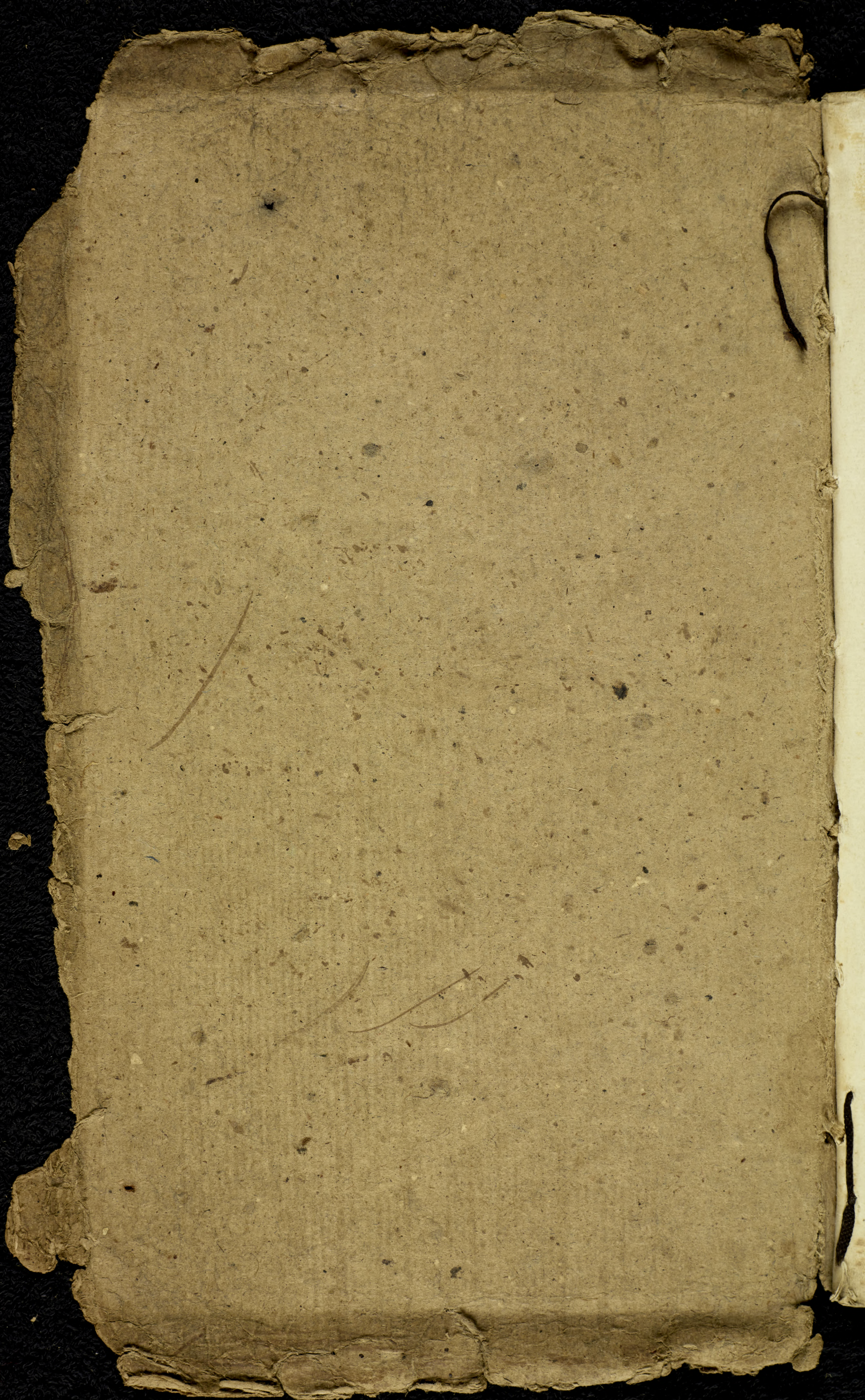


~~No 78~~

No 6

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Some Hints, regarding the Dress, Customs
and Manners of the Gaelts, thrown
together, loosely, by an Officer, on
Board a Transport, in Chebucto
Harbour, before Halifax, Nova
Scotia — 1776 —

Mr Henry,

Please to insert the following Piece into your Gazette, as it may add a Reader to your Paper.

The pleasant Observations which two Gentlemen made on the Dress of the Highlanders here, and the curious Detail one of them gave of the Customs and Manners of the People of two or three Ports in the western Isles of the Highlands, where he had just in, gave me an opportunity of recollecting some Accounts I had of the original Use of that Dress, and of some ancient Customs, peculiar to the Predecessors of the Celts or Gaelti, from a Clergyman in Beau-mais, where I was cast away once in a storm. I will give, very incoherently, some few Remarks of his, which pass'd over our Bottle, just as they may occur to my Memory. In the Gallick or Gaelti Quotations, the Gh has always the sound of a V.

The mode has scarcely any sound finally. These Letters strengthen the Syllable in a manner, peculiar to the old Gallick Language. The French still retain many dead Letters, similar to their ancient Language; The Affinity is strong in many Words and Phrases.

The Doctor observed, that Skins, as agreed on by the whole World, taken in Hunting, were the first Coverings — that Goat Skins particularly, as they were of different Colours, were used by the more eminent People — that these Skins, cut into small Strips, were diversified and chequered Stripes of various Blues, join'd together, by wooden Pins or Spins, before Instruments were invented, or found by them, for sewing them together. Greek and Roman Authors called these Dresses Phenones. Isidore says, that Phenon is borrowed from the Phenon Flumen, on each side of which the Gaelti wore this Dress. But Varro, de Ling. Lat. says, more judiciously indeed, that the Word is purely Gallick. This Word remains in Use in the Highlands now. Any party-coloured Stripes are called Phenag, or diminutively, Phenagen. Yet when Manufactures of Wool &c, came into Use, the Word became obsolete, and partly reproachful; from the constant wearing of this meaner Dress by their Municipi or lower Classes of Clients, before they could have access to the more fashionable Manufactures. This is the Case with the

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gard to many Words and Phrases held now in Disrespect. One Example, may not, en passant, be impertinent, perhaps. The poor Harvestmen, who now pass in Troops, from Ireland to England, are called Spalpeens; with a shew of Contempt or Disrespect in using the Word. Anciently the Word, Spalpeen, meant, a Hero, Champion or errant Adventurer; and took its Rise in the British Isles, from the Numbers of younger Sons of Irish Kings, Nobility and Gentry, who passed, in Time of War, to England and Scotland, with Volunteers, to assist in defending those Nations from the Incursions of each other; but more especially of the Danes, when their own Country was at Rest. Many Noblemen and Gentlemen are now remaining in both Kingdoms, who are descended from these Adventurers or Spalpeens. — Spallpeena Duibhliche is now used as a synonymous Phrase with a clever Fellow of Strength and Agility.

Dhalbhe na nspalpeena Nounhe,
Bha fiail Tarsin na ngrunde;
Cha b'iad na Faehaiche gu Rume,
gu Leide Fad.

Sean Mandoghe 2

To return — Hesychius calls these Phenones, Braecas (Breack-dhaine) de Pellibus Caprinis. Sallust alludes to the same. Beyond a Doubt it was the particular Drefs of Gallia Bracata (Gaelhe na nBreackdhaine) distinguish'd by that Name, from the more seditary Parts of that vast Tract of Land, called by Caesar, Gallia, or Gaelhe. Hanc Braccatam, a Bracis, quibus utebantur illi Populi, appellabant Romani. Dyonisius says, that the Nations, inhabiting both Sides of the Rhine, were, long before Caesar's Time, called Gaelti. Diodorus extends them to the Alps and Pyrenees, and afterwards to Scythia. (Hence the Tradition of Scots perhaps.) They might as well derive themselves from Jabal or from Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, who dwelled in Tents, and Drove Cattle from Pasture to Pasture. (Pace Scotorum.) Herodotus and many authors after him, from the most unquestionable Records of oral Traditions (Moses's Materials, Inspiration excepted) Monu-
ments

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ments, poetical Rhymes, Proverbs, remaining Customs &c.
declare, that no Part of Europe wanted Gaelti Inhabitants.

From the most undoubted Histories, party coloured Dresses were the Pride and distinguishing Ornaments of Emperors, Kings, Governors, Tyranni, Patrons and Statesmen of all Ranks. Hence the Commixture of Gold and silver Threads, the Tyrian Purple, the *purum Coruleum*, &c. were used; not only as Borderings, Edgings, &c. but also in the Contexture. The Gaelti, who attacked the Capitol, A. U. C. 366, are described, in the Engravings or embossed Work, on Aeneas's Shield; — *atque aurea Vestis, virgatis lucent sagulis* — *Virgatum* is taken here, by all the Commentators to be the particular Texture by cross and straight Stripes, of various Colours, in the Sagum. This Sagum is no other than the Saie-Cuime of the Gaelti; i.e. the Rag for the Body: The Sagum described as girt or cingled about the Umbilicus, fixed about the Neck with the Spina, till the more fashionable Braiste, or brass Ring, wore by the Leaders, came into common Use, & quite loose about the Breast and Hands. When the weather permitted, and that Exercises required it, the Sagum was knotted on the left Shoulder.

St Jerome, on Paul's Epistle to the Galatians, says, that, at the Time the Apostle wrote, these Gallo or Gaelti Grecians, still retained, in the Parts less bordering on the Natives, the Gaelti Dress, & spoke the ancient Language. Even, at this Distance of Time, there is no Nation over whom the Gaelti made Impressions, (I surely they extended in numberless multitudes) or among whom they made Settlements, but where the Vestigia of the Gaellich Language remain; notwithstanding the different Conquests, Revolutions Colonisations &c. they underwent. The strongest Proofs for this are found, by People understanding the Languages: Ireland over all its extensive Provinces, South & north Wales, the northern and western Parts of Caledonia, and the *Civitas Armorica* of Caesar, still retain the purest Fundamentals of this Language, falling much into Decay by the great Consumer Time. These Nations have not entirely, as yet, undergone such total Conquests, as all the other Nations, possessed, once by the Gaelti, have.

When Wool and Hair were manufactured, and Dyes found out;

out; principally from the tender⁴ Tops and Leaves of Trees, from the Roots of Herbs, from the crusted moss of Rocks &c, all the Ordines, from the highest to the lowest Class, were obliged to keep a Holy-Day Suite. This they called Braach-dhane na Feilidhe, or the Holiday Braacan. Excepting a small Part of March, April & a Part of May (the Marte Curadhe and Ceatoine) as also September and a Part of October (the To-Whare, or under a Cap) the whole Year almost consisted of Holidays; such as were required in attending on the Princes or Tighernacs, (Romane Tyranni) on Expeditions and Excursions, on forming Confederacies, on Funerals, Marriage Settlements, Weddings, Journeys with the Bride to the Bridegroom's Dubiche, Tallamhe, Lionradhe, or Treabhe — on Torachde or Pursuits (hence Cesaris Orgetorix or Ar-go-torachde, Vercingetorix or Ter-cion-go-torachde) and, in short, on many other occasional Calls. As this holiday Braacan was always, on movements, plaited and cingled or belted, as commonly said, and fixed with the Braiste, for Leaders, and the Dealg Inamhe for the Teaharne, the Word Braacan na Feilidhe came to be used substantively; & the simple Feilidhe or Elidhe, as corrupted by the Islanders, per Synecdochen, came to be understood, by after Generations, as the belted Blaid. Modern Rhymes, compared with ancient Rhymes, demonstrate this. Eastern-Prop & Sutherland retain Braacan na Feilidhe, but conceive the meaning the same with the Islanders. The short Coat, (Cotadhe or Comdhache gearrke) was so named in contradistinction to the long Comdhache or Coat worn by the Gannlibhe or Gauls, or any Strangers, to cover their Nakedness; having no close Garments around their posteriors.

The whole Holiday Dress consisted of the Braacan na Feilidhe, cingled, the short Coat, the Pantuffles, and their Arms of various Kinds. This Pantuffle is surely a Gallish Word, & no other than the ancient Dohke Du-fuirthe, pronounced short, as one compound Word. Dond-fuite, or the Sole for the black Dust or Dirt, to keep the Feet clean & sound. From Dullibhe (bh for v) came the

the Latin or roman word ⁵ *Dulvis*. The *Broog*, or *Brogue*, ³ Anglice a Shoe, was originally the horny Hoof of Cattle. Hence when Vamps (*Uachdar*) of any Kind; of Wood, raw or salted Leather, or Bark, were added to the Pantuffe, the Word *Brogue* was applied from its Similitude in Defence of the Foot. The *Spahne*, or german *Hosen*, were a modern addition. Even in the Time of Queen Elizabeth, the Highlanders, who fought in respectable Bands, in Ireland, for the *Tir-Owen* Family, wore no *Hosen*; whence, not only the English Historians, Strangers to the Antiquities of Scotland, but even Lord Clarendon himself, who was personally acquainted with eminent Scotch Chieftains at Court, wrote, "that so many and so many *Redshanks* joined the *Probel Irish*." In some other Part of his Writings, he says, & that a General of the *Claredonmille*, whose Name was *Malbritto*, so called by way of Eminence, commanded the *Redshanks*." What can an English Reader make of this? *Malbritto* must be a Foreigner, commanding Troops from *Slabhe Gaullame*, or from the famous sequestered Precipes of the more famous *Lough-Deary*. *Coul Millach* or *Coll the left Hand* —

Certainly, when *Romulus* began to establish his first Colonies in *Rome*, considerable Numbers of the *Cis-alpine*, and probably the *Trans-alpine* *Gaelti* flock'd to him; & from the Pretension of their Arms, partly their Dress and partly their Language, seemed to be his best Warriors. The succeeding Romans, on the Use of Letters, gave a soft grammatical and Latin Termination to all their adopted & retained Words of the different Languages, which crowded upon them by their Fame, and verbal Edicts or manifestoes. With this Difference the *Gaellich* Language was intermixed. Hence *Glaibhe*, *Gladius*; or *Clairbhe*, *Clavis*, which, with many of the Poets, signifies any Piece of Iron, made for Offence or Defence, as well as the common Signification of a Key. *Saghitte*, *Sagitta* — *Shiade*, *Scute*, *Sentum* — *Lurich* *Loricæ* &c.

The Romans retained the Names of the Animals, brought in by the *Gaelti* — *Bohe*, *Bos* or *Oves*. — *Tarubhe*, *Taurus*; *Riche*, *Equus* — *Asedhe*, *Ovis* — *Bibhuise*, *Ovis* — *Gabher*, *Capra* — *Cainne*, *Canes*; *Caitte*, *Cati* — Roman Numbers, from one

one to a Thousand, are all Gaelti. ⁶

When men began to move from the Seat of the Ark, the Customs and manners of all nations, planted by these Extensions, were nearly the same. The Impulse of pure Nature, and the Dictates of common sense, pro Re nata, were their Directors. Climes Sea-Coasts, Mountains, Plains Rivers and Woods occasioned some Differences. But the manners ascribed by Cesar to the Gauls, & by Tacitus, partly, to the Germans; especially the german Rhe-nani, are so similar, in general, to the Customs prevailing, some Ages ago, (as by ancient Records and Poems) in the Highlands; & now, indeed, in some Spots, where Oppression hath not overclouded a laudable and admired Simplicity of Nature, that no Doubt can be conceived of their being the offspring of the first Gaelti, who crop'd from the Continent of Europe, many Centuries before even Gallia, or any Part of it, was known to the Romans; & indeed, long before Rome herself was established.

The opprobrious Name of Gaule (Gauls, Strangers, or any Foreigners) was hateful to a Gael; because, originally, not only the Gauls in Confederacy with Cesar, & with the succeeding Romans, but all the Romans, Saxons, &c. called by them Gaunibhe, were the cruel Oppressors in Devastations, Expulsions, Plunder and Murders of the ancient Gaelti, then at Peace and Ease, without the constant Use of Arms; & by their Power. Numbers and disciplined Troops drove them into that Part of Britain, in quam Romana Arma nunquam penetrarunt: There they retained their Dress and Customs, untill the Invasions, by Sea, of the Lochlinnii (Scandinavians mostly from Norway whose regal Seat was Baill' na Berge, or Bergen) nearly similar in Manners and Language, had made some little Innovations; but in Nothing so much as in religious Worship; witness their Worship of Odin or Uoin, to whom a Rock or large fixed Stone, was dedicated, before Temples were built; on which they prayed, & on which they saw, or pretended to see, sights, Apparitions or Visions, called Taiske Sealaiche or Ianaiche, & heard Voices, similar to the Bathkol of the Jews. The Gnagach, or some tutelar Angel, was seen by some of them, also

also. — Particular regard was paid to the Umbra of their⁴
Friends, who often visited them, at night, in dusky mornings &
Evenings; but especially, since Christianity was planted, in the
Highlands, on Sundays in sequestered places — They were
sure to appear, if the ^{body} remained above ground or unburied.

*Nec Prius Datur horrendas, nec vacua Tlucuta
Transportare prius, quam sedibus opa quierunt.*

The custom, of taking ten or twelve Wives in common,
is accurately accounted for, as a mistake, by a late inge-
nious† Doctor of Divinity. The Beannmaris Doctor agreed
with him in his Remarks. He was confirmed, by tra-
velling once through the Heights of Prop-Shire in
Scotland. There he saw, not only the People of the
House, the only House on that by-Road, in the Moun-
tains, but many Travellers, Men and Women undressing
and lying down regularly, on a large raised Work of
Heath or Heather; some in Blankets, some in highland
Bracons & some under Skins and other coverings. Hence
the Proverb, — Sheid mhore dub-ghargoine, or the large
Settee of Dub-gargoine, the Name of the Place. A London-
er, or any Person of common Urbanity, a stranger to Cir-
cumstances, would surely conclude, like the Romans, who
gave Cesar his Intelligence, that, if Ceres and Bacchus
were not quite unpropitious, Venus must have been wor-
shipped — But, anciently, such was the Continency of the
Gaelti under this State of pure Nature, that Death
was the immediate consequence of a breach of that
great Law, which, in the Decalogue, as well as in the
Tables of all well governed Pagan Nations, was placed after
Murder. Their Commerce with the more polite Nations
brought this Piece of Politeness also.

The Effects of an ancient custom are clearly seen in
the Destruction of the Highlands of Scotland, by Nations;
such as gave the Romans an easy conquest over the
Gauls and Germans; & indeed over all Nations. The old
Maxim, Divide at impera (hellborn) prevailed every where,
since Nimrod's Times no less so, in the Highlands, than
any where else. The Rise of many Families, now con-

† Dr Macpherson of Sleat, Isle of Skye

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spicuous, formerly very obscure, is owing to this Rule, as well as to the delusive Tolly of their quondam Masters.

The Dependence of the *Cientes* (Clans, from *Clachne*, *Clamhnas*, and *Clanhnne*, i.e. Connections by *Tennies*, Intermarriages and Societies & their offspring) on the *Principes*, *Tighernas* or *Tyrants*, was, no where, in the European Nations, so long observed, in its strength, as in Scotland.

The common Highlanders are exactly described by *Cæsar*, where he says, "*Plebs, per se, nihil audet. Perique, quum aut Ore alieno, aut magnitudine Tributorum, premuntur, sese in servitutem dicant nobilibus.*"

The Clergy in Scotland, even after the Introduction of Christianity, used chiefly, the same Methods, where their Influence was permitted, of encouraging Ignorance; and of a total Dependence, in religious Matters, and much in civil Affairs, on their own *afflatus Divinus*; such was the Practice of the *Druids*. The Priests of the heathen Deities, and, I had almost said, great Numbers of the Priests of the peculiar People of *Sehovah* did the same. My *Reverend* Friend, added, with a Smile, that all Divines seemed to desire the Right Hand of Fellowship over all Professions & Degrees.

It was lately, that the Custom of retaining Bards, Family Genealogists, Historians, *Ollamhes* or Professors of all kinds (*neque fas mendare literis*) without the Use of Letters, Hieroglyphicks, or even any Marks or Notes, was abolished, or rather disused, by Degrees, in the Highlands; by joining in affinity, like the *Israelites* or *Jews* in the Days of *Ezra* and *Nehemiah*, with the People of these Abominations, (the polished Vices of the more Southern Parts) who carried their *Politeness* with them, in circumscribing the innocent Pleasures of a real *Elysium*; their *Palastra*, their *Ludi*, *Chore*, *Carmina*, *Discrimina Vocum*, *Epulae*; — *Sui memores alios fecere merendo.*

The Highlanders had the same Ideas, before Christianity was introduced among them, of a kind of Immortality of the Soul, disagreeing in some Particulars, with those Nations, who had an earlier Intercourse with the Doctrine of *Pythagoras*, or rather of the *Agyptians*, from whom *Pythagoras* borrowed his *Metempsychosis*.

The

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The Skill of the Highlanders, from a long Course of Study and Observations from Experience, was not despicable, with Regard to the Influence of the Planets over the Earth, or the Superficies of the Earth. They surely foretold Storms, fair weather, and the Changes of Seasons, earlier or later, than the annual Course of the Sun dictated. They foresaw, or pretended to foresee, the Fall of States and great Men, by some supernatural Knowledge also; many Instances of which are on such Records, as Rhymes, Seannachies & Dairies. The Chaldeans, Egyptians and other Nations were famous in this Respect. What Knowledge they might have acquired from able Professors, or from the fixed Seats, if they had any fixed Seats, of these Arts, cannot be altogether clearly made out from Herodotus, Sanchoniathon &c. Cicero's Question may be asked with Regard to the poor and ignorant Highlanders and their Predecessors the Gaelti, everywhere, as well as with Regard to the poor and mad Prophets of Israel & Judah; & perhaps, of many Nations, whose History hath not come down to us — "Quid habet Auctoritatis Furor iste quem divinum vocatis; aut quid sapiens non videt, ea videat Insanus, et is, qui humanos sensus amisit, divinos aspectus sit?"

As for Horsemanship — The Highlanders have been, and are now, as famous in managing wild Horses, tho' not in the immediate Field of Battle, as ever the Numidians were. They used formerly no Saddles, no Bridles — a small twined Cord of Hair, or a twisted Sigan of Grass, in the left ^{right} Hand; with a Switch, Sallow top or dried Tangle, in the ~~left~~ ^{right} Hand, were sufficient & necessary for expediting Mepages. Their Leaders, Captains or Rhuderaes had also their Phalers, which were no other than caparisoned and richly adorned Steeds, with costly Trappings. The Romans had the Word Phalera from the Gaelti, and not at all from the greek Phalerai, apo tou Phalon: The Greeks had it also from the Gaelti. No Words now more common in the Highlands, than Phalera, i.e. a fine Steed; and Phaleraiche, i.e. expert Horsemanship. The Marquiche and Rhudera of the Gaelti differed in this only, to wit, that the Marquiche (under Marquis) fought only in Horseback; whereas the Rhudera (Equus,

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(Æques, tentoniæ Rhugder, anglicè Rider) was obliged, in Cases of Necessity, to dismount and fight on Foot, like our heavy Horsemen and light Dragoons, *mutatis mutandis* —

In their religious Rites and Ceremonies, the Highlanders followed, at first, their Predecessors the Gaelti; & by Degrees, obtained some Nations of the Deities of all the Gauls and Germans; and, after their Intermarriages with the Lachlinnidhe, they partly engaged in worshipping their Scandinavian Deities; in the same manner as did the Israelites with the Moabites, Ammonites and other bordering Nations. Hence the Dedication of Temples, Groves, Towns, Caves and Rocks to all their Deities. Remains of pagan Worship demonstrate enough of these ancient Customs. Justin, ill informed from Trojus Pompeius and Cesar, who were as ill informed, attributes to the Gaelti-Grecians, the inhumane Practice of sacrificing their wives and Children to appease the Gods, or to make them propitious before Battle.

The Hatred which the Roman Authors were taught to bear to the Gaelti, and all the Gauls, both from their first Attack upon their almost infant State, till beat off at the Capitol by M. Manlius; and from their many Revolts under the Cæsars, led them to write as unfavourably as a mala Tama could authorise; in the same manner as did Polybius, the justest of the unjust Writers, who touched on the Characters of the Carthaginians. It is a common Fault connected with the humane Nature — Where no Love is, there can be no good Report. All the other barbarous Customs, such as putting wives, Children and Clients to Death at Discretion, offering humane Sacrifices, burning the wives, Children, Relations and Friends of a deceased great Man, on the same Funeral Pile; and, indeed, all Customs, repugnant to the universal Law of Nature, never were practised by the Gaelti, since their Banishment into Scotland: Not even a single Vestige, Tradition or Rhyme authorising a Belief or a most distant Thought of them. They hung their Enemies often to Trees, when the Lex Talionis dictated Revenge to them.

They

They hung up many of their Slaves, taken in War from the Generals of Pri an Dokinne, i.e. the King of the World, or Roman Emperor; & from Saxonick & Scandinavians, who invaded them. They tortured them, as well as any Subject, most cruelly, for the supposed Practice of magical Arts, or a Correspondence with Ainglibhe Donchaidishe (black Angels of Darnep) and for betraying their Country and Leaders.

They very often used many of their Enemies, as Hannu used the Israelites, sent by David, with his Complements of Condolence. — Beersade Eoine agus Amadaine.

Of the ancient Highlanders might be well said, "Vita omnis in Venationibus atque in Studijs Rei militaris consistit —

Pre dol do s'huile no Sealz Bheane,

Tha bu cha ort an n Garbhach —

They surely lived much, as Cæsar observes, on milk, new Cheese and Venison; and even when Agriculture was introduced, they removed generally, about the middle of May, from the Plains, to Pastures or the Tairidhe, i.e. to the nearest sensible Horizon, beyond which they fed their Cattle. —

Here they commonly were supposed to have a full View of the Winter House, or Tighe Geamhaidhe, in case of an Invasion by Sea, in the Currachs (the Roman Curua borrowed from the Gauls) or wicker Boats covered with Skins; or Invasions by Land, from any Neighbour at Variance with them; or by any of the Provers or Pyrates of the Gaullibhe. Their Winter Houses contained all their Husbandry Utensils, and Instruments for cutting & cleaving Wood for Firing — They were faithfully watched by their Dogs, who never desired to stir to the Tairidhe; having Whey, Curds, Venison, Fish and Shellfish sent them regularly every Day.

Here also, in these Winter Houses, were their strong wooden boxes, secured with wooden Locks and Keys, most artfully made, with different Wards, Stoppers and Calenli; as were the great Locks for their Houses — These strong Boxes contained their Lares, which were rough stones, shaped clumsily into certain Figures — Pieces of Wood, before the Introduction of manufactured Brass; and other valuable monuments

ments, received by themselves and their ancestors, as Marks of the Favour, Friendship, affection and Regard of their Tighernacs, Tannisters and other Branches of the Clan; & often from Confederates with their Lairds or Tighernacs: The Boxes contained, particularly, those Parts of the spolia Opima, which were not given up to the Tigherna, or immediate Captain of the Company, under which he fought, or under whom his Brethren fought, for Generations back; & lastly, their Boxes contained, in a separate Shuttle or Department, their Monuments or Pignora amoris, interchanged for Ages before, as well as in the present Age. These Summer Houses, Hutts or Taridhes were built in a few Hours Time, with a back-apartment in wicker or basket Work, for Bed Blades & a Table; and were very commodious for themselves and their frequent Visitants, during ten or twelve Weeks of the Summer. They had many Rhymes or Charms for banishing Serpents, Frogs, Mice & all such Vermin. They had Holly hung round these Summer Houses, & many of their winter Houses also; for which Custom they could not account. It is supposed to be the Remains of a Custom with the Druids or Druids, who, from ascribing the Name from the Oak, Darn or Dru, made use of this green Hind, Ilex, to adorn their Caves and Cabbins, rather than of the other Kinds, Quercus & Probus, whose Green was not so permanent. — An all-Saints Eve, unless the weather was so stormy as to strike the Holly & the Harvie together, somewhere in their Neighborhood, the Season portended the Loss of much Cattle. I forget the Veneration, & for what, the Pastors of ancient Italy had for the Corylus.

The Money of the Gaelti, in the Highlands, I mean, till they fought with the Romans, consisted of their Spridhe, Cattle, i. e. their Pecunia or Goods & Chattels, as we say.

The Gaelti or Highlanders had great Pride in laying waste the Boundaries of their near & distant Enemies. Tog-bheil na n-creach, that is, lifting off, not stealing, the Prey from the Lands, intended to be laid Waste or burn'd, was a Piece of Heroism, remarkable in their ancient Rhymes & Peannachas. But thus acted the peculiar People of Jehovah, both during their Commonwealth, and during their Monarchy: Nor do they forget

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forget the Liberty they had of plundering the Egyptians, by fair Words and coaxing Speeches, at this Time, over all the World. Thus acted all Nations; even the Agricola; "convictare juvat Probas, et vivere Propt." This, if I mistake not is said in their Praise, by Virgil; whom a highland Poet, of the last Century, imitated finely, when, describing the Tribes under Cameron of Lochiel, he says of the Mac Martin of Letterfinley "Sibhe nach digadhe gu Baille, 's or lamhe fallabhe, na Feididhe. That is, that they never came home empty-handed. From this, ^{Custom,} then reckoned laudable by all Nations, the Gaelti were detested by their Neighbours of the lower Parts of the Country of Scotland, who gave the Highlanders promiscuously the Surname of Gadichin or Gadens. These, of the lower Parts, having an earlier Opportunity of corresponding with the World, by the Use of Letters, misrepresented the Gaelti, and their Irish Confederates; especially when the great O Neale and O Donoghue interfered, by their threatening Letters to the Kings of Scotland, in behalf of the Gaelti, their Brethren, who inhabited & possessed the Hebrides, the western Coast, and a Part of the North-east Coast. Buchanan, the famous Scotch Historian, led many Strangers astray. He calls the Highlanders Turres et Latrones. But this was at a Time, when the Mac Gregors laid Waste, and almost depopulated, that small Part of the West, possessed by the small Tribe of the Buchannans, the Place of his Nativity; and at a Time when two powerful highland Families contrived what lay in their Power to frustrate his Designs of rising high in Church or State, at which he aimed much by his Writings and Intrigues. Buchanan wrote, as the Writings will shew, with that Partiality, which is ever dictated by Revenge & Lucre. He relates many Falsehoods, on Kearsay, of a respectable Tribe in the Highlands, even in his own Time; but, to palliate his Corruption, calls one of their Chiefs, "Unus longe potentissimus post Regem".

The Mac Gregors, by the bye, were barbarously used, in that Act of Parliament which passed against their Surname. A Design was formed on their great Property: It lay convenient, like Naboth's Vineyard. So sensible is the present

present Legislature of the Cruelty done them, that, just now, a repeal of that Law is formed, if not already executed.

The highland Chief had a superior officer in their Household, called, by way of Eminence, Marischal Chreach; that is, the General or Commander of the Luchde Craiche or Devastators, not to say Plunderers. They had another officer, called Marischal Taighe emphatically; or the Steward of the Household Provisions - To him belonged the proper Division of the Spoils or Preachs. Of the slaughtered Cattle, each petty officer had his particular Piece extra, besides his daily Maintenance from the great Family. The Alder was ever given to the Master-Piper; the ~~Tongue~~ ^{Heart} to the Recorder of the ancient and modern Deeds of the Tribe; The Head, without the Tongue, but an equal Weight of the hough-Heads, was given to the Armourer or Labor Ferrarius or Dravias; the Tongue to the Shealachie &c. &c.

The Gaelti, like the Canaanites, Grecians, the Britains, under Capivellaunus (Caskel-bheul-Rubhna, or the Fort at the Pivorus Mouth) and, indeed, like all intermixed independent States, chose a Lean-Teachde, or Head-man of the Host, during a general Monte. His Power, like the Roman Dictatoris, ended with the Campaign, Pursuit or Ruagge.

Since the Days of Abraham and Lot, Hospitality never reigned more triumphantly than among the Gaelti. There the Traveller, there the Stranger, there the Banished, there the oppressed, & even the Murderer, found his Asylum. There the pet-Lamb, the Lwe of the Bosom & the favourite Hind & Hen, were sacrificed in Honour of the Gods of Tialachde, by the meanest Cottager, & by the most obscure Hermit. The Phrase of Invitation, after joining the right Hands, to the Foreigner, Friend or Foe, in Distress - "is se do Bheadhe, that is, Your Life is safe". No Inroad on the Rules of natural good-manners, by Interrogations of any kind, with regard to the Quality, Business or Connections of the Guest. No personal Insult dared to be offered, if the Guest should be, even known, to have been obnoxious to the Friends of his Host. Always escorted out of the

the way of Danger. In short,¹⁵ Hospitality, in its purity, was⁸ observed here. The Iepene hospitates of Blantus were ever interchanged here, and kept as sacred monuments for Generations succeeding. Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland may, perhaps, at this moment, lay as much claim to the merit of Briatachde, as ever Greece did to her Kenia, or Rome to her Lantia.

The Gaelti had, Time immemorial, the Use of the Wachtgun-
mon Table & Dice. They had Cards earlier than their Southern Neighbours.

"gh inmort gu tric er na Tabhaise.

Leis na Diosna gearra (Cramhe,

"Cuir sios le Ter Theorne" Faimare

"Sin" is Carte breache a Wanhe.

Sean Danhe Mollidhe.

The Faimarhe Morde was a game at Tables & Dice, where the Loser had so many Blows on the Palm of his Hand, from the Winner, by a Brogue or Phoe, or rather the Sailhe or Solea, which was a more genteel wearing for the Summer than the Pantuffle. The Strokes depended on the Number of Calenli, or Airborne approaching to No 31. The great game at Cards was Torne, made up in its Phrases and Rules in the Gaelti & Lochlin Languages. If the Gaelti had had Docts & Letters to celebrate their athletic Games & Exercises, they would not have come short, perhaps, in the Descriptions, or in the principal Design of inuring Youth to Arms and Agility, of the Olympick, Pythien and Istomian Games. They had many Temporary Pindars; but, alas! their Works have followed their own Fate. The Carbiad Caggidhe or War Chant, is heroically and poetically described — "Tar bu tinghe gu ma Tanne; far mhu Tanne, gu ma Sluaghe sgaoilte, Tar mo Sluaghe sgaoilte, gu'm bu Sluagh marbhach.

The single Combat on Horseback, when Marquiche' na Phaloré dubhe comes on, is beautifully & most poetically described, tho' in Norse — Chite na Tre Gehinne Din colabhe &c. Their Chant Piece, such as Guckhal-lin's, is nobly imitated in — metagae ferwidis evitata Protis. The

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The Naumachia of the Highlanders and Islanders are no less pleasant in the Description - *yn sgoiltidhe & udhe or a Choro,* aig fiosaas bha I ga Stiuradhe, i.e. The expert Man at the Helm could cut an Egg, by the End, into two Parts, with an edged Weapon at his Nose, the Egg being the Meta. *Dualis* -----

Radit Itor liquidum
Columba ----- *celeres neque commovet ales.*

The Gaelti had their innocent Luauy in their Cuhirms; (The custom of the Romans borrowed from the Gaelti) especially at Funerals, weddings, Infers, so called from the Introduction of the Bride into the Bridegroom's House; at the naming & Confirmation of their Offspring, to whom they gave a second or Adnomen from some Treat performed, the Colour of their Hair, or some remarkable Addition or Defect of their Body; and, the Cuhirm was especially observed on a Division of the Creachs.

The Gaelti had as exact Measurements of Time as any Nation in Europe had, before the Invention of the Clepsydra by Ctesibius; and the Horologiums of various Kinds. Their Division of Time by the Tides, near the Sea, by the Motions of the Stars and the Moon, by their Dogs and Cocks, & by the burning of their great Logs of Wood, by Night, & in the Day Time, by the Tides, as said, which run exactly in about 6 Hours 20 minutes; having particular Marks for Spring and Nepe Tides. - By the Sun over such & such an Horizon, such a Lake, such a mountain, such a Wood &c. & where no Tide or Sun served, by certain Labours & Exercises performed; & by the Cravings of their Appetite, at *Timhe na Teirte*, i.e. Midday great Meal, the only Meal of Consequence, excepting where Guests or Strangers intervened. Then, when an invading Enemy approached by Sea or Land, the sacred Birds were sent on solemn Embassies to invite the Enemy to the Feast of the Evening, & the Shell - To night we feast - To morrow we break the Spears and split the Shields. Music and Heroick History took up the Night and early Mornings, with the Round of the Shell. The Sun was ushered by an Adoration to himself and other Deities. Like David, they prayed three Times a Day, with their Faces to the Sun. And like the Moderns, when Misfortunes or cross Chances befel them, they had immediate Recourse, to the Deities, by early and late Prayers.

ers

ers, till they got themselves extricated —

Surge, age, Kate Dea, promissque cadentibus Astris

Junoni fer rite Orees —

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An Officer attended in the Halls, every morning and evening, to introduce the Sons, Relations and Friends of the Tigherna to the Strangers or Visitants. This Officer, tho' of Dignity then, fell into Disuse and even into Reproach, when Societies were circumscribed, and when the Taspionè Gaudè, or foreign Customs came into Vague. This Officer was called Bleidire (the Nomenclator of the Promens) from the Gallich Word, Bleide; that is, a certain Kind of Pride or Boasting, in setting forth the Rank, Merit, Connections &c. of his Constituent. After Prayers, all the Youth went to the Athletick Exercises, and ^{the} Seannaribhe or Senators went to the Settlement of their State Matters, or to their Forum or Aite Coinimhe, where Alliances and Confederacies were formed, and where Animosities and Enicks (the Price of Blood, Wounds, Insults and Encroachments) were settled.

The Gaelti had always the Burnke Bog, administered for the Hands and Feet of the Traveller and Stranger (warm stagnating Water, for removing the Dirt from the Skin, & from Sores & Scratches) as in Abraham's Time. Their Gheire-gabher (Goats Inet and Land) was a sovereign Remedy for all wounds and Bruises. Their Ollamhes re Leidhe, or Physicians were eminent in the Knowledge of Simples.

The Beds of the Gaelti were generally of Heath, Heather Rushes, Birch Tops and Ferns, and were covered with Shins, before the Use of the Braecians — In poterat Oelles addere, dives erat — could not be said of the Gaelti, as Ovid said of his own Countrymen.

The Tighernacs and great Men of the Gaelti, when on a fostering Party, or interchanging Visits, were always attended by their Umbro & Musels, Panegyriste or Parasites, who were a second Clap of the Ollamhes re Danke. They served to echo the Praises of their Masters & of his Connections, Power &c. to the Friends, Servants and Dependents of the Hospes. At these Fosterings, and at any mixed Feasts, the first Drink went round to the Prosperity of the Princip

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principal Tribes of the Entertained and Entertaining (there's to all our Friends)

Implevitque Mero Pateram

Ving. Jupiter (Hospitibus nam le dare Jura loquuntur)
Hunc lectum Tyriisque Diem Trojaque Profectis
Esse velis; nostrosque hujus meminisse minores.

Exactly the speech of a Gael, joining Right Hands with his Guests— *Gu n'amashe Dia suas na Cioine agus na Calpennin*—

The spilling of the Salt at Table was ominous, & portended a Disagreement of the Tribes, or some such Evil. The Greeks, Romans and other Nations had these Fears, with regard to the Salt— This they borrowed from the Gaelti, who often invaded them, before they had Writers.

The Gaelti struck the Table with their close Fist, when they swore by their Lares (er an Ti a chum na Dulin) or by the Head or Hand of the Tighearna. This was a common Custom with the Greeks & Romans, borrowed from the Gaelti.

No Meals ever received by the Gaelti without an Acknowledgement of Thanks to the great Ti or Dia, emphatically called the B.E.N.G. — The Romans from the Gaelti had the Custom of *Gratias facere & Gratias reddere*, at the Beginning and End of their Meals. Hence our corrupt Phrase of saying Grace.

The under Servants of the Household, and of the Table &c. were called *Stoichichde*, from their mute and most careful Conduct; moving only, as if by meer Machinery, and with that Indifference, as if they were to perform nothing. Perhaps it would be ridiculous to think that the first Greek Stoicks, whom the Philosophers so called, imitated, took the Name at first from the Gaelti's *Stoichichde*; their seeming or pretended Apathy nearly resembling each other.

The *Seannairibhe*, Elders or Fathers generally presided after the Meals of the long Nights, when they had any. They gave the Tales of the Days of other Years; inculcating into their Youth, a Spirit of Virtue, Benevolence, Hospitality and Heroism. The whole delighted in the Tale— *Habeoque senectuti magnam gratiam, quo mihi sermonis aviditatem auceat. Cato de Senect. — O noctes, Ceneque Deum. Horat.*

The Romans surely retained from the Gaelti of Romulus, their *Tepere* or *Tios-Re* or Square Die, on which ~~they~~ they threw their

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all their Venus and Lanes. — An ancient Gaellic Poet, in his Elegy ¹⁰ on the Death of his fifth Tigherna or Master, alludes to his good Fortune in living under five good Sovereigns... *Ueilg mi Bhene er na Diosna guige Mairine* i.e. I threw Venus, or three Sixes, on the Dice, five Times — An Irish Poet, in the same Allusion, complains of his pretended bad Fortune, playing with his Mistress, by throwing Lanes, or three Aces — *Le Cainte's cuir sios, bu bhin lean bhi caulke* i.e. by throwing Lanes, three Aces, he delights in laying down the other ~~other~~ lot to her, and for her sake. This game resembled our Mode of Traffling with three Dice — but *ter Tres*, and *Tres Tere* nearly resembled this Game.

The Decree or Donish of the Gaelti, with the Salutation or last Farewell of — *Slainte's Saoghal fad dhuit* — *Slainte's Cohaive dhuit* — *Gn infuiridhe Dia suas dhuit* — *gn ma maithe riasas In lean Tighe* &c. was surely borrowed by the Romans, under their *Oculum boni Genij*, on parting, with the Expreion — *Vivat*.

The Washing of Hands in Innocence, as a Token of having had no Concern in any Damage or Insult received by the Guest or Stranger particularly, during his Abode, under Protection or *Cuim-ridhe*, as practised by the Governor of India, on Preflection, after signing the Death-Warrant of our Saviour, was used by all Nations; but much so by the Gaels, who took Bread also, soaked in Water, or even mollified by the Saliva, & subbed it close to their Hands, that no Part of the Infestation might remain, even by the Air — This Bread they threw to the Dogs, as unhallowed then, as much as thescape-goat was ever reckoned so by the Jews, when driven to the Wilderness or down a Precipice?

The Gaelic Women were remarkable for Sobriety, Chastity, Temperance in all Senses, Economy and Industry. The Character Columella gives the Roman Ladies may really be apply'd here. If ancient Phymes are to be credited (they are surely the Production of distant Ages) many a Cornelia was found among the Gaelti — Their Children well brought up, wore their Ornaments and Jewels. No Toilettes in the luxurious Taste; no swinging Othopien, or sturdy Footman, for Administrations of various Kinds — No Contamination of the Blood of the Mac-
casms.

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casms. No Disportations on the Number of Hairs to a Curl, or on the Number of Curls on each Side of a Turret, Pinnacle or Pyramid. No Cosmetics, except May-dew and the Cream of sweet Milk. Juvenal in two of his Satires, handles the Ladies of his Time; but his Time was the Time of Domitian, when such Practices as may be seen now at Courts, and such as Isaiah hints at, were tolerated & encouraged.

No Marriages of Daughters, without the Consent of the Father, Cinneadhe or Treabhe, were ever allowed among the Gaels, tho' entire Strangers to the Laws of Lycurgus & Solon. Poor Girls were genteely portioned out by the Clan or Cinneadhe. Nor were the Daughters or Offspring of Patriots ever forgot, but used like the Grand-child of Aristogoton, sent for from Lemnos, on a Report of her Poverty, settled by marriage, & portioned out in Land.

The Custom of breaking the Straw, by the Promens (hence Stipulations) to bind Agreements, Contracts, everlasting Bonds of Friendship, &c. was wholly borrowed from the Gaelti. To this good Day, Children, Youth and even adult Persons, in the Highlands, practise the breaking of the Straw (cutting the Wisp by Gossips) in Token of commencing an inviolable Attachment. O Dhia, Dhuinne cha deanine fein sin er comb. arle mo Ghosh! The Stipula, as now, was always broke before Witneses, & that with the Right Hand, sealed with a Kiss.

The Meherane Dozti, or Marriage Ring of the Romans, was another retained Custom, never abolished in the Highlands, till our zealous Preformers put an End to that Ceremony, & to many more Customs, as superstitious; or rather to make Room for their ^{own} Innovations, like all Preformers or Novellists. *Sic it Leges pretio atque reficit.*

The Marriage Portion, with the Gaelti, could not be alienated, or even used in Cases of the utmost Necessity, without the Consent of the wife's Cinneadhe by the Father's Side; that is, the Principal Man of them. Double the Portion was set aside & let out to Use, if practicable, by the Husband, for the wife's different Use, in Case she survived. Such widows as were poor were magnificently maintained by her Cinneadhe or Clan.

The

The Remains of the pagan Consecration is still to be found in the Highlands. They prepare a Cake of Flower, Butter and Salt, baked very dry and brittle. They break it on the Head of the Bride, on the Priest's pronouncing the last Benediction. The Bride-maids all scramble for Pieces of it, off the Floor, and give Bits to their favourite Watchers, insuring them Happiness in the married State.

The Gaelti gave the Romans, long before they had it from Greece, the Use of prohibiting Marriages, or any Undertakings of Consequence, such as Journeys, Voyages, Buildings &c. on certain Days, Seasons, and Periods of the Moon's Age. — La Corke na Bliadhne — Aimsir Cho-nights — Lathithe Coiste na Seachanta. Dies Nefasti.

It was not ⁱⁿ imitation of Queen Tanagwil, or Laila Læcilia, of whom Ovid writes, that the Gaelti Women had always some Wool, a Distaff, a Spindle &c. carried, before them, from their Mother's House, to the Husband's House, on her first Entry. This Wool was emphatically called *in ghliocas*, or Wisdom, *Minerva*.

The Ceremony of gutting the Cliaiche Clack or Hammer of Stones, about the Bridegroom's Neck, till relieved by the Bride, on the Morning after Consummation, was no more than what the Romans borrowed from the Gaelti, as the *Inigne* of the Conjugium, used by them; though, when Dividing became more fashionable, this Ceremony was conceived in another Light. It was reckoned a Proof that the Bride was well satisfied that no Fescennine Charms had any Power over the Bridegroom.

The Epithalamium or *Beannughadh* Baird, on Weddings, Infers, Christenings, merry Meetings & Dedications of new Houses, is still retained in the Highlands. The original Stock of both Clans of the Bridegroom and Bride, or of one Clan, if both are of one Name; their Exploits, Conquests, Alliances &c. are repeated in heroic Rhymes. Now-a-days, witty Strokes of Gallantry are added, in order to draw the Cios or Tribute from the Guests for the Wards or Daughters.

Nothing was dreaded more on the Wedding Nights than the

the Effects of Tesceraine Verses, or other Charms; Nette tribus No-
 bis — Canke a Chomaise or the Lof of the Bridegroom's A-
 bilities, — on the Wedding Night, was the D — l of a Mischance.
 It was immediately attributed to witchcraft, in the Power of
 the Mother, Aunts, female Friends or Gossips of any Girl
 formerly courted and now despised and forsaken. Threat-
 nings and even Torture, by superior Power, were us'd
 against the Suspected. The art was called *Druidhachd*,
 from the Druids, who were supposed to have obtained pre-
 ternatural Powers. The poor Bride never appeared, 'till
 the Comas or Abilities were restored; & then, she had
 her Seat assigned to her among the Matrons, with her
 Bride or Kierchief, her Aivisaid, and her Sheys at her
 Side.

The Gaelti found many legal Claims for divorcing their
 Wives, besides the Breach of Continency. Many Divines are
 now of Opinion, that the Word translated Fornication, in
 the Gospel, comprehends much more than the Commission
 of a Fault or Crime in a Fornice.

Many more Customs, some of Consequence in the earlier
 Times, and some of Use for the Cement of Friendship, & for
 Procreation and Pastime, might be recollected, But they are
 nearly lost, & will soon be so altogether, as have been the
 Rites & Ceremonies, Customs & Manners, of the ancient Jews,
 the primitive Christians, and all Nations.

One Remark more, which might have come in better,
 when treating of the Drep. The ancient Gaelti had no Cover-
 ing on their long & lank Hair — Hence *Cesar's Gallia comata*.

My Beaumais's Friend could not account for the Bonnet,
 any other Way, than that it might have come into Use, by the
 Gaelti, wearing on their Heads, on their Return from Expedi-
 tions against the Romans, some light Parts of the Spoils,
 their *Oileas* or *Indamenta Capitis*, taken from them and other ene-
 mies, as a Trophy — Hence *Buaidhe-Namhaidhe* — or the Triumph
 over the Enemy; This, by Contraction or *Syncope* was
 us'd *Bua' na' De* or Bonnet, *pate Lynceorum*.

The Shirt, now improperly called *Lona*, is a very modern
 Part of the Drep, in Comparison. Something, as soon as linen was
 introduced

introduced, called the Gorshaide ²³ (hence our gorget in armour) was worn by the first Franks, & used by Degrees, by all Franks, as soon as they could purchase so much linnen cloth — It was a kind of half Shirt, or Lona Cheg, clumsily sewed together, with a wooden Button and one hole, at the Neck, & a string at the Back, to fasten it, for a smooth Appearance, on the Breast, above the Waistcoat.

is time for Gorshaide Gille.
Cho maith so bha beo gad (him)
se.

The custom was taken from the Lona of the Priests of all Perswasions among the Gaelti, over their Pontificals, as practis'd now — The Irish now call the Surplice the Lona Bhane, or white Shirt.

This short Sketch, thrown together without any regard to Method or proper Digestion, is not meant for the Amusement of an ignorant Reader, who, unsight unseen, will condemn any Thing, not to the Taste of his Nation, or the Person, on whom he may depend for a Benefit or Favour; nor yet for the Confutation of an able Pen, who, like Lord Bolingbroke, can write plausibly, against the Light of Revelation, Gospel and an universal Belief. It is purely designed to rouse the Thoughts of some able Gael, who, from the Knowledge of the Language, his Researches and Investigations, his Access to Materials, and his natural and acquired Talent, can bring to light, many of these laudable Customs, which grace the Annals of his Predecessors, when Innocence, Integrity of Manners, sincere Friendship, dictated by the Author of Nature, by universal Benevolence, by a Conscience void of Offence towards God & man, & by a compleat Performance of all social Duties, govern'd the Heart.

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Laoidhe do Laoithibhe na Feine. This song was composed by Osi-
-ane the son of Fiune, blind with old age, after surviving the
whole of the Tiantí, on an attempt made by one of the Depu-
ties of the first Bishops of Ireland to convert him, Osiene, to
Christianity, in the end of the 2^d century.

- 1st iChlerich a rheimas na Psailme,
is Baroil leam gur ba do Chiale,
nach ciada du, tamuil, Igeul,
Er a Feine nach cuailhe U riabhe. —
- 2^d Er do Chudich a mheic f. Fiune,
Ga bin leat bhi tinte er Feine,
Se Tuaine na Dalme er feodhe mo pheole,
gur E sin by cheole leam fein.
- 3^d Nahune a eohardaachadhe s'Halme,
De Fiune aghor na Narme nocht.
A Chlerich! Slan annid leam,
Nach ^{Jaite} sgarrin do chean bhad chorpe.
- 4th Gun te, do dh'Ifnone Naive
a Laoich ata breun an Igoile,
Nach co marth is Flarthis De,
Na fatte Inte Feidhe is foinne?
- 5th Glaeum do Chuimoin Ir mhoire!
Laoidhe do Wheole is aithe leam fein;
Who n Feiste a chualas er Fiune,
Gur bin bhi tinte Er a Feinhe.
- 6th Nam bioche I'us a Chline a harighe!
Er an Faidhe ud siar bho Dheas,
Er Zap O Line na Bru seabhe,
Er a peathne bu mhor do mhease.
- 7th Zap O Line, an Zap O Mire,
Zap er an dhuaine a Neine Sealg,
Zap Harich is aile Igreave,
Le Garich Chon agus Leerge.
- 8th Ach La a dhuinne a Fiathach Leerge,
Cha do Harloche Sealg na rr Carhe,
Chummas a tinte er an Faidhe,
Uime a Barca tinte er Learke.
- 9th Da Chioide agus mille Bore. —
Chummas ada sin er Learke.

- 9th Lean Coimbithe re Calke gao,
 Big gabhail sa na go foishe.
- 10th Ghreas sin er Capin bhon fhoile,
 Sgioblike sin lin er naime bidhe,
 Er ghnalin gach don-tur mhoire,
 Do hogiad leo iad fo Thraidhe.
- 11th Uuighe sin Tiinne er an Tiliabhe;
 Kennail a Miahne as gach Cearne;
 Seach fahir iorcam gu prop.
 'a Uiumsich na mhae Mighin 'Toige.
- 12th Labhair Mae Comhal na nfuach
 Re Maithithe Uasli Innse dhaile,
 Na dheidir sibhe co na sloighe,
 Rin an Tennail more er Traighe?
- 13th Sin nuair labhair Connan Maole,
 Mae Mornie nach bu chaone Cru;
 Co kilidhe du fheen na n cath,
 Bhiodhe an aith Flaithiu na n Pri?
- 14th Labhair Mae Comhal re Luadhe,
 Co ghevinse reachadhe bh nam?
 Dho sin bu mhothid a Meadhe,
 's Dhevin re Bladhe agus Buaidhe.
- 15th Do labhair Connan a nios,
 a Pri, co ba leat a chol an
 Ach Fergus Filidhe do mhae,
 On se chleachd bhi na fainte?
- 16th Beir a mholachd Chonnan mhoile,
 Le kind Fergus bu chaone Cru;
 Marhamas gheirail na n Lgenle,
 Da beirne 's ni han er do ghu.

17th Do ghluais Tergus armach Og,
San Prode an coinnithe na 'n Ter,
Is do gharaid L le guth morhe,
Co na lead's hanig er Lerke?

18th Ka manus oirne mar h'i Thriathe,
Mae Mri Mianne na 'nigia Dearg;
Ard Mri Lochlunn lean na 'n Cliair,
Loach leis a mor Traoch is Fearg.

19th Gu de ghluais a Bhukin Chorb,
O Chroich Lochlunn na harm Sean?
Mar a h'anne chuir Comrich er Triune,
So Hanig er Triath er Lerke.

20th - Cha n'athae gu Comrich na Triune,
So hanig er Triath er Lerke
Ach a h'oid a bhna bho f'iune,
Na mbainnoine libh agus b'anne.

21st Er do laimhe a mhanush mhoine,
As do sheoide ga mor do ghreanne,
Na h'ugn do luadhe er Lerke,
Ni ndugadhe iad bran er Triathe.

22^d Er do laimhe f'irginish hile,
As a neine ga more do ghreale,
Cha ghabhin tu gun bhran,
Na corag mor er a chean.

23^d Bheridhe a neinke ghe do Luadhe
Coradhe emaidhe ma faithe a Bran;
Is Bheridhe Triune an Tulehar Treun
Dhuist fein ma faighid da Bhen.

24th Hanig Tergus mo Bhrahtair fein
Mae Samhuil re greine a Chru;
Is m'aine chuidhe & measy an 'nloighe,
Gu mboscaradhe morhe a Ghu.

25th Tha Brogh Lochlinn er an Fhaidhe,
gu de Tata bhi ga Chlea,
's ni ngabhe I Cu na Cios,
Ach do Bhen do Chu fo Bhreith.

26th Dhè! che dgas a mo Bhen,
Dho dhaon Er ata fo ingheine,
's ni mo dhellas mi re imfhu,
's go an curir Uire orm fein.

27th Labhir Mae Comhal re Goule,
's mor a aghlouny dhuine bhi na'r Fost;
Nach Dugamid Torag borb
do d'Àidhri Lochlin na n Arm nocht.

28th Seachd Iarlachan Loch a Latha
Huind Mae Morne, tra, gun Chailz,
ga lionar acasan Shuaghe
Toga 'mbris a mbuidhe far Leig.

29th Huind an Foscas bu mhore Bri,
Diongi mi Shi Dunse Torc:
's Clan an Da Chomharlich deig
Tag ma 'mChoir fein an Cosg.

30th Earli na Fuidhe 's mor Glouny,
(Se huind Diarmid Dounhe gun Sprockde)
Caisgi mis I ga more Laide.
No Fuitime fein er a Hlonhe.

31st Dhabhe mise ma 'mChoir fein,
Gad hae mi mar chi u noche
Shi Dun-mharach na'n Colan Teanhe
's gu Agarrin Chean re Chorp.

32nd Beir dhuibhe Beannachde, beir dhuine Buidhe,
Huind me Comhail nan Cuach bidhe,
Mamas or charithe an Fhuidhe,
Caisgi mis e, ga more Lag.

33^d A Rois sin dhuine go Lo,

Cha bu mhuine dhuine bhi gan cheol,

Tleadhe lan alushe, fairs 11 Ceir

Bha sid aig a heinhe is Ole.

34th Thunear er floskuch an Lo,

Na floghe a n tine er er Dairte

11 va Mae Pri Lochlin a Naide

Ga n tuzbacht fo in fhaidhe re 11 fuidhe.

35th t floguire gille-ghreine re Cran

Boatach f' June bu mhore a Treish,

Leangailt an clachan an hore,

San leansa bu mhore a Meas.

36th Mearie chom sin er Ceon so n fhatt,

Gun dhine gach fhatt an sa Naume,

Triane brin an Colhine fuaidhe

Whunigidhe leo fuaidhe mar gheale.

37th Biamadhe flogad, f' b-iamadhe f' gha

Biamadhe f' fhatt an Lurich ghar,

Biamadhe f' fhatt is Mae f' fhatt,

11 Cha 11 aon-neach dhuine ga in Arm.

38th Biume f' fhatt dorn-chuile dhine

11 Brathuine shothile ga chuir re f' fhatt

in f' fhatt f' fhatt na f' fhatt

in bu lionar f' fhatt aon Lanne.

39th f' fhatt Pri Lochlin na n f' fhatt

11 Mae f' fhatt na n f' fhatt f' fhatt

f' fhatt an f' fhatt an t f' fhatt

11 f' fhatt! ga in bu f' fhatt an f' fhatt

40th f' fhatt sin er f' fhatt ga in f' fhatt

f' fhatt re f' fhatt an da f' fhatt

Ma f' fhatt f' fhatt an da f' fhatt

f' fhatt f' fhatt a f' fhatt, 11 an f' fhatt.

41st Heibhe sin uille or an Beilg,
San leamsa b' mhoire an Toste.

Gun aon beoch a dhol na Cas,
Gu fiosrichidhe each an Tosg.

42nd Clackin agus Tallamhe trom,
Dhrisgidhe iad le m'Bon an Cof;
Beachil is Torrhum an Sgia,
Bu chian^e sin re chuir an flost.

43rd Geistidhe re Beachil an Sgia
is Prebidhe an Cri is an Corp
Re stronadhe a beas so thar

Cherich, gu'mbe chianadhe or n' Cas.

44th Tilgidir hadhe a harrone Aidhe
is Dheachadair Spairne an da Laoiche;
is Leagadhe Manus or an Traighe
a m' fiaghannais Chariche or an Meithe.

45th An san Muair na leagadhe E.
Josal gu lar or a Kiothe;
Kuid sin, gan nach b' Mhonnice Mi,
Cuir t' or leangal na n tre chaol.

46th is sin muair Kuid Connar na n Trienhe,
Me morne bha nabh re Oles.
Leag lugam Manus na n daunhe
gu Sgarain a Chean bho Thorp.

47th is Beg mo Cherdis, is beg mo ghaole
Kuita Chonnaine mhaole gun Alt;
is bho Haridhe me n grasidhe i' f' June
is gur fear lin na bhi so Tioe.

48th O harladhe it h' mghrasa fein
Cha Kiumir me treud or Sla
is Anagla m' bho Meithe
a Lamhe trean chuir morhe Cha.

49th is gu ro Proime Duit a Paoiste,
Nuair thachras tu na d' thir fein,
Cairdis' is Coman' is Gradhe,
' is do lan a hoird fo Keirhe.

50th - Dhe cha Dugin so mo lanhe,
fad so bhos parrick sem chosp,
Buille a hoird na Taghidhe f'inne
O, barrick lin no rinnis ort.

51st - Dhiarrich Pri Lochlin gun sluaighe,
n'farlich cruidhe a bha Deas:-
' sin gun chlaroich gun cheole,
ach a Geislaiche re o'd chleas -
Tunis -

Marbhuine do Dhiarrich O Duibhne, bhaighidhe le Bir-neadhe an Tuire.
1st Dal do Bheine-ghubhin a Healg, - - - in Tuire er nach deary na Hoime (hli:
Shen Tore shikidhe a bha slatke, - malla lia er slatke na mucka -
2^d in glean shiki se glean se r tabh, - Tar am bi gu laoch is Luinne,
Tar am bi faram na Triane, - Er an Tllatke an de na ndanke.
3^d Dheirich an Buile-bhiast on Tuaine - Pri E gu luadhe as a Ghleas
Mair chual E farim na Triane - Ilug E hear's o Mar f'ir Cheana
4th Chuidhe a Igia Chullin na dhail - 's bhis a fion slatke leirhe a Laidhe
Bha na tean slatke in Tar a Tuire - in tean bu sin an so in Anich
5th Harin E in tean Lannhe o'n Tuaine, - Leis in bringir Buaidhe gabh Blairi:
Harig me O Duibhne o'n Bheiste, - 's Harin E fein na Deighe Harie.
6th Gun luidhe spoe er Tuaine na Triane - 's gun luidhe E sior er a Chroie.
Mae O Duibhne, na in am bidhe - Chuidhe leis E hin Han o'n Tore.
7th Deighe dha bhi fad a na thost, - Labhir E is gu mbole se ghra,
Toish a Dhiarrich an Tore, - Co mead Tuidhe o Hec gu lan.
8th Gabhi mi do Chomharle, Triane, - O barrick lin tin na Taghidhe
Harish E'n Tore er a Dhrime - Mae O Duibhne nach trom triadhe.
9th Toish na aighi E niosd, - Dhiarrich gu ro m'ine an Tore -
Gu leat Fochonidhe ga chine - Ghaisgech na shidhe rin-ghew-goirt.
10th Chuidhe Diarrich's cha bu Tones bidhe, - Dara sluaire an Daile an Tuire
Chuidhe in Bir-nead, bu m'hoire gaire, - in Bon an Laoich nach handhe san Loidhe
11th - Har d'ansa Deoch as d' Chab f'ine - M'he mo Briogh bi gear me in Chokir -
M'he mo Bhiidhe agus medich - Tar a Pri, is mery nach Dokir -
12th Cha Dokir mis d'hithe Deach, - 's cha m'ho Chaisgis mi d'heir d'otadhe
Cha dhrime in riadhe d'he mo Leaffa, - Nach d'ine in m'heir d'he m'arthele.
13th in Tuine leat a Dhrime, Chaoim - Mair bha in Taghdail an Bhaishie
+ Here 2 lines and an entire Verse are lost - turn over

15th is an a Priare byghorm an Tuirich — Nuck is Dearg I le fuile Dharmid.
 gur saune leis a kuirke bu Dallach — mar o bracke Tuine da iarride.
 16th — Buide le gille na Taulte — is fada do Leachd u manthe do Rosga,
 ghaiche le guirne nad Huile — Masle is caiste n'ful na n'leache
 17th Dhimiltach gur mealladh Phannak. — Mar o Duibhne bu ghlan Inuadhe
 Iurighi che tag a Huile — — On chnadh a huie or do Ghnaidhe

Note. This Diarmid o Duibhne, or o Gwyane, was a younger son of the King of
 Leinster, in Ireland, & was at Genl of the Army or militia headed by Tuine me
 Comhal. As Ireland was the scene of action more often than the Coast of
 Scotland, in Confederacy with their Irish Brethren, Gaelti also, the Irish insisted
 on Diarmid's being next in Command to Tuine. After Diarmid, Tuine's sons
 had alternately the third Command, along with Ca-olt Mac Me, who headed
 the Gaelti-Gibneich or Scotch. There was another Band, commanded, at
 Times, independent of Tuine, and at Times, in joint Command, under
 Gaulhe me Morini, or Mornhe. — This Gaulhe was of the ancient
 Morphi or Morini, as called by Caesar, who inhabited the South of
 England, on the first Emigration from the North of Gallia, or Gaeltachd
 to Britain — The Sect of whom Tuine me Comhal descended were the
 Vascones of the Roman Authors. They were called Clannibhe Whioshe or
 Uiskie — Hence the Vascones of Gascones, who crossed the Pyrenees,
 & settled in that Part of Gallia called, from them Gascony or Gas-
 coigne, & were emphatically called Gaiscoigne or Heroes — The
 Gaels retained the Name Gaisgoch from them; being more re-
 markably tall than the other Tribes — The South Part of the
 Bay of Biscay (badhe Clann o Whiskidhe retained the Name,
 which it still has over the whole Sea from these strong
 Inhabitants, who forcibly possessed that Country. When the
 Predecessors of Tuine, Fionnhar and Fathal obtained the supreme
 Command of the Militia from the supreme Kings of Ireland, the
 O Riels, an animosity prevailed between that Sect & the Sect
 of the Morini, until a Reconciliation was brought about, in
 Tuine's Time, when the Army of Gaulhe defeated the seven
 Earls or Comites of Magnus, the Son of the Deputy King of the
 Isle of Man, at the Battle of Shiohle o Line, in Connaught,
 about the middle of the 2^d Century — These 7 Earls were from
 the Baltich, commanding a Band of Scandinavians or Bal-
 tich men, Lochlinnide.

The Standard of Diarmid's Party was emphatically called, an Leidhe
 Lynnach, or the Broad Palm of Leinster, as by a Fragment remaining
 of the Description of all their Standards or Banners

Throgadiv Gille-ghreine re Cas — Bratach fhuine bu mhor a Treish
 Leangaille an Clackan a Koirke — San leansa bu mhor a Meas
 Throgadiv a Lyadhe Lynnach — — Bratach Dhiermid o Duibhne
 Muir rachadhe a Koirke a Mach — San le bu mhor an Tosheach
 Throgadiv an Duibhach — — Bratach Gaeil mhor Me
 Iqolte Lin, s'leighe Huile go Abhin — Nuck dar bidhe or Ghach, ga leith talamh

Oran do Dh'feile Phort-Ri, anes an Noilen Sgiathanach 1694

- 1 Go ro bheag mo chuid solais, bho La hainig me Blonnde Phort-Ri! —
Nach faics Inghean mhuideir an, na Bantgherme mhuideomhuil so hios —
Ach Luchd na Stiuppenan dach hainig, mar gu brodhe Troop Each ex Fradh-leid
- 2 Ho mo spoisail or Fairid, Brogan luid ma in Capan gu Sgiobhe —
Kla Luchd bhleon na'n Gohar, go obh Tron an do m'oulhe so hios —
Chail leo go imbreachfest, mar fuide iad Olum-damish is Trone —
Moran morhe do bhiadhe milis, bheir iad fein an Cuid Ime ga chine —
Ach Ichir faste a Stappag as an Chump as an Macha na m'oint
- 3 Knaise huinghe iad so bhruckach, san ora an naudin bha vuhadhe le fion —
Le'er Curchenian dubh ga er Cumail an Datar bhon ghacithe —
Agus Lambanan buidhe si iad Dingadhe an fion uille sios —
Ach brodhe na Pichnan dach hainig orra fadhe re faghadhe an Tiobh —
- 4 Sid a bhuine bha sporisail's bonar Trines re in Coticlin hios —
ma gu fionadh a in clo bhuine fad so bhruck sibh leo an's an Tire —
Shin is bhuineid Mlaide, enos Lettor a bhuineid ma in Trine hios —
Dhaon bu Duchas an Gradan, bhi go bhle er an Nabrich na Mla —
- 5 Cheest Anion an Taolh, san an Taolhse na Chil, ata Sporse —
Chi sin bhuineid Chaoagh, an Duinghe an a bhuineid Awaite —
Gustan is lid ma in Ghunon, gen bhuineid bho in bhuineid le Troc —
Ki fad uirbal an bhuineid re Chlappin mar bhuineid gu Sporse —
- 6 Brud nach fae mo bhuineid, gad bhi I ho na hainig so leo —
Gu mbi Cornis dhe bannard fad bhuineid an da bhala na dlore —
Agus Riblen ma in fionid dhe er cheal bho bhuineid go im bogue —
He mar ghiddi Duine Nasale, nach dug I bhuineid sin Dhi Bog —
- 7 Tron hig huinghe a Glasca brodhe sid ach ro bhruck re bho —
Moran morhe do bhiadhe milis, bhuineid leid iad er bhir le Troit —
Agus bhuineid bhuineid, dol leo an a bhuineid bhuineid —
Ach san do bhuineid an bhuineid, gu mbi bhuineid ga sgiorsade go Hata —
- 8 Le Turas na'n fionid bhuineid bhuineid ma in bhuineid —
Le fionid bhuineid ga in fionid a bhuineid gu Daore —
Tobae go Inoten a bhuineid a bhuineid gu bhuineid —
Ma in a bhuineid a bhuineid, de bhi bhuineid for bhuineid an a bhuineid —
- 9 bhuineid fionid a bhuineid hig huinghe le bhuineid gun bhuineid —
Le bhuineid fionid an na bhuineid glas er an bhuineid —
Agus bhuineid Maide sid bhuineid ma in bhuineid sios —
An is bhuineid bhuineid, is iad bhuineid an bhuineid re gaoidhe —
- 10 Shiner Copper is fionid ba bhuineid bhuineid bhuineid an san bhuineid —
Aig bhuineid is bhuineid hig iad huinghe ma bhuineid an bhuineid —
bhuineid iad aggin gu bhuineid, bhuineid iad bhuineid an bhuineid —
bhuineid bhuineid na bhuineid, gad ro bhuineid bhuineid re gaoidhe —
- 11th bhuineid bhuineid na bhuineid, san bhuineid I in bhuineid a in bhuineid —
Mas I bhuineid is bhuineid, bhuineid bhuineid a in bhuineid na bhuineid —
bhuineid bhuineid na bhuineid, na bhuineid er an bhuineid fad sios —
bhuineid bhuineid er bhuineid, bhuineid I bhuineid is bhuineid go bhuineid —
Fionis —

In St Johns Newfoundland 1767 - Over the Bottle Dies - *quem semper honoratum*
on Lieut. Figg, who invented the ELIXIR, called the Swizzle - June, 1767
1 Ho! to James's Health, and a wife with great wealth -

We Bacchanals tope at Fort William,
on advancing his Dirale - well drink of his Swizzle
Large Goblets brimfull, & not spill 'em. Tals, tal, &c.

2 In Salutem Jacobi - *Nescij semper Improbi.*
Swirellum libenter potandum;
Veniēte Uxor, Jacobo Ductore,
Conjugium est celebrandum.

3 Third Death out, a s'lemmaish, 's mille' Taille' gud Feile,
Vineare hig si go Cashlen Fort William
Er Baimish a Chaptin brooke an Swizzle go Igappadhe -
Ter le Pinkie, 's Cool agus Lumarde -

on Lieut. Tiffin, Artillery, visiting his Nanette in the Hospital & Goal,
Nosocomio primo, et in Carceris Imo.
Nem habuit diu Calvatus -
Vixi, Castoris modo, Testes sees in Nudo.
Propter Phobem, est iste Damnavus.

on Insig. Freeman, intriguing with the Engineer's wife, an ill favoured Morgan
Vesallifer Freeman, Cui nescius est Hyman.
Gavisus est semper Stuprando
Migro Tunno Machine, valgate et Equine
Laudabitur hic impulsando -

In Praise of the Swizzle

1 Dread Nations at Orgies, & Cyclops at Tonges -
Are ever refreshed by this liquor,
And on joining of Hands, by Hyman's Comments,
Good Swizzle goes round in each Bignor.

2 Our Nobles and Freeman, our Soldiers & Seamen -
Quaff cheerfully this Composition -
In honour to Figg, who taught us to swizz,
And save our good Lives from Perdition -

Found in the Pocket of the Chief Justice, who dined a bald officer,
when he came to visit his wife.

Juvenes, caveat Uxores, machum calvum adducimus -
Non fugit a bello Calvus, nec Uxor fugit ab illo - Incton. de Cas.

1 Tra himsa an Tighe an Roile - Dhebin Bog or Dhol a Steach -

2 Tra chathari mo Dhegin Home - Dooladhe Da in Home a mach -

Let Plame Deach, 's Insime sgeal - 's Duine mianah me 's orn Tarte

3 go be beach 's Dheanadhe Gleide, Dhollem fein a Chuir a mach -

Plenati Irinnach

Edir mo chodla is mo Dhuaga — Anuas a fusa buidhe stracadom —
 Roquire osail do ghluir — Gu deannam. Gluin go madin out —
 Gra mo Chriodhe Shahan O Shea — Gra mo Chri' Lannach na Carrigga
 Gra mo Chri' Nicolas O Dubor — Le fein sho dhunich a m'varille
 Round the world, brave boys —

1. Here now I'll be hearty & jovial — As happy as happy can be
 No care upon earth to approp me — From sorrow I always am free
 I rattle away with the Lutes, and crack a gay Glap with my friends —
 So thus my life merrily passes — By taking the world as God sends.
 Chor. Come then my gay Bucks fill your Glapes, & make the best Use of your Time —
 For, believe me, there's nothing surpises — The Days of Women & Wine —
2. Since life is at best but a span — It's as good to be merry as not —
 Why, let us then drink while we can — For by sorrow there's Nought to be got.
 Give me the gay Fellow in life — Who never a dull Thought has known.
 And would rather trip any man's Wife, by the one half, than ever trip his own.
- Tho. Come then my gay Bucks &c.

3. Damn'd money is nothing but Trash. I'll be merry tho' never so poor —
 While I have it, I'll still cut a Dash — When it's gone I'll never think of it more.
 So whether I have it or not — My spirits are always the same
 Quite free from every dull Thought — And happy Dick Dawson's my name.
- Tho. Come then my gay Bucks &c.

4. Some say it was Core killed the Cat, which made her to pine & to die
 Come let us all laugh & be fat, For the Devil a Core have I
 Then why should we quarrel for Piches — Or any such glittering Toys —
 A light Heart and a thin pair of Bonties — Go round the world, brave Boys —
- Tho. Come then my gay Bucks.

On the Report of the Spanish armada

1. My fond Shepherds of late were so blest — The fair nymphs were so happy & gay.
 That each night they went safely to Rest — And merrily sung thro' the Day.
 But ah! what a Scene must appear — Shall the sweet rural Pastime be o'er —
 Shall the Tabor, the Tabor, no more strike the Ear — Shall the Dance on the Green be no more
2. Shall the Flocks from the Pastures be led — Shall the Herd go wild straying abroad
 Shall the Looms be all laid in each Shade — And the Ships be all moored in each
 Shall the Arts be all scatter'd around — And shall Commerce grow sick of her Tide
 Shall Religion, Religion expire on the Ground — And shall Virtue sink down by her side

The Prover

- Tho' I sweep to and fro, old Iron to find —
 Rrap pins, rusty Nails, they are all to my mind —
 Yet I wear a sound Heart to George our great King —
 And tho' ragged & poor with clear Conscience can sing —
- Tho. Though I sweep to & fro, yet I'd have you to know
 There are Sweepers in high Life, as well as in low —
2. The Statesman doth sweep in his Coffers the Blunt
 That should pay the poor Soldiers, who Honour doth hunt —
 The action tho' dirty, he cares not a straw —
 So he gets but the Pready, the Rabble may jaw.

3 I'm told that the Parson (for I never do go,
To hear a man preach what he'll never stick to)
'Tis all for the Sweepings he tips you the Cant;
You might pray for yourselves else depend, Sirs, upon't.
4 One sweeps you from this Life, you cannot tell where -
And ~~the~~ what Place you go to, the Doctors don't care,
So he brings in his Bill, your Nurses to broach,
Then he laughs in his Sleeve as he rides in his Coach.

5 But Honesty's best in what Fashion we are
For the grand Sweeper Death we can sooner prepare.
Your Statesmen your Parsons, your Physicians and Law -
When Death takes a Sweep, are no more than a Flaw -

6 There's Roger the Farmer of late play'd the Cheat
Tho' none was so honest untill he grew great -
But his Note he soon chang'd when the Pension did come -
Yet Death the grand Sweeper has now sweep'd him home.

7 The Statesman, the Farmer, the Lawyer and Divine
To sweep from the poor they always incline
The State they would plunder, their own Offers to fill
And the Country to barter would sweep up a Bill.

An Irish Lamentation or Cuckoo Lamentation - On the Depopulation of the Irish -

O'Heone, ta lionte, gun spreidhe, docht -
Na n'Guinnick sibe Cluich na Feine,
Na Diubert na fíor-Chúin as Erin -
No Ruagadhe na in Cuileach Fíor re-ghlan -
No sgarradhe na in Garbhach o' Cheille da Cap.

2 Chualas na n'Boine le fálthír Neart, la Rín -
Corneal Dunhamúh a Turanach ghlé-ghéal -
Do bhi na seasatthe, fíor a fíor Nemeas -
Príagh Jasgan a Tairín da reirse -
A Príagh nach croichnachan Fíor dhúine -
Príagh Meite Se ghlac na Ráiteatthe da Cap.

3 Chuir Buarúh naom Naire for na gail bhocht -
Níair sin bhi naithneas aig éin -
Bhi mersal gu dluimíach, is ba chumtad to ghéal so -
Bhi Baille ga Phriscadhe da Mearbhadhe -
Bhi phudor dar Dhurcadhe & dar Brenibhe -
Oh! & bhodhe Luadhe dar sgarradhe sin Redín D.C.

4 Seadh seadhoin do bhi léige le gail bocht -
is fíor bheir lea Míadhe do dheanadhe -
Ghol a hard a na dohan le Cheile -
Gu n'danig Beille Chruinné gu fíor óime -
O go aghrim O Mhelly for an deanam na bair-sgríos da C.

5 Bha intaobh Cli ga bhúine díné le Tabhar -
is Toath deas go Phriscadhe is Mearbhadhe -
Míadhe Gaudé or an Tairín re-réidín -
Seadh naom gabhail Tairín le cheile - D.C.

- 6 Bhi Turki, na Dutk agus Dane an,
 Bhi Lochinni fuair Gort agus Lene an,
 Bhi Brennibh tiche Meadh er gach taobh dhine,
 O do bhi Sapani neadmhór is bhi Gealean D.C.
- 7 Brumadhe Oger brea mór an fann an,
 Chuid Feola na Hoiriche le Claithe,
 Chuid Falli le Leathann is le Gaithibhe,
 Do bhi Ghreag bheiridhe na Duabhte le greine an D.C.
- 8 Is Sumadhe fahin bin bap bheiridhe an
 Beul er Logga si gosni fonn naon bhae
 Is Míne Garloch gun Tadir, se gear ghul
 Is Dhegadhe sin Narlich an lae sin D.C.
- 9 Tra Honke Di Dounnrich, in dei Tothar a Dheanante
 Is No lag do bhi Gordon O Neil an
 Share na Thomse ga ghearradhe le Traolhar
 Is An Tgeneral Francach dhur an Tanager er Brin
 Na fheiridhe er le toatke a Cluian D.C.
- 10 Is Boad Scappu er Maithine na n Gail
 Mar Chaonik don machnibhe Gleithe
 Is mar Chonri gu caridhe a'nfheile
 Sir Philip, Sir Wileh, Sir Pheim.
 O mo Chnuidhe Ghonnought na gunnir er shalis mo Chleithe D.C.
- 11 Is meas leam sud na n Scappu na n Gail
 In Naagluir chrothach fhardail ghaolach
 Dol er Solke gun bhaide aig aon beach
 Is Muiridhe gun suil se actidhe
 Is er lamhe gun ita da Dheanabhe.
- 12 Is bruidhe nach kann fo in Talamhe, sin Muaidhe tam Deant
 gun bhi Beo, gann Coire nar dheidhe agam D.C.
- 12 Mo Chos mo chul er gearr ghine
 Mo Stolin gun rodine se cheil
 Mo Gluile fo smuid is me gearr ghul
 Mo Chluasi boad Bohre gun eistacht
 Is naighim O Shelly ta Maithine na n Gail bhuaine
 Agnam O Shelly, far an daerna mo leir. sgrios D.C.
- 13 Agnam is agnam gu lug u
 Agnam! mo Leitrom is mo leine ort.
 Mo mhalaid is is mallachde bhi de ort
 Mallachd na Napodail is na naomhe ort
 Is Ta othaidhe Bhalie is grand bhi n'Erin.

Asleep & don't waken me
 O Maithine mhine, las an Solas damhe,
 To mis miltie is dhenik an Donas damhe,
 Dhimeacht an Praddiri a dubh, dhaganse Toruame
 Is Dhimease mam Chodla is mir muggaile me.

Port Gordon an Irish-English Song.

- 1 Let some in vain, of love complain, and call their Objects cruel
Invoke their Cupid & his Train - to quell their flaming Fuel;
Let others whine, lament and pine, for some bare Female's Dity,
While others near a fountain clear set forth their doleful Ditty -
But as for me, it shan't be so, altho' my Fortune's mean and low -
Before I June I'll first complain, in hopes it will not be in vain -
For Perhaps Beauty still destroys - Had Paris left ten Thousand Troys -
Yet I'll not fail from you, my Dear, my Anguish to discover -
- 2 Nor would I plead the Muses Aid, ~~in~~ your Bosom to inspire.
Your two bright Eyes, alone surprise, which set my Heart on Fire -
You'll Deign a Smile, on all my Toil, surrounded with double Favour,
And then your Grace, my Dear to raise, I always will endeavour -
Your Shape and Mien like Beauty's Queen, when you trip round St. Stephens Green
Your Forehead high as white as Snow, your Eyes like blazing Comets shew
Your rosy blushing cheeks most clear, your Teeth like brightest Pearl appear
And at every Smile, your looks beguile, your wounded loyal Lover.
- 3 Two wounds below appear like Snow, your dimpled chin comprising
More Power to hale than pointed Steel, at a Distance ever surprising -
Your Slender Waist denotes you're chaste, your limbs they're shap'd completely.
And your native Boast to my sweet Boast, whom you have wounded lately.
Good humour'd Youth and Beauty bright, have centered in my Heart's Delight
Your Smiles, than nothing else can cure, the aching Pain that I endure
My Heart is seiz'd with Love's surprise, I took my ailment from your Eyes -
And your Beauties all doth me enthrall, your wounded loyal Lover.
- 4 My sweetest Beech, do not blame, your Lover thus presuming -
For by false Cupid's burning Flame, I'm inwardly consuming -
But for Love's sake some Dity take, and heal the wounds you gave me,
For tis you alone can ease my moan, and from Destruction save me.
If the Powers would grant me my Desire, I'd leave you to myself entire
Nor would I covet wealth or Store; had I but you I'd wish no more -
Nor would I envy King or Crown, but at your Feet I'd lay it down -
I would be your Slave into my grave, & die your wounded Lover.

An Irish Song to the same Tune of Port Gordon

- 1 Ar m' Eolas fíor, ta Noige When Chaoise, do dh'or no daoibh nach sgainte,
Ní breoie an trí, an na gleo na n' glibhe, is bogadhe síos da h'ambide -
Mo dh'or gun orí is Tu, ar Bord ar Tuine, aig Posté Breidhe na Spáiní -
Is mar pógín se I, na keoin a Taobla, ach oláirid a Sláinte.
- 2 Smovereth duntough a cablach, gu Teoir a titichde na h'Flemive -
A Hor culta h'm naadhe, maeshick fíor Feighe, gleo mar Fleece do bhuirín Igarle
Níor mo chn na bíis an bhar, agus fíorise an Toide so bhi nam Lar -
Neo pógáir sin an a Corin Phil, so agadhe Gaorth a dh'ainte -
- 3 Ní níg bhen Fáine, is níne Tash maime, is fíor martha Deas is Compair
Dha nír Míle Thadune, nach stuch do Dhin, fíair Shí agus Rem san Dhubh
Dui, Cas, pearlach, hemsnach a Drumach, Tíensach le na Lúbi,
Durshe gu fear, teacht síos ar aon aoid, chuir an Toide so m'haove, le Cupid -

Brai caol er ghruish ghille, Ta lilli agus Caor an Lounnuit —
 1^o Bin gueth a beul, Diob mar an Taole, Dag millé ceud a leamse —
 Mhaone mo chleibh na Duillich; na bios a Leadaib leamse —
 No is fíor gun bhréig, gu siontfar me, gun mhaile fo chre na Dhurach —
 3^o Na n-dein an Bha, mar Bhaois nír gear dam, Proich mo Bhaish a mDhú —
 Na na lúin sin ar, an Dhunsiar lánke, mar rin lúid Stail le runte —
 Na dean a Bhaib, glac, sin do lánke, le Diognes faimhe do Dhurach —
 No is Proich dom Bhaile, Bhi siont er lar, gun mhaile fu ollar na Dhurach —
 Mi leisadhe Leidhe mo Dhachis, gun siri seale, graide lem Dhunich —
 Nach me sniove an Ina, an na Proich mo Bhaish, Phiosd nach Bha mo Phouru —
 1^o nDuch na nTairte tuisce lán, saide graide Bha Phiosd Phioside —
 1^o Bile's o Namig, sin do mhaile, gun mhaile fo Phlar an Corin choale —
 4^o Ta Bera na Cruige, nDersin sin Phin, aig Namir is founte Calve —
 Dasgír gu húr do mhaile na mairne, le seandhas dlúna Tragithe —
 An is a Leadaime gu smúid, ta Cashmant is Dúish, do Naic I, nír fúille —
 Lag marbh sin nuir, le Tairis, a Bhaib, na Banti a mDhú, siont —
 Lechur Phraiche Phis is ali, bheir Tus gach sínd le Phraiche —
 Leavig na nDachis, Lachin er Fonnibh, Fionach snedhe Sugri, níl go Leachde —
 Anin er Phin agus Longa Dúimhe —
 Gach othri dhag Dúine, er mehoine seirnte, gun mhaile, gun phraiche, gun mhaile —
 Bran linnach — Lúbi na nDúchli —

1^o Ta lúbi na nDúchli, choisé oilethe na mDhan —
 Ta Curneen cas-cabthúir, se síos gu Stail —
 Nam Beoile Duilich, ca nCongha si' nír faiche sibhe stad —
 O no gu seolte, sibhe, le Torri, Nunke er Lear —
 2^o Ta na Harni na Calin beg og daím Phra —
 Ta Lasadhe na Leachlín agus Dúine na Bha —
 Do dhag sin me piante fo bhrone agus Baisil —
 Is do bhuine si' mo Kalu gun Des, o mhaile —
 3^o Shi Lúbi na nDúchli, is ali gne —
 'ga bhuil Curnein cas-cabthúir, le fas gu fear —
 Le mo Dhan-Drithach nach sa Phuir siont dhagide me —
 B's fad Harni, nír mDúli, le gra do sgeabhe —
 4^o Na mealtúine so Calin, fén nDúchli a mair —
 's do ghealtúine a Calubhe gun biadhe gun Des —
 Do bheir seare Manam le Briathar Dhi —
 B's bhuine Baisle er an Talamhe, er iasadhe Dhi —
 5^o Na mealtúine's a Calin, co phosadhe —
 1^o mo Bhaib er a geal-chiuch, is i gathal an Dhi —
 Tori Bhaibhe a fúh an Craich, fén dar a Tri —
 O's er nach beol dom a moidhe, nír charis I —
 6^o Is eol dom a naig Phin, a mhaile gu Caoin —
 Is eol dom a mhaile a sgeabhe, do Dhi —
 Is eol dom a naig leamhe lem Phiosd —
 Is eol dom a seachna a nide —

7 An so Roibe mairé Phime lathir mo Dhaine -
 se do hil mi' gu' mbi mi's tu, Ros large a Phame -
 me sinte le do shioch Chruinne, Phame suas -
 Ois ni bhi an, forier, aek do sgail gu fuar -
 8 Ki phosin fein Crain-chaille, le gradhe da Bhucailhe
 13 Ki phosid fos Ogthen, le Phait da Duaisk -
 Phosin mo Storgheal, ta gradhmhore snaire
 O se mo Chroon gun mi's tu h'gail, no er Bord an Cuain -

oran gaodhleg Albanach - Prop-shire -
 1 Ionidhe leat ma chuidhe tu dachi, Oidhe na n' fashitthe eul-bhui
 mas bi' fath ne bhuil a tteach orm, rachin leat le Duraidhe
 1 do Dhios an Teach a ro n' riare -
 1 fado o Dhios lu ma mo chonn, brodh mo Phadis duit ro ulithe -
 Sho my laidhe or ere mo Ghenli; ser mo choman duit gun Roile -
 2 O nach fad n' furch fad, sonidhe leat mäs triale n -
 Gu ma slane ni n' tithidh er an Fhighe chradin
 Gear na fad ga mbi n' uaine
 O nach furch n' gu maddin, sonidhe leat's banraighe agad -
 Illy n' fathachin da mairgidhe, Ira ro I fad foime -
 3 Bait team a bhi na do Chadri, 13 Parson or na Dosig -
 Mas I shid a tri cha Nasgag, cha chaisgir an Tordo -
 Bhi ga bhacail cha neil fathma
 Mas a Cumhent chuidhe ghenlidhe, Obir n' a bhi ga mhenlig -
 13 mor mo Dhula a Dhene na Dhacoin, er do Karin as a Phaine
 4 Ach ma bheir dhain a gheoin, si mo Chasail 13 fion I -
 Nach bhuil Ron an de do Phoin mas fheil a mi rinin,
 13 Gun do roine dhe na Phoine
 Mas lein furch mo thagra, Phancaine na bhuil ga do Phagra -
 Dheanan Tasach de do Leabui, 13 do thout as er feadh na Fhoich.
 5 Bios a Javast dhe do Phagra, mhaicain la n' gorach
 Tha bhi Libaid er sin idir ma bhis mis a Deonech -
 aek brodh do Ghroch an a Duine
 Tappadhe leis a bheul a Cathair, tora ciune is tere a sabhail
 13 rog n' minter an na Rahir, 13 mor mo thoirge dhe do Loine
 6 Mor mo chialithe, dhe do Phloachadhe char do Thlach ^{Phialithe m} 2012
 mas bidhidhe Paidhe 13 oir agam, beir nae faics riante n
 13 mi cho fad er bhi do Ghuele
 Deansa Tohidin a fhuilan, an do Phuchil bi' do Phunin
 13 In mo Phoine de gach Duine, cha bhi n' Turis sin an Canlde
 7 Tappa leat a Phime do Ghenli, bi mo choman be's tu
 Illy n' minter agus Mezinidhe an a Neart na Speiridhe -
 13 13 mi er Mechil fad an Tim -
 Dhuit cha dorme ghenlidhe Meali, riot cha Dean mi Coman fallidh
 Gos in cuirir me san Talam, che bhi dealachin mo Ghime
 8 Thud

8 And me while dreaming agad, dheg n'maignadh i'orim
 ges a bhianu leam gach seachdne gos a fàin me Traodan
 Agus seachdne leam gach oide
 gu de chuidhe du go Tadiaidhe, nach bi mi da gun taichin
 b'oridhe leat, gun deid me d'ach, dhios an Teach a ro me Duire

A Pastoral, composed by the Rev Dr Maughan, after the marriage
 of his Brother-in-law M.D. of Ir. now a Major in the Army, to his present
 wife - Miss - a M.D. - on Miss M.D. - Tal. refusing the M.D. &
 for M.D. of B. and marrying Mr M.D. - of I. of M. and on
 M.D. being in love with Miss Miss - a M.D. - of C.

Dattie. Colin. Stephen

Dattie?

Dear Colin, now, compose thy troubled mind
 And spread thy inmost Thoughts before thy Friend;
 Who from the World thy Secrets will conceal,
 Or publish only what you bid reveal.
 What! if I cannot bring you sure Relief
 My Heart is ready to divide thy Grief -
 Why hangs that sable cloud upon thy Brow?
 Or is there Nothing which can cheer thee now?
 Why swim thy downcast Eyes in briny Tears?
 Why strikes these heavy sighs thy Dattie's Ears?
 Tell me the Cause of all you feel or dread;
 Does Celia live? or is she truly dead?

Colin -

Ah! Celia! Celia lives, but not for me.
 Celia's the Cause of all the Change you see.
 Ah lovely, cruel Nymph! ah hapless Isle,
 On which that lovely Nymph now scorns to smile -
 How art thou chang'd? While Celia reigned here,
 It was perpetual Sunshine round the Year -
 The snowy Tempest, the benumbing Frost,
 And the mad whirlwind shunn'd our happy Coast.
 Through all the Seasons round, our meads look'd new,
 Our hills and Vales preserv'd a verdant blue
 Now meads and hills and Vales her absence rue.
 Sunshine and smiling Seasons are no more,
 Storms shake the land and dreadful Thunders roar.
 Bleak rains descend in wrath and vengeful snow.
 Nor longer gently fanning Zephyrs blow -
 Celia resign'd herself with all her charms -
 A foreign Swain now revels in her arms -
 With him, ye Gods! with him she left our shore
 And luckless I must never see her more.

Dattie

Nattie

Luckless! how luckless he who feels the smart,
Of meantime's arrows in a hopeless heart;
Thrice wretched he! Too well I guess'd thy pain—
And guess'd why Colin's Pipe forgot her wonted strain—
That Pipe which often fill'd our Plains with Glee—
Now hangs neglected on a leafless Tree—
Thy Flocks which wander'd by yon purling Rill—
Now bleating wander through each craggy Hill—
And Tray, affected by his Master's Groans,
In plaintive Gratitude repeats thy Moans.
The feather'd Tribe that hail the genial Spring
Curse their own season and refuse to sing
All Objects wear a melancholy Gloom—
And Nature's self seems to lament thy Doom—
Can I, who feel the Dangs of soft Distress,
More cruel be than there, or pity less?
Can Colin's Sorrows not be felt by me,
Whom Love torments, like him? If that can be.

Colin

In vain my Friend, in vain you soothe my Care—
I rave, I burn, I die of mad Despair—
And every Swain, who sought that Nymph to please
Like me are changers now to peaceful ease.
With me they call'd her Garlands from gay Flowers—
With me they shov'd to deck her shady bowers—
Each ran obsequious round the smiling Fair—
Each fondly thought himself her only Care.
Health, Life, worth and Pleasure ~~led~~ her Train—
And nought was wanting there but Grief and Pain—
When she deign'd to strike the warbling Lyre
What gentle forecast but felt an inward Fire?
But when she tun'd her Voice to sing Encore—
Each raptur'd Youth was charm'd, but sigh'd the more }
Ah! now that Lyre and Voice rejoice a distant shore. }

Nattie

Come Colin! 'tis unmanly to Despair—
Or pine for Loves which we can't repair—
Cheer up thy Heart, lay anxious Grief aside—
And learn to resume an honest Bride—
Beneath that distant Cloud, I spy an Isle—
Where Peace and Plenty seldom fail to smile—
Where Bounty deals her Gifts with lavish Hand—
And scatters Blessings round the happy Land—
There Victor reigns! Victor the Boast of Fame
Whom foul-mouth'd Envy scarce attempts to blame— Victor

Hector and his bright Nymphs, whom Nature, Art
 And Heaven-born Virtue form'd in every Part.
 The Bard who sings their Worth in equal Days,
 The God of Verse will crown with Deathless Praise—
 To me a less exalted Theme belongs
 My rural Pipe was made for humbler songs—

Colin —

But why for Hector must you crop your hair?
 What are his lovely Nymphs to you or care?
 Or say! does Patti burn at once for all the Three?

Patti

No, No, the Empire of my Heart's too small
 Too narrow for the mind who fills it all.
 O'er all that love-sick Heart, Sibella reigns
 Sibella rais'd this tumult in my Veins—
 Sibella's every Charm, her beauteous Face,
 Her conquering Air, her soft attractive Grace—
 Her native Sweetness, her refin'd Address,
 Her matchless Form, my captive Soul oppress.

Colin

Cease! cease about my Celia ought to raise
 Thy Tongue grows wanton in Sibella's Praise—
 The Wise will tell Thee, Love is ever blind,
 Perhaps thy Fancy paints her to thy mind.

Patti.

Fancy! my Fancy didst thou say? Indeed!
 Fresh Youth! what Praises can her Worth exceed?
 Take every Feature of her Face apart—
 Each single Feature wins a Shepherd's Heart—
 Write them; add to these her wit and Sense
 Her Sanctity, her Virgin Innocence—
 Then think, think thoughtless Lad, what I must feel
 Enough, alas! to melt a Heart of very Steel.
 Blow Boreas, blow, and waft me over your brain,
 That I may see the charming Nymph again.
 Come then along, thou must not stay behind
 In search of her you vainly hope to find.

Colin

Harsh is the Sentence, tho' alas! 'tis true
 But harsh and harsher when pronounc'd by you.
 Must Patti, luckless, Colin thus upbraid
 With the Unkindness of the out-brown maid?
 When the crop Humours of the God of Love—
 Thy Heart to kinder Sympathy should move—
 Must Thou with cruel Taunts insult the Swain
 Who sinks beneath the weight of Celia's Chain?

Farewell!

Farewell! O bear me hence some tender Friend,
Whose pity will relieve my tortur'd mind.
Farewell! I'll haste me to some lonely Shade,
And wish Thee sweet with the Dark Brown Maid.

Strophon

Stay, prithee, Colin, gentle Colin stay;
Why must the social youth through Deserts stray?
Will Deserts, think you, heal thy bleeding Heart?
Or break the Point of Celia's smiling Dart?
Smiling, tho' guiltless Dart! I felt it too -
And he who felt it much must pity you -
O all subduing Rymph! O fatal Charms!
Thy Beauty shook my Soul with dire alarms -
The tuneful sounds of thy enchanting Lyre,
Inflam'd my burning Veins with fiercer Fire:
While the sweet Accent of thy sweeter Tongue,
Finished the conquest through the Force of Song.
But Celia heard my sighs with cold disdain,
And spoke the word, at last, "tis all in Vain."
She spoke, I hung my head, and curs'd my Day!
And swore against the sex - and crawl'd away -
Thanks to my Stars! a timely Cure I found;
Sibella pos'd her Balm into the wound.
Sibella smirch'd away my angry Vows,
Another Celia is Sibella now -
Let her but smile, her Lad will grieve no more,
Though magic Harps and Songs should glad a foreign Shore.
But Thou, dear Colin, be advis'd by me,
Take down thy Pipe from yonder willow Tree;
And play those sprightly Tunes, which with Amore,
The listening Heifers heard, & scorn'd to grace.
Play, sing and Dance; and on the painted green
Gay frolick Rymphs around Thee will be seen.
Another Celia there capst to find
Lovely as she, but trust me, less unkind.

Finis -

An Irish Lilt or Olenath

mhine, Dhia, Chongu Chomnaighte gur fad lean siar U
go mbeir lean na mhine, na h-fachin le bledhne U
is Plumbo - Star uir
Gu mbeir lean na fadach agus Daraghte na h-imire
Gu mbeir is mo Chialach er Crochan lag sinte le - Plumbo
Lub bhin a Chmile Chleachach se an dhibhe a gus mi's Tu
Er Sheathe fersin fu lan, no er geal Traide as ceard Longa
Gum bosaime Chialach er Crochan bog sinte le
Le mo chad millie Dracone nach chuit bheane an do nach er fu

Mhúine! Challen bhig Bherant is binni na na Chathan
gun díne de mo mhealladh, is tug tu mo Luaidhe Chomsa Mhúine
Dheo! an Challen an Taverne, ní agam Boun agam
Ta mo Chroíche Cratach nach bhuit Fohel er an Luine agam Hla
hura, challin dhin Bherail is a dhéioach Múine
Múine! calli mi n'Janem, no sin mi suas leat Mhúine

Almanti Robin tu tu Gorcead

So Bhacé bhuidhe na Leigi Leig do so dhraite
Lúide aganach bras speoil, on sechnil don phlurin
So Clench er an Dedaidi, is do Mubuch na Bante
is gun dhinir sías a an deni iad aol spein Grande
is Bacach bo gun Múine one, do dháidde er buaridhe
A mubach Chnoe is Bante, no er lar no shiobhe Múine
Bualam mo Mhúine baire, ans gach áite fuid Múine Er
is fu mbeill mo Ghios gun Naridhe, aig Mubli is aig Mubhíche
is Masha Bacach a dheu Bas mi na trathde er a Múine leam
Lúig me don Taverne, no sarte foh Bheraine
Tar Clashtí mi no fuidhe na rugalim gom Chluasan
is gun bin leam re trath iad, no ser ghu na trathí
Da Cap. Tar Clashtí fuidhe na n'Cartí is na Cagari gun bualadh
is gun bin de.

is Do! Bherir gu Mhúine me a Chardun ana Egan
Tar fuidhe na Dag is fuidhe, o Mhúine dees an Taverne
Tar n'gubí Nelly saki, agus Múine na Crathhule
is ní Múine a Chnoach gu brath an Mhúine mas Egan
Erin bhochtí Cíad Múine dhínd, o Dhega mi fuidhe
Racha me er salí, ní bhla nóm do threigir
is Múine an Galoir Búast leam, gu brath no gos Egan
Tho fad so hame n'ga leat, mo Mhúine ní Mhúine
Bunard Mille fuidhe gu fuidhe Leas a Múine
Agus curid fíós er Múine, is ar áit sarogul Múine
Gun díne síad lea gu leat me, náid er a n'gualithe
is Múine stad iad leam is na Múine, gu Taverne na Múine

Cu lmin a Chnoich

Dheo! Mhúine n'bhíis, bhla na Tíne tral re leat do m'bhíis
Tar fuidhe gu dhéin, Ceol agus Immarth Múine na Tar is Ingradhe
an Sean is bin, er gheag is gheag, is bla no Cno is na Múine
is gu brath ní Mhúine, ans Bas na is goise, leat no Ceile Curhe
is gu rathin leat, gu dhéidhtí gun stad, ní Mhúine on Bherthí, Cúinte
Mo fuidhe sti gu leat, mo sníffí gad, le bhán mo ad a Tíne leat
Na fuidhe is a Múine Cíad sínfí leat, a Mhúine is Dúine gest Chnoich
is Be mo Immarthí Bher, gu héalín leat, so Choití sgappí n'Dúine
is Mhúine dhíne Teabhe, nar tighir dhíne fuidhe, go Dúine me la Múine
is mo Chéidí gu leir, a Múine nóm fuidhe, dhíne Tu bhí gad Luaidhe nóm
Er fuidhe na an Tíne, a Múine ghuil mo dhéidhtí, ní n'bhíis a sgeul fuidhe
Le Múine na n'bhíis, dhíne sínfí fuidhe, leat a Ceile a Múine

Er mo Luidhe Dom fein, san Moiche a Mhoie, du chumas tre mo L'neine. 3
as d'lin ghem er mnaoi gun spreidhe, gun dag sud m'ntin buerie -
An Fianish an Taoghle, d'itir gun leir, gun h'is' f'ini, sin m'naoi oir -
gu rohas f'anon, beul er b'heul, sont er leabuidhe d'neachach

Oran Gaelachda Founne - Jonny Nettles -

- 1 Na faic a tu Ben gu Lennan, Ben gu Lennan, Ben gu Lennan
Na faic a tu Ben gu Lennan - Cha b'hi fennad re'nair Ee -
Cote is Seachaid - Gheis Breachban, Brogan Darte, Mana Capan
Fialbhe gu faich bh, f'andhe na Faischi, ma b'his Isar h'naie roipe -
- 2 Na faic a tu gaol na Mighin - 3 - Is na ri von B'hnali -
Sid mach I, Cumas aie, Buarach faisthe, d'itir na d'achb'ish -
Chulen d'neachach, deansa stad nom, s'd'heine u Deach de m'achdar -
- 3 Do B'hea sa ghaol na Mighin 3 - Na l'ithe f'iodhe f'uar agud -
Ach h'ud a Laddi, An du m'adai, Bi dol d'ach, ad d'neach d'achb'ish -
Cum na Chais a, f'er a Bhagam, na no B'hae u nam E.
- 4 Na faic a tu B'edri B'odach - 3 - M'naie b'his Sagan M'naie Er -
Is lan misnich, se lan g'heinas, a bi S'gadan, san M'naie -
Bair d'histol er a f'his, sa Chom b'his na d'neach -
- 5 Is d'neach d'gu faidhe E Callin - 3 Ma b'his barrach f'oneige Er -
Ach, b'ch mo f'his, cum a f'his, b'neam man dig E, mar b' mis -
Gad ro misnich, aig car T'itan, cha f'er b'his na B'neine E.
- 6 Nan dug ad du h'naie a f'achach - 3 M'naie b'his barrach d'neach or -
Gun bi spaid or, b'ach d'neach or, f'achach f'as or, is f'achach or -
Ma b'his f'achach m'naie m'naie Capan, B'neid is Breachan d'neach -
- 7 Duil E a gu faidhe f'lesgach 3, gad ro f'neach d'neach Ee -
Is f'er gun m'hisnich, a d'neach d'neach, g'heoin d'neach, na f'neach d'neach -
Cha dig d'neach, er f'er d'neach, f'his d'neach d'neach -
- 8 Na faic a tu f'er mor Tade, 3 M'naie a l'agadhe f'neach E -
Is m'naie an T'ippe E, aig mo f'neach, b'ach a f'neach, gu d'neach -
Gun aon f'neach, na f'neach d'neach, ach m'naie f'neach er f'neach -
- 9 Na faic a tu m'naie m'naie 3 Bi lan d'neach is g'neach or -
Cha f'neach f'neach, cha d'neach f'neach, cha m'naie d'neach, na m'naie f'neach -
B'neach d'neach E, dol na d'neach, b'neach d'neach aig m'naie -
- 10 f'neach d'neach g'neach f'neach - 3 cha b'hi f'neach d'neach de -
Mar d'neach d'neach, gun d'neach m'naie an, d'neach f'neach, d'neach d'neach -
B'neach d'neach, s' bar na d'neach - b'neach d'neach d'neach d'neach -

Ballinamona -

- 1 Wherever I am going and all the Day long,
at home or abroad or alone in a Throng
I find that my Opinion is so lively and strong -
That your Name when I am silent, still runs in my Song - Balli
- 2 Since the first Time I saw you I take no Repose
I sleep all the Day to forget all my woes -
So hot is the Flame in my Stomach that glows -
By St Patrick I fear it will burn through my Clo's - Balli

3 In my Conscience I fear I'll die in my Grave
Unless you comply and poor Dehkon will save -
And grant the Dehkon your Lover does save -
Who never was free till you made him your Slave - Bale
4 On that happy Day when I make you my Bride
With a swinging long Sword how I'll strut and I'll stride
With Coach and six Horses with Honey I'll ride
As before you I walk to the Church by your side - Bahimamand

There liv'd a man in Wallinamasy -
Who wanted a wife to make him uneasy -
Long had he sigh'd for his dear ally Croker -
And thus the gentle youth bespoke her
Hush! will you marry me my dear ally Croker
Hush! will you marry me my lovely ally Croker
2 This artless young man just come from the Schoology -
A novice in Love and all its Foolery -
Too dull for a wit, too green for a Lover -
And thus the gentle youth bespoke her
Hush! will do.

3 He drank with the Father, he talk'd with Mother
He romped with the Sister, he gam'd with the Brother -
He gam'd till he pawn'd his coat to the Brother -
Which cost him the Heart of his dear ally Croker -
Oh the pickles &c.

4 To all ye young men who are fond of Gaming -
Who are spending your money while others are turning -
Fortune is a dill, the Devil may choke her -
A dill more inconstant than dear ally Croker
Oh! the inconstant &c.

Blanseth

1 To ginstay mhor a Trial leen a m/shane a maovar tu
Gor cosmback re Beine Shabhe I nam dhe i mairc khios mi scales
Mar fardhe di n/Conote Puarish, is Sargain do Phes na Lab -
Bherensa mo Bherethar ga shate si cupa Dune
10 Shan da gach aon beach dheris a n/Conote Dune
An nachi Bhalh an Heabhe no ndeid ad da t/Joiner Crab.
Na mbuthin fein farrir sin, bekirich leen lhi ga hual
Sar leen lhi Beine Edin ag Dig, n/faghir tshas do Cha.

Naune Dranich

2 Tra himusa n/Toghe an Roile Dherin Rog er gho l a Steactoe
3 Tra Chakir mo Bhezeen Storie - Postede mo Roine a macke
4 Am Deoch is insome Sgeul - 10 Dunaich manach is toime Lart
5 Ga be mack a Dheranake Gleide - Molam fein a chuir a mack

Two Days Remay - An English Son

1 Near to the Court of Windsor upon a pleasant green
There liv'd a Miller's Daughter whose age was scarce Fifteen
with

With skin like alabaster and a rolling eye
And a pretty pair of round plump bottoms, joined to a taper thigh
Sing & be kind to -

- 2 The first that came a-courting her, he was a Wooby Squire
Who offered her broad Bricks, but she refused his Fire
He said his Corn was musty, her Tallow would not fill -
His measure too was scanty, she feared it would fire her mill
- 3 An Abdicated Courtier would nest her Favours in -
He offered her Ten Thousand Pounds whenever King James came in -
She laugh'd at him extremely, and said it was too small
For, if ever he comes in again, the Devil will have you all -
- 4 Then came on a Trooper, who did of Fighting prate -
He took up his Pistol and rapl him o'er the Gate
Says she, I hate a Hector, a Drone without a Sting
And if you would be fighting, Sir, pray do it for your King -
- 5 Then came on a Lawyer, as he the Circuit went
He said he'd trick her Land Lord, & she would pay no Rent -
She laugh'd at his Fee simple, and him she plainly told
In spite of all your Law Tricks, I'll keep my Copy hold -
- 6 Then came the smatch Physician upon a pacing mare
He swore she bid him far worse than any had been there
He was so much used to Glysters, she told him to his Face -
He always would a-bobbing be his Pipe in the wrong Place.
- 7 The Parson of the Parish would nest his Flame reveal
He gave him second Mowing, by powdering him with meal
And as he stood a-fetting, she bid him not be vexed;
It will serve you for a Surplice, Sir, to cant on Sunday next.
- 8 And would you know the Reason why she used them unkind -
There was a brish young Seaman, who taught her how to grind.
He was an expert Workman, and had the ready Skill -
To open wide her water gates & well supply her mill -

Alasath Branick - Fonne - dany Frogan
Er Bannish a Ghindí do Bhi na For Engidhe
Bhi Drehanis Ginsack da Ceangal da Ceangal
Bhi Manus is Una, an a Binnhi gu Sngach -
Gunn Trob gun Trump ach Fend ghlair, fend ghlair -
As a Thomas gu basichta, O is mis da Parist
is Eunan & Maile oin Bhalhí - 2

Arach, Una nach fer do, a dhol da mo Bhalhí
no gestúh le Alasath fer Maggi - 2

2 Do Bhi Gernach no nor anthe, mer Bughte or Clor an
Bhi Bhanin Bhanich ga Cesgáin 2
Bhi Fíchan is Ceangasghar, is inid mhor dan Dalaman
is mios on earth don chlaol-Fluann ceasin 2

Na Trump aig mo mbeathar is linn na Clarsach
 hi lestin baidhe Lannich, ach Teangi - 2
 An La Bhrach faí Nemas, le muintir na Sléine.
 hi enal sibhe Lette Bheanach 2.
 3. Duist leimín Dú O gualaght, is breng sin a Duras -
 hi nduair mis ach Cúle Deoch Lannche 2
 Nam, bódhe Clench an Dúin so, Hlemish a Ghinisi
 hi mbi Una na Trump no Ghnebach 2.
 Fa se er Gheirdi, nTighe Hlemaish. o maile!
 is der Bhibli n ferdhibhe & agibhe 2
 Ach Cumid & mareid, nach faí sibhe Bheanach.
 Do bheir duibhe naire no Sgainel 2.

On Lieut Cummy - N. J. on his singing & playing the Violin
 O fam'd and celebrated Cummy -
 Renowned Stephen, Flower in Blooming
 When on thy Lyre, thou fall'st a humming,
 To charm a fair one
 And eke thy voice in gentle humming
 of Ev'nghts - Marion!

2 The Ladies all of Delf and Dorth
 Admired Thalia's Gifts of Worth
 Which on our Hens sprung to Earth
 From high Olympus
 But when they hear of Belles of North
 O! such a Trumpus -

3 For, Wo betide that fatal Day,
 When first our Stephen pass'd that Way.
 Now, hys may cry Alachmaday
 And charge their Faces -
 Too oft adorn'd for Thee, alas!
 At Balls and Races -

4 From Sarah Maithon to Belle-Fashion
 In Raptures all with one Equation
 Captures in Anticipation
 Engross'd their Senses
 Lunk now, alas! in Trepidation
 To future Senses.

Blunatic - Cameronians March -

1 A Baird a Chrouch nambe tu fein, er Di Luan, La na Cúte -
 Chi fa Gáid er muintir Whale hri gub Dane chuire &.
 Bhi Hnasid fahi, gun lamhi, mille Hain' is Duote an
 Aig gach an gan Danig huna Harte, chun na Brati chudach
 Dein Loin is hear se Bheitt, is thuin se chote dhe gu Trebe (Sherna Duine)
 is do Chi ga garnithe, gu lom Ladir, is le ne Lamhan's le bun Lani, sios far
 2 hi so bhi so gpleo, so nimh le Loin, nève gun Hlogadhe Buidhich
 Bheitt se shle er Bhean no Bheigi, is chuire se Hone a hainde er - Lin

San shuid a Chifa Tinn taish Mna na Tinn cui na Tor
Chifa Cote, Tor sa shothi, bhis a Doot, er phoule a Honi?
San bhi gleo isan Tionadhe.

2 m'Ullegan Dubh Og Cran Gaole -
Na digfa Tu leamsa, do chunta Lestrin

Ullegan Dubh Og
Do bheirsa saave agus Banni Tladhe dhuit
Agus Ullamant gu leor -

Oh! a Dhabhi bhi O Dudgean
Mo chnodhe am Chom gun seruid na mna -
Ta mo Chalin Doune ga hutamant

Si muligan Dubh Og -
2 Na digfa tu leamsa do bheir da Tiar
Is In muligan is mo Store

Do bheir Bannore er Wallie in Chia dhuit -

m'Ullegan is mo Store
Bheir Aitir no Long agus seolti na mDate dhuit
No relidhe Tu leamsa go chunta Chlare
Mo Lein gun mi is In er Shabhe O fline

In muligan Dubh Og -
3 Miss Brown of the Neale is our Nation's Darling
She's muligan Dubh Og -

She is both neat, compleat and charming
And is muligan is mo Store

With Helen of Greece she may compare
Who hurried with speed the Trojan War -
Her beauty exceeds the morning Star

She's muligan Dubh Og -

An Irish Plaster - is Foidhe leam Peggy Bhan, Jan
1 Is breag do luidhe a mheggi, gun mharbha me mo Chaoe -

Kings k'Jonathan Greig I. chuntha mi mo Freeman
Chuir me steach san Teach i, is leag me furim Thionasa -

Is chual me ga aris, gun domcaid si na Stiopadh -
Chas si suas er mali, is chas si sios er Mioshar

Mair nach Dnaire is iad Feiste or, chuir siad fios na dhe sho -

2 is Dumm Mullum morum de

2 a Deri mi gu mach, is dhear mi Brad na Tiarach

is Mi dherna me fas Tara, gun teach me gu Tir Daraach

Keas mi Lathir a Shopale bhi me faoair mo Chaoe

Se shuid clorich an Tagairt, gun deach si Chunta Lestrin -

3 Deri mi gu mach or Brad na Lacer na mharbha -

tu dheana me fas Tara gun deach me bon na claste

tu fasn luas Balachde orna, na beorthe lair na Straide

Menam is mo Chorp an Piarach mo deach i go Miotail -

4 Do

- 4 Do mheas me or heannas is fraise mi gerren druidhe
 Daish me Sugan saichd Er, is fraise me gu haidhile
 11 Casu Maire an dhaile orm, is rug se er mo lamhe's -
 11 Bhaine se baste Gabhadhe, nach du loin nach o Daly -
 Bhaine me mo Platti, is toi gun one, Pro Phatti,
 Tho dhuir luach Tombae, dhuir se, is ol mo haidhte -
 5 Do fraise mi steach a Leachd, gi sa gole mo Haki -
 ge chupin ach chaore ghlas, muidh si gohil na straidhe -
 'krogas mo chuid in ghlae leam, is leam mi i sna Tasgi -
 's ni dheana chi fas Dara, gun deach si go Cuach Bhodhich -
 6 Is fraise me shach an Leach, is chi me Marbhe is Larighte -
 Plin mie chois an Tealichde's ni ro den-Tughu casti -
 Deri mie smach or madin, De La er ma merichd -
 12 Dag me chaore ghlas, si chahuk ghrand sa herte sin -

Nunc est Bibendum - Iune Millenanthu -

- 1 Now we're free from College Rules,
 From common-Place Book Reason;
 From trifling syllogistic Rules,
 And Systems out of Season.

Never more we'll have defined

If matter thinks or thinks not,
 All the matter we shall mind
 Is - He who drinks or drinks not.

- 2 Metaphysically to have
 The mind or soul abstracted
 Or prove Infinity of Space
 By Cause on Cause effected
 Better souls we can't become
 By immaterial Thinking;
 And as to Space we want no Room,
 But Room enough to drink in.

- 3 Plenum, Vacuum, Minus, Plus
 Are learned words and rare too;
 Those Terms our Tutors may discuss,
 And those who please may hear too
 A Plenum is our wine we show -
 With Plus and Plus behind, Sir,
 And when our fast is minus low,
 A Vacuum soon we find sir -

- 4 Copernicus that learned Sage
 Danc Tycho's Error proving
 Declares in - I can't tell what Place
 The Earth round Sol is moving
 But which goes round what's that to us;
 Each is perhaps a Notion -

with

- With Earth and Sun we make no Tuss,
But mind the Bottle's motion.
5 Great Galileo ill was us'd
By Superstition's Turry;
Antipodeans were abus'd
By Ignoramus Inry —
But Feet to Feet we dare attest
Nor fear a Treatment scurvy
For, when we're drunk, probatum est,
We're bumping topsey turvey.
6 Newton taught of lights and shades
And different colours knew, Sir;
Don't let us disturb our heads,
We will but study Two, Sir —
White and Red our Glipes boast,
Reflection and Refraction
After him we name our Toast
The centre of Attraction.
7 On that Thesis we'll declaim
With Shaturn super Shaturn
There's mighty Magic in the Name
'Tis Nature's Postulaturn
Wine in Nature's next to Love —
Then wisely let us blend 'em
First, tho' physically prove,
That, "nunc, nunc est bibendum."
-

- 1 When all the Attic Fire was dead
And all the Roman Virtue fled,
Poor Freedom lost her seat
The Gothic mantle spread a night
That damped fair Virtue's fading Light
The Muses lost their mate.
2 Where should they wander? What new shore
Hath still a Laurel left in store
To this blest Isle we'll steer —
Soon the Darnagian Choir was heard
Religion's sacred Law appear'd,
The Muses soon were here
3 The long monk hath quit his cell
Religion rings der hallowed Bell
She calls thee now by me
Hark — Hark — her sweet voice in plaintive sounds
See — see, she receives a thousand wounds
If shielded not by Thee —

- Marbh. Ruine do n'Bantigherna na Comrich, do Teaghlach Whie-Thimi
- 1 Ha-malad, ha-sgios orm, ha-mighin ha-fuaine—
Ma gach Ti beara sta dho, so bhi falmigri bhname—
'steig an Tronadhe dho fein sin's mi deidhe Igeul so fuaine
gun bo mhaonach dho gheugra, ha Broome glete fo Shuidhe
 - 2 To Shuidhe a nBroome Luchag, a laidhe Indin an Tamba
Ha bhaine da dhibidhe, deidhe dhaloor na mnaive—
Gad do dhag u do bhuidin seal go Dubach for Brane—
Gloire is Buaidhe do'n Ti Luchig, ha na fuki do bhas—
 - 3 Cha na fuki do bhas dhuine, ach Trachtadhe er Coise
a hi Luchig er Slanore do d'ioch Admha o' Hore
mar a dhuide luidh Gaidhe dhuist, o Hns Tarich gu Hoge
gach aon mhaonach bhi fas riot, mar bu dher Leo du do.
 - 4 Do Loke's far Snathaire, dhag gnamach do Threabhe
Ha mBrone so so Chruaidhe, er na Shuasbhe gu leir,
Do Knati's is do Phordaine, fadheadhe er aon sguel—
Chruise nach daodad do Hlorach, chlaone moran do Teme—
 - 5 Teme banna cha reole do chuir an Gloire dhe ach Dairt
Rehul bithne agus Solais, er a Tolam gun Iga—
Le Glaine gun Oth, is I gun Doverl na nGrase—
is fieur Igar do d'heir, an deidhe Orin is do d'haidhe—
 - 6 Adghor, sachair, partle maonach, glie caon cheartach Re—
ghra Treardail gach aon Ti, his chaochlach er Igeul—
a hi d'hiille le Inaric do Thruadhe na do Threnne
Cha bheir maille na bhaine Er, is bheir bhate E gun bheime—
 - 7 Beum che naadir a labhairt a gheug t'Hovertach Threnn,
Si Treavach d'aintigh, de-dought, fo d'has a Hange i fein
Igaole I toradhe gu lan Tron, si n'availl an Ceile,
Don Threnne b'oladhe a Daire, fad dail an a n're.
 - 8 Re dhasl gun Chulbheart, an so Munadhe is Treus.
Bha aig Comar mo Runsa ga ghruilen an deer
go Doras a fhuiste, an so luid do luid Tende
Do lerr Ceile agus Turmhac, so m'hiile Tus er mo ghleus—
 - 9 Gleus luidhe er gach aon Ti, fuaine Caoin orthe na or Truire
Ar bnan Igaradhe sa'n Naone Re, is nach hi Naonish m'hiile or Cuis—
Ach an Taog le ioidh fuaridhe lug bhaine er Cairt iul—
Er mo bharail cha tuadhe leis, aon hi is omadhe b'heartach dhuine.
 - 10 Dhuine mios ala d'hiathail gun thrial u o Chach.
a m'baire Neate er an Bludadhe, is gun er Duile rint gu b'haach
Can luidhe luidhe Astor, bheidhe Treddil or Dairne—
Agus m'ime na macaibhe, gu m'urach macasach Siave
 - 11 Du heane dhuine do dhuirach, as gach Cuise mar a Baill
ad'heidhe b'ne mon Tustone, gu m'bu dlu sin nad Pharte
Ha m'biturs a m'ldone, nam m'ra dhubladhe an Dairne—
Ortse d'heidhe gu Clintach, na leir m'ighse do ghra.
 - 12 Ha er m'ise sa m'ur so, dhuir ma n'Cuirt aon gach b'ite
Luid d'ed Tapon, is d'ed b'heir, bu ghlen d'heir le lache

- Tad'sa dhimich a sgeul ort, haave do bheas is do ghnaise -
 Bha slàn Trilidhe for bheum dhuit, gun a beoir a ghra -
- 13 Na mi gra er cir miosrich, gu mbe mioschran a naighe,
 's Meary Daire as na bharist n'is tu tur liosnich fo bhla -
 Gloor da ndia so bha iochmor, bing dhuine gift er cir laimhe,
 Fos na shap u gu brithor, Cuid dhe Trogasg fos aind
- 14 Ach is ar oirne fu thrial u is mor a Dheal so beum -
 Cha reil fa bhi ga chuntas, Cuid dhe er Compaist er Caulhe -
 Gach aon ar mi Tarish, dhe na Dhannal so Tannhe
 Leis Duaise dhoine, neir Cosloish, Buidhe bhos agus Haulhe -
- 15 Haule helvas Buidhe ^{aid} thit, an a Pharos Mhuic De -
 Haobha do Chleachdoin gnaighte, fad do Dhaille an a nfre -
 Rug Dia gift dhuine gun Ghairine, le Barrents Treune
 In bu doiler er Dhannal san Dhuitse Anne bu leire -
- 16 's Leire a Chuid dhe do Dhislin Aor mighin fos ainde -
 Do bhaan Chadnthe gan Dibudhe is Tarquethe fonghlen gu Shadhe
 Gach aon bha Tatharg, er sior long du ghraidhe
 Rug I Seachd er an Diosna, is chaile mi kijn sid mar Chach -
- 17 Calk an De bhi gad gulan, Cuid dhe Ingra ma lare -
 Le Crisheachan Bruite, gun an Duile riul gu brath -
 Ga do Harladhe mi 'n Tusa, sha mhuine mi so Mahte
 Na Tadhine mo Dhovach, be mo sun a bhi id phairte
- 18 Gach aon Dhavte Dhute a fuaireadhe, le suarais na mme
 Dea mios ga Dhaidhe, na Aros ma fein -
 O Mhu mhu na Dalich, ga bhuil Baidhe er gach Treabhe,
 Er Deasleumhe do Ghaidin, glacs a Sabharthe a Gheuge -
- 19 Ghenghlovartech Hetoich, gu neridhe do Chach -
 a dhinedhe is an Ceartas, gach aone Dhearte mar a Baidhe -
 an gwant Cahir a n Peson, a dheidis me ghra
 Ci Chuis nach bu leir dhuit, so dheant le mmeithe
- 20 Gu bhuil mmeine ce thron acaine, in de Cadnthe do Ruine -
 'n Deirsh gabhair an dhiad dhuit an so Chadhe nach Duhish -
 Gu bhuil Trosaire a Sgahin, bho Dhavte du er Cuhle -
 Bha do Chomhairle sar bha deanath dha Dhavne oi Dhuse -
- 21 An Tus aridhe ce dha dhuit, do Chach ga mbo Seire -
 Gach Chris er a Harid, bha an fasa riut fein -
 Bha do Lu is do chialle hadore, gar'n Taladhe re feume
 Fos na sture u neo Cheare i, gu hadhor gun bheime -
- 22 Do bheumsa sha Chualas, o Buarachas I -
 's gu Tarte do Thuarais, ans gach Naiv mar a Baidhe
 Cha ghu dho bhi gnuarash, mmeine a bhuais me 'n Tarte
 As am Babbhishle dho tastin gu foadachin Seithe -
- 23 Do Theave is do mheavine, ce ishe ce Luache -
 's mor a smiste na Crochan, do Dhribudhe er Luas -
 Era Chomnich na mbeis, ata dhios so glaidhe Chrauidhe
 Ha mulad ha sgiors oim, ha mighin ha Graceime - Finis -

- 1 In good King Charles's golden days, when Loyalty had no harm in it;
 A zealous High-Church man I was - And so I got Disfranchisement.
 To teach my flock I never miss'd, - Things are by God appointed,
 And those are damned who do resist, - And touch the Lord's anointed.
 And this is Law I will maintain - Unto my dying Day, Sir.
 That whatsoever King shall reign - I will be Vicar of Bray, Sir.
- 2 When royal James obtain'd the Throne - And Popery came in Fashion
 The penal Laws I rooted down, - And read the Declaration -
 The Church of Rome I found would fit - Full well my Constitution -
 And had become a Jesuit - But for the Revolution -
- 3 When William was our King declar'd - To ease the Nation's Grievance
 With this new kind about I war'd - And swore to him Allegiance
 Old Principles I did revoke - Let Conscience at a Distance
 Papine Obedience was a Joke - And Oath was non-Resistance
- 4 When gracious Anne came to the Throne - The Church of England's Glory
 Another Face of Things was seen - And I became a Tory
 Occasional Conformists Case - I damn'd their Moderation
 And thought the Church in Danger was, By such Prevarication
- 5 When George in Dudding Time came o'er, - And moderate men ^(by Sir) look'd
 I turn'd a Cat in Pan once more, - And then became a Whig, Sir
 And so Disfranchisement I procur'd - By our new Faith's Defender -
 And always every Day abjur'd - The Pope and the Pretender
- 6 Th' Illustrious House of Hanover - And protestant Inception -
 To these I do Allegiance swear - While they can keep Obedience
 For by my Faith and Loyalty - I never more will fault
 And George my lawful King shall be - Untill the Times shall alter.

Garrick on Miss Woffington

- 1 Once more I'll tune the vocal shell
 To Hills and Dales my Opcion tell -
 A flame which Time can never quell
 And burns for Thee, my Peggy -
 The greatest Words the Lyre should hit -
 And say what Subject is more fit -
 Than to record the sparkling wit
 And Bloom of lovely Peggy.
- 2 The Sun first rising in the morn -
 That paints the dewy spangled Thorn -
 Does not the Day so much adorn
 As doth my lovely Peggy
 And when in Thetis's Lap to rest -
 He streaks with Gold the ruddy west
 There's not so Beauteous as our west
 Appears my lovely Peggy
- 3 When Zephyrus on the violet blows
 Or breathes upon the Damask Rose -

He does not half the sweets disclose
as does my lovely Peggy
I stole a kiss the other day,
Ah! - but one more, but Truth I say -
The Fragrance of the blooming May -
Is not so sweet as Peggy -

4 Were she array'd in rustick weed
with her the bleating Flock I'd feed -
And pipe upon the baten Reed,

To please my lovely Peggy -
with her a cottage would delight -
All's happy, when she is in my sight -
But when she's gone 'tis endless night.

All's dark without my Peggy -
5 White Bees from flower to flower shall rove -
And Linnets warble through the grove
Or stately Swans the water love
So long shall I love Peggy -
And when Death with his pointed Dart -
Shall strike the blow that rives my heart -
My words shall be when I depart -
Adieu my lovely Peggy.

1 Where's my Swain so blythe & clever?
Why did he leave me all in sorrow?
Three whole Days are gone for ever,
Since you said, you'd come to-morrow.
If you lov'd but half as I do
You'd been here with looks so bonny.
Love hath flying wings I well know,
But not for lingering lazy Johnny.

2 What can he be now a doing?
Is he with his Laps Maying?
He had better now be here a wooing
Then with others sweetly playing.
Tell me truly, where he's roving,
That I may no longer sorrow -
If he's weary grown of loving,
Let him tell me so to-morrow.

3 Does some Favourite Nival hide thee?
Let her be the happy Creature -
I'll not plague myself to chide thee
Nor dispute with her a Lecture -
But I can't nor will not tarry,
Nor will hurt myself with sorrow -
I may lose the time to marry,
If I stay beyond to-morrow -

Think

Think not Shepherd thus to leave me
 If I am yours, away no longer—
 If you won't, another I'll have me,
 I may cool but not grow fonder.
 If your Loves, girls, forsake ye—
 Whine not in Despair and Lornness
 Bless another Lad may make you,
 Stay for none beyond to-morrow—

Lillibullero —

Our Shopkeepers wives are so polish'd of late,
 That each has her Card and her visiting Day;
 And whilst the same Husband torts hard with his Fate—
 She ruins his Credit and Pocket at Play.

Quadrille, Orguet, Ombre Papet—
 Alternative Charm and promote her Delight;
 The Children are squeaking, and Creditors bawling—
 That force the poor Bankrupt away in the Night.

Lovely Nan —

- 1 O woe's me, and Lechadog — see how I'm wasted to a ^{Nan} Span.
 I lost my heart, some first I spy'd — That lovely charming milkmaid
 I'm grown so tender, that a slender piece — Of dusty Rogers' wiry wire
 Would weft me over yonder Trees, — And all for thee, my lovely Nan.
- 2 The Alewife mipes me of late — I used to drink a cheerful Can.
 But I can neither drink or eat — And what is brewed & baked by Nan —
 The Baker bakes the best of Bread — He takes the Flower and leaves the Bran.
 To Nan is every other maid — Compared with thee, my lovely Nan.
- 3 Jack of the Mill, that wily down — Last night he to my Mistress ran.
 He snatched a Kiss, I smother'd him down — And all for the my lovely Nan.
 At length the rattling Soldier comes, with his Tanderarara rera Nan —
 He quots her Cows for the House of Doom — Alas-a-day I've lost my Nan.

My Mistress Kate —

One Evening having a little Leisure
 I walk'd abroad to take my Pleasure
 And as it chanced to be very late —
 I went to see my Mistress Kate —
 And when I came into her Door
 I knock'd & knock'd full three Times o'er —
 I knock'd and knock'd, & knock'd again —
 But all my knocking was in vain —
 And when with knocking I grew tired —
 I sat me down and then I admir'd
 How she could keep me there so long,
 And then I began and I durm'd her thus long —
 O Mrs Kate I would have you to know
 If you stay any longer away I will go —

Says Kate, you may shove your Trunk when you will —
For I'm in Bed & resolv'd to lie still —
And it's brack, little I value you —
Troth, indeed, and small I matter you —
Brack, little I value you —

Shove your Trunk, & I warrant, I'll follow you — Dadorly de.
Let her go to the Devil

1 She tells me, with Clarel she cannot agree,
That she dreams of a Hogshead, whenever she sees me —
That I smell like a Beast, & therefore must I,
Tossake my dear Bottle, or her always deny —
To forsake my dear Bottle my Bottle of good Fred! (he said —
Let her go to the Devil, to the Devil, to the Devil — There's no more to be said —

2 Had she taxed me with gaming, and bade me forbear,
'Tis a Hundred to one, but I'd lend her an ear —
Had she found out my Chace up three pair of Stairs —
I'd laugh her and go to St. James's to Prayers —
But to bid me quit my Bottle, my Bottle of dear Red —
Let her go to the Devil (2) there's no more to be said —

With Hounds and with Horn, I'd waken the Day —
And high to my Woodland walk away —
I'd trush up my Proke and in Dushun soon —
And tie to my Forehead a Waxen Moon —
I'd course the Fleet Stag, unheeded the Fox —
And chase the wild Goat over Summits of Rocks —
With Throat-ing and Toot-ing we'll pierce through the Sky,
And Echo-o-o turn Hunter, and doubles the Cry.

Dáidir na mBacachta

Engh ti a Bhon an Tuighe 's nar Chra Dia do Chriodhe; ni rathe 5
In Dubh na Bui, na Maile Tu Ter do Tuighe — 's gu ro In slane
a Prioste, Naie do ktoite Iosa Criosd — Engh sior gu Daghoil, 's th
mas gu Blathaithe — Toir Ingansa Laine Guirke do Cheppari, ab
Le Phine Do n Broyid — Deana mis a Tuns ar do Cheansa, gu
Lampul Phading, er sgahan mo dha Ghluini, er Chriodhe mo dha
Dhoanna — agus br Phoul mo Floni — Mar a Dolhir Tus sin Thos
iurams er Dia agus er Phedir, na ag do Phula saore bho na
Carribhe — Dhume Nasal na Carrig a mork 6
na er Inir spare, fo Leaca Tuamie 's na Cheri Dha Maie K —

O Mille agus O Domhanile 's Mulmaie Mae Guirun
's Lomherlie Bui onkud, O Ri, bu Chluntich na Tiri

The remaining officers in Connought for the foreign Brigades,
Dha, Caste Phail na Bnactili, Ing Phagadhe as in Ine De-Dam
Ing synos er na Tribholg — Ing Gork 's Lene er Lochlannie,
's Ia nios Gorm le Saggannie — Tinefi siad an so 0.

- 1 O Chahin ag an por huill Chraobh Bhui —
 Do Ghnaidhe mar Rose is Tu leon faroan mi.
 Dhoise an Dog - nior bhi mar Ros —
 O is Tu sa stork so bha Beirne —
 Blande a Do Dhore na Tichide —
- 2 15 Bun leam do Cheol da er Beirne sin — (Tendibh)
 15 Bun leam do Cheol, na Tichide or Bhor, so chuidh gu seolte er
 2 Ach is naomhe an Ti, ta nde do mheali —
 Gheng na mBaichali fainich —
 Chuire na Be, o more o Leamhra —
~~Bun fu gach Inna u~~ Dhob a Chomit a Cherma
 Mar molfne fein an Beirne sin a ghlacht Tu —
 Threun Mhrie Tappui Mhamuisk —
 Shugna Herne o Bheal an Shennon —
 Bun fuadh gach Inna u.
- 3 15 Touchen is Bherin Rus gach de Bhor a is Aile —
 Bho'n fheven er hile gu Seibhte Mhalei
 O Kichin ag so is maise a Dog —
 Na n' Trochti mhor da Thraibhade
 Chuire na m'Brinchoe laider
 15 Minig a Chuir Cos er mo Lamhe is
 Dhlanda seane no Craobh huli Darte
 15 Tu fein so la mri ag Radhe —
- 4 15 Le Ineaidh ta er Lar do Chleithe Do Chli me —
 15 gun I na Caore is ta Creachde er m'huillti
 O Chri gun Chruas, hng Bnaidhe er Luase
 A Selly gun n'ua gun Mhileachde
 Hng Bnaidhe mo sgent for n'Jaole
 Ni n' Duale do beo mas a Buan da Mighaide
 Ma ghlusfaire seal gu n'File u —
- 5 15 gun Bnaidhe gna mis agus feng na nbune Rosge
 an Beirne na Craobhe faroon na er Naonare
 gu neach bhi na er Coire, bho buke gu Lo,
 Ioram ga seolte er Taishe —
 Agus dux bhi aguin da Chlarsiche
 Gun cheid bhi or a Sathradhe —
 Caonae is cuir dios gu bu bhin lam bhi Caudhe
 Gun bhe gun Mhao gun Naire —
- 6 15 Ach a Mhegy Bheg Chleive mo Len nach do Tharladhe
 15 Ineaidhe gna me sinte u'd chaoh Chom alauine
 Ior dhanobhe seol, bho buke gu Lo
 Gun Cheacha ~~at~~ Dog agus Maran
 is hi beg hille na m'baith hat
 Do dha fhuich chor ragh a Bhan-gheal
 Oseine le mo Chri sud bhi dho nach
 Le fuor chead Dep is mor traide ort.

- Hug er Banish an Le, Cul nish a Innaoi nach fahir —
- 1 Bhé mi oide a Gaire Buallie, 's more mo ghraime, gun laide or ahir —
 - 2 Aug oleas a dhun me Bhannae, dheole an Talhe is each na laide —
 - 3 Hoiré mo Hoiré le Durachde, far mbo rinnach leam a Gabhile —
 - 4 Go Tighe more an Auler sgontte, far am bi Maslin a Tahuk —
 - 5 Shorichin ga n-Tarin foh, Broul era Bhorl foh 's ahir —
 - 6 Go Taulhe na Tlesgach Cudrom, Chuidhe Tulgag or na Pambithe —
 - 7 Deansa rinnach 's dheirthe 's fhuagach, leis a fuidh 's Bannin nas de —
 - 8 A lide maidin ha gun Phosade eoir sho 's mortin na n-paighin —
 - 9 Bheir mi Bnagsa Bunka a Scalpary, spalparach a giaridhe mna —
 - 10 Dhamharc or Mithin na n-Taobh, Ocha naod me gun a Tahin —
 - 11 Gu de mi I ach mo dhuallidhe, bheir me munsí orra fahas —
 - 12 Clareil Bodach a mi Muman, nach bi shi re rannadhe mna —
 - 13 Duil aig ga fuidhe E ~~Gu~~ Maidin, arbhais Er re dol a Laide —

O Ba mo Leannabhe

- O Ba mo Leannabhe, Oba, Oba — Da Capo —
 Ta ilil uilil aram — Gun ti na Terrabhe so Thalve or Sahle —
- 1 Mo Thalve mo Leannan 's gun thraig E mi,
 Gur trom or an Tealach is gach Aite am Bi,
 Mi bhi re Imavonhin, Gnaridhe a Gheallidhe
 Mo mhile Deannach leam ghaole, leam ghaole —
 - 2 for Luime Cinadhe f'Ortune ha long na mnaithe
 Gun bheir mo Chuidsa dhe na mo Laime —
 Mi n De gun Ingach, munnach Ahirach —
 - 3 Min Duidhe nam mo Laide so Ramhe, for Ramhe
 Gun chaile mi uile mo Mi mo Mi,
 Mo Chairdon uile or mo Bhin, mo Bhin —
 Mo Leannabhe gun Bhaistidhe, mo Ghaol Dam Urasidhe
 Ha mo Dubh se hin, se hin —
 - 4 Gun chaile me mo Bheertas, mo Bhron, mo Bhron,
 Gun chaile mi mo Mhaidinis ga mo Dhone
 Ha marachas Trom, chair fon fadmosha
 's mi an Duidhe mo Chnadhe f'Ortune, Ohah! Ohon!

Grace Nugent —

- 1 Gur Tim dhaine Trachd or Bhile na Gille
- 's I Grace a Bannir a Ingi —
- Do hug si Bar an a Cahile 's on Tuigse
 Er mnaithe Brai Deas na Cugithe
 Ga be bhi na Taie o Buidhe go Le
 Hi m beagal da bhi Tursach, sa go Bese —
 Li Nighin keave 's binn Meante
 Li Cul na Gleus 's na Taine
 Ta Mhob mar an Taole
 Ta Gneidhe mar na in Coar
 Ta Cui mar Ghraime an Tachri —

1. Min da inde, da n'cinneadhe bhi mar spreidhe —
 2. I geng na n'bachul camluidhe
 3. Go bnaire is gur sealte do thriest o gheanule
 4. Drim deas a chuilor —

Le Chluinamar ga ra, sgach arde da n'bachin,
 gur Jani deas a cubbhui —

Thud mar leidear no a noig mhuir Gleane
 Le Ceol is binne no glóir na neane
 Míl suire, no guntore, muantí lean
 Nach be gach am ar, Grace.
 Si Lub no sheid, so dlúhí a diide
 She cul na n'gresih 'no Fanidhe

1. Devín leam fein, no stadw de mo sgeul
 Gy nobhín gun bhreng do slainte —

Deird of the Irish Nation

1. A Chabán deas túr, leas a Legín mo Mumhe
 Cia fa nach tigid du cuis mo Bhúirín —
 Leats leigín mo Mum, o nach mílúidhe tu Chuirín —
 2. gur han leats a gu síubhín a saoghal —
 To chuidhe tu Hanke, do chunta du'
 No do chortú ~~or~~ Chuane no Herne
 Muire! Ghile gu smur, oir tamca dhut suire
 Ga nach faicim an Tus gach laudhe n.
 2. Nach mor a naire do Dhuní meo ata
 Gun Ghéin bhi Laimhe no n'Boiket —
 Leams gach arde, gu binnidore laidir
 Bhurings graidhe gach ag bhen
 Ach mair do hig Bading naomhe or salke —
 Mios ra thra a namhaire
 De, Dhobhín mo The an a Cuidach mo ghruidhe —
 Ocho, mhuire! gur blath a Nog bhen —

Ogani aig

1. mhuire! Ogani aig, ga chuil or an do Bhearer —
 2. Umé fahn Og, so phoga do Bhehín —
 3. Tuidhe gun mí is tu gol or Bhoide, n'bein Din —
 Aingid an or Doe sin Posté le cheite —
 2. mhuire! Ogani Og, a chul trom Duabik —
 Le do ghile dhuige dhag muintín Buanidhe —
 Tra Chluinís me mo mhuiríní Ter aile bhi ga luaidhe noma
 Dhíal Futhí Bann agus Bar a ma Ghnaigí —
 3. mhuire! Kilis me fein, mar bhi me gu Keolas —
 Gu bannan da da do laeike agus Tainí Posté
 Kilis na dheidhe sin, gu mbu Keule solish —
 Na mar blla na sa Craobhe, re Taobhe gach Boirín —
 4. O! nach méing a fheidis, sa glóir na Diavane
 Gu n'deanúth síbhe breng, ma honta na Gaitte

Gun dori sibh er Lamhe le Gradhe an so Noike
Lac er na mharich, bhi an Gradhe sin sgaoile.
is mi Ingura Le.

- 1 Gun beire leam fein na fúg fúg do
Agus Urad sin eile don argaid is do more,
Gun bithin is mo Cháin seale Mús a Gole
Níos an Dúngannan, an a fúnta Thione -
- 2 Sa Fithras orm agus Fúnta more
La sin a Chualas ga ro mo Gradhe Gole
Do nun ní leigín re mhiní ta beo,
on La rine U mo mhalairt is mis a bhi beo -
- 3 Mhiní! a Mhiní so Chogair na crede omra sgeul -
Do mhalairt ní deannan do fheer er an Tóile
Do Chos mhiní Lúir ghaste da n dóg mo chrim speise
is ga bhuil do Gradhe tarraí gle fad agam fein -
- 4 Naem bi sud agams a fúnta beo
o gun mairt glast agus claidhamhe Chon oire
Ga sahin er fad leat go Sligo na Shod -
mo fúnta ga saichin is bally mo Shod -

Manati

- 1 Si Ben an Leani, Beala Leani, Ben an Leani, a berle Leam
Ben an Leani er Chlar no Leappu, toir si Cos a hairde -
Hugada Buth, Hugada Buth, Hugada Buth a Cháin -
Hugada Buth, edir do Ghlinn, osh a fúnta so Gradhe Cí -

Chugabich Chor - Manati

Chugabich Chor, is o Chugabich, is lamhe Lúira mhanle -
Tersaid an cean gach Bhrane, o's fad leam Tóine er fúnta -
Torram - Albanach

- 1 Noike an Tóirde hem fúnta, go fúnta - o Noike - Da Capa,
- 2 Tar an dag mi in Tagge Néal, bho na Chuartich ga fúnta -
- 3 Ní! ga fúnta de sgeul ort, U hígite o - fúnta fúnta -
- 4 Ach ma mairt do Chorp speisil ga rebuidhe fúnta -
- 5 Mhiní! is mairt o Ben bhruid ghual, bhruid gn derich ma mghaoile -
- 6 Dine Del o no Inanach, bho no Chuan go na Chle -
- 7 Sin is fúnta o, Mhiní Tóine, go rí U Tóine Mhiní U -
- 8 is go Miste o bhruid fúnta, fúnta o' m Bhruid naich Daore.
- 9 Du du mairt o Cháine, so heid so bhruid le gaoile -
- 10 Agus Lealgair no fúnta is nua fúnta er a Tóine
- 11 Agus mairt o Noike fúnta híg bho fúnta o' Chle
- 12 Agus mairt a Cháin, is mairt a fúnta so Cháin
- 13 Sin is Lealgair no fúnta a fúnta so bhruid fúnta an fúnta

Torram fúnta fúnta da Bhruid

- 1 is an ma'n fúnta o' m fúnta, fúnta, fúnta a' mairt
- is mi in gabhail mairt fúnta do fúnta
- 2 is mi re fúnta do fúnta, o fúnta o go fúnta
Le do fúnta an so fúnta mo fúnta

- 1 r' dia, cha lehd a madach, a mame ingh so mhadin —
nach d'pauie mie a triue cadil — er choire —
- 2 ma er Tiperne og meyrach, Lumb astache o Chion Treone —
Liss an Dmike a Hannul — ur og —
- 3 Gu mo tuadhe's gu mbo Dubach, cha na chend thente a buhird —
Gu so n'er tu — o no forke
- 4 Char so mo ghoadhe's, che bu chuide re bnaie mharuik for dhunig —
Lun a Dhabue a leod do Dhunin — ur og —
- 5 Na Tir Ur bu deish, cha nach Dubas o n'icidache —
Er mo Laimke, gu bu deas — er o cind ord
- 6 Lin is Clakinin Gial, Thon hape er o then spreide —
Aig om brode o Chul mhal — gheir ghorme
- 7 Ach na kendhe o Mawth, le Mahie's le Mansach —
De, cha bhadhe du Tainth — no thuil Des —
- 8 Shamoin Luid na mbeul Taire, dhunle du dume er o fela —
Yos an Dranig n' Earl
- 9 Dhundhe leat's gu mbe deas, Tir Ur agus Tleesgaiche —
Dho no ghlenne bheg Dhorcasach, an bi thes —
- 10 Dheridhe leat's gu me dual thuit, Glas Dunche tho Ruairg —
mhuir, shonar mad ghualin — Iudhe mhor —

Sorram & dam. on the death of allister m' Coll Whittiche

- 1 Er mo Dhunine, sen Tom Dhealudhe —
sheg mo shunte is a mhal-dunadhe —
ghe duntre an Tannan, mer lonke —
- 2 Bha mi n'hoie a n' d'ra-Hardile —
Gamkare Troops h'ir Dabhi —
Charles mo Chudrah-mar babbist — an Greade —
- 3 Ach Luidh Dhuaidhe na m' Buirin —
Maire bu dhunadhe er Ach fuvraich —
De mo Amadel nach Durek — sibhe beo —
- 4 Sibhe nach eis dache Command —
Maire a gheifte n' Adoame —
ach Clarine geur ga fiamh Ruggadhe leo
- 5 Maire me sgul a Dunchallion —
so Dheg Drach ghleus er mo shealladhe —
mo chrest leir, nach thuil de phos beo —
- 6 Lin is Neandhe a Glavie —
Lin er Tir am Port Dhodnich —
Cha d'ne m' m' m' fette — re ghloir —
- 7 Dhaa! soileam sgappadhe Ter Isla —
Cherest Dheallhe Rhuithpe —
Cha mho sasa leiri Di — Remil big —
- 8 Chendhe du momeil do Dhunilhe —
Lig n' Tredil na fapithe I —
n' Trigate bey Cole na — Tir deol —

- 9 Bha Tòr là an so Charrig —
 Gebhlin Iarinn ma Bhallbhe
 Chunnig Dheò, gu bu Bèanante a Slòighe
 Cha be Bèanthe na mhuice
 Bheg Shòrd Dhaamid a nTwice onbhe
 Mhuir Mute a Triaghe Glen Lue — Bha o neoir —
 11 Mhuir! is Mhuir Duane Aluine
 Bha gu Compaite Bèathroil
 So Mute mar Seonac ad Dhualbant — Gun Deo —
 12 Liss bu onbhanach na n Gleabhe
 Clomhe Tuir a Chin asmich
 Dha on bi Taobhar guir gast — cruidhe gorm —
 13 Ach mas aile le Dia Laidir
 Bèithe an da sin Bèithe
 Leal na n Dmiche or or Clao — Chast Bhoir
 14 Oh! sa n Talistèr prisoil,
 Bheiridhe Seante fo Chong Mille
 Mhuir a Bòrd o Du Bhuir so — Buid Mhòile —
 15 Ke dol a Bèighe an Troop
 Cha bu Chlodare Tòid W —
 Lem or tathad na stuch be — Do Nosa —
 16 Tairn suas a n Brigade
 Cha bi Mhuir ghrean bu Bhlà Dhuit
 fo Bèach Bannach more and — no Clea Bògue
 17 Ach fha na gear ghmeige a Duidhe
 gu Bhuil me n gear la rad Chu —
 Mios o Lem na n Chan Bhuilach na Bhoine.

Luinnag

- 1 Ka mi Togail Suinte is Bhir — Cha nabhè mi Nois ach o da —
 Co ni nargid lean a Dèbhaill is Armaitte an Bui n Bòrsachin —
 2 Ka mi fua re togail suinte or — O Bèanid so Bèig an Bhuil
 Bèanid cha cheile me mo n Bèanid — Armaitte an Bui n Bèanid namannan —
 3 Dhanach me or Bann or Togail Duidhe Mhach glun Chulach —
 Gad Bha mo Bhuil na dapir — is Bèale leam or a Chuire mar Bhuil
 4 Bèanid gu foil Tòir na Lèan — Ga mor do Bhois as do Chlodidhe
 Dha! Mhuiridhe Bèanid cheannidhe Tòir, Bha Bèanid Lèan na Lèan —
 5 Mhuir Tòir gòrshela Bille — Choma so Bèanid do Chinnidhe
 Bèanid Dug a Bhoirinn Tòir — Bèanid snabhè or Bèanid Bèanid —
 6 Bèanid Bèanid —
 Bèanid Bèanid or Bèanid — na Bèanid or Bèanid an Tòir —

- Bèanid Bèanid do Chrean na n Bèanid, Bèanid a Bèanid Bèanid Bèanid —
 1 Bèanid Bèanid na n Bèanid, Bèanid gu Bèanid — Bèanid Bèanid or Bèanid fo
 Bèanid — do Bèanid so Bèanid — Bèanid Bèanid or Bèanid fo Bèanid
 Bèanid Bèanid Bèanid Bèanid Bèanid, so Bèanid a Bèanid — Bèanid Bèanid
 Bèanid an Bèanid, Bèanid Bèanid Bèanid — Bèanid Bèanid Bèanid Bèanid do

Looram da mhae Finen a stro-showdil

- Foram alle do Mac Finan

1. Mi nam kaidhe an o'n Dimradhe, fo na h-ath-bhean o' Sleatthe
2. Gu h-àinleachdhe so fuaire me, so chuire orm gnèithean o' Eisea
3. Mac a Mhàistir huanich o bhàr fuaire glàdhe Thòt. Tharadhe
4. Mhàir! a Lìon Mhà Dèilig, ha na h-ath-bhean na h-ath-bhean — o

Marthaig er a bleiste a hach me
Mach er hoc 2.

Noabaine nach iarradh an Turchasg,
Ne La soinnish

San bhod l'hoine huan Turrarich
Mar Mhuir Mherbeise

Agus ga bu dachsh Mherbeise ghlan Mearabla a measy na Ma
rannan bhodha an a dia. Nach ceannalte a dubhaite an Tog-
lach bha na Chean Tighe re Shir Thomas mothe me Dombhnik, se
er titheid gu Haula. Do dhionich Shir Thomas die an aglach, an
so Trakidair aig? Dubhairt an Toglach, er mo mhaide do Shia, a
Tigherna, nach so; ach gu mbe so mharth an Trakidair do Dhean.
adhe se fein. Cionnas, as a Shir Thomas do Ter, a Tigherna, nuair
a bhios a da tinte a Stead, gu mbe facht a titheid a bhaine.
Agus nach glan a thairte 2 sin, a Dhuinne? Ach huz Lupaie
Buarighe er sho.

I Tri-Shapparia a Sgiobane Dane
Tri La Feine

Thuridhe Tu Muir mothe fod Mhasithe
Lios mad Leomithe.

Nuair a dhosgil an Foulhe sinli
Bha er do Ghulithe -

12 Drop titheidhe Taom na 'n Cella
Lios mad d'ghlunithe -

Chruinnich Naire is Braster mothe
Le aane bharidhe

Ghristidhe re farum do Homidhe
Mor an Naire -

Ach ga bu mhor an Naire sin, agus ga bu mhor an
Naire I, bu mho Naire do near xneagh - Phosde leig fadail do mhaori
na Bainski an na Sheomar le fein; 13 chruaidhe 2 fein Luide do
Sheomair eille; agus Ise, an leanban boith dibnich er seolh Nasal
alin le f'rothas le fagal ma ndanig an datte. Ach ga be barte
lean sin, bha be barte lean gu huite ach mar a dherich dan Duinne
Nasal so d'itth a nichd an Fincar Chaudi, mas a momiter na Inp-
poster alin, a thurt bog bla a Trompan na mna Uash; 14 Ispas.
Derah malle vis - Agus mar tharta don Bhanthigherna; 15 Den Nasal
er titheid da Tairin - Do dherich do Tri-Shapparia dan mhuir-masail
gun dag Brime I. Thurt Clap'is Tost'is Table er gach reach so bha
a Tighe gu gu thairis a leigide er sho. Dherich a Shon Tigherna
er chuire I lean a mach er Feinnag, gu Sheanhas Conallidhe a beth
aist a muintir an Tighe; agus, nuair a baile le ghra, Co chunnaig
nabhe da bu mho Gaath na na Lan an Diade, se duird I le f'itth
ard, Co chunnaig nabhe da bu mho Brime na da an Duighe. Ach
bu mheasa na sin, a Ter a mhorbhe a bharthar. Ach huz Suppaine
barnidhe Buaridhe er sho.

Le bharthar

6 Muinte me alister gu Heolach.

gun saol a Halach

Saol sibhe nach cuir sin mak a Tualach
Ha saer Airdach?

Broche gach Der gu cuir na g Gleitach

Tendh a Bhata

13 Delectatibh Leaba na Tuinne,

ans gach Aite -

Tam Torun mhore so a chluine sibhe

19 Inse Dhuibsa

Gu bhail Tras Halach ga or Muinsi

Muggibh Ansidh -

14 Saol sibhe a fohin a Bhuccaid

gu cuir aiste

Broche I gceit Naire Sun San Luacht

Tibh Calchi -

15 Mhuintir a chual Saecan

Bha sa Bhucan

Haolte leo gar I Coir a Bhreachtan

Bha sa n Tlocan

Abhail mar bhios Tuaine na Tuinne

Be Traighte Hainnefa

Mud mar chluine Rod na Duinnich

Troche do Mhinnich

San agaid fein ata Teddan,

a Bha doithnich

Mac Samhuile do mhine Muinte

Chaidhe ro Chaoi Re -

Bha Buily shedi na do Mhaidil -

Bhri na Seiridh -

16 Thrae U na siula gheale Dhonach

Le do Samhuiche

Bu ro Mhath Donnadhe do Bhriuni

Ma do Mhaththe

Mhil u na Heenan gu Sgribhadhe

Bi Chuishe Naire I.

17 Hoppaire on Dhas I na B - le ort

Ile do ghealle ort

Tagamsa Gallone na m gaulle ort

Ile na Du Hmle ort

Bu nearach Baille or a Dhinnid

am bi Garlach

Dhagadhe I Sander de Aolich

Ans gach Aite -

Thug U Mhathar Bhuid a Bhrame

Inn ga Arinn

Bha

Isa sgeul' n' i' mhaide, gu' donne
leat gu' Baille'.

Ar do Thuras do Lach-fine

Taome na Tnaidhe

Dhugair n' Sgaddan na Caoltin

Chum na Tnanti-

Dialtamsa b'hi fod a Chumrin

nam na Biumghill

Dhag a Tu Tanam le Tuimnich

Ghealtair Bhreamnich-

Ach ga bu Bhreimsach na Beoghin na Gaille sin fos,
Cha bu ghearan na mbu Bhreim Tirrim b'hi an na Shin; ach
an Galloir n' an goir' iad an Du-Bhreamnich; mar gha Tois na
Toir, dhenich da na Creptin ro, nuaie a Lem Stru' is Gaothe ^{an} na
Aighi, a cheille er is nach ra Eg ach Toiridhe gill a Ghodan
fo na Hordidhe gus na Balgabhe

Mar Thraide Bdan-Bisgach mar Dhenich,

Dhuit's, mar Tharlodhe

10 Breun er Comin is er Baille,

10 f'or mo sgeulsa-

Na bi Breunach an Tighe' mor - is na bi saorich er Len Er -

10 Na Abir gun Duilt' n' Toir - is na ob is na r'ar Honaire -

2 Na bnaite Dorn er Turbi Tir, is na dair Balgum dian a Gaille -
Nuaie chi n' nealtuine gheur ghlanne, saltair gu saithe seach a Tui -

3 Na bi romhore is na bi beg - is an co-ole na cost do chuide -
a d'ough Indili na trog Droi; is na ob mes a Egin Duit -

4 Neannach ort is na Tum a Keerg - is na Dean Cealg er Duine boch

is na bi Dein gad ro n' Di, air se Dhia b'hi n' Dhuit -

5 Comhairle Chomartin Thaille, na Derig n' Sparin dhe do Dheoin -

6 is b'heir me Comhairle eille ort fahid - is da ni bon idor is Taire -

Gad Dhebbi Tu ni an Dombin, na comperthet i' rid Reire -

marbhuinne do S' Tazart Strath-ghlaish -

Dhais da b'hi fod a gu Tinkie -

Gach Te er na bhuaile i' t' Hone

Sillidhe na n' Deore fos a Chine -

Sagart or an Kerighe Griane

Dhuchidhe B'adhe, is Dhuadhe Ben

Nuaie Dheanadhe i' Tushid gheur

10 An da fein bu leir a Chromie.

a Bhraithair ata dol gu Tighe De -

Taz a heithe a b'hi a Deart

10 Is ghradhe na n' d'psdole is na Naombe

Buin a m' - n' Caole so leat -

fra mo chris Sagart m' troost

Dhais b'heir i' blusk a b' n' fuaie - King Balroddery & The

The Joy of my Heart the Forest in Jack Boots!
O! 'tis the wood strike fire out of cold
2's I gra mo Chri's Ingean an Deane
ghlae si B or lie na Hearti
The Priest of the Parish has got a fine Daughter
O she has a black Thing 'twill make your Teeth water
The Priest of the Parish has sworn by his Bible
He'd f- his own Daughter before he'd be idle
That Peggy's my Fanny - Judy nor Nancy
Neer shall trapen me, neer shall trapen me
and for her bright Beauty tho' it be sooty
It quite does unner me, quite does unner me
with my ante kindly, lad in in
To buy you fine Clo'se my self I'll expose,
to get you a Bargain, to get you a Bargain -
at St Mary's, my Dear, I'll ravish you dear,
and then sing wit the Organ, then sing with the organ.
The finest of meals my Peggy shall eat -
Large oysters and Salmon, large oysters and Salmon
If you do not comply with me for to lie
I'll leap in to the Shannon, leap in to the Shannon -
Anah! my Ingy - I was a Booby
when I did leave you, when I did leave you
And if I don't love, as well as the Honey
The Devil may take me, Devil may take me with my
mille murther or a whiske
Dag I mi fo Dhrup gu brath
Dhrup shure I Dhrup si's
me f'm is trial mae Dhoil Dhoine
Dhoine mid na Munnen morhe
hach blamid Deare gu brath
Ach nnaie chluinnamid fueme na Stope
Leannadhe or for ris an Lerke.

Cu le Dhrup Daulhe Dhrup si
1's mi an Dhrup aig fagail na Fir, siul na Fir or a le Dhrup
Le Dhrup gu aigil nam Dhrup - Can mo Dhrup fo na Dhrup
2's mi aig Dhrup na Dhrup Dhrup - f'ian gho Dhrup na Dhrup
Tam am bi Dhrup Dhrup na Dhrup, me Dhrup Dhrup se dol san Dhrup
3 f'ian gu Dhrup an Dhrup, for an Fir na Dhrup a Dhrup -
Tar a m bi Dhrup na Dhrup, Dhrup na Dhrup gu Dhrup
4 Dhrup gu Dhrup gu Dhrup, Dhrup the Dhrup na Dhrup
Dhrup aon Dhrup a m me Dhrup, f'ian mo Dhrup fo Dhrup
5 Dhrup mis a Dhrup Dhrup, tar me nam Dhrup na Dhrup
me ta f'ian na Dhrup na Dhrup, Dhrup an Dhrup Dhrup
6 hails hat mis Dhrup Dhrup, Dhrup Dhrup an Dhrup or Dhrup
Gu spais aig Dhrup na Dhrup, an Dhrup Dhrup na Dhrup, f'ian

- 7 Mo fhorach, mo thurc, mo thnadh, so mair, go dhur dho hise
 8 Nam baidhe tu fein so thone, gur doran sud er mintin,
 gur euid do d'abbas mo desgeule, nach faod mi seasmhe vi sin dhuit -
 119 Beannughe dhuit agus bnaidhe Larich, anis gach arth in dean u seasmhe
 a chein do phuirt bhlait Dhanach so ghnán a cronadhre fescur,
 10 Le sud cote is bunne thnadh, aualas fo lin bre fo i Donnmuill
 a Graham bhios a nam cluasar, a faine bheg Tahan do mheorib
 11 Fa euid do mhaiththe na Kenn, re tithin go d' Melen le Hellaime
 ma theine Mucan Daulhe Dhanche Taitte bha me fo, so Chadai mair
 12 is gnenach Turzin fein a thone, gun madhe re Learna god bhaile
 Lihud meach ga'm boich do mholadh, do thnadh thorach ladhach mheach
 13 Do ghibe, do thoran, do mthileach, do las a thone gur Leachnach
 Lubach, buigach daithe Diamhir, gur fargach do thuille, is gur fearach -
 14 Do Dhed mer uile Dhrach a thannich, thuir do mthilech cha thrennich.
 Tar am bi na Leidhe gu torrach, gende foramach ma thirich -
 15 Gu Cronnach brennich bmaachach, boghalich ceannrach bmanich
 Grad ghergic er Gapar cruachich -
 16 Gormanach Tolmanach aluine, Leachach Tobach, Dopach Crayachach
 Traordach, gaorach, breich, aig Duman na Helid go namhde -
 17 Simreagach Leabthach Duilach, Milachach gormalach Glenach
 Tarim bi Choe niabach niasach Luidach, for umbeti thudach gun cheannach
 18 Gormanach Tolmanach aluine, Leachach Tobach, Dopach Crayachach
 19 Nam no ghriene Dol er a Glairin, gaste glectach rebach fuilach
 Brnach thnachich, niachach fuilach, sealgach morthach, tarquich gualach -
 19 To nam a bhi leardhe gad Peili, tinteach, Anteach, Cealach Cerach -
 Tronach, Hopach, cornach, Lendach, Ordol, colach olar cetach -
 20 Ach sid mo thurach dhuit a thone, o ha mo thuille re dol Karnich,
 is gun one ach Tuisteach so mthonnadh, is mthuch dho tral ho na bhaillich -
 14 Gu honnach gneagach meelach, lonnach lusanich iornach -
 15 Bonach do ghorm Luanach ishalli, gun mthadh na Tarrin ach fuirach -

Ach a dhoile maide ghaolich, - Morin oho, iri tu - Ma mo ghaol do no
 Terithe - Iri ri ri ri o bhi, horro - iri horin, horo vo ho - iri h. somi gu na -
 bha an gaoles - In ghaol a bhi mairit - stnadh nach faicin do bhoite -
 11 Tuile aid re thannithe, fargach du fein er a thone an dub ho a chubul
 thannich, - Is du gun ingadhe Isavaitte, gu Badhe na go talhe, tral
 gu Ksinich Mucach - Aer an marte an Dandhe Ceannach - Ach na
 Degedhe Tu failmse orm, Naili. Dhanighin fein Tanail - Er tholadh
 na in Mulin - Beuli is Curde na in Cannel - Gur a minnig a bha mi,
 is tu er liri a thernich - Bhrodhe mo lamhe fad chean gellach - Is re
 thaothe mar an Cannich -
 Thunnig me, Thunnig me - Iri ishalli ho - ghealach ag Iri, hiri ri oho
 20 - Iri horro o elidhe - Is bade do Ksinich - gu foin nalia, sgiobe
 er na thannich is iad gabail le stulle - Murchadh is Claster, is mo
 thaird a fein an -
 Dhonghe

Shreighe mis a mach la Donch - Ho gun hom bo, is ghane mie sios
se tha' no montach - Di ri ri hurivie, shal chake o, so ho iri hurivie
shale I hoguri hom bo - Kaniz mo leannan nam Chokale. 'ny & gu
Sean er tha dhorne om - is ghurinj & se beartabha gorach - Cha
vaniz n' mairie bu shore - beagan beg mna d'ine mi 'm Poffidhe,
n' mae a Bhodughan bhronich - nach dag cior na stime na
drog sho, sha dag a'm bruid se bu shore - Shie a hithi so'n
Charmen sqiatach, gu bronedhe dhuit tin ga 'm iarridhe, gun chrodhe
Laai, gun ahin shadhadhe, + is o Elen more na nearde Feidhech
is o Chean Lach od Phil o Shuan -

Phi mi Dunardhe Kalod, is I gun Erros gun Eoil Iriri ri hu
o Chale o. e.o. ho - Agus Taulke na in Brathrin, se gun haid er
ach spreidhe an Iriri ri huo so - Iriri ri du oro - Naile! a chun
miz mis Naie bhoadhe Daoine Nash mad Melken - Meachadhe Cuid
na Bhein Kealy dhin - Cuid a marbhadhe an Neig dhin - Go
Lunga na in feste, far mhu thrie leo phi lemmich, is go
Lunga na in Brathrin, sa mo ghraiche ha mi gergen - is Cha
in Threack so Shintale, ha mi dreste ga iargen - Ach
Tronadhe onor mather phi na laidhe gun Eridhe

Ka mis a Tom Tormach, cho Kolor na Koidhe - I o I Chellum
Tot is a shuil dhui, ni in Brach a dhine
Li do shunadhe le ghan Bhachadhe tinte bho, shal na Trichadhe
is Marthe hig Donnade le Tavor, er chul fannik na in mhan
is gur a marth hig dhuit Treus, is cha phi fahil gu bonadhe dhe
o phi gu deanadhe Dia fona le claudomhuil na geur lankhe
Luchd na in Botinin Eur, Chuan sul for Koidin -

is na Mashadin Du ghorm hogadhe smuide er feadhe Shuibhe
Hug sibhe muonnan na Shibli, se dol sios gu Shra' Ern
Kach rachadhe floithe na Dhubli, gus le Conindi Phi Charles

Justi a mis ha gu Tenke - Chaile o hi huri vo, so ho i horio o,
Thaul ordi hurivie, is hom leam beuine mo chione, ma in a shale
Duine, so is tuc er a Satine - Phi na mbealachhe me an hakin
sho shaine me o Sean - mar heib mo chion Tachad - Is sealgair na
hakin, ga hian is ga fahin, is ga turna le dehaid, se do duardhe in
sparadhe, se Indor sho dhaidhe - Phi na mhealla mi in mheine, so
deannich mi inde, mar heille mo chean fein, er sealgair a madhe
so Shie er o leise, le mox cast gear, is Fran ghusht na dheidhe

mar bhi an Tohle, do phi cotin marthe mae o dhruine
Phi Nochnig, phi Droque, phi fro beg Tea aig a Chloane
mas heid no mnaidhe by so heile an Tuhiste nam Cheene
mar bonni sho leo, er dough in in bonni shad leum
o chustia ons phi, gor clent an Gallon an Gradhe
gur meang er am bi se duns is seahome is ha
gun Shins a mo chrodhe, is gun cloi se Dorisin ons Shaine
Ne adomare nad phi so, Naile a Shroch ghile Shaine

A Crown, my Dear, is a Trifle, come seek this Purse of Gold
It shall be yours, if you consent - 'Good Sir, then I'll be bold -
with my Fall - &c.

5 Then they two together did revel & roll
Unhappily the poor Jew had lost all his Gold -

O! the poor Jew, & the broken Jew
And there is no more Miss Katie for you
Now I have lost all my Store

Fall in ala fulahio
You slight me because I am poor
Fall in ala &c.

Be not so peevish O my Dear -
Soon your Bride may have a Fall
Madam's in Bridewell I'm told
Madam's in Bridewell, mulling Doll.

6 It was not long after she turned off the Jew
When she found to her Cost that his Words were too true
For now she's confound in that knuckle Place
And there she laments her unfortunate Case
Derry down &c.

7 And when she came before my Lord Mayor
She appeared with a Damned Deal of Impudence there
Fall in &c.

8 And when she came to the hempen Block
She off with her Duds & she milled in her Smock
Fall

9 And when she found the Hemp to be stiff -
Fall
She off with her Smock, & she milled in her Buff -
For rem

10 Meary so dearbas a Duinne, da so Chruinne na Croisdach -

2 Na til barlaid a Canaid, gun hi mo Bharrail - so dil orm

3 Pan an bhríocht o' Bhearrail, so dhúille Allen - thair síl do -

4's Sic a chuire u mi n' Conas, so gláde Dorruis - gun Diasgar

5 Do c a hui or bhraíthe Bacht, is or. Gonnagechin - Buvach

6 Leat bu sham co dhúin sí, I bhe Briste, - na Diolane

7's Bha me leat an so Flachtu - gabhal faon - na Tríthíche

8, Naile a hínle mi thub leat - Bannna Dúarich - is Gle -

9 Er do phillíche fíin dhacht, kily u Stáile o' Glen Lóin

10 Leis a Ghunna nach dúillethe so hógadhe smúide - er scáthe Tríthíche

11 Bhe do Ghúiníom bhríocht - u tuí fo' Bholar - no dhíne -

1 Linne a Stóipí gun Curamach - cláimí gun Suintíche I.

Deoch Slainte a Naillén bhándacht - so dhúille dhúit gun nerceh

Katin fíne - I.

- 2 Is 'sinne maidin mhacasach, ga ma gairidig a beras laid
 - 3 Ha cuid sa 'straine sa hollainde dhin, 's ha moran ^{'n innerbois} ~~sa hollainde~~ dhin
 - 4 Ha cuid 's a spairne 's headailte dhin, cuid eille a peulen, dheyrin dhin
 - 5 Ha mally nithintoshich dhin, er manline cha bu bdochich I
 - 6 Ha suibin bong silleach ead - dhin fad phisheil se
- Mas aluim an t-tesha I, da fios aig mhadhe nam greine br

1 an deie phi tollthe na h-oiridhe dhine -
 Go tige more gu solus gu siase an
 Cha nahimid Orios na carthe -

Er Rosadhe Duine Sean Bhaine
 2 Mnaire innellidhe na h-nasli an
 Cha nithidhe iad Beadhe le Hariches
 Man dany madon di Luane bre
 Gho iey iad Tuerage er an talhe

3 Dhe Lusz Beadhe is bleine aguire
 's dhe Beadhe ga chuire er dhordhe an
 Bha n-tim se lan do Romine an

Er Rosadhe Duine Sean Bhaine
 4 Minisler buidhe cho Baskine
 's gearrag I leume na Taodig I.
 "Cheast annuone Cuntast, a Whible
 Gho hrig I Bualt Burke san a.

Mo shilleadh
 An ceannadhe iad na Cochairin
 Cha mair sin fios na h-oidlag mhadhe
 Er Rosadhe Duine Sean Bhaine

Ja Calin m'bhaksh er mhure le madhbher -
 Thiri a n' guez 's da sgappu le Gailthe
 Ni h-ailt Leo Spalpeen do Thirithe na Tnaithe
 Ach Luidhe srad snes le Sordori n' Bhri - Lean du d'leas
 le dhage er mhiri mi chaithe de.

Will go to that me Cormick - where within a glen
 He gave a hump & a Thrust de.

Ha Leandoran er o Naker de.
 O's fad a Naine, Anne - O horino shi mo Leannen de.
 O mo Leannen, he mo Leannen, O mo Leannen a Ter We
 Co chule a Piere, cho i kouni clidhe o irri, huriu chidhe cho I.
 's Bin leam 's bin leam oho ho - Prohin a do rohombo -
 Rehn dig i du oho ho - Leach a bhacaille oho I
 Mnaire hied mae mo oho - Ni fol pinse oho Baidhe o hi
 San ormsa Tu airi na Duah - O hi hurirovi, ohoiri o, kouni oho.
 Cha d'irish me, nahile ni haithe - or o do - frouthach nig - hoo o ho
 Argandech tonahan na Cleidhe - Ilo, hoga - aho chidhe, ho i hoo, ho u chidhe
 Ghille

1 Ghille Chillum mhuir Dhoil, bha mi colach ma Tapon —
Bun du Page an Duin-nasil, nam gluesid er bator
Lid do Bhreacan an Keridhe, 's nes Buidh do Phersa —
's de do Phoin breac Ballach, 's cha bu Ghreimnair Treachd u
Ran gheal o —

2 Naile, a Phannie mis Naire u, 's In Tuatha na da Lesgaich
Bhu maithe sinla do ghrunach dol suas Thaid a Phaitet
Mhuir! 's mme subtil Gaeagair, bhu mhuir sin cuir beachd ort —
's bheirde dhuir Guineas na mbrach leat a Ghlaic —

3 Ach na fahin duit Leannan, cho alloil so baille team —
Cha bhigin Rog dhuir, bho Sheonaid Mhuir Dalhi
Beuch Shinnich, si guannach, 's nes Masal ata I —

's er mo mhuirnean Da virithe, gur a fir ghrunach gun Naire I —
4 Er Lathin Tealidhe, mhuir d'uid u na Chlachan

Breidhe do ghrunach er a Shinnich an a Miondaran (leachd)
Breidhe na Moyagan alaine, gad Tairne or Mashabhe?

's iad an gealhe er do Phosidhe le ordan a Phersanne —

5 Mhuir bhi, moran se bhoirne, go teothne mhuir Leannan —
Dean Teodhe na n'laore orke, 's na bhoirne iad ach annithe —

Ha bhuir agh Thomas na fite do Cheannach —
Ach le ordan na Cleiridhe se d'ebhir leat Penney —

Lachdri Ghille Chillum mhuir Domhnuil, gu bealach Leavonte —
Innam dhuir an d'raite, le Phavtin Beartach —

Le phavtin Beartach, 's Armin gaste u, leidir bhas u — Nam Colg
Don Mhuir, 's garthe 's sinne u, 's Bulley 's Fir u. 's Er mhuirnean

a b'hibe, cha ghabasa Guineas, 's bhi cote fir mhuirnean os da —
leam uir, bho ghunach, 's a Fersin bhi sinne — Chuidhe In Naire

had Cheantort, mack er Armaill, d'heanach b'gaine, mas ite na
Gharbguineach — 's folthe na Mionnich, gun Chris u na Donach,

anach b'ordon, Cleir Fir deorsi — Er Lath mhuir a Phavtin
Kalech, be mair do Dhalach, gu Stob a Phavti, a Phannone

Cracil — san chuir u fios a b'haiche h'ag, 's seug do d'huirnean
's cha shemil calchavonte, er nis or Indas, ma leid u mhuirnean,

gu fite do d'huir a Phavtin ga d'heanach, mack a
Dhuir, le mack an d'leigil — H'ag u chur an Cosamlas,

Duir Ostarig agus Linnigari, b'his u er a ghairidhe, 's gu
d'haig u 's na d'huirnean — 's gad a d'huirnean rad gu fite u cha

bu d'huir leat a f'egradhe — san h'ag u or d'huirnean, 's cha
bu mhuir or cad 's b'eggan — 's gad leagadhe or Cathine, le Pa

huir na d'huirnean, be mair do Dhalach gu a b'haiche le d'leigil —
ba chuid gheid d'heanach, bhi Fahir Kulture, se lathin 's d'leidin

a d'huir do d'leat — Phoin d'huir, 's d'leidin d'huirnean, 's
d'huirnean d'huir do d'heanach na d'heanach — bu chuid deid

d'huirnean, bhi id d'leidin er d'huirnean, cuir b'haiche d'huirnean, se (na
mhuirnean

mhen bualte hi u Alastin bruite, cheir Tuile 'is iudheas na Reach
an Duite. 'is gad cheir u mbas daibhe, le heart do Alastin, be mai
do Dhalik, bhi Doublet Parte - 'is cha neille in tuse bhir-
uich, na ni dhuil Gille, go leise thurum, le lus mothe Tir
sin agithe dardri ghille chalam mhu dhoile, a' n'hoim, so forain, 'so
Toliane

Beannughadh naoidhe 1734.

Gu nbeannughadh Dia in Tarmu meayrach Euan Og - Kanig Dhachidhe
as a leimse, dhiois a chorach - Shir Allister Mac Shir Thomas,
glac na Rosaile - Kanig mis er choish Chem adum sgappadhe
in Toilis - Er lare na n'glestar gear Tappadhe Teorach, Mac Thom-
muid le Aitrim ghlente Chasgi Doim, leis an deydhe Teachd a Hovin,
Creachi Cradrig - Tur ghlente na in b'actach f'inchach ghlente Mór-
badhe, glac in badhe Lannin glac gear gerte gorme, aig na las-
ach in omadhaile Eri is b'isach Toltke

Dheridhe Tu id na'm badhe tem ort, for do choish Mac Mhuir-
allen na Reach Connach leat gad Chomidhe, Mac Mhuir Allister na n
gear claune leat a Shnodart, in mhuir dhuil in mhuir Cain -
in cheangal Corach in mhuir Manil Pho na sheppuch, glac na
Rosaile, Teiphe na Leig badhe mas for do Tordun, Teiphe
na d'ubhe Leadhe is leat Ter mór leis, id a nathin fo
Aone Inathneas, 'is badhe Chlan Domhail

Shid do Lomay, 'is do Leomhain beidich, 'is Cam do Chorach
do Lamhe Dhearg 'is do Shradan gle gheal a sheabhe Dona -
Shat tre a nathin is leat gheach Eolus, Buaine Deas, do leat
na Corach leathe Corach

in Di do Sheatha, mhuir a mhuir Don Tire d'Leitha, adherich dhuil
mar rug er Dam Me Mache Eri, char neille glach na
Beille more for chae do sgeidhe, nach di chae asfhi, 'is
Torneart as a sheille ort - Deansa in b'actach d'ainoil Dami
Armin ghlente, Cur do Sgia er Dhalic more an Tose do
Cheille, 'is bog do Bhadiail and, a Lamhe na Taidhe, 'is Inuist
gur Me Thommuid Thoiri b'og na gear Lannhe

Gu m Beannughadh Dia Me Thommuid na in ghar - Duran
gur gharaghe, Ter Tunnast Taidhe, is prisorit o' Mhuirne,
'is is pryorhal Inuadhe - se gur lus og masach, treun con-
bhualfadh in leat Clin masach, Teat mór mhuirach, in Ceile
lobidich, a Shearadhe b'muineach, na in follin Caroit - Inuist
Lenghasgach - 'is na fadhle n'fadhle - Do chunnach d' domhail,

Tine mhuiradhe, inuist b'muineach, leis a b'angh na n'Dragon
Lannhe, 'is na Reach Tannach, Cannard speosail, Teatuch

Strandhail - Teat leat Shir Allister b'og mar in chubh, gur
in beannughadh in na gear u fein 'is do Bhadiach

Teat gur Tarmu, le dan b'actach gheir in remhach - Leat gur
Thairg, an Dore n'ach gullfir, Tonne Leatir, Leat gheiste na g'uaidhe
D'ubhe, 'is na glac b'actach

n Chali sibh hightir a Nammir so cheg Coule
 Bhannidhe Hanle an a Creag Duallaig re line mhié Coule
 Bha Diuin is Satine da Dhera bha in deighe Louhie
 Bha fad eg Tarchair as Tarrnaig fo Chaid Ghouré
 Bha Mlar inte Ghins Bättie er dhroch s' naive
 Dhag sid as na bha fo Halé di inmadhe Gave
 Bha na bha gu hard dhe Bha, Carachach bhannis inich —
 Dhalethe er heart Tabil na Laighe Deanabhe Dirighe
 Bha Beul is Seasgine is Scinte do dhroch s' Kelié —

Er a Charadhe mas a Dhas gu Cadir Melich
 Bhan Mangan inte dhe Drumman, a Fighé Blosci
 Dhag sid I gu hanvain Diunman er cheg Cosnie —

Ach i sinne Lurich Hlebh bhir,
 Bheg Galléin Ghomie Lochalsh —
 Chuidhe ga Tosadhe is ga Calchadhe
 Man do chosin I Dearr Shais —

Fill Seornan nach laigh re Troish
 Balg Brannach nach laigh re gneimhe

Torach le Trubh na Fairge
 Droch Bholadhe bha coit' naive —

Se Shiochd er an Fushlir Mosag —
 Shir bhirich a Seodan Chraigh
 me deirich, Carraime is Portaine

is Tavagin nach Cosin Buaidhe
 Ha tri Leapinin agi in Tuime
 Na do Bhrime an Taobh a Stighe
 Iron nach Cam Craune na Ati —

Dhaineone Ladrach a'n Stidhe?
 is Inne Givraie is Tonk Predan ha nad Chraune
 Scol Du er a sinne Caradhe is e Craune —

n Chala sibh aughtir an Bhat, n da Dhabe i a Port Bre
 Le Larnesh Innis mhié Nammil, beridhe each gu na mhore a Driak —
 Triala a mach gu Heire a Bhill, harig Rimigle as an Teol
 Tha so Craune na Bieart na Daach nach do Dhaom i mach er Bord —
 Hug i Tuinidhe er a Shias, haone a Biadhe hilg i Shiure

an Droch Naive Dhouie i n da Haighe Ghurmen, bha gu Cadir Dilis Ura —
 Hug i Tuinidhe er dhord Inneidhe an taobh Elle —

is Dhouie i sin a Chudin Bhanin a bha na Doridhe
 Each Chiathe is each Carlidhe is each Baly, na long a mamhe as an Tuime
 Er Laimhe Dhuil agus Shading, cha so'n Tchidhe bha sid grine
 Bha Coule in sin lan do Sprack, tral mach go Sheri a Chaid —

is Mathur Bocho —

Ach mar a bha Fortune an a Dane di, fo harig ach a ghaath Ina
 Muind Coule ri Atter gu Danidhe, suithhe san Ach gu Luatthe
 Lurg iad Maider fedhe a Loch is Dheirne na Dhamnone
 Bha Chladu bhaine I Port, a Roba'n Driakir —

Le miasin bhar ga searadhe's ga glanidhe
choharadhe gu bhuil mo sgenl' Contath, heym farash gu bu Vannar
O's Ehir i nach Dean Cosnadhe's nach coslin Farnidhe
ma fase i uille na mosgan's coise a gearradhe
Mas atte Munar's Laghan goite inle, shachd bho Corp i
s Hngivi do Dhaomthe Boche, go faridhe Cnacdhhe dhi

Dimholadhe a haidhe so, le Dubhil me pherson
Cum a chola' in Dreine n tabh, gos na chaine n Chuli Chille
Gos na Dhinisk n fos airde, mar a hanig i na Blishe
na Blishe hanig or Tuine, a chil sunso chinish madhe
Le Bodich hanig or Luing, le Ganth a Lochlin vo Hnathe
Amir rinadhe gu Tiare, an na Lochlin do bhare Chraobhe
Channich Angmore i le Lan, Douk Davit Dhaithidhe a Tassg
Chreid E'n Tampir le cuid Mable, Cid Graine or a Bhodach mhaole
a Tiunoil cha so nabhe or Salte, dhinil Baite an taobh so Chill
Cha so Bir dhi madhe a Bearhe, cha nfer Mhirdi lamhe a Priane
Ach Livir an Dhuish Bhaine faradhe a ~~phar~~ an sa choile
Bu dona a haidhe Talhe, is cha baire a haidhe in Inaghe
Bha bhuile or bhir a Lamhe, cha baire i na'n Tampir Tuairle
Maire leag E crandil or Hocht, cha do hiale E ceast ri Drume
Bha Car canm'n Tounke gun Dreach, far a lig i steachd an Tuine
Lebidag nach marbhe an Tiasg i, a cuire Tamin inte le Hord
Go teididhe bho'n ghaithhe Mire, ghalle i iasad bho na Heoine
Hug i bho'n ghaithbhuich a Goicid, ghoid i Chroite a bheir an Icarbhe
Hug i bho'n Chocann Loch a Icarist, is bho'n Dairden a Dreach is Dealbhe
Ach silu nach i bha na Hanich, ga bu lag an Dichen Douke
The ghairdnen a bha na Baich, is chuid asrachin na Coum
Tennal crnagh a Durler Chnig, le gearth Bhonrig
Gualè lome nach buning In, bheir Tuine fo
Mhiga madhe a scolltas Gnare, nach hianir gu Deanathe Inle
Scornan Chnig far far nach do regaire nàthe a Shure
is I gu le-lumrach, gaun-Tuich, liun tuich, gear-dhruinnach, gaun-Bdom
nach, gaun-leolach

Na Chardich Calmer a Naighe, gu la bhrath le Mith a Luanhe
n Teabhe dug an Dulag an Naive, gishu ghu a bhrath a Muire
Le Maistir Henstone ceadra do D'bones Du Mac in Deon
Ta Rusg Terribh na Pùne Corpa, me in Deon Dhoger Gonn
Cha bhi Caldoch na Ca gun Chille, far fuaire Mra Bhruinen Ben
A mering Cear a heid or do ghairden, bhuil Tuile Preden Can do Chharithe
Na Beul a bheir Dug da Mesag, gu nou is Breanna na in Cnacdhhe
Ha Vernish na in Tiddan Caskh, or chomish le Cackh is le Doulhe
Thersimin isi nad Ahluith, agid la suile dnuich a Moule
a Seume a bheir Terribhe an Tachthe, chuir Cnacdhhe Deone os a' Chuir
Co bhuie a hanig an Tole, ach on Bhunich, on Bhroch is on Chu

By my dear me lead, on an old horse from the sweet of Roag.
Gur Brachach the a slean tiche dhindhe fast an dag u do shru coine.
Sgeul shiol formoid hoine dhine, eidi sin a shune rid ghloine
S'gaire fo hanig mi na'r sgeul, na n'ingid du fein mo dhane.
The hune Ruarie anone mhuilead, blami Tarnin Lorne's ghraine
Kha mi Tamul aig a mhae v mi v Tamachan dhae an Dhuine
Gos na Roag a dharmhain airm, fahne go shervesh a shruine
Chuire iad fios go Donnail Cane, va anna Roag, is I na mhaore
Chuire I must a deo a mach, is hug me m'baggaist a na chaole
The me Ruian an sa Ruare, se gun dhachil the shiob
Kug this Tormud mishe a dha, s, gun a dhaue me leish nam sguob
Cha mi s'flapine ghian Tohm, is dhik me col dach an na dleor
The death laid er mo dhunm ach cas, thian dhain mhoire
This Ruare dhaue me Thaid dan cheol's shuin me meolas er gach Ti
Dealach mi ma Ruarie Dankeas va mi Tichd a faint ri mhaoi
Dha mia Tesh a dol ma chnait, a measg hashtle chlamme & Dwyne
Hanig me rithise er meolas, a dheidach se Cole dhuine Ruare
Gom bealach mi ma me phetush, dha pro clarsich na n'end Bihne
Mar sin is Maolmarie o Dornan, shuivid le fonthu-hone na fionna
Shin Ruare a dharmhain me do dhukil, fo fer finl the n'faine a bieshe
Kug I hurnin do the Roag, go docheal chuir le dhaue
Mhine a cha mi m'herahan ag, bealach me ma Toim is a dhaue
Dha mi meach Tashra aig a mhae, Ruare ghlaashe leis Ruine dhaile
Ruare dhaue I ma Gilliarach, va anna Lindale na b'haue
m'behonnis a nae me Ruare, b'haue I na m' Ruine gu brathe

Some account wrote by a Schoolmr of Done or St. Columbkille
The first of the Scotch Kings was buried here in 504. The Burial
Place of the Kings is now flat with the adjacent ground. The conti-
nued burying here for 800 Years. In this Famous Place are interred also
the Chiefs of the Clon-gilleen-via - the deans of Down, Lockbury, Coll
Brooks Forbes &c, with their armour, coats of mail, Headpieces, Two
handed Swords &c. at full length drawn to the life, by the famous
Doctor Beaton. An Inscription under the coat of arms of the Mc-
Leans is this - "Behold He falls by the Dart of iniquitous
Death, who often relieved others from their Complaints - Glory to God alone
The stately Chapel of St. Bran, erected by St. Columbus, within it is
buried the Chief of the Mc Shinnors, with a most curious Tomb. Also
the great Mc Donal de Isla, King of the western Island. It is related
that 900 Cows were eaten at his Burial, and that three Marshes in
Down were expended likewise on the Funeral. Mc Donal of
the Glens, Mc Duarrie of Ulva, and Paul Spurrin, or the Purple-beer,
son of Lochow, was the only Campbell buried here. Near this famous
monument is the grand Church of excellent Workmanship; thought to be
the most curious Structure in the British Dominions. Within this
Church are the Tombs of St. Martin, St. John and St. Peter. At the Entry
is

is a Drawwell called Deirich an Dairiche. It served the whole Inhab-
lents with Water, which was conveyed by leaden Pipes to the Temple
of the Virgin Mary, at a good Distance. The Hall or Place of Entry
to the West of the Building is of curious Workmanship. On the
right Hand stands the Archangel with a Scales or Balance, weigh-
ing the Souls of men; and the Devil before him to catch if any
are found too light. Opposite to the Angel is the Sin of In-
gratitude, represented by a Thief who stole a Cow from his
Moor; the Cow at full Length, one holding her by the Head
another by the Tail, and a third about smothering her down.
The woman with uplifted Hands and open Mouth, wishing them
a due Reward. On the left Hand are our first Parents, one on
each side of the Tree on which the Serpent is twisted, with
her Mouth open to the woman's Side, close to her Ear. They
stand here to contemplate. Within the holy Place is the Place
which apprehended our Saviour; Peter with the Sword to Malchus.
Our first Parents also here in their State of Innocence, with
their Hands across to conceal their Nakedness. There is a most
curious Tomb of the Abbot Mc Shinnon, supported by four Lions,
with this Inscription—Here lies John Mc Shinnon, late Abbot
the 2. who died in the Year of our Lord 1500—may the most
High God have Mercy on his Soul. Amen. Here was the
first College erected in Scotland; and the first Ministers who preach-
ed the Gospel in the South of Scotland and in the North of
England were taught here. The Nunnery stands on the South
of the Village, with many curious Tombs; especially a Daughter
of the Laine of Lockhart, then Lady Abbess. She lies with her
Head to the West, with the Moon above her Head; as also a silver
Coffin. Fronting her, with her Head to the East, lies the Virgin Mary,
and her Babe to her Breast, with the Sun Moon and Stars
above her Head. On the middle of the Tomb, is a Lady Abbess at
Prayers, with uplifted Hands & Eyes—"O holy Virgin pray for me".
The Inscription on her Tomb is, "Here lies the divine Anna,
the Daughter of Donald the Son of Charles, late Abbot of Iona, who
died in the Year of our Lord 1543, whose Soul we commit to
Abraham's Bosom. There are several other curious Tombs, Discovered
of late. The Executioner who beheaded John the Baptist; Herodias,
holding out her Lap to receive the Head—John's Body
lying at her Feet. On the South of the Island is the Port
where Columba landed. A monument of Earth & Stone, with the
Length of the Vessel which carried him & his Men from Ireland.
The Island is fertile in Grass & Corn. There are about 270
souls on it, in one Village. 3 Miles long and a mile broad—
All Protestants now. Where this great Seminary of Learning once
was, there is now only one Charity School. The Minister goes 4 times a
Year to preach here.

Near the midst of the Island are two beautiful Hills, called the high & low Lion hills. There was a grand place of worship, to which they went on white Horses mounted: It was said an Angel met them here, on a small Hill called Angels Hill. There are several small Ports; one called Martyrs Port, where all the Bodies to be interred were landed - The Corps were laid on a Rack called the Swan. Near this Port is Port Royal where the Ships landed, and Persons of Distinction: The Druids possessed the Island on Columbas landing; they were slain by his Order, and the last of their slain Carcases thrown into a Port called Slach na n Brist, or the Hole of the Boats, meaning the Dragoons, or Druids. Columba built the Chapel of St Bran, but marked a Plan for the high Church. No women buried here 'till about the 1750; they were not allowed to enter the Church, but were at liberty to utter their Lamentations near the Church, on Innaoh na n Farne. The great Bell was carried to Glasgow, & a noble Corp to Campbelltown. A great Runnery was on the Island, from which a Street led to the grand Church. a fine wood of Birch planted round the Edifices - Four Fountains were here. If a Virgin emptied any of them & collected for any kind of Sea-faring People, she was sure to obtain it. 24 small Islands, one of which is Saay, depend on Icolmkill

Le maistr aallair mhae leoid, do shene each this Proag -
1 Gur Braach na a Heine Eick dhui - Ca't an Dag U du Chru Coire
2 Heule Shir Tormad hoir dhine, Eidi sin a dhine red ghloine -
3 Gaie o hanig mi nar sgeule - ha tuidu fein mo Dhane,
4 Ri din Mhuire mhore mhae leoid - tha mi tarrun Lorn's Ghraine -
5 Tha mi Tammil aig a mhae; 3 mi re Lunnach Slach an Dunè -
6 Gop na Hoes Bhrathair Airm, falve go Dervesth a Chruine
7 Chir iad Tuis go Dohmmil Coire - Tha an a Proag na mhaore -
8 Chir I mis le mach's lug mi Paggairte a na Chaole.
9 Tha me Cruinn an sa Mhuire, se gun Bhrachili dha Phioib -
10 King Shir Tormad muth a dha gun a Dhane me leis nam Igriob -
11 Tha mi Kaspine dhieri Tolem, is ghuth me Conlach gu leore -
12 Cha deachta Taid er mo Dhine, as Cas Komaine Bhraduth mhore -
13 Shin Mhuir dhor me Thaid is Cheole's dhui me Meolas er gach Ti -
14 Beolach mi na Mhuir Danle is va mi trid a Caonte re Mhuiridhe
15 Tha mi trid dol me Chruist, meaz. Bhrachin Chlan a Dhine
16 Hanig me er Meolas, Thesach re Ceole mhae Sweeney -
17 Tha mi Tammil aig Mae phleuth, Tha is Clannach na n'ied Dine
18 Mar shun is Maoleannidhe o Dornan, Shuidhe fultterhoine no Tuine
19 Shin mair Bhrach mi do Dhule, co fer Cial the n'uir a Bheoir -
20 King I Cruinn do fhor Proag, go do Cheole chuir le Danke
21 Mhuir a bhar mair m Bheochan Bg, beolach me me fein sa Bhrach
22 Me mi Meach Fochra aig a mhae, mair a ghlaide leis mair Maile -
23 Mhuir a Dhoar I mair Bheochan, do bha an Bhrach na Bheochan
24 Bheochan aine me Bheochan Bheochan I mair Chruine o gn brath

gan na b'riadag. Léis an t'hard Lìon-dalach -

1 Thìstinn sgeul òr mhallaidh Thuibhe, na fanadhe sibhe nìim foile -
Dhèrùk mar chàile Bhreimaine dho, or fòrthum go do ghleoishe
Er bhi h'aula a Scalpay Thuibhe or Thuibhe aig Lachlan og -
Fuarne me b'riadag Kùistach le Taisken Mhòd a more.

2 Bha mha a Thuibhe a bhauna sin 11 no Bharmach sa na Daidhe
Bha Dulan Duine a chunnaig I bho Dintmàidhe ga leir
Thug Tìr a' a bhaide b'riadag dho nach dig 'an dea ni fein
Hialari more Tìosaig orra, mar h'fer da seorse a fein -

3 A fuair sin me mhallaidh sin, go, m' bemonachail no Igrane
Bha maide m'huig or Caignachaidhe go dho an pìnni b'aidhe
Maid a Geimich Rùmhir inte 13 Car no haurich siat

13 Cha dhearadhe I s'gia Eileg, a le b'uille na le H'riach -

~~10~~ 14 Bha mha 20 Bhrinn Thaurin I, an na Caonag na Tìr more
Gun dug Tìr na an La sin orra, taballa no dhorne -

Thug I na s'ar m'hionan, nach fag I Duine a B'eo -

15 ga s'goille I bho g'ialithe Tìr s'ios go deàle a m'pog -

~~10~~ 16 C'ethir B'haire Fichid, bha I n'ghlìstinn m'honir Gaule

~~10~~ 17 Fuaran C'ethirachd òr moran de no B'haune

Bha mac foai ga teacharachd go m'each B'eachd or Chanle -

18 B'innladich 20 C'agidhe I s'gian Du an I'pogean Thaurin -

~~6 many verses here lost. This is what~~ got as marked again.

~~11~~ 11 Th'inn m'huine nach b'ian d'ho, 1 gun chàile I d'ail le h'laorich -

Gu de Thuibhe 13 f'aid B'hech, mar h'achir bhi bhi moale -

Chaidhe I or a n'ghlìstinn dho, 1 gun m'isic I n'ime a Taobhe

13 leig I na s'eachd Thallin est, dha'n dag me Taula Glaidhe.

~~12~~ 12 B'ime Thuibhe a Bunnair 11, o Thumach 11 m'Ceann deia -

Fuarne me moran dhearadhe b'haich nach did me Ceannachain n'iane

Mhonaich madhe a B'ennach I, Loach Ceannosach na n'Chiere

13 Dhordich I m'hintail I n'ime h'aridhe I go Dia

6 Bha I b'esh re b'isach, be s'id a grade 20 B'heole

Thuibhe trom B'hen m'odir, ora m'bradhe a m'ogan more

13 truch sin Loidh B'urich dhi, 13 I B'achalachd na m'Bo -

Gad la I m' d'aidhe gun b'aisa d'ite, or enamhe an C'eahan B'oine

~~14~~ 14 B'ime a Tìosaig Lìon-chrisach, h'at or a m'honir h'aula

Cho l'aine re b'iale I'poidhe or a Caignachaidhe or Ceann

Tìnnadhe garbhe ni ghleasid orra, o B'huine na n'Chiere a h'adul -

mar b'itidhe or s'ar C'heachdhe bu ghne B'heamoor or Clanne.

many lost here

16 Chuir me Thunneir B'arligadhe, an d'est mach na Thir

Honig a Ch'ad b'achadh ga me Thuneti m'haie a B'he

I ga H'eshig or Coale d'hin - mar b'heidhe I 13 Tìr -

13 M'untir fein ga C'onnachaidhe, o ba h'ailer I gan di -

~~14~~ The 14th verse is this - Gun chuir in Tìr dho n' Dalach I n'ime chunnaig iad m'ha b'ha -

Bha gach neach go C'hoisrigidhe, bho 11 Dof b'heir a T'arke

Bla sgoime do bhadi seilich, is geomonte rin Tase
 gun dugadhe saora neo-chronoil eide - Croish gjs Lomid bhaine -
 05 is ga Tergaht line a hakiish sin, bha Takiid oirthe san riane
 Lomtine agus Oiridin, lu chonadhe line mar bhiaidhe
 Gad heanadhe iad re crinnachadhe, tuithe is Long Thad
 Bu teare fer gun Phashen din, cho gerve re mmick er Shabhe -
 #7. Gad dheidhe claime Donnmail, is siol Tormaid cola snas
 13 Glen Mannuil an Tus Teachd, agus bitinn an Taobhe Tna
 Dheanicki bhratadh Hlabhich ad re haribhe an sa in Thraghe
 Bhi in fashen nua o n fashiche orra, gu nig E gial an cluise
 18 Hair Tios gu Earl a Saofad bhuam gur divalack mo chaule
 Bho fhaic me bhidag romach sho, bha er a mhorin haule -
 E deannachadhe a leat sho, gu scriuin huz er Baile -
 Bidag bhi cho gaste ris an spaisp chaidhe na geaula -
 14 Gu moin dan na Tighearn, dan Dhiidh inise Gaule
 Mo dhlachdhe er na Salich, mas taridhe iad me haule -
 Gu bhuil gach mach a gratin nium, ga sas iad orm man bdeale
 15 Cha bheg an Taobhir Tiane dho, ma bheir iad dhion an lean -
 15 Bu mharth leam mae mhiellister, na b'arent dham dhione
 Gam ghleidhe vo na Coshenim, man tachtir mi na hione
 Nam chuire leat thom Caramach, s gach Terun huz iad dhiot
 Bu huarich ort na Salich, ga ta Ter a taid re line -
 17 Taolin an Roverser, aig Ter flakail fial
 Ceantot Tealich ahirich er mbe tethich Elhar
 Ghlae k thur gu hachinnich, nair dhaom chosach ort sior
 go'n clumadhe Dia nad ghlaceithe I, go'n daidhe k, in ceantot, Teach -
 18 Mealgair Geodhe is Galadhe k, Roine bhallach on bhar Laidhe
 marthich Euge er his gachan, le Craune nach tuisleach siar
 19 Lume lan damhe moicheid, Anis k in Cruban bionach riane
 Le gun crontach achinnach, bu dhine gje strachidhe bhiane -

Aoire Dhukil mhi phersoine do bhate beg bhadrig mhi Duine
 Bndannara a mhor an Dochil - an Tahir trochaithe a bhar bhadrig -
 Dha so saora Alidhe na mmichi, s cha dubh an so bhadhe I
 Huz na Hias garin an mionan, s cha bingadach iad ga ghratin -
 Gun m Mannidhe iad hon an Duine I, na crinnagin leis an lanchethnachhe
 Chach Tormaid or fiond Ru is s nach leile inle ach gindas Baite
 1 fadir dho is cuir er siol, so bhuine a hiorra a Chanidhe -
 2 Cuir mi gach Ter na Rote, Boilean, be phail, me Sweane
 Me Duine is mae lan bhaine, Thonach and is Tormad miedhe
 Gun heid a Mean Ru a hiorra, an Dones Dord Leid Dhi snas
 Na in Calhe gane i to tabhe gu brach so revire tuedhe -
 Chuir a Ru Lachhin bap er, s lute sibhe Inggem gun mianidhe
 Che dnanie Meachin re Tormad is gluphin na muidh nar fiala
 Huz Storm a haidhe tna s thudachidhe an Tahir Baich
 Huz Boilean re me Sweane mi fuesgillith nam Chorp -
 Ruine a ri a bhue er Cack, bhuam bati gu seomart Gol -

1. *Thuid me Duain se me ghaile, cuir do bhàire a mach er Stòchd*
Thuid me Ean ihus ^{le snàil} ~~ga~~ ^{le snàil} ~~le snàil~~, gresalhe I go luadhe gu Port
Lebid sibhe a time gu Ean, lech sibhe me anas so bhoise
Thin nuair huid Tormaid Ruedhe, mor thruaidhe mur da an t-òrd
He na phrigist len de in Drenbe, camora nach do thruaine sibhe top-
Thuid Oadig na Inagh Is Stune, gur ben dubhe a dhenich the
gun lachidhe E gu the ghluine so sposte rin me Ean bhaine
Thin nuair cabhair E gu nachmore, castachibhe na h-ìle gu lua-
Shen Breachan strachti gun din, na Lurich se Ean gun bhuidhe
He bu chrann the Bualter iuste, er dhrach Rontidhe
 2. *Cha so Stighe ga Ammail Tean, ach Mike a Bonda*
Prin iad thron-aid, thuman Eorn, an deis an Bualidhe
Tinnire Mochnich er na frochhan is tre Duile orla-
Lebheartin do dagan feore an er dhrach Linnie
Thuman buachnich bhod a nuair an taobhe eille-
Prin iad lachir gearu laider, do bhlaidhe Duan
 3. *Tekin na Munch na Chabha dhear me Anag-*
Cha so Compaist ach er Bòrd, na Neuch an gem beoch a Chant
Oadig se snachadhe nan Dorne, se gun chrann ga seole gu in Slaithe
Gun huanne sin bha luvraich thinn le garbhe beaste
Nuair a frein na Baidhich urchadh bha in t-òrd Bualthraich
Bhe Buidanara si leammich fiodhe na Tairig
gun fios echi in Cart an deid I si Ean geruvraich -
Thudidhe a mach son chach I go Ghmelzi
 4. *Spardhe Oadig an a m-òrdson, cha be Ean E.*
Spardhe Oadig an na m-òrdson, in deist a bhi shi fo na Slatibhe
 5. *Bha Buidanara mer dheir na thomir pol aig Leabuidhe*

2 Verses of a Satyr made on John Mandoghe by Roy Morrison -
 Ha shen Ocal crontach dol a tinn Dhan Mandoghe
 Cha nig de-ghloire a Drachcan, a Beul lachthich an Igandaire -
 John Mandoghe retorts on him -

1. *Ble pobair dhiol denich bhi gu gearu achladh cabhairt -*
Le the ghloghulte gun soishe gun ahine or bichde seach da
 2. *Cha Daul bocht gun bhi beacthi, da n Coire Cart chuir or Dhaikin*
Thunne Gormag aig Eudhe er Tekin na Tairig -
is iad na Greichkin lionor, se Duidhe is teannadhe
Agus fiodhe bheuch bhir an a goale a chlarer
an na glacagan coale, far nach nig gaothe ach nach alidhe
Traich a Lemenan do cheire iad, os ake is slair dhut a Tachid
Wir Unag do Loidhe, a Dmenen pho-lach an Tachish
Mille marbhaisg dan Danlaig, beer the nahir huid da chlarich
Tad so mharidh me deoid the, sna lachd meime er a Chraggin -
Cha chunte me inda Ludaig, bhis si stannidhe do Leabhaird
 3. *naun shachidhe do Kachig, mezz mios chabharste, sàit iad -*
bre mo chuire dan Tigerna, shachd a bhithere a Hermaird
Cha bu chunte de deorse, os mo chuire a bhi barbreach

Shodh Mhuirter, i gre Irish, va drach cagmhail na leanuine
Gun fho. nach digeide fo mherin Deachin ghlente dhia o Charbir
Gu misoil me Loid ort, bu chor dha chole ort a Dhanadhe
O haur a redhe i chadil, gos am babich leis Dugadhe
Malta Desunt

a Rhyme of me O Caisie, before he murdered his master Donald
Tanam do Dhia: do mhuirne, a marquis a buich bhanlich bheulbhrich
He Tanam nios Cantord, na la Duishon an na Gaul-phite

a Rhyme of John Mendenagh to brich me Shomuil ghurim aig -
mer a mbichidhe an Tahadhe, ghur mis a mdaa Tathur
Gun Cuiridh ort adish ha fahid na Tomhe
Gun cumadhe Caille du huarach, le toine i gaitte mi Aume
Chuir fahid a Cuez-ces, so fluch Chuaran ma Spairg -

Bhe mis an Cuist ey Bri Sasgan, so ad huiridhe cortetend
Fahueo Dhoras gach Clackan, gairidh Baistidhe dha Talde

a Fragment of Sappho, translated into Gallic

1 Deam gun solasach dha her-dhe n Tachir a Chi tric nad Char -
Chi tachidhe mhaiseach ghrechor ghurire, chluine Melidhe do pheoles dhine
Le tho they mo spored trom, i gun dog i brachin more nam than
Re gairidh beadh ort, ghas me Tane, theig manail mi's more toradhe maale.

2 La author Teas an a mber mo phlene - mer dafir onhine re mullle Chre
mo Huil for small, dha ghere re foris Mer. Fahueo ta fuem eyus torgas Baich
Thadallus fuir er mullle Chos, agus mader er baulchri dol go Clos -
dos chusli Daulidhe ghua, do Thaur, gun Rajich, hait me, i fuir me'n Tague
mabhrine do dh. Karl Anthim, Mannuil, fuir was an A' Chie -

3 Cuabhaire Base Dare a Chole? na Cuabhaire fahine na'n Tri Tannee?

Fahish maath Maile agus Craiha Tani - meaynach na'n fahie's na Clacki -
Ta Dare na'n Tri Maire da n dulse - an A' Chie fo Chria ga Curhi -
Braddan Baine is myri Luceo - O Tri's is O Chroabhe gun Shubir -
Tri Bheac thu na moale is i' Tus - is leanthor ta gach i do huiris -
is nach bheid fear er haave gach Tullich, ta sheachd is fore evadinte

is fushneach - Cotte na fiondhe gun Duile orke - He Glenam a balne
gun Chonnaist - agus Glenarfe gun falich Luinne - na Dare Dilish
Dhonnlaishne - do fahie chur sior dam is furidhe - Shogh i' fahie's a Dersia
ta us - an ghreig'son keptte ta Tuilse ^{Dahlaghda Day Chettar Chathelus} + scota Whanda mather's o mhuirne
hachne Sharach nil pha do hundhe - Er do fhadhe gun Day Shi hantes Bani -
ind Craignich is fahie Tultie, Chais Cete is re taath Charyadis, sin Spairg
mer ta ^{foris me} i' fahie's - gun hen a Lar no Bis cayan do hils - do

Shodh Mhuirter, mhe fahie ghlais a Remit - mherbe na Tri Pirin an a
Ca Taltin (meath) - me Coile, mae Mithaghte me Greine Calm - an sa bhehne
des Domban a ghealbidhe - Tri mullle is cuig Cend da Shearbadhe -
Sta mather com Conguoror gun abhass, Whadain mhuirne, i'an Earli -
Baneach - chuir aros er Chnocha a Maimidhe, gun Jerusalem ni bueg
mo Lethra - Doune, ceartneohne na Cuirine ca harrige - do bhehne
Ganshude an lahir a fahie Chuir Bri Deable ghlais na Talmi fa
Anomaid - is bhehne an fahie, fahie is fahie - sa the na Bri er
an Cuirine gun fahie - Fad chuir bhehne, mer is fahie gach
fahie -

leach, so chuidhe iad gu Inse Gaule sior, or Bardhe a Mhathair, a Haid
Phen Bhailach - Thiaht nan Coimhe nien Ki Alba, Dan En goalt
ga Muninich Meannach, ga in Danig an Tiri's niste bonhairle -
Togimh Thannise Gael is Gaili, ^{er} gur hule fiar nimsi gan di Raansa
schareille ach Roaish is gaolhe nam Phante - Bhaer or Doorse chene
Chiod or Phantane. - Faml ag, mhi Allister Bhenmick, mhu Faml
Mhore mhi Bonhairli -

Marbhuine do Shir Allister me Domnail, mhastadhe an Lisburn le mhu.
~~ter Moore me Bhenmick Dughe da Maistir Coote in the Cure of Moore~~
Cear an Tathsh More so mui? Ar Feadhe Inan Donil Thian? Do my
an De Egin orsa, na Igent egin albhora. an Ta do Phailid Cash a Coar
do chuinte E Counta Phirni - Do ghulfi Ben chul ches Phlenmick, agus
Ben hule ghlas Ghualach. Do Chium Corka agus Cashel Fuirke, Inmsh
Tuin, Clare agus Faml - Glenamhore agus Glen De Dhane, Glen Arm agus
Glen Garridhe - Bi humidhe Ben ghure a Gul, Fom garbhe diathe
ruadhe gu rathmhor, agus Ter a Faml Don Spairke for Sprouk, agus
Ben Phos n Shathe Cern an Connaught. Igent gur Fursach mna fiure
agus Tiri - Do hule Balthach Art Inmsh - Ta hule ager gun Bille, Bi na
Logi do chorugh. Fend fa Chuil, s na mealle nis - Fom Garri dian,
Derchish? In Ter Gradhe do Mhac na Tiri, No co iad do Ghasnighealte
Das Allister Big Anmick - Dhuirge Go La Coune le Arm - Ni hantig Co
Cone act Coi - o Danig Das do Illoach Thiaht ag Laoithe - Mae Shir
Nemas De sin, sgent le na Daine an Mhachane - s beg laresh muiro
na Meadhe - na Speish do Phlounie na Colli - Gaole Phlounie Choll
da Phrich - Brother artheastach ag Riyr. Coni Lem Cione gun Phle
Phile Dearf Tiri Dibheg - Ter goaltte gach Inaine cnaidhe do Phorie
do chuire an Phaothe cnaidhe, Ben Phind E Don Phadhe an Phind, sin Mer
arte Phiane na Phind - Me Lin dakin na giare Phlannach, Er nos na
Loach Laeklanmick - Ta Fomnoir Phen na ghunde eillen Barent hinda
na Lasganach. Furesh le Helen agus La - La'r naoradhe mer abigh - Nir
samhla ghail mer phrich, na mherbidhe le Cai Phain. Fomla Inmsh
Dhan an Lintae, Cola hoadhe na Phichsa. hie Del so nighil is reachd
Gaole na mor Earli is Sasachd. Garbras Gkamhri Hair lich - Ni mother
na cur an Fushri - Inar reachd or Lin, der Lin, Cones leppuiche
Gao na Galluine - s Fad leam la du do hane - gun titon as hild Abraham.
Ho nan lalamhe, a Ruine, ga rovas, mer anam le Lareus. - s meph nach
Fancim U ach hantle - agus mepham gun mer sagal oom. nach dig U in Tiri
elle or hantle, nan so chle act rovisht. Phir a Phia, mer dathant U
tra - Le Deathe Brother marthe Martha - Foni do Chelli Don Phase,
Voni nune, Fili, foras - - mullie Phiani Don Stampi, de se cend an
an Clo, Maitha phen a Phuir, ceachid, Cuig is - Do. s leachd mhi
De san Ramsa - Go Das Shir Alexandris, Anmsh, Anmsh, Eachdi or -
mhi Shir Thomas mhi Domnail -

Elegy on the Death of Shir Faml in France - another Brother of
four thoughts, Coune to Antrim - (the eldest Shir Charles, or Bonhairli Phill
at Ashm - s Shir Thomas killed at Lisburn as above - Shir Faml died in
France in 1710 - and Sir John, a thought of Malta, died in Spain after 1745 -

Do herdi leach (Donle Maiste - an sa Raine mheirach) an chuid
 caidhe leam b'ili, gur buan de baiste, der goasht da h'irin or ase
 mearbhe do shachd ghael ghlaisht - ghlaisht do mheirach ghlaisht
 Fir b'ili f'asca na m'bachd, abhor ae ~~an b'ili~~ so lie. Fa h'irin m'heirach
 b'ili more - ansa an Fir la s'inte an Fir - Fenchir, Cronich Enis Ard
 an m'enge tra d'erram rin. Inman nan gnominie gerg - Iver na harm
 agus Drachaimhe - Fir chean b'ili Inse b'ail - Chinnidhe Dhorie richd
 so chrisht. Fa Fir b'ille trer gun locht - an Raone Chorp Tra
 mil ga beachd, abhor g'ul mer ta Enachd - To lie m'loch anse
 a Raine b'hrasht - Mearil m'heirach Domhnail is In. Mearil m'heirach
 b'ile - Mearil m'heirach nan harm - mo thri m'eing do b'ili so Lar.
 Le tr' chid b'ili m'heirach, cia iad do shachd ghael ghlaisht -
 b'innidhe mer sinnidhe Tusa - Chraobhe don chru na gnominie
 braste. Fir b'astan an b'uirne corb. Fir b'raesthan na gnominie gerg -
 Fir b'arabha agus abha na m'coly - an gun Tuly. tugest an Raine -
 m'ille, scaidh leam glan grine - agus Deuch b'hean mer an fir b'ili - o
 m'ille b'iosd t'atish a m'aulthe, gur leat a m'earil so Raine.

Three Weds, after feasting at O'Neill's in Danganmon, Tyrone, on receiving Deuch
 an Dorish, O'Neill told them, the Cup would be given to the best Rhymor -

The first, (Macra M'ig) says -
 Fir er b'aille' ga iarridhe, Copen Kiel Naomhe ghlialli -
 b'las m'eailli er gach Deoras a Lar, agus b'ersht b'ri as a Chopar

2^d Ward - (Agminie or Agnew) says
 Fione ga b'heirach b'ili b'heirach - as laimhe Fir b'ire a Damhan
 is m'ille nam chuirne choale b'heirach, na churim Kiel Naomhe ghlialli

3^d Ward says -
 Na b'riathrin is fier, siad a chennam, a b'heirach b'heirach, cia fa b'heirach?
 Eng'ra Die, is le Heagal an Dorish, tugest Deuch an Dorish b'heirach -

The third Ward received the Cup from O'Neill

This Macra mi had a lecherous young wife, who, on seeing his yard,
 complained of him & it, as follows -

Macra mi, m'aulle gun b'heirach - oscurne Loddan san La hea -
 and b'elgi, seor gun b'gathidhe is m'eing er b'unte a gha b'leis

He answers her, thus -

1st Fad leam siar, a b'iale so in Tone mo b'heirach
 ga tavin a b'iar, imi b'leidhe sa rod la Cuhig -
 Sean b'heirach - t'lia, si g'aridhe ston a b'heirach b'heirach
 Le mag - n b'heirach, b'heirach a crone Dahi -

She replies -

Mar b'heirach agus b'ir na b'heirach - Kavatt b'heirach do b'heirach b'heirach - li b'heirach -
 b'gibidhe cromchean, shean b'heirach b'heirach, oscurne shean b'heirach b'heirach ghlaisht -

Then his Daughter takes the Father's dart & says -

Teale is Leo, na b'heirach ga b'heirach b'heirach na b'heirach - f'over then oah.
 Teal a b'heirach b'heirach b'heirach, is b'heirach mer b'heirach b'heirach - f'2
 Gach b'heirach er b'heirach - Gach b'heirach b'heirach a b'heirach - Gach b'heirach
 er g'hone b'heirach in a m'ach a m'heirach

f'2 b'heirach m'heirach an b'heirach
 b'heirach b'heirach b'heirach b'heirach
 b'heirach b'heirach b'heirach b'heirach
 b'heirach b'heirach b'heirach b'heirach

Ta ceart gun bhles aig ullach: Ta bhles gun ceart aig Lynach - Ta bhles
is ceart aig founnaqthack; ach ni bhail bhles na ceart aig mubhach.
Tá Lin fhorime bhle art - Whi saoghal gu herin uite -
Nui fíhíd fío er a fíroabhin - nui fíhíd fíroabhin er fílaite.

Máirí nien Domhnail, sister to the great O Domhnail, Earl of ~~Donn~~
~~over on~~ ^{Donn} ~~over on~~, was a Nun in a Monastery near the Castle of
Donnegal. The Priests got her with Child - She pretends to be dying in
a Drefsy, & sent for her Brother to make her will - O Domhnail comes
(the great Manus) and feels her Pulse, and otherwise examines into
her Complaints, when he found she was with Child; on which he made
the following Rhyme, extempore - Note. she was an old maid, & lean.

a bhari, ni hól leam do buidhe go La huan; & dainhe dhur a mbrathir
maole, dhú síol an na Tairí fíonaíche. - Igeul bhuan dhon a dhapa,
gun haime sho ta fíonaíche gu fíonaíche. - Callich Dhu re dol sha mbrathir,
agus brathir re dol inte. - Mille mas mair o' Suinnach - san chual
a mi fuaime na nglag. Callich Dhu agus brathir fíonaíche, don a d
er gach sean na bháid. Sreacht gu híbuidhe le fíonaíche - fíonaíche
ro bhíle Donnine - & t ga fíonaíche le fíonaíche, ni dnach da
fíonaíche a bhí tírinn.

Manus, one Day, sitting at the Gate of his Palace, sent Father
O Duhí, Prior of the Convent, coming towards him - Father O Duhí
had a huge nose, projecting far out - O Domhnail says -
Er tithich meara Laid, da - So fíonaíche do fíonaíche dhíche a mair
agus er dol síos don fíonaíche, se fíonaíche n fíonaíche hídich na dhíche -

O Tighearna, deir sagairt, ni ndanhe leamsa buinte leal -
O Domhnail re fíonaíche - Ta er Cathair don goirir fíonaíche, ta fíonaíche
soare go aon ni, gu sgarir mis mair - Lin fíonaíche an sagairt -
A mair fíonaíche a fíonaíche do mbrathir. & bhíle dhíche is se do dhíche -
Er fíonaíche agus mair do mbrathir, dhíche a mbrathir dhíche dhíche -
fíonaíche fíonaíche n fíonaíche dhíche, Macarí dhíche mbrathir - a fíonaíche le
fíonaíche fíonaíche dhíche - bhíle dhíche dhíche O Domhnail. Anais na dhíche
se fíonaíche n o do mbrathir - Dhíche dhíche er a fíonaíche - Gu ma
dhíche dhíche dhíche, le dhíche dhíche dhíche isul -

Manus answers - beir gu fíonaíche - ach ma dhíche mair fíonaíche
ort, sgarir mair na mair - i dhíche, le mair dhíche fíonaíche. Manus
then destroyed the Convent, on O Duhí's art. Note. Aodhe mair O
Domhnail had no lawful Issue, & left his Estate & Title to Manus
who was son to a poor Woman, who attended Goats; hence the Satyr.

The Ruins of the Palace of Donnegal & of the Convent stand yet.
Manus once met an English Nobleman in Dublin, who had a foreign mistress of
whom he craved much; as well as of his own abilities in the Field of Venus.
Manus offered to lay a great bett, he could manage her better, & oftner,
& even bragged he could converse with her 12 Times in one Night - A bett
of £1000 was laid; & the young Lady was to lie with Manus that Night,
& make her Report on Honour in the Morning - after the bett was
laid, Manus meets the Priest O Duhí, whom he had banished, on the Street -
He

He told him of the Wager, and with whom - O Dukis cried out against him, & swore he would lose his Wager, as there was not in Ireland so clever a Performer as the Noblesman - But, says O Dukis, you must get me, as your Servant a Red Room near your own - Paise you, after the first Part, slip out of your room, on Pretence of Air, I'll come into your Place; & leave you the Lady to my Endeavours - Manus agreed - The Priest takes the Bed - after Manus had given his Part, he starts up for fresh Air, gets the Priest quietly into the Bed - The Priest engages Ten Times before the Morning, gets up & desires Manus to give her the 12th Service now - The Judges or Arbiters convened in the Morning - The Lady declared that she never was so well served in all her life; that if the first and last Part she had were equal to the intermediate Ten, she would have been killed; on which the Wager was decreed to Manus, who gave the whole of the Money to O Dukis; & leave also to rebuild the Convent - When the Priest was dying he begged to see O Donhamail - on his coming, he made the following Rhyme to the Priest - viz.

a bhrathair tu dol gu Tighe De - Tag an bhi a bhuil a heart -
is br ghradha na paspol is na raomha, buin ons bhradha coalse leat -

An anecdote of Manus & Brian Balloch O Kiele, of Munster - living, when rambling over Ireland, in the disguise of two poor Scholars - They came to the House of one O Pihu, who had a beautiful Daughter &c. &c. The Rhyme follows by Manus -

na gafterin sin cha tu, le Inghean bhríe O Pihu -
a bhríen an Raigri Málhíck is luachar I chualdha a mha -

Thence to the House of Cúilen of Clogher, where a huge Priest was helping to make a Fire - He had broken brooches, with his stones through them, at which the Daughter of Cúilen of Clogher looked, when playing on her Harp - Manus made a Rhyme -

Inghean a Cúilen Clogher - is Tu heinis na Gochi garga
is Tuiste dhuit re Deamhne Gochi, meas leats na clacki dearga -

The Story of the Priest & Parson Brady, about the Peer & Porth -
Is a cheiles a bhríe, sa líonas do bhríe dha n' bhríe -

Mi n'dualé bhríe allu' gun Deache, an sa Teach a bhríe a Línne -
So the Porth & Peer were added to the Blaback & Bratee -

The will of the old dying man, who had repacious Child ren
Tríthar ta bratt ar mo bhríe, Ca la iad ghara as mo bhríe -
is trídha gun iad crochí le Craune, an Deale, sa Chlaune, san Cruide -
an Deale is Dorechí Daile - a Ter leis nach harte ach Ole -

Er a namam helvín heave, ní gheoid se spreidhe 's an Corp -
Breire le mo Chlaune mo spreidhe, bhi ae dhéine pfein a hach -
Bhosé ga gáirí an Gaole, na manam maraán 's mo Corp -
Na Cruie, ga habhor súd, na n'cuirte mo Chul an Ce -
Brear le b'ach mo Corp, na manam bocht is mo spreidhe -
a Chios a chrochí le Craune, si gheomadhé gun danle gun Síle -
Ma ta iad bra ar mo Cad, gur trídha gun had ar an Tríthar -

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This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and a dark, irregular tear or hole along the bottom edge. There is no text or other markings on the page.

Shir Cule na Balgum-funke he anlin do Dhuise

Ugn fionadhe ga críachachde Dealg nachdir na Dhuise

Mac Shikene at Bortedown kept him 3 days & nights, at a great feast; he returned & came back at unawares, thinking to surprise him, at no feast; but found him still engaged at Curmish; on which he praised

Mac Shikene an Dammán Dhuise - na Samhile Dúine le Dombnail -
hahule so bhla gu brath, is fahach titin an Tir ex Connasach

The O Conchairs of Sligo, were Galloglachs or men at arms to Mac Dombnail
Iorla Dui renewed the alliance - His Thomas of Isla married his daughter
of Sligo also

To Dallister Mac Colla -

Allister chríoch! indiu Colla indiu Dombnail

Bainke oho fein an gionnche bu nos leat

a gole gach Tríone fo l'huine tras nonde

is do Bhíatich re Connasche ga seoladhe

Allister big an nobile gu diumestach.

an Niunmíi Shóile's na Fani Giragach

Er Shuadhe Gaude do Dheamamhe in Connasach

Le do Mhuirir's sa Shuaghe Connasach (meaning, O'Neil & O'Carins)

Allister fought & overcame at Dundoran - There it was chaced a Chuag.
La sin Dhuindoran, bha Broche or na Gaullithe

is Uine Ter Dech va sint gun nanam

San sin Druimargi, bha Druishel ga seoladhe

Clawne Shonad a Gaullithe, faigte marbhe mar bu chaire Dúiche

They fought at Druine Guise in Tyrone also, & succeeded -
anwn Buidhe O'Neil Earl Tyrone, agt' Murray & Montgomery -

Allister asked the supreme command, but was refused; on which he separated himself ~~next~~ south, where he was killed by Inchquin at Shnacknong.

To Owen Buidhe ^{Lord of Tyrone} in his Army of Foreigners - *Ally*

Do Anuas fein anin marbhe - Igun nari chéille aig aon reach Shibe -
For o chmaran na n-Gach shídh, O Chorke na n-Chen, agus on ^{coming kil} mhuine an -

O Dhuilin na n-Treps - agus on Neepi críbhí

O Dhuir na n-Gaule, agus naithe o Isli

on leobhe a Tna, gach nair bu mhuine leat.

Tchuck gu Druine, a Dhuilidhe fiosa

Le Owgin Buidhe, ga mairadhe Síthi

The ancient O's of Ireland

O'Neil Rí Ullach na Reach - O'Connor o Phlere Connasche

O'Bryan a h-uille Chlann - L'ini O'Shelly agus O'Carraile

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