THE

KILLIN COLLECTION

OF

GAELIC SONGS,

Prof. Blackie

Dingwall
3 September
1884

THE

KILLIN COLLECTION

OF

GAELIC SONGS.

THE KILLIN COLLECTION

OF

GAELIC SONGS,

WITH

MUSIC AND TRANSLATIONS.

BY

CHARLES STEWART,

TIGH'N-DUIN, KILLIN.

EDINBURGH:
MACLACHLAN & STEWART, 64 SOUTH BRIDGE.
GLASGOW: PORTEOUS BROTHERS.
OBAN: DUNCAN CAMERON.

1884.

GLASGOW:
PRINTED BY JAMES C. ERSKINE,
140 HOPE STREET.

PREFACE.

IN selecting and arranging the Melodies in the following Collection I have borne in mind four different classes:—*First*, Those that have already established themselves as favourites; *Second*, Those that have not been published until now, but which, in my opinion,—and in this I hope my kind readers will agree with me,—are deserving of publication; *Third*, Some ancient chants to which our Fingalic poetry was sung; and *Fourth*, A few hymn tunes,—one of them old, and the others on the lines of old Gaelic melody, in the hope of shewing how admirably that melody is fitted for sacred song.

I am indebted to MR. MERRYLEES not only for the great pains and trouble he has taken with the Harmonies and Accompaniments, but for the sympathetic zeal he has brought to bear upon these, his own most important share of the work, and the kind assistance he has given in mine.

To PRINCIPAL SHAIRP, PROFESSOR BLACKIE, the REV. DR. H. MACMILLAN, and MR. HENRY WHYTE, for their Translations; DR. NORMAN MACLEOD, for the selections from his father's writings the REV. ERIC FINDLATER, Lochearnhead, for the selection from the Rev. Dr. Macintosh Mackay's MSS.; PROFESSOR COLIN BROWN, for permission to take some Melodies from "The Thistle;" BISHOP MACDONALD, of Argyll and the Isles, for the late Mr. MacPherson's MS. Translation of "Day of Wrath;" the REV. ALLAN SINCLAIR, Kenmore, and all others who have helped me, I now tender my sincere thanks. I have, besides, to express my gratitude to Professor Brown and Mr. Whyte, for valuable assistance rendered in many ways and with no stinted hand.

C. S.

CHARACTERISTIC LIST OF SONGS.

I.—LOVE SONGS.

II.—DAIRYMAIDS' SONGS.

III.—JACOBITE SONGS.

IV.—MARCHES.

V.—LAMENTS.

VI.—SONGS OF THE MACGRIGORS.

VII.—DESCRIPTIVE.

VIII.—ANCIENT GAELIC CHANTS.

IX.—SONGS BY THE LATE REV. DR. JOHN MACLEOD, OF MORVEN.

APPENDIX.

ALPHABETICAL INDICES.

GAELIC.

ENGLISH.

INTRODUCTION.

TO Professor Colin Brown, of Anderson's College, Glasgow, belongs the credit of having penetrated to the root principles that govern Gaelic music and poetry. Three of these principles must be realized by all who wish to sing Gaelic hymns and songs as they should be sung:—*First*, This music is entirely modal; *Second*, The words occupy the first place, the music only the second; and *Third*, The words and music implicitly follow the idiosyncrasies of the language.

From the first of these principles it results, that this music cannot, except in the case of tunes in the mode of the first, and to a limited extent in the mode of the sixth, be adapted to the two modern modes of major and minor, either in melody or harmony, without expunging, to a great extent, the characteristic beauties of Gaelic song, and obscuring its special and instinctive melody. For instance, we find on re, the mode of the second, most plaintive melodies on the one hand, and some of the brightest on the other,—traits which are difficult of attainment by any other mode, and utterly beyond the reach of an artificially constructed one.

The second principle brings us to the historical fact, that the bards first composed the poetry; then, by that aesthetic instinct which connects poetry with music, developed the melody; and lastly, with this united result of genius, spoke and sang this glorious blending to the accompaniment of the harp. The most exalted function of music consists in its being the interpreter and intensifier of the highest poetic thought and feeling, combined with the aptest words for expressing that thought and feeling. The original form of the music was without doubt that of the chant; not, however, the modern form of prose chant, in which, as usually sung, it is impossible correctly to enunciate the words, but a chant where every word not only had its own note, but that note so wedded to it as to bring out the full meaning. This was one result of the poetry, music, and song emanating from one person, who threw into it the life, love, and energy of his whole being. The bard was wonderfully equipped for delivering his glowing message. He had not only the gifts of poetry and song in their highest form, but was also a patriot and a hero, and spoke and sung from the grandest and noblest conceptions stirring within his spirit. We can conceive of the scene when Fingal, having returned from battle to the "hall by the waves," thus addressed his bards, his own son Ossian being the most illustrious:—

"Ye voices of Cona of high swelling power,
Ye bards who can sing of her olden time,
On whose spirits arise the blue panoplied throng
Of her valiant hosts, who are mighty and strong,
My bards raise the song."

And can we not see the bards wrapt in ecstasies as the mighty deeds of their fathers and kindred swept in power athwart their spirits; and in prophetic frenzy seizing their harps, and pouring forth words and music that roused and stirred themselves and their kinsmen to the very heights and depths of heroism and noble daring.

It was not, however, always this heroic song which was sung, but even more frequently the tenderly and softly plaintive. Thus, again we hear Fingal saying to the bards—

"To me sounds the sweetest the joy hid in grief,
Which as faint falling dew in the mildness of spring
Bends the twig of the oak as it spreads in the Torr,
The tender young leaflets bursting out from between."

Whereupon Ullin, the aged bard, thus directs two of the brotherhood and sisterhood—

"Cronan, thou son of sweet wailing song;
Miann-fonn, whose touch is light on the harp,
Lift up the ode of Silric the brown-haired,
To pleasure the king of green hills and brown heath."

Whereupon "Cronan," or plaintive warbler, and "Miann-fonn," or voice of enticing sweetness, sing the tender and touching lay of Silric.

In the time of our fathers it was the custom, when the family and friends gathered round the fire after nightfall, for some one competent to do so to chant these Fingalic songs. We have an interesting record of this from the pen of a gentleman belonging to this district, Patrick Campbell, Auch. In the years 1791 and 1792 he made a journey in North America, and after his return published, in 1793, an account of his travels. Speaking of the Ossianic poetry, he says, (page 205:) "To follow Ossian in the sublimity of his style; his beautiful rounded periods on the one hand, his plaintive melancholy strains, and the smoothness of his poetic language on the other, I do not suppose it to have been in the power of the first genius ever the world produced, unless his heart felt (like Ossian himself) as he went along. These poems are repeated with a plaintive air peculiar to themselves, that cannot be transfused into the English tongue; and I can most solemnly say, that I never was in all my life so charmed as with hearing them repeated with a musical tone. . . . It was customary, in the corner of the country where I was born, when the people assembled on any public occasion, particularly at late wakes, to place their best historian in some conspicuous and centrical place, where he could best be heard in the house, but more frequently in a barn, where the corpse was kept; and after they were tired playing games, . . . the best orator began, and continued until daylight, repeating Ossian's poems, and recounting the achievements of his race, which exalted their minds and ideas to perfect enthusiasm. I myself, when a boy, was present on many of these occasions." Such was the effect produced by that chanting of the Ossianic bardship, in which words and music combined to thrill with ecstasy not only the emotions, but the intellect, of the Gael. Even in my time, there were many who were in the habit of thus singing these poems, such as my friend William Stewart, one of whose chants I give. I only wish that my enthusiasm had been as great in my young days as now: many a chant lost for ever might then have been preserved. All this powerfully illustrates the principle I am now stating, that the genuine singing of Gaelic poetry is not a mere aesthetic exercise, but the united result of intellectual, emotional, and aesthetical conceptions and feelings, stirred into being by correct utterance alike of words and music. As further illustrating this principle, I was much struck by a remark I heard made a few days ago, by one of our very best reel players, to a class of young men who were learning the violin, and which was to this effect: "Every old reel and strathspey, being originally a 'port-a-beul,' has its own words. Now, if you wish to play with genuine taste, keep singing the words in your mind when you are playing the tune."

The third principle has a remarkable bearing on the rhythm and cadences of Gaelic music, resulting from the linguistic peculiarity that in Gaelic all words of more than one syllable have the accent on the penultimate, and never on the last syllable. Mr. Pattison says, ("Popular Songs of the Highlands," No. VI.:) "Every one who has heard Gaelic songs sung by those who gave them the raciest intonation, must have observed how prone they were to dwell on the second last syllable of each line, and drop the last almost inaudibly." He notices the fact in singing; but as far as I can find, does not realize the linguistic peculiarity which gives rise to it. It will be seen that MR. MERRYLEES, in his harmonies, has carefully borne this in mind.

The admirable translations into English by PRINCIPAL SHAIRP, PROFESSOR BLACKIE, and the REV. DR. MACMILLAN, speak for themselves, and need no apology at my hands; but in regard to my own, I must ask the consideration of all non-Gaelic speakers and singers. The differences betwixt the structure of the two languages render new canons of rhyme necessary. There is no such thing in Gaelic as the last syllable of one line being in rhyme with the last syllable of the next,—the rhyme being not on the syllable, but on the vowel sound, which is most frequently found in the penultimate syllable. It is repeated usually about the middle of the next line, and sometimes over and over again. Nay, in order to give intensity, the *same* word is frequently repeated. We have an example of this in the first song given, viz.:—

"Cruel fr*ie*nds are sore reflecting,
Since my l*o*ve to th*ee* is st*ea*dfast;
Yes, that l*o*ve will b*e* und*y*ing,
Till in s*i*lent gr*a*ve I am l*y*ing."

"Tha mo ch*a*irdean r*iu*msa gruamach,
Chion mo ghaol a bhith cho b*u*an dh*uit*;
Ach ch*ao*idh cha *tug* 's cha toir mi *fuath dhuit*,
Gus an *carar* ann 's an *uaigh mi*."

Again, in song No. 3:—

"Wend *I* can't o'er the h*ea*th,
Wend *I* can't in my gr*ie*f,
Lest thy d*ea*th's w*o*e should w*ou*nd me more,
Lest thy d*ea*th's w*o*e should w*ou*nd me more."

"Cha *siu*bhal m*i* fr*ao*ch,
Cha *siu*bhal cha 'n fh*ao*d,
Tha c*u*mha do bh*ai*s ga 'm l*eo*n,
Tha c*u*mha do bh*ai*s ga 'm l*eo*n."

We have an extremely interesting exemplification in Dr. Macleod's very beautiful *English* song in imitation of the Gaelic—

"B*e*nd your o*a*rs, and s*e*nd her f*oa*ming
O'er the d*a*rk and fl*o*wing billo*ws*;"

and so on through the whole song. It is not from paucity of words, but from a settled purpose—to give more intensity to the plaintiveness—that this is done. At first it may sound strange to English ears; but when familiar, it will become

a joy and delight, as it is to the Gael. This, however, can only be when the glorious blending of the power and intensity of the words with the music is realized in those inmost depths of spirit, where we feel a something beyond any ordinary experience moving us, and causing some hidden chords to thrill,—now with soft delight, and anon with all that is bold and daring. What the actuality is of this feeling, which transports some sympathetically strung personalities almost to that state whereof it is said, "whether in the body or out of the body," goes beyond our telling; but there it is, as a great gift from God. It is stranger than electricity or mesmerism, for these are material; but this reaches far beyond the range of the material, down into the secret chambers of that spirithood which we know, and yet do not fully know, for many of its springs are beyond our ken. It seems, although at an immense distance, a fragment of that sublime experience: "And a voice came out of the throne, saying, Praise our God, all ye His servants, and ye that fear Him, both small and great. And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

Feeling this to some extent, I have added the music of some hymns which is distinctly on Gaelic lines, in hopes that, wanting as it may be, it may still have the effect of drawing the attention of those who are thoroughly qualified to indite sacred words to the rich stores treasured up in our Gaelic melodies.

In speaking as above I refer more especially to the ancient bardship, which in sublimity far surpasses the modern. Much, however, of the modern, as I hope this collection shews, is very beautiful, and must be *sung* on the very same principles on which the ancient was *chanted*, if that beauty is to be brought out and realized.

The harmonic treatment given in this collection to our Gaelic music is much fuller than it has up till now received, the tunes being arranged in four vocal parts, with accompaniments adapted to either choir or solo singing. It is my earnest wish that this may help still more to intensify to us those transporting experiences which have often thrilled through our being, under the spell of what is so intimately associated with our joys and our griefs, and so dear to the tenderest feelings of our hearts.

CHARLES STEWART.

Tigh'n-Duin, *July, 1884.*

I.

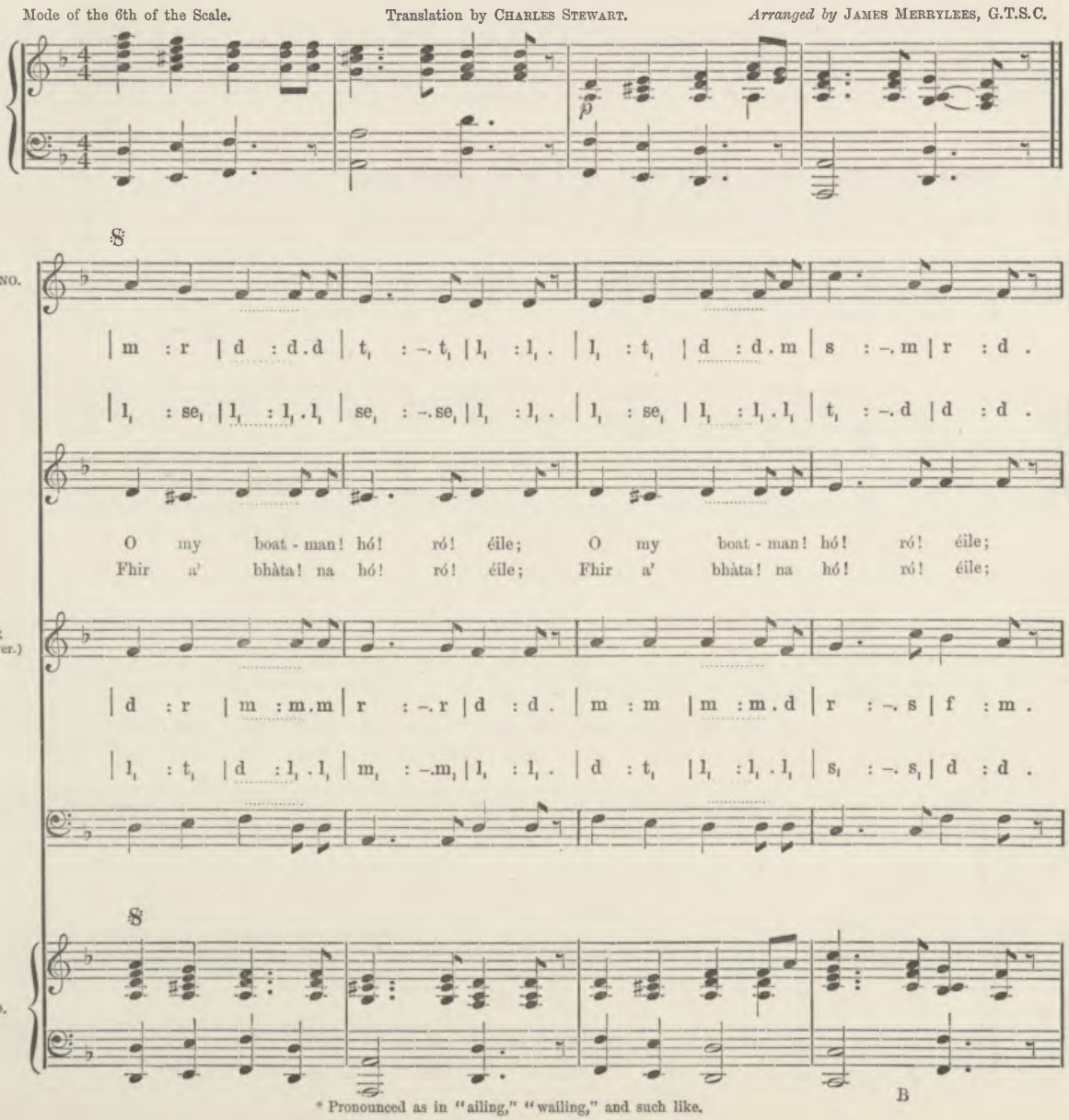
Love Songs.

1.—FEAR A' BHÀTA.

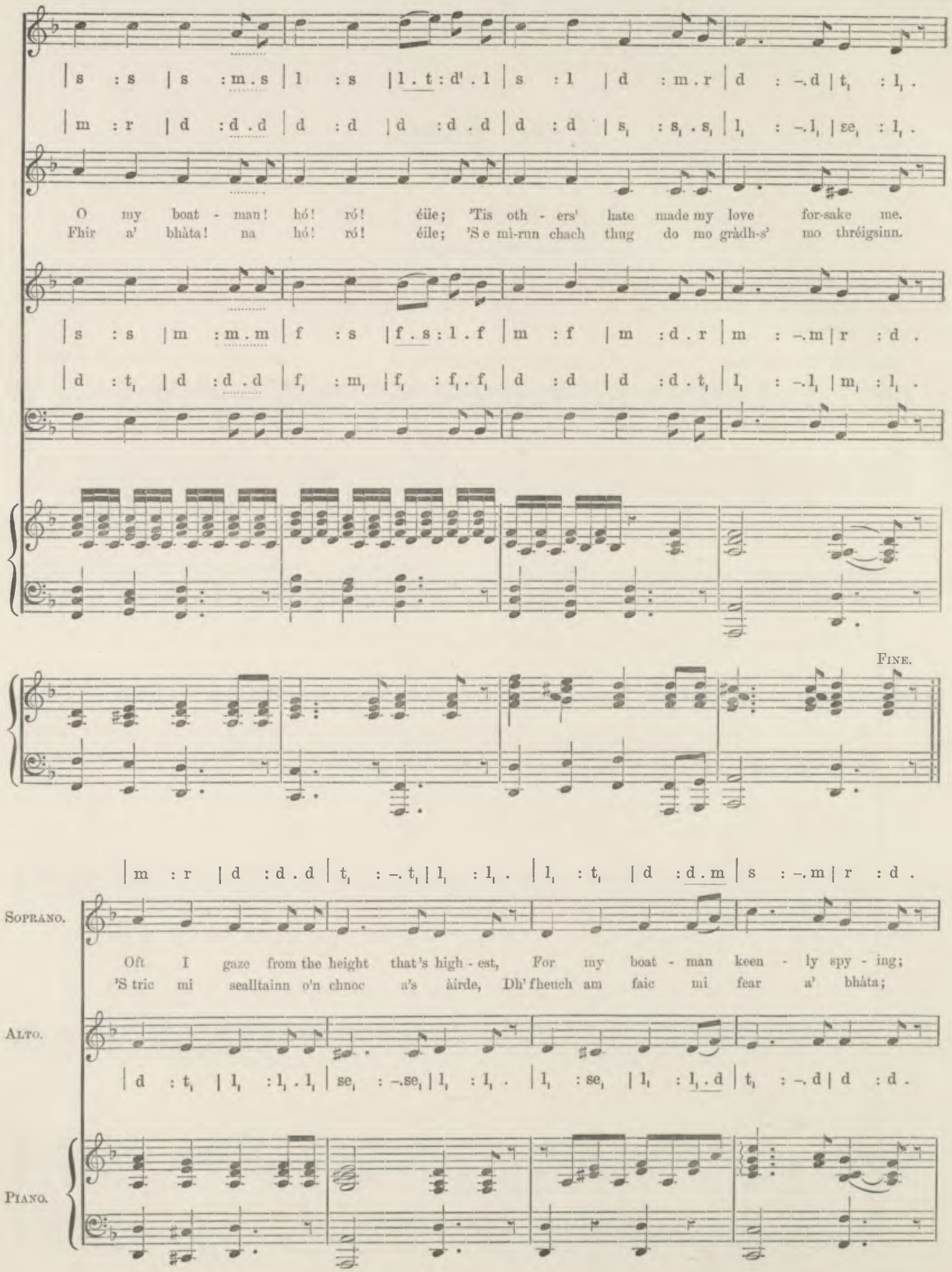
(THE BOATMAN.)

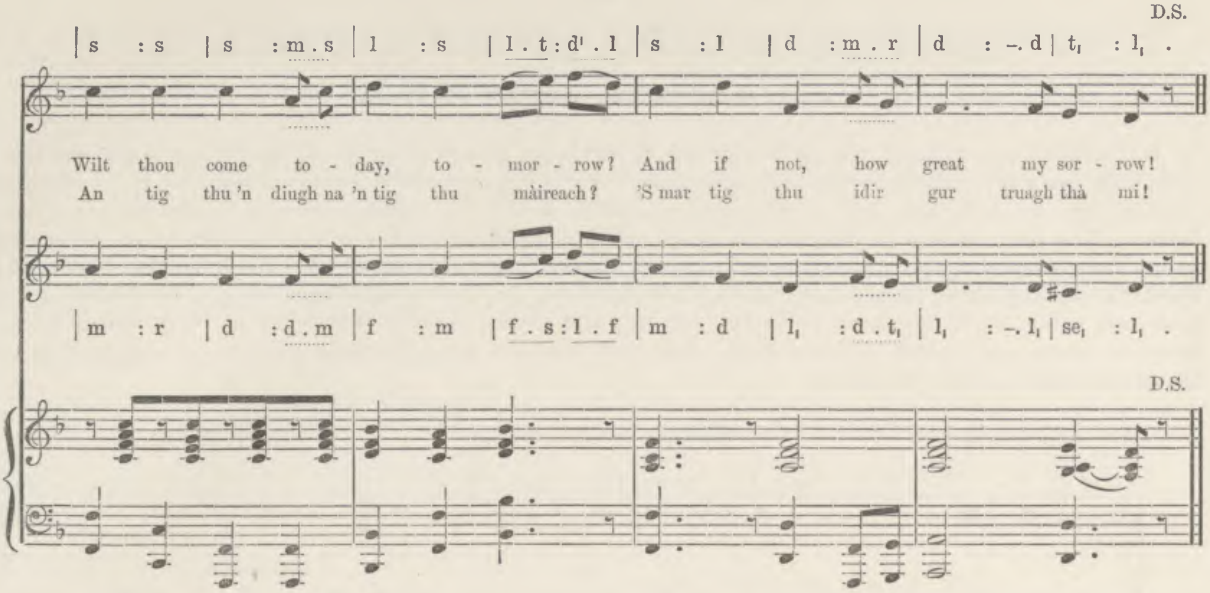
THIS song is full of the wailings of a love-stricken and broken heart. The music is entirely sympathetic. Differing versions of both words and music are to be found in different districts. I have given those which have been intimately familiar to me since I could appreciate what words or music were.

Mode of the 6th of the Scale. Translation by CHARLES STEWART. *Arranged by* JAMES MERRYLEES, G.T.S.C.



* Pronounced as in "ailing," "wailing," and such like.


| s : s | s : m . s | l : s | l . t : d' . l | s : l | d : m . r | d : –.d | t, : l, .
| m : r | d : d . d | d : d | d : d . d | d : d | s, : s, . s, | l, : –.l, | se, : l, .
O my boat - man! hó! ró! éile; 'Tis oth - ers' hate made my love for-sake me.
Fhir a' bhàta! na hó! ró! éile; 'S e mi-run chach thug do mo gràdh-s' mo thréigsinn.
| s : s | m : m . m | f : s | f . s : l . f | m : f | m : d . r | m : –.m | r : d .
| d : t, | d : d . d | f, : m, | f, : f, . f, | d : d | d : d . t, | l, : –.l, | m, : l, .
Fine.
| m : r | d : d . d | t, : –. t, | l, : l, . | l, : t, | d : d . m | s : –.m | r : d .
Soprano.
Oft I gaze from the height that's high - est, For my boat - man keen - ly spy - ing;
'S tric mi sealltainn o'n chnoc a's àirde, Dh' fheuch am faic mi fear a' bhàta;
Alto.
| d : t, | l, : l, . l, | se, : –.se, | l, : l, . | l, : se, | l, : l, . d | t, : –.d | d : d .
Piano.



Cruel friends are sore reflecting,
Since my love to thee is steadfast;
Yes; that love will be undying,
Till in silent grave I'm lying.
O my boatman! &c.

My poor heart is breaking, breaking,
My life lost in pain past bearing;
Down my cheeks my tears fast pouring,
Since my love has cast me over.
O my boatman! &c.

Evermore I am weeping, wailing,
Like the swan* that's torn and ailing,
Crooning her death's ode on the lakelet,
All alone and wae forsaken.
O my boatman! &c.

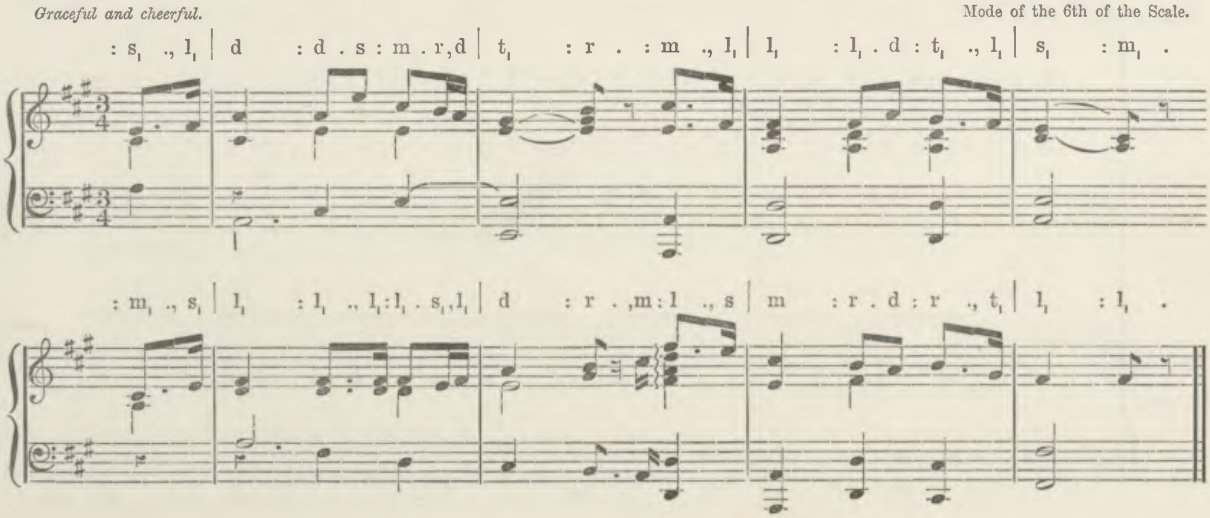
Tha mo chàirdean riumsa gruamach,
Chionn mo ghaol a bhi cho buan dhuit;
Ach chaoidh cha tug 's cha toir mi fuath dhuit,
Gus an càrar anns an uaigh mi.
Fhir a' bhàta! &c.

Tha mo chridh-sa briste, brùite,
Trom airsnealach gun 'bhi sunndach;
'S tric na deòir a ruidh o m' shùilean,
Bho'n a chuir mo leannan cùl rium.
Fhir a' bhàta! &c.

Bidh mi tuille tiùrsach déurach,
Mar eala bhàn 's i an déigh a réubadh,
Guileag bàis aic, air lochan féurach,
'Us cach gu léir an déis a treigsinn.
Fhir a' bhàta! &c.

* This refers to the idea, prevalent in the Highlands, that a swan sorely wounded is deserted by its companions, and left to die alone.

In the Western Highlands this song is sung to the following tune, which, by Professor Brown's kind permission, is reprinted from "The Thistle:"—

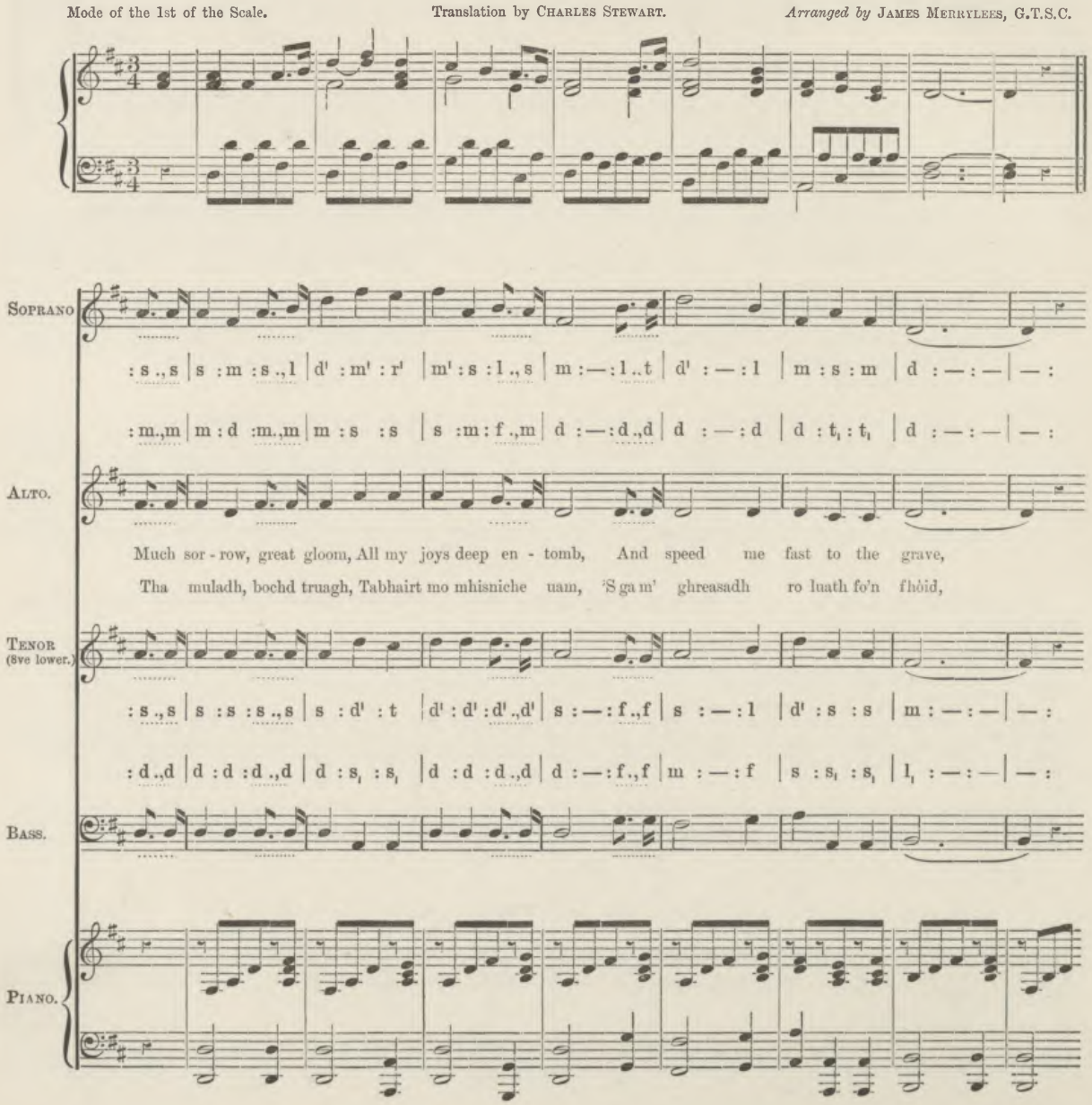


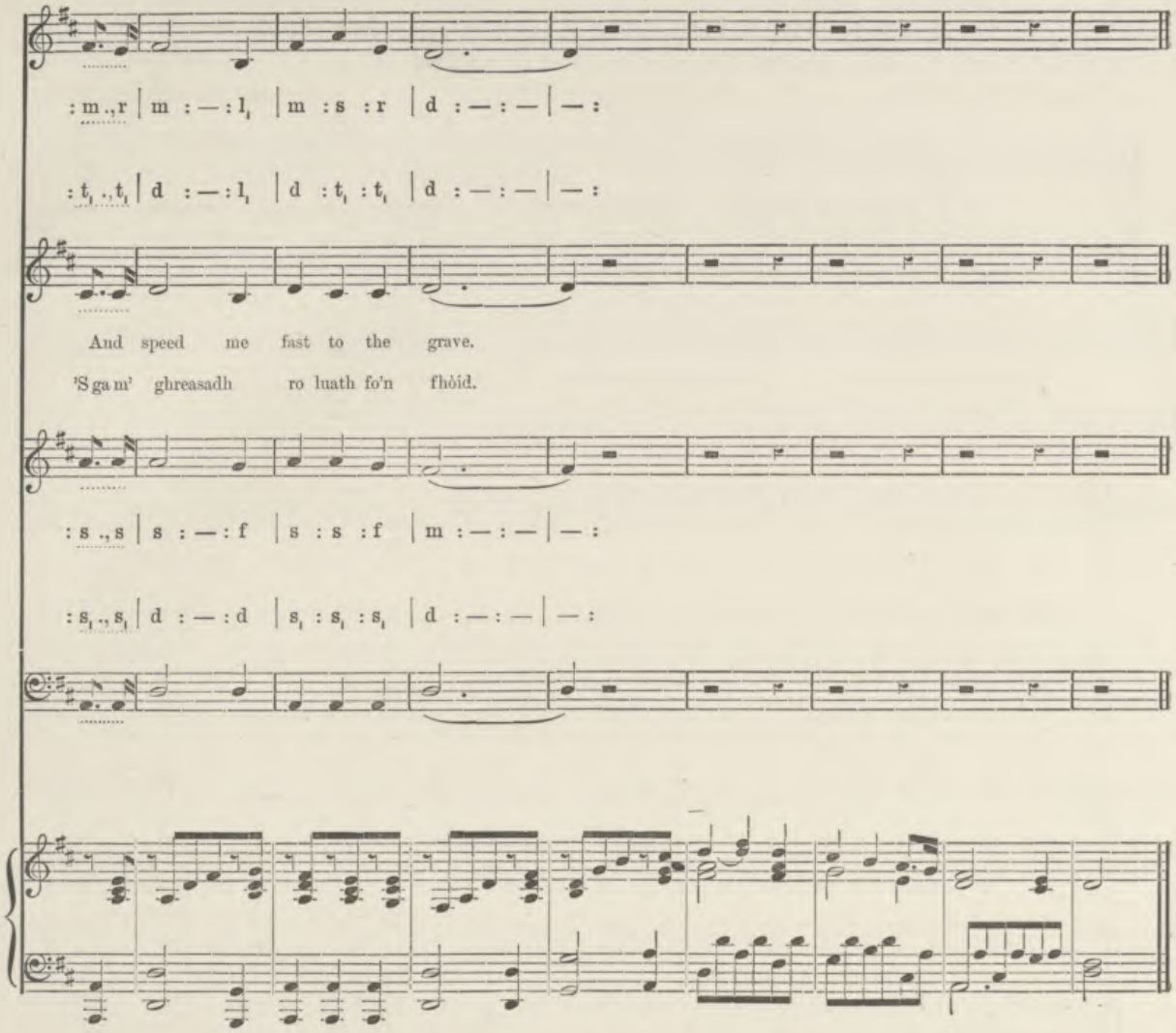
2.—THA MULADH BOCHD TRUAGH.

(MUCH SORROW, GREAT GLOOM.)

It is impossible to conceive of a more perfect conception of heart-broken plaintive wailing than in this song,—both music and words. There is the most perfect sympathy between them. This sympathy is three-fold,—in sentiment, sounds, and language. It is a peculiarity of ancient music, that in the mode of the 1st of the scale, now generally used for bright effects, are often to be found the most plaintive melodies. While ending on the **d**, the frequent use of the 3rd and 6th of the scale (**m** and **l**) gives a touching effect, at once plaintive and pretty. Plaintive sounds are also constantly heard in the words, as "siubhal," "bàs," "iasg," "briste," &c. Nay, to give it more intensity, and following a usage very common in Gaelic song, "siubhal" is doubled twice. The effect is touching beyond measure. In translating, I have endeavoured to keep up the idiosyncrasy of the Gaelic, by using such words as "gloom," "tomb," "grave," "wan," "laden," &c., &c. Every one, however, that attempts translating plaintive Gaelic song, knows how feeble his attempts appear in comparison with the unapproachable mesmeric power of the original.

Mode of the 1st of the Scale. Translation by CHARLES STEWART. *Arranged by* JAMES MERRYLEES, G.T.S.C.





Tread I can't o'er the heath,
Tread I can't in my grief,
Lest thy death's-woe should wound me more,
Lest thy death's-woe should wound me more.

As I wend through the glen,
Wending weary and wan,
A tear-laden mist blinds my way,
A tear-laden mist blinds my way.

There are fish in the stream;
Ah! no fisher I deem:
Thy death's a keen stroke, young John,
Thy death's a keen stroke, young John.

Cha siubhal mi fraoch,
Cha siubhal cha'n fhaod,
Tha cumha do bhàis ga m' leòn,
Tha cumha do bhàis ga m' leòn.

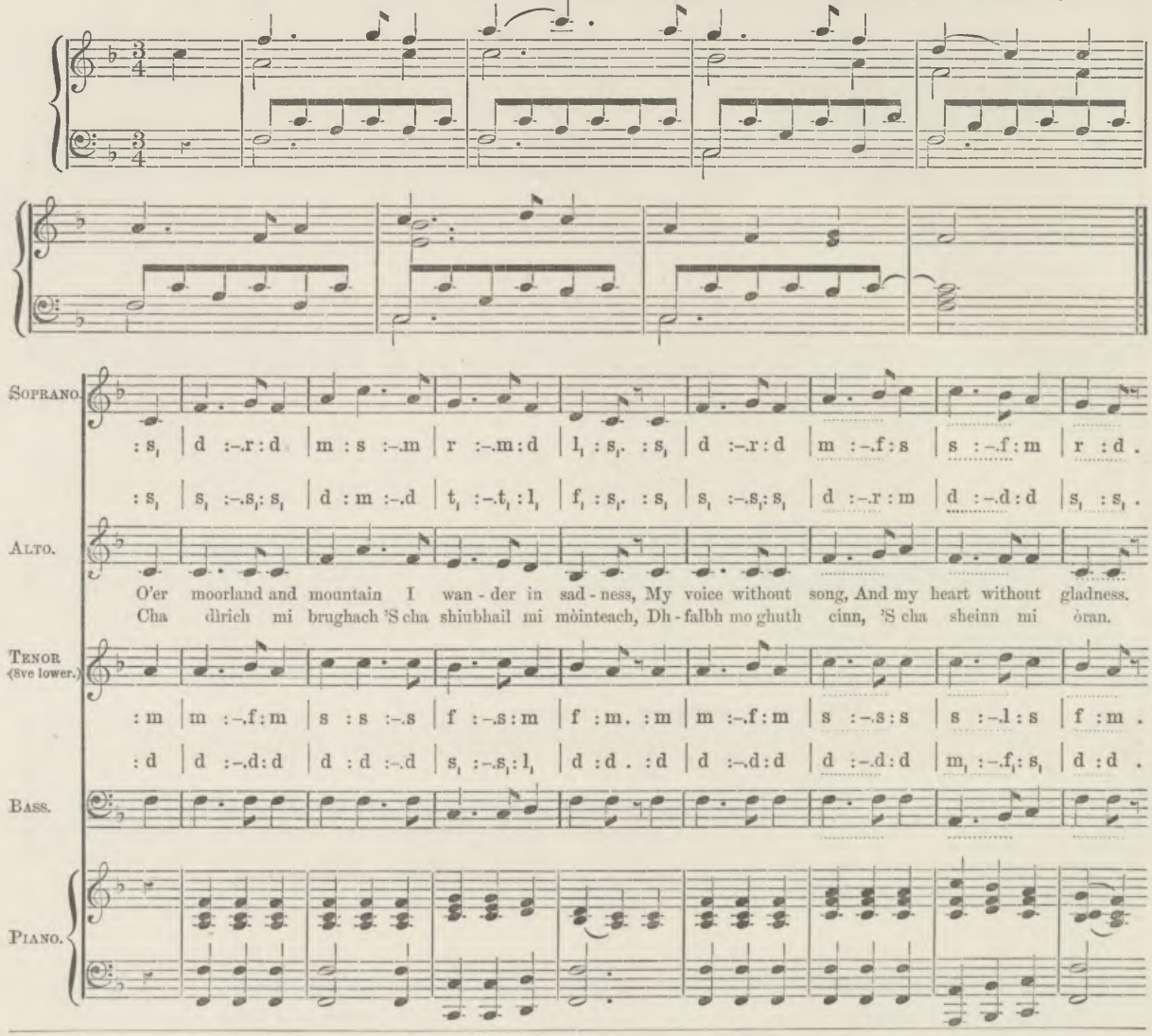
Cha siubhal mi gleann,
Cha siubhal ach fann,
Cha léir dhomh dol ann le ceò,
Cha léir dhomh dol ann le ceò.

Tha iasg air an allt;
Ach tha 'n t'iasgair air chall:
'S mòr am briste do bhàs Iain òig,
'S mòr am briste do bhàs Iain òig.

3.—AN GILLE DUBH CIAR-DUBH.

(THE BROWN-HAIRED LADDIE.)

Mode of the 1st of the Scale. Translation by PROFESSOR BLACKIE. *Arranged by* JAMES MERRYLEES, G.T.S.C.



Oh! might he be with me,
My brown-haired laddie,
'Neath the drift of the mountain,
And I 'neath his plaidie;
From the bray of the blast
He would shelter and cheer me,
And I 'll not take the grey-beard
While Donald is near me!
I 'll not take the grey-beard
While Donald is near!

I 'll drink to my laddie
In water as cheerly,
As in French wine or Spanish,
That men love so dearly.
'Tis true I 've no purfles
Nor pearlings to deck me,
But I 'll not take the grey-beard
While Donald will take me!
I 'll not take the grey-beard
While Donald is near!

My handsome young laddie,
Though evil tongues blame you,
In father and mother's despite
I will claim you!
O'er moorland and mountain
With Donald I 'll wander;
But I 'll not be the goose
Where grey-beard is the gander!
I 'll not take the grey-beard
While Donald is near!

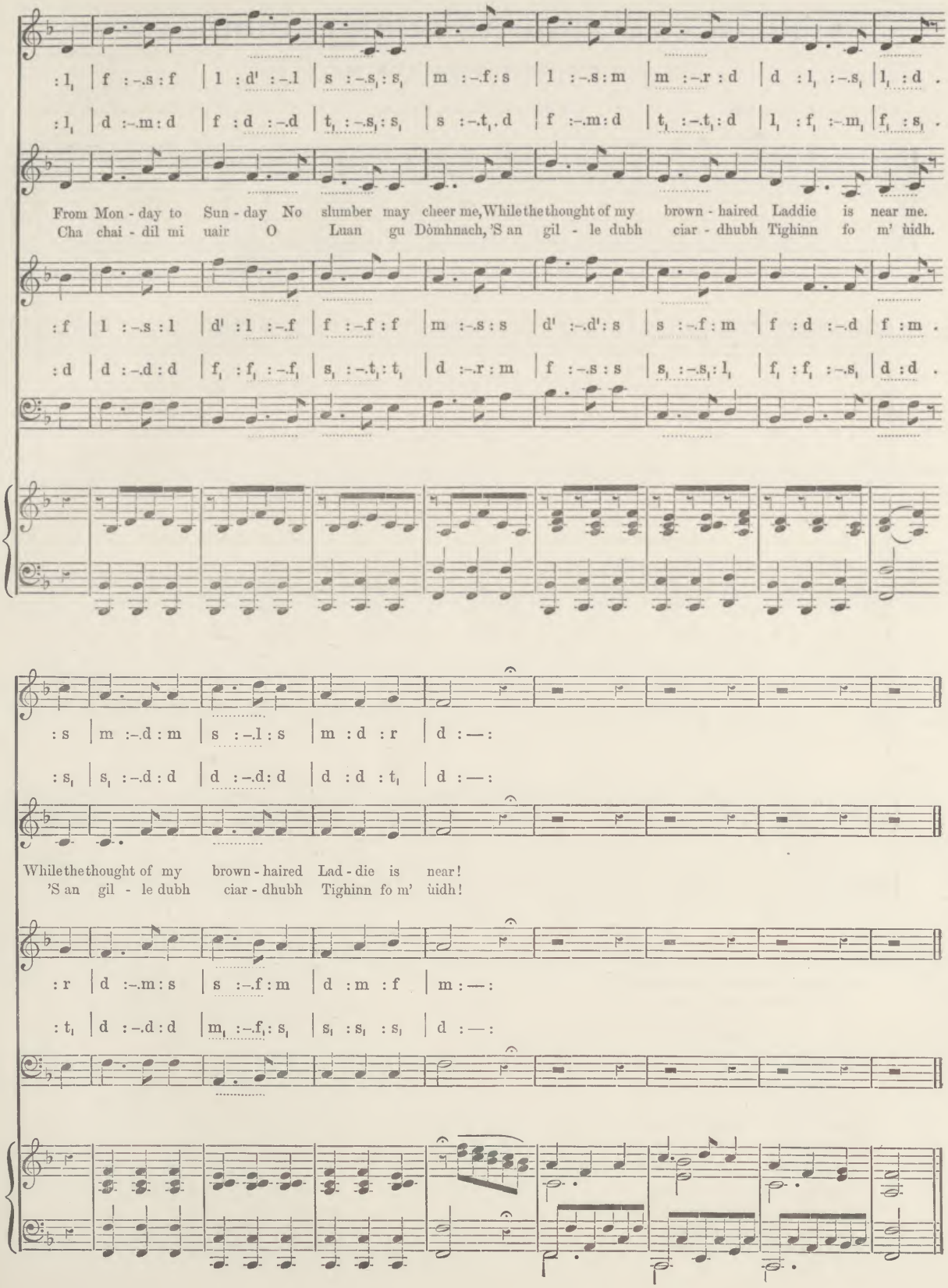
From the lads in the clachan,
All mustered together,
I 'd pick out my Donald,
And look on none other.
From twice twenty thousand
I 'd take my brown laddie,
And I 'll not take a grey-beard
Might do for my daddie!
I 'll not take the grey-beard
While Donald is near!

'S truagh nach robh mise,
'S an gille dubh ciar-dhubh,
An aodainn na beinne,
Fo shileadh nan siantan.
An lagan beag fàsaich
Na'n àitéigin diamhair,
'S cha ghabh mi fear liath
'S e tighinn fo m' ùidh!
'S cha ghabh mi fear liath
'S e tighinn fo m' ùidh!

Dh-òlainn deoch-slàint,
A ghille dhuibh chiar-dhuibh,
Do dh-uisge nan lòn,
Cho deònach 's ge b' fhion e.
Ged tha mi gun òr, [iaraidh,
Tha ni 's leòr tigh-nn d' am
'S cha ghabh mi fear liath
'S e tighinn fo m' ùidh!
'S cha ghabh mi fear liath
'S e tighinn fo m' ùidh!

Mo ghille dubh bòidheach,
Ge gòrach le càch thu,
Dheanainn do phòsadh
Gun deòin da mo chàirdean!
Shiubhlain leat fada
Feadh laganan froaich;
'S cha ghabh mi fear liath
'S tu tighinn fo m' ùidh!
'S cha ghabh mi fear liath
'S tu tighinn fo m' ùidh!

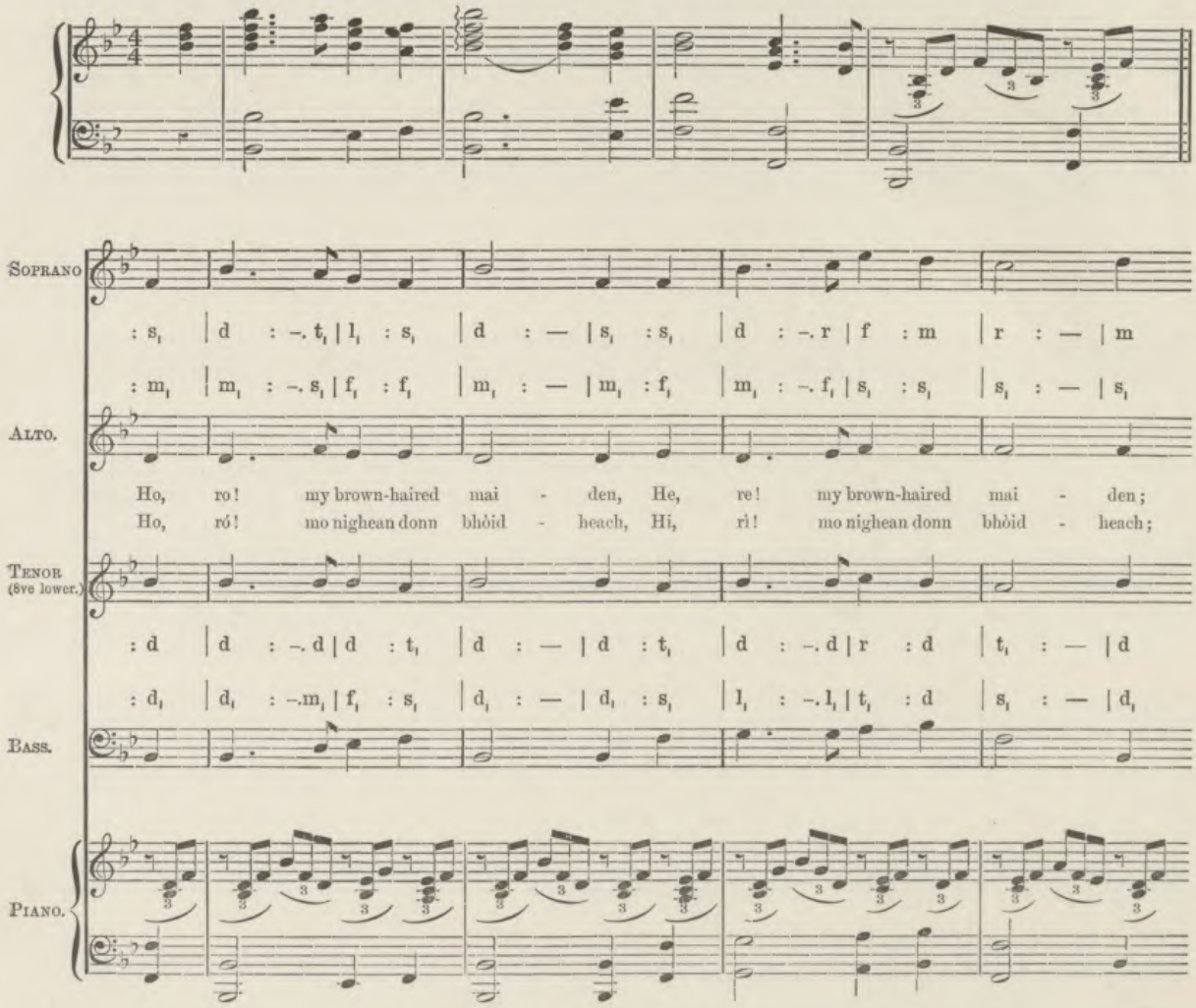
Mo ghille dhubh laghach,
'S neo-raghain leam t-fhàgail,
Na 'm faicinn an cuideach thu,
Thaghainn ro chàch thu.
Ged' fhaicinn cuig mil'
Air chinnt gur tu b-fhearr leam,
Cha ghabhainn fear liath
'S tu tighinn fo m' ùidh!
Cha ghabhainn fear liath
'S tu tighinn fo m' ùidh!


From Mon - day to Sun - day No slumber may cheer me, While the thought of my brown - haired Laddie is near me.
Cha chai - dil mi uair O Luan gu Dòmhnach, 'S an gil - le dubh ciar - dhubh Tighinn fo m' ùidh.
While the thought of my brown - haired Lad - die is near!
'S an gil - le dubh ciar - dhubh Tighinn fo m' ùidh!

4.—HO, RO! MO NIGHEAN DONN BHOIDHEACH.

(HO, RO! MY BROWN-HAIRED MAIDEN.)

Mode of the 1st of the Scale. Translation by CHARLES STEWART. *Arranged by* JAMES MERRYLEES, G.T.S.C.



My sweetest brown-haired Margaret,
With eyes that beam so warmly,
How deep your love has charmed me,
You aye haunt my thoughts.
Ho, ro! &c.

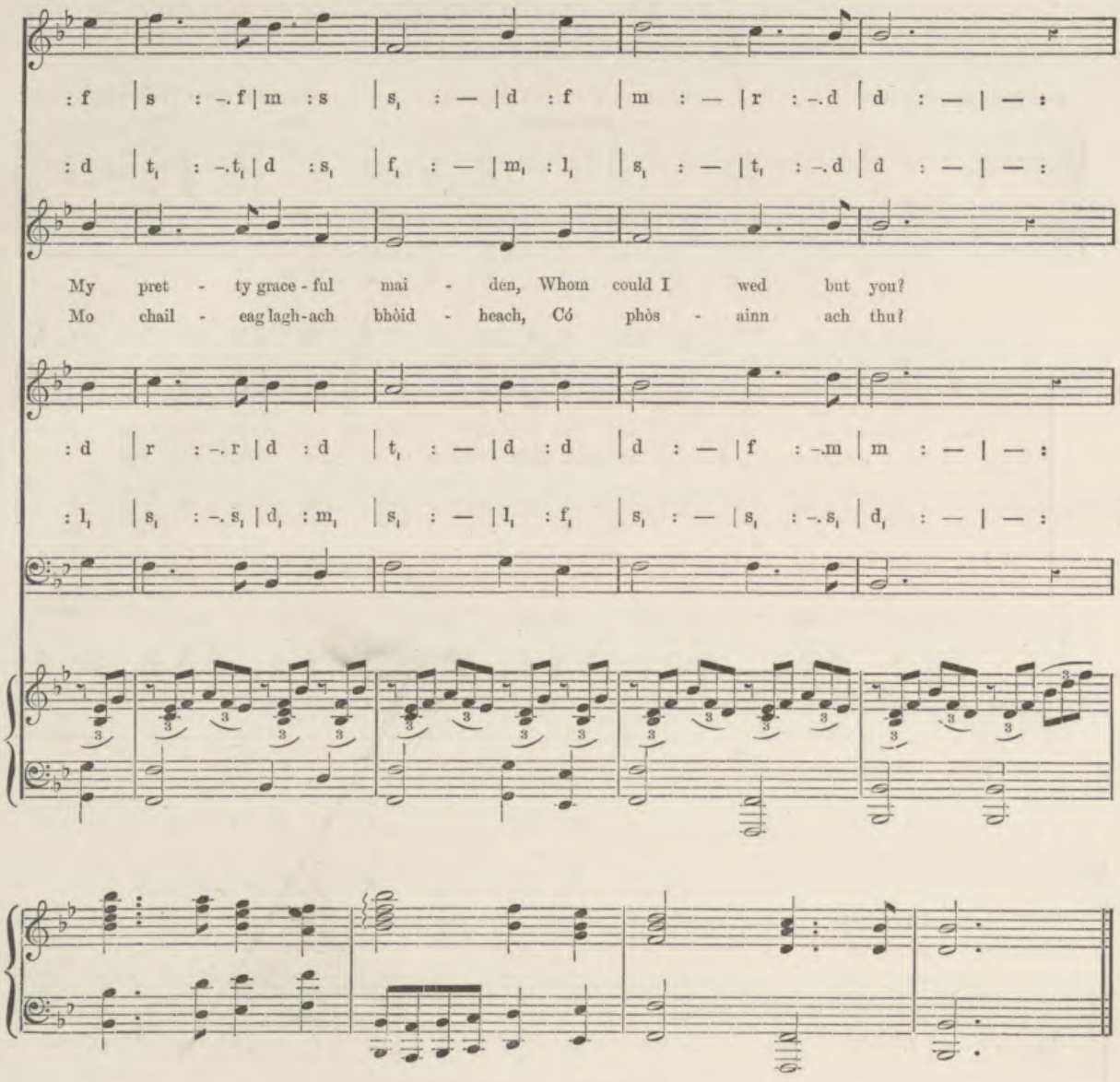
That I most fondly love you,
Is what I own so gladly;
And though I wandered from you,
My love still endures.
Ho, ro! &c.

Whilst in thy presence basking,
My days were filled with gladness
Enjoying thy sweet frankness
And beauty of thy brow.
Ho, ro! &c.

A Pheigi dhonn nam blàth-shul,
Gur trom a thug mi gràdh dhuit,
Tha d-iomaigh ghaoil a 's d' àilleachd,
A ghnàth tigh'n fo m' ùidh.
Ho, ró! &c.

Cha cheil mi air an t-saoghal,
Gu bheil mo mhiann 's mo ghaol ort;
'S ged chaidh mi uait air faondradh,
Cha chaochail mo rùn.
Ho, ró! &c.

'N uair bha mi ann ad làthair,
Bu shona bha mo làithean
A' sealbhachadh do mhànrain
A's àille do ghnùis.
Ho, ró! &c.



But since I left thy kindness
My mood is dark and silent,
My heart with pain deep-pining
With yearnings for love true.
Ho, ro! &c.

My love is 'mongst the mountains,
Where lives my darling sprightly,
As summer's rose blooms lonely
In a glen hid from view.
Ho, ro! &c.

On summer's sun reviving
To thàt glen I will hie me,
And bring, with fond compliance,
That rose plant as my own.
Ho, ro! &c.

Ach riamh o'n dh' fhàg mi d-fhianuis
Gu bheil mi dubhach, cianail,
Mo chridhe trom 'ga phianadh
Le iarguin do rùin.
Ho, ró! &c.

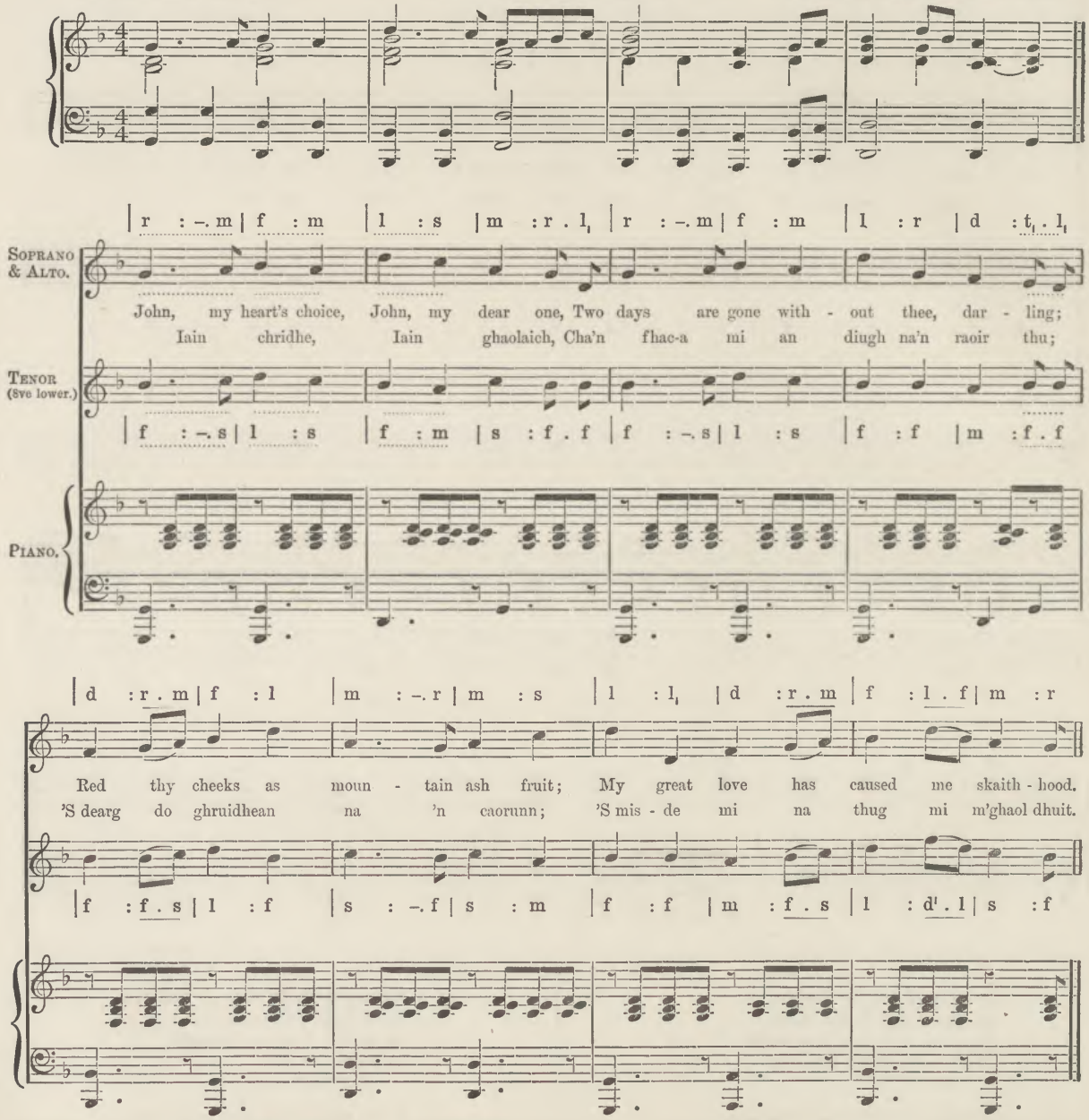
'S ann tha mo rùn 's na beanntaibh,
Far bheil mo rìbhinn ghreannair,
Mar ròs am fàsach shamraidh
An gleann fad' o shùil.
Ho, ró! &c.

Ach 'n uair a thig an samhradh
Bheir mise scrìob do 'n ghleann ud,
'S gu 'n tog, mi leam do 'n Ghalldachd,
Gu h-annsail mo rùn.
Ho, ró! &c.

5.—IAIN CHRIDHE.

(JOHN, MY HEART'S CHOICE.)

Mode of the 2nd of the Scale. Translation by CHARLES STEWART. *Arranged by* JAMES MERRYLEES, G.T.S.C.

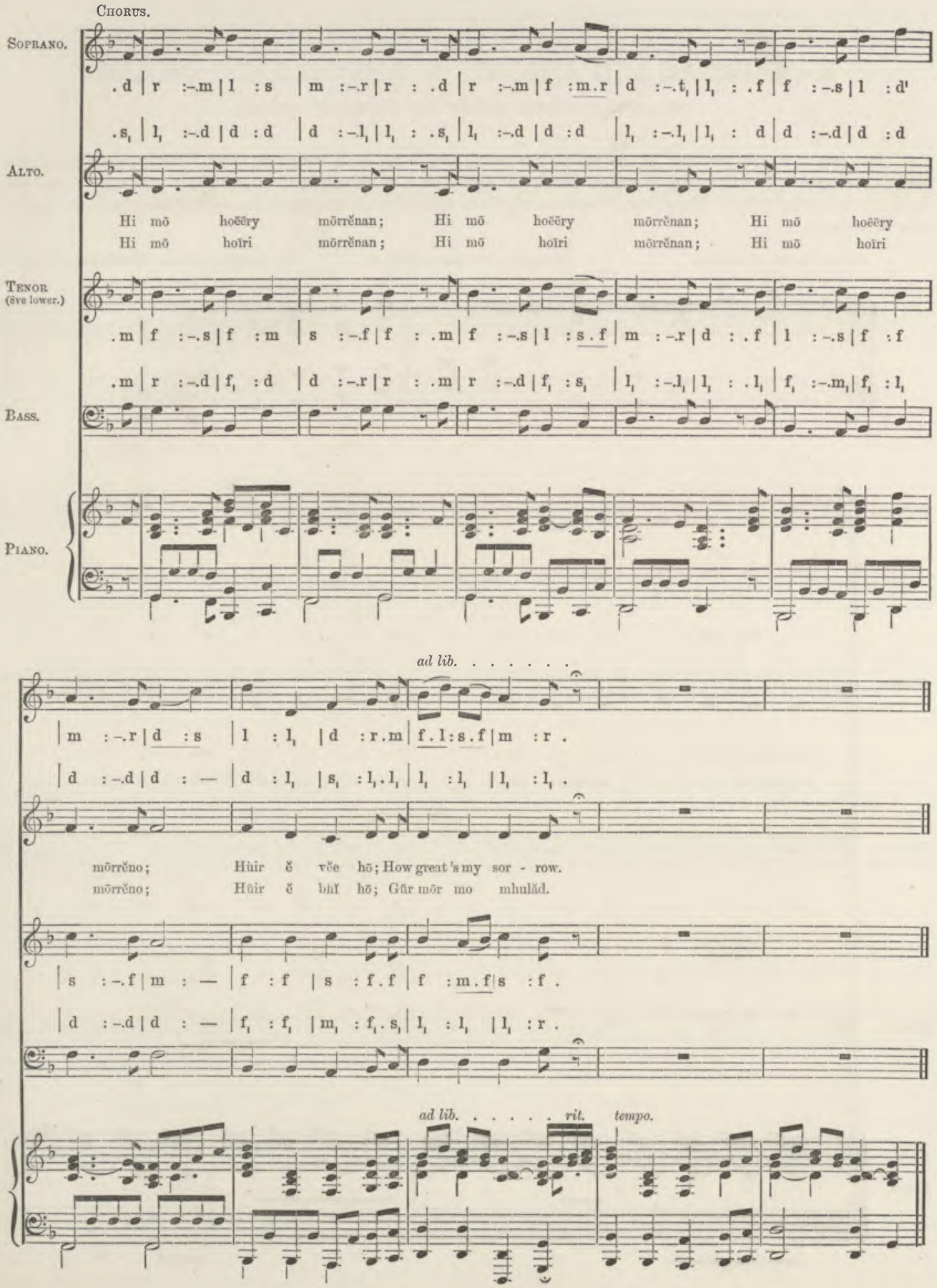


My fond heart is breaking, breaking,
Sighs deep heaving, heart's core reaching;
Others say that you have left me:
John, my joy, of peace you've reft me.
He mō hoēēry mōrrĕnan, &c.

My poor heart is breaking, breaking,
Steeped in gloom, and hope forsaking;
Oft my eyes with tears are flowing,
Since my love has thrown me over.
He mō hoēēry mōrrĕnan, &c.

Tha mo chridhe briste, briste,
Le osnaichean troma tric;
Càch 'bhi 'g ìnnseadh domh nach tig thu:
Iain òig, laoidh na misneach.
Hi mō hoīri mōrrĕnan, &c.

Tha mo chridhe briste, brùite,
Trom airtneulach gun bhi sunndach;
'S tric na deòir a ruith o'm shùilean,
Bho'n a chuir mo leannan cùl rium.
Hi mō hoīri mōrrĕnan, &c.

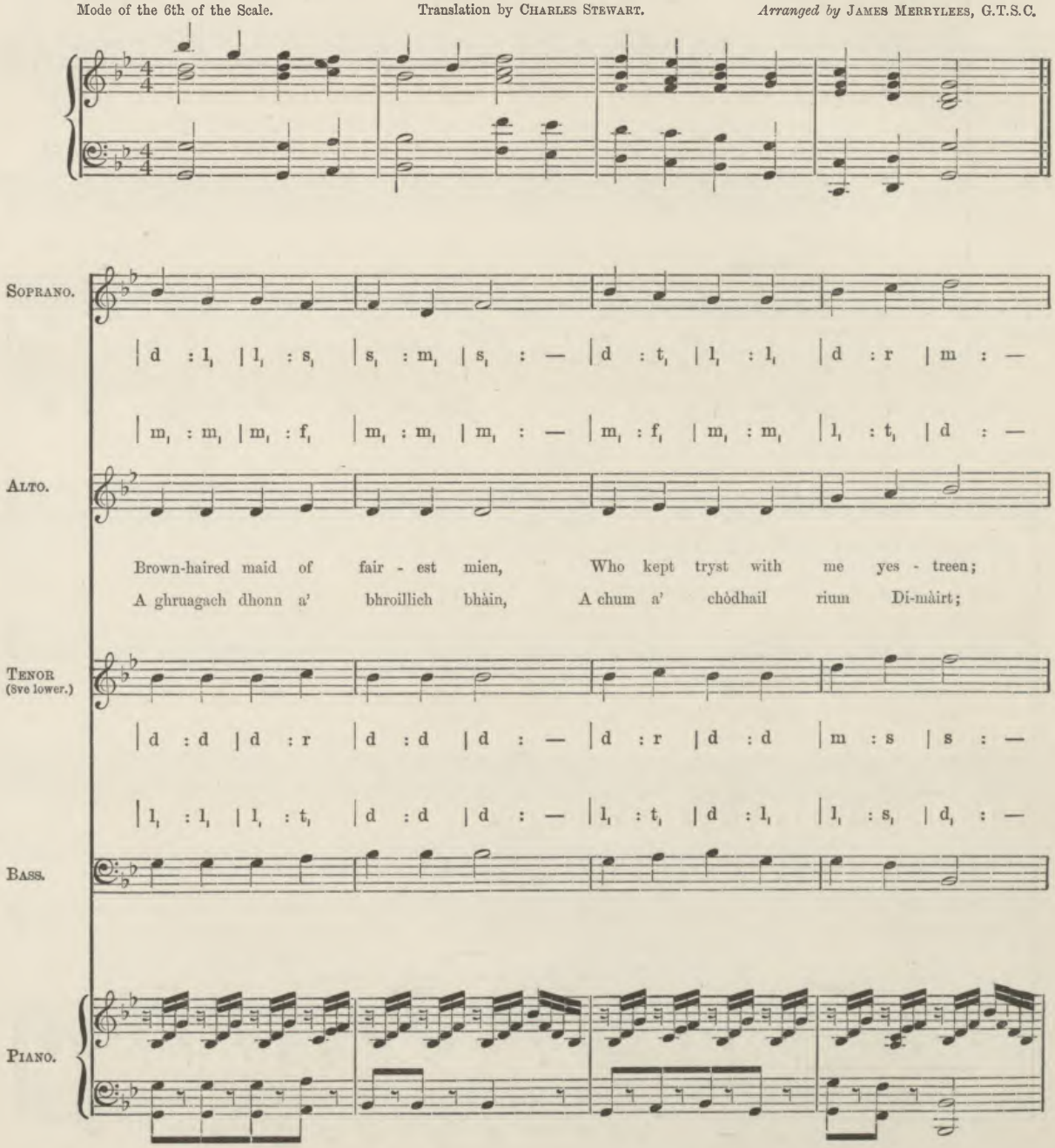

Chorus.
Soprano.
Alto.
Hi mō hoĕĕry mōrrĕnan; Hi mō hoĕĕry mōrrĕnan; Hi mō hoĕĕry
Hi mō hoīri mōrrĕnan; Hi mō hoīri mōrrĕnan; Hi mō hoīri
Tenor
(8ve lower.)
Bass.
Piano.
ad lib.
mōrrĕno; Hûir ĕ vĕe hō; How great's my sor - row.
mōrrĕno; Hûir ĕ bhĭ hō; Gŭr mōr mo mhulăd.
ad lib.
rit.
tempo.

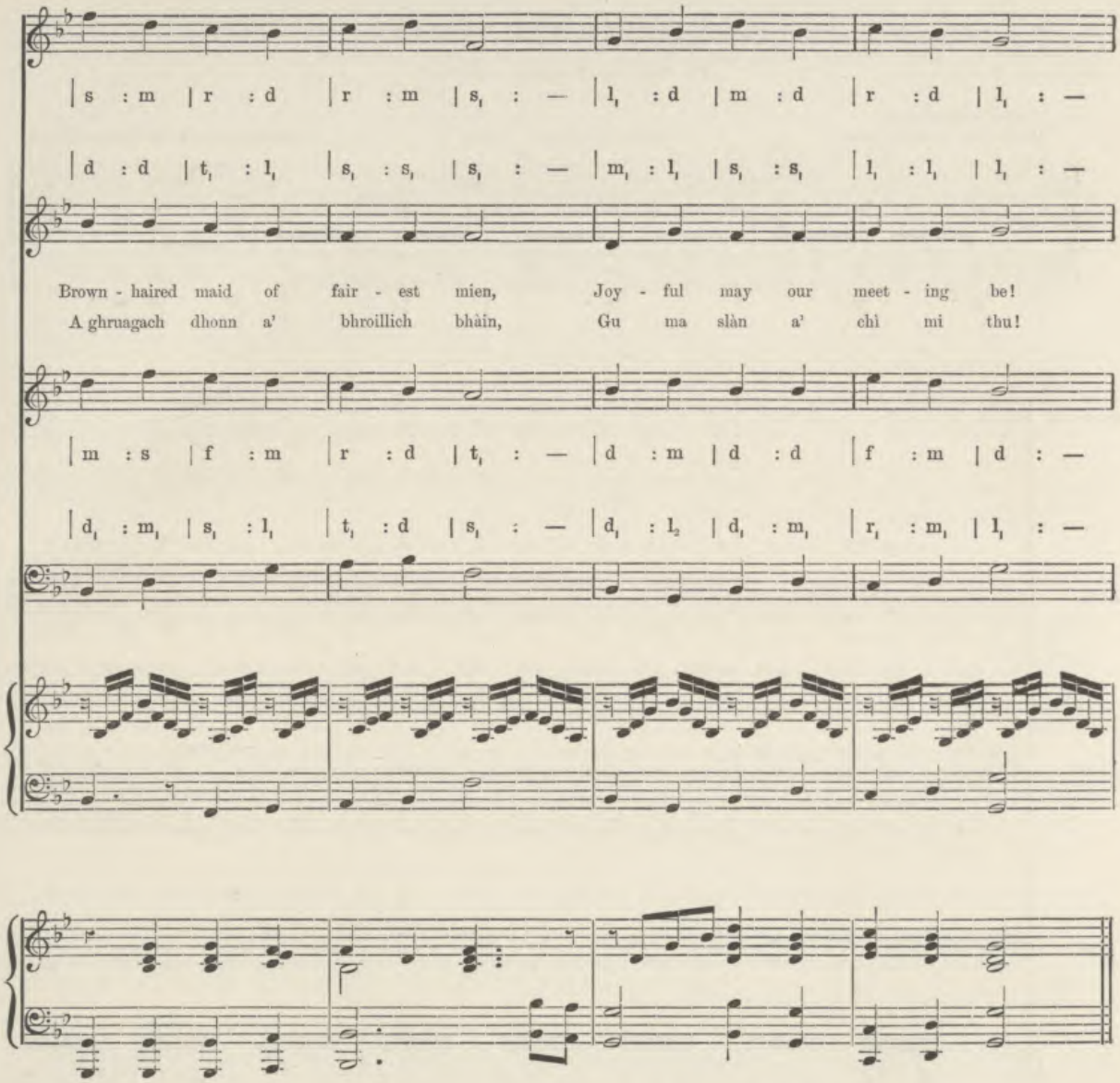
6.—'GHRUAGACH DHONN A' BHROILLICH BHÀIN.

(BROWN-HAIRED MAID OF FAIREST MIEN.)

This song is a great favourite. In this district it is usually sung to the words, "Throd mo bhean;" but I consider those given below as far superior. It must be sung in a lively manner. It would seem to be the original of "Logan Braes." The music of this song is, by kind permission of Henry Whyte, Esq., taken from the "Celtic Lyre," with the exception of the first four notes, which are given as sung in Perthshire.

Mode of the 6th of the Scale. Translation by CHARLES STEWART. *Arranged by* JAMES MERRYLEES, G.T.S.C.





Brown-haired maid of spotless sheen,
Who kept tryst with me yestreen,
Sweet and pure our love unseen,
In the nut-wood's secrecy.

We made tryst when young, I ween,
In the woodland tuft so green;
Sweet thy kiss to me has been,
And thy song sweet melody.

May that maid have every weal,
Who kept tryst with me yestreen;
My heart's desire, who fills my dreams,
My own, my true beloved one.

A ghruagach dhonn gun ghò gun fhoill,
A chum a' choinneamh rium an raoir;
Bha mi còmhradh riut 's a' choill,
'Sinn ann an caoimhneas diomhaireach.

Rinn mi coinneamh riut glé òg,
Ann an coile dhlùth nan cnò;
Bu bhinn leam éisdeachd ri do cheòl,
'S bha do phòg mar fhìgis leam.

Gu'm bu fallain 's gu'm bu slàn,
An té chum còdhail rium Di-màirt;
Iarguin m' aigne 's m' airsneul phràmh,
'S mo chion-gràidh da-rìreadh thu!

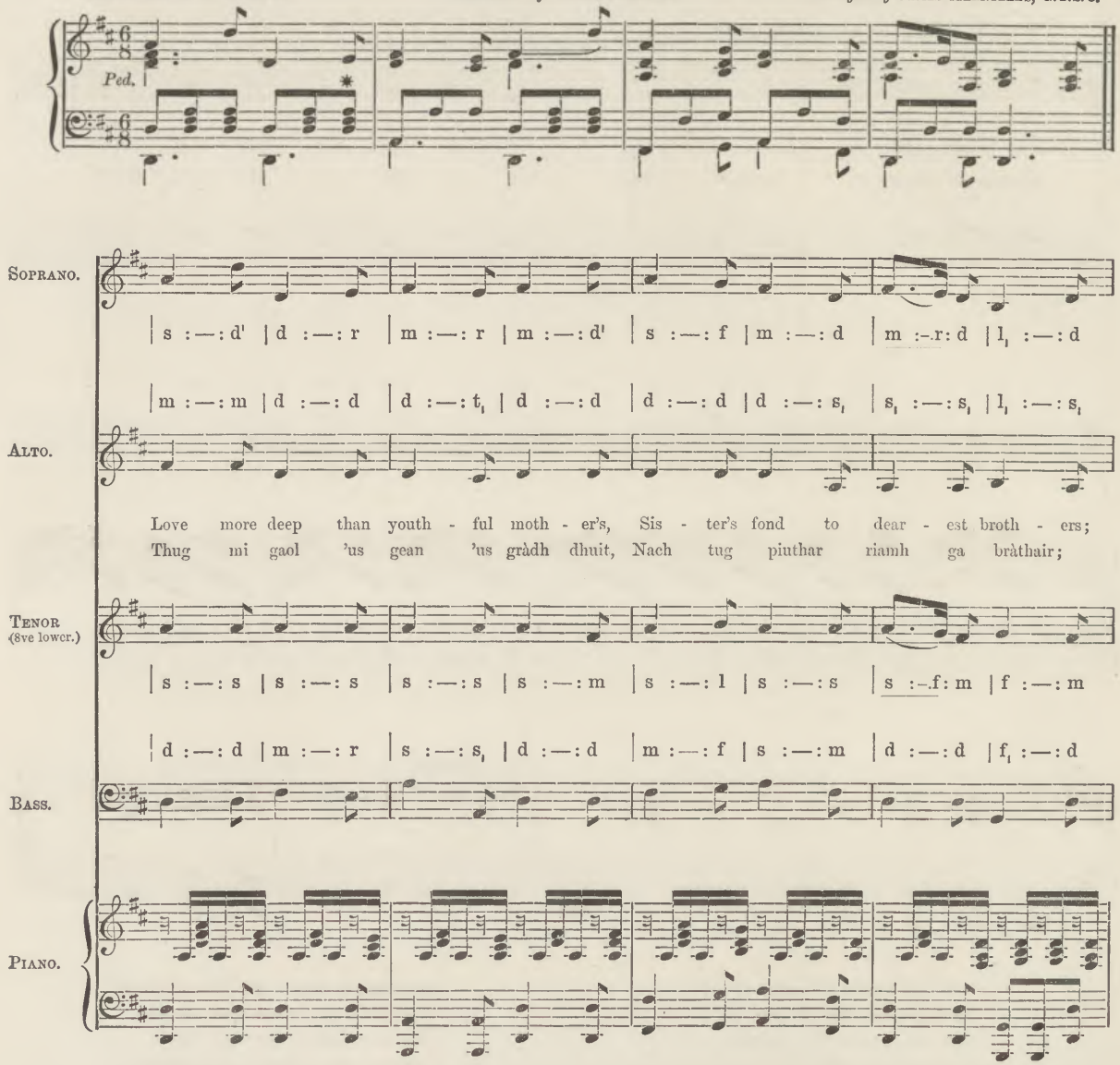
7.—THUG MI GAOL.

(I GAVE THEE LOVE.)

Slow, with expression.
Mode of the 1st of the Scale.

Translation by CHARLES STEWART.

Arranged by JAMES MERRYLEES, G.T.S.C.

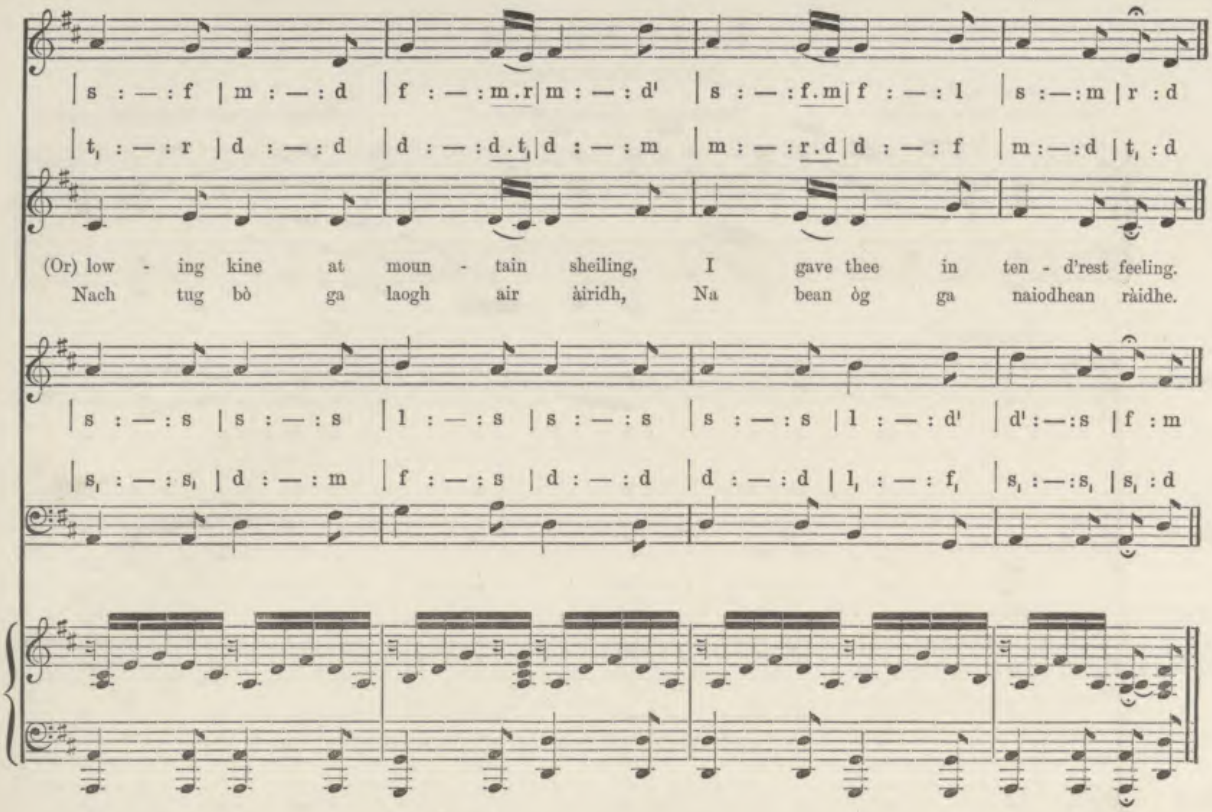


Deepest glooms my friends o'ershadow,
Since my love is firm and steadfast;
Yet my heart will not deny it,
Till in death I rest in silence.
He, ho! &c.

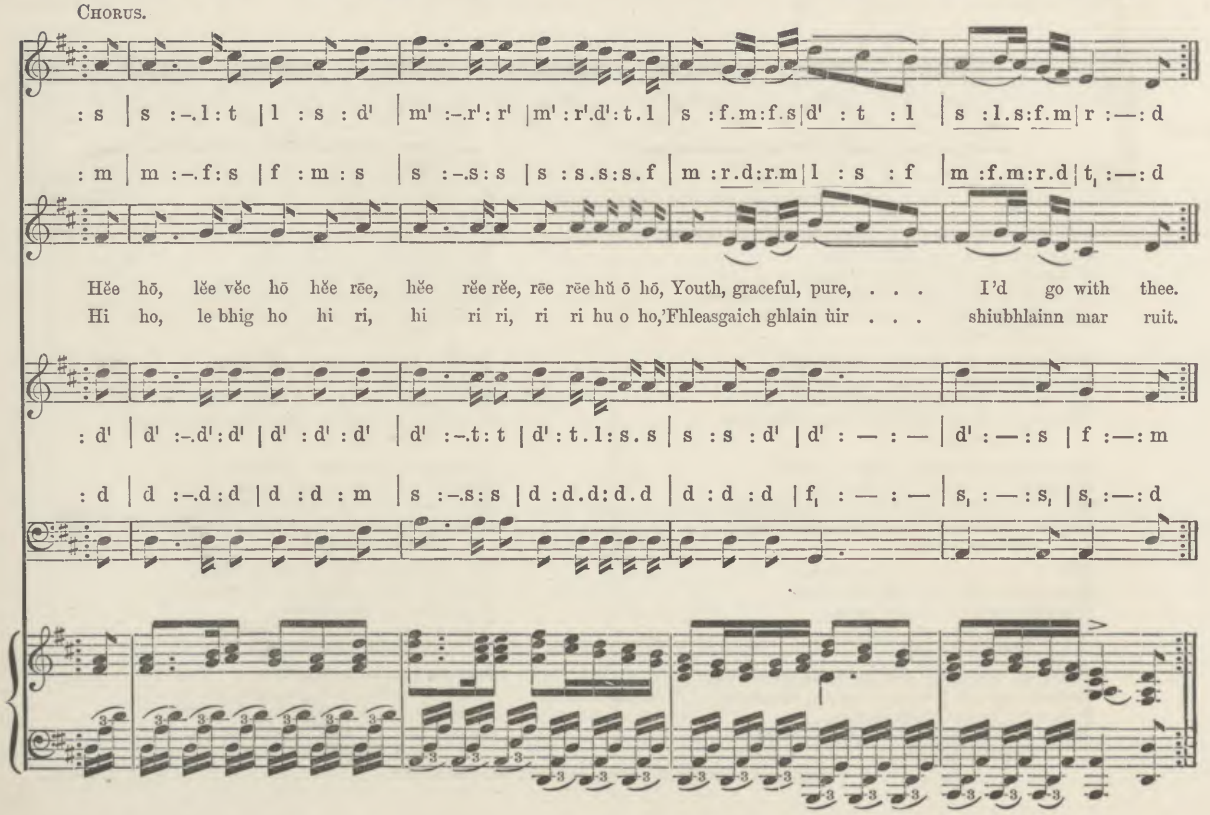
Gold a thousand father promised,
Fold of cows a gift from mother;
These and all the world together,
Compare I would not with my lover.
He, ho! &c.

Tha mo chàirdean rium-sa gruamach,
Chionn mo ghaol a bhi cho buan dhuit;
Ach chaoidh cha tug 's cha thoir mi fuadh dhuit,
Gus an càireir anns an uaigh mi.
Hi, ho! &c.

Thairg m' athair mìle 'n òr dhomh,
'S gheall mo mhàthair buaile bhò dhomh;
Ged gheibhinn sud 's an saoghal mòr ris,
'S mòr gu 'm b' annsa leam féin an t-òigear.
Hi, ho! &c.


(Or) low - ing kine at moun - tain sheiling, I gave thee in ten - d'rest feeling.
Nach tug bò ga laogh air àiridh, Na bean òg ga naiodhean ràidhe.

Chorus.


Hĕe hō, lĕe vĕc hō hĕe rēe, hĕe rĕe rĕe, rēe rēe hŭ ō hō, Youth, graceful, pure, . . . I'd go with thee.
Hi ho, le bhig ho hi ri, hi ri ri, ri ri hu o ho,'Fhleasgaich ghlain ùir . . . shiubhlainn mar ruit.

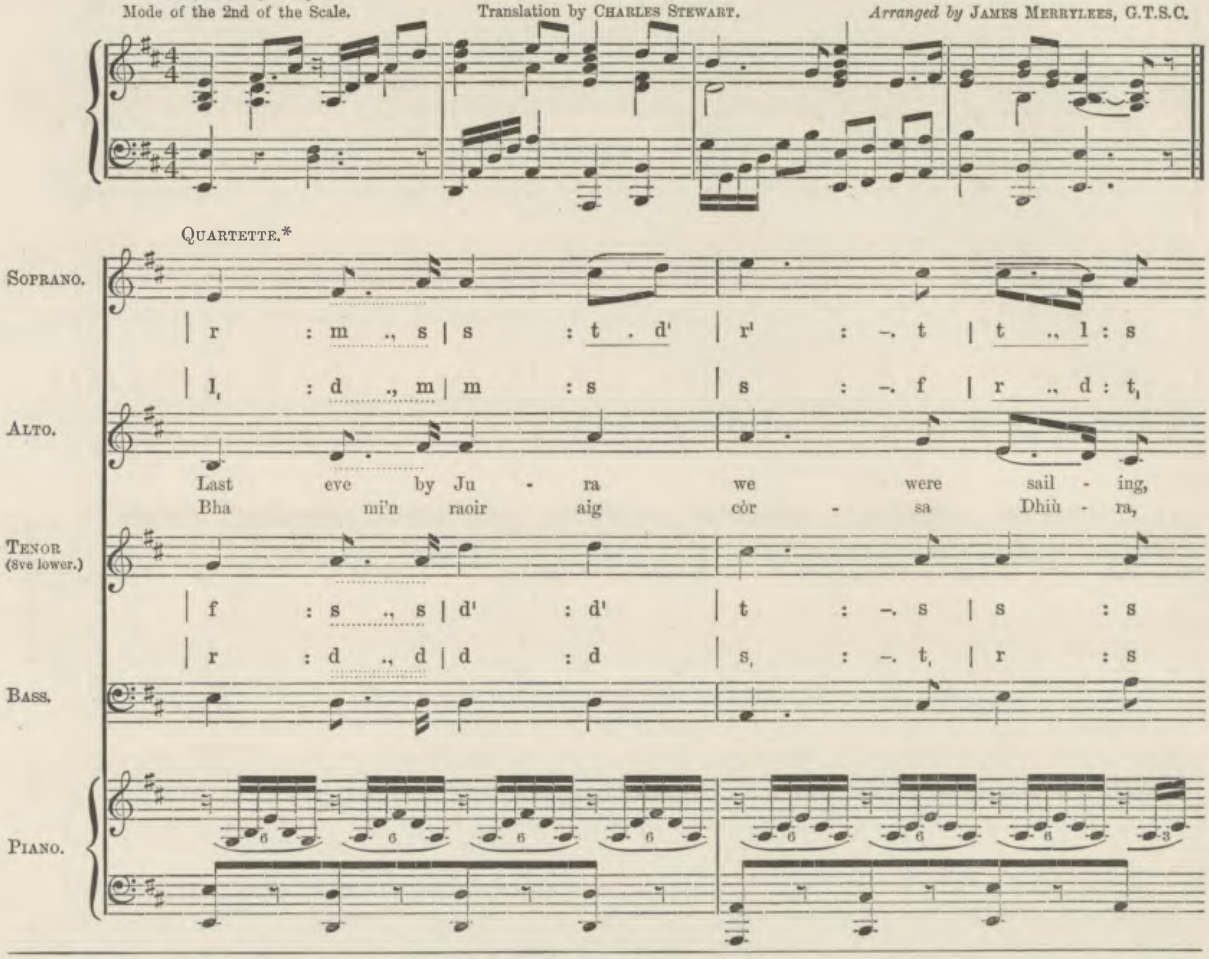
8.—IORRAM.

(LOVE BOAT SONG.)

Graceful and flowing.
Mode of the 2nd of the Scale.

Translation by CHARLES STEWART.

Arranged by JAMES MERRYLEES, G.T.S.C.



Grasp your pen, you ready writer,
Write that I with speed am coming;
Without my leave they've pledged my dear one,
Betrothed her when I roamed so heedless.
Falv ora ho, &c.

'Twas said to me in tones that startled,
Let not downcast thoughts oppress you;
Espoused is she without your knowing,
Whom you adored; and now she is reft you.
Falv ora ho, &c.

Gathered her friends in feasting joyful,
Draining the pledge of her espousal;
My brown-haired maid in sorrow saddening,
The heartless scum her tear-drops taunting.
Falv ora ho, &c.

Row on, row on, row on, my hearties,
Seize an oar, and raise the boat song;
Bring her quick to yonder haven,
Lest from me my bride be taken.
Falv ora ho, &c.

Heave on, my boatie, dancing lightsome,
'Gainst wind and flood and rushing tide-wave;
Soon we'll be in Clachan-sailich,
Where with trembling heart she waits me.
Falv ora ho, &c.

Fhir ud thall a sgrìobhas litir,
Eirich suas 's cuir riut a thiota;
Rinn iad an còrdadh gun fhios duinn,
'S ni iad am pòsadh mu 'n ruig sinn.
Falbh oirre cò, &c.

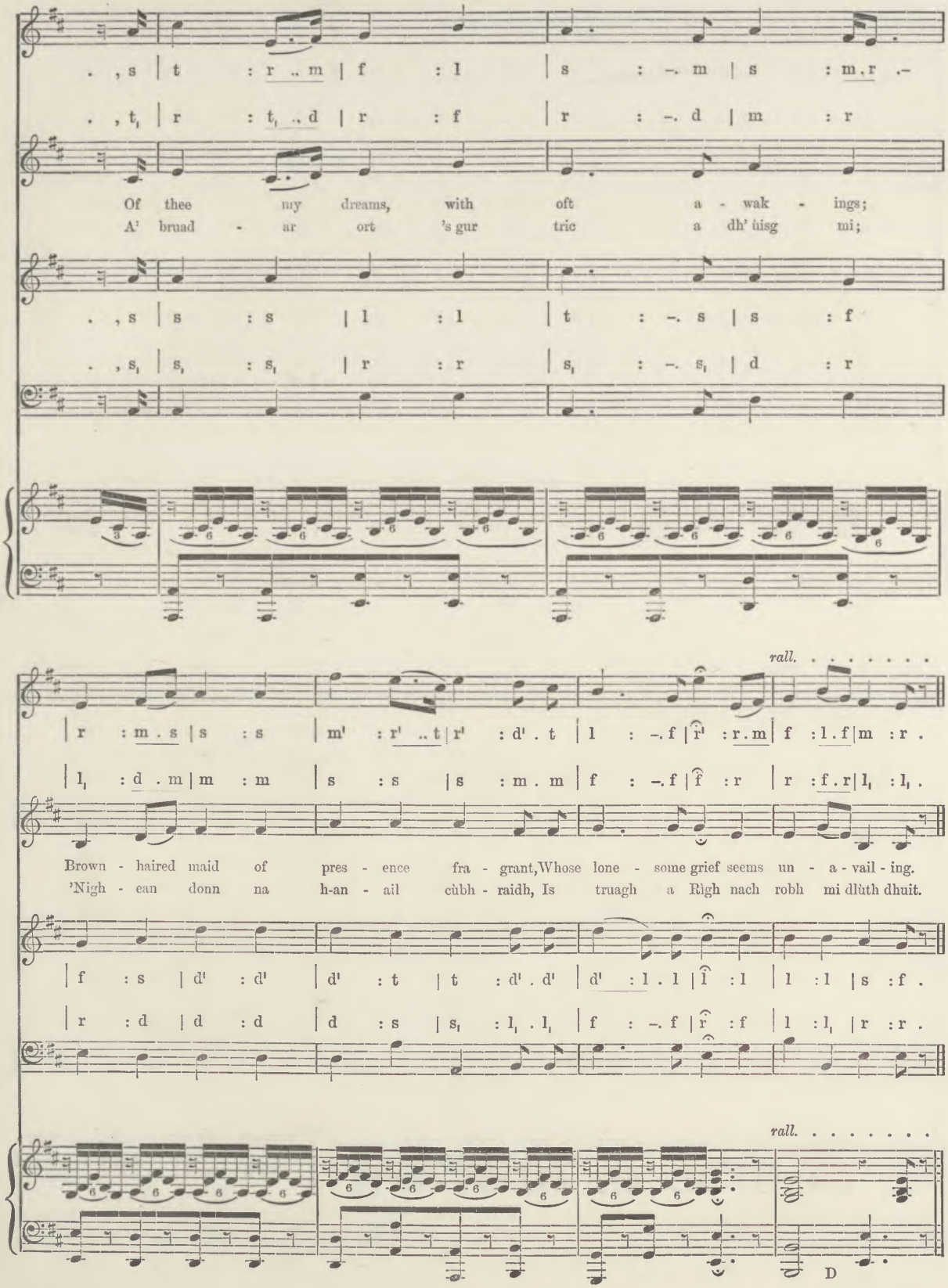
Thuirt i rium le cainnt a chlisg mi,
Oganaich thall tog do mhisneach;
Rinn iad an còrdadh gun fhios duit,
B' ainmeil do ghràdh 's dh' fhàg i nis thu.
Falbh oirre cò, &c.

Chruinnich na càirdean le chéile,
'Shuidh iad ag òl na deoch-réite,
Bha mo chruinneag dhonn fo éislean,
'S dh'aithnich a ghràisg blàth nan deur oirr'.
Falbh oirre cò, &c.

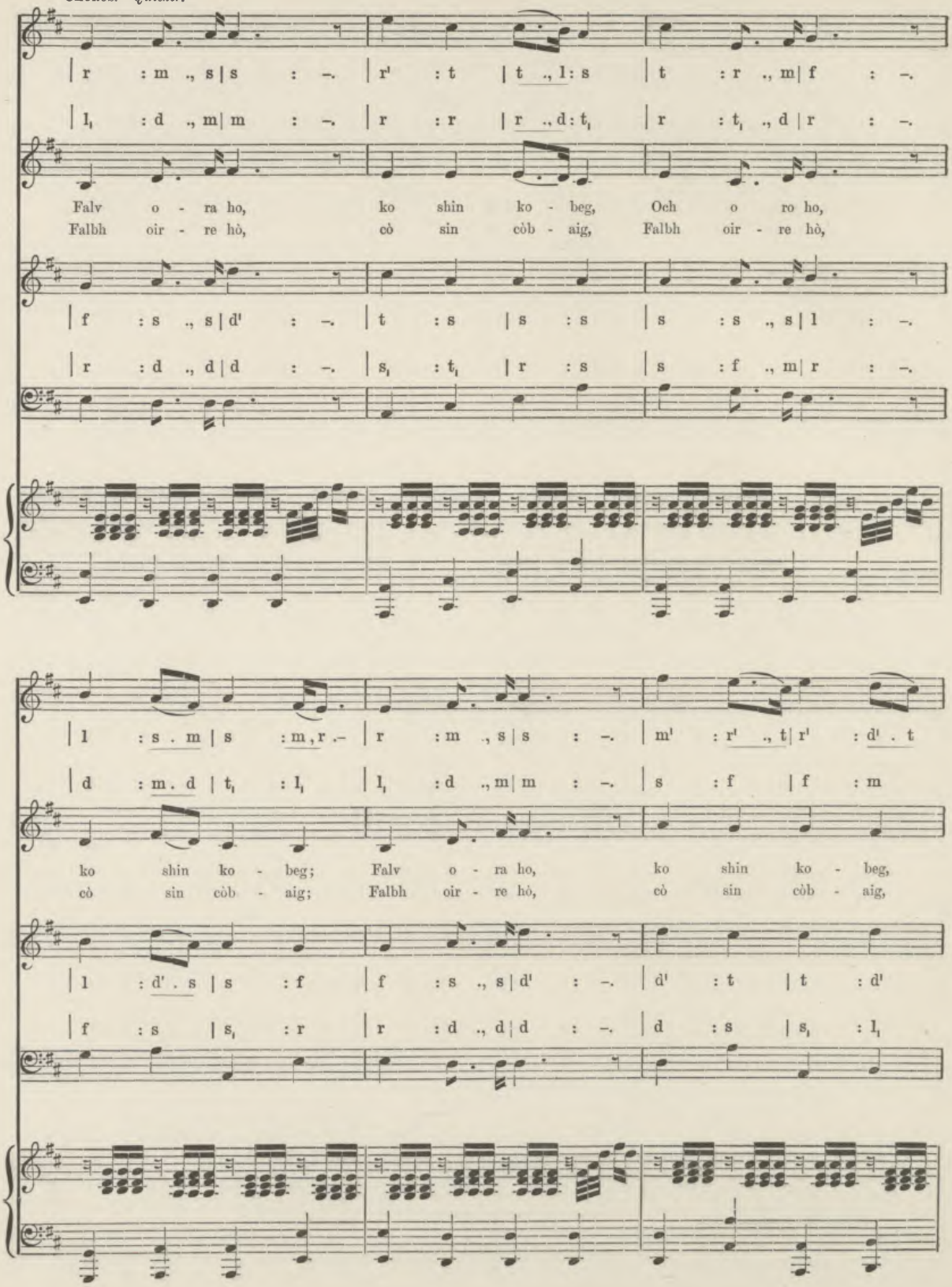
Iomraibh, iomraibh, iomraibh, 'illean,
Glacaibh ràmh 'us glaodhaibh iorram,
Thugaibh i gu cala tioram,
'S gu 'n toir mi mo ghaol o'n ghille.
Falbh oirre cò, &c.

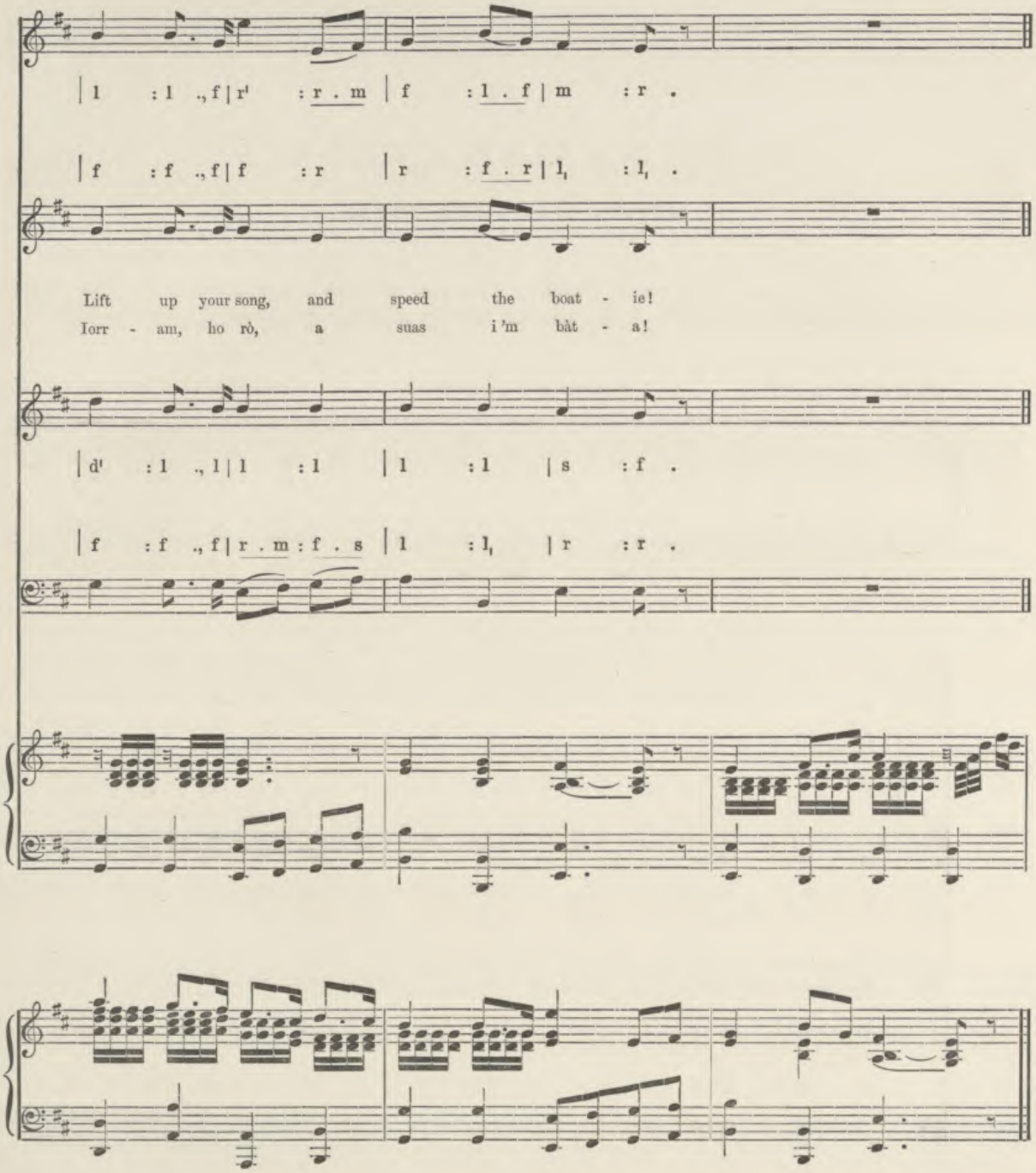
Suas am bàta uallach, aotrom,
'N aghaidh sruth, tuil agus gaoithe,
Taghlaidh sinn 's a' Chlachan Shaoileach,
Far am bheil mo chruinneag ghaolach.
Falbh oirre cò, &c.

* Tenor Solo if preferred, leaving out the three lower parts.


. , s | t : r .. m | f : l | s : –. m | s : m . r .–
. , t, | r : t, .. d | r : f | r : –. d | m : r
Of thee my dreams, with oft a - wak - ings;
A' bruad - ar ort 's gur tric a dh' ùisg mi;
. , s | s : s | l : l | t : –. s | s : f
. , s, | s, : s, | r : r | s, : –. s, | d : r
rall.
| r : m . s | s : s | m' : r' .. t | r' : d' . t | l : –. f | r' : r . m | f : l . f | m : r .
| l, : d . m | m : m | s : s | s : m . m | f : –. f | f : r | r : f . r | l, : l, .
Brown - haired maid of pres - ence fra - grant, Whose lone - some grief seems un - a - vail - ing.
'Nigh - ean donn na h-an - ail cùbh - raidh, Is truagh a Rìgh nach robh mi dlùth dhuit.
| f : s | d' : d' | d' : t | t : d' . d' | d' : l . l | l : l | l : l | s : f .
| r : d | d : d | d : s | s, : l, . l, | f : –. f | r : f | l : l, | r : r .
rall.
D

CHORUS. *Quicker.*



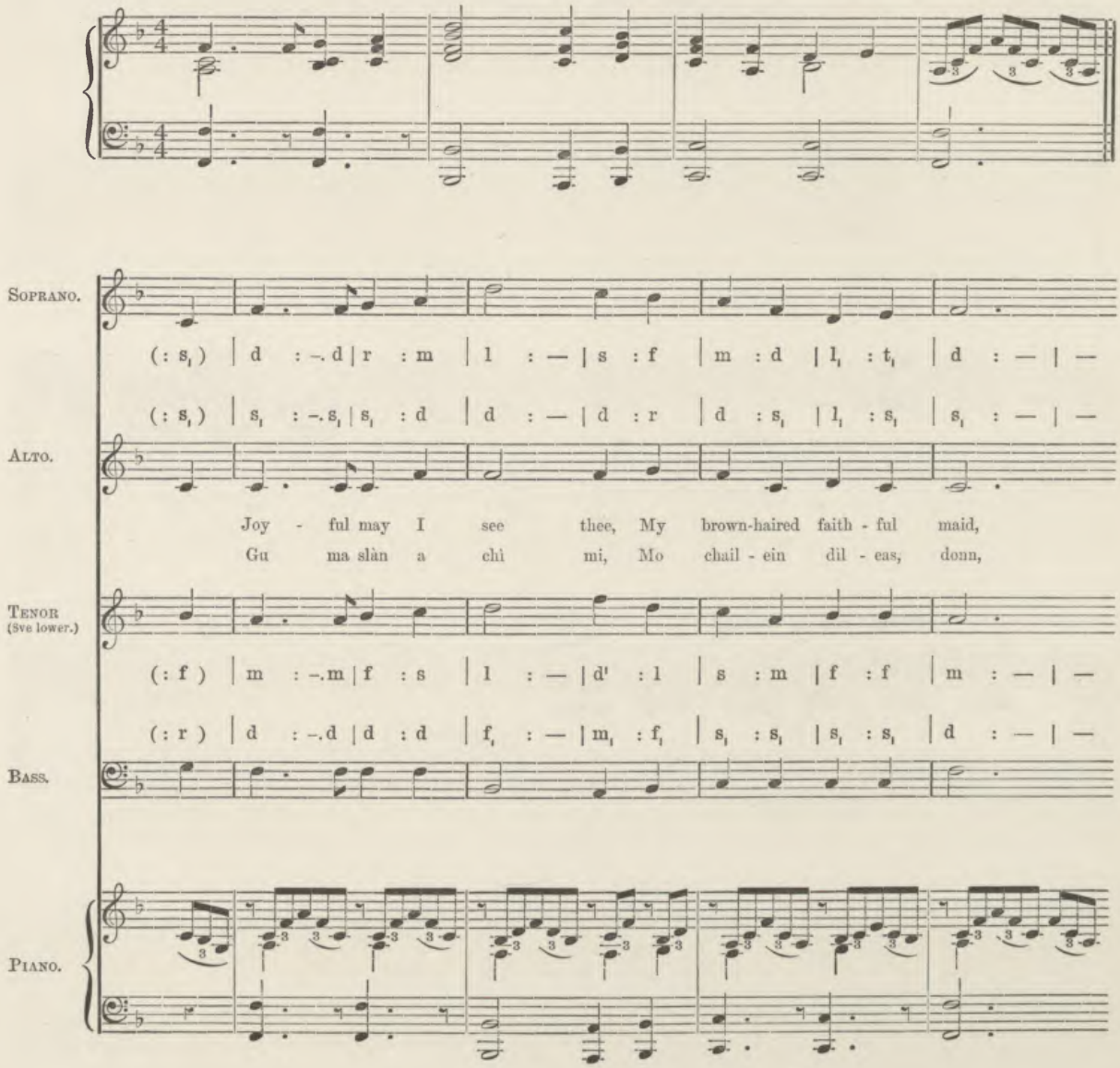

Lift up your song, and speed the boat - ie!
Iorr - am, ho rò, a suas i 'm bàt - a!

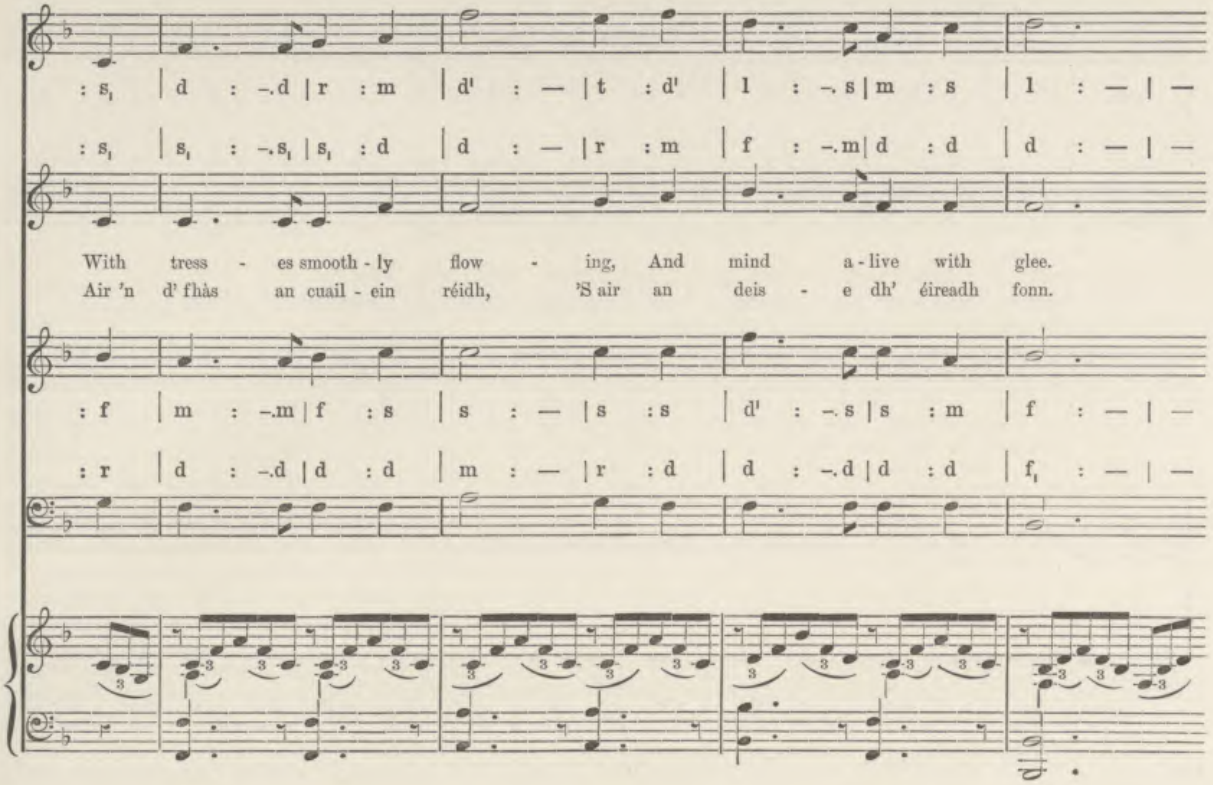
9.—GU MA SLÀN A CHÌ MI.

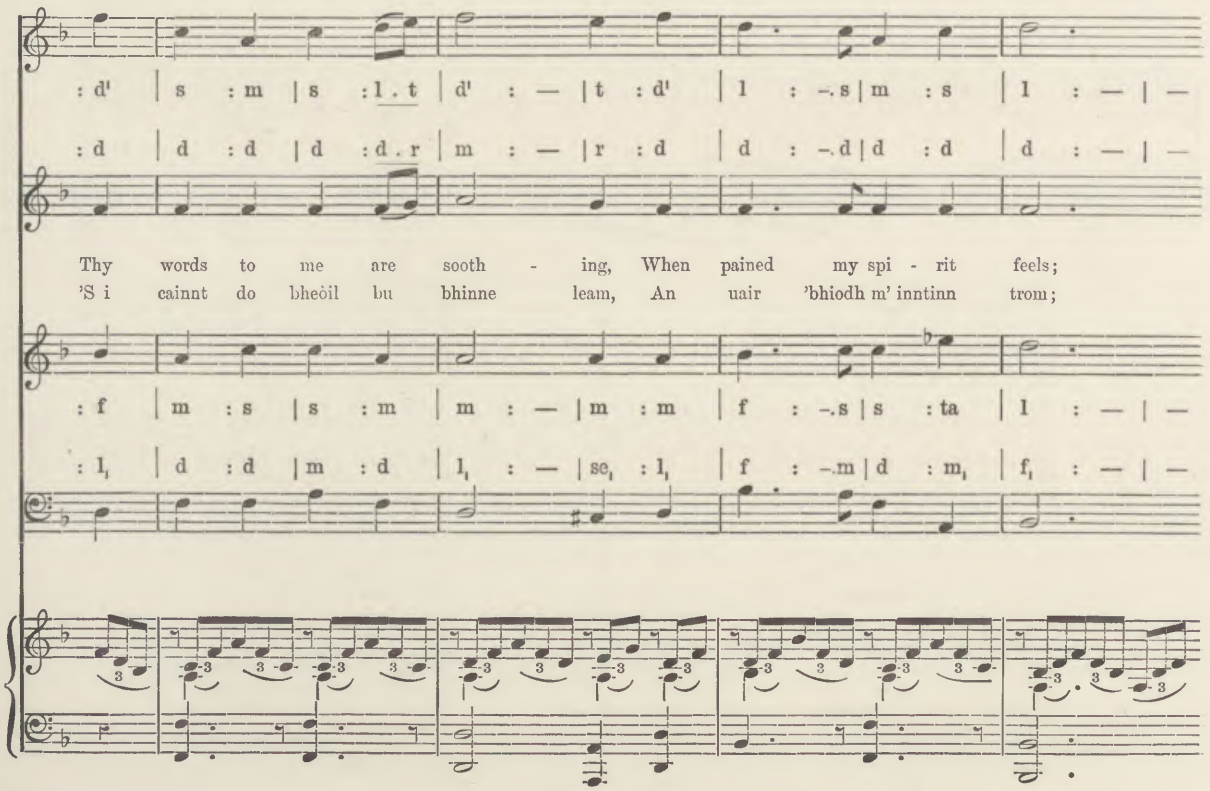
(JOYFUL MAY I SEE THEE.)

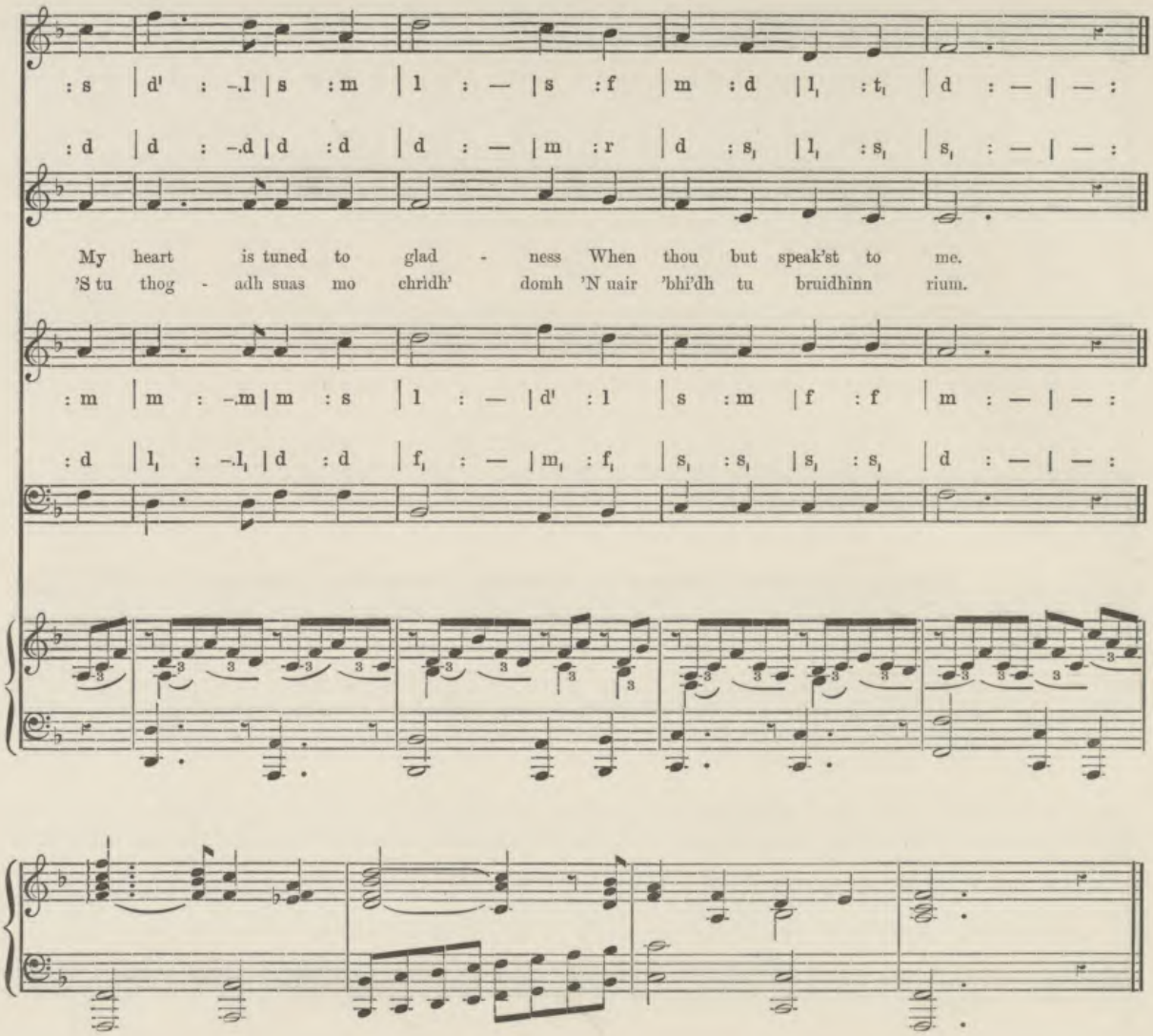
This song has always been extremely popular in the Highlands. I have given the melody as sung in this district. It was composed by Campbell, the church-officer in the Parish of which the Rev. John Macaulay, grandfather of Lord Macaulay, was incumbent.

Mode of the 1st of the Scale. Translation by CHARLES STEWART. *Arranged by* JAMES MERRYLEES, G.T.S.C.




: s, | d : –.d | r : m | d' : — | t : d' | l : –.s | m : s | l : — | —
: s, | s, : –.s, | s, : d | d : — | r : m | f : –.m | d : d | d : — | —
With tress - es smooth - ly flow - ing, And mind a - live with glee.
Air 'n d' fhàs an cuail - ein réidh, 'S air an deis - e dh' éireadh fonn.
: f | m : –.m | f : s | s : — | s : s | d' : –.s | s : m | f : — | —
: r | d : –.d | d : d | m : — | r : d | d : –.d | d : d | f, : — | —


: d' | s : m | s : l . t | d' : — | t : d' | l : –.s | m : s | l : — | —
: d | d : d | d : d . r | m : — | r : d | d : –.d | d : d | d : — | —
Thy words to me are sooth - ing, When pained my spi - rit feels;
'S i cainnt do bheòil bu bhinne leam, An uair 'bhiodh m' inntinn trom;
: f | m : s | s : m | m : — | m : m | f : –.s | s : ta | l : — | —
: l, | d : d | m : d | l, : — | se, : l, | f : –.m | d : m, | f, : — | —



How torn am I with anguish
This night upon the sea;
My sleep is aught but peaceful,
My darling far from me.
How oft my thoughts entwine thee;
Without thee I am wae;
And if I do not get thee,
My days must shortly fail.

Eye glancing like the blae-fruit,
'Neath eye-lash clasping fast;
Cheek blushing like the rowan,
And face to me most sweet.
Unless they say untruly,
My love I gave thee all;
Like years my days go o'er me,
Since reft I was from thee.

The knot that sweetly binds us
Is now made firm and fast;
The mockers loudly tell me
No weal in it there be.
The man that fortune favours,
A cross they say must bear;
But I am thankful, joyful,
Although my purse be bare.

Gur muladach a ta mi,
'S mi nochd air àird a' chuain;
'S neo shunntach mo chadal domh,
'S do chaidreadh fada bhuam.
Gur tric mi ort a smaointeach;
As t-aogais tha mi truagh;
'S mar a dean mi t-fhaotainn,
Cha bhi mo shaoghal buan.

Sùil chorrach mar an dearcaig,
Fo 'n rosg a dh-iathas dlù;
Gruaidhean mar an caoran,
Fo 'n aodann tha leam ciùin.
Mar d' aithris iad na bhreugan,
Gu 'n tug mi féin duit rùn;
'S gur bliadhna leam gach là',
Bho 'n uair a dh' fhàg mi thu.

Tha 'n t-snuaim a nise ceangailte
Gu daingeann 'us gu teann;
'S their luchd na fanoid riumsa
Nach 'eil mo bhuannachd ann.
'M fear aig a' bheil soirbheachd,
Tha crois a tigh'nn na 'cheann;
'S tha mise taingeil toillichte,
Ge d' tha mo sporan gann.

II.

Dairymaids' Songs.

10.—CRODH CHAILEIN.

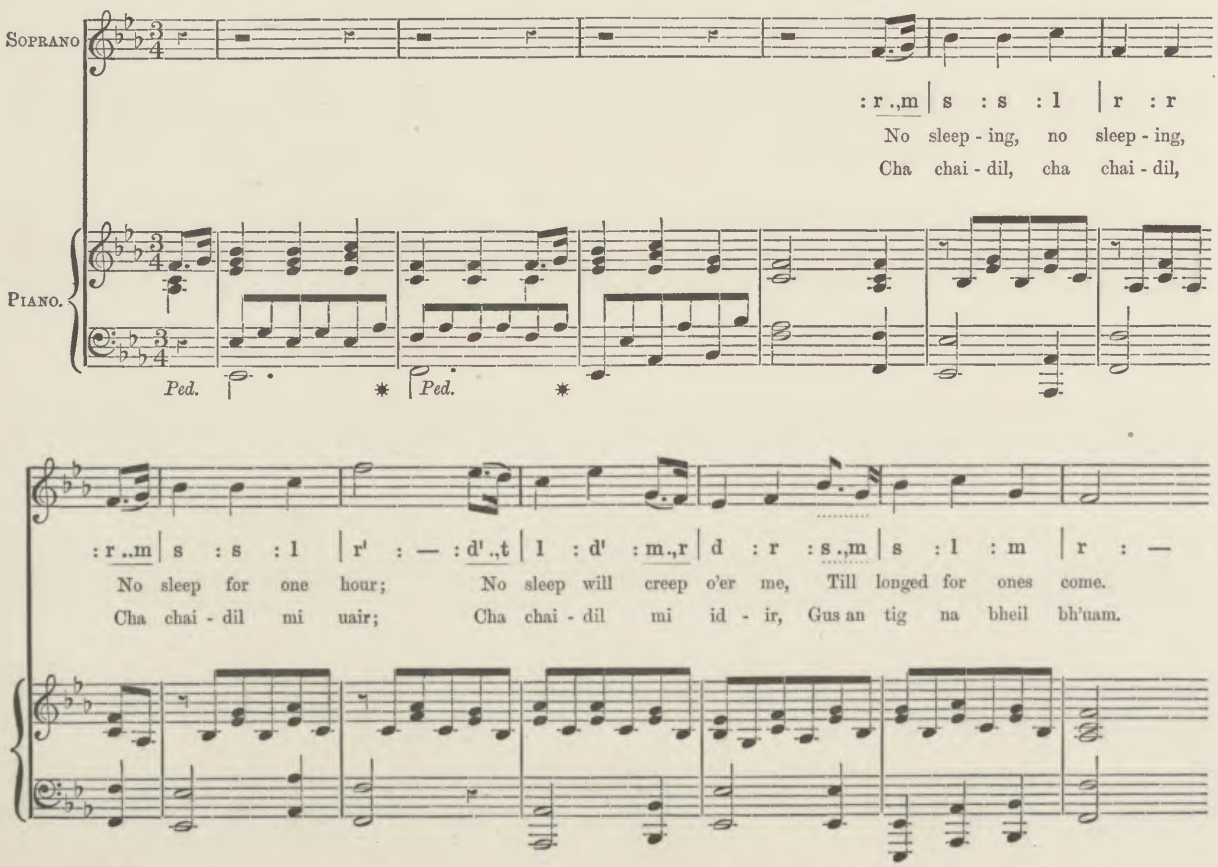
(COLIN'S CATTLE.)

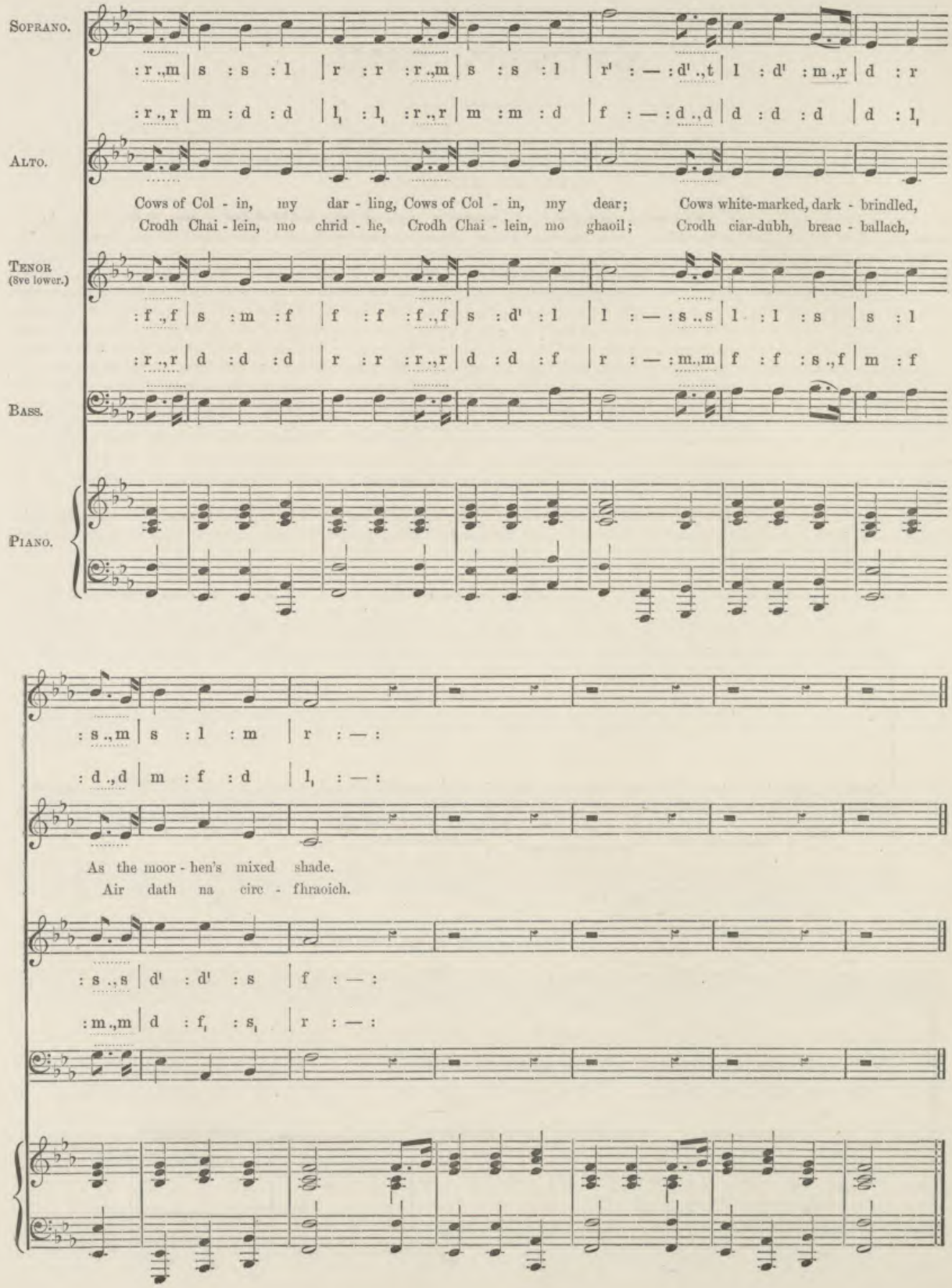
THE farm of Cashlie, in the braes of Glenlyon, is celebrated for the rearing of Highland cattle and black-faced sheep. It is no less celebrated for remains of the earliest period of the history of our race, the "Fionn." These consist of castles which are entirely different from the Pictish "Brughs" of eastern Scotland, a Coin-Bhacan, Bodach, &c., &c. It was, undoubtedly, in the third century, the inland hunting seat of Fingal, and the fighting and hunting part of his clan. These, in their frequent visits, would be received with the proudest welcome by the resident "Fionn."

The episode which has been embalmed in this song belongs to this Cashlie. About the middle of the seventeenth century it was tenanted by Colin, who was uncle, and John, who was brother, to Robert Campbell, the then laird of Glenlyon. Suddenly some creach-lifters from the north or west swept down upon it, and carried off all the cows on the farm. Along with the cows they carried off the dairymaid, no doubt considering that they would be more manageable under her guidance. There was a younger dairymaid, of the name of MacNee, who seems to have been a very clever lass, and who contrived so effectually to hide herself and the calves that the marauders failed to find them. After sending notice to Robert Campbell of what had happened, she followed at what she thought to be a safe distance. In some way she managed to communicate with the abducted dairymaid, who, consequently, in order to give her warning of their whereabouts, sung this song morning and evening when she milked the cows. In this way they passed through Gleann-meuran into Argyllshire. At this stage of their journey the cows, getting furious at the loss of their calves, got perfectly unmanageable, and leaving their keepers, rushed back on their way home to Cashlie. The creach-lifters followed them, and coming on the unfortunate MacNee, murdered her. Her grave is still shewn in Gleann-meuran. By this time, however, Robert Campbell had gathered together his following, and having attacked the strangers, completely defeated them, and drove them out of the glen.

The melody is that which I have been accustomed to hear since infancy sung in Glenlyon. There are a number of other verses, but those given appear to me to be the most characteristic. Another form of the melody is added, as there are some, on whose judgment I place reliance, who prefer it.

Mode of the 2nd of the Scale. Translation by CHARLES STEWART. *Arranged by* JAMES MERRYLEES, G.T.S.C.




Soprano.
Alto.
Cows of Col - in, my dar - ling, Cows of Col - in, my dear; Cows white-marked, dark - brindled,
Crodh Chai - lein, mo chrid - he, Crodh Chai - lein, mo ghaoil; Crodh ciar-dubh, breac - ballach,
Tenor (8ve lower.)
Bass.
Piano.
As the moor - hen's mixed shade.
Air dath na circ - fhraoich.

Their milk will they give me,
For the love that they bear,
On top of the mountain,
With no other there.
Cows of Colin, my darling,
Cows of Ian,* my dear;
Cows that fill up the milk-pail,
Cows that young ones well rear.

On my heart rests a burden,
On my cheeks oft my tears,
In my thoughts deep dejection,
And sleep far from near.
Cows of Colin, my darling,
Cows of Colin, my dear;
Cows white-marked, dark-brindled,
As the moor-hen's mixed shades.

No nutting in birch woods,
No saunter 'mong trees;
But watching of milk cows
On plaid brown and frayed.
Cows of Colin, my darling,
Cows of Ian, my dear;
Cows that fill up the milk-pail,
Cows that young ones well rear.

Gun toireadh crodh Chailein,
Domh bainn' air mo ghaol,
Air mulach a' mhonaidh,
Gun duine nar taobh.
Crodh Chailein, mo chridhe,
Crodh Iain, mo ghaoil;
Crodh lionadh nan gogan,
Crodh togail nan laogh.

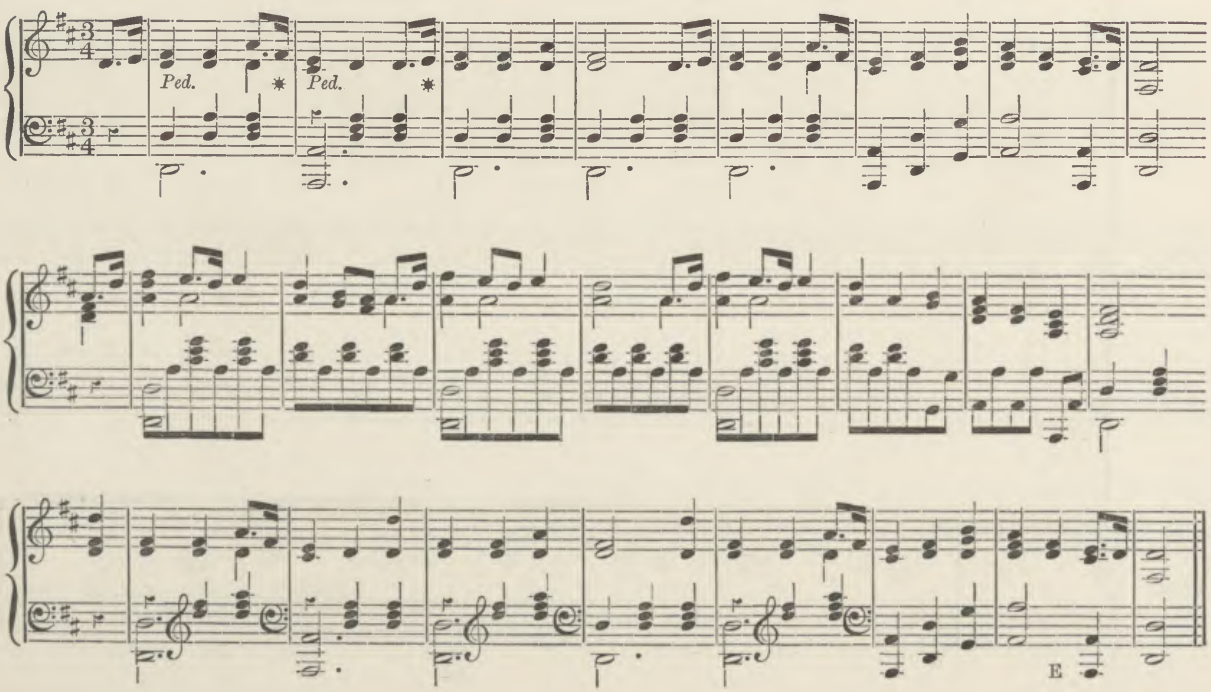
Gu bheil sac air mo chridhe,
'S tric snidh air mo ghruaidh,
Agus smuairean air m' aigne,
Chum an cadal so bh'uam.
Crodh Chailein, mo chridhe,
Crodh Chailein, mo ghaoil;
Crodh ciar-dubh, breac-ballach,
Air dath na circ-fhraoich.

Cha teid mi do'n bheithe,
No thional nan crò;
Air breacan donn ribeach
Tha mi 'feitheadh nam bò.
Crodh Chailein, mo chridhe,
Crodh Iain, mo ghaoil;
Crodh lionadh, nan gogan,
Crodh togail nan laogh.

* Pronounced Eé-an.

CRODH CHAILEIN.

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANOFORTE BY JAMES MERRYLEES, G.T.S.C.



11.—A BHANARACH DHONN A' CHRUIDH.

(BROWN-HAIRED DAIRYMAID.)

To those of us who, from youngest years, have imbibed the wonderful charms of the summer sheilings amidst the hills, songs such as the following have a wrapt fascination. When the high ground pastures were at their richest, the young maidens, with their folds of cows and calves, betook themselves to the mountains. Turf cottages, thatched with blooming heather, were repaired or erected, and an enclosure made where the cows could be folded. Vividly do we see pictured this young maiden,—whose glance was more piercing than sunbeams streaming through a fleecy curling cloud on a dewy morning,—singing as she milked, not knowing of one human ear present to drink in her bursts and notes of exquisite melody, but welling out her song simply from the joyousness of her own innocent heart, and her love to her brindled, brown, and white-spotted darlings. And such song! Not only did man-made music fall dead before it, but the very notes of the cuckoo were hushed to unconsciousness.

This song, and many others in the whole range of Gaelic poetry, shew that brown hair and a fair complexion was the prototype of beauty amongst us Gaels. Probably its most lovely shade is what we read of so frequently,—golden yellow, with a tinge of the characteristic brown. Another very strong proof is the apologetic tone in which black is spoken of. Thus, in a well-known song by the late Rev. Colin MacVean, minister of Kenmore, we find—

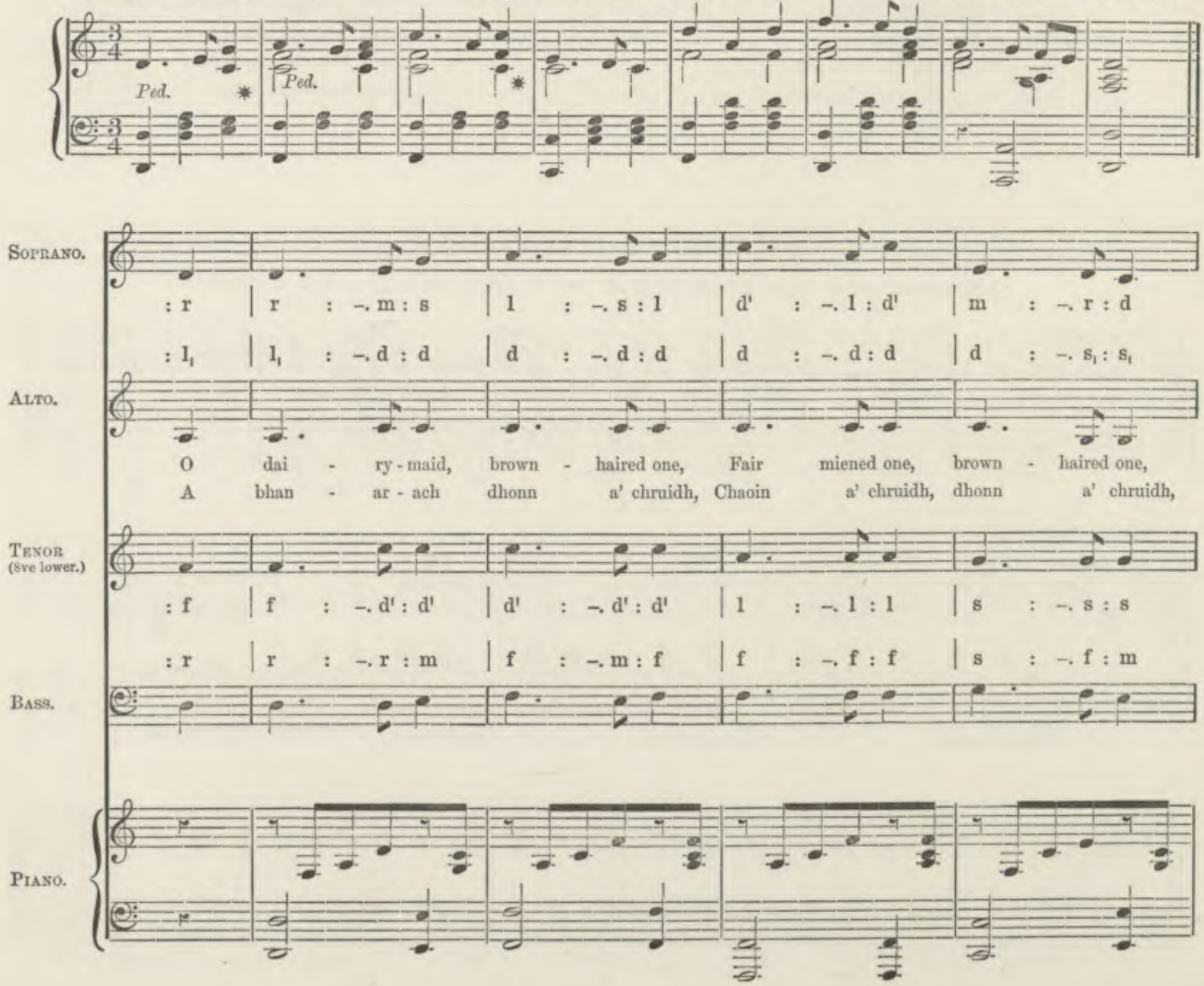
"My maiden black, so beauteous black,
My maiden, don't forsake me;
Though others say that you are black,
You're white as curds to me, love."

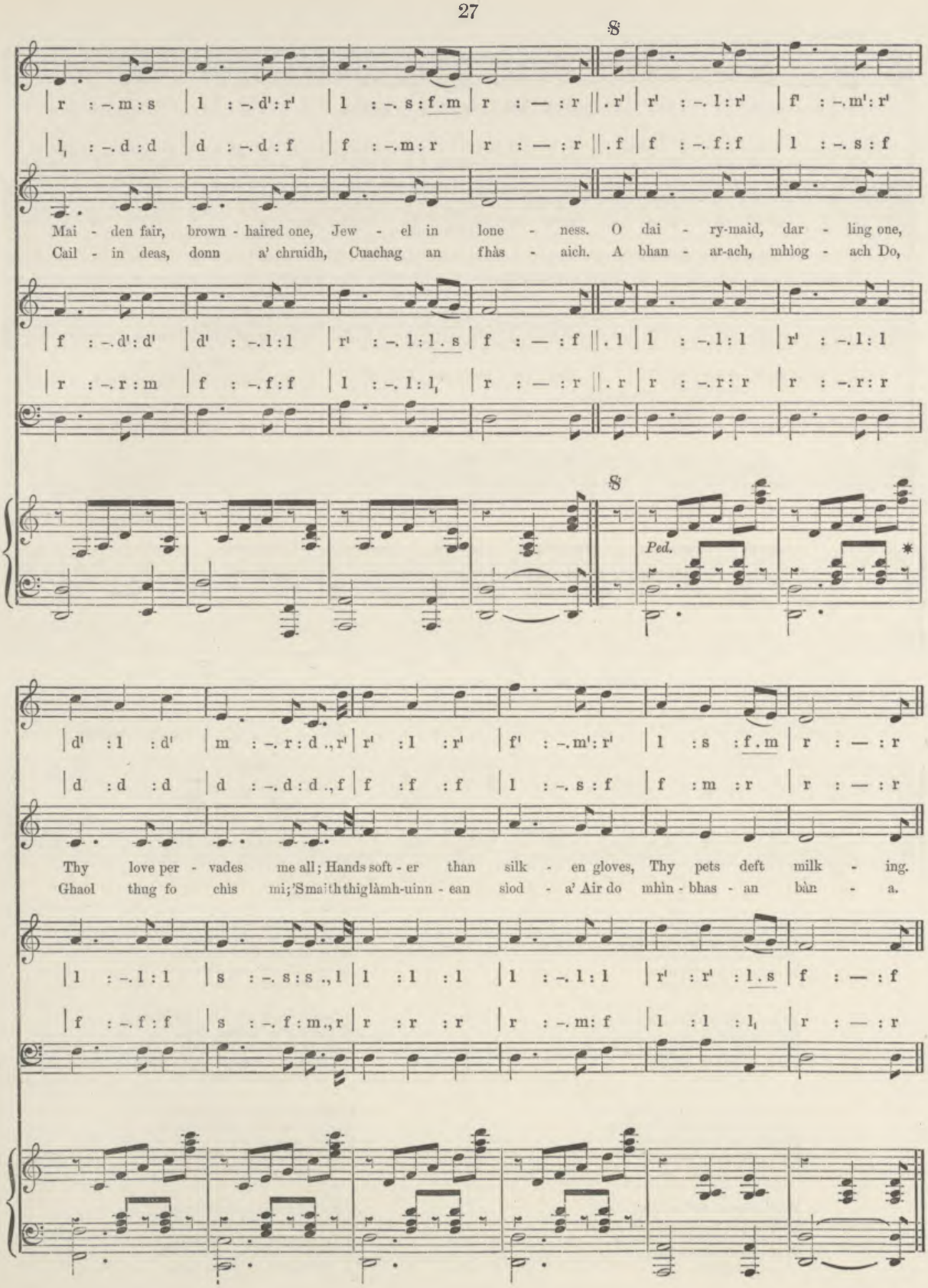
"Mo nighean dubh tha bòidheach dubh,
Mo nighean dubh na tréig mi;
Ged theireadh càch gu bheil thu dubh,
'S co geal 'san gruth leam fhéin thu."

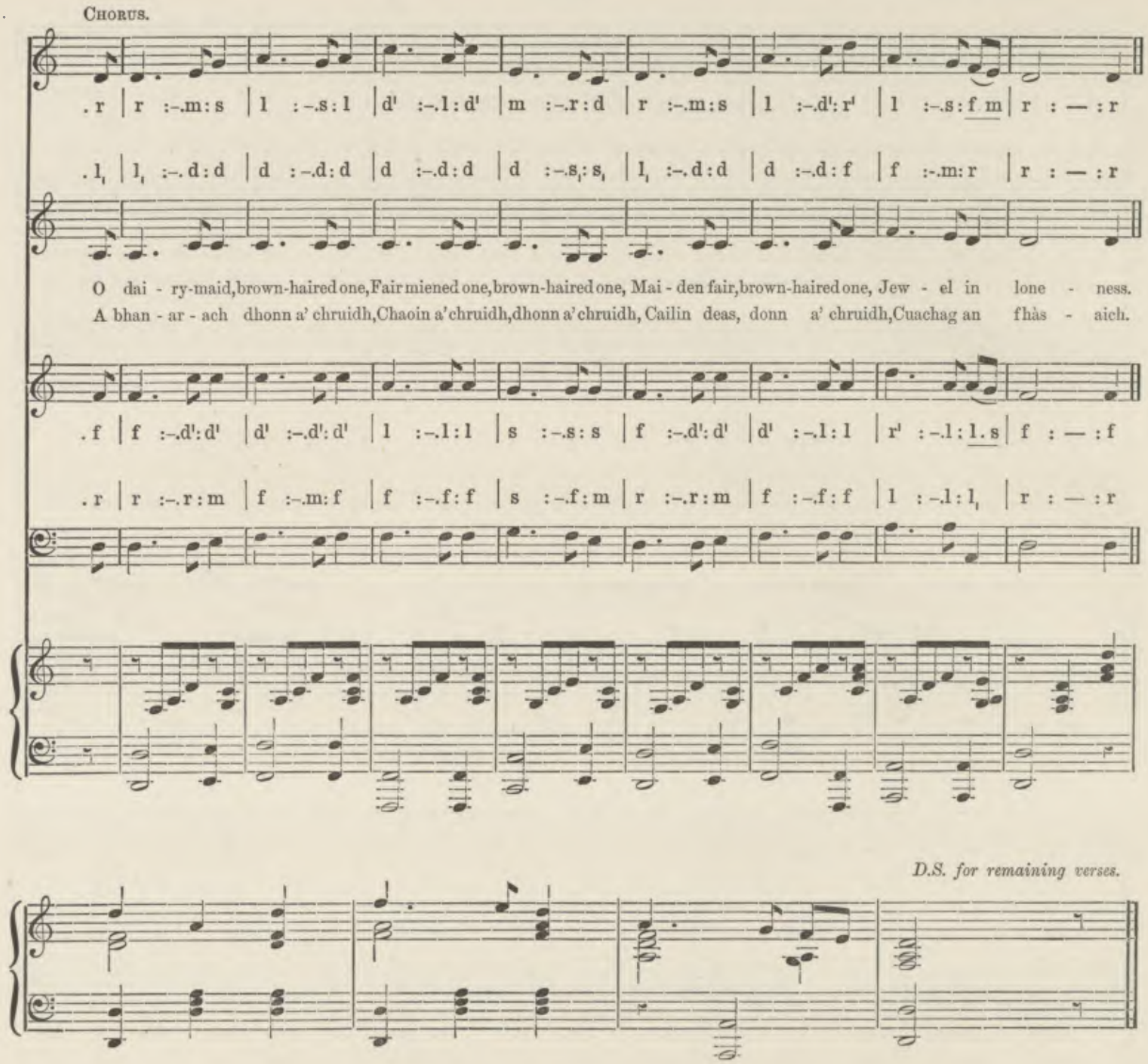
In this Collection the frequency of this as the beauty type is most striking. It fully confirms my contention (see "Gaelic Kingdom") that Caledonia is only the Latin form of what we so often designate ourselves as, "Gaidheil Dhonna," or "Brown-haired Gaels." The pronunciation of the Latin and Gaelic are as identical as can be.

Tenderly.

Mode of the 2nd of the Scale. Translation by CHARLES STEWART. *Arranged by* JAMES MERRYLEES, G.T.S.C.




Mai - den fair, brown - haired one, Jew - el in lone - ness. O dai - ry-maid, dar - ling one,
Cail - in deas, donn a' chruidh, Cuachag an fhàs - aich. A bhan - ar-ach, mhìog - ach Do,
Ped.
Thy love per - vades me all; Hands soft - er than silk - en gloves, Thy pets deft milk - ing.
Ghaol thug fo chis mi; 'Smaith thiglàmh-uinn - ean siod - a' Air do mhìn - bhas - an bàn - a.



Oh! sweeter thy music,
When milking thy foldlings,
Than summer-morn's mavis
In tree-top gay warbling.
O dairymaid! &c.

Milking thy darlings, and
Carolling gaily,
Birds from each woodland flew,
Charmed by thy pathos.
O dairymaid! &c.

Thy glance is more piercing
Than sunbeams bright stealing,
Through curling clouds fleecy
On a mild dewy morning.
O dairymaid! &c.

My maiden's sweet songlet, while
Milking the white-spotted,
The harp's thrilling deadened,
Or glad cuckoo's cooing.
O dairymaid! &c.

'S mór bu bhinne 'bhi 'd éisdeachd,
'N ám 'bhi bleoghan na spréidhe,
Na 'n smeòrach 's a' chéitean
'M bàr géig ann am fàs-choill.
A bhanarach dhonn! &c.

'N uair a sheinneadh tu 'choilleag,
A' leigeil mart ann an coille,
Thàladh eunlaidh gach doire,
Dh' éisdeachd coireall do mhànrain.
A bhanarach dhonn! &c.

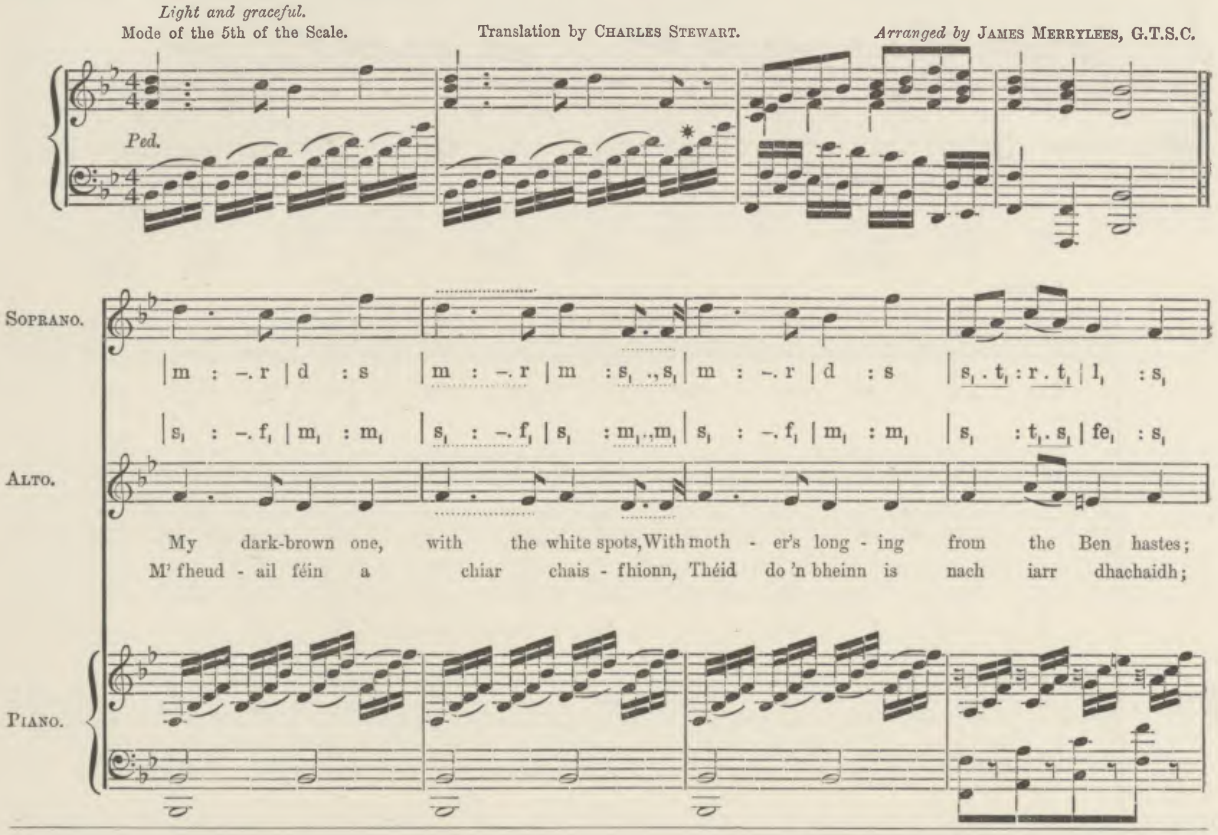
Chuireadh maill' air do léirsinn
Ann am maduinn chiùin chéitean,
Na gathanan gréine
Thig o teud-chul cas fàinneach.
A bhanarach dhonn! &c.

'S ciatach nuallan na gruagaich,
Ri bleóghan cruidh ghuaill-fhinn,
A' toirt torman air cuachaig,
'S bothar fhuaim aig a clàraibh.
A bhanarach dhonn! &c.

12.—CHI MI 'GHRIS-FHIONN.

(I SEE THE ROAN ONE.)

This song, and the two preceding, form part of a class at one time most popular in the Highlands of Scotland, and which are known as the "Songs of the Shielings." It was customary, at a period farther back than my memory carries me, for the dairymaids and their fold to spend some months in summer and autumn amongst the hills, where the pasture was richest. This pilgrimage was called "'dol air àiridh," and the cottage they lived in, "bothan an àiridh." The young maidens greatly enjoyed it, and so did the young men, whose feet of an evening often turned in that direction. Those who heard it spoke in raptures of the beautiful effect produced by these songs amidst the mountains. I only remember of the cows being brought, towards nightfall, into an enclosure, where the dairymaids drew from them such milk as the calves left unconsumed. I have yet in my mind's eye the picture of a Highland cow standing out against the sky on a knoll-top, in all the stateliness of her harmonious proportions and lines of beauty, her wavy hair clothing her sides, and her majestic horns towering towards the heavens. There she stood, calmly and peacefully, chewing her cud, and yielding her milk to the sweet maiden sitting at her side,—and evidently enjoying that song which filled the air with melody, and whose rhythm breathed in time with the action of the soft and kindly milking. It was taught my mother at Dùnan, in Rannoch, where my great-grandfather, Baron MacDiarmid, had a fold of Highland cattle.*



Darling, mine, the spotted heifer,
Whose feet I'd bind in softest fetters,
I would them bind with binds the choicest,
With silken cords of rarest texture.
E ho o, &c.

On the horizon stands my roan one,
The brightly-spotted standing o'er her;
Mother fruitful of my beauties,
My fold's queen above her co-mates.
E ho o, &c.

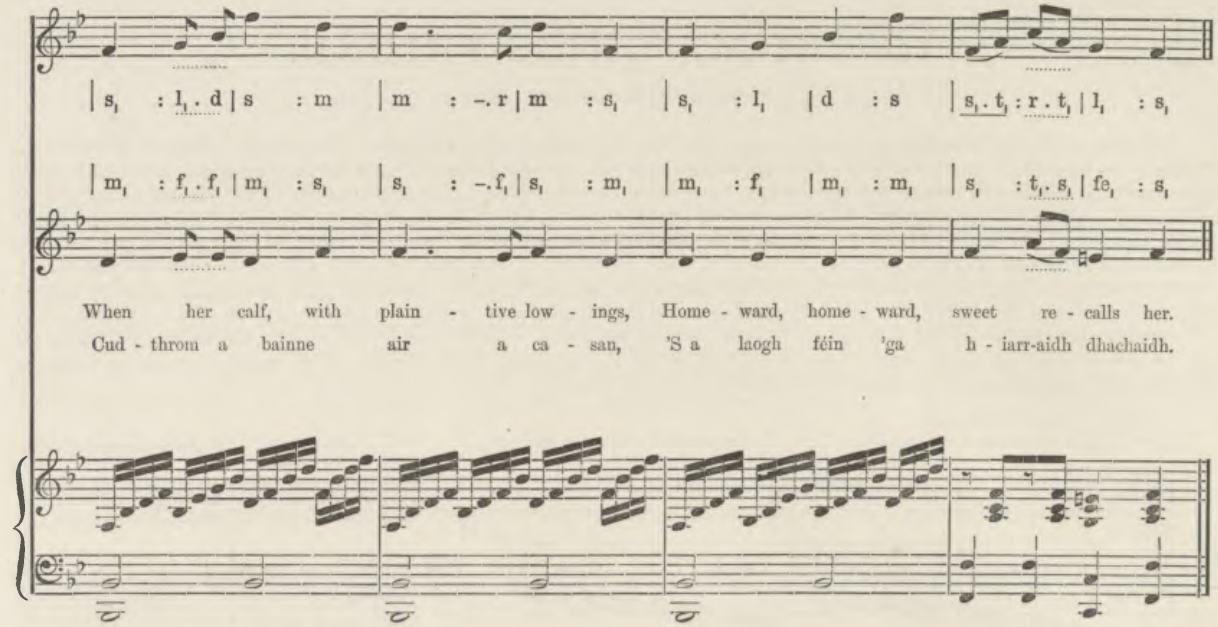
Darling, mine, of all my herd flock,
Me she 'll give her precious milking,
Me she 'll give her precious milking,
And if not, how great my wanting!
E ho o, &c.

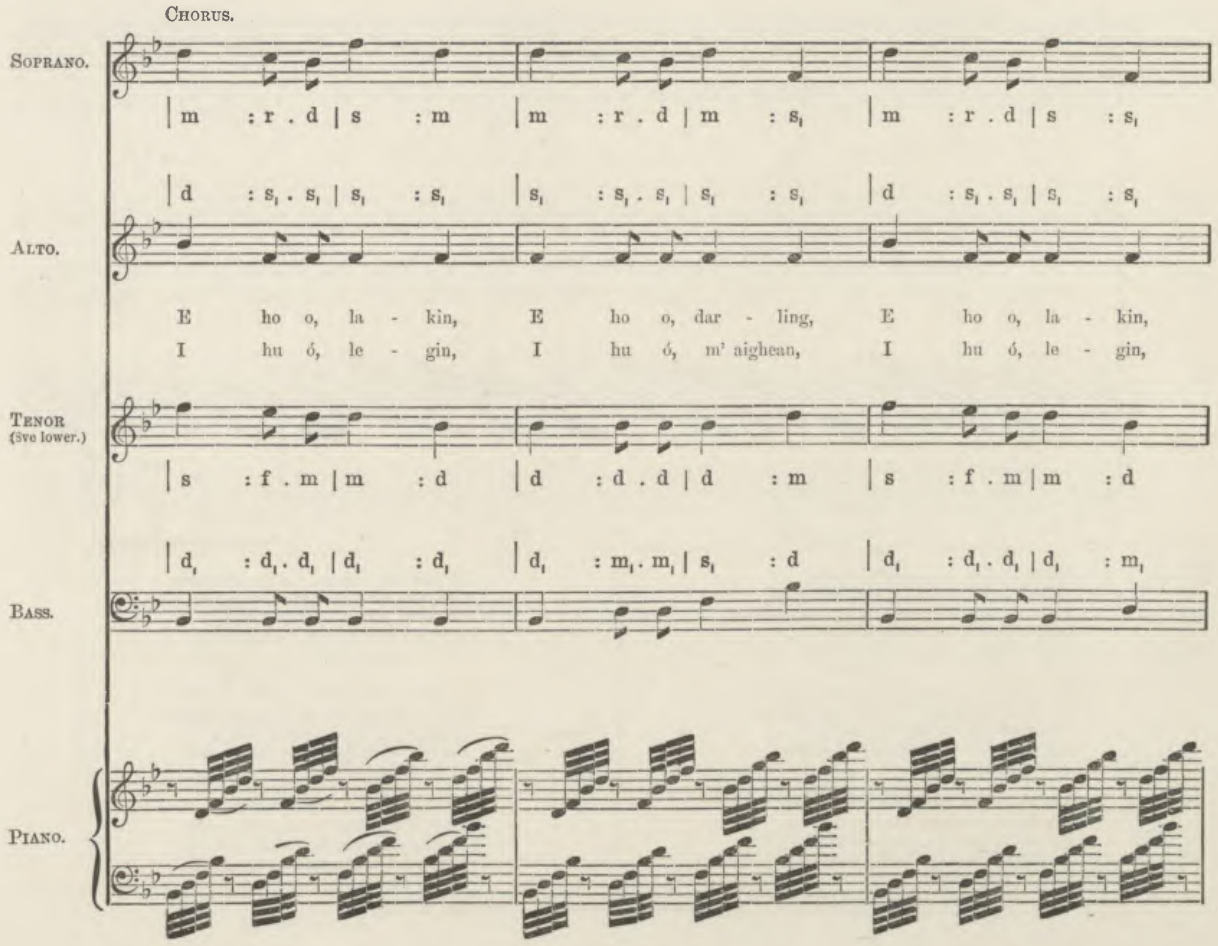
M' fheudail féin an t-aoghan caisean,
Chuirinn buarach air a chasan,
Chuirinn buarach air a chasan,
Buarach shìode 'thig á Sasunn.
I hu ó, &c.

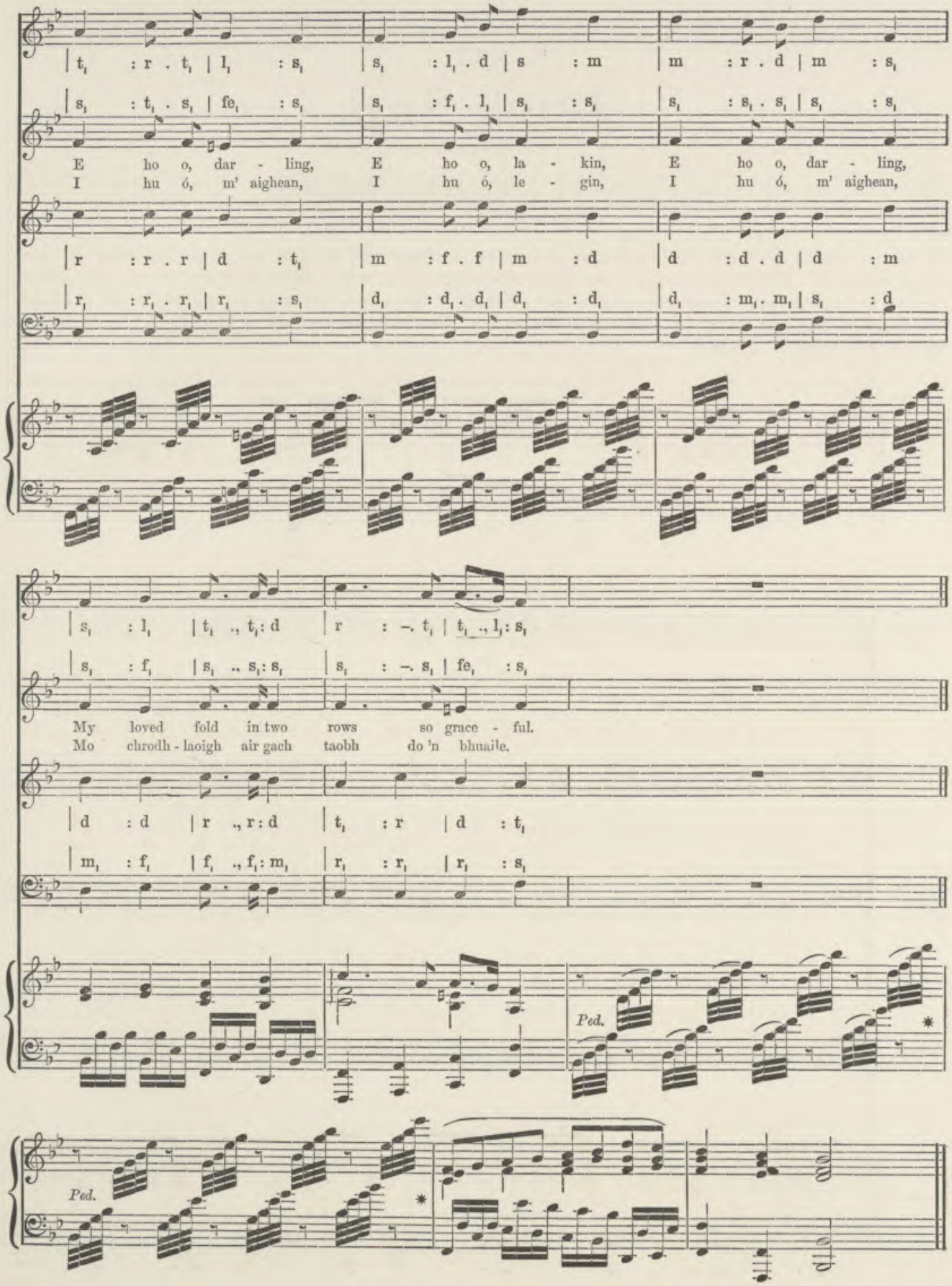
Chì mi ghris-fhionn 'tighinn air fàire,
Leis a mheanbh bhric tha mu bràghad,
Rìgh gur ro mhath thogail àil i,
Ceannard buaile a suas thar càch i!
I hu ó, &c.

M' fheudail ise, chrodh na tir so,
Bheir i dhòmhsa 'm bainne priseil,
Bheir i dhòmhsa 'm bainne priseal,
'S mar a toir gur mór ga m' dhi e.
I hu ó, &c.

* See "Autobiography of Mrs. Fletcher." Edinburgh: Edmonstone & Douglas. 1875.


When her calf, with plain - tive low - ings, Home - ward, home - ward, sweet re - calls her.
Cud - throm a bainne air a ca - san, 'S a laogh féin 'ga h - iarr-aidh dhachaidh.


Chorus.
Soprano.
Alto.
E ho o, la - kin, E ho o, dar - ling, E ho o, la - kin,
I hu ó, le - gin, I hu ó, m' aighean, I hu ó, le - gin,
Tenor (8ve lower.)
Bass.
Piano.


E ho o, dar - ling, E ho o, la - kin, E ho o, dar - ling,
I hu ó, m' aighean, I hu ó, le - gin, I hu ó, m' aighean,
My loved fold in two rows so grace - ful.
Mo chrodh - laoigh air gach taobh do 'n bhuaile.
Ped.
Ped.

III.

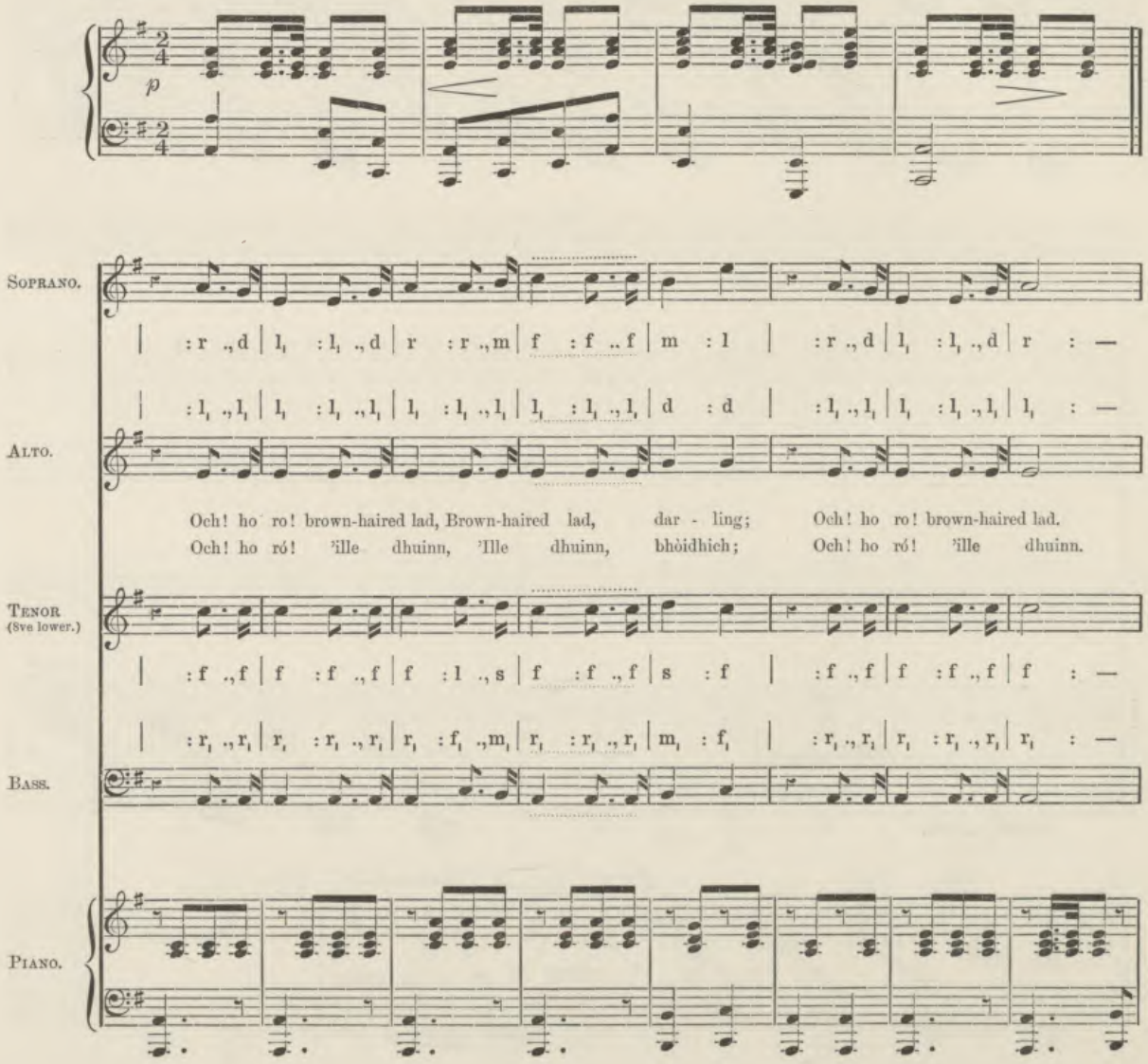
Jacobite Songs.

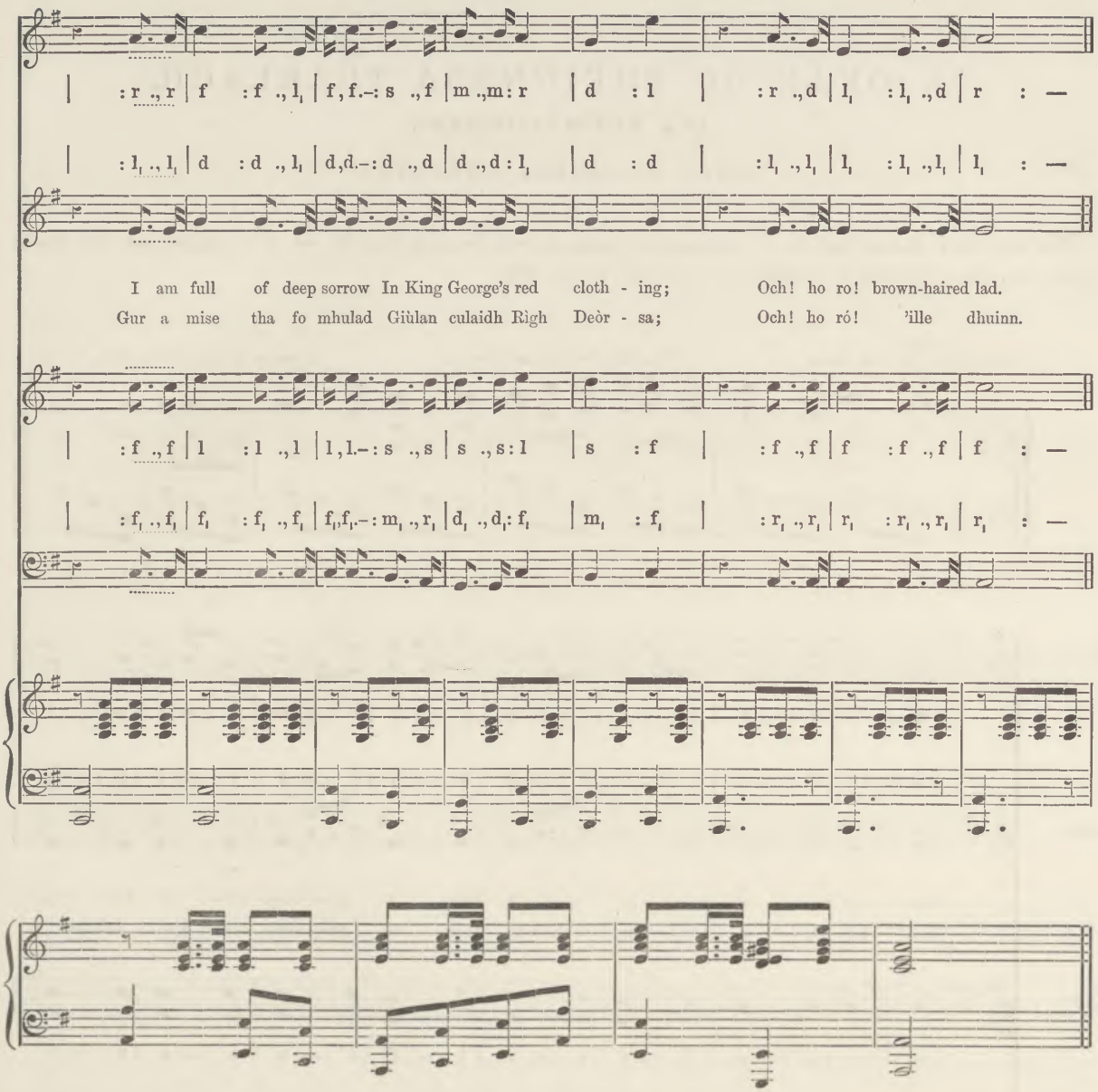
13.—'ILLE DHUINN.

(BROWN-HAIRED LAD.)

It was the inhuman practice of our non-Jacobite governments to impress into the army any of the Highlanders who proved faithful to Royalism. Thus, we find the unfortunate MacIan of Glencoe, when he went to Edinburgh to make his submission, promising "to bring all his people within a short time to do the like; and if any of them refused, they should be imprisoned or sent to Flanders." The following is the piteous lament of a Gael in such circumstances. The melody will be found on page 123 of "The Thistle," from which, by kind permission, it is taken.

Mode of the 2nd of the Scale. Translation by Charles Stewart. *Accompaniment by* James Merrylees, G.T.S.C.





The short-coated sailors
To Holland us taking.
Och! ho ro! &c.

On Saturday even
We fought a great contest.
Och! ho ro! &c.

Many wives there were spouseless
At dawn-break on Sunday.
Och! ho ro! &c.

Their husbands swept from them;
Nor can gold e'er restore them.
Och! ho ro! &c.

Stretched out 'mongst the rushes,
O'er their shoulders blood pouring.
Och! ho ro! &c.

O'er the hills take my greeting,
To Mull of great mountains.
Och! ho ro! &c.

Where cuckoos are cooing,
On each brae before Bealtine.
Och! ho ro! &c.

Take my greeting to my mother,
Who nurtured me early.
Och! ho ro! &c.

Take my greeting to sister,
Who weeps for me sorely.
Och! ho ro! &c.

Take my greeting to sweetheart;
I 'll be home if death spares me.
Och! ho ro! &c.

Luchd nan còtaichean gearra,
Ga'n cuir thairis do 'n Olaind.
Och! ho ró! &c.

Gur h-ann feasgar Di-Sathurn
Thug sinn cath a bha deònach.
Och! ho ró! &c.

B' ioma té bha gun chéile
'Nam éirigh Di-Dòmhnuich.
Och! ho ró! &c.

An déigh a céile thoirt uaipe;
'S nach fuasgaileadh òr e.
Och! ho ró! &c.

E na shìneadh 's an luachair,
'S fhuil mu ghuaillnean a' dòrtadh.
Och! ho ró! &c.

Thoir uam soiridh thar monadh,
Gu Muile nam mòr-bheann.
Och! ho ró! &c.

Far an goireadh a' cuthag,
Anns gach bruthach roimh an
Och! ho ró! &c. [Bhealltuinn.

Thoir uam soiridh gu m' mhàthair,
'S gur i dh' àraich gle òg mi.
Och! ho ró! &c.

Soiridh eile gu m' phiuthair,
Tha i am chumha gu brònach.
Och! ho ró! &c.

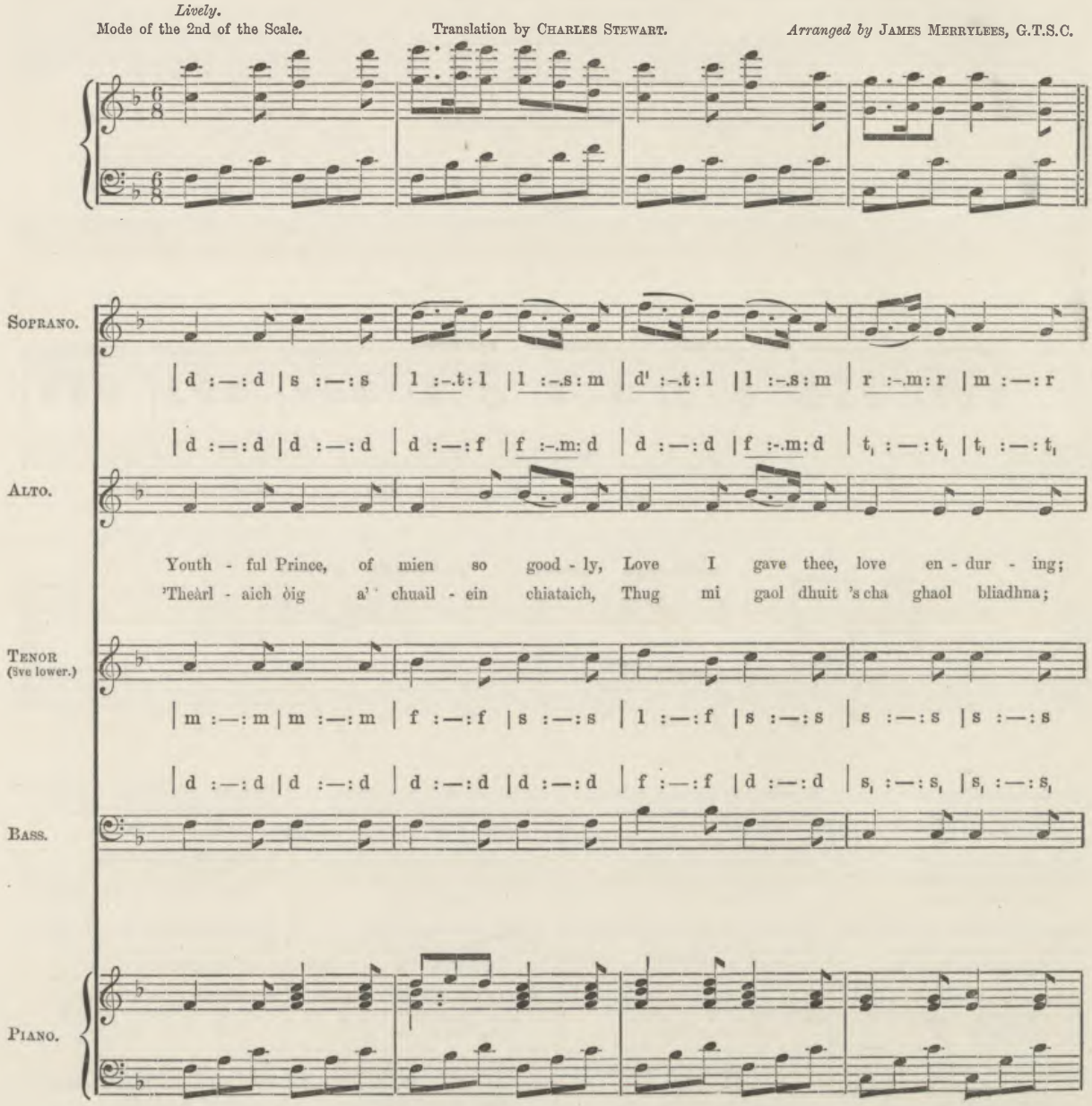
'Us an t-soiridh gu m' leannan;
Théid mi dachaidh ma 's beò dhomh.
Och! ho ró! &c.

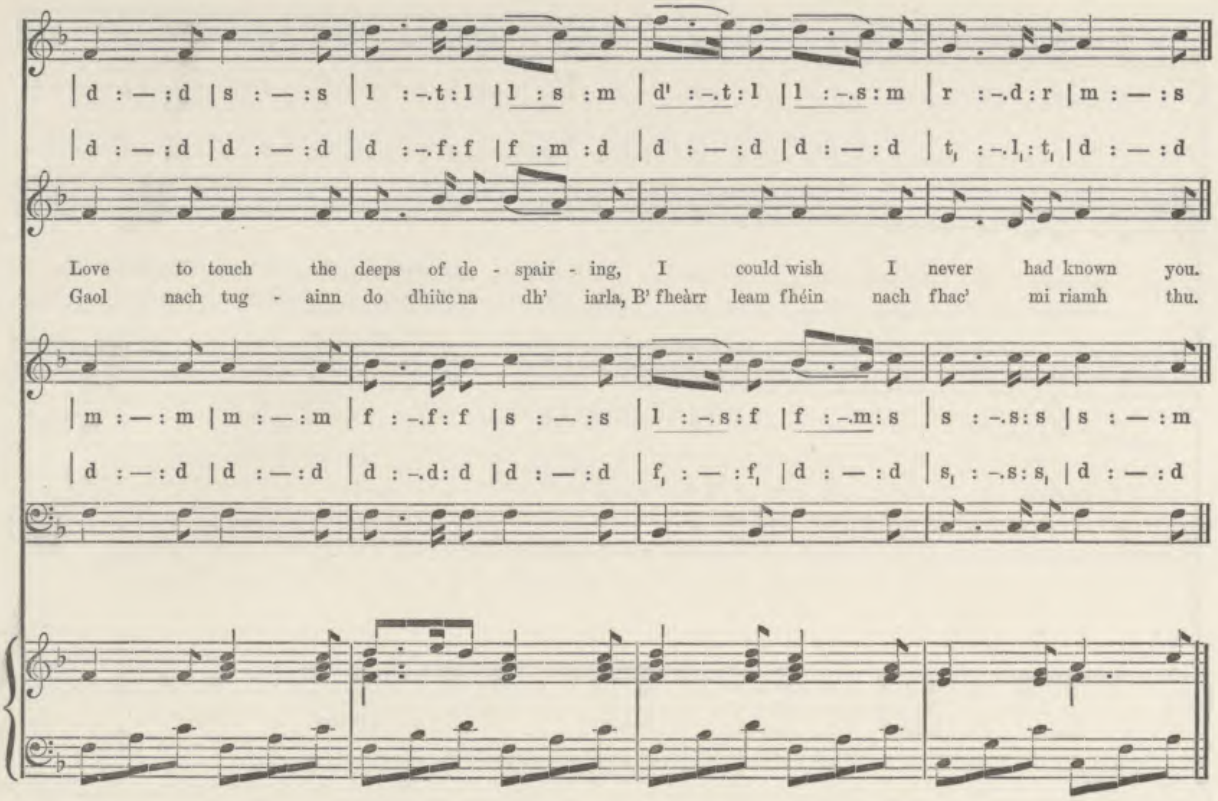
14.—ORAN DO PHRIUNNSA TEARLACH.

(NA ACHNACOCHAN.)

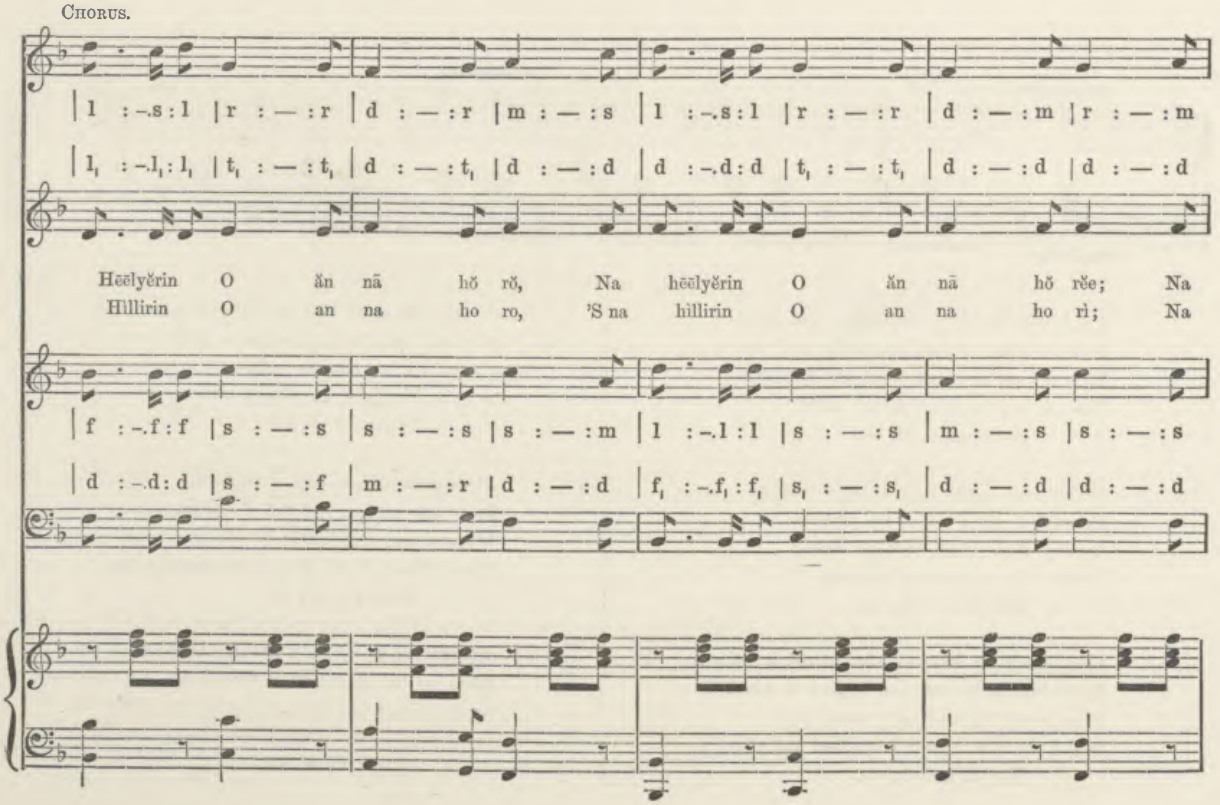
(SONG TO PRINCE CHARLIE.)

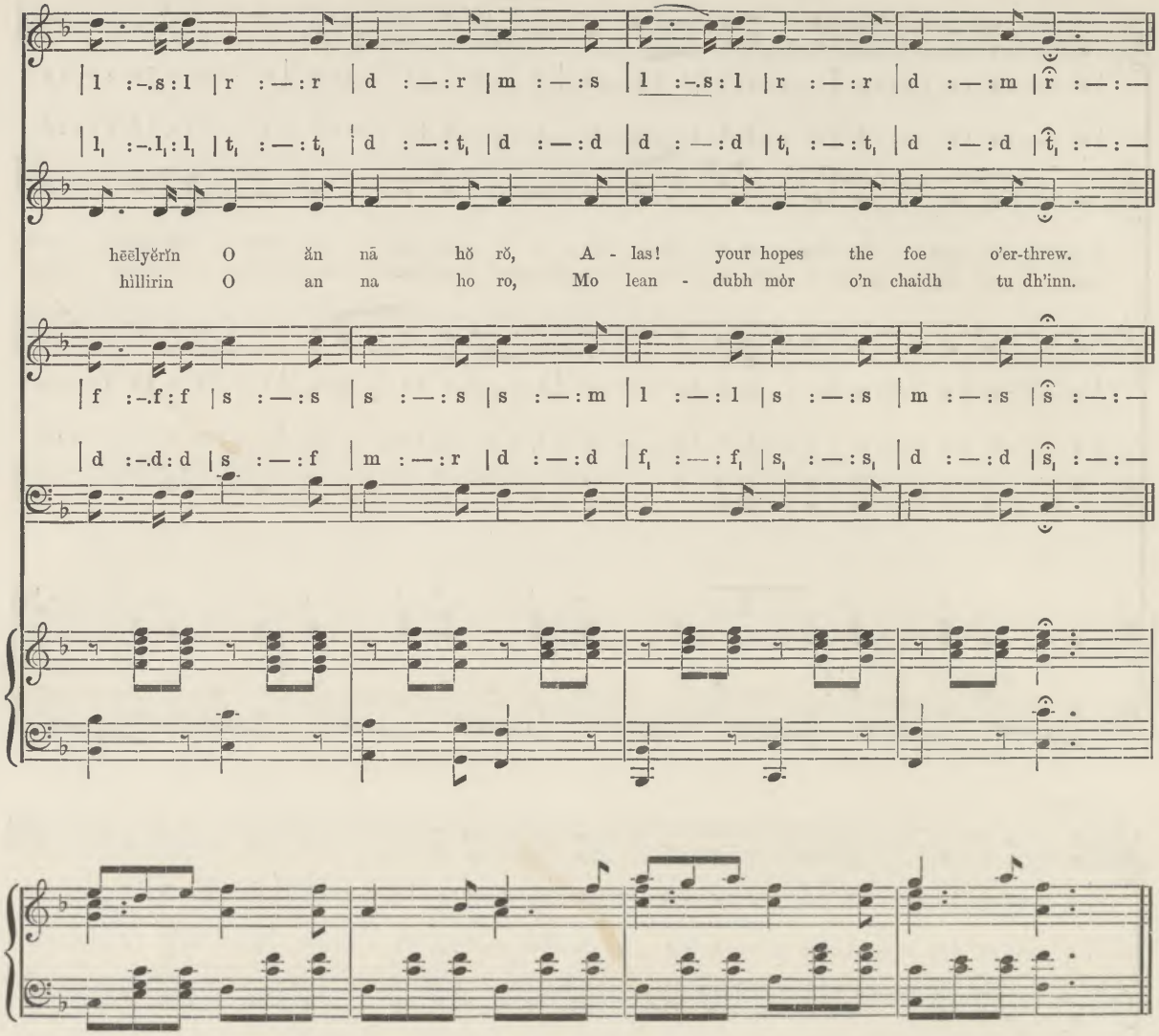
This song has a pleasant place in my memory, from hearing it very frequently sung by one of my earliest and best friends, the late John Stewart Menzies, of Chesthill. It is a favourite Jacobite ditty.




| d : — : d | s : — : s | l : –.t : l | l : s : m | d' : –.t : l | l : –.s : m | r : –.d : r | m : — : s
| d : — : d | d : — : d | d : –.f : f | f : m : d | d : — : d | d : — : d | t, : –.l, : t, | d : — : d
Love to touch the deeps of de - spair - ing, I could wish I never had known you.
Gaol nach tug - ainn do dhiùc na dh' iarla, B' fheàrr leam fhéin nach fhac' mi riamh thu.
| m : — : m | m : — : m | f : –.f : f | s : — : s | l : –.s : f | f : –.m : s | s : –.s : s | s : — : m
| d : — : d | d : — : d | d : –.d : d | d : — : d | f, : — : f, | d : — : d | s, : –.s : s, | d : — : d

Chorus.


| l : –.s : l | r : — : r | d : — : r | m : — : s | l : –.s : l | r : — : r | d : — : m | r : — : m
| l, : –.l, : l, | t, : — : t, | d : — : t, | d : — : d | d : –.d : d | t, : — : t, | d : — : d | d : — : d
Hēēlyĕrin O ăn nā hŏ rŏ, Na hēēlyĕrin O ăn nā hŏ rĕe; Na
Hillirin O an na ho ro, 'S na hillirin O an na ho rì; Na
| f : –.f : f | s : — : s | s : — : s | s : — : m | l : –.l : l | s : — : s | m : — : s | s : — : s
| d : –.d : d | s : — : f | m : — : r | d : — : d | f, : –.f, : f, | s, : — : s, | d : — : d | d : — : d



I'd follow thee late, I'd follow thee early,
Follow through woods, and rocks, and cairns;
Thou art my dear one, thou art my darling,
Thou art my choice of all in Albin.
Hēēlyĕrĭn O ăn, &c.

Youth most noble, over whose shoulders
Graceful locks in waves are flowing;
Sweeter than softest cuckoo's cooing,
Is the voice of thy fond wooing.
Hēēlyĕrĭn O ăn, &c.

Slaughtered are brothers, slaughtered is father;
Homestead is harried, and mother is ruined;
Friends and kindred sadly bewailing;
Still I could bear it if triumphed had Charlie.
Hēēlyĕrĭn O ăn, &c.

Shiùbhlainn moch leat, shiùbhlainn anamoch,
Air feadh choilltean, chreagan 's gharbhlach;
O! gur h-e mo rùin an sealgair,
'S tu mo raghainn do shluagh Alba.
Hillirin O an, &c.

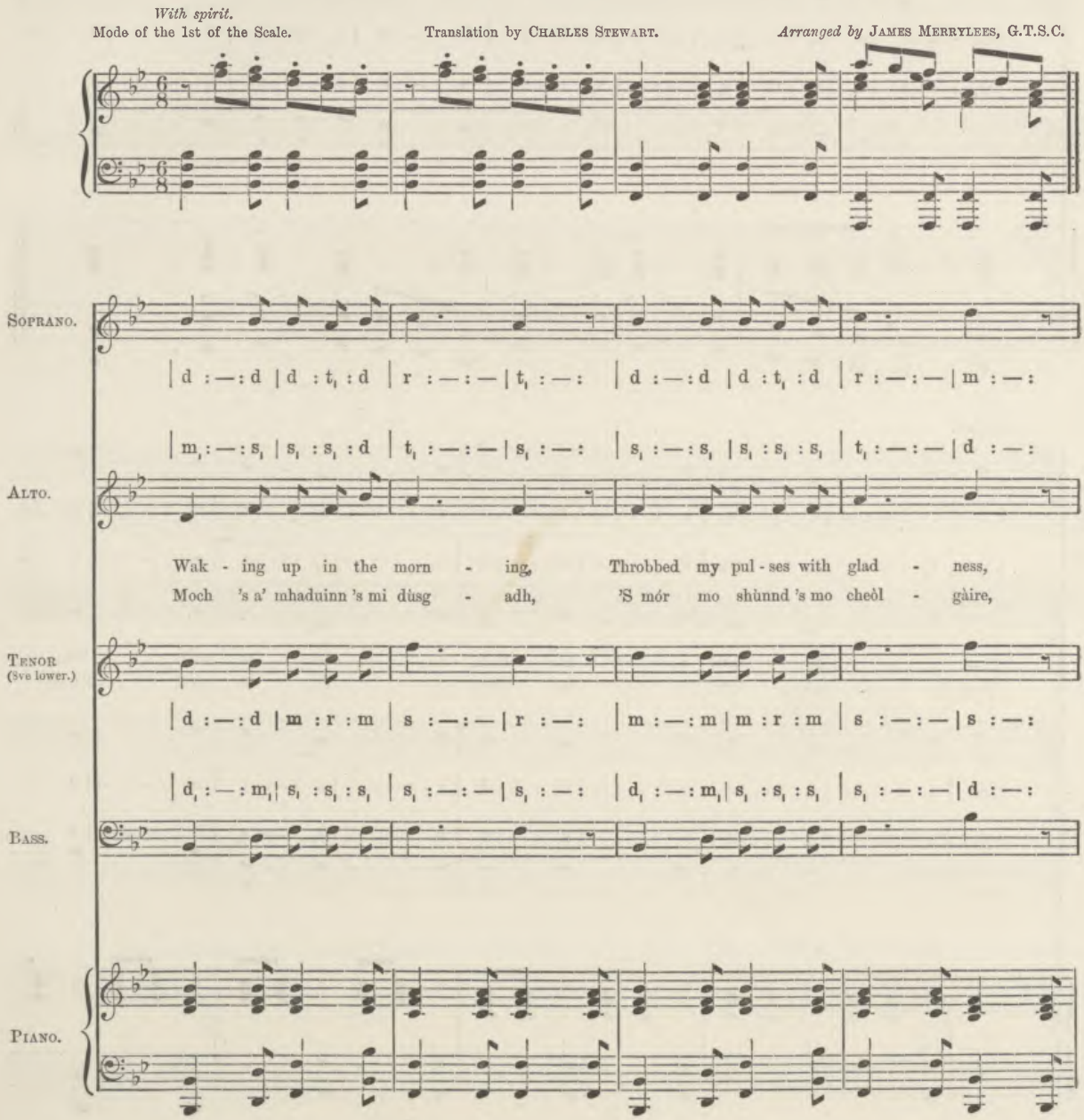
Fhleasgaich ud am beul a' Ghlinne,
Le t-fhalt dualach sios mu d' shlinnean,
B' annsa leam na chuach bu bhinne,
'Nuair dheanadh tu rium do chòmhradh milis.
Hillirin O an, &c.

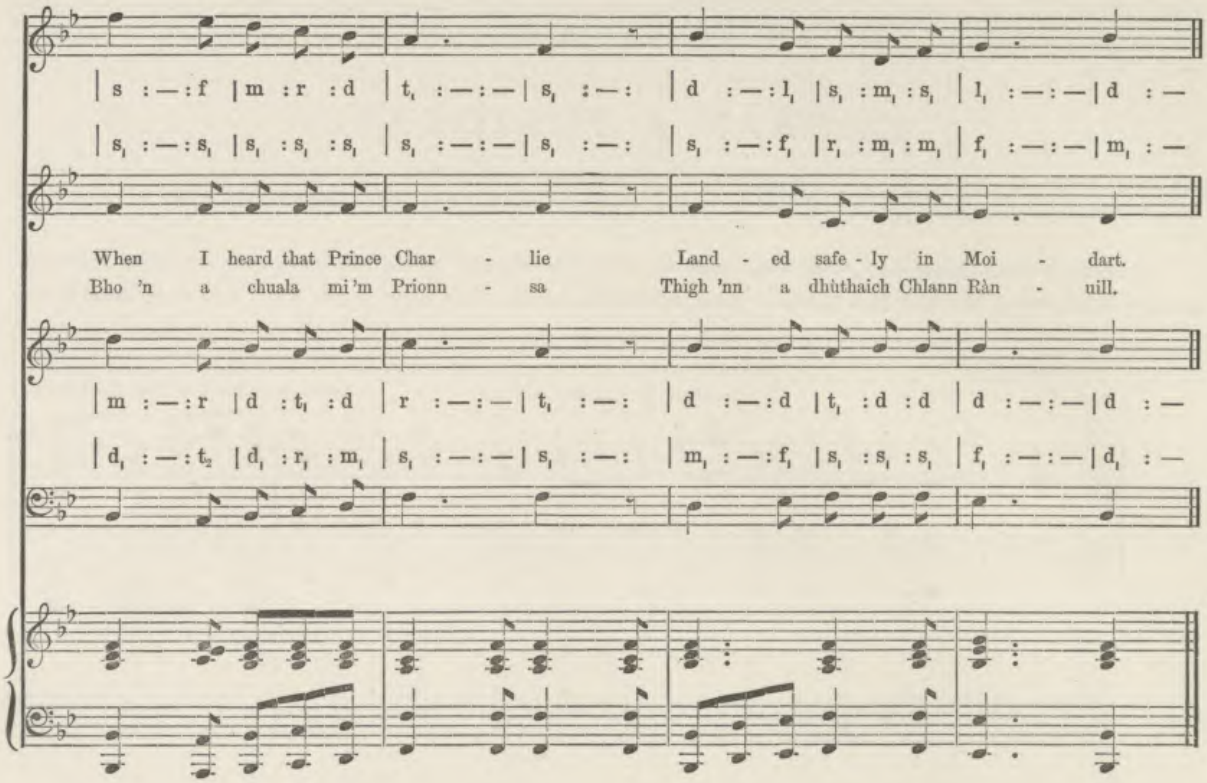
Mharbh iad m' athair 's mo dhà bhràthair;
Mhill iad mo chinneadh 's chreach iad mo chàirdean;
Sgrios iad mo dhùthaich, rùisg iad mo mhàthair;
'S bu laoghaid mo mhulad nan cinneadh le Teàrlach.
Hillirin O an, &c.

15.—ORAN A' PHRIONNSA.

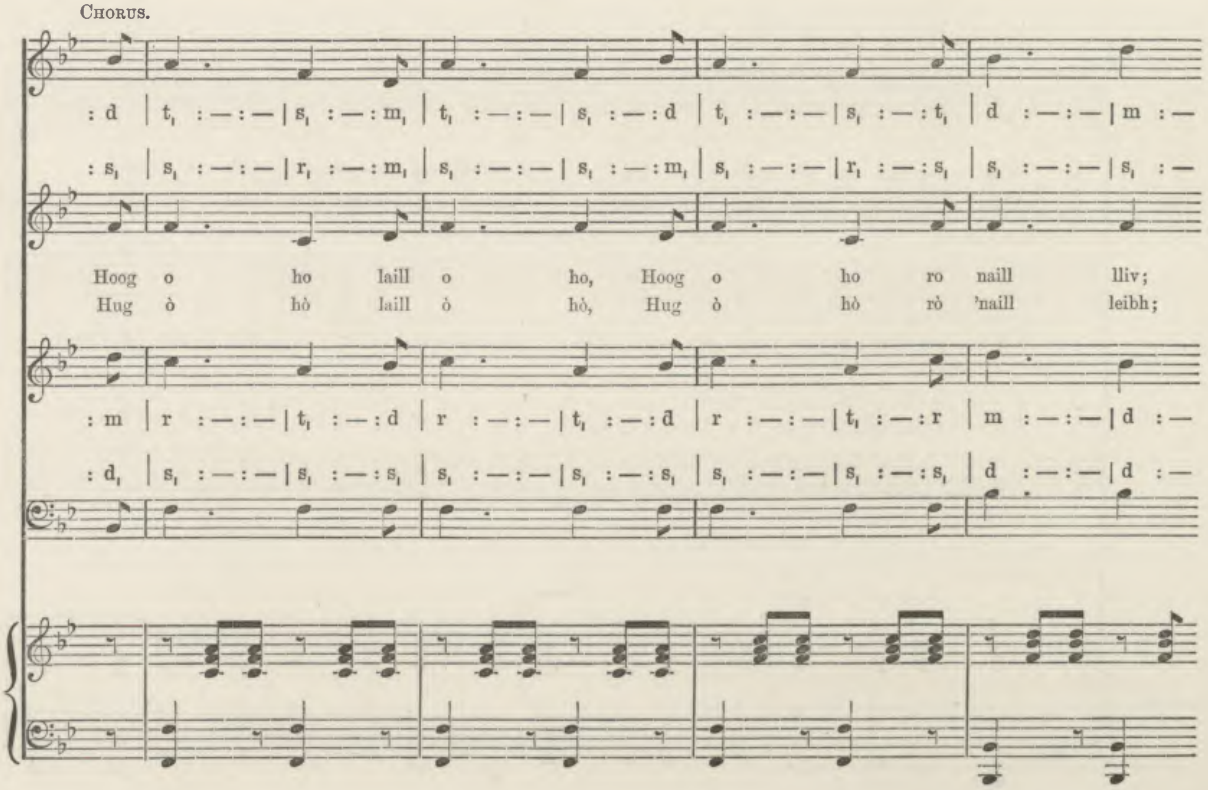
(WELCOME TO PRINCE CHARLES.)

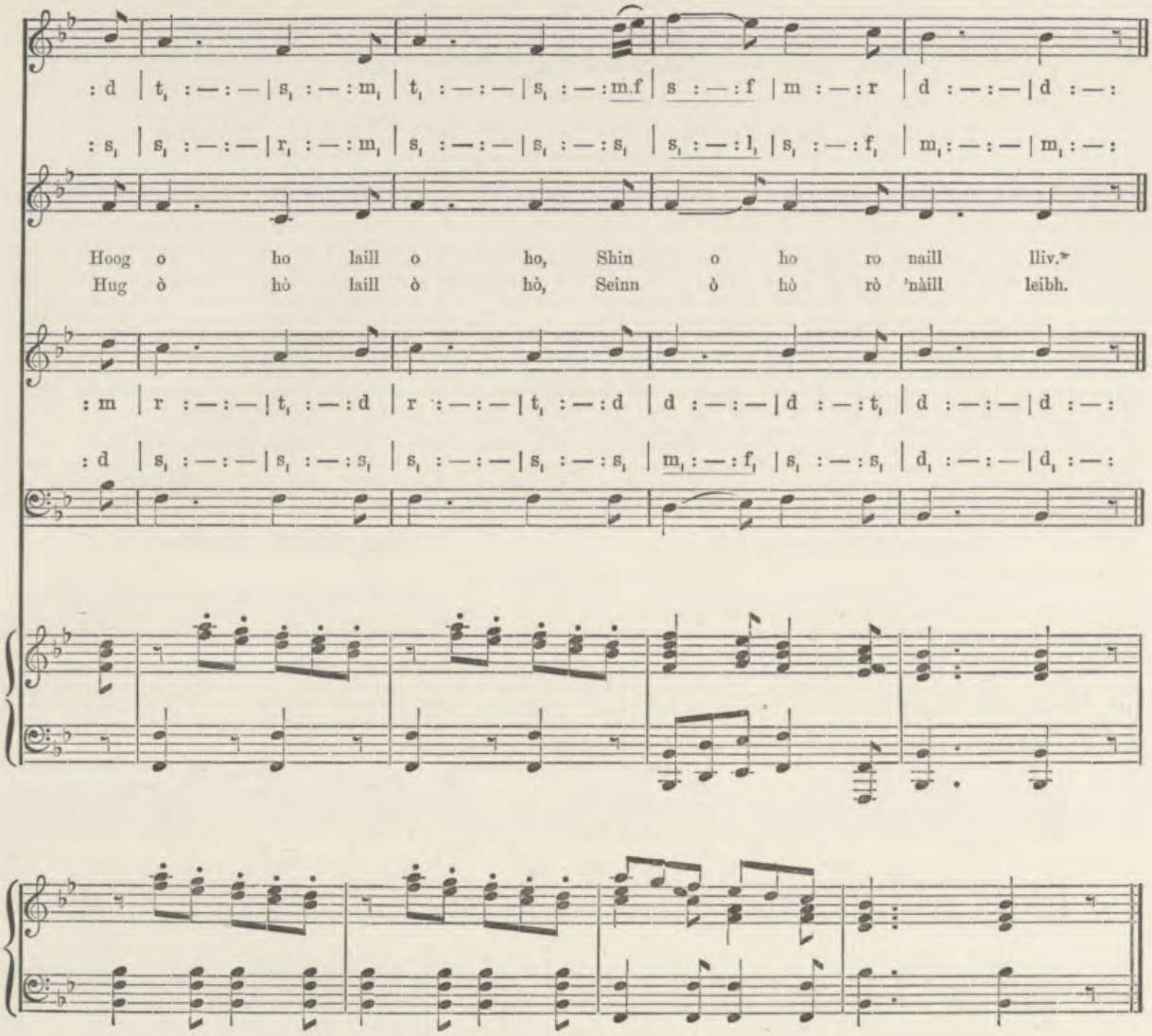
The celebrated Jacobite song from which these verses are taken was composed by the well-known poet, Alexander MacDonald, commonly called Alasdair Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair. There are different versions of the music. I give it as I have always heard it sung.




When I heard that Prince Char - lie Land - ed safe - ly in Moi - dart.
Bho 'n a chuala mi 'm Prionn - sa Thigh 'nn a dhùthaich Chlann Ràn - uill.

Chorus.


Hoog o ho laill o ho, Hoog o ho ro naill lliv;
Hug ò hò laill ò hò, Hug ò hò rò 'naill leibh;



Lochiel, as his wont is,
Will marshall the Gaeldom,
With MacDonalds the brave ones,
That aye conquered in war fight.
Hoog o ho, &c.

When the red-coated hosts come
These brave ones will dare them,
A following sprightly,
In blue bonnets cockaded.
Hoog o ho, &c.

Were the crown on your head placed,
Our joy how enthralling;
Then in gladness and welcome,
Come, bonnie Prince Charlie.
Hoog o ho, &c.

Bhiodh Loch-iall mar bu chòir dha
Cur an òrdugh nan Gàidheal,
'Us Clann Dònuill a chruadail,
Choisinn buaidh anns na blàraibh.
Hug ò hò, &c.

'S iad a chumadh a' chòmh-strith
Ri luchd chòtaichean màduir,
Sud a chuideachd bhiodh foirmeil
Le boineid ghorm 'us coc-àrd innt'.
Hug ò hò, &c.

'S na 'n càiricht' an crùn ort,
Bu mhùirneach do chàirdean;
Ach slàn gu 'n tig thu 's gun ruig thu,
Slàn gu 'n tig thusa Theàrlaich.
Hug ò hò, &c.

* The "ai" in "lail" is pronounced as "a" in "gale;" the "ai" in "'n aill" as "a" in "navvy;" the "l" sound in "lliv" is stronger and rather more prolonged than where one is used; the "oo" in "Hoog" sounds as in "book."

IV.
Marches.

16.—GABHAIDH SINN AN RATHAD MÒR.
(STEWARTS' MARCH.)

By the kind permission of Colonel Duncan Stewart, I am permitted to make the following extracts from the book of "The Stewarts of Appin:"—"At the battle of Sheriffmuir the pipers of the clan played the 'March of the Stewarts,' and hence it became known among the Perthshire Stewarts as the Sherra'muir March. According to the traditions of the clan, this march was played alike when they were marching to battle, and in honour of a victory. Particular mention is made of its having been played when Donald-nan-òrd defeated the Earl of Menteith as the Stewarts were returning from the battle of Pinkie, in 1547,—also at Inverlochy, Sheriffmuir, and Prestonpans; and it was recognised as the march peculiarly appertaining to the Stewarts, and played on all excursions and forays. It is difficult to say when the Gaelic words of the present accompaniment were composed, as, in accordance with Highland custom, the clansmen were in the habit of marching, during the intervals of the pipe music, to their own singing, and of improvising words as they stepped gaily along. . . . The arrangement of the music commonly played in Perthshire is as follows, and the words are translated by Mr. Charles Stewart, of Tigh 'n-dùin." The following extract may also be interesting, taken from the account given of my ancestor sixth in ascent, Donald Stewart of Invernahyle, commonly known as "Domhnull-nan-òrd," or, "Donald of the Hammers," who commanded the Stewarts of Appin at the battle of Pinkie:—"His chief, Allan Stewart, third of Appin, being a very old man, and his eldest son Duncan dead, we find the clan commanded at the battle of Pinkie, on 10th September, 1547, by Invernahyle as tutor. In the absence of the exact dates of the deaths of Allan's sons, there is no certainty upon the point, but the strong probability appears to be that Invernahyle held this command under exceptional conditions; that is to say, by the express appointment of the chief, in consideration of his remarkable military abilities, and not by the claims of birthright. On their march homeward in the following month, when passing through Menteith, the clan found prepared at the house of one of the tenants a marriage dinner, at which the Earl of Menteith was to be present. Being very hungry, Donald and his followers quickly disposed of the feast, without much consideration of consequences. Menteith arriving immediately afterwards, was very wroth at the insult which he conceived had been offered to him, and instantly pursued the Stewarts. On overtaking them, one of the Grahams taunted them thus—

"'Yellow-haired Stewarts of smartest deeds,
Who could grab at the kale in your sorest needs.'

"'Stiùbhairtich bhuidhe na tapachd,
A bheireadh glag air a' chàl.'

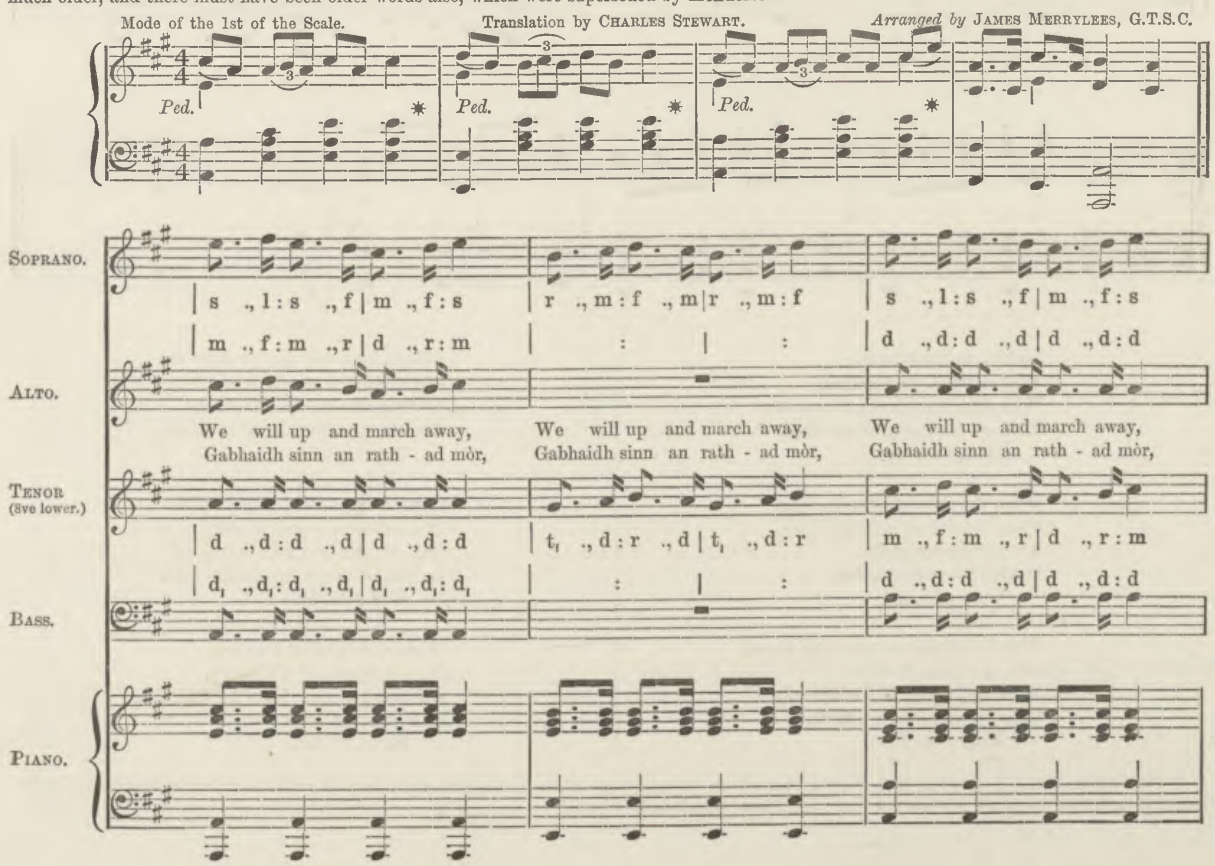
"To which Stewart replied—

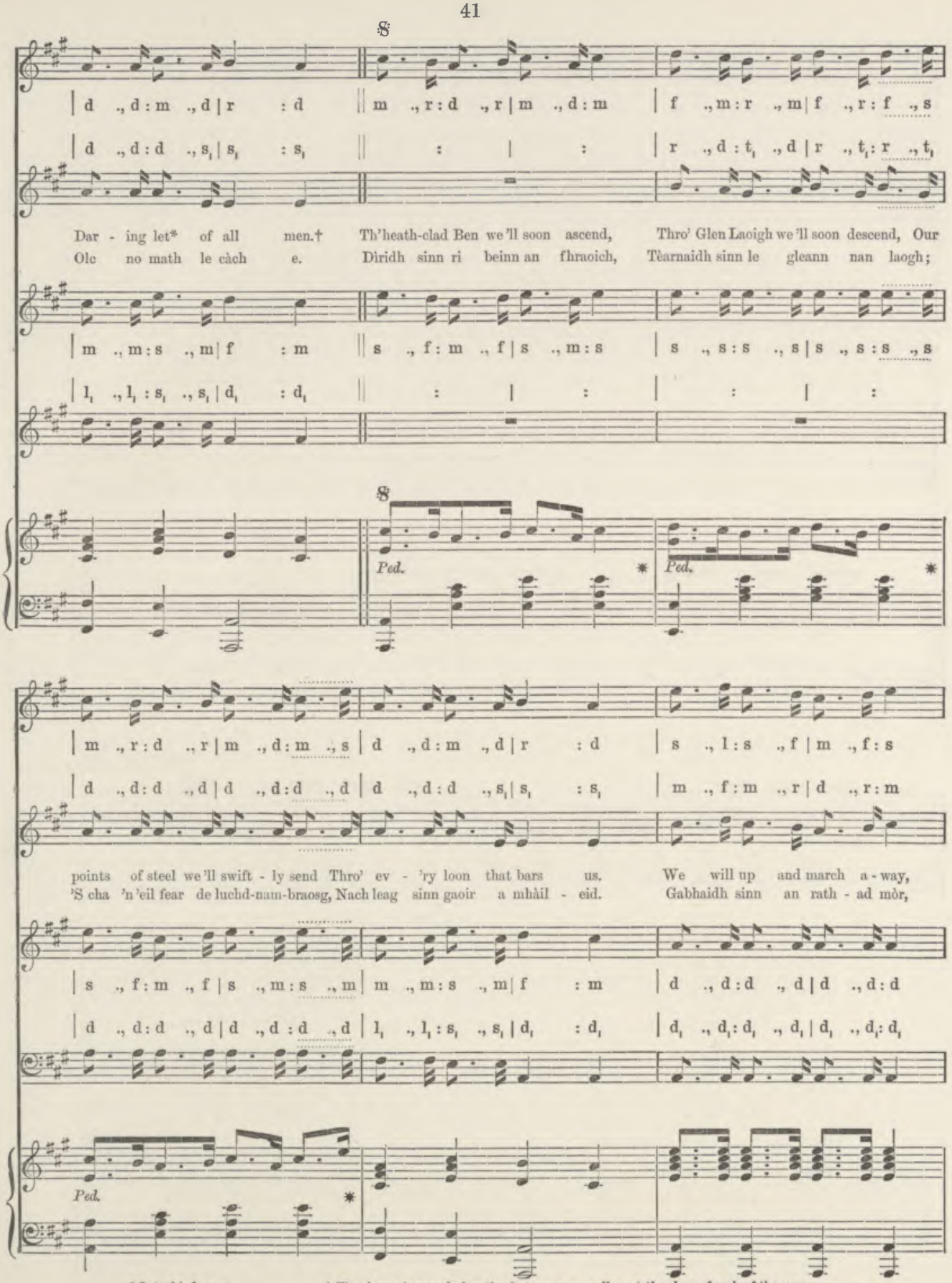
"'If smartness in deeds is ours by descent,
Then I draw, and to pierce you this arrow is sent.'

"'Ma tha an tapachd againn mar dhùchas,
'S tusa an duine air an tarruing sinn saighead.'

at the same time suiting the action to the word. A conflict followed, in which the Earl and many of his men were killed. The Appin men marched off in triumph, the pipers playing the Stewarts' March."

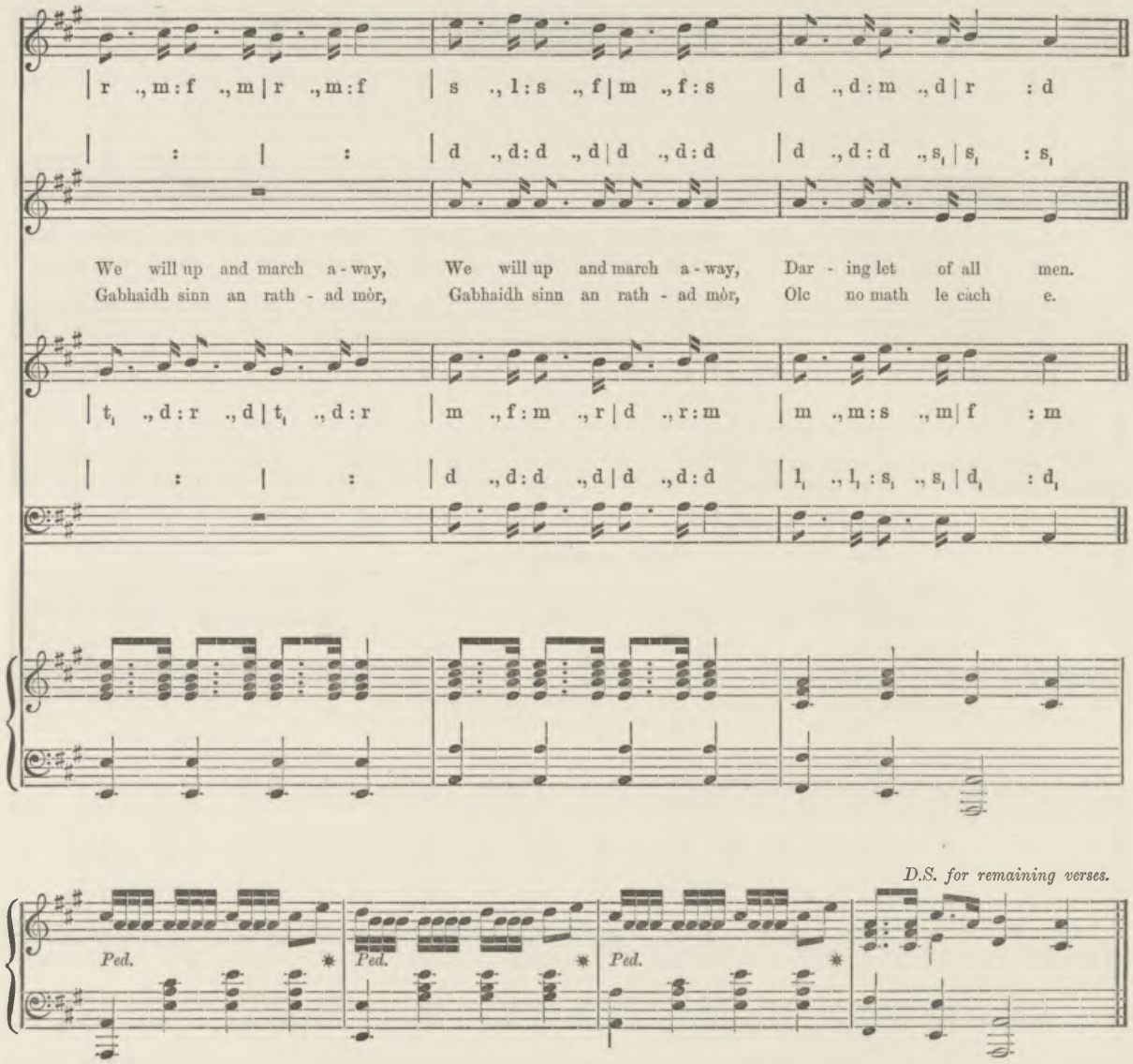
The Rev. Alexander Stewart, of Nether Lochaber, who is so eminent in Celtic lore and literature, writes me, "That the Glencoe words are the genuine original words by Iain Breac MacEanrick, (Henderson,) a celebrated piper in the time of Montrose, and, according to local tradition, the best sword and dirk-man between Clach Toll in Appin, and Cillcuimen on Loch Ness. There was a sept of Hendersons or MacEanricks amongst the MacIans of Glencoe from a very early date, and they still survive." Mr. Stewart thinks he also composed the music; but in my opinion it is much older, and there must have been older words also, which were superseded by Henderson's.





* Let—hindrance.

† The chorus is sung before the first verse, as well as at the close of each of the verses.



O'er the hills we'll speed along,
Through Glencoe the march prolong;
Our king the burden of our song,
Asking leave of no man.
We will up, &c.

To Glengarry and Lochiel,
Ever with us true and leal;
Keppoch, too, who seeks our weal,
Is there in spite of all men.
We will up, &c.

MacPhersons come in deeds not small;
MacKenzies also at our call;
Whose battle frenzy will appal,
And fill our foes with awe then.
We will up, &c.

MacGregors fierce when man to man,
Join with the Royal Stewart clan;
Blow up the pipes, march in the van,
Daring let of all men.
We will up, &c.

Thar a mhonaidh 'null 'nar sgriob,
Sios Gleann Comhan air bheag sgios;
Màirsidh sinn 'an ainm an Righ,
Olc no math le cach e.
Gabhaidh sinn, &c.

Gu Mac-ic-Alasdair 's Lochial,
Bi'dh iad leinn mar bha iad riamh;
'S Fear-na-Ceapaich mar ar miann,
Olc no math le càch siod.
Gabhaidh sinn, &c.

Thig Cloinn-a'-Phearsoin, feachd nam buadh;
'S thig Cloinn-Choinnich o 'n Taobh-tuàth;
'S mairg an dream do 'n nochd iad fuàth,
'N uair dh' éireas gruàim nam blàr orr.
Gabhaidh sinn, &c.

Thig Clann Griogair, garg 'san strì,
'Us Stiubhairtich, 's iad sluagh an Rìgh;
Mairsibh uallach,—suas i phìob!
Olc no math le càch e.
Gabhaidh sinn, &c.

17.—'BHODACH NAM BRIGEIS.

(BREADALBANE SALUTE.)

In the year 1672, George, Earl of Caithness, in consideration of large sums of money advanced to him by Sir John Campbell of Glenorchay, assigned to him all his titles and possessions,—but binding him to take the name of Sinclair. On the death of Earl George in 1676, Sir John took the Caithness title, but was resisted by the next heir-male, George Sinclair of Keiss, who gathered together a strong band of Sinclairs, and seized the lands. In 1680 Sir John Campbell proceeded to Caithness with a strong following, and completely defeated the Sinclairs at a place called Allt-na-meurlach, (or Altimarlach,) and carried off a heavy "creach," chiefly cattle. The matter, after many difficulties, was arranged by Sir John being created Earl of Breadalbane, and Keiss reinstated in the Earldom of Caithness. This first Earl of Breadalbane is always spoken of as Iain Glas. My ancestor, Neil Stewart, of Innischaorach, commanded the Killin contingent on this occasion, and, as the tradition of the district has it, fought with great prowess at Iain's right hand. He carried an "Andria Farara" sword of ancient Breadalbane make,* which is still in my possession. The first verse alludes to the Sinclairs having taken a heavy bout of drink the night before the battle. Iain-dubh-biorach, who drove the cattle, may be the same whose freebooting story is given in "Cuairtear-nan-Gleann," (1842-43, p. 182,) and who was always ready to attach himself to any expedition where hopes of plunder could be entertained. Trewses being the wear of the Caithness men, made them very contemptible in the eyes of kilted Breadalbane. This salute was played before the battle as a cartel of defiance to the Sinclairs. It was composed (see Shaw's "History of Caithness," p. 164) by Finlay MacIvor, Glenorchay's piper. General David Stewart of Garth, (see "Sketches of Highlanders," p. 327,) says that it was played in the heat of the battle, when the Caithness men were beginning to give way. It is evident, however, from the words sung to it, that it was a chafing challenge to the "Bodachs," and not a song of victory. Although often called a march, it is not so properly, as the time and rhythm are quite unsuitable. We are told of its having been afterwards played as a warning at the massacre of Glencoe, and being the means of a MacIan's wife flying with her boy, and thus saving his life. It is also told that, on the morning of Quatre Bras, the pipers played it along the streets of Brussels to rouse the slumbering Highlanders.

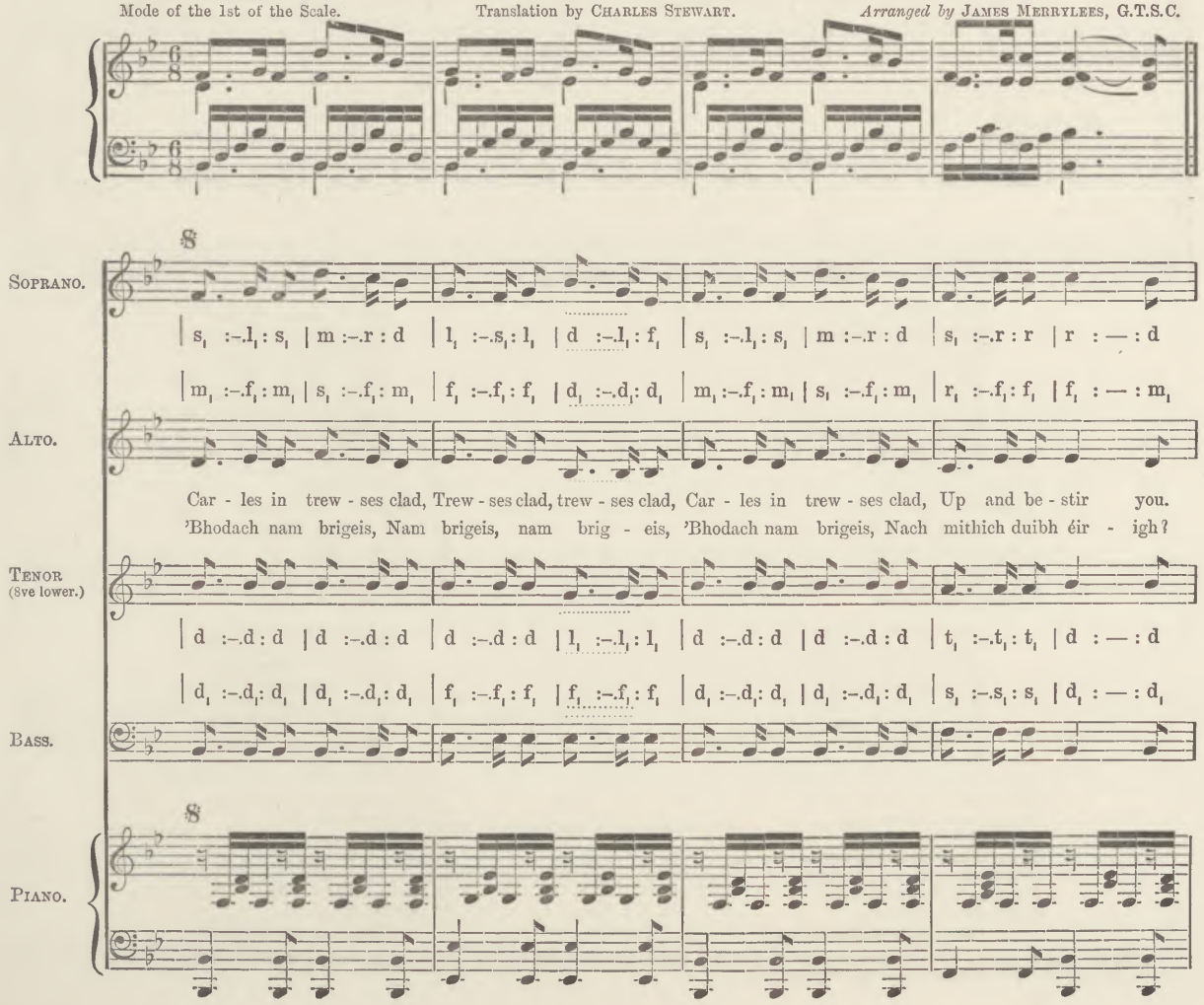
* There was, according to Breadalbane tradition, a branch armoury at a place still called the "Burn of the Armoury," near Killin, for the manufacture of Andria Farara swords. Our limestone rock abounds in iron; and a mound in Glenlochay shews that iron was worked there, so that the mineral used must have been native. A comparison of Farara swords in this district with others, has led me to the conclusion that the Breadalbane trade-mark was a St. Andrew cross. The *hilt* of my old sword is entirely designed of St. Andrew crosses,—a peculiarity I have found on no other. The marking on the blade is thus—

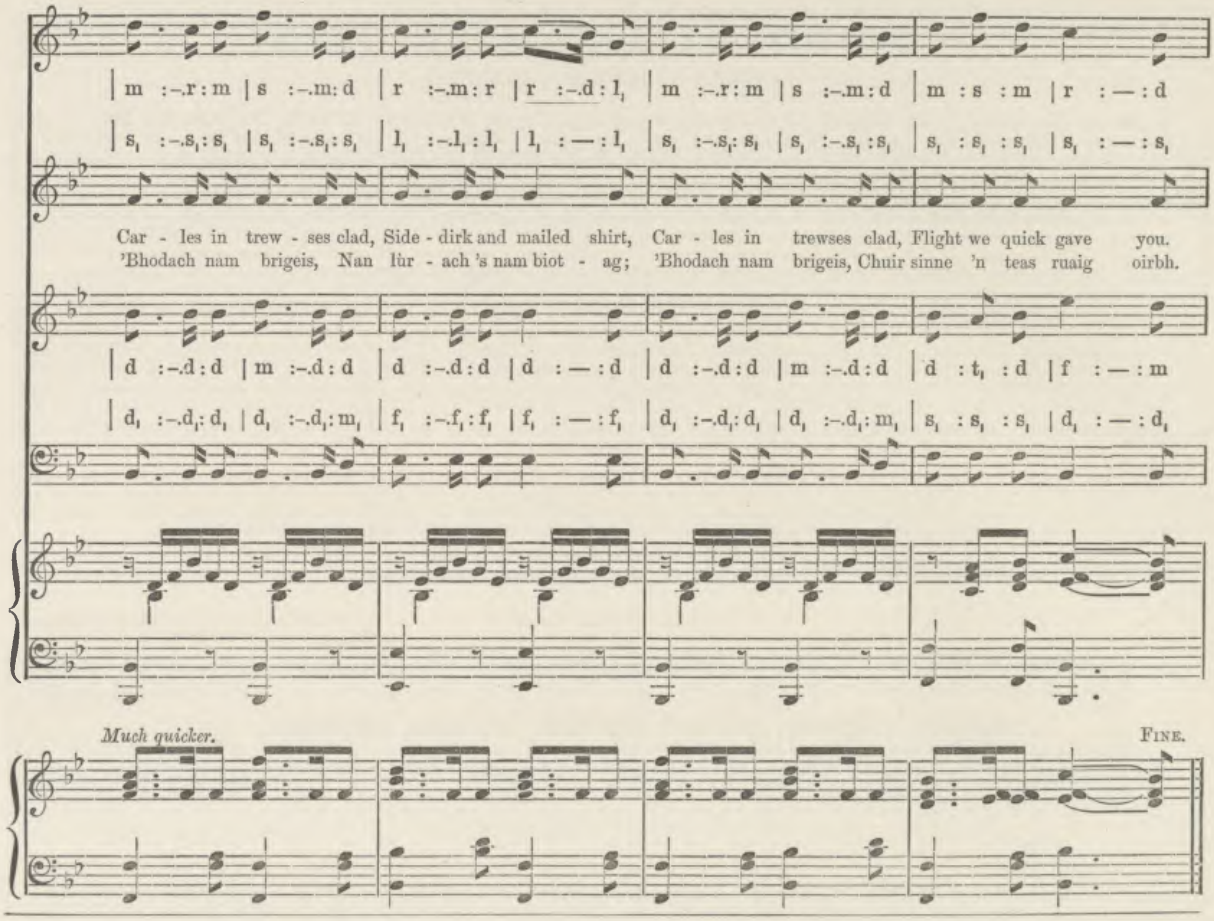
XX ANDRIA XX Farara XX

In those swords given by Drummond in his "Ancient Scotch Weapons," no such trade-mark or spelling is shewn.

Rather slow.

Mode of the 1st of the Scale. Translation by CHARLES STEWART. *Arranged by* JAMES MERRYLEES, G.T.S.C.





Carles in trewses clad,
Trewses clad, trewses clad,
Carles in trewses clad,
Up and bestir you.
Carles in trewses clad,
Side-dirk and mailed shirt,
Carles in trewses clad,
Flight we quick gave you.
Your cattle lifted are,*
Lifted are, lifted are,
Your cattle lifted are,
Your men sadly slain are.
I'm Black John, the sharp-eyed one,
Sharp-eyed one, sharp-eyed one,
I'm Black John, the sharp-eyed one,
Driving them safely.

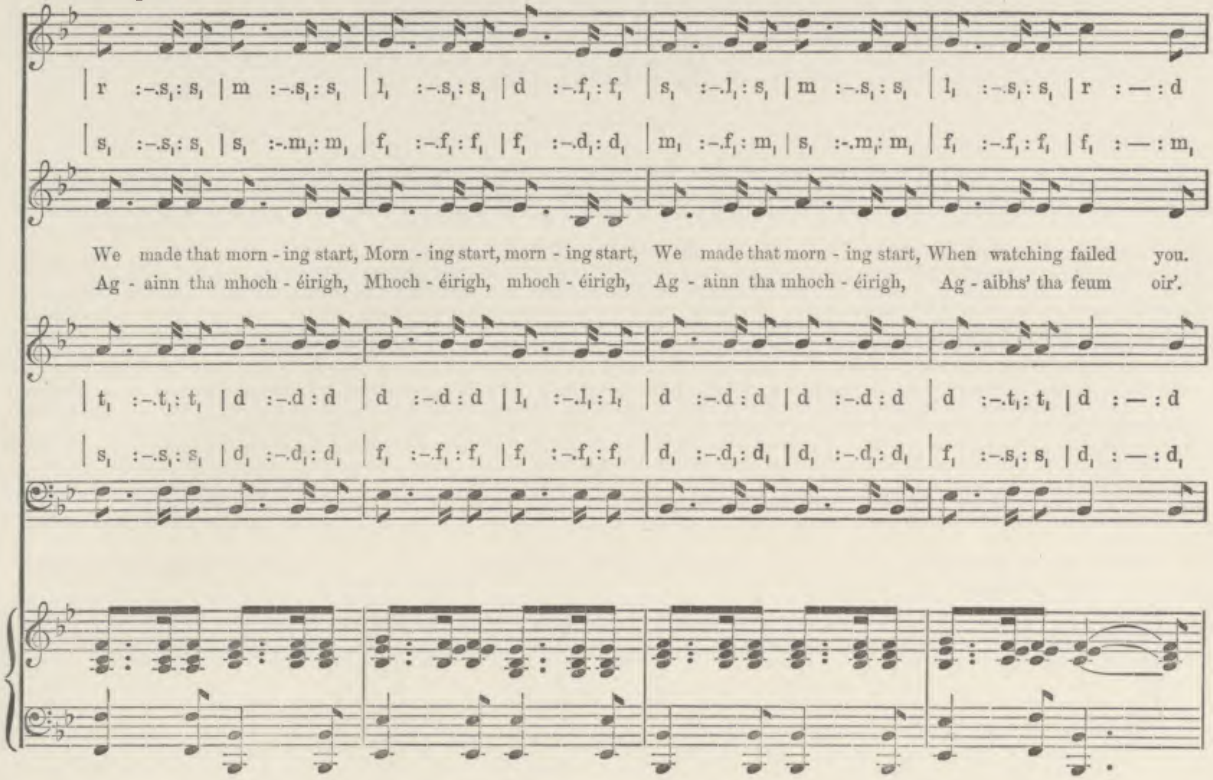
Carles in trewses clad,
Trewses clad, trewses clad,
Carles in trewses clad,
Up and bestir you.
Carles in trewses clad,
Side-dirk and mailed shirt,
Carles in trewses clad,
Flight quick we gave you.
Glenorchay's bold MacIntyres,
True shots that will not miss,
Bullets sure hitting that
Fast slay the carles.
There, where the river bends,
Arrows first pierced you quick;
Many 's the house-head that
Rests without waking.
Carles in trewses clad, &c.

'Bhodach nam brigeis,
Nam brigeis, nam brigeis,
'Bhodach nam brigeis,
Nach mithich duibh éirigh.
'Bhodach nam brigeis,
Nan lùrach 's nam biotag,
'Bhodach nam brigeis,
Chuir sinne 'n teas ruaig oirbh.
Tha 'n crodh air an togail,
An togail, an togail,
Tha 'n crodh air an togail,
'S na fir air an reubadh.
'S mis' Iain Dubh biorach so,
Biorach so, biorach so,
'S mis' Iain Dubh biorach so,
'S mi 'g iomain na spréidhe.

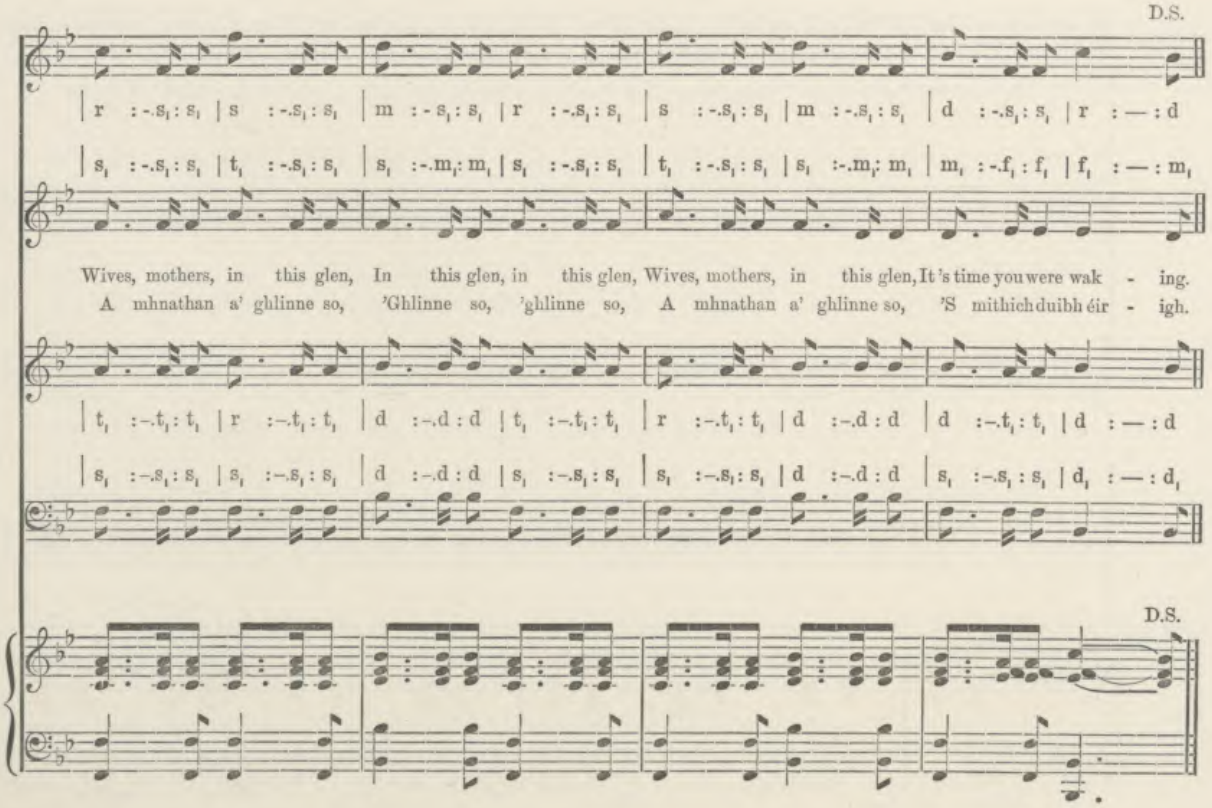
'Bhodach nam brigeis,
Nam brigeis, nam brigeis,
'Bhodach nam brigeis,
Nach mithich duibh éirigh.
'Bhodach nam brigeis,
Nan lùrach 's nam biotag,
'Bhodach nam brigeis,
Chuir sinne 'n teas ruaig oirbh.
Clann an t-Saoir á Gleann-Urchaidh,
Le 'n cuilbheirean cuimseach,
'Sior losgadh luaidhe,
Air muinntir nan reubal.
An lùbadh na h-abhuinn,
Fhuair sibh a cheud saighead;
'S tha iomad fear tighe,
'Na laidhe gun éirigh.
'Bhodach nam brigeis, &c.

* Cattle reft from foemen by clan custom were not looked upon as stolen, but justifiably taken. This is called being "lifted;" and there is no other word to express it, although not quite in accordance with English idiom.

Much quicker.



D.S.



D.S.

V.

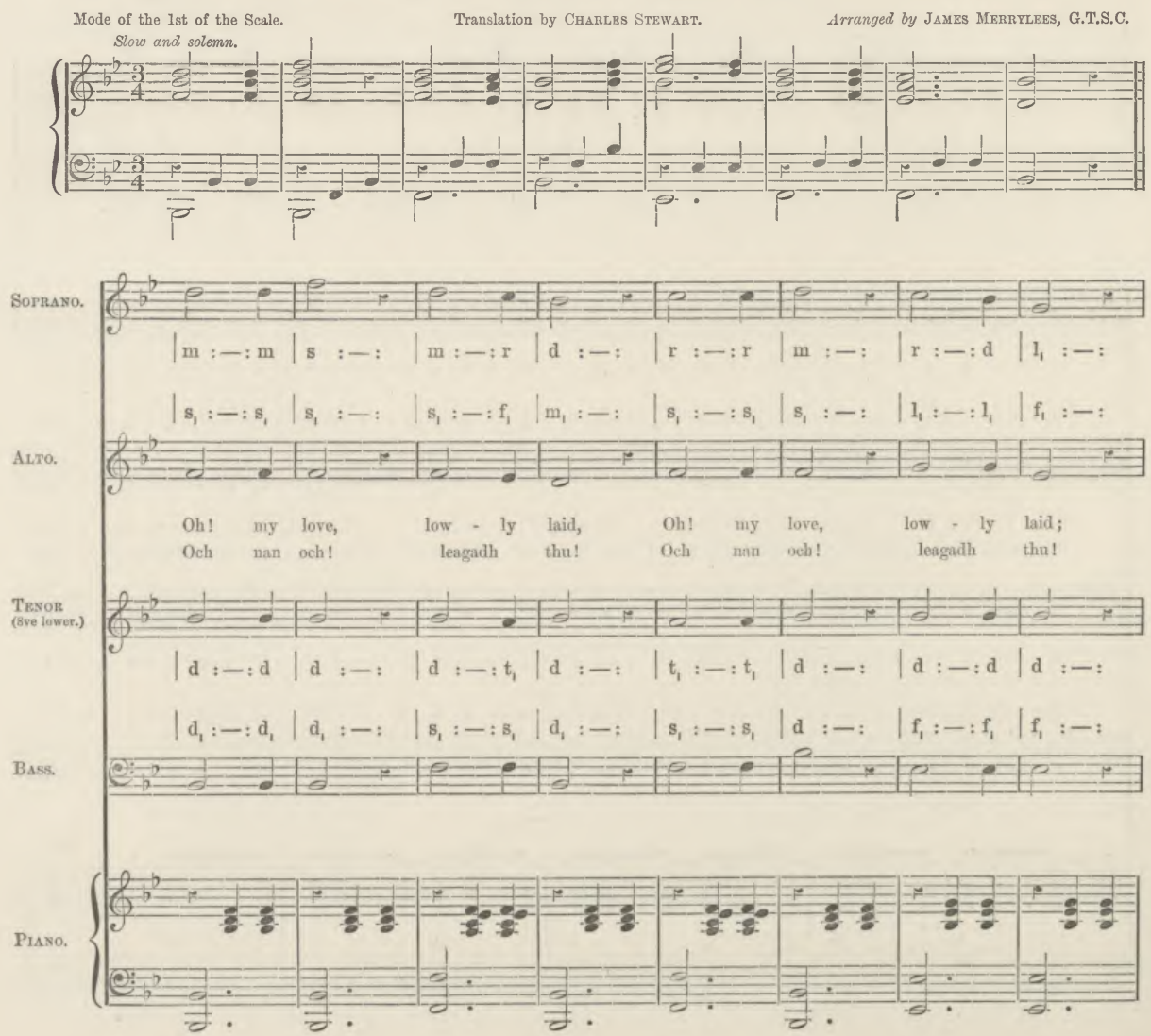
Laments.

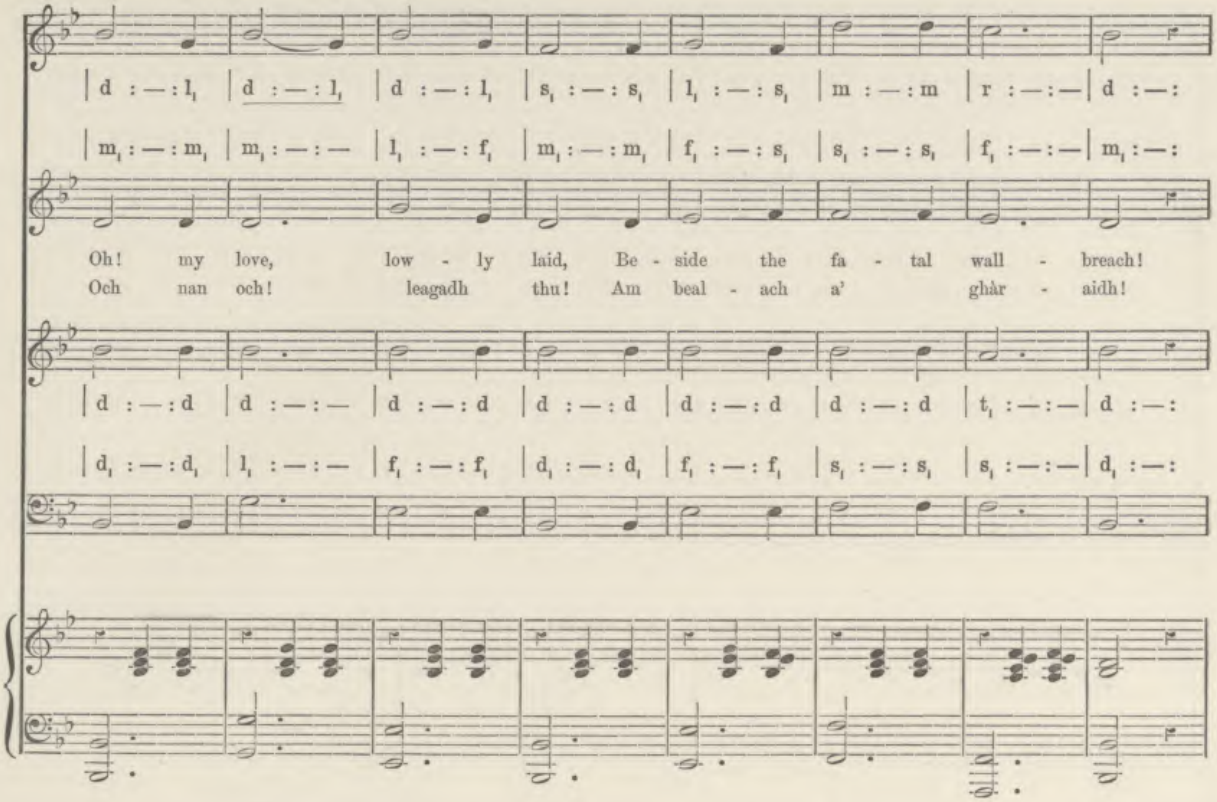
18.—CUMHA MHIC-AN-TÒISICH.

(MACINTOSH'S LAMENT.)

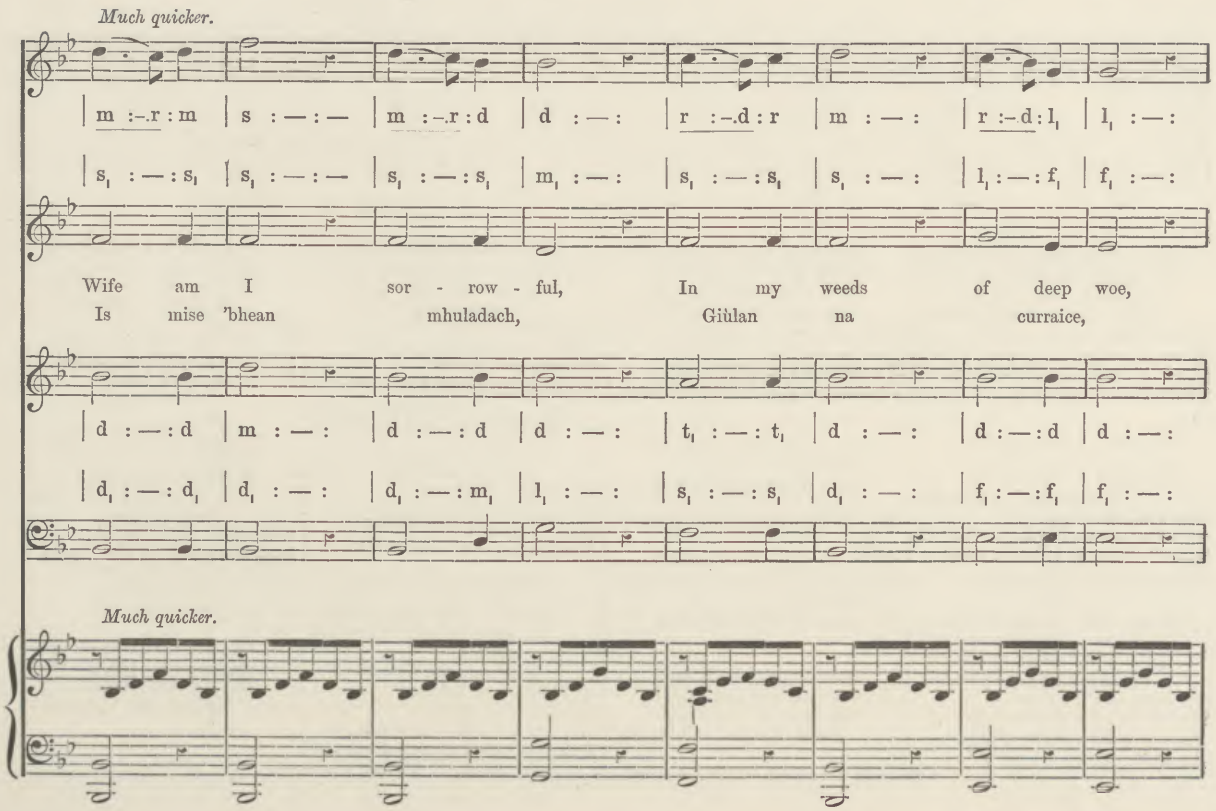
THIS Lament is said to have been composed on the death, in the year 1526, of Lachlan, the fourteenth laird of MacIntosh. It has been supposed to have been in commemoration of William, who was murdered in 1550, by the Countess of Huntly. The words, however, are inconsistent with this latter view. The traditionary account is, that this Lachlan MacIntosh possessed a black horse of great power and beauty, but which, it was predicted, would be the cause of its master's death. He rode it towards the church on his marriage day; but as it proved singularly unmanageable, he drew his pistol and shot it dead. Another horse—a piebald—was at once brought to him. On the return the bride and her party went first, the bridegroom and his friends following; hence her lament that she was not present when the fatal catastrophe occurred. When passing the body of the black horse, the piebald shied so badly that MacIntosh was thrown to the ground, and killed on the spot. In a letter from the late Rev. Alexander MacGregor, of Inverness, to Mr. Alexander Carmichael, Cregorry, it is said: "Tradition also relates that the afflicted widow of the MacIntosh . . . not only composed the beautiful air of the Lament, but chanted it as she moved forward at the head of the bier at her husband's funeral, and marked the time by tapping with her fingers on the lid of the coffin. This, it is said, she continued to do for several miles, from the family castle at Dalcross to the burying-ground at Petty, and ceased not until she was torn away from the coffin, when it was about to be lowered into the grave."

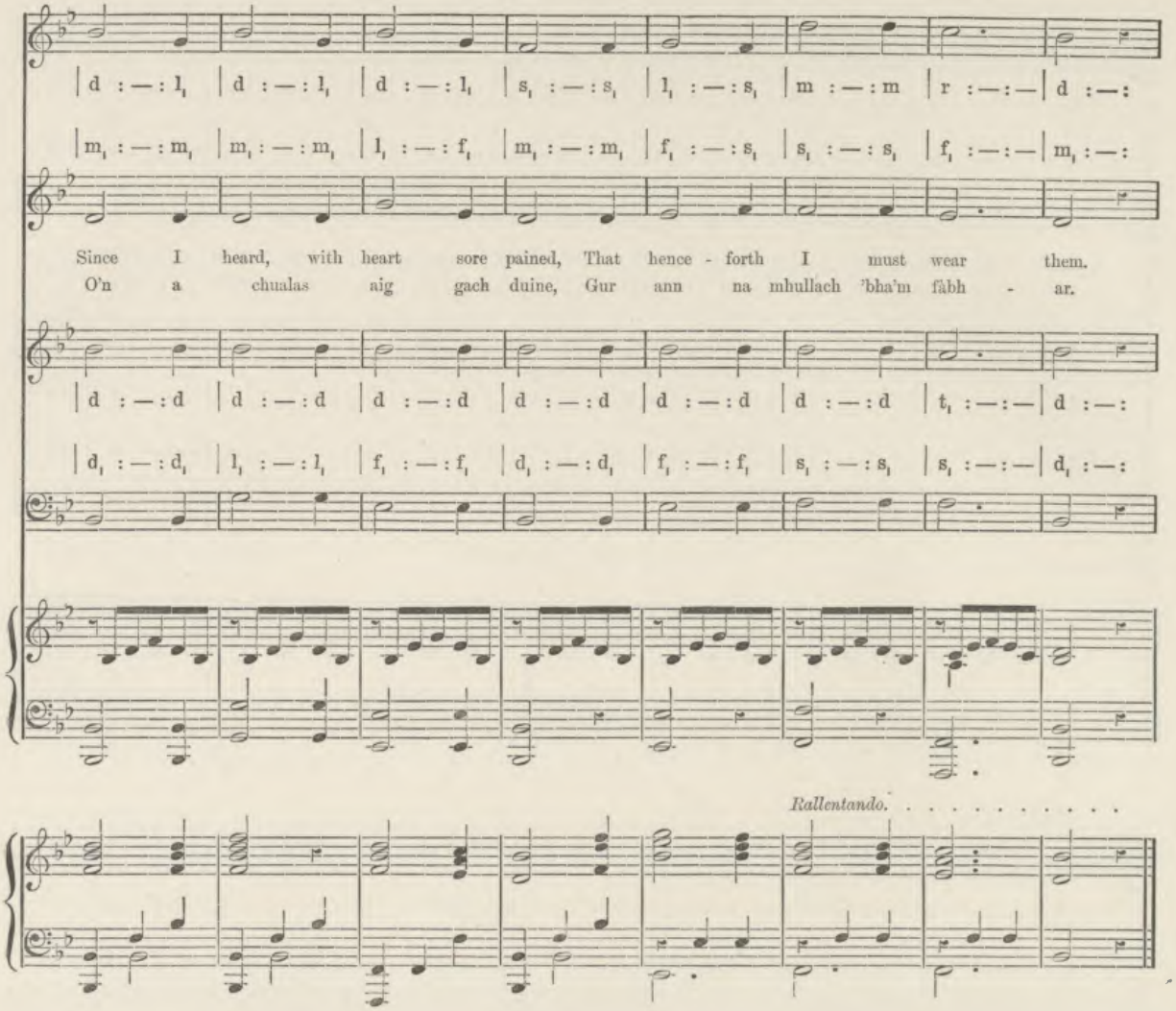
The melody, by the kind permission of Professor Colin Brown, is taken from "The Thistle." To give full effect to its plaintive beauty, the chorus must be sung very slowly, and the verses more quickly. It will be noticed from the last verse, that at the time when this Lament was made, it was customary to dance to the "port-a-bheul," or "mouth tune."





Much quicker.





Th' piebald horse laid thee low,
Th' piebald horse laid thee low,
Th' piebald horse laid thee low,
Beside the fatal wall-breach.
Maiden waesome sad am I,
Whom scarce know they since the day
When he fixed the marriage ring
Then on my finger gaily.

Oh, alas! I wasn't there,
Oh, alas! I wasn't there,
Oh, alas! I wasn't there,
By thy right hand to take thee.
Oh! I am filled with grief,
Tear-drops streaming down my cheek,
Mourning for my youthful chief,
Who newly rode the piebald.

Rider of th' bounding black,
Bounding black, bounding black,
Rider of th' bounding black,
So mangled by the piebald.
To the feast I'll not go,
Nor where merriment fast flows;
Since in waking of the spring,
An arrow pierced me sorely.

My young Hugh lowly laid,
Lowly laid, lowly laid;
My young Hugh lowly laid,
In debris of the wall-breach.
I am sad, sore-sad and wae,
Since in dust they low thee laid;
My farewell I pray thee take,
To stones in Dun high standing.

My young Hugh lowly laid,
Lowly laid, lowly laid;
My young Hugh lowly laid,
Alas! and I not near thee.
Thou couldst dance with grace and glee
When they sang sweet melody;
The grass-blade scarce would bent down be,
By thy quick tread so lightly.

Och nan och! lowly laid,
Och nan och! lowly laid,
Och nan och! lowly laid,
Beside the fatal wall-breach.*

Leag an t-each cionnan thu,
Leag an t-each cionnan thu,
Leag an t-each cionnan thu,
An ionad a' ghàraidh.
'S i maideann ro dhubhach,
Nach fhainichear tuilleadh mi
O'n taca so 'n-uiridh
O'n là chuireadh am fàinn' orm.

'S truagh nach robh mis' an sin,
'S truagh nach robh mis' an sin,
'S truagh nach robh mis' an sin,
'S bheirinn air làimh ort.
Is mis' tha gu tiùrsach,
'S tric snidh air mo shùilean,
'S mi 'g ionndrain an fhiùrain,
Marcaich' ùr nan steud àluinn.

Marcaiche an eich leumnaich dhuibh, [dhuibh,
Leumnaich dhuibh, leumnaich
Marcaiche an eich leumnaich dhuibh,
Reub an t-each bàn thu.
Cha téid mi gu bainis,
Gu féill no gu faidhir;
Gur ann toiseach an earraich,
Fhuair mi an t-saighead a chràidh mi.

Eòdhain Oig! leagadh thu!
Eòdhain Oig! leagadh thu!
Eòdhain Oig! leagadh thu!
An clàbar a' ghàraidh!
Gur mise tha tiùrsach,
O'n chuir iad 's an ùir thu;
Thoir mo shoraidh le dùrachd,
Gu tùr nan clach àrda!

Eòdhain Oig! leagadh thu!
Eòdhain Oig! leagadh thu!
Eòdhain Oig! leagadh thu!
Och! gu 'n fhios domh 's mi làmh riut.
Dhannsadh tu còmhnard
Na'n seinneadh iad ceòl dhuit;
'S cha lubadh tu am feòrnain,
Fo shròin do bhròig àrda.

Och nan och! leagadh thu!
Och nan och! leagadh thu!
Och nan och! leagadh thu!
Am bealach a' ghàraidh.

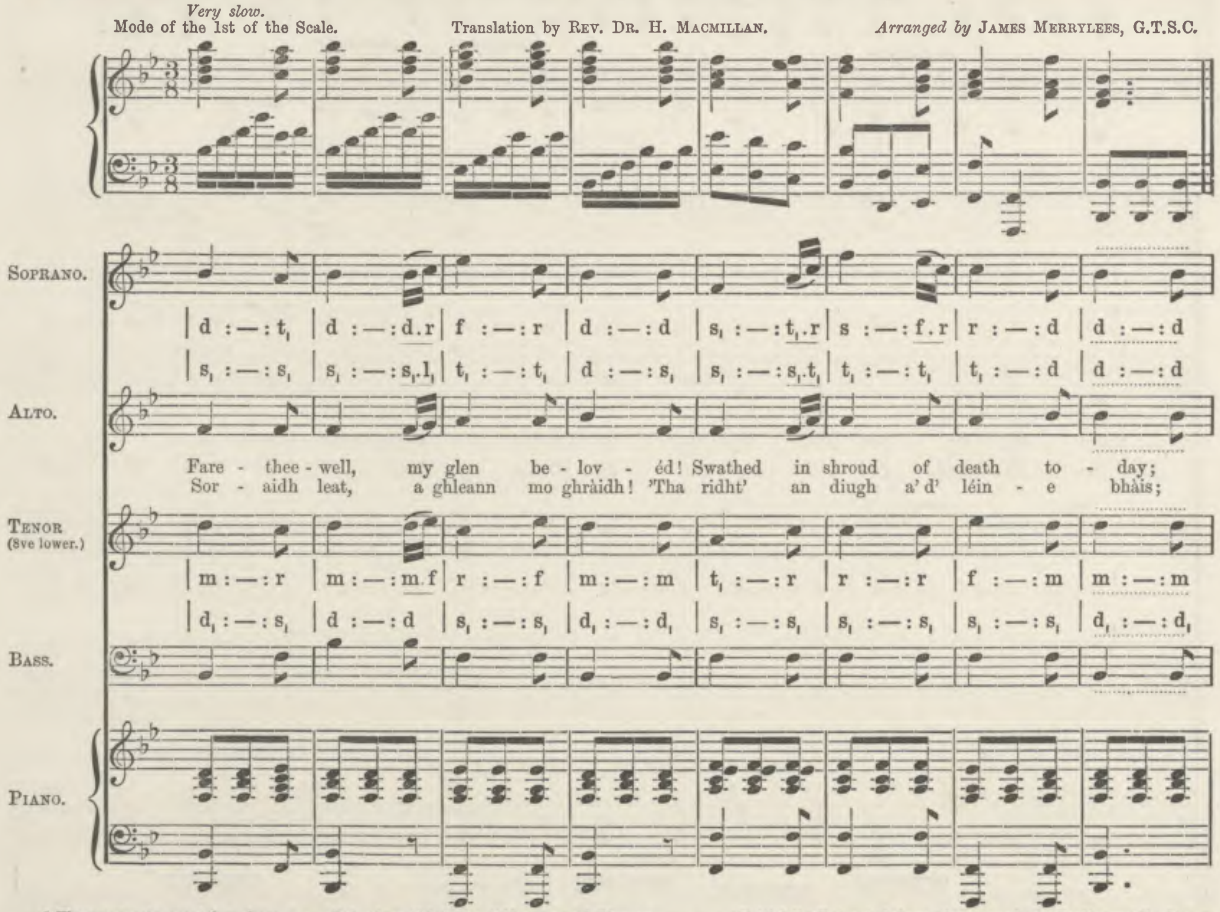
* Pass over the second part of the melody, and proceed directly to the final symphony.

19.—MORT GHLINNE-COMHANN.

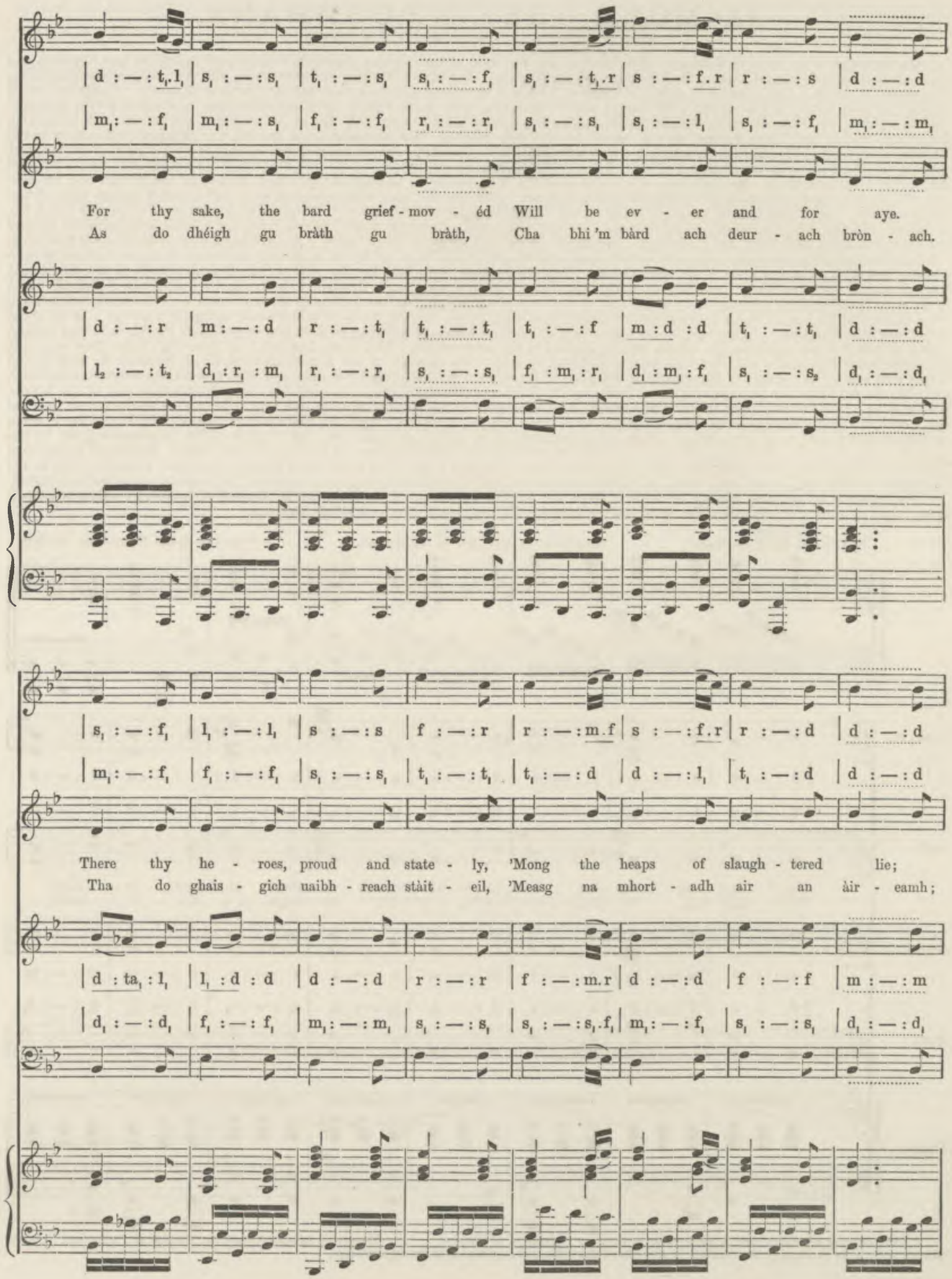
(THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.)

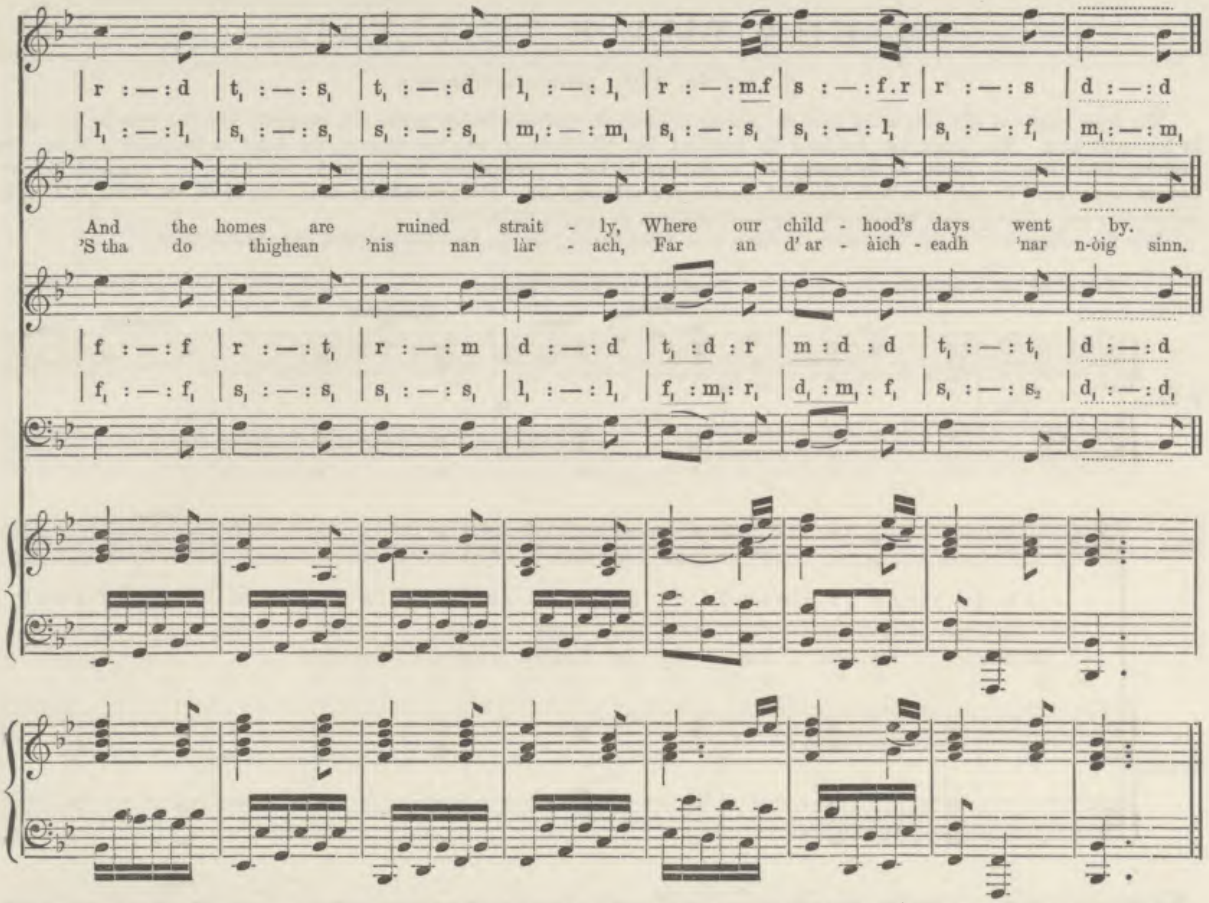
On the night of the 12th of February, 1692, MacIan (the clan title of the Glencoe chieftains) and his sept retired to rest unarmed, and unconscious of all evil intended them. Their waking was a dreadful one. For twelve days they had entertained, with the most generous hospitality, a company of soldiers, commanded by Campbell of Glenlyon, who gave the solemn assurance that they came with no ill intent. Alexander, one of the old chieftain's two sons, was married to Glenlyon's niece; and during these twelve days he associated with them on terms of loving intimacy. On the night of the 12th, Alexander MacDonald, and John his brother, played cards with him at his quarters; and on the 13th, along with Lieutenant Lindsay and Ensign Lindsay, he was invited to dine with MacIan. The lieutenant's visit was of a very different kind. Early in the morning he knocked at the chief's door, asking in a friendly manner to be admitted. On its being opened he entered with a party of soldiers, and shot the old man dead as he was rising out of bed. His wife having got up and put on her clothes, they stript her naked, and tore the rings off her fingers with their teeth. MacIan's sons were more wary, for John rushed to Glenlyon's quarters, and when he saw himself and his men preparing their weapons, demanded an explanation, when the latter "gave him only good words, and said they were to march against some of the Glengaries men; and if they were ill intended, would he not have told Sandy and his niece?" Wherein we have a depth of lying to which few in the garb of humanity, or possessing human feelings, have ever descended. Although thrown off his guard for a little, John, with his brother and about five-sixths of the sept, fled to the hills. Meantime the butchery went on down below. At Inveriggin, where Glenlyon was quartered, "the soldiers took other nine men, and did bind them hand and foot, and killed them one by one with shot; and when Glenlyon inclined to save a young man of about twenty years of age, one—Captain Drummond—came and asked how he came to be saved, in respect of the orders that were given, and shot him dead. And another young boy, of about thirteen years, ran to Glenlyon to be saved: he was likewise shot dead. And in the same town there was a woman and a boy of four or five years of age killed. And at Auchnaion there was also a child missed, and nothing found of him but the hand. There were likewise several killed at other places, whereof one was an old man of eighty years of age. In all, about twenty-five were murdered." There being at the time a very severe snowstorm, the sufferings of those who escaped were fearful, until they reached a place of safety, twelve miles distant. Some, indeed, perished in the snow wreaths. This storm, however, was the saving of the whole sept, as it prevented Major Duncanson, with 400 men, joining Glenlyon in time. The occasion of this horrible episode, which blackens our history, and brands with infamy the memory of Viscount Stair and King William, was a mistake made by MacIan, and other unfortunate circumstances, which made him six days after the date specified before tendering his allegiance. No doubt Stair's memory must bear the heaviest part of the blame; but the King cannot be excused, as on the 16th January, 1692, he wrote, "If MacKean of Glencoe and that tribe can be well separated from the rest, it will be a proper vindication of the public justice to extirpate that set of thieves;" and also, that although requested by Parliament to bring the perpetrators to justice, he never did so. These are authenticated facts, as they are taken from the "Report of the Commission given by His Majesty for enquiring into the slaughter of the men of Glencoe, subscribed at Halruyd House, the 20th day of June, 1693." This report having been presented to Parliament on the 24th June, 1695, "the question was stated and voted of the execution of the Glencoe men on February, 1692, as it is represented to Parliament, as a murder or not, and carried in the affirmative."* Notwithstanding, as already stated, the perpetrators escaped unpunished.

The Gaelic is by the Rev. Donald MacCallum, Skye, the English translation by the Rev. Dr. H. Macmillan, Greenock,—and it is difficult to say which is more to be admired. The music is a reminiscence of a song heard more than thirty years ago.



* These extracts are taken from a small book entitled the "Massacre of Glencoe. . . . Faithfully Extracted from the Records of Parliament." It was printed and sold by B. Bagg, at the Blueball, in Ave-Mary-Lane, 1704, and reprinted in Edinburgh in 1818.


For thy sake, the bard grief - mov - éd Will be ev - er and for aye.
As do dhéigh gu bràth gu bràth, Cha bhi 'm bàrd ach deur - ach bròn - ach.
There thy he - roes, proud and state - ly, 'Mong the heaps of slaugh - tered lie;
Tha do ghais - gich uaibh - reach stàit - eil, 'Measg na mhort - adh air an àir - eamh;



Merry were we in the gloaming,
Singing songs with light hearts gay;
Little reck'd we what was coming,
Us to part ere break of day.
Some in beds sore wounded lying,
Some in snow wreaths frozen stiff;
In the woods the remnant flying,
For their dead o'erwhelmed with grief.

Last night, wakened by the shrieking,
Lighting lamp I searched around,
And my son's dead body, leaking
Blood from every wound, I found.
Would that I the first had fallen,
Ere the dark fate I had seen,
Which my loved ones had befallen,
At the hands of villains mean!

When the flames around each dwelling
Rose into the glaring sky,
What bard's song avails for telling
The dread sight that met the eye?
Little boys their last breath yielding;
Infants from their mothers torn;
Children crying, "Who 'll give shielding?
Whither shall we go, forlorn?"

Blood of brave Clan Donnel flowing,
In the dark tempestuous night;
And no place of safety showing,
Whither they could wing their flight.

Had our youth not slept so deeply,
When the hard steel laid them low,
Blood had not been spilled so cheaply,
Nor the foe had triumphed so.

Slain myself in wrathful blindness
I would rather be, than slay
Trusting men, who showed such kindness—
In the beds whereon they lay.
Never saw I such a rabble,—
Cunning, merciless,—like those,
Who sat with us at our table
As our friends, and proved our foes.

Many a maiden, fair and tender,
Without home or kin is left,
In the desert cold to wander,
Of all earthly joy bereft.
Many a mother desolated;
Sons and husband mourning sore;
For a snowy burial fated;
Frozen in each other's gore.

Mournful is thy fate uncommon,
All thy brave sons killed outright;
All thy cattle with the foeman,
All thy dwellings ruined quite.
Fare-thee-well, my glen belovéd!
Swathed in shroud of death today;
For thy sake the bard grief-movéd
Will be ever and for aye.

Anns an fheasgar bha sinn aobhach,
'Gabhail òrain shunntach, aotram,
Och; mo dhiùbhail 's beag a shaoil sinn,
Bhi cho sgaoilteach fo am éiridh.
Gum biodh cuid nar leabaidh leòinte,
Cuid 's na cuidhean sneachda reòidhte,
'S anns a' choill' gu 'm biodh an còrr dhinn,
Caoidh le deòir an dream a dheug dhinn.

Dhùisg an raoir an gearan geur mi,
Las mi 'n lòchran air dhomh éiridh
'S chunnaidh mi mo mhac 'na shleitrich, [ann.
Fhuil ga thréigsinn 's e gun deò,
Och nach mis' a thuit a cheud fhear,
Chum 's nach fhaicear leam-sa m' eudail,
Anns an leabaidh leòinte, reubte,
Leis na bèisdean bha gun tròcair.

'Nuair a dh' eirich lasradh gruamach,
Soillear dealrach, dian ma 'n cuairt dinn,
Sinne fhuair an sealladh fuathsach,
Cha chuir duan do bhàrd an céill e.
Gillean òg gun anail chìtear,
Leanaban maoth o' m mathair gan splonadh,
'S balachain bheag gun stàth ri criosgail,
"Co bheir dion duinn c' áit' an téid sinn."

Gu bhi sàbhailt' cha robh dòigh air,
Oir b' i n-oidhch' bha fiadhaich dòbhaidh,
Anns am faca fuil Chlann Dònuill,
Air a dòrtadh 's iad gun éiridh.

Ach mar biodh ar n-òigridh suaineach, [aidh orr',
'N uair a bhuailt' an stàilinn chru-
Cha robh n' fhuil air làr gun truailleadh, h-eucoir.
'S cha robh buaidh aig luchd na
Ach bhi moirte 's mor gu 'm b' fheàrr leam, [aibh,
Na gu 'n dòirtinn féin le m' làmh-
Fuil an dream bhiodh ruim cho bàigheal, [sàmhach.
'S iad gun sgàth gu suaineach
Riamh cha 'n fhacas dream cho seòlta,
Dream cho fuilteach air bheag tròcair,
Ris na daoin' a shuidh aig bòrd leinn,
'S a ghabh còmhnuidh leinn mar chàirdean.

'S iomadh nighneag fhoinnidh bhòidheach,
Dh' fhàgar leò gun aite còmhnuidh,
Anns an fhàsach fhuair gun sòlas,
Gun neach beò ann ghabhas truas dhiu. [léireadh,
'S iomadh mathair tha 'n diugh fo
Caoidh gun fhios a mic 's a' chéile,
'S iadsan reòidhte 'm fuil a chéile,
Sneachd ag éiridh àrd mu 'n cuairt orr'.

'S bochd da-rìreadh mar a dh-éirich,
Do chuid ghaisgeach air an reubadh,
Aig do naimhdean do chuid spréidhe,
'S iad nan sléitrich do chuid chòmhnuidh.
'Soraidh leat O gleann mo ghràidh!
Tha ridht' an diugh a' d' léine bhàis;
As do dhéigh gu bràth gu bràth,
Cha bhi m' bàrd ach, deurach, brònach.

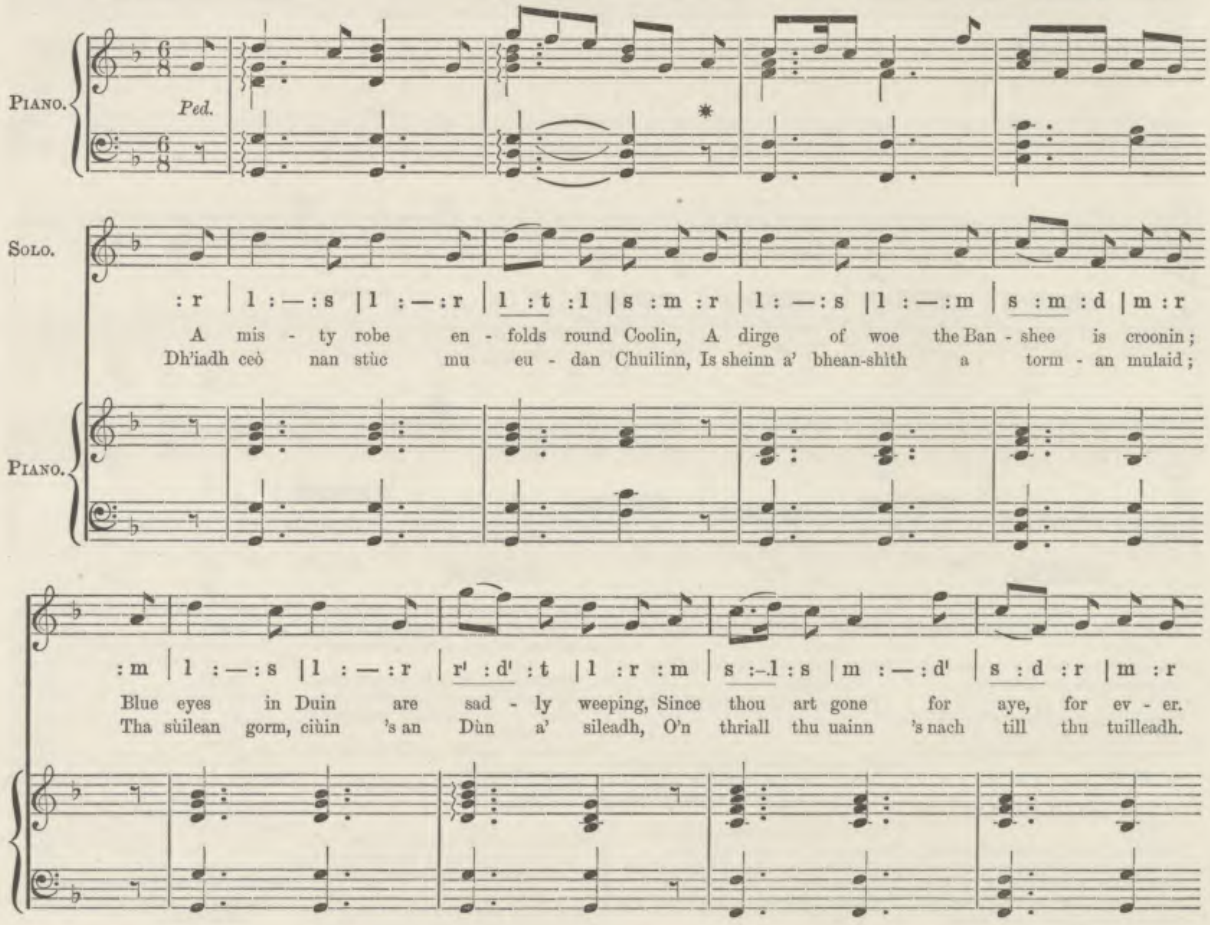
20.—CHA TILL E TUILLEADH.

(LAMENT FOR MACCRIMMON.)

The great beauty of this song arises from the manner in which the authoress brings nature into sympathy with her intensity of feeling in her great grief. The music was composed by Domhnul Bàn MacCruimein, who was piper to the Laird of MacLeod in 1745. On receiving orders from his master to accompany him to the war, he had a presentiment that he would not return, and composed his own Lament, beginning, "Bratach bhuadhail Mhicleòid o'n tùr mór a lasadh," &c. His presentiment came true, as he was killed in a night raid at Moy-hall. This Lament was composed by his sweetheart, on hearing of his death.

This fine arrangement of this old melody is taken from "The Thistle," by the kind permission of Colin Brown, Esq.

Mode of the 2nd of the Scale. Translation by CHARLES STEWART. *Arranged by* JAMES MERRYLEES, G.T.S.C.



The breeze on the Bens is gently stealing,
Adown their braes the burnlets creeping,
From birds in dark shades a wail unceasing,
Since thou art gone for aye, for ever.
For aye, for aye, &c.

The sound of the main is turned to moaning,
The joy of its waves is turned to mourning,
The ship in full sail is staid unmoving,
Since thou art gone, and no restoring.
For aye, for aye, &c.

In the Duin at eve your lay is silent,
Nor echoing hills in like replying;
The lover's fond song and fondling quieted,
Since thou art gone, and no returning.
For aye, for aye, &c.

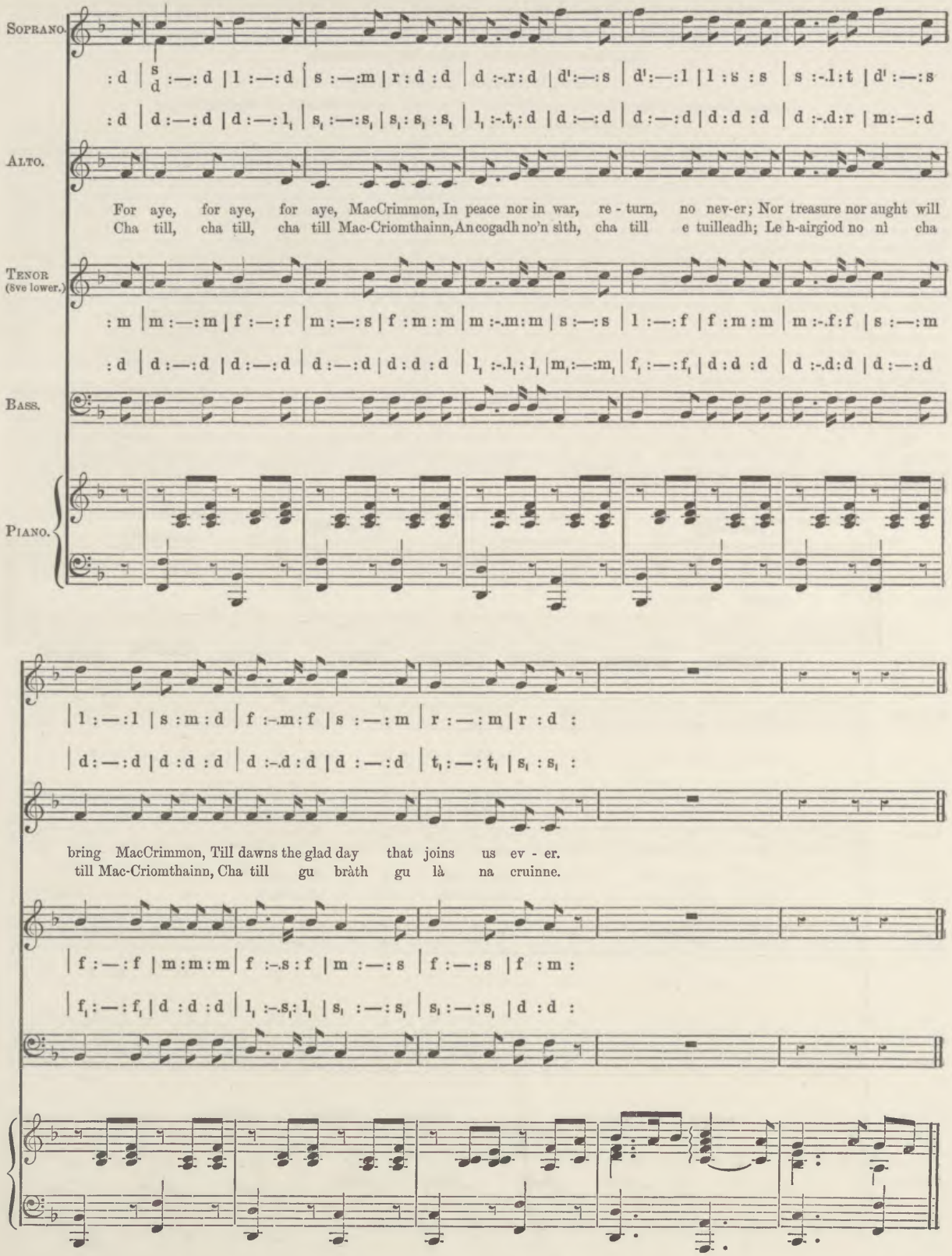
Tha osag nam beann gu fann ag imeachd,
Gach sruthan 's gach allt gu mall le bruthach,
Tha ealtainn nan speur, feadh geugan dubhach,
A caoi gu'n d'fhalbh 's nach till thu tuilleadh.
Cha till, cha till, &c.

Tha'n fhairge fa deòidh làn bròin is mulaid,
Tha'm bàta fo sheòl ach dhiùlt i siubhal,
Tha gàirich nan tonn la fuaim neo-shubhach
Ag ràdh gu'n d'fhalbh 's nach till thu tuilleadh.
Cha till, cha till, &c.

Cha chluinnear do cheòl 's an Dun mu fheasgar,
'S mac-talla nam mùr le mùirn ga fhreagairt,
Gach fleasgach is òigh gun cheòl gun bhreadradh,
O'n triall thu uainn 's nach till thu tuilleadh.
Cha till, cha till, &c.

In Gaelic poetry the penultimate is usually the rhyming syllable, and not the last of each line.

CHORUS. Mode of the 1st of the Scale.



21.—CUMHA AONGHAIS MHIC RAOGHNUILL ÒIG.

CHAIDH FEAR NA CEAPACH A MARBHADH LATHA BLAR SRON-CLACHAN 'N UAIR THOG CLANN IAIN GHLINNE-COMHUNN CREAC BHRAID-ALBANN.

(KEPPOCH'S LAMENT.)

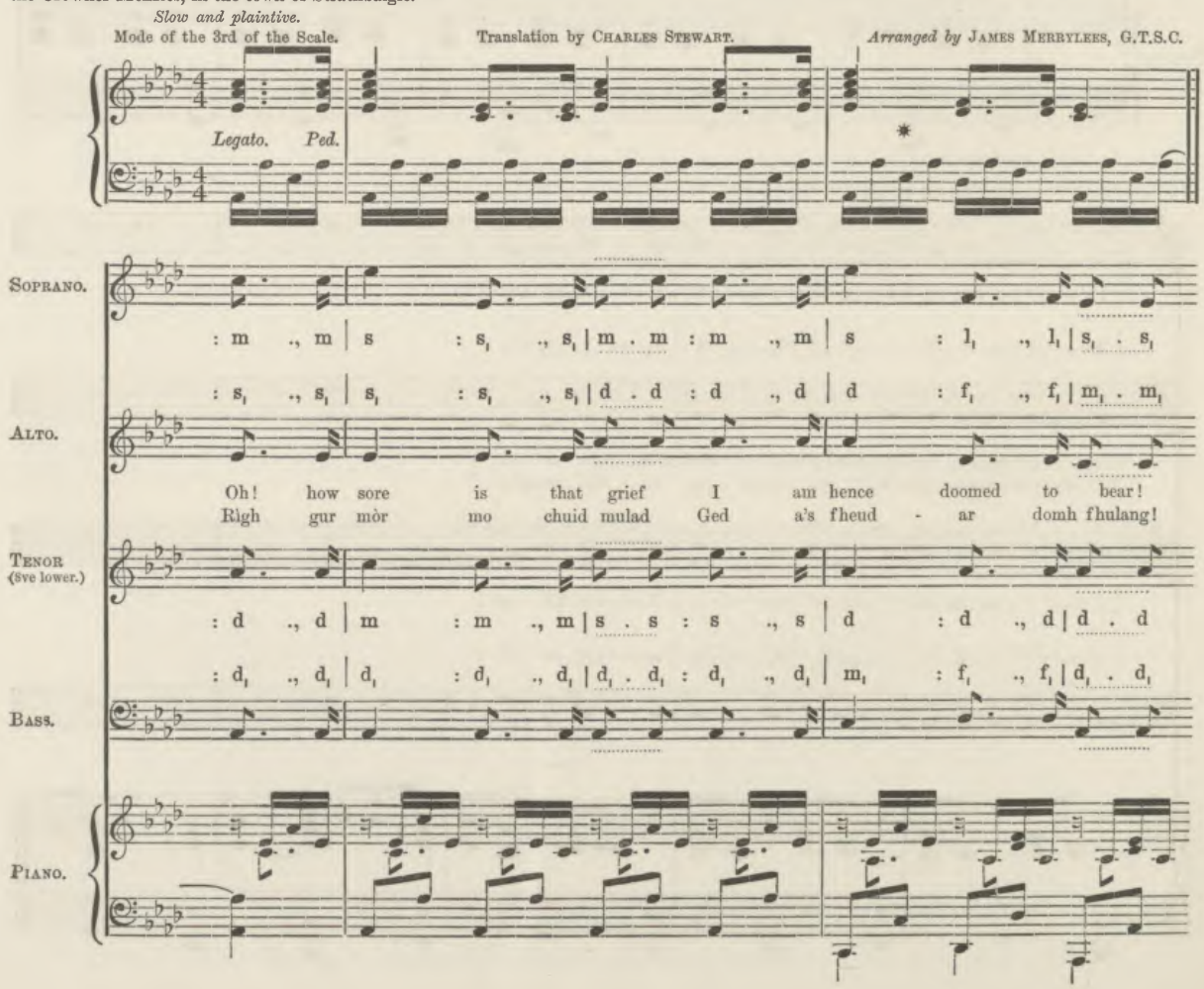
LAMENT FOR ANGUS MACDONALD OF KEPPOCH, WHO FELL AT THE BATTLE OF STRONCLACHAN, IN THE BREADALBANE CREACH BY MACIAIN OF GLENCOE.

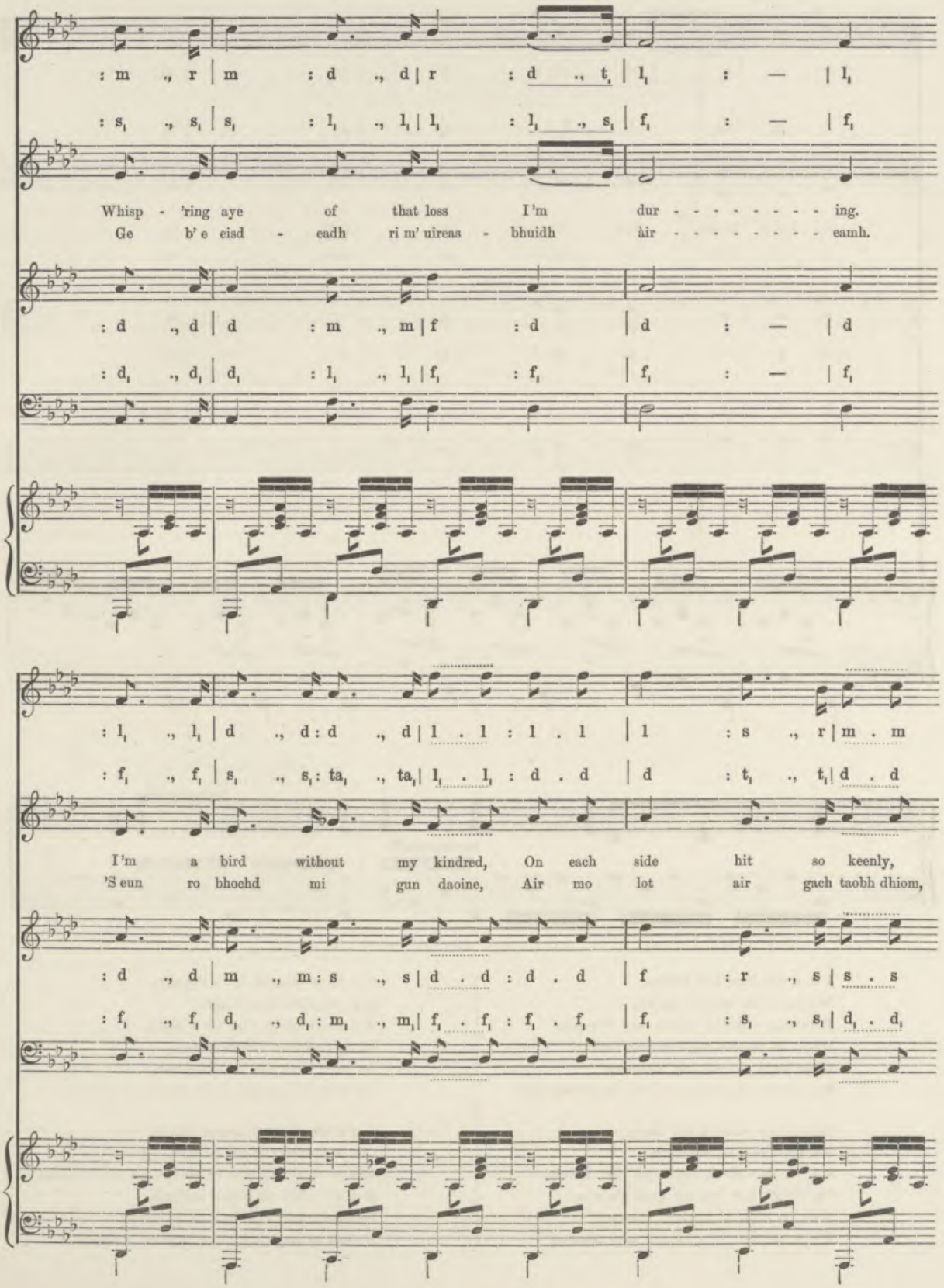
About the middle of the seventeenth century James Menzies, afterwards of Culdares, was being married at Finlarig Castle, near Killin, to a daughter of Sir Robert Campbell of Breadalbane. Menzies had greatly distinguished himself under Gustavus Adolphus. On his return he was fortunate enough to win for himself a daughter of Breadalbane. The festivities were in full flow, when a messenger hastily arrived with the intelligence that the MacDonalds of Glencoe and Keppoch had swept downwards along the north side of Loch Tay, and turning round then up the south side, and having forded the River Dochart, were then with their spoil passing along Stronclachan, behind Killin. The Campbells demanded to be led against them. Menzies, with the caution of an old soldier, tried to dissuade them, by shewing that there were three things opposed to their success,—the steep hill they had to ascend, the afternoon sun glaring in their eyes, and the wind in their face—a very signal obstacle in the days of bows and arrows. Their only reply was taunting him with being a "soft Menzies." "Lead on, then!" he cried, "and we will see who is 'soft' before the day is over." The result was as he had anticipated, the Campbells being defeated. Menzies—who had a nick-name, "Crùnair ruadh nan cearc," "The red crowner of the hens"—performed prodigies of valour. Amongst others, he engaged the Glencoe chieftain in single combat, and swept off his head. At that very instant MacDonald was taunting him with his nick-name; and his head, it is said, rolled down the brae repeating "cearc," "cearc," "cearc." Menzies was the last of the Breadalbane men to cross the River Lochay on their retreat to Finlarig. At the other side he turned on a MacDonald who swam after him, and killed him. To save himself from their arrows, he carried the dead body on his back; and it is said there were seven arrows sticking in it when he let it down at Finlarig. The slaughter of the Campbells was such that eighteen of the rank of gentlemen were next day buried at Finlarig. Afterwards, under Menzies' advice, they pursued the MacDonalds up Glenlochay, and overtook and defeated them, recovering the creach.

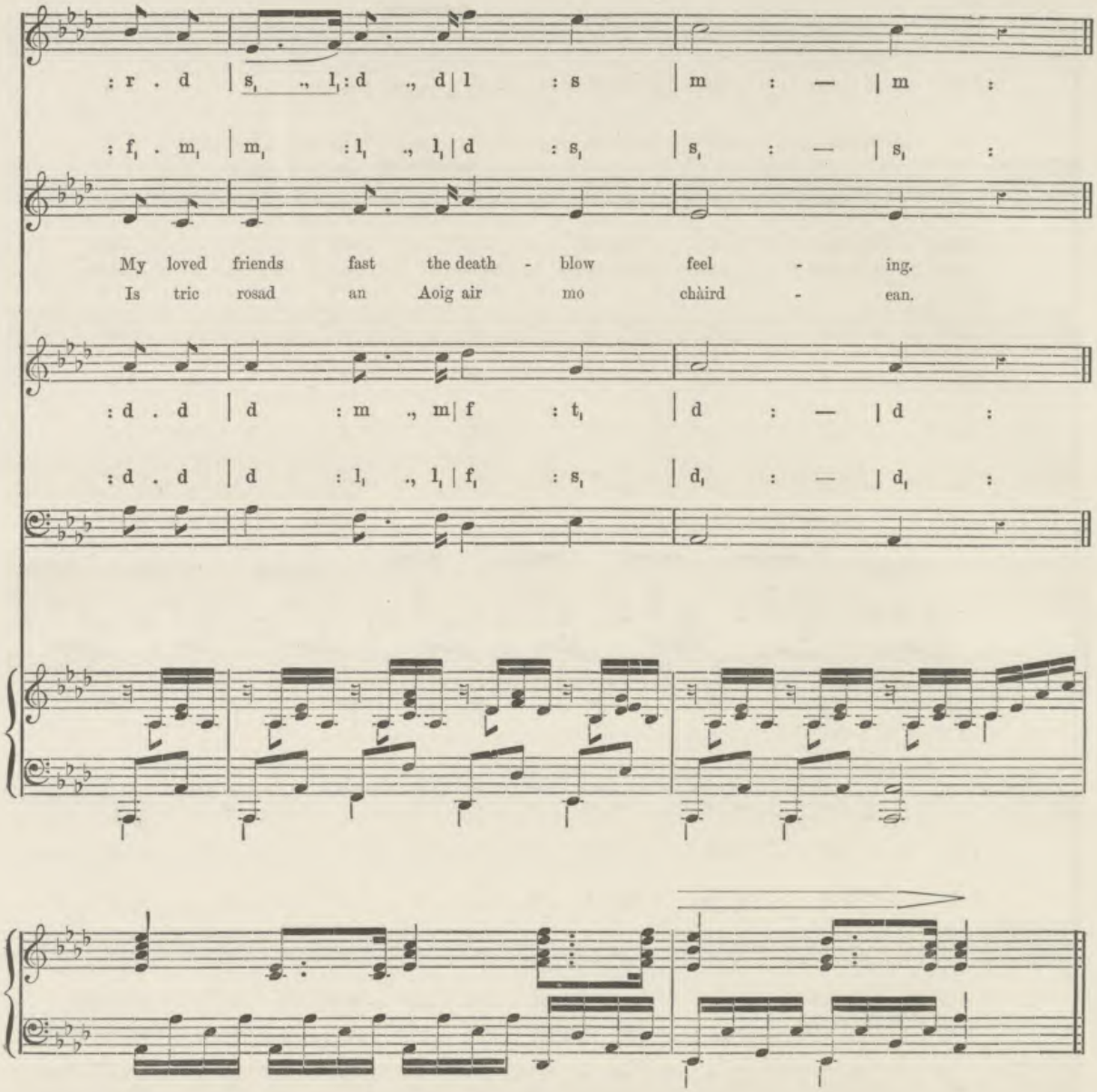
Angus, the chieftain of Keppoch, was also killed at Stronclachan. The following Lament to his memory was composed by the celebrated bard, John MacDonald, better known as Iain Lom.

I am indebted for the music of this song to the Rev. Allan Sinclair, of Kenmore, whose Gaelic scholarship is so well known to his Celtic friends.

This same Menzies made a most daring raid, at the head of the Breadalbane and Glenlyon men, into Strathspey. He took the Marquis of Huntly prisoner, and lifted a valuable creach. I have in my possession a clock, taken from Castle Gordon on that occasion, with a case fashioned after Japanese work. Iain Lom composed a song likewise on this event, entitled, "A Song to the Marquis of Huntly on being made prisoner by the Crowner Menzies, in the town of Strathbalgie."




: m ., r | m : d ., d | r : d ., t, | l, : — | l,
: s, ., s, | s, : l, ., l, | l, : l, ., s, | f, : — | f,
Whisp - 'ring aye of that loss I'm dur - - - - - - - - - ing.
Ge b' e eisd - eadh ri m' uireas - bhuidh air - - - - - - - - - eamh.
: d ., d | d : m ., m | f : d | d : — | d
: d, ., d, | d, : l, ., l, | f, : f, | f, : — | f,
: l, ., l, | d ., d : d ., d | l . l : l . l | l : s ., r | m . m
: f, ., f, | s, ., s, : ta, ., ta, | l, . l, : d . d | d : t, ., t, | d . d
I'm a bird without my kindred, On each side hit so keenly,
'S eun ro bhochd mi gun daoine, Air mo lot air gach taobh dhiom,
: d ., d | m ., m : s ., s | d . d : d . d | f : r ., s | s . s
: f, ., f, | d, ., d, : m, ., m, | f, . f, : f, . f, | f, : s, ., s, | d, . d,



I'm a tree bare and leafless,
Without nuts, without apples,
With'ring, barkless, sapless, and way-gone.
When we reached nigh to Dun-Lochay,
What made me sad and wae-some
Was my leaving Angus on the plain lowly-laid.

Though my father I left there,
'Tis not him I'm bewailing,
But 'tis thee whom the sword cleft fiercely.
Thy bright face was my great gladness,
With its tinge of blushing redness,
Which the fear of a foeman ne'er daunted.

Gur mi a' chraobh air a rùsgadh,
Gun chnodhan gun ùbhlan,
'S a snodhach 'sa rùsg air a fàgail.
Ruaig sinn cean Loch-a-tatha,
'Se chuir mise ann mo dhabhaich,
Dh' fhàg mi Aonghas na luidhe 's an àraich.

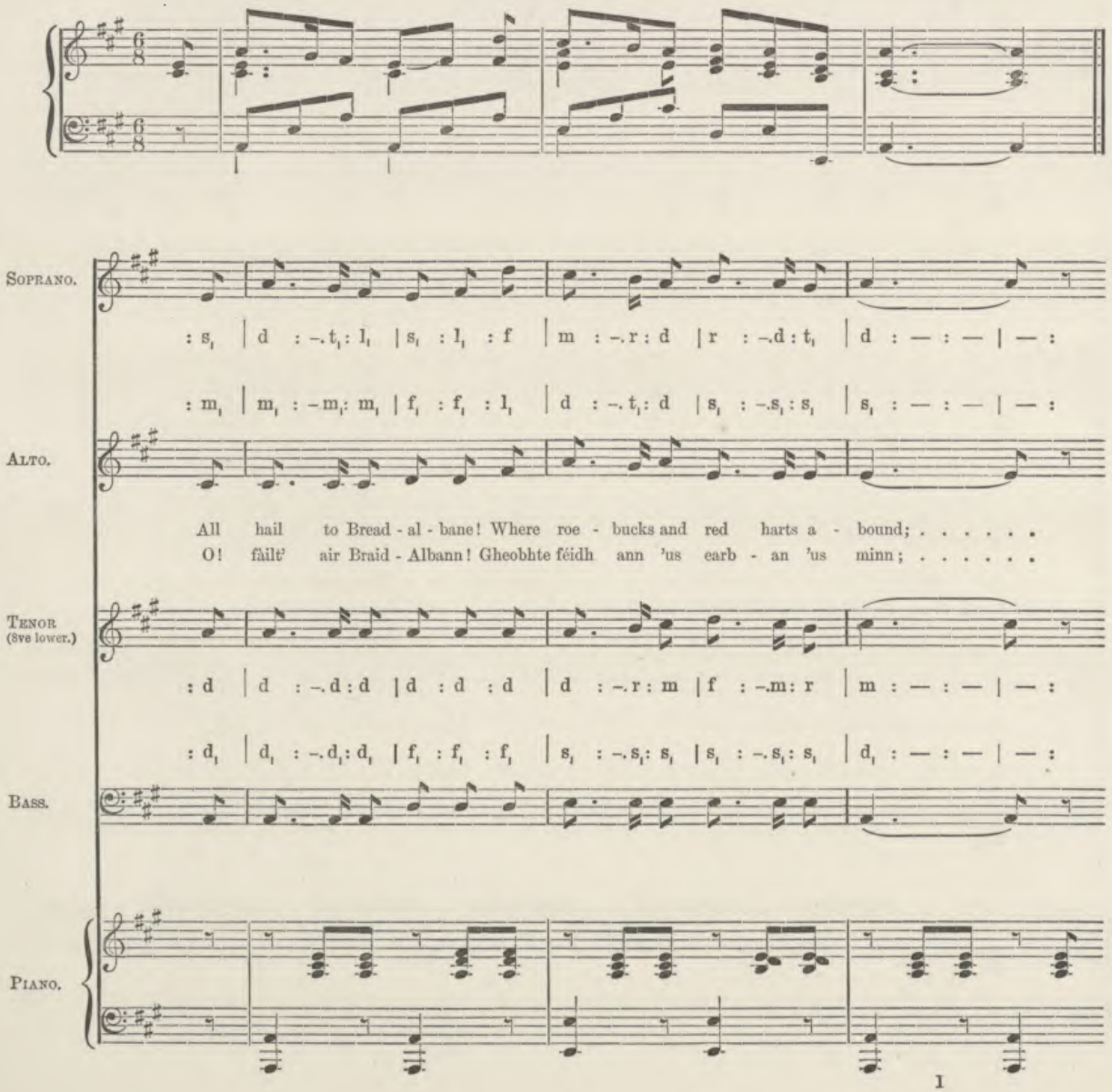
Ged a dh' fhàg mi ann m' athair,
Cha 'n ann air tha mi labhairt,
Ach an drùthadh rinn an claidheamh mu t-àirnean.
B' i mo gràdh do ghnuis aobhach,
Dheanadh dath le t-fhuil chraobhaich,
'S nach ro seachnach air aodann do nàmhaid.

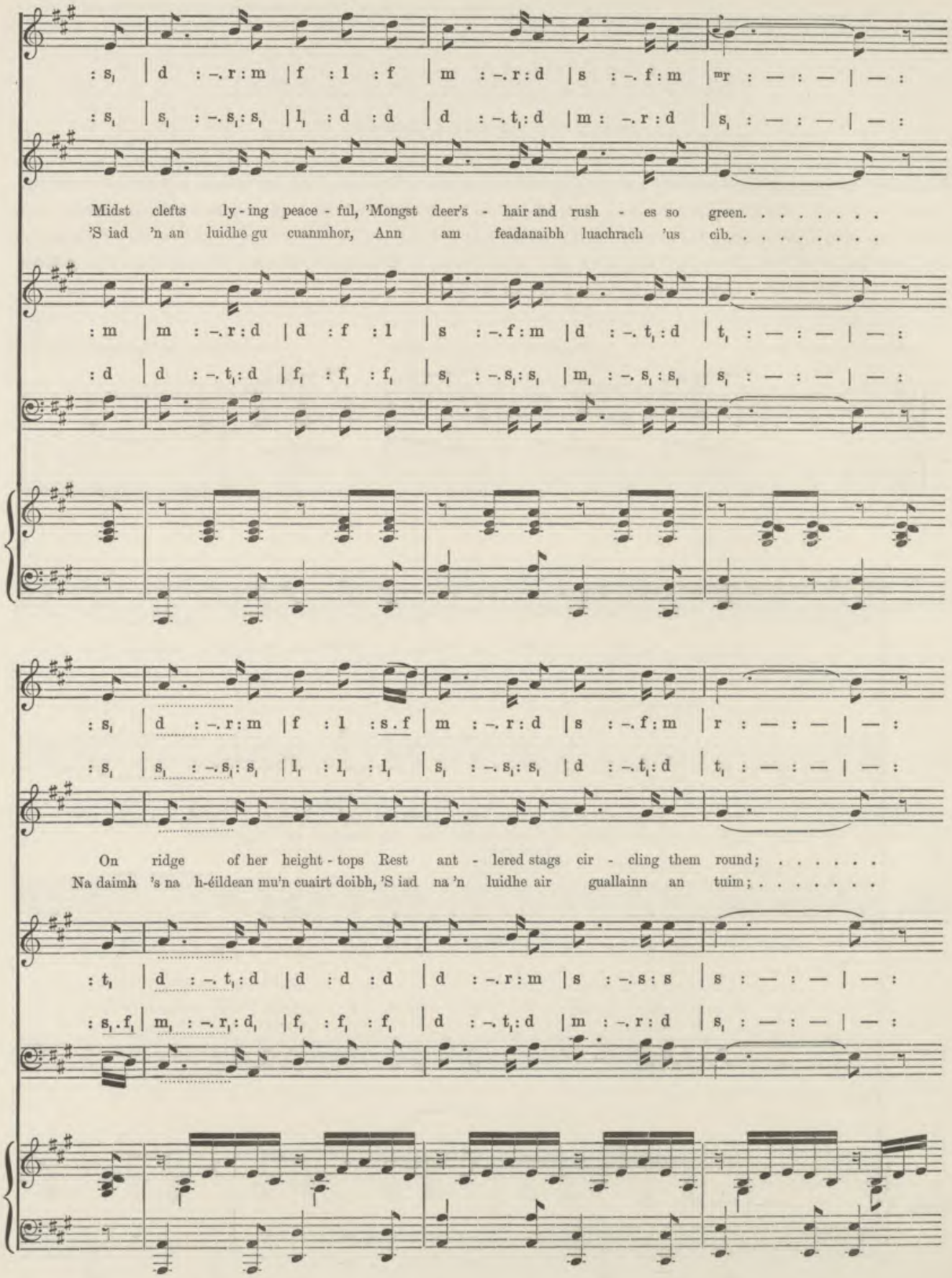
22.—FÀILTE BHRAID-ALBANN!

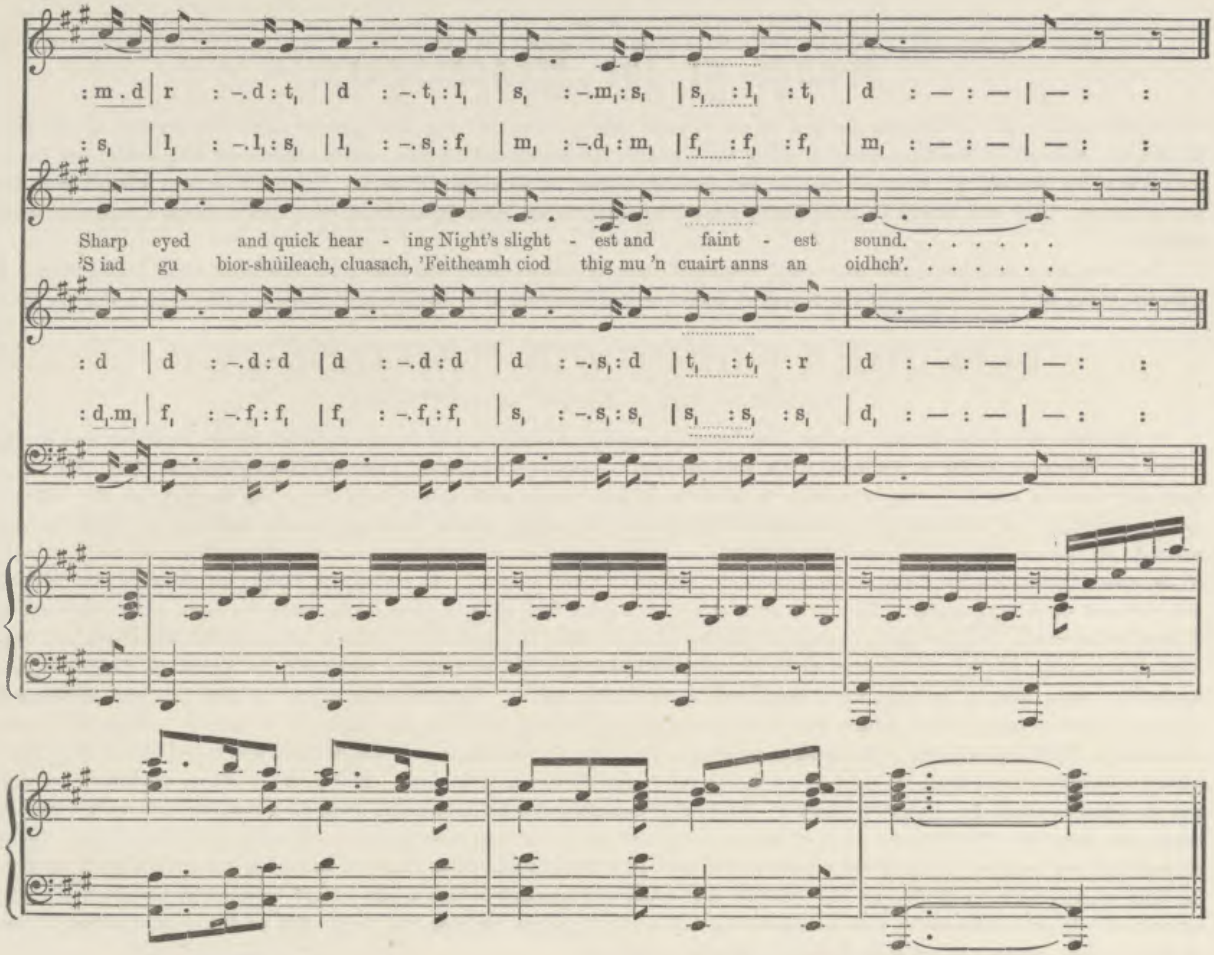
(HAIL TO BREADALBANE!)

This song was composed nearly a century ago by a shoemaker of the name of Macmillan, who, for poaching or some such offence, had to leave Breadalbane. The then factor, Campbell of Achalader, was so delighted with the song, that he urged him to come back, promising him every encouragement; but in vain. It has always been extremely popular in the district; and for the last twenty-five years I have been in the habit of hearing it sung at our social entertainments as Breadalbane volunteers. The words have been published more than once; but, as far as known to me, the music is now for the first time.

Mode of the 1st of the Scale. Translation by CHARLES STEWART. *Arranged by* JAMES MERRYLEES, G.T.S.C.




Midst clefts ly - ing peace - ful, 'Mongst deer's - hair and rush - es so green. . . . . .
'S iad 'n an luidhe gu cuanmhor, Ann am feadanaibh luachrach 'us cib. . . . . .
On ridge of her height - tops Rest ant - lered stags cir - cling them round; . . . . . .
Na daimh 's na h-éildean mu'n cuairt doibh, 'S iad na 'n luidhe air guallainn an tuim; . . . . . .



In dawn of the summer
Glens mantling with verdant clad sward,
And woods with birds singing,
Make beauty and sweetness her sheen.
The lark and the mavis
On each branch blythely chanting their lay;
Oh! sweet is their warbling,
Space gladdening with joy all day.

From the main sweeping onward,
The salmon speed on to Loch Tay;
White beneath and blue spotted,
With their fins swiftly cleaving the lake,
Rising quick on the wave-top,
For flies that wing gaily their flight;
Each pool with them teeming,
And streams where they trustfully spawn.

Softly fair brown-haired maidens
On the banks of Loch Tay there abound,
Their mien purer than linen,
Or swan proudly breasting the lake.
Tones full of rich music;
Mouth sweeter than honey to kiss;
Breath luscious with fragrance,
As the birch twigs with grace that they grasp.

What spot in all Albin
Has Breadalbane's enduring renown?
Land of heroes bold, matchless,
Who for right and the crown firmly stand.
There are maidens most lovely,
Whose singing is tenderly true;
Whilst her glens nurture born bards,
Whose winged words are glowing with power.

Mu thoiseach an t-samhraidh,
'N àm cur cruidh air na gleanntaibh gu feur,
Bhiodh eòin na coille gu rannar,
'Gabhail ceileir binn, greannar doibh fèin,
Bithidh an uiseag 's an smeòrach,
'S iad gu ceòlmhor air barraibh nan geug,
Is binn an luinneag 's an òran,
Ann an coille nan cnò leotha fein.

Loch-a-Tatha nam bradan,
Tha tighinn o'n fhairge bu drabasta tonn,
'S iad gu dearg-bhallach, tarra-gheal,
Iteach, meanbh-bhreac gorm-bhallach lom.
'S iad a' leum ris gu colgarr',
Glacadh chuileag air bharraibh nan tonn,
Tha iad lìonar 's gache linne,
'S iad a' cladh air a' ghrinneal 's an fhonn.

'S iomadh nigh'nag dhonn, chanach,
Tha dà thaobh Loch-a-Tatha mo rùin,
Ni 's gile fo 'n anart
No an eala air bharraibh nan tonn,
Càil bhinn air son ciùil ac',
Beul a's milse na 'n siùcair r'a phòg;
'S tha 'n anail cho cùbhraidh,
Ris a' bheatha na 'm flùr ann ad dhòrn.

C' àite bheil ann an Albainn,
Ait' a's feàrr na Braid-Albann mo rùin?
Tir nan gaisgeach 'bha dìleas
A' sheasdh na fìrinn 's a' chrùin,
Gheobht' ann cruinneagan bòidheach
A sheinnibh dhuinn òrain bha binn,
Tìr nam filidh bha àluinn,
'S lionar bàrd a chaidh àrach na d' ghlinn.

VI.

Songs of the Macgrigors.

Of all the cruelties and persecutions recorded in our national history, there are none more grievous than those endured by the Clan MacGrigor. Most of the chieftains accepted, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, crown charters for their lands; but not so the chiefs of the MacGrigors. It is said that the clan positively refused to allow them to do so. For this they were driven beyond the pale of mercy. They were hunted like wild beasts, pursued by blood-hounds, taken by means of every unfair stratagem, and when taken executed.

The three songs that follow give us a woful glimpse of their sufferings. There are many other MacGrigor songs besides these. A collection of the later ones will be found in a book of Gaelic songs published by John MacGrigor, of Fearnan, Lochtayside, in the year 1801.

23.—CUMHA GHRIOGAIR MHICGRIOGAIR.

(LAMENT FOR GRIGOR MACGRIGOR.)

In the latter half of the sixteenth century lived Duncan Campbell, of Glenlyon, who was so celebrated for his hospitality that he was known as "Donnacha Ruadh na Feileach." His residence was "Caisteal a Curin-bhàn," about two miles above the pass. He had a daughter,* whom he intended giving in marriage to the Baron of Dall, on the south side of Loch Tay. The daughter was of a different opinion, for having met with young Grigor MacGrigor, of Glenstrae, she gave up to him her heart's warmest affections, and which he fully returned. In spite of all opposition, she left her father's house, and married him. Duncan was bitterly vexed, and so were the then heads of the eastern Campbells,—Sir Colin, of Glenurchay, and his son, "Black Duncan." In consequence, Grigor and his wife were followed with the most unrelenting enmity. They were often obliged to wander from place to place, taking shelter in caves, under rocks, and in thickets of the woods. On the night preceding the 7th day of April, 1570, they had rested under a rock on a hill-side above Loch Tay. Next morning, after taking such breakfast as in the circumstances they could compass, the young wife sat herself on the ground, and dandled her young babe in her arms, whilst Grigor was fondly playing with it. This endearing episode of pure love and affection was ruthlessly broken in upon. In an instant they were surrounded by a band of their foes, and carried off to Balloch. Grigor was at once condemned to death, and beheaded at Kenmore, in presence of Sir Colin; his wife, daughter of the Ruthven, who looked on out of an upper window; Black Duncan; Athole; the Lord Justice-Clerk; and Duncan Campbell, of Glenlyon. Most pitiful of all, the unutterably wretched wife was forced to witness her husband's execution. Immediately thereafter, with her babe in her arms, she was driven forth by her kindred, helpless and houseless. The kindness, however, thus cruelly denied, was abundantly given by others, who sorely pitied her sad case. In her great anguish she composed the song that follows, and sung it as a lullaby to her babe. Some of the sentiments are, doubtless, extreme; but then we must allow for the feelings of a wife and mother torn and lacerated in such a way. Nay! is it not so that, in spite of the intensity of hate given utterance to, and notwithstanding that we feel ourselves trembling with horror, still we find it to be impossible not, in many respects, although not in these, deeply to sympathize with her?

It is worthy of notice that the most forbidding part of the story, where she states the pleasure with which she could drink her husband's blood, was a very old custom amongst the Gaels of Ireland, and most probably of Scotland also. It was looked upon, it is said, "as a mark of extreme love, sorrow, and distraction." Thus, in the celebrated tale of the children of Uisneach, we find that, after the murder of the three brothers, Naois, Anli, and Arden, Deirdre lay upon their grave, and began "to drink their blood abundantly; and a mound was reared for them, and Deirdre raised the strain—

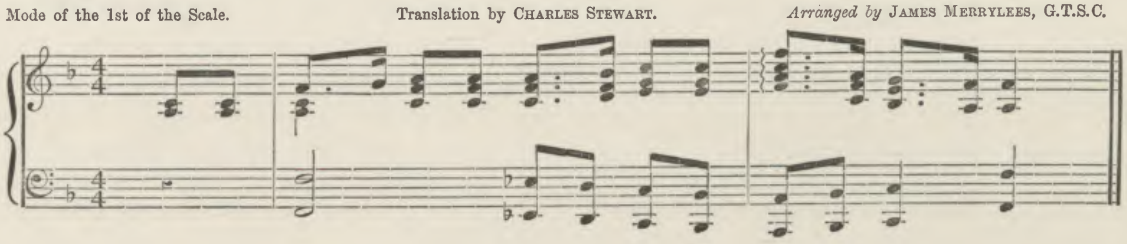
"To death ingloriously betrayed;
This treacherous act; oh! did she know,
In anguish would she sadly weep,
And I would drown her with my woe," &c.

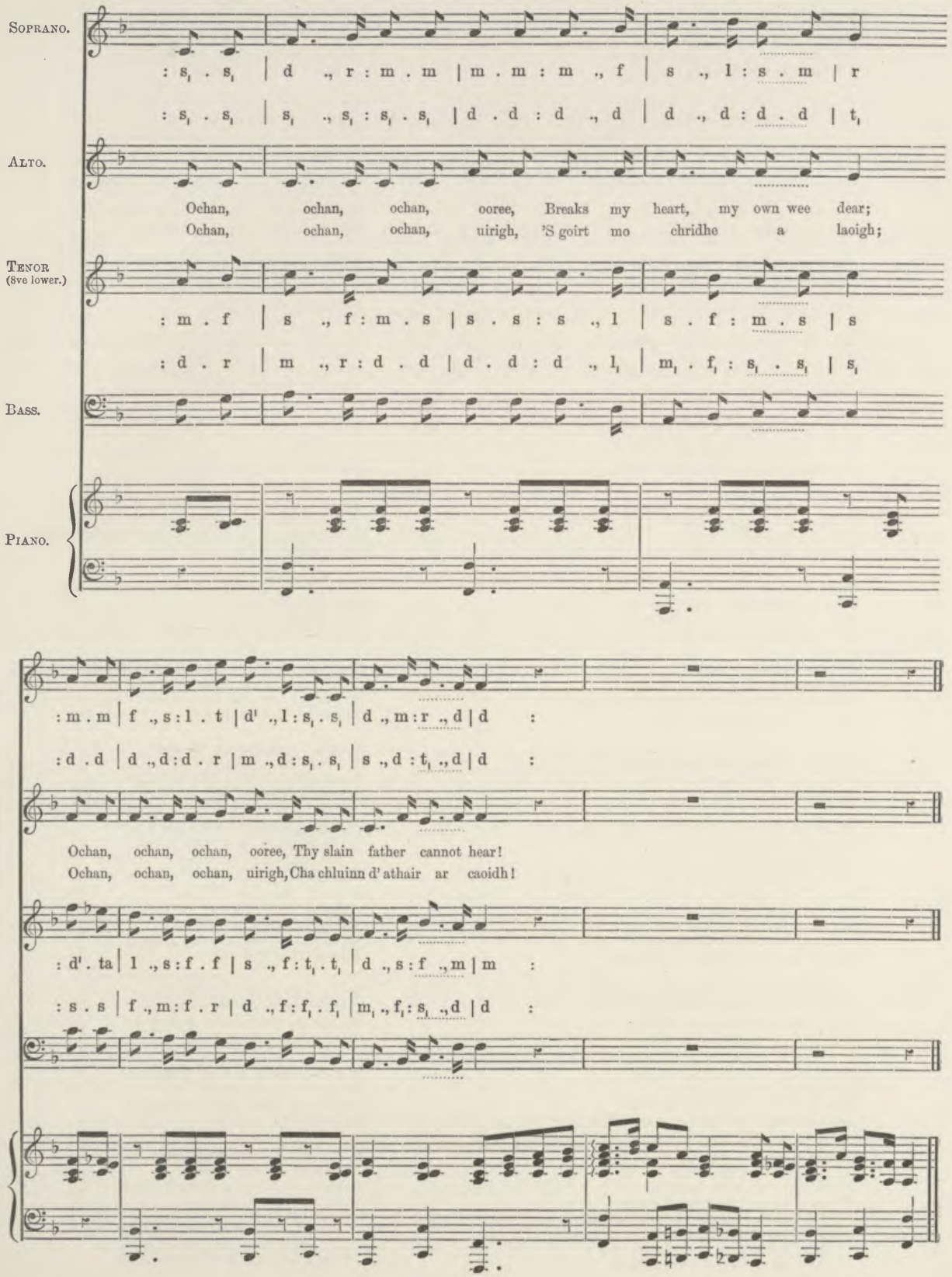
(See "Transactions," Gaelic Society of Dublin, 1808, page 115.)

The music greatly intensifies the sadness of a story sad enough in itself.

* One version of the story is that she was Black Duncan's own daughter, and to which the song almost appears to give some countenance. I give the Glenlyon version of the story, which I think is the best authenticated. I scarcely think that, rough as the times were, we can imagine a gentleman, as undoubtedly Black Duncan was, allowing his daughter to be so treated.

Mode of the 1st of the Scale. Translation by CHARLES STEWART. *Arranged by* JAMES MERRYLEES, G.T.S.C.




Soprano.
: s, . s, | d ., r : m . m | m . m : m ., f | s ., l : s . m | r
: s, . s, | s, ., s, : s, . s, | d . d : d ., d | d ., d : d . d | t,
Alto.
Ochan, ochan, ochan, ooree, Breaks my heart, my own wee dear;
Ochan, ochan, ochan, uirigh, 'S goirt mo chridhe a laoigh;
Tenor (8ve lower.)
: m . f | s ., f : m . s | s . s : s ., l | s . f : m . s | s
: d . r | m ., r : d . d | d . d : d ., l, | m, . f, : s, . s, | s,
Bass.
Piano.
: m . m | f ., s : l . t | d' ., l : s, . s, | d ., m : r ., d | d :
: d . d | d ., d : d . r | m ., d : s, . s, | s ., d : t, ., d | d :
Ochan, ochan, ochan, ooree, Thy slain father cannot hear!
Ochan, ochan, ochan, uirigh, Cha chluinn d' athair ar caoidh!
: d' . ta | l ., s : f . f | s ., f : t, . t, | d ., s : f ., m | m :
: s . s | f ., m : f . r | d ., f : f, . f, | m, ., f, : s, ., d | d :

Early on last Sunday morning
I was joyous with my love;
Ere that noonday had passed o'er us
I was pierced with sudden grief.

Cursed be nobles and my kindred,
Who have sorely stricken me;
Foul betrayed my own heart's darling,
Seized him fast, and laid him low.

Were there twelve men of his clanship,
And my Grigor them to lead,
My sad eyes were not thus streaming,
Nor my child so sore bereft.

His dear head upon an oak-block
They have placed, and shed his blood;
Could I only have a cup, then,
Ah! how deeply could I drink.

Oh! that Colin were plague-smitten,
And my father in sore pain,
Whilst the daughter of the Ruthven
Rubbed her hands and palms in vain.

Grey-haired Colin I would dungeon,
And "Black Duncan" make secure;
Every Campbell within Balloch
In chained wristlets I'd make sure.

When I reached the plains of Balloch,
There no resting-place I found;
Not one hair left I untorn,
Nor my palms one shred upon.

Could I fly as does the sky-lark,
I'd tear Grigor from their hands,
And the highest stone in Balloch
As the lowest I would lay.

Oh! for Finlarig in blazes,
And proud Balloch steeped in flames,
Whilst my Grigor, the white-palmed one,
In my arms then rested safe.

Though now reft of my own loved one,
Whilst all others have their own,
One I had both fragrant, lovely,
But his head is lowly laid.

When the wives of all my kindred
Are deep wrapt in balmy sleep,
On my bed I sit sad weeping,
And my hands I wring in grief.

Fain would I be with my Grigor,
On the heath, or 'mongst the woods,
Than of Dalach, the wee Baron's,
Housed in walls of lime and stones.

Fain would I be with my Grigor,
'Neath a wrapper torn and bare,
Than of Dallach, the wee Baron's,
Silks and gauzes as my wear.

Fain would I be with my Grigor,
Driving cows along the glen,
Than of Dalach, the wee Baron's,
Drinking beer and quaffing wine.

Though it snowed, and though it drifted,
On "a day of seven blasts,"
Yet a crag my Grigor found me,
Where I warmly there could rest.
Ba hu, ba ho, my own wee dearie,
Thou art but a little child,
E'n in manhood, I much fear me,
You his death can't full redeem.

Moch 'sa' mhadain là di-Dòmhnaich
Bha mi 'sùgradh marri 'm ghràdh;
Ach m' an d' thainig meadhon latha
'S mise bhá air mo chradh.

Mallach aig maithibh 's aig càirdean,
Rinn mo chràdh air an dòigh;
Thainig gun fhios air mo ghràdhsa,
'S thug fo smachd e le foill.

Na 'm biodh da-fhear-dheug d' a chinneach,
'S mo Ghriogair air an ceann,
Cha bhiodh mo shuil a sileadh dheur,
No mo leanabh fein gun daimh.

Chuir iad a cheann air ploc daraich
Is dhoirt iad 'fhuil mu 'n làr;
Na 'm biodh agamsa sin cupan,
Dh' òlainn di mo shàth.

'S truagh nach robh m' athair ann an galar,
Agus Cailein ann am plaigh,
Ged bhiodh nighean an Ruthainaich
Suathadh bhas a's laimh.

Chuirinn Cailein liath fo ghlasaibh,
'S "Donnacha Dubh" an laimh;
'S gach Caimbeulach a bha am Bealach
Gu giulan nan glas-laimh.

Rainig mise réidhlein Bhealaich,
'S cha d' fhuair mi ann tamh;
Cha d' fhag mi ròinn do m' fhalt gun tarruing,
No craicionn air mo laimh.

'S truagh nach robh mi 'n riochd na h-uiseig,
Spionnadh Ghriogair ann mo lamh,
'S i chlach a b' airde anns a' chaisteal
Chlach a b' fhaisg do 'n bhlàr.

'S truagh nach robh Fionnlairg na lasair,
'S Bealach mor na smàl,
'S Griogair bàn nam basa geala,
Bhi eadar mo dhà laimh.

S' ged tha mi gun ubhlan agam,
'S ubhlan uile aig làch,
'S ann tha m' ubhal cubhraidh grinn,
A's cul a' chinn ri làr.

Ged tha mnaithibh chàich aig baile
Na 'n laidhe 's na 'n cadal seimh,
'S ann bhios mise aig bruaich mo leapa,
A bualadh mo dha laimh.

'S mor a bannsa bhi aig Griogair,
Air feadh choille 's fraoich,
Na bhì aig Baran crion na Dalach,
An tigh cloich a's aoil.

'S mor bannsa bhi aig Griogair,
Cur a' chruidh do 'n ghleann,
Na bhì aig Baran crion na Dalach,
Ag ol air fion 's air leann.

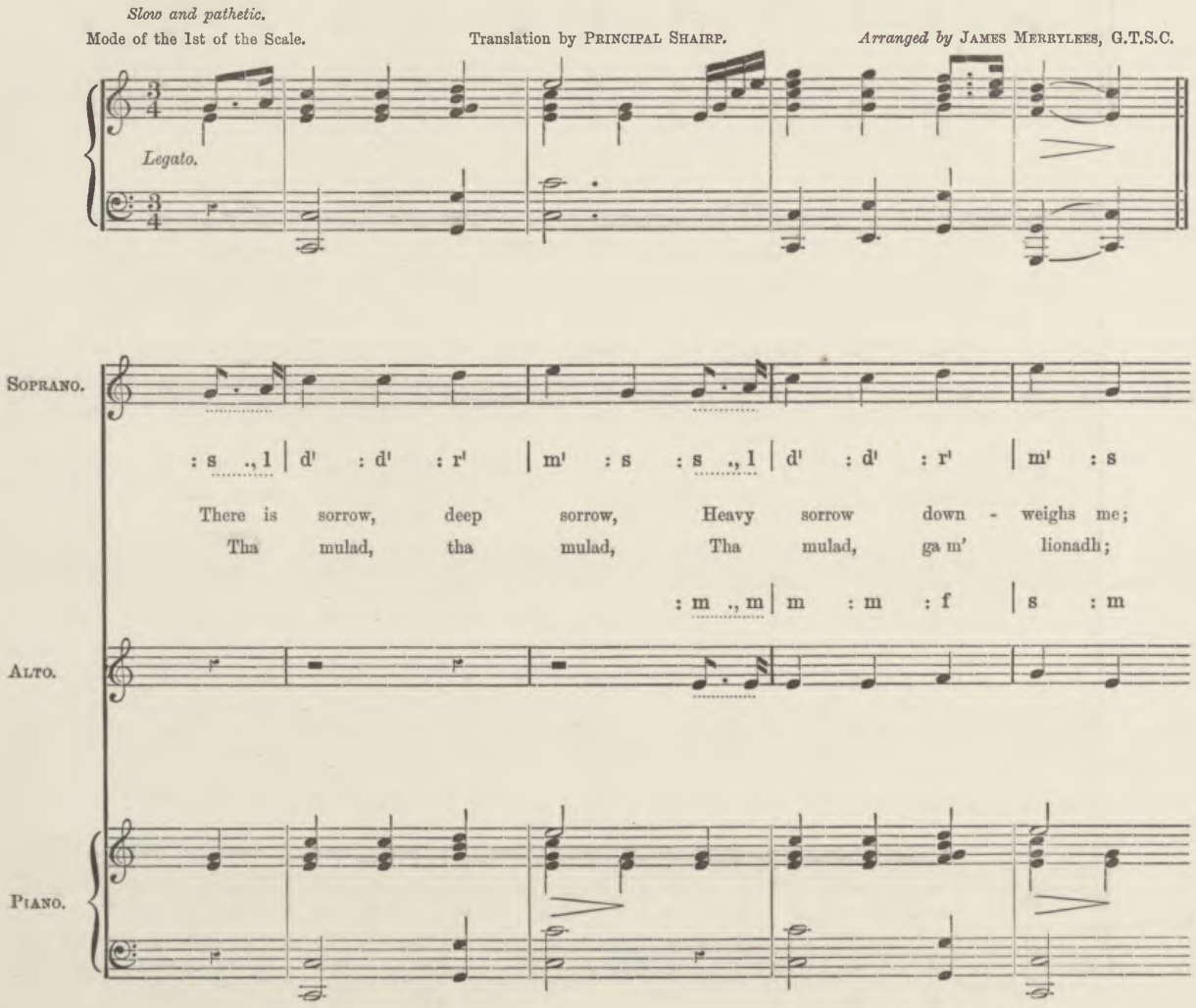
'S mor a bannsa bhì aig Griogair,
Fo brata ruibeach roinn,
Na bhì aig Baran crion na Dalach,
Giùlan siòd a 's sròil.

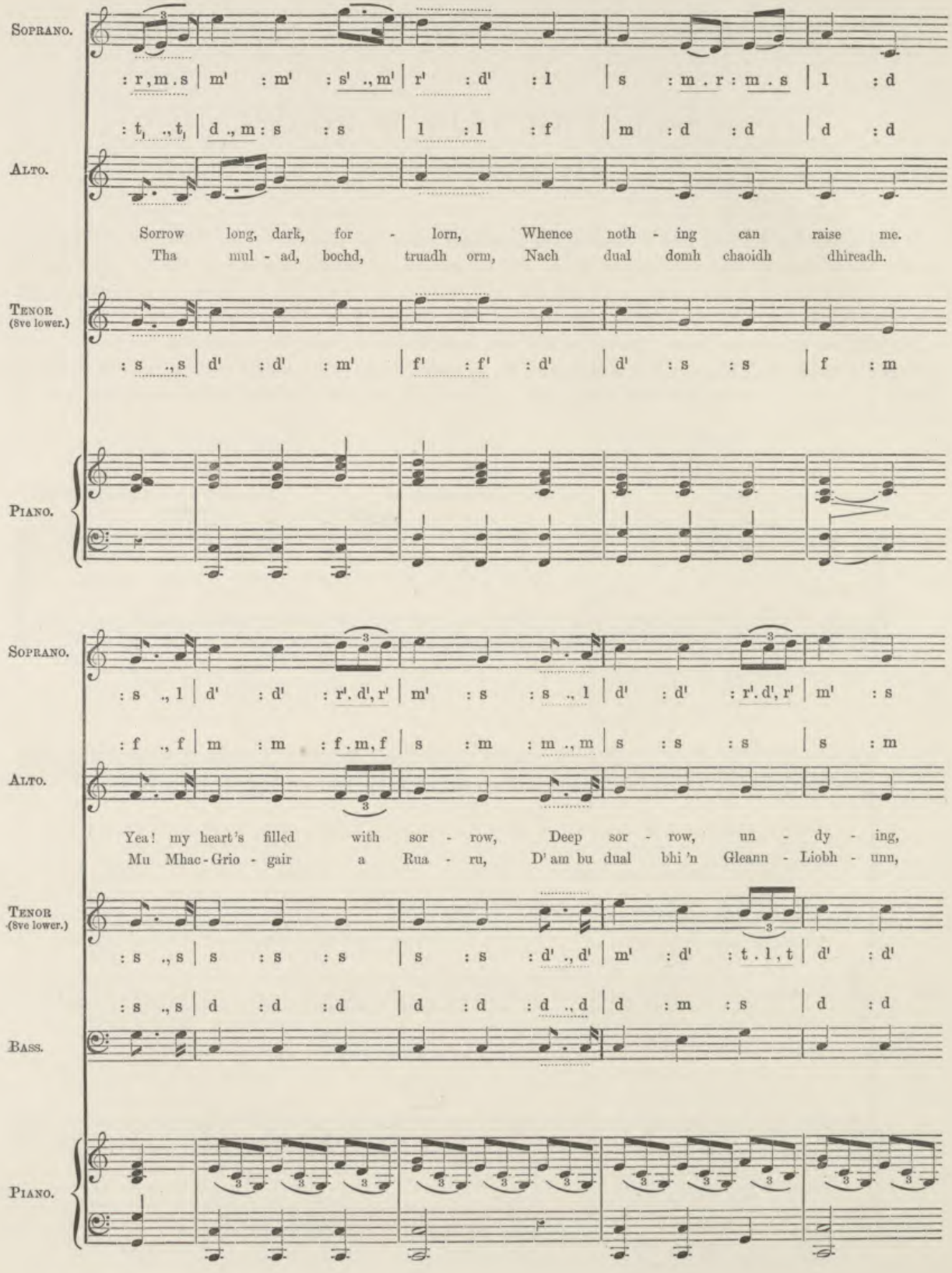
Ged biodh cur a's cathath ann,
A's "latha no seachd sion,"
Gheibheadh Griogair dhomhsa cragan,
'S an caidlimid fo dhion.
Ba hu, ba ho, aisrain bhig,
Cha 'n 'eil thu fathasd ach tlàth,
'S eagal leam nach tig an latha,
Gun diol thu d' athair gu bràth.

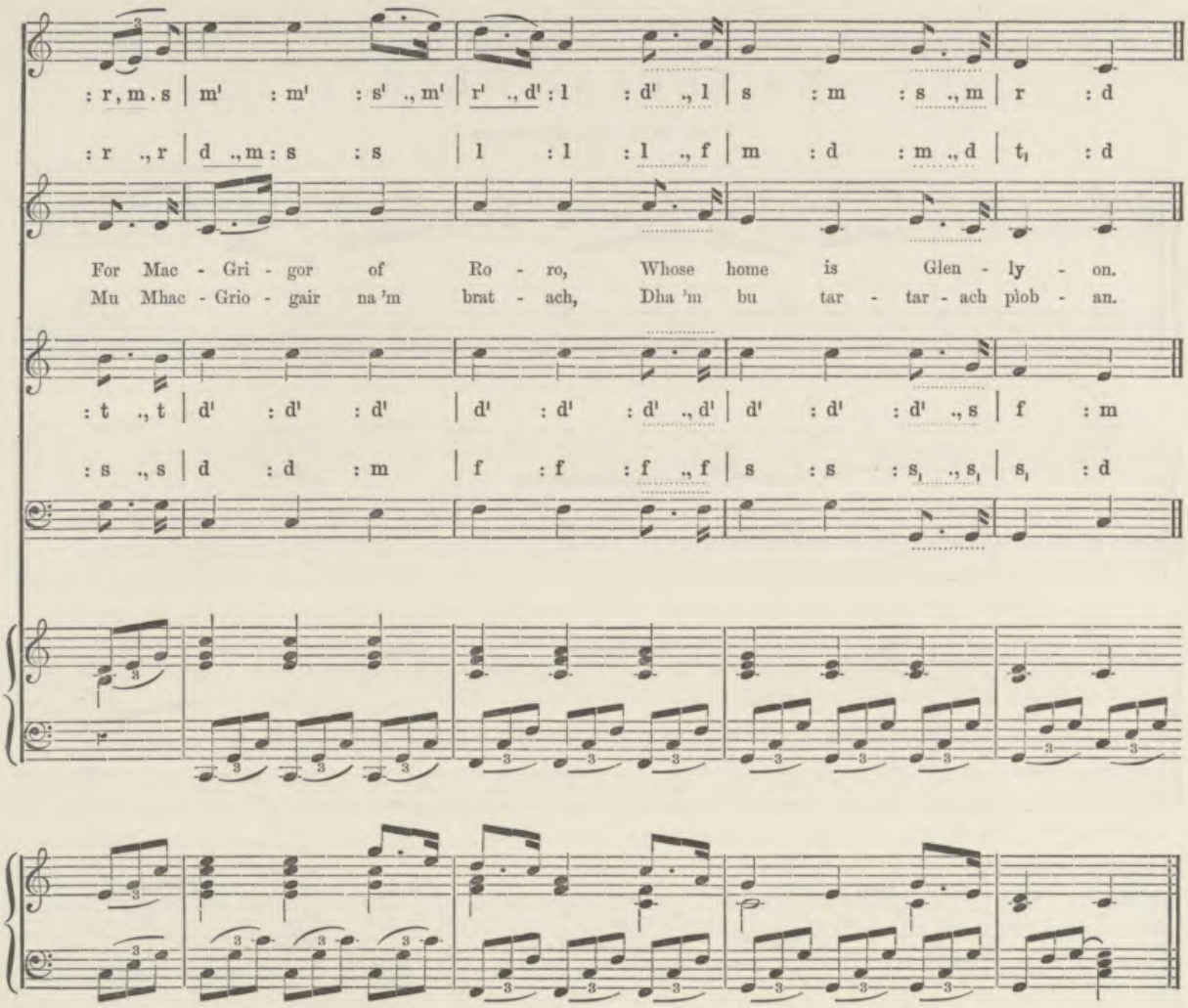
24.—MACGRIOGAIR 'O RUARU.

(MACGRIGOR OF RORO.)

In 1602 a memorable fight took place in Glenfruin, near Lochlomond, betwixt the Colquhouns and the MacGrigors, when the latter, with small loss to themselves, nearly annihilated the former. For this and various depredations engaged in by this broken and rendered desperate race, they were so pursued and hemmed in, that their chief, MacGrigor of Glenstrae, found it necessary to deliver himself, and fifteen of the principal men of the clan, up to the government,—but under promise of being allowed to leave the country. This promise was kept to the ear, but ruthlessly broken in the fact, as, after being conducted over the border into England, they were brought back to Edinburgh, and hanged, Grigor being "hung on ane pyn about ane eln heichar nor the rest." Amongst them was "Gregour MacGregour M'Dndochie, in Roro." (See "Black Book of Taymouth," page 38.) On the sad news reaching Glenlyon, this lament was composed; but by whom is not known.




Soprano.
Alto.
Sorrow long, dark, for - lorn, Whence noth - ing can raise me.
Tha mul - ad, bochd, truadh orm, Nach dual domh chaoidh dhireadh.
Tenor (8ve lower.)
Piano.
Soprano.
Alto.
Yea! my heart's filled with sor - row, Deep sor - row, un - dy - ing,
Mu Mhac - Grio - gair a Rua - ru, D' am bu dual bhi 'n Gleann - Liobh - unn,
Tenor (8ve lower.)
Bass.
Piano.



For the bannered MacGrigor
So bravely who bore him,
With the roar of the war-pipe
Loud thundering before him.

His emblem the pine tree
On mountain-side swinging;
His trim tapered arrows
The true bird was winging:—

Trim shafts that a king's son
Might glory in bearing;
From MacMurdoch's strong hand
Home they sped, how unerring!

Now I will not complain
Though a coward should smite me;
Should they wrong and outrage,
O heaven! who shall right me?

'Tis my pain, they're not here,
Whom living, naught ailed me;
East in yon chapel lie [me.
The true hearts that ne'er failed

Their fair heads are low,
My dear foster brothers;
Them the scant linen shroud
In strait bed barely covers.

Linen shroud with no bands
Nor silk tassels made ready,
Nor sewed by the fingers
Of nobly-born lady.

Now a rede I would rede thee,
And thereon well think thou;
When thou goest to the hostel
But a single cup drink thou.

Stand and drink;—of the men
That are round thee be wary;
Be it bale-dish or ladle,
Drink it down, nothing chary.

Make winter as autumn,
The wolf-days as summer;
Thy bed be the bare rock,
And light be thy slumber.

For though scarce be the squirrel,
There's a way got to find her;
Though proud be the falcon,
There are deft hands can bind her.

There is sorrow, deep sorrow,
Heavy sorrow down-weighs me;
Sorrow long, dark, forlorn,
Whence nothing can raise me.

Ga 'm bu shuaicheantas giubhas
Ri bruthach ga 'dhìreadh,
Crann caol air dheadh locradh,
'S ite dhosrach an fhìr-eoin.

Crann caol air dheadh shnaitheadh,
Cuid do dh'aighear mhic Righ e;
Ann an laimh dheadh Mhic Mhui-
Ga 'chumail rèidh direach. [rich.

Ge do bhuail e mi 'm bà-laoch,
Gu m' ghearan cha bhi mi;
Ge do dhean iad orm eu-coir,
A thi féin co 'ni dhioladh.

'S luchd a ghabhail mo leithsgeil,
Anns a' chaibeal so shìos uam;
Luchd a sheasamh mo chòrach
Is e mo leòn iad bhi dhi orm.

Mo chomh-dhaltan gaolach,
An' leaba chaol 's an ceann iosal;
Ann an lèinne chaoil anairt,
Gun bhannan gun slòd' oirr'.

'S nach d' iarr sibh ga fuaigheal
Mnaithean uaisle na tire,
Ort a bheirinse comhairle
Na'n gabhadh tu dhiom e.

Nuair a théid thu 'n tigh-òsda
Na òl ann ach aon deoch;
Gabh do dhrama na d' sheasamh,
'Us bi freasd'lach mu d' dhaoin-
eadh.

Na dean diuthadh mu d'shoitheach,
Gabh an ladar no 'n taoman;
Dean am faoghar do 'n gheamhradh,
'S dean an samhradh do 'n
fhaoiltich.

Dean do leaba 's na creagaib
'Us na caidil ach aotrom;
Ge h-aineamh an fheòrag,
Gheabhar seòl air a faodainn.

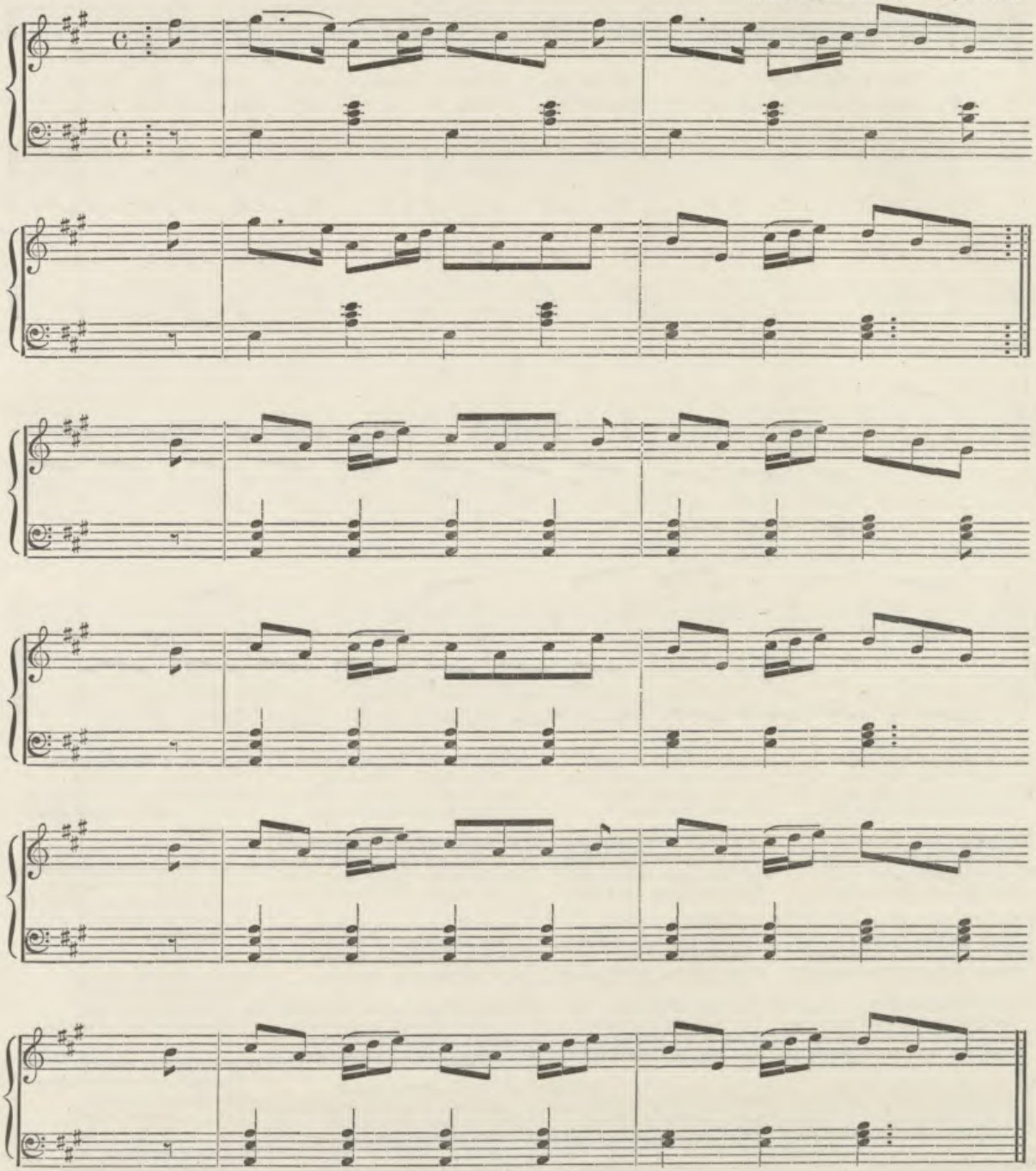
Ge h-aineamh an fheorag,
Gheabhar seol air a faodainn;
Ge h-uasal an t-sheobhag
Is tric a ghabhar le foill i.

Tha mulad, tha mulad,
Tha mulad ga m' lionadh;
Tha mulad bochd, truadh orm,
Nach dual domh chaoidh
dhìreadh.

NA THULAICHEAN.

FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

Arranged by JAMES MERRYLEES, G.T.S.C.



The above melody is an original Killin Violin set. A very beautiful Pipe set, arranged for the Pianoforte, will be found in "The Thistle," page 13.

25.—NA TULAICHEAN.

(REEL OF TULLOCH.)

The following incident occurred in the latter part of the sixteenth, or the early part of the seventeenth century. A John MacGrigor—usually known as "Iain Dubh Geàrr"—of the Ruaru branch of that clan, was at Killin attending St. Fillan's market, ("Féill Fhaolain,") which is held there in January. He was set upon at Streethouse by eight men; but being very powerful, and a splendid swordsman, he either killed or seriously wounded the whole of them. Upon this he fled to Strathspey, where he married a young lady named Isabel Anderson. Twelve men and a superior in command were sent after, to take him either dead or alive. He was slumbering in a barn when intelligence was privately brought him that they had arrived, and were near at hand. His first impulse was to fly; but being strongly persuaded by Isabel, he resolved on fighting it out. They had a gun and a pistol, with plenty of ammunition; and as John fired at his pursuers through crevices in the wall, Isabel, who stood behind him, loaded. The result was that in a very short time the whole thirteen were severely wounded, whereupon John sallied forth and cut off their heads. Isabel then gave him a draught of beer, which he quaffed; and seizing her round the waist, they improvised and danced those reel-steps which have ever since been so popular. The words were also improvised, and sung as a "mouth-tune;" but the music must have been old.

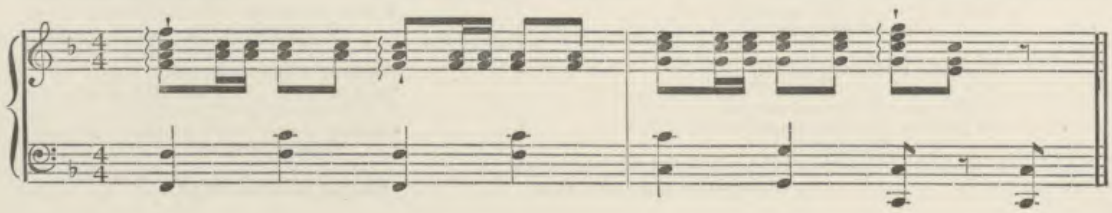
John, it is said, afterwards became a peaceable and prosperous man; and it has been satisfactorily shewn that the celebrated Doctors Gregory, who did so much to establish the fame of the Edinburgh Medical School, were descendants of his. Before settling down, however, there is reason to believe that he "raised" some successful "creachs" in Breadalbane. There can be no doubt about his period, as his name appears in the record of Privy Seal, of date 15th May, 1586.

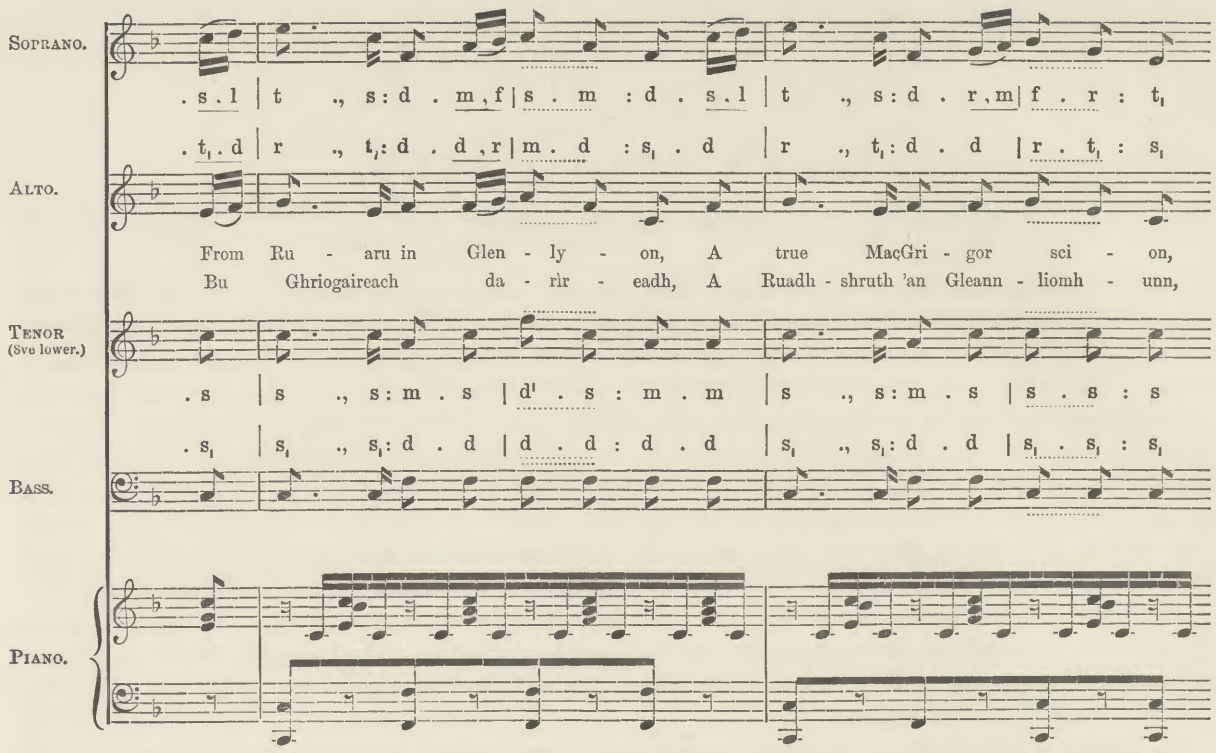
The MacAlpins mentioned in the song have been from time immemorial violinists at Killin. I have never heard a better player of reels and strathspeys than John MacAlpin, who died a few years ago at an advanced age. The only one whom I have known of that splendid older school who could rival him, was Duncan MacKerchar, also a Breadalbane man. It was an experience not to be forgotten to hear them play together. John MacAlpin composed some reel tunes that cannot easily be excelled, notably "Glentilt Lodge," "Peggy Menzies," and "Mrs. Dr. Forbes." I have seldom seen a finer specimen of the old Gael,—manly, genial, courteous; in fact, one of nature's gentlemen. I have given the melody as nearly as I can to what he played; and I look upon it as somewhat appropriate that a tune which has been played at Killin for, at the least, three hundred years, by members of the same family, should form part of the "Killin Collection." There are multiplied variations to the "Reel of Tulloch," some of them very beautiful. The music of this celebrated tune is full of interest. It is not only modal, but in its violin form, as now given, it is in the rarest of all the modes,—that of te, the seventh of the scale, having its semitones between the first and second, and the fourth and fifth of its own modal scale. When this tune is played on the bag-pipes it is necessary to flatten the te a semitone wherever it occurs. This changes the mode to fa, the fourth of the scale, and makes the tune somewhat less melodious, though not less full of vivacity.

The impossibility of bringing out characteristically—or, indeed, correctly—modal music by the modern major and minor scales, cannot be better illustrated than by this "Reel of Tulloch." MacKerchar, for instance, (see his collection, 1824,) being ignorant of the modal character of such music, and yet guided by the genuine correctness of his ear, felt the impossibility of ending this tune upon the major key-note. As it stands in his collection, therefore, (as well as in others,) whilst in its bag-pipe form ending on G natural, he has it on the key of A, three sharps; and in consequence has been obliged to introduce no less than six accidentals, and to end a major second below his key-note. The modal settings now given will be found without a single accidental, and strikingly illustrate the piercing effect of the note te. This note occurring repeatedly in the phrase, | t ., s : d, has a screaming effect, which at once suggests the "hŏo" of the excited dancers when the reel gets fast and furious.

With great spirit.

Mode of the 7th of the Scale. Translation by CHARLES STEWART. *Arranged by* JAMES MERRYLEES, G.T.S.C.





In Streethouse* at Feill Fhaolan
On him they made an onset dead;
And were he not most manly brave,
Eight sturdy men had mastered him.
From Tullechin, &c.

Then Black John spake up hurriedly:
"I'm just come from the armoury,
And will not down my head coward-bend,
Though all of you should grapple me."
From Tullechin, &c.

On this they all fell foul of him;
And though alone he stoutly faced;
'Twas not advantage that they won,
For down their cheeks poured bloody drops.
From Tullechin, &c.

Then having sheathed his good broadsword,
On shewing what his manhood could,
He to Strathspey his steps betook,
And there a maiden welcomed him.
From Tullechin, &c.

Against Black John MacPatrick†
Was sent a stout and goodly band;
But when they thought that him they'd caught,
'Twas death that shaped their destiny.
From Tullechin, &c.

To Black John, 'midst his slumberings,
A message came in urgent haste:
"Be up, Black John, bestir you quick,
And take you off right speedily."
From Tullechin, &c.

Then said his darling Isabel:
"Be up, and quit you valiantly;
A helpmate true I'll make to you,
In your sore straits to succour you.
From Tullechin, &c.

B' ann an Tigh-na-Sràide
A thug iad ionnsuidh bhàis air;
'S mur bitheadh e ro làidir,
Bha ochdnar nàmh ro mhurrach air.
O Thulaichean, &c.

Ach labhair Ian-Dubh-Geàrr riubh:
"Bha mi ann 's a' cheàrdaich,
'S cha chrom mi sios mo cheann duibh,
Ged thionndadh sibh uile rium."
O Thulaichean, &c.

'N sin bhuail iad uil' air còmhladh;
'S ged 'bha Ian Dubh na ònar;
Cha b' ann da m' buannachd tòiseach,
Bha fuil mu shròin na h-uille fir.
O Thulaichean, &c.

'S 'n uair thaisg e suas a gheur-lann,
'S a dh' ìoc e mheud 's a dh' éigh e,
Gu 'n tug e 'n sin Srath Spé air,
'S bha té ann a chuir furan air.
O Thulaichean, &c.

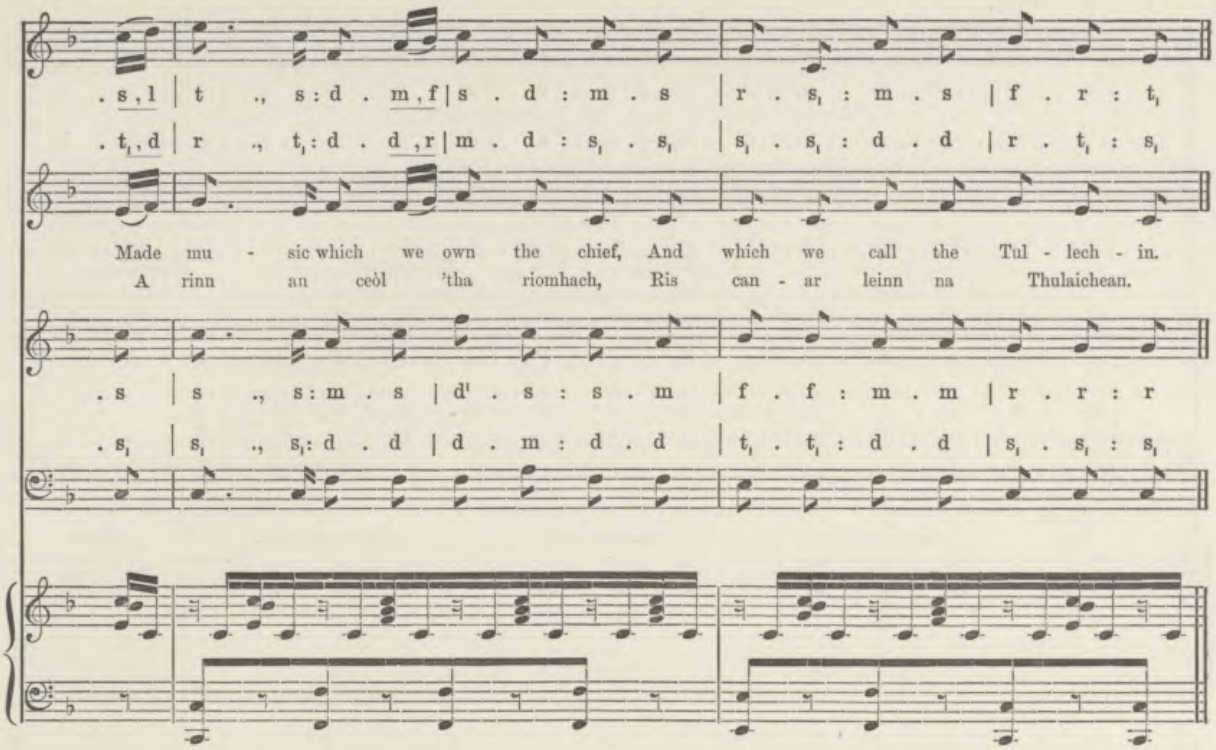
Chuir iad cuideachd làidir,
Ann déigh Iain Duibh Mhic Phàdruic;
'S 'n uair shaoil leo e 'bhi 'n sàs ac',
'S e bàs bh' air a chumadh dhoibh.
O Thulaichean, &c.

Oir thàinig fios an uaigneas,
Do 'n t-shabhal 's e na shuain ann:
"Tog ort, Iain Duibh, 's bidh gluasadh,
'S thoir as cho luath 's a's urra dhuit."
O Thulaichean, &c.

'S e thuirt a leannan ceutach:
"A ghaoil, cuir ort! 's bidh treunmhor;
Is dhuit bithidh mise feumail,
Oir bidh mi gu d' chuideachadh.
O Thulaichean, &c.

* The local name for Killin hotel.

† Son of Patrick MacGrigor.



"Your ammunition hand me quick,
I'll load for him I fondly like,
As you with back straight turned on me,
Your eye keep towards the enemy."
From Tullechin, &c.

Ere Black John raised his battle shout,
His eye he o'er the foe keen glanced;
Twelve men, with one to lead them on,
He found were closing fast on him.
From Tullechin, &c.

His musket then he aimed at them,
Whilst Is'bel pressed each charge fast down;
And ere their fears to danger woke,
Sore wounded was each one of them.
From Tullechin, &c.

Then out he leaped with nimble bound,
And with great wrath fierce kindling him,
No head he left on body then,
To tell of their sad tragedy!
From Tullechin, &c.

"My blessings on my sportsman good;
To him I will entrust my life;
You there in strife a hero stood,
And did a deed of mightihood."
From Tullechin, &c.

Says Black John, turning towards his bride:
"Since I did what I meant to do;
Give me a drink of beer to quaff,
And we will dance the Tullechin.
From Tullechin, &c.

"In 'meets' for joy and happiness,
What mirth and gladness fills our hearts,
Whene'er we hear the strings entuned
For giving us the Tullechin.
From Tullechin, &c.

"Were I where my desire is set,
MacAlpin sitting by my side,
With what delight I'd hear him play
The king of tunes, the Tullechin."
From Tullechin, &c.

"Thoir uidheam dhomh gu sùrdail,
Is lionaidh mi gu dlùth dhuit,
'N sin cumsa 'ghraidh, do chùl rium,
'S do shùil air na h-uile fear."
O Thulaichean, &c.

Sheall e cia lion bh' ann diu,
Mu 'n rachadh e gu 'n ionnsuidh;
Bha dà-fhear-dheug 'us ceannard,
Co teann air 's a b' urra iad.
O Thulaichean, &c.

Chum e riu a bhòtach,
'S bha Isabail 'g a chònadh;
Cha do thàr iad gus an eòlas,
'S ann leòn e gu h-ullamh iad.
O Thulaichean, &c.

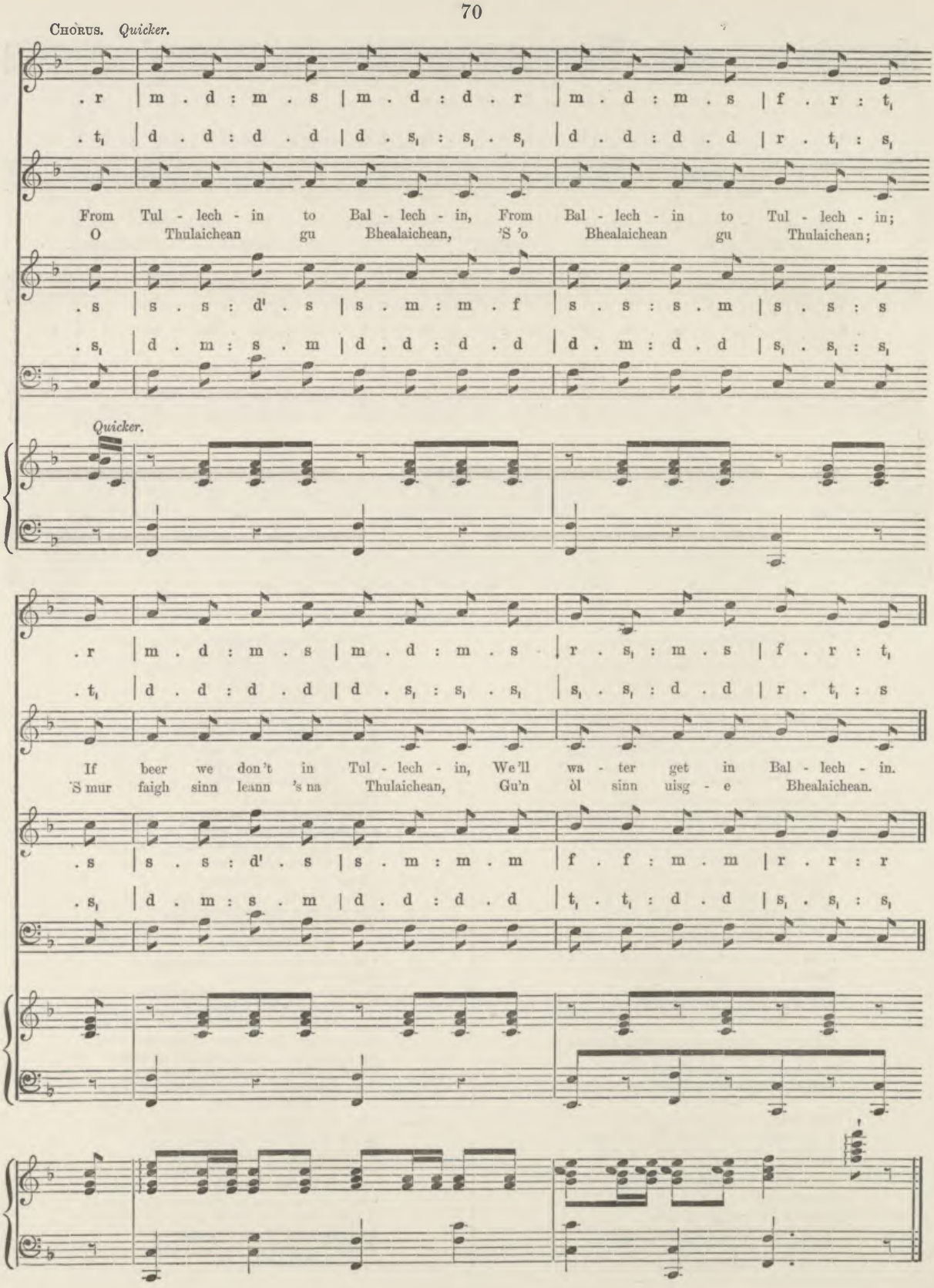
Gheàrr e leum gu h-eatrom,
Gu 'n ionnsuidh, agus fraoch air,
Cha d' fhàg e ceann air h-aon diu,
Thoirt sgeul air an turas ud.
O Thulaichean, &c.

"Mo bheannachd air an t-shealgair;
Ann ad chuirinn earbsa;
'S tu rinn an gniomh neo-chearbach,
'S tu dhearbh a bhi urramach."
O Thulaichean, &c.

Thuirt Iain Dubh 's e tionndadh:
"O n' rinn mi 'n gniomh bha shannt orm;
Ghaoil grad thoir deoch do'n leann domh,
'S gu 'n danns mi na Thulaichean.
O Thulaichean, &c.

"B' e 'n t-aighear 'us an t-aoibhneas,
'N am cruinneachadh re cheile,
'N uair chluinneadhmid na teudan
Ga 'n gleusadh do na Thulaichean.
O Thulaichean, &c.

"Na 'm bithinn mar bu ghnàth leam,
'S MacAilpein a bhi làimh rium,
Bu bhinn leam bhi ga éisdeachd
'N uair thàireadh air na Thulaichean.
O Thulaichean, &c.


Chorus. Quicker.
From Tul - lech - in to Bal - lech - in, From Bal - lech - in to Tul - lech - in;
O Thulaichean gu Bhealaichean, 'S 'o Bhealaichean gu Thulaichean;
Quicker.
If beer we don't in Tul - lech - in, We'll wa - ter get in Bal - lech - in.
'S mur faigh sinn leann 's na Thulaichean, Gu'n òl sinn uisg - e Bhealaichean.

26.—ORAN CHLANN-GHRIOGAIR.

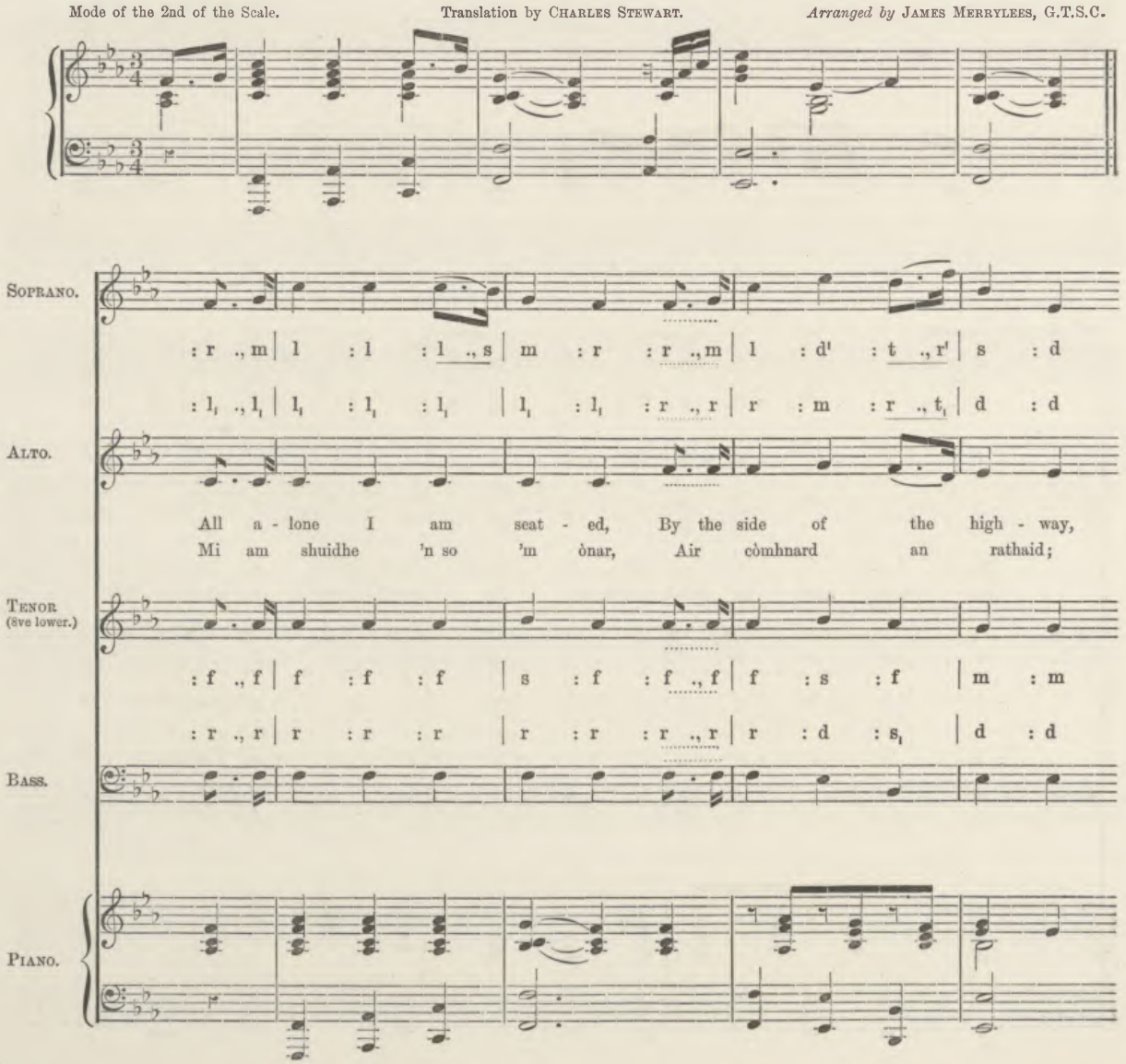
(GLENORCHY MACGRIGOR'S SONG.)

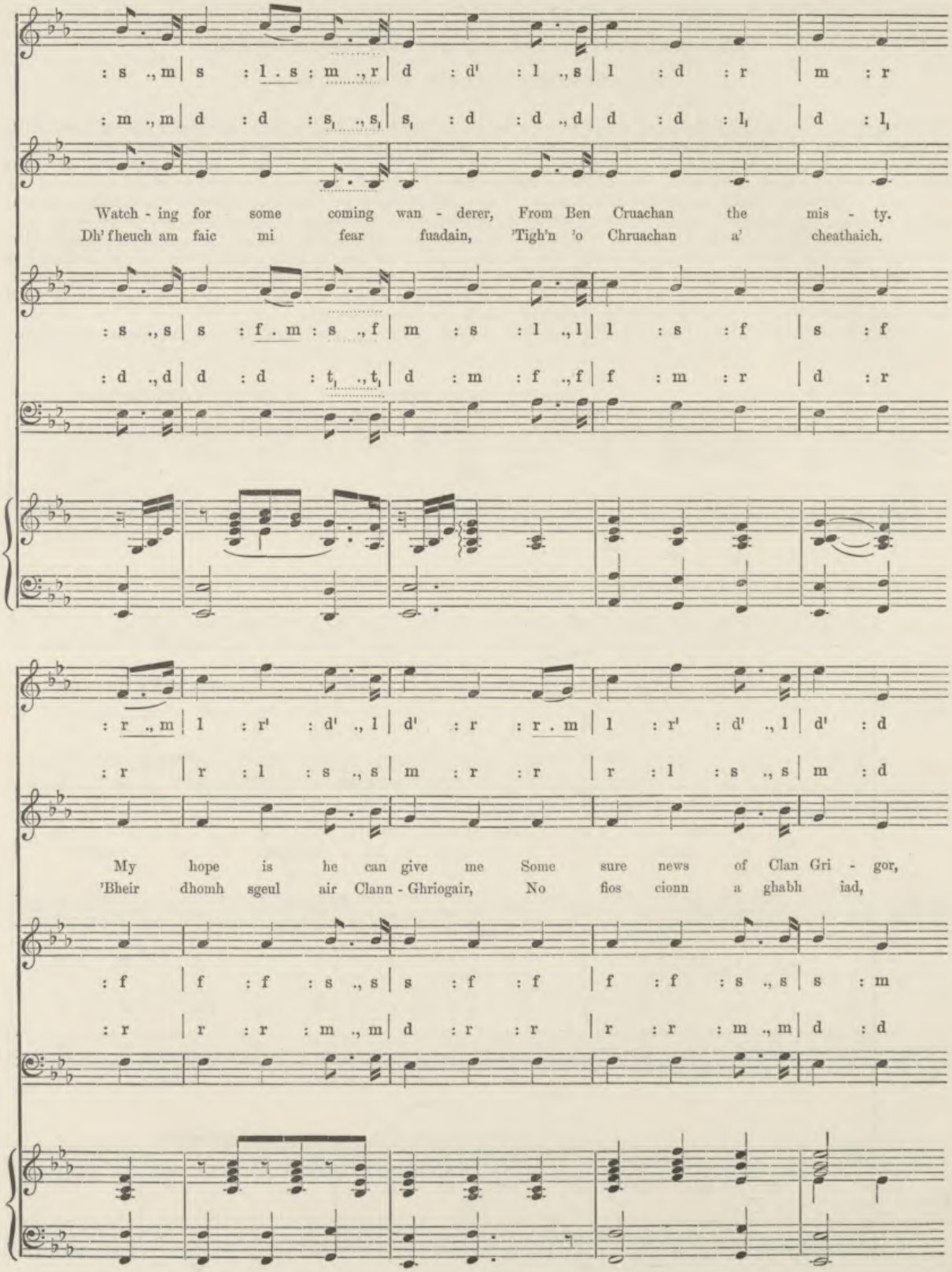
This song was composed by a MacGrigor woman who was married in Glenorchy. It dates back, probably, to the early part of the seventeenth century, when the persecution against this unhappy clan raged so fiercely. It points to a time when guns were not unknown, but when bows and arrows were still in use. The circumstances which called it forth arose out of these troubles. A party of them flying from their foes having taken shelter in her husband's house, were suddenly informed that their pursuers were close at hand, and in full view of the front of the house. The housewife, with great presence of mind, instantly rushed out, and sitting herself by the roadside, commenced singing this song. The other party stopped to listen, and thus allowed time for the MacGrigors to escape by the back of the house.

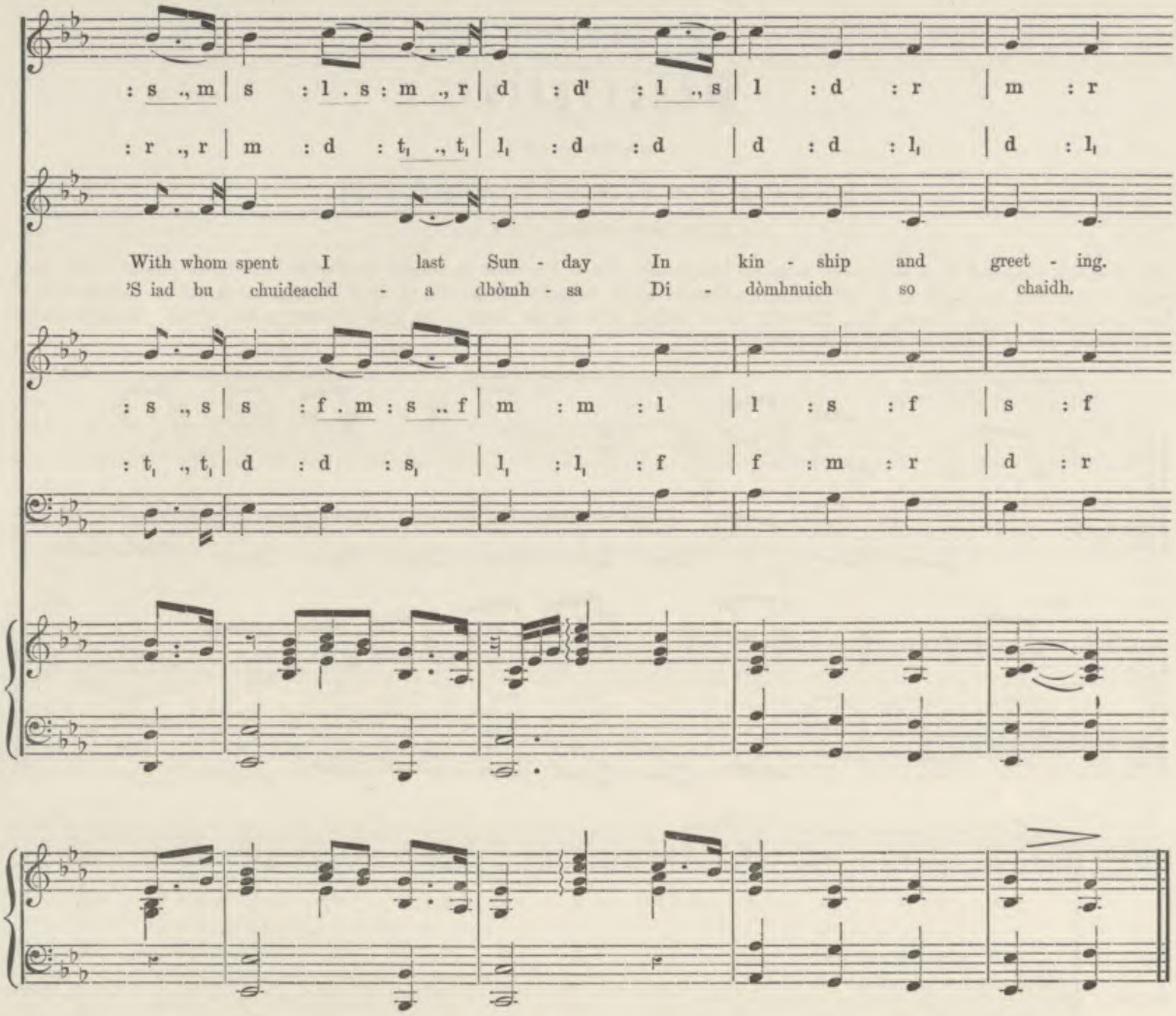
The language is highly metaphorical; but not so much so as to prevent our unravelling the meaning. A party of MacGrigors—called Dark-blue Stags—were startled by their enemies at the river-side, and chased to the Glen of Mists. One of their number, a kinsman of the songstress, by whom he is designated the "Graceful Bird," was murdered by them. The arrow wound she speaks of having received, is evidently not a physical wound at all, but the pain of mind she experienced in consequence. Reciting this to the murderers, she could not possibly, even with all the protection which her womanhood gave her, use plainer language.

Of the music there are, as usual, different versions in different districts. I have, of course, given our own. My mother sang "Bothan àiridh 'm Braigh Rainnich" to the same air.

Mode of the 2nd of the Scale. Translation by CHARLES STEWART. *Arranged by* JAMES MERRYLEES, G.T.S.C.




: s ., m | s : l . s : m ., r | d : d' : l ., s | l : d : r | m : r
: m ., m | d : d : s, ., s, | s, : d : d ., d | d : d : l, | d : l,
Watch - ing for some coming wan - derer, From Ben Cruachan the mis - ty.
Dh' fheuch am faic mi fear fuadain, 'Tigh'n 'o Chruachan a' cheathaich.
: s ., s | s : f . m : s ., f | m : s : l ., l | l : s : f | s : f
: d ., d | d : d : t, ., t, | d : m : f ., f | f : m : r | d : r
: r ., m | l : r' : d' ., l | d' : r : r . m | l : r' : d' ., l | d' : d
: r | r : l : s ., s | m : r : r | r : l : s ., s | m : d
My hope is he can give me Some sure news of Clan Gri - gor,
'Bheir dhomh sgeul air Clann - Ghriogair, No fios cionn a ghabh iad,
: f | f : f : s ., s | s : f : f | f : f : s ., s | s : m
: r | r : r : m ., m | d : r : r | r : r : m ., m | d : d



No news has since reached me
Of how they are faring,
Save, yestreen, that they wandered
Up and down through the strath-glades.
At Lochfyne they were heard of,
If true be my story;
At Clachan Diseart they were drinking
Goodly wine with the chieftains.

There was 'mongst them red Grigor,
Truest hand behind broadsword;
And big Grigor, the light-hearted,
Of our horsemen the leader.
Son of him from Strathardle,
On whom bards would be calling
For a lilt on harp tuneful,
Then awhile at backgammon.

He could play a strain cheerysome
On the violin so sweetly,
As would fill the fair maidens
With joy and with gladness.
Late at even you were hunting
In the glen where the mist wreathes;
There, on top of the moss-bog,
A grand bird you left lying.

Stretched out on the soft bog,
There he lay as you sped him,
With claymore cruelly tearing
His comeliest person.
From the loop where the stream bends
You the dark-blue stags startled;
In the bothy by the dyke's-side,
You took shelter in passing.

There left you my true dirk,
With the belt of my quiver;
'Twas the arrow of slaughter
That piercéd my body.
Through my thigh went that arrow,
And wounded me sorely;
Whose shaft was but ill-trimmed,
Both crooked and tearing.

May the God of all nature
You preserve from grained powder;
From the sharp flashes flaming,
From bullet and arrows.
O'er my face, then, shall hence-forth,
No laugh flit in dimples;
Nor smile of heart gladness
At morn or night-fall.

Cha d' fhuair mi d' an sgeul,
Ach iad bhi 'n dé air na sraithibh,
Thall 's a bhos mu Loch-fine,
Ma 's fior mo luchd-bratha.
Ann an Clachan-an-Diseart
'G òl fìon air na maithibh,
Bha Griogair mór, ruadh ann
Làmh chruaidh air chùl claidhimh.

Agus Griogair mór, meadhrach
Ceann-feadhn ar luchd-tighe,
Mhic an fhir á Srath-Arduil,
Bhiodh na bàird ort a' tathaich.
Bheireadh greis air a' chlàrsaich
'S air an tàileasg gu h-aighear,
'S a sheinneadh an fhidheal
'Chuireadh fiughair fo mhnathan.

'S ann a rinn sibh 'n t-sithionn anmoch
Anns a' ghleann am bi 'n ceathach,
Dh 'fhag sibh an t-Eòin bòidheach
Air a' mhòintich 'na laidhe.
Na stairsnich air feithe,
'N déigh a reubadh le claidheamh,
'S ann a thog sibh greigh dhù-ghorm
Bho lùban na h-abhann.

Ann am bothan na dige
Ghabh sibh dion air an rathad,
Far an d' fhàg sibh mo bhiodag
Agus crios mo bhuilg-shaighead.
Gur i saighead na h-àraich
So thàrmaich am leathar,
Chaidh saighead am shliasaid
Crann fiar air dhroch shnaitheadh.

Gu 'n seachnadh Righ nan Dùl sibh
Bho fhùdar caol neimhe,
Bho shradagan teine
Bho pheileir 's bho shaighead.
Bho sgian na roinn' caoile
'S bho fhaobhar caol claidhimh,
'S ann bha bhuidheann gun còmh-radh
Di-dòmhnuich 'm bràigh bhaile.

'S cha dean mi gàir éibhinn
'N am éiridh no laidhe,
'S beag an t-iognadh dhomh féin sud
'S mi an déigh mo luchd-tighe.
'S beag an t-iognadh dhomh féin sud
'S mi an deigh mo luchd tighe,
'S mi 'm shuidhe 'n so 'm ònar
Air còmhnard an rathaid.

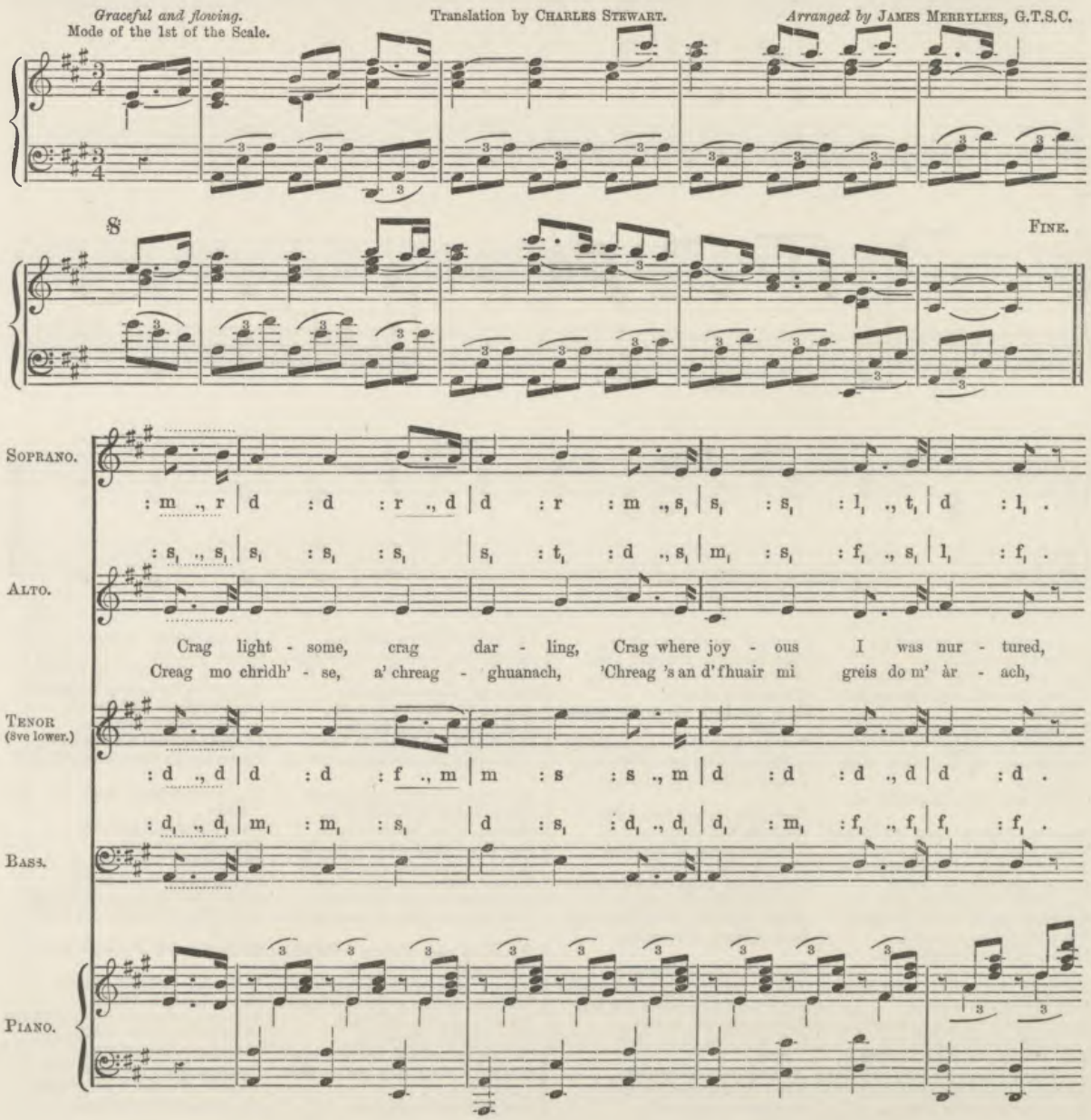
VII.

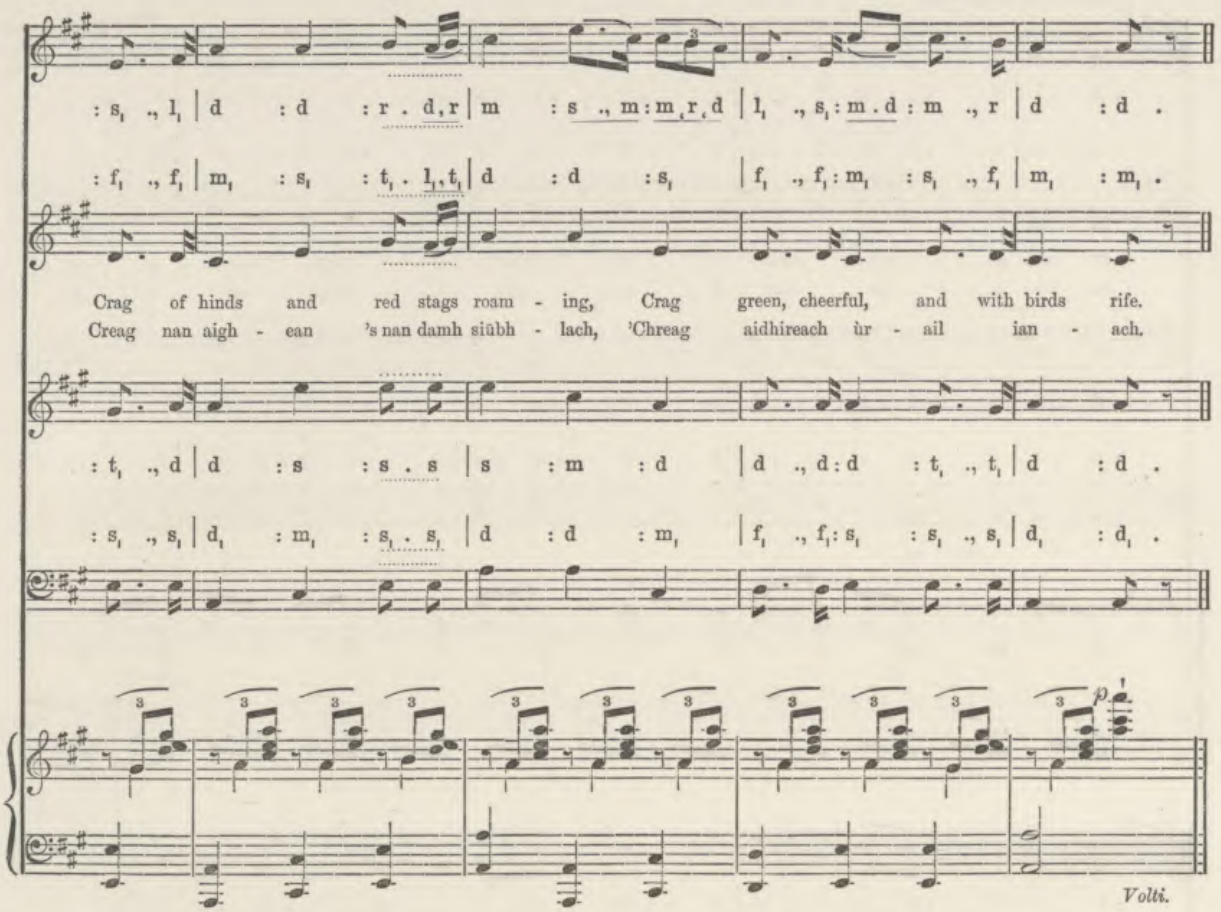
Descriptive.

27.—CREAG-GHUANACH.

(LIGHTSOME CRAG.)

THIS song was composed by a well-known Lochaber hunter and poet of the name of Donald MacDonald. It forms part of a long poem which he puts into the mouth of an owl, and was evidently written when he was too old to climb the crag he so loved. For the melody I am indebted to Joseph Stewart, Esq., Chesthill, whose playing of it on the violin is no small pleasure to his friends. Another version of the music will be found in "Albyn's Anthology," 1816.





Crag where hunting shouts circle,
Crag where fain I aye would tarry,
Where the staghounds, roused to fierceness,
Keep at bay their spotted quarry.
Er min yo, &c.

Sweet the cuckoo's song of gladness,
Sweet the swan's shrill notes of sadness;
Sweeter still the fawn's sad bleating
When the autumn day is fleeting.
Er min yo, &c.

Sweet the murmurs from wood tufts
On steep angles of the corries;
Whilst the hinds, sharp-eared, slim-limbed,
'Neath the leaf shade at noon rest them.
Er min yo, &c.

Crag of my heart is Crag-guanach,
Crag of shade, of dew, and cresses,
Crag green-sloping, glorious, grassy,
Crag removed from ocean's thunder.
Er min yo, &c.

Not of my will was severed
My fond bond with the Crag-guanach;
Long enjoyed I its solace,
But age has now us sadly sundered.
Er min yo, &c.

Chreag mu 'n iathadh an fhaoghaid,
Bu mhiann leam bhi 'ga taoghal,
'N uair bu bhinn guth gallain gaodhair,
A cur graidh gu gabhail chumhainn.
Air minn ó, &c.

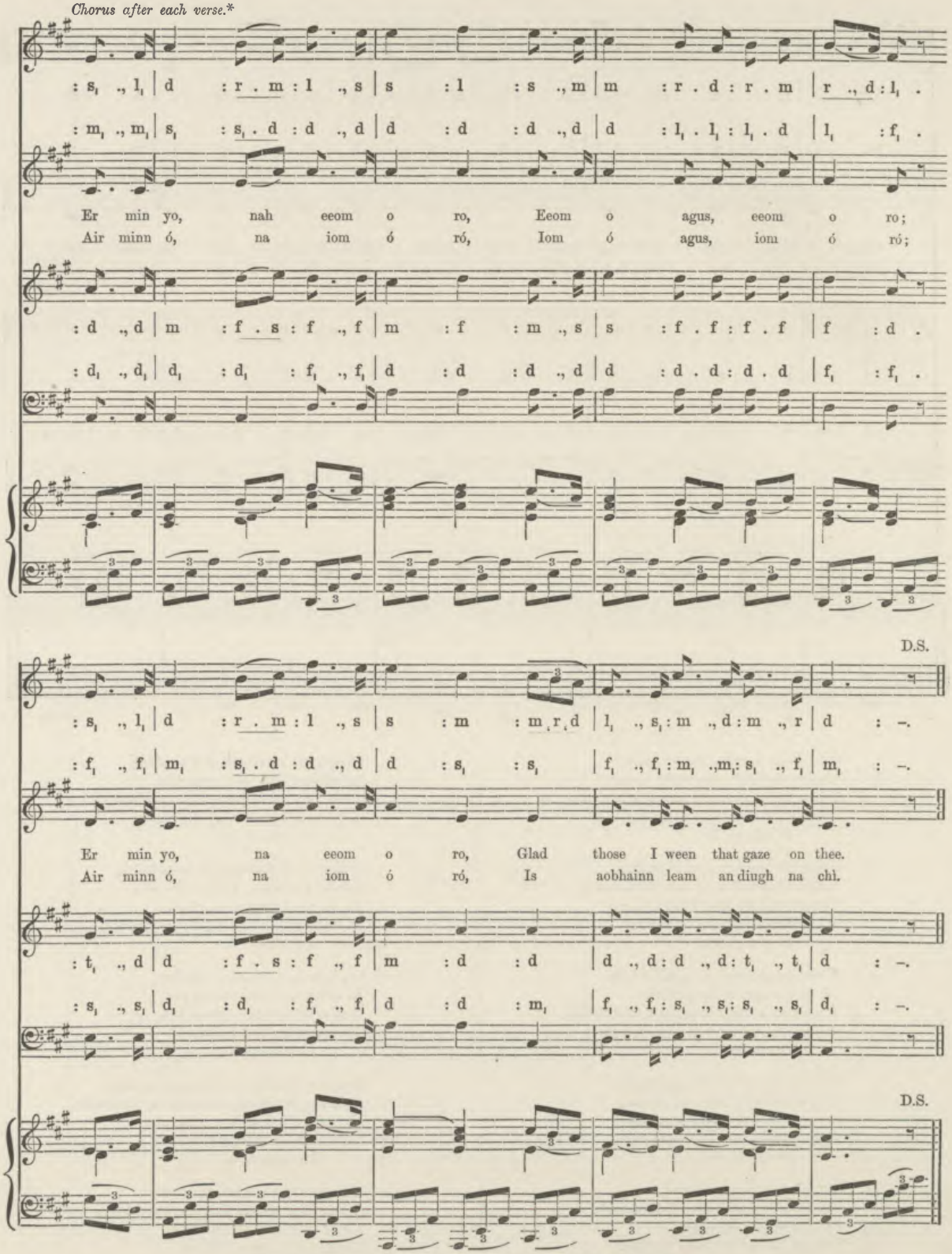
'S binn na h-iolairean m'a bruachaibh,
'S binn a cuachan, 's binn a h-eala;
A's binne no sin am blaoghan,
Ni an laoighean meanbh-bhreac, ballach.
Air minn ó, &c.

'Us binn leam toraman nan dos,
Ri uilinn nan coiri-bheann cas,
'S an eilid bhiorach a's caol cos,
'Ni fois fo dhuilleach ri teas.
Air minn ó, &c.

Creag mo chrìdh'-se a' Chreag-ghuanach,
A chreag dhuilleach, bhiolaireach, bhraonach,
Nan tulach àrd, àluinn, fiarach,
Gur cian a ghabh i o'n mhaorach.
Air minn ó, &c.

Cha mhi fhéin a sgaoil an comunn,
A bha eadar mi 's a' Chreag-ghuanach;
Ach an aois ga 'r toirt o chéile,
Gur grathunn ann a fhuaras.
Air minn ó, &c.

*Chorus after each verse.**



* May also be sung before the first verse, just after the opening symphony.

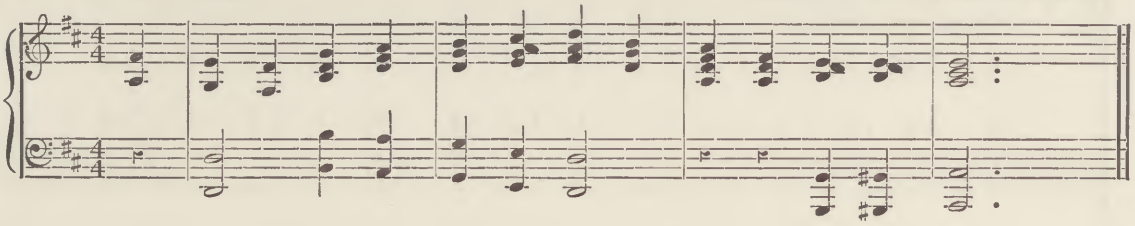
28.—FEASGAR OIRDHEARC.

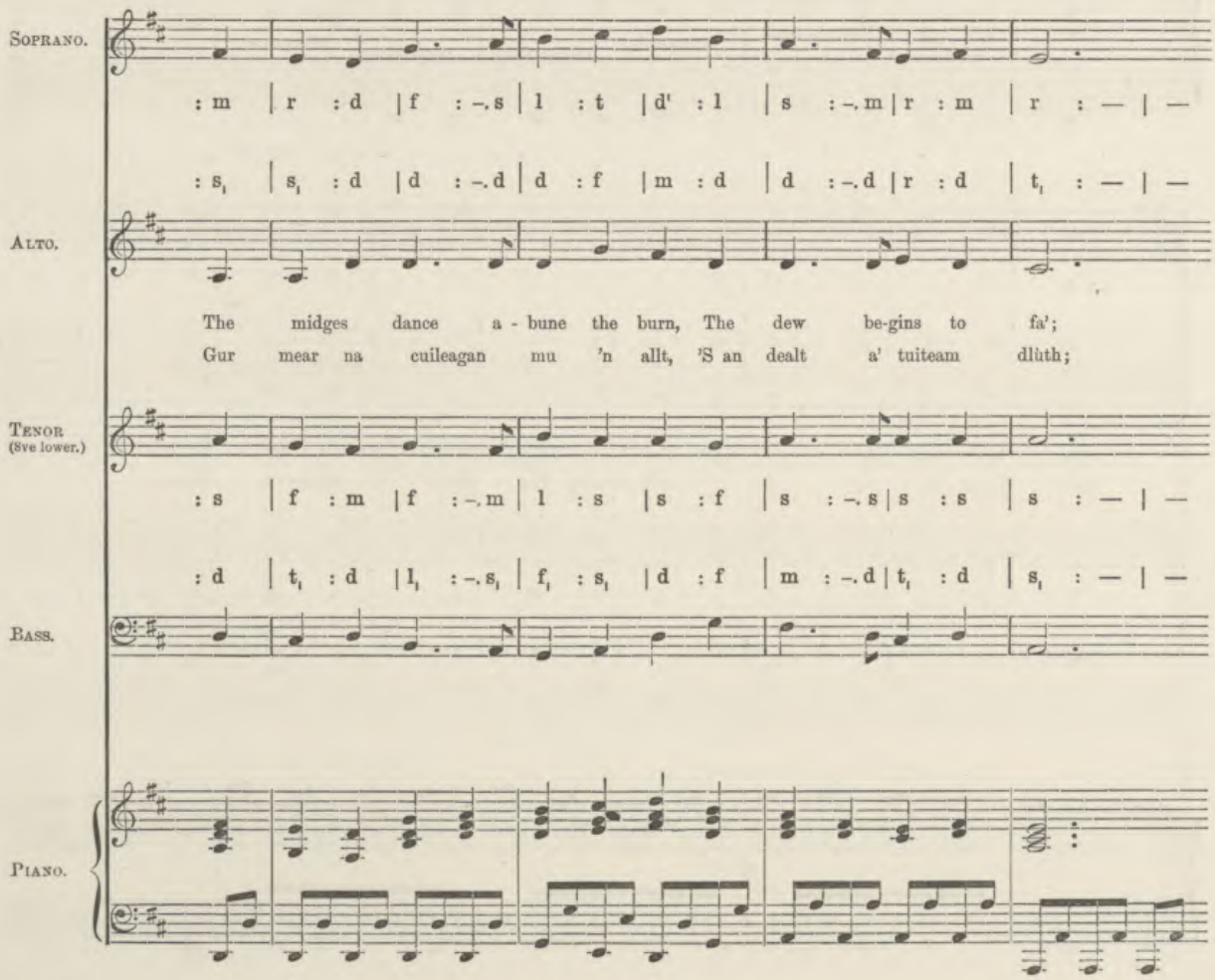
(GOLDEN GLOAMIN'.)

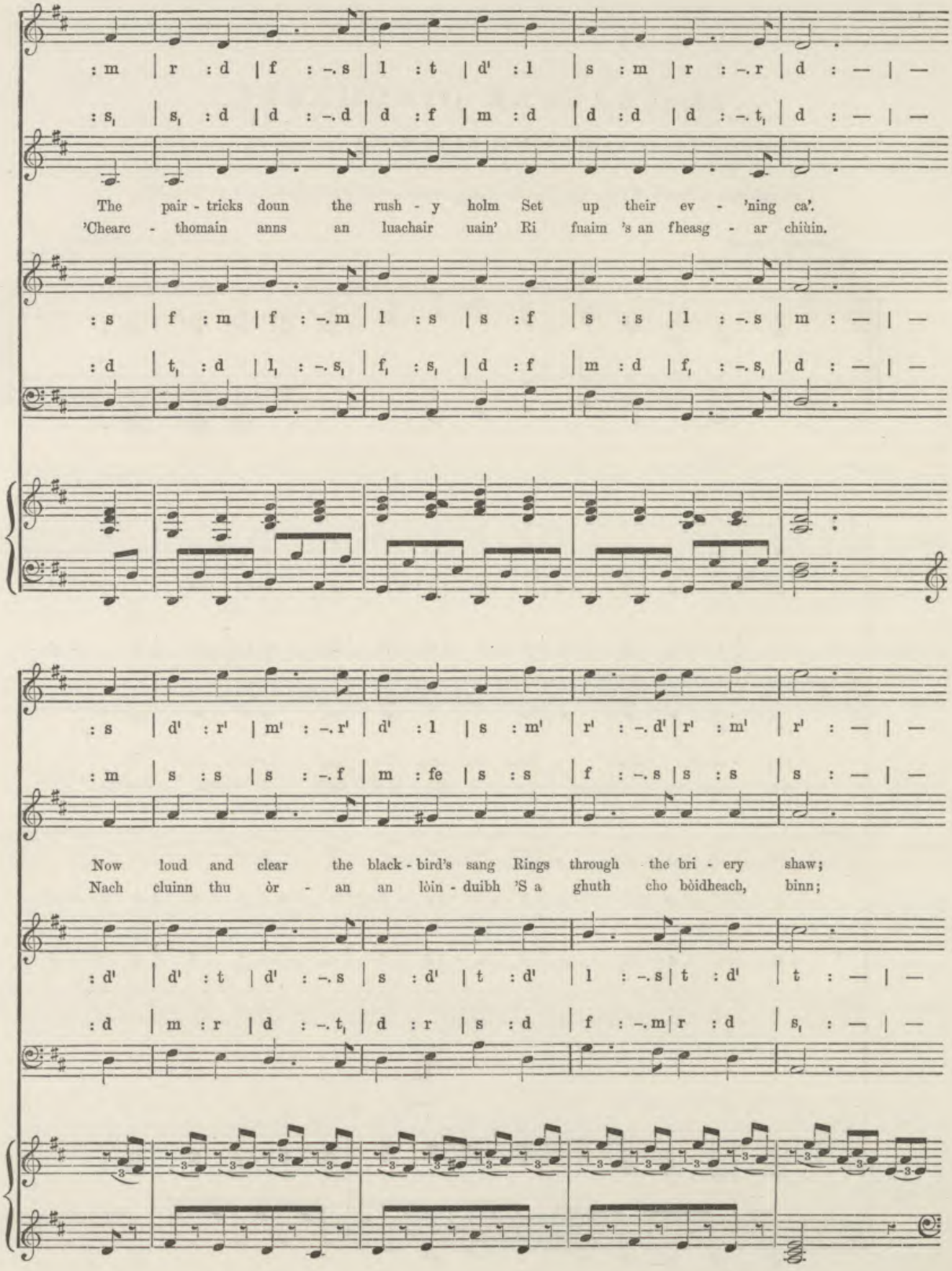
I am indebted to Henry Whyte, Esq., for the Gaelic translation of this beautiful song of Tannahill's.

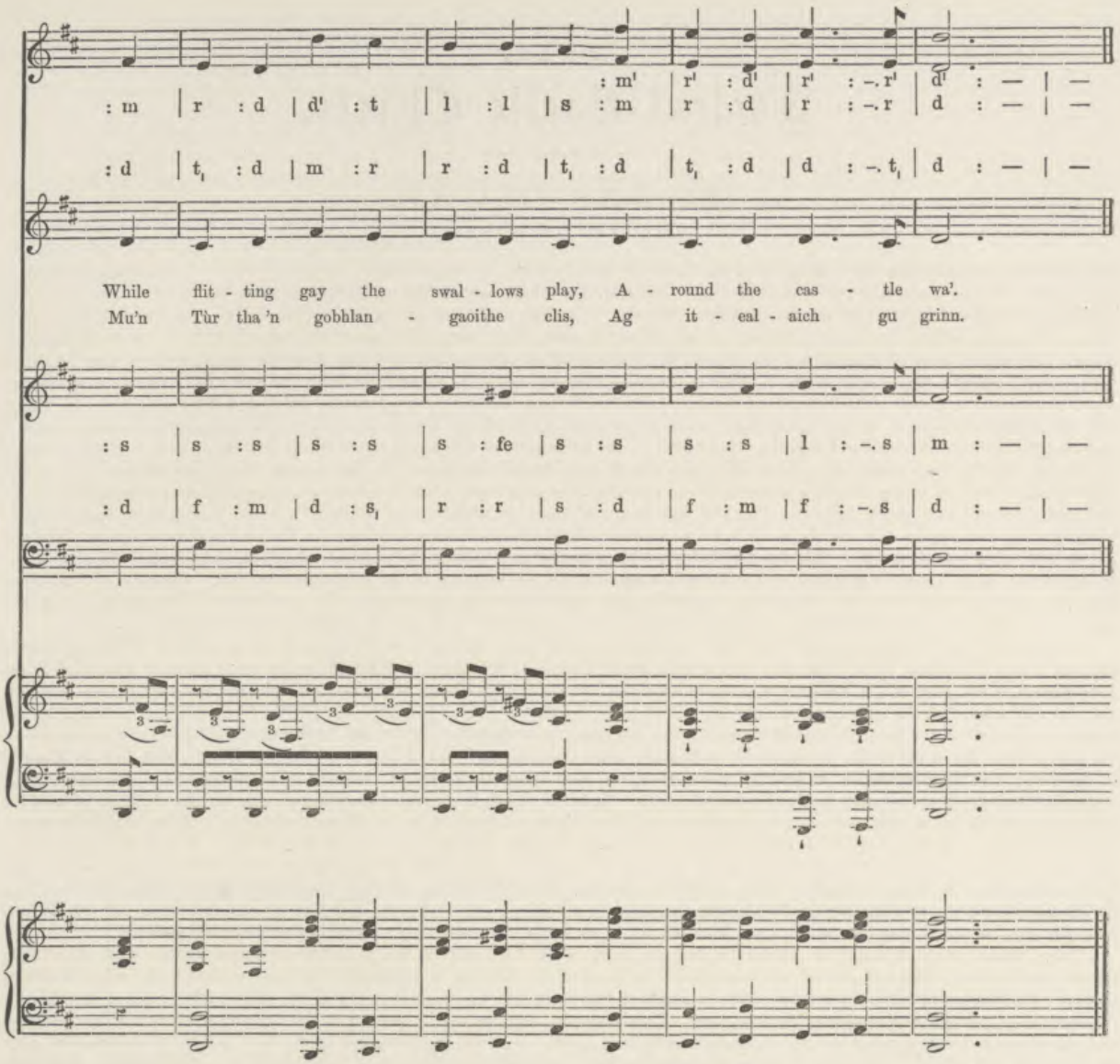
Light and tripping.
Mode of the 1st of the Scale.

Music by CHARLES STEWART.
Accompaniment by JAMES MERRYLEES, G.T.S.C.






: m | r : d | f : –.s | l : t | d' : l | s : m | r : –.r | d : — | —
: s_1 | s_1 : d | d : –.d | d : f | m : d | d : d | d : –.t_1 | d : — | —
The pair - tricks doun the rush - y holm Set up their ev - 'ning ca'.
'Chearc - thomain anns an luachair uain' Ri fuaim 's an fheasg - ar chiùin.
: s | f : m | f : –.m | l : s | s : f | s : s | l : –.s | m : — | —
: d | t_1 : d | l_1 : –.s_1 | f_1 : s_1 | d : f | m : d | f_1 : –.s_1 | d : — | —
: s | d' : r' | m' : –.r' | d' : l | s : m' | r' : –.d' | r' : m' | r' : — | —
: m | s : s | s : –.f | m : fe | s : s | f : –.s | s : s | s : — | —
Now loud and clear the black - bird's sang Rings through the bri - ery shaw;
Nach cluinn thu òr - an an lòin - duibh 'S a ghuth cho bòidheach, binn;
: d' | d' : t | d' : –.s | s : d' | t : d' | l : –.s | t : d' | t : — | —
: d | m : r | d : –.t_1 | d : r | s : d | f : –.m | r : d | s_1 : — | —



Beneath the golden gloamin' sky
The mavis mends her lay;
The redbreast pours his sweetest strains
To charm the ling'ring day.
While weary yeldrins seem to wail
Their little nestlings torn;
The merry wren frae den to den
Gaes jinking through the thorn.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,
The foxglove shuts its bell;
The honeysuckle and the birk
Spread fragrance through the dell.
Let others crowd the giddy court
Of mirth and revelry,
The simple joys that nature yields
Are dearer far to me.

Fo bhrat nan speur th'air dhath an òir,
Tha 'n smeòrach aig a dàn;
'S am bruth-deargan le cheilear àrd,
'Cur dàil 'an ciaradh là.
Tha 'bhuidheag bhochd a' caoidh 's a' ghéig,
A h-àl a reub luchd-foill;
'S an dreathan-donn bho phreas gu preas
Ri cleasachd anns a' choill.

'Nis dhùin an ròs a bhilean mìn,
Chrom lus-ban-sìth a cheann;
Tha lus-na-meala 's beithe ùr
Cur fàile cùbhr' 's a' ghleann.
Roghnaicheadh càch an luchairt mhòr
Le 'gòraiche 's 'mi-chéill,
'S e m' annsachd féin gach gean gun ghò
Tha 'n glòir a' chruinne-ché.

VIII.

Ancient Gaelic Chants.

29.—BÀS OSGAR.

(DEATH OF OSCAR.)

THE incident recorded in this song took place at the battle of Gabhra, which was fought about the year A.D. 284.* The campaign of which it formed part contains one, if not the most important, of the evidences for the authenticity of that genuine Fionnic poetry which we have in Gillies, (1784,) Stewarts', (1804,) MacPherson, (1806,) and others. It is strange that none of the many writers on the authenticity of Ossian seem to have thoroughly collated the history contained in these poems with early Irish history, more especially seeing that the two dovetail into each other. The eastern coast of Ireland, and the western of Scotland, at an early period contained kingdoms inhabited by a race known as "Milesians," "Scots," "Fions," and "Gaels."† The two kingdoms were on terms of the closest relationship and amity with each other; so much so, that if any other nation, such as the Romans and Northmen, attacked the one, the other at once took ship and rushed to its assistance. Dr. Skene, who repeats Chalmers, who in his turn repeats much earlier writers, such as Lloyd and Ussher, ignore this Gaelic kingdom in Scotland, or as it is styled in Gaelic, "Gaidhealtach," and in Latin, "Caledonia."‡ The boundaries of this kingdom about A.D. 120 can be seen in Ptolemy's maps. In thus ignoring it, these writers also ignore Ammianus Marcellinus, Prosper Aquitanus, Dio Cassius, and other Latin authors; our ancient chroniclers, our ancient poetry, language, names of places, traditions, and sculpture.§ One of the most striking incidental confirmations is the fact that sculptures, such as the crescent, double disc, and bent staff, which are found spread broadcast over the Pictish kingdom, are *entirely* wanting in the Gaelic kingdom.‖ In fact, as far as I can see, those authors referred to have excogitated a Pictish kingdom in ancient Caledonia out of their inner consciousnesses. This has been going on for centuries; and reading the constant reiteration, reminds us of the story of the Chinaman who came over to Great Britain, and on his return reported that the decisions of our judges were recorded, so that if they went wrong once, they would go wrong for ever. Without comprehending the existence of these two kingdoms, it is impossible to understand our ancient poetry, as many of the deeds recorded were performed in Ireland, when the Albinnic Gaels went to the help of the Irish Gaels.

On turning to Irish history, amongst much that is legendary we find great landmarks, which appear to be undoubted. Thus, we have the reign of Connor MacNessa, whose death in A.D. 48 is recorded by Tighernac; of Conn of the hundred battles, whose accession is recorded by the Four Masters in A.D. 123; of Art MacConn, who was killed at the battle of "Magh Mucruimhe," about A.D. 195; and of his son Cormac MacAirt, the most celebrated of all the early monarchs, and who was succeeded by his son, Cairbre Lifeacher, A.D. 267.¶ Of all this MacPherson is densely ignorant, as well as of the Gaelic kingdoms of Ireland and Scotland. Consequently, he mixes up the events of the *first* century, as recorded in the poetry, with those of the *third*. In this way he confounds Cormac Comlomgeas,** son of Connor of the first century, with Cormac MacAirt of the third; and Cuchullin, the son of Deitchin, (his mother,) but more frequently known as Cuchullin of Dundealgan,†† of the first century, whose birth and death are recorded by Tighernac, with another Cuchullin of the third, whom MacPherson calls the son of Semo. One of the most interesting incidental confirmations of the genuineness of this Fionnic poetry occurs in MacPherson's "Fingal." There we find this second Cuchullin acting as Regent of the Irish Gaelic kingdom in Cormac MacAirt's lifetime; and we ask, How is this? It is at once explained by what we learn elsewhere,‡‡ that Cormac got one of his eyes put out; and as by the custom of the kingdom no one with a blemish could reign, he was obliged to do so through a Regent. From all this it is manifest that MacPherson's collection was genuine Fionnic poetry; but that, from his ignorance of the history of the two Gaelic kingdoms, he failed in assigning to the different pieces their proper connection. He was, in fact, a bungler as to consecutiveness, but not a forger. With the key in our hands it is a very simple matter to disentangle his confusion.

These remarks apply especially to part of the Ossianic poetry of the third century, and to a very celebrated Fionnic poem of the first, relating to the time of Connor MacNessa, which is called, "The Story of the Children of Uisneach,"§§ in which Cuchullin, the son of Deitchin, appears. MacPherson introduces a number of the incidents in this poem into the Ossianic poetry of the third century, and, as already said, confounds this Cuchullin with another of the same name. There is no difficulty, however, in arriving at the facts by a collation of his collection with the others, and with the great leading landmarks in early Irish history, as we find them recorded by the most reliable of the annalists, such as Tighernac, and which, in fact, have so many historical incidents clustering round them as to stamp them with authenticity. Prominent amongst these are the reigns of Connor MacNessa, who first established a fixed code of laws in Ireland; and of Cormac MacAirt, who extended and consolidated that code. I can scarcely conceive a stronger confirmation of MacPherson's honesty, and of the authenticity of his collections, than what has thus been brought out, which shews that these poems tally with those found in other reliable collections, such as Gillies, &c., and with early Irish history, but are misplaced from his ignorance of that history. It is utterly incompatible with MacPherson himself being the author.

We are now in a position to consider the poem of which a portion is now given. In his very old age we find Fingal crossing over with his forces to fight with Cairbre Lifeacher. We at once ask, how comes it that he went to fight the son of his bosom friend and ally, Cormac MacAirt? Oscar refers to this when he says to Cairbre, "Oft was I and my spear yours in the day of battle and fight."‖‖‖ Therefore it seems so strange they should now be foes. The poem itself solves the difficulty when it says:

"Came fierce Cairbre of Spears, And grasped Erin under one sway."	"Thàinig an Cairbre sleaghach, garg, 'Us ghlac e Erinn fo aon smachd."¶¶

The Gaelic clans, in time of war, were under command and control of one king, who was called the Ardrigh; but at other times were, to a large degree, practically independent. This independence Cairbre tried to take from them, and to establish a tyranny in its place. They, of course, resisted, and having Fingal's sympathy, he came to their assistance.

* "O'Curry's Lectures," page 304. † Irish and Pictish Additions to the "Historia Brittonum;" see "Chronicles of Picts," &c., edited by Skene, pages 46, 47. ‡ "Chalmers' Caledonia," Book I., chap. vi.; and "Historical Collections of Originals of the Inhabitants of Great Britain," &c. London, 1706.
§ "Gaelic Kingdom in Scotland," (for proofs,) chap. i. 1880. ‖ "Dr. Joseph Anderson's Rhind Lectures of 1880," pages 74, 176, &c. ¶ O'Curry, page 72.
** O'Curry, page 260; "Highland Society's Report," page 196. †† "Transactions Gaelic Society, Dublin, 1808, 'Deirdri,'" pages 27, 136; Gillies, page 26.
‡‡ O'Curry, page 48. §§ "Transactions of Gaelic Society, Dublin, 1808;" Gillies, page 260; Stewarts', page 562. ‖‖‖ Gillies, p. 315.
¶¶ Gillies, 314; "The MacCallums' Collection," page 155.

On reaching Ireland, Cairbre invited Oscar (the son of Ossian, and grandson of Fingal) to a feast, to which he went accompanied by 300 men. On the last day of this feast Cairbre, of purpose, picked a quarrel with him, and a fight ensued. Cairbre, seeing his men cut down in numbers by Oscar and his heroes, took refuge behind the stone of ghosts and of the circle,* where only his head could be seen, and from thence threw a spear which mortally wounded Oscar.† Wounded as he was, he returned the cast, which struck Cairbre on the head, and killed him. With his last breath he called on his son Airt to revenge his death; but, unfortunately for Airt, whom Oscar also slew. To conceal Cairbre's death, and avail themselves of any panic which might seize the Albinic Gaels in consequence of Oscar's mortal hurt, some of his people placed a helmet over his head. Oscar seeing this, lifted a stone and smashed the helmet. This was the last deed of the mighty hero. Meantime Fingal, hearing the sound of battle, rushed to the assistance of Oscar; but too late, as he only arrived to find him dying. Then comes the song that follows. The music is that of an old Ossianic chant, which I found in the manuscripts of the late Mr. John Cameron, Killin, which were kindly given me by his grandson, Mr. Alexander MacWilliam. I also found it in the Rev. Patrick MacDonald's collection. In the rendering I have simplified and made it suitable for singing. The words are from Gillies's collection.

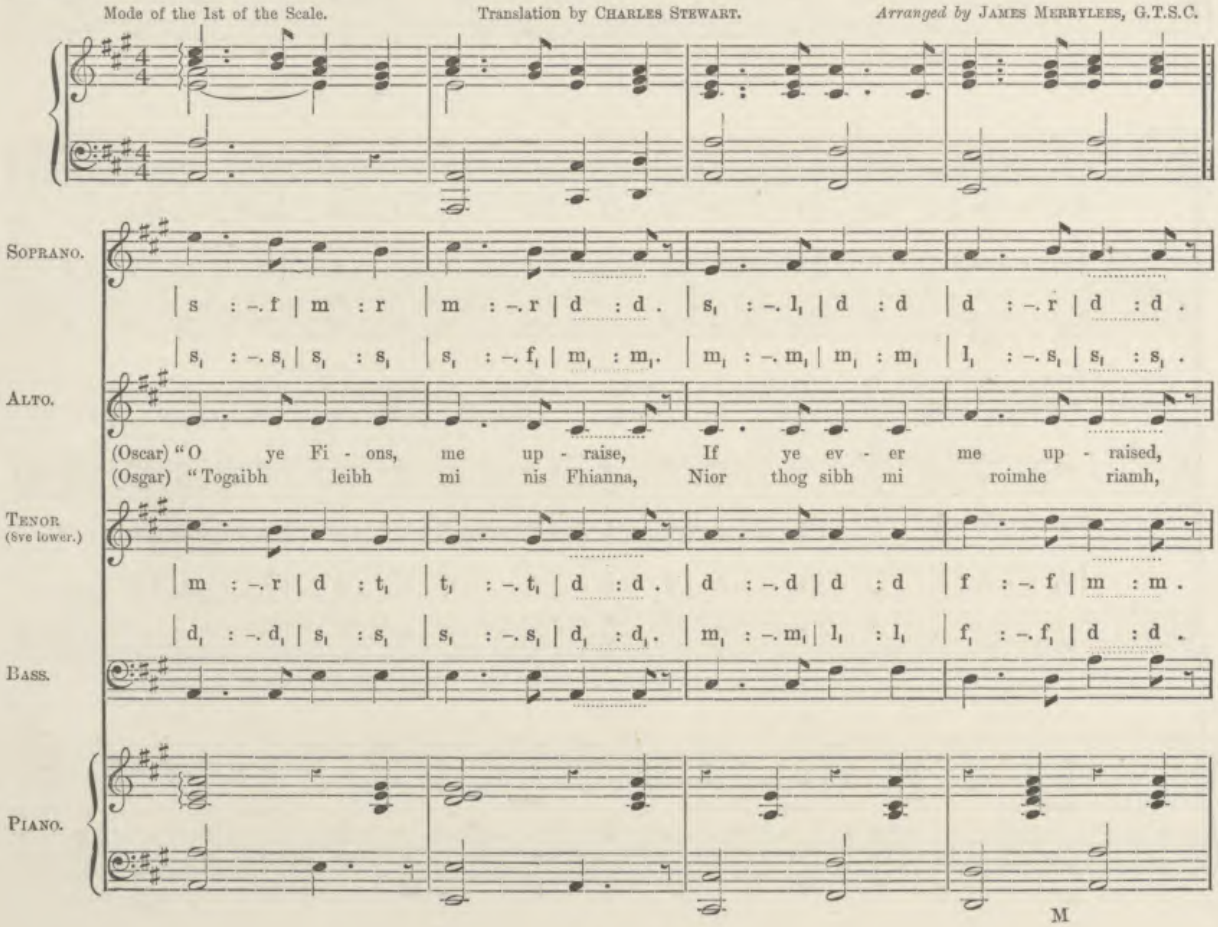
There is one fact most notable in this song,—that the Gaels were cultured in their feelings, and no mere brutal savages, whose delight was to conceal every tender feeling. We find that these men, whose bravery still lives, not only in chronicle and song, but also in the hearts of their descendants, were not ashamed to shed bitter tears for Oscar. In truth, there was then a high culture amongst this race, which afterwards, under the tyrannies of feudalism, was in great part lost.

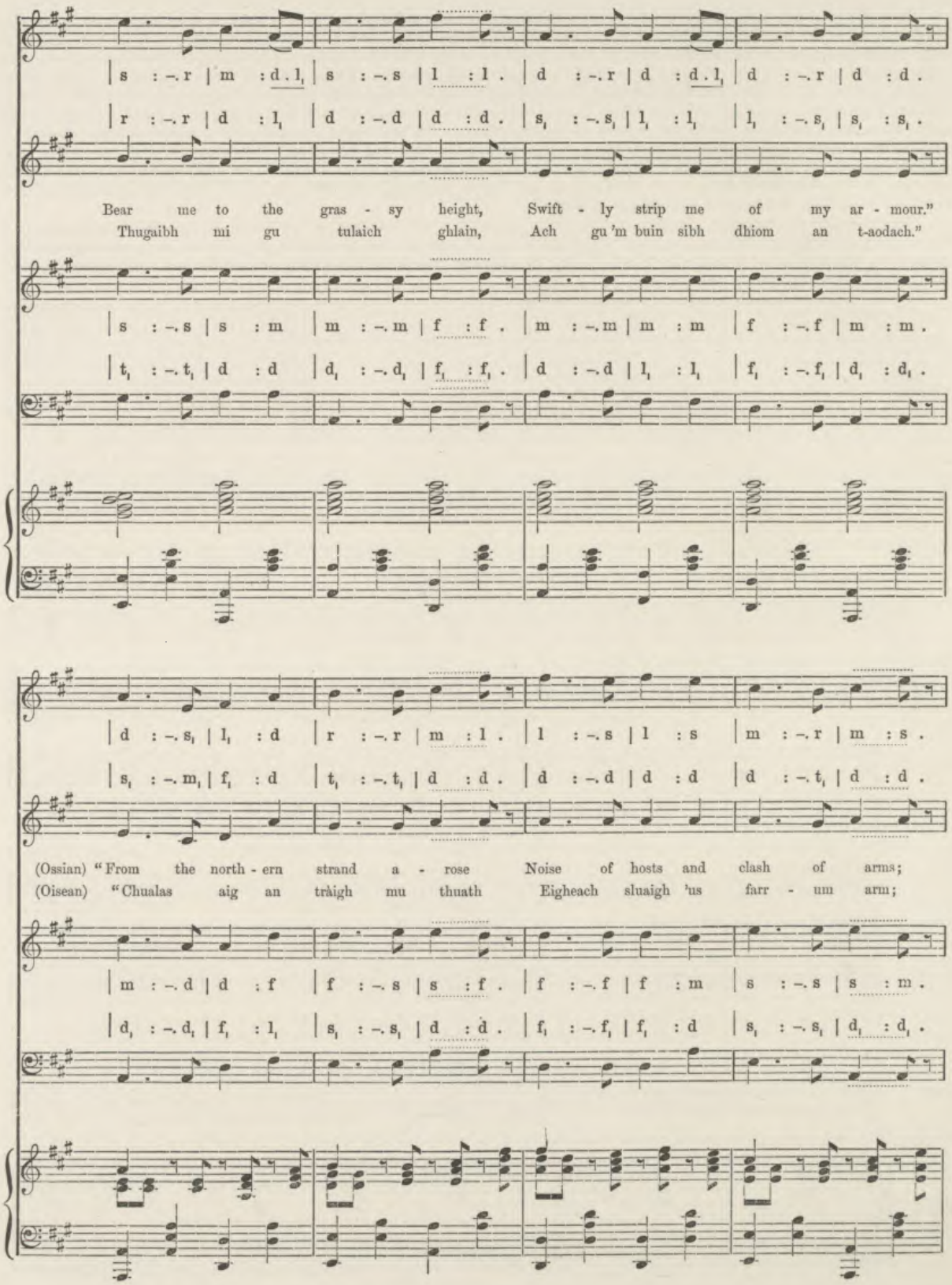
* "Crom" in Ossian means a circle; *a* its adjective crooked or curving. It also means declining; but that is with a curve, as the sun declining in the heavens. "Leac" is a flat stone, either laid on the level or upright. "Clach" means a stone. In our Fionnic poetry *b* we find "Cromleac" and "Cromclach," which means the flat stone, or simply stone only in the circle. Chalmers tells *c* us that the Gaelic inhabitants call them "Crom-leaca," which means—not as he has it, stones of worship—but stones of the circle. To call a flag resting on three upright stones a "Cromleac," is a complete misnomer, unless, indeed, it forms part of a circle, in which case it may mean flag of the circle. We have, however, no instances of such in this district. This, taken along with the continual references in the Fionnic poetry to a stone being raised at the burial-place of every hero, plainly points to the meaning of our so-called Druidic circles. I say so-called, for we have no trace of Druidism in our ancient poetry. Our experience in Breadalbane, where we have many circles, is that a cup-marked stone is almost invariably found in the neighbourhood, but outside of the circle. Our tradition is, that each cup-mark was in honour of a deceased hero. This, at least, is not improbable, and quite intelligible, which cannot be said of sun worship, phallic worship, and other imaginary theories of a like hazy and incomprehensible kind. We have mention of "clach mo cliuth," or stone of fame,—that is, the hero's fame; *d* and I think it is a fair deduction that this may be the cup-marked stone, whilst the "Cromleac" and "Cromclach," which really may signify the same, is a burial stone in the circle. In illustration of this, Mr. Donald Haggart, banker, Killin, came to the conclusion that, from the name of a place called Crom-raor, ("raor," haugh,) in Fortingall, a "Crom," or circle, would be found there. On consulting with me, we decided that the place must be seen first, as it might mean crooked haugh; but if not of this shape, and if a circle was found, then the meaning of "Crom" being a circle was proved, not only in the case of "raor," but of "leac," "clach," and all others of a cognate kind. This was what Mr. Haggart, on visiting it, found, the haugh being an oblong, and a circle on the hill-side immediately above it. He failed to find the companion cup-marked stone; but it has since been found by Mr. Alexander Campbell, Borland. In consequence, on the 7th January, 1884, Mr. Haggart and myself, accompanied by Mr. Campbell, visited Crom-raor, and got an excellent rubbing of the stone. It may be mentioned that, although now mostly exposed, the stones were originally heaped with earth *e* on the inside, so that probably a completed circle would appear like an artificial knoll, but shewing the outside of the grey stones forming it.

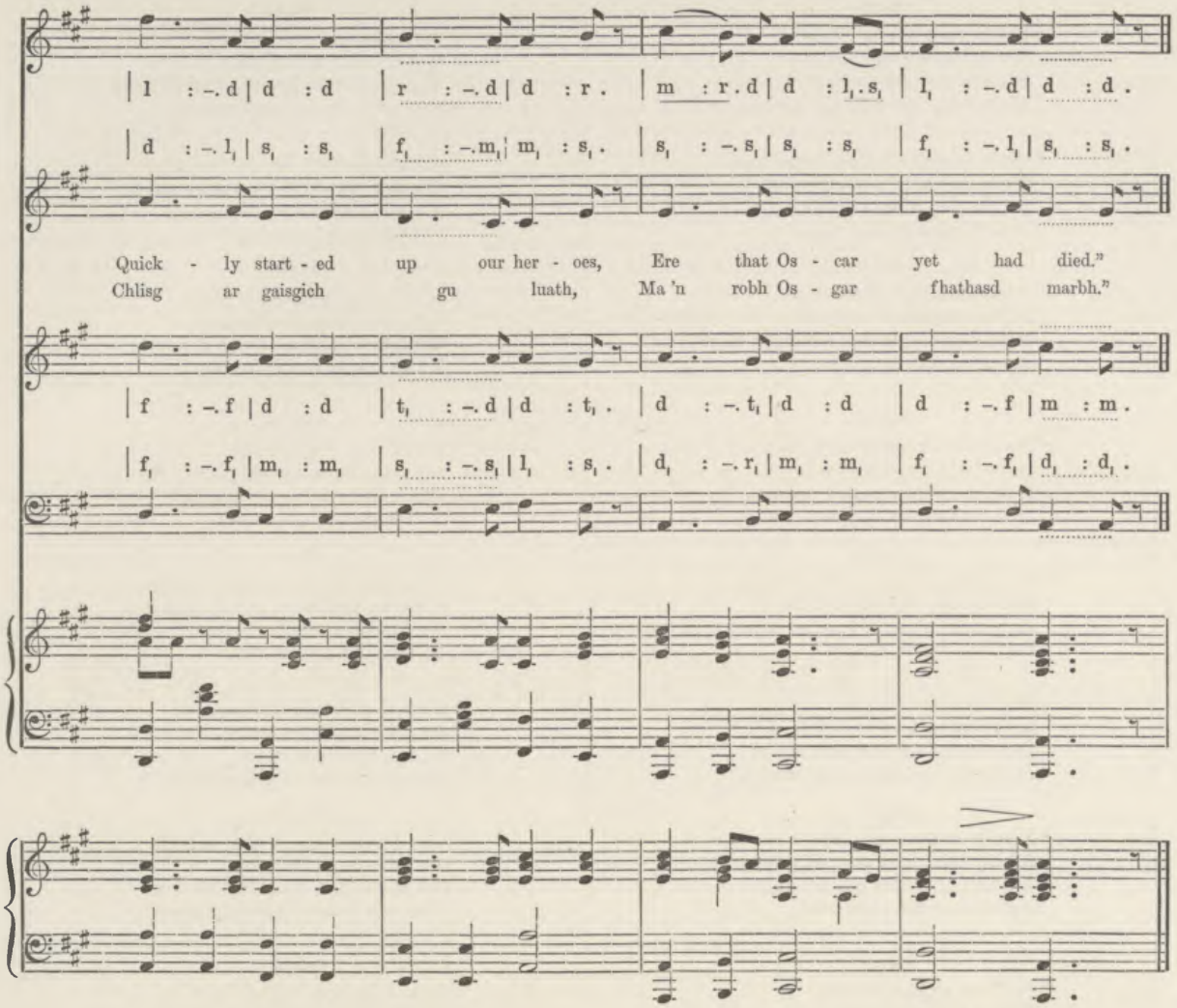
† MacPherson's "Timora," duan i., line 282, &c.

a "MacAlpin's Dictionary," page 90. *b* Gillies, pages 2, 9, 10; "Carric Thura," line 99; "Fingal," duan iv., line 161; duan v., line 1; "Timora," duan i., line 284, and many others. *c* "Caledonia," Book I., page 73. *d* Gillies, page 10; "Fingal," duan vi., line 235. *e* "Carric Thura," line 555.

Mode of the 1st of the Scale. Translation by CHARLES STEWART. *Arranged by* JAMES MERRYLEES, G.T.S.C.




Bear me to the gras - sy height, Swift - ly strip me of my ar - mour."
Thugaibh mi gu tulaich ghlain, Ach gu 'm buin sibh dhiom an t-aodach."
(Ossian) "From the north - ern strand a - rose Noise of hosts and clash of arms;
(Oisean) "Chualas aig an tràigh mu thuath Eigheach sluaigh 'us farr - um arm;



Oscar.

"On thee death's shroud, son of might,
Twice to us, then, wouldst thou lie?
'Tis my grandsire's wave-borne ships,
Succour bringing in sore need."

Ossian.

"Fion; we arose to bless,
But to us he none returned,
Till we reached the height of tears,
Where lay Oscar of sharp arms."

Fion.*

"Deadlier wert thou hurt, my son,
At Ben-'Aoden's cruel fight:
Through thy body swam crook'd spears,
Yet my hand then healed thee."

Osgar.

"Marbhphaisg ort a mhic na buadha,
Ni thu breug an darna uair dhuinn;
Luingeas mo sheanar a th' ann,
'S iad a' teachd le cobhair thugainn."

Oisean.

"Bheannaich sinn uile do dh' Fhionn,
Gad tha cha do bheannaich dhuinn,
Gus an do ràinig sinn tulach nan deur,
Far an robh Osgar nan arm geur."

Fionn.

"'S miosa mhic a bhiodh tu dheth,
An latha catha air Beinn Eudainn;
Shnàmadh na corrain roimh d' chneas,
'S i mo làmhsa rinn do leigheas."

* The Gaelic word "fionn," when used as an adjective, means fair or white; as a noun it denotes that fair-complexioned, blue-eyed, and brown-haired race that peopled the west of Scotland and east of Ireland, and were also known as Gaels, Scots, and Milesians. For fullest corroboration of this most interesting subject, see "Irish and Pictish Additions to Nennius." It was also as a noun applied to individuals, as, for instance, to the celebrated leader of the "Fionn" in the third century. Whilst in Gaelic he is most frequently called by this name "Fionn," he sometimes is called the "Fionn-Gaidheal," and from which, of course, is taken the English Fingal. In this song the word "Fionn" is used as an adjective, and it means the "Fair Gael." That he was of an exceptionally fair mien we know from another appellation of his, "Fionn a' cruth ghill." (See Gillies, page 41, verse 3.)

OSCAR.

"Healing there is none for me,
Nor evermore in time will be;
His seven-pronged spear Cairbre thrust
Through my torn and bleeding chest.

"Quick I placed my nine-pronged spear
'Twixt his comely face and hair;
But the deep sting in my right side
Healer's healing cannot reach."

FION.

"Deeper, son, was thy sore scathe
In Dun-Dalgan's furious fight,
When swans might float within thy breast;
Yet my hand it healed thee."

OSSIAN.

"Then it was that Fion up-sped
To the height beyond us there;
From his eyelids streamed the tears,
With his back turned towards us."

FION.

"My darling loved, my own, my loved,
Child of my well-beloved child;
As bounds the elk, so leaps my heart,
For Oscar in his lasting rest.

"Why not aged I that fell,
In Cairbre's fight of deeds done well;
And you still left with fame to lead
The Fions, in triumph great to speed."

OSSIAN.

"Never from that woful day
Did trembling leave great Fingal's breast;
One-third of life how glad he'd give
If only Oscar still could live."

OSCAR.

"Until now no heart of flesh
Felt did I within my breast;
But a heart of holly spikes,
Bright grey steel o'erlading it.
Now the dogs howl by my side,
Heroes grey-haired wail loud with grief;
One by one the women weep,
And my heart with death is pierced."

OSSIAN.

"Then we bore along our Oscar,
On our shoulders stretched on spears;
Gently then we wended onward,
To the mourning house of Fion.
Weeps no mother for her darling;
Weeps no manhood for a brother;
Weep we all with wail and weeping,
For brave Oscar gently sleeping."

OSGAR.

"Mo leighas cha 'n eile a fas,
'S cha mhò niotar e gu bràch;
Chuir an Cairbre sleagh nan seachd seang
Edar m' imleag agus m' àirnean.

"Chuir mise sleagh nan naoi seang
Mu chumadh fhuilt-san agus aodainn;
An gath domhainn am thaobh deas
Cha dual do 'n léigh a leigheas."

FIONN.

"'S miosa mhic a bhiodh tu dheth
Lath catha sin Dhùn Dealgain,
Shnàmhadh na geoidh roimh d' chneas;
'S i mo làmhsa rinn do leigheas."

OISEAN.

"Sin an uair a chaidh Fionn
Air an tulaich as a chionn;
Shruthadh na deòr sios o' rasgaibh,
'S thionndaidh e ruinn a chùl."

FIONN.

"Mo laogh fhéin thu—laogh mo laogh,
A leinibh, mo leinibh, ghil chaoimh;
Mo chridhe leumraich mar lon,
Gu brach cha 'n éirich Osgar.

"'S truagh nach mise thuiteadh ann,
An cath Cairbhre an gniomh nach gann;
'Us tusa 'n ear agus an iar,
A bhiodh roimh na Fianntan Osgair."

OISEAN.

"Nior chuir Fionn deth crith 'us gràin
O 'n latha sin gu la bhràth;
Cha ghabhadh, 's cha b' fheàirde leis,
Trian de 'n bheatha ga d' dh' abruinn."

OSGAR.

"'S ann a shaoil mi roimhe riamh
Nach cridhe feòla bha 'n a m' chliabh;
Ach cridhe de ghuin na cuilinn,
Air a chomhdachadh le stàilinn.
Donnalaich nan con ri m' thaobh,
Agus bùirich nan seann laoch:
Gàirich nam ban mu seach,
Siud an rud a ghon mo chridhe."

OISEAN.

"Thog sinn leinn an t-Osgar àluinn,
Air ghuaillibh, air shleaghaibh arda;
Thug sinn as iomchar ghrinn,
Gus an do ràinig sinn taigh Fhinn.
Cha chaoineadh bean a mac fhéin;
'S cha chaoineadh fear a bhràthair caomh;
'S cia lion 's a bha sinn mu 'n teach,
Bha sinn uile caoineadh Osgair."

30.—BROSNACHADH.

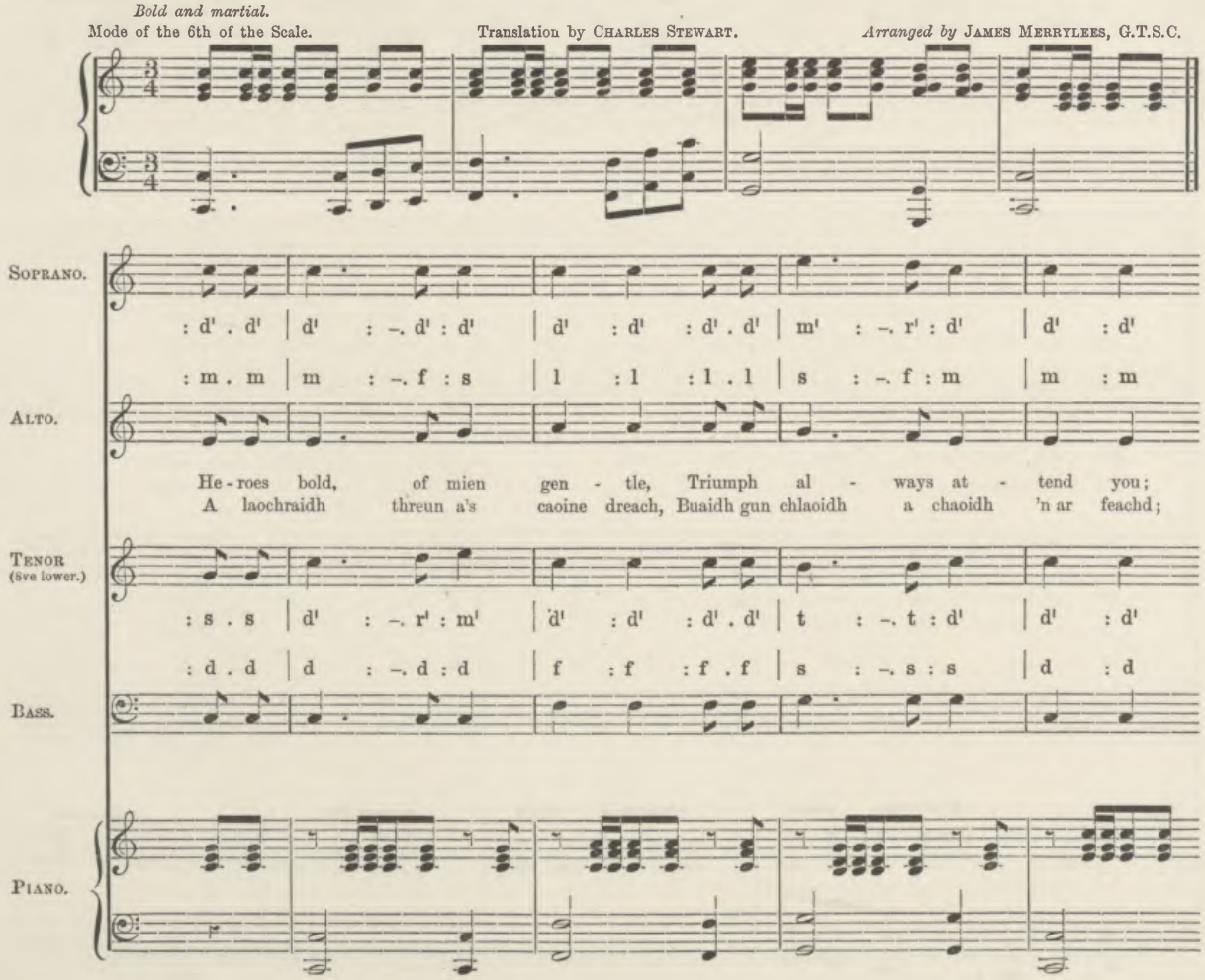
(BATTLE SONG.)

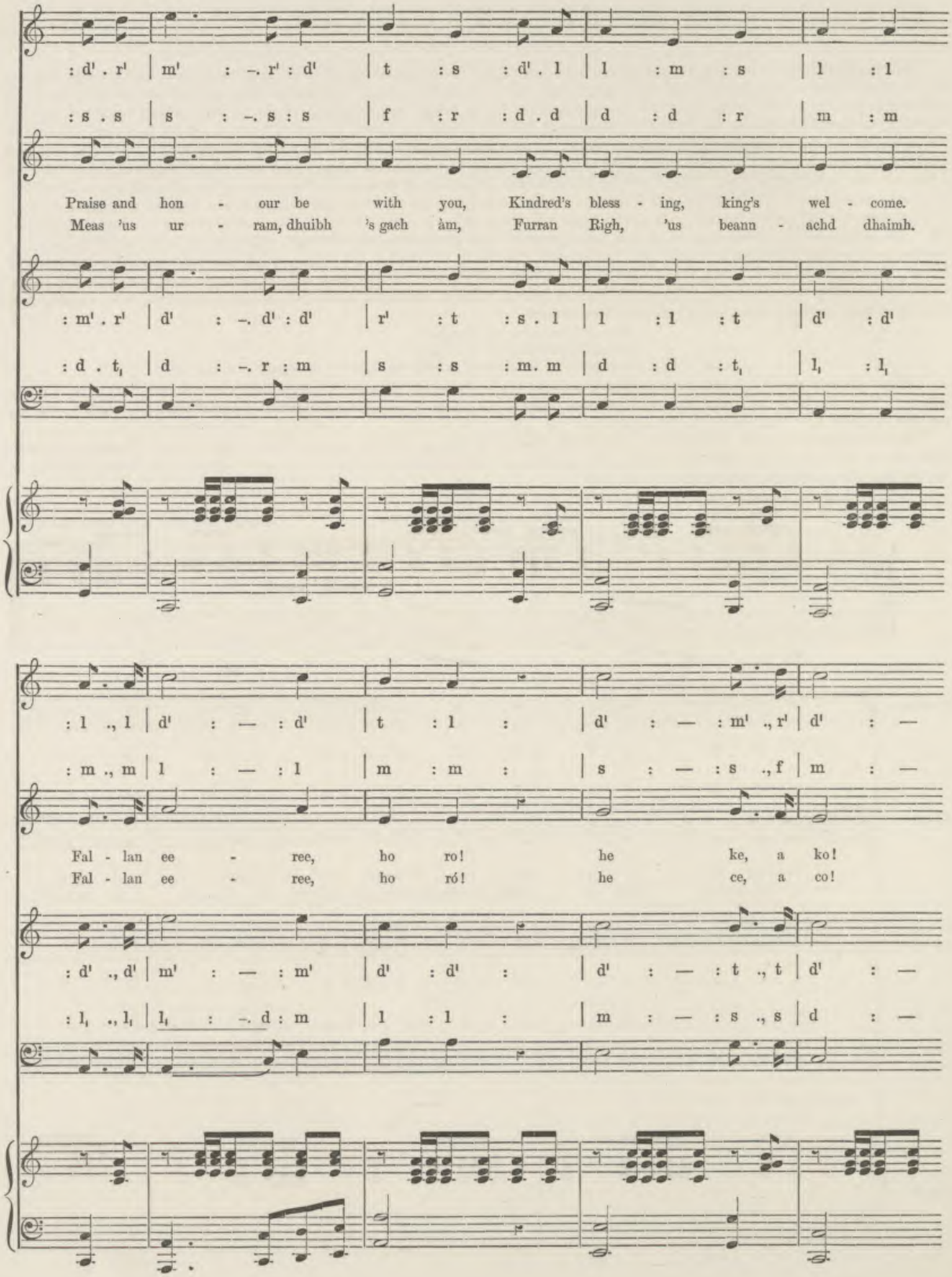
The manner in which the ancient Gaels fought is most interesting. Their dress was a piece of tartan cloth about twelve yards long, one end of which they arranged about their knees like a kilt, then wound it round the body, bringing the other end over the shoulder, and which was fixed in front of the breast by a pin or brooch. Before advancing to battle this garment was thrown off, so that they fought naked. The warrior having first discharged his arrows, drew his broadsword, and with a shout and a rush, charged. During all this the bards careered through the ranks, and with frantic energy chanted the battle songs. In these they appealed to their love of country, the deeds of their fathers, their own immortal fame, and to every other consideration fitted to rouse them to the highest pitch of valour. In another place ("Gaelic Kingdom," page 98) I have adverted to this subject thus: "The demeanour of the Gaidhill in the hour of battle, as this has come down to us by tale, ode, and tradition, is strange and remarkable. To realize it aright, we must remember that men did not then fight in masses, with weapons of precision in their hands, deadly at long distances, but that each warrior fought with his good broadsword,—not only for his nation's weal, but for his own individual life. His joining in the combat was, we are told, often preceded by a strange nervous excitement, called by the ancients 'crith gaisge,' or 'quiverings of valour.' This was succeeded by an overpowering feeling of exhilaration and delight, called 'mir-cath,' or 'the joyous frenzy of battle.' It was not a thirst for blood, but an absorbing sense that both his own life and fame, and his country's good, hung upon his efforts, coupled with a self-consciousness that, as far as a bold arm, a resolute will, and undaunted spirit could do and dare, all was well. Grandly does the king of great mountains describe this 'mir-cath' when he says—

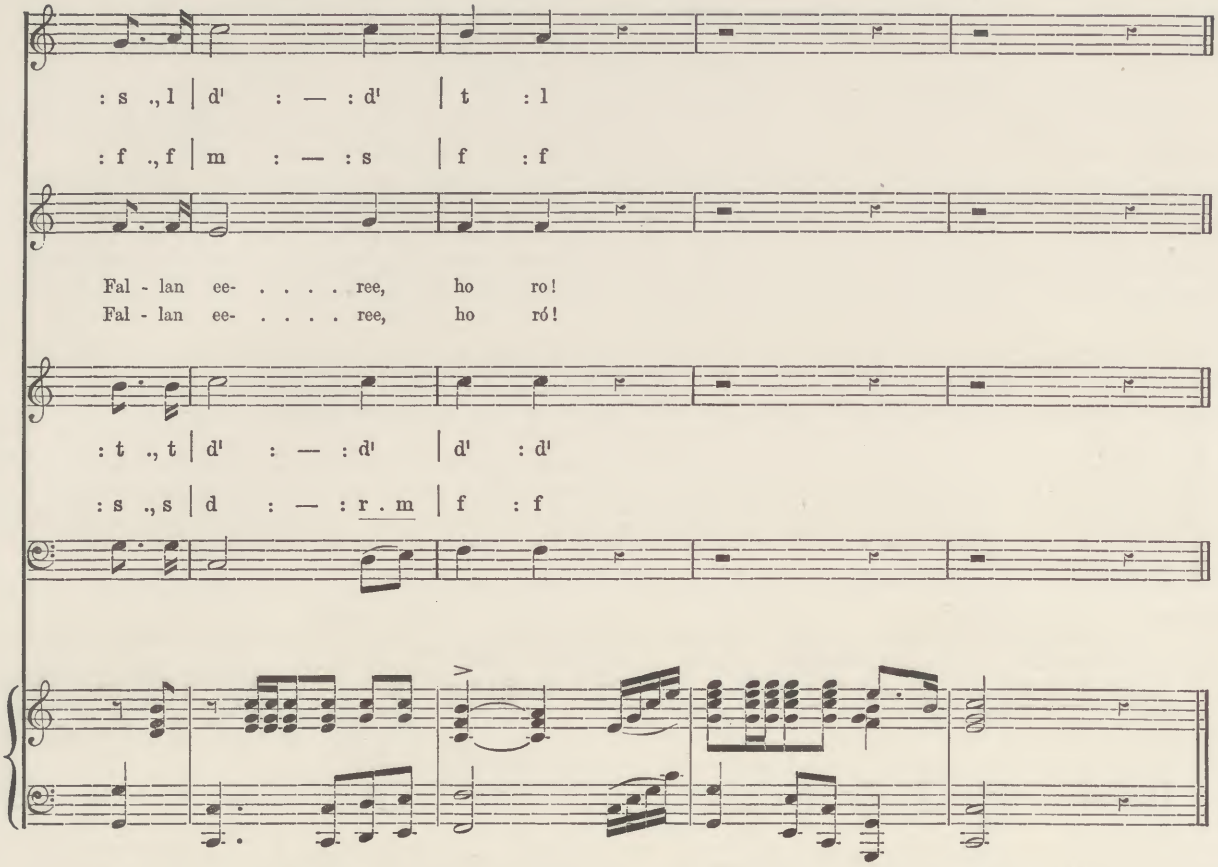
> '"Well do I remember the champion,"
> Said the king of the hills and woods,
> "And how with heroic frenzy in battle he consumed the fight."'

"This 'mir-cath' may still be witnessed on the few occasions in modern warfare when the Highland soldier has a chance of charging with the bayonet. Then may be heard that shout which has often wakened the echoes of our mountains, and ever precedes an onset which no foe has yet dared to meet."

The following is a sample of the battle song. The music I picked up long ago from the singing of the late Rev. Robert M'Donald, Fortingall. I never heard it from any other; but when preparing this collection, it came freshly to my memory. It is of peculiar construction, beginning on the 1st, but ending on the 6th, of the scale.




: d' . r' | m' : –. r' : d' | t : s : d' . l | l : m : s | l : l
: s . s | s : –. s : s | f : r : d . d | d : d : r | m : m
Praise and hon - our be with you, Kindred's bless - ing, king's wel - come.
Meas 'us ur - ram, dhuibh 's gach àm, Furran Righ, 'us beann - achd dhaimh.
: m' . r' | d' : –. d' : d' | r' : t : s . l | l : l : t | d' : d'
: d . t, | d : –. r : m | s : s : m. m | d : d : t, | l, : l,
: l ., l | d' : — : d' | t : l : | d' : — : m' ., r' | d' : —
: m ., m | l : — : l | m : m : | s : — : s ., f | m : —
Fal - lan ee - ree, ho ro! he ke, a ko!
Fal - lan ee - ree, ho ró! he ce, a co!
: d' ., d' | m' : — : m' | d' : d' : | d' : — : t ., t | d' : —
: l, ., l, | l, : –. d : m | l : l : | m : — : s ., s | d : —



Shew faith in each effort,
Fion-seed* that ne'er faltered;
With one impulse your onset,
So the proud will the dust bite.
Fallan ee-ree, &c.

Stand firm like your fathers,
No fear but you'll conquer;
Strength and judgment will shield you,
Your foe's wish you will frustrate.
Fallan ee-ree, &c.

The aged will bless you,
Young maidens will love you;
Your wives and your children
In fond grasp will embrace you.
Fallan ee-ree, &c.

Peace will follow your might-hood,
On each string will your praise sound;
And your kin that come after
Oft will tell of your prowess.
Fallan ee-ree, &c.

Thus endure will your glory,
As the sunbeams unending,
And the ages will sound forth,
Albin crushed out her foemen.
Fallan ee-ree, &c.

Nochdaibh anns gach ceum de'r triall,
Siol na Féinn',* nach géill le fiamh;
Bithibh crodha a dh'aon rùn,
'S na h-uaibhrich lùbaibh sios 's an ùir.
Fallan ee-ree, &c.

Seasaibh dìlis mar bu dual,
Cha 'n eagal duibh nach toir sibh buaidh;
Ni neart 'us gliocas chaoidh 'ur dion,
'S 'ur nàmhaid cha mheal a mhiann.
Fallan ee-ree, &c.

Beannachd gheibh sibh o gach aosd',
'S a' mhaighdean òg bheir dhuibh a gaol;
Ur mnathan 's 'ur clann le briath'raibh blàth
'N an uchdaibh glacaidh sibh le gràdh.
Fallan ee-ree, &c.

Thig sìth 'an lorg 'ur n-armaibh geur,
'Us duisgidh cliù dhuibh air gach teud;
Bidh an t-al a thig le ioghnadh gràidh
Gu tric air sgeul nan treun a bhà.
Fallan ee-ree, &c.

Mairidh mar sin a chaoidh 'ur cliù,
Mar dheàrrsa gréin' nach caochail gnùis,
'S their linnibh cian le briath'raibh àillt,
'S i Albainn 'chìosnaich dhuinn gach nàmh.
Fallan ee-ree, &c.

* This is another name by which the Scots or Gaels were known, and which, in ancient times, was by far the most frequently used. (See No. 29.)

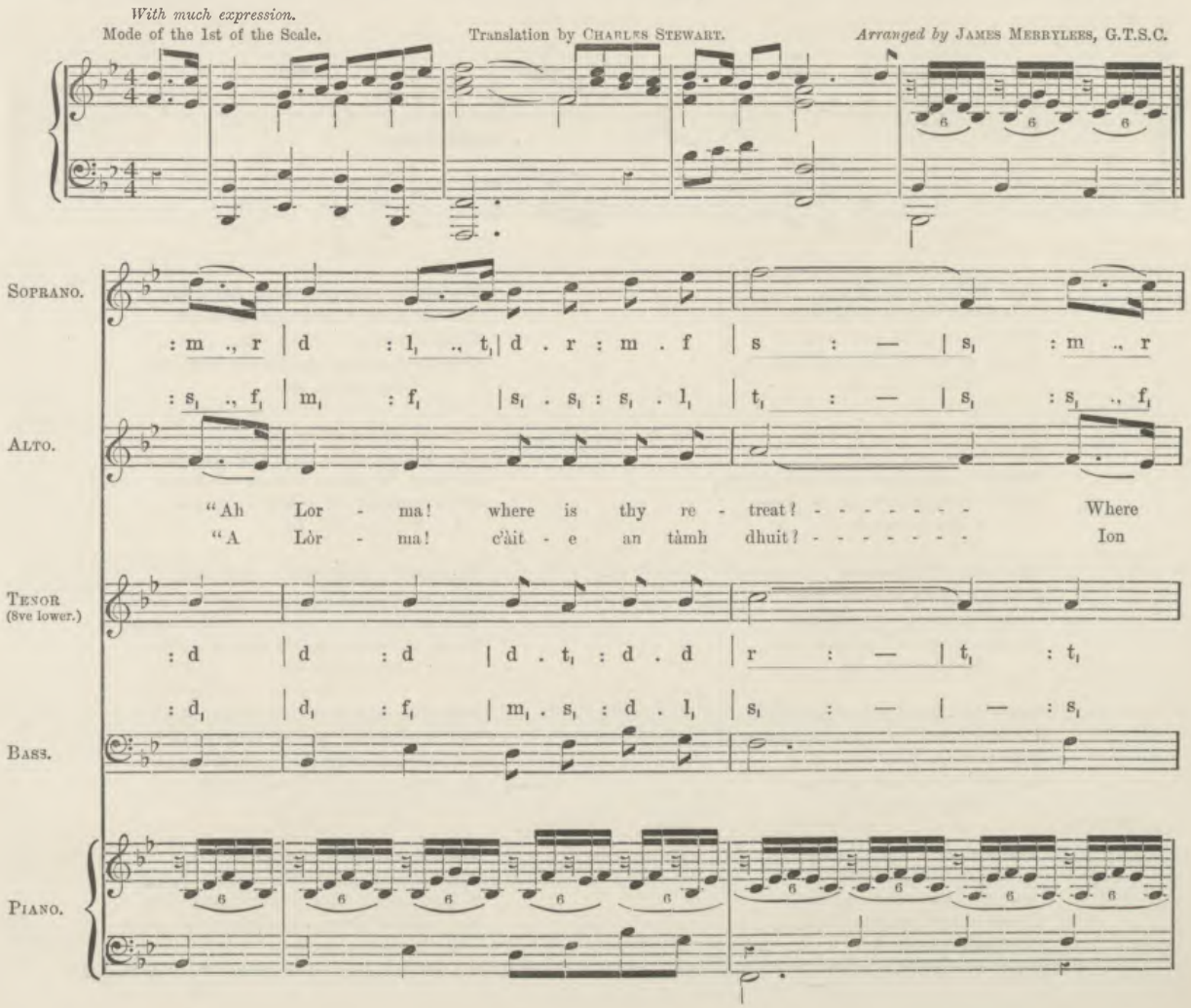
31.—FINDU AGUS LORMA.

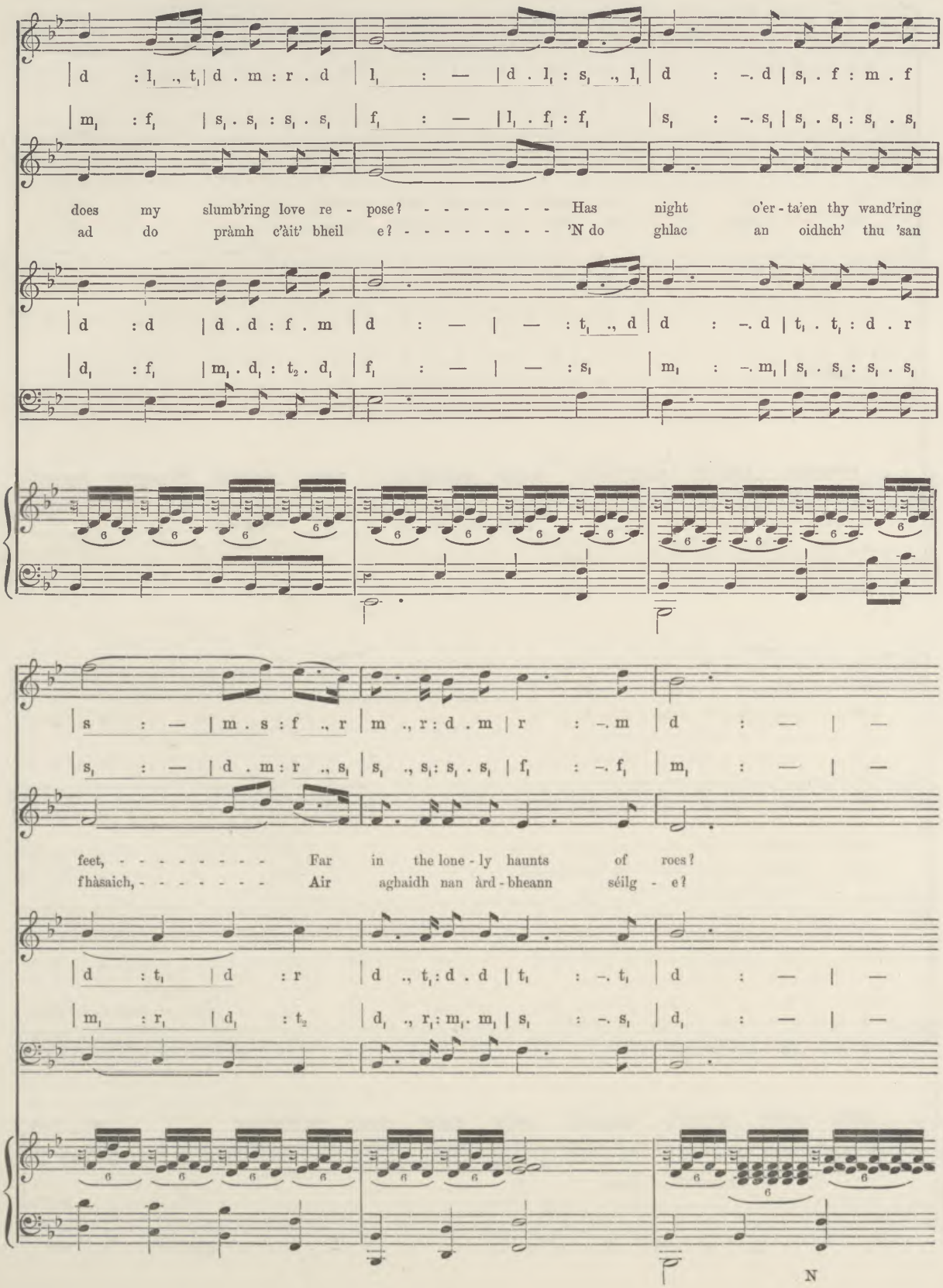
(FINDU AND LORMA.)

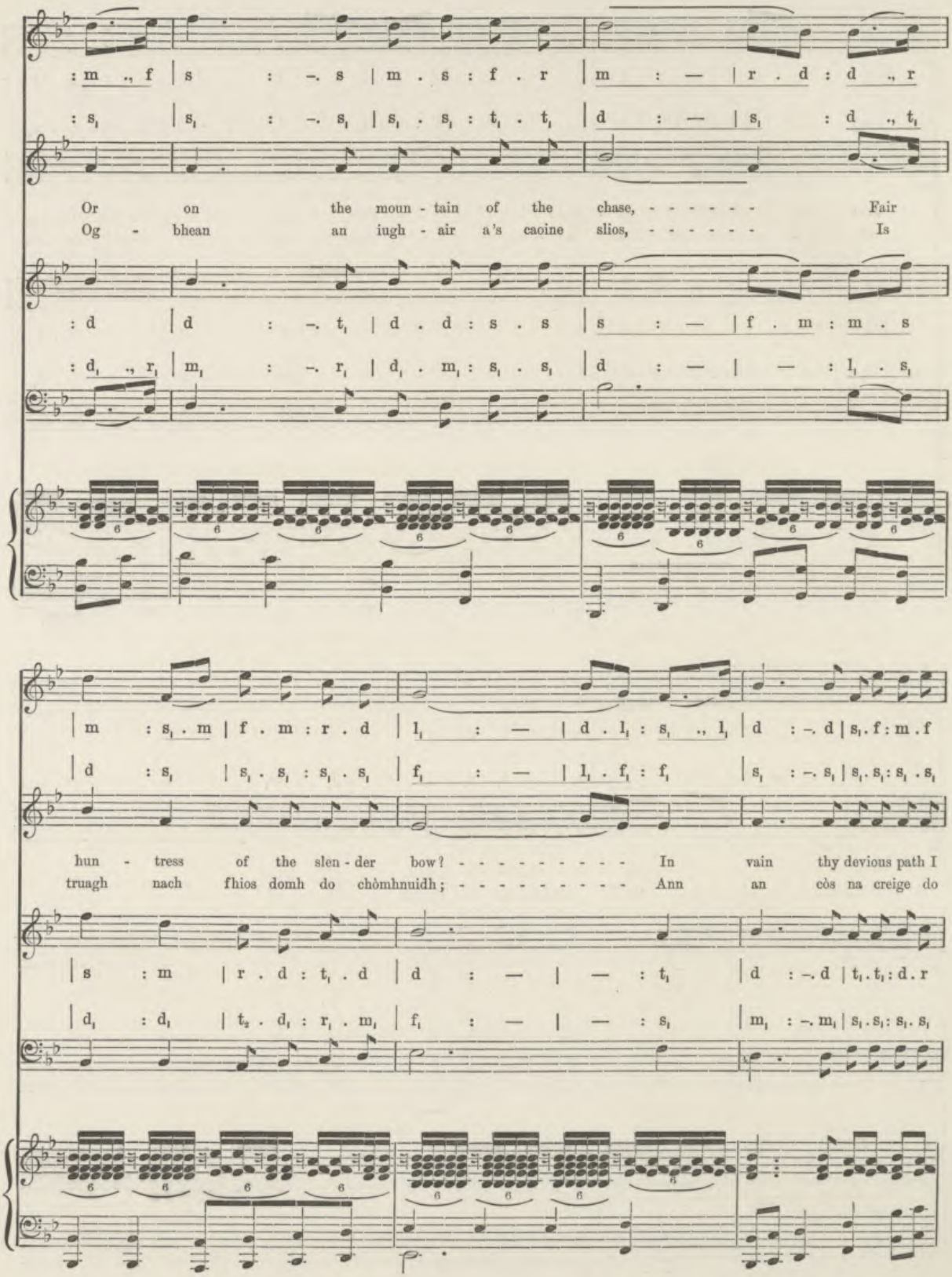
The following was found among the MSS. of the late Rev. Dr. Macintosh Mackay, of Dunoon. I have the privilege of publishing it, by the kind permission of the Rev. Eric Findlater, of Lochearnhead. Dr. Mackay was an eminent divine and Gaelic scholar. He was one of the founders of the Free Church of Scotland, and was raised to the dignity of Moderator in 1849. He died in 1873, aged 80:—

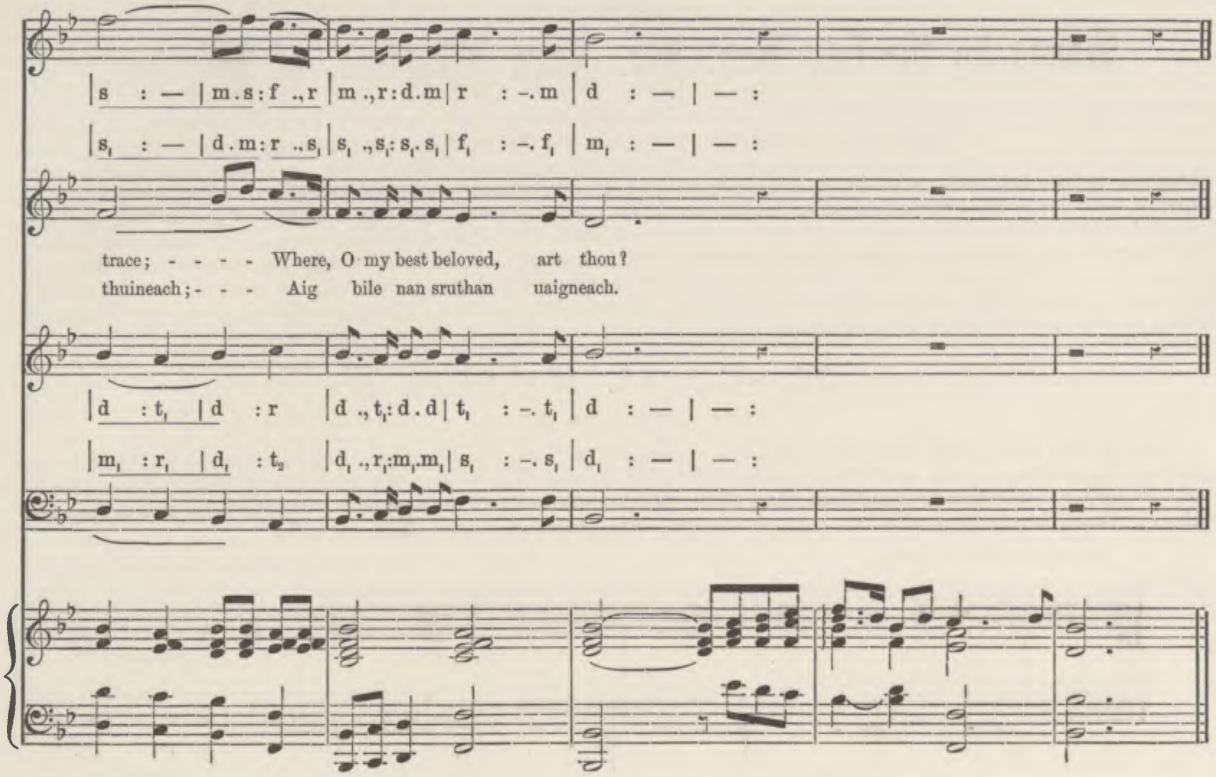
"This is an extract from the poem of 'Findu and Lorma,' and appears to me, at least, the most beautiful passage I have yet met with in Gaelic poetry. Its tenderness in Gaelic is inimitable. That passage in the tragedy of 'Douglas,' beginning with the words, 'Ye woods and wilds,' &c., has been cited a thousand times as the finest specimen of the rhetorical figure apostrophe (and in itself incomparable for tenderness) that exists in our language. Its general resemblance to this must strike any one, particularly of the concluding lines, 'O Douglas! Douglas!' &c. But I would ask, which is the more beautiful and tender of the two? The passage referred to in 'Douglas' is certainly so admirable, that it is almost an unmannerly thing to place it in the way of invidious comparison beside any other. Still I prefer this to it by a great deal. A translation of this into the measure of 'Douglas,' well executed, into any kind of blank verse, would be extremely fine. It would be lowering the dignity of it to make it into rhyme. Still, put into the verse, or adapted to the air, 'O send Lewie Gordon hame,' I think it would be exceedingly fine. The history of it in the poem of which it forms a part, is this: Finan and Lorma are a brother and sister, the children of Miurne, an aged warrior, who speaks the tale. Finan goes a-hunting to an island, where, after spending the day, on his return to land in the evening, he is overtaken by a storm, and his 'curach' upset. Lorma, towards evening, becoming anxious for her brother's return, and alarmed by the storm, hastens to the shore to await his arrival. After having anxiously waited, she at length beholds the alarming sight of her brother's dogs swimming ashore; and a succeeding wave throws her brother lifeless at her feet. Her distraction of sorrow makes her persuade herself he cannot, he must not, be dead. She raises him in her arms, and carries him to a cliff on the shore, where her soliloquy over him is equal in tenderness to the passage cited here. Her thoughts occupied deeply and wholly about her brother, she perceives not that the tide is rising, and the storm increasing. The rock on which she sits is surrounded by the rising tide—is by degrees at last covered—Lorma, clasping her brother's body, is swept away by a wave, and both perish. Lorma and Uran had long been mutually devoted lovers. Uran makes a visit to Dunalva, the abode of Lorma's father, in hopes of, as usual, meeting his love. He finds Dunalva deserted and dark, the father having left his home, and become a distracted wanderer, after the tragical end of his two and his only children. Uran arrives at Dunalva during night. Apprehensive that something fatal has happened, though left in painful suspense what it may have been, he breaks out into the apostrophe to Lorma cited above. The name Uran is the only unpoetical sound that occurs in the passage."

The whole poem will be found in Dr. Smith's "Sean Dana," 1787. Dr. Mackay gives no music, but I have set it to a very ancient air.




does my slumb'ring love re - pose? - - - - - - - - Has night o'er - ta'en thy wand'ring
ad do pràmh c'àit' bheil e? - - - - - - - - - 'N do ghlac an oidhch' thu 'san
feet, - - - - - - - - - Far in the lone - ly haunts of roes?
fhàsaich, - - - - - - - - Air aghaidh nan àrd - bheann séilg - e?
N


Or on the moun - tain of the chase, - - - - - - - Fair
Og - bhean an iugh - air a's caoine slios, - - - - - - - Is
hun - tress of the slen - der bow? - - - - - - - - - - In vain thy devious path I
truagh nach fhios domh do chòmhnuidh; - - - - - - - - - - Ann an còs na creige do



"Sad is my heart while here forlorn,
Alone I vainly muse on thee,
And see in thought thy graceful form
Sleeping beneath some shelt'ring tree.
In cover of some rock art thou,
Stretched out beside the rushing stream;
Cold drops will chill thy lovely brow,
The blasts of night disturb thy dream.

"Vain are these fears within my soul;
Thou dwellest as a beam of light;
Sweet peaceful dreams my love console
As soft she smiles 'midst silent night.
Spirits that roam in cloudy shade,
Oh fondly soothe her gentle rest;
Let no rude blast of gloom invade
The calm that nestles on her breast.

"Gentle and tranquil my delight
Slumbers beneath the stormy skies;
Let not the mountain eagle's flight
Rush through the glen where soft she lies.
While Uran fills thy secret soul,
Sleep on, my love, in rest serene;
Awake her not, ye streams that roll;
Ye roes, avoid the peaceful scene.

"Beside the music of that stream,
Beneath yon trees of grateful shade,
Where bees beneath the earliest beam
Shall murmur round my sleeping maid.
Where blushing roses, half concealed,
O'erhang the stream all fresh with dew,
Faithful and fond, in dreams revealed,
Let thy own Uran meet thy view.

"Rest on, my love; should slumbers fall
Upon these weary eyes of mine,
Come to my dreams, my own, my all;
O! softly on my slumbers shine.
Tranquil and gentle be thy look,
Such as it ever was to me;
Sweet as the music of the brook,
Calm as the stillness of the sea."

"Ma's i bidh do bhroilleach fliuch,
Bidh i fluch 's tha 'n oidhche fuaraidh,
Ach tha thu 'ghnàth le m' anam féin,
A ghaol gu ma sèimh do bhruadair.
A thaibhsean air osnaidh na h-oidhche,
Buineadh gu caomhnail ri m' ghaol;
Tha féith air a' gnùis 's i ri gàire,
Na séidear i mo ghràdh le gaothaibh.

"Caoin 'us sèimh fuidh dhoinion nan speur,
Tha m' annsachd féin 's a h-ùigh air Uran,
Na dùisgear i le ruadh-bhoc an raoin,
No le caochan a' ghlinne dhiomhair.
Fhìrein fhiadhaich nam beann,
Na biodh t-fharum an gleann mo ghaoil,
Caidil a' ghaoil gun smuairean,
Aig sruthan uaigneach nan iomadh bad.

"Mar chagair beacha na bruaiche,
Measg ròsan uaigneach nan allt,
A cromadh fuidh dhrùchd na maidne,
Thig mise gu d' chodal a Lòrma.
Sèimh gu robh 'ghaoil do thàmh,
'S ma thuiteas pràmh orm féin,
Eirich an aisling mo chodail,
'S biodh do ghnùis gu farasda màlda."

Note.—Dr. Macintosh Mackay has given a very beautiful translation in blank verse, but which, to my great regret, I have not been able to give, as I have failed in setting it to music, owing to its irregular rhythm. It has, however, greatly helped me.

IX.

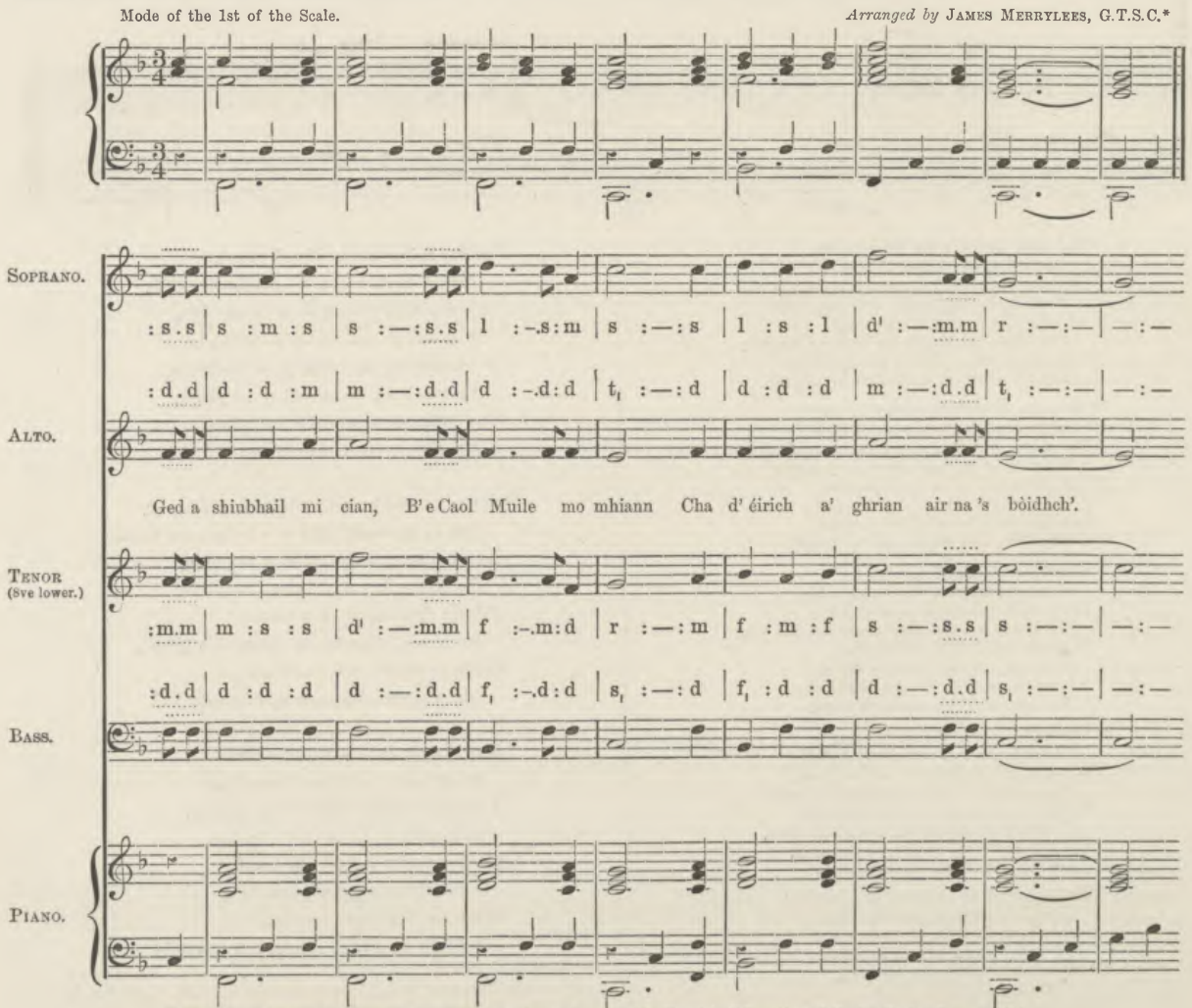
Songs by the late Rev. Dr. John Macleod, of Morven.

It was impossible to come into contact with Dr. Macleod without feeling that we came under the shadow of a great personality. In height six feet six inches, he was yet so proportionate, that it was only on coming near him that we realized how majestically he peered above his fellows; whilst one glance of that massive brow and thought-beaming eye revealed that the inward spirit rivalled the outward frame in its greatness. With all this he had a heart tender as an infant's, and welling over with sympathy where sympathy was needed. In Morven he was born, and in Morven he died. Its glens and woods, its rivers and creeks,—aye, its every nook and corner, were dearer to him than pen can tell. And then, its people! how his loving tendrils clasped round them in fondest embrace, and how in deepest affection and reverence that love-clasp was returned! More than once was his heart nigh to breaking, and perhaps never nearer than when many of his beloved flock were driven to the land of the stranger. Reasoner, orator, poet, and, above all, true Christian, it can be conceived what his preaching was. Its theme was what was so dear to his own spirit,—Christ and Him crucified. To his son, Dr. Norman Macleod, of St. Stephen's, Edinburgh, I tender my most grateful thanks for enabling me to include these memorials of my departed friend.

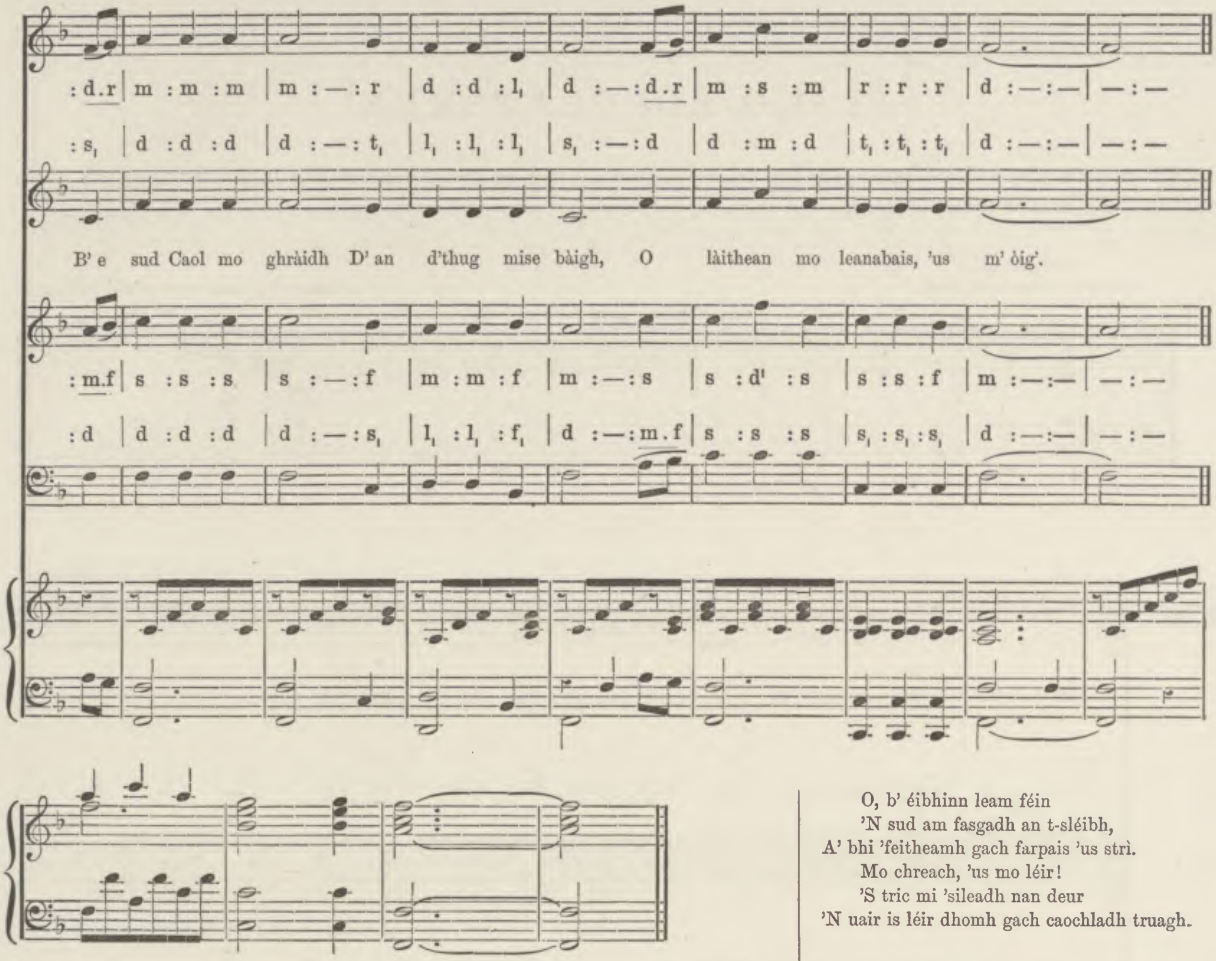
32.—CAOL MUILE.

(THE SOUND OF MULL.)

Chaidh an Duan a leanas a sgrìobhadh le Dr. Macleoid na Morairne. Màr tha fios aig mo luchd-dùthcha 's ann ri taobh Chaol Muile a rugadh 's a thogadh e: agus is ann 's a' "Chnoc Mhorairneach" a tha 'dhìlsean 'n an luidhe. 'N a sheann aois, glé dhlùth air crìch a chuairt, chuir e sìos an duan so mar chead dheireannach do Chaol Muile: 'us cha-n 'eil mòran a dh' fhaireachdainn an fhìor-Ghàidheil anns an duine sin a leughas e gun araon tiomadh, agus mosgladh a thighin air a chridhe.—Rev. Archibald Clerk, LL.D., Kilmallie.



* This air is known as "Iùbhrach shocrach a' chuain." (See MacKenzie's "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," page 389.)



O, b' àluinn leam riamh
An Caol ud ri fia,*
S e 'g iadhadh mu iochdar nam beann.
'N sud chi mise uam
Mòr luingeis a' chuain,
'N an cadal gu suaìn air an tuinn.

Chìt' na beanntainean àrd',
'S na coilltean fo 'n sgàil
'N an àilleachd 's an sgàthan 'bha fodhp'.
Chìteadh Dubhairt a' Chaoil,
Ardtòirnis nan laoch,
'Us Aros air aodann nan sliabh.

O'n Bhìrlinn gun tàmh
Chluinnteadh farum nan ràmh,
'S an Iorram, 's na Dàin aig na seòid.
Na h-eòin-mhara gu léir
'Togail iolaich le 'chéil,
'N uair a dh' éireadh Goil-éisg air an tuinn.

Bhìodh an t-Amhas† leis féin
Ann an uighe nan speur,
A shùil gheur air an doimhne mhòir.
Bhiodh an Fhaoilean bhreac, bhàn
An sud air an t-snàmh;
Na h-eòin dubha gun tàmh air a déigh.

* Fè. † Gannet.

Mar dhealan nan speur
Chìt' an Stearnal‡ beag, gleusd'
A' clisgeadh gu h-éibhinn a nuas.
'S gu h-aithiseach, réidh,
'Cur nam bodhan dhi féin,
A' Pheilleag§ sàr-iasgair a' chuain.

O, b' àluinn leam riamh
An Caol ud ri fia,
'S e 'g iadhadh mu iochdar nam beann.
'N uair a chasadh a' ghaoth,
'N sin chìteadh na laoich
Le saod 'cur nan luingeas fo sheòl.

Chluinnteadh maraichean treun',
'S iad ag éigheach r' a chéil;
O, b' éibhinn an éigheach àrd.
Cuid ag iarraidh mu Thuath
An aghaidh nan stuadh
A bha 'sadadh mu 'n guaillean àrd'.

Cuid ag iarraidh mu Dheas
'N an sgriob a' ruith leis,
Caoir cobhair mar eas 'n an déigh.
Bhiodh na h-iasgairean treun',
A' cothach' le 'chéil,
'S iad nach géilleadh fo éigin na sìd.

‡ Tern, or Sea-Swallow. § Porpoise.

O, b' éibhinn leam féin
'N sud am fasgadh an t-sléibh,
A' bhi 'feitheamh gach farpais 'us strì.
Mo chreach, 'us mo léir!
'S tric mi 'sileadh nan deur
'N uair is léir dhomh gach caochladh truagh.

Air dà thaobh a' Chaoil
C' àit' an diugh 'bheil mo dhaoin'?
C' àite comunn mo ghaoil, agus m' òig'?
Tha mo chaoimh-sa 'n an suain,
Fo na tulaichean uain',
Far nach cluinn iad gàir cuain na 's mò.

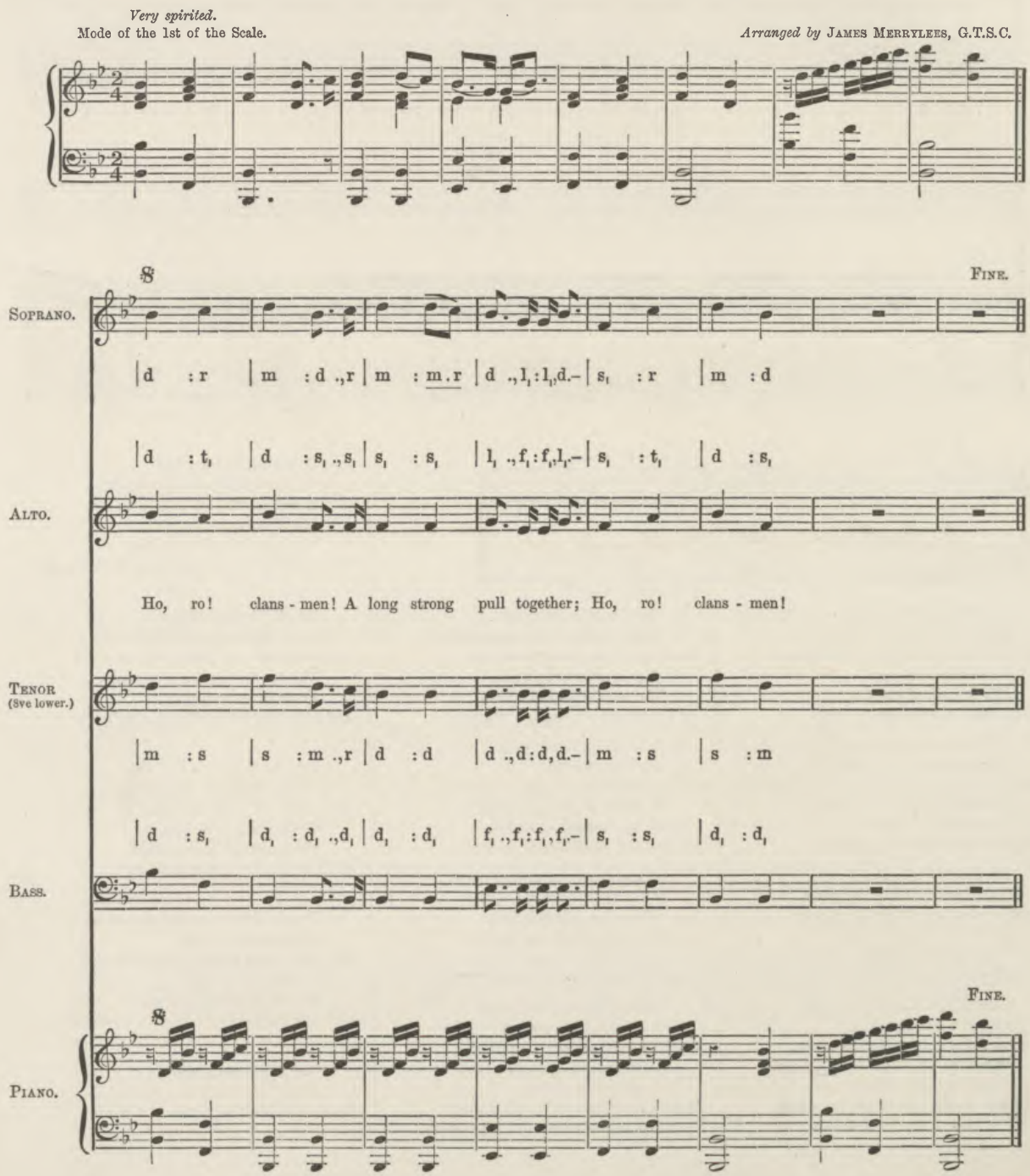
Ach tha 'n Caol so mar bha,
'S mar a bhitheas a ghnàth,
A' lìonadh 's a' tràghadh gach lò.
Fo dhoininn, 's fo fhia,
Mar ma seach bha e riamh,
Bi'dh an Caol so àluinn gach ial.

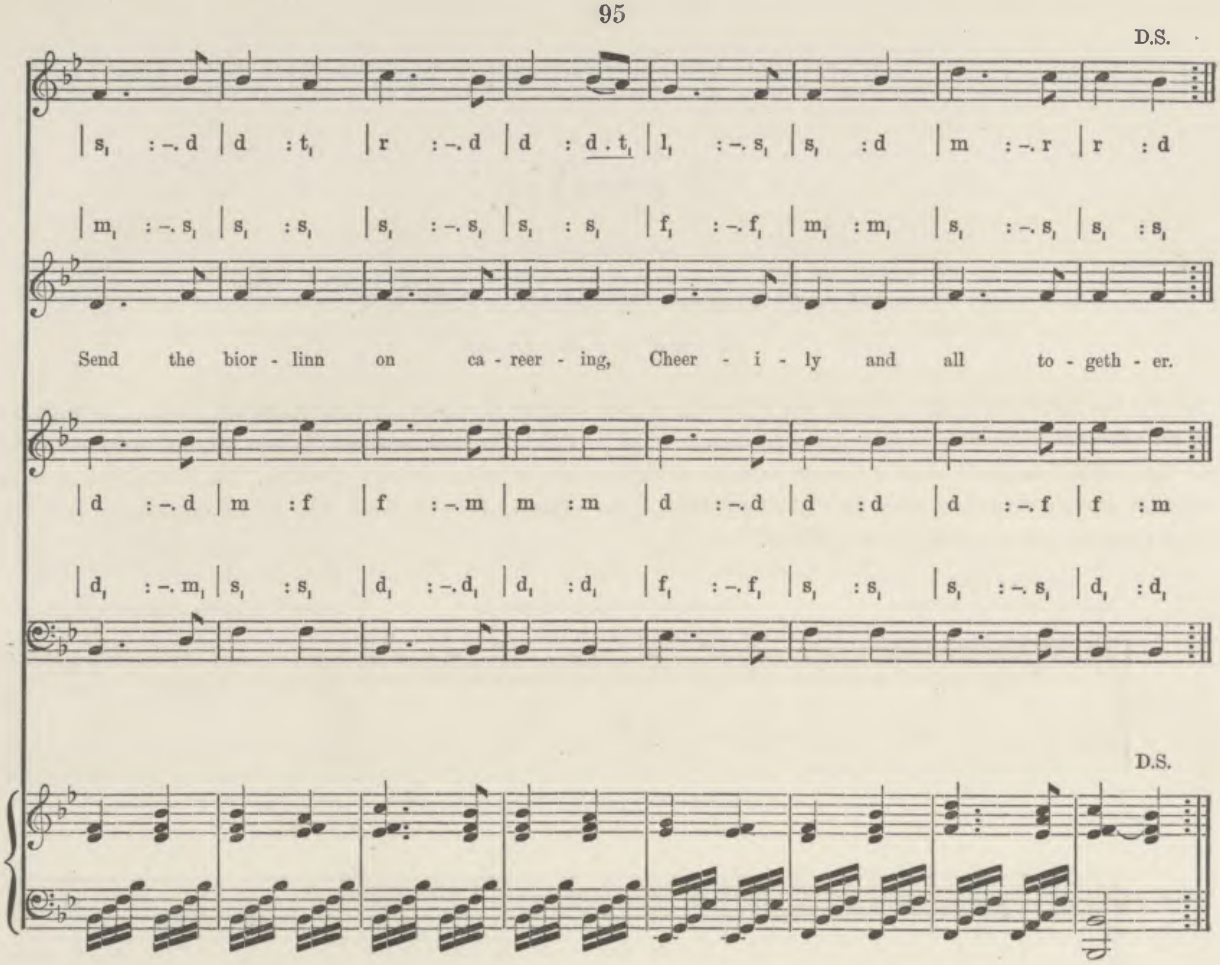
'N uair bhios mòr-shluagh an t-sao'il
Air crìonadh fo aois,
Cha bhi 'n Caol ach an tréine na h-òig'.
O, slàn leat a Chaoil
D' an d' thug mise mo ghaol;
Slàn leat fhad 's tha 'n saogh'l 'n a shaogh'l.

Caol Muile mo ghràidh,
D' an d' thug mise mo ghràdh,
'S ann duit bheir mi gràdh ri m' bheò.

33.—HO, RO! CLANSMEN!

This song was also composed by the late Rev. Dr. John Macleod. It is written in imitation of a Gaelic Boat Song, the Gaelic assonance being preserved instead of rhyme.





Send the biorlinn on careering,
Cheerily and all together;
Ho, ro! clansmen!
A long strong pull together;
Ho, ro! clansmen!

Bend your oars, and send her foaming
O'er the dark and flowing billows.
Ho, ro! clansmen! &c.

Give her way, and shew her wake,
'Mid showering spray and curling eddies.
Ho, ro! clansmen! &c.

Through the eddying tide we'll guide her,
Round each isle and breezy headland.
Ho, ro! clansmen! &c.

Proudly o'er the wave we'll bounce her,
As the stag-hound bounds the heather.
Ho, ro! clansmen! &c.

See the "diver" as he eyes her,
Hides with wonder under water.
Ho, ro! clansmen! &c.

The gannet high in midway sky
Triumphs wildly as we're passing.
Ho, ro! clansmen! &c.

The sportive sunbeams gleam around her
As she bounds thro' shining waters.
Ho, ro! clansmen! &c.

Clansmen, cheer! the wind is veering,
Soon she'll tear and cleave the billows.
Ho, ro! clansmen! &c.

Soon the flowing breeze will blow;
We'll shew the snowy canvas on her.
Ho, ro! clansmen! &c.

Wafted by the breeze of morn,
We'll quaff the joyous horn together.
Ho, ro! clansmen! &c.

Another cheer! our isle appears!
Our biorlinn bears her on the faster.
Ho, ro! clansmen! &c.

Ahead she goes! our biorlinn knows
That eyes on shore are gazing on her.
Ho, ro! clansmen! &c.

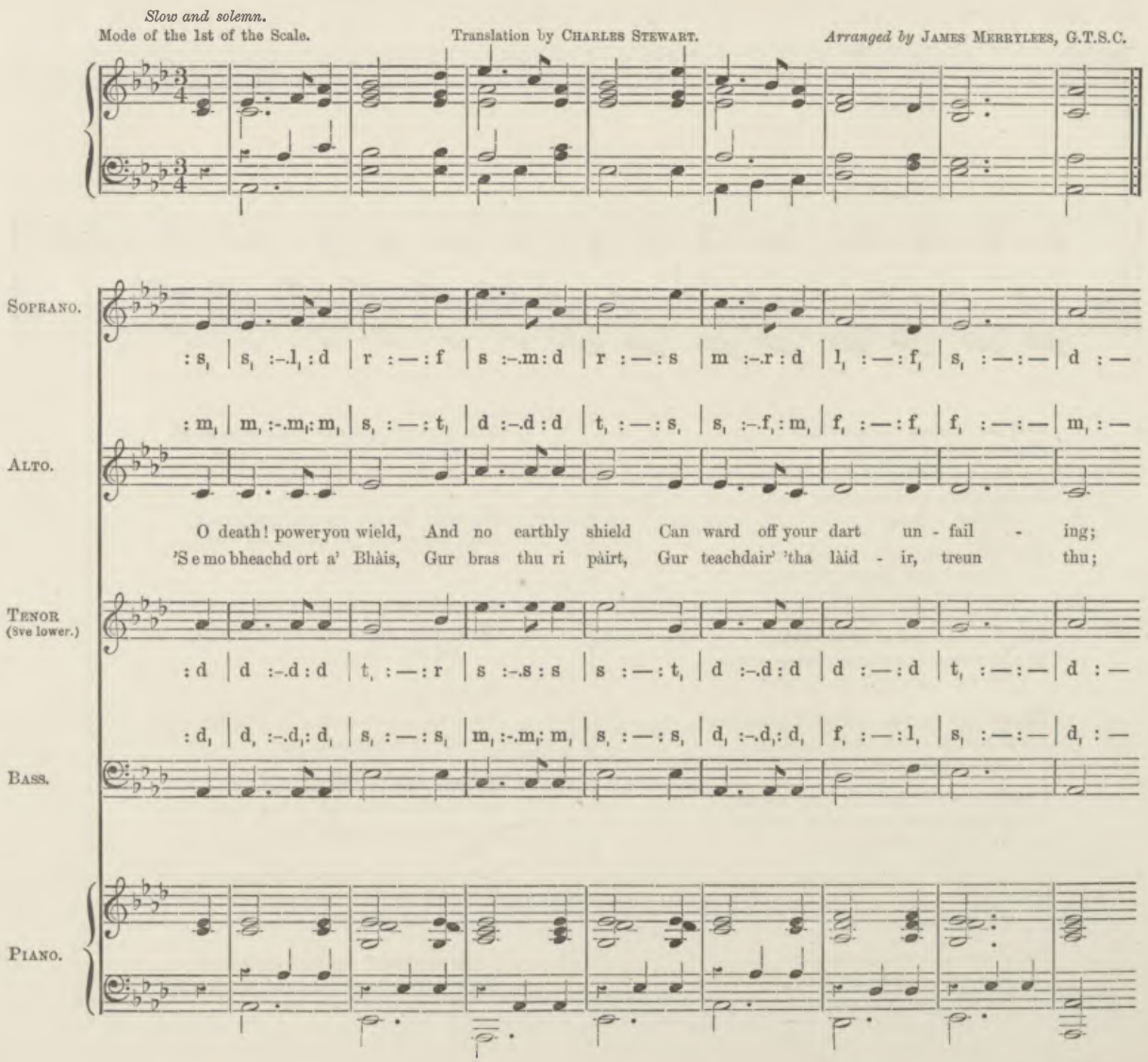
Ahead she goes! the land she knows.
Ho, ro! the shore! Ho, ro! we have it!
Ho, ro! clansmen! &c.

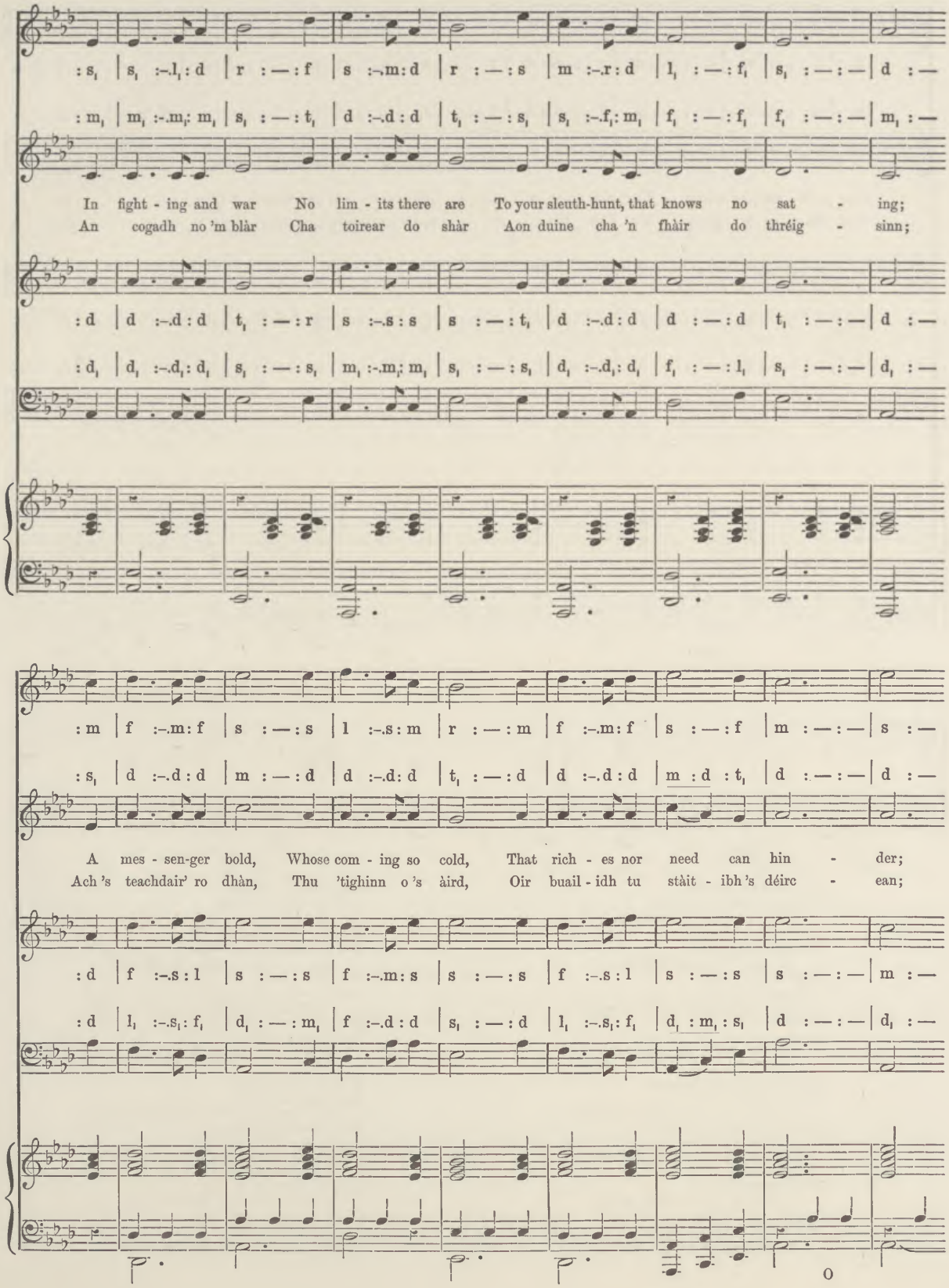
Appendix.

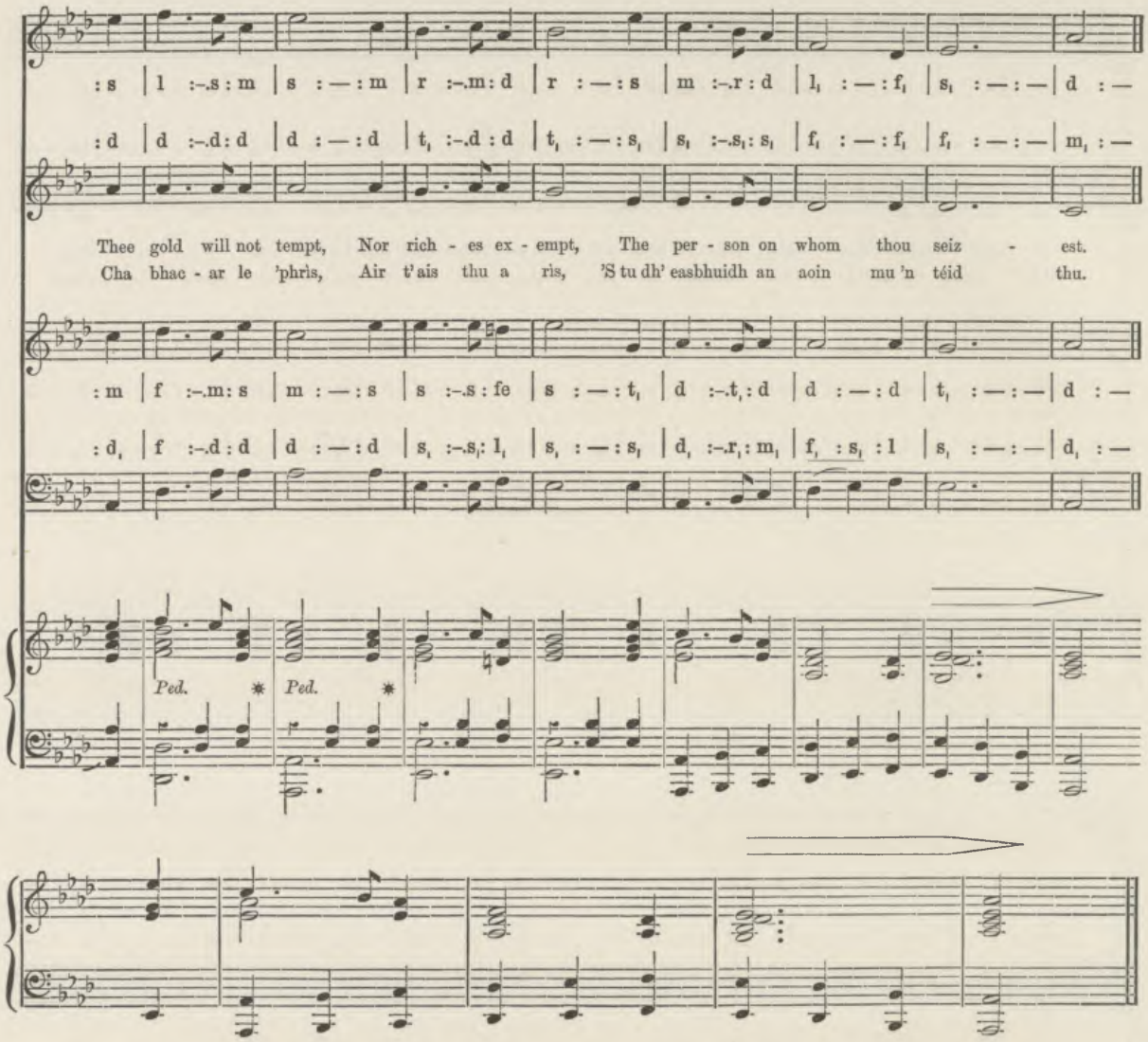
1.—ORAN MU 'N BHÀS.

(HYMN OF DEATH.)

THIS has been called the "Song of Death;" but it is really a hymn, and that of very peculiar construction and power. The words are by the well-known Sutherlandshire bard, Robert MacKay, who died in 1778. The music appears to be very old, and was published by the Rev. Patrick MacDonald in his well-known collection of Highland airs, in 1784. Professor Brown, in "The Thistle," has given an admirable setting of the melody, which, by his kind permission, I have adopted. Both music and words have a uniqueness of their own which I have not met with elsewhere in hymnology.




In fight - ing and war No lim - its there are To your sleuth-hunt, that knows no sat - ing;
An cogadh no 'm blàr Cha toirear do shàr Aon duine cha 'n fhàir do thréig - sinn;
A mes - sen-ger bold, Whose com - ing so cold, That rich - es nor need can hin - der;
Ach 's teachdair' ro dhàn, Thu 'tighinn o 's àird, Oir buail - idh tu stàit - ibh 's déirc - ean;



The babe at its birth,
Who scarce sees the light,
Thou graspest and tak'st away then;
The maid to be wed,
Ere marriage is sped,
Is led in thy clasp prevailing.
If great or if small,
If young or if old,
If living the right or the wrong life;
If life in us be
Our foe we can't flee,
But helplessly wait your onset.

Thou, by whose great power
Death has his sad hour,
To which we must bow in patience;
Thou giv'st faith and hope
To all those who plead
The promise Thy grace has made us.
A Father Thou art
To children who seek,
To widows a friend fast caring.
Our Creator Thou art,
Who brings down to nought
The wisdom of all created.

Glacaidh tu chloinn,
A mach bho 'n bhroinn,
Mu 's faic iad an soills air éiginn;
Glàcaidh thu n' òigh,
Dol an coinneamh an òig,
Mu m' faodar am pòsadh éigheachd.
Ma 's beag no ma 's mor,
Ma 's sean no ma 's òg,
Ma 's cleachdadh dhuinn còir na eucòir.
Ma tha sinn 'n ar beò,
Is anail 'n ar sròin,
Cuirear uile sinn fo na féich ud.

A chumhachd a tha,
Cur ugainn a' Bhàs,
Gu 'n teagamh nach pàighear fhéich da;
Tha misneach 'us bonn
Aig neach a tha 'n geall
Air tagradh na gheall do bheul da.
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' chreutair.

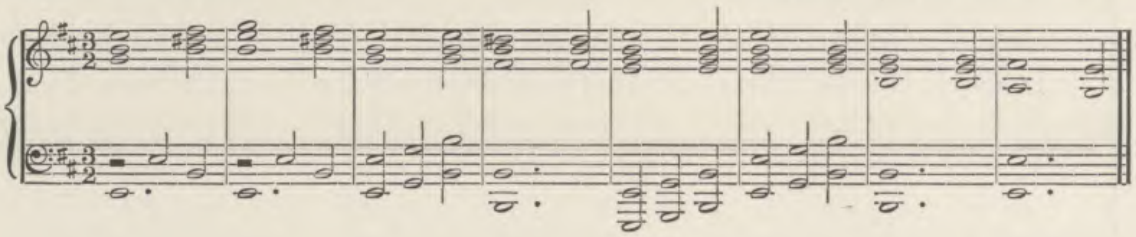
2.—DIES IRÆ.

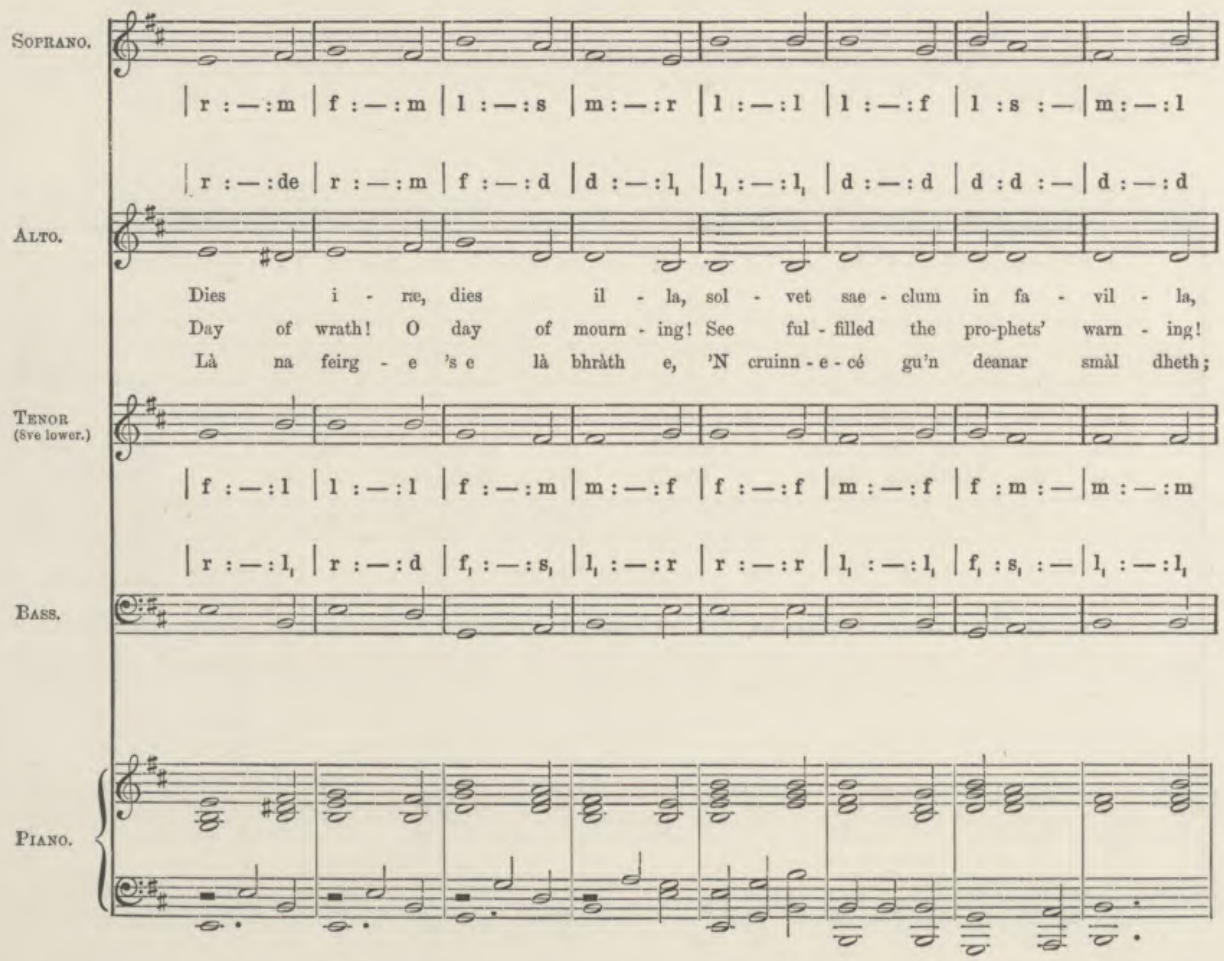
(DAY OF WRATH.)

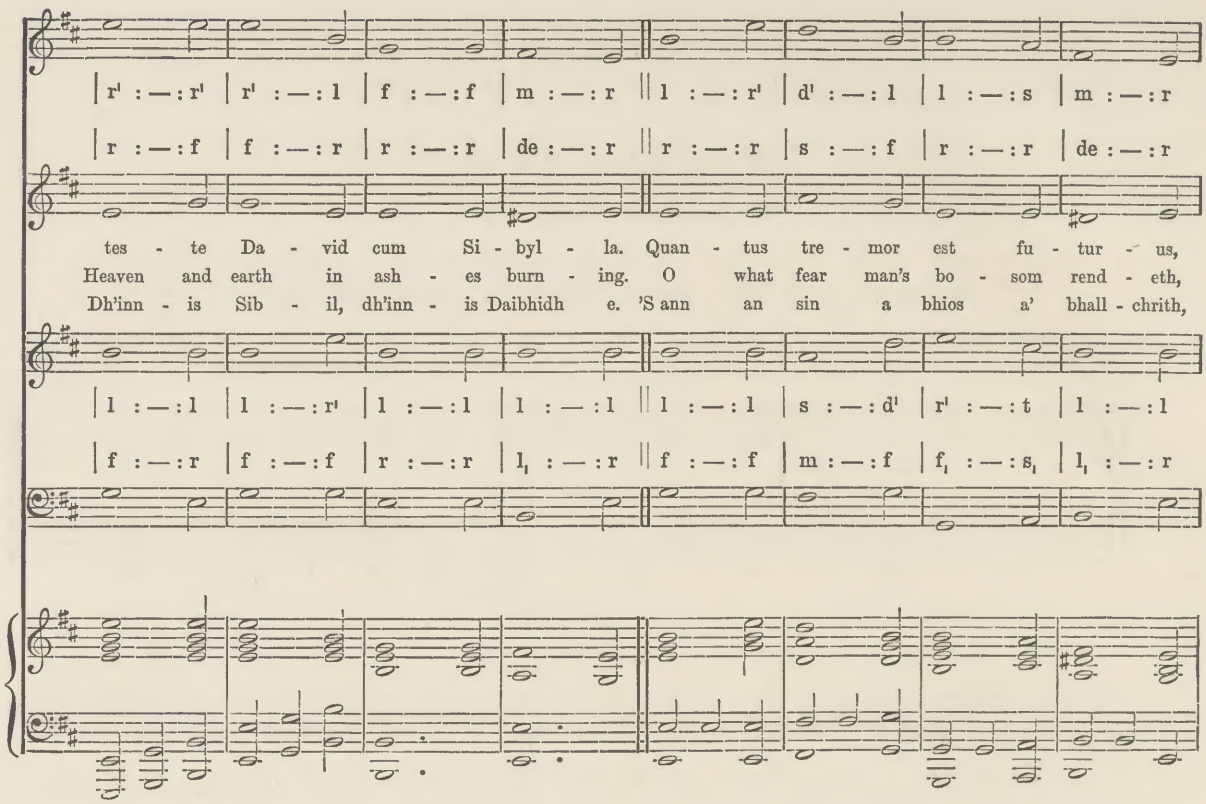
Gaelic Translation from the Latin by the late D. C. MacPherson, Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.

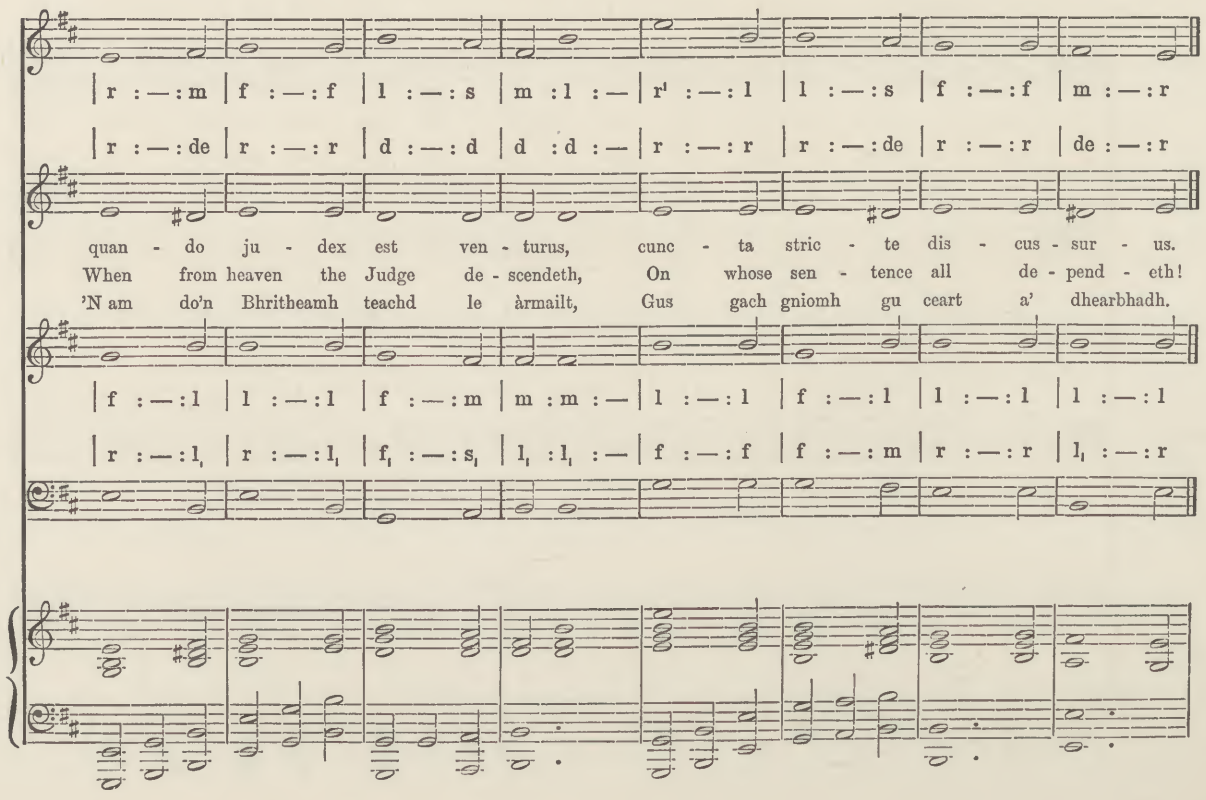
With sombre expression.
Mode of the 2nd of the Scale.

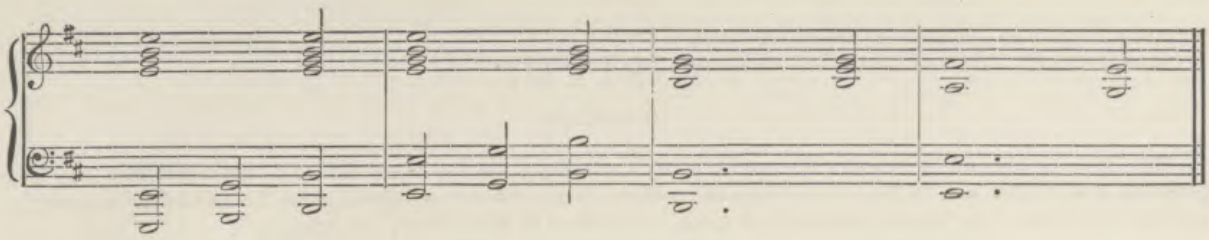
Music by Charles Stewart.
Accompaniment by James Merrylees, G.T.S.C.






r' :—: r' | r' :—: l | f :—: f | m :—: r || l :—: r' | d' :—: l | l :—: s | m :—: r
r :—: f | f :—: r | r :—: r | de :—: r || r :—: r | s :—: f | r :—: r | de :—: r
tes - te Da - vid cum Si - byl - la. Quan - tus tre - mor est fu - tur - us,
Heaven and earth in ash - es burn - ing. O what fear man's bo - som rend - eth,
Dh'inn - is Sib - il, dh'inn - is Daibhidh e. 'S ann an sin a bhios a' bhall - chrith,
l :—: l | l :—: r' | l :—: l | l :—: l || l :—: l | s :—: d' | r' :—: t | l :—: l
f :—: r | f :—: f | r :—: r | l, :—: r || f :—: f | m :—: f | f, :—: s, | l, :—: r


r :—: m | f :—: f | l :—: s | m :l :— | r' :—: l | l :—: s | f :—: f | m :—: r
r :—: de | r :—: r | d :—: d | d :d :— | r :—: r | r :—: de | r :—: r | de :—: r
quan - do ju - dex est ven - turus, cunc - ta stric - te dis - cus - sur - us.
When from heaven the Judge de - scendeth, On whose sen - tence all de - pend - eth!
'N am do'n Bhritheamh teachd le àrmailt, Gus gach gniomh gu ceart a' dhearbhadh.
f :—: l | l :—: l | f :—: m | m :m :— | l :—: l | f :—: l | l :—: l | l :—: l
r :—: l, | r :—: l, | f, :—: s, | l, :l, :— | f :—: f | f :—: m | r :—: r | l, :—: r



Tuba mirum spargens sonum
per sepulcra regionum
coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit et natura,
cum resurget creatura
judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
in quo totum continetur,
unde mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
quidquid latet apparebit
nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
quem patronum rogaturus
cum vix justus sit securus?

Rex tremendae majestatis
qui salvandos salvas gratis,
salva me, fons pietatis.

Recordare Jesu pie
quod sum causa tuae viae,
ne me perdas illa die.

Quaerens me, sedisti lassus
redemisti crucem passus:
tantus labor non sit cassus.

Juste judex ultionis,
donum fac remissionis
ante diem rationis.

Ingemisco tanquam reus,
culpa rubet vultus meus,
supplicanti parce Deus.

Peccatricem absolvisti
et latronem exaudisti
mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Preces meae non sunt dignae,
sed tu bonus fac benigne
ne perenni cremer igne.

Inter oves locum praesta,
et ab haedis me sequestra
statuens in parte dextra.

Confutatis maledictis,
flammis acribus addictis,
voca me cum benedictis.

Oro supplex et acclinis:
cor contritum quasi cinis:
gere curam mei finis.

Lacrymosa dies illa,
qua resurget ex favilla
judicandus homo reus:

Huic ergo parce Deus.
Pie Jesu Domine
Dona eis requiem.

Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,
All before the throne it bringeth.

Death is struck, and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.

Lo, the Book, exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded!
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

When the Judge His seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

What shall I, frail man, be pleading,
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?

King of majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us;
Fount of pity, then befriend us!

Think, good Jesus, my salvation
Caused Thy wondrous incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation.

Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suffering bought me;
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

Righteous Judge! for sin's pollution
Grant Thy gift of absolution
Ere that day of retribution.

Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning!

Thou the sinful woman savedst;
Thou the dying thief forgavest;
And to me a hope vouchsafest.

Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying.

With Thy favoured sheep oh place me,
Nor among the goats abase me;
But to Thy right hand upraise me.

While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me with Thy saints surrounded.

Low I kneel, with heart submission;
See, like ashes, my contrition;
Help me in my last condition.

Ah, that day of tears and mourning!
From the dust of earth returning,
Man for judgment must prepare him:

Spare, O God, in mercy spare him!
Lord all-pitying, Jesus blest,
Grant them Thine eternal rest!

Sgalaidh 'n trombaid caismeachd éirigh,
Cluinnidh uile thìr an éig iad,
'S cruinnichear gu mòd Mhic Dhé sinn.

Clisgidh 'm Bàs 's gun clisg na dùilean,
'N uair a' dh' éireas sinn bho 'n smùraich,
'Thoirt do 'n Britheamh cheart ar cunntais.

Leabhar sgrìobhte thig am follais,
Anns am bi gach ni gu soilleir,
'S gheobh an saoghal ceart mar thoilleas.

Air do 'n Bhritheamh dol 's a' chathair,
Aon ni diomhair cha ghabh fallach,
'S air gach giamh théid cìs a ghabhail.

Och mo thruaighe d' é 'their mise,
Co 'm fear-dìon a ni mo sheasamh,
'S gann gu 'n teurainn na deagh chreidich.

Righ na móralachd 's an uamhais,
Bheir saor-mhathanas do d' shluagh fhéin,
Dhia na tròcair saor mi 'n uair sin.

Iosa iochdmhor na bi 'n gruaim rium,
Cuimhnich 's mis' a thug a nuas thu,
O, na dìt-sa air Là-luain mi.

Air mo thòir bu sgìth 's bu shàraicht',
Cheannach thu le d' chrois bho'n Bhàs mi,
Cuir dhomh 'n ìre brìgh do phàise.

Bheir thu binn a réir a' cheartais,
Fhoir dhomh mathanas am pheacadh,
Mu 'n tig latha cruaidh na breithe.

'G acain goirt 'am chiontach dìblidh,
Rudhadh nàire 'm ghruaidh le mì-sta,
Bàigh, a Dhia 's na dean mo dhìteadh.

'Thì thug mathanas do Mhàiri,
'Gheall do 'n mhéirleach seilbh am Pàras,
'S a thug dhòmh-sa dòchas làidir.

M' ùrnaigh lag 's mo chràbhadh fionnar,
Neartaich fhéin, 's ann dhuit a's urrain,
'S teasraig mi bho lasair iutharn.

Deònaich àit' dhomh measg nan caorach,
As na gobhair cuir gu taobh mi,
'S air do dheas-laimh gabh gu caomh rium.

'N uair a théid na daoine dìte,
Sios do 'n teine dhian nach dìbir,
Gairm mi measg nan naomh do d' rìgheachd.

Mo dhian-ùrnaigh ruit a Shlànuighear,
Le crìdh' umhlaidh, briste, cràiteach,
Gabh fo d' dhion aig uair mo bhàis mi.

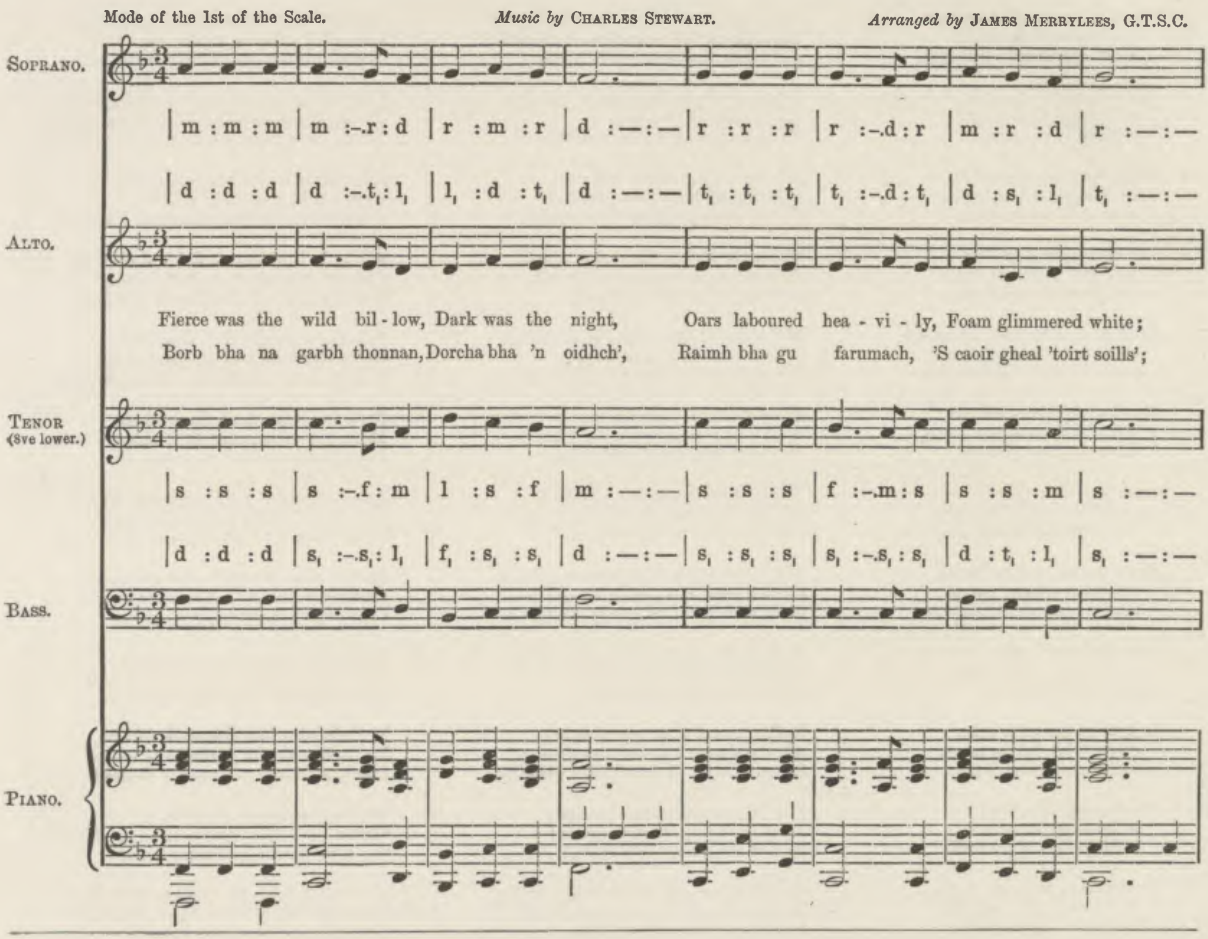
Là nan deur e là na truaighe,
'N pheachdach dh' éireas as an luaithre,
'Suas fo bhinn a' Bhritheimh chruaidh ud.

'Dhia dean tròcair air romh 'n uair ud,
'Ios' iochdmhoir O mo Thighearna,
Do na creidich thoir fois shìorruidh.

3.—SÌTH!

(PEACE!)

This hymn was composed by Anatolius, who was Bishop of Constantinople, and died in A.D. 458. The English translation is by kind permission of the Publishers, J. T. Hayes, Lyall Place, Eaton Square, London, taken from "Hymns of the Eastern Church," translated by the Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D. For the translation into Gaelic I am indebted to Henry Whyte, Esq., Glasgow.

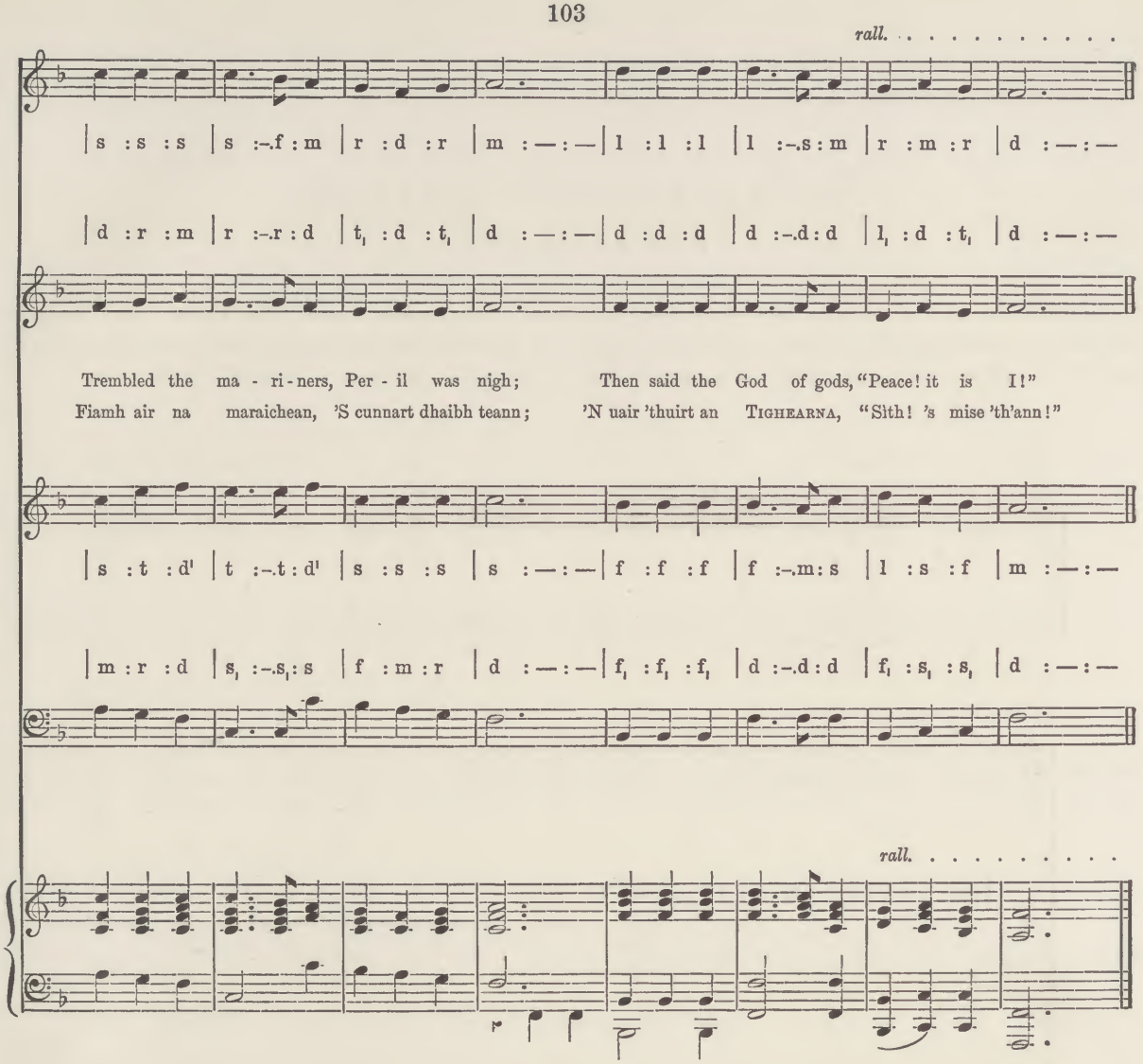


Ridge of the mountain wave,
  Lower thy crest.
Wail of Euroclydon,
  Be thou at rest.
Sorrow can never be,
  Darkness must fly,
Where saith the Light of Light,
  "Peace! it is I!"

Jesu, Deliverer,
  Come Thou to me;
Soothe Thou my voyaging,
  Over life's sea.
Thou, when the storm of Death,
  Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
  "Peace! it is I!"

'Chìrean nan stuaghan àrd,
  Leig bhuait 'bhi crosd',
'Ghaoir chruaidh Euroclydon
  Bìth-sa 'n ad thosd;
Bròn agus dorchadas
  Teichidh na 'n deann,
'N uair 'their an SOILLSE féin,
  "Sìth! 's mise 'th'ann!"

Iosa ar Slànuighear,
  Rium-sa thig dlùth,
Stiùir mi troimh 'n bheatha-so
  'S bìth a'd' reul-iùil;
'N sin 'n uair bhios stoirm an Aoig
  'G éiridh le greann,
Their cagar na FÌRINN rium
  "Sìth! 's mise 'th'ann!"


rall.
| s : s : s | s :-.f : m | r : d : r | m : — : — | l : l : l | l :-.s : m | r : m : r | d : — : —
| d : r : m | r :-.r : d | t, : d : t, | d : — : — | d : d : d | d :-.d : d | l, : d : t, | d : — : —
Trembled the ma - ri - ners, Per - il was nigh; Then said the God of gods, "Peace! it is I!"
Fiamh air na maraichean, 'S cunnart dhaibh teann; 'N uair 'thuirt an TIGHEARNA, "Sìth! 's mise 'th'ann!"
| s : t : d' | t :-.t : d' | s : s : s | s : — : — | f : f : f | f :-.m : s | l : s : f | m : — : —
| m : r : d | s, :-.s, : s | f : m : r | d : — : — | f, : f, : f, | d :-.d : d | f, : s, : s, | d : — : —
rall.

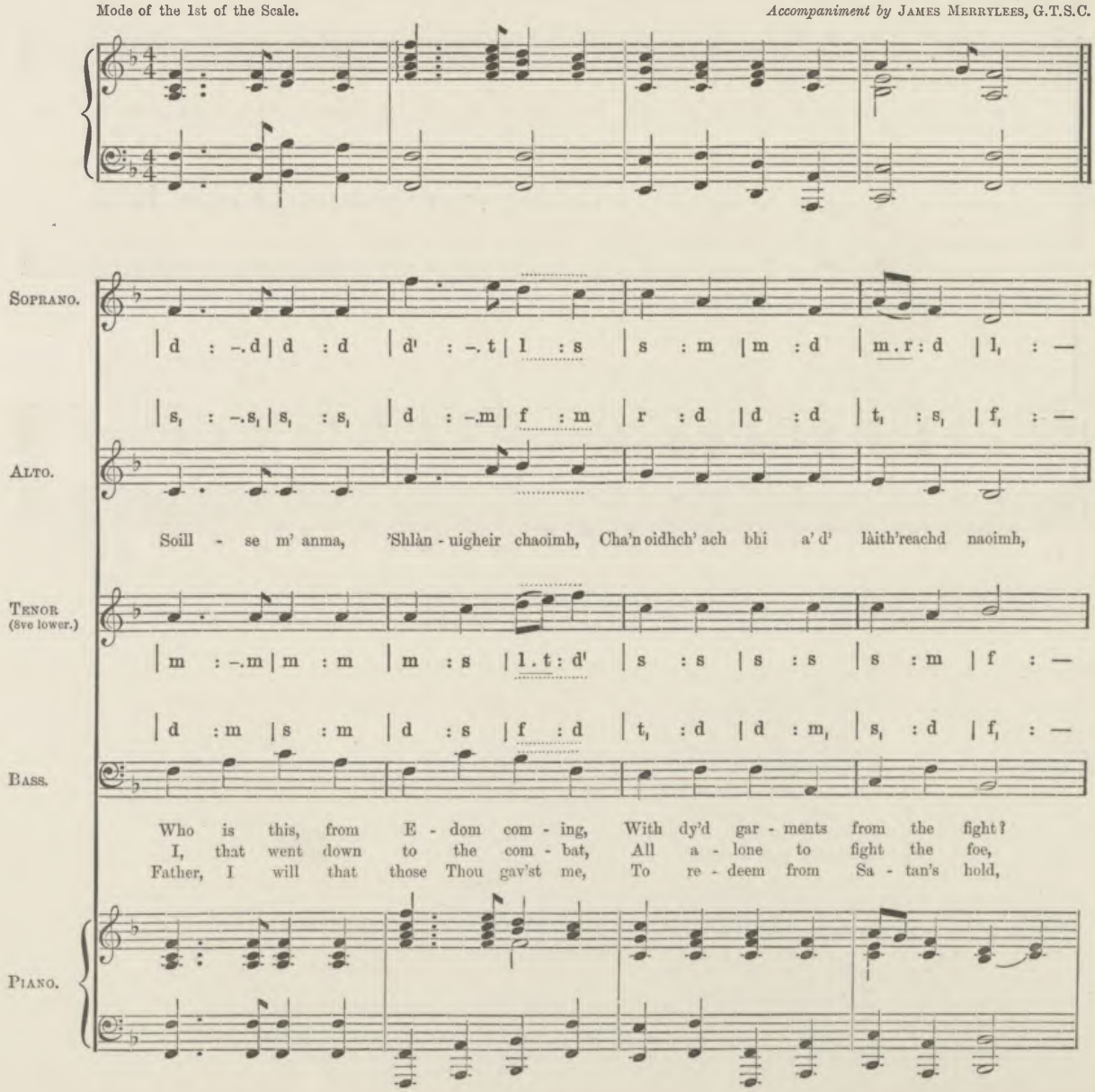
4.—FAN MAILLE RUINNE.

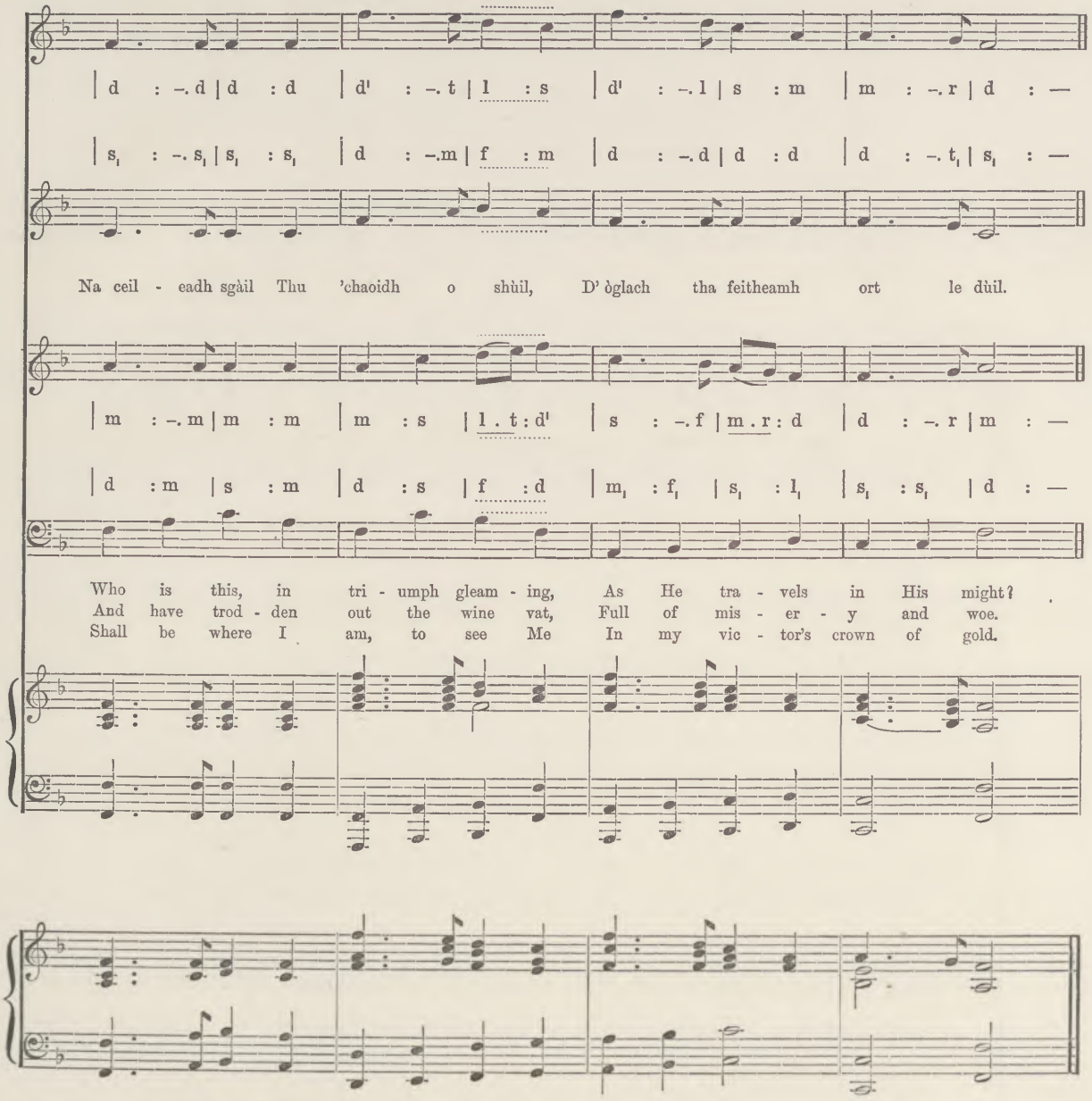
(SUN OF MY SOUL.)

The Gaelic translation of the hymn, "Sun of my Soul," is by the late Rev. Dr. John Macleod. The English hymn, "Conquest," both words and melody, is by Charles Stewart. The melody was suggested by several Gaelic airs, and can be sung to any hymn of 8.7.8.7 metre, or of 7.7.7.7, by placing a slur on the last two notes of lines first and third. The words of "Conquest" are given below.

Melody and Harmony by CHARLES STEWART.
Accompaniment by JAMES MERRYLEES, G.T.S.C.

Mode of the 1st of the Scale.





An nochd 'n uair bhraonas cadal sèimh
Am rosgan trom, mar dhrùchd o nèamh,
Mo smaointean shaimh b'e meud an àigh,
A bhi gu sìorruidh 'n uchd do ghràidh.

Fan Thusa leam a dh' oidhch 's a lò,
As d' eugmhais féin cha d' thig mi beò,
Fan leam ré oidhch' mo thriall fadheòidh,
Fo fhiamh a' bhàis 's Tu 'mhain mo dhòigh.

Ma chaidh air seachran Uait an diugh,
A h-aon de d' chloinn a dhuilt do ghuth;
Nis teasraig e a Dhé nan gràs,
Na luidheadh e fo dìteadh bàis.

Glèidh an t-euslan, bochdan riaraich,
O shaibhreas do lànachd shiorruidh,
'S thoir tàmh do luchd a' bhròin an nochd,
Mar shith-shaimh naoidhein chaoimh gun lochd.

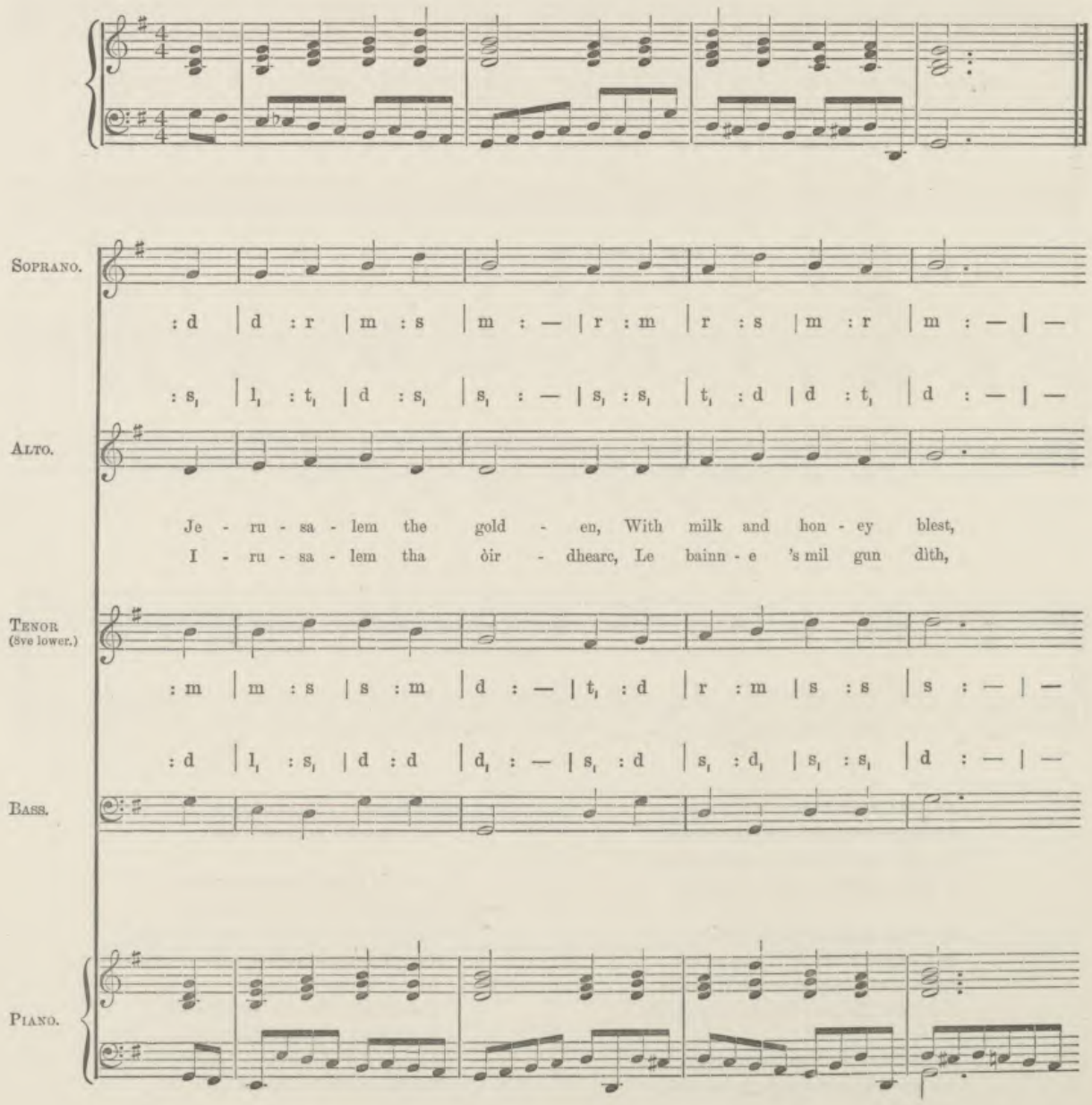
'N ar dùsgadh Thig 'us beannaich sinn,
Ar ceum troi 'n t-saogh'l mu 'n gabhar leinn;
Fan, gus a' d' ghràdh mar dhoimhne mhòir,
Shàr lìonar sinn le ioghnadh glòir.

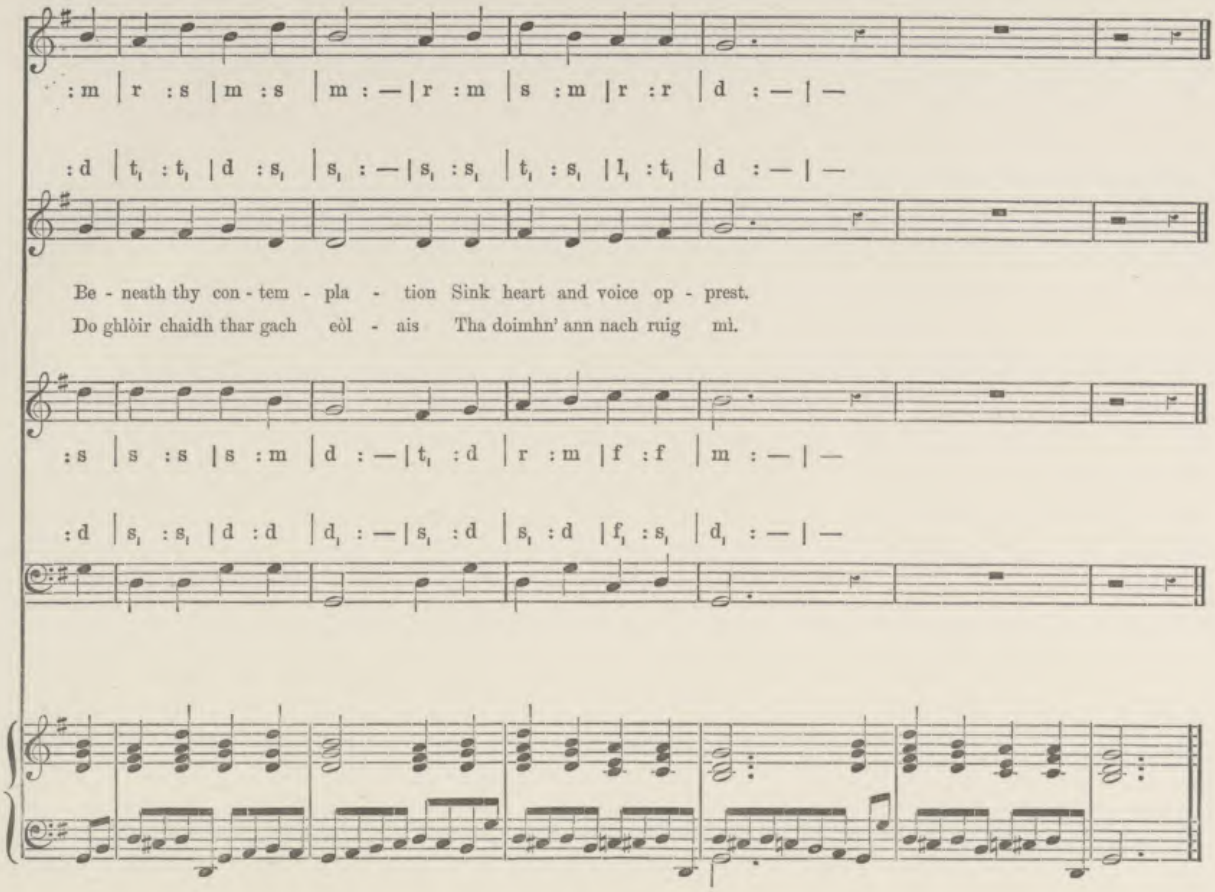
5.—IRUSALEM THA ÒIRDHEARC.

(JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.)

This very ancient chant was noted down by me from the singing of the late William Stewart, Ewich, Strathfillan. It appears to me to be most suitable for such hymns as "Jerusalem the Golden," which it is here set to. The very beautiful Gaelic translation is by the late Rev. Dr. John Macleod, Morven.

Mode of the 1st of the Scale. Translation by the late Rev. Dr. John Macleod. *Arranged by* James Merrylees, G.T.S.C.





I know not, oh! I know not,
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare!

They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.

The Prince is ever in them;
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.

And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!

Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

Cha 'n fhios cha 'n aithne dhòmhsa,
Gach suaimhneas àrd 'us àgh,
Tha 'n sud, no 'n soillse gloire,
'S gun choimeas agam dhà!

An sin tha lùchairt Shìoin,
Làn ait le caithream luaidh,
'S le dealradh glòir nan ainglibh,
'S nam fianuisean thug buaidh.

Tha Prionns' na Slth E Féin ann;
'An soillse ciùin an là;
'S ionaltradh a shluaigh gu lèir,
Gorm àilean rèidh fo bhlàth.

An sin tha cathair Dhaibhidh;
'S iad saor bho ànradh truagh,
Eiridh bho luchd na cuirme,
Ard iolach ait nam buadh.

Iadsan chuir le 'n Ceannard,
A chòmh-strì ghoirt 'us chruaidh,
Tha iad 'an sud gu siorruidh
'N an trusgain gheala nuadh.

O! 's, àghmhor sona 'n tìr ud,
'Us fois do shaor shluagh Dhé!
O! 's, àghmhor sona 'n tìr ud,
Air 'm bheil air crìdhe 'n déigh!

O! Iosa ann ad thròcair
Do 'n tìr ud treòraich sinn,
Thus ionmholt leis an Athair,
'S an Spiorad Naomh gach linn.