

MARB-RANN AIR

SIR TEARLACH FOIRBEIS,

JAR-BHARAN.

LE DONULL MACAPHEARSAIN.

“—gli uomini degni da' Poeti
Son tolti dal' oblio, piu che morte impio”.

Ariosto.

LONDUN.

Clò-buailte le Jonraig Semon.

MARBH-RANN AIR
SIR TEARLACH FOIRBEIS,
JAR-BHARAN.

Air fonn—"Dh' fhalbh Mactall' as an Dùn".

1.

Och nan och ! mar a ta !
Se mo mhulad, mo chradh, 's mo phian,
Nuair a sgarašam bàs
Bhuainn na saoidhean a's airde gniomh,
An diugh nach eil, mar a bha,
An cliù taisgt' ann an dain nan cliar,
No'm buan dhusgadh nan clar,
Bho'n tha innleachd nam bard gun mhiadh.

2.

So mar ghearain mi fein,
'S mi mar Oisain an deidh nam Fiann,
A buan thuireadh nan treun,
Gun fhear beo ach e fein de'nt-siol.
A lamh fann feadh nan teud,
'S e gun tabhàchd, gun leirsinn, liath,
A shleadh siar air an fheur,
'Se gun chlogaid gunsgeith gu dion.

3.

So mar ghearain mi fein
 'S mi a' faireachdainn cis 'am chail,
 Tuiteam-inntinn a's gleus
 'Nuair nach b' fhuilear bhi geur a's ard,
 Bho'n a chualas gu'n d' eug
 Fear thug barr anns gach beus air cach,
 Dh'iarradh comas nan ceud,
 Chur a bhuidhean a cill gu lan.

4.

So mar ghearain mi fein,
 Meadhon oi'eh, 's mi neo-sheimh gun suain,
 Nuair gu h-obann a leus
 Solus soilleir mar ghrein mu'n cuairt ;
 Thainig buidheann na dheidh,
 'S leam bu mhoralach neimhidh 'n snuadh,
 'S b'e' m fear toisich,—do'm' reir—
 Mar so 'labhair gu reidh am chluais—

5.

“Mhic nan Dan na toir geill,
 Faic teachdairean Dhé le d' shuil ;
 Beothaich d' inntinn gu feum
 'S gheibh thu comas a reir do ruin.
 'S mise am Fùighantas fein ;
 'S iad sin Ceartas nach breugaich cuis,
 Agus Tir-Chairdeas treun,
 Bha le Tearlach gu eug bho'n ghlun.

6.

“Bha sinn leis anns gach gnìomh,
 Leinn a b'eibhinn a chiall 's a thur.
 'N ear an t-saoghail 's an iar
 B' fhada a sgaoil sinn a's cian, a chliu ;
 Fhuair e saibhreas nach d' iarr,
 Bho'n b' e, 'n gliocas a dh'iarr e'n tus—
 Crì' cho fearail 's cho fìor
 'Stearc a dh' fholaicheadh riamh le uir—”

7.

“ 'Nis than sàr-dhuine bhuainn,
 An eèann—uidhe bo'n d' fhuair sinn baigh,
 Iar a dhunadh 'san uaigh
 'S eo bheir cuireadh dhuinn uair gu tamh ?
 Aeh tha tuinneachas bhuainn ;
 Tha sinn erioslaicht' gu 'r cuairt gun dail—”
 Dha' fhalbh na taisbeanaich bhuam,
 'S dhubh an oi'ch le gruaim mar bhà—

8.

Dh' fhalbh na taisbeanaich bhuam,
 'S thuit mi thairis 'an suain gu trom—
 'S chunnacas aisling a ghluais
 Gu ard-chomas, gach buaidh 'bha 'm chòm.
 Dh' fhas mo shealladh eho geur,
 'S gun do dheare mi gu reidh air lòm,
 Sluadh an t-saoghail, 'an rian,
 Dubh a's geal, agus ciar, a's donn.

9.

Cha robh suil ann gun deoir ;
 Fuaim²⁷²caoidh mar thoirm mhòran àlt ;
 Feumaich, sean agus òg,
 An crì bruite, 's ann deoradh fann—
 Sgal nam bann bantrach bu leor,
 Mu'n ti chuidicheadh lòn do'n clann ;
 B' aon chuis aobhar am broin ;
 B' aon an greadadh, an leon, 's an call.

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10.

Mar ghleann uaigneach nam marbh,
 Ghrad laidh tosd an learg, gach taobh,
 Chluinnt e a' chuileag a' falbh
 Air òg-dhuilleagan meanmh nan craobh—
 Dh' eirich sonn bu mhath dealbh—
 Math-an-airidh 's e b' ainn do'n laoch—
 Thog am fiuidh e an' fhalbh,
 Gu mor urram, gn sealbh, 's gu maoin—

11.

Thog e shuil ri na neoil ;
 Thog e ghuth, 's rinn na sloigh do reir ;
 Bu mhin ceol-bhinn an gloir,
 Mar gum b' orgain am beoil gu leir—
 Chunnacas anam nam buadh
 Air a shlighe gu suaimhneas Dè,
 'S chaidh Strúth bheannachd leis sùas
 Anns gach cainnt tha fo chuairt nan speur—

12.

Ch'an eil buaidh aig an uir
 Chumas anama nam fiu fo bruaich—
 Charaich truimead mo shùl ;
 Chaidh mo bhruadar air chul 's mo shuain ;
 Ruith crith-aoibhnis a 's ciuil
 Troimh mo chuislean, gu dluth 's gu luath ;
 'S ged bu deimhinn mo dhuig,
 Dh' fhan am binneas fad uine' am chluais.

13.

Dh' fhan am binneas am chluais,
 'S bi'dh e' m chuimhne gu uair mo bhàis,
 'S fhir a chluinneas mo dhuan,
 Gabh an fhirinn so bhuam gu tlàth ;
 Cha' n i beatha' bhi beo'
 'S a bhi 'g itheadh 's ag ol mar chach,
 Ach 's fìor bheatha 's bhi beo,
 A bhi 'g imeachd 's a choir gach là.

14.

Ma 's a beag thu no mor,
 Cum gu daingeann ad dhorn an t-srian ;
 Na gabh seach'ran bho'n ròd,
 Dh' aindeon buaireadh do mhòran miann.
 Cum do bhun anns an Tì
 Nach do mheall snach do dhiobair riamh ;
 'S toiseach beath', agus sìth,
 Agus aoibhneas gun dìth do chrìoch—

Crioch.

AN ELEGY
ON THE DEATH OF
SIR CHARLES FORBES,
Baronet,

Paraphrased from the Gaélic, by the Author.

In days of old, when Caledonia's sons—
The worthy great put off mortality,
The good they did survived in deathless song ;
But, sad to say, it is no longer so.
They die without their fame and become dust.
None cherishes the Minstrel and the Bard ;
They are neglected, and their voice is mute—

Thus I lamented as the Royal Bard,
Great Fingal's Son, when feeble, old, and blind,
His panoply laid by, his harp unstrung,
Mourned for the heroes of his race, laid low.

I grieved to find my mental strength decay,
Scath'd by the unblest hands of care and pain,
As to my ear the unwelcome tidings came,
That the pure soul of him who all excell'd,
Had left, and suddenly, its house of clay ;
When 't would require no less than Ossian's strain
To tell the brightness of his life's career.

“My Country's pride 't were mine to sing thy worth”,
I said as restless on my couch I lay ;
But, ah ! too feeble for the task I felt,
And, if I wept, there is no cause to blush—
'T was the dark midnight hour, when, lo, a light,
Effulgent, brighter than the morning's eye,
Shone all around me : I beheld, with awe,
Three men approach—Angels methought they were—
Of port majestic and of looks benign,
Such as we see not worn by sons of men.
I rose to hail them, reverently, when he
Whom I esteem'd their chief, thus, blandly spoke—

"Thou son of song, thou voice of other years,
 In us behold the messengers of Heaven—
 Abstractions yet realities we are—
 We come to rouse, invigorate thy mind ;
 To give thee power, the sum of thy desire.
 My name's Beneficence, and these my peers,
 Are Justice, the unbiass'd, candid, fair,
 And Patrotism, the ardent and the brave,
 We've been the guardians, councillors, and friends
 of him thou mournest, from his mother's knee—
 To the last moments of his course below.

"In all his actions, here, we bore a part.
 We've been the silent heralds of his deeds—
 Of deeds that made his fame and gave us joy—
 He sought for wisdom ; wisdom gave him wealth,
 And taught him how to use her gifts aright,
 A heart so manly, and a heart so true,
 The grave but rarely ever has enclosed.

"But he has pass'd that vale that all have pass'd,
 Of Adam's race, or yet must pass, and we
 Are pilgrims on our way to seek a home ;
 It may be near at hand, or hence afar.
 Thou knowest thy mission—Speed and fare thee well".
 The Vision vanish'd and the veil of night
 Involved my humble pallet, as erewhile.

The Vision left me, and the hand of sleep
 Came softly o'er mine eyes, and, lo, a dream—
The life of sleep, by some good spirit led,
 Came to my soul. Methought my faculties
 Became all strengthen'd, brighten'd, and improv'd.
 My ear could gather sounds from space more vast ;
 My sight became unlimited and clear ;
 And I beheld, arranged on one vast plain,
 A countless gathering of the race of man ;
 Of every climate, and of every hue ;
 The black, the white, the olive and the brown—

But whatsoever tint, the skin assumes
 The passions of mankind are all the same.

Grief draws the tear and sorrow prompts the sigh
 Of all, alike, from Indus to the Poles,
 As there was manifest ; for all deplored
 In him that died, the common friend of man.
 The consentaneous voice of sorrow came
 Upon the ear like the sounds of many streams,
 One unison of lamentations loud.
 Here too, were seen, desponding and apart,
 Those whom his hand had fed, his kindness cheer'd—
 Age wending its slow way towards the grave
 And groaning on the road. Young Genius
 Bereft of friend and hope, here drooped the head.
 Dire was the widow's wail, the orphan's cry ;
 The heart was still, the bounteous hand was cold,
 That, oft, had changed their tears to grateful smiles.

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At some mysterious sign, the wailing ceased,
 And there came silence over all the plain,
 Profound as is the stillness of the tomb,
 And, lo ! a man stepp'd forth, of noble mein
 And size gigantic, known, meseem'd to all
 Th' innumerable millions there conven'd—
 His name was *Merit* ; Forbes was his friend—
 He raised his eyes to heaven, and all conform'd.
 He pointed upwards and, 'behold' he said,
 "The soul of him whom lately we deplor'd,
 By Angels borne to never-ending bliss !
 The grave detains but dust, and that must yield,
 At the appointed day. Then let the song,
 The universal, the triumphant song,
 Mount with the blessed spirit to the throne
 Ineffable : a stream of vocal joy,
 Of benedictions, gratitude, and love".
 He said, and such a concord of sweet sounds
 As words cannot describe nor thought conceive,
 Arose from earth to join the harmony
 Of Seraph harps and Angel songs above.
 So triumphs Christian virtue o'er the grave,
 And takes the sting from the stern grasp of death.

An ecstasy divine warm'd all my frame,
 Thrill'd, like sweet music, through my trembling nerves,
 And I awoke : but still my ear retained,
 Unchang'd, by change of state, the symphony.
 And all shall present to my memory be,
 While memory, and mind, and life remain.

And thou, my brother, man, who read'st this lay,
 I pray thee sport not lightly with thy time ;
 'It is the stuff that constitutes thy life'.
 If it were life to breathe and eat and drink,
 To move at pleasure, wise or mad by fits,
 Thy dog, frail man, had more of life than thou ;
 He cannot err ; thou knowest right and wrong ;
Thy proper life is, to be good and wise ;
 The good that is within thy power to do,
 The evil thought and action to eschew.
 Have faith in *Him* who's given thy mind its light
 To see the wrong and hate, to love the right.
 However low, however high thy sphere,
 Take reason for thy guide, whilst thou art here ;
 Be ever grateful for that gift from Heaven,
 That guide, to men and angels only given.
 'T will curb thy passions, purify thy soul,
 And lead thee, safely to the wish'd-for goal—
 Death, to the good man, is the door that opes
 To the fruition, full, of all his hopes.

Finis.

