



H. L. C. 17.

H. W. C. 17.

- 1). Ode to sea sickness.
- 2). Campbell (A.D.S.) Duke of Argyll.  
Iona.
- 3). Ossian. Address to sun.
- 4). Mackay. Burial march of  
King Duncan.
- 5). O'Cluan. Death of Fraoch.
- 6). Columba St. Great Hymn "Alles"
- 7). McHardy. Views from artist's  
sketch-book.
- 8). Prayer -- used by -- children  
of Iona.
- 9). Blessing of the ship.



The first of these  
is the fact that the  
general public is  
not generally  
aware of the  
importance of  
the history of  
the country.  
It is a pity that  
the schools do not  
teach the history  
of the country  
more thoroughly.  
The second is  
that the general  
public is not  
generally  
aware of the  
importance of  
the history of  
the country.





3

OSSIAN'S

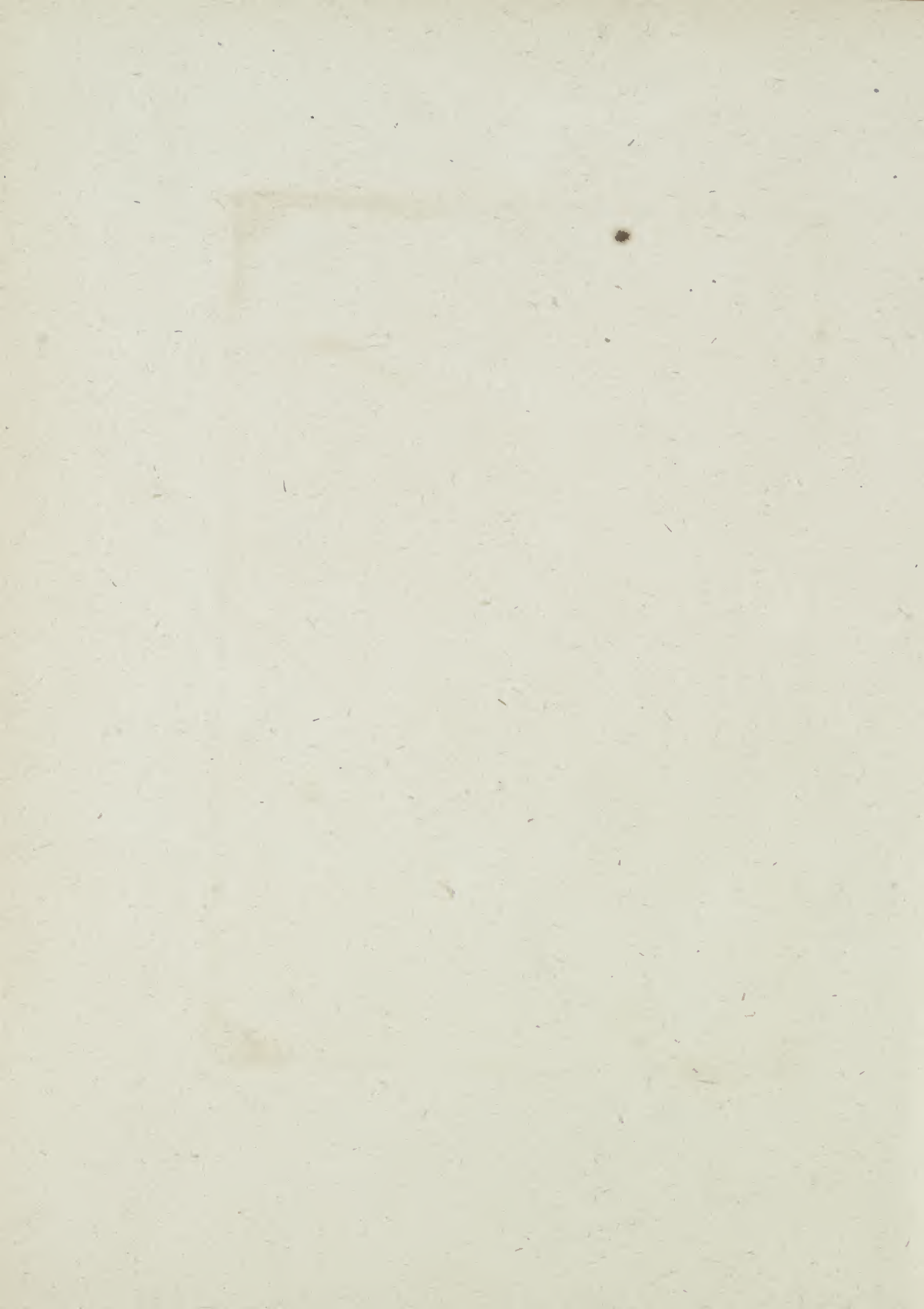
ADDRESS

to the

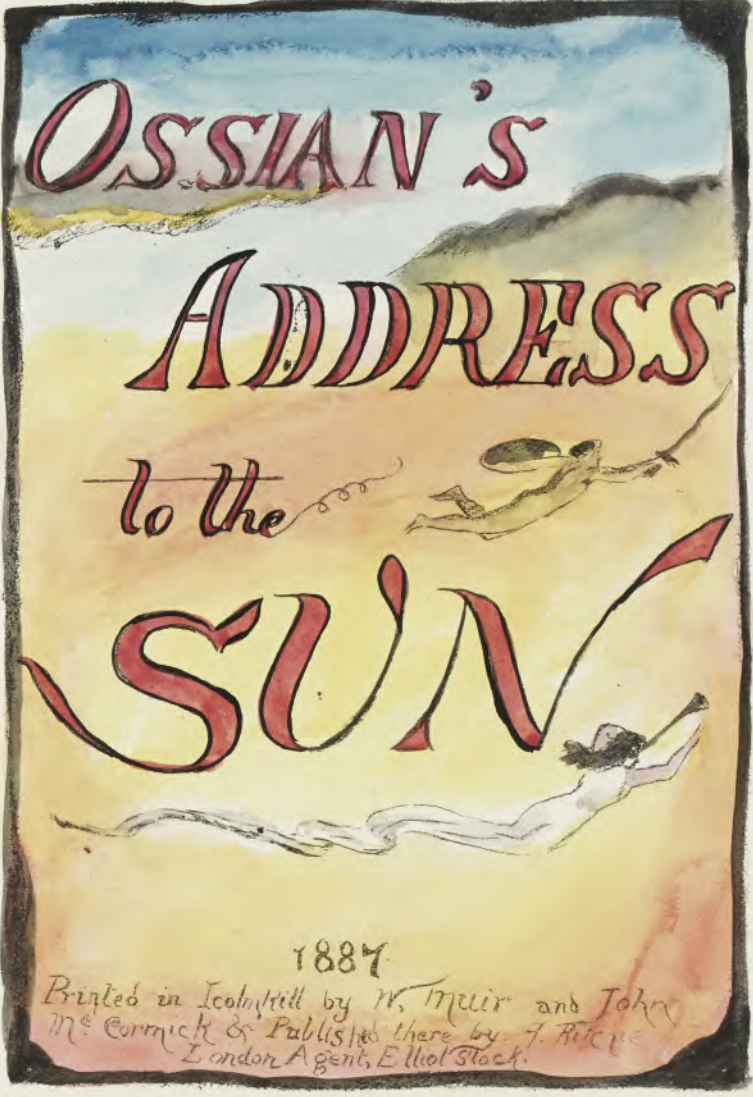
SUN

1887

Printed in Leobniskill by W. Muir and John  
Mc Cormick & Published there by F. Ritchie







OSSIAN'S  
 ADDRESS  
 to the  
 SUN

1887

Printed in Icolmkill by W. Muir and John  
 Mc Cormick & Published there by J. Ritchie  
 London Agent, Elliot Stock.



Printed at Iona in 1887

by

W. MUIR & J. MacCORMICK

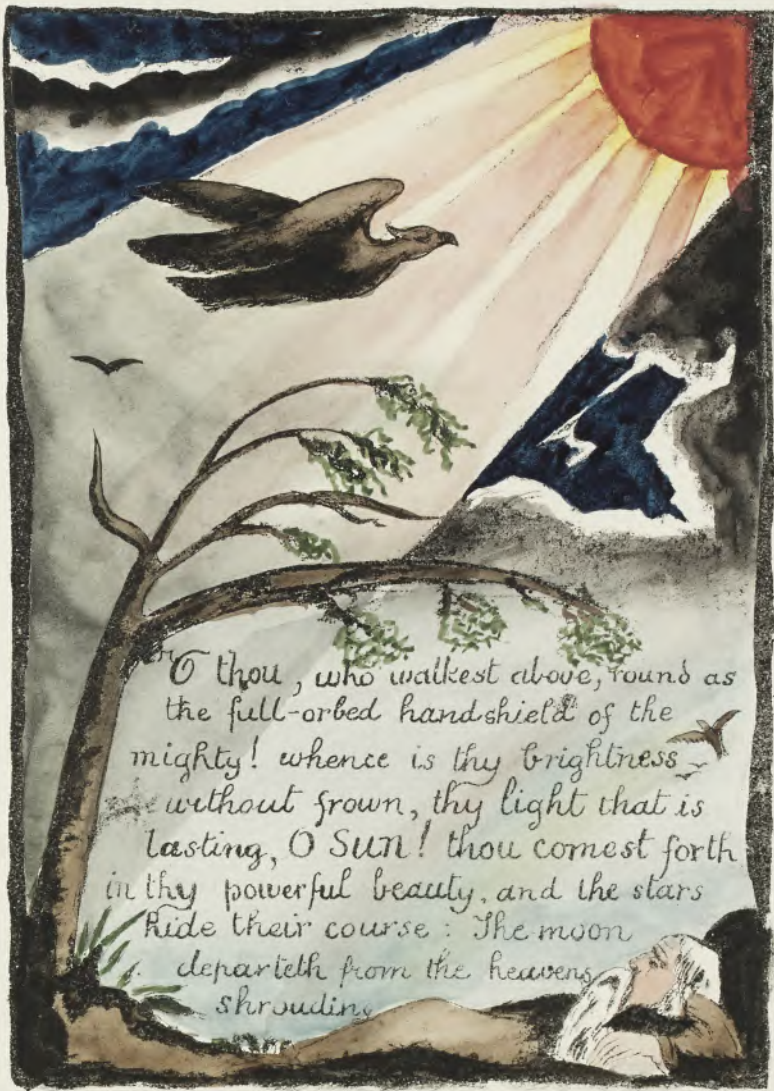
and published there

by

F RITCHIE







O thou, who walkest above, round as  
the full-orbed handshield of the  
mighty! whence is thy brightness  
without gown, thy light that is  
lasting, O SUN! thou comest forth  
in thy powerful beauty, and the stars  
hide their course: The moon  
departeth from the heavens  
shrouding



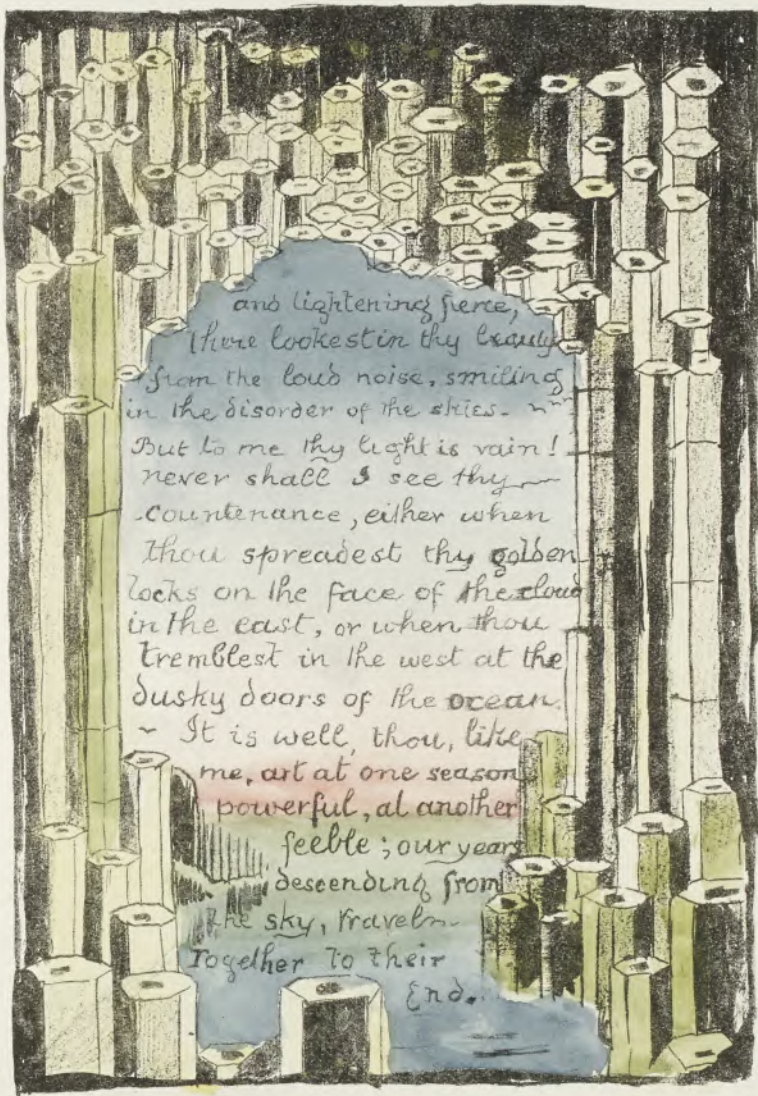


herself under a cloud in the west.  
Thou art alone in thy course:  
Who is daring enough to come nigh thee?  
The oak shall fall from the lofty  
mountain's side; cairns and rocks  
shall sink under the power of age; the  
ocean shall ebb and flow; the moon  
shall be lost above in the heavens! Thou  
alone for ever in thy strength, rejoicest in  
thy own light! When the storm darkens  
round the world with  
thunder terrible









and lightning fierce,  
there lookest in thy beauty  
from the loud noise, smiling  
in the disorder of the skies. ~  
But to me thy light is vain!  
never shall I see thy  
countenance, either when  
thou spreadest thy golden  
locks on the face of the cloud  
in the east, or when thou  
tremblest in the west at the  
dusky doors of the ocean.  
~ It is well, thou, like  
me, art at one season  
powerful, at another  
feeble; our years  
descending from  
the sky, travel  
together to their  
End.

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Rejoice then, O Sun, while thou  
art strong in thy youth, thou mighty  
one! dark and unlovely is age, like the  
vain light of the feeble moon, when  
she looks through a cloud on the field;  
while the blue mists are on the sides  
of the rocks, and the blast from the  
north on the plain, (beating) on the  
wounded traveller that faintly walks  
along?"

FINIS







The following is the Gaelic of the foregoing. It was written by a Captain Morris in the year 1763 from the dictation of an old man in the isle of Skye, and is much finer than the version preserved by Macpherson.

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O, thus a frin a shiubhtas shuas,  
Cruin mar lan-sciath chruaidh  
nan triath  
Cia as ata do dhearsa gun ghruaim?  
Do sholas atha buan, a Ghain!  
Thig thu mach na daille threim  
A's faluichidh na Reittan triall;  
Theid Galach gun tear 'on speur  
'Ga cleadh fein fuidh stuaigh san iar.  
Tha thussa na d'ustan amhaim,  
Co tha dano bhi na d'choir?  
Tuitdh carn fui'avis as scòrr;  
Traighdh a's lionaidh an euan,  
Caillear shuas an Bè san speuri  
Thussa a d'aon a chaoi fui' bhuaigh



An eibhneas do sholuis fein!  
Nuair a dheubhas mu'n domhan stoirm  
Le Torruinn bhorb a's Dealan bearth,  
Seallaidh tu nad'aille o'n toirm,  
Feanh ghàire am bruailean nan speur.  
Dhomhsa tha do sholus faoin,  
'S nach faic mi a chaoi do ghnuis!  
Scaoilidh cul is or-bhuid cuabh  
Air aghaidh nan niab'sannear.  
No'n uair a chritheas thu ann'sann iar.  
Clig do dhorsaibh ciar air bear,  
'S math gum bheil thu's mise se'n  
Ann àm gutreun, 's gun sheùm ann àm  
Ar bliadhna a tearna o'n speur,  
A siubhal le cheile gu'n ceann.  
Biodh eibhneas ort fein, A Ghriann  
'Stu neart-mhor, a Thriath, na doige!  
'S dorcha mi-thaitneach an aois,  
Mar sholus faoin an Rè gun chail,  
'S i sealtuinn o'neoil air an raon  
'San liath-cheò air thaobh nan càrn,  
An ossag o' thuath air an rèth,  
Air gear-siubhail fuid' bheid'se mall.







