

Dh' èisd finne, 's b' aithreach leinn,  
 Comhairle Chonain a mhi-aigh :  
 Leag sinn an torc nimhe borb  
 Anns a choilli dlù do 'n traigh.  
 —Cumaibh rium's e, deir Conan crion,  
 'S da dhi, mo lamh, gu bi 'n ceann.

Chomhdaich finn Dearg leis an fhuil,  
 Is thog finn air ar muin an làoch ;  
 A righ bu tiamhaidh trom \* ar ceol,  
 Ga ghiulan an còail a ghaoil.  
 Ruith Conan le bian an tuirc,  
 Bha e tìtheach chum uile a ghnà,  
 “ Le m' lainn thuit an torc a lot 'fhear,  
 Nuair bhrift a fhleagh air chèum fàs.”

Chuala Crimìn an fgeul,  
 Is chunnaic i 'n cruth éig a Dearg ;  
 Dh' fhàs i mar mheall eith fan fhuachd,  
 Air mora nan cruaidh learg.

( Tamul )

\* Among the ancient Highlanders, funeral processions were always accompanied with mournful songs or lamentations. In many parts of the Highlands this custom existed till of late, and it is not quite extinct in Ireland. The same custom appears to have prevailed among the Jews and other ancient nations in a very early period. Ezecl. xii. 5.

Tamul dhi mar sin na tàmh,  
 Ghlac i na làimh inneal-ciuil;  
 Mheath i gach crìdh'; ach cha d'fhùiling  
 Sinn do Dhearg e chorrugh' air uilinn.

Mar bhinn-ghuth calaidh \* 'n guin bàis,  
 No mar cheolan chàich mu 'n cuairt di,  
 A' gairm an taibhse bhò lochan nan nial,  
 Ga giulan air fgiathaibh' gaoithe:  
 B' amhuil sin caoi Chrimìne  
 'S a Dearg na fhìne' dlù dhi.

\* *al. Filidb.* I have chose to keep *calaidh* in the text, altho' some naturalists deny the singing of the swan, so often mentioned by the Greek and Latin, as well as by the Celtic poets. If the singing of the swan is to be reckoned among the *vulgar errors*, it has been a very universal one. Over the west of Scotland, it is still frequently affirmed as a fact, that the swans which frequent those parts in winter, are heard to sing some very melodious notes, when wounded, or about to take their flight. The note of the swan is called in Galic *Guileag*; and a ditty called "*Luinneag na h'calai*", composed in imitation of it, begins thus,

Guileag i, Guileag ò,  
 Sgeula mo dhunaigh,  
 Guileag i;  
 Rinn mo làireadh,  
 Guileag ò  
 Mo chafan dubh, &c.

*Caoi Chrimine.*

O 'Thaibhfe! \* bho airde nan nial,  
 Cromaibh a dh' iarruidh ur Deirg;  
 Is thigibh, òighean an Trein, o 'r talla,  
 Le ùr-'alluinn leibh do m' ghradh.

Coma, Dheirg, an robh ar crìdh'  
 Air an fniomh do dlù nar com,  
 Is com' a spionadh thusa uam,  
 'S an d' fhàgadh mise gu truagh trom?  
 Mar dhà lus † sinn fan drùchd ri gàire,  
 'Taobh na creige 'm blàs na grèine ;  
 Gun fhreumh air bith ach an aon,  
 Aig an dà lus aobhach aoibhinn.  
 Shèun òighean Chaothain na luis,  
 Is boidheach, leo fein, am fàs!

Sheun

\* That the souls of the happy were admitted after death into the hall of Treunmor, and other ancestors of Fingal, in their *Flath-innis*, or "island of the brave" was a notion which remained long among the Highlanders. *Giraldus* tells us the same belief prevailed in his time among the Irish. "Defunctorum animas in consortium abire existimant quorundam in illis locis illustrium, ut *Fin Mac Cbuil*, *Osbir Mar Osbin*, et tales; "de quibus fabulas & cantilenas retinent." *Gir. ap. Cambden*. It would appear that the Poems of Ossian were well known in the days of *Giraldus*.

† *al. ròs.*

Sheun is na haighean ca-trom,  
 Ge d' thug an torc do aon diu 'm bàs.  
 Is trom trom, 's a cheann air aoma',  
 'N aon lus faoin tha fathafd beo,  
 Mar dhuilleach air searga fa ghrein;  
 —O b' aoibhinn bhi nis gun deo!

Is dh' iadh orm òiche gun chrìoch,  
 Thuit gu fìor mo ghrian fo smal;  
 Moch bu lannar air Mor-bheinn † a fnuadh,  
 Ach anmoch chaidh, \* tual an car.

'S am

† *Mor-bheinn*, the name of Fingal's kingdom and residence, is a term of the same import with "Highlands." The name is now confined to a single parish of that name, in Argyleshire. It is not easy to fix with precision the boundaries of Fingal's kingdom, but it is most likely that it comprehended almost all that territory, which afterwards made up what was called the *Scottish* kingdom, before the Pictish kingdoms were annexed to it. According to two ancient fragments of Scottish history published in the appendix to Innes's Critical Essay, "Fergus the son of Erc reigned over Albany, from *Drumalbin* to the sea of Ireland and Innsegall (or Hebrides.)" The sea of Ireland is a boundary well known; and by *Drumalbin* is meant, according to the best antiquaries, those high mountains which run all the way from Lochlomond, near Dunbarton, to the frith of Taine, which separates the county of Sutherland from a part of Ross.

\* *Car tual* (*tua' iul*) "unprosperous or fatal course," is an allusion



'S ma threig thu mi, fholluis m'aigh!  
 Tha mi gu là bhràth gun ghean;  
 Och! mur eirich Dearg o phràmh,  
 Is dui'-neul gu bràth a bhean.  
 'S duaichni' do dhreach; fuar do chrìdh,  
 Gun spionn' ad laimh no clì ad chois!  
 Och 's balbh do bheul a bha binn;  
 Och 's tinn leam a ghraidh do chor!  
 Nis chaochail rugha do ghruaidh,  
 Fhir nam mor-bhuadh anns gach cath;  
 'S mall, mar na cnuic air 'n do leum,  
 A chas a chuir eilde gu stad!

Is b' annfa Dearg seach neach fu'n ghrèin o!  
 Seach m' athair deurach, 's mo mhathair chaomh;  
 Tha 'n fuil ri lear gu tric 's an èigheach,  
 Ach b' annfa leamfa dol eug le m'ghaol.

† Is lean mi 'n cèin thar muir is glinn thu,  
 'S luidhinn fìnte leat san t-flochd;

O  
 to the Druidical custom of going three times round their circles and cairns. The *Deis-iul*, or "turning to the South" in the same course with the Sun, was reckoned lucky; the reverse (or *ear-tual*) unlucky.

† This idea of two lovers being inseparable in life and death, is beautifully illustrated in the following epitaph, by Boëtius Torquatus, physician to Theodoric the Goth, in the 8th century.

Elpis

O thigeadh bàs no torc dom reuba',  
 Neo 's truagh mo chàra' fein a nochd.  
 Is rinneadh leaba dhuinn an raoir,  
 Air an raon ud chnoc nan fealg;  
 'S ni 'n deantar leab' air leth a nochd dhuinn,  
 'S ni 'n fgarar mo chorp o Dhearg.

† Tuirlibh, O thaibhse nan nial,  
 O ionadaibh fial nam fiath;  
 Tuirlibh air ghlas-fgiathaibh ur ceo,  
 Is glacaibh mo dheo gun átha.

†

E

Oigh-

*Elpis dicta fui, Siculæ regionis alumna,  
 Quam procul a patria, Conjugis egit amor;  
 Quo fine, mæsta dies, nox flebilis, anxia hora:  
 Nec solum caro, sed spiritus unus erat.*

*Lux mea non clausa, tali remanente marito,  
 Majorique animæ parte superstes ero;  
 Porticibus sacris jam nunc peregrinè quiesco,  
 Æterni judicis testificata thronum.*

*Ne qua manus bustum violet, nisi forte jugalis  
 Hæc iterum cupiat jungere membra fuis:  
 Ut thalami, cumulique comes, nec morte revellar,  
 Et focios vitæ nectat uterque cinis.*

† The two following stanzas are omitted in the translation given of this poem, (Gaelic antiq.) Some other small variations have arisen from a more accurate comparison of different editions; some of which have been procured since the translation was published.

Oighean, tha 'n tallaibh an Tréin,  
 Deilbhìbh ceo-éide Chrìmine;  
 Ach 's annfa leam fgiobul mo Dheirg;  
 Ad fgiobuls, a Dheirg, biom!

Is mhothaich finn ga treigfinn a guth,  
 Mhothaich finn gun lugh' a meoir;  
 Thog finn Dearg, ach bu ro-anmoch;  
 Crimìne bha marbh gun deo.

\* \* \* \* \*

—Thuit a chlár-fach as a laimh,  
 Dh'imich fan dàn a h-anam.—

Thaisg an laoch i air an traigh,  
 Le Crimora, a cheud ghradh,  
 Is dh'ullaich e fan aite cheudna,  
 An leac ghlas fo 'n luidh e feine.

'S chaidh dithis deich famhra mu'n cuairt,  
 Is dithis deich geamhra le 'm fuachd o fin;  
 An cian ud tha Dearg na uaimh,  
 'S cha'n eifd e ach fuaim gun ghean.  
 'S tric mis' \* a' feinn da tra nòin,  
 'S Crimìn' air a ceo-foillfe.—  
 —Feuch Dearg fan doine na aonar,  
 'S e 'g eifdeachd ri caoiran nan coillte!

## TIOMNA GHUILL\*.

NACH tiamhaidh tofd fo na h oiche,  
'S i taosgadh a dui'-neoil air gleantai' !  
Dh' aom fuain air iuran na feilge  
Air an raon, 's a chù r'a ghlùn.  
Clanna nan sliabh tha e ruaga'  
Na aifling, 's a fhuain ga threigfann. †

Caidlibh, a chlanna an fgios,  
'S gach reul a' dìreadh nan aonach;  
Caidil a lù'-choin luaith,  
Cha dean Oifian do fhuain a dhùfga'.

E 2

Tha

\* *Tiomna Ghuill*, in the most common editions of it, is much adulterated by a mixture of the *Ursgaols* or "tales of latter times." The subject of this poem is the death of Gaul, the son of Morri, who is much celebrated in other poems of Ossian, for his undaunted courage and warlike exploits.

† Venantumque canes in molli sæpe quiete  
Jactant crura, tamen subito vocesque  
Mittunt, et crebras reducunt naribus auras,  
Ut vestigia si teneant inventa ferarum :  
Expergefactive sequuntur inania sæpe  
Cervorum simulachra, fugæ quasi dedita cernant ;  
Donec discussis redeant erroribus ad se.

Lucret. lib. iv.



Tha mise ri faireadh am aonar,  
 Is caomh leam doille na h òiche ;  
 'S mi 'g imeachd o ghleannan gu gleannan,  
 Gun fhiughair ri madain no foillfe.

Caomhainn do fhòlus, a Ghrian,  
 'S na caith co dian do lochrain ;  
 Mar ri' na Feinne, 's faoilidh t anam,  
 Ach crionaidh fathafd do mhòr-chuis.  
 Caomhainn lochrain nam mìle lafair,  
 Ad ghorm-thalla, nuair theid thu  
 Fo d'chiar-dhorfaibh, gu cadal  
 Fo afgailt dhorcha na h iargail.  
 Cao'inn iad mu'n fàg iad thu t aonar,  
 Amhuil mise, gun aon is blà leam :  
 Cao'inn iad, 's gun loach a' faicinn  
 Gorm-lafair nan lochran aillidh.

A Chaothain nan folus aigh,  
 Tha do lochrains' an' tràsa fo smal ;  
 Amhuil darag air criona gu luath  
 Tha do phailinn, 's do fhluagh air treigfinn,  
 Soir na fiar air aghaidh t aonaich  
 Cho 'n fhaighear do aon diu ach làrach ;

An † Seallama, 'n Taura no 'n Tigh-mor-ri  
 Cha 'n 'eil flige, no oran, no clarfach!  
 Tha iad uile nan tulachain uaine,  
 'S an clacha nan cluainibh fein,  
 Cha 'n fhaic aineal o'n lear no o'n fhàsaich  
 A h aon diu 's a bharr ro' neul.

'S a Sheallama, theach mo ghaoil!  
 An e 'n torr fo t aos-larach,  
 Far am bheil foghnan, fraoch, is fòlach,  
 Ri bròn fo fhìle' na h òiche?  
 Mu thimchioll mo ghlas-chiabhan  
 Ag iadha tha chomhachag chorr,  
 'S an earbag a' clifgeadh o leabuidh,  
 Gun eagal ro Oifian a bhròin.

Earbag nan carn còfach,  
 San robh cònuidh Ofcair is Fhinn,  
 Cha 'n imir mi fein ort beud,  
 'S cha reubar thu choidh' le m' lainn.

—Gu druim Sheallama sìneam mo lamh;  
 Tha 'n fhardach gun druim ach adhar!  
 Iarram an fgia' leathan gu hiofal;

Barr

\* *Seallama*, a beautiful view" *Taura* "a house on the sea-coast,"  
*Tigh-mor-ri* "a royal palace, the names of some of Fingal's places of  
 residence.

Barr mo fhleagh bhuail a copan !  
 —'S a chopain èigheach nam blàr !  
 Is fàr-aoibhinn leom fathasd t fhuaim,  
 Tha e dùsga' nan làithe chaidh feach,  
 \* 'S a dh' aindeoin aois tha m' anam a' leumnaich,  
 —Ach uam fmuainte nam blàr,  
 'S mo fhleagh air fàs na luirg ;  
 An sgia chopach tuille cha bhuail i ;  
 Ach ciod fo 'n fhuaim a dhuifg i ?  
 Bloidh fgeith' air a caithe' le haois !  
 Mar ghealach earr-dhubh a cruth,  
 Sgia Ghuill 's i at' ann,  
 Sgia chòlain mo dheagh Ofcair !  
 —Ach ciod fo chuir m' anam fo sprochd ?  
 'S tric, Ofcair, † a fhuair-fa do chliu ;

Air

\* *al.* Mar ghaoth ann am falasg an aonaich.

*al.* Mar shruth aonaich tha m' anam a' leumnaich.

† Ofcar the son of Oflian died young, as he was fighting against *Cairbre rua'* in Ireland. The story of his death (translated in the 1st book of *Temora*) is one of the most tender and affecting passages of Oflian. This line may probably allude to the following verses in that poem.

Dhomhlaich mu Chairbre a shloigh,  
 Buidheann fhuileach fhaobhrach chorr,  
 'S ann am briathra' garga fuarra' falachai'  
 Labhair ri Ofcar an Cairbre.

Iomlaid

Air còlan do ghaoil bidh fonn an tràs,  
A Mhal-mhine \* le d' chlàr bi dlù.

'S bha

Iomlaid fleagh a b' aill leam u ait,  
Ofcair nan arm faobhrach cruaidh,  
Air neo an t fleagh mu 'm bheil do làmh  
Toillidh dhuit gu grad do bhàs.

Mac-famhuil Oskar na aonar  
Mar an t frann-ghaoth teachd thar aonach,  
No mar fhrois o 'n iar na gathaibh,  
Ro' na gaathaibh baoghlach plathach.

Tra chunnaic Oskar na floigh,  
Dh' fhàs e mar fhia' bàr air mòintich,  
No mar chù air éill no lothainn,  
Ri am teachd do 'n t feilg fa chomhair.

\* Malvina, to whom this and several of Ossian's poems are addressed, was the love of Oscar. This connection gave rise to that tender relation which subsisted between her and Ossian ever afterwards. Some beautiful remains of ancient poetry are ascribed to her, though it is probable they were composed by Ossian, in her name. Her lament for Oscar, (See Ossian's works, poem of Cromach) is so tender and affecting, that every reader of taste and sensibility, will forgive me for inserting it here at full length.

'S e guth anaim mo rùin at' ann,  
O ! 's ainmic gu aifling Mhalmhìn' thu.  
Fofgluibhfe talla nan speur,  
Aithriche Ofcair nan cruai'-bheum ;  
Fofgluibhfe dorfa nan nial,  
Tha ceuma Mhalmhine gu dian.  
Chualam guth am aifling fein,  
Tha farum mo chleibh gu hard.

C' uime

'S bha 'n oiche doilleir duaichni,  
Torman speur mar chreig ro' fgarnaich ;

Uille

C' uime thainig an ofag am dheigh  
O dhubh-shiubhal na linne ud thall ?

Bha do sgiath fhuaimneach an gallan an aonaich,  
Shiubhail aifling Mhalmhline gu dian :  
Ach chunnaic is' a rùn ag aomadh,  
'S a cheo-carradh a' taofga' m' a chliabh :  
Bha dearfa na grein' air thaobh ris  
Co boifgeil ri òr nan dàimh.  
—'S e guth anaim mo rùn a th' ann !  
O ! 's ainmic gu m' aifling fein thu.

'S cònuì' dhuit anam Mhalmhline,  
Mhic Oisfain is treine làmh.  
Thaom mo dheoir meafg shìle' na h oiche.  
Ghuil mi 's càch eile nan tàmh.  
Bu ghallan àluinn a fhianuis mi Ofsair,  
Le m' uile gheugaibh uaine mu m' thimchioll ;  
Ach thainig do bhàs-fa mar ofaig  
O 'n fhàfaich ; is dh' aom mi fios.

Thainig earrach le file' nan speur,  
Cha d' eirich duill' uaine dhomh fein ;  
Chunnaic òighean mi fàmhach fan talla,  
Is bhual iad clàrfach nam fonn.  
Bha deoir ag taomadh air gruaidhean Mhalmhline ;  
Chuannaic oigh' mi 's mo thuire gu trom.  
C' uime am bheil thu co tuirfeach am fhianuis,  
A chaomh-ainnir aig Luath-àth nan fruth ?  
An robh e fgiamhach mar dhearfa na grèine ?  
'M bu cho tlachdor e 'g'cìridh na chruth ?

'S taitneach



Uillt a' beacuich,—taibhs' a' fgreadail  
 'S boifge tein' o'n adhar bholg-dhubh.  
 —San uair sin chruinnich an Fheinne  
 Gu haoibhinn an talla Fhinn ;  
 Cha b' aibhifh fhuar e, mar a nochd,  
 Is cha robh sprochd air aghaidh fuinn.  
 Bha òl is ceol air uigh gach fir,  
 Is clàr an' laimh gach filidh 's og-mhnaoi.

† F Shiubhail

'S taitneach t'fhonn an cluais Oisfain,  
 Anighean Luath-àth nan fruth dian.  
 Thainig guth nam bard nach beo,  
 Am meafg t'aifling air aoma' nan fliabh,  
 Nuair thuit cadal air do shuilean foirbh,  
 Aig cuan mor-shruth nan ioma' fuaim :  
 Nuair phill thu fathail o'n tfeilg,  
 'S grian là thu aig òrradh na beinn.  
 — Chual thu guth nam bard nach beo :  
 'S glan faiteal do chiuil fein.  
 'S caoin faiteal nam fonn o Mhalmhine !  
 Ach cloanaidh iad anam gu deoir ;  
 Thu fòlas an Tuireadh le sìth,  
 Nuair dh' aomas cliabh tuirse gu bròn ;  
 Ach claoidhidh fad-thuirse siol dòrainn,  
 A fhath-nighean Thofcair nan cruai'-bheum.  
 'S ainmic an la nan nial  
 Tuitidh iad mar chuireig fòn ghrein,  
 Nuair sheallas i nuas na foillfe,  
 An' deigh do 'n dubh-cheathach siubhal do 'n bheinn,  
 S' a throm-cheann fo fhile' na h'òiche.

Shiubhail mar fin an òiche,  
 Mu 'n d' ionndrain finn idir uainn i;  
 Ìs dhùisg a mhadainn fan ear,  
 An leabai nan neula luaineach.  
 Bhuail Fionn-ghaël \* a sgiath,  
 Cha b' ionan fuaim dh' i 's an tràs;  
 Ghreas na laoch o 'n fruthaibh gu dian;  
 Bhac a bhuinne Goll an àigh.  
 Thog finn gu I fredine ar fhuil,  
 Phill finn le 'r cliu 's le'r creich; †

Com

\* *Fionn* and *Fionn-ghaël* are synonymous terms: the epithet of Gaël is often added to distinguish his country. The highlanders of ancient and modern times have always called themselves Gaël (or Cælt) and their country, Gaël dochd. "Finnanum filium Coeli, (Fyn Mac Coul, vulgari vocabulo; Scotici sanguinis, &c. Boeth. supr. cit.

† Among the old Caledonians, it was no disparagement to commit depredations on other tribes, with whom they were at variance. Robbery was the mode of declaring war; and the most dexterous at making reprisals of this nature was considered as the bravest man. Nor was it only among our ancestors of Caledonia that this species of depredation was reputable. The *Brigantes* of South Britain; the *Brigantii*, bordering on the Alps; and the inhabitants of *Brigantium* in Spain, had all of them their name from *Brigand*, a Celtic word which signifies a Robber. (BULLET. DICTION. Celt. II. 211.) The *Cimbri* of Germany

Com nach d' fheith thu, Ghuill nan fleagh,  
 Nach feachna' le d' dheoin an àrach ?  
 —Air long ea-trom nan garbh-thonn  
 Lean an fonn fin an dara-mhaireach.

Ach co fud air a charraig, mar cheo,  
 'S i 'g amharc ro dheoir air Goll,  
 A gruag dhorcha fa ghaoith air faondra,  
 'S a lamh chaoin, mar cobhar, m'a cuailleán ?  
 'S og am macan na huchd,  
 'S binn a crònan na chluais:  
 Ach fhéid an ofnagh am fonn ;  
 Air Goll, Aoibhir-chaomh † tha do luadh !

Chìtear leatha 'n long an caol-chruth ;  
 Le dubh-neul iosal ga comhdach,  
 Amhuil carraig air a héide' le ceo ;  
 “ A mhic Morna, flàn gum pill thu !”

F 2

Le

Germany had their name for the like reason, if we may credit Sextus Pompeius and Plutarch. The Picts too had their name (*Picti*) from their success in the same honourable trade, and the character which Virgil gives to Ufens, and some of the other chieftains who came to the aid of Turnus is exactly similar to these ;

Conveciare juvat prædas, & vivere rapto.

*Æn.* vii. 749. & ix. 613.

† *Aoibhir-chaomh*, the spouse of Gaul, and daughter of Casdu-conglas. See *Temora* B. iii.

Le ceumaibh mall is 's le fealla cùil,  
 Phill i gu Stru-mhon ard;  
 Mar thannas air linne nan ceo,  
 'S gun deo aig anail an fhàile.

\* \* \* \*

Bu tric a fuil air a chuan ànrach,  
 “ A mhic Morna, flàn gum pill thu!”

Ghlac an òiche dhòbhidh dhorcha  
 Mac Morna 's e 'm meadhon ànraidh;  
 Tra sheun a ghealach i fein fo neulaidh,  
 'S gun aiteal bho reul air fàile.  
 Chuir fud mu feach oirn' an laoch,  
 'S e fiubhal ea-trom air chuantai' dorch.

Sa mhadain air I na freoine,  
 Bhuail e fa cheo beum-sgèithe;  
 Le ioghna nach cual e colluin nam blàr;  
 “ An cadal an tràs duibh, fheara na Feinne!”

'S truagh gun mise ri d' thaobh;  
 Cha b' i lorg an aofda mo fhleagh;  
 Ach dearg-dhealan fo 'n tuiteadh ard-chroinn,  
 Tra ch liffgeas bho làthair na sleibhtean:  
 Bheirinn làn-dùlan, a laoich, do d' nàmh,  
 No thuitinn gu làr gun eiridh.

'S cha

'S cha bu chrann fèargta 'n sin Oifian,  
 Air chrith ro' oiteig an aonaich,  
 A leagas a chraobh air a huilinn,  
 Thar fruthan dorcha nan ioma-ghaoth.  
 Bu deas mi mar ghiuthas Chaothain,  
 'S m' ùr-gheugan fa ghaoith gam chuartach';  
 O! 's truagh gun Oifian bhi dlù,  
 A laoch Stru-mhoin, an strì na Freoine!

C' àit an robh sibh a thaibhse  
 Nach d' thug fanas air foill I-freoine?  
 'N ur cadal an ceo uaigneach?  
 No cluiche ri duilleig luaineich?  
 Ni h amhluidh;—le caifeamachd dhìleas,  
 Phill is phill sibh finn le 'r n an-sgairt;  
 Tra fhaoileas gu bu taibhse gun bhaigh sibh  
 Le 'm b'aill ar cumail o Mhor-bheinn.  
 —Roi 'n ceo-èide las lann an Rìgh;  
 “Leanuibh am foghnan is fiol nam meat.”  
 —Le ainm Ghuill ga luadh  
 Chualas am farum a' treigfinn  
 Tiamhaidh. Dh'fhalbh iad nan ofaig,  
 Mar ofunn eafaich 's \* a chorr a' caoiran.

*Iom-cheist*  
 \* Mark when thou hearest from the clouds on high,  
 The crane emit her frequent plaintive cry,  
 For then the storm, with copious rain, is nigh. }

Hesiod, Oper. et dies l. ii. 62.



*Iom-cheist Ghuill* \*.

'S am bheileam fein am aonar,  
 Am meafg nan ceuda colg;  
 Gun lann liomhaidh leam  
 Sa chath dhorcha!  
 —Tha imeachd nan tonn geal  
 Gu Morbheinn nam bad;  
 An tog mi mo fhiuil,  
 'S gun chaomh am fagus?  
 Ach cionnus a dh'eireas an dàn,  
 Ma dh'fhàfas neul  
 Air cliu mhic Morna?

Ciod their Fionn le 'm b' àbhaist  
 Am boile nan cath cruaidh,  
 A radh ri mhic bhras,  
 "Nach faic sibh tèachd mhic Morna!"

—'S a Mhorna na'm faice tufa  
 Do mhac a'teiche' bho'n àraich,  
 Nach tige' rugh' air do ghnuis aosda,  
 'N lathair nan laoch neulach?

'S nach

\* This soliloquy of Gaul is often repeated by itself. The measure of it is different from that of any other part of the poem; and resembles much the disordered state of the speaker's mind at the time.

'S nach cluinnte' t ofna fa ghaoith  
 An' gleann faoin na Strumoin,  
 Tra theireadh na taibhfe lag  
 " Theich do mhac an I-freoine ?"

—A Mhorna, bu deacair leam ;  
 Is m'anam am chom mar fhalasg aonaich,  
 Tra fgaoileas a bras, o dhos gu dos,  
 'S a choille na caoiribh dearga.

—A Mhorna, feall orm o'n aonach.  
 Bha tanam fein mar steud-fhruth bras  
 Fo chobhar ceann-gheall an cuinge garbhlaich ;  
 'S mac-samhuil fin anam do mhic.

—Aoibhir-chaomha ! Og'uill ! \*—  
 Ach ni'm buin dearfanna caomh do'n doinnn.  
 Tha anam Ghuill an colluinn a chòraig.  
 —'S truagh gun Oifian mac Fhinn  
 Bhi leam, mar an linn Mhic Nuath ! †  
 —Ach tha m'anam fein na thannas èiti'  
 'S e leum-na aonar fa chuan atmhor,  
 A taoma'

\* *Og-Gboll*, the son of Gaul and Evirchoma.

† This probably alludes to an expedition of Gaul and Ossian celebrated in the poem of *Lathmon*, translated by Mr M'Pherfon.

A' taoma' mìle tonn air eilean air chrith,  
'S a' marcachd a rìs an cobhan na gaoithe.

Bhuail mac Morn' an t ath-bheum fgeith\*,  
(Cha b' ionan a hèigh is an tráfa,)

Chlìfg an I, is dhuìfg a cathan;

† Dhùldaich Goll; 's lann athar 'dealra'.

Gach taobh dhìeth tha daoine gan f'gatha'.

Mar ùr-bharrach an doire na fàfaich;

An airm liomhai' fan raon air an sgapa,

'S coin na h ealtuinn ri gàire.

‡ A Mhala-mhìn, nach fac thu fèin  
Sgaoth eunlaith air steuda' fàile,

A'

\* "Of all the nations of the world, says Ælian, the Cæltæ are the foremost to encounter dangers. In this they are encouraged by those songs that are composed in honour of those who fall bravely in battle. They reckon it such a disgrace to fly, that often they will not step out of a house just falling, or on fire. Many of them will not remove even from the flowing of the sea, but rush armed against the fury of the waves, brandishing their swords and spears, as if they could terrify or wound the billows." *Ανθροπων* &c. Ælian. l. xii. 23.

† *al.* Bhuail iad mar thein-adhair thun tràgha.

‡ This passage occurs in some editions in the following form.

Mar thonn gailbheach geal

Ri flios muice mòire,

Tra bhios coin le geilt ga cuartach'

'S a bolg bàn air uachdar fàile;

B' amhuil a sheas na floigh,

Le geilt ro chòrag Ghuill.

A' cuartacha muice moire,  
 'S na cuanta dòbhidh a' gànraich ?  
 Nach fac thu bolg bàn an eifg  
 (Mar fhuil air an fèide') n uachdar,  
 'S na h eoin air na tonna' fad as,  
 Ri fgairteachd le geilt is fuathas ?  
 —B' amhuil fin eagal na Freoine,  
 'S an geilt ro' chòrag Ghuill.

Ach dh'fhàs mac Morna fann,  
 'S e ri crann a' leigeil a thaic ;  
 Ceud corran na thaobh an fàs,  
 Is fhuil air màgh a fgeithe glais.  
 —Ach 's dealan bàis a chloidhe ;  
 'S tha crith air anam na Freoine.

Ach com', a fhiol gun iochd,  
 Am bheil ur làmh ri lic ghailbhich ?  
 An ann a fgaoileadh ur cliu \*  
 Gus na linnte dhùifgeas fan oran ?  
 Ach an cliu do sheachdar a h iomain  
 An caradh aon fhir 's e na ònrachd ?

†

G

Bluail

\* In ancient times pillars of stone were frequently erected by the conquerors in the field of battle, in order to commemorate their victory. Many of these obelisks are still to be seen in all parts of the Highlands.

—Bhuail i sliasaid an laoch,

Dh'aom e air a sgeith umha,

Alluidh : 's a naimh ga threigfinn,

\* Mar iolair reubta le dealan na hòiche,

'S truagh nach b' fhios do na laoch,

Ioma-ghaoth nan cath ! do chor ;

Cho 'n eisdemid † ceol no clàr,

'S mac Morna bhi 'n fàs teann.

Cha chaidle' ‡ mac-an-Luin na thruaill,

'S cha bhiodh fleagh Fhinn gun luadh air àr :

'S ni

\* *al.* Mar iolair leont' air carraig nan cnoc,

'S a sgiath air a lot le dealan na hòiche.

† *al.* Oigh no bàrd.

\* The sword of Fingal had this name from Luno, a smith of Lochlin, who had likewise fabricated arms for some more of the Fingalian heroes. Ossian in return transmitted his name to posterity in a poem composed on the subject, and known by the title of (*An Gabha*) "The smith." Some fragments of this piece which still remain are very characteristic of the manners of the times. In the following lines, the poet describes their joy on receiving these implements of war, and mentions the different names or epithets given to their respective swords; such as "the son of Luno;" "the flame of the Druids;" "the raven, or bird of prey;" &c.

'S b' aighireach fìnn an dara mhaireach

Ann an ceardaich Loin 'ic Liomhain !

Gum bu mhaith ar n ùr-chloidhean

'S ar deagh fhleaghan fada rìghne.

B' e mac an Loin lann mhic Cu'ill,

Nach d' fhàg fuigheall riabh dh' fheoil daoine ;



'S ni 'm b'ìoghna bho m'rioh, 's e mosgla',  
 " Bhuail tannas no ofag an fgiath ud !"

Com nach d'ath-bhuail thu do fhleagh,  
 A Mhorna nan ciabh aosda ?

Com nach d'aom thu gu m' aifling fein,  
 " Oifain, eirich, 's Goll na aonar."

Ach bha t imeachd gu I na freoine,  
 Shil frafan o d' dheoir air na fleibhte,  
 Bha crith air gach innis ro d' fgairt,  
 Làn bròin is do mhac gun eiridh.

Bhrift fair' air mona nan fruth,  
 Threig aifling na mnà caoin ;  
 Chaifd i ri caithream na feilg,  
 B' ioghna nach cual i a gaol.  
 San lò, bho thulachaibh nan dos,  
 Dh' èisd i a caoi fein ;  
 Is an-moch sheall i air lear,  
 Brònach, 's gun long a' leum.

G 2

Ciod

Gu 'm bi 'n Druil'annach lann Ofsair,  
 'S gum bi Chofgarach lann Chaoilte.  
 Gum bi 'n Liomhanach lann Dhiarmaid,  
 B' iomad fear fiadhaich a mharbh i.  
 'S agam fein bha Gearr-nan-calan,  
 Bu gharg farum 'n am nan garbh-chath.



Ciod fo chum thu, ghraidh,  
 Seach càch an I na freoine?  
 Mife dubhach air aoma chreag,  
 'S mac-thallaidh a' freagairt dom' chòra.  
 —Nach feuda tu pilleadh a nis  
 Ge d' thigeadh ort ànra cuain,  
 Is t uigh bhi ri leanabh do ghaoil  
 A thaomas leam ofna gu cruaidh.  
 'S truagh nach cluinne' tu ghaoil,  
 Tuaim bhrifteach t ainme  
 O bheul Oguill, gu d' ghreafad:  
 Ach 's eagal leam fein nach pill thu.

Chunnaas aifling an raoir:  
 Bha gach neach air an raon ach Goll;  
 Tamulas, is a thaice r'a fhleagh,  
 Bha n' laoch na sheafamh air aona-chois.  
 Bha chas eile na ceo glas  
 A charuich gach oiteag a fhèideadh.  
 Chaidh mi fein an còail mo ghaoil,  
 Ach fheid ofag o'n aonach uam e.  
 —Ach uam aiflinge geilt,  
 Pillidh tu, Ri' Strumhoin;  
 'S do cheann mar òg-ghnuis na grèine,  
 'S i 'g eiridh air Crom' lia \* nan taibhse;

Far

\* *Crom-falia*, Places of worship among the Druids were called

*crom'lia*,

Far an crithich fan òich' an t aineal,  
 'S na tannais a fgairteachd gach taobh dheth:  
 —Ach theich iad ro aiteal na maidne,  
 'S ghabh efan le bhata gu gluafad.

Is amhluidh chì mì thu ghaoil;  
 Nach e sud aogus do bhàrca?  
 A fhuil mar chobhar nan creag.  
 No mar fhneachd' air bharraibh na fàfach.

Am bàrca ta ann no ceo?  
 Do m' fhuil-fa cha lèir le bròn;  
 Is i bàrca mo ghaoil ata ann,  
 A' leum thar fàile na deann.  
 Oiche, na falaich a fhuil,  
 Na fgaoil do fgiath air mo rùn;  
 Greafam fan fgoth fo na dhàil,  
 Ro cheo na h iargaile tlà.

Dh' imich i,—s bàrca cha d' fhuair,  
 Bha 'n ceo luaineach le taibhfe,  
 A chleachd feoladh air lear o fhean,  
 'S a lean an àbhaift a b' aoibhinn.

—Tha

*crom'lia*, or *crom'lèachd*, from the bowing of the worshippers, and  
 and were supposed to be guarded by spirits.

—Tha sgoth na mnà ag imeachd  
 Gu camus innis na Freoine ;  
 Tha chaol-ghealach tro' neula balbha,  
 Cùl chrann, air farr-bheinn a' feoladh ;  
 Is reulta ro shrachda nan nial  
 Dubh-fgiathach air aghaidh na h òiche,  
 A' leumnaich o nial gu nial,  
 'S mar thannas, gu dian a' treigfinn.  
 Dhearc a bhean na'n dearfa caol  
 Air a agus àluinn a mic,  
 'S i ga fhàgail na cóite chaoil ;  
 \* “ Oig mo ghaoil bi 'n fo gun fhios.”

Mar cholium an carraig na h Ulacha,  
 'S i folar dhearca da h àl beag,  
 'S a' pilltin gu tric, gun am blafad i fein †,  
 Tra dh' eireas an t feabhag na smuainte ;  
 B' amhuil a phill tri uaire 'n Aoibhir,  
 'S a h anam mar thuinn air a luafga'  
 Bho bhàir gu bàir, 's an doinionn a' feide',  
 † Tra chual i guth bròin o ghéig na tragma. “ Tha

\* *al.* Iarram t athair ri taobh na tuinn fo.

† ——— Away they fly

Affectionate and, undesiring, bear

The most delicious morsel to their young.

Thomson's Spring, 973.

‡ “ Chluinn mi guth broin air uchd an àilidh.”

“Tha mise, lamh threun nan cath,  
 A’ feargadh air traigh am aonar,  
 Gun fhios aig Oisian no Fionn’ air,  
 Mur dean foillse nan speur dhoibh innse’.  
 Innfìbh, a reulta ruiteach \*  
 Do theach nan laoch mar thuit mi fein;  
 Is innfìbh a thaibhse nan fion  
 Mo sgeul-fa do Ri’ na Feinn’.  
 Innfìbh gu bheil m’ anam fo leon  
 An I freoin, gun ibh gun ith,  
 Ach fàile gorm re là is là;  
 Na faigheadh mo ghradh air fios!  
 An’ cèin biodh imeachd ur fgiath,  
 Gun fharum gun fhiamh dol feach;  
 Na cluinneadh mo ghaol ur guth,  
 Mu ’n fiubhail lionn-dubh air a h inntin.  
 An cèin a rìs biodh ur rathad, ]  
 ’S biodh aifling mo mhnatha-fa aoibhinn.  
 —Tha mhadain, a ghaoil, fad as,  
 Gabh fois le caidre’ do naoidhein.  
 Am fuaim a chaochain, am faoin-ghleann eilde,  
 Biodh t aifling aoibhinn Aoibhir-chaomha.”

“S au

\* “Barbari hi quos dixi (scil. Celtæ) contendunt et esse deos, et nostri curam gerere, et præsignificare futura, magna ex parte, per insomnia et stellas.”

Ælian. l. 2. c. 31



“ 'S an faoil, thu gur fois domh fein,  
 Is Goll am pèin air afcain tràgha ?  
 Mo chridhe cha chofail ri carraig,  
 Cha robh m'athair o I na Freoine \*.  
 —Ach c' àit am faigh mi furtachd do m' ghaol ?  
 Is cumhainn leam fgeula Chas-du-conghlais.

*Sgeula Chas-du-conghlais.*

Tra bha mi òg an glacaibh m' athar,  
 Bha 'ar fiubhal aon latha 's na cuantaibh ;  
 Sheid an doinionn finn gu carraig,  
 \* (Bha Crifoluis mar ruinn fan uair fin)

Tri

\* *I freoine* was considered as a very inhospitable place. The following lines from *Dàn an fhir chlaoin* give it the same character that it has here.

I sin alluidh na Freoine,  
 Le d' thiubh-cheo buan 's le d' ua'-bhéistean ;  
 A thir nam pian, gun mhiadh gun bhàigh,  
 Dol ad dhàil be fud mo dheifinn.

These are some of the properties of the Celtic hell, as described in the *History of the Druids*. Since that was published, I have met with the following lines in an old M. S. and as they tend to illustrate the notions which our Celtic ancestors had of a place of torment, I insert them here.

'S maing a roghnuicheas Ifrinn fhuar,  
 'S gur i uaimh nan \* driobhunn geur ; \* perhaps droighionn.  
 Is beag orm Ifrinn fhuar fhliuch,  
 Aite bith-bhuan is searbh deoch.

\* *al.* Chaidh ar curach a bhrifte na bhruanach.

Tri chrainn ghlafa gun duilleach,  
 Bha 'n fin air bharr tuinne gan luafga';  
 Mu 'n cois bha fàs nan dearg-dhearcag,  
 Cha d' rinn m' athair am blafa ge d' bhuain e.\*

“ A Chrifoluis, tha t fheum-fa mor,  
 A màireach foghnui' dhomhfa m' aonach.”

Thainig madain 's am feafgar mu feach,  
 Ach b' i charraig ar teach an cònuidh.  
 Curach do bharrach nan crann,  
 Dheilbh m' athair, is b'fhann a chòra.  
 —“ A Chridhe 'n t soluis, caidleam fein,  
 † Tra thig am fè biodh sibhs' a' gluafad.”

“ Gun mo ghaol ni 'n gluaiseam fein;  
 Gun fhios domh an d'eug t anam ?  
 Com nach d' ith thu fubhan an fhàfaich ?  
 Gabh, a ghraidh, o na ciocha fo bainne.

† H

Rinn

\* ———Even se a gentle pair,  
 By fortune sunk, but form'd of generous mould,  
 And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,  
 In some lone còt, amid the distant woods,  
 Sustain'd alone by providential HEAV'N;  
 Oft, as they weeping eye their infant-train,  
 Check their own appetites, and give them all.

THOMSON'S Spring, 676.

† *al.* An cein tha aimfir mo dhùfgaidh.

Rinn e mar dh' iarr i, 's phill a lùgh;  
 Thuit a ghaoth 's bu dlù Idronlo.  
 Bu tric a luadh air sgeula mo ghràidh,  
 Tra thàramaid aig uaigh Chri-foillse.

Aoibhir-chaomha, na gnùise tlà,  
 Thigeadh do mhathair gu d' chuimhne,  
 Ma tharlas duit fein 's do d' leannañ,  
 Mac samhuil e fo do ghàbhadh.

Is amhuil; is bheiream mar ioc-shlaint,  
 \* Bainne mo chiocha do m' ghaol,  
 Foghnai' fin da a nochd,  
 'S bidh fin focair air tràigh am màireach.

Imichs' a gheug àillidh,  
 Gu d' thràigh mu'n dùifg an t foillse;  
 Imich ad fgoth le d' leanabh a t uchd,  
 Com an tuit e mar mhaoth-bhlàthan'  
 Air a' fgatha' le fleagh gun iochd.

An

\* The following reply to the tender offer of Evirchoma is generally repeated here; but as it does not correspond with the sentiments that follow, I have omitted it in the text;

“ Comhairle mnà a noir no niar,

Cha ghabh is cha do ghabh mi riabh.”

Here likewise, or a little lower, another long passage occurs in many editions, but which is supposed to refer to some other Gaul whose spouse was called *Ainc*. It begins thus:

A righbhin is binne ceol

Gla uis gu melda 's na gabh bròn, &c.

An laimh laoich gun fliochd gun chairdeas ?

Thuit e 's a cheann fo bhruaidlein ;

Le cheileir cruadail tha'n laoch ag imeachd.

—Imich, 's fàg mise 'n I-freoine,

'S mi leonta mar chladach gun chaochan ;

Mar luibh a' fearga-ro ghaoith gheamhraidh,

Nach tog a ceann-le grèin a cheituin.

Thugadh na Trein'ir mi gu'n talamh ;

Ach thainig smal air mo chliu-fa !

Fo 'n chrann fo càireadh iad m' uaigh,

Chi 'n coigreach o stuaidh an t sàil i ;

Crathaidh e cheann is e 'g acain,

“ Faic far an d' eug Mac-Morna !”

'S eugaidh mise le m' ghaol

Caidleam ri thaobl fo'n fheur ;

Bidh ar leaba fa bhàs co-ionan,

'S ar taibhs' an co-imeachd nan speur.

Chi oighean ar ceuma fan òiche,

“ Nach aoibhneach (their iad) a chàraid !”

A choigrich nan steud, guil a rithis,

Tha dithis nan cadal fan àr fo.

Ach ciod fo 'n guth am chluais ?

Guth Og'uill, 's e truagh gun fhurtachd ;

'Tha m' anam fein a' mosglà'

'S a' plogail gun chlos am innibh.



Is com an eirich anam Ghuill ;  
 Com an cluinntear acain ghoirt ;  
 An guil mar fo athair a mhac,  
 'S an eol da acain màthar ?  
 Air leam gu bheil t anam a' leum ;  
 Giulaineam fein thu thun ar mic ;  
 'S ea-trom an t uallach mo ghradh,  
 Faigheam am laimh do lorg."

Ghiulain i 'n laoch gus a fgoth,  
 'S fad na h òiche chothaich ri steudaibh ;  
 Chunnaic gach reul a treise ga fàgail,  
 Fhuair a mhadainn gun chàil \*mar neul i,

Air an òiche fin 's mis air an raon,  
 Thainig gu m' chadal an t aos-Mhorna ;  
 Bha thaice ri luing air chrith,  
 Is aghaidh fuitheach ro bhrònach.

#### Gach

\* The ancient Galic poets are blamed for drawing so many of their comparisons from clouds and mists. But this will appear extremely natural, if we consider that they lived in a mountainous country, where clouds and mists were continually before their eyes; and likewise that they looked upon these clouds as the mansion and vehicle of their departed friends. This last circumstance could not fail to fix their attention upon them almost perpetually.—There goes the chariot of my father; there the car of my friend.



Gach clais na ghnuis bha làn,  
 Le fruthan ànrach na haoife;  
 Tri uaire sheall e thar lear,  
 Tri uaire bha acain caointeach.

“ An cadal do charaid mhic Morna,  
 San am bu choir dha dùsga’ ?”

Thainig ofag, na cuibhlidh, fa phreas,  
 Dhùisg i coileach an fhraoich,  
 Le tuire’ glaoidh thog e cheann;  
 O’m chadal chlisg mi fein,  
 Is chunnas Morna na neul gam fhàgail,  
 Leanas thar muir a cheum,  
 Is fhuaras an fge’ na h innse ’n fgoth.  
 An taice r’a taobh bha ceann mo Ghuill,  
 Ri taobh uilne bha fgiath nan cath;  
 Thar a bile bha chreuchd mu leith,  
 ’S i dearg-shruthadh mu chnapa-starra.

Thogas a chlogaid; chunnas a chiabhan,  
 Na ’n ànra fiar am fallas.—  
 Dh’ eirich mo bhùirich fein,  
 ’S thog efan air eigin a shuil;  
 Thaini’ ’n t eug, mar smal na greine;  
 Tuille cha leir dhuit t Oscar!

Tha

\* The *chnap-starra* of the ancient Caledonians was, according to Dion Cassius, “ a ball of brass fastened to the lower end of the spear in order to terrify the enemy with the noise of it when shaken.” *Dion Cassius apud X. phil.* lib. lxxiii.

Tha àilleachd Aoibhir-chaomha fo smal,  
 'S barr fleagh aig a mac gun smuaircan,  
 B' fhann a guth; bu tearc a ràite,  
 Thogas fein le m' laimh a fuas i:  
 Ach leag i mo bhos air ceann a mic,  
 'S a hacain gu tric ag eiridh.

A leinibh chaoimh, is diomhain t'fhanan,  
 Do mhathair tuille cha 'n eirich!  
 Biom fein duit am dhearbhadh-athair,  
 Ach ni 'm mairrionn an Aoibhir-àluinn! \*  
 —Ach ciod mu bheil m' anam co meat?  
 Theirge' mo dheoir nan tuirinn gach ànra,

Raineas talla nan còs-shruth;  
 Talla dubhach làn eislean,  
 Gun fhonn baird, gun chruit chiuil,  
 Ach fuaim duillich a dhùisg an treun-ghaath.  
 Luidh an iolair air barr an teach,  
 Shonraich i clù-nead dhi fein;  
 “ Co dhìreas a mullach, no dh' fhògras,  
 M' eoin riòch nan leabaidh fhèimh?”

Crùbaidh

\* Evirallin, daughter of Branno, King of Lego in Ireland, was the spouse of Ossian. Her beauty is much celebrated in the beginning of the iv. B. of Fingal, and in other poems of Ossian.

Crùbaidh fo 'n dorus am minnean,  
 'S e ga faicinn air binnean na carraige.  
 Tha Cos-ulla' na luidh air an stairnich,  
 'S e farum Ghuill at' ann, tha e 'm barail,  
 'S le aiteas tha dheoir a' treigfinn.  
 Ach tha thuireadh a' pille' ('s e luidhe')  
 Cho 'n fhaic e ach mac na h eilde.

Ach co dh' innseas airfneal na Feinne,  
 'S iad mall a' tearna' mar cheathach,  
 Tra bhios fhaileas, ri am na frois,  
 A' gluafad air faiche na luachrach.  
 Iosal chi iad cliar nan cath,  
 'S an deoir a' file' mar bhainne na hailbhinn.

Leig Fionn a thaice ri giuthas aofd'  
 (A leag a ghaoth) aig ceann mhic Morna ;  
 Na dhuala' lia bha dheoir am falach, \*  
 Is ula geal an franna na sìne.

*Mar chaoidh Fionn Mac Morna.*

'S a laoch feara na Feinne,  
 'N d' fhàg thu mise leam fein am aois ?

Tuille

\*

———— Mollissima corda

Humano generi dare se Natura fatetur,

Quæ lachrymas dedit, hæc nostri pars optima sensus.

Juv. Sat. 15.

Tuille nach cluinn mi tèigheach,  
 Na farum do sgeith air an raon?  
 Nach foillfich tuille do chlaidhe?  
 Le' m faigheamar buaidh na làrach.  
 Nach marcaich fan tsìne do long;  
 'S nach cluinnear leam fonn do ràmhach?  
 Tra thuirleas m' anam an ceo,  
 Tra dh' aomas neol air mo chiabh,  
 Nach cluinn mi o mhacain nam fonn,  
 "Sud air lear long Mhic Morna?"

Fonn nan òighean is guth nam bàrd,  
 Gu bràth cha 'n eirich ad chòail;  
 Cha 'n fhaic na fleibhte do bhratach,  
 Cha cluinnear tacain no t'òran.  
 Cha 'n 'eil imeachd do chon, air an tfliaibh,  
 Tha iad fiar aig t'fhardaich, brònach;  
 Tha damh na cròic air an fhaiche;  
 Cha 'n fhiu leo fhaicinn, 's nach beo thu.

Och! a lù-choin dh' imich an laoch,  
 Cha chluinn sibh san aonach a ghuth:  
 An fo tha chadal, gun fealg air uigh,  
 'S beum-sgeith, a Ghuill, cha dùifg thu:



Togaibh, a thaibhfe, leibh e.”

—Ach cha chual iad ar guth, arfa Cuäl,

O’s dubhach, a laoich, do chònuidh!

O THAIBHSE bho Lochlann nan crann,

A lean finn gu teann thar chuanta,

Ma ’s sibh tha ga choimhead an fàs,

Ge lionor, cha tàir sibh buaidh air.

Thig Treunmor † le dhoininn ro-ghairg,

Gu’r ruaga na fheirg, mar fhoghnan mìn ;

Is marcaichidh Dearg air iomall a fgeith,

Le greadhnas gu clanna nan fion.

—Cluinnear nuallan do bheoil,

Ulainn,

\* *Treun-mor*, “tall and mighty,” the father of Comhal, and grand-father of Fingal. Among the ancient Highlanders proper names were all descriptive. Many of those names are still retained, as *Donn-cheann* (or *Donncha*) “brown-haired;” *Donn-sbuil* (or *Dònull*) “brown-eyed;” *Gorm-sbuile* (or *Gormula*) “blue-eyed.” Even when they have other names, such as Peter, John, James, &c. descriptive epithets are as frequently annexed as the proper surname. Thus, John Black, if he happen to be fair-haired, will probably be better known by the name of John White, than by his proper surname. Giraldus Cambrensis, in describing the manners of the Irish Highlanders, has taken notice of this custom. “*Liberis, cum ad sacrum baptismum accedunt, profana nomina imponunt, annectentes Albus, Niger; vel ex morbo, scabie, calvitio; vel ex scelere, ut latro, superbus; ac licet contumeliarum sint impatientissimi, hæc tamen nomina non dedignantur.*” Apud CAMBEN in *Hibern.*



Ulainn, le feoid an àigh,  
 O's aithne dhoibh uile t'èigheach,  
 Innis gu d'thig Treunmor gun dàil.

“ BEANNACHD do t anam, is buaidh,  
 Ma 's carraig no uaimh do chònuidh ;  
 O ! 's deacair leinn fhad 's tha thu uainn,  
 Aig taibhse Lochlann, fa chuan dòbhidh.  
 Ma 's e cath thaibhse nan nial,  
 No 'n iallach cruaidh tha ga d'theanndach,  
 † Tha Treunmor a' teachd le lainn thana,  
 'S le fgeith alluidh g' am fuadach',  
 Mar chrion-dhuilleach an daraich  
 Air a chratha' ‡ le franna-ghaoth fàfaich,  
 Ruaigidh e 'n taibhse gu luath ;  
 § Beannachd is buaidh leat an tràfa.”

“ 'S gur ioghna leam fein do ràite,  
 Bhaire Chuil, 's nach b'e àbhaist  
 Laoich do thighe riabh gu fàgadh  
 Iad an caraid an uair gàbhaidh.”

Dh'aithnich

† *al.* Cha'n eagal nach cum thu riu co'rag,  
 'S a liuthad fear mor a ruaig thu.

‡ *al.* Air Mor-mheall fàfaich.

§ *al.* Fois ann a t uaimh dhuit an tràfa.

DH' aithnich Gealachas guth an Deirg,  
 'S mar bu ghnà leis air an leirg,  
 Rinn e miolaran, 's thug leum gàbhaidh,  
 Le mar aoibhneas ghios na tràgha.  
 Mor fhaighead o ghlacaibh an iughair\*,  
 Bha chafan a' fiubhal nam barra-thonn;  
 'S b' aite leis na mac na heilde  
 Dearg, 's e leum ri uchd a bhràghad.

'S chunnacas fodan na deise,  
 Le folus brifteach nan reultan,  
 Mac-famhuil coinneamh nan cairdean  
 An tra tharlas doibh an cèin-thir.

'S ni'm bu chumhainn le Deirg ar loingeas,  
 Aig ro-mheud aighir 's a fhonais.

Mur

\* Every body knows the bow to have been made of yew. Among the Highlanders of later times, that which grew in the wood of *Eaf-ragain*, in Lorn, was esteemed the best. The feathers most in vogue for the arrows were furnished by the eagles of *Loch-Trèig*; the wax for the string by *Baile-na-gailbinn*, and the arrow-heads by the smiths of the race of *Mac Pheidearain*. This piece of instruction, like all the other knowledge of the Highlanders, was couched in verse :

Bogha dh' iughar Eafraigain,  
 Is ite' firein Locha Trèig;  
 Ceir bhuidhe Bhaile-na-gailbhinn,  
 'S ceann o'n cheard Mac Pheidearain.

Mur tugadh Gealachas air laimh e  
Ghios na tràgha fiar nar codhail.

\* 'S am beo dhuit, a Dheirg, a chailleadh  
An cuan falach nan garbh-thonn;  
'S ioghna do thearnadh o 'n bhàs  
A fhluid le gànraich a fuas thu.

† Le tulga tuinn' air mo luafga,  
Bha mis' an òich' fhuar sin gu latha;  
Seachd gealaich, 's gach aon mar bhliadhna,  
Le 'n tragha 's le 'n liona chaidh tharam.  
Chaith mi 'n là ri mànran ciuil,  
Ag eifdeachd nuallan ‡ thonn is ian;  
'S an òich' an tiamh-chòra thaibhfe.  
'G èala' 'm foill air eoin na tràgha.  
'S neo-ghrad fan àite fo ghrian,  
Is mall-cheumach triall na gealaich;  
A Rìgh Chumhaill; nach b'ioghna  
Gu b'fhaide gach mìos na bliadhna!  
—Ach ciod fo àobhar ur bròin?  
Chi mi ur deoir a fruthadh;  
An e mo fgeul truaghs' a dhùifg iad?  
Is cruaidh leam gur cùis is dubhaich!

—Nach

\* *Combal* speaks.

† *Dargo* speaks.

‡ *al. durdan.*

Ciod e spionnadh an laoich ?  
 Ge d' fgaoil e mar dhuilleach an cath ;  
 An diugh ge treun air an raon,  
 Bheir an daol am màireach buaidh air.

Com', a dheora, ghuidh thu dhuit fein  
 Treife Ghuill na éide stàilinn ?  
 Tra dhealruich e mar eith an gath-greine,  
 'S gearr ge haoibhinn a dhearsa !

Mar neul ruiteach ré an laoich,  
 Chi 'n fealgair, 's an òich' a' taofga ;  
 “ 'S àluinn a dhreach mar bhogh' na frois !”  
 Sheall e, 's cha 'n fhaic e aogus.

Luath mar fhirein an adhair,  
 'S an ioma-ghaoth na platha fo fgiathaibh,  
 Shiubhail an dreach àillidh,  
 'S na àite tha 'n ceathach ciar-dhu.  
 Tuille ni mairrionn do Gholl ;  
 Ach mairridh e 'm fonn nan teud ;  
 Ni hamhuil is ceo air an fhrois  
 Cliu treife nan treun-laoch.

Càiribh, a chlanna nan teud,  
 Leaba Ghuill 's a dheo-greine là ris ;

Far



Far am faicear innis o chein  
 Is geugan os aird ga fgàile'.  
 Fo fgèi na daraig is guirme blà,  
 Is luaithe fàs, 's is buaine dreach,  
 A bhrùchdas a duilleach air anail na frois,  
 'S an raon m'an cuairt di feargta.  
 —A duilleach o iomall na tìre,  
 Chìtear le eoin an t'famhraidh ;  
 Is luidhidh gach eun mar a thig  
 \* Air barraibh na géige urair.  
 Cluinnidh Goll an ceilear na cheo,  
 'S oighean a' feinn air Aoibhir-chaomha :  
 'S gus an caochail gach ni dhiu fo,  
 Cha fgarar ur cuimhne bho chèile.  
 —Gus an crion gu luaithe a chlach,  
 'S an fearg as-le haois a gheug fo,  
 Gus an fguir na fruthain a ruith,  
 'S an dèagh mathair-uisge nan fleibhtean ;  
 Gus an caillear an dilinn aois  
 Gach filidh, 's dàn is aobhar fgéil.  
 Cha'n fheoruich an taineal “ Co mac Morna?  
 No Cia i cònuidh Ghuill nan lù-chon ? ”

\* Ημος κοκκυξ, &c.

When on the budding oaks of early spring,  
 The cuckow sings and cheers the hill and dale.

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C R I O C H.









