coille Chrois.
Am bel ceol-cluaise san t-saogal-sa bhos,
Cbo binn 's cho brás?
Ri sior-bhorcadh stóir mil an eas,
Ri taohh coill' Chrois.
Tearnadh a bhuiinne le creag,
Gun uireasbuidh neart;
Nach traobh, 's nach tràigh, 's nach fas beag,
Nach reòdh 's nach stad.
Is lionmhор bradan tarra-gheal, druim-bbreac,
A leumas ris;
Cho luath 's a tharas iad as,
A comh-ruith bho'n Eas.

A N T A I S B E A N.

Moch madainn Chéitein ri ceò,
'N am do'n ghréin togail bho neoil,
Chunna' mi sealladh sa' bheinn,
'S eibhinn ri eisdeachd mo sgeoil'.

Bha dearsa le teas a' cur smùid
A bruachanan molach fraoich,
'S hha dealradh na n gathanan blàth
Cur sgeimh air cuirnean nam braon.

Bha dealt a' drùichdadh gu grinn,
'N am sgàpadh do dhulachd an cheò,
Na paidirean air an fhear,
Mar leugan fo sgéimh an òir.

Bha màghanan milteach feoir,
Bu mheilbhéagach', dhitheanach' blà,
Air gach taobh dhe'n uisge chruaidh,
Bu luath mu thuath a ruith bàlh.

Bha neonain, a's sòbhrach gu dlù,
Creamh, agus biolair a' fàs,
Air àileanaibh aimh-reidh, 's air làin,
Far 'm bu lionmboire ròs geal, a's dearg.

Bu cheolmhor, ceileireach, eoin
Air ghriananan eireachdail ard',
A' freagrachd a chéile gu grinn,
Cha'n fhaighe 'n cuirt rìgh ni b'fhearr.

Chunna' mi 'u uaigneas leis fein,
Ag eisdeachd ri torghan nan eun,
Air leam, de'n chruthachd bheò,
An aon duin' òg a b'ällidh sgeimh.

O nach robb de dh-fhearaibh chaicb,
Ach e-san, a's mi-féin sa' gleann,
Smuaintich mi gu'n gahhaiun sgeul,
Co e na'm faighinn deth cainnt.

Thainig e gu tosdach, mall,
Gu foighidneach, foistineach, ciuin;
Labhair e fosgara, reidh,
"A ghabhail sgéil a thainig thu."

Mu's math leat naigheacbd a thoirt uam
Gu maithean Alba gu leir,
Amhairs gu geur fada hhuat,
'S chì thu na sluaigh na'n làn fheirg.

Chunna' mi'u fhairge mar choill'
Le crannaibh loingheis làn ard,
Le brataichean anasach, ùr,
Air leam gu'm b'ann as an Spainn.

Chunna' mi cabhlach ro mhor,
Gu gaireach gabail gu tir,
Bu luchdmor, làn athaiseach iad,
Suaicheantas Frangach na'n croinn.

Tbainig na sluaigh sin gu tir,
'S cha'b'uaigneach an gluasad o thràigh,
Bha lamhach nan canon, 's ain'uaim,
A' gluasad air chrith na'm beann àrd'.

Chualadh mi coileach 's e gairm,
'S e hualadh a sgiathan gu cruidh,
A's tburit an duine math sin riùm :—
"Cluinn coileach na h-Airde-tuath'."

Chunna' mi tighinn air thùs
Stiubhartaich, cinneadh an rìgh,
Na'm bòcanan gioraig san léirg,
'Dhearg an arm le fuil sau stri.

Thainig Ciann-Dòmhnuill na'n deigh,
Mar chonaibh confach gun bhiadh,
Na'm beathraighean guineach, geur,
An guailean a chéile gu gniomh.

B'aluinn, dealbhach, am breid sròil
Air a cheangal ri crann caol,
An robh caisteal, hradan, a's long,
Lamh dhearg, iolair a's croabh.

Bha fraoch os ceann sin gu h-ard'
Ceangailt' am harr a chrainn chaoil,
Bba sin ann, a's leoghann dearg,
'S cha b'aite tearmuinn a chraos.

Thàirrneadh na sloigh air sliabh Fife,
An coinneamh ri cath a chur,
Fhuair iad brosnachadh fior mhear,
Thug eirigh le buirfe na'm fuli :—

" A Chlannaibh mìlidh mosgailibh,
Is somalta, cian 'ur cadal,
Teannaibh ri dioladh Chuilodair,
Dh-ät na fiachan so fada.
Toisichibh gu h-ardanach,
Gu hrsas, rioghaill, moralach,
Gu mear, leumnach, dearg-chneadhach,
Gu luath-lamhach, treun-bhuiileach.
Gu aigneach, innsginneach,
Gu an-athach, nàmhach,
Gu mion-chuimlineach, dioghaltach,
Gu gruamach, fiata, an-tròcaireach.
Gun tearmuinn, gun mhathanas,
Gun ath-thruas, gun bhuitgeachas,
Gun innidh, gun eagal,
Gun umhail, gun fhaicill.
Gun fhiamh, gun an-mhsineich,
Gun chùram, gun ghealtachd,
Gun taise, gun fhaiteachas,
Gun saidealtachd, gun umaghann.
Gun eiseamail, gun ùmhilachd,
Gun athadh do nàmhaid
Ach a gabhail romhaibh thoirt iubhair
A' cosnadh na cath-laraich."

Chunnaic mi air leath o chùch
Trì leoghainn a b'fhasuinne craois
Thug iad trì sgairtean cho ard'
'S gu'n sgain creagan aig mead an glaodh.

Bha leoghann diu sin air chreig għuirrm,
Dha'm b'ainm Iain Muideartach òg,
O'n Chaisteal thiream, 's o Bhòrgħ,
Desħlıoħd nau Collaidd bu bħorb colg.

Thog sean leoghann luath a cheann,
'S a chas riogħail an Duntuilm,
Dha'm bu shean eireachdas riamh,
Buaidh nan sliabb an cas a chrùinn,

Thainig an treas leoghann diu
O'n choill, 's o għaraidh nam bārc,
A's dh-ordaiċiħ iad pairt dhe'n cuiđ sluaigh
Dħol a thioläiceadħ nam marbh.

Labhairt.—San an sin a tbagh iad oifigħich an-diadhaidh, an-trocireach, an-aobhach, an-athach, an-ioċdmhor. Agus thagh iad cuid-eachd de bħorb, bħrothach, bbdach, dha'm b'airm chosanta spaidean, agus sluasaidean, gu tiolacdh nam marbh, agus gu glanadħ na h-ħraja. Aongħas amħarrar à Eigneag—Calum croṣda à Gruliu—Eogħann Iargħalta à Crissa-bhaig—Dugħall Ballach à Gallabaidi—Niall Eangħarrar à Raimisgearaidh—agus Domhnull Durrha à Gearas.

Chunna' mì Gleann soileir uam,
An robh eireachdas thař għaq ġlinn,
B'airde cheileirich, cheolmhoir fuaim,
Glaodhaich nau cuach os a chinn.

Theid fargħad feadħ Bħreatuinn gu léir ;
Eirigh gu feachd fir gu leir,
Chi sibb na Għeilo a' triall
Le riogħhalach mar bu cōr.

Note.—The poet was a stanch 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;

Ola,

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 Thòmais*,”—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.

* * We omit the poem in praise of Lochiel, as inferior to the bard's humorous pieces. It is in “Stewart's Collection,” page 103.

MARBHRANN DO DH' IAIN RUADH PIOBAIR.

FHUAIR mi sgeula bho'n ghobha,
Cba'n aobhar meoghail, ach gruaim,
E-fein fo mbi-ghean, 's fo thrioblaid,
Ri iarunn cist' do db' Iain Ruadh.*
Saoir a' locaradib, 'sa' sàbhadb,
'S a chulaidb bhàis 'ga cuir suas,
Sambach cadal na corra,
Cha chluinnear tuilleadb a fuaim.

Chaidh na maidean á òrdugh,
Cha'n aithne dhomh-s an cuir suas,
Tha'n gaotbair air stòpadh,
Tha'n dà dbös na'n trom-shuain.

* John McQuithen, a piper in South Uist. He was a great companion and favourite of the bard. This elegy was composed while the piper was living.

Chaill an seannsair a chlaisteachd,
Tha'n gleus air a ghrad leigeadh suas,
O'n tric a thainig ceòl taitneach,
Ragba caismeachd mo chluais.

Ceol bu bhlasd' a's bu bbinne,
'Dhùsgadh spiorad do'n t-sluagh,
Ceol bu tartaraicb' siubbal,
Tbionndadb tioma gu cruas:
Ceol mar smèòrach a ghlinne,
Ceol a's binne na cuach;
Meoir gun bhraise, gun ghiorradh,
Dian ruitb-leumnaeb, luath.

Bu sgolta sealleadh do sheannsair,
Air port, 's air crunn-luath, 's air cuairt,
Pronnadh cnaparra, lùghmhor,
Caismeachd shunutach 'san ruraig;

Dheanadh gaisgeach de'n sgliùraich,
Chuireadh diùn-laoch na luaths,
Claidhean glasa 'gan rùsgadh,
Claigean brùit' aig luchd fuath.

'S iomadh aon tha ga' iundrain,
O'n chaidh üir ort san uaigh ;—
An toiseach labhair an spìucain,
Bhiodh tu giùlan gach uair.
" Tha mi fèin gun tombaca,
Cha b'e cleachadh a fhuaire,
'S tric chuir Iain fo m'aïse,
Greim, a's cairteal, a's cuach."

Thuirt a ghloin' a bha'n Asdain,
" Mo sgeul craiteach, ro chruaidh !
Dh-fhalbh mo shùgradh, 's mo mhàran,
Thug am bàs leis Iain Ruadh ;
Fear a chluicheadh a chlarsach,
Dheanadh dàn, agus duan,
Cha b'e Caluinn a chràmpaighd
Fònn a b'fhearr leis 'g a luaidh."

Thuirt am pigidh bha lamh ris,—
" Faigh an t-árca gu luath,
Cuir am chlaigeann-sa spàirt e,
Tha tart 's gach àite mu'n cuairt.
Thainig con-tràigh na plighe,
Tha nithe gnàthaithe bhuainn,
Cha bhi reothart gu bràth ann,
'S ann a thràigheas an cuan."

Thuirt am huideal, 's am botal,
Thuirt an gòc ris an stòp,
Thuirt an copan, 's an t-slige ;
" S mor an sgrios thair tigh'n oirn.
Tha gach sruth air a dhùnadh,
Bha cuir a dh-ionnsaibh nan lòn,
Cha'n fhaighear drap air an ùrlar,
A fhliuchas brù Dhòmhnuill big."

O'n dh-fhalbh an còmpanach sàr-mhath,
Dh-fhalbh an ràbbart, 's an spòrs,
Dh-fhalbh beannachd na cloinne,
'S e sheinneadh an cèòl.
Nis o rinneadh do chàradh
'N ciste chlàraich nam bòrd,
'S mor as mist iad am Phàro,
Gun fhearr do ghnàis a bhi bed.

Dh-fhalbh an deagh ghille cuideachd,
Nach robh sgrubail san òsd' ;
Dh-fhalbh fear tràghadh nan searrag,
Chosgadh barrachd thar stòp.
Dh-fhalbh fear deanadh nan duanag
Leis an luaichte gach clò,
Cha h'e ghnàis a bhi gearan,
Ge h-ioma glain' thug dha pòg.

'S beag mo shunnt ri lath féille,
'S beag mo speis dheth gach ceòl,
'S beag mo thlachd dhe bhi 'g eisteachd,
Gaoi theud shir nan cròc.
Leam a b'annisa do bhruidhean,
'N àm sudhe mu bhòrd,
Na droch dhreòchdan air fidhill.
Mar fhuaim smithe an lòn.

Bha thu d' dhamhsair air ùrlar,
Bha thu siubhlach air snàmh ;
Bha thu d' chairiche lùghmhor,
Cha hhiodh tu d' luireich fo cbàch.
Urram leum, agus ruithe,
Glac threun a ruitheadh an ràmh,
'San àm caitheadh na cloiche,
Bu leat an toiseach air cùch.

Thoir mo shoraidh-sa tharaish,
Dh-ionnsuigh 'n fhearrainn ud thall ;
O nach faod mi bhi mar ribh,
'S leibh mo bheannachd san àm.
Biodh an uaigh air a treachadh,
Ann am fasan nach gann ;
Buideal rùm aig a chasan,
'S rol tombac aig a cheann.

AISEIRIGH IAIN RUAIDH.

LUINNEAG.

*Hò-rò gu'm b'èibhinn leam,
'Chluaintinn gu'n do dh éirich thu,
'S ann leam a's ait an sgéula sin,
On chaidh an t-Eug cho teann ort.*

CHUALADH mi gu'n chailleadh thu,
'S gu'n do rinneadh t-fhalaire,
'S e cùis mu'n robh mi gearanach,
Do bhean a bhi na bantraich.

Ho-ro, &c.

Thug iad bho na h-òsdairean
Buideal gu tòrradh dhut,
Mu bheireas mi gun òl orra,
'S e ni sinn seòrsa bainnse.

Ho-ro, &c.

On tha giubhas sàbhte agad,
'S gu'n d'rinn an gobha thàirnean dut,
'S ann theannas sinn ri bàta,
Theid do Phàro dh-iaraidh Branndai,

Ho-ro, &c.

Cha bbi dad a dh'éis oirre,
Gheibh i gach ui dh'fhéumas i,
Ni'n lion aodach a main-seol d'i,
'S gu'n dean ua speiceau crann d'i.

Ho-ro, &c.

Cha'n easbhuidh nach bi ballaibh ann,
Gu cuplaichean, 's gu tarruinnean,
Tha ròpaichean gun ghainn' againn,
'S gu'n ceangail sinn gu tannad iad.

Ho-ro, &c.

Cha'n eil m'inntinn gearanach,
O'n ebur thu dhiot an galar ud,
'S ann tha do phòb na deannal,
A toirt caithream air eol damhsaidh.

Ho-ro, &c.

'Nuair bba thu ann san réiseamaid,
Bu sgairtail, tapaidh, treubhach, thu,
Na h-uile fear a leumeadh ort,
Ghreadadh tu gun taing e.

Ho-ro, &c.

'Nuair bha thu na t-èganach,
Bu lionmhor ait' am b'eòlach thu,
Chunna' mis' an clòsaeau,
Ag òl an Amsterdam thu !

Ho-ro, &c.

O R A N C N A I D E I L

DO 'N OLLA LEODACH.

LUINNEAG.

Thugaibh, thugaibh, bò / bò / bò /
An Doctar Leòdach's biodag air,
Faicill oirbh sun taobh sin thall
Nach toir e 'n ceann a thiota dhibh.

NUAIR bha thu a d'fleasgach òg,
Bu mhùrhuiseach le claidheamh thu,
Chaidh Ailean Muillear riut a chòmhraig,
'S leon e le bloidh speulan thu.

Thugaibh, &c.

Bha thu na do bhasbair còrr,
'S claidheamh-mòr an tarruinn ort,
An saighdear 's measa th'aig rìgh Deòrs',
Chòmhraigeadh e Alasdair.

Thugaibh, &c.

Gu' bhiodh sud ort air do thaobh,
Claidheamh caol sa ghlögartaich ;
Cha'n eil falcaig thig o'n tràigh,
Nach cuir thu oarr nan iteau d'i.

Thugaibh, &c.

Biodag 's an deach an gath-séirg
Air crios seilg an luidealaitch ;
Bha seachd oirlichl oirr' a mheirg,
Gur maing an rachadh bruideadh dh'i.

Thugaibh, &c.

A bhiodag 's mios' th' anns an tìr,
'S a beart-chinn air chrith oirre,
Chnámh a faobhar leis an t suith,
'S cha ghéarr i 'n fìn na dh' itheadh tu.

Thugaibh, &c.

Claidheamh, agus sgàbard dearg,
S cearbach sud air amadan,
'Ghearradh amhaichean nan sgarbh,
A dh-fhagadh marbh gun anail iad.

Thugaibh, &c.

Cha nè deoch bhainne, na mheig,
'S cinnteach mi rinn ucsa dhiot ;
Ach biadh bu dochá leat nan t-im,
Giobainean nan gùgachan.

Thugaibh, &c.

'S iomad farspag rinn thu mharbhadh,
A's sùlair garbh a rug thu air,
A bhlianna sin, mu 'n deach thu 'n arm,
Chuir uibhean sgarbh cioch-shlugain ort.

Thugaibh, &c.

'Nuair théid thu na chreig gu h-ard,
Cluinnear gàir nan iseanaan ;
'S mu thig am fulamair a'd' dhail,
Sathaidh tu do hhiodag ann.

Thugaibh, &c.

'Nuair a theid thu sa' Chreig-bhàin,
Cha mhòr do stà 'sna sgorrachan ;
Cha tig na h-eunlaidh a'd' dhàil,
Le fàileadh do chuid drogaichean.

Thugaibh, &c.

'Nuair a théid thu air an ròp,
A rìgh bu mhòr do cudthrom air ;
Mu thig an cipean a's a ghrund,
Cluinnear plumb 'nuair thuiteas tu.

Thugaibh, &c.

Bu tu theannaicheadh an t-sreang
Cha'n bhi i faim mur bris thu i,
Diréadh 's na h-iseanaan a d' sgéith,
Air leam gu'm feum thu cuideachadh.

Thugaibh, &c.

Cha mharbh thu urrad ri càch,
Ge leathan laidir mogur thu ;
'S t-àirm cha dian a bheag a stà,
Mur sgríobar clàr, na praise leo.

Thugaibh, &c.

Note.—Dr M'Leod, 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.

BANAINS 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 chòir oirre !*

THAINIG fear a staigh ga'm ghríobadh,
Dh-innse gu'n tainig am pigidh,
Fhuaras botul lionadh slige,

Bu bhinn glig a's crònan.

A bhanais, &c.

Thainig fear a nuas le mi-mhodh,
Gu e-féin a chuir an ire,
Thòisich e air bleith nan lìnean,
Gu mi-fluin a sgròbadh.

A bhanais, &c.

Ach labhair mise gu fiadhaich :—
"Mas e mi-stath tha thu 'g iarraidh,
Gur dòcha gu'n cuir mi'n fhiacail,
Air iochdar do sgòrnain !"

A bhanais, &c.

Smaointich mi eiridh 'n-am sheasamh,
On bu ghnà leam a bhì 'g eadradh,
Olc na dheigh gu'n d'rionn mi 'leagadh,
'S bhuail mi breab san tòin air.

A bhanais, &c.

'Nuair a chaidh na fir gu riasladh,
Gu'n robh ceathrar dhù sa ghriosach ;
Am fear bu laige bha e'n iochdar,
"S thusg iad mìrean beò as.

A bhanais, &c.

'Nuair a thoisich iad air buillean,
Cha robh mi-fhìn a' cur cuir dhiom,
Gus na mhùigh iad air mo mhuiinneal,
'S air duileasg mo shròine.

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 ithte bò mi.

A bhanais, &c.

Thug iad a mach thun nan raointean,
Mar gun reachadh cù ri caoichir,
'S am fear nach do sgròb iad aodann,
Bha aodach ga shròiceadh.

A bhanais, &c.

'Nuair thoisich iad air a chéile,
Stràdadh na fal' anns na speuran ;
Bha 'mis' an àite gan éisdeachd,
'S gun b' éibhinn an spòrs iad.

A bhanais, &c.

Bhuail iad air a chéile chnagadh,
Leig iad air a chéile shàdadh,
Shìn iad air aithris na braide,
'S air cagnadh nan òrdag.

A bhanais, &c.

Fear ri caoineadh, fear ri aighear,
Fear na sheasamh, fear na laidhe,
Fear a pògadh bean-an-taighe,
Fear a gabhail òrain !

A bhanais, &c.

Cha robh ann ach beagan dibhe,
Leig iad a dh-iunnsaigh an cridhe,
Bha fear a's fear aca ritist,
Gun bhruidhinn guu chòmhradh.

A bhanais, &c.

Sin 'nuair a labhair am fidhleir :—
"Chuir sibh mo phuirt feadh na fidhle ;
'S mis am fear gu'n tig an dilinn,
Nach toir sgrìobh air ceòl duibh."

A bhanais, &c.

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 he at last 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 reproved, 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 clergyman visited it at long intervals. The people, therefore, instead of assembling on 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, encountering 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 any thing 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, Macdonald and Macintyre, there have been only four editions.

Our author continued his useful and pious labours at Ranoch 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 Ranoch wished his remains to be hurried 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, jocular 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 honnet and a black dress, over which he generally wore a blue great-coat. After his death his widow removed to Ardoch, 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 heetle.

"*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' measg 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.

L A T H A' B H R E I T H E A N A I S.

Am feadh 'ta chuid is mo de'n t-saogh'l
 Gu'n ghaol do Chriosd, gu'n sgiom d'a reachd,
 Gu'n chreideamh ac' gu'n tig e rìs,
 'Thoirt breith na firinn air gach neach.

An cadal peacaidh 'ta'd nan suain,
 A' bruadar paitteas de gach mì :
 Gu'n umhail ac'n uair thig am bàs,
 Nach meal iad Pàrras o'n àrd Rìgh.

Le cumbachd t-fhacail Dhé tog suas,
 An sluagh chum aithreachais na thrà,
 Is beannaich an Dùn so do gach neach,
 Bheir seachad éisteachd dha le gràdh.

Mo smaintean talmhaidh Dhé tog suas,
 'S mo theanga fuasgail ann mo bheul ;
 A chum gu'n labhrainn mar bu chòir,
 Mu ghlór 's mu uamhunn latha Dhé.

Air meadhon oidhch' nuair bhios an saogh'l,
 Air aomadh tharais ann an smain ;
 Grad dhùisgear suas an cinne-daoin',
 Le glaodh na trompaid 's airde fuaim.

Air neul ro aird ni fhoillseach' fèin,
 Ard aingeal treun le trompaid mhoir ;
 Is gairmidh air an t-saogh'l gu léir,
 Iad a ghrad éiridh chum a mhòid :—

" O cluinnibhs uile chlann nan daoin,
 Nis thainig ceannu an t-saogh'l gu beachd ;
 Leumaibh 'nar beatha sibhs 'ta marbh,
 Oir nis gu dearbh 'ta los' air teachd."

Is seididh e le sgal cho 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 dhùn an t-seangan dol 'ua għluais,
 Grad bhrùchdaidh 'n uaigh a nios a mairbh.

'N sin cruinnichidh gas cas in lamh,
 Chaيدh chur san àraich fad o chéil ;
 'S bidh farum mor a measg nan cnàmh,
 Gach aon diu' dol 'na h-ite fein.

Mosglaidh na fireanaich an tùs,
 Is dùisgear iad gu leir o'n suain,
 An anamaibh turlingidh o għloir,
 Ga'n ċemmlachadh aig beul na h-uaigh.

Le eibhneas togaidh iad an ceann,
 'Ta àm am fuasglaidh orra dilù ;
 Is mar chraobh-mheas fo ionlan blàth,
 Tha dreach an Slànuifheir 'nan gnùis :

Tha obair Spiorad naomh nan gràs
 Air glanadh 'n nàduir o 'n taobh steach ;
 'S mar thrusgan glan 'ta ùmhlaichd Chriosd,
 Ga'n deanamh sgiamhach o'n taobh 'mach.

Dùisgear na h-aingidh suas 'n an déigh,
 Mar bhéisdibh gairisneach as an t-slochd ;
 'S o ifrinn thig an anama truagh ;
 Thoirt coinneamh uamhasach da'n corp.

'N sin labhraidh 'n t-anam bròuach truagh,
 R'a cholunn oilteil, uamhar, bhreun,
 " Mo chlaoidh ! ciod uim' an d'ēirich thu
 Thoirt peanas dùbailt oirn le chéil ?

" O ! 'n eigin dòmhsa dol arìs,
 Am prìosan neo-ghluau steach a'd' chré ?
 Mo thruaighe mi, gu'u d'aontaich riàmh,
 Le t-anamianna brùdeil fèin !

" O'in faigh mi dealach' riut gu bràth !
 No'n tig am bàs am feasd a'd' chòir !
 'N drùigh teine air do chnaimhean iarin !
 No dibh-fheirg Dhé an struidh i t-fheòil !"

Eiridh na rìghrean 'e daoine mòr,
 Gun smachd gun ḥrèd ann nan làimh ;
 'S cha'n aithn'ear iad a measg an t-sluaidh,
 O 'n duine thruagh bha ac' na thràill.

'S na daoine uaibhreach leis nach b' thiu,
Gu'n ùmhlaicbeadh iad féin do Dhia;
O faic anis fad air au glùn';
A' deanamh ùrnuaigh ris gach sliabh :—

" O chreagan tuitibh air ar ceann,
Le sgàirneich ghaibh de cblachan cruaidh,
Is sgriosaih sinu á tir nam beò,
A chum's nach faic sinn glòir an Uain."

Amach ás uamhaidh gabhaidh 'thriall
An diabhol's a chuid aingle féin,
Ge cruaidb e's éigin teacbd a lát'b'r,
A' slaodadb sblàbhraidih a's a dhéigh.

'N sin fasaidh ruthadh ann san spéur
Mar fhàir-na maidne 'g éiridh dearg ;
Ag innse gu'm beil losa féin,
A' teachd na déidh le latha garbh :

Grad fhosglaidh a's a chéil na neòil,
Mar dhorus seòmair an àrd Rìgh,
Is foillscibear am Breitheamh mòr,
Le glòir is greadhnachas gun chrich.

Tha 'm bogha-frois mu'n cuairt da cheannu,
'S mar tbuil nan gleann tba fuaim a ghuth ;
'S mar dhealanach tha sealladh sùl,
A' spùtradh a's na neulaibh tiugh.

A ghrian àrd-lòcharan nan spéur,
Do gblor a phearsa géillidh grad ;
An dealradh drillseach thig o ghnùis,
A solus mùchaidh e air fad.

Cuiridh i uimpe culaidh bhròin,
'S bidb 'ghealach mar gun dòirt' oirr' fuil,
Is crathar cumhachdan nan spéur,
A' tilgeadh nan réull a's am bun.

Bidh iad air uideal ann san spéur,
Mar mheas air géig ri ànradh garbh ;
Tuiteam mar bhraonaibh dh-uiseag dlù,
'S an glòir mar shùilean duine mhairbb.

Air charbad teine suidhidh e,
'S mun cuairt da béucaidh 'n tairneanach,
A' dol le ghairm gu crioch na néamh,
A' reub nan neul gu doinionnach.

O chuibhlibh 'charbaidh thig amach,
Sruth mor de theine laist' le fèirg ;
Is sgaoiliidh 'n tuill' ud air gach taobh,
A' cur an t-saogh'l na lasair dheirg.

Leaghaidh na Dùile 'nuas le teas,
Ceart mar a leaghas teine céir ;
Na enuic 's na sléibhte lasaidh suas,
A' bidh teas-ghoil air a' chuan gu léir.

Na beanntan largalt nach tug seach,
An stòras riamh de neach d'an deòin,
Ta iad gu fialaidh taosgadh 'mach,
An iònmbais leaght' mar abhainn mhòdir.

Gach neach bha sgriobadh cruinn an dir,
Le sanuit, le dò-bheirt, no le fuil ;
Làn chaitsgibh 'nis 'ur 'n iota mòr,
'S a nasgaidh blaibh 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 bhàs,
Mar dhuine làdir dol do'n eug.

A chuisle chleachd bhi fallain fuar,
Ri mireag uaibhreach feadh nan gleann,
'Tha teas a chléibh 'ga 'n smùidreadh suas,
Le goilibh buaireis feadh nam beann.

Naich faic sibh 'chrith tha air mu'n cuairt,
'S gach creag a' fuasgladb ann 's gach sliabh,
Nach cluinn sibh osnaich throm a bhàis,
'S a chuiridh sgàineadh stigh 'n a chliabh.

An càrtein gorm tha null o'n ghréin,
'S mu'n cuairt do'n chruinne-ché mar chleòc,
Crupaiddh an lasair e r'a chéil,
Mar mhilleig air na h-eibhléan beò.

Tha 'n t-adhar ga thachd' le neula tiugh,
'S an toit 'na meallaibh dubh dol suas
'S an teine millteach spùtradh 'mach,
'Na dhualailbh caisreagach mu'n cuairt.

Timcheall a' chruinne so gu léir,
Borb-bheucaidh 'n tairneanach gu bras ;
'S bidh 'n lasair lomadh gloir nan speur,
Mar fhaloisg ris na sléibhte căs.

Is chum an doinionn ata suas,
O cheithir àirdibh gluaisidh 'ghaoth ;
Ga sgùrs' le neart nan aingle treun,
Luathach an léir-sgrios o gach taobh.

Tha obair na sè là rinn Dia,
Le lasair dhian ga euir 'fa sgaòil,
Cia mor do shaibhreas Rìgh na 'm feart,
Nach iunndrain casgradh mhìle saogh'l !

'M feadh tha gach ni 'an glaic an éig,
'S a chruitheadh gu léir dol bun-osceann,
Teannaidh am Breitheamh oirne dlù,
A chum gach cùis a chur gu ceann.

'N sin gluaisidh e o àird nan spéur,
Air cathair a Mhòdrachd féin a nuas,
Le greadhnaeas nach facas riamh,
'S le dhiadhachd sgeadaichte mun cuairt.

Ta mìle tairneanach 'na laimh,
A chum a naimhde sgrios am feirg,
Is fonn-chrith orr' gu dol an greim,
Mar choin air éill ri h-am na seilg.

Aingle gun àireamh tha 'na chuirt,
Le 'n sùilean suidhicht' air an Rìgh,
Chum ruith le brughasan gun dàil,
'S na h-uile àit ga'n cur an gniomh.

O Iudas thig a nis a lathair,
'S gach neach rinn braithreas riut a'd ghniomh,
An dream a dh'aicheadh creideamh Chriosd,
Na reic e air son ni uach h'fbiach.

A shluagh gun chiall thug miann do'n òr,
Roimh ghloir is eibhneas flaitheas Dé,
'Ur malairt ghòrach faicibh nis,
'S an sgrios a thug sibh oirbh féin.

'S a mhuiunnitir uaibhreach leis 'm bu nàr,
Gu 'n cluinnite cràbhadh dh' 'n'ur teach ;
Faicibh a ghlòir 's na b' ioghnadh leibh,
Ged dhruid e sibb á riogh'chd amach.

O Herod faic a nis an Rìgh,
D' an tug thu spid is masladh mor,
Ga sgeadachadh le trusgan ruadh,
Mar shuai'neas sgallais air a ghlòir.

Nach faic thu Breitheamh an t-saoghail gu léir,
'S mar eudach uime 'n lasair dhearg ;
A' teachd thoirt duais do dhaoine còir,
'S a sgrios luchd dò-hheit ann am feirg.

Is thusa Philat tog do shuil,
'S gu'm faic thu nis' a mìthadh mòr ;
An creid thu gur h-e sud an Tì
A rinn thu dhiteadh air do mhòd ?

An creid thu gur e-sud an ceann,
Mun d' iath gu teann an sgitheach geur,
Na idir gur i sud a ghnùis,
Air na thilg na h-lùdhach sile hreun !

'M bu leoir gu'n theich a ghrian air chùl,
A' dìultadh fiansis thoirt do'n gniomh ?
Ciod uim' nach d'fhuair a chruitheachd bàs,
'N uair chéusadh air a chranu a TRIATH ?

Cuiridh e aingle 'mach gach taobh,
Chum ceithir ghaothaibh 'n domhain mhòdir,
A chuaireachadh gach aon do'n t-sluagh,
A steach gu luath a dh'ionnsuidh 'mhòid.

Gach neach a dh' àitich coluinn riamh,
O'n ear's o'n iar tha nise' teachd,
Mar sgaoth de bheachaibh tigh'n mu ghéig,
An déidh dhaibh eiridh 'mach o'n sgeap.

'N sin togaidh aingeal glormhor suas,
Ard bhratach Chriosd da'n suach'neas fuli' ;
A chruinneachadh na għluais sa cboir,
'S da fħulangas rinn dīgħ a's bun.

Do m'ionnsuidh crūinnichibh mo naoimh,
Is tioñalibh gach aon de'n dream,
A rinn gu dileas is gu dlù,
Le creideamh 's ùmlachd ceangal leam.

'N sin tionsgħaidh 'm Breith' air cuis an là,
A chum a nħimħde chur fo bhinn,
Is fosgħalid e leahbraicean suas,
Far am beil peacadh 'n t-sluagh air chuimh :

Fosgħalid e 'n eridhe mar an ceudn',
Air dhoigh 's gur leir de'n h-uile neach,
Gach uamharrachd bha gabħail tāmħ,
Air feadħ an ārois ud a steach :

'N uair chi' an sealladh so dħiubh féin,
Is dearbh gur leir dbaibh ceartas Dha ;
'S bidh 'n gruaidh a leaghadha as le nàir
Nach lugħa crādha na teine dian.

Togaidh an trompaid 'ris a fuaim,
" Na labħradh a's na gluaiseadħ neach ;"
Air chor gu'n cluinn gach beag a's mòr,
A bhreith thig air gach se'srs amach.

" A dhaoinne sannċiath thréig a chòir,
'S a leaq 'ur dōchas an 'ur toic,
A għlais gu teann 'ur eridhe suas,
'S a dhruid 'ur cluas ri glaodh nam bochd.

" An lomnoċhdha do dhion o'n fhuachd,
'S do'n acraħ thruagh cha d'tħug sibh biadh,
Ged lion mi féin 'ur cisid' de lòn,
'S 'ur treuda' chur a'mòd gach bliadħn.

" Ni bheil sibh iomchuidh air mo riogh'chd,
As eugħmabs firinn, iochd, a's graidi ;
'S o reub sibh m' iomhaidh dħib gu leir,
Agraibh sibh féin 'nar sgrios gu brāth.

* * * * *

" A mathraiche millteach 's oillteil greann,
Cha biu leam ceol 'ur sranntaich àrd,
'S cha 'n eisd o'r teangaidh ghobħlaix cliù,
Le driūchd a phuinnsean air a bārr.

" Is sibhs' thug fuath da m' òrduigh naomh,
Is leis nach b'ionħu luuın caomh mo theach ;
Leis 'm bu bħliadħna suidhe uair,
Am āros tabħbart cluais do m' reachd.

“ Cionnas a mhealas sibh gu bràth,
A’ m’ sheirbhis sàhaidh snorruidh bhuan
Na cionnas bheir ’ur n-anam gràdh,
De’n ni da’n tug ’ur nàdùr fuath ?

“ Luchd mì-ruin agus farmaid mhòbir
Da’n doruinn iomlan sonas chàich,
Le doilghios geur a’ cnàmh ’ur erl,
Mu aon neach oirbh féin bheir harr.

“ Cia mar a dh-fheudas sihh gu bràth,
Làn shonas àiteach ann an glbir ;
Far am faic sihhse mílte dream,
Ga’n ardach’ os bhur ceann gu mòr ?

“ Am fad ’s hu léir dhuihh feedh mo rìogh’chd.
Neach h’ àirde inhhe na sibh féin ;
Nach fadadh mì-run ’s farmad cuirt,
Tein’ ifriinn duihh a’m flaitheas Dé ?

“ Is sihhs’ an slighe na neo-ghloin ghluais,
’S gu sònraich’ thruaill an leaha phòsd ;
Gach neach a thug do m’ naomhachd fuath,
Ga’n tannahairt suas gu toil na feol.

“ Mar b’ ionmhuinn leihh hhi losgadh ’n teas,
’Ur n-uahhair, dheasaich mi dhuihh fearg,
Leaha dearg theth ’san laidh sihh slos,
Am hrachaihbh-lìn de lasair dheirg.

“ Ged hheimirnu sihh gu rìoghachd mo ghlòbir,
Mar mhucan steach gu seòmar righ ;
’Ur nàdùr neoghan bhiodh ga chràdh,
Le’r miannaibh bàsachadh chion hìdh.

“ Gach neach tha iomchuidh air mo rìogh’chd,
Teannaihbh sihhse chum mo dheis,
Is crùimichihh seachad chum mo chlì,
A chriosach o na crannaihbh meas.”

“ N sin tearhainidh e chum gach taohh,
Na caorach o na gohraibh lom ;
Ceart mar nì’m huachaille an tréud,
’N uair chuairtaicheas e spréidh air tom.

“ N sin lahhraigd e ri luchd a dheis,
“ Sihhs ta deasaichte le m’ ghràs,
Thigihhse, sealbhaichihh an rioghachd,
Nach faic a sonas crioch gu hrith.

“ Spealg mise ’n geat’ hha oirbhise dùinn’,
Le m’ ùmhachd ’s m’ fhulangas ro-ghéur ;
’S dh-fhosgail an t-sleagh gu farsuinn suas,
Am leith-taobh dorus nuadh dhuibh féin.

“ Chum craobh na beath’ ta ’m Pàrrais Dé,
Le h-éihneas teannaihbh steach da còir ;
’S a fearta iongantach gu léir,
Dearhagh ’ur n-uile chréuchd ’s hhur leòin.

“ An claidhe ruisgte hha laist ga dion,
O laimh ’ur sinnisir Adhamh ’s Eubh,
Rinn mise truaill dhe m’ chridhe dhà,
’S a lasair bhàth mi le m’ shuil féin.

“ Fo dosraich ùrair suidhíh sios,
Nach seang ’s nach crion am feasd a hlàth ;
’S mar smeoàraichean a measg a geug,
Chum molaidh gléusaihbh binn bhur càil.

“ Le ’naisc sàsachihh ’ur sùil,
Is oirbh fo sgàil cha drùigh an teas,
O ’duilleach càrach blaibh slàint ;
Is hith’hbh neo-bhàsmhor le a meas.

“ Gach uile mheas thà ’m Pàrrais Dé,
Ta nis gu leir neo-thoirmisg’ dhuibh ;
Ithibh gun eagal o gach géig,
A nathair nimh cha téum a chaoiadh.

“ A’s uile mhiann ’ur n-anma féin,
Lan shàsaichibh gu léir ’an Dia,
Tohar na firinn, iochd, a’s graidh,
A mhaireas làn gu cian na ’n cian.

“ Mòr-innleachd ionghantach na slàint,
Sior rannsachihh air aird ’s air leud,
’S feedh oibrice mo rioghachd mhòir,
’Ur n-eòlas ciocrach cuiribh’ meud.

“ Ur n-eihneas, mais’ ’ur tuigs’, ’s ’ur gràdh,
Bitheadh gu siorruidh fàs ni ’s mò ;
’S cha choinnich sihh aon ni gu bràth,
Bheir air ’ur n-anam cràdh no leòn.

“ Cha ’n fhaca sùil, ’s cha chuala cluas,
Na thaisg mi suas de shonas duihh,
Imichibh, ’s biodh ’ur dearhachd féin,
Sior-innse sgéul duibh air a chaoidh.”

Ach ris a mhuinnitir th’air a chlì,
O ! labhraidh e ’na dhioigh’las cruaidh,
“ A chuideachd nach d’thug gràdh do Dhìa,
A chum an diabhrui siubhlairh uam.

“ ’S mo mhallachd maille ribh gu bràth,
A chum ’ur cràdh ’s ’ur cur gu pian,
Gluaisihhse chum an teine mhùir,
Ga’r ròsadh ann gu cian nan cian.”

Mar sgàin an talamh a’s a cheil,
’N uair gahh e teaghlaich Chòrach steach,
Ceart laimh riu fosglaidh ’n uaigh a beul,
’S i miannanaich air son a creich.

Is mar a shluig ’mhuc-mhara mhùir,
lònas ’n uair chaidh ’thilgeadh ’mach,
Ni slugan dubh an dara bàis,
A charbad iathadh umpa steach.

San uamhaidh taobhaidh iad ri chéil,
A ghluais nam beath' gu h-éucorach ;
Luchd mhionn a's mort a's fianuis-bhreig ;
Luchd misg a's reubainn 's adhaltrais.

Mar chualaig dhris an ceangal teann,
An slabhraidh thagach dream leo fén ;
'S an comunn chleachd bhi 'n caidreamh dlù,
Mar bhioran rùisgte dol nan cré.

Mar leoghan garg fo' chuibhreach cruaidh,
Le thoscaibh reubadh suas a ghlais ;
An slabhraidh cagnaidh iad gu dian,
'S gu bràth cha ghearr am fiacan phrais.

Bidh iad gu siorruidh 'n glacaibh 'bhais,
'S an cridh' ga fhàsgadh asd' le bròn,
Ceangailt air cuan de phronnusg laisd'
'S a dheatach uaine tachd an sròn.

Mar bhàirneach fuaithe ris an sgeir,
Tha iad air creaigibh goileach teann ;
Is dibh-fheirg Dhé a' seideadh 'chuain,
Na thonnaibh buaireis thar an ceann.

'N tra dhùineas cadal cruaidh an sùil,
Teas feirg 's an-dochas dùisgidh iad ;
A chnuimh nach bàsach 's eibble beò,
A' cur an dòruinn shiorruidh 'meud.

Air ifrinn 'n uair a gheibh iad sealbh,
S lin-dearbhabh co gu'n toir iad cùs,
Faodaidh sinn pàirt d'an gearan truagh,
Chuir anns na briathraibh cruaidh so sios.

" O staidh na neo-ni 'n robh mi 'm thàmh,
Ciod uime dh-àrdach Dia mo ceann !
Mo mhile mallachd aig an là,
'N do gabh mo mhathair mi' na broinn.

" Ciod uime fhuair mi tuigse riamh ?
No ciall a's reusan chum mo stiuir ?
Ciod uim' nach d'rinn thu cuileag dhiom ?
Na durrag dhìblidh ann san uir ?

" Am mair mi 'n so gu saogh'l nan saogh'l !
'N tig crioch no caochladh orm gu hrath,
Am beil mi nis san t-siòrr'achd bhuan,
A' snàmh a' chuan a ta gun tràigh !

" Ged àireamh uile resulta nèimh,
Gach féur a's duilleach riamh a dh-fhàs,
Mar' ris gach braon a ta sa' chuan,
'S gach gainearm chuairticheas an tràigh.

" Ged chuiream mile bliadhna seach,
As leith gach aon diubh sud gu léir,
Cha d'imich seach de'n t-siòrr'achd mhòir,
Ach mar gu 'n tòisicheadh i'n dé.

" Ach O ! 'n do theirig tròcair Dhia !
'S am piau e mi gu saogh'l nan saogh'l !
Mo shlabhraidh 'n lasaich e gu bràth !
No glas mo làmh an deau e sgaoil !

" 'M bi 'm beul a dh-ordraig Dia chum seinn,
Air feadh gach linn a chliù gun sglos,
Mar bhagalai-séididh fadadh suas,
Na lasaich uain 'an ifrinn shios !

" Ged chaidh mo thruaighe thar mo neart,
Gu deimhinn féin a's ceart mo bhinn ;
Ach c'fheada bhios mi 'n so ga m' chràdh,
Mu'm hi do cheartas sàitheach dhiom !

" No 'm bi thu diòl'te dhiom gu bràth,
'N deach lagh an nàdur chuir air cùl ?
Mo thruaighe mi ! 'n e so am bàs
A bhagair thu air Adhamh 'n tùs ?

" Air sgà do dhio'ltas 'm bi thu 'sniomh
Snàthainn mo bheath' gu siorruidh caol ?
Nach leoir bhi mile bliadbh' ga m' losg'
As leith gach lochd a rinn mi's t-saogh'l ?

" Ged lean de dhio'ltas mi gu m' chùl,
Cha 'n àrdaich e do chliù, a Dhé,
'S cha'n shiu dò d' Mhorachd t-fhearg a chosg,
Air cùmharadh cho bochd rium féin.

" O Dhia ! nach sgrios thu mi gu túr ?
'S le d' chumhachd cuir air 'm anam crioch,
'S gu staid na neo-ni tilg mi uait,
Far nach 'eil fulang, smuain, no gniomh.

" Ach O ! se so mo thoilteas féin
Is ni'm beil éu-coir buntainn rium ;
Oir dhìult mi talrigse shaor de Chriosd,
'S nior ghabh mi d'a fhuil phriseil suim.

" Mo choguis dìtidh mi gu bràth,
An fhanuis bha ga 'm chàineadh riamh ;
An-iocdh no éu-coir ann mo hhàs,
Cha leig i chàradh 'm feasd air Dia.

" Aitheanta thilg mi air mo'chùl,
A's ruith mi dùrrachdach gu'm sgrios,
Is fhanuis féin a' m' chridhe mhùch,
A' druid' mo shùile roimh mo leas.

" Cia meud an dlogh'ltas tha dhomh' dual
A's leith mo pheacaidh uambor dàu
Am peac' thug dùlan do db-fhuil Chriosd,
'S a dh-flàg gun éifeachd brigh a bhùis.

" Gidheadh nach 'eil de Bhuadhan fein,
Neo-chriochanach gu léir o chian ?
'S an toir mo chiont air iochd a's gràdh,
Gu'm fàs iad criochnaicht' aon an Dia ?

" An comas dut mo thilgeadh uat
 Far nach cluinn do chluas mo sgread ?
 'M beil dorchadas an ifrinn fén
 Far nach bu léir do Dhia mo staid ?



" Ge truagh mo ghuidhe cha'n eisder i,
 A's fois no féth cha'n fhaidh mi chaoidh'
 Ach beath' neo-bhàsmhor teachd as ùr,
 Gu'm neartach' ghiùlan tuille claoi'dh."

Ach stad mo rann a's pill air t-ais
 O shlocbd na casgraibh dhein a mòs,
 Is feuch cionnas a bheir thu sedl
 Do'n dream tha bét nach teid iad sios.

A leughadair a'm beil e flor,
 Na chuir mi cheama sìos am dhàn ?
 Ma se 's gu'm beil thig s' lùb do ghlùn
 Le ùrnuigh 's aithreachas gun dàil :—

" A dh-ionnsuidh losa teich gu luath,
 A' gabhairl gràin a's fuath do a' pbeac',
 Le creideamh fior their ùmhlaichd dhà,
 An uile àith'nta naomh a reachd.

" Gabh ris na h-oifigibh gu léir,
 'S ri h-aon diubh na cuir fén do chùl ;
 Mar Fhàidh, mar Shagart, 'us mar Rig',
 Chum slàinte, didean, agus iuil.

" Biadh eisimpleir am beach do shùl,
 Chum d' uile ghlusachd 'stiùir da reir,
 'S gach meadhon db-ordaich e chum slàint,
 Bi fein g'an gnàthachadh gu leir.

" As 'fhireantachd dean bun a mhàin,
 'S na taic gu bràth ri d' thoill'tneas fein ;
 'S mas àill leat eifeachd bhi na ghràs,
 Na h-altrum peacadh dàimh a'd' chré.

" Mar sin ged robh de chionta mòr,
 Chum glòir do Thighearn'saorar thù,
 Is chum de shonais sbiorruidh fén,
 Air fead gach rè a' seinn a chliù."

A N C L A I G E A N N .

'S mi 'm shuigh aig an uaigh,
 Ag amharc ma bruaich,
 Feuch clàigeann gun snuadh air làr ;
 Is thog mi e suas,
 A' tiomach' gu truagh,
 Ga thionndadh mu 'n cuairt am làimh.

Gun àille gun dreach,
 Guu aithne gun bheachd ;
 Air duine theid seach 'na dhàil ;
 Gun fhiacail 'na dheud,
 No teanga 'na bheul,
 No slugan a gheusas cail.

Gun ruthadh 'na ghruidh
 'S e rùisgte gun ghruaig ;
 Gun eisdeachd 'na chluais do m' dhàn ;
 Gun anail na shròin,
 No àile de'n fhòid,
 Ach lag far 'm bu chòir bhi àrd.

Gun dealradh 'na shùil,
 No rosg uimpe dùn,
 No fradharc ri h-iuil mar b' abh'sd.
 Ach durragan crom,
 A chleachd bhi san, tom,
 Air cladhach' da tholl 'nan àit.

Tha n' eanachainn bha 'd chàl,
 Air tionndadh gu smùr,
 Gun tionngal no sùl air t-fheum :
 Gun smuainteach' a'd' dhàil,
 Mu phileadh gu bràth,
 A cheartach' na dh-fhag tbu 'd dheldh.

Cba 'n innis do ghnùis,
 A nise co thù,
 Ma's righ mo ma's diùc thu fén
 'S ionann Alasdair mòr,
 Is traill a dhì lòin,
 A dh-eug air an ôtrach bhreun.

Fhir chlaghach na h-uaigh ;
 Nach cagair thu 'm chluais,
 Co 'n clàigeann so fhuair mi 'm laimh ?
 'S gu 'n cuirinn ris ceisd,
 Mu gnàth mu 'n do theasd ;
 Ge nach fregair e' m' feasd mo dhàn.

'M bu mhaighdean deas, thu,
 Bha sgiamhach a'd' ghnùis,
 'S deagh shuidheach' a'd' shùil da reir ?
 Le d' mhaise mar lion,
 A' ribeachd mu chri',
 Gach òganaich chì'dh thu fein.

Tha nise gach àdh,
 Bha cosnadh dhut graidh,
 Air tionndadh gu grain gach neach ;
 Marbhaisg air an uaigh,
 A chreach thu do'n bhuaidh,
 Bha ceangailt' ri snuadh do dhreach.

No 'm breitheamh ceart thù,
 Le tuigs' agus iùil,
 Bha reiteach gach cui's do'n t-sluagh ;

Gun aomadh le pàirt',
Ach diteadh gu bàs,
Na h-eucoir bha daicheil cruaidh ?

No'n do reic thu a chèir,
Air ghlaichead de'n òr,
O'n dream da'n robh stòras pait?
Is bochdann an t-sluaign,
Fo fhoirneart ro chruidh,
A fulang le cruaas na h-airc.

'S mar robh thusa fior,
Ann a t-oifig am binn,
'S gun d'rinu thu an direach fiar ;
'S cho chinnteach an nlì,
'N uair thainig do chríoch,
Gu'n deachaich do dhìlt' le Dia.

No'n robh thu a'd' leigh,
A' leighes nan creuchd,
'S a' deanamh gach eugcail slan ?
A t-ioc-shlaintibh mòr,
A' deanamh do bhòsd,
Gu'n dìbereadh tu chòir o'n bhàs?

Mo thruaighe ' gun thréig,
Do lcigheas thu fein,
'N uair bha thu fo eugcail cruaidh ;
Gu'n fhognadh gun stà,
Am purga l no m' plàsd,
Gu d' chumail aon trà o'n uaigh.

No'n seanalair thù,
A choisinn mor chliù,
Le d' sheoltachd a stiùireadh aim ?
Air naimhdean toirt buaidh,
Ga'n cur ann san ruai,
'S ga'm fàgail nan cruachan mårbh.

'N robh do chlaintheamh gun bheirt,
No'n dh-fhàg thu do neart,
'N uair choinnich thu feachd na h-uaigh,
'N uair b' eigin dut geill',
A dh-aindeoin do dhéud,
Do dh' armait' de bhéisteán truagh ?

Tha na durraig gu treun,
Ri d' cholium' cur séis,
'S a' coisneadh ort feisd gach là ;
Is clàigean do chinn,
'Na ghearsan dion,
Aig daolagan diblidh 'n tàmh.

Pàirt a' claoilhach' do dhéud,
A steach ann a' d' bheul,
'S cuid eile ri reub' do chluas ;
Dream eil nan sgùd,
Tigh'n amach air do shùil,
A' spùinneadh s'a' rùsg' do cruaidh.

No m' fear thu bha pòit,
Gu tric's an taigh òsd,
'S tu cridheil ag òl nan dràm ?
Nach iarradh dhut fein
De fhlaitheanas Dè,
Ach beirm á bhi 'g eiridi a' d' cheann ?

Nach iarradh tu 'cheòl,
Ach mionnan mu'n bhòrd,
Is feuchainn co'n dòrn bu cruaidh :
Mar bho no mar each,
Gun tuigse, gun bheachd,
'S tu brùchdadh 'sa sgëith mu'n chuaich ?

Na'n duin' thu bha ghlus'd
Gu ceanalta suaire,
Gu measara stuam mu d' bhòrd ;
Le miannaibh do chré,
Fo chuibhreachadh geur,
'N am suidhe gu feisd's gu sògh ?

No'n geòcaire mòr,
Bha gionach air lòn,
Mar choin an am feòlach dearg ;
A' toileach' do mhiann,
Bha duilich a riar,
'S tu geilleadh mar Dia do d' bholg ?

Tha nise do bhrù,
Da'n robh thu a'lùb',
De ghaineamh 's do dh' ùir gle län,
'S do dheudach air glas',
Mu d' theangaidh gun bhlas,
Fo gheimhleachaibh prais a bhàis.

No'm morair ro mhòr,
A thachair am dhòrn,
Neach aig au robh còir air tir ;
Bha iochdmhor ri bochd,
A' clùthach' nan nochd,
Reir pailteas a thòic's a nìth ?

No'n robh thu ro cruaidh,
A' feannadh do thuath,
'S a' tanach' au gruaidh le mòl ;
Le h-agartas geur
A glacadh an spréidh
'S am bochdann ag éigheach dàil ?

Gu'n chridh' aig na daoin',
'Bh'air lomadh le h-aois,
Le 'n clàigeanan maola truagh ;
Bhi seasamh a' d' chòir,
Gun bhoineid 'nan dòrn,
Ge d' tholladh gaoth reòt' an cluas.

Tha nise do thràill,
Gun urram a' d' dhàil,
Gun ghearsom', gun mhàil, gun mhòd ;

Mor-mholadh do'n hhàs,
A chasgair tubu trà,
'S nach d' fhuilic do stràic fo'n fhòd.

No 'm ministeir thù,
Bha tagradh gu dlù,
Ri pobull 'an tÙghdaras Dè;
Ga 'm pilleadh air ais,
Bha 'g imeachd gu hrs,
Gu h-ifrinn na casgradh dhein?

No 'n rohh thu gun sgoinn,
Mar mhuinne mu chloinn,
Gun chùram a h-oighreachd Dè;
Na 'm faigheadh tu 'n rùsg,
Bha coma co dhìù,
M' an t-sionnach bhi stiùireadhl 'n treud;

Leam 's cinnteach gun d' fhuair,
Do dbeanadas duais,
'N uair rainig thu 'm Buachaill' mòr;
'N uair chuartich am bàs,
A steach thu 'na laith'r,
Thoirt cunntas a' d' thàlant' db.

No 'n ceann thu bha làn,
De dli-innleachdan hàis,
Gu seolta ga 'n tath' r'a cheil';
G'an cur aùn an gnuiomh,
Gun umbail gun fhiamh,
A freagra' do Dhia 'nan deigh?

'N rohh teanga nam breug,
Gun chuihhreach fo d' bheud,
A' togail droch sgeul air càch;
Gath puinein do bheil,
Mar naithir a' teum,
'S a' lotadh nan ceud gach là?

Tha i nise na tamh,
Fo cheangal a bhàis,
Gun sgainneal a' plàigh na dùthch';
A's durraga grànnid,
Air lobhadh 'na h-àit,
An deigh dhaibh cnàmh gu cùl.

'S mu lean thu do ghnàths,
Gu leahaidh do bhàis,
Gun tionndadh' na thrà ri còir;
Car tamull na h-uair,
Dean flaitheas de'n uaigh,
Gus an gairmear thu suas gu mòd.

Mar losgann dubh grànnid,
Ag iomairt a smàg,
Gu 'n eirich thu 'n aird o'n t-slochd;
Thoirt coinneamh do Chriosd,
'Na thigheann a ris,
A dh' fhaotainn län diol a' t-olc.

'N uair theid thu fo hhinn.
Ni cheartas do dhùt';
Ga d' fhògradb gu siorruidh uaith;
Gu lasair ga d' phian,
Chàidh dheasach' da'n Diahb',
'S a mhàllachd gu dian 'ga d' ruag.

'N sin cruidhichidh Dia
Do chnaimhean mar iar'n,
'Is t-fheithean mar iallaih prais;
Is teannaichidh t-fheòil
Mar innein nan òrd,
Nach cnàmh i le moid an teas.

No 'n ceann thu 'n rohh ciall,
Is elas air Dia;
'S gu'n d' rinu thu a riad 'sa chòir;
Ged tha thu 'n diugh ruisgt',
Gun aithe', gun iùil,
Gun teanga, gun sùil, gun sròn.

Gabh misneach san uaigh,
Oir eiridh tu suas,
'N uair chluineas tu fuaim an stuic,
'S do thrualleachd gu leir,
Shios fàgaidh tu'd' dheigh,
Aig durragau hreun an t-sluic.

Oir deasaichidh Dia,
Do mhaise mar ghrian,
Bhiodh ag eiridh o sgiath na m' heann;
'Cur fradharc ro gheur,
'S na suilean so féin,
'S iad a' dealradh mar reult' a' d' cheann.

Do theanga 's do chàil,
Ni gheùsadh gun dàil,
A chantainn 'na àros cliù;
Is fosglaidh do chluas,
A dh-eisteadh ri fuaim,
A mhòlaidh th' aig sluagh a chùirt.

'N uair dhealraicheas Criosd,
Na thigheachd a ris,
A chruinneach' na 'm fìrean suas;
'N sin bheir thu de leum,
Thoirt coinneamh dha féin,
Mar iolair nan speur aig luaths.

'N uair dh-eireas tu 'n àird,
Grad chuiridh ort fàilt,
A mhealtainn a chàirdeas féin,
Gun dealach' gu hràth,
R'a chomunn no ghràdh,
A steach ann am Pàras Dè.

Fhir 'chluineas mo dhàn,
Dean aithreachas trà,
'M feadh mhairaes do shlainnt's do hheachd;

Mu'n tig ort am bàs,
Nach leig thu gu bràth,
Air geata nan gràs a steach.

A M B R U A D A R.

Air bhith dhomhsa ann am shuain
A' bruadar diamhain mar tha càch,
Bhi glacadh sonais o gach ni ;
Is e ga'm dhìbheadh ann's gach àit.

Air leam gun tainig neach am chòir,
'S gu'n dubh'rt e rium :—“ Gur gòrach mi,
Bhi smuainteach greim a ghleidh do'n ghaoith,
No fos gu'n lion an saogh'l mo chrì.

“ Is diamhain dut hhi 'g iarraidh sàimh,
'N aon ni' no'n ait air bith fo 'n ghréin ;
Cha chlos do d' chorp an taobh so 'n uaigh,
No t-anam 'n taobh so shuaimhneas Dé.

“ An tra dh'ith Adhamh 'a meas an tùs,
Am peacadh dhùrligh e air gach ni :
Lion e na h-uile ni le saoth'r,
Is dh-fhàg É 'n saogh'l na bhriste crì.

“ Air sonas 'anma chaill e chòir,
Mar ris gach sòlas bha'nn sa gharr'
O sin ta 'shliochd nan deoiribh truagh ;
Mar uan a mearachd air a mhàthr.

“ Ri meilich chruaidh ta'd ruith gach ni,
'An duil gu 'm faigh an inntiun clos ;
Ach dhàibh tha 'n saogh'l gun iochd no truas,
Mar mhuime coimheich fhuair gun tlàs.

“ Mar sin tha iad gun fhois no tàmh,
Ga'n sàrach' glacadh faileas breig ;
'S a' deoth'l toil-inntiinn o gach ni,
Is iad mar chiochan seasg nam beul.

“ Bidh teannndachd eigin ort am feasd,
'S do dhòchas faicinn fuasgladh t-fheum,
An còmhnuidh dhut mar fhad do làimh ;
Ach gu brath cha'n fhaigh dheth gréim.

“ Cha teagaisg t-fheuchain 's dearbhadh thù,
O dhùil is earbsa cluir sa' b'hreig,
A rinn do mhealladh mile uair,
'S cho fhada bhnat an diugh san dé.

“ An ni bu mho da'n tug thu miann,
Nach dh-fhag a mhealtuinn riamh e searbh ?
Tha tuille sonais anu an dùl,
Na tha'n an crùn le bhi na sheilbh.

“ Ceart mar an ròs a ta sa' ghàr',
Crion seargaidh bhìà 'nuair theld a bhuan ;
Mu'n gann a glucas tu e d' làimh,
Grad threigidh fhàileadh e 'sa shnuadh.

“ Cha 'n eil neach o thrioblaid saor,
Am measg a 'chinne daoin' air fad,
'S co lionmhòr osna aig an rìgh,
Is aig an neach is ìseal staid.

“ Tha 'smùdan fein ós ceann gach fòid
Is dòruinn ceangailt' ris gach math ;
Tha'n ròs a fàs air drisean geur,
'S an taic' a cheil tha mhil san găth.

“ Ged fhaic thu neach 'an saibhreas mòr
Na meas a shòlas bhi thar chàch ;
An tobar 's gloine chi do shùl,
Tha ghrùid na lochdar gabhail tàmh.

“ 'S mu chuireas t-anail e 'na ghluais,
Le tarruinn chabhaig suas a'd' bheul,
Dùisgidh an ruaghan dearg a nios,
'S le gaineach lionaidh e do dheid.

“ 'S ged fhaic thu neach 'an inbhe aird,
Tha e mar nead am bàrr na craoibh ;
Gach stoirm a bagra' thilgeadh nuas,
Is e air luasgadh leis gach gaoith.

“ An neach is fearr tha 'n saogh'l a riad,
Tha fiaradh eigin ann 'na staid,
Nach dean a sheòltachd a's a stri,
Am feast a dhìreachadh air fad.

“ Mar bhata' fier an aghaidh cheil,
A ta o shuidheach' fein do-chur ;
A reir mar dhùreas tu a bharr,
'S cho chinnteach ni thu cam a bhun.

“ Na h-Iudhaich thionail beag no mòr,
Do'n Mhàna dhòirteadh orra 'nuas ;
'N tra chuir gach neach a chuid's a chlàr,
Cha robh air bàrr no dadum naith.

“ Mar sin a ta gach sonas saogh'l,
A ta thu faotainn ann a d' làimh,
Fa chomhair saibhreas, 's inbhe cùirt
Tha caitheamh, cùram agus cràdh.

“ Ged chàrn thu òr a'd' shlige suas,
Fa chomhair fàsaidh 'n luaith da reir,
Is ge do chuir thu innti riogh'chd,
A mheidh cha dìrich i na deigh.

“ Tha cuibhrionn ionchuidh 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 cudrom a's a' chràdh ;

“ O iomluas t-inntinn tha do phian ;
 A’ diúltá’ n’ diug na dh’iarr thu ’n dé ;
 Cha chomasach an saoghl’l do riár,
 Le t-anamianna ’n ag haidh chéil.

“ Na ’m faigheadh toil na feol a rùn,
 D’a mianna hrudeil dh’iarradh sath ;
 Flaitheas a h’ aird’ cha’n iarrach i,
 Na anta sud bhi siorruidh ’snàmh.

“ Ach ge do h’ ionmuinn leis an fheòil,
 Air talamh còmhnaichadh gach ré ;
 Bhiodh dùrachd t-ardain agus t-uaill,
 Cho ard a shuas ri Cathair Dhé ;

“ Ach nam h’ aill leat sonas huan,
 Do shlighe tahhair suas do Dhia,
 Le dùrachd, creideamh agus gràdh,
 Is sàsaichidh e t-uile mhiann.

“ Tha ’n cuideachd sud gach ni san t-saogh’l,
 Tha ’n comas dhaoine shealhhach’ fior ;
 Tha hhiadh, a’s eudach agus slàint,
 Is saorsa, cairdeas, agus sith.”

‘An sin do mhosgail a’s mo shuan,
 Is dh-fhag mo bhruadar mi air fad ;
 Ghread leig mi dhiom hhi ruith gach sgàil,
 Is dh-fhás mi tolichte le m’ staid.

A N G E A M H R A D H.

Nis theirig an samhradh,
 ’S tha ’n geomhradh teachd dlù oirn,
 Fior nàmhaid na chinneas,
 Teachd a mhilleadh ar dùthcha ;
 Ga saltairt fo chasaihh,
 ’S d’maise ga rùsgadh ;
 Gun iochd ann ri dadum,
 Ach a’ sladadh ’s a’ plùnnbruinn.

Sgaoil oirne a sgiathan,
 ’S chuir e ghrian alr a chìlthaohh ;
 As an nead thug e ’n t-àlach,
 Neo-bhàigheil ’gar sgiùrsadh ;
 Sneachd iteaghach gle-geal,
 O na speuran tigh’n dlù oirn,
 Clacha meallain ’s gaoth thuathach,
 Mar luaidhe is mar fhùdar.

’N uair shéideas e anail,
 Cha ’n fhag anam am flùran ;
 Tha bhilean mar shiosar,
 Lomadh lios de gach ùr-ros ;

Cha bhi sgeadach air coille,
 No doire nach rùlsg e ;
 No sruthan nach tachd e,
 Fo leachdannan dù-ghorm.

Fead reòta a chleihbe,
 Tha seideadh na doinonn,
 Chuir heirm ann san flaire,
 ’S a dh’ àt’ garbh i na tonnan ;
 ’S a bhinnlich an clàmhuiunn,
 Air àirde gach monaibh,
 ’S ghlan sgùr e na resultan,
 D’ ar péile le’n solus.

Tha gach beatach a’s duine,
 Nach d’ ullaich’ na sheasan,
 Ga ’n sgiùrsadh le gaillionn
 Gun talla’ gun eudach ;
 ’S an dream a hla gniomhach,
 ’Fas iargalt mi-dhéircceil ;
 Nach toir iasad do leisgean,
 Ann san t-sneachda ged éung e.

Tha ’n seillein ’s an seangan,
 A bha tional an stòrais,
 Le gliocas gun mhearachd,
 A’ toirt aire do’n dòruinn ;
 ’G ithe hidh ’s ag òl meala,
 Gun ghanne air lòn ac,
 Fo dhion ann san talamh,
 O anail an reòta.

Tha na cuileagan ciatach,
 ’Bha diamhain san t-samhradh,
 ’S na gathanan gréine
 Gu h-eibhinn a’ damhsa ;
 Gun deasach ’gun chùram,
 Roi’ dhùlachd a gheamhráidh,
 A nise a’ dol hùs’,
 Ann ’s gach àite le teanntachd.

Ach eisd rium a shean-duin’,
 ’S tuig an samhladh tha ’m stòri’,
 Tha ’n hàs a tighin teann ort,
 Sud an geomhradh tha ’m òran ;
 ’S ma gheibh e thu a’ d’ leisgein,
 Gun deasach’ fa’ chòdhail,
 Cha dean àithreachas crìche.
 Do dhionadh o’n doruinn.

Gur mithich fàs diaghaidh,
 ’S do chiabhan air glasadh,
 ’Na ’m hearnaibh do dheudach,
 Is t-eudann air casadh,
 Do bhathais air rùsgadh,
 ’S do shùilean air prahadh,
 Agus cròit ort air lùhadh,
 Chum na h-uire do leaha’.

Tha na sruthanan craobhach,
 Bha sgoaileadh a' d' bhallaigh,
 Gu mireagach buailteach,
 Clis gluasadach tana ;
 A nise air traoghadh
 O n't aomachadh thairis,
 O'n a ragach 'sa dh-fhuardach
 Teas uabhar na fala.

Balg-seididh na beatha,
 Tha air caitheamh gun fheum ann,
 'S o chrup ann a' d' chliabh e,
 Gur h-e phian bhi 'ga shéideadh
 Tha 'n corp a chruit chiùl ud,
 Air diultadh dhut gleusadh ;
 'S comhar cinnt' air a hasgaidh,
 Bhi lasach' a theudan.

Theich madainn na h-òige,
 'S trebir mheadhon latha
 Tha 'm feasgar air ciaradb,
 'S tha ghrian ort a laidhe ;
 'S mu bha thusa diamhain,
 Gun gniomh is gun mhaiteas ;
 Gu h-ealamh bi d' dhùsgadh,
 Mu'n dùinear ort flaitheas.

'Reir caithe na beatha,
 'S tric leatha gun críoch i ;
 Bidh an cleachadh fás läidir,
 Do-fhàsach o'n inntinn ;
 Na labhair an sean-fhacal,
 'S deimhinn leam 's fior e,
 " An car theid san t-seana-mhaid"
 Gur h-ainmic leis dìreadh."

Ach ògnaich threibhich
 Thoir-s' éisdeachd do m' bran,
 'S leig dhiot bhi mi-chéillidh,
 Ann an céitean na h-òige ;
 Tha aois agus ea-slaint,
 Air do dbeigh ann an tòir ort ;
 'S mu ni h-aon aca gréim ort,
 Pillidh t-eihhneas gu bròn dut.

An aois a tha 'n tòir ort,
 Bheir i leon ort nach saoil thu ;
 Air do shuilean bheir ceathach,
 Is treabhaidh si t-aodaun ;
 Bheir i crith-reodh' mu d' ghruaig',
 Is neul uaine an aoig leis,
 'S cha toig aiteamh na grian ort,
 'Bheir an liath-reodh a chaoidh' dhiot.

Bheir n'i's measa na sud ort,
 Failne tuigs' agus reusain ;
 Dìth leirsinn a' t-inntinn ;
 Dìth cuimhn' agus géire ;

Dìth gliocais chum gnothaich ;
 Dìth mothach a'd' cleudfath
 'S gu'm fás thu mar leanahh,
 Dhì spionnaidh a's céille.

Fàsaidh 'n eridhe neo-aitreach,
 'S neo-ealamh chum tionsdadh,
 Aon tagra' cha dràigh air,
 'S cha lùb e d'a ionnsuidh ;
 Ceart mar tha 'n talamh,
 'N am gaillionn a's teamndachd ;
 Ged robh milltean 'dol thairis,
 Cha dean aile sa' chausair.

Faic seassain na hliadhna,
 'S dean ciall uath a tharruinn ;
 'S mas àill leat gu'm buain thu,
 Dean ruadhar 'san'earrach ;
 Dean connadh san t-samhradh,
 Ni sa' gheamhradh do gharadh ;
 'S ma dhìbreas tu 'n seasan,
 Dhut 's eigin bhi fàlamh.

'S mar cuir thu siol fallain,
 Ann an earrach na h-òige,
 Cho chinnteach 's am bàs dut,
 Cuiridh Sàtan droch phòr ann ;
 A dh-fhàsas 'na dhubhaile,
 'S 'na luidheannan feòlmhor ;
 'S bidh do bhuan mar a chuir thu,
 Ma's subhaile no dò-bheit.

Ma bhios t-bige gun riaghlaigh,
 'S t-anamiannan gun taod riu,
 Gum fás iad cho fiadhaich,
 'S nach srian thu ri t-aosi iad ;
 Am meangan nach sniomh thu,
 Cha spion thu 'na chraobh e ;
 Mar shìneas e ghéagan,
 Bidh fhreumhan a' sgàoileadh.

Tha do bheatha neo-chinnteach
 O'n tein a hheir hàs ort,
 Uime sin hi ri dicheall
 Do shith dheanamh tràthail ;
 'S e milleadh gach cùise
 Bhi gun chùram cur dàil innt' ;
 'S ionann aithreachas crìche,
 'S bhi cur sil mu Fheill-màrtuinn.

Tha ghrian ann sna speuraibh
 A' ruith réise gach latha ;
 'S i 'giortach' do shaoghal,
 Gach oidhche a laidheas ;
 'S dlù ruitheas an spàla,
 Troi' shnathaibh do bheatha ;
 Tha' fighe dhut leine,
 Ni beisdean a chaitheamh.

'S ma ghoideas e dlù ort,
Gun do dhàil bhi r'a thiginn ;
'N sin fosglaidh do shùilean,
'S chì thu chùis thar a mithich ;
Bidh do choguis 'ga d' phianadh,
Mar sgian ann a d' chridhe ;
'S co-ionann a giùlan,
'S laidhe ruisgt' ann an sgitheach.

Faic a chuireag 'ga diteadh
Le sionntaibh an nàduir,
'S o na dhìbhiri i 'n seasan,
Gur h-eigin d'i bàsach' ;
Faic gliocas an t-seangain,
Na thioual cho tràthail,
'S dean eiseimpeir leanail,
Chum t-anam a shàbhal.

DAIBHIDH MAC-EALAIR.

DAVID MACKELLAR, commonly called *Daibhidh nan Laoith*, 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 traditional 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 Tì 's airde glòir,
An Tì 's modha no gach neach ;
Cruithear an t-saoghail gu lèir,
Dà'n cuhhaidh dhuinn géill' air fad.

'S tu rinu an domhan 's na th' ann,
Na cuainteán domhain, 's am fonn ;
'S chuir thu iasg g'a altrum ann,
'S thug thu ciall gu ghlacadh dhuinn.

Rinneadh leat gealach a's grian,
Thogail fianuis air do ghlòir ;
Cha'n aithris mi a mìle trian,
De chruthachadh an Dia is mò.

'S tu rinn na reultan air fad,
A riaghlichadh gu ceart nan tràth ;
Gheall thu maraon fuachd a's teas,
Foghar ma seach agus Màirt.

'S tu rinn na h-ainglean air fad,
Tha 'n t-abharsair fo d' smachd gu mòr :
Air slabhruidh laidir aig do Mhac,
Cumail a neart o theachd oirnn'.

Rinneadh leat an duine' rìs,
A réir t-iomhaidh chum do ghlòir ;
Ach chaill e 'n oidhreachd ud gun luach,
'S cha'n fhuasgalar i le òr.

'S tu chuir am fradharc na cheann,
Chuir thu falt tro chlaigeann lom ;
Thug thu cluas gu éisteachd dha,
'S gluasad a chuirp o na hhonu.

Chuir thu Adhamh an cadal trom,
Chaidh léigh nan gràs os a cheann ;
'S de dh-aisinn bho thaobh do rinn
A bhean, o'n do ghn gach clann.

Chuir thu e 'n gàradh nan seud,
Far an robh éibhlneas a ghràidh ;
Dh-iith a bhean an sin a meas,
'S dh-fhuilic i 's a sliochd am bàs,

Cha rohh a teasargain aig neach,
O'n a chumhnanta rinn i bhris ;
'N trà ruisgeadh an sgeudachadh ceart,
Bha chuis na h-eagal an sin.

Ach moladh do dh' Ard-Righ nam feart,
O nach h'áill leis teachd d'ar sgríos ;
'Nuair chunnaic e Adhamh na airc,
Rinn e cumhnant' nan grás ris.

Thainig Iosa 'nuas le thoil,
Thug e suas mar iohairt fhuil ;
Mac na firinn, Uan gun chron,
M'ar ciantain-ne fhuair e ghuin.

Crochadh e ri crann an aird,
'S an t-sleagh saíte tro a chorpa ;
Crùn geur na péine chuir mù cheann,
Fhuair mac Dhé le nàimhde lot.

Crùn sgithich, an aite crùn righ,
Mar thailceas, 's mar dhí-meas mòr ;
Domblas agus fion geur,
'N deoch a thug iad dha ri h-bl.

Na tàirnean g'an cur an sàs,
Am hosailh a lamh le òrd ;
'S fuil a chridhe ruith á tbaohh,
Ceannachd hu daoire nan t-br.

'Nuair chaidh Criod gu péin a hhàis,
'S a dh' fhuilige air son an t-sluaign ;
Sgoilt brat an teampuill sios gu lár,
'S dhùisg na mairhh an aird o'n uaigh.

Chreathnaich an talamh trom, le crith,
Air a gheuin gu'n tainig smal ;
Le feirg Dhé, do chrath e 'n sin ;
Dh-fhuilige Criod am bàs rè seal.

Dh-adhlaic iad an t-Uan fo lic,
Thug e huaidh, san uaigh cha d' fhan ;
As a bhàs thug e gheur-ghuin,
'S dh-eirich an treas là gun smál.

Na shuidh' aig deas-laimh athar a ta,
Criod le gràsan os ar ceann ;
A' cur oifig sagairt an gniomh,
A' deasachadh a rioghachd dhuinn.

Thig an t-am san tig mac Dhé,
Creidibh sud gur sgeula fior :
Le miltiagh mìl' de dh' ainglibh treun,
Thoirt oirnne breith a réir an gniomh.

'N sin seinnear an trompaid gu b-ard,
Leis na h-ainglean 's àille snuagh ;
Eiridh na mairrh an aird o'n ùir,
'S bheir e cùnnatas uaithe an cuan.

Liuhhraidh gach uaigh na fhuair i-féin,
'S cha hbi neach de'n treud air chall ;
Nochdar iad uil' am fiadhnuis Dé,
'S e Mhac féin is breitheamh ann.

Bithidh iadsan soilleir an sin,
Mar sholus dealrach an dreach ;
Thig Criod nan coinneamh le gean,
'S hidh sith an comunn nam flath.

Ni thu 'n sin tearhadh air gach neach,
'S dionaidh tu o'n fheirg na's leat,
Mhead 's tha air an dearbhadh dhut,
Cuirear iad fo dhion do bhrait.

Cuirear na gohair air laimh chil,
Chum triall gu priosan a' hhròin ;
Druidear suas, 's gur cruaidh an sgeul,
Flath-Innis Dhé air an sròn.

Mallaichidh 'n nighean a mathair,
Mallaichidh mhathair a clann ;
'S mallaichidh 'n t-athair a mhac,
Nach do ghabh a smachd 'na àm.

'S iomadh sgairteach, a's gul geur,
Ri h-am cluintinn sgeul an cràidb ;
Mallachadh a chéile gu léir,
Sgarachdaiinn ri Uan a ghràidh.

Sin là an dealachaidh hhochd,
G'an sgarachdaimh a dh'aindeon riut ;
G'an sgiursadh gu b-aineal an loisg,
'S gun duil aig anam tigh'n' as.

An teach d'a miileadh cuirear iad,
Fo dhioghaltais an Ard-Righ ;
Gun duil ri furtachd no ri bàs,
Gu bràth, cha tig iad a nios.

Fasaidh 'n cuirp cho chruaidh ri prais,
Mar iarunn an cas san lamh ;
G'an cumail beo ann an sior phian,
Teine dian gun fhurtachd là.

Gach aon là mar bhlianna bhuan,
An lagan loisgneach, cruaidh an sàs ;
G'an liodairt le teas a's fuachd,*
Sud an duais ge fad an dàil.

* The ancient Caledonians entertained the idea that hell was a cold and inhospitable place, as the following stanza from an old poem will show :—

" 'S maирг a roghnaicheas Ifriùn fhuar,
'S gur h-i umh nan droighneann geur,
Is beag orm Ifriùn fhuar, fhliuch,
Aite bith-bhuan is searbh deoch."

The following lines from *Dàn an Fhir Chlaoïn* give it this character :—

" I sin allaidh na freidne,
Led' thugh-chèò as le t-uamh-bhéisdean
A thlir nam piao gun bhiadh gun bhàigh,
Dol' ad diàil be sud mo dhéisdinn."

Latha cha bhi ann na dheigh,
Falaichear na resultan's a ghrian;
Sgriosar an saoghal gu leir,
'S neach cha téid au toll bho Dhia.

M' achanaich riuts', air sgàth do mhic,
Meadaich mo ghliocas le gràs;
'S thoir dhomh mathanas's gach cùis,
Seal m'an druid mo shuil le bàs.

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 "*Dùthaich 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 "be lisped in numbers." Ere he had yct 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 fhearr a dh' fhalbas!' 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 frock, or cassock, 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 ’Ic Neill,
Mo bhroilleach chur air mo chùlthaobh,
‘S gun a dhùnadh agam fhéin !”

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 stinted 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 grunnd 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 àiridh,*” &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 *Bud-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 amiss, 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 Achatriochadan, 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 inquirer, 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 Cottar'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."
OBITU 1778.

[*Third Side.*]

"BU SHLUAGH DORB SITT GUN DHREITHEANAS,
NUAIR A DH-FHALDH THU, MUR SGATHADH SUD OIRNN,
Δέγεισ· ἐλώ γάρ εἰμ· οὐ πορεύομαι τάδε
Γνοὺς τὴν παροῦσαν τέξψιν, οὐδὲ εἴχεν πάλακι."*

[*Fourth Side.*]

"SISTE VIATOR, ITER, JACET HIC SUB CESPITE DONNUS,
QUI CECINIT FORMA PRÆSTANTES RURE PUELLAS;
QUIQUE NOVOS LÆTO 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 éiridh ann an sanntachas,
An tri-amh lath' air críochnachadh,
De dhara mios a' gheamhraidh dhuinn ;
Dean'maid comunn fàilteach riut,
Gu bruidhneach, gàireach, òranach,
Gu botalach; copach, stòpanach,
Le cruit, le ceòl, 's le damhsaireachd.

Dean'maid comunn fàilteach
Ris an là thug thu an t-saoghal thu ;
Olamaid deoch-slàinte nis
An t-Seumas big o 'n d' inntrig thu ;
Le taing a thoirt do 'n Ard Righ shuas,
Gu 'n d' fbuair do mliàthair liobhraigeadh,
Dheth h-aon bha do na Gàéil,
Mar bha Dàibhidh do chlainn Israel.

Tha cupall bhliadbn' a's ràidhe,
O 'n là thàinig thu do dh' Alba so ;
'S bu shoilleir dhuinn o 'n tràth bha sin,
An fhàilte chuir an aimsir oirnn.
Bha daoine measail, miadhail oirnn,
'S bha àrach nì a' sealbhach' oirnn,
Bha barran troma tìr' againn,
Bha toradh frith' a's fairg' againn.

An diugh, an diugh, gur cuimhne leam,
Air puing nach coir a dhíarmad ort,
Mu bhreith a' phriomnsa rioghail so,
Dhe 'n teaghlach dhìrich Albannaich ;
Togamaid suas ar sùilean ris,
Le ùrnuaigh dhù gun chealgairreachd,
Ar làmhnan na 'm biodh feum orra,
Le toil 's le eud 's le earbalachd.

Togamaid fuirm a's meanmnadh ris,
Is aithnichear air ar dùrachd sinn,
Le latha chumail sunndach leim,
As leth a' phriounsa Stiùbhàitch ;
Gur cal' an àm na h-éigin e,
Ar carraig threun gu stiùireadh air ;
Thug bàrr air cheud am buadhanuan,
'S tha eridhe 'n t-sluaign air dlùthadh ris.

Cha 'n iognadh sin, 'n uair smuainichear
An dualachas o 'n taimig e ;
'N doimhne bh' ann gu foghluijmte ;
Gun bhonn do dh' eis 'n a nàdúr dhet,
Mar Sholamb, 'n cleachdadh reusanta,
Mar Shamson, treun an làmhnan e,
Mar Absalom, gur sgiamhach e,
Gur sgiath 's gur dion d' a chàirdean e.

Nach fhaic sibh féin an spéis
A ghabh na speuran gu bhi 'g ùmhadh dha ;
'N uair sheas an reannag shoilseach,
Auns an line an robhsa stiùireadh leis ;
An comhar' bh' aig ar Siànuighear,
Ro Theàrlach thighe'n do 'n dùthach so,
'N uair chaidh na daoine ciallach ud
G' a iarraidh gu Ierusalem.

A nis, a Theàrlajéin Stiùbhaint,
Na 'm biodh an crùn a th' air Seòras ort,
Bu lionmhòr agaimh cùrtearan,
A' caitbeamh ghùn is chleòcaichean ;
Tha m' atbchuing ris an Ti sin,
Aig am beil gach ni ri òrduchadh,
Gu 'n teàrnadh e o 'n cheilg ac' thu,
'S gu 'n cuir e 'u seilbh do chòrach thu.

ORAN NAN CASAGAN DUBHA.

[A rinn am bárd 'n uair chual' e gu 'n do bhacadh an t-éideadh Gàëlich le lagh na rloghachd ; agus muinntir a dhùthcha fein bhi nile air taobh righ Déòrsa 's a' bhliadhna 1745.]

LAMH' Dhé leinn, a dhaoine,
C' uime chaochail sibh fasan,
'S nach 'eil agaibh de shaorsa,
Fiù an aodaich a chleachd sibh ;
'S i mo bharail mu 'n éighe,
Tha 'n aghaidh fhéileadh a' osan,
Gu 'm beil caraid aig Teàrlach,
Ann am Pàrlamaid Shasuinn.

Faire ! faire l' Righ Déòrsa,
'N ann a spòrs' air do dhilsean,
Deanamh achdachan ùra,
Gu bhi dùblachadh 'n daorsa ;
Ach on 's balaich guo uails' iad,
'S fearr am bualadh no 'n caomhna,
'S bidb ni 's lugha g'a t-fheitheamh,
'N uair thig a leithid a rìsd oirnu.

Ma gheibh do nàmhaid 's do charaid
Au aon pheanas an Albaian,
'S iad a dh-éirich 'na t-aghaidh,
Rinn an roghainn a b' fhearra dhùibh ;
Oir tha caraid math cùil 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 robb oifig each Gàëllach
 Eadar *Serjent* a's Còirneil,
 Nach do chaill a *chomision*,
 'N uair chaidh 'm briseadh le fòirneart ;
 A' mheud 's a fhuair sibh an uiridh,
 Ged bu diombuan r'a ôle,
 Bheir sibh 'm bliadh'n air ath-philleadh,
 Air son uinneagan *leòsain*.

Cha robb bhliadhna na taic so,
 Neach a sheasadh mar sgóileir,
 Gun *chomision* rìgh Breatainn,
 Gu bhi 'u a Chaptein air onair ;
 Chaidh na ficheadan as diubh,
 Nach do leasaich sud *dolar*,
 Ach an sgiùrsageadh dhachaiddh,
 Mar chù a dh-easbhuidh a *choilair*.

Ach ma dh-aontaich sibh rìreadh,
 Ri bhur slòr dhol am mugba,
 Ged a bha sibh cho rioghal,
 Chaidh bhur eisean am modhad ;
 'S math an airidh gu 'u faicte
 Dream cho tais ribh a' cumha,
 Bhi tilgeadh dhibh bhur cuid bhreacan,
 'S a' gabhail chasagan dubha.

Och ! mo thruaighe sin Albainn !
 'S tür a dhearrbh sibh bhur reuson,
 Gur i'n roinn bh' ann bhur n-inntinn,
 'N rud a mhìll air gach gleus sibh ;
 Leugh an *Gòbharmart* sannt
 Anus gach neach a thionndaidh ris fén dhibl,
 'S thus iad baoiht do bhur gionaich,
 Gu 'r cuir fo mhionach a chéile.

Ghlac na Sasunnaitch fàth oirbh,
 Gus bhur fagail ni 's laige,
 Chum 's nach bitheadh g' ur cunntadh,
 'N ur luchd-comh-strò ni h' fhaide ;
 Ach 'n uair a bhios sibh a dh-easbluidh
 Bhur n-airm, 's bhur n-acuinnean sraide,
 Gheibh sibh sèarsaigeadh mionaich,
 Is bidh bhur peanas ni 's gràide.

Tha mi faicinn hhur truaighe,
 Mar ni nach cualas a shamhuil,
 A' chuid a's feàrr de bhur seabhaig,
 Bhi air slabhruidh aig clamhan ;
 Ach ma tha sibh 'n ar leòghainn,
 Pillibh 'n dòghruinn s' 'na teamhair,
 'S deanaibh 'n deudach a thrusadh,
 Mu 'n téid bhur busan a cheangal.

'N uair thig hagrath an nàmhaid,
 Gus an àit anns do phill e,
 'S ann ou mìnath leam a chàirdean,
 Sibh bhi 'u aireamh na buidhne,

D' am biodh spioraid cho Gàëllach,
 'S gu 'm biodh an sàr ud 'n an cuimhne,
 Gus bhur pilleadh 's au abhaian,
 Oir tba i roimhbih ni 's doimhne.

Nis, a Thèarlaich òig Stiùbhaird,
 Riut tha dùil aig gach fine,
 Chaidh a chothachadh crùin dhut,
 'S a leig an dùthaich 'u a teine ;
 Tha mar nathraighean folait,
 A chaillean earradh an uraидh,
 Ach tha 'g ath-ghleusadh an gathan,
 Gu éiridh latha do thiginn.

'S iomadh neach a tba guidbe,
 Ri do thiginn, a Thèarlaich,
 Gus an éireadh na cuingeann,
 Dheth na bhuidbeann tha 'n éigin ;
 A tha cantainn 'u an cridhe,
 Ged robh an teanga 'g a bhrengadh,
 "Làn do bheatha gu t-fhaicinn,
 A dh' ionnsuidh Bhreatainn a's Eirinn."

'S iomadh òganach aimsichte,
 Tha 's an àm so 'n a chadal,
 Eadar bràighe Srath-Chluanaidh,
 Agus hruachan Loch-ahair ;
 Rachadh 'n cùisibh mhic t-atar,
 'S a chrùn, 's a chathair r' an tagradh,
 'S a dh' ath-philleadh na Ceathairn,
 A dhòladh latha Chulodair.

Ach a chàirdean na cùirte,
 Nach 'eill a' chùis a' cur feirg oirbh,
 Na 'n do dh' fhosgail bhur sùilean,
 Gus a' chùis a hhi searbh dhuibh ;
 Bidh bhur duais mar a' ghobhar
 A théid a bhileodhan gu tarbhach,
 'S a hhith'r a' fuadach 's an fhoghar
 Is ruraig nan gaothar r'a h-earball.

Ma 's e 'm peacach a 's modha
 'S còir a chumhachd a chlaoideadh ;
 Nach e Seumas an Seachdamh
 Dhearrbh bhi seasmach 'n a inntinn ?
 "C' uim' an diteadh sibh 'n onair,
 Na bhioidh sibh moladh na daoidheachd ?"
 'S gur h-e dhùlùitheachd d' a chreideamh
 A thug do choigrich an rioghachd.

Fhuair sinn rìgh à Hanobhar,
 Sparradh oirnne le achd e,
 Tha againn prionnse 'n a aghaidh,
 Is neart an lagha 'g a bhacadh ;
 O Bhith, tha shuas 'na do bħreitheamh,
 Gun chron 's au dithis nach fac thu,—
 Mar h-e a th' ann, cuir air aghairt
 An t-aon a 's lugha 'm bi pheacadh.

ISEABAIL NIC-AOIDH.

AIR FONN—*Plobaireachd.**An t-úrlar.*

ISEABAIL Nic-Aoidh,
 Aig a' chrodh laoigh,
 Iseabail Nic-Aoidh,
 'S i 'n a b-aonar,
 Iseabail Nic-Aoidh,
 Aig a' chrodh laoigh,
 Iseabail Nic-Aoidh,
 'S i 'n a b-aonar;
 Iseabail Nic-Aoidh,
 Aig a' chrodh laoigh,
 Iseabail Nic-Aoidh,
 'S i 'n a h-aonar.
 Seall sibh Nic-Aoidh
 Aig a' chrodh laoigh,
 Am bonnabh nam frith'
 'S i 'n a h-aonar.

An ceud Siubhal.

Mhuire 's a Righ!
 A dhuine gun mbnaoi,
 Ma thig thu a chaoiadh,
 'S i so do thím;
 Nach faic thu Nic-Aoidh,
 Aig a' chrodh laoigh,
 Am bonnabh nam frith',
 'S i 'n a h-aonar.

Mhuire 's a Righ!
 A dhuine gun mhnaoi,
 Ma thig thu a chaoiadh,
 'S i so do thím;
 Nach faic thu Nic-Aoidh,
 Aig a' chrodh laoigh,
 Am bonnabh nam frith',
 'S i 'n a b-aonar.

Comharradh duibh
 Nach 'eil gu math,
 Air fleasgach amh
 Bhi feadh a so,
 'N uair tha bean-taigh'
 Air Riordan nan Damh,
 Muigh aig a' chrodh,
 Gun duine mar-ri.
 Combarradh duibh
 Nach 'eil gu math,
 Air fleasgaich amh
 Bhi feadh a so,
 'N uair tha bean-taigh'
 Air Riordan nan Damh,

Muigh aig a' chrodh,
 'S i na h-aonar.
 Iseabail Nic-Aoidh, &c.

An dara Siubhal.

Seall sibh bean-taigh
 Air Riordan nan Damh,
 Muigb aig a' chrodh,
 Gun duine mar-ri ;
 Seall sibh bean-taigh
 Air Riordan nan Damh,
 Muigh aig a chrodh,
 'S i 'n a h-aonar.

Seall sibh bean-taigh
 Air Riordan nan Damh,
 Muigh aig a' chrodh,
 Gun duine mar-ri ;
 Seall sibh bean-taigh
 Air Riordan 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 Riordan nan Damh,
 Gheibh e bean-taigh,
 'S cuireadh e rith'.

Duine sam bith
 Th' air son a' chluich',
 Do chinneadh math,
 Le meud a chruidh,
 Deanadh e ruith,
 Do Riordan nan Damh,
 Gheibh e bean-taigh,
 'S i 'n a h-aonar.

Iseabail Nic-Aoidh, &c.

An Taobhluath.

Nach faic sibh an oibseig
 Tha coslach ri glacadh,
 Am bliadhna 'g a cleachdadadh,
 Ri crodh agus eachaibh,
 Air achadh 'n a h-aonar.

Nach faic sibh an oibseig
 Tha coslach ri glacadh,
 Am bliadhna 'g a cleachdadadh,
 Ri crodh agus eachaibh,
 Air achadh 'n a h-aonar.

'S neònach am fasan,
 Do dhaoine tha dh' easbhuidh
 Nan nithean bu taitneich'
 Dhaibh féin e bbiaca,
 Bhi fulang a faicinn,
 Am bliadna 'g a cleachdadadh,
 Ri crodh agus eachaibh,
 Air achadh 'n a h-aonar.

'S neônoch am fasan,
Do dhaoine tha dh' easbhuidh
Nan nithean bu taitneich'
Dhaibh fêin e bli aca,
Bhi fulang a faicinn,
Am bliadhna 'g a cleachdadh,
Ri crodh agus eachaibh,
Air acadh 'n a h-aonar.
Iseabail Nic-Aoidh, &c.

An Crunluath.

Seall sibh air a' cheannaidheachd,
An iomallan nam mullaichean,
Am bliadhna 's i gu muladach,
Na h-uile là 'n a h-aonar.

Seall sibh air a' cheannaidheachd,
An iomallan nam mullaichean,
Am bliadhna 's i gu muladach,
Na b-uile là 'n a h-aonar.

Innsidh mis do dh-iomadh fear,
'S an ranruuidheachd 'n uair chluinnear i,
Gu'm beil i air a cumail
As na h-uile h-âite follaseach,
Le ballanan a's cuinneagan,
An iomallan nam mullaichean,
Am bliadhna 's i gu muladach,
Na h-uile là 'n a h-aonar.

Seall sibh air a' cheannaidheachd,
An iomallan nam mullaichean,
Am bliadhna 's i gu muladach,
Na h-uile là 'n a h-aonar.

Iseabail 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, "*Fàilte Phriuinn's*." To those who have attended to the variations of that air, as played properly upon the great Highland bag-pipe, 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 Edit.*
1829

PIOBALREACHD BEAN AOIDH.*Urlar.*

THOGAIREADH bean Aoidh,
Thogaireadh bean Aoidh,
Thogaireadh bean Aoidh
Uain do dh-Aisir,
Thogaireadh bean Aoidh
'N agaibh na gaoith,

'S rinn iad Mac-Aoidh
Aig Lochan-nan-Glaimhidheach.
'S folluiseach a dh-fhalbh i,
Callaidheachd an déigh Aoidh,
Thoillich i 'bhi 'n a mnaoi,
'N hiteachan fásachail ;
Chunna' mise mar bha i,
Turraban an déigh Aoidh,
'M bealach eadar dà bheinn,
B' àill leo gu 'n tâmhadh iad.
Chunnait mi rud eile ri's,
Dh-innis domh nach robb sibh saor.
H-uile h-aon de an nì,
Sgoilt' feadb nan airidhnean.
'S chunnait mi thu fêin, Aoidh,
'N uair a rinn thu 'm pill,
Gurraidh cruinn anns a' bheinn,
'S duilich dhuibh 'n icheadh.

Siubhal.

'S suarach an t-uidheam,
Do ghruagach no nighin,
Bhi pronnadh s'a' bruidhean,
Is cáb oirre gâireachdaich.
Triall thun na h-uighe,
Gun għnothu hqoq guidhe,
A' mhealladl le bruidhean,
Pàisteachan bà-bħuacħall.
Ma tha agaibh de chridhe,
Na philleas mo bħruidhean,
Théid mis air an t-slighe,
'S feuchaidh mi 'n t-âite
An robb sibh 'n 'ur suidhe,
'N 'ur laideh 's 'n ur suidhe,
'S mn 'n ruitheadh beul duibhe,
B' feħarr gun a chlāisti.

'S suarach an t-uidheam, &c.

Crunluath.

Na cairdean bu dealaidh bha staigh,
Chàirich iad iomadh fear roimh',
Dl' fbeuchainn an eumadh iad uaith,
Ailleas nach b' fbeitarde i,
Thionndaidh i 'bus ris an fhraigħ,
'S bhòidich nach pilleadh i troigh,
Chaoið gus an ruigeadh i 'n taigh,
Am b' abhaist d'i fàth fhaighinn.
Dh-fhàg i 'n t-aran a' bruich',
'S dh-fhalbh i o philleadh a' chruidh,
Dh-aicheadh i comhairl' s am bith,
'S mhàrsail i dh-Aisir bhuainn.
Mhuinnitir a thachair a muigh,
'S iad a fluair sealladh a' chluich,
Anna 'n a ruith, teannadh o 'n taigh,
'N déigh 'llle chràcanach.

Na cairdean bu dealaidh, &c.

RANN AIR LONG RUSPUINN.

[Sean long bheag, a bha air a càradh le ceannnaiche, bha 'n shean duine, agus a bhrist ioinme sin ; chàraich e an long so, le spruileach luinge chaidh a bhriseadh ri stóirm geombráidh air tráigh fagus do Ruspuinn ; bha 'n ceannnaiche pòsd' ri seann níghin tacan ro'n àm sin, 's iad gun chlann. 'N uair rinn e suas an long, 's ann le luath ranaich mar luchd a chaide e leatha air a' cheud siubhal.]

SEANA mharaich, seana cheunaich,
Le seana chaileig, 's iad gun sliochd ;
Gnn tuar conaich air a' chual chrannaich,
Is luath rainich air cheud luchd.
Bha sean acair, gun aon taic iunt' ;
Air Sean bhacan, ri Sean taigh ;
Leig an Sean tobha gun aon chobhair,
An Sean eithear air seana cloich.
Bha triùir ghaisgeach gun neach caisrigt,
Air dhroch eistreadh 'n an caol ruith.
Gu long *Ruspuinn* nach páigh cuspunn,
An t-seana chupuill nam plàigh rith'.
'S mòr an eis e do fhear pension,
Bha 'na rancabha fada muigh,
Bhi air chùl fraighneach air stiùir Síne,
Gun dùil sìneadh ri deagh chluich.

ORAN NAN SUIRIDHEACH.*

FHEARAMH òg' leis am miannach pòsdadh,
Nach 'eil na sgeibl so 'g 'ur fàgail trom ?
Tha chuid a's diomhair' tha cur an lin dibh,
Cha 'n 'eil an trian diubh a' ruigheachd fuinn.
Tha chuid a's faighreacail air an oighreachd's,
O 'm beil am prise a' dol air chall,
Mar choirean làidir, cur maill' air pàirtidh,
Tha barail chàirdean, a's gràdh gun bhonn.

Tha fear a' suiridh an diugh air inighean,
Gun bharail iomraill nach dean e tòrn ;
Bha i uair, 's bu chumha buairidh,
A ghuth d' a cluaid, a's a dhreach d' a sùil.
An Sean ghaol cinnteach bha aig ar sinnis',
Nach d'fhuair cead imeachdair feadh na dùthch',
Nach glan a dhearbh i, gu 'n deach' a mharbhadh,
'N uair ni i bàrgan, 'nuair thig fear ùr.

'S ionadh caochladh thig air an t-saoghal,
'S cha chan an fhírin nach 'eil e croasd',
Na h-uile maighdean a ni mar rinn i,
Tha fois a h-inntinn an cunnart feasd.
An duine treubhach, mur 'eil e spréidheach,
A dh' aindeoin eud, tha e féu 'g a chosg,
'S le comhair' ghòraich a h-athair dhòlum,
'G a deanamh déonach le toic, 's le trosg.

* For the air, see "The Rev. Patrick McDonald's Collection of Highland Airs," page 17, No. 112.

O 'n tha 'n gaol ac' air fàs mar Fhaoilleach,
Na bitheadh stri agaibh ri bhi pòsd',
'A seasmhachd inntinn cha 'n 'eil thu cinnteach,
Rè fad na h-aon oidhch' gu teacnd an lò ;
An tè a phàirticheas riut a càirdeas,
Ged tha i' gràdh sud le cainnt a bêòl,
Fo cheann seachduin, thig caochladh fleasgaich,
'S cha 'n fhaignh thu falac dh'i rè do bheò.

Ach 's mòr an näire bhi 'g an sàrachadh,
Oir tha pàirt dhiubh de 'n inntinn stòlt',
Mach o phàrtanu agus chàirdean,
Bhi milleadh ghràidh sin tha fas gu h-òg ;
Mur toir i aicheadh do 'n fhear a's fearr leath',
Ged robh sud craiteach dh'i fad a bêòl,
Ni h-athair feargach, a beatha searbh dh'i,
'S gur fearr leis marbh i, na 'faicium pòsd'.

Faodaidh reason a bhi, gu tréigeadh
An fir a 's beusaich' a théid 'n a triall ;
Ged tha e cairdeach, mur 'eil e páigach,
Ud ! millidh pràcas na th' air a mhiann ;
Tha 'n duine suairece, le barrachd stuamachd,
A' call a bhuanachd ri tè gun chiall ;
'S fear eile 'g éiridh, gun stic ach léine,
'S e cosnadh géill dh'i mù 'n stad e srian.

Mur 'eil stuamachd a' cosnadh gruagaich,
Och ! ciod a' bhuaidh air am bell a geall ?
Nach mor an nednachas fear an dòchais so,
Gun bhi cuòdach nì 's modha bonn ;
Fear eile sineadh le mire 's taosnadh,
Le comunn failteach, no aigneadh trom,
'S ge math na trì 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 nàrach, ma tha e mear ;
Ma tha e sannach, ma tha e greannar,
Ma tha e cainnteach, a's e gun chron ;
Ma tha e bòidheach, ma tha e seolta,
Ma tha e còmhnaid, ma tha e glan ;
Ma tha e diomhain, ma tha e gnìomhach,
Ud, ud ! cha 'n fhiach le a h-aon diubh sin !

Ma tha e páigach, tha e gun nàire,
'S ma tha e sgathach, cha bheag a' chrois ;
Ma tha e gaolach, tha e 'n a chaora ;
'S ma tha e failteach, tha e 'n a throsg ;
Matha e gnìomhach, their cuiid, " Cha 'n fhiach e,
Tha 'm fear ud mòidhair, 's e sud a chron ;"
'S ma tha e failligeach ann an aiteachadh,
" Cha bhi barr aig', is bi'dh e bochd."

Cò an t-aon fhear air feadh an t-saoghal,
A tha nis cinnteach gu 'n dean e tòrn ;
'S nach 'eil a h-aon de na tha mi 'g innseadh,
Nach 'eil 'n a dhìteadh dha air a chùl.

An duine meanmnach, 's e toimhseil, ainmeil,
Cha chluinn thu 'ainm ach mar fhearr gun diù ;
'S nach fhaic thu féin, air son iomadh reusoin,
Gu 'n deach' an spréidh os ceann céille, 's cliù.

Tha fear fòs ann, a dh-aindeoin dòchais,
A db' fhaodas pòsadh gun mhòran char ;
Na'm biodh de chiall aig' na dh'aithních riamh,
Gu 'n do dh-éirich grian anns an àirde 'n ear ;
Dean 'n a dhuairec 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 B R U A D A R.

AIR FONN—"Latha siubhal sléibhe dhomh."

CHUNNA' mise bruadar,
Fhir nach cuala, thig a's cluinn ;
Ma's breisleach e, cur casg air ;
'S ma tha neart ann, bi 'g a sheinn ;
Na m' b' fhior dhombh féin gu 'm faca mi,
Am Freasdal, 's e air beinn ;
Gach nì a's neach 'n a amhare,
Is e coimhead os an cinn.

Chunna' mi gach seòrsa 'n sin,
A' tigh 'nn 'n an cròthaibh, cruinn ;
'S na m' b' fhior dhomh, gu'n robh mòran diubh,
A b' eòl domh ri mo linn ;
Ach cò a bha air thòis dhuibh,
Ach na daoine pòsd' air sreing,—
'S a' cheud fhearr a thuirt falac diubh,
Cruaidh chasadair air a mlinaoi.

Labhair glagair àraidh ris,—
" 'S tu leig mo naimhdeas leam,
N uair phòs mi ghobach, àrdanach,
Naobh obadh enàmhan rium ;
*S e's cainnt an taobh mo leapa dh'i,
An uair is pailte rùm,
Gu cealgach, fèargach, droeili-mheinneach,
*'S an droch-nair, teanu a null.'

" Their i ris, gu h-ain-meinneach,
'N uair dh' éireas fearg 'n a sròin,
Gu 'm b' ole mi ann an argumaid,
'S nach b' fheàrr mi thogail sgeòil,—
Cha b' ionann duit 's do c' ainm e sud,
'S deagh sheanachaidh e 's taigh-òsd,
O !'s buidhe dhi-s' thug dhachaigh e,
B' e féin am fleasgach còir.

" 'Nuair chlosas mis' ri smuaineachadh,
Gach truaighe thug mo shàr ;
Their i, sgeigefil, beumach, rium,
Gur ro mhath dh-éisdinn seul ;
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."

Thuirt ise :—" Gu 'm b' cudach sud,
'S gu 'n robh e breugach, meallt',"
Is thug i air mar b' àbhaist d'i,
Nach abradh 'bheul-sa drann ;
" Tha 'n adharc sgorrach, éitidh ;
Ach o 'n 's éigin d'i bhi ann,
O ! ciod e 'n t-àite 'n càra dh'i
Bhi fàs, na air a' cheann."

Thubhairt fear de 'n àireamh ud,
Bu tàbhachdaiche bh' aunn,
" A Fhreasdail, rinn tbu fàbhor rium,
Am païrt 'nuain thug thu clann ;
Ged thug thu bean mar mhàthair dhaibh,
Nach dean gach dáarna h-àm,
Ach h-uile gnìomb a 's tar-suinne,
Mar 'thachras thigh'n 'n a ceann."

Fhreagair Freasdal reusonta,—
" 'S e 's feumall dhut bbi stuaim,'
'S a liuthad là a dh' éisd mi riut,
Is tu 'na t-éigin chruaiddh ;
Mu 'n do chumadh léine dhut,
Bha 'n céile sin riut fuait,
Is ciod iad nis na fàthan,
Air am b' aill leat a cur bhuat?"

" Nach bochd dhomh, 'nuair thig strainsearan,
Bhios ceòlmhor, caiunteach, biun,
'Nuair 's math leam a bhi fialaidh riuth',
'S ann bhios i fiata ruinn ?
'N uair dh' òlas mi gu cùirteil leath',
'S e gheibh mi cùl a cinn,
'S bidh mise 'n sin 'n am bhreugadair,
Ag ràdh gu 'm beil i tinn.

" Cha tòmh i 'm baile dithribh leam,
Cha toigh leath' gaoth nam beannu,
An t-àite mosach, fàsachail,
Am beil an cràbhadh gann ;
'S ged chuir mi làmh ri eaglais i,
Cha 'n fhada dh' fhasan ann,—
'An t-àite dona, tàbhurnach,
Bidh sluagh cur neul 'n a ceann.' "

Sin 'n uair thubhairt Freasdal ris,—
" 'S e thig do 'n neach ni chòir ;
A bhi ni 's dlùith' r' a dhleasannas,
Mar's truime crois 'g a leòn ;

Ged shaoileadh tu gu 'm maitheadh dhut,
 Na pheacach thu gu h-òg;
 Cha 'n fhear gun chamadh crannchair thu,
 Fhad 's bhios a' cham-chomhdh'l s' heò.

" Cha 'n fhac thu féin 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,
 Bh' air an ditheadh steach 'n ad chliahh,
 Nach fhaic thu gur h-aon aisinn dhiot,
 A chum air ais sud riagh.

" Aidich féin an fhírinn,
 Agus chi thu 'n sin mar bha,
 A' mheud 's a ghabh mi shaothair rith',
 Gus an caoch'leadh i ni b' fhearr ;
 Dh-fleuch bochdainagus beartas dh'i,
 Is euslaint agus sláint',
 Is thainig mi cho fagus d'i,
 'S a bagairt leis a' hhas.

" "Nuair a dh' fheuch mi bochdain dh'i,
 'S ann ortsa chuir i 'm fùt ;
 'S cha mhò a rinn an t-socair i
 Ni b' fhosgarraich' ri cùch ;
 Le h-euslaint' 'nuair a bhun mi rith',
 S ann frionasach a dh-phas ;
 An t-slainte bhuam cha 'n aidhich i,
 'S cha chreid i bhuam am hàs."

Cò sin a chite tighinn,
 Dol a bhruidhean ris gu teann,
 Ach duine bha cruaidh chasaid
 Air a' mhnaoi bu ghasd' a bh' ann ;
 'S e 'g radh :— " 'Nuair théid 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 căr 'n a ceann.

" Gur h-e trian mo dhitidh oirr',
 Nach bi i faoilidh rium ;
 Ni i seig a's cnaid orm,
 Gun ghair' a' tigh'nn á còm ;
 'Nuair bhitheas sinn 'n ar n-aonaran,
 Bidh 'cainnt 's a h-aogas trom,
 Ach 'n uain thig na fir gu fuirmeil,
 Gheibh sinn òl, a's cuirm, a's fonn.

" A Fhreasdail, rinn thu seirhhe dhomh,
 'S ann orm a chuir thu chuing,
 'S gu 'm b' eòl dut gu 'n robh m' aimsir,
 Is mo mheanmhadh air an claoich ;
 B' flurasd' dhut 's na bliadhnaibh ud,
 Mo riachadh le mnaoi
 Bhiodh ùmhail, cairdeil, rianail dhomh,
 'S nach iarradh fear a chaoioidh."

" Dh' fhaodainn-sa do phòsadh
 Ris an t-seòrsa tha thu 'g ràdh,
 Ach 's aonan as a' chiad dhiubh,
 Bheireadh riachadh dhut ràidh ;
 An tè de 'n nadur neònach ud,
 'S nach toireadh pòg gu hràth,
 Aon dràm no deoch cha 'n blar leath',
 'S cha dheònaich i do chàch."

Air an dara dùsal dhomh,
 'N déigh dùsgadh as mo shuain,
 Chunnaic mi na daoine sin,
 Ag sgaoileadh mach mu 'n cuairt ;
 S na h-uile bean bha pùsda sin,
 A' dol 'n an dhùnaibh suas,
 Ach 's aon tè as an ìchhead dhiubh,
 Bha buidheach leis na fhuaire.

Labhair aon bean iunnsuicht' dhiubh,
 Bu mhodha rùm na cùch :—
 " Am biadh, an deoch, 's an aodaichean,
 Cha 'n fhaodainn bhi ni 's sathaicht' ;
 Ach gu m' fhagail trom, neo-shunndach,
 Cha 'n eòl domh pung a's dàch',
 Na gealltanais mo thòileachadh,
 Gun choimhlionadh gu hràth.

" An duine sin tha mar rium,
 Tha sior ghearan air mo shunnd,
 Dheارbhaillnán Féin air 'fhiacaill,
 Ged nach d' iarr mi, nach do dhiùlt ;
 Bidh mòran diuhb mi-reusonta,
 'Nuair gheibh thu 'n sgeul gu grunnd,
 Tha dùil ac' gu 'n għluais mireag riuth',
 An spiorad nach 'eil ann.

" 'S neònach leam an dràsda 'n so,
 Sior àbhaist nam fear pòsd',
 Their gu ladarn' dàna,
 Nach do thoirmisg aithne pòg ;
 Cia mòr an diùbhcas beusan
 Th' eadar eucoir agus còir,
 Cha 'n eòl domh aite-seasaimh,
 Gun a chos air aon diuhh dhò."

Chunnaic mi 's an àite sin,
 Ni àbhachdach gu leòir,
 Is shaol mi gu 'm bu reuson e,
 O 'n tigeadh eudach mòr ;
 Ciod bh' ann ach fear gun chomas,
 'G iarraidh comunn tè gun chòir,
 'S bha fior dhroch bheachd aig ceud deth,
 'S a hhean féin 'g a chur an spòrs.

Chuireadh e neul 'n am eanchainn-s',
 A bhi 'g ainmeachadh le cainnt,
 A' mheud 's a bh' anu de dh-argumaíd,
 'S do chomunn gearrta greann' ;

Bha na ceadan pears' an sud,
 'N an seasamh ann an rdne,
 'S hha casaidean aig mòrann diuhh,
 Ma' n aon neach hha toirt taing.

A N D U I N E S A N N T A C H

AGUS AN SAOGHAL, A' GEARAN AIR A CHEILE.

AN DUINE.

'S MI-CHOMAINNEACH thusa, Shaoghal,
 'S h' ahhaist dhut,
 'S olc a leanadh tu ri daoine
 A leanadh riut;
 Am fear a cheangail sreang gu teaun riut,
 Leis a' ghlut;
 'Nuair tharruinn gach fear a cheann fénin d'i,
 'S es' a thuit.

AN SAOGHAL

Is sihhse tha mar sin, a dhaoine,
 'S h' ahhaist duihh,
 'S olc a leanadh sibh ri saoghal
 A leanadh riuh ;
 Ged chuir mise sorchan fodhaih,
 'S air gach taohh,
 Mas sihh fénin tha gabhal teichidh,
 Soraidh leibh !

AN DUINE.

O, na' n' gleidheadh tu mis, a shaoghal,
 Bhithinn dha do réir,
 Oir tha na h-uile ni a's toigh leam
 Fo na ghréin ;
 C' uim' an leigeadh tu gu dlinn
 Mi gu péin,
 'S nach 'eil flaitheas cho priseil dhomhli
 Riut fénin.

AN SAOGHAL

S ann hu chòir dhut hhi cur t-eòlais
 Ni bu deis',
 Far am biodh na h-uile sòlas
 Ni hu treis',
 Ged ni mis' an t-umaidh àrach
 Ri car greis,
 'N uair a thogras e fénin m' fhagail,
 Leigeam leis.

ORAN DO'N OLLA MOIRISTON.

LUINNEAG.

Binn sin uair-eigin,
Searbh sin dg,
Binn sin uair-eigin,
Searbh sin dg ;
Binn sin uair-eigin,
'N comunn so dh' fhuardach,
Air an robh earball glé dhuaineil,
Ge bu ghuanch a shròn.

A' BRILIADHNA na caluinn-s',
 Bu gheur am faohar a ghearradh an teud,
 Bh' eadar Dòmhnull's am Morair,
 'S iad mar aon ann an comunn 's an gaol ;
 Ach cia h' e ni hha's na cairtean,
 Chaithd e feargach oirn seachad an dé ;
 'S cò a's dàchá hhi coireach,
 Na' m fear a dh-fhasgas am haile leis fénin ?
Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

Chunnaic mis' air a' hòirdh thu,
 Bhliadhua ghahh Sìne Ghòrdon an t-tät,
 'S cha chuireadh tu t-aodann
 Ann an comunn nach slaodadh tu leat ;
 Ach 'nuair shaoil leat do shorchan,
 Bhi cho laidir ri tulchainn a' gheat,
 Shlioch na honna-chasan reambar
 Dheth na loma-leacan sleamhuinn gun taic !
Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

Dearhh cha ghabhainn-sa ioglinadh
 As an leac so chuir miltean a muigh,
 Dhe na corra-cheannaich' hhriosgach,
 Aig am faicte 'n dà iosgaid air chrith ;
 Ach an trostanach treubhach,
 Chuireadh neart a dha shléisd' 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 leasanan duinn,
 Deanamh iòhairt de hheagan,
 Gu'm biadh càch air an teagast r' an linn ;
 Ach ma thuitceas fear aithghéarr,
 Le hhi seal tuinn ro hras os a chinn,
 Cha'n' eil fhios agam, aca,
 Co a's ciontaich' an leac no na buinn.
Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

Tha mise fénin ann an eagal,
 'G iarrайдh fasach no eag do mo shàil,
 Is mi falbh air an leacaich,
 Air an d' fluair daoine seasmhach an shr;

Ach tha m' earhsadh tre chunnart,
Mo gharbh-chnaimhean uile bhi slàn,—
Oir ged a thàrladh dhomh clibeadh,
Cha'n 'eil àird' aig mo smigeid o'n làr.
Binn sin uair eigin, &c.

An duin' òg s' tha'n a léigh,
Tha mi clàistinn tha tighinn á'dhéigh,
Fhuair e leasun o dhithis,
Chum gu'n siùhladh e suidhicht 'n a cheum;
Ach mu'n chùis tha d'a leantuin,
Cuiream cùl ri bhi cantuinn ni's léir;
Ach na'm biadh hrigh na mo chomhairl',
So an t-àm am heil Somhairl' n'a feum.
Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

Ian Mhic-Uilleim 's an t-Srathan,
Faodaidh deireadh do lathach's-hi searbh,
Ged tha'n aimsir-s' cho sitheil,
'S nach 'eil guth riut mu phris air an tårhh ;
Chaidh luchd-fahhoir a hhriseadh,
Na hba'n dreucheadar Ruspunn's am Pàrrh ;
Am fear a thig le mòr urram,
Gheihh e ceud mile mallachd 's an fhàllh.*
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 steamhnuinn an leac a th'aig dorus an taigh' mhòir.”

M A R B H R A N N.

[Do dhithis mhinisteir ro ainmell 'nan dùthaich, Mr Iain Munro, Ministeir Sgìre Eadarachaois, agus Mr Dòmhnuill Mac-Aoidh, Maighstir-sgoile, «gair Fair.】

AIR FONN—“Oran na h-aoise.”

'S e mo hheachd ort, a hhàis,
Gur hrsas thu ri pàirt,
Gur teachdair' tha laidir, treum, thu ;
An cogadh no'm blàr,
Cha toirear do shàr,
Aon duine cha tár do thréiginn ;
Thug thu an dràs
Dhuinn huille no dhà,
Chuir eaglaisean hàn, a's foghlum ;
Is 's fhurasd dhomh ràdh,
Gur goirid do dhàil,
'S gur tric a' toirt beàrn 'n ar Cléir thu.

Bhuin thu ruinn garhh,
Mu'n dithis so dh-fhalbh,
'Nuaир ruith thu air lòrg a chéil' iad ;
C'uime nach d' fhàg thu

* “Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.”
Johns. Van. Hum. Wishes.

Bhudhean a h' àirde,
A bhiodh do chàch ro fheumail ;
A bhruidhean a b' fheàrr
A' tighinn o'm heul,
'S an cridheachan làn de reuson ;
Chaidh gibhteachan gràis
A mheasgadh 'n an gnàths,
'S hha'n neasachd a' fàs d' a réir sin.

Dithis bha'n geall
Air gearradh á bonn,
Gach ain-iocdh, gach feall, 's gach eucoir ;
Dà sholus a dh-fhalbh
A earrannan garbh,
Dh-fhàg an talamh-sa dorch d' a réir sin ;
Ge d' tha e ro chruaidh,
Gu'n deach' iad 's an uaigh,
Tha cuid a gheihh buaidh a's feum dheth ;
Mar ri gach aon ni,
Dh-aithris iad dhuinn,
Chaidh'n gearradh á tìm an leughaidh.

Dithis a hh' ann,
Bu chomhairl' 's bu cheann,
Do phobhull fhuair àm g' an éisdeachd ;
Dithis, hha'n hàs
'N a hhriseadh do chàch,
Gidheadh gu'm h'e'm fàhhor fèin e ;
Cha ladurn gu dearbh,
Dhuinn chreidsinn 'nuair dh-fhalbh,
Gu'n d' fhreagair an earhs' gu léir iad ;
A dh' aineoan an aoig,
B'e'n cairide gaoil,
'Nuair sgair e o thìr nam breug iad.

Tha sgeulan r'a innis'
Mu dhéighinn na dith's,
A's feumail a hhi sna cendan ;
Feudaidh mi rádh,
Cia teumach am hàs,
Nach tug e ach pairt d'a bheum uainn.
Ged thug e le tinn,
Aii corpora do'n chill,
Bidh iomradh ro bhinn 'n an déigh orr' ;
Is iomadh beul ciinn,
Ag aithris 's gach linn,
Na labhair, na sheinn, 's na leugh iad.

Sinne tha làthair,
Tuig'maid an t-stràchd-s',
Is cleachdamaid trà air reuson ;
Nach faic sihh o'u bha,
Au lathachan s' geàrr,
Gu'n ruith iad ni h'fheàrr an réis ud ;
'S mac-samhail dhuinn iad,
Ged nach 'eil sinn cho àrd,

Anns na nitheanaibh cràbhaidh, leughant' ;
 Na earb'maid gu bràth,
 Gu 'n ruig sin an t-àit-s'
 Mur lean sinn ri páirt d' an ceuman.

Tha 'n teachdair s' air tòir
 Gach neach a tha beò,
 'G an glacadh an còir no 'n eucoir ;
 Na gheibh e 'n a dhòrn,
 Cha reic e air òir,
 Ri gul, no ri deoir cha 'n eisid e.
 Chi mi gur fià
 Leis tighinn do 'n chùil,
 Gu fear th' ann an chìld mar éideadh ;
 'S ged dheanamaid dùn,
 Cha cheannaich e dhuiinn,
 Aon mhionaid de dh-ùin o 'n eug sin.

An dithis so chuaidh,
 Cha rachadh cho'lunn,
 Na 'n gabhadh tu uainn an èirig ;
 Cha leig'maid 'n an dith's
 Iad as an aon mhios,
 Na 'm b' urradh sinn diol le seudan :
 Ach 's teachdair ro dhàn'
 Thu, tighinn o 's àird,
 Buailidh tu stàtaibh 's déircean ;
 Cha bhacar le 'pris,
 Air t' ais thu a ris,
 'S tu dh' easbuidh an aoin mu 'n téid thu.

Glacaidh tu chloinn
 A mach bho na bbrioinn,
 Mu 's faic iad ach soills' air éigin ;
 Glacaidh tu 'n òigh,
 Dol an coinneamh an òig,
 Mu 'm feudar am pòsadh éigheachd.
 Ma 's beag, no ma 's mòr,
 Ma 's sean, no ma 's òg,
 Ma 's cleachdamh dhuinn còir no eucoir ;
 Ma tha sinn 'n ar beò,
 Is anail 'n ar sròn,
 Cuirear uile sinn fo na féich ud.

Tha 'm bàs os ar cinn,
 'G ar glacadh le tinn,
 S le fradhrac ar cinn cha léir e ;
 Ach tha glaodh aig' cho cruaidh,
 S gu 'm faodadh an sluagh,
 A chluaintinn le cluasan reusoin.
 Nach dearc sibh a chùl,
 Is fear aig' fo iùil,
 S e sealtuinn le 'shùil gu geur air ;
 An diugh ciòd am fàth,
 Nach bidh'maid air gheàrd,
 'S gu 'n bhuin e ar nàbuiddh 'n dé bhuainn.

A chumhachd a tha
 Cur chugainn a bhàis,
 Gun teagamh nach pàighear 'fheich dha ;
 Tha misneachd a's bonn
 Aig neach a tha 'n geall,
 Air tagradh na ghealb do bheul dha.
 Oir 's athair do chlann
 A dh' fheitheas a th' ann,
 'S fear-taighe do 'n bhantraich féin e ;
 'S e'n Cruithear a th' ann,
 A bheir gu neo-ghann,
 Na thoilleas sinn anns a' chrentair.

M A R B H R A N N,
 DO MHAIGHSTIR MURCHADH MAC-DHOMHNUIILL,
 MINISTEAR SGIRE DHIURINNIS
 AN DUTHAICH MHIC-AOIDH.

'S e do bhàs, 'Mhaighstir Murchadh,
 Rinn na h-àitean so dhorchadh,
 'S ged chaidh dàil ann do mharbhraunn,
 Labhraidih balbhachd ri céill.
 Na 'm biodh a' Chriosdaidheachd iomlan,
 Cha rachadh di-cluimhn' air t-iomradh,
 No do ghniomharan iomlaid,
 Ach leantadh t-iomchau-s' gu léir ;
 Gur h-e chràdh mi 'n am mheanmnadh,
 'S do luchd-gràidh agus leanmhuiinn,
 Meud do shaothrach mu 's d' fhàlbh thu,
 'S lugh'd a luirc as do dhéigh ;—
 Bheir cuiid leasanan buadhach,
 O bhruaich fasanan t-uaghach,
 Nach tug daiseachan suarach,
 As na chual iad bhuat féin.

Fior mhasgull chionn pàidhidh,
 No stad gealtach le gäbhadh,
 Blàrigh mo bheachd-s' ann an dànaibh,
 'S mi nach deanadh, 's nach d' rinu :
 Ach na 'm biodh comain no stà dhut,
 Anu a t-alladh chur os àird dut,
 Co ach mis' do 'm bu chàra,
 'S co a b' fheàrr na thu thoill ?
 Bhuidhean mholtach-s' a dh-fbàg sinn,
 Ged nach urr' iad a chlàistinn,
 'S còin bhi 'g aithris am pàirtean,
 Gun fhàbhor, 's gun fhoill ;
 Oir 's buain a' chuinneadh bheir bàrda,
 Air deagh bhuadhannaibh nàduir,
 Na 'n stoc cruinn siu a dh-flàg iad,
 Is comh-stri chàirdean 'g a roinn.

Bha do ghibhtean-sa làdir,
 Air am measgadh le gràsan,
 Anns a' phearsa bha àluinn,
 Lom-lànn de na chéill :

An tuigs' bu luchdmhoir' gu gleidheadh,
 An toil a b' èasgaidh gu matheadh,
 'S na h-uile h-aigneadh cho flatail,
 Fad do bheatba gu léir.
 Bhiodh do chomhairl' an còmhnuidh,
 Le do chobhair 's do chòmhnuadh,
 Do luchd-gabhal na còrach,
 Réir 's mar sheòladh tu féin ;
 Dheanadh tu 'n t-aindeonach deònach,
 Is an t-aineolach eòlach—
 'S b' e fior shonas do bheòshlaint,
 Bhi tabhairt còrr dhaibh de léirs'.

Bha thu caomh ri fear feumach,
 Bha thu saor ri fear reusouf,
 Bha thu aodanach, geurach,
 Mar cloich, ri eucoireach, cruaidh ;
 Bu tu 'n tabhairteach maoineach,
 Bu tu 'n lathairteach saothreach,
 Bu tu 'n comhairleach timeil,
 'S crioch a' ghaoil ann ad fhuath ;
 Tha e 'n a ladarnas gàbhaidh,
 Bhi le h-eagal ag àicheadh,
 Nach 'eil stoc aig an Ard-Righ,
 Ni an àird na chaidh uainn ;
 Ach 's fàbhor Freasdail, 's a's ioghnadh,
 No 'n ni a 's faise do mhòrbhui,
 Am hèarn so th' againn a lìonadh,
 Gu blas miannach an t-sluagh.

Leam is beag na tha dh' fhoighneachd,
 Mu na thubhairt, 's na rinn thu,
 'S mu na chliù sin a thoill thu,
 O 'n là chaill sinn thu féin ;
 Ach mòran tartar is stroighlich,
 Air son féich, agus oighreachd,
 Fàgaidh beartaich mur f'hine e,
 Air an cloinn as an déigh ;
 'S e ni a 's minig a chi mi,
 Dh' aindeoin diombunachd time,
 Gu'm beil gionaich nan daoine,
 Tarruinn claoiadh 'n an céill ;
 Ach cha 'n 'eil iomaist no mìdtion,
 Annas na freasdail so dhomhsa,
 Nach toir *leasan* 'n am chòdbail,
 Le seann nòt hho do bheul.

Toigheach, faicilleach, fiamhach,
 Smuainteach, facalach, gnìomhach,
 Ann an ghnothachaibh diomhair,
 Gun bhi diomhain aon uair ;
 Chaith thu t-aimsir gu saothreach,
 Air son sonas nan daoine ;
 'S cha h' e truailidheachd shaoghalt
 No aon ni chur suas.
 'Nuaire thà nitheana taitneach,
 Dol a mugh' a chion cleachdaih,
 B' e chùis f'bara maid fear t-fhasain,
 'S cha b' e beartas a's uaills',

A' dol o 'n bheatha hu sheirbhe,
 Tre na cathan bu ghairhhe,
 Dh-ionnsuidh Flaitheas na tairhhe,
 Gu huan shealbhachadh duais.

Gu'm beil cealgairreachd chràbaidh,
 Air a dearbhadh gu gàbhaidh,
 Tha 'n a gairisinn r' a clàistinn,
 Is ro chràiteach r' a luaidh ;
 Nuair a thuit thu le bà bhuainn,
 Mar gu 'm briseadh iad bràighdean,
 Dhùisg na h-uile sin a b' àbhaist,
 A bhi an nàdur an t-sluagh ;
 Gu'm beil cath aig an Ard-Righ,
 Gu bhi gabhal nam pàirtean,
 Anns na chruthaich e gràsan,
 Thug air aghairt gach buaidh ;
 Rinn sud sinne 'n ar fàsach,
 Anns an talamh-s' an trà so,
 So a' Bharail th' aig páirt diuibh,
 Tric 'g a ràtainn air t-uaigh.

An duine thigeadh a suas riut,
 Ann an guth 's ann an cluasan,
 Cha 'n phicas riamh a's che chualas,
 Is e mo smuaintean nach cuillin ;
 Ged bu bheartach do chràbhadh,
 Bha do mheas air gach tálann,
 'S tu a thuigeadh na dàna,
 'S am fear e dheanadh na rainn ;
 Chuid a b' àirde 's a' hhuaidh sin,
 Tha 'd air stad dheth o 'n uair sin,
 Ach na daiseachan suarach,
 Tha mu 'n cuairt duinn a' seinn ;
 'Nuair a cheilear a' ghrian orr'.
 Sin 'n uair gohoireas na biastan,—
 Cailleach-oidhch' agus strianach,
 An coilltean fiadhaich, 's an glinn.

'S eòl domh daoine 's an aimsir-s',
 Dh-fhàs 'n an cuideachd glé ainmeil,
 Tigheann air nitheanan talmhaidh,
 Ann an gearrabhairreachd gheur ;
 Ach 'n uair thogar o 'n lár iad,
 Gus na nithibh a's àirde,
 S ann a chluinneas tu páirt diuibh,
 Mar na pàisdean gun chéill ;
 Fhuair mi car ann do rianailbh-s',
 Le do ghibhteann hha fialaidh,
 Nach do dhearc mi, ma 's fior dhomh.
 An aon neach riabhach thu féin,—
 Càil gach cuideachd a lìonadh,
 Leis na theireadh tu dìomhan,
 'S crioch do sheanchais gun fhiaradh,
 Tighinn gu diadhaidheachd threun.

Bha do chuid air a sgaoileadh
 Gu hìi cuideachadh dhaoine,

'S fhad 's a bha thu 's an t-saoghal,
 'S tu nach faodadh bhi páidh' ;
 Chuid bu taitneich 'n an iomcháinn,
 Cha'n eil falas mu 'n timcheall,
 Cha hhi ceartas mu 'n iomradh,
 Ach le 'n imrich, 'n am báis.
 'S truagh am peanas a thoill sinn,
 Thaobh nan ciontan a rinn sinn,—
 Bhi slor ghearradh ar goibhleán,
 'S ar cuid theaghláichean fás ;
 Gun cheann láidir gu fhoighneachd,
 Co ni 'n àird na chaill sinn,
 Cuid, d' an cràdh, là is oidhche,
 Nach tig t-oighre 'na t-àit.

Chaochail iad rianan,
 O chioslaich am hás thu,
 Cha'n eil meas am bliadhna,
 Air ciall, no air cràbhadh ;
 Thionndaidh na biastan
 Gu riastadh gráineil,
 Leo-san leig Dia,
 Srian o 'n là sin.
 'S cianail, &c.

Rinn cuid hròn
 Fa choir do hháis-sa.
 Ach ghahh iad sglos,
 Ann am mìos no dhà dheth ;
 Cha'n eil mis' mar iadsan,
 Riaracht' cho trà dheth,—
 An ceann na bliadhna,
 'S cianail a tha mi.
 'S cianail, &c.

CUMHA DO MHR. MURCHADH.

[A rinn am bard an ceann bliadhna an déigh bàis an duin' usail sin, air iarrtas a mhic am fior Gàel suairc ionnsaichte, Mr Padraig Mac-Dhòmhnuill, ministear Sgire' Chille-moire an Earragháel, air dha thigheann do'n dùthaich, agus a bhi aig àm áraidi an cuideachd a' bhàird.]

CO-SHEIRM.

'S cianail, a's cianail,
 O! 's cianail a tha mi,
 'N ceann na bliadhna,
 O! 's cianail a tha mi,
 A Mhaigistir Murchadh,
 'S tu air m' fhadail,
 'S maing nach d'fhuair sinn,
 Linn no dhà dhiot.

'S caomh leam an teaghlaich,
 'S a' chlann sin a dh-fhág thu,
 'S caomh leam na fuinn,
 Bhidhite seinn ann ad fhàrdachd ;
 'S caomh leam bhi' g'ùrachadh
 Chliù nach tug báis dhiot ;
 'S caomh leam an ùir th'air do thaobh,
 Dheth na Bhàghan !
 'S cianail, &c.

ORAN A' GHEAMHRAIDLH.

AIR FONN—"Through the wood, laddie."

Moch 's mi 'g éiridh 's a mhadainn,
 'S an sneachd air a' bheinn,
 Ann an lagan beag monaidd,
 Ri madainn ro dhoiniid,
 'S ann a chuala mi 'n lonan,
 Chuir an loinid o sheinn,
 Is am pigidh ag éigheach
 Ris na speuraihh, 's cha bhinn.

CHRIDHE na féile,
 A bhéil na tàbhachd,
 Cheann na céille,
 'S an fhoghluim chràhhaidh,
 Làimh gun ghanntair
 An am dhut paigheadh,
 An uachdar a' hhùird,
 A ghnùis na failte.
 'S cianail, &c.

Tha mise 'n am aonar,
 Mar aon ann am fásach,
 'S ni gun fheum dhomh,
 A obhar ghàire,
 Cuims' ann an cainnt,
 Ann an ranu no dùnachd,
 Chionn 's nach 'eil thu ann
 G' an clàistinn.
 'S cianail, &c.

.Bithidh am heithe cròn, crotach,
 Sior stopadh o 'fhàs ;
 Mar ri gaotth għarbl shéididin,
 Agus ioma-chathadh 'g éiridh,
 Cròcan barraich a' għiliedh,
 Mios éigheach an àil ;
 A' mhlohs chneatanach, fhuachdaidh,
 Choiṁheach, għruamach, gun tlàths'.

Bi'dh gach doire dubh uaigneach,
 'N dùil fuasgladh o bhlàth ;
 Bithidh an snodachd a' traoghadh,
 Gus an fhreumh as na shín e,
 Crupaidh chairt ris gu dònach,
 Gus an crion i gu lär ;
 'N ion-dubh anus a' mhadainn,
 Sior sreadail chion blàiths.

Mhìos dheitheasach, choaile,
 Choinmheach, ghaothach, gun bhlàths',
 Chuireadh feadail na fuarachd,
 Auns gach badan bu dualach',
 Dhòirteadh sneachda 'n a ruathar,
 Air chruthach nam beann àrd',
 'S an àm teichidh na gréine,
 Caillidh *Phæbus* a bhlàths'.

Mhìos chaiseaneach, għreannach,
 Chianail, chainneanach, għearrt',
 'S ġu clachanach, currach,
 Chruidh-teach, sgealpanach, phuinneach,
 Shneachdach, chaochlaideach, fħrasach,
 Reðtach, reasgach, gu sàr ;
 'S ēna chaoirneinean craidhneach,
 Fad na h-oidhch' air an lär.

'S ann bhios *Phæbus* 'n a reòtachd,
 An ceap nam mòr chruch 'n am beann ;
 Bidh 'an uair sin 's cha neònach,
 Gach eun gearra-ghobach goineach,
 Spioladh iomall an otrach,
 Cur a shröin anns an ðàm ;
 Còmhradh ciùrrta gun bheadradh,
 Le bròn a's sreadal 'n an ceann.

'S an àm tighinn an fheasgair,
 Cha bhi an acaras gann ;
 Ni iad còmhnuidh 's gach callaid,
 Buileach anmhunn a's callaidh,
 Sgrilobadh ùt as na ballaibh,
 Mios chur doininn nan gleann,
 'S iad a' beucail gu toirmneach,
 'S cha hbi 'n eirbheit ach mall.

Ach nach daochail 's a' għeamhradh,
 Fanu għeim gamħna chion febir,
 Gnūgħach, caol-dromach, fearsnach,
 Tioram, tarra-għreannach, ħrsaiddh,
 Biorax, sgreamhanach, fuachdaidd,
 Siltean fuaraidh r' a shröin,
 'S ġu srog-lagħrach għagħ,
 Fulang sàrach' an reòt.

Bidh gach creutair d' a threisead,
 'G iarraidh fasgaidh 's a' choill,
 Bidh na h-ūrlaichean cabrach,
 Guūsdach, airtnealach, laga,

Għabhal geilt dheth na mhadainn,
 Le gutħ a' chneatain 'u an ceann,
 Is na h-aigħeau fo euslaimh,
 Air son gun thréig iad a' hheinn.

Sud na puirt bu għoirt gearradh,
 Is bu shalaiche seinn,
 Għabhadh m' imitlu riānh eagħ,
 Roimh bhur sreadail 's a' mhadainn,
 'N àm a' chruidh bhi air ghadaib,
 'S an cuiđi fodair 'g a roinn,
 'S iad 'n am baideinibb binniceach,
 Gu h-ħsruidh, tioma-chasach, tħan.

Am bradan caol bħarr an fħlor uisq',
 Flieħ, slaod-earballach, fuar,
 'S ġu tārr-ghlogach, ronniex,
 Člamlah, għear-bħallach, jaunach,
 Soills na meiġr air 'n a earradħ,
 Fiġi na gainn' air 's gach tuar,
 'S ġu crom-cheannach, burrach,
 Dol le huinne 'na chuaich.

An t-samhainn bhagarach, fhiadhaich,
 Dluhhraħ, chiar-dhubb, gun bhlàths,
 Għuineach, ana-bħliċċadha, fħuachdaidd,
 Shruthach, steallanach fħuaimnej,
 Thuileach, an-shocrach, uisgeach,
 Gun dad measaich ach cäl,
 Bithidh gach deat, a's gach mīseach,
 Glacadb aogais a' hhàis.

Note.—This song appears to be a parody on twelve of the stanzas of M'Donald'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 M'Donald's "Summer Song" and composed this in imitation of it.—Memoir to Edit. 1829.

'S TROM LEAM AN AIRIDH.

[Rinn am bərd an t-ðran so d' a leannan, Anna Moir-iston, nígħen ìgħi ro chil-ħiuteach, d' an tug ē cheud għao; bha e fada 'g a h-ċarraidh, agus isse car leam-leat, gun bhi 'g a diġiħad no 'g a għabbar; ach turus a thug ē chun na h-ċarraidh far an robb i aig an am, 's ann a dhearċ e oirre an cuideachd an t-saqi bħaini, d' am b' aina Iain Moraidh, għabbu e gu ro-throm i a chur cül ris fén. Phobs i an saor bənn an déiġi oso, agus 'se aithris an t-sluaigh—nach robb i riānh toilichtu gu 'n chuir i cùl ri Rob Donn; agus cha rho a dhearħu an saor bənn ē fén 'n a chéile ro thaitneach.]

'S tħomx leam an airidh,
 'S a ghair so a th'innt',
 Gu'n a phaift sin a b'abbast,
 Bhi 'n dràsd air mo chinn ;

Anna chaol-mhalach, chioch-chorrach,
 Shlip-cheannach, ghrinn,
 'S lseabail a bheoil mhilis;
 Mharanaich, bhiun.
 Heich! mar a hhà
 Air mo chinn;
 'S e dh-fhag mi cho craiteach,
 'S gu'n stà dhomh bhi 'g inns'.
 Heich! &c.

Shiubhail mis' a bhuaile;
 Agus shuas feagh nan craohh,
 'S gach àit' ann am b'âhaist,
 Bhi tâthladh mo ghaoil,
 Chunna 'm'i'm fear bàin,
 A's e màran r'a mhnaoi
 'S h' fhearr leam nach tarainn
 An trà ud na ghaioith.
 'S e mar a hha,
 Air mo chinn,
 A dh' fhag air hheag tâth mi
 Ge nàr e ri sheinn.
 'S e, &c.

Anna hhuidhe nighean Don'uill,
 Na'm h'eol dut mo nì,
 'S e do ghradh, gu'n bhi pàidh',
 Thug a mhàn bhuam mo chli:
 Tha e dhomh a t-fhianais
 Cho ghnioimhach, 's trà chi.
 Diogladh 's a' smuaiseach,
 'S gur ciuirrt' tha mo chri.
 Air gach trà
 'S mi ann an stri,
 'Feuchainn ri àichead,
 'S e fàs rium mar chraoibh.
 , Air, &c.

Lahhar i gu h-âilleasach,
 Fâiteagach rium :—
 " Cha târ thu hli làmh rium,
 Gu càradh mo chinn:
 Bha siathmar ga m' iaraidh,
 Car bliadhna de thim;
 'S cha b' airidh thar càch thu
 Thoirt barr os an cinn.
 Hâ! hâ! hâ!
 An d' fhàs thu gu tinn
 Mas e 'n gaol a hheir bàs ort
 Gu'm pàidh thu ga chinn!
 Ha! &c.

Ach cia mar bheirinn fuath dhut
 Ged' dh-fhuardh thu rium?
 'Nuaire a's feargaich mo sheannachas.
 Ma t-ainm air do chùl,
 Thig t-iomhaigh le h-annsachd
 Mar shamladh na m' uidh,

As saoilaich mi gur gaol sin,
 Nach caochail a chaoidh.
 'S théid air a ràdh,
 Gu'n dh-fhas e as ùr,
 'S fasaidh e 'n trà sin,
 Cho airde ri tìr!
 'S théid, &c.

On a chualas gu'n gluaisear thu,
 Bhuam leis an t-saor,
 Tha, mo shuain air a buaireadh
 Le bruadairean gaof,
 Gu'n an càirdeas a bha sid
 Cha târ mi hhi saor.
 Ga mo bhàrnageadh laimh riut
 'S e ghnà dhomh mar mhaor.
 Ach ma thà
 Mi ga do dhì,
 B'fheairde mi pagh hhuat
 Mas fagadh tu 'n tir.
 Ach ma tha, &c.

AN RIBHINN ÀLUINN EIBHINN OG.

THA Dèòrs' air a' Mhàidsear
 Ro dhàin' ann an canint,
 An rìbhinn àluinn, éihhinn, òg.
 Sior chur an céill,
 Gu robh é-san fo staint*
 An rìbhinn àluinn, éihhinn, òg.
 Ach 'nuair théid an t-ùsd,
 Mu 'hòrd ann an rancaihh,
 Olaidh e gu càirdeach,
 Deoch-slàinte na haintighearn,
 Bidh h-uile fear do chàch,
 Mach o Sàlaidh, toirt taing dha,
 An rìbhinn àluinn, éihhinn, òg.

Mu 'm faca mo shùil thu,
 'S e 'n cliù ort a fhuaire mi,
 A rìbhinn àluinn, éihhinn, òg.
 Mar gu'm bu hhan-dé thu,
 Gu 'n gëilleadh an sluagh dhut,
 A rìbhinn àluinn, éihhinn, òg.
 Shaoil leam gu'm bu bhòsd,
 A chuid mhòr bhasa lusidh riut,
 Gus na shòn an ceòl,
 Sa sin gun tug iad a suas mi,
 Ach chreid mi h-uile drannidh dheth,
 'S an danns 'nuair a għluais thu,
 A rìbhinn àluum, éihhinn, òg.

* E bhi cheana pòsd'.

Shuidh mi ann an cùil,
 Mar gu 'n dùisgteadh á *trans* mi,
 A rìbhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.
 Is dh' amhairceadh an triùir ud,
 Le 'n sùilean, 's le saunt ort,
 A rìbhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.
 Do réir mar a dh-fhaodainns'
 A h-aodann a rannsachadh,
 Dhùraigeadh Sàlaidh,
 Am Maidsear 'n a bhantraich ;
 Tha aobhneas air Déòrsa,
 Mu 'n bhròn bh' air a' Ghrannadach,
 A rìbhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.

Cha 'n 'eil a h-aon,
 'S a' *Bhatàillean* d' an eòl thu,
 A rìbhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.
 Nach 'eil ort a bruadar,
 Mas fuasgailt' no pòsda,
 A rìbhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.
 Gus an ruig e Tearlach,
 Am maisdear a b' dige ;
 Ged bu chruaidh 'ainm
 Ann an armaitì rìgh Déòrsa,
 Chaoch'leadh e faobhar,
 Le gaol fa do chòir-sa,
 A rìbhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.

Am fear a bhios an gaol,
 Cha 'n fhaodar leis 'fhuadach,
 A rìbhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.
 'S ann is cruaidh a 'chàs,
 Gus am páidheal a dhuaus dha,
 A rìbhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.
 Fuiligidh mi sùil,
 No fuligidh mi cluas dhiom,
 Ma tha aon de 'n triùir ud,
 As tric thasa luaidh riut,
 Cho tinn le do ghaol,
 Ris an aon fhear a's fuath leat,*
 A rìbhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.

'S e 'n t-aobhar nach ordaichinn,
 Salaidh do 'n Chòirneil,
 A rìbhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.
 Eagal gu 'm bitheadh càch
 Ann an naimhdeas r' a bhèò dha,
 An rìbhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.
 Creutair cho caomhneil riut,
 Is maighdeann cho bòidheach riut,
 Ri ! bu mhòr an diobhail,
 Gu 'n cailleadh tu g' a dheòin iad,
 Suiridhich an t-saoghal,
 Le aon fhear a phòsadh,
 An rìbhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.

O R A N E I L E
 DO 'N MHAIGHDEINN CHEUDNA.

AIR FONN—"Sweet Molly."

LUINNEAG.

Fear a dhannsas, fear a chluicheas,
Fear a leumas, fear a ruitheas.
Fear a dh-éisdeas, no nì bruidhean,
Bì 'n creidheach' aig Sàlaidh.

DH-FHALBH mi dùthchan fada, leathan,
 'G amharc inigheannan a's mhnathan ;
 Eadar Tunga 's Abay-readhain,
 Cha robh leithid Sàlaidh.

Fear a dhannsas, &c.

An Dun-éideann 's an Dun-didhe,
 'S a h-uile ceum a rinn mi dh-uighe,
 Cha 'n fhaca mi coltach rithe,
 Bean mo chridhe Sàlaidh.

Fear a dhannsas, &c.

'S math a claisiunn, 's math a fradharc,
 Blasd' a caill agus na their i,
 'S math do 'n fhear a tharadh 'n gaire,
 Do dhoireachan Sàlaidh.

Fear a dhannsas, &c.

'S math a muigh, 's is math a staigh i,
 'S math 'n a gutb i, is math 'n a dath i',
 'S math 'n a suidhe 'n ceann na sleath' i,
 Sann na laidhe 's feàrr 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 dhù sin.

Fear a dhannsas, &c.

Caiptein treun nan *Grenadeer*,
 'S airde leumas, 's fearr a ruitheas,
 Cha 'n 'eil àit 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 déant' a glacadh,
 Ged bhiodh neart a' Pháip' 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 "*Mòr nigh'n a Ghìobharlain*," 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.

* Be Rob Donn fèin "an aon fhear a'b' fhuath leatha."

BRIOGAIS MHIC RUAIRIDH.

[Rinneadh an t-dran so leis a' bhàrd aig banais "Iseabail Nic-Aoidh," uighean Iain 'Ic-Eachainn, air dh'i bhi pòsda ri Iain, mac Choinnich Sutharlain. Bha cruinneachadh ana-barrach sluaigh air a' bhanais du dh-uaislean na dòthcha; ach air do dh-Iain Mac-Fachuinn agus am bàrd cur a mach air a chéile goirid roimh 'n am sin, cha d' fhuair am bàrd cuireadh thun na bainnse, ged bha e chòmhnuidh ann an aite fagus do laimh. Ach air do Choinneach Sutharlain, athair fhir na bainnse, thiginn air an ath mhadaidh an déagh a' phòsaidh, agus Rob Donn ionndraimh, thubbait e ri Iain Mac-Eachuinn, gu 'm b' fearr cuireadh a thoirt do 'n bàrd a thráth, no gu 'n cluinni speula mu 'n bhanais fathast. Bha fios aig Iain Mac-Eachuinn, nach tigeadh am bàrd air 'illeas-sa, ged chuireadh e fios air. An sin chuin na h-uaislean uile, 'n an aum fèin, fios air, agus mur tigeadh a leis an teachdaireachd sin, gu 'n rachadh iad fein uile g' a shireadh. Thàinig Rob Donn gu toileach; oir bha mòr spéis aig do dh-Iain Mac-Eachuinn, 's d' a' theaghlaich, ged thaing eadar iad aig an àm sin. Air an t-slighe dh-ionnsuidh taigh na bainnse, dh-fhoigh-nich Rob Donn ris an teachdaire thaing d' a iarraidh. An do thachair ni àmhuitteach eam bith 'n am measg o thòisich a' bhanais? Thuirt an teachdaire nach cuael e-san agh aon rud—Gu 'n do chaill "Mac Ruaraidh beag," gille thaing an cois fhir na bainnse, a briogais. Bu leoir so leis a' bhàrd, agus mu 'n d' rainig e taigh na bainnse, ged nach robh ann ach astar dà mhlile, bha 'n t-dran déanta; 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 Ruairidh leis?
Bha briogais ud againn
An am dol a chadal,
'S 'nuair thainig a' mhadaidh
Cha d' fhuaradh i.*

CHAIDH briogais a stampadh, Am meadhon na connlaich, 'S chaidh Uisdean a dhamsb, Leis na gruagaichean; 'Nuair dh-fhág a chuid misg e, Gu'n tug e 'n sin briosgadh, A dh-iarraidi na briogais, 'S cha d' fhuair e i. *An d' fhidir, &c.*

Na 'm bitheadh tu làimh ris, Gu 'n deanadh tu gàire, Ged hhidheadh an siataig Na d' chruchanan; Na faiceadh tu 'dronnag, '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 grahadh air peacadh
'S air huaireadh 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.

Chairtriona Nigh'n Uilleim,*
Dean briogais do 'n ghille,
'S na cumadh sud sgillinn
A' thuarasdal;
Ciod am fios nach e t-airthair,
Thug leis i g' a caitheamb,—
Bha feum air a leithid,
'S bha uair dheth sin.
An d' fhidir, &c.

Briogais a' chonaics,
Chaidh chall air a' bhanais,
Bu liutha fear fanaid
Na fuaidheil oir';
Mur do ghléidh Iain Mac-Dhòmhnuill,
Gu pocan do 'n òr i,
Cha robh an Us-mhòine
Na luaidheadh i.
An d' fhidir, &c.

Mur do ghléidh Iain Mac-Dhòmhnuill,
Gu pocan do 'n òr i,
Cha robh an Us-mhòine
Na ghluaiseadh i.
Mu Uilcam Mac-Phàdraig,
Cha deanadh i stà dhà,
Cha ruigeadh i 'n àird'
Air a' chruachan dha.
An d' fhidir, &c.

Tha duine 'n Us-mhòine
D' au ainn Iain Mac-Sheòrais,
'S gur iongantas dhomhsa
Ma ghuais e i;
Bha i cho cumhang
Mur cuir e i 'm mugha,
Nach dean i ni's modha
Na huarach dha.
An d' fhidir, &c.

Na leigibh ri hràigh' e,
'M feadh 's a bhios e mar tha e,
Air eagal gu 'n sàraich
An luachair e;

* Bean Iain Mhic Eachain.

Na leigibh bho bhail' e
Do mhòinteach nan coille,
Mu 'n tig an labhallan,
'S gu buail i.e.
An d' fhidir, &c.

Na 'm faiceadh sibh ' leithid,
Bha bann oir' de leathair ;
Bha toll air a speatbar,
'S bha tùthag air,
'S bha feom aic' air cobhair,
Mu bhréidean a gobhail,
Far am biadh am fear odhar,
A' suathadh rith'.
An d' fhidir, &c.

Ach Iain Mbic-Cboinnich,*
'S ann ort a bha 'n sonas,
Ged 's mòr a bha dhonadas
Sluaigh an so ;
'Nuair bha tbu cho sgiobalt,
S nach do cbail thu dad idir,
'S gur tapaidh a' bhrigais
A bhuannaich thu !
An d' fhidir, &c.

ORAN AIR SEAN FHLEASGACH,

AGUS SEANA MHAIGHDEAN,

MU 'N ROBH SGEUL IAD BHU DOL A PHOSADH.

THA mhaighdean 's an àite-s'
Tha àireamh de bhladhnaibh,
Is shaoil leam nach pòsad
Neach bed i, chion briadhad ;
Ach 's garbh-dheanta calg-fhionnach
Calbar r' a bhiadbadh,
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 Mhairiread, cha chòir dhut
Bhi gòraeb no fiata,
Tha mairist ni 's leòir dhut,
An còmhnuidh 'ga t-iarradh ;
Ni 's gràinnde cha b' fhiach thu,
'S ni 's bòidhche cha b' fhiach thu,
Na 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh,
Tha triall 'na d' gaoith.
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

* Fear na bainne.

Tha ministir còir ann,
Is mòran de chiall aig' ;
'N a thaoitear do 'n inghean,
Gun iomrall gun fhiaradh ;
Is b' fheàr leis, an dìgh
Bbi gun phòsadh seachd bliadhna,
Na 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh
Bhi triall 'na gaoith.
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

Ged bhiodh ann a phòcaid,
De dh-br na th' aig larla,
Bu mhùr a' chùis bhròin e
Do 'n oigh tha e 'g iarraidh ;
Stùilean a's sròn,
Agus feòsag, a' s fiacan
A' ghille dhuibh chiar-dhuibh,
Tha triall 'na gaoith.
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

'S olc an leannan ònid
An t-òlach s' 'n a fhionnaig,
'N a laidhe 'n a chòta,
'N a rògaire mòdhoir,
A shàiltean 'n a tbòin,
Is a shròn ris a' ghrìosaich ;
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh
Tha triall 'na gaoith.
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

Tha pung ann a chàileachd,
Thug bàrr air na ciadan ;
Tha 'aogas ro ghràndda,
'S e air fàileadh 'n t-srianaich ;
An uair bha e an Gràidh,
Cha taobhaicheadh fiadh ruin,
Leis a' ghille dhubh chiar-dhubh,
Bhi triall 'n an gaoith.
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

Ged tha e cho daoach,
Is aogas cho fiadhaich,
Bithidh feum air 's an tìr so,
Air tioman de 'n bhladhna,
A thoirt ghabhraidh air mheann,
'S a chur chlann dheth na clocan,
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh
Tha triall 'na gaoith.
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

'Nuair a bha sinn cruinn
Anns a' bheinn, 's sinu ri fiadhach,
Bu tric a bhiodh tu 'n sàs
Anns an t-sàdúe-pan, is hiadh ann ;
Bhiodh eagal air bàis oirnn,
Gu 'n cnàmhadh tu bian oirnn,
A ghille dhuibh chiar-dhuibh,
Tha triall 'na gaoith.
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

ORAN NAN GREISICHEAN BEAGA.

AIR FONN—"Crò nan Gobhar."

CHUNNA' mi crannanach,
Cuimir ri ceannaireachd,
'N Acha-na-h-Annaid,
Cur feannag á chéile ;
Sheall mi le annas air,
'S shin mi ri teannadh ris,
Thug mi mo bhoineidh dhiom,
'S bheannaich mi fén da.

*Tha mi ro bhuidheach
Air chomhairl' nam breitheamhnar,
Dh-órdaich gach dithis dhui
Bhi le aon chéile ;
Faodaidh slíochd tighinn
An deigh na buidhinn so,
Fathast a bhítheas
'N an iongantas feille.*

Chaidh mi air m' aghairt,
Is shàraich e m' fhoighidinn,
Feuchainn le a' lughad
C' ait' am faighinn da céile ;
Fhuair mi 'n taigh Choinnich i,
C' uime gu 'n ceilinn,
'S a h-aparan deiridh
Cho ghoirid r' a fhéileadh-s'.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tòmas a's Dòmhnull,
Seòras a's Alasdair,
'S coltach 'n an colluinn
A' cheatbrar r' a cbéile ;
B' fheàrr leam tè thapaidh
Bhiodh seachad air leth-cheud,
Na a faicinn air leth-trath,
Aig fear dhiubh mar chéile.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha iomadh sgeul eile
Tha againn gu barantach,
Naidheachd 'g a h-aithris
A baile Dhun-éideann,
Nach 'eil uile cho äit'
Ann an oibrichibh freasdail,
Ri faicinn nam peasan
A' maitseadh a chéile.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha mise fo chachdan,
Nach urradh mi leasachadh,
Nach fhaigh mi aon fear dhiu
Ni maitse do Chéitidh ;

Tha truas aig mo chridhe
Ri seasaich' na h-ighinn,
Nach faigh sinn aon Leighich,
Chuireas dithis ri chéil' diu.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Cuirear do 'n eilean iad,
'S thugar mìr fearainn dhaibh,
'S bheir iad an air'
Air na gearrain 's a' chéitein ;
Air eagal am pronnaidh
Ri fiadh no ri bolla,
Tha tub aig a' Mhorair
Ni taigh dhaibh le chéile.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

'Tha agam-sa tuilleadh
De leithid an fhirionnaich-s' ;
'S air chor a's gu'n cluinnear iad,
Seinneam air scés iad ;
Dòmhnull beag biorach,
Air pòsadh an uraidd ;
'S tha dithis de 'n fhine
Aig a' mhinisteir féin diu.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Na gréisichean beaga,
Oir 's iad is maoir eaglais,
Tha dùil ac' mo thaghadh,
Air son magaidhnean beumach ;
Bithidh misf fo eagal,
'Nuair chluinneas mi 'm bagradh,
O 'n thachair mi eadar
An sagart 's an cléireach.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha dùil a'm gur duilich leis
Mis' chur an cunnart,
'S gu 'n do chaomhain mi 'n cuilean.
'S gu 'm bu mhuileadh leis fóiu e ;
'S ma chreideas mi 'm ministeir,
An déigh 's na dh-innis e,
'S e 'm moncaidh an uiridh,
Mu mhire na 'n Gréibhear.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha sgeula r' a h-aithris,
Mu Bhaile-na-Cille,
Gu 'n robb iad fo iomas
An uiridh le chéile ;
Am bliadhna 'n an dithis,
E-féin 's an cù buidhe,
Gun triall ac' gu uidh
Ach 'n an suidh' aig na h-éibhléan.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

'S bòidheach am baganach
Seòras na h-eaglais,
Chualas na creagan
Toirt freagairt d' a éigheachd ;
Shamhlaich mi 'm fleasgach ud
Ris a' ghabra-ghartan,
Cho biogach r' a fhaicinn,
'S e cho neartmhòr r' a éisdeach.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha Curstaith fo chachdan,
Mur bhaileach mi 'macan,
Gu 'n abrainn an garran,
Ri fleasgach cho treun ris ;
Seas thusa fa 'chomhair,
Is amhaire a chrothan,
'S an tè thug an dreobhan air,
Thomhais i féin e.

Tha ri mo bhuidheach, &c.

ORAN NA CARAIDE BIGE.

THA dithis anns an dùthaich-s',
Tha triall gu dhol a phùsadh ;
'S gur beag an t-aodach ùr,
Ni gùn dhoibh a's léine.

*Hei tha mo rùn dut,
Hò, tha mo rùn dut,
Hèi tha mo rùn dut,
A rùin ghil' na tréig mi.*

Dithis a tha òg iad,
Dithis a tha bòidheach,
Dithis tha gun òirleach
A chòrr air a chéile.

Hei, tha mo run duit, &c.

Ma bhios macan buan ac',
'S gu 'n téid e ris an dual'chas,
Cuiridh e gu luath
An cù-ruadh as an t-saothaidh.

Hei, tha mo run duit, &c.

Ach ma théid a chrùsach,
Sgaolt' air seadh na dùthcha,
Théid prospig ris na sùilean,
Tha dùil a 'm, mus léir iad.

Hei, tha mo run duit, &c.

O R A N.

[Do dh' fhearr challdh a chòrdadh ri nighin òig, ach cha bhiodh e toilichte mu 'n tochradh, mur tugadh iad dhà gamhuinn eile bharrachd air na bha iad toileach thoirt seachad ; agus air so a dhiliatadh dha, thrésg e a leannan.]

'S ANN a bhual an iorghuail,
Air an t-suiridheach tha 'n so shios,
Chuir e 'nigh' air céile,
'S gu 'n do réitich iad 'n an dios ;
Shaoil mi féin 'n uair thòisich iad,
Gu 'n còrdadh iad gun sgòs ;
Ach chum àsraidh-beag do ghamhuinn iad,
Gun cheangal càrr is mios.

Sin, 'n uair thuirt a' mhaighdean,
Nach foighnich sibh rium fior,
Is innisidh mi a rìreadh,
Gu 'm bu chaochalaideach a rian ;
Gu robb e cheart cho deònach,
Ri duin' òg a chualas riamh ;
'S a nis gu 'n ghah e bhuar dhiom,
O nach d' fhuair e 'n gamhuinn ciar.

Cha e sin air aghairt,
'S ann do Shaghair chaidh e 'n tùs,
Chuir iad fios 'n a dhéighidh,
Thigheann air aghaidh ann a chùis ;
'S e roghnaich es' an tâillearachd—
'S i b' fbeàrr leis na bhi pùsd' ;
O nach d' fbuair e 'n gamhuinn àsraidh,
Ged fhraigheadh e 'm bàs de 'n spùt.

Dh-aithnich mi 's an amharc ort,
Gu rohh do thomhas gann,
Chunnaic mi air t-iomchuinn,
Gu robh 'n iom-chomhairl' 'n ad cheann ;
'S nach rohh do spiorad diomhair,
'G a do ghríosadh 's a' cheart àm ;
'Nuair b' fheàrr leat gamhuinn caoile,
Na do bhean, 's do ghaol, 's do chlann.

H-uile fear a chì thu,
'G a do dhiteadh air do chùl,
Ged leasaich sinn an t-airgead dhut,
Mu cheithir mhàrg 's ni 's mò,
'S e their gach filidh facail riut,
Gu spot chur air do chliù,
Gu 'n d' rinn an gamhuinn bacainn,
Do chontract' chuir air cùl.

'S mis a fhuair mo chàradh,
Leis na fearaibh as gach taohh,
A' mheud 's a bha 'g am iarraidh dhinbh,
'S nach b' fhiach leam duin' ach thu ;

Shaoil mi fén 's an fhoghar,
 'Nuair a thagh mi thu á triùir,
 Nach fanadh tu cho fada bhuam,
 Ged h' fhiach an gamhuinn crùn.

A M B O C G L A S.

On tha mi na m' aonar,
 Gu'n teann mi ri spòrs ;
 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 tòs.
 Pë hé fanndarai feininn öth-ord,
 Hithili fanndarai feininn öth-ord,
 Fa-thel-oth fanndarai feininn öth-ord,
 Hithili shiubhal e,
 Hanndarai hith-horò,
 Fa-thel-öth, fa-thel-öth.
 'S iomadh òganach smearail,
 Bha fearail gu leòr ;
 A chunna' mis
 Ainn an cogadh rìgh Deòrs'.
 'S cha'n fhaca mi boc,
 Ga thogail air feachd,
 Ach aona bhoc glas
 A Bh' aig mac an larl' òig.
 Pe he fanndarai, &c.

'Nuair thigeadh am Foghar,
 Co dhianadh a bhuan ?
 Co dhianadb an ceangbal,
 No sgrùdhadh an sguab ?
 Co chuireadh na siamanan,
 Ceart air na tudanan ?
 Ach am boc luideach,
 Na'm faigheadh e duais.
 Pe he fanndarai, &c.

Gu'n tug iad a' chohhair ud,
 Bhuaine gun fhios ;
 A's dh' fhagadh na gobhair
 Gun bhaine gun bhliochd ;
 Tha sine nigh'n Uilleim,
 A caoine 'sa tuireadh,
 'Sa suilean a' sileadh
 Air son a bhuic ghlaist.
 Pe he fanndarai, &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 fencibles, 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.

O R A N.

[Do dh' fheara bha suiridh air nighinn òig, agus fear eile bhi 'g a toirt bhuaithe ; bha mathair na h-inghinn (a tha labhairt 's a' cheud rann) 'n a banàraich aig Morair Mac-Aoidh, agus e-san 'n a bhuachaille : agus am fear bha toirt na h-inghinn bhuaipe 'n a bħreabadaif.—Tha t-dran air a sgríobhadh do réir dearbh Ghàelic a bhàrd fénir oircha ghabhadh seinn air caochladh dòigh.]

LUINNEAG.

Tha 'n gille math ruadh,
 'S e laidir, luath,
 Cha 'n urr' e bhi suas
 'S nach d' fhuar e i.
 Tha 'n gille math ruadh,
 'S e laidir, luath,
 Cha 'n urr' e bhi suas,
 'S nach d' fhuar e i.

FHLEASGAICH tha 'g imeachd
 An aghaidh na gaoith',
 Gun dùil aig mo nighinn
 Thu thighinn a chaoi'dh ;
 Gu 'm b' fheàrr a bhi shusa leat
 Am buaile Mhic-Aoidh,
 Na fleasgach na fighe,
 Le fhichead bò laoigh.*
 Tha 'n gille math ruadh, &c.

Cha 'n urradh mi dhearbhadh
 Mar cbearb air bhor clann,
 Gur ann anns na cairdean
 Tha mhèirl' air am fonn,
 'Nuair théid gach mearachd
 A chronachadb tholl,
 Bidh fighéall an innich
 'S an ime cho trom.
 Tha 'n gille math ruadh, &c.

Tha Seumas Mac-Cullach,
 'N a dhuine 'm beil spéis,
 Tha onoir bho 'leanabas
 'G a dhearbhadh 'n a bheus ;
 Tha fear anns a' bhaile-s'
 Guin chol ach an spréidb,
 Tha e 'n uidhean na goide
 Ni 's faide no éis'.
 Tha 'n gille math ruadh, &c.

Mo chomhairl' a nighean,
 'S na suidhich do bhonn,
 Air rud bhios 'n a pheanas,
 'S 'n a mhearrachd dhut tholl,
 Tha dùil agad achdai'dh
 Ri beartas 'n a steoil,
 Le fuighleach an innich,
 'S cha chinnich e boll.
 Tha 'n gille math ruadh, &c.

* Fichead maide na beairte.

Na 'm faiceadh sibh 'm fleasgachan
 1apaidh a th' againn,
 Ag iomart nan casan
 Mu seach air na maidean,
 Le 'iteachan innich
 A' pilleadh 's a' glagartaich,
 Cnap aig a' mhuidh,
 'S an t-slinu a' feadaireachd.
Tha 'n gille math ruadh, &c.

O R A N F H A O L A I N.

[Sgalag a bh'aig a' bhàrd, air an robh Faolan aca mar leasainm. Cha robh Faolan ach 'n a chreutair fachanta, agus b' àbhaist do dh' ingheanan a' bhàird a bhi 'g a thilgeadh air a chéile mar leanann.]

LUINNEAG.

Gu nearaich an sealbh,
'S gu leasaich an sealbh,
An t-abhagan màrbh ud, Faolan.
Gu nearaich an sealbh,
'S gu leasaich an sealbh,
An t-abhagan màrbh ud, Faolan.

THIG Ealasaid Mhoraidh,
 'Nuair chromas a' ghrian,
 O' n eirthir a mòs do 'n dìthreabh,
 Oir chual i 'n a chagaraich' bheaga aig cùch,
 An t-urrnam bha ghnà aig Faolan.
Gu nearaich an sealbh, &c.

Thàinig oirnn lain le naidheachd a nuas,
 Cha chreid mi nach cual' an sgìr' e;
 Gu 'n deachaidh uainn Curstaith
 Le briosgadh do Chlurraig,
 Eagal bhi dlù air Faolan.
Gu nearaich an sealbh, &c.

Tha Curstaith a's Deònadh,
 A's Céitidh nigh'n Deòrsa,
 Is Mairi bhuidh' òg nan caorach,
 'G an deasachadh mòr, gu leasachadh pròis,
 A fhreasdal 's gu 'm pòs iad Faolan
Gu nearaich an sealbh, &c.

Tha Curstaith bheag Dhonn,
 'S a cridhe ro throm,
 Air eagal nach crom rith' Faolan;
 Tha Mairi ag ràdh nach dean e dh' i stòl,
 Nach 'eil e ni's feàrr no caolan!
Gu nearaich an sealbh, &c.

An uair a fhuaire Ceitidh sealladh dheth rìs,
 'S e thubhairt i féin a's faoilt oirr'.
 Ged nach 'eil mi 'g a fhaicinn
 Cho sgiobalt ri phàirt,
 'S aon tha e ni's fearr na shaol mi.
Gu nearaich an sealbh, &c.

Cha 'n aithne dhomh nighean,
 No bean air an fhòd,
 A bheireadh d' an déòin an gaol dà,
 O' n tha e gu siogaideach, rugaideach, marbh,
 Cha bhoc, is cha tarbh, achi laos-boc.
Gu nearaich an sealbh, &c.

Gu'm beil a' bhean agus 'n a laidhe ri làr,
 'S i 'g again gu bràth a caol-druim
 Cha chuir i dhuinn tuilleadh
 A' mhìn air a' bhùrn;
 Ach dheanadh i taobh ri Faolan.
Gu nearaich an sealbh, &c.

Tha bean-an-taigh' againne
 Leth-chend do bhliadhnaibh,
 'S tha i cho liath ri caora,
 'S ged nach 'eil fiacail idir 'n a ceann,
 Cha lughad a geall air Faolan.
Gu nearaich an sealbh, &c.

Tha Ceitidh a's Curstaith, gu briogant' an cùil,
 O' n tha iad an dùil ri daoine;
 'Nuair hhios mi beartach,
 Gu 'n toir mi dhùibh gùn,
 Na 'n deanadh iad mùn air Faolan.
Gu nearaich an sealbh, &c.

Comhairl a bheirinn a nis ort a Phàdaidh,
 O' n nach 'eil nàir 'na t-aodann,
 'Nuair ni mi 'n ath chrathadh
 Gun toir mi dhut greim,
 Na 'n leigeadh tu br * *m air Faolan.
Gu nearaich an sealbh, &c.

Shaoil leam nach labhradh e
 Mu'n a' bhuntàt,*
 Ach bidh e ni's paignt' no shaoil leis,
 Na 'n tigeadh an donas do 'n bhail-s'na dheann,
 Gu tugaim air cheann da Faolan.
Gu nearaich an sealbh, &c.

* The bard and *Faolan* being one day planting potatoes in a field near a public-house, some acquaintances 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 potato 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.

TURUS DHAIBHI' DO DH' ARCAMH.

[Bha Daibhidh so 'n a bhuauchaille, agus 'n a àireach, aig duin' nasal àraidh, ann am bail' eile, beagan mhìltean bhò 'aite fèin; agus 'nuair a bha Daibhidh dol dachaigh leis an ìm agus leis a' chàise, gu mhaighstir, fhuar e air báta ceilpe, bha dol an rathad; ach 's ann chuireadh leis an stóirm iad air tir ann an Arcamh, 's ged a b' ann 's a' ghrumad a rachadh Daibhidh, cha deanadh na nàbaidhean mòrann caoidh air a shon.]

NACH cruaidh, craiteach, an t-aiseag,
A fhuaire Dhaibhidh do dh' Arcamh,
Dh-fhalbh an càise, 's a' cheilp, a's e-féin.

Nach cruaidh, &c.

O 'n chaidh a bhàs dheanamh cinnteach,
Shuas mu bhraighe Loch-Uinnseard,
Gu'm bu ghàireach gùth minn as a dhéigh.
O 'n chaidh, &c.

Thubhairt nigh'n Dho'uill 'Ic Fhiunnlaiddb,
Ris an t-Siorramh neo-shunndach,
Dearbh cha mhise an t-aon neach tha 'n éis.
Thubhairt nigh'n, &c.

Ma chaill thusa t' fhear impidh,
Chaill mise m' fhear aon-taigh ;
Co nis fear-punndaidh do 'n spréidh ?
Ma chaill thusa, &c.

Bha do nàbaidhnean toigheach,
Anns gach bàgh 'g iarraidh naidheachd,
'S leis a' chradh bh'orr', cha'n fhraigheadh iad deur
Bha do nàbaidhnean, &c.

Ach o 'n chual iad thu philleadh,
O na cuaintean, gun mhilleadh,
Shin an sluagh ud air sileadh gu léir.
Ach o 'n chual iad, &c.

Mach o acaraich thrailleil,
Bhios a' streup mu do cheairde,
Chà bhí creatair gun chràdh as do dheigh.
Mach o acaraich, &c.

Ach ma 's bàs dut mas tig thu,
'S ann bhios deuchainn a ghliocais,
Aig an fhear bhios cur lic ort le spéis.
Ach ma 's bàs, &c.

Sgrìobhar sios air a braighe—
"So am ball's am beil Daibhidh,
A luchd na h-eucoir, thig bàs oirbh gu leir."
Sgrìobhar sios, &c.

Sgrìobhar suaicheantas Dbaibhidh ;
Ceann gaibhre, a's càbag,
Rotach gleadhach, a's faladair geur.
Sgrìobhar suaicheantas, &c.

Ceann grìomach a bhagair,
Sùil mhìogach nam praban,
Beul blogach nan cagar 's nam breug.
Ceann grìomach, &c.

'S ann tha 'n eachdairidh ghàbhaidh,
Nis mu ais-eiridh Dhaibhidh,
'S e tighinn dachaigh 'n a stàirneanach treun.
'S ann tha 'n eachdairidb, &c.

Leis gach deoch a bha blasta,
Is iomadh biadh nach do chleachd e,
'S ann is fearr e 'na phearsa mar cheud,
Leis gach deoch, &c.

Dh-fhas e stailceanach, pùinnseach,
'S ann is treis' air gach puing e,
Cuiribh 'cheist ris a' mnnaoi 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 déònach gu 'n tachradh,
Gnothuch còir anns na cairtean,
Bheireadh oirnn' dol a dh' Arcamh gu leir.
A bhiodh déònach, &c.



ORAN AN AINM DITHIS NIGHEAN

IAIN MHIC EACHAINN.

[Tè dhìubh air tighinn dachaigh bho sgoil, agus gun spéis aice nis, na 'm b' fhòr, do 'n dithaich; agus an tè eile, nach robh riagh o 'n bhàile, a' moladhb na dùthcha.]

Cia b' e dheanamh mar rinn mis',
Bu mhìsd se e gu bràtb,
Dhol do 'n bheinn, an aghaidh m' inntinn,
Mhill e mi mo shlaint' ;
Pairt de m' acain, braigheach Mheirceinn,
'S àit gun mharcaid e.
Ach spain a's copraich, 's bà-theach fogailt',
'S graine shop ri lär.

Cha'n 'eil seòmar aig Rìgh Breatainn,
'S taitneich' leam na 'n Cùrn,
Oir tha e uaignidheach do ghruagaich,
'S ni e fuaim 'nuair 's àill ;

Feur a's coille, blà a's duille,
 'S iad fo iomadh neul,
 Is ise le *echo*, mar na teudan,
 Seirm gach séis a 's fearr.

Cba b' àite còmhnuidh leam air Dhòmhnaich,
 A bhi 'n ròig no 'n càrn,
 Oir, mur robh strianach ann air bhliadhna,
 Cba robh riambh ni b' shearr ;
 Fuaim na beinne, 's gruaim a' ghlinne,
 'S fuathach leam a' ghàir ;
 O! cràdh mo chridhe, reubadh lighé,
 An t-àit an tighé 'm feur.

Ciod am fath mu 'n tug thu fuath sin,
 Do na bruachaibh ard ?
 Nach fhiaic tbu fein, 'nuair thig an spreidh,
 Gur feumail iad le 'n àl ?
 Cha chradh cridhe, air lárach shuidhe,
 Fuaim na lighé lain,
 Do 'n gnàth bhi claghach roimh a h-aghaidh,
 Is feur na deighidh a' fàs.

Na bha firinneach dheth t-amhran,
 'N fhad 's bha 'n samhradh blàth.
 Rinn e tionndadh oidhche-Shamhna,
 'S bheir an geomhradh 'shàr ;
 Duille shuidhicht' barr an fhiodha,
 Dh-fas i buidhe-bhàin,
 'S tha mais 'n t-Srath' air call a dhath,
 Le steallt de chathadh-làir.

Gleidhidh 'n talamh thun an t-samhraidh,
 Sin a-chranne e 'n dràsd,
 Beath a's calltunn latha-bealltuinn,
 Gealltanach air fàs ;
 Bidh gruth a's crathadh air na srathan,
 'S téigidh 'n caitheadb-làir,
 Nach grinn an sealladh, glinn a' stealladh,
 Laoigh, a's bainne, 's bàrr !

'S barail leam-sa gu 'n do chaill sibh,
 Air na rinn sibh chàis ;
 Dhol do shliabh, gun cbur, gun chliathadh,
 'S nach robh biadh a' fàs ;
 B' fbear bhi folluiseach an Goll thaobh,
 Na bhi 'n comunn ghràisg,
 Air mo dbolladh leis an chonnamh,
 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-Eachuinn,") 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.

MARBHRANN IAIN GHRE,

ROGHAIRED.

[Agus e air caochladh ann an Siorramachd Pheairt, air a shlighe dol dachaigh do Chat-taobh.]

THA rògairean airtnealach, trom,
 'N taobh bhos agus thall do na *Chrasg*,
 O 'n chual iad mu 'n cuairt an Ceann-cinnidh,
 Gu 'n do db-eug e an Siorramachd Pheairt,
 Dh-aingeoin a dreachdan 's a chiall :
 Cha do chreid duine riambh a bha ceart,
 Aon smid thainig mìach air a bheul
 'S cha mhò ebred e fèin Rìgh nam feart.

Cha 'n aithne dhomh aon ni cho laidir,
 'S an t-saogbal-s', ri bàs, gu toirt teum ;
 'N t-stràc thug e an dràsd' oirnn air aghairt,
 Gun do marbh e fear Roghaid do leum.
 Tha Sàtan ro bhrònach, 's cha 'n ioghnadh,
 Ged fhaigheadh e 'n t-aon-sa dha fèin,
 Air son nach 'eil fathast air sgeul aig'
 Fear a sheasas dha 'aite 'na dhéigh.

'S fad a bho chunnacas, 's a chualas,
 Gur teachdaire gruamach am bàs ;
 Gidheadh gu'm beil euid bh' annu an daoch ris,
 Toirt rud-eigin gaol da an dràsd' :
 Tha dùil ac 'an Cat-thaobh 's an Gall-thaobh,
 Nach urr' iad a mholaodh gu bràth,
 Air son gur h-e fèin thug a' cheud char
 A fear thug cùig ceud car á cásch.

Sibhse tha mòr agus mion,
 Sibhse tha sean 's a tha òg,
 Thugaibh cheart air a' bhàs,
 'Nuar is beartaich 's is làine bhur cròg ;
 Oir thig e mar mhèirleach 's an oidhche',
 Ged robh sibh uile cruinn mu na bhòrd ;
 'S cha 'n fheudar a mhealladh le foill,
 'S gu 'n do mheall e Ceann-seadhna nan ròg.

Rinn deamhnan is triùcairean talmhaidh,
Election mu chealgair bhiodh treun,
 Co bu stàraich', bu chàraich', 's bu cheilgeich',
 'S a b' fheàrr chuireadh lìth air a' bhréig ;
 B' e Sàtan am breitheamh bu shine,
 Da 'm b' aithne gach fine fo 'n ghréin ;
 'S b' i' bharail nach fhaigheadh e leithid,
 Mur robh e 's na Grèadaich iad fèin.

Bu mhath leam an ciontach a bhualadh,
 'S cha b' àill leam duin' usal a shealg ;
 'S ged chuireas mi gruaim air a' choireach,
 Chà gabh an duin' ouarach fearg ;

Tha Caiptein Rob Grè air a dhiùltadh,
Le breitheanas Priounsa nan cealg ;
Rinn coimeasgadh Reothach a chumadh,
Gu uails' agus duinealas gharg.

Tha breugan a's cuir air am fàgail,
Do'n fhear a's feàrr tälann g'an iums' ;
Cha cheadaich a' chùis e do Bhàtar,
Tha onoir a's àrdan 'n a ghrìd ;
Ge comasach Iain a bhràthair,
Cba 'n fhàigh e an dràsd' i chion aois ;
Ach an sin gheibh e obair an t-Sàtain,
Ceart comh-luath 's is bàs do fhear Chraioch.

M A R B H R A N N ,

UILLIEM MHUILLEIR, AN CEARD.

O 'nuair 's a chaidh Uilleam fo 'n ùir,
Gur teare againn suilh tha gun deur,
Do mhuiileir, a bhrachair, no' chòcair,
No' mhnathan da'n nòs bhi ri spréidh ;
Cha mhodha na clambain a's gaothair,
Tha subhach 's an fhoghar-s' n' dhéigh ;
Air son gu'm buin iomall na cloinne,
Gach ubh a's gach eireag dhaibh féin.

'S glan a tha 'n talamhs-s' n' a fhàsach,
O 'nuair chaidh thu bàs o cheann miòs ;
Ge maiseach na macain so dh-fhàg thu,
Cha seas iad dhuiinn t-àitse 'n an dios ;
'S ann a tha acuinn do cheàirde,
Mar rud chaidh 'n an clàraibh 's an dìosg ,
An t-brd a's am balg ris an teine,
An rusp, a's an t-innein, 's an t-iosp.

'S giorra mo sgil, na mo dhùrachd,
Gu innseadh do chliù mar is còir ;
'S minig a dheare mi do chruinn-leum
Do'n àite 'm bu chinntich do lòn ;
Sgiathan do chòta fo t-achlais,
Is neul an tombac' air do shròin ;
Bhiodh gaor aig na coin 'g a do ruith,
Agus mìr air dhroch bhruiich ann do dhòrn.

Air fhad 's a théid clù ort a leantuinn,
Cha'n urrainn mi chantainn gu leòir ;
'S tu dh-fhuineadh, a ghuiteadh, 's a chriathradh,
'S tu dh-itheadh, 's a dh-iarradh an corr ;
'S tu rachadh do'n t-sruthan a chlisgeadh,
'Nuaир ghabhadh na h-uisgean gu lòn :
Bu choltach ri rapas na seilcheig,
An easgann mu thimcheall do bheòil.

Cha'n aithne dhomh neach feadh na talmhaissen-s
A' choiteir, a' shearbhant, no' thuath,
Nach ionndraineadh Uilleam, as aodainn
Oir shiùbladh e 'n sgire ri uair ;
Nis o'n a chual iad gu'n deach'e,
Tha rud-eigin smal air daoin' uails',
Air son nach 'eil neach ac 's a' mbachair,
A ghlanas taigh-eac no poit fhual.

M A R B H R A N N ,

DO THRIUIR SHEANN FHLEASGACH.

[CLANN FIR TAIGH RUSPUINN.]

AIR FONN—"Latha 'siubhal sleibhe dhomh."

'N AN laidhe so gu h-iosal,
Far na thiodhlaic sinn an triùir,
Bha fallain, làidir, intinnseach,
'Nuair d' inntrig a' bhliadbn' ùr ;
Cha deach' seachad fathast,
Ach deich latha dh'i o thùs ;—
Ciod fhios nach tig an teachdair-s' oirnn,
Ni's braise na ar dùil?

Am bliadhna thìm' bha dithis diubh,
Air tighinn o'n aon bhoirinn,
Bha iad 'n an dà chomrad,
O choiunich iad 'n an cloinn ;
Cha d' bhris an t-aog an comunn ud,
Ged bu chomasach dha 'n roinn,
Ach gheàrr e snàith'u na beathe-s' ac',
Gun dàil ach latha 's oidhch'.

Aon duine 's bean o'n tàinig iad,
Na bràithrean ud a chuaidh,
Bha an aon bheathe thimeil ac',
'S bha 'n aodach de'n aon chlòimh ;
Mu'n aon uair a bhàsaich iad,
'S bha 'n nàdur d' an aon bhuaidh ;
Chaidh 'n aon siubhal dhaoine leo,
'S chaidh 'n sìneadh 's an aon uaigh.

Bu daoine nach d'rinn briseadh iad,
Le fiosrachadh do chàch ;
'S cha mhò a rinn iad aon dad,
Ris an can an saoghal gràs ;
Ach ghineadh iad, a's rugadh iad,
Is thogadh iad, a's dh-fhàs —
Chaidh stràe dé 't-saoghal tharais orr',
'S mu dheireadh fhuair iad bàs.

Nach 'eil an guth so labhrach,
Ris gach aon neach againn beò ?
Gu h-àraidh ris na seann daoine,
Nach d' ionnsuich an staid phòs'd ;

Nach gabh na tha 'nan dleasanas,
A dheasachadh no lòn,
Ach caomhnadh ni gu falair dhaibh,
S' a' falach an cui'd òir.

Cha chaith iad féin na rinn iad,
Agus oighreac'hau cha déan,
Ach ulaidhnean air shliabh ac',
Bhios a' biadbád chon a's éun;
Tha iad fo 'n aon diteadh,
Fo nach robh, 's nach bi mi fhéin,
Gur duirche, taisgte 'n t-br ac',
Na 'nuair bha e 'n tòs 'a m'héinn.

Barail ghlic an Ard-Rìgh—
Dh-fhág e páirt de bhuidhean gann,
Gu feuchainn iochd a's oileanachd,
D' an dream d' an tug e meall;
C' arson nach tugta pòrsan,
Dhe 'n cui'd stòrais aig gach àm,
Do bhochdan an Tì dhéonnaicheadh,
An còrr a chur 'na cheann?

An déigh na rinn mi rùsgadh dhuibh,
Tha dùil agam gun lochd,
'S a liuthad facial firiuineach
A dhìrich mi 'n ur n-uchd,
Tba eagal orm nach éisd sihh,
Gu hhi feumail do na bhochd; *
Ni 's mò na rinn na fleasgaich ud,
A sheachduin gus a nochd.

'S ni tha cinnt' gur beart' chunnairt,
Nach dean duine tha aosd' e,
'S ged a bheirt' de 'n àl òg e,
'S tearc tha beò fear a chì e.

Dearbh cha b' ionann do bheatha,
'S do dh' fhìr tha fathast an caomhnadh,
Thionail airgead a's fearann,
'S bi'dh buidhean eile 'g an sgoileadh;
Bhios iad féin air an gearradh,
Gun ghuth an caraid 'g an caoineadh,
Air nach ruig dad do mholadh,
Ach "Seall sihh fearann a dhaor iad."

Tha iad laghail gu litreil,
'S 'n an deibh tearan geura,
Is iad a' páidheadh gu moltach,
Na bhioe ac' air a chéile;
Ach an còrr, thèid a thasgaidb,
Gur cruaidh a cheilitinn o 'n fhéile,
Is tha 'n sporan 's an sùilean,
Cheart cho dùint' air au fheumach.

Leis an leth-onoir riataich-s',
Tha na ciadan diuh faomadh,
Leis am feàrr bhi fo fhìuchan,
Fad aig Dia na aig daoine;
Thig fo chall air nach beir iad,
'S e ceann mu dheireadh an diteadh,
"C' uim nach tug sibh do 'n bhochd,
Am biadh, an deoch, a's an t-aodach?"

Ach ua 'm b' urrainn mi, dhùraighdinn
Do chiliù-s' chur an òrdugh,
Ann an litrichean soilleir,
Air chor 's gu 'm beir an t-àl òg' air;
Oir tha t-iomradh-s' cho feunnail,
Do 'n neach a théid ann do rùidcan,
'S a bha do chuid, fhad 's bu mhaireann,
Do 'n neach bu ghainn' ann an stòras.

Fhir tha 'n latha 's an comas,
Ma 's àill leat alla tha fiughail,
So an tìm mu do choinueamh,
An cùir dhut greimeachadh dlù ris;—
Tha thu 'm batal a' bhàis,
A thug an t-àrmuun-s' do 'n ùir uainn,
Glaicadh gach fear agaibh 'oifig,
'S mo làmh-s' gu 'n cothach i cliù dhuibh.

Oir ged tha cui'd a bhios fachaid,
Air an neach a tha fialaidh,
'S i mo bharail-s' gur achdaidh
Bu chòir an achuing so iarraidh;—
Gu 'm bu luath thig na linnean,
Ni chuid a's sine dhinn ciallach,
Nach dean sinn lobairt do bhith-bhuantachd,
Air son trì fishead de bhliadhna.

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 bad the heart to use themselves, nor to bestow upon their friends, none of which has yet been found.

MARBHRANN

DO DH' IAIN MAC-EACHUINN.

[An dun' usasal, aig an do thoghad am bàrd, 'n a theaghlaich, o 'n bha e 'n a bhalachan òg; agus bu duin'e a choisinn a leithid a chliù, o a luchd-eòlais air fad, 's gu 'n d' aidich iad uile, gu 'n robh am marbhramm so gun mhearrachd, agus gu h-áraidh na briathran mu dheireadh dheth, 's gu 'n abradh gach neach mar an ceudna a chluinneadh am marbhramm, agus d' am b' eòl Iain Mac-Eachainn gu'n robh e ceart.]

IAIN McB-Eachainn, o dh-eug thu,
C' àit an t-sínn sinn a dh-fhaotainn
Duine seasas 'n ad fhine,
An rathad tionail no sgoilidh.

* 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.

*S' lìonmhòr neach hba gun socair,
A chuir thu 'n stoc le do dhéilig,
Agus bâth-ghiollan gòrach,
Thionail eòlas le t-eisdeachd ;
Dearbh cha 'n aithne dhomh aon neach,
Mach o ùmaidhnean spréidhe,
Nach 'eil an iuntinn fo cuðthrom,
Air son do chuid, no do chéile.*

*Fhir nach d' ith mìr le taitneas,
Na 'm b' eòl dut acrach 's an t-saoghal,
Fhir a chitheadh am feumach,
Gun an eigh' aig' a chluinntinn ;
B' fheàrr leat punnd dheth do chuid hhuat,
Na unnsa cuid-throim air t-inntinn ;
Thilg thu t-aran 's na h-uisgean,
'S gheibh do shliochd iomadh-filt' e.*

*Chi mi 'n t-aim-beartach uasal,
'S e làn gruamain a's airtneil,
'S e gun airgead 'n a phòcaid,
Air an taigh-bsdha dol seacbad ;
Chi mi bbantrach bhochd, dheurach,
Cbi 'n déirceach làn acarais,
Chi mi 'n dilleachdan ruisgte
Is e falbh anns na ragairbh.*

*Chi mi 'n cèòl-fhear gun mheas air,
Call a ghibltean chion cleachdaidh,
Chi mi feumach chion comhairl,
A' call a ghnothuich 's a thapadh.
Na 'm bitheadh air' agam phiarachd,
Ciod e is ciall do 'n mhòr acain-s',
'S e their iad uile gu léir riùm ;—
“ Och! nach d' eug Iain Mac-Eachuinn ! ”*

*Chi mi 'n t-iomadaidh sluaigh so,
'N an culaidh-thruaighe chionn 's nach beò thu,
'S ged e 'n call-s' a tha 'n uachdar.
Chi mi buannachd nan òlach ;—
O 'n a thaisbean domh 'm bliadna,
Iomadh biadhtach nach b' eòl domh,
Mar na reannagan riallaidh,
An déigh do 'n ghrian a dhol fo orr.*

*'S tric le marbhrannan moltach,
A bhios cleachdach 's na dùthchaibh-s',
Gu 'm bi coimeasgadh masguill,
Tigh'nn a steach annt' 'n a bhrùchdan
Ach ged robb mis' air mo mhionnan,
Don Tì tha cumail nan dùilean,
Cha do luaidh mu 'n duine-s',
Ach huaidh a chunna' mo shùil air.*

MARBH RANN EOGHAINN.

LUINNEAG.

*'S cian fada, gur fada,
'S cian fada gu lèòir,
O 'n là bha thu fo sheac-thinn,
Gun aon ag acain do bhòin ;
Ma tha 'n tìm air dol seachad,
'S nach d' rinn thu cleachdadh air chòir,
Ged nach dàil dut ach scachduin,
Dean droch fhasan a leòn.*

*'S tric thu, Bhàis, cur an céill dhuinn,
Bhi sior éigheachd ar cobhrach ;
'S tha mi 'm barail mu 's stad thu,
Gu 'n toir thu 'm beag a's am mòr leat ;
'S ann o mheadhon an fhoghair,
Fhuair sinn rabbadh a dh-flòghnadha,
Le do leum as na cùirtean,
Do na chùil am beil Èigheann.
'S cian fada, gur fada, &c.*

*Ach na 'n creideadh sinn, Aoig, thu,
Cha bhiodh 'n saoghal-s' 'g ar dalladh,
'S nach 'eil h-aon de shliochd Adbaimh,
Air an tamaill leat cromadh ;
'S i mo Bharail gur fior sud,
Gur àrd 's gur iosal do shealladh ; *
Thug thu Pelham á mòrachd,
'S an d' fhuair thu Èigheann 's a' Pholladh ?
'S cian fada, gur fada, &c.*

*Tha thu tigh'nn air an t-seòrs' ud,
Mu 'm beil bròn dhaòine mòra,
'S tha thu tighinn air muintir,
Mu nach cluinntear bhi cùine ;
Cha 'n 'eil aon 's an staid mheadhoin,
Tha saor fathast o dhògbruinn,
Do nach buin a bhi caithris,
Eadar Pelham a's Èogheann.
'S cian fada, gur fada, &c.*

*Tha iad tuiteam mu 'n cuairt duinn,
Mar gu 'm buaillt iad le peilear,
Dean'maid ullamh, 's am fuaim so,
Ann ar cluasan mar pharum ;
Fhir a 's lugha measg mòran,
An dualt thu Èigheann fo ghalar ?
Fhir a 's mò anns na h-àitean-s',
An dualt thu bàs mhaighstir Pelbam ?
'S cian fada, gur fada, &c.*

* “ Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres.” — Hor. *Carmin. lib. i. Carmin. iv.*

Ach a chuidheachd mo chridhe,
 Nach toir an dithis-s' oirn sgathadh !
 Sinn mar choinneil an lanntair,
 'S an dà cbeann a' sior chaithreamh ;
 C' hit an robh anns an t-saoghal,
 Neach a b' ils' na mac t' athar-s' ?
 'S eba robh aon os a cheann-sa,
 Ach an rìgb bh' air a chathair.
 'S cian fada, gur fada, &c.

head, who only observed it just in time to avoid it. He used, we may believe, the mildest measures to pacify Ewen's choler. 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 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 hirsus," &c.; and had Rob Donn studied Horace, we would doubtless say that he had at least in view the lines, "Pallida mors aequo pulsat pede," &c.*—Memoir. 1829.

Note.—Among Rob 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 *Màrbhrann 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. Rob 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 Erribol, that he might be the more nigh 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 bard 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, contrasted 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 himself, 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 where 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

R. A. N. N.

[A rinn am bàrd, air maidann, ann an taigh ministear 'Shléibhte, air an turus bha e san eilean-sgiathanach. Thainig bàrd de mhuintir an Eilein do thagh a' mhinistear, agus iad ri 'm biadh-maidne. Dh-iarr am ministear air rann a dheanamh air ——"Sgìath cogaidh, im, muc, plom-thombaca, agus Sagart." Rinn am bàrd Sgiathanach so, mar chithear; agus thubhairt Rob Donn, "S bochd dh-fhag thu 'n Sagart," agus ann an tiota rinn e-féin a'n rann mu dhereadh.]

THUIRT AM BARD SGIATHANACH.

A' mhuc mar bhiadb,
 'S an sgìath mar bhòrd,
 'S an Sagart nach itheadh an t-im,
 Sparrainn a' phìob 'n a thòin.

THUIRT ROB DONN.

Bbiadhainn an Sagart gu grinn—
 Bheirinn dha 'n t-im air a' mhuiuc ;
 An targaid air a làimh chli,
 A' piob-thombaca 'n a phluic !

* 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 (*Iain 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, to detain the people by the usual length of service—expressing 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 '*Màrbhrann 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.

DONNACHADH BAN.

DUNCAN MACINTYRE, commonly called *Donnacha Bàn nan òran* 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 every where, 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 Breadalbane, in *Coire-Cheathaich*, and *Beinn-dòrain*; and afterwards to the Duke of Argyle, 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 “*Beinn-*

dòain," 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 Mòrag, 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 recognised. 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 every thing 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 *imromptu*. There is, however, an instance in which Macintyre proved that he was not deficient in that manner. When he composed the imitable 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 "Màiri Bhàn òg." 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 FONN—"Alasdair à Gleanna-Garadh."

LATHA dhuinn air machair Alba,
 Na bha dh-armailt aig a cbuigse,
 Thachair iad oirnne na reubail,
 'S bu neo-eibhinn leinn a chuideachd ;
 'Nuair a chuir iad an ratreut oirn,
 'S iad 'nar deigh a los ar murtadh,
 'S mur deanamaid feum le' casau,
 Cha tug sinne srad le'r musgan.

'S a dol au coinneamh a Phrionnsa,
 Gu'm bu shunndach a bha sinne,
 Shaoil sinn gu'm faigheamaid cùis dheth,
 'S nach ro dhuinn, ach dol g'a sireadb ;
 'Nuair a bhual iad air a chéile,
 'S ard a leumamaid a pilleadh,
 'S ghabh sinne a mach air an abhainn,
 'S dol g'ár u-amhaich ann sau linne.

'N am do dhaoine dol nan éideadh,
 Los na reabalaich a philleadh,
 Cha do shaoil sinn, gus na ghéill sinn,
 Gur sinn féin a bhite 'g iomain ;
 Mar gu'n rachadh cù ri caoirci,
 'S iad 'nan ruith air aodainn glinne,
 'S ann mar sin a ghabh iad sgaoileadh
 Air an taobh air au robh sinne.

Sin 'nuair thàinig càch 'sa dhearrbhadh iad
 Gu'n bu shearbh dhuini dol nan cuideachd ;
 Se'n trèp Ghalld g'an robh chàll sin,
 Bha Coluinn gun cheann air cui'd diubh :
 'Nuair a thachair ribh Clann-Dòmhnuill,
 Chum iad còmhail air an uchdan,
 Dh-fhàg iad creuchdan air an rèubadh,
 'S cha leighiseadh léigh an cuislean.

Bha na h-eich gn crùitreach, sriánach,
 Girteach, iallach, fiambach, trùpacb ;
 'S bha na fir gu h-armach, fòghluimt',
 Air an sonnrachadh gu murta.
 'Nuair a dh-aom sinn bharr an t-sléibh',
 Is mòran feum againn air furtach,
 Na bha beo bha cui'd dhiubh leoint',
 'S bha sinn brònach mu 'na thuit ann.

Dh-eirich fuathas ann san ruaig dhuinn,
 'Nuair a għluais an sluagh le leatbad ;
 Bha Priōns' Tearlach le chuid Frangach,
 'S iad an geall air teachd 'nar Rathad :

Cba d' fhuair sinne falal comand'
 A dh-iarraidh ar náimhdean a sgathadh ;
 Ach comas sgaoileadh feadh an t-saoghail,
 'S cuid againn gu'n fhaotain fhatbasd.

Sin 'nuair thàinig mise dhachaigh
 Dh-ionnsuidh Ghilleaspug o'n Chrannaich,
 'S ann a bha e 'n sin-cro' fhiata,
 Ri broc liath a bhiodh an garraidh ;
 Bha e duilich ann san àm sin,
 Nach robh ball aige r'a tharruinn,
 'S mòr an diùbhail na bha dhì air,
 Claidheamh siunsireachd a sheanar.

Mòran iarruinn air bheag faobhair,
 Gu'm be sud aogas a chlainheimli ;
 'Se gu lùbach, leumannach, bearnach,
 'S bha car cùm ann, ann san amhaich ;
 Dh-fhàg e mo chruchainse brùite
 Bhi 'ga għiulan feadh an rathaid,
 'S e cho tròm ri cabar fearna,
 'S maирg a dh-fhairdeadh an robh rath air.

'Nuair a chruinnich iad nan ceudan
 'N là sin air sliabh na h-eaglais,
 Bha ratreud air luchd na Beurla,
 'S ann daibh féin a b' éigin teicheadh ;
 Ged' a chaill mi ann san am sin
 Claidheamh ceanuairt Chloinn-an-Leasdair ;
 Claidheamh bearnach a mbi-fhortain,
 'S ann bu choltach e ri greidlein.

Am ball-teirmeisg a bha meirgeach,
 Nach d'rinn seirbheis a bha dileasach ;
 'S beag an diùbhail leam r'a chunnatadh,
 Ged' a dh-ionndrain mi mu fheasgar,
 An claidheamh dubh nach d'fhuair a sgùradh,
 'S neul an t-suthaidh air a leath-taobh ;
 'S beag a b'fhiù e's e air lùbadh,
 'S gu'm b'e diuthadh a bhuill-deis e.

An claidheamh braoisgeach, bh'aig na daoine,
 Nach d'rinn caonnag 's nach tug buillean,
 Cha robh eugas air an t-saoghail,
 'S maирg a shaoraich leis an cuimeasg ;
 An claidheamh dubh air 'n robh an t-aṁhlæas,
 Gu'n chrios, gun chrambait, gun duille,
 Gu'n roinn, gun fhaobhar, gun cheana-bheart,
 'S maирg a thàrladh leis an cunnart.

* This is the author's first song.

Thug mi leam an claidheamh bearnach,
 'S b'olc an asuinn e sa' chabhaig,
 Bhi ga ghiùlan ar mo shliasaid,
 'S maireg mi riamb a thug o'n bhail' e ;
 Cha toir e stobadh no sàthadh,
 'S cha robh e làidir gu gearradh ;
 Gu'm b'e dùuthadh a bhull airm e,
 'S e air meirgeadh air an fharadb.

Chruinnich uaislean Earraghæil,
 Armailt làidir de *Mhalisi*,
 'S chaideadh iad mu choinneamhl phrionns' Tearlach,
 'S duil aca r'a chàmp a bbristeadb ;
 'S ioma fear a bh' ann san àit ud
 Nach robb sàbhailt mar bha mise,
 A'mheud sa dh-fhág sinn aum san àraich,
 Latba blàr na h-Eaglais'-brice.

ORAN DO'N MHUSSG.

AIR FONN—"Mo dhuth an Tomaidh."

'S IOMADH car a dh-fheudas,
 Thigh'n air na fearaibh,
 Is theag' gu'n gabh iad gaol
 Air an tè nach faigh iad ;
 Thug mi fishead bliadhua
 Do'n chiad tè ghabh mi,
 Is chuir i rithisd cùl rium,
 Is bha mi falamh.

Is thàinig mi Dhunn-éideann
 A db-iarraidh leannain,
 Is thuirt an Caiptein Caimbeul,
 'S e 'n geard a bhaise,
 Gu'm b'aithne dha bantrach
 Ann àite falaich,
 'S gu'n deanadh e àird
 Air a cur a'm' charabh.

Rinn e mar a b'abbait
 Cho mhath 's a ghealladh,
 Thug e dhomh air làimh i,
 'S am paigheadh mar ri ;
 Is ge b'e bhi 's a feòraich
 A h-ainm no sloinneadh,
 Their iad rithe Seònáid,
 'S b'e Dérsa seannair.

Tha i soitheamh, suairce,
 Gun grhuaim, gun smalan,
 Is i cho àrd an uaisle
 Ri mnaoi san fhearrann ;

Is culaidh a m' chumail suas i,
 O'n tba mar rium,
 Is mòr an t-aobhar smuairein
 Dò'n fhearr nach faigh i.

Leig mi dhòm Nic-còiseam
 Ged' tha i maireann,
 Is leig mi na daimh chlòbach
 An taobh bha 'n aire,
 Is thaobh mi ris an bg mhnaoi,
 'S ann leam nach aithreach
 Cha n'eil mi gu'n stòras
 O'n phòs mi 'n ainnir.

Bheir mi fbein mo bhriathar
 Gum beil i ro mhath,
 Is nach d'aithnich mi riagh oirro
 Crou am falach,
 Ach gu foinneamh, finealta,
 Direach, fallain,
 Is i gu'n ghàid gu'n, ghòomb,
 Gu'n char fiar, gu'n chamadh.

Bithidh i air mo ghiùlan,
 'S gur math an airidh,
 Ni mi fhéin a sgùradh
 Gu math 's a glanadh ;
 Cbuirinn ri an t-ùilleadh
 Ga cumail ceanalt,
 Is cuiridh mi ri m' shùil i,
 'S cha diùlt i aingeal.

'Nuair bhios cion an stòras
 Air daveine gaonna,
 Cha leigeadh nigh'l n Dheòrsa
 Mo phòca falamh ;
 Cumaidh i rium bl
 Ann 's na taighean leanna,
 'S páidhidh i gach stòpan
 A ni mi cheannach.'

Ni i mar bu mhiann leam
 A h-uile car dhomh,
 Cha 'n innis i bréug dhomh,
 No sgeula mearachd ;
 Cumaidh i mo theaghlaich
 Cho math 's bu mhath leam,
 Ge nach dean mi soathair
 No obair shalach.

Sgillich mi ri gnìomh,
 Ged' nach d'rimu mi carras,
 Thug mi bòid nach b' fhiach 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,
 Fòghnaidh i dhomh daonnan
 A dheanamh arain ;
 Cha bhi faillinn aodaich
 Orm no anart,
 'S chaidh cùram an t-saoghal
 A nis as m'aire !

Le chuid seòlaidhean ;
 Gheibhte sud ri àm
 Pàdrug amns a' ghleann,
 Gilcan a's coin sheang,
 'S e toirt orduidh dhaibh ;
 Peileirean nan deain,
 Teine g'an cuir ann,
 Eilid nam beann àrd,
 Théid a leònadh leo.

Siubhal.

MOLADH BEINN-DORAIN.

AIR FONN—"Piobaireachd."

Urlar.

An t-urram thar gach beinn
 Aig Beinn-dòrain !
 Na chunnaic mi fo'n ghréin,
 Si hu bbòiche leam ;
 Monadh fada, réidh,
 Cuile 'm faighe féidh,
 Soilleireachd au t-sléibhe
 Bha mi sònnrachadh ;
 Doireachan nan geug,
 Coill anns am bi feur,
 'S foineasach an spréidh,
 Bhios a chòmhnaidh ann ;
 Greadhainn bu ghéal céir,
 Faoghaid air an déigh,
 'S laghach leam an sreud
 A bha sròineiseach.
 'S aigeannach fear eutrom,
 Gun mhòrchuis,
 Théid fasanda na éideadh,
 Neo-spòrsail ;
 Tha mhanntal uime fèin,
 Caidhthic nach tréig,
 Bratach dhearg mar chéir
 Bhios mar chòmhlichdach air ;
 'S culuidh g'a chuir éug,
 Duin' a dheanadh téuchd,
 Gunna bu mhath gléus,
 An glac òganaich :
 Spòr anns am biodh bearn,
 Tarran air a ceann,
 Snap a bhuaileadh teann
 Ris na h-ordaibh i ;
 Oeòd-shlisneach gun fheall,
 Stoc de'n fhiodh gun mheang,
 Lotadh an damh seang,
 A's leònadh e.
 'S fear a bhiodh mar cheaird,
 Riu' sònnraichte,
 Dh-fhòdbhnadh dhaibh gun taing,

'S i'n eilid bheag, bhinneach,
 Bu ghuiniche sràniadh,
 Le cuinnein geur, biorach,
 A sreachd na gaoithe,
 Gasganach, speireach,
 Feadh chreachainn na beinne,
 Le eagal ro' theine,
 Cha teirinn i'n t-aonach ;
 Ge d' théid i na cahraig,
 Cha ghearin i maothan ;
 Bha sinnseachd fallain,
 'Nuair a shìneadh i h-anail,
 'S toil-inntinn leam tanasg,
 Ga' lannan a chluinninn,
 'Si 'g iarraidh a leanain
 'N àm darraidh le caoineas,
 'S e damh a chiuin allaidh
 Bu gheal-cheireach feaman,
 Gu caparach, ceannard,
 A b' pharamach raoiceadh,
 'S e chòmhnuidh 'm Beinn-dòrain,
 'S e elach m'a fraoinibh.

'S ann am Beinn-dòrain,
 Bu mhòr dhomhl i'r innseadh
 A lìuthad damh ceannard,
 Tha fanntuinn san fhrithe ud ;
 Eilid chaol, eanugach,
 'S a laoighean 'ga leantuinn,
 Le 'n gasgana geala,
 Ri bealach a direadh,
 Ri fraoidh Choire-chruiteir,
 A chuideachda phìceach ;
 'Nuair a shìneas i h-iougan
 'S a théid i na' deannaibh,
 Cha saltradh air thalamh,
 Ach barran nan iùean,
 Cò b'urrain g'a leantuinn,
 A dh-fhearaibh na rioghlachd ?
 'S arraideach, farumach,
 Carach air grine,
 A chòisridh nach fhònad
 Gnè smal air an inntin,
 Ach caochlaideach, curaideach,
 Caol-chasach, ullamh,
 An aois cha chuir trnim' orra,

Mulad no mì-ghean ;
 'Se shlànaich an culaidh,
 Feoil mhais, agus mhuineil,
 Bhi thàmhachd am bunait,
 An cuile na frithie ;
 Le àilleas a fuireach,
 Air fàsach 'nan grunna,
 'Si 'n h-sainn a mhuime,
 Tha cumail na cìche,
 Ris na laoigh blreacha, bhallach,
 Nach meathlaich na sianntan,
 Le 'n cridheacha meara,
 Le bainne na cloba.
 Griseanach, eangach,
 Le 'n girtéagan geala,
 Le 'n corpannan glanna,
 Le fallaineachd fior-uisg ;
 Le farum gun ghearan,
 Feadb ghleannan na mìlltich ;
 Ge d' thigeadh an sneachda
 Cha 'n iarradh iad atfreadh,
 'S e lag a Choir'-altrum
 Bhios aca g'an dìdean :
 Feadh stacan, a's bhacan,
 A's ghlagagan diomhair,
 Le 'n leapaichean fasgach
 An taic Eas-an-t-sithan.

Urlar.

Tha 'n eilid anns an fhàrradh
 Mar bu chòir dh' i bhi,
 Far am faigh i mìllteach
 Glan-feòirneanach ;
 Bruchorachd a's clob,
 Lusán am bi brigh,
 Chuireadh sult a's igh
 Air a lòineinibh.
 Fuaran anns am bi
 Biolaire gun dith,
 'S millse lea' na 'm fion
 'S e gu'n òladh i ;
 Cuiseagan a's riag,
 Chinneas air an t-sliabh,
 B' annsadh lea' mar bhiadh
 Na na fòghlaichean.
 'S ann do'n teachd-an-tir
 A bha sòghar lea',
 Sobhrach a's eala-bhì
 'S barra neòineanan ;
 Dobhrach, bhallach, mhìn,
 Ghobhlach, bharrach, shliom,
 Lòinteau far an cinn
 I'na mòthraighean ;
 Sud am pòrsan bidh
 Mhcudaicheadh an clì
 Bheireadh iad a mòs
 Ri àm dò-lícheinn ;
 Chuireadh air an druim

Brata saillie cruinn,
 Air an carcais luim
 Nach bu lòdail.
 B' e sin an caidreamh grinn
 Mu thrà-nebñine,
 'Nuair a thionaladh iad cruinn,
 Ann a' ghàllomuinn :
 Air fhad 's ga'm biodh an oidhch',
 Dad cha tigeadh ribh,
 Fasgadh blun an tuim
 B' àite còmhnuidh dhaibh ;
 Leapaichean nam fiadh,
 Far an robh iad riamh,
 An aonach farsuinn fial,
 'S ann am mòr-mhonadh.
 'S iad bu taitneach fiamh,
 'Nuair bu daith' am bian,
 'S cha b'i 'n aire am miann,
 Ach Beinn-dòrain.

Siubhal.

A hbein lusanach, shaileanach,
 Mheallanach, liontach,
 Gun choimeas 'ga falluinn
 Air thalamh na Criosdachd ;
 'S ro-neònach tha mise,
 Le bòichead a sliosa,
 Nach 'eill còir aic' an ciste
 Air tiotal na rioghachd ;
 'S i air dùbladh le gibhteau,
 'S air lùisreadh le miosan,
 Nach 'eill bichont' a' bristeadh
 Air phriseanaibh tire ;
 Làn trusgan gun deireas,
 Le usgraichean coille,
 Bàrr-gùc air gach doire,
 Gun choir' ort r'a innseadh ;
 Far an uchd-ardach coileach,
 Le shrutaichibh loinneil,
 'S eoin bbuchalach bheag' eil
 Le'n ceileiribh lioumhòr.
 'S am buicean beag sgiolta,
 Bu sgiobalt' air gràine,
 Gu'n sgìorradh, gu'n tubaist,
 Gu'n tuisleadh, gu'n diobradh,
 Crodhàadh, biorach
 Feadh coire 'ga shireadh,
 Feadh fraoich agus firich,
 Air mhìre 'ga dhìreadh ;
 Feadh ranaich, a's barraich
 Gu'm b' araideach intinn,
 Ann an lòsal gach feadain,
 'S air àirdé gaeli creagain
 Gu mireanach, beiceasach,
 Easgouach, slàteach ;
 'Nuair a thèid o 'na bhoile
 Le clisge sa' choille,
 A's e ruith feadh gach doire,

Air dheireadbh cha bhi e ;
 Leis an eangaibh bu chaoile
 'S e b' eutrui me sinteag,
 Mu chnocanaibh douna
 Le ruith dara-tomain,
 'S e togairt an coinneamh
 Bean-chomuinn o's 'n iosal.
 Tha mhaoisleach bheag bhranng
 Sa' ghleannan a chòmhnaidh,
 'S i fhireach san fhireach
 Le minneinean òga :
 Cluas bhiorach gu clàisteachd,
 Sìil chorragh gu faicinn,
 'S i earbsach 'na casan
 Cbur' seachad na mòintich :
 Ged' thig Caillte 's Cuchullainn,
 'S gach duine dé'n t-séirs' ud,
 Na tha dhaoine 's do dh-eachaibh,
 Air fasta rìgh Deòrsa,
 Nan tèarnadh i craiceann
 O luaidhe 's o lasair,
 Cha chual' a's cha 'n fhac i
 Na ghlaicadh r'a beò i ;
 'S i grad-charach, fad-chasach,
 Aigeannach, neònach,
 Geal-cheireach, gasganach,
 Gealtach roi' mhadadh,
 Air chaisead na leachdainn
 Cha saltradhb i còmhnrard ;
 Si noigeannach, groigesach
 Gog-cheannach, sòrnach ;
 Bior-shuileach, sgur-shuileach,
 Frionasach, furachair,
 A fhireach sa' mhunadh,
 'Sna thuinich a seòrsa.

Urlar.

Bi sin a' mhaoisleach luaineach,
 Feadh òganan ;
 Biolaichean nam bruach
 'S àite-còmhnuidh dh'i,
 Duilleagan nan craoibh,
 Bileagau an fhraoich
 Criomagan a gaoil,
 Cha b'e 'm fòtrus.
 A h-aigneadh eutrom suaire,
 Aobhach ait gun ghruaim,
 Ceann bu bhraise, ghuanaibe,
 Ghòraiche ;
 A' chré bu cheanal't stuaim,
 Chalaich i gu buan
 An gleann a' bharraich uaine
 Bu nòsaire.
 'S tric a ghabh i cluain
 Sa' chreig mhòir,
 O'n is miosail leatha bhi 'Luan
 A's a Dhòmhnaich ann :
 Pris an dean i suain

Bichionta mu'n cuairt,
 A bhristeas a' ghaoth tuath,
 'S nach leig déò oirre,
 Am fasgadb doire-chrò,
 An taice ris an t-srbin,
 Am measg nam faillean òga
 'S nan cosagan.
 Masgadh 'n fhuarain mhòir,
 'S e pailte gu lebir,
 'S blasda le' na'm beòr
 Gu bhi pòit orra.
 Deoch de'n t-sruthan uasal
 R'a òl aice,
 Dh' fhàgas fallain,
 Fuasgalteach, òigéil i :
 Grad-charach ri nair,
 'S eathlamh bheir i cuairt,
 'Nuair thachradh i'n ruaig,
 'S a hhiodh tòir oirre.
 'S mao-bhuidh daith' a snuagli,
 Dearg a dreach sa tuar,
 'S gurro-iomadh buaidh
 Tha mar chòladh oirr' ;
 Fulangach air fuachd,
 Is i guu chum' air luath's ;
 Urram clàisteachd chluas
 Na Rinn-eòrpa dh'i.

Siubhal.

Bu ghrinn leam am pannal
 A' tarruinn an òrdrugh,
 A' diréadh le farum
 Ri carraig na Sròine ;
 Eadar sliabh Craobh-na-h-ainnis,
 A's beul Choire-dhainghein,
 Bu bhiadhchar greidh cheannard
 Nach ceannaich am pòrsan ;
 Da thaobh choire-rannoich
 Mu sgéith sin a' bhealaich, ·
 Coire réidh Beinn-Achaladair,
 A's thairis mu'n ebonn-lon :
 Air lurgain na Laoihre
 Bu ghreadhnach a' chòisri,
 Mu lìrach-na-Féinne
 'S a' Chraig-sheilich 'na dheigh sin,
 Far an cruinnich na h-éildean
 Bu neo-spéiseal mu'n fhòghlaich :
 'S gu'm b'e 'n aighear a's an éibhneas
 Bhi faicheachd air réidhlein,
 'A comh-mhaicnus r'a chéile,
 'S a' leumnaich feadh mòintich ;
 Ann am pollachaibh daimseir
 Le sodradh gu meamnach,
 Gu togarrach mearrachdasach,
 Ain-fheasach gòrach.
 'S cha bhiadh iot air an teangaidh
 Taobh shois a' Mhill-teauail,
 Le fion-vuillt na h-Annaid,

Blas meala r'a òl air ;
 Sruth brioghmhor geal tana,
 'S e siothladh tor 'u ghaineamhl,
 'S e 's millse na'n caineal,
 Cha b' ain-eolach oirn e :
 Sud an ioc-shliàint mhaireann,
 A thig a lochdar an talimh,
 Gheibhte liomhoireachd matlh dh'i
 Gu'n a cheaunach' le stòras ;
 Air fùruinn na beinne
 Is dàicheala sealladh,
 A dh'fhàs ains a' cheithreamh
 A' bheil mi 'n Rinn-eòrpa :
 Le gloinead a h-uisge,
 Gu mao-bhlasta brisg-gheal,
 Caoin, caomhail, glan, miosail,
 Neo-mhisgeach ri pòit' air :
 Le fuarainibh grinne
 Am bun gruamach no biolair,
 Còineach uaine mu'n iomall,
 A's iomadach seòrsa :
 Bu għlan uachdar na linne
 Gu neo-bħuaireasach millis,
 Tigh'h u na chuaireig o'n għrifneal
 Air slinnejn Beinn-ḑrain.

Tha leth-taobh na leachdainn
 Le mais' air a còmhach,
 'S àm fridl-choirean creagach
 'Na shesamh g'a chòir sin,
 Gu stobanach, stacanach,
 Slocanach, laganach,
 Cnocanach, crapanach,
 Caiteanach, ròmach ;
 Pasganach, badanach,
 Bacblagach, bòidheach
 A h-aiseirine corrach,
 'Nam fasraichsan mollach,
 'Si b'asadhb dhomh mholladh,
 Bha sonas gu leòir oirr' :
 Cluigeanach, gucagach,
 Uchdanach, còmhnr,
 Le dìthean glan, ruiteach,
 Breac, misleauach, sultmhor :
 Tha 'n fhrìdh air a busgadh
 San trusgan bu chòir dh'i.

Urlar.

'S am monadh farsnuinn faoin
 Glacach, srònagach ;
 Lag a' Choire-fhraoich
 Cuid bu bhùiche dheth ;
 Sin am fearann caoin
 Air an d'fhàs an aoidh,
 Far am bi na laogh
 'S na daimh chròcach ;
 A s e deisearach ri grèin,
 Seasgaireachd g'a réir,
 'S neo-bheag air an éildeig

Bhi chòmhnaidh ann.
 'S glan fallain a cré,
 Is banail i 'na beus ;
 Cha robh h-anail breun,
 Ge b'e phògadh i.
 'S e 'n coire choisinn gaiz
 A h-uil ḍġanaich,
 A chunna' riām a thaobh,
 'S a għabb eòlas air :
 'S liomħor feedan caol
 Air an éirich gaoth,
 Far am bi na laoich
 Cumail còdhalach ;
 Bruthaichean nan learg
 Far an biode greidh dhearg,
 Ceann-uighe gach sealg
 Fad am beò-shlaint ;
 A's e làn do'n h-uile maoin,
 A thig amach le braon,
 Flàile nan súth-chraobh,
 A's nan ròsann an.
 Gheibte tachdar eisg
 Air a corsa,
 A's bhi 'gan ruith le leus
 Anns na mòr-shruthan ;
 Mordha cumhanu geur,
 Le chrann giubhais fén,
 Aig fir shubhach, threibhach
 'Nan dòr naibh :
 Bu shħoljasach a' leum'
 Bric air buinne réidh,
 A' ceapadh chuireag eutrom
 'Nan dòrlaichean ;
 Cha 'n ell muir no tir
 Am beil tuille brigh,
 'S tha feadh do chriċh'
 Air a h-òrdachadh.

An Crùnluaith.

Tha 'n eilid ainsn a ghleannan so,
 Cha 'n amadau gu'n eòlas
 A leanadh i mar b aithne dha
 Tig'n farasda na còdhail,
 Gu faiteach bhi 'na h-earalas,
 Tig'n am faigse dh'i mu'n caracha i,
 Gu faicilleach, gle carraigeach,
 Mu'm fairich i ga còir e ;
 Feadh shlochd, a's ghlae, a's chamhanan,
 A's chlach a dheanadh falach air,
 Bhi beachdail air an talamh,
 'S air a' char a thig na neoil air ;
 'S an t-asdar bhi 'ga tharruinn air
 Cho macanta 's a b' aithne dha,
 Gu'n glacadh e gu h-aindeoin i
 Le h-anabharra seòltachd ;
 Le tür, gun glaime baralach,
 An t-sùil a chuir gu danara,
 A' stiùdireadh' na du'bannaiche,

'S a h-airé ri fear-cróice ;
 Bhiodh rùdan air an tarruinn
 Leis an lùbt' an t-iarrunn-earra,
 Bheireadb ionnsai' nach bi'dh mearachdach
 Do'n shear a bhiodh 'ga seòladh ;
 Spòr' ùr an déis a teannachadh,
 Buil' ùird a' sgàileadh dainghean ris,
 Cba diùlt an t-srad, 'nuair bheanas i
 Do'n deannaigh a bha neònach :
 Se 'm fùdar tioram tean-abaich
 Air chùl an asgairt ghreanaunaich,
 Cuir smùid ri acuinn mheallanaich
 A barraile Nic-Còiseam.

Bionn huinn le fir cheanalta,
 Nach b'ainneolach mu spòrsta,
 Bhi timcheall air na bealaichean
 Le fearalachd na h-òige :
 Far am bi na féidh gu farumach,
 'S na fir 'nan déigh gu caithriseach,
 Le gunne bu mhath barranach
 Tboirt aingil 'nuair bu chòir dh'i ;
 S le cuilean foirméal togarrach,
 'G am biodh a stiùir air bhogadan,
 'S e miol'airteich gu sodanach,
 'S nach ob e dol 'nan còdbail ;
 'Na flurburghidh làdir, cosgarach,
 Ro intinneach, neo-fhoistinnach,
 Gu guineach, sgiamhach, gob-easgaidh,
 San obair bh'aig a sheòrsa ;
 'S a fhriogan cuilg a' togail air,
 Gu maidheach, gruamach, doichealach,
 'S a gheanachan cnuasaichd fosgait',
 'Comb-bhogartaich r'an sgòrnan.

Gu'm b' araideach a' charachd ud,
 'S bu chabhagach i 'n còmhnuidh,
 'Nuair a shineadh iad na h-iongannan
 Le h-athghoirid na mbòintich ;
 Na beantaichean 's na bealaichean
 Gu'm freagrachd iad mac-talla dhut,
 Le fuaim na gairme gallanaich
 Aig farum a' choim ròmaich :
 'Gan tearnadh as na mullaichean
 Gu linnicbean nach grunnaich iad,
 'S ann a bhith's iad feadh na tuinne ;
 Annan luineinich 's iad leòinte
 'S na cuileinean gu fulasgach
 'G an cumail air na munealaibb,
 'S nach urrainn iad dol tuilleadh as,
 Ach fuireach, 's bhi gun deò ann',
 'S ge do thuirt mi began riu,
 Mu'n innseum uil' an dleasnas orra,
 Chuireadh iad a' m' hbrislich mi
 Le deisimearachd chòmraidi.

COIRE-CHEATHAICH.

Sz Coire-cheathaich nan aighean siùbhlaich,
 An coire rùnach, is ùrar fonn,
 Gu lurach, miadh-fheurach, mìn-gheal, sùghar,
 Gach lusan flùar' bu chùbbraidh leam ;
 Gu molach dù-ghorm, torrach lìsreagach,
 Corrach plùireanach, dlù-ghlan grinn ;
 Caoin, ballach, dìtheanach, cannach, misleanach,
 Gleann a' mhìlltich, 'san lìonmhòr mang.

Tha falluinn dhùinte, ga dainghean, dùbailt',
 A mbaireas ùinne, mu'n rùisg i lòm,
 Do'n fleur is cùl-fhinne dh' fhàs na h-ùrach,
 'S a bhàrr air lùbadh le driùchda tròm,
 Mu choire guanach nan torran uaine,
 A' bheil luibh a's luachair a suas g'a cheann ;
 'S am fàsach guamach an èas a bhuanadh,
 Nam h' àite cruidh e, 'm biodh tuath le'n suim

Tha trusgan faoillidh air cruit an aonaich,
 Chuir sult is aoidh air gach taobh a d' chòm,
 Mìn-fheur chaorach is barraihh hràonan,
 'S gach lus a db' fheudadh hbi 'n aodainn thòm,
 M'an choir' is aoidheala tha r'a fhaotain,
 A chunnaiac daoine an taobh so 'n Fhraing ;
 Mur dean e caochladh, b' e'n t-aigbear saoghalt'
 Do ghillean aotrom bhi daonna ann.

'S ann m'an Ruadh-airisg dh'fhàs na cuairtagan,
 Clùthar, cuaicneach, cuannar, ard,
 Na b-uile cluaineag 's am bàrr air luasgadh,
 'S a ghaoth 'g an sguabdh a null 'sa nall :
 Bun na cipe is bàr a' mhìlltich,
 A chuisgeag dhìreach, 's an fhileag cham ;
 Muran brioghar, 's an grunnasg lìonmhòr,
 M'an chuilidh dhòmhair, am bi na suinn.

Tha sliabh na lárig an robh mac-Bhaidi,
 'Na mhothar fàsaich, 's na stràchda tròm ;
 Slios na bànn-leachdainn, cha 'n i is tàire,
 'S gur triuc a dh' àraich i 'n làrn damb donn :
 'S na h-aighean dàra nach téid a 'n bhà-thaigh,
 A bhios le 'n àlach gu h-àrd 'nan grunn,
 'S na laoigh gu h-ùiseil a là 'sa dh'oidhche,
 'S na h-uiread cruinn diubbairdrum Clach-fionn.

Do leacan chaoimhnell gu dearcach, hraoileagach,
 Breac le foireagan is cruinn dearg ceann
 'N creamh 'na charaichean, am bac nan staithd-
 Stacan fraoineasach nach bu ghann : [richean,
 Am bearnan-bride, 's a pheighinn rioghail,
 S an canach mìn-gheal, 's am mislean ann ;

S a h-uile mìr dheth, o'n bhun is île
Gu h-ionad círean na crìch' is àird'.

'S rìmbeach còta na craige mòire,
'S cha 'n eil am fòlach a' d'choir 'san àm,
Ach mèunan còinntich, o's e bu nònsaire,
Air a chòmhachadh bhos a's thall :
Na lagain chòmhnràd am bun nan srònag,
Am bi na sòghraichean, 's neòinein fann,
Gu bileach, feòirneineach, milis, roineagach,
Molach, ròmach, gach seòrs' a th' ann.

Tha mala ghrúamach, de'n hhiolar uaine,
Mu'n h-uile fuaran a th' ann san fbonn ;
Is doire shealbag aig hun nan garbh-chlach,
S gríneal gainbheich' gu meanbh-gheal, pronn ;
'Na ghlugaibh plumbach air ghoil gun aon teas,
Ach coileach bùirn tighin' á grunnid eas lòm,
Gach coileach bùirn tighin' á grunnid eas lòm,
A' ruith na spùtaibh, 's na lùbaibh steoll.

Tha hradan tarra-gheal sa choire gharhlaich,
Tha tig'n o'n fhairge hu ghailbheach tonn,
Le luinneis mbeamnach a' ceapa mheanhchuil,
Gu neo-clearbàch le cham-ghob cròm : [eag,
Air hhuinne borb, is e leum gu foirmeil,
'Na éideadh colgail bu ghorm-glas druim,
Le shòilsean airgeid, gu h-iteach meana-bhreach,
Gu lannach, dearg-bhallach, earr-gheal sliom.

'S Coire'-cheathaich an t-aighear prisceil,
'S an t-àite rioghail mu'm bìdh' a' sealg,
Is hidh féidh air ghiùlan le làmhach fùdair,
A' cur luaidhe dhù'-ghorm gu dlù nan calg :
An gunna gleusda, s' an cuilean eutrom,
Gu fuileach, feumanach, treubhach, targ,
A ruith gu siùbhach, a gearradh shùrdag,
'S a dol g'a dhùlan ri cùrsan dearg.

Gheibhete daonnañ mu d' ghlacáih faoine,
Na h-aighean maola, na laoigh, 's na maing.
Sud bu mhiann leinn 'am madainn ghríanaich,
Bhi dol g' an iarraidh, 's a' fiadhach hheann,
Ged thigeadh siontan oirnn' uisg a's dile,
Bha seòl g'ar dìdean mu'n chrich san àm,
An creagan lòsal am bun na frithe,
S an leabaidh dhiona, 's mi m' shìneadh ann.

Sa' mhàdaiñn chiuin-ghil, an àmdhomh dùsgadh,
Aig bun na stùice be 'n sùigradh leam ;
A' chearc le sgìùcan a' gabhail tùchain,
S an coileach cùirtiel a dùrdail cròm ;
An dreathan sùrdail, 's a ribheid chiùl aige,
A' cur nan smùid deth gu lùghor binn ;
An druid s am brù-dhearg, le môran ùinich,
Ri ceileir sunndach bu shiùblach rann.

Bha eoin an t-sléibhe 'nan ea'tain gle-ghloin,
A' gabhail bheusan air ghéig sa' choill,
An uiseag cheutach, 's a luinneag fèin aice,
Feadan spéiseil gu réidh a seinn :
A chuach, 'sa smèibrach, am bàr nan ògan,
A' gabhail òrain gu coelmor binn :
'Nuair ghoir an cuannal gu loinneil, guanach,
'S e's gloin' a chualas am fuaim sa' gbleann.

'Nuair thig iad còmbla' na bheil a' d' chòirse
De'n h-uile seòrsa bu chòir bhi ann ;
Damh na cròice air srauth na mòintich,
'S e gabhail crònain le dreàcam àrd ;
A' dol san fhéithe gu bras le h-éibhneas,
A' mire-leumnaich ri éildeig dhuinn ;
Bi sin an ribhinn a db'fbas gu mìleanta,
Foinneamh, finealta, dìreach, seang.

Tha mhaioiseach chùl-bhui air feadh na dùs-
Aig bun nam fiùran 'gan rùsga' lòm, [luing
'S am boc gu h-ùtluidh ri leaba chùirteil,
'S e'ga bùrach le rùdan cròm ;
'S am minnean riabhach bu luime cliathach,
Le chunnein fiata, is fiadhaich ceann,
'Na chadal guamach an lagan uaigneach,
Fo bhàrr na luachrach na chuaireig chruinn.

Is liònmbhor cnuasachd a bha mu'n cuairt dut,
Ri àm am buain gum bu luaineach clann,
Ri tional guamach, gu fearail suairce,
'S a' roinnt gu h-usal na fhuair iad ann ;
Céir-bheach na cnuacaibh, an nead na chuaireig,
'S a mhil 'ga huanachd air cruaidh an tuim,
Aig seillein riabhach, breaca, srianach,
Le'n crònán cianail is fiata srann.

Bha cus ra' fhaotainn de chnothan caoine,
'S cba b' iad na caochagan aotrom gann,
Ach bagait mhaola, bu taine plaoisg,
A' toirt brigh à laoghan na maoth-shlait fann :
Srath nan caochan 'na dhsaibh caoraíun,
'S na phreasalibh caola, lìn clraobh a's mheang ;
Na gallain ùra, 's na faillein dhlùtha,
'S am barrach dùinte mu chùl nan crann.

Gach àite timcheall nam fàsach iomlan,
Màm a's fion-ghleann, 's an tuilm ga chòidh :
Meall-tionail làimh ris, gu molach, tlàthail,
B'e chulaidh dh'árach an alàich òig ;
Na daimh 's na h-éildean a'm madainn cheitein,
Gu moch ag éirigh air réidhlein fèidir ;
Greidhein dhearg dhiù air taobh gach leargain,
Mu 'n Cboire gharbhlaich, 'g an ainm an Ceò.

ORAN DON GHUNNA
GA 'N AINM NIC-COISEAM.

LUINNEAG.

Horo mo chuid chuideachd thu,
Gur muladach leam uam thu;
Horo mo chuid chuideachd thu,
'S mi direadh bheann a's uchdanar,
B'dit leam thu bhi cuidir riùm,
'S do chudilrom air mo ghlainn.

'Nuair chaidh mi do Ghleann-Lòcha,
'Sa cheannaich mi Nic-Còiseam,
'S mise nach robh gòrach,
'Nuair chuir mi 'n t-br ga fuasgladh.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Thug mi Choire-cheathaich thu,
'Nuair bha mi fhéin a taghaich ann,
'S tric a chuir mi laidhe leat,
Na daimh 's na h-aidhean ruadha.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Thug mi Bheinn-a-chaisstil thu,
'S do'n fhàsach a tha 'n taice ri,
Am Màn a's Creag-an-aparrain,
Air leaca Beinn-nam-fuaran.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Thug mi Bheinn-dòrain,
An cinne na daimh chròcach,
'Nuair theannadh iad ri crònan,
Bu h-bidheach leam an nuallan.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Thug mi Choire-chruiteir thu,
O's àite grianach tlusail e,
Gu biachar, fiarach, lusanach,
Bhiodh spuit ann aig daoin'-uailse.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Ghiùlain mi Ghleann-Éite thu,
Thog mi ris na crèisean thu,
Se mhead 'sa thug mi spéis dut
A dh'fhàg mo cheum cho luaineach.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

'S math am Meall-a-hhùiridh thu,
Cha mhiosa 'm Beinn-a-chrùlaisth thu,
'S tric a loisg mi fùdar-leat,
An Coire-chùl-na-cruaiche.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Thug mi Làirig-ghartain thu,
O's aluinn an coir-altrum i,
'S na féidh a deanamh leapaichean
Air Creachuinn għlas a bhuachaill.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Thug mi thu do'n fhàs-ghlaic
'Sa Ghleann am bi na làn-daimh,
'S tric a chaidh an àrach
Mu bhraidhe Cloich-an-tuairneir.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Chaidh mi do dh'Fheadha-chaorainu,
Le aighear Choire-chaolain,
Far an rohh na daoine,
A bba 'n gaol air a ghreibh uallaich.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Thug mi Bheinne-chaorach thu,
Shireadh bhoc a's mhaoiseach,
Cha b'eagal gun am-faotainn,
'S iad daonnan 'san Tòrr-uaine.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

'Nuair théid mi ris a mhunadh,
'S tu mo roghainn de na gunnachan,
O'n fhuair thu féin an t-urram sin,
Cò nis a chumas bhuat e?
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Ged' tha mi gann a stòras,
Gu suidhe leis na pòitearan,
Ged' théid mi do 'n taigh-ðsda,
Cha 'n òl mi ann an cuach thu.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

ORAN SEACHARAN SEILG.

LUINNEAG.

Chunna' mi 'n damh donn
'S na h-eillean.
Direadh a bhealaich lc chéile ;
Chunna' mi 'n damh donn
'S na h-eillean.

'S mi tearnadh á Coire cheathaich,
'S mòr mo mhighean 's mi gun aighear,
Siubhal fritho rè 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 clearbaich,
Nach do mharbh i mac na h-éilde.
Chunna' mi, &c.

'Nuair a dh'éirich mi sa' mhadainn,
Chuir mi intte fùdar Għlascho,
Pealair teann a's trì puist Shasnach,
Cuifeau asgaïrt air a dhégh sin.
Chunna' mi, &c.

Bha'n spòr ùr an déighe breacadh,

Chuir mi ùille ris an accuin,

Eagal driùchd bha mùdan craiceinn

Cumail fasgaidh air mo chéile,

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 éiridh.

Chunna' mi, &c.

Ràinig mise taobh na bruaiche,

'S ohosg mi rithe mo chuid luaidhe ;

'S 'nuair a shaol mi i bhi buailte,

Sin an uair a b' aird' a leum i.

Chunna' mi, &c.

S muladach bhi siubhal frithie,

Ri là gaoith', a's uisg', a's dile,

'S ordugh teann ag iarraidh sithne,

Cuir nan giomanach 'nan éigin.

Chunna' mi, &c.

'S mitrich tearnadh do na gleannaibh

O'n tha gruamaich air na beannaibh,

'S ceathach dùinte mu na meallaibh,

A' cuir dalladh air ar léirsu.

Chunna' mi, &c.

Bi'sinn beò an dòchas ro-mhath,

Gu'm bi chùis ni's feharr an ath la'

Gu'm bi gaoth, a's grian, a's talamh,

Mar is math leinn air na sléibhteann.

Chunna' mi, &c.

Bithidh an luaidhe ghlas 'na deannamh,

Siubhal réidh aig conaibh seanga;

'S an damh donn a sileadh fala,

'S àbhachd aig na fearaibh gleusda.

Chunna' mi, &c.

CEAD - DEIREANNACH

NAM BEANN.

BHA mi'n dé* 'm Beinn-dòrain,

'S na còir cha robh mi aineolach,

Chunna mi gleanntan

'S na beanntaichean a b'aithne dhomh ;

Be sin an sealladh éibhinn

Bhi 'g imeachd air na sléibhtibh,

'Nuair bhiodh a ghrian ag éiridh,

'Sa bhiodh na fóidh a langanaich.

* 19th September, 1802.

'S aobhach a ghreibh uallach.

'Nuair ghuaiseadh iad gu farumach,

'S na h-éildean air an fhuaran,

Bu chuannar na laoigh bhallach ann ;

Na maolischean 's an ruadh-bhui,

Na coillich dhubbh a's ruadha,

'S e'n ceol bu bhinne chualas

'Nuair chluinnt' am fuaim 'sa chamhanaich.

'S togarach a dh' fhalbhainn

Gu sealgaireachd nam beallaichean,

Dol'mach a dhìreachd garbhlaich,

'S gu'm b'ana-moch tigh'nn gu baile mi ;

An t-uisge glan 'san t-àile

Thar mullach nam bean arda,

Chuidich e gu fàs mì;

'Se rinn domh slàinnt a's fallaineachd.

Fhuair mi greis am' àracli

Air àiridhean a b' aithne dhomh,

Ri cluiche, 's mire 's màran,

An caoimhneas blàth nan caileagan ;

Bu chùis an aghaidh nàduir

Gu'm maireadh sin an dràst ann,

'Se b' éigin bhi da'm fagail

'Nuair thàinig tráth dhuinn dealachadh.

'Nis o'n bhuaile an aois mi,

Fhuair mi gaoid a mhàireas domh,

Rinn milleadh air mo dhèudach,

'S mo léirsinn air a dalladh orm ;

Ch'aurrainn mi bhi treubhach,

Ged' a chuirinn feum air,

'S ged' bhiodh an ruraig am' dhéigh-sa,

Cha dean mi ceum ro chabhagach.

Ged' tha mo cheann air liathadil,

'S mo chiabhagan air tanachadh,

'S tric a leag mi mial-chù

Ri fear fiadhach ceannartaich ;

Ged' bu toigh leam ri amhaid,

'S ged' fhaicinn air an t-sliabh iad,

Cha téid mi 'nis ga'n iarraidh

O'n chaill mi trian na h-analach.

Ri àm dol anns a bhùireadh,

Bu dùrachdach a leanainn iad,

'S bhiodh uair aig sluagh na dùthcha,

Toirt brain ùra 's rannachd dhaibh :

Greis eile mar ri cairdean,

'Nuair bha sinn anns na Càmpan,

Bu chridheil anns an àm sinn ;

'S cha bhiodh an dràm oirnn annasach.

'Nuair bha mi 'n toiseach m' bige,

'S i ghòraich a chum falamh mi ;

'S e fortan tha cuir oirne
 Gach aon ni còir a' ghealladh dbuinn ;
 Ged' tha mi gann a stòras,
 Tha m' inntinn làn de shòlas,
 O'n tha mi aun an dòchas
 Gu'n d'rinn nigh'n Dheòrs' an t-aran domh.

Bha mi 'n dé 'san aonacb,
 'S bha smaointeann inòr air m' aire-sa,
 Nach roih 'n luchd-gaoil a b'abbais
 Bhi siubhal fàsaich mar rium ann,
 'Sa bheinn is beag a shaol mi,
 Gu'n deanadh ise caochladh ;
 O'n tha i 'nis fo chaoirich,
 'S ann thug an saoghal căr asam.

'Nuair sheall mi air gach taobh dhiom,
 Cha'n fhaodainn gun bhi smalanach,
 O'n theirig coill' a's fraoch ann,
 S na daoine bh'ann, cha mhàireann iad ;
 Cha'n 'eil fiadh r'a shealg ann,
 Cha'n 'eil eun no earb ann,
 'M beagan nach 'eil marbh dhiubh,
 'Se rinn iad falbh gu baileach as.

Mo shoraidh leis na frìthean,
 O's mòrbhailteach, na beannaibh iad,
 Le biclair uaine a' flor-uisg,
 Deoch uasal rìmheach, cheanalta,
 Na bhàrran a thà prisel,
 'S na fàsaichean tha liomhor,
 O's àit a leag mi dhiom iad,
 Gu bràth mo mhile beannachd leo !

CUMHA CHOIRE-CHEATHAICH.

S DUILLICHE leam an càradh
 Th' air coire gorm an fbàsaich,
 An robh mi greis da'm' àrach
 'S a bhràidhe so thall ;
 Siomadh fear a bharr orm,
 A thaitneadb e r'a nàdur,
 Na 'm hiodh e mar a bha e,
 'Nuair dh' fhàg mi e nall ;
 Gunnaireachd a's làmhaich
 Spuit a s aohhar ghaire,
 Chleachd bhi aig na h-àrmuinn
 A b'abbais bhi sa' ghleann ;
 Rinn na fir ud fhàgail—
 'S Mac-Eoghainn t'ann a 'dràsta,
 Mar chloich an ionnad càhaig
 An àite na bh' ann.

Tha 'n Coir' air dol am faillin,
 Ged' ithean thu a hhlàir e,
 Gun duin' aig am beil càs deth
 Mun àit ann san àm ;
 Na féidh a bl' ann air fhàgail,
 Cha d' fhuirich gin air àruinn,
 'S cha 'neil an àite-tàmha
 Mar bha e sa' ghleann.
 Tha 'm Baran air a shàrach'
 Is dh'artlaich air an táladh,
 Gun sgil aig air an nàdur
 Ged' thàinig e ann ;
 B' fhearr dha hhi mar b' abbais,
 Os ceann an t-soithich chàtha,
 'Sa làmhan a bhi làn d'i,
 Ga fàsgadh gu teann.

Se mùghadh air an t-saoghal
 An coire laghach gaolach,
 A dhol anis air faoin-tragh,
 'S am maor a theachd ann :
 'S gur h-e bu chleachdadh riabhach dhub,
 Bhi trusa nan cearc hiata,
 Gur triu a rinn iad siathnail,
 Le piannadh do làmh.
 Is iad na 'm bainníbh riabhach,
 Mu-amhaich 's ann ad' sgiathan,
 Bhiodh itealaich a's sgiabail
 Mu-thiaclan san àm :
 Bu ghiobach thu ri riaghailt,
 Mu chidsin taighe 'n iarla,
 Gar nach h'e do mbiann
 Bhi cuir hhian air an stàing.

Ged' tha thu 'nis sa' hhràighe,
 Cha chòmpanach le càch thu,
 'S tha h-uile duine tairc ort
 O'n thàinig thu ann ;
 'S éigin dut am fàgail
 Ni 's measa na mar thàinig
 Cha taintinn thu ri 'n nàdur
 Le cnàmhain, 's le cainnt :
 Ged' fhaiseadh tu ghreidh uallach,
 'Nuair racha tu mun-euairt daibh,
 Cha dean thu ach am fuadachadh
 Suas feadh nam heanu ;
 Leis a ghunna nach robh huadhar,
 'S a mheirg air a toll cluaise,
 Cha 'n eirmis i na cruachan,
 An cuaille duhh cam.

Se 'n Coire chaidh an déis-laimh,
 O'n tha e nis gu'n fhéidh ann,
 Gun duin' aig am beil spéis diuh,
 Ni feum air an cùl ;
 O'n tha iad gu'n fhear-gléidhte,
 Cha'n fhuirich iad r'a cbéile,

'S ann a ghabh iad an ratreuta
Seach réidhlean nan lùb.
Cha 'n 'eil prìs an ruadh-hhuic,
An coille na air fuaran,
Nach h' éigin da bhi gluasad
Le ruraig feedhl na dùthch' ;
'S cha 'n 'eil a nis' mun cuairt da,
Aon spuit a dheanadh suaireas,
No thaineadh ri duin-usasal
Ged' fhuasgladh e chù.

Tha choille bh' ann san fhrithe ud,
Na cuislean fada, dìreach
Air tuiteam a's air crionadh
Sìos as an rùsg ;
Na preasan a bha bríoghar
Na dosaibh tiugha liomhor,
Air seachda' mar gu'n splont' iad
A nìos as an ùir ;
Na failleanan bu bhòiche,
Na slatan a's na h-ögain,
'S an t-àit am biodh an smèòrach,
Gu mòdhar a séinn ciùl ;
Tha iad uil' air caochladh,
Cha d' fluirich fiadh no fraoch ann ;
Tha mullach bharr gach craoibh,
'S am maor 'ga thoirt diù.

Tha uisge srath na dìge,
Na shruthladh dubh gun sìoladh
Le barraig uaine liogh-ghlais
Gu mi-bhlasda grannd ;
Feur-lochain is tâchair
An cinn an duileag-bhàite
Cha 'n 'eil gnè tuille fàs
An san àit' ud san àm ;
Glumagan a chàthair,
Na ghlugaibh domhain, sàmhach,
Cho tiugh ri súghan càtha,
'Na làthach' n'a phlàm ;
Sean bhùrn salach ruadhain
Cha ghloinne ghrunnidh na uachdar,
Gur coslach ri muir ruaidh e,
Na ruaimle feedh stannig.

Tha 'n t-àit an robh na fuarain
Air fàs na chroitean cruaidhe,
Gun sòbhraich gu'n sail-chuaich,
Gun lus uasal air càrn
An sliabh an robh na h-éildean,
An àite laithe 's éiridh
Cho lòm ri cabhsair féille,
'S am feur chinn e gann :
Chuir Alasdair le ghéisgeil
A ghraidiud as a chéile,
'S air leam gur mòr an eucoir
An fheudail a chall ;

Cha lugha 'n t-aobhar mòl-thlachd,
Am fear a chealachd bhi thòrail,
A' tearnadh a's a direadh
Ri frith nan damh seang.

Ach ma's duine de shliochd Phàdrug
A théid a nis do'n àite,
'S gu 'n cuir e as a làraich
An tâch'ran a th' ann ;
Bi'dh 'n coire mar a bha e,
Bi'dh laoigh is aighein dàr ann,
Bi'dh daimh a dol san dàmhair,
Air fasach nam beann ;
Bi' huic s'na badain blatha,
Na bric san abhainn làimh riu,
'S na féidh an strath na làirge
Ag' arach na mang ;
Thig gach uile ni g'a' abhaist,
Le aighear a's le àbhabhd,
'Nuair gheibh am Baran hairlinn,
Sud fhagail gun taing.

ORAN GAOIL.

A MHAIRI bhàn gur harail thu,
'S gur barraicht' air gach seòl thu,
O'n thug mi gaol cho daingeant dut,
'S mi t'fharaid anns gach codhail :
'S earhsach mi a'd' cheanaltais,
'S na fhuair mi chean' ad' chòmhchradh,
Nach urrainn càch do mhealladh uam
'N déis do ghealladh dhòmh-sa.

'S chuala mi mar shean-fhacal
Mu'n darach, gur fiadh corr e :—
" " S gur geinn' dheth fhéin 'ga theannachadh
A spealtadh e 'na òrdaibh :"
'S mi 'n dùl, a réir na h-ealaidh sin,
Gur math leat mi bhi d' shèòrsa,
Nach tréig thu mi, 's gu 'm faigh mi thu
Le bannalbh daingeant phòsda

'S e chum an raoir mi m' aireachadh
An spéis a ghàhl mi òg dhìòt ;
Bha smaointeán tric air m' airesse
Mu'n ainnir is fhearr fòghlum :
Cha 'n 'eil cron r'a àireamh ort,
O' d' hhàrr gu sàil do bhròige,
Ach ciallach, fialaidh, fàtharach,
Air fiamh a gbàir' an còmhnuidh.

'S do chùl daithte làn-mhaiseach
Mu'n cuairt a'd' hhràigh' an ordugh,

Air sniamh, mar theudan clàrsaiche,
Na fhàineachan glan nòsar :
Gu lìdh-dhonn, pleatach, sàr-chleachdach,
Gu dosach, fàsmhor, dòmhail,
Gu lùbach, dualach, bachelach, guairsgeach,
Snasmhor, cauchach, br-bhuidh.

Tha t-aghaidh nàrrach bhanail,
Dà chaol mhala mar ite eòin ort ;
Rosgan réidhe, fallaine
'S dà shùil ghorm, mheallach, mhòthar :
Do ghruaidh mar chaorann meangain,
A thug barrachd air na ròsan ;
Do dheud geal, dreachmhor, meachair, grinn.
'S do bheul, o'm binn thig òran.

Tha do phòg mar àbhlán gáraidh,
'S tha do bhràighe mar an neòinein ;
Do chiochan liontach, mulanach,
'S an siod' g an cumail còmhnaid :
Corp seang, geal, gnéadhail, furanach,
Deagh-chumachdail, neo-spòrsail ;
Do chalpa cruinne lùghara,
'S an troigh nach lùb am fèdirnean.

'S e m fàth mu'n hiodh tu talach orm,
Gur ro-bheag leat mo stòras ;
'Bha dà-rud-dheug a' tarruinn uam
Na thionail mi de phorsan ;
Bhioldh ôl, a's féisd, a's hanais ann ;
Bha céil, a's beus, a's ceannaichcan,
N' fhéil, 's na gibhteann leannanachd,
An amайдeachd 's an òige.

'S a nis nam faighinn mar' rium thu,
Cha leanainn air an t-seòl sin ;
Dheanainn àiteach fearainn,
A's crodh-bainne chur mu chrò dhut ;
Mharbhainn iasg na mara dhut,
'S am fiadh sa' bhealach cheòthar,
Le gunna caol nach mearachdaich,
'S a mhealladh fear na cròdice.

'S mòr an gaol a ghabh mi ort
Le ro bheagan a dh-eblas,
S mi 'n dùil gur tu bu leannan domh,
'S nach mealladh tu mi m' dhòchas :
Ge d' bhiodh am bàs an carabh dhomh,
Gu'n Bharail ri tigh'n beò uaith,
'S e dh'fhàgadh slàn mi n' rìbhinn mhàldha,
Mairi bhàn o Lòch-lairig.

AN NIGHEAN DONN OG.

'S i nighean mo ghaoil
An nighean donn òg ;
Nam biodh tu ri m' thaobh,
Cha bhithinn fo' bhròn.
'S i nighean mo ghaoil
An nighean donn òg.

'S i Mairi Nic-Neachdainn
Is dàicheile pearsa,
Ghabh mis' uiread bheachd ort
Ri neach a tha bed.
'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' chòir.
'S i nighean, &c.

O'n a thug thu dhomh gealladh,
'S ann dutsa nach aithreach,
'S cha'n fhairc iad thu 'n ath-bhliadhnu'
A'd' bhanaraich hò.
'S i nighean, &c.

Chà téid thu do'n bhuaile,
A bhleothan cruidh ghuailfhioun ;
Cha chuir thu ort cuaran,
'S gur uallach do bhròg.
'S i nighean, &c.

Chà 'n fhòghnadh le m' chruinneig,
A' burach no chruinneag,
'S cha chluinnear gu'n cumadh tu
Cuman a'd' dhòrn.
'S i nighean, &c.

Chà d' thèid thu Bhad-odhar
A leigeadh nan gohhar,
'S minn bheag as an deodhaigh
'G an deothal mu'n chrò.
'S i nighean, &c.

Chà leig mi thu 'n fhireach
Thoirt a' cruidh as an innis
Air eagal nagillean
Bhi sireadh do phòig
'S i nighean, &c.

Chà taohh thu duin'-usal
'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 eagal mo thrioblaid ;
'S cha toilich tè mise
Ach ise le deoin.
'S i nighean, &c.

S i ribhinn a hhaile,
Tha sìr-thigh'n air m' aire,
Nam bitheadh i mar rium,
Cha dh' tharraid mi stòr.
'S i nighean, &c.

Bheir mis' thu Dhun-éideann
A dh'ionnsacha' beurla,
'S cha 'n fhàg mi thu t-èigin,
Ri spréidh an fhir-mhòdir.
'S i nighean, &c.

A'nighean na gruaige,
Cha chreidinn ort tuailseas ;
O'n a tharruinn mi suas riut,
Cha 'n fhuath leam do sheòl.
'S i nighean, &c.

'S e mheudaich mo ghaol ort
Gu'n d' fhàs thu cho aobhach,
'S gu'n leumadhu tì daonnan
Cho aotrom 's na h-eoin.
'S i nighean, &c.

'S i 'n togarrach laghach
A thogainn mar roghainn,
Nam bithinn a' taghall
'S an taigh am bi 'n t-òl.
'S i nighean, &c.

Gu'm b' fhearrde daoin'-uaise
'N àm thionnda' nan cuach thu,
A thoirt luinneagan-luaidh dhaibh
Mu'n cuairt air an stòp.
'S i nighean, &c.

'S leat urram an damhsaidh,
'S an fhidheal 'na teann-ruith ;
Bu chridheil san àm thu,
'S an dràm air a' bhòrd.
'S i nighean, &c.

'S tu fhreagrach gu h-inneallt
Am feadan 's an ribheid,
A sheinneadh gu fileanta,
Ruith-leumach cèòl.
'S i nighean, &c.

'S tu thogadh mo spiorad,
'Nuair a théid thu air mhìre,
Le d' cheileirean binne,
'S le grinneas do hbeòil,
'S i nighean, &c.

Leis na gabh mi do cheisd ort,
Am madainn 's am feasgar,
Dheanainn riut cleasachd
A's headradh gu leòir :
'S i nighean, &c.

Dheanainn riut furan
Am bliadh'n' a's an uiridh ;
Bu dochá nan t-uireashhuidh,
Tuill' a's a' chòir.
'S i nighean, &c.

ORAN D'A CHEILLE

NUADH-POSDA.

A MHAIRI hhàn òg,
'S tu 'n òigh th'air m'aire,
Ri'm bheò hhi far am bithinn fhéin ;
O'n fhuair mi ort còir
Cho mòr 's bu mhath leam,
Le pòsadh ceangailt' o'n chléir,
Le cùmhnaonta teann
'S le hanntaibh daingean,
'S le snaim a dh'fhanas, nach tréig ;
'S e t' fhaotain air làimh
Le gràdh gach caraid
Rinn slàinnt mhaireann a'm' chrè.

'Nuair hha mi gu tinn
'S mi 'n cinnseal leannain,
Gun chinnt cò theannadh rium fén,
'S ann a chunna' mi 'n òigh
Air bòrd taigh-leanna,
'S hu mhòthar ceanalt' a beus ;
Tharruinn mi suas rith',
'S fhuair mi gealladh
O'n gruagaich bhanail bhi 'm réir ;
'S mise hha aobhach
T' fhaotain mar' rium,
'S croh laoigh a' Bharain a'd' dheigh.

Madainn Di-luain,
Ge buan an t-slighe,
'Nuair għluais mi, ruithinn mar ghaoth,
A dh-flaicien mo luaidh
'S rud bhuainn n-ar dithis
Nach dual da rithist gu'n sgooil ;
Thug mì i 'n uaigheas
Uair a bħruiddiñ,
'S ann fhuair an nighean mo għaoil,
A's chluinneadh mo cluas
Am fuaim a bhitheadh
Aig luuhas mo chridhe ri 'm thaohh.

Sin 'uuair chuir Cupid
 An t-uldach a'm' bhoilleach,
 G'a shaighdean corranach caol,
 A dhrùidh air mo chuislean,
 Chuir luchd air mo cholainn,
 Leis thuit mi ge b'oileam a's dh'aom
 Dh'innis mi sgeul
 Do'n tè rinn m' acain,
 Nach léigh a chaisgeadh mo ghaoid ;
 'Se leighis gach creuchd
 I fhéin le feartan
 Theachd réidh a'm' ghlacaibh mar shaoil.

Bheirinn mo phòg
 Do'n dg-mhnai shomult'
 A dh-fhàs gu boinneanta, caoin,
 Gu mìleant, còmhnaid,
 Seòcail, foinuidh,
 Do chòmhraidi gheibh mi gu saor.
 Tha mi air sheòl
 Gu leòir a'd' chomain,
 A mhòid 'sa chuir thu gu faoin
 De m' smaointeau gòrach,
 Pròis nam boireannach,
 'S còir dhomh fiureach le h-aon.

Chaidh mi do'n choill'
 An robh croinn a's gallain,
 Bu bhoisgeil sealadh mu'n cuairt,
 'S bha miann mo shùl
 Do dh'fhiùrau barruict'

An dlù's nam meaganan shuas ;
 Geug fo bhìath
 O barr gu talamh,
 A lùb mi farrasda nuas :
 Bu duilich do chàch
 Gu bràth a gearradh,
 'S e'n dàn domh 'm faillean a bhuan.

Shuidhich mi lòn
 Air fior-uisg taua,
 'S mi stri' ga tharrinn air bruaich,
 'S thug mi le sgrìob
 Air tir a ghealag,
 S a lith mar eal' air a' chuan ;
 'S toilicht' a dh'fhìg
 E'n là sin m' aigneadh,
 An roinn a bh'agam san uair ;
 B'i coimeas mo cheud mhua'
 Reull na maidne,
 Mo chéile cadail 's mi 'n shuan.

'S e b'fhasan leat riagh
 Bhi ciallach banail,
 Ri gnìomh, 's ri ceanail mnà-uails' ;
 Gu pàirteach, bàigheal,
 Blàth, guu choire,

Gun ghìomh, gun ghoiune, gun chruas,
 Gu déirceach, daonntach,
 Faoilidh, farrasd',
 Ri daoin fanna, bochd, truagh ;
 Is tha mi le'd' sheòl,
 An dòchas ro-mhath,
 Gur lòn do t-anam do dhuais.

Chuir mi air thùs ort
 Iùil a's aithne,
 Le sùigradh ceanalta, suairc,
 'Nuair theannain riut dlù,
 Bu chùraidh t' anail
 No ùbhlae mealz gam buai :
 Cha bhiodh sgeul rùin,
 A b'iùil domh aithris,
 A b' fhiù, nach mealladh i bhruam ;
 Nan cuireadh i cùl rium
 'S diúlta' baileach,
 Bu chùis domh anart a's uaigh.

Do bhriodal blàth
 'S do mhàran milis,
 Do nàdur grìnnean gach uair,
 Gu beulchair, gàireach,
 Aluinn, coineil,
 Guu chàs a thoile' dhut fuath ;
 Chuir i guin bhàis
 Fad ràith' am mhuiNeal
 Dh'fhàg làu mi mhulad 'sa ghruaim,
 'Nuair thug i mar bha,
 'Sa thàin mi 'n ulaidh,
 Ghread spàr i'n cunnart ud bhruam

'S ann thog e mi 'm prìs
 O'n tìm so 'n uiridh,
 An nì 'san urrainn a fhuair,
 'Sguab do'n ire
 Fhìor-gloin chruineachd,
 An siol is urramaich buaidh ;
 Sin na chuir mi
 Co-rimbeich umad,
 Bha t' inntinn bunailteach, buan :
 Llonadh do sgiamhachd
 Miann gach duine,
 An dreach, fiamh, an cumachd, 's an snuagh.

Do chuach-fhalt bànn
 Air f.s cho barrail,
 'S a bhàrr làn chamag a's dhual ;
 T-aghaidh ghluan, mhàlda,
 Nàrach, bhanail,
 Do dhà chaol mhala gun ghruaim ;
 Sùil ghorm, lìontach,
 Mhìn-rosg, mheallach,
 Gun dìth cur fal' ann ad' ghruadin,
 Deud gheal iòbhráidh

Dionach, daingean,
Beul blìdh nach canadh ach stuaim.

 Shiùbhlaigh tu fàsach
A'iridh glinne
'Sau àit an cinneadh an spréidh,
G' am bleothan mu chròd,
'S bhi chòir na h-innis,
Laoigh òg a' mireadh 's a' leum ;
Cha mhiosa do lamh
'S tu làimh ri coinnil
No'n seòmar soilleir ri gréin,
A' fuaidheal 's a' fàithead
Bhann a's phionar,
An àm chur grinnis air gréus.

Do chneas mar an éiteag
Glè ghlanu, fallain,
Corp seang mar chanach an t-slèibh ;
Do bhràigh co-mhìn,
'S do chiocan corrach
S iad liontach, soluis le chéil :
Gaoirdein tlà geal
Làinn na h-ainnir,
Caol mheoir, glac thana, bäs réidh ;
Calpa deas ùr,
'Troigh dhlù 'm bròig chumair
Is lùghar iunalta ceum.

 'S ann fhuair mi bhean chaoiun
Aig taobh Mhàm-charraidi,

'S a gaol a'm' mhealladh o'm chéill ;
Bha crìshe dhomh saor,
'Nuair dh'fhaod mi tharruinn,
Cha b'fhaoin domh bharail bhi d' réir
'S ioma' fuil uasal,
Uaibhreach, fharumach,
Suas ri d' cheann-aghaidh fhéin,
Gad' chumail am pris
An Righ 's Mac-Cailein
'S tu shiòl nam fear a bha 'n Sléibht'.

'Nam faighinn an dràst
Do chàradh daingean
An àite falailch o'n èug ;
Ge d' thigeadh e d' dhàil,
A's m' fhàgail falamh.
Cha b' àill leam bean eil' a'd' dhèigh :
Cha toir mi gu bràth dhut
Dranndan teallaich,
Mu'n àrdach aileag do chléibh,
Ach rogha' gach màrrain,
Gràdh a's furan,
Cho blàth 'sa b'urrain mo bheul.

Dheanainn dut ceann,
A's crann, a's t-earrach,

An àm chur ghearran an éill,
A's dheanainn mar chàch
Air tràigh na mara,
Chur àird air mealladh an eisg :
Mharbh ainn dut geoidh,
A's roin, a's eala,
'S na h-eoin air bharra nan geug ;
'S cha bhi thu ri d' bhèòd
Gun seòl air aran,
'S mi chòmhuidh far am bi féidh.

O R A N

DO LEANABH-ALTROM.

ÍSEABAL òg
An òr-fhuilt bhuidh,
Do ghruaidh mar ròs,
'S do phòg mar ubhal,
Do bheul dreachmhòr,
Meachair, grinn,
O'm faighe na h-brain
Cheòl-mhòr bhinn.

 'S tu 's gloine 's cannaiche
Bhanaile snuadh,
Gur deirge na'n t-suthag
An ruthadh tha d' ghruaidh,
Do mhùn rosг liontach,
Siobhailt, suaire,
Gnùis mhàida, nàrach,
Làn de stuaim.

 'S e cosail na h-ainnir
An eal' air an t-snàmh,
Do chneas mar an canach
Co cheanalta thlà,
Do chòchar corrach
Air bhròileach geal bàin.
Do bhràigh mar ghrian,
'S do bhian mar chnàimb.

 Do chuach-fhàlt bachallach,
Cas-bhuidh, dhlù,
Gu h-amlagach, daite,
Làn chaisreag a's lùb,
'Na chiabhanaiibh cleachdach
Am pleata' gu dlù
Air sniamh gu léir
Mar theudan ciùil.

'S ioma' fuil uasal
Gun truaille', gun tair,
Tha togail 'na stuaidheanaibh
Suas ann ad' bhàrr,
Clann-Domhnuill a' chruadail
Fhuair buaigh auns gach blàr,

Gus an tain' an là suarach
Thug bhuath' an deas làmh.

'S ban-Chaimbeulach dhireach
An ribhinn dheas òg,
Cha stròchadh do dhilsean
A luchd mì-ruin tha beo ;
'S gach car tha dol diotsa,
Gà d'shùl-cbur am mòid,
'S thu theaglach an larla
Shliochd Dhiaimaid nan sròl.

Tha Cinneadh do sheanamhar
Mòr ainmeil gu leòir,
Na Cama-shronaich mhéamnach
Bu gharg air an tòir ;
'S iomadh àit auns' na dhearbh iad
Le fearra-ghleus an dòru,
Bhi marbhach le'u armachd
Air dearganaich Dheòrs'.

'S 'n ainnir bu taitnich'
A bh' ac' ann a s'tir,
A thachair bhi agam
'Ga h-altrom le cich ;
'Nuair a sheasas i fathast
Air faidhir an rìgb,
Bidh ioma' fear fearainn
A' faraid,—“ Cò i ?”

Gruagach gheal, shomulta,
Shoilleir gu leòir.
'S i finealta, foinnidh,
Gun chroma', gun sgeòp ;
Calpa deas cosail,
A choisicheadh ròd,
Troigh chuimir, shocair
Nach dochuinn a' bhròg.

'S math thig dhut 'san phasan
Gùn daithe de'n t-sròl,
Le staidhs 'go theannadh
Cho daingeant 's bu chòir
Fainneachan daominein
Air roinn gach meòir,
Bidh rufles a's ribein
Air Iseabail òig.

Cba'n fhàg sinn am feasd i,
O'n tha sinn cho dleasanach,
Do na h-àrmuinn bu sheirceile
Sheasadhan seud ;
Na curraidiúncean calma,
G'am buineadh bbi 'n Albainn,
Feadh mhonainean garbhlaich
A' sealg air na féidh,
Fhuair mis' orra seanachas,
Nach mios' an cois fairg' iad,
Bhi'dh an citheanan tarbhach
Le marbhadh' an éisg.

Buaidh gu brath air na Fleasgaich,
Fhuair an àrach am Breatainn,
Chaidh air sàil o cheann gheiris uainn,
Dhol am freasdal ri feum,
An loingeas làdir thug leis iad,
Nach sàraicheadh beagan,
Muir a' garrach gan greasa'
'S i freagradh dhaibh fèin,
Chuir gach làmh mar bu deisc,
Buill de'n chòrcaich bu treise,
Ri barr nan crann seasmhacha
Leth-taobh gach bréid,
'S 'gimeachd air chuaintibh,
'Nuair a dh'éirich gaoth tuath le,
B'ainmeil air luath's i,
'S i gluasad gu réidh.

'Nuair a chuir iad na h-àrmuinn
Air tir ann an Flànnras,
S iad fada bho'm páirti,
'S o'n hiteachan fèin,
Bha onoir nan Gàel
An earbsa r'au tàbhachd,
Bha sin mar a b' abhaist
Gun fhàillinn fo 'n ghein
Tha urram an dràsd
Aig gach tir anns an d'fhas iad,
Le feobhas an àbhaist,
An nàduir 'sam beus,
Bhi dìleas d'an cairdean,
Cur sios air gach nàmhaid,
'S iomadh rioghachd an d'fhag iad,
Fuil bhlath air an fheur.

'S là Fontenoi
Thug onoir gu leòir dhaibh,
'Nuair a chruinnich iad coladh,
'Sa thòisich an streup ;
Bu tartraich ar Coirneal,
Cur ghaisgeach an ordugh,
Na lasairean òga,
Chaidh déònach na dhéigh,
Na gleachdairean comhralg
Is fearr th'aig' Righ Deòrsa,

GRAN DON T-SEANN

FHREICEADAN GHÆLACH.

DxoCH Slànnit' an Fhreiceadain,
'S aill leinn gun cheist i,
Si an fhàllte nach beag oirnd
Dhol deisal ar cléibh,

A fhuair fasau a's foghluim
 A's eolas ga reir;
 'S dùil am bheil mise
 'Nam rùsgadh na trioblaid,
 Gun tugadh a fichead dhiù
 Briseadh á ceud.

Fir aigeanuach mheannach,
 Le glas-lannu an ceanna-bheart,
 'S i sgaiteach gu barra-dheis,
 'S i ana-barrach geur,
 An taice ri targaid,
 Crios breac nam ball airgeid,
 'S an dag nach rohh clearbach
 Gan tearmunn nan sgéith,
 Le'n gunnacha glana,
 Nach diùltadh dhaibh aingeal,
 Spoir ùr air an teannadh
 Gu daingeanu nan gleus,
 Gu cuinsearach, biodagach,
 Fùdarach, miosarach,
 Adharach, miosail,
 Gu misneachail treun.

Na spealpan gun athadh
 A chleachd bhi ri sgathadh,
 Nach seachnadh dol fhathasd
 An rathad sin fein,
 An t-asdar a ghabhal
 S an ceartas a thaghbaich,
 Tri-chlaiseach na'n lamhan
 Leis an caitheadh 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 caisimeachd chatha,
 S e'n caisteal a'n claidheamh,
 Ga'n gleidheadh bho bheud.

Fir acuinneach armach,
 Le'n brataichean balla-bhreac,
 Bu tlachdmhor an arnailt' 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 inheanbh-chirodh,
 S na madaidh ga'n leaumbhaiun
 Air leargainn an t-sléibh.

Sliochd fineachan uasal
 A gin o'na tuathaich,
 'S an iomairt bu dual d'baibh
 Dol suas air gach ceum,
 Gach cás mar hu luaithe,
 'S gach laimh mar bu chruaidhe,
 'San ardan an uachdar
 A' bualadh nan speic;
 Bu gnath le'n luchd fuatha,
 Bhi 'sa'n àraich gun ghlúasad,
 S a phairt dhiubh dh'fhalbh uatha,
 Bhiodh an ruraig air an deigh;
 Le lamhach nan gilleann,
 'S le lanuan geur biorach,
 Bhiodh an naimhdean air iomain
 A' silleadh nan creuchd.

Bu cliùtach na lasgairean
 Ura deas gasda,
 Miann sul iad ri'm faicinn
 Do gach neach leis an léir,
 Gach seol mar a chleachd iad,
 Le'n combdacha dreachmhor,
 Le 'n osanan hreaca,
 'S le'm breacana 'n fheil';
 Tha mo dhuil ri'n tigh'n dhachaigh,
 Gun an tún' a bhi fada,
 Le cumhnanta ceartais
 Fir Shasuinn gu leir,
 Le stiùireadh an aigil,
 Muir dhù-ghorm chur seachad,
 'S nach cum an cuan farsuinn
 Orr' bacadh, no éis.

'Nuair a chainig an triohloid,
 'S i a *Dha-san-da-fhichead*,*
 Bha dàna le misneach,
 'S le mios orra fein,
 Bras, ardanach, fiosrach,
 Gun fhaillín, gun bhriseadh,
 'S cuid araidh ga'n gibhteán
 Bhi'n glicas 's an céill ;
 Tha talaundan tric'
 Aig a phairti ud hithchionnt,
 S na h-uil' aít' anns an tig iad,
 No idir a théid.
 Co an drast a their mise,
 Thig an aird ribh a chlisge?
 Mar fág sibh e nis'
 Aig an t-sliochd thig n'ar deigh.

* 42d Regiment.

ORAN GHLINN-URCHAIDH.

Mu'n tig ceann bliadhna tuille,
Cha bhi sinn uile 'n Tora-mhult :
Théid sinn thar nam bealaichean,
Do'n fhearann an robb 'n tlùs :
Far am beil ar dilsean,
Ann san tìr am beil ar cui'd ;
'S an t-àit an còr dhuinn criochnachadh
'S an tiòdhlaicear ar cuirp.

'S an Clachan-an-Dìseirt,
Bu ghrinn bhi ann an diugh,
Suidhe 'n eaglais mhiorbhuiileach,
An dasg bu rìmheach cur ;
Ag' eisdeachd ris na dh'innseadh dhuinn,
Am fear bu sbiohlait guth ;
Is e toirt sgeul a Bhìobaill duinn,
'S a bhrigh a'tig'n gu buil.

Gleannan blàth na tiòralachd,
An ro-mhath 'n cinn air stuth
Far am beil na h-innseagan,
Am beil an siol an cur :
Cinnidh arbhar craobhach ann
Cho caoin gheal ris a ghruth,
Gu reachdmhar, biadhchar, brioghar,
Tròm, torach, lontach, tiuth.

Bu chridheil bhi sa' gheimhradh ann,
Air bainsean gheibhte spuit ;
Fonn cheol réidh na piobaireachd,
'S cha bhiodh sgios mu sgur :
Fuaim nan tend aig fidheilrean,
A sheinneadh sìos na cuir ;
'S an luinneag fèin aig nionagan,
Bu bhinn mhillse guth.

Gheibhte bradan fior-uisg ann,
A diréadh ris gach sruth ;
Eoin an t-sléibh gu lionmhòr,
'S na milltean coileach dubh ;
Earba bheag an sgròbain,
Na minnein chròn 's na buic,
'S a gheannam am beil na fritheachan,
'S na gòloanaich 'n am bun.

O'n a thainig mi do'n fhearann so,
Cha 'n fhaigh mi prìs an eòin,
'S eba 'n e'il fàth bhi bruidhinn
Mu'n fhear-bhuidh air 'm bi 'n cròc :
Cha b'ionnan s' bhi mar b'abhaist domh,
Aig bràigh doire-chròd,
Far am bì' na làn-daimh,
Ni 'n dàmhair ann sa cheò.

Mo shoraidh do Ghleann-urchaidh
Nan tulchan glasa feòir,
Far am beil na sealgairean,
'S a fhuairead iad ainn bhi còrr :
A dhìreadh ris na garbhlaichean,
Am biodh greidh dhearg na's leòir
'S bhiodh gillean tròm le eallachan
A dh'fhàgadh tarbhach bord.

'S an uair a thigte dhachaigh leo,
Gu'm b'fhasanta bhur seòl,
A suidhe 'san taigh-thàirne,
'S bhi damhsa mar ri ceòl ;
Cridhealas r'a chéile,
'S na bén a bhi 'gá'n bl ;
'S cha 'n fhaicte cuis 'na h-éigin
An àm éigeach air an stòp.

MOLADH DHUN-EIDEANN,

'S e baile mòr Dhun-eideann,
A b'éibhinn leam bhi ann,
Aite fialaidh farsuinn,
A bha tlachdmhor anns gach ball ;
Gearasdain a's bataraidh,
A's rampairean gu teann,
Taighean mòr a's caisteal,
Anns an tric a stad an cùmp.

'S tric a bba cámp Rioghail ann,
'S bu rìmheach an luchd-dreuchd ;
Trùp' nan sranu-each lionmhòr,
Gu dileas air a gheard :
Bhiodh gach fear cho eilach
'S na h-uile seòl a b'fhearr,
Na fleasgaich bu mhath fòghlum
A dhol an òrdugh blàir.

'S iomadh fleasgach nasal ann,
A bha gu suaireo grinn,
Fùdar air an gruagan,
A suas gu bàrr anu cinn ;
Leadainn dhonna, dualach
Na chuachagan air suilomh ;
Bàrr dosach mar an sioda,
'Nuair liogadh e 'le cùr.

'S mòr a tha do bhain-tiglearnan
A nùll 'sa nàll an t-sràid,
Gùntaichean de'n t-sioda orr',
Ga'n slìogadh ris a bhlàr ;
Stòise air na h-ainmirean
Ga'n teannachadh gu h-àrd,
Buill mhais air eudainn bhòidheach,
Mar thuilleadh spòrsa dhaibh.

Na h-uile té mar thigeadh dh'i,
 Gu measail a' measg chàich,
 Uallach, rimheach', ribeanach,
 Cruinn, min-geal, giobach, tlà ;
 Trusgan a'ir na h-oigheanan,
 Ga'n comhdachadh gu llar ;
 Bròg bhiach, dhionach, chothromach,
 'S bu chorragh leam a sàil.

 'Nuir chaigh mi staigh do'n Abailte,
 Gu'm b'aít an sealladh sul
 Bhi 'g amhare air na dealbhanan,
 Righ *Fearghas* ann air thùs ;
 A nis o'n rinn iad falbh uainn,
 Tba Alba gun an Crùin :
 'Se sin a dh'fhàg na garbh-chriochan
 'S an aimsir so á cuirt.

Bi lòchrainn ann de ghloineachan,
 A's coinneal anns gach àit,
 A meudachadh an soillearachd,
 Gu sealladh a thoirt daibh :
 Cha lagha 'n t-aobhar éibhneis,
 Cluig-chiuil ga'n eisdeachd ann,
 S gur binne na chuach chéitein iad,
 Le'n toragan éibhinn ard.

Bi farrum air na coitseachan,
 Na'n trotan a's na'n deann,
 Eich nan cruaidh cheum socrach,
 Cha bhiodh an coiseachd mall ;
 Cùrsain mheannach, mbhreanach,
 A b'airde binneach ceann ;
 Cha'n e am fraoch a b'innis daibh,
 Na firichean nam beann.

Is ann an clous na Pàrlamaid
 A chi mi thall an t-each,
 Na sheasainh mar a b'abhaist da,
 Air lòm a chabhsair chlach ;
 Chuir iad srian a's diallaid air,
 'Se'n Righ a tha n'a glaic,
 Ga'n robh coir na rioghachd so,
 Ge d' dhlobair iad a mhac* :

Tha taigh mòr na Pàrlamaid
 Air ardachadh le tlachd,
 Aig daoin-ualise ciallach,
 Nach tug riamh ach a bhreith cheart ;
 Tha breitheanas air thalamh ann,
 A mhaireas 's nach téid as,
 Chum na thoill a chrochadh,
 'S thig na neo-chiontaich a mach.

A's chunna' mi taigh-leigheas ann
 Aig leighichean ri feum,

* King James VII. was the brother of Charles II. whose statue is here described.

A dheanadh slàn gach dochartas
 A bhiodh 'an corp no'n crè ;
 Aon duine bhiodh an eu-slainte,
 No'n freasdal ris an léigh,
 Be sin an t-àite deasannach,
 Gu theasaiginn o'n éug.

Tha Dun-éidean bùidheach
 Air iomadh seòl na dha,
 Gu'n bhaile auns an rioghachd so
 Nach deannadh strìochdha dha ;
 A liuthad fear a dh'innsin ann
 A bheireadh cùs de chàch,
 Daoin' uaisle casg an iota,
 A g' òl air fion na Spàinnt.

Ge mòr a tha dc dh' astar
 Eadar Glascho agus Peart,
 Is cinnteach mi ged' fhacinn
 Na tha dh'aitreabh ann air fad,
 Nach 'eil ann is taitniche
 Na'n Abait a's am *Banc*,
 Na taighean mòra rìmhreach,
 'Am bu chòir an Righ bhi stad.

O R A N D U T H C H A.

LUINNEAG.

Hoirionn ò ho hi-ri-rio,
Hoirionn ò ho hi-ri-rio,
Hoirionn ò hi-ri-ùo,
'S i mo dhùthaich a dh'fhàg mi.

Ged' a tha mi car tamail,
 A tèmh measg na Gallairb,
 Tha mo dhùthaich air m'aic,
 'S cha mhath leam a h-àicheadh.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Ged' is éiginn dhuinn gabhail
 Leis gach ni thig 'san rathad,
 Gu'm b'fhearr na na strathan,
 Bhi taghaich 'sa bhràidhe.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Ged' is comhnard na sràidean,
 S mbr a b'fhearr bhi air àridh,
 Am frith nam Beann àrda,
 'S nam fàsaichean blàtha.
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 Gàëlig.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Ged' is cliùteach a Mhachair,
Le cùnnradh 's le fasan,
Be air dùrachd dol dachaigh,
'S bhi 'n taice r'ar càirdean :
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Bhi 'n Clachan-an-Diseirt,
A faicinn air dillsean,
Gum b'ait leinn an tìr sin,
O'n a 's i rinn air 'n àrach.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Cha be fasan nan daoin' ud,
Bhi 'n conas na 'n caounaig,
Ach sonas an t-saoghaill,
'S bhi gaolach mar bhràithrean.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

N àm suidhe 's taigh-òsda,
Gu luinneagach, ceolmhòr
Bu bhinn ar cui'd òran,
'S bhi 'g-òl nan deoch-slàinnt.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Luchd dhìreadh nan stùicean,
Le'n gunnachan dù-ghorm,
A loisgeadh am fùdar,
Ri ùdlaiche làn-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 fasan am fàgail.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Gu fiadhach a mhunaidh,
No dh' iasgach air buinne,
Anns gach gniomh a ni duin
'S mòr urram nan Gàel.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

'S e'n t-armunn suairece
A ghluais á Bealach leinn,
'S na sàr dhaoin-uaisle
R'a ghualainn mar ris anu ;
O'n dh' éirich sluagh le
Gu feum 'sa chruadal,
A réir do dhualchais
Bi'dh buaidh a dh'ain-deoin leat.

Gur deas am fiùran
Air thùs nan gallan thu,
'S cha ghabh thu cùram
Ro ghnùis nan aineolach ;
Led' chòmlainn ùra
'S thu fèin ga'n siùireadh,
A's fir do dhùthcha
Ri d' chùl mar bharautas.

'S tu ceann na riaghait
Tha ciallach, carthanach,
Na daoin' a thriall leat
Gu'r briagh am pannal iad ;
'S tu thog na ciadan
A shliochd nam Fianntan,
'S an àm a ghnìomha,
Bu dian 'sa charraid iad.

Ma thig na Frangaich
A nàll do'n fhearaun so,
Bheir sinn tràth dhaibh
Cion-fàth an aithreachais
Théid cui'd gu bhs dhiubh,
'S cui'd eile bhàthadh,
Mu'm faigh iad bàta,
'S mu'm fàg iad tharais sinn.

O'n fhuaire sinn gunnachan
Gu'r ullamh, ealamh iad,
'S cha 'n'eil gin uile dhiubh
Nach freagair aingeal dhuinn,
Cha'n fhaic na curraidean
Dol slos na chunnart dhaibh
'S gur rioghail urramach
A dhìoladh falachd iad.

'Nuair théid gach treun-fhear
Na eidiidh ceannardach,
Le'n armaibh gleusda
Cho geur 's bu mhath leinn iad
Bithidh iomadh creuchdan
Le'm buillean beumach,
Cha leigheas léigh iad,
'S cha ghléidh e'n t-anam riu.

'S i sin a garbh bh्रatach,
A dh' fhalbh o'n bhaile teinn,
'S iad fir Bhraid-Albann

O R A N

DO DH-IARLA BHRAID-ALBANN.

AIR FONN.—“*An Tailear Acuinneach.*”

DEOCH-slàinnt' an Iarla
Cuir dian na'r caramh i,
'S mo gleibh sinn làn i,
Gu'm fàg sinn falamb i ;
'Nuair thig i oirnne
Gu'm bi sinn ceolmhòr,
'S gu'n gabh sinn brain
Ga h-òl gu farumach.

Gu dearbh a leannas i,
Fir ùra, chalma,
A tha lughmor, meannach,
Ma dhùisgear fearg orra,
'S maирg a hheanas dhaibh.

Tha counspuinn àrachd
A hràigh ghlinn-fallach leinn,
A fhuair buaidh-làrach
'S gach àit 'n do tharruinn iad,
Le luchd an làmhach
Ri uchd an nàmhaid,
Bithidh cuirp 'san àraich
Air làr gun charachadh.

Cuid eil' an phàirti,
Gu dàn le fearalachd,
Théid lionmhor, lidir
'S an àit a gheallas iad;
Fir shunndach dhàicheil,
A grunn Earr-Gàel,
Nach diult 's na blàraihh
Le làmhach caithriseach.

Na h-Urrachaich eireachdail
Le'n urachair sgallanta,
Cuir suas nam peileirean
Nach cualas mearachdach,
S iad huagharr iomairteach
'S cha dualchas giorag dhaibh,
'S an ruraig cha philleadh iad,
'S gur cruaidh le'n lannan iad.

Na h-uaislean Eileanach,
'S ann uain nach faonnadh iad,
'S fir chuaireach beinn' iad,
'S air chuan, na'm maraichean ;
Luchd bhualadh bhuilliean iad
'S a fhuair an t-úram sin,
A's fuaim an gunnaireachd
Cho luath ri dealanaich.

'S ann tha air naimhdhean
'S an àm so amai. each,
'S a mhìsneach ard
Tha 'nar ceann,'s a dh'fhnass ann ;
Tha 'n Rìgh ag earsadh
Gu'n diol sinn argamaid,
Le strì na h-armait
Mar dhearbh ar 'n-athraichean.

'Nuar thog iad sròl
'S na fir mhòra tarruinn ris,
'S o'n fhuair iad eòlas
Air fòghlum cahhagach.
Cha'n fhaisear cò-ladh
De ghaisgich òga,

Am feachd Righ Deòrsa,
Aon phòr thug barrachd orr'.

Tha'n Samhradh blàth ann
O'n dh'fhag an t-earrach sinn,
Ma ni sinn càmp
'S e hhios ann dhuin fallaineachd :
Tha nì air gleanntaibh
Cha hhi sinn gann dhiu,
'S gur lionmhòr Gàll
Tha cuir aird air aran dhuinn.

'S e 'n togail inntinn
Cho grinn 'sa b'aithne dhomh,
Bhi'n eòl air Rìgh
Gu'n bhi strì ri sgalagachd ;
Cha dean sium feòraich
Air tuille stòrais,
'S cha teirig lòn dhuinn
Ra'r heò air Gearasdan.

IAIN CAIMBEUL A' BHANCA.

IAIN CHAIMBEUL a' hbanca,
Gu'm faiceam thu slàn,
Fhir a chumail na dàimh,
'Gam huineadh bhi mòr :
Le d' chridhe fial, fearail,
A thug barrachd air càch,
An ionadaihh cùs
A thuilleadh nan slògh.
Fhuair thu meas, nach 'eil bichiont'
A measg Bhreatuinneach,
Banc an ìar bhi fo d' sgòd,
Ann an còir dhleasanach ;
Na th' ann, cha 'n e 'm heagan
Is e 'm freasdal ri d' stàit,
Fo leagadh do làmhd
'S gu freagradh do hheòil.

'S tu marcach nan srann-each,
Is farramaich ceum,
Le 'm fallaireachd fén
Gu farasda, fùil :
Air dhìollaид nan cùrsan
Bu dùhalbhte sréin,
'S tu bhuidhneadh gach réis,
A shiubhladh an ròd.
Na h-eich hbearcasach, chalma.
Bhiodh garhh, cumachdail,
Is iad gu h-anmadail, meannach,
Le 'm falbh gurilleumach.

Cruidheach, dlù-thairgneach,
Mear, aineasach, fuasgailteach,
Ceannardach, cluas-hhiorach,
Uallach gu leoир.

B'e do roghainn a dh'armachd,
An targaid chruinn ùr,
Gu meanhh-hhallach dlù,
Buidh' tairgneach cruaidh seolt ;
Is claidheamh chinn airgeid.
Cruaidh, calma, nach lùh,
Lann thana, gheur-chùil,
Gu daingean a'd dhòrn ;
Mar ri dag ullamh, grad,
A hiodh a snap freasdalach,
Nach hiodh stad air a sraid
Ach hhi 'mach freagaranach ;
Fudar cruaidh, sgéilceara,
'M feadan gle dhìreach,
A'd lamhan geal, mìnne,
'S cuileahhar caol, gorm.

Bu cheannard air feachd thu,
An am gaisgidh no feum,
Fhir mbisneachail, threin
A h' fhiosrach's gach seòl ;
A fhuair foglum, a's fasan,
Is aiteas g'a réir,
Tur pailte le céill
A' cur aignidh am mòid.
An am suidhe na cùirte,
No dùbladh an t-seisein,
An uchd bearraidh no hinne,
'S i t-fhirinn a sheasad :
Deag theang-fhear gu deaspuit,
Bu fheregarach cainnt,
A hhuidhneadh gach geall
'S a chumadh a chòir.

S e do shùgradh bha earailteach,
Ceannalta, suaire,
An am tional nan uaislean
Mar riut a dh-òl ;
Gu failteachail, furanach,
A cuireadh a suas,
Gach duine dé'n t-sluagh,
G'am huineadh bhi d' chòir :
Na diúcan hu rìmhiche,
A chít' ann am Breataunn,
Is bu chompanach rìgh thu,
Le firinn 's le teisteas,
Fhir ghreadhnaich bu sheirceile
Sheasad air hlar,
Fo 'n deise hhiodh lan.
De lastanan bir.

'S math thig dhut san phasan,
An ăd a's a ghrugag,

Air an deasachadh suas
Am fasan an t-slöigh
Gu camagach, daithie,
Lan chaisreag a's chuach,
Gu bachlach mu'n cuairt,
Le maise ro-mhòr :
Tha gach ciabb mar do mhiann,
Air an suiomh cumachdail,
Fiamh dhonn, torrach, tròm,
Gu'n aon hbonn uireashuidh,
Amlagach, cleachdach,
Cruinne cas-bhuidh tlà,
Cho gasda ri barr,
Th' air mac san Roinn-edòrp' ;

'S i t-aghaidh għlan, shoilleir,
Bha caoineil ro suaire,
Caol mhala gun għruaim,
Sūl mheallach bu hhoidhch' ;
Gnùis àllidh mar chauach,
Bu cheanalta, snuagh,
Min, cannach, do għruaidh,
Mar bħarra nan rōs.
Cha 'n eil killeachd air cäch,
Nach tug pairt urram dhut ;
Feiñnidh, finealta, direach,
Deas fir chumachdail,
Calpa chruinn, cothromach,
Corrach, gu d' shāil,
Gun chron ort a' fàs,
O mhulach gu bròig.

Do smaoointeana glice,
Le misnich 's le céill,
Do thugse għlan, għeur,
'S deagh thu ħu teamas heoil ;
Gun tuirsneadh, gun bħristeadh,
Għu trioblaid, f'oñu għréin,
A h' fhiosrach mi féein,
Is misd thu hhi d' chòir.
'S ioma giħht' a tha 'nis,
Liomħor tric minnig ort,
Iuil a's flos, müiñn a's mios,
Flur a' measg finnich thu,
An u aisle le spiorad,
Air mhireadli a' d' chàil,
'S tu iriosàl, haigheil,
Cinneadail, còir.

Għeibhte sud ann ad' thalla,
Fion geal is math tuar,
Deoch thana gun druaip,
'S i fallain gu pòit ;
Bhiodh sunnd agus farum
Air arie an t-sluagh,
Deadħ għeħan ann san uahr,
A teamnaidh r'a h-òl ;
Q

Ann san taigh bu mhòr seadh,
Leis nach dragh aithnichean,
Mùirn a's caoin, a bhios air fheadh,
Cupa 's gloin, canachan,
Coinnleirean airgeid,
'S dreös dheàlrach o chéir,
Feadh t-airtreamh gu léir,
'S iad pailte gu leòir.

B'e do mhiann a luchd ealaidh,
Plob sgalanta, chruaidh,
Le caithream cho luath,
'S a ghearradh na mebir ;
Puirt shiùlacha, mheara,
Is fior allail cur suas,
Ann an talla nam bhadh
Bu bharail mu'n stòr
Cruite ciùil, torman ùr,
Is e gu dlù ruith-leumach,
Feadain lom, chruinne, dhonn,
Thogadh fonn mireanach,
Clàrsach le grinneas,
Bu bhinn-fhaclach faim,
'S cha pileadh tu'n duais,
'Nuair a shireadh tu ceòl.

'S iomadh àit am beil do charaïd,
A t-fharaid mu'n cuairt,
An deas a's an tuath,
Cho dileas'nach 's bu chòir ;
Diùc Earraghalach ainmeil,
Ceann armait' nam buagh,
Leis na dhearbadh làmhdh chruaidh,
Is ria an d'earbadh gu leòir :
An t-larla cliúiteach g'an dùthchais
Bhi 'n Tùr Bhealaich,
A chuir an ruaig le chuid sluaigh,
Air na fuar Ghallaich ;
Mòrair Loudon nan seang-each,
Ard sheanalair càimp,
Fhuair urram comann,
Far na bhuidhín na seòid.

Tha iomadh cùs eile
Nach ceilinn san uair,
Tha tarruinn ort buaïdh,
A mhaireas ri d' bheò ;
Fuil rioghail air lasadh
Amach ann ad' ghruaïdh,
Cuir t-aigheadh a suas
Le äiteas ro-mhòr ;
Tha bunntam a's léirsinn,
Gu léir ann ad' phearsa,
Fhir shunntaich na féile,
Sgeul éibhinn a b' àit leam
Na 'm faicinn a'mhàireach
Le àbhachd 's le mùirn,

Bhi 'd chàradh fo 'n chrùn
An àite rìgh Deòrs'.

C U M H A D H I A R L A

BHRAID-ALBANN.

'S TRUAIGH r'a éisdeachd an sgeul
Fhuair mi féin tuille 's luath ;
Rinn an t-éug ceann na céille
'S nam beus a thoirt uainn :
Cha'n eil léigh tha fo 'n ghréin,
Dheanadh feum dhut 's an uair :
'S bochd a'd' dhéigh sinn gu léir,
'S cha 'n'eil feum bhi 'ga luaidh,

Tha do chairdean làdir, liomhor
Anns gach tir a tha mu'n cuairt,
So na dh-fhàg an aigneadh iséal,
Do chorp priseil bhi 'san naigh :
Is iad mar loingeas gun bhi dionach,
Fad o thùr air druim a' chuain ;
'S tusa b'urrainn an toirt sàbhailt,
Ge do bhiodh an gàbhadh cruaïdh.

'S ann au diugh a chaidh do chàradh
'An ciste chlàr 's ad leabaidh fhuair :
Is muladach a'd' dhéigh an tràths'
A' chuid is airde do d' dhaoin' uails.
Tha gach duin' agad fo phrèmh,
'S goirt an cùs am bheil an tuath ;
'S iad do bhochdan a tha cràiteach ;
Thugadh an taic' làdir uath'.

'S iomadh dilleachdan ôg falamh
Bha le h-ainnis air dhroch shnuagh,
Seann daoive 's banstráichean fanna
Bha foatainn beatheachaidh uair :
'S ann bu traigh a' ghaoir a bh'aca,
'S déir gu frasach air an gruaïdh,
Caoineadh cruaïdh, a's bualadh bhasan,
'S bhi toirt páirt de 'm falt a nuas.

'S muladach an nochd do dhùthaich,
'S dubhach tòrsach tha do shluagh :
Cha 'n ioghnadh sin, 's mòr an diùbhail
An tionndadh so thighe'n oirnn cho luath,
Am fear a b' àbhaist bli le dùrachd
Gabhalù cùram dhuibh gach uair,
Dù'fhàg iad 'na laidhe 'san ùir e
Far nach dùisg e gu Là-juain.

'S ann an tràthaibh na Feill-bride
Thàinig cròch air saoidh nam buadh.

'S lòm a thug an t-eug an sgìob oirnn,
Och! mo dhith cha deic a luath's,
Bhuail an gath air flàth na firinn
Bha 'gar dìonadh o gach crusa:
'S goird leinn do ré 'san àite,
Ged' their càch gu'n robh thu buan.

Cha do sheall thu riambh gu h-lòsal
Air ni chuireadh sìos an tuath:
Bu chùl-taic dhaibh anns gach àit thu,
'S tu bha ghnàth 'gan cumail suas.
Cha hu mhiann leat togall ùlaimh;
Sin a' chùis d'an tug thu fuath:
Bha thu faotainn gaoil gach duine,
'S ghleidh thu'n t-urram sin a fhuair.

Bha thu léirsinneach le suaireas;
Dh-fhàs a'd' chòm an uaisle mhòr;
Ciall a's misneach mar rì crudaile,
Fhuair thu 'n dualchas sin o d' shéòrs'.
Bha thu fiosrach, glic, neo-luaineach;
Bha t-inntinn buan anns a' choir.
O'n a thog iad air ghiùlan sluaigh thu,
'S aobhar sin a luathaich déòir.

Chan'eil aoibheas ann am Bealach.
Cha'n-eil farum ann, no cèòl;
Daoine dubhach, 's mnathan galach,
A's iad gun ealaich ach am brùn;
O'n a chaidh do ghiùlan dachaigh
O'n mhachair air mhùthadh seòil,
'N àit' an éididh sin a chealachd thu,
Ciste, 's léine, 's brat de'n t-sròl.

'Nam bu daoine bheireadh dhinn thu,
Dh'éireadh milltean air an tòir,
O bheul Tatha gu Lathuirn-lochdrach,
Sin fo chis dut agus còr:
Far an d'fhàs nan gallain fhìor-ghlan,
A's iad houmhòr aon gu leòir,
A rachadh togarrach gud' diholadh,
Nach obadh dol sìos le deòin.

'S ann tha chùis ni's fearr mar tha i,
Dòchas làidir thu bhi beo
Am measg nan aingeal a tha 'm Phàrras,
Ann an g'irdeachas ro-mhòr:
Gur e'n Tì a għlaç air láimh thu,
'Thug 'san àite sin dhut còir
Air oighreachd is fearr na dh'fhàg thu,
'An aros ághmhor Rìgh na glòir.

Ged' tha 'm fear a thig a' t-àite
Thall an tràths' tharr chuaítean mòr,
Guidheam dlù gu'n tig e sàbhailt
(Soirbeas àrd ri cùl gach seòil)
A dh' fhaotainn seilbh air an t-saibhreas,
'S air an oighreachd sin hu choir;

A ghabhal cùram ga chuid fearainn,
'S ga chuid daoine sean a's òg.

C U M H A' C H A I L E I N

GHLINN-IUBHAIR.

SMAOINTEAN truagh a th'air m'aigne,
Dh' fhàg orm smuairéan, a's airsneul,
Au àm glusad am leabaidh,
Cha chadal ach dùisg;
Tha mo ghruaighean air seacadh,
Gun dion uair air mo rasgan,
Mu'n sgeul a chualas o'n Apuinn,
A għluais a chaismeachd ud dħuin',
Fear Ghlinn-iubhair a dhith oirnn,
Le putħar luchd ml-ruin,
Mo sgeul dubħach r'a īnseadh
Thu bhi d' shiñeadh 'san dir;
'S truagh gach duine de d' dhilsean,
O'n a chaidh do chorp priseil,
An ciste chuthainn, chaoil, dhlonnaich,
'S ann an lòn-anart ûr.

B'e sinn an corp àluinn,
'Nuair bha thu roimhe so d' shláinnt,
Gun chion cumachd no fàs ort,
Gu foinnidh, dàicheil deas ûr;
Suairce, foisinneach, faillteach,
Uasal, iorasa l-bàidheil,
Caoimhneil, cinneadail, càirdeil,
Gun chron r'a ràit' air a chùl;
Làn do ghilōcas, 's do léirsinn,
Gu dana, misneachail, treubhach,
Gach àit an srite gu feum thu,
'S ann leat a dh'éireadh gach cùis;
B'e do choimeas an drèagan,
No'n t-sothag 's na speuraibh,
Co bu choltach r'a chéile
Ach iad fèin agus thu?

'S cruaidh an teachdair a thàinig,
'S truagh mar thachair an dràsta,
Nach do sheachainn thu 'n t-àite,
'N do ghlaç am bàs thu air thùs;
Suas o chaħħalek għaraidh,
Fhuair thu 'n tacaid a chràidh mi,
'S gun do thaif a bhi láimh riut,
'Nuair ghahh iad fàth ort o d' chùl,
Air do thaobh 's thu gun clu'mhrad,
S'an àm 'n do chaocħal an déb bhuat,
T-fhuiil chraobhach, dhearg, bhoidheach
A għahail dòrtadh 'na hrùchd,

Le gnòlomh an amadain ghòraich,
A bha gun aithne gun eòlas,
A reic anam air stòras,
Nach do chuir an trècair a dhùil.

B'e 'n cridhe gun tioma, gun déisein,
Gun àdh, gun chinneas, gun cheutaidh,
A chuir làmh a'd' mhillleadh gun reusan,
Le cion céill' sgus tìur ;
'S e glac mar chomharl' an eucoir,
'S poc an gnothaich mar dh'érich,
Dh-fhàg e sinne fo eu-slaint,
Is e fèin 'na fhearr-cùirn ;
'S ge nach sàmhach a leabaidh,
Le eagal a ghlacadh,
Cha 'n e tha mi 'g acain,
Ach mar a thachair do'n chùis ;
An t-armunn deas, tlachdmhor,
A tha 'n dràst' an Ard-chatain,
An déigh a chàradh an tasgaidh,
An àite cadail nach dùisg.

'S e do chadal gu sìortruidh,
A dh'fhàg m' aigne cho tiomhaidh,
'S tric smaointeana diomhain ;
A tigh'n gu dian orm as ùr,
'S tràm a dh'fhàs orm an iargainn,
Is goirte tàrsa nam fiabhras,
Mo chomh-alt àluinn, deas, ciatach,
An déigh's a riabhadh gu dlù ;
Mile mallachd do'n làimh sin,
A ghabh cothrom is fath ort,
A thug an comas do'n làmhach,
'Nuair chuir e 'n spàinteach r'a shùl ;
Sgeula soilleir a b' àil leam,
Gu'n cluinnt' am folais aig càch,
E bhi dol ri crommaig le faradh,
Gus am miosa dhà-sa na dhuinn.

Ge b'e neach a rionn plot ort,
Le droch dhùrachd o thoiseach,
Bu dàna chùis dha tigh'n ort-sa,
Na do lotadh as ùr ;
Bha 'na rùn bhi gu h-olc dhut,
'S gu'n a chridh' aig aodainn a nochadh,
'S ann a thain' e sàmhach mu'n chnocan,
'S a ghabh ort socair o d' chìl.
'S e mo dhiùbhail a thachair,
An àm do'n fhùdar ud lasadh,
Nach robh ad' chàirdrean an taic riut,
Na bheireadh aicheamhail diubh ;
'S a liuthad fiuran deas, tlachdmhor,
Nach gabhadh cùram ro' bhagha,
A chuireadh smùid ris an Apuinn,
A chionn gu'm faiceadh iad thu.

'S tràm a phàigh sinn an iòbairt,
A chuir ar nàmhaid a dhith oirnn,

Ged' tha 'n aichmhail gu'n dìoladh,

Thig fhathasd liontan mu'n chùis,
Chuireas càch an staid iosail,

Air son an ailleagain phrìseil,

Bh' ann san àite mar fhìrean,

A chleachd firin a's clù :

'S bochd an naidheachd r'a àireamh,
Gur ann an nasgaidh a tha thu,
Nach tainig fhathasd mu'n chàs ad,

Na dheanadh àbhachd thoirt duinn ;

Ach air fhad 's gam bi dàil ann,

Cheatr cho fior 's tha mi 'g ráite,

Bidh an falachd ud páigthe,

Mu'n d' téid an gàmhlas air chùl.

'S iad na fineachau laidir,

Bu mhath a gabhail do phàirti,

An righ, a's diùc Earraghàel,

Nach fhaiceadh fàilinn a'd' chùis ;

Iarla diligeach Bhràid-Albann,

Air thùs a tighinn gu'n chearbach,

'S gur ioma' fear armach,

A sheasadh calma r'a chùl ;

Mac-Aoidh 's a luchd-leanmuinn,

Leis an éireadh suinn nach bu leanbaidh,

Na laoch bhuidhneach, mhòr, mheamnach,

Le'n lanna ceann-bheartach, cuil ;

Mac-Dhomhnuill duibh, 's Cloinn-Chamroin,

S gu ledir a thighearnan ainmeil ;

S fhad o'n chuala sinn seanchas,

Gu'n do dhearb iad an clù.

S ghabh thu àite le ordugh,

Air pairt do Shrath-lòcha,

'S cha b' ann air ghaol stòrais,

'Na los am pòrsan thoirt diùbh ;

Ach a sheasamh an còrach,

Le meud do cheisd air an t-seòrs' ud,

'S an òidhre dleasnach air fògra,

G'am bu chòir bhi 'sa chùirt ;

'S ge do theireadh luchd faoineachd,

Gun robh t-aire-sa daonnan,

Bhi sgainneart nan daoin ud,

Na 'n leigeadh sgaoilteach air chùl ;

Chite fhathasd a chaochlachd,

N'am faighe tu saoghal,

Gur e bbi tarruinnn luchd gaoil ort,

As gach taobh, a bha d' rùn.

Bu tu cridhe na féile,

Dh' fhàs gu tighearnsàil, ceutach.

An làthair britheamh Dhun-èideann,

'S tric a reitich thu eùis ;

'S oil leam càradh do cheud-mhna,

'S òg a bhantrach a'd' dbéigh i,

Lion càmpar gu léir i,

O'n dh'èug a céillidh deas, ùr ;

Fhuair mi 'n sealadh nach b'eibhinn,

An uaigh mu d' choinneamh 'ga réiteach,
 'S truagh gach commun thug spéis dhut,
 O'n chaidh tu fén anns an ùir,
 'S gun dùil a nis ri thu dh-éiridh,
 'Se dh'fhàg mise fo eu-slaint,
 Bhi 'n diugh ag' innseadh do bheusan,
 'S nach tig thu dh-éisdeachd mo chliù.

ORAN AN T-SAMHRAIDH.

NUAIR thig an Sámhra' geugach oirnn,
 Théid siann nan speur o'n ghrúamaiche,
 Thig thus a's blàs a's aoibhneas—
 Théid gach ni g'a réir am buadhalachd.
 Thig feart le neart na gréin' oirnn,
 Ni 'n saoghal gu léir a chuartachadh ;
 Thig teas o slios 'nuair db'éireas i
 Ni feum, 's cha tréigear nainne e.

Bidh pòr ann an tìr ghráiseirean,
 Chur sil ann san tím ghnáthaichte,
 A' toirt brìdh as an ùir nàdurra,
 O'u bhliàr g'a bhàrr a ghlúaiseas e :
 Gu reachdmhor, breac, neo-fhaillineach,
 Trom-chuinleanach, garbh-ghráineach,
 Gu diasach, riabhach, càileanach,
 Gu biadhchar, làn, 'nuair bhuainear e.

'S glan faileadh nan geug liobhara,
 Mu ghàradh nau seud lioumhora.
 Am biodh àileagain glé riomhacha
 Le blath's a' sir chur snuadh orra ;
 Gu h-ùblach, peurach, figiseach,
 Glan, brioghmhor, diomhair, guamaiseach
 Gach sràid is àillidh gríneachan,
 Mar Phéalas rìgh r'an cuartachadh.

'S ro-gheannar gach gleann fior-mhonaidh,
 Cur ionmaigh ghrinn an uachdar air ;
 Gach lus le bhàrr cho mhior'ailteach,
 A' fàs fo mhile suaicheantas ;
 Gu duilleach, lurach, dìtheanach,
 Glan, rimbeach, lioumhlor, cuaicheanach,
 Gu rèpac, dosach, misleanach,
 Gu millteachail, min uain-nealach.

Bi'dh fonn air gach neach nàdurra,
 Bhiodh sealtainn gach ni gnàthaichte,
 Am blàr lom a' cur dreach fàsaich air,
 Gach là cur stràc neo-thruaillidh air,
 Gu molach, torach blàth-mhaiseach,
 'S na craobhan làn de chruasachdan

Gu h-ùrar, dù'ghorm, àileanta,
 Le frasan blàtha, bruaidleanach.
 Bi'dh gach frith gu lionntach, feurach ;
 'S théid oa féidh 'nan éideadh suaicheanta,
 Gu h-ullach, binneach, ceumannach,
 Grad-leumanach, bior chluaiseach ;
 Gu crèbach, cabrach, céir-ghealach,
 Gu manngach, eangach, éldeagach,
 'Gan grianadh sa' mhios chéiteanach,
 Air slios an t-sléibh mu'n cuartaich iad.

Bi'dh laogh ri taobh gach aighe dhiubh,
 'Nan laidbe mar is còir dhaibh ; bi'dh
 Gach damh a's manng cho aigheach,
 'Nuair thig Fill-leathain ròid orra :
 Bu tuille lòin a' saoghail,
 Do gach neach a ghabhadh gaol orra,
 Bhi tric ag amliare caol orra
 'Sa'g éisdeachd gaoir an crònanaich.

Bi'dh maoisleach a chinn ghuanaich,
 A cur dreach a's snuadh a' tuar oirre,
 'S i tilgeadh cuilg a' gheamhraidh
 A chuir gurt a' greann a's fuachd oirre :
 O'n thàinig blàthas an t-Sámhraidh oirnn,
 Cuiridh si mèantul ruadh oirre,
 S tha inntinn ghrinn g'a réir aice,
 Gu fallain, fèitheach, fuasgalteach.

Bi'dh am minnein ùrar meanbh-bhallaich,
 Gros tioram air a ghnùis bu sgeimmeile ;
 Gu mireineach, lùghor, anmadail,
 Rì slínean na h-earb an guilleachan.
 Bu chlis feadh phreas mu an-moch iad,
 Gu tric fo iochd nam mean'-chuileag,
 Gu sgrideil, gibeach, gearra-mhasach,
 An sliochd 'g an ainm na ruadhagan.

Bi'dh gach creutair faillineach,
 A bha greis an cás na fuaralachd,
 A togail an cinn gu h-àbhachdach,
 O'n a thàinig blàth's le buaidh orra :
 Na h-eoin sa' phong a b'abhaist daibh,
 Gu ceolmhar, founmhor, fàilteachail,
 Feadh phreas a's thùm ri gairdeachas,
 Gun chàs a dh'fhágadh truaillidh iad.

'S neo-thruaillidh am pòr lioumhlor ud,
 'S gur spéisel grinn a ghlúaiseas iad ;
 Le'm beus a 'seimn mar fhileirean,
 Gur h-aoibhinn binn ri m' chlusas iad ;
 'S glan luinneagach, fior-inntineach,
 A' chànan chinn thig uatha-san ;
 'S iad gobach, sgiathach, cìreineach
 Gu h-iteach, dionach, cluaineiseach.

Bi'dh an coileach le thorman tùchanach.
 Air chnocanaibh gorm a dùrdanaich,

Puirt fhileanta, cheolmhor, shìùhlacha,

Le rihheid dlù chur seòl orra ;

Gob crom nam pongan lùgh'ora,

*S a chneas le dreach air a dhùbhachadh,

Gu slios-dubh, girt-gheal, ùr-bhallach,

*S dà chire a sùgradh hòidheach ris.

Thig a chuthag sa' mhìos chéitein oirn,

*S bidh riabhadh 'na seuchdan còmhagh ri,

*S an dreathan a gleusadh sheanasairean

Air a ghéig is aird a mhòthaicheas e.

Bidh chòill' gu lèir' 'na gleanntaicean,

Air chrathadh le h-aoiheas canntaireachd,

Aig fuaim a chunail cheannsalach,

Fheadh phreas, a'a chrannd, a's òganan.

Na doireachean coill' bu dliomhaire,

*S na croinn mu'n iadh na smeoarachean

Theid gach craobh an ciataichead,

Bi'dh caochladh fiamh a's neòil orra ;

Gu meanganach, dìreach sniomhanach,

Théid cridhe nam friamh an sòghaireachd,

Le trusgan ùr g'a mhiadachadh,

Bar-gùc air mhìlarbh nòsara.

Bi'dh am heatba gu cuiiseach, fiùranach,

Gu faileanach, slatach, ùr-fhasach ;

Thig snothach fo 'n chairt a's druisealachd,

Bidh duilleach a's rùsg mar chòmhachd air ;

Le hruthainn théid hrigh na duslain ann

Am harrach dlù nan òganan'

Gu plùireineach, caoin, maoth-bhlasda,

Mo roghainn de shuaisean sròine e.

*S a hhiolaire luidneach, sliom-chluasach,

Għlas, chruinn-cheannach, chaoin, ghorm-

Is i fas glan, uclad-ard, gilmeineach, [neulach,

Fo harr-geal, ionlau, sònraichte ;

Air għlaic, hu taitneach cearmonta,

Le seamragan 'le neðineinean ;

*S gach lus a dh'fheudain ainmeachaidh,

Cuir anħħarra dħreħach hōichead air.

Gur badanach, caoineil, mileanta,

Cruinn, mopach, mìnchruth, mongoineach.

Fraoch groganach, dù-dhonn, gr̄s-dearg,

Bàrr cluigeanach, simteach, gorm-hħileach ;

Gu dosach, gasach, uain-neulach,

Gu eluthor, cluaineach, tolmagħ;

*S a mhil 'na fūdar gruaige dha,

'Ga chumail suas an spòrsalachd.

*S i gruag an deataich rīmhich i,

*S mòr a hrigh 's is lionmhor buaidh oirre,

Céir-hheach nan sgeap a cintinn oirr',

Seillein breac feadh tuim 'ga chruasachid sud ;

Gu cianail, tiāmhaidh, strann alge,

Air hhàrr nam meas a' dranndanaich,

Bhiodh miann hħan-dg a's bhain-tighearnan
Na fhàrdach ghreannar, għuamaisich.

Is e gu striteach, riabhach, ciar-cheannach,
Breac, buidh, stiallach, srian-bħallach.

Gobach, duħħanach, riasgħ, iargħal,

Ri gniomh gu dian mar thuathanach ;

Gu surdail, grunnadail, dianadach,

Neo-dhiomħanach 'na uaireanan ;

'S e fālie lusan fiadbaiche

Bhi's aige hhiadh 'sa thuarasdāl.

Gach tain is ħirde chruinnieas

Doñ àiridh uile għluuiseas iad ;

Thig hlioddha a's dàir gun uireas bħuidh,

Craobh àrd air cuman gruagaiche ;

Na h-aighean is òige lāidire,

Nach d'fhirosraich tràth na huarachean ;

Bi'dh luuineaig aig riħiħn chūl-duuñn dħaiħ,

'Gam briodal ciùin le duanagan.

*S fior ionmuuñn mu thràth neðine

Na laoigh òga choir na huaile sin,

Gu tarra-gheal, ball-bħreac, bħtaineach,

Sgiuħtach, druim-fhionn' sroin-fhionn, guaill-

[linneach] ;

Is iad gu lith-dhonn, ciar-dhubh, càraideach,

Buidh, gris-fhionn, crà-dhearg, suachionta,

Seang, slios-ra direach, sàr-chumpach,

Cas, bachlach, hàrr an suainiche.

Bi'dh foirm a's colg air creatuirean,

Gu stoirmiell, gleust' g ath-nuadħachadh ;

Le forgan torchuirt feudalach,

Au trend, 's an spréidh, 's an buachaille :

An gleam, barrach, bil-each, réidħlēanach,

Creamħ, rainnqeb, réis a's luachadireach,

'S e caoin, caunach, ceutach, mìn chruthach,

Fireach, sléibħteach, feurach, fuaranach.

Bi'dh miontaijan, camomhil, 's sòglħraichean,

Għer biħleach, lōnach, luasgħanach,

Cathair thalħħanta, 's carħħin chròċ-chean-

[ħaġ],

Għargħ, amlach, ròmħach, chluas-bħiorach,

Suthan-làir, 's fālie għrobiż-żejt;

L-ħan lilidh 's ròsa cuācheanach,

Is clann-bheag a trusa leħlaichean,

Buain chörr an còs nam hruachagan.

Bi'dh 'm hlàr fo stràchd le ûraireachd,

Oidħi učha bħruuñneach, cheb-hànach,

Gach sràbh 's bħarr air l-hadher orra

Le cudhrum an driuċidh 's le l-ħodalachid ;

'Na phaideirean lionmor, cùr-neineach,

Gu briegħmhor, sħiegħmhor sħallas,

Cuiridh għiljan gu dian 'na smuċċidean e,

Le fiamb a għuiss 's au ḫeġġ-mħadainn.

'Nuair a dhearsas a gnùis bhaoisegil,
 Gu fial, flatail fiadh, geal, caoineil oirnn,
 Thig mathas a's gnòmh le sàibhireachd,
 Chuir loinn air an Roinn-eòrpa so ;
 Le aoibneas gréine soilseachadh,
 Air an speur gu réidh a spaileas i,
 Cuir an géil gabh feum a rinn i dhuiun,
 G'a foillseachadh 's g'a mhòideachadh.

ORAN NA BRIOGSA.

AIR FONN—"Sean' Triuthais Uilleachan."

'So tha na briogais liath-glas
 Am bliadhna cuir mulaid oirnn,
 'S e'n rud nach fhacas riagh oirnn,
 'S nach miann leinn a chumail oirnn,
 'S na'm bitheamaid uile dileas
 Do'n righ bha toirt cuireadh dhuinn,
 Cha'n fhaicte sinn gu dilinn,
 A striochda do'n chulaidh so.

S olc an seòl duinn, am Prionns òg
 A bhi fo mhòran duillichinn,
 A's Rìgh *Deòrsa* a bhi chòmhnaidh,
 Far'm bu chòir dha tuineachas ;
 Tha luchd-eilais a toirt sgéoil duinn.
 Nach robh còir air Luimainn aige,
 'S e *Hanòbhar* an robh sheòrsa,
 'S coigreach oirnn an duine sin—
 'S e'n Righ sin nach buineadh dhuinn,
 Riun dì-lheas na duinach oirnn,
 Mu'n ceannsaich a buileadh sinn,
 B'e'n t-àm dol a chumasg ris ;
 Na rinn e oirnn a dh' anu-tlachd,
 A mhì-thlachd, a's a dh' àimhreit,
 Air n-eudach thoirt gu'n tàing dhinn,
 Le ait-neart a chumail ruinn.

'So tha na briogais, &c.

A's ò'n chuir sinn suas a bhriogais,
 Gur neo-mhiosail leinn a chulaidh ud,
 Ga'n teanadh ma na h-iogannan,
 Gur trioblaideach leinn umainn iad ;
 'S bha sinn roimhe misneachail,
 'S na breacain fo na criosan oirnn,
 Ged' tha sinn am bichontas
 A nis a' cuir nan sumag oirnn :
 'S air leam gur h-olc an duais
 Do na daoine chaidh 'sa chruadal,
 An eudaichean thoirt uapa

Ge do bhuadhnuich Duic Uilleam leo :
 Cha'n fhaod sinn bhi suigeartach,
 O'n chaochail ar culaidh binn,
 Cba'n aithnich sinn a chéile
 La-féile 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 ùis deth,
 Cha d'rinn mi bonn sùlas
 Ris an deise nach robh daimheil
 Do'n phàirti ga'm buinnin-sa ;
 'S neo-sheannsar a chulaidh i,
 Gur granndu leinn umainn i,
 Cho teann air a cumadh dhuinn,
 'S nach b'fheairde leinn tuilleadh i ;
 Bidh putanan na glàinean,
 A's bucalan ga'n dùnad,
 'S a bhriogais air a dùbladh,
 Mu chul-thaoth a h-uile fir.
 'So tha na briogais, &c.

Gheibh sinn adan ciar-dhubh,
 Chur dian air ar mullaichean,
 A's casagan cho shliogta,
 'S a mhìnicheadh muillean iad ;
 Ged' chumadh sin am fuachd dhinn,
 Cha'n fhang e sinn cho uallach,
 'S gu'n tuillich e ar n-uaislean,
 Ar tuath no ar cuminanta ;
 Cha taitinn e gu bràth ruinn,
 A choiseachd nan gleann-fàsaich,
 'Nuair a rachamaid do dh' àiridh,
 No dh' àit 'm biodh cruinneagan :
 Se *Deòrs'* a rinn an eucoir,
 'S ro dhlobach tha mi fèin deth,
 O'n thug e dhinn ar n'éideadh,
 'S gach eudach a bhuiねadh dhuinn.
 'So tha na briogais, &c.

'S bha h-uile h-aon de'n Phàrlamaid
 Fallsail le'm fiosrachadh,
 'Nuair chuir iad air nà Caimbeulaich
 Teanndach nam briogaisean ;
 'S gu'r h-iad a rinn am feum dhaibh
 A bhliadh' a thàin' an strèupag,
 A h-uile h-aon diubh dh'èiridh
 Gu léir 'am *Milisi* dhaibh ;
 'S bu cheannsalach duineil iad,
 'S an àm an robh 'u cumasg ann,
 Ach 's gann daibh gu'n cluinnear iad
 A chàmpacha tuille leis ;
 O'n thug e dhinn an t-eudach,
 'S a dh' fhág e sinn cho-fhaontra'ch,

'S ann rinn e oirn na dh' fheudadh e,
Shaoileadh e chuir mulaid oirnn
So tha na briogais, &c.

'S ann a nis tha fios againn
An t-iocdh a rinn Diuc Uilleam ruinn,
'Nuair a dh' fhág e siunn mar phriosanaich,
Gun bhiodagan, gun ghuinnachan,
Gun chlaidhe, gun chrios tarstuinn oirnn,
Cha'n fhaigh sinn pris'n nan dagachan;
Tba comannad aig Sasunn oirnn,
O smachdaich iad gu buileach sinn—
Tha angar a's duilichuin
'S an am so air iomadh fear,
Bha'n Câmpa Dhiuc Uilleam,
A's nach fheaird iad gu'n bhnithinn e;
Na'n tigeadh oirnne TEARLACH,
'S gu'u éireamaid 'na cbampa,
Gheibhte breacain châirneit,
'S bhiodh aird air na Gunnachan.
'So tha na briogais, &c.

ORAN DO'N EIDEADH GHAEALACH.

FHUAI'R mi naidheachd as ùr,
Tha taitinn ri rùn mo crídh
Gu faigheamaid fasan na dùthch
A' cbleachd sinn an tús ar tìm.
O'n tha sinn le glaineachan làn,
A' bruidhinn air màran binn,
So i deoch-slàinnté Mhontrois,
A sheasamh a chòir so dhuinn,

Chunna' mi 'n diugh an Dun-éideann,
Comunn na féile cruinn,
Litir an fhortain thug sgeul,
Air toiseach an ébhuis dhuinn.
Plob gu loinneil an gleus,
Air soilleireachd réidh an tuim;
Thug sinn am follass a'n éideadh,
A's cò a their réubail ruinn?

Deich bliadhna fichead a's corr,
Bha casag de'n chlò m'ar druim,
Fhuair sinn ad agus cleòc,
'S cha bhuineadh an seòrs' ud dhuinn:
Bucail a' dùnadh ar bròg,
'S e'm barr-iall bu bhòiche leinn;
Rinn an droch phasan a bh'oirnn',
Na bodaich d'ar 'n òigridh ghrinn.

Mhill e pàirt d'ar cumachd
O'n bhlàr, gu mullach ar cinn;

Bha siun cho làn de mhulad,
'S gu'n d'fhàs gach duine gu tinn;
'S ann a bha'n cùs cho duilich,
S a thainig uile ri'm liinn,
'Nuair a rinn pàrti Luimainn,
Gach àit a's urram thoirt dhinn.

'S fhada bha 'u onair air chall,
Is fasan nan Gill oirnn dù,
Còta ruigeadh an t-sàil,
Cha tigeadh e dùicheil dhuinn:
B'éigin do'n bhrigis bhi ann,
'Nuair a chaidh ar comannad cho ciùin
'S gu'n d'rinneadh gach finne nau tràill,
'S gach fireannach fhìugail rùisgt'.

Tha sinn anis mar as math leinn,
'S gur h-àrd ar caraid 'sa chùiri,
A chuir air na daoin' am fasan,
Rinn pàrlamaid Shasunn thoirt' diù':
Beannachd gu bràth do'n mharcus,
A thaghair an dràst ar chìs;
Fhuair e gach dilige air ais dhuinn,
Le ceartas an rìgh 'sa chrùin.

Fhuair e dhuinn coimas nan arm,
A dheanamh dhuinn sealg nan stùc,
'S a ghleidheadh ar daoine 'sa chàmp,
Le fàgail an naimhdean brùit.
Thogadh e misneach nan Clann,
Gu iomairt nan lann le sunnd,
Piob, a's bratach ri crann,
'S i caiseamachd àrd mo rùin.

Fhuair sinn cothrom an dràst,
A thoilicheas gràdh gach dùthch',
Comas ar eulaidh chur oirnn,
Gun fharaid de phòr nan lùb:
Tha sinn a nis mar is còir,
A's taituindh an seòl r'ar sùil;
Chuir sinn' a bhrigis air làr,
'S cha tig i gu bràth á cùil.

Chuir sinn a suas an deise,
Bhios uallach, freagarach, dhuinn,
Breacan an fhéile phreasach,
A's peiteag de'u eudach ùr;
Còt' a chadadh nam ball,
Am bitheadh a' chàrnaid dù,
Osan nach ceangail ar céum,
'S nach ruigeadh mar réis an glùn.

Togaidh na Gàéil an ceann,
Cha bhi iad an fannng ni's mò,
Dh' fhalbh na speirichinn tean
Thug orra bhi mall gun iùgh:
Siubhlaidh iad fireach nain beann,
A dh'iarraidh dhamh seannan le'v cu;

S eutrom théid iad a dhamhsa,
Fregraids iad srann gach ciùil.

Tba sinn an comain an uasail
A choisinn le chruadal cliù,
Chuir e le teòmacbd làidir,
Faoineachd dhàicib air cùl,
Oighre cùm-feadhna nan Gràmach,
'S ioma fuil àrd na ghnùis;
'S ann tha marcus an àidh
Am mac thig an àit an diùc.

ORAN A BHOTAIL.

'NUAIR a shuidheas sinn socrach
'S a dh-òlas sinn botal,
Cha'n aitbnich ar stoc bhuainn
Na chuireas sinn ann ;
Thig onoir a's fortan
Le sonas a chopain,
Ga'r son nach bi deoch oirnn
Mu'n tog sinn ar ceann ?
Bbeir an stuth grinn oirnn
Seinn gu fileanta,
Chuir a thoil-inntinn
Biunesas n'ar cannt,
Chaisg i ar 'n lòta
'N fbior dheobh mhillis,
Bu mbuladach sinne,
Na 'm biodh i air chall.

Deoch slàinnt nan gaisgeach
Nan Gàëlibh gasda,
Ga'm b' àbbaist mar fbasan,
Bhi pòit air an dràm,
Luchd gaoil an stuth bhlasda,
'S air dhaoiridh an lacha,
Nach caomhnadh aìn beartas
A sgapadh 'san àm.
Fear g'am beil nì
Gheibh e na shireas e,
Fear a tha crionda
Fanadh e thàll ;
Fear a tha mi'or
Cha'n fhuillig sinn' idir e,
S am fear a bhell grinneas
Tbèid iomain a nàll.

'S ro rìogail an obair
Sruth briogar na togalach,
Ioc-slainnt a bhogaicheas
Cridhe tha gann;

'S e chuireadh an sòdan
Air fear a bhiòdh togarrach.
'S chuireadh e 'm bodach
A' fearr á 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 siun
Fuireach bbo'n dràm ?

Tha e fionnar do'n chreabhaig
A h-uile la gréine
Tbig teas o na speuraibb
Thar sléibhteann nam beann,
'S e matbh ri la reòta
Chuir blàth's ann am pòraibh
An fir théid g'a dheòin
An taigh-òsda na dheann.
Cuiridh e sunnd
Air muinntir eireachdail,
Timcheall a bhùird
S cuid eile dhiubh damhs' ;
Thogamaid fonn neo-tbrom
A's ceileirin,
'S freagarrach shinneas sinn
Deireadh gach rann.

O'n shuidh sinn cho fada,
'S gu'n dh-bl sinn na bb'-againn,
'S i choir dol a chadal
O'n thàinig an t-lùm,
Cha'n flòghadh ach paillteas
Thoirt sòlar ga' n' aigneadh,
Deoch mhòr anns a mhadainn
Gu leigbeas ar ceann.
Am fear tha gun chli,
Cuiridh e spiorad ann,
Togaidb e crì
Gach fir a tha fann,
Théid am fear tim
Gu grinn air mhìrréadh ;
'S e leigheas gach tinnis,
Deoch mhillis an dràm.

ORAN A BHRANNDAI.

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 biadh an còpan gann oirnn,
Tha pailteas anns na botalaibh,
Cha'n 'eil an stoc air chall oirnn ;
'S feairrde siunn an toiseach e,
Gu brosnachadh ar cainnte,
Ged' bhiodh a h-uile deoch againn,
'S e 's dochá leinn am Branndai.
Di-haal-lum, &c.

'S e sinn an sruthan mireanach,
An tobair millis seannsail,
Tha binneas mar ri grineas
A chuir spiorad am fear faun ann ;
'S feairrde sinn na shireas sinn,
Cha chulaidh mhilleadh cheann e ;
'S ro mhath 'n seise muineil
Do gach duine ghabhas rann e.
Di-haal-lum, &c.

Na fir anns am beil cridbealas,
Nach 'eil an cridhe gann ac,
Companaich na dibhe,
A ni suidhe leis an dràm iad ;
larraidh iad a rithisd e,
Mu bhitheas beagan ann deth,
Nuair chluinneas iad an fhidheall,
Bi' iad fighearchair gu dàmbsa.
Di-haal-lum, &c.

'Nuair gheibh sinn de na barrailean,
Na 's math leinn fa'r comanuda,
Na cupain a tha falamh
Bhi le searraig a cuir annnta ;
Gach caraid bhios a taitneadh ruinu,
Gu'm b'ait leinn e bhi cainnt ruinu,
Nuair thig a ghloinne bhasdalach,
Air bhlas an t-siucair-channai.
Di-haal-lum, &c.

Cha chunnart duinn e theireachdainn,
Tba seileir anns an Fhraing dheth ;

Cha'n eil eagal gainne
Air na loingeas thug a nàll e ;
Their sinne on bu toigh leinn e,
Nach dean a choire call oirnn ;
Air fhad 's ga'n dean sinn fuireachb ris,
Bhi gabhail tuille sannt air.
Di-haal-lum, &c.

Na fir a tha na 'n sgrubairean,
Nach caith an cui'd 's an àm 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 bàrn am paghadh dhiubh,
Cha'n fhaigheadh iad am Branndai.
Di-haal-lum, &c.

ALASDAIR NAN STOP.

LUINNEAG.

*Alasdair nan stop
Ann an sràid a chìùil.
Sin an divine còir
Air am beil mo rùn.*

'S coma leat an siola,
B'annsa leat an stop,
Cha'n e sin bu dochadh
Ach am botal mòr.
Alasdair nan stop, &c.

Théid thu do'n taigh-òsda,
'S òlaibd tu gu fial ;
Chà robh gainne stòrais
Air do phòca riamb.
Alasdair nan stop, &c.

Bba thu greis dheth t-aimsir
Ann an àrm an Rìgh,
Cumaidh sin riut airgead,
'S fhearra dbut e na ni.
Alasdair nan stop, &c.

Gbeibheadh 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 éisg,
Càs a shiubhal garbhlaich,
Théid thu shealg an fhéidh.
Alasdair nan stop, &c.

Ged' thuirt Callum breac
 Nach robb thu tapaidh riamh,
 Cò a chreideadh sin
 Ach duine bha gun chiall?
Alasdair nan stòp, &c.

'Nuair a théid mi Ghlascho
 'S taitneach leam bhi 'g ol,
 Ann an taigh mo charaid
 Alasdair nan stòp.
Alasdair nan stòp, &c.

NIGHEAN DUBH RAINeach.

AIR FONN—"Cuir a chinn dileas."

CHUIR nighean dubh Raineach
 Orm farran a's miotiflachd,
 Nach cuir mi dhòm
 Le cabhaig an dràst,
 Ghoid i mo sporan,
 'S na dollair gu llionmhòr,
 Bh' agam fos n-losal
 Feitheamh ri m' làimh.

Nam biodh a chail' ud
 Gu daingean am priosan,
 Rachainn g'a diteadh
 Dh'ionnsaigh a bhàis;
 A chionn gu'n do ghoidh i
 'N rud beag bha sa chlùdan,
 Bh' agam sa' chìul
 Nach d' innis mi chàcb.

'S muladach mise
 Gun fhios ciod a nì mi,
 O'n a tha mi
 Gun searrach, gun làir,
 Gun chaora, gun bisg,
 Gun ghabhar, gun mhiseach.
 Gun a mart min
 A chrimeas am blàr.

Cba robh mi gun airgead
 Gus an d' fhalbh e gu mì-mhail,
 Leis an te chrión
 Nach d'amhaire air mo chàs;
 Rinn i mo chreachdadh
 'S bu pheacach an ni dh'i
 Mise chuir slos,
 Gun i fèin chuir an àird,

Cia mar a cheananicheas mi
 Camraig na slide?

Na 'n leig mi dhòm e
 Tuilleadh gu bràth?
 Ged' thig a marsant
 Le phaca do'n tìr,
 Cha 'n fhaigh sinn aon slòan
 Bhios aige air dàil.

Bha mo chuid stòrais
 Am phòca cho uallach,
 'S ged a bhiodh buaile mhart
 Air mo sgàth;
 'S i rinn ari eucoir
 A bhèisd a thug uam e,
 'S tha mi fo ghrúaim
 'O mhadainn Di-màirt.

A righ nach robh mearlaich
 Na cearna so'n rioghachd,
 Auns a mhuir lòsail,
 Fada bho thráigh;
 Is caile dhubbh Raineach
 'S an fheumain an lochdar,
 Chuideacha bìdh
 Do phartan nau spàig.

RANN GEARRADH-ARM.

CHUNA' mi 'n dìugh a chlach bhugaghach,
 'S an leug àluinn,
 Ceanglaichean de'u òr mu'n cuairt dh'i
 Na chruinn mhàilleadh;
 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 làdir,
 Fir nach gabh giorag no fuathas,
 Le fuaim làmhaich;
 Fine is minig a ghluais
 Ann an ruag nàmhaid,
 Nach sìreadh pilleadh gun hhuamachd,
 No buaidh làrach.

Bha sibh uair gu grinn a seòladh
 Air tuinn sàile,
 Chaidh tarrunn à aon de bhòrdà
 Druim a bhàta,
 Leis a chahhaig spàrr e 'n òrdag
 Sios na h-àite,
 'S bhuaile e gu teann leis an òrdì i,
 'S ceann dh'i flàgail.

An ouir a fhuair an saor Sléihteach,
Leis gach treun'tas a dh'fhàs ann,
Ghleidheadh fathasd ga shliochd fein i,
A dh'aindeoin eucorach gach nàmhaid ;
Na h-airm ghaisge, ghasda, ghléusda,
Dh' òrdugh an Righ gu féum dhàsan,
Cho math 'sa th' aig duine 'n dream threun sin,
Shliochd Cholla cheud-chathaich Spaintich.

Dorn an claidheamh, a's làmh duin'-usail
Le crois-tàraidh,
Iolairean le 'n sgiathan luatha,
Gu cruas gábhaidh,
Long ag imeachd air druim chuaitean
Le siùl àrda,
Gearradh arm Mhic-an-t-Shaoir 'o Chruachán,
Aonaich uachdrach Earraghàel.

Tha do dhaoine tric air fairge,
Sgiobairean calma, neo-sgathach ;
Tha 'n aogas cumachdail, dealbhach,
'S iomadh armait 'am beil pàirt dhin' ;
Thug iad gaol do shuibhal garbhaile,
Moch a's amnoch a sealg fásach ;
Cuid eile dhiubh 'nau daoin' uaisle,
'S tha cuid dhiubh 'nan tuath ri àiteach.

'S rioghail eachdraidh na chualas
Riamh mu'd phàirti,
S lìonmhòr an taic, na thua suas dhiuhh,
Na'm biodh cùs ort ;
Tha gach buaidh eile ga' reir sin,
An Gleann-Nodha fein au tàmhachd,
Piob a's bratach a's neairt aig Seumas,
An Ceann-cinnidh nach treig gu bràth sinn.

O R A N L U A I D H.

LUINNEAG.

Ho rò gu'n togainn air hùgan fhathasd,
Ho rò i-o mu'n téid mi làidh;
Ho rò gu'n togainn air hùgan fhathasd.

TOGAMAIN fonn air luadh a' chlòlain ;
Gabhaidh sinn ceol, a's òrain mhatha.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

B' fheaird' an clò bhi chòir nan gruagach,
A dheanadh an luadh le'n lamhan ;
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

'Nuair a thionndas iad air cléith e,
Chluinnt fuaim gach té dhiubh lahhairt.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Orain ghrinne, bhinne, mhilse,
Aig na rìbhinnéan 'gan gabhail ;
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Luinneag ae' air luadh an eudaich,
Suindach, saothrachail ri mathas.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Thogamaid fonn gu cèol-mhor, aotrom,
Air a' chlò bu daoire dathan.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

An clò brionnach, ballach, citach,
Triuchanach, stiallagach, gathach ;
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

An clò taitneach, basach, bòisgeil,
Laisde, daoimeineach, 's e leathunn.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Gu'm hu slàn a bhios na caoraich
Air an d' fhàs an t-aodach flathail.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Beannachd aig an laimh a shìlomh e,
'S i rinn gniomh na deagh hhean-taighe :
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

S ann is coltach ris an t-siòd e,
Dh' fhág i mìn e, 's rinn i math e ;
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Snàth cho rithinn ris na teudan,
'S e choréidh 'sa dh' fheudta shnaitheadh :
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Cha rohh pluc, no meall, no gaog ann,
No gòig chaol, no silasaid reamhar.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

'Nuar a théid an clò a'n mhàrgadh,
'S e ni 'n t-airgead air an Rathad
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Cha bhi slat a sìos o chrùn deth,
Miann gach sùl e anns an fhàdhair.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Cha bhi suirighich' aums an dùthaich
Nach bi 'n dùil ri pàirt deth fhaighinn.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

'S ann a tha 'n toil-imntinn aodaich
Aig na daoir' a bhios 'ga chaitheadh.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Thogainn am fonn a dh'iarradh pòitear,
A's luaidhinn an clò bu mhiann le muathan.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

'S ole an ohair luadh no fùcadh,
Ma bhios tùchadh oirnn le padhadh.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Chuireadh e sunnt air muinntir òga,
Suidheadh mu bhòrd ag blì gu latha.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Puinse le gloineacha' làna,
Deochana-slinnit 'gan gabhaile ;
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Greis air sion, a's greis air branndai,
Greis air dràm de'n uisge-bheatha ;
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Greis air fidhleireachd 's air damhsa,
Greis air canntaireachd 's air aighear
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

'Nuair théid stàrn an àird an aodainn,
'S ro-mhath 'n t-àm do dhaoine laide.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

A O I R A N T A I L E I R.

A DHOMHNUILL Bhàin Mhic O' Neacainn
Tha 'n droch nàdur a d' phearsa,
Cha gnàthaich thu 'n ceartas,
Gus am bàsaich thu 'n pheacadh,
'S maig àit anns na thachair,
Am ball-sampuil gun chneastachd,
'A rinn graineil an sgaiteachd ud oirnn,
'A rinn graineil, &c.

Fhir a thoisich ri ealaidh,
Bha thu gòrach a d' bharail,
'Ga seòladh am' charabh,
'S gu'n mi t-fheòraich, no t-fharaid,
Chuir thu sgleò dhiot a's fanaid,
Co dhiubh 's deoin leat no 's ain-deoin,
Tha mi 'n dòchas gu'm faigh thu do leòir,
Tha mi 'n dochas, &c.

Dhomhsa b'aithne do bheusan ;
Tha thu ain-eolach, beumnach,
Is do theangaich mar reusar,
Le tainef 's le gèireid,
Thug thu deannal dhomh fhéin d'i,
O's ann agad tha 'n eucoir,
Com' nach paighinn thu 'n éirig de sgeòil,
Com' nach páighinn, &c.

'S tu chraobh ghoroilach air crionadh,
Lan mosgáinn, a's fhionag,

A dh'has croganach, lòsal,
Goirid, crotach, neo-dhìreach,
Stoc thu togairt na ghríosaich,
A thóill do losgadh mar iobairt,
Leig thu 'n Soisgeul air di-chuimhn' gu mòr,
Leig thu 'n Soisgeul, &c.

Bu bheag an diùbhail e thachairt
An la thùr thu na facail,
Da phuinn agus cairteal
De dh'fhùdar cruaidh, sgairteal,
'S bhi a d'bhoirinn air a chalcadh,
Gas am fasadh tu 't-ablach gun deò,
Gas am fasadh, &c.

'S blònach ruithinn gun fheum thu,
Ge do bhithheadh tu 'm séithe,
Coin is fitheach a' d' theumadh,
Cha bhiodh an diòl héidh ac'.
'S tric thu teamh air 'na h-éibhlean,
Bhreac do shuimeir gu t-éislich,
Blàth an tein' air do shléisdean gu mòr,
Blàth an tein', &c.

O' nach taileir is fhiù thu,
Chuir càch as a chùirt thu ;
Bi'dh tu ghnà anns na culitean,
A' caradh nan lùireach,
Bu tu asuinn nan clàitean,
'S tric a shuidh thu 'san smùraich,
'Nuair a bhithinn's air cùl fir nan cròc,
'Nuair a bhithinn's &c.

'S e do choltas r'a innseadh,
Fear sop-cheannach, grìmeach,
Gun bhonaid, gun phiorbhuic,
Gu'n bhad-mullaich, gun chìrean,
Lòm uil' air a spionadh,
Car gu t'uillinn a sìos ort,
Stràc na dunach de'n sgrìobaich mu'd cheòs,
Stràc na dunach, &c.

'S iomadh àit anns na thachair,
An tailer Mac-Neacainn,
Eadar Albainn a's Sasunn,
Bailtean margaidh a's machair ;
'S tric a shealg thu air praisich,
O' nach d' shalbh thu le clapa,
Chaoïdh' cha mharbh e duin' aca de'n t-slògh.
Chaoïdh' cha mharbh, &c.

'S duine dona gun mhios thu,
Dh-has gun onair gun ghliocas,
Fear gun chomas gun bhriosgadh,
Chaill do spionadh 's do mhisneach,
Leis na rinn thu de'n bhidseachd,
Bu tu 'n slughtire misgcach,

'S cian o'n thoill thu do cuipeadh mu'n bl,
'S cian o'n thoill thu, &c.

'S iomadh ceapaire ròmai,
Rinn thu għilacdh na d' chṛġan,
Is bhi ga stailceadħ le t-bordaig,
Ann ad' chab-dheudach sgħornach,
'S reamhar farsuinn do sgħornan,
Brū mar chulean an ḥatra,
Fhuair thu urram nan gebeach ri d'bheo,
Fhuair thu urram, &c.

Bi'dh na mnathan ag rāite
'Nuair a rachadh tu'n āiridh
Gun tolladh tu'n t-āras
Ann 'sam bittheadh an cāise ;
'Nuair a dh'ittheadh tu pāirt deth,
'S a bhiodh tu air trasgħad,
Anns a' mhuidhe gu'n spārr thu do chṛġo,
Anns a' mhuidhe, &c.

'S tu 'n tollaran cnāimhteach,
Ge bu għionach do mhàlleid,
Tha do mbionach air t-fhagħi,
Gu'n chrioman deth lātħair ;
Cochall għogħaq ma t-āruinn,
Tha do sgħanha a's t-āinean
Làn galair, a's fäslaq, a's chħos,
Làn galair, &c.

Beul do chleibh air a thachdadh,
Air séideadh 's air brachadh,
'S e gu h-eididh air malċadħ,
'S mōr t-fheum air a chartadħ,
Gach aon eugħali a' d' phearsuinn,
Caitheamh, ētich, a's casdaich,
Gus an d' ēirich do chraicean o t-fheoil,
Gus an d' ēirich, &c.

Tha do chreuchdan, 's do chuislean,
Làn euail a's trudsair,
'S thu feumach air furtach,
Tha 'n déideadh a' d' phluicean,
'S thu t-égin le clupaid,
T-anail bħreun, gu tróm, murtaidh,
'S mairg a dh'fheuchadħ dhiot moch-thra do
'S mairg a dh'fheuchadħ, &c. [thòchd,

Do dheud sgròb-bhearnach, cabach,
Am beil na sgħorr-fhaċċan glasa,
Mogħain, cōsacha, sgealpach,
Lùbte, grannida, cam, feachdte,
A null 's a nall air an tarsuinn,
Cuid diuħi caillit' air dol asad,
'S nam beil ann diuħi air spagħad do bheoil,
'S nam beil ann diuħi, &c.

Bi'dh na ronnan gu silteach,
N an tonnaib gorm, ruħi teach,

A għabail toinnejm o d' liopan,
Tbar cromadħi do smige ;
'S dorcha, do illeir, do chlisneach,
Cheart cho dubh ris a phice,
Uchd na curva ort, ceann circ, 's gob geoidh,
Uchd na curra, &c.

Do mħaoħ chruacach air failleah,
Gun chluasan, gun fħalliean ;
Tha thu uain-nealach, tana,
Cho cruaidh ris an darach ;
'S tu gun suaineach, gu'n anart,
'S saobbar truaisi thu ri d' għearan,
'S gur fuair thu na gallien an reðt,
'S gur fuair, &c.

Tha ceann binneach 'na stūic ort,
Geocach, leith-cheannaich, giġiġach,
Eudann brucannaich, gruġiġach,
Srbin phlucach na mūire,
Tha croit air do chūl-thaoħ,
'S mōran lurcaichi a'd għilu neen,
Da chois chama, chaol, chruħbach, gun treðir,
Da chois chama, &c.

Cha 'n eil uiread nau sāltein,
Aig a phliutaire spāgħach,
Nach 'eil cuspack a's għażiex,
Tha thu d' chrioplaħx 's ad' chraigeach,
'S llouġħor tubaist ar tāleir,
Dh-fhàg an saqħal 'na thrull e,
'S mairg a shaothraħ air t-ārach 's tu dg,
'S mairg a shaothraħ, &c.

Ma tha thu de shliex Adħamħ,
Cha choslach ri eċċek thu,
Aig olcas a db' fħas thu,
O thioseach do lātiean ;
Cha tig cobha gu bràth ort,
Gus am fogħa inn am bäs dut,
'S do chorp odhar a chàradh fo 'n fhodd,
'S do chorp odhar, &c.

A O I R A N N A.

ANNA nigh'n Uillem a'n Cròmpa,
Bean gun chonn 's i fħéni air ħimbreib,
Nuair chaidħi mi 'n toiseach g'a seallta inn,
Cha'n e'm fortan a chuir annu mi ;
Bhruidħiun misse siobħaħi, suarice,
Mar dħu u-ħasal anns an ām sin ;
Thöiśiċ īse mar chū croħda,
Bhiodh anns na dorsan a dranndail.

'S ann aice tha beul an sgallais,
Gu fanada a dheanamh air seann-duin',
Nach urrainn a dheanadh feum dh'i
Mar a bha i féin an geall air' ;
Cùnna' mise latha ghluaisinn
Leis na gruagaichean mar chàirdeas,
Dh'aithnich i gun dh'fhalbh an uair sin,
'S chuir i uaithe mi le *angar*.

Innsidh mi dhuibh teisteas Anna,
O'n is aithne dhomh 'san am i,
Bean a dh'òl a peighinn phisich,
Cha bleo idir gun an dràm i ;
Cha neònach leam i bhi misgeach,
'S i'n còmhnuidh a measg a Bhranndai,
'S tric a bha 'na broinn gu leòir dheth,
'S bha tuille 'sa chòir 'na ceann deth.

Cha 'n eil a leannan r'a fhaotainn,
Cia mar dh'fhaodar e bhi ann d'i ?
Breunag ris ann can' iad gaorsach,
A bha daonann anns na càmpan ;
'Sa bha rithist feadh 'n t-saoghal
A giùlan adhaircean aig ceardan ;
Cha d'fhuair i'n onoir a shaoil i,
'N t-urram fhaotainn air na hàrdan.

'S mòr an treuntas le Anna,
Bhi cho gheur le sgainneil chainnte,
'S maирг air 'na thachair bean bheumach,
Aig am beil am heul gun fhaiteam ;
'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 hhana-mhaighstir.

A bhana-chleasaiche gun ghrinneas,
'S maирг fleasgach a théid na caramh,
'S tric i tuitem leis na gillean,
Ceap tuisliadh i do na fearaibh ;
A hhean bhruidhneach, mhisgeach, ghionach,
Ghlearach, lonach, shanntach, shallach,
Roinn gu reubadh air a teangaidh,
Coltach ri gath geur na nathrach.

Còmhdaich nach falaich a craiceann,
Leomach gun seòl air cuir leis ann,
Cha'n 'eil brògan slànn mu' casan,
Cha'n 'eil còta'n-aird mu leasaibh ;
Oire th aogas na glaistig,
Neul an aoig 'na b-aodainn preasach,
Closach i air searga' lachdunn,
'S coltach i ri dealbh na Leisge !

Taigh thalàن de mhnathan misgeach,
'S ole an t-àit an d'rinn mi tachairt,

Ged thàine' mi ann gun fhios domh,
'S fhearr falbh tràth na fuireach aca :
Bana-mbaighsdir a chomuium hristich,
ANNA tha ainmeil 'san eachdraidh ;
Mu gheibh càch i mar fhuair mis i,
Cha tig iad gu bràth g'a faicinn.

AOIR UISDEAN PHIOBAIR'.

TURAS a chaidh mi air astar
A Chinn-tàile,
Chunna mi daoin-nailse tlachdmhor,
Caoimhneil, phàrtreach ;
Bha aon bhallaich ann air hanais,
A thug dhomh tamailt,
O'n a bha e-san mar sin dòmh-sa,
'S ann mar so bhios mise dhà-san.

'S ann an sin a thàisich Uisdean,
Mar a ni cù an droch nàduir,
Tabhunaich ri sluadh na dùtheach,
'S be runn gu'n gearradh e'n sìltean
'S math air còmpanach do'n chù e,
'S dona'n còmpanach le càch e,
Cha chuideachd e bhàrd no phòbair,
Aig a mhìomhalachd 'sa dh'fhàs e.

Aidich fhéin nach 'eil thu 'd phòbair,
'S leig dhòt bhi 'm barail gur bàrd thu ;
Daoine cridheil iad le chéile,
'S bitheidh iad gu léir a tair ort ;
Fear ciùil gun bhinneas gun ghrinneas,
Fuadaichidh siun as ar páirt e,
Mar a thilgeas iad craobh chrònach
O'n fhionan a mach as a ghàradh.

Mu chi thusa bàrd no filidh
No fear dàna
Mu bhios aon diubh 'g iarraîdh gille'
Ghiùlan màlaid,
Lean an duine sin le dùrachd,
Los gu'n siùbhlà' tu h-uil àite ;
'S mòr an glanadh air do dhùthaich,
I chuir cùl riut 's thu g'a fagail.

No ma chì thu fear a sheinneas
Plob no clàrsach,
Faodaidh tusa 'n t-inneal ciùil
A ghiùlan dà-san,
Gus am bi craiceann do dhroma
Fàs na bhallaibh loma, hànna,

Mar a chi thu mille' srathrach
Air gearran a bhios ri àiteach.

Cia mar a dheanadh e òran,
Gun eòlas, gun tuigse nàduir,
O nach deanadh e air dòigh e,
S ann bu chòir dha fuireach sàmhach ;
Bruidhinn ghlugach 's cuid di mabach,
Mòran stadaich ann am p'irt d'i,
Na nì e phlabartaich chòmhraidi,
Cha bheo na thuigeas a Ghàelic.

'S sgimcalair cheanna na'm börd thu,
Far am faigh thu'n t-òl gun phàigheadb ;
Cia mar chunntas sinu ua geòcaich,
Mar bi Uisdean òg 'san àireamh ?
Cha robh do bhrù riamh aig slochadh,
Gus an lionadh tu bhiadh chàich i :
'S mòr an t-òl na chaisgeadh t'-iotadh,
'Nuair chàite thu 's do ghloc pàiteach.

'S tric do leab' an lag an òtraich,
Nu'n cùl gàraidi,
Bi do cheann air con-tom còmhnaid,
'S ro mhath 'n t-àite e ;
Bidh na coin ag ionlaich t'fheòsaig,
A toirt diot a bheoil 'sa chàirean,
Do chraos dreaminach toirt phòg salach
A'd dhearrbh bhràithrean.

Na'n cluinne' sibh muc a rùcail,
Gebidh a's tunnagan a ràcail,
'S anu mar sin a bha pòb Uisdean,
Brònach muladach a ràuach ;
Muineal gun' aolmann air tùcha,
'N ribheid cha'n fheud bhi làidir,
'S e call daonan air a chùl-thaobh,
Na gaoith bu chòir dol an 'sa mbàla.

Bha lurga coin air son gaothair'
A'd chraos farsuinn,
'S culaidh sin a thogail plàigh
'S an enai' air malcadh ;
Rinn e 'tanail salach bréun,
Ma théid neach fo'n Ghréin an taic riut,
'S feart bhi eadar thu 'sa ghaoth,
Na seasamh air taobh an fhasga.

Cia mar a ni Uisdean òg dhuibh
Ceòl gu dambsa,
Nuair a chitheadh tu sruth ròn
O'n h-uile toll a bh' air an t-seannsair :
'Sgeul tha fior a dh'innseas mise,
Gur h-e dh'fhág e 'nis cho manntach
Gu'n tug iad dheth leis an t-siosar
Barr na teanga.

Séididh Uisdean pòb an ronngain,
'S mòr a h-anntlachd,

Bithidh i coltach ri gaoir chonnsbeach
A bhiodh an cuoc fraoch a drannail ;
An Circeapoll laimh ri Tonga,
A' baigearachd air muinntir bainnse,
Fhuair mise piobaire 'n rùmpuill,
'S dh'fhág mi ann e.

AOIR IAIN FAOCHAIGH.

IAIN FAOCHAIG* ann an Sasunn,
'S mor a mhasladh 'us à mhì-chliù,
Chaill e na bh' aige de chairdean,
'S tha 'naimhdean air ciuntinn lionmhor.
Ge b' fhad' a theicheadh e air astar,
Chàidh a ghlacadh, 's tha e closuaicht ;
Chàraich iad e fo na glasan,
'S tha 'n iuchair taisgt' aig maor a phrìosain.

Tha e 'nis' an àite cumhann,
'S e 'n a chrùban, dubhach, deurach,
A chas daingeann ann an iarunn,
'G a phianadh, a's e 'n à eigin.
B' phasa dha 'bhi anns an fhiabhrs
Na 'n iarguin a tha 'n à chrùbhag ;
'S e 'n sin o cheann eòrr a's bliadhna,
A h-uile là ag iaraidh réite.

Ach, na'm faigheadh tuna réite
An éirig na rinu thu 'sheannachas,
B'aobhar-misnidh do gach béist e
Gu'm faodadh iad féin do leanmhainn ;
Fear gun seadh, gun lagh, gun réusan,
'S anns an éucoir a ta t-earbsa ;
Theann thu mach o achd na cléire,
'S thug thu bòid nach éisd thu searmoin !

Thug thu di-meas air an Eaglais,
Air a chreideimh, 's air na h-aintean
Chuir thu bréagan air an Trianaid
'S air na h-iarrtasair a db' fhag iad ;
Tha e 'nis' 'n à ghnothach cosail,
'Réir an t-soisgeil 'tha mi claishtinn,
Gu'n do chuir thu cùl ri sochair
Na saors' a choisinn ar Slànear.

Chuir thu cùl ri d' bhòidean-baistidh,
'S mòr a mhasladh dhut an aicheadh,
Chaill thu 'chluirt 'am biodh an ceartas,
Roghnaich thu 'm peacadh 'n a h-àite ;
Ghleibd thu 'n riaghalt 's an seol-stiùiridh
A bh'raig Iudas, do dhearbb bhrathair ;
'S mòr an sgainneal air do dhùthach
Thusa, bhruid, gu'n d' rinn thu fàs innt

* John Wilks.

Ach, ged a sheallte 'h-uile doire,
 Cha robb coille riamh gun chrionach,
 'S tha fios aig an t-saoghal buileach
 Nach bi 'choill uile cho d'reach :—
 'S tua 'chraebh 'tha 'n deigh seacadh,
 Gun chait, gun mheangain, gun mheuran,
 Gun siomhach, gun sùgh, gun duilleach,
 Gun rùsg, gun urad nam freumhan.

'S tu an t-eun a chaidh 's an deachamh,
 'S e nead creacht' an deachaideh t-fhagail ;
 'S tu 'm fitheach nach d' riun an ceartas,
 A chaidh air theachdaireachd o 'n àirc ;
 'S tu 'm madadh-allaidh gun fbiaclan,
 S' maing a dh'iaradh 'bhi mar tha thu,
 'S tu 'n ceann-cinnidh aig na biastan,
 'S tha gach duin' a's fiach a' tair ort.

Cha-n iognadh leam thu 'bhi 'd bhalach,
 'S 'bhi salach ann ad nàdur,
 O'n a thin thu ris an dùthchas
 A bh' aig na sgìursaichean o'n tain' thu !
 'S tu 'n tisean a fhuaír an t-ùmaidh
 Ris an t-siùrsach air na sraidean :
 'S i 'n droch-bheairt a thog 'ad chloinn thu,
 'S ann 'ad shloightire 'chaidh t-àrach !

Thoisich thu 'n toiseach gu h-iséal
 Air a' chríne 's air a' bhochdáinn ;
 S e 'n donas thug dhut a bli spòrsail
 'S ann bu chòir dhut bhi 'gad chosnadh.
 'S bochd nach d' fhan thu aig do dhùthchas,
 'Ad bhrùthair, a' bruich nam poitean,
 A' cumail dibhe ris gach grùdair'
 'Nuair a dhruigheadh iad na botail.

Bha thu, greis 'ad thím, 'ad bhaigear,
 'S laidh thu 'n fhad sin air na cairdean,
 A bhi oidhche 's gach taigh a's dùthach,
 A dhùraigealbh cuid an trath' dhut ;
 A mheud 's a bha de dh' ainfeich airtsa
 Chuir thu cuid nam bochd g' à phàidheadh :
 Ciod e 'nis' a chuir an stoc thu
 Ach an robaireachd 's a inhéirle ?

Shaoil thu gu'm faigheadh tu achain,
 (Bu mhasladh gu'm biodh i 'd thàigse)
 Cead suidhe 'am parlamaid Bhreatninn,
 Gun chiall, gun cheartas, 'ad eanchainn.
 Duine dall a chaidh air seachran,
 Nach 'eil beachdail air na 's fhearra dha,
 Le còmhchràd tubaisdeach, tuisleach,
 'S le sìr droch-thuiteamas clearbach.

Duine gun fhearrann, gun oighreachd,
 Gun nì' gun staoile, gun airgiod,
 Gun bheus, gun chreidhimh, gun chreideas,
 Gun ghin a chreideas à sheanachas ;

Duine misgeach, bristeach, breugach,
 Burraidh tha na bheisd 's n'a ainmhidh,
 'S trioblaid-inntinn, le itheadh dèisneach,
 Gu tric a' téumadh a chridhe chealgach.

Tha thu sònraicht' ann ad chonan
 A' togail conais 'am measg dhaoine,
 Cha chualas roimhe do choimeas
 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 éucoil
 Ag innse bhréagan air rìgh Deòrsa,
 Cha chreid duine bluath an sgéul ud,
 'S cha toir iad éisdeachd do d' chòmhchràd ;
 'S beag a dhruigheas do dhroch-dhùrachd.
 Air oigh' a' chrùin a's na còrach
 S a liuthad neach a tha, gu toileach,
 A' toirt onorach d' a inhòrachd.

Ge beag orts a Morair *Loudain*,
 B' aithue dhòmh's an soun o'n d' fhàs e,
 Duin-usal foisinneach, fonnar,
 Cridhe connar, aigne àrda ;—
 Seanalair, air thus na h-armait,
 A bha ainnmeil anns sau blàraibh ;
 Cha mhisid e madadh air bhàothal
 A bhi tabhannaich an tras' ris.

'S gòrach a labhair thu mòran
 Air cùl larla Bhòid, an t-armunn,
 Cùnnspunn onorach, le firinn
 A' seasamh na riòghachd gu laidir ;
 S e gu h-àrd-urramach, priseil
 Ann an cuirt an rìgh 's na bànn-rìgh'n
 A dh' aindeoin na Faochaig 's nam biasdan
 Leis am 'fhiach dol ann am páirt ris.

Bhruidhinn thu gu leir mu Albainn,
 'S b' fhearr dhut gu'm fanadh tu samhach,
 Na'u tigeadh tu 'n còir nan Garbh-chrioch,
 Bu mhairg a bhiodh ann ad àite ;
 Bhiodh tu 'm priosan ri do làthan
 'Dh 'aindeoin na ghabhadh do phàirt-sa ;
 'S an eirig na rinn thu 'dhroch-bheairt,
 Bheirteadh chroich mar ghalar-bais dhut.

Ch'a'n iognadh dhut bhi fo mhulad,
 Fhuair thu diùmb gach duin' an àl so ;
 'S e sin fein a bha thu 'cosnadh,
 'S creutair croasd thu o'n a dh' fhàs thu ;
 'S liouar mi-run ann ad chnideachd,—
 Mallachd na Cuigse 's a' Phàp ort !
 Mallachd an t-saoghal gu leir ort !
 'S mo mhallachd fein mar ri cùch ort !

R A N N

A GHABHAS MAIGHDEAN D'A LEANNAN.

CHA 'n eòlas gràidh dhut
 Uisge shràbh na shop,
 Ach gràdh an fhir thig riut,
 Le blàtbs a tharruinn ort ;
 Eirich moch Di-dòmhnuich
 Gu lic chomhnairt phlataich,
 'S thoir leat heannachd pobuill,
 Agus currachd sagairt ;
 Tog sud air a għualainn
 Agus sluasaid mhaide,
 Faigh naoi gasan ranaich,
 Air an gearradh, le tuaigh,
 A's tri chnaimhean seann-duine,
 Air an tarruinn á uaign ;
 Loisg air teine crionaich e,
 Dean sud gu léir na luath,
 Suath sin ra għeala-bħro illeach,
 An aghaidb na gaoith tuath ;
 'S théid mise 'n ra's am barrantas,
 Nach falbh 'm fear ud bhuat.

MARBH-RANN DO CHU

A CHAIDH BATHADH 'SA MHAIGHEACH TARSAINN NA BHEUL.

LATHA do Phàdruiig a sealg,
 'Am fireach nan learg air sliabh,
 Thug e ghleann Artanaig sgriob,
 'S aun thachair e 'm frith nam fiadh.
 Leig e na shiubhal an cù,
 A bha luath, laidir, lħuġħar, diann,
 Cha robh a leithid riamh san tìr ;
 Ach bran a bh'aig rīgh nam Fian.

Gaodhar, bu gharg calg a's fionnadh,
 Cruaidh, colgara, fūil a's malla,
 Bu mhath dreach, a's dealbh, a's cumachd,
 A churraidih bu gharg sa charrайд,
 Bheirreadh e 'm fiadh dearg a mullach,
 'Sam Boc-earb, a dluħas a bħarraich,
 B'e phasan bhi triall don mhunadh,
 'S cha tain' e riamh dhachaiga fallamh.

Culaidh leagadh nan damh dònn,
 Air mullach na'n tòm 's nan enoc,
 Namhaid n'am hiasd dubh a's ruadh,
 'S ann air a bha buaidh nam broc.

Bha mhaigheach tarsainn na hheul,
 Thuit iad le cheil ann an slochd ;
 Bha iad bāite 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 leðir,
 Gu'n fħios agam, cia fhad an tím,
 Gus an teannar mi fhein da cōir :
 Còmhdaħħ flainin 's líne lin,
 A's ciste dbubh dhionach bhord,
 Air mheud 's ga 'n cruinnich mi nì,
 Sud na tbéid leam sios fo'n fhodd.

'S beag ar cùram ro 'n bhàs,
 'M fad 'sa bhios sinn là idir òg,
 Saoilidh sinn mu għeibh sinn dàll,
 Gur e ar 'n àite fuireach beo ;
 Faċċaidd sinn fhaċċin air cāċċ,
 'S iad g'ar fàgħil gach aon lò,
 Gur nadurra dħulinne gach tràth,
 Gum heil am has a' tcannadha oirnn.

Tha mo pheaca-sa ro thròm,
 'S muladach sin leam an drast ;
 Tha mi smaoineacha' gu tric,
 Liuthad uair a hrist mi 'n aħħim,
 Le miann mo dhroch inntin fein,
 Leis an robb mo chreubħag län ;
 Gun chuiħn air Ughdarras Dë,
 Le dùrachd am bheul n'am laimh.

Ged' is mòr mo pheaca gniomh,
 'S mi 'n cionta ceud pheacaidh Adh'mb,
 Cheannacha' mi le fuil gu daor,
 A dħbiżżeq sgaoilteach air a bhàr ;
 Tha mo dhùil, 's cha dħċhas faoin,
 Ri iochd fhaotainn air a sgħaq,
 Gu'n glacar m'anam gu sīth,
 Le fulangas Cbriosd amħaġin :

Tha mo dhħoħas ann an Criosc
 Nach dħobal e mi gu bràtb,
 'Nuair a leagar mo chorp sios
 Ann an staid ħosaili fo'n bħlär ;
 Gu'n togar m'anam a suas,
 Gu riogħaċċid nam buadh 's nan gràs,
 Gu'm bi mo leaba fo' dħion
 Cois catbrach an Ti is aird.

Cha bhiodh m'eagal ro' an aog,
 Ged' thigħeadd e' m tħaobh gun dàll,

N'am bitheinn do pheaca saor,
 'N déigh's a ghaoil a thug mi dha;
 Tha mo dhùil anns an Dia bheo,
 Gu'n deau e tròcair orm an dràst,
 Mo thoirt a 'steach a' dh'ionad naomh,
 'N cuideachd Mhaois a's Abraham.

Gabhaidh mi 'nis mo chead an t-sluagh,
 Le'n toirt suas daibh ann am' chainnt,
 Fàgaidh mi aca na chnuasaich
 Na stuaghan a bh' anu am cheann ;
 'Los gu'n abair iad ra' chéile,
 " Mar a leugh sinn fén gach rann,
 Cò air an d'thèid sinn gn'u sirreadh ?
 'Nis cha'n 'eil am Filidh ann."

MARBH-RANN AN UGHDAIR,

DHA FEIN.*

Fhìa tha 'd sheasamh air mo lic
 Bha mise mar tha thu'n dràst ;
 Si mò leaba 'n diugh an uaigh,
 Cha'n'eil smior no smuain a'm' chnàimh :
 Ged' tha thusa làidir, òg.
 Cha mhair bee, ged' fhuair thu dàil ;
 Gabh mo chomhairle 's bi glie,
 Cuimhnich tric gu'n tig am bàs.

Cuimhnich t-anam a's do Shlànugh'r,
 Cuimhnich Phàrras thar gach àit ;
 Gabh an cothrom gu bhi sàbhailt
 Ann an gàirdechas gu bràth :
 Ged' a thuít sinn anns a ghàradh
 Leis an fhàilling a rinn Adh'mh,
 Dh'èirich ar misneach as ùr
 'Nuair fhuair sinh Cùmhnan' nan Gràs.

Cuimhnich daonnan a chur romhad,
 Gu'n coimhead thu a h-uile àithn',
 O'se cumhachdan an ard riugh
 Rinn am fágail air dà chlàr ;

* The Author's Epitaph, by himself.

Chaidh sin liubhairt do Mhaois ;
 Rinn Maois an liubhairt do chàch ;
 Na'm b'urrain sinne ga'm freagradh,
 Cha b'aobhar eagail am bàs.

Caochladh beatha th' ann 's cha bhàs,
 Le beannachadh gràsmhor, buan ;
 Gach neach a ni a chuid is fearr,
 'S math 'n t-àit am faigh e dhuais
 Cha bh' iñ t-anam ann an càs,
 Ged' tha'n corp a' tàmh 's an uaigh,
 Gus an latha'n tig am Bràth
 'S an éirich sliochd Adhaimh suas.

Seinnear an tròmpaid gn h-àrd,
 Cluinnear 's na h-uile àit' a fuaim ;
 Dùisgear na mairbh as a bhlàr
 'N do chàràich cùch iad 'nan suain ;
 'S mheud 'sa chailleadlu le an-uair,
 No le annradh fuar a chuain ;
 Gu sliabh Shioin théid an sluagh,
 Dh' fhaotain buaidh le fuil an Uain.

Gheibh iad buaidh, mar fhuair an siol,
 A chinn liomhòr anns an fhònn ;
 Culd deth dh'fhas gu fallain, direach,
 'S cuid na charran lòsal cròm :
 Gleidhear a chuid a tha lònntach,
 'Am beil brigh a's torradh tròm ;
 Caillear a chuid a bhios aotrom,
 'S leigear leis a ghaooth am moll.

Cha'n'eil bean na duine beò,
 Na lànan phòsda nach dealaich ;
 Bha iad liomhòr sean a's òg
 Ar luchd-eòlais nach 'eil maireann :
 Cha b'e sin an t-aobhar bròin
 Bhi ga'n cuir fo'n fhòd am falach,
 Na'm biodh am bàs na bhàs glan,
 Cha bu chàs 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' fhágail fann :
 Tha mo thàlantán air caochladh,
 'S an t-aog air tighinn 's an àm ;
 'S e m' achanaich air sgàth m' Fhearr-saoraidh,
 Bhi gu math 's an t-saoghal thàll.

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 M'Pherson 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 CHLUAINIDH.

[AIR DHA TEICHEADH DO 'N FHRADING.]

Gur lionmhor trioblaid sìnte,
Ris an linn a chi 'n droch shaoghal so,
Tha plàigh, claidheamh 's mì-run ann,
Tha gaol na firinn aotrom ann,
Tha fear na foille direadhlann,
Tha 'n cri-aon-fhilit' a' tearnadadh ann,
S ma lasas EAS' a rìreamh riu
Gheibh daoine direach aomadh ann.

Ged dh'eirinn le rìgh Seumas,
Agus dol air gheus fo m' armachd leis,
Mar saoil mi gur h-e'n eu-còir é,
An ni chòir gu'n eight' am chealgair mi?

Ma ni sinn mar a's léir dhuinn
Cha bhi Rìgh na Gréin cho feargach ruinn,
Ach 'se clann nan daoin a's géir-breithich,
S gur fad is éis air Alba sin.

O! is iomadh gaisgeach sàr-bhuiileach,
A laodaich blàr an cuinntais oirn,
Thug Tearlach a's na fàsaichean,
Chaill fuli an dail nan Stiubhartach,
'S a'n cul ri lár's cha dùisgear iad,
Bha croich a's tuagh toirt bás orra,
'S hha cuid dhiu dh'fhag an Dùthchannan.

* 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 Unclotching Act is loudly proclaimed 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.

Am fear a dh'fhag an dùthaich so,
 Bu mhath air chul na Cruadhach e,
 Be'n Gàél sgaiteach, clùteach e,
 'S bu duthasach air Cluainidh e:
 Be'n crainn chuir croiseal diùbhach
 A dhùruid a null thar chuaintean e;
 Thug teisteas fir thar cheudan leis,
 "A chaoidh nach meud a bhuadhaicheas."

Gu'm b'fhearrail, smiorail, amant e
 Bu lasair fhearg 'nuair dhùisgeadh e
 Bu bheo na feol 's na mhealbhainn e,
 Bu bhealach far am bruchdadh e,
 Mar thuinn ri carraig fhairgeach e,
 Mar shaoilleanach 's stoirm ga dùbhlachadh,
 Mar thein air fraoch nan garhhlaichead,
 'S mar easraich gharbh an ùr uisge.

Cha chuireadh faileas gruaimean air
 'S cha chuireadh fuathan càmpar air,
 Cha hu raghainn tuasaid leis,
 'S na b'fheudar dha bu luath-lambach,
 Bha luim, a's greim, a's cruald ann,
 'S hu treun a' bualadh nàmhaid e,
 Mar ealtainn gheur fo'n fheur uain e
 Gun gearrte sluagh san aimhreit leis.

Cha bu bhras gun reusan e
 'S cha mhò bu leumach, gòrach e,
 Biadh lamh a casg na h-eu-corach
 S lamh eile treun sa' chomraig aig.
 Bha truas a's iochd ri feumaich ann,
 'S b'i sìth a's reit a b'òrdagh dha,
 'S cha'n fhaca mis le'm leirsinne
 No'n neach fo'n gheirean ri foirneart e.

Cha bu duine gòrach e,
 A chuireadh bòsd à thrucantas
 Mu nàdùr gu dearbh b'eloch mi,
 Bha cuid de'm sheorsa dh'eireadh leis :
 Mas buidheann ghasd an còmhraig sibh,
 Bidh na *Naoïdh* an conaидh beusadh dhuibh,
 'S mas bratach thaís an co-stri sibh,
 Cha chluinnear beoil a' séis umaibh.

'Nuair thrialladh brais na feirge dheth,
 Bu mhàltà tlà mar mhaighdeinn e,
 Bu bhlath mar aiteal gréin mhoich e,
 Bu cbìùin spéur an auamoich e
 Mar ghlaicair oigh fo ceud-bharr,
 'S i tighinn gu réith gu caoimhnealachd,
 Bha sean a's òg cho speiseil dheth,
 'S nach fac iad treun cho toillteannach.

'Nuair bha'n saoghal bruailleanach,
 S gluasad air luchd nàthsaichead

Nuair bhiodh an cinn gun chluasagan,
 Gun támh le buail' a's báthaisean,
 Thug Eobhon sgrìobh thoirt fuasgladh dhuinn,
 'S ghlaiss e suas a Ghàëldachd,
 'S cha'n iarradh iad mar bhuachaillean
 'S an taobh-tuath ach na fàsaichean.

Ach dh-fhalbh e nis a's dh'fhag e sinn,
 'S co chaisgeas lamh na h-eacorach ?
 Ged fhaitce 'n chòir ga sàrachadh,
 Gu'n chaill sinn làmhdh ar treundai,
 Mo bheannachd suas do Phàrrais leis,
 Bho'n dh' shill am bàs na éideadh e,
 'S a dh'aindean righ a's parlamaid,
 Rinn Righ nan gràsan réite ris.

COMUNN AN UISGE-BHEATHA.

FAR mo ghaoil an t-uisge-beatha,
 Air am bi na daoin' a feitheamh !
 'S tric a chuir e saoi 'na laidhe
 Gun aon chlaideamh rùsgadh.
Ciod eile chuireadh sunnt oirn,
Mur cuireadh bean a's liunn e ?

'Nuair chaisgeas gach sluagh am pathadh,
 'S a théid inac nam buadh air ghàbhail,
 'S lònsmhor uaisle feadbh an taighe
 'S biasd nach caitheadh cùinneadh.
Ciod eile, &c.

Cha b'e sud an comunn suarrach.
 'S maig a dh'iarradh an taobh shuas daibh.
 'S iad nach cromadh thun na fuardaig,
 Ge bu dual daibh 'n lùireach.
Ciod eile, &c.

Gheibh't an sin gach làmhdh bu chruidhe,
 'S cò b'fhearr na clann na tuatha ?
 'M fear bhiodh aig an amar-fhuail,
 Gu'm buaileadh e aon triùir dhiubh.
Ciod eile, &c.

Bi'dh iad làn misniach is cruidail,
 Gu h-aigeantach brisg 'san tuasaid,
 Chuireadh aon fhichead san uair sin
 Tearlach Ruadh fo 'n chrùn duinn !
Ciod eile, &c.

Chluinneadh fear a bhiodh gun chluais iad,
 Nan deanadh luinneag a's fuaim e ;

Comunn teangach, cainnteach, cuachach,
Damhsach, suairc', neo-hhrùildeil.
Ciod eile, &c.

Comunn aoidheil, òlmhor, pàrteil,
Pògach, dornach, srònach, għabbaidh,
Spòrsail, ceħlħor, còrnach, għaireach.
Nach cuir cäs gu smuirein.
Ciod eile, &c.

Gar am pàidhear an fheill-màrtuinn
'S ged' rach an righ — mhàthair,
Leanaidh iads' an ioc-shlaaint àdmhor
Gus am fàg an lùghs iad.
Ciod eile, &c.

'M fear a chaidh choimhead na h-oïdhche,
Leig a chasan air a dhruim e;
Thug e staigh an rud nach d'rinn e,
'S h'oillteil a bha chultaobh.
Ciod eile, &c.

Dh'érich am fear a bha làimh ris
Theicheadh ro bholadh an fhàlidh,
Thuit e anns a' mhuighe-làgain,
'S mhill a' chàth a shùilean.
Ciod eile, &c.

Dh'érich an treas fear gu dàicheil
Chum 's gu'n tearnadadh e'm fear hàite,
Chuir e ghriosaċċ as le mhàsan,
'S còta Spàinneach ùr air.
Ciod eile, &c.

'N sin dar dh'érich iad uile
Thuirt fear, "Gabhar greim do 'n duine,
Fhuair e masladh, 's cha h'e munar :
Loisgeadh mu 'na għlùn e."
Ciod eile, &c.

Thuirt caraid an fir a chaidh losgad
"Tha thu fior bhreugach, a losgairn.
Bi mach fhad 's tha 'n dorus fosgait',
Oglaiħ, loħħte dhūisg so"
Ciod eile, &c.

San uair a 's fearr a bhios aca
Bi'dh lāmħ air gach cuail' a's hata,
Bi'dh fear huailte, 's fear ga thachdadh,
'S fear fo 'n casan ciùrrte.
Ciod eile, &c.

Fear eile thig aileag 'na bħrġad,
Stiuridh e'm broilleach a bħrāħar
Aran pronn, a's im a's cāise,
Brucach, blath, cur smūid dheth.
Ciod eile, &c.

Their hean-an-taige gu dìblidh—
"Dhuin", is olc an càradh bidh sin,
'S mòr a b'fhearr dhomh agam fħin e,
'S mibd a phris a's dùthach."
Ciod eile, &c.

'N sin dar thig na coin sa chom-ith,
Leigidh iad air cimith camith.
Leasaichidh fear eile an nollaig
Le gleus ronnach ûrar.
Ciod eile, &c.

'Nuair db'fħasas a' hħangaid goirid,
Chuid nach tainiq ach mu dheireadh,
O nach faigh iad làn an goile,
Goiridh iad gu diùmach.
Ciod eile, &c.

Théid iadsan a nis anns sa chéile,
'S chi gach mad' e féin 'an déigh laimh,
Bi'dh surd air na h-armaidh gléusta,
'S deudaiċċeu gan rùsgadħ.
Ciod eile, &c.

'S ann an sin a hhios a' chaonaq,
Firum, farum, chon a's dhaoine,
Clann a' rànaich, mnái rì caoine,
'S baobhail crost' a' chūrt iad.
Ciod eile, &c.

'S ma chreideas gach fear na chual e,
'S meas' e na thuirt Callum Ruadh rium.
'S iad na coin a bhios 'an uachdar.
'S hi' daoin' uaile mùcta.
Ciod eile, &c.

A BHAN AIS BHAN.

LUINNEAG.

*Mo run air a chomunn ud
Cha somolta neo-thomadach,
Mo dħurachd do 'n chomunn ud
Gan blu gun bħolla gann daibh.*

*An cuja' siħħs' a hħanais bhàn,
Bħaig Eohħon Mac-Dhùghaill Dī-mairt,
Ann am Pac-ulla gu h-ard
Aig na thrāigh iad àngar.
*Mo run, &c.**

*'Nuair a thainig iad a njos
Rinn iad achanaich ri Brian*

Iad a bhi uille cbo liath,
Re ciabbag flir na hainnse.
Mo run, &c.

Labhair fear na bainse fein
Tha dath airgeid oirn' gu leir
Ciod an cron tba oirn fo 'n gheirein
Mar dean fear-beurra rann oirn ?
Mo run, &c.

Thuirt Pàdruiig Mac-Mbuirich gu fòil
Agam-sa 'tha bhratach shròil
Is mar sguir am bàrd d'a sgleò
Mar tba mi heo theid sreang air.
Mo run, &c.

Lahair an Cleireach gu dàn'
Agam-sa ta ceart thar chàch ;
Theid am Ministeir am' phàirt
'S gun téid am bàrd sa phrangas.
Mo run, &c.

Thuirt am Maighisdir-Sgoile liath
Mu 'se gleus-air-mas a mhiann,
Mo roghuinn-s' e th'air seachd ciad
'S i cheaird bha riamh cuir ann domh.
Mo run, &c.

Thuirt fear hu dàine na càch
Agam cha'n-eil spéis d'ar dàn,
Eiribh 's cuimt' an t-ùrlar blà,
'S gu'n lion mo lamh-sa dràm dhuibh.
Mo run, &c.

Dh'éirich iad uil cho bhras
'S ann an sud bha farum chàs,
Mar gu'm bitheadh an trùp ghlas,
Ag dol am baiteal *Frangach*.
Mo run, &c.

Cha di-chuimhnich mi gu bràth
Gus an téid mi anns an lär
Comunn ciar-dubh glas mo gràidh
A bha san trà so damhsadh.
Mo run, &c.

A BHHRIGIS LACHDUNN.

LUINNEAG.

'S coma leam a bhrigis lachdunn,
B' annsa 'm feile-beag 'sa m breacan,
'S beag a ghabh mi riamh dé thlachd,
De 'n fhasan a bh'aig clann nan Gall.

CHA Chleirichean 's cha 'n Easbuigean,
Chum a bharr au t-seisein mi ;
Ach a bhrigis leibideach,
Nach deanadh anns na preasan clann !
'S coma leam, &c.

Ged tha bhrigis mìothlachdar,
Gur feumail anns na criochan i,
Gach fear a bhos ri diolanas,
Gu 'n toir i striochdadh air gun taing,
'S coma leam, &c.

Ach cuiribh air na mnathan i,
'S ann orra 's fearr a laidheas i,
Gur sgiobalt' air feadh taighe i,
'S b' e 'n ceol am faighinn innt a uambs'.
'S coma leam, &c.

Gur mise bh' ann 'sa 'u eisdeachd,
'S na mnathan 'g radb ri cheile,
Gu 'm b' fhearr leo orra fhein i,
Na bhi ceusadh an flir chaim !
'S coma leam, &c.

Cha mhath gu direadh bruthaich i,
S cha 'n fbiach leinn thun an t-siubhail i,
'S cha 'n eil mi idir buidheach,
Air an fhearr a luthraig 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 niosgaid air gach hall.
'S coma leam, &c.

Bhrigis duhh gun sianadh,
Chuir as an t-aodach briatha,
Bhiodh fosgait air ar bialthaobh,
'S nach iarradh a chumail teann.
'S coma leam, &c.

Chuir i mach do Shasunn sinn,
Le surd a bhi sgairteil oirnn,
'S leig i rithisd dhachaigh sinn,
Gun fhiù 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.

I A I N R U A D H S T I U B H A R T.

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 out-breaking 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.

L A T H A C H U I L O D A I R.

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
 Oirnne 's laidir diuc Uilleam,
 'N rag mheirleach tha guin aige dhuinn;
 Be's sud salchar nan steallag.
 Tigh'n an uachdar air chruiineachd an fhuinn.
 Mo chreach Tearlach Ruadh, boidheach,
 Bhi fo bhinn aig righ Deòrsa nam biasd;
 Be's sud dìteadh na còrach,
 An fhriuin 'sa beul foipe sios;
 Ach a righ mas a deoin leat,
 Cuir ariù roighachd air seal a chaithd dhinn,
 Cuir righ dligheach na còrach,
 Ri linн na tha beo os ar cinn.
 Mo chreach armait nam breacan,
 Bhi air sgaileadh 's air sgapadh 's gach hit,
 Aig fior bhalgairean Shasuinn,
 Nach no ghnathach bonn ceartas na 'n dail;
 Ged a bhuanach iad baiteal,
 Cha b'ann da 'n cruaidal na 'n tapadh a bha,

Ach gaodh n-iar agus frasan,
 Thigh'n a nios oirnn bharr machair nan Gall.*
 S truagh nach robh sinn an Sasunn,
 Gun bhi cho teann air ar dachaigh sa bha,
 'S cha do sgaoil sinn cho aithghearr,
 Bhiodh ar dicheadh ri seasamh o'a b' shearr;
 Ach 's droch dhraoidheachd a's drachdan,
 Rinneadh dhuinne mu 'n deachas na 'n dail,
 Air na frithean eolach do sgap sinn,
 'S bu mhi-chomhail gu'n d'shairtlich iad oirun.

Mo chreach mhor! na cuirp ghlé-gheal,
 Tha na 'n laidh' air na sleibhteann ud thall,

* Allusion is here made to Nairn, where the Duke of Cumberland was celebrating his birth-day 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.

Gun chiste gun leintean,
 Ga 'n adhlacieadh fhein anns na tuill ;
 Chuid tha beo dhiu 'n deigh sgaoileadh,
 'S iad ga fògar le gaothan thar tuinn ;
 Fhuair a Chuigs' a toil fein dinn,
 'S cha chan iad ach "réubaltaich" ruinu.

Fhuair na Gaill sinn fo 'n casan,
 'S mor a nàire 'sa masladh sid leinn,
 N deigh ar dùthcha 's ar 'n àite,
 A spùilleadh 's gun bhlaths agaunn ann ;
 Caisteal Dhuinidh 'n deigh a losgadh,
 'S e na laraich lom, thosach, gun mhiagh ;
 Gu 'm b'e 'n caochala' goirt e,
 Gu 'n do chaill sinn sochair a b' fhiach.

Cha do shaoil leam, le m' shùilean,
 Gu 'm faciunn gach cuis mar a tha,
 Mur spùtadh nam faoilleach,
 'N am nan luidhean a sgaoileadh air blàr ;
 Thug a chuibile car tionndaidh,
 'S tha ioma fear aime-cheart an càs ;
 A Rìgh seall le do chaoimhneas,
 Air na fir th' aig na naimhdeau an sàs.

'S mor eucoir 'n luchd ordugh,
 An fhuil ud a dhortadh le foill ;
 Mo sheachd mallachd aig Deorsa,*
 Fhuair e 'n latb' ud air ordugh dha fein ;
 Bha 'n da chuid air a mheoirean,
 Moran giogan gun trocair le foill ;
 Mheall e sinne le chòmhra',
 'S gu 'n robh ar barail ro mhór air r'a linn.

Ach fhad 'sa 's heo sinn r'ar latha,
 Bi'db sinn caoidh na ceathairn chaidh dhinn,
 Na fir threubhach bha sgairteil,
 Dheanadh teugbhal le claidheamh 's le sgiath ;
 Mur biadh siantan n' ar n' aghaidh,
 Bba 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 dràsda ri osnaich leam fein
 'G amharc feachd au dù-Rosaich,
 'G ithe feur agus cruinneachd an fhuinn ;
 Rothaich iargalt a's Cataich,
 Tigh'n a nall le luchd chasag a's lann,
 Iad mar mhiol-choin air acras,
 Siubhal criochan, charn, chlach, agua bheann.

Mo creach ! tìr air an tainig,
 Rinn sibh nis clar reidh dh'i cho lom,
 Gun choiree gun ghnàisich,
 Gun siol taght' ann am fàsach na 'm fonn,

Prìs na circ air an spàrdan,
 Gu ruige na spàinean thoirt uainn,
 Ach sgrios na craoibhe f'a blà dhiubh,
 Air a crionadh fo barr gus a bonn.

Tha ar cinn fo 'na choille,
 'S eigin beannntan a's gleannain thoirt oirnn,
 Sinn gun sùigradh gun mhaenus,
 Gun eibhneas, gun aitneas, gun cheòl,
 Air bheag bìdhc no teine,
 Air na stùcan an laidheadh an cèòl,
 Sinn mar chomhachaig eile,
 Ag eisdeachd ri deireas gach lò.

ORAN EILE,

AIR LATHA CHUILODAIR.

O ! gur mis' th' air mo chràdh,
 Thuit mo chrìdhe gu làr,
 'S tric snithe gu m' shàil o m' leirsinn.
 O ! gur mis', &c.

Dh'fhalbh mo chlaistinneachd hhuam,
 Cha chluinn mi 'sa n' uair,
 Gu mall na gu luath ni 's éibhinn.
 Dh'fhalbh mo, &c.

Mu Pbriunns' Thearlach mo rùin,
 Oighre diligeach a chruin,
 'S e gun fhios ciod an tùbh a theid e.
 Mu Thearlach, &c.

Fuil rioghail nam buadh,
 Bhi 'ga dìobairt 's an uair,
 'S mac diolain le 'shlnagh ag éiridh.
 Fuil rioghail, &c.

Siol nan cuilean a bha,
 Ga 'n ro mhath chinneich an t-àl,
 Chuir iad sinn' ann an càs na h-éigin.
 Siol nan cuilean, &c.

Ged a hhuannaich sibh blàr,
 Cha b' an d' ur cruadal a bha,
 Ach gun ar shluaghainn' bhi 'n dàil a chéile.
 Ged a hhuannaich, &c.

Bba iad iomadaidh bhuainn,
 Dheth gach finne mu thuath,
 'S bu mhiste sinn' e ri uair ar féuma.
 Bha iad iomadaidh, &c.

Coig brataichean sròil,
 Bu ro mhath chuireadh an lò,
 Gun duine dhiubh chòir a chéile.
 Coig brataichean, &c.

* Lord George Murray.

Iarla Chrompa le shlòigh, Agus Bárasdal òg, S Mac-'Ic-Ailein le sheoid nach geilleadh. Iarla Chompa, &c.	Dh' fhàs an talamh cho trom, Gach fraoib, fearunn a's fonn, 'S nach bu chothrom dbuinn lom an t-sleibhe. Dh' fhàs an talamh, &c.
Clann-Ghriogair nan Gleann Buidheann ghiobach nan lann 'S iad a thigeadh a nall na 'n eight' iad. Clann-Ghriogair, &c.	Lasair theine nan Gall, Frasadb pbeileir mu 'r ceann, Mhill sid eireachdas lann 's bu bheud e. Lasair tbeine, &c.
Clann-Mhuirich nam buadh, Iad-san uile bhi bhuainn, Gur h-e m' iomadan truagh r'a leughadh. Clann Mhuirich, &c.	Mas fior an dàna g'a cheann, Gu 'n robb Achan* 'sa chàmp, Dearg mheirleach nan raud 's nam breagan. Mas fior an dàna, &c.
A Cblann-Domhnuill mo ghaoil, 'Ga 'm bu shuaithcheantas fraoch, Mo chreach uile ! nach d' fhaod sibh eiridh. A Chlann-Domhnuill, &c.	'S e sin an Seanalair mo Gràin a' smallachd an t-sloigh, Reic e onoir 'sa chòir air eucoir. 'S e sinn an, &c.
An fhuil uaibhreach gun mheang, Bba buan, cruadalach, ann, Ged chaidh ur bualach an am na téugbhail. An fhuil uaibhreach, &c.	Tbionndaibh choileir 'sa chleòe, Air son an sporain bu mhò, Rinn sud dolaidh do sheoid righ Seumas. Thionuaidh, &c.
Dream eile mo cbreach, Fhuair an laimhseacba' goirt, Ga 'n ceann am Frisealach gasda, treubhach. Dream eile, &c.	Ach thig cuibhle an fhortain mu 'n cuairt, Car bho dbeas na bho thuath, 'S gheibh ar 'n eas-caraid duais na h-eucoir. Ach thig cuibhle, &c.
Clann-Fhiunnlaidh Bhraiddh-Mharr, Buidheann ceannsgalach, ard, 'Nuair a ghlaoidhde abhans 's iad dh' eireadh. Clann-Fhiunnlaidb, &c.	'S gu 'm bi Uilleam Mac Dbeòrs', Mur chràuibh gun duilleach fo leòn, Gun fhreamh, gun mheangan, gun mheoirean 'S gu 'm bi Uilleam, &c. [gèige.
Mo chreach uile 's mo bhrön, Na fir ghasd' tha fo leòn, Clann-Chatain nan srol bhi dhéis-laimh. Mo chreach uile, &c.	Gu ma lom bhios do leac, Gun bhean, gun bhrathair gun mhac, Gun fhuaim clàrsach, gun lasair chéire. Gu ma lom, &c.
Chaill sinn Dòmbnull donn, suaire, O Dhùn Chrompa so shuas, Mar ri Alasdair ruagh na feile. Chaill sinn Dòmhnull, &c.	Gun sòlas, sonas, no seanns, Ach dòlas dona mu d' cheann, Mur bh' air ginealach Chlann na h-Eiphit. Gun solas sonas, &c.
Chaill sinn Raibeart an àigh, 'S cha bu ghealtair e' m blàr Fear sgathadh nan cuamh 's nam feithean. Chaill sinn Raibeart, &c.	A's chi sinn fhathasd do cheann, Dol gun athadh ri crann, 'S eoin an adhair gu teann ga réubadh. A's chi sinn, &c.
'S ann thuit na rionnagan gasd ; Bu mhath aluinn an dreach, Cha bu phàigheadh leinn mairt na 'n eirig. 'S ann tbuit, &c.	'S bidh sinn uile fa-dheòidh, Araon sean agus òg, Fo 'n righ dhligbeach 'ga 'n coir duinn géilleadh. 'S bidh sinn, &c.
Air thus an latha dol sios, Bha gaodh a cathadh nan sian, As an adhar bba trian ar leiridb. Air thus an latha, &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.

URNAIGH IAIN RUAIDH.*

Aig taobh sruthain na shuidhe's e sgith,
 Tha'n Criosdaidh bochd Iain Ruadh,
 Na cheatharnach fhathas gun sith,
 Sa chás air tuisleadh sa'n tim gu truagh.

Ma thig Duimhnich no Cataich a'm dhàil,
 Mu'n slanach mo lùigheannan truagh,
 Ged thig iad cho tric a's is àill,
 Cha chuir iad orm lamh le luath's.

Ni mi'n ubhaidh† rinn Peadar do Phàl,
 'S a lùighean air fàs leum bruaich,
 Seachd paidir 'n ainm Sagairt a's Pàp,
 Ga chuir ris na phlàsd 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 piece 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 mole 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.

† 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

Ubhaidh eile as leith Mhuire nan gràs,
 'S urrainn creideach dheanadh slau ri uair ;
 Tha mis' am chreideamh gun teagamh, gun dail,
 Gu'n toir sinn air ar naimhdean buaidh.

Sgeul eile 's gur h-oil leam gu'r fior,
 Tha'n drasd anns gach tir mu'n cuairt,
 Gach fear gleusda bha feumail do'n rìgh,
 Bhi ga'n ruith feadh gach frith air an ruaig.

Bodaich dhona gun onair, gun bhrigh,
 Ach gionach gu ni air son duais,
 Gabhail fàth oirnu 's gach àit ann sa'm bi—
 Cuir a chuibhlle so' Chriosda mu'n cuairt !

Ma thionndas i deiseal an dràsd,
 'S gu'm faigh Frangaich am Flannras buai',
 Tha'm earbs' as an targanachd bh'as,
 Gu'n tig armaiti ni stà dhruinn thar chuan.

the Highlands. The Editor well recollects with what self-complacency and *sang froid* the female Esculapii of his native glen used to repeat the " *Edlas sgiuchadh frithe*," over the hapless hobbler of sprained joints. 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 placess during the recitation, the practitioner never failed to augur favourably of comfort to the patient. There were similar incantations for all the ill; 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 "*Ciar-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 naoi naoinnear dheth a seòrs.
 'S fiolar crion nan casan lionmhòr,
 Bu mhòr pianadh air feadh fedla," &c.

Here follows the other, denominated "*Eolas a Chronochaidh*," 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, it is probably of Irish origin; but we know that it held equally good in the Highlands of Scotland as it did across the Channel.

Deanamsa dhutsa, eolas air sul,
 A uchd 'Ille Phàdrig naomih,
 Air at am haich a's stad earabuill,
 Air naoi conair 's air naoi connachair,
 As airnaoi bean seang sith,
 Air suil seanna-ghille 's sealta seanna-mhna,
 Mas a suil fir i, i lasadh mar bhígh,
 Mas a suil mnath i, i bhi dh'easbhnidh a citch,
 Falcadair fuar agus fuarachd da fuli,
 Air an ni, 's air a daoine,
 Air a crodh, 's air a caoirlach fein.

Gu'n toir Fortan dha didean le gràs,
Mur Mbaois 'nuaир a thraighe a mhuir ruadh,
Sgu'm bidh Déòrsa le 'dhrealainibh báit,
Mur bha'n t-amadan Pharaoh 's a shluagh.

'Nuaир bha Israel sgith 'san staid ghràis,
Rinneadh Saul an là sin na righ,
Thug e sgiùrsadh le miosguinn a's plàigh,
Orra fein, air an àl 's air an u.

Is amhuil bha Breatainn fo bhròn,
O 'na thréig iad a chòir 's an righ ;
Ghabh flaitheas rinn corruiich ro-mhor,
Crom-an-donais ! chaidh 'n seòrsa 'n diags.

A Rìgh shocraich Muire nan gràs,
Crom riomsa le baigh do chluas ;
'S mi'g umhlach le m' ghlùn air an lär,
Gabh achanaich araid bhream.

Chà'n eil sinn a sireadh ach còir,
Thug Cuigs agus Dheorsa bhuainn ;
'Reir do cheartais thoir neart dhuiinn a's treoir,
A's cum sinn bho fhoirneart sluaigh ! Amen.

Mo bheud gu bràth do sgeula bais,
An taobl ud thall de'n Gheòp,
Ainnir ghasd' nan gorm-shuil dait,
'S nan gruaidh air dhreach nan ròs,
'S e do chuir fo lic a chlaoidh mo neart,
'S a dh'fhag mi 'm feasd gun trebir.

Do chorp geal, seang, mar lili bìn,
'Se 'n deis' a charadh 'n sròl,
A nis a ta gach neach fo chràdh,
'S tu 'n ciste chlàr nam bord,
A gheug nam buadh is aillidh sruadh,
Gur mis tha truagh 's nach beò,
Do chuimhn' air chruas, ri linn nan sluagh,
Gur eintne' dh'fhuasglas déibir.

Tha Mac-an-Toisich nan each seang,
'S nam bratach srannmhòr sròil,
Gun aobhar gairdeachais ach cràdh,
Ma ghràdh 's nach eil i beò,
A ribhinn shuairc a b' aillidh sruadh,
O Chaisteal Uaimh nan còrn,
An gallan réidh o cheannard treun,
An t-sloinne Mheinnich mhòir.

CUMHA DO BHANTIGHEARNA

MHIC-AN-TOISICH.*

Cia iad na dée's na Duilean tréun,
Theid leamsa sa'n sgeul' bhròin ?
Tha ghealach fbs, 's na reultann glan,
'S a g'brian fo smal gach lò,
Gach craobh, gach coill, gach bean 's cloinn,
Dha 'm beil na'm broin an déd,
Gach luibh, gach feur, gach ni's gach spreidh,
Mu'n tì rinn boise mòr.

Mar choinneal chéir, 's i lasadh treun,
Mar earr na grein ro nòin,
Bha reull na mais, fo shiontaibh deas,
A nis thug frasan mor,
Oir bhris na tuinn 's na tobair bhuinn :
'S le mulad dhruigh na neoil,
'S e lagaich sinn, 's ar 'n-aigne tinn,
'S gu'n ruith ar cinn le déoir.

Mu'n ribhinn àilt nan ioma gràs,
A choisinn gràdh an t-slùigh,

Note.—This lament was composed on the celebrated Lady M'Intosh of Moyhall, whose firm attachment to the Chevalier's interest is well known. A story is told of this lady which exhibits her character in a very bold and masculine light. Prince Charles had arrived at Moy, on his return 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 communicated the intelligence to Lord Louden, then stationed at Inverness with 500 soldiers. His Lordship immediately marched towards Moy, taking a circuitous route, however, to avoid detection. Intimation was carried to Lady M'Intosh 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 brushwood until the red-coats came up. It was now night, and the sound of Lord Louden'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 Louden, 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!

* For the Air, see the Rev. Patrick M'Donald's Collection of Highland Airs, page 16—No. 106.

COINNEACH MAC-CHOINNICH.

KENNETH M'KENZIE was born at *Caisteal Leauir*, 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 other two 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-dòrain*," 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 have been 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 again 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.

M O L A D H N A L U I N G E.

LUINNEAG.

'S beag mo shunnt ris an liùnn,
M'dran biùrn 's beagan bracha ;
B'annsa leam caisneachd mo rùin,
Air cuan dù-ghorm le capull.

Ge d' a tha mi ann san àm,
Air mo chrampadh le astar,
'S tric a thug mi greisean gàrbh,
Air an fhàirge ga masgadh.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Greis le beachd a deanamh iùil,
'S greis cuir siùil ann am pasgadh,

Greis air iomairt, 's greis air stiùir,
'S greis air chul nam ball-acuinn.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

'S e mo cheist an capall grìnn,
Rachadh léinn air an aiseag,
'S taobh an fhuaraidh, fos a cinn,
S muir ri slinn taobh an fhasgaidh.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Uair a bhiodh i fada shios,
Anns an iochdar nach faict' i,
'S greis eile 'n-aird nam frith,
S i cuir dh'l air a leath-taobh.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

* This happened in the year 1792, in which our author published.

'S i nach pilleadh gun cheann-fa',
 'S i neo-sgàthach gu srachdadh,
 A gearradh tuinn' le geur roinn,
 'S cudrom gaoith' air na slatan.
 'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

'Nuair a chuirt i air a dìgh,
 'S a cuid seòl ris na racan,
 Chuirt' a mach an t-sac'h sgeòid :
 Sud a sròn ris an as-caoin.
 'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Bhiadh i turraban gun tàmh,
 'S chluinnte g'àinich fo'n t-sac i,
 'S bhiadh gach glùn dh'i dol fillt',
 'S chluinnte hid aig gach aisinn.
 'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Chite muir na thonnan àrd,
 'S chluinnt' i gàraich gu farsuinn,
 'S hheireadh ronn ard nan steoll,
 Buille thròm ann gach achlais.
 'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Ann an as-caoineachd a chuain,
 'S anu am fuathas na fraise,
 Thugaih faiceil air a ghaoth ;—
 "Fhearabh gaoil cumaibh rag i."
 'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Chluinnte farum aig an fhairg',
 Molach garbh ains an ath-sith,
 Beucach, rangach, torrach, searbh,
 Srannach, anahharadh, brais i.
 'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Buill bu treis de'n chorraicheadh ùir,
 Croinn de'n ghiuhlsaich bu daite,
 Eideadh cainb nach biadh meanbh,
 'S chite geala-dhearg a hhrataich.
 'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Se mo ruin na fearadh gleust',
 'S iad nach tréigeadh 'an caitean,
 Chluinnte langan nam fear òg,
 'S iad nach deonaicheadh gealtachd.
 'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Tha'n cridhechan farsuinn mòr,
 'S tric a dh'òl iad na bh'aca,
 Damhs a's inghinean a's ceòl,
 'Nuair bu chòir dol gu 'n leahaidh.
 'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Bi'dh iad gu fuireachar geur,
 'N am do'n ghrein dol a chadal,
 Ceileireach, luinneagach, réidh,
 N am hh'i 'g éiridh sa' mhadainn.
 'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

AM FEILE PREASACH.

LUINNEAG.

'S e feile preasach tlachd mo rùin,
 'S osan nach ruig faisg an glùn,
 'S còta breac nam basan dlù,
 'S bonaid dhù-ghorm thogarrach.

B' anusa leam am féile cnaich,
 Na casag de 'n aodach luaicht',
 'S brigis nan ceannglaichean cruaidh,
 Gur e'n droch-uair a thogainn dh'i.
 'S e feile preasach, &c.

Tha mo rùn do'n cideadh làs,
 Cuach an fhéilidh nan dlù hhàs,
 Shiuhhlain leis 's na sléibhteann cás,
 'S rachainn brais air ohair leis.
 'S e feile preasach, &c.

Ge'd a tharlainn ann sa' hliéinn,
 Fad na seachduin 's mi leam fén,
 Fuachd na h-oidhch' cha dean dhomh beud,
 Tha 'm breacan fhéin cho caidearach.
 'S e feile preasach, &c.

Shiuhhlain leis feadh ghleann a's sleibh,
 'S rachainn do'n chlachan leis fhéin,
 Tlachd nan gruagach 's uail nan steud,
 S è deas gu feum na'n togramaid.
 'S e feile preasach, &c.

'S ealamh eadrom è sa' ghleann,
 'S cuillibeir réidh fo' sgéith gun mheang,
 A dh'fhagaidh udlaich ceir-gheal fann,
 A hheireadh srann sa leagadh e.
 'S e feile preasach, &c.

Am fèileadh air am beil mi'n geall,
 Dealg nar gnaillibh suas gun fheall,
 Crios ga ghlasadh las neo-theann,
 'S biodh e gach am gu haganta.
 'S e feile preasach, &c.

'S ann leam bu taitneach è hhi n-àird,
 Nam dhomh tachairt ri mo ghràdh,
 B'fhearr leam seachduin dheth na dhà
 De bhrigis ghrainnde rag-sheallach.
 'S e feile preasach, &c.

'S caomh a'n t-èide 'm breachdan ùr,
 'S ann air fén a dh'eireadh cliù,
 Mar sin 's huaign-larach ann 's gach eùls,
 'S e dheanadh tùrn gun eagal air.
 'S e feile preasach, &c.

'N am do ghaisgich dol air feum
Gàéil ghast gu sracadh bhéin,
Piob ga spaladh 's anail réidh,
A chuireadh eud a's fadadh ann.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

B'e sud caismeachd àrd mo rùin,
Cronan gáireach, bárr gach ciùl,
Brais phuirt mheara, leanadh dù,
Clith gu lùghor grad-mheurach.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

Nuaир a ghlaict' san achlais i,
Beus bu taitnich chunna' mì,
Siunnasair paitl-thollach gun dì—
Os ciomh a chinn gu fad-chraunnach.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

'S i 's boiche dreach 'sa 's tlachdmhor sruagh,
Tartrach, sgar teil, brais phuirt luath,
Muineach cròm air uchd nam buagh,
Chluinneadh fuaim 'nuaир ragadh i.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

A ri ! bu ruith-leumach na meoir,
Dàmbsa brais mu'n seach gun leon,
Is iad air chrith le mire gleoís,
Chluinneadh sròl gu farumach.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

Bheireadh i air ais gu fonn
An cridhe dh'fhas gu túrsach, tròm,
'S chuireadh i spiorad 's gach sonn
Gu dol air am gu spadaireachd.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

Fhuair i 'n t-urram thar gach ceòl,
Cuiridh i mìsneach 's gach feoil,
Togaidh i gu aird nan neoil,
Intinn seoid gu baitealach
'S e feile preasach, &c.

'N àile chumainn trod ri naoinear,
Ged' a dh'aomadh iad gu strì
'S cha leag mì gu bràth le duin' i,
On a dh'fhas i molach mìn.
Mo rùn, &c.

'S truagh nach sinn bha air àiridh,
Air ar fágail ann leinn fhìn,
S chumadh i bho'n fhuachd mi sàbhailt,
On a dh'fhas i molach mìn.
Mo rùn, &c.

Ge d' a gheibhinn tàrigse bh' intigh'r'n,
'S neo-ar-thaing a bheirinn d'i,
'S wòr gum b'fherri leam Nic-'Ill-Eanndrais,
Tha na th'ann d'i mòlach min.
Mo rùn, &c.

Buaidean mo chruinneig cha léir dhomh,
An cuir an géill cha dean mì 'n inns,
Thug nàdur dh'i tuigs as reasan,
Agus ceill nam beusan fillt.
Mo rùn, &c.

Tha i sgèudaichte le h-àilteachd.
'S a càirdeas mar ghrìu air pill,
Séimh, fallain, ùr, 's cumaite dh'fhas i,
O mullach gu sàil a buinn.
Mo rùn, &c.

Leam a b'ait a bhi ga pògadh,
Beul ou tiger an t-òran binn,
Gruaidh mar dhearraig, suil is mòdhair,
'S mor mo bhòsd a glòr à cinn.
Mo rùn, &c.

B'annsa leam a bhi ga h-eisdeachd,
Na smeorach sa Chéitean shìl,
Na fonn fidhle nam binn theudan,
'S na tha cheòl 'an Eirinn chì.
Mo rùn, &c.

Do Chuilodair gu'n tig gàisgich,
Gillean tapaidh as gach tir,
'S bi'dh gach fear an geall air fulréach,
Mar ri Mairéarad mholach mhìn.
Mo rùn, &c.

Dheanainn cur, a's àr, a's buain dh'i,
'S dheanainn cruach gun chiorram dh'i,
S bheirinn sithinn o uchd fhuar-bheann,
'S bheirinn ruaig air euannteal sgì.
Mo rùn, &c.

Shìubhlain latha 's shìublain òidhche,
Is ghleidhinn sàibhreas dl'i gun dl,
S on is caomh leam Nic-'Ill-Eanndrais,
'S caonadh le Nic-'Ill-Eanndrais mì.
Mo rùn, &c.

MAIREARAD MHOLACH MHIN.

LUINNEAG.

Mo rùn Mairéarad mhìn mholach,
'S mo rùn Mairéarad mholach mhìn,
Mo rùn Mairéarad mhìn mholach,
'S ionadh fear a th'air a ti.

'S iona gille tapaidh bárra-ghost,
Eadar Dealganros nam frith,
Seann Loch-uis nam bradan tarra-gheal,
Tha le imé-cheist air a ti.
Mo rùn, &c.

AN TE DHUBH.

AIR FONN—"A Mhòrag na dean mar sin."

LUINNEAG.

*Hoireann ò eile
'S na hì-ri-ri eile
Horeann h-ò 's na h-o eile
Gur mor mo speis do'n te dhuibh.*

S truagh nach robh mi air m' fhàgail
Le m' leannan 's an fhàsaich,
Far nach fhaicinn mo chairdean
Tha toir tair' do'n te dhuibh!

Hoireann, &c.

An seilbh gleannain gun chonnlach,
'S air mulach nam heanntan,
Ghleidhinn aran do m' ainsachd,
Geg tha 'n ceann oirre dubh.

Hoireann, &c.

Dheanainn cuir agus buain d'i,
S bheirinn turus thar chuainteann,
'S cha bhiodh uireasbuidh 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 cùch i,
Tha uaisle na nàdur,
Tha suairceas na gàire—
Ged tha 'm barr oirre duhh!

Hoireann, &c.

Thug nadur dh'i gliocas,
Mar gheard air a tuigse,
'S i làu de dheagh ghibhteann,
'S a ceann nach miste bhi dubh!

Hoireann, &c.

Ciochan corach is mìne,
Air uchd soluis na rìbhinn,
Deud gheal mar na dìsean,
'S beul o'm binn a thig guth.

Hoireann, &c.

O gualainn gu h-òrdaig,
Fhuair urram bhan òga,
Giac gheal nan caol-mhèoirean,
'S a gàirdean feola cho tuingh.

Hoireann, &c.

S math thig staidheas le faomadh,
Air a bodhaig is gaolaich,
'S gur gill i fo h-aodach,
Na chuld 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.

Gnàis is aillidh ri sìreadh,
Ciùin tlà ann an iomairt,
'S le snathaid nì grìnneas,
Nach dean iomadh te dhubb !

Hoireann, &c.

Ged a tha i gun stòras,
Tha taitneas na còmhradh,
B'annsa furan a pòige,
Na'n te ga'n leòm a cuid cruidh.

Hoireann, &c.

S na 'm bitheadh i riarrach,
Air fuireach seachd bliadhna,
Cheannaisean breid d'i gun iarraidh,
Mu'n biodh a sia dhùi air ruith.

Hoireann, &c.

Dh-olainn 's cha neònach,
De dh-uisg' a phuill mhòine,
Air a slainte gu deònach—

*Gùr mise dh-oladh de'n t-sruth !**Hoireann, &c.*

DROBHAIR NAN CAILEAGAN.

AIR FONN—"Caber Feidh."

'S a nise bho'n a thèig sinn,
Le chéile bhi farasda,
Bheirinn comhairl' fheumail,
Dhut fhein ann san dealachadh ;
Na toir do rùn gun reason,
Do thè dheth na caileagan,
Oir 's duilich leam gun d'ëist mi,
Droch sgeula ma fhearaiginn ;
Na bi cho tric a' dol na measg,
Mar chraoibh gun mheas, na caileagan,
Ge d' shaoleadh tus, gun rohh iad dhut,
Cho mìn ad t-uchd ri bainne dhut,

Nam suidhe steaeh, le eibhneas ait,
 Ri cuir ma seach nan dramachan,
 Bi'dh cuir nan cinn a'g èiridh,
 'S gach tè dhiù ri fanaid ort !

Tha na gilleau òga,
 Nan dòchas cho amaideach,
 'S iad le'm barail ghòrach,
 'An tòir air na caileagan,
 Ach fhad sa bhios an suilean,
 Cho duinnta, cha'n aithnich iad,
 'S cha'n fhaic iad Gloc-air-gàradh,*
 Ged' tharladh i maille riu.
 A chaoiadh cha'n fhaic sibh, iad cho ceart,
 Mar gabh sibh beachd le ghlaimeachan,
 'S mus e's gun dearc sibh, mo's faisg,
 Gun tig a ghart, san t-eanach dhíph:
 Mar bheathach bochd, a bhios gun toirt,
 'Nuair theid a ghoirt a's t-earrach ann,
 'S ceart ionann's mar ni ghòraich,
 Air dròbhar nan caileagan.

* 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 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 !

Ge b'è chuireas dùil ann't,
 An dùrachd cha'n aithnich è,
 Ge d' dheanadh i do phògadh,
 'S ge d' òladh i drama leat,
 'S ge d' ghealladh i le dòchas,
 Gum posadh i 'neathrar thu,
 'Nnair thionnta' tu do chùl-thaobh,
 Bi'dh 'n sùilean gan camadh riut.
 Mar sud their ise, ged' tus's glic',
 Gun deanainn tric, nach aithne dhut,
 'S ge mor do bheachd, cha rachainn leat,
 Mar biodh do bheartas màile riut,
 'S mar be dhomh 'n leisg, a bhi am leis,
 Cun deanainn reic a's ceannach ort,
 'S nuair bhios tu faladh chùinneadh,
 Gum feuch mi cùl-thaobh hhaile dhut.

'S ge be ghabhas fàth orr',
 Ga bràch bi'dh air aithreachas,
 'S ma dh' fheuchas i dha cairdeas,
 Cha'n fhearr bhios a Bharail oirr';
 'S mo theid e mo is dàna—
 Thig tàir' agus farran air,
 'S mo gheibh i e sa ghàradh,
 Cha tár e dhol tharais air :
 Bi'dh e cho glic ri duin' air mhisg,
 'S bidh càch ga mheas mar amadan ;
 Nuair bhios e glast' mar ian an snàp,
 '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 brèid oirr'.
 'S an-éibhinn ri latha dba.

WILLIAM ROSS.

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 Mackay, 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 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 emits 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-Samhraidh,*" 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 immovably 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 richness of ideality and mellowness of expression, before they broke up. “*Moladh na h-òighe Gàëlich*,” 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 MHARCUS NAN GREUMACH;

AGUS DO'N EIDEADH-GHAELACH.

Bu trom an t-arsneul a hh'air m'aigne,
Le fadachd 's le mi-ghean,
A bhuin mo threoir 's mo tbàbhachd dhiom,
Cha ghabhadh cèòl na màran riùm
Ach thanig ùr thosgair' da m' iunnsaidb,
'Dhbisg' mi as mo shuain,
'Nuair fhuair mi 'n sgeul bha mor ri éigb'd
Gun d'eadrómaich mo smuain.

Is làtha sealhhach, ratbail, dealarach,
Alail, ainmeil, àgh-mhor,
A dh'fhuasgail air na b-Alhannaich,
Bho mhachraighean gu garbhlaichean,
Bho uisge-Thuaid* gu Arcamh-chuain,
Bho Dheas gu Tuath gu léir;
Is binne 'n sann feadh sbrath a's ghleann
Na òrgan gun mheang glèus.

A Mharcus òig nan Gréumach,
Fhir ghleust' an aigne rioghail,
O! gu'm a huan air t-aiteam thu,
Gu treuhbach, buadhach, macanta,
'S tu 'n ùr-shlat aluinn 's muirenl blàth
De'n fhiubhaidh aird nach crion,
Gur tric na Gàëil 'g òl do shlaint',
Gu h-armuunacb air fion.

Mo cheist am firean foinnidh, direach,
Maiseach, fior-ghlan, ainmeil,
Mo sheobhag sùl-ghorm, amaisgeil,
Tha comhant, cliùiteach, bearraideach,
A h'aird' a leumadh air each-sreine,
'M barracbd euchd thar chàich;
'S tu hhuinig cuis a bharr gacb càirt,
'S a chuir air chùl ar cas!

Air bhi air fàrsan dhomh gach là
Gur tus tha ghnà air m' intinn,
Mo rùin do'n tir o'n d'imich mi,
'S mo shuil air fad gu pilleadh ri:
'S ann thogas orm gu grad mo cholg
Le aigne meanmach, treun—
Mo chliabhha tha gabhal lasadh aigheir,
'S äit mo naigheacbd fèin.

Thainig *fasan* anns an achd
A dh'òrdaich pait am feileadh,
Tha eiridb air na breacanan
Le farum treun neo-lapanach,
Bi'db oighean thapaibd sniomh 'sa dath
Gu h-eihhinn, äit, le uaill
Gach aon diù 'g eideadh a' gaoil fein
Mar 's réidh leo anns gacb uair

* The Water of Tweed.

Biodh cogadh ann no sio-chainnt,
 Cha chuir sin sior-euchd oirn,
 An arn no feachd ma thogras iad,
 No 'n ár-amach cha 'n obamaid,
 Le'r teanadh suas ri uchd an fhuath's,
 Le'r n'earadh uasal féin ;
 Le lanan cruaghach, neart-mhor, buan,
 A leantain ruaig gun sgios !

On fhuaire sinn *fasan* le'r sár chleachdadh,
 Dùisgeadh beachd ar sunnsir,
 Le rùn gun cheilg 's na h-uile fear,
 'S gun mheirgh' air leirg nan Luimneach,
 Le sunnt a' gleus, a's barraochd spéis
 Toirt àite* fein do'n Righ,
 Mo bhàs gun éis mar h'fhearr leam fein sin,
 No ge d' éibh't an t-shith !

Note.—This song, as its title indicates, was composed on the repeal of President Forbes's unclothing 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. Williams 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 sung 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 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 FONN—"Wat ye wha I met yestreen."

O ! mosg'leamaid gu suillbhear àit,
 Le sunntachd ghasd', a's eireamaid,
 Tha mhadainn-sa le furan caomh
 Toirt cuireadh faolteach, éibhinn, duinn ;
 Cuireamaid fáilt air an lò,
 Le cruitean cèolmhor, teud-bhinneach,
 'S biodh ar cridhe deachdadh fuinn
 'S ar beoil a seinn le speirid dha.

Nach cluinn thu bith-fhuaim suthain, seamh,
 'S a bhruthainn sgeambail, bhlà-dhealtrach,
 'S beannachdan a nuas o neamh
 A dortadh fial gu lär aca :
 Tha nadur a caochlachd tuar
 Le caomh-cruth, cuannda, pairt-dhathach,
 'S an cruinne ionlan, mu'n iath grian,
 A tarruinn fiamhan gràsail air !

* Hanover.

Nach cluinn thu còisir stolda, suaire',
 'S an doir' ud shuas le'u branán,
 Seinn clù dha'u Cruthadair fein,
 Le laoidhean ceutach, solasach,
 Air chorraibh an sgìath gun tamh
 Air mheangain ard nan rò-chrannaibh,
 Le'n ceileirean toirt moladh binn,
 Dha'n Tì dh'ath-phill am bèotachd riù.

Gu'm b'fhearr na bhi'n eadal an tamh,
 Air leabaidd stàta chlòimh-itich,
 Eiridh moch sa mhadainn Mhàigh,
 Gu falbh na fàsach fheoirneirich,
 Ruraig a thoirt air bharr na drìuchd,
 Do dhoire dlù nan smèòraichean,
 Am bi tùis is curaichd na fion,
 Le fàile ciatach ròsanan.

Tha feartan toirbheartach, neo-ghann,
 'S an am so gun ghreann dubhlachdach,
 Cuir trusgan trom-dhait' air gach raon,
 Le deult, 's le braon ga'n ùrachadh
 Tha *Flora* cuodachadh gach cluain,
 Gach glaic, a's bruach le flàraichean,
 S bì'dh nedinean, ròsan, 's lili bàin,
 Fo'u dithean aluinn, chùl-mhaiseach.

Tha *Phæbus* fein, le lòchrann aigh,
 Ag òradh àrd nam beanntaichean,
 'S a' taomadh nuas a ghathan tlà,
 Cuir dreach air blàth nan gleanntan ;
 Gach innseag 's gach coirean fraoch
 Ag tarriuin failt na Bealltainu air ;
 Gach fireach, gach tulach, 's gach tom
 Le foirm cuir fuinn au t-samhraidh orr'

Tha caoin, a's ciùin, airmuir a's tir,
 Air machair mhùin's air garbh-shleibtean,
 Tha cuirnean drìuchd na thùir air làr,
 Rì aird 's ri àin na geala-ghreine ;
 Bi'dh coill', a' pòr, a's fraoch, a's fèur,
 Gach iasg, gach éun, 's na h-aínmhidhean
 Ri teachd gu'n gnàsalachd 's gu nùs,
 Na'n gnè, 's na'n doigh, san aimsir so.

Gur éibhinn àbbachd nìonag òg,
 Air ghasgan feoir 'sna h-aonaichean,
 An gleantaibh fàsaich 's iad gu suaire',
 A falbh le buar ga'u saodachadh ;
 Gu h-urail fallain gun sgios,
 Gu maiseach, fialaidh, faolteachail,
 Gu neo-chiontach 'gun cheilg, a's gràs
 Nan gaol a snàmh nan aodannan.

Uain' gach mi-ghean, sgios a's gruaín,
 'S na bidheamaid uair fò'n aineartan,
 Crathamaid air chùl gach bròn,
 Le fonn, le còl, 's le canntaireachd ;

'S binn' an tathaich sud mar cheud
No gleadhraich eitidh chàbhaisairean,
S mi 'm pillein chùrài', chul-ghorm fhraoich,
'S na brughair-bean saor on chàmparaid.

Bitheadh easlaint eitigeach, gun chil
An didean rìmhreach shèdmraichean
Bitheadh éugailean gun spéis, gun hràigh,
'N airtribh righean, 's mor-uaslibh,
Biodh slainte chomnabhalach gach ial,
Am buithaill fial gun stròthalachd,
Aig Gàéil ghasd' an éididh ghearr,
Fir spéiseil, chairdeil, rò-ghennach !

ORAN AIR GAOL NA H-OIGHE

DO CHAILEAN.

ANN ANI madainn chiùin chictean,
'S an spreidh air an lòn,
Agus cailin na buaile,
Gabbail 'n-uallainn mu'n còir :
Do bhi gathanan *Phæbus*,
A cuir an ceilidh tro' na neoil.
Latha buadhach, geal, éibhinn,
'S las na speuran le ròs.

Ach cha b'e 'n tìn, bha'd a tional,
Ann an Innis sa' gheunn,
So bhui m'aighe gu luasan,
'S mi air chuaireat ann an am,
Ach an cailin bu dreach-mhoire',
Miue mais', agus loinn,
Bh'air an tulaich na'm fochar,
Gu ciùineil, foistineach, grinn.

Shinàmh mo smaointean an ioghnadh,
'S thuit mi 'u coachladh ro-mhòr,
Sheas mi snasaicht mar ionhaidh,
'G amharc dian air an òigh,
'S ge do bliosnach mo dhùrachd mi
Dh'eisdeachd ùr-laoadh a beoil,
Stad mi rithist le mòinadh,
'S dheachd mi rùn gu bhi fòil.

Ach gur deacair dhomh innseadh,
Leis mar dhiobrainn an cainnt,
Dreach na fionn' ud, sa h-àilreachd,
A thug barr air gach geall ;
Tha slios geala-mhin mar eala,
No mar chanach nan gléann,
'S a h-anail chùraidh mar chaineal,
O beul meachair gun mheang.

Bha falt cam-lùbach, bòidlicach,
Bachlach, òr-bhuidh', na dhuail,
Càs-bhuidh', sniomhanach, faineach,
An neo-chàradh mu'n cuairt,
Do bhraghad sneachdaidh a b' fhior-gblain
Fo' lic bu mhìn-dheirge gruaidh,
Gun innleachd bhà, ach buaidh naduir,
A toirt gach barr ðbut gun uaill !

Aghaidh bhainidib, ghlan, mhòdhair,
Bu bhinne, ròs-dheirge, beul,
Suil mheallach, ghorm, thairis,
Caol-mhala, 's rosг réidh,
Uchd sòluis, lan sònais,
Geala bhoileach mar ghréin
'S troidh mhùn-gheal, chaoin, shocrach,
Nach doich-neadh am feur

Ach gu dubhar na coille,
Am binne 'n goireadh a chuacb,
Bha 'm fochar na h-Inns,
Gus an tionsaitt am buàr,
Gun do dh'imirch an cailin,
Mìn, farasda, suaire' ;
Ghleus i guth 's ghabh i òran,
'S bu rò-bhinn chèol bheireadh buaidh.

B ann air gaol bha i tighinn,
S rùn a cridhe, sa buaidh,
Do dh'bg-laoch nan ciabh òr-bhuidh',
An leitir Laomuinn nan cuach,
Do dhùchd uiseag, a's sméibrach,
Am barraibh rò-chrrannaibh suas,
A's sheinni cho binne an co'-gleus d'i,
'S gun do dh'ëisd mi càr uair.

" O chailean ! O Chailean !"
Do sheinn cailin nan gaol,
" Cia fath nach tigeadh tu tharais,
Do gheannan falach nan craobh ?
Is nach iarrain-s' air m'ordugh,
De stòras, no mhaoin,
Ach bhi laidhe na t-asgail,
Fo' do bhreacan san fhraoch,

" Gu'm b'òg mis' agus Cailean,
Ann an gleannan na cuaiach,
A's sinn a tional nan dithean,
Leinn fhùn leadh nan cluan ;
A's sinn 'gar leagadh nar slíneadh,
'Nuair bu sgì leinn air brànsach
'S bhiodh na cruitearan sgiathach,
Cuir ar cionalais bhuain.

" Gu'm bu neo-chiontach màran
Mo gràidh ann sa' chòill ;
A's sinn a' mireadh n-ar 'n-aonar,
Gun smaointinn air foill ;

Siu gun mhulad, gun fhadachd,
O mhadainn gu h-bidhch',
Agus Cupid g'ar tâladh,
Gu toirt gràidh, 's sinn nar cloinn.

"S ge do thainig an samhradh,
'S mi sa' gheann so ri spréidh,
Gur e's tric leam am fagail,
'S bithidh cäch as an deigh ;
'S ann a dhíucas mi tharais
Do na ghàran leam fein,
Gu bhi taomadh mo dhosgaunn
Ann am fochar nan gèug.

" Tha mo chairdean fo ghruaim rium,
O là chual' iad mar tha—
Gur annsa leam Cailean
Na fear-haile le thàn ;
Ach cha treiginn-s' mo cheud-ghradh,
Gus an géillein do'n hhàs ;
On a gheall e bhi dileas,
Cia fath mu'n dìhrinn-sa dha ?"

So mar sheinn an caomh chailin,
Tòsan tairis a gràidh,
'S a boid sheasmhach da ceud ghaol,
A's nach dìhreadh gu hràth,
Gach dìgh' eile da cluinn so.
Gun rohh a h-inntinn gu hàs,
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 àhhachd san ròd,
'S mo chliabh air lasadh le h-éihneas
A' tabhairt éisdeachd da'n òigh—
Chunnacas òganach gasda
Teachd o' leacain a chrò,
'S e le uile shàrimeachd,
'S h'ann gu Innis nam bò.

Bha dhreach, 'sadhealbh mar bumhiannach,
Le dìgh iarraidh dh'i féin,
An tùs briseadh an rùnachd,
'S i fo h-ùn hhlà air fèill ;
Beachd a b'f hearr, bu neo-fhurasd
A thabhairt tuille na dheigh,
Air an òganach mhaiseach,
A teachd o leacain nan gèug.

Ach suil dha'n tug an t-òg gasda
Bu rioghail mais' air gach taobh,
Dhearc air òigh nan ciabhs cas-bhuidh',
Siar fo' asgail nan craobh ;
Dheachd a chridhe le furtachd
Gu'm h'e sud cuspair a ghaoil,
A's ghuidh e beannachd da 'n chodhail,
A bheag am hròn daibh araon.

Is ann an glacaibh a chèile,
Le mor spéis mar hu mhiann,
Ghlais an dìth's ud le éibhneas,
'S an rùn réidh ga'n cuir dian ;
'S o'n hha furan cho tairis,
Ghuidh mi sónas gun dìth dhaihh,
Gu là 'n crìch 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 intimate 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 disconcerted 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

Soraidh bhuan dha'n t-suaitheas bhàn,
Gu lù-luain cha ghluais o'n hhàs ;
Ghlac an uaigh an suaitheas bàrn
'S léacan fuaraidh tuaim' a thàmh !

Air bli dhomh-sa triall thar druim
Air di-dònaich, 's comhlan leam,
Leughas litir naigheachd leinn,
'S cha sgéul' ait a thachair innt',
Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Albainn arsaidh ! 's fathunn bròin,
Gach aon mhuir bái' tha bàrcadh oirn,
T-oighre rioghail bhi sau Ròimh,
Tirt' an caol chist' lobbhta bhòrd !
Soraidh bhuan, &c.

'S trom leam m'osnaich anns gach là
 'S tric mo smuaiutean fad' o laimh—
 Cluain an domain truagh an dàil,
 Gur cobhartach' gach feòil do'n hhàs!

Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Tha mo chridh' gu hriste, fann,
 'S deoir mo shùl a' ruith mar àllt,
 Ge do cheilin sud air am,
 Bhrùchd e mach 's cha mhiste leam.

Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Bha mi seal am harail chruaidh,
 Gu'n cluinntte caisimeachd mu'n cuairt;
 Cabhlach Thearlaich thigh'n' air chuan,
 Ach threig an dàil mi gu là-luain,

Soraidh bhuan, &c.

'S lionmhòr laoch a's mili treun,
 Tha 'n diugh an Albainn as do dhéidh,
 Iad fo's n-iosal sileadh dheur,
 Rachadh dian leat anns an t-sréup.

Soraidh bhuan, &c.

'S gur neo-shubhach, duhhach, sgìl,
 Do treud ionmhuiinn anns gach tìr,
 Buidheann meannach hu gharg clì,
 Ulamh, àrm-chleasach 's an t-srà.

Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Nis cromaiddh na cruitearan hinn,
 Am barraibh dhös fo' sprochd an ciùm,
 Gach heò hhiodh ann an strath na'm heinn
 A caoidh an co'-dhsagann leinn.

Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Tha gach heinn, gach enoc, 's gach sliabh,
 Air am faca sinn thu triall,
 Nis air call, an dreach 's am fiamh,
 O nach tig thu chaoidh nan cian.

Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Bha'u t-àl bg nach fac thu riamh,
 'G altrum graidih dhut agus miagh,
 Ach thuit an cridhe uis na'n cliahh,
 O na chaidh thu gu sìor.

Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Ach hiodh ar n' ùirnígh moch gach là
 Ris an Tì is aird' a ta,
 Gun e dhìoladh oirn' gu bràth,
 Ar 'n éucoir air an t-suaitheas hhàn.

Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Ach's eagal leam ge math a chléir,
 'S gach sonas gheallair dhuinn le'm beul,
 Gu'm faicear sinn a' sileadh dhéur,
 A choimh an suaithneas hàn a threig.

Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Cuireamaid soraidh hhuainn gu réidh
 Leis na dh'imeacheas an céin,
 Dh'ionnsaidh an àit' na laidh an reull,
 Dh'fhògradh uainn gach gruaim a's neul.

Soraidh bhuan, &c.

S bitheamaid toilicht' leis na tha,
 O nach d' faod sinn hhi na's fearr,
 Cha bhi n-ar cuairt an so ach gearr,
 A's leanaidh sin an suaithneas bànn,

Soraidh bhuan, &c.

MIANN AN OGANAICH GHÆLICH.

AIR FONN—"We'll go no more a roving."

THA sud do ghnà air m'inutinn,
 Le iompaidh chinntaeah, réidh,
 'S gur fada bho'n bu mhiannach leam,
 Gu'n triallamaid dha réir;
 'S a nis' bho nach urrainn mi
 Ga chumail orm gu léir,
 Bi'dh mi fadheoidh ag aideachadh
 Na th'agam dhut de spéis.

An sin treigearmaid am farsan,
 'S gu'm b' fhearr na bhi air chuairt,
 Bhi maille ris a' chailin sin,
 Le farasdachd gun ghruaim.
An sin treigearmaid, &c.

Gach aon a chi mi 's beartaiche,
 Bithidh spailp orr' as am maoin,
 Ach sud cha b'urrainn m' iasgach-sa,
 Ge d' liathain leis an aois,
 Mo nadur ge d' bhiodh iarratach,
 Dha' mhiann 's nach tugainn taobh,
 Le snaimh cho dian cha shnasaichinu,
 Mar glacte mi le gaol.
An sin treigearmaid, &c.

Na ged' hu shamhl' an stòras mi,
 Ge neonach sud leihh'fein.
 Dha'n neach is liugh' còraichean,
 Tha 'm Breatainn mhòr gu leir
 Ge soilleir inhhe 'n stàta sin,
 Cha tàladh e mi ceum,
 'S air miltean òir cha lubainn-s'
 Ach an taohh dha 'm hiodh mo dhéidh.
An sin treigearmaid, &c.

Gach fear dha'm beil na smaoiutean so,
 Bithidh m'aonta dha gu mor,
 Air chunla gun ghnè theag-mhaladh,
 R'a shaotainn bhi na dhbigh ;
 A rùn-sa 'nuair a d'fhiorsraichinn,
 Na'in measainn bhi air ch'ir,
 Gu'm molainn gun a diobairt 'ha,
 Cho fad sà bhiodh e beò.
An sin treigearaid, &c.

Gu'm b'ält leam cailin finealta,
 S'i maiseach, fior-ghlan, ciùin,
 Ged' nach biodh ni, no airgead aic',
 Ach dreach a's dealbh air thùs
 Ach sud na n'tàrladh aic' a bhi
 'S ga réir bhi paitl' an clù,
 Cha chreidinn gu'm bu mhìst i e,
 'S i fein bhi glic air chùl.
An sin treigearaid, &c.

Cha treiginn féin a hharail sin,
 A dh'aïndeoin 's na their càch,
 Le ionluas gu bhi caochlaidheach,
 'S nach aointaicheadh mo chàil,
 Gach fear bi'dh mar a's toileach leis,
 Gun choireachd bhuam gu bràth,
 'S a leanas e gu dicheallach,
 A bheirt a chi e's fearr.
An sin treigearaid, &c.

MIANN NA H-OIGHE GAELICH.

[AIR AN FHONN CHEUDNA]

Na'n tarladh dhomh sin fheatainn,
 Cha b'eigin leam no cás,
 Bhi 'g ionlaid gaol gun fhadil ris,
 'S gu réidh ga aidmheil dha,
 'Sa dh' aindeoin uaill a's gòraich
 Nan bighean òga, bâth,
 'S e sud an teuchd gu dìdeanadh,
 An cridheachan gu bràth.

Gu'm b' annsa na bhi m'ðnar,
Mo lamh 's mo ghaol thoirt uam,
Maraon a's lùbadh farasda,
Le òigeart fearail suairc.
Gu'm b' annsa, &c.

Na'n deanadh fortan fabhar rium,
 'S an dàil sin chuir ma m' chòir,
 Le òigeart maiseach, mileanda
 Gun anbharr, no dith stòir.
 A chuir an taobh a bithinn-sa,

'S mi fein am uighinn òig,
 Gun easbhuideadh seadhl no pàirtean air
 Cha'n aich'ain e ach fòil.
Gu'm b' annsa, &c.

B'e sud an céile thaghainn-sa,
 'S cha chladhaire neo-threun,
 Dha'm biodh làn nan còibhraicéan,
 Dheth 'n òr 's gun treoir dha réir ;
 A threudan a' tigh'n' tharaist air,
 Le barrachd dheth gach séud,
 Cha'n fhagadh saibhreas sona mi,
 Gun toileachas na dhéigh.
Gu'm b' annsa, &c.

Gu'n cùinadh Ni-math bhuam-sa sud !
 Fear gabhaidh, eruaidh, gun chìùl,
 Na fhionnaig dhriopail, gheur-chuisich,
 Bhios leirsinneach le shùil,
 Gun tomad a measg dbaoine dheth,
 Gun ghean, gun fhaoilt, na ghnùis,
 Gun fhaileachd, chairdeil, shuranach—
 Gun uirghioll aig a's fiù.
Gu'm b' annsa, &c.

Ach òigeart dreachinhor, tabhachdach
 Neo-ardanach na ghnè,
 Bhios calma 'nuair as éigin da,
 'S reif'-bheartach dha reir ;
 Gun stòras bhi tigh'n' tharaist air,
 Gun aim-bheartas gu leir,
 'S e sud na'm faighinn m'iaratas,
 A mhiannaichinn dhomh fein.
Gu'm b' annsa, &c.

O R A N

AR AISEADH AN FHEARUINN DO NA CINNFHEADHNA
SA' BHLIADHNA—1782.

LUINNEAG.

Their mi hòro hùgo hoiriunn,
Ho i hòriunn hòro,
Their mi hòro hùgo hoiriunn.

THUG M' inntinn air fad gu beadradh,
 Mar nach leagadh brùn i.
Their mi hòro hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Bith'maid gu mìranach, geanach,
 Fearail, mar bu chòir dhuinn.
Their mi hòro hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Cuirt am bòla breac na tharruinn,
'S glaineachan air bòrd dhuinn.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Chuala mi naigheachd a Sasunn,
Ris na las mo shòlas.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Na Suinn a hha'n iomairt Thearlaich,
Thigh'n' gu dàil an còrach.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

'S ge d' tha cuid diu sud a thriall uainn,
Tha 'n iarmad air fòghnadh.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Feudaidh mac bodaich a réiste,
Bhi cuir bleid a stòras.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Cosgamaid bòla de chuineadh
Nan Suinn nach eil beò dhln.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Tostamaid suas gach ceann-finne,
Bh'anns an iomairt mhòir ud.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Tostamaid suas luchd ga leanmuinn,
Gün dearmad air Deòrsa:
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Sluagh Bhreatuinn agus Eirinn,
Geilleachdainn da mhòirachd.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Ge bu duilich leinn an sgeul ud,
Mac Righ Seumas fhògradh.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Cha'n eil stà a bhi ga iunndran
Ge b'e 'm priunsa còir e.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

'S gun tig tuisleadh air na rìghrean
Mar a dhìobras blach,
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Fonn an ciùnich flor shiol coirce,
Cinnidh fochan òtraich;
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Mar thug mi gu ceann mo luinneag,
Sguiridh mi gu stòlda,
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

FEASGAR LUAIN.

FRASGAR Luain, a's mi air chuairt,
Gu'n eualas fuaim nach b' fhuathach leam,
Ceòl nan teud gu h-òrdail, réidh,
A's coisir da reir os a chionn ;
Thuit mi'n caochladh leis an ioghnadh,
A dh-aísig mo smaoíntean a null,
'S chuir mi'n ceill gu'n imichinn céin,
Le m'aigneadh fein, 's e co'-strèap riùm.

Chaidh mi steach an ceann na còisir,
Aui robh òl a's ceòl as dàinhs,
Ribhinnean, a's fleasaich òga,
'S iad an ordugh grinn gun mheang ;
Dhearcas fa leath air nu h-òighean,
Le rösg foil a null 'sa nall,
'S ghlacadh mo chridhe, 's mo shùil cò'ladh,
S rinn an gaol mo leòu air ball !

Dhiuchd mar aingeal, ma mo choinneamh,
'N ainnir òg, bu ghrinne smuadh ;
'Seang shlios fallain air bhìà canaich,
No mar an eal' air a chuan ;
Suil ghorm, mheallach, fo chaoil mhala
'S caoin' a sheallas 'g amhare uath,
Beul tlà, tairis' gun ghnè smalain,
Dha'n gnà carthannachd gun uaill.

Mar ghath gréin' am madainn cheitein,
Gu'n mheath i mo leirsinn shùl,
'S i ceumadh ùrlair gu réidh, iompaidh,
Do reir pugannan a chìùil ;
Ribhinn mhòdhail, 's fior-ghlan fòghlum,
Dh-fhion-fhuilt mhòrghalach mo rùin,
Reull nau òighean, grian gach còisridh,
'S i'n chiall chòmhraids, cheòl-hhinn, chiùin.

'S teare an sgeula sunnait t-éugaisg,
Bhi ri fheatainn san Roimh-Eòrp,
Tha mais', a's feile, tlachd, a's ceutaiddh,
Nach facas leam fein fa m' chòir,
Gach cliù a' fas riut mùirn, 's an àillteachd
An sùigradh, 's a màran beoil,
'S gach buaidh a b'ailli, hh' air Diana,
(ù leir mar fhagail, tha aig Mòir,

'S hachlach, dualach, cás-hhuidh', cuachach,
Càradh suaineas gruaig do chinn,
Gu h-àluin, hòidheach, faineach, òr-huidh',
An càraibh seòighn' 'san èrdugh grinn,
Gun chroun a' fas riut, a dh' fheut' aireamh,
O do bharr gu sàil do bhuinn,
Dhiuchd na buaidhean, òigh, mu'n cuairt dut,
Gu meudachdain t-uall 's gach puing !

Bu leighseas éugail, slan o'n Eog,
Do dh' fhearr a d' fheudadh hhi ma d' chòir
B' shear na'n cadal bhi na t-fhagaigis,
'G éisdeachd agallaidh do bheoil;
Cha robb *Bhenus* a measg leugaibh,
Dh' aindeoin féucantachd cho boirdh'ch,
Ri mùirninn mhùl, a leon mo chrìdh',
Le buaidhean, 's mi 'g a dìth ri m' bhèd.

'S glan an fhion-fhuil as na fhriamhaich
Thu, gun fhiarradh mhiar, no mheang,
Cinneadh mórghalach, bu chrodhà,
Tional cò'ladh cho-stri lann,
Bhuin-eadh cùis a bharr nan dù'-Ghall,
Sgiursadh iad gu'n dùtbeschhas thall,
Leanadh ruaig air Càtaich fhuara,
'S a toirt buaidh orr' anns gach ball.

Tha cabar-féidh an dlùth's do reir dhut,
Nach bioldh easlaineach san strì,
Fir nach òbadh leis ga'n togail
Dol a chogadh 'n aghaidh rìgh,
Bu choligail, faiceant' an stóirm feachdaidh,
Armach, breacanach, air ti
Dol 'san iomairt gun bhonn gioraig,
'S nach pilleadh gu dhol fo chìs.

'S trom leam m' osna', 's cruai' leam m'fhortan
Gun gheus socair, 's mi gun sunnt,
'S mi ri smaointinn air an aon rùn,
A bhuin mo ghaol gun ghaol d'a chionn.
Throm na Dùilean peanas dùbailt,
Gu mis' umhlachadh air ball,
Thàladh *Cupid* mi san dùsal,
As na dhùisg mi bruite, faun!

Beir soraidh buam do'n ribhinn shuairec,
De'n chinneadh mhòr a's naisle gnàs,
Thoir mo dhùrachd-sa g'a h-ionnsaideh,
'S mi 'n deagh rùn d'a cùl-bhuidh' bân.
'S nach bruadar cadaid a ghluais m'aigne,
'S truagh nach aidich è dhomh tàmh,
'S ge b'ann air chuairet, no thall an cuan,
Gu'm bi mi smuainteach ort gu bràth.

MOLADH A BHÀIRD

AIR A THIR FEIN.

On is fàrsan leam gach là,
Bi'dh 'n sràchd so gu Braid-Albann,
A d'fheuch a fearr a gheibh mi slaint,
A thigl'h'n' gu àrd nan garbh-chrioch,
Se go de dhùrich mi Làirc-Ila.
Tha mo spìd air falbh bhuam,
Ge tùs bliann' ùir e's beag mo shùrd,
Ri brughichean Choire-Choramaic.

A thaigh Chill-Fheinn, cha bhuanachd leinn,
Air chinnt' ge d' tha thu bòidheach,
A bhi ri sneachd' a diol mo leapa,
Dha'n t-Sasunnach dhòite,
'S i'n tìr fo thuath dha mòr mo luaidh sa,
Ghluais mo smuain gu òran,
'S mi air bealach triall ri gaillion,
Gu fearann nach èol domh.

A Shrath Chinn. Fhaolain nam bà-maola
'S nam fear-caola, luatha,
'S mi nach tagh'leadh, air do ghaol thu.
Nochd gur faonraidh fuar thu;
Thuit beul an ràfaidh riùm gum b'fhearr,
Na Gearr-loch an taobh-Tuatha,
Fhearrann gortach, lan de bhochdain,
Gun socair aig tuath ann.

Beir mo shoraidh 'thìr a mhonaidh,
A's nam beann còrrach, àrda,
Frìdh nan gaisgeach 's nan sonn gasda,
Tìr Chlann-Eachuinn Ghéarr-loch,
Gur uallach, eangach, an damh breangach,
Suas tro' gleannan fásach,
Bi'dh euach sa bhadan, seinn a leadainn,
Moch sa mhàdainn, Mhàighe,

Gum b'e Gearr-loch an tìr blàigheil,
'S an tìr phairteach, bhiadhar,
Tìr a phailteis, tìr gun ghainne,
Tìr is glaine fialachd,
An tìr bhainneach, uachdrach, mhealach,
Chaoimhach, channach, thiorail,
Tìr an arain, tìr an tachdair,
Sithne, a's pailteas iasgaich,

Tìr an àigh i, tìr nan àrmunn,
Tìr nan sàr-fhearr gléusda;
Tìr an t-suairceis, tìr gun ghruaimean,
Tìr is uaisle fóille.
An tìr bhòrcach, nam frith ro-mhor,
Tìr gun leon, gun gheibhinn,
An tìr blàraonach, mhachraobh, raonach,
Mhàrtach, laogbach, fhèurach.

Gu'u tì nollaig mhòr le sonas,
Gu comunn gun phràbar,
O'n liomhòr gaisgeach le sàr acuinn
Theid gu feachd na tràghad,
Mar shluagh Mhic-Chùil le cruai' fhiùbhái,
Ruaig gun chùn' air sràchdan;
Bi'dh Muireardach 'maide fo' bhinn chabar
Gu stad i sa Bhràidhe.

Ge do tha mi siubhal Galldachd,
Cha'n ann tha mo mhì-chuis,
Ge d' tha mi 'n taobh-s' ann
Thamo ruìn do'n chomunn chiùin nach priobal

'N'am teirce' do'n là thig sibh o'n tràigh,
Gu seòmar bànn nam pisean ;
Bi'dh ceòl nam feadan 's Eoin da spreigeadh
Gu heagadh 'ur mi-ghean.

Bi'dh hòla lan air bhord na'n dàil,
Cuir surd fo chàil na còisir,
Bi'dh laoidh mu'n cuairt nach cluinnt' a luach.
Aig suinn chuir cuairt na h-Eòrpa
Bi'dh luagh a's luinneag, duan a's iorram,
'S cuairt le sgil bho'n ðisich,
Aig buidhean ghasda, nan arm sgaticeach.
Treumhor air feachd comh-stri.

'Nuair tharladh sihh 'san taigh-thahhairn,
Far an tràighe stòip leibh,
Cha b'e'n cannran hhiodh n'ur pairt,
An uair a h'airde pòit dhuihh,
Ach mir', a's màran, gaol, a's cairdeas
'S iomairt lamh gun dò-hheit
S hu hhinn ri éisdeachd cainnt' ur héul,
Seach iomairt mheur air ðigh-chèol.

Cho fad sa dh'imich cliù na h-Alba,
Fhuadaradh ainm na dùch' ud,
An am a h-uaislean dhol ri crualad
'S Eachunn ruadh air thùs dhinbh,
O là Raon Flodden nam heum tràm'
A shocraich bonn na fiùdhaidh,
Gu h-ullach, dòsrach, suas gun dòsgainn,
Uasal bho stoc mhùirneach.

ORAN A RINN AM BARD ANN AN DUN-EILDEANN

AIR FONN—“The Banks of the Dee.”

Sa' mhadalinn 's mi 'g eiridh,
'S neo-éihinn a ta mi,
Cha h' ionann a's m' àhaist,
Air airidh nan gleann,
O 'n thainig mi 'n taohh-s',
Chuir mi cùl ris gach màran,
'S cha hheag a chuis-ghrainne leam,
Cannran nan Gall :
Cia mar dh'fheudain hhi suhhach,
S mo chrì an àit' eile ?
Gun agam ach païrt dheth,
Sa 'n àit' anns am heil mi,
Fo dhubhar nam mòr-hheann,
Tha 'n còrr dheth 's cha cheil mi,
'S gur grain' leam hhi 'g amhare,
Na th'agam na gheall.

O ! 's tric bha mi falbh leat,
A gheala-bhean na féile,
Ann a doire nan géug,
A's air reidhlein na driùchd ;
'S air srathaibh a ghlinne,
Far hu hhinne gùth smèdraich
'S air iomair nan nòineinean,
Fheòirneanach chùr',
A direadh a mhulach
'S a tional na spréidhe,
Gu Innseag na tulailch,
Air iomain sa' chéitean,
Bu neo-chionntach màran,
Mo ghraidh-sa gun hheud ann ;
'S gu 'm h'ait leam hhi 'g eisdeachd
Ri sgeula mo rùin.

ORAN ANNS AM BEIL AM BARD A MOLADH A LEANNAIN.—AGUS A DHUTHAICH FEIN.

AIR FONN—“O'er the muir amang the heather.

Gua e mis' tha briste, hruite,
Cia h'e ri'n leiginn mo rùnachd,
Mu'n ainnir is binne sùgradh,
'S mi ri giulan a cion-falaich.

E ho ro mo rùn an cailin
E ho ro mo rùn an cailin
Mo rùn cailin suairc' a mhàrcain,
Tha gach là a' tigh'n' fò' m'aire.

Tha mo chridhe mar na cuaintean,
Mar dhuiileach nan crann le luasgan,
No mar fhiadh an aird nam fuar-hheann ;
'S mo chadal luaineach le faire.
E ho ro, &c.

Shiu hail mi fearann nan Gàel,
'S earrann de Bhreatuinn air fàrsan
S cha'n fhacas na bheireadh harr,
Air Finne hhàn nan tlà-shul meallach.
E ho ro, &c.

Bu hhinne na smèdrach Chéitein
Leam do ghìòir, 's tu comhradh réidh rium,
'S mo chliahh air lasadh le h-éihneas,
Tahhairt éisdeachd dha d' bheul tairis.
E ho ro, &c.

Bu tu mo chruit, mo cheol, 's mo thaileasg.
 'S mo leug phriseil, rìmbeach, aghmhor,
 Bu leigheas eugail o na bhùs domh,
 Na'm feudainn a ghnà bhi mar riut.

E ho ro, &c.

Gu muladach mi 's mi smaointinn,
 Air cuspair mo chion' gun chaochladh,
 Oigh inbhìn, mhaiseach, nam bäs maoth-gheal
 'S a shios caoin-tlà mar an canach.

E ho ro, &c.

Thà do dhealbh gun chearb, gun fhiarradh,
 Min-gheal, flor-ghlan, direach, lonta,
 'S do nadur cho seamh 's bu inbhianach,
 Gu paitl, fialaidh, ciallach, banail,

E ho ro, &c.

Air sad m' fhuireach an Dùi-éideann,
 Cumail comuinn ri luchd Beurla
 Bheir mi 'n t-soraidh sa gu'n treigsinn
 Dh' ionnsaiddh m' éibhneis ann 'sna glean-

E ho ro, &c.

[naibh.]

Ge do tharladh dhomh bhi 'n taobh-sa,
 Gur beag mo thlachd dheth na dù'-Ghaill,
 'S bi'dh mi nis a' cuir mo chùl riù,
 'S a deanaibh m' iùil 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 tir árd nan sár-flear sunntach,
 'S a treigsinn Galldachd 'nam dheannamh.

E ho ro, &c.

Diridh mi gu Tulach-Armuinn,
 Air leth-naobh Srath mìn na Lâirce,
 'S tearnaidh mi gu Innseag blà-choill
 'S gheibh mi Finne bhàn gnu smalan.

E ho ro, &c.

MOLADH AN UISGE-BHEATHA.

LUINNEAG.

Hò rò gur toigh leinn drama,
Hò rò gur toigh leinn drama,
Hò rò gur toigh leinn drama,
'S ioma fear tha'n geall air,

Mo ghaol an coilgearnach spraiceil,
 Dh-fhàs gu foirmeil, meanmach, maiseach,
 Dh-fhàs gu spéiscil, treabhach, taquaidh,
 Neo-lapach san aimbreit;

Ho ro, &c.

Ach trocair g' an d' fhuaire a chailleach,*
 Bha uaireigin anns na h-Earadh,
 Cha mteasa ni mi do mho.adh,
 Ge do lean mi 'm fonn aic'.

Ho ro, &c.

Thagh i 'm fonn so, 's sheinn i clù dhut,
 Dh-aithnich i nsgoion a bh' am san drùthraig,
 'Nuair a bhiodh a broinn san rùpail,
 B'e rùn thu bhi teann oirr'.

Ho ro, &c.

Ach 's tu 'm fear briodalach, sùgach,
 Chuireadh ar mi-ghean air chùl duinn,
 'S a chuireadh teas oirn sarr dùlachd,
 'Nuair bu ghnù an geomhradh,

Ho ro, &c.

Stuth glan na Tùiseachd, gun triailleadh,
 Gur ioc-shlaint choir am beil bnaidh è ;
 'S tu thogadh m' inntinn gu suairceas,
 'S cha b'è drauibh na Frainge.

Ho ro, &c.

'S tu 'n gill' éibhinn, meanmuach, boidheach,
 Chuireadh na cailleachan gu bòilich,
 Bheireadh seanachas as na h-dìgean
 Air ro-mhòid an haindeachd,

Ho ro, &c.

Chuireadh tu uails' anns a bha'-laoch,
 Sparradh tu naill anns an aroaclid,
 Dh-fhàghadh tu cho suairc' fear dreamach,
 'S nach biodh air' air dreamordan.

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 à aimbreit'.

Ho ro, &c.

'S mor tha thlachd air do luchd tòireachd,
 Bithidh iad fialaidh, paitl man's stòras,
 Chaoidh cha sgrubair 's an taigh-òsd iad,
 Sgapadh òir nan deann leo.

Ho ro, &c.

* The bard here alludes to the celebrated Mary M'Leod 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—"Hò rò gur toigh team drama".

Cha' n'eil cleireach, no pears eaglais,
Crabhach, teallsanach, no sagart,
Dha nach toir thu caochlabd aigne—
Sparra' c'eill san amhlair.
Ho ro, &c.

Cha' n'eil cleasaich anns an rìoghachd
Dha' m bu leas a dhol a strì riut,
Dh-phagadh tu e-san na shíneadh,
'S plòban as gach ceann deth.
Ho ro, &c.

Dh-phagadh tu fear mosach fialaidh,
Dbeana' tu fear todach briathrach,
Chuire' tu sòg air fear cianail,
Le d' shoghraidhean greannar.
Ho ro, &c.

Dh-fhaga' tu cho slàn fear bacach,
'S e gun ìch, gun öich, gun acain,
'G eiridh le sunnt air a leth-chois,
Gu spailpeil a dhàmhsa.
Ho ro, &c.

Chuire' tu bodaich gu beadradh,
'S na cromaichean sgrògach, sgreagach,
Gu éiridh gu frogail, sa cheigil,
Ri sgeig air an t-sheann aois,
Ho ro, &c.

Bu tu sùiriche mo rùin-sa,
Ge d' thuit na mnathan nach b'fhiù thu,
'Nuair a thachras tu sa' chùil riu,
Bheir thu càis gun taing dhiù.
Ho ro, &c.

Bu tu cairid an firh-fhacail,
Bheireadh fuasglag' dha gu tapaidh.
Ged nach òl e dhiot ach cairteal,
'S blasimhoirid a chainnt e.
Ho ro, &c.

Tha cho liugha buaidh air fàs ort,
'S gu là-luain nach faod mi'n aireamh,
Ach 'se sgaoil do chliù 's gach àite,
Na bàird a bhi 'n geall ort.
Ho ro, &c.

Thogadh ort nach b'fheairde mis thu,
Gun ghoيد thu mo cluid gun fhios uam
Ach gun taing do luchd do mhiosgainn
Cha cheird mise drannid dheth.
Ho ro, &c.

Bha mi uair, 's bu luach-mhor t-fheum dhomh,
Ge nach tuig mal-shluagh gun chéill e,
Dum amabam, sed quid refert,
Na ghràisg que amanda.
Ho ro, &c.

MAC-NA-BRACHA.

LUINNEAG.

'S toigh linn drama, lion a ghàline,
Cuir an t-searrag sin an nall;
Mac-na-brach' an gille gasda,
Cha bu rapairean a chlann.

Ge b'e dhi-mol thu le theangaidh.
B'ole an aithne bha iñ cheann,
Mar tig thu fhathast na charamh,
Gu'm beil mo bharail-sa meal't.
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

Na'm b'e duine dha nach b'èol thu,
Dheana' fòirneart ort le theann,
Cha bhidheamaid fein dha leanmhùinn,
Chionn 's gu'm biodh do shealbh air gann,
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

Ach fear a bha greis na d' chomunn,
Cha b'e chomain-s' a bh'ann
Bhi cuir mi-chliù air do nadur,
Gur an dha-sa bhios a chall,
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

Co dh'aoireadh fear do bhéusan ?
Ge do bheirt' e fein sa'n Fhraing,
No dhi-mholadh stuth na Tòiseachd ?
Ach trudar nach bladh dràm.
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

Stuth glan na Tòiseadh gun truailleadh,
An loc-sblaint 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 dràm againn do'n Chleireach,
Bu leibeideach feum a pheann.
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

* When our author's celebrated preceding song in praise of whisky became generally known, Mr John MacDonald, the author of the excellent love-ditty, the second set of *Matri Laghach*, invoked his muse and composed a parody on it systematically overthrowing every thing Ross had said in its praise. Our author having heard of this, again tuned his lyre—sustained the positions he formerly assumed—castigated the vilifier of *aqua vitae* and at still greater length celebrated the inspiring qualities of it.

Tha luchd cràbhaidh dha do dhiteadh,
Le cùl-chaint a's briodal feal,
Ge d' nach aidich iad le'm beoil thu,
Olaidh iad thu mar an t-àllt.
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

A Chléir fein, ge seunt' an còta,
Tha'n sgornanan ort an geall,
Tha cuid ac' a ghabhas fraoileadh,
Cho math ri saighdear sa' champ,
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

An t-Olla Mac-lain* le Bheurla,
Le 'Laiseann a's 'Ghreugais-chainnt,
Gu'n dh-fhag stuth uaibhreach nan Gàël,
Teang' a chànanach ud mall.
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

'N uair thug e ruaig air feadh na h-Alba,
'S air feadh nan garbh-chrioch 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 chridhe,
Bhi mar ri d' bhuidhean 's gach àm,
'S tric a bha sinn ar dithis
Gun phlob, gun fhidheil, a damhs!
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

MOLADH NA H-OIGHE GAELICH.

AIR FONN—"Mount your baggage."

A Nighean bhòidheach
An òr-fhuilt bhachalaich,
Nan gorm-shùl miogach,
'S nam mìn bhàs sneachda-gheal,
Gu'n siubhlain reidhleach
A'a sleibhteann Bhreatuinn leat,
Fo earradh sgaoilte
De dh'aodach breacain orm,

'S e sud an t-éideadh
Ri 'n eireadh m'aigne-sa,
'S mo nighean Ghàélach,
Aluinn agam ann;
O bheul na h-òidhche
Gu soills' na madainne,
Gu'm b'ait n-ar sùigradh
Gun dùsal cadail oirn.

* Dr Samuel Johnson.

Ge d' tha na bain-tighearnan
Gallda, fasanta,
Thug òigh na Gàelic,
Barr am mais' orra,
Gur annir sheoighin i
Gun sgòid ri dearc' oirre,
Na h-earradh glé-mhath
De dh'eudadh breacanach.

Gur foinnidh, mìleanta
Direach, dreachmhòr, i,
Cha lùb am feirnean
Fo bròig 'nuair shaltras i;
Tha deirge a's gile
Co-mhire gleachdاناich,
Na gnùis ghil, éibhinn,
Rinn ceudan airtneulach.

Réidh dheud chomhnard
An ordugh innealta,
Fo bhilibh sàr-dhaith',
Air blàth bhermillian;
Tha h-aghaidh nàrach
Cho làn de chinealtachd,
'S gun tug a h-aogas,
Gach aon an ciomachas.

Gur binne còmhراadh
Na óraid fhileanta,
Tha guth ni's ceòlmhoir',
Na bigh-cheol binn-fhaclach,
Cha laidheadh bròn oirn,
No leon, no iomadan,
Ri faighinn sgeul duinn
O bheul na finne sin.

'Nuair thig a Bhealltainn,
'S an Samhradh lùsanach,
Bi'dh sinu air àiridh,
Air àrd nan uchdanach,
Bi'dh cruit nan gleanantan
Gu canntair, cuirteasach,
Gu tric gar dùsgadh
Le sùrd gu moch-eiridh.

'S hi'dh 'n crodh, 's na caoirich,
'S an flraoch ag innealtradh,
'S na gobh'raibh bailg-fhionn,
Gu ball-bhreac, bior-shuileach,
Bi'dh 'n t-àl 's an leimnidh
Gun cheill, gun chion orra,
Ri gleachd 's ri còmhrag
'S a snòtach bhileagan.

Bi'dh mise, a's Mairi
 Gach là 's na glacagan,
 No'n doire géugach
 Nan éunan breac-iteach,
 Bi'dh cuach, a's sméobrach,
 Ri ceol 's ri caiseamachd,
 'S a gabhail dráin
 Le sgörnain bhlasda dhuinn.

Note.—“WILLIAM Ross chiefly delighted in pastoral poetry, of which he seized the true and genuine spirit—‘*Moladh na h-òighe Gaeltach*’ or his ‘*Praise of the Highland Maid*’ is a masterpiece in this species of composition. It embraces every thing that is lovely in a rural scene; and the description is couched in the most appropriate language.”—*BIBLIOTHECA SCOTO-CELTICA*.

AN LADIE DUBH.

LUINNEAG.

Ho ro ladie dhui,
Ho ro eile,
Ho ro ladie dhui,
Ho ro eile,
Ho ro ladie dhui,
Ho ro eile,
Gw'm b' éibhinn le m'aigheadh
An ladie na'n feudadh.

Nach mireagach *Cupid*,
 'S e sùigradh ri mhathair,
 Dia brionnach gun suilean,
 An duil gur céil-gáir' e,
 A' tilgeadh air thuiream,
 Mu'n cuairt anns gach àite,
 A shaighdean beag, guineach,
 Mar's urrainn e'n sàthadh.
Ho ro ladie dhui, &c.

Bha sagart 's na criochan,
 'S bu diaghaidh m' fear-leugbaidh,
 Air dunadh le creideamh,
 'S le eagnachd cho eudimhor;
 'S b'ann á cheann-eagair,
 A theagasc bhi béisach
 Gun ofrail a nasgadh
 Aig altairean *Bhennuis*.
Ho ro iadie dhui, &c.

'Nuair a chunnaic a bhan-dia,
 Fear-teampuill cho dùire,
 Gun urram dh'a maildeachd,
 Gun mhiagh air a sìngradh,
 Chuir i'n dia dalldach,
 Beag, feallsach, gun sùilean,
 'Dh-fheuchain am feudadh e,
 A ghlèusadh gu h-àrlaim.
Ho ro ladie dhui, &c.

'Nuair dhiuchd an dia baothar,
 Beag, faoilteach, mu'n cuairt da,
 Gun thilg e air saighead,
 O chaillín na bùaile
 Chaidh 'n sagart na-lásair,
 S cha chuitr as gu là-luain e,
 Mar bhitheadh gun gheill e,
 Do *Bhenus* san uair sin.
Ho ro ladie dhui, &c.

S b'e aidmheil an *Lebhit*,
 'Nuair a b' éigin da ùmhachd,
 Gu 'm b' fheairde gach buachaillie
 Gruaigach a phùsad,
 'S bha cailin na buaile,
 Cho buan ann a shulean,
 'S gun robh i na aigheadh,
 Na chadal 's na dhùsgadh.
Ho ro ladie dhui, &c.

'S e fàth ghabh an sagart,
 Air caidridh na h-òighe,
 Air dha bhi air madainn,
 Ga h-aidmheil na sheòmar,
 A glacadh 'sa leagadh,
 Air leabaidh bhig chòmhnaidh,
 'S mu's maiteadh e peacadh,
 Bhi tacan ga pògadh.
Ho ro ladie dhui, &c.

Ach tilgidh na Cinnich,
 Mar ilisgean oirnne,
 Mar tha sinn cho déidheil,
 Air éibhneas na h-òige
 Luchd-creideimh a's cràbhaidh,
 Toirt stràcap gu góraich,
 'S a bristeadh nan àintean
 Le barr am buill-dòchais!
Ho ro ladie dhui, &c.

Note.—The foregoing cynical song was composed on a rigidly righteous Highland School-master, 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 BHAI RD

AIR SON A LEANNAIN.

AIR FONN—"Farewell to Lochaber."

Ged' is socrach mo leabaidh,
Cha'n e'n cadal mo mbiann,
Leis an luasgans' th'air m'aigneadh,
O cheann fad' agus cian,
Gu'm beil teine na lasair,
Gun dol as na mo chliabh,
Tabhairt brosnachadh gèur dhomh,
Gu bhi 'g éridh 'sa triall.

CO-SHEIRM.

Seinn eibhinn, seinn eibhinn,
Seinn eibhinn an dàil,
Seinn eibhinn bhinn eibhinn,
Seinn eibhinn gach là,
Seinn eibhinn, binn eatrom,
Seinn eibhinn, do ghàà
Seinn eibhinn, seinn eibhinn,
Chuireadh m' easlain gu lär.

Tha mi càrr a's trì bliadhna,
Air mo lionadh le gaol,
'S gach aon là dhìu stiùireadh,
Saighhead ùr ann mo thaobh;
Cia mar's leir dhomh ni taitneach,
Dh'aindeoin pailteas mo mhàoin?
'S mi as éugmhais do mhàrain,
Bhiodh gun ardan riùm saor,
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

'S e do mhàran bu mhiann leam,
'S e tigh'b'n' gun fhiabhras guu ghruaime,
Mar ri blasdachd na h-òraid,
'S e bu cheòl-bhinne fuaim;
Dh'eireadh m' inntinn gu h-àbhachd,
Ri linn bhi 'g aireamh gach buaidh.
A bha co'-'streup ri mo leannan
Baindidi, farasda, suaire'.
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

'S gur gile mo leannan
Nau eal' air an t-sùnmh,
Gur binn' i na'u smèdrach,
An barraibh rò-chraunn sa mnáigh,
Gur e geamn'achd a beusan,
'S i gun eacoir na cail,
A lùb mise gu geilleadh
Air bheag eigin na gradh.
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

Gu'm beil maise na h-eudann,
Nach feudainn-s' a luaidh,
Tha i paillt ann an ceataidh,
'S an ceil a thoirt buaidh,
Gun a coimeas ri featainn
Ann an speis, san taobh-tuath,
M' dg mhin-nhala bhaindidi,
Thogadh m' inntinn o ghruaime,
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

'S ge do bhithinn an éugail,
Agus leigh air toirt dùil,
Nach bioldi furtachd au dàn domh,
Ach am bàs an gearr ùin,
Chuireadh eugas mo mhin-mhal',
Mo mbi-ghean air chùl,
Ghlacainn binneas na smèdraich
A's gheibhinn sòlas as ùr.
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

Ge binn cuach 's ge binn smèdrach,
'S ge binn coisir 's gach crann,
Seinn ciùil dhomh 'n coill smùdain,
Theich mo shùgradh-s' air chall—
Tha mi daonnan a smaointeach,
Air mo ghaol ann sa' gleann
'S mi air tuitean am mi-ghean,
Gun a briodal bli ann.
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

'Nuar a bhithinn-s' s mo mhin-mhal'
An gleannan rìmheach na cuaich,
No'n doire fasgach na smèdraich,
Gabhail sòlais air chuaireat;
Cha mhalairtin m' eibhneas
O bhi gu h-eugmhais cár uair,
Air son stòras fir-stàta,
Dh'aindeoin airdead an uaill.
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

Ge bu rìgh mi air Albainn,
Le cuid airgeid a's spréidb,
B'e mo raghainn mo mhin-mhal',
Thar gach ribhinn dhomh fein,
Cha bu shuainhneas gu bàs domh
'N aon àite fo 'n ghréin,
'S mi as eugmhais do mhàrain,
Gus mo thearnadh o bheud.
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

Ach mosg'leam tharais a mi-ghean,
 S cuiream dith air mo ghruaim,
 Beò ni's faide cha bhi mi
 Gun mo mhìn-mhala shuaire!
 Oig mhìn beir mo shoraidh
 Leat na choirean so shuas,
 Seinn mo rùin ann sa' gheannan,
 'S tuigidh 'n caillín e bhuat.
Seinn eadhainn, &c.

CUACHAG NAN CRAOBH.*

CHUACHAG nan craobh, nach trua'leat mc chaòi'
 'G ɔsnaich ri òidhch' cheòtar—
 Shiubhlainn le'm' gbaol, fo dhubbhar nan craobh,
 Gu'n duin' air an t-saoghal fhèoraich,
 Thogainn ri gaoith am monadh an fhraoich,
 Mo leabaidh ri taobh dòrain—
 Do chrùthá geal caomh siùte ri m' thaobh,
 'S mise ga'd chaoin phògadh.

Chunna' mi fén aisling, 's cha bhreng,
 Dh'fag siu mo chlé brònach,
 Fear mar ri té, a pògdh a beul,
 A briodal an deigh pòsaidh,
 Dh'úraich mo mhian, dh'ath'rich mo chiall,
 Ghul mi gu dian, dòimeach,
 Gach cuisle agus féith, o iochdar mo chléibh
 Thug iad gu leum co'-lath!

Ort tha mo gheall, chaill mi mo chonn,
 Tha mi fo throm chreuchdan,
 Dh'aisgeadh t-fhonn slainte do'm chom,
 Dhiuchadh air lom m' éibhneas,
 Thiginn ad dhàil, chuirinn ort fàilt,
 Blithium a ghraidh réidh riut—
 M'ulaidh 's mo mhian, m' aiglear 's mo chiall,
 'S ainnir air fiamh gréin' thu!

* The poet, crossed in love, suffered such poignancy of grief that it ultimately brought on a consumption and he was for sometime 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 tuned 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 into his fugitive pieces than even the bard of Coila.

Thuit mi le d'ghàth, mhill thu mo ràth,
 Striochd mi le neart dòraine
 Saighdean do ghaoil shìt' anns gach taobh.
 "Thug dihom gach caoin co'-lath,
 Mhill thu mo mhais, ghoid thu mo dhreach,
 'S meudaich thu gal bròin domh;
 'S mar fuasgail thu trà, le t-fhuran 's le t-fhàilt'
 'S cuideachd am bàs dhomh-sa!

'S cama-lubach t-fhàilt, fanna-bhui' nan cleachd
 'S fabhrad nan rösg àluinn;
 Gruaidhean mar chaor, broilleach mar aol,
 Anail mar ghaoth gàraidh—
 Gus an cuir iad mi steach, an caol-taigh nan leac
 Bidh mi fo neart cràidh dheth,
 Le smaointinn do chléas, 's do shùgradh ma seach,
 Fo dhuilleach nam preas blàth'or.

'S milis do bheul, 's comhnard do dheud,
 Suilean air lìdh àirneig,
 Ghìùlaineadh bréid, uallach gu feill,
 'S uasal au reull àluinn—
 'Strua' gun an t-éud tha'n uachdar mo chleihh,
 Gad bhaladh-s' an ceud aïte—
 Na faighinn thu réidh pùsd' on a chléir
 B'phasa dhomh-féin tearnadh.

'S tu 'n ainnir tha griànn, mìleanta, binn,
 Le d' cheileir a sinn òran,
 'S e bhi na do dhàil a dh'òidhche sa là,
 Thoilicheadh càil m' òige :
 Gur gile do bhian na sneachd air an fhiar,
 'S na canach air slabh mointich,
 Nan deanadh tu rùin tarruinn riùm dlù'
 Dheanainn gach túrs' fhògar.

Càrair gu réidh clach agus cré
 Ma'm leabaidh-s' a bhòi t-uasle—
 'S fada mi 'n éis a feitheamh ort fein
 'S nach togair thu ghéug suas leam,
 Na b'thus a bhiodbh tinn, dheanainn-sa luim,
 Mas biodh tu fo cluing truaighe,
 Ach 's goirid an dàil gu'm faicear an là,
 'M bi pràsgan a' trà'l m'uaigh-sa !

Mallachd an tùs, aig a mhnaoi-ghlùin',
 Nach d' adhlaic sa chùil beò mi !
 Mu'n d' fhuair mi ort iùil ainnir dheas ùr,
 'S nach dùiringh thu fiù pòg dhomh,
 Tiuu gu'n bhi slàn, dùisg't as mo phràmh,
 Cuimhneachach dàn pòsaidh
 Mò' bheannachd ad dbeigh, cheannaich thu-fein,
 Le d' leannanachd gle òg mì.

ORAN EADAR AM BARD,

AGUS CAILLEACH-MHILLEADH-NAN-DAN.

AM BARD.

Ach gur mise tha duilich,
 'S mi gu muladach truagh,
 Cha'n urra' mi aireamh
 Mar a tha mi 's gach uair,
 Gu'm beil d'rain mo chridhe,
 Dha mo ruighinn cho crùaidh,
 Leis a' chion 'thug mi'n ribhinn,
 O nach dirich mi suas.

A' CHAILLEACH.

Tosd a shladai', 's dean firinn,
 'S na bi 'g innsean' nam bréug,
 Cha chreid mi bhuat fathasd,
 Nach eil da'ich do sgéul,
 Ma tha i cho maiseach,
 'S cho paitt ann an ceilidh,
 'S nach urra' mi t-aicheadh,
 Beir mi barr dh'i thar chéud.

Ma's i ribhinn do leannan,
 Faire! faire! brabhoë!
 Cha bhi t-onoir gun anabharr;
 Your servant, my Lord,
 Mar a foghainn leat gruagach,
 Ach te uasal le sròl,
 Gus am faic mi do bhanais,
 Cha chan mi ni's mò.

AM BARD.

Tha mo leannan ni's àilte,
 Na tha sa'u Roinn-eòrp,
 Gur gile, a's gur glain' i
 Na canach an fheòir

* The woman here introduced as a hypercritic in song was a particular friend of the poet.—Ross began, in her presence, to sing the praises of “the girl of his affections” 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 for the poet's one.—Ross does every thing as he should—he well knew the garrulousness of women, and their privilege to have the last word in every controversy!

Gur binne na chlàrsach
 Leam àbhachd a beoil,
 Aig a mhiad s' thug mi ghaol d'i,
 Cha'n fhaod mi bhi bò !

A' CHAILLEACH.

'S tu d' fhosgail that chòir e,
 'S nach sòradh a breug,
 'S a liughad gnùis rò-ghlan
 'S an Roinn-eorpa gu leir,
 Ma's a samhladh dh'i 'n canach,
 Cha'n aithne dhomh fheum
 Ma's e'gaol a bheir triall ort,
 Deagh bhliadh'n as do dhéigh.

Ma's a binne na chlàrsach
 Leat àbhachd a beoil,
 Gur neònach nach cuala' sinn
 Luaidh air a ceòl ;
 Mar a h-ealaidh os 'n ional
 Ann an diomhaireachd mhòr,
 Ris an eireadh a chridhe,
 Gun ach tri-ear ma còir.

AM BARD.

'S i mo Leanuan an 'eucag
 Air na ceudan thug barr,
 Gnùis shoillear, caol-mhala',
 Suil thairis, ghorm, thlà,
 Beul min mar an t-shirist
 O' milis thig fält',
 Gruaidh dhearg mar na caoran,
 Sud aogais mo ghráidh.

A' CHAILLEACH.

Mar b'e iteach na Pecaig,
 Cha bhiod spéis dh'i no diù
 Cha'n 'eil math innt' no dolaidh
 Mar a toillich i 'n t-sùil
 Chuir a h-ionan, sa casan,
 Mi-dhreach air a mùir,
 Ge d' tha spailp as a h-éideadh,
 Gur eun i nach fiù.

Gnùis shoillear, caol-mhala,
 Suil thairis, ghorm, thlà,
 Ge d' tha taitneachdain seal annnt,
 Cha mhair iad ach gearr,
 Iathaidh bilibh dearg, daite,
 Teangaidh sgàiteach, lom, ghearrt',
 'S mar tha seirce nan gruaidhean,
 Cha bhuan' iad na càch !

BRUGHACHEAN GLINN'-BRAON.

LUINNEAG.

*Beir mo shoraidh le dùrachd,
Do ribhinn nan dliù-chiabhs.
Ris an tric bla mi sùigradh,
Ann am Brughachean Ghlinne-Braon.*

Gur e mis' tha gn cianail,
'S mi cho fad bhuat am bliadhna,
Tha liunn-dubh air mo shiarradh,
'S mi ri iargain do ghaoil.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Cha 'n fheud mi bhi subhach,
Gur he 's béus 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 chaol.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Anns a choill' am bi smùndan
'S e gu biun a seinn ciòil duinn,
Cuach a's smèdrach 'g ar dùsgadh,
A cuir na smùid diù le faoilt'.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

'S tric a bha mi 's tu mireadh,
Agus càch ga n-ar sireadh,
Gu 's bu dérnach linn pilleadh,
Gu Innis nan laogh,
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Sinn air fàireadh na tulaich,
'S mo lamh thar do mhuiNeal,
Sinn ag eisdeachd nan luinneag,
Bhiodh a' mullach nau craobh.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Tha mise 'ga ràite,
'S cha 'n urra mi aicheadh,—
Gur iomadach sàr
Thig air airidh nach saol.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Gur mis' tha sa' champaar,
S mi fo chìs anns an am so,
Ann am prìosan na *Frainge*,
Fo ain-neart gach aon.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Ann an seòmraichean glaiste,
Gun cheòl, no gun mhacnas,
Gun ordugh a Sasuinn,
Mo thoirt dhathaigh gu saor.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Cha b'ionnan sud agus m' àbhaist.
A siubhal nam fàsach,
'S a direadh nan àrd-bheann,
Gabhal fàth air na laoch.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

A siubhal nan stùe-bheann,
Le mo ghunna nach diultadh ;
'S le mo phlasgaichean fùdaidh,
Air mo ghlùn ànns an fhraoch
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

ORAN CUMHAIDH.

[A rin am bàrd an 'nuair a chual e gu'n phòs a leannan
(Mor Ros) air dh'i dhol dhachaigh do Shasuinu maille
ri còmpañach.]

AIR FONN—"Robai dona gòrach."

Gr fada na mo thamh mi
Tha 'n damhair dhomh dùsgadh,
Cia fàth ma'n thriall mo mhàran,
'S gum b'abbhaist dhomh sùigradh ?
C'arson a bhithinn brònach ?
Ma'n bigh 's gun a diù dhomh,
Ge'd ghlaic i'n luib a gràidh mi,
Le amhailtean *Chupid*.

Gach fear a bhios a feoraich,
Mar leonadh le gaol mi,
Tha raghainn sud do'n tuathdaidh :
On 's dual da bhi smaointinn :
Cha 'n aidich mi ach fòil e,
'S cha mhò ni mi saoradh
Thig m' ùr-sgeul bho *Apollo*,
Mar sheolas na *Naoinear*.

Ach sud mar sheinneadh Cormaic,*
'S e dearmad a cheud ghaoil,

* 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

'S e gabhail cruit da iunnsaidh
Le inneal ciùl da gléusadh,
On chuir finne 'n diù-chall,
Mo shùgradh 's mo bhéusan,
Gu'm bath mi'n guth ar òrgain,
Le toraghain mo spéis dh'i.

'Nuar dh'eirich Cailean Cormaic
Air chorra-ghleus gu fàrsan,
Gu'n d'fheòraich am fear òg
An e goraich a dh'has ann,
'S a liughad cailin beul-dhearg,
Cho búsach 's cho nàrach,
A's finne a th'air an fheill,
A tha feumach air màran.

'Nuar chual' am Macan-baoth sin,
'S a ghaol bhi do-mhùchte.
'S e smaointich e gu shearbadh,
Bhi falbh as a dhùthach
Ach nochdadair na h-aobhair,
'S e 'n caoin ruith le túrsa,
Gun ghlac e cruit a's sheinn e,
Le binn-chebl as ùr e.

Bha feiteach air an an òrghan,
Aig Cormaic ri ard-cheol,
Mas biodh an fhinne 'n uachdar,
Air duan na fuaim clàrsach,
Ach cha d' fhuair mise sgeul
Ann am Beurla no Gàelic,
A dh'innseadh dhomh mar d'fhaodainn
An gaol ud a smàladh.

O ! teirmeasg air a ghaol sin,
Nach faodainn a threiginn,
A's gur h-é chuir a laoid mi
Bhi smaointinn bean t-éugais,

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 "Deuchain-ghleus" "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-achláis*, 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 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.

'S 'n teire a bha 'n ad ghàidh-ghil,
A lub mi gu eugail,
'S nach deann Lighich' slàn mi,
Och ! b'fhearr gum b'e 'n t-éug e.

Is ciomach ann do ghaol mi
Rì smaointinn bean t-ailteachd,
Cha chadal anns an òidhich' dhomh,
'S cha 'n fhois anns 'an là dhomh,
Cha n' fhacas ri mo ré,
'S cha 'n fhaigh mi sgeul gu bràth air
Ni b'annsa' na bhi réith 's tu,
A gheug nam bàs bàna.

Gur binne leam do chòmhradh
Na smeorach nan geugan,
Na cuach sa mhàdainn Mhàighe,
'S na clàrsach na'n teudan,
Na'n t-Easpuig air la Dòmhnaich
'S a mòr-shluagh 'ga eisdeachd,
Na ge do cbunnta stòras
Na h-Eorpa gu léir dhomh.

C'arson nach d' rugadh dall mi,
Gun chainntu no gun leirsinn?
Mas facas t-aghaidh bhaindidh,
Rinn aimbleas nan ceudan,
O'n chunna' mi air thùs thu,
Bu cliùteach do bheusan,
Cha n' phasa' leam nam bàs
A bhi lathair as t-éugmabs!

Ach 's truagh ! gu'm beil do rùn-sa,
Cho dùr dha mo leanmuinn,
'S mo chridhe steach 'ga ghiulan,
A h-uile taobh dha falbh mi,
An cadal domh no dùsgadh
A sùgradh no seanachas,
Tha sud da m' ruagadh daonnan,
'S mi sgaoilte gun tearmann !

Ach fasgaidh mi mo dhùthach
Gu 'n diùch'naich mi pairt dheth,
Ro-mheud se thug mi rùn
Dha do chul buidhe, faineach,
Air triall dhomh thar m' éolas
A dh'aín-deoин mo chàirdean
Tha saighead air mo ghiùlan,
A lùbas gu lär mi !

'S a nise bho'n a thriall thu,
'S nach b' fhiach leat mo mhàran,
A chionn 's nach robh mi stòrasach,
Mòr ann an stàta,
Ach sud ge d'robh da 'm dhi'-sa,
Cha 'n islich mi pairtean,
Tha m' aigne torrach, fior-gblan,
Nach diobair gu bràth mi.

Ach mu's a triall gun dail dnt,
 Gu aite nam mor-sheol,
 Gu'n fhuireach ri do chairdean,
 Do dhàimh, no luchd t-eòlais,
 Biodh soiriou air na speuran,
 Gun eiridi air mor-thonn,
 A dh' aiseageas le réidh ghaoith
 Gun bheud thu gu seol-ait

Mar sud bha ur-sgeul Chormaic
 Cho dearbhta sa' sheinn e,
 E-fein sa' chomunn òg
 'S iad gle bhronach ma thimcheall,
 E gabhail cead le pòig dh'i,
 Gu'n chòmhraadh gun impidh
 'S e dioladh guth an còdhail,
 Na h-òighe gu 'm pill e.

ORAN EILE,

AIR AN AOBHAR CHEUDNA.

Tha mise fo' mhulad sa'n àm
 Cha'n òlar leam dràm le sunnt,
 Tha dùrrag air ghùr ann mo chàil
 A dh-fhiosraich do chàch mo rùin,
 Cha 'n faic mi 'dol seachad air sràid
 An cuilin bu tlàithe sùil;
 'S e siu a leag m'aigneadh gu làr
 Mar dhuilleach bho bharr nan craobh.
 A ghruaigach is bach'liche cùl
 Tha mise ga t-inndran mòr,
 Ma thagh thu deagh àite dhut fein
 Mo bheannachd gach ré ga 'd' chbir:

'Tha mise ri osnaich 'na d' dheigh,
 Mar ghaisgeach an déis a leòn;
 Na laidhe sau àraich guu fleum
 'S nach teid annus an t-sréup ni's mò'

'S d' flag mi mar iudmhail air tréud,
 Mar fhear nach toir spéis do uhnàoi;
 Do thuras thar chuan fo' bhreid,
 Thug bràs shileadh dhéur om shùil—
 B'fhearr nach mothachinn fein
 Do mhaise, do cheill, 's do chliù,
 No suairceas milis do bheil
 'S binne no séis gach ciùil.

Gach anduin' a chluinneas mo chàs
 A cuir air mo nadur fainh;—
 A cantain nach eil mi ach bàrd
 'S nach cinnich leam dàn is fiach—
 Mo sheanair ri páigheadh a mbàil,
 'S m'athair ri màlaid ri amh
 Chuireadh iad gearainn an crann,
 A's ghearrain-sa rann ro' chiad.

'Sfad a tha m' aigne fo ghruaim
 Cha' mhosgail mo chluain ri céòl,
 'M breislich mar àrnach a chuan
 Air bharraibh nan stuadh ri céòl.
 'S e iunndaran tàbhachd bhuaum
 A chaochail air smùadh mo neòil,
 Gun sùigradh, gun mhire, gun uaill,
 Gun chaithream, gun hhuadh, gun treòir!

Cha duisgear leam ealaidh air hill,
 Cha chuirear leam dàn air dòigh,
 Cha togar leam fonn air clàr
 Cha chluinnear leam gàir nan bg.
 Cha dirich mi bealach nan árd
 Le suigeart mar bha mi'n tòs,
 Ach triallam a chadal gu bràth
 Do thaila namì bàrd nach beò!

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 Moenides 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 on 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 Allan 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 bliant gun ‘bhi sailt,
Mu’n gabhainn do na Gàéil dàn,
Gun fhearm ghràidh’n aird mo rann!”

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 Glengarry figuring the first in my verse.

But although Allan became Glengarry’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 any thing, 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 GHLINNE-GARAIDH.

AIR FONN—“ *Cuir a nall duinn am botul.* ”

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 séile
Leis an eireadh gach buaidh,
Oighe Chnoideart a bharrach,
'S Ghlinn-garaidh bho thuath.

THIG ort measair a's adharc,
Agus taghadh nan arm,
Le d' mbiol-choin air lomhainn,
'S iad romhad a' falbh;

'Nuair theid thu do 'n mhonadh,
Bidh ful air damh dearg ;
Cas a shiubhal an fhirich,
Leat 'chinneadh an t-sealg.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

'S tu marhhaich' a choilich,
'S moch a ghoireas air chrann,
Bhuiic 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 ghluaiseadh iad eang.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

'S tu namhaid na h-eala,
 Lannh a mhealladh a gheoidb ;
 B' fhearr leat 'fhaicinn 's an adhar,
 Na na laidhe air lòn,
 Air iteig ga chaitheamh,
 'S luaidhe neimh' air a thoir
 Bho ghunna beoil chumpaich.
 'S cha bhiodh dùi' aige bed.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Lean do chruadal, 's do ghaisge,
 'S am fasan bu dual
 A bhi colgairta, cosant'
 Gu brosnachadh sluaigh :
 Gu h-armailteach, treubhach,
 Gu geur lannach, cruaidh ;
 'S tu shliochd nam fear treuna,
 Nach geilleadh 's an ruraig,
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Tha 'n naidheachd so fior
 Aig luchd innse nan duan,
 Gur sgeul e ro chinnteach,
 Air do shinnisir bha buaidh ;
 Nach do dhibir an deas-lanh,
 Ach seasamh 's gach uair,
 'S i bhuidhneadh a chìs
 Ri uchd strithe le faim.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Ghabh thu tlachd a's deagh-cheutaiddh,
 Do 'n bheus a bh' aig càch,
 Luchd bhreacan an fbeilidh
 A dh' eireadh a' d phairt :
 Toirne fheadan ga 'n gleusadb,
 Leat is éibhinn an gàir',
 Mar ri binneas nan teud,
 'S a bhi g' eisdeachd nam bárd.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Tog suas an crann direach,
 'S brat rìmheach gun sgàth,
 Le cularaibh rioghail
 A dh' innseas co iad :
 'S cha 'n öb do chuid gilleann
 Dol an ionaith na spàirn,
 'S tu fein air an toiseach
 A toirt mosglaidh da 'n càil.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Tog colg ort, firh ghasta,
 Bi gaisgeil 's gu 'm faod ;
 Thig marcaich, a' coisichean
 Ort as gach taobh ;
 A sheasamh do chòrach,
 Clann-Domhnuill an fhraoich ;

Thig do chinneadh a d' chomhnadh,
 A chraobbh chòmhraig nan laoch !
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Tba fir cbalma ro fhearail,
 Ann a 'd fhearrannaibh fein,
 Eadar Cnoideart 's Gleann-Garadb,
 'Theid barraicht' air ghleus :
 'Chuireas cul air an naimhdean ;
 Tha 'n ceannard ga 'n reir :
 'S cha ghabh thu bhi ceannsaicht'
 Le Ghranndaich Sbrath-Spè.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

'S leat cairdeas, le dhùrachd
 Fir ùr Innse-Gall,
 Nach gabh giorag na mùiseag,
 'N àm rusgadb nan lann ;
 Na 'n cluinneadh iad strì riut,
 Bhiodh mìltean diubh 'nall ;
 Mu 'n leigeadh iad cùs ort
 'S iad a dhùbhlaigh do rànc.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Thig a d' choinneamh le farum
 Buidhean bhras nan arm cruidh
 A bhuaileadh na buillean
 'S a chuireadh an ruraig
 Bha gu h-ardanach, reachdmhor,
 Gu feachd a dol suas
 Bho Cheapaich nan craobh,
 'Dh-fhag na glaoïdh '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 riabh,
 Le 'n airm an deagh ordugh,
 Luchd a leonadh nam fiadh,
 'S a dheanadh an tolladh
 Mu 'n cromadh a ghrain.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Co 'thàirneadh riut riobadh
 Nuair 'thig nam beil bhuat ?
 Iarl' Antrum á Eirinn
 Leis an eireadh na 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 dùthchas
 Bho thùr nan clach réidh,
 Braithrean Dhomhnuill, Cloinn-Dhùghaill,
 Marcaich shuaintach nan stéud :

Clann an t-Shaoir bho thaobh Chruachaínn,
 Bba cruaalach tréun ;
 Ge d'chaill iad a chóir
 'Bh' aigan seòrs' ann an Sléibht'.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

ORAN DO NA CIOBAIREAN

GALLDA.

THAINIG oirnu do dh-Albainn crois,
 Tha daoine bochd nochdte ris,
 Gun bhiadh, gun aodach, gun chluain ;
 Tha 'n Aird-e-tuath an deigh' a sgrios :
 Cha 'n fhaicear ach caoichir a's uain,
 Goill mu 'n cuairt dhaibh air gach slios ;
 Tha gach fearann air dol fàs,
 Na Gàéil 's an cinn fo fhliodh,
 Cha 'n fhaicear crodh-laoigh air gleann,
 No eich, ach gann, a' dol an éill ;
 'S ann do 'n fhaisineachd a bh' ann
 Gun reachadh an crann bho fheum :
 Chaidh na sealgairean fo gheall,
 'S tha gach cuilbhéir cam, gun ghleus :
 Cha mharbhbar maoiseach no meanu,
 'S dh-fhuadaich sgríachail Ghall na feidh.
 Cha 'n eil 'abbhachd feadh nam beann,
 Chaidh giomanach teann fo smachd :
 Tha fear na cròiche air chall,
 Chaidh gach eilidh a mang as :
 Cha 'n fhaighearr ruagh-bhoc nan allt,
 Le cù seang ga chur gu strath ;
 An eirig gach cui's a bh' ann,
 Feadaireachd nan Gall 's gach glaic.
 Cha chluinnear geum ann am buaille,
 Chaidh an crodh-guaillionn á suim ;
 Cha 'n eisdear luinneag no duanag,
 Bleodhan mairt aig gruagaich dhuinn :—
 Bho 'n chaidh ar cuallach an tainead,
 'S tric a tha padhadh g' ar claoiadh,
 N àite nan cairdean a bh' againn,
 Linneach għlas am bun gach tuim !
 Mar gun tuiteadh iad fo 'n chraoidh,
 Cnnomhan caoich 'dol aog sa bharrach ;
 'S ann mar sid a tha seann daoine,
 'S clann bleag a h-aogaist bainne ;
 Thilgeadh iad gu lomall cùire,
 Bho 'n dìthchas a bh' aig an seanair ;
 B' fhearr leinn gun tigeadh na Frangaich
 A thoirt nan ceann deth na Gallabi.

Dh-fhalbh gach pòsadh, threig gach banans—
 Sguir an luchd-ealaidh bbi seinn ;
 Chuala sibhse tric ga aithris,
 "Caidseirean a teachd air cléibh ;"
 'S ionnan sid 's mar thachair dhomh-sa,
 Cha dean iad m' fheòraich air feill,
 Far am b' àbhaist dhomh bhi mùirneach,
 'S fearr leo cù ga cbuir ri spréidh.

Gach aon fhear 'fhuair lamh-an-uachdar,
 Dh-fhogair iad uatha gach neach
 A reachadh ri aghaidh crudail,
 Na 'n tigeadh an ruaign le neart :
 Na 'n eireadh cogadh 'san riøgħach,
 Bhiodh na clobairean na 'n aire ;
 'S e sid an sgeula bu bhinn linn,
 Bhi ga 'n cuir gu dìth air sad !!

Eiridh iad moch la sàbaid,
 'S tachraídh iad ri càch-a-chéil',
 'S nuair a shìneas iad air stòri,
 'S ann g' an còmhchràd, tigh'n' air feur,
 Gach fear a faoighneachd ri nàbuidh,
 "Cia mar sin a dh' ftag thu 'n treud ?
 Ciod i phris a rinn na mult ?
 No 'n do cbuir tħu iad gu féill ?"

"Cha 'n aobhar talaiħ am bliadhn' e,
 Rinn iad a sia-diag a's corr ;
 Ma tha thus' ag farraido flos air,
 Cheannaich mi 'mbin leis a chloimh ;
 Dh-fhalbh na crogaichean air dàil ;
 'S ma ghleidheas mi 'n t-àlach òg,
 Ge do għeibh an trian diù 'm bàs,
 Ni mi 'màl air na bhios beo."

'Nuair dhireas fear dħiù ri beinn,
 An àm dha eiridh gu moch,
 Bi'dh sgread Għalda 'm beul a cbleibh,
 'G eigeachd na deigh a chuid con ;
 Ceol nach b' ēbħinn linn, a sgairt ;
 Bracsi na shac air a chorġ ·
 E suainte na bħreacan glas ;
 Ua' -mħialan na fħalt 's na dhos.

'Nuair thig e oirnn sa għaloth,
 'S maир a bhios air taobh-an-fasga,
 Cha 'n fhaod fhaileadh a bhi caoin,
 'S e giulan nam maodal dhachaiga ;
 'S tric e ga fħoileadh 'sa għaorr,
 Sios bho ħaol-druim gu chasan,
 'S ge be reachadh leis a dh' òl,
 'S feudar dhaibh an sròn a chasadah.

Nuair shuidheas dithis no triùif
 'S an taigh-bsd' an ciùs 'bhi réiħ,
 Chitear aig toiseach a bħiżi,
 Ciobair agus cù na dhéidh ;

Bu choir a thilgeadh an cùil,
'S giùn a chur am beul a chleibh,
Iomain a macb thun an dùin,
'S gabhadh e gu smiùradh fein..

S olc a chuideachd do chàch,
Neaclach nach àbhaist a bhi glan ;
Cha chompanach dbaoine 'is fiach
Fear le fiaclan a spòth chlach,
Ann an garrabbuic air a għluinean,
Le chraos ga 'n sūghadh a mach ;
'S ma leigeas tu 'n deoch ri bheul,
Na dheagħaidh na fiach a blas,

Amach luchd chràgaирt na h-òluinn,
Ma 's a h-àill leibh comunn ceart !
Druidibh orra suas a cbòmhla,
'S na leigibh a sròn a steach :
Bho nach cluinnear aca 'stòri,
Ach craicinn agus clòimh ga reic,
Cunnadh na li-aimsir, 's gaeb uair
'Ceannach uau mu 'n teid am breith.

Suidhidh sinn mu bhòrd gu h-éibhinn,
Gu ceolach, teudach, gun smalan,
Caoimhneil, carrantach, ri chéile,
'S na biodh aon do 'n treud n' ar carabh ;
Olaibh deoch-slainte Mhic-Choinnicb,
'S Chòiriueil Ghlinne-Garaidh,
Chionn gur beag orra na caoich,
'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-fbios na maighdinn' a chraidh mi ;
Ga nach a tug mi dhut faoidhrean,
Ann am foill dhut cha d' fhàs mi :
'S mar a math leam thu fallain,
Nar a mheal mi mo shlainte !

Nar a mheal mi mo chòta,
Mar b'e mo dheoin a bhi lamh riut,
'S a bhi briodal ri 'm leannan,
An seomar daingeann nan clàraidh,
An iuchair fhaotainn am' phòca,
S gun aòr tòir a bhi laimh ruinn,
'S mi gun deanadh do phògadh,
Gun fheòraich de m' chairdean.

Gun fheòraich do m' chairdean,
'S fada a dh'fhalbhuiinn a d' choinnidh
Far an deanaon riut còdhail,
Cha bhidhinn beo gun a cumail :
Tha mo dbuill ann sa mhaighdein
Nach treig do chaoimhneas mi uile ;
'S mar do chaochail thu àbhaist,
Gheibhinn t-fhàilt' agus t-fhuran.

'S e t-fburan a leon mi
A dh' flag am bron so air m' aigueadhd,
A thromaich m' intinn fo' éislein,
Cha dean mi eiridh le grайд,
Tha mo chridhe neo-shumntach,
Tha mi bruite fo'm aisnean,
Aig a mheud 's thig mi 'ghaol dut,
'S nach fhaod sinn 'bhi tachairt.

Nach faod sinn 'bhi tachairt
An àite falaich no 'n uaigheas,
Far an deanaon riut beadradh,
A 's tacan cleasachd air uairean ;
Ach se lagacb mo mhiseach,
Nach faod mi tric 'bhi mu 'n cuairt dhut :
B' fhearr a phog na 'bhi falamh,
Mar a faigh mi do bhuanachd,
Cha 'n eil m' éibhneas air thalamh,
Mar a faigh mi thu 'Mhàiri !
Cba dual domh bhi fallain
Ma bhios mi fada mar tha mi :
Cha ghuidhinn mo ghalar
Do m' charaid no 'm nàmhaid ;
Chaidh acaid am chridhe,
'S cha dean lighichean stà dhomh !

Beul millis, dearg, daite,
Deud snaithe mar dhisnean,
Suil ghorm is glau sealadh
Fo 'n chaol mhal' aig an ribhinn
Tha cul buidhe mar òr ort,
Is boidhche nan dithean ;
Blas na meal' air do phògan,
'S be mo dbebin 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-flas glaise 'nam ghruaidean,
'S bochd a bhuaidh th' air an t-sheirc sin,
A chaochail mo shnuagh dhiom,
Mar dhuine truagh 'thig á teasach.

Mar dhuine truagh thig á teasach.
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 trì ni thig gun iarraidh,
 An gaol agus eagul,
 'S gun leith-sgeul an t-iadach."

DUANAG DO 'N UISGE-BHEATHA.

FONN.—“*Tha'n oidhche tighinn a's mise leam fin.*”

THA faileadh gun fhotas
 Bho 'chneas Mhic-an-Tòisich,
 Chuireadh blàths' ann am pòraibh,
 Là reòt a's gaoth tuath.

O! sid i'n deoch mhilis
Nach pileamaid uainn,
Chuireadh blàths air gach cridhe,
Ge do bhithheadh iad fuar :
O! sid i'n deoch mhilis
Nach pileamaid uainn.

Bu taitneach an cèòl
 A bhi g' eisdeadh a chrònain,
 Ga leigeadh a stòp,
 A' cuir cròidh air a chuaich.
O! sid i'n deoch, &c.

'S e gogail a choilich,
 Ga ghocadh ri gloine,
 Ceol iùntinneach, loinneil,
 A thoilleadh an duais ;
O! sid i'n deoch, &c.

Ma chreidear mo sheanachas,
 Bu mhath lein '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 á buideal,
 Bu mhath le ar slugain
 Am fluchadh 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 bhithheadh luchd-ealaidh
 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 ghealltar,
 Gu spealtadh nan cnuac.
O! sid i'n deoch, &c.

Sùgh brìgheil na thirnne,
 bho fheadan na pràise;
 Tha sñioradail, laidir,
 An caileachd 's an snuagh.
O! sid i'n deoch, &c.

Ann an coinnidh, 's an codhail,
 Beir daoine gu còmhradh,
 'S binn luinneagan orain
 Mu bhord ga 'n cuir suas.
O! sid i'n deoch, &c.

Tha thu cleachdta 's gach dùthaich,
 N àm reiteachadh cùmhant,
 Ma bhios sinn as t-iunnais,
 Bi'dh sùgradh fad bhuanain.
O! sid i'n deoch, &c.

Tha thu d' lighich' neo-thuisleach,
 A dh' fhiachas gach cuisle,
 Gun iarmailt no duslach,
 Air nach cnir thu ruraig.
O! sid i'n deoch, &c.

Gun eugail na fàilinn
 Tha 'n clannaibh mar Gàel,
 Nach toir thu gu slaint',
 Agus phaighear dhut dhuais.
O! sid i'n deoch, &c.

Nuair 'shuidheamaid socrach,
 'S e 'ghlaodh te na bodaich,
 Cha b' ionnan 's am brochan,
 Thoir boslach dheth' nuas.

O! sid i'n deoch, mhilis
Nach pileamaid uainn,
Chuireadh blàths air gach cridhe,
Ge do bhithheadh iad fuar :
O! sid i'n deoch mhilis
Nach pileamaid uainn.

Note.—We have printed this song as we took it down from the poet's own recitation in 1828.

ORAN DO 'N MHISG.

AIR FONN—"An am dol sios bhi dédnach."

An àm dhomh glasad anns a mhadainn,
 Cha 'n eil m' aigneadh sunntach,
 'S e Mac-na-bracha 'rinn mo leagadh
 Ann an leabaidh dhùinte;
 Mo chliabh na lasair, air a chasadach,
 S airtneulach mo dhùsgadh,
 'S e sud an gleachdair fhuair fo smachd mi,
 'S dh' fhag e m' aisnean bruite.

Nuar a shuidh sinn san taigh-òsda,
 Chaidh na stoip thar chuintsas,
 Gu tric a tighinn, cha bu ruighinn,
 Iad na 'n ruith a m' ionnsuidh,
 Gun iarraidh dàlach a sior phaigheadh
 'G òl deoch-slainte 'Phrionusa;
 'S cha 'n iarrainn fein a dh' aobhar ghàir',
 Ach Ràonull a toirt clìù dhomh.

Nuar a ghluais mi gu tigh'nni dachaigh,
 Lagadh a chion lùis mi,
 Gun d' fhalbh mo neart gun leirsinn cheart,
 Gun chaill mi 'm beachd bha m' shùilean;
 Feadh na h-oidhche 's mi gun soillseunn
 Air mo shlaovic 'san dùnun;
 Cha robh air chomas domh ach àrusg,
 'S bha mo chairdean diùmbach.

'S leir dhomh 'n diugh gur mor an tàmait
 Cach a bhi ga m' ghiulan,
 'S mi fein an duil gun robh mi laidir
 Gus an d' fhag mo thùr mi;
 Ge do chuir i 'n eis mo cholunn,
 'S e mo sporan 'dhiubhail
 Air gniomh na misge 'shlaid gun fhios mi,
 Mar tig gliocas ùr dhomh.

'S olc an ealaidh bhi ga leanait,
 'S aimideach an tòrn 'bhi
 'Suidh' air bhord a glaodhaich òil,
 'S mo phòccannan ga 'n tionndadh,
 A' sgapadh stòrais le meud-mhoir,
 Ag iarraidh phòg 's na cùiltean;
 'Sfad sa mhaireadh mo chuid òir,
 Cha chuireadh bsdair cùl rium.

'S coir dhomh nise thoirt fos' near
 An t-aithreachas a dhùbladh,
 Mo bhoid gu gramail thoirt a'n Eala,
 Dh' fheuch an lean mo chliù rium;

Cha teid deur a staigh fo m' dheudaich,
 'S feadar tigh'n as iùnais;
 Cha 'n fhaigh fear falamh seol air aran
 Ach le fallas gnuise.

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 dùthaich;
 Ge do bhiodh tu gann de stoc,
 Na faicear bochd do ghiulan;
 'S e arson nach glaodhamaid a'r hotul
 Ann an toiseach cùmhnhant?"

SMEORACH CHLOINN-DUGHAILL.

LUNNEAG.

Ho-i, ri na, ho-ro, hù-o,
Ho-lib ho-i na, i-ri, ü-o;
'S smèorach mise le Cloinn-Dughaill
A seinn ciùil, an dluths' gach géige.

CHA dean mi bròn an còs falaich,
 Tha seileir mo loin gun ainnis;
 Gheibh gach seòrsa seol air aran,
 'S cha churam dhomhsa 'bhi falamh.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Nuar a dh'eireas grian an earraich,
 Diridh an ianlaith 's na crannaibh;
 Tha 'm beatha-san diant' air thalamh
 Ebo 'n laimh gus am bial, 's i ro mliath.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Gur a mise a smèorach ghleannach,
 Sheinninn ceol air bhàrr gach meangain;
 Ribheid ùr an siunnsair fallain,
 'S math mo chàil, gun sàs air m' anail.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Madainn chéitein, 'n àm dhombh dùsgadh,
 'Seinn gu h-éibhinn, eutrom, siubhlach;
 Dealt nan speur air gheugan cùraidh,
 Grian ag eiridh, 's feur a' brùchdadhl.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Ghineadh mi 's an tìr nach coimheach,
 'S chaisginn m' iotadhl le brigh Chomhainn;
 Tobar ioc-shlainte nach reodhadh,
 'G eiridh 'nios bho 'n dilin dhomhain
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Air taobh greine, gleann mo chridhe,
Far an robh éibhneas mo dhilibhe;
Ge do bhiodh an t-eug a tighinn,
Bheireadh slainnt' do 'm chreubhsa rithist.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

'S an tìr àigh do 'n gnà 'bhi cridheil,
Chaidh m' àrach gun fhaillinn bidhe,
Air nead sàbhailte gun smithe;
S' gheibhinn blaths' air sgà Chloinn Iain.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Tha mi nise measg Chloinn-Cham'roin,
Cinneadh mòr bha 'n seòrs ud ainmeil ;
'N cath 's an còmhail, seòlta, calma ;
'Dol gu còmhrag, stroiceach, marhhtach.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

'S piudhar mi do 'n chuthaig shamhraidi,
Le 'm dheoin cha teid mi gu Galltachd ;
Bho 'n is i Ghàëlig is caiunt domh,
'Measg mo chàirdean talar ann mi,
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Nuaир theid fianlach feadh na coille,
Cruiinnichidh ianlaith gach doire ;
Thig gach ian gu nead le coilleig,
Sràbh ga shniomh am bial gach coilich.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

'S ionnan sid 's mår dh'eireas domhsa ;
Ma phiocas càch mi le dòruinn,
Falbhaidh mis' "an ariochd na smèdraich,"
'S theid mi 'm ghearan far an cùr dhomh.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Gu Dùn nan Ciar thríallainn dàna,
'Dhol fo sgiathairbh nan triath stàtail ;
Ged nach eil Eoin Ciar a lathair,
'S maireann am fear liath a's Pàdrraig.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Dùn-olla nan tùireid arda,
Nam fear fulleach, builleach, stràcach,
'Sheasadh duineil luchd an cairdeis,
'Choisneadh urram ri uchd namhaid.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

'S smèdrach mi bho chaisteal uaibhreach,
Nan steud prisceil, rioghail, snairec,
Dream gun spid, bha 'n sunnsir uasal,
Bu mhòr pris ri linn Raon-Ruairidh.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Dughallaich nan geur-lann aisneach,
Guineach, beumach, 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 pharmaid,
Ri fhuil cha chumadh iad earbsa,
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, Roibeart an cuil chumhainn,
Ghabh e gu fogradh car siubhail ;
Cha robh dhaoine saor bho phuthar,
Fad 's a bha hhur taobh-sa 'buidhinn,
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Cha h' iongnadb e 'ghabhail grain diu,
'S tric a chuir iad cunnart bais air ;
Thug sibh uaithe 'sròl 's am braisde,
'S tha sid an Dun-olla 'lathair.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

'S i 'n t-sheann stòri tha mi gluasad,
'S naidheachd ùr do 'n fhear nach cual i,
Sgeula fior, ge fada hhuaithe,
Gun do sheas an linn ud cradal.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Buidheann gun fhiamh, nach d' iarr socair,
Rinn iad aon blar-diag a chosnadh ;
Gus an tainig sgrìob na dosgairn,
Latha Dail-righ a mhi fhortain,
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

'S e bu mbiannach leis a bhuidheann,
Bhi cur ard-raimh'chean fo 'n uidheam,
Seoladh ard air bharr nan sruithean,
Sgoltadh nam bárc le car shiubhal.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Luchd a chaitheamh nan cuan borba,
'S muir a gairich ri h-aird stóirme ;
Bheireadh iad gu aite soirbh i,
Dh' aindeoín barr nan sràc-thonn gorma.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Fir mo ghaoil hho thaobh na tràghad,
Nach robh claoñ ri h-aodann gabhaidh,
Nach meataicheadh gaor an t-sàile,
'Nuar a sgoileadh iad a h-àlach.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Cha d' innis mi trian da 'r n' àbhaist,
'S tha mo mhuineal tioram tràisgte ;
'S olaidh mi nis' bur deoch-slainte,
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 òl an drama,
Còmhlaith ri oigearan glana,
Ge do bha mo bhean-sa hanail,
'S sgainnealach a trod i rium.

"O! teann a null, 's na tionndaidh rium,
Bho 'n's e mo dhiumb a choisinn thu;
Fuirich sàmhach air mo chul-thaobh.
Sùgradh cha bhi nochd aguinn."

Labhair ise 'sin na briathran :—
"Fasaidh tu d' shruthaire hriaghach,
S eagal leam nach pàidh thu t-fhiachan,
'S e do ghniomh tha coltach ris.
O! teann a null, &c.

"Cha 'n fhuilic mi honn a d' bheadradh
Air moch, no anamoch, no feasgar;
'S fearr leat communn nan stòp beaga,
'S thoill thu leasan goirt' thoirt dhut.
O! teann a null, &c.

"Thug thu òg do cheannas-cinnidh
Do Mhac-an-Tòisich an gille;
'S hò na rinn an t-bl do mhileadh,
A d' mhire cha 'n 'eil toirt agam.
O! teann a null, &c.

"Cha 'n fharraidh thu 'm bithinn beo,
Nam faigheadh tu tombac' a's pòit,
Bhi sgapadh airgeid air gach bòrd,
'S cha 'n 'eil an seol ud fortanach.
O! teann a null, &c.

"S olc an an ohair dhut hhi daonnan
A tighinn dachaigh air an daorach;
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' hbeo dhut;
Bho na db' fhas thu d' dhuine gòrach
Chuir an t-bl bho chosnadh thu.
O! teann a null, &c.

"Tha thu gun bhriogais, gun fheileadh,
'S e air tolladh air do shleisnean;
S cia mar a ni mi dhut éideadh?
Chuir thu fein gu bochdann mi.
O! teann a null, &c.

"Phòs mi thu dh' aindeoin mo chairdean,
Gun toil m' athar no mo mhàthar;
'S hho na ghabh mi nise gràin dhiot,
Falhh as fag a's droch-uair mi.
O! teann a null, &c.

"Phòs mi thu le deoin gun aindeoin,
'S hha thu seolt' air thi mo mheallaich;
Bho na hha mi ôg am amaid,
Rinn mi ceangal do-charach.
O! teann a null, &c.

"Ge do bheirinn spreidh a's earras
Do dh' shear t-làbhais agus t-ealain,
Chosadh tu e leis na galain;
Ailein! chaidh an ròsad ort.
O! teann a null, &c.

"Ge nach rohh mo chrodh air buaile,
Bhuininn do dh-fhior fhuil gun truailleadh;
'S na sealainn beagau mu'n cuairt 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 uaihhreach,
'S fuirich siobhalt 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 rùin! na bì 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 geill na mnathan,
'S gahaidh iad le choiteach rud.
O tionndaidh rium, &c.

A bhi trod rium cha 'n 'eil feum ann,
Cha chuis àbhachd dhuinn le cheil e :—
"Air beul duinnta cha teid fèicéan,"
'S e bhi réith is dochá leinn.
O tionndaidh rium, &c.

'S ge do dheanainn stòp a thràghadh,
Maille ri cuideachadh chairdeil,
'S mairg thu 'mhaoidheadh orm gu hràch e,
Ged do phàidhinn crotag ris.
O tionndaidh rium, &c.

Ge do dh' òlainn làn an taomain,
Thiginn dachaigh cridheil, gaolach ;
'S cha bu chàis gu taigh a sgoileadh,
Ge do għlaħħainn botul dheth.
O tionndaidh rium, &c.

Ge do labhair thu 's gach doigh rium,
Dh' aindeon aon ní riamh a dhùl mi,
'S geal do churrachd, 's duhh do bhrogan,
'S dionach, comhnard, socrach, iad.
O tionndaidh rium, &c.

Ge do dh' fhanadh tu air t-eolas,
Gun tigh'r'n riamh a nall à Cnibeart,
Għieħiġi te le beagan stórais,
Bhiodh cho hoidheach coltas riut.
O tionndaidh rium, &c.

Ach sin 'nuair a labhair ise :—
“ Smi iċċi togail dhoit a nis',
Chàin thu thu fein, 's dhàt thu mise ;
'S misd thu nach 'eil fōsadh ort.”
O tionndaidh rium, &c.

GEARAN NA MNATHA AN

AGHAIDH A' FIR, AGUS IAD A FREAGAIRT A CHEILE.

FONN—“ 'S muladach mi fħin 's mo Dhdmhnull.”

A' BHEAN,

'S cia mar dh-fhaodas mi hhi beo,
'S an duine broite, triuagh agam ?
Tha e-sau sean, agus mis' òg,
'S ann aig' tha 'n corr mar chuala mi :
Ge do laidheas mi 'ga chòir.
Tha bhial 'sa shroin air fuarachadh,
'S gur mor a chulaidh għrain a phog,
Le fħiasaq mhoir 'g a suathadh rium.

AM FEAR.

O ! bhean, cha 'n 'eil do lahhairt ceart,
Bha neart annam 'n uair fhuair thu mi ;
Dheanainn mire, müirn, a's maenū,
A's ghleachdainn ris na gruagaichean :

Sean-fħacal a dh-fhaodar innse,
Sgeula fior a chualas e :—
“ Cha lean an siġġnach air a shior-ruith,
'S bithidh e sgith dheth uair-eigin.”

A' BHEAN.

'S dona ghreis a mhair thu dhomhsa,
A's cha h'e 'm pòsadh buadħail e ;
Dh-fħalibh do mħisneach, 's do threib
An uair bu choir dhut cruadhachad ;
Ged bhiodh tu da-fħicheadh 's corr,
Cha b' aois ro mħor an tuairmeachd sin ;
'S gur lionmħor fear nach 'eil cho òg riut,
Chuireas pòr mar thuathanach.

AM FEAR.

Dheanainn cliathadh, 's chuirinn crann,
Na' faġiġiñn earlaid luathareach,
Agus cuideachadh ri bantraix,
'S għieħiġi taing, a's tuarsadal ;
Ge do chaidh mi nis a prìs,
Bho 'nha mi tinn air uaireanan ;
Gu 'n robb mi roimhe 'm sgalig għirinn,
'S bu mħor 'ga d' dhà na fhuair thu dhlob.

A' BHEAN.

'S a h-uile cäs an robb thu riamh,
Bha teang' ad hhial a dh-fħuasgladħ ort ;
Na'n creideadħ għażiex do sgħala,
Dħianadħ tu na cruachan domh :
Ach caite faca sinn do għniomħ,
Nam fiaċċta ris an rùmħar thu ?
Bha do dħruim 's do lamħi chod diomħainn,
Sid an giomli a fhuair mi dhut.

AM FEAR.

O ! bhean, nach labhair thu gu foil,
Cha 'n 'eil do chomħradh buannachdach :
'S ma thionndas tu riuum a choir,
Bheir mise 'n corr nach fhuair thu dhut ;
Glacaidħ mi sūisti 'ann am dhorn,
'S air ûrlar comhnard buaillidh mi,
Bho airde na sparra nuas gu lär,
'S cha 'n fħag mi graim air egħwajib agad.

BHEAN.

'S na 'n togadħi tu ort a chroit sin,
Choisneadlu tu do dħuwa isorm ;
Cha chluu nnti gu hràch mis' għosnaj,
A's nochdainnse mo shuairceas dhut ;
Chuirinn an t-im anni sa bħročan,
A's chumainn deoħ an uachdar riut ;
'S chaidleamaid gu sàmhach socrach
'S cha bhiodh sproċid no gruaim orm.

AM FEAR.

Shaoil mi hhean gu 'n robh thu bàindi,
A's nach biadh sannt gu tuasaid ort:
Ge do dh-fhásainne che fann,
'S nach tionndainn air do chluasaig riut;
Air leam fein nach' eil thu 'n call,
'S do chluann a chuir ri ghuaillich dhut;
'S ma dh-fbas thu guinideach nad' cheann,
Gur hean tha 'n geall air buaireadh thu.

A' BHEAN.

'S ann agam-sa bba'u ceannfath,
Nuair chithinn cǎch a' cluaineis riut;
Chaidh a' chuis bho fhaladhà,
A's cha robh stà bhi d' bhuachailleachd;
Ged a' mis' a ghlac do lamh,
Bha te no dha nach b' fluathach leat:
'S ma chosg thu riutha do liunn-tàth,
Tha nis' am fàilt air fuarachadh.

AM FEAR.

Dh-aithnich thusa sin ort fein,
A bheudag dh-fhas thu suarach orm:
Chaili thu nise dhiom do spéis,
'S cha 'n 'eil do reite buan agam:
Bho 'n a chaidh mise nis' bho fbeum,
'S e 'n t-eud a rinn do bhualadh-su:
'S moch 'sa mhadaimn chuir thu 'n ceilidh domh,
Nach robh m' eiridh suas agam.

A' BHEAN.

Is fir gun stà, gun rath, gun direadh,
Na bi 'g inuse tuaileas orm:
Nam bidh tua dhomhsa dileas,
Cha robh m' intintinn bruailleanach:
Ach 'e bu mhian leat a bhi briodal,
Ris gach ribhinn chuaileanaich:
'S iomadh ribein agus cir,
A's deise chinn a fhuair iad bhuat.

AM FEAR.

Ach e'aite 'n fhuair thu mi 'sa sgàth,
Na'm faca tu 'g an tuairgeadh 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 phasa chuir a suas orm,
S na càraich air a mhùin do chas,
Ach leig a mach na chuala tu.

A' BHEAN.

'S ma chuireas tu mi gu m' dhùbhlàin,
Bithidh a chuis na 's cruidheadh dhut:
Gheibh a' ministeir an t-umhlachd,
A's tbeid an lùireach shuaicheant ort;

Linnseach, mhaslach air a dùbladh,
Leis gach dunadh tuaisgearra:
'S ge do bhithinns' air do chul-thaobh,
Air son crùn cha 'n fhuasglainn i.

AM FEAR.

Ach gus an càirear mi 's an ùir,
Cha 'n fhiaidh do shuil mu m' ghuaillean i,
'S ma thig do naidheachd os ceann bùird,
Cha chliù dhut a bhi luaidh sin riùm;
A's ge do lasadh t-fhearg le diumb,
Cho ghrad ri fidar buaireasach,
Cha chomhdaicheadh leat orm-sa chùis,
Nach iunnsaich mi le h-uairbreachas.

A' BHEAN.

'S cha mhor nach coma leam co dhìù,
Cha robh do thùrn ach suarach leam:
'S an a'r a'b' fhearr a bha do shùgradh,
Chunnatinnse na h-uaireannan;
Chaidleadh tu cho trom gun dùsgadh,
Air mo chul le smuaiseirein:
'S ge do bhiodh mo thraig 'ga rùsgadh,
Cha robh curam gluasaid ort.

AM FEAR.

'S bheirinn coimhairle gu h-eolach,
Air gill' og tha fuasgailteach;
E bhi glic ri àm a phòsaidh,
'S laidhe seolta suas rithe:
'S gun droch cleachdadh thoirt 'g a dheoin,
Do ghòraig nach biodh staim aintre,
'S gun fbios nan lagaicheadh a threòdir,
Nach ordaicheadh i bhuaithe e.

A' BHEAN.

Am fear nach dean a threabhadh tràth,
'S a mhàirt ged bhiodh e fuar aige,
S culaidh mhagaidh e chion stà,
'S ri latha bhàth cha bhuan e dias;
Bithidh am fearann aige fàs,
Na stiallan bana, 's luachair air,
A's e-san broinein! a' dol bàs,
'S na saibhlean làn aig tuathanaich.

AM FEAR.

'S cha 'n fheud mo threabhadsa bhi mull,
S do chall ri dheanadh suas agam;
Bheir mi oigeich as a' gheann,
'S theid cuing gu teann mu 'n guailleannsa:
A' Dun-éideann gheibh mi crann,
'S e fasan gallda 's usáile leinn;
Coltar, stailinn, soc, a's bann,
'S gach ball bhos ann theid cruidh orna.

A' BHEAN.

Bi cho matb 's do ghealladh dbomhsa,
 'S còrdaidh sinn gun duathalas :
 Bho 'n tha sinn cho fada combla,
 'S am pòsadh mar chruaidh shnuim oirnn ;
 'S mor gur fearr leam an t-òlc eolach,
 Na fogarach luasanach ;
 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 robb soirbheas laidir dian,
 Gun fhiath bhi goirid uaithe sin :"—
 'S an cogadh bu chruaidh bh' ann riamh,
 Chaidh crioch le rian air uair-eigin ;
 'S cuir thusa, bhean, ri d' theangaidh srian,
 'S bithidh sith 'ga dianamh suas againn.

ORAN NA CAILLICH.

AIR FONN—"Hò hì ho hà mo luadh mo leanamh."

Ma theid mi gu feill, gu féisd, no banais,
 Bi'dh ise làn eud, 's i fein aig baile
 'S ma bheir mi le sùgradh suil air caileig,
 Gur diumb a's fàlachd sid dbomhsa.

O hì o hà, gur cruidh a chailleach,
 O hì, o ha, gur fuar a chailleach,
 Ho rè, ho rà, 's i ghrain a chailleach,
 Dh'fhàg mise 'nam amadan gòrach.

Ma ni mi 'n taigh-òsda stòp a cheannacb,
 No suidhe air bàrd 's gun òl mi drama,
 Theid faileadh 'na sròn 's a dòrn an tarruinn,
 'S bi'dh muinntir a bhaile ri mòd oirnn,
 O hì, o ha, &c.

Mar ceannach mi ti cha'n fhiach mi m' pharaid
 A leigheas a cian, 's i tèan a gearail ;
 Cha dean i rium sith, ach stri a's carraig,
 'S ri càran teallaich an comhnuidh.

O hì, o ha, &c.

Bhithinn gu h-éibhinn, eatrom, aighealach,
 Aiginnach, gleusda, a' leum 's an Earrachd,
 Na 'n deanadh an t-eug bho chéil ar sgaradh,
 'S gu 'n chrainn am falach fo 'n fhòd i.

O hì, o ha, &c.

Cba'n airgead, cha 'n òr, cha stòr, cha thrusgan,
 'Chuir mise air a tòir ri moran cùirteis—
 Acb dalladh fo sgled le seòrsa buidseachd—
 'S ann agamsa tha 'n t-uirsgeul air Seònайд.
 O hì, o ha, &c.

Nuaир thig mi bho 'n chrann an àm an earrach,
 Le fuachd air mo chall, 's mi 'n geall mo gharaidh,
 Cha 'n fhaod mi na taing dol teann air an teallach
 Mu 'm buail i gu h-ealamh le bròig mi.
 O hì, o ha, &c.

Cha dian i dhomh feum, 's cha ghreibh i aran,
 Cha 'n àraich i feudail, spreidb, no leanamh,
 A' laidhe 'sa g eiridb 'g eighneachl 's a' gearan,
 'S gu 'n reicinn gu deimhinu air ghròt i.
 O hì, o ha, &c.

Tha cnaimhean cho chruaidh ri cuaille daraich,
 A craiceann, 's a tuar cho fuar ris a ghaillionn,
 Cha dean baraile guail aon uair a garradh,
 Gun dusan sac gearrain de mhoine.
 O hì, o ha, &c.

Gun fhaicail 'na ceann, 's car cam 'na peirceal,
 Nuair thogadh i greann au àm an fleasgair
 Gu'n teiche' gach clann, gach crann, 's seisreach,
 Aig miad an eagail romh 'gròigeis !!

O hì, o hà, gur cruidh a chailleach,
 O hì, o ha, gur fuar a chailleach,
 Ho rè, ho rà, 's i ghrain a chailleach,
 Dh'fhàg mise 'nam amadan gòrach.

BARD LOCH-NAN-EALA.

JAMES SHAW, or *Bàrd 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 Ardhattan, 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 chéile seanna chuirn agus clachan iobairt, à bh'aig na Draoidhean bho shean.]

AIR FONN.—“*Alasdair á Gleanna-Garadh.*”

CHUNNA' mi h'ruadar air Fionnlà,
'S chuir e ionghnadh orm r'a fhacinn,
'S ghabh mi iongandas ro mhór dheth,
Gu sònraicht o 'n bha mi 'n chadal ;
Thuirt an guth riùm dol da ionnsaidh,
Dh' innse nach e cùis a b' phasa,
Dol a rusgadh càrn nan Druidhneach,
Na 'n car a thoirt a muinntir Ghlascho.

Ach dh' fharraid mi co as a dh' fhàlhbh e ?
'S fhreagair e le seanachas grad mi,

Thuirt e gu 'n rohh a chairdean dileas,
Eadar a Chill 's Allt-na-dacha ;
Bha cuid air an Dun so shuas diu,
'S hha uair a bha iad na hu phaift' ann ;
'S cha 'n eil mi huidheach a dh' Fionnlà,
Dhol ga 'n dùsgadh as an cadal.

'S chi thusa shathasd le d' shuilean,
Ma bhios tu 's dùthaich ri fhacinn,
Gu'n téid an gnothach so dhìoladh,
Cho chinnteach 'sa bha 'n crùn an Sasunn.

'S goilt e 'n steigh bh' ann an uachdar
Chladhaich e 'n uaigh fo na leacan ;
E gun fhios co dhiù bha innte,
Mac an rìgh na sliochd a bhageir.

'N saoil thu fhein nach robh e dàna,
Marsanta maileid no pacá,
Dhol a rusgadh an àit-lobairt,
'S ioma linn a chuir e seachad ;
'N t-aite 'n robh cnaimhean an t-seann-duiu,
'N tiolaiceadh ann o cheann fada ;
Mu 'n téid an gnothach gu crích,
Gur duilge dha na fiach a *bhlastidh*.

Ma dh' eireas mise 's mo luchd leaumluinn,
Gu 'm bi gnothach garbh a's dùithaich,
Theid Mac-'Ille-dhuibh a mbarbhadh,
'S cha dion a chuid airgeid Fionnlá,
Leagar an taigh air sa 'n sabhal,
Sgríosar am bathar 'sa bhùth air,
'S theid Gilleaspug ri posta,
Agus crochar mac a chùbair.

Eiridh an tubaist do 'u chòbair,
'S laidhe binn air Mac-na-Ceairde,
'S ma dh' òrdaicheas e gu h-olc e,
'S gnothach neo-chiontach sud dásan,
E na sheirbheiseach aig Fionnlá,
Tuilleadh a null gu Feill-Màrtuinu,
'S ma chuireas e nall na leacan,
Ma bhios meachainn annu sanu dásan.

Bhi cuir fudair amus na creagan,
Chuireadh e eagal air bòcain,
Bhi ga 'n tolladh leis an tora,
'S bhi ga 'n sparradh leis na h-òrdan,
Daoinne marbha bhi ga 'n glasad,
'S gnothach uamhraidh gu leoír e,
'S na 'n leanainn e gu grunnid an t-seanchais,
B' ainmeil e na arm righ Déòrsa.

'S cha téid a chorpa fhein gu dìlinu,
Thiolaiceadh an aite gràsmhor,
'S ann théid a losgadh mar iobairt,
Air a dhiteadh leis na fàidhean,
Théid a luath a chuir le abhuinn,
'N aite nach fhaighear gu bràth i,
'S cha 'n faigh e ach rud a thoill e,
Chionn gu 'n d' rinn e gnothach graineil.

Ach dh' fhalbhán guth 's thug e chul rium,
Agus thionndaibh e gu h-ealamh,
Thuirt e rium gu 'n d' rinn e diochuimhn,
'S e ga innse dhomh mur charaid,
Fios a thoirt dh' ionusaidh Dhùghaill,
Gu 'n robh a ghual a's uird ro ealamh,
Dheanadh torachan do dh- Fhionnla,
Chuir fùdair an Dail-a-charra.

Smaointich mi so ann am imntinn,
Nach bithinn a diteadh Dhùghaill,
Thuirt mi ris gur duine grinn e,
Do dh' fhuil Righrean nan Stiùbhart,
Tha e fhein na dhuine toileil,
Dheanadh gnothach do dh' shear dùthcha ;
'S on bha Fionnlá na chabhaig,
Cha bu mhath leis bhi ga dhiultadh.

'Nuaир a dhùisg mi ghabh mi eagal,
'S e na sheasamh air an urlar,
Dh' feuch am saighinn reidh air falbh e,
Los nach coisinn na lorg diùmba ;
Tha Dùghall trom air an tombaca,
'S tha pailteas deth sin aig Fionnlá ;
'S o 'n a labhair mi cho deas ris,
Ghabh e pairt de leith-sgeul Dhùghaill.

'S ann a tha 'n naidheachd so ciunteach,
Ged shaoileadh sibhse gur b'sd e,
Cha 'n innis mi a neach gu brath e,
Ach do chuideachd araid eolach ;
Cha robh a leithid riamh ri innse,
Eadar air Síthean 's Lag-Chròthain
Co dhiù th' ann breug no firinn,
Sin agaibh mur dh' innseadh dhomhs e.

BI'DH FONN OIRRE DAONNAN

LUINNEAG.

B'ih fonn oirre daonnan,
'S b'ih aoidh oirr' an cónaídh,
'S dh' f'lagadh m' inntinn aobhach
Bhi faicinn t-aodainn bhòidheadh,
Le mhiad s'a thug mi ghaol dut,
A's aofromas na h-àige,
Mar a dean mi t-fhaotairn,
Chá'n fhad' a ghaoil is bed mi !

CHUNNA' mise bruadar,
Dh' fhang luaineach an raorí mi'
Bhi' faicinn bean mo ghaoil
Ri mo thaobh fad' na h-oidhche.
Mi thunnda' le sòlas,
Gu pòg thoirt do 'n mhaighdin
An duil gu'n robh i làmh rium,
Ged' bha mi na'm' aonair.
Bi'dh fonn, &c.

Ged' do bha mi' m' shuain,
Gu 'm bu luath rium mi dùsgadh
An duil gu'n robh mo thesgaidh,
An cadal air mo chul-thaobh.

'Nuair shin mi mo lamh,
 Gu mo ghradh tharruinn dlù rium,
 Cha robh ann ach sgàile,
 Rinn m' fhagail 'nuair dhùisg mi.
Bi'dh fonn, &c.

Mo dhùrachd do'n ribhinn,
 Dh' fhadh m' inntinn-sa craiteach
 Bean t-aogais cha leir dhomh,
 La-feille na sàbaid.
 Do bheusan tha ceutach,
 As t-eudainn ro nàracb,
 Ach 's truagh mi thug gaol dut,
 'S nach faod mi bhi lamb riut.
Bi'dh fonn, &c.

O furtaich air mo chàs-sa,
 A ghraidi bhan an t-shaoghail,
 Tuig mar tha mo nàdур
 An sàs aig do ghaola.
 Na fág mi mar tha mi
 Dol bàs leis an fhaoineachd,
 'S gur tu stagh mo riaghait,
 Mo bhiadh agus m' aodach.
Bi'dh fonn, &c.

'S muladach mi daonnan,
 Do ghaol rinn mo leòndadh,
 Dh' fhalbh mo dhreach as m'aogais,
 A's chaochail mo shòlas.
 Cha'n 'eil àit' an téid mi
 Nach saoil mi le gòraich,
 Gum beil mi faicinn t-aodann,
 A's aoidh oirr' an conaichd.
Bi'dh fonn, &c.

Chualadh tu mar tha mi,
 Gur bàs domhl as t-aogmhas,
 Tionadh ann am blàth's rium
 'S na fag aig an aog mi.
 Thig a's their do laimh dhomh
 Do ghradh, a's do chaomhneas,
 S cha'n iarr mi tiull' a chàirdeas,
 No dh' ailleas an t-shaoghail.

Bi'dh fonn cirre daonnan,
 'S bi'dh aoidh oirr' an conaichd,
 'S dh' fhagadh m' inntinn aobhach
 Bhi faicinn t-aodainn bhoideach,
 Le mhiad s'a thug mi ghaol dut,
 A's aotromas na h-oige,
 Mar a dean mi t-fhaotainn,
 Cha'n fhad' a ghaol is bed mi.

ORAN DO BHOINIPART.

LUINNEAG.

A ri! gur h-aotrom leinn an t-asdar,
Biodhmaid sunntach air bheag airtneil,
Dhol an còdhail Bhoiniparti,
Chionn bhi bagairt air righ Déors.

'ILLEAN cridhe biodhmaid sunntach,
 Seasamaid onair ar dùthcha,
 Fhad sa mhaireas-luaidh' a's fùdar,
 Ciod a chuireas cùram oirnn.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

Thoisich thu oirnn o cheann fada,
 Le bòsd, le bòilich, 's le bagradh,
 'S ma thig thu air tir an Sasunn,
 Cha téid thu dhachaigh ri d' bheò.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

Ged theannadh tu fhein 's na Fràngach,
 Ri tigh'n a Bhreatuinn le d' chabhlaich,
 Cuiridh sinn a null gun taing thu,
 'S b' feàrr dhut fuireach thall led' dheoin.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

'Nuair chuir thu 'n Fhràng thair a chéile,
 Dh' fhalbh thu mur shlaughtear do'n Eipheit,
 'Nuair a chaill thu 'n coig-ciad-deug,
 Gun theich thu fhein air eigin bed.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

Bha luchd nan adaichean croma,
 Na'n laidhe air blàr g'a 'n lomairt,
 'S e mo dhiùbhail bh' anns a choinneamh,
 Nach d' fhan Abercrombi beò.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

An t-seann reisimeid dubh mheasail,
 An dara te sa 'n da-fhichead,
 Nuair fhuair i suas riut a chlisgeadh,
 Chuir i bristeadh ann ad chìro.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

Nis dh' eirich na Volunteers,
 'N onair an righ's mhorair lain,
 Chur nam Frangach gu 'n cridhe,
 Chionn bhi bruidhinn tigh'n d' ar eòir.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

O 'n fhuair sinn deise nan Gàël,
 Boineidean 's cotaichean sgàrlaid,
 Suathcheantas an righ mar shabhar,
 Le coc-ard de dh' ite 'n eoin.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

'S na 'm biodh agaum mur bu dual duinn,
Lann chinn-Ilich air ar cruachainn,
A' sgoltaidh nan ceamn g'a 'n guaillean,
Ga 'm bualadh le smuais nan dòrn.

A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

Gum beil Albainn agus Sasunn,
Anguaillean a cheill' an ceart-uair,
Tha iad aig fuaim an aou phacail,
Mar shrad eadar clacb a's òrd.

A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

Dh' fhalbh thu mar shlaoightear air chuan,
Mu 'n d' amhairc sinne mu 'n cuairt oirnn,
'S ged thu Hanobhar bhuaian,
Ge b' oil leat cha d' fhuar thu 'n t-òr.

A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

Ach ma gheibh sinn ann an sàs thu,
'N dearbh cha 'n fhaigh thu moran dàlach,
Do chrochadh an la-'r-na-mhàireach,
Le fiach cota-bhàin a ròp.

A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

Ged thig thu air tir an Albainn,
'N dòchas losgaidh agus marbhaidh,
Tha againe suas de dh' armait,
Na shracas t-eanchainn agus t-fheoil.

A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

Tha saighdeirean Earraghàeil,
Fearachail, foghainteach, daicheil,
'S chuireadh iad eagal a bhàis,
Air h-uilleù nàmhaid a ta heò.

A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

D U A N A G

DO MAC-AN T-SAOIR GHLINNE-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 Spiorad glan gun iargain.*

THOIR beannachdan le dùrachd uam,
Gabh cùram, 's na dean diochuimhn',
A's giulain iad a dh'ionnsaidh 'n fhìr,
A's deise, grinne briatharan.

Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Na'm b'athne dhomh-sa seanachas ort,
Na leanamhainn air do fhriamhaich,
Gu molainn thu gu dicheallach,
'S air m'fbacal b'fhiach dhonh dhianamh.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

'S tu ceann na teaghlach onarich,
A bha'u Gleann-nogha riamh sibh,
'S gu'm meal thu fein an stoile sin,
'S do dheagh mhac oighre 'liathadh.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Cha'n aithne dhomh 's na criochan so,
('S cha mbis' 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 annu
Aon duine chunnaiic 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,
Thoirt maslaidh 'n aird an Iar so,
Gur tua phill gu h-ullamh e,
'S tu b'urrainn dhol g'a dhianamh.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Gur luinneagach am bail' agad
Le ath-ghairm nan liath-chreag,
'A freagairt do na smèdraichean
Gu milis, ceolar, tiamhaidh.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Gu siubhlach, àghar, freagarach,
Gun stad, gun sgread, gun sgrìachan,
'Sa mhoch-thra', 'nuair a dhùisgeas tu,
Air madainn chiùin, 'sa ghrian ann.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

'Nuair dhireadh tu na Lairigean
Led' ghunn' ad' laimh, 's le d' mhiol-choin,
Gu'n leigte feidh san fhireach leat,
'S do ghillean bhi toirt bhan diu.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Ach 's eigin domh so innseadh dhut,
'S o's fior e, na gabh miotlachd,
O'n t-shin thu ris a chliobaireachd
Gun leig thu cheaird s' air diochuimhn.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Nam bithinns' ann sa chàirt a nis,
'S gach cùis a bhi gum' riaghladh,
Bhiodh Cruachan le chuid leitirchean
'A tighinn a staigh fo d' chriochan.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Be sud an rud bba nadura,
 'S tha ciunnta aig càch gu'm b'fhior e,
 S o'n leig sibh uaibh le gòraich e,
 Bu choir dbut bhi ga farraidh.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Ach squiridh mis' dhe'n iomarbhaidh,
 'S nach buin dhomh bhi ga dianamh
 Gun fhios nach gabh iad ardan rium
 Am finne* db'arach riamb mi.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

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 imbibed with the feelings of poesy ; but it does not appear that he produced any thing 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

* The Campbells.

hardships, which few men would have undergone, undaunted. The site of Picton 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 pocketcompass, 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 imbibited 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 Pictou, 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 deplored friends, who showed their estimate of his character, worth and talents, by unfeigned expressions of regret.

AN SOISGEUL.

AIR FONN—“*Coire-Cheathaich*”.

'Sg 'n Soisgeul gràdhach thug Dia nan gràs duinn
 A chum ar sàbhalach dàn mo rùin :
 Ach 's eòlas àrd e, air cùisibh àluinn,
 Nach tuig an nàdur a tha gun iùil.
 Gur mis' an truaghain 's n'asleòr man cuairt domh
 A' tabhairt cluas da, mar fhuaim nach fiach ;
 B' e'n guiothach cruaidh e nach tuig an sluagh e,
 Au sgeul as uaisle a chualas riann.

Tha clann nan daoine gu tur fo dhaorsa,
 Aig dia an t-saoghal-s ag aoradh dhà :
 Fo chois am miannan, a tha do-riarach ;
 Gun fheart, gun iarraidh air Dia nan gràs :
 A' dianamh tair air gach ni is àill leis,
 A' briseadh àinteán gach là gun sgios ;
 E fad o'n smuaintibh, 's iad riuth gu luath uaithe ;
 Chum na traughae ta huam gun chrìch.

Ge mòr an cùram th'aig Dia nan dùl diuhh,
 Cha tig iad dùl dha le ùrnaigh chaoin ;
 Bu mhòr a' ghràin leo bhi uair 'na làthair,
 An caidreamh blàth ris 'na àros naomh :
 Iad ruith na gaoithe, 's ag earbsa daonnan,
 Ri sonas fhaotainn am faoineis bhreug ;
 Gun fhios, gun aird ac' air doigh a's fearr dhai
 Na greim an dràst air n' a's àill le 'n cré.

Tha 'm harail làidir gur muinntir shlànn iad,
 'S nach 'eil ceann-fàth ac' air gràsan Dé :
 Tha 'n Soisgeul faoin leo, seach gean an t-saoghal,
 Tha 'n cridhe aotrom, gun ghaol do'n Léigh

Ach 's àit an sgeul e, air leigheas ceutach
 Do dhuin' euslan, fo chreuchdaibh ciùirt,
 'S naigheachd phrìseil, bho Dhia na firinn
 Do neach fo dhàeadh, 's e dhìlidh, hrùit.

Do neach fo smuairean, le Dia hhi 'n gruaim ris,
 'S a lochdan uamhar 'g a chuartach' dùl ;
 Gun fhios nach àite dha ifrinu chràiteach,
 M'an tig am màireach, s' am bàs 'na shùil
 Do neach a dh'fhoglum o'n Spiorad Naomha,
 Gur sonas baoth bheir an saogh' so uaithe ;
 Nach eil ann ach sgàil deth 'san àm tha làthair,
 'S gu 'm bac am hàs e 's nach fàs e huan.

B'e sgeul an àigh e, air beatha 's slàinte,
 O Ios' a bhàsaich 'na ghràdh do dhaoin.
 'Si 'Fhùil am plàs anns am heil an tàbhachd,
 'Nuair théid a chàradh gu hàigheil, caoïu,
 Ri cridhe leòinte, gun ghean, gun sòlas,
 Ach doilich, brònach, gun seòl air sith ;
 Le Spiorad uasal nam fearta huadhar,
 Nuair thig e nuas air le gluasad mìn.

Sud sgeul roaoihh neach, air maoin 'a's oighreachd.
 Do duine daihhir, gun sgòinu do'n t-saogh'l ;
 Air crùn, 's rioghachd a chaoi nach eriochnaich
 Gun dragh gun mhiothlachd, ach sith, 's gaol.
 Sud sgeul ro àraidh do duine tàireil,
 Air urram àrd ann am Pàrras shnuas ;
 Le gràdh gun aimhleas, a measg ian ainghlean ;
 'S cha teirig cainnt dàlhh, toirt taing do'n Uan.

Deaghsgul air fuasgladh, do pheacach truaillidh
 O chionta duainchuidh, nach suail a mheud ;
 Tre 'n chumhachd bhrighean a ta an lobairt
 An t-Sagairt rioghailean, ta siobhailt, seamh :
 'S air feartaibh gràsmhor, ni cobhair tràth dha,
 'Nuair bhios a nàmhaid gu làidir, gleusd,
 A' tarruinn teann air clum 'earbs a thionnda
 Tur bun osceann da, le ionnsuidh thréin.

Air gràs, a's tròcair, bheir neart, a's treidir dba,
 Re fad an röid dh'ionnsuidh glòir an Uain ;
 'Sna neamhan àrd far am paitl an gràdh dhaibh
 'S cha teirig càil daibh gu bràth g' a luadh.
 'S e clù an sgeòil ud gur firinn mbòr e,
 Gun fhacal mórr-uail, no sgleò gun bhùr i ;
 'S e Criosd an éirig as huaine éifeachd,
 An lobairt rèitich, sàr stéigh na sìth.

Thug an t-Ard-rìgh aon mhac a ghràidh dhuinn,
 A ghabh ar nàdur, 's e bharr a rian ;
 'S an tug e 'n ùmhachd, le deòin, 's le dùrachd,
 Thug còimisiùn dhùinn teachd dlù do Dhia :
 Sàr umhachd chiatach do lagh na Trianaid,
 Leis an duin' is Dia ann bha riamh ri feum ;
 An coslas truaghain de dh-nine truaillidh,
 Ach a b'fhearr, 's a b' uaisle na'n sluagh gu léir,

An caraid gaolach a choisinn saorsadh
 Do'n chinneadh dhaonna le caonnaig chruaidh ;
 A dh'fhuilig tamaitl o rug a mhat'h e
 Gu là a bhàis ann an àit an t-sluagh.
 Nuair bu naoidhean òg e, rinn Herod fhògradh
 'S e dears' an comhnui air dùigh an t-sluagh.
 Bha 'bheatha brònach, am fad 's bu bhèò e,
 'S e cruaidh an tòir air gu bheò thoirt uaith.

Oir b' e bu ghnà dhaibh bhi deanaimh tàir'
 Air Athair gràdhach, 's air àitean naomh :
 'S bhi deanaimh dearmaid air slàint' an anna,
 Le cleachda garg, a's le h-ana-gnath baoth.
 Na sagairt uaibhlreach, 's na h-ard dhaoin' uaisle
 'Nan naimhdean buan da, le fuath gun chrìch :
 A' dianamh dicheill, le h-iomadh iunleachd,
 'Us mòran mi-ruin ga 'shìr chur sios.

'Us air a lorg bha na diabhal bhorba,
 Fo phriouins' an dòrchedais, colgail, cruaidh :
 Ach 'se bu chràitich an ceartas àrd bhi
 Cur claidbe 'n sàs ann, gun bhài, gun truas
 Rug mallaichd Dhia air air son na fiachan,
 Bhuin 'Athair fial ris gu fiata garg ;
 Oir rinn e thréigsinn an àm na h-éigin,
 'Nuair chaidh a cheusadb le eucor gharbh.

Ach 's gearr a' chuairet a bha'm bàs an uachdar,
 Gu h-aighearr fhuair e a' bhuaidh gu slàn ;
 Oir rinn e éiridh 'n treas latha 'n déagh sud,
 Gu subhach, treubhach, chum feum do chàch :

Do pheacach dhìblidh, a bha fo dhìteadh,
 Gu'n dianadh 'flireantachd didean daibh ;
 O chiont an nàduir, 's o'n lochdàibh gràineil.
 'S o chumhachd Shàtain bha ghnà ri foill.

Nis ains na h-àrdaibh, tha neart gu bràth aig
 A chum na's àil leis thoirt sàbhailt suas ;
 'Us chum a naimhdean a sgrios gun taing dhaibh
 Droch dhaoin'a'single, luchdaineart chruai.
 Ach thar gach seòrsa na peacach mhòra
 Le 'm fuathach eòlas air deòin an Triath :
 Nach creid an fhirinn, ged tha i ciunteach,
 Nach gluais gu direach, ach sìr dhol fiarr.

Ged bhioidh an criosduidh 'n a laidh am priosan,
 Gu dochrach, iotmhòr, gun bhiadh, gun slaint,
 Ni'n soisgeul siorruidh, tre bheannachd Iosa
 A chridhe tiorail, le fior ghean gràidh.
 Ged dhùisg a nàmhaid geurléann muimh cràiteach
 Gun aon cheann-fàth air ach gràdh, a's sìth :
 Tha cridhe aoibhneach, tha ghnùis ro aoidheil ;
 Tha dàn 'us laoidh aig' gach oidhch gun dìth.

E cumail gleachdaidh an aghaidh peacaidh,
 'S a stiùireadh chleachdaidh, le beachdair Criosd
 Tha gaol do'n reachd thar gach ni, 'us neach aig ;
 'S cha ghabh e tlachd ann an seachran fiarr.
 'Se Dia na tròcair a neart, 's a chòmhnuadh,
 A bhios an còmhnuidh toirt seòlaidh dhà,
 Cha lag a dhòchas cha bheag a shòlas,
 Tha aiteas mòr aig' nach eòl do chàch.

A Thighearn, Iosa, gabbh truas de'n chriosdachd,
 Tha'n t-eòlas iosal, 's gach crìoch mun cuairt,
 Is bras a dh' eireas gach mearachd éitidh
 'S is beag an t-eud th' aig a chiléir san uair'.
 Dean creideamh, 's eòlas, dean gaol na còrach,
 A's pailteas sòlais, a dhòrtadh nuas :
 Gu daoin' a philltiun, o'n cleachdaibh millteach,
 'S gu naomhachd innseach bhi cinnitinn suas.



A Dhè na sì-chaint, craobhsaoil an fhirinn,
 Measg slìogh nan tirean, 's nan Innsean cian :
 Mar dhaoin' air chall, ann an ceò nam beann iad,
 An oidhche teann orr, 's iad fann gun bhiadh.
 Thoir solus glè ghlan, thoir rathad réidh dhoibh,
 'Us cridhe gleusd a thoirt géill do 'n uan !
 Thoir sgeul do shláinte, thoir fios do ghràidhbaibh.
 Cuir feart do ghràsan 'nan dàil le huaidh.

AN GEARAN.

AIR FONN—“*Coire gòrm an fhàsach?*”

Is duilich team mar tha mi
 A' siubhal le mo namhaid,
 Eas-umhal do na h-àinetean,
 'S mo ghràdh dhaibh cho fann.
 “S iomadh fear a bhàrr orm”
 Tha dol a réir a nàduir;
 'S e 'n lagh tha fulang tàmait,
 'Us tâire nach gann.
 Riamh o thuiteam Adhaimh,
 'Se 'm pecadh 'n ni a's fearr leinn,
 'S mì-chneasd a thug sinn gràdh dha,
 'Ga thàlath gach am.
 Cha d'fhuair mi fad mo làithean,
 Dad buannachd, no dad stà dheth,
 Ach daonnan tarrainn sàis orm,
 'S 'g am chàradh am fang.

'S e dh'fhàg gach ni a leugh mi,
 Gach searmoin riamh a dh' èisd mi,
 'S gach guth a labhair beul rium
 Gun fheum dhomh, gun stà.
 S e mhilleas gealladh Dhé orm,
 Nach earb mi ris ach eutrom,
 S nach chàraich mi rium fein e,
 Gu h-éifeachdach, slàn.
 'S ann chuir e mi an déis-laimh,
 'G am fhàgail ro mhì ghleusda,
 Gu h-obair uasal, euchdach,
 'S gu treubhantas ard:
 Gu gleachdadh ris an eucoir
 A bhios a'm' chridhe 'g éiridh,
 No chithearn am bheusaibh,
 Gu h-èitich, 's gu grànned.

Nam bithinn tairis, dileas,
 A leantuinn ris an fhùrinn,
 Bhiodh ise dhomh mar dhidean
 Nach diobradh gu bràth.
 Ged chuireadh daoinne sios mi
 Le casaidean, 's le diteadh,
 Gu'n togadh ise rìs mi,
 'S dhùrinu an aird.
 Cha toilleadh i gu dilinu
 Dad coire dhomh no mì-thlachd,
 Tha ceangal ris an t-sith aic',
 'S is direach a gnà:
 Ach 's mòr an call, 's an dith dhomh,
 Gu'm beil i tric air di-chuimhn,
 'S nach' eil an creideamh cinnteach
 A'm' inntinn a tàmh.

Bha amaideachd a's gòraich
 A leantuinn rium o m' òige,
 'S b' annsa leam gu mòr iad
 Na 'n t-eòlas a's fearr.
 Nan deanainn leth na còrach
 Cha chreidhinn nach bu leòir e,
 S nach tearnadh sud fa-dhèòidh mi,
 Gun dòigh air tigh'n' gearr.
 Ge mòr an t-aobhar sòlais
 Bhi 'n comunn Rìgh na glòire,
 'S iad b' annsa leam na h-òrain,
 'S bhi 'g òl nan deoch-slaint,
 Bu dallag mi nach sòradh,
 Bhi cluich air bruach na dòrainn,
 An Diabol ga mòr threòrach
 Gu seòlta air làimh.

Gur mòr a' chreach, 's an diùbhail,
 Mo chridhe bhi gun dùrachd,
 A gabhail Dé nan dùl domh,
 Mar Ughdar mo shlàint:
 'S e taigse dhomh 'na chùmluant,
 A neart a bhi mar chùl domh,
 'S a ghliocas ard gu m' stiùireadh,
 Le càram, 's le gràdh.
 Tha druidheachd air mo shùilean,
 'Se 'n rud a ni mo chiùrradh,
 D' an ruith mo mhiann gu siùblach,
 'S mi lùbadb 'na dhàil.
 Mo shonas air mo chùl-thaobh,
 Mar anabas nach fiù leam;
 'S m' aúam an droch rùn da,
 'Ga dhiùltadh le tair.

'S mi 'n duin' as truaigh' san t-saoghal,
 Fo chìs aig m' easgar daobhaidh,
 Làn fuath do 'n bheath' a's caoine,
 'S an gaol air a' bhàs.
 Cò sheallas rium a'm' dhaorsa?
 Cò thionndas mi bho cblaonadh?
 Cha'n-aingil, no clann-daoine,
 Och! b' fhaoin iad sa' chàs.
 Ach taing do'n Athair naonha,
 A dh'ullach dhomh an t-saorsa,
 Làn tearnadh o gach baoghal,
 Trid Aon-ghin a ghràidh.
 A Dhe ta iochdmhor, maoineach,
 Cia fhad a bhios mi caoineadh!
 O greas le d' chobhair chaomhl,
 Agus saor mi gun dàil!

AN AISEIRIGH.

AIR FONN—"Tha mise fo ghruaim."

THIG am bàs oirn mu'n cuairt,
 'S ceart gu 'n laidhinn 's an uaigh,
 Ach cha téid mi le gruaim 'na cuir :
 Oir bha losa mo rùin,
 Greis 'na laidhe 's an ùir,
 'S rinn e'n leabaidd ud cùbhraidd dhùmh's,

 Thug e'n gath as a' bhàs,
 Rinn e caraid de m' nàmh,
 A shaoil mo chumail gu bràth fo leòn :
 Teachdair m' Athar e nis,
 Dh'ionnsuidh m'anma le fios.
 E dhol dhachaigh a chlisg chum glòir.

On a dh'érich e rìs
 Sàr Cheann-fheadhna mo shìth,
 Gun e dh'fhuireach fad shòis fò'n fhòd :
 'Us gu 'n deachaidh e suas,
 Ghabhail seilbhe d'a shluagh,
 Anns na flaitheas, le luathghair mhòdir.

 Se mo chreidimh gun bhréig,
 Gu 'n éirich mise 'na dhéigh,
 Measg na buidhne gun bheud, gun ghò :
 'Nuair a dh'fhosglar gach uaigh,
 'S a théid beò anns gach sluagh,
 Chum an togail 's an uaир, gu mbl.

Sud an cumhachd tha treuin,
 Sud am fradharc tha geur,
 Chuireas rithisd gach cré air dòigh ;
 Dream chaidh itheadh le sluagh,
 Dream chaidh mheasgadh 'n aon uaigh,
 Dream chaidh losgadh 'nan luath 's nan ceò,

'S iomadh colainn bhios aini,
 Tha fid air asdar o 'ceann
 'S thig iad cuideachd 'sau àm, gu fòill.
 Thig iad uile 'nan taom,
 As gach clagh tha 's an t-snaghl'i,
 'S as gach àraich, 's an d' aom na sedid.

Cha'n eil àit ga'm beil corp,
 Air ard mhonadh, no cnoc,
 Ann am fasach, no slochd no mòin':
 Ann an doimhneachd a' chuan,
 No 's na h-aibhnaichcan buan,
 As nach éirich iad suas, 's iad beò.

Eiridh 'n diùc, 'us an righ,
 Eiridh 'm bochd bha fa chis.
 Eiridh gaisgeach an strì, 's an deòr'.

Eiridh' bhaintighearna mhaoth,
 Eiridh 'n t-amadan baoth,
 'S cha bhi dearmad air aosd, no dg.

Eiridh cuidac' le gruaim,
 Chi iad fearg air an Uan,
 Chuireas crith orr' a's uamhunn mhòr.
 Eiridh cuid ac le aoidh,
 Buidheann uasal nan saoïdh,
 'G am bi oighreachd a chaoidh an glòir.

AIR FOGLUM NAN GAEL.

FONN—"Chunna mi 'n diugh an Dun-eidann."

BHA na Gàëil ro aineolach dall,
 Bha ionnsachadh gann nam measg,
 Bha 'n eolas cho tana 's cho mall,
 'S nach b' aithnè dhaibh 'n call a mheas,
 Cha chrideadh iad buannachd no stà,
 Bhi 'n sgoilearachd ard da 'n cloinn,
 Ged fheudadh fhaicinn gach là,
 Gu'r i thog o 'n lár na Goill.

Theid aineolas nis as an tìr,
 'S gach cleachdadh neo-dhireach crom,
 A's mealaidh sinu sonas a's sith,
 Gun pharmad no stù 'n ar foun ;
 Theid sgoilean chuir suas anns gach ccarn,
 Bi'dh leabhairchean Gàelic paitl ;
 Bi'dh eolas a's diadhachd a fàs,
 Thig gach duine gu stù 's gu Rath.

Nis "togaidh na Ghàëil an ceann,
 'S bha bhi iad am fang ni's mòd" ;
 Bi'dh aca ard fhoghluim nan Gall,
 A's tuigse neò mhall na chóir :
 Theid innleachdan 'n oibríbh air bonn,
 Chuireas saibhreas 'n ar fonn gu paitl,
 Bithidh 'n diblidh cho laidir ri sonu—
 'S am bochd cha bhi lom le aire !

Thig na límitéan gu ciunteach mun cuairt,
 Tha 'n sgrìobtar a luaidh thig oirn ;
 'S an téid Satan a cheangal gu cruaidh,
 'S nach meall e an sluagh le sgleòd ;
 Bi dh firinn a's slochaoint a's gaol,
 A ceangall chloinn daoín' ri chéil ;
 Chan fhaicear fear dona mi-naomh,
 Theid olc a's an t-saoghl'i 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 *Dòmhnull-Bàn-Bàrd* 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, *Dòmhnull Mòr*, a man of venerable presence and patriarchal bearing, was reckoned one of the most elegant speakers of the Gaëlic 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 Killmalie 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 disqualifies 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-rid, 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, Gaëlic; and frequently did he astonish, as well as instruct and delight, the unsophisticated rustics 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 Glenpèan, a very remote and romantic situation at the west end of Loch-aircraig. 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 Peän," 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 Mòror, and came occasionally to Glenpèan. 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 mho i dhuibh na 'n liadh," and he himself in the ode to Peän calls it "*fidheall na ràcail*," 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 Glenpèan, 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 be so lucky as 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 into 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 swoln, 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 Mac-lachlan 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 Gaëlic 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 “ *Dàin nan Aimsirean*,” a translation of Pope’s Messiah, “ *Dàn mu Chonaltradh*,” &c., and a translation of part of Homer’s Iliad into Gaëlic heroic verse. During the currency of the year 1798, our poet was introduced by Dr Ross of Killnionivaig 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,

* It is said that he travelled to Aberdeen, dressed in the mountain garb.

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 prejudge 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 Aherdeen 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 towards 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 éclat, 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, in 1810, was a heavy blow to Mr MacLachlan's hopes. A strong mutual friendship had existed between them, amounting to affection. On the melancholy occasion of his friend's death, Mr MacLachlan composed an elegy in the Gaëlic tongue, which for beauty of language, sincerity of sorrow, and unrivalled elegance of composition, can bear comparison with any thing 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 MacLachlan 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 Gaëlic 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 Gaëlic language spoken in Scotland, and that, (as he did every thing else) from his mere regard and affection for every thing 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 Maclachlan, 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 Maclachlan was the Gaëlic-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 MacLachlan of Aberdeen especially brought to the undertaking great talents, profound learning, habits of industry which were almost superhuman, an intimate acquaintance with the Gaëlic language, and devoted attachment to the elucidation of its principles.”

The pages of Mr Maclachlan's MS. of this great national work were enriched with innumerable vocables and phrases kindred to Gaëlic, 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, Persic, 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 Andrews, upon the occasion of Mr Maclachlan's being on a remit, 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 Macleod. 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 locks 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 "eximus 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 Gaëlic poems. His Gaëlic version of the first seven books of the Iliad stands second to the unrivalled original alone. His MS. of the national Gaëlic-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 Maclachlan'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 laud, 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-requited toil.

Mr MacLachlan possessed the friendship, and was the correspondent of several person 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 dulces 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 Elfrington, 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 *protegè*, 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 MacLachlan, preceded by the “wild wail” of the *pìobrachd*, 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 SAMHRADH.

AIR FONN.—“*An am dol sios bhi deðnach.*”

Moch's mi 'g éiridh 'madainn chéitén,
 'S driùchd air feur nan lòintean ;
 Bu shuntach Eihinn cail gach creutair,
 'Tigh'n le gleus a'm frògaibh,
 Gu blàthas na gréine 'b'agh'or eiridh,
 Suas air sgéith nam mòr-hheann ;
 'S è teachd o'n chuan gu dreachor, buaghach,
 Rioghail, usal, òr-bhuidh.

Tha cuirtean ceutach cian nan speuran,
 Laith-ghorm, réidh mar chlàraidh,
 'S do sgoil hho chèile neoil a sheideadh
 Stoirm nan reub-ghaoth àrda ;
 Gach dùil ag éigheach iochd a's réite,
 'N teachd a cheud mhios Mhàigh oirnn ;
 S gu'm b' ùr neo-thruallidh 'n trusgan uain',
 Air druim nan cluaintean fàsaich.

Bu chùirteil, prisceil, foirm gach eoin,
 An cuantal brdail, greannar,
 Cuir sios ar sgeòil is blasta gloir,
 Air bharri nan òg-mheur samhraidh,
 Le 'n ribheid chiùil gu fonnar dlù,
 Na puirt bu shiublaich rauntachd ;
 'S mac-tall' a' freagairt fuaim am feadain,
 Shuas 's na creagan gleannach.

Bi 'n ioc-shlainnt chléibh am fior shruth sléibh,
 O ghlaic nam feur-choir' arda.
 Le turaraich hhinn th'air bhalbhag mìn,
 A shiubblas sios tro 'n àilean,
 Mar airgead glas, 'na choilichibh cas,
 Ri tòraghan hrsas gun tâmb Orr',
 Cuir sùigh gun truail 's gach flurán uaine,
 'S dlù mu hhruach nam blàrrabh.

B' è m' éibhneas riamh 'nuair dh' éirghe grian,
 Le cheud ghath tiorail blàth oirn,
 Bhi ceum a sios gu heul nam mìn-shruth,
 'S réidb ghorm lith mar sgàthan,
 A' snamh air falbh gu samhach balbh,
 Gu cuantaibh gaillbeann sàil ghlais,
 Tro luaihh cam le strathibh gheann
 Tha tilge greann a Mhàirt diu.

Air uchd an fhior-uisg 's grinn a chitear,
 Oihrean siannta nàduir,
 Du-neoil nan speur a' falbh o chéil,
 Air chruch nan sleihthean arda ;
 Gun saoil an t-sùil gur h-ann sa ghrunnd,
 Tha dealbh gach ioghnaidh ághoir ;

Am bun os-ceann nan luibh 's nan crann,
 'S na'm heil sa' ghleann gan àrach.

Bi'dh hradaun seang-mhear, druim-dluhh, tarr-
 'S cleoc nan meanhh-bhall ruadh air, [gheal]
 Beo, hrisc, gun chearb air hhuinne garbh,
 O'n mhuiir is gaillheach nuallan ;
 Gu h-teach, earr-ghobhlich, grad-inheamnach,
 Leum air ghearr-sgiath luatha,
 Le cham-ghob ullamh cheapa chuileag,
 Bhios feadh shruth nan cuairteag.

Gum faigte loma barr gach tornain,
 Caorich throma, liontaidh,
 Gu ceigeach, bronnach, garbh an tomalt,
 Rusgach, ollach, mìn-tiugh ;
 'S an uanaibh geala, luatha, glana,
 Ri cluaineis mhear a' dian-ruith,
 Le mèilich inhaoth m' an cuairt do'n raon,
 A's páirt san fhraoch gan grianadh.

'S na tràthan ceart thig dròhh nam mart,
 'An ordugh steach do'n bhuaile,
 Le 'n ùithibh làn, gu reamhar, làirceach,
 Druim-fhionn, crà-dhearg, guaillion ;
 'S gach gruagach àig gu cridheil, gaireach,
 Craicneach, snàthach, cuachach ;
 Air lom an tothair, fonn air hleothaum,
 Steall hu hothar fuamrich.

Gur h-iomhuiuin gaoir struth-geheimnich laogh.
 Ri leumnaich fhaoin fea 'n àilein,
 Gu seang-hrisc, uallach, eutrom, guanach,
 Pòr is uaisle stràiceis,
 'S iad dù-ghlas, riabhach, caisfhionn, stialach,
 Bailgfhionn, ciar-dhuhb, harr-lom,
 'S an earlaibh sguabach tote suas,
 A' duihh-ruith nuas gu inàtbair.

O Shàmhrairdh gheugnach, ghrianaich, cheutaich,
 Dhniillich, fheuraich, chi in-ghil !
 Bho t-anail fein thig neart a's speurad,
 Do gach creutair diùidi,
 Bha 'n sàs 'an slabhraidh reot a gheamhraidh,
 Ann an àm na dùdlachd,
 'S tha nis a'damhs, feadh ghlaic a's gheann,
 M' ad theachd a nall as ùr oirn.

'S tu tarbhach reachdor, hiachar, pait,
 Le feart do fhrasan blatha,
 A thig nan ciurach mbaoth-bhuig dhriùchd,
 A' dorta sùigh gun fhàillinn,

'S ann leam is taitneach fiann do bhrait,
O fhlùraibh dait a ghàraidh
Cuir dealra boisgeil reull an daoinnein,
'Mach gu druum nan ard-bheann.

Gach fluran mais is àillidh dreach,
A' fàs 'an cleachdadh òrdail,
Gu rìmhéach, taitneach, ciatach, snasmhor,
Ann 's an reachd bu choir dhaibh ;
An t-seamrag uaine 's barr-gheal gruag,
A's buidheann chuachach neoinnein,
Lili gucagach nan cluigean,
'S mile lus nach eol domh.

Bidh sobhrach luineach, gheal-bhui, chluasach,
Ann am bruach nan alltabh,
'S a bhiolair uain taobh nam fuaran,
Gibeach, cluineach, cam-mheur ;
Thig ròs nam bad is boidhche dreach,
Na neoil na maidne samhraidh,
Gu ruiteach, dearg-gheal, earslach, dealbhach,
Air roinn mheanbh nam fann-shlat.

An gleann fo bharraich, réisgeach, caunnach,
Feurach, raineach, luachrach,
Gu min-bhog, mealach, brìghor, bainnear,
Cìb, a's eneamh m' an cuairt ann ;
Bidh lom a bhìlair is reachdair fàs,
A' dol fo stràc neo-thruallidh,
'S an saoghall a 'gàirdechas le failt,
A thaobh gu'n dh' fhag am fuachd sinn.

Gur ceann-ghorm loinneil dos gach doire,
Bhios sa choille chròchdaich,
Gu sleabhach ard fo iomlan blàth,
O bhùin gu bhatt 'u comhdab ;
An snothach sùghor thig o'n dùsluing
Ann sna fiùrainn nòsar,
A' brùchda meas tro shlios nan geug,
A's tlus nan speur ga'n còmhnhadh.

Gach maoth phreas ùr gu duilleach cùbhraidi,
Peurach, ùbhlaich, soighar,
Trom thorach, luisreagach, a' lùbadh,
Measach, driùchdach, lòdail ;
Le cud-throm ghagan dlù dhonn-dhearg,
A bhios air slait nan cròc-mheur,
'S co milis blas ri mil o'n seap.
Aig seillein breac a chòrnain.

Bidh coisridh mhuirneach nan gob lùghor,
Ann sgach ùr-dhos uaigneach,
Air gheugaibh dlù nan duilleach ùr-ghorm,
Chuireadh sunut fò'n duanaig ;
Thig smèdrach chuirteil, druid a's bru-dhearg,
Uiseag chiùin a's cuachag,
Le h-òran cianail, faun-bhog tiambaidh,
N glacaig dhiomhair uaine.

M' an innsin sios gach ni bu mhiann leam,
Ann am briathran seolta,
Cha chuirinn crioch le dealbh am bliadhu'
Air ceathramh trian de'n b' eol domh,
M' a ghlòir nan speur, 's an t-saoghal' gu léir,
A lion le h-éibhneas mòr mi,
'N uair rinn mi éiridh madainn chéitein,
'S dealt air feur nan lòntean.

AM FOGHAR.

FONN—"Nuair thig an Samhra geugach oirnn."

GRAB éiridh fona a's fior-ghleus oirbh,
Na biodh 'ur 'n inntinn smuaireanach ;
Tha sgeul is ait leam innse dhuibh,
Cho binn bho chian cha chuala sibh ;
Tha 'm pòr bu taitneach cinntinn duinn,
Fo'n reachd is brioghair buaghalaichd ;
'S gun teid an saoghal a riarrachadh,
O dhicheall gniomh nan tuathanach.

Tha 'm foghar a' nochdà cairdeis duinn,
'S e bhuilich am pailteas gnáthaicht oirn
A mhaiteas gu fialaidh pairticlear,
Gun ghainne; gun fhàiline truacantachd ;
Gheibh duine's brùid a shàthachadh
'O sheileir na dùsluing nàdurrà ;
Gun' sgaoilear na bùird gu failteachail
Ga 'r cuireadh gu làn ar tuarasdail

Theid sgraing an acrais bhiasgaich dhinn,
'S a ghorta chriòn gu'm fuadaichear,
Bu ghuineach, sgaiteach, bior-guineach,
Géur-ghoint' a ruinn'-ghob nuarranta ;
'S e 'dheògladh sùgh nan caolan bhuit,
'Chur neul an Aoig mu d'ghruaim-mhala ;
Gun teid an tarmasg diogholtach
A ghreasad null th' ar chuaintean bhauinn.

Bidh coirce strath nan dù-ghleannabh,
Fo'n dreach is cùirteilpriseileachd,
Trom thorach, diasach, cuinnleanach,
Ard, luirgneach, suighe, sonraichte ;
'S am pannal ceolinhor, mìùr-neachail,
Gu sunntach, surdail, ordainail.
Co gleusta, saothreach, luath-lanach,
'S am barr ga bhuan 'na dhòrlaichean.

Gach te gu dìleas deannadach,
Le corran cam-ghorm, geur-fhiaclach,
Ri farpis stritheil, dhiorrasaich,
Cuir fiann a sios fo dhuanagan ;

Bidh oigridh, lùghor, mheannmeach,
A' ceangal bhann ma sguabhanan,
Le 'n diolt am briodal màranach,
A bheireadh gàir air gruagaichean.

'S an Iuchar chiatach, ghaothor, théid
Feur-saoihd na saich' a sgoileadh leinn
A' ceann nan riaghau caola 'bhios
Air lom nan raointean uain-neulach ;
Na ràchdain làdir liath-ghiubhais
A tionsndadh rolag sniomhanach,
Gu 'n tiormachadh 'na grian-ghathan,
Cho caoin 's as miann le tuathanach.

'N uair dh'fhosglas *Phœbus* seòmraichean,
Na h-aird-an-iar thoirt ordugh dhuinn ;
• An dubhar an fheasgair tòisichear,
Ri cruinneacha fedir 'an cruachannan ;
Bidh mulain is gaibhde dòmhlas,
Gu tomaltach, cuirrichdeach, mor-cheannach ;
Grad fhighear na siomain chorri umpa,
Gù sgìobailte, doigheil, suaicheanta.

Bidh ionairean cian fo stràcan ann,
Le doireachan gorm buntàt orra,
Gu ginneach, dosach, cràc-mheurach,
Bog-mhògach, lairceach, uain-neulach ;
Barr-gùc a's dearg-gheal fàs orra,
'Sa dhreach mar ròs nan gàraidhnean ;
Bidh paidirein phlumbas àillidh ann,
Air mheangan 'nam barr nan cluaranaibh.

Nuair thig an aimsir ghnàthaitch oirn,
'S bhuainear as a láraich è,
Grad-nochdar fras bhuntàt dhuinn,
Ga chrathadh o'n bharr 'na dhòrlaichean,
Ceud mìle dreach a's dealbh orra,
Gu faobach, geomhlach, garbh-phlucach,
Cruaidh mheallach, uibeach, ghailbeach iad,
A' tuiteam mar gharbhlaich dòrnagan.

'S iad ciochach, dearg-dhubh, breac-shuileach,
Gu tana min-gheal, leacanach ;
Gu plubach, cruinn-gheal, ciapauach,
'S iad fad-chumpach na uaireanann ;
B'e 'n toradh biadhbar, feartach è,
Nach mall a liona chaitteagan,
'Nuair ghréidhear ann sa phrásich è,
'S e bhlas is taitneach buaghannan.

'S glan fàile nan cnò gagannach,
Air ard-shlios nan cròc bad-dhuiileach ;
'S trom fàsor am por bagailteach,
Air bharr nam fad-gheug sòlasach ;
Theid brigh nam fiuran slat-mheurach,
'An cridhe nan ùr-chnuap blasadach ;
Gur brisg-gheal sùgh a chagannaich,
Do neach a chagnas dòrlach dhiù.

'S clann-bheag a ghìnà le'm pocannan.
A' streup ri h-ard nan dos-chramhabh,
A bhuan nan cluaran mog-mheurach,
Gu lugh'or, docoir, luath-lambach ;
'Nàir dh' fhaoisgear as na mogail iad,
'S a bhristear plaoisg nan cochall diu,
Gur caoin am maoth-bhlas fortanach,
Bhios air an fhros neo-bhraileanach.

'S è miost nam huaidhean taitueach è,
Bheir pòr an t-sluaign gu h-abachadh ;
O'm fògrar gruaim an acais dinn,
O's maireannan pailteas pòrsain duinn ;
Miost bog nan ùbhlan breac-mheallach,
Gu peurach, plumbach, sgeachagach,
A' lùisreadh sios le dearcagaibh,
Cir-mhealach, beachach, gròiseideach.

Mios molach, robach, bracuirneach
'S è catoil ròiceil, tacarach,
Gu h-iolannach, cuirrichdeach, adagach,
Trom-dbiasach, blareac-gheal, sguabhanach ;
Mios miagh nam fuarag, stapaagach,
Buntàtach, feòlar, sgadanach,
Gu h-ìmeach, càiseach, ceapaireach,
Le bheirteas paitl gu truacantachd.

Gu saothreach, stritheil, lamhachair,
An òigradh dhileas, thàbhachdach,
Ri taobb nau linnean stòile 'm biodh,
An sgadan a snamh 's a bhoinneireacbd
Snàth-moineis garbh an snàthadan,
A' fuaigheal lion ri 'm bràigheachan,
Gu sreangach, bolach, àrcanach,
Bheir bas do'n nàisein chleòc-lannach.

'Nuair dh'aomas òidhche chiar-ghlas oirn,
'S a dhulbas an iarmailt cheò-neulach,
Gur h-ullamh, ealamh, iasgaidh, dol
Air ghleus an iarmaid sbonraichte ;
Grad bhrùcaidh iad 'nan ciadan, as
Gach taobh 'n uair dbiolar vrugh dhaihh,
Air bhàrcaibh eutrom luath-ràmhach,
A' sgubadh a chuain ghorm-ghreannaich.

Gur dàicheil, sùrdail, cruadalach,
Fir dù nan cruaidh lamh conspaideach,
A' stri co fuiribi 's lùaithe bhios
Air thus an t-sluaign 's a choonsacha ;
A cholluinn nan tonn buaireasach,
Le neart nan cuaille beo ghiubhais ;
Mar dhruid nan speur cho luath dhut fad,
Thar stuadh is uaibhreach crònanaich.

Air tòrla dhuihb san ionad, 's am
Bi n t-iagc ri mire ghoraidh, theid
Na lìn a chur ga h-iongantach
Air uchd a ghrinnail bhòe-thonnaich ;

'Nuar thogar aon sa mhadainn iad
 Gu trom-lan, breac le lodalachd,
 Gur suntach, siuhhlach, dhachaigh iad
 Le'n tarac bearitech, sòlasach.
 Gu h-aigeantach, eutrom, intintineach,
 Fir aighearach, ghleust, air linneannan,
 Le saighdean geur nan tri-nhearrabh,
 Air ghallanaibh direach cruaidh shleaghach ;
 A' sreachd an eisg le duibh-liasaihb,
 Theid seachad na leum air fior-uisge ;
 Na mordhachan reubach, diobhalach,
 Gan tarruinn gu tir air hrruachannaibh.
 'S an oildhche chiuraidh, fhiathail, gum
 Bi sùrd air leois gam pleòiteachadh,
 Gum pacar anns na h-urrasgean iad
 Spealti thorram ùr gu h-ordamail :
 Bidh dearg a's cruidh gan giulann ann,
 Chuir smùid a suas gu hcò-lsgadh,
 A ruith nam bradan fad-bhronuach,
 Feadh bhuinne cäs nam mor-shruithean.
 'S an bradan eutrom, aineasach,
 Brigs, grad-chlis, meamnach, luasanach,
 'Na éideadh liath-ghlais, dhearg-bhallaich,
 Dù-lannach, mean-bhreac, cluainciseach ;
 Gur gob-cham, sliosmhor, tarr-gheal è,
 Le stiùir bu shiabach earr-ghobblach,
 Riùt-chleas bras air ghearr-agiaithaibh,
 'An toirmrich gharbh nan cuairteagan.
 Gun d'fbuair sibh dàn a nise hhuam,
 Mar thug mi fios a' tòiseachadh,
 Mu hhuaidh nam miosan biotailteach,
 Tha trom le gihhtean sòlasach,
 Gu 'm heil da rann thar-fhichead ann
 'S o's mist è tuille ròpaireachd,
 Gun cuir mi crioch gu timeil air,
 M' am fàg ini sgìth le bòilich sihh.

AN GEAMHRADH.

AIR FONN—"Si so 'n aimsir a dhearbhar."

THA Phœbus s na speuraibh
 Ag éiridh na thríall,
 Roi resultaichean Geur-shaighhead,*
 Bheumnaich nan sian ;

* Sagittarius and Capricorn, two constellations on the Zodiac or Ecliptic.

Ur-éifeachd a cheud ghat
 Gu ceiteineach grinn,
 A ni feum do gach creutair
 O éireadh d'an dion.

Than a tlà ghathan blàth ud
 A b' fhàtharach dhuinn
 Gar fágail aig nàmhaid
 Na dh' fhàsas a h-ùir ;
 O na thriall e roi chriochaibh
 Na Riaghailt+ a null
 Gù Sign-Adharc- Gaibre
 Bu duihh-reotach iùil.

Tha àoidhealachd nàduir
 A h' fhàiltiche tuar,
 Fad an t-saoghal air caochladh
 'S a h-aogasg fo ghruaim :
 Tha giùig air na dùilean
 Le fuaintainn an fhuachd,
 Fo dhù-liunn trom-thùrsach,
 Ri ciucharan truagh.

Tha 'm Foghar reachdor, fialaidh,
 Bu hhiadh abaich fàs,
 Le cruachannaibh cruac-mheallach,
 Sguah-thorach, làn,
 Air treiginn a shnuaidh,
 O'n a dh'fhuaraich gach càil,
 Roi'n mhòs chruai-glùinneach, ghruamach
 'S neo-thruacanta bâigh.

Le stròiceadh na dòilichinn
 Thoirleum gu làr,
 Gorm chomhdach nam mòr-chrann
 Bu chròc-cheannach harr,
 Ni suigh-bheatha sùghor
 Nan ùr-fhailean àrd,
 Tro fhéithean nan geugan
 Grad tbearndh gum freumh.

Na h-eòincinean boidheach
 Is òrdamail pong,
 Le'n dlù-sheadain shunntach
 O'n siubhlaiche fonn ;
 Gum fògrar o'u cheòl iad
 Gu clò-chadal trom ;
 'S ni iad comhnuidh 's gach còs
 Ann am frògaibh nan toll.

Thig leir-sgrìos air treudan
 Nam feur-luibhean gorm ;
 Di-mhilltear gach dithean
 Bu mhin-ghiheach dealbh :

+ Riaghailt, the Equinoctial line.

Fior aognaichidh aogasg
Nan aonach 's nan learg,
Le spionadh nan sianntan
Dian-ghuineach, garg.

An ciar sheillean srian-hhuidhe
'S cianale srann,
Bha dicheallach gniomhach,
Feadh chioch nan lus fann,
Gun cùmhnuich e'n stòr-thaigh
Nan sedòmraichean cam ;
'S gu leoir aige hheo-shlaint
Air lòn-mhil nach ganu.

Theid a mheanbh-chuileag shamhraidh
Le teanntachd gu bàs,
Ge h' éihneach a leumnaich
'An ceud-mhios a mhàigh :
Gach lùh shruth hu hhùrn-ghlan
A shiubhladh tro 'n bhàilàr,
Fo chruaidh-ghlais de'n fhuar-dheibh
Is nuarrantà cail.

Bi'dh sàr-oair nàdúir
Le faillinn fo bhròn,
Feadh chàthar, a's àrd-hheunn,
A's fhìsach nan lou :
Cha dearbhan clith mheamnach
Nan garhh-hbradan mòr,
'S ni iad tamh-chadal sàmhach
Fo sgàil bhadaibh gorm.

Theid Æolus, rìgh fiadhaich
Nan sianntainnean doirbh,
Gu fuar-thalla gruaim-ghreannach,
Tuath-fhrasan searbh ;
Grad-fhuasglàr leis cruaidh ghlas
Nan ua'-hhéisdean garg,
Clach luath-mheallain, 's cuairt-ghaoth
Bu bhuaireanta colg.

Thig teann-chogadh Geamhraidh
Le h-aimhleas a nìos,
Ann an dorchadas stoirmihh
Air charhad nan nial ;
A duibh-fhroiseadh shaighdean
Tro'n àidhbheis gu dian,
Geur, ruinn-hhiorach, puiseannta,
Chlaoidheas gach ni.

Bi'dh armachd nan uabhas
Mu'n cuairt da gach laimh,
Ri heuchdaich reubas
Na speuran gu h-àrd :
Ion-stròicear a chròe-choille
Mliòr as a freumb,
Le spùtadh garbh-sgiùrsaidh
Na dìndlachd gun tlàth,

Gum hòch a mhuir cheann-ghlas
Is gaill-bheinneach greann ;
Gur gorm-rohach, doirbh-chorrach,
Borhadh nam tonn ;
Gu h-àrdanch, càir-gheal,
A' hàrcadh nan deann ;
Agus gàirich a hhàis bi'dh
Air hhàirlinn gach glinn !

Gum hrùchd an fhras chiùrraidh
D'ar n-ionnsuidh a nuas,
A's hàthar gach àilean
Fo làrn nan sruth luath,
A thaosgas san taomraich
Nam maom-thuitlean ruadh,
'S marcachd-sine na dileann
G'ar miobhadh le fuachd.

Thig clacha-meallain garbha
Le stairearaich mu'r ceann.
Gar spuacadhl mar chruaidh-fhrois
De luaidbe nan Gall ;
Gaoth hhuaireis ga sgnahadh
O chruachaith nam beann ;
Luchd-coiseachd gan léireadh
Le h-éireadh nach gann.

Thig ceò tiugh nan neoil oirn
O mhòr mbeall nan cruach,
Le smùidrich an dù-reothaidh
Dhingaltaich, fluair ;
Ga leir dhuinu lag-éiridh
Na gréine ri h-uair,
Grad-thalebaidh i carhad
Geal, dealrach, sa' chuan.

Le dall-chur na failhhe
Gum falchar gach meall ;
Sneachd cléiteagach gle-thiugh
Nan speur os ar ceann
Gu h-àrd domhainn harr-gheal
Air fàsaich nan gleann ;
Bi'dh nàdur fo'n stràc ud
Gu fàillinneach, faun.

Thig iom-chathadh feanntaidh
Fo shraonnaich nan stoirm,
A ghluaiseas an luath-shneachd
Na fhuar-chithibh doirbh ;
Bi'dh an smùid ud ad' sgìùrsadh
Le dù-chuthach searbh ;
'Sa léireadh nan slèisnean
Mar gheur-shalaunn garg.

Bi'dh gach sùil agus aodum
Ag aoguachadh fiamb ;
Agus céòraich an reòt
Air na feòsagaibh liath :

Bi'dh spùtadh na funntainn

Is drùightiche sian,
A' tolladh tro d' ghrùdhan
Gu ciùrr-bheumhnach, dian.

Mios reub-bhiorach, éireanda,
Chreuchdas gach dùil ;
Mios buaireasach, buailteach,
'S neo-thrucant' a ghnùis ;
Mios nuarranta, buagharr,
'S tuath-ghaothach spit,
Bhios gu h-earr-ghlaiseach, feargach,
Le stairearach nach ciùin.

Mios burrughlasach, falmarra,
Gharbh-fbrasach fuar ;
Tha glob-sheamhain, dileanta,
Grim-reotach, cruaidh,
Ged robh luirgnean gan ròsladh
Ri deagh theine guail,
Bi'dh na sàilean gan cràdhladh
Gu bàs leis an fhuachd.

Mios colgarra, borb-chur,
Nan stoirmh nan deann,
Gu funntainneach, puinnseunta,
'S diughaltach srann :
A' beuchdaich 's na speuraibh
Le leir-sgrios gu call:
Bior-dheilgneach, le gairisinn,
Bu mheill-chritheach greann.

Cha'n àireamh na thainig,
De bhàrdhaibh san fheoil,
Gach ànnradh thug teanutachd
A gheamhraidh g'ar còir ;
Ach, mu'm fairghear mo sheanachas
Gun dealbh air achi sgleòd,
Gur tim dhomh bhi criochnachadh
Briathran mo sgeòil.

AN T-EARRACH.

AIR FONN—"Thainig oirn do dh' Albainn crois."

THAINIG Earrach oirn m' an cuairt,
Theid am fuachd fo fhuadach cian
Theid air imrich thar a chuan
Geamhradh buaireasach nan sian :
Raithe sneachdach, reotach, cruaidh,
A dh' atas colg nan luath-ghaoth dian
Sligneach, deilgneach, feanntaidh, fuar,
A lom, 'sa dh' aognach snuadh gach nì.

Nis o'n phill a ghrian a nall

Tréigidh sid a's annradh gàrg :
Islichear strannraighean speur,
'S ceanglar srian am beul gach stoirm ;
Sguiridh na builg shéididh cbraidh
'San àibheis aird, a b' uaibhrich fearg :
Eubhar siothchaimh ris gach dùil,
'S tiunndaidh iad gu mùghadh foirm.

Iompaichear an uair gu blàths,
Le frasaibh o'n aird-an-iar,
Leaghaidh sneachd na shruthaibh luath
O ghuailibh nan gruaim bheann ciar.
Fosglaidh tobraichean a ghruinidh,
A bbrúchdas nan spùtalibh dian ;
'S deith gu sgealbach, ceilleachdach, dùl,
Le gleadhraich ghairbh ga sgùradh sios.

Sgapaidh dall-cheo tiugh nan nial
As a céis' an iar 's an ear,
Na mheallaibh giobach, ceigeach, liath,
Druim-robach, ogluidh, ciar-dhubh, glas,
A' snàmh san fhailbhe mhòir gun cheann,
A null 'sa nall, mar luing fo beirt ;
'S iathaidh iad nan rùsgaibh bàin
Mu spiodaibh píceach àrd nam bac.

Nochdaidh *Phæbus* duinn a gnùis,
A' dealradh o thùr nan speur,
Le solise caoimhneil, baoisgeil, blàth,
Gu tlusmhòr, bàigheil, ris gach creubh :
Na sgrios a ghaillionn chiurraidh fhuar,
Mosglaidh iad a nuas o'n eug ;
Ath-nuadhaichear a bhliadh' as ùr,
Gach dùil gu mùirneach ; surd air feum.

Sgeudaichear na lòin 's na blàir,
Fo chomhdach àluinn lusaibh meaubh ;
Sgoaillidh iad a mach ri gréin
An duilleach fein fo mhile dealbh :
Gu giobach, caisreagach, fo'm blàth,
Le'n dathaibh àillidh, fann-gheal, dearg ;
Bileach, mealach, maoth-bhog, ùr,
Luirgneach, sùghmhòr, driùchdach, gorm.

Gur h-ioumhuiinn an sealladh fonnmhor
A chitear air lom gach leacainn ;
'S cùbhraidh leam na fion na Frainge
Faile Thom, a's bheann, a's ghlagac ;
Milseineach, biolaireach, sòbhraich,
Eagach cuach nan neoinein maiseach,
Siomragach, failleineach, brigh'or,
Luachrach, ditheanach, gun ghaiseadh.

Thig mùilleinean de shluagh an fheòir
Beò fo tlùs nam fann-ghath tlà,
Le 'n sgiathalibh sioda, ball-bhreac òir,
'S iad daithte 'm boichead mòs a Mhaigh :

An tuairneagaibh geal nam flùr,
Dùisigidh iad le h-iocdh a hhlàis,
'S measgnaichidh an righle dìù
'S a chéitein chiùin nach lot an càil !

Diridh smothach suas o'n fhriamhaich
Tro cham-chuislibh shnìomhain bhad-chrann,
Gu maoth-bhlasda, mealach, cùbhraíd,
Sior chuir sùigh 's nam fiùran shlatach ;
Bi'dh an còmhdaich gorm a' brùchdadh
Ròi shlois ùr nan diù-phreas dosrach,
Duilleach, làbach, uasal, sgiamhach,
Dreach nam meur is rimheach coltas.

Bi'dh eoin bheaga bhiun a chàthair,
A cruinneachadh shràbh gu neadan ;
Togaidh iad 's na geugaibh uaigneach
Aitribh chuairengach ri taice
Laidhidh gu cluthor nau tamh
A blàiteacbadh nau cruiuhn ubh breaca,
Gus am bris an t-slìghe làn,
'S an tig an t-àlach òg a mach dhaibh.

Thig éibhneas na bliadhìn an tùs,
Mu'n crìochnaich an t-ùr-mhòs Màirt ;
Bheir an spréidh an toradh trom
Le fosgladh am bronnn gu lär :
Brùchdaidh minn, a's laoigh, a's uain,
Nam mìltibh m'an cuairt do'n bhlàr ;
S breac-gbeal dreach nan raon 's nan stùc,
Fo chòisridh mheanbh nan lù-chleas bâth !

Bidh gabhair nan adhaircean cràcach,
Stangach, cam, an aird nan sgéalb-chreag ;
Rob-bhrat iom-dhathach m'an cuairt daibh,
Caitean ciar-dhubh, gruamach, gorm-ghlas,
S na minneinean laghach, greanuar,
Le meigeadailh fhann g'an leamhnuinn :
'S mireanach a chleasachd ghuamach
Bhios air pòr beag luath nan gearr-mheann.

Caoirich cheig-rùsgach fo chòmhdaich ;
Sgaoilt air reithein lòintean-driuchdach ;
'A uaineinean cho geal ri cainichean
Air chluaintibh nan learg ri sùgradh.
An crodh mòr gu liontaidh làirceach,
Ag ionaltradh fhàsach ùr-ghorm ;
An dream lìth-dhonn, chaisionn, bhan-bhreac,
Ghuallionn, chra-dhearg, mhàgach, dhùmhail.

'S inntinneach an ceol ri m' chluais
Fann-ghcum laogh m'an cuairt do'n chrò,
Ri coi'-ruith cimeall nan raon,
Grad-bhrisg, seang-mhear, aotrom, beò ;
Stairirich aig an luirgnean luath,
Sios m'an bhruaiè gn guanaich òg ;
'S teach 'sa mach á buaile lain,
'S bras an leum ri bàrich bbò !

*N aimsir ghnàthaichte na bliadhna,
Sgapar siol gu biadh san shearran,
Ga thilgeadli na flrasaibh diona,
'S na h-iomairean fiara, cama :
Sgalag, a's eich laidir, ghniomhach
Ri straideach nan clith gan tarrinn ;
'S tiodhlacair fo'u dùsluing mhìn
An gràinean liontaich 's brìgh'or toradh.

Sgoiltear am buntàta cnuachdach
Na sgràileagaih cluasach, bachelach ;
Theid an inneir phronn na lòdaibh
Socab, trom, air chòmhnrach achaidh ;
Le treun ghearrain chùbach, chàrnach,
Chliabbach, spidreach, bhràideach, shrathrach
Sùrd air teachd-an-tir nan Gàel,
Dh' fleuch an tàrar e fo'n talamh.

*Nuair a thogas *Phæbus àigh*
Mach gu h-àird nan nial a ceann,
O sheomar dealrach a chuan
Ag òradh air chruach nam beann ;
Brùchdaidh as gach cearn au tuath,
'Staigh cha'n fhuirich luath no mall,
Inntrigidh air gniomh nam buadh,
"Buntàta's inneir ! suas an crann !"

Theid an inneal-draibh an òrdugh,
Sean eich laidir mhor a' tarruinn
Nan ionnstramaid ghleadrach, ròpach,
Beairt 'san lionmhor còrd a's amull,
Ailbhagan nan cromag fiara,
Socach, coltrach, giadhach, langrach ;
Glige-ghlaige crainn a's iaruinn,
Sùrd air guiomh o'm biadhchor toradh !

Hush ! an t-ùraiche 's am bàu-each,
Fear air crann, 's air crann, 's achorraig,
Buntàta, 's inneir theith na cliaibhaidh
Ga taomadh san fhiar-chlais chorraich,
Aig bannal clis lùglumhor gleusdan,
Cridheil, eutrom, brisg gun smalan ;
'S gillean òg a' diol na h-abbachd,
Briathrach, gàireach, cairdeil, fearail.

*Nuair dh' fhalachar san ùir am pòr,
Thig feartan gar coir o'n àird,
A sgirtean liath-ghlas nan nial,
Frasaidh e gu ciatach blàth,
Silteach, sàmhach, lionmhor, ciùin,
'Trom na bhrùchdaibh, ciùbrach, tlàth ;
'S miorbhuileach a bhraonach dhùi,
Iarbhach maoth-mhin, driuchdach, seamh

*S lionmhor suaicheantas an Earraich,
Nach comas domh luaidh le fileachd ;
Ràidhe 's tric a chaocbail earraidh,
'S ioma car o thùs gu dheireadh ;

Ràidhe'n tig am faoileach feannaidh,
Fuar chlach-mheallain, stoirm nam peileir,
Feadag, sguabag, gruaim a Ghearrain,
Crainnti Chailleach is heurra friodhan.

'Nuair spùtas gaoth lom a Mhàirt oirn,
Ni 'n t-sìd ud an t-àl a chrannadh,
Mios cabhaghach, oibreach, saothreach,
Nam feasgar slaod-chianail, reangach :
Acras a' diogladh nam maodal,
Blianach, caol-ghlas, aognaidh, greannach ;
Deòghlar trian do t' fhior-liunn-tàth bhuat ;
'S mar ghad sniomhainn tairnear fad thu.

Ràidhe san tig tùs ainnlainn,
Litechach, càbhrach, làdhan lapach,
Drain-fhonn, cean-fionn, hrucach, riaspach
Robach, dreamsglach, riadhach, rapach ;
Càl a's feoil, a's cruinn-bhùntàta,
'S aran corca laidir, reachdmhor :
Bog no cruaidh, ma chanar biadh ris,
Se nach diult an ciad ni 's faigse.

'N uair thig òg-mhòls chèitein ciùin oirn,
Bi'dh a bhlàidhn an tùs a maise ;
'S flathail, caoimhneil, soillse gréine,
Mios geal ceutach, speur-ghorm, feartach,
Flàrrach, ciùrach, bliochdach, maoineach,
Uanach, caorach, laoghach, martach,
Gruthach, uachdrach càiiseach, sùghmhor,
Mealach, cùbhraids, drùchdach, dosrach.

Nis théid Earrach uainn air chuairt,
'S thig an samhradh ruraig a nall ;
'S gorm-bhog duilleach geug air choill ;
Eunlaith seinn air bhàrr nan cranu ;
Driùchdan air feur gach glinn,
S lan-thoil-inntinn sgiamh nam beann :
Theid mi ceum troi 'n lòn a null,
'S tairneam crioch air fonn mo rann.

M A R B - R A N N

DO MR SEUMAS BEATTIE,

[Fear-teagaisg Cànan, 's nan Eolus nadurra, ann an Aol-taigh ùr-Obaireadhair, a chaochail sa' mhàdairn diardaoin, an ceathramh latha de'n ochdamh mios 1810.]

— οὐεροῖο πεταζπόμειδα γοῦνο!

AIR FONN—"Mort Ghlinne-Comhann."

Och nan och ! mar a ta mi ;
Thréig mo shùgradh, mo mhàran, 's mo cheol !
'S trom an aiceid tha 'm chràdh-lot,
'S geòrt am beum a rinu sgàinteach 'am fheòil ;

Mi mar ànrach nan cuaintean,
A chailleas astar feadh stuadhan sa cheò ;
O'n bhuail teachdair a bhàis thu,
A Charaid chaoimh bu neo-fhàilteumach glòir.

A Ghaoil ! a Ghaoil de na fearaibh !
'S fuar a nochd air an darach do chréubh
'S fuar a nochd air a bord thu,
Fhiùrain uasail bu stòild ann ad bhèus !
An lamh gheal, fhuranach, chàirdeil,
Is tric a ghlaic mi le fàilte gu 'n phléid,
Ri d' thaobh 's an auairt na sineadh,
Na meall fuar creadha, fo chìs aig an éug !

A mhìlog-shuil donn bu tlà sealladh,
A nis air tionndadh gun lannair a d' cheann !
'S sàmhach binn-ghuth nan ealaidh !
'S dùint' am beul ud o'm b' anasach cainnt !
An cridhe firinneach soilleir,
Leis 'm bu spideil duals foille, no sannt ;
A nochd gun phlosg air an déile !
Sian mo dhosgainn, nach breugach an rann.

Gun smid tha 'n ceann anns na thàrmach
Bladh gach èolais a b' àird ann am miagh ;
Gliocas eagnaidd na Gréige,
'S na thuig an Eadailt bu gheur-flaclaich brìgh !
'S balbh fear-réitich gach teagaimh ;
Annas a bheurla chruaidh, spreigearra, grinn !
'N uair bhios luchd-foghlum fo dubhbar,
Co na t-ionads a dh' fhuasglas an t-snuim ?

'S balbh an labhraiche pòngail,
Bu tearc r'a fhaotainn a chompanach beoil ;
'Am briathran snaighe, sgéimh-dhealbhach,
A chur na h-ealaidh no 'n t-seuchais air neoil ;
Ge b' è bàrd an dàin chéutaich,
Mu chian-astar Æneas o Thràidh ;
'S firinn cheart nach bu diù leis,
E-fein thoirt mar àughair do sgeòil.

Gun smid tha'n gliocair a b' eolach,
Airfad na cruiteachd a dh' òrdaich Mac Dhé !
Gach guè an saoghal na fairge,
'Sa mhachthir chòmhnaird no 'n garbhaich an
Gach bileag ghorm a tha lùbadh, [t-sléibh ;
Fo thróm eallaich nan driùchd ris a ghréin ;
'S an riòghachd mheatailtich b' àghor,
Do phurp ag innse dhuiinn nàdur gach seud.

'S balbh fear-aithne nan ràidean,
A shoillich aingil a's fàidhean o thùs ;
A's soisgeul ghlormhòr na slainte,
Tbug fios air tràcairean àrd-Rìgh nan dùl ;
'An stèigh gach teagaisg bu ghrasmhòr,
'S tearc pears-eaglais thug bàrr ort. a Ràin !
Dòchas t-anma bu làidir,
'San fhuiladhoirteadh gu Pàrras thoirt dhuinn.

Riaghlaich t-eolas 's do ghiulan,
Modh na fairfeachd a b' iuil dut 's gach ceum ;
Do mhòr-chridh usal gun trùth ann
Gunghoimh, gun uabhar, gun lùban, gun bhrèug;
Cha b' uailse tholgach an phasain,
Cha dealradh saibhreis a dh-atadh do spéis ;
'Si 'n intiuin fhior-ghlan, a b' fiù leat,
A's foghlum dichill ga stiùireadh le céill.

Mo creach lèir ! an taigh mìurneach,
'Sam faict' a ghreadhaingusunntach mu'u bhòrd,
Dreös na céire toirt soillse,
Gach fion hu taitniche faoileas, fo chròic :
Do chuilim bu chonaltrach, fàilteach,
B' aiseag slainte dhuinn màran do bheoil ;
Bu bhinn a thogail na téis thu,
'Sa chruit fhonnor ga gléusadh gu ceòl.

'N uair dh' éireadh còisridh bu choinnealt,
A dhamhs' gu lùghor ri pronnadh nam pòng ;
Gum b' éibhinn crì do mhnà-comuinn,
Do chròilein maoth, 's iad gu tomanach, donu ;
A ghearradh leum air bhòrd loma,
Dol seach a cheile mar ghoireadh am fonn,
Ach dh' fhaibh sid uile mar bhruaradar,
"No bristeadh builgein air uachdar nan tonn."

A righ ! gur cianail mo smaointeán,
Ri linn do t-àrois bhi faontrach gun mhùirn !
Sguir a chuilim 's an ceol-gàire,
Chaidh meoghail ghreadhnach a's màran o'r cùl :
Chinn an talla fuar fàsail ;
'S è chuir mullach na fardloch 'na smùr
Ceann na dìdinn, 's na riaghailt,
A bhi sa' chadal throm shioruidh nach dùisg !

Do bhantrach bhochd mar ian tiamaidh,
Ri truagh thùrsa, 'sa sgiathan mu h-àl ;
A neadan creachta, 's i dòineach,
Mu gaol a sholair an lòn daibh gach tràth :
O'n dh'imich Fir-eun na h-ealtainn,
Tha'n t-searbh-dhile 'tighinn thart as gach àird !
A Righ nan aingeal ! bi d' dhòn daibh,
'S tionndaidh ascaoin na sìne gu tlàths.

'S ioma sùil ata silteach,
A thaobh ùigh nam fear glic gun bhi buan :
Tha miltean ùrnuiugh ga d' leantainn,
Le miltean dùrachd, a's beannachd gu t-uaigh ;
A liuthad diùlannach ainnis,
A dh' àrdaich t-ionnsachadh ainneamh gu uaill ;
'S gach là bhios-càirdeas air faoineachd,
A Bheattie chliùitich ! hi'dh cuimh'air do luach.

Rinn t-eug sinn uile gun sòlas,
Thateach nan innleachd, 'san òigradh fo phràmh ;
Chaidh Albainn buileach fo èislean,
Sgur na Ceòlraidean Grèugach de'n dàn :

Thaing dall-bharr na h-òidhch' oirn,
O'n chaidh lochranu no soillse na smàl :
B' e sid an crith-reothadh céitein
A mhill am fochann bu cheataiche bàrr !

Bu tu craobh-abhull a ghàraidh,
A chaoidh cha chiùnich nì's àillidh fo'n ghrèin !
Dealt an t-sàmhruidh mu hlàthaibh,
Lùisreadh dhuileag air chràcaibh, a geug
Ach thig dubh-dhoirionn a gheanhraidh,
A bheithir theinntidh le sramm as an speur ;
Thuit an gallan ùr, rimbeach,
'S uile mhaise ghrad-chròn air an fheur !

A Thì tha stiùireadh na cruinne !
'Stuleig d'ar u-ionnsuidh a bhuelle bha cruidh !—
Sinsè cnail an t-sàr ulaidh,
Neònad priseil nan iomadaidh buaidh !—
Dh' fhalbh a chombaisd, 's na siùl oirn,
Chaidh an gaisreadh 's an fhiùbhai 'n am bruam,
Gach creag 'na cunnart do'n fhiùraich,
O laidh duibhr' air rèull-iùil an taobh-Tuath.

Och ! nan och, mar a ta mi !
Mo chridhe 'n impis bhi sgàinte le bròn !
Tha 'n caraid-cùirt an dèigh m' fhàgail,
A sheasadh dùrachdach dan' air mo chòir :
Bi'dh sid am chliabh 'na bheum cnàmhain,
Gus an uair anns an tár mi fo'n fhòd ;
Ach 's glic an t-Aon a thug cùs dhùim,
'S da òrduigh naomh bith'mid strìochdta gach lò.

SMEORACH CHLOINN-LACHUINN.

LUINNEAG.

*Hoilbh o, irriag, ò lul, ò ;
Hoilidh o, irriag, hòrò hì ;
Hoilibh o, irriag, ò lul, ò ;
Smeòraich a sheinn dran mì.*

'S smèorach mise le chloinn-Lachuinn ;
Seinneam ceòl air bhattar nan dòsan ;
'S tric leam dùsgadh moch am' chadal
'S m'oran maidne 'sheinn le frògan.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Cha mhi 'm fitreach gionach. sgàiteach,
Na clannah a chrom-ghiùb shracaich ;
'S cian mo linn o' eoin a chathair
Chleachd tigh'n' beò air sàth nan àblach
Hoilbh o, &c.

'S mor gu'm b' anns' an àm bhi 'géisidh
Madainn Shamhraidh fhann-bhuig, chéitein ;
Diol nau rann gun gheannu gun eislein,
'S toirm an damhs' air chranu nan géugan.

Hoilibh o, &c.

Bha mi n' còmhnuidh 'n tùs mo laithibh
Aig Peithinn nan seamh-shruth airgeid,
Measg nam flàran drìuchdach, tlàtha,
Fhuair mi 'n àrach páirt de m' aimsir.

Hoilibh o, &c.

Tha mi nis an tìr gun bhruaidhlean,
Tìr tha feartach, reachdor, buaghail ;
'S liomhor àgh tha fàs air uachdar
Tìr nan sealbh da'n ainm na Cluainean.

Hoilibh o, &c.

Tha ua h-eoin is labhar coireall,
Feadh na coille 'n dlùths nam badan ;
Buidheann phròiseal, cheolmhòr, loinneal,
Ard an coilleag,—binn an glaigeal.

Hoilibh o, &c.

Tha gach crann gu trom fo chòmhach,
Duileach, badach, meurach, cròcach ;
Stràc de 'n mheas cur shlios nan ògan,
'S eunlaith 'seinn nam fonn an òrdugh.

Hoilibh o, &c.

Coisridh lughor, mùirneach, greannar,
Seolta gluasad fuaim an seannsar ;
Pòr gun sgread, gun reasg, gun teanndachd,
Gleusd' am feedain ; deas an rauntachd.

Hoilibh o, &c.

Grian a'g eiridh dealrach, òr-bhui,
Le gath soills' air ghorm nam mor-bheann ;
Fàileadh cubhraidh dhriuchd nan lointean,
Sileadh meal air bharr gach fèòirnean.

Hoilibh o, &c.

Eoin bheag bhuchlach nam pong ceòlmhor !
Coimh-fhreagraibh leam téis an òrain ;
Dreach nan cluainean mar bu choir dhomh
Dh' innis sios am briathran òrdail.

Hoilibh o, &c.

'S ionnmhuinn leam a chulaidh fhraoch
Dh' fhas air taobh nan luighean cás,
Badach, gaganach, caoin, ùr,
'S neoil do'n' mhil a smuideadh ás.

Hoilibh o, &c.

'S boidheach treud nan uainean geala
Ruth 'sa réis feadh chluainean bainnear ;
'S caoich bhronnach, throma, cheigeach,
Air 'm bu sheideach blonag shaile.

Hoilibh o, &c.

'S blasda, soillein uisg am fuaran
Fallain brisg gun mhisg gun bhruaidean ;
'S cràcach, gibeach, biolair' uaine,
Fàs gu h-aillí laimh ri'm bruachan.

Hoilibh o, &c.

'S labhar fuaim nan sruthan siùblach,
Theid thar bhalbhag dlù nan alltan ;
Turrach mhear gach cuilean dù-ghuirm,
Dol feadh lùb tro làr nan gleannan.

Hoilibh o, &c.

'S tìrneach, sgiamhach, maoth-bhog ùr,
Fas do fhìlùr is liomhor dreach ;
Mar ghorin rionnagach nan speur,
Dealbh gach seud a sgoil mu'd' bhrat.

Hoilibh o, &c.

Brat nan dìthean drìuchdach, guamach,
Lurach, luachrach, dualach, bachlach,
Cuachach geal nan neoinean eagach,
Sid a sgeadach tha mu'd' ghlacalibh.

Hoilibh o, &c.

Do chrodh-laoigh air lom an àilean,
Reamhar, sultmhor, liontai, làirceach,
Caisson, druimionn, guaillionn, cra-dhearg,
Bainnear, bliochdach sliochd gun fhaillinn.

Hoilibh o, &c.

Baile feartach coirc a's eòrna,
'S reachmhor fàsar dhailean còmlinard ;
Be sid bàrr na mìle sòlas
A chuir sgrainng na goirt air fogradh.

Hoilibh o, &c.

Talamh tarbhach trom gu gnàsich,
Leatromach fo bhàrr buntata, *Chinn gu luigheach, meurach, màgach,
Cluigeanach le plumbais àillidi.

Hoilibh o, &c.

'S tric do phreasan peurach, ubhlach,
Groiseideach, trom-dheareach, dù-dhonn ;
Luisreadh sios le gagain drìuchdach,
'S buan an t-slainnt am fàile cùbhraidi.

Hoilibh o, &c.

Baile coisrigte nam beannachd !
Fraochach, flùrach, luachrach, mealach,
Martach, laoghach, caorach, bainneach,
Coilleach, duileach, geugach, torach.

Hoilibh o, &c.

Nis' tha carbad boisgeil *Phæbuis*
A' marcachd an aird nan speura ;
'S o'n tha 'n rann an cuimse faidead,
'S tìm' bhi lasachadh nan teudan.

Hoilibh o, &c.

EALAIDH GHAOIL.

LUTINNEAG.

*Air faillirin, illirin, uillirin ð,
Air faillirin, illirin, uillirin ð,
Air faillirin, illirin, uillirin ð,
Gur boidheach an comunn,
'Thaig coinneamh 'n t-Srath-mhòir.**

GUR gile mo leannan
Na'n eal' air an t-shùnmh,
Na cobhar na tuinne,
'S e tilleadh bho'n tràigh ;
Na'm blàth-bhaione buiale,
'S a chuacb leis fo bhàrr,
Na sneachd nan gleann dòsrach,
'Ga fhroiseadh mu'n bhlàr
Air faillirin, &c.

Tha cas-fhalt mo rùin-sa
Gu siùbhlaich a sniomh,
Mar na neoil bhuidhe 'lùbas
Air stùcaibh nan sliabh,
Tha ' gruaidh mar an ròs,
'Nuair a's bòidhche 'bhios fhiamh,
Fo ùr-dhealt a Chéitein,
Mu'n éirich a ghrian.
Air faillirin, &c.

* The chorus and first stanza of this song are not Mac-lachlan'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 Lochfroom,—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 clond'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 bedim'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 renew's 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 unrestrain'd on the smiles of my love.

Mar Bhénus a boisgeadh
Thar choiltibh nan ard,

Tha a miog-shuil ga m' bhuaireadn

Le suaireantas graidh :

Tha bràighe nan séud

Ann an eideadh gach àidh,

Mar ghealach nan speur

'S i cur reulttan fo phràmh.

Air faillirin, &c.

Bi'dh 'n uiseag 's an smèòbrach

Feadh lòintean nan driùchd,

'Toirt failte le'n òrain

Do'n òg-mhadainn chiùin ;

Ach tha'n uiseag neo-sheòlta,

'S an smèòbrach gun sunnt,

'Nuair ' thoisicheas m' éudail

Air gleusadh a ciùil.

Air faillirin, &c.

'Nuair thig sàmhraadh nan noinean

A comhdach nam bruach,

'S gach coinean 'sa chròc-choill'

'A ceòl leis a chuaich,

Bi'dh mise gu h-éibhinn

'A leumnaich 's a ruraig,

Fo dhlù-mheuraibh sgàileach

A màran ri m' luaidh.

Air faillirin, &c.

RANN DO'N LEISG.

A Leisg reangach, robach, dhuaichnidh,
Mallachd buan bho dhuain nam bàrd dhut,
'S bochd an t-shian do'n tì bheir cluas dhut,
'S dearbh nach dual gu'n dean e tàbhachd,
'S fear an sgeul a sgrìobh rìgh Solamh,
"Nach robb sonas riamh ad ghlacai'b;"
A chairbh rag gun sgrid gun fhosgladh,
Trom-cheann marbh nach mosgail facal,
'S ronngach fàrdalach gun rùth-bhalg ;
Do sheann chlosach bhruchdach, lachdunn,
'S miann leat coimhearsbhuan an rosaid,
Dealbh na gorta sgaol mu t-asdal,
Thu fo'n lùirich na d' chuail chnàmhaich,
Reic thu Fàrrais air son cadaid,
Drein an Aoig na d' g' brod-chraos bearnach,
Do chràg chearr am muing do phap-chinn.
Sid an sluagh thug bith an tùs dut,
A Mi-chùram 's Dìth-na-sgoinne
Slabhraidh theannu de phraisich chruaidh ort,
S dà cheud puind de'n luaidhe d' dheireadh.

A Leisg throm ga m' bodhar spad-chluas

'S tu 'n gadaiche 'shlad na h-aimsir :

Ged' bhiodh mìle cuip gad' shlaiseadh
 Cha tig an stadalach a t-earbhall.
 Sibhs ann sam beil feum a's dìreadh,
 Ruithibh grad an tim gu freagairt ;
 Mu'n cosgrar sibh fo shlait iarainn
 Ban-mhaighstear iarnaidd na sgreatachd.

CLACH-CUIMHNE

GHLINNE-GARAIDH AIG TOBAR-NAN-CEANN.

FHIR astair ! thig faisg a's leubh
 Sgeul air ceartas an Dé bhuain ;
 Eisd ri diol na ceilg a dh'fhàg
 A Cheapach na lèraich fhuair.
 Sgaoil na milltich lion an eig
 Mu bhord éibhinn nam fleagh fial
 'S mheasgnaich iad an sean 's na h-òig
 'S an aon tòrr na'm fuil gun ghiomh.
 Mhosgail corruiach an t-àrd-thriath,

Ursann dhian nan comhlan cruaidh,
 Morair Chlann-Dòmhnuill an fhraoich,
 Leoghann nan euchd, craobh nam buadh,
 Dh-iarr e's chaidh Dioghaita na leum,
 Mar bheithir bheumnaich nan nial,
 Ghlac e'n dream a dheilbh an fhoill,
 'S thug lan duais mar thoill an gniomh.
 Lanh riut-sa' ghòrnm fhuarain ghrinn,
 Dh' ionnlaideadh seachd cinn nan lùb,
 'S aig casan ghaisgich àigh
 Thilgeadh iad air làr a dhùin,
 Corr as coig fichead bliadh'n deug
 Thriall nan speur bho dheas gu tuath,
 Bho 'n ghairmeadh TOBAR-NAN-CEANN,
 De'n t-sruthain sò 'n cainnt an t-shluaign.
 Mise 'n Seachdamh thar dheich glùin
 De fhreumh ùiseil an laoch thréin,
 Mac-Mhic-Alasdair m'ainm gnaiths,
 Flath Chlann-Dòmhnuill nan sàr euchd,
 Thog mi chlachs' air lom an raoin,
 Faisg air caochan a chliù bhuan,—
 Mar mheas do cheann-stuic nan triath,
 'S gu'n cuimhnicht' an gniomh 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 farm 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 connexion 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. M'Kinnon, 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 M'Kinnon 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 recollectcd, 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 deireunnach an Fhogaír*,” 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 strewed 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 favourite 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. Mac-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 DON BHARD A DHOL AIR TIR ANNS AN EIPHEIT.

AIR FONN—“*Deoch-slainte an Iarla Thuathach*.”

Ge fada an dràst gun dùsgadh mi,
Cha chadal sèimh bu shùgradh dhomh,
Ach ragaid chnàmh gun lùghs annta,
Air leabaibh-làir gun chìurteanan,
Guu chaidreamh bho luchd dùthcbe,
‘S mi gun charadh-rùin am chòir.
Gun chaidreamb, &c.

Cha 'n 'eil fear a thàirneas riùm,
Na thuigeas an deagh Ghàelic mi,
Nach innis mi gu'n d' rainig mi,
'N uair dh' imich sinn do 'n àite sin,
Gu 'm b' aobhar giorag nàmhaid sinn,
Le 'r luingeas àrd fo shebil.
Gu 'm b' aobhar, &c.

An t-ochedamh grian do 'n Mhàirt againn,
A nochdadh ar cuiid bhàtaichean,
Bu choltach seòlta an Càblach iad,
Na 'n trotan mar a b' àbhaist dhaibh,
'S na Breatainnich na 'm bàrr orra,
Le 'n cliathan ràmh san reòt.
'S na Breatainnich, &c.

Gu 'n chuir air tir na saighdearan,
Na fir gun fhiamh, gun fhoill annata,
Le 'n eireadh grian gu boisgeanta,
Ri lainnir an lann foileasach,
'S an ceannard féin gu 'n soillseachadh,
Mar dhaoinein a measg òir.
'S an ceannard, &c.

An darag dhileas dharaich ud,
Nach dh'fhág 'san linn so samhail da,
An leóghann rioghail, amaisgeach,
An clú 's am firinn cheannasach,
Tha do ghael mar anam dhuinn,
Air teannachadh na 'r feòil.
Tha da ghaol, &c.

A dol gu tìr le d' bhrataichean,
Air cheann do mhíltean gaigsealadh,
Shaoil Frangaich ghrímeach, għlas-neulach,
Le spid gu 'n pillte dhachaigh sinn,
Gu 'n striochadh id da 'r lasrachean,
Bu dhioumhор bras ar sròi.
Gu 'n striochadh, &c.

Bu neimheil, smearail, dùrachdach,
Gu danara làn mbħuseagach,
An canoin ann sa bhùireinich,
'S dealanach le fudar dhiu,
Cha bu lèur an traigh le smùidreadh,
Dh'fhág na spèuran dùinnt' an ced.
Cha bu lèur, &c.

Mar biodeh cruaidh losgadh ionlan ann,
'San uair is luaithe dh' iomraichte,
Air luchd-euain a b' ullamli tulgaradh,
Greasadh ri cluas iorġħuille,
'S na naimhdean dàna tilgeadh oirn,
Mar ghàradh tiomcheall òb.
'S na naimhdean, &c.

Choinnich iad 'san uisge sinn,
A tigh'n' air snámh gu 'n crioslaichean,
'N uair bheireadh lamhach bristeadh dhuinn
An duil gu 'm bàtie an tiota sinn,
Gu stàlinneach, làn, misneachail,
Gu sgrios ás na hhiodh beò.
Gu stàlinneach, &c.

Choianich ar fir shomalt iad,
Le roinn nam piosan guineideach,
Ma 'n d'fhág an tonn fo 'r honnabh sinn,
Chiail siol na Frainge ful anna,
'S am bàs bhà iad a cumadh dhuinn,
Fhuair páirt diù dh'fħulang brōin.
'S am bàs, &c.

Chuir buillean lann le susbaireachd,
Bho 'n tuinn mar choilltich thuislidh iad,
Gach dara crann a tuiteam dhiu,
Na 'n sineadh sios le 'r cusbaireachd,
Thuig Frangaich nach fann Thurcaich,
Le 'n euid lann a mhurt an slibg.
Thuig Frangaich, &c.

Ri iomairt gohoit na stàlinne,
Bha iomain cas hbo 'n traigh orra,
Gu 'n fhios co 'm fear bu tàire againn,
A b' ullamh lot le saithidhean,

N am dlùthadh ris an àraich,
'S trom a dhrùigh ar làid na 'm reon.
N am dlùthadh, &c.

'N uair sgoileadh bh'uainn 's gach àite iad,
Mar chaoirich 's gille-màrtainn aint',
'S tric a chàte fall oirbh,
Na ruith a dhì a mhaighsteir,
Bu lionmhòr marcach tàbhachdach,
Le each air tràigh gun deò.
Bu lioumhòr, &c.

Bha 'm buidhean rioghail Gàēlach,
Gu h-intinnéach, borb, ardhanach,
Air thoiseach, mar a b' àbhaist daibh,
Gu lotach, piceach, staillinneas,
Mar nathairichean, gun chàirdeas
Do dh' aon nàmhaid a bha beò.
Mar nathairichean, &c.

Tha clann nan eilean aon-sgeulach,
Co theireadh gu 'n do chaochail iad?
'S iad fein an dream nach maoil-chluasach,
'N uair thàirnте a mire caonaig iad,
Mar bheithir thana craosachadh,
B' fhior fhaoineis tigh'n' ga 'n còir.
Mar bheithir, &c.

Mar mhiol-chion sheang, luath-leumnach,
'Eangach, lneach, tuaasideach,
Ri leanaitt strì gun fhuarachadh,
Le siuhhal 's i a dh' fuasgail iad,
Bha Frangaich air an ruagadh,
'S iad na 'n ruith mar chuain gun treòir.
Bha Frangaich, &c.

ORAN

AIR BLAR NA H-EIPHIT.

C' arson nach tòisichinnu sa chàmpa,
Far na dh'fhág mi clann mo ghaol,
Thog sinn taighean Samhraidh ann,
Le barrach mheang nan craobh,
Bu solas uaibhreach, ceannard,
A bhi glusad ri uchd naimhdean ann,
'S a dh'aindeoin luaidhe Fhrangach,
B' aobhar dàmsha bhi ri 'r taobh.

Cha chualas ri liun seanachais,
Ann an cogadh arm na 'n strì,
Cuig mile-diag cho ainmeil ruibh,
A-tharruinn airm fo 'n Rìgh;

B' aobhar cliù au trèun-fbear Albannach,
 A' fhuair a chuis ud earrhsa ris,
 Nach cùhairean a thearadh leis,
 Thoirt gniomh nan àrm gu crìch.

Dh' iarr e' moch dì-ciadain,
 'S a' chiad diagachadh de'n Mhàirt,
 Gach comisari riarrachadh,
 Ar hiadh a mach oirn trà ;
 Rùm 'hhi air ar cliaithchean,
 Gu h-ullamh mar a dh' iarramaid,
 Nach faodadh iad air chiad-lungaiddh,
 Dol sios leis aun sa hhlàr.

'S ann air dir-daoin a dh'fhàg sinn,
 Air sàr chàhlach fad air chùl,
 Na' m faigheadhmaid rian snàmhà dhaihh,
 Bu làdir iad na'r cùis ;
 Lean Mac-a-Gholla* cardeil ruinn,
 'S gu'm b' fhoghaiteach a hhàitaichean,
 A dh' aindeoin gleadhraich nàmhaid,
 Chum e smàladh air an sùil.

Bha ar'n àrd cheann-feadhna toirteil,
 Ann san àm ga'r propadadh suas,
 Bho dhream gu dream ga'm brosnachadh,
 Cha'h ann le moit na ghruidh ;
 Ghlacadh euihble 'n fhortain,
 Ann san laimh nach tioinndadh toisgeal i,
 'S a dhùisgeadh sunnt gu cosnadh dhuinn,
 Mar Fhionn a mosgladh shluaidh.

Thàirneadh na laoich shomalta
 Na'n comblann throma, bhorh,
 Bu tàrslich, làmhan, comasach,
 An sràdag fhonnidh falbh ;
 A g' iarraidh àite an cromadh iad,
 Na'n tugadh nàmhaid coinneamh dhaibh,
 Gu'm fag-te'n àrach tonn-fhuileach,
 Le stàllinn thollach hholg.

Bho nach tioinndadh'nàimh gu casgairt,
 Bu dlù lasair air an deigh,
 'N uair chunnacas guìis nam Breatunnach,
 B'fhearr casan dhaihh na strèup ;
 Thug iad an cùl gu tapaidh ruinn,
 A shiuhbal gu dlù astarach,
 A sior dhion an cùl le marcaichean,
 Chum lasachadh na'm ceum.

Bha gillean lùghar, sgairteil ann,
 Nach d'aom le gealtachd riagh,.
 Mar dh' fhaodadh iad gá'n leantain,
 Philleadh caogaed each le'n guiomh ;

Bu smaoinctan faoin d'a marcaichean,
 Nach faighe daoine ghleachdadh iad,
 'S na laoich nach faoite chaisleachadh,
 Ga'n caol ruith mach air sliah.

Bu tric an còmhach casgairt sinn,
 Thug sud oirn stad na dhà,
 Bhi gun eòlas ann san astar sin,
 'N dùil mhòr ri gaisge chàich ;
 Dh' fheuch Ralph gach doigh a chleachda leis,
 'S an dian-te sròil a thaisheanadh,
 'S a dh' aindeoin seòlachd dh' fhairstlich oirn,
 An toirt gu casgairt làmh.

Bha sinn làdir, guàfreideach,
 Dàma, urranta'sau stri,
 Bha iadsan ràideil, cuireideach,
 Làn thuineachadh 's an tìr ;
 Ghahh iad àird na monaidhean,
 Gu'n dh' fhuair iad àite cothromach,
 'S an dianadh làmbach dolaidh dhuinn,
 Gu'n toileachadh r'a linn.

Thairneadh gàradh droma leinn,
 De dh' armuinn fhonnidh thréin,
 Bho shàil' gu sàil' a coinneachadh
 'N trà chromaidd air a ghréin ;
 Bu daingean, làdir, comasach,
 A phàirc ga'm fhàil na honaidean,
 Cha hu chadal séimh ga'u comunn,
 'S càch ma'r coinneamh air a hbeinn.

Stad sinn ré na h-oidhche sin,
 Gu leir an cuim nan àrm,
 Bha leannan fein, gu maighdeannail,
 Fo sgéith gach saighdear, hàlbh ;
 Na'n tigeadh feum na faoineachd orr,
 'S gu tugte aobhar bruidhne dhì,
 Bu neamhail a spéic phuiseanta,
 Bho'n bheul bu chinnteach sealg.

Dh' earadh dòn an'n anmanan,
 Ri Albainich mo rùin
 Fir nach tairnote cearbait orra,
 'N àm tharruinn arm gu dlù ;
 Rinn iad a chaithris armalteach,
 Gu h-ullamh, ealambh, ealachuinneach,
 'S na'n deanadh nàmhaid taigneachadh,
 Bha hàs allahharach na'n guìs,

Sinn ullamh air ar connspagan,
 Gu dol san tòir gu dion,
 An treas madainn diag a shònraig iad,
 Le'r ceannard mòr gu'n fhiamh ;
 An dà'r eiseara a b' òige againn,
 Na Gréamaich agus Gordonaich,
 A ruith gu dian an còmhach,
 Na hha dortadh leis an t-sliabh.

* Sir Sidney Smith.

Cho ullamh ris an fhùdar,
A bha dol na smùid ma 'r ceann,
Ghluais na gillean lù-chleasach,
Air mhire null do 'n ghleann ;
Thug sinn le teine dùbhailte,
Bristeadh as na trùpairean,
Bha Gréumaich nan éuchd fiùgbantach,
'S cha d' eisid iad mùiseag lann.

Mar stoirm a b' iargalt connsachadh,
A spionadh neòil a's chrann,
A riasladh fàirge mòire,
Gu pianadh sheòl 's ga 'u call ;
Cruaidh dian bha buaidh nan Gordonach,
Bu lionmhor sguab a's dorlaichean,
A bhuaín iad air a chòmhnrach,
Far an tug na slòigh dhaibh ceann.

Dhùlùthaiach ar n' arm urramach,
Gu h-ullamh air ar cùl,
Lion iad an t-sreath fhulangach,
Rinn guineideach gu smùis ;
Bu naimhdeil dian an gunnaireachd,
A dh'fhàg an slìabh 's níal fuileach air,
Bha cuirp na 'n riadhan uireasach,
Fo 'n ian gun tuille lùis.

'N àm propadh ris an nàmhaid,
Sinn g'an smàldadh ann sa' cheò,
Las a bheinn mar àmuinn ruinn,
A bàrcadh na prais oirn ;
Shaoil sinn gur h-i *Vesàvius*,
A sgàin bho boun le tàirneanaich,
Airm chaola b' fhaoineis làmhl ridech,
'S craos na chaoir tigh'n' beò.

Bha craoslach nan geum neimheil,
Gu brèun, aineolach, sa' cheò,
A bheist bu tréine langhanaich,
Bu reusan sgreamh do dh' fheòil ;
Bu chaillteach dhuinn an dealanach,
'S a liughad saighdear bearraideach,
Bha 'n oidhche sin a mearachd oirn,
Gu 'n anam air an tòir.

Dh' aindeoin a h-ard bhùrainich,
Bha làdir, mùiseach, garbh,
Ga b' oil leis an cuid trùpairean,
Am bruchdadh rinn an arm ;
Ge d' fhuair sinn beagan diùbhalach,
A laoghad cha do lùb sinn daibh,
Bu lionmhor marcach cùl-donn diù,
Fo 'r casan brùite, mårbh.

* Vesuvius, poetically rendered *Vesàvius*, a volcanic mountain near the bay of Naples.—The first eruption took place in the year 79, when Herculaneum and Pompeii were destroyed.

Thug iad an cùl, 's cha mhasladh dhaibh,
Chuir casgairt iad na'n teinn,
Sinn ga'n sgiursadh do 's na fasaichean,
'S gach tùbh na las a bheinn ;
Thionndadh gach cùis taitneach dhuinn,
Bho bhon a cùil 's a cás-mhulaich,
Cha d' fhurich gnùis dhiu gleachda ruinn,
Nach d' bhrùichd amach na still.

'S cäs a throm an ruraig orra,
Cho cruaidh 's a chualas riamh,
Bha *Abercrombie* suas riutha,
Le shluadh a dh' fhuasgail fial ;
Mar bhi'dh am baile bhuannaich iad,
Le canain air a chuartachadh,
Bha barachd dhiù 's na li-uaighichean,
'S a dh' fhuaraich air an t-sliabh.

Thàirneadh gàradh làdir,
'Dh' arm tabhachdach nach striochd,
Ma choinneamh *Alexandria*,
Air airde *Aboukier* ;
'N uair rainig sinn an làrach sin,
'S a dhealaichi mi ri m' chàirdean ann,
'S ann ghiùlain iad gu m' bhàta mi,
'S fuil bhlàth fo 'm air an fhiar.

Tha 'n dà Bhaiteal áráidh
An deagh Ghàelic ann am chuijmh',
Cha 'n e 'n treas fear bu tâire,
'S math a b' fhiach e bàrd ga sheinn ;
Tha mi sa' cheaird air mhàgaran,
Cha 'n fhiadh no fear dàna mi,
Na dh' innis mi cha nàr leam e,
Co chluinneas c' àit' an d' rinn.

ORAN AIR BLAR NA H-OLAIND

AIR FONN—“*Alasdair ì Gleanna-Garadh*.

AIR MIOS DEIREANNACH AN FLIGHAIR,
An dara latha, 's math mo chuijmne,
Ghluais na Breatunnach bho'n fhaicne,
Dh'ionnsuidh tachaïrt ris na maimhdean ;
Thug *Abercrombaidh* taobh na mara
Dhiu le'n canain, 's mi ga 'n cluintinn ;
Bha fòirneadh aig *Mùr** gu daingean,
Cumail aingil ris na Fràngach.

THRIALL *Abercrombaidh* 's *Mùr* na feile,
Le 'n laoch éuchdach, thun a bhaitell ;
Tharruinn iad gu h-eolach, treubhach,
Luchd na beurla ri uchd catha ;

* General Sir John Moore.

N uair dhlu na h-airm ri chéile,
Dhubhadh na speuran le 'n deathaich ;
S bu lionmhóir fear a bha 's an éisdeachd,
Nach do ghluaís leis fein an atb oibdh'.

Dh'fhas iad sinne mar a b'anasa,
Fo cheannardachd Mhorair Hunndaidh,
An t-òg smiorail, fearail, naimhdeil,
N an teannadh ain-neart ga 'r n-iouinsuidb ;
Le bhrataichean siod' a stranraich,
Ri 'u cuid crann a damhs' le muiseag ;
S na fir a toghairt 's na Fràngach,
B' iad mo rùiuse chlann nach diultad b.

Bha 'n leoghann colgarra gun ghealtachd,
Le mhile fear sgaiteil là' ruinn ;
An Camshronach garg o'n Earrachd,
Mar ursainn chatha 's na blàraibh ;
Dh'aontaich sinn mar aon sa bbaiteal,
Le faobhar laum sgaiteach stailinn ;
Cha bu ghniomh le 'r laoich gun taise,
Faoineis air an fhaich' le lèmhach.

Bhruchd na naimhdean le 'n trom làdach,
Air muin chàich an àite teine ;
'N uair fhuaire Sasunnach droch chàradh,
Phill iad o'n àraich n' ar coinneamh.
Ghlaodh Ralph uaibhreach ri chuid armunn
Greasaibh na Gàéil n' an coinnidh,
'S tionndaidh iad an ruraig mar b' àbhaist,
An dream ardanach, neo-fboileil.

Grad air an aghairt 's an àraich,
Ghluaís na saighdearan nach pillte ;
Mar iolaire guineacb, gun chaoimhneas,
Nach b'fhusarda chlaoidh le mì-mhodh,
Thug iad sgríos na'n gathan boisgeach,
Mar dhealauchaidh didhche dhiliinn ;
Ri sior iomaiu romp nan naimhdean,
'S neul na fal' air roinn am pícean.

'N uair a dh'ionndrainn a chonnspuinn
Morair Gordon o uchd buaitte ;
'S a chual iad gu'n robh e lediùte,
Dh'úraich iad le deoin an tuasaid ;
Mar mhaom do thuil nam beann mìra,
Brùchadh bho na neoil mu'r guairean,
Lean iad an ruraig le cruaidh spòlitach,
Gu fuitteach, mor bhuiileach, gruamach.

Bha Camshronaich an tùs a chatha,
Air an losgadh mar an cianda ;
Leonadh an Ceann-feedhna sgaiteil,
Ri còmhraig bhaitealach a liath e ;
Gu sonraicht' coltach an dearcag,
'S an fhaoil nach taisicheadh fiamb i ;
Mu'n chrom a ghrian fo cleòc-taisgte,
Phàidh sinn air an ais na fiachan.

Ged' bha na Rìoghalaich bho Albainn,
Na fir ainmeil, mheamuach, phriseil,
Fada bhuanu ri uair a gharbh chath,
'S buaidh b' a'ium dhaibh ri uchd mhìltean ;
Gbreas iad air agħaidh 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 Fràngach math air teine,
Gus an teanar goirid uapa ;
'S an mar sin a fbrois iad sinne,
Ri deich mionaidean na h-uarach ;
Ach, 'n uair dh'fhaod ar laoich gun tioma,
Dhol an àite b'fille bhualadh,
Bha roinn nan stailinne biorach,
Sàthadh guineideach mu'n tuairinse.

Gu'm bi sin au tuairmse smiorail,
Chiunteach, amaiseach, gun dearmad ;
Thug na leoghainn bhorba, nimheil,
Bu cholgail sealladh fo'n armaibh ;
Ri sgùrsadh naimhdean mar fhalaig,
A's drìuchdan fallaish air gach calg dliu ;
'S bha Fràngach a brùchdadhe fala,
'S an cùl ri talamh sa ghainmhich.

Mar neoil fhuitteach air an riasladh,
Le gaoth a b'iargalta séideadh ;
Ruth nam bai'ibh ceigeach, lia'ghlas,
An deigh an cliatadh as a chéile :
Chità na naimhde gun riaghait,
Teicheadh gu dian o uchd streupa ;
'S iad a leaghadh air am bialthaobh,
Mar shneachd am fianais na gréine.

Ged' a phill sinn o ar dùthaich,
Cha d' mhìll sinn air clù ar crùdal
Bha sinn gach latha ga'n sgùrsadh,
Mar chaoirich aig cù ga'n ruagadh.
Dh'aindeoù an cuid slòigh gun chunntas,
Tigh'n o'n Fhràng as ùr ga'r bualadh,
Bu leisg ar gaisgich gu tioindadh,
'Nuair a chòrd an Diùc ri'n uaislean.

'N uair chuireadh am baiteal seachad,
'S a dh-áireadh ar gaisgich threubhach,
Bha iona Gàel 's an deachaidh
Le miad am braise 's an streupa,
Fuil a ruith air lotaibh frasach,
Bho luchd nam breacan fèlidh,
'S i sior thaomadh leis na glacan—
'S truagh ! nach dh'fhaod ar gaisgich éirigh !

'S bochd gun sian orra bho luaigne,
On a bha iad cruaidh 'na'n nàdur,
Fulanach gu dhol san tuasaid,
Guineideach 'nuair ghluaist' an àrdan,

Cha robh math d'an nàmhaid gluasad,
Dhu'iarraidh buaidh orra's na h-làraihl,
Chaill iad air an tràigh seachd uairean,
Tuilleadh's na bha bhuan 'san àraich.

'Nis o'n chuir iad sinn do Shasunn,
Ghahail air cairtealan greamhaidh,
Far am faigh sinn leann am paitteas,
Ged' tha Mac-na-praisich gann oirn
Olar leinn deoch-slainte' Mharcuìs—
Ar gualann thaise's ar Ceannard ;
Tha sinn cho ullamh's a äit leis,
Dhion a hhrataichean 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 trághad
Chuala mi eismeachd nan Gàél,
Dh' aithnich mi meoir grinn a Bhràthaich,
Air siuinsair ùr hu lùghar gàirich,
A's thuig mi gu'n a ghluainis an t-àrmunn,
Fear thogail nan tùr uasal,* stàtoil.

Sin Dubh-Ghleannach a bh' ann !
Hò rò ghealladh, na co chuireadh i,
—Trom oirre 'seinn

Bu mhianu leam sunnt nam port eallanta,
Bu chonuabhallach lùrlar a's gearraighean,
Dionach, lughor, dlù, neo-mhearchadhach—
Tionndadh nan siuhlaichean caithreamach,
Dhùisgeadh lùgh na smuis 's ua carraidean,
Dùthchas nan lann dlù-ghorm tana dhuibh.

Sin Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Dhírich mi 'm hruthach le h-éibhneas,
Dh'eisdeachd ri fáilte rígh Seumas,
Chunna' mi'n Druimineach dhuhh, ghleusda,
Cuir fa-sgoilo a h-aodaich hreid-ghil,
Air machair mhìn, sgiamhach, réidhleach,
Mar steud cruitheach—"s i cuir réise.

Sin Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Chunna' mi 'n Druimineach dhuhh, dhealhhach,
Long Alasdair ghlinnich nan garhh-chrioch,
Mar steud rioghail air hharr fàirge,
Togail hho thir le sioda halla-hbreac,
Suaicheantas rioghail na h-Alha,
Ghluaiseadh na miltean gu fearra-ghleus.

Sin Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

* This song was composed on the pleasure-boat of Alexander M'Donald, Esq., of Glenaladale, who endeared himself to his countrymen by the cenotaph he erected for Prince Charles Stuart in Glenfinnan.

'Nuair ghahaidh i'm fuaradhl na sliasaid,
'S gualla 'n phasgadhl chasadhl dian ris,
Ghearradh i'n linn' air a fiaradh,
'N agaidh gaoithe, sìd a's lionaidh,
Dh' eignich i Corran an diarrais,
'S leum i air iteig mar ian as !
Sin Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

'Nuair gheibheadh i cliathach fo fhars'neachd,
Soirheas na sliasaid ga hrosnachd,
Mar shiu'adh mial-chù bras-astrach,
Na ruith air sliah a's fiadh air thoiseach,
I direadh nan tonn liath 's ga'n sgoltadh,
Shnaitheadh i iad mar iarunn locrach.
Sin Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Mhionnaich *Neptune* agus *Aeolus*,
Bho n' chaidh gaoth a's cuan fo'n òrdugh,
Nach do mhaslaicheadh cho mòr iad
Bho linn na h-Aire a hha aig Noah,
Gu robh 'n rígh is airde còmhnuadh,
Dion 's a sàhhhaldh Chloinn-Dòmhnuill !
Sin Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Bha *Neptune* agus *Aeolus* eudmhòr—
Dh-iarr iad huilg nan stoirm a shéideadh
Dh-òrdaich iad gach hòrd dh'i reuhadh,
'S na siùl a stracadhl na'm bréidean,
Le horg-sgread a's fead na reuh-ghaoith,
'Cuir sihan thonn na steoll 's na speuran :
Sin Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Thoisich ùr-spainr chruaidh mar dh'iarr iad,
Chruinuich neoil dhubhla na h-iarmait,
Na'n trom-lùirichean dlù iargalt',
'S iad a trusadh sùrd 'sa lionadh,
Mar dhòrach smùid á fuirnis iaruinn,
Gu hruchadh stoirrn bha garhh a's fiadhaich.
Sin Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

'N earalas fo laimh air gahaidh
Chuir sih an ceann i gu dàna ;
Gach cupall a's stagh 's an rohh failinn—
Sparradh huill thaghta n'au àite ;
Slahraighean canach air fàraidh,
Theannaich sibh gu daingeann laidir.
Sin Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Bheartaich iad gach hall neo-clearach,
Ullamh, deas gu gleachd ri faire ;
Tharruinn i le gaoith an earr-a-dheas,
Ghlaic i'n caol fo' taobh 's bu doirbh e,
'S ged bha *Neptune* saothreach, stoirmceil,
Mhaslaich an saobh-shruth 's an dòrche !
Sin Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Nochd an duhhair gnùis gun chaoimhneas,
Sgoileadh cùirtearan na h-bidhche ;

Sgioba na h-iubhraich an gainntir
On' chiad duil gu cur Dun-aoibhneis
Phaisg iad trian gach siùl gu teann-chruaidh,
A's las iad ri cairt-iùil na coinnlean.

S'i'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Iomradh slàn do Chaitpein Alasdair,
Le sgioba tàbhachdach, bearraideach,
Bumhiann leam fàilt' ur cairdean dealai' dhuibh,
Calla sèamh bho ghàbhadh mbaranan,

Coinnidh bhàigheil blàth gach caraid dhuibh,
Pòg bhur mathar, mhna 's bhur leannau duibh.
S'i'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Chaidh rìgh nan soirbheas gu dhùlan,
Aig miad na strannaraich 's na h-ùpraid ;
Dh-fhosgail na builg air an cùlthaobh,
Mun gann a fhuairead iad an dùnad,
Bha Maighdeann nam Mor-bheann cuirteil,
An acarsaid fo shrobain na dùthcha !

S'i'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c

AM BARD-CONANACH.

DONALD M'DONALD, commonly called *Am Bard-Conanach*, or the Strathcannon Bard, was born in Strathcannon, Ross-shire, in the year 1780. Owing probably to the secluded situation of his native glen, and the seclusion 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 Gaëlic. 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 solicitudes 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.

M'Donald 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 cùbhsairean Dhun-éideann,
Gu'm faca mi na brataichean,
A lasadh ris a ghréin annu,
Chuala mi ne gunnaidhean,
A's dh' fhuirich mi ga'n éisdeachd,
'S mac-talla bh'anns na creagan,
A' toirt' freagairt dhaibh le éibhneas.

'Nuair sheall mi air gach taobh dhiom,
Feadh na dùthcha fad 's bu léir domh,
Bha ceòl 'sna h-uile taigh a bh' ann,
'S tein-aighear air na sléibhteann,
On chualas anns na Gàsaidean
'S gach àite bhi ga leughadh;
Gun deach' an ruaig air Bonipart
S an onair aig a Ghréumach.

'S lionmhòr bratach Albannach,
Tha ballach, halla-bhreac, boidheach,
Tha eadar a chrioch Shasunnach,
Gu ruige taigh lain-Ghlòta,
Fir laidir, shunntadh, thogarrach,
Nach òb a dhol an òrdugh
Gu dol an coinneamh Bonipart,
Chuir onair air rìgh Seòras.

C'aité biodh na h-Albannaich ?
Duiu' uaisle calma, treubhbach,
Fir shuuntach, shannat, thogarrach,
Na seòid nach òbadh éiridh,
Ach on nach fiù laimhe leo,
Do hhàs a thoirt le treun-bheirt,

'S an thilg iad air sgeir thràghad thu,
'S gu'm bàsach thu chion béisidh ann.

Ach 's beag leam sud mar phianadh ort—
'S a mhìad sa rinn thu dh' eacòir,
Ach léir-sgríos nan deich plàighean,
A bh' air Phàroh anns an Eipheid ;
Gu'n laidh iad air do chraiceann,
Gu do shracadh as a chéile,
'S gu'n cluinn' air falbh deich mìl' thu,
A's mi fhìn a bhi ga t-éisdeachd.

'S tu chaill do nàire, 'nuair
A hha thu ann an dòchas,
Gun leige sinn do Shasunnin thu,
Ged' ghlac thu bhuan Hanòbher,
Ach cuiridh sinne dhachaigh thu,
S seachdnar air do thòireachd,
S mar toir thu grad do dhaoine leat
Cha ruig a h-aon diù bëò thu !

Nach saol thu nach bu ladorn dhut
Bhi bagairt air rìgh Deòrsa,
An cuaill thu fear chuir aodainn air
Nach daor a phàigh e ghòraich,
Ge do choisinn ainmeart dhut
An Fhràing a chuir fo t-òrdugh,
'S e t-amhaich a bheir dioladh ann
Le toba sniobhta còrcaich.

'Nuair thig am morair Sléibh teach ort,
'S na ceudan de Chlann-Dòmhnuill,
Mar sud a's Mac-'Ic-Alasdair,
Ghlinn-garaidh agus Chnòideirt,

'Nuair thogas iad am brataicean,
 'S an gaigich a chuir còladh
 O ! c'ait' am faod thu t-fhalach orr'
 Mar slug an talamh heò thu !

Ma chì iad aona hhaosgeadh dhiot
 Bidh greim ac' air do sgòrnan,
 'S chan' eil de dh'eich no dhaoin' agad
 Na shaoras tu bho meòirean,
 Ged dh-eireadh na deich *legenan*,
 Bh'aig Ceasar' auns an Ròimh leat,
 Cha'n fhaothaich iad air t-amhaich
 A's na lamhan aig Clann-Dòmhnuill.

'Nuair thig Mac-Choinnich Bhrathain ort,
 Le cheathairn' de dhaoin' uaisle,
 Sud a bhràtach aigeantach
 Le cahar an daimh ghruamaich,
 Cha tàr thu nu hheir pilleadh orr'
 A chruinneacbadh mu'n cuairt-daibh,
 'Nuair ruigeas fir Chinn-tàile
 Co an geard a chumas bhuath thu ?

'Nuair thig an cinneadh Frisealach,
 Tha fios gur daoine bòrb iad,
 Gu'n reachadh iad tro theine
 Le Mac-Shimidh mòr na Moraich.
 Cha tàr thu na hheir pilleadh
 Air na fir ud 'nuair bhios coig orr',
 'S ged reacha tu fo'n talamh
 'S e mo hhaireil gu'm hì lòrg ort.

'Nuair a thig Mac-an-Tùisich,
 Le sheòid ort a Srath-Eireann,
 Mar sud agus fir Chluainidh,
 Is iad uil' an guaile chéile
 Ma gheibh an cat na chruhan thu,
 Le dhuhanan beag' geura,
 Ged hhiodh càch air bheagan dhiot
 Bidh aige-sa cheud fèin dhiot.

Tha Clann-an-Ah' 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 hhrataicean,
 Na spealtan as a chéile,
 'S hi'dh tus an sin na d' starsaich ann,
 Fo chasan nam fear gleusda !

Tha Gòrdonach an toir ort,
 'S chan' eil heò na ni do thearnadh,
 'Nuair dh-eireas morair Hunndaidh,
 Le fhearah ionnsaicht, laidir,
 Où se fein a's còirneal,
 Air na seòid ga'm huin huaidh-làrach :
 'S e chanas sinn gu hicheanta
 An dà-fhichead a's na dhà ri.

Ach cuimhnich thus a cheathairne,
 Chuir latha *Fontendì*,
 'S a sheasadh ams an àraich,
 As càch a chuir air fògar,
 Chi thu nis san Fhàrling iad
 Fo chomannan inhòrair Gòrdoin,
 Se ni do lamhsa dh'fheum dhut,
 An réusar chuir ri d' sgòrnan.

Tha Ròsaich agus Rothaich,
 'S iad ro choimheach dhut le chéile,
 Ma gheibh iad ma do chomhair
 Gahh mo chomhairle 's thoir thu fèin as !
 Ach ma chì thu 'm firean
 Tigh'n' le sgòrob ort as na speuran,
 Na gheibh iann na crubhanan
 Grad luthaig oirre fèin e.

'Nuair chruinnicheas na gaigich,
 Thig bho Apuinn-Mhic-Ian-Stiùbháirt
 Sliochd nan rìghrean Ahanach,
 Da'n tig na h-airm a rùsgadh,
 Co bheireadh tàire dhaih
 Nach faigheadh páigheadh dùhhailt,
 'S ma gheibh iad ann an sàs thu,
 Gu bràch chau fhaic thu d' dhùthaich.

'Nuair chruinnicheas Clann-Ionmuinn,
 Cha shòr a dol 'san ùspairn,
 'S mithich dhut hhi tiomnidh,
 'Nuair tha 'n t-iomraig iad a dùsgadh,
 Ma dh-eireas dhut gun tachair sibh,
 'S guu faic iad thu le'n suilean,
 Sid na fir a chaitheas,
 Annan an adhar na do smùid thu.

Tha Caimheulaich cho naimhdeil dut,
 'S iad sanutach air do mharbhadh,
 A Diùc tba 'n Earraghàël,
 Agus morair ard Bhraid-Alann
 C'ait am heil na thearnas tu,
 S na h-àrmuinn ud a sealg ort,
 'S ceart cho math dhut fàladair
 A chàradh ri do shealahhan !

'Nuair a thig Clann-Ghriogair ort
 'S neo-chliobach a chuir ruraig iad,
 'S fir iad nach gahh pilleadh
 Le teine no le luaidhe,
 Le'n gairdean laidir, smiorail,
 'S le lannan biorach, cruaghach,
 S ma chì iad fad na h-òirliche dhiot,
 Cha bheò na chumas hhuat iad.

Thig Siosalaich Srath-ghlas ort
 Na'n lasgairean man cuairt dhut,
 Le lannan geur a chinn-aisнич
 Tarsuinn air an cruachan,
 'Nuair thòisicheas na gaigich ud,
 Air tarsuinn as an truaillean

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 lù-chleasach,
Nach diult a là no dh-òidhche,
Ni iad sin do sgiùrsadh-sa
Gu cuil an àite slaitheir,
'S théid thu air do ghluinean daibh
'Nuar chì thu 'gnùis an saighdear

An sin thig ort na Camshronaich,
Fir laidir, ainmeant, eblach,
Da thaobh Loch-iall a's Arasaig,
As chaisteal Inbher-Lòchaidh,
'Nuair a thig na saoidean sin
Bu mhath gu straiceadh feòla,
Cha mhios air pronnadh mhullach iad,
'S bu ghnà leo fuli a dhortadh.

Thig Mac-Néill a Bara ort
Le dhaoine falain finealt,
Daoine bheir a fichead dhiubh,
Bristeadh a's na miltean,
Baoisgadh iad mar dhealanach,
Ri òidhche shalach dhile,
'S m'an téid thu ceart ua t-fhaireachadh
—Bidh ainneart mar a't tir ort.

Thig Clann-an-t-Shaoir á Cruachan ort
Na fir 's an ruaig nach diobradh,
An am dol anns an chabhaig,
Sud na gallanach nach pilte,
Sliochd nan Gàéil crualalach,
Bu dual daibh a bli d'ileas,
Gu dol an coinneamh Bonipart,
Chuir onair air an rìoghachd.

'Nuair chruinncheas Clann-Fhiunnlaidh,
Na fir shunntach tha gun eislean,
Bheir iad tha gu cunnais,
As na dh' iùnsaich tha de dh' eucoir,
C'ait' am beil de Fhrànagach
Na cheannsaichcas le sreup iad,
'S gun tugadh iad gu ciosachadh,
Na miltean leis na ceudan.

Thig fathast diùc Mhontròise ort,
Le fhearrabh inor an deigh ort,
'S ann an sin thig an dòrain ort
'Nuair thoisichcas na Gréumaich
'S an t-aon fhear tha ri t-aodainn,
'S e daonnaunn cuir retreat ort,
Cha'n fhad' gu'm bì do cheann aige,
Ri craun mas e thoil fein e.

Guidheamaid buaigh-làrach,
Leis na Gàéil anns gach teugbhail,

Toil iuntinn aig ar càirdean
'S gach nàmhaid a bhi geilleadh,
Mar chuala mis a chaiseamachd
Bha taitneach leam ri éisdeachd,
Air latha soilleir sàmhraidih
'S mi air cábhsairean Dhun-éideann.

ORAN D'A LEANAN.

[Agus sgéul a bhi air a thogail gun robb i toradh aige, 's e 'g innseadh cho math 'sa bhiodh e dh' i ged a b' fhior mar chaidh aithris.]

FHUAIR mi sgéula moch an dè,
'S cha deach' mi 'n eis ri chluinnntinn,
'S cha tug mi geill nach deanann feum,
Le gaol do 'n té mu 'n d' innseadh,
'S cha toir mi fuath dh' i, 's beag mo luaidh air
Ged a fhuaire mi cinnt air,
'Sa dh' aindeoin crualad ga 'n toir cuairt sinn,
Gheibh sinn bhuainn ri tim e.

A ghrúagach dhonn, ma dh' has thu trom,
Tha mis, air bhonn nach dìobair,
Gu 'n seas mi thu, air bhialtaobh cùirt,
'S cha 'n ann an duil do dhíteadh,
Tha mi air bheachd gu 'n seas mi ceart,
Ge d' bheir am Parson cùs diom,
'S gu 'm páighinn daor air rà do gbaoil,
Na 'n tarainn saor 'sa 'n tim so.

Gu 'm páighinn daor gu t-fhágail saor,
Mu 'n leiginn t-aodann nàrach,
Fa chomhair cùirt mar phasan ùr,
'S nach robb e 'n rùn do nàduir,
Cha'n eil mi 'u dìl thu dhol na 'n luib,
Mur tig a chuibhle cearr oirnu,
'S ma chumas airgead thù o chis,
Gu 'n seas mi fhìn na t-àite.

Gur fad a rachainn ann ad leithsgéul,
Gu do sheasamh cliùteach,
'S ghabhainn uileadh orm an seisoin,
Gu d' leith-trom a ghìulan,
'S ged chumadh iad mi ann gun lasadh,
Gus an át mo shùilean,
Mar diobair ceartas mi, cha 'n fhaiccar,
Chaoiadh thu ac' fo mhùiseag.

Ach 's truadh! nach robb mi agus tu,
Dol fo na siùil do dh-Eirinn,
Na thàr eile 's faide buainn,
Nach d' ruig air suaimhneas fheutainn,
'S truagh nach faicinuse bhi seòladh,
A's sinn air bòrd le chéile,
Gun duil a chaoiadh thigh'n' air ar 'n eblas,
Do'n Roinn-Eòrp na dheigh sin!

Ach cia mar 's urrainn domh bhi beò,
 'S cho mar sa thug mi spéis dut ?
 Na cia mar dh' fhaodas mi bhi stòlilté
 'S mi gun chòir air t-fheutainn ?
 Ged sphaighinn airgead na Roinn-Eòrpa,
 Agus òr na h-Euphaid,
 Cha chumadh e mi suas car uaire,
 S tu bhi bhuam gun sgeul ort.

Ach cuis mo chrudail, 's faide bhuam,
 An diugh dà uair na 'n dé thu !
 S ma leanas tu mar sin air luaths,
 Gu 'm bi sinn cuairt bho cbéile,
 Ach ma thionndas tu do shlios rium,
 'S fiosrach mi mar dh' eireas,
 Gur gearr an dùin a thàmhlas tu,
 'Nuair thig do chùl na dheigh sin.

Mas e gun chuir thu rium do chùl
 Ann an duil mo threigsinn,
 Gus an cuir iad mi 'sa 'n úir
 Cha dean mi tòrn ad dheighse ;
 Cia mar dh' fhaodas mi bhi saor,
 'S nach dean an saoghal feum dhomh ?,
 Mo chridh air fhalach lo do ghaol,
 Gun duil a chaoidh ri fheutainn

Tha gaol nam boireannach o 'n dige,
 Mar an ceò 'sa chéitean,
 Laidhidh e ri madainn dhriùchd,
 Ri lär cho dlù 's nach léir dhuinn,
 Chi mi 'n t-adhar a's an beanntan,
 Dol an ceanun a chéile,
 Ach sgàilidh e ri ùiu ro ghearr,
 Gun fhios cia 'n t-àit' an téid e.

Gur mor a bh' agam ort do mheas,
 'S cha tug mi fios do chàch air,
 'S o 'n is beirt e tha gun fhios,
 Cha 'n innis mis gu bràch e,
 Gu'm beil an sean-fhacal o shinnsear,
 Tigh'n gu cintt an drasda—
 "Gur faide bhuam an diugh na 'n dé,
 A bhean nach d' fheud mi thàladh."

Cha 'n eil mo chadal domh ach ciùrt,
 'S cha 'n eil mo dhùisg ach cianail,
 Cha 'n eil an obair dhomh ach cràdb,
 'S cha 'n fheairrde mi bhi diamhain,
 Cha dean laidhe dhomh ach creuchdan,
 'S cha toir eirigh dhiom iad.
 Cha toir asdar mi gu slainte,
 'S cha 'n phasa tàmh no gniomh dhomh.

Ged a tha mi 'n so 'sa ghleann,
 Cha b' e bhi ann a b' fhearr leam,
 'S mar b' e cruaidhead mo chomaing,
 Bu luath mo dheann ga fhàgail,
 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 chùis bhi nochd an glàis,
 Na 'n tiginn aside a maireach,
 Ach bhi 's na fiabhlrais fad sheachd bliadhna,
 Gun la riambh dhiu tearunnit ;
 Cha robb uair gun chuartach ùr dhomh,
 Gur ciùirte rinn iad m' fhàgail,
 Nis o 'n lagairch iad mo phearsa,
 Tha mo sgairt air failinn !

AM BARD SGATHANACH.

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 Leòghasach agus an Taoitear-Sàileach*, 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 ùracha' fhacail domh,
'S cunnatas thoirt seachad,
Air cluiteachadh fhasain
Nan gaisgeach tha'n tràthsa
Air tiunndaidh a steach oirn,
Gu lù-chleasach, aigeantach,
Lùbht' ann am breacain,
'S paiste ann an sgàrlait;
Is clìùteach a bhratach,
To'n cunnart air faiche sibh,
Thoir team nach bu chaidilbh,
Ur tachaird le càmhair.

Is dù dha na chasad riubb
Tiunndadh le masladh,
Na'n uine bhi paisgte,
Fo'r casan sa'n aràich,
Cha churam dha'n aitribh,
An dumhlaich ar Caipsteinean,
'S dù dhaibh an t-achdsa,
Bheir casg' as an nàmhaid;
Le iunnsaideh nam bagraidean,
Fudar na lasraichean,
I'lù dhaibh cha'n fhaighear

Na bhagras air pàirt' dhìubh ;
 An cul-thaobh cha'n fhicear,
 A tiuンドadh le gealtachd,
 Cho dlù 's ga 'm bi 'm feachd
 A bhios aca mar nàmhaid,
 'N am rùsgadh nan glas-lann,
 Biadh cunnatas gun astar,
 'S croinn rùiste gun bhratach
 Ga'n stailceadh fo'n sailean.

Cha'n eil cunnatas air fasain
 Fo'n chrùn th'aig Rì Shasuinn,
 Nach eil ionnsaicht' am pearsa,
 Na th'aca de dh'aireamh,
 Is mùirneach ri'm faicinn iad,
 'S clùiteach ri'n claisiann iad,
 'S lùghmhòr an casan,
 'Sa's brais an' cath-làmh iad,
 'S àluinn an crisleachadh,
 Sgàbardach, biodagach,
 Stailinneach, pistealach,
 Slios-lannach, deàrsach ;
 Sgàrlaiteach, leisichte,
 An càradh fo itean,
 Thug stàtachan meas dhaibh,
 Nach fiosraich mo cbànán.

Tha *Lovat* 's a dhaingheann,
 Na shòlas dha'n fhearunn,
 An deònaich iad fanntuinn,
 Nan gearasdain laidir ;
 'S mòr-cbuiseach, ceannasach
 'S stroilde ro'n tarruinn iad,
 'S neòil an cuid lannan,
 Mar lainuir an sgàthain ;
 A's feidh nan ceann cabrach
 A leumnaich mar bhradaidh,
 A beucail, 's a plabreacha,
 Ri caismeachd an làmhach ;
 Miann leirsinn, is claisneachd
 An' eisdeachd, 's am faicinn,
 'S einn gleòraich an caismeachd
 A steach air na sràidean.

O! dhaoin' nach fac iad,
 'S beàg ionghna a bleachd sib',
 Mar saoírich sibh 'm fada,
 Gu'm faicinn an càradh,
 An' caochla' gu beachdaidh,
 Bho'n aodainn gu'n casan,
 Cha aontach dha'n fhacal,
 Cha'n fhacas air làraich ;
 'S pòbh mhor a chaol-mhuineil,
 A lìrigeadh luinneig,
 Tro *ibhiri* cuimir,
 A's ribheidean spàinteach ;
 Siòd na chuir uimpe,
 'S gaoraiach a h-uinneag,

A'g innseadh dha 'n druma'
 Mar chuireas i fàilte.

Bi'dh slàinnte *Mhic-Shimidh*,
 Na càirdeas dha' chinneadh,
 Sa'n t-àl nach do ghineadh,
 Bidh sìreadh roi' chàch orr' ;
 'S ard ann an spiorad e,
 'S laidir an' gilleann e,
 'S barr air an t-shiorachd e,
 'S teine e nach smàlair,
 'S gàradh ro ghioraig e,
 Sàbhalaich cinneadh e,
 Slàinte bho thinneas e,
 'S tuilleadh a'ir aird air !
 Bho 'n thàr è mar ghibbtean,
 An aird 's a cuid sliochda'
 Buaidh-làrach biadh tric leis,
 Mu'm brist' iad am bàra.

Buaidh-làrach air urram,
 Do chàradb a *chulair*,
 Roi réiticlear ullamh
 Gu iomal gach sràide ;
 'S reull ann an Lunnainn thu,
 'S greidhneach do thuras ann',
 Eiridh iad uile,
 Na t-fhuran 's na t-fhàbhar ;
 Sèididh na b-uramaich,
 Céir nan cuid uinneagan,
 'S gleusar gach inneal
 Is binne gu cànan ;
 Gach stiobal, 's gach druma,
 Na pioban, 's na feedain,
 'S na cinn as na tunnaichean
 Ruma le t-àilleas.

Ach ge treun thu mar churaidh,
 'S deicb ceud fo do cbumail
 Lan-reiseamaid ullamh,
 Gheur, ghuineach, neo-sgàthach,
 'S e sheulaich do bhuinnig,
 Cinn fheadhna na cruinne,
 Lan ceil agus urraidh,
 A cumal do phàirte ;
 S rioghal do Chaitpeinean,
 'S aoigheil ri'm faicinn iad,
 S lìngsinneach, faicileach
 'S laisde air paràd iad,
 Blò shàilean an casan,
 Gu'm bàrr air a marcadh,
 'S òr faineach na mhaphaidh,
 Gu'n achlain bho 'n àirdid ;

Gu'n cluinnite na's beachdaidh iad,
 Sloinnidh mi 'mach dhuibh iad,
 Is lanntairean laisd' iad,
 Cha taisich am blàths iad ;

Eacoir, na craichinin,
 Dh'eiris 'n ar feachdanain,
 'S leir dhomhl na chaisgeas e,
 An gaisgeach is māidsear;
 Ge leibh e na ghlaíne,
 'S báis millteach e 'n carraid,
 Ni shaighdean geur, tana,
 Cuim fhala a thráthadh,
 'N glaic diolt' an eich allail,
 'S ard srann ann am falas,
 'S dheannas mar dhealan,
 A gearradh, 's stràcadhb.

'S làmh shéunt' thu na t-earradh,
 'S ard iarras do dheannal,
 'Sgriob dheuchain na gaillín,
 Sion chal' gun bháigh thu;
 'S dechuineach sealadh
 Air iarbhall do gháilair,
 Cuirp lionmhor ri talamh,
 Nan earruinean geàrrte :
 'S tòir' bhiatach thu 'm fallachd,
 'S corn iatach na falla',
 'S e lion an ni 'n t-annart,
 Is stailceas fo lár iad.
 Bleir ioc-shlainnt' an cannan
 Ceo fiama gá 'n dalladh,
 A spianas bho 'n talamh,
 Nan deannanan smáil iad.

Ge gruamach a sealadh,
 Fo shuaicheatais ballach,
 Mar bhualadh na mara,
 Na falaise Márta,
 Th'a'n suairceas 's an cenneal,
 'S am boichead mar leannain,
 A buaireadhl nan caileag
 'S am mealladh nam páistean ;
 Theid Bainn-tighearnan glana,
 Dhe'n cuimhne 's dh'e'n aithne'
 Cho cinnteach 's dh' amais mi,
 'N eallajdh-sa rùite,
 'Siodh bantrachbhean fhearaibh,
 'S an clann air an dronnaig,
 Le geall an cuid bán,
 A bhi falach fo' chàrn 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 ù o,
 Ulibheag ù na i ri i ù,
 Smeòrach misse 'mach o'n Tùr,
 Is gleoghrach cùirn na bhuidh le feusde.*

'S mise smeòrach dg a ghrinnis,
 Shèinnis ceol mar òrgan milis,
 Feadan òrdail fo mo ribheid,
 'S feed mo mhebir air comhra fillead'.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Cha b' i crionach liath na mosgan,
 Bho na shiolaich treud an fhortain,
 Ach fiogh miath, nam miar, gun socadh,
 Geal mar ghrian, hho bhian Riogh Locblainu
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

An caisteil àrd dha'n làidir finne,
 Ma'n iath pàrlamaid gun ghiorraig,
 Nach iarr bháigh an àite millidh,
 A dhialadh bais gun stràc ga'm pilleadh.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Ge do dh'eug e cha treig fhasan,
 Cha toir streupa na geimh gaiseadh,
 As na counspuinn eòlach, smachdail,
 Nach d'rinn ceò gun feoil a shrachdadh.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Gu'n dean glòir nan neòil a phasgadh,
 'S nach bi còmhra' fo shroin peacach,
 Bithidh na Leodaich mar òr daite,
 Sheasas còir, 's nach fògair casgradh.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Ma thig tòir a chòir na h-astrìbh,
 Theid an connspaid air sheòil gaisgidh,
 Snapach, òrdach, tòiteach, speacbhdach,
 Naisgear feòil do dh' eòin an achaidh.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Theid an tarbh fo chalg na maise,
 Le shròl balla-bhreac, ri geala ghasan,
 Nach leig earabal gu falbh dhathraig,
 Gu'm bi 'n anaman balbh fo chasan.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

'S lannach, liobhach, dìsneach, claiseach,
 Meachair, finealt', rìmhach, laisde,
 Na brais phrìseil, o'n tìr fhasgach,
 Nach leig cios le strì, na feachdaibh.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

'Nuaridh dion air sgiath gach bealaich,
S luchd an fhiambha, siaradh tharaish,
Car na'm bial 'us liad na'n teanganin,
'S dorus riabt' air cias gach fear dhiu.

Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

'N uair thig sgian bho chliabh gach gille,
A sgoltadh bhlion, 's a dianamh phinne,
Gheibh am fiacail biadh gun sireadh,
'S gloine liona, an ioc-shlaint' spioraid.

Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

'N uair a chiaradh grian gu calla',
Thigeadh triall nan diolt-each meara,
Sraniach, sianach, srianach, staileach,
Ealand', iargalt', liona an lainnir.

Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Gus an Dùn is mùirneach caithream,
Dha'm beil iùil gach cursa ceannas,
Dha'm beil iuntas dlù mar ghaineamh,
Nach toir spùil gu cunnatas gainne.

Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Far an lionor fion ga mhalaire,
Far an iarrar gniomh fir-eallaideh,
Far an ciatach miann gach seallaideh,
Far a riadhar ciadan ain-eoil.

Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Seinneam fonnmhòr, pongail, m'ealaideh,
As a chom nach trom mar ealach,
Cha tig tonn ma bhonn mo thalla,
Ni mo chall, na ghanntas m'aran.

Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

The mo chuach na cuairteig mheala,
'S barrach uaine suaineadh tharum,
Air mo chluasaig 's fuaghte m' anail,
'S iomadh dual a luadh le'm theangaidh,

Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Air mo thaobb an craobh nam meangan,
Cha toir gaoth dhiom m'aodach droma,
'S ma thig naois a ghaoirich mar rium,
Ni mi aoir a sgoileas tan' iad.

Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

'S iomadh buaidh fo stuaidh mo bhalla,
Chuireadh ruig air sluagh a caraid,
Nach dean glusasad gun ruaim calla,
Dorainn fuathais a chuan fhala'

Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Bratach-shithe nan trì seallaideh,
Fasda, dhídein, nan crioch cainis,
Glag an stiobla dha'n striochd ain-ochd,
Meirghe na firinn gun lith sgainneil.

Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Sliochd an Ollaghair a bhorb sheallaideh,
Mic a tholgas le'n gorm lannan
Riochd an fharabhaish nach falbh falamh,
Cuirp na h-Albun, san dearbh dhainghean.

Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Neart Eoin Tormod cha searg ascall,
'Smaisechrannachar 's gach dearbheachdraidh
'S paitl na h-armabh na bhulg 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, would often resort

to some favourite haunt where, in the enjoyment of that solitude which his father's fire-side 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 poetic 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 neighbouring 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, unclogged 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 dependant merit that there are gentlemen who have something ethereal in them: much to their honour, Mr Fletcher of Dunans, and Mr Campbell of Islay, patronized 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, mellifluous 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!

L O C H - A I C .

A LOCH-AICE na gnùis' chaoin—

Gnus ghabh gaol air a bhi ciùin,
'S air an tric an laibh gath-gréin'
Soilleir mar uchd sèambh mo rùin !

'Oide-altruim mhaith nam breac,
Gar an leatsa cath nan tonn,
'S ged nach d' amais long fo bhréid
Air t-uchd réidh riagh clur f'a bonn.

'S leat an eala 's grinne com
'S i neo-throm air t-uchd a' snàmh.
Eun a's gile cneas na 'ghrian,
Sneachd nan sliabh, no leaunan bàird !

'S leat bho Lochluinn a's bho 'n t-Suain
An lach bheag is uaine cùl;
'S tric 'ga còir—'s cha n-ann 'ga feum,
Falach-fead a's caogadh shùl.

'S leat an luinneag 'sheinneas òigh
'Bleodhan bhò gu tric ri d' thaobh;
'S leat an duan a thogas òg
'S e g' a còir a measg nan craooh.

Seinnidh e—“ Tha cneas mo ghràidh

Geal mar chanach tlà nan glac,
'S faileasan a ghaoil 'n a sùil
Mar tha nèamh an grunnd Loch-aic !

C'ait' an taitneach leis an earbh'
Moch a's anamoch 'bhi le 'laogh ?
C'ait' an trice dorus dearg,
'Fhir nan garbh-chròc, air do thaobh ?

C'ait' ach ri taobh loch mo rùin—
Far, aig bun nan stùc ud thall,
'S an robh uair mo chàirdean tiugh
Ged tha iad an diùgh air chall !

O air son a bhi leam féin !
'Siubhal séimh taobh loch nan sgùrr
'Nuair bhios gath na gealach chaoin,
Nuas a' taomadh ort mar òr.

'Nuair tha duilleach, fochnunn, feur,
Fo 'n òg-bhraon a' cromadh fluch,
'S gun aon rionnag anns an speur
Nach 'eil céile dh'i 'na t-uchd.

'Nuair tha 'n ciòhair ann a shuain
 'Faicinn mada'-ruadh 'na threud,
 'S e 'dian-stuigeadh nan con luath
 Gu hhi shuas mu 'n dean e heud :

Sud an t-àm 's am hi ri d' thaohh
 Cèòi a mhaoth' cheas clis gach crìdh
 Sud an t-àm 'san tug thu gràdh,
 'Shìne hhàin ! do 'n fhilidh shìth.

'Tional ghohhar air dh'i bhì
 'N Coir'-an-t-sith aon fheasgar Màigh,
 Chualas guth ro-mhilis, sèamh—
 Shaoil i nèamhl a hhi aig làimh.

Dh' éisd i,—'s mar bu mhetha dh-éisd,
 'S ann bu hhinne teud a chiùil ;
 Lean i,—'s mar a h' fhaide lean,
 'S anu a h' fhaid' e as, mo dhùil !

Rainig i, mu dheireadh, cnoc,
 Dorus fosgait air a suas,
 'S dh' fhairich i gur ann hho sin
 Bhrùchd an ceol hu hlasda fuaim.

"Thig a's taigh, a Shìne hhàin !
 Thig, a ghràidh, gun eagal beud ;
 Feuch an oidhche dhuuh m' an cuairt—
 'S fada hhuat do dhachaigh féin."

Chaidh i 's taigh—ma's fior mo sgeul—
 Thuit i 'n gaol air fear a chiùil !
 Dh' òl i 'n deoch hu deoch do chàch,
 'S tuilleadh riamhl cha d'fhàg i 'n dùn.

RANNAN AIR BAS BANACHARAID

A BHA ANABARRACH GAOLACH, 'S A CHAOCHAIL
 'NA LEANABHACHD.

CHAOCHAIL i—mar neultan ruiteach
 'Bhios 'san Ear ma hlriste' fàire ;
 B' fhamrad leis a' ghréin am hòichead,
 'S dh' éirich i 'na glòir 'chur sgàil orr' !

Chaochail i—mar phlatha gréine,
 'S am faileas 'na réis 'an tòir air ;
 Chaochail i—mar bhogh' nan speuran,
 Shil an fhras a's thréig a ghlòir e.

Chaochail i—mar shneachd a laidheas
 Anns an tràigh ri cois na fairge ;
 Dh'aom an làn gun iochd air aghaidh,
 'Ghile O ! cha h'fada shealbhach.

Chaochail i—mar ghuth na clàrsach,
 'Nuair a's dràitiache 's a's mils' e ;
 Chaochail i—mar sgeulachd àluinn
 Mu'n gann 'thòisichear r'a h-innseadh

Chaochail i—mar hhoillsgé gealach'
 'S am maraich' fo eagal 's an dòrcha ;
 Chaochail i—mar hhruarad milis,
 'S an cad'laiche duilich gu'n d' falhh e.

Chaochail i 'an tùs a h-hille !
 Cha seachnadh Pàrras as fèin i ;
 Chaochail i—O ! chaochail Màiri
 Mar gu'm hàite 'ghrian ag éiridh !

DUANAG GHAOIL.

AIR FONN—"Ille dhuinn, 's toigh leam thu."

LUINNEAG.

A nighean donn nam mala crom,
A nighean donn nan caoin-shùl,
A nighean donn bho 'm binne fonn,
Gur mor mo gheall air t-fhaotainn.

A NIGHEAN donn a's grinne cruth,
 A's binne guth 's a's caoine,
 Geal an cobhar air an t-sruth
 'S ann bhiodh e duhh ri d' thaohh-sa.
A nighean donn, &c.

Mo rùn a' chaileag luinneagach,
 Deagh hhanarach na spréidhe,
 'S nachl géill 'n seòmar uinneagach
 'Dh' aou chruiinneig 'tha 'n Dun-éideann.
A nighean donn, &c.

Té eil' air hhith, d' a sgiamhaichead,
 'Na t-fhianuis-sa cha leur dhomh ;
 S ann tha thu 'measg nan nianagan
 Ceart mar tha 'ghrian measg reulttan.
A nighean donn, &c.

O 's truagh 'bhi 'n so air Galldachd
 'Nuair tha 'n Samhradh 'us mo cheud rùn
 A' strì co 's grinne dhearsas
 Nis air àirdhean Ghlinn-créran !
A nighean donn, &c.

Cha tugainn air bhi 'm dhiùc cead 'hhi
 Le m' rùn 'am bothan-gheugan,
 'S cha ghabhainn coron òir air son
 Bhi 'n sud a' pògadh m' éiteig.
A nighean donn, &c.

A rùin, nam biodh tu deònach air,
 'S ar càirdean uile réidh ruinn,
 Cha chuirinn tuille dàlach ann,
 Ain màireach hu leam fèin thu !
A nighean donn, &c.

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.

DROCH-SLAINTE 'chabair féidh so
Gur h-éibinn 's gur h-aighearach ;
Ge fada bho thír fein e,
 Mhic Dhé greas'g a fhearrann e ;
Mo chrochadh a's mo cheusadh,
 A's m' éideadh nar mheala mi,
Mur äit leam thu bhi 'g eiridh
 Le treun neart gach caraide !
Gur mise chunna' sibh gu gunnach,
 Ealamh, ullamh, acuinneach ;
Ruth nan Rothach 's math 'ur gnothach,
 Thug sibh sothadh maidne dhaibh ;
Cha deach' Cataich air an tapadh,
 Dh'fhasg an neart le eagal iad,
Ri faicinn ceann an fhéidh ort
 'Nuair dh'eirich do chabar ort !

Bén t-amadan fear Fòluis,
 'Nuair thòisich e cogadh riut ;
Rothaich agus Ròsaich—
 Bu ghòrach na bodaich iad ;
Frisealaich a's Granndaich,
 An càmpa cha stadadh iad ;
'S thug Foirbeisich nan teann-ruith,
 Gu seann taigh Chuilodair orr'.
Theich iad uile 's cha dh-fhuirich
 An treas duine 'bh'aca-san ;
An t-Iarla Cataich ruth e dhachaigh—
 Ché do las a dhagachan ;
Mac-Aoidh nam creach gun thar e as,
 'S ann dh'éigh e 'n t-each a b' aigeannaich,
Ri gabhal an ra-treuta,
 'Nuair dh'eirich do chabar ort !

'S ann an sin bha 'm fuathas
 Ga'n ruagadh thar bhealaichean,
 An deas dhuinn a's un tuath dhuinn,
 Gu luath ruith roi' d' cheann-eideadh ;
 Mar sgotha a dh'eoin nam fuar-bheann,
 A's gruaim air a h-uile fear,
 A tearnadh bho na sléibhteann
 Gu réidhlein 's gu cladaichean.
 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 freagradh srad,
 'S a liuthad toirtear dheth na Rothaich,
 Dol air fiodh thar chlaigeanan ?
 'S ann ghabh iad an ratreata,
 'Nuair dh'eirich do chabar ort!

Gu'm faigh mi fein mi dhùrachd—
 ('Se dhùisg as mo chadal mi)
 An Tì da'n geill na dùilean,
 'S da 'n ùmhlaich na h-uile ni,
 Gun greas e thu gu d' dhùthach,
 Gu h-uiseil 's gu h-urramach !
 Gur tu nach leigeadh cuis,
 Leis na dù-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 leotha 'n ladornas,
 Ga'n cuir romhad le'n ruith-choimhich,
 'S am 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'uachdaran allail thu ;
 Bha Cataich fo do chùram,
 'S dh' ùmhlaich na Gallaich dhut ;
 'S gach tì bha riut an diùmba,
 'S nach dàrrigeadh sealladh ort,
 A faicinn bhi ga'n sgiùrsadh,
 Gu dùthach nach buineadh dhaibh.
 Le gasraidh fhinealt dheth do chinneadh
 Nach gabh giorag eagalach ;
 Luchd chlogaidh 's bliodag 's chorcean bireach,
 Cha philleadh luchd-bagairt iad ;
 Thig feachd Mhic-Shimi gu do mhilleadh,
 'S ruithidh iad gu saidealta ;
 'S gu'n teich iad o chlár t-eudainn,
 'Nuair dli'eireas do chabar ort !

Th'am brochan a' toirt sàr dhuibh,
 'S tha 'n càl a' toirt àt oirbh ;
 Ach 's beag is misde 'u t-àrmunn,
 'Ur sàth thoirt an nasgaidh dhuibh :
 Ge mòr a thug sibh chàise,
 Thar àiridhean Asainne,

Cha'n fhacas cuirm a'm Fòlais,
 Ge mòr bha do chearcan aum ;
 Caisteal biorach, nead na h-iolair*,
 Coin a's gillean gortach ann ;
 Cha'n fhaicear bioran ann ri teinne,
 Mur bidh dileag bhlochain ann ;
 Cha'n fhaicear mairt-eoil ann am poit ann,
 Mur bi ceare ga plotaigeadh ;
 'S ga'n tional air an déirce,
 'Nuair thréigean gach cosgais iad.

Cha'n eil ian 's na speuran,
 Is breine n'an iolaire,
 Cha 'n ionan idir beus d'i,
 'S do dh-fhéidh anns na fricheaden ;—
 Bi'dh iadsa moch ag eiridh,
 A feuchainn a bhlaoire ;
 'S bi'dh is' air-sean each caoile,
 Ri slaodadh a mbionnaich as ;
 Chuir i spuir a stàigh na churach,
 A's thug i fhuil na spadul as,
 An t-ian gun sonas' giarraidh donais,
 Bi'dh na coin a' sàbaid ris ;
 'S breun an t-isean e air iteig,
 Gun fhios c'ait' an stadadh e,—
 Mas' olc a lean e àbhaist,
 Cha b' fheàrr far na chaidil e.

Cha'n eil ian 'san t-saoghal
 R'a fhaotainn tha coltach riut,—
 Cha'n itheart do chuid sithne—
 Rinn frinn a' mollachadh :
 Ged tha ort iteag dhireach,
 Mar fhior shaighdead corranach,
 S ged' thuirt iad riut am fireun,
 Tha ionan an donnus ort !
 Sioma buachaille th' air fuar chnoc,
 Agus cuaille bält' aige' ;
 Ni guidhle bhuan do bhuntain bhuan,
 'S a bhuaileas bho do thapadh thu ;
 'Nuair bheir thu ruraig air feadh nan uan,
 'S a bhios buaireas acais ort,
 'N uair thachras cabar féidh ort,
 Gu'm feum thu bhi snasadhbha !

Tha cabar-fèarna Dòmhnuill,
 Mar spòrs' anns an talamhs' ac' ;
 Nach innseadh sibh dhomhs' e,
 'S gu'm b'eol domh a charachadh ;
 'S chuirinn fios gu h-eòlach,
 Gu Seòras an caraidheach,
 Gur h-e Fear Dhuin-Dòmhnuill,
 Le lòn chum an t-anam ris ;
 'Bhiasd gun mheas, gun mhiagh gun, ghliocas
 Riamh bu tric 's an talamhs' thu ;
 Dh'ol a's dh'ith thu trian do d' phiseach,
 'S tu an t-isean amaideach ;

Cbuir na Rothaich thu air gnothach,
 S tu an t-amhug aineolach,
 'S ged' thug Clann-Choinnic miadh ort,
 Cha b' fhiach thu 'n treas earrainn deth.

Faire! faire! 'shaoghail,
 Gur caochlaidbeach carach thu,
 Chunna mise Sì-phort,
 'Nam pioban cruaidh, sgalanta,
 Nach robb an Alb' a dh'aon-shluagh,
 Ged shìneadh Mac-Cailein ris,
 Na chumadh riuts an eudann,
 'Nuair d'h'éireadh do chabar ort!
 Dh'éireadh leat an còir 'san ceart,
 Le trian do neart gu bagarach,
 Na bh'eadar Asainn, a's fa dehas,
 Gu ruig Sgalpa clhraganach,
 Gach fear a glacadh gunna suáip,
 Claidheamh glas, no dagachan,—
 Bu leat Sir Dòmhnuill Shléibhte,
 'Nuair dh'héireadh do chabar ort!

Dh'éireadh leat fir Mhùideirt,
 'Nuair ruisgte do bhrataichean,
 Le 'n lannan daite dù-ghorm,
 Gu'n ciuite na marcaich leo;
 Mac-Alasdair 's Mac-Iomhuinn,
 Le 'n cuilbhheirean acuinneach;
 'Nuair rachadh iad 'san iorghiull,
 Gu'm b' ioghnas mur trodadh iad:—
 Bi'dh tu fhathast gabhail aighear,
 Ann am Brathuinn bluaideach,
 Bi'dh cinne t-athair ort a feitheamh,
 Co brathadh baghradh ort?
 Bi'dh fion ga cbaitheamb feadh do thaigbe,
 'S uisge-beatha feadanach;
 'S gur lionmhor piob' ga'n gleusadh,
 'Nuair dh'héireas do chabar ort!

Note.—Norman M'Leod, the author of the foregoing popular 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 M'Leod of the University of Glasgow; and the other, the Rev. Angus M'Leod, 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 M'Leod lived long on a footing of intimate familiarity and friendship with Mr M'Kenzie of Ardloch whose farm was contiguous to that of our author; and "Cabar-feidh," which has single-handed stamped the celebrity of M'Leod, 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 shielings, a circumstance which proved very favourable to the foragers—for they not only took away the cattle, but also plundered the shielings, and thus possessed themselves of a great quantity of butter and cheese. Indignant at the baseness and injustice of such cowardly conduct, M'Leod invoked the muse and composed "Cabar-feidh," or the clan-song of the M'Kenzies—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 "Uileam a bhonaid uidhir." One day as he entered Ardgay Inn, there sat Norman M'Leod, on his way to Tain, regaling himself with bread and butter, and cheese and ale. Munroe was ignorant of the character of the stranger; so not so M'Leod—he immediately knew Achany by the colour of his bonnet—drunk to him with great promptitude, and then offered him the horn with the following extemporary salutation:—

"Aran a's im a's cais,
 Mu'n tig am bas air Tormod;
 A's deoch do fhír an rothaid,
 'S cha ghabh na Rothaich fearg ris."

which may be translated thus—

Bread and butter and cheese to me,
 Ere death my mouth shall close;
 And, trav'ler, 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 licentiate, 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 Dunrobin 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 sings the superiority of the clan M'Kenzie over those, who have drawn upon themselves the lash of his satire. The line 'Nuair d'héireadh 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 M'Leod'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 brent new from France."

MALI CHRUINN DONN.

LEIS AN CHEISTEAR CHRUBACH.

Aia FONN—"Carraig Fhearghuis."

O'n thagaich mi'n rathad,
 Gu'n taghail mi monadh
 S au tuiteadh an sneachda,
 'S a ghaill-shion gu trom ;
 'S an talamh neo-chaisrigt',
 'S na chaill mi na casan,
 Mu'n d' rainig mi'n caisteal
 'N robb *Mali* chruinn donn !
 'Nuair a ràinig mi doras
 Gu'n dh'fhas mi cho toilicht,
 'S gu'n d' rinn mi gach dosgайн
 A thogail gu fonn ;
 A's thàmh mi 's an asdail,
 Bha 'n sàil beinn an t-sneachda
 Cho blàth ris a chiladhac
 Bha m fasgadh nan tonn.

Fhir a shiubhlas an rathad,
 A dh'ionnsuidh na Dahhaich,
 Uam imirich mo bheannachd
 Gu *Mali* chruinn donn ;
 Tha thuinnidh sa' ghealaun,
 Aig alltan a cheannaich',
 S gur daoine gun tabhlai
 Nach taghaich am foun ;
 I mar ioumbas an tasgaidh,
 Gun chunnart gun gheasan,
 Ach a faotainn gu taitueach,
 Dha 'n flear rachadh ann ;
 'S ged hhithinn am Bhàron,
 Air dùthaich Chlainn-Eachuinn,
 Gu'm foghnadh mar mhaïtche,
 Leam *Mali* chruinn donn !

Tha pearsa cho bòidheach,
 Tha i tlachdmhor na còmhach,
 Tha taitueas na còmhradh,
 Mar smeòrach nan gleann,
 Gu'n d' eiltich mo chridhe,
 'Nuair rinn i rium brithiinn,
 'S bu bheatha dhomh rithist
 Gu tighinn a nall.
 Bha h-aogasg gun smälan
 Bha caoin air a rasgaibh,
 Bha gaol air a thasgaidh,
 'S a chridhe ' bha na còm :
 Gu'n smaoinich mi agam
 Nach rachain am mearachd,
 Ged theirinn gur piuthar
 I dh' Iain geal, donn.

Na meòir sin bu ghile,
 Bha còrr air ghrinneas,
 A's bòiche ni fighe
 A's fuaidheal glan réidh ;
 Gur cuimir, deas, direach,
 A shiubhlas tu'n ridhle,
 Nuair dhùisgear gu cridheil
 Dhut fiodhall nan teud :
 'S tu cheumadh gu bòidheach,
 'S a thionndadh gu h-eòlach,
 'S a fhreagradh gu h-òrdail
 Do cheòlan nam meur ;
 Tha'n earbag 'sa mhonadh,
 'S math tearmunn o'n ghaillionn,
 'S gur sealbhach do'n shear sin
 A ghilcas a ceum.

O mheacain an t-suairceis,
 'S o leasraidh na h-uaisle,
 Be t-fhasan 's bu dual dut
 O'n bhuaineadh do sheòrs ;
 Gur furanach, pàirteach,
 Am preas as an dh'fhasa thu,
 Mar rinneadh do chàradh
 O'n An 's o'n t-Srath-mhòr.
 Na'm biobh sibh a làthair,
 'S au staid mar a h'ail leam,
 Cha reicinn 'ur càirdeas
 Air muai 'na Roinn-Eorp ;
 Gu'm beil mi 'u diugh sàbhailt,
 O chunna mi Mairi
 Gu'n sheas i dhomh àite,
 Na màthar nach beò !

Chuir i fasgadh mu'n cuairt domh,
 Mar earradh math uachdair,
 Gu'n bhuillich i uaisle
 Le suairceas glan beòil.
 Làmh shoilleir neo-spicach,
 'S an cridhe neo chrionta,
 Aig nighean Catriana
 'S mo bhrìathar bu chòir!
 Ge nach faca mi t-airair,
 Gu'n cuala mi leithid,
 'S gu'm b'urra mi aithris,
 Cuid dh' phasain an t-seoid :—
 Bha e fial ris na mathaibh—
 Ceann' chliam agus cheathairn',
 'S hu dhiochbail mar thachair
 Luaths' chaidh e fo'n fhòd.

Bhiadh òl ann, bhiadh ceòl ann,
 Bhiadh furan, bhiadh pòit ann,
 Bhiadh òrain, bhiadh dòchas
 Mu bhòrd an fhìr fhéil :—
 Bhiadh iasg ann, bhiadh sealg ann,
 Bhiadh làdh, agus earr ann,
 Bhiadh coileach dubh barragheal,
 Ga mharbhadh air gèig.

Bhiodh bradan an fhìòr-aing,
Bhiodh taghadh gach sithn' ann,
Bhiodh liath-chearcan fraoich
Anns an fhrith aig a féin ;
'Nàm tighinn gu bhaile,
'S gu thùrlach gun ainnis,
Bhiodh rusgadh air ealaidh,
Casg paghaidh, a's sgios.

B' iad sud na fir uaisle,
Gun chrìne gun ghruaimean
Cha'n fhaigheadh càch buaidh orr'
'N tuasaid na'n streup ;
Iad gun ardan, gun uabhar,
Neo smachdail air tuatha,
Ach fearann fo 'n uachdar
'Fàs suas anns gach nì.
O na dh' imich na h-àrmuinn,
Chaidh an saoghal gu tàire,
'S bi'dh bròn agus pàidh
Ri chlàistiu na'n deigh :—
'S ne 'm fanaïn ri fhalcinn,
Cho fad' ri mo sheanair,
Gu'm farr'deadh gach fear dhiom
—“ Am faca mi 'n Fhéinn ? ”

O na dhi-mich na h-àrmuinn,
'S e n-ar cuij na tha làthair,
Gu mu beannaicht' an geard
Th'air an làach a th' ann !
Ceud soraidh, ceud failte,
Ceud furan gu Mairi,
A dh'fhàg sinn 'sa Mhàigh
Ann am braighe nan gleann
'S i cuachag na coille,
Na h-uaisle's na h-oilean,
A dh'fhàg sinn gu lìnneil
An creagan nam beann ;
A gheala-ghlan gun ainnis,
B'e t-ainm a bhi banail,
'S gu'n dhearbh thu bhi duineil,
'S nir chluinneam-s' do chall !

Gu'n cluinneam-s' do bhuiig,
Ge nach faic mi thu tulleadh,
Gar an iarradh tu idir
Dhol fad' as an fhonn ;
Ach an àite na 's déiseil,
Gun bhlàr, no gun chreagan,
S ma gheibh m' achanach freagairt
Cha'n eagal dut bonn ;
Tha uaislean, 's treun-laoich,
Tha truaghain a's feumaich,
'Toirt tuaraigseul gleusta
Air t-fheum anns gach ball ;
Tha gach tlachd ort ri lìnseadh,
Lamh gheal a ni sgriobhadh,
'S sur tuigseach a chiall
A chuir Dia na do cheann !

Bi'dh mo dhàn agus m' bran,
Bi'dh m' alla mar 's eòl domh,
Gu bràth fhad 's is beò mi
Toirt sgeòil ort a chaoidh :
Na fhuair mi dhe t-fhuran,
Cha'n fhuardh e tuille,
Ni smaointeán mo chridhe
Riut brithinn nach pill ;
Cha'n eil Siòrrachd dha'n téid mi,
Ged 'ruighinn Dun-éideann,
Nach toir mi deagh sgeul ort
Fhad 'dh' eisdear mo rainn
'S bheir mi Charraig bho Fheargas,
Gu atharrach ainme,
'S leuchd-ealaidh na h-Alba
D'a sheanchas 's d'a sheinn.

Ceud furan, ceud failte,
Ceud soraidh le bàrdachd
Ceud tlachd mar ri àilleachd,
Air fàs air a mhnaoi ;
Ceud beannachd na dhà dhut,
'S gu'm faiceam-sa slànn thu,
Mu tha idir an dàn domh,
Dhol gu bràth do Loch-bhraoin ;
Ged nach sgalaiche bàird mi,
Cha'n urrainn mi àicheadh,
Ma thig iad ni 's dàine
Gu'm paigh iad ris daor :—
'S i bean nan rasg trothad,
Gun ardan, gun othail,
'S i Mairi 's glain' bodhaig
—Creag odhar nan craobh.

Creag ghobhar, creag chaorach,
Creag bhean, agus aonaich,
Creag phasgach ri gaoith thu,
Creag laogh, agus mheann ;
Creag chaoran, creag chnothan,
Creag fhiarach, a's chreamhach,
Creag ianach a' labhairt
Am barraibh nan crann ;
Gu'n cluinnté gùth smèòrach
An uinneag do shèòmair,
'S a chuthag a còmhchradh
Mar a b' eòl d'i bhi cainnt,
'S bi'dh ealaidh a mhousaidh,
Ri cluich anns an dòrus
Mar onair ri Mhali,
Bean shona nan Gleann.

O nach urra mi sgriobhadh,
No litir a leughadh,
Fhir a dhealaich an dé rium
Aig càrn an fheidh dhuinn,
'Chuir a chuid gillean,
'Sa ghearrain ga'm' shlreachd,
Mu'n rachadh mo mhilleadh,
An curaidsé puill :

O nach urra mi mholadh,
An onair mar choisinn,
Mo bbeannachd gu meal e
 Gun easlaint a chaoi!h!
Fhir a shiubhas an rathad,
A dh' ionnsuidh na Dabhoich,
Uam imirich mo bheannachd
 Gu *Mali* chruinn Donn!

Note.—The above truly admirable song was composed by William M'Kenzie, the Gairloch and Lochbroom catechist, commonly called *An Ceistear Criubach*, owing to a lameness which he had. He was a native of the parish of Gairloch, and was born about the year 1670. In his early years, M'Kenzie 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 aforementioned 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 M'Kenzie of Balone, 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 M'Kenzie 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 detection.

M'Kenzie continued to officiate in the capacity of perambulatory catechist for a period of seven years, and was then deposed, under circumstances which we shall briefly recount. He happened to be in Strath Gairloch at a time when the nuptials of one of the native rustics were celebrated; and, contrary to what he might well expect, he was left uncalled to the feast. How he felt in consequence of this indignity, we would probably have been left in the dark, had not two or three others, who had been slighted like himself, congregated where he lived, having with them a bottle of whisky. The glass went round, and various witticisms and epigrams were exploded, manifesting the contempt in which they held the newly-married couple, and the entire round of their relatives and guests. At length it was propounded to the catechist whether he ought not to commemorate the circumstances in a poem or song. Forgetting the sacredness of his office and the tenor by which he held his situation, in the buoyancy of the moment, he sang the following extemporary effusion before they separated:—

ORAN EADAR CARAID OG OIDHCHE, 'M BAINNSE.

AIR FONN.—“*Oran na Feannraig.*”

ISE.—‘S mitich dhuiinic hhi 'g eiridi,
O'n tha siu feumach air cadal,
Bho ua rinn sinn n-ar supcir,
Cha dean sin foireach na's faide;
Mas a math an cui'd leumnaich,
Biadh iad fein ris gu latha,
Air rud sin th'agad a dhuiine,
‘S an ris is mo n-ar annas,
 Gu fios a bhlas.

ESAN.—‘S fada 'n latha gu h-oidliche,
‘S faid' a n-oidhche na'n latha,
‘S iomadh seachdain sa' bhladhna,
Gu hhi 'g iarradh gu leithid,
‘S misde sinne 'sinn gorach,
A dhol a thoiseachadh brais ris,
‘S ma ni sinn' n-ar milleadh,
Gur h-anu is meas' an dibhearrion.
 ‘S nach 'ell sinn sean.

ISE.—Ach cuine 'n misde sinn fhachain,
Dh'fhach am fein dhuiuin a leantuar,
‘S ma chì thu fein n-chuimh ghrain e,
Cha hii mi dana ga tnagar;
Chuala mis' aig mo mhathair,
Gur ni gnathaithe leithid,
‘S gar heag math th'ann sa phosadh,
‘S a bhi as aonais an fhacain,
 ‘S e aig gach neach.

ESAN.—‘S truagh nach robb mi gun phosadh,
Arsa broinean 's e 'g eindil,
Bu mholadh m' feum air a chadal,
S mi 'n deigh coiseachd an aonich,
Chall mi gráiceanu nam meoircan,
Ann 's na hrogan 's iad daor dhomh,
‘S cha dian mi 'n obair air t-sileas,
Ge b'i h' fhearr air ait s-aoghal
 ‘S nach 'ell mi 'n sgairt.

ISE.—Di-bidh I air do sheanachas,
‘S marig a dh'fhàllbh leat thar aonach,
‘S truagh nach robb mi gun dearc ort,
Ach mi dh'fhacinn an t-saoghal,
Le do chroma-shlait gun phisach,
Nach tig thuige fo'n aodach
‘S marig a thachair ad chuideachd,
Fhior thrudair nan daone,
 ‘Sa ghlogaidh-bòth!

ESAN.—A Ri ! hu mhise chuisi thrius leat,
‘S moch a fluair mi mo mhàbadh,
Cha bhìdh do thoibhein cho luath dhomh,
Na hìdh tu stuaime na narach,
Dh'fhaodadh tusa hli suis leis,
N'a'n deauain uair ann san raith' e,
‘S misce dh'fhuireach 'as aonais,
Thun na h-aosi so a thà mi,
 Gun dol na char.

ISE.—Dh' aithnich misce ort nach h'fhach the,
‘S gum bu shiachaire breun thu,
‘S nach robb duine 's na criochan,
Cho measa rian air an rium fheist,
Tha mi d'fheasachd do sporsa,
Dh'fhaibh mi phosadh an de leat,
‘S mar faigh mi misneachd fo mairreach,
A chaoiadh cha charaichear breid orm,
 ‘S cha ruig mi leas.

ESAN.—Bi tu sìu ann a näire,
Mar a caraichear breid ort,
Bheir gach nabaidh dhat toibheum;
‘Nuar chluinn iad mar dh'firich;
Ge do ruigeadh tu 'm Parson,
Gu n-ar sgaradh bho cheile;
A chaoiadh cha 'n fhaigni thu chead posadh
‘S e 'n agaighd ordugh na cleire,
 ‘S nach 'ell e ceart.

ISE.—Iinis thusa dhomh 'n fhirinn,
N'a'm beil feum dhomh hhi fuireach,
N'a'm beil comas air t-inneadh,
No 'na dhuit thu mt heilich,
Mas e sochair thu fas ort,
Gu do lamb chair sa 'n oíair
Fagaidh misi thu cho eolaich,
Ris na scoidh the ris cumanta,
 Bho chian fad.

ESAN.—‘Nuar a thainig an oidhche,
‘S nach rohh soils' ann ach dorcha,
‘S a chàidil an duthaich,
‘S nach rohh duil ri luchd falbh,
Air an obair gun shin e,
‘Nuar a dh'firich a mbeannaim,
‘S theal nach sgùireadh e thàthasid,
Le ma thàithinn am haragan ud
 Ris cho math.

ISE.—‘S fearr sud na hli falamh,
Ma ni thi cleachdadh dheth 'n comhnuidh.
‘S mas ann feobhas a theid thu,
Cha dian mi t-cibheach na t-oilach,
Cha 'n ell air obair ach sineadh,
‘S a hli gair dheanamh comhnuidh,
Cha hli faiteachan treubhach,
‘S bidh dor-bidh air fear hronach
 Nach teid na char.

This comic-satirical production was soon made public and the author was lauded by one party, and denounced by another. The ministers of Gairloch and Loch-

broom shook their heads—shuddered at the profanity of the catechist, and gave intimation from their respective pulpits that the catechetical labours of our author had ceased! He was previously dragged before the Presbytery, examined, and cross-examined, as to the extent and number of his bardic delinquencies. One or two of the elders and ministers had the hardihood to espouse his cause while thus arraigned at the Presbytery's bar, and insisted that the reverend judges should hear the song from his own lips. "I can repeat no song," said the bard, "unless I accompany the words with an air; and to sing here would be altogether unbecoming." This obstacle was removed by consent of the Moderator, and he sung the song with great glee, while his judges were more obliged to their handkerchiefs than to their gravity for the suppression of risibility. It does not appear that M'Kenzie was ever afterwards restored to his situation. He died at a good old age, and was buried in Creagan-an-Inbhir of Muckle Greenard, Lochbroom.

CALUM A GHLINNE.*

LUINNEAG

Mo Chailin donn dg,
S mo nighean dubh thogarach,
Thogainn ort fonn,
Neo-throm gun togainn,
Mo nighean dubh gun iarraidh,
Mo bhiathar gun togainn,
S gu'n innisian an t-aobhar,
Nach eileas 'ga d thogradh.
Mo Chailin donn dg.

Gu'm beil thu gu boidhrach,
Bainndidh, banail,
Gun chron ort fo 'n ghréin,
Gun bheum, gun sgainnir;
Gurgil' thu fo d' leine
Na eiteag na mara,
'S tha coir' agam fein
Gun chéile bhi mar-riut.
Mo Chailin donn og, &c.

* The author of this popular song was Malcolm M'Lean, a native of Kinlochewe, in Ross-shire. M'Lean had enlisted in the army when a young man, and upon obtaining his discharge, 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 Glensraith, at the foot of Ben-fuathais, 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 bacchanalian 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 "*Calum a Ghlinne!*" on this single ditty his reputation shall stand unimpaired as long as Gaelic poetry has any admirers in the Highlands 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,

Gur muladach mi,
'S mi 'n deigh nach math leam,
Na dheannadh dhut stà
Aig cùch 'ga mhalairt;
Bi'dh t-athair an comhnuidh
'G ol le caithream,
'S e eolas nan còrn
A dh-fhag mi cho falamh.
Mo Chailin donn og, &c.

Nam bithinn a'g òl
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 bhiathar
Nach iarrainn e rithist.
Mo Chailin donn og, &c.

Bi'dh bodaich na dùch'
Ri bùrst 's ri fauaid,
A cantain riùm fèin
Nach geill mi dh-ainnis;
Ged tha mi gun spréidh,
Tha teud ri tharruinn,
'S cha sguir mi de 'n bl
Fhad 's is beo mi air thalamh.
Mo Chailin donn og, &c.

'S ioma bodachan gnù
Nach dùiring m' aithris,
Le thional air spreidh
'S iad ga threigsinn a's t-earrach
Nach cosg anns a bhliadhna
Trian a ghallain,
'S cha toir e fo 'n üir
Na 's mù na bheir Calum.
Mo Chailin donn og, &c.

under any economical system of domestic government, to have formed her dowry, she was unwooded, 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 ideality of no common order; while its terseness and comprehensiveness of expression are such, that one or two standing proverbs or adages have been deduced from it. His "*Nighean dubh Thogarach*," and her husband were living in the parish of Contain, 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 an inn, the local topers left their work and flocked 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 had provided him with an excellent voice. He died about the year 1764.

Nam bithinn air féill,
 'S na ceudan mar rium,
 De chuideachda chòir
 A dh-òladh drama ;
 Gun suidhinn mu 'n bhòrd
 'S gun tràighinn mo shearrag
 'S cha tuirt mo bhean riabh riuni
 Ach—" Dia leat a Chalum !?"*
Mo Chailin donn og, &c.

Ged tha mi gun stòr,
 Le bl's le iomairt,
 Air bheagan de ni,
 Le pris na mine ;
 Tha fòrtan aig Dia,
 'S e fialaidh uime,
 'S mo gheibh mi mo shlainnte,
 Gu'm páidh mi na shir mi.
Mo Chailin donn og, &c.

Ge mor le càch
 Na tha mi milleadh,
 Cha tugainn mo bhòid
 Nach olainn tuillcadh,
 'S e gaoil a bhi mor
 Tha m' fheoil a' sìreadh—
 Tha 'n sgeul ud ri aithris
 Air Callum a Ghlinne.
Mo Chailin donn og, &c.

* 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 bolt 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 Badenoch drover, who, like himself, did occasional homage at the shrine of the red-eyed god. Our "worthy brace of topers" 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 calling—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 stoup after stoup 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 tactfulness 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

CLACHAN GHLINN'-DA-RUAIR.

LUINNEAG.

*Mo chaileag bhian-gheal, mheall-shuileach,
 A dh-fhàs gu fallain, fuasgail',
 Gur trom mo cheum o 'n dhealaich sinn,
 Aig clachan Ghlinn'-da-ruail.*

Di-dònaich riun mì chòlachadh,
 Bean òg 's mòdhar gluasad,
 Tha 'guth mar cheol na smèbraiche.
 'S mar bhil' an ròis a gruaidean.
Mo chaileag, &c.

* S caoin a seang shlios furanach,
 Neo-churaidh a ceum uallach ;
 Tha 'gairdean bànn gle chuinnadail ;
 'S deud lurach n' a beul guamach.
Mo chaileag, &c.

S ro fhacilieach 'n a còmhraadh i,
 Gun sgilm, gun sgleò, no tuaileas ;
 Gur flatail coiseachd shráidean i,
 Air bheagan stàit no guaineis.
Mo chaileag, &c.

Ged bheireadh Seòras àite dhomh,
 Cho ard 's a tha measg uaislean ;
 Air m' fhacaill 's mor a b' fhearr leam,
 A bhi 'n Coir-chnaimh na m' bhuachaill.
Mo chaileag, &c.

O 's truagh nach robh mi 's m' ailleagan
 Air airidh cois nam fuar-bheann!
 Bu shocair, sèimh a chaidlum, 's i
 Nan m' achlais, air an luachair.
Mo chaileag, &c.

Cha suaimhneas òidhch' air leabaiddh dhomh,
 Ga t-fhaicinn ann am bruadar ;
 'S am Bioball fein cha laimhsich mi,
 Gun tiomhaigh ghráidh ga 'm bhuaireadh.
Mo chaileag, &c.

our drolthy friend should meet. He entered his dwelling, as he approached on the floor, he staggered and would have fallen in the fire, placed grateless in the centre of the room, had not his wife flung her arms 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 heatherbell for that," said his helpmate, " we will soon get more money and meal too." " But," continued the intoxicated poet, " I have also drunk 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.

'N uair b' fhileant' briar' a mhinisteir,
 A fiosrachadh mu 'r truaillieacbd;
 Bha mise coimhead dùrrachdach,
 Na seire tha d' shùil neo-luaineach.
Mo chaileag, &c.

Ged shuidheas Cléir na tire leam,
 'S mi sgríobhadh dhaihh le luath-laimh;
 'S ann bhios mo smuaintean diomhaireach,
 Air Sine dhuinn a chuaich-shult.
Mo chaileag, &c.

Ach 's eagal leam le m' cheileireachd,
 Gu'n gabh an seisein gruaim rium :
 Ged fhogras iad do'n Olaint mi,
 Ri m' bhed 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 Coirin-t-shee (Coirint), a wild, sequestered, and highly romantic spot on the west bank of Loch Eck, in Cowal, early in June, 1776; and was chiefly educated at the parish school of Kilmordan, Glendaruel. From Glendaruel 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 'bonnie Hie-lan' lassie,' Miss Jean Currie of Coirechnaive, now Mrs B——n. 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 'Nuair '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 Kilmun, 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 *Neil Gow's Strathspey*. But, without wishing to denude 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 "*Ceilteirachd na Mnaitha Sùth*," 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 dairymaid, 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 chrnidh cha chaithris mi,
 Am bun a chrnidh cha bhi mi;
 Am bun a chruidh cha chaithris mi.
 'S mo leabaidh anns an t-sithean."

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, man,
 My bed is in thy 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 Fhiasag ribeach bhuaam."

Beneath a hill 'mang birken bushes,
 By a burnie's dimpilt linn,
 I told my love with artless blushes,
 To the Lassie of the Glen.

O! the birken bank sae grannie,
 Hey! the burnie's dimpilt linn:
 Dear to me's the bonnie lassie,
 Living in yon rashi glen.

Lanly Ruail! thy stream sae glassie,
 Shall be aye my fav'rite theme;
 For, on thy banks, my Highland lassie,
 First confessed a mutual flame.
O! the birken, &c.

What bliss to sit and nane to fash us,
 In some sweet wee bow'ry den!
 Or fondly straig amang the rashes,
 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 sae grannie,
 Nor the Lassie o' the Glen.
O! the birken, &c.

MALI BHEAG OG.

NACH truagh leat mi 's mi 'm priosan,
 Mo Mhali bheag òg,
 Do chairdean a' cuir binn' orm,
 Mo chuid de'n t-saoghal thù.
 A bhean na mala mine,
 'S na 'm pagan mar na fìoguis,
 'S tu nach fagadh shios mi,
 Le mi-rùin do bheoil.

Di-dòmhnaich anns a' ghleann duinn,
 Mo Mhali bheag òg
 'Nuair thoisich mi ri cainnt riut;
 Mo chuid de'n t-saoghal mhòr.
 'Nuair dh'fhsogail mi mo shùilean,
 'S a sheall mi air mo chul-thaobh;
 Bha mareach an eich chrùthach,
 Tigh'n' dlù air mo lòrg.

'S mise bl'air mo bhuaireadh,
 Mo Mhàli bheag òg,
 'Nuair 'thain an 'sluagh mu'n cuairt duinn
 Mo ribhinn ghlan ùr :
 'S truagh nach aum san uair ud,
 A thuit mo lanh o in' ghualaich,
 Mu'n dh' amais mi do bhualadh,
 Mo Mhàli bheag òg.
 Gur bùiche leam a dh'has thiu.
 Mo Mhàli bheag òg,
 Na'n lili ann san fhàsach,
 Mo cheud ghradh 's mo rùin :
 Mar aiteal caoin na gréin'
 Ann an madaim chiùin ag eirigh,
 Be sud do dhreach a's t-eugais,
 Mo Mhàli bheag òg.
 'S mise a thug an gaol
 Dha mo Mhàli bhig big,
 Nacl dealaich riùm sa'n t-saoghal,
 Mo nighean bhoideach thu.
 Tha t-fhalt air dhreach nan tendan,
 Do ghruaidhean mar na coaran ;
 Do shuilean, flatail, aobhach,
 'S do bheul-lahairt ciùin.
 Shiubhlainn leat an saoghal,
 Mo Mhàli bheag òg ;
 Cho fad a's cùl na gréine,
 A gheug a's aillii guìis
 Ruithinn agns leumainn,
 Mar fhiadh air bharr nan sléibhteann,
 Air ghaol 's gu'm bithinn réidh 's tu,
 Mo Mhàli bheag òg.
 'S truagh a rinn do chàirdean,
 Mo Mhàli bheag òg !
 'Nuair thoirmisg iad do ghràdh dhomh,
 Mo chuid de 'n t-saoghal thu :
 Nau tugadh iad do lamh dhomh,
 Cha bhithinn-'s ann san am so,
 Fo' bhinn air son mo ghraida dhut,
 Mo Mhàli bheag òg.
 Ge d' bheirte mi bho'n bhàs so,
 Mo Mhàli bheag òg,
 Cha 'n iarrainn tuille dàlach,
 Mo cheud ghradh 's mo rùin :
 B'anusa 'n saoghal-s' thàgail,
 'S gu'm faicinu t-aodann ghradhach ;
 Gu'n chuimhn' bhi air an là sin,
 'S na dh'fhàg mi thu ciùirt'.

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 her 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 bed-room, 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' claidheimh*), 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 RUATH NAM BO.

LUINNEAG.

Hò, mo Mhàiri Laghach,
 S tu mi Mhàiri bhinn ;
 Hò, mo Mhàiri Laghach,
 'S tu mo Mhàiri ghrinn ;

*Hò, mo Mhàiri Laghach,
'S tu mo Mhàiri bhinn ;
Mhàiri bhoideach, lurach,
Rugadh anns na glinn.*

Nuair a thig a Bhealltainn,
Bithidh 'choill fo bhla,
'S eoin bheaga 'seinn duinn—
A dh'òidhch a's a là ;
Gobhair agus caoich,
A's crodh-laoigh le'n àl,
'S Màiri bhàn gan saodach',
Mach ri aodainn chàrn.
Ho, mo Mhàiri, &c.

*Nuair a thig an Sàmhradh,
B'nnsa bhi's na glinn,
Ged robh an t-arau gann oirn,
Bi'dh 'n t-amhlan tri fillt'
Gheibh sinu gruth a's uachdar,
Buannachd a chruidh laoigh,
As ionaid a chinu chuacbaich,
Chuir mu'n cuairt a mhìng,
Ho, mo Mhàiri, &c.

" A Pheigi," arsa Seònaid,
" 'S meònach leam do chàil,—
Nach iarradh tu 'sheòmar,
Ach Gleann-smeòil gu bràth."—
" Bi'dl mis' dol do'u' bhuail,
A's m' fhalt mu m' chluas a 'fàs,
'S bi'dh na fir a faghueachd,
Maighdean a chìul bhàin.
Ho, mo Mhàiri, &c.

*M fear a thig an rathad.
'S math leis thu bhi ann,
Do ghruaidh mar na caorann,
Bhios ri taobh nan àllt :
Tha thu banail beusach—
Cha leir dhomh do mheang ;
B'anssa bhi ga d'phògadh,
Na pòit fion ne Fraing.
Ho, mo Mhàiri, &c.

Na'm biodh Seònaid làidir,
Chuir a làmh 's an ìm,
Peigi ris an àl,
A's Màiri mu 'n chrodbh-laoigh,—
Bbithinnse gu stàoil,
Dol gu àiridh leibh,
'S cha bbithcamaid fo phràcas,
Te nach tàmhadh linn.
Ho, mo Mhàiri, &c.

Nuair shuidheas daoin' naisle,
Mu'u cuairt air a bhòrd,
'G  ilteachadh ri chéile,
'S déigh ac' air bhi cèd,

Cha'n fhiaic mis an éis iad,
Air son séis da'm beoil,
Luinneag Màiri chuachach,
Tha shuas an Gleann-smeòil.
Ho, mo Mhàiri, &c.

Note.—The author of the foregoing popular song was Murdoch M'Kenzie, a Loch-broom Drover, known better in his native country, by the cognomen of "Murchadh Ruadh nam Bò," or red-haired Murdoch of the droves. Mr M'Kenzie 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 M'Kenzie, of Lochearron, he consigned them to the flames. His own daughter, *Mairi Laghach*, was the subject of the above pastoral. Mr M'Kenzie's maid servant, it appears, had absconded from his service at a time when her labours w  t   most required in the sheiling or mountain milk-house, and the parent naturally appreciates the services of his own daughter, who at a very early age showed great expertise 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 M'Kenzie died in 1831.

MAIRI LAGHACH.

(SECOND SET.)

LUINNEAG.

*Hò, mo Mhàiri laghach,
'S tu mo Mhàiri bhinn,
Hò, mo Mhàiri laghach,
'S tu mo Mhàiri ghrinn :
Hò, mo Mhàiri laghach,
'S tu mo Mhàiri bhinn
Mhàiri bhoideach lurach,
Rugadh anns na glinn.*

B'dg bha mis' a's Màiri
'M fasaichean Ghlinn-Smeòil,
'Nuarair chuir macan-Bhenuis,
Saighead gheur 'n am fheoil ;
Tharruinn sinn ri ch  le,
Ann an eud cho be  ,
'S nach robh air an t-saothal ;
A thug gaol cho mor.
Ho, mo Mhàiri, &c.

'S tric bha mis' a's Màiri,
Falbh nam f  sach fial,
Gu'n smaoinean air fal-bheairt,
Gu'n chail gu droch ghniomh ;
Cupid ga n-ar t  ladh,
Ann an cairdeas dian ;
S barr nan eraobh mar sg  il dh  uinn,
'Nuarair a b' aird' a ghrian.
Ho, mo Mhàiri, &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' phögadh,
 Le deagh clóir dhomh fhein,
 Na ged fhaighinn stòras,
 Na Roinn-Eorp' gu léir.
Ho, mo Mhàiri, &c.

Tha do bhroilleach soluis
 Làn de shonas gráidh ;
 Uchd a's gile sheallas,
 Na 'n eal' air an t-snàmh :
 Tha do mhìn-sbhlios, fallain,
 Mar chanach a chàir ;
 Muineal mar an fhaoillinn
 Fe 'n aodainn a's aillt'.
Ho, mo Mhàiri, &c.

Tha t-fhalt bachlach, dualach,
 Ma do chluais a' fàs,
 Thug nadur gach buaidh dha,
 Thar gach gruaig a bha :
 Cha 'n 'eil dragh, no tuaigne,
 'Na chuir suas gach là ;
 Chas gach ciabh mun-cuairt dheth,
 'S e 'na dhual gu bharr.
Ho, mo Mhàiri, &c.

Tha do chaile-dheud shnaighe
 Mar shneachda nan ard ;
 T-anail mar an caineal ;
 Beul bho'm banail fàilt :
 Gruaidh air dhreach an t-siris ;
 Min raisg chinneal, thlà ;
 Mala chaol gu'n ghruaimean,
 Gnùis gheal's cuach-fhalt bànn.
Ho, mo Mhàiri, &c.

Thug ar n-uabhar barr
 Air àilleas righrean mor ;
 B' iad ar leabaidh stàta
 Duilleach's barr an fheoir :
 Flùraichean an fhàsaich
 'Toir dhuinn cail a's treòir,
 A's sruthain ghlan nan ard
 A chuireadh slaint's gach pòr.
Ho, mo Mhàiri, &c.

Cha robb inneal ciùil,
 A thuradh riabh fo 'n ghréin,
 A dh'aithriseadh air chòir,
 Gach ceol bhiadh againn fhein :
 Uiseag air gach lònain,
 Smeòrach air gach gèig ;
 Cuthag 's gùg-gùg aic',
 'Madainn churaidh Chéit'.
Ho, mo Mhàiri, &c.

Note.—The second set of "Mairi Laghach," is the composition of Mr John McDonald, tacksman, of Scoraig, Loch-

broom, a gentleman of great poetical talents. It is infinitely superior to the original set; and, while Mr M'Kenzie has the merit of having composed the air, Mr M'Donald 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 M'Donald 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 Highlander 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 blossom of the thorny tree !
 Sweeter is young Mary of Glenmole to me.*

*Sweet, O sweet ! with Mary o'er the wilds to stray,
 When Glenmole 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 cana 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 scor'e 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 da lèmh ;
 Do ghorm-shuil thairis,
 A mhealladh na miltean,
 'S duine gun chlà,
 Nach tugadh dhut gràdh.*

*CHA thinneas na feachda,
 'S a mhadainn so bhual mi :
 Ach acaid ro buan
 Nach leigheis gu bràch.
 Le sealladh air faiche,
 De shlait on taigh uasail,
 Moch-thra di-luain,
 'S mi 'g amharc an là.*

Rinn deiseid a pearsa,
Nach facas a thuarmsa ;
'G imeachd fo'n chuach-chùl,
Chamagacb, thla.
Rinn dealadaradh a mairis,
Agus lasadh a gruaidean,
Mis' a ghrad bhualadh,
Tharais gu lär.
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Ach dh' eirich mi rithist,
Le cridhe làn uabhair ;
A's dh' imich mi ruathar,
Ruighinn na dàil.
G'a h-iathadh na m' ghlaicreibh,
Ach smachdaich i bhuam sin
Ochan ! is truagh !
A mheath i mo chàil.
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Do dhearc-shuilean glana,
Fo mhalla gun ghruaimean ;
'S daigbeann a bhual iad,
Mise le d' ghràdh.
Do ròs bhilean tana,
Seamh, farasda, suairce,
Cladhaichear m' uaign
Mar glac thu mo làmh.
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Tar fuasgail air m' anam
On cheanghal is cruaidhe :
Cuimbнич air t-uaisle,
'S cobhair mo chàs.
Na biodham-s' am' thrallt dut
Gu bràch, on aon uair-s' ;
Ach tiomaich o chruas,
Do chridhe gu tlàs.
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Cha'n fhaodar leam cadal,
Air leabaiddh an uaigneas :
'S m' aigne ga bhuaire',
Dh' òidhche 's a là.
Ach ainnir is binne,
'S a's grinne, 's a's suairce ;
Gabh-sa dhiom truas,
'S bithidh mi slàn !
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

CUIR A CHINN DILEIS.

(MODERN SET.)

'S mi 'm shuidh' air an uilinn
A tuireadh sa caoine ;
Bhuail saighead a ghaoil mi,
Direach gu'm sbàil.
Dh' fhàs mi cbo lag,
'S nach b' urra' mi dìreadh ;

Le goirteas mo cbinn,
'S cba d' sbin i dhomh lamb.
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

'S mi 'm shuidh' air an tulach,
An iomal na cùirte ;
A' g amharc mo rùin,
'S i 'n ionad ro ard.
Thug i le fionnaireacbd,
Sealladb de sùil domh,
'S tbiunndaidh i cul-thaobh,
Seachad air barr.
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Sheall mi am' dheighidh,
Gu fradharc dh'i fhaotainn ;
'S chuna' mi h-aodann,
Farasda, tlà.
Chuna' mi sealladb,
A mbealladh na miltean,
'S amaideach mi,
'S nacb faigh mi na páirt,
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Tha mais' ann ad bhilean.
Cba 'n aithris luchd-ciùil e,
Togaibd tu sunnt,
An tallachan ard.
Leagair leat seachad,
Sar ghaisgich na dùthch' ;
Le sealladh do shùl,
'S le giùlan do ghnàis.
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Do bbraghad ni 's gile,
Na canach na dige ;
Chite dol sios,
'M fionn bhaine blàth.
S ioma rud eile—
Cba 'n 'eil i ri faotainn,
Idir san t-saoghal,
Aogais mo ghraigeadh,
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Do chul mar an canach,
T-fhàlt clannach 's cùirn air,
A chumas an driùchd,
Gu dlù air a bharr.
Na chuilean air casadh,
Na chleachdan air lùbadh,
'S do-cheannaicht' an crùn,
Tha giulan a bhлаth,
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Do ghruaigh mar an corcur,
Beul socair o'm binn sgéul :
Deud mar na dlsne,
'S finealt a dh' fhàs.
Do shlios mar an eala,
S do mheall-shuilean miògach,

Thaladh thu m' inntinn,
 'S cha pill i gu bràch.
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. II. 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.

An nochd gur faoin mo chadal dhomh,
 Sior acain na'm beil bh'uam,
 Do chomunn le deagh chaoimhnealachd,
 Dh'fhag mi bho 'n raoir fo ghrúaim.
 Gur tric mi ann an aisling leat,
 Gach uair da 'n dean mi suain;
 Trom-osnaich 'nuair a dhùisgeas mi,
 Air bhi dha t-iundrann bh'uam.
 Air bhi dhomh 'g-iundrann suaireeis bh'uam,
 'S tu leagh mo shnuadh 's mo bhàl;
 O rinn do ghaol-sa' furachadh,
 Cha'dualach dhomh bhi slàn.
 'S ann riut a leiginn m' uir-easbhuidh,
 Air ghleus nach cluinneadh càch,
 Dh-fhag t-aogasg mi cho muladach,
 'S gur cunnart dhomh am bàs.
 Is mor a ta do ghibhteann ort,
 A ta gun fhiös do chàch
 Corp seang gun feall gun fhalachd ann,
 Gur càs thu mhealladh graidh.
 'S a liughad òigeas furanach,
 A thuilleadh orms' an sàs,
 D' an tugadh t-aodann faothachadh,
 'S an t-aog ga 'n cur gu bàs.
 Cha chuireadh gaol gu geilte mi,
 Na 'm freagradh tu mo ghlòir,
 Gur h-e do chòmradh maighdeannail,
 Mo raghainn dheth gach céil.
 'S gur h-iomadh òidhch' no-aoibhneach,
 Chum do chaoimhneas mi fo leòn;
 Is bi'dh mi nochd a' m' aonaran,
 A smaointeach bean do neòil.
 Tha bean do neòil am braithreachas,
 Ri ealbhàu nan spèur:
 Gur binne leam bhi màran leat,
 Na clàrsachean nan téud.
 Is tha do thilachd a's t-aillidheachd,
 Ag cur do ghraidh an ceil;
 Gur cosmhuil thu ri àilleagan,
 Da'n umhlaich càch gu léir.

Is beairt a chlaoidh mo shocair thu,
 'S a shocraich ort mo ghaol;
 'S gur e mhedaich túrsa dhomh,
 Gu'n thu bhi dhomh mar shaoil.
 Seul fir a dh' fheadar aiceamh leam;
 Gur leir a bhàl 's a chaoin;
 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 uisge Spé;
 Is bean do neoil cha chualas,
 Bu neo-luaniche na heus.
 Is corrach, gorm, do shuilean;
 Gur geal, s' gur dìù, do dhead,
 Falt huidhe 's e na chuachan ort,
 'S a shnuagh air dhreach nan téud.

Thug mise gaol da rìridh dhut,
 'Nuair bha thu d' nionraig òig;
 Is air mo laimh nach dibinn e,
 Air mhile punnd de 'n òr:
 Ge d' fhaighinn fhìn na chrùinteann e,
 Ga chunntadh dhomh air bòrd;
 Cha treiginn gaol na rìbhinnie,
 A tha 'n Ile għlas an fheòir.

ORAN-AILEIN.

LUINNEAG.

Hug o ho-ri ho hoireannan,
 Hug o ho-ri 's na hì ri hù d,
 Hihill ù hog oireannan,
 Hù o ho ri hog oireannan!

AILEIN, Ailein, is fad an cadal,
 Tha'n uiscag a' gairm 's an là glasadhd,
 Grian a'g èiridh air an leachdann,
 S fada bhuam fhìn luchd nam breacan.
 Hug o ho-ri, &c.

Ailein duinn gabh sgoinn 's hi g' eiridh,
 Tionail do chlonn, cuimhnich t-fheum orr,
 Bi'dh Alba mhor fo bheinn bhéisdean,
 Mar a dion a muinntir féin i.

Hug o ho-ri, &c.

Bheir iad Mòrag* mhìn air éigin,
 'S eagal leam gu'n dian i géilleadh,
 S gu'm bi sliochd gun au coir fèin ac.
 De Bhreatann mhòr no de dh-Eirinn.

Hug o ho-ri, &c.

'Mhòrag na'm faicinn t-fhear-ceusaidh, †
 Ge b' ann air càbhsair Dhùn-Eideann,
 Thàirrgaïnn na lainn chaola, gheura.
 'S dh-fhagáinn fhìn e mèrbh gun eiridh
 Hug o ho-ri, &c.

* Prince Charles. † The Duke of Cumberland

ORAN.

DO PHRIUNNSA TEARLACH.

FAIR ud tha thail ma áiridh nan Comhaichean,
 B'fhearr leam fhìn gu'n cinneadh gnothach leat,
 Shiùblainn Gleann-laoidh a's Gleann'-comhan
 Dà thaobh Loch-iall a's Gleann'-tadha leat, [leat,

*Hillirin hò-rò ho bha hò,
 'S na hillirin hò-rò ho bha hò,
 Na hillirin hò-rò ho bha hò,
 Mo leann-dubh mòr on chaidh tu dhiom.*

Shiùblainn moch leat, shiùblainn ana-moch,
 Air feadh choilltean, chreagan, a's gharbhìlach,
 O! gur h-e mo rùin an sealgair,
 'S tu mo raghainn do shluagh Alba.

Hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho, &c.

A Thearlaich òig a chuirein chiataich,
 Thug mi gaol dut 's cha ghaol bliadhna,
 Gaol nach tugainn do dhìc na dh'iarla,
 B'fhearr leam fhìn nach faca mi riach thu.

Hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho, &c.

Fhleasgaich ud am beul a Ghlinne,
 Le t-fhàlt dualach sios ma d' shlinnean,
 B'aunsa leam na chuach bu bhinne,
 'Nuair dheanadh tu rium do chòmhraibh milis.
Hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho, &c.

Bha do phòg mar fhion na frainge,
 Bha do ghruaidh mar bhraileig Shàmhraig,
 Suil chorragh ghorm fo'd-mhala ghreannar,
 Do chul dualach, ruadb, a mbeall mi.
Hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho, &c.

A Thearlaich òig a mhic Righ Séumas,
 Chunna mi toir mhòr an déigh ort,
 Iadsan gu subhach a's mise gu deurach,
 Uisge mo chinn tigh'n' tinu o'm léirsinn.
Hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho, &c.

Mharbh iad m'athair a's mo dhà bhràthair,
 Mhill iad mo chinneadh a's chreach iad mo chà-
 firdean,
 Sgrìos iad mo dhùthach rùisg iad mo mhathair,
 'S bu laoghaid mo mhulad nan cinneadh le
Hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho, &c. [Tearlach.

Noie.—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-CEANN AN SRATH-GHLAS
 A THUIT LATHA CHUILODAIR,
 LE MHNAOI FEIN.

OCH! a Thearlaich òig Stiubhairt,
 'S e do chùis rinn mo leireadh,
 Thug thu bhuam gach ni bh'agam,
 Ann an cogadh na t-aobhar :
 Cha chrodh, a's cha cbaorich,
 Tha mi caoidh'ach mo chile,
 Ge do dh'fhàgte mi m'aonar,
 Gun sian's an t-saoghal ach leine.
 Mo rùn geal òg.

Co nis 'thogas an claidheamh,
 No ni chathair a lionadh ?
 'S gann gur h-e tha air m' aire,
 O nach maireann mo chìad ghradh ;
 Ach cia mar gheibhinn o m' nàdur,
 A bbi 'g àicheadh na 's miann leam,
 A' s mo thoghradh cho làdir,
 Thoirt gu àite mo rìgh math ?
 Mo rùn geal òg.

Bu tu'm fear mor bu mhath cumadh,
 O d' mhullach gu d' bhrògan,
 Bha do shlios mar an eala,
 'S blas na meal' air do phògan ;
 T-fhàlt dualach, donn, lurach,
 Mu do mbuineal an òrdugh,
 'S e gu cam-lubach, cuimeir,
 'S gach aon toirt urram d'a bhoichead.
 Mo rùn geal òg.

Bu tu 'm fear slinneanach leathunn,
 Bu chaoile meadhon 's bu dealbhaich ;
 Cha bu tailear gun eòlas,
 'Dheanadh còta math gearra dhut ;
 Na dheanadh dhut triubbais
 Gun bhi cumhann, no gainn dut ;
 Mar gheala-bhradan do chàsan,
 Le d' ghearr òsan mu d' chalpa.
 Mo rùn geal òg.

Bu tu iasgair na h-amhunn—
 'S tric a thaghaidh thu fein i ;
 Agus sealgair a mhùnaidh—
 Bhiodh do ghunn' air dheagh ghleusadh ;
 Bu bhinn leam tabhunn do chuirein,
 Bheireadb ful air mac eilde ;
 As do laimh bu mhor m' earbsa—
 'S tric a mharbh thu le chéil iad.
 Mo rùn geal òg

Bu tu pòitear na dibbe—
 'N àm suidhe 's taigh òsda,
 Ge de dh'oladh 's tu phaidheadh ;
 Ged' thuiteadh cùch mu na bortaibh,
 Bhì air mhisg cha 'n e b' flùi leat,
 Cha do dh' innuasach thu òg e,
 'S cha d' iarr thu riamh cùis,
 Air te air chul do mhna pòsda.
 Mo rùn geal òg.

Gur mis th'air mo sgàradh,
 'S ge do chanam, cha bhreug e—
 Chaidh mo shùgradh gu sileadh,
 O'n nach pillear bho'n eug thu,
 Fear do chéile a's do thusige,
 Cha robh furast ri fheutainn,
 'S cha do sheas an Cuilodair,
 Fear do choltais bu treine.
 Mo rùn geal òg.

'S ioma baintighearna phrìseil,
 Le'n sioda 's le 'n sròlabh,
 Dàn robh mis' am chuis-fhàrmайд,
 Chionn gu'n tairgeadh tu pòg dhomh ;
 Ge do bhithinn cho sealbhach,
 'S gu'm bu leam airgead Hanobhar,
 Bheirinn cràc anns na h-àintean,
 Na'n cumadh cùch sinn bho phùsadh !
 Mo rùn geal òg.

Och ! nan och ! gur mi bochdag,
 'S mi làn osnaich an còmhnuidh ;
 Chaill mi dùil ri thu thighinu—
 Thuit mo chridhe gu doirteadh ;
 Cha trng fiodhall, no clàrsach,
 Piob, no tàileasg, no cèòl e ;
 Nis o chuir iad thu'n tasgaidh,
 Cha dùisg caidridh duin' òig mi.
 Mo rùn geul òg.

Bha mi greis ann am barail,
 Gu'm bu mhaireanu mo chéile,
 S gu'n tigeadh tu dhathraig,
 Le aighear 's le h-éibhneas,
 Ach tha 'n t-àm air dol tharais,
 'S cha 'n fhaic mi fear t-eugais,
 Gus an teid mi fo'n talamh,
 Cha dealaich do spéis rium.
 Mo rùn geal òg.

'S iomadh bean a tha brònach,
 Eadar Tròiteirnis 's Sléibhte,
 Agus té tha na bantraich,
 Nach d'fhuair sàmhla da'm chéile ;
 Bha mise lan sòlais,
 Fhad' s bu bhèò sinn le-chéile,
 Ach a nis bho na dh'fhalbh thu,
 Cha chuis fhàrmайд mi féin daibh !
 Mo rùn geal òg.

Note.—Christiana Ferguson, 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 Culloden, 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 mateless 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.

MORT GLINNE-COMHANN.

LEIS A BHARD MHUCANACH.*

LAMH Dhé leinn a shaoghail!

Tha thu carach, mar chaochla nan slon,
 An ni nach guidheamaid fhaontainn
 Mar na sruthaibh ag aomadh a nlos ;
 'S i chneidh féin, thar gach aobhar,
 Bhios gach duine ri caoine, 's e tinn,
 Breith Mhic-Samhain air saoidhean,
 Tigh'nn a ghleachd ruiuin a thaobh cùl ar cinn.

A Rìgh ! fheartaich na gréine
 Tha'n cathair na féile, dean sith,
 Ri cloinn an fhir a bha ceutach,
 Nach bu choltach ri féile fir chrión ;
 'N uair a thogha leat bratach,
 Croinna chaola, fraoch dait', agus ploch,
 Bhiodh mnai ghaoil, le fuaim bhás
 A' caoi laoich nan arm sgaiteach 's an strì.

Gu'n rohh aigne duin' uasail
 Aig a bhail' agus uaithe a' d' chòir,
 Cha b' i gheire gun tuigse
 Bha sa bheul bu neo-thuisliche glòir ;
 Ceann na céille 's na cuideachd
 Rinn na h-eacoraich cuspair dheth t'fheoil :
 Cha b' e 'm breugair' a mhurtadh
 Le luchd shéideadh nam pluicean air stòl.

Ach fear mòr bu mhath cumadh,
 Bu neo-sgàthach an curaichd gun ghiomh,
 Cha robh barr aig mac duine ort
 Ann an àilleachd, 's an uirgleadh cinn :
 Annas a bhilár bu mhath t-fhuireach
 Chosnadh lárach, a's urram do'n rìgh ;
 Mo sgreadh chraiteach am fulachd !
 A bha'n taigh chlàraidh 'n robh furan nam plos.

Cha robh do chridhe mar dhreagón
 Tarruinn slighe na h-eacoir a'd' chùrs,
 'Stu le d' chlaidheimh ag éiridh
 As leth t-athar 's rìgh Seumas a chrùin :
 'Taid an Albuinn 's an Eirinn,
 Luchd a thaghach, 'sa réiteach do chùis ;
 Bi'dh là eile ga dheuchainn
 'S tus' ad laidhe gun eisdeachd fo'n ùir.

B'iad mo ghràdh na cuirp gheala
 Bha gu filughantach, fearail, neo-chròn,
 'S maing a chunnaic 'ur n-uaislean
 Dol fo bhinn 'ur luchd-fuatha gun dion ;

* This bard was one of the Macdonalds of Glencoe, and lived in the island of Muck, for which he was called *Am bàrd Mucanach*. After much inquiry this is all the information we could obtain concerning him, nor did we see any more of his productions. But from this piece it may be seen that he was one of the first poets of his day. We took down this version of the poem from the recitation of an old man in Glencoe, anno 1833.

Ach nam bitheamaid 'nar n-armaibh
 Mu'n do chruinnich an t-sealg air an tir,
 Bhiodh luchd chòtaichean dearga
 Gun dol tuilleadh do dh' armait an rìgh.

Cha robh gnothach aig léigh
 'Dhol a leigheas nan creuchd nach robh slàn,
 A' call am fala fo'n leintean
 Bha na fir bu mhor féil' ri luchd-dhàn,
 Nam b'e cothrom na Féinne
 Bhiodh eadar sibh fein 's clanna Ghall,
 Bhiodh eoin mhöalach an t-sléibhe
 Gairsinn salach air chréabhanan chàich.

Cha b'e cruadal an cridhe
 Thug dhaibh buanachd air buidheann mo rùin,
 Tilgeadh luaidhe na cithibh
 'S sibh mo thruaidh ! gun fhios air a chùis :—
 Eadar uaislean a' mhithibh
 Gun robh bhuaidh ud a' ruith oirn o thùs ;
 O'n i'n uaigh ar ceann-uidhe
 Bi'dh na sluaisean a' frithealadh dhuinn !

Cha b'i sud an fhuil shalach
 Bha ga taomadh mu'n talamh sa' ghleann,
 'S a liuthad ùmaidh mar ghearran
 A haa cuir fùdar na dheannabh mu'r ceann ;
 A Rìgh dhùlaich nan aingeal !
 Gabhsa cùram da'r n-anam, 's sibh thall,
 Chaidh 'ur cunnas an tainead
 Le garbh dhùsgadh na malairt a hh' ann.

Thrùs do chinneadh r'a chéile,
 Dheanamli coinneamli an dè anns an Dùn,
 Cha d' aithris thu sgeula
 Fhir a h' urrainn a réiteach gach cùis ;
 Ite dhaingean na'n sgéith thu,
 'S am baranta treun air an cùl
 Bi'dh là eile ga fheuchainn,
 'S mise druidte fo dhéile 's an ùir.

Cha bu chòcairean glòraig
 Chumail cùmhndair an slinnein ro chàch ;
 O'n là thòisich an iomairt
 Chaill Chlann-Dòmlnuill ceann-fine no dhà ;
 'N gleacair òg 'ur ceann-cinniudh
 Chuir a dhòchas 'an smioraibh a chnàmh ;
 Gheibheadh cùcaille bioradhl
 Rogha spòltaich o spionnadhl a làmh.

Luchd a thràghadh nam huideal
 Beireadh earrach air rùhan de'n fhlon,
 'Nuair a thàrladh sihh cuideachd
 Bu neo-hhrùideil mu'n chupan ud sibh ;
 Ag iomairt tbàileasg, a's chluichibh
 Air a chìlar bu neo thrùail 'ur gniomh ;
 Cha hu chearr am measg truid sibh
 'N am pàidheadh na cuideachd, 's g'an diol.

Gu'm beil mise fo mhuilad
 Ag amharc 'ur gunaidh' air stéill,
 Sàr ghiomanaich ullamh
 Leis an cinneadh an fhuil anns a bheinn,
 Ann am frith nan damh mullaich
 Far an deante libh munasg air seilg,
 Ga bu tric sibh gan rùsgadh
 Cha d' iarr sibh riamh cunnatas 's na béin.

Cha bu sgàthairean gealtach
 Bhiodh a' maoitheadh an gaisge gach là
 'Tha 's au Eilean na'n cadaid
 Nach dùisg gus am faicear am bràth,
 Luchd dhìreadh nan éit-bheann
 Le'n cuilbhreachan gleusta na'n laimh,
 'S lionmhòr fear nach d'rinn éiridh
 Bha na ghìomanach treun air a h-earr.

Rìgh gur mis tha fo airtneul
 Ri am dhomh bhi faicinn 'ur beann,
 'S cha lughá mo chûram
 Ri bhi 'g amharc bhur dùtchannan thall,
 Mur bhith mar thachair
 'S ann leamsa gum b'ait bhi dol ann,
 Gus an tainig a chreach oirn
 Mar gu'n tuiteadh a chlach leis a ghleann !
 'S iomadh fear tha toirt sgainneil
 Do'n tighearn òg air an shearann so thall,
 Eadar ceann Loch-a-Raineach,
 Rugha Shléibhte, 's bun Gharaidh nam beann,
 Bha thu feicheannach daingean
 Far an éiste ri d' theangaidh an cannt,
 Mar urbal peucaig gu tarruinn,
 'S mar ghath reubaidd na nathrach gu call.

Leum an stiùir bharr a claigninn
 Le muir sùigh, 's gun sinu ath-chainnateach dho,
 Dh'fhalbh na croinn, 's na bhuail-beairte,
 'S leig sinn uallach na slait air an sgòd ;
 'S bochd an dùsgadh sa' mhadainn
 So fhuair sinn gu grad a theachd oirn,
 S ma gheibh sinn àine ri fhacinn
 Bheir sinn fùcadh mu'n seach air a chlò.

Note.—The cruel massacre of the Macdonalds of Glen-coe, to which this "Lament" relates, was perpetrated by a party of soldiers under the command of Captain Campbell of Glenlyon, in February, 1691. Thirty-eight persons suffered in this massacre; the greater part of whom were surprised in their beds, and hurried into eternity before they had time to implore Divine mercy. The design was to butcher all the males under seventy that lived in the valley, the number of whom amounted to two hundred; but some of the detachments not arriving in time to secure the passes, one hundred and sixty escaped. Campbell having committed this brutal deed, ordered all their houses to be burned, made a prey of all the cattle and effects that were found in the valley, and left the helpless women and children, whose fathers and husbands he had murdered, naked and forlorn, without covering, food, or shelter, in the midst of the snow that covered the face of the whole country, at the distance of six miles from any inhabited place. For a particular account of this most unjust action, see "Smollett's History of England."

BHA CLAIDHEAMH AIR IAIN

'S AN T-SEARMOIN.

LUINNEAG.

Bha claidheamh air Iain,
 Air Iain, air Iain,
 Bha claidheamh air Iain 's an t-searmoin ;
 Bha claidheamh air Iain,
 Fear deas-lainih mo chridhe,
 'S tu 'dheanadh an fhighe neo-clearbach.

THAINIG litríchean bagraibh,
 A nall a Lochabar,
 'Nuair chualas gu'n deachaich tu t-armachd ;
 Ghabh an ceannard mor chûram,
 'S gach freiceadaan dhùbail e,
 Eagal 's gun dùisgeadh tu Albainn !

Bha claidheamh, &c.

'Se'n sgathdan beag casraidh
 A thainig mu dheas oirn,
 'Chuir Iain na bhréislich mu 'armachd,
 'S ann a mhosgail mo chridhe,
 Deagh fhortain 'bhi tighinn,
 'Nuair chithinn a chlaidheamh 's an t-searmoin.

Bha claidheamh, &c.

Air là Shliabh an t-siorra
 Cha ghabhadh tu giorrag,
 'Nuair chaidh na gillean gu stairirich,
 'Nuair ghlaoidh iad am bristeadh,
 Cba philleadh tu idir—
 'S ann dli-fhag thu na ficheadan marbh dhiù.
 Bha claidheamh, &c.

Gur mòr a bha d' pbòrabh,
 De dh'ardan Chlann-Dòmhnuill—
 Na'm bitheadh do phòca lan airgeid,
 Gu'n tugadh tu dhachaigh dhuinn
 Righ fhear na h-Apunn,
 A dh'aindeoin fir Shasuin mar marbh' thu.
 Bha claidheamh, &c.

'S iomadh b'ganach ullamh,
 Nach éisdeadh an cumasg,
 Bha gun chlaidheamh, gun ghunna, gun targaid,
 Gun urad na bodaige,
 'M falach fo chrioslaich ;
 Ged' bha Mac-a-Ghiobaich na armachd.
 Bha claidheamh, &c.

'S mòr mo chûram mu d' pbearsa
 Mu t-arm a's mu t-acuinn,
 Mu d' shlinnean mu d' chearislean 's mu d'
 'S gu'n 'bhrist thu an t-achda [bhalgan,
 'Rinn Deòrsa bha 'n Sasunn,
 'Nuair chaidh thu cho spailpeil na t-armachd.
 Bha claidheamh, &c.

Chaidh 'n claidheamh air astar,
Do blraighe Lochabar,
Laidh rua-mheirg le dealt air a bharra-dheis ;
Tha'm breabair againn,
Na chliambuinn do'n t-Sagart,
'S gu'm faigh e bbo'n pharson sin tearmad.
Bha claidheamh, &c.

Mu dh-fhaireas sibh cunnart,
'S nach fhaod sibh a chumail,
Cuirbh e thuinidh do'n Gharbh-shliabh ;
'S iomadh àite math falaich,
Dà thaobh Locha-Garaidh,
'S tha'u dream ud gle dhealaidh do Bhalgan.
Bha claidheamh, &c.

*Note.—The foregoing burlesque is the composition of Angus M'Donald, of Glencoe, commonly called *Aonghas Mac Alasdair Ruaidh*. The subject of it was Iain Gibeach, a weaver, belonging to the same glen. This John was present at the battle of Sherrifmuir in 1715, but deeming "prudence the best part of valour," he made more use of his heels than of his arms. It is said that, in order the more effectually to shield his person from danger, he laid himself down behind a dyke, pulling a portion of that fabric over him, and that thus covered he was rode over by the combatants. On the first safe opportunity, he entirely abandoned the scene of strife, which but indifferently suited his taste. His flight to Glencoe was a rapid one. There, however, he did not fail to give a magniloquent account of his feats of arms at Sherrifmuir, being, at the same time, the first intelligencer of that doubtful action. He afterwards went to church with his broadsword slung in his belt in order to indicate his valour, by setting the Act of Parliament for disarming the Highlanders at defiance! This last exploit of our hero gave birth to the admirable pasquin, "John wields his sword in the kirk."*

FEAR A BHATA.

LUINNEAG.

Fhir a bhata, na horo-eile,
Fhir a bhata, na horo-eile;
Fhir a bhata, na horo-eile,
Gu ma slàn dut, 's gach aù' an téid thu.

'S tric mi sealtnuinn o'n chnoc a's airde,
Dh-fheuch am faic mi fear a bhàta :
An tig thu 'n diugh, na'n tig thu maireach ?
'S mar tig thu idir, gur truagh a tà mi.
Fhir a bhata, na horo-eile, &c.

Tha mo chridhe-sa briste, brûite ;
'S tric na deoiribh a ruith o'm shuilean ;
An tig thu nochd, na'm bi mo dhùil riut ?
Na'n dùin mi'n dorus, le osna thùrsaich ?
Fhir a bhata, na horo-eile, &c.

'S tric mi foirdheachd de luchd nam bàta,
Am fac iad thu, na'm beil thu sàbhailt ;
S ann a tha gach aon aca riùm a'g ráite,
Gur góirach mise ma thug mi gràdh dhut.

Fhir a bhata, na horo-eile, &c.

Gheall mo leannan domh gùn dhe 'n t-siota,
Gbeall e sud agus breacan riomhach ;
Fain' òir anns am faicinn lomhaigh ;
Ach 's eagal leam gun dean e dlochuimhn'.
Fhir a bhata, na horo-eile, &c.

Cha 'n eil baile beag 's am bì thu,
Nach tèmh thu greis ann, a cùr do sgios diot ;
Bheir thu làmh air do leabhar riomhach,
A ghabhail dhuanag 's a bhuaireadh nionag.
Fhir a bhata, na horo-eile, &c.

Ged a thuit iad gu'n rohh thu aotrom,
Cha do laghadaich sud mo ghaol ort ;
'Bi'dh tu m' aisling anns an òidhche,
A's anns a mhàdáinn bi'dh mi 'ga t-fhoineachd.
Fhir a bhata, na horo-eile, &c.

Thug mi gaol dut 's cha'n fhaod mi àiceadh ;
Cha ghaol bliadhna, 's cha ghaol ràidhe ;
Ach gaol a thòisich 'nuair bha mi m' phàisde,
'S nach searg a chaoidh, gus an claoih am bàs mi.
Fhir a bhata, na horo-eile, &c.

Tha mo chàirdean gu tric ag innseadh,
Gu'm feum mi t-augas a chuir air diochuimhn' ;
Ach tha 'n comhairle dhomh cho diamhain,
'S bhi pilleadh mara 's i tabhairt lionaidh.
Fhir a bhata, na horo-eile, &c.

Tha mo chriosan air dol an airde,
Cha'n ann bbo fhìdhleir, na bho chlàrsair ;
Ach bho stiùireadair a bhata—
'Smur tig thu dhachaigh, gur truagh mar tha mi.
Fhir a bhata, na horo-eile, &c.

Bi'dh mi tuille gu tùrsach, deurach,
Mar eala bhàn 's i an déis' a reubadh ;
Guileag bàis aic' air lochan feurach,
A's càch uileadh an deighidh tréigsinn.
Fhir a bhata, na horo-eile, &c.

ORAN GAOIL,

DO MHAIGHDIN UASAIL'S AN EILEAN-FHADA.

LUINNEAG.

A Mhairi bhòidheach, 's a Mhairi ghaolach,
A Mhairi bhòidheach, gur mòr mo ghaol ort,
A Mhairi bhòidheach, gur tu a chlaoidh mi,
'S a dh-fhág mi brònach, gun doigh airt-fhaotainn.

MHAIRI bhòidheach gur mor mo ghaol ort,
Gur tric mi cuimhneachadh ort 's mi m'aonar,
Ge do shiubhlainn gach ceum de'n t-saoghal,
Bi'dh t'iomhaigh bhòidheach tigh'n bed gach
A Mhairi bhòidheach, &c. [taobh dhiom.

'S truagh nach rohh mi 's mo Mhàiri bhòidheach,
Ann an gleannan faoin a's ceò air—
'S ged bu righ mi 's an Roinn-Eòrpa,
Chu'n iarrainn pùg ach bho Mhari bhòidheich.

A Mhari bhòidheach, &c.

Ach chitear féidh air sgéith 's na' speuran,
'S chithear iasg air aird nan sléithean,
Chithear sneachda dubh air gheagan,
Mu'm faicear caochadh tig 'n air mo spéis dhut.
A Mhari bhòidheach, &c.

O Mhari! —lughdaich thu mo chiall domh,
Tha mo chrìdh' le do ghaol air lionadh;
Tha gach là dhomh cho fad ri bliadhna,
Mur faic mi t'aodainn a ta mar ghrian domh.

A Mhari bhòidheach, &c.

Do shuilean meallach fo d' mhala bhòidheich,
Do bhilean tana air dhath nan ròsan,
Slios mar chanach an gleannan móintich,
'S do ghruaidh mar chaoran fo séith nam mòr.
A Mhari bhòidheach, &c. [bheann.

Fhir a shiubhas thar thonnan uaibhreach,
A dh'ionnsaidh Innseachan cian nan cuaintean,
Thoir gach siòd, agus ni tha luach-mhor,
Dh'ionnsaidh Mairi a rinn mo bhuaireadh.

A Mhari bhòidheach, &c.

Eoin! a's moiche a théid air sgiathan,
'S a dhireas suas ann an aird na h-iàrmait,
Na bitheadh latha thig fad na bhliadhna,
'S nach seinn sibh ceol d'a mo Mhàiri chiataich.
A Mhari bhòidheach, &c.

Ach cha dean Eala air slios nam mor-thonn,
Cha dean smèdrach am badan bòidheach,
Cha dean gach inneal ciùil ach crònan,
'Nuair a sheinneas mo Mhàiri bhòidheach.

A Mhari bhòidheach, &c.

Ge do bhi mi gu túrsach cianail,
'S mi le cùram air mo lionadh,
Ni do ghuìs-sa tha mar a ghrian domh,
Mo chridhe sunntach 'nuair thig thu m'fhanais.

A Mhari bhòidheach, &c.

Gu mo slàn do mo Mhàiri bhòidheich,
Ge b'e àite 's am bi i còmhnuidh,
'S e mo dhùrachd-sa 'm fad 's a's beò mi,
Gu'm bi gach sòlas aig Mairi bhòidheich.

A Mhari bhòidheach, &c.

Note.—This song was composed by a schoolmaster in North Uist, who fell in love with one of the daughters of a family in which he was tutor; and his attachment to her preyed so heavily on his mind, that he sank under it, and was consigned to a premature grave.

AN NIGHEAN BHUIDH BHAN.

LE DOMHNULL MAC-AONGHAIS

LUINNEAG,

*Mo nighean bhui' bhàn na falbhadh tu leam,
Mo nighean bhui' bhàn na falbhadh tu leam,
Mo nighean bhui' bhàn na falbhadh tu leam,
Gu'n ceannachainn gùin de'n t-shlòda dhut.*

NIGHEAN bhàn th'air cnoc a mhurain,
Dha'n tug mi ino ghaol o'n uiridh,
B'annsa leam na òr na cruinne
'Chuilein tòu hhi' sìnte riùm.

Mo nighean bhui' bhàn, &c.

'S furasd dhomh-sa' ghrugach t-àireamh,
Do chul dualach, cuachach, fàineach,
Gruaidh thàua, dhearg, a's glan déarsadh ;
'S falt mar bharr nan dithean ort.

Mo nighean bhui' bhàn, &c.

Tha thu gu ro bhòidheach taitneach,
Foghaointeach, deas, ann an pearsa,
Cha'n urra' mi chiall 's a thasgaidh,
Trian dheth do thlachd innseadh dhut.

Mo nighean bhui' bhàn, &c.

'S mall do ròsg, 's gur glan do leirsinn,
Suil ghorm, mar dhearcag an t-shléibhe,
Mala chaol a's caoine réidhie,
Cha bu bhreug ach firinn sud.

Mo nighean bhui' bhàn, &c.

Calpa bànn nach iarr an gartan,
'Troigh shocrach nach dochunn faiche,
'S e mheudaich cho mòr mo thlachd dhiot,
Chionns nach faicte mi-ghean ort.

Mo nighean bhui' bhàn, &c.

Beul is binne sheinneas òrain,
Millis, blasda, socair, còrnard,
Gu fonnor, farasd, ro dhoigheil,
Cha bhi sgòd ri' inns' oirre.

Mo nighean bhui' bhàn, &c.

Anna ged' nach eil mi stocail,
Cha'n i'n t-shnàthad mo cheird chosnaidh,
Dheannan aran eorna 's corca
Mar ris an dhroch 'shide dhut.

Mo nighean bhui' bhàn, &c.

Ma ni thu mar a tha thu lahhairt,
'S gu'n cum thu riùm-sa do ghealladh,
So mo làmh gur mi do leannan,
'S nach bi ba-laoch sìnte riùt.

Mo nighean bhui' bhàn, &c.

ORAN GAOIL

LE NIGHEAN FIR NA REILIG.

THIC trí nith gu'n iarraidh,
An t-eagal, an t-iadach, 's an gaol ;
'S gun beag a chùis mhaslaidb,
Ged' ghlacadh leo mis air a h-aon,
'S a liughad bean uasal
A fhuaradh sa' chiont an robli mi,
A thug an gaol fuadainn
Air ro bheagan duaise ga chionn.
Air failirinn, illirin,
Uillirin, othóir laoidh !
'S cruaidh fortan gun fhios,
A chuir nise fo chùding do ghaoil.

Fhir a dhìreas am bealach
Beir soruidh do 'n ghleannan fo thuath ;
A's innis do m' leannan,
Gur maireann mo ghaol 's gur huan,
Fear eile cba ghabh mi
'S cha 'n fhuilig mi idir a luaidh
Gus an dean tuh ghaoil m' aiceadh,
Cha chreid mi bho chàch gur fuatb.
Air failirinn, &c.

Fhir nan gorm shuilean meallach,
O 'n ghleannan de'm bidheadb an smùid,
Ga 'm beil a chaoin mhala,
Mar chanach an t-sléibh' fo dhriùchd :
'Nuair readh* tu air t-uilinn,
Bhiodh full air fear dhìreadh nan stùc,
'S nam bi'dh tu ghaoil mar riùm
Cha b' anaid an céile leam thu.
Air failirinn, &c.

Na faicinni thu tigbinn,
'S fios domh gur tusa bhiodh ann ;
Gu'n eireadh mo chridhe
Mar aiteal na gréin' thar nam beann ;
'S gu'n tugainn mo blriathar,
Gach gaoisdean tha liath na mo cheannu
Gu'm fasadh iad buidhe,
Mar dhithein am bruthaich nan ailt !
Air failirinn, &c.

Cha h' ann air son beartais,
No idir ro phailteas na spréigh ;
Cha b' fhearr do shiol bhodach
Bha m' osnaich cho trom á dhéidh.
Ach mhaic an duin' uasail,
Fhuair buaidh air an dùthach gu léir,
Ge do bhitheamaid falamh,
Tha caraid a chitheadh oirn feum.
Air failirinn, &c.

* Reachadh, poetically rendered.

Mur tig thu féin tuilleadh
Gur aithne dhomh mhalaир a th' ann
Nach eil mi cbe beartach
Ri cailin an achaidh ud thall.
Cba tugainn mo mhisneachd,
Mo għliocas, a's grinnas mo làimh,
Air buaile chrodh ballach
A's cailin gun iùil na'n ceann,
Air failirinn, &c.

Mu chaidh thu orm seachd,
Gur taitneach, neo-thuisleach, mo chliù ;
Cha d' rinn mi riut comun,
'S cha d' laidh mi leat riamh ann an cùil.
Cba 'n arachind aracbd
Do dhuine chuir að air a chrùn ;
On tha mi cho beachdail,
S gu'n smachdaich mi gaol nach fiù.
Air failirinn, &c.

Bu laoghaid mo thàmait,
Na 'm h' airidh ni b' fhearr a bhiodb ann ;
Ach dubh-chairl' a bhuacair,
'Nuair għlacas i buarach na làimh.
Nuair thig an droch earrach
'S a chailllear an ni ann sa' għleann ;
Bitheas is' air an t-shiūlaid
Gun tuille dheth' bunaltas ann.
Air failirinn, &c.

ES-AN DA FREAGAIRT.

S truadh nach rohh mi 's mo leannan,
'S a chrannaig air stiùireadh le gaoith,
Na 'm bùthaig bhig bħarrach,
Aig imeal a ghleannain leino fhìn,
No'n Lochlann an daraicb
R'a taobh na mara fo thuinn,
Gun chuimhni' air a chairlin
A dh' fħaq mi air airidh chruidh-laoidh.
Air failirinn, &c.

DUANAG GHAOIL.

LE BAINTIGHEARN ILLE-CHALUM RASA.

LUINNEAG.

Thainig an gille dubh,
'N raoir na bħaile-so ;
'S trom mo cheum,
On thréig do għealladha mi.

GUR mis' tha gu tinn,
Le goirteas mo cbinn ;
'S ged' reach mi na chill,
Cha phill mo leannan mi.
Thainig an gille, &c.

'S e m' ulaidh 's mo ghràdh,
Fear dubh agus bànn ;
Cba'n innis mi chàch,
Gu bràcb, do ghealladh dhomb.
Thainig an gille, &c.

Gur h-ioma' bean òg,
Le sìoda agus sròl ;
A chunntadh le deoin,
Ma còrò crodh baine dhut.
Thainig an gille, &c.

Gur guirme do shùil,
No 'n dearcag fo 'n drìuchd ;
'S gur finealt do ghnùis,
Na ùr-ros mheaganan.
Thainig an gille, &c.

'N gille dubh caol,
Na laidhe san fhraoch ;
'S a ghunna ri thaobh,
B'e 'n fhaodail fhalaich e.
Thainig an gille, &c.

'S math thig gunna bheoil chaoil,
An deas-lamh mo ghaoil ;
'S cha chlaghaire faoin,
A dh-fhaodadh tarruinn ris.
Thainig an gille, &c.

'S tu marbhach an fhéidh,
'S a cholich air géig,
'S a bhric air an leum,
'S gu'n réibte 'n eala leat.
Thainig an gille, &c.

'S tu sealgair a gheoigh,
'S an lach air an lòn ;
'S nam biodh i na d' chòir,
Gu'n leoint, a mhaigheach leat.
Thainig an gille, &c.

'Nuair lùbadh tu 'n glùn,
'S a chaogadh tu 'n t-sùil ;
Bhiodh eilid nan stùc,
'S a cùl ri talamh leat.
Thainig an gille, &c.

B'u stiùirich' a chuain,
Air bharraighean nan stuadh,
Ri latha fiuch, fuar :—
Mo luaidh do dh' fhearaibh thu.
Thainig an gille, &c.

Ged' bhidheadh a ghaoth,
Ri sgoltadh nan craobh ;
Gu'n cumadh mo ghaol,
A' taobh 's na maranan.
Thainig an gille, &c.

Mo bheannachd ad dhéigh,
Ma dh-fbag tub mi féin ;
Ach guidbeamaid céile,
Beusach, banail, dut.
Thainig an gille, &c.

MO NIGHEAN CHRUINN DONN.

LUINNEAG.

Dh-fhalbh mo nighcan chruinn, donn,
Bhuan do' dh-Iuraidh ;
Dh-fhalbh mo nighean chruinn, donn,
Cneas mar eala nan tonn—
Beul o'm binne thíig fonn,
Leis an deagh iompaidh.

'S TRUAIGH nach robh mi 's mo ghaol
Ann an gleann cùbhraidb ;
'S truagh nach robh mi 's mo ghaol
Ri h-uisg' ann 's ri gaoith ;
'S fo shileadh nan craobh
Bhitheamaid sunntach.
Dh-fhalbh, &c.

Nam biodh agamsa spréidh
Bhitbinn glé chùirteil,
Nam biodh agamsa spréidh
Feadb bheann agus sléibh,
B' ùr a gheibhinn thu féin,
'S cha bu cbéil' ùmaidh.
Dh-fhalbh, &c.

Ged tba thus' an tràth-s'
Ann an Gleann-lùraidh,
Ged tba thus' ann an tàmh,
Tba t-aigne fo phràmh,
Agus mise gun stà,
Le do ghràdh ciùrrte
Dh-fhalbh, &c.

Beir mo shorruidh gun dàil
Bham do dh Iùraidh ;
Beir mo shorruidh le gràdh
Dh-fhios na h-òigh riinn mo chràdh ;
'S 'nuair a chluinn i mar thà,
Bi'dh sì-féin tòrsach.
Dh-fhalbh, &c.

Cha'n eil aice mar chéil'
Ach am fir ùmaidh,
Cha'n eil aice mar chéil',
Ach sean bhodach gun spéis,
'S e mar ghearran bho'n fhéill—
Doirbh, breun, brùdail !
Dh-fhalbh, &c.

AN NIGHEAN DUBH.

A NIGH'N dubh nan gruaidean craobhach,
Bha uair gu'm bu bheag a shaolin, Gu'n caidinn an òidhch' as t-aonais,
Chaidh sid aog a's chaochail e cruth.
Tha thu suarach umam an diugh,
Ge d' bha uair bu toigh leat mo guth;
Tha thu suarach umam an diugh.

'Nuair a bha sinn anns na gleannain,
Cuallach a chruidh-laoigh mu'n mhainnir,
Shaoil mi fhìn nach robh air thalamh
Fear a mhealladh beau a chinn duibh.
Tha thu suarach, &c.

A thé sinn a th' aig na gamhnain,
Bha mi uair is bu mliòr mo gheall ort ;
'Sgil' thu na sneachd' air na beanutan,
Ann san àm am bìte 'ga chur.
Tha thu suarach, &c.

'Nuair a thogadh tu gùth t-òrain,
Bu bhinn' thu na chuach 's an 'smeòrach,
'Nuair a sheinneadh iad mar chòmhla,
Madainn cheò air bharrach au stuib.
Tha thu suarach, &c.

Tha do chneas cho gheal 's an faolag,
Do dha ghruidh cho dearg 's na caoran ;
Suilean meallach, gorm, na t-aodain,
Mala chaol, mar ite 'n loin-duibh.
Tha thu suarach, &c.

Tha mi lag, ged' bha mi laidir,
Tha mi sgith gu siubhal fhàsach ;
'S gur e thug mo chridhe mhàin,
Ro mhiad a gràidh a bhàirig mi dhut.
Tha thu suarach, &c.

Tha thu bòidheach, tha thu loinneil,
'S duilich leam gu'm beil thu foilleil ;
'S binne thu na guth choilich-choille,
Annus an doire 'n goireadh e moch.
Tha thu suarach, &c.

Is tric a bha snill air sean each,
Agus prùisean ann an glainne,
Amhuil siu as gaol mo leannain,
Mar chop geal air bharraibh nau sruth.
Tha mi suarach unad an diugh,
Ge d' bha uair bu toigh leam do gùth,
Tha mi suarach umad an diugh.

OCHOIN! MO CHAILIN.

Gu 'n dh'eirich mi moch, air madainn an dé,
'S ghearr mi'n ear-thalmhainn, do bhri mo sgéil ;
An duil gu'm facinn-sa rùin mo chélibh ;
Ochòin! gu'm facas, 's a cùl riùm fein.

Ochòin! mo chailin, 's mo shùl a d' dhéigh,
Ochòin! mo chailin, 's mo shùl a d' dhéigh ;
Mo Lili, mo Lili, 's mo shùl a d' dhéigh :
Cha leur dhomh am bealach, le sileadh nan deur.

Na 'm bidheadh sud agam, mo lùgh 's mo leum,
Mi 'm shuidh air a bhealach, 's mo chù air éill ;
Gu'n deanainn-sa-cògadh, gu laidir, treun,
Mu 'n leiginn mo leannan le fear tha fo'n gréin.
Ochoin! mo chailin. &c.

'S am orm-sa tha mulad sa'm fiabhras mòr,
On chualas gun deach' thu le Brian a dh-òl :
Mo chomunn cha dean mi ri mnaoi san fheoil,
O rinn thu mo thréigsinn, 's mi fein a bhi bed.
Ochoin! mo chailin, &c.

O ! cha 'n eil uiseag, no faoilinn bhàn,
Am barr a chaisteil 's an robh mi 's mo gràdh ;
Nach eil ri tuireadh, a dh-òidhche 's do là,
On' chual'iad gu'n ghlacadh mo chailin air làimh.
Ochoin! mo chailin, &c.

Note.—This song is said to have been composed by an Irish student, who had taken a fancy for a Highland girl when attending the classes in the University of Glasgow. "Brian," mentioned in this piece, was another Irish student, and a rival of our Hibernian poet.

THA MO CHADAL LUAIN EACH.

THA mo chadal luaineach,
'S an uair so cha 'n fhaigh mi tàmh ;
Cuimhneachadh an uasail,
A ghluais air madainn di-màirt.
Oigeair a chuil dualaich,
'S nan cuachagan troma, tlà ;
Ged bhiodh agam buaire,
'S tu dh' fhuasglainn 's cha 'n fhear de chàch.

M' ullaigh agus m' eudail,
Bu réidh leam sealladh do shùl ;
Mar aiteal na gréine,
'S i'g eiridh moch madainn dhriùchd.
Do bheul tana glé dhearg,
Fo 'n eudann 's guirmé suil ;
'S ged bhiodh tu ad leine
B' e m' éibhneas de dh-fhearaibh thu.

M' aighhear a 's mo rùin thu,
 'S e cuirean na féile bh' ann ;
 Cás dhireadh uan stùc-bheann,
 Ceum lùghar air feagh nan gleann.
 A mhiad sa thug mi dhiù dhut,
 Gu'n dh' fhàg e mo shuilean dall ;
 'S gu'n deanaui leat lùbadh
 Ged dhìultainn tri mìle Gall.

On thana' mi 'n tìr so,
 Air m' innitinn gun laidh trom sproc ;
 Cuimhneachadh na dh' fhàg mi,
 Cha tàmh dhomh 'm baile no port.
 Oigear a chul-sliomhain,
 Beul siomholt uach labhair lochd ;
 Ged bhidhinn fo mhi-ghean
 Gu'n innseinn dhut e le 'm thoil.

'S coma leam 'n seann duinc,
 Laidheas gu teann ris an stoc ;
 Fad na h-òidhche geomraidi,
 Cha tuinndaidh 's gu'm bi na thosd.
 Laidhidih e gu dìblidih,
 Na shineadh air bharr nan sop,
 Gu'n tarruinn e t-sraontaich,
 'S gun tiunndaidh e cul a nöig.

C' arson nach labhrainn caoin riut
 A ghaoil, cha cheilinn sid ort ?
 Seann-duine cha taobh mi,
 Ged dh' fhaodadh cha'n eireadh moch.
 Ged' robh aige caoich,
 'S an saoghal a bhi gu thoil ;
 'Nuair labhradh e pràmhail
 Bu chraiteach, mo chridhe 'm chor.

M' uilidh, 's mo ghràdh, thu,
 Gur ràidhe gach bìdhch' ad dhéigh ;
 Lamli stiùireadh a bhàta,
 Ga sàbhalach as gach beud.
 Poitear san taigh-thàbhairn tbu,
 A phaidheadh a measg nan ceud,
 Giomhanach nan ard-bheann,
 'S cha shlàn a biodh mac an fhéidh.

*Note.—*This song has been sung and admired in Scotland time immemorial, and no tradition now remains of its authorship. The air is of great beauty, and as we have heard a lady, a native of Ireland, sing an Irish song to the same tune, we cannot say whether it belongs to us or to the sister kingdom. Here is the first stanza of the Irish, according to the Scottish orthography :—

"Madainn's mi gu h-uaigneach,
 Air bruach-locht an Iúis-fail ;
 A falbh air feadh a chruaich,
 Gu h-uallach 's mo ghunur am laimh.
 S ana a shear' mi straice,
 Na gruaig finne' mhluinneil bhain,
 Agus dorlaich bain' aic,
 De'n luachair bu ghlaaise dh-fhas."

NIGHEAN DONN NA BUAILE.

A NIGHEAN donn na buaile,
 Ga'm beil an glasad farasda ;
 Gu'n tug mi gaol cho buan dut,
 'S nach gluais e air an earrach so.
 Mheall thu mi le d' shùigradh,
 Le d' blriodal a's le d' chiùine ;
 A's lùb thu mi mar fhiùran,
 'S cha dùtbhas domh bhi fallain bhnat.

Do chùl donn dait' an òrdugh,
 Gu bachlach, bòidheach, camagach,
 T' agaighd fhlathail, chòmhnhard,
 Mar ite 'n eoin do mhalaichean,
 Dà shuil chorrrach, mhiogach,
 Rosg glan a' cumhail dionn orr' ;
 Do ghuaidhean meachair, mìne,
 'S do phòg mar fhiogois mheanganan.

Mar reuill a measg an t-sluaign thu,
 Nam glasad a chum tionalaidh ;
 Cha tugadh *Bhéabus* buaidh ort,
 'S ard thug do shnuadh-sa barrachd oirr'
 Chit' am fion a' dealaradh,
 Aun am dol sios tre d' bhragad ;
 Gur math thig sioda 'n càradh,
 Ma mhuinneal bàu na h-ainnire.

Do sheang chor, fallain, sunnatach,
 Nach do chiùrr an an-shocair,
 'Nuair reachadh tu air ùrlar,
 Bu lùghar auns na caraibh tbu ;
 Le d' calpannair deas, bòidheach,
 Cruinn, cumadail, neo-lòldail ;
 Troigh chruinn ann am broigh chòmhnaid,
 Nach toir air feòirnean carachadh.

Do bbeul o'm binn' thig òrain,
 Ceol agus ceileirean,
 Gur binic leam do chòmhchradh,
 Na smèdrach air na meanganan.
 O' u chuir mi 'n tùs ort elas,
 Gu'n tug mi gaol cho mòr dhut,
 'S mar faigh mi thu ri d' phòsadh,
 Gu' n cuir do bhròn fo'n talamh mi.

Na 'm b' e 's gu'm biodh tu deònach,
 'S gu'm pòsamaid an ath-ghoirid,
 Cha 'n iarrainn leat de stòras,
 Ach còmhdaich na banaraich.
 Ge b' leamsa 'n Ròinn Èòrpa,
 'S America le mòr shluagh,
 Na 'm faighinn dhomh fhìn còir ort,
 Bu leat gach stòr 's gach fearann diù.

A ghaoil na creid droch sgeul orm,
 Ge'd robb luchd-bhreug a labhairt riut;
 Tha m' inntiunn-se cho réidh dhut,
 'S nach bi aon seud an an-fhios dut.
 Ge d' their iad riut le bòilich,
 Gur beag leo mo chuid stòras; ;
 A chaoidh cha churam lòn dut,
 'S an rìgh cuir seòl air aran duinn.

Note.—The author of this favourite song was the Rev. Duncan Macfarlane, at one time chaplain to a Highland regiment, and lately minister of the Gaelic chapel, Perth.

AN CAILIN DILEAS DONN.

Gur ma slàn a chì mi,
 Mo chainlin dileas donn;
 Bean a' chualain réidh,
 Air an deise dh-eireadh fonn;
 'S i cainnt do bheoil bu bhium leam,
 'N uair a bhiodh m' inntiunn trom,
 'S tu thogadh suas mo chri'
 'Nuair a bhi'dh tu bruidhinn rium.
 Gur muladach a tà mi,
 'S mi nochd air aird a chuain,
 'S neo shumutach mo chadal domh,
 'S do chaidridh fada bhuaum;
 Gur trié mi ort a smaointeach;
 As t-aogaistha mi truagh;
 'S mar a dean mi t-fhaotainn
 Cha bhi mo shaoghail buan!

Suili corrach mar an dearcag
 Fo' rosg a dh-iathas dlù;
 Gruaidhean mar na caoran,
 Fo' n aodann tha leam ciùin—
 Mar d' aithris iad na bhreagan,
 Gu'n tug mi féin dut rùin;
 'S gur bliadhna leam gach là'
 Bho'n uair a dh-fhàg mi thu.

Theireadh iad mas d' fhalbh mi bh'uat,
 Gu' bu shearbh leam dhol ad chòir;
 Gu do chuir mi cùl riut,
 'S gu'n dhiliut mi dhut mo phòg.
 Na cùireadh sid ort cùram,
 A rùin,—nà creid an sgleò;—
 Tha t-anail leam ni's cùraidh,
 Na'n drùichd air bharr an fheoir.

Tacan mu'n do sheol sinn,
 'S ann a thoisich càch
 Rì innseadh do mo chruinneig-sa,
 Nach pillinn-sa gu bràth.

Na cùireadh sid ort gruaimean
 A luaidh; ma bhios mi slàn;
 Cha chum dad idir bhuat mi,
 Ach saighead chruaidh a bhàis.

Tha morau de luchd aimligr,
 'S a sheannachais an droch sgeòil,
 An chridheacha mar phuiscean,
 Cha chuimhlich iad air chòir;
 Ach na creid an sgeula;
 Ma gheibh a' chléir oirn còir,
 'S ma dh' fhanas sinn bho chéile,
 'S i'n éigin a bheir oirn*.

Tha 'n snaim a nise ceangailte,
 Gu daigheann agus teamm;
 'S e their luchd na fanoid rium
 Nach 'eil mo phròthaid ann:—
 'M fear aig am beil fortan,
 Tha crois aige na cheann,
 'S tha mise taingeil, toilichtc,
 Ge d' tha mo sporan gann.

Note.—This song is the composition of Hector M'Kenzie, a sailor belonging to Ullapool, Lochbroom. M'Kenzie is still alive—verging upon ninety years of age, and resides either in Glasgow or in Liverpool. He composed several *Duanags* of considerable merit. The air of this song is excellent and original; the composition, though good, is not so happy. A bad version of it appeared in Turner's Collection with a spurious verse beginning:—

"Tha Caimbeulach mar chairdeas,
 Ga t-ardachadh le strith."

M O R A G.

'S i luaidh mo chagair Mòrag,
 Mo ghaol sa mhadainn Mòrag,
 Gu'm b'ait leam agam Mòrag,
 Gur tairneach leam a còmhراidh.

'S tu Mòdrag rinn mo bhuaireadh,
 O chunna' mi di-luan thu,
 Tha m'aigne leat a gluasad,
 'S cha tìmh e mar bi buaidh leis,
 Mur geill thu bi'dh mi truagh dheth.
 'S i luaidh mo chagair, &c.

Do shaigidean rinn mo leònadh,
 'S iad chuir mi uil' as ordugh,
 Cha bhi mi tuille 'n sòlas,
 Mur fàiltich thu le pìog mi,
 'S do lamh a gealladh còir ort.
 'S i luaidh mo chagair, &c.

'S tu 'u reull a' measg nan òg-bhan,
 Do mhaise lianu le bròn mi,

Do ghuaidh dh-fhàg fann na ròsan,
Do dheud dh-fhàg glas na neòinein,
Cha leir dhomh sàmlil' do bhòichead.

'S i luaidh mo chagair, &c.

Ge h-ioma tè a chi mi,
Cha téid iad uile 'n pris riut,
'S tu *Bhenus* measg nam mìltean,
'S e t-eugas thug mo chì bhuan,
S a dh-fhàg an diugh gun lì mi.
'S i luaidh mo chagair, &c.

'Nuair bbitheas mi ann a m'aonar,
Nam chadal na mo slièmar,
Thig t-iomaghagh làn de bhòichead,
An sinn duisgìdh mi le sòlas,
An duil gu'm beil sinn còmhla.
'S i luaidh mo chagair, &c.

Gur tric mi air mo ghluasad,
'N àm cuimhneach air na h-uairean,
An robh mi, a's tu cluaineas,
'S a ruith le cùeman luatha,
'S nach pill iad tuille nuadh dhomh.
'S i luaidh mo chagair, &c.

Chuala tu mar tha mi,
Gu'm bheil mo chridhe 'u gràdh dhut;
Nis cuimhnich air do nàdur,
A's tionndaidh ann am blàs rium,
'S na fag a chaoidh am thrailt mi.
'S i luaidh mo chagair, &c.

Note.—This deservedly popular air became known in the capital of Scotland only fifty or sixty years ago. "The young Highland Rover" and another song, both by Burns, are the only English words hitherto adapted to it.—*M'Pherson's Melodies from the Gaélic.*

AN GILLE DUBH CIAR-DHUBH.

CHA dirich mi brughach,
'S cha shiubhail mi mòinteach,
Dh-fhalbh mo ghuth cinn,
'S cha sheil mi òran.
Cha chaidil mi uair,
O luan gu dòmlinach,
'S an gille dubh ciar-dhubh;
Tighinn fo m' uidh.

'S truagh nach robh mise,
'S an gille dubh ciar-dhubh;
An aodainn na beinne
Fo shileadh nan siantan;
An lagan beag fàsaich,
Nan àitigin diamhair,
'S cha ghabh mi fear liath
'S e tiginn fo m' uidh.

Dh-òlainn deoch-saint,
A ghille dhuibh chiar-dhuibh
Do dh-uisge nan lòn,
Cho deònach 's ge b' fhion e,
Ged tha mi gun òr,
Tha ni 's leor tigh'n' d'am iarrайдh,
'S cha ghabh mi fear liath
'S e tighinn fo m' uidh.

Mo ghille dubh bòidheach,
Ge gòrach le càch thu;
Dheanauin do phòsadb,
Gun deoin da mo chàirdean;
Shiubhlainn leat fada,
Feadh lagan a's fàsach,
'S cha ghabh mi fear liath
'S tu tighinn fo m' uidh.

Mo ghille dhubb laghach,
'S neo-raghainn leam t-fhàgail,
Na 'm faicinn an cuideachd thu,
Thaghainn ro chàch thu;
Ged' fhaicinn cùig mìl',
Air chinnt gur tu b' feareann leam,
Cha ghabhainn fear liath
'S tu tighinn fo m' uidh.

'S luaineach mo chadal,
Bho mhadainn di-ciadain,
'S bruaileananach m' aignealidh,
Mur furtacb thu chiall mi.
'S mi raoir air dhrach leabaidh,
Cha'n fhada gu liath mi,
'S an gille dubh ciar-dhubh,
Tighinn fo m' uidh.

Note.—This fine little song is attributed to a Highland Sarpho of the thirteenth century. Burns became so enamoured of it on hearing it sung by a lady, during his peregrination to the mountains, that he immediately wrote verses to the air, and it then became known for the first time to the English reader. To the same poet's taste we are indebted for the beauties of *simple melody*, and to the same lady's singing we owe the "Banks of the Devon," from "Banarach dhonn a chruidh," p. 127.—See *Burns's Letters*.

CRUINNEAG A CHRUIDH.

THA mulad mòr ga m' shàrach
Nach faigh mi dol do 'n àiridh,
'S cha'u faoidh mi bhi ga ràite,
Air eagal càch ga leughadh.

Mo chailin grinn, meal-shuileach, dubh,
'S toigh leam flìn cruinneag a chruidh,
'Chailin ghrinn, mheal-shuileach,
Air m' fhalluinn thug mi spéis dhut

Cha'n e nach bu mhiannach leam,
 Gach òidhche laidhe sinne riut,
 Ach m' innenn a bhi 'g innseadh dhomh,
 Nach striochdadh tu's an éa-cóir.

Mo chailin grinn, &c.

Tba nise bliadh'n a's còrr,
 O'n a dhùirigin do phòsadh,
 'S tha'n gaol a thug mi òg dhut
 An diugh cbeo'b'd 's an ceud là.
Mo chailin grinn, &c.

Na'm biadh mo chruinneag deònach,
 Cha cbumadh Cléir no stòl mi,
 Ach dh-fhalbhainn leat m' èdles,
 A phòsadh do Dhun-éideann.
Mo chailin grinn, &c.

Thug mi gaol ro òg dhut,
 Nach tréig mi fhad's is beò mi,
 An dùil ri t-fhaighinn pòsda,
 Le toil a's déoin na Cléire.
Mo chailin grinn, &c.

Tha gruaimean air mo chàirdean,
 Gu'tug mi gaol thar chàch dhut,
 Ach cuim'an deanann t-àicheadh
 'S gu'n tug tbu gràdh d'a réir sud ?
Mo chailin grinn, &c.

Dh-innsinn duibh a h-aogas,—
 A gruaidh cho dearg ri caoran,
 'S a dà sbùil mheallacb, chaogacb,
 Fo mhìala chaol na h-euchdaig.
Mo chailin ghrinn, &c.

A bràighe dealrach riomhach,
 Mu'n àillte thig an sioda,
 'S a broilleach corrach chlochan—
 A s gile 'fhamh na'n éiteag.
Mo chailin ghrinn, &c.

Do phòg air bhlas na'm figis,
 O'n bheul dh-fhas meachair, siomholt ;
 'S e mheud sa fhuair mi d' bhriodal,
 A ghoid an cridh' a'm' chreubhaig.
Mo chailin ghrinn, &c.

Cha'n e mòid do phòrsain,
 A dh-fhàg mo chion cho mòr ort ;
 Na'm faghinn thu ri phòsadh,
 Cha stòr a bha mo dhéidh air.
Mo chailin grinn, meal-shuileach, dhubbh,
'S toigh leam fhìn cruinneag a chruiddh,
'Charlinn ghrinn meal-shuileich,
Air m' fhalluinn thug mi spéis dhut.

FEAR AN LEADAIN THLAITH.

LUINNEAG.

Fhir an leadain thlaith,
Dh-fhàg thu mi fo bhrdn
Tha mi trom an dràsd,
'S e sin fà mo dheoir !

FHIR chuil dualaich, chleachdaich,
 'S bòiche fiambh ri fhaicinn,
 Tha do ghaol an tasgaidh
 N seòmar glaist' na m' fheòil.
Fhir an leadain, &c.

Tha do ghrúaidh mar shuthain,
 An garaidh nan ubhall,
 Binne leam no chuthag,
 Uirighill do bheoil.
Fhir an leadain, &c.

An toiseach a Gheamhraidh,
 'S ann a ghabh mi geall ort
 Shaoil leam gu'm bu leam thu,
 'S cha do theann thu'm chòir.
Fhir an leadain, &c.

Fhir an leadainn laghaich,
 'S tu mo rùin 's mo raghain,
 'Na'n squireadh tu thaghal
 'S an taigh am bi'n t-òl.
Fhir an leadain, &c.

Fhir an leadain chraobhaich,
 'S òg a rinn thu m' aomadh,
 Thug thu mi bhò 'm dhaoine,
 Fhuair mo shaothair òg.
Fhir an leadain, &c.

An gair' a rinn mi'n uiridh,
 Chuir mo cheam an truimead,
 'S mis a tha gu duilich,
 'S muladach mo cheòl.
Fhir an leadain, &c.

FAILTE DHUT A'S SLAINTE LEAT.

LUINNEAG.

Fàilte dhut a's slainte leat,
Fàilte chuirinn a's do dhèigh :
Fàilte dhut a's slainte leat,
Fàilte chuirinn a's do dhèigh.

Sr mo rùn an Gàël laghach,
 'S tu a thaghainn 's cha be'n Gall ;
 Ort a thig na h-airm gu sgibidh,
 Os ceann adhairc-chrios nam ball.

Failte dhut, &c.

'S tu sealgair a's dirich amhare,
 'S geal an aingeal th' ann ad ghleus;
 'S trio do luaidhe għlas na siuhħal,
 'S i gu fuitteach, guineach, geur.
Failte dhut, &c.

Bu tu nāmh a chappuill-choille,
 'S a bhuic an doire nan stūc;
 Marbhach bħriż ris a choinneil,
 'S a choilich anns a choille dħlu.
Failte dhut, &c.

'S math thig sid air do għiġlan
 Flasg anus am bi fūdar gorm,
 'S aireach leam nach d' riñn mi cùis riut,
 Ged a bhiodha t-àmhlabd orm!
Failte dhut, &c.

Leat cha 'n iarrainn sebmar cadail,
 No clāraidh leap 'bhi ri m' thaobh;
 B' annsa bhi le m' għao l'se m aigħear,
 'N àros nan aigħean 'nan laqoh.
Failte dhut, &c.

Ma chaidh tu timicheall air an rugħa,
 Bi'dh mi duhhach as do dhejha;
 'S għu an elu mi thu 'bhi tighiñn,
 Gu'n robb għad slighe dhut réidh.
Failte dhut, &c.

HI-RI-RI 'S HO RA-ILL-O.

LUINNEAG.

*Hi-ri-ri 's ho ra-ill-o,
 Raill o ho, raill o,
 Hi-ri-ri 's ho ra-ill o,
 Mo nigħeñ donn is bōidħċe.*

On tha mi fo mhulad air m'aineol,
 Anns an tħixx faic mi cairid,
 Ruigidh mi nise mo leannan,
 Gus am faigħ mi cōr ħiġi,
Hi-ri ri, &c.

Bha' mi òg a measg nan Gall,
 'S thug mi greis air feagh nam beann,
 'S ge lion'or té on d'ħuwar mi cainnt,
 'S ann tha mi 'n geall air Mħoraig.
Hi-ri-ri, &c.

Còmhdach cinn is àlta snuadh,
 S e'n ordudh nan ioma' dual,
 Gus an cuir iad mi 's an uaigh,
 Cha toir mi fuath do Mħoraig.
Hi-ri-ri, &c.

Na b-orain mħilis thig id bheul,
 'S annsa' leam na ceol nan teud,
 'S binne na smeibrach air għejg,
 Na fuinni thig réidh bbo Mħoraig.
Hi-ri-ri, &c.

'S cluċċat, siomhalta, do bheus,
 Aigne ciuìn, 's e socrach, réidb
 Gu seirċid, suairce, soitbeamb, gléiste,
 Gnūijs na féile Mħoraig!
Hi-ri-ri, &c.

B' annsa leam na dr na spainte,
 Do għnūihs fhaicinn le fiamm għaire,
 'S e sid a dħ-fħaq bruite m'airuean,
 Miad mo għraidiż do Mħoraig.
Hi-ri-ri, &c.

'Nuair lionti 'n deoħ a hhiodha blath,
 Ma fheasgar 's na cupaini hħin',
 Ged dħuisgear sgainneal le cieħx,
 Cha chluuñnar cànran Mħoraig.
Hi-ri-ri, &c.

'N uair chuirt an fħiodhal air ghleus,
 Gu damħas air an 'urlar réidh,
 Bu dlu mo bheachd air għach té,
 'S mo chridhe leum gu Mħoraig.
Hi-ri-ri, &c.

Na glacadha tu nise mo läimh,
 Gu'n leiginn mulad ma lär,
 Għabbainn ḥoran, a's dħeanainn dàn,
 'S mo lāmha gu'n tugħiġi pōġi dhut.
Hi-ri-ri, &c.

Note.—There are various sets of this popular song, we cannot, indeed, say how many. Of these we think this is the best, and we are told it is the original. It was written by the Rev. Charles Stewart, D.D., late minister of Strathchur.

ORAN CUMHAIDH,

DO-DH EACHUNN RUADH NAN CATH
 A MHARBHADH LATHA INBHIR-CHEITEAN.

GUR h-oil leam an sgeul sin,
 A dħ-éisd mi di-dōmħna,
 Gun bbi tuille d'sheanchas,
 A ch an fħoill a' riun Hħoburn;
 Dh-fħaq iad deagħ Mħac-Illean
 A cur a chatha na ònar,
 'S theiħi iad fén troi chéile
 Gun fhear-éilidh an òrdugh.
Fa'il-an hū-ill-an, hi-ill-an ð rð;
Fa'il-an hū-ill-an, hi-ill-an ð ro;
Fa'il-an hū-ill-an, hi-ill-an o ro;
Fa'il-an ó hō : och nan och ! mar a tħi sinn !

Bu mhor bha dh-uireasbhui' làmb ort,
 Ged thug àrdan ort fuireach,
 Ach tuille 's an t-ana-bharr
 Theachd a nall air an luingis ;
 'S mis a chuireadadh an geall
 Mur biodh ann ach na h-urrad,
 Nach bualadh iad baing ort
 Ann sa chàmpa le sulas.
Fail il-an, &c.

Chuir thu ghrábhaithe chruadhach
 Air gruag nan ciabh amlach,
 Lanu than' air do chruachan—
 'S i na cruaidh chum a barra-dheis ;
 Sgiath dhaingean nan cruai-shnaim,
 Agus dual nam breac-meanmnach,
 Agus paidhearr mhath *Phiosthal*
 Air chrios nam ball airgeid.
Fail il-an, &c.

Cha bu shlacen aig òinid
 Culaidh chòmhraig a ghaisgich,
 Dol' an coinneamh do ànmhaid
 Cha chrith-mhàutain so ghlaic thu ;
 'Nuair a bhaili thu beum-sgéithe,
 Dh' iarr thu céile *chombat* riut,
 S nuair a thug thu na'n còdhail
 Theich Hòburn 's a mharc-shluagh.
Fail il-an, &c.

'S ann a thug thu do dhualchas
 O'n fhear a bhuaileadh an Gruinneart,*
 Cha robb iomairt gun fluathas,
 'S cha robb buannachd gun chunnart ;
 Chluinnte torunn na lámhaich
 Agus tairneanach ghuanna,
 Ri deas-laimh mo ghràidh-sè
 'Cuir nan Spainteach gu'm falang.
Fail il-an, &c.

'Nuair a thogta leat *leibhi*,
 'S a dh'eighe fear air a mhàrg leat,
 'Mhuire ! 's ioma bear baile
 Dh-fhàg sud tamull na banntraich,
 Agus leanamh beag ciche
 Na dhillieachdau anfhannd,
 Ach ge duillich do mhuiuntir
 Cha'n anu ump' tha ar dearmad.
Fail il-an, &c.

Gur h-iomadh laoch dòrn-gheal
 Chaideh an òrdugh mu d' bhrataich,
 Agus òganach sgiamhach
 Bha ga riasladb fo eachaibb,
 Agus spailp do fhear-taighe
 Nach tugadh atha d'a phearsa,

* Lachunn Mòr, Chief of Maclean, Lord of Duart and Morven, killed at Grunneard in Isla, 5th August, 1598.

A' bheireadh claidheamb a' duille
 Bhiodh cho guineach ri ealtuinn.
Fail il-an, &c.

'Nuair a thogamaid feachdan,
 A rì ! bu ghasd ar ceann-armailt ;
 Ga b'e thigeadh air t-eachdraidh,
 Ghabh lad tlachd dhiot air Ghalltachd ;
 Bu tu caraid a Mharcuis
 A bha 'n Sasunn gun cheann air,
 Agus co-aimm an Eachuinn
 Leis 'n do ghlacadh an càbhlaich.
Fail il-an, &c.

S fad' o dh-imich am fear ud,
 'S cha 'ann da ghearan a tha sinn ;
 Ach mar dh-fhàgadh gun sealadh
 Suil mheallach an àrmuinn ;
 Ach gu math au t-aon Dia dhuinn
 Gu'r h-e iargain a chràidh sinn,—
 Gun robb aoidh fir an domhain
 Ann na cho-sheis' a' fàs riut !
Fail il-an, &c.

Ga b'e thug dhut cion-falaich,
 Na thog do ealantan litrich,
 Ge bi nighean Mhic-Chailein
 Bu diol maraiste dh' is' thu ;
 Gur maирg i thug gaol dut
 Ma chaochlas i 'nis e,
 'S nach faid i air talamh
 Do mhac-samhail am misnich.
Fail il-an, &c.

M'a dheireadh an t-Samhraidh
 Cha robb meamna do sgeul oirn,
 'S beag an t-ioghna do rantachd
 Bhi fo chàmpar as t-eugais ;
 Agus muinntir do dhùthcha
 'Bhi fo chùram mu d' dhéibhinn,
 Gun robb 'n t-aobhar ud aca
 Ga ruig an Leas agus Treufag !
Fail il-an, &c.

Tha iunnstrachinn bhuainne,
 'S cha bu shuarach an call e ;
 Gu'm bu mhòr an luach-taisgeil
 Ma tha 'n t-ath-sgeal a dearbhadh ;
 'So bheireadh daoin' uaisle
 As an uachdran ainmeil,
 'S as ar tighearna smachdail
 'S cha bu lapach an ceannard.
Fail il-an, &c.

C'ait an robb e air thalamh
 Boinne fala a b' àilli,
 Na t-eighre-sa 'Dhubhairt,
 Lochabuidh agus Arois ?

Gu'r iomad bean uasal
 A bha gruag air dhroch càradh,
 Ged nach dh-fhuair iad de sgeula
 Ach gu'n chreuchadhach 'sa hhlàr thu.
Fail il-an, &c.

Tha do phàire air a dùnadh—
 Ionad lùchraig nan Gàel;
 Gur deacair sud iunseadh
 Aig ro dhillsid do phàirtidh ;
 Tha chraooh a b'fhearr àbhlan
 Air a rùsgadh an dràst diu ;
 Och ! a Mhuire mo dhiùhhail
 Chaidh am flùr thar a ghàraidh !
Fail il-an, &c.

Note.—This beautiful elegy was composed on the death of Sir Hector Roy Maclean, second baronet of Duart and Morven, who was killed in the battle of Inverkeithing, 28th July, 1651. The author of the poem is unknown.

O R A N

DO SHIR EACHUNN MAC 'ILLEAN DHUBHAIRT.*
 LE IAIN MAC-ILLEAN.

Dh' fhalbh air thuras fir Alb' uile,
 'S na dh-fhàg Lunnaidh dùmhail,
 'S e fà ar mulaid ceannard Mhùile,
 Gu'm b'e a chulaidh ionndrain,
 Chunnacas uair thu, linn Raoin-Ruairidh,
 Cha tuga luchd-fuatha pùic dhioit,
 'S bu treun do gheard gu dol do'n hhlàr,
 Ged dh-fhalbh thu 'n dràsd le aon-fhear !

 'S an Dreòllainn tha air iomadh fà,
 Fir a's mnài fo chùram,
 Mu'n ti a chaidh do Shasunn bhuan :
 Ga 'm beil an uaisle ghiùlain,
 Tha sinn nu dheigh mar ian air gèig,
 Air chridh' am péin ga chiùradh,
 Cha'n nochdar leinn aon gair air beul,
 Mur faigh sinn seugl ni's ùire.

 'Nuair chaidh thu d' bliàta moch di-màirt,
 Gu fhalbh hharr clàr do dhùthcha,
 Gur truagh a bha gach tonn air tràigh,
 Le coltas cràidh a's tòrsa,
 Chaidh gaoth air ghleus gu grad gu t-fheum,
 Gu h-ealamh, gleusda, sùrdail,
 Gun feum air neart nan laoch bu leat,
 Ach aon-fhear pròp ga stiùireadh.

 Bu truagh' nad dhéigh bha gruaim nan speur,
 Gun an teas 'sa ghréin bu dù dh'i !
 Gun Samhradh féin na chùrsa béis,
 Ach mar aimsir gheur na dùlach !

* This song was composed on Sir Hector McLean, fifth baronet, when he went to France in 1721. He died at Rome, July, 1750.

Gun mheas air crann, gun fheur ach gann,
 Gun chuthag ann, no smùdan,
 Gun sealg nam beann ri fhaotainn ann,
 'S gun damh sa' gheann 'ni bùireadh !

Bha coille 's machair caomh ri Eachunn,
 Thaoibh gu'm bu ghasd am flùr e,
 Mar ùmhlaichd dhò fo bhonn a bhròg,
 Bha feur nam fòd a' lùbadh,
 Na fhianais féin e grad a'g' éiridh,
 Suas gu h-eutrom, drièreachdach,
 'S h'e harail gheur gach neach da'm leir,
 Gu'r fàlbh 'n ad dheigh bu rùn dà !

Cha dù do 'n bhaunrinn air aon aohhar,
 'Bhi na nàmhaid dhuinne,
 Gun seanachas dhaoine riachan ri fhaotainn,
 Gur dream a dh-aom o'n' chrùn sinn,
 Gun aon aobhar—dha ri fhaotainn,
 Aig luchd-gaoil no dùmba—
 Air falbh le aighear do'n Fhraing air bhaideal,
 B'e sud an aithis shùl-ghorm.

'S mor an luidheachd thug thu hhuat,
 Air son na fhuair thu chùirt air,
 Cinneadh greadhnach, feachdail, meadhreach,
 Fearann saor, a's dùthach,
 An t-anam féin bha staigh a'd chré,
 Chaidh sin na cheudan cùntart,
 Do shliochd fo fhuath 's am leat bu chruaidh,
 'S nach robb e'n dual no 'n dù dhut.

An talla chomhnuidh 'n robb a sheòrsa,
 Riamh gu céilmhor, mùirneach,
 An earradh broin cha'n aoibhneas dò,
 Fo fhuaim nan stòp aig dù-Ghaill ;
 'Nuair leis gu m' chaisealteal ùr e,
 Bha clach chinn-snait' air caochladh dreach,
 Cho geal ri sneachd ri aon-uair.*

Tha 'n tì rinn ceann dibl air an ranns,
 Gu tric fo ainneart spùilidh :—
 'Nuair chi e'u t-am ga' cuir a nall,
 Gun bheud, gun chall, gun chunnard,
 Bi'dh sibh air sùgh, air cuirm, 's air céil ;
 Air blaths gu leoir, 's air sùgradh,
 'S gheibh sibh gu ceart bhur còir air ais,
 'S dion a dh' aindeoin cuise.

'Na'n ahradh neach nach eil so ceart,
 Cha'n iarrain dad bu mhò dha,
 No teachd fo chall mar tha sinn ann,
 Gun righ, gun cheann, gun dùthach,
 Ach chi mi 'ghnà gur fior an ràit,
 'S sur bristeadh àithn' bho thùs e :—
 'Gu'r beag mar chràdh le fear tha slàn,
 A chnead tha nàbaidh bùrich.'*

* This stanza has reference to some wild superstitious story, of which we freely confess our ignorance.

AN LAIR DHONN.

LE MURCHA' MOR MAC MHIC MHURCHAIHDH
EAR AICHEALAIHDH.

'THA mise fo ghuaim,
'S gun mi 'n caidridh a chuan,
Cha chaidil mi uair air chòir.
Tha mise fo ghuaim, &c.

Ge socrach mo ghleus,
Air capull na leum,
Cha chaisgear leam m' fheum le treoir.
Loth philleagach, bhreun,
Fo phillin 's fo shrein,
Aon ghille na deigh bu lòd ;

Cha tugadh i ceum,
Ach duine 's i-féin,
'S gu'n cuireadh i feum air lòn.

Na 'n gabhaidh i sglos,
'S e b' fheudar dol sios,
'S a treigsinn ge b' fhiamh an tòir ;
Cha b' ionnan 's mo làir,
Air linne nam bàrc,
Bi'dh gillean a ghnà cuir bhòd.

Iubhrach shocrach a chuan
Dha 'n cliù toiseach dol suas,
'S croinn dhosrach nam buadh fo sheòl,
Air bharraibh nan stuadh,
'Cuir darach na luaths,
'S buill tharuinn nan dual 'n am dhòrn.

'S i b' aighirich ceum,
Dha 'm faca mi-féin,
'S cha chuireadh i feum air lòn ;

Cha 'n iarradh i moll,
No fodor, no pronn,
Ach sodradh nan tonn fo 'sròin.

Reubadh mara le sùrd
Fo bheul sgair agus sùigh,
Deis a barradh gu dlù le òrd ;

Ruth chüip air a clàr,
'S i druite fo shàl,
'S bu chruitt leam a gàir fo sheòl.

Be sud m' aighear 's mo mhiann,
Ged ghlasaich mo chiabh,
'S cha shlat agus srian a'm' dhòrn ;

Ged thigeadh an ruaig,
Le caitheamh a chuan,
Cha laidheadh oirn fuachd no leòn.

Fhir a dh'im'cheas an Iar,
Bho nach cinnteach mo thriall,
Bi 'g innse gur bliadh'n' gach lò ;

'S beir an t-soraidh so null,
Air fad oir thir an fhuinn,
Far am faighte na suinn a 'g òl.

Gu Innis an fhéidh,
Gu eirir an eisg,
Far nach diolar leam féich air lòn ;

Gu eilein nan tonn,
Nam ban àlluinn 's nau sonn
Bu mhileanta fonn mu bhòrd.

Gu comunn mo rùin,
Nach cromadh an t-shuil,
'N àm tromachadh dhuinn air pòit;

'S sinn gun àrdan gun strì,
Gun àireamh air nì
'Cuir sàradh am fion 's ga òl.

Note.—The author of this piece was Mr Murdoch M'Kenzie of Aicheldy, in Ross-shire, a gentleman of high respectability. In the early part of his life he resided in the island of Lewis, occasionally going to sea, in a vessel of his own. Afterwards he became a cattle-dealer on an extensive scale, purchasing among the tenantry of that island, and exposing them for sale in the English market. He happened to be in England with a drove of cattle, and not getting immediate sale, he was compelled to remain a considerable time. Being thus wholly unoccupied, he hired a gig in which he took short excursions through the adjacent country, and it was thus employed that he composed his "Lair Dhonn." The air is by himself. He composed several other pieces of merit.

IORRAM* DO SHEUMAS BEATON.

IAR-ODHA DO 'N OLLA MUILEACH.

LUINNEAG.

He ho lal ò,
He ho ró hó nàilibh ;
He ho lal ò.

'S e mo rùnsa Seumas :
He ho lal o, &c.

Fear a bheus a b'ail' leam :
He ho lal o, &c.

Beatonach gun amharus :
He ho lal o, &c.

* This kind of composition is not used by any of our modern poets. Various pieces of this sort are in our possession, but they are generally of little poetic merit, though the airs are sometimes cheering and melodious if well sung. We shall only give the following as a specimen of the whole of the ancient "Iorrans."

Leanachl cha'n àicheam :
He ho lal o, &c.

Cha b'iognadh leam idir e ;
He ho lal o, &c.

'N duine ud a bhi stàtail :
He ho lal o, &c.

Car' an olla Mhuileach thu,
He ho lal o, &c.

Fhuair urram 's na blàraibh
He ho lal o, &c.

Thainig fios o'n Rìgh ort ;
He ho lal o, &c.

'Dh-innseadh gu'n robh 'm bàs air :
He lal ho o, &c.

Cha robh feum nan carrachd dhaibh,
He ho lal o, &c.

A d' mhealladh* cha robh stà dhaibh,
He ho lal o, &c.

Na'n tachra' tu 'n glacaig orm,
He ho lal o, &c.

Mheallainn thu do'n fhàsach,
He ho lal o, &c.

Chàrainn fèin mo phlaide fodhad,
He ho lal o, &c.

'N taigh-coimhead na h-àiridh.
He ho lal o, &c.

* The Beatons were a race of hereditary physicians who lived in Mull from the time of the Druids. Allusion, however, is here made to a time when one of the Scottish monarchs being dangerously ill, and hearing of Beaton's fame, sent for him as the forlorn hope,—the court doctors having pronounced their Royal patient incurable. The physicians in attendance, jealous of our rural *Æsculapius*, or, at least, anxious to put his skill to the test, brought him, with great pomp and formality, cow-urine instead of that of his Majesty, averring that its colour indicated the deepening of the ailment. Beaton at once detected the fraud, saying, "if it be his Majesty's urine, it smells strongly of the byre; and if you, gentlemen, open him up, you will find he is with calf!" but upon seeing the proper fluid, he undertook the case, and was successful in effecting a speedy restoration of his Majesty's health.

Many anecdotes have orally come down to us as illustrative of the Beatons' skill. One of these we may give in corroboration.—Sailing along the coast of Mull on a calm summer evening, the song of a milk-maid floated softly on the breeze and arrested the attention of the boatmen. "Is not that a charming voice?" remarked one of the party to Dr Beaton.—"*S' breagh' an guth air uachdar losgaimh e!*" was the mysterious and significant reply.—i.e. A very fine voice for one who has swallowed a frog! It subsequently turned out that the young woman whose melody had charmed our navigators, had actually swallowed the amphibious animal; and, although it did not then annoy her, it soon assumed an alarming aspect, and had almost terminated in her death. We give one other anecdote:—

Beaton was once sent for by a gentleman at *Aros*, who had been long indisposed, and was attended by two emi-

ORAN LE FORSAIR CHOIR' AN T-SI.

CHA be tùchan a chràtain,
 'So dhùisg mi sa' madainn,
 Ach caumhneach' fir chabair na cròic.

Gu'm beil m' intinn cho deacair,
 Ri fear sgith 's e 'n deigh astair,
 Bhiodh air mhi-gleus gun leabaidh na choir.

'S ann air cùl choir chreachainn,
 So dhiult thu dhomh lasadh,
 Air ùldaiche cabrach nan cròc.

Tha corr a's ochd bliadhna deug,
 Bho'n chaidh sinn 'n carabh a chéile,
 'S cha d' rinn thu riamh eacoir bu mhò.

Bha'n spor bhearnach, gheur, thana,
 Am beil-snaip air deagh theannadh,
 Ge do dhìult thu dhomh aingeal ri òrd.

Na 'n tugadh tu aingeal,
 Chuirinn cunnart air anam,
 Ge d' chaillinn ris gearran 'sa' mhòd.

nent physicians. The worthy brace of health-restorers retired as Beaton entered the chamber of sickness, and after a few preliminary questions, he examined the patient's body, exudations, &c. He soon ascertained that the chieftain's complaint arose from a boil on the stomach, and forthwith betook him how to effect a cure. His knowledge of the human system, and the laws that regulate it, enabled him to foresee that some violent exertion of the lungs would probably have the desired effect; in short, he put his brains to work to try how he could make the sick man laugh. Beaton, in the presence of his patient, discharged his excrements on a shovel, and then brandered it with culinary skill and care until it was sufficiently dry to be reduced to powder. This ludicrous preparation was then made up in a paper parcel, and left half open on a table beside the astonished patient. Without giving any prescription of a dietary or medicinal nature, he took his leave, promising, however, that he would revisit the chieftain on the following day. He was no sooner gone than the other doctors returned to the object of their solicitude, anxious to ascertain the result of his interview with Beaton. The patient told them that he had received no advice from their rustic brother, but that he had left a powder there on the table, not deigning, however, to give any instructions as to how or when it was to be used. The medical gentlemen were roused to the highest pitch of curiosity to analyze the powder. What could it be?—It was brown and quite dry. Yielding to the curiosity of the moment, they smelt the *simple*—it was perfectly innocuous; each took his forefinger and thumb, and seizing a goodly quantity of it, they tasted and swallowed the pulverized excrements of their friend! The patient knew the history of the preparation—he saw, shook, and burst into an immoderate fit of laughter. It was enough; the boil burst, and the chieftain vomited a quantity of corrupt matter. A few days after, and the gentleman was foremost in the chase; and Beaton universally lauded as a man of shrewdness, skill, and penetration.

Leig mi ruith chrios mo bhreacain,
Gus do rùisg air mo chasan,
Mu'n cluinneadh tu tartrach mo bhròg.

Bha mi 'g ealadh mar dh-fhodainn,
Dol an aghaidh na gaoithe,
Mu'n gabbadh tu sraonadb ad shròin.

'Sàr chuirtear na maise,
(Chuir e lùb air gu m' fhaicinn.)
Gà m bu dùtbhachas bhi 'n creachainn an fheoir.

'Nuair thog thu do cheann rium,
Cha robb ' thrùp aig na Frangaich,
Na chuireadh a deaun ud gad chòir.

Gus an cluinn na gu 'm faic mi,
Tuill ùr ann do dheacaid,
Bi mi t-iarraidh car seachdhuin na dhb.

Bi mi gabbail do sgeula,
Ciod e n' t-iùil nan taobh theid thu,
Mhic au fhir ga'm bi 'n fhéile ro mhòr.

Mhic an fhir a ni 'm bùirean,
'S ga'm bi n anail as cùiridh,
'S tric a chuir mi do lùireach 's an stòp.

'S a chuid eile de'n chùineadh,
Dhol a cheannach an fhùidair,
Spàirt dheth ga shùdhadh am shròin.

Bu tu mislean nan uaislean,
'N robb misneach le crualad,
Air an dh-fhas na h-airm uallach gun spòrs.

Note.—FORSAIR CHOIR' AN-T-SHÍ, the author of this song, lived near Kilmun, a hundred and fifty years ago. His real name was John White: he composed several songs, some of which are in our possession, but our limits will not permit us to insert them here.

IORRAM NA TRUAIGHE

DO THIGREARNA CHILL-DUINN.

LE SACHAIRI MAC-ALLAIDH.

Gur i iorram na truaighe,
Tha mise 's an uair so a seinn :
Gur e mheadaich droch shnuagh orm,
'S a laghdáich a ghrug bharr mo chinu,
A liuthad sgaradh a fhuaire mi,
'O'n là b' aithne dbomh gluasad leam fhìn
Ach so 'n t-aou bheum 's cruidhe,
Cluir an saogbal air uachdar ri m' linn.

Gur bochd m' ur-sgeul ri leughadh,
Ge be dheanadh rium éisteachd an dràsd,
Tha mo chridhe ga reubadh,
O'n là chuala' mi sgeula do bhàis,

Gu'm beil m' innntinn ro bhruite,
'S tric snithe mo shuilean gu lár,
Bho 'n la dh-fhalaich an ùir tbu,
Fhir bu fhàlathaire gnùis am measg chàich.

Measg chàich bu tu 'chuideachd,
Air mo laimh cha bu sgrubaire bùird,
Ann an tuigse 's an reusan,
Cha do dh-fhàdrich mi féin ort ach cliù,
Ann an ath-truas ri d' dhaoine,
'Nuair chidhe' tu baoghal ri 'n cùl,
Gur tu b' urainn da'n tearnadh,
Fhir bu tairise blà-sealladh sùl.

Suil bu ghuirmé na 'n dearcag,
Fo aghaidh ghlaúr, ghasta, chàil réidh,
Gruaidh dhearg mar na caorunn,
Slios bu gile na faoilinn nan speur ;
Meoir bu grinne gu sgrìobhadh,
Litir bhàn bu glan sgrìob 'o d' pheann geur ;
Nochd gur thàrsach tha m' innntinn,
Air thùs domh bhi g' innseadh do bheus.

Beus a b' ainneamh ri fhaotainn,
Measg clanna nan daoín' anns an fhonn,
Le d' chiall chunabhalach, socraich,
Cha bu leir dhomh aon locbd a bha 'd chòm ;
'S e tholl mo chridbe gu beachdaidh,
Gun tbu thighiun air t-ais oirn le fonn,
Ceannard m' òil agus m' aigheir,
Fo na bordaibh na laidhe gu trom.

Bhuainn gu 'n tug iad a nis thu,
Gu là-luain mo shuil silteach ga d' chaoidh,
Gur e fuagheal do chiste,
Càs bu cruidhe 'n robb mise na 'm bl,
Ge bu chruaidh b' feudar fhulang,
Ochoin ! tha mo bhunadh da m' dhùth,
Mo cheol, m' òil, agus m' aigheir,
Fo na bordaibh na laidhe 's an I.*

Air an I ann san t-seapall,
Tha 'n tì bu mhòr ceist air an dàimh,
'S tu nach tréigeadh am feasd iad,
Fhad sa dh-fhaodadh tu 'n teasraignn slànn,
'S bochd leam gaoir do dhaoin' uaisle,
'S iad mur chaorich gun bhuachaill air blàr,
A Rìgh ghaolaich ! gabh truas diù,
Nois 'o thug an t-Aog 'uath thu gun dàil.

Dàil cha 'n iarainn a nis,
Ach bhi triall chum do lice mo mbiann,
Dol a dh-iunnsaidh na cathrach,
'Chuir cùram an eallaich so dhiom,
'S beag mo spéis dliot a shaoghail,
Na 'n creideadh na daoine gur fior ;—
Tha sior ghiùlain a pheacaiddh,
Choisinn sgiùrsadh le masladh do Chriosd ?
* A burial place in the island of Lewis, near Stornoway

Ach a Chriosd tha sa' chathair,
Air deas laimh an athar gu buan,
An diugh 's leir dhut mo dhòran,
'S mi'n deigh cloidhean an doruis thoirt uam,
Fhir thug maois as an Eiphid,
'S a sgoilt na clàr réidh dha mhui'r ruadh,
Fhir a chium mi 'sa dhéilbh mi,
So an Iorram a shéirm mi gu truagh!

Note.—Sachairi, or Zachary Macaulay, the author of this elegy, was born in the island of Lewis, in the beginning of the eighteenth century. He was the son of an Episcopalian clergyman and liberally educated. The subject of this piece was M'Kenzie, the last laird of Kildun, whose widow lady kindly entertained Prince Charles when in Lewis* (not "Tighearn Asaint," as erroneously stated in the Inverness and other Collections. The last of the lairds of Assaint had been dead some time before our poet was born). This *Tighearna Chill-Duinn*, was a gentleman of literary and poetical taste; he was a relative and great companion of our author. It is said that Macaulay grew melancholy after his death, though in his youth he was somewhat loose, and wrote some wanton pieces, clever enough in their way. The most celebrated of these was the "*Ghògram-chas*," the air of which was a favourite with Burns, as appears from one of his letters to Thomson,

ORAN GAOIL.

LEIS A BHARD CHIANDA.

FONN—"Tha mo leannan air fàs rium an gruaim."

THA mo chridhe mar chuaintean,
Air beil mulad, a's bruaillean a snàmh,
Gur h-e trom-cheist mo leannain
Mo throm ghalar a's m'euslaint a ghnà,
Tha mo shuilean gu silteach,
Mo dheòir 'tuiteam mar nisge gu làr,
Tha liunn-dubh air mo bhuaircadh,
Riunn mo chaidridh thoirt bhuan's mo phràmh.

Mu'n ribhinn òig àluinn,
Bann-rìgh na h-uil' mhìnà ta fo 'n gréin,
Ann an deasachd 's an elas,
Ann an tuigse 's 'm fòghlum 's an céill,
Ann an geamnachd 's am mialtachd,
Ann am baindeach gun mhì-ruin, gun éud,
Gradh neo-chionntach, diamhair,
Neo-lochdach, gun ghiaml, 's gun bhéud.

* "While they were at lady Kildun's they killed a cow, for which the Prince would have paid, but she at first refused till the Prince insisted upon it. When they left the place they took some of the cow with them, two pecks of meal, and plenty of brandy and sugar, and at parting lady Kildun gave Edward Burk a lump of butter."—*Ascanius*, p. 134, Stirling, 1802.

Ge b' leam ùghdàrachd Ailein,*
Ur-labhradh gach sgoile 's ro aird',
Bu ro bheag leam mo chomas,
Air do dheanamh-sa follais an dàn,
Ach mu 'm pillear san àth mi,
'S mor' gur fearr a bhi báit air an t-snàmh,
Bho 'n a's onair 'n nach mulad,
Leam do mhöladh bho d' mhullach gu d' shàil.

Dh-fhàs air ragha nan òg-bhan,
Cùl sgiamhach, falt còrnach nan cuach,
Ciamhach, cam-lubach, caslach,
Sgiamhach, amalaghach, dreach-bhui', gach dual,
Barr gasta chùil or-bhui,
Mar dhreach theudan a's ceol-mhòire fuaim,
B' éibhinn fhacinn ga réitcach,
'S fiamh laiste na gréin' mu do chluais.

Fuaim òrgainn na fidhle,
Ceol toraghain nam piob a's nan teud,
Cha do sheinneadh an sì-bhruth,
Ceol a's binne no piopan do chléibh,
Gaoth mar lusan na frithé,
Tig'hn bho uinneagan mìue do bhéil,
Bilean blàth-briathrach, àluinn,
Aig an ribhinn a's cnaimh-ghile deud.

'S ceart cho geal tha do bhràgad,
Ri canach no trà-shneach air géis,
'S corrach mìn na tuilichean
Dh-fhàs na malain air nullach do chléibh,
Básan fionalta, bána,
Meoir ghrinn-chaol ga'm àbhaist cuir ghréis,
Air seudan le òr-shnath,
Dealbh iomhaigh gach éoin a's gach géig.

'Nam biodh na h-urad aig cùch ort,
'S a bh' agamsa ghràdh air do neòil,
Cha bu ráfart no mearachd,
Leò mi labhairt mo bhaireil a's mo ghlòir,
Ach na'n creideadh iad firinn,
Cha tréiginn air mhiltean thu 'n òr,
No air aigead nan lùnsean,
Do bheadradh, do dhìsleachd, 's do phòg.

Bí'dh mi nis a' co-dhùnadh,
Agus cuiream ri túrsa gu bràch,
Cha 'n eil si-shàimh nam aigneadh,
O'n nach meal mi do chaidridh 's do ghràdh :
Bho'n a thug thu làr fhìnath dhomh,
Gus an téid mi 'san uaigh leis a bhàs,
Bí'dh ma chridhe mar chuaintean,
Air bi mulad' a's bruaillean a snàmh !

Note.—This song is a lament for the loss of the poet's sweetheart, a coy maiden to whom he was attached, but who preferred and married another. It is queer however, whether he was altogether so grieved out the circumstance as he would have us to suppose.

* Allan Ramsay, the poet.

COMHRADH, MAR GU'M B'ANN

EADAR DITHIS NIGHEAN MHIC-DHOMHNUILL DUBH,
LE IAIN MAC-ILLEAN.

AIR FONN—"Tha'n òidhche nochd ro aonarach."

THUIRT Mairearad nigh'n' Dòmhnuill,
'S i tòiseachadh gu ciùin,
A phiuthar, ciod an t-òrdugh?
A nis m'an deòdnach thu:
Mas ionnan dhut's dhòmhsa,
Bi' t-bìgh, a's gheibh thu clìù;
S na iarr dbut féin do shòlas,
Ach pòsadh ris an úir!

Siu 'nuair labhair Marsaili,
'S hu taitneach leam a glòir;
A phuithar 's beag mo chiataidh,
Do bhriathran sin do bheoil;
Gu'm b'fhearr leam a bhi macnus,
Ri mbaic sin Eachuinn big,
Na bhi cràbhadh mar ri sagart,
Agus paidearan na'm' dhòrn.

Ochan! 's bochd an fhaoisid sin,
A phiuthar, ghaolach, òg,
T'aonta thoirt do'n t-shaoghal,
'S nach bi thu daonnan beò;
Gur h-e gniomh a b' fhoghaintich,
Do leabhar a bhi d' dhòrn,
Na bhi falbh an gleanntau fasaich,
Gun sàilm, ach bàirich bhò.

Air eagal t-fheirg' na t-ardain,
Bi'dh m' aicheadh dhut gu mall,
Gur truagh na smaointeau dh-fhàs annad,
'S gun t-àrach a measg Ghall;
Gabh fèin sgéoil an easpuig,
Fhuair ar creidimhne na cheann,
'Fhiachain naach sean bràugh,
Am pòsadh a bhi ann

Tha ìomadh ni ga chleachadh,
Le lagh eaglais anns gach àit,
Ach faigh-sa dhomh-sa 'm Bioball :
'S e freamh gach firinn e;
'S fearr pòsadh, gò be thogradh e,
No losgadh, cùis a chràigh!
Ach ge be nach dean aonu chuid diù,
Gur ciunteach gur h-e 's fearr

B' fhearr leam a bhi caiteanach,
Le taitneas, a's le stòr;
'S a bhi gu beartach, mearracasach
Le airgead a's le br.

Bhi gu rìmhreach, fasanta,
Le pasmunн a's le sròl;
Na bhi seargadh an taigh-cràbhaidh,
Gun fiù a ghàir', ach bròn.

A bharail a th' aig càch ort,
'S e aoibhar nàir as mò,
Gur h-e rud 'chum bho chràbhaidh thu,
Ro miad do ghràidh air pòig,
Na biodh tu air t-ùrnaigh mosglait,
'S tu trodan ris an feioil,
Gur deihinn leam gu'n coisneadh tu,
An rioghachd 's mugha glòir.

An rud ud their na cairdean,
Ciod e 'm fàth dhuinn bhi de 'n rùm,
Gu feairrde bean air bheusachid,
A céile fèin ri glùn;
An te nach ith am follais rud,
An connaltradh no'n cùirt,
Cha chreid na daoine glice,
Nach ith i cui'd an cùil.

Gur bochd na smaointeau aignidh,
Aig mnaoi agaladh do bhéil;
Ge h-ioma neach tha'n cairdeas,
Cha'n ionnan nàdùr 's heus;
Bi'dh harail aig a phòitear,
Bhios ag bl gach uair ga m' feud,
Gum bì gach neach an gràdh,
Air an dibh laidir mar e-féin.

B' fhearr leam a bhi daonachdach,
Ri feumanaich do ghnà;
No bhi gu faoileach, furanach,
Ro' gach duin ad dhàimh;
Bho'n 's e 'm beus bu tric a bh'aig,
Gach mnaoi bu ghlic do mhnài,
Na bhi air mo ghluin ag eadarghuidh,
Ri Peadar no ri Pàl.

An t-àite taisge diamhair,
'S am beil t-ulaidh agus t-br,
Gun ann ach seòrsa phigidhean,
'S bristear iad gu foil,
Far am beil mo thasgaidh-sa,
Tha glasan air do-leòint';
Gum beil mo Stiùbhart saibhir,
'S hheir a làidheal domh mo lòn

Bha gach bean bho'n tainig mi,
Gle stàthail anns gach euchd,
'S bu luchd a thàhhairt dàlach iad,
Do neach air bith am feum,
Bu mhiosail ann an nàisinn iad,
'S nàire 'm miad do ghléidh;
'S cha'n iarrainn fèin do dn-àilleas.
Ach a bhi mar blà iad fèin.

Gur deacair dhomhsa ràittinn,
 'Nach nàdurach do hheus;
 Mar a bha na càirdean,
 Gur stàthail bhi da'n réir ;
 Gluas thusa mar b'abbais,
 Feuch an taitin e riut fèin,
 'S cha toill mise mòran diùmaidh,
 Chionn dol ri ùin' ad dheigh.

*Note.—John Maclean, the author of this song and another excellent one at page 389, composed on Sir Hector Maclean's leaving his country and going to France in 1721, was a celebrated bard in the island of Mull. He died about the year 1760. When Dr Johnson and Boswell visited that island in 1773, they heard these songs sung by a lady. Boswell observes that "all the company who understood the Gaelic were charmed with the verses,"—Boswell's *Journal*, p. 392.*

O R A N

DO NIGHEAN FIR NA COMRAICH.
 LE UILLEAM MAC-CHOINNICH.

'S CIANAIL m' aigne bho na mhadainn,
 Ghabh mi cead de 'n ribhinn ;
 Tì cho taitneacb riut cha'n fhaic mi
 Ann an dreach no fiamhachd.
 Bu thrian de m' lbn do bhritharan beoil,
 A teachd mar cheol a sì-bhrith ;
 'S i 'n t-sheirec a ta na d' bhràgad bànn,
 A thaigis mo ghradh gu diomhair.
 Ciochan corrach, lionta, soluis,
 Air do bhroilleach réidh-gblan ;
 Do sheang-shlios fallain mar an eala,
 No mar chanach sléibhe.
 Bas ionmuinn, caoin nan geala, mheur caol,
 A' dealbh nan craobh air peurlainn ;
 'S tu fialaidh, glic—"s do chiall gun tig,
 Air diomhaireacbnd nan reultan.

Do bhraighe glè-gheal mar ghath gréine,
 T'aghaidh réidh ghlan mhodhar ;
 Siunnait t-eungais 's tearc ri fheutuinn,
 Gur tu reull na òighean.
 Gur bachlach, dualach, cas-bhùi', cuachach,
 T'fhalt ma'n cuairt an ordugh ;
 S ann tha gach ciabh mar fhain air sniamh,
 'S gach aon air fiamh an dir dhiubh.

'Nighean aingil nan rosog malla,
 'S nan gruaidh glana, nàrach ;
 Dà shuil ghorm, mheallach, fo'd chaoil-mhala,
 'S gach aon a' mhealladh gràidh dhiubh.
 Tha mais' ad gnuis, gun easbhuidh mùirn
 Beul meachair, ciùin, ni màran,
 Do bhriodal caomh, 's do loinn maran,
 A rinn mo ghaol-sa thàradh.

Corp seamhaidh bànn, cho-lionas gradh
 Gach tì a tharadh iùil ort ;
 'S ann tha do sbnuagh, toirt barr air sluagh,
 'S tu 'n ainnir shuairce, chliutach,
 Do dheas chalpannan ro dbealbhach,
 Gu'n bhi meanbh, no dùmhail ;
 Troigh chruinn, chomhnard, dh-fhalhas modhar,
 Nach dean feoirn' a lùbadh.

Cho glan is tu 's neo shoillear dhuinn,
 'S mar ghealach thu 'n tùs éiridh ;
 Beul tana, muint' a's anal chubhraidh,
 'S siunnaith thu do *Bhenus*.
 'S e chrun do thlachd deud ùr mar chaile,
 Air dlithadh ceart ri chéile ;
 O'n tig an t-doran eatrom, ceol-mhor,
 Mar an sméòrach chéitean.

Bho Fhlath nan dùl, tùs rath' fhuair thu,
 Bhi modhail, ciuin gun ardan ;
 Tha iochd, a's cliù, a's loinn, a's mùirn,
 Air glaoadhadh dlù' ri d' nadur.
 'S tu air do bhuain a freamb nam buagh,
 De 'n treun-fhail usail, statoil ;
 Thu fialaidh, pailt, an gniomh, 's an tlachd
 'S do chiall co-streup ri t-àillteachd.

* * * * *

Mi cian o d' chaidridh, 's buan dbomh fhaidid,
 Dh-fhag sud m' aigne pianail ;
 Osnach do ghnà, gun fhois, gun tàmb,
 A fhrois gach blàth dbeth m' fhion-fhail.
 'S e bhosnaich deoir 's a chlaoidh mo threoir
 An ribhinn òg so thriall bh'uainn ;
 'S tu 's trom a dh-fhàg mi, òigh mo ghràidh,
 Le d' bhròn ata mi cianail.

*Note.—William Mackenzie the author of this beautiful song, was the son of a respectable tacksman at Lochcarron, Ross-shire. He lived about the middle of the last century, and was one of three brothers who were all poets. This song was composed on a beautiful young lady, Miss Mackenzie of Applecross. After she departed from his father's house on her way home, William and his brother Alexander accompanied her part of the way, and the song was made on their return. When he repeated it to his brother, Alexander said he could make a better song himself, and would allow his father to judge which of the two were best. He then composed *Ant-Ailleagan*.* Alexander died soon afterwards, and then William composed that admirable elegy on his death, which is unequalled in tenderness and pathos by the most celebrated of the Keltic bards.*

* SORAINN slan do'n ailleagan,
 Bha 'n so màr tra so 'n raolr,
 Gur barrach't ann an ailleachd thu,
 'S gur lan-nhaiseach do loimh,
 Thug thu harr air mnaid na h-Albann,
 Ann an dreach 's an dealbh 's an sgòinn,
 Dh-fhag nadur ann an gliccas dhnt,
 Gach buaidh dhù sud os-roinn.
 Ge dama dhomh ri raite sin,
 Thug nadur dhut na's leor,
 Cho mor 's gun d' rinneadh bannraigh dhliot,
 Gun ardan no gne phròis,

CUMHA' ALASDAIR DHUINN

LE BHRATHAIR.

UILLEAM MAC-CHOINNICH CHIANDA.

'S TROM an luchd so th'air m'inntinn,
Agus m'uirseul ri innse gur truagh,
Thriall mo shùgradh 's mo mhàran,
Lion túrsa 'n a àite mi 's gruaim,
Tha mo choill air a maoladh,
'S nì soilleir a shaoil air mo ghruaidh,
'S tearc mo shocair ri fhaotainn,
O'n là ghlacadh le Aog thu cho luath.

'S ann a chiad làtha 'n earrach,
Bhuail an t-éug mi a spealadair lom,
Brist air ùblan mo ghàraidh,
Leag e m' abhull fo bhlà thar a bhonn,
Rium-sa bhuinn e neo-fharasd,
'Nuair thug e leis Alasdair donn,
Mo chrusas iomairt 's mo chearrachd,
'S truaigh dhùinne nach tearuinn sinn bonn.

'S e bhi d' chàradh air eisleig,
Rinn mo chràladh fo asnaich mo chléibh,
Chuir mo chriàs a chochull,
Chor 's nach suidhich è socrach na dhéidh
Gur luaithe le bhuille,
Na mar għluiseas an duilleach air géig,
Chaidh mo shlainte gu mearan,
Cha 'n eil feum bhi' ga ghearan ri léigh.

Cha'n eil crón ri aireamh ort,
A dh-fhaodadh fas air feoil,
Am measg ban ag a's maighdeannan,
Ma dhaimean a measg oir!

A measg nam ban gur agathan thu,
Toirt harr orr anns gach geall,
'S b'achlach, buidhe, suimhanach,
Gach ciàmh thà air du cheann;
Tha do ghruaidh oir dreachmhoire,
Ri ubhlan dait air crann,
Suilean gorm mar dhearcagan,
Ma'n iath na'n raisg tha mall.

'N taobh staigh do d'bhilean daite,
Tha deud geal, chailce, ghinn,
O'n ceolinhoire thig orain,
Na na smeoiraichean a seinn,
Mar eile cronn am falach ort,
'S e bħarajl am heil sinn,
Gun thilg thu-fein a's *Bhēnus*
Ann a dealbh, 's an eugais, croinn.

Trian do mbais cha'n iunsear leam,
A dh-ainean ni da'n can—
Braghad mar chuan-lionganach,
F'o'n aghaidh mhìn gun smal;
Gur corrach geal na ciocchan,
Th'air du bħirolleach lionta, glan,
Għaq għeall-a-mheur, faineach, finealta,
Tha teom air gniomh nam ban.

Cho fad sa mhaires Alhannaich,
Bi'dh iomraidh ort air hħul,
Slios mar eal' air chuaintean,
Aig an oigħi a's u aisle fuil,
Do phos air bħlas nam foggieħsean,
'S do bheul o'm binn thig ġuθ,
Nam eisdeach, fuasim na fidheileireacdha,
Gur fionalta do chuir.

'S e bhi' stràcadh air tuillinn,
Chuir mo shlaint' ann an cunnart boċhd, fann,
Am breislich bàis bhi ga t'amhare,
Għres tre m'airnean an t-saighead gu Cham
Brist an t-srian bha ri m'aigeadh,
Dħ-fhalibl mo chiall chaidh fà m'eagail air chall,
Chaidh mo għearad gu neo-ni,
Beairt a réubaidd mo shonais a bh'ann.

Dhia ullaich-sa féin mi,
'S mi'n deidhigh mo cheill a bħuin diom,
O 'n là bħuimig an t-Eug dhiom,
An ti 's mo robb m'éibħneas fo Chrīosd,
Tha mo bhun ann san Treun-fhearr,
A dh-fhui lig a cheusadha da'r dion,
Gu'm beil t'anam an Phàrrais,
'S b' é bhi' mar riut a' màireach mo mhiann.

Tha gach duine dheth d' chàirdean,
Mar ri' d' muhime 's ri d' bħraithrean fo bħròn,
'S an aon a phiuthar a dh-fhag thu,
Ri sior chumha 's ri fäsgadha nan dōrn,
Gu'm beil fios aig an ārd-Rìgh,
Ged nach fiosraiche chàch mar tha leòn,
Gach aon neach tha mi' rāitinn,
Gu'm beil an cridheachan cràiteach ni's lebir.

'S beag a t-iogħnadh mar thà iad,
Mar mhuiġ reobhaġt air tràghadha le debir,
Cha b' è garlaoch na feachda,
Bha sibb 'g àireainh bhi' agaibh mar threoir,
Ach fòglum, cruadal, a's cleachdad,
An fir-thréin bu mhor tapadha 's an tòir,
Da m' bu leannan an uaisle,
Ann ad leanabh, 's gun d'fhuair thu i òg.

B' e sud fiżura na glaine,
Bha gu fiughantach, fearail, a' fäs,
Muirneach, irħosal, suairce,
Sūgħi, binn-fhaċċach, buaghach, 's gach cäs,
Fear do choimeis cha chualas,
Thaobh gach subħailek bha fuatai ri d' għnàs,
Dh-fhag thu uile fo ghruaimean,
Gach tħi chunnaig, no chuala do bhàs.

Bha do threibhantas ullamh,
Ann 's gach feum ann's an cuireadli tu làmh,
Chor 's nach cùbair 'b'urrann,
Cùs a bħuinnig de 'n churaidh gun sgàth,
Ge do theireadħ luchd-masciull,
Gur h-i bhreug cuij is ceart tha mi ràdh,
Dhearrħi thu fèin a bhi tapaidh,
Ge do dh-éireadħ dhomh fantainn a'm thàmh.

Fhuair thu tuigse an deagh nàduir,
Agus gliocas bħo ārd-Rìgh nan dùl,
'Ann an céill bha thu labhar,
'S ann an ceudfaidhean flathail bha thu,

Ann's gach ceaird bha thu cosant,
Gu neo-ardanach, foistinneach, ciùin,
Ort ri àireamh bu déacair,
Cron an' càiileachd, am pearsa, no'n cliù.

Shuidhich t'innitinn air cheartas,
Air chinnt, fir reachdair so dh-eug,
Leis gach neach bhe thu taitneach,
Iochdar, caomh-chàirdeach, ceart anns gach
Gu fial, furanach, nàrach; [céum
Riamh mar churaidh neo-sgàthach gun bhéud,
Leogunn fiorachail, tapaidh,
Teò-chridhach, iriseal, macant' am beus.

Thriall gach socair bha agam,
Chaidh mo chòmhnaidh 's mo chadal an laoid,
Tha liunn-dubh agus airsneal,
Da m' tharluinn gu leabaidh am shlaod,
Ga m' shior ruagadh am shlapau,
Dh-aideòin cruadail na tapadh ga m' faod,
Tha ma ghualainn gun tâice
On là hhuileadh ort slacen an Aoig.

Chaidh mo shùgradh fo lith,
Gur ciùrt' tha mo chridhe am chòm,
Osnach thùrsach da m' theirbheit,
Blas mo chùlpain gur seirbh e na'n dòmb,
Fhir a chruthaich mi'n ceud uair,
'S a tha stiùireadh nan réull os ar ceann,
Orm furtach, 's cluinn fèin mi,
S tog an luchd so th'air m'inntinn gu trom.

M A I R I D H O N N

THORRA-CHAISTEIL.*

LE COINNEACH MAC-CHONNICH.

LUINNEAG.

Mhairi dhonn, bhòidheach, dhonn,
Mhairi dhonn 's mor mo tlachd dhiot;
Thogainn fonn gun bhi trom,
Air nigh'n' duinn Thorra-Chaisteil.

Gum ma slàn do'n mhaighdinn big,
Tha gu stòlda na cleachdadh;
Tha gu fiosrach, tairis, tlà,
Tha gu màranach, macant'
Mhairi dhonn, &c.
'S gile na'n sneachda do bhian,
'S fallain, sgiamhach, do phearsa;
Gun thu cuidreamach, no caol,
Beathail, aotrom, gun ghaiseadh.
Mhairi dhonn, &c.

* There are several places of the above name in the Highlands, the one referred to in this song is near Creag-Ghobhar in Lochbroom.

'S ann ort fèin a dh-fhàs a ghruag,
Tha na dualibh gu cleachdach;
Clannach, dlù gheibh i cliù,
Mianu gach sùl bhi 'ga faicinn.
Mhairi dhonn, &c.

Aghaidh fhìlhastasach gun sgraing,
'S e do shealtuinn tha taitneach;
Suil chorraich fo mhala chaoi,
Gorm air aogais na dearcaig.
Mhairi dhonn, &c.

'S glan an ruta tha na d' ghruaidh,
Bòidheach, snuadh-mhòr, gun ghaicadh;
Tha thu eireachdail gu leoir;
Co tha beò nach gabh tlachd dhiot?
Mhairi dhonn, &c.

'S beinn leam ceileirean do bheoil,
Gabhal òrain gu taitneach;
Do ghùth mar smèòraich sa' choill';
'S tric thu seinn aig a Chaisteal.
Mhairi dhonn, &c.

Bha mi greis an deas 's an tuath,
A' measg ghruagachean tlachd-mhòr;
Ach té idir a thug barr,
Ort a Mhairi cha'n fhacas.
Mhairi dhonn, &c.

Gu'm fhàic mis' thu aig fear òg,
Dha'm bi stòras, a's pailteas,
Spréidh a's fearann agus fonn,
'S chridhe conn-mhor gu'n airceas.
Mhairi dhonn, &c.

Bi'dh do thaigh agad le mùirn
Air mo cheanns' anns an phasan,
Mu thig mi idir nu chòir,
Cha'n aon beò théid mi-seachad.
Mhairi dhonn, &c.

Tha do chairdean lionmhòr, treun,
Dheanadh feum anns na baiteil;
Frisealaich bho'n airde tuath,
'S math gu bualadh nan glas-lann.
Mhairi dhonn, &c.

MAIRI GHREANNAR.

LEIS A BHARD CHIANDA.

LUINNEAG.

O shaorainn, shaorainn, shaorainn i,
Air m' fhacal fhein gu'm faodainn sin;
'S ged bliodh cuid nach saorlaadh e,
Gu'n saorainn Mairi Ghreannar.

SHAORAINN fhein gun teagainn i,
Ged bha mi tric a' beadradh r'i,
Nach d' iarr mi ni mi-dhleasannach,
'S nach freagradh diomh bhi cainnt air.
O shaorainn, &c.

Shaorainn fein gu deonach i,
 'S cha b' eagal leam ged' bhòidichinn,
 Nach d' fhuair mi bheag de dh'-fhotus innt',
 O'n ghabh mi eòlas cainnt oirr.
O shaorainn, &c.

Ma'tha cron ri leughadh ort
 An gniomh, no'n gnè, cha léir dhomh e,
 'S a dh-aïndeoin beachd an t-saoghal so,
 Is tua daonna m' annsachd.
O shaorainn, &c.

Tha súairceas, tlachd, a's simhaltachd,
 A strì co dhiu a's dìlse dhut;
 Tha maise, clìù, a's finealtachd,
 Ag imeachd air gach laimh dhiot.
O shaorainn, &c.

Gur modhail, sochrach, briathrach thu;
 Gur aoidheil, caoimhneil, ciallach thu;
 S nam biodh gach cuis mar dh-iarrainn iad,
 Bu tu mo chiad bhean-bainuse.
O shaorainn, &c.

T'fhalt boidheach, cam-bhuidh, dualagach,
 'S a bharr a' fás gu d' cruchanan—
 Do phòg mar mhil nan cuachagan,
 'S do shnuadh air dhreach an t-sàmhraidi.
O shaorainn, &c.

Gur soitheamh, banail, beusach thu;
 Gur geanail, suintach, eutrom thu;
 Gur counar, fonnar, spéiseil thu;
 Gu h-aoidheil, ceillidh, greannar.
O shaorainn, &c.

Cha mbol mi thu, cha'n urra mi,
 Cha'n eil mo bhriathran ullamh dhomh,
 Do bheusan thug mi 'n t-urrnam dhaibh,
 'S iad chuir mi uile 'n geall ort.
O shaorainn, &c.

Ach dh-innsinn fhù gu soilleir dhuiibh,
 Co i, 's co bhuaithe a shloinneadh i,
 Mur be gun d' fhuair sibh coire dhomh,
 Air son na rinn mi 'chaoint oirr'.
O shaorainn, shaorainn, shaorainn i,
Air m' fhacal f'héin gu'm faodainn sin;
'S ged bhiadh cuid nach saoileadh e,
Gu'n saorainn Mòiri Ghreannar.

Note.—The author of this and the preceding song is Mr Kenneth M'Kenzie, late tacksman of Monkcastle and Strath-na-Sealg, in Lochbroom, Ross-shire. He was a descendant of one of the three brothers already mentioned who were all poets. These two songs were composed on the same girl, whm was his own servant. He wrote several other humorous pieces; they are in our possession, but are rather too local for insertion here. Mr M'Kenzie died in 1827.

THA TIGH'N' FODHAM EIRIDH.

LE IAIN MAC DHUGHAILL 'IC-LACHUINN.

DO THIGHEARNA CHLANN-RAONAILL.

LUINNEAG

*Tha tigh'n' fodham, fodham, fodham,
 Tha tigh'n' fodham, fodham, fodham,
 Tha tigh'n' fodham, fodham, fodham
 Tha tigh'n' fodham éiridh.*

Sid an t-slainte chùramach;
 Olamaid gu sunntach i;
 Deoch slaint' an Ailein Mhuideartaich—
 Mo dhùrachd dhut gun éirich.
Tha tig'n' fodham, &c.

Ged a bhiodh tu fada bh'uam,
 Dh-eireadh sunnt a's aigndeah orm;
 'Nu'r chluininn sgeul a'b' aite leam,
 Air gaisgeach nan guiomh euchdach.
Tha tig'n' fodham, &c.

'S iomadh maighdean bharrasach,
 G'a math d' an tig an earrasaid,
 Eadar Baile-Mhanaich, agus
 Caolas Bharraidh 'n déigh ort.
Tha tig'n' fodham, &c.

Tha pairt an Eilean Bheagram dhiubh,
 'S cuid 's an Fhràing 's 'san Eadait dhìu,
 'S cha'n eil latha teagaig nach
 Bi'n Cille-Pheadair treud dhiù.
Tha tig'n' fodham, &c.

'Nuair chruinnicheadh am pannal ad,
 Breid caol an caradh crannaig orra,
 Bidh falus air am malaichean
 A' damhs air urlar déile.
Tha tig'n' fodham, &c.

Nuair chiaradh air an fheasgar,
 Gum bu bheadarach do fhleasgaichean,
 Bhiodh plòban mòr 'gan spreigeadh ann,
 A's feadan 'gan gleusadh.
Tha tig'n' fodham, &c.

Sgiobair ri là gaillinn thu
 A sheòladh cuan nam maranan,
 A bheireadh long gu calachan
 Le spionnadhl glac do threun-fhear.
Tha tig'n' fodham, &c.

Sgeul heag eile a dhearbhadh leat,
 Gur sealgair sithne 'n garbhlich thu,
 Le d' chuilheir caol, nach dearmadach,
 Air dearg-gneirigh nan ceann eatrom.
Thug mi'n fodham, &c.

B' e sid an leoghann aigeannach,—
 'Nuair nochadh tu do bhaidealan
 Lamh dhearg, a's long, a's hradanan,
 'Nuair 'lasadh meannna t'eudainn.
Thug mi'n fodham, &c.

Note.—This popular and cheerful song was composed on the rising of Allan, the famous Captain of Clanronald, in 1715. He was slain at Sherrifmuir, and the bards vied with one another in lamenting his death. Boswell, the biographer of Johnson, boasted that he could sing one verse of this ditty. He relates that "when Clanronald's servant was found watching the body of his master the day after the battle, one asked who that was? the servant replied, 'he was a man yesterday.'"*—Boswell's Journal*, p. 358.

ORAN ALLABAIN SUIRIDH.

LE PIOPAIRE FIR GLINN-ALLADAIL.

LUINNEAG.

Thug mi'n òidhche raoir sa'n àiridh,
Thug mi'n òidhche raoir 'sa'n àiridh,
Chaith mi'n òidhche cridheil, caomhneil,
Mar ri maighdeannan na h-àiridh.

MILE marbhaisc air an t-sùiridh,
 'S hochd le neach da'n téid i iomrall,
 Fagaidh si intinn fo iomaguinn,
 Gluasad cho sìmplidh ri mearlach.
Thug mi'n, &c.

Oidhche dhomh 's mi 'm hun na tire,
 'S mi goirid o bheagan mionag,
 'Smaointich mi gluasad os'n ional,
 Nochdadh mo bhriodail le gràdh dhaibh.
Thug mi'n, &c.

'Nuair rainig mi taigh-an-Dùnain,
 Bha chomhl' ac' air a deagh dhùnad,
 'Sa dh-aindeoin m' olais a's mo thùir,
 Gun thòisich na goid chuil ri rànaich.
Thug mi'n, &c.

Labbair mo chompanach runach,
 Dean stad 's feuchaidh sinn cleas ùr dh'i,
 Faigh thusa hoiseag dheth 'n hhùrn,
 'S fanaidh na lùdagan sàmhach.
Thug mi'n, &c.

Fhuair sinn staigh gun dad uamhainn,
 'S hba siun farasda n' ar gluasad,
 Rainig sinn leabaidh nan gruagach,
 'S chuir mi-fhìn gu saire mo làmh orr'.
Thug mi'n, &c.

Thuirt i rium, na tig ni's faide,
 'S leanabh te eile nam achlain,
 Cha 'n eil rùm agad fo 'n phlaide,
 'S bi pileadh dhachaig mar thainig.
Thug mi'n, &c.

Thuirt' mise, na hi cho doichleach,
 Fuirich gu si-mhala, socrach,
 Dad a mhì-mhodh dhut cha nochd mi,
 Gus 'n eirich thu moch a maireach.
Thug mi'n, &c.

Thuirt i, ma ta cuir dhiot t-aodach,
 Bheir mise nochd mo leath-taohh dhut,
 Air eagal 's gu 'n dean thu m' airoeadh,
 'S cha 'n ann air son gaol do mhàrain.
Thug mi'n, &c.

Mu n' d' fhuair mi mi-fhìn gu socrach,
 Ciod a rinn am pàist ach mosgladh,
 'S a nuair a ghrios mi e hhi tosdach,
 Theann e 'san droch-uair air rànalch !
Thug mi'n, &c.

Thuirt bean-an-taighe le dearras,
 A chlann a chum mi am chaithris,
 Ar leam gu 'm feumadh sibb anail
 Gur siùhlach ur teanga le Gàelic.
Thug mi'n, &c.

Chuir a briathran mi o thapadh,
 Eadar seorsa näire 's gealtachd,
 'S cha robb drìùchd a bha tro 'm chraiceann,
 Nach cuireadh cnag air an làr dheth.
Thug mi'n, &c.

Dò-eirich i ionunn 's a hì rùisgte,
 'S theann i ri lasadh a chrùisgeen,
 'S mu 'n d' fhosgail i ceart a sùilean,
 Bha mis air taohh cuil na fàrdach.
Thug mi'n, &c.

Ach fhìr tha fuireach 'sa bhaile,
 Giùlain mo shoraidh gu Anna,
 'S innis d' i gu 'n d' d' rinneadh ealaich,
 Do 'n luchd-faire bh' air an airidh.
Thug mi'n, &c.

Thug mi'n òidhche raoir sa'n àiridh,
Thug mi'n òidhche raoir 'sa'n àiridh,
Chaith mi'n òidhche cridheil, caomhneil,
Mar ri maighdeannan na h-àiridh.

Note.—This hearty song is the composition of John M'Gilvray, piper to the late Mr Macdonald, of Glen-aladale. M'Gilvray composed several other local pieces of no general interest.

ORAN SUGRADH.

LE ALASDAIR OG THRIASLAIN.

LUINNEAG.

*Hil ù hilin drò hò ró hilin éile,
Hil ù hilin drò hò ró hilin éile,
Hil ù hilin drò hò ró hilin éile,
'S a nighean donn an t-shùgraiddh,
Mo dhùrachd bhi réith 's tu.*

BHA mi-fhéin 's mo mhàthair,
Di-màirt ann sa'n t-seòmar,
'S gu robb i ri um a g' ràitinn—
“ Nach nár dhut bhi góirach,
A laide leis na caileagan,
Gur amadeach an dòigh e,
'S cha pòs bean gu bràch thu,
'S a ghràisg' ud an tòir ort!”
Hil ù hilin, &c.

Thuirt mi fhìn gu dìblidh,
Gur cinnteach gu'm b' fhior sid,
'S nach bu duine fir-glic,
Bha strì ris a ghniomh sin,
A cosg, a chuid le mi-chliu,
'S le mi-cheutaiddh mhianman,
Ach sgùiridh mi ri'm bheò dheth,
Ochoin! 's beg mo mhian air.
Hil ù hilin, &c.

Sin 'nuair a thuirt mo mhàthair—
“ O b'fhearr leam gu'm b'fhior sin,
Gu sguireadh tu gu bràch dheth,
'S gu'm fasadh tu ciallach,
Ged as ionadh càiheadb,
Is àithn thug mi riamh dhut,
'S ann leigeadh tu ma d' chluais iad,
Le baireadh na 'm biast ud.”
Hil ù hilin, &c.

'S ioma' duine b'fbearr na mi,
Dh-fhàilig sa cheum sin,
Ministeirean, pàirt dhiù,
Air airde 's ga leubh iad;
A bhean an dual' thu 'm Pàpa'
Rinn pàist' ann sa Eiphid;
Na 'u cuala tu Rìgh Daibhidh,
Chaidh dàn air Batseba.
Hil ù hilin, &c.

“ Ministeir, na Pàpa'
A dh-fhàilig sa ghniomh sin,
Olc no mhath a rinn iad,
Cha'n fhaighnichlear dhiots' e,
'S b' fhearr dhut a bhi céillidh,
Ri ceusadh do mhianman,

'S ma rinn iadsan eacoir,
'S iad fhein a bheir dial ann.
Hil ù hilin, &c.

“ Bu mhath an duinne Daibhidh,
Ged dh-fhàilig e 'n uair sin,
Bha e cneasda, naomha,
'S bha gaol aig an t-sluagh air,
Cha chomharda' do'n Rìgh sin,
Do mhìsteireachd thruaillidh,
'S mi-loinn aig an t-saoghal,
A ghaolaich dheth d' ghuasad.”
Hil ù hilin, &c.

A bhean an dual' thu Sola',
Bha morghalach, fir-ghlic,
Dha 'n robh urram foghlaim,
Eòlais, a's criandachd,
'Nuir phòs e seachd ceud bean,
'S ochd fishead-deug diù dialain,
'S their thusa a bhean nach fliach
Fear a dh-iaras a sia dhiu,
Hil ù hilin, &c.

“ Bha'n duinne sin na shearmonaich,
Ainmail sa Bhiobull,
Nach dàna leam do sheanachas,
Cho dearbhta' ga dhìteadh,
Ciod e cho brais sa bhiththeadh e,
Mu'n ruitheadh e air mile',
Cha b'fhearde an te ma dheireadh dhiu,
Gu deibhinn os a cinn e,”
Hil ù hilin, &c.

A bhean na 'm bithinn's ann,
Anns an am bha e-féin ann,
'S gu 'm bithinn a cheart làmh ris,
An àit an robb threud sa,
'Nuair bhiththeadh e ga shàrachadh,
Ghnàir gacb tè dhiu,
Gu'n rachainn greis na àite,
Na 'm b'fheairrde leis fhéin e.
Hil ù hilin, &c.

'Nuair bhios ma chlann-sa laidir,
'S a dh'fhàsas iad crianda'
Gu'n teid mi null air sàl leo,
Gu sràid Charolina,
Sin a 'nuair a dh-eudar
Gach aon chuir ri gniomh dhiu,
Bidh duine air ceann gach feuma,
'S mi fein a bhi diamhain.
Hil ù hilin, &c.

* * * * *

Note.—This song, in the form of a duet between a young gentleman and his mother, was composed by Alexander, son of the late Mr M'Leod of Triaslan, in the Isle of Skye. On his begetting several illegitimate children, he emigrated to America about thirty years ago.

GAOIR NAM BAN MUILEACH.

LE MAIREARAID NP LACHUINN.

'S goirt team gaoir nam ban Muileach,
Iad a caoineadh 's a tuireadh,
Mu na dh-fhalbh 's mu na dh-fhuirich ;
Gun Sir Iain an Lunnainn,
E 's an Flàring air cheann turais ;
'S trom an calldach thu dh-fhuireach !
Gur h-e aobhar ar dunaidh,
Gun e leinn, ar ceann-uighe,
'S dg a choisinn e 'n t-urram 's na blaraibh.
'S dg a choisinn e 'n t-urram, &c.

'Mhuire ! 's mise th'air mo sgaradh,
O Fheill-bride so chaith,
O Fheill-micheil, o Shambahinn,
Chaith a sios sliochd ar taighe.
Thaïníg dile tha ath-'bhualt !
'S mise an truaghán bochd mhathana,
A tha faondrach gun pharaid,
Thaobh nàmhaid, no caraid ;
Gun cheann cinne thaobh athar, no mathar.
Gun cheann cinne thaobh athar, &c.

Cha 'n e Ailean, no Eachunn,
Leis an eireadh fir Shasuinn,
So tha mise ag acain ;
Ach Iarla nam bratach,
Thogadh sioda ri crannaibh,
Nam pios òir, 's nan còrn dàite ;
Dheanadh stòras a sgapadh,
'S iad ciùn-fleodhnaidh nan gaisgeach,
Sir Iain, a's ceannard Chlann-Ràinail.
Sir Iain, a's ceannard, &c.

'S cairdeach Lachunn nan ruag dhut ;
Cha neart dhaoine thug bhuainn thù ;
Na 'm b'e, dh-eireadh mu d' ghualilean,
Luchd chlogaidean cruadhach,
Rachadh dàn anns an tuasaid ;
Fir chròdha bliu thuath dhuinn,
Le airm ghasda, gun rna'-mheirg.
'S bochd an acaid sc bhualt mi,
O'n là chruimhich do shluagh ann an Aros.
O'n là chruimhich do shluagh, &c.

A mhic rìgh nan long siùbhlach,
Ged bu chairdeach do'n chrùn thu.
Co an neach d' am bi suilean,
Nach gabhadh da 'n ionnsaigh,
Mar bha choill air a rùsgadh,
'S an robh gach seud cùbhraidi ?
Thuit a bla, a's a h-ùr-fhàs ;
Fhrois a h-abhul, 's a h-ùbhlach ;
Cha robh leighe a chùireadh am bàs bhuat.
Cba robh leighe a chùireadh, &c.

'S e chuir m'astar am maillead,
Agus m' amharc an dailead,
A bhi faicinn do chlainne,
A's iad na 'n ceatharnaich choille ;
A's cean curam da 'n oilean ;
Iad g' am fògairet gun choire,
Mar chaora fhuadair gun aodhair ;
Mar sgaoth ianlaidh ro fhaoighaid ;
Nach eil fhios co an doire 's an tāmh iad.
Nach eil fhios co an doire, &c.

'S mairg a d'fheumas am fulang,
Gach eugail 's an duine !
Ach, 's mithich dhomhsa nis sgur dhibh,
'S gun toiseacha tuille.
'S e mo chòmhra-sa tuireadh !
'S ann mu 'n taice so 'n uiridh,
A bha sinn àobhach am Muile ;
Ach bhris an claidheamh na dhuille,
'N uair a shaol sin gu 'n cumadh iad slàn e.
'N uair a shaol sin gu 'n, &c.

*Note.—The real name of the author of this lament was Margaret Maclean, sometimes called Mairearead Ni' Lachuinn, from Lachlan being the christian name of her father. She lived in the island of Mull, of which place she was a native. Like all local poets, Ni' Lachuinn has been applauded by her countrymen in general, though we must confess that we are blind to any poetic grandeur in her compositions. We have seen twenty-five pieces of composing, but the above seven stanzas is her *chef d'œuvre*.*

O R A N S U G R I D H

LE MR IAIN MUNRO.

AIA FONN.—“Up an' wa'r them a' Willie.”

LUINNEG.

An téid thu leam, a ghraidhag,
An téid thu leam air sal-uisg,
An téid thu leam, air bhàrr nan tonn,
Gu tir nan gleann 's nan ard-bheann.

'Se d' chumadh dealbhach, àillidh,
Mur dhealradh reult na faire,
'Se d' nadur ciùin 's do bhàigh, 's do mhùir,
A leag mo rùin 's mo ghràdh ort.

An téid thu leam, a ghraidhag, &c.

Cha téid mi leat a Ghàidhal,
Mo chairdun gaoil cha-n fhàg mi ;
Cha téid mi null gu tir nam beann,
'S cha-n fhàg mi clann mo mhàthar.
An téid thu leam, a ghraidhag, &c.

Cha téid mi leat a Ghàidhal,
Mo dhùich a chaoi' cha-n fhàg mi ;

Gur bochg* am fonn 's tha'n t-aran gann,
 'An tìr nan gleann 's nan àrd-bheann.
An teid thu leam, a ghraidhag, &c.

Cha téid mi leat a Ghàidhal,
 Cha'n 'eil do thaigh ach tâirial,
 Bhith'nn fo sproc, nam bithinn bochg,
 An tìr nan cnoc 's nan àrd-bheann.
An teid thu leam, a ghraidhag, &c.

Tha agum taigh cho àillidh,
 Ris an taigh 'san d'hfuair thu t'àrach,
 'S bi'dh cuan 'us fonn riut fiàl gach am,
 An tìr nan gleann 's nan àrd-bheann.
An teid thu leam, a ghraidhag, &c.

Mur 'eil mor chrionachg fàs ann,
 An tìr nan gleann 's nan àrd-bheann,
 Tha bàrr ni's leor, 'us fàs an fheoir,
 'An tìr nan lòn 's nan àirdidh.
An teid thu leam, a ghraidhag, &c.

Tha agum spré le'n àiltun,
 'S mo mheana-chrodh air na h-àirdun,
 'S bi laoidh, 'us uain, air raoin, 'us cluain,
 'S gur taitnach fuaim am bàirich.
An teid thu leam, a ghraidhag, &c.

Ged nach 'eil mo long air sàl-uisg,
 Gu saibhrus 'dheanamh 'n àird dhomh,
 Théid bât' us lian, gach là gu rian,
 'S bi' agud iasg gu t-àillus.
An teid thu leam, a ghraidhag, &c.

Bî' agud éidadh blàth, glan,
 'Us breacan mìn mu d' bhràghud,
 Cha téid thu mach, gun ghill' us each,
 'S bi' h-uile neach riut càirdal.
An teid thu leam, a ghraidhag, &c.

Bi tu fallan, slaintal,
 Le gaoith a chuain 's nan àrd-bheann,
 'S bi eoin na coill', 's nan liabh gun fhoill,
 Le coirail binn cuir fàilt ort.
An teid thu leam, a ghraidhag, &c.

Bi mis' riut suilbhar, bàighal,
 Mar mhadiinn shàmhridh bhilàth-ghil,
 Cha tig orst béud, nach dean mo chréchig,
 On thug mi spéis that càch dhut.
An teid thu leam, a ghraidhag, &c.

Stad a nis a Ghàidhal,
 Mo chrî, mo rùin, 's mo làmh dhut,
 Gu'n téid mi null gu tìr nam beann
 Oir choisinn fonn do dhàin mi.
An teid thu leam, a ghraidhag, &c.

* This song and the following are printed *verbatim et literatim* from the author's own MS. being what he deemed an improvement on the received system of orthography.

O R A N D U C H A.* LEIS AN DUIN UASAL CHIANDA.

AIR FONN.—“*The Battle of the Boyne.*”
LUINNAG.

O théid sinn, théid sinn, le swigart agus aoidh,
 O théid sinn, théid sinn, gu deònach,
 O théid sinn, théid sinn, tharis air an t-Sruadh,
 Gu muinntir ar dàimh, 'us ar n-eolis.

Ged bha sinn bliantun fada, fada, bhuath,
 A'in Baile-Chluaidh' a chònadh,
 Tamul beag gu-n tréig sinn, ar gairm 'sa nis gu-n
 A dh'fhaotinn an gràdh 'us an còra, [téid sinn,
 O theid sinn, theid sinn, &c.

Gu-n toir sinn cuairist, ritist do-n taobh-tuath,
 Us théid sinn ruraig do Dhòrnach,
 'S chì sinn Droit-an-agh, 's fa comhar air gach
 Caistalan 'us páircun 'us lòintun. [taobh,
 O theid sinn, theid sinn, &c.

Chì sinn an Caol, air am faca sinn le gaoith,
 Bâitchun aotrom a seòladh
 Chì sinn na beannntun, a ghledhadh sneachg san
 Is chì sinn na h-àbhñichum bo'ach. [t-sàmhrahdh,
 O theid sinn, theid sinn, &c.

Chì sinn na glinn, anns an d'rugadh sinn ;
 'S bu ghnà leinn bhi aotrom, góirach,
 'S chi sinn na coilltun, le aighar 'us toil-inntinn,
 'S bu ghnà leinn bhi cluinninn nan smèòrach.
 O theid sinn, theid sinn, &c.

'S chì sinn na cluain air am bithadh laoigh'us nain
 Ri mire gun ghruaing anns an òg-mhios,
 'S chì sinn na h-aonich, air an inaltradh na caorich
 O'n d'hfuair sinn sàr aodichun còmhdiach.
 O theid sinn, theid sinn, &c.

Chì sinn na raoine, le blà a bheallidh chaoin,
 'S a chéitán bhi's aobhach 'us bòidhach,
 Is chì sinn na bruachun fo sgàll 'a bhàrrich uaine
 Gu tric anns 'na bhuain sinn an t-sòrach.
 O theid sinn, theid sinn, &c.

Chì sinn an lag, 's an t-eas gu bècach, grad,
 'S am bradan a lèum suas na chòdhail,
 Chì sinn am badan, 'sam bithadh coilich bheadh
 Ri co-chath 'sa mhadiinn chìùin, cheùthar. [rach,
 O theid sinn, theid sinn, &c.

Chì sinn gach liabh, air am bithadh greighun
 Ri mire air riasgun, 's air lòintun, [fhiadh,
 Is chì sinn an lagan edar àrd nan cragun,
 'S an caidhladh an earbag air chòinnich.
 O theid sinn, theid sinn, &c.

* Composed by Mr Munro, on the prospect of a visit to his native country.

'S chì sinn gach loch, o'n tric an tugadh steach,
Bric mheana-bhallach, airgidach, òr-bhui'

'S mu'm bithadh an cù-donn, a shiùladh foantonn

'S eal' a snàmh os-a-cheann ann am mòr-chuis.

O theid sinn, theid sinn, &c.

'S chì sinn gun ghruaim, a banarach le fuaim,
'Sa bhuaile, gu duanagach, òranach,

A bleathan a chruidh-ghuaillun, is iad a' sgur
Le taitnas toirt cluas agus deoin di [de nualain]

O theid sinn, theid sinn, &c.

'S imadh, 's imadh ni, a chì sinn anns an tìr,
Nach sailte thigh'n ann 'nuair bu chlann sinn
Thar aisg na coit, tha ragha, ragha, droit,
'San àite na croit, baile-Bhanna.

O theid sinn, theid sinn, &c.

'S rathad rìghal, réidh, tre chragun fhraoch us
Is carbadun mìll, air an ordugh [gheug
Gach là sios le srann 'us gach là suas le deann
Tre-n t-Sligach us bhonn phreas-an-òrdain.

O theid sinn, theid sinn, &c.

'S deagh fhearrann ùr, a rinnadh le mor shaoth'r
Bho chruai bhàrrun fraoich, agus mòintich,
'Us imadh lethad cruaidh, bha riamh gu seo, gun
Le òg-ghiuthas uain air chòmhach. [bhuaidh

O theid sinn, theid sinn, &c.

Deòlidh sín as ùr, gaoth is athar cùr,
Bheir slaint agus sùrd dhuinn 'us sòlas,
Ar cairdun bheir dhuinn, aran càis agus ìm,
'S deoch laidir de-n dràm, agus ceòl leis.

theid sinn, theid sinn, &c.

Ged tha sinn an cèin, a nochg o ar tìr,
'S o'r caomh chairdun gaoil, 'us sean eòlich,
Olidh sinn le rùin, deagh shlainte dhaibh gach-
Is buaidh do dha thaoibh Caolas Dhòrnich. [aon

O theid sinn, theid sinn, &c.

Note.—The Author of this and the preceding poem was John Munro, Esq., Accountant, Glasgow, who was born at Sordale, parish of Criech, Sutherlandshire, on the 11th Nov. 1791. He was the eldest son of Andrew Munro,

Merchant, Spinningdale, and of Betty, daughter of the late John Ross, Esq. of Inveran. In October, 1794, his father removed to the new Village of Spinningdale in the same parish, where a Cotton Mill and a Weaving Factory had been erected by a Glasgow Company; here he carried on business as a Merchant along with Manufacturing and Bleaching on his own account for a number of years; but various circumstances rendering his efforts unsuccessful, in 1802 he was appointed to manage the Weaving Department of the Company. John, then in his eleventh year, was a good scholar, and able to write his father's books, but on the 19th of April, 1803, he had the misfortune to lose his father by an accidental death in his 38th year. His father was an enterprising man, and highly esteemed, for purity of intention and public spirit. On the death of her husband, Mrs Munro was aided in prosecuting the education of her children by her brothers in Glasgow, who were in flourishing circumstances. John was engaged, during the four winter seasons succeeding the death of his father, teaching in respectable families; and being now 16 years of age, and his uncles having procured a situation for him in Glasgow, he arrived there in March, 1808. He acted as clerk and cash-keeper during the succeeding nineteen years, in Houses of the first eminence, and in 1827, on his employers becoming insolvent, he commenced business as an Accountant.

Previous to this period he visited his native country, and had the melancholy satisfaction of being present at his mother's decease on the 20th Sept., 1825. It was in the prospect of this visit that he composed "*O! theid sinn,*" &c. His acknowledged integrity and industry procured him considerable business without solicitation, from which, along with other successful speculations, he had realized a respectable competence by the period of his decease; which took place on the 27th Nov., 1837.

Mr Munro's mind was early imbued with serious impressions, and his piety increased with his years. During the whole of his life, the closest intimacy never detected a fault in his conduct, which leaned not to the side of virtue. He spent about a fifth of his income in aid of benevolent and religious purposes;—pious men, teachers and students from the Highlands sought his intimacy; and he failed not to patronize piety and talents, and to aid such as he conceived to be deserving. His unassuming manner was no less conspicuous than his independency of mind; he was a diligent student, and in the hours of relaxation from business, he became author of several religious pamphlets and poems. The deep interest he took in promoting Gaelic literature, and in teaching a Gaelic Sabbath School, and for many years acting as Secretary to the Society for the support of Gaelic Schools, rendered his name familiar to the religious portion of his countrymen throughout the Highlands. His early death was much regretted. He was interred in the Necropolis, and a Monument, with a suitable inscription, is there erected to his memory.

GLOSSARY.

A

Abhachd, a harmless gibing or joking
Abran, clampa, an oar guard, &c.
Achdaidh, certain, self-satisfied
Aibheis, the sea, ocean, the horizon
Aithreasach, immense, ethereal, &c.
Ainnealach, vexing, uneasy, galling
Aimhidi, sour, sulky, sullen, surly
Aistling-chonain, a libidinous dream
Anaglaodh, tearnaodh, protection
Aol-taigh, university, college
Arsailh, 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
Baganra, no bogana, tight, compact
Baicio, the progenitor of the Stuarts
Bàraigeach, a foolish woman, idiotic
Bustalach, showy, cheering
Beitir, neat, clean, tidy, compact
Biadh-ianain, wood-sorrel
Biogach, small, diminutive, dwarfish
Bioganta, lively, smart, apt to start
Biosgach, catching at morsels, greedy
Bíáum, gibberish, jargon, senseless talk
Borrachan, the banks of a burn or river
Bráth, air bhráth, 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
Brostulach, excitement, vigour
Brothach, a hairy rough man, a pimped fellow
Brollach, unintelligible disjointed talk, unpleasant sounds, jargon
Bruasgadh, a tearing in tatters, or breaking asunder, confusion
Buathanta, foolish, awkward, clumsy in conversation
Budh, a hero, a champion, an enemy
Bunndais, fee, wages, bounty
Burarus, warbling or purling noise

C

Cairbin, gunna-glaic, a carbine
Cairche, a wrestler, a tumbler
Caisreagach, wrinkled or creased
Calbar, lonach, greedy, voracious, glutinous
Calumnan-cochait, a God-send, a propitious omen
Caoidhearan, lamentation
Capull-coille, a capercaille or mountain cock; this species of fowl is now nearly extinct in the Highlands of Scotland
Cearslach, abounding in ringlets, round, globular, circular
Cidheadach, ceathach, mist, fog, vapour
Clash, surge, a burying-place, &c.
Clàmhuiuin, cliseit, glòb, sleet
Clann-shatl, luxuriant waving hair
Claiseach, a kind of sword, also a rifle gun

Claranach, a wandering bard or minstrel, a swordsman, a wrestler
Clauin, attention, retirement, peace, slumber
Cnaideil, scoffing, jeering, derision
Cobhrachean, coffers, money-drawers
Coldaidh, a contest, a scold, a struggle
Comaraidh, direction or tendency forward
Comerich, petition, request, demand
Conach, saibhir, rich, riches
Cosgaraidh, conquerors, victors
Cola-ban, fourpence (Western Isles id.)
Crabhadh, hard, well tempered
Cranngachail, implements, apparatus
Craobhaidh, niggardly, mean
Crap-lò, a musical phrase among pipers
Creadhneach, crítéach, hurtful, painful, excruciating
Crios-co-chulainn, my lady's belt
Croiteag, stochd-charach, a kind of mortar, a circular stone hollowed for preparing pot barley or pounding bark
Croilein clann, a circle of children, &c.
Crom-un-donais, blood and wounds! ergad! sounds!
Cuannd, cuannd, a company of singers, a band of musicians
Cuan-sgùth, the sea between the Isle of Skye and Lewis
Cuisle-chiul, a musical vein
Cuisle-shniomhain, the winding veins of trees
Curaisde or cur-aisde, a quagmire

D

Daimheach, a friend, companion, a stranger
Daisceanach, low witted insipid poets
Daochail, graineil, 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
Deilleannach, the humming of bees, the barking of dogs
Deoch-thulta, decanted drink
Dileant, everlasting, profound, in undating, rainy
Díann, endless, never, also an inundation or deluge
Dios, dithis, plural of one; two
Ditheadh, cramming, filling by force
Diuachd, come to me, approach me; siuc, away! begone! disperse
Doinid, extreme cold, hoar frost
Doinidh, loathsome, hateful, contemptible
Draig, Gen. of dring, an ignis fatuus, an atmospheric phenomenon
Duainéil, ridiculous, ludicrous, laughable
Du-chlach, a flint, also a cabalistic stone
Dudaidh, resembling in sound that of a horn, deep intonation
Duiteachd, affliction, sorrow
Duimneach, the primitive surname of Campbell, bho Dhìarmad O'Duine

Duirceall, a half-worn dirk or knife
Dustuing, dusluinn, dust, earth, soil

E

Elabhuide, ealabhi, St John's wort
Evaradhi, uraradhi, parching corn in a pot preparatory to grinding
Eistreach, traigh, a rough stony ebb, a sea beach

F

Fachach, a little insignificant man, a puffin
Faillbe, the aerial expanse, a ring
Faitéal, a hearty cheerful salute, friendly talk, &c., &c.
Faobachadh, act of despoiling, plundering
Farragadh, provocation, enmity; report, surmise
Farpais, emulation, strife, rivalry
Feuda-coille, the flowers of wood-sorrel
Feara-ghris, hawthorn or briar
Feasgaran, vespers, evening devotions
Fideag, a stalk of corn, a reed
Fiadhair, uncultivated/ground, a ley land
Firionn, man (now obsolete), male, masculine
Fluidhiddh, firbhaidh a prince, a valiant chief, an arrow, a company
Foghtuin, an apprentice, a pupil
Foirne, a set of rowers, a crew, a brigade, a troop
Fraighe, a scabbard, a sheath, protection wall, shelter
Fulamair, fulmair, a sea-bird peculiar to St Kilda, a species of petrel

G

Gaille-bheinn, a huge billow, a snow storm
Gall-fheadan, a flagolet, a clarionet
Gaine, gainne, an arrow, a dart, shaft
Garra-gart, no Gárra-gort, trean-ri-trean, a corncrike, quail
Gaisreadh, gaisridh, warlike troops military
Gasgan, green, a parterre
Geambairn, confinement, prison
Gearson, entrance money, fee paid for admission, (Grassum, Sc.)
Gianmag, fear panic, sudden alarm
Gibain, a St Kildan sausage made of fat from the gullets of fowls
Gloic-nid, sgàilc-sheide, a dram in bed before rising in the morning
Gothach, the reed of a bag-pipe, drone
Greathachd, surliness, moroseness, churlishness
Greus, gréis, 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-bùchainn, a melodious sea-fowl
Itsgean, taunts, nick-names, reflections on one's conduct

Innideh, entrails, bowels
Inse-Gall, primitive name of the Hebrides, now confined to Isle of Skye
Iomchuiuin, conduct, behaviour, deportment
Ireann, a patriarchal woman, a dam, the mother of a race
Isneach, or *oisneach*, a rifle gun
Iudmhaile, a fugitive, a coward, a low-felicit fellow
Iurghuiteach, a noisy contentious fellow, a ranteer, a bawler
Iutharn, *isfrinn*, *irinn*, hell, the abode of demons

L

Langrach, full of chains or fetters
Là-luain, doom's-day, the last day
Lear, the wide ocean, the main
Learg, a small plain or hill, a battlefield, a green goose
Liobasda, 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
Lùb, a roe (now obsolete)
Luch-drmunn, a pigmy, a dwarf
Lunn, penetrate, a heaving-billow, &c.

M

Mac-faoir, *silair*, the gannet, a voracious fowl or person
Mac-lamhach, *cat-mara*, *griasaich*, the fish called a sea-devil
Maidnean, matins, morning prayers or devotions
Maighdeann, a maiden, an instrument for headdress with
Maoil-ciaran, a child of grief, melancholy
Marsal, *marsadh*, a march, or marching of troops
Mathalt, a blunt sword, knife, or other weapon
Meardrach, meter, crambo (Irish id.)
Meulag, belly, protuberance
Meara-casach, active, nimble, vigorous
Meirghe, a banner, flag, pennon
Meilibheag, *mealbhag*, a corn-pipper
Mhn, *sios*, downward, from above
Moghunn, sounds of musical instruments
Muirheadach, female fighter or champion, an undaunted female
Muirchinn, children, inmates, occupants of one house
Muirnean, (Irish id.) darling, or beloved
Munadach, a hill or hillock, (used poetically for *monadh*)

O

Olach, an eunuch, a funbler, &c., &c.
Otachl, hospitality, kindness, bounty
Oraid, an oration, a speech, an essay
Ordh, shining like gold gilded, excellent, precious

P

Páis, a slap, a blow with the open hand, a box on the ear

Peighinn, a measure of land (not now in use)
Pigidh, *br-u-dhearg*, robin red-breast
Pliathach, splay-footed, bandy-legged
Prabhadh, botching, bungling, spoiling
Prabar, the rabble, the refuse of any grain or seed
Pratis, *praisceach*, a pot or pot-metal, a still
Proibartach, parsimony, meanness, shabbiness
Prioblossgadh, a sudden burning or sense of heat, a twinkling blaze
Púthar, a wound or hurt, a scar
Pùc, bribe, veil, *cha tug e pùc dheth*, he made nothing of him

R

Ranntannan, title deeds, deeds of conveyance, chattels
Rannt-bhùth, a confused dance without system
Rati, a ludicrous appellation made to signify whisky
Riastradh, outbreaking, immorality, eruption
Riatnich, illegitimate
Robarin, towering waves, swelling roaring billows, heavy rains
Roiseal, the lowest and basest rabble, a high swelling wave
Ro-scel, the highest of a ship's sails, top-gallants, full sails
Rosg, prose writing, an eye, eyelids
Ruanach, firm, fierce, steadfast, stony

S

Sámh, surge, the agitation of waves on thesea-beach, the crest of whitened billows
Saoi, a seal, a mark, an impression
Sáradh, a broaching, a distaining, an arrestment
Seasdar, rest, repose, comfort, pallet, pillow, a place whereon to rest
Seas-ghrian, the equinoctial line
Séis, a musical air, the humming of bees or flies
Seis, one's match or equal, a companion
Seighein, rare, superior, out of the common order, eccentric
Seol-đit, an anchorage, a harbour
Séalaiche, a man ready to raise the human cry against his neighbour
Séibidh, tight, active, handsome, neat
Séibrach, a clumsy person, a slattern, a female tattler, a young sea gull
Séatig, *loini*, rheumatism, rheumatic pains
Sioagideach, dwarfish, bony, ill-made
Síth, a span, a squint, determined position in standing
Siuinnchan, *bianan*, phosphoric fire
Sílm, a defence, a garrison, a protection
Smeoil, Gen. of *Smal*, *Gleann-smeoil*, the glen of mist
Smedir, the end of an arrow next the bow-string
Snacis, a spit of dried fish, &c., &c.
Sorn, a hearth, the flue of a kiln or oven, a concavity
Spangz, spangles, glittering toys, decorations, embellishments
Speach, a dart, virus, a blow or thrust, a wasp
Spreidh, or *spreign*, velocity, gallant movement, gilding
Srianach, a badger, a brock

Stairbhanach, an athletic well-built person
Staonag, *rónnan*, saliva, spittles
Sual, tumours, *suail* (Ir. id.), wonder
Suschie, filled, saturated, tightened
Sumatre, a coarse cudgel, a lethal weapon, a beetle
Sunnalt, a likeness, a comparison, a resemblance

T

Tarbharnach, *fuaimneach*, noisy, garulous
Tafaid, the string of a bow for throwing arrows
Taisdeal, a journey, a travel, a march, a vnyage
Taobhluath, a division of a pipe tune
Taranach, a prognostication, a prophesying
Teallsanach or *fàllsanach*, a philosopher, or astronomer
Teamhair, season, in season, fit time
Teiridneach, *ciridneach*, medicinal, having the power to cure
Tochtachd, cowardice, cowardliness
Theasd, *chaochail*, *dh'eug*, he died, theasd e

Tobha, *ball*, *ròp*, rope, cable
Toghaile, a feud, a levying of forces, a rising in arms
Toimseil, sensible, prudent, frugal
Toideal, an attack in battle, a warlike movement, a flock of water fowls
Toitearlaich, a thick gigantic man, a dense column of smoke

Torróichum, a deep snoring or sleep
Tosan, on onset, beginning, prelude
Tosgair, messenger, harbinger, ambassador
Treachair, *tighean*, houses, outhouses, steadings
Troghaid, a stitch in one's side, &c.
Truidhinn, *no treatain*, nonsensical stuff, doggerel
Troghad, *ros-troghad*, soft rolling eyes, full orb'd
Troih, 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

Turavarach, a rattling or rumbling noise

Turcadaich, nodding, a sudden jerk from the sensation of sleep

Tuilm, Gen. of *tolm*, a hillock, a mound, a knoll

Tulg, a grudge, an upbraiding, puking

Tuillin, canvass, sea storm, a shipped wave

Tuinn, ducklings (obsolete), waves

Tuirneileas, 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, stenlock (Sc.)
Urhailteach, anecdotal, jocular, cheerful in conversation
Urblainn, the countenance, beauty, the fore part of a ship
Urlar, division of a pipe tune
Urracag, a thowl, an oar pin, a clate
Urraisgean, inundations, overflows, speats (Sc.)

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