

Blair. 66.

SAR-OBAIR NAM BARD GAELACH :

OR,

THE BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY,

AND

LIVES OF THE HIGHLAND BARDS ;

WITH

HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL NOTES,

AND

A COMPREHENSIVE GLOSSARY OF PROVINCIAL WORDS.

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WITH AN

HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF

THE MANNERS, HABITS, &c., OF THE ANCIENT CALEDONIANS.

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P R E F A C E.

IN presenting the "BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY" to the public, I find myself in a position which demands some explanation of the motives that induced me to undertake this arduous task, and the principles that guided me throughout its execution. I would premise, however, that although they are called, and, I trust not inappropriately, BEAUTIES, it is not to be expected that every line, or stanza, or even poem, of the Collection, could be of itself *beautiful*. The name under which the work is ushered into the world does not warrant so high an anticipation. It is merely intended to signify, that the richest and most valuable gems of the Keltic Muse combine to form this constellation of our country's minstrelsy; and, in instances where poems may not be so brilliant in poetical genius or grandeur, they will be found to throw a stream of light on many of the manners and customs of our ancestors.

In the compilation of such a work as this, however, it is impossible to meet the wishes of every reader; and, indeed, until the public agree among themselves on points of literary taste, it will be impossible for the most skilful and sagacious compiler to gratify every palate. Enough, however, it is hoped, has been collated to make the work as generally acceptable as possible.

Regarding the cause which induced me to undertake a task so arduous, no one, who knows me, will question my veracity when I say, that, veneration for the productions of my country's talented sons and daughters, and an honest desire to preserve them in the most imperishable form, were the impelling motives. In the morning of my days, it was my happy lot to inhale the mountain air of a sequestered spot, whose inhabitants may well be designated the *children of Song*; and, in a state of society, whose manners were but little removed from that of primitive simplicity, I had frequent opportunities of witnessing the influence of poetry over the mind, and uniformly found, that cheerfulness and song, music and morality, walked almost always, hand in hand. Thus nurtured, and thus tutored, the intrinsic excellence of the poetry which I was accustomed to hear in my younger days, made such an impression on my mind, that neither time, distance, nor circumstances, have been able to obliterate. I was therefore bred with an enthusiasm which impelled me, as I advanced in life, to dig deeper and deeper into the invaluable mine, until, having obtained a view of the whole available materials, my admiration became fixed, and my resolution to rear the present monument was immovably formed.

The compilers who have preceded me, either from the irresistible pressure of circum-

stances, or, from prejudices resulting from geographical considerations, have interspersed their collections with a preponderating amount of doggerel and inferior rhymes; nay, many of their best pieces are given in an imperfect, or garbled form; while not a single attempt has been made to explain obscure phrases, or to develop the real and legitimate meaning of doubtful idioms and passages. The task thus left for the future gleaner, although no doubt considerably facilitated, was still great; and it was not until I had completely traversed the Highlands, and secured a variety of old manuscripts, that I ascertained the nature of the labour I had imposed upon myself, in appreciating the character and quality of the materials.

It is not for me to say with what success I have brought my labours to a close. Without, however, arrogating to myself any exclusive means of information, or any thing beyond ordinary abilities, I should hope, at least, that credit for indefatigable perseverance, and diligent untiring research will be awarded to me; and that, while the transcribed part of the work will be found superior to productions of the same nature, the amount of original and curious matter which it contains will bear ample testimony to the extensiveness of the inquiries I have instituted.

Some small items of self-interest are ever apt to be interwoven, even with our most patriotic actions; and, therefore, to steer wholly clear of all personal considerations, in whatever we undertake, requires more virtue than is possessed by the generality of men. Yet I sincerely trust that purity of motives will be a sufficient shield from the aspersions and insinuations which have been levelled at me, by individuals who measure their neighbours' actions by their own. These, however, I shall contentedly bear, provided I can only be the means of wreathing one laurel more for the brow of departed genius. I would gladly be spared the pain of animadverting upon a class of men, whose assistance I had a right to expect in so national an undertaking,—I mean our clergymen and schoolmasters. Those gentlemen who hurl their invectives against the high-minded, patriotic, and talented Dr McLeod, for his unwearied efforts to enlighten his countrymen, and to exalt them to a higher status of moral and intellectual excellence, will very naturally be as forward in discouraging my endeavours to preserve from oblivion the songs of our native country. An indiscriminate charge, however, would be as ungenerous, as it would be unjust; and, therefore, with great pleasure I record, among both classes, many honourable exceptions; and, to them I take this opportunity of conveying my heartfelt thanks.

I may here notice a few deviations from what is generally recognised as the standard of Gaëlic orthography, that have been made in the following pages. Had I been writing prose, where no inflections could offend the ear, or destroy the smoothness or harmony of a sentence, these emendations, however justifiable in themselves, would not have been introduced. But in poetry it is far otherwise. Indeed, to do justice to the harmony of the versification, no acknowledged rules will apply. A north-country poet uniformly writes *ian*, where one belonging to Argyle sings *eun*; both taking care that the accordant word chimes with their peculiar orthoëpy. How murderous, then, would it have been to the cadence and *clink* of the bard, were either of these words made to conform to the stiffness of established rules! This is but a solitary instance where thousands might be

produced, of anomalies and provincial phraseologies which render a sameness of orthography impossible in poetical composition.

The difference of termination in the nominative plural of nouns ending in *a*, and the dative in *aibh*, has been done away with here ; and both cases, which, correctly speaking, are the same, have been made to terminate in *an* or *ean* as the case may be—except where, for the sake of harmony, their retention, in the vulgar terminations, has been indispensable. This, however, has seldom been the case ; for, such terminations do not belong to Scottish Gaëlic. No Highlander would say *Fo na h-eachaibh* (*eich*). *Bho na marbhaibh* (*mairbh*), *Air do chasaibh* (*chasan*). With the learned translator of Ossian's poems, I am anxious to yield the credit of such discoveries to the monks of Ireland, who, regardless of the only legitimate source of correctness, *the language as spoken by the Aborigines*, have tortured their vernacular tongue into a similarity with the Latin ! And strangely enough, our grammarians are endeavouring to perpetuate the error, notwithstanding that any old woman in the Highlands could put them right on the subject ; for

“ These RULES of old discover'd, *not devised*,
Are Nature still, but Nature methodiz'd.”

I have also thrown out the Irish words *fuidh*, *luidhe*, *tigh*, and *dhoibh*, and supplied their place by their correct Gaëlic synonymies *fo*, *laidhe*, *taigh*, and *dhaibh*—which are consonant with the orthoepy in every part of the Highlands ; nor am I aware of any reason why these words should be spoken in one way and written in another. The letter *t*, which should always be used for the possessive pronoun, has been restored in the following pages, in contradistinction to the “ Revisers” of the Gaëlic Bible, who have excluded it, as in *d'athair*, instead of *t-athair*, which is evidently the most eligible, the word being a contraction of *tu athair* (thy father). With these slight innovations, if such they can be called, the orthography throughout will be found to accord with the recognised standards.

Before leaving this point, I may quote the words of Owen Connellan, Esq., Irish Historiographer to her Majesty. “ I regret,” says he, “ to be compelled to observe, that it has been but too common among Irish scholars, to display extreme jealousy of each other ; each appearing to wish that he should be looked up to as the sole expositor and oracle of this neglected dialect ; and, prompted by a desire of exhibiting his own superior knowledge, he is ever ready to find fault with every other Irish production whatever.” Now, had Mr Connellan been a Scottish Gaëlic writer, he would have had to complain, not of the “ exhibition of superior knowledge,” but of the dogged tenacity of many of our pretending Gaëlic scholars, and, that too, on a matter subject to so many anomalies and inflections which often derive their caste from provincialism, where it is perhaps impossible that harmony of opinion should exist, even among competent scholars. But the evil is, that, instead of co-operating to establish a grammatical system of uniformity, our *literati* have thought fit to render no higher services to their country, than to play a game of cross-purposes on the subject.

In a land of song, like the Highlands of Scotland, where every strath, glen, and hamlet, had its bard, and, possibly, every bard his host of admirers, some obscure votary of

the Muses may have escaped our notice ; and, a few day-dreamers have been designedly passed over in silence. In the first case, the charge of intentional neglect does not apply to me ; and, with regard to the second class, I could mention the names of many poetasters, who have not been admitted into our galaxy of Keltic minstrels ; and, for this obvious reason that they were not worthy of the enviable position. Their friends, therefore, will pardon in me the oversight of not mentioning names that could not otherwise be noticed.

The lives of the Bards form, perhaps, the most interesting part of the work. Biography has always been found a useful study ; and, although these sketches are necessarily condensed, they will be found to extend in length, and in minuteness of circumstantial detail, in proportion to the claims of the subject of the memoir. The Highland bards filled a most important station in society ; and I know no better mirror than their works, to shadow forth the moral and intellectual picture of the community among whom they lived. In collecting materials for lives of which no written records, not even, perhaps, the date of their natal day was kept, I experienced considerable difficulty. Frequently have I blushed to find among my countrymen, individuals who could learnedly tell me of Virgil's bashfulness, and the length of Ovid's nose, with as much precision as if they had measured it by rule and compass, and put me right as to the cut and colour of Homer's coat when he was a ballad-singer ; but who knew nothing of our own poets—simply because they were their own countrymen, and sang in their vernacular language !

These memoirs are generally commingled or followed by short critiques on the productions of the bard under notice. My opinions, in this respect, are freely given, and if they should run counter to the prepossessed notions of any one, it is submitted whether, perhaps, we shall not agree on a reconsideration of the subject. I am aware how firmly early prepossessions and local partialities lay hold of our esteem, and how difficult it is for us, in after years, to exercise our judgment unfettered by first impressions ; but I can say with perfect truth, that I have divested myself of every vestige of partiality when adjudging laurels to the Highland bards. If, therefore, I have bestowed more florid encomiums on any one than he merited—if I have anywhere taken a lower estimate than the reader would be disposed to do—if I have been unjust in the distribution of praises or animadversions, I hope it will be attributed, as it ought to be, to an error in judgment, and not to prejudice, partiality, or evil intention. In writing them, much more attention has been paid to simple and authentic detail, than to illustrative or excursive comments.

In the arrangement of the poets, due regard was had, as far as practicable, to seniority, that being the most unobjectionable mode that could be adopted ; and the same rule was observed in the classification of the poems.

It may be deemed out of place, in a prefatory notice, to allude to my list of subscribers ; but I feel so grateful on this subject, and so proud of their number, respectability and intelligence, that I cannot help adverting to it. Their literary taste and discrimination afford me the best assurance that the nature of my labours will be fully appreciated. From the plan I have adopted, those who were accustomed to see the poems occupy so much space in other works, may be apt to think that they have undergone curtailment—a perusal

of them, however, will not only obviate this misconception, but convince the reader that they are given at greater length and in a more improved form than they ever appeared before. Where spurious verses and monastic interpolations had intruded themselves, they have, of course, been thrown out. The same system of ejection has been carried to indecent phrases and objectionable passages; and, while nothing of the fire, or grandeur, or general beauty has been lost, the utmost vigilance has been exercised that nothing should be allowed to creep in, which could offend the most delicate, or afford ground of complaint to the most fastidious.

The idea of this undertaking was first suggested to me by a worthy friend, who is now no more, James Robertson, Esq., Collector of Customs, Stornoway. Mr Robertson, himself a gentleman of high poetic talent, possessed a fund of curious information about the bards, and several written documents, to which he obligingly gave me free access, and from which, some of the anecdotes with which this work is interspersed, have been extracted.

After having collected all the materials which I deemed necessary for the completion of the work, I met with so little encouragement, that I was on the eve of abandoning my design, when Mr Donald M'Pherson, Bookseller, London, with an enthusiasm and high patriotic feeling that do honour to his heart, entered into my projects, and, by his warmly exercised influence, put me into a position in which I soon enjoyed the pleasing assurance of being able to carry my intentions into execution.

With equal gratitude I have to record the disinterested kindness of Archibald M'Neil, Esq., W.S., Edinburgh—a gentleman whose name carries along with it associations of all that is noble-minded and generous. To this gentleman I owe much. His exertions to further my views were characterized by a warmth of zeal, and promptitude of action, in the way of urging others to give the work their support, for which no words of mine can sufficiently thank him.

I feel myself also deeply indebted to another gentleman, the mention of whose name is sufficient to convince the reader of the sincerity of my feelings—I allude to Mr Lachlan M'Lean, Merchant, Glasgow, author of the "History of the Gaëlic Language," &c., who, in the most handsome manner, gave me the use of his library, and exerted himself with his wonted enthusiasm to enlist public sympathy and support in favour of the undertaking.

There are other favourable circumstances and kind friends that might well elicit from me the tribute of grateful acknowledgment but as I am more inclined to be concise than ceremonious, my *devoirs* must be expressed in general terms; and I therefore assure all such, that I shall fondly cherish the recollection of their kindness until the latest hour of my existence.

It is customary in a notice of this kind to take the precaution of disarming the critics,—a custom I would gladly honour in my own case. That errors have crept in, and that imperfections may appear to the eye of critical acumen, is readily conceded; but these will form no greater defalcation than candour will allow it was impossible to eschew. If I am afterwards convinced of any unintentional errors—convinced, as I have a right to demand, by the force of argument and the power of philological reasoning, I will be as ready

to acknowledge my mistakes, as I shall be imperturbable at the innocuous shafts of ill-natured pedantic invective and declamation.

And now, Reader, having conducted you to the threshold of the palladium of the Highland Minstrels, let me crave your leisure hours to the study and contemplation of their works. We speak of by-gone ages in terms which seem to imply that we are morally, intellectually, and religiously superior to our ancestors. Would that it were so! We exult in the progress of civilization, improvement and scientific knowledge; but we are retrograding in another point of view. Time was, when the hours which are now so assiduously devoted to the propagation of gossip, to circumvention, scandal and chicanery, were spent in singing songs, and reciting legends in the innocent comfort and simplicity of unsophisticated manners. But the Bards have ceased to lash the backbiter, the drunkard, and the moral delinquent; and as snails shoot out their horns in a calm, so the human owlets of our country have multiplied in a fearful degree!

Reader, farewell!—but ere I pronounce that doleful word, allow me, in the sincerity of a warm Highland heart, to wish you the innocence, beauty, and simplicity of the mountain maid—the prowess and patriotism of the plaided warrior—the lofty talent of the Keltic bard—the age of our Apollo, silvery-locked Ossian—and the death-bed of one who is conscious of nothing worse than having read and studied and sung the “*BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY.*”

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JOHN MACKENZIE.

“I will listen,” says he, “if I may hear their wandering steps. He goes. An aged bard meets him at the door.”* This paragraph is from the fall of Tura, and on it Dr Smith remarks, that “hospitality is one of those virtues which lose ground, in proportion as civilization advances. It still subsists to a high degree in the highlands; though vanishing so fast, that in some years hence, its existence in some parts may be as much doubted, as that of some other virtues ascribed by Ossian to his heroes. It is not many years, since it was the general practice to look out every evening, whether any stranger appeared, before the doors were shut. When any had cast up, the host had manifestly more pleasure in giving, than the guest in receiving the entertainment.”† The Gauls never closed the doors of their houses, lest they should miss the opportunity of entertaining strangers.‡ Cean uai na dai, the point to which the way of the stranger leads, was the poetical appellation of the house of a chief. In the praise of this virtue the bards ever indulged, and these portions may well be ranked among the beauties of their compositions. “Hospitality stood at the outer gate, and with the finger of invitation, waved to the traveller as he passed on his way.”‡ “Turlach lived at Lubar of the streams. Strangers knew the way to his hall; in the broad path there grew no mountain-grass—no door had he to his gate. ‘Why,’ he said, ‘should the wanderer see it shut?’”§ So a Cumraeg bard exclaims, “Cup-bearer! fill the horn with joy; bear it to Rhys in the court of the hero of treasure—the court of Owain, that is ever supported by spoils taken from the foe. It supports a thousand—its gates are ever open.”|| But the entertainment of strangers and travellers was not left to individual feeling. In the Highlands, were numerous *spidals* (Hospitia) which like the Irish Fonnteach, were provided for at the public expense by Brehon appointment, and directed by the Bruighe or farmer of the open house.

Lest the Gaël might have an enemy under the roof, to whom they were equally bound by the honour and the rules of hospitality, the name and business of a stranger were not required, until after a considerable sojourn; a year and day was often suffered to elapse, ere a question on the subject was put—an extraordinary effort with a people so naturally inquisitive.

The Druids would doubtless show an example of benevolence and condescension, which the extreme deference they received, could enable them to do without lowering their dignity. Had their rule been otherwise than benign, it would have been impossible for them to have maintained their undiminished influence so very long, among a people proverbially impatient of severity and coercion, yet more power was vested in them, than even in their princes; it was to them as to magistrates that the settlement of all disputes was referred, whence they obtained the name of Co’ retich, peace-makers, the Curetes of the Romans. Being physicians also, their aid would be frequently required; and their kind offices were cheerfully afforded. The promptitude with which they threw their protection over the distressed, is commemorated in a saying yet current in the Highlands:

* Gallic Antiquities, 317.

† Agathias, I. 13.

‡ Cave of Creyla.

§ Finan and Lorma.

|| Cyveiliog, Prince of Powis fl. 1160.

“ Ge fagus clach do làr,
 “ S faigse na sin cobhair Choibhi.”

“ The stone lies not closer to the earth, than the help of Coivi is to those in distress.” This personage was no other than the Ard Druid, or chief Druid. Coivi is supposed to have been the title of the primate; it is that given to the one who attended a council called by Edwin of Northumberland, when about to renounce paganism. Of their prescriptions, one is preserved in tradition, the observance of which would much conduce to health. “ Bi gu sugradh, geannnaidh mocheir 'each.” Be cheerful, temperate, and rise early, or take exercise.

As those who entered the order were obliged to bear an unblemished character,* they were eminent in the practice of the virtues they sedulously inculcated. “ Within this bosom there is a voice—it comes not to other ears—it bids Ossian help the helpless, in their hour of need.” In the same poem, the bard shows the impropriety of sons reviving the quarrels of their fathers; had his excellent advice been attended to, in later times, it would have prevented many unfortunate feuds which were unhappily fomented, often for sinister purposes: “ your fathers have been foes—forget their rage ye warriors, it was the cloud of other years!”† It was a high compliment to say that, “ none ever went sad from Fingal,” and proudly might a Celtic hero declare:—“ my hand never injured the weak, nor did my steel touch the feeble in arms. O Oscar! bend the strong in arms, but spare the feeble hand. Be thou a storm of many tides against the foes of thy people; but like the gale that moves the grass, to those who ask thine aid. So Trenmor lived—so Trathal was—such has Fingal been. My arm was the support of the injured; the weak rested behind the lightning of my steel.”‡ More examples could be given of these just and generous sentiments of the bards, who, while they could determine war, had also authority to command peace, and denounce its disturbers. Deeds of cruelty, or the indulgence in a spirit of revenge was abhorrent to bardic principle, at least before the profession became mercenary, and parasitical.

“ If we allow a Celt to have been formed of the same materials with a Greek and Roman, his religion ought certainly to have made him a better man, and a greater hero.”

Some have maintained, that there were no Druidesses. Among the Gaël, celibacy was certainly not a rule; for we hear of the bards having wives,—Ossian among others. The Isle of Sena, now Isle de Sain[ts], off the coast of France, contained a college of Druidesses, who, like him of Skerr, had power over the winds, which they were in the practice of selling to credulous mariners. These unfortunate damsels fell at last victims to the sanguinary system of persecution, to which the votaries of bardism were every where subjected. Conan, Duke of Bretagne, in the fervour of his zeal, committed them to the flames.§ Those who acted so conspicuous a part, when in desperation they defended themselves against Suctonius and his legions in Anglesea, were most probably the wives of the British Druids. Arrayed in black garments, they ran wildly to and fro, with dishevelled

* Welsh, Irish, and Highland authorities.

† Oina morul.

‡ Lora.

§ Rojoux. Ducs de Bretagne, I. 135.

hair and drawn swords, forcing back, like the Cimbric females of old, those who were retreating. "They are for this looked upon with detestation by those who at Eton, or Westminster, imbibe the notion that every thing is good which a Greek or Roman could do; who triumph with Æneas over the unfortunate Turnus, or glory with the Romans over the fall of Carthage. But if those women had been Roman matrons defending the capitol, we should never have heard the last of their gallantry and patriotism."*

Old poems show that the bard had no partiality for a single life; and the Irish, by the *ilbreacht* laws, regulated the price of his wife's, as well as his own dress. In fact the succession was hereditary.

Before dismissing the subject of religious belief, which gave so peculiar a character of wild sublimity to their poetical compositions, the settled conviction that the spirits of their ancestors "came to the ear of rest," and frequently appeared to men, acting as guardian angels, must be noticed as having had a strong effect on the sensitive mind, and furnishing to the bards a subject of the grandest description. It was a topic not to be overlooked by bard nor druid, in addressing themselves to their countrymen. The system of morality was adapted for this world, and, to please the great, and secure the approbation of their immortal countrymen, was all else they expected. The appearance of Crugal, with his melancholy presages, is an extraordinary effort of the poet. "Dim and in tears he stood, and stretched his pale hand over the hero. Faintly he raised his feeble voice, like the gale of the reedy Lego. My ghost, O Connal! is on my native hills, but my corse is on the sands of Ullin. Thou shalt never talk with Crugal, or find his lone steps in the heath. I am light as the blast of Cromla, and I move like the shadow of mist. Connal, son of Colgar, I see the dark cloud of death. It hovers over the plain of Lena. The sons of green Erin shall fall,—remove from the field of ghosts?" This was not a dream, but the supposed actual appearance of the fallen warrior. At times their appearance was wishfully invoked; for the Celts seemed to have had no feelings of dislike to such meetings. How sturdily Cuchullin steeled himself against the argument of Calmar, who had appeared to give him a friendly warning, against the perils of the approaching war! He would not be persuaded by him; but, in rejecting the admonition, he gave him the ever grateful meed of praise, which sent him off in his blast with joy. Departed bards were pleased with earthly music, and would come to listen, while the harpers were performing. Agandecca, before the engagement with Swaran, mourns the approaching death of the people, a circumstance which coincides with the wailing of the *Bean-sith*, so well known to give presage of family bereavements, in Ireland, where its existence is not doubted.

The entertaining Mrs Grant of Laggan gives in her *Superstitions of the Highlanders*, many interesting and affecting anecdotes of their belief in supernatural appearances.

So highly esteemed was the profession of a bard, that those most distinguished for rank were proud to be enrolled in the fraternity; sometimes, even those of royal lineage were found in it. The possession of poetical genius entitled one to claim the daughter of nobility as his consort, and the alliance was deemed honourable among Celts and Scandinavians.† Some of the continental Celtic kings are mentioned as poets. In

* Higgins' Celtic Druids.

† Torfaus.

Wales, we find Aneurin, a prince of the Ottadini, Llywarch hen, and many others, who gloried perhaps more in their bardic qualifications, than in their nobility of birth. Among the Gaël, Ossian stands conspicuous; Fingal is celebrated for his poetical talent, and more of the chiefs might be enumerated, as exercising the bardic spirit: indeed, the national taste led the Celts to deliver themselves, especially on matters of serious import, in a magniloquent and poetic strain.* The bards were, it is true, like other professions, hereditary; but this rule must have been modified by circumstances. One with no ear for music, or soul for poetry, could not take the place of his father; and we know besides, that aspirants were admitted. We are assured, that an irreproachable character was indispensable, and a personal defect would incapacitate one from entering the fraternity; hence they were a class of superior appearance, while their consciousness of importance gave them a commanding air.

Extraordinary honours were paid to the bards, and they enjoyed many important privileges. They were exempted from all tax and tribute, and were not compelled to serve in the army, although not prevented if they chose to do so; their persons were inviolable, their houses were sanctuaries, and their lands and flocks were carefully protected, even amid the ravages of war. In the latter ages of their prosperity, ample farms were given to many in perfect freehold, and they were entitled to live, almost solely at the public expense. The Welsh laws of Hwyl Dda gave the bards and their disciples, liberty and free maintenance. The various privileges and immunities, enjoyed by the different classes, were strictly regulated by the Irish, who divided the order into seven gradations. The first was entitled when travelling, to a horse and a greyhound, and two men as attendants for five days; he was then entitled to be kept for one day, where he might stop, be supplied with all necessaries, and rewarded by a gift of two heifers or a large cow, for his recitations or other duties. The second was entertained in like manner, for three days, and was furnished with three attendants when travelling. As a gratuity, he received three cows. The third had four attendants provided for him on a journey, and his reward was from one to five cows, according to the character of his recitations or compositions. The fourth was allowed six attendants to accompany him, for eight days. The fifth, accompanied by eight students in poetry, was entertained for ten days, and was rewarded by five cows, and ten heifers. The sixth was entertained for fifteen days, having a retinue of twelve students; and twenty cows were his reward. The seventh, or Ollamh, was entitled to be freely and amply entertained for a month, and had on all occasions twenty-four attendants—his reward for the services he might render, was twenty cows. The last four, we are told, were specially protected. Considering their number, and the erratic lives they led, the contributions they levied were by no means light. Keating says, that by law they were empowered to live six months at the public expense, and it was therefore the custom to quarter themselves throughout the country, from All hallow tide until May, from which they were designated as *Cleir na shean chain*, the songsters of the ancient tax. A wandering life seems to have been congenial to their feelings, from a desire to disseminate their works, as well as provide

* Diodorus, Marcellinus.

for themselves, and they believed that their public utility fully justified this practice of 'sorning' which was afterwards so grave a charge against them. "The world," says an ancient bard, "is the country, and mankind the relations of every genuine poet." The northern Scalds were held in equal esteem, and enjoyed extraordinary privileges. Among the Welsh, the institutions of bardism became ultimately much refined and complicated, although there were originally only the three primitive classes as in Gaul; and they regulated the duties and immunities of the different individuals with great precision, by express laws which existed from an unknown age, but were first imbodyed in a written code, by the famous Hwyl Dda in the 10th century. Besides enjoying the same privileges, as those among the Gaël, respecting their persons, property, and domiciles, and being permitted to solicit a largess or gift, by an appropriate poem, tendered without troublesome importunity, which no doubt was often successful, the following perquisites were allowed them.—The Court bard who was the eighth officer in the Royal household, and sat at festivals next to the comptroller, received on his appointment, a harp and other presents from their majesties; the King provided him with a horse, and all his apparel which was formed of wool; the Queen supplying him with that which was of linen. In war, he received the most valuable animal of the spoil, after the leader had got his share, and this was for singing the accustomed war-song to rouse the courage of the troops when in battle. At the Christmas, Easter, and Whitsunday banquets, he received from the Queen the harp on which he performed, and had the comptroller's garment as his fee. On making his Clera or professional tour, he was entitled to double fees. Whoever did him an injury was mulcted in six cows and 120 pence; and for his slaughter, 126 cows were exacted. He paid as *Gabr merch*, the fine on the marriage of his daughter, 120 pence; for her *Cowyll* or nuptial gift, one pound and 120 pence; and for her *eywedd*i or dowry, three pounds. His *mortuary* or *heriot* was three pounds.

The chief bard of the district was the tenth officer in the household, and sat next the judge of the palace. An insult offered to him, subjected the offender to a fine of six cows and 120 pence, and 126 cows were the expiation of his death. When a musician had advanced so far in his art, as to drop his *Telyn rawn*, or hair-strung harp, he paid this chief bard twenty-four pence; and every woman on her first marriage, gave a like sum. His daughter's marriage fine was 120 pence, and his *heriot* was as much. These were the only two bards who performed before the sovereign; when desired, the latter was to give two songs,—one in praise of the Almighty, the other extolling the king's virtues and exploits, recounting all the famous deeds of his ancestors; the former then sang a third.

In 1100, Gruffudd ap Cynan, or Gryffyth ap Conan, finding the establishment rather disorganized, called a congress of bards to which those of Ireland were invited; and with their assistance, he not only improved the music of the principality, but reformed the order, and introduced many judicious alterations in the rules of government. By these "statute privileges for the profession of vocal song, and for instrumental music of the harp and of the *crwth*," the bard was to enjoy five free acres; and the chief district bard was to receive at each of the three great festivals, and on occasion of royal nuptials,

forty pence and a suitable gift; at weddings the fee was settled at twenty-four pence. The bard next in gradation had also forty pence for the festivals and royal marriage, but only twelve pence for attendance at weddings of others. The next in degree was allowed twenty-four pence on the first two occasions, and eightpence for the latter; while the two lower had twelve pence, and sixpence on the first occasion; and the lowest in the profession did not officiate at weddings, but his immediate superior did so, and received sixpence. The genealogist got but twopence for a pedigree, except he accompanied the bardic cavalcade on the triennial circuit, when the fee was doubled. The Clerwr, or itinerant bards were allowed a penny from every plough-land in the district, and this humble income was secured to them, by a power to distrain for payment. There was a peculiar amusement afforded by the bards of Wales to the company assembled at their great meetings, which was a source of some honourable emolument to an individual. The most witty and satiric of the first order was appointed to an office called *Cyff-cler*, in which he was to be the butt of all the jests and sarcasms of the others, which he was patiently to hear, and afterwards reply to in extemporaneous verses, without betraying any heat or loss of temper. For supporting this rather unpleasant character, he was rewarded by a gratuity of eighty pence, and the doublet next to the best which a bridegroom possessed.

The heavy Eric or compensation exacted for the manslaughter of a bard, and for insulting or wronging him, is an indication of the regard in which he was held.* It would indeed have been reckoned a grievous crime, to put one of these public monitors to death whatever his offence might have been, and some individuals have had their names carried down with the stigma of having avenged themselves on members of this privileged class. In the "Fall of Tura," is an affecting tale, which shows, that the most savage disposition would relax its fury, in the case of a bard. It is thus given in translation by the talented compiler. "The bard with his harp goes trembling to the door. His steps are like the warrior of many years, when he bears, mournful to the tomb, the son of his son. The threshold is slippery with Crigal's wandering blood—across it the aged falls. The spear of Duarma over him is raised, but the dying Crigal tells,—it is the bard." So infuriated was the chief, that on a passing dog he wreaked the vengeance he intended for a human being, had he not been the "voice of song."†

The English settlers sometimes massacred the Irish clergy; but it does not appear that they committed the same atrocities on the bards. One of the Triads commemorates the three heinous strokes of the battle-axe; they fell on the heads of *Ancerin* and *Colydhan*, who were bards, and on *Avaon*, who was the son of the famed *Taliesen*.

The estimation in which the bards were held, was equally the cause and effect of their extraordinary influence. They were the indispensable followers of a Celtic army, and members of the establishment of Celtic nobility at home and abroad. Struck with this fact, they were viewed by many as insatiable parasites, rather than necessary attendants.

Their utility was extensive, and as in the pastoral and predatory state of society, there

* The *Wesigoths* esteemed it a four-fold greater crime to strike a bard than any other person.

† *Smith's Gallic Antiquities*.

were alternate seasons for active exertion and inactivity, the bard was not less useful in solacing his master in the hours of retirement, and entertaining his company at their assemblies, than in aiding the military efforts of the clan in war. He conveyed information of warlike movements over the land, and laboured as hard with his poetic weapons to vanquish an enemy, as others with their sword; and his was the grateful task to extol the heroes of victory, singing loudly to his harp at the head of the returning host.

Their eager spirits often urged them to mix in the battle; but they were usually stationed where their war songs could be most advantageously poured out, and where they could best observe the gallant bearing of their friends. Care was always taken so to place the Scalds; and should the fight have been one at sea, which was of frequent occurrence with these "sons of the waves," they looked attentively from the land, protected by a guard, and qualifying themselves to perpetuate in song, the prowess of the warriors. It was no slight stimulus for such men to know, that their deeds were marked by the bard who was to chronicle their valour in lasting verse, and thus convey their names with fame to late posterity.

When Iain Lom stood on the battlements of Inverlochry castle, marking the circumstances of the battle raging below, he was taunted by Montrose for having avoided participation in the conflict. "Had I," says he, with somewhat of the pride of profession, "mixed in the engagement, how could I have marked the many deeds of valour so nobly achieved, and had I fallen, who would have sung your praise?" The heroic Bruce carried with him his bard to celebrate the heroism of the Scots at Bannockburn; and Edward of England likewise took with him a rhyming monk of Scarborough, in the same capacity, that he might delight the nation with the glorious account of the annihilation of the rebel Scots. The issue of that dire collision would probably have left us no specimen of his talents, had he not fallen into the victor's hands, who made the poet sing the praise of those whose fall he never dreamt of mourning for. Poor Richard Bastwick did his best in the doggerel Latin of the times, which has been rendered into English of a similar cast. Dolefully did the bard invoke the nine.

"With barren verse, this rhyme I make,
Bewailing, whilst this theme I take," &c.

He nevertheless describes in graphic, though uncouth language, the deeds of strength and valour, which he had witnessed.

Another bard with more congenial feeling, celebrated the whole acts and deeds of his sovereign the Bruce, in verse elegant for the age. Archdeacon Barbour of Aberdeen, no doubt, had the feeling of a Celtic bard, and had in his eye the Gaëlic duans; for he was well acquainted with the exploits of "Fin Mac Cowl" and his compatriots.

The above mishap at Bannockburn, is similar to what befell the Earl of Argyle at Aultacholachan, when he took the field in 1597, against the Catholic lords. In confidence of success, and greatly pleased with his bard's prophecy, that he should play his harp in the castle of Slains ere the victorious army returned, he was proudly taken along when

“ Mac Callain-mor went fra' the west
 Wi' mony a bow and bran' ;
 An' vow'd to waste as he thought best,
 The Earl o' Huntly's lan.' ”

On his defeat, however, the bard was made prisoner, and verified his claim to the faculty of fore-knowledge, much to the delight of the confederates and Lord Errol, who gladly afforded him the opportunity.

Before the chiefs in the Highlands began to think it unnecessary to number a bard among their personal retainers, either from a consideration that their actions no longer required the tribute of so antiquated a recorder, or by an unavoidable departure from the former simplicity of living, finding it expedient to add the bard's farm, like that of the piper and other hereditary officers in their establishment, to the rent roll, he was one of the most respected in the number. The chiefs of Clan-Ranald retained a bard until about a hundred years ago, when Lachlan Mac Nial Mhuireach, the 17th in regular descent, lost his farm, and naturally dropt, as useless, the profession by which he and his ancestors had so long held it. Iain Breac MacLeod of Dunvegan, who died in 1693, was perhaps the last chief who upheld the ancient state by numbering in his retinue, bard, harper, piper, jester, and the full number of what has been with an attempt at wit, designated the tail. Dr Mac Pherson mentions one who kept two bards, and they held a seminary for the instruction of students. About 1690, John Glass and John Macdonald, the bards of two lairds in different parts of the country, met by appointment in Lochaber, to vindicate in a poetical contest their own excellence and their chief's honour ; but the result of this duel is not related. Such challenges were not unfrequent, and it was a well-known practice for the Highlanders to make small bets as to who could repeat the most of the Sean dana, or old poems.

The bards who exercised so beneficial an influence on their countrymen while alive, rendered the necessary and becoming services to the dead. The mode of sepulture is well known ; “ the grey stones of the dead,” half hid in the moss of ages, and the funeral hillocks and cairns appear on all sides, where the industry of man has not laid the heath under the operation of the plough—the striking monuments of ages far distant, but now the useless record of those who were honoured in their day and generation. The stones of memorial were raised amid the united voices of all around, and the plaintive music of the harpers who gave out the funeral chant.

“ Bend forward from your clouds, ghosts of my fathers, bend ! lay by the red terror of your course and receive the falling chief ; let his robe of mist be near, his spear that is formed of a cloud. Place a half-extinguished meteor by his side, in the form of the hero's sword. And O ! let his countenance be lovely, that his friends may delight in his presence. Bend from your clouds, ghosts of my fathers, bend ! ” In the same poem is the affecting lament for the beautiful Darthula. “ Daughter of Colla, thou art low ! ” said Cairbar's hundred bards ; “ silence is at the blue streams of Selma, for Trathul's race have failed. When wilt thou rise in thy beauty, first of Erin's maids ? Thy sleep is long in the tomb, and the morning distant far. The sun shall not come to thy bed, and say,

awake DARTHULA! awake thou first of women! the wind of spring is abroad. The flowers shake their heads on the green hills, the woods wave their opening leaves. Retire, O sun, the daughter of Colla is asleep, she will not come forth in her beauty, she will not move in the steps of her loveliness."

The duty of performing the obsequies of a hero seems to have been imperative, although his life might not have offered those traits of character which so well suited the bard's eulogium. They however did justice to his memory, neither suppressing any allusion to his vices, nor refusing the praise he might deserve. A chief had broken his oath. "His tomb was raised, but what could the bards say? Manos remembered not his words. When asked what he had done with his oaths? 'Alas! he said, where I found, I left them.' Manos, thou wert generous, but wrathful and bloody was thy darkened soul."

It has already been noticed, that without the funeral dirge, the spirit would be subjected to wander in forlorn suffering about the place where the body had been laid: it was therefore a matter of the utmost solicitude, that this should be performed, and the ceremonial was observed in the Highlands to the days of our fathers. It is now discontinued as a vocal tribute, but the 'Lament' of the piper played in front of the funeral procession, is a most characteristic substitute. Many remains of the Coronach music are believed to be still preserved, and it is reasonably supposed, that the species of *piobaireachd* appropriate to the melancholy event, has in many cases retained in the *urlar* or ground-work, the spirit of the original dirge.*

The following detail of the ceremonial at the interment of an old Celtic hero, as given by the Irish authorities, is conformable to what is otherwise related. The Druid first performed those rites which may be called religious; the *Senachie* then repeated the eulogium of the hero departed, detailing the illustrious descent and personal titles of the deceased. He was followed by the *Filea*, who recited the *Caoiné* or funeral song, which having been adapted to music by the *Oirfidighe* or musician, was sung by the *Racaraide* or rhapsodist, who was joined by the wailing notes of all present.†

The practice of *Caoining* at funerals is still practised by the native Irish, but since the suppression and neglect of the order of bards, the mourners in Ireland have been mercenary females, generally of advanced years, and their hackneyed or extemporaneous lamentations are not particularly creditable to the art. They, however, tenaciously hold to this rite, whether in Ireland, or elsewhere, and it is evident that there is no Christianity in it. Take a specimen. "O son of Connal, why didst thou die? royal, noble, learned youth; valiant, active, warlike, eloquent! why didst thou die? Oigh! oin-ogh!" Here follows the *Uilalúna* or chorus, first gone half through, poured forth in the wildest notes of extreme grief, being indeed the chief part of the performance, and as may be supposed not the most regular nor musical. "Alas! alas! he who sprung from nobles of the race of Heber, warlike chief! O men of Connal. O noble youth, why didst thou die? Alas!

* Pat. Maedonald on the influence of poetry and music on the Highlanders, prefixed to his admirable collection of their vocal music.

† The bards compose poems which the Rhapsodists repeat. Buchanan.

alas!" The semi-chorus again is given, and then the full *orgoll*. "Alas! alas! he who was in possession of flowery meads, verdant hills, lowing herds, fruitful fields, flowing rivers and grazing flocks—rich—gallant. Lord of the golden vale, why did he die? Alas! alas!" Uilaluia, &c. "Alas! alas! why didst thou die, O son of Connal, before the spoils of victory by thy warlike arm were brought into the hall of the nobles, and thy shield with the ancients? Alas! alas! Uila—luia, luia, luia, lu, lu, ucht o ong," &c., all which had the most thrilling effect. After the interment, the bard was formerly accustomed to perform the Elegy or Connthal sitting on the grave, which mark of affectionate respect like the Christian services for the dead in the Romish Church, was repeated at the new and full moon, for several months.* The Scriptural lamentations, as that over Saul and Jonathan, are of no whit more religious character.

Adverting to the classification of the members of the bardic brotherhood, it will be seen at first, simple and vigorous; subsequently undergoing alterations and subdivisions. The Druidical order was originally divided into three classes, which are distinguished as the Druids proper, who were the priests and legislators; the Vates, Ovates, Euvates or Eubages and the Bards. The duties of the first have been briefly referred to, and a general view of the bardic office has been presented, but scanty as our knowledge respecting it is, a few more particulars may be given to improve a picture, unfortunately but meagre.

The Vates have been considered by some writers, an order inferior to the bards, and by others to have held an intermediate place in the triad, but many regard the term as simply denoting a more advanced noviciate. "The Euvates," says Marcellinus, "more deeply considering nature, made attempts to discover the highest arcana, and lay open its most secret workings, and amongst these the Druids," from which it would seem that they were bardic aspirants for druidic preferment. Lucan classes them with the bards, but allows them superiority to a simple poet. It is very probable that a claim to a prophetic spirit was the cause of distinction. All three were accustomed to compose and to sing, but all did not claim the faculty of foreknowledge. Vates, which in Latin is a prophet or interpreter, is a word no doubt borrowed from the 'barbarians,' and the Gaëlic *Faid* signifying the same, appears to be the original word. Dr Smith however thinks Euvates may be *Eu-phaisde*, promising youths.

To ascertain the etymology of names, often clears up the obscurity which envelopes a subject: on this occasion, the attempt is more curious than useful. The general opinion is, that the appellation Druid is derived from the name of the oak tree, which in Greek is *Drus*, *Derw* in Welsh, *Duir* in Irish, *Dair* in Gaëlic, *Druith* in the Cornish. Considering the similarity of these words, the estimation which the Druids, like others, had for the oak, and the veneration they paid to the Mistletoe, the *All-heal* which grew thereon, it has appeared a satisfactory origin for their name, and the Welsh bards of later days have on the tree-system, raised a very ingenious allegory. The letters *dd*, having the sound of *th*, form a common termination, so *Derwydd*, is the trunk of an oak; *bardd*, from *bar*,

* Beauford, *Trans. of the Irish Academy*, Vol. IV. where the whole is set to music.

the top, is significant of the full grown branches, and Ovydd, from ov, raw, pure, indicates the saplings. Sir Samuel Meyrick gives less fanciful derivations—Der, superior; wydd, instructor; and o-wydd, subordinate instructor. In Whiter's method of determining the affinity of words, by the consonants as radices, we see the same consonants running through these words; the tr, pervading a series of terms, indicates activity, industry, improvement; and dr or tr were connected with the mystical T, a Druidical and Pythagorean symbol. The above laborious and profound etymologist, alluding to the Gaëlic "draonaich" so well illustrated by Coiremonadh,* as intimating a diligent cultivator, pronounces Druid to signify a teacher.† The appellation is undoubtedly Celtic, originating with that people, and not imposed by Greeks or others. The sense in which it is still used is that of an artist, a learned person, or vulgarly a magician, and it is the word in the Scripture translation for the wise men or priests. It is equally applied in Teutonic languages to denote a dexterous individual or enchanter.

The word Bard has been pronounced insoluble. It is uncertain whether the peculiar chant, called barditus, is the origin of the term, or its derivative. Bardachd in Gaëlic is poetry and history, literally the bard's work; barddae-th in Welsh is also bardism.

The profession has given names to many localities, as Monadh-bhaird, ach na' m bard, Tulloch-bardin, &c., and respectable families may trace their origin to those distinguished poets. There are many ancient charters in which different individuals are designated, le bard and le harper; the Bards, Bairds, MacBairds, and Wards are their descendants; in Ireland and Argyle are the Mac Faids, and Mac Faidzeans. Throughout the principality are numerous names indicating the residences and haunts of the different branches, as Tre'r Beirdd, the bard's villages. Croes y Beirdd, the bard's cross. Tre'r and Bod Drudan, the villages, and the houses of the Druids. Bod-Ovyr, the Ovyd's dwelling, &c. &c. The Baile-bhairds in the Highlands and Harper's lands in the low-country, are memorials of the golden age of Celtic minstrelsy.

A sketch of the personal appearance of the different characters, seems an appropriate accessory to a detail of their duties. Bodily imperfection being sufficient for exclusion from the order, it gave an imposing specimen of the Gaulish race, and their dignities were marked by suitable distinctions in dress. Their garments differed from others in amplitude: they were "the wearers of long robes." The costume, as may be supposed, was of a peculiar form, calculated for the attraction of notice, as well as the becoming denotation of rank. The beard which the Celtic nations always shaved, the Druidic officials wore long, and the hair of the head they cut close. The robes flowing to the heel; whilst those of the commonalty, and even of the nobles, fell only to the knee, as sufficiently distinguished the superiority of the order, as the episcopal costume marks the sacerdotal degree. White, denoting purity and truth, was the appropriate colour of the druid's robes.

In Cathlava one of the poems translated by Dr Smith, is a picture of Sean'ear, a druid, then a subject of persecution, but believed to possess supernatural acquirements, and consulted as an oracle by those, who, like the Roman general, might be disposed to

* Thoughts on the Gaël, &c., by James Grant, Esq.

† Etymologicon magnum.

say, "I scorn them, yet they awe me." Under the awful shade of his oak he finds him, leaning on his own trembling staff. His head of age stoops to the ground, his grey beard hangs down on his breast, and his dim eyes are fixed on the earth. But his soul is mixed with the spirits of air, and his converse is with ghosts. 'What seest thou of my love,' said Ronan, 'what seest thou of Sulmina?'" The figure was that of a solitary and prescribed anchorite, who submitted to his evil destiny, doubtless for his conscience' sake, like many fellow devotees. In the original, the description is singularly striking.

"An crith-thaice ri luig fein,
Fui' gheug dhoilleir dbaraich,
Lan ogluidheachd :—a chrom aomadh,
'S fheasag aosda sios mu bhrollach.
-air lar tha shuil a deareadh
Ach anam ann co'radh thailbhe."

The figurative and laconic reply is very characteristic.

"Macan an fas cruaidh,
Barca, thar cuan, na dean ;
Shuilmhine ! 's cruaidh leam do glaoth,
A 'taomadh air tiunn gun fhurtachd !"*

In happier ages, the raiment was an object of careful attention among the Celtic people, with whom every thing was precisely regulated ; even the colours of the robes were apportioned by invariable law. In Wales, the bards wore a dress of sky-blue, the emblem of peace and fidelity, and that of the Ovydd was a vivid green, the prevailing colour of verdant nature. The Awenydd, or disciple, showed in his vestment, as an escutcheon of pretence, the three colours, white, blue, and green. When officiating at religious ceremonies, the bard had a cowl attached to the cloak, like that worn by the Capuchin friars ; it was called Barddgwecwll, and is the bardo-cucullus of the Romans. The Druidesses are described by Strabo, as arrayed in white garments, fastened with girdles and brazen clasps. Among the Gaël, a very remarkable difference prevailed with respect to the vesture. A variety of colours was introduced, and the number which the gradations in society were permitted to display, was regulated by a prevailing rule. It was a striking mark of the estimation in which the bards were held, that they were allowed six colours, being two more than the nobility, and only one less than royalty itself. This was the well known law in Ireland, and there can be no doubt it was equally observed by the Gaël of Albion. In Meyrick's splendid work on British Costume, coloured prints of the various classes are given, among which we remark the two figures found near Autun, one of which carries the "slat an drui' achd," or ensign of authority, and the other bears the "cornan," or crescent, emblematic of the "cead rai re ;" the first quarter of the moon.† The robe is fastened by a brooch on the left shoulder.

Sumptuary laws were not forgotten in the Brehon code. In A. D. 1192, as Irish Annals inform us, such enactments settled among other matters, the value of a bodkin

* Gallie Ant. 335, from the Druid's appearance, it is generally called "the song of the grey man."

† Pliny says of the Celts, 'ante omnia sexta luna.'

of refined silver for the king or a bard at thirty heifers. The clothes of a poet and his wife cost three milch cows, and the raiment of an Ollamh, and of an Anshruith, the next in rank, five cows.

Some proof is found that the Cochal or upper garment which was evidently, from the name, of coarse texture, was fringed and ornamented with needle-work.* The full dress is described as consisting of the Cathanas, cota or body covering, and the Triuse, the gathered or girded up portion.

The shoes were wooden, and of a pentagonal form,† and an Ollamh was entitled to wear the barred or cap of honour. Thus in all respects did the bardic order appear strikingly different from others. On the extinction of druidism, it is probable that the peculiarity of costume was abandoned, the Christian missionaries naturally discouraging a distinction, which was calculated to prolong a reverence for the professors of a pagan creed.

The course of bardic study was long and arduous. So rigid was the term of probation, that the education of a student in the science of druidism, was not completed in a shorter period than perhaps twenty years, during which time he was obliged to commit to memory, a prodigious number of verses; twenty thousand by the lowest computation, but Chambray the Celtic professor at Paris, says the number for those of the highest class was not less than sixty thousand.

In later ages, as we learn from Irish authorities, the time occupied in acquiring the necessary bardic instruction was twelve years, three of which were devoted to each of the four principal branches of poetry. Another writer gives them sixteen or twenty years to complete their education, and he tells us he has "seen them where they kept schools, ten in some one chamber, grovelling upon straw, their books at their noses;" and although their seminary was thus rude, those men were well grounded in the classics, and invoked the muses with great success. The accommodation, it is presumed, was not in all cases so homely. We can scarcely suppose that the practice described by Martin, adopted by some in the Highlands to produce inspiration, was very usual. They would shut both doors and windows, wrap their plaids about their heads, and lie with their eyes closed, and a large stone on their bellies, for a whole day!‡ Poets are sometimes sufficiently eccentric.

If a vassal obtained permission from his lord to exercise a poetical or musical talent, he would, according to his genius, obtain rank by the courtesy of Cambria, but no one, whatever his merit might be, was classed among the bards, except he went through the regular curriculum. There were three individuals of no little celebrity otherwise, who were in this way unqualified:—the great kings Arthur and Cadwalon, and Rhyhawl ap Morgant.

It is much to be regretted, that the Scottish Gaël adhered so faithfully to the druidic injunction, not to commit their knowledge to writing. Those of the sister island were haply less obstinate, and have preserved many of the Breith-neimhe or laws of their native judges. Those which relate to the bards have been collected with praiseworthy

* Beauford.

† Dr Smith.

‡ Description of the Western Isles.

care, and given to the world; and although they are likely to show considerable innovation on the primitive institutions, upon the whole, we may believe the regulations in both countries were not materially different.

The order presented three principal classes, in which were several gradations, viz. :— The Ollamh re dan, graduate of song, or bard properly so called; the Seanachadh, or historian and genealogist; and the Brehon, Breith, or judge, which last, in the eleventh century, was separated from the bardic establishment.

The following were the gradations in the order of Fileas or bards, and the qualifications required in each.

The Fochlucan, the youngest student, was required to be able to repeat twenty poems, or historical tales.

The Mac Fuirme was required to have forty tales, any of which he should be able to repeat when desired.

* The Dos was qualified by being perfect in fifty poems or stories.

The Canaith, although a degree higher, was not obliged to learn more than the Dos.

The Cli, whose duties are not given in the authority we have consulted.

The Anra, or Anshruith, had to commit to memory one hundred and seventy-five compositions on different subjects.

Lastly, the Ollamh or Doctor, who was *the* bard, the others being noviciates. He was required to possess a perfect knowledge of the four principal branches of poetry, and be able to repeat three hundred and fifty pieces.*

The Aois dana preceded even the Ollamh, and sat with the chiefs in the circle. This class, however, does not appear earlier than the seventeenth century.

The Welsh had a division of bards no less complicated; the department of each class being pointed out with tedious minuteness, a comparatively modern alteration.† With them there were six classes of bards, three being poets, and three musicians.

The poetical bards were first, historical or antiquarian, who sometimes mixed prophecy with their effusions. Their duty was to sing in praise of virtue—to censure vice and immorality, and it was specially permitted them to address the clergy and married ladies, upon fitting subjects and in becoming language.

The second class, who were domestic bards, exhorted the people to a strict practice of the social virtues, and celebrated those who were patterns to others for their upright conduct and patriotism.

The third order, who were denominated the Cleirwr Arwyddveirdd, or heraldic bards, with their other duties, were assigned the composition of poems on amusing and jocular subjects.

After passing through the gradations of the Awen, or muse, the title of bard was conferred, and, retaining the ancient claim of superiority, the addition of ‘Ynnys Prydain was always given.

* Walker. Several of these terms are of uncertain etymology; anshruith may be from an, good; srath knowing. Ollav will strike the scholar as resembling the Heb. Aluf, a prince.

† Borlase.

The activity of Welsh genius led them to remodel and refine the bardic institutions, with the same care as they have cultivated their language, so that in modern times it must exhibit a very different aspect from what it originally displayed. There were eight orders of musicians; four of which only were admitted to be bards; the Harper, Crwthier, and Singer, were regularly invested poets, the Pencerdd being their chief. The four inferior orders were, the Piper, the Taborer, the Juggler, and the performers on the humble Crwth with three strings; the fee of these minstrels was a penny each, and they were to stand during their performance.

The Irish Oirfidigh, or musical order, was in like manner classified, taking their appellations from the instruments on which they performed, of which there were a considerable variety. The following enumeration is given.

The Ollamh re ceol, or Doctor of music, presided over the band consisting of the Crutairigh who played on the cruit or fiddle. The Ciotairigh. The Tiomponaich, who played on the horn; and the Cuilleanach.

These musicians were of much consequence as a constituent portion of the Filcacht, and being good vocalists, after the introduction of Christianity, they added much to the effect of the band of choristers for which many abbeys were famed in both islands. It may be observed, that as the Welsh held the harp to be the indispensable instrument of a gentleman, so we find many instances of bishops and abbots excelling in their skilful playing. We have a curious intimation in the venerable Bede anent the harp; he describes an individual, who at an entertainment being unable to perform on the instrument which was always handed round, slunk away ashamed of his deficiency. Want of a musical taste was accounted an indication of a bad disposition.

The decline and fall of an institution which existed so long, was so widely diffused, and, after the cessation of its direct influence, left so deep an impression on the national character, is a subject of much interest, and affords ample matter for reflection. Like all human establishments, it is seen to advance from simplicity and usefulness, to refinement, corruption and decay. The epoch of Christianity was the commencement of druidic decadence; but with the pertinacity which animates the professors of proscribed opinions, the ancient system was clung to for several subsequent centuries, and indeed where full conversion was found impossible, the apostles and missionaries accepted the profession of the Christian faith, with the retention of many of the established superstitions, wisely considering it better to accomplish the great end by judicious conciliation of long-riveted prejudices. When the Pagan priesthood was annihilated, the bardic branch, as an order of acknowledged utility, retained its place in Celtic society. Many who were touched with zealous fervour in the true religion, became clergymen, and were not the less pious, in that they continued to exercise their poetic talents, and solace themselves with the melody of the harp.* So long were the Welsh in abandoning the institutes of druidism, that Prince Hwell, who died in 1171, invokes the Deity to protect his worship in the groves and circles. This is sufficiently curious; but it is still more so to find that a small

* In Wales, the bardic clergy sometimes accompanied the chanting of the service with the harp.

society still existing, allege that they are the descendants, and possess a knowledge of the ancient mysteries of the druids, which has been transmitted purely, by a succession of the initiated, who could explain many of the mysterious triads, &c., were they at liberty to divulge their knowledge.*

The Highland traditions are copious on the subject of the fall of the druids, which, from the particulars related, was not a sacrifice to the cause of Christianity. The frequent wars in which the Scottish tribes were engaged, increased the power of the Feargubreith, while it lessened that of the druid, who had long been the arbiter of all transactions. Treunmor, grandfather of Fin Mac Cumbal, was appointed commander of the Caledonian forces by general election, on which the druids sent Garmal Mac Tarno requiring the chief to lay down his office, with which order he had the fortitude to refuse compliance. On this a civil war immediately ensued, which after much bloodshed, ended in the discomfiture of the druids, whose resistance was so obstinate, that few survived the desperate contest. The bards, who it may be readily believed were prone to flatter the powerful, and avenge real or imaginary wrongs by the sharpness of invective, being no longer under the salutary control of their superiors, the druids, became exceedingly presumptuous, abusing their ample privileges, and drawing on themselves severe chastisement. The Irish legends detail the circumstances of their expulsion twice before the celebrated council of Drumceat, held in 580, where the whole order was doomed to proscription for their oppressive exactions, having gone so far as to demand the golden brooch which fastened the plaid or cloak of Aodh, the king of Ulster! The good Columba, the apostle of the Highlands, left his charge in the college of Ii, for the purpose of interposing his influence to avert the destruction of an order, which, under proper regulations, was so well suited to the genius of his countrymen, and he was successful in softening very materially the severity of their sentence. The bards were on this occasion reduced to the number of 200, one only being allowed to each of the provincial kings, and lord of a cantred, and he was enjoined for no cause to prostitute his talents in flattering the vanity of the great, or covering vice by adulatory strains. He was to compose and sing to the glory of God, honour of the country, praise of heroes and females, and exaltation of his patron and followers. There was evident necessity for restriction; the numbers having so greatly increased, that they were estimated at no less than one third of the population! The propensity which those who were so highly favoured, and possessed such influence, had, like most others, to exceed moderation, required a check. Cupidity, it has been observed, is an inherent passion; and the possession of much, begets a desire for more. The bards subjected themselves to much obloquy and dislike by their arrogance and neglect of their proper duties, which eventually led to sundry curtailments of their personal immunities.

In Wales, they were not less inclined to abuse their privileges. Several regulations had been passed previous to the time of Gruffudd ab Cynan, who, much concerned to find the bardic profession in disorder, held a congress of all who had any knowledge of

* Cambrian Mag.

the science throughout Wales and Ireland, when a great reformation was accomplished; the three classes of poets, heralds and musicians, being then instituted, whereas the offices were formerly held by one individual, and they were forbidden to demand the prince's horse, hawk, or greyhound, or any property from others above a reasonable value.

There is a curious account of this notable convention given in an ancient MS. preserved in the library of the Welsh school, London, from which it appears there were four chief judges who decided, with the approbation of the audience, as to forming the song, preserving it in memory, and performing it correctly. The names of the four were Alban ab Cynan, Rhydderch the bald, Matholweh the Gwythelian (Gaël) and Alav the songster. Mwrchan, Lord of Ireland, was umpire, and by his power confirmed the proceedings at Glen Achlach.* The judicious improvements introduced at this time, were the means of restoring bardism to a sound and flourishing state, which continued until the death of Llewelyn the last prince in 1282. From the strictness of these coercive laws, it is evident the bards were a little unruly at times. If any one left a party for which he had been engaged, offered an insult to a female, &c., he was fined, imprisoned, and his circuit fees for a proportionate time, were forfeited to the church. In fine, although Edward the First actually carried a harper with him to the Holy Land, he subsequently considered the bards a dangerous body; and although they were retained at the courts of his successors, along with minstrels, whose proper occupation was originally that of historians, yet they certainly gave at times great offence by their freedom and assumption: hence such enactments were passed as one in 1315, to restrain them from resorting in unreasonable numbers to the houses of the great; and another by Edward III., which provided that bards who perverted the imagination by romantic tales, and those who were tale-tellers, and seduced the lieges by false reports, should not be entertained in the mansions of the great, or harboured by the people. This is like the decree passed to repress the insatiable curiosity of the ancient Gauls, who were the greatest known encouragers of those who could amuse them with stories—compelling strangers to stop even on the highways, and entertain them with some recital, in consequence of which they were misled by the mendacious tales to which their importunity gave so much encouragement.

Long after the maintenance of a bard as a retainer in a Celtic establishment was confined to these portions of the kingdom, their services continued in partial requisition elsewhere; but from the advancing change in society, this neglected class, with difficulty maintained a degree of respectability, but were obliged to itinerate in considerable numbers, and trust for their support to casual employment, by those who made their efforts to please a subject of rude jest. The following no doubt excited a laugh at the expense of the Gaël: it is a curious allusion to their manners by a lowland poet—

“Then cried Mahoun for a hieland padzean,
Syn ran a feynd to fetch Makfadzean,
Far northwart in a nuke;
Be he the coronach had shout,
Earse men so gatherit him about,
In hell grit rowm they tuke:

* About 1100. The harp and style of its music were on this occasion introduced from Ireland.

That tarmagants in tag and tatter,
 Full loud in Earse begoud to clatter,
 An' rowp like ravin rowk ;
 The deil sae deivit was wi ther yell,
 That in the deipest pot of hell
 He smorit them wi' smouk."*

In Saxonized England and Scotland, the bards and minstrels were denounced as idlers who lived on the useful and industrious, levying their contributions on an unwilling people. In the reign of James II., 1449, an act was passed, which declared that "gif there be onie that makis them fuiles, and are bairdes, thay be put in the kingis waird, or in his irons for thair trespasses, as lang as thay have onie gudes of thair awin to live upon, that thair ears be nailed to the tronc, or till ane uther tree, and thair eare cutted off, and banished the cuntrie." By a statute of Jas. VI., in 1579, those who were sangsters, tale-tellers, &c., and not in the special service of Lords of Parliament or boroughs as their common minstrels, were to be scourged and burnt through the ear with a hot iron.

When the court of the Scottish kingdom was Gaëlic, the ancient usages were closely observed, and the class whose history is now under investigation, continued, at least occasional services, for ages afterwards. At coronations, a Highland bard attended in his heraldic capacity, to repeat a poem on the royal genealogy. His attendance at the enthronement of Malcolm II., 1056, and the oration then delivered, are recorded, and the same duty was performed to Alexander III., in 1249, when the poet, we are informed, was clad in a scarlet dress. Various notices are found in the Lord Treasurer's accounts, of the services of seanachies and minstrels at royal entertainments, an extract from which will not be thought uninteresting. Blind Harry, the author of the metrical life of Sir William Wallace, sang his compositions to the king and nobility,† and received frequent gratuities. In 1490, and 1491, he was paid eighteen shillings. In the former year, "Martin Clareschaw and ye toder Ersche Clareschaw, at ye kingis command," were paid eighteen shillings, and shortly afterwards the same payment was made "till ane ersche harper." In 1496 are these entries:—

April.	Giffin to James Mytson, the harpar at the kingis command,	xiii s. iiij d.
June.	To twa wemen that sang to the king,	xiii s.
Aug. 1.	That same day giffin to the harpar with the ae hand,	ix s.
	That samyn day, to a man that playit on the clarscha to the king,	vii s.
1503.	Item to Pate Harper, clarscha,	xiiij s.
	Item to Alexander Harper, Pate Harper, Pate Harper Clarscha,	
	Hew Brabanar and the blind harper, harperis, ilk ane,	xiiij s.
	Item to Hog the tale-teller,	xiiij s.
	Item to the Countes of Crawfordis harper,	xiiij s.

In this year there were also sundry payments to minstrels: eight of which were English, and four Italian. In 1507, there was paid xiiij to the "crukit vicar of Dumfriese that sang to the king."

* The Daunce. Ramsay's Evergreen, I. p. 246.

† Major, Lib. iv.

In 1512, gevin till ane barde wife called Agnes Carkell,	xlii s.
Item, to O Donelis (Irlandman) harpar quhilk past away with him,	vii L.
In the household book of the Countess of Mar, under the dates 1638—1642, we find :	
To ane blind singer, who sang the time of dinner,	xii s.
To twa hieland singing women,	vi s.
To ane woman clarschochar,	xii s.

The kings of England, with few exceptions, continued to employ one or more Welsh harpers in the royal establishment. The marriage of Catherine, widow of Henry V., with Sir Owen Tudor, a nobleman of Mona or Anglesea, from whom Henry VII. was descended, brought the bards into more notice, and the title of the eldest son of the reigning monarch, offered a sufficient reason for compliment to so worthy a portion of the British subjects. When James VI. succeeded to the English throne, Henry, Prince of Wales, appointed one Jones as his bard. The author of the work, whence so many curious particulars of this class have been transcribed, Edward Jones of Henblas, was the talented bard to the last of our princes who bore the title.

That the bardic institutions have been so entirely neglected in the Highlands, is only to be accounted for by the very different position of the two countries. Wales has been for many centuries a province of England; their wars of independence have long ceased, and even internal dissensions have for a great length of time been unknown. In peace and tranquillity, the natives could therefore cultivate their poetry and music as an agreeable source of rational amusement, and if they continued to chant forth their ancient martial lays, it was a pleasing solace to have reflection drawn to departed renown. An indulgence in reminiscences of a state which no more can be reverted to, is some slight alleviation of regret.

The Gaël, on the contrary, who had ever to struggle for national independence, were between energetic resistance of the common enemy; the civil wars in which they were involved, and the clannish feuds which were fomented by designing foes, at last plunged into a state of sanguinary turmoil, which was but ill calculated for the fosterage of such a system as their happier brethren were permitted to cherish in peace. In these inauspicious circumstances, the soft and melting strains of the clarsach might be well suited for the enlivenment of their entertainments, and as an accompaniment for the grateful themes of love, and pastoral pursuits; but the utmost fervour of the harper's efforts, would fail to rouse the vengeful ardour of the Gaëlic heroes. It was the piobaireachd's shrill summons, thrilling in their ears the sad tale of their devastated glens, and their houseless friends, which gathered them for the war, by notes which had often sounded to hard-earned victory; speaking in strains which made their blood boil with glowing emulation, as they marched to the foe, and which pealing to survivors of the battle-field in notes re-echoed by the frowning crags, drowning by its piercing tones, the loud wailings of the bereaved, and the woful shrieks of the despairing women, called in a maddening voice for speedy and unsparing retribution.

The pipes supplanted the harp as the instrument for war among the Gaëlic tribes. The potency of bagpipe-music as a stimulus to heroism was acknowledged by the Irish,

who always used pipes in their warlike operations. "As others with the sound of trumpets, so those with the sound of the pipes, are inspired with ardour for the fight." Derrick likewise alludes to its martial use, and in the representations of battles, we observe the pipers in a prominent position, but do not perceive a harper. The great pipe has survived, an equally national instrument, which is much better adapted for an accompaniment at the festive board. The exhilarating but loud-toned *Pìob* is less suited to appear in place of the bard at the feast of Shells, who by his sweet-sounding harp and vocal melody, afforded a double gratification.

These remarks are by no means to be taken as in disparagement of the professors of this admirable instrument, the sound of which strikes so surely a responding chord in a Scotsman's heart. It is matter of delight to perceive its use so nobly upheld, and its music preserved with so much patriotic zeal. The frequent "competitions" of performers in different parts of Scotland, present a becoming counterpart to the means so successfully pursued in Wales and Ireland, for the preservation of their poetry and music; and this ancient regulation, especially in the former country, is so peculiar, bearing as it does on the subject, that it cannot with any propriety be omitted.

It appears that king Cadwaladr, about 670, presided in a meeting assembled for the purpose of hearing the bards recite old compositions and their own productions. Those meetings were called *Eisteddvodau*, and were like the *Clera* or circuits, held triennially. Prince Gruffudd, who, with the approbation of his Gaëlic friends, did so much for the repression of abuse and introduction of improvement in poetry and music, laid down express rules for the guidance of these meetings, regulating the mode of competition, qualification of candidates, &c., the chief object being "to extinguish falsehood, and establish certainty in the relation of events," the proper observance of which excellent practice served so well to perpetuate the true history of transactions. Invention, or propagation of falsehood was declared punishable by imprisonment and fine, and the like penalty was exacted for mockery, derision, or undeserved censure. Rhys ap Gruffudd, Prince of South Wales, gave a magnificent entertainment in the manner of the country, to King Henry II., when a large assemblage of bards attended, and received a confirmation of all their franchises. Similar meetings have been held at various times and places, sometimes by royal summons; at others, under the auspices of the nobility. Henry VIII. issued a commission for one to be held at *Caerwys* in Flintshire, 1523, "for the purpose of instituting order and government among the professors of poetry and music, and regulating their art and profession, according to the old statute of Gruffudd ap Cynan, Prince of Aberfraw." Queen Elizabeth appointed another to assemble at the same place in 1568, and those who were not found worthy to hold so honourable a calling, were charged to betake themselves to honest labour, on pain of punishment as vagabonds. On the 22d September, 1792, "a congress of the bards of the Isle of Britain," was held on Primrose hill in a suburb of London, with the view of "recovering druidical mythology and bardic learning."* Since then, the *Cymrodorion* society has given frequent *Eisteddvods* in the

* Gentleman's Mag. LXII.

metropolis, and they are held periodically throughout Wales. The kindred people of Bas Bretagne have been desirous of a similar convention being held there, and we have heard some literati of the Principality observe, that a gathering of bards on the same principle in Iona, where, in the days of persecution, the Cumraeg druids found refuge with their Gaëlic brethren of the same order, would be a highly interesting and appropriate commemoration, and productive of much advantage to the bardic cause. Some degree of literary character was at first given to the competitions in pipe-music, when prizes were awarded for poetic compositions, and when the admirable Donchadh-Ban nan orain was accustomed to present the Comunn Gaëlach na h-Alba, with a complimentary effusion in his happiest style. If the idea of the liberal-minded archdeacon Williams, rector of the Edinburgh Academy, and several other gentlemen of literary character and respectability, is ever matured, we shall have a grand union of the three divisions still remaining unmixed in these realms—the Gaël of both islands and the Cumri, “jointly and severally,” engaged in the prosecution of Celtic literature, of which the bards were from unsearchable antiquity the only conservators.

The Irish, less affected by those unpropitious circumstances which operated on the Highlanders, have retained the use of the harp and its appropriate melodies.

They however had their golden age of bardism, to which the iron naturally succeeded. They escaped the visitation of Roman persecution; but from the time of Henry II., it was an object of solicitude with the invaders, to repress the order as seriously inimical to English designs. Taking advantage of their privileges, they mixed with the enemy and acted as spies, while they excited their countrymen to unceasing opposition. In the statutes of Kilkenny, 1309, it was attempted to abolish the influence they possessed by Celtic usage, but with little effect. In the 13th of Henry VI., 1434, it being found that Clarsaghours, Tympanours, Crowthores, Kerraghers,* Rymours, Skellaghcs,† Bards, and others, contrary to that statute, were constantly passing between the armies, exercising their ‘minstrelcies’ and other arts, and carrying all information to the Irish camp, means were taken in order to repress so dangerous a practice. The mercenary spirit was but in few cases sufficiently strong to extinguish the patriotic; yet if any of these bards would officiate in the same vocation on the English side, he was taken under protection, and amply provided for. A precept occurs in the 49th, Edward III., 1375, for the remuneration of Downald O Moghane, a bard, who did great service to the English in this way.‡ Henry VIII. received with much satisfaction, ‘a Breviate’ of certain regulations for the good of the country, by Lord Finglass, in which it is recommended, that no Irish minstrels, Rymers, Shannaghcs,§ nor Bards be “messengers to desire any goods of any man dwelling within the English pale, upon pain of forfeiture of all their goods, and their bodies to be imprisoned at the king’s will.”|| Their habits were no wise changed in the succeeding reign. An act was passed in 1563, for reformation of the enormities which arose in Limerick, Kerry and Cork, by certain idle men of lewd demeanour, called Rymers, Bards and Carraghcs, who, under pretence of their travail, carried intelligence

* Players at chess, gamesters.
§ Sheanachies.

† Tellers of tales.

‡ Rotul. Patentium, 253, 94.

|| Harris’ edition of Wares’ Hibernia, 93.

between the malefactors inhabiting these countries, to the great destruction of true subjects ; it was therefore ordered that none of these sects be suffered to travail within these territories, against the statutes. " And for that these Rymers do by their ditties and rhymes to lords and gentlemen, in commemoration and praise of extortion, rebellion, &c. &c., encourage those lords and gentlemen rather to follow those vices than to leave them, and that for making of such rhymes rewards are given, &c., for abolishing so heinous an abuse, orders be taken, that none of them, from henceforth, do give any manner of reward for any such lewd rhymes, and he that shall offend to pay to the Queen's majesty, double the value of that he shall so pay, and the Rymer that shall make any such rhymes or ditties, shall make fine according to the discretian of commissioners, and that proclamation be made accordingly." That a bard should vent his indignation on occasion of such a stigma, is not to be wondered at. The Hibernian warmth is natural :

" When England would a land enthral,
She doomed the muses' sons to fall,
Lest Virtue's hand should string the lyre,
And feed with song the patriot's fire.
Lo ! Cambria's bards her fury feel ;
And Erin mourns the bloody steel."

The ' factions' which have continued to agitate the Irish peasantry so unhappily to the present day, had an injurious effect on the poetical character, the bards becoming mercenary and sycophantic followers of the great. The poet Spenser, who otherwise had a proper respect for the profession, gives a quaint and curious, but on the whole we may believe, a just picture of the bards.

" They were brought up idly," he says, " without awe of parents, without precepts of masters, and without fear of offence . . . for little reward or the share of a stolen cow, they wax most insolent, and half-mad with love of themselves. As of a most notorious thief and wicked outlaw, which had lived all his lifetime by spoils and robberies, one of their bards will say that he was none of the idle milk-sops brought up by the fireside, but that most of his days he spent in arms and valiant enterprises ; that he did never eat his meat, before he had won it with his sword : that he lay not all night slugging in a cabin under his mantle ; but used commonly to keep others waking to defend their lives, and did light his candle at the flame of their houses to lead him in the darkness ; that the day was his night, and the night his day ; that his music was not the harp, nor lays of love, but the cries of people, the clashing of arms, and ' finally,' that he died, not bewailed of many, but making many wail when he died, that dearly bought his death." Such a song, he adds, might be purchased for 40 crowns.*

Many who could not themselves compose, acted the rhapsodist, which Buchanan notices as a practice in the Highlands also, and sang the poems of others as a profession. In fact, the bards in Ireland became a public annoyance, and frequent petitions were made for their suppression.

Most part were extremely profligate, and consequently poor, but some became affluent.

* View of the state of Ireland.

and renounced a profession become disreputable.* A genuine bardic feeling animated Richard Roberts, a poor harper, who performed at a late Eisteddvod at Caernarvon, who, on receiving his fee, observed, "this money has been of service for my wants, but it has spoiled my music, for I never play so well for hire, as from my love of the art, and desire to please."

Oral poetry, the only medium through which the Celtæ preserved the memory of all transactions, was in no wise so feeble an instrument as a late Essayist considered it.† A poem of the bard Taliesen, who lived, anno 540, described the death of King Arthur, and the place of his interment, which being repeated before Henry II., about the year 1187, the king ordered search to be made for his tomb in the churchyard of Glastonbury, and there it was found. A similar discovery was made by the recitation of the duan of Cath-Gabhra by an old harper, in which an account is given of the burial of King Conan. The Irish academy, to verify the correctness of the bardic record, had the spot excavated, when the grave was found as described in the song!

It is unfortunate that the Greeks and Romans did not consider the compositions of the Celts worthy of preservation. They may not indeed have been very important, except as relics of extreme antiquity; but the glimpses of ancient manners which they would have afforded, and their curiosity as productions of ages so remote, render their loss matter of much regret. It is certain from the few intimations which are given on the subject, that there were many in existence of very distant origin. Some of the Celtiberians asserted that they had poems, containing their laws and history, six thousand years old. So long a duration may well be doubted, but if it was only a moderate fraction of such a number, it would be confessedly great, and there is no question, but that other tribes made equal claims. The German poems, which formed their national annals, were ancient in the days of Tacitus, who flourished in the first century, and he mentions some composed in his own time;‡ their remains were extant seven hundred years afterwards. One of the pursuits in which Charlemagne took great delight, was, searching for those decaying relics of poetic antiquity and committing them to memory. It was a similar practice with the great Alfred. There is one fragment which may be given as the oldest specimen of the bardic genius of an ancient Celt. Luernius, king of the Arverni, was wont to court popularity by extraordinary munificence. A poet once arriving long after the others, saluted the prince with a poem extolling his virtues and his benevolence, but lamented his misfortune in being too late to receive his bounty. The song procured the gift of a purse of gold, to the happy bard, who then chanted loudly, saying that Luernius' chariot-wheels as they rolled along, scattered wealth and blessings among the children of men.§

Although not disposed to go beyond an era of probability in the belief of the alleged antiquity of many British remains, yet as the inhabitants were found by the Romans, in most parts which they explored, as far advanced in civilization as the Gauls, and were

* In the book of Fernoy is a collection of mercenary rhapsodies. Lawless.

† The late John Anderson, Esq., W.S.

‡ One in praise of Arminius (Armin.) a celebrated chief, is mentioned in the Annals.

§ Posidonius apud Ritson. He flourished about 50 years before Christ.

much their superiors in bardic knowledge; not to advert to the general supposition that the famed chief-druid Abaris, who visited Greece clad in a tartan robe, must have been a Caledonian, and other points which would serve to show considerable civilization in early times; there seems good reason to admit that the Britons had also preserved historical poems which may have reached a high antiquity. From certain dark and figurative verses, the early chroniclers probably drew their materials, which, incorporated in their works without sufficiently comprehending the meaning, led to erroneous constructions, and the fabulous narrations which mark the productions of the early writers. Gildas and Nennius or Neniaw, 550 and 608, who were bards, compiled their histories from such authorities; and the former deploras the destruction of many old records by the enemy, and loss of others carried away by those who were driven from the country by the inroads of the northern tribes. Many Cumraëg MSS., were at one time in the Tower of London, either the spoils of war, or carried there by Welsh captives, taken in the Saxon and Norman invasions. They are supposed to have been poetical; but whatever they were, with a policy which subsequently actuated English monarchs with respect to the national songs and records of the sister kingdoms, they were committed to the flames. Owain Glendwr's rebellion, 1400, led to the destruction of most of the remaining bardic compositions which had been committed to writing; William of Salisbury says on his defeat, not one that could be found was saved! The *Llyvr du o Caerfyrddyn*, Blackbook of Caermarthen, is supposed to be the most ancient British manuscript in existence; it contains the works of bards of the 6th century.*

Among the more ancient remains of bardic science are those of Merddin, or Merlin the Caledonian, who flourished in 470. He was born at Caerwerthevin, near the forest of Celyddon, supposed to be Dunkeld, where he was protected by Gwenddolau ap Ceidio, with whom his mother, a nun, had sought refuge: having through accident killed his nephew in battle, he became subject to insanity, whence he was called the Wild, and his effusions were accounted prophetic. He received a tract of fertile land from this prince, which he lost in the wars with Rhedderch, King of Strathelyde. A poem which he composed on this gift, praising it under the name of an orchard, is a fair specimen of this bard's abilities. The verses have an unequal number of lines, but in each the final syllables rhyme. A verse or two are thus translated:—

AFALLENAU MYRDDIN.

“Sweet apple tree, growing in the lonely glade I fervent valour shall keep thee secure from the stern lords of Rhydderch. Bare is the ground about thee, trodden by mighty warriors; their heroic forms strike their foes with terror. * * * * Death relieves all, why does he not visit me? for after Gwenddolau no prince honours me; I am not soothed with diversion. I am no longer visited by the fair: yet in the battle of Ardyrydd, I wore the golden torques, though I am now despised by her who is fair as the snowy swan.

“Sweet apple tree, loaded with the sweetest fruit, growing in the lonely wilds of the

* Jones' poetical relics of the W. bards.

woods of Celyddon! all seek thee for the sake of thy produce, but in vain; until Cadwaladr comes to the conference of the ford of Rheon, and Conan advances to oppose the Saxons in their career, &c."*

There are some pretty similes here, and the Celtic character is impressed on the composition, but how far short it comes of the Gaëlic poems of antiquity!

The Welsh having so sedulously maintained the science in all its peculiarities, a reference to their history could not with propriety be avoided. From the kingdom of the Strathelyde Britons, through that of Cumbria, which extended to the marches of North Wales, the tribes appear to have for some time formed the link between the Cumri and the Gaël; the intercourse therefore which appears to have subsisted between the two people in early ages, will justify a frequent allusion to those who at first thought might appear quite disconnected with the Gaëlic bards.

From the beginning of the 5th century there were numerous bards, the remains of whose works are still extant. The antiquaries of Wales enrol in their list the names of several who are assigned an antiquity so remote, that a degree of scepticism is excited as to their existence, but the Irish writers quite surpass them; for they lay claim to national poetry three thousand years old!† It is impossible, without a great stretch of credulity, to believe that any relic anterior to the Christian era has reached our times. Fingin and Fergus of the 2d century, and others, may be real personages, and the authors of poems ascribed to them; without questioning the truth of the legends concerning the more ancient personages, it may be sufficient to say, that from the advent of our Saviour, downwards, the numerous individuals distinguished in the science are recorded by the bardo-monkish chronicles in precise detail. We find among those most noted in the 5th century, Torna and Dubthach who is said to have written a poem in which the rights of the bards are enumerated. He subsequently became a convert to Christianity, and in this class are to be ranked Feich, Cronan, Columcille, Adamnan, Dallan, Seanchan, Angus, Amergin, &c. These primitive Christians, being of the privileged class, by the old institutions, did not fail to set forth in a favourable light, the glorious state of ancient poetry, thinking it an enhancement of the national honour, to show that Ireland was the celebrated land of bards before it acquired the more exalted title of that of saints. The powerful exhortations of St Patrick and his successors, induced numerous bards to betake themselves to the services of religion, many acquiring dignities in the church, and considerable celebrity. In 884, died Maolmhuradh—his contemporary Flann was accounted the Virgil of Ireland; Donagh O Daly, Abbat of Boyle, who died in 1244, was called the Ovid.

We find, from what is recorded of the bardic system in Ireland, that like the Welsh, they had triennial conventions, and the Iomarba, or contests, were professional competitions. The practice in Ireland must be held to be the same as was observed by the Gaël

* By the Orchard, Merddin perhaps means the asylum he found in Athol, Abhal or Adhul, which is believed by many etymologists to acquire its name from fruitfulness in abhlan, apple-trees. The poet therefore seems to play on the *Afallanau*, or apple-tree garden.

† Dr O'Connor.

of Scotland. The Munster bardic Sessions which were held so late as the beginning of last century, were suppressed by penal statute.* Attempts have been made to restore in some measure the ancient practice of the harp and vocal melody, as a means of preserving the poetry and music so rapidly on the decline. A Mr Dungan offered four prizes of seven, five, three, and two guineas to the best performers on the harp, in a meeting held at Granard, in 1781, at which eight or ten performers attended. In 1792, a meeting of the harpers, as the descendants and representatives of the ancient bards, was called at Belfast, by a number of gentlemen who raised funds for the purpose of reviving and perpetuating the old "music, poetry, and oral traditions," at which ten harpers attended. The Belfast Harp Society, for supporting a professor and students, was established in 1807. An institution worthy of the descendants of the ancient Dalriadic Scots deserved a more extended existence: it only survived until 1813.†

Returning to the bards of Caledonia, to whose history this essay is more particularly devoted, it must be confessed that they have not met with the ready chroniclers who have celebrated the others; but they have left a more splendid monument, in their own inimitable works.

Who were the "bards of old," whose poems were alluded to by the renowned Ossian, or in what age did they exist? The expression carries the mind back to a distant and indeterminate era, and it proves that there were poems well known in his day, which were then reckoned ancient. "Thou shalt endure, said the bard of *ancient days*, after the moss of time shall grow in Temora; after the blast of years shall roar in Selma." Fergus, Ullin, Orain, Daol, were his contemporaries, but we know not who was the author of the "Tain bo, Cualgne," a poem co-eval with the epoch of redemption. The Duan Albanach, repeated at the coronation 1056, was formed from some similar record, of much higher antiquity.

The era of Ossian is fixed by concurring opinion, formed from the evidence contained in the poems, in the third century. The compositions of several who lived in his own time, as well as the immediately succeeding ages, have come down to our own times; owing their preservation to that peculiar beauty which characterizes the works which preceded the full establishment of Christianity. Collections of the Sean-dana have been published under the general affiliation to those ancient bards; but as it cannot in the case of several pieces be with certainty shown whether it was the 'voice of Cona,' which gave them being, or the others, the descriptive appellation of Ossianic poetry seems an appropriate designation. At the same time it must be observed, that the judgment of the Highlanders may in general be relied on; some of the anonymous poems given in the following collection, although evidently formed by those who had not embraced Christianity, and compositions of acknowledged merit, are nevertheless so far from the *ne plus ultra* of the acknowledged standard of excellence, that they are never ascribed to Ossian

* Walker, who quotes memoirs of Clan Ricard, 1727. See Hardiman's Irish minstrelsy for a copious list of Bards and Seanachies and poetical ecclesiastics. From the identity of language and similarity of names, our Irish neighbours have laid claim to several bards, who ought assuredly to be placed in the Albanic list.

† Bunting on Irish music, 1840.

Mac Flinn.* The authors of some of those ancient compositions are known, as of Mordubh and Collath, but many others are anonymous, or of uncertain authorship.

It will scarcely be expected that the question of the authenticity of the poems of Ossian which so long agitated the literary world, shall be resumed in the pages of this short essay. The ample proofs of the existence of those poems in the oral record of the unlettered Highlanders, as well as in several MSS., long before MacPherson undertook the labour of collecting and translating them, obtained by the searching investigation of the Highland Society, and of individuals, have, we should think, settled the controversy to the satisfaction of the unprejudiced. The evidences which the poems were supposed to exhibit of their recent composition, as urged by Laing and others ignorant of the language, have been happily overthrown by natives of the country who well understood the originals, while the correspondence of the chronology of those compositions with the events in Scottish history, is an extraordinary proof of their being the genuine production of antiquity.

“The history of the bards, is perhaps of all others the most extraordinary,” is the expression of an eminent writer on poetry and music;† and another has said, that “on the construction of the old Celtic poetry we want much information.”‡ Since this wish was expressed, the subject has been treated by writers qualified by a competent knowledge of the language. The Triads, which form so curious a record, commemorate Tydain, who first made an order and regulation for the record of vocal song; and it is laid down that there are three requisites for a poetical genius—an eye that can see nature, a heart that can feel it, and boldness that dares to follow it. In Ireland, Ceanfaela (who flourished about 500,) we are told, wrote or revised what is called the “uraicept na neagir,” or rules for poets, a very useful work, since we find there were upwards of 100 kinds of poetical construction. In ‘Anglia Sacra,’ mention is made of a Scot who was acquainted with 100 different sorts of verse, with the modulation of words and syllables to music, to which letters, figures, poetic feet, tone, and time, were necessary.§

The Triads are a sort of oracular stanzas, composed with much art in three lines. This triplet form was not unknown to the Highlanders, but it was more peculiarly Welsh, and appears to be, as is uniformly asserted, the favourite druidic style. It is generally termed Englyn Milwr, the warrior's song, which points to its use as the “cerdd voliant prsnachadh,” or stimulating address which animated the troops in war. It was in this measure, doubtless, that the famed Unbeniaeth Prydain, or heroic poem called the Monarchy of Britain, was composed. This is now lost; but it had a wonderful effect on the hearers, referring to the pristine glories of the Britons when they held the sovereignty of the island. It was Eydeyrn, the golden-tongued, in the reign of Gruffudd, Prince of Aberfraw 1258-82 who made an analysis of the metres of vocal song, “to be as a record and a code.”|| Those who wish farther information respecting the Welsh bards will be amply gratified by consulting the elaborate works of Jones and Evans; it may be sufficient to

* There were others of the name. Those poems in which matters relative to Christianity are introduced, which are current in Ireland, were in all probability the composition of that Ossian, who became St Patrick's disciple.

† Dr Brown.

§ II. p. 213.

‡ Pinkerton “the Goth.”

|| Owen's Dictionary.

say, that the three divisions of Englyn, Cywydd, Awdl, close, parallel and lyric metre, were divided into twenty-four, the last of which was "the masterpiece."

The poetical genius of the Highlanders has been often subject of remark. Pastoral occupations and an Alpine situation are congenial to it. The mountains of Bœotia were the favourite abode of the Muses, and the Arcadians, who were the Highlanders of Peloponnesus, became famous in the most early ages for their poetry and music. The modes of Gaëlic versification are various, but on a close examination are not so numerous as at first would appear; it is evident, however, that the ancient poets did not cramp their genius by adherence to any rule, although there was an attention to rhyme and cadence. In later times, the system was rendered intricate and complicated by a curious classification of the letters, in which the Irish particularly distinguished themselves. The Gaëlic language is well adapted for poetry, but it cannot we think, except in a few cases, be successfully scanned according to the rules of latinists, although this has been attempted.*

In the scarce work of Mr Davies before referred to, this learned Cambrian—endeavouring to prove that the poems of Ossian, if allowed to be older than the days of our fathers, are the productions of an age long posterior to their believed era—enters very particularly into the systems of versification, which his elaborate 'Celtic Researches' and intimate acquaintance with such matters, enabled him to do with great critical acumen; nevertheless most of his dicta may be very confidently repelled. 'Rhyme,' he admits, 'was peculiarly known to the Celtæ,' and with alliteration it formed the true mark of antique composition; with which observations we readily agree. He subsequently says that alliteration was a more recent invention than rhyme, and that rhyming verses are the nearest resemblance to the style of versification used by the druids. The Welsh were ignorant of alternate rhymes or quatrains, their poetry being usually of such a form as the following :

Mor yw gwael gweled,
Cymwro cynnired,
Brathau a brithred,
Brithwyr ar gerdded.

It is rather surprising that this people should not have this style of versification in their heroic pieces, for which Dryden recommends it as most suited, and in which style the Ossianic poems are generally composed. Mr Davies' object is to test the antiquity of this poetry, but he does so by a comparison with the Irish system which he allows to be so full of art, and so fanciful, that it could not be of ancient origin, nor the manner "of any Celtic tribe whatever!"

The system, as Gaëlic scholars know, is by a complex and arbitrary classification of the letters, and the strict application of the rule of "caol ri caol, agus leathan ri leathan," short to short, and broad to broad. Mr Davies acknowledges that their table must have been the work of time, and says, the oldest specimen in which he found it in full force, was of the time of Queen Elizabeth: certainly the oldest Gaëlic poetry does not exhibit this feature. If 'both nations versified on the same principle,' is there not some incon-

* Dr Armstrong in his excellent Dictionary, and Mr Munro in his Grammar, have reduced the bardic works to this classical mode of testing their merit.

sistency in saying that the Highlanders were bungling copyists of the Irish? The roughness of this charge is indeed a little smoothed down by the subsequent admission, that whatever they copied they much improved, having, he confesses with unexpected candour, a genius for poetry!

The war-song of Goll he accounts a fair specimen of the poetry of the age of Ossian. He takes it from an Irish version, and a short specimen will be quite sufficient for a Gaëlic scholar to determine whether the Hibernian or Caledonian displays the finest genius, or bears the strongest marks of antiquity.

" Goll mear mileata	Laoch gu lan ndealbhuag
Ceap na crodhachta	Reim an richuraibh
Laimh fhial arachta	Leomhan luatharmach
Mian na mordhasa	A leonadh biodhbhaidh
Mur leim lanteinne	Ton ag tream tuarguin
Fraoch nach blifuarthear	Goll nan gnath iorguil." &c.

It is within the range of our observations to consider our author's opinions a little farther. He brings forward many instances of what he terms defective rhyme, but it is evident, he was not sufficiently master of his subject, for he errs in supposing that the final syllables ought to rhyme—it is the penult syllables which do so. He gives four lines which are certainly as perfect rhymes as could be produced.

" Triath na trom channa.
Briathra bin mhala
Mile mear dhanna
Dlightheach diongmhala."

Mr Davies dwells at considerable length on the sounds of the consonants and their combinations, according to the Irish table; but although he notices Shaw's observation "that the Highland poets, following their example, had also a classification," he does not let his readers know that the two differed. The sound of *ch*, by the Irish is accounted rough; by the Gaël of Alban, it is deemed soft, sprightly, forcible, &c. His objections therefore to *laoich*, which he maintains should be *laoigh* to agree in character with *faoin*; *fitich*, which ought to be the Irish *faigh*; *oigh*, and *seod*, and other words which he asserts do not rhyme, are therefore groundless. He may have satisfied himself and been able to persuade others, that the genuine Ossianic poetry is not a production of the Highlanders, because until late years, they had neither grammars nor dictionaries; but surely it will not be gravely maintained, that the grammarian preceded the poet! Ingenious persons would endeavour to reduce to rule, and innovate upon, or improve the acknowledged, although sometimes rather obscure laws of verse, but they no more formed those original laws than Shaw formed the language of which he first gave the 'Analysis.' The Irish poetical letter-table was not thought perfect until little more than 260 years ago. Mr Davies allows the very ancient rann on the *Lia-fail*, or palladium of Scotland, to rhyme very well, although he suspects it to be Irish; but in truth so much time should not have been given to the consideration of his objections to the authenticity of these poems, did not his defiance call for some reply, and the weight of so great an authority require it;

the subject at the same time being so appropriate to that in hand. Both nations versified on the same principle, and as few countries produce a Homer or an Ossian, it is not surprising that there should be contending claims for the honour of their birthplace. It no doubt astonished the antiquaries of other countries, to find that such extraordinary compositions should be the production of "a people who had never boasted of their literary treasures," but our learned objector could not find many, except among the hopelessly prejudiced, to believe that "the Scotch poems are the trivial songs of the illiterate peasant in the reign of George III."! To close these remarks, we are happy to insert Mr Davies' own opinion of the same poems, which doubtless was not hastily formed, being expressed in more elegant language than we could readily command, or becomingly use for ourselves.

"The Fingal and Temora, upon subjects so interwoven with the feelings of the people, set this corner of the island far above poetic competition, not only with any Celtic tribe, but we may almost say with any nation in Europe. What people now existing can boast of epic poems, so interesting, so original, so replete with generous sentiment, and at the same time so nationally appropriate? The man who believes himself descended from Fingal, from either of his heroes, or even from the nation which produced such characters, must be a degenerate wretch indeed, if he can do otherwise than think nobly and act honourably."*

Previous to displaying more particularly the beauties of the Gaëlic bards, their system of versification requires to be more fully developed; but it is a difficult task to convey a clear idea of that which is so much "sui generis," and constructed on principles in many cases at entire variance with the laws which govern in other languages. The variety of measure in Gaëlic poetry, is not more remarkable than its complication of rhythm and cadence, often presenting a wild excellence, which to those unacquainted with the language, appears to be a perfectly lawless arrangement of lines. Some of the early productions of untutored bards, and even portions of the Ossianic poetry, are in verse so irregular, as to present the aspect of disjointed prose. The natural flow of the passions is not restrained by attention to measure or adherence to rule, and events which produce strong mental agitation, are not likely to be commemorated, in soft, flowing and well adjusted lines. The ancient bards do not appear to have composed under any fixed laws of versification, yet the wildest effusions were not without a certain rule; their poems, although in blank verse, had a peculiar adjustment of cadence and feet, easily discoverable to a practical ear.

Polymetra, or verses of different measures, employed according to the poet's taste or feeling,—a style, capable of being rendered extremely effective, is held to be the first form of composition, and has been frequently used by both the ancient and modern Gaël. It was adopted by other nations, and successfully practised by the French and Spaniards—in England, it is first seen in the works of Ben Johnson.†

* Besides several literal and versified translations in English, the Poems of Ossian have appeared in Latin, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, French, German, Russian, Danish, Swedish, &c.

† See Transactions of Irish Academy.

Much of the Gaëlic poetry might be scanned; but a great deal of it cannot be properly subjected to this classical test by the most ingenious; and yet a Celtic ear will tell that it is good. We are of opinion that the rules for scanning, by which Latin verses are governed, are alien to the Gaëlic, which certainly does not owe the art of poetry to the Romans. The concord does not always depend on the coincidence of final words; but rests on some radical vowel in corresponding words, and these not terminal alone, but recurring in several places throughout the verse, which will be best understood from examples.

Muir, cuir; each, creach; gicann, beann, &c., are quite perfect, but in fios, gion; làmh, bàs; feidh, sleibh; beul, speur, &c., the rhyme is in the corresponding vowels. In the same poem, especially if ancient, we frequently meet with good regular versification, and portions in which there is no rhyme at all; indeed in one piece, there are often various sorts of verse.

Rhyming lines, which are thought to be the nearest resemblance to the style of versification used by the Druids, are common.

“ Bha geal-làmh air clàrsach thall;
Chunnaic mi a gorm-shuil mall
Mar ghlan thàibhs an iomairt a’ triall
Le cheilt an ecarb nan dubh niall.”

Tighmora, Duan IV. Vol. III. p. 52.

Here is a specimen of alternate rhymes, which exemplifies their independence of the final consonants. The cadence in the middle of the line is also observable.

“ O! m’ anam faic an ribhinn òg,
Fo sgeith an daraich, vigh nam flath,
’S na lamh shneachd meisg a ciabhan òir,
’S a meall-shuil chinin air òg a gràidh.

“ Esan a’ seinn ri taobh ’s i balbh,
Le cridhe leum, ’sa snamh ’na chòl,
An gaol bhò shuil gu suil a falbh,
Cuir stad air feidh nan sleibhtean mòr.”

Miann a Bhaird aosda, p. 16.

Heroic verse is usually of seven, eight, nine, or more syllables.

Latha do Phadruic na mbur
Gun sailm air uigh ach ag òl
Chaidh e thigh Oisein ’ic Flinn
On san leis bu bhinn a gòir.

Osian

Again :—

“ Na h-eòineanan boidheach a’s òrdamail pòng.
Stu mārceach nan sràneach a’s fàrrumach cèun.”

MacLachlan.

Some modes of versification are very singular, having a curious concord of vowels, without alliteration, running through the whole, and occurring in different parts of the lines, forming compound rhymes: for example:

“ Sin fhuil bian cùis! ar SINNSEAR,
 San INNSGINN a bha nan *aighe*
 A dh' fhagadh dhùinn mar DHILLIB,
 Bhí RÍOGHAIL : bē sin am Paidir.”

p. 130.

Again :—

“ Is mōr a ghreis a thug na SEOID
 'Sna SLOIGH a coimhead an *euch* lan ;
 Ach chlāon iad araon air an FHRAOCH,
 'S fuil CHRAOBHACH a ruith o' n *creuch* daibh.”

Morduth.

Besides the regular rhymes, there is a sort of melodious cadence pervading the verse, which of course is more or less beautiful according to the genius of the poet. The following anonymous composition shows the harmonious adaptation of the language for versification ; it seems to flow with the greatest facility in the happiest agreement of rhythm and measure. It is usually sung to the fine old air of ' Johnny's grey breeks.'

“ A nighean donn na *buaille*
 Gam bheil an *gluasad* FARUSDA,
 Gun tug mi gaol co *buan* duit,
 'Snach *gluais* e air an EARRACH so ;
 Mheall thu mi le d' shùgradh
 Le d' bhriodal a' le d' chùine,
 Lùb thu mi mar fhùtran,
 'S cha dùchas domh bhí FALLAIN *uaith*.”

Here is another specimen of a similar style :—

Fhuair mi sgēula moch dicēdin
 Air laimh fhēuma bha gu creūchdach,
 'S leor a gheūrad anns An leūmsa
 Anail on trēud bha *buaghar*.
 O Dhun Gāranach ur āllail
 Na'n trup meāra' s na'n steud seāngā,
 Na'n gleus glāna s' ceutach seālladh,
 Beichdail āllaidh *uaibhreach*.

Mary MacLeod, better known as Nighean Alastair ruadh, the daughter of red Alexander, had so fine a genius, that she appears to have struck out some new measures. Here are two specimens of a very plaintive cast.

Rìgh ! gur muladach 'thā mi,
 'S mi gun mhìre gun mhānran,
 Anns an talla 'm bu gnā le Mac-Leoid,
 Rìgh gur, &c.

Taigh mor maenasach, meāghrach,
 Nam macaibh 's nam māighdean,
 I ar 'm bu tartarach gleādhraich nan corn,
 Taih mor, &c.

See p. 24.

'Tha mo dhùils' ann an Dì7,
 Guir muirneach do thriāil,

Gu Dùn nd nan eliār,
 F'ar bu duthchas do' m thriāth,
 Bhiodh gu fiughantach fiāll foirmeil,
 Bhiodh gu, &c.

See p. 30.

The following variety is by the celebrated John MacDonald, not *Iain Lom*, but *Iain dubh Mac Iain 'ic Ailein*; the Eigg bard.

Si so 'n aimsir an dearbhar
 An targanach dhūinn,
 'S bras meinmnach fir Alba
 Fon armaibh air thūs;
 Nuair dh' eireas gach trenn-laoch
 Na' n eideadh ghlan ūr,
 Le run feing agus gainge
 Ge seirbhis a chrūin.

Donchadh Bān, or Duncan MacIntyre, the boldness and originality of whose conceptions, clothed in poetry of the most genuine excellence, unassisted by the slightest education, have obtained for him a comparison with Ossian himself, offers many a beauty scattered profusely throughout his numerous works. In that admirable poem called Beinn Dou-rain, he has adapted the verses to the piobaireachd notes, commencing with the ūrlar, the groundwork or air: the second part is the suibhal, or quickening, arranged in a different measure, to which succeeds the crun-luath, swifter running music, to which a suitable measure is likewise adapted. It is a curious effort, and his model seems to have been an older piece which accompanied Moladh Mairi, the praise of Mary, otherwise the Mac-Lachlan's salute.

His lines are extremely mellifluous, and his compositions show a great poetical versatility. Let us present a verse of his Coirre-Cheathaich, scanned according to Dr Armstrong.

'S ā' mhādāinn | chíūin gheál, | ānn ām dhōmh | dūsghād, .
 'Aig bñn nā | stūicē | b ē'n sūgrād | leam,
 A cheāre lē | sgiūcān | a gābhāil | tūchāin,
 'Sān cōileāch | cūirtēil | āg dūrđāil | trom.
 Ān drēathān | sūrđail, | 's ā rībhīd | chíul āige,
 Ā cūr nān | smūid dhēth | gū lūthār | binn;
 Ān trūid sām | brū dheārg | lē mōrān ūnaich,
 Rē cēilēir | sūnatāch | bū shiūbhāch | rann.

The measure is repeated at every second line. It will be observed, that there is an agreement in sound between the first syllable of the second and third foot; in the second and third lines, between the first syllable of the second, and the middle of the third foot.

His beautiful song to Mairi bhàn óg, fair young Mary "so often imitated, but never equalled," is another captivating beauty in the composition of 'Fair Duncan of the songs.'

In the fourth book of Fingal is the war song, prosnachadh, or exhortation, which the bard chanted to inspirit the renowned Gaul, when engaged in the heat of a desperate battle. So expressive is the language, and with such skill did the bard compose his address, that the very sound echoes the sense; it could never, we apprehend, be mistaken, even by one

totally unacquainted with Gaëlic, for a gentle pastoral. An English translation is given, which is not so elegant as that by MacPherson, but it is more literal, and will, therefore, be considered more fair, i. e. if it were from this version he translated.

I.
A mhacain cheann,
Nan cùrsan srann,
Ard leumnach, Rìgh nan sleagh

II.
Lamh threun 's gach càs;
Cridhe àrd gun sgà;
Ceann airm nan rinn geur-goirt.

III.
Gearr sìos gu bàs,
Gun bharc sheol bàn,
Bhà snàmh ma dhubh Innistoir.

IV.
Mar thairneanach bhail
Do bhuille, a laoiich!
Do shuil mar chaoir ad cheann.

V.
Mar charaic chruinn,
Do chridhe gun roinn;
Mar lasair oidhech' do lann.

VI.
Cum suas do sgià,
Is erobhuidhe nial,
Mar chith bho reull a bhàis.

VII.
A mhacan ceann,
Nan cùrsan stann,
Sgrios naimhde sìos gu I. r.

I.
Offspring of chiefs,
Of snorting steeds,
High bounding, King of spears!

II.
Strong hand in every trial;
Proud heart without dismay,
Chief of the host of deadly, sharp weapons.

III.
Slay down to death,
That no white-sailed bark,
May sail by dark Inistore.

IV.
Like the thunder of destruction,*
Be thy stroke, O hero!
Thy darting eye like the flaming bolt.

V.
As the firm rock,
Unwavering be thy heart.
As the flame of night be thy sword.

VI.
Uplift thy shield,
Of the hue of blood,
Portentous star of death.

VII.
Offspring of the chiefs,
Of snorting steeds,
Cut down the foe to earth.

In the poem entitled *Conn*,† is preserved an incantation or invocation to Loda the Scandinavian deity, which seems to partake of the stern character of northern poetry, and has but a very slight approximation to rhyme in the final syllables.

Cheò na Lanna
Aom nan cara;
'S buair an eadal,
Chruth Loda nan leir-chreach.
Sgap do dhealan;
Luaisg an talamh;
Buail an anam;
'S na maireadh ni beò dhiubh.

* Cr. of Ba'il?

† Smith's *Gallie Antiquities*.

The Duan Albanach is on a subject which did not admit of any copious introduction of the graces of poetry; a portion of it will nevertheless be thought curious, as exhibiting a production of the middle age, presuming, that the bard who repeated it in 1056 was the author, in Gaëlic of an orthography now rather obsolete. There are 27 verses, of which the following are the first and last.

A eolcha Alban uile,
A shluagh feta folt bhuidhe,
C'ia ceud ghabhail an eol duibh,
Ro ghabhustar Alban bhruigh.

Da Rìgh for chaogad, cluine,
Go mac Donncha dreach ruire,
Do shìol Eric ardgloin a noir,
Ghabhsad Albain, a eolaigh.*

One of the most curious alliterative poems is that composed by Lachlan mòr Mac Mhuireach, bard to MacDonal of the Isles, to animate his troops at the battle of Harlaw, fought 1411. The bard gives a part for every letter of the alphabet, and each contains the most felicitous collection of epithets under the respective letter. Towards the end, the strict alliteration is abandoned, and the piece concludes as usual in heroic poems, with the opening lines, which call on the children of Conn, "of the hundred battles," to behave with becoming hardihood in the day of strife.† A portion will be found, p. 62.

Another selection from "the voice of Cona," will exemplify the freedom with which the ancient bards versified, presenting events in the most impressive language, without restraining the flow of the muse for the mere sake of making the lines 'clink,' as Burns would say.

Mar cheud gaoth an daraig Mhoirbheinn,
Mar cheud sruth o thoir nan aonach,
Mar neoil a' curadh gu dubhlaibh,
Mar chuan mor air traigh a' taomadh,
Cho leathann, beucaich, doreha, borb,
Thachair laoi ch fo cholg air Lena.
Bha gairm an t-shluaigh air cruach nam beann,
Mar thorrann an oidhch' nan sian,
'N uair bhriseas nial Chona nan gleann.
'S mìle taibhs' a' sgreacadh gu dian
Air gaoith, fhaoin, fhiar nan earn.
Ghluais an Rìgh na' neart gu luath,
Mar thannas Threimhoir, fuath gun bhaigh,
'N uair thig e' n crom-osag nan stuadh
Gu Morbheinn, tìr sinns're a ghraidh.

* Rerum Hib. scriptores veteres.

† The farm, heretofore Muir of Harlaw, is on the north side of the river Urie, about 17 English miles from Aberdeen. It is in the Gariach or rough district, whence the battle is called by the Highlanders, *eath gariach*. On the field of conflict were to be seen the sepulchral cairns of the slain—MacLean, M'Intosh, &c., but the industrious utilitarian now raises his crops on the soil which enwraps the undistinguished remains of the gallant warriors, who fell in that well-contested field.

Here in some parts the final syllables rhyme extremely well ; in others, there appears no such agreement. The 5th and 11th lines prove how truly Mr MacLean speaks in his "History of the Celtic Language," when he says it is the voice of nature,—an echo, reflection, or vocal painting, so to speak, of passion and action. Celtic versification is indeed one of the most venerable remains of European literature, and its correspondence with the Hebrew style indicates the most remote antiquity.

This extract is truly one of the bardic beauties, but no translation can do it justice. MacPherson was certainly deeply imbued with the spirit which animated those who composed the poems he rendered into English, and although not always strictly literal, they are undoubtedly the most happy attempts to convey in one language the feelings displayed in another. He thus translates the passage.

"As a hundred winds on Morven ; as the streams of a hundred hills ; as clouds fly successive over heaven ; as the dark ocean assails the shore of the desert : so roaring, so vast, so terrible, the armies mixed on Lena's echoing heath. The groan of the people spread over the hills : it was like the thunder of night, when the clouds burst on Cona, and a thousand ghosts shriek at once on the hollow wind. Fingal rushed on in his strength, terrible as the spirit of Treunmor, when in a whirlwind he comes to Morven, to see the children of his pride."*

How much has the Celtic poet here made of a simple battle—what striking accessories he has introduced, and what grandeur of simile he has employed, to impart a conception of the fiercest of fights in which his hero appears so conspicuously ! In "revolving a slender stock of ideas," how admirably he has here availed himself of his scanty imagery !

It would certainly be impossible to preserve in any translation, the native simplicity, force and beauty of Gaëlic poetry. To those acquainted with the language, the representations are highly graphic and often sublime ; but the feeling and felicity of description could not be clothed in an English dress without lamentable deterioration. Could MacDonald's Iorram for instance be translated so as to carry all its force of expression with it ? Language is used to convey ideas and express action and feeling. In a primitive tongue it does so emphatically to a natural mind : when society becomes artificial, language undergoes a similar change. It is to be regretted, that to the English reader, the beauties in this work will be almost unknown, except from the instances submitted in this introduction, and they are merely sufficient to convey a general idea of the peculiar merit of Celtic poetry. The language is no doubt happily adapted for metrical composition, but the people possess a poetical genius, in no inconsiderable degree diffused throughout the community ; for it is a fact that numerous bards were perfectly illiterate ; some of the sweetest being ignorant of the A B C. Duncan MacIntyre is a celebrated instance, and a long

* A translator may lose the spirit and sense of an author if too metaphrastic : we shall however be forgiven for making a few remarks on the above, presuming it was the original from which the translation was made. The *oaks* of Morven are forgotten in the first line ; *Borb* is more correctly *fierce*—*dorcha*, *darkening* is omitted. The *gairm* was not a groan or cry of affright, but the *battle-shout* of defiance. For the 'hollow wind,' the 11th line would be more literally 'on the *idle, eddying wind of the cairn*.' It is curious to find *sinn'sre*, *ancestors*, instead of progeny ! These unimportant criticisms can never deteriorate from the just fame of MacPherson, and are by no means penned in a spirit of detraction.

list of others who lived in comparative obscurity could be given, many of them in the humblest walks of life. The feeling which animated these plebeian composers was reciprocated by the taste of their countrymen, and many a popular song is the work of obscure or unknown peasants and seafaring men. Such are *Fhir a bhata*, *Air mo run geal òg*, and numerous others. The Rebellions, particularly that conducted by *Tearlach òg Stiuart*, 1745, inspired many an individual of both sexes with poetic fervour, who never, before or after, felt the same irresistible impulse to invoke the muse.

The Gaëlic poetry and music are usually of a melancholy cast, and this has been attributed to the atrabilious temperament of a depressed people. Such a character is surely unsuitable to a people who have been characterized as high-spirited, proud and pugnacious. Yet the tender and affecting poems of the ancient bards, and the titles of popular airs, have been considered as satisfactory proofs of the justice of the assertion.* The unhappy situation of Ossian will fully account for the plaintive character of most of his pieces, but, admitting that the muses are most frequently invoked in seasons of trouble and adversity, and that in general the poems are of that gloomy and sorrowful cast, it will show undoubtedly a keenness of sensibility towards affliction, yet it will not follow that the Highlanders are naturally a querulous, dejected people. Poems, commemorative of calamity and distress, took stronger hold on the memory, and more powerfully excited the feelings than those of an opposite character, according well with a grave and reflective race. Dr Beattie speaks thus on the subject: "The Highlands are a picturesque, but in general a melancholy country. Long tracts of mountain desert, covered with dark heath, and often obscured by misty weather; narrow valleys thinly inhabited and bounded by precipices, resounding with the fall of torrents; a soil so rugged, and climate so dreary, as in many parts to admit neither the amusements of pasturage, nor the labours of agriculture; the mournful dashing of waves along the friths and lakes that intersect the country; the portentous noises which every change of the wind, and every increase or diminution of the waters, is apt to raise in a lonely region, full of echoes and rocks and caverns; the grotesque and ghastly appearance of such a landscape by the light of the moon; objects like these diffuse a gloom over the fancy, which may be compatible enough with occasional and social merriment, but cannot fail to tincture the thoughts of a native in the hour of silence and solitude. What then would it be reasonable to expect from the fanciful tribe, from the musicians and poets of such a region? strains expressive of joy, tranquillity, or the softer passions? No: their style must have been better suited to their circumstances; and so we find in fact, that their music is. The wildest irregularity appears in its composition; the expression is warlike and melancholy, and approaches even to the terrible."

No doubt there is much truth in this, but it will not account for a similar character in the compositions of the Irish, whose country is comparatively champaign, and who are blessed with a genial climate and fruitful soil. Whence also the plaintive and tender melodies of the low country and southern counties of Scotland? Both people were im-

* Daunev—Ancient Scottish Melodies; a curious and valuable work.

bued with the same feelings—they used the same musical scale to poetry constructed on the same principle.

The prevalence of poems which detail the calamities of war, deaths of heroes, disappointments of lovers, ravages of storms, disasters at sea, &c., with melodies suitable to such lamentable subjects, shows, that tragic events leave a deep and enduring impression; while convivial, humorous and satiric effusions, are usually forgotten with the persons or incidents from which they arose.* The bards sought not to avoid the melancholy vein—they rather gave way to the feeling, and in this mood, many of their best productions were executed. “Pleasant is the joy of grief! it is like the shower of spring when it softens the branch of the oak, and the young leaf lifts its green head.” That mind must be little susceptible of the softer feelings of human nature, which does not sympathize with the poet in the recital of a moving tale of wo. The sensitive bards are represented as at times bedewing the harp-strings with their tears, while repeating the sad story which the sterner chiefs could not listen to unmoved. A bard of Wales, about 1450, describes a similar effect.

“The harper blest with lofty muse,
His harp in briny flood imbrues.”

“Cease the lightly trembling sound. The joy of grief belongs to Ossian, amid his dark-brown years. Green thorn of the hill of ghosts that shakest thy head to nightly winds; I hear no sound in thee; Is there no spirit’s windy skirt now rustling in thy leaves? Often are the steps of the dead in the dark-eddying blasts; when the moon, a dun shield from the east is rolled along the sky.”† Beautifully does the bard again express himself. “I am alone at Lutha. My voice is like the last sound of the wind, when it forsakes the woods. But Ossian shall not be long alone. He sees the mist that shall receive his ghost—he beholds the cloud that shall form his robe, when he appears on his hills. The sons of feeble men shall behold me, and admire the stature of the chiefs of old; they shall creep to their caves.”‡ The closing portion of the aged bard’s wish is of a similar cast. See page 15.

The generous sentiments which animated the Caledonian heroes, are worthy of the brightest age of chivalry.

“Fuil mo namh cha d’ iaras riamh
Nam bu mhiann leis triall an sith.”

“The blood of my foe I never sought if he chose to depart in peace.”

Female beauty was a very congenial subject for bardic eulogium. The berries of the mountain-ash afforded a simile for the complexion of health, and snow, or the Canach, the white, flossy down of a plant which grows in moors and marshy ground, with the plumage of the Swan, for the fairness of the skin.

* It must strike a student in the poetry of the Highlanders, as remarkable, that it exhibits much more to indicate the state of hunters, than of shepherds or agriculturists.

† Tighmora, 404.

‡ Berrathon.

“*Bu ghile bian na canach sleibhte,
No ur-sneachd air bharras gheuga.*”*

“The star of Gormluba was fair. White were the rows within her lips, and like the down of the mountain under her new robe was her skin. Circle on circle formed her fairest neck. Like hills beneath their soft snowy fleeces, rose her two breasts of love. The melody of music was in her voice. The rose beside her lip was not red; nor white beside her hand, the foam of streams. Maid of Gormluba, who can describe thy beauty! Thy eyebrows, mild and narrow, were of a darkish hue; thy cheeks were like the red berry of the mountain-ash. Around them were scattered the blossoming flowers on the bough of the spring. The yellow hair of Civadona was like the gilded top of a mountain, when golden clouds look down upon its green head after the sun has retired. Her eyes were bright as sunbeams; and altogether perfect was the form of the fair. Heroes beheld and blessed her.”

What a poetical picture of a vessel in a gale does Alexander MacDonald, in his *Prosnachadh Fairge* or stimulus to a Biorlin's crew, give us: the imagined bellowing and roaring of the monsters of the deep, whose brains were scattered on every wave by the prow, the boat being damaged in the furious collision! &c., evince a truly imaginative genius.

The old bards called Echo, “the son of the rock”—MacIntyre's “ghost of sound,” is much more poetical.

There is fortunately less necessity for extending the number of examples, inasmuch as the bardic “beauties” are so liberally spread before the reader in the succeeding pages; yet before closing our extracts, it will not be accounted a digression, to give a short specimen from the compositions of the Sister-kingdom. ‘The Songs of Deardra,’ are held by the Irish to be of equal, if not greater antiquity than those of Selma. As the poetry of a kindred people, it is similar in character; but those who are conversant with the subject of ancient Gaëlic versification and its peculiar idioms, will be able to say whether it carries the mark of so remote an era as is claimed for it.

I.

Soraidh soir go h Albain uaim,
Faith maith radhare euan is gleann,
Fare clann Uisneach a seilg,
Aobhinn sughe os leirg a mbeann.

II.

Iarla maithe Albann ag ol,
Is clann Uisneach dar coir cion,
Dingean thiarna Dhun na Ttreoin,
Gu thig Naoise pog gan fhios, &c.

“Farewell for ever, fair coasts of Albion, your bays and vales shall no more delight me. There oft I sat upon the hill, with Usno's sons, and viewed the chase below. The chiefs of Albion met at the banquet. The valiant sons of Usno were there, and Naesa gave a kiss in secret to the fair daughter of the chief of Duntroon. He sent her a hind from the hill, and a young fawn running beside it. Returning from the hosts of Inverness, he visited her by the way. My heart was filled with jealousy when I

* *Bes Airt 'ic Ardair.* Smith's Antiquities, 350.

heard the news. I took my boat and rushed upon the sea, regardless whether I should live or die," &c.* This is the 'Clan Uisneachan' of the Highlanders.

A few passages, too, from Cumraeg poets, will serve for comparison with their brother-bards among the Gaël. David ap Guilym, who is called the Welsh Ovid, flourished about 1370. His Ode to the Sun is a feeble effort compared with that of Ossian, and is less striking than those by Milton or Thomson. The allusions are commonplace, as 'ruler of the sky,' 'ornament of summer,' 'looking on the manly race of Cambrians,' &c., David ap Edmwnt, about 1450, composed a Monody on Sion Eos, a bard who was executed for manslaughter. The poet makes good use of the epithet Eos, nightingale, which was given for his mellifluous strains, and he sorely laments that the unfortunate man was not tried by the impartial laws of Howel the Good, which would have found the act justifiable. "A man," says David, "punished for an act in his own defence! Let misfortune fall on such as fail therein—of evils the lesser the better. Is the soul of the slain made happier, or his ghost appeased by life for life as an atonement? * * * Neither the passions of man, nor the virtue of angels was unmoved by the melody of his harp, which whirled the soul upon wings of ecstasy. * * * What have I said? they deprived him of life: he has life—their verdict only changed the scene of mortality for that of immortality. Their wilful judgment will have no effect in that court of equity, which is held at the gates of heaven. He now sings before the throne of mercy with an incorruptible harp." &c. It seems the weight of John the Nightingale in gold was offered for his ransom, but the days were long gone, when the law would be satisfied with an eric of any amount for such a crime.

Sion Tudor, who lived about 1580, is the author of an elegy on the death of twenty poets and musicians who departed this life in his own time. He names each individual with varied terms of praise and regret. The expressions are peculiarly bardic, and approximate to those of a much older generation. "It was God's pleasure," he observes, "to send for these men to hold a feast with him in heaven; may their souls enjoy the celestial mansion! Peace to their shades; their like will never more be seen. They are gone to their heavenly abode; let us hasten to follow."†

There is a decidedly Celtic and pleasing vein in these compositions, but there is not wild grandeur and elevated sentiment, that originality of conception and nervous expression, which characterize the works of the Gaëlic bards.

The Celtic poems were framed by the bard to suit the melody of the harp, the instrument sacred to the order; and to its music they were sung,—a music simple and natural, which long preceded the artificial and complicated. The peculiarity of the Scottish scale is well known as the enharmonic, consisting of six notes in the key of C, with C D E G A C, corresponding to the black keys in a piano. Defective as this scale may appear to be, it is admirably suited to express the passions in the effective tones of nature, the harmony of which is felt long previous to the adoption of scientific rules, and it strengthens our arguments for the unity of the ancient inhabitants of Scotland, that the melodies of the

* Nalson, Introduction to the Irish language—1803. Another version is given by Gillies.

† Jones. One of those commemorated, is David ap Hlywell Grigor.

high and low country are invariably formed on the same scale, and possess the same character. The larger harp was strung with wire, and was the clarsach of the Gaël, the lesser being the cruit.

Cambrensis describes the Irish performances on this Celtic instrument in terms of great praise; and, had he visited North Britain, he would have had no reason to speak otherwise of the Scottish harping.

“The attention of this people to musical instruments, I find worthy of commendation; (he was a bard himself,) in which their skill is beyond all comparison superior to any nation I have ever seen,” &c. And he then describes the music as being quick, not slow and solemn as that of Britain, yet at the same time sweet and pleasing. Girald entertained a strong dislike to the Irish, which adds to the value of his favourable testimony. Major, the Scottish historian, who was rather willing to underrate his “upthrough” countrymen, in speaking of the musical acquirements of James I., says, in performing on the harp, he excelled the Hibernians or Highlanders, who were the best of all players on it.* Roderick Morrison, better known as Rorie dàll, being blind, was the last professional harper in the Highlands. He lived about 140 years ago, was of a respectable family, and well educated, three brothers being clergymen.†

The Ossianic class of poetry is usually sung or chanted in a kind of recitative, executed with the gravity due to such revered compositions. An old Highlander considered it becoming to take off his bonnet when reciting them, and the term *laoidh*, hymn, by which many are distinguished, indicates the veneration with which they were regarded. The Highlanders were accustomed to sing at all their employments, and it was an excellent stimulus, serving also to relieve the irksomeness of labour. Those Highlanders of Greece, the Arcadians, were remarkable for a similar practice, and it is thus very rationally accounted for by an ancient historian, whose observations are strikingly applicable to the Gaël. “Singing is useful to all men, but truly necessary to the Arcadii, who undergo great hardships; for as the country is rugged, their seasons inclement, and their pastoral life hard, they have only this way of rendering nature mild and bearable; therefore they train up their children from their very infancy, until they are at least thirty years of age, to sing hymns in honour of gods and heroes. It is no disgrace to them to be unacquainted with other sciences, but to be ignorant of music is a great reproach, &c.”‡ We have a very curious account of the vocal attainments of the people by Giraldus, from which it appears they understood counterpoint! “In the northern parts of Britain, the inhabitants

* Book VI. *Hibernienses aut sylvestres Scotos*. The sylvestrian Scots were the *Cearnaach a choile*, the Highlanders of the woods, a term formerly applied to these active warriors. Hardiman, a compiler of Irish poetry who delivers himself with sufficient confidence on matters extremely doubtful, says, “Ireland gave its music to Scotland!” with equal justice the assertion may be made in the exact reverse, but would it prove the fact? Speaking of the harp mentioned in the ancient poem which had passed through so many hands; “this,” says Mr H., like every other research connected with the natives of the Highlands, leads to their Irish origin.” If any discovery were made to prove this notion, it would save authors from filling their pages with much unmeaning observation, and groundless and illiberal conceit. If we thought the acerbity of feeling in Mr Davies unbecoming, how could we have grappled with O’Reilly, whose work on the same sore subject, displays so transcendent a share of national prejudice!

† See Gunn’s able work on the use of the harp in the Highlands.

‡ Polybius IV.

use, in singing, less variety than the Welsh. They sing in two parts, one murmuring in the bass, the other warbling in the treble. Neither of the two nations acquired this by art, but by long habit which has made it familiar and national, and it is now unusual to hear a simple and single melody well sung, and what is more wonderful, their children from infancy sing in the same manner !”

There is nothing more remarkable in the Gaëlic mode of singing, than the repetitions of a verse, one or two lines, or sometimes a part of one in chorus, which adds much to the effect, and is a great means of diffusing a knowledge of songs, since by repeatedly joining in them, the whole must soon be impressed on the memory. These tunes or *Luinigs* are simple and touching, and the effect in a harvest-field is particularly pleasing. The person who sings leaves the chorus to the others, who all join, the leader taking up each succeeding verse.

The *Iorrans* or boat-songs are those by which seafaring men likewise alleviated the labour of rowing and managing the vessel, keeping time by the motion of the oars, and relieving the singer by carrying out the chorus. When at home, and at social entertainments, the whole company join hands or modulate time by plaids and handkerchiefs passed from one to another. All these songs were formed for the harp or the voice alone—there could be no vocal accompaniment to the bagpipe

There is a very curious method of singing peculiar to the Welsh. It is called *Penillion*, and consists in adapting verses to the harper’s tunes while performing, without any previous knowledge of the order in which they will follow, and it is thus performed, as we have observed at a *Lardic Eisteddvod*. A harper is brought forward, and around him are seated several persons who are the *Penill* singers. He commences playing, when one of the party joins him by a song—the harper presently changes the tune; the other as promptly alters his verse, and when he chooses to stop, another takes up the air, and so it goes round. But the true *penillion* is the extemporary production of a verse or verses to the tune, and it is remarkable that this improvisitorial feat is frequently accomplished with astonishing success, by persons quite illiterate. Many of those ‘poetical blossoms’ display great command of language and considerable genius.*

After the period when *Ossian*, *Orain*, *Ullin*, *Fergus*, *Fonar*, *Douthal*, and other unknown bards flourished, which reaches to the union of the Pictish and Scottish kingdoms, there seems to have been for a long time few poets of any note. About the end of the 13th

* Walter in *Dissert. de Bardis*, gives a couplet which he pronounces grand.

‘Tan a dwr yn ymwriaw,
Yw’r taranau dreigiau draw.’

[The roaring thunder, dreadful in its ire,
Is water warring with aerial fire.

Many of these epigrammatic stanzas are preserved. The following on a silkworm is curious as being formed without a consonant.

O’i wiw wy i weu e â, aia weuau
O’i wyau y weua;
E weua ei wê aia,
A’i, weuau yw ietau iâ!

I perish by my art; I dig my own grave; I spin my thread of life; my death I weave!

century, a revival took place; and, since then, numerous bards of acknowledged excellence have from time to time appeared, besides those of lesser note whose songs were of too local and circumscribed a range for general popularity. Had any compositions of sufficient worth been produced in this dark interval in the history of Highland bardism, they would no doubt have been handed down, like those of older date.

In this essay, to illustrate that distinguished order in Celtic society, the bards—the system under which they so long flourished, beneficially exerting their accorded power, a picture has been given, rather of that which formerly existed, than what could have been witnessed in many by-gone generations. It was among the Gaël, that the primitive manners and usages were preserved, when elsewhere they were suppressed or amalgamated with those of the conquerors. Under pretence of abolishing a mischievous superstition, the Emperors prohibited the practice of druidism; but although the ‘Romans carried their gods as far as they did their eagle, they were not able to extend the one or the other over the mountains of Caledonia.’ Little, however, it has been seen, is to be found here or elsewhere concerning this religious belief. Most of the historians, who allude to druidism, flourished when the phenomenon had nearly disappeared, and ‘all that they have done, serves only to excite our curiosity without satisfying it, and to make us regret the want of a history, which seems to have been replete with instruction and entertainment.’

If the age of bardism, in its primary sense, is gone, it is satisfactory to preserve a memorial of what it was, and evidence of its present state. In the following pages are the flowers and blossoms of Gaëlic poetry, culled with careful discrimination, and without the encumbrance of redundant stems and foliage.

The piper is now held in the same esteem as the harper of old, and his performance is a noble substitute for the softer strains of the clarsach; but would not a bard in his multifarious office, combining poet, historian, genealogist, &c., be a useful and becoming personage in the train of a chief? At a Highland banquet about fifty years ago, a call was made for the bards to be brought to the upper end of the room. “The bards are extinct,” observed Mae Nicail of Scoirebreac. “No,” quickly rejoined Alastair buidh Mac Iver, “but those who patronised them are gone!”

AN CLAR-INNSIDH.

<p style="text-align: center;">DUTHAL.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">TAOBH DUILLEAG</p> <p>Mòrdubh, 1</p> <p style="text-align: center;">FONNOR.</p> <p>Collath, 9</p> <p style="text-align: center;">AM BARD AOSDA.</p> <p>Miann a Bhàird Aosda, 14</p> <p style="text-align: center;">DOMHNUL MAC-FHIUNNLAIDH NAN DAN.</p> <p>A Chomhachag, 17</p> <p style="text-align: center;">MAIRI NIGHEAN ALASDAIR RUAIDH.</p> <p>Fuaim an t-Sáimh, 22</p> <p>Oran do dh' Iain, Mac Shir Tòrmòd Mhic-Leoid, 23</p> <p>An Talla 'm bu ghnà le Mac-Leoid, 24</p> <p>Cumha do Mhac-Leoid, 24</p> <p>Marbhrann do dh'fhear na Comraich, 26</p> <p>Marbhrann do dh' Iain Garbh Mac 'Ille-Chalum 26</p> <p>Cumha Mhic-Leoid, 27</p> <p>Luinneag Mhic-Leoid, 28</p> <p>An Crònan, 30</p> <p style="text-align: center;">IAIN LOM.</p> <p>Mort na Ceapach, 36</p> <p>A' Bhean leasaich an stòp dhuinn, 37</p> <p>Oran do Shìol Dòghail, 38</p> <p>An Ciaran Mabach, 39</p> <p>Latha Inbhir-Iòchaidh, 41</p> <p>Latha Thom-a-Phubail, 42</p> <p>Latha Airde Reanaich, 43</p> <p>Oran air Rìgh Uilleam agus Bannrigh Mairi, 45</p> <p>An Iorram Dharaich, do bhata Sir Seumas, 47</p> <p>Marbhrann do Shir Seumas Mac-Dòmhnuiil, 48</p> <p>Marbhrann do dh' Alasdair Dubh Ghlinne-Garaidh, 49</p> <p>Cumha Mhontroise, 50</p> <p>Cumha do Shir Dòmhnul Shìfìbhte, 51</p> <p style="text-align: center;">AN CIARAN MABACH.</p> <p>B'anna Cadaì air Fraoch, 53</p> <p>Marbh-rann do Shir Seumas Mac-Dhomhnuiil, 54</p> <p style="text-align: center;">DIORBHAIL NIC-A-BHRIUTHAINN.</p> <p>Oran-do dh' Alasdair Mac Cholla, 56</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">SILIS NIGHEAN MHC-RAONAILL.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">TAOBH DUILLEAG</p> <p>Marbhrann air Bàs a Fir, 58</p> <p>Marbhrann do dh' Alasdair Dubh Ghlinne-Garaidh, 59</p> <p>Tha mi a'm' Chadal, na dùisgaidh mi, 60</p> <p style="text-align: center;">NIALL MAC-MHUIRICH.</p> <p>Oran do Mhac Mhic-Ailein, 65</p> <p>Marbhrann Mhic 'Ic-Ailein, 66</p> <p>Seanachas Sloinnidh na Pioba Bho thùs, 67</p> <p style="text-align: center;">IAIN DUBH MAC IAIN 'IC-AILEIN.</p> <p>Oran do Mhac-Mhic-Ailein, 68</p> <p>Marbhrann do Mhac Mhic-Ailein, 69</p> <p>Marbhrann do Shir Iain Mac 'Illeain, 70</p> <p>Oran nam Fineachan Gàelach, 72</p> <p>Cros-Dhanachd Fhir nan Druimnean, 74</p> <p style="text-align: center;">AN T-AOSDANA MAC-MHATHAIN.</p> <p>Oran do'n Iarla Thuathach, 75</p> <p>Marbh-rann do dh' Alasdair Dubh Ghlinne-Garaidh, 76</p> <p style="text-align: center;">AN T-AOSDANA MAC 'ILLEAN.</p> <p>Marbhrann do Shir Lachuinn Mac-Ghillean, 77</p> <p>Oran do Lachunn Mor Mac-Ghillean, 79</p> <p style="text-align: center;">LACHUNN MAC THEARLAICH.</p> <p>Latha sibhal Sléibhe, 81</p> <p>Oran do Nighean Fhir Gheambail, 82</p> <p>Sgian Dubh an Sprogain Chaim, 83</p> <p>Curam Nam Bantraichean, 84</p> <p style="text-align: center;">AN CLARSAIR DALL.</p> <p>A Chiad Di-Iuain De'n Raidhe, 87</p> <p>Oran do dh' Iain Breac Mac-Leoid, 89</p> <p>Creach na Ciadain, 91</p> <p>Oran Mòr Mhic-Leoid, 92</p> <p>Cumha do dh-Fhear Thalagair, 93</p> <p style="text-align: center;">AM PIOBAIRE DALL.</p> <p>Peannaachadh Baird do Shir Alasdair Mac-Chòinnich, 96</p> <p>Dàn Comh-Fhurtachd, 96</p> <p>Cumha Choir'-an-Fasain, 98</p>
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'S a h-aire rì fear-cròice ;
 Bhiodh rùdan air an tarraimn
 Leis an lùb' an t-iarrunn-earra,
 Bheireadh ionnsa' nach b' dh' mearachdach
 Do'n fhear a bhiodh 'ga seòladh ;
 Spòr ùr an dèis a teannachadh,
 Buil' ùird a' sgaileadh dainghean rìs,
 Cha diùlt an t-srad, 'nuair bheanas i
 Do'n deannaigh a bha neònach :
 Se 'm fùdar tioram tean-abaich
 Air chùil an asgairt ghreannanaich,
 Cuir smùid rì acuinm mheallanaich
 A baraille Nic-Còiseam.

B'ionmhuinn le fir cheanalta,
 Nach b'aineolach mu spòrsta,
 Bhì timcheall air na bealaichean
 Le fearalachd na h-òige :
 Far am b' na fèidh gu farumach,
 'S na fir 'nan dèigh gu caithriseach,
 Le gunna bu mbath barrandas
 Thoirt aingil 'nuair bu chòir dh' i ;
 'S le cuilean foirmeal togarrach,
 'G am biodh a stiùir air bhogudan,
 'S e miol'airteich gu sodanach,
 'S nach ob e dol 'nan còdhail ;
 'Na fhurbuidh làidir, cosgarrach,
 Rò inntinneach, neo-fhoistinnach,
 Gu guineach, sgiabhach, gob-easgaidh,
 San obair bh'aig a sheòrsa ;
 'S a fhriogan cuilg a' togail air,
 Gu maildheach, gruamach, doichealach,
 'S a gheanachan cuasaichd fosgailt',
 'Comh-bhogartaich r'an sgr'nan.

Gu'm b' araideach a' charachd ud,
 'S bu chabhadh i 'n còmhnuidh,
 'Nuair a shìneadh iad na h-ìongannan
 Le h-athghoirid na mòintich ;
 Na beanntaichean 's na bealaichean
 Gu'm freagrachd iad mac-talla dhut,
 Le fuaim na gairme gallanaich
 Aig farum a' choin ròmaich :
 'Gan tearnachd as na mullaichean
 Gu linnichean nach grunnaich iad,
 'S ann a bhith's iad feadh na tuinne ;
 Anns an luineich 's iad leinne
 'S na cuileinean gu fulasgach
 'G an cumail air na munealaibh,
 'S nach urrainn iad dol tuilleadh as,
 Ach fuireach, 's bhì gun deò annt',
 'S ge do thuir mi began riu,
 Mu'n innsiu uil' an deasnas orra,
 Chuireadh iad a' m' bhreislich mi
 Le deisimearachd chòmraich.

COIRE-CHEATHAICH.

SE Coire-cheathaich nan aighean sìubhlach,
 An coire rùnach, is ùrar fonn,
 Gu Iurach, miadh-fheurach, mìn-gheal, sùghar,
 Gach lus an flùir bu chùbhraidh leam ;
 Gu molach dù-ghorm, torrach lùisreagach,
 Corrach plùireanach, dlù-gblan grinn ;
 Caoin, ballach, ditheanach, cannach, mìsleanach,
 Gleann a' mhìlltich, 'san lionmhor mang.

Tha falluinn dhùinte, ga daingheam, dùbailt',
 A mhaireas ùinne, mu'n rùisg i lòm,
 Do'n fheur is cùl-fhinne dh' fhàs na h-ùrach,
 'S a bhàrr air lùbadh le driùchda tròm,
 Mu choire guanach nan torran uaine,
 A' bheil luibh a's luachair a suas g'a cheann ;
 'S am f' s'ach guamach an càs a bhuanadh,
 Nam b' àite cruidh e, 'm biodh tuath le'n suim

Tha trusgan faoilidh air cruic an aonaich,
 Chuir sult is aoidh air gach taobh a dh' chòm,
 Mìn-fheur chaorach is barraibh bhraonan,
 'S gach lus a dh' fheudadh bhì 'n aodainn thòm.
 M'an choir' is aoidheala tha r'a fhaotain,
 A chunnaic daoine an taobh so 'n Fhraing ;
 Mur dean e caochladh, b' e 'n t-aighear saoghalt'
 Do ghillean aotrom bhì daonna ann.

'S ann m'an Ruadh-aisrigh dh' fhàs na cuairtagan,
 Clùthar, cuasicheanach, cunnar, àrd,
 Na h-uile cluaineag 's an bàrr air luasgadh,
 'S a ghaoth 'g an sguabadh a null 'sa nall :
 Bun na cipe is bàr a' mhìlltich,
 A chuisseag dhìreach, 's an fhiteag cham ;
 Muran brìoghar, 's an grunnas lionmhor,
 M' an chuilidh dhìomhair, am bi na suimn.

Tha sliabh na làirig an robh mac-Bhaidi,
 'Na mhothar fàsaich, 's na stràchda tròm ;
 Slios na bàn-leachdainn, cha 'n i is thàire,
 'S gur tric a dh' àraich i 'n làn damh donn :
 'S na h-aighean dàra nach téid a 'n bhà-thaigh,
 A bhios le 'n àlach gu h-àrd 'nan grunn,
 'S na laoigh gu h-ùiseil a là 'sa dh'òidhe,
 'S na h-uiread cruinn diubhair druim Clach-fionn.

Do leacan chaoimhneil gu deareach, braoileagach,
 Breac le foireagan is cruinn dearg ceann
 'N creamh 'na charaichean, am bac nan staidh-
 Stacan fraoinasach nach bu ghann : [richean,
 Am bearnan-brìde, 's a pheighinn rioghail,
 'S an canach mìn-gheal, 's am mìslean ann ;

'S a h-uile mìr dheth, o'n bhun is ìsle
Gu h-ionad cìrean na crìch' is àird'.

'S rìmbeach còta na craige mòire,
'S cha 'n 'eil am fòlach a' d'choir 'san àm,
Ach mèunan còinntich, o 's e bu dòsaire,
Air a chòmhachadh bbos a's thall :
Na lagain chòmhnard am bun nan srònag,
Am bi na sòghraichean, 's neòinein fann,
Gu bìleach, feòirneineach, mìlis, roineagach,
Molach, ròmach, gach seòrs' a th' ann.

Tha mala ghruamach, de'n bhìolar uaine,
Mu'n h-uile fuaran a th' ann san fhonn ;
Is doire shealbag aig bun nan garbh-chlach,
S grinneal gainbheich' gu meanbh-gheal, pronn ;
'Na ghluagabh plumbach air ghoil gun aon teas,
Ach coileach bùirn tighin' á grunned eas lòm,
Gach struthan usal 'na chuailean cùl-ghorm,
A' ruith na spùtaibh, 's na lùbaibh steoll.

Tha bradan tarra-gheal sa choire gharbhlaich,
Tha tìg'n o'n fhaireg bu ghailbheach tonn,
Le luinneis mheannach a' ceapa mheanbheuil-
Gu neo-chearbach le cham-ghob cròm : [eag,
Air bhuinte borb, is e leum gu foirmeil,
'Na éideadh colgail bu ghorm-glas druim,
Le shòilsean airgeid, gu h-iteach meana-bhreas,
Gu lannach, dearg-bhallach, earr-gheal sìom.

'S Coire'-cheathaich an t-aighear priseil,
'S an t-àite rioghail mu'm bidht' a' sealg,
Is bidh féidh air ghiùlan le làmhach fùdair,
A' cur luaidhe dhù'-ghorm gu dlù nan calg :
An gunna gleusda, s' an cuilean eutrom,
Gu fuileach, feumanach, treubhach, garg,
A ruith gu sìubhlach, a gearradh shùrdag,
'S a dol g'a dhùlan ri cùrsan dearg.

Gheibhte daonnan mu d' ghlaicibh faoine,
Na h-aighean maola, na laoigh, 's na maing.
Sud bu mhìann leinn 'am madainn ghrianaich,
Bhi dol g' an an iarraidh, 's a' fiadhach bheann,
Ged thigeadh siontan oirnn' uisg a's dèile,
Bha sebl g'ar dèidean mu'n chrìch san àm,
An creagan ìosal am bun na frithe,
S an leabaidh dhìona, 's ni m' shineadh ann.

Sa'mhadainn chiùin-ghil, an àm dhomh dùsgadh,
Aig bun na stùice be 'n sùgradh leam ;
A' chearc le sgiùcan a' gabhail tùchain,
S an coileach cùirteil a dùrdail cròm ;
An dreachan sùrdail, 's a ribheid chiùil aige,
A' cur nan smùid deth gu lùghor bìnn ;
An druid s am brù-dhearg, le mòran ùnich,
Ri ceilèr sunndach bu shiubhlach rann.

Bha eòln an t-sìlèibe 'nan ealtain gle-ghloin,
A' gabhail bheusan air ghéig sa' choill,
Au uiseag cheutach, 's a luinneag féin aice,
Feadan spéiseil gu réidh a seinn :
A chuach, 'sa smeòrach, am bàr nan ògan,
A' gabhail òrain gu ceolmhor bìnn :
'Nuair ghoir an cuannal gu loinneil, guanach,
'S e 's gloin' a chualas am fuaim sa' ghleann.

'Nuair thig iad còmhla' na bheil a' d' chòirse
De'n h-uile seòrsa bu chòir bhi ann ;
Damh na cròice air srath na mòintich,
'S e gabhail crònain le drebcam àrd ;
A' dol san fhéithe gu bras le h-éibhneas,
A' mire-leumnaich ri éildeig dhuinn ;
Bi sin an ribhinn a dh'fhas gu mìleanta,
Foinneamh, finealta, dìreach, seang.

Tha mbaoiseach chùl-bhuir air feadh na dùs-
Aig bun nam fùran 'gan rùsga' lòm, [luig
'S am boc gu h-ùtluidh ri leaba chùirteil,
'S e 'ga bùrach le rùdan cròm ;
'S am minnean riabhach bu luime cliathach,
Le chunnein fiata, is fiadhaich ceann,
'Na chadal guamach an lagan uaigneach,
Fo bhàrr na luachrach na chuairteig chruinn.

Is lìonmhor enuasachd a bha mu'n cuairt dut,
Ri àm am buain gum bu luaineach clann,
Ri tionail guamach, gu fearail suairce,
'S a' roinn gu h-usal na fhuir iad ann ;
Céir-bheach na cnuacaibh, an nead na chuairteig,
'S a mhil 'ga buannachd air cruaidh an tuim,
Aig seillein riabhach, breaca, srianach,
Le'n crònain cianail is fiata srann.

Bha cus ra' fhaotainn de chnothan caoine,
'S cha b' iad na caochagan aotrom gann,
Ach bagailt mhaola, bu taine plaoisg,
A' toirt brìgh á laoghan na maoth-shlait fann :
Srath nan caochan 'na dhosaibh caorainn,
'S na phreasaibh caola, lìn chraobh a's nheang ;
Na gallain ùra, 's na faillein dhlùtha,
'S am barrach dùinte mu chùl nan crann.

Gach àite timcheall nam fàsach iomlan,
Màm a's fion-ghleann, 's an tuilm gu chòir :
Meall-tionail làimh ris, gu molach, tlàthail,
B'e chulaidh dh'àrach an àlaich òig ;
Na daimh 's na h-éildean a'm madainn cheitein
Gu moch ag éirigh air réidhleim feòir ;
Graidhein dhearg dhù air taobh gach leargain,
Mu 'n Choire gharbhlaich, 'g an àim an Ceò.

ORAN DO'N GHUNNA

GA 'N AINM NIC-COISEAM.

LUINNEAG.

*Horo mo chuid chuideachd thu,
Gur muladach leam uam thu ;
Horo mo chuid chuideachd thu,
'S mi dìreachd bheann a's uchdanan.
B' àit leam thu bhì cuidir rium,
'S do chudthrom air mo ghalainn.*

'Nuair chaidh mi do Ghleann-Lòcha,
'Sa cheannaich mi Nic-Còiseam,
'S mise nach robh gòrach,
'Nuair chuir mi 'n t-òr ga fuasgladh.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Thug mi Choire-cheathaich thu,
'Nuair bha mi fhéin a taghaich ann,
'S tric a chuir mi laidhe leat,
Na daimh 's na h-aidhean ruadha.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Thug mi Bheinn-a-chaisil thu,
'S do'n fhàsach a tha 'n taice ri,
Am Màin a's Creag-an-aparrain,
Air leaca Beinn-nam-fuaran.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Thug mi thu Bheinn-dàrain,
An cinne na daimh chròcach,
'Nuair theannadh iad ri crònan,
Bu bhòidheach leam an nuallan.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Thug mi Choire-chruiteir thu,
O's àite grianach thusail e,
Gu biachar, fiarach, lusnach,
Bhiodh spuirtean ann aig daoin'-uaille.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Ghùlain mi Ghleann-éite thu,
Thog mi ris na crèisean thu,
Se mhead 'sa thug mi spéis d'at
A dh'fhàg mo cheum cho luaineach.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

'S math am Meall-a-bhùiridh thu,
Cha mhiosa 'm Beinn-a-chrùlaist thu,
'S tric a loisg mi fùdar leat,
An Coire-chùl-na-cruaiche.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Thug mi Làirig-ghartain thu,
O's aluinn an coir-altrum i,
'S na féidh a deanamh leapaichean
Air Creachuinn ghlas a bhuaichail.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Thug mi thu do'n fhàs-ghlaic
'Sa Ghleann am bì na làn-daimh,
'S tric a chaidh an àrach
Mu bhraidhe Cloich-an-tuairneir.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Chaidh mi do dh'Fheadha-chaorainn,
Le aighear Choire-chaolainn,
F'ar an robh na daoine,
A bha 'n gaol air a ghreidh uallaich.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Thug mi Bheinne-chaorach thu,
Shireadh bhoc a's mhaoiseach,
Cha b'eagal gun am faotainn,
'S iad daonna 'san Tòrr-uaine.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

'Nuair thóid mi ris a mhunadh,
'S tu mo roghainn de na gunnachan,
O'n fhuair thu féin an t-urram sin,
Cò nis a chumas bhut e?
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Ged' tha mi gann a stòras,
Gu suidhe leis na pòitearan,
Ged' thóid mi do 'n taigh-bòla,
Cha 'n òl mi ann an cuaich thu.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

ORAN SEACHARAN SEILG.

LUINNEAG.

*Chunna' mi 'n damb donn
'S na h-éildean.
Dìreachd a bhealaich le chéille ;
Chunna' mi 'n damb donn
'S na h-éildean.*

'S MI teanadh á Coire cheathaich,
'S mèr mo mhighean 's mi gun aighear,
Siubhal frithe rè an latha,
Thilg mi spraidhe nach d'rinn feum dhoimh.
Chunna' mi, &c.

Ged' tha bacadh air na h-armaibh,
Ghleidh mi 'n spainteach thun na seilge,
Ge do rinn i orm de chearbaich,
Nach do mharbh i mac na h-éilde.
Chunna' mi, &c.

'Nuair a dh'éirich mi sa' mhadainn,
Chuir mi innte fùdar Ghlascho,
Pealair teann a's trì puist Shasnaich,
Cuifean asgairt air a dhéigh sin.
Chunna' mi, &c.

Bha 'n spòr ùr an dèighe breacadh,
Chuir mi ùille ris an acuinn,
Eagal driùchd bha mudan craiceinn
Cumail fasaigh air mo chéile.
Chunna' mi, &c.

Laidh an eilid air an fhuaran,
Chaidh mi farasda mu'n cuairt d'ì,
Leig mi 'n deannal ud m'a tuairmse,
Leam is cruaidh gu'n d'rinn i éiridh.
Chunna' mi, &c.

Ràinig mise taobh na bruaiche,
'S chosg mi rithe mo chuid luaidhe ;
'S 'nuair a shaoil mi i bh buallte,
Sin an uair a b' aird' a leum i.
Chunna' mi, &c.

'S muladach bhi siubhal frìthe,
Ri lù gaoith', a's nìsg', a's dile,
'S ordugh teann ag iarraidh sìthne,
Cuir nan giomanach 'nan éigin.
Chunna' mi, &c.

'S mithich tearnadh do na gleannaibh
O'n tha gruamaich air na beannaibh,
'S ceathach dùinte mu na meallaibh,
A' cuir dalladh air ar léirsinn.
Chunna' mi, &c.

Bi' sinn beò an dòchas ro-mhath,
Gu'm bi chùis nì's fhearr an ath la',
Gu'm bi gaoth, a's griann, a's talamh,
Mar is math leinn air na sléibhteann.
Chunna' mi, &c.

Bitheadh an luaidhe ghlas 'na deannamh,
Siubhal réidh aig conaibh seanga ;
'S an damb donn a sìleadh fala,
'S àbhachd aig na fearaibh gleusda.
Chunna' mi, &c.

C E A D - D E I R E A N N A C H

NAM BEANN.

BHA MÌ'N DÉ* 'm Beinn-dòrain,
'S na còir cha robh mi aineolach,
Chunna mi gleanntan
'S na beanntaichean a b'aithne dhomh ;
Be sin an sealladh cìbhinn
Bhì 'g imeachd air na sléibhtibh,
'Nuair bhiodh a ghrìan ag éiridh,
'Sa bhiodh na féidh a langanaich.

'S aobhach a gbreidh uallach,
'Nuair ghluaiseadh iad gu farumach,
'S na h-éildean air an fhuaran,
Bu chuannar na laoih bhallach ann ;
Na maolsichean 's an ruadh-bhuic,
Na coilich dhubh a's ruadha,
'S e'n ceòl bu bhinne chualas
'Nuair chluinnt' am fuaim 'sa chamhanaich.

'S togarach a dh' fhalbhainn
Gu sealgaireachd nam beallaichean,
Dol 'mach a dh'èireadh garbhlaich,
'S gu'm b'ana-moch tigh'ùn gu baile mi ;
An t-uisge glan 'san t-àile
Thar mullach nam bean arda,
Chuidich e gu fàs mi ;
'Se rinn domb slàinnt a's fallaineachd.

Fhuair mi greis am' àrach
Air àirdhean a b' aithne dhomh,
Ri cluiche, 's mire 's màran,
An caoimhneas blàth nan caileagan ;
Bu chùis an aghaidh nàduir
Gu'm maireadh sin an dràst ann,
'Se b' éigin bhi da'm fàgail
'Nuair thàinig tràth dhuinn dealachadh.

'Nis o'n bhuail an aois mi,
Fhuair mi gaoid a mhaireas domh,
Rinn milleadh air mo dheudach,
'S mo léirsinn air a dalladh orm ;
Cha'n urrainn mi bhì treubhach,
Ged' a chuirinn feum air,
'S ged' bhiodh an ruaig am' dhéigh-sa,
Cha dean mi ceum ro chabhagach.

Ged' tha mo cheann air liathadh,
'S mo chiabhagan air tanachadh,
'S tric a leag mi mial-chù
Ri fear fadhaich ceannartaich ;
Ged' bu toigh leam riamh iad,
'S ged' fhaicinn air an t-sliabh iad,
Cha téid mi 'nìs ga'n iarraidh
O'n chaill mi trian na h-analach.

Ri àm dol anns a bhùireadh,
Bu dùrachdach a leanainn iad,
'S bhiodh uair aig sluagh na dùtheba,
'Toirt ùrain ùra 's rannachd dhaibh ;
Greis eile mar ri càirdean,
'Nuair bha sinn anns na C' mpan,
Bu chridheil anns an àm sinn ;
'S cha bhiodh an dràm oirnn annasach.

'Nuair bha mi 'n toiseach m' òige,
'S i ghòraich a chum falamh mi ;

'S e fortan tha cuir oirne
 Gach aon nì còir a' ghealladh dhuinn ;
 Ged' tha mi gann a stòras,
 Tha m' inntinn làn de shòlas,
 O'n tha mi ann an òbhas
 Gu'n d'rinn nigh'n Dheòrs' an t-aran domh.

Bha mi 'n dé 'san aonach,
 'S bha smaointean mòr air m' aire-sa,
 Nach robh 'n luchd-gaoil a b' àbhaist
 Bhi siubhal fàsaich mar rium ann,
 'Sa bheinn is beag a shaoil mi,
 Gu'n deanadh ise caochladh ;
 O'n tha i 'nis fo chaoirich,
 'S ann thug an saoghal cùr asam.

'Nuair sheall mi air gach taobh dhìom,
 Cha'n fhaodainn gun bhi smalanach,
 O'n theirig coill' a's fraoch ann,
 S na daoine bh'ann, cha mhaireann iad ;
 Cha 'n 'eil fiadh r'a shealg ann,
 Cha'n 'eil eun no earb ann,
 'M beagan nach 'eil marbh dhiubh,
 'Se rinn iad falbh gu baileach as.

Mo shoraidh leis na frithean,
 O's miobhailteach, na beannaibh iad,
 Le biolair uainne a's fìor-uig,
 Deoch usal rimheach, cheanalta,
 Na bhàrran a tha priseil,
 'S na fàsaichean tha lìonmhor,
 O's àit a leag mi dhìom iad,
 Gu bràth mo mhìle beannachd leo !

CUMHA CHOIRE-CHEATHAICII.

S DUILICH leam an càradh
 Th' air coire gorm an fhàsaich,
 An robh mi greis da'm' àrach
 'S a bhràidhe so thall ;
 S iomadh fear a bharr orm,
 A thaitneadh e r'a nàdur,
 Na 'm biodh e mar a bha e,
 'Nuair dh' fhàg mi e nall ;
 Gunnaireachd a's làmbaich
 Spùirt a s aobhar ghaire,
 Chleachd bhì aig na h-àrmuinn
 A b' àbhaist bhì sa' ghleann ;
 Rinn na fir ud fhàgail—
 'S Mac-Eoghainn t'ann a 'dràsta,
 Mar chloich an ionnadh càbaig
 An àite na bh' ann.

Tha 'n Coir' air dol an fàillin,
 Ged' ithear thun a bhlàir e.
 Gun duin' aig am beil càs deth
 Mun àit ann san àm ;
 Na féidh a bh' ann air fhàgail,
 Cha d' fhuirich gin air àruinn,
 'S cha 'neil an àite-tàmba
 Mar bha e sa' ghleann.
 Tha 'm Baran air a shàrach'
 Is dh'artaich air an tàladh,
 Gun sgil aig air an nàdur
 Ged' thàinig e ann ;
 B' fhearr dha bhì mar b' àbhaist,
 Os ceann an t-soithich chàtha,
 'S làmban a bhì làn d'i,
 Ga fàsgadh gu teann.

Se mùghadh air an t-saoghal
 An coire laghach gaolach,
 A dhol anis air faoin-tragh,
 'S am maor a theachd ann :
 'S gur h-e bu chleachdadh riabh dhut,
 Bhi trusa nan ceare biata,
 Gur tric a rinn iad siathnail,
 Le piannadh do làmh.
 Is iad na 'n baidnibh riabhach,
 Mu-amhaich 's ann ad' sgiathan,
 Bhiodh itealaich a's sgiabail
 Mu-thiacan san àm :
 Bu ghibach thu ri riaghailt,
 Mu chidsia taighe 'n iarla,
 Gar nach b'e do mhiann
 Bhi cuir bhian air an stàing.

Ged' tha thu 'nis sa' bhràighe,
 Cha chòmpanach le càch thu,
 'S tha h-uile duine tàir ort
 O'n thàinig thu ann ;
 'S óigin dùt am fàgail
 Nì 's measa na mar thàinig
 Cha taintinn thu ri 'n nàdur
 Le càmhnan, 's le cainnt :
 Ged' fhaiceadh tu ghreidh uallach,
 'Nuair racha tu mun-cuairt daibh,
 Cha dean thu ach am fuadachadh
 Suas feadh nam beann ;
 Leis a ghunna nach robh buadhar,
 'S a mheirg air a toll cluaise,
 Cha 'n eirmis i na cruachan,
 An cuaille dubh cam.

Se 'n Coire chaidh an déis-laimh,
 O'n tha e nis gu'n fhéidh ann,
 Gun duin' aig am beil speis diubh,
 Nì feum air an cùl ;
 O'n tha iad gu'n fhear-gléidhte,
 Cha'n fhuirich iad r'a chéile,

'S ann a ghabh iad an ratreuta
Seach réidhlean nan lùb.
Cha 'n 'eil pris an ruadh-bhuic,
An coille na air fuaran,
Nach b' éigin da bhí gluasad
Le ruaig feadh na dùthch' ;
'S cha 'n 'eil a nis' mun cuairt da,
Aon spuir a dheanadh suairceas,
No thaitneadh ri duin-uasal
Ged' fhuasgladh e chù.

Tha choille bh' ann san fhrith ud,
Na cuislean fada, dìreach
Air tuiteam a's air crionadh
Sios as an rùsg ;
Na preasan a bha brioghar
Na dosaibh tiugha lìonmhor,
Air seachda' mar gu'n spiont' iad
A nìos as an ùir ;
Na failleanan bu bhòiche,
Na slatan a's na h-ògain,
'S an t-àit am biodh an smedrach,
Gu mòdhar a séinn ciùil ;
Tha iad uil' air caochladh,
Cha d' fhuirich fiodh no fraoch ann ;
Tha mullach bharr gach craoibhe,
'S am maor 'ga thoirt diù.

Tha uisge srath na dìge,
Na shruthladh dubh gun sìoladh
Le barraig uaine liogh-ghlais
Gu mì-bhlada grannd ;
Feur-lochain is tàchair
An cinn an duileag-bhàite
Cha 'n 'eil gnè tuille fàs
An san àit' ud san àm ;
Glumagan a chàthair,
Na ghlugaibh domhain, sàmbach,
Cho tiugh ri sùghan càtha,
'Na làthaich 's na phlàim ;
Sean bhùrn salach ruadhain
Cha ghloinne ghrund na uachdar,
Gur coslach ri muir ruaidh e,
Na ruaimle feadh stann.

Tha 'n t-àit an robh na fuarain
Air fàs na chroitean cruaidhe,
Gun sòbhrach gu'n sail-chuaich,
Gun lus uasal air càrn
An sliabh an robh na h-éildean,
An àite laidhe 's éiridh
Cho lòn ri cabhsair féille,
'S am feur chinn e gann ;
Chuir Alasdair le ghéisgeil
A ghraidh ud as a chéile,
'S air leam gur mòr an eucóir
An fheadail a chall ;

Cha lugha 'n t-aobhar mìo-thlachd,
Am fear a chleachd bhì thiorail,
A' tearnadh a's a dìreadh
Ri frith nan damh seang.

Ach ma's duine de shliochd Phàdruig
A théid a nis do'n àite,
'S gu 'n cuir e as a làraich
An tàch'ran a th' ann ;
Bì'dh 'n coire mar a bha e,
Bì'dh laoigh is aighean dàr ann,
Bì'dh daimh a dol san dàmhair,
Air fasach nam beann ;
Bì' buic s'na badain blatha,
Na bric san abhainn làimh riu,
'S na féidh an srath na làirge
Ag' arach na mang ;
Thig gach uile ni g'a àbhaist,
Le aighear a's le àbhachd,
'Nuair gheibh am Baran bairlinn,
Sud fhagail gun taing.

ORAN GAOIL.

A MHAIRI bhàn gur barrail thu,
'S gur barraicht' air gach seòl thu,
O'n thug mi gaol cho daingean dut,
'S mi t'fharraid anns gach codhail :
'S earbsach mi a'd' cheanaltas,
'S na fhuair mi chean' ad' chòmbradh,
Nach urrainn càch do mhealladh uam
'N déis do ghealladh dhòmh-sa.

'S chuala mi mar shean-fhacal
Mu'n darach, gur fiodh còr e :—
“ 'S gur geinn' dheth fhéin 'ga theannachadh
A spealtadh e 'na òrdaibh :”
'S mi 'n dùil, a réir na h-ealaidh sin,
Gur math leat mi bhì d' sheòrsa,
Nach tréig thu mi, 's gu 'm faigh mi thu
Le bannaibh daingean phòsda.

'S e chum an raoir mi m' aireachadh
An spéis a ghabh mi òg dhiòt ;
Bha smaointean tric air m' airese
Mu'n ainneir is fhearr fùghlum :
Cha 'n 'eil cron r'a àireamh ort,
O' d' bhàrr gu sàil do bhròige,
Ach ciallach, fialaidh, fàbharach,
Air fiamh a ghaìr' an còmhnuidh.

'S do chùl daithte làn-mhaiseach
Mu'n cuairt a'd' bhàigh' an ordugh,

Air sniamh, mar theudan clarsaiche,
 Na fhàineachan glan nòsar :
 Gu lùdh-dhonn, pleatach, sàr-chleachdach,
 Gu dosach, fàsmhor, dòmhail,
 Gu lùbach, dualach, hachlach, guairsgeach,
 Suasmhor, cauchach, òr-bhuidh.

Tha t-aghaidh nàrach bhannail,
 Dà chaol mhala mar ite eòin ort ;
 Rosgan réidhe, fallaine
 'S dà shùil ghorm, mheallach, mhòthar :
 Do ghruaidh mar chaorann meangain,
 A thug barrachd air na ròsan ;
 Do dheud geal, dreachtmhor, meachair, grinnu,
 'S do bheul, o'm binn thig òran.

Tha do phòg mar ùbhlan gàraidh,
 'S tha do bhràighe mar an neòinein ;
 Do chiochan lioutach, mulanach,
 'S an sìod' g an cumail còmhnaidh :
 Corp seang, geal, gnéadhail, furanach,
 Deagh-chumachdail, neo-spòrsail ;
 Do chalpa cruinne lùghara,
 'S an troigh nach lùb am feòirnean.

'S e m fàth mu'n biodh tu talach orm,
 Gur ro-bheag leat mo stòras ;
 'Bha dà-rud-dheug a' tarraim uam
 Na thionail mi de phòrsan :
 Bhiodh òl, a's féisd, a's banais ann ;
 Bha ceòl, a's beus, a's ceannaichean,
 N' fheill, 's na gibhteann leannachd,
 An amaideachd 's an òige.

'S a nis nam faighinn mar' rium thu,
 Cha leanainn air an t-seòl sin ;
 Dheanainn hiteach fearainn,
 A's crodh-bainne chur mu chrò dhut ;
 Mharbhainn iasg na mara dhut,
 'S am fadh sa' bhealach cheòthar,
 Le gunna caol nach mearachdaich,
 'S a mhealladh fear na cròice.

'S mòr an gaol a ghabh mi ort
 Le ro bheagan a dh-eòlas,
 S mi 'n dùil gur tu bu leannan domh,
 'S nach mealladh tu mi n' dhòchas :
 Ge d' bhiodh am bàs an carabh dhomh,
 Gu'n bharail ri tigh'n beò uaith,
 'S e dh'fhàgadh slàn mi n' ribhinn mhàlda.
 Mairi bhàn o Lùch-lairig.

AN NIGHEAN DONN OG.

'S i nighean mo ghaoil
 An nighean donn òg ;
 Nam biodh tu ri m' thaobh,
 Cha bhithinn fo' bhròin.
 'S i nighean mo ghaoil
 An nighean donn òg.

'S i Mairi Nic-Neachdaun
 Is dàicheile pearsa,
 Ghabh mis' uiread bheachd ort
 Ri neach a tha beò.
 'S i nighean, &c.

'Nuair sheallas mi t-aodainn,
 'S mi 'n coinneamh ri t-fhaotainn,
 Gur math leam nam faodainn
 Bhì daonann a'd' chòir.
 'S i nighean, &c.

O'n a thug thu dhomh gealladh,
 'S ann dutsa nach aithreach,
 'S cha'n fhaic iad thu 'n ath-bhliall
 A'd' bhana-raich bhò.
 'S i nighean, &c.

Cha téid thu do'n bhuaille,
 A bhleathan cruaidh ghuailfhiònn ;
 Cha chuir thu ort cuaran,
 'S gur nallach do bhròg.
 'S i nighean, &c.

Cha 'n fhòghnadh le m' chruinneig,
 A' bhurach no chuinneag,
 'S cha chluinnear gu'n cumadh tu
 Cuman a'd' dhòrn.
 'S i nighean, &c.

Cha d' théid thu Bhad-odhar
 A leigeadh nan gobhar,
 'S minn bheag as an deodhaigh
 'G an deothal mu'n chrò.
 'S i nighean, &c.

Cha leig mi thu 'n fhireach
 Thoir a' cruaidh as an innis
 Air eagal na gillean
 Bhì sireadh do phòig
 'S i nighean, &c.

Cha taobh thu duim'-uasal
 'S cha 'n aill leat am buachaill,
 'S cha 'n fhearde fear-fuadainn
 Bhì cruaidh air do thoir.
 'S i nighean, &c.

Cha taobh i fear idir,
Air eagal mo thrioblaid ;
'S cha toilich tè mise
Ach ise le deoin.
'S i nighean, &c.

S i rìbhinn a bhaile,
Tha sir-thigh 'n air m' aire,
Nam bitheadh i mar rium,
Cha dh' fharraid mi stìr.
'S i nighean, &c.

Bheir mis' thu Dhun-éideann
A dh'iomnacha' beurla,
'S cha 'n fhìg mi thu t-èigin,
Ri spréidh an fhir-mhòir.
'S i nighean, &c.

A'nighean na gruaige,
Cha chreidim ort tuailleas ;
O'n a tharruinn mi suas riut,
Cha 'n fhuath leam do sheil.
'S i nighean, &c.

'S e mheudaich mo ghaol ort
Gu'n d' fhàs thu cho aobhach,
'S gu'n leumadh tu daonna
Cho aotrom 's na h-eoin.
'S i nighean, &c.

'S i 'n togarrach laghach
A thogainn mar roghainn,
Nam bìthinn a' taghall
'S an taigh am bi 'n t-òl.
'S i nighean, &c.

Gu'm b' fhearde daoim'-uaise
'N àm thionnda' nan cuach thu,
A thoirt luinneagan-luaidh dhaibh
Mu'n cuairt air an stòp.
'S i nighean, &c.

'S leat urram an damhsaidh,
'S an fhidheal 'na teann-ruith ;
Bu chridheil san àm thu,
'S an dràm air a' bhòrd.
'S i nighean, &c.

'S tu fhreagradh gu h-inneallt
Am feadan 's an ribheid,
A sheinneadh gu fileanta,
Ruith-leumach eòl.
'S i nighean, &c.

'S tu thogadh mo spiorad,
'Nuair a théid thu air nùire,
Le d' cheileirean binne,
'S le grinneas do bheòil,
'S i nighean, &c.

Leis na gabh mi do cheisd ort,
Am madainn 's am feasgar,
Dheanaínn riut cleasachd
A's beadradh gu leòir :
'S i nighean, &c.

Dheanaínn riut furan
Am bliadhu' a's an uiridh ;
Bu docha nan t-uireasbhuidh,
Tuill' a's a' chòir.
'S i nighean, &c.

ORAN D' A CHEILLE

NUADH-POSDA.

A MHAIRI bhàn òg,
'S tu 'n òigh th'air m'aire,
Ri'm bheò bhi far am bìthinn fhéin ;
O'n fhuair mi ort còir
Cho mòr 's bu mhath leam,
Le pòsadh ceangailt' o'n chléir,
Le cùmhnanta teann
'S le banntaibh daingean,
'S le suaim a dh'fhanas, nach tréig ;
'S e t' fhaotain air làimh
Le gràdh gach caraid
Rinn slànnte mhaireann a'm' chrè.

'Nuair bha mi gu tinn
'S mi 'n cinnseal leannain,
Gun chinnt cò theannadh rium féin,
'S ann a chunna' mi 'n òigh
Air bòrd taigh-leanna,
'S bu mhòthar ceanalt' a bens ;
Tharruinn mi suas rith',
'S fhuair mi gealladh
O'n ghruagaich bhanaid bhi 'm réir ;
'S mise bha aobhach
'T' fhaotain mar' rium,
'S crobh laoigh a' Bharain a'd' dheigh.

Madainn Di-Iuain,
Ge buan an t-slighe,
'Nuair ghluais mi, ruitinn mar ghaoth,
A dh-fhacain mo luaidh
'S rud bhuainn n-ar dìthis
Nach dual da rithist gu'n sgaoil ;
Thug mi i 'n uaigneas
Uair a bhruidhinn,
'S ann fhuair an nighean mo ghaol,
A's chluinneadh mo chluas
Am suaim a bhithheadh
Aig luathas mo chridhe ri 'm thaobh.

Sin 'nuair chuir *Cupid*
 An t-uldach a'm' bhroilleach,
 G'a shaighdean corranach caol,
 A dhrùidh air mo chuisean,
 Chuir luchd air mo choluinn,
 Leis thuit mi ge b'oil leam a's dh'aom
 Dh'innis mi sgeul
 Do'n tè rinn m' acain,
 Nach léigh a chaisgeadh mo ghaoid ;
 'Se leighis gach creuchd
 I fhéin le feartan
 Theachd réidh a'm' ghlacaihb mar shaoil.

Bheirinn mo phòg
 Do'n òg-mhnaoi shomult'
 A dh-fhàs gu boinneanta, caoin,
 Gu mìleant, còmhnuard,
 Seòcail, foimnidh,
 Do chòmhradh gheibh mi gu saor.
 Tha mi air sheòl
 Gu leir a'd' chomain,
 A mhòid 'sa chuir thu gu faoin
 De m' smaointean gèrach,
 Pròis nam boireannach,
 'S còir dhomh fuireach le h-aon.

Chaidh mi do'n choill'
 An robh croinn a's gallain,
 Bu bhoisgeil sealladh mu'n cuairt,
 'S bha miann mo shùl
 Do dh'fhùran barruicht'
 An dlù's nam meanganau shuas ;
 Geug fo bhàth
 O bàrr gu talamh,
 A lùb mi farrasda nuas :
 Bu dùilich do chàch
 Gu bràth a gearradh,
 'S e 'n dàn domh 'm faillean a bhuain.

Shuidhich mi lìon
 Air fìor-uisg tana,
 'S mi stri 'ga tharruinn air bruaich,
 'S thug mi le sgrìob
 Air tìr a ghealag,
 S a lìth mar eal' air a' chuan ;
 'S toilicht' a dh'fh'g
 E 'n là sin m' aigneadh,
 An roim a bh'agam san uair ;
 B'i coineas mo cheud nàba'
 Reull na maidne,
 Mo chéile cadail 's mi 'n shuain.

'S e b'fhasan leat riamh
 Bhi ciallach banail,
 Ri gnìomh, 's ri ceanal muà uails' ;
 Gu pàrteach, bàigheal,
 Blàth, gun choire,

Gun ghìomh, gun ghoinne, gun chruas,
 Gu déireach, daomntach,
 Faoilidh, farrasd',
 Rì daoin fanna, bochd, truagh ;
 Is tha mi le'd' sheòl,
 An dòchas ro-mhath,
 Gur lòn do t-anan do dhuais.

Chuir mi air thùs ort
 Iùil a's aithne,
 Le sùgradh ceanalta, suaire,
 'Nuair theannain riut dlù,
 Bu chùraidh t' anail
 No ùbhlan meala 'gam buain :
 Cha bhìodh sgeul rùin,
 A b'ùil domh aithris,
 A l' fhiù, nach mealladh i bhuan ;
 Nan cuireadh i cùl rium
 'S diùlta' baileach,
 Bu chùis domh anart a's uaigh.

Do bhriodal blèth
 'S do mhàran mìlis,
 Do nàdur grinneas gach uair,
 Gu beulchair, gàireach,
 Aluinn, coineil,
 Gun chàs a thoille' dhut fuath ;
 Chuir i guin bhàis
 Fad ràith' am mhuineal
 Dh'fhàg làn mi mbulad 'sa ghruaim,
 'Nuair thuig i mar bha,
 'Sa thàr mi 'n ulaidh,
 Ghrad spàr i 'n cunnart ud bhuan

'S ann thog e mi 'm prìs
 O'n tìm so 'n uiridh,
 An nì 'san urrainn a fhuair,
 'Sguab do'n ìre
 Fhìor-ghloin chruineachd,
 An sìol is urramaich luaidh ;
 Sin na chuir mi
 Co-rìmeich umad,
 Bha t' inntinn bunailteach, buan :
 Llonadh do sgiamhachd
 Miann gach duine,
 An dreach, fiamb, an cumachd, 's an snuagh.

Do chuach-fhalt bàn
 Air f. s cho barrail,
 'S a bhàrr làn chamag a's dhual ;
 T-aghaidh ghlan, mhàlda,
 Nàrach, bhanail,
 Do dhà chaol mhala gun ghruain ;
 Sùil ghorm, lìontach,
 Mhìn-ros, mheallach,
 Gun dìth cur fal' ann ad' ghruadb,
 Deud gheal iobhraidh

Dìonach, daingean,
Beul bidh nach canadh ach stuaim.

Shiùbhladh tu fàsach
Airidh glinne

'San àit an cinneadh an spréidh,
G' am bleothan mu chrò,

'S bhi chòir na h-innis,

Laoigh òg a' mireadh 's a' leum ;

Cha mhiosa do lamh

'S tu làimh ri coinnil

No 'n seòmar soilleir ri gréin,

A' fuaidheal 's a' fàitheam

Bhann a's phionar,

An àm chur grianis air gréus.

Do chneas mar an éiteag

Glè ghlan, fallain,

Corp seang mar chanach an t-slèibh ;

Do bhràigh co-mhìn,

'S do chlochan corrach

S iad lìontach, soluis le chéil :

Gaoirdein tlà geal

Làmh na h-ainnir,

Caol mheoir, glac thana, bàs réidh ;

Calpa deas ùr,

Troigh dhlù 'm bròig chumair

Is lùghar innealta ceum.

'S ann fhuair mi bhean chaoin

Aig taobh Mhàm-charraidh.

'S a gaol a'm' mhealladh o'm chéill ;

Bha cridhe dhomh saor,

'Nuair dh'fhaod mi tharruinn,

Cha b'fhaoin domh bharaill bhi d' réir

'S ioma' fuil uasal,

Uaibhreach, fharumach,

Suas ri d' cheann-aghaidh fhéin,

Gad' chumail am prìs

An Rìgh 's Mac-Caillein

'S tu shìol nam fear a bha 'n Sléibht'.

'Nam faighinn an dràst

Do chàradh daingean

An àite falaich o'n èug ;

Ge d' thigeadh e d' dhàil,

A's m' fhàgail falamh.

Cha b' àill lean bean eil' a'd' dhèighl :

Cha toir mi gu bràth dhut

Drannan teallaich,

Mu'n àrdaich aileag do chléibh,

Ach rogha' gach màrain,

Gràdh a's furan,

Cho blàth 'sa b'urraim mo bheul.

Dheanainn dut ceann,

A's crann, a's t-earrach,

An àm chur ghearran an éill,

A's dheanainn mar chach

Air tràigh na mara,

Chur àird air mealladh an éisg :

Mharbhainn dut geoidh,

A's roin, a's eala,

'S na h-eoin air bharran nan geug ;

'S cha bhi thu ri d' bheò

Gun seòl air aran,

'S mi chòmhnuidh far am bi féidh.

O R A N

DO LEANABH-ALTROM

ISEBAL òg

An òr-fhuilt bhuidh,

Do ghruaidh mar ròs,

'S do phòg mar ubhal,

Do bheul dreachmhor,

Meachair, grinna,

O'm faighte na h-ùrain

Cheòl-mhor bhinn.

'S tu 's gloine 's cannaiche

Bhanaile snuadh,

Gur deirge na'n t-suthag

An ruthadh tha d' ghruaidh,

Do mhìn rosg lìontach,

Siobhailt, suaire,

Gnùis mhàlda, nàrach,

Làn de stuaim.

'S e cosail na h-ainnir

An eal' air an t-snàmh,

Do chneas mar an canach

Co cheanalta thlà,

Do chlochan corrach

Air bhroileach geal bàin,

Do bhràigh mar ghrian,

'S do bhiair mar chnàimh.

Do chuach-fhalt bachallach,

Cas-bhuidh, dhlù,

Gu h-amlagach, daite,

Làn chaisreag a's lùb,

'Na chabhannaibh cleachdach

Am pleata' gu dlù

Air sniamh gu léir

Mar theudan ciùil.

'S ioma' fuil uasal

Gun truaille', gun tàir,

Tha togail 'na stuaidheanaibh

Suas ann ad' bhàrr,

Clann-Dombnuill a' chruaidail

Fhuair buaigh anns gach blàr,

Gus an tàin' an là suarach
Thug bhuath' an deas làmh.

'S ban-Chaimbeulach dhìreach
An ribhinn dheas òg,
Cha strìochadh de dhìlsean
A luchd mì-ruin tha beo ;
'S gach car tha dol dìotsa,
Ga d' shìr-chur am mòid,
'S thu theaglach an Iarla
Shlìochd Dhiarmaid nan sròl.

Tha Cinneadh do sheanamhar
Mòr ainmeil gu leòir,
Na Cama-shronaich mheamnach
Bu gharg air an tòir ;
'S iomadh àit anns' na dhearbh iad
Le fearra-ghleus an dùrn,
Bhì marbhtach le'n armachd
Air dearganaich Dheòrs'.

'S 'n ainm bu tàitnich'
A bh' ac' ann a s'tir,
A thachair bhì agam
'Ga h-altrom le cìch ;
'Nuair a sheasas i fathast
Air faidhir an rìgh,
Bìdh ioma' fear fearainn
A' faraid,—“ Cò i ?”

Gruagach gheal, shomulta,
Shoilleir gu leòir.
'S i finealta, foinnidh,
Gun chroma', gun sgeòp ;
Calpa deas cosaill,
A choisicheadh ròd,
Troigh chuimir, shocair
Nach dochuinn a' bhròg.

'S math thig dhut 'san fhasan
Gùn daithe de'n t-sròl,
Le *staidhs* 'ga theannadh
Cho daingean 's bu chòir
Fainneachan daoimein
Air roinn gach meòir,
Bìdh *ruffles* a's ribein
Air lseabail òg.

ORAN DON T-SEANN

FHREICEADAN GHAELACH.

DEOCH Slàinnt' an Fhreiceadain,
'S àill leiu gun cheist i,
Si an fhàillte nach beag oiferru
Dhol deisal ar cléibh,

Cba'n fhàg sinn am feadh i,
O'n tha sinn cho dleasanach,
Do na h-àrmuinn bu sheirceile
Sheasadh an sreud ;
Na curraidhnean calma,
G'am buineadh bhì 'n Albainn,
Feadh mhounaiean garbhlaich
A' sealg air na féidh,
Fhuair mis' orra seanachas,
Nach mios' an cois fairg' iad,
Bhì'dh an cìtcheanan tarbhach
Le marbhadh' an éisg.

Buaidh gu brath air na Fleasgaich,
Fhuar an àrach am Breatunn,
Chaidh air sàil' o cheann ghreis uainn,
Dhol am freasdal ri feum,
An loingear làidir thug leis iad,
Nach sàraicheadh beagan,
Muir a' garrach gan greasa'
'S i freagradh dhaibh féin,
Chuir gach làmh mar bu deise,
Buill de'n chóraich bu treise,
Rì barr nan crann seasmhacha
Leth-taobh gach bréid,
'S 'g imeachd air chuaintibh,
'Nuair a dh'éirich gaoth tuath le,
B'ainmeil air luath's i,
'S i gluasad gu réidh.

'Nuair a chuir iad na h-àrmuinn
Air tìr ann an *Flànhras*,
S iad fada bbo'm pàirtì,
'S o'n àiteachan féin,
Bha onoir nan Ghèl
An earbsa r'an tàbhachd,
Bha sin mar a b' abhaist
Gun fhàillinn fo 'n gbrein
Tha urram an dràs
Aig gach tìr anns an d'fhas iad,
Le feobhas an àbhaist,
An nàduir 'sam beus,
Bhì dileas d'an càirdean,
Cur sìos air gach nàmhaid,
'S iomadh rioghachd an d'fhag iad,
Fuil bhlatb air an fheur.

'S là *Fontenoi*
Thug onoir gu leòir dhaibh,
'Nuair a chruinnich iad coladh,
'Sa thòisich an streup ;
Bu tartraich ar Coirneal,
Cur ghaisgeach an ordugh,
Na lasgairnean òga,
Chaidh deònach na dhéigh,
Na gleachdairean còmhraig
Is fearr th'aig' Rìgh Deòrsa,

A fhuair fasan a's fùghlum
 A's eolas ga reir ;
 'S dùil am bheil mise
 'Nam rùsgadh na trioblaid,
 Gun tugadh a fichead dhìù
 Briseadh á ceud.

Fir aigeannach mbeannach,
 Le glas-lann an ceanna-bheurt,
 'S i sgaiteach gu barra-dheis,
 'S i ana-barrach geur,
 An taice ri targaid,
 Crìos breac nam ball airgeid,
 'S an dag nach robh cearbach
 Gan tearmunn nan sgéith,
 Le'n gunnacha glana,
 Nach diùltadh dhaibh aingeal,
 Spoir ùr air an teannadh
 Gu daingeann nan gleus,
 Gu cuinsearach, biodagach,
 Fùdarach, miosarach,
 Adbarcach, miosail,
 Gu misneachail tremu.

Na spealpan gun athadh
 A chleachd bhì ri sgathadh,
 Nach seachnadh dol fhathasd
 An rathad sin fhein,
 An t-asdar a ghabhail
 S an ceartas a thaghaich,
 Tri-chlaiseach na'n lamhan
 Leis an caitheadh iad beum
 Dol madainn gu mathas
 Cha 'n iarradh iad aithis,
 Gu deire an latha
 'S am laidhe do'n gbrein ;
 'S deas fhaclach an labhairt
 Le caisimeachd chatha,
 S e 'n caisteal a'n claidheamh,
 Ga'n gleidheadh bho bhead.

Fir acuinneach armach,
 Le'm brataichean balla-bhreach,
 Bu tlachdmhor an armaill' iad,
 'S b' ainmeil am feum ;
 Sliochd altrom nan garbh-chrìoch,
 Am feachd a tha earbsach,
 Nach caisgear an ain'eas
 Gu'n dearbh iad nach geill.
 Leim is fad' o'n a dh' fhalbh sibh
 Air astar do'n *Ghearmailt*,
 Chur as do gach cealgair
 Chuir fearg oirbh fein,
 An glacadh 'sa marbhadh,
 'S an sgapadh mar mheanbh-chrodh,
 'S na madaidh ga'n leanmhainn
 Air leargainn an t-sléibh.

Sliochd fineachan uasal
 A gin o 'na tuathaich,
 'S an iomairt bu dual dhaibh
 Dol suas air gach ceum,
 Gach càs mar bu luaithe,
 'S gach laimh mar bu chruaidhe,
 'San ardan an uachdar
 A' bualadh nan speic ;
 Bu gnath le'n luchd fuatha,
 Bhì 'san àraich gun ghluasad,
 S a phairt dhiubb dh'fhalbh uatha,
 Bhiodh an ruaig air an deigh ;
 Le lambach nan gillean,
 'S le lannan geur biorach,
 Bhiodh an naimhdean air iomain
 A' silleadh nan crenchd.

Bu cliùtach na lasgairan
 Ura deas gasda,
 Miann sùl iad ri'm faicinn
 Do gach neach leis an léir,
 Gach seol mar a chleachd iad,
 Le'n comhdacha dreachmhor,
 Le 'n osanan breaca,
 'S le'm breacana 'n fheil :'
 Tha mo dhùil ri'n tigh'n dhachaigh,
 Gun an ùin' a bhì fada,
 Le cumhanta ceartais
 Fir Shasuinn gu léir,
 Le stiùireadh an aigeil,
 Muir dhù-ghorm chur seachad,
 'S nach cum an cuan farsuinn
 Orr' bacadh, no éis.

'Nuair a thainig an trioblaid,
 'S i a *Dha-san-du-fhichead*,*
 Bha dàna le misneach,
 'S le mios orra fein,
 Bras, ardanach, fiosrach,
 Gun fhaillin, gun bhriseadh,
 'S cuid araidh ga'n gihbtean'
 Bhì'n gliocas 's an ecèil ;
 Tha talannan tric'
 Aig a phairti ud bitheionnt,
 'S na h-uil' àit' anns an tig iad,
 No idir a thèid.
 Co an drast a their mise,
 Thig an aird ribh a chlisge ?
 Mar fàg sibh e nis'
 Aig an t-sliochd thig n'ar deigh.

* 42d Regiment.

ORAN GHLINN-URCHIAIDH.

Mu'n tig ceann bliadhna tuille,
 Cha bhí sinn uile 'n Tora-mhuilte :
 Théid sinn thar nam bealaichean,
 Do'n fhearann an robh 'n tlùs :
 Far am beil ar dílsean,
 Ann san tír am beil ar cuid ;
 'S an t-áit an còr dhuinn críochnachadh
 'S an tiodhlaicear ar cuirp.

'S an Clachan-an-Diseirt,
 Bu ghrinn bhí ann an dígh,
 Suidhe 'n eaglais mhuirbhúileach,
 An *dasg* bu rímheach cur ;
 Ag' eiseachd ris na dh'inneadh dhuinn,
 An fear bu shìobhailt guth ;
 Is e toirt sgeul a Bhiobaill duinn,
 'S a bhrìgh a'tig'n gu buil.

Gleannan blàth na tioralachd,
 An ro-mhath 'n cinn an stuth
 Far am beil na h-innseagan,
 Am beil an sìol an cur :
 Cinnidh arbhar craobhach ann
 Cho caoin gheal ris a ghruth,
 Gu reachdunbar, biadhchar, brìoghar,
 Tròm, torach, lìontach, tiuth.

Bu chridheil bhí sa' gheamhradh ann,
 Air bainsean gheibhte spuir ;
 Foun cheol réidh na pìobaireachd,
 'S cha bhíodh sgìos mu sgar :
 Fuaim nan tend aig fìdheilrean,
 A sheinneadh sìos na cuir ;
 'S an luinneag féin aig ònagan,
 Bu bliinne mhíllse guth.

Gheibhte bradan fìor-uisg ann,
 A dìreadh ris gach sruth ;
 Eoin an t-sléibh gu lìonmhor,
 'S na mìltean coilcach dubh ;
 Farba bheag an sgrìobain,
 Na minnein chrìon 's na buic,
 'S a ghleann am beil na frìtheachan,
 'S na giùmanaich 'n am bun.

O'n a thàinig mi do'n fhearann so,
 Cha 'n fhaigh mi prìs an eòin,
 'S cha 'n 'eil fàth bhí bruidhinn
 Mu'n fhear-bhuidh air 'm bì 'n cròc :
 Cha b'ionnan 's bhí mar b'abhaist domb,
 Aig bràigh doire chrò,
 Far am bì' na làn-daimb,
 Nì 'n dàmbhair ann sa cheò.

Mo shoraidh do Ghleann-urchaidh
 Nan tulchan glasa feòir,
 Far am beil na sealgairean,
 'S a fhuair iad aium bhí còrr ;
 A dhìreadh ris na garbhlaichean,
 Am biodh greidh dhearg na's leòir
 'S bhíodh gillean tròm le eallachan
 A dh'fhàgadh tarbhadh bord.

'S an uair a thig dhachaigh leo,
 Gu'm b'fhasanta bhur seòl,
 A suidhe 'san taigh-thàirne,
 'S bhí damhsa mar rì ceòl ;
 Cridhealas r'a chéile,
 'S na béin a bhí 'ga'n òl ;
 'S cha 'n fhaicte cùis 'na h-éigin
 An àm éigheach air an stòp.

MOLADH DHUN-EIDEANN,

'S e baile mòr Dhun-éideann,
 A b'éibhinn leam bhí ann,
 Aite falaidh farsuinn,
 A bha thlachdmhor anns gach ball ;
 Gearasdain a's bataraidh,
 A's rampairean gu teann,
 Taighean mòr a's caisteal,
 Anns an tric a stad an cùmp.

'S tric a bha càmp Rìoghail ann,
 'S bu rímheach an luchd-dreuchd ;
 Trùp' nan srann-each lìonmhor,
 Gu díleas air a gheard :
 Bhíodh gach fear cho eòlach
 'S na h-uile seòl a b'fhearr,
 Na fleasgaich bu mhath fòghlum
 A dhol an òrdugh blàir.

'S iomadh fleasgach nasal ann,
 A bha gu suairce grinn,
 Fùdar air an gruagan,
 A suas gu bàrr ann cinn ;
 Leadainn dhonna, dhualach
 Na chuachagan air sìodh ;
 Bàrr dosach mar an sìoda,
 'Nuair liogadh e 'le cìr.

'S mòr a' tha do bhain-tighearnau
 A nùll 'sa nàll an t-sràid,
 Gùntaichean de'n t-sìoda orr',
 Ga'n sliogadh ris a bhàl ;
 Stòise air na h-ainnrean
 Ga'n teannachadh gu h-àrd.
 Buill mbais air eadainn bhòidheach,
 Mar thuilleadh spòrsa dhaibh.

Na h-uile té mar thigeadh dh'ì,
 Gu measail a' meas chàich,
 Uallach, rimheach', ribeanach.
 Cruinn, min-geal, giobach, tlà ;
 Trusgan air na h-oigheanan,
 Ga'n còmhдахадh gu làr ;
 Bròg bhiorach, dhìonach, chothromach,
 'S bu chorrach leam a sàil.

'Nuair chaidh mi staigh do'n Abailte,
 Gu'm b'ait an sealladh sùl
 Bhi 'g amharc air na dealbhanan,
 Rìgh *Fearghas* ann air thùs ;
 A nis o'n rinn iad falbh uainn,
 Tha Alba gun an Crùn :
 'Se sin a dh'fhàg na garbh-chrìochan
 'S an aimsir so á cùirt.

Bi lòchrainn ann de ghloineachan,
 A's coinneal anns gach àit,
 A meudachadh an soillearachd,
 Gu sealladh a thoirt daibh :
 Cha lagha 'n t-aobhar éibhneis,
 Cluig-chiuil ga'n éisdeachd ann,
 S gur binne na chuach chéitein iad,
 Le'n toragan éibhinn ard.

Bi farrum air na *coitseachan*,
 Na'n trotan a's na'n deann,
 Eich nan cruaidh cheum socrach,
 Cha bhiodh an coiseachd mall ;
 Cùrsain mheannach, mhìreanach,
 A b'airde binneach ceann ;
 Cha'n e am fraoch a b'innis daibh,
 Na firichean nam beann.

Is ann an *clous* na *Pàrlamaid*
 A chi mi thall an t-each,
 Na sheasamh mar a b'èbhaist da,
 Air lòm a chabhsair chlach ;
 Chuir iad srìan a's diallaid air,
 'Se'n Rìgh a tha n'a glaic,
 Ga'n robh còir na rioghachd so,
 Ge d' dhìobair iad a mhac* :

Tha taigh mòr na *Pàrlamaid*
 Air ardachadh le tlachd,
 Aig daoin-uaisle ciallach,
 Nach tug riamh ach a bhreith cheart :
 Tha breitheanas air thalamh ann,
 A mhaireas 's nach téid as,
 Chum na thoill a chrochadh,
 'S thig na neo-chiontaich a mach.

A's chunna' mi taigh-leigheas ann
 Aig leighichean rì feum,

* King James VII. was the brother of Charles II. whose statue is here described.

A dheanadh slàn gach dochartas
 'A bhiodh 'an corp no'n crè ;
 Aon duine bhiodh an eu-slainnte,
 No'n freasdal air an léigh,
 Be sin an t-àite dleasanach,
 Gu theasairginn o'n éug.

Tha *Dun-éidean* bìidheach
 Air iomadh seòl na dha,
 Gu'n bhaile anns an rioghachd so
 Nach deanadh strìochda dha ;
 A liuthad fear a dh'innis ann
 A bheireadh cis de chàch,
 Daoin' uaisle casg an iota,
 A g' òl air fion na *Spàinnt*.

Ge mòr a tha de dh' astar
 Eadar Glascho agus Peairt,
 Is cinnteach mi ge'd' fhaicinn
 Na tha dh'aitreabh ann air fad,
 Nach 'eil ann is taitneiche
 Na'n Abait a's am *Banc*,
 Na taighean mòra rimheach,
 'Am bu chòir an Rìgh bhi stad.

ORAN DUTHCHA.

LWINNEAG.

Hoirionn ò ho *hì-rì-rìo*,
Hoirionn ò ho *hì-rì-rìo*,
Hoirionn ò *hì-rì-òo*,
 'S i mo dhùthaich a dh'fhàg mi.

GED' a tha mi car tamaill,
 A tàmh measg na Gallaibh,
 Tha mo dhùthaich air m'aire,
 'S cha mbath leam a h-àicheadh.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Ge'd' is éiginn dhuinn gabhail
 Leis gach ni thig 'san rathad,
 Gu'm b'fhearr na na srathan,
 Bhì taghaich 'sa bhràidhe.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Ge'd' is còmhuard na sràidean,
 S mòr a b'fhearr bhi air ùirdh,
 Am frìth nam Beann àrda,
 'S nam fàsaichean blàtha.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Beurla chruaidh gach aon latha,
 'N ar cluais o cheann ghrathainn,
 'S e bu dual duinn o'r n-athair,
 Bhì labhairt na Gàidlig.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Ged' is cliùteach a Mhachair,
Le cùnnradh 's le fasan,
Be air dùrachd dol dachaigh,
'S bhi 'n taice r'ar càirdean:
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Bhi 'n Clachan-an-Diseirt,
A fa'cinn air dillsean,
Gum b'ait leinn an tìr sin,
O'n a 's i rinn air 'n àrach.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Cha be fasan nan daoìn' ud,
Bhi 'n conas na 'n caonnaig,
Ach sonas an t-saoghail,
'S bhi gaolach mar bhràithrean.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

N àm suidhe 's taigh-òsda,
Gu luinneagach, ceolmhor
Bu bhinn ar cuid òran,
'S bhi 'g-òl nan deoch-slainnte,
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Luchd dhìreadh nan stuicean,
Le'n gunnachan dù-ghorm,
A loisgeadh am fùdar,
Ri ùdlaiche làn-daimh.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

S e bu mhian leis na macaibh,
Bhi triall leis na slatan,
A chuir srìan ris a bhradan,
Cha be fhasan am fàgail.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Gu fiadhach a mhunaidh,
No dh' òsgach air buinne,
Anus gach gnìomh a nì duin
'S mòr urram nan Gàidh.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

O R A N

DO DH-IARLA BHRAID-ALBANN.

AIR FÖNN.—“*An Taillear Acuinneach.*”

DEOCH-SLAINNT' an Iarla
Cuir dian na'r caramh i,
'S mo gleibh sinn làn i,
Gu'm fàg sinn falamh i;
'Nuair thig i oirne
Gu'm bì sinn ceolmhor,
'S gu'n gabh sinn òrain
Ga h-òl gu farumach.

'S e'n t-armunn suaice
A ghluais á Bealach leinn,
'S na sàr dhaoìn-uaisle
R'a ghualainn mar ris ann;
O'n dh'èirich sluagh le
Gu feum 'sa chruadal,
A réir do dhualchais
Bì'dh buaidh a dh'ain-deoin leat.

Gur deas am fùran
Air thùs nan gallan thu,
'S cha ghabh thu cùram
Ro ghuais nan aineolach;
Led' chòmhlain ùra
'S thu féin ga'n stiùreadh,
A's fir do dhùthcha
Ri d' chùl mar bharautas.

'S tu ceann na riaghailt
Tha ciallach, carthanach,
Na daoìn' a thriall leat
Gu'r briagh am pannal iad;
'S tu thog na ciadan
A shliochd nam Fianntan,
'S an àm a ghnuimha,
Bu dian 'sa charraid iad.

Ma thig na Frangaich
A nàll do'n fhearann so,
Bheir sinn tràth dhaibh
Cion-fàth an aithreachais
Théid cuid gu bàs dhiubh,
'S cuid eile bhàthadh,
Mu'm faigh iad bàta,
'S mu'm fàg iad tharais sinn.

O'n fhuair sinn gunnachan
Gu'r ullamh, ealamh iad,
'S cha 'n'eil gin uile dhiubh
Nach freagair aingeal dhuinn,
Cha'n fhaic na chruaidhean
Dol sìos na chunnart dhaibh
'S gur rioghail urramach
A dhioladh falachd iad.

'Nuair théid gach treun-fhear
Na éididh ceannardach,
Le'n armaibh gleusda
Cho gear 's bu mhath leinn iad
Bithidh iomadh creuchdan
Le'm buillean beumach,
Cha leigheas léigh iad,
'S cha ghléidh e'n t-anam riu.

'S i sin a garbh bhratach,
A dh' fhalbh o'n bhaile leinn,
'S iad fir Bhraid-Albann

Gu dearbh a leannas i,
Fìr ùra, chalma,
A tha lughmor, meamnach,
Ma dhùisgear fearg orra.
'S mairg a bheanas dhaibh.

Tha conuspuinn àraidh
A bràigh ghlinn-fallach leinn,
A fhuair buaidh-làrach
'S gach àit 'n do tharruinn iad,
Le luchd an làmhaich
Ri uchd an nàmhaid,
Bithidh cuirp 'san àraich
Air làr gun charachadh.

Cuid eil' an phàirti,
Gu dàn le fearalachd,
Théid lionmhor, làidir
'S an àit a gheallas iad ;
Fìr shuondach dhàicheil,
A grunn Earr-Gàel,
Nach diult 's na blàraibh
Le làmhach caithriseach.

Na h-Urrachaich eireachdail
Le'n urachair sgallanta,
Cuir suas nam peileirean
Nach cualas mearachdach,
S iad buaghar iomairteach
'S cha dualchas giorag dhaibh,
'S an ruaig cha philleadh iad,
'S gur cruaidh le'n lannan iad.

Na h-uaislean Eileanach,
'S ann uain nach faomadh iad,
'S fìr chuirteach beinn' iad,
'S air chuan, na'm maraichean ;
Luchd bhualadh bhuillean iad
'S a fhuair an t-urran sin,
A's fuain an gunnaireachd
Cho luath ri dealanaich.

'S ann tha air naimhdean
'S an àm so anai' each,
'S a mhisneach ard
Tha 'nar ceann, 's a dh'fhanas ann ;
Tha 'n Rìgh ag earbsadh
Gu'n diol sinn argamaid,
Le strì na h-armailt
Mar dhearbh ar 'n-athraichean.

'Nuair thog iad sròl
'S na fìr mhòra taruinn ris,
'S o'n fhuair iad eòlas
Air fòghlum cabhagach.
Cha'n fhuicear cò-ladh
De ghaisgich òga,

Am feachd Rìgh Deìrsa,
Aon phòr thug barrachd orr'.

Tha'n Sambradh blàth ann
O'n dh'fhag an t-earrach sinn,
Ma ni sinn dhùp
'S e bhios ann dhuinn fallaineachd :
Tha ni air gleauntaibh
Cha bhì sinn gann dhuì,
'S gur lionmhor Gàll
Tha cuir aird air aran dhuinn.

'S e 'n togail inntinn
Cho grinn 'sa b'aithe dhomh,
Bhì'n eùirt an Rìgh
Gu'n bhì strì ri sgalachd ;
Cha dean sinn feòraich
Air tuille stòrais,
'S cha teirig lon dhuinn
Ra'r beò air Gearasdan.

IAIN CAIMBEUL A' BHANCA.

IAIN CHAIMBEUL a' bhanca,
Gu'm faiceam thu slàn,
Fhir a chumail na dàimh,
'Gam buineadh bhì mòr :
Le d' chridhe fial, fearail,
A thug barrachd air càch,
An iomadaibh càs
A thuilleadh nan slògh.
Fhuair thu meas, nach 'eil bichiont'
A measg Bhreatainneach,
Banc an òir bhì fo d' sgòd,
Ann an còir dhleasannach ;
Na th' ann, cha 'n e 'm beagan
Is e 'm freasdal ri d' stàit,
Fo leagadh do làmh
'S gu freagrachd do bheòil.

'S tu mareach nan srann-each,
Is farramaich ceum,
Le 'm fallaireachd féin
Gu farasda, fòil :
Air dhìollaid nan cùrsan
Bu dùbailte sréin,
'S tu bhuidhneadh gach réis,
A shiubhladh an ròd.
Na h-eich bhearcasach, chalma,
Bhiodh garbh, cumachdail,
Is iad gu h-annadail, meamnach,
Le 'm falbh gurilleumach,

Cruidheach, dlù-thairgneach,
Mear, aineasach, fuasgailteach,
Ceannardach, cluas-bhiorach,
Uallach gu leoir.

B'e do roghainn a dh'armachd,
An targaid chruinn ùr,
Gu meabh-bhallach dlù,
Buidh' tairgneach cruaidh seolt ;
Is claidheamh chinn airgeid,
Cruaidh, calma, nach lùb,
Lann thana, gheur-chùil,
Gu daingean a'd dhùrn ;
Mar ri dag ullamh, grad,
A bhiodh a suap freasdalach,
Nach biodh stad air a sraid
Ach bli 'mach freagarach ;
Fudar cruaidh, sgeilceara,
'M feadan gle dhìreach,
A'd lamhan geal, mìne,
'S cuileabhar caol, gorm.

Bu cheannard air feachd thu,
An am gaisgidh no feum,
Fhìr mhìsneachail, threim
A b' fhiosrach 's gach seòl ;
A fhuair foglum, a's fasan,
Is aiteas g'a réir,
Tur pailte le céill
A' cur aignidh am mòid.
An am suidhe na cùirte,
No dùbladh an t-seisein,
An uchd bearraidh no binne,
'S i t-fhìrinn a sheasadh :
Deag theang-fhear gu *deasput*,
Bu fhreagarach cainnt,
A bhuidhneadh gach geall
'S a chumadh a chòir.

'S e do shùgradh bha earailteach,
Ceannalta, suaire,
An am tional nan uaislean
Mar riut a dh-òl ;
Gu failteachail, furanach,
A cuireadh a suas,
Gach duine de'n t-sluaigh,
G'am buineadh bhì d' chòir :
Na diùcan bu rimhiche,
A chit' ann am Breatunn,
Is bu chompanach rìgh thu,
Le fìrinn 's le teisteas,
Fhìr gbreadhnaich bu sheirceile
Sheasadh air blàr.
Fo 'n deise bhìodh lan.
De lastanan òir.

'S math thig dhut san fhasan,
An ùd a's a ghrung,

Air an deasachadh suas
Am fasan an t-slòigh
Gu camagach, daithte,
Lan chaisreag a's chuairt,
Gu bachlach mu'n cuairt,
Le màise ro-mhòr :
Tha gach ciabh mar do mhiann,
Air an suimh cumachdail,
Fiamh dhonn, torrach, tròm,
Gu'n aon bhonn uireasbhuidh,
Amlagach, cleachdach,
Cruinne cas-bhuidh tlà,
Cho gasda ri barr,
Th' air mac san Roinn-còrp' ;

'S i t-aghaidh ghlan, shoilleir,
Bha caoineil ro suaire,
Caol mhala gun ghruainn,
Sùil mheallach bu bhòidhech' ;
Gnùis àillidh mar chanach,
Bu cheanalta, snuagh,
Mìn, cannach, do ghruaidh,
Mar bharran nan ròs.
Cha 'n 'eil àilleachd air càch,
Nach tug pairt urram dhut ;
Fòimnidh, fìnealta, dìreach,
Deas fìr chumachdail,
Calpa chruinn, cothromach,
Corrach, gu d' shàil,
Gun chron ort a' fàs,
O mhulach gu bròig.

Do smaointeana glìce,
Le misnich 's le céill,
Do thuigse ghlan, gheur,
'S deagh thuiteamas beoil ;
Gun tuirsneadh, gun bhrìsteadh,
Gun trioblaid, fo'n ghréin,
A b' fhiosrach mi féin,
Is misd thu bhì d' chòir.
'S ioma gibht' a tha 'nis,
Lìonmhòr tric minig ort,
Iuil a's fios, mùirn a's mìos,
Flùr a' measg fìnnich thu,
An uaisle le spìrad,
Air mhìreadh a' d' chàil,
'S tu iriosal, baigheil,
Cinneadail, còir.

Gheibhte sud ann ad' thalla,
Fìon geal is math tuar,
Deoch thana gun druap,
'S i fallain gu pòit ;
Bhìodh sunnd agus farum
Air aire an t-sluaigh,
Deadh ghean ann san uair,
A teannaidh r'a h-òl ;

Ann san taigh bu mhòr seadh,
 Leis nach dragh aithnichean,
 Mùirn a's caoin, a bhios air fheadh,
 Cupa 's gloin, canachan,
 Coinneirean airgeid,
 'S dreòs dheàlach o chéir,
 Feadh t-aitreamh gu léir,
 'S iad pailte gu leòir.

B'e do mhiann a luchd ealaidh,
 Pìob sgalanta, chruaidh,
 Le caithream cho luath,
 'S a ghearradh na meòir ;
 Puirt shiùlacha, mheara,
 Is fìor allail cur suas,
 Ann an talla nam buadh
 Bu bharrail mu'n stòr
 Cruite ciùil, torman ùr,
 Is e gu dlù ruith-leumach,
 Feadain lom, chruinne, dhonn,
 Thogadh fonn mireanach,
 Clàrsach le grinneas,
 Bu bhinn-fhaclach fuain,
 'S eha pilleadh tu 'n duais,
 'Nuair a shireadh tu ceòl.

'S iomadh àit am beil do charaid,
 A t-fharaid mu'n cuairt,
 An deas a's an tuath,
 Cho dheas'nach 's bu chòir ;
 Diùc Earragalach ainmeil,
 Ceann armailt' nam buagh,
 Leis na dhearbhadh làmh chruaidh,
 Is ris an d'earbhadh gu leòir :
 An t-larla cliùiteach g'an dùthchas
 Bhi 'n Tùr Bhealach,
 A chuir an ruag le chuid sluaigh,
 Air na fuar Ghallaich ;
 Mòrair Loudon nan seang-each,
 Ard sheanalair càmp,
 Fhuair nrram comann,
 Far na bhuidhin na seòid.

Tha iomadh càs eile
 Nach ceilinn san uair,
 Tha tarrainn ort buaidh,
 A mhaireas ri d' bheò ;
 Fuil rioghaill air lasadh
 Amach ann ad' ghruidh,
 Cuir t-aigneach a suas
 Le àiteas ro-mhòr ;
 Tha bunntam a's léirsinn,
 Gu léir ann ad' phearsa,
 Fhir shunntaich na féile,
 Sgeul éibhinn a b' àit leam,
 Na 'm faicinn a'màireach
 Le àbhachd 's le mùirn,

Bhi 'd chàradh fo 'n chrùn
 An àite rìgh Deòrs'.

CUMHADH IARLA

BHRAD-ALBANN.

'S TRUACH r'a éisdeachd an sgeul
 Fhuair mi féin tuille 's luath ;
 Rinn an t-éng ceann na còille
 'S nam beus a thoirt uainn :
 Cha'n 'eil léigh tha fo 'n ghréin,
 Dheanadh feum dhut 's an uair :
 'S bochd a'd' dhéigh sinn gu léir,
 'S cha 'n'eil feum bhi 'ga luaidh.

Tha do chairdean làidir, lìomhor
 Anns gach tìr a tha mu'n cuairt ;
 So na dh-fhàg an aigneadh ìosal,
 Do chorp prìseil bhi 'san uag :
 Is iad mar loingear gun bhì dìonach,
 Fad o thùr air druim a' chuain ;
 'S tusa b'urrainn an toirt sàbhailt,
 Ge do bhiodh an gabhadh cruaidh.

'S ann an diugh a chaidh do chàradh
 'An ciste chlàr 's ad leabaidh fhuaire ;
 Is muladach a'd' dhéigh an tràths'
 A' chuid is airde do d' dhaoin' uails.
 Tha gach duin' agad fo phràmh,
 'S goirt an càs am bheil an tuath ;
 'S iad do bheòchdan a tha cràiteach ;
 Thugadh an taie' làidir uath'.

'S iomadh dilleachdan òg falamh
 Bha le h-ainnis air dhroch shnuagh,
 Seann daoine 's bantraichean fanna
 Bha faotainn beathachaidh uair :
 'S ann bu truaigh a' ghaoir a bh'aea,
 'S deòir gu frasach air an gruaidh,
 Caoineadh cruaidh, a's bualadh bhasan,
 'S bhi toirt pàirt de 'm falt a nuas.

'S muladach an nochd do dhùthaich,
 'S dubhach tùrsach tha do siluagh :
 Cha 'n iognadh sin, 's mòr an diùbhaill
 An tionndadh so thig'n oirnn cho luath,
 Am fear a b'abhaist bhi le dùrachd
 Gabhail eùram dhiubh gach uair,
 Dh'fhàg iad 'na laidhe 'san ùir e
 Far nach dùisg e gu Là-luain.

'S ann an tràthaibh na Feill-brìde
 Thàinig crìoch air saoidh nam buadh.

'S lòm a thug an t-eug an sgrìob oirnn,
 Och! mo dhìth cha deic a luath's,
 Bhuail an gath air flàth na firinn
 Bha 'gar dìonadh o gach cruas :
 'S goirid leinn do ré 'san àite,
 Ged' their càch gu'n robh thu buan.

Cha do sheall thu riamb gu h-ìosal
 Air nì chuireadh sìos an tuath :
 Bu chùl-taic dhaibh anns gach àit thu,
 'S tu bha ghnàth 'gan cumail suas.
 Cha bu mhiann leat togail ùlaimh ;
 Sin a' chùis d'an tug thu fuath :
 Bha thu faotainn gaòil gach duine,
 'S ghleidh thu'n t-urram sin a fhuair.

Bha thu léirsinneach le suairceas ;
 Dh-fhàs a'd' chòm an uaisle mhòr ;
 Ciall a's misneach mar ri cruadal,
 Fhuair thu 'n dualchas sin o d' sheòrs'.
 Bha thu fiosrach, glic, neo-luaineach ;
 Bha t-intinn buan anns a' chòir.
 O'n a thog iad air ghiùlan sluaigh thu,
 'S aobhar sin a luathach deòir.

Chan'eil aoibneas ann am Bealach,
 Chan'eil farum ann, no ceòl ;
 Daoine dubhach, 's mnathan galach,
 A's iad gun ealaidh ach am bròn ;
 O'n a chaidh do ghiùlan dachaigh
 O'n mbachair air mhùthadh seòil,
 'N àit' an éididh sin a chleachd thu,
 Ciste, 's léine, 's brat de'u t-sròl.

'Nam bu daoine bbeireadh dhinn thu,
 Dh'èireadh mìltean air an tòir,
 O bheul Tatha gu Lathuirn-ìochdrach,
 Sin fo chis dut agus còr :
 Far an d'fhàs na gallain fhòr-ghlan,
 A's iad Ìomhòr ann gu leòir,
 A rachadh togarrach gud' dhìoladh,
 Nach obadh dol sìos le deòin.

'S ann tha chùis nì's fearr mar tha i,
 Dòchas làidir thu bhì beo
 Am measg nan aingeal a tha 'm Phàrras,
 Ann an glàrdeachas ro-mhòr :
 Gur e'n Tì a ghlac air làimh thu,
 'Thug 'san àite sin dhut còir
 Air oighreachd is fearr na dh'fhàg thu,
 'An àros àghmhor Rìgh na glòir.

Ged' tha 'm fear a thig a' t-àite
 Thall an tràths' tharr chuainteann mòr,
 Guidheam dù gu'n tig e sàbbailt
 (Soirbheas àrd ri cùl gach seòil)
 A dh' fhaotainn seilbh air an t-saibhreas,
 'S air an oighreachd sin bu chòir ;

A ghabhail cùram ga chuid fearainn,
 'S ga chuid daoine sean a's òg.

CUMHAIL CHAILEIN

GHLINN-IUBHAIR.

SMAOINTEAN truagh a th'air m'aigne,
 Dh' fhàg orm smuaircan, a's àirsneul,
 An àm gluasad am leabaidh,
 Cha chadal ach dùisg ;
 Tha mo ghruaigean air seacadh,
 Gun dìon uair air mo rasgan,
 Mu'n sgeul a chualas o'n Apuinn,
 A ghluais a chaisneachd ud dhuinn',
 Fear Ghlinn-Iubhair a dhìth oirnn,
 Le putar luchd mì-ruin,
 Mo sgeul dubhach r'a iniseadh
 Thu bhì d' shìneadh 'san ùir ;
 'S truagh gach duine de d' dhùilean,
 O'n a chaidh do chorp priseil,
 An ciste chuthainn, chaòil, dhònaich,
 'S ann an lìon-anart ùr.

B'e sinn an corp àluinn,
 'Nuair bha thu roimhe so d' shlàinte,
 Gun chion cumachd no fàs ort,
 Gu foinnidh, dàicheil deas ùr ;
 Suairce, foisinneach, fàillteach,
 Uasal, ìorsal bàidheil,
 Caoimhneil, cìnneadail, càirdeil,
 Gun chroin r'a ràit' air a chùl ;
 Làn do ghliòcas, 's do léirsinn,
 Gu dana, misneachail, treubhach,
 Gach àit an sìrte gu feum thu,
 'S ann leat a dh'èireadh gach cùis ;
 B'e do choimeas an drèagan,
 No 'n t-sotbag 's na speuraibh,
 Co bu choltach r'a chéile
 Ach iad féin agus thu ?

'S cruaidh an teachdair a thàinig,
 'S truagh mar thachair an dràsta,
 Nach do sheachainn thu 'n t-àite,
 'N do ghlac am bàs thu air thùs ;
 Suas o chachaille ghàraidh,
 Fhuair thu 'n tacaid a chràidh mì,
 'S gun do thaic a bhì làimh riut,
 'Nuair ghabh iad fàth ort o d' chùl,
 Air do thaoibh 's thu gun chòmhradh,
 'S an àm 'n do chaochail an deò bhualt,
 T-fhuil chraobhach, dhearg, bhòidheach
 A gabhail dòrtadh 'na brùchd,

Le gniomh an amadain ghòraich,
A bha gun aithne gun eòlas,
A reic anam air stòras,
Nach do chuir an trècair a dhùil.

B'e 'n cridhe gun tioma, gun déisein,
Gun àdh, gun chinneas, gun cheutaidd,
A chuir làmh a'd' mhilleadh gun reusau,
Le cion céill' s'gus tùir ;

'S e glac mar chomharl' an euccoir,
'S boc an gnothaich mar dh'éirich,
Dh-fhàg e sinne fo eu-slainnt,
Is e féin 'na fhear-cùirn ;

'S ge nach sàmhach a leabaidd,
Le eagal a ghlacadh,
Cha 'n e tha mi 'g acain,

Ach mar a thachair do'n chùis ;
An t-armunn deas, tlachdmhor,
A tha 'n dràst' an Ard-chatain,
An déigh a ch'radh an tasgaidh,
An àite cadail nach dùisg.

'S e do chadal gu sìorruidd,
A dh'fhàg m' aigne cho tiombaidh,
'S tric smaointeana dìomhain ;

A tigh'n gu dian orm as ùr,
'S tròm a dh'fhàs orm an iargainn,
Is goirte tàrsa nam fiabhras,
Mo chomb-alt ùlunn, deas, ciatach,
An déigh's a riabadh gu dlù ;

Mìle mallachd do'n làmh sin,
A ghabh cothrom is fàth ort,
A thug an comas do'n làmhach,
'Nuair chuir e 'n spàinteach r'a shùil ;
Sgeula soilleir a b' àil leam,
Gu'n cluinnt' am follais aig càch,
E bhì dol ri crommaig le fìradh,
Gus am mìosa dhà-sa na dhuinn.

Ge b'e neach a rinn plot ort,
Le droch dhùrachd o thoiseach,
Bu dàna chùis dha tigh'n ort-sa,
Na do lotadh as ùr ;
Bha 'na rùn bhì gu h-òlc dhut,
'S gu'n a chrìdh' aig aodainn a nochadh,
'S an a thain' e sàmhach mu'n chnocan,
'S a ghabh ort socair o d' chùl.

'S e mo dhùbhail a thachair,
An àm do'n fhùdar ud lasadh,
Nach robh ad' chàirdean an taic riut,
Na bheireadh aicheamhail diubh ;
'S a liuthad fìuran deas, tlachdmhor,
Nach gabhadh cùram ro' bhagra,
A chuireadh smùid ris an Apuinn,
A chionn gu'm faiceadh iad thu.

'S tròm a ph'igh sinn an òbairt,
A chuir ar nàmhaid a dhith oirnn,

Ged' tha 'n aichmhail gu'n dioladh,
Thig fhatheadh lìontan mu'n chùis,
Chuireas càch an staid Ìosal,
Air son an àilleagain phrìiseil,
Bh' ann san àite mar fhrean,

A chleachd fìrinn a's cliù ;
'S bochd an naidheachd r'a àireamh,
Gur ann an nasgaidh a tha thu,
Nach tainig fhatheadh mu'n chùis ad,
Na dheanadh àbhadh thoirt duinn ;
Ach air fhad 's gam bhì dail ann,
Cheart cho fìor 's tha mi 'g ràite,
Bhìd an falachd ud pàigite,
Mu'n d' téid an gàmblas air chùl.

'S iad na fineachan laidir,
Bu mbath a gabhail do phàirti,
An rìgh, a's diùc Èarraghàchl,
Nach fhaicheadh fàilinn a'd' chùis ;
Iarla dligheach Bhràid-Albann,
Air thùs a tighinn gu'n chearbaich,
'S gur ioma' fear armach,

A sheasadh calma r'a chùl ;
Mac-Aoidh 's a luchd-leannmuinn,
Leis an éireadh suinn nach bu leabaidd,
Na kaich bhuidhneach, mhòr, mbeannach,
Le'n lanna ceann-bheartach, cùil ;
Mac-Dhomhnuil duibh, 's Cloinn-Chamroin,
S gu leòir a thighearnan ainmeil ;
S fhad o'n chuala sinn seachas,
Gu'n do dhearb iad an cliù.

S ghabh thu àite le ordugh,
Air part do Shrath-lècha,
'S cha b' ann air ghaol stòrais,
'Na los am pòrsan thoirt diubh ;
Ach a sheasamb an còrach,
Le meud do cheisd air an t-sebrs' ud,
'S an òidhre dheasnach air fògra,
G'am bu chòir bhì 'sa chùirt ;
'S ge do theireadh luchd faoineachd,
Gur robh t-àire-sa daonnan,
Bhì sgainneart nan daoìn ud,
Na 'n leigeadh sgaoilteach air chùl ;
Chite fhatheadh a chaochladh,
N'am faighe tu saoghal,
Gur e bhì taruinnn luchd gaol ort,
As gach taobh, a bha d' rùn.

Bu tu cridhe na féile,
Dh' fhàs gu tighearnail, ceutach.
An làthair brìtheamb Dhun-éideann,
'S tric a reitich thu cùis ;
'S oìl leam càradh do cheud-mhna,
'S òg a bhanntrach a'd' dhéigh i,
Lion càmpar gu léir i,
O'n dh'èng a céillidh deas, ùr ;
Fhuair mi 'n sealladh nach b'eibhinn,

An uaigh mu d' choinneamh 'ga réiteach,
'S truaigh gach commun thug spéis dhut,
O'n chaidh tu féin anns an ùir,
'S gun dùil a nis ri thu dh-éiridh,
'S e dh'fhàg mise fo eu-slainnt,
Bhí 'n diugh ag' innseadh do bheusan,
'S nach tig thu dh-éisdeachd mo chliù.

ORAN AN T-SAMHRAIDH.

'NUAIR thig an Sámhra' geugach oirnn,
Théid siann nan speur o'n ghruamaiche,
Thig tuis a's blàs a's aoibhneas—
Théid gach ní g'a réir an buadbalachd.
Thig feart le neart na gróin' oirnn,
Ní 'n saoghal gu léir a chuartachadh ;
Thig teas o slios 'nuair dh'éireas i
Ní feum, 's cha tréigear uainne e.

Bidh pòr ann an tír ghráiseirean,
Chur sil ann san tìm ghnáthaichte ;
A' toirt brìdh as an ùir nádurra,
O'n bhlàr g'a bhàrr a ghluaiseas e :
Gu reachdmhor, breac, neo-fháillineach,
Trom-chuinleanach, garbh-ghràineanach,
Gu diasach, riabhach, càlleanach,
Gu biadhchar, làn, 'nuair bhuainear e.

'S glan fáilleadh nan geug liobhara,
Mu ghràdh nan seud lionmhóra.
Am biodh àileagain glé riombhacha
Le blath's a' sír chur snuadh orra ;
Gu h-ùbhlach, peurach, figiseach,
Glan, brioghmhór, diomhair, guamaiseach
Gach sráid is àillidh grineachan,
Mar Phéalas rìgh r'an cuartachadh.

'S ro-ghreannar gach gleann fìor-mhònaidh,
Cur ionhaigh ghrinn an uachdar air ;
Gach lus le bhàrr cho mhìor'ailteach,
A' fàs fo mhìle suaicheantas ;
Gu duilleach, lurach, dítheanach,
Glan, rìmheach, lìonmhór, cuacheanach,
Gu ròpach, dosach, misleanach,
Gu millteachail, mìn uain-nealach.

Bidh fonn air gach neach nádurra,
Bhíodh sealltainn gach ní gnáthaichte,
Am blàr lom a' cur dreach fásaich air,
Gach là cur stràc neo-thruaillidh air,
Gu molach, torach blàth-mhaiseach,
'S na craobhan làn de chruasachdan

Gu h-ùrar, dù'-ghorm, àileanta,
Le frasán bl' tha, bruaidleanach.

Bidh gach frith gu hionntach, feurach ;
'S théid na féidh 'nan éideadh suaicheanta,
Gu h-ullach, binneach, cennannach,
Grad-leumanach, bior-chluaisianach ;
Gu cròcach, cabrach, céir-ghéalach,
Gu manugach, eangach, éildeagach,
'Gan grianadh sa' mhios chéiteanach,
Air slios an t-sléibh mu'n cuartaich iad.

Bidh laogh ri taobh gach aighe dhiubh,
'Nan laidhe mar is còir dhaibh ; bi'dh
Gach damh a's manng cho aighearach,
'Nuair thig Fìll-leathain ròid orra :
Bu tuille lóin a's saoghail,
Do gach neach a ghabhadh gaol orra,
Bhí tric ag amharc caol orra
'S a' g' éisdeachd gaoir an crònaich.

Bidh maolisleach a chinn ghuaaich,
A cur dreach a's snuadh a's tuar oirre,
'S í tilgeadh cuilg a' gheamhraidh
A chuir gurt a's greann a's fuachd oirre :
O'n tháinig bláthas an t-Sámhraidh oirnn,
Cuiridh sí m'antail ruadh oirre,
S tha inntinn ghrinn g'a réir aice,
Gu fallain, fétibeach, fuasgaiteach.

Bidh am mínein ùrar meanbh-bhallach,
Gros tioram air a ghnúis bu sgeimneile ;
Gu míreineach, lùghor, amadail,
Ri slinnean na h-earb an guilleachan,
Bu ehlis feadh phreas mu an-moch iad,
Gu tric fo iocid nam mean'-chuileag,
Gu sgrideil, gibeach, gearra-mhasach,
An slíochd 'g an ainm na ruadhagan.

Bidh gach creutair fáillineach,
A bhla greis an eòs na fuaralachd,
A togail an cinn gu h-àbhachdach,
O'n a tháinig bláth's le buaidh orra :
Na h-eòin sa' phong a b'ábhaist daibh,
Gu ceolmhar, fonnmhór, fáilteachail,
Feadh phreas a's thòim ri gairdeachas,
Gun chàs a dh'fhágadh truailleadh iad.

'S neo-thruaillidh am pòr lìonmhór ud,
'S gur spéiseil grinn a ghluaiseas iad ;
Le'm beas a 'seinn mar fhileirean,
Gur h-aoibhinn binn ri m' chlusán iad ;
'S glan luinneagach, fìor-inntinneach,
A' chàinain chinn thig uatha-san ;
'S iad gobach, sgiathach, cìreineach
Gu h-iteach, dìonach, cluaineiseach.

Bidh an coileach le thorman tùchanach,
Air chnocanaibh gorm a dùrdanaich,

Puirt fhileanta, cheolmhor, shiùblacha,
 Le ribheid dlù chur seòl orra ;
 Gob crom nam pongan lùgh'ora,
 'S a chneas le dreach air a dhùblachadh,
 Gu slios-dubh, girt-gheal, ùr-bhallach,
 'S dà chirc a sùgradh bòidheach ris.

Thig a chuthag sa' m'òis chéitein oirn,
 'S bidh riabhag 'na seuchdan còmhladh ri,
 'S an dreathan a gleusadh sheannsairean
 Air a ghéig is aird a mhòthaicheas e.
 Bidh chòill' gu léir 's na gleanntaichean,
 Air chrathadh le h-aoibneas cauntaireachd,
 Aig fuaim a chunail cheannsalaich,
 Feadh phreas, a'a chrann, a's òganan.

Na doireachean coill' bu dìomhaire,
 'S na croinn mu'n iadh na smeoraichean
 Theid gach craobh an ciataichead,
 Bi'dh caochladh fianh a's neòil orra ;
 Gu meanganach, dìreach sniomhauach,
 Thèid cridhe nam frìamh an sòghaireachd,
 Le trusgan ùr g'a mhiadachadh,
 Bar-gùc air mhiaraibh nòsara.

Bi'dh am beatha gu cuisleach, fiùranach,
 Gu faileanach, slatach, ùr-fhasach ;
 Thig snothach fo 'n chairt a's drùisealachd,
 Bidh duilleach a's rùsg mar chòmhdach air ;
 Le bruthainn thèid brìgh na duslain ann
 Am barrach dlù nan òganan'
 Gu plùireineach, caoin, maoth-bhlasda,
 Mo roghainn de shnaoisean sròine e.

'S a bhiolaire luidneach, sliom-chluasach,
 Ghlas, chruinn-cheannach, chaoin, ghorm-
 Is i fàs glan, uchd-ard, gilmeineach, [neulach,
 Fo bàrr-geal, iomlan, sònraichte ;
 Air ghlaic, bu taitneach cearmonta,
 Le seamragan 's le neòinean ;
 'S gach lus a dh'fheudaìn ainmeachaidh,
 Cuir anbarra dhreach bòichead air.

Gur badanach, caoineil, mìleanta,
 Cruinn, mopach, mìnchruth, mongoineach.
 Fraoch groganach, dù'-dhonn, gris-dearg,
 Bàrr cluigeanach, sinnteach, gorm-bhileach ;
 Gu dosach, gasach, uain-neulach,
 Gu cluthor, cluaineach, tolmagach ;
 'S a mhil 'na fudar gruaise dha,
 'Ga chumail suas an spòrsalachd.

'S i gruag an deataich rìmhich i,
 'S mòr a brìgh 's is ionmhor buaidh oirre,
 Céir-bheach nan sgeap a cinntinn oirr',
 Seillean breac feadh tuim'ga chruasachd sud ;
 Gu cianail, tiamhaidh, srann aige,
 Air bhàrr nam meas a' dranndanaich,

Bhiodh miann bhan-ùg a's bhain-tighearan
 Na fhàrdaich ghreannar, ghumaisich.

Is e gu sriteach, riabhach, ciar-cheannach,
 Breac, buidh, stiallach, srian-bhallach.
 Gobach, dubhanach, riasgach, iargalta,
 Rì gnìomh gu dian mar thuathanach ;
 Gu surdail, grunnadail, dianadach,
 Neo-dhìombanach 'na uaireanan ;
 'S e fàile lusan fiadhaiche
 Bhi's aige bhiaidh 'sa thuarsadal.

Gach tàin is àirde chruinneuicheas
 Do'n àiridh uile ghluaiseas iad ;
 Thig bliochd a's dàir gun uireasbhuidh,
 Craobh àrd air cuman gruagaiche ;
 Na h-aighean is òige làidire,
 Nach d'fhiosraich tràth na buaraichean ;
 Bi'dh luinneag aig ribhinn chùl-duinn dhaith,
 'Gam brìodal ciùin le duaganan.

'S fìor ionmhuinn mu thràth neòine
 Na laoiigh òga chòir na buaile sin,
 Gu tarra-gheal, ball-bhrec, bòtainneach,
 Sgiùthach, druim-fhionn' sroin-fhionn, gnaill-
 [inneach ;
 Is iad gu lth-dhonn, ciar-dhubh, càraideach,
 Buidh, gris-fhionn, crà'-dhearg, suaichionta,
 Seang, slios'ra dìreach, sàr-chumpach,
 Cas, bachlach, bàrr an suainiche.

Bi'dh foirn a's colg air creatairean,
 Gu stoirmeil, gleust' 'g ath-nuadhachadh ;
 Le forgan torchuirt feudalach,
 An treud, 's an spréidh, 's am buachaille :
 An gleann, barrach, bileach, réidhleannach,
 Creamh, rainneach, réisg a's luachaireach,
 'S e caoin, cannach, ceutach, mìn chruthach,
 Fireach, séibhteach, feurach, fuaranach.

Bi'dh mionntain, camomhil, 's sòghraichean,
 Géur bhileach, lònach, luaganach,
 Cathair thalmhanta, 's carbhinn chrùc-chean-
 [nach,
 Gharg, amlach, ròmach, chluas-bhiorach,
 Suthan-làir, 's fàile ghròiseidan ;
 Làn lùidh' 's ròsa cnaicheanach,
 Is clann-bheag a trusa leòlaichean,
 Buain chòrr an còs nam bruachagan.

Bi'dh 'm blàr fo stràchd le ùraireachd.
 Oidhch iuchair bhruinneach, cheò-bànach,
 Gach sràbh 'sa bàrr air làbadh orra
 Le cudthrom an drùichd 's le bòdalachd ;
 'Na phaideirean lionmor, cùirneach,
 Gu brìegmhor, sùghmhor sùlasach,
 Cuiridh ghrian gu dian 'na smùidean e,
 Le fianh a guais 's an ùg-mhadainn.

'Nuair a dhearsas a gnùis bhaoisgeil,
 Gu fial, flathail fiamh, geal, caoineil oirnn,
 Thig mathas a's gnòmh le sàbhreacadh,
 Chuir loinn air an Roinn-eòrpa so ;
 Le aobneas gréine soilleseachadh,
 Air an speur gu réidh a spaoileas i,
 Cuir an géil gach feum a rinn i dhuinn,
 G'a fhoillseachadh 's g'a mhòideachadh.

ORAN NA BRIOGSA.

AIR FÓN—“*Sean' Triuthais Uilleachan.*”

*'So tha na briogais liath-glas
 An bliadhna cuir m'laoid oirnn,
 'S e'n rud nach fhuacas riamh oirnn,
 'S nach miann leinn a chumail oirnn ;
 'S na'm bitheamaid uile dìlcas
 Do'n rìgh bha toirt cuireadh dhuinn,
 Cha'n fhaicte sinn gu d'linn,
 A strìochda do'n chulaidh so.*

'S olc an seòl duinn, am Prionns òg
 A bhì fo mhòran duilichinn,
 A's Rìgh *Deòrsa* a bhì chòmhnaidh,
 Far 'm bu chòir dha tuineachas ;
 Tha luchd-eòlais a toirt sgeòil duinn
 Nach robh eòir air Lunnainn aige,
 'S e *Hanbhar* an robh sheòrsa,
 'S coigreach oirnn an duine sin—
 'S e'n Rìgh sin nach buineadh dhuinn,
 Rinn dì'-mheas na dùnach oirnn,
 Mu'n ceansaich e buileach sinn,
 B' e'n t-àm dol a chumasg ris ;
 Na rinn e oirnn a dh' ann-tlachd,
 A mhì-thlachd, a's a dh' àimbreit,
 Air n-endach thoirt gu'n tainn dhuinn,
 Le ain-neart a chumail ruinn.
'So tha na briogais, &c.

A's ò'n chuir sinn suas a bhriogais,
 Gur neo-mhiosail leinn a chulaidh ud,
 Ga'n teanadh ma na h-ìosgannan,
 Gur trioblaideach leinn umainn iad ;
 'S bha sinn roimbe misneachail,
 'S na breacain fo na crìosan oirnn,
 Ged' tha sinn am bichiontas
 A nis a' cuir nan sumag oirnn :
 'S air leam gur h-olc an duais
 Do na daoine chaidh 'sa chruadal,
 An eudaichean thoirt uapa

Ge do bhuaidhuich Dmc Uilleam leo :
 Cha'n fhaod sinn bhì suigeartach,
 O'n chaochail ar culaidh sinn,
 Cha'n aithnich sinn a chéile
 La-féile no cruinneachaidh.
'So tha na briogais, &c.

'S bha uair-eigin an t-saoghal
 Nach saoilinn gu'n cuirinn orm,
 Briogais air sou aodaich,
 'S neo-aoidheil air duine i ;
 'S ged' tha mi deanamh ùis deth,
 Cha d'rinn mi bonn sùlas
 Rìs an deise nach robh d'ìmhleil
 Do'n phàirti ga'm buinnin-sa ;
 'S neo-sheannsar a chulaidh i,
 Gur grannda leinn umainn i,
 Cho teann air a cumadh dhuinn,
 'S nach b'fheairde leinn tuilleadh i ;
 Bidh putanan na glùinean,
 A's bucalan ga'n dùmhadh,
 'S a bhriogais air a dùbladh,
 Mu chùl-thaobh a h-uile fìr.
'So tha na briogais, &c.

Gheibh sinn adan ciar-dhubh,
 Chur dian air ar mullaichean,
 A's casagan cho shliogta,
 'S a mhùnicheadh muillean iad ;
 Ged' chumadh sin am fuachd dhinn,
 Cha'n fhag e sinn cho uallach,
 'S gu'n toillich e ar n-uaislean,
 Ar tuath no ar cummanta ;
 Cha taitinn e gu bràth ruinn,
 A choiseachd nan gleann-fàsaich,
 'Nuair a rachamaid do dh' àiridh,
 No dh' àit 'm biodh cruinneagan :
 Se *Deòrs'* a rinn an eucóir,
 'S ro dhìombach tha mi féin deth,
 O'n thug e dhinn ar n'cìdeadh,
 'S gach eudach a bhùineadh dhuinn.
'So tha na briogais, &c.

'S bha h-uile h-aon de'n Phàrlamaid
 Fàillsail le'm fiosrachadh,
 'Nuair chuir iad air nà Caimbeulaich
 Teandach nam briogaisean ;
 'S gu'r h-ìad a rinn am feum dhaibh
 A bhliadh'n a thàin' an strùpag,
 A h-uile h-aon diubh dh'èiridh
 Gu léir 'am *Milisi* dhaibh ;
 'S bu cheannsalach duineil iad,
 'S an àm an robh 'n cumasg ann,
 Ach 's gann daibh gu'n cluinnear iad
 A chàmpacha tuille leis ;
 O'n thug e dhinn an t-endach,
 'S a dh' fhàg e sinn cho-fhaontra'ch,

'S ann rinn e oirn na dh' fheadadh e,
Sbaoleadh e chuir m'ulaid oirn.
So tha na briogais, &c.

'S ann a nis tha fios againn
An t-ìochd a rinn Diuc Uilleam ruinn,
'Nuair a dh' fhàg e sinn mar phrìosaich,
Gun bhiodagan, gun ghunnacban,
Gun chlaidhe, gun chrìos tarsuinn oirnn,
Cha'n fhaigh sinn prìs nan dagachan ;
Tha comann aig Sasunn oirnn,
O smachdaich iad gu buileach sinn—
Tha angar a's duilichinn
'S an àm so air iomadh fear,
Bha'n Càmpa Dhìuc Uilleam,
A's nach fheaird iad gu'n bhuithinn e ;
Na'n tigeadh oirne TEARLACH,
'S gu'n éireamaid 'na chàmpa,
Gheibhte breacain chàirneit,
'S bhiodh aird air na Gunnachan.
'So tha na briogais, &c.

ORAN DO'N EIDEADH GHIAELACH.

FHUAIR mi naidheachd as ùr,
Tha taitinn ri rùn mo crìdh
Gu faigheamaid fasan na dùthch
A chleachd sinn an tùs ar tìm.
O'n tha sinn le glaineachan làn,
A' bruidhinn air màran binn,
So i deoch-slàinnte Mhontrois,
A sheasamh a chòir so dhuinn,

Chunna' mi 'n diugh an Dun-éideann,
Comunn na féile cruinn,
Litir an fhortain thug sgeul,
Air toiseach an éibhnis dhuinn.
Piob gu loinneil an gleus,
Air soilleireachd réidh an tuim ;
Thug sinn am follais ar 'n éideadh,
A's cò a their réubail ruinn ?

Deich bliadhna fichead a's còrr,
Bha casag de'n chlà m'ar druim,
Fhuair sinn ad agus cleòc,
'S cha bhuineadh an seòrs' ud dhuinn :
Bucail a' dùnadh ar bròg,
'S e 'm barr-iall bu bhòiche leinn ;
Rinn an droch fhasan a bh'oirnn',
Na bodaich d'ar 'n òigridh ghrinn.

Mhill e pàirt d'ar cumachd
O'n bhàr, gu mullach ar cinn ;

Bha sinn cho làn de mhulad,
'S gu'n d'fhàs gach duine gu tinn ;
'S ann a bha 'n càs cho duilich,
'S a thainig uile ri'n linn,
'Nuair a rinn pàirti Lunnainn,
Gach àit a's urram thoirte dhuinn.

'S fhada bha 'n onair air eadh,
Is fasan nan Gàill oirnn dlù,
Còta ruigeadh an t-sàil,
Tha tigeadh e dàicheil dhuinn :
B'èigin do'n bhrìgis bhi ann,
'Nuair a chaidh ar comann cho ciùin
'S gu'n d'rinneadh gach finne nan tràill,
'S gach fireannach fhàgail rùisg'.

Tha sinn anis mar as math leinn,
'S gur b-àrd ar caraid 'sa chùirt,
A chuir air na daoine' am fasan,
Rinn pàrlamaid Shasuinn thoirte' diù' :
Beannachd gu bràth do'n mharcus,
A thagair an dràst ar cùis ;
Fhuair e gach dlìghe air ais dhuinn,
Le ceartas an rìgh 'sa chrùin.

Fhuair e dhuinn comas nan arm,
A dheanamh dhuinn sealg nan stùc,
'S a ghleidheadh ar daoine 'sa chàmp,
Le fàgail an naimhdean brùit.
Thogadh e misneach nan Clann,
Gu iomairt nan lann le sunnd,
Piob, a's bratach ri crann,
'S i caiseamachd àrd mo ròin.

Fhuair sinn cothrom an dràst,
A thoilicheas gràdh gach dùthch',
Comas ar culaidh chur oirnn,
Gun fharaid de phèr nan lùb :
Tha sinn a nis mar is còir,
A's taitnidh an seòl r'ar sùil ;
Chuir sinn' a bhrìgis air làr,
'S cha tig i gu bràth à cùil.

Chuir sinn a suas an deise,
Bhios uallach, fireagarach, dhuinn,
Breacan an fhéile phreasach,
A's peiteag de'n eudach ùr ;
Còt' a chadadh nam ball,
Am bitheadh a' chàrnaid dlù,
Osan nach ceangail ar céum,
'S nach ruigeadh mar réis an glùn.

Togaidh na Gàill an ceann,
Cha bhi iad an fang ni's mò,
Dh' fhalbh na speirichinn teann
Thug orra bhi mall gun lùgh :
Sinbhlaidh iad fireach nam beann,
A dh'iarraidh dhamh seannng le'n cù ;

S eutrom théid iad a dhamhsa,
Freagraidh iad srann gach ciùil.

Tha sinn an comain an uasail
A choisinn le chruadal cliù,
Chuir e le teòmachd làidir,
Faoineachd dhàthch air cùl,
Oighre cinn-feadhua nan Gràmach,
'S ioma fuil àrd na ghnùis :
'S ann tha marcus an àidh
Am mac thig an àit an diùc.

ORAN A BHOTAIL.

'NUAIR a shuidheas sinn socrach
'S a dh-òlas sinn botal,
Cha'n aithnich ar stoc bhuainn
Na chuireas sinn ann ;
Thig onoir a's fortan
Le sonas a chopain,
Ga'r son nach bi deoch oirnn
Mu'n tog sinn ar ceann ?
Bheir an stuth grinn oirnn
Seinn gu fileanta,
Chuir a thoil-inntinn
Binneas n'ar caiunt,
Chaisg i ar 'n iota
'N fhuir dheoch mhìllis,
Bu mhuladach sinne,
Na 'm biodh i air chall.

Deoch slànnte nan gaisgeach
Nan Gàilibh gasda,
Ga'm b' àbhaist mar fhasan,
Bhì pòit air an dràm,
Luchd gaol an stuth bhlasda,
'S air dhaoidid an lacha.
Nach caombnadh am beartas
A sgapadh 'san àm.
Fear g'am beil nì
Gheibh e na shireas e,
Fear a tha crionda
Fanadh e thàll ;
Fear a tha mì'or
Cha'n fhuilig sinn' idir e,
'S am fear a bheil grinneas
Théid iomain a nàll.

'S ro rìoghail an obair
Sruth briogar na togalach,
Ioc-slainnt a bhogaicheas
Cridhe tha gann ;

'S e chuireadh an sòdan
Air fear a bhìodh togarrach,
'S chuireadh e 'm bodach
A' fearr á bhìodh teann,
Cha 'n 'eil e 'san tìr,
Uasal no cumanta,
Nach 'eil air thì
Gach nrram a th' ann,
Ge do bhìodh strì
Mu thogail na muirichinn,
Cia mar is urrainn sinn
Fuireach bho'n dràm ?

Tha e fionnar do'n chreabhaig
A h-uile la gréine
Thig teas o na speuraibh
Thar sléibhteann nam beann,
'S e math rì la reòta
Chuir blàth's ann am pòraibh
An fhuir théid g'a dheòin
An taigh-òsda na dheann.
Cuiridh e sund
Air muinntir eireachdail,
Timcheall a bhùird
S cuid eile dhiubh damhs' ;
Thogamaid fonu neo-throm
A's ceileirin,
'S freagarrach shinneas sinn
Deireadh gach rann.

O'n shuidh sinn cho fada,
'S gu'n dh-èil sinn na bh'-againn,
'S i chòir dol a chadal
O'n thàinig an t-àm,
Cha'n fhòghnadh ach pailteas
Thoirte sìlas ga' n' aigheadh.
Deoch mhòr anns a mhadainn
Gu leigheas ar ceann.
Am fear tha gun càll,
Cuiridh e spiorad ann.
Togaidd e crì
Gach fir a tha fann,
Théid am fear tinn
Gu grinn air mhirreadh ;
'S e leigheas gach tinnis,
Deoch mhìllis an dràm.

ORAN A BHRANNDAL.

LUIÑNEAG.

*Di-haal-lum, Di-haal-lum,
Di-i'-il-i'il, hanndan,
Di-dir-ir i-hal-hi'-il-lum,
Di-dir-ir-i hal haoi-rum ;
Di-i'il-hal dir-ir-i,
Ha-ri-ha'al-haoi-rum,
Di-i'il-haal-dil-il-i'il,
Dor-ri-ho'ol-hann-dan.*

THA fortan ann bi deoch againn,
Na biodh an còpan gann oirnn,
Tha pailteas anns na botalaibh,
Cha'n 'eil an stoc air chall oirnn ;
'S feairrde sinn an toiseach e,
Gu brosnachadh ar cainnte,
Ged' bhiodh a h-uile deoch againn,
'S e 's docha leinn am *Branndal*.

Di-haal-lum, &c.

'S e sinn an sruthan mireanach,
An tobair millis seansail,
Tha binneas mar ri grinneas
A chuir spiorad am fear fann ann ;
'S feairrde sinn na shireas sinn,
Cha chulaidh mhilleadh cheann e ;
'S ro mhath 'n seise muineil
Do gach duine ghabhas rann e.

Di-haal-lum, &c.

Na fir anns am beil cridhealas,
Nach 'eil an cridhe gann ac,
Companaich na dibhe,
A ni suidhe leis an dràm iad ;
Iarraidh iad a rithisd e,
Mu bhitheas beagan ann deth,
Nuair chluinneas iad an fhidheall,
Bi' iad fighearach gu dàmhsa.

Di-haal-lum, &c.

'Nuair gheibh sinn de na barrailean,
Na 's math leinn fa'r comannda,
Na copain a tha falamb
Bhi le searraig a cuir annta :
Gach caraid bhios a taitneadh ruinn,
Gu'm b'ait leinn e bhi cainnt ruinn,
Nuair thig a ghloinne bhasdalach,
Air bhlas an t-siucair-*channdai*.

Di-haal-lum, &c.

Cha chunnart duinn e theireachdainn,
Tha scileir anns an Fhràing dheth ;

Cha'n eil eagal gainne
Air na lóingean thug a nàll e ;
Their sinne on bu toigh leinn e,
Nach dean a chòire call oirnn ;
Air fhad 's ga'n dean sinn fuireach ris,
Bhi gabhail tuille sannt air.

Di-haal-lum, &c.

Na fir a tha na 'n sgrubairean,
Nach caith an cuid 's an àm so,
Cha'n imir iad bhi cuidirinn,
Na'n tubaisdean le ganntar ;
Cha sir iad dol an cuideachd,
A's cha'n iarr a chuideachd ann iad ;
Mar cuir am bùrn am paghadh dhiubh,
Cha'n fhaigheadh iad am *Branudai*.

Di-haal-lum, &c.

ALASDAIR NAN STOP.

LUIÑNEAG.

*Alasdair nan stòp
Ann an sràid a chùil,
Sin an duine còir
Air am beil mo rùn.*

'S COMA leat an *siola*,
B'annsa leat an *stòp*,
Cha'n e sin bu dochadh
Ach am *botal mòr*.
Alasdair nan stòp, &c.

Théid thu do'n taigh-òsda,
'S òlaidh tu gu fial ;
Cha robh gainne stòrais
Air do phòca riamh.
Alasdair nan stòp, &c.

Bha thu greis dheth t-aimsir
Ann an àrn an Rìgh,
Cumaidh sin riut airgead,
'S fhearra dhut e na mì.
Alasdair nan stòp, &c.

Gheibheadh tu led' cheanail
Leannan anns gach tìr,
Ged' a bhiodh tu falamb
Cha bhiodh bean a'd' dhi'.
Alasdair nan stòp, &c.

Tha thu math air fairge,
'S tric thu marbhadh éisg,
Càs a shiubhal garbhlaich,
Théid thu shealg an théidh.
Alasdair nan stòp, &c.

Ged' thuir Callum breac
Nach robh thu tapaidh riamh,
Cò a chreideadh sin
Ach duine bha gun chiall?
Alasdair nan stòp, &c.

'Nuair a thèid mi Ghlascho
'S taitneach leam bhi 'g ol,
Ann an taigh mo charaid
Alasdair nan stòp.
Alasdair nan stòp, &c.

NIGHEAN DUBH RAINEACH.

AIR FÒNN—"Cuir a chinn dileas."

CHUIR nighean dubh Raïneach
Orm farran a's mìothlachd,
Nach cuir mi dhìom
Le cabhaig an dràst,
Ghoid i mo sporan,
'S na dollair gu lìonmhor,
Bh' agam fos n-ìosal
Feitheamh ri m' làimh.

Nam biodh a chail' ud
Gu daingeann am prìosan,
Rachainn g'a dìteadh
Dh'ionnsaidh a bhàis;
A chionn gu'n do ghoidh i
'N rud beag bha sa chluðan,
Bh' agam sa' chùil
Nach d' innis mi chàch.

'S muldach mise
Gun fhìos cìod a nì mi,
O'n a tha mi
Gun searrach, gun làir,
Gun chaora, gun òisg,
Gun ghabhar, gun mhiseach.
Gun a mart mìn
A chrimeas am blàr.

Cha robh mi gun airgead
Gus an d' fhalbh e gu mì-mhail,
Leis an te chriòn
Nach d' amhaire air mo chàs;
Rinn i mo chreachdadh
'S bu pheacach an nì dh' i
Mise chuir sìos,
Gun i féin chuir an àird,

Cia mar a cheannicheas mi
Camraig na sìde?

Na 'n leig mi dhìom e
Tuilleadh gu bràth?
Ged' thig a marsant
Le phaca do'n tìr,
Cha 'n fhaigh sinn aon sìon
Bhios aige air dàil.

Bha mo chuid stòrais
Am phòca cho uallach,
'S ged a bhiodh buaile mhart
Air mo sgàth;
'S i rinn an eucoir
A bhèisd a thug uam e,
'S tha mi fo ghruaim
'O mhadainn Di-màirt.

A rìgh nach robh mearlaich
Na cearna so'n rìoghachd,
Auns a mhuir ìosal,
Fada bho thràigh;
Is caile dhubh Raïneach
'S an fheumain an òchdar,
Chuideacha bìdh
Do phartan nan spàg.

RANN GEARRADH-ARM.

CHUNNA' mi 'n dìngh a chlach bhuagbach,
'S an leug àluinn,
Ceanglaichean de'n òr mu'n cuairt dh' i
Na chruinn mhàilleadh;
Bannan tha daingean air suaicheantas
Mo chairdean,
A lean gramail ra'n seann dualchas
Mar a b' àbhaist.

Inneal gu imeachd roimh chruadal,
Le sluagh làidir,
Fìr nach gabh giorag no fuathas,
Le fuaim làmhach;
Fìne is mìnig a ghluais
Ann an ruaig nàmbaid,
Nach sìreadh pilleadh gun bhuanachd,
No buaidh làrach.

Bha sibh uair gu grunn a seòladh
Air tuinn sìle,
Chaidh tarrunn á aen de bhòrda
Druim a bhàta,
Leis a chabhaig spàrr e 'n òrdag
Sìos na h-àite,
'S bhuaile e gu teann leis an òrd i,
'S ceann dh' i fhàgail.

An onoir a fhuair an saor Sléibhteach,
 Leis gach treun'tas a dh'fhàs ann,
 Ghleiddheadh fathasd ga shliochd fein i,
 A dh'aindeoin eucorach gach nàmhaid ;
 Na h-àirm ghabhsge, ghasda, ghléusda,
 Dh'òrduigh an Rìgh gu féum dhàsan,
 Cho math 'sa th' aig duine 'n dream threun sin,
 Sliochd Cholla cheud-chathaich Spàintich.

Dorn an claidheamh, a's làmh duin'-uasail
 Le crois-tàraidh,
 Iolairean le 'n sgiathan luatha,
 Gu ernas gàbhaidh,
 Long ag imeachd air druim chuaiantean
 Le siùil àrda,
 Gearradh arm Mhic-an-t-Shaoir 'o Chruachàn,
 Aonaich nachdrach Earraghàil.

Tha do dhaoine tric air fairge,
 Sgiobairean calma, neo-sgathach ;
 Tha 'n aogas cumachdail, dealbhach,
 'S iomadh armait 'am beil phàirt dhiu' ;
 Thug iad gaol do shiubhal garbhlaich,
 Moch a's annoch a sealg fàsaich ;
 Cuid eile dhiubh 'nan daoine' uaisle,
 'S tha cuid dhiubh 'nan tuath ri àiteach.

'S rìoghail eachdraidh na chualas
 Rìamh mu'd phàirti,
 S lìomhor an taic, na tha suas dhiubh,
 Na'm biodh càs ort ;
 Tha gach buaidh eile ga' reir sin,
 An Gleann-Nodha fein an tàmhaehd,
 Pìob a's bratach a's neart aig Seumas,
 An Ceann-cinnidh nach treig gu bràth sin.

ORAN LUÀIDH.

LUINNEAG.

*Ho rò gu'n togainn air hùgan fhathasd,
 Ho rò i-o mu'n téid mì laùlhe ;
 Ho rò gu'n togainn air hùgan fhathasd.*

TOGAMAID fonn air luadh a' chlàin ;
 Gabhaidh sinn ceol, a's òrain mhatha.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

B' fheaird' an clò bhì choir nan gruagach,
 A dheanadh an luadh le'n lamban ;
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

'Nuair a thionndas iad air eléith e,
 Chluimnte fuaim gach té dhiubh labhairt.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Orain ghriinne, bliinne, mhilse,
 Aig na rìbhinnean 'gan gabhail ;
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Luinneag ac' air luadh an endaich,
 Sunndach, saothrachail ri mathas.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Thogamaid fonn gu cèol-mhor, aotrom,
 Air a' chlà bu daoire dathan.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

An clò brionnach, ballach, citach,
 Triuchanach, stiallagach, gathach ;
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

An clò taitneach, basach, bòisgeil,
 Laisde, daoimeineach, 's e leathunn.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Gu'm bu slàn a bhios na caoraich
 Air an d' fhàs an t-àdach fathail.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Beannachd aig an laimh a shnìomh e,
 'S i rinn gnìomh na deagh bhean-taighe ;
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

S ann is coltach ris an t-sìod' e,
 Dh' fhàg i min e, 's rinn i math e ;
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Snàth cho rithinn ris na teudan,
 'S e choréidh 'sa dh' fheadta shuaitheadh ;
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Cha robh pluc, no meall, no gaog ann,
 No giòg chaol, no sliasaid reamhar.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

'Nuair a théid an clò a'n mhàrgadh,
 'S e ni 'n t-airgead air an rathad
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Cha bhì slat a sìos o chrùn deth,
 Mian gach sùl e anns an fhaidilr.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Cha bhì suirighich' anns an dùthaich
 Nach bi 'n dùil ri pàirt deth fhaighinn.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

'S ann a tha 'n toil-iuntinn aodaich
 Aig na daoine' a bhios 'ga chaitheadh.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Thogainn am fonn a dh'farradh pùitear,
 A's luaidhinn an clò bu mhianu le muathan.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

'S olc an obair luadh no fùcadh,
Ma bhios tùchadh oirnn le padhadh.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Chuireadh e sunnt air muinntir òga,
Suidheadh mu bhòrd ag òl gu latha.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Puinne le gloineacha' làna,
Deochana-slibhinne 'gan gabhail;
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Greis air fion, a's greis air branndai,
Greis air dràm de'n uisge-bheatha;
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Greis air fìdhleireachd 's air damhsa,
Greis air canntaireachd 's air aighear
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

'Nuair théid stàirn an àird an aodainn,
'S ro-mhath 'n t-àm do dhaoine laidhe.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

A O I R A N T A I L E I R.

A DHOMHNUILL Bhàin Mhìc O' Neacainn
Tha 'n droch nàdur a d' phearsa,
Cha gnàthaich thu 'n ceartas,
Gas am bàsaich thu 'n pheacadh,
'S maìrg àit anns na thachair,
Am ball-sampuil gun chneastachd,
'A rinn graineil an sgaiteachd ud oirnn,
'A rinn graineil, &c.

Fhìr a thoisich rì ealaidh,
Bha thu gòrach a d' bharail,
'Ga seòladh am' charabh,
'S gu'n mì t-fhebraich, no t-fbaraid,
Chuir thu sglèò dhìot a's fanaid,
Co dhiubh 's deoin leat no 's ain-deoin,
Tha mì 'n dòchas gu'm faigh thu do leòir,
Tha mì 'n dòchas, &c.

Dhomhsa b'aithne do bheusan;
Tha thu ain-eolach, beumnach,
Is do theangaidh mar reusar,
Le taineid 's le gèireid,
Thug thu deannal dhomb fhéin d'i,
O's ann agad tha 'n eucoir,
Com' nach paighinn thu 'n éirig de sgeòil,
Com' nach pàighinn, &c.

'S tu chraobh ghrodlaidh air crìonadh,
Lan mosgann, a's fhìonag,

A dh'fhas croganach, ìosal,
Goìrid, crotach, neo-dhìreach,
Stoc thu togairt na ghriosaich,
A thoill do losgadh mar ìobairt,
Leig thu 'n Soisgeul air dì-chuimhn' gu mòr,
Leig thu 'n Soisgeul, &c.

Bu bheag an diùbhaill e thachairt
An la thùr thu na facail,
Da phunnd agus cairteal
De dh'fhùdar cruaidh, sgariteal,
A bhì a d'bhroinn air a chalcadh,
'S bhì 'gad' sgaineadh le maitse,
Gas am fasadh tu t-ablach gu deò,
Gas am fasadh, &c.

'S blònach ruithinn gun fheum thu,
Ge do bhithheadh tu 'm féithe,
Coin is fithich a' d' theumadh,
Cha bhiodh an diol béidh ac'.
'S tric thu teann air 'na h-éibhlean,
Bhreac do shuimeir gu t-éislich,
Blàth an tein' air do shléisdean gu mòr,
Blàth an tein', &c.

O' nach taileir is fhùid thu,
Chuir càch as a chùirt thu;
Bìdh tu ghnà anns na cuiltean,
A' caradh nan lùireach,
Bu tu asuinn nan clùitean,
'S tric a shuidh thu 'san smùraich,
'Nuair a bhithinn' air cùl fir nan cròc,
'Nuair a bhithinn' &c.

'S e do choltas r'a ìnnseadh,
Fear sop-cheannach, grìmeach,
Gun bhonaid, gun phìorbhnic,
Gu'n bhad-mullaich, gun chirean,
Lèim uil' air a spionadh,
Car gu t'uilinn a sìos ort,
Stràc na dunach de'n sgrìobaich mu'd cheòs,
Stràc na dunach, &c.

'S iomadh àit anns na thachair,
An tailer Mac-Neacainn,
Eadar Albainn a's Sasunn,
Bailtean margaidh a's machair;
'S tric a shealg thu air praisich,
O' nach d' fhalbh thu le clapa,
Chaoidh' cha mharbh e duin' aca de'n t-slègh.
Chaoidh' cha mharbh, &c.

'S duine dona gun mbìos thu,
Dh-fhas gun onair gun ghliocas,
Fear gun chomas gun bhriogadh,
Chaill do spionnadh 's do mhisneach,
Leis na rinn thu de'n bhìdseachd,
Bu tu 'n slaightire misgeach,

'S cian o'n thoill thu do cuipeadh mu'n òl,
'S cian o'n thoill thu, &c.

'S iomadh ceapaire ròmais,
Rinn thu ghlacadh na d' chrègan,
Is bhì ga stailceadh le t-òrdaig,
Ann ad' chab-dheudach sgòrnach,
'S reamhar farsuinn do sgòrnan,
Brù mar chuilean an òtraich,
Fhuair thu urram nan gècach ri d'bheò,
Fhuair thu urram, &c.

Bi'dh na mnathan ag ràite
'Nuair a rachadh tu'n àiridh
Gun tolladh tu'n t-àras
Ann 'sam bitheadh an càise ;
'Nuair a dh'itheadh tu pàirt deth,
'S a bhiodh tu air trasgadh,
Anns a' mhuidhe gu'n spàrr thu do chròg,
Anns a' mhuidhe, &c.

'S tu 'n tollaran cnàimhteach,
Ge bu ghionach do mhàileid,
Tha do mhionach air t-fhàgail,
Gu'n chrìoman deth làthair ;
Cochall glogach ma t-àruinn,
Tha do sgamhan a's t-àinean
Làn galair, a's fàslaich, a's chùs,
Làn galair, &c.

Beul do chlàibh air a thachdadh,
Air séideadh 's air brachadh,
'S e gu h-eididh air malcadh,
'S mòr t-fheum air a chartadh,
Gach aon eugail a' d' phearsuinn,
Caitheamh, èitich, a's cadaich,
Gus an d' éirich do chraicean o t-fheoil,
Gus an d' éirich, &c.

Tha do chreuchdan, 's do chuislean,
Làn eucail a's trusdair,
'S thu feumach air furtach,
Tha 'n déideadh a' d' phluicean,
'S thu t-éiginn le clupaid,
T-anail bhreun, gu tròm, murtaidh,
'S maing a dh'fheuchadh dhìot moch-thra do
'S maing a dh'fheuchadh, &c. [thòchd,

Do dhend sgròb-bhearnach, cabach,
Am beil na sgòrr-fhiaclau glasa,
Mosgain, còsacha, sgealpac,
Lùibte, grannda, cam, feachde,
A null 's a nall air an tarsuinn,
Cuid diubh caillt' air dol asad,
'S nam beil ann diubh air spagadh do bheoil,
'S nam beil ann diubh, &c.

Bi'dh na ronnán gu silteach,
'N an tonnaibh gorm, ruitheach,

A ghabhail toinneamh o d' liopan,
Thar cromadh do smige ;
'S dorcha, doilleir, do chlisneach,
Cheart cho dubh ris a phice,
Uchd na curra ort, ceann circ, 's gob geòidh,
Uchd na curra, &c.

Do mhaol chruacach air failleadh,
Gun chluasan, gun fhailleán ;
Tha thu uain-nealach, tana,
Cho cruaidh ris an darach ;
'S tu gun suaineach, gu'n anart,
'S aobhar truais thu ri d' ghearan,
'S gur fuair thu na gaillean an reòt',
'S gur fuair, &c.

Tha ceann binneach 'na stùic ort,
Geocach, leith-cheannaich, giùgach,
Eudann brucannaich, grùgach,
Sròn phluicach na mùire,
Tha croit air do chùl-thaobh,
'S mòran lucaich a' d' ghlùinean,
Da chois chama, chaol, chrùbach, gun treòir,
Da chois chama, &c.

Cha 'n eil uiread nau sàiltean,
Aig a phliutaire spàgach,
Nach 'eil cuspace a's gàgach,
Tha thu d' chrìoplach 's ad' chràigeach,
'S Ìomhòr tubaist an tàileir,
Dh-fhàg an saoghal 'na thròill e,
'S maing a shaothraich air t-àrach 's tu òg,
'S maing a shaothraich, &c.

Ma tha thu de shliochd Adhamb,
Cha choslach ri càch thu,
Aig oleas a dh' fhàs thu,
O thoiseach do làithean ;
Cha tig cobhair gu bràth ort,
Gus am foghainn am bàs dut,
'S do chorp odhar a chàradh fo 'n fhòd,
'S do chorp odhar, &c.

A O I R A N N A.

ANNA nigh'n Uilleam a'n Cròmpa,
Bean gun chonn 's i fhéin air àimhreith,
Nuair chaidh mi 'n toiseach g'a sealltainn,
Cha'n e 'm fortan a chuir ann mi ;
Bhruidhinn mise slobhailt, suairce,
Mar dhùn-nasal anns an àm sin ;
Thòisich ise mar chù croda,
Bhiodh anns na dorsan a draundail.

'S ann aice tha beul an sgallais,
 Gu fanaid a dheanadh air seann-duin',
 Nach urrainn a dheanadh feum dh'i
 Mar a bha i féin an geall air ;
 Chunna' mise latha ghluaisinn
 Leis na gnagaichean mar chàirdeas,
 Dh'aithnich i gun dh'fhalbh an uair sin,
 'S chuir i uaithe mi le *an gar*.

Innsidh mi dhuibh teistean Anna,
 O'n is aithne dhomh 'san am i,
 Bean a dh'òl a peighinn phisich,
 Cha bheo idir gun an dràm i ;
 Cha neònach leam i bhli misgeach,
 'S i 'n còmhnuidh a measg a Bhrannaid,
 'S tric a bha 'na broinn gu leòir dheth,
 'S bha tuille 'sa chòir 'na ceann deth.

Cha 'n'eil a leannan r'a fhaotainn,
 Cia mar dh'fhaodar e bhì ann d'i ?
 Breunag ris ann can' iad gaorsach,
 A bha daonann anns na càmpan ;
 'Sa bha rithist feadh 'n t-saoghail
 A giùlan adhaircean aig ceardan ;
 Cha d'fhuair i 'n onoir a shaoil i,
 'N t-urram fhaotainn air na bàrdan.

'S mòr an treunntas le Anna,
 Bhì cho gheur le sgaiuneil chainnte,
 'S maìrg air 'na thachair bean bheumach,
 Aig am beil am beul gun fhaitheam ;
 'M fear a bheir ise dhachaigh,
 'S ann air thig a chreach 'san calldach,
 'Nuair shaoil e gum bu bhean cheart i,
 'S ann thachair e ri bhana-mhaighstir.

A bhana-chleasaiche gun ghrinneas,
 'S maìrg fleasgach a théid na caramh,
 'S tric i tuiteam leis na gillean,
 Ceap tuislidh i do na fearaibh ;
 A bhean bhruidhneach, mhisgeach, ghionach,
 Ghlearach, louach, shanntach, shallach,
 Roinn gu reubadh air a teangaidh,
 Coltach ri gath geur na nathrach.

Còmhdach nach falaich a craiceann,
 Leomach gun seòl air cuir leis ann,
 Cha'n 'eil brògan sl' n mu' casan,
 Cha'n 'eil còta 'n-aird mu leasaibh ;
 Oirre tha aogas na glaistig,
 Neul an aoig 'na h-aodainn preasach,
 Closach i air searga' lachduinn,
 'S coltach i ri dealbh na Leisge !

Taigh tha làn de mhnathan misgeach,
 'S ole an t-àit an d'rinn mi tachairt,

Ge'd thàine' mi ann gun fhios domh,
 'S fhearr falbh tràth na fuireach aca :
 Bana-mhaighslir a chomuin bhristich,
 ANNA tha ainmeil 'san eachdraidh ;
 Mu gheibh càch i mar fhuair mis i,
 Cha tig iad gu bràth g'a faicinn.

AOIR UISDEAN PHIOBAIR'.

TURAS a chaidh mi air astar
 A Chinn-tàile,
 Chunna mi daoin-uaisle tlachdmhor,
 Caoimhneil, pàirteach ;
 Bha aon bhallach ann air bauais,
 A thug dhomh tàmailt,
 O 'n a bha e-san mar sin dòmh-sa,
 'S ann mar so bhios mise dhà-san.

'S ann an sin a thòisich Uisdean,
 Mar a nì e an droch nàduir,
 Tabhunaich ri sluadh na dùthcha,
 'S be rùn gu'n gearradh e 'n sàiltean
 'S math an còmpanach do'n chù e,
 'S dona 'n còmpanach le càch e,
 Cha chuideachd e bhàrd no phìobair,
 Aig a mhiomhalachd 'sa dh'fhàs e.

Aidich fhéin nach 'eil thu 'd phìobair,
 'S leig dhìot bhì 'm barail gur bàrd thu ;
 Daoine cridheil iad le chéile,
 'S bìthidh iad gu léir a tair ort ;
 Fear ciùil gun bhinneas gun ghrinneas,
 Fuadaichidh sinn as ar pàirt e,
 Mar a thilgeas iad craobh chrìonaich
 O 'n fhìonan a mach as a ghàradh.

Mu chì thusa bàrd no filidh
 No fear dàna.
 Mu bhios aon diubh 'g iarraidh gille'
 Ghiùlan màlaid,
 Lean an duine sin le dùrachd,
 Los gu'n siùbhla' tu h-uil àite ;
 'S mòr an glanadh air do dhùthaich,
 I chuir cùl riut 's thu g'a fagail.

No ma chì thu fear a sheinneas
 Pìob no clàrsach,
 Faodaidh tusa 'n t-inneal ciùil
 A ghiùlan dà-san,
 Gus am bì craiceann do dhroma'
 Fàs na bhallaibh loma, bàna,

Mar a chi thu mille' s'athrach
Air gearran a bhios ri àiteach.

Cia mar a dheanadh e òran,
Gun eòlas, gun tuigse nàduir,
O nach deanadh e air dòigh e,
S ann bu ch'èir dha fuireach samhach;
Buidhinn ghulgach 's cuid di mabach,
Mòran stadaich ann am p'irt d'ì,
Na ni e phlabartaich chòmhradh,
Cha bleo na thuigeas a Ghàclig.

'S sgimealair cheanna na'm bòrd thu,
Far am faigh thu'n t-òl gun phàigheadh;
Cia mar chunntas sinn na geòcaich,
Mar bi Uisdean òg 'san àireamh?
Cha robh do bhrù riamh aig sìochadh,
Gus an lionadh tu bhìadh chàich i:
'S mòr an t-òl na chaisgeadh t'-lotadh,
'Nuair chùte thu 's do ghloc pàiteach.

'S tric do leab' an lag an òtraich,
No'n cùl gàraidh,
Bì do cheann air cou-tom còmhuard,
'S ro mhath 'n t-àit e;
Bìdh na coin ag iomlaidh t'fheòsaig,
A toirt diot a bbeoil 'sa chàirean,
Do chraos dreammach toirt phòg salach
A'd dhearbhb bhràithrean.

Na'n cluinne' sibh muc a ràcail,
Gèbìdh a's tunnagan a ràcail,
'S ann mar sin a bha pìob Uisdean,
Brònach muladach a rànaich;
Muineal gun' aolmann air tùcha,
'N ribheid cha'n fheud bhì làidir,
'S e call daonnan air a chùl-thaobh,
Na gaoith bu ch'èir dol an 'sa mhàla.

Bha lurga coin air son gaohair'
A'd chraos farsuin,
'S culaidh sin a thogail plàigh
'S an enai' air malcadh;
Ri:an e t'anail salach bréun,
Ma théid neach fo'n Ghréin an taic riut,
'S fhearr bhì eadar thu 'sa ghaoth,
Na seasamh air taobh an fhasga.

Cia mar a ni Uisdean òg dhuibh
Ceòl gu damhsa,
Nuair a chitheadh tu sruth rònn
O'n h-uile toll a bh' air an t-seannasair:
'Sgeul tha fìor a dh'inneas mise,
Gur h-e dh'fhàg e 'nis cho mauntach
Gu'n tug iad dieth leis an t-siosar
Barr na teanga.

Séididh Uisdean pìob an ronnagain,
'S mòr a h-anntlachd,

Bithidh i coltach ri gaoir chonnsbeach
A bhìodh an cnoc fraoich a dranndail;
An Circeapoll laimh ri Touga,
A' baigearachd air muinntir bainnse,
Fhuair mise pìobaire 'n rùmpuill,
'S dh'fhàg mi ann e.

AOIR IAIN FAOCHAIGII.

IAIN Fhaochaig* ann an Sasunn,
'S mòr a mhaslaibh 'us ä mhì-chliù,
Chaill e na bh' aige de chairdean,
'S tha 'naimhdean air cinntinn lionmhor.
Ge b' fhad' a theich e air astar,
Chaidh a ghlacadh, 's tha e ciosaicht;
Chàraich iad e fo na glasan,
'S tha 'n iuchair taisgt' aig maor a phrìosain.

Tha e 'nis' an àite cumhann,
'S e 'n a chrùban, dubhach, deurach,
A chas daingean ann an iartunn,
'G a phianadh, a's e 'n ä eigin.
B' fhasa dha 'bhì anns an fhiabhras
Na 'n iarguin a tha 'n ä chéurbhaig;
'S e 'n sin o cheann còrr a's bliadhna,
A h-uile là ag iarraidh réite.

Ach, na'm faigheadh tusa réite
An éirig na riun thu 'sbeannachas,
B'aobhar-misnich do gach béist e
Gu'm faodadh iad féin do leanmhainn;
Fear gun seadh, gun lagh, gun réusan,
'S anns an éucoir a ta t-carbsa;
Theann thu mach o achd na cléire,
'S thug thu bòid nach éisd thu searmoin!

Thug thu di-meas air an Eaglais,
Air a chreideimh, 's air na h-àitean
Chuir thu bréugan air an Trianaid
'S air na h-iarntasan a dh' fhaig iad;
Tha e 'nis' 'n ä ghnothach cosail,
'Réir an t-soisgeil 'tha mi clainn,
Gu'n do chuir thu cùl ri sochair
Na saors' a choisinn ar Slà'n'ear.

Chuir thu cùl ri d' bhùidean-baistidh,
'S mòr a mhasladh dhut an aicheadh,
Chaill thu 'chùirt 'am biodh an ceartas,
Roghnaich thu 'm peacadh 'n a h-àite:
Ghleidh thu 'n riaghalt' 's an seol-stiùiridh
A bh'aig Iudas, do dhearbhb bhrathair;
'S mòr an sgaimneal air do dhùthaich
Thusa, bhrùid, gu'n d' riun thu fàs innt.

* John Wilks.

Ach, ged a sheallte 'h-uile doire,
 Cha robh coille riamb gun chrìonach,
 'S tha fics aig an t-saoghal buileach
 Nach bi 'choill nìle cho dìreach :—
 'S tusa 'chraebh 'tha 'n deigh seacadh,
 Gun chairt, gun mheangain, gun mheuran,
 Gun snombach, gun sùgh, gun duilleach,
 Gun rùsg, gun urad nam freumhan.

'S tu an t-enn a chaidh 's an deachamh,
 'S e nead creacht' an deachaidh t-fhagail ;
 'S tu 'm fìtheach nach d' rinn an ceartas,
 A chaidh air theachdaireachd o 'n àire ;
 'S tu 'm madadh-allaidh gun fhiaclan,
 S' maig a dh'iarraidh 'bhi mar tha thu,
 'S tu 'n ceann-cinnidh aig na biastan,
 'S tha gach duin' a's fiach a' tàir ort.

Cha-n ioghnadh leam thu 'bhi 'd bhalach,
 'S 'bhi salach ann ad nàdur,
 O'n a thìn thu ris an dùthchas
 A bh' aig na sgiùrsairean o'n tain' thu !
 'S tu 'n t-isean a fhuair an t-ùmaidh
 Ris an t-siùrsaich air na sraidean :
 'S i 'n droch-bheairt a thog 'ad chloimn thu,
 'S ann 'ad shloightire 'chaidh t-àrach !

Thoisich thu 'n toiseach gu h-iseal
 Air a' chrìne 's air a' bhocdaimn ;
 S e 'n donas thug dhut a bhi spòrsail
 'S ann bu chòir dhut bhì 'gad chosnadh.
 'S bochd nach d' fhan thu aig do dhùthchas,
 'Ad bhrùthair, a' bruich nam poitean,
 A' cumail dìbhe ris gach grùdair'
 'Nuair a dhrùigheadh iad na botail.

Bha thu, greis 'ad thim, 'ad bhaigear,
 'S laidh thu 'n fhad sin air na cairdean,
 A bhi oidhche 's gach taigh a's dùthaich,
 A dhùraigeadh cuid an trath' dhut ;
 A mheud 's a bha de dh' ainmheich ortsa
 Chuir thu cuid nam bochd g' à phàidheadh :
 Ciod e 'nis' a chuir an stoc thu
 Ach an robaireachd 's a mhèirle?

Shaoil thu gu'm faigheadh tu achainn,
 (Bu mhasladh gu'm biodh i 'd thàirgse)
 Cead suidhe 'am parlamaid Bhreatainn,
 Gun chiall, gun cheartas, 'ad eanchainn.
 Duine dall a chaidh air seachran,
 Nach 'eil beachdail air na 's fhearra dha,
 Le còmhradh tubaisdeach, tuisleach,
 'S le sìr droch-thuiteamas cearbach.

Duine gun fhearann, gun oighreachd,
 Gun nì' gun staoile, gun airgid,
 Gun bheus, gun chreidhimb, gun chreideas,
 Gun ghin a chreideas à sheanachas ;

Duine mìsgeach, bristeach, breugach,
 Burraidh tha na bbeisd 's n'a ainmbidh,
 'S trioblaid-inntinn, le itheadh dèiseach,
 Gu tric a' t'èumadh a chridhe chealgach.

Tha thu sònraicht' ann ad chonan
 A' togail conais 'am meag dhonae,
 Cha chualas roimhe do chòimeas
 A bhi dhonas air an t-saoghal,
 Ach an nathair an garadh Edein,
 A mheall Eubh aig bun na craoibhe,
 A chomhairlich gu buain a mhios i,
 A dh'fhag ris an cinne-daoine.

Thoisich thu 'n toiseach 's an èucoir
 Ag iunse bhrègagan air rìgh Deòrsa,
 Cha chreid duine bhuat an sgeùl ud,
 'S cha toir iad èisdeachd do d' chòmhradh ;
 'S beag a dhrùigheas do dhroch-dhùrachd,
 Air oighr' a' chrùin a's na còrach
 S a liuthad neach a tha, gu toileach,
 A' toirt onorach d' a mhòrachd.

Ge beag ortsa Morair *Loudain*,
 B' aithne dhòmbh' an sonn o'n d' fhàs e,
 Duin-uasal fòisinnueach, fonnar,
 Cridhe connar, aigne àrda ;—
 Seanalair, air thùs na h-armailt,
 A bha ainmeil anns san blàraibh ;
 Cha mhìsd e madadh air bhàothal
 A bhi tabhannaich an tras' ris.

'S gòrach a labhair thu mòran
 Air cùl Iarla Bhòid, an t-armunn,
 Cònnspunn onorach, le firinn
 A' seasamb na riòghachd gu làidir ;
 S e gu h-àrd-urramach, prìseil
 Ann an èùirt an rìgh 's na bàin-rìgh'n
 A dh' aindeoin na Faochaig 's nam biasdan
 Leis am ' fhiach dol ann am pàirt ris.

Bhruidhinn thu gu leir mu Albainn,
 'S b' fhearr dhut gu'm fanadh tu sanhach,
 Na'n tigeadh tu 'n còir nan Garbh-chrìoch,
 Bu mhaig a bhiodh ann ad àite ;
 Bhiodh tu 'm prìosan ri do làthan
 'Dh' aindeoin na ghabhadh do phàirt-sa ;
 'S an eirig na rinn thu 'dhroch-bheairt,
 Bheirteadh chroich mar ghalar-bais dhut.

Cha'n ioghnadh dhut bhi fo mhulad,
 Fhuair thu diùmb gach duin' an àl so ;
 'S e sin fein a bha thu 'cosnadh,
 'S creutair crosd thu o'n a dh' fhàs thu ;
 'S lionar mì-run ann ad chuideachd,—
 Mallachd na Cuigse 's a' l'bhàp ort !
 Mallachd an t-saoghail gu leir ort !
 'S mo mhallachd fein mar ri càch ort !

R A N N

A GHABHAS MAIGHDEAN D'A LEANNAN.

CHA 'n eòlas graidh dhut
 Uisge shràbh na shop,
 Ach gràdh an fhir thig riut,
 Le blaths a tharruinn ort ;
 Eirich moch Di-dòmhuich
 Gu lic chomhnairt phlataich,
 'S thoir leat beannachd pobuill,
 Agus currachd sagairt ;
 Tog sud air a ghualainn
 Agus sluasaid mhaide,
 Faigh naoi gasan ranaich,
 Air an gearradh, le tuaigh,
 A's trì chnaimhean seann-duine,
 Air an tarruinn á naigh ;
 Loisg air teine crìonaich e,
 Dean sud gu léir na luath,
 Suath sin ra gheala-bhròilcach,
 An aghaidh na gaoith tuath ;
 'S théid mise 'n ra 's am barrantas,
 Nach falbh 'm fear ud bhuat.

MARBH-RANN DO CHU

A CHAIDH BATHADH 'SA MHAIGHEACH TARSAINN
NA BHEUL.

LATHA do Phàdruig a sealg,
 'Am fireach nan learg air sliabh,
 Thug e ghleann Artanaig sgrìob,
 'S ann thachair e 'm frith nam fiadh.
 Leig e na shiubhal an cù,
 A bha luath, laidir, lùghar, diann,
 Cha robh a leithid riamb san tìr ;
 Ach bran a bh'aig rìgh nam Fian.

Gaodhar, bu gharg eag a's fionnadh,
 Crnaidh, colgara, fuil a's malla,
 Bn mhath dreach, a's dealbh, a's cumachd,
 A churraidh bu gharg sa charraid.
 Bheirreadh e 'm fiadh dearg a mullach,
 'S am Boc-earb, a dluthas a bharrach,
 B'e fhasan bhì triall don mhunadh,
 'S cha tain' e riamb dhachaigh fallamb.

Culaidh leagadh nan damh dònn,
 Air mullach na'n tòm 's nan cuoc,
 Nambaid n'am biasd dubh a's ruadh,
 'S ann air a bha buaidh nam broc.

Bha mhaigheach tarsainn na bheul,
 Thuit iad le cheil ann an slochd ;
 Bha iad bàite bonn ri bonn,
 A's muladach sin leam a nochd.

RANN CO'-DHIUNAIIDH.

THA mise 'm shuidh air an uaigh,
 Tha 'n leaba' sin fuar gu leòir,
 Gu'n fhios agam cia fhad an tìm,
 Gus an teannar mi fhein da còir :
 Còmhach flainn 's léine lìn,
 A's ciste dhubh dhìonach bhòrd,
 Air mbeud 's ga 'n cruinnich mi mì,
 Sud na théid leam sìos fo'n fhòd.

'S beag ar cùram ro 'n bhàs,
 'M fad 'sa bhios sinn làidir òg,
 Saoilidh sinn mu gheibh sinn dàil,
 Gur e ar 'n àite fuireach beo ;
 Faodaidh sinn fhaicinn air càch,
 'S iad g'ar fàgail gach aon là,
 Gur nadurra dhuinne gach tràth,
 Gum beil am bas a' teannadh oirn.

Tha mo pheaca-sa ro thròim,
 'S muladach sin leam an drast ;
 Tha mi smaoineacha' gu tric,
 Liuthad uair a bhrist mi 'n àithn,
 Le miann mo dhroch ìntinn féin,
 Leis an robh mo chreubhag làn ;
 Gun chuimhn air Ughdarras Dé,
 Le dùrachd am bheul n'am laimh.

Ged' is mòr mo pheaca gnìomh,
 'S mi 'n cionta ceud pheacaidh Adh'mh,
 Cheannacha' mi le fuil gu daor,
 A dhòirte sgaoilteach air a bhàr ;
 Tha mo dhùil, 's cha dèchas faoin,
 Ri foehd fhaotainn air a sgàth,
 Gu'n glacar m'anam gu sìth,
 Le fulangas Chrìosd amhàin :

Tha mo dhòchas ann an Crìosd
 Nach dìobalr e mì gu bràth,
 'Nuair a leagar mo chorp sìos
 Ann an staid ìosal fo'n bhàr ;
 Gu'n togar m'anam a suas,
 Gu rìoghaehd nam buadh 's nan gràs,
 Gu'm bi mo leaba fo' dhìon
 Cois cathrach an Tì is aird.

Cha bhiodh m'eagal ro' an aog,
 Ged' thigeadh e m thaobh gun dàil,

N'am bithinn do pheaca saor,
'N déigh's a ghaoil a thug mi dha;
Tha mo dhùil anns an Dia bheo,
Gu'n dean e tròcair orm an dràst,
Mo thoirt a 'steach a' dh'ionad naomb,
'N cuideachd Mhaois a's Abraham.

Gabhaidh mi 'nis mo chead an t-sluagh,
Le'n toirt suas daibh ann am' chainnt,
Fàgaidh mi aca na chnuasaich
Na stuaghau a bh'ann am cheann;
'Los gu'n abair iad ra' chéile,
" Mar a leugh sinn féin gach rann,
Cò air an d'théid sinn ga'n sirreadh?
'Nis cha'n 'eil am Filidh ann."

MARBH-RANN AN UGHDAIR,

DHA FEIN.*

Fhàg tha 'd sheasamb air mo lic
Bha mise mar tha thu'n dràst;
Sì mò leaba 'n diugh an uaigh,
Cha'n'eil smior no smuais a'm' chuaimh:
Ged' tha thusa làidir, òg,
Cha mhair beo, ged' fhuair thu dàil;
Gabh mo chomhairle 's bì glic,
Cuimhnich tric gu'n tig am bàs.

Cuimhnich t-anam a's do Shlànuigh'r,
Cuimhnich Phàrras thar gach àit;
Gabh an cothrom gu bhì sàbhailt
Ann an gairdeachas gu bràth:
Ged' a thuit sinn anns a gbaradh
Leis an fhàillig a rinn Adh'mh,
Dh'èirich ar misneach as ùr
'Nuair fhuair sinn Cùmhnant' nan Gràs.

Cuimhnich daonna a chur romhad,
Gu'n coimhead thu a h-uile àithn',
O'se cumhachdan an ard rìgh
Rinn am fàgail air dà chlàr;

* The Author's Epitaph, by himself.

Chaidh sin liubhairt do Mhaois;
Rinn Maois an liubhairt do chàch;
Na'm b'urraim sinne gu'm freagradh,
Cha b'aobhar eagail am bàs.

Caoclhadh beatha th' ann 's cha bhàs,
Le beannachadh gràsmhor, buan;
Gach neach a nì a chuid is fearr,
'S math 'n t-àit am faigh e dhuais
Cha bh'i'n t-anam ann an càs,
Ged' tha'n corp a' tàmh 's an uaigh,
Gus an latha'n tig am Bràth
'S an éirich sliochd Adhaimh suas.

Seiunear an tròmpaid gu h-àrd,
Cluinnear 's na h-uile àit' a fuain;
Dùisgear na mairbh as a bhilàr
'N do chàràich càch iad 'nan suain;
'S mbeud 'sa chailleadh le an-nair,
No le amradh fuar a chuain;
Gu sliabh Shìoin théid an sluagh,
Dh' fhaotain buaidh le fuil an Uain.

Gheibh iad buaidh, mar fhuair an sòl,
A chinn lionmhor anns an fhònn;
Cuid deth dh'fhàs gu fallain, dìreach,
'S cuid na charran ìosal cròm:
Gleidhear a chuid a tha liontach,
'Am beil brìgh a's torradh tròm;
Caillear a chuid a bhios aotrom,
'S leigear leis a ghaioith am moll.

Cha'n'eil bean na duine beò,
Na lànain phòsda nach dealaich;
Bha iad lionmhor sean a's òg
Ar luchd-eòlais nach 'eil maireann:
Cha b'e sin an t-aobhar bròin
Bhì ga'n cuir fo'n fhòd am falach,
Na'm biodh am bàs na bhàs glan,
Cha bu chàs talamh air thalamh.

Ghabh mi 'nis mo chead do'n t-saoghal,
'S do na daoine dh'fhuirich ann;
Fhuair mi gréis gu suundach aotrom,
'S i 'n aois a rinn m' fhàgail fann:
Tha mo thàlant an air caoclhadh,
'S an t-aog air tighinn 's an àm;
'S e m' achanaich air sgàth m' Fhear-saoraidh,
Bhì gu math 's an t-saoghal thàll.

FEAR SRATHI-MHAISIDH.

MR LAUHLAN MACPHERSON, of Strathmasie, was born about the year 1723, and died in the latter end of the last century. He was a gentleman and a scholar; and gave his able assistance to Mr James M'Pherson in his arduous and successful translations of Ossian's poems. His own works have not been printed in a collected form, and the most of them have, therefore, never been committed to press.* Mr Macpherson was not a poet by profession; he invoked his muse only when an object of approbation or animadversion presented itself, and attracted his notice: his observations and remarks were made on the customs and manners of men; his humour was directed against, and his ridicule exposed, excesses. He had the felicity of expressing himself in terms most appropriate to the posture and light in which men stood, who exposed themselves to censure; and he never failed in placing them in a position in which no one would wish to be found, yet into which many often fall.

CUMHA DO DH' EOBHON MACPHEARSON, TIGHEARNA CILUAINIDH.

[AIR DHA TEICHEADH DO 'N FHEARING.]

Gur lìonmhor trioblaid sìnte,
Ris an linn a chi 'n droch shaoghal so,
Tha plàigh, claidheamh 's mi-run ann,
Tha gaol na firinn aotrom ann,
Tha fear na foille dìreach ann,
Tha 'n crì-aon-fhillt' a' tearnadh ann,
S ma lasas eas' a fìreanb riu
Gheibh daoine dìreach aomadh ann.

Ged dh'èirinn le rìgh Seumas,
Agus dol air ghleus fo m' armachd leis,
Mar saoil mì gur h-e'n eu-còir é,
An ni chòir gu'n eigh' an chealgair mì?

Ma ni sinn mar a's léir dhuinn
Cha bhì Rìgh na Gréin cho feargach ruinn,
Ach 'se clann nan daoine' a's géir-breithich,
S gur fad is éis air Alba sin.

O! is iomadh gaisgeach sàr-bhuilleach,
A laodaich blàr an cunntais oirn,
Thug Tearlach a's na fàsaichean,
Chaill fuil an dail nan Stiùbhartach,
Nan cadal trom 's na h-àraichean,
'S a'n eul ri làr 's cha dùisgear iad,
Bha croich a's tuagh toirt bàs orra,
'S bha cnid dhiu dh'fhag an Dùthchannan.

* All the poems that we have ever heard or seen attributed to him are in the collection, with the exception of four: viz., *A Hunting Song*, in the form of a dialogue between the sportsman and the mountain deer, in which President Forbes's Unclothing Act is loudly declaimed against; *The Advice*, in which the poet labours to curb ambition, and to modify inordinate worldly desires; *An Amorous Picce*, and *Aoir nan Luch*. These last two we have captured in an old Manuscript, together with the song we have classed first in his section of this work. We have had considerable difficulty in deciphering it; but the Love ditty we found partly crased and partly unintelligible, and *Aoir nan Luch*, although not destitute of merit, is not much to our liking.

Am fear a dh'fhag an dùthaich so,
 Bu mbath air chul na Cruaidhach e,
 Be'n Gàici sgaiteach, cliùteach e,
 'S bu duthasach air Chuainidh e:
 Be'n crann chuir croiseal diùbhalach
 A dhruid a null thar chuaintean e;
 Thug teistean fir thar cheudan leis,
 "A chaidh nach meud a bhuaidhaicheas."

Gu'm b'fhearail, smiorail, anmunt e
 Bu lasair fhearg 'nuair dhùisgeadh e
 Bu bheo na fheol 's na mhealbhainn e,
 Bu bhealach far am bruchdadh e,
 Mar thuinn ri carraig fhairgeach e,
 Mar fhaoilleach 's stoirm ga dùbhlachadh,
 Mar thein air fraoch nan garbhlaichean,
 'S mar easraich gharbh an ùr uisge.

Cha chuireadh faileas gruaimean air
 'S cha chuireadh fuathas càmpar air,
 Cha bu raghainn tuasaid leis,
 'S na b'fheadar dha bu luath-lamhach,
 Bha luim, a's greim, a's cruadal ann,
 'S bu treun a' bualadh nàmhaid e,
 Mar ealtainn gheur fo'n fheur uain e
 Gun gearrte sluagh san aihreith leis.

Cha bu bhrais gun reusan e
 'S cha mhò bu leumach, gòrach e,
 Biodh lamh a casg na h-eu-corach
 S lamh eile treun sa' chomraig aig.
 Bha truas a's iochd ri feumaich ann,
 'S b'i sìth a's reit a b'òrdugh dha,
 'S cha'n fhaca mis le'm leirsinne
 Nò'n neach fo'n gheirn ri foirneart e.

Cha bu duine gòrach e,
 A chuireadh bòsd á thruacantas
 Mu nàdur gu dearbh b'eoilach mi,
 Bha cuid de'm sheorsa dh'eireadh leis:
 Mas buidheann ghasd an còmbraig sibh,
 Bidh na *Naoidh* an conaidh beusadh dhuibh,
 'S mas bratach thais an co-strì sibh,
 Cha chluinnear beoil a' séis umaibh.

'Nuair thrialladh brais na feirge dheth,
 Bu mhàlta tlà mar mhaighdeinn e,
 Bu bhath mar aiteal gréin mhoich e,
 Bu chiùin mar spéur an anamoich e
 Mar ghlacair oigh fo ceud-bharra,
 'S i tighinn gu réith gu caoimhnealachd,
 Bha sean a's òg cho speiseil dheth,
 'S nach fac iad treun cho toilteannach.

'Nuair bha'n saoghal bruailleneach,
 S gluasad air luchd nàtsaichean

Nuair bhiodh an cinn gun chluasagan,
 Gun tàmh le buail' n's bàthaichean,
 Thug Eobhann sgrìobh thoirt fuasgladh dhuinn,
 'S ghlais e suas a Ghèldardh,
 'S cha'n iarradh iad mar bhuaichaillean
 'S an taobh-tuath ach na fàsaichean.

Ach dh-fhalbh e nis a's dh'fhag e sinn,
 'S co chaisgeas lamh na h-eacorach?
 Ged fhaicte 'n chòir ga sàrachadh,
 Gu'n chail sinn làmh ar treundais,
 Mo bheannachd suas do Phàrrais leis,
 Bho'n dh' fhuil am bàs na éideadh e,
 'S a dh'aindean rìgh a's parlamaid,
 Rìnu Rìgh nan gràsan réite ris.

COMUNN AN UISGE-BHEATHA.

FFAR mo ghaoil an t-uisge-beatha,
 Air am bi na daoin' a feitheamh!
 'S tric a chuir e saoi' na laidhe
 Gun aon chlaideamh rùsgadh.
*Cìod eile chuireadh sunnt oirn,
 Mur cuireadh bean a's liunn e?*

'Nuair chaisgeas gach sluagh am pathadh,
 'S a théid mac nam buadh air ghabhail,
 'S Ìomhhor uaisle feadh an taighe
 'S bìasd nach caitheadh cùinneadh.
Cìod eile, &c.

Cha b'e sud an comunn suarrach.
 'S maig a dh'iarradh an taobh shuas daibh.
 'S iad nach cromadh thun na fuaraig,
 Ge bu dual daibh 'n lùireach.
Cìod eile, &c.

Gheibht' an sin gach làmh bu chruaidhe,
 'S cò b'fharr na clann na tuatha?
 'M fear bhiodh aig an amar-fhuail,
 Gu 'm buaileadh e aon trìùir dhuibh.
Cìod eile, &c.

B'i'dh iad làn misnich is cruadail,
 Gu h-aigeantach brisg 'san tuasaid.
 Chuireadh aon fhichead san uair sin
 Tearlach Ruadh fo 'n chrùn duinn!
Cìod eile, &c.

Chluinneadh fear a bhiodh gun chluais iad,
 Nan deanadh luinneag a's tuaim e;

Comunn teangach, cainmteach, cnachach,
Damhsach, snaire', neo-bhrùideil.
Cìod eile, &c.

Comunn aoidheil, òlmhor, plàrteil,
Pògach, dornach, srònach, gàbbaidh,
Spòrsail, ceòlmhor, còrnach, gàireach,
Nach cuir càs gu smuirein.
Cìod eile, &c.

Gar am pàidhear an fheill-màrtuinn
'S ged' rach an rìgh — mhàthair,
Leanaidh iads' an ioc-shlaint àdmhor
Gus am fàg an lùghs iad.
Cìod eile, &c.

'M fear a chaidh choimhead na h-oidhche,
Leig a chasan air a dhruim e;
Thug e staigh an rud nach d'rinn e,
'S b'oilteil a bha chùltaobh.
Cìod eile, &c.

Dh'èirich am fear a bha làimh ris
Theicheadh ro bholadh an fhàilidh,
Thuit e anns a' mhuinghe-làgain,
'S mhill a' chàth a shùilean.
Cìod eile, &c.

Dh'èirich an treas fear gu dàicheil
Chum 's gu'n tearnadh e'm fear bàite,
Chuir e ghrìosach as le mhàsan,
'S cùta Spàinneach ùr air.
Cìod eile, &c.

'N sin dar dh'èirich iad uile
Thuirtear fear, " Gabhar greim do 'n duine,
Fhuair e masladh, 's cha b'e munar:
Loisgeadh mu 'na ghlùn e."
Cìod eile, &c.

Thuirtear caraid an fhir a chaidh losgadh
" Tha thu fìor bhreugach, a losgain.
Bi mach fhad 's tha 'n doras fosgailt',
Oglach, lobhte dhùisg so "
Cìod eile, &c.

San uair a 's fearr a bhios aca
Bi'dh làmh air gach cnail' a's bata,
Bi'dh fear buailte, 's fear ga thachdadh,
'S fear fo 'n casan ciùrte.
Cìod eile, &c.

Fear eile thig aileag 'na bhràgad,
Stiùiridh e'm broilleach a bhràthar
Aran pronn, a's im a's càise,
Brucach, blàth, cur smùid dheth.
Cìod eile, &c.

Their bean-an-taighe gu dìblidh—
" Dhuin', is ole an càradh bìdh sin,
'S mòr a b'fhearr dhomh agam fhìu e,
'S m'bid a phris a's dùthaich."
Cìod eile, &c.

'N sin dar thig na coin sa chom-ith,
Leigidh iad air cìomith camith.
Leasaichidh fear eile an nollaig
Le gleus ronnach ùrar.
Cìod eile, &c.

'Nuair dh'fhàsas a' bhangaid goirid,
Chuid nach tainig ach mu dheireadh,
O nach faigh iad làn an goile,
Goiridh iad gu diùmach.
Cìod eile, &c.

Th'cid iadsan a nis anns sa chéile,
'S ch'gach mad' e féin 'an d'òigh làimh,
Bi'dh surd air na h-armaidh gléusta,
'S deudaichean 'gan rùsgadh.
Cìod eile, &c.

'S ann an sin a bhios a' chaonnag,
Fìrum, farum, chon a's dhaoinne,
Clann a' rànaich, muà ri caoine,
'S baobhail crost' a' chùirt iad.
Cìod eile, &c.

'S ma chreideas gach fear na chual e,
'S meas' e na thuirtear Callum Ruadh rium.
'S iad na coin a bhios 'an uachdar.
'S bi' daoin' uaisle mùchta.
Cìod eile, &c.

A BHANAIS BHAN.

LUINNEAG.

*Mo rùn air a chomunn ud
Cha somolta neo-thomadach,
Mo dhùrachd do 'n chomunn ud
Gun bhòd gun bhòlla gann daibh.*

AN euala 's siblis' a bhanais bhàn,
Bh'aig Eobhan Mac-Dhùghaill Di-mairt,
Ann am Pac-ulla gu h-ard
A'g na thràigh iad àngar.
Mo rùn, &c.

'Nuair a thainig iad a nis
Rinn iad achanaich ri Brian

Iad a bhì nìlle cho liath,
Re ciabhag fhir na bainne.
Mo run, &c.

Labhair fear na bainne fein
Tha dath airgeid oirn' gu leir
Cìod an cron tha oirn fo 'n ghrein
Mar dean fear-beurra rann oirn?
Mo run, &c.

Thuir Pàdrùig Mac-Mhuirich gu fòil
Agam-sa 'tha bhratach shròil
Is mar sguir am bàrd d'a sgleò
Mar tha mi beo theid sreang air.
Mo run, &c.

Labhair an Cleireach gu dàn'
Agam-sa ta ceart thar chàch;
Theid am Ministèir am' phàirt
'S gun téid am bàrd sa phrangas.
Mo run, &c.

Thuir am Maighisdir-Sgoile liath
Mu 'se gleus-air-mas a mhiann,
Mo roghuinn-s' e th'air seachd cìad
'S i cheaird bha riamh cuir ann domh.
Mo run, &c.

Thuir fear bu dàine na càch
Agam cha'n'eil spéis d'ar dàn,
Eiribh 's cuim't' an t-ùrlar blà'
'S gu'n lion mo lamh-sa dràm dhuibh.
Mo run, &c.

Dh'éirich iad uil cho bhras
'S ann an sud bha farum chàs,
Mar gu'm bìtheadh an trùp ghlas,
Ag dol am baiteal *Frangach*.
Mo run, &c.

Cha dì-chuimhnic' mi gu bràth
Gus an téid mi anns an làr
Comunn ciar-Jubbh glas mo gràidh
A bha sau trà so damhsadh.
Mo run, &c.

A BHRIGIS LACHDUNN.

LUNNEAG.

'S coma leam a bhrigis lachdunn,
B' annsa 'm feile-beag 'sa m breacan,
'S beag a ghabh mi riamh de thlachd,
De 'n fhasan a bh' aig clann nan Gall.

CHA Chleirichean 's cha 'n Easbuigean,
Chum a bharr an t-seisein mi;
Ach a bhrigis leibideach,
Nach deanadh anns na preasan clann!
'S coma leam, &c.

Ged tha bhrigis mìothlachdar,
Gur feumail anns na crìochan i,
Gach fear a bhios ri diolanas,
Gu 'n toir i strìochdadh air gun taing.
'S coma leam, &c.

Ach cuiribh air na mnathan i,
'S ann orra 's fear a laidheas i,
Gur sgiobal' air feadh taighe i,
'S b' e 'n ceol am faighinn innt a damhs'.
'S coma leam, &c.

Gur mise bh' ann 'sa 'n eisdeachd,
'S na mnathan 'g radh ri cheile,
Gu 'm b' fhear leo orra fhein i,
Na bhì ceusadh an fhir chaim!
'S coma leam, &c.

Cha mhath gu dìreadh bruthaich i,
S cha 'n fhìach leinn thun an t-siubhail i,
'S cha 'n eil mi idir buidheach,
Air an fhear a luthaig i bhì ann.
'S coma leam, &c.

Cha mhath an t-eideadh idir i,
'Nuair theid sinn anns an uisge lea,
'Nuair lubas i m' ar 'n iosgaidean,
Gu 'n d' their i niosgaid air gach ball.
'S coma leam, &c.

Bhrigis dùbh gun sianadh,
Chuir as an t-aodach briatha,
Bhiodh fosgailt air ar bialthaobh,
'S nach iarradh a chumail teann.
'S coma leam, &c.

Chuir i mach do Shasunn sinn,
Le surd a bhì sgairteil oirnn,
'S leig i rithisd dhachaigh sinn,
Gun fhiù a Chaiptein air ar ceann.
'S coma leam, &c.

Ged thug iad dhuinn 'sa 'n fhasan i,
Cha 'n eil i idir taitneach leinn,
'S truagh a Rìgh! nach robh e tachte,
'M fear* a thug an t-achd a nall.
'S coma leam, &c.

* Duncan Forbes, of Culloden, was Lord President of the Court of Session in the eventful period of the Rebellion, 1745.

IAIN RUADH STIUBHART.

JOHN ROY STUART, not less celebrated for his invocations of the muse than for his prowess in the field of battle, was a native of Kincardine, in Badenoch. Being of the middle class, and the son of a respectable tacksman, to whose farm he succeeded, he had the benefit of a good education. His scholastic advantages, combined with his extraordinary genius, soon procured him the reputation of a "knowing one." Like many other votaries of the muse, he manifested a strong and early predilection for hunting and fishing, which in themselves are a species of poetry. At an early period of his existence he copiously imbibed the principles of Jacobinism. These principles grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength;—and he was always proud to trace his descent from the royal family of the Stuarts. We do not mean here to enter on the moral or constitutional dissection of a poet; but history and observation have combined to impress us with the fact, that people of colonel Stuart's mental structure are, some how or other, more liable to fall into companies than men of solid clay. The continual demands upon his presence at the festive board led to some irregularities, upon which censoriousness might animadvert, but over which we are disposed to draw the veil of oblivion. This we are the rather inclined to do, as he himself always stood forth as "king's evidence" against his own eruptions at the shrine of Bacchus. His genuine sallies of wit have established his reputation as an arch wag; and his more plaintive strains are characterized throughout by originality and great pathos.

Stuart's mind was of that fabric which delights in the jostle of the elements of strife; and his puissant arm, coolness of courage, and intrepidity of action, trumpeted his fame far and near. It is needless here to recount his adventures and "hair-breadth 'scapes," in the memorable civil war of 1745,—history already records them. On the first out-breaking of that war he was in Flanders, actively engaged in belligerent operations against the British government, when the Duke of Cumberland was called home to lead the Hanoverian forces against the Prince. Roy Stuart also hurried to his native country, now distracted with intestine broils and civil war; and when at Culloden, he signalized himself in hewing and cutting down the red-coats, and spreading havoc and death on all hands, the Duke, pointing to the subject of our memoir, inquired who he was: "Ah!" replied one of his aides-de-camp, "that is John Roy Stuart." "Good God!" exclaimed the Duke, "the man I left in Flanders doing the butcheries of ten heroes! Is it possible that he could have dogged me here?" It is told of Colonel Stuart that he strongly urged for a day's truce before attacking the Government forces at Culloden. This, however, Lord George Murray overruled; and the prognostications

of the Colonel were but too fully verified in the result of a precipitate and unequal combat. The sombre feelings whose dark current chafed his soul in consequence of the extinguishment of the Jacobites' hopes on that day, are beautifully embodied in two fine and pathetic songs. In one of these he directly charges Lord George with treachery, and pours forth torrents of invective and revenge. His martial strains thunder along with the impetuosity of the mountain torrent—racy, sinewy, and full of nerve. He was so firm in his opinion of his Lordship's sinister motives, that he rushed from rank to rank that he might "hew the traitor to pieces." His elegiac muse was also of a very high order; his "*Lament for Lady M'Intosh*," whose attachment to the Jacobin party is well known, is at once lofty in sentiment, poetical in its language, and pathetic in its conceptions. We do not mean to ascribe to poetic or military genius all the recklessness which a sober-plodding world compliments it with; and we, therefore, suppress a gossiping story in which our warrior-poet figures with the Lady of the Lord Provost of Glasgow. After lurking for some time in the caves, woods, and fastnesses of his native country, he escaped to France with other faithful adherents of Charles, where he paid the debt of Nature, leaving behind him an imperishable fame for the genuine characteristics of a warrior and a poet.

L A T H A C H U I L O D A I R.

AIR FONS.—"*Murt Ghlinne-Comhunn.*"

O! gur mor mo chuis mhulaid,
 'S mi ri caoine na guin a ta 'm thir,
 A rìgh! bi laidir 's tu 's urrainn,
 Ar naimhdean a chumail fo chis
 Oirne 's laidir dinc Uilleam,
 'N rag mheirleach tha guin aige dhuinn;
 E'e sud salchar nan steallag,
 Tigh'n an uachdar air chruineachd an fhuinn.

Mo chreach Tearlach Ruadh, boidheach,
 Bhi fo bhinn aig rìgh De'rsa nam biasd;
 E'e sud diteadh na còrach,
 An fhirinn 'sa beul foipe sìos;
 Ach a rìgh mas a deoin leat,
 Cuir an rìoghachd air seòl a chaidh dhinn,
 Cuir rìgh dligheach na còrach,
 Ri linn na tha beo os ar cinn.

Mo chreach armailt nam breacan,
 Bhi air sgaoleadh 's air sgapadh 's gach àit,
 Aig fìor bhalgairan Shasuinn,
 Nach na ghnathaich bonn ceartas na 'n dail;
 Ged a bhuannaich iad baiteal,
 Cha b'annu da 'n eruadal na 'n tapadh a bha,

Ach gaodh n-iar agus frasan,
 Thigh'n a nios oirnu bharr machair nan Gall.*

S truagh nach robh sinn an Sasunn,
 Gun bhi cho teann air ar dachaigh sa bha,
 'S cha do sgaoil sinn cho aithghearr,
 Bhiodh ar dicheall ri seasamh n'a b' fhearr;
 Ach 's droch dhraoidheachd a's drachdan,
 Rinneadh dhuinne ma 'n deachas na 'n dail,
 Air na frithean eolach do sgap sinn,
 'S bu mhi-chomhail gu'n d'fhairtlich iad oirnu.

Mo chreach mhòr! na cuirp ghlé-gheal,
 Tha na 'n laidh' air na sleibhteann ud thall,

* Allusion is here made to Nairn, where the Duke of Cumberland was celebrating his birth-day on the night preceding the battle. Thither the Highlanders wended their way, expecting to take him by surprise; but it blew in their faces a tremendous storm of rain and wind, and frustrated the attempt. The storm continued next day, and tended materially to discomfit the operations of the mountaineers in the commencement, and ultimately to their total and precipitate rout.

Gun chiste gun leintean,
 Ga 'n adhlàiceadh fhein anns na tuill ;
 Chuid tha beo dhù 'n deigh sgaioleadh,
 'S iad ga fògar le gaothan thar tuinn ;
 Fhuair a Chuigs' a toil fein dinn,
 'S cha chan iad ach "réubaltaich" ruinn.

Fhuair na Gaill sinn fo 'n easan,
 'S mor a nàire 'sa masladh sid leinn,
 'N deigh ar dùthcha 's ar 'n àite,
 A spùilleadh 's gun bhlatas againn ann ;
 Caisteal Dhuinidh 'n deigh a losgadh,
 'S e na laraich lom, thosdach, gun mhiagh ;
 Gu 'm b'e 'n caochala' goirt e,
 Gu 'n do chail sinn gach sochair a b' fhiach.

Cha do shaoil leam, le m' shùilean,
 Gu 'm faicinn gach cùis mar a tha,
 Mur spùtadh nam faoilleadh,
 'N am nan luidhean a sgaioleadh air blàr ;
 Thug a chuibhle car tionndaidh,
 'S tha ioma fear aime-cheart an càs ;
 A Rìgh seall le do chaoimhneas,
 Air na fir th' aig na naimhdean an às.

'S mor eucoir 'n luchd orduigh,
 An fhuil ud a dhortadh le foill ;
 Mo sheachd mallachd aig Deorsa,*
 Fhuair e 'n lath' ud air ordugh dha fein ;
 Bha 'n da chuid air a mheoirean,
 Moran glogan gun trocair le foill ;
 Mheall e sinne le chòmhra',
 'S gu 'n robh ar barail ro mhòr air r'a linn.

Ach fhad 'sa 's beo sinn r'ar latha,
 Bi'dh sinn caoidh na ceathairn chaidh dhinn,
 Na fir threubhach bha sgairteil,
 Dheanadh teugbhaile le claidheamh 's le sgiath ;
 Mur biodh siantan n' ar n' aghaidh,
 Bha sinn shìos air ar n' aghairt gu dian,
 'S bhiodh luchd Beurla na 'n laidhe,
 Tou-air-cheann, b'e sid m'aighear 's mo mhiann.

Och nan och ! 's mi fo sprochd,
 'S mi 'n dràsda rì osnaich leam fein
 'G amharc feachd an dù-Rosaich,
 'G ithe fèur agus cruineachd an fhuinn ;
 Rothaich iargalt a's Cataich,
 Tigh'n a nall le luchd chasag a's lann,
 Iad mar mhiol-choin air acras,
 Siubhal criochan, charn, chlach, agus bheann.

Mo chreach ! tìr air an tainig,
 Rinn sibh nis clar reidh dh'i cho lom,
 Gun choirec gun ghnàisich,
 Gun siol taght' ann am fàsach na 'm fonn,

* Lord George Murray.

Pris na circ air an spàrdan,
 Gu ruige na spàinean thoirt uainn,
 Ach sgrìos na craobhe 'a blà dhiubh,
 Air a crionadh fo barr gus a bonn.

Tha ar cinn fo 'na choille,
 'S eigin beanntan a's gleannain thoirt oirnn,
 Sinn gun sùgradh gun mhaenus,
 Gun eibhneas, gun aitneas, gun chèul,
 Air bheag bìdhe no teine,
 Air na stùcan an laidheadh an cèb,
 Sinn mar chomhachaig eile,
 Ag eisdheadh rì deireas gach lò.

O R A N E I L E,

AIR LATHA CHUILODAIR.

O ! gur mis' th' air mo chràdh,
 Thuit mo chridhe gu làr,
 'S tric snithe gu m' shàil o m' leirsinn.
 O ! gur mis', &c.

Dh'fhalbh mo chlaistinneachd bhuan,
 Cha chluinn mi 'sa n' uair,
 Gu mall na gu luath ni 's éibhinn.
 Dh'fhalbh mo, &c.

Mu Phriunns' Thearlach mo rùin,
 Oighre dlìgheach a chruin,
 'S e gun fhios cìod an tùbh a theid e.
 Mu Thearlach, &c.

Fuil rioghail nam buadh,
 Bhi 'ga diobairt 's an uair,
 'S mac diolain le 'shluagh ag éiridh.
 Fuil rioghail, &c.

Siol nan cuilean a bha,
 Ga 'n rò mhath chinnich an t-àl,
 Chuir iad sinn' ann an càs na h-éigin.
 Siol nan cuilean, &c.

Ged a bhuanmaich sibh blàr,
 Cha b' an d' ur cruadal a bha,
 Ach gun ar shluaghainn' bhi 'n dàil a chéile.
 Ged a bhuanmaich, &c.

Bha iad iomadaidh bhuaninn,
 Dheth gach finne mu thuath,
 'S bu mhiste sinn' e ri uair air féuma.
 Bha iad iomdaidh, &c.

Coig brataichean sròil,
 Bu rò mhath chuireadh an lù,
 Gun daime dhiubh chòir a chéile.
 Coig brataichean, &c.

Iarla Chrompa le shlòigh,
 Agus Bàrasdal òg,
 'S Mac-'Ie-Ailein le sheoid nach geilleadh.
 Iarla Chompa, &c.

Clann-Ghriogair nan Gleann
 Buidheann ghiobach nan Iann
 'S iad a thigeadh a nall na 'n eight' iad.
 Clann-Ghriogair, &c.

Clann-Mhuirich nam buadh,
 Iad-san uile bhi bhuainn,
 Gur h-e m' iomadan truagh r'a leughadh.
 Clann Mhuirich, &c.

A Chlann-Domhnuill mo ghaoil,
 'Ga 'm bu shuaitheantas fraoch,
 Mo chreach uile ! nach d' fhaod sibh eiridh.
 A Chlann-Domhnuill, &c.

An fhoil uaibhreach gun mheang,
 Bha buan, cruadalach, ann,
 Ged chaidh ur bualadh an am na céugbhair.
 An fhuil uaibhreach, &c.

Dream eile mo chreach,
 Fhuair an laimhseacha' goirt,
 Ga 'n ceann an Frisalach gasda, treubhach.
 Dream eile, &c.

Clann-Fhionnlaidh Bhraidh-Mharr,
 Buidheann ceannsgalach, ard,
 'Nuair a ghlaoidhte *adhbans* 's iad dh' eireadh.
 Clann-Fhionnlaidh, &c.

Mo chreach uile 's mo bhron,
 Na fir ghasd' tha fo leòn,
 Clann-Chatain nan sròl bhi dhéis-laimh.
 Mo chreach uile, &c.

Chaill sinn Dòmhnall donn, suaire,
 O Dhùn Chrompa so shuas,
 Mar ri Alasdair ruagh na feile.
 Chaill sinn Dòmhnall, &c.

Chaill sinn Raibeart an àigh,
 'S cha bu ghealtair e' m blàir
 Fear sgathadh nan cnamh 's nam feithean.
 Chaill sinn Raibeart, &c.

'S ann thuit na rionnagan gasd ;
 Bu mbath aluinn an dreach,
 Cha bu phàigheadh leinn mairt na 'n éirig.
 'S ann thuit, &c.

Air thus an latha dol sìos,
 Bha guodh a cathadh nan sian,
 As an adhar bha trian ar leiridh.
 Air thus an latha, &c.

Dh' fhàs an talamh cho trom,
 Gach fraoch, fearunn a's fonn,
 'S nach bu chothrom dhuinn lom an t-sleibhe.
 Dh' fhàs an talamh, &c.

Lasair theine nan Gall,
 Frasadh pheileir mu 'r ceann,
 Mhill sid eireachdas lann 's bu bhead e.
 Lasair theine, &c.

Mas fìor an dàna g'a cheann,
 Gu 'n robh Achban* 'sa chàmp,
 Dearg mheirleach nan raud 's nam breugan.
 Mas fìor an dàna, &c.

'S e sin an Seanalair mo
 Gràin a' smallaichd an t-sloigh,
 Reic e onoir 'sa chòir air eucoir.
 'S e sinn an, &c.

Thionnadaidh choileir 'sa chleòc,
 Air son an sporain bu mhò,
 Rinn sud dolaidh do sheoid rìgh Seumas.
 Thionnadaidh, &c.

Ach thig cuibhle an fhortain mu 'n cuairt,
 Car bho dheas na blo thuath,
 'S gheibh ar 'n eas-caraid duais na h-eucoir.
 Ach thig cuibhle, &c.

'S gu 'm bi Uilleam Mac Dheòrs',
 Mur chraoibh gun duilleach fo leòn,
 Gun fhreamh, gun mheangan, gun mheoirean
 'S gu 'm bi Uilleam, &c. [géige.

Gu ma lom bhios do leac,
 Gun bhean, gun bhraithair gun mhaic,
 Gun fhuaim clàrsaich, gun lasair chéire.
 Gun ma lom, &c.

Gun sòlas, sonas, no seannas,
 Ach dòlas dona mu d' cheann,
 Mur bh' air ginealach Chlann na h-Eiplit.
 Gun solas sonas, &c.

A's chì sinn fhathasd do cheann,
 Dol gun athadh ri crann,
 'S eoin an adhair gu teann ga réubadh.
 A's chì sinn, &c.

'S bidh sinn uile fa-dheòidh,
 Araon sean agus òg,
 Fo 'n rìgh dhligeach 'ga 'n coir duinn géilleadh.
 'S bidh sinn, &c.

* Lord George Murray is here alluded to; his father to preserve his estates whatever the upshot of the conflict might be, sent Lord George to join the Prince, while his oldest son took up arms in support of the government forces—each having instructions to measure their adherence or fidelity according to the probabilities of success.

URNAIGH IAIN RUADH.*

Aig taobh sruthain na shuidhe 's e sgìth,
Tha 'n Crìosdaidh bochd Iain Ruadh,
Na cheatharnach fhathasd gun sìth,
Sa chàs air tuisleadh sa 'n tinn gu truagh.

Ma thig Duimhniche no Cataich a'm dhàil,
Mu 'n slanaich mo lùigheannan truagh,
Ged thig iad cho tric a's is àill,
Cha chuir iad orm lamh le luath's.

Ni mi 'n ubhaidh† rium Peadar do Phàil,
'S a lùighean air fàs leum bruaich,
Seachd paidir 'n ainm Sagairt a's Pàp,
Ga chuir ris na phlàsd mu'n cuairt.

* Having sprained his ankle when under hiding, after the battle of Culloden, and while resting himself beside a cataract, keeping his foot in the water, he composed the above piece as a prayer, and the following stanzas in English; both of which he seems to have couched in the style of language peculiar to the Psalms.

JOHN ROY STUART'S PSALM.

The Lord's my targe, I will be stout,
with dirk and trusty blade,
Though Campbells come in flocks about,
I will not be afraid.

The Lord's the same as heretofore,
he's always good to me,
Though red-coats come a thousand more,
afraid I will not be.

Though they the woods do cut and burn,
and drain the waters dry;
Nay, though the rocks they overturn,
and change the course of Spey:

Though they mow down both corn and grass,
and seek me under ground;
Though hundreds guard each road and pass,
John Roy will not be found.

The Lord is just, lo! here's a mark,
he's gracious and kind,
While they like fools grop'd in the dark,
as moles he struck them blind.

Though lately straight before their face,
they saw not where I stood;
The Lord's my shade and hiding-place—
he's to me always good.

Let me proclaim, both far and near,
o'er all the earth and sea,
That all with admiration hear,
how kind the Lord's to me.

Upon the pipe I'll sound his praise,
and dance upon my stumps,
A sweet new tune to it I'll raise,
and play it on my trumps.

† An incantation of great antiquity, handed down to us from the classic era of Homer. It has still its class of sturdy believers in many remote and pastoral districts of

Ubhaidh eile as leith Mhuire nan gràs,
'S urrainn creideadh dheanadh slau ri nair;
Tha mis' am chreideamh gun teagamh, gun dail,
Gu'n toir sinn air ar nainhdean buaidh.

Sgeul eile 's gur h-oil leam gu'r fìor,
Tha 'n drasd anns gach tìr mu 'n cuairt,
Gach fear gleusda bha feumail do 'n rìgh,
Bhi ga 'u ruith feadh gach frìth air an ruaig.

Bodaich dhona gun onair, gun bhrìgh,
Ach gionach gu nì air son duais,
Gabhail fàth oirnn 's gach àit ann sa'm bì—
Cuir a chuibhle so' Chrìosda mu'n cuairt!

Ma thionndas i deiseal an dràsd,
'S gu'm faigh Frangaich am Flannras buai',
Tha 'n earbs' as an targaich bh',
Gu 'n tìg armailt nì stà dhuinn thar chuan.

the Highlands. The Editor well recollects with what self-complacency and *sang froid* the female Esculapii of his native glen used to repeat the "*Edlas sgiuchadh fèithe*," over the hapless hobler of sprained ankles. With the success or result of the procedure we have nothing to do: its efficacy was variously estimated. The "*Cantatum orum*" was a short oration of Crambo, in the vernacular language; and if the dislocated joints did not jump into their proper places during the recitation, the practitioner never failed to augur favourably of comfort to the patient. There were similar incantations for all the ills to which human flesh is heir: the toothach, with all its excruciating pain, could not withstand the potency of Highland magic; dysentery, gout, dysury, &c., had all their appropriate remedies in the never-failing specifics of incantation. Nor were these cures confined to the skilful hand of the female necromancer alone; an order of men, universally known by the cognomen of the "*Clair-sheana-chain*," were the legitimate practitioners in the work. Two of these metrical incantations we may briefly quote as specimens of the whole. The first relates to the cure of worms in the human body and runs thus:—

"Mharbhainn dubhag 's mharbhainn doibhbeag,
A's naoi naoinear dheth a seòrsa.
'S fiolar crìon nan casan liomhor,
Bu mhor pianadh air feadh feòla," &c.

Here follows the other, denominated "*Eolas a Chronachaidh*," or "*Casg Beum-Sula*." During its repetition, the singular operation of filling a bottle with water, was being carried on; and the incantation was so sung as to chime with the gurgling of the liquid, as it was poured into the vessel; thus forming a sort of uncouth harmony, according well with the wild and superstitious feelings of the necromancers. From the fact that one or two Irish words occur in it, and that the charm was performed in the name of St Patrick, it is probably of Irish origin; but we know that it held equally good in the Highlands of Scotland as it did across the Channel.

Deanamsa dhutsa, eolas air sul,
A uchd 'ille Phàdrùig naoimh,
Air at amhaich a's stad earbuill,
Air naoi conair 's air naoi comnachair,
As air naoi bean seang sìth,
Air suil seanna-ghille 's sealla seanna-mhna,
Mas a suil fir i, i lasadh mar bhìgh,
Mas a suil mnath i, i bhi dh'easbhuidh a cìch,
Falcadair fuar agus fuarachd da fuil,
Air an nì, 's air a daoine,
Air a crodh, 's air a caoirich fein.

Gu'n toir Fortan dha didean le gràs,
Mur Mhaois 'nuair a thraigh a n'huir ruadh,
Sgu'm bidh Deòrsa le 'dhrealainibh bàit,
Mur bha 'n t-amadan Pharaoh 's a shluagh.

'Nuair bha Israel sgèth 'san staid ghràis,
Rinneadh Saul an là sin na rìgh,
Thug e sgiùrsadh le mìosguinn a's plàigh,
Orra fein, air an àl 's air an nù.

Is amhuil bha Breatuinn fo bhròn,
O 'na thréig iad a chòir 's an rìgh ;
Ghabh flaitheas rium corruich ro-mhor,
Crom-an-donais ! chaidh 'n seòrsa 'n diasg.

A Rìgh shocraich Muire nan gràs,
Crom riumsa le baigh do chluas ;
'S mi 'g umhladh le m' ghlùn air an làr,
Gabh achanaich araid bhuan.

Cha'n eil sinn a sireadh ach còir,
Thug Cuigs agus Dheorsa bhuanu ;
'Reir do cheartais thoir neart dhuinn a's treoir,
A's cum sinn bho fhoirmeart stuagh ! *Amen.*

CUMHA DO BHAINTIGHEARNA

MHIC-AN-TOISICH.*

Cia iad na dée 's na Duilean trénn,
Theid leamsa sa'n sgeul' bbroin ?
Tha ghealach Fàs, 's na reultan glan,
'S a ghrian fo sinal gach lò,
Gach craobh, gach coill, gach bean 's cloinn,
Dha 'm beil na'm broinn an deò,
Gach luibh, gach fear, gach nì 's gach spreidh,
Mu'n tì rinn boisge mòr.

Mar choinneal chéir, 's i lasadh treun,
Mar earr na grein ro nòin,
Bha reull na mais, fo shioutaibh deas,
A nis thug fras an mor,
Oir bhris na tuinn 's na tobair bhuint :
'S le mulad dhuigh na neoil,
'S e lagaich sinn, 's ar 'n-àigne tinn,
'S gu'n ruith ar cinn le deòir.

Mu'n ribhinn àilt nan ioma gràs,
A choisinn gràdh an t-slàigh,

Mo bheud gu brìth do sgeula bais,
An taobh ud thall de'n Gheòp,
Ainnir ghasd' nan gorm-shuil dait,
'S nan gruaidh air dhreach nan ròs,
'S e do chuir fo lie a chlaoidh mo neart,
'S a dh'fhlag mi 'm feasd gu treòir.

Do chorp geal, seang, mar lili bàn,
'Se 'n deis 'a charadh 'n sròil,
A nis a ta gach neach fo chròdh,
'S tu 'n ciste chlàr nam bòrd,
A gheug nam buadh is aillidh sruadh,
Gur mis tha trugh 's nach beò,
Do chuimhn' air ehuas, ri linn nan sluagh,
Gur cinnte dh'fhuasglas deòir.

Tha Mae-an-Toisich nan each seang,
'S nam bratach srannmhor sròil,
Gun aobhar gairdeachais ach cràdh,
Ma ghràdh 's nach eil i beò,
A ribhinn shuairc a b' aillidh sruadh,
O Chaisteal Uainn nan còrn,
An gallan réidh o cheannard treun,
An t-sloinne Mheinnich mhòir.

Note—This lament was composed on the celebrated Lady M'Intosh of Moyhall, whose firm attachment to the Chevalier's interest is well known. A story is told of this lady which exhibits her character in a very bold and masculine light. Prince Charles had arrived at Moy, on his return from England, two or three days before his followers came through Athol and the wilds of Badenoch. M'Intosh and his clan were from home with the other Jacobites, and the place was altogether unprotected. Some keen-sighted loyalist had seen the Prince, and forthwith communicated the intelligence to Lord Loudon, then stationed at Inverness with 500 soldiers. His Lordship immediately marched towards Moy, taking a circuitous route, however, to avoid detection. Intimation was carried to Lady M'Intosh of his Lordship's approach—it was a moment of awful and anxious uncertainty. She immediately sent for an old smith, one of M'Intosh's retainers, and a council of war was held. "There is but one way," said her Ladyship, "of saving Prince Charles—your own Prince; and that is by giving them battle." "Battle!" exclaimed the smith, "where are our heroes? alas! where to-night are the sons of my heart?" It was ultimately arranged that Prince Charles should be placed under hiding, and that the son of Vulcan, with other six old men who were left at home, should give them battle. Armed with claymore, dirk, and guns, together with a bagpipe and old pail (drum), our octogenarian little army lurked in a dense clump of brush-wood until the red-coats came up. It was now night, and the sound of Lord Loudon's men was heard—they were within a mile of Moy! The smith and his followers, as instructed by her Ladyship, fired gun after gun, until the six were discharged; he then roared out "Clan M'Donald, rush to the right—Cameron, forward in a double column in the centre—M'Intosh, wheel to the left, and see that none will escape!" This was enough; the red-coats heard—stood, and listened—all the clans were there—so, at least, thought Lord Loudon, and away they fled in the greatest disorder and confusion, knocking one another down in their flight, and not daring to look behind them until they had distanced the smith by miles!

* For the Air, see the Rev. Patrick M'Donald's Collection of Highland Airs, page 16—No. 106.

COINNEACH MAC-CHOINNICH.

KENNETH M'KENZIE was born at *Caisteal Leaur*, near Inverness, in the year 1758. His parents were in comfortable circumstances, and gave him the advantages of a good education. When he was about seventeen years of age, he was bound an apprentice as a sailor, a profession he entered with some degree of enthusiasm. Along with his Bible, the gift of an affectionate mother, he stocked his library with other two volumes, namely; the poems of Alexander M'Donald and Duncan M'Intyre. These fascinating productions he studied and conned over on "the far blue wave," and they naturally fanned the latent flame of poetry which yet lay dormant in his breast. His memory was thus kept hovering over the scenes and associations of his childhood; and, represented through the magic vista of poetic genius, every object became possessed of new charms, and so entwined his affections around his native country and vernacular tongue, that distance tended only to heighten their worth and beauties.

He composed the most of his songs at sea. His "*Pìobairachd na Luinge*" is an imitation of M'Intyre's inimitable "*Beinn-dòrain*," but it possesses no claims to a comparison with that master-piece. We are not prepared to say which is the best school for poetic inspiration, or for refining and maturing poetic genius; but, we venture to assert, that the habits of a seafaring man have a deteriorating influence over the youthful feelings. This has, perhaps, been amply exemplified in the person of Kenneth M'Kenzie. He was evidently born with talents and genius; but, notwithstanding the size of his published volume, we find only four or five pieces in it which have stepped beyond the confines of mediocrity: these we give, as in duty bound.

M'Kenzie returned from sea in the year 1789, and commenced going about taking in subscriptions, to enable him to publish his poems. With our own veneration for the character of a poet, we strongly repudiate that timber brutality which luxuriates in insulting a votary of the muses. Men of genius are always, or almost always, men of sensibility, and nice and acute feelings; and it appears to us inexplicable how one man can take pleasure in showing another indignities, and hurting his feelings. The itinerant subscription-hunting bard, has always been the object of the little ridicule of little men. At him the men of mere clay hurl their battering-ram; and our author appears to have experienced his own share of the evil. Having called upon Alexander M'Intosh, of Cantray Down, he not only refused him his subscription, but gruffly ordered him to be gone from his door! Certainly a polite refusal would have cost the high-souled *gentleman* as little as this rebuff, and apologies of a tolerably feasible nature can now be found for almost every failing. Our bard, thus unworthily insulted, retaliates in a satire of great

merit. In this cynic production he pours forth periods of fire ; it is an impetuous torrent of bitter irony and withering declamation, rich in the essential ingredients of its kind ; and M'Intosh, who does not appear to have been impenetrable to the arrows of remorse, died, three days after the published satire was in his possession.* Distressed at this mournful occurrence, which he well knew the superstition and gossip of his country would father upon him, M'Kenzie went again among his subscribers, recalled the books from such as could be prevailed upon to give them up, and consigned them to the flames : a sufficient indication of his sorrow for his unmerciful, and, as he thought, fatal castigation of M'Intosh. This accounts for the scarcity of his books.

Shortly after this event, his general good character and talents attracted the attention of Lord Seaforth and the Earl of Buchan, whose combined influence procured him the rank of an officer in the 78th Highlanders. Having left the army, he accepted the situation of Postmaster in an Irish provincial town, where he indulged in the genuine hospitality of his heart, always keeping an open door and spread table, and literally caressing such of his countrymen as chance or business led in his way. We have conversed with an old veteran who partook of his liberality so late as the year 1837.

In personal appearance, Kenneth M'Kenzie was tall, handsome, and strong-built ; fond of a joke, and always the soul of any circle where he sat. If his poems do not exhibit any great protuberance of genius, they are never flat ; his torrent may not always rush with impetuosity ; but he never stagnates ; and such as relish easy sailing and a smooth-flowing current, may gladly accept an invitation to take a voyage with our sailor-poet.

MOLADH NA LUINGE.

LUINNEAG.

'S beag mo shunnt ris an lùann,
M'òran bùirn 's beagan bracha ;
B'annsa leam caismeachd mo rùin,
Air cuan dù-ghorm le copull.

Ge d' a tha mi ann san àm,
Air mo chrampadh le astar,
'S tric a thug mi greisean gàrbh,
Air an fhàirge ga masgadh.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Greis le beachd a deanamh iùil,
'S greis cuir siùil ann am pasgadh,

Greis air iomairt, 's greis air stiùir,
'S greis air chul nam ball-acuinn.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

'S e mo cheist an capall grinn,
Rachadh léinn air an aiseag,
'S taobh an fhuaraidh, fos a cinn,
S muir ri slinn taobh an fhasgaidh.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Uair a bhiodh i fada shìos,
Anns an iochdar nach faict' i,
'S greis eile 'n-aird nam frith,
S i cuir dh'ì air a leath-taobh.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

* This happened in the year 1792, in which our author published.

'S i nach pilleadh gun cheann-fa',
 'S i neo-sgàthach gu srachdadh,
 A gearradh tuinn' le geur roinn,
 'S cudrom gaioth' air na slatan.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

'Nuair a chuirt i air a dòigh,
 'S a cuid seòl ris na racan,
 Chuirt' a mach an t-aodach sgeòid :
 Sud a sròn ris an as-caoin.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Bhiodh i turraban gun tàmh,
 'S chluinnte g'àinich fo'n t-sac i,
 'S bhiodh gach glùn dh'i dol fillt',
 'S chluinnte bid aig gach aisinn.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Chìte muir na thonnan àrd,
 'S chluinnt' i gàraich gu farsuinn,
 'S bheireadh roinn ard nan steoll,
 Buille thròm ann gach achlais.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Ann an as-caoineachd a chuain,
 'S ann am fuathas na fraise,
 Thugaibh faiceil air a ghaoth ;—
 "Fhearabh gaol cumaibh rag i."
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Chluinnte farum aig an fhaireg',
 Molach garbh anns an ath-sith,
 Beucach, rangach, torrach, searbh,
 Srannach, anabharadh, brais i.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Buill bu treis de'n choreraich ùir,
 Croinn de'n ghiubhsaich bu daite,
 Eideadh cainb nach biodh meanbh,
 'S chìte geala-dhearg a bhraataich.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Se mo ruin na fearadh gleust',
 'S iad nach tréigeadh 'an caitean,
 Chluinnte langan nam fear òg,
 'S iad nach deonaicheadh gealtachd.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Tha'n cridheachan farsuinn mòr,
 'S tric a dh'òl iad na bh'aea,
 Damhs a's inghinean a's ceòl,
 'Nuair bu chòir dol gu'n leabaiddh.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Bìdh iad gu fuireachar geur,
 'N am do'n ghreinn dol a chadal,
 Ceileireach, luinneagach, réidh,
 N am bh'i g'òiridh sa' mhadainn.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

AM FEILE PREASACH.

LUIÑNEAG.

'S e feile preasach tlachd mo rùin,
 'S osan nach ruig faisg an glùn,
 'S còta breac nam basan dù,
 'S bonaùl dhù-ghorm thogarrach.

B' annsa leam am féile cnaich,
 Na casag de 'n aodach luaight',
 'S brìgis nan ceannglaichean cruaidh,
 Gur e'n droch-nair a thogainn dh'i.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

Tha mo rùn do'n eideadh lās,
 Cuach an fhéilidh nan dlù bhās,
 Shiubhlain leis 's na sléibhteann cās,
 'S rachainn brais air obair leis.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

Ge'd a tharlainn ann sa' bhéinn,
 Fad na seachduin 's mi leam féin,
 Fnachd na h-oidhch' cha dean dhomh beud,
 Tha 'm breacan fhéin cho caidearach.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

Shiubhlain leis feadh ghleann a's sleibh,
 'S rachainn do'n chlachan leis fhéin,
 Tlachd nan gruagach 's uail nan steud,
 S è deas gu feum na'n togramaid.
S e feile preasach, &c.

'S ealamh eadrom è sa' ghleann,
 'S cuilbheir réidh fo' sgeith gun mheang,
 A dh'fhagaidh udlaich ceir-gheal fann,
 A bheireadh srann sa leagadh e.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

Am féileadh air am beil mi'n geall,
 Dealg nar gnaillibh suas gun fheall,
 Crios ga ghlasadh las neo-theann,
 'S biodh e gach am gu baganta.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

'S ann leam bu taitneach è bhí n-àird,
 Nam dhomh tachairt ri mo ghàidh,
 B'fhearr leam seachduin dbeth na dhà
 De bhrìgis ghrainnde rag-sheallach.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

'S eamh a'n t-èide 'm breachdan ùr,
 'S ann air féin a dh'eireadh cliù,
 Mar sin 's buaigh-larach am 's gach cùis,
 'S e dheanadh tìrn gum eagal air.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

'S am do ghaisgich dol air feum
Gàicil ghasd gu sracadh bhéin,
Pìob ga palpadh 's anail réidh,
A chuireadh eud a's fadadh annt.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

B'e sud caismeachd ìrd mo rùin,
Cronan gàireach, bàrr gach ciùil,
Brais phuirt mbeara, leanadh dlù,
Cliath gu lùghor grad-mheurach.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

Nuair a ghlaect' san achlais i,
Beus bu taitnich chunna' mì,
Siunnsair pailt-thollach gun ài—
Os cionn a chinn gu fad-chrannach.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

'S i 's boiche dreach 'sa 's tlachdmhor snuagh,
Tarrach, sgairteil, brais phuirt luath,
Muineal cròan air uched nam buagh,
Chluinnte fuaim 'nuair ragadh i.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

A ri! bu ruith-leumach na meoir,
Dàmhsa brais mu'n seach gun leon,
Is iad air chrith le mire gleòis,
Chluinnte sròl gu farumach.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

Bheireadh i air ais gu fònn
An cridhe dh'fhàs gu tùrsach, tròm,
'S chuireadh i spiorad 's gach sonn
Gu dol air am gu spadaireachd.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

Fhuair i 'n t-urram thar gach ceòl,
Cuiridh i mìsneach 's gach feoil,
Togaídh i gu aird nan neoil,
Iuntinu seoid gu baitealach
'S e feile preasach, &c.

MAIREARAD MHO LACH MHIN.

LUNNEAG.

*Mo rùn Mairearad mhìn mholach,
'S mo rùn Mairearad mholach mhìn,
Mo rùn Mairearad mhìn mholach,
'S iomadh fear a th'air a tì.*

'S ioma gille tapaídh bàrra-ghast,
Eadar Dealganros nam frìth,
S ceann Loch-nis nam bradan tarra-gheal,
Tha le ime-cheist air a tì.
Mo rùn, &c.

'N àile chumainn trod ri naoinear,
Ged' a dh'aomadh iad gu strì
'S cha leag mì gu bràth le duin' i,
On a dh'fhàs i molach mìn.
Mo rùn, &c.

'S truagh nach sinn bhla air àiridh,
Air ar fàgail ann leinn fhìn,
S chumadh i bho'n fhuachd mì sàbhailt,
On a dh'fhàs i molach mìn.
Mo rùn, &c.

Ge à' a gheibhinn tàirse bh' intigh'rn,
'S neo-ar-thaing a bheirinn d'i,
'S mòr gum b'fierr lean Nic-'Ill-Eanndrais,
Tha na th'ann d'i molach mìn.
Mo rùn, &c.

Buaidhean mo chruinneig cha léir dhombh,
An cuir an géill cha dean mì 'n inus',
Thug nàdur dh'i tuigs as reasan,
Agus ceill nam beusan fillt.
Mo rùn, &c.

Tha i sgeudaichte le h-àilteachd,
'S a càirdeas mar ghrèan air pill,
Séimh, fallain, ùr, 's cumaite dh'fhàs i,
O mullach gu sàil a buinn.
Mo rùn, &c.

Leam a b'ait a bhì ga pògadh,
Beul on tig an t-òran binu,
Gruaidh mar dhearcaig, suil is modhair,
'S mor mo bhòsd a glòir a cinn.
Mo rùn, &c.

B'annsa leam a bhì ga h-eiseachd,
Na smeorach sa Chéitean shìl,
Na fonn fìdhle nam binn theudan,
'S na tha cheòl 'an Eirium chrì.
Mo rùn, &c.

Do Chuilodair gu'n tig gaisgich,
Gillean tapaídh as gach tìr,
'S b'ìdh gach fear an geall air fuireach,
Mar ri Mairearad mholach mhìn.
Mo rùn, &c.

Dheanainn cur, a's àr, a's buain dh'i,
'S dheanainn cruach gun chiorram dh'i,
S bheirinn sìthinn o uched fhuar-bheann,
'S bheirinn ruag air cuaintean sgì.
Mo rùn, &c.

Shìubhlain latha 's shìublain òidheche,
Is ghleiddinn sàibhreas dh'i gun dì,
S on is caomh leam Nic-'Ill-Eanndrais,
'S caomh le Nic-'Ill-Eanndrais mì.
Mo rùn, &c.

AN TE DHUBH.

AIR FÓN—“*A Mhòrag na dean mar sin.*”

LUNNEAG.

Hoirceann ò eile
'S na hì-rì-ri eile
Hoirceann h-ò 's na h-o eile
Gur mor mo speis do'n te dhuibh.

'S truagh nach robh mi air m' fhàgail
 Le m' leannan 's an fhàsach,
 Far nach fhaicinn mo clairdean
 Tha toir tàir' do'n te dhuibh!
Hoirceann, &c.

An seilbh gleannain gun chonnalach,
 'S air mulach nam beanntan,
 Ghleidhinn aran do m' annsachd,
 Geg tha 'n ceann oirre dubh.
Hoirceann, &c.

Dheanainn cuir agus buain d'i,
 'S bheirinn turus thar chuaintean,
 'S cha bhiodh uireasbhuidh uair oirr'—
 Ged tha cuailleàn cho dubh.
Hoirceann, &c.

Dheanainn treabhadh ri oireadh
 'S dheanainn cur anns an oidhehe;
 Dheanainn mire ri maighdein—
 'S chuirinn daoimein air triumph!
Hoirceann, &c.

Ge suarach aig càch i,
 Tha uaisle na nàdur,
 Tha suairceas na gàire—
 Ged tha 'm barr oirre dubh!
Hoirceann, &c.

Thug nadur dh'i gliocas,
 Mar gheard air a tuigse,
 'S i làn de dheagh ghibhtean,
 'S a ceann nach miste bhi dubh!
Hoirceann, &c.

Clochan corach is mine,
 Air uchd soluis na rìbhinn,
 Deud gheal mar na dìsnean,
 'S beul o 'm binn a thig guth.
Hoirceann, &c.

O gualainn gu h-brdaig,
 Fhuair urram bhan òga,
 Glac gheal nan caol-mheòirean,
 'S a gàirdean feola cho tiugh.
Hoirceann, &c.

S math thig staidheas le faomadh,
 Air a bodhaig is gaolaich,
 'S gur gil' i fo h-aodach,
 Na chuid is caoine de 'n ghruth.
Hoirceann, &c.

Cruinn chalpa na gruagaich,
 Gun dochair mu 'n euairt d'i,
 Troidh chuimir 's i euanta
 Nach cuir cuagach brog dhubh
Hoirceann, &c.

Gnùis is aillidh ri sìreadh,
 Ciùin tlà ann an iomairt,
 'S le snathaid nì grinneas,
 Nach dean iomadh te dhubh!
Hoirceann, &c.

Ged a tha i gun stòras,
 Tha taitneas na còmhradh,
 B'annsa furan a pòige,
 Na'n te ga'n leòm a cuid cruidd.
Hoirceann, &c.

S na 'm bitheadh i riarach,
 Air fuireach seachd bliadhna,
 Cheannaichean breid d'i gun iarraidh,
 Mu'm biodh a sia dhùid air ruith.
Hoirceann, &c.

Dh-olainn 's cha neònach,
 De dh-uisg' a phuill mhòine,
 Air a slainte gu deònach—
 Gùr mise dh-oladh de'n t-sruth!
Hoirceann, &c.

DROBHAIR NAN CAILEAGAN.

AIR FÓN—“*Cabar Feidh.*”

'S a mise bho'n a théig sinn,
 Le chéile bhi farasda,
 Bheirinn combhair' fhemmail,
 Dhut fhein ann san dealachadh;
 Na toir do rùn gun reason,
 Do thè dheth na caileagan,
 Oir 's duilich leam gun d'èist mi,
 Droch sgeula ma fhearaiginn;
 Na bi cho tric a' dol na meag,
 Mar chraoibh gun mbeas, na caileagan,
 Ge d' shaoileadh tuis, gun robh iad dhut,
 Cho mìn ad t-uchd ri bainne dhut,

Nam suidhe steach, le eibhneas ait,
 Ri cuir ma seach nan dramachan,
 Bi'dh cuir nan cinn a'g èiridh,
 'S gach tè dhiù ri fauid ort!

Tha na gillean òga,
 Nan dùchas cho amaideach,
 'S iad le'm barail ghòrach,
 'An t'air air na caileagan,
 Ach fhad sa bhios an suilean,
 Cho duinnite, cha'n aithnich iad,
 'S cha 'n fhaic iad Gloc-air-gàradh,*
 Ged' tharladh i maille riu.

A chaoidh cha'n fhaic sibh, iad cho ceart,
 Mar gabh sibh beachd le ghlaineachan,
 'S mus e 's gun deare sibh, mo 's faisg,
 Gun tig a ghart, san t-eanach dhìbh:
 Mar bheathach bochd, a bhios gun toirt,
 'Nuair theid a ghoirt a's t-earrach ann,
 'S ceart ionann 's mar nì ghòraich,
 Air dròbhar nan caileagan.

* A clamorous vain young woman, whose custom was, when she saw any strangers passing by, to get up on some eminence, and call the hens from the corn, or cry to the herd to be careful, for no other reason than that she might be taken notice of. The cognomen is one of general application, but the bard had a particular dame in view;—and we have been told on undoubted authority, when she heard of her new name, that she gave up all concern about the hens and the herd-boy, to the great comfort and ease of both. Her father, however, suffered by the assumed modesty of his daughter—the herd-boy slept, the cows followed the hens into the corn fields, and destroyed them so much, that the old man was heard to swear if he came in contact with the poet, he would give him a hearty flagellation for making his daughter worse than useless to him at outside work!

Ge b'è chuireas dùil ann',
 An dùrachd cha'n aithnich è,
 Ge d' dheanadh i do phògadh,
 'S ge d' òladh i drama leat,
 'S ge d' ghealladh i le dùchas,
 Gum pòsadh i 'neathrar thu,
 'Nuair thiomnta' tu do chùl-thaobh,
 Bi'dh 'n sùilean gan camadh riut.

Mar sud their ise, ged' tus 's glic',
 Gun deanaim tric, nach aithne dhut,
 'S ge mer do bheachd, cha rachainn leat,
 Mar biodh do bheartas màile rint,
 'S mar be dhomh 'n leisg, a bhi am leis,
 Gun deanaim reic a's ceannach ort,
 'S 'nuair bhios tu falamh chùinneadh,
 Gum feuch mi cùl-thaobh bhaile dhut.

'S ge be ghabhas fath orr',
 Ga bràch bi'dh air aithreachas,
 'S ma dh' fheuchas i dha cairdeas,
 Cha'n fhearr bhios a bharail oirr';

'S mo theid e mo is d'na—
 Thig tàir agus farran air,
 'S mo gheibh i e sa ghàradh,
 Cha tàr e dhòl tharais air:

Bi'dh e cho glic ri duin' air mhìsg,
 'S bidh càch ga mheas mar amadan;
 'Nuair bhios e glact' mar ian an *suaip*,
 'S nach urr' e chas a tharruinn as;

'S a chaoi le tlachd, cha 'n fhaigh e las,
 Mur brist e 'n acuinne theannachaidh,
 'S ma se 's nach cuir e brèid oirr',
 'S an-èibhinn ri latha dha.

UILLEAM ROS.

WILLIAM ROSS, was born in Broadford, parish of Strath, Isle of Skye, in the year 1762. His parents were respectable, though not opulent. His father, John Ross, was a native of Skye, and of an ancient family of that name, whose ancestors had lived in that country throughout a long series of generations. His mother was a native of Gairloch, in Ross-shire, and daughter of the celebrated blind piper and poet, John Mackay, well known by the name of *Piobaire Dall*.

It appears that when William was a boy, there was no regular school kept in that part of the country: and as his parents were anxious to forward his education, they removed with him and a little sister from Skye to Forres. While attending the Grammar school of the latter place, he discovered a strong propensity to learning, in which he made such rapid advances as to attract the notice and esteem of his master; and the pupil's sense of his obligations was always acknowledged with gratitude and respect. This teacher, we are informed, declared, that on comparing young Ross with the many pupils placed under his care, he did not remember one who excelled him as a general scholar, even at that early period of life.

After remaining for some years at Forres, his parents removed to the parish of Gairloch, where the father of our bard became a pedlar, and travelled through Lewis, and the other western Isles—and, though William was then young and of a delicate constitution, he accompanied his father in his travels through the country, more with the view of discovering and making himself acquainted with the different dialects of the Gaelic language, than from any pecuniary consideration—the desire of becoming perfectly familiar with his native tongue, thus strongly occupying his mind even at this early period of life. And he has often afterwards been heard to say, that he found the most pure and genuine dialect of the language among the inhabitants of the west side of the Island of Lewis.

In this manner he passed some years, and afterwards travelled through several parts of the Highlands of Perthshire, Breadalbane, and Argyleshire, &c., seeing and observing all around him with the eye and discernment of a real poet. At this period, he composed many of his valuable songs; but some of these, we are sorry to say, are not now to be found.

Having returned to Gairloch, he was soon afterwards appointed to the charge of the parish school of that place, which he conducted with no ordinary degree of success. From the time of his entering upon this charge, it was generally remarked, that he proceeded in the discharge of his duties with unremitting firmness and assiduity, and in a short time gained a reputation for skill in the instruction of the young committed to his trust, rarely

known in the former experience of that school. He had a peculiar method and humour in his intercourse with his pupils, which amused and endeared the children to him: at the same time it proved the most effectual means of impressing the juvenile mind and conveying the instructions of the teacher. Many of those who were under his tuition still speak of him with the greatest enthusiasm and veneration.

In the course of his travels, and while schoolmaster of Gairloch, he contracted an intimacy with several respectable families, many of whom afforded him testimonies of friendship and esteem. His company was much sought after, not only on account of his excellent songs, but also for his intelligence and happy turn of humour. He was a warm admirer of the songs of other poets, which he often sung with exquisite pleasure and taste. His voice, though not strong, was clear and melodious, and he had a thorough acquaintance with the science of music. He played on the violin, flute, and several other instruments, with considerable skill; and during his incumbency as schoolmaster, he officiated as precentor in the parish church.

In the capacity of schoolmaster he continued till his health began rapidly to decline. Asthma and consumption preyed on his constitution, and terminated his mortal life, in the year 1790, in the twenty-eighth year of his age. This occurred while he was residing at Badachro, Gairloch. His funeral was attended by nearly the whole male population of the surrounding country. He was interred in the burying ground of the *Clachan* of Gairloch, and a simple upright stone, or *Clach-chuimhne*, with an English inscription, marks his "narrow house."

In personal appearance, Ross was tall and handsome, being nearly six feet high. His hair was of a dark brown colour, and his face had the peculiarly open and regular features which mark the sons of the mountains; and, unlike the general tribe of poets, he was exceedingly finical and particular in his dress. As a scholar, Ross was highly distinguished. In Latin and Greek he very much excelled; and it was universally allowed that he was the best Gaelic scholar of his day.

It is not to be wondered at, that a being so highly gifted as was Ross, should be extremely susceptible of the influence of the tender passion. Many of his songs bear witness that he was so. During his excursions to Lewis, he formed an acquaintance with Miss Marion Ross of Stornoway (afterwards Mrs Clough of Liverpool,) and paid his homage at the shrine of her beauty. He sung her charms, and was incessant in his addresses,—

————— "Every night he came
With music of all sorts, and songs composed
To her :"

But still he was rejected by the coy maid; and the disappointment consequent on this unfortunate love affair, was thought to have preyed so much on his mind, as to have impaired his health and constitution, during the subsequent period of his life. To this young lady he composed (before her marriage) that excellent song expressive of his feelings, almost bordering on despair, "*Feasgar luain a's mi air chuairt.*"

In the greater number of his lyrics, the bard leads us along with him, and imparts to

us so much of his own tenderness, feeling, and enthusiasm, that our thoughts expand and kindle with his sentiments.

Few of our Highland bards have acquired the celebrity of William Ross—and fewer still possess his true poetic powers. In purity of diction, felicity of conception, and mellowness of expression, he stands unrivalled—especially in his lyrical pieces. M'Donald's fire occasionally overheats, and emits sparks which burn and blister, while Ross's flame, more tempered and regular in its heat, spreads a fascinating glow over the feelings, until we melt before him, and are carried along in a dreamy pleasure through the Arcadian scenes, which his magic pencil conjures up to our astonished gaze. If M'Intyre's torrent fills the brooklet to overflowing, the gentler stream of Ross, without tearing away the embankment, swells into a smooth-flowing, majestic wave—it descends like the summer shower irrigating the meadows, and spreading a balmy sweetness over the entire landscape. If it be true that "*Sermo est imago animi*," the same must hold equally true of a song—and judging from such of his songs as have come into our hands, our author's mind must have been a very noble one—a mind richly adorned with the finest and noblest feelings of humanity—a mind whose structure was too fine for the rude communion of a frozen-hearted world—a mind whose emanations gush forth, pure as the limpid crystalline stream on its bed of pebbles. It is difficult to determine in what species of poetry William Ross most excelled—so much is he at home in every department. His pastoral poem "*Oran an t-Sankhraidh*," abounds in imagery of the most delightful kind. He has eschewed the sin of M'Intyre's verbosity and M'Donald's anglicisms, and luxuriates amid scenes, which, for beauty and enchantment, are never surpassed. His objects are nicely chosen—his descriptions graphic—his transitions, although we never tire of any object he chooses to introduce, pleasing. We sit immoveably upon his lips, and are allured at the beak of his finger, to feed our eyes on new and hitherto unobserved beauties. When we have surveyed the whole landscape, its various component parts are so distinct and clear, that we feel indignant at our own dulness for not perceiving them before—but as a finished picture, the whole becomes too magnificent for our comprehension.

Ross possessed a rich vein of humour when he chose to be merry;—few men had a keener relish for the ludicrous. His Anacreontic poem "*Moladh an Uisge-Bheatha*," is a splendid specimen of this description. How vivid and true his description of the grogshop worthies—not the base and brutalized debauchees—but that class of rural toppers, who get *Bacchi plenus* once or twice in the year at a wedding, or on Christmas. This was a wise discrimination of the poet: had he introduced the midnight revelry, and baser scenes of the city tavern, his countrymen could neither understand nor relish it. But he depicts the less offensive panorama of his country's bacchanals, and so true to nature—so devoid of every trait of settled libertinism, that, while none is offended, all are electrified—and the poet's own good taste and humour expand over the singer and the entire group of auditors.

Among his amorous pieces, there are two of such prominent merit, that they cannot be passed over.—"*Feargar luain*," so intimately connected with the poet's fate, has been

already noticed. Its history like that of its author, is one of love and brevity—it was composed in a few hours to a young lady, whom he accidentally met at a convivial party—and sung, with all its richness of ideality and mellowness of expression, before they broke up. “*Moladh na h-òighe Gàilich*,” although not so plaintive or tender, is, perhaps, as a poetical composition, far before the other. Never was maiden immortalized in such well-chosen and appropriate strains—never did bard’s lips pour the incense of adulation on maiden’s head in more captivating and florid language, and never again shall mountain maid sit to have her picture drawn by so faithful and powerful a pencil.

Without going beyond the bounds of verity, it may be affirmed that his poetry, more perhaps than that of most writers, deserves to be styled the poetry of the heart—of a heart full to overflowing with noble sentiments, and sublime and tender passions.

ORAN DO MHARCUS NAN GREUMACH;

AGUS DO'N EIDEADH-GHAELACH.

Bu trom an t-arsneul a bh'air m'aigne,
Le fadachd 's le m'ghean,
A bhuin mo threoir 's mo thàbhachd dhiom,
Cha ghabhadh eòl na màran rium
Ach thanig ùr thosgair' da m' iunnsaidh,
'Dhùisg mi as mo shuain,
'Nuair fhuair mi 'n sgeul bha mor ri éigh'd
Gun d'eadròmaich mo smuain.

Is làtha sealbhach, rathail, dealarach,
Alail, ainmeil, àgh-mhor,
A dh'fhuasgail air na h-Albannaich,
Bho mhachraichean gu garbhlaichean,
Bho uisge-Thuid* gu Areamh-chuain,
Bho Dheas gu Tuath gu léir;
Is binne 'n sram feadh shrath a's ghleann
Na òrgan gun mheang glèus.

A Mhareuis òig nan Gréumach,
Fhir gheust' an aigne rioghail,
O! gu'm a buan air t-aiteam thu,
Gu treubhach, buadhach, macanta,
'S tu 'n ùr-shlat aluinn 's muirneil blàth
De'n fhiubhaidh aird nach crion,
Gur tric na Gàcil 'g òl do shlainnt',
Gu h-ariaunnach air fion.

* The Water of Tweed.

Mo cheist am firean foinnidh, dìreach,
Maiseach, fìor-ghlan, ainmeil,
Mo sheobhag sùl-ghorm, amaisgeil,
Tha comhant, cliùiteach, bearraidheach,
A b'aird' a leumadh air each-sreine,
'M barrachd euchd thar chàich;
'S tu bhuinig euis a bharr gach cùirt,
'S a chuir air chùl ar càs!

Air bhi air farsan dhomh gach là
Gur tus tha ghuà air m' inntinn,
Mo rùn do'n tìr o'n d'ìmhich mi,
'S mo shuil air sad gu pilleadh ri:
'S ann thogas orm gu grad mo cholg
Le aigne meanmach, treun—
Mo chliabh tha gabhail lasadh aigheir,
'S àit mo naigheachd fcin.

Thainig fasan anns an achd
A dh'òrdaich pailt am feileadh,
Tha eiridh air na breacanan
Le farum treun neo-lapanach,
Eidh oighean thapaidh suionh 'sa dath
Gu h-eibhinn, àit, le uail
Gach aon diù 'g eideadh a' gaoil fein
Mar 's réidh leo anns gach nair

Biodh cogadh ann no sìo-chainnt,
 Cha chuir sin sìor-euchd oirn,
 An arn no feachd ma thogras iad,
 No 'n àr-amach cha 'n obamaid,
 Le'r teanadh suas ri uchd an thuath's.
 Le'r n'earadh nasal féin ;
 Le lannan cruaghach, neart-mhor, buan,
 A leantain ruaig gun sgíos !

On fhuair sinn *fasan* le'r sàr chleachdadh,
 Dùisgeadh beachd ar sinnsir,
 Le rùn gun cheilg 's na h-uile fear,
 'S gun mheirgh' air leing nan Lunnuineach,
 Le snunt a's gleus, a's barrachd spéis
 Toirt àite* fein do'n Rìgh,
 Mo bhàs gun éis mar b'fhearr leam fein sin,
 No ge d' éibht' an t-shith !

Note.—This song, as its title indicates, was composed on the repeal of President Forbes's unclotting act, and an anecdote is related of its first rehearsal, which we deem not unworthy of a place here. Our author, like all other poets of his day and country, was a staunch Jacobite, while his father was equally firm in his adherence to the family of Hanover. William had composed the song during one of his excursions through the country, where he probably heard of the erasure of the obnoxious act from the Statute Book, and sung it for the first time to a happy group of rustics who were in the habit of congregating nightly at his father's ingle to hear his new compositions. When he came to the last stanza, in which he indirectly lampoons his Majesty, "Ah!" said his father, involuntarily laying his hand on a cudgel, "ye clown, you know where and when you sing that." "Really, father," replied the poet, "I would sing it in the House of Commons if you were not there!"

ORAN AN T-SAMHRAIDH,

AIR FOKN—"Wut ye wcha I met yestreen."

O! mosg'leamaid gu suilbhear àit,
 Le sunntachd ghasd', a's eireamaid,
 Tha mhadainn-sa le furan caomh
 Toirt cuireadh faoilteach, eibhinn, duinn ;
 Cuireamaid fàilt air an lò,
 Le cruitean eòlmhor, teud-bhùineach,
 'S biodh ar cridhe deachdadh fuinn
 'S ar beoil a seinn le speirid dha.

Nach cluinn thu bith-fhuaim suthain, seamh,
 'S a bhruithainn sgeamhail, bhà-dhealtrach,
 'S beannachdan a nuas o neamh
 A dortadh fial gu làr aen :
 Tha nadur a caochladh tuar
 Le caomh-cruth, enaunda, pairt-dhathach,
 'S an cruinne iomlan, mu'n iath grian,
 A tarruinn fianhan gràsail air !

* Hanover.

Nach cluinn thu còisir stolda, suaire',
 'S an doir' ud shuas le'n òranan,
 Seinn cliù dha'n Cruthadair fein,
 Le loidhean ceutach, solasach,
 Air chooraidh an sgiath gun tamh
 Air mheangain ard nan rò-chrannaibh,
 Le'n ceileirean toirt moladh bion,
 Dha'n Tì dh'ath-phill am bèotachd riu.

Gu'm b'fhearr na bhì'n cadal an tamh,
 Air leabaidh stàta chloimh-itich,
 Eiridh moch sa mhadainn Mhàigh,
 Gu falbh na fàsach fheoirneinich,
 Ruaig a thoirt air bharr na driùchd,
 Do dhoire dlù nan smèrnichean,
 Am bì tùis is curaidh na fion,
 Le fàile ciatach ròsanan.

Tha feartan toirbheartach, neo-ghann,
 'S an am so gun gbreann dubhblackdach,
 Cuir trusgan trom-dhait' air gach raon,
 Le dealt, 's le braon ga'n ùrachadh
 Tha *Flora* enodachadh gach cluain,
 Gach glaic, a's bruaich le flùraichean,
 S bì'dh neòinean, ròsan, 's lili bàn,
 Fo'n dithean aluinn, chùl-mhaiseach.

Tha *Phabus* fein, le lòchrann aigh,
 Ag òradh àrd nam beanntaichean,
 'S a' taomadh nuas a ghathan tlà,
 Cuir dreach air blàth nan gleanntan ;
 Gach innseag 's gach coirean fraoich
 Ag tarruinn faoilte na Bealltainn air ;
 Gach fireach, gach tulach, 's gach tom
 Le foirm cuir fuinn an t-samhraidh orr'

Tha caoin, a's ciùin, airmuir a's tìr,
 Air machair mhù 's air garbh-shleibtean,
 Tha cuirnean driùchd na thùir air làr,
 Rì aird 's rì àin na geala-ghreine ;
 Bì'dh coill', a's pòr, a's fraoch, a's fèur,
 Gach iasg, gach éun, 's na h-ainmhidhean
 Rì teachd gu'n gn' salachd 's gu nòs,
 Na'n gnò, 's na'n doigh, san aimsir so.

Gur éibhinn àbhachd nìonag òg,
 Air ghasgun feoir 's na h-aonaichean,
 An gleantaibh fàsaich 's iad gu suaire',
 A falbh le buar ga'n saodachadh ;
 Gu h-urail fallain gun sgios,
 Gu maiseach, fialaidh, faoilteachail,
 Gu neo-chiontach 'gun cheilg, a's gràs
 Nan gaol a suamh nan aodannan.

Uain' gach mì-ghean, sgios a's gruaim,
 'S na bidheamaid uair fo'n aineartan,
 Crathamaid air chùl gach bròn,
 Le fonn, le còl, 's le canntaireachd ;

'S binn' an tathaich sud mar cheud
 No gleadhraich eitidh chàbhsairean,
 S mi 'm pillein chùraì', chul-ghorm fhraoich,
 'S na brughaichean saor ou chàmparaid.

Bitheadh easlaint eitigeach, gun chli
 An didean rìmhreach sheònmraichean
 Bitheadh éugailean gun spéis, gun brìgh,
 'N aitribh rìghrean, 's mòr-uaislibh,
 Biodh slainte chonnabhalach gach ial,
 Am buthaibh fial gum stròthalachd,
 Aig Gàidil ghasd' an éididh ghearr,
 Fir spéiseil, chairdeil, rò-gheanach !

ORAN AIR GAOL NA H-OIGHE

DO CHAILEAN.

Ann an madainn chiùin cheitean,
 'S an spreidh air an lòn,
 Agus cailin na buaile,
 Gabhail 'n-uallain mu'n còir :
 Do bhì gathanan *Phæbus*,
 A cuir an ceill tro' na neoil,
 Latha buadhach, geal, éibhinn,
 'S las na speuran le ròs.

Ach cha b'e 'n tòn, bha'd a tional,
 Anns an Iunis sa' ghleann,
 So bhuin m'aighe gu luasgan,
 'S mi air chuairt anns an am,
 Ach an cailin bu dreach-mhoire',
 Mine mais', agus loinn,
 Bh'air an tulaich na'm fochar,
 Gu ciùneil, foistineach, grinn.

Shnàmh mo smaointean an iognadh,
 'S thuit mi 'n coacladh ro-mbòr,
 Sheas mi snasacht mar iombaidh,
 'G ambare dian air an òigh,
 'S ge do bhrosnaich mo dhùrachd mi
 Dh'èisdeachd ùr-laoidh a beoil,
 Stad mi rithist le mūnadh,
 'S dheachd mi rùn gu bhì fòil.

Ach gur deacair dhomh innseadh,
 Leis mar dhiobrainn an cainnt,
 Dreach na fìr' ud, sa h-àilteachd,
 A thug barr air gach geall ;
 Tha slìos geala-mhìn mar eala,
 No mar chanach nan gleann,
 'S a h-anail chùraidh mar chaineal,
 O beul meachair gun mheang.

Bha falt cam-lùbach, bòidhnech,
 Bachlach, òr-bhuidh', na dhuail,
 Cäs-bhuidh', snìomhanach, faineach,
 An neo-chàradh mu'n cuairt,
 Do bhraghad sneachdaidh a b' fhior-ghlain
 Fo' lic bu mhìn-dheirge gruaidh,
 Gun innleachd bhà, ach buaidh naduir,
 A toirt gach barr dhut gun uail !

Aghaidh bhaindidh, ghlan, mhòdhar,
 Bu bhinne, ròs-dheirge, beul,
 Suil mheallach, ghorm, thairis,
 Caol-mhala, 's rosg réidh,
 Uchd sòlais, lan sòmais,
 Geala bhroilleach mar ghréin
 'S troidh mhìn-gheal, chaoin, shocrach,
 Nach doich'neadh am féur

Ach gu dubhar na coille,
 Am binne 'n goireadh a chuach,
 Bha 'm fochar na h-Iunse,
 Gus an tionailt' am buir,
 Gun do dh'imich an cailin,
 Mìn, farasda, suaire' ;
 Ghleus i guth, 's ghabh i òran,
 'S bu rò-bhinn chèol bheireadh buaidh.

B ann air gaol bha i tighinn,
 S rùn a cridhe, sa buaidh,
 Do dh'òg-laoch nan ciabh òr-bhuidh',
 An leitir Laomuinn nan cuach,
 Do dhiuchd uiseag, a's smeòrach,
 Am barraibh rò-chrannaibh snas,
 A's sheinn cho binn an co'ghleus d'i,
 'S gun do dh'èisd mi càr uair.

“ O chailean ! O Chailean ! ”
 Do sheinn cailin nan gaol,
 “ Cia fath nach tigeadh tu tharais,
 Do ghleannan falaich nan craobh ?
 Is nach iarrain-s' air m'òrdugh,
 De stòras, no mhaoin,
 Ach bhì laidhe na t-asgail,
 Fo' do bhreacan san fhraoich,

“ Gu'm b'òg mis' agus Cailean,
 Ann an gleannan na cuach,
 A's sinn a tional nan dìthean,
 Leinn fhìu feadh nan cluan ;
 A s sinn 'gar leagadh nar sìneadh,
 'Nuair bu sgì leinn air bruaich
 'S bhiodh na cruitearan sgiathach,
 Cuir ar cionalais bhuaìn.

“ Gu'm bu neo-chiontach m'aran
 Mo gràidh ann sa' chòill ;
 A's sinn a' m'ireadh n-ar 'n-aonar,
 Gun smaointinn air fòill ;

Sinn gun mhuilad, gun fhadachd,
O mhadainn gu h-òidhech!,
Agus *Cupid* g'ar tàladh,
Gu toirt gràidh, 's sinn nar cloinn.

" 'S ge do thainig an samhradh,
'S mi sa' ghleann so ri spréidh,
Gur e's tric leam am fagaíl,
'S bithidh càch as an deigh ;
'S ann a dhiucas mi tharais
Do na ghàran leam fein,
Gu bhli taomadh mo dhosgainn
Ann am fochar nau gèng.

" Tha mo chairdean fo ghruaim rium,
O là chual' iad mar tha—
Gur aunsa leam Cailean
Na fear-baile le than ;
Ach cha treiginn-s' mo cheud-ghradh,
Gus an géillein do'n bhàs ;
On a gheall e bhli dileas,
Cia fath mu'n dìbrinn-sa dha ?"

So mar sheinn an caomh chailin,
Tòsan tairis a gràidh,
'S a boid sheasmbach da cend ghaol,
A's nach dibreadh gu bràth,
Gach òigh' eile da cluinn so.
Gun robh a h-inntinn gu bàs,
Gu bhli leantainn an t-samh'l ud,
Gu'n a h-an-toil thoirt dha.

Ach air bhli grathuinn na m' thamh dhomh,
'S mi gun àbhachd san ròd,
'S mo chliabh air lasadh le h-éibhneas
A' tabhairt éisdeachd da'n òigh—
Chunnacas òganach gasda
Teachd o' leacain a chòd,
'S e le uile shàr imenchd,
'S b'ann gu Innis nam bò.

Bha dhreach, 'sa dhealbh mar bumhiamnach,
Le òigh iarraidh dh'i féin,
An tùs briseadh an rùnachd,
'S i fo h-ùr bhli air féill ;
Beachd a b'f hearr, bu neo-flurasd
A thabhairt tuille na dheigh,
Air an òganach mhaiseach,
A teachd o' leacain nan géug.

Ach snil dha'n tug an t-òg gasda
Bu rioghail mais' air gach taobh,
Dheare air òigh nan ciabh cas-bhuidh',
Siar fo' asgail nan craobh ;
Dheachd a chridhe le furtachd
Gu'm b'e sud cuspair a ghaol,
A's ghuidh e beanachd da 'n chodhail,
A bheag am bròn daibh araon.

Is ann an glacaibh a chèile,
Le mòr spéis mar bu mhiann,
Ghlais an dìth's ud le éibhneas,
'S an rùn réidh gu'n cuir dian ;
'S o'n bha furan cho tairis,
'S nach b'fhuras aithris cho fial,
Ghuidh mi sònas gun dìth dhaibh,
Gu là 'n crìch a's mi triall.

Note.—The circumstances that called forth the foregoing beautiful song were these :—Our author in his excursions was perambulating the Highlands of Perthshire, where he happened to alight on a sheiling, or mountain dairy, in the occupancy of a respectable farmer's daughter attended by a young man one of her father's servants. The bard was warmly invited to remain with them in this humble but hospitable hut for some days to rest himself and to bear them company. The invitation was accepted. A person of the poet's penetration could not long remain ignorant of the fact that the artless maiden was uneasy in her mind ; and, as they had now arrived at that stage of intimate familiarity which justifies the disclosure of secrets ; upon being questioned, she told him that her affections were fixed upon a neighbouring swain—a handsome, young fellow, whose advances, however, were discountenanced by her parents in consequence of his poverty. Ross possibly entered with enthusiasm into his friend's romantic love-affair—at all events, he was not the man to do violence to the feelings of the human heart for the sake of pounds, shillings, and pence. Short as his stay was in the sheiling, he had frequent opportunities of seeing the young lover and the milk maid meet in the solitude of a contiguous dell. Spurning the threatened wrath of parents, they were speedily married—the poet was invited to the marriage feast, where he sung this song so tenderly expressive of the bliss which had its consummation in the union of his fair friend with the man of her affections.

MARBH-RANN DO PHRIUNNSA TEARLACH.

CO-SHEIRM

*Soraidh bhuan dha'n t-suaithneas bhàn,
Gu là-luain cha ghluais o'n bhàs ;
Gildac an uaigh an suaithneas bòn
'S leacan fuaraidh tuaim' a thamh !*

Air bhli dhomh-sa triall thar druim
Air di-dùnaich, 's comhlàn leam,
Leughas litir naigheachd leim,
'S eia sgeul' ait a thachair imt',
Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Albainn arsaidh ! 's fathunn bròin,
Gach nou mhuir bàit' tha bàrcadh oirn,
T-òighe rioghail bhli san Ròimh,
Tirt' an caol ehist' liobhta bhòrd !
Soraidh bhuan, &c.

'S trom leam m'osnaich anns gach là
'S tric mo smuaintean fad' o laimh—
Cluain an domhain truagh an dàil,
Gur cobhartach gach feòil do'n bhàis!

Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Tha mo chrìdh' gu briste, fann,
'S deoir mo shùl a' ruith mar àilt,
Ge do cheilin sud air am,
Bhrùchd e mach 's cha mhiste leam.

Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Bha mi seal am barail chruaidh,
Gu'n cluimnte caisimeachd mu'n cuairt;
Cabhlach Thearlaich thigh'n' air chuan,
Ach thréig an dàil mi gu là-luain,

Soraidh bhuan, &c.

'S lionmhor laoch a's mili treun,
Tha 'n diugh an Albainn as do dhéidh,
Iad fo's n-ìosal sìleadh dheur,
Rachadh dian leat anns an t-sréip.

Soraidh bhuan, &c.

'S gur neo-shubhach, dubhach, sgì,
Do threud ionmhuinn anns gach tìr,
Buidheann meamnach bu gharg clì,
Ulamh, àrm-chleasach 's an t-srì.

Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Nis cromaidh na cruitearan binn,
Am barraibh dhòs fo' sprochen an ciunn,
Gach beò bhiodh ann an srath na'm beinn
A caoidh an co'-dhosgairn leinn.

Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Tha gach beinn, gach cnoc, 's gach sliabh,
Air am faca sinn thu triall,
Nis air call, an dreach 's am fiamh,
O nach tig thu chaoidh nan cian.

Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Bha'n t-àl òg nach fac thu riamh,
'G altrum graidh dhut agus miagh,
Ach thuit an cridhe nis na'n cliabh,
O na chaidil thu gu sìor.

Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Ach biodh ar n' ùirnigh moch gach là
Ris an Tì is aird' a ta,
Gun e dhioladh oirn' gu bràth,
Ar 'n éucoir nìr an t-suaithneas bhàn.

Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Ach's eagal leam ge math a chléir,
'S gach sonas gheallair dhuinn le'm beul,
Gu'm faicear sinn a' sìleadh dhéor,
A choinn an suaithneas bàna thréig.

Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Cuireamaid soraidh bhuaninn gu réidh
Leis na dh'imicheas an cèin,
Dh'ionnsaidh an àit' na laidh an reull,
Dh'fhògradh uainn gach gruain a's neul.

Soraidh bhuan, &c.

S bitheamaid toilicht' leis na tha,
O nach d' fhaod sinn bhì na's fearr,
Cha bhì n-ar cuairt an so ach gearr,
A's leanaidh sin an suaithneas bàna,

Soraidh bhuan, &c.

MIANN AN OGANAICH GHAEILICH.

AIR FONS—"We'll go no more a roving."

Tha sud do ghnà air m'inn-tinn,
Le ionpaidh chinnteach, réidh,
'S gur fada bho'n bu mhiannach leam,
Gu'n triallamaid dha réir;
'S a nis' bho nach urrainn mi
Ga chumail orm gu léir,
Bì'dh mi fadheoidh ag aideachadh
Na th'agam dhut de spéis.

*An sin treigeamaid am farsan,
'S gu'm b' fhearr na bhì air chuairt,
Bhì maille ris a' chailin sin,
Le farsadachd gun ghruaim.
An sin treigeamaid, &c.*

Gach aon a chì mi 's beartaiche,
Bithidh spailp orr' as am maoin,
Ach sud cha b'urraim m' iasgach-sa,
Ge d' liathain leis an aois,
Mo nadur ge d' bhiodh iarratach,
Dha' mhiann 's nach thugainn taobh,
Le snaim cho dian cha shuasachinn,
Mar glacte mi le gaol.

An sin treigeamaid, &c.

Na ged' bu shamhl' an stòras mi,
Ge neonach sud leibh fein.
Dha'n neach is liugh' còraichean,
Tha 'm Breatuinn mhòr gu leir
Ge soileir inbhe 'n stàta sin,
Cha tàladh e mi cum,
'S air mheiltean òir cha lubaun-s'
Ach an taobh dha 'm biodh mo dhéidh.

An sin treigeamaid, &c.

Gach fear dha'm beil na smaointean so,
 Bithidh m'aonta dha gu mor,
 Air chunha gun ghuè theag-mhaladh,
 R'a fhaotainn bhì na dhòigh ;
 A rùn-sa 'nuair a é'fhiosraichinn,
 Na'm measainn bhì air chòir,
 Gu'm molainn gun a diobairt dha,
 Cho fad sa bhìodh e beò.
An sin treigemaid, &c.

Gu'm b'ait leam cailin finealta,
 S' i maiseach, fìor-ghlan, ciùin,
 Ged' nach biodh nì, no airgead aic',
 Ach dreach a's dealbh air thùs
 Ach sud na'n tàrladh aic' a bhì
 'S ga réir bhì pailt' an cliù,
 Cha chreidinn gu'm bu mhíst' i e,
 'S i fein bhì glie air chùl,
An sin treigemaid, &c.

Cha treiginn féin a bharail sin,
 A dh'aindeoin 's na their càch,
 Le iomluas gu bhì caochlaidheach,
 'S nach aontaicheadh mo chàil,
 Gach fear bi'dh mar a's toileach leis,
 Gun choireachd bhuam gu bràth,
 'S a leanas e gu dìcheallach,
 A bheairt a chì e 's fearr.
An sin treigemaid, &c.

MIANN NA H-OIGHE GAELICH.

[AIR AN FHOHN CHEUDNA.]

Na'n tarladh dhomh sin fheatainn,
 Cha b'èigìn leam no càs,
 Bhì 'g iomlaid gaoil gun fhadal ris,
 'S gu réidh ga aithneheil dha,
 'Sa dh' aindeoin uail a's gòraich
 Nan òighean òga, bàth,
 'S e sud an teuchd gu dìdeanadh,
 An cridheachan gu bràth.

*Gu'm b' annsa na bhì m'dnar,
 Mo lannh 's mo ghuol thoirt uam,
 Muraon a's lùbadh farasda,
 Le òigear fearail suaire.
 Gu'm b' annsa, &c.*

Na'n deanadh fortan fabhar rium,
 'S an dàil sin chuir ma m' chòir,
 Le òigear maiseach, mìleauda
 Gun anbharr, no dìth stòir,
 A chuir an taobh a bithinn-sa,

'S mì fein am nìghinn òig,
 Gun easbhuidh seadh no pàirtean air
 Cha'n aich'ain e ach fòil.
Gu'm b' annsa, &c.

B'e sud an céile thaghainn-sa,
 'S cha chladhaire neo-threun,
 Dha'm biodh làn nan còbhraichean,
 Dheth 'n òr 's gun treòir dha réir ;
 A threudan a' tigh'n' tharais air,
 Le barrachd dheth gach séud,
 Cha'n fhagadh snibhreas sona mì,
 Gun toileachas na dhéigh.
Gu'm b' annsa, &c.

Gu'n cumadh Ni-math bhuam-sa sud !
 Fear gabhaidh, cruaidh, gun chliù,
 Na fhionaig dhriopail. gheor-chuisich,
 Bhios leirsinneach le shùil,
 Gun tomad a measg dhaoinè dheth,
 Gun ghean, gun fhaoilt, na ghuùis,
 Gun fhailteachd, chairdeil, fhurannach—
 Gun uirghioll aig a's fiù.
Gu'm b' annsa, &c.

Ach òigear dreachmhòr, tabhachdach
 Neo-ardanach na ghuè,
 Bhios calma 'nuair as éigin da,
 'S rei'-bheartach dha reir ;
 Gun stòras bhì tigh'nn tharais air,
 Gun aim-bheartas gu leir,
 'S e sud na'm faighinn m'arratas,
 A mhiannaichinn dhomb fein.
Gu'm b' annsa, &c.

ORAN

AR AISEADH AN FHEARUNN DO NA CINNFHEADHNA
 SA' BHLADHNA—1782.

LUINNEAG.

*Their mì hòro hùgo hoiriunn,
 Ho i hòiriunn hòro,
 Their mì hòro hùgo hoiriunn.*

Thug m' inntinn air fad gu beadrath,
 Mar nach leagadh bròn i.
Their mì hòro hùgo hoiriunn, &c.

Bith'maid gu mìranach, geanach,
 Fearail, mar bu chòir dhuinn.
Their mì hòro hùgo hoiriunn, &c.

Cuirt am bàla breac na tharruinn,
'S glaineachan air bòrd dhuinn.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Chuala mi naigheachd a Sasunn,
Ris na las mo shùlas.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Na Suinn a bha 'n iomairt Thearlaich,
Thigh 'n gu dàil an còrach.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

'S ge a' tha cuid dìn sud a thrial tainn,
Tha 'n iarmad air fòghuadh.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Feudaidh mac bodaich a réiste,
Bhi cuir bleid a stòras.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Cosgamaid bàla de chuineadh
Nan Suinn nach eil beò dhuin.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Tostamaid suas gach ceann-finne,
Bh'anns an iomairt mh'ir ud.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Tostamaid suas luchd ga leanmbuinn,
Gun dearmad air Dèorsa:
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Sluagh Bhreatainn agus Eirinn,
Geilleachdainn da mhòrachd.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Ge bu daillich leinn an sgeul ud,
Mac Rìgh Seumas fhògradh.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Cha'n eil stà a bhi ga iunndran
Ge b'e 'm prìunsa còir e.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

'S gun tig tuisleadh air na rìghrean
Mar a dhiobras tlach,
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Fonn an cinnich fìor shìol coirce,
Cinnidh fochan òtraich;
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Mar thug mi gu ceann mo luinneag,
Sguiridh mi gu stòlda,
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

FEASGAR LUAIN.

FEASGAR LUAIN. a's mi air chuairt,
Gu'n cualas fuaim nach b' fhuathach leam,
Ceòl nan teud gu h-èrdail, réidh,
A's coisir da reir os a chionn;
Thuit mi 'n caochladh leis an ioghnadh,
A dh-aisig mo smaointean a null,
'S chuir mi 'n ceill gu'n imichinn céin,
Le m'aigheadh féin, 's e co-strèap rium.

Chaidh mi steach an ceann na coisir,
An robh òl a's ceòl as dàmhs',
Rìbhinnean, a's fleasgaich òga,
'S iad an ordugh grinn gun mheang;
Dhearcas fa leath air na h-òighean,
Le ròsg foil a null 'sa null,
'S ghlacadh mo chridhe, 's mo shùil cò'ladh,
'S rinn an gael mo leòn air ball!

Dhìuchd mar aingeal, ma mo choinneamb,
'N ainneir òg, bu ghrinne snuadh;
'Seang shlios fallain air bhàla canaich,
No mar an eal' air a chuan;
Suil ghorm, mheallach, fo chaoil mhala
'S caoin' a sheallas 'g amharc uath,
Beul tlà, tairis' gun ghnè smalain,
Dha'n gnà carthannachd gun uaill.

Mar gath gréin' am madainn cheitein,
Gu'n mheath i mo leirsinn shùil,
'S i ceumadh ùrlair gu réidh, iompaidh,
Do reir pugannan a chiùil;
Rìbhinn mhòdhail, 's fìor-ghlan fòghlum,
Dh-fhion-fhuil mhòrghalach mo rùin,
Reull nan òighean, grian gach coisiridh,
'S i'n chiall chòmbraidh, cheòl-bhinn, chiùin.

'S tearc an sgeula sunnailt t-éngaisg,
Bhi ri fheatainn san Roinn-Eòrp,
Tha ma's, a's feile, tlachd, a's ceutaidh,
Nach facas leam féin fa m' chòir,
Gach cliù a' fàs riut mùirn, 's an àillteachd
An sùgradh, 's a màran beoil,
'S gach buaidh a b'aill, bh' air *Diana*,
Gu leir mar fhagail, tha aig Mòir,

'S bachlach, duallach, càs-bhuidh', cuachach,
Càradh suaimeas gruaig do chinne,
Gu h-àluim, bòidheach, faineach, òr-bhuidh',
An càraibh seòighn' san t-rudugh grinn,
Gun chron a' fàs riut, a dh' fheut' aireamh,
O do bharr gu sàil do bhuiinn;
Dhìuchd na buaidhean, òigh, mu'n cuairt dut,
Gu meudachdain t-uaill 's gach puing!

Bu leigheas éugail, slan o'n Eug,
Do dh' fhear a d' fheudadh bhí ma d' chóir
B' fhear na'n cadal bhí na t-fhagaig,
'G éisdeachd agallaidh do bheoil ;
Cha robh *Bhenus* a measg leugaibh,
Dh' aindeoin féucantachd cho boidh'ch,
Ri mùirinn mhín, a leon mo chridh',
Le buaidhean, 's mi 'g a dìth ri m' bheò.

'S glan an fhion-fhuil as na fhriamhaich
Thu, gun fhiarradh m'biar, no mheang,
Cinneadh mòrghalach, bu chrodha,
Tional cò'ladh cho'-stri lann,
Bhuin'eadh cùis a bharr nan dù'-Ghall,
Sgiursadh iad gu'n dùthchas thall,
Leanadh ruaig air Càtaich fhuara,
'S a toirt buaidh orr' anns gach ball.

Tha cabar-féidh an dlùth's do reir dhut,
Nach biodh easlaineach san strì,
Fìr nach òbadh leis ga'n togail
Dol a chogadh 'n aghaidh rìgh,
Bu choigail, faiceant' an stoirm feachdaidh,
Armach, breacanach, air tì
Dol 'san iomairt gun bhonn gioraig,
'S nach pilleadh gu dhòl fo chis.

'S trom leam m' osna', 's cruai' leam m'fhortan
Gun ghleus socair, 's mi gun sunnt,
'S mi ri smaointinn air an aon rùn,
A bhuin mo ghaol gun ghaol d'a chionn.
Throm na Dùilean peanas dùbailt,
'Gu mis' umhlachadh air ball,
Thàladh *Cupid* mi san dùsal,
As na dhùisg mi bruite, fann!

Beir soraidh buam do'n ribhinn shuairc',
De'n chinneadh mhòr a's uaisle gnàs,
Thoir mo dhùrachd-sa g'a h-ionnsaidh,
'S mi 'n deagh rùn d'a cùl-bhuidh' bán.
'S nach brúadar cadail a ghluais m'aigne,
'S truagh nach aidich è dhombh tàmh,
'S ge b'ann air chuairt, no thall an cuan,
Gu'm bi mi smuainteach ort gu bràth.

MOLADH A BHIAIRD

AIR A THIR FEIN.

ON is fàrsan leam gach là,
Bì'dh 'n sràchd so gu Braid-Albann,
A d'fheuch a fearr a gheilh mi slaint,
A thigh'n' gu àrd nan garbh-chrioch,
S ge do dhìrich mi Làire-Ìla.
'Tha mo spid air falbh bhuam,
Ge tùs bliann' ùir' e 's beag mo shùrd,
Ri brughaichean Choire-Choramaic.

A thaigh Chill-Fheinn, cha bhuanachd leinn,
Air chinnt' ge d' tha thu boidheach,
A bhì ri sneachd' a diol mo leapa,
Dha'n t-Sasunnach dhòite,
'S i'n tìr fo thuath dha mèr mo luaidh sa,
Ghluais mo smuain gu òran,
'S mi air bealach triall ri gaillion,
Gu fearann nach èol domh.

A Shrath Chinn-Fhaolain nam bà-maola
'S nam fear-caola, luatha,
'S mi nach tagh'leadh, air do ghaol thu,
Nochd gur faonraidh fuar thu ;
Thuirt beul an ráfaid rium gum b'fhearr,
Na Gearr-loch an taobh-Tuatha,
Fhearann gortach, lan de bhochdain,
Gun socair aig tuath ann.

Beir mo shoraidh 'thìr a mhonaidh,
A's nam beann còrrach, àrda,
Fridh nan gaisgeach 's nan sonn gasda,
Tìr Chlann-Eachuinn Ghearr-loch,
Gur uallach, eangach, an damh breangach,
Suas tro' gleannan fàsaich,
Bì'dh euch sa bhadan, seinn a leadainn,
Moch sa mhadainn, Mhàighe,

Gum b'e Gearr-loch an tìr bhaigheil,
'S an tìr phairteach, bhìadhar,
Tìr a phailteis, tìr gun ghainne,
Tìr is glaine fialachd,
An tìr bhainneach, uachdrach, mhealach,
Chaoibhach, channach, thiorail,
Tìr an arain, tìr an tachdair,
Sithne, a's pailteas iasgaich,

Tìr an àigh i, tìr nan àrmunn,
Tìr nan sàr-fhear gléusda ;
Tìr an t-suairceis, tìr gun ghruaiméan,
Tìr is uaisle féile.
An tìr bhòreach, nam frìth ro-mhor,
Tìr gun leon, gun gheibhinn,
An tìr bhraonach, mhachrach, raonach,
Mhàrtach, laoghach, fhèurach.

Gu'u tì nollaig mhòr le sonas,
Gu comunn gun phràbar,
O'n's lionmhor gaisgeach le sàr acuinn
Theid gu feachd na tràghad,
Mar shluagh Mhic-Chù'il le cruai' fhiùbhai',
Ruag gun chùn' air sràchdan ;
Bì'dh Muireardach maide fo' bhinn chabar
Gu stad i sa Bhràidhe.

Ge do tha mi siubhal Galldachd,
Cha'n ann tha mo mh'-chuis,
Ge d' tha mi 'n taobh-s' ann
Tha mo rùn do'n chomunn chiùin nach prìobal

'N'am teirce' do'n là thig sibh o'n tràigh,
 Gu seòmar bàn nam pisean ;
 Bi'dh ceòl nam feadan 's Eoin da spreigeadh
 Gu beagadh 'ur mi-ghean.

Bi'dh bòla lan air bhord na'n dàil,
 Cuir surd fo chàil na còisir,
 Bi'dh luaidh mu'n cuairt nach cluinnt' a luach.
 Aig sunn chuir cuairt na h-Eòrpa
 Bi'dh luagh a's luinneag, duan a's iorran,
 'S cuairt le sgil bho'n òisich,
 Aig buidhean ghasda, nan arm sgaiteach.
 Treunbhor air feachd comb-strì.

'Nnair tharladh sibh 'san taigh-thabhairn,
 Far an tràighte st'ip leibh,
 Cha b'e'n canran bhiodh u'ur pairt,
 An uair a b'airde pòit dhuibh,
 Ach mir', a's màran, gaol, a's cairdeas
 'S iomairt lamh gun dò-bheirt
 'S bu bhinn ri èisdeachd cannt 'ur béul,
 Seach iomairt mheur air òigh-chèol.

Cho fad sa dh'imich cliù na h-Alba,
 Fhuaradh ainm na dùch' ud,
 An am a h-uaislean dhol ri cruadal
 'S Eachunn ruadh air thùs dhìubh,
 O là *Raon Flodden* nam beum tròm'
 A shoeraich bonn na fiùdhaidh,
 Gu h-uallach, dòsrach, suas gun dòsgainn,
 Uasal bho stoc mhùirneach.

ORAN A RINN AM BARD

ANN AN DUN-ÈIDEANN

AIR FONN—"The Banks of the Dee."

Sa' mhadainn 's mi 'g eiridh,
 'S neo-éibhinn a ta mi,
 Cha b' ionann a's m' àbhaist,
 Air airidh nan gleann,
 O 'n thainig mi 'n taobh-s'.
 Chuir mi cùl ris gach màran,
 'S cha bheag a chuis-ghraine leam,
 Canran nan Gall :
 Cia mar dh'fheudain bhì subhach,
 S mo chrì an àit' eile ?
 Gun agam ach pàirt dheth,
 Sa 'n àit' anns am beil mi,
 Fo dhubhar nam mòr-bheann,
 Tha 'n còrr dheth 's cha cheil mi,
 'S gur grain' leam bhì 'g amharc,
 Na th'agam na gheall.

O! 's tric bha mi falbh leat,
 A gheala-bhean na féile,
 Ann a doire nan géug,
 A's air reidhleìn na drìùchd ;
 'S air srathaibh a ghlinne,
 Far bu bhinne gàth smeòraich.
 'S air iomair nan nòineinean,
 Fheòirneanach chùr',
 A dìreadh a mbulaich
 'S a tional na spréidhe,
 Gu Innseag na tulaich,
 Air iomain sa' chéitean,
 Bu neo-chionntach màran,
 Mo ghraidh-sa gun bheud ann ;
 'S gu 'm b'ait leam bhì 'g eisdeachd
 Rì sgeula mo rùin.

ORAN ANNS AM BEIL AM BARD
 A MOLADH A LEANNAIN.—AGUS A DHUTHAICH FEIN.

AIR FONN—"O'er the muir among the heather.

GUR e mis' tha briste, bruite,
 Cia b'e rì'n leiginn mo rùnachd.
 Mu'n ainm is binne sùgradh,
 'S mi rì giulan a cion-falaich.

E ho rò mo ràn an cailin
E ho rò mo ràn an cailin
Mo ràn cailin suaire' a mhàrain,
Tha gach là a' tigh'n' fò' m'aire.

Tha mo chridhe mar na cuaintean,
 Mar dhuilleach nan crainn le luasgan,
 No mar fhiadh an aird nam fuar-bheann ;
 'S mo chadal luaiueach le faire.
E ho ro, &c.

Shiubhail mi fearann nan Gàèl,
 'S earrainn de Bhreatainn air farsan
 S cha'n fhacas na bheireadh barr,
 Air Finne bhàn nan tlà-shul meallach.
E ho ro, &c.

Bu bhinne na smeòrach Chéitein
 Leam do ghloir, 's tu comhradh réidh rium,
 'S mo chliabh air lasadh le h-éibhneas,
 Tabhairt èisdeachd dha d' bheul tairis.
E ho ro, &c.

Bu tu mo chruit, mo cheol, 's mo thaileasg,
'S mo leug phrìseil, rìmhèach, aghmhor,
Bu leigheas eugail o na bhàs domb,
Na'm feudainn a ghnà bhì mar riut.

E ho ro, §c.

Gu muldach mi 's mi smaointinn,
Air cuspair mo chion' gun chaochladh,
Oigh mhìn, mhaiseach, nam tùs maoth-gheal
'S a slios caoin-tlà mar an canach.

E ho ro, §c.

Thà do dhealbh gun chearb, gun fhiarradh,
Min-gheal, fìor-ghlan, dìreach, lìonta,
'S do nadur cho seamh 's bu mhìannach,
Gu pailt, falaidh, ciallach, banail,

E ho ro, §c.

Air fad m' fhuireach an Dun-éideann,
Cumail comuin' ri luchd Beurla
Bheir mi 'n t-soraidh so gu'n treigsinn
Dh' ionnsaidh m' éibhneis ann 'sua glean-

E ho ro, §c. [uaibh.

Ge do tharladh dhomb bhì 'n taobh-sa,
Gur beag mo thlachd dheth na dù'-Ghaill.
'S bi'dh mi nis a' cuir mo chùl riu,
'S a deanamh m' iùil air na beannaibh,

E ho ro, §c.

Gur eatrom mo ghleus. a's m' iompaidh,
'S neo-lodail mo cheum o'n fhonn so,
Gu tìr àrd nan sàr-fhear suuntach.
'S a treigsinn Galdachd 'nam dheannamh.

E ho ro, §c.

Dìridh mi gu Tulach-Armuinn,
Air leth-taobh Srath mìn na Làirce,
'S tearnaidh mi gu Inneag bhà-choill
'S gheith mi Fìne bhàn gun smalan.

E ho ro, §c.

MOLADH AN UISGE-BHEATHA.

LUNNEAG.

*Hò rò gur toigh leinn drama,
Hò rò gur toigh leinn drama,
Hò rò gur toigh leinn drama,
'S ioma fear tha'n geall air.*

Mo ghaol an coilgearnach spraiceil,
Dh-fhàs gu foirmeil, meannach, maiseach,
Dh-fhàs gu spèiseil, treabhach, tapaidh,
Neo-laparh san aimhreit;

Hò ro, §c.

Ach trocair g' an d' fhuair a chailleach,*
Bha uaireigin anns na h-Earadh,
Cha mheasa ni mi do mholadh,
Ge do lean mi 'm fonn aic'.

Hò ro, §c.

Thagh i 'm fonn so, 's sheinn i clùì dh-ut,
Dh-aithnich i'ns goinn abb'ann san drùthaig,
'Nuair a bhiodh a broinn san rùpail,
B'e rùn thu bhì teann oirr'.

Hò ro, §c.

Ach 's tu 'm fear briodalach, sùgach,
Chuireadh ar mì-ghean air chùl duinn,
'S a chuireadh teas oirn san dùlachd,
'Nuair bu ghnù an geamhradh,

Hò ro, §c.

Stuth glan na Tùiseachd, gun truailleadh,
Gur òc-shlaint choir am beil buaidh e;
'S tu thogadh m'inntinn gu suairecas,
'S cha b'è druaid na Frainge.

Hò ro, §c.

'S tu 'n gill' éibhinn, meanmnach, boidheach,
Chuireadh na cailleachan gu bòilich,
Bheireadh seanachas as na h-òighean
Air ro-mhòid am baiudeachd,

Hò ro, §c.

Chuireadh tu uail' anns a bha'-laoch,
Sparradh tu uail anns an arachd,
Dh-fhàgadh tu cho suaire' fear dreamach,
'S nach biodh air' air dreannan.

Hò ro, §c.

'S tu mo laochan soitheamh, sìobhalt,
Cha bhì loinn ach far am bi thu,
Fograi' tu air falbh gach mì-ghean
'S bheir thu sìth á aimhreit'.

Hò ro, §c.

'S mor tha thlachd air do luchd tòireachd,
Bithidh iad falaidh, pailt ma'n stòras,
Chaidh cha sgrubair 's an taigh-òsd iad,
Sgapadh òir nan deann leo.

Hò ro, §c.

* The bard here alludes to the celebrated Mary M'Leod the poetess, who is said to have been a little *dry* in her last years. Tradition has it that, when Mary paid a visit to any of her friends, if the *shell* was not in immediate requisition, she feigned to be suddenly seized with colicks—raising such lugubrious moans and shrieks as could not but alarm the inmates. “Oh! Mary, dear daughter,” they would exclaim in their simplicity, “what ails you—what can do you good?” Mary, who was musical even in her distress, would reply in the words of the chorus—“*Hò rò gur toigh leam drama*”.

Cha' n'èil cleireach, no pears eaglais,
Crabhach, teallsanach, no sagart,
Dha nach toir thu caohladh aigne—
Sparra' cèill san amblair.

Ho ro, &c.

Cha' n'èil cleasaich anns an rìoghachd
Dha' m bu leas a dhòl a stri riut,
Dh-fhagadh tu e-san na shìneadh,
'S pioban as gaeh ceann deth.

Ho ro, &c.

Dh-fhagadh tu fear mosach fialaidh,
Dheana' tu fear tosdach briathrach,
Chuire' tu sòg air fear cianail,
Le d' shoghraidhean greannar.

Ho ro, &c.

Dh-fhaga' tu cho slàn fear bacach,
'S e gun ìch, gun òich, gun acainn,
'G éiridh le sunnt air a leth-chois,
Gu spailpeil a dhàmhsa.

Ho ro, &c.

Chuire' tu bodaich gu beadradh,
'S na cromaichean sgrògach, sgreagach,
Gu éiridh gu frogail, sa cheigeil,
Ri sgeig air an t-sheann aois,

Ho ro, &c.

Bu tu sùiriche mo rùn-sa,
Ge d' thuirtna mathan nach b'fhù thu,
'Nuair a thachras tu ga' chùil riu,
Bheir thu cùis gun taing dhiù.

Ho ro, &c.

Bu tu cairid an fhuir-fhacail,
Eheireadh fuasgla' dha gu tapaidh.
Ged nach òl e dhiot ach cairteal,
'S blasmhoirid a chainnt e.

Ho ro, &c.

Tha cho liugha buaidh air fas ort,
'S gu là-luain nach faod mi'n aireamh,
Ach 'se sgaoil do chliù 's gach àite,
Na bàird a bhì 'n geall ort.

Ho ro, &c.

Thogadh ort nach b'fheairde mis thu,
Gun ghoid thu mo chuid gun fhios uam
Ach gun taing do luchd do mhiosgàin
Cha chreid mise draund dheth.

Ho ro, &c.

Bha mi uair, 's bu luach-mhor t-fheum dhomh,
Ge nach tuig mal-shluagh gun chéill e,
Dum amabum, sed quid refert,
Na ghràisg quæ amanda.

Ho ro, &c.

MAC-NA-BRACHA.

LUINNEAG.

'S toigh linn drama, lion a ghlaire,
Cuir an t-searrag sin an null;
Mac-na-brach' an gille gasda,
Cha bu rapairean a chlànn.

Ge b'e dhi-mol thu le theangaidh.
B'òc an aithne bha na cheann.
Mar tig thu fbatlast na charamh,
Gu'm beil mo bharnil-sa mealt'.
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

Na'm b'e duine dha nach b'èol thu,
Dheana' fòirceart ort le cainnt,
Cha bhidheamaid fein dha leann:uinn,
Chionn 's gu'm biodh do shealbh air gaun,
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

Ach fear a bha greis na d' chomunn,
Cha b'e chomain-s' a bh'ann
Bhì cuir mi-chliù air do nadur,
Gnr an dha-sa bhios a chall,
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

Co dh'aoireadh fear do bhéusan?
Ge do bheirt' e fein sa'n *Fhrainc*,
No dhi-mholadh stuth na Tòiseachd?
Ach trudar nach ùladh dràm.
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

Stuth glan na Tòiseachd gun truailleadh,
An òc-shlaint is uaisle t' ann,
S fearr gu leigheas na gach lighich,
Bha no bhithreas a measg Ginnall.
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

C'ia mar a dheanamaid banais?
Cumhnanta, no ceangal teann?
Mar bi dràm againn do'n Chleireach,
Bu leibeideach feum a pheann.
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

* When our author's celebrated preceding song in praise of whisky became generally known, Mr John Mac-Donald, the author of the excellent love-ditty, the second set of *Mairi Laghach*, invoked his muse and composed a parody on it systematically overthrowing every thing Ross had said in its praise. Our author having heard of this, again tuned his lyre—sustained the positions he formerly assumed—castigated the violifer of *aqua vitæ* and at still greater length celebrated the inspiring qualities of it.

Tha luchd cràbhaidh dha do dhiteadh,
Le cùl-chainnt a's briodal feall,
Ge d' nach aidich iad le'm beoil thu,
Olaidh iad thu mar an t-àllt.
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

A Chléir fein, ge seunt' an còta,
Tha'n sgornanan ort an geall,
Tha cuid ac' a ghabhas fraoileadh,
Cho math ri saighdear sa' champ,
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

AN t-OLLA MAC-IAIN* le Bheurla,
Le 'Laideann a's 'Ghreugais-chainnt,
Gu'n dh-fhag stuth uaibhreach nan Gàid,
Teang' a chànanaich ud mall.
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

'N uair thug e ruaig air feadh na h-Alba,
'S air feadh nan garbh-chrioch ud thall
Dh-fhag Mac-na-brach' e gun lide
Na amadan liotach, dall.
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

Gu'm b'ait leam fein, fhir mo chridhe,
Bhi mar ri d' bhuidhean 's gach ùm,
'S tric a bha sinn ar dìthis
Gun phìob, gun fhìdheil, a damhs!
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

MOLADH NA H-OIGHE GAELICH.

AIR FÒNN—"Mount your baggage."

A Nighean bhòidheach
An òr-fhuil bhachalaich,
Nan gorm-shùl mìogach,
'S nam mùn bhàs sneachda-gheal,
Gu'n siubhlain reidhleach
A'a sleibhteann Bhreatuinn leat,
Fo earradh sgaolte
De dh'aodach breacain orm,

'S e sud an t-éideadh
Ri 'n eireadh m'aighe-sa,
'S mo nighean Ghàelach,
Aluinn agam ann ;
O bheil na h-òidhche
Gu soills' na madainne,
Gu'm b'ait n-ar sùgradh
Gun dùsal cadail oirn.

Ge d' tha na bain-tighearnan
Gallda, fasanta,
Thug òigh na Gàellig,
Barr am màis' orra,
Gur annir sheòighn i
Gun sgòid ri dearc' oirre,
Na h-earradh glé-mhath
De dh'eudadh breacannach.

Gur foinnidh, mìleanta
Direach, dreachmhor, i,
Cha lùb am feoirnean
Fò bròig 'nuair shaltras i ;
Tha deirge a's gile
Co-mhìre-gleachdannich,
Na gnùis ghil, éibhinn,
Rinn ceudan airtneulach.

Réidh dheud chomhnard
An ordugh innealta,
Fò bhilibh sàr-dhaitht',
Air blàth *bhermillian* ;
Tha h-aghaidh nàrach
Cho làn de chinealtachd,
'S gun tug a h-aogas,
Gach aon an ciomachas.

Gur binne còmhradh
Na òraid fhileanta,
Tha guth ni's ceòlmhoir',
Na òigh-cheol binn-fhaclach,
Cha laidheadh bròn oirn,
No leon, no iomadain,
Ri faighinn seul dùinn
O bheil na finne sin.

'Nuair thig a Bhealltainn,
'S an Samhradh lùsanach,
Bì'dh sinn air àiridh,
Air àrd nan uchdanan,
Bì'dh cruitt nan gleannan
Gu canntair, cuirteasach,
Gu tric gar dùsgadh
Le sùrd gu moch-ciridh.

'S bì'dh 'n crodh, 's na caoirich,
'S an fhraoch ag inealtradh,
'S na gobh'raibh bailg-fhionn,
Gu ball-bhreac, bior-shuileach,
Bì'dh 'n t-àl 's an leinnich
Gun cheill, gun chion orra,
Ri gleachd 's ri còmhrag
'S a snòtach bhileagan.

* Dr Samuel Johnson.

B'ìdh mise, a's Mhàiri
 Gach là 's na glacagan,
 No'n doire géugach
 Nan éunan breac-iteach,
 B'ìdh cuach, a's smébrach,
 Rì ceòl 's ri caismachd,
 'S a gabhail òrain
 Le sgòrnain bhlasda dhuinn.

Note.—“WILLIAM Ross chiefly delighted in pastoral poetry, of which he seized the true and genuine spirit—‘*Moladh na h-òighe Gaeltich*’ or his ‘Praise of the Highland Maid’ is a masterpiece in this species of composition. It embraces every thing that is lovely in a rural scene; and the description is couched in the most appropriate language.”—BIBLIOTHECA SCOTO-CELTICA.

AN LADIE DUBH.

LWINNEAG.

*Hò ro ladie dhuì',
 Hò ro eile,
 Hò ro ladie dhuì',
 Hò ro eile,
 Hò ro ladie dhuì',
 Hò ro eile,
 Gu'm b'èibhinn le m'aigneachd
 An ladie na'm feòladh.*

Nach mireagach *Cupid*,
 'S e sùgradh rì mhathair,
 Dia brionnach gun suilean,
 An duil gur ceòl-gàir' e,
 A' tilgeadh air thuàiream,
 Mu'n cuairt anns gach òite,
 A shaighdean beag, guineach,
 Mar's urrainn e'n sàthadh.
Hò ro ladie dhuì', §c.

Bha sagart 's na crìochan,
 'S bu diaghaidh 'm fear-leughaidh,
 Air dunadh le creideamh,
 'S le eagnachd cho eudmhor;
 'S b'ann á cheann-eagair,
 A theagasg bhi béusach
 Gun ofraill a nasgadh
 Aig altairan *Bhenais*.
Hò ro ladie dhuì', §c.

'Nuair a chunnair a bhan-dia,
 Fear-teampull cho dùire,
 Gun urram dh'a maildeachd,
 Gun mhìgh air a sìgradh,
 Chuir i 'n dia dalldach,
 Beag, feallsach, gun sùilean,
 'Dh-fheuchain am feudadh e,
 A ghlèusadh gu h-ùrlaim.
Hò ro ladie dhuì', §c.

'Nuair dhiuchd an dia baother,
 Beag, faoilteach, mu'n cuairt da,
 Gun thilg e air saighead,
 O chailin na bùaile
 Chaidh 'n sagart na lasair,
 S cha chuir as gu là-luain e,
 Mar bhithheadh gun gheill e,
 Do *Bhenus* san uair sin.
Hò ro ladie dhuì', §c.

S b'e aidmheil an *Lrbhit*,
 'Nuair a b' éigin da ùmhlachd,
 Gu 'm b' fheairde gach buachaille
 Gruagach a phùsadh,
 'S bha cailin na buaile,
 Cho buan ann a shuilean,
 'S gun robh i na aigneadh,
 Na chadal 's na dhùsgadh.
Hò ro ladie dhuì', §c.

'S e fàth ghabh an sagart,
 Air càidridh na h-òighe,
 Air dha bhi air madainn,
 Gu h-aidmheil na sheòmar,
 A glacadh 's na leagadh,
 Air leabaidh bhig ch'òmhnaird,
 'S mu's maitheadh e peacadh,
 Bhi tacan ga pògadh.
Hò ro ladie dhuì', §c.

Ach tilgidh na Cinnich,
 Mar ilisgean oirne,
 Mar tha sinn cho déidheil,
 Air éibhneas na h-òige
 Inched-creideimh a's cràbhaidh,
 Toirt stràcan gu gòraich,
 'S a bristeadh nan àntean
 Le barr am buill-dòchais!
Hò ro ladie dhuì', §c.

Note.—The foregoing cynical song was composed on a rigidly righteous Highland School-master, who, fancying that his ferula and cassock were sufficient to sustain him in his self-lauded innocence, was notorious in the countryside for his scorching tirades against all delinquents—especially such as had incurred the rebuke of the kirk-session—Our bard, although free from the grosser immoralities, being a little amorous in his disposition, came once or twice under the lash of this censor.—But alas! the instability of human virtues—“holy Willie”, himself

got an illegitimate child! The *fama* of the Saint's sin ran from one corner of the Parish to the other by getting his servant maid in the *family way*.—The poet readily availed himself of the opportunity to retaliate upon the Dominic, and applied the lash with great skill.—Nothing excels the irony and sarcasm of our bard in this production; if he does not exult a little too loudly over a fallen enemy.

CUMHADH A BHAIRD

AIR SON A LEANNAIN.

AIR FÒNN—"Farewell to Lochaber."

GÈN' is socrach mo leabaidh,
 Cha'n e'n cadal mo mhiann,
 Leis an luasgans' th'air m'aigneachd,
 O cheann fad' agus cian,
 Gu 'm beil teine na lasair,
 Gun dol as na mo chliabh.
 Tabhairt brosnachadh gèur dhombh,
 Gu bhi 'g éridh 'sa triall.

CO-SHEIRM.

*Seinn eibhinn, seinn eibhinn,
 Seinn eibhinn an dàil,
 Seinn eibhinn bliinn eibhinn,
 Seinn eibhinn gach là,
 Seinn eibhinn, binn eatrom,
 Seinn eibhinn, do ghà,
 Seinn eibhinn, seinn eibhinn,
 Chuireadh m' easlain gu làr.*

Tha mi còrr a's trì bliadhna,
 Air mo lionadh le gaol,
 'S gach aon là dhiu stiùireadh,
 Saighead ùr ann mo thaobh;
 Cia mar 's leir dhombh ni taitneach,
 Dh'aindeoin pailteas mo mhàoiu?
 'S mi as éugmhais do mhàrain,
 Bhiodh gun ardan rium saor,
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

'S e do mhàran bu mhiann leam,
 'S e tigh'n' gun fhiabhras gun ghruaim,
 Mar ri blasdachd na h-òraid,
 'S e bu cheòl-bhinne fuaim;
 Dh'eireadh m' inntinn gu h-àbhachd,
 Rì linn bhi 'g aireamh gach buaidh,
 A bha co'-streup ri mo leannan
 Baididh, farasda, suairc'.
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

'S gur gile mo leannan
 Nan rai' air an t-snàmh,
 Gur binn' i na'n smebrach,
 Am barraibh rò-chranin sa mnàigh,
 Gur e geann'achd a beusan,
 'S i gun encoir na càil,
 A lùb mise gu geilleadh
 Air bheag eigin na gradh.
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

Gu'm beil maise na h-eudann,
 Nach feudainn-s' a luaidh,
 Tha i pailt ann an ceutaidh,
 'S an ceill a thoirt buaidh,
 Gun a coimeas ri featainn
 Ann an speis, san taobh-tuath,
 M' òg mhìn-mhala bhaididh,
 Thogadh m' inntinn o ghruaim,
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

'S ge do bhithinn an éugail,
 Agus leigh air toirt dùil,
 Nach biodh furtachd an dàn domh,
 Ach am bàs an gearr ùin',
 Chuireadh eugas mo mhìn-mhal',
 Mo mhi-ghean air chùl,
 Ghlacainn binneas na smèòraich
 A's gheibhinn sòlas as ùr.
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

Ge binn cuach 's ge binn smèòrach,
 'S ge binn coisir 's gach crann,
 Seinn ciùil dhombh 'n coil smùdain,
 Theich mo shùgradh-s' air chall—
 Tha mi daonnaan a smaointeach,
 Air mo ghaol ann sa' ghleann
 'S mi air tuitean am mi-ghean,
 Gun a brìodal bhì ann.
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

'Nuair a bhithinn-s' 's mo mhìn-mhal'
 An gleannan rìmhach na cuach,
 No 'n doire fasgach na smèòraich,
 Gabhail sòlais air chuairt;
 Cha mhalairtin m' éibhneas
 O bhì ga h-eugmhais cùr uair,
 Air son stòras fhir-stàta,
 Dh'aindeoin airdean an uail.
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

Ge bu rìgh mi air Albainn,
 Le cuid airgeid a's spréidh
 B'e mo raghainn mo mhìn-mhal',
 Thar gach rìbhinn dhombh fein,
 Cha bu shuaimhneas gu bàs domh
 'N aon àite fo 'n ghréin,
 'S mi as eugmhais do mhàrain,
 Gus mo theanadh o bheud.
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

Ach mosg'leam tharais a mi-ghean,
 'S cuiream dìth air mo ghruaim,
 Beò nì's faide cha bhì mi
 Gun mo mhìn-mhala shùaire!
 Oig mhìn beir mo shoraìdh
 Lent na choirean so shuas,
 Seinn mo rùin ann sa' ghleannan.
 'S tuigidh 'n cailin e bhuat.
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

CUACHAG NAN CRAOBH.*

CHUACHAG NAN CRAOBH, nach trua' leat mc chaòl'
 'G òsnaich rì òidhech' cheòthar—
 Shìubhlainn le'm' ghaol, fo dhubhar nan craobh,
 Gu'n duin' air an t-saoghal fheòraich,
 'Thogainn rì gaoith am monadh an fhraoich,
 Mo leabaidh rì taobh dòrain—
 Do chrùtha geal caomh sìnte rì m' thaobh,
 'S mise ga'd chaoin phògadh.

Chunna' mi féin aisling, 's cha bhreug,
 Dh-fhag sin mo chré brònach,
 Fear mar rì tè, a pògdh a beul,
 A brìodal an deigh pòsaidh,
 Dh'ùraich mo mhiam, dh'ath'rich mo chiall,
 Ghul mi gu dian, dòimeach,
 Gach cuisle agus féith, o iochdar mo chléibh
 Thug iad gu leum co'-lath!

Ort tha mo gheall, chaill mi mo chonn,
 Tha mi fo throm chreuchdan,
 Dh'aisigeadh t-fhonn slainte do'm chom,
 Dhiuchdadh air lom m' éibhneas,
 Thiginn ad dhàil, chuirinn ort fáilt',
 Bhithinn a ghraidh réidh riut—
 M'ulaidh 's mo mhiam, m' aighear 's mo chiall,
 'S ainnir air fiamh gréin' thu!

* The poet, crossed in love, suffered such poignancy of grief that it ultimately brought on a consumption and he was for sometime bed-ridden. On a fine evening in May, he rose and walked out through the woods to indulge his melancholy alone.—Arriving at a large tree, he threw himself on the green sward beneath its branches, and was not long in his sequestered sylvan situation ere the cuckoo began to carol above him.—“The son of song and sorrow” immediately tunes his lyre, and sings an address to the feathered vocalist.—He pours out his complaints before the shy bird, and solicits its sympathies.—Had Burns been a Gaelic Scholar, we should have no hesitation in accusing him of plagiarism when he sung:—

“How can ye chaunt, ye little birds
 While I'm so wae an' fu' o' care?”

But Ross embodies finer feelings and sentiments into his fugitive pieces than even the bard of Coila.

Thuit mi le d'ghàth, mhìll thu mo ràth,
 Strìochd mi le neart dòrain
 Saighdean do ghaol sàit' anns gach taobh,
 'Thug dhìom gach caoin co'-lath,
 Mhìll thu mo mhais, ghòid thu mo dhreach,
 'S mheudaich thu gal bròin domh;
 'S mar fuasgail thu trà, le t-fhuran 's le t-fhàilt'
 'S cuideachd am bàs dhomh-sa!

'S cama-lubach t-fhàilt, fanna-bhuì' nan cleachd
 'S fabhrad nan rùsg àluinn;
 Gruaidhean mar chaor, broilleach mar aol,
 Anail mar ghaoth gàraidh—
 Gus an cuir iad mi steach, an caol-taigh nan leac
 Bidh mi fo neart cràidh dheth,
 Le smaointinn do chleas, 's do shùgradh ma seach,
 Fo dhuilleach nam preas blàth'or.

'S mìlis do bheul, 's comhnard do dheud,
 Suilean air lùdh àirneig,
 'Ghluilaineadh bréid, uallach gu feill,
 'S uasal an reull àluinn—
 'Strua' gun an t-éud tha'n uachdar mo chleibh,
 Gad bhualadh-s' an ceud àite—
 Na faighinn thu réidh pùs' on a chleir
 B'fhasa dhomb-féin tearnadh.

'S tu 'n ainnir tha grunn, mùleanta, bìnn,
 Le d' cheileir a sinn òran,
 'S e bhì na do dhàil a dh'òidheche sa là,
 'Thoilicheadh càil m' òige:
 Gur gile do bhian na sneachd air an fhiar,
 'S na canach air sliabh mointich,
 Nan deanadh tu rùin tarraim rium dlù'
 Dheanainn gach tùrs' fhògar.

Càrair gu réidh clach agus cré
 Ma'm leabaidh-s' a bhàil t-uaisle—
 'S fada mi 'n éis a feitheamh ort féin
 'S nach togair thu ghéug suas leam,
 Na b'thus a bhiodh tinn, dheanainn-sa luim,
 Mas biodh tu fo chuing truaighe,
 Ach 's goirid an dàil gu'm faicear an là,
 'M bi pràsgan a' tràl' m'uaigh-sa!

Mallachd an tùs, aig a mhnaoi-ghlùin',
 Nach d' adhlac sa chùil beò mi!
 Mu'n d' fhuair mi ort iùil ainnir dheas ùr,
 'S nach dùirig thu fiù pòg dhomh,
 Tinn gu'n bhì slàn, dùisgt' as mo phràmh,
 Cuimhneachach dòn pòsaidh
 Mo bheannachd ad dheigh, cheannaich thu-fein,
 Le d' leannanachd gle òg mì.

ORAN EADAR AM BARD,

AGUS CAILLEACH-MHRLEADH-NAN-DAN.

AM BARD.

Ach gur mise tha duilich,
'S mi gu muladach truagh,
Cha'n urra' mi aireamh
Mar a tha mi 's gach uair,
Gu'm beil dòrain mo chridhe,
Dha mo ruighinn cho crùaidh,
Leis a' chion 'thug mi'n rìbhinn,
O nach dìrich mi suas.

A' CHAILLEACH.

Tosd a shladaí, 's dean firinn,
'S na bi 'g iunsa' nam bréug,
Cha chreid mi bhuat fathasd,
Nach eil da'ich do sgéul,
Ma tha i cho maiseach,
'S cho pailt ann an ceill,
'S nach urra' mi t-aiheadh,
Bheir mi barr dh'i thar chéud.

Ma's i rìbhinn do leannan,
Faire! faire! *brabhoé!*
Cha bhi t-ouoir gun anabharr;
Your servant, my Lord,
Mar a foghainn leat gruagach,
Ach te uasal le sròl,
Gus am faic mi do bhanaid,
Cha chan mi ni's mò.

AM BARD.

Tha mo leannan ni's àille,
Na tha sa'n Roinn-eòrpa,
Gur gile, a's gur glain' i
Na canach an fheòir

* The woman here introduced as a hypercrite in song was a particular friend of the poet.—Ross began, in her presence, to sing the praises of “the girl of his affections” and his own certainty of a premature grave in consequence of her refusal of him.—The old wife heard the first stanza, and by way of episode or running commentary, endeavours to cure him of his passion.—She thus continues her intervening remarks to the end of his ditty.—The poet was so struck with the shrewdness and point of her episodes that he immediately versified them.—The song, therefore, comes before us in the shape of a duet—the woman, however, singing two stanzas for the poet's one.—Ross does every thing as he should—he well knew the garrulousness of women, and their privilege to have the last word in every controversy!

Gur binne na chlàrsach
Leam àbbachd a beoil,
Aig a mhiad s' thug mi ghaol d'i,
Cha 'n fhaod mi bhi beò!

A' CHAILLEACH.

'S tu d' fhosgail thar chòir e,
'S nach sòradh a bhreug,
'S a lughad gnùis rò-ghlan
'S an Roinn-eòrpa gu leir,
Ma's a samhladh dh'i 'n canach,
Cha'n' aithne diomh fheum;
Ma's e 'gaoil a bheir triall ort,
Deagh bhliadhn' as do dhéigh.

Ma's a binne na chlàrsach
Leat àbbachd a beoil,
Gur nebnach nach cuala' sinn
Luaidh air a ceòl;
Mar a h-ealaidh os 'n iosal
Ann an diombaicheachd mhòr,
Ris an eireadh a chridhe,
Gun ach tri-'ear ma còir.

AM BARD.

'S i mo Leannan an 'eucag
Air na ceudan thug barr,
Gnùis shoillear, caol-mhala',
Suil thairis, ghorm, thlà,
Beul mìn mar an t-shirist
O' millis thig fàilt',
Gruaidh dhearg mar na caoran,
Sud agais mo ghraidh.

A' CHAILLEACH.

Mar b'e iteach na *Pecaig*,
Cha bhìod spéis dh'i no diù
Cha'n 'eil math inn' no dolaidh
Mar a toillich i 'n t-sùil
Chuir a h-ionan, sa casan,
Mi-dhreach air a mùirn,
Ge d' tha spailp as a h-éideadh,
Gur eun i nach fiù.

Gnùis shoillear, caol-mhala,
Suil thairis, ghorm, thlà,
Ge d' tha taitneachdain seal annt,
Cha mhair iad ach gearr,
Iathaidh bilibh dearg, daite,
Teangaidh sgaiteach, lom, gheartt',
'S mar tha seirce nan gruidhean,
Cha bhuan' iad na càch!

BRUGHAICHEAN GHILINN'-BRAON.

LUNNEAG.

*Beir mo shoraidh le dàrachd,
Do rìbhinn nan dlù-chiùbh.
Ris an tric bha mi sìgradh,
Ann am Brughaichean Ghlinne-Braon.*

Gur e mis' tha gu cianail,
'S mi cho fad bhuat am bliadhna,
Tha liunn-dubh air mo shiarradh,
'S mi ri iargain do ghaoil.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Cha 'n fhead mi bhì subhach,
Gur he 's béus domh bhì dubhach,
Cha dirich mi brughach,
Chaidh mo shiubhal an laoid
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Chaidh m' astar a maillead,
O nach faic mi mo leannan,
'S ann a chleachd mi bhì mar riut,
Ann an gleannan a chaoil.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Ann a choill' am bi smùdan
'S e gu binn a seinn ciùil ùinn,
Cuach a's smeòrach 'g ar dùsgadh,
A cuir na smùid diù le faoil'.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

'S tric a bha mi 's tu mireadh,
Agus càch ga n-ar sìreadh,
Gu 's bu deònach linn pilleadh,
Gu Innis nan laogh,
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Sinn air fàireadh na tulaich,
'S mo lamh thar do mhùineal,
Sinn ag eisdeachd nan luinneag,
Bhiodh a' mullach nan craobh.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Tha mise 'ga ràite,
'S cha 'n urra mi aicheadh,—
Gur iomadach sàr
Thig air airidh nach saol.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Gur mis' tha sa' champar,
S mi fo chis anns an am so,
Ann am prìosan na Frainge,
Fo ain-neart gach aon.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Ann an seòmraichean glaiste,
Gun cbeòl, no gun mhacnas,
Gun ordugh a Sasuinn,
Mo thoirt dhatbaigh gu saor.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Cha b'ionnan sud agus m' àbhaist.
A siubhal nam fàsach,
'S a dìreadh nan àrd-bheann,
Gabhail fàth air na laoiach.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

A siubhal nan stùc-bheann,
Le mo ghunna nach diùtadh;
'S le mo phlasgaichean fùidair,
Air mo ghlùn anns an fhraoch
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

ORAN CUMHAIDH.

[A rin am bàrd an 'nuair a chual e gu'n phòs e leannan (Mor Ros) air dh'è dhòl dhachaigh do Shasuinn maille ri còmpanach.]

AIR FOKN—"Robai dona gòrach."

Ge fada na mo thamh mi
Tha 'n damhair dhomb dùsgadh,
Cia fàth ma'n thrial na m'bhàran,
'S gum b' àbhaist dhomb sìgradh?
C'arson a bhithinn brònach?
Ma'n òigh 's gun a diù dhomb,
Ge'd ghlac i 'n luib a gràidh mi,
Le amhailtean *Chupid*.

Gach fear a bhios a feoraich,
Mar leonadh le gaol mi,
Tha raghainn sud do'n tuathaidh,
On 's dual da bhì smaointinn:
Cha 'n aidich mi ach fòil e,
'S cha mhò ni mi saoradh
Thig m' ùr-sgeul bho *Apollo*,
Mar sheolas na *Naoinear*.

Ach sud mar sheinneadh Cormaic,*
'S e dearmad a cheud ghaoil,

* Tradition says that this Cormac, whom the Bard mentions so often in the above song, was an Irish Harper, who came to Scotland and visited several of the Highland Chiefs. He at length went to the family of Macleod of Lewis, and served him for several years as a Harper. Having fallen in love with Macleod's eldest daughter, he

'S e gabhail cruith da innsaidh
Le inneal ciùil da gléusadh,
On chuir finne 'n diù-chall,
Mo shùgradh 's mo bhéusan,
Gu'm bath mi'n guth an òrghain,
Le toraghan mo spéis dh'ì.

'Nuair dh'eirich Caillean Cormaic
Air chorra-ghleus gu farsau,
Gu'n d'fhebraich am fear òg
An e goraich a dh'fhas ann,
'S a liughad cailin heul-dhearg,
Cho béusach 's cho nàrach,
A's finne a th'air an fheill,
A tha feumach air màran.

'Nuair chual' am Macan-baath sìn,
'S a ghaol bhì do-mhùchte.
'S e smaointich e gu thearbadh,
Bhì falbh as a dhùthaich
Ach nochdadair na h-aobhair,
'S e 'n caoin ruith le tùrsa,
Gun ghlac e cruith a's sheinn e,
Le binn-cheòl as ùr e.

Bha feiteach air an an òrghan,
Aig Cormaic ri ard-cheol,
Mas biodh an fhìne 'n uachdar,
Air duan na fuaim clàrsaich,
Ach cha d' fhuair mise sgeul
Ann am Beurla no Gàellig,
A dh'innsadh dhomh mar d'fhaodainn
An gaol ud a smàladh.

O! teirmeasg air a ghaol sìn,
Nach faodainn a threigsinn,
A's gur h-é chuir a laoid mi
Bhì smaointinn bean t-éugais,

resolved, on the first opportunity, to fly with her to Ireland. One night, after supper, Cormac tuned his harp, and played a tune of the name of "*Deuchain-ghleust' Mhic-O'-Chormaic*," which had the power to lull all to sleep who were within hearing of it. By this magic music the whole of Macleod's household fell into a deep slumber. Cormac then drew a large dagger, which he used to carry about him, called *Madag-achlais*, to cut Macleod's throat. As he was drawing near the chief with his knife, Macleod's eldest son came in, after returning from his daily mountain sports, and seeing Cormac approaching his father with such a dreadful weapon, exclaimed—"Cormac! Cormac! what do you intend to do—are you mad?" Cormac replied, "Mad, my young man! think you so? I am not; but I have a regard for your fair sister, whom I am resolved to take with me to Ireland; and as your aged father will not gratify my desire, I must sever his head from his body and clear my way." On hearing this, the youth replied, "You had better not, as you may get your choice of a thousand virgins in Scotland, much fairer than my sister, without committing so cruel a deed." Cormac said, "You speak truly, my young man; hand me my lyre, that I may banish the virgin's love with the sound of my harp." The Bard uses this history as a text to the above song, where he complains that Cormac, with the melody of his harp, had cured his love, while a remedy for his own was never to be found.

'S 'n teire a bha 'n ad ghnùis ghil,
A lub mi gu egail,
'S nach deann Lìghich' slàn mi,
Och! b'fhearr gum b'e 'n t-éug e.

Is ciomach ann do ghaol mi
Ri smaointinn bean t-aileteachd,
Cha chadal anns an òidhch' dhomh,
'S cha 'n fhois anns 'an là dhomh,
Cha n' fhasas ri mo ré,
'S cha 'n fhaigh mi sgeul gu bràth air
Ni b'annsa' na bhì réith 's tu,
A gheug nam bàs bàna.

Gur binne leam do chòmhradh
Na smeorach nan geugan,
Na cuach sa mhadainn Mhàtìghe,
'S na clàrsach na'n teudan,
Na'n t-Easpuig air la Dòmhnach
'S a mòr-shluagh 'ga eisdeachd,
Na ge do chunnte stòras
Na h-Eorpa gu léir dhomh.

C'arson nach d' rugadh dall mi,
Gun chaint no gun leirsinn?
Mas facas t-aghaidh bhainidh,
Rinn aibhlean nan ceudan,
O'n ehuuna' mi air thùs thu,
Bu chliùteach do bheusan,
Cha n' fhasa' leam nam bàs
A bhì lathair as t-éugmhais!

Ach 's truagh! gu'm beil do rùn-sa,
Cho dùr dha mo leamhuinn,
'S mo chridhe steach 'ga ghiulan,
A h-uile taobh dha falbh mi,
An cadal domh no dùsgadh
A sùgradh no seanachas,
Tha sud da m' ruagadh daonnan,
'S mi sgaoilte gun tearmunn!

Ach fasgaidh mi mo dhuthaich
Gu 'n diùch'naich mi pairt dheth,
Ro-mheud sa thug mi rùn
Dha do chul buidhe, faineach,
Air triall dhomh thar m' éolas
A dh'ain-deoin mo chàirdean
Tha saighead air mo ghiulan,
A lùbas gu làr mi!

'S a nise bho'n a thrial thu,
'S nach b' fhiach leat mo mhàran,
A chiunn 's nach robh mi stòrasach,
Mòr ann an stàta,
Ach sud ge d'robh da 'm dhì'-sa,
Cha 'n isilich mi pairtean,
Tha m' aigne torrach, fìor-ghlan,
Nach diobair gu bràth mi.

Ach mu's a triall gun dail dut,
 Gu aite nam mor-sheol,
 Gu'n fhuireach ri do chairdean,
 Do dhàimh, no luchd t-eòlais,
 Biodh soirion air na speuran,
 Gun eiridh air mor-thonn,
 A dh' aiseageas le réidh ghaoith
 Gun bheud thu gu seol-ait.

Mar sud bha ur-sgeul Chormaic
 Cho dearbhta sa' sheim e,
 E-fein sa' chomunn òg
 'S iad gle bhronach ma thimcheall,
 E gabhail cead le pòig dh'ì,
 Gu'n chòmhradh gun impidh
 'S e dioladh guth an còdhail,
 Na h-òighe gu 'm pill e.

ORAN EILE,

AIR AN AOBBAR CHEUDNA.

Tha mise fo' mbulad sa'n àm
 Cha'n òlar leam dràm le sunnt,
 Tha dùrrag air ghùr ann mo chàil
 A dh-fhiosraich do chàch mo rùin,
 Cha 'n faic mi 'dol seachad air sràid
 An caillin bu tlàithe sùil;
 'S e sin a leag m'aigheadh gu làr
 Mar dhuilleach bho bharr nan craobh.

A ghruagach is bach'liche cùl
 Tha mise ga t-iundran mòr,
 Ma thagh thu deagh àite dhut fein
 Mo bheannachd gach ré ga 'd' chòir:

Tha mise ri osnaich 'na d' dheigh,
 Mar ghaisgeach an déis a le'n;
 Na laidhe sau àraich gun fheum
 'S nach teid anns an t-sréup nìs mō!

'S d' fhadh mi mar iudhail air tréud,
 Mar fhear nach toir spéis do mhnaoi,
 Do thuras thar chuan fo' bhreid,
 'Thug bràs shileadh dhéur om shùil—
 B'fhearr nach mothaichinn fein
 Do mhaise, do cheill, 's do chliù,
 No suairceas milis do bheil
 'S binne no séis gach ciùil.

Gach anduin' a chluinneas mo chàs
 A cuir air mo nadur fiamh;—
 A cantain nach eil mi ach bàrd
 'S nach ciumich leam dàn is fiach—
 Mo sheanair ri pàigheadh a mhàil,
 'S m'athair ri màlaid riamh
 Chuireadh iad gearainn an crann,
 A's ghearrain-sa rann ro' chiad.

'S fad a tha m' aighe fo ghruaim
 Cha' mhosgail mo chluain ri ceòl,
 'M breislich mar ànrach a chuan
 Air bharraibh nan stuadh ri ceò.
 'S e iunndaran t-àbbachd bhuan
 A chaochail air snùadh mo neòil,
 Gun sùgradh, gun mhìre, gun uaill,
 Gun chaitheam, gun bhuadh, gun treòir!

Cha daisgear leam ealaidh air àill,
 Cha chuirear leam dàn air dòigh,
 Cha togar leam fonn air clàr
 Cha chluinnear leam gair nan òg.
 Cha dìrich mi bealach nan àrd
 Le suigeart mar bha mi'n tòs,
 Ach triallam a chadal gu bràth
 Do thalla nam bàrd nach beò!

AILEAN DALL.

ALLAN M'DOUGALL, better known by the soubriquet of *Ailean Dall*, or blind Allan, was a native of Glencoe, in the county of Argyle. He was born about the year 1750, of poor but honest and industrious parents. When a young man, he was bound apprentice to a tailor, who, in conformity with the custom of the time and country, itinerated from farm to farm, "plying his needle" in every house where his services were required. The excursive nature of this occupation, accorded well with Allan's disposition—the house in which they wrought, was literally crammed every night with young and old, who passed the time in reciting old legends—tales of love, of war, of the chase—intermingled occasionally with songs and recitations of ancient poetry. Thus nurtured, Allan soon became famed for his fund of legendary lore. His mind became imbued with the yet lingering spirit of chivalry, which characterized his countrymen in former times. He heard the encomiums bestowed upon the *bards*, and his youthful breast felt the ardent flame of emulation. From the first stages of puerility, he was remarkable for his sallies of wit, and quickness of repartee—there was an *archness* about him, which indicated future eminence. It is said that as he was sitting one day cross-legged, sewing away at his seam, he retorted so keenly and waggishly on a fellow-apprentice, that the other, wincing under the lash, thrust his needle into Allan's eye;—in consequence of this, the assailed organ gradually melted away, and the other, as if by sympathy, wore off in the course of time. Thus, like Mœnides and Milton "wisdom at one entrance was clean shut out," from poor Allan. Nature, however, is an excellent compensator—we seldom find a man deprived of one faculty, who does not acquire others, in a pre-eminent degree. Such was the case with *Ailean Dall*. He possessed a lively imagination, an excursive fancy, and a retentive memory.

Incapacitated from pursuing his trade, he turned his attention to music, and soon acquired a tolerable knowledge of that science as a fiddler. But he never became eminent as a musician, and was chiefly employed at country weddings and raffles, and so earned a miserable pittance. About the year 1790, he removed with his family to Inverlochy, near Fort-William, where he was accommodated with a hovel and a small pendicle of land by Mr Stewart, who then held the salmon-fishing on the river Lochy, and the occupancy of an extensive farm. The change had materially bettered our bard's circumstances—his family did all necessary agricultural operations, and Allan's fiddle and muse were in ceaseless demand, and were occasionally successful in the realization of some little cash, or other remuneration.

We utterly repudiate the doctrine that hardships and indigence are, or can be fertile in the productions of genius ;—difficulties may spur to invention, but it is ease and comfort that can yield time and temper to give a polish to literary or poetic productions. The former may let off the whizzing squib of momentary excitation—it is the latter that can light up the bright-burning and pellucid torch of genius. During his stay at Inverlochy, he composed the most of his songs—his fame spread, and his reputation as a poet became ultimately stamped. His style is fine—his manner taking—his subject popular—and his selection of airs exceedingly happy. But while we are prepared to give our author a respectable position among the minstrels of our country, we are by no means disposed to place him in the first class.

Induced by the popularity his poems had acquired, Allan bethought him of preparing them for publication ;—and with this view, he consulted the late Mr Ewan M'Lachlan, of the Grammar School, Aberdeen, who was then employed as a tutor in the neighbourhood. Mr M'Lachlan, himself an assiduous votary of the muse, entered with his characteristic zeal and enthusiasm into the poet's prospects. He took down our author's compositions in manuscript, and as they would not of themselves swell even into a respectably sized volume, the amanuensis added a few of his own productions, together with several other select pieces. The volume thus "got up" soon became exceedingly popular—especially in that part of the country : to say that it possessed merit, is saying too little—but there were one or two obscene pieces which we would like, for the sake of moral purity, had been omitted.

Shortly after the appearance of his poems in a collected form, the far-famed Colonel Ronaldson M' Donald of Glengary, took Allan under his patronage, and gave him a comfortable cottage and croft near his own residence. And now might the palmy days of our minstrel be said to have commenced—he occupied the proud and enviable position of family-bard to the most famed *Ceann-taighe* in the Highlands. He laid aside his blue, home-made great-coat, and *hat*, and was equipped in habiliments suited to his newly acquired rank. Never was there a more marvellous transition outwardly ; and we venture to presume that the buoyancy of his feelings kept pace with his improved exterior. Allan now appeared in Glengary's retinue, clad in tartan trews, plaid, belt and bonnet, on all festival days and occasions of public demonstration. His minstrelsy tended to enliven the scene, and to inspire the party with the almost dormant chivalric spirit of their country. His panegyrics on Glengary were elaborate and incessant ; and, as poets like other mortals, must have some slight ingredient of selfishness about them, if our author stepped beyond the bounds of propriety or truth in this respect, he has his equal in Robert Southey, the poet-laureate—and this we should think sufficient apology ! He annually accompanied his patron to the gymnastic games at Fort-William ; and various anecdotes of his ready wit are related by the people of that place. He previously composed appropriate songs for these exhibitions, and sung them at the games, as if they had been strung together on the spur of the moment—always making sure of having his lyre tuned by two or three copious draughts, not of *Helicon*, but of *Benevis* ! On one occasion, after the sports of the day were over, Glengary having seen Allan quaff his third

shell, stepped forward and said—"Now, Allan, I will give you the best cow on my estate, if you sing the proceedings of this day, without mentioning my name!" The bard adroitly and at once replied:—

"Dheanainn latha gun ghrian,
A's muir blian gun 'bhi sailt,
Mu'n gabhainn do na Gàicil dàn,
Gun fhear mo ghràidh 'n aird mo rainn!"

i. e. I would sooner create daylight without a sun, and call into being a sea of fresh water, before I would celebrate a gathering of Highlanders, without Glengarry figuring the first in my verse.

But although Allan became Glengarry's family bard, he did not give up composing pieces of general interest—and quite detached from the connexions of his proper calling. Indeed many of his productions while with the "proud chieftain," are, if any thing, better and more popular than his first. In the year 1828, he travelled the counties of Argyle, Ross, and Inverness, taking subscriptions for a new and enlarged edition of his works; and on procuring 1000 names, he went to press in 1829. But alas! the book was only in progress, when the cold finger of death silenced his harp for ever. He died much regretted, and was interred in the burying-ground of Kilfianan.

In personal appearance, Allan M'Dougall was thin and slender, and somewhat diminutive in size. He commonly wore a black fillet over his eyes. He was seldom out of humour, and very rarely nursed his wrath so long as to lead him to indulge in satire. He was amongst the family bards what Ossian was among the Fingalians—"the last of the race."

ORAN DO MIAC-'IC-ALASDAIR GHILINNE-GARAIDH.

AIR FÖNN—"Cuir a nall duinn am botal."

LUNNEAG.

*Faigh a nuas dhuinn am botal,
'S theid an deoch so mu 'n cuairt,
Lion barrach an copan,
Cum socrach a chuach;
Tosda Choirneil na fèile
Leis an eircadh gach buaidh,
Oighre Chnoideart a bharraich,
'S Ghlinn-garaidh bho thuath.*

THIS ort measair a's adharc,
Agus taghadh nan arm,
Le d' mhiol-chohn air lomhainn,
'S iad romhad a' falbh:

'Nuair theid thu do 'n mhonadh,
Bidh fuil air damh dearg;
Cas a shiubhal an fhirich,
Leat 'chiunneadh an t-sealg.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

'S tu marbhaich' a choilich,
'S moch a ghoireas air chrann,
Bhuic bhioraich an t-seilich
Agus eilid nam beann:
'S tric a leag thu na luath's
A chaol-ruaghag 's a mhang,
Nuair a ruigeadh do luaidhe
Cha ghluaisceadh iad eang.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

'S tu namhaid na h-eala,
Lamh a mhealladh a gheoidh ;
B' fhearr leat 'fhuicinn' 's an adhar,
Na na laidhe air lòn,
Air iteig ga chaitheamh,
'S luaidhe neimh' air a thoir
Bho ghuuna beoil chumpaich.
'S cha bhiodh àin' aige beò.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Lean do chruadal, 's do ghaisge,
'S am fasan bu dual
A bhì colgarra, cosant'
Gu brosnachadh sluaigh :
Gu h-armailteach, treubhach,
Gu geur lannach, cruaidh ;
'S tu shliochd nam fear treuna,
Nach geilleadh 's an ruaig,
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Tha 'n naidheachd so fìor
Aig luchd innse nan duan,
Gur sgeul e ro chinnteach,
Air do shìnsir bha buaidh ;
Nach do dhìbr an deas-lamh,
Ach seasamh 's gach uair,
'S i bhuidhneadh a chis
Ri uchd strìthe le fuaim.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Ghabh thu tlachd a's deagh-cheutaidh,
Do 'n bheus a bh' aig càch,
Luchd bhreacan an fheilidh
A dh' eireadh a' d' phairt :
Toirm fheadan ga 'u gleusadh,
Leat is eibhinn an gair',
Mar ri binneas nan teud,
'S a bhì g' eisdeachd nam bàrd.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Tog suas an crann dìreach,
'S brat rìmheach gun sgàth,
Le *cularaibh* rioghail
A dh' innseas co iad ;
'S cha 'u òb do chuid gillean
Dol an iomairt na spàirn,
'S tu fein air an toiseach
A toirt mosglaidh da 'n càil.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Tog colg ort, fhìr ghasta,
Bi gaisgeil 's gu 'm faod ;
Thig maraich, a's coisichean
Ort as gach taobh ;
A sheasamh do chòrach,
Clauu-Domhnuill an fhraoich ;

Thig do chinneadh a d' chomhnadh,
A chraobh chòmhraig nan laoch !
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Tha fìr chalma ro fhearnail,
Ann a 'd fhearannaibh fein,
Eadar Cnoicart 's Gleann-Garadh,
'Theid barraicht' air ghleus :
'Chuireas cul air an naimbdean ;
Tha 'n ceannard ga 'n reir :
'S cha ghabh thu bhì ceansaicht'
Le Ghranndaich Shrath-Spé.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

'S leat cairdeas, le dùrachd
Fìr ùr Innse-Gall,
Nach gabh giorag na mùiseag,
'N àm rusgadh nan lann ;
Na 'n cluinneadh iad strì rint,
Bhiodh mìltean dùbh 'nall ;
Mu 'n leigeadh iad cùs ort
'S iad a dhùbhladh do rànc.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Thig a d' choinneamh le farum
Buidbean bhras nan arm cruaidh
A bhuaileadh na buillean
'S a chuireadh an ruaig
'Bha gu h-ardanach, reachdmhor,
Gu feachd a dol suas
Bho Cheapaich nan craobh,
'Dh-fhag na glaoidh 's a Mhaol-ruaidh.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Bho Chomhann nam bradan,
Is gasd' thig fo thriall,
Clann Iain gun ghealltachd,
Bha 'neart-san leat riamh,
Le 'n airm an deagh ordugh,
Luchd a leonadh nam fiadh,
'S a dheanadh an tolladh
Mu 'n cromadh a ghrain.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Co 'thàirneadh rint riobadh
Nuair 'thig nam beil bhuat ?
Iarl' *Antrum* á Eirinn
Leis an eireadh na sluaigh ;
Mac-'Ic-Ailein nan gearr lann,
Dheanadh euchd air a chuain,
Aig am beil na fìr ghleusda
'Dhol a reubadh nan stuadh.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Thig iad sid ort le dùthchas
Bho thùr nan clach réidh,
Braithèan Dhomhnuill, Cloinn-Dhùghail,
Maraich shunntach nan stéud :

Clann an t-Shaoir bho thaobh Chruachainn,
Bha cruadalach tréun ;
Ge d' chaill iad a chòir
'Bh' aigan seòrs' ann an Sléibht'.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

ORAN DO NA CIOBAIREAN

GALLDA.

THAINIG oirnn do dh-Albainn crois,
Tha daoine bochd nochdte ris,
Gun bhìadh, gun aodach, gun chluain ;
Tha 'n Airde-tuath an deigh' a sgrìos :
Cha 'n fhaicear ach caoirich a's uain,
Goill mu 'n cuairt dhaibh air gach slìos ;
Tha gach fearann air dol fìas,
Na Gàicil 's an cinn fo fhliodh,

Cha 'n fhaicear crodh-laigh air gleann,
No eich, ach gann, a' dol an éill ;
'S ann do 'n fhaisneachd a bh' ann
Gun reachadh an crann bho fheum :
Chaidh na scalgairan fo gheall,
'S tha gach cuilbheir cam, gun ghleus :
Cha mharbhar maosieach no meann,
'S dh-fhuadaich sgrìachail Ghall na feidh.

Cha 'n 'eil àbhachd feadh nam beann,
Chaidh giomanaich teann fo smachd ;
Tha fear na cròice air chall,
Chaidh gach eilid a's mang as :
Cha 'n fhaighear ruagh-bhoc nan allt,
Le cù seang ga chur gu srath ;
An eirig gach cuis a bh' ann,
Feadaireachd nan Gall 's gach glaic.

Cha chluinnear geum ann am buaille,
Chaidh an crodh-guaillionn á suim ;
Cha 'n eisdear luinneag no duanag,
Bleodhan mairt aig gruagaich dhuinn :—
Bho 'n chaidh ar cuallach an tainead,
'S tric a tha padhadh g' ar claidh,
N àite nan cairdean a bh' againn,
Linnseach ghlas am bun gach tuim !

Mar gun tuiteadh iad fo 'n chraoidh,
Cnuimhan caoich 'dol aog sa bharrach ;
'S ann mar sid a tha seann daoine,
'S clann bheag a h-aoigais bainne ;
Thilgeadh iad gu ìomall cùirte,
Bho 'n dùthchas a bh' aig an seanair ;
B' theairt leinn gun tigeadh na Frangaich
A theirt nan ceann deth na Gallaibh.

Dh' fhalbh gach p'sadh, threig gach banais—
Sguir an luchd-ealaidh bhì seinn ;
Chuala sibhse tric ga aithris,
'Caidseirean a teachd air cléibh ;'
'S ionnann sid 's mar thachair dhomh-sa,
Cha dean iad m' fàeòraich air feill,
Far am b' àbhaist dhomh bhì mùirneach,
'S fearr leo cù ga chuir ri spréidh.

Gach aon fhear ' fhuair lamb-an-uachdar,
Dh-fhogair iad uatha gach neach
A reachadh ri aghaidh cruadail,
Na 'n tigeadh an ruaig le neart :
Na 'n eireadh cogadh 'san rìoghachd,
Bhiodh na ciobairean na 'n aire ;
'S e sid an sgeula bu bhinn linn,
Bhì ga 'n cuir gu dìth air fad ! !

Eiridh iad moch la sùbaid,
'S tachraidh iad ri càch-a-chéil',
'S nuair a shìneas iad air stòri,
'S ann g' an còmhradh, tigh'n' air feur,
Gach fear a faoighneachd ri nàbuidh,
'Cia mar sin a dh' fhaig thu 'n treud ?
Ciod i phris a rinn na muilt ?
No 'n do chuir thu iad gu féill ?'

"Cha 'n aobhar talaich am bliadh'n' e,
Rinn iad a sia-diag a's còrr ;
Ma tha thus' ag iarraidh fios air,
Cheannaich mi 'mhìn leis a chloimh ;
Dh-fhalbh na crogaichean air dàil ;
'S ma ghleidheas mi 'n t-àlach òg,
Ge do gheibh an trian diù 'm bàs,
Ni mi 'màl air na bhios beo."

'Nuair dhìreas fear dhiù ri beinn,
An àm dha eiridh gu moch,
B'ìdh sgreud Ghallda 'm beul a chleibh,
'G eighceachd na deigh a chuid cou ;
Ceol nach b' éibhinn linn, a sguairt ;
Brasi na shac air a chorp '
E suainte na bhreacan glas ;
Ua' -mhialau na fhalt 's na dhos.

'Nuair thig e oirnn sa ghaoth,
'S maig a bhios air taobh-an-fhasga,
Cha 'n fhaod fhaileadh a bhì caoin,
'S e giulan nam maodal dhachaigh ;
'S tric e ga fhoilcadh 'sa ghaorr,
Sìos bho chaol-druim gu chasan,
'S ge be reachadh leis a dh' òl,
'S feudar dhaibh an sròn a chasadh.

Nuair shuidheas dìth is trùird
'S an taigh-òsd' an cùis 'bhì réidh,
Chitear aig toiseach a blùird,
Ciobair agus cù na dhéidh ;

Bu choir a thilgeadh an cùil,
'S glùn a chur am beul a chleibh,
Iomain a mach thun an dùin,
'S gabhadh e gu smiùradh fein.

S olc a chuideachd do chàch,
Neach nach àblaist a bhì glan ;
Cha chompanach dhaoine 'is fiach
Fear le fhiaclan a spòth chlach,
Ann an garrabhuic air a ghlùinean,
Le chraos ga 'n sùghadh a mach ;
'S ma leigeas tu 'n deoch ri bheul,
Na dheaghaidh na fiach a blas,

Amach luchd chràgairt na h-òluinn,
Ma 's a h-àill leibh conunn ceart !
Druidibh orra suas a chòmhla,
'S na leigibh a sròn a steach ;
Bho nach cluinnear aca 'stòri,
Ach craicinn agus clòimh ga veic,
Cunntadh na h-aimsir, 's gaeh uair
'Ceannach uau mu 'n teid am breith.

Suidhidh sinn mu bhòrd gu h-éibhinn,
Gu ceolach, teudach, gun smalan,
Caoimhneil, carrantach, ri chéile,
'S na biodh aon do 'n treud u' ar carabh ;
Olaibh deoch-slainthe Mhìe-Choinnich,
'S Chòirineil Ghlinne-Garaidh,
Chionn gur beag orra na caoirich,
'S luchd dhaorachaidh an fhearainn.

ORAN LEANNANACHD.

NAM faighinn gille r'a cheannach,
A bheireadh beannachd gu Màiri,
'S mo shoraidh le caoimhneas
A dh-fhìos na maighdinn' a chraidh mi ;
Ga nach a tug mi dhut faoidhbrean,
Ann am foill dhut cha d' fhàs mi ;
'S mar a math leam thu fallain,
Nar a mheal mi mo shlaintè!

Nar a mheal mi mo chòta,
Mar b'e mo dheoin a bhì lamh riut,
'S a bhì briodal ri 'm leannan,
An seomar daingeann nan clàraidh,
An iuchair fhaotainn am' phòca,
S gun an tòir a bhì laimh ruinn,
'S mi gun deanadh do phògadh,
Gun fheòraich de m' chairdean.

Gun fheòraich do m' chairdean,
'S fada a dh'fhalbhuinn a d' còinnidh
Far an deanainn riut còdbail,
Cha bhìdhinn beo gun a cumail :
Tha mo dhuil ann sa mhaighdein
Nach treig do chaoimhneas mi uile ;
'S mar do chaochail thu àbhaist,
Gheibhinn t-fhàilt' agus t-fluran.

'S e t-fluran a leon mi
A dh'fhag am bron so air m' aigneadh,
A thromach m' inntinn fo' éislein,
Cha dean mi eiridh le graide :
Tha mo chridhe neo-shuuntach,
Tha mi bruite fo'm aisnean,
Aig a mbeud 's thug mi 'ghaol dut,
'S nach fhaod sinn ' bhì tachairt.

Nach faod sinn 'bhì tachairt
An àite falaich no 'n uaigneas,
Far an deanainn riut beadradh,
A 's tacan cleasachd air uairean ;
Ach se lagaich mo mhìsneach,
Nach faod mi tric 'bhì mu 'n cuairt dhut :
B' fhearr a phog na 'bhì falamb,
Mar a faigh mi do bhuanachd,

Cha 'n 'eil m' éibhneas air thalamb,
Mar a faigh mi thu 'Mhàiri !
Cha dual domh bhì fallain
Ma bhios mi fada mar tha mi :
Cha ghuidhinn mo ghalar
Do m' charaid no 'm nàmhaid ;
Chaidh acaid am chridhe,
'S cha dean lighichean stà dhomh !

Eul milis, dearg, daite,
Deud snaighte mar dhìsnean,
Suil ghorm is glan sealladh
Fo 'n chaoil mhal' aig an ribhinn
Tha cul buidhe mar òr ort,
Is boidheche nan dìthean ;
Blas na meal' air do phògan,
'S be mo dheòin bhì riut siunte.

Ge d' chum mi falach an sgeula
Tha mi 'n deigh bho cheann greis ort ;
Aig a mhiad 's thug mi ghaol dut
Tha m' aodunn air preasadh :
Dh-fhas glaise 'nam ghruaidhean,
'S bochd a bhuaidh th' air an t-sheire sin,
A chaochail mo shnuagh dhìom,
Mar dhuine truagh 'thig á teasaich.

Mar dhuine truagh thig à teasaich,
A bhìodh fad ann am fàbhras,
'S ann a dh-fhas mi mar fhuaithaich',
Cho cruaidh ris an iarunn ;

Ach bho thoiseach ar sinnsridh,
 “’S trì nì thig gun iarraidh,
 An gaol agus eagal,
 ’S gun leith-sgeul uu t-iadach.”

DUANAG DO 'N UISGE-BHEATHA.

FONS.—“*Tha'n oidhche tighinn a's mise leam fin.*”

Tha fàilleadh gun fhotas
 Bho 'chneas Mhic-an-Tòisich,
 Chuireadh blàths' ann am pòraibh,
 Là reòt a's gaoth tuath.

*O! sid i 'n deoch mhilis
 Nach pilleamaid uainn,
 Chuireadh blàths air gach cridhe,
 Ge do bhithheadh iad fuar :
 O! sid i 'n deoch mhilis
 Nach pilleamaid uainn.*

Bu taitneach an ceòl
 A bhi g' eisdeachd a chrònain,
 Ga leigeadh a stòp,
 A' cuir cròie air a chuaich.
O! sid i 'n deoch, &c.

'S e gogail a choilich,
 Ga ghocadh ri gloine,
 Ceol ìntinneach, loinneil,
 A thoilleadh an duais ;
O! sid i 'n deoch, &c.

Ma chreidear mo sheanachas,
 Bu mhath leinn 'bhi sealg ort,
 Le h-urchair gun dearmad,
 Fras airgeid mu d' chluais.
O! sid i 'n deoch, &c.

'Nuair chluinnte do ghlugan
 Ga thartninn ú buideal,
 Bu mhath le ar slugan
 Am fìnachadh gu luath.
O! sid i 'n deoch, &c.

'S tu culaidh an damhsa
 Nuair thigeadh an geamhradh,
 A bheireadh air seann-duine
 'Cheann' thogail suas.
O! sid i 'n deoch, &c.

Bu mhath thu air banais,
 Ga 'r cumail na 'r caitbris,
 Nuair bhithheadh luchd-ealaidh
 Ri caitheam na 'r cluais.
O! sid i 'n deoch, &c.

Be sid an stuth neartmhor,
 Dh-fbas misneachail, reachd-mhor,
 Ni saighdear do 'n ghealltair,
 Gu spealtadh nan cnuac.
O! sid i 'n deoch, &c.

Sùgh brìgheil na thirne,
 Bho fheadan na pràise ;
 Tha spioradail, laidir,
 An caileachd 's an snuagh.
O! sid i 'n deoch, &c.

Ann an coinnidh, 's an codhail,
 Bheir daoine gu còmhradh,
 'S binn luinneagan orain
 Mu bhord ga 'n cuir suas.
O! sid i 'n deoch, &c.

Tha thu cleachdta 's gach dùthaich,
 N àm reiteachadh cùmhant,
 Ma bhios sinn as t-iunnais,
 Bi'dh sùgradh fad bhuan.
O! sid i 'n deoch, &c.

Tha thu d' lighich' neo-thuisleach,
 A dh' fhiachas gach cuisle,
 Gun iarmailt no duslach,
 Air nach cuir thu ruaig.
O! sid i 'n deoch, &c.

Gun eugail na fàilinn
 Tha 'n clannaibh nan Gàid,
 Nach toir thu gu slaint',
 Agus phraighear dhut dhuais.
O! sid i 'n deoch, &c.

Nuair 'shuidheamaid socrach,
 'S e 'ghlaoilte na bodaich,
 Cha b' ionnan 's am brochan,
 Thoir boslach dheth' nuas.

*O! sid i 'n deoch, mhilis
 Nach pilleamaid uainn,
 Chuireadh blàths air gach cridhe,
 Ge do bhithheadh iad fuar :
 O! sid i 'n deoch mhilis
 Nach pilleamaid uainn.*

Note.—We have printed this song as we took it down from the poet's own recitation in 1828.

ORAN DO 'N MIISG.

AIR FOSN—“*An am dol sìos bhì dèdnach.*”

AN àm dhomh gluasad anns a mhadainn,
 Cha 'n 'eil m' aigneadh sunntach,
 'S e Mac-na-bracha 'rinn mo leagadh
 Ann an leabaidh dhùinte ;
 Mo chliabh na lasair, air a chasadh,
 S airtneulach mo dhùsgadh,
 'S e sud an gleachdair fhuaif fo smachd mi,
 'S dh' fhag e m' aisnean bruite.

Nuair a shuidh sinn san taigh-òsda,
 Chaidh na stoip thar chuantas,
 Gu tric a tighinn, cha bu ruighinn,
 Iad na 'n ruith a m' ionnsuidh,
 Gun iarraidh dälach a sìor phaigheadh
 'G òl deoch-slaìnte 'Phrionnsa ;
 'S cha 'n iarraìnn fein a dh' aobhar ghàir',
 Ach Ràonull a toirt cliù dhomh.

Nuair a ghluais mì gu tigh'n dachaigh,
 Lagadh a chion lùis mì,
 Gun d' fhalbh mo neart gun leirsiun cheart,
 Gun chaill mì 'm beachd bha m' shùilean ;
 Feadh na h-oidhche 's mì gun soillseinn
 Air mo shlaic 'san dùnan ;
 Cha robh air chomas domh ach àrusg,
 'S bha mo chairdean diùmbach.

'S leir dhomh 'n diugh gur mòr an tàmailt
 Càch a bhì ga m' ghiulan,
 'S mì fein an duil gun robh mì laidir
 Gus an d' fhag mo thùr mì ;
 Ge do chuir i 'n éis mo cholunn,
 'S e mo sporan 'dhiùbhaill
 Air gnìomh na misge 'shlaid gun fhìos mì,
 Mar tig gliocas ùr dhomh.

'S olc an ealaidh bhì ga leanailt,
 'S aimideach an tùrn 'bhi
 'Suidh' air bhord a glodhaich òil,
 'S mo phòcannan ga 'n tionndadh,
 A' sgapadh stòrais le mcud-mhoir,
 Ag iarraidh phòg 's na cùltean ;
 'S fad sa mhaireadh mo chuid òir,
 Cha chuireadh òsdair cùl rium.

'S coir dhomh nise thoirt fos' near
 An t-aithreachas a dhùbladh,
 Mo bhoid gu gramail thoirt a'n Eala,
 Dh' fheuch an lean mo chliù rium ;

Cha teid deur a staigh fo m' dheudaich,
 'S feudar tigh'n as iùnaìs ;
 Cha 'n fhaigh fear falamh seol air aran
 Ach le fallas gnùise.

Labhair Raonull—“ Na biodh sprochd ort,
 'S theid mì nochd air t-ionnsuidh,
 Gleidhidh mì dhut bean a's tochradh,
 Cho coltach 's tha 's dùthaich ;
 Ge do bhiodh tu gann de stoc,
 Na faicear bochd do ghiulan ;
 'S c'arson nach glodhamaid a'r botul
 Ann an toiseach cùmhnant ?”

SMEORACH CHLOINN-DUGHAILL.

LUINNEAG.

*Ho-i, rì na, ho-ro, hù-o,
 Ho-lìb ho-i na, i-ri, ù-o ;
 'S smèorach mise le Cloinn-Dùghaill
 A seinn cùil, an dluths' gach gèige.*

CHA dean mì bròn an còs falaich,
 Tha seilèir mo loin gun ainnis :
 Gheibh gach seòrsa aol air aran,
 'S cha churam dhomhsa 'bhi falamh.
Ho-i, rì na, &c.

Nuair a dh' eireas grian an earraich,
 Diridh an ianlaith 's na crannaibh ;
 Tha 'm beatha-san dìant' air thalamh
 Bho 'n laimh gus an bial, 's i ro mbath.
Ho-i, rì na, &c.

Gur a mise a smèorach ghleannach,
 Sheinninn ceol air bhàrr gach meangain ;
 Ribheid ùr an sunnsair fallain,
 'S math mo chàil, gun sàs air m' anail.
Ho-i, rì na, &c.

Madainn chéitein, 'n àm dhomh dùsgadh,
 'Seinn gu h-èibhinn, eutrom, siubhlach ;
 Dealt nan speur air gheugan chraidh,
 Griann ag eiridh, 's fear a' brùchdadh.
Ho-i, rì na, &c.

Ghineadh mì 's an tìr nach coimheach,
 'S chaisginn m' iotadh le brìgh Chomhainn ;
 Tobar ioc-shlaìnte nach reodhadh,
 'G éiridh 'nìos bho 'n dilinn dhomhainn.
Ho-i, rì na, &c.

Air taobh greine, gleann mo chridhe,
Far an robh eibhneas mo dhìbhe;
Ge do bhiodh an t-eug a tighinn,
Bheireadh slainnt' do 'm chreubhsa rithist.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

'S an tìr àigh do 'n gnà 'bhi cridheil,
Chaidh m' àrach gun fhaillinn bidhe,
Air nead sàbhailte gun snithe;
'S gheibhinn blaths' air sgà Chloinn Iain.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Tha mi nise measg Chloinn-Cham'roin,
Cinneadh mòr bha 'n seòrs ud ainmeil;
'N cath 's an còmhail, seòlta, calma;
'Dol gu còmhrag, stroiceach, marbhtach.
Ho-i, ri-na, &c.

'S piudhar mi do 'n chuthaig shamhraidh,
Le 'm dheoin cha teid mi gu Galltachd;
Bho 'n is i Ghàèllig is cainnt domh,
'Measg mo chàirdean talar ann mi,
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Nuair theid fianlach feadh na coille,
Cruinnichidh ianlaith gach doire;
Thig gach ian gu nead le coilleig.
Sràbh ga shniomh am bial gach coilich.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

'S ionnan sid 's mar dh'eireas domhsa;
Ma phocas càch mi le dòrainn,
Falbhaidh mis' 'an riochd na smeòraich,'
'S theid mi 'm ghearan far an cùr dbomh.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Gu Dùn nan Clìar thriallainn dàna,
'Dhol fo sgiathaibh nan triath stàtail;
Ged nach eil Eoin Ciar a lathair,
'S maireann am fear liath a's Pàdrùig.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Dùn-olla nan tùireid arda,
Nam fear fuilleach, builleach, strèach,
'Sheasadh duineil luchd an cairdeis,
'Choisneadh urram ri uchd namhaid.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

'S smeòrach mi bho chaisteal uaibhreach,
Nan stend prìseil, rìoghail, suairce,
Dream gun spid, bha 'n sinnsir nasal,
Bu mhor pris ri linn Raon-Ruairidh.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Dughallaich nan geur-lann aisneach,
Guineach, beumach, speiceach, sgaitnach,
Dol ri feum le treundas gaisgidh,
Garg 's a streup, 's bha 'n leus ri fhaicinn.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Cha robh 'm Brusach na chuis fharmaid,
Ri fhuil cha chumadh iad earbsa,
Mu 'n do sguir sibh, bha e searbh dha,
'S bu bheag leis a chuid de dh' Alba,
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Chuir sibh, Roibeart an cuil chumhainn,
Ghabh e gu fogradh car siubhail;
Cha robh dhaoine saor bho phuthar,
Fad 's a bha bhur taobh-sa 'buidhion.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Cha b' iongnadh e 'ghabhail grain diu,
'S tric a chuir iad cummart bais air;
Thug sibh uaithe 'sròl 's am braisde,
'S tha sid an Dun-olla 'lathair.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

'S i 'n t-sheann stòri tha mi gluasad,
'S naidheachd ùr do 'n fhear nach cual i,
Sgeula fìor, ge fada bhuaithe,
Gun do sheas an linn ud cruadal.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Buidheann gun fhiamh, nach d' iarr socair,
Rinn iad aon blar-diag a chosnadh;
Gus an tainig sgrìob na dosgann,
Latha Dail-rìgh a mhi-fhòrtain.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

'S e bu mhiannach leis a bhuidheann,
Bhì cur ard-rainh' chean fo 'n uidheam,
Seoladh ard air bharr nan sruithean,
Sgotadh nam bàre le car shiubhal.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Luchd a chaitheamh nan cuan borba,
'S muir a gairich ri h-aird stoirme;
Bheireadh iad gu aite soirbh i,
Dh' aindeoin barr nan sràc-thonn gorma.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Fir mo ghaoil bho thaobh na tràghad,
Nach robh claon ri h-aodann gabhaidh,
Nach meataicheadh gaoin an t-sàile,
'Nnair a sguoileadh iad a h-àlach.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Cha d' innis mi trian da 'r n' àbhaist,
'S tha mo mhùineal tioram tràisgte;
'S olaidh mi nis' hur deoch-slainte,
A shliochd a Cholla-Chathaich Spaintich.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

TROD MNA-AN-TAIGHE RI FEAR,

AIR SON A BHI 'G OL AN DRAMA.

LATHA dhomh 's mí 'g òl an drama,
Còmlath ri oigearan glana,
Ge do bha mo bhean-sa banail,
'S sgainnealach a trod i rium.

*"O! teann a null, 's na tionndaidh rium,
Bho 'n 's e mo dlàinnb a choisian thu ;
Fuirich sàmhach air mo chul-thuobh.
Sùgradh cha bhì nochd againn."*

Labhair ise 'sin na briathran :—
'Fasaidh tu d' shruthaire briagach,
S eagal leam nach pàidh thu t-fhiachan,
'S e do ghnìomh tha coltach ris.
O! teann a null, &c.

'Cha 'n fhuilig mi bonn a d' bheadradh
Air moch, no anamoch, no feasgar ;
'S fear leat comunn nan stòp beaga,
'S thoill thu leasan goirt' thoirt dhut.
O! teann a null, &c.

'Thug thu òg do cheannas-einnidh
Do Mhac-an-Tòisich an gille ;
'S bho na rinn an t-ùl do mhilleadh,
A d' mhìre cha 'n 'eil toirt agam.
O! teann a null, &c.

'Cha 'n fharraid' thu 'm bìthinn heo,
Nam faigheadh tu tombac' a's pòit,
Bhì sgapadh airgeid air gach bòrd,
'S cha 'n 'eil an seul ud fortanach.
O! teann a null, &c.

'S olc an an obair dhut bhì daonnan
A tighinn dachaigh air an daoraich ;
Cuiridh tu mise gu caoineadh,
'S dh' aognaich fear do choltais mi.
O! teann a null, &c.

'Tha thu gun leine, gun chota,
'S cha dean mise snaithn' ri d' bheo dhut ;
Bho na dh' fhas thu d' dhuine gòrach,
Chuir an t-ùl bho chosnadh thu.
O! teann a null, &c.

'Tha thu gun bhriogais, gun fheileadh,
'S e air tolladh air do shleisnean ;
'S cìa mar a nì mi dhut éideadh ?
Chuir thu fein gu bochdainn mi.
O! teann a null, &c.

'Phè's mi thu dh' aindeoin mo chairdean,
Gun toil u' athar no mo mhàthar ;
'S bho na ghabh mi nise gràin dhiot,
Falbh as fag a's droch-uair mi.
O! teann a null, &c.

'Phè's mi thu le deoin gun aindeoin,
'S bha thu seolt' air thì mo mheallaidh ;
Bho na bha mi òg am amaid,
Rinn mì ceangal do-charach.
O! teann a null, &c.

'Ge do bheirinn spreidh a's carras
Do dh' fhear t-ùl-bhaist agus t-ealain,
Chosgadh tu e leis na galain ;
Ailein! chaidh an ròsadh ort !
O! teann a null, &c.

'Ge nach robh mo chroth air buaile,
Bhuiuinn do dh-fhìor fhuil gun truaileadh ;
'S na seallainn beagan mu 'n cuairt dhomh,
Cha d' fhuair thu mì socharach."
O! teann a null, &c.

E-SAN A' LABHAIRT

AIR A SHON FEIN

FISD! a bhean, do d' ghearan uaibhreach,
'S fuirich sìobhalt ann a d' ghluasad,
S na bi maoidheadh ormsa t-uaisle,
Bho nach d' fhuair mi tochradh leat.

*O tionndaidh rium, a's deasaich rium,
'S a ràin! na bi ri moit' orm,
'S teannaidh mise riut a null,
Le sùgradh mar bu choltach dhuinn.*

'N cluinn thu mis', a bhean an taighe ?
Eirich, 's theid mi leat a laidhe ;
Smaoinich fein gun geill na mnathan,
'S gabhaidh iad le choiteach rud.
O tionndaidh rium, &c.

A bhì trod rium cha 'n 'eil feum ann,
Cha chuis àbhachd dhuinn le cheil e :—
'Air leul duinntè cha teid féichean,"
'S e bhì réith is docha leinn.
O tionndaidh rium, &c.

'S ge do dheanainn stòp a thràghadh,
 Maille ri cuideachda chairdeil,
 'S maing thu 'mhaoidheadh orm gu bràch e,
 Ged do phàidhinn crotag ris.
O tionndaidh rium, &c.

Ge do dh' òlainn làn an taomain,
 Thiginn dachaigh cridheil, gaolach ;
 'S cha bu chùis gu taigh a sgaoileadh,
 Ge do ghlaodhainn botul dheth.
O tionndaidh rium, &c.

Ge do labhair thu 's gach doigh rium,
 Dh' aindeon aon ni riamh a dhùl mi,
 'S geal do churrachd, 's dùbh do bhrogan,
 'S dìonach, comhnard, socrach, iad.
O tionndaidh rium, &c.

Ge do dh' fhanadh tu air t-eolas,
 Gun tigh'nn riamh a nall á Cnòideart,
 Gheibhinn te le beagan stòrais,
 Bhiodh cho boidheach coltas riut.
O tionndaidh rium, &c.

Ach sin 'nuair a labhair ise :—
 "Smithich togaill dhoit a nis',
 Chàin thu thu fein, 's dhìt thu mise ;
 'S misd thu nach 'eil fòsadh ort."
O tionndaidh rium, &c.

GEARAN NA MNATHA AN

AGHAIDH A' FIR, AGUS IAD A FREAGAIRT A CHEILE.

FONN—" 'S muldach mi fhìn 's mo Dhòmhnall."

A' BHEAN,

'S cia mar dh-fhaodas mi bhì beo,
 'S an d'òine breoite, truagh agam ?
 Tha e-san sean, agus mis' òg,
 'S ann aig' tha 'n corr mar chuala mi :
 Ge do laidheas mi 'ga chòir
 Tha bhial 'sa sbroin air fuarachadh,
 'S gur mor a chulaidh ghraìn a phòg,
 Le fhiasaig mhoir 'g a suathadh rium.

AM FEAR.

O ! bhean, cha 'n 'eil do labhairt ceart,
 Bha neart annam 'n uair fhuair thu mi ;
 Dheanainn mire, mùirn, a's macnus,
 A's ghleachdainn ris na gruagaichean :

Sean-fhacal a dh-fhaodar innse,
 Sgeula fìor a chualas e :—
 "Cha lean an sìornach air a shìor-ruith,
 'S bìthidh e sgìth dheth uair-eigin."

A' BHEAN.

'S dona ghreis a mbair thu dhomhsa,
 A's cha b'è 'm pòsadh buadhail e ;
 Dh-fhalbh do mbisneach, 's do threòir
 An uair bu choir dhut cruadhachadh ;
 Ged bhiodh tu da-fhichead 's corr,
 Cha b' aois ro mhor an tuairmeachd sin ;
 'S gur lionmhor fear nach 'eil cho òg riut,
 Chuireas pòr mar thuathanach.

AM FEAR.

Dheanainn cliathadh, 's chuirinn crann,
 Na' faighinn earlaid luathaireach,
 Agus cuideachadh ri bantraich,
 'S gheibhinn taing, a's tuarasdal ;
 Ge do chaidh mi nis a prìs,
 Bho 'n tha mi tinn air uaireanan ;
 Gu 'n robh mi roimhe 'm sgalaig ghrinn,
 'S bu mhor 'ga d' dhì na fhuair thu dhìom.

A' BHEAN.

'S a h-uile càs an robh thu riamh,
 Bha teang' ad bhial a dh'fhuasgladh ort ;
 Na'n creideadh gach neach do sgiala,
 Dhianadh tu na cruachan domh :
 Ach caite faca sinn do ghniomh,
 Nam fiachta ris an rùmhar thu ?
 Bha do dhruin 's do lamh cho dìomhainn,
 Sid an giomh a fhuair mi dhut.

AM FEAR.

O ! bhean, nach labhair thu gu foil,
 Cha 'n 'eil do chomhradh buannachdach :
 'S ma thionndas tu rium a choir,
 Bheir mise 'n corr nach fhuair thu dhut ;
 Glacaidh mi sùiste 'ann am dhòrn,
 'S air ùrlar comhnard buailidh mi,
 Bho airde na sparra nuas gu làr,
 'S cha 'n fhag mi graim air sguuib agad.

BHEAN.

'S na 'n togadh tu ort a chroit sin,
 Choisneadh tu do dhuais orm :
 Cha chluinntea gu bràch mis' 'g osnaich,
 A's nochdainnse mo shuairceas dhut ;
 Chuirinn an t-im ann sa bhrochan,
 A's chumainn deoch an uchdar riut ;
 'S chaidleamaid gu sàmbach socrach
 'S cha bhiodh sprochd no gruaim orm.

AM FEAR.

Shaoil mi bhean gu 'n robh thu bàindi,
 A's nach biodh sannt gu tuasaidh ort :
 Ge do dh-fhàsainnise cho fann,
 'S nach tionndainn air do chluasaig riut ;
 Air leam feiu nach eil thu 'n call,
 'S do chlann a chuir ri ghuailleibh dhut ;
 'S ma dh-fhas thu guinideach nad' cheann,
 Gur bean tha 'n geall air buaireadh thu.

A' BHEAN.

'S ann agam-sa bba 'n ceannfath,
 Nuair chithinn càch a' cluainis riut ;
 Chaidh a' chuis bho fhaladhà,
 A's cha robh stà bhi d' bhuachailleachd ;
 Ged a's mis' a ghlaic do lamh,
 Bha te no dha nach b' fhuathach leat :
 'S ma chosg thu riutha do liunn-tàth,
 Tha nis' am fàil air fuarachadh.

AM FEAR.

Dh-aithnich thusa sin ort fein,
 A bheudag dh-fhas thu suarach orm :
 Chaill thu nise dhiom do spéis,
 'S cha 'n eil do reite buan agam :
 Bho 'n a chaidh mise nis' bho fheum,
 'S e 'n t-eud a rinn do bhuaidh-sa ;
 'S moeh 'sa mhadainn chuir thu 'n ceill domh,
 Nach robh m' eiridh suas agam.

A' BHEAN.

Is fhir gun stà, gun rath, gun direadh,
 Na bi 'g iunse tuailleas orm ;
 Nam bidh tusa dhomhsa dileas,
 Cha robh m' inntinn bruailleannach :
 Ach 's e bu mhiann leat a bhi brìodal,
 Ris gach ribhinn chuaileanaich ;
 'S iomadh ribein agus cir,
 A's deise chinu a fhuair iad bhuait'.

AM FEAR.

Ach c'aite 'n fhuair thu mi 's gaith,
 Na'm faea tu 'g an tuairgneadh mi,
 Cha robh mi m' mheirleach cho math,
 'S nach glaca' tu mi uair-eigin :
 'S ma fhuair thu taisgeuladh no brath,
 'S e 's fhasa chuir a suas orm,
 S na càraich air a mhlùin do chas,
 Ach leig a mach na chuala tu.

A' BHEAN.

'S ma chuireas tu mi gu m' dhùbhlann,
 Bithidh a chuis na 's cruaidhe dhut :
 Gheibh a' ministeir an t-umhladh,
 A's theid an làireach shuaicheant ort ;

Liunseach, mhaslach air a dùbladh,
 Leis gach dunadh tuaisgearra :
 'S ge do bhithinn' air do chul-thaobh ;
 Air son crùn cha 'n fhuasglainn i.

AM FEAR.

Ach gus an càirear mi 's an ùir,
 Cha 'n fhaic do shuil mu m' ghuaillan i,
 S na thig do naidheachd os ceann bùird,
 Cha chliù dhut a bhi luaidh sin rium ;
 A's ge do lasadh t-fhearg le diumb,
 Cho ghrad ri fudar buaireasach,
 Cha chomhdaichear leat orm-sa chùis,
 Nach iunsaich mi le h-uaidhbheachas.

A' BHEAN.

'S cha mhor nach coma leam co dhìù,
 Cha robh do thùrn ach suarach leam :
 'S an a'r a b' fhearr a bha do shùgradh,
 Chunntainnise na h-uaireannan ;
 Chaidleadh tu cho trom gun dùsgadh,
 Air mo chul le smuaisirein :
 'S ge do bhiodh mo thaigh 'ga rùsgadh,
 Cha robh curam gluasaid ort.

AM FEAR.

'S bheirinn comhairle gu h-eolach,
 Air gill' og tha fuasgailteach ;
 E bhi glìc ri àm a phòsaidh,
 'S laidhe seolta suas rithe :
 'S gun droch cleachdadh thoirt 'g a dheoin,
 Do ghòraig nach biodh stuaim innte,
 'S gun fhios nan lagaicheadh a threibr,
 Nach ordaicheadh i bhuaithe e.

A' BHEAN.

Am fear nach dean a threabhadh tràth,
 'S a mhàirt ged bhiodh e fuar aige,
 S eulaidh mhagaidd e chion stà,
 'S ri latha bhàth cha bhua'n e diàs ;
 Bithidh am fearann aige fàs,
 Na stiallan bana, 's luachair air,
 A's e san broimein! a' dol bàs,
 'S na saithlean làn aig tuathanaich.

AM FEAR.

'S cha 'n fheud mo threabhadhsa bhi mall,
 S do chall ri dheanadh suas agam ;
 Bheir mi oigeich as a' ghleann,
 'S theid cuing gu teann mu 'n gualleanusa :
 A' Dun-éideann gheibh mi crann,
 'S e fasan gallda 's usaille leinn ;
 Celtar, stailinn, soc, a's baun,
 'S gach ball bhos ann theid cruaidh orra.

A' BHEAN.

Bi cho math 's do ghealladh dhomhsa,
 'S còrdaidh sinn gun duathalas :
 Bho 'n tha sinn cho fada còmhla,
 'S am pòsadh mar chruaidh shnuim oirnn ;
 'S mor gur fearr leum an t-olc eolach,
 Na fogarach luasganach ;
 A's cuiridh sinn ar treis an ordugh,
 A's mar a 's coir dhuinn gluaisidh sinn.

AM FEAR.

Is thuir an sean-fhear, 's cha b'ì bhriag,
 Ge d' eireadh sian nan cuartagan :—
 “ Nach robh soirbheas laidir dian,
 Gun fhiath bhì goirid uaithe sin : ”
 'S an cogadh bu chruaidh bh' ann riamb,
 Chaidh erioch le rian air uair-eigin ;
 'S cuir thusa, bhean, ri d' theangaidh srian,
 'S bithidh sìth 'ga dianamb suas againn.

ORAN NA CAILLICH.

AIR FÒNN—“ *It's hì ho hà mo luadh mo leanamh.* ”

Ma theid mi gu feill, gu féisd, no banais,
 Bi'dh ise làn eud, 's i fein aig baile
 'S ma bheir mi le sùgradh suil air cailleig,
 Gur diumb a's fàlachd sid dhomhsa.

*O hì o hà, gur cruaidh a chailleach,
 O hì, o hà, gur fuar a chailleach,
 Ho rè, ho rà, 's i ghrain a chailleach,
 Dh'fhàg mise 'nam amadan gòrach.*

Ma nì mi 'n taigh-òsda stòp a cheannach,
 No suidhe air bòrd 's gun òl mi drama,
 Theid failleadh 'na sròin 's a dòrn an tarruinn,
 'S bi'dh muinntir a bbaile ri mòd oirnn,
 O hì, o hà, &c.

Mar ceannaich mi tì cha'n fhiach mi m' fharaid
 A leigheas a cinn, 's i tinn a gearan ;
 Cha dean i rium sìth, ach strì a's carraid,
 'S ri càran teallaich an combhuuidh.
O hì, o hà, &c.

Bhithinn gu h-èibhinn, eatrom, aighearach,
 Aigionnach, gleusda, a' leum 's an Earrachd,
 Na 'n deanadh an t-eug bho chéil' ar sgaradh,
 'S gu 'n càrainn an falach fo 'n fhòd i.
O hì, o hà, &c.

Cha 'n airgead, cha 'n òr, cha stòr, cha thrusgan,
 'Chuir mise air a tìr ri moran cùirteis—
 Ach dalladh fo sglèò le seòrsa buidseachd—
 'S ann agamsa tha 'n t-uirsgeul air Sebnaid.
O hì, o hà, &c.

Nuair thig mi bho 'n chrann an àm an earraich,
 Le fuachd air mo chall, 's mi 'n geall mo gharaidh,
 Cha 'n thoad mi na taing dol teann air an teallach
 Mu 'm buail i gu h-ealamh le bròig mì.
O hì, o hà, &c.

Cha dian i dhomh feum, 's cha ghreidh i aran,
 Cha 'n àraich i feudail, spreidh, no leanamh,
 A' laidhe 'sa g eiridh 'g eigheach 's a' gearan,
 'S gu 'n reicinn gu deimhinu air ghròt i.
O hì, o hà, &c.

Tha cnaimhean cho chruaidh ri cnaille daraich,
 A craiceann, 's a tuar cho fuar ris a ghaillinn ;
 Cha dean bairille guail aon uair a garradh,
 Gun dusan sac gearrain de mhoine.
O hì, o hà, &c.

Gun fhaicill 'na ceann, 's car cam 'na peireeal,
 Nuair thogadh i greann an àm an fheasgair
 Gu'n teiche' gach clann, gach crann, 's seisreach,
 Aig miad an eagail romh ' gròigeis !!

*O hì, o hà, gur cruaidh a chailleach,
 O hì, o hà, gur fuar a chailleach,
 Ho rè, ho rà, 's i ghrain a chailleach,
 Dh'fhàg mise 'nam amadan gòrach.*

BARD LOCH-NAN-EALA.

JAMES SHAW, or *Bàrd Loch-nan-Eala*, was a native of the island of Mull, where he was born about the year 1758. He latterly resided in the parish of Ardochattan, Argyleshire, where he was commonly called the Lochnell poet. Being partly supported by the late General Campbell and his lady; she, it is said, encouraged him to publish some of his works, for which purpose he went to Glasgow to get them printed. Whether he got a printer to undertake the work or failed in the attempt is not known; for, on his return home, he died suddenly on board a Steamboat on his passage to Oban: this happened about the year 1828. He lived in a state of idleness and dissipation; praising those who paid him well for it, and composing satires on those who refused him money or liquor. A few of his poems were printed in Turner's Collection, and many others are preserved in manuscript, but they are chiefly local satires of little merit. "*B'ìdh Fonn oirre Daonna*" is his *chef d'œuvre* and the only popular piece of all his compositions, except in his own country.

ORAN DO DH' FHIONNLA MARSANTA.

[Air son e chuir as a chèile seanna chuirn agus clachan iobairt, à bh'aig na Draoidhean bho shean]

AIR FOKN.—“ *Alasdair á Gleanna-Garadh.* ”

CHUNNA' mi brúadar air Fionnla,
'S chuir e iongnadh orm r'a fhaicinn,
'S ghabh mi iongandas ro mhòr dheth,
Gu sònraicht o 'n bha mi 'm chadal;
Thuirte an guth rium dol da ionnsaidh,
Dh' innse nach e cùis a b' fhasa,
Dol a rusgadh càrn nan Druidhneach,
Na 'n car a thoirte a muinntir Ghlascho.

Ach dh' fharraid mi co as a dh' fbalbh e?
'S fhreagair e le seanachas grad mi,

Thuirte e gu 'n robh a chairdean dlèas,
Eadar a Chill 's Allt-na-dacha;
Bha cuid air an Dun so shuas din,
'S bha uair a bha iad na bu phailt' ann;
'S cha 'n eil mi buidheach a dh' Fhionnla,
Dhol ga 'n dùsgadh as an cadal.

'S chì thusa fhathasd le d' shuilean,
Ma bhios tu 's dùthaich ri fhaicinn,
Gu 'n téid an gnothach so dhioladh,
Cho chinnteach 'sa bha 'n crùn an Sasunn.

'S goilt e 'n steigh bh' ann an uachdar
Chladhaich e 'n uaigh fo na leacan ;
E gun fhios co dhìù bha innte,
Mac an rìgh na sliochd a bhaigeir.

'N saoil thu fhein nach robh e dàna,
Marsanta maileid no paca,
Dhol a rusgadh an àit-iobairt,
'S ioma linn a chuir e seachad ;
'N t-aite 'n robh cnaimhean an t-seann-duin,
'N tiolaiceadh ann o cheann fada ;
Mu 'n téid an gnothach gu crìch,
Gur duilghe dha na fiach a *bhlastidh*.

Ma dh' eireas mise 's mo luchd leanmhuinn,
Gu 'm bi gnothach garbh a's dùthaich,
Theid Mac-'Hle-dhuibh a mharbhadh,
'S cha dìon a chuid airgeid Fionnla,
Leagar an taigh air sa 'n sabhal,
Sgriosar am bathar 'sa bhùth air,
'S theid Gilleaspuig ri posta,
Agus crochar mac a chùbair.

Eiridh an tubaist do 'n chùbair,
'S laidhe binn air Mac-na-Cearde,
'S ma dh' òrdaicheas e gu h-olc e,
'S gnothach neo-chiontach sud dásan,
E na sheirbheiseach aig Fionnla,
Tuilleadh a null gu Feill-Màrtuinn,
'S ma chuireas e nall na leacan,
Ma bhios meachainn ann sann dásan.

Bhi cuir fudair anns na creagan,
Chuireadh e eagal air bòcain,
Bhi ga 'n tolladh leis an tora,
'S bhi ga 'n sparradh leis na h-òrdan,
Daoine marbha bhi ga 'n gluasad,
'S gnothach namhraidh gu leoir e,
'S na 'n leanainn e gu grunnad an t-seanchais,
B' ainmeil e na arm rìgh Deòrsa.

'S cha téid a chorp fhein gu dìlinn,
Thiolaiceadh an aite gràsmbor,
'S ann théid a losgadh mar iobairt,
Air a dhiteadh leis na fàidhean,
Theid a luath a chuir le abhuinn,
'N aite nach fhaighear gu bràth i,
'S cha 'n faigh e ach na thoill e,
Chionn gu 'n d' rinn e gnothach graineil.

Ach dh' fhalbh an guth 's thug e chul rium,
Agus thionndaidh e gu h-ealamh,
Thuirt e rium gu 'n d' rinn e dìochuimhn,
'S e ga innse dhomh mar charaid,
Fios a thoirt dh' ionnsaidh Dhùghaill,
Gu 'n robh a ghal a's nìrd ro ealamh,
Dheanadh torachan do dh- Fhionnla,
Chuir fudair an Dail-a-charra.

Smaointich mi so ann am iuntinn,
Nach bithinn a dèitadh Dhùghaill,
Thuirt mi ris gur duine grinn e,
Do dh' fhuil Rìghrean nan Stiùbhart,
Tha e fhein na dhuine toileil,
Dheanadh gnothach do dh' fhear dùthcha ;
'S on bha Fionnla na chabhaig,
Cha bu mhath leis bhi ga dhiultadh.

'Nuair a dhùisg mi ghabh mi eagal,
'S e na sheasamh air an ùrlar,
Dh' fheoch am faighinn reidh air falbh e,
Los nach coisninn na lorg diùmba ;
Tha Dùghall trom air an tombaca,
'S tha pailteas deth sin aig Fionnla ;
'S o 'n a labhair mi cho deas ris,
Ghabh e pairt de leith-sgeul Dhùghaill.

'S ann a tha 'n naidheachd so cinnteach,
Ged shaoileadh sibhse gur bùsd e,
Cha 'n innis mi a neach gu brath e,
Ach do chuideachd araid eolach ;
Cha robh a leithid riamh ri innse,
Eadar an Sìthean 's Lag-Chòthain
Co dhìù th' ann breng no firinn,
Sin agaibh mur dh' innseadh dhomhs e.

B'IDII FONN OIRRE DAONNAN

LUNNEAG.

*B'ìdh fonn oirre daonnan,
'S b'ìdh aoidh oirre 'n cònaidh,
'S dh' fhagadh m' inntinn aobhach
Bhi faicinn t-aoldainn bhòidheach,
Le mhiad 's a thug mi ghaol dat,
A's aotomas na h-dìge,
Mar a dean mi t-fhaotainn,
Cha'n fhad' a ghaoil is beò mi !*

CHUNNA' mise brudair,
Dh' fhag luaineach an raoir mi'
Bhi' faicinn bean mo ghaoil
Ri mo thaobh fad' na h-oidheche.
Mi thunnda' le sòlas,
Gu pòg thoirt do 'n mhaighdinn
An duil gu'n robh i làmh rium,
Ged' bha mi na'm' aonar.

B'ìdh fonn, &c.

Ged' do bha mi' m' shuain,
Gu'n bu luath rium mi dùsgadh
An duil gu'n robh mo thasgaidh,
An cadal air mo chul-thaobh.

'Nuair shìn mi mo lamh,
Gu mo ghradh tharruinn dlù rium,
Cha robh ann ach sgàile,
Rinn m' fhagail 'nuair dhùisg mi.
B' dh fonn, &c.

Mo dhàrachd do'n ribhinn,
Dh' fhad m' inntinn-sa craiteach
Bean t-aogais cha leir dhomh,
La-feille na sàbaid,
Do bheusan tha ceutach,
As t-eudainn ro nàrach,
Ach 's truagh mi thug guol dut,
'S nach faod mi bhì lamh riut.
B' dh fonn, &c.

O furtaich air mo chàs-sa,
A ghraidh bhan an t-shaoghail,
Tuig mar tha mo nàdur
An sàs aig do ghaol-sa.
Na fag mi mar tha mi
Dol bàs leis an fhaoinneachd,
'S gur tu stagh mo riaghailt,
Mo bhìadh agus m' aodach.
B' dh fonn, &c.

'S muldach mi daonnan,
Do ghaol rinn mo leònadh,
Dh' fhalbh mo dhreach as m'aogais,
A's chaochail mo shòlas.
Cha'n 'eil àit' an téid mi
Nach saoil mi le gòraich,
Gum beil mi faicinn t-aodann,
A's aoidh oirr' an conaidh.
B' dh fonn, &c.

Chualadh tu mar tha mi,
Gur bàs domh as t-aogmhais,
Tiondadh ann am blàth's rium
'S na fag aig an aog mi.
Thig a's thoir do laimh dhomh
Do ghradh, a's do chaoimhneas,
S cha 'n iarr mi tiull' a chàirdeas,
No dh' ailleas an t-shaoghail.

B' dh fonn oirre daonnan,
'S bh' dh aoidh oirr' an cònaidh,
'S dh' fhagadh m' inntinn aobhach
Bhì faicinn t-aodainn bhòidheach,
Le mhìad s'a thug mi ghaol dut,
A's aotromas na h-oige,
Mar a dean mi t-fhaotainn,
Cha'n fhad' a ghaoil is beò mi.

ORAN DO BHOINIPART.

LUNNEAG.

A ri! gur h-aotrom leinn an t-asdar,
Biodhmaid suantach air bheag airtneil,
Dhol an còdhail Bhoìniparti,
Chionn bhì bagairt air rìgh Deòrs.

'ILLEAN cridhe biodhmaid suantach,
Seasamaid onair ar dùthcha,
Fhad sa mhaireas luaidh' a's fùdar,
Cìod a chuireas cùram oirnn.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

Thoisich thu oirnn o cheann fada,
Le bòsd, le bòilich, 's le bagradh,
'S ma thig thu air tìr an Sasunn,
Cha téid thu dhachaigh ri d' bheò.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

Ged theannadh tu fhein 's na Frànegaich,
Ri tigh'n a Bhreatainn le d' chabhlach,
Cuiridh sinn a null gun taing thu,
'S b' fhearr dhut fuireach thall led' d'beoin.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

'Nuair chuir thu 'n Fhrèng thair a chéile,
Dh' fhalbh thu mur shlaughtear do'n Eipheit,
'Nuair a chaill thu 'n coig-claid-deug,
Gum theich thu fhein air eigin beò.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

Bha luchd nan adaichean croma,
Na 'n laidhe air blàr g'a 'n lomairt,
'S e mo dhiùbhail bh' anns a choinneamh,
Nach d' fhan *Abercrombi* beò.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

An t-seann reisimeid dubh mheasail,
An dara te sa 'n da-fhichead,
Nuair fhuair i suas riut a chlisgeadh,
Chuir i bristeadh ann ad chrò.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

Nis dh' eirich na *Volunteers*,
'N onair an rìgh 's mborair Iain,
Chur nam Frangach gu 'n cridhe,
Chionn bhì bruidhinn tigh'n d' ar còir.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

O 'n fhuair sinn deise nan Gàèl,
Boineidean 's cotaichean sgàrlaid,
Suaitheantas an rìgh mar fhabhar,
Le còc-ard de dh' ite 'n eoin.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

'S na 'm biodh againn mur bu dual duinn,
Lann chinn-Illich air ar cruachainn,
A' sgoltadh nan ceann g'a 'n guallean,
Ga 'n bualadh le snuais nan dòrn.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

Gum beil Albainn agus Sasunn,
An guallean a cheill' an ceart-uair,
Tha iad aig fuaim an aon fhacail,
Mar shrad eadar clach a's òrd.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

Dh' fhalbh thu mar shlaughtear air chuan,
Mu 'n d' amhairc sinne mu 'n cnairt òirnn,
'S ged thug thu Hanobhar bhuaime,
Ge b' òil leat cha d' fhuair thu 'n t-òr.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

Ach ma gheibh sinn ann an sàs thu,
'N dearbh cha 'n fhaigh thu moran dìlach,
Do chrochadh an la-'n-na-mhàireach,
Le fiach cota-bhàin a ròp.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

Ged thig thu air tìr an Albainn,
'N dòchas losgaidh agus marbhaidh,
Tha aguinne suas de dh' armait,
Na shracas t eanchainn agus t-fheoil.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

Tha saighdeirean Earraghàcèil,
Fearachail, foghainteach, daicheil,
'S chuireadh iad eagal a bhàis,
Air h-uille nàmhaid a ta brò.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

DUANAG

DO MAC-AN T-SAOIR GHILINNE-NOGHA.

LUINNEAG.

Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, fear-dubh, fear-dubh
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, 's e liath-ghlas,
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, 's a chrùlha gheal,
Le Spiorad glan gun iargain.

Thoir beannachdan le dùrachd uam,
Gabh ci ram, 's na dean diochuimhn',
A's giùlain iad a dh'ionnsaidh 'n fhìr,
A's deise, grinne briatharan.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Nam b'aithne dhomh-sa seanachas ort,
Na leanamhainn air do fhriamhaich,
Gu molainn thu gu dicheallach,
'S air m'fhaic b'fhiach dhonn dhianamb.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

'S tu ceann na teaghlach onarich,
A bha'n Gleann-nogha riamh sibh,
'S gu'm meal thu fein an stòile sin,
'S do dheagh mhac oighre ' liathadh.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Cha'n aithne dhomh 's na crìochan so,
('S cha mhìs' a theid ga t-fhiachain)
Aon duine a chumas seanachas riut,
'S gun chearb bhì tighinn o d' bhial air.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Cha smaoinich iad, 's cha'n urrainn ann
Aon duine chunnaic riath thu,
Cho deis 's a thig na facail ort,
'S nach fhad' theid thu ga'n iarraidh.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

'Nuair a thain' an t-Olla Sasunnach,
Thoirt maslaidh 'n aird an Iar so,
Gur tusa phill gu h-ullamh e,
'S tu b'urraim dhol g'a dhianamb.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Gur luinneagach am bail' agad
Le ath-ghairm nan liath-chreag,
A' freagairt do na smeòraichean
Gu mìlis, ceolar, tiamhaidh.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Gu siubhlach, àghar, freagarach,
Gun stad, gun sgreud, gun sgrìachan,
'Sa mhoch-thra', 'nuair a dhùisgeas tu,
Air madaim chiuin, 'sa ghrian ann.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

'Nuair dhìreadh tu na Lairgean
Led' ghunn' ad' laimh, 's le d' mhiol-choin,
Gu'n leigte feidh san fhìreach leat,
'S do ghillean bhì toirt bhian diu.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Ach 's eigin domh so innseadh dhut,
'S o 's fìor e, na gabh miotlachd,
O'n t-shìn thu ris a chiobuireachd
Gun leig thu cheird s' air diochuimhn.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Nam bithinn' ann sa chùirt a nis,
'S gach cùis a bhì gum' riaghladh,
Bhiodh Cruachan le chuid leitireachan
A' tighinn a staigh fo d' chriochan.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Be sud an rud bha nadura,
'S tha cinnte aig càch gu'm b'fhior e,
S o'n leig sibh uaibh le gòraich e,
Bu choir dhub bhì ga iarraidh.

Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Ach sguiridh mis' dhe'n iomarblaidh,
'S nach buin dhomh bhì ga dianamh
Gum fhios nach gabh iad ardan rium
Am finne* dh'araich riamh mi.

Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

SEUMAS MAC-GHRIOGAIR.

THE REV. JAMES M'GREGOR, D.D., was born at a small farm-house near Comrie, Perthshire, in the year 1762. His parents were not affluent, but they were in circumstances which enabled them to give the benefits of such education as the country afforded, to their son. Young M'Gregor, nurtured amid the sublime and romantic scenery of Lochearn-side, had his mind early imbued with the feelings of poesy; but it does not appear that he produced any thing worthy of preservation until an advanced period of his existence. While yet a young man, he studied the Gaelic language with considerable assiduity and success, and could write it—a very rare attainment in his younger days.

Being of a sedate and serious turn of mind, he was early designed for the ministry; and after going through the various seminaries and halls of learning, he was licensed to preach the gospel when about twenty-one years of age. Mr M'Gregor was conscientiously a dissenter from the Church of Scotland. He belonged to the Anabaptist branch of the Secession-Church, and studied divinity under the tuition of the Rev. W. Moncrieff, of Alloa. Shortly after he was licensed to preach, some colonists in Nova Scotia sent an earnest entreaty to this country, for a person of acknowledged abilities and evangelical piety to preach the gospel to them. After due consideration had been given to this requisition, Mr M'Gregor was fixed upon as an individual well qualified to discharge the arduous duties of such a situation, both from his mental qualifications and robust physical constitution. He readily agreed to this proposal; and, although he had the prospects of an advantageous settlement in his native country he hesitated not to go to a strange land to proclaim the gospel of peace.

In Nova Scotia he entered on a field boundless in extent as in difficulties. The inhabitants were far apart; there were no roads in the country; and when we say that the sphere of his operations included the eastern part of Nova Scotia, and the adjacent islands of Cape Breton and Prince Edward, the reader may form some idea of the Herculean task he had undertaken to discharge. He was, we believe, the first missionary to that country. While traversing from place to place, he encountered difficulties, perils, and

* The Campbells.

hardships, which few men would have undergone, undaunted. The site of Picton contained only one or two houses—it was no easy matter to travel to the next hamlet through the density of woods and *unbridged* rivulets: marked trees, a pocket-compass, or an unintelligible and unintelligent Indian, were his only guides through the solitary and dreary wilderness—sleep was frequently a stranger to him for several nights,—a plank was his bed,—a potato his fare; yet the expatriated Highlanders around him were in need of the gospel; and that, to Mr M'Gregor, was enough.

Towards the close of this excellent man's life, he conceived the idea of clothing the doctrines of the gospel in versification, that he might unite the best and most wholesome instructions with the sweetest and most fascinating melodies. When entering upon the task, he wrote to a friend of his at Lochearn-side for a copy of Duncan M'Intyre's and M'Donald's Poems. His mind had been so occupied with the various studies necessary to the full and efficient discharge of his ministerial duties, that the airs, to which he wished to sing his contemplated hymns or songs, had escaped his memory. The desiderated volumes were sent; but, through the officiousness of some of his domestics, the fact of their being in the minister's possession became known, and a most unwarrantable, unjust and ungenerous construction was put upon the circumstance. How short-sighted, illiberal, and fanatical it was, to edge out insinuations against the genuineness of Mr M'Gregor's religious principles, simply because the productions of the two most brilliant stars of his native country were on the table of his study in a foreign land! How pitiful, that fanaticism which shrouds itself under the garb of piety—broad, expansive, benevolent piety! We blush for the moral perceptions and enlightenment of our expatriated countrymen, and notice these things simply in justice to departed worth.

Taking advantage of this state of public feeling, almost verging on what is understood in ecclesiastical language, as a schism, a stranger intruded himself about this period on his labours; and to the disgrace of many of M'Gregor's flock, they forsook the ministry of their long-tried friend, and followed the intrusionist. The desertion thus occasioned must no doubt have very much embittered his cup; but his expansive philosophy—his warm philanthropy—and above all, his genuine religious views, enabled him to bear it without a murmur. He proceeded cheerfully with his metrical effusions, until he composed as many as swelled into a respectable 18mo volume, which has now reached its third edition.

Mr M'Gregor's Poems are smooth in versification—pleasant in their garb and evangelical in their doctrines. They are almost all composed after the model of his countryman, Duncan M'Intyre, from whom he borrowed many of his ideas, using sometimes not only distichs and couplets, but entire stanzas with some slight alterations. We do not mean, however, to insinuate that our author trafficked wholesale in plagiarism, with the intention of “decking himself in another's feathers.” No! his poems are but parodies in many instances, and as such they are respectable and entitled to favourable consideration.

When M'Gregor's character and claims were notified to the Members of the University of Glasgow, the senate unanimously agreed to confer upon him the title of D. D., an honour which he amply merited by his services and attainments, and which, coming unsolicited

from his native country, and from so respectable a literary quarter, must have been soothing to his feelings, and have gilded the horizon of the evening shades of his life.

In the spring of 1828, Dr M'Gregor was seized with a fit of apoplexy ; and at Pietou, on the first of March, 1830, at the age of 68, he experienced a return which terminated in his death on the third day of that month. His funeral was attended by an immense assemblage of deploring friends, who showed their estimate of his character, worth and talents, by unfeigned expressions of regret.

AN SOISGEUL.

AIR FOKN—"Coire-Cheathaich".

'S e 'n Soisgeul gràdhach thug Dia nan gràs duinn
A chum ar sàbhaladh dòn mò ruìn ;
Ach 's eòlas àrd e, air cùisibh àluinn,
Nach tuig an nàdur a tha gun iùil.
Gur mis' an truaghan 's n'asleòr mancuairt domh
A' tabhairt cluais da, mar fhuaim nach fiach ;
B' e 'n gnothach cruaidh e nach tuig an sluagh e,
An sgeul as uaisle a chualas riamh.

Tha clann nan daoine gu tur fo dhaorsa,
Aig dia an t-saoghail-s ag aoradh dhà ;
Fò chois am miannan, a tha do-riarach ;
Gun fheart, gun iarraidh air Dia nan gràs :
A' dianamh thair air gach ni is àill leis,
A' briseadh àintean gach là gun sgìos ;
E fad o'n smuaintibh, 's iad riuth gu luath uaith ;
Chum na truaighe ta buan gun chrich.

Ge mòr an cùram th'aig Dia nan dùl diubh,
Cha tig iad dlù dha le ùrnaigh chaoin ;
Bu mhòr a' ghràin leo bhì uair 'na làthair,
An caidreamh blàth ris 'na àros naomh :
Iad ruith na gaoithe, 's ag earbsa daonnan,
Ri sonas fhaotainn am faoinis bhreug ;
Gun fhios, gun aird ac' air doigh a's fearr dhai
Na greim an dràst air n' a's àill le 'n cré.

Tha 'm barail làidir gur muinntir shlàn iad,
'S nach 'eil ceann-fàth ac' air grìsan Dé :
Tha 'n Soisgeul faoin leo, seach gean an t-saoghail,
Tha 'n cridhe aotrom, gun ghaol do'n Léigh

Ach 's àit an sgeul e, air leigheas ceutach
Do dhuin' euslan, fo cheuchdaibh ciùirt ;
'S naigheachd phriseil, bho Dhia na firinn
Do neach fo dhìteadh, 's e diblidh, brùit.

Do neach fo smuaircan, le Dia bhì 'n gruaim ris,
'S a lochdan uamhar 'g a chuartach' dlù ;
Gun fhios nach àite dha ifrinn chràiteach,
M'an tig am màireach, s' am bàs 'na shùil
Do neach a dh'fhoglum o'n Spiorad Naomha,
Gur sonas baoth bheir an saogh'l so uaith ;
Nach eil ann ach sgàil deth 'san àm tha làthair,
'S gu 'm bac am bàs e 's nach fas e buan.

B'e sgeul an àigh e, air beatha 's slàinte,
O Ios' a bhàsaich 'na ghràdh do dhaoin.
'Si 'fhuil am plàs anns am beil an t-òbhlachd,
'Nuair théid a chàradh gu bàigheil, caoin,
Ri cridhe leòinte, gun ghean, gun sòlas,
Ach dollich, brònach, gun seòl air sìth ;
Le Spiorad usal nam fearta buadhar,
Nuair thig e nuas air le gluasad min.

Sud sgeul ro aoihbheach, air maoin' a's oighreachd.
Do dhuine daibhir, gun sgoinn do'n t-saogh'l ;
Air crùn, 's rìoghachd a chaoi nach crìochnaich
Gun dragh gun mhìothlachd, ach sìth, 's guol.
Sud sgeul ro àraidh do dhuine tàireil,
Air urram àrd ann am Pàrras shuas ;
Le gràdh gun aimhleas, a meas nan ainghean ;
'S cha teirig cainnt daibh, toirt taing do'n Can.

Deaghsgeul air fuasgladh, do pheacach truailidh
 O chionta duaicheadh, nach suail a mheud ;
 Tre 'n chumbachd bhrioghar a ta an iobairt
 An t-Sagairt rioghail, ta siobhailt, seamh :
 'S air feartaibh gràsmhor, nì cobhair tràth dha,
 'Nuair bhios a nàmhaid gu làidir, gleusd,
 A' tarraimn teann air chum 'earbs a thionnda
 Tur bun osceann da, le ionnsuidh thréin.

Air gràs, a's trècair, bheir neart, a's treòir dha,
 Re fad an ròid dh'ionnsuidh glòir an Uain ;
 'Sua neamhan àrd far am pailt an gràdh dhaibh
 'S cha teirig càil daibh gu bràth g' a luadh.
 'S e cliù an sgeòil ud gur firinn mhòr e,
 Gun fhacal mòr-uailh, no sgleò gun bhri ;
 'S e Crìosd an éirig as buaie éifeachd,
 An iobairt rèitich, sàr stéigh na sìth.

Thug an t-Ard-rìgh aon mbae a ghràidh dhuinn,
 A ghabh ar nàdur, 's e bharr a rìau ;
 'S an tug e 'n ùmhachd, le dedòin, 's le dùrachd,
 Thug coir as ùr dhuinn teachd dlù do Dhia :
 Sàr umhlachd chiatach do lagh na Trianaid,
 Leis an duin' is Dia ann bha rìamh ri feum ;
 An coslas truaghain de dhine truailidh,
 Ach a b'fhearr, 's a b' uaisle na'n sluagh gu léir,

An caraid gaolach a choisinn saorsadh
 Do'n chinneadh dhèonna le caonnaig chruaidh ;
 A dh'fhuilig tamailt o rug a mhat'h r e
 Gu là a bhàis ann an àit an t-sluaigh.
 Nuair bu naoidhean òg e, rinn Herod fhògradh
 'S e deare' an comhnu air dòigh an t-sluaigh.
 Bha 'bheatha brònach, am fad 's bu bheò e,
 'S e cruaidh an tòir air gu bheò thoirt uaidh.

Oir b' e bu ghnà dhaibh bhí deanamh tàir'
 Air Athair gràdhach, 's air àinteann naomh :
 'S bhí deanamh dearmaid air slàint' an auna,
 Le cleachda garg, a's le h-ana-guath baoh.
 Na sagairt uaibhreach, 's na h-ard dhaoin' uaisle
 'Nan naimhdean buan da, le fuath gun chrìch :
 A' dianamh dicheill, le h-ìomadh iunleachd,
 'Us mòran mì-ruin ga 'shìr chur sìos.

'Us air a lorg bha na diabhaill bhorba,
 Fo phrionns' an dorchadais, colgail, cruaidh :
 Ach 'se bu chràitich an ceartas àrd bhí
 Cur claidhe 'n sàs ann, gun bhàl, gun truas
 Rug mallachd Dhia air air son na fiachan,
 Bhuin 'Athair fial ris gu fiata garg ;
 Oir rinn e thréigsinn an àm na h-éigin,
 'Nuair chaidh a cheusadh le eucòir gharbh.

Ach 's gearr a' chuairt a bha'm bàs an uachdar,
 Gu h-aighearr fhuair e a' bhuaidh gu slà ;
 Oir rinn e éiridh 'n treas latha 'n dèigh sud,
 Gu subhach, trenbhach, chum feum do chàch :

Do pheacaich dhùblidh, a bha fo dhìteadh,
 Gu'n dianadh 'fhìreantachd dìdean daibh ;
 O chiont an nàdur, 's o'n lochdaibh gràineil.
 'S o chumbachd Shàtain bha ghnà ri foill.

Nis anns na h-àrdaibh, tha neart gu bràth aig
 A chum na's àill leis thoirt sàbhailt suas ;
 'Us chum a naimhdean a sgrìos gun taing dhaibh
 Droch dhaoin' a's aingle, luchdaimneart chruai.
 Ach thar gach seòrsa na peacaich mhòra
 Le 'm fuathach eòlas air dedòin an Triath :
 Nach creid an fhìrinn, ged tha i cinnteach,
 Nach gluais gu dìreach, ach sìr dhol fiarr.

Ged bhiodh an criosduidh 'n a laidh an prìosan,
 Gu dochrach, iotmhòr, gun bhìadh, gun slaint,
 N' n soisgeul sìorruidh, tre bheannachd Iosa
 A chridhe tiorail, le fìor ghean gràidh.
 Ged dhùisg a nàmhaid geur-leamhuinn cràiteach
 Gun aon cheann-fàth air ach gràdh, a's sìth :
 Tha cridhe aobhneach, tha ghnùis ro aoidheil ;
 Tha dàn 'us laoidh aig' gach oidhch gun dìth.

E cumail gleachdaidh an aghaidh peacaidh,
 'S astiùireadh chleachdaidh, le beachd air Crìosd
 Tha gaol do'n reachd thar gach nì, 'us neach aig ;
 'S cha ghabh e tlachd ann au seachran fiarr.
 'Se Dia na trècair a neart, 's a chòmhnaidh,
 A bhios an còmhnuidh toirt seòlaidh dhà,
 Cha lag a dhòchas cha bheag a shèlas,
 Tha aiteas mòr aig' nach eòl do chàch.

A Thighearn, Iosa, gabh truas de'n chriosdachd,
 Tha 'n t-eòlas ìosal, 's gach crìoch mun cuairt ;
 Is bras a dh' eireas gach mearachd éitidh
 'S is beag an t-eud th' aig a chléir san uair'.
 Dean creideamh, 's eòlas, dean gaol na còrach,
 A's pailteas sùlais, a dhòrtadh nuas :
 Gu daoine a philltinn, o'n cleachdaibh millteach,
 'S gu naomhachd iuntinu bhí cinntinn suas.

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A Dhè na sì-chaint, crachbhsgeoil an fhìrinn,
 Measg slògh nan tìrean, 's nan Innean cian :
 Mar dhaoin' air ehall, ann an ceò nam beann iad,
 An oidhche teann orr, 's iad fann gun bhìadh.
 Thoir solus glè ghlan, thoir rathad réidh dhaibh,
 'Us cridhe gleusd a thoirt géill do 'n uan !
 Thoir sgeul do shlàinte, thoir fios do ghràid dhaibh.
 Cuir feart do ghràsan 'nan dàil le buaidh.

AN GEARAN.

AIR FÓN—“Coire gòrm an fhàsaich”.

Is duilich leam mar tha mi
 A' siubhal le mo namhaid,
 Eas-umhal do na h-àitean,
 'S mo ghràdh dhaibh cho fann.
 “'S iomadh fear a bhàrr orn”
 Tha dol a rèir a màuir ;
 'S e 'n lagh tha fulang tàmailt,
 'Us tàire nach ganu.
 Riamh o thuiteam Adhaimb,
 'Se 'n pecadh 'n ni a's fear léinn,
 'S mì-chneasd a thug sinn gràdh dha.
 'Ga thàlath gach am.
 Cha d'fhuair mi fad mo làithean,
 Dad buannachd, no dad stà dhetb,
 Ach daonna tarraim sais orm,
 'S 'g am chàradh am faug.
 'S e dh'fhàg gach ni a leugh mi,
 Gach searmoin riamh a dh' éisd mi,
 'S gach guth a labhair beul rium
 Gun fheum dhomh, gun stà.
 'S e mhilleas gealladh Dhé orn,
 Nach earb mi ris ach eutrom,
 S nach èraich mi rium féin e,
 Gu h-éifeachdach, slàn.
 'S ann chuir e mi an déis-laimh,
 'G am fhàgail ro mhù ghleusda,
 Gu h-obair uasal, euchdach,
 'S gu treubhantas ard :
 Gu gleachdadh ris an eucoir
 A bhios a'm' chridhe 'g éiridh,
 No chithear ann am bhensaibh,
 Gu h-èitich, 's gu gràund.
 Nam bithinn tairis, dileas,
 A leantuinn ris an fhìrinn.
 Bhiodh ise dhomh mar dhìdean
 Nach diobradh gu bràth.
 Ged chuireadh daoine sìos mi
 Le casaidean, 's le dìteadh,
 Gu'n togadh ise ris mi,
 'S dhìrinn an aird.
 Cha toilleadh i gu dìlinn
 Dad coire dhomh no mì-thlachd,
 Tha ceangal ris an t-sith aic',
 'S is dìreach a gnà :
 Ach 's mòr an call, 's an dìth dhomh,
 Gu'm beil i tric air dì-chuimhn,
 'S nach' eil an creideamh cinnteach
 A'm' iuntinn a tàmh.

Bha amaideachd a's goraich
 A leantuinn rium o m' òige,
 'S b' annsa leam gu mòr iad
 Na 'n t-eòlas a's fearr.
 Nan deanainn leth na còrach
 Cha chreidinn nach bu leòir e,
 S nach tearnadh sud fa-dhèoidh mi,
 Gun dòigh air tigh'n' gearr.
 Ge mòr an t-aobhar sòlais
 Bhi 'n comunn Rìgh na glòire,
 'S iad b' annsa leam na h-òrain,
 'S bhi 'g òl nan deoch-sèinnt.
 Bu dallag mi nach sòradh,
 Bhi cluich air bruaich na dòrainn,
 An Diabhol ga mo threòrach
 Gu seolta air laimh,

Gur mòr a' chreach, 's an dùnbhail,
 Mo chridhe bhi gun dùrachd,
 A gabhail Dé nau dùil domh,
 Mar Ughdar mo shlàint :
 'S e tairgse dhomh 'na chùmhnannt,
 A neart a bhi mar chùl domh,
 'S a ghliocas ard gu m' stiùireadh,
 Le cùram, 's le gràdh.
 Tha druidheachd air mo shùilean,
 'Se 'n rud a ni mo chiùrradh,
 D' an ruith mo mhianu gu siùbhlach,
 'S mi lùbadh 'na dhàil.
 Mo shonas air mo chùl-thaobh,
 Mar anabas nach fìu leam ;
 'S m' anam an droch rùn da,
 'Ga dhiùltadh le tàir.

'S mi 'n duin' as truaigh' san t-saoghal,
 Fo chis aig m' easgar daobhaidh,
 Làn fuath do 'n bheath' a's caoine,
 'S an gaol air a' bhàs.
 Cò sheallas rium a'm' dhaorsa ?
 Cò thiondas mi bho chlaonadh ?
 Cha'n-aingil, no clann-daoine,
 Och ! b' fhaoin iad sa' chàs.
 Ach taing do'n Athair naomha,
 A dh'ullaich dhomh an t-saorsa,
 Làn tearnadh o gach baoghal,
 Trid Aon-ghin a ghràidh.
 A Dhe ta iochd-mhor, maoineach,
 Cia fhad a bhios mi caoineadh !
 O greas le d' chobhair chaomh,
 Agus saor mi gun dàil !

AN AISEIRIGH.

AIR FÒNN—“*Tha mise fo ghruaim.*”

Thig am bàs oirn mu'n cuairt,
'S ceart gu 'n laidhinn 's an uaigh,
Ach cha téid mi le gruaim 'na soir:
Oir bha Iosa mo rùin,
Greis 'na laidhe 's an ùir,
'S rinn e'n leabaidh ud cùbhraidh dhòmhs',

Thug e'n gath as a' bhàs,
Rinn e caraid de m' nàmh,
A shaol mo chumail gu bràth fo leòn:
Teachdair m' Athar e nis,
Dh'ionnsuidh m'anma le fios,
E dhol dhachaigh a chlisg chum glòir.

On a dh'éirich e ris
Sàr Cheann-fheadhna mo shìth,
Gun e dh'fhuireach fad shìos fo'n fhòd:
'Us gu 'n deachaidh e suas,
Ghabhail seilbhe d'a shluagh,
Auns na flaitheas, le luathghair mhòir.

Se mo chreidimh gun bhréig,
Gu 'n éirich mise 'na dhéigh,
Measg na buidhne gun bheud, gun ghò:
'Nuair a dh'fhosglar gach uaigh,
'S a théid beò anns gach sluagh,
Chum an togail 's an uair, gu mòd.

Sud an cumhachd tha treun,
Sud am fradharc tha gear,
Chuireas rithisid gach cré air dòigh;
Dream chaidh itheadh le sluagh,
Dream chaidh mheasgadh 'n aon uaigh,
Dream chaidh losgadh 'nan luath 's nan ceò,

'S iomadh colainn bhios ann,
Tha fad air asdar o 'ceann
'S thig iad cuideachd 'san àm, gu foill.
Thig iad uile 'nan taon,
As gach clagh tha 's an t-saogh'l,
'S as gach àraich, 's an d' aom na sròid.

Cha'n 'eil àit gu'm beil corp,
Air ard mhonadh, no enoc,
Ann am fiasach, no slochd no mùin':
Ann an doimhneachd a' chuain,
No 's na h-aibhnaichean buan,
As nach éirich iad suas, 's iad beò.

Eiridh 'n diùe, 'us an rìgh,
Eiridh 'm bochd bha fa chis,
Eiridh gaisgeach an strì, 's an deòr'.

Eiridh' bhaintighearna mhaoth,
Eiridh 'n t-amadan baoth,
'S cha bhì dearmad air aosd, no òg.

Eiridh cuidae' le gruaim,
Chi iad fearg air an Uan,
Chuireas erith orr' a's uamhunn mhòr.
Eiridh cuid ac le aoidh,
Buidheann usal nan saoidh,
'G am bi oighreachd a chaoidh an glèir.

AIR FOGHLUM NAN GAEL.

FÒNN—“*Chunna mi 'n diugh an Dun-cidann.*”

BHA NA Gàicil ro aineolach dall,
Bha ionnsachadh gann nam measg,
Bha 'n eolas cho tana 's cho mall,
'S nach b' aithne dhaibh 'n call a mheas,
Cha chrìdeadh iad buannachd no stà,
Bhì 'n sgoilearachd ard da 'n cloinn,
Ged fheadhadh fhaicinn gach là,
Gu'r i thog o 'n lár na Goill.

Theid aineolas nis as an tìr,
'S gach cleachdadh neo-dhireach crom,
A's mealaidh sinn sonas a's sìth,
Gun fharmaid no strì 'n ar fonn;
Theid sgoilean chuir suas anns gach cearn,
Bi'dh leabhraichean Gàiclig pailt;
Bi'dh eolas a's diadhachd a fàs,
Thig gach duine gu stà 's gu rath.

Nis “togaidh na Gàicil an ceann,
'S bha bhì iad am faug nì's mò”;
Bi'dh aca ard fhoghlum nan Gall,
A's tuigse neo mhall na chòir:
Theid iunleachdan 'n oibrìbh air bonn,
Chuireas saibhreas 'n ar fonn gu pailt,
Bithidh 'n diblidh cho laidir ri sonn—
'S am bochd cha bhì lom le aire!

Thig na linntean gu cinnteach mnn cuairt,
Tha 'n sgrìobtur a luaidh thig oirn;
'S an téid Satan a cheangal gu cruaidh,
'S nach meall e an sluagh le sgleò;
Bi dh firinn a's sìochaint a's gaol,
A ceangail chloinn daoin' ri chéil;
Chan fhaicear fear dona mi-naomh,
Theid olc a's an t-saogh'l a's beud.

EOBHON MAC-LACHUINN.

EWEN MACLACHLAN was born at Torracalltuinn, on the farm of Coiruanan, in Lochaber, in the year 1775. Coiruanan was possessed by a family of the name of Mac-lachlan for many generations. The forefathers of E. Mac-lachlan came originally from Morven, first to Ardgour and thence to Lochaber, and appear to have been in general, men possessed of superior natural gifts. His great grandfather was *Dòmhnall-Bàn-Bàrd* contemporary with Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel. That bard's compositions are justly admired, particularly his elegy on occasion of the death of that chief. The mother of E. Mac-lachlan was a Mackenzie, descended from a branch of that clan, which had settled in Lochaber many generations back. His father, *Dòmhnall Mòr*, a man of venerable presence and patriarchal bearing, was reckoned one of the most elegant speakers of the Gaëlic language in his day. He was distinguished by the extent and diversity of his traditionary and legendary lore, as well as by the appropriate beauty and purity of the language, in which he told his tale, or conveyed his sentiments to the admiring listeners, who delighted to resort to his humble dwelling.

Though the father was himself illiterate, he was keenly alive to the benefits of education. Besides the subject of our memoir, he had several sons and daughters. Two of the former were afterwards respectable planters in the Island of Jamaica. In the village of Fort-William, where his father now resided, the parochial school of Killmalie had been situated since the middle of last century, and taught by superior teachers. At this school the brothers of Ewen Mac-lachlan, as well as himself, got the rudiments of their education, which, by their natural abilities and laudable ambition, all of them afterwards extended. Ewen was the youngest son of the family, except one. While he excelled his very clever brothers in mental abilities, he was their inferior in bodily strength; the physical weakness of limb which disqualified him, in some measure, for the playful exercises of his fellow-scholars, tended, among other causes, to direct his views to objects and pursuits of a more exalted character.

His first teacher was the Rev. John Gordon, afterwards minister of Alvie; after him, Dr William Singers of Kirkpatrick-Juxta. He did not remain long under the tuition of these gentlemen, and on account of his father's poverty, was but very indifferently supplied with books. His progress, notwithstanding, was great for his years; it indeed excelled that of all others in the school, and in general, his class-fellows were glad to grant him the perusal of their books, in consideration of his very efficient help to them in learning their lessons.

Mr Maclachlan, at an early age, went out as tutor into the family of Mr Cameron of Camisky, in the parish of Killmonivaig; there his desire for classical studies received a considerable impulse from his intercourse with the father of his host, Cameron of Liandally, then an old gentleman confined to bed. Liandally, like many of the gentlemen of his day in Lochaber, had been well instructed in the knowledge of the Latin tongue, and much exercised in the colloquial use of that ancient language in the parochial school of Killmalie, taught by a Mr Mac Bean. Mr Maclachlan no doubt derived much benefit from his "colloquies" with the venerable classic, who, from his being bed-ridden, also derived much amusement, as well as pleasure, from his communings with his young companion.

Mr Maclachlan's next engagement as tutor was, when about fifteen years of age, in the family of Mr Cameron of Clunes. His pupils were Captain Allan Cameron, now of Clunes, and his brother General P. Cameron, H.E.I.C.S. Here Mr Maclachlan made great progress in the study of the Greek and Latin languages. It is said, that he even travelled on the vacant Saturdays, to Fort-William, (whither his parents had removed,) in order to get from his former teacher, an outline of his prospective studies for the subsequent week. Thus he soon became able to translate, with fluency, the Scriptures of the New Testament from the original Greek into his mother-tongue, Gaëlic; and frequently did he astonish, as well as instruct and delight, the unsophisticated rustics of the place, by this singular display of erudition.

After the lapse of two years, he engaged as tutor in the family of Mr Mac Millan of Glenpëan, a very remote and romantic situation at the west end of Loch-aircaig. In this family, he resided for two years, still devoting his spare hours to the prosecution of his classical, and other studies. So great indeed was his ardour in this respect, that his worthy hostess often deemed it necessary, to insist on his relaxing his application to his books, in order to take healthful exercise in the open air. On such occasions, his favourite walk was along the banks of the "slow-rolling Peän," so sweetly celebrated in his own ode to that romantic stream, and on whose green borders were composed many of his finest juvenile strains. At this time also, our young bard began to show a *penchant* for instrumental music. He constructed a rude violin, on which he took lessons from an individual, by profession a piper, who lived in the neighbouring district or "country" of Mòror, and came occasionally to Glenpëan. This rustic instrument possessed but few, if any, of the qualities of a Cremona. An individual, who lived in the family at this period, describes it as being no bigger than a ladle—" *Cha bu mhò i dhuibh na 'n liadh,*" and he himself in the ode to Peän calls it "*fidheall na ràcail,*" or "dissonant lyre." Afterwards, however, our poet became a tolerable performer on the violin, as well as some other musical instruments.

After residing two years in Glenpëan, he returned to Clunes, and resumed his former office there. Here he remained for six years. In 1795, he fondly cherished the hope of being enabled to enter College, could he be so lucky as procure funds for that purpose. With the view of obtaining aid from certain wealthy namesakes of his, he and his father paid a visit to those gentlemen, and to some humbler persons, relations of his

mother. The *latter*, "were willing to contribute something;" but the *former* met his suit with a discouraging refusal, telling his father, that "he meant to ruin his son by putting such *idle* notions into his head, and that he ought rather to go home, and forthwith bind the lad as apprentice to his own trade,—that of a weaver." With heavy hearts and weary limbs, they returned home. After anxious and earnest deliberation on this important point, by the poet and his parents around their humble ingle, the idea of going to college was, for a time, abandoned; and the young man resolved to return next day, to the family of Clunes, where he was assured that he should be received with open arms. He accordingly set out for that place; but as he approached it, his earthly career was very nearly terminated. In those days, there was no bridge over the river Arkaig. He found the stream greatly swoln, and hazardous to ford. Night, however, was approaching, and therefore he ventured out. He had not proceeded far in the rugged channel, when he was carried off his feet, and swept away by the rapid current; he now thought with himself that his golden dreams of literary and philosophic distinction were at an end: he committed himself, however, to the care of him who hath said, "when thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee." On this he was providentially thrown on a stone, a part of which was still above the waters. After resting here a brief space, he made one desperate effort to reach the wished-for bank, and was successful. He there poured out a prayer of gratitude to the Most High for his signal deliverance from so great a danger. Forthwith Mr Mac-lachlan resumed his labours at Clunes; at the same time prosecuting his classical studies with unremitting ardour, as his time permitted. Here he composed several pieces of justly admired Gaëlic poetry; several of these and of his former compositions were published about 1798, in a volume printed in Edinburgh, for Allan M'Dougall, alias "*Dall*," musician, then at Inverlochy, afterwards family-bard to the late Glengarry. Among these were "*Dàin nan Aimsirean*," a translation of Pope's *Messiah*, "*Dàn nù Chonalàradh*," &c., and a translation of part of Homer's *Iliad* into Gaëlic heroic verse. During the currency of the year 1796, our poet was introduced by Dr Ross of Killmonivaig to the late Glengarry; and that Chief, ever after, continued his warm friend. He yielded him the pecuniary aid which he had in vain solicited from other sources. This kindly aid, together with our poet's own little savings out of his salaries, put him in circumstances to proceed to the University, whither he was accompanied by his anxious and affectionate father.* Arrived at Aberdeen, he determined to enter the lists as a competitor for a *bursary* at King's College. Here, for the first time, he found himself engaged with entire strangers in the arena of literary strife. The various pieces of *trial* being duly executed and given in, the hour for announcing the fate of the champions approached; the anxious expectants were assembled in the lobby of the great College-Hall, where the Professors were still engaged in earnest judicial deliberation. Meantime the rustic dress of the young Highlander, his diffident manner, and rather awkward appearance, drew upon him the ungenerous gibes and unmerited contempt of several young coxcombs,

* It is said that he travelled to Aberdeen, dressed in the mountain garb.

his rivals. It was sneeringly recommended to him to make a speedy retreat to the *wilds* of Lochaber, while he was comforted with the assurance that he had not the slightest chance of success. Enduring all this banter, with meek, but firm forbearance, he merely advised his assailants not to prejudge his case. The door of the hall was at length opened, the names of the successful competitors were announced, and the officer first called "EWEN MACLACHLAN," as being the best scholar, and chief bursar.

From that moment, he gained and retained the respect and warm regard of his fellow-students. He entered on his studies in Aberdeen with his wonted earnestness and diligence, and greatly distinguished himself in his classes. At the end of the Session, he resumed the charge of his pupils at Clunes; this he continued to do, during the recess annually, whilst he continued in the *gown classes*. At the end of that period, having obtained the degree of A.M., he entered the Divinity-Hall. Through the good offices of the Rev. Dr Ross, our student was presented to a Royal bursary in the gift of the Barons of Exchequer; and about the same time (anno 1800), he was appointed assistant to Mr Gray as librarian of King's College, and teacher of the Grammar School of Old Aberdeen. From the date of these appointments, he took up his permanent residence in that town, of which, at a subsequent period, he was made a free burghess. He continued to attend the Divinity-Hall for eight sessions, and in the enjoyment of the Royal bursary above mentioned. He was, during the period last mentioned, custodier of the library attached to the Divinity-Hall of Marischal College. From this date, the life of our theologian was indeed a life of incessant literary toil and scholastic labour. In addition to the duties of the offices to which he had been recently appointed, he devoted several hours every day to private teaching, in order to eke out the limited income derived from these offices. Many gentlemen, especially from the Highlands, sent to him their sons to be under his effective and immediate superintendence. Even in these circumstances, as well as through life, he displayed great liberality and affection towards his aged parents and his other near relations, by often relieving their wants out of his hard earnings.

After completing his attendance at the "Hall," and delivering his trial-pieces with éclat, he found the bent of his mind, as well as his ambition, directed to a "Chair," in one of the Universities, rather than to the Pulpit. He was encouraged in his aspiration after this object, by several friends, but particularly by Professor James Beattie of Marischal College. The Professor's death, however, in 1810, was a heavy blow to Mr Maclachlan's hopes. A strong mutual friendship had existed between them, amounting to affection. On the melancholy occasion of his friend's death, Mr Maclachlan composed an elegy in the Gaëlic tongue, which for beauty of language, sincerity of sorrow, and unrivalled elegance of composition, can bear comparison with any thing of the kind ever presented to the world. This was not the only composition in which our poet's grateful remembrance of Professor Beattie's friendship was commemorated. In his "Metrical Effusions," (Aberdeen, 1816,) is printed an elegant Latin ode addressed to that accomplished scholar, during his life, and an English ode, entitled "A dream," being an apotheosis on that patron of neglected merit. Some years after his settlement in Aberdeen, Mr Maclachlan turned his attention to Oriental literature, as well as to that of the

languages of modern Europe ; and his acquirements in these he made subservient to the critical culture of his mother-tongue. About the same time he undertook the arduous task of translating the Iliad of Homer into Gaëlic heroic verse. Of this immortal work, he finished nearly seven books, which still remain in MS. Besides this, he began to compile materials for a Dictionary of the Gaëlic language spoken in Scotland, and that, (as he did every thing else) from his mere regard and affection for every thing tending to promote the honour or improvement of his native land. What was *then* called "the Highland Society of Scotland," (having had reference to the mental culture of their Caledonian countrymen, instead of as now, unfortunately, to the physical development of the points of the inferior animals) had soon after entertained the project of preparing and publishing a Dictionary of that ancient language ; and having ascertained the eminent qualifications of Mr Maclachlan, and his progress in compiling the said work, they conjoined him with the late Dr Macleod of Dundonald, in carrying on the national Dictionary, compiled under their patronage. The department assigned to Mr Maclachlan was the Gaëlic-English, and so important and difficult a task could not have been committed to better hands. In the preface to the Dictionary published by Drs Macleod and Dewar, it is well remarked,—“ Mr MacLachlan of Aberdeen especially brought to the undertaking great talents, profound learning, habits of industry which were almost superhuman, an intimate acquaintance with the Gaëlic language, and devoted attachment to the elucidation of its principles.”

The pages of Mr Maclachlan's MS. of this great national work were enriched with innumerable vocables and phrases kindred to Gaëlic, derived not only from the cognate dialects of the Keltic, but also from the Greek and Latin, as well as from the Hebrew, Arabic, Chaldaic, Persic, and other Eastern languages.

In the winter of 1821 and 1822, he was engaged in transcribing this work for the press, and he expected to have it completed by the following July ; but alas ! his valuable life was not prolonged to see his hopes realized.

Let us now briefly revert to events somewhat prior in our poet's life. In the Metrical Effusions formerly mentioned, there is printed an ode in the Greek language, "on the *Generation of Light*," which had the honour of gaining the prize given by Dr Buchanan of Bengal to King's College for the best poetical ode upon the above subject. About this period (1816), he, at the request of his friend Lord Bannatyne M'Leod, deciphered several old Gaelic MSS., and transcribed them into the ordinary character. A difficult and laborious task. In 1819, Mr Gray died, and Mr MacLachlan was then appointed Head-Master of the Grammar School of Old Aberdeen, and also principal Session-Clerk and Treasurer of the parish of Old Machar. These promotions increased his income, but greatly added to his labour. He was likewise secretary to the Highland Society of Aberdeen ; and in this character, used to wear the full garb of his country when officially attending the meetings of the Society, and on other particular occasions. In 1820, the office of teacher of the classical department of the Inverness Academy became vacant. Many friends and admirers of Mr Maclachlan's great talents made strenuous exertions to procure his appointment to that situation. At the head of these friends was his firm supporter and original patron, Glengarry. Unhappily, the proceedings on that occasion,

instead of being conducted with a single regard to public utility, and the rewarding of merit, were mixed up with *local politics* and causeless prejudices. The result was, that after an unprecedentedly keen canvass, and the exercise of every available influence on both sides, Mr Maclachlan was excluded by the mere numerical force of the opposing party. It is plain from the very handsome document obtained from the Professors of Humanity and Greek at St Andrews, upon the occasion of Mr Maclachlan's being on a remit, examined by them, that want of deep scholarship, or talent as a successful teacher, was not the cause of his exclusion from a situation which he would have adorned.

Gifted with exquisite sensibility, he deeply felt the unworthy treatment thus experienced at the hands of his Norland countrymen; and he frequently expressed himself to the effect, that he was resolved never again to expose his peace of mind to the machinations of "ambidexter politicians."

Some short time after this period, his health became affected. His constitution began to yield under his incessant toils. He proceeded, however, to Ayrshire; to visit his colleague, Dr Macleod. There his health rallied considerably, and he continued in the enjoyment of much of that blessing, till the beginning of 1822; when again his health was most seriously assailed. He lingered till the 29th day of March, when this amiable man, and distinguished scholar, departed this life at the age of 47 years. It might be said that he died of a gradual decay and debility, induced by professional over-exertion and study. His locks had become, years before his death, silver-grey. In him, unquestionably, died the first Celtic scholar of his day. His premature death caused much regret in the public mind, particularly at Aberdeen, and throughout the Highlands; and deep sorrow among his numerous friends.

As a general scholar, possessed of varied learning and fine genius, Mr Maclachlan stood very high. The department of philology, however, was his *forte*, and favourite pursuit. In that respect, it is believed, he had few superiors. He was "eximius apud Scotos philologus." His Greek and Latin odes have met with the highest approbation from the *best* critics. The same may be predicated of his Gaëlic poems. His Gaëlic version of the first seven books of the Iliad stands second to the unrivalled original alone. His MS. of the national Gaëlic-English Dictionary (if preserved) affords ample proof of his unwearied diligence and labour, and of his pre-eminent philological and antiquarian acquirements; notwithstanding it did not receive the final polish from his master-hand. With the true spirit of genius, his mind descended, with grateful elasticity, from those abstruse subjects to the lighter amusements of poetry and music; cheerful, and often playful conversation.

As a classical teacher, Mr Maclachlan's success is sufficiently evinced by the circumstance, that his pupils annually carried off the largest proportion of the bursaries competed for at the University. His excellencies as a scholar were equalled by his virtues as a man and a Christian. His piety was unfeigned, deep, and, in some respects enthusiastic. He was the very soul of *honour*. None could go before him in moral *purity*, worth and integrity. His manners, withal, displayed the most engaging simplicity. In life, he

secured the love and respect of all who knew him ; and in death, his memory is by them held in tender remembrance.

Eminently calculated to advance the literature and language of his native land, it is deeply to be regretted that he had not been placed through the munificence of individuals, or the public patriotism of his countrymen, in a situation of ease and comfort, such as a Professorship of Keltic in one of our Universities. There he could have effectually promoted the objects he so fondly cherished : the temperament of his modest nature required the supporting arm of a patron, as the limber vine requires the aid of the oak. But his was the too frequent lot of kindred spirits, to experience the heart-sickening of "hope deferred," and to be allowed to droop and die, the victims of ill-requited toil.

Mr Maclachlan possessed the friendship, and was the correspondent of several persons of distinction—among these might be enumerated, besides the late Glengarry, his Grace Alexander Duke of Gordon, Sir John Sinclair, Dr Gregory, and Lord Bannatyne Macleod. Much of their correspondence, (*if collated*) would be found very interesting.

In conformity with the prevailing feature of his character, this "true Highlander," on his death-bed directed his body to be laid with the ashes of his fathers at the foot of his native mountains ; "et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos." This dying request was religiously complied with. At Aberdeen, every mark of respect was paid to his memory. With all the solemnities usually observed at the obsequies of a Professor of the University, his body was removed from his house to the ancient chapel of King's College, his Alma Mater, and laid in the tomb of Bishop Elfington, the founder of this venerable seminary. Next morning, a great concourse of the most respectable persons in and around Aberdeen, including the Professors of both Universities, the Magistrates of the city and the Highland Society of Aberdeen chapterly, met in the College Hall, to pay their last respects to the remains of departed worth, and thence accompanied the hearse, bearing those remains, some distance out of town, and there bade a long and last adieu. Similar indications of respect and sorrow were evinced in all the towns through which the mournful procession passed. Glengarry, accompanied by a large number of his clansmen dressed in their native garb, paid a tribute of respect to his departed *protégé*, by meeting and escorting his remains, while passing through that chief's country. His Lochaber countrymen were not behind in exhibiting every proper feeling towards the memory of him whom they universally esteemed an honour to belong to their country. All classes of them came out to meet the hearse ; so that on entering his native village of Fort-William, the crowd was so dense, that the procession advanced with difficulty. Next day, being the 15th of April, the mortal remains of Ewen Maclachlan, preceded by the "wild wail" of the *piobrachd*, and accompanied by a larger assemblage than that of the preceding day, were conducted to their last resting-place, and laid with those of his fathers, at Killevaodain in Ardgour. There, "near the noise of the sounding dirge," sleeps "the waster of the midnight oil," without "one gray stone" to mark his grave !

AN SAMHRAIDH.

AIR FOSN.—“*An am dol sìos bhì deònach.*”

Mocu 's mi 'g éiridh 'madainn chéiteín,
 'S driùchd air fear nan lúntean ;
 Eu shunntach éibhinn cail gach creutair,
 'Tigh'n le gleus a'm frùgaibh,
 Gu blàthas na gréine 'b'agh'or éiridh,
 Suas air sgéith nam mòr-bheann ;
 'S è teachd o'n chuan gu dreachor, buaghach,
 Rìoghail, uasal, òr-bhuidh.

Tha cùirtean ceantach cian nan speuran,
 Laith-ghorm, réidh mar chlàraidh,
 'S do sgaoil bho chèile neoil a sheideadh
 Stoirm nan reub-ghaoth àrda ;
 Gach dùil ag éigheach iochd a's rèite,
 'N teachd a cheud mhios Mhàigh oirm ;
 S gu'm b' ùr neo-thruaillidh 'n trusgan uain',
 Air druim nan cluaintean fàsaich.

Bu chùirteil, prìseil, foirm gach eoin,
 An cuantal òrdail, greannar,
 Cuir sìos ar sgeòil is blasta gloir,
 Air bharr nan òg-mheur samhraidh,
 Le 'n ribheid chùil gu fonnar dlù,
 Na puirt bu shiublaich ranntachd ;
 'S mac-tall' a' freagairt fuaim an feadain,
 Shuas 's na creagan gleanntach.

Bi 'n ioc-shlaint chléibh am fìor shruth sléibh,
 O ghlae nam fear-choir' arda.
 Le turaraich bhinn th'air bhalbhag mìn,
 A shiubhlas sìos tro 'n àilean,
 Mar airgead glas, 'na choilichibh cas,
 Rì tòraghan bras gun tàmh orr',
 Cuir sùigh gun truaill 's gach flùran naine,
 'S dlù mu bhruach nam blàrabh.

B' è m' éibhneas riamb 'nuair dh' èirghe grian,
 Le cheud gath tiorail blàth oirn,
 Bhì cenn a sìos gu beul nam mìn-shruth,
 'S réidh ghorm lith mar sgàthan,
 A' snamb air falbh gu sambach balbh,
 Gu cuantaibh gailbheinn sàil ghlais,
 Tro lùbaibh cam le straitheibh ghleann
 Tha tilge greann a Mhàirt dìu.

Air uhd an fhior-uisg 's grunn a chitear,
 Oibrean sìannta nàduir,
 Du-neoil nan speur a' falbh o chéil,
 Air chruach nan sleibhteann arda ;
 Gun saoil an t-sùil gur h-ann sa ghruund,
 Tha dealbh gach ioghnaidh àghoir ;

Am bun os-ceann nan luibh 's nan crann,
 'S na'm beil sa' ghleann gan àrach.

Bi'dh bradan seang-mhear, druim-dhubh, tarr-
 'S cleoc nan meanbh-bhall ruadh air, [gheal'
 Beo, brìsg, gun chearb air bhuinne garbh,
 O'n mhuir is gailbheach nuallan ;
 Gu h-iteach, earr-ghobhlach, grad-mheamnach,
 Leum air ghearr-sgiath luatha,
 Le cham-ghob ullamh cheapa chuileag,
 Bhìos feadh shruth nan cuairteag.

Gum faicte loma barr gach tomain,
 Caoirich throma, liontaidh,
 Gu ceigeach, bronnach, garbh an tomalt,
 Rùsgach, ollach, mìn-tiugh ;
 'S an uanaibh geala, luatha, glana,
 Rì cluaineis mhear a' dian-ruith,
 Le mèilich mhaoth m' an cuairt do'n raon,
 A's pàirt san fhraoch gan grianadh.

'S na tràthan ceart thig dròbh nam mart,
 'An ordugh steach do'n bhuaile,
 Le 'n ùithibh làn, gu reambar, làireeach,
 Druim-fhionn, crà-dhearg, guailionn ;
 'S gach gruagach àgh gu crìdheil, gàireach,
 Craicneach, snàthach, cuachach ;
 Air lom an tothair, fonn air bleothann,
 Steall bu bhothar fuaimrich.

Gur h-ionmhuinn gaoidh struth-ghèimnich laogh.
 Rì leumnaich fhaoin fea 'n àilein,
 Gu seang-brìsg, nallach, eutrom, guanach,
 Pòr is uaisle stràiceis,
 'S iad dù-ghlas, riabhach, caisfhionn, stiallach,
 Bailgfhionn, ciar-dhubh, barr-lom,
 'S an earbailh sguabach togte suas,
 A' duibh-ruith nuas gu màthair.

O Shàmhradh ghengaich, ghrianaich, cheutaich,
 Dhuillich, fheuraich, chì in-ghil !
 Bho t-anail fein thig neart a's speurad,
 Do gach creutair dùidì,
 Bha 'n sàs 'an slabhraidh reot a gheamhradh,
 Ann an àm na dùdlachd,
 'S tha nìs a'dambs, feadh ghlae a's ghleann,
 M' ad theachd a nall as ùr oirn.

'S tu tarbhach reachdor, biachar, pailt,
 Le feart do fhrasan blatha,
 A thig nan ciuraich mhaoth-bhuig dhriùchd,
 A' dorta sùigh gun fhàillinn,

'S ann leam is taitneach fianh do bhrait,
O fhùraibh dait a ghàraidh
Cuir dealra boisgeil reull an daoimein,
'Mach gu druim nan ard-bheann.

Gach fluran mais is àillidh dreach,
A' fàs 'an cleachdadh ùrdail,
Gu rimbeach, taitneach, ciatach, suasmhor,
Ann 's an reachd bu choir dhailbh ;
An t-seamrag uaine 's barr-gheal gruag,
A's buidheann chuachach neoinein,
Lili gaeagach nan chuigean,
'S mìle lus nach eol domh.

B'ìdh sobhrach luaineach, gheal-bhuì, chluasach,
Ann am bruach nan alltabh,
'S a bhiloir uain taobh nam fuaran,
Gibeach, cluaineach, cam-ùheur ;
Thig ròs nam bad is boidhche dreach,
Na neoil na maidne samhraidh,
Gu ruiteach, dearg-gheal, cearslach, dealbhach,
Air roinn mheanbh nam fann-sìlat.

An gleann fo bharrach, réisgeach, cannach,
Feurach, raineach, luachrach,
Gu mín-bhog, mealach, brìghor, bainnear,
Cìb, a's eueamh m' an cuairt ann ;
Bidh lom a bhlàir is reachlair fàs,
A' dol fo stràc neo-thruaillidh,
'S an saoghal a 'gairdechas le fàillt,
A thaobh gu'n dh' fhag ann fuachd sìnn.

Cur ceann-ghorm loinneil dos gach doire,
Bhios sa choille chrèbdaich,
Gu sleabhach ard fo iomlan blàth,
O bhun gu bharr 'n comhdach ;
An snothach sùghor thig o'n dùsluing
Ann sna fùrain nòsar,
A' brùchda meas tro shlios nan geug,
A's tìus nan speur ga'n còmhnaidh.

Gach maoth phreas ùr gu duilleach cùbhraidh,
Feurach, ùbhlach, sòghar,
Trom thorrach, luisreagach, a' lùbadh,
Measach, driùchdach, lèdail ;
Le cud-throm ghagan dlù dhonn-dhearg,
A bhios air slait nan cròc-mheur,
'S co mìlis blas rì mil o'n sgeap,
Aig seillein breac a chrònaidh.

Bidh coisridh mhuirneach nan gob lùghor,
Ann sgach ùr-dhos uaigneach,
Air gheugaibh dlù nan duilleach ùr-ghorm,
Chuireadh sunnt fo'n duanaig ;
Thig smeòrach chuirteil, druìd a's bru-dhearg,
Uiseag chiùin a's cuachag,
Le h-òran cianail, fann-bhog tiamhaidh,
N glaeag dìomhair uaine.

M' an innsin sìos gach ni bu mhiann leam,
Ann am briathran seolta,
Cha chuirinn crìoch le dealbh am bliadh'n
Air ceathramh trian de'n b' eol domh,
M' a ghloir nan speur, de'n t-saogha'l gu léir,
A lion le h-èibhneas mòr mi,
'N uair rinn mi éiridh madainn chéitein,
'S dealt air feur nan lóintean.

AM FOGHAR.

FÒSN—"Naair thig an Samhra geugach oirnn."

GRAD éiridh fonn a's fìor-ghleus oirbh,
Nò biodh 'ur 'n inntinn smuairnach ;
Tha sgeul is ait leam innse dhuibh,
Cho binn bho chian cha chuala sibh ;
Tha 'm pòr bu taitneach cinntinn duinn,
Fo'n reachd is brioghair buaghalachd ;
'S gun teid an saoghal a riarachadh,
O dhìcheall gnìomh nan tuathanach.

Tha 'm foghar a' nochda cairdeis duinn,
'S e bhuilich am pailteas gnàthaicht oirn
A mhaitheas gu fialaidh pàirtichear,
Gun ghaime; gun fhàilne truacontachd ;
Gheibh duice's brùda shàthachadh
'O sheileir na dùsluing nàdurra ;
Gun 's gaoilear na bùird gu fàilteachail
Ga 'r cuireadh gu làn ar tuarsadail

Theid sgraing an acrais bhiasgaich dhinn,
'S a ghorta chrìon gu'm fuadaichear,
Bu ghuineach, sgaiteach, bior-guineach,
Géur-ghoint' a ruinn'-ghob marranta ;
'S e 'dheùghladh sùgh nan caolan bhuat,
'Chur neul an Aoig mu d'ghruain-mhala ;
Gun teid an tarmasg diogbaltach
A ghreasad null th' ar chuintean bhuainn.

Bidh coirce strath nan dù-ghleannabh,
Fo'n dreach is cùrteil prisleachd,
Trom thorach, diasach, cuinnleanach,
Ard, luirgneach, suighte, sonraichte ;
'S am pannal ceolmhor, mùirneachail,
Gu sunntach, surdail, ordamaìl.
Co gleusta, saothreach, luath-lamhach,
'S am barr ga bhuaìn 'na dhòrlaichean.

Gach te gu dìleas deannadach,
Le corran cam-ghorm, gear-fhiaclach,
Rì farpuis stritheil, dhiorrasach,
Cuir fuinn a sìos fo dhuanaigan ;

Bidh oigridh, lùghor, mbeanneach,
A' ceagal bhann na sguabanach,
Le 'n diolt am briodal m'aranach,
A bheireadh g'air air gruagnaichean.

'S an Iuchar chiatach, ghaothor, théid
Feur-saoidh na faich' a sgaioleadh leinn
A' ceann nan riaghan caola 'bhios
Air lom nan raointear uain-neulach ;
Na ràchdain làidir liath-ghiubhais
A tionndadh rolag sniomhanach,
Gu 'n tiorrachadh 's na grian-ghathan,
Cho caoin 's as miann le tuathanach.

'N uair dh'fhoglas *Phæbus* sèdmraichean,
Na h-àird-an-iar thoirt ordugh dhuinn ;
'An dubhar an fhengair tòisichear,
Ri cruinneacha feòir 'an cruachannan ;
Bidh mulain is gairbhe dòmbhladas,
Gu tomaltach, cuirrichdeach, mòr-cheannach ;
Grad fhighear na siomain chorr umpa,
Gù sgiobailte, doigheil, suaicheanta.

Bidh ionairean cian fo stràcan ann,
Le doireachan gorm buntàta orra,
Gu ginnach, dosach, cràc-mheurach,
Bog-mhògach, laireach, uain-neulach ;
Barr-gùc a's dearg-gheal fàs orra,
'Sa bhreach mar ròs nan gàraidhnean ;
Bidh paidirein phlumbas àillidh ann,
Air mbeangain 'nam barr nan cluaranaibh.

Nuair thig an aimsir ghnàthaicht oirn,
'Sa bhuaineas a laraich è,
Grad-nochdar fras bhuntàta dhuinn,
Ga chrathadh o'n bharr 'na dhòrlaichean,
Ceud mìle dreach a's dealbh orra,
Gu foabach, geamhlach, garbh-phlucach,
Cruaidh mbeallach, uibeach, ghaillbheach iad,
A' tuiteam mar gharbhlaich dòrnagan.

'S iad cìochach, dearg-dhubh, breac-shuilleach,
Gu tana min-gheal, leacanach ;
Gu plubach, cruinn-gheal, cnapanach,
'S iad fad-chumpach na uaireannan ;
B'e 'n toradh biadhar, feartach è,
Nach mall a liona chaitagan,
'Nuair ghréidhear ann sa phraisich è,
'S è bhlas is taitneach buagbannan.

'S glan fàile nan cnò gaganach,
Air ard-shlios nan cròc bad-dhuilleach ;
'S trom fàsor am por bagailteach,
Air bharr nam fad-gheug sòlasach ;
Theid brìgh nam fiuran slat-mheurach,
'An cridhe nan ùr-chnap blasadach ;
Gur brisg-ghèal sùgh a chagannaich,
Do neach a chagnas dòrlach dhìù.

'S clann-bheag a ghuà le'm pocannan,
A' streup ri h-ard nan dos-chrannabh,
A bhuan nan cluaran mog-mheurach,
Gu lugh'or, docoir, luath-lamhach ;
'Nuair dh' fhaoisgear as na mogail iad,
'S a bhristear plaoisg nan cochall diù,
Gur caoin am maoth-bhlàs fortanach,
Bhios air an fhros neo-bhruaileanach.

'S è mìos nam buaidhean taitneach è,
Bheir pòr an t-sluaigh gu h-abachadh ;
O'm fogar gruaim an acrais dinn,
O's maireann pailteas pòrsain duinn ;
Mìos bog nan ùbhlan breac-mheallach,
Gu peurach, plumbach, sgeachagach,
A' lùisreadh sìos le dearcagaibh,
Cir-mhealach, beachach, gròiseideach.

Mìos molach, robach, bracuirneach
'S è catoil ròiceil, tacarach,
Gu h-ìolannach, cuirrichdeach, adagach,
Trom-dhiasach, bhreac-gheal, sguabanach ;
Mìos miagh nam fuarag, stapagach,
Buntàtach, feòlar, sgadanach,
Gu h-imeach, càiseach, ceapairean,
Le bheirteas pailt gu truaicantachd.

Gu saoitheach, stritheil, lambachair,
An òigridh dhleas, thàbhachdach,
Ri taobh nan lingeas saile 'm biodh,
An sgadan a suabh 's a bhoinneireachd
Snàth-moineis garbh an snàthadan.
A' fuaigheal lion ri 'm bràigheachan,
Gu sreagach, bolach, àreanach,
Bheir bas do'n nàisein chleòc-lannach.

'Nuair dh'aomas òidheche chiar-ghlas oirn,
'S a dhubhas an iarmailt cheò-neulach,
Gur h-ullamb, ealamb, iasgaidh, dol
Air gheus an iarmaid shonraichte ;
Grad bhrùcaidh iad 'nan ciadan, as
Gach taobh 'n uair dhiolar ùrdugh dhaibh,
Air bhàraibh eutrom luath-ràmbach,
A' sguabadh a chuain ghorm-ghreannaich.

Gur dàicheil, sùrdail, cruadalach,
Fir ùr nan cruaidh lamb conspaideach,
A' stri co fàirib 's luaidhe bhios
Air thùs an t-sluaigh 's a chonusacha ;
A cholluim nan tonn buaireasach,
Le neart nan cuaille beo ghiubhais ;
Mar dhrùid nan speur cho luath dhut iad,
Thar stuadh is uaibreach crònnaich.

Air tìrla dhuibh san ionad, 's am
Bi n t-iasg ri mire ghoraich, theid
Na lìu a chur ga h-ìongantach
Air uchd a ghriunail bhòc-thonnaich ;

'Nuair thogar ann sa mhadaim iad
Gu trom-lan, breac le lodalachd,
Gur suntach, siubhlach, dhachaigh iad
Le'n tacar beairteach, sòlasach.

Gu h-aigeantach, eutrom, iuntinneach,
Fir aighearach, ghleust, air linngéann,
Le saighdean geur nan trì-mheurabh,
Air ghallanaibh dìreach cruaidh shleaghach ;
A' sireadh an èisg le duibh-liasaibh,
Theid seachad na leum air fìor-uisge ;
Na mordhaclan reubach, dìobhalach,
Gan tarraim gu tìr air bhruchannaibh.

'S an oidhe cheiùraidh, fhriathail, gum
Bì sùrd air leis gam pleòiteachadh,
Gum pacar anns na h-urraisgean iad
Speailt thioram br gu h-ordamaìl :
Bìdh dearg a's cruidd gan giùlan ann,
Chuir smùid a suas gu beò-losgadh,
A ruith nam bradan fad-bhronnach,
Feadh bhuinne cäs nam mor-shruthéan.

'S an bradan eutrom, aineasach,
Brìsg, grad-chlis, meannach, luasganach,
'Na éideadh liath-ghlais, dhearg-bhallaich,
Dù-lannach, mean-bhrec, cluainciseach ;
Gur gob-cham, sliosmhor, tarr-gheal è,
Le stiùir bu shiabhach earr-ghobhlach,
Ri lù-chleas bras air ghearr-agiathaibh,
'An toirmich gharbh nan cuairteagan.

Gun d'fhuair sibh dàn a nise bhuan,
Mar thug mi fios a' tòiseachadh,
Mu bhuaidh nam mìosan biotailteach,
Tha trom le gibhlean sòlasach,
Gu 'm beil da rann thar-fhicead ann
'S o's mist è tuille ròpaireachd,
Gun cuir mi crìoch gu tìmeil air,
M' am fàg mi sgith le bòilich sibh.

AN GEAMHRADH.

AIR FONS—" 'S i so 'n aimsir a dhearbhar."

Tha *Phabus* s na speuraibh
Ag éiridh na thriall,
Roi reulltaichean *Geur-shaighead*,*
Bheumnaich nan sian ;

Ur-cifeachd a cheud ghath
Gu ceiteineach grinn,
A nì feum do gach creutair
O éireadh d'an dìon.

Tha a tlà gathan blàth nd
A b' fhàbharach dhuinn
Gar fàgail aig nànhaid
Na dh' fhàsas a h-ùir ;
O na thriall e roi chrìochaibh
Na Riaghailt† a null
Gù *Sign-Adharc-Guibhre*
Bu duibh-reotach iùil.

Tha àoidhealachd nàduir
A b' fhàiltiche tuar,
Fad an t-saoghail air caochladh
'S a h-aogasg fo ghruaim ;
Tha giùig air na dùilean
Le funntainn an fhuachd,
Fo dhù-lium trom-thùrsach,
Ri ciucharan truagh.

Tha 'm Foghar reachdor, fialaidh,
Bu bbiadh abaich fàs,
Le cruachannaibh cuac-mheallach,
Sguab-thorach, làn,
Air treisinn a shuaidh,
O'n a dh'fhuaraich gach càil,
Roi'n mhòs chruai-ghuinneach, ghruamach
'S neo-thruacanta bàigh.

Le stròiceadh na dòilichinn
Thoirleum gu làr,
Gorm chomhdach nam mòr-chraun
Bu chròc-cheannach barr,
Nì fuigh-bheatha sùghor
Nan ùr-fhuillean àrd,
Tro fhéithean nan geugan
Grad thearnadh gum freunb.

Na h-eòineinean boidheach
Is òrdamaìl pong,
Le'n dlù-fheadain shunntach
O'n siubhlaiche fonn ;
Gum fògrar o'n cheòl iad
Gu clò-chadal trom ;
'S nì iad comhnuidh 's gach còs
Ann an frògaibh nan toll.

Thig leir-sgrìos air treudan
Nam feur-luibhean gorm ;
Di-mhilltear gach dìthean
Bu mhin-ghibeach dealbh :

* Sagittarius and Capricorn, two constellations on the Zodiac or Ecliptic.

† Riaghailt, the Equinoctial line.

Fìor aognaibhidh aogasg
 Nan aonach 's nan learg,
 Le spionadh nan siauntan
 Dian-ghuineach, garg.

An ciar sheillean srian-bhuidhe
 'S cianaile srann,
 Bha dicheallach gnìomhach,
 Feadh chioch nan lus fann,
 Gun còmhnuich e'n stòr-thaigh
 Nan seòmraichean cam ;
 'S gu leoir aige bheo-shlaint
 Air lùn-mhìl nach gann.

Theid a mheanbh-chuileag shamhraidh
 Le teanntachd gu bàs,
 Ge b' éibhneach a leumnaich
 'An ceud-mhìos a mhàigh ;
 Gach lùb shruth bu bhùrn-ghlan
 A shiubhladh tro 'n bhàr,
 Fo chruaidh-ghlais de'n fhuar-dheibh
 Is nuarranta càil.

Bì'dh sàr-obair nàduir
 Le fàillinn fo bhòrn,
 Feadh chàthar, a's àrd-bheann,
 A's fhàsach nan lon :
 Cha dearbhar cluith mheannach
 Nan garbh-bhradan mòr,
 'S nì iad tamh-chadal sàmhach
 Fo sgàil bhadaibh gorm.

Theid Æolus, rìgh fiadhaich
 Nan siauntainnean doirbh,
 Gu fuar-thalla gruaim-ghreannach,
 Tuath-fhrasan searbh ;
 Grad-fhuasglàr leis cruaidh ghlas
 Nan ua'-bhéisdean garg,
 Clach luath-mheallain, 's cuairt-ghaoth
 Bu bhuaireanta colg.

Thig teann-chogadh Geamhraidh
 Le h-aimhleas a mìos,
 Ann an dorchadas stoirmibh
 Air charbad nan nial ;
 A daibh-fhroiseadh shaihghean
 Tro'n àidhbheis gu dian,
 Geur, ruinn-bhiorach, puiseanta,
 Chlaidheas gach nì.

Bì'dh armaehd nan uabhas
 Mu'n cuairt da gach laimh,
 Rì beuchdaich a reubas
 Na speuran gu h-àrd :
 Ion-stróicear a chròc-choille
 Mhòr as a freumh,
 Le spùtadh garbh-sgiùrsaigh
 Na dùdlachd gun tlàths,

Gum bòch a mhuir cheann-ghlas
 Is gaill-bheinneach greann ;
 Gur gorm-robach, doirbh-chorrach,
 Borbadh nan tonn ;
 Gu h-àrdanch, càir-gheal,
 A' bàrcadh nan deann ;
 Agus gàirich a bhàis bì'dh
 Air bhàirlinn gach glinn !

Gum brùchd an fhras chiùrraidh
 D'ar n-ionnsuidh a nuas,
 A's bàthar gach àilean
 Fo làn nan sruth luath,
 A thaosgas san taomraich
 Nam maom-thuiltean ruadh ;
 'S mareachd-sùne na dìleann
 G'ar miobhadh le fuachd.

Thig clacha-meallain garbha
 Le stairearaidh mu'r ceann.
 Gar spuacadh mar chruaidh-fhrois
 De luaidhe nan Gall ;
 Gaoth bhuaireis ga sguabadh
 O chruachaibh nam beann ;
 Luchd-coiseachd gan léireadh
 Le h-éireadh nach gann.

Thig ceò tingh nan neoil oirn
 O mhòr mheall nan cruach,
 Le smùidrich an dù-reothaidh
 Dhiughaltaich, fhuair ;
 Ga leir dhuinn lag-éiridh
 Na gréine ri h-uair,
 Grad-fhalchaidh i carbad
 Geal, dealrach, sa' chuan.

Le dall-chur na failbhe
 Gum falchar gach meall ;
 Sneachd cléiteagach gle-thiugh
 Nan speur os ar ceann
 Gu h-àrd domhainn barr-gheal
 Air fàsaich nan gleann ;
 Bì'dh nàdur fo'n stràc ud
 Gu fàillinneach, fann.

Thig iom-chathadh feanntaidh
 Fo shrannaich nan stoirm,
 A ghluaiseas an luath-shneachd
 Na fhuar-chithibh doirbh ;
 Bì'dh an smùid ud ad' sgiùrsadh
 Le dù-chuthach searbh ;
 'Sa léireadh nan slèisnean
 Mar ghenr-shalann garg.

Bì'dh gach sùil agus aodunn
 Ag aognachadh fiannh ;
 Agus ceòraich an rèit
 Air na feòsgaibh liath :

Bi'dh spùtadh na fountainn
Is drùightiche sìan,
A' tolladh tro d' ghrùdhan
Gu ciùrr-bheumnach, dian.

Mios reub-bhiorach, éireanda,
Chreuchdas gach dùil ;
Mios buaireasach, buailteach,
'S neo-thrucant' a ghnùis ;
Mios nuarranta, buagharra,
'S tuath-ghaothach spùt,
Bhios gu h-earr-ghlaiseach, feargach,
Le stairearaich nach ciùin.

Mios burruglasach, falmarra,
Gharbh-fhrasach fuar ;
Tha gliob-shleamhain, dileanta,
Grim-reotach, eruaidh,
Ged robh luirgmean gan ròsladh
Ri deagh theine guail,
Bi'dh na sàiltean gan cràdhadh
Gu bàs leis an fhuachd.

Mios colgarra, borb-chur,
Nan stoirmibh nan deann,
Gu funntainneach, puinseunta,
'S diughaltach srann :
A' beuchdaich 's na speuraibh
Le leir-sgrìos gu call:
Bior-dheilgneach, le gairisinn,
Bu mheill-chrithreach greann.

Cha'n àireamh na thainig,
De bhàrdaibh san fheoil,
Gach ànradh thug teanntachd
A gheamhraidh g'ar còir ;
Ach, mu'm fairghear mo sheanachas
Gus dealbh air ach sgleò,
Gur tim dhomh bhì crìochnachadh
Briathran mo sgeòil.

AN T-EARRACH.

AIR FONS—“*Thainig oirn do dh' Albainn crois,*”

THAINIG EARRACH OIRN M' AN CHAIRT,
Theid am fuachd fo fhuadach cian
Theid air imrich thar a chuan
Geamhradh buaireasach nan sìan :
Ràithe sneachdach, reotach, eruaidh,
A dh' atas colg nan luath-ghaoth dian
Sligneach, deilgneach, feanntaidh, fuar,
A lom, 'sa dh' aognaich snuadh gach nì.

Nis o'n phill a ghrian a nall
Tréigidh sìd a's annradh gàrg :
Islehear strannraich nan speur,
'S ceanglar srian am beul gach stoirm ;
Sguiridh na builg shéididh chruaidh
'San àibheis aird, a b' naibhrich fearg :
Eubhar siothchaimh ris gach dùil,
'S tiunnaidh iad gu mùghadh foirm.

Iompaichear an uair gu blàths,
Le frasaibh o'n aird-au-iar,
Leaghaidh sneachd na shruthaibh luath
O ghuailibh nan gruain bheann ciar.
Fosglaidh tobraichean a ghruinnid,
A bhrùchdas nan spùtaibh dian ;
'S deith gu sgealbach, ceilleachdach, dlù,
Le gleadhraich ghairbh gu sùradh sìos.

Sgapaidh dall-cheo tiugh nan nial
As a céil' an iar 's an ear,
Na mheallaibh giobach, ceigeach, liath,
Druim-robach, ogluidh, ciar-dhubh, glas,
A' snàmh san fhaillbe mhòir gun cheann,
A null 'sa nall, mar luing fo beairt ;
'S iathaidh iad nan rùsgaibh bàn
Mu spiodaibh píceach àrd nam bac.

Nochdaidh *Phabus* duinn a gnùis,
A' dealradh o thùr nan speur,
Le soille caoimhneil, baoisgeil, blàth,
Gu tluimhor, bàigheil, ris gach ereubh ;
Na sgrìos a ghaillionn chiurraidh fhuar,
Mosglaidh iad a nuas o'n eug ;
Ath-nuadhaichear a bhliadh' as ùr,
Gach dùil gu mùirneach ; surd air feun.

Sgeudaichear na lòn 's na blàir,
Fo chomhdach àluinn lusaibh meanbh ;
Sgaoilidh iad a mach ri gréin
An duilleach fein fo mhìle dealbh :
Gu giobach, caisrengach, fo'm blàth,
Le'n dathaibh àillidh, fann-gheal, dearg ;
Bileach, mealach, maoth-bhog, ùr,
Luirgneach, sùghmhor, driùchdach, gorm.

Gur h-ionmhuinn an sealladh fonnmhor
A chitear air lom gach leacainn ;
'S cùbhraidh leam na fion na Frainge
Fàile thom, a's bheann, a's ghلاع ;
Mìlseineach, bìolaireach, sòbhrach,
Eagach cuach nan neoinein màiseach,
Siomragach, fàilleineach, brigh'or,
Luachrach, ditheanach, gun ghaisendh.

Thig mùilleinean de shluagh an fheòir
Beò fo tlùs nam fann-ghath tlà,
Le 'n sgiathaibh sìoda, ball-bhrec ùir,
'S iad daithe 'm boichead mìos a Mhàigh :

An tuairneagaibh geal nam flùr,

Dùisgidh iad le h-ìochd a bhàis,

'S measgnaichidh an rìghle dlù

'S a chéitein chiùin nach lot an càil!

Dìridh snothach suas o'n fhriamhaich

Tro cham-chuislibh shuimhain bhad-chramn,

Gu maoth-bhlasda, mealach, cùbhraidh,

Sior chuir sùigh 's nam fùran shlatach;

Bi'dh an còmhach gorm a' brùchdadh

Roi shlois ùr nan dlù-phreas dosrach,

Duilleach, làbach, uasal, sgiamhach,

Dreach uam meur is rìmheach coltas.

Bi'dh coin bheaga bhinn a chàthair,

A cruinneachadh shràbh gu neadan;

Togaidh iad 's na geugaibh uaigneach

Aitribh chuirteagach ri teic

Laidhidh gu cluthor nan tamh

A blàiteachadh nan cruinn ubh breaca,

Gus am bris an t-slighe làn,

'S an tìg an t-àlach òg a mach dhaibh.

Thig éibhneas na bliadh an tùs,

Mu'n crìochnaich an t-ùr-mhìos Màirt;

Bheir an spréidh an toradh trom

Le fosgladh am bronn gu lár:

Brùchdaidh minn, a's laoi, a's uain,

Nam mìltibh m'an cuairt do'n bhàr;

'S breac-gheal dreach nan raon 's nan stùc,

Fo chòisridh mheanbh uan lù-chleas bàth!

Bidh gabhair nan adhairecan cràcach,

Stangach, eam, an aird nan sgeal-chreag;

Rob-bhrat iom-dhathach m'an cuairt daibh,

Caitean ciar-dhubh, gruamach, gorm-ghlas,

S na minneinean laghach, greannar,

Le meigeadaich fhann g'an leanmhuinn;

'S mìreanach a chleasachd ghuannach

Bhios air pòr beag luath nan gearr-mheann.

Caoirich cheig-rùsgach fo chòmhach;

Sgaoil air reithlein lòn-tean-drìnach;

*A uaineinean cho geal ri cainichean

Air chluaintibh nan learg ri sùgradh.

An crodh mòr gu lìontaigh làirceach,

Ag ìonaltraidh fhàsach ùr-ghorm;

An dream lith-dhonn, chaisinn, bhan-bhreac,

Ghuailinn, chra-dhearg, mhàgach, dhùmhail.

'S inntinneach an ceol ri m' chluais

Fann-gheum laogh m'an cuairt do'n chrò,

Rì coi'-ruith tìmheall nan raon,

Grad-bhrisg, seang-mhear, aotrom, brò;

Stairich aig an luirgnean luath,

Sios m'an bhruaich gu guanaich òg;

'S teach 'sa mach á buaile làin,

'S bras an leum ri bàirich bhò!

'N ainsir ghnàthaichte na bliadhna,

Sgapar siol gu biadh san fhearrann,

Ga thilgeadh na fhraasaidh dìona,

'S na h-ìomairean fiara, caua:

Sgalag, a's eich laidir, ghnuimhach

Rì straidhliche nan cliath gan tarraim;

'S tiodhlaicear fo'n dùsluing mhìn

An gràinean lìontaigh 's brìgh'or toradh.

Sgoiltear am buntàta cnuachdach

Na sgràilleagaibh cluasach, bachlach;

Theid an inneir phronn na lodaibh

Socach, trom, air chòmhnard acaidh;

Le treun ghearrain chùbach, chàrnach,

Chliabhach, spidreach, bhràideach, slrathrach

Sùrd air teachd-an-tìr nan Gàil,

Dh' fheuch an tàrar e fo'n talamh.

'Nuair a thogas *Phabus* àigh

Mach gu h-àird nan nial a ceann,

O sheomar dealrach a chuain

Ag òradh air chruach uam beann;

Brùchdaidh as gach cearn an tuath,

'Staign cha'n fhuirich luath no mall,

Inntrigidh air gnìomh nam buadh,

“Buntàta 's inneir! suas an crann!”

Theid an inneal-draibh an òrdugh,

Seu eich laidir mhor a' tarraim

Nan ionustramaid ghleadrach, ròpach,

Beairt 'san lìomhor còrd a's amull,

Ailbheagan nan cromag fiara,

Socach, coltrach, giadhach, langrach;

Glige-ghlaige crainn a's iarum,

Sùrd air gnìomh o'm biadhchor toradh!

Hush! an t-àraiche 's am bàn-each,

Fear air crann, 's air crann, 'sa chorraig,

Buntàta, 's inneir theith na cliabhaidh

Ga taomadh san fhiar-chlais chorraich,

Aig bannal clis lùghmhor gleusda,

Cridheil, eutrom, brisg gun smalan;

'S gillean òg a' dìol na h-àbhachd,

Briathrach, gàireach, càirdeil, fearail.

'Nuair dh' fhalachar san ùir am pòr,

Thig feartan gar còir o'n àird,

A sgrìtean liath-ghlas nan nial,

Frasaidh e gu ciatach blàth,

Silteach, sàmhach, lìomhor, ciùin,

Trom na bh-rùchdaibh, ciùbrach, tlàth;

'S mìorbhuilleach a bhraonach dhùl,

Iarbhach maoth-mhìn, driuchdach, seamh

'S lìomhor suaicheantas an Earraich,

Nach comas domh luaidh le fileachd;

Ràidhe 's tric a chaochail earraidh,

'S ioma car o thùs gu dheireadh;

Ràidhe'n tig am faoileach feannaidd,
Fuar ehlach-mheallain, stoirn nan peileir,
Feadag, sguabag, gruain a' Ghearrain,
Crainnti Chailleach is beurra friodhan.

'Nuair spùtas gaoth lom a' Mhàirt oirn,
Ni 'n t-sid ud an t-àl a chrannadh,
Mios cabhagach, oibreach, saoitreach,
Nam feasgar slaod-chianail, reangach ;
Acras a' diogladh nam maodal,
Bliànach, caol-ghlas, aognaidh, greannach ;
Deòghlar trian do t' fhiur-liunn-tàth bhuat ;
'S mar ghad sniomhain tàirnear fad thu.

Ràidhe san tig tùs annlainn,
Liteach, càbrach, làdhan lapach,
Druin-fhionn, cean-fionn, bruceach, riaspach
Robach, dreamsglach, riadhach, rapach ;
Càl a's feoil, a's cruinn-bhunnàta,
'S aran corca laidir, reachdmhor ;
Bog no cruaidh, ma chanar biadh ris,
S e nach diult an ciad ni 's faigse.

'N uair thig òg-mhòs chèitein ciùin oirn,
Bi'dh a bhliadhna au tùs a maisie ;
'S fiathail, caoimhneil, soilse grèine,
Mios geal ceutach, speur-ghorm, feartach,
Flùrach, ciùrach, bliochdach, maoiniach,
Uanach, caorach, laoghach, mùtach,
Gruthach, uachdrach' càiseach, sùghmhor,
Mealach, cùbhraidh, drùchdach, dosrach.

Nis théid Earrach uainn air chuairt,
'S thig an samhradh ruag a nall ;
'S gorm-bhog duilleach geug air choill ;
Eunlaidh seinn air bharr nan crann ;
Drùchdan air fear gach glinn,
S lan-thoil-inntinn sgiamh nam beann ;
Theid mi ceum troi 'n lòn a null,
'S tairnearm erioch air fonn mo rann.

M A R B - R A N N

DO MR SEUMAS BEATTIE,

[Fear-teagaisg Cànan, 's nan Eolus nadurra, ann an Aol-taigh Ùr-Obairtheadhain, a chaochail sa' mhadainn diardaoin, an ceathramh latha de'n ochdamh mìos 1810.]

— κενεῖο παροσέμειθε γούο !

AIR FÖNN—"Mort Ghlinne-Comhann."

Och nan och ! mar a ta mi ;
Thréig mo shùgradh, mo mhàran, 's mo chèol !
'S trom an aiceid tha 'm chràdh-lot,
'S goirt am beum a rinn sgàinteach 'am fheòil ;

Mi mar ùrach nan euaintean,
A chailleas astar feadh stuadhan sa chèò ;
O'n bhuail teachdair a bhàis thu,
A Charaid chaoimh bu neo-fhàilteumach gl'ùir.

A Ghaoil ! a Ghaoil de na fearaibh !
'S fuar a nochd air an darach do chréubh
'S fuar a nochd air a bord thu,
Fhùrain nasail bu stòild ann ad bhèus !
An lamh gheal, fluranach, chàirdeil,
Is tric a ghlac mi le fàilte gu 'n phléid,
Ri d' thaobh 's an auairt na sìneadh,
Na meall fuar ceadha, fo chis aig an éug !

A mhòg-shuil donn bu tlà sealladh,
A nis air tionndadh gun lannair a d' eheann !
'S sàmhaich binn-ghuth ann calaidh !
'S dùint' am beul ud o'm b' anasach cainnt !
An cridhe firinneach soilleir,
Leis 'm bu spèideil duais foille, no saunt ;
A nochd gun phlog air an dèile !
Sian mo dhosgainn, nach breugach an rann.

Gun smid tha 'n ceann anns na thàrnaich
Bladh gach eòlais a b' àird ann am miagh ;
Gliocas cagnaidd na Gréige,
'S na thuig an Eadailt bu gheur-fhaclaich brìgh !
'S balbh fear-rèitich gach teagaimh ;
Ann a bheurla chruaidh, spreigearra, ghriinn !
'N uair bhios luchd-foghlum fo dhubhar,
Co na t-ionads a dh' fhuasglas an t-snuim ?

'S balbh an labhraiche pòngail,
Bu tearc r'a fhaotainn a chompanach beoil ;
'Am briathran snaighte, sgéimh-dhealbhadh,
A chur na h-ealaidh no 'n t-seanchais air neoil ;
Ge b' è bàrd an dàin chéutaich,
Mu chian-astar Ænéas o Thèididh ;
'S firinn cheart nach bu diù leis,
E-fein thoirt mar ùghdair do sgeòil.

Gun smid tha'n gliocair a b' eolach,
Air fad na cruithachd a dh' òrdaich Mac Dhé !
Gach gnè an saoghal na fàirge,
'Sa mhacbthìr chòmhnaid no 'n garbhlaich an
Gach bileag ghorm a tha lùbadh, [t-sléibh :
Fo throm eallaich nan drùchd ris a ghréin ;
'S an riòghachd mheatailtich b' àghor,
Do phurp ag innse dhuinn nàdur gach seud.

'S balbh fear-aithne nan ràidean,
A shoillsich aingil a's fàidhean o thùs ;
A's soisgeul ghlormhor na slainte,
Thug fios air tròcairean àrd-Rìgh nan dùl ;
'An stèigh gach teagaisg bu ghrasmoir,
'S tearc pears-eaglais thug bàrr ort, a Rùin !
Dòchas t-ama bu làidir,
'San fhuil-adhoirteadh gu Pàrras thoirt dhuinn.

Riaghlaich t-eòlas 's do ghiulan,
Modh na foirfeachd a b' iùil dut 's gach ceum ;
Do mhòr-chridh nasal gun tuath ann
Gunghoimh, gun nabhar, gun lùban, gun bhrèug ;
Cha b' nailse tholgach an fhasain,
Cha dealradh saibhreis a dh-atadh do spéis ;
'Si 'n inntinn fhior-ghlan, a b' fhiù leat,
A's foghlum dichill ga stiùireadh le céill.

Mo chreach lèir ! an taigh mùirneach,
'S am faict' a ghreadhaingusuntach mu'n bhòrd,
Dreòs na céire toirt soillse,
Gach fion bu taitniche faileas, fo chròic :
Do chuilm bu chonaltrach, fàilteach,
B' aiseag slainte dhuinn màran do bheoil ;
Bu bhinn a thogail na téis thu,
'Sa chruit fhonnoir ga gléusadh gu ceòl.

'N uair dh' éireadh còisridh bu choinnealt,
A dhamhs' gu lùghor ri prounadh nam pòng ;
Gum b' éibhinn crì do mhnà-comuinn,
Do chròilein maoth, 's iad gu tomanach, donn ,
A ghearradh leum air bhòrd loma,
Dol seach a chéile mar ghoireadh am fonn,
Ach dh' fhalbh sid uile mar bhradar,
“ No bristeadh builgein air nachdar nan tonn.”

A rìgh ! gur cianail mo smaointean,
Ri linn do t-hrois bhì faotrach gun mhùirn !
Sguir a chuilm 's an ceol-gàire,
Chaidh meoghail ghreadhnach a's màran o'r cùl :
Chinn an talla fuar fàisil ;
'S è chuir mullach na fardoich 'na smùr
Ceann na dìdinn, 's na riaghailt,
A bhì sa' chadal throm shiorruidh nach dùisg !

Do bhantrach bhechd mar ian tiamhaidh,
Ri truagh thùrsa, 'sa sgiathan mu h-àl ;
A neadan creachta, 's i dòineach,
Mu gaol a sholair an lòn daibh gach tràth :
O'n dh'ímich Fir-eun na h-ealtainn,
Tha'n t-searbh-dhìle 'tighinn thart as gach àird !
A Rìgh nan aingeal ! bi d' dhìon daibh,
'S tionndaidh ascaoin na sine gu flàths.

'S ioma sùil ata silteach,
A thaobh ùigh nam fear glic gun bhì buan :
Tha mìltean ùrnuigh ga d' leantainn,
Le mìltean dùrachd, a's beannachd gu t-naigh ;
A liuthad diùlannach ainneis,
A dh' àrdaich t-ionnsachadh ainneamh gu nàill ;
'S gach là bhios-càirdeas air faoiueachd,
A Bheattie chluàitich ! bi'dh cuimh' air do luach.

Rion t-éug sinn nìle gun sòlas,
Tha teach nan innleachd, 'san òigridh fo phràmh ;
Chaidh Albainn buileach fo èislean,
Sgur na Ceòlraidhean Grèugach de'n dàn :

Thainig dall-bhrat na h-òidhech' oirn,
O'n chaidh lochrann na soillse na smàl :
B' e sid an crith-reothadh cèitein
A mhìll an fochann bu cheutaiche bàrr !

Bu tu craobh-abhull a ghàraidh,
A chaidh cha chinnich nì's àillidh fo'n ghrèin !
Deal an t-sàmbruidh mu blàthaibh,
Lùisreadh dhuilleag air chràcaibh, a geug
Ach thilg dubh-dhoirionn a gheambraidh,
A bheithir theinntidh le srann as an speur ;
Thuit an gallan ùr, rìmbeach,
'S uile mhaise ghrad-chrion air an fheur !

A Thì tha stiùireadh na cruinne !
'Stuleig d'ar n-ionnsuidh a bhuille bha cruaidh !
Sinnse enail an t-sàr ulaidh,
Neònd prìseil nan iomadaidh buaidh !—
Dh' fhalbh a chombaid, 's na siùil oirn,
Chaidh an gaisreadh 's an fliùbhai 'n am bruan,
Gach creag 'na cunnart do'n fhiùraich,
O laidh duibh' air rèull-iùil an taobh-Tuath.

Och ! nan och, mar a ta mi !
Mo chridhe 'n impis bhì sgàinte le bròn !
Tha 'n caraid-cùirt' an dèigh m' fhàgail,
A sheasadh dùrachdach dan' air mo chòir :
Bi'dh sid am chliabh 'na bheum enàmhain,
Gus an uair anns an t-àr mi fo'n fhòd ;
Ach 's glic an t-Aon a thug eis dhinn,
'S da òrdugh naomh bìth'mid strìochda gach lò.

SMEORACH CHLOINN-LACHUINN.

LUNNEAG.

*Hoilìbh o, òriag, ò luil, ò ;
Hoilùh o, òriag, hòrò hì ;
Hoilìbh o, òriag, ò luil, ò ;
Smeòraich a sheinn dran mì.*

'S smeorach mise le chloinn-Lachunn ;
Seinneam ceòl air bharr nan dòsan ;
'S tric leam dùsgadh mòch am' chadal
'S m'òran maidne 'sheinn le frògan.

Hoilìbh o, òc.

Cha mhì 'm fìtheach gionach, sgàitèch,
Na clamhan a chrom-ghubh shracaich ;
'S cian mo linn o' coin a chathair
Chleachd tigh'n' beò air sàth nan àblach.

Hoilìbh o, òc.

'S mer gu'm b' anns' an àm bhí 'géiridh
Madainn Shamhraidh fhann-bhuig, chéitein ;
Djól nan rann gun gbreann gun eislein,
'S toirm an damhs' air chrann nau géugan.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Bha mí n' còmhuidh 'n tùs mo laithibh
Aig Peithinn nan seamb-shruth airgeid,
Measg nam flùran driuchdach, tìltha,
Fhuair mí 'u àrach pàirt de m' ainsir.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Tha mí nis an tìr gun bhruaidhlean,
Tìr tha feartach, reachdor, buaghail ;
'S lionmhor àgh tha fàs air uachdar
Tìr nan sealbh da'n ainm ua Cluainean.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Tha na h-eoin is labhar coireall,
Feadh na coille 'n dlùths nam badan ;
Buidheann phròiseal, cheolmhor, loinneal,
Ard an colleag.—bim an glaigeal.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Tha gach crann gu trom fo chòmhdach,
Duilleach, balach, meurach, cròcach ;
Stràc de 'n mheas cur shlios nan ògan,
'S eunlaith 'seinn nam fonn an òrdugh.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Coisridh lughor, mùirneach, greannar,
Seolta gluasad fuaim an seanusar ;
P'ur gun sgread, gun reasg, gun teandachd,
Gleusa' am feadain ; deas an ranntachd.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Grian a'g eiridh dealrach, òr-bhùl,
Le gath soills' air ghorm nam mor-bheann ;
Fèileadh cubhraidh dhriuchd nan lointean,
Sileadh meal air bharr gach feòirnean.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Eoin bheag bhuchlach nam pong ceòlmhor !
Coimb-fhreachraibh leam téis an òrain ;
Dreach nan cluainean mar bu choir dhomh
Dh' innsinn sios am briathran òrdail.

Hoilbh o, &c.

'S ionnmhuinn leam a chulaidh fhraoich
Dh' fhas air taobb nan luirgnean cäs,
Badach, gaganach, caoin, ùr,
'S neoil do'n mhil a smuideadh às.

Hoilbh o, &c.

'S boidheach treud nan uainean geala
Ruith 'sa réis feadh chluainean bainnear ;
'S caoirich bhronnach, thromha, cheigeach,
Air 'm bu sheideach blonag shaile.

Hoilbh o, &c.

'S blasda, soilleir uisg am fuaran
Fallain brisg gun mbisg gun bhruaidlean ;
'S cràcach, gibeach, biolair' uaine,
Fàs gu h-àilli laimh ri'm bruachan.

Hoilbh o, &c.

'S labhar fuaim nan sruthan siùblach,
Theid thar bhalbhag dù nan alltan ;
Turraich mhear gach cuailleàn dù-ghuirm,
Dol feadh lùb tro làr nan gleanntan.

Hoilbh o, &c.

'S taitneach, sgianbhach, maoth-bhog ùr,
Fas do fhùl is lionmhor dreach ;
Mar ghorm rionnagach nan speur,
Dealbh gach seud a sgaoil mu d' bhrat.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Brat nan dìthean driuchdach, guamach,
Lurach, luachrach, dualach, bachlach,
Cuachach geal nan neoinen eagach,
Sid a sgreadach tha mu d' ghlaicibh.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Do chrodh-laoigh air lom an àilean,
Reambar, sultmhor, liontai, làireach,
Caisioun, druimioun, guailioun, cra-dhearg,
Bainnear. blichdach sliochd gun fhaillinn.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Baile feartach coirc a's eòrna,
'S reachmhor fàsar dhailean còmhnard ;
Be sid bàrr na mìle sòlas
A chuir sgrainnig na goirt air fogradh.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Talamh tarbbach trom gu gnàisich,
Leatromach fo bhàrr buntata,
Chinn gu luirgneach, menrach, màgach,
Cluigeanaich le plumbais àillidh.

Hoilbh o, &c.

'S tric do phreasan peurach, ubhlach,
Groiseideach, trom-dheareach, dù-dhonn ;
Luisreadh sios le gagan driuchdach,
'S buan an t-shlainnt am fàile cubhraidh.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Baile coisrigte nam beannachd !
Fraochach, flùrach, luachrach, mealach,
Martach, laoghach, caorach, bainneach,
Coillteach, duilleach, geugach, torach.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Nis' tha carbad boisgeil *Phabuis*
A' marcachd an aird nan speura ;
'S o'n tha 'n rann an cuims faidlead,
'S tìm' bhì lasachadh nan teudan.

Hoilbh o, &c.

EALAI DH GH AOIL.

LUNNEAG.

*Air faillirin, illirin, nillirin ò,
Air faillirin, illirin, uillirin ò,
Air faillirin, illirin, nillirin ò,
Gur baidheach an comunn,
'Th'aig coinneamh 'n t-Srath-m'òir.**

GUR gile mo leannan
Na'n eal' air an t-sbhuamh,
Na cobhar na tuinne,
'S e tilleadh bho'n tràigh ;
Na'm blàth-bhainne buaile,
'S a chuach leis fo bhàrr,
Na sneachd nan gleann dòsrach,
'Ga fhroiseadh mu'n bhàr
Air faillirin, &c.

Tha cas-fhalt mo ròin-sa
Gu sìubhlach a sniomh,
Mar na neoil bhuidhe ' lùbas
Air stùcaibh nan sliabh,
Tha ' gruaidh mar an ròs,
'Nuair a's bòidheche 'bhios fhiamh,
Fo ùr-dhealt a Chéitein,
Mu'n éirich a ghrian.
Air faillirin, &c.

* The chorus and first stanza of this song are not Mac-lachlan's. They were composed by Mrs M'Kenzie of Balone, at a time when, by infirmity, she was unable to attend the administration of the Lord's Supper in Strathmore of Lochbroom,—and ran word for word the same except the last two lines of the verse which are slightly altered. Our talented author got them and the air from some of the north country students in Aberdeen. All the other stanzas, however, are original, and worthy of the poetic mind of Mac-lachlan. The following translation of it by the celebrated author, we subjoin for the gratification of the English reader :—

Not the swan on the lake, or the foam on the shore,
Can compare with the charms of the maid I adore :
Not so white is the new milk that flows o'er the pail,
Or the snow that is show'r'd from the boughs of the vale.

As the cloud's yellow wreath on the mountain's high brow,
The locks of my fair one redundantly flow ;
Her cheeks have the tint that the roses display,
When they glitter with dew on the morning of May.

As the planet of Venus that gleams o'er the grove,
Her blue-rolling eyes are the symbols of love ;
Her pearl-circled bosom diffuses bright rays,
Like the moon, when the stars are bedimm'd with her blaze.

The mavis and lark, when they welcome the dawn,
Make a chorus of joy to resound through the lawn :
But the mavis is tuneless—the lark strives in vain,
When my beautiful charmer renews her sweet strain.

When summer bespangles the landscape with flow'rs,
While the thrush and the cuckoo sing soft from the bow'rs,
Through the wood-shaded windings of hellsa Fil rove,
And feast unrestrain'd on the smiles of my love.

Mar Bhéus a boisgeadh
Thar choiltibh nan ard,
Tha a miog-shuil ga m' bhuaireadh
Le suaicheantas graidh :
Tha bràighe nan séud
Ann an eideadh gach àidh,
Mar ghealach nan speur
'S i cur reultan fo phràmh.
Air faillirin, &c.

Bì'dh 'n niseag 's an smeòrach
Feadh lòintean nan driùchd,
'Toirt fàilte le'n òrain
Do'n òg-mhadainn chùidin ;
Ach tha'n niseag neo-sheòlta,
'S an smeòrach gun sunnt,
'Nuair ' thoisicheas m' éudail
Air gleusadh a ciùil.
Air faillirin, &c.

'Nuair thig sàmhbradh nan noinean
A comhdach nam bruch,
'S gach eoinéan 'sa chròc-choill'
' A ceòl leis a chuaich,
Bì'dh mise gu h-éibhinn
'A leumnaich 's a ruig,
Fo dhù-mheuraibh sgàileach
A màran ri m' luaidh.
Air faillirin, &c.

RANN DO'N LEISG.

A LEISG reangach, robach, dhuaichnidh,
Mallaichd buan bho dhuan nam bàrd dhut,
'S bochd an t-shian do'n tì bheir cluas dhut,
'S dearbh nach dual gu'n dean e tàbbachd,
'S fìor an sgeul a sgrìobh rìgh Solamh,
" Nach robh sonas riamb ad ghlaraihb ;"
A chairbh rag gun sgrìd gun fhosgadh,
Trom-cheann marbh nach mosgail facal,
'S ronngach fàrdalach gun rùth-bhalg ;
Do sheann chlosach bhruichdach, lachdunn,
'S miann leat coimhearsp bhuan an rosaid,
Dealbh na gorta sgaol mu t-asdail,
Thu fo'n lùirich na d' chuail chuamhaich,
Reic thu Farrais air son cadail,
Dreìn an Aoig na d' ghrod-chraos bearnach,
Do chrag chearr am nuing do phap-chinn.
Sid an sluaigh thug bith an tùs dut,
A Mi-chùram 's Dith-na-sgoimne
Slabhraidh theann de phraisich chruaidh ort,
S dà cheud punnd de'n luaidhe d' dheireadh.

A Leisg throm ga 'm badbar spad-chluas
'S tu 'n gadaiche 'shlad na h-ainisir :

Geud' bhiodh mìle cuip gad' shlaisleadh
 Cha tig an stadaich a t-earball.
 Sibhs ann sam beil feum a's dìreadh,
 Ruithibh grad an tìm gu freagairt ;
 Mu n cosgrar sibh fo shlait iarainn
 Ban-mhaighstear iarraidh na sgreatachd.

CLACH-CUIMHNE

GHLINNE-GARAIDH AIG TOBAR-NAN-CEANN.

FHIR astair ! thig faisg a's leubh
 Sgeul air ceartas an Dé bhuaire ;
 Eisd ri diol na ceilg a dh'fhàg
 A Cheapach na làraich fhuair.
 Sgaoil na milltich lion an éig
 Mu bhòrd éibhinn nam fleagh fial
 'S mheasgnaich iad an sean 's na h-òig
 'S an aon tòrr na'm fuil gun ghiomh.
 Mhosgail corruich an t-àrd-thriath,

Ursann dhian nan combhan cruaidh,
 Morair Chlann-Dòmhnuille an fhraoich,
 Leogham nan euid, craobh nam buadh,
 Dh-iarr e 's chaidh Dioghailt na leum,
 Mar bheithir bheumnaich nan nial,
 Ghlac e'n dream a dheilbh an fhoill,
 'S thug lan duais mar thoill an gnìomh.
 Lamh rint-sa' ghòrm fhuarain ghrim,
 Dh' ionnlaideadh seachd cinn nan lùb,
 'S aig casan a ghaisgich àigh
 Thilgeadh iad air làr a dhùin.
 Corr as coig fichead bliadhna' deug
 Thriall nan speur bho dheas gu tuath,
 Bho 'n ghairmeadh TOBAR-NAN-CEANN,
 De'n t-sruthan so 'n cainnt an t-shluagh.
 Mise 'n Seachdamh thar dheich glùn
 De fhrenmh ùiseil an laoch thréin,
 Mac-Mhic-Alasdair m'ainn gnàiths,
 Flath Chlann-Dòmhnuille nan sàr euidh,
 Thog mi chlachs' air lom an raoin,
 Faisg air caochan a chliù bhuaire,—
 Mar mheas do cheann-staic nan triath,
 'S gu'n cuimhnicht' an gnìomh ri luaths.

ALASDAIR MAC-IONMHUINN.

ALEXANDER M'KINNON was born in Moror, in the district of Arisaig, Inverness-shire, in the year 1770, in which year his father was tacksman. At the age of 24, he enlisted in the gallant 92d regiment, in which he served with marked distinction till 1801, when, in the famous battle of Alexandria, he received three several wounds, which were the means of breaking up his connexion with that corps. After the battle, Corporal M'Kinnon was found lying among the wounded and dead, "with his back to the field and his feet to the foe," in frozen gore, and on the apparent verge of dissolution. In disposing of the many brave fellows who fell on that memorable day, it was found necessary to dig ditches or pits in which indiscriminately to inter them; and such was the seemingly lifeless condition of M'Kinnon, that he was ordered to be buried among the others. This order would have been executed had not Sergeant M'Lean, a bosom-friend and companion of our bard, been prompted by feelings of the purest friendship, to seek him out amid the heaps of carnage in which he was entombed. The Sergeant, applying his ear to the poet's breast, perceived that everlasting silence had not yet been imposed on his lyre;—his respirations were feeble and slow, but he lived; and his friend insisted upon having him forthwith conveyed to one of the hospital ships.

Upon experiencing the care and attention his situation required, he gradually recovered from his wounds; and it was during his convalescence on board the hospital ship that he composed his truly sublime and admirable poem so descriptive of the battle. M'Kinnon, on arriving in England, was discharged with a pension; but a life of inactivity seemed little to accord with his sanguine temperament,—for he was no sooner able to bear arms than he joined the 6th Royal Veteran Battalion, in which he served all the remainder of his earthly career. He died at Fort-William, Lochaber, in the year 1814, at the age of 44, and was interred with military honours.

Corporal M'Kinnon was prepossessing in appearance; he stood about 5 feet 10 inches in height; he was athletic in form and of very fine proportions and symmetry. As a poet he ranks very high: his mind, indeed, was of that gigantic order, which, by its own propelling powers, could rise equal to any subject he chose to sing. Judging from some of his MSS, now before us, he studied the Gaelic language to good purpose; few have been able so completely to master its idiom and to soar on the syren wings of poesy, sustaining throughout such a sublime and uncontaminated diction. We have not been able to ascertain what his scholastic acquirements were in English, but we feel warranted in supposing these respectable, for he wrote the vernacular tongue with great accuracy, the study of which, it must be recollected, formed none of the school-attainments in his juvenile days.

The four pieces here presented to the reader are of prime quality. They speak for themselves, and need no passing encomiums from us. Any poetaster may string stanzas together *ad infinitum*, and at a hand-gallop; he may infuse something of the spirit of poetry into them, but to give metrical composition a high finish—to put so much excellence into a poem as to ensure its survival, after the interest of the circumstance that called it forth has passed away—to do this, has fallen only to the lot of a few gifted individuals.

No one could be more happy in his choice of subjects than M'Kinnon; and, most assuredly, none could handle his materials better. He was an enthusiastic soldier: he saw and admired the prowess of the British arms, and commemorated their feats in strains which cannot die. The poet that chronicled these feats, was worthy of the indomitable army that performed them. Ossian's heroes are often put beyond themselves through the magnifying vista of poetic description;—and who has not felt how much of the prowess of Ajax and Hector owed its existence to the redundancy of Homer's inventive powers? M'Kinnon has indulged in no fanciful representations;—he has honestly and truthfully recorded such achievements as British valour performed within his ocular cognizance; and one characteristic feature of his muse is, that she was always *on duty*.

It would be out of place here to attempt a formal criticism upon the works of this excellent poet. His heroics, in which he seems most at home, admit of no comparison. We wonder what stuff the poet was made of; the poet, who could wind himself up—yes, and inoculate us, too, with the high, patriotic, and impassioned feelings of his soul, to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and depict, with more than the fidelity of the painter's hand, the panorama of the most sanguinary battles that ever drew the belligerent powers

of two mighty empires face to face! His poem on the battle in Alexandria beginning "*Am Mios deireannach an Fhoghair*," has all the minuteness of detail of a studied prose narrative, while the vividness of his description, the freshness of his similes, the sublimity of his sentiments, rivet our breathless attention on the various evolutions of the day, from the discharge of the first shot until the whole place is strewn with mangled carcasses, and the dark wing of night overshadows the gory and groaning plain.

His "*Dubh-Ghleannach*" is a nautical production in which his muse appears to great advantage; and we are told by a friend, not likely to be misinformed on the subject, that this was his favourite piece. Mr M'Donald, the proprietor of the yacht, which the poet immortalizes, was so well pleased with the poem, that he gave M'Kinnon £5, and this sum appeared so enormous in the estimation of a boor, a neighbour of M'Kinnon's, that he spoke to him on the subject, saying, "It is a bonny song, to be sure, but faith, neighbour, you have been as well paid for it!" "I tell you, sir," replied the poet, "that every stanza of it—every timber in the '*Dubh-Ghleannach*'s' side—is worth a five-pound note!" This retort must be regarded more in the light of a reprimand, than as an empty gasconade. Men of genius, however, cannot be blind to their own merit; and if they ought not to be the trumpeters of their own fame, they are entitled, by the law of self-defence, to retaliate on the narrow-souled detractors of their well-earned laurels. Mac-Kinnon was neither egotistical nor pedantic: he submitted his pieces to the rigid criticisms of his fellow-soldiers, and never hesitated to throw out an idea, a distich, or even a stanza at their bidding. This has, perhaps, tended to the critical correctness of his Gaelic and the excellence of his productions: we read them and are satisfied: there is nothing wanting, nothing extraneous.

ORAN AIR DO'N BHARD A DHIOL AIR TIR ANNS AN EIPHEIT.

AIR FOKN—"Deoch-slaime an Iarla Thuathaich."

GE fada an dràst gun dùsgadh mì,
Cha chadal sèimh bu shùgradh dhomh,
Ach ragaid chuàmh gun lùghs annta,
Air leabaidh-làir gun chùirteanan,
Gun chaidreamh bho luchd dùthcha,
'S mì gun charaid-rùin am chòir.
Gun chaidreamh, &c.

Cha 'n 'eil fear a thàirneas rium,
Na thuigeas an deagh Ghàellig mì,
Nach iunnis mì gu'n d' rainig mì,
'N uair dh' imich sinn do 'n àite sin,
Gu 'n b' aobhar giorag nàmhaid sinn,
Le 'r luingeas àrd fo sheòil.
Gu 'm b' aobhar, &c.

AN t-ochdamh grian do 'n Mhàirt againn,
A nochdadh ar cuid bhàtaichean,
Bu choltach seòlta an Càbhlach iad,
Na 'n trotan mar a b' àbhaist dhaibh,
'S na Breatuinnich na 'm bàrr orra,
Le 'n cliathan ràmh san reòt'.
'S na Breatiunnich, &c.

Gu 'n chuir air tìr na saighdearan,
Na fir gun fhiamh, gun fhoill annta,
Le 'n eireadh grian gu boisgeanta,
Ri laimhir an lann foileasach,
'S an ceannard féin ga 'n soilleasachadh,
Mar dhaoimein a measg òir.
'S an ceannard, &c.

An darag dhìleas dharaich ud,
Nach dh'fhàg 'san linn so samhail da,
An leòghann rioghail, amaisgeach,
An cliù 's am frinn cheannasach,
Tha do ghaol mar anam dhuinn,
Air teannachadh na 'r feòil.
Tha da ghaol, &c.

A dol gu tìr le d' bhrataichean,
Air cheann do mhìltean gaisgealadh,
Shaoil Frangaich ghrimeach, ghlas-neulach,
Le spòr gu 'n pillte dhachaigh sinn,
Gu 'n strìochdadh iad da 'r lasraichean,
Bu dhionmhor bras ar sròil.
Gu 'n strìochdadh, &c.

Bu neimheil, smearail, dùrachdach,
Gu danara làn mhùiseagach,
An canoin ann sa bhùireinich,
'S dealanach le fudar dhiu,
Cha bu lèur an tràigh le smùidreabh,
Dh'fhàg na spèuran dùinnt' an ceò.
Cha bu lèur, &c.

Mar biodh cruaidh losgadh iomlan ann,
'San uair is luaithe dh' iomraichte,
Air luchd-cuain a b' ullamh tulgaradh,
Greasadh ri cluais iorghuille,
'S na naimhdean dàna tilgeadh oirn,
Mar ghàradh tioncheall òb.
'S na naimhdean, &c.

Choinnich iad 'san uisge sinn,
A tigh'n' air snàmh gu 'n crioslaichean,
'N uair bheireadh lamhach bristeadh dhuinn
An duil gu 'm bàite an tiota sinn,
Gu stàinneach, làn, misneachail,
Gu sgrìos às na bhiodh beò.
Gu stàinneach, &c.

Choinnich ar fir shomalt iad,
Le roinn nam pìosan guineideach,
Ma 'n d'fhàg an tonn fo 'r bonnabh sinn,
Chaill siol na Frainge fuil amta,
'S am bàs bhà iad a cumadh dhuinn,
Fhuair pàirt diù dh'fhuilang bròin.
'S am bàs, &c.

Chuir buillean lann le susbairachd,
Bho 'n tuinn mar choilltich thuilidh iad,
Gach dara crann a tuiteam dhùin,
Na 'n sineadh sìos le 'r cusbairachd,
Thuig Frangaich nach fann Thureach,
Le 'n cuid lann a mhurt an sligh.
Thuig Frangaich, &c.

Ri iomairt ghoirt na stàilinne,
Bha iomain cas bho 'n tràigh orra,
Gu 'n fhios co 'm fear bu tàire againn,
A b' ullamh lot le saithidhean,

'N am dlùthadh ris an àraich,
'S trom a dhrùigh ar làid na 'm feòil.
'N am dlùthadh, &c.

'N uair sgoilleadh bh' uainn 's gach àite iad,
Mar chaoinich 's gille-màrtainn ann',
'S tric a chèite fàll oirbh,
Na ruith a dhì a mhaighsteir,
Bu lionmhor marcach tàbhachdach,
Le each air tràigh gun deò.
Bu lionmhor, &c.

Bha 'm buidhean rioghail Gàelach,
Gu h-inntinneach, horb, ardanach,
Air thoiseach, mar a b' àbhaist daibh,
Gu lotach, pìeach, stàilinneach,
Mar nathairichean, gun chàirdeas
Do dh' aon nàmhaid a bha beò.
Mar nathairichean, &c.

Tha clann nan eilean aon-sgeulach,
Co theireadh gu 'n do chaochail iad?
'S iad fèin an dream nach maol-chluasach,
'N uair thàirte a mìre caonnaig iad,
Mar bheithir thana craoslachadh,
B' fhuair fhacineis tigh'n' ga 'n còir.
Mar bheithir, &c.

Mar mhiol-chion sheang, luath-leumnach,
'Eangach, ineach, tuasaidheach,
Ri leanailt strì gun fhuarachadh,
Le siubhal 's i a dh' fhuasgail iad,
Bha Frangaich air an ruagadh,
'S iad na 'n ruith mar chuain gun treòir
Bha Frangaich, &c.

ORAN

AIR BLAR NA H-LEIPHIT.

C' arson nach t'isichinn sa chàmpa,
Far na dh'fhàg mì clann mo ghaoil,
Thog sinn taighean Sambraidh ann,
Le barrach mheang nan craobh,
Bu solas uaibhreach, ceannard,
A bhì gluasad ri uchd naimhdean ann,
'S a dh'aindeoin luaidhe Fhrangach,
B' aobhar dàmsha bhì ri 'r taobh.

Cha chualas ri linn seanachais,
Ann an cogadh arm na 'n strì,
Cuig mìle-dag cho ainmeil ruibh,
A thairruinn nìrm fo 'n Rìgh;

B' aobhar cliù an trèun-fhear Albannach,
A fhuair a chuis ud earbha ris,
Nach cùbairean a thearbhadh leis,
Thoirt guiomh nan àrn gu crìch.

Dh'iarr e moch dì-ciadain,
'S a' chiad diagachadh de 'n Mhàirt,
Gach *comisairi* riarachadh,
Ar biadh a mach oirn trà ;
Rùm ' bhì air ar cliathaichean,
Gu h-ullamh mar a dh' iarramaid,
Nach faodadh iad air chiad-lungaidh,
Dol sìos leis ann sa bhàr.

'S ann air ùr-daoine a dh'fhèg sinn,
Air sàr chabhlach fad air chùl,
Na 'm faigheadhmaid rian snàmha dhaibh,
Bu làidir iad na 'r cùis ;
Lean Mac-a-Ghobha* cairdeil ruinn,
'S gu 'm b' fhoghainteach a bhàtaichean,
A dh' aindeoin gleadhraich nàmhaid,
Chum e smàladh air an sùil.

Bha ar 'n àrd cheann-fèadhna toirteil,
Ann san àm ga 'r propadh suas,
Bho dhream gu dream ga 'm brosnachadh,
Cha b' ann le moit na ghruaidh ;
Ghlacadh cuibhle 'n fhoirtain,
Ann san laimh nach tionndadh toisgeal i,
'S a dhùisgeadh suunt gu cosnadh dhuinn,
Mar Fhionn a mosgladh shluaidh.

Thàirneadh na laoiach shomalta
Na 'n comhlann throma, bhorb,
Bu tàrlach, làmhhan, comasach,
An sradag fhonnidh falbh ;
A g' iarraidh àite an cromadh iad,
Na 'n tugadh nàmhaid coinneamh dhaibh,
Gu 'm fag-te 'n àrach tonn-fhuileach,
Le stàilinn thollach bho'g.

Bho nach tionndadh nàimh gu casgairt,
Bu dlù lasair air an deigh,
'N uair chunnacas gruùis nam Breatunnach,
B'fhearr easan dhaibh na strèup ;
Thug iad an cùl gu tapaidh ruinn,
A shiubhal gu dlù astarach,
A sìor dhion an cùl le marcaichean,
Chum lasachadh na 'm ceum.

Bha gillean lùghar, sgairteil ann,
Nach d' aom le gealtachd riamh,
Mar dh' fhaodadh iad ga 'n leantain,
Philleadh caogad each le 'n gnìomh ;

Bu smaointean faoin d'a marcaichean,
Nach faighte daoine ghleachdadh iad,
'S na laoiach nach faoite chaisleachadh,
Ga 'n caol ruith mach air sliabh.

Bu tric an còmhach casgairt sinn,
Thug sud oirn stad na dhà,
Bhì gun e'las ann san astar sin,
'N dùil mhòr ri gaisge chàich ;
Dh' fheuch *Ralph* gach doigh a chleachda leis,
'S an dian-te sròil a thaisbeanadh,
'S n dh' aindeoin scòltachd dh' fhairtlich oirn,
An toirt gu casgairt làmh.

Bha sinn làidir, guineideach,
Dàna, urranta 'san strì,
Bha iadsan ràideil, cuireideach,
Làn thuineachadh 's an tìr ;
Ghabh iad àird na monaidhean,
Gu 'n dh' fhuair iad àite cothromach,
'S an dianadh làmbach dolaidh dhuinn,
Gu 'n toileachadh r'a linn.

Thàirneadh gàradh droma leinn,
De dh' armuinn fhonnidh thréin,
Bho shàil' gu sàil' a coinneachadh
'N trà chromaidh air a ghréin ;
Bu daingean, làidir, comasach,
A phàire ga m' fhàl na bonaidean,
Cha bu chadal sèimh ga 'n comunn,
'S càch ma 'r coinneamh air a bheinn.

Stad sinn ré na h-oìdhche sin,
Gu leir an cuim nan àrn,
Bha leannan fein, gu maighdeannail,
Fo sgéith gach saighdear, bàlbh ;
Na 'n tigeadh feum na faoineachd orr',
'S gu tugte aobhar bruidhne dhì,
Bu neamhail a spéic phuiseanta,
Bho 'n bheul bu chiunteach sealg.

Dh' earbadh dìon an 'n anmanau,
Rì Albannaich mo rùin
Fir nach tàirnte ceartaich orra,
'N àm tharruinn arm gu dlù ;
Rinn iad a chaithris armailteach,
Gu h-ullamh, ealamb, ealachuinnneach,
'S na 'n deanadh nàmhaid tairgneachadh,
Bha bàs allabharach na 'n gruùis,

Sinn ullamh air ar connspagan,
Gu dol san tòir gu dìon,
An treas madainn diag a shòraich iad,
Le 'r ceannard mòr gu 'n fhiamh ;
An dà réisemaid a b' òige againn,
Na Gréamaich agus Gòrdonaich,
A ruith gu dian an còmhail,
Na bha dortadh leis an t-sliabh,

* Sir Sidney Smith.

Cho ullamb ris an fhùdar,
 A bha dol na smèid na 'r ceann,
 Ghluais na gillean lù-chleasach,
 Air mhìre null do 'n ghleann ;
 Thug sinn le teine dùbailte,
 Bristeadh as na trùpairean,
 Bha Gréumaich nan éuchd fiùghantach,
 'S cha d' éisd iad mùiseag lann.

Mar stoirm a b' iargalt connsachadh,
 A spionadh neòil a's chrann,
 A riasladh fàirge mòire,
 Gu pianadh sheòl 's ga 'n call ;
 Cruaidh dian bha buaidh na Gòrdonach,
 Bu lionmhòr sguab a's dorlaichean,
 A bhuain iad air a chòmhnard,
 Far an tug na slòigh dhaibh ceann.

Dhlùthaich ar n' arm urramach,
 Gu h-ullamb air ar cùl,
 Lion iad an t-sreath fhulangach,
 Rinn guineideach gu smùis ;
 Bu naimhdeil dian an gunnaireachd,
 A dh'fhàg an sliabh 's nial fuileach air,
 Bha cuirp na 'n riadhan uireasach,
 Fo 'n ian gun tuille lùis.

'N àm propadh ris an nàmhaid,
 Sinn g'an smàladh ann sa' cheò,
 Las a bheinn mar ànhuinn ruim,
 A bàrcadh na prais oirn ;
 Shaoil sinn gur h-i *Vesuvius*,*
 A sgàin bho bonn le tàirneanaich,
 Airm chaola b' fhaoinis làmh ridhe,
 'S craos na chaoir tigh'n' beò.

Bha craoslach nan geum neimheil,
 Gu brèun, aineolach, sa' cheò,
 A bheist bu tréine langhanaich,
 Bu reusan sgreamh do dh' fheòil ;
 Bu chailleach dhuinn an dealanach,
 'S a liughad saighdear bearraideach,
 Bha 'n oidhche sin a mearachd oirn,
 Gu 'n anam air an tòir.

Dh' aindeoin a h-ard bhùrainich,
 Bha làidir, mùiseach, garbh,
 Ga b' oil leis an cuid trùpairean,
 Am bruchdadh rinn an arm ;
 Ge d' fhuair sinn beagan diùbbalach,
 A laoghad cha do lùb sinn daibh,
 Bu lionmhòr mareach cùl-donn diù,
 Fo 'r casan brùite, mairbh.

Thug iad an cùl, 's cha mhasladh dhaibh,
 Chuir casgairt iad na'n teinn,
 Sinn ga'n sgiursadh do 's na fasaichean,
 'S gach tùbb na las a bheinn ;
 Thionndadh gach cùis taitneach dhuinn,
 Bho bhon a cùil 's a cùs-mhulaich,
 Cha d' fhuirich guùis dhiu gleachda ruim,
 Nach d' bhrùchd amach na still.

'S cùs a throm an ruaig orra,
 Cho cruaidh 's a chualas riamb,
 Bha *Abercrombie* suas riutha,
 Le shluadh a dh' fhuasgail fial ;
 Mar bhìdh am baile bhuannaich iad,
 Le canain air a chuartachadh,
 Bha barachd dhìù 's na h-uaghichean,
 'S a dh' fhuaraich air an t-shabh.

Thàirneadh gàradh làidir,
 'Dh' arm tabhachdach nach strìochd,
 Ma choinneamh *Alexandria*,
 Air airde *Aboukir* ;
 'N uair rainig sinn an làrach sin,
 'S a dhealaich mi ri m' chàirdean ann,
 'S ann ghilblain iad gu m' bhàta mi,
 'S fuil bhlàth fo 'm air an fhiar.

Tha 'n dà Bhaiteal àraidh
 An dèigh Ghàclig ann an chuimhn',
 Cha 'n e 'n treas fear bu tàire,
 'S math a b' fhiach e bàrd ga sheinn ;
 Tha mi sa' cheard air mhàgarann,
 Cha 'n fhilidh no fear dàna mi,
 Na dh' innis mi cha nàr leam e,
 Co chluinneas e' àit' an d' rinn.

ORAN AIR BLAR NA H-OLAIND

AIR FONS—*“Alasdair à Gleanna-Garadh.”*

AIR MÌOS DEIREANNACH AN FHOGHAIR,
 An dara latha, 's math mo chuimne,
 Ghluais na Breatannaich bho'n fhaiche,
 Dh'ionnsuidh tachairt ris na mainnheadan ;
 Thug *Abercrombaidh* taobh na mara
 Dhiu le'n canain, 's mi ga 'n cluaintinn ;
 Bha fòirneadh aig *Mùr** gu daingean,
 Cumail aingil ris na Fràncaich.

Thriall *Abercrombaidh* 's *Mùr* na feile,
 Le 'n laoch éuchdach, thun a bhàiteil ;
 Tharruinn iad gu h-eòlach, treubhach,
 Luchd na beurla ri uchd catha ;

* *Vesuvius*, poetically rendered *Vesavius*, a volcanic mountain near the bay of Naples.—The first eruption took place in the year 79, when *Herculaneum* and *Pompeii* were destroyed.

* General Sir John Moore.

N uair a dhù na h-airm ri chéile,
 Dhubhadh na speuran le 'n deathaich ;
 S bu lionmhor fear a bha 's an éisdeachd,
 Nach do ghluais leis fein an ath oidhich'.

Dh'fhag iad sinne mar a b'ansa,
 Fo cheannardachd Mhorair Ionndaidh,
 An t-òg smiorail, fearail, naimhdeil,
 N an teannadh ain-neart ga 'r n-ionnsuidh ;
 Le bhraiteichean sìod' a strannraich,
 Rì 'u cuid crann a dams' le muiseag ;
 S na fir a toghairt 's na Frànegaich,
 B' iad mo rùise chlann nach diultadh.

Bha 'n leoghann colgarra gun ghealtachd,
 Le mhìle fear sgairteil là' ruinn ;
 An Camshronach garg o'n Earrachd,
 Mar ursainn chatha 's na blàraibh ;
 Dh'aontaich sinn mar nou a bhaiteal,
 Le faobhar lann sgaiteach stailinn ;
 Cha bu ghuimh le 'r laoiach gun taise,
 Faoinis air an fhaich' le lamhaich.

Bhruchd na naimhdean le 'n trom làdach,
 Air muin chàich an àite teine ;
 'N uair fhuair Sasunnaich droch chàradh,
 Phill iad o'n àraich n' ar coinneamh.
 Ghlaodh Ralph uaibhreach ri chuid armunn
 Greasaibh na Gàcil n' an coinnidh,
 'S tionndaidh iad an ruaig mar b' àbhaist,
 An dream ardanach, neo-fhoilcil.

Grad air an aghairt 's an àraich,
 Ghluais na saighdearan nach pillte ;
 Mar iolair guineach, gun chaoimhneas,
 Nach b'fhurasta chlaoidh le mì-mhodh,
 Thug iad sgrios na'n gathan boisgeach,
 Mar dhealanaich òidhche dhilinn ;
 Rì sior iomain romp nan naimhdean,
 'S neul na fal' air roinn am picean.

'N uair a dh'ionndrainn a chonnspuinn
 Morair Gùdon o uchd buailte ;
 'S a chual iad gu'n robh e leòinte,
 Dh'ùraich iad le deoin an tuasaid ;
 Mar mhaoin do thuil nam beann m'ra,
 Brùchdadh bho na neoil mu'r guaillean,
 Lean iad an ruaig le nauaidh spòltach,
 Gu fuilteach, mor bhuilleach, gruamach.

Bha Camshronaich an tùs a chatha,
 Air an losgadh mar an cianda ;
 Leonadh an Ceann-feodhna sgairteil,
 Rì còmbraig bhaitealach a liath e ;
 Gu sonraicht' coltach an dearcag,
 'S an fheoil nach taisieadh fiamh i ;
 Mu'n chrom a ghrian fo cleòc-taisgte,
 Phàidh sinn air an ais na fiachan.

Ged' bha na Rìoghalaich bho Albainn,
 Na fir ainmeil, mheannach, phrìseil,
 Fada bhuainn ri uair a gharbh chath,
 'S buaidh a b' ainm dhaibh ri uchd mhiltean ;
 Ghreas iad air aghaidh gu colgail,
 'N uair a chual iad stoirm nam picean ;
 Mo creach ! luchd nam breacan balla-bhreac,
 Bhi le lasair marbh na'n sìneadh.

Tha na Frànegaich math air teine,
 Gus an teunair goirid uapa ;
 'S an mar sin a fhreis iad sinne,
 Rì deich mìonaidean na h-uarach ;
 Ach, 'n uair dh'fhaod ar laoiach gun tioma,
 Dh'ol an àite buille bhualadh,
 Bha roinn nan stailinne biorach,
 Sàthadh guineideach mu'n tuairmse.

Gu'm bi sin an tuairmse smiorail,
 Chiunteach, amaiseach, gun dearmad ;
 Thug na leoghainn bhorba, nimheil,
 Bu cholgail sealladh fo'n armaibh ;
 Rì sgiùrsadh naimhdean mar fhalaig,
 A's trìuchdan fallais air gach calg dhù ;
 'S bha Frànegaich a brùchdadh fala,
 'S an cùl ri talamh sa ghainmhich.

Mar neoil fhuilteach air an riasladh,
 Le gaoth a b'iargalta séideadh ;
 Ruith nam baidibh ceigeach, lià'-ghlas,
 An deigh an chliathadh sa chéile :
 Chìte na naimhde gun riaghailt,
 Teicheadh gu dian o uchd streupa ;
 'S iad a leaghadh air am bialthaobh,
 Mar shneachd am fianais na gréine.

Ged' a phill sinn o ar dùthaich,
 Cha d' mhill sinn air cliù an cruadal
 Bha sinn gach latha ga'n sgiùrsadh,
 Mar chaorich aig cù ga'n ruagadh.
 Dh'aindeoin an cuid slòigh gun chunntas,
 Tigh'n o'n Fhràing as ùr ga'r bualadh,
 Bu leisg ar gaisgich gu tionndadh,
 'Nuair a chòrd an Diùc ri'n uaislean.

'N uair chuireadh am baiteal seachad,
 'S a dh-àireadh ar gaisgich threubhach,
 Bha ioma Gàcil 's an deachaidh
 Le miad am braise 's an streupa,
 Fuil a ruith air lotaibh frasach,
 Bho luchd nam breacanan féilidh,
 'S i sior thiomadh leis na glacan—
 'S tragh ! nach dh'fhaod ar gaisgich éirigh !

'S bochd gun sian orra bho luaighe,
 On a bha iad cruaidh 'na'n nàdur,
 Fulangach gu dhol san tuasaid,
 Guineideach 'nuair ghluais' an àrdan,

Cha robh math d'an nàmhaid gluasad,
Dh'iarraidh buaidh orra' s na blàraibh,
Chaidh iad air an tràigh seachd uairean,
Tuilleadh 's na bha bhuaibh 'san àraich.

'Nis o'n chuir iad sinn do Shasunn,
Ghabhail ar cairtealan geamhraidh,
Far am faigh sinn leann am pàlteas,
Ged' tha Mac-na-praisich gann oirn
Olar leinn deoch-slaichte' Mharcius—
Ar gualann thaise 's ar Ceannard;
Tha sinn cho ullamh's a ùit leis,
Dhion a bhraiteachan bho ainneart.

Note.—Various spurious editions of this unrivalled piece have been published in different collections of Gaelic Poems. It is now printed genuine, for the first time, from the poet's own MS.; and never, perhaps, did poet's lay commemorate prowess in more graphic and burning language.

AN DUBH-GHLEANNACH.

LATHA dhomh 's mi 'n cois na tràghad
Chuala mi caismeachd nan Gàid,
Dh' aithnich mi meoir grunn a Bhràthaich,
Air siunnsair ùr bu lùghor gàirich,
A's thuig mi gu'n a ghluais an t-àrmmu,
Fear thogail nan tùr uasal,* stàtoil.

Sì'n Dubh-Ghleannach a bh' ann!

Hò rò ghealladh, na co chuireadh i,

—Trom oirre 'scinn

Bu mhiann leam sunnt nam port eallanta,
Bu chonnabhallach ùrlar a's gearraidhean,
Dionach, lughor, dlù, neo-mhearachdach—
Tìondadh nan siubhlachean caitheamach,
Dhùisgeadh lùgh na smuis 's na carraidean,
Dùtheas nan lann dù-ghorm tana dhuibh.

Sì'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Dh'irich mi 'm bruthach le h-èibhneas,
Dh'oisdeachd ri fàilte rìgh Seumas,
Chunna' mi'n Druimineach dhubb, ghleusda,
Cuir fa-sgaoil a h-aoadaich breid-ghil,
Air machair mhò, sgiamhach, réidhleach,
Mar steud eruiteach—'s i' cuir réise.

Sì'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Chunna' mi 'n Druimineach dhubb, dhealbhadh,
Long Alasdair ghlinnich nan garbh-chrìoch,
Mar steud rìoghail air bharr fairge,
Togail bho thìr le sìoda balla-bbreac,
Suaicheantas rìoghail na h-Alba,
Ghluaisgeadh na mìltean gu fearra-ghleus.

Sì'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

* This song was composed on the pleasure-boat of Alexander M'Donald, Esq., of Glenaladale, who endeared himself to his countrymen by the cenotaph he erected for Prince Charles Stuart in Glenfinnan.

'Nuair ghabhaidh i'm fuaradh na shiasaid,
'S gualla 'n fhasgadh chasadh dian ris,
Ghearradh i'n linn' air a fiaradh,
'N aghaidh gaoithe, sìd a's lionaidh,
Dh' èignich i Corran an diarrais,
'S leum i air iteig mar ian as!

Sì'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

'Nuair gheibheadh i cliathaich fo fhars'neachd,
Soirbheas na shiasaid ga brosnachd,
Mar shiu'ladh mial-chù bras-astreach,
Na ruith air sliabh a's fiadh air thoiseach,
I dìreadh nan tonn liath 's ga'n sgoltadh,
Snaithleadh i iad mar iarunn locrach.

Sì'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Mhionnaich Neptune agus Æolus,
Bho n' chaidh gaoth a's euan fo'n òrdugh,
Nach do mhaslaicheadh cho mòr iad
Bho linn na h-Airc a bha aig Noah,
Gu robh 'n rìgh is airde còmhaidh,
Dion 's a sàbbaladh Chloinn-Dòmhuill!

Sì'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Bha Neptune agus Æolus eudmhor—
Dh'iar' iad builg nan stoirm a shéideadh
Dh'òrdaich iad gach bòrd dh'i reubadh,
'S na siùil a stracadh na'm bréidean,
Le borb-sgread a's fead na reub-ghaoith,
'Cuir siaban thonn na steoll 's na speuran!

Sì'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Thoisich ùr-spairn chruaidh mar dh'iar' iad,
Chruinnich neoil dhubha na h-iarmaid,
Na'n trom-lùirichean dlù iargalt',
'S iad a trusadh sìrd 'sa lionadh
Mar dhòreb smùid á fuirneis iarunn,
Gu bruchadh stoirm bha garbh a's fiadhaich.

Sì'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

'N carlas fo laimh air gabhaidh
Chuir sibh an ceann i gu dàna;
Gach cupall a's stagh 's an robh failinn—
Sparradh buil thaghta n'an àite;
Slabhraidhean canach air fàraidh,
Theannaich sibh gu daingean laidir.

Sì'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Bheartaich iad gach ball neo-chearbach,
Ullamh, deas gu gleuchd ri fuirge;
Tharruinn i le gaoith an earra-dheas.
Ghlac i 'n caol fo' taobh 's bu doirbh e,
'S ged bha Neptune saoitreach, stoirmeil,
Mhaslaich an saobh-shruth 's an dòrch e!

Sì'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Nochd an dubhair gnùis gun ehaomhlucas,
Sgaoileadh cùirtearan na h-bidhche;

Sgioba na h-ìubhraich an gaimtir
 On' chiad duil gu cur Dui-noibhneis
 Phaisg iad trian gach siùil gu teann-chruaidh,
 A's las iad ri cairt-iùil na coinnean.
S' n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Tomraih slàn do Chaiptein Alasdair,
 Le sgioba tàbhachdach, bearraideach,
 Bumbhann leam fàilt' ur cairdean dealaf dhuibh,
 Calla sèamh bho ghàbhadh mharanan,

Coinnidh bhàigheil bhlàth gach caraid dhuibh,
 Pòg bhur mathar, mhna 's bhur leannan duibh.
S' n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Chaidh rìgh nan soirbheas gu dhùlan,
 Aig miad na strannaraich 's na h-ùpraid;
 Dh-fhosgail na builg air an cùlthaobh,
 Mun gann a fhuair iad an dùnadh,
 Bha Maighdean nam Mor-bheann cuirteil,
 An acarsaid fo shròin na dùtheha!
S' n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

AM BARD-CONANACH.

DONALD M'DONALD, commonly called *Am Bàrd-Conanach*, or the Strathconnon Bard, was born in Strathconnon, Ross-shire, in the year 1780. Owing probably to the secluded situation of his native glen, and the supineness of his parents, who deemed education of no essential importance to enable a man to get through the world, or, at least, thought one might weather through tolerably well without it, he got no English education, but could read Gaëlic. The wild and romantic scenery of his birth-place, with its characteristic exuberance of rock, wood, and water, was well calculated to inspire his breast at an early age with those poetical leanings, which, at a more advanced period, transpired in glowing verse. Highlanders, especially in his younger days, never dreamed of training their children up to any useful trade; the oldest son was invariably recognised as his father's legitimate successor in his little farm;—and the other, or junior members of the family, generally got possession of similar pendicles. Thus they married and got themselves established in the world—strangers to the promptings of ambition, and free from the cares, turmoils, and solitudes of their more affluent neighbours, the Lowlanders.

Donald M'Donald earned his livelihood as a sawyer; an employment that probably suggested itself as being more immediately productive of pecuniary aid than any other common in his country.

Having spent a number of years at the saw in his native glen, he removed to the town of Inverness, where he established himself as a regular sawyer. Like many other sons of genius and song, M'Donald was of a convivial disposition and warm temperament. He committed some youthful indiscretions which had drawn down upon him the combined wrath of his friends and the Kirk Session, and he has not left us in the dark as to the measures which were adopted against him. His parents dreading that he would elope with a young girl, who was reported to be in a state of pregnancy by him, had recourse to the severe measure of putting him in "durance vile." But, although they succeeded in frustrating his every attempt to do justice to his paramour, they failed to improve the morals of their aberrant son. He ultimately married a young girl, a country-

woman of his own, of the name of M'Lennan, with whom he enjoyed a great share of connubial happiness.

The first of the two songs we annex to this notice, he composed in Edinburgh, upon witnessing the demonstrations of joy which took place upon hearing the result of the battle of Alexandria. It is a triumphant piece, and a very respectable effort, exhibiting, as it does, no mean poetical talents. The other is equally good in its way. All his poems were arranged and taken down in manuscript preparatory to their being printed, but our author was seized with Cholera in the year 1832, which terminated his mortal career. The intention of publishing was consequently relinquished for the time, nor have we heard of any measures having been adopted to resume it.

M'Donald was of a middle-sized stature—active and cheerful. He was an excellent companion, and much liked by his acquaintances.

ORAN DO BHONIPART.

LATHA soilleir samhraidh dhomb,
Air càbhsairean Dhun-éideann,
Gu'm faca mi na brataichean,
A lasadh ris a ghréin ann,
Chuala mi na gunnaidhean,
A's dh' fhuirich mi ga'n éisdeachd,
'S mac-talla bh'anns na creagan,
A' toirt' freagairt dhaibh le éibhneas.

'Nuair sheall mi air gach taobh dhio-n,
Feadh na dùthcha fad 's bu léir domh,
Bha ceòl 'sua h-uile taigh a bh' ann,
'S tein-aighear air na sléibhteann,
On chualas anns na Gàsaidean
'S gach àite bhi ga leughadh ;
Gun deach' an ruaig air *Bonipart*
S an onair aig a Ghréumach.

'S lionmhor bratach Albannaich,
Tha ballach, balla-bhreact, boidheach,
Tha eadar a chrioch Shasunnach,
Gu ruige taigh Iain-Ghròta,
Fir laidir, shunntadh, thogarrach,
Nach òb a dhòl an òrdugh
Gu dol an coinneamh *Bhonipart*,
Chuir onair air rìgh Sèoras.

C'àite biodh na h-Albannaich ?
Duin' uaisle calma, treubhach,
Fir shunntach, shanntach, thogarrach,
Na seòid nach òbadh éiridh,
Ach on nach fiù laimhe leo,
Do bhàs a thoirt le treun-bheirt,

'S an thig iad air sgeir thràghad thu,
'S gu'm basaich thu chion béidh ann.

Ach 's beag leam sud mar phianadh ort—
'S a mhiad sa rinn thu dh' eacòir,
Ach léir-sgrìos nan deich plàighean,
A bh' air Phàroh anns an Eipheid ;
Gu'n laidh iad air do chraiceann,
Gu do shraicadh as a chéile,
'S gu'n cluinnt' air falbh deich mìl' thu,
A's mi fhìn a bhi ga t-éisdeachd.

'S tu chail do nàire, 'mair
A bha thu ann an dòchas,
Gun leige sinn do Shasunn thu,
Ged' ghlac thu bhuaib Hanòbher,
Ach cuiridh sinne dhachaigh thu,
S seachdnar air do thòireachd,
S mar toir thu grad do dhaoinne leat
Cha ruig a h-aon diù fèò thu !

Nach saol thu nach bu ladorn dhut
Bhi bagairt air rìgh Deòrsa,
An cual thu fear chuir aodainn air
Nach daor a phàigh e ghòrnich,
Ge do choisinn ainneart dhut
An Fhràing a chuir fo t-òrdugh,
'S e t-ambaich a bheir dioladh ann
Le tobha sniobhta còraich.

'Nuair thig am morair Sléibhteach ort,
'S na ceudan de Chlann-Dòmhuuill,
Mar sud a's Mac-'Ic-Alasdair,
Ghlinn-garaidh agus Chnòideirt,

'Nuair thogas iad am brataichean,
'S an gaisgich a chuir còladh
O! c'ait' am faod thu t-fhalach orr'
Mar sluig an talamh beò thu!

Ma chì iad aona bhaoisgeadh dhìot
Bìdh greim ac' air do sgòrnan,
'S chan' eil de dh'eich no dhaoin' agad
Na shaoras tu bhò meòirean,
Ged dh-eireadh na deich *legonan*,
Bh'aig Ceasar anns an Ròimh leat,
Cha'n fhaothaich iad air t-amhaich
A's na lamhan aig Clann-Dòmhuill.

'Nuair thig Mac-Choinnich Bhrathain ort,
Le cheathairn' de dhaoin' uaisle,
Sud a bhratach aigeantach
Le cabar an daimh ghruamaich,
Cha tàr thu na bheir pilleadh orr'
A chruinneachadh mu'n cuairt-daibh,
'Nuair ruigeas fir Chinn-tàile
Co an geard a chumas bhuath thu?

'Nuair thig an cinneadh Frisealach,
Tha fios gur daoine bòrb iad,
Gu'n reachadh iad tro theine
Le Mac-Shimidh mòr na Moraich.
Cha tàr thu na bheir pilleadh
Air na fir ud 'nuair bhios colg orr',
'S ged reacha tu fo'n talamh
'S e mo bhairil gu'm bì lòrg ort.

'Nuair a thig Mac-an-Tòisich,
Le sheòid ort a Srath-Eireann,
Mar sud agus fir Chluainidh,
Is iad nìl' an guaille chéile
Ma gheibh an cat na chrubhan thu,
Le dhubhanan beag' geura,
Ged bhiodh càch air bheagan dhìot
Bìdh aige-sa cheud féin dhìot.

Tha Clann-an-Ab' a bagairt ort,
'S iad o cheann fad an deigh ort,
'S na gheibh iad ann am fagus dut,
Gur grad a bheir iad leum ort,
Bristidh iad do bhrataichean,
Na spealtan as a chéile,
'S bì'dh tus an sin na d' starsaich ann,
Fo chasan nam fear gleusda!

Tha Gòrdonach an toir ort,
'S chan' eil beò na nì do thearnaidh,
'Nuair dh-eireas morair Hunndaidh,
Le fhearabh ionnsaicht, laidir,
On se féin a's còirneal,
Air na seòid ga'm buin buaidh-làrach:
'S e chanas sinn gu bicheanta
An dà-fhichead a's na dhà rin.

Ach cùmhnich thus a cheathairne,
Chuir latha *Fontenò*,
'S a sheasadh ams an àraich,
As càch a chuir air lògar,
Chì thu nìs san Fhràing iad
Fo chomannnda mhorair Gòrdoin,
Se nì do lamhna dh' fheum dhut,
An *réusar* chuir ri d' sgòrnan.

Tha Ròsaich agus Rothaich,
'S iad ro choinneach dhut le chéile,
Ma gheibh iad ma do chomhair
Gabh mo chomhairle 's thoir thu féin as!
Ach ma chì thu 'm firean
'Tigh'n' le sgrìob ort as na speuran,
Na gheibh i ann na crubhanan
Grad luthaig oirre féin e.

'Nuair chruinnicheas na gaisgich,
Thig bho Apuinn-Mhic-Ian-Stiùbhairt
Sliochd nan rìghrean Abannach,
Da'n tig na h-airm a rùsgadh,
Co bheireadh tàire dhaibh
Nach faigheadh pàigheadh dùbhailt,
'S ma gheibh iad ann an sàs thu,
Gu bràch chan fhaic thu d' dhùthaich.

'Nuair chruinnicheas Clann-Ionmhuinn,
Cha shòr a dol 'san ùspairn,
'S mithich dhut bhì tiomnadh,
'Nuair tha 'n t-ionraidh iad a dùsgadh,
Ma dh-eireas dhut gun tachair sibh,
'S guu faic iad thu le'n suilean,
Sid na fir a chaitheas,
Anns an adhar na do smùid thu.

Tha Caimbeulaich cho naimhdeil dut,
'S iad sanntach air do mharbhadh,
A Diùc tha 'n Earraghàil,
Agus morair ard Bhraid-Albann
C'ait am beil na thearnas tu,
S na h-àrmuinn ud a sealg ort,
'S ceart cho math dhnt fàladair
A chàradh ri do shealabhan!

'Nuair a thig Clann-Ghriogair ort
'S neo-chliobach a chuir ruag iad,
'S fir iad nach gabh pilleadh
Le teine no le luaidhe,
Le'n gairdean laidir, smiorail,
'S le lannan biorach, ernaghach,
S ma chì iad fad na h-òirleich dhìot,
Cha bheò na chumas bhuat iad.

Thig Siosalaich Srath-ghlas ort
Na'n lasgairean man cuairt dhut,
Le lannan geur a chiun-nisich
'Tarsunn air an cruachan,
'Nuair thòisicheas na gaisgich ud,
Air taruinn as an truaillean

Chì thu do chuid brataichean,
 Ga srachadh ma do chluasan!
 Thig Mac-'Ill-Lean Dhubhaird ort
 'S gur subbach nì e greim ort,
 Le dhaoine laidir lù-chleasach,
 Nach diult a là no dh-ùidheche,
 Nì iad sin do sgiùrsadh-sa
 Gu cuil an àite slaighteir,
 'S théid thu air do ghluinean daibh
 'Nuair chì thu 'gnùis an saighdear

An sin thig ort na Camshronaich,
 Fir laidir, ainmeant, eòlach,
 Da thaobh Loch-Iall a's Arasaig,
 As chaisteal Iubher-Lòchaidh,
 'Nuair a thig na saoidhean sin
 Bu mbath gu straoiceadh feòla,
 Cha mhios air pronnadh mhullach iad,
 'S bu ghnà leo fuil a dhortadh.

Thig Mac-Néill a Bara ort
 Le dhaoine falain finealt,
 Daoine bheir a fhead dhiubh,
 Bristeadh a's na mìltean,
 Baoisgidh iad mar dhealanach,
 Rì òidheche shalach dhìle,
 'S m'an téid thu ceart na t-fhaireachadh
 — Bidh ainneart mar a's tìr ort.

Thig Clann-an-t-Shaoir á Cruachan ort
 Na fir 's an ruaig nach diobradh,
 An am dol anns an chabhaig,
 Sud na gallanan nach pillte,
 Sìochd nan Gàel cruadalach,
 Bu dual daibh a bhì dhìleas,
 Gu dol an coinneamh Bhuinpart,
 Chuir onair air an rìoghachd.

'Nuair chruinncheas Clann-Fhinnulaidh,
 Na fir shunntach tha gun eislean,
 Bheir iad tha gu cumtais,
 As na dh' ìnnsaich tha de dh' eucoir,
 C'ait' an beil de Fhràncaich
 Na cheannsaicheas le sreup iad,
 'S gun tugadh iad gu cìosachadh,
 Na mìltean leis na ceudan.

Thig fathast diùc Mhontròise ort,
 Le fhearabh mor an deigh ort,
 'S ann an sin thig an dòrain ort
 'Nuair thoisicheas na Gréumaich
 'S an t-aon fhear tha ri t-aodainn,
 'S e daonnann cuir *retreat* ort,
 Cha'n fhad' gu'm bì do cheann aige,
 Rì crann mas e thoil feù e.

Guidheamaid buaigh-làrach,
 Leis na Gàeil anns gach teugbhal,

Toil iuntinn aig ar càirdean
 'S gach nàmhaid a bhì geilleadh,
 Mar chuala mis a chaiseamachd
 Bha taitneach leam ri éisdeachd,
 Air latha soilleir sàmhradh
 'S mi air cábhsairean Dhun-éideann.

ORAN D'A LEANAN.

[Agus sgeul' a bhì air a thogail gun robh i torrach aige. 's e 'g innsadh cho math 'sa bhìodh e dh' i ged a b' thior mar chaidh aithris]

Fhuair mì sgùla moch an dè,
 'S cha deach' mi 'n éis ri chluinntinn,
 'S cha tug mi geill nach deanainn feum,
 Le gaol do 'n té mu 'n d' innsadh,
 'S cha toir mi fuath dh' i, 's beag mo luaidh air
 Ged a fhuair mi cinnt air,
 'Sa dh' aindeoin cruadal ga 'n toir cuairt sinn,
 Gheibh sinn bhuairean ri tìm e.

A ghruagach dhonn, ma dh' fhas thu trom,
 Tha mis, air bhonn nach dìobair,
 Gu 'n seas mi thu, air bàialtbaobh cùirt,
 'S cha 'n ann an duil do dhèidh,
 Tha mi air bbeachd gu 'n seas mi ceart,
 Ge d' bheir am *Parson* eis diom,
 'S gu 'm pàighinn daor air rà do ghaoil,
 Na 'n tàrainn saor 'sa 'n tìm so.

Gu 'm pàighinn daor gu t-fhàgail saor,
 Mu 'n leiginn t-aodann nàrach',
 Fa chomhair cùirt mar fhasan ùr,
 'S nach robh e 'n rùn do nàduir,
 Cha n' eil mi 'n dùl thu dhòl na 'n luib,
 Mur tig a chuibhle cearr oirnn,
 'S ma chumas airgead thù o chis,
 Gu 'n seas mi fhìn na t-àite.

Gur fad a rachainn ann ad leithsgeul,
 Gu do sheasamh cliùiteach,
 'S ghabhainn uileadh orm an *seisoin*,
 Gu d' leith-trom a ghùlan,
 'S ged chumadh iad mi ann gun lasadh,
 Gus an àt mo shùilean,
 Mar dìobair ceartas mi, cha 'n fhuicear,
 Chaidh thu ac' fo mhùiseag.

Ach 's truaidh! nach robh mi agus tu,
 Dol fo na siùil do dh-Eirinn,
 Na thùr eile 's faide buainn,
 Nach d' ruig air suaimhneas fhentainn,
 'S truagh nach faicinnse bhì seòladh,
 A's sinn air bòrd le chèile,
 Gun duil a chaidh thigh'n' air ar 'n eòlas,
 Do'n Roimn-Eòrp na dheigh sin!

Ach cìa mar 's urrainn domh bhì beò,
 'S cho mar sa thug mi spéis d'ut ?
 Na cìa mar dh' fhaodas mi bhì stòilte
 'S mi gun chòir air t-fheutainn ?
 Ged fhaighinn airgead na Roinn-Eòrpa,
 Agus òr na h-Euphaid,
 Cha chumadh e mi suas car naire,
 'S tu bhì bhuam gun sgeul ort.

Ach cùis mo chruadail, 's faide bhuam,
 An diugh d'ù uair na 'n dé thu !
 S ma leanas tu mar sin air luaths,
 Gu 'm bì sin cuairt bhò chéile,
 Ach ma thionndas tu do shlios rium,
 'S fiosrach mi mar dh' eireas,
 Gur gearr an ùin a thàmbas tu,
 'Nuair thig do chùl na dheigh sin.

Mas e gun choir thu rium do chùl
 Ann an duil mo threigsinn,
 Gus an cuir iad mi 'sa 'n ùir
 Cha dean mi tìrn ad dheighse ;
 Cia mar dh' fhaodas mi bhì saor,
 'S nach dean an saoghal feum dhomh ?
 Mo chridh air fhalach lo do ghaol,
 Gun duil a chaidh ri fheutainn

Tha gaol nam boireannach o 'n ùige,
 Mar an ceò 'sa chéitean,
 Laidhidh e ri madainn dhriùchd,
 Ri làr cho dù 's nach léir dhuinn,
 Chì mi 'n t-adhar a's an beanntan,
 Dol an ceann a chéile,
 Ach sgaollidh e ri ùin ro ghearr,
 Gun fhios cìa 'n t-àit' an téid e.

Gur mòr a bh' agam ort do mheas,
 'S cha tug mi fios do ch'è air,
 'S o 'n is beairt e tha gun fhios,
 Cha 'n innis mis gu bràch e,
 Gu'n beil an sean-fhacal o shiunsear',
 Tigh'n gu cinnt an drasda—
 " Gur faide bhuam an diugh na 'n dé,
 A bhean nach d' fheud mi thàladh."

Cha 'n eil mo chadal domh ach ciùirt,
 'S cha 'n eil mo dhùisg ach cianail,
 Cha n' eil an eobair dhomh ach cràdh,
 'S cha n' fheairrde mi bhì diambhain,
 Cha dean laidhe dhomh ach creuchdan,
 'S cha toir eiridh dhìom iad,
 Cha toir asdar mi gu slainte,
 'S cha 'n fhasa tàmh no gnìomh dhomh.

Ged a tha mi 'n so 'sa ghleann,
 Cha b' e bhì ann a b' fhearr leam,
 'S mar b' e cruaidhead mo chomann,
 'U luath mo dheann ga fhàgail,
 Gur fada 'n aimsir tha o 'n uair,
 A chualas bhì ga radhainn,
 Gur cruaidh an reachd a bhì fo smachd,
 'S bidh mise nochd mar tha mi !

Cha b' e chùis bhì nochd an glèis,
 Na 'n tìginn aise a maireach,
 Ach bhì 's na fiabhrais fad sheachd bliadhna,
 Gun la rianh dhìu tearuint ;
 Cha robh uair gun chuartaich ùr dhomh,
 Gur ciùirte rinn iad m' fhàgail,
 Nis o 'n lagaich iad mo phearsa,
 Tha mò sgairt air failinn !

AM BARD SGIATHANACH.

DONALD M'LEOD, commonly called the "*Skye Bard*," was born in the parish of Durness, Isle of Skye, about the year, 1785.—His parents were in humble circumstances, and consequently unable to give him an extended education: but, whether by self-application, or otherwise, he acquired a tolerable knowledge of the Gaelic language.

In the year 1811 he published an octavo volume—consisting of all his own compositions and a few poems, the productions of other bards, ancient and modern. We cannot, however, say that, with the exception of a few pieces, either the original or selected poems, which it contains, are of a high order. Our author was little more than twenty years when he "came out;" the manhood of his mind was not fully formed;—neither reading

nor society had ripened his judgment, or refined his taste ; and we are convinced, had he profited by the sage admonition of Pope, and left "his piece for seven years", that the character of his book would be far different from what it is.

Donald M'Leod possesses a fine and delicate musical ear, and so fastidious has he proved himself in the nice discrimination of sounds, that, to preserve the smoothness, cadence and harmony of his pieces, original and select, he actually interpolated them with words of no meaning, or, at least, paid no attention to grammatical rules, but took the cases, tenses and numbers, as it suited his convenience.

In the year 1829, he travelled the Highlands, taking in subscriptions for a new work, the prospectus of which is now before us, and promises a "correct history of *Calum-Cille, Coineach Odhar, Am Britheamh Leòghasach agus an Taoitear-Sàileach*, from the cradle to the grave." But whether he failed in the attempt of publication, or was otherwise diverted from his object, we cannot say ; but the projected volume never made its appearance. This is much to be regretted, for, from the impression made on our minds by M'Leod's talents and legendary lore when we saw him in 1828, we are perfectly warranted in saying that it would amply recompense a perusal. Few men could *speak* the Gaelic with greater fluency and correctness than our author, and there was an archness about him which set off his story and witticism in an admirable light.

Shortly after the period of which we write, the Skye Bard emigrated to America, and of his history or adventures in the western hemisphere, we know nothing. He returned to his native country last harvest, and set up as a merchant in Glendale, near Dunvegan.

His two pieces here given are not destitute of poetic merit. Indeed, they possess some genuine strokes of grandeur, which entitle them to a place among the productions of poets of higher pretensions and fame. M'Leod possesses within him the elements of true poetic greatness ; and if these are brought into fair play, under auspicious circumstances, it is within the compass of possibilities that he may yet take his stand amongst the first class of the minstrels of his country.

ORAN DO REISEAMAID MHIC-SHIMIDH,

CEANN-CINNIDH NAM FRISEALACH SA' BHLADHNA, 1810.

AN am ùracha' fhacail domh,
'S cunntas thoirt seachad,
Air cliuteachadh fhasain
Nau gaisgench tha'n tràthsa
Air tinnndaidh a steach oirn,
Gu lù-chleasach, aigeantach,
Lùbht' ann am breacain,
'S paiste ann an sgàrlait ;
Is cliùteach a bhratach,
To'n cunntar air faiche sibh,
Thoir leam nach bu chaidribh,
Ur tachaird le dàmhair ;

Is dlù dha ua chasas riubh
Tiundadh le masladh,
Na'n uine bhi paisgte,
Fo'r casan sa'n aràich,

Cha churam dha'n aitribh,
An dumblaich ar Cairteinean,
'S dlù dhaibh an t-achdsa,
Bheir casg' as an nàmhaid ;
Le iunnsaidh nam bagraidean,
Fudar na lasraichean,
Dlù dhaibh cha'n fhaighear

Na bhagras air pàirt' dhiubh ;
An cul-thaobh cha 'n fhaicear,
A tiunndadh le gealtachd,
Cho dlù 's ga 'm bi 'm feachd
A bhios aca mar nàmhaid,
'N am rùsgadh nan glas-lann,
Biodh eunntas gun astar,
'S eoinn rùiste gun bhratach
Ga'n stailleadh fo'n sailean.

Cha 'n eil eunntas air fasain
Fo'n chrùn th'aig Rì Shasunn,
Nach eil ionnsaicht' am pearsa,
Na th'aca de dh'àireamh,
Is mùirneach ri'm faicim iad,
'S clùiteach ri'n clàistinn iad,
'S lùghmhòr an casan,
'Sa 's brais an' cath-làmh iad,
'S àluim an crisleachadh,
Sgàbardach, biodagach,
Stailinneach, pìstealach,
Slios-lannach, deàrsach ;
Sgàrlaiteach, leisichte,
An càradh fo itean,
Thug stàtachan meas dhaibh,
Nach fiosraich mo chànan.

Tha *Loval* 's a dhaingheann,
Na shòlas dha'n fhearunn,
An deònaich iad fanntuinn,
Nan gearasdain laidir ;
'S mòr-chuiseach, ceannasach
'S stroilte ro'n tarraim iad,
'S neòil an cuid lannan,
Mar lainnir an sgàthain ;
A's feidh nan ceann cabrach
A leumnaich mar bhradain,
A beucail, 's a plabraich,
Ri caismeachd an làmbaich ;
Miann leirsinn, is claisneachd
An' éisdeachd, 's am faicim,
'S binn gleòraich an caismeachd
A steach air na sràidean.

O! dhaoin' nach fac iad,
'S beag iongbua a chleachd sibh,
Mar saoirich sibh 'm fada,
Gu 'm faicim an càradh,
An' caochla' gu beachdaidh,
Bho 'n aodainn gu'n casan,
Cho aontach dha 'n fhacal,
Cha 'n fhacas air làraich ;
'S piob mhòr a chaol-mhuineil,
A lùrgeadh luinneig,
Tro *ibhiv* cuimir,
A's ribbeidean spàinteach ;
Siod na chuir nimpe,
'S gnoraich a h-uinneag,

A'g innseadh dha 'n druma'
Mar chuireas i fàilte.

Bi'dh slàinte *Mhic-Shimùidh*,
Na càirdeas dha' chinneadh,
Sa'n t-àl nach do ghineadh,
Bìdh sireadh ro' chàch orr' ;
'S ard ann an spiorad e,
'S laidir an' gillean e,
'S barr air an t-shiorachd e,
'S teine e nach smàlair,
'S gàradh ro ghioraig e,
Sàbhaladh cinnehd e,
Slàinte bho thinneas e,
'S tuilleadh air àird air !
Bho 'n thàr e mar ghìbhteau,
An àird 's a coid slìochda'
Buaidh-làrach biodh tric leis,
Mu 'm brist' iad am bàra.

Buaidh-làrach air urrain,
Do chàradh a *chulair*,
Roi rèitichear ullamh
Gu iomal gach sràide ;
'S reull ann an Lunnainn thu,
'S greidhneach do thuras ann',
Eiridh iad uile,
Na t-fhurán 's na t-fhàbhar ;
Séididh na h-uramaich,
Céir nan cuid uinneagan,
'S gleusar gach inneal
Is binne gu cànan ;
Gach stiobal, 's gach druma,
Na pioban, 's na feadain.
'S na eimn 's na tunnaichean
Ruma le t-àilleas.

Ach ge t'renn thu mar churaidh,
'S deich ceud fo do chumail
Lan-reiseamaid ullamh,
Gheur, ghuineach, neo-sgàthach,
'S e sheulaich do bhluinnig,
Cinn fheodhna na cruinne,
Lan ceill' agus urraidh,
A cumal do phàirte ;
S rioghal do Chaipiteanean,
'S aoigheil ri 'm faicim iad,
S innsinneach, faicileach
'S laisde air paràd iad,
Bho shàilean an casan,
Gu 'm bàrr air a marcadh,
'S òr faineach na mhapaiddh,
Gu'n achlais bho 'n àirdid ;

Gu'n cluinnte na's beachdaidh iad,
Sloinnidh mi 'maeb dhuibh iad,
Is lanntairean laisd' iad,
Cha tuisich am blàths iad ;

Eacoir, na craichinín,
 Dh'eiris 'n ar feachdanain,
 'S leir dhomh na chaisgeas e,
 An gaisgeach is màidsear ;
 Ge leibh e na ghlaine,
 'S bàs millteach e 'n carraid,
 Nì shaighdean geur, tana,
 Cuim fhala a thràthadh,
 'N glaic diolt' an eich allail,
 'S ard sraon ann am falas,
 'S dheannas mar dhealan,
 A gearradh, 's stràcadh.

'S làmh shéunt' thu na t-earradh,
 'S ard iarras do dheannal,
 'S griob dheuchain na gaillin,
 Sion chal' gun bhàigh thu ;
 'S deuchineach sealladh
 Air iarbhail do ghalair,
 Cuirp lionmbor ri talamb,
 Nan carruinnean gearrte :
 'S t'ir' bhìatach thu 'm fallachd,
 'S corn iatach na falla',
 'S e lion na nì 'n t-annart,
 Is stailceas fo làr iad.
 Bheir ioc-shlainnt' an cannan
 Ceo fiamha ga 'n dalladh,
 A spianas blo 'n talamb,
 Nan deannanan smàil iad.

Ge gruamach a sealladh,
 Fo shuaicheatais ballach,
 Mar bhualadh na mara,
 Na falaige Màirte,
 Tha'n suairceas 's an cenneal,
 'S am boichead mar leannain,
 A buaireadh nan caileag
 'S am mealladh nam pàistean ;
 Theid Bann-tighearnan glana,
 Dhe'n cuimhne 's dhe'n aithne'
 Cho cinnteach 's dh' amais mi,
 'N eallaidh-sa ràite,
 'S biodh bantraichean shearaibh,
 'S an clann air an droannaig,
 Le geall an cuid bán,
 A bhì falach fo' chàrn leibh.

Note.—The above spirited song is now partly freed from the obscurity which characterized it in the author's own collection—it will still, however, task the understanding of many readers, but we could make no further emendations without manifest danger to the structure of the piece.

SMEORACH NAN LEODACH.

EUNNEAG.

*Uilibheag à na i ri ù o,
 Uilibheag à na i ri ù n,
 Smeòrach mise 'mach o'n Tàr,
 Is gleoghrach cùirn ma bhuid le feuste.*

'S mise smeòrach òg a ghrinnis,
 Shèinnis ceol mar òrgan milis,
 Feadan òrdail fo mo ribheid,
 'S fead mo mheòir air comhra filleant'.
Uilibheag i na i ri, &c.

Cha b' i crionach liath na mosgán,
 Bho na shiòlaich treud an fhortain,
 Ach fiogh miath, nam miar, gun socadh,
 Geal mar ghrian, bhò bhian Rìogh Lochlainn
Uilibheag i na i ri, &c.

An caisteil àrd dha'n làidir finne,
 Ma'n iath pàrlamaid gun ghioraig,
 Nach iarr blàigh an àite millidh,
 A dhìnladh bais gun stràc ga'm pilleadh.
Uilibheag i na i ri, &c.

Ge do dh'eng e cha treig fhasan,
 Cha toir streupa na geimh gaiseadh,
 As na connspuinn eòlach, smachdail,
 Nach d'rinn ceò gun feoil a shrachdadh.
Uilibheag i na i ri, &c.

Gu'n dean glòir nan neòil a phasgadh,
 'S nach bi còmhra' fo shroin peacaich,
 Bithidh na Leodaich mar òr daite,
 Sheasas còir, 's nach fògair casgradh.
Uilibheag i na i ri, &c.

Ma thig tòir a chòir na h-aitribh,
 Theid an connspuid air sheòil gaisgidh,
 Snafach, òrdach, tòiteach, speachdach,
 Naisgear feòil do dh' eòin an achaidh.
Uilibheag i na i ri, &c.

Theid an tarbh fo chalg na maise,
 Le shròl balla-bhreact, ri geala ghasan,
 Nach leig earabal gu falbh dhatthaigh,
 Gu'm bi 'n anaman balbh fo chasan.
Uilibheag i na i ri, &c.

'S lannach, lìobhach, dìsneach, claiseach,
 Meachair, fimealt', rimbach, laisde,
 Na brais phrìseil, o'n tir fhasgach,
 Nach leig cìos le strì, na feachdaibh.
Uilibheag i na i ri, &c.

'Nuair theid dìon air sgiath gach bealaich,
S luchd an fhiamha, siaradh tharais,
Car na'm bial 'us liad na'n teangaidh,
'S dorus riabt' air cìas gach fear dhiu.

Uilibheag i na i ri, &c.

'N uair thig sgìau bho chliabh gach gille,
A sgoltadh bhìlion, 's a dianamh phìinne,
Gheibh am fiacail biadh gun sìreadh,
'S gloine lionta, an ìce-sblaint' spioraid.

Uilibheag i na i ri, &c.

'N uair a chìaradh grian gu calla',
Thìgeadh triall baidiolt-each meara,
Srannach, sìanach, srianach, stailcach,
Ealand', iargalt', lionta an laimuir.

Uilibheag i na i ri, &c.

Gus an Dùn is mùrneach caithream,
Dha'm beil iùil gach cùrsa ceannas,
Dha'm beil iuntas dlù mar ghaineamb,
Nach toir spùil gu cuantas gainne.

Uilibheag i na i ri, &c.

Far an lìonor fion ga mhalairt,
Far an iarrar gnìomh fir-eallaidh,
Far an ciatach mìann gach seallaidh,
Far a riadhlar ciadan ain-eoil.

Uilibheag i na i ri, &c.

Seinneam fonnmhor, pongail, m'ealaidh,
As a chom nach trom mar calach,
Cha tig tonn ma bhonn mo thalla,
Nì mo chall, na ghanntas m'aran.

Uilibheag i na i ri, &c.

Tha mo chuach na cuairteig mheala,
'S barrach uaine suaineadh tharum,
Air mo chluasaig 's fuaghte m' auil,
'S iomadh dual a luadh le'm theangaidh,

Uilibheag i na i ri, &c.

Air mo thaobh an craobh nam meangan,
Cha toir gaoth dhìom m'aodach droma,
'S ma thig naoisg 's ghaoirich mar rium,
Nì mìaoir a sgaileas tan' iad.

Uilibheag i na i ri, &c.

'S iomadh buaidh fo stuaidh mo bhalla,
Chuireadh ruag air slugh a caraid,
Nach dean gluasad gun ruaim calla,
Dorainn fuathais a chuain fhala',

Uilibheag i na i ri, &c.

Bratach-shìthe nan trà seallaidh,
Fasda, dhìdein, nan crìoch cainis,
Glag an stiobla dha'n strìochd ain-ochd,
Meirghe na fìrinn gun lith sgainneil.

Uilibheag i na i ri, &c.

Sliochd an Ollaghair a bhorb sheallaidh,
Mìc a tholgas le'n gorm lannan
Rìochd an fìarabhais nach falbh falamb,
Cuip na h-Albun, san dearbh dhainghean.

Uilibheag i na i ri, &c.

Neart Eoin Tormod cha searg asall,
'S maìsechrannachar 's gach dearbh eachdraidh
'S pailt na h-armabh na bhalg acuinne,
'S brais a leananhuinne ga sgala shuapadh.

Uilibheag i na i ri, &c.

BARD LOCH-FINE.

EVAN M'COLL, better known to his countrymen as the "Mountain Minstrel," or "*Clàr-sair nam Beann*," was born at Kenmore, Loch-Fyne-side, in the year 1812. His parents, although not affluent, were in the enjoyment of more comfort than generally falls to the lot of Highland peasants; and were no less respected for their undeviating moral rectitude than distinguished for their hospitality, and the practice of all the other domestic virtues that hallow and adorn the Highland hearth. The subject of our memoir was the second youngest of a large family of sons and daughters. At a very early age he displayed an irresistible thirst for legendary lore and Gaelic poetry; but, from the seclusion of his native glen and other disadvantageous circumstances, he had but scanty means for fanning the latent flame that lay dormant in his breast. M'Coll, however, greedily devoured every volume he could procure, and when the labours of the day were over, would often resort

to some favourite haunt where, in the enjoyment of that solitude which his father's fire-side denied him, he might be found taking advantage of the very moonlight to pore over the minstrelsy of his native country, until lassitude or the hour of repose compelled him to return home.

His father, Dugald M'Coll, seems to have been alive to the blessings of education; for as the village school afforded but little or nothing worthy of that name, he, about the time that our bard had reached his teens, hired a tutor for his family at an amount of remuneration which his slender means could scarcely warrant. The tutor's stay was short, yet sufficiently long to accomplish one good purpose—that of not only enabling Evan properly to read and understand English, but also of awakening in him a taste for English literature. A circumstance occurred about this time which tended materially to encourage our author's poetic leanings. His father, while transacting business one day in a distant part of his native parish, fell in with a Paisley weaver, who, in consequence of the depression of trade, had made an excursion to the Highlands with a lot of old books for sale. M'Coll bought the entire lot, and returned home groaning under his literary burden, which Evan received with transports of delight. Among other valuable works, he was thus put in possession of the "Spectator," "Burns' Poems," and the "British Essayists." He read them with avidity, and a new world opened on his view: his thoughts now began to expand, and his natural love of song received an impetus which no external obstacles could resist.

Contemporaneous with this literary impulsion, was the artillery of a neighbouring Chloe, whose eyes had done sad havoc among the mental fortifications of our bard: he composed his first song in her praise, and, although he had yet scarcely passed the term of boyhood, it is a very respectable effort, and was very well received by his co-parishioners. The circumstances in which his father was placed, rendered it necessary for him to engage in the active operations of farming and fishing, and he was thus employed for several years.

In the year 1837, he threw off the mask of anonymy, and appeared as a contributor to the Gaelic Magazine, then published in Glasgow. His contributions excited considerable interest, and a general wish was expressed to have them published in a separate form by all Highlanders, with the exception of his own immediate neighbours, who could not conceive how a young man, with whom they had been acquainted from his birth, should rise superior to themselves in intellectual stature and in public estimation. They of course discovered that our youthful bard was possessed of a fearful amount of temerity, and the public, at the same time, saw that *they* were miserably blockaded in their own mental *timberism*. If native talent is not to be encouraged by fostering it under the grateful shade of generous friendship, it ought, at least, to have the common justice of being allowed to work a way for itself, unlogged by a solitary fetter—unchilled by the damping breath of unmerited contempt or discouragement. The high-souled inhabitants of Inverary failed to extinguish the flame of M'Coll's lamp; and now, as they are not probably much better engaged, we recommend them to "see themselves as others see them," in our author's retaliative poem, "*Slochd a Chopair*," in which they are strongly mirrored, and the base metal of which they are made powerfully delineated.

It is well for dependant merit that there are gentlemen who have something ethereal in them: much to their honour, Mr Fletcher of Dunans, and Mr Campbell of Islay, patronized our author, and through the generously exercised influence of either, or both of these gentlemen, M'Coll was appointed to a situation, which he now holds, in the Liverpool Custom-house.

M'Coll ranks very high as a poet. His English pieces, which are out of our way, possess great merit. His Gaelic productions are chiefly amorous, and indicate a mind of the most tender sensibilities and refined taste. The three poems, annexed to this notice, are of a very superior order: one of them comes under that denomination of poetry called *pastoral* or *descriptive*, and evinces powers of delineation, a felicity of conception, and a freshness of ideality not equalled in modern times. The second is an elegiac piece, before whose silver, mellifluent tones we melt away, and are glad to enjoy the luxury of tears with the weeping muse. The love ditty is a natural gush of youthful affection, better calculated to show us the aspirations of the heart than the most elaborate production of art. M'Coll imitates no poet; he has found enough in nature to instruct him—he moves majestically in a hitherto untraversed path; and, if we are not continually in raptures with him, we never tire—never think long in his company. But we are reminded that praises bestowed on a living author subject us to the imputation of flattery:—long may it be ere Evan M'Coll is the subject of any posthumous meed of laudation from us!

LOCH-AIC.

A LOCH-AICE na gnùis' chaoin—
Gnùis ghabh gaol air a bhì ciùin,
'S air an tric an laidh gath-gréin'
Soilleir mar uchd scàmh mo rùin!

'Oide-altruim mhaith nam breac,
Gar an leatsa eath nan tonn,
'S ged nach d' amais long fo bhréid
Air t-uchd réidh riamh chur f'a bonn.

'S leat an eala 's grinne com
'S i neo-throm air t-uchd a' snàmh.
Eun a's gile cneas na 'ghrian,
Sneachd nan sliabh, no leannan bhírd!

'S leat bho Lochluinn a's bho 'n t-Suain
An lach bheag is uaine cùl;
'S tric 'ga còir—'s cha n-ann 'ga feum,
Falach-fead a's caogadh bhùl.

'S leat an luinneag 's heinneas òigh
'Bleodhan bhò gu tric ri d' thaobh;
'S leat an duan a thogas òg
'S e g' a còir a meag nan craobb.

Seinnidh e—"Tha cucas mo ghráidh
Geal mar chanach tà nan glac,
'S faileasan a ghaoil 'n a sùil
Mar tha nàmh an grunn Loch-aic!

C'ait' an taitneach leis an earb'
Moch a's anamoch 'bhi le 'laogh?
C'ait' an trice dorus dearg,
'Fhìr nan garbh-chròc, air do thaobh?

C'ait' ach ri taobh loch mo rùin—
Far, aig bun nan stùc ud thall,
'S an robh uair mo chàirdean tuingh
Ged tha iad an diùgh air chall!

O air son a bhì leam féin!
'Sìnbhal sèimh taobh loch nan sgòrr
'Nuair bhios gath na gealaich chaoin,
Nuas a' taomadh ort mar òr.

'Nuair tha duilleach, fochunn, fear,
Fò 'n òg-bhraon a' cromadh fìnech,
'S gun aon rionnag anns an speur
Nach 'eil céile dh'ì 'na t-uchd.

'Nuair tha 'n ciobair ann a shuain
'Faicinn mada'-ruadh 'na threud,
'S e 'dian-stuigeadh nan con luath
Gu bhì shuas mu 'n dean e beud :

Sud an t-àm 's am bi ri d' thaobh
Ceòl a mhaoth'cheas clis gach eridh
Sud an t-àm 'san tug thu gràdh,
'Shìne bhàn ! do 'n fhilidh shìth.

'Tional ghabhar air dh'ì bhì
'N Coir'-an-t-sìth aon fheasgar Màigh,
Chualas guth ro-mhìlis, scàmh—
Shaoil i nèamh a bhì aig làimh.

Dh' éisd i,—'s mar bu mhotha dh-éisd,
'S ann bu bhinne teud a chiùil ;
Lean i,—'s mar a b' fhaide lean,
'S ann a b' fhaid' e as, mo dhùil !

Rainig i, mu dheireadh, enoc,
Dorus fosgailt air a suas,
'S dh' fhairich i gur ann bho sin
Bhrùchd an ceol bu bhlasda fuaim.

" Thig a's taigh, a Shìne bhàn !
Thig, a ghràidh, gun eagal beud ;
Feuch an oidheche dhubh m' an cuairt—
'S fada bhuaht do dhachaigh féin."

Chaidh i 's taigh—ma's fìor mo sgeul—
Thuit i 'n gaol air fear a chiùil !
Dh' òi i 'n deoch bu deoch do chàch,
'S tuilleadh riamh cha d'fhàg i 'n dùn.

RANNAN AIR BAS BANACHARÀID

A BHA ANABARRACH GAOLACH, 'S A CHAOCHAIL
'NA LEANABHACHD.

CHAOCHAIL I—mar neulltan ruiteach
'Bhios 'san Ear na bhrìste' faire ;
B' fharinn leis a' ghréin am bòichead,
'S dh' éirich i 'na glòir 'chur sgàil orr' !

Chaochail i—mar phlatha gréine,
'S am faileas 'na réis 'an tòir air ;
Chaochail i—mar bhogh' nan speuran,
Shil an fhraas a's thréig a ghlòir e.

Chaochail i—mar shneachd a laidheas
Anns an tràigh ri cois na fairge ;
Dh'aom an làn gun ìochd air aghaidh,
'Ghile O ! cha b'fhada shealbhaich.

Chaochail i—mar ghuth na clàrsaich,
'Nuair a's dràitiche 's a's mìls' e ;
Chaochail i—mar sgeulachd àluinn
Mu'n gam 'thòisichear r'a h-innseadh

Chaochail i—mar bhoillsge gealaich'
'S am maraich' fo eagal 's an dòrcha ;
Chaochail i—mar bhruadar mìlis,
'S an cad'laiche duilich gu'n d' fàbh e.

Chaochail i 'an tùs a h-àille !
Cha seachnadh Pàrras as féin i ;
Chaochail i—O ! chaochail Màiri
Mar gu'm bàite 'ghrian ag éiridh !

DUANAG GHAOIL.

AIR FÒNN—" *Ille dhuinn, 's toigh leam thu.*"

LUINNEAG.

*A nighean donn nam mala crom,
A nighean donu nan cooin-sùid,
A nighean donn bho 'm binne fonn,
Gar mor mo gheall air t-fhuotuin.*

A NIGHEAN DONNA a's grinne cruth,
A's binne guth 's a's caoine,
Ge geal an cobhar air an t-sruth
'S ann bhiodh e dubh ri d' thaobh-sa.
A nighean donn, &c.

Mo rùn a' chaileag luinneagach,
Deagh bhannarach na spréidhe,
'S nach géill 'n seòmar uinneagach
'Dh' aon chruinneig 'tha 'n Dun-éideann.
A nighean donn, &c.

Té eil' air bhith, d' a sgiamhaichead,
'Na t-fhianuis-sa cha leur dhomb ;
S ann tha thu 'measg nan nianagan
Ceart mar tha 'ghrian measg reulltan.
A nighean donn, &c.

O 's truagh 'bhi 'n so air Galdachd
'Nuair tha 'n Samhradh 'us mo cheud rùn
A' strì co 's griune dheàrsas
Nis air àiridhean Ghlinn-crèran !
A nighean donn, &c.

Cha tugainn air bhì 'm dhùic cead 'bhi
Le m' rùn 'am bothan-gheagan,
'S cha ghabhainn coran òir air son
Bhì 'n sud a' pògadh m' éiteig.
A nighean donn, &c.

A rùn, nam biodh tu deònach air,
'S ar càirdean nìle réidh ruin,
Cha chuirinn tuille dàlach ann,
Am màireach bu leam féin thu !
A nighean donn, &c.

AIREAMH TAGHTA
DE
 SHAR-OBAIR NAM BARD GAELACH;
OR
 A CHOICE COLLECTION
OF
 THE BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY,
 ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

The following songs and poems are the productions of gentlemen, who invoked the muse only on rare occasions, and under the impulse of strong feelings excited by extraordinary events;—or, of individuals of whose history little is known to the world, and whose works were not sufficiently voluminous to entitle them to a place among the professed or recognised bards. When the tide of chivalry ran high in the Highlands, and ere the Gaelic ceased to be spoken in the chief's hall, it was deemed no disparagement to people of the highest rank to embody their feelings on any subject in Keltic poetry. Many of these pieces are of commanding merit, and it is hoped that they will form an appropriate and valuable appendage to this work. So far as practicable, the paternity of the poem is given, and such historical and illustrative notes are interspersed as the full elucidation of the subject seemed to require.

MOLADH CHABAIR-FEIDH

LE TORMOD BAN MAC-LEOID.

DEOCH-SLAINTE ' chabair féidh so
 Gur h-éibhinn 's gur h-aighearach;
 Ge fada bho thír fein e,
 Mhic Dhé greas g'a fhearann e;
 Mo chrochadh a's mo cheusadh,
 A's m' éideadh nar mbeala mi,
 Mur áit leam thu bhí 'g eiridh
 Le treun neart gach caraide!
 Gur mise chunna' sibh gu gunnach,
 Ealamh, ullamh, acuinneach;
 Ruith nan Rothach 's math 'ur gnothach,
 'Thug sibh sothadh maidne dhaibh;
 Cha deach' Cataich air an tapadh,
 Dh'fhag an neart le eagal iad,
 Rí faicinn ceann an fhéidh ort
 'Nuair dh'eirich do chabar ort!

Be'n t-amadan fear Fóluis,
 'Nuair thóisich e cogadh riut;
 Rothaich agus Rósaich—
 Bu ghórach na bodaich iad;
 Frisealaich a's Granndaich,
 An càmpa cha stadadh iad;
 'S thug Foirbeisich nan teann-ruith,
 Gu seann taigh Chuilodair orr'.
 Theich iad uile 's cha dh-fhuirich
 An treas daine 'bh'aca-san;
 An t-Iarla Catach ruith e dhuchaigh—
 Cha do las a dhagachan;
 Mac-Aoidh nan creach gun tíar e as,
 'S ann dh'éigh e 'n t-each a b' aigeannaich,
 Rí gabhal an ra-trenta,
 'Nuair dh-eirich do chabar ort!

'S ann an sin bha 'm fuathas
 Ga'n ruagadh thar bhealaichean,
 An deas dhuinn a's an tuath dhuinn,
 Gu luath ruith ro' d' cheann-eideadh ;
 Mar sgaoth a dh'èoin nam fuar-bheann,
 A's gruaim air a h-uile fear,
 A tearnadh bho na sìcibhlean
 Gu réidhleis 's gu cladaichean.
 Dh'eigh iad port 's gu'n d'fhuair iad coit,
 'S bu bheag an toirt mar thachair dhaibh ;
 Ciod e'n droch rud rinn am brònach',
 Le'n cuid mosg nach freagradh sradh,
 'S a liuthad toirtear dheth na Rothaich,
 Dol air flod thar chlaigeannan ?
 'S ann ghabh iad an ratreata,
 'Nuair dh'eirich do chabar ort !

Gu'n faigh mi fein mi dhùrachd—
 ('Se dhùsg as mo chadal mi)
 An Tì da'n geill na dùilean,
 'S da 'u ùmhlaich na h-uile nì,
 Gun greas e thu gu d' dhùthaich,
 Gu h-uisel 's gu h-urramach !
 Gur tu nach leigeadh èois,
 Leis na dù-Ghaill nach buineadh dhaibh ;
 'S tu tu bheireadh clotha do' luchd gnothaich,
 Gun fhios co a throdadh riut ;
 Am fine Rothach chuir thu fothadh
 Ge mor leotha 'n iadornas,
 Ga'n cuir romhad le'n ruith-choimhich,
 'S am baile-nodha na shradagan,
 'S na lasair anns na speuran,
 Nuair dh'eirich do chabar ort !

Chunna mi m'a thuath thu,
 'S gu'n b'uachdaran allaid thu ;
 Bha Cataich fo do chùram,
 'S dh' ùmhlaich na Gallach dhut ;
 'S gach tì bha riut an diùmba,
 'S nach dùirigeadh sealladh ort,
 A faicinn bhì ga'n sgiùrsadh,
 Gu dùthaich nach buineadh dhaibh.
 Le gasraidh fhinealt dheth do chinneadh
 Nach gabh giorag eagalach ;
 Luchd chlogaid 's bhìodag 's chorean bìreach,
 Cha philleadh luchd-bagaire iad ;
 Thug feachd Mhic-Shimi gu do mhilleadh,
 'S rùithidh iad gu saidealta ;
 'S gu'n teich iad o chlàr t-eudainn,
 'Nuair dh'eireas do chabar ort !

Th'am brochan a' toirt sàr dhuibh,
 'S tha 'n càl a' toirt àt oirbh ;
 Ach 's beng is misle 'n t-àrmuinn,
 'Ur sàth thoirt an nasgaidh dhuibh ;
 Ge mòr a thug sibh chàise,
 Thar àiridhean Asainne,

Cha'n fhacas cuirme a'm Fòlais,
 Ge mòr bha do chearcan ann ;
 Caisteal biorach, nead na h-iolair',
 Coin a's gillean gortach ann ;
 Cha'n fhaicear bioran ann ri teinne,
 Mur bidh dìleg bhrochain ann ;
 Cha'n fhaicear mairt-eoil ann am poit ann,
 Mur bi cearc ga plotaigeadh ;
 'S ga'n tional air an déirce,
 'Nuair thréigeas gach cosgais iad.

Cha'n eil ian 's na speuran,
 Is breine n'an iolaire,
 Cha 'n ionan idir beus d'i,
 'S do dh-fhéidh anns na fìrichean ;—
 Bì'dh iadsa moeh ag eiridh,
 A feuchainn a bhìolaire ;
 'S bì'dh is' air sean each caoile,
 Rì slaodadh a mbìonaich as ;
 Chuir i spuir a staigh na chorach,
 A's thug i fhuil na spadul as,
 An t-ian gun sonas' gearraidh donais,
 Bì'dh na coin a' sùbaid ris ;
 'S breun an t-isean e air iteig,
 Gun fhios c'ait' an stadadh e.—
 Mas' ole a lean e àbbaist,
 Cha b' fheàrr far na chaidil e.

Cha'n eil ian 'san t-saoghal
 R'a fhaotainn tha coltach riut,—
 Cha'n ithear do chuid sìthne—
 Rinn firinn a' mollaichadh ;
 Ged tha ort iteag dhìreach,
 Mar fhior shaighdear corranach,
 S ged' thuir iad riut am fireun,
 'Tha ionan an donuis ort !
 S ioma buachaille th' air fuar chnoc,
 Agus cuaille bàt' aige' ;
 Nì guidhe bhuan do bhuntain bhùath,
 'S a bhuaileas bho do thapadh thu ;
 'Nuair bheir thu ruaig air feadh nan uan,
 'S a bhios buaireas acrais ort,
 'N nair thachras cabar féidh ort,
 Gu'm feum thu bhì snasadh dha !

Tha cabar-fèarna Dhòmhnùill,
 Mar spòrs' anns an talamh' ac' ;
 Nach innseadh sibh dhomh' e,
 'S gu'n b'èol domb a charachadh ;
 'S chuirinn fios gu h-eòlach,
 Gu Seòras an caraidheach,
 Gur h-e Fear Dhuin-Dòmhnùill,
 Le lòn chum an t-anam ris ;
 'Bhàsd gun mhens, gun nìghagun, ghliocas
 Rìamb bu tric 's an talamh-s' thu ;
 Dh'ol a's dh'ith thu trian do d' phiseach,
 'S tu an t-isean anaidheach ;

Chuir na Rothaich thu air ghnòthach,
 S ta an t-ambhusg aineolach,
 'S ged' thug Clann-Choinnich miadh ort,
 Cha b' fhiach thu 'n treas carrainn deth.

Faire! faire! 'shaoghail,
 Gur caohlaidheach carach thu,
 Chunnna mise Sì-phort,
 'Nam pioban cruaidh, sgalanta,
 Nach robh an Alb' a dh'aon-sblungh,
 Ged shìneadh Mac-Cailein ris,
 Na chumadh riuts an eudann,
 'Nuair dh'èireadh do chabar ort!
 Dh'èireadh leat an còir 'san ceart,
 Le trian do neart gu bagarach,
 Na bh'eadar Asainn, a's fa dheas,
 Gu ruig Sgalpa chraganaeh,
 Gach fear a glacadh gunna snàip,
 Claidheamh glas, no dagachan,—
 Bu leat Sir Dòmhuill Shlùibhte,
 'Nuair dh'èireadh do chabar ort!

Dh'èireadh leat fir Mhùideirt,
 'Nuair ruisgte do bhraiteichean,
 Le 'n lannan daite dù-ghorm,
 Gu'n cìurte na maraich leo;
 Mac-Alasdair 's Mac-Ionmhunn,
 Le 'n cuilbheirean acuinneach;
 'Nuair rachadh iad 'san iorghuill,
 Gu'm b' ioghna mur trodadh iad:—
 B'f'dh tu fhathast gabhail aghair,
 Ann am Brathuinn bhlaidealach,
 B'f'dh cinne t-athair ort a feitheamh,
 Co bhrathadh bagradh ort?
 B'f'dh fion ga chaitheamh feadh do thaighe,
 'S uisge-beatha feadanaeh;
 'S gur ionmhor piob' ga'n gleusadh,
 'Nuair dh'èireas do chabar ort!

Note.—Norman M'Leod, the author of the foregoing popular clan song was a native of Assynt, Sutherlandshire. Little is known to us of his parentage except that he moved in the higher circles of his country, and upon his marriage, rented an extensive farm in his native parish. He had two sons whose status in society shows that he was in comfortable, if not affluent circumstances—one of them was Professor Hugh M'Leod of the University of Glasgow; and the other, the Rev. Angus M'Leod, Minister of Rogart in the county of Sutherland. Both sons were men of considerable erudition and brilliant parts,—and Angus's name is still mentioned in the North with feelings of kindness and respect.

Norman M'Leod lived long on a footing of intimate familiarity and friendship with Mr M'Kenzie of Ardloch whose farm was contiguous to that of our author; and "*Cabar-feidh*," which has single-handed stamped the celebrity of M'Leod, arose out of the following circumstance. The earl of Sutherland issued a commission to William Munroe of Achany, who, with a numerous body of retainers and clansmen, by virtue of said commission, made a descent on Assynt and carried off a great many cattle. This predatory excursion was made in the latter end of summer, when, according to the custom of the country, the cattle were grazing on distant pastures at

the sheilings, a circumstance which proved very favourable to the foragers—for they not only took away the cattle, but also plundered the sheilings, and thus possessed themselves of a great quantity of butter and cheese. Indignant at the baseness and injustice of such cowardly conduct, M'Leod invoked the muse and composed "*Cabar-feidh*," or the clan-song of the M'Kenzies—making it the vehicle of invective and bitter sarcasm against the Sutherlanders and Munroes, who had antecedently made themselves sufficiently obnoxious to him by their adherence to the Hanoverian cause in 1745.

That a production teeming with so much withering declamation and piquancy of wit should have told upon its hapless subjects, may be reasonably supposed. Munroe was particularly sore on the subject, and threatened that the bard should forfeit his life for his temerity, if ever they should meet. They were personally unacquainted with each other; but chance soon brought them face to face. Munroe was commonly known by a grey-coloured bonnet which he wore, and was called "*Ciltcam a bhonnaid uathir*." One day as he entered Ardguy Inn, there sat Norman M'Leod, on his way to Tain, regaling himself with bread and butter, and cheese and ale. Munroe was ignorant of the character of the stranger; not so M'Leod—he immediately knew Achany by the colour of his bonnet—drunk to him with great promptitude, and then offered him the *bonn* with the following extemporary salutation:—

"Aran a's in a's cais,
 Mu'n tig am bas air Tormod;
 A's deoch do fhir an rothaid,
 'S cha ghabh na Rothaich learg ris,"

which may be translated thus—

Bread and butter and cheese to me,
 Ere death my mouth shall close;
 And, traveller, there's a drink for thee,
 To please the black Munroes.

Achany was pleased with the address, quaffed the ale, and when he discovered who the courteous stranger was, he cordially forgave him, and cherished a friendship for him ever after. Years after the events recorded above, the poet's son, Angus, then a young licentiate, waited upon Achany, relative to the filling up of the vacancy in the parish of Rogart.—"And do you really think, Sir," said Achany, "that I would use my influence to get a living for your father's son? *Cabar-feidh* is not forgotten yet." "No! and never will," replied the divine, "but if I get the parish of Rogart, I promise you it shall never be sung or recommended from the pulpit there!" "Thank you! thank you!" said Achany, "that is one important point carried—you are not so bad as your father after all, and we must try to get the kirk for you!" He gave him a letter to Dunrobin and he got the appointment.

"*Cabar-feidh*" is one of the most popular songs in the Gaelic language, and deservedly so. It has been erroneously ascribed to Matheson, the family-bard of Scaforth; but now for the first time, it is legitimately paternized, and the only correct edition, which has yet appeared, is here given. The song itself bears internal evidence that our history of its paternity is strictly correct; and our proofs in corroboration are numerous and decisive. Nothing can surpass the exultation of the bard while he sings the superiority of the clan M'Kenzie over those, who have drawn upon themselves the lash of his satire. The line "*Nuair dh'èireadh do chabar ort!*" falling in at the end of some of the stanzas, has an electrifying effect; and, although figurative in its language, is so applicable as to transport us beyond ourselves to those feudal times when our mountain warriors rushed to the red field of battle to conquer or to die. The music, as well as the poem, is M'Leod's, and forms one of the most spirit-stirring airs that can be played on the bagpipe; so popular, indeed, has this tune been in many parts of the Highlands, that it was not danced as a common reel, but as a sort of country-dance. We have seen "*Cabar-feidh*" danced in character; and can bear testimony that, for diversified parts, for transitions, mazes and evolutions, it yields not, when well performed, to any "*Cotillon* bred new from France."

MALI CHRUINN DONN.

LEIS AN CHEISTEAR CHRUBACH.

AIR FÒNN—"Carraig Fhearghuis."

O'n thagaich mi'n rathad,
 Gu'n taghail mi monadh
 S an tuiteadh an sneachda,
 'S a ghaill-shion gu trom ;
 'S an talamh neo-chairsrigt,
 'S na chaill mi na casan,
 Mu'n d' rainig mi'n caisteal
 'N robh *Mali* chruinn donn !
 'Nuair a ràinig mi doras
 Gu'n dh'fhàs mi cho toilicht,
 'S gu'n d' rinn mi gach dosgairn
 A thogail gu fonn ;
 A's thàmh mi 's an asdail,
 Bha 'n sàil beinn an t-sneachda
 Cho blàth ris a chladach
 Bha m fasgadh nan tonn.

Fhir a shiubhlas an rathad,
 A dh'ionnsuidh na Dabhaich,
 Uam imirich mo bheannachd
 Gu *Mali* chruinn donn ;
 Tha thruinnidh sa' ghleannan,
 Aig alltan a cheannaich',
 S gur daoine gun tabhail
 Nach taghaich am fonn ;
 I mar ionnbas an tasgaidh,
 Gun chunnart gun gheasan,
 Ach a faotainn gu taitneach,
 Dha 'n fhear rachadh ann ;
 'S ged bhithian am Bhàron,
 Air dùthaich Chlainn-Eachuinn,
 Gu'm foghnadh mar *mhaithe*,
 Leam *Mali* chruinn donn !

Tha pearsa cho bòidheach,
 Tha i tlachdamhor na còmhdach,
 Tha taitneas na còmhradh,
 Mar smèòrach nan gleann,
 Gu'n d' eiltich mo chridhe,
 'Nuair rinn i rium brithinn,
 'S bu bheatha dhomh rithist
 Gu tighinn a nall.
 Bha h-nogs gun smàlan
 Bha caoin air a rasgaibh,
 Bhu gaol air a thasgaidh,
 'S a chridhe ' bha na còm :
 Gu'n smaoinich mi agan
 Nach rachain am mearachd,
 Ged theirinn gur piuthar
 I dh' laim geal, donn.

Na meòir sin bu ghile,
 Bha còrr air ghrinneas,
 A's bòiche ni fighe
 A's fuaidheal glan réidh ;
 Gur cuimir, deus, dìreach,
 A shiubhlas tu'n ridhle,
 'Nuair dhùsgear gu eridheil
 Dhut fiodhall nan teud :
 'S tu cheumadh gu bòidheach,
 'S a thionndadh gu h-eòlach,
 'S a fhreagradh gu h-òrdail
 Do cheòlan nam meur ;
 Tha'n earbag 'sa mhonadh,
 'S math tearmann o'n ghaillinn,
 'S gur sealbhach do'n fhear sin
 A ghilacas a ceum.

O mheacain an t-suarceis,
 'S o leasraidh na h-uaisle,
 Be t-fhasan 's bu dual dut
 O'n bhuaineadh do sheòrs ;
 Gur furanach, pàrteach,
 Am prens as an dh'fhàs thu,
 Mar rinneadh do chàradh
 O'n An 's o'n t-Srath-mhòr.
 Na'm biodh sibh a làthair,
 'S an staid mar a b' àill leam,
 Cha reicinn 'ur càirdeas
 Air muai 'na Roinn-Eorp ;
 Gu'm beil mi 'n diugh sàbhailt,
 O chunna mi Màiri
 Gu'n sheas i dhomh àite,
 Na màthar nach beò !

Chuir i fasgadh mu'n cuairt domh,
 Mar earradh math nachdair,
 Gu'n bhuilich i uaisle
 Le suairceas glan beòil.
 Lànsh shòilleir neo-spiocach,
 'S an eridhe neo chionta,
 Aig nighean Catriana
 'S mo bhriathar bu chòir !
 Ge nach faea mi t-athair,
 Gu'n euala mi leithid,
 'S gu'm b'urra mi aithris,
 Cuid dh' fhasain an t-seoid :—
 Bha e fial ris na mathaibh—
 Ceann' chliar agus cheantairn',
 'S bu dhiobhail mar thachair
 Luuths' chaidh e fo'n fhòd.

Bhiodh òl ann, bhiodh ceòl ann,
 Bhiodh furan, bhiodh pòit ann,
 Bhiodh òrain, bhiodh dòchas
 Mu bhòrd an fhir fhéil :—
 Bhiodh iasg ann, bhiodh sealg ann,
 Bhiodh fiadh, agus earb ann,
 Bhiodh coileach dubh barragheal,
 Ga mbarbhadh air góig.

Bhiodh bradan an fhiòr-nisg,
 Bhiodh taghadh gach sìthn' ann,
 Bhiodh liath-chearean fraoich
 Anns an fhàith aig a fèin ;
 'Nàm tighinn gu bhaile,
 'S gu thùrlach gun ainmís,
 Bhiodh rusgadh air ealaidh,
 Casg paghaidh, a's sgios.

B' iad sud na fir uaisle,
 Gun chrìne gun ghruaiméan
 Cha 'n fhaigheadh càch buaidh orr'
 'N tuasaid na'n streup ;
 Iad gun àrdan, gun uabhar,
 Neo smachdail air tuatha,
 Ach fearann fo 'n uachdar
 'Fàs suas anns gach nì.
 O na dh'ìnich na h-àrmuinn,
 Chaidh an saoghal gu tàire,
 'S bi'dh bròn agus pàidh
 Ri chlàistinn na'n deigh :—
 'S na 'm fanain ri fhaicinn,
 Cho fad' ri mo sheanair,
 Gu'm farr'deadh gach fear dhìom
 —“ Am faca mi 'n Phléinn ?”

O na dhì-mìch na h-àrmuinn,
 'S e n-ar cuid na tha làthair,
 Gu mu beannaicht' an geard
 Th'air an àlach a th' ann !
 Ceud soraidh, ceud fàilte,
 Ceud furan gu Màiri,
 A dh'fhàg sinn 'sa Mhàigh
 Ann an braighe nan gleann
 'S i cuachag na coille,
 Na h-uaisle 's na h-oilean,
 A dh'fhàg sinn gu loinneil
 An creagan nam beann ;
 A gheala-ghlan gun ainmís,
 B'e t-ainm a bhì banail,
 'S gu'n dhearbhu thu bhì duineil,
 'S nìr chluinneam-s' do chall !

Gu'n cluinneam-s' do bhuinig,
 Ge nach faic mi thu tuilleadh,
 Gar an iarradh tu idir
 Dhol fad' as an fhonn ;
 Ach an àite na 's dèiseil,
 Gun bhàr, no gun chreagan,
 S ma gheibh m' achanaich freagairt
 Cha'n eagal ùt bonn ;
 Tha nàislean, 's treun-laoich,
 Tha trugbain a's feumach,
 'Toirt tuaraisgeul gleusta
 Air t-fheum anns gach ball ;
 Tha gach tlachd ort ri ìnnseadh,
 Lamb gheal a nì sgrìobadh,
 'S gur tuisgeach a chiall
 A chuir Dia na do cheann !

Bi'dh mo dhàn agus m' àran,
 Bi'dh m' alla mar 's eòl domh,
 Gu bràth fhad 's is beò mi
 'Toirt sgeòil ort a chaoidh ;
 Na thuair mi dhe t-fhuran,
 Cha'n fhuaraich e tuille,
 Nì smaointean mo chridhe
 Riut brithinn nach pill ;
 Cha 'n eil Sìorrachd dha 'n téid mi,
 Ged ' ruighinn Dun-éideann,
 Nach toir mi deagh sgeul ort
 Fhad 'dh' eisdear mo rann
 'S bheir mi Charraig bho Fheargus,
 Gu atharrach ainme,
 'S leuchd-ealaidh na h-Alba
 D'a shean-chas 's d'a sheinn.

Ceud fhran, ceud fàilte,
 Ceud soraidh le bàrdachd
 Ceud tlachd mar ri àilleachd,
 Air fàs air a mhnaoi ;
 Ceud beannachd na dhà dhut,
 'S gu'm faiceam-sa slàn thu,
 Mu tha idir an dòn domh,
 'Dhol gu bràth da Loch-bhraoin ;
 Ged nach sgalaiche bàird mi,
 Cha 'n urrainn mi àicheadh,
 Ma thig iad mi 's dàine
 Gu'm paig iad ris daor :—
 'S i bean nan rasg trohdad,
 Gun àrdan, gun othail,
 'S i Màiri 's glain' bodhaig
 —Creag odhar nan craobh.

Creag ghobhar, creag chaorach,
 Creag bheann, agus aonaich,
 Creag fhasgach ri gaoith thu,
 Creag laogh, agus mheann ;
 Creag chaoran, creag chnothan,
 Creag fhiarach, a's chreabhach,
 Creag ianach a' labhairt
 Am barraibh nan crann ;
 Gu'n cluinnte gáth smeòrach
 An ùinneag do sheòmaid,
 'S a chuthag a còmhradh
 Mar a b'eòl d'i bhì rainnt.
 'S bi'dh ealaidh a mbonaidh,
 Ri cluich anns an dòrus
 Mar onair ri *Mhàiri*,
 Bean shona nan Gleann.

O nach urra mi sgrìobhadh,
 No litir a leughadh,
 Fhìr a dhealaidh an dè rìom
 Aig càrn an fheidh dhuinn,
 'Chuir a chuld gillean,
 'Sa ghearrain ga'm shireadh,
 Mu'n rabhadh mo mbilleadh,
 An curaisde puill ;

O nach urra mi mholadh,
 An enair mar choisinn,
 Mo bheannachd gu meal e
 Gun easlaint a chaoidh!
 Fhìr a shiubhlas an rathad,
 A dh' ionnsaidh na Dabhoich,
 Uam imirich mo bheannachd
 Gu *Màli* chruinn Donn!

Note—The above truly admirable song was composed by William M'Kenzie, the Gairloch and Lochbroom catechist, commonly called *an Ceistear Crìobach*, owing to a lameless which he had. He was a native of the parish of Gairloch, and was born about the year 1670. In his early years, M'Kenzie had the reputation of being a serious young man: he committed to memory the whole of the questions of the Shorter Catechism in Gaelic, and was subsequently allowed a small stated salary for going about from hamlet to hamlet in the forementioned parishes, catechising the young, and imparting religious instruction to all who chose to attend his meetings. It was while employed on these missions that he composed the foregoing. It was the dead of winter: the houses were far apart—a tremendous storm came on—and our author, to save his life, was compelled to stand in the shelter of a rock. In this situation he was fortunately discovered, and conveyed on horseback to the house of Mr M'Kenzie of Balone, where he experienced the greatest kindness. He forthwith invoked his muse, and celebrated the praises of his host's sister, then a beautiful young lady, and afterwards Mrs M'Kenzie of Kerosary, in Gairloch. A song of less poetic grandeur and merit might well have immortalized any mountain maid, and established the reputation of the author, and put it beyond the reach of detection.

M'Kenzie continued to officiate in the capacity of perambulatory catechist for a period of seven years, and was then deposed, under circumstances which we shall briefly recount. He happened to be in Strath Gairloch at a time when the nuptials of one of the native rustics were celebrated; and, contrary to what he might well expect, he was left uncalled to the feast. How he felt in consequence of this indignity, we would probably have been left in the dark, had not two or three others, who had been slighted like himself, congregated where he lived, having with them a bottle of whisky. The glass went round, and various witticisms and epigrams were exploded, manifesting the contempt in which they held the newly-married couple, and the entire round of their relatives and guests. At length it was propounded to the catechist whether he ought not to commemorate the circumstances in a poem or song. Forgetting the sacredness of his office and the tenure by which he held his situation, in the buoyancy of the moment, he sung the following extemporary effusion before they separated:—

ORAN EADAR CARAID OG OIÐICHE, 'M BAINNSE.

AIR FÒNN—*Oran na Feannaly.*"

ISE.—'S mìthich dhuiam bhi 'g eiridh,
 Òn tha sin feumach air cadai,
 Hò na rinn sinn n-ar suipeir,
 Cha dean sin fuireach na 's faide!
 Mes a math an cuid feumach,
 Bìodh iad fein ris gu latha,
 An rud sin th'agad a dhaine,
 'S an ris is mo n-ar annas,
 Gu fios a bhlas.

EAN.—'S fada 'n latha gu h-oidhiche,
 'S fuid' an oidhche na'n latha,
 'S iomadh seachdain sa' bhliadhna,
 Gu bhì 'g iarraidh gu leithid,
 'S misde sinne 'sinn gorach,
 A dhòl a thoiseachadh brais ris,
 'S ma ni sinn n-ar mìleadh,
 Gur h-ann is meas' an dilibear ort,
 'S nach 'eil sinn sean.

ISE.—Ach c'uime 's misde sinn fhiachainn,
 Dh'fhic an fadh dhuiam a leantuidh,
 'S ma chi thu fein na chuis ghraim e,
 Cha bhì mi dana ga thagar;
 Chua' a mis' aig mo mhatthair,
 Gur nì gnaithaiche leithid,
 'S gur beag math th'ann sa phosadh,
 'S a bhì as annas an thasain,
 'S e aig gach neach.

EAN.—'S truaigh nach robh mi gun phosadh,
 Arsa broinean 's e 'g eiridh,
 Bu mhodha m' fenn air a chadal,
 S mi 'n deigh coiseachd an aonich,
 Chaill mi craiceann nam meoirean,
 Ann 's na brogan 's iad daor dhonn,
 'S cha dian mi 'n obair air t-aillea,
 Ge b'ì b' fhearr air au t-saughal
 'S nach 'eil mi 'n sgairth.

ISE.—Dh'bidh i air do sheanachas,
 'S maing a dh'fhalbh leat tha aonach,
 'S truaigh nach robh mi gun deart ort,
 Ach mi dh'fhainn an t-soghal,
 Le do chroma-shlaid gun phisach,
 Nach tig thuige fo'n aodach
 'S maing a thachair ad chuideachd,
 Fhìor thrudair nan daone,
 'S a ghlogaidh-both!

EAN.—A Rì! bu mhise chuis thruais leat,
 'S mecha a fluar mi mo mhàbhadh,
 Cha bhìd do thoibheim cho luath dhomh,
 Na bhìd tu stuaime na narach,
 Dh'fhaodadh tusa bhì suas leis,
 Na'n deannan uair ann san rait' e,
 'S mise dh'fhuireach 'as annas,
 Thun na h-òis so a tha mi,
 Gun dol na char.

ISE.—Dh' aithnich mise ort nach b'fhic thu,
 'S gum bu shiachaire breun thu,
 'S nach robh duine 's na crìochan,
 Cho measa rian air an fheum riut,
 Tha mi dh'easbhuidh do spersa,
 Dh-fhalbh mi phosadh an de leat,
 'S mar faigh mi misneachd fo naireach,
 A chaoidh cha charaicheir breid ort,
 'S cha ruig mi leas.

EAN.—Bì tu sin ann a naire,
 Mar a caraicheir breid ort,
 Bheir gach mabaidh dhut toibheim;
 'Nuair a chluinn iad mar dh'eirich;
 'Ge do ruigeadh tu 'm Person,
 Gu n-ar sgaradh bhò chaisie;
 A chaoidh cha 'n fhaigh thu chread posadh,
 'S e 'n aghaidh ordugh na cleire,
 'S nach 'eil e ceart.

ISE.—Imis thusa dhomh 'n fhìrinn,
 Na'm teil feum dhomh bhì fuireach,
 Na'm beil comas air t-inluachd,
 No 'na dhìult thu mi builleach,
 Mas e sochair tha fas ort,
 Gu do lamh chuir sa 'n obair
 Fagaidh mis thu cho eolach,
 Kis na seoid tha ris cumasta,
 Bho chian fad.

EAN.—'Nuair a thainig an oidhche,
 'S nach robh sois' ann ach dorcha,
 'S a chaidil an duthaich,
 'S nach robh duil ri luchd falbha,
 Air an obair gun shin e,
 'Nuair a dh'èirich a mheannaidh,
 'S theab nach sguireadh e thatusa,
 Le ma thainnt an baragan ud
 Kis cho math.

ISE.—'S fear sud na bhì falambh,
 Ma ni thu cleachdadh dheth 'n comhuidh,
 'S mas ann an feobhas a theid thu,
 Cha dian mi t-eibheach na t-olach,
 Chua' 'eil air obair ach sineadh,
 'S a bhì ga air dteannach comhaidh,
 Cha bhì falteachan treubach,
 'S bhìd dou-bhìh air fear bronach
 Nach teid na char.

This comico-satirical production was soon made public and the author was lauded by one party, and denounced by another. The ministers of Gairloch and Loch-

broom shook their heads—shuddered at the profanity of the catechist, and gave intimation from their respective pulpits that the catechistical labours of our author had ceased! He was previously dragged before the Presbytery, examined, and cross-examined, as to the extent and number of his bardic delinquencies. One or two of the elders and ministers had the hardihood to espouse his cause while thus arraigned at the Presbytery's bar, and insisted that the reverend judges should hear the song from his own lips. "I can repeat no song," said the bard, "unless I accompany the words with an air; and to sing here would be altogether unbecoming." This obstacle was removed by consent of the Moderator, and he sung the song with great glee, while his judges were more obliged to their handkerchiefs than to their gravity for the suppression of risibility. It does not appear that M'Kenzie was ever afterwards restored to his situation. He died at a good old age, and was buried in Creagan-an-Inbhir of Muckle Greenard, Lochbroom.

CALUM A GILINNE.*

LUNNEAG

*Mo Chailin donn òg,
S mo nighean dubh Thogarach,
Thogainn ort fonn,
Neo-throm gun togainn,
Mo nighean dubh gun iarraidh,
Mo bhriathar gun togainn,
S gu'n innsinn an t-aobhar,
Nach eileas 'ga d' thogradh.
Mo Chailin donn òg.*

Gu'm beil thu gu boithreach,
Bainmidh, banail,
Gun chron ort fo 'n ghréin,
Gun bheum, gun sgainnir;
Gur gil' thu fo d' leine
Na eiteag na mara,
'S tha coir' agam féin
Gun chéile bhi mar-riut.
Mo Chailin donn òg, &c.

* The author of this popular song was Malcolm M'Lean, a native of Kinlochewe, in Ross-shire. M'Lean had enlisted in the army when a young man, and upon obtaining his discharge, was allowed some small pension. Having returned to his native country, he married a woman, who, for patience and resignation, was well worthy of being styled the sister of Job. Malcolm now got the occupancy of a small pendicle of land and grazing for two or three cows in Glensgaith, at the foot of Benfuathais, in the county of Ross. M'Lean during his military career seems to have learned how to drown dull care as well as "fight the French"—he was a bacchanalian of the first magnitude. He does not, however, appear to have carried home any other of the soldier's vices with him. Few men have had the good fortune to buy immortality at so cheap a rate of literary and poetical labour as "Calum a Ghlinne:" on this single ditty his reputation shall stand unimpaired as long as Gaelic poetry has any admirers in the Highlands of Scotland.

The occasion of the song was as follows: M'Lean had an only child, a daughter of uncommon beauty and loveliness; but owing to the father's squandering what ought,

Gur muladach mi,
'S mi 'n deigh nach math leam,
Na dheanadh dhut stà
Aig càch 'ga mhalair;
B'ìdh t-athair an comhnuidh
'G of le caithream,
'S e eolas nan còrn
A dh-fhag mi cho falamb.
Mo Chailin donn òg, &c.

Nam bìthinn a'g òl
Mu bhord na dibbe,
'S gum faicinn mo mhiaim
'S mo chiall a' tighinn,
'S e 'n copan beag donn
Thogadh fonn air mo chridhe,
'S cha tugainn mo bhriathar
Nach iarraim e rithist.
Mo Chailin donn òg, &c.

B'ìdh bodaich na dùch'
Ri bürst 's ri fuaid,
A cantain rium féin
Nach geill mi dh-aimeis;
Ged tha mi gun spréidh,
Tha teud ri tharruinn,
'S cha sguir mi de 'n tìl
Fhad 's is beo mi air thalamb.
Mo Chailin donn òg, &c.

'S ioma bodachan gnù
Nach dùrig n' aithris,
Le thional air spréidh
'S iad ga threigsinn a's t-carrach
Nach cosg anns a bhliadhna
Trian a ghallain,
'S cha toir e fo 'n ùir
Na 's mù na bheir Calum.
Mo Chailin donn òg, &c.

under any economical system of domestic government, to have formed her dowry, she was unwed, unsought, and, for a long time, unmarried. The father, in his exordium, portrays the charms and excellent qualities of his daughter, dealing about some excellent side-blows at fortune-hunters, and taking a reasonable share of blame to himself for depriving her of the bait necessary to secure a good attendance of wooers.

The song is altogether an excellent one, possessing many strokes of humour and flights of poetic ideality of no common order; while its terseness and comprehensiveness of expression are such, that one or two standing proverbs or adages have been deduced from it. His "*Nighean dubh Thogarach*," and her husband were living in the parish of Contin, in the year 1769. Malcolm, so far as we have been able to ascertain, never got free of his tavern propensities, for which he latterly became so notorious, that when he was seen approaching an inn, the local toppers left their work and flocked about him. He was a jolly good fellow in every sense of the word; fond of singing the songs of other poets, for which nature had provided him with an excellent voice. He died about the year 1761.

Nam bithinn air féill,
 'S na ceudan mar rinn,
 De chuideachda chòir
 A dh-òladh drama;
 Gun suidhinn mu 'n bhòrd
 'S gun tràighinn mo shearrag
 'S cha tuirt mo bhean riann
 Ach—"Dia leat a Chalum!"*
 Mo Chailin donn oy, &c.

Ge l tha mi gun stòr,
 Le òl 's le iomairt,
 Air bheagan de mì,
 Le pris na miue;
 Tha fortan aig Dia,
 'S e falaidh uime,
 'S mo gheibh mi mo shlaointe,
 Gu 'm pàidh mi na shir mi.
 Mo Chailin donn oy, &c.

Ge mor le càch
 Na tha mi milleadh,
 Cha tugainn mo bhòid
 Nach olainn tuilleadh,
 'S e gaol a bli mòr
 Tha m' fheoil a' sireadh—
 Tha 'n sgeul ud ri aithris
 Air Callum a Ghlinne.
 Mo Chailin donn oy, &c.

* The virtue of mildness in his wife was often put to the test, and found to be equal to the glowing representation of the poet. Malcolm had occasion to go to Dingwall on a summer day for a boll of oatmeal; and having experienced the effects of a burning sun and sultry climate, he very naturally went into a public-house on his way to refresh himself. Here he came in contact with a Badenoch drover, who, like himself, did occasional homage at the shrine of the red-eyed god. Our "worthy brace of toppers" entered into familiar confab; gill was called after gill until they got gloriously happy. Malcolm forgot, or did not choose to remember, his meal; the drover was equally indifferent about his own proper callig—and thus they sat and drank, and roared and ranted, until our poet told his last sixpence on the table. After a pause, and probably revolving the awkwardness of going home without the meal, "Well," said Malcolm, "if I had more money, I would not go home for some time yet." "That's easily got," replied his crony, "I'll buy the grey horse from you." The animal speedily changed owners, and another and more determined onslaught on "blue ruin" was the consequence. Our poet did nothing by halves,—he qualified stoup after stoup until his pockets were emptied a second time. "Fgad!" exclaimed M'Lean, making an effort to lift his head and open his eyes, "I must go now!" "You must," rejoined his friend, "but I cannot see, for the life of me, how you can face your wife." "My wife!" exclaimed the bard in astonishment, "pshaw! man, she's the woman that never said or will say worse to me than "Dia leat a Chalum," that is, God bless you Malcolm. "I'll lay you a bet of the price of the horse and the meal that her temper is not so good, and that you will get an entirely different salutation," replied the drover, who had no great faith in the taciturnity of the female sex. "'Done!' my recruit," vociferated the bard, grasping the other eagerly by the hand. Away went Malcolm and with him the landlord and other two men, to witness and report what reception

CLACHAN GHILINN'-DA-RUAIL.

LUNNEAG.

Mo chaileag bhian-gheal, mheall-shuileach,
 A dh-fhàs gu fallain, fuaasgaill,
 Gur trom mo cheum o 'n dheulaich sinn,
 Aig clachan Ghlinn'-da-ruail.

Di-dònaich rinn mì chòlachadh,
 Bean òg 's mòdhar gluasad,
 Tha 'guth mar cheol na smeòraiche,
 'S mar bhil' an ròis a gruaidhean.
 Mo chaileag, &c.

'S caoin a seang shlios furanach,
 Neo-churaidh a ceum uallach;
 Tha 'gairdean bàn gle chumradail;
 'S deud lurach n' a beul guamach.
 Mo chaileag, &c.

'S ro fhaicilleach 'n a còmhradh i,
 Gun sgilm, gun sgleò, no tuailies;
 Gur flathail coiseachd shràidean i,
 Air bheagan stait no guaineis.
 Mo chaileag, &c.

Ged bheireadh Seòras àite dhomh,
 Cho ard 's a tha measg uaislean;
 Air m' fhacal 's mòr a b' fhearr lean,
 A bli 'n Coir-chuainn na m' bhuaichail.
 Mo chaileag, &c.

O 's truagh nach robh mi 's m' ailleanan
 Air airidh cois nam fuar-bheann!
 Bu shocair, seòim a chaidinn, 's i
 Nan m' aehlais, air an luachair.
 Mo chaileag, &c.

Cha suaimhneas b'fhèil' air leabaidh dhomh,
 Ga t-fhaicinn ann am bruarad;
 'S am Biobail fein cha laimhsich mi,
 Gun t-ionbhaigh ghraidh gu 'm bhuaireadh.
 Mo chaileag, &c.

our drouthy friend should meet. He entered his dwelling, and, as he approached on the floor, he staggered and would have fallen in the fire, placed grateless in the centre of the room, had not his wife flung her arms affectionately about him, exclaiming, "Dia Leat a Chalum!" "Ah!" replied Malcolm, "why speak thus softly to me,—I have drunk my money and brought home no meal." "A heatherbell for that," said his helpmate, "we will soon get more money and meal too." "But," continued the intoxicated poet, "I have also drunk the grey horse!" "What signifies that, my love," rejoined the excellent woman, "you, yourself are still alive and mine, and never shall we want—never shall I have reason to murmur while my Malcolm is sound and hearty." It was enough: the drover had to count down the money, and in a few hours Mrs M'Lean had the pleasure of hailing her husband's return with the horse and meal.

'N nuair b' fhileant' briar' a mhinist-eir,
 A fiosrachadh mu 'r truailleachd ;
 Bha mise coimhead dhàrachadh,
 Na seirce tha d' shùil neo-luaineach.
Mo chailleag, &c.

Ged shuidheas Cléir na tìre leam,
 'S mi sgriobhadh dhaibh le luáth-laimh ;
 'S ann bhios mo smuaintean dìomhaireach,
 Air Sìne dhùim a chuach-fhuil.
Mo chailleag, &c.

Ach 's eagal leam le m' cheileireachd,
 Gu 'n gabh an seisein gruaim rium ;
 Ged fhogras iad do 'n Olairt mi,
 Rì m' bhe' cha toir mi fuath dhut !
Mo chailleag, &c.

Note.—The above popular song has been attributed to so many reputed poets, that we feel great pleasure in putting the reader right on the subject. The Perthshire people claimed it for the late Rev. Dr Irvine of Little Dunkeld; while the others were equally certain that it was the production of Mr Archibald Currie, teacher of the Grammar School, Rothesay. To arrive at a satisfactory conclusion as to its paternity, we have instituted the necessary inquiries, and have now the satisfaction to announce that it is the composition of Mr Angus Fletcher, parochial schoolmaster of Dunoon. We subjoin Mr Fletcher's letter in reply to our communication:—

"I was born at Coiriu-t-shee (Coirinti), a wild, sequestered, and highly romantic spot on the west bank of Loch-eck, in Cowal, early in June, 1776; and was chiefly educated at the parish school of Kilmolan, Glendaruel. From Glendaruel I went to Bute in 1791, where I was variously employed until May, 1801, when I was elected parochial schoolmaster of Dunoon, and that situation I have continued to fill (however unworthily) hitherto.

"The '*Lassie of the Glen*' is my earliest poetical production, and came warm from the heart at the age of 16 years. '*Clachan Ghlinn-da-ruail*,' I think, was composed in 1807, in compliment to a very '*bonnie He-lan lassie*,' Miss Jean Currie of Coirechnaive, now Mrs B——n. In this song, although I believe the best of the two, the heart was not at all concerned. It appeared first in the '*Edinburgh Weekly Journal*,' with my initials, and has been evidently copied from that paper into Turner's Collection of Gaelic Songs. The verse beginning '*Nuair 'shuidheas Cleir na tìre leam*,' has reference to the situation I then held of deputy-clerk to the Presbytery of Dunoon, and to the office of Session-clerk of the united parish of Dunoon and Kilmun, which I still hold."

Here, then, the authorship of "*Clachan Ghlinn-da-ruail*" is settled. It is one of the best and most popular of our amorous pieces, and, although the talented author says that "the heart was not at all concerned" in it, we venture to remind him that Nature, that excellent schoolmistress, had taught him to study her ways. The air to which it is sung is also very popular, and is known in the Lowlands by the name of *Neil Gow's Strathspey*. But, without wishing to denude that celebrated violinist of any of his laurels, we beg to inform the reader that that air was known in the Highlands centuries before Neil was born. It is called "*Ceileireachd na Mnatha Sith*," or the "*Fairy's Carol*," and has the following tradition annexed to it. A certain farmer had engaged a young beautiful female as herd and dairymaid, for a period of twelve months. During the first days of her servitude, as her character and history were altogether unknown, it was necessary to have a sharp eye after her. On one occasion while her employer went out to see whether she was tending the cattle with

due care, he found her dancing lightly on the green, and singing a Gaelic song, one verse of which we subjoin:—

"An bun a chruith cha chaitris mi,
 An bun a chruith cha bhi mi ;
 An bun a chruith cha chaitris mi,
 'S mo leabaidh anns an t-shiùthan."

We beg to translate this for the sake of the English reader,—

I'll tend not long thy cattle, man,
 I'll tend not long thy bullock ;
 I'll tend not long thy cattle, man,
 My bed is in yon hillock.

But to return to Mr Fletcher, we are sorry that want of room prevents us from giving the "*Lassie of the Glen*" in Gaelic. We annex, however, an English translation of it which has deservedly become very popular. It is from Mr Fletcher's own pen.

Air—"Cum an *Fhianag* ribeach bhuam."

Beneath a hill 'mong birken bushes,
 By a burnie's dimpled lim,
 I told my love with artless blushes,
 To the Lassie o' the Glen.

O! the birken bank sae grassie,
 Hey! the burnie's dimpled lim :
 Dear to me's the bonnie lassie,
 Living in yon rashie glen.

Lonely Ruail! thy stream sae glassie,
 Shall be aye my laurite theme ;
 For, on thy banks, my Highland lassie,
 First confessed a mutual flame.
 O! the birken, &c.

What bliss to sit and nane to fash—
 In some sweet wee bow'ry den !
 Or fondly stray among the rashes,
 Wi' the Lassie o' the Glen !
 O! the birken, &c.

And though I wander now unhappy,
 Far frae scenes we haunted then,
 I'll ne'er forget the bank sae grassie,
 Nor the Lassie o' the Glen.
 O! the birken, &c.

MALI BHEAG OG.

NACH truaigh leat mi 's mi 'm prìosan,
 Mo Mhali bheag òg,
 Do chairdean a' cuir binn' orm,
 Mo chuid de 'n t-saoghal thù.
 A bhean na mala mìne,
 'S na 'm pogan mar na fìguis,
 'S tu nach fagadh shìos mi,
 Le mi-rùin do bheoil.

Di-dòmhnach anns a' ghleann duinn,
 Mo Mhali bheag òg
 'Nuair thoisich mi rì cainnt riut ;
 Mo chuid de 'n t-saogal mhòr.
 'Nuair dh'fhosgail mi mo shùilean,
 'S a sheall mi air mo chùl-thaobh ;
 Bha mareach an eich chrùthaich,
 Tigh'n' dlà air mo l'rg.

'S mise bh'air mo bhuaireadh,
 Mo Mhàli bheag òg,
 'Nuair 'thain an 'sluagh mu'n cuairt dhuinn
 Mo ribhinn ghlan ùr :
 'S truagh nach ann san uair ud,
 A thuit mo lamh o m' ghuailinn,
 Mu'n dh' amais mi do bhualadh,
 Mo Mhàli bheag òg.

Gur bòiche lean a dh'fhas thu.
 Mo Mhàli bheag òg,
 Na'n lili ann san fhàsach,
 Mo cheud ghradh 's mo rùin :
 Mar aiteal caoin na gréin'
 Ann am madainn chiùin ag eirigh,
 Be sud do dhreach a's t-eugais,
 Mo Mhàli bheag òg.

'S mise a thug an gaol
 Dha mo Mhàli bhig òg,
 Nach dealaich rium sa'n t-saoghal,
 Mo nighean bhòideach thu.
 Tha t-fhalt air dhreach nan teudan,
 Do ghruaidhean mar na coaran ;
 Do shuilean, fathail, aobhach,
 'S do bheul-labhairt chiùin.

Shiubhlainn leat an saoghal,
 Mo Mhàli bheag òg ;
 Cho fad a's eùl na gréine,
 A gheug a's ailli guùis
 Ruithinn agus leumainn,
 Mar fhiadh air bharr nan sléibhteann,
 Air ghaol 's gu'm bithinn réidh 's tu,
 Mo Mhàli bheag òg.

'S truagh a rinn do chàirdean,
 Mo Mhàli bheag òg !
 'Nuair thoirmisg iad do ghràdh dhomh,
 Mo chuid de 'n t-saoghal thu :
 Nan tugadh iad do lamh dhomh,
 Cha bhithinn-'s ann sau au so,
 Fò bhinn air son mo ghraidh dhut,
 Mo Mhàli bheag òg.

Ge d' bheirte mi bho'n bhàs so,
 Mo Mhàli bheag òg,
 Cha 'n iarrainn tuille dàlach,
 Mo cheud ghradh 's mo rùin :
 B'annsa 'n saoghal-s' fhàgail,
 'S gu'm faicinn t-aodann ghradhach ;
 Gu'n chuimhn' bhì air an là sin,
 'S na dh'fhàg mi thu ciùirt'.

Note.—The above beautiful song was composed by a young Highland officer, who had served under King William on the continent soon after the Revolution. His history, which elucidates the song, was thus:—He was the son of a respectable tenant in the Highlands of Perthshire, and while a youth, cherished a desperate passion for a beautiful young lady, the daughter of a neighbouring landed proprietor. Their love was reciprocal—but such was the disparity of their circumstances that the obstacles

to their union were regarded even by themselves, as insuperable. To mend matters, the gallant young Highlander enlisted, and being a brave soldier and a young man of excellent conduct and character, he was promoted to the rank of an officer. After several years' absence, and when at the end of a campaign, the army had taken up their winter quarters, he came home to see her friends—to try whether his newly acquired status might not remove the objections of her friends to their union. She was still unmarried, and if possible more beautiful than when he left her—every feature had assumed the highly finished character of womanhood—her beauty was the universal theme of admiration. Othello-like, the gallant young officer told her of "hair-breadth 'scapes by land and flood" and so enraptured the young lady that she readily agreed to elope with him.

Having matured their arrangements, they fled on a Saturday night—probably under the belief that the non-appearance of the young lady at her father's table on Sabbath morning, would excite no surmises in the hurry of going to church. She, indeed, had complained to her father of some slight headach when she retired to rest, and instructed her maid to say next morning that she was better, but not disposed to appear at the breakfast table. Not satisfied with the servant's prevarication, who was cognizant of the elopement, the father hurried to his daughter's bed-room, and, not finding her there, he forcibly elicited the facts from the girl. He immediately assembled his men, and pursued the fugitive lovers with speed and eagerness. After many miles pursuit, they overtook them in a solitary glen where they had sat down to rest. The lover, though he had nobody to support him, yet was determined not to yield up his mistress; and being well armed, and an excellent gladiator, he resolved to resent any attack made upon him. When the pursuers came upon and while he was defending himself and her with his sword, which was a very heavy one, and loaded with what is called a steel apple, (*ubhal a' chlaisheimh*), she ran for protection behind him. In preparing to give a deadly stroke, the point of the weapon accidentally struck his mistress, then behind him, so violent a blow, that she instantly fell and expired at his feet! Upon seeing this, he immediately surrendered himself, saying, "*That he did not wish to live, his earthly treasure being gone!*" He was instantly carried to jail, where he composed this heart-melting song a few days before his execution.

Our neighbours, the Irish, claim this air as one of their own, but upon what authority we have been left in the dark. Sir John Sinclair establishes its nativity in Scotland, but falls into a mistake in making an inn the scene of the melancholy catastrophe of the lady's death. The song itself substantiates our version of it. The second stanza was never printed till given by us—the whole is now printed correctly for the first time. It is one of the most plaintive and mellow in the Gaelic language—full of pathos and melancholy feeling. The distracted lover addresses his deceased mistress, as if she were still living—a circumstance that puts the pathetic character of the song beyond comparison, and amply illustrates the distraction of his own mind—a state of mental confusion, and wild melancholy, verging on madness.

MAIRI LAGHACH.

(ORIGINAL SET.)

LE MURCHADH RUADH NAM BÒ.

LUNINEAG.

*Ho, mo Mhàiri Laghach,
 'S tu mi Mhàiri blinn ;
 Ho, mo Mhàiri Laghach,
 'S tu mo Mhàiri glhinn ;*

Hò, mo Mhàiri Laghach,
'S tu mo Mhàiri bhàin;
Mhàiri bhoidheach, Iurach,
Rugadh anns na glèinn.

Nuair a thig a Bhealltainn,
 Bithidh ' choill fo bhàl,
 'S eoin bheaga 'seinn duinn—
 A dh'òidheh a's a là;
 Gobhair agus caoirich,
 A's crodh-laoigh le'n àl,
 'S Màiri bhàn gan saodach',
 Mach ri aodainn cèarn.
Hò, mo Mhàiri, &c.

'Nuair a thig an Sàmhradh,
 B'nnsa bhì 's na glèinn,
 Ged robh an t-aran gan oirn,
 Bì'dh 'n t-amblan trì fillt'
 Gheibh sinn gruth a's uachdar,
 Buannachd a chruidh laoigh,
 As lonaid a chinn chuachaich,
 Chuir mu'n cuairt a mabng,
Hò, mo Mhàiri, &c.

"A Pheigi," arsa Seònaid,
 " 'S neònach leam do chàil,—
 Nach iarradh tu 'sheòmar,
 Ach Gleann-smeòil gu bràth."—
 "Bì'dh mis' dol do'n' bhuaille,
 A's m' fhalb mu m' chluas a 'fàs,
 'S bì'dh na fir a faighneachd,
 Maighdean a chùil bhàin.
Hò, mo Mhàiri, &c.

'M fear a thig an rathad,
 'S math leis thu bhì ann,
 Do ghruaidh mar na caorann,
 Bhios ri taobh nan àilt;
 Tha thu banail beusach—
 Cha leir dhomb do nheang;
 B'annsa bhì ga d'phògadh,
 Na pòit fion na Fraing.
Hò, mo Mhàiri, &c.

Na'n biodh Seònaid làidir,
 Chuir a làmh 's an ìm,
 Peigi ris an àl,
 A's Màiri mu 'n chrodh-laoigh,—
 Bhithinnse gu stàtoil,
 Dol gu àirdh leibh,
 'S cha bhithemaid fo phràcas,
 Te nach tàmbadh linn.
Hò, mo Mhàiri, &c.

Nuair shuidheas daoine ' uaisle,
 Mu'n cuairt air a bhòrd,
 'G èilteachadh ri chèile,
 'S déigh ac' air bhì ceòl,

Cha'n fhaic mis an éis inid,
 Air son séis da'm beoil,
 Luinneag Màiri chuachach,
 Tha shuas an Gleann-smeòil.
Hò, mo Mhàiri, &c.

Note.—The author of the foregoing popular song was Murdoch M'Kenzie, a Loch-broom Drover, known better in his native country, by the cognomen of "Murchadh Ruadh nam Bò," or red-haired Murdoch of the drovers. Mr M'Kenzie composed many excellent songs, and had them taken down in manuscript, preparatory to publication: but at the impotency of his brother-in-law, the Rev. Lachlan M'Kenzie, of Lochcarron, he consigned them to the flames. His own daughter, *Màiri Laghach*, was the subject of the above pastoral. Mr M'Kenzie's maid servant, it appears, had absconded from his service at a time when her labours were most required in the sheeling or mountain milk-house, and the parent naturally appreciates the services of his own daughter, who at a very early age showed great expertness in that department. The air is original, and so truly beautiful that the song has attained a degree of popularity, which its poetry would never have entitled it to, if composed to an old, or inferior air. Mr M'Kenzie died in 1831.

MAIRI LAGHACH.

(SECOND SET.)

LUINNEAG.

Hò, mo Mhàiri laghach,
'S tu mo Mhàiri bhàin,
Hò, mo Mhàiri laghach,
'S tu mo Mhàiri ghrinn:
Hò, mo Mhàiri laghach,
'S tu mo Mhàiri bhàin
Mhàiri bhoidheach Iurach,
Rugadh anns na glèinn.

B'òg bha mis' a's Màiri
 'M fasaichean Ghlinn-Smeòil,
 'Nuair chuir macan-Bhenùis,
 Saighead gheur 'n am fheoil;
 Tharruinn sinn ri chéile,
 Ann an eud cho beò,
 'S nach robh air an t-snothal;
 A thug gaol cho mor.
Hò, mo Mhàiri, &c.
 'S tric bha mis' a's Màiri,
 Falbh nan fàsach fial,
 Gu'n smaointean air fàl-bheairt,
 Gu'n chàil gu droch ghniomb;
 Cupid ga n-ar tàladh,
 Ann an cairdeas dian;
 S barr nan craobh mar sgàil dhuinn,
 'Nuair a b' airid' a gbrìan.
Hò, mo Mhàiri, &c.

Ged bu leamsa Alba'
 A h-airgead a's a maoin,

Cia mar bhithinn sona

Gu'n do chomunn gaol?

B' annsa bbi ga d' phògadh,

Le deagh chòir dhomh fhein,

Na ged fhaighinn stòras,

Na Roinn-Eorp' gu léir.

Ho, mo Mhàiri, &c.

Tha do bhroilleach soluis

Làn de shonas graidh;

Uchd a's gile sheallas,

Na 'n eal' air an t-sànàmh:

Tha do mhìn-shlios, fallain,

Mar chanach a chàir;

Muineal mar an fhaoilinn

Fo 'n aodainn a's àillt'.

Ho, mo Mhàiri, &c.

Tha t-fhalt bachlach, dualach,

Ma do chluais a' fàis,

Thug nadur gach buaidh dha,

Thar gach gruaig a bha:

Cha 'n 'eil dragh, no tuairgne,

'Na chuir suas gach là;

Chas gach ciabh mun-cuairt dheth,

'S e 'na dhuail gu bharr.

Ho, mo Mhàiri, &c.

Tha do chailc-dheud shnaighte

Mar shneachda nan ard;

T-anail mar an caineal;

Beul bho'm banail fàilt:

Gruaidh air dhreach an t-siris;

Min raig chinnealt, thlà;

Mala chaol gu'n ghruaimean,

Gnùis gheal 's cuach-fhalt bàn.

Ho, mo Mhàiri, &c.

Thug ar n-uabhar barr

Air àilleas rìghrean mor;

B' iad ar leabaidh stàta

Duilleach 's barr an fheoir:

Flàraichean an fhàsaich

'Foir dhuinn cail a's treòir,

A's sruthain ghlan nan ard

A chuireadh slaint 's gach pòr.

Ho, mo Mhàiri, &c.

Cha robh inneal ciùil,

A thuradh riamh fo 'n ghróin,

A dh'-athriseadh air chòir,

Gach ceol bhiodh againn fhein:

Uiseag air gach lùnan,

Smeòrach air gach géig;

Cuthag 's gùg-gùg aic',

'Madainn churaidh Chéit'.

Ho, mo Mhàiri, &c.

broom, a gentleman of great poetical talents. It is infinitely superior to the original set; and, while Mr M'Kenzie has the merit of having composed the air, Mr M'Donald is entitled to the praise of having sung that most beautiful of airs, in language, which, for purity, mellowness, and poetry, was never surpassed. Mr M'Donald now lives in the island of Lewis, where he is much respected; he is the author of many excellent poems and songs, and in him yet the Highland muse finds a votary of ardent devotedness,—of nerve, tact, talent, intelligence, and wit. We subjoin a beautiful translation of five stanzas of this popular song by another gifted Highlander Mr D. M'Pherson, bookseller, London.

CONRUS.

*Sweet the rising mountains, red with heather bell,
Sweet the bubbling fountains and the dewy dells,
Sweet the snowy blossom of the thorny tree!
Sweetest is young Mary of Glensmole to me.*

Sweet, O sweet! with Mary o'er the wilds to stray,
When Glensmole is dress'd in all the pride of May,—
And, when weary roving through the greenwood glade,
Softly to recline beneath the birken shade,
Sweet the rising mountains, &c.

There to fix my gaze in raptures of delight,
On her eyes of truth, of love, of life, of light—
On her bosom purer than the silver tide,
Fairer than the cana on the mountain side,
Sweet the rising mountains, &c.

What were all the sounds contriv'd by tuneful men,
To the warbling wild notes of the sylvan gleu?
Here the merry lark ascends on dewy wing,
There the mellow mavis and the blackbird sing,
Sweet the rising mountains, &c.

What were all the splendour of the proud and great,
To the simple pleasures of our green retreat?
From the crystal spring fresh vigour we inhale;
Rosy health does court us on the mountain gate,
Sweet the rising mountains, &c.

Were I offered all the wealth that Albion yields,
All her lofty mountains and her fruitful fields,
With the countless riches of her subject seas,
I would scorn the change for blisses such as these!
Sweet the rising mountains, &c.

CUIR A CHINN DILEIS.

(ORIGINAL SET.)

LUNNEAG

Cuir a chinn dileis,

Dileis, dileis,

Cuir a chinn dileis,

Tharum do làmh;

Do ghorm-shuil thairis,

A mhealladh na mìltean,

'S d'ine gun chll,

Nach tugadh dhut gràdh,

CHA thinneas na feachda,

'S a mhadainn so bhual mi:

Ach acad ro buan

Nach leigheis gu bràch.

Le sealladh air faiche,

De shlaht an taigh nasail,

Moch-thra di-luain,

'S mi 'g anharc an là.

Note.—The second set of "Mairi Laghach," is the composition of Mr John M'Donald, tacksman, of Scoraig, Loch.

Rinn deiseid a pearsa,
Nach facas a thuarmsa ;
'G imeachd fo'n chuach-chùl,
Chamagach, thla.

Rinn dealaradh a mais',
Agus lasadh a gruaidhean,
Mis' a ghrad bhualadh,
Tharais gu làr.

Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Ach dh' eirich mi rithist,
Le cridhe lìn uabhair ;
A's dh' imich mi ruathar,
Ruighinn na dàil.

G'a h-ìathadh na m' ghlaicibh,
Ach smachdaich i bhuan sin
Ochan ! is truagh !

A mbeath i mo chàil.

Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Do dhearc-shuilean glana,
Fo mhalla gun gbruaimean ;
'S daigheannu a bhual iad,
Mise le d' ghràdh.

Do ròs bhilean tana,
Seamb, farasda, suaice,
Cladhaichear m' uaigh
Mar glac thu mo làmh.

Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Tar fuasgail air m' anam
On cheanghal is cruaidhe :
Cuimhnich air t-uisle,
'S cobhair mo chàs.

Na biodham-s' am thraill dùt
Gu bràch, on aon uair-s' ;
Ach toimaich o chruas,
Do chridhe gu tàs.

Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Cha'n fhaodar leam cadal,
Air leabaidh an uaigneas :
'S m' aigne ga bhuaire',
Dh' òidheche 's a là.

Ach ainm is binne,
'S a's grinne, 's a's suaice ;
Gabh-sa dhìom truas,
'S bithidh mi slàn !

Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

CUIR A CHINN DILEIS.

(MODERN SET.)

'S mi 'm shuidh' air an uillinn
A tuireadh sa caoine ;
Bhuail saighead a ghaoil mi,
Direach gu'm shàil.
Dh' fhàs mi cho lag,
'S nach b' urra' mi dìreadh ;

Le goirteas mo chinn,
'S cha d' shìn i dhomh lamh.

Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

'S mi 'm shuidh' air an tulaich,
An ional na cùirte ;
A' g amharc mo rùn,
'S i 'n ionad ro ard.

Thug i le fionnaireachd,
Sealladh de sùil domb,
'S thionndaidh i cul-thaobh,
Seachad air barr.

Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Sheall mi am dheighidh,
Gu fradharc dh'ì faotainn ;
'S chuna' mi h-aodann,
Farasda, tlà.

Chuna' mi sealladh,
A mhealladh na mìltean,
'S amaideach mi,
'S nach faigh mi na pàirt,

Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Tha mais' ann ad bhilean
Cha 'n aithris luchd-ciùil e,
Togaidh tu sunnt,
An tallachan ard.

Leagair leat seachd,
Sàr ghaigich na dùthch' ;
Le sealladh do sùil,
'S le giùlan do ghnàis.

Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Do bhraghad ni 's gile,
Na canach na dìge ;
Chlte dol sìos,
'M fionn bhaine blàth.

S ioma rud eile—
Cha 'n 'eil i ri faotainn,
Idir san t-saoghal,
Aogais mo ghraidh,

Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Do chul mar an canach,
T-fhalt clannach 's eòrn air,
A chumas an drùchd,
Gu dlù air a bharr.

Na chuaillean air casadh,
Na chleachdan air lùbadh,
'S do-cheannaicht' an crùn,
Tha giùlan a bhàth,

Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Do ghruaigh mar an corcur,
Beul socair o'm binn sgeul :
Deud mar na dìsne,
'S finealt a dh' fhàs.
Do shlios mar an eala,
S do mheall-shuilean mìogach,

Thaladh thu m' inntinn,
'S cha pill i gu bràch.

Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Note.—The above two beautiful songs are of great antiquity, and their authorship is not known. There is a translation of one of them, by a lady, in Johnson's "Scottish Musical Museum," Vol. 11. The English version, however, although very literal and not destitute of merit, conveys no idea of the spirit, felicity, and poetical grandeur of the original.

AN NOCHD GUR FAOIN

MO CHADAL DOMH.

AN nochd gur faoin mo chadal dhomb,
Sior acain na'm beil bh'uam,
Dò chomunn le deagh chaoimhnealachd,
Dh'fhag mi bho 'n raoir fo ghruaim.
Gur tric mi ann an aisling leat,
Gach uair da 'n dean mi suain;
Trom-sonaich 'nuair a dhùisgeas mi,
Air bhì dha t-iundrann bh'uam.

Air bhì dhomb 'g-iundrann suaireis bh'uam,
'S tu leagh mo shruadh 's mo bhlà;
O rinn do ghaol-sa' fuarachadh,
Cha dualach dhomb bhì slàn.
'S ann riut a leiginn m' uir-easbhuidh,
Air ghleus nach cluinneadh each,
Dh'fhag t-aogasg mi cho muldach,
'S gur cunnart dhomb am bàs.

Is mor a ta do ghibhtean ort,
A ta gun fhios do chàch
Corp seang gun fheall gun fhalachd ann,
Gur càs thu mhealladh graidh.
'S a liughad òigear furanach,
A thuilleadh orms' an sàs,
D' an tugadh t-aodann faothachadh,
'S an t-aog ga 'n cur gu bàs.

Cha chuireadh gaol gu geille mi,
Na 'm freagradh tu mo ghlòir,
Gur h-e do chòmradh maighdeannail,
Mo raghainn dheth gach ceòl.
'S gur h- iomadh òidhech' no-aobhneach,
Chum do chaoimhneas mi fo leòn;
Is bh' dh mi nochd a' m' aonaran,
A smaointeach bean do neòil.

Tha bean do neòil am braithreachas,
Ri eala bhàn nan spèur:
Gur binne leam bhì m'aran leat,
Na clàrsaichean nan téud.
Is tha do thlachd a's t-aillidheachd,
Ag cur do ghraidh an ceill;
Gur cosmhail thu ri àilleagan,
Da'n umhlaich each gu léir.

Is beairt a chlaoidh mo shochair thu,
'S a shocraich ort mo ghaol;
'S gur e mheudaich tùrsa dhomb,
Gu'n thu bhì dhomb mar shaoil.
Sgeul fìor a dh' fheadur aireamh leam;
Gur leir a bhlà 's a chaoin;
Gu'n d' fhag gach speis a th' agam dhut,
An nochd mo chadal faoin.

Gu 'n d' rinn mi Alb' a chuartaichadh,
O Chluaidh gu uisge Spé;
Is bean do neòil cha chualas,
Bu neo-Iuainiche na beus.
Is corrach, gorm, do shùilean;
Gur geal, s gur dlù, do dheud,
Falt buidhe 's e na chuachan ort,
'S a shnuagh air dhreach nan téud.

Thug mise gaol da rìridh dhut,
'Nuair bha thu d' nìonaig òig;
Is air mo laimh nach dìbrinn e,
Air mhìle pùnd de 'n òr:
Ge d' fhaighinn fhìu na chrùintean e,
Ga chunntadh dhomb air bòrd;
Cha treiginn gaol na rìbhinne,
A tha 'n Ile ghlas an fheadòir.

ORAN AILEIN.

LUTNEAG.

*Hug ò ho-ri ho hoireannan,
Hug ò ho-ri 's na là ri hù ò,
Iùthill ù hùg oireannan,
Hù ò ho ri hùg oireannan!*

AILEIN, Ailein, is fad an cadal,
Tha'n uiseag a' gairm 's an là glasadh,
Grian a'g èiridh air an leachdainn,
S fada bhuam fhìn luchd nam breacan.
Hug o ho-ri, &c.

Ailein duinn gabh sgoinn 's bi g' eiridh,
Tìonaill do chionn, cuimhneich t-fheum ort.
Bh' dh Alba mhor fo bheinn bhéisdéan,
Mar a dìon a muinntir féin i.
Hug o ho-ri, &c.

Bheir iad Mòrag* mhìn air éigin,
'S eagal leam gu'n dian i g'cilleadh,
S gu'm bì sliochd gun an coir féin ac.
De Bhreatainn mhòr no de dh-Eirinn.
Hug o ho-ri, &c.

'Mhòrag na'm faicinn t-fhear-censaidh,†
Ge b' ann air càbhsair Dhùn-Eideann,
Thàirrgainn na lainn chaola, gheura.
'S dh-fhagainn fhìn e màrbh gun eiridh
Hug o ho-ri, &c.

* Prince Charles. † The Duke of Cumberland

ORAN

DO PHRIUNNSA TEARLACH.

FÈIDH UD THA THAI MA ÀIRIDH NAN COMHAICHEAN,
B'fhearr leam fhìn gu'n cinneadh gnòthach leat,
Shiùbhlainn Gleann-laoidh a's Gleann'-comhan
Dà thàobh Loch-iall a's Gleann'-tadha leat, [leat,

*Hillirin hò-rò ho bha hò,
'S na hillirin hò-rò ho bha lì,
Na hillirin hò-rò ho bha hò,
Mo leann-dubh m'òr on chaidh tu dhìom.*

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

A Thearlaich òg a chuirein ehiataich,
Thug mi gaol d'at 's cha ghaol bliadhna,
Gaoil nach tugainn do dhiùc na dh'iarla,
B'fhearr leam fhìn nach faca mi riamh thu.
Hillirin ho-ro ho bha hò, &c.

Fhleasgaich ud am beul a Ghlinne,
Le t-fhàlt dualach sìos ma d' shlinnean,
B'annsa leam na chuach bu bhinne,
'Nuair dheanadh tu rium do chòmhradh mìlis.
Hillirin ho-ro ho bha hò, &c.

Bha do phòg mar fhion na frainge,
Bha do ghruaidh mar bhraileig Shàmbràidh,
Soil chorrach ghorin fo'd' mhala gbreannar,
Do chul dualach, ruadh, a sheall mi.
Hillirin ho-ro ho bha hò, &c.

A Thearlaich òg a mbic Rìgh Séumas,
Chunna mi toir mhòr an dèigh ort,
Iadsan gu subhach a's mise gu denrach,
Uisge mo chinn tigh'n' tinn o'm h'èirsinn.
Hillirin ho-ro ho bha hò, &c.

Mharbh iad m'athair a's mo dhà bhràthair,
Mhill iad mo chinneadh a's chreach iad mo chà-
[irdean,
Sgrìos iad mo dhùthaich rùisg iad mo mbathair,
'S bu laoghaid mo mhulad nan cinneadh le
Hillirin ho-ro ho bha hò, &c. [Tearlach.

Note.—The real author of this favourite ditty is not known, and though published on the "lips of thousand fair maidens and fond admirers," this is the first time it has been committed to press. Various MS. copies of it are in our possession, the eldest of which is by a Lady and bears the following title. "Miss Flora Macdonald's Lament for Prince Charles."

CUMHA DO DH' UILLEAM SISEAL,

FEAR INNS-NAN-CEANN AN SRATHI-GHILAS
A THUIT LATHA CHUHOADAIR.
LE MHNAOI FEIN.

Och! a Thearlaich òg Stiubhairt,
'S e do chùis rinn mo leireadh,
Thug thu bhuam gach nì bh'agam,
Ann an cogadh na t-aobhar:
Cha chrodd, a's cha chaoirich,
Tha mi caoidh ach mo chéile,
Ge do dh'fhàg me m' aonar,
Gun sian 's an t-saoghal ach leine.
Mo rùn geal òg.

Co nis 'thogas an claidheamb,
No nì chathair a lionadh?
'S gann gur h-e tha air m' aire,
O nach maireann mo chiad ghradh;
Ach cìa mar gheibhin o m' nàdur,
A bhì 'g àicheadh na 's miann leam,
A's mo thogradh cho làidir,
Thoir tu gu àite mo rìgh math?
Mo rùn geal òg.

Bu tu 'm fear mor bu mbath cumadh,
O d' mhullach gu d' bhrògan,
Eha do shìos mar an eala,
'S blas na meal' air do phògan;
T-fhàlt dualach, donn, iurach,
Mu do mhuineal an òrdugh,
'S e gu cam-lubach, cuineir,
'S gach aon toirt urram d'a bhoichead.
Mo rùn geal òg.

Bu tu 'm fear slinneanach leathunn,
Bu chaoile meadhan 's bu dealbhaich;
Cha bu taillear gun eòlas,
'Dheanadh còta math gearra dhut;
Na dheanadh dhut triubhais
Gun bhì cumhann, no gann det;
Mar gheala-bhradan do chùsan,
Le d' ghèarr òsan mu d' chalpa.
Mo rùn geal òg.

Bu tu iasgair na h-ambunn—
'S tric a thaghaich thu fein i;
Agus sealgair a mhùnaidh—
Bhiodh do ghunn' air dheagh ghleusadh;
Bu bhinn leam tabhunn do chuirein,
Bheireadh fuil air mac eilde;
As do laimh bu mhor m' earbsa—
'S tric a mharbh thu le chèil iad.
Mo rùn geal òg.

Bu tu pòitear na dibhe—
 'N àm suidhe 's taigh òsda,
 Ge be dh'oladh 's tu phaidheadh ;
 Geal' thuiteadh càch mu na bordaibh,
 Bhì air mhìsg cha 'n e b' fhuil leat,
 Cha do dh' ionnsaich thu òg e,
 'S cha d' iarr thu riamh cùis,
 Air te air chul do mhna pòsda.
 Mo rùn geal òg.

Gur mìs th'air mo sgàradh,
 'S ge do chanam, cha bhreug e—
 Chaidh mo shùgradh gu sìleadh.
 O'n nach pillar bh'o'n eug thu,
 Fear do chéile a's do thuigse,
 Cha robh furast ri fheutainn,
 'S cha do sheas an Cuilodair,
 Fear do choitais bu treine.
 Mo rùn geal òg.

'S ioma baintighearna phrìseil,
 Le'n sìoda 's le 'n sròlabh,
 Dàn robh mìs' am chuis-fhàrmaid,
 Chionn gu'n tairgeadh tu pòg dhomh ;
 Ge do bhithinn cho sealbhach,
 'S gu'm bu leam airgead Hanobhar,
 Bheirinn cnàc anns na h-àntean,
 Na'n cumadh càch sinn bhò phòsadh !
 Mo rùn geal òg.

Och ! nan och ! gur mì bochdag,
 'S mì làn osnaich an còmhnuidh ;
 Chaill mì dùil ri thu thighinn—
 Thuit mo chrìdhe gu doirteadh ;
 Cha tog fìodhall, no clàrsach,
 Piob, no tàileasg, no ceòl e ;
 Nis o chuir iad thu'n tasgaidh,
 Cha dùisg caidridh duin' òig mì.
 Mo rùn geal òg.

Bha mì greis ann am barail,
 Gu'm bu mhaireann mo chéile,
 S gu'n tigeadh tu dhathaigh,
 Le aighear 's le h-èibhneas,
 Ach tha 'n t-àm air dol tharais,
 'S cha 'n fhaic mi fear t-eugais,
 Gus an teid mì fo'n talamh,
 Cha dealaich do spéis rium.
 Mo rùn geal òg.

'S iomadh bean a tha brònach,
 Eadar Tròiteirnis 's Sléibhte,
 Agus té tha na bantraich,
 Nach d'fhuair samhla da'm chéile ;
 Bha mise lan sòlais,
 Fhad 's bu bheò sinn le-chéile,
 Ach a nis bho na dh'fhalbh thu,
 Cha chuis fhàrmaid mì féin daibh !
 Mo rùn geal òg.

Note.—Christiana Fergusson, the authoress of the above elegiac production was a native of the Parish of Contin, Ross-shire, where her father was a blacksmith—chiefly employed in making dirks and other implements of war. She was married to a brave man of the name of William Chisholm, a native of Strathglas, and a near kinsman of the Chief of that name. On the memorable day of Culloden, William was flag-bearer or banner-man of the clan; and most assuredly the task of preserving the "*Bratach Choinh-cach*" from the disgrace of being struck down, could not have fallen into better hands. He fought long, and manfully; and even after the retreat became general, he rallied and led his clansmen again and again to the charge, but in vain. A body of the Chisholms ultimately sought shelter in a barn, which was soon surrounded by hundreds of the red-coats who panted for blood. At this awful conjuncture William literally cut his way through the government forces. He then stood in the barn door, and with his trusty blade, high raised, and in proud defiance, guarded the place. In vain did their spears and bayonets aim their thrusts at his fearless breast—he hewed down all who came within reach of his sword, and kept a semicircle of eight feet clear for himself in the teeth of his desperate enemies. At length he was shot by some Englishmen, who climbed up to the top of the barn from behind, where he fell as a hero would wish to fall, with seven bullets lodged in his body.

His wife forthwith composed the foregoing beautiful and heart-touching lament, which is altogether worthy of an affectionate woman. She is so full of the idea of her noble-souled husband, that her own personal hardships and privations find no place in the catalogue of her miseries—they have but one great radical source, the death of her beloved. Neither does she pour invective on the depopulators of her country—no! these were too insignificant to draw her mind for a moment from her peerless William Chisholm. With great good taste too, she devotes to the Prince one solitary expression of sympathetic condolence:—

Who now shall wield the burnish'd steel,
 Or fill the throne he ought to fill!

and then, with the wings an' wail of a mateless dove, flutters over the mangled carcass of her husband, and depicts his matchless person and soul in language that would melt the sternest heart to sympathy. There are several passages of great beauty, pathos and sublimity in this song; and, apart from the interesting circumstance that called it forth, it possesses all the essential properties or attributes of a first rate production. The air is original.

GLOSSARY.

A

Ahhachd, a harmless gibing or joking
Abrin, clampa, an oar guard, &c.
A-haidh, certain, self-satisfied
Abheis, the sea, ocean, the horizon
Abheiseach, immense, ethereal, &c.
Ambealach, vexing, uneasy, galling
Aimhaidh, sour, sulky, sullen, surly
Aistig-chonnata, a libidinous dream
An-gladh, tearnadh, protection
Aol-taigh, university, college
Arsaidh, ancient, old, over-aged
Ausadh or *abhsadh*, a jerk, a sea phrase, also the whole canvass of a boat or ship

B

Baile-na-buirbhe, Bergen, the former capital of Norway
Balling, a spruce neat little woman
Boganta, no boganta, tight, compact
Brancho, the progenitor of the Stuarts
Brausgeach, a foolish woman, idiotic
Bustalach, showy, cheering
B'itir, neat, clean, tidy, compact
Badhshainan, wood-sorrel
Biogach, small, diminutive, dwarfish
Boganta, lively, smart, apt to start
Bogach, catching at morsels, greedy
Bialann, gibberish, jargon, senseless talk
B'irrachan, the banks of a burn or river
Bráth, air bhráth, to be found, to the fore, extant
Breineach, a woman wearing the badge of marriage
Brionnach, flattering, coaxing, &c.
Briot, chit-chat, tattle, small talk
Brosium, excitement, vigour
Brothach, a hairy rough man, a pimp-
led fellow
Breilach, unintelligible disjointed talk, unpleasant sounds, jargon
Bruisgadh, a tearing in tatters, or breaking asunder, confusion
Buathanta, foolish, awkward, clumsy in conversation or action
Buidh, a hero, a champion, an enemy
Buidandst, fees, wages, bounty
Buraras, warbling or purling noise

C

Cairbin, guma-glaic, a carabine
Cairiche, a wrestler, a tumbler
Castragach, wrinkled or creased
Caibhar, loach, greedy, voracious, gluttonous
Calman-codhail, a God-send, a propitious omen
Caoidhearan, lamentation
Capull-coile, a capercaillie or mountain cock; this species of fowls is now nearly extinct in the Highlands of Scotland
Carastach, abounding in ringlets, round, globular, circular
Craiceach, ceathach, mist, fog, vapour
Cra-h, surge, a burying-place, &c.
C'annuinn, cleifeft, glibh, sleet
Ciann-shall, luxuriant waving hair
Claiseach, a kind of sword, also a rifle gun

Claranach, a wandering bard or minstrel, a swordsman, a wrestler
Cluam, attention, retirement, peace, sumber
Cnauicil, scoffing, jeering, derision
Cobhrachan, coffers, money-drawers
Collaid, a contest, a scold, a struggle
Comaraich, direction or tendency forward
Comerich, petition, request, demand
Conach, sabhair, rich, riches
Cosgaraich, conquerors, victors
Cota-ban, fourpence (Western Isles id.)
Crabhaich, hard, well tempered
Crannaghail, implements, apparatus
Crabhaich, niggardly, mean
Crap-lì, a musical phrase among pipers
Creadhach, cráiteach, hurtful, painful, excruciating
Crus-co-chalam, no *lus-co-chalam*, an herb called "my lady's belt"
Craiceach, stochd-charlach, a kind of mortar, a circular stone hollowed for preparing pot barley or pounding bark
Craicín clann, a circle of children, &c.
Cram-an-donais, blood and wounds! egad! zounds!
Cuanal, cuantal, a company of songsters, a band of musicians
Cuan-sgith, the sea between the Isle of Skye and Lewis
Cuiste-chiuil, a musical vein
Cuiste-sionnach, the winding veins of trees
Cur-aisde or *cur-aisde*, a quagmire

D

Dainheach, a friend, companion, a stranger
Daiseachan, low witted insipid poets
Daochal, graicil, disgusting, unpleasant, loathsome
Deal, zealous, keen, earnest
Dealachan, zeal, great glee, hilarity, earnestness
Deanam, anxiety, eagerness, solicitude
Deidag, rib-grass, a little fair one, a darling, a conceit
Deilleanachd, the humming of bees, the barking of dogs
Deuch-thuanta, decaunted drink
Deilcant, everlasting, profound, inundating, rainy
Dilma, endless, never, also an inundation or deluge
Dios, diths, plural of one; two
Duicheadh, cramming, filling by force
Duicheadh, come to me, approach me; *siuc*, away! begone! disperse
Doimid, extreme cold, hoar frost, clemency
Doimh, loathsome, hateful, contemptible
Drage, Gen. of dring, an ignis fatuus, an atmospheric phenomenon
Duineil, ridiculous, ludicrous, laughable
Du-clach, a flint, also a eabalistic stone
Dudaidh, resembling in sound that of a horn, deep intonation
Duileachd, affliction, sorrow
Dainnchach, the primitive surname of Campbell, *bho Dhiarmad O'Duane*

Duirceall, a half-worn dirk or knife
Dustuing, dustuinn, dust, earth, soil

E

Ealbhuidhe, ealabhi, St John's wort
Euaradh, uraradh, parching corn in a pot preparatory to grinding
Eistreadh, traigh, a rough stony ebb, a sea beach

F

Fachach, a little insignificant man, a puffin
Faithhe, the aerial expanse, a ring
Faical, a hearty cheerful salute, friendly talk, &c., &c.
Faobachadh, act of despoiling, plundering
Farragradh, provocation, enmity; report, surmise
Farpais, emulation, strife, rivalry
Fearna-coille, the flowers of wood-sorrel
Fearna-chris, hawthorn or briar
Fearcairan, vespers, evening devotions
Fieag, a stalk of corn, a reed
Fiadhair, uncultivated ground, a ley land
Firanna, man (now obsolete), male, masculine
Foi-thidh, fíbhaidh a prince a valiant chief, an arrow, a company
Fochluin, an apprentice, a pupil
Forne, a set of rowers, a crew, a brigade, a troop
Fraighe, a scabbard, a sheath, protection wall, shelter
Fulamar, fulmar, a sea-bird peculiar to St Kilda, a species of petrel

G

Gaill-bhrican, a huge billow, a snow storm
Gall-fheadan, a flageolet, a clarinet
Gaine, gainne, an arrow, a dart, shaft
Garra-gort, no Gárra-gort, trean-tri-train, a cornerak, quail
Gaisceadh, gaisradh, warlike troops military
Gascan, a green, a parterre
Geannbairn, confinement, prison
Gearson, entrance money, fee paid for admission, (Grassum, &c.)
Gianbhag, fear panic, sudden alarm
Gibbain, a St Kildian sausage made of fat from the gullets of fowls
Gloic-nid, sgait-shede, a dram in bed before rising in the morning
Gothach, the reed of a bag-pipe, drone
Grathachd, surliness, meanness, churlishness
Gras, gréis, embroidery, needlework, tambouring
Gnaming, a neat tidy woman, a tight dressed girl
Guga, a St Kilda bird, a short-necked luncheduck man
Gusgud, idle talk, clatter, filth, refuse

I

Ian-bhchainn, a melodious sea-fowl
Isgear, taunts, nick-names, reflections on one's conduct

Innidh, entrails, bowels
Iuse-Gall, primitive name of the Hebrides, now confined to Isle of Skye
Lomchunn, conduct, behaviour, deportment
Luan, a patriarchal woman, a dam, the mother of a race
Isneach, or *oisneach*, a rifle gun
Iùmhaid, a fugitive, a coward, a low feeble fellow
Lurghuitach, a noisy contentious fellow, a ranter, a bawler
Iathar, *ifrinn*, *irinn*, hell, the abode of demons

L

Langrach, full of chains or fetters
Là-lua n, doom's-day, the last day
Lear, the wide ocean, the main
Learg, a small plain or hill, a battlefield, a green goose
Liobasa, slovenly, untidy, awkward, clumsy
Liab, a contemptuous name for the mouth-piece of a bag-pipe, a thick lip
Liobhar, polished, burnished
Loistran, pleasure-boats, lodgings, tents, or booths
Lom, an elk, a blackbird, an ouzle
Lorgair, one of the traces or tracks, a dog that follows by scent
Lùs, a roe (now obsolete)
Luch-armann, a pigmy, a dwarf
Luan, penetrate, a heaving-billow, &c.

M

Mac-fraoair, *sùlair*, the gannet, a voracious fowl or person
Mac-lámhaich, *cat-mura*, *griasaich*, the fish called a sea-devil
Maidnan, matins, morning prayers or devotions
Maighdeunn, a maiden, an instrument for beheading with
Muol-cinran, a child of grief, melancholy
Màrsal, *màrsaith*, a march, or marching of troops
Mathall, a blunt sword, knife, or other weapon
Meardrach, meter, crambo (Irish id.)
Meulag, belly, protuberance
Mear-casach, active, nimble, vigorous
Meirghe, a banner, flag, pennon
M'fhicog, *meulbhas*, a corn-popper
Mhàin, *sios*, downward, from above
M'ghann, sounds of musical instruments
Muir-cadach, female fighter or champion, an undaunted female
Muirichian, children, innates, occupants of one house
M'fearinn, (Irish id.) darling, or beloved
Munadh, a hill or hillock, (used poetically for *monadh*)

O

Olach, an eunuch, a fumbler, &c., &c.
Olachd, hospitality, kindness, bounty
Oraid, an oration, a speech, an essay
Orda, shining like gold, gilded, excellent, precious

P

Pàis, a slap, a blow with the open hand, a box on the ear

Peighinn, a measure of land (not now in use)
Pigialh, *brà-dh'arg*, robin red-breast
Piathach, splay-footed, bandy-legged
Prathach, botching, bungling, spoiling
Pràbar, the rabbit, the refuse of any grain or seed
Prais, *praiscach*, a pot or pot-metal, a still
Priobartaich, parsimony, meanness, shabbiness
Priobhagadh, a sudden burning or sense of heat, a twinkling blaze
Pùthar, a wound or hurt, a scar
P'ac, bribe, veil, *cha tug c' p'ac dh'eth*, he made nothing of him

R

Ranntanan, title deeds, deeds of conveyance, chattels
Rannar-bàth, a confused dance without system
Rati, a ludicrous appellation made to signify whisky
Riastraulh, outbreaking, immorality, eruption
Riataich, *diolain*, illegitimate
Robain, towering waves, swelling roaring billows, heavy rains
Roiscail, the lowest and basest rabble, a high swelling wave
Rò-scoil, the highest of a ship's sails, top-gallants, full sails
Rosg, prose writing, an eye, eyelids
Ruanach, firm, fierce, steadfast, stony

S

Sành, surge, the agitation of waves on thesea-beach, the crest of whitened billows
Snaid, a seal, a mark, an impression
Sàrdach, a broaching, a distraining, an arrestment
Scasdar, rest, repose, comfort, pallet, pillow, a place whereon to rest
Scas-grian, the equinoctial line
Seis, a musical air, the humming of bees or flies
Seis, one's match or equal, a companion
Seighin, rare, superior, out of the common order, eccentric
Seol-àit, an anchorage, a harbour
Sgalaiche, a man ready to raise the human cry against his neighbour
Sg'bhath, tight, active, handsome, neat
Sg'fuirich, a clumsy person, a slattern, a female tattler, a young sea gull
Slatag, *toim*, rheumatism, rheumatic pains
Siogaidheach, dwarfish, bony, ill-made
Sùh, a span, a squint, determined position in standing
Sunnachan, *banan*, phosphoric fire
Slàin, a defence, a garrison, a protection
Smool, Gen. of *Smal*, *Gleann-smcoil*, the glen of mist
Smeòirn, the end of an arrow next the bow-string
Snaois, a spit of dried fish, &c., &c.
Sòrn, a hearth, the flue of a kiln or oven, a concavity
Spangan, spangles, glittering toys, decorations, embellishments
Speach, a dart, virus, a blow or thrust, a wasp
Spreidh, or *spreigh*, velocity, gallant movement, gliding
Srìnuach, a badger, a brock

Stairbhanach, an athletic well-built person
Stoanag, *ronnan*, saliva, spittles
Sual, tumours, *sual* (Ir. id.), wonder
Sachte, filled, saturated, tightened
Sunuire, a coarse cudgel, a lethal weapon, a beetle
Sìonanail, a likeness, a comparison, a resemblance

T

Tarbharnach, *fuaimn each*, noisy, garulous
Tafaid, the string of a bow for throwing arrows
Taisdeal, a journey, a travel, a march, a voyage
Taibhlùach, a division of a pipe tune
Targanoch, a prognostication, a prophesying
Tcalsunach or *f.allsenach*, a philosopher, or astronomer
Teanhair, season, in season, fit time
Teirdneach, *eridneach*, medicinal, having the power to cure
Tèithead, cowardice, cowardliness
Theaid, *chaochail*, *dh'eug*, he died, *theist e*
Tùba, *ball*, *ròp*, rope, cable
Tò-bhad, a feud, a levying of forces, a rising in arms
Toimhad, sensible, prudent, frugal
Toicad, an attack in battle, a warlike movement, a flock of water fowls
Toitearluach, a thick gigantic man, a deuce-column of smoke
Tòrachum, a deep snoring or sleep
Toran, on onset, beginning, prelude
Tosgair, messenger, harbinger, ambassador
Treabhair, *tighean*, houses, outhouses, steadings
Troghlad, a stitch in one's side, &c.
Truillinn, *no treatlainn*, nonsensical stuff, doggerel
Troghad, *rosg-troghad*, soft rolling eyes, full orbed
Tròidh, Troy, an ancient city which baffled the united efforts of all Greece for ten years
Trogg, a cod, in Sutherlandshire a fool
Tuairneag, a round knob or small cup
Turarach, a rattling or rumbling noise
Turcdoich, nodding, a sudden jerk from the sensation of sleep
Tuath, Gen. of *toim*, a hillock, a mound, a knoll
Tudg, a gudge, an upbraiding, poking
Tuillinn, canvass, sea storm, a shipped wave
Tuinn, ducklings (obsolete), waves
Tuirneacas, a striking of heads against each other as rams, contact, collision

U

Uachdair, farm stock; *fo uachdair*, under stock
Uca, *ucas*, the gadus or coal fish, stenlock (Sc.)
Uryhuiteach, anecdotal, jocular, cheerful in conversation
Urlainn, the countenance, beauty, the fore part of a ship
Urlar, division of a pipe tune
Urracag, a throw, an oar pin, a plate
Urraisgan, inundations, overflowings, speats (Sc.)

A' CIIRIOCH.



